COMPREHENSIVE EDITION.

A

SELECTION OF HYMNS,

FROM THE BEST AUTHORS,

INCLUDING

A GREAT NUMBER OF ORIGINALS;

INTENDED TO BE AN

APPENDIX TO DR. WATTS'S PSALMS & HYMNS.

BY JOHN RIPPON, D.D.

CONTAINING

All the Additional Hymns,

WITH ABOUT FOUR HUNDRED, NOW FIRST ADDED, IN ALL UPWARDS OF ELEVEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTY HYMNS, IN ONE HUNDRED METRES.

WITH COPIOUS INDICES,

INCLUDING AN INDEX OF THE FIRST LINE OF EVERY VERSE.

LONDON:

WILLIAM WHITTEMORE, 24, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1847.
RB.23. a. 18667.
This Selection of Hymns, has, for upwards of half a century, had a very extended circulation. Since it was first published, in 1787, successive additions have been made to it, greatly increasing its usefulness and acceptability.

Notwithstanding the number of Hymns added to former editions, the churches and congregations using "The Selection" needed a still farther increase of Hymns, for the varied circumstances of Public, Social, Family, and Private Worship. To meet to some considerable extent this demand, in addition to the incorporation of former improvements, the present edition is enriched by nearly four hundred additional Hymns, which have been interspersed throughout the volume, under the several general divisions of subjects, as parts under the number affixed to the former Hymn, it being considered inexpedient to make any alteration in the numbering. The greater portion of those now added have been inserted in the latter sections of the volume, particularly under the following heads:—Before and After Sermon,—the Ordinances,—Missionary and Church Meetings,—Domestic and Parental Piety,—Maternal Associations,—the Young,—the Aged,—Affliction,—Death and Funeral Occasions,—the Second Coming of Christ,—the Day of Judgment,—Heaven, &c.; upon which subjects it is impossible to have too many good Hymns.

It may not be too much to say, in reference to this large number of additional Hymns, that for their scriptural sentiment, poetical excellence, elevated piety, devotional tendency, metrical variety, general appropriateness, and practical utility, they will not suffer by comparison with any similar number of Hymns published. They do honour to the volume in which they are incorporated, and to the age we live in; and to their authors the churches of Christ are under unspeakable obligation. Indeed, it is hardly possible to attach too much importance to this department of Christian literature. The Hymn-Book, as an eminent writer* most truly and eloquently remarks, "claims and commands access to the closet and the sanctuary, and is even admitted to companionship with the volume of inspiration. It is the chief mean and channel of the church's praise—it is the settled expression of her views of gospel doctrine—it is the regulated utterance of her experience of the power of truth—it is the mirror of her moral likeness—it is her poetical liturgy, and it enters essentially into all her spiritual exercises and enjoyments."

With these, and the following remarks of the same writer, the

*Dr. Campbell.
Editor of the present work most fully sympathizes: “Such considerations surround the enterprise with awe, and fill the mind of an editor with reverence. He feels that he is engaged in a solemn work—he considers that he is forming an instrument for the sublimest and holiest of purposes—he knows that its utility depends upon the Divine approbation, and that the Eternal Spirit will approve and bless it only in so far as it is the faithful expounder of his own work, and in full harmony with his own word.”

Dr. Rippon’s Selection has long been all that has been so well stated in the above paragraph. The present edition rests its claims to the continued support of the churches and congregations upon the following grounds:

1st. *Its comprehensiveness*; comprising, as it does, not less than *Eleven Hundred and Forty Hymns*, exclusive of the “Sacred Melodies,” which form a kind of supplement to the work, and are, as is there stated, intended only for uses less public, though not less important and sacred, which it is hoped will profit the soul, while they please and gratify a poetical and musical taste.

2nd. *Its metrical variety*; which, as singing-classes are now being generally formed, for the purposes of improving the character of congregational singing, will be found of no small service in supplying appropriate words to almost every tune which has found a place in the several published collections of Congregational Psalmody. This volume, as the Index of Metres shows, contains Hymns in about *One Hundred Different Metres*.

3rd. *Facility of reference*; it having, besides an Analysis of Contents and most copious and carefully collated Indices of the First Lines of Hymns—of Metres—of Subjects—and of Scripture Texts—also an *Index of the First Line of Every Verse*, which in a Collection so extensive as the present, will be a great convenience to those upon whom it devolves to select and read the Hymns in public worship, as well as to those who, either in the sanctuary or in private, may wish to find a Hymn of which they have only a partial recollection.

4th. *Its cheapness*, considering the vast quantity of matter it contains, is without a parallel in the hymnology of the Christian church. It will, therefore be manifest, that a considerable sale is required to meet the amount of capital embarked in this undertaking: such a sale is most confidently anticipated.

May it please the great Head of the church to continue to make this work a powerful instrument in advancing the interests of his kingdom, and the glory of his holy name. Amen.

*January 1, 1844.*
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**Preparing for Publication,**

The Comprehensive Tune Book, containing

**ONE THOUSAND PSALM AND HYMN TUNES, ANTHEMS, &c.**

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By Dr. Gauntlett, and W. H. Kearns, Esq.

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GOD.

L. M. Addison’s, Tune 1.

A song of praise.

STENNETT.

1 To God, the universal King,
   Let all mankind their tribute bring;
All that have breath, your voices raise,
In songs of never-ceasing praise.

2 The spacious earth on which we tread,
   And wider heavens stretch’d o’er our head,
A large and solemn temple frame
To celebrate its Builder’s fame.

3 Here the bright sun that rules the day,
   As through the sky he makes his way,
To all the world proclaims aloud
The boundless sovereignty of God.

4 When from his courts the sun retires,
   And with the day his voice expires,
The moon and stars adopt the song,
   And thro’ the night the praise prolong.

5 The listening earth with rapture hears
   The harmonious music of the spheres;
And all her tribes the notes repeat,
That God is wise, and good, and great.

6 But man, endow’d with nobler powers,
   His God in nobler strains adores:
His is the gift to know the song,
   As well as sing with tuneful tongue.
ETERNAL God! Almighty cause
Of earth, and seas, and worlds unknown;
All things are subject to thy laws,
All things depend on Thee alone.

Thy glorious Being singly stands,
Of all within itself possest,
Controll'd by none are thy commands,
Thou from thyself alone art blest.

To thee alone ourselves we owe;
Let heaven and earth due homage pay;
All other gods we disavow,
Deny their claims, renounce their sway.

Spread thy great name through heathen
Their idol deities dethrone;
Reduce the world to thy command;
And reign, as thou art God alone.

THOU art, O God, a spirit pure,
Invisible to mortal eyes;
Th' immortal and th' eternal King,
The great, the good, the only wise.

Whilst nature changes, and her works
Corrupt, decay, dissolve, and die,
Thy essence pure no change shall see,
Secure of immortality.

Thou great Invisible! what hand
Can draw thy image spotless fair?
PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

To what in heaven, to what on earth,  
Can men th' immortal King compare?

1 Let stupid heathens frame their gods  
Of gold and silver, wood and stone,  
Ours is the God that made the heavens;  
Jehovah he, and God alone.

5 My soul, thy purest homage pay,  
In truth and spirit him adore;  
More shall this please than sacrifice,  
Than outward forms delight him more.

4 L. M. Angel's Hymn, 60. Gould's, 272.

Eternity of God. Ps. xc. steele.

1 LORD, thou hast been thy children's God,  
All-powerful, wise, and good, and just,  
In every age their safe abode,  
Their hope, their refuge, and their trust.

2 Before thy word gave nature birth,  
Or spread the starry heavens abroad,  
Or form'd the varied face of earth,  
From everlasting thou art God.

3 Great Father of eternity,  
How short are ages in thy sight!  
A thousand years how swift they fly,  
Like one short silent watch of night.

4 Uncertain life! how soon it flies!  
Dream of an hour, how short our bloom!  
Like spring's gay verdure now we rise,  
Cut down ere night to fill the tomb.

5 Teach us to count our short'ning days,  
And, with true diligence, apply  
Our hearts to wisdom's sacred ways,  
That we may learn to live and die.
5 THE BEING AND

O make our sacred pleasures rise
In sweet proportion to our pains,
Till e'en the sad remembrance dies,
Nor one uneasy thought complains.

Let thy almighty work appear
With power and evidence divine;
And may the bliss thy servants share
Continued to their children shine.

Thy glorious image, fair impress,
Let all our hearts and lives declare;
Beneath thy kind protection blest,
May all our labours own thy care!

L. M. Angel's Hymn, 60. Melcombe, 325.

GREAT Former of this various frame,
Our souls adore thine awful name;
And bow and tremble while they praise
The Ancient of eternal days.

Thou, Lord, with unsurprised survey,
Saw'st nature rising yesterday;
And as to-morrow, shall thine eye
See earth and stars in ruin lie.

Beyond an angel's vision bright,
Thou dwell'st in self-existent light;
Which shines with undiminish'd ray,
While suns and worlds in smoke decay.

Our days a transient period run,
And change with every circling sun;
And in the firmest state we boast,
A moth can crush us into dust.

But let the creatures fall around;
Let death consign us to the ground;
Let the last general flame arise,
And melt the arches of the skies;

Calm as the summer’s ocean, we
Can all the wreck of nature see;
While grace secures us an abode,
Unshaken as the throne of God.

C. M. Bedford, 91. Abridge, 201.

The Infinite.

THY names, how infinite they be!
Great everlasting One!
Boundless thy might and majesty,
And unconfined thy throne.

Thy glories shine of wondrous size,
And wondrous large thy grace;
Immortal day breaks from thine eyes,
And Gabriel veils his face.

Thine Essence is a vast abyss
Which angels cannot sound,
An ocean of infinities,
Where all our thoughts are drown’d.

The mysteries of creation lie
Beneath enlighten’d minds;
Thoughts can ascend above the sky,
And fly before the winds;

Reason may grasp the massy hills,
And stretch from pole to pole;
But half thy name our spirit fills,
And overloads our soul.

In vain our haughty reason swells,
For nothing’s found in thee
But boundless inconceivables,
And vast eternity.
THE BEING AND

1 Ye servants of your God, his fame
    In songs of highest praise proclaim;
    Ye who, on his commands intent,
    The courts of Israel's Lord frequent.

2 Him praise—the everlasting King,
    And mercy's unexhausted spring;
    Haste, to his name your voices rear;
    What name like his the heart can cheer?

3 Thy greatness, Lord, my thoughts attest,
    With awful gratitude impressed,
    Nor know, among the seats divine,
    A power that shall contend with thine:

4 O Thou, whose all-disposing sway
    The heavens, the earth, and seas obey;
    Whose might through all extent extends,
    Sinks through all depth, all height transcends;

5 From earth's low margin to the skies,
    Now bids the pregnant vapour rise;
    The lightning's pallid sheet expands;
    And glads with showers the furrow'd lands:

6 Now, from thy storehouse, built on high,
    Permits the imprison'd winds to fly,
    And guided by thy will to sweep
    The surface of the foaming deep:

7 Him praise—the everlasting King,
    And mercy's unexhausted spring:
    Haste, to his name your voices rear:
    What name like his the heart can cheer?
PART I. C. M. Charmoutli, 28.

The omnipresence and omniscience of God.

Ps. cxxxix.

1 LORD! thou with an unerring beam
    Surveyest all my powers:
    My rising steps are watch'd by thee;
    By thee my resting hours.

2 My thoughts, scarce struggling into birth
    Great God, are known to thee:
    Abroad, at home, still I'm inclosed
    With thine immensity.

3 To thee, the labyrinths of life
    In open view appear;
    Nor steals a whisper from my lips
    Without thy listening ear.

4 Behind I glance, and thou art there;
    Before me, shines thy name!
    And 't is thy strong almighty hand
    Sustains my tender frame.

5 Such knowledge mocks the vain essays
    Of my astonish'd mind;
    Nor can my reason's soaring eye
    Its towering summit find.

PAUSE.

6 Where from thy Spirit shall I stretch
    The pinions of my flight,
    Or where, through nature's spacious range,
    Shall I elude thy sight?

7 Scaled I the skies, the blaze divine
    Would overwhelm my soul:
    Plunged I to hell, there should I hear
    Thine awful thunders roll.
8 If on a morning's darting ray
   With matchless speed I rode,
   And flew to the wild lonely shore,
   That bounds the ocean's flood,—

9 Thither thine hand, all-present God!
   Must guide the wondrous way,
   And thine omnipotence support
   The fabric of my clay.

10 Should I involve myself around
    With clouds of tenfold night,
    The clouds would shine like blazing noon
    Before thy piercing sight.

11 'The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
    Are both alike to thee:
    O may I ne'er provoke that power
    From which I cannot flee!'

8

PART II. C.M. Malvern, 404.
   The power of God.   H. K. WHITE.

1 THE Lord our God is full of might,
   The winds obey his will;
   He speaks, and in his heavenly height
   The rolling sun stands still.

2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
   With threatening aspect roar!
   The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
   And chains you to the shore.

3 [Howl, winds of night, your force combine!
   Without his high behest,
   Ye shall not in the mountain pine
   Disturb the sparrow's nest.]

4 His voice sublime is heard afar,
   In distant peals it dies;
PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

He yokes the whirlwind to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

5 Ye nations bend—in reverence bend;
Ye monarchs wait his nod;
And bid the choral song ascend,
To celebrate your God.

C. M. Abridge, 201. Trinity, 181.

Divine sovereignty.

WATTS.

1 KEEP silence, all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod;
My soul stands trembling while she sings
The honours of her God.

2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree:
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

3 Chain'd to his throne a volume lies,
With all the fates of men,
With every angel's form and size,
Drawn by th' eternal pen.

4 His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his councils shine;
Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
Fulfil some deep design.

5 Here, he exalts neglected worms
To sceptres and a crown:
And there, the following page he turns,
And treads the monarch down.

6 Not Gabriel asks the reason why;
Nor God the reason gives;
Nor dares the favourite angel pry
Between the folded leaves.
7 My God, I would not long to see
    My fate with curious eyes,
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
    Or what bright scenes may rise;

8 In thy fair book of life and grace,
    O may I find my name,
Recorded in some humble place,
    Beneath my Lord the Lamb!

10

PART I. 7'S. Alcester, 213.

The majesty of God. B. Francis.

1 GLORY to th' eternal King,
    Clad in majesty supreme!
Let all heaven his praises sing,
    Let all worlds his power proclaim.

2 Through eternity he reigns,
    In unbounded realms of light:
He the universe sustains
    As an atom in his sight.

3 Suns on suns, through boundless space,
    With their systems move or stand;
Or, to occupy their place,
    New orbs rise at his command.

4 Kingdoms flourish, empires fall,
    Nations live, and nations die,
All forms nothing, nothing all—
    At the movement of his eye.

5 O let my transported soul
    Ever on his glories gaze!
Ever yield to his control,
    Ever sound his lofty praise!
PERFECTIONS OF GOD. 10, 11

PART II. C. M. Hammond, 226.
The majesty of God. STERNHOLD.

1 THE Lord descended from above,
   And bow'd the heavens most high;
   And underneath his feet he cast
   The darkness of the sky.

2 On cherub and on cherubim
   Full royally he rode;
   And on the wings of mighty winds
   Came flying all abroad.

3 He sat serene upon the floods,
   Their fury to restrain;
   And He, as sovereign Lord and King,
   For evermore shall reign.

L. M. Ulverston, 179. Islington, 40.
The wisdom of God. BEDDOME.

1 WAIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will;
   Tumultuous passions, all be still;
   Nor let a murmuring thought arise!
   His ways are just, his councils wise.

2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
   Performs his work, the cause conceals;
   But though his methods are unknown,
   Judgment and truth support his throne.

3 In heaven, and earth, and air, and seas,
   He executes his firm decrees;
   And by his saints it stands confess'd
   That what he does is ever best.

4 Wait, then, my soul, submissive wait,
   Prostrate before his awful seat;
   And, 'midst the terrors of his rod,
   Trust in a wise and gracious God.
THE BEING AND

12

Part I. C. M. Liverpool, 83.

Goodness of God. Nah. i. 7. Steele.

1 Ye humble souls, approach your God
With songs of sacred praise,
For he is good, immensely good,
And kind are all his ways.

2 All nature owns his guardian care,
In him we live and move;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.

3 He gave his Son, his only Son,
To ransom rebel worms;
'Tis here he makes his goodness known
In its diviner forms.

4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come;
'Tis here our hope relies;
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.

5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
The souls who trust in thee;
Their humble hope thou wilt reward
With bliss divinely free.

6 Great God, to thy almighty love,
What honours shall we raise?
Not all the raptured songs above
Can render equal praise.

12

Part II. C. M. Staughton, 264.

God is love. 1 John iv. 8.

1 Amid the splendours 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 accents, 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 every work thy hands have framed, 
Thy Love supremely shines.

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


Loving-kindness of God.

MEDLEY.

1 AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays, 
And sing thy great Redeemer’s praise: 
He justly claims a song from me, 
His loving-kindness, O how free!

2 He saw me ruin’d in the fall, 
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all; 
He saved me from my lost estate, 
His loving-kindness, O how great!

3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes, 
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, O how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, O how good!

5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But though I have him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death!

7 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

14 C. M. Michael's, 119. Piety, 513.

Divine condescension.

1 WHEN the Eternal bows the skies
To visit earthly things,
With scorn divine he turns his eyes
From towers of haughty kings.

2 He bids his awful chariot roll
Far downward from the skies,
To visit every humble soul,
With pleasure in his eyes.

3 Why should the Lord that reigns above
Disdain so lofty kings?
Say, Lord, and why such looks of love
Upon such worthless things?
Mortals, be dumb; what creature dares
Dispute his awful will?
Ask no account of his affairs,
But tremble and be still.

Just like his nature is his grace,
All sovereign and all free;
Great God, how searchless are thy ways,
How deep thy judgments be!

Thy mercy, my God, is the theme of my song,
The joy of my heart, and the boast of my tongue:
Thy free grace alone, from the first to the last,
Hath won my affections, and bound my soul fast.

Without thy sweet mercy I could not live here,
Sin soon would reduce me to utter despair;
But through thy free goodness, my spirits revive,
And he that first made me still keeps me alive.

Thy mercy is more than a match for my heart,
Which wonders to feel its own hardness depart;
Dissolved by thy goodness I fall to the ground,
And weep to the praise of the mercy I found.

The door of thy mercy stands open all day
To the poor and the needy who knock by the way;
No sinner shall ever be empty sent back,
Who comes seeking mercy for Jesus's sake.

Thy mercy in Jesus exempt me from hell;
Its glories I'll sing and its wonders I'll tell;
'Twas Jesus, my friend, when he hung on the tree,
Who open'd the channel of mercy for me.

Great Father of mercies! thy goodness I own,
And the covenant love of thy crucified Son;
All praise to the Spirit, whose whisper divine
Seals mercy, and pardon, and righteousness mine!
16, 17

THE BEING AND

7's. Firth's, 146. Rest, 282.

The long-suffering of God.

1 LORD, and am I yet alive,
Not in torments, not in hell?
Still doth thy good Spirit strive—
With the chief of sinners dwell?
Tell it unto sinners, tell,
I am, I am out of hell!

2 Yes, I still lift up mine eyes,
Will not of thy love despair;
Still in spite of sin I rise,
Still I bow to thee in prayer.
Tell it, &c.

3 O the length and breadth of love!
Jesus, Saviour, can it be?
All thy mercy's height I prove,
All the depth is seen in me.
Tell it, &c.

4 See a bush that burns with fire,
Unconsumed amidst the flame!
Turn aside the sight t' admire,
I the living wonder am.
Tell it, &c.

5 See a stone that hangs in air!
See a spark in ocean live!
Kept alive with death so near!
I to God the glory give.
Ever tell—to sinners tell,
I am, I am out of hell.

17 C. M. Bedford, 91. Abridge, 201.

The holiness of God. NEEDHAM.

1 HOLY and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King;
PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

Thrice holy Lord! the angels cry; 
Thrice holy! let us sing.

2 Heaven's brightest lamps, with him compared, 
   How mean they look, and dim! 
The fairest angels have their spots, 
   When once compared with him.

3 Holy is he in all his works, 
   And truth is his delight; 
But sinners and their wicked ways 
   Shall perish from his sight.

4 The deepest reverence of the mind, 
   Pay, O my soul! to God; 
Lift with thy hands a holy heart 
   To his sublime abode.

5 With sacred awe pronounce his name, 
   Whom words nor thoughts can reach; 
A broken heart shall please him more 
   Than the best forms of speech.

6 Thou, holy God! preserve my soul 
   From all pollution free; 
The pure in heart are thy delight, 
   And they thy face shall see.

GREAT God, my Maker, and my King, 
Of thee I'll speak, of thee I'll sing; 
All thou hast done, and all thou dost, 
Declare thee good, proclaim thee just.

2 Thy ancient thoughts and firm decrees, 
   Thy threatenings and thy promises, 
The joys of heaven, the pains of hell, 
   What angels taste, what devils feel:
19  THE BEING AND

3 Thy terrors and thine acts of grace,
   Thy threatening rod and smiling face,
   Thy wounding and thy healing word,
   A world undone, a world restored:

4 While these excite my fear and joy,
   While these my tuneful lips employ;
Accept, O Lord, the humble song,
The tribute of a trembling tongue.

19  L. M.  Portugal, 97. Wells, 102.
The faithfulness of God.

1 YE humble saints, proclaim abroad
   The honours of a faithful God;
   How just and true are all his ways,
   How much above your highest praise!

2 The words his sacred lips declare
   Of his own mind the image bear;
   What should him tempt, from frailty free,
   Blest in his self-sufficiency?

3 He will not his great self deny;
   A God all truth can never lie;
   As well might he his being quit
   As break his oath, or word forget.

4 Let frightened rivers change their course,
   Or backward hasten to their source;
   Swift through the air let rocks be hurl’d,
   And mountains like the chaff be whirl’d;

5 Let suns and stars forget to rise,
   Or quit their stations in the skies;
   Let heaven and earth both pass away,—
   Eternal truth shall ne’er decay.
6 True to his word, God gave his Son
   To die for crimes which men had done;
   Blest pledge! he never will revoke
   A single promise he has spoke.

20 L. M. Wareham, 117. Simeon, 357.
   God self-sufficient.  WATTS.

1 WHAT is our God, or what his name,
   Nor man can learn, nor angels teach!
   He dwells conceal'd in radiant flame,
   Where neither eyes nor thoughts can reach.

2 The spacious worlds of heavenly light,
   Compared with him, how short they fall!
   They are too dark, and he too bright;
   Nothing are they, and God is all.

3 He spoke the wondrous word, and lo!
   Creation rose at his command;
   Whirlwinds and seas their limits know,
   Bound in the hollow of his hand.

4 There rests the earth, there roll the spheres,
   There nature leans, and feels her prop;
   But his own self-sufficience bears
   The weight of his own glories up.

5 The tide of creatures ebbs and flows,
   Measuring their changes by the moon;
   No ebb his sea of glory knows!
   His age is one eternal noon.

6 Then fly, my song, an endless round,
   The lofty tune let Gabriel raise;
   All nature dwell upon the sound,
   But we can ne'er fulfil the praise.
WHEN first the God of boundless grace
Disclosed his kind design
To rescue our apostate race
From misery, shame, and sin;

Quick through the realms of light and bliss
The joyful tidings ran;
Each heart exulted at the news,
That God would dwell with man.

Yet 'midst their joys, they paused awhile;
And ask'd with strange surprise,
'But how can injured justice smile,
Or look with pitying eyes?

'Will the Almighty deign again
To visit yonder world;
And hither bring rebellious men,
When rebels once were hurl'd?

'Their tears, and groans, and deep distress,
Aloud for mercy call;
But, ah! must truth and righteousness
To mercy victims fall?'

So spake the friends of God and man,
Delighted, yet surprised:
Eager to know the wondrous plan
That wisdom had devised.

The Son of God attentive heard,
And quickly thus replied,
'In me let mercy be revered
And justice satisfied.

'Behold! my vital blood I pour
A sacrifice to God;
PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

Let angry justice now no more
Demand the sinner's blood:

He spake, and heaven's high arches rung
With universal praise;
He died! the friendly angels sung,
Nor cease their rapturous lays.

PART I. C. M. Irish, 171.
Doctrine and use of the Trinity.
Eph. ii. 18.

1 FATHER of glory! to thy name
Immortal praise we give,
Who dost an act of grace proclaim,
And bid us rebels live.

2 Immortal honour to the Son,
Who makes thine anger cease,
Our lives he ransom'd with his own,
And died to make our peace.

3 To thy almighty Spirit be
Immortal glory given,
Whose influence brings us near to thee,
And trains us up for heaven.

4 Let men, with their united voice,
Adore th' eternal God,
And spread his honours and their joys
Through nations far abroad.

5 Let faith, and love, and duty join,
One general song to raise;
Let saints in earth and heaven combine
In harmony and praise.

PART II. 7's. Stoel, 164.
To the Trinity.

1 HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
Self-existent Deity,
By the hosts of heaven adored,
Teach us how to worship thee;
Only uncreated mind,
Wonders in thy nature meet;
Perfect unity combined
With society complete.

2 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.

3 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 vengeance keen;
O how bright their mingled rays!

4 Fearful thou in praises too,
Loving Saviour, slaughter'd Lamb!
We with joy and rev'rence view
All thy glory, all thy shame!—
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.

5 Wonder-working Spirit, thine
Th' efficacious grace we sing;
Set on us thy seal divine,
Safely to thy kingdom bring:
PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

Mortify sin, root and deed,
Daily strengthen every grace;
Send us, urge us on with speed,
And let glory crown the race!

23 L. M. Paul's, 246. Angel's Hymn, 60. Incomprehensibility of God. WATTS.

1 GOD is a name my soul adores—
Th' Almighty Three, th' Eternal One!
Nature and grace, with all their powers,
Confess the infinite Unknown.

2 From thy great self thy being springs:
Thou art thine own original,
Made up of uncreated things,
And self-sufficience bears them all.

3 Thy voice produced the seas and spheres,
Bid the waves roar and planets shine;
But nothing like thyself appears
Through all these spacious works of thine.

4 Still restless nature dies and grows;
From change to change the creatures run;
Thy being no succession knows,
And all thy vast designs are one.

5 Thrones and dominions round thee fall,
And worship in submissive forms;
Thy presence shakes this lower ball,
This little dwelling-place of worms.

6 How shall affrighted mortals dare
To sing thy glory or thy grace?
Beneath thy feet we lie so far,
And see but shadows of thy face!

7 Who can behold the blazing light?
Who can approach consuming flame?
None but thy wisdom knows thy might,
None but thy word can speak thy name.

L. M. Lebanon, 79. Mark’s, 65.

Moral perfections of God imitated.
Matt. v. 48.

NEEDHAM.

1 GREAT Author of th’ immortal mind!
For noblest thoughts and views design’d,
Make me ambitious to express
The image of thy holiness.

2 While I thy boundless love admire,
Grant me to catch the sacred fire;
Thus shall my heavenly birth be known,
And for thy child thou wilt me own.

3 Father, I see thy sun arise
To cheer thy friends and enemies;
And, when thy rain from heaven descends,
Thy bounty both alike befriended.

4 Enlarge my soul with love like thine;
My moral powers by grace refine;
So shall I feel another’s woe,
And cheerful feed a hungry foe.

5 I hope for pardon, through thy Son,
For all the crimes which I have done;
O may the grace that pardons me
Constrain me to forgive like thee!


The Divine perfections celebrated.
Ps. lxxxix. cxxlv.

MERRICK.

1 MY grateful tongue, immortal King!
Thy mercy shall for ever sing;
My verse, to time’s remotest day,
Thy truth in sacred notes display.
2 O say, what strength shall vie with thine?
   What name among the seats divine,
   Of equal excellence possess’d,
   Thy sov’reignty, great God, contest?

3 Thee, Lord, heaven’s host their leader own;
   Thee, might unbounded, thee alone,
   With endless majesty has crown’d;
   And faith unsullied vests thee round.

4 The heaven above and earth below,
   Thee, Lord, their great possessor know:
   By thee this orb to being rose,
   And all that nature’s bounds enclose.

5 From thee, amid the aerial space,
   The north and south assume their place;
   'Tis thine the ocean’s rage to guide,
   And calm at will its swelling tide.

6 O blest the tribes, whose willing ear
   Awakes the festal shout to hear;
   Who thankful see, where’er they tread,
   Thy favouring beams around them spread.

7 How shall they joy from day to day,
   Thy boundless mercy to display,
   Thy righteousness, indulgent Lord,
   With holy confidence record!

8 O wise in all thy works! thy name
   Let man’s whole race aloud proclaim;
   And grateful through the length of days,
   In ceaseless songs repeat thy praise.

26 I. M. Old 100th. Buxton, 347.

God exalted above all praise.

1 ETERNAL Power! whose high abode
   Becomes the grandeur of a God:
   Infinite lengths beyond the bounds
   Where stars revolve their little rounds.
2 The lowest step around thy seat
Rises too high for Gabriel's feet!
In vain the tall archangel tries
To reach thine height with wond'ring eyes.

3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too;
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High!

4 Earth from afar has heard thy fame,
And worms have learnt to lispt thy name;
But oh, the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

5 God is in heaven, but man below;
Be short our tunes; our words be few;
A sacred reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

27 Part I. L. M. Lofty Praise, 408.
A summary view of the creation.
Gen. i. Needham.

1 Look up, ye saints, direct your eyes
To Him who dwells above the skies;
With your glad notes his praise rehearse
Who form'd the mighty universe.

2 He spoke, and from the womb of night
At once sprang up the cheering light:
Him discord heard; and, at his nod,
Beauty awoke, and spoke the God.
3 The word he gave, th' obedient sun
Began his glorious race to run;
Nor silver moon, nor stars delay
To glide along th' ethereal way.

4 Teeming with life,—air, earth, and sea,
Obey th' Almighty's high decree!
To every tribe he gives their food,
Then speaks the whole divinely good.

5 But to complete the wondrous plan,
From earth and dust he fashions man:
In man the last, in him the best,
The Maker's image stands confest.

6 Lord, while thy glorious works I view,
Form thou my heart and soul anew;
Here bid thy purest light to shine,
And beauty glow with charms divine!

27 Part II. L. M. Bramcoate, 8.

1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And nightly to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth:
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;

In reason’s ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
‘The hand that made us is Divine.’

The Creator the Searcher of the heart.
Ps. cxxxix.

1 LORD! thy pervading knowledge strikes
Through nature’s inmost gloom,
And in thy circling arms I lay,
A slumberer in the womb.

2 Thee will I honour, for I stand
A volume of thy skill;
Stupendous are thy works, and they
My contemplations fill.

3 Thine eye beheld me when the speck
Of entity began;
And o’er my form, in darkness framed,
Thy rich embrod’ry ran.

4 Th’ unfashion’d mass by thee was seen;
My structure in thy book
Was plann’d, before thy curious mould
The future embryo took.

5 How precious are the streaming joys
That from thy love descend!
Would I rehearse their numbers o’er,
   Where would their numbers end?

6 Not ocean’s countless sands exceed
   The blessings of the skies;
   With night’s descending shades they fall,
   With morning splendours rise.

7 Thine awful glories round me shine,
   My flesh proclaims thy praise;
   Lord! to thy works of nature join
   Thy miracles of grace.

29 C. M. Devizes, 14. Hensbury, 323.

The glories of creation.

1 ETERNAL Wisdom! thee we praise!
   Thee the creation sings!
   With thy loved name, rocks, hills, and seas,
   And heaven’s high palace rings.

2 Thy hand how wide it spreads the sky!
   How glorious to behold!
   Tinged with the blue of heav’nly dye,
   And starred with sparkling gold.

3 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
   And strike the gazing sight,
   Thro’ skies, and seas, and solid ground,
   With terror and delight.

4 Infinite strength, and equal skill,
   Shine through the worlds abroad,
   Our souls with vast amazement fill,
   And speak the builder God.

5 But still the wonders of thy grace
   Our softer passions move;
   Pity divine in Jesu’s face
   We see, adore, and love.
CREATION AND GOD'S GOODNESS.

1. *Ye* sons of men, with joy record
   The various wonders of the Lord,
   And let his power and goodness sound
   Through all your tribes the earth around.

2. Let the high heavens your songs invite,
   Those spacious fields of brilliant light,
   Where sun, and moon, and planets roll,
   And stars that glow from pole to pole.

3. Sing, earth, in verdant robes array'd—
   Its herbs and flowers, its fruit and shade;
   Peopled with life of various forms,
   Of fish, and fowl, and beasts, and worms.

4. View the broad sea's majestic plains,
   And think how wide its Maker reigns;
   That band remotest nations joins,
   And on each wave his goodness shines.

5. But oh, that brighter world above,
   Where lives and reigns incarnate Love!
   God's only Son in flesh array'd,
   For man a bleeding victim made.

6. Thither, my soul, with rapture soar!
   There in the land of praise adore:
   The theme demands an angel's lay—
   Demands an everlasting day.

THY ways, O Lord! with wise design,
   Are framed upon thy throne above,
   And every dark and bending line
   Meets in the centre of thy love.
PROVIDENCE.

2 With feeble light and half obscure,
Poor mortals thy arrangements view;
Not knowing that the least are sure,
And the mysterious just and true.

3 Thy flock, thy own peculiar care,
Though now they seem to roam uneyed,
Are led or driven only where
They best and safest may abide.

4 They neither know nor trace the way:
But, trusting to thy piercing eye,
None of their feet to ruin stray,
Nor shall the weakest fail or die.

5 My favour'd soul shall meekly learn
To lay her reason at thy throne;
Too weak thy secrets to discern,
I'll trust thee for my guide alone.

C. M. Staughton, 264. Arnold's, 268.

STEELE.

1 Lord, when our raptured thoughts sur-
Creation's beauties o'er,
All nature joins to teach thy praise,
And bid our souls adore.

2 Where'er we turn our gazing eyes,
Thy radiant footsteps shine;
Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise
And speak their source divine.

3 The living tribes of countless forms,
In earth, and sea, and air,
The meanest flies, the smallest worms,
Almighty power declare.

4 Thy wisdom, power, and goodness, Lord,
In all thy works appear:
And O! let man thy praise record,—
Man, thy distinguish'd care!

5 From thee the breath of life he drew;
That breath thy power maintains;
Thy tender mercy, ever new,
His brittle frame sustains.

6 Yet nobler favours claim his praise,
Of reason's light possess'd;
By revelation's brightest rays
Still more divinely bless'd.

7 Thy providence his constant guard,
When threat'ning woes impend,
Or will th' impending dangers ward,
Or timely succours lend.

8 On us that providence has shone
With gentle smiling rays:
O may our lips and lives make known
Thy goodness and thy praise!

L. M. Green's Hundred, 89.
Providence equitable and kind. Ps. cvii.

1 THROUGH all the various shifting
Of life's mistaken ill or good, [scenes
Thy hand, O God, conducts unseen
The beautiful vicissitude.

2 Thou givest with paternal care,
Howe'er unjustly we complain,
To each their necessary share
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.

3 Trust we to youth, or friends, or power?
Fix we on this terrestrial ball?
When most secure, the coming hour,
If thou see fit, may blast them all.
4 When lowest sunk with grief and shame, 
Fill'd with affliction's bitter cup, 
Lost to relations, friends, and fame, 
Thy powerful hand can raise us up.

5 Thy powerful consolations cheer, 
Thy smiles suppress the deep-fetch'd sigh, 
Thy hand can dry the trickling tear 
That secret wets the widow's eye.

6 All things on earth, and all in heaven, 
On thy eternal will depend; 
And all for greater good were given, 
And all shall in thy glory end.

7 This be my care: to all beside 
Indifferent let my wishes be; 
'Passion be calm, and dumb be pride, 
And fix'd, O God, my soul on thee.'

C. M. Gainsboro', 29. Church Street, 519.

The mysteries of Providence.

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way, 
His wonders to perform; 
He plants his footsteps in the sea, 
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines 
Of never-failing skill, 
He treasures up his bright designs, 
And works his sov'reign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take, 
The clouds ye so much dread 
Are big with mercy, and shall break 
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense, 
But trust him for his grace:
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.


Mysteries explained.

1 GREAT God of providence! thy ways
Are hid from mortal sight;
Wrapped in impenetrable shades,
Or clothed with dazzling light.

2 The wondrous methods of thy grace
Evade the human eye;
The nearer we attempt 't approach,
The farther off they fly.

3 But in the world of bliss above,
Where thou dost ever reign,
These mysteries shall be all unveil'd,
And not a doubt remain.

4 The Sun of righteousness shall there
His brightest beams display,
And not a hovering cloud obscure
That never-ending day.


The traveller's psalm.

1 HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord,
How sure is their defence!
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

6 Our life, while thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to thee.

37  Part I.  C. M.  St. James's, 163.
Providence and grace.  Ps. cxxxix. steele.

1 Almighty Father, gracious Lord!
Kind guardian of my days,
Thy mercies let my heart record
In songs of grateful praise.

2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame
Was thy indulgent care,
Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
Or breathe the infant prayer.
3 [Around my path what dangers rose!
    What snares spread all my road!
    No power could guard me from my foes,
    But my Preserver, God.

4 How many blessings round me shone,
    Where’er I turn’d mine eye!
    How many pass’d, almost unknown,
    Or unregarded by!]

5 Each rolling year new favours brought
    From thy exhaustless store;
    But ah! in vain my labouring thought
    Would count thy mercies o’er.

6 While sweet reflection, through my days,
    Thy bounteous hand would trace;
    Still dearer blessings claim my praise,
    The blessings of thy grace.

7 Yes, I adore thee, gracious Lord!
    For favours more divine:
    That I have known thy sacred word,
    Where all thy glories shine.

8 Lord! when this mortal frame decays,
    And every weakness dies,
    Complete the wonders of thy grace,
    And raise me to the skies.

9 Then shall my joyful powers unite
    In more exalted lays,
    And join the happy sons of light
    In everlasting praise.

1 O GOD of Bethel! by whose hand
    Thy people still are fed;
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

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Thy goodness we 'll adore;
We 'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
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6 Our life, while thou preserv'st that life,
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CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

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   Where all thy glories shine.

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   And every weakness dies,
   Complete the wonders of thy grace,
   And raise me to the skies.

9 Then shall my joyful powers unite
   In more exalted lays,
   And join the happy sons of light
   In everlasting praise.

PART II. C. M. Bath Chapel, 26.

Providence implored.

LOGAN.

1 O GOD of Bethel! by whose hand
   Thy people still are fed;
THE FALL.

Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led;

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
   Before thy throne of grace:
   God of our fathers, be the God
   Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
   Our wandering footsteps guide;
   Give us each day our daily bread,
   And raiment fit provide.

4 O spread thy covering wings around,
   Till all our wanderings cease,
   And at our Father's loved abode
   Our souls arrive in peace.

5 Such blessing from thy gracious hand,
   Our humble prayers implore;
   And thou shalt be our chosen God,
   And portion evermore.

THE FALL.

L. M. Babylon Streams, 23.

WATTS.

1 ADAM, our father and our head,
   Transgress'd, and justice doom'd us
   The fiery law speaks all despair, [dead;
   There 's no reprieve nor pardon there.

2 Call a bright council in the skies;
   Seraphs, the mighty and the wise,
   Speak: are you strong to bear the load,
   The weighty vengeance of a God?
2 Now I complain, and groan, and die;  
Now raise my songs of triumph high;  
Sing a rebellious passion slain,  
Or mourn to feel it live again.

3 One happy hour beholds me rise,  
Borne upwards to my native skies,  
While faith assists my soaring flight  
To realms of joy and worlds of light.

4 Scarce a few hours or minutes roll,  
Ere earth recovers my captive soul;  
I feel its sympathetic force,  
And headlong urge my downward course.

5 How short the joys thy visits give,  
How long thine absence, Lord, I grieve!  
What clouds obscure my rising sun,  
Or intercept its rays at noon!

6 [Again the Spirit lifts his sword,  
And power divine attends the word;  
I feel the aid its comforts yield,  
And vanquish’d passions quit the field.]

7 Great God, assist me through the fight,  
Make me triumphant in thy might;  
Thou the desponding heart canst raise,  
The victory mine, and thine the praise.

L. M. Ulverston, 179. Old 100th.

Sin deplored.

1 ARISE, my tenderest thoughts arise;  
To torrents melt my streaming eyes;  
And thou, my heart, with anguish feel  
Those evils which thou canst not heal.

2 See human nature sunk in shame;  
See scandals pour’d on Jesus’ name;
The Father wounded through the Son;
The word abused, the soul undone.

3 See the short course of vain delight
Closing in everlasting night—
In flames that no abatement know,
Though briny tears for ever flow.

4 My God, I feel the mournful scene;
My bowels yearn o'er dying men;
And fain my pity would reclaim,
And snatch the firebrands from the flame.

5 But feeble my compassion proves,
And can but weep where most it loves;
Thy own all-saving arm employ,
And turn these drops of grief to joy.

---

THE PROPERTIES OF IT.

1 HOW precious is the book divine,
   By inspiration given!
   Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine
   To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
   In this dark vale of tears;
   Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
   And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
   Of life shall guide our way;
   Till we behold the clearer light
   Of an eternal day.
THE FALL.

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   Now raise my songs of triumph high;
   Sing a rebellious passion slain,
   Or mourn to feel it live again.

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   Borne upwards to my native skies,
   While faith assists my soaring flight
   To realms of joy and worlds of light.

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   Ere earth reclains my captive soul;
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   And headlong urge my downward course.

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   How long thine absence, Lord, I grieve!
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DODDRIDGE.

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   To torrents melt my streaming eyes;
   And thou, my heart, with anguish feel
   Those evils which thou canst not heal.

2 See human nature sunk in shame;
   See scandals pour'd on Jesus' name;
The Father wounded through the Son;  
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3 See the short course of vain delight  
Closing in everlasting night—  
In flames that no abatement know,  
Though briny tears for ever flow.

4 My God, I feel the mournful scene;  
My bowels yearn o'er dying men;  
And fain my pity would reclaim,  
And snatch the firebrands from the flame.

5 But feeble my compassion proves,  
And can but weep where most it loves;  
Thy own all-saving arm employ,  
And turn these drops of grief to joy.

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1 How precious is the book divine,  
   By inspiration given!  
   Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine  
   To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts  
   In this dark vale of tears;  
   Life, light, and joy it still imparts,  
   And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp, through all the tedious night  
   Of life shall guide our way;  
   Till we behold the clearer light  
   Of an eternal day.
THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
    And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
    A sanctifying light.

A glory gilds the sacred page,
    Majestic, like the sun;
It gives a light to every age,
    It gives, but borrows none.

The hand that gave it still supplies
    The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise.
    They rise, but never set.

Let everlasting thanks be thine,
    For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
    With beams of heavenly day.

My soul rejoices to pursue
    The steps of him I love;
Till glory breaks upon my view,
    In brighter worlds above.

WHAT is the world? a wildering maze,
    Where sin hath track’d ten thousand
Her victims to ensnare;
    [ways,
All broad, and winding, and aslope.
All tempting with perfidious hope,
    All ending in despair.

Millions of pilgrims throng these roads,
    Bearing their baubles or their loads
Down to eternal night;
One only path that never bends,
Narrow, and rough, and steep, ascends
From darkness into light.

3 Is there no guide to show that path?
The Bible! He alone who hath
The Bible need not stray;
But he who hath and will not give
That light of life to all that live,
Himself shall lose the way.

44 L. M. Portugal, 97. Simeon, 357.

The use of Scripture.  BEDDOME.

1 WHEN Israel through the desert pass'd,
A fiery pillar went before,
To guide them through the dreary waste,
And lessen the fatigues they bore.

2 Such is thy glorious word, O God!
'Tis for our light and guidance given;
It sheds a lustre all abroad,
And points the path to bliss and heaven.

3 It fills the soul with sweet delight,
And quickens its inactive powers;
It sets our wandering footsteps right,
Displays thy love and kindles ours.

4 Its promises rejoice our hearts;
Its doctrines are divinely true;
Knowledge and pleasure it imparts;
It comforts and instructs us too.

5 Ye British isles, who have this word,
Ye saints, who feel its saving power,—
Unite your tongues to praise the Lord,
And his distinguish'd grace adore.
Riches of God's word. STENNETT.

1 LET avarice, from shore to shore,
   Her favourite god pursue;
Thy word, O Lord, we value more
Than India or Peru.

2 Here mines of knowledge, love and joy,
   Are open'd to our sight;
The purest gold without alloy,
And gems divinely bright.

3 The counsels of redeeming grace
   These sacred leaves unfold;
And here the Saviour’s lovely face
   Our raptured eyes behold.

4 Here, light descending from above
   Directs our doubtful feet;
Here, promises of heavenly love
   Our ardent wishes meet.

5 Our numerous griefs are here redress'd,
   And all our wants supplied,
Nought we can ask to make us bless'd
   Is in this book denied.

6 For these inestimable gains,
   That so enrich the mind,
O may we search with eager pains,
Assured that we shall find!

46 C. M. Michael's, 119. Adelphi, 405.
Excellency of God's word. STEELE.

1 FATHER of mercies! in thy word
   What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.
THE MORAL LAW.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimer sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life, and everlasting joys,
Attend the blissful sound.

5 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light!

6 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord!
Be thou for ever near:
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there!

THE MORAL LAW, &c.


Our duty to God.

GIBBONS.

1 THAT God who made the worlds on high,
And air, and earth, and sea,
Own as thy God; and to his name
In homage bow the knee.

2 Let not a shape, which hands have wrought
Of wood, of clay, or stone,
Be deem'd thy God; nor think Him like
Aught thou hast seen or known.
The Moral Law.

3 Take not in vain the name of God; 
Nor must thou ever dare 
To make thy falsehoods pass for truth, 
By his dread name to swear.

4 That day on which he bids thee rest 
From toil, to pray and praise— 
That day keep holy to the Lord, 
And consecrate its rays.

5 O may the God who gave these laws 
Write them on every heart, 
That all may feel their living power, 
Nor from his paths depart!

THY sire, and her who brought thee forth, 
With all thy mind and might, 
Fear, love, and serve; so shall thy days 
Be numerous, calm, and bright.

The blood of man thou shalt not shed, 
Its voice will pierce the sky; 
And thou, by the just laws of Heaven, 
For the dire crime shalt die.

To thine own couch thou shalt not take 
A wife but her thine own: 
Vast is the guilt, and on thine head 
Heaven darts its vengeance down.

Thou shalt not, or from friend or foe, 
Take aught by force or stealth; 
Thy goods, thy stores, must grow from 
Or God will curse thy wealth.
5 No man shalt thou, by a false charge,
   Or crush, or brand with shame;
Dear as thine own, so wills thy God,
   Must be his life and name.

6 Thy soul one wish should not let loose
   For that which is not thine;
Live in thy lot, or small or great,
   For God has drawn the line.

RAISE, thoughtless sinner! raise thine

Behold the balance lifted high: [eye;
There shall God's justice be display'd,
And there thy hope and life be weigh'd.

2 See, in one scale, his perfect law!
Mark with what force its precepts draw;
Wouldst thou the awful test sustain,
Thy works, how light!—thy thoughts, how vain!

3 Behold! the hand of God appears
   To trace those dreadful characters;
'Tekel! thy soul is wanting found,
   And wrath shall smite thee to the ground!'

4 Let sudden fears thy nerves unbrace;
Confusion wild o'erspread thy face;
Through all thy thoughts let anguish roll,
And deep repentance melt thy soul.

5 One only hope may yet prevail,—
Christ in the Scripture turns the scale;
Still doth the gospel publish peace,
And show a Saviour's righteousness.
50, 51  THE MORAL LAW.

6 Jesus, exert thy power to save,
Deep on this heart thy truth engrave;
Great God, the load of guilt remove,
That trembling lips may sing thy love.

50  L. M. Babylon Streams, 23. Pancras, 360.
The convinced sinner.

1 HERE, Lord, my soul convicted stands
Of breaking all thy ten commands;
And on me justly might'st thou pour
Thy wrath in one eternal shower.

2 But thanks to God, its loud alarms
Have warn'd me of approaching harms;
And now, O Lord, my wants I see;
Lost and undone, I come to thee.

3 I see my fig-leaf righteousness
Can ne'er thy broken law redress;
Yet, in thy gospel plan I see
There 's hope of pardon e'en for me.

4 Here I behold thy wonders, Lord!
How Christ hath, to thy law, restored
Those honours on th' atoning day,
Which guilty sinners took away.

5 Amazing wisdom, power, and love,
Display'd to rebels from above!
Do thou, O Lord, my faith increase,
To love and trust thy plan of grace.

51  C. M. Burford, 198. Adelphi, 405.
Evangelical obedience.

1 NO strength of nature can suffice
To serve the Lord aright:
And what she has, she misapplies,
For want of clearer light.
2 How long beneath the law I lay
In bondage and distress!
I toil'd, the precept to obey;
But toil'd without success.

3 Then, to abstain from outward sin
Was more than I could do;
Now, if I feel its power within,
I feel I hate it too.

4 Then, all my servile works were done
A righteousness to raise;
Now, freely chosen in the Son,
I freely choose his ways.

5 'What shall I do?' was then the word,
'That I may worthier grow?'
'What shall I render to the Lord?'
Is my inquiry now.

6 To see the law by Christ fulfill'd,
And hear his pardoning voice,
Changes a slave into a child,
And duty into choice.

1 'CURST be the man, for ever curst,
That doth one wilful sin commit:
Death and damnation for the first,
Without relief, and infinite.'

2 Thus Sinai roars, and round the earth
Thunder and fire and vengeance flings;
But, Jesus, thy dear gasping breath,
And Calvary, say gentler things:

3 'Pardon, and grace, and boundless love,
Streaming along a Saviour's blood:'
THE MORAL LAW.

And life, and joys, and crowns above,
Obtain'd by a dear bleeding God.'

4 Hark how he prays! (the charming sound
Dwells on his dying lips,) ‘Forgive!’
And every groan and gaping wound
Cries, ‘Father, let the rebels live!’

5 Go, you that rest upon the law,
And toil and seek salvation there;
Look to the flame that Moses saw,
And shrink, and tremble, and despair:

6 But I 'll retire beneath the cross—
Saviour, at thy dear feet I 'll lie;
And the keen sword that Justice draws,
Flaming and red, shall pass me by.

1 The law. Heb. iv. 2.

53 148th. Eagle Street, 16.

The law. Cowper.

1 ISRAEL, in ancient days,
Not only had a view
Of Sinai in a blaze,
But learn'd the gospel too;
The types and figures were a glass,
In which they saw the Saviour's face.

2 The paschal sacrifice,
The blood-besprinkled door,
Seen with enlighten'd eyes,
And once applied with power,
Would teach the need of other blood
To reconcile an angry God.

3 The lamb, the dove, set forth
His perfect innocence,
Whose blood of matchless worth,
Should be the soul's defence;
For he, who can for sin atone,
Must have no failings of his own.

4 The scape-goat on his head
   The people’s trespass bore,
   And to the desert led,
   Was to be seen no more;
In him our surety seem’d to say,
‘Behold, I bear your sins away.’

5 Dipt in his fellow’s blood
   The living bird went free!
The type, well understood,
Express’d the sinner’s plea;—
Described a guilty soul enlarged,
And by a Saviour’s death discharged.

6 Jesus, I love to trace,
   Throughout the sacred page,
The footsteps of thy grace,
The same in every age!
O grant that I may faithful be
To clearer light vouchsafed to me.

THE GOSPEL.

54 L. M.  Portugal, 97.  Langdon, 217.
      The gospel of Christ.

1 GOD, in the gospel of his Son,
   Makes his eternal counsels known;
’Tis here his richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Here sinners of a humble frame
   May taste his grace, and learn his name;
’Tis writ in characters of blood,
Severely just, immensely good.
3 Here Jesus, in ten thousand ways,
   His soul-attracting charms displays,
   Recounts his poverty and pains,
   And tells his love in melting strains.

4 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
   To form our minds, to cheer our hearts;
   Its influence makes the sinner live,
   It bids the drooping saint revive.

5 Our raging passions it controls,
   And comfort yields to contrite souls;
   It brings a better world to view,
   And guides us all our journey through.

6 May this blest volume ever lie
   Close to my heart, and near my eye,
   Till life's last hour my soul engage,
   And be my chosen heritage!

The gospel worthy of all acceptation.
1 Tim. i. 15. GIBBONS.

1 JESUS, th' eternal Son of God,
   Whom seraphim obey,
   The bosom of the Father leaves,
   And enters human clay.

2 Into our sinful world he comes,
   The Messenger of grace,
   And on the bloody tree expires,
   A victim in our place.

3 Transgressors of the deepest stain
   In him salvation find:
   His blood removes the foulest guilt,
   His Spirit heals the mind.

4 Our Jesus saves from sin and hell;
   His words are true and sure,
THE GOSPEL.

And on this rock our faith may rest
Immovably secure.

5 O let these tidings be received
With universal joy,
And let the high angelic praise
Our tuneful powers employ.

6 'Glory to God, who gave his Son
To bear our shame and pain;
Hence peace on earth, and grace to men,
In endless blessings reign.'

56 C. M. Wiltshire, 110. Eversley, 335.

GIBBONS.

1 ON Sion, his most holy mount,
    God will a feast prepare,
And Israel's sons and Gentile lands
    Shall in the banquet share.

2 Marrow and fatness are the food
    His bounteous hand bestows;
Wine on the lees, and well-refined,
    In rich abundance flows.

3 See to the vilest of the vile
    A free acceptance given!
See rebels, by adopting grace,
    Sit with the heirs of heaven!

4 The pain'd, the sick, the dying, now
    To ease and health restored,
With eager appetites partake
    The plenties of the board.

5 But oh! what draughts of bliss unknown,
What dainties shall be given,
When, with the myriads round the throne,
We join the feast of heaven!
6 The joys immeasurably high
Shall overflow the soul,
And springs of life that never dry,
In thousand channels roll.

The jubilee.

1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound!
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,—
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Through all the lands proclaim:
The year, &c.

3 [Ye, who have sold for nought
The heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year, &c.]

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year, &c.

5 Ye bankrupt debtors, know
The sovereign grace of heaven;
Though sums immense ye owe,
A free discharge is given:
The year, &c.
6 The gospel trumpet hear,
    The news of pardonning grace;
Ye happy souls, draw near,
    Behold your Saviour's face:
The year, &c.

7 Jesus, our great High Priest,
    Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
    Ye mournful souls, be glad!
The year of jubilee is come;
    Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

The gospel jubilee.  Doddridge.

1 LOUD let the tuneful trumpet sound,
    And spread the joyful tidings round;
Let every soul with transport hear,
    And hail the Lord's accepted year.

2 Ye debtors, whom he gives to know
That you ten thousand talents owe,
When humble at his feet you fall,
Your gracious God forgivest them all.

3 Slaves, that have borne the heavy chain
Of sin, and hell's tyrannic reign,
To liberty assert your claim,
And urge the great Redeemer's name.

4 The rich inheritance of heaven,
Your joy, your boast, is freely given;
Fair Salem your arrival waits,
With golden streets and pearly gates.

5 Her blest inhabitants no more
Bondage and poverty deplore;
No debt, but love immensely great;
Their joy still rises with the debt.
59, 60  THE GOSPEL.

6  O happy souls, that know the sound!
    Celestial light their steps surround,
    And show that jubilee begun,
    Which through eternal years shall run.


The glorious gospel. 1 Tim. i. 11. STENNETT.

1  WHAT wisdom, majesty, and grace,
    Through all the gospel shine!
    'T is God that speaks, and we confess
    The doctrine most divine.

2  Down from his starry throne on high
    Th’ almighty Saviour comes;
    Lays his bright robes of glory by,
    And feeble flesh assumes.

3  The mighty debt that sinners owed
    Upon the cross he pays:
    Then through the clouds ascends to God,
    ’Midst shouts of loftiest praise.

4  There he, our great High Priest, appears
    Before his Father’s throne;
    Mingles his merits with our tears,
    And pours salvation down.

5  Great God, with reverence we adore
    Thy justice and thy grace;
    And on thy faithfulness and power
    Our firm dependence place.

60  L. M.  Gould’s, 272. Ulverston, 179.

Salvation by the gospel.  WATTS.

1  WHAT shall the dying sinner do,
    That seeks relief for all his woe?
    Where shall the guilty conscience find
    Ease for the torment of the mind?
2 How shall we get our crimes forgiven,
Or form our natures fit for heaven?
Can souls all o'er defiled with sin
Make their own powers and passions clean?

3 In vain we search, in vain we try,
Till Jesus brings his gospel nigh:
'Tis there that power and glory dwell
Which saves rebellious souls from hell.

4 This is the pillar of our hope
That bears our fainting spirits up;
We read the grace, we trust the word,
And find salvation in the Lord.

5 Let men or angels dig the mines
Where nature's golden treasure shines;
Brought near the doctrine of the cross,
All nature's gold appears but dross.

6 Should vile blasphemers, with disdain,
Pronounce the truths of Jesus vain,
We'll meet the scandal and the shame,
And sing and triumph in his name.

1 **SHALL** atheists dare insult the cross
Of our incarnate God?
Shall infidels revile his truth,
And trample on his blood?

2 What if he choose mysterious ways
To cleanse us from our faults!
May not the works of sovereign grace
Transcend our feeble thoughts?

3 What if his gospel bid us strive
With flesh, and self, and sin!
The prize is most divinely bright
That we are call'd to win.

4 What if the men despised on earth
Still of his grace partake!
This but confirms his truth the more;
For so the prophets spake.

5 Do some that own his sacred truth,
Indulge their souls in sin?
None should reproach the Saviour's name,
His laws are pure and clean.

6 Then let our faith be firm and strong,
Our lips profess his word;
Nor ever shun those holy men
Who fear and love the Lord.

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HOW happy are we
Our election who see,
And venture, O Lord, for salvation on thee!
In Jesus approved,
Eternally loved,
Upheld by thy power we cannot be moved.

'Tis sweet to recline
On the bosom divine,
And experience the comforts peculiar to
While, born from above,
And upheld by thy love,
With singing and triumph to Zion we
2 How shall we get our crimes forgiven,  
Or form our natures fit for heaven?  
Can souls all o'er defiled with sin  
Make their own powers and passions clean?

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To cleanse us from our faults!  
May not the works of sovereign grace  
Transcend our feeble thoughts?

3 What if his gospel bid us strive  
With flesh, and self, and sin!
Thus fit us for heaven, and glory bestow;
Our harps shall be tuned,
The Lamb shall be crown'd, [resound.
Salvation to Jesus through heaven shall

1 Who shall condemn to endless flames
The chosen people of our God?
Since in the book of life their names
Are fairly writ in Jesus' blood.

2 He, for the sins of all th' elect,
Hath a complete atonement made:
And justice never can expect
That the same debt should twice be paid.

3 Not tribulation, nakedness,
The famine, peril, or the sword,
Not persecution, or distress,
Can separate from Christ the Lord.

4 Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height,
Nor powers below, nor powers above,
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Can change his purposes of love.

5 His sovereign mercy knows no end,
His faithfulness shall still endure;
And those who on his word depend
Shall find his word for ever sure.

1 O my distrustful heart,
How small thy faith appears!
But greater, Lord, thou art,
Than all my doubts and fears:
Did Jesus once upon me shine?
Then Jesus is for ever mine.
3 Our seeking thy face
   Was all of thy grace, [praise:
Thy mercy demands and shall have all the
   No sinner can be
Beforehand with thee, [free.
Thy grace is preventing, almighty, and

4 Our Saviour and friend
   His love shall extend;
It knew no beginning, and never shall end:
   Whom once he receives
His Spirit ne’er leaves,
Nor ever repents of the grace that he gives.

5 This proof we would give
   That thee we receive; [lieve;
Thou art precious alone to those who be-
   Be precious to us!
All besides is as dross, [thy cross.
Compared with thy love and the blood of

6 Yet one thing we want,
   More holiness grant! [pant:
For more of thy mind and thy image we
   Thine image impress
On thy favourite race;
O fashion and polish thy vessels of grace.

7 Thy workmanship we
   More fully would be; [us to thee;
Lord, stretch out thine hand, and conform
   While onward we move
To Canaan above,
O fill us with holiness, fill us with love.

8 Vouchsafe us to know
   More of thee below;
Thus fit us for heaven, and glory bestow;  
Our harps shall be tuned,  
The Lamb shall be crown'd, [resound.  
Salvation to Jesus through heaven shall


Election.

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The chosen people of our God?  
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His faithfulness shall still endure;  
And those who on his word depend  
Shall find his word for ever sure.

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How small thy faith appears!  
But greater, Lord, thou art,  
Than all my doubts and fears:  
Did Jesus once upon me shine?  
Then Jesus is for ever mine.
2 Unchangeable his will,
   Though dark may be my frame;
His loving heart is still
   Eternally the same.
My soul through many changes goes,—
   His love no variation knows.

3 Thou, Lord, wilt carry on,
   And perfectly perform,
The work thou hast begun
   In me, a sinful worm:
'Midst all my fears, and sin, and woe,
Thy Spirit will not let me go.

4 The bowels of thy grace
   At first did freely move:
I still shall see thy face,
   And feel that God is love:
Myself into thine arms I cast,
Lord, save, O save my soul at last.

1 Sons we are through God's election,
   Who in Jesus Christ believe;
By eternal destination,
   Sovereign grace we here receive;
Lord, thy mercy
   Does both grace and glory give.

2 Every fallen soul, by sinning,
   Merits everlasting pain;
But thy love, without beginning,
   Has restored thy sons again:
   Countless millions
   Shall in life, through Jesus, reign.

3 Pause, my soul, adore, and wonder!
   Ask, 'O why such love to me?'
The watery deep I pass,
With Jesus in my view,
And through the howling wilderness
My way pursue.

6 The goodly land I see
With peace and plenty blest:
The land of sacred liberty
And endless rest;
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound,
And trees of life for ever grow,
With mercy crown'd.

7 There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our righteousness!
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace,
On Sion's sacred height,
His kingdom still maintains;
And glorious with his saints in light,
For ever reigns.

8 The ransom'd nations bow
Before the Saviour's face;
Joyful their radiant crowns they throw
O'erwhelm'd with grace:
*He* shows his scars of love;
*They* kindle to a flame,
And sound through all the worlds above,
'The slaughter'd Lamb!'

9 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high,
'Hail Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!'
They ever cry:
COVENANT OF GRACE. 67, 68

Hail, Abra’m’s God and mine!
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are thine,
And endless praise.

67 C. M. Missionary, 257. Salem, 139.
Support in God’s covenant.
2 Sam. xxiii. 5. DODDRIDGE.

1 MY GOD, the covenant of thy love
Abides for ever sure;
And in its matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure.

2 What though my house be not with thee
As nature could desire!
To nobler joys than nature gives
Thy servants all aspire.

3 Since thou, the everlasting God,
My father art become;
Jesus, my guardian and my friend,
And heaven my final home;

4 I welcome all thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love;
And when I know not what thou dost,
I’ll wait the light above.

5 Thy covenant the last accent claims
Of this poor faltering tongue;
And that shall the first notes employ
Of my celestial song.

Pleading the covenant.

1 LORD, my God! whose sovereign love
Is still the same, nor e’er can move,
Look to the covenant and see,
Has not thy love been shown to me?
Remember me, my dearest Friend,
And love me always to the end.

2 Be with me still, as heretofore,
And help me forward more and more;
My strong, my stubborn will, incline
To be obedient still to thine:
O lead me by thy gracious hand,
And guide me safe to Canaan's land.

NOW begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name!
Ye, who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

Ye, who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

Mourning souls, dry up your tears;
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.

Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves to death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove;
Stop and taste redeeming love.

Welcome all by sin opprest,
Welcome to his sacred rest;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

When his Spirit leads us home,
When we to his glory come,
REDEMPTION.

We shall all the fulness prove
Of our Lord's redeeming love.

7 He subdued th' infernal powers,
Those tremendous foes of ours
From their cursed empire drove,
Mighty in redeeming love.

8 Hither, then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each cheerful string!
Mortals, join the host above,
Join to praise redeeming love.


Redemption by Christ alone.

1  ENSLAVED by sin, and bound in chains,
   Beneath its dreadful tyrant sway,
   And doom'd to everlasting pains,
   We wretched, guilty captives lay.

2 Nor gold nor gems could buy our peace;
Nor the whole world's collected store
Suffice to purchase our release:
A thousand worlds were all too poor.

3 Jesus, the Lord, the mighty God,
   An all-sufficient ransom paid;
   Invalued price! his precious blood,
   For vile rebellious traitors shed.

4 Jesus the sacrifice became
   To rescue guilty souls from hell:
The spotless, bleeding, dying Lamb
   Beneath avenging justice fell.

5 Amazing goodness! love divine!
O may our grateful hearts adore
The matchless grace; nor yield to sin,
Nor wear its cruel fetters more!
6 Dear Saviour, let thy love pursue
The glorious work it has begun;
Each secret lurking foe subdue,
And let our hearts be thine alone.

8.7.4. Calvary, 297. Kelly's, 419.
Finished redemption.

1 HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary!
See, it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!
‘It is finish’d!’
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 ‘It is finish’d!’—O what pleasure
Do these charming words afford!
Heavenly blessings without measure
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:
‘It is finish’d!’
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Finish’d all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law!
Finish’d all that God had promised:
Death and hell no more shall awe:
‘It is finish’d!’
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

4 [Happy souls, approach the table,
Taste the soul-reviving food;
Nothing half so sweet and pleasant
As the Saviour’s flesh and blood!
‘It is finish’d!’
Christ has borne the heavy load.]

5 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
REDEMPTION.

All in earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel’s name:
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!


It is finished.

STENNITT.

1 ’T IS finish’d!’ so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bow’d his head and died:
‘ ’T is finish’d’—yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.

2 ’T is finish’d’—all that Heaven decreed,
And all the ancient prophets said,
Is now fulfill’d, as was design’d,
In me, the Saviour of mankind.

3 ’T is finish’d’—Aaron now no more
Must stain his robes with purple gore;
The sacred vail is rent in twain,
And Jewish rites no more remain.

4 ’T is finish’d’—this my dying groan
Shall sins of every kind atone:
Millions shall be redeem’d from death
By this my last expiring breath.

5 ’T is finish’d’—Heaven is reconciled,
And all the powers of darkness spoil’d:
Peace, love, and happiness again
Return, and dwell with sinful men.

6 ’T is finish’d’—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round:
‘ ’T is finish’d’—let the echo fly
Thro’ heaven and hell, thro’ earth and sky.
Scripture Doctrines.

Part I. 8's. Limefield, 94.

Praise for redemption. Turner.

1 Shall Jesus descend from the skies
To atone for our sins by his blood,
And shall we such goodness despise,
And rebels still be to our God?

2 [No brute could be ever so base!
Shall man thus ungrateful then prove?
Forbid it, O God of all grace!
Forbid it, thou Spirit of love!

3 The devils would laugh us to scorn,
For folly so shameful as this;
O let us to God then return,
Sure never was goodness like his.]

4 He saved us, or we had been lost,
Nor comfort nor hope had e'er known:
Yet he knew this salvation would cost
No less than the blood of his Son.

5 Through him we forgiveness shall find,
And taste the sweet blessings of peace:
If contrite and humbly resign'd,
We trust in his promised grace.

6 This world, then, with all its gay joy,
That thousands has snared and undone,
May tempt, but shall never destroy,
Whom Jesus has mark'd for his own.

7 While here through the desert we stray,
Our God shall be all our delight;
Our pillar of cloud in the day,
And also of fire in the night;

8 Till the Jordan of death safely pass'd,
We land on the heavenly shore,
REDEMPTION.

Where we the hid manna shall taste,
Nor hunger nor thirst any more.

9 And there, while his glories we see,
And feast on the joys of his love,
We changed to his likeness shall be,
And then shall all gratitude prove.

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PART II. 8.7. Batavia, 133.

Praise for redeeming love.

NEWTON.

1 LET us love, and sing, and wonder,
   Let us praise the Saviour's name!
He has hush'd the law's loud thunder,
   He has quench'd Mount Sinai's flame:
He has wash'd us with his blood,
   He has brought us nigh to God.

2 Let us love the Lord who bought us,
   Pitied us when enemies,
Call'd by his grace, and taught us,
   Gave us ears, and gave us eyes:
He has wash'd us with his blood,
   He presents our souls to God.

3 Let us sing, though fierce temptation
   Threaten hard to bear us down;
For the Lord, our strong salvation,
   Holds in view the conqueror's crown:
He who wash'd us with his blood
   Soon will bring us home to God.

4 Let us wonder, grace and justice
   Join, and point to mercy's store;
When through grace in Christ our trust is,
   Justice smiles, and asks no more;
He who wash'd us with his blood
   Has secured, our way to God.
Let us *praise*, and join the chorus
Of the saints enthroned on high;
Here they trusted him before us,
Now their praises fill the sky;
‘Thou hast wash’d us with thy blood,
Thou art worthy, Lamb of God!’

Hark! the name of Jesus sounded
Loud from golden harps above!
Lord, we blush, and are confounded,
Faint our praises, cold our love!
Wash our souls and songs with blood,
For by thee we come to God.

O THOU who didst thy glory leave,
Apostate sinners to retrieve
From nature’s deadly fall,—
If thou hast bought me with a price,
My sins against me ne’er shall rise,
For thou hast borne them all.

And wast thou punish’d in my stead?
Didst thou without the city bleed
To expiate my stain?
On earth my God vouchsafed to dwell,
And made of infinite avail
The sufferings of the man.

Behold him for transgressors given!
Behold the incarnate King of heaven
For us, his foes, expire!
Amazed, O earth! the tidings hear!
He bore, that we might never bear,
His Father’s righteous ire.
REDEMPTION.

4 Ye saints, the Man of Sorrows bless,
The God, for your unrighteousness,
Deputed to atone;
Praise, till with all the ransom'd throng,
Ye sing the never-ending song,
And see him on his throne.

75

8.7. New Zealand, 467.
Gratitude for the atonement.

1 HAIL! thou once despised Jesus,
Hail, thou Galilean King!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By thy merits we find favour;
Life is given through thy name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made:
All thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of thy blood:
Open'd is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide!
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side:
There for sinners thou art pleading;
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.
Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give:
Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays!
Help to sing our Saviour's merits;
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

Pleading the atonement.

1 FATHER, God, who seest in me
Only sin and misery,
Turn to thy anointed one,
Look on thy beloved Son;
Him, and then the sinner, see;
Look through Jesus' wounds on me.

2 Heavenly Father, Lord of all,
Hear, and show thou hear'st my call!
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Smile on me a sinner now!
Now the stone to flesh convert,
Cast a look and melt my heart.

3 Lord, I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow;
Hear my Advocate divine,
Lo! to his, my suit I join;
Join'd with his it cannot fail:
Let me now with thee prevail!

4 Turn from me thy glorious eyes
To his bloody sacrifice,—
To the full atonement made,
To the utmost ransom paid:
And if mine through him, thou art, 
Speak thy mercy to my heart.

5 Jesus, answer from above, 
Is not all thy nature love? 
Pity from thine eye let fall; 
Bless me while on thee I call; 
Am I thine, thou Son of God? 
Take the purchase of thy blood.

6 Father, see the victim slain, 
Offer'd up for guilty men; 
Hear his blood-prevailing cry; 
Let thy bowels then reply! 
Then through him the sinner see; 
Then, in Jesus, look on me.

C. M. Missionary, 257.

Efficacious grace.

1 HAIL! mighty Jesus! how divine 
Is thy victorious sword! 
The stoutest rebels must resign 
At thy commanding word.

2 Deep are the wounds thy arrows give, 
They pierce the hardest heart; 
Thy smiles of grace the slain revive, 
And joy succeeds to smart.

3 Still gird thy sword upon thy thigh; 
Ride with majestic sway: 
Go forth, sweet prince, triumphantly, 
And make thy foes obey.

4 And when thy victories are complete, 
When all the chosen race 
Shall, round the throne of glory, meet 
To sing thy conquering grace;
5 O may my humble soul be found
   Among that favour'd band!
   And I, with them, thy praise will sound
   Throughout Immanuel's land.

78 L. M. Job, 474. Bloomsbury, 413.

The Conversion of Zaccheus.

1 ONCE, as the Saviour pass'd along,
   Zaccheus fain the Lord would see;
   Of stature small to 'scape the throng,
   He ran before, and climb'd a tree.

2 As the omniscient Lord drew nigh,
   Upwards he look'd, and saw him there;
   'Zaccheus, hasten down, for I
   Must be thy guest to-day; prepare.

3 'To-day,' the pard'ning Saviour cries,
   'Salvation to thy house is come,
   On wings of sov'reign love it flies—
   Go, tell the blissful news at home.'

4 Lord, look on souls that gaze around,
   To every list'ning sinner speak;
   Now may thy ancient love abound;
   From every seat a captive take.

5 Sinners, make haste, our God to meet,
   Come to the feast his love prepares;
   The lost are sought and saved, how sweet!
   And 'not the righteous' Christ declares.

6 Say, what are you come out to view,—
   Jesus, who once for sinners died?
   O hear the Saviour's voice to you,
   'Cast sinful, righteous self aside.'
REGENERATION.

7 Lord, wilt thou stoop to be my guest?  
Dost thou invite thee to my home?  
Welcome, dear Saviour, to my breast,  
To-day let thy salvation come.

The lost found; or, joy in heaven.  

1 WHEN some kind shepherd from his  
Has lost a straying sheep, [fold  
Thro' vales, o'er hills, he anxious roves,  
And climbs the mountain's steep.

2 But O the joy! the transport sweet!  
When he the wanderer finds;  
Up in his arms he takes his charge,  
And to his shoulders binds.

3 Homeward he hastes to tell his joys,  
And make his bliss complete:  
The neighbours hear the news, and all  
The joyful shepherd greet.

4 Yet how much greater is the joy  
When but one sinner turns;  
When the poor wretch, with broken heart,  
His sins and errors mourns!

5 Pleased with the news, the saints below  
In songs their tongues employ;  
Beyond the skies the tidings go,  
And heaven is fill'd with joy.

6 Well-pleased the Father sees and hears  
The conscious sinner weep;  
Jesus receives him in his arms,  
And owns him for his sheep.
7 Nor angels can their joys contain,
   But kindle with new fire:
   ‘A wandering sheep’s return’d,’ they sing,
   And strike the sounding lyre.

80 C. M. Wantage, 204. Bangor, 231.
   The converted thief.
   Luke xxiii. 42.

1 As on the cross the Saviour hung,
   And wept, and bled, and died,
   He pour’d salvation on a wretch
   That languish’d at his side.

2 His crimes, with inward grief and shame,
   The penitent confess’d;
   Then turn’d his dying eyes to Christ,
   And thus his prayer address’d:

3 ‘Jesus, thou Son and heir of heaven;
   Thou spotless Lamb of God!
   I see thee bathed in sweat and tears,
   And welt’ring in thy blood.

4 ‘Yet quickly from these scenes of woe,
   In triumph thou shalt rise,
   Burst through the gloomy shades of death,
   And shine above the skies.

5 ‘Amidst the glories of that world,
   Dear Saviour, think on me,
   And in the victories of thy death
   Let me a sharer be.’

6 His prayer the dying Jesus hears,
   And instantly replies,
   ‘To-day thy parting soul shall be
   With me in Paradise.’
DEAR Saviour, we are thine
   By everlasting bonds;
Our names, our hearts, we would resign;
   Our souls are in thy hands.

To thee we still would cleave
   With ever-growing zeal:
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
   O let them ne'er prevail.

Thy Spirit shall unite
   Our souls to thee our Head;
Shall form us to thy image bright,
   That we thy paths may tread.

Death may our souls divide
   From these abodes of clay;
But love shall keep us near thy side
   Through all the gloomy way.

Since Christ and we are one,
   Why should we doubt or fear?
If he in heaven hath fix'd his throne,
   He 'll fix his members there.

TO God, my Saviour and my King,
   Fain would my soul her tribute bring;
Join me, ye saints, in songs of praise,
   For ye have known and felt his grace.

Wretched and helpless once I lay,
   Just breathing all my life away:
He saw me weltering in my blood,
   And felt the pity of a God.
3 With speed he flew to my relief,
Bound up my wounds, and soothed my
Pour'd joys divine into my heart, [grief;
And bade each anxious fear depart.

4 These proofs of love, my dearest Lord,
Deep in my breast I will record:
The life which I from thee receive,
To thee behold I freely give.

5 My heart and tongue shall tune thy praise,
Through the remainder of my days;
And when I join the powers above,
My soul shall better sing thy love.

83 L. M. Babylon Streams, 23. Paul's, 246.

Human righteousness insufficient.

1 WHEREWITH, O Lord, shall I draw
Or bow myself before thy face? [near,
How, in thy purer eyes, appear,
What shall I bring to gain thy grace?

2 Will gifts delight the Lord most high?
Will multiplied oblations please?
Thousands of rams his favour buy?
Or slaughter'd millions e'er appease?

3 Can these assuage the wrath of God?
Can these wash out my guilty stain?
Rivers of oil, or seas of blood?
Alas! they all must flow in vain.

4 What have I then wherein to trust?
I nothing have, I nothing am;
Excluded is my every boast—
My glory swallow'd up in shame.

5 Guilty, I stand before thy face;
My sole desert is hell and wrath:
'T were just the sentence should take
place;—
But O I plead my Saviour's death!
6 I plead the merits of thy Son,
Who died for sinners on the tree;
I plead his righteousness alone;
O put the spotless robe on me.

*Imputed righteousness.*

1 JESUS, thy perfect righteousness
My beauty is, my glorious dress;
Midst flaming worlds, in this array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 When from the dust of death I rise
To take my mansion in the skies:
E'en then shall this be all my plea,
'Jesus hath lived and died for me.'

3 Bold shall I stand in that great day;
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
While, through thy blood, absolv'd I am
From sin's tremendous curse and shame.

4 Thus Abraham, the friend of God,
Thus all the armies bought with blood,
Saviour of sinners, thee proclaim!
Sinners—of whom the chief I am.

5 This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruin'd nature sinks in years:
No age can change its glorious hue;
The robe of Christ is ever new.

6 O let the dead now hear thy voice!
Bid, Lord, thy banish'd ones rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord our righteousness.
1 GREAT God of wonders! all thy ways
   Are matchless, godlike, and divine;
   But the fair glories of thy grace
   More godlike and unrivall'd shine:
   Who is a pardoning God like thee?
   Or who has grace so rich and free?

2 Crimes of such horror to forgive,
   Such guilty daring worms to spare:
   This is thy grand prerogative,
   And none shall in the honour share:
   Who is a pardoning God like thee?
   Or who has grace so rich and free?

3 Angels and men resign their claim
   To pity, mercy, love, and grace;
   These glories crown Jehovah's name
   With an incomparable blaze;
   Who is a pardoning God like thee?
   Or who has grace so rich and free?

4 In wonder lost, with trembling joy
   We take the pardon of our God;
   Pardon for crimes of deepest dye;
   A pardon seal'd with Jesus' blood;
   Who is a pardoning God like thee,
   Or who has grace so rich and free?

5 O may this strange, this matchless grace,
   This godlike miracle of love,
   Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,
   And all th' angelic choirs above;
   Who is a pardoning God like thee?
   Or who has grace so rich and free?
PARDONING love, Jer. iii. 22.

1 HOW oft, alas! this wretched heart
   Has wander'd from the Lord;
   How oft my roving thoughts depart,
   Forgetful of his word!

2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, Return:
   Dear Lord, and may I come?
   My vile ingratitude I mourn,
   O take the wanderer home!

3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
   And bid my crimes remove?
   And shall a pardon'd rebel live
   To speak thy wondrous love?

4 Almighty grace, thy healing power
   How glorious, how divine!
   That can to life and bliss restore
   So vile a heart as mine.

5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
   Dear Saviour, I adore;
   O keep me at thy sacred feet,
   And let me rove no more.

DIVINE FORGIVENESS.

1 FORGIVENESS! 'tis a joyful sound
   To malefactors doom'd to die:
   Publish the bliss the world around:
   Ye seraphs, shout it from the sky!

2 'T is the rich gift of love divine:
   'T is full, outmeasuring every crime:
   Unclouded shall its glories shine,
   And feel no change by changing time.
3 O'er sins unnumber'd as the sand,
   And like the mountains for their size,
   The seas of sovereign grace expand,
   The seas of sovereign grace arise.

4 For this stupendous love of Heaven
   What grateful honours shall we show?
   Where much transgression is forgiven,
   Let love in equal ardours glow:

5 By this inspired, let all our days
   With various holiness be crown'd;
   Let truth and goodness, prayer and praise,
   In all abide, in all abound.

88 S. M. Wirksworth, 158. Dunbar, 252.
   Confession and pardon.

1 My sorrows like a flood,
   Impatient of restraint,
   Into thy bosom, O my God!
   Pour out a long complaint.

2 This impious heart of mine
   Could once defy the Lord,
   Could rush with violence on to sin
   In presence of thy sword.

3 How often have I stood
   A rebel to the skies;
   And yet, and yet, O matchless grace!
   Thy thunder silent lies.

4 Oh, shall I never feel
   The meltlings of thy love?
   Am I of such hell-hardened steel
   That mercy cannot move?

5 O'ercome by dying love,
   Here at thy cross I lie,
And throw my flesh, my soul, my all,
And weep, and love, and die.

6 'Rise,' says the Saviour, 'rise,
Behold my wounded veins!
Here flows a sacred crimson flood
To wash away thy stains.'

7 See, God is reconciled!
Behold his smiling face!
Let joyful cherubs clap their wings,
And sound aloud his grace.

1 My Saviour, let me hear thy voice
Pronounce the words of peace!
And all my warmest powers shall join
To celebrate thy grace.

2 With gentle smiles call me thy child,
And speak my sins forgiven:
The accents mild shall charm mine ear
All like the harps of heaven.

3 Cheerful, where'er thy hand shall lead,
The darkest path I'll tread;
Cheerful, I'll quit these mortal shores,
And mingle with the dead.

4 When dreadful guilt is done away,
No other fears we know;
That hand, which scatters pardons down,
Shall crowns of life bestow.

Despair sinful.

WHAT mean these jealousies and fears?
As if the Lord was loth to save,
Or loved to see us drench’d in tears,  
Or sink with sorrow to the grave.

2 Does he want slaves to grace his throne,  
Or rules he by an iron rod?  
Loves he the deep despairing groan?  
Is he a tyrant, or a God?

3 Not all the sins which we have wrought  
So much his tender bowels grieve,  
As this unkind, injurious thought,  
That he’s unwilling to forgive.

4 What tho’ our crimes are black as night,  
Or glowing like the crimson morn!  
Immanuel’s blood will make them white  
As snow through the pure ether borne.

5 Lord, ’tis amazing grace, we own,  
And well may rebel worms surprise;  
But, was not thy incarnate Son  
A most amazing sacrifice!

6 ‘I’ve found a ransom,’ said the Lord,  
‘No humble penitent shall die.’  
Lord, we would now believe thy word,  
And thy unbounded mercies try.

1 Let others boast their ancient line,  
In long succession great;  
In the proud list let heroes shine,  
And monarchs swell the state;  
Descended from the King of kings,  
Each saint a nobler title sings.

2 Pronounce me, gracious God! thy son,  
Own me an heir divine:
ADOPTION.

I'll pity princes on the throne,
   When I can call thee mine:
Sceptres and crowns unenvied rise,
And lose their lustre in mine eyes.

3 Content, obscure, I pass my days,
   To all I meet unknown;
And wait till thou thy child shalt raise,
   And seat me near thy throne:
No name, no honours here I crave,
Well pleased with those beyond the grave.

4 Jesus, my elder brother, lives;
   With him I too shall reign;
Nor sin, nor death, while he survives,
   Shall make the promise vain:
In him my title stands secure,
And shall, while endless years endure.

5 When he, in robes divinely bright,
   Shall once again appear,
Thou, too, my soul, shalt shine in light,
   And his full image bear:
Enough! I wait th' appointed day;
Blest Saviour, haste, and come away.


Abba, Father! Gal. iv. 6. Doddridge.

1 SOVEREIGN of all the worlds on high,
   Allow my humble claim;
Nor while a worm would raise its head
Disdain a Father's name.

2 My Father—God! how sweet the sound!
   How tender and how dear!
Not all the harmony of heaven
Could so delight the ear.
3 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name
On my expanding heart;
And show that in Jehovah's grace
I share a filial part.

4 Cheer'd by a signal so divine,
Unwavering I believe;
And 'Abba, Father!' humbly cry,
Nor can the sign deceive.

1 HARK! for 't is God's own Son that
To life and liberty;
[calls
Transported fall before his feet
Who makes the prisoners free.

2 The cruel bonds of sin he breaks,
And breaks old Satan's chain;
Smiling he deals those pardons round
Which free from endless pain.

3 Into the captive heart he pours
His Spirit from on high;
We lose the terrors of the slave,
And ' Abba, Father!' cry.

4 Shake off your bonds, and sing his grace;
The sinner's Friend proclaim;
And call on all around to seek
True freedom by his name.

5 Walk on at large, till you attain
Your Father's house above;
There you shall wear immortal crowns,
And sing immortal love.
BLESSED are the sons of God;
They are bought with Jesus’ blood,
They are ransom’d from the grave,
Life eternal they shall have:
With them number’d may we be,
Now, and through eternity.

God did love them in his Son,
Long before the world begun;
They the seal of this receive,
When on Jesus they believe;
With them, &c.

They are justified by grace,
They enjoy a solid peace;
All their sins are wash’d away,
They shall stand in God’s great day;
With them, &c.

They produce the fruits of grace,
In the works of righteousness!
Born of God, they hate all sin,
God’s pure word remains within:
With them, &c.

They have fellowship with God,
Through the Mediator’s blood;
One with God, through Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun:
With them, &c.

Though they suffer much on earth,
Strangers to the worldling’s mirth,
Yet they have an inward joy,
Pleasures which can never cloy:
With them, &c.
7 They alone are truly blest—
Heirs of God, joint-heirs with Christ;
They with love and peace are fill'd;
They are, by his Spirit, seal'd;
With them number'd may we be,
    Now, and through eternity.

L. M. Portugal, 97. Alfred, 509.
Christian's the sons of God.
John i. 12. 1 John iii. 1. STENNETT.

1 NOT all the nobles of the earth,
    Who boast the honours of their birth,
Such real dignity can claim
    As those who bear the Christian name.

2 To them the privilege is given
    To be the sons and heirs of heaven;
Sons of the God who reigns on high,
    And heirs of joys beyond the sky.

3 [On them, a happy chosen race,
    Their Father pours his richest grace:
To them his counsels he imparts,
    And stamps his image on their hearts.

4 Their infant cries, their tender age,
    His pity and his love engage:
He clasps them in his arms, and there
    Secures them with parental care.]

5 His will he makes them early know,
    And teaches their young feet to go;
Whispers instruction to their minds,
    And on their hearts his precepts binds.

6 When through temptation they rebel,
    His chastening rod he makes them feel;
Then with a father's tender hear,
    He soothes the pain and heals the smart.
COMMUNION WITH GOD.

7 Their daily wants his hands supply,
Their steps he guards with watchful eye,
Leads them from earth to heaven above,
And crowns them with eternal love.

8 If I've the honour, Lord, to be
One of this numerous family,
On me the gracious gift bestow,
To call thee Abba, Father! too,

9 So may my conduct ever prove
My filial piety and love!
Whilst all my brethren clearly trace
Their Father's likeness in my face.

S. M. Harboro', 142. Australia, 462.
Communion with the Father, Son, and Holy
Ghost. 1 John i. 5. DODDRIDGE.

1 OUR heavenly Father calls,
   And Christ invites us near!
The Spirit makes our friendship sweet
   And our communion dear.

2 God pities all our griefs;
   He pardons every day;
Almighty to protect our souls,
   And wise to guide our way.

3 How large his bounties are!
   What various stores of good,
Diffused from our Redeemer's hand,
   And purchased with his blood!

4 Jesus, our living Head,
   We bless thy faithful care:
Our Advocate before the throne,
   And our Forerunner there.
5 The Spirit gives new life,  
And prayer and praise inspires;  
’T is He who plucks the worthless brands  
From the devouring fires.

6 He carries on his work  
Of grace where’er begun;  
He sheds abroad the Father’s love,  
And glorifies the Son.

7 This love and grace shall make  
Our grateful incense burn;  
Our hearts, our lives are borne away;  
For love we love return.

8 Blest fellowship, how sweet,  
With God the Sacred Three!  
But if imperfect grace is bliss,  
What then must glory be?

9 Here fix, my roving heart!  
Here wait, my warmest love!  
Till the communion be complete  
In nobler scenes above.

1 MY rising soul, with strong desires,  
To perfect happiness aspires,  
With steady steps would tread the road  
That leads to heaven—that leads to God.

2 I thirst to drink unmingled love  
From the pure fountain-head above;  
My dearest Lord, I long to be  
Emptied of sin, and full of thee.
For thee I pant, for thee I burn;
Art thou withdrawn? again return:
Nor let me be the first to say,
Thou wilt not hear when sinners pray.

FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

What peaceful hours I then enjoy’d!
How sweet their memory still!
But now I find an aching void
The world can never fill.

Return, O holy Dove! return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate’er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.
1 O THE I knew the secret place,  
    Where I might find my God!  
    I’d spread my wants before his face,  
    And pour my woes abroad.

2 I’d tell him how my sins arise,  
    What sorrows I sustain;  
    How grace decays and comfort dies,  
    And leaves my heart in pain.

3 He knows what arguments I’d take  
    To wrestle with my God;  
    I’d plead for his own mercy’s sake  
    And for my Saviour’s blood.

4 My God will pity my complaints,  
    And heal my broken bones;  
    He takes the meaning of his saints,  
    The language of their groans.

5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,  
    And banish every fear;  
    He calls thee to his throne of grace  
    To spread thy sorrows there.

1 WHERE shall we sinners hide our heads?  
    Can rocks or mountains save?  
    Or shall we wrap us in the shades  
    Of midnight and the grave?

2 Is there no shelter from the eye  
    Of a revenging God?  
    Jesus, to thy dear wounds we fly;  
    Bedew us with thy blood.
Those guardian drops our souls secure,
And wash away our sin;
Eternal justice frowns no more,
And conscience smiles within.

We bless that wondrous purple stream
That cleanses every stain;
Yet are our souls but half redeem'd
If sin, the tyrant, reign.

Lord, blast his empire with thy breath;
That cursed throne must fall;
Ye flattering plagues, that work our death,
Fly, for we hate you all.

PRAISE to our Shepherd's gracious name,
Who on so kind an errand came;
Came, that by him his flock might live,
And more abundant life receive.

Hail, great Immanuel! from above,
High seated on thy throne of love,
O pour the vital torrent down,—
Thy people's joy, their Lord's renown.

Scarce half alive we sigh and cry,
Scarce raise to thee our languid eye;
Kind Saviour, let our dying state
Compassion in thy heart create.

The Shepherd's blood the sheep must heal;
O may we all its influence feel!
Till inward deep experience show
Christ can begin a heaven below.
Scripture Doctrines.

Justification and Sanctification.

We hail that condescending grace
Which shows a Saviour's righteousness!
Eternal honours to that name
Which covers all our guilt and shame!

O may his blood that boundless sea,
Purge all our deepest stains away;
And we renew'd by grace divine,
More in our Lord's resemblance shine.

Conformity to Christ.

Love divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven to earth come down;
Fix us in thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, thou art all compassion;
Pure unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more, thy temples leave;
Thee we would be always blessing;
Serve thee as thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise thee, without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

Finish, then, thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee:
PERSEVERANCE. 102, 103

Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

102  S. M. Simon’s, 250. Broderip’s, 252.

The leper healed.  STENNETT.

1 BEHOLD the leprous Jew,
Oppress’d with pain and grief,
Pouring his tears at Jesus’ feet
For pity and relief.

2 ‘O speak the word,’ he cries,
‘And heal me of my pain;
Lord, thou art able, if thou wilt,
To make a leper clean.’

3 Compassion moves his heart;
He speaks the gracious word;
The leper feels his strength return,
And all his sickness cured.

4 To the dear Lord, I look,
Sick of a worse disease;
Sin is my painful malady,
And none can give me ease.

5 But thy almighty grace
Can heal my leprous soul:
O bathe me in thy precious blood,
And that will make me whole.


The security of Christ’s sheep.

John x. 27—29. Doddridge.

1 MY soul, with joy attend,
While Jesus silence breaks;
No angel’s harp such music yields,
As what my Shepherd speaks;

H
2 'I know my sheep,' he cries,  
'My soul approves them well:  
Vain is the treacherous world's disguise,  
And vain the rage of hell.

3 'I freely feed them now  
With tokens of my love;  
But richer pastures I prepare,  
And sweeter streams above.

4 'Unnumber'd years of bliss  
I to my sheep will give;  
And while my throne unshaken stands,  
Shall all my chosen live.

5 'This tried almighty hand  
Is raised for their defence;  
Where is the power shall reach them there?  
Or what shall force them thence?'

6 Enough, my gracious Lord,  
Let faith triumphant cry;  
My heart can on this promise live,  
Can on this promise die.

104 L. M. Angel's Hymn, 60.  
Safety in Christ. DODDRIDGE.

1 THE deluge, at the Almighty's call,  
In what impetuous streams it fell!  
Swallow'd the mountains in its rage,  
And swept a guilty world to hell.

2 In vain the tallest sons of pride  
Fled from the close pursuing wave;  
Nor could their mightiest towers defend,  
Nor swiftness 'scape, nor courage save.
3 How dire the wreck! how loud the roar!
How shrill the universal cry
Of millions in the last despair,
Re-echoed from the low'ring sky!

4 Yet Noah, humble, happy saint!
Surrounded with a chosen few,
Sat in his ark secure from fear,
And sang the grace that steer'd him thro'.

5 So may I sing, in Jesus safe,
While storms of vengeance round me fall;
Conscious how high my hopes are fix'd,
Beyond what shakes this earthly ball.

6 Enter thine ark, while patience waits,
Nor ever quit that sure retreat;
Then the wide flood which buries earth
Shall waft thee to a fairer seat.

7 Nor wreck nor ruin there is seen;
There not a wave of trouble rolls;
But the bright rainbow round the throne
Seals endless life to all their souls.

105 C. M. Bedford, 19.

Perseverance. Ps. cxix. 117.

1 LORD, hast thou made me know thy ways?
Conduct me in thy fear,
And grant me such supplies of grace,
That I may persevere.

2 Let but thy own Almighty arm
Sustain a feeble worm,
I shall escape secure from harm
Amid the dreadful storm.
SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

3 Be thou my all-sufficient friend
    Till all my toils shall cease;
Guard me through life, and let my end
    Be everlasting peace.

L. M. Kingsbridge, 88. Ulverston, 179.
Perseverance desired. STENNETT.

1 JESUS, my Saviour, and my God,
    Thou hast redeem’d me with thy blood;
By ties both natural and divine,
    I am, and ever will be, thine.
But, ah! should my inconstant heart,
    Ere I’m aware, from thee depart,
What dire reproach would fall on m
    For such ingratitude to thee!
3 The thought I dread, the crime I hate;
    The guilt, the shame, I deprecate;
And yet so mighty are my foes,
    I dare not trust my warmest vows.
4 Pity my frailty, dearest Lord!
    Grace in the needful hour afford:
O steel this timorous heart of mine
    With fortitude and love divine.
5 So shall I triumph o’er my fears,
    And gather joys from all my tears:
So shall I to the world proclaim
    The honours of the Christian name.

Method of salvation. TOPLADY.

1 THEE, Father, we bless,
    Whose distinguishing grace
Selected a people to show forth thy praise;
Nor is thy love known
By election alone;
For O, thou hast added the gift of thy Son.

2 The goodness in vain
We attempt to explain, [men;
Which found and accepted a ransom for
Great Surety of thine,
Thou didst not decline [design.
To concur with the Father's most gracious

3 To Jesus our friend,
Our thanks shall ascend, [end;
Who saves to the utmost, and loves to the
Our ransom he paid!
In his merit array'd, [made.
We attain to the glory for which we were

4 Sweet Spirit of grace!
Thy mercy we bless, [peace;
For thy eminent share in the council of
Great Angel Divine,
To restore us is thine, [shine.
And cause us afresh in thy likeness to

5 O God, 'tis thy part
To convince and convert; [heart;
To give a new life, and create a new
Thy presence and grace
Sustain in our race, [our days.
Thus we're kept in thy love to the end of

6 Father, Spirit, and Son,
Agree thus in one, [his own;
The salvation of those he has mark'd for
Let us, too, agree,
To glorify thee,—
Thou ineffable One, thou adorable Three!
JESUS is our great salvation,
Worthy of our best esteem;
He has saved his favourite nation;
Join to sing aloud to him;
He has saved us,
Christ alone could us redeem.

When involved in sin and ruin,
And no helper there was found,
Jesus our distress was viewing—
Grace did more than sin abound;
He has call'd us,
With salvation in the sound.

Save us from a mere profession!
Save us from hypocrisy!
Give us, Lord, the sweet possession
Of thy righteousness and thee:
Best of favours!
None compared with this can be.

Let us never, Lord, forget thee;
Make us walk as pilgrims here:
We will give thee all the glory
Of the love that brought us near.
Bid us praise thee,
And rejoice with holy fear.

Free election, known by calling,
Is a privilege divine;
Saints are kept from final falling;
All the glory, Lord, be thine;
All the glory,
All the glory, Lord, is thine.
SALVATION. 109, 110

109  C. M.  Great Milton, 212.

Complete salvation.

1 SALVATION through our dying God
    Shall surely be complete;
    He paid whate'er his people owed,
    And cancell'd all their debt.

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

3 He heals our wounds, subdues our foes,
    And shows our sins forgiven;
    Conducts us through the wilderness,
    And brings us safe to heaven.

4 Salvation now shall be my stay;
    'A sinner saved!' I 'll cry;
    Then gladly quit this mortal clay,
    For better joys on high.


Distinguishing grace.  Jer. xxxi. 3.

1 In songs of sublime adoration and praise,
    Ye pilgrims! for Sion who press,
    Break forth, and extol the great Ancient of days,
    His rich and distinguishing grace.

2 His love, from eternity, fix'd upon you,
    Broke forth and discover'd its flame,
    When each with the cords of his kindness he drew,
    And brought you to love his great name.

3 Oh, had he not pitied the state you were in,
    Your bosoms his love 'had ne'er felt:
    You all would have lived, would have died, too, in sin,
    And sunk with the load of your guilt.

4 What was there in you that could merit esteem,
    Or give the Creator delight?
    'T was, 'Even so, Father!' you ever must sing,
    'Because it seem'd good in thy sight.'
5 'T was all of thy grace we were brought to obey,
   While others were suffer'd to go
The road which by nature we chose as our way,
   Which leads to the regions of woe.

6 Then give all the glory to his holy name,
   To him all the glory belongs;
Be yours the high joy still to sound forth his fame,
   And crown him in each of your songs.

111  PART I.  C. M.  Irish, 171  
     The grace of God.  BEDDOME.

1  GREAT God, 't is from thy sovereign
   That all my blessings flow; [grace
Whate'er I am, or do possess,
   I to thy mercy owe.

2 'T is this my powerful lusts controls,
   And pardons all my sin;
Spreads life and comfort through my soul,
   And makes my nature clean.

3 'T is 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.

111  PART II.  S. M.  Cranbrook, 303.  
     Salvation by grace.  DODDRIDGE.

1  GRACE! 't is a charming sound,
   Harmonious to the ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
   And all the earth shall hear.
2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man,
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace first inscribed my name
In God's eternal book:
’T was grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.

4 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.

5 Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow:
’T was grace that kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.

6 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

Glory of God in salvation. WATTS.

1 FATHER, how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known thro' the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands through the skies.

2 [Part of thy name divinely stands
On all thy creatures writ;
They show the labour of thine hands,
Or impress of thy feet.]

3 But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms;

Our thoughts are lost in reverend awe,—
We love and we adore;
The first archangel never saw
So much of God before.

Here the whole Deity is known:
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice or the grace.

[When sinners broke the Father’s laws,
The dying Son atones:
Oh, the dear mysteries of his cross!
The triumph of his groans!]

Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Sweet cherubs learn Immanuel’s name,
And try their choicest strains.

Oh, may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

C. M. Piety, 513. Triumphant, 437.
I am thy salvation. DODDRIDGE.

1 SALVATION!—O melodious sound
To wretched dying men!
Salvation that from God proceeds,
And leads to God again.

Rescued from hell’s eternal gloom,
From fiends, and fires, and chains!
Raised to a paradise of bliss,
Where love triumphant reigns!
SCRIPTURE INVITATIONS.

3 But may a poor bewilder'd soul,
   Sinful and weak as mine,
Presume to raise a trembling eye
   To blessings so divine?

4 The lustre of so bright a bliss
   My feeble heart o'erbears,
And unbelief almost perverts
   The promise into tears.

5 My Saviour God, no voice but thine
These dying hopes can raise;
   Speak thy salvation to my soul,
And turn my prayer to praise.

SCRIPTURE INVITATIONS AND PROMISES.

1 Come sinners,' saith the mighty God,
   'Heinous as all your crimes have
Lo! I descend from mine abode [been,
   To reason with the sons of men.

2 No clouds of darkness veil my face,
   No vengeful lightnings flash around;
I come with terms of life and peace;
   Where sin hath reign'd, let grace abound.'

3 Yes, Lord, we will obey thy call,
   And to thy gracious sceptre bow;
O make our crimson sins like wool,
   Our scarlet crimes as white as snow.

4 So shall our thankful lips repeat
   Thy praises with a tuneful voice,
While humbly prostrate at thy feet,
   We wonder, tremble, and rejoice.
PART II. L. M. Lebanon, 79.

Seek ye my face. Ps. xxvii. 8.

1 JEHovaH speaks; 'Seek ye my face!' My soul admires the wondrous grace; 'I'll seek thy face'—thy Spirit give! O 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, canst not, me deceive, — The soul that seeks thy face shall live.

PART III. L. M. Islington, 40.

Sinners invited. Isa. i. 18.

1 'COME now, ye sinners,' saith the Lord, And hear my kind inviting word; 'Come, reason with me,' and embrace The plenitude of gospel grace.

2 I give the new, the feeling heart, The godly grief, the pleasing smart, The faith that tells your sins forgiven, The sighs that waft your souls to heaven;

3 The guiltless shame, the sweet distress, The conscience clad with tenderness, The genuine meek humility, The wonder, 'Why such love to me?'
4 I give, with every saving grace,  
Super-angelic righteousness;  
The pardon ratified with blood,  
The right to heaven, enthroned with God.

5 O rich bequests! and are they free?  
Lord grant, O grant them all to me;  
The inviting Come has won my heart:  
I might have heard the sound—Depart.

114  PART IV.  S. M. Henley, 38.  
The water of life.  DODDRIDGE.

1 HOW free the fountain flows  
Of endless life and joy!  
That spring which no confinement knows,  
Whose waters never cloy.

2 How sweet the accents sound  
From the Redeemer’s tongue!  
Assemble, all ye nations round,  
In one obedient throng.

3 The Spirit bears the call  
To all the distant lands;  
The church, the bride, reflects it back,  
While Jesus waiting stands.

4 'Ho, every thirsty soul,  
Approach the sacred spring;  
Drink, and your fainting spirits cheer,  
Renew the draught, and sing.

5 'Let all that will approach,  
The water freely take;  
Free from my opening heart it flows,  
Your raging thirst to slake.'
114, 115 Scripture Invitations

6 With thankful hearts we come
To taste the offer'd grace;
And call on all that hear to join
The trial and the praise.

114 Part V. 7's. Aldwinkle, 312.
Come and welcome. Haweis.

1 From the Mount of Calvary,
Where the Saviour deign'd to die,
What melodious sounds I hear,
Bursting on my ravish'd ear!—
'Love's redeeming work is done!
Come, and welcome, sinner, come!

2 'Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
All the curse on me was laid;
Justice owns the ransom paid;
Bow the knee, and kiss the Son,
Come, and welcome, sinner, come!

3 'Now behold the festal board
With its richest dainties stored:
To thy Father's bosom press'd,
Once again a child confess'd,
From his house no more to roam:
Come, and welcome, sinner, come!'
AND PROMISES.

2 Come, ye thirsty, come, and welcome;  
God’s free bounty glorify:  
True belief, and true repentance,  
Every grace that brings us nigh—  
Without money,  
Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger;  
Nor of fitness fondly dream:  
All the fitness he requireth,  
Is to feel your need of him:  
This he gives you;  
’T is his Spirit’s rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,  
Lost and ruin’d by the fall!  
If you tarry till you’re better,  
You will never come at all:  
Not the righteous,—  
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 View him prostrate in the garden;  
On the ground your Maker lies!  
On the bloody tree behold him;  
Hear him cry before he dies,  
It is finish’d!  
Sinner, will not this suffice?

6 Lo, th’ incarnate God ascended,  
Pleads the merit of his blood:  
Venture on him, venture wholly,  
Let no other trust intrude;  
None but Jesus  
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels, join’d in concert,  
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
    Sweetly echo with his name!
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may sing the same.

PART II. 8. 7. 4. Painswick, 162.  
The gospel message.  
FOUNTAIN.

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 reconciled:
Hear him woo you,—
   ‘Sinners, now be reconciled.’

4 Pardon now is freely publish’d
   Through a Mediator’s blood;
Who hath died to make atonement,
   And appease the wrath of God!
Wondrous 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?

115 Part III. L. M. Gould's, 272.  
Why will ye die?  
Ryland.

1 Why, thoughtless sinner, wilt thou die?  
Can the infernal regions charm?  
Or wilt thou yet believe the lie,  
That sin can do thy soul no harm?

2 God has pronounced the sinner's doom;  
In ruin soon his course must end:  
Wilt thou on peace in sin presume?  
Or on what confidence depend?

3 Hast thou an arm like God most high,  
In equal war with him to meet?  
Canst thou his thunderbolts defy?  
Or quench his flames beneath thy feet?

4 Deluded worm!—beware in time;  
Now let the fatal contest cease;  
Confess thy guilt, abhor thy crime,  
And humbly sue for terms of peace.

5 Peace is proclaim'd! O bless the sound  
Of pardon bought with blood divine:  
God has himself the ransom found,  
Which could atone for sins like thine.
6 Embrace him with ecstatic joy;
His praise proclaim with every breath:
Who him reject their souls destroy;
Who hate him are in love with death.

115 PART IV. L. M. New Sabbath, 122.
The unworthy not unwelcome; but made willing.

1 HOW sweet thy invitations be!
But are they, Lord, for such as we?
We who transgressors are, and vile,
And most unworthy of thy smile?

2 Unworthy of the ground we tread,
The liquid drop, the crumb of bread;—
Of sight, of hearing, feeling, taste,
Then much more of thy saving grace.

3 But thou didst once a feast prepare,
And all around were welcome there;
Those who obey'd the festive call,
And those who would not come at all.

4 Yet though we all unworthy be,
Are we unwelcome, Lord, to thee?
For thou invitest us to come,
And find in thee our blissful home.

5 We hail thy invitations, Lord,
These are our welcome in thy word;
But higher praise is yet thy due,
If thou hast made us willing too.

6 [Let others know th' attractive day,
And never more perversely say,
We will not come for life to Thee—
But, we will to the Saviour flee.]
AND PROMISES.

7 As all are welcome to thy grace,
Th’ unworthiest of the human race;
Make thousands willing, Lord, we pray,
Draw them by cords of love to-day.

115 PART V. L. M. China, 300.
The Samaritan woman.

1 NOW if I visit Jacob’s well,
And ask, while Christ himself is
He’ll freely give the vital stream—[there,
Where he is, living waters are.

2 My fainting soul shall thirst no more
For sensual streams of bliss below,
When I have tasted those rich springs,
Which into life and glory flow.

3 'T is without money, without price,
My soul may richly take her fill;
None shall be empty sent away,
For all may come and draw that will.

4 I leave my pitcher at the well,
And haste my numerous friends to bring,
That we may all together go,
And drink of that delightful spring.

5 Lord, let them taste as I have done,
And then their ready cheerful feet
Will go, not for my word alone,
But go, because they find it sweet.

115 PART VI. 7’s. Prague, 458.
The wanderer invited. C. Wesley.

1 WEARY souls, that wander wide
From the central point of bliss,
Turn to Jesus crucified,
Fly to those dear wounds of his:
115 Scripture Invitations

Sink into the purple flood,
Rise into the life of God.

2 Find in Christ the way of peace,
   Peace, unspeakable, unknown:
   By his pain he gives you ease,
   Life by his expiring groan:
   Rise, exalted by his fall;
   Find in Christ your all in all.

3 O believe the record true,
   God to you his son has given;
   Ye may now be happy too,
   Find on earth the life of heaven:
   Live the life of heaven above,
   All the life of glorious love.

115 Part VII. 7. 6. Clarke's, 131.

Seeking souls encouraged. Newton.

1 Sinner, hear the Saviour's call,
   He now is passing by;
   He has seen thy grievous thrall,
   And heard thy mournful cry;
   He has pardons to impart,
   And grace to save from fears;
   See the love that fills his heart,
   And wipe away thy tears.

2 Why art thou afraid to come,
   And tell him all thy case?
   He will not pronounce thy doom,
   Nor frown thee from his face.
   Wilt thou fear Emmanuel?
   Or dread the Lamb of God,
   Who to save thy soul from hell,
   Has shed his precious blood?
AND PROMISES. 115, 116

3 Raise thy downcast eyes and see
What throngs his throne surround!
These, though sinners once like thee,
Have full salvation found.
Yield not then to unbelief;
He says, 'There yet is room,'
Though of sinners thou art chief,
Since Jesus calls thee, come.

115  Part VIII. 7's. Turin, 244.
Sinners invited.

1 Ye that in these courts are found,
List'ning to the joyful sound;
Lost and helpless as ye are,
Sons of sorrow, sin, and care;
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the gospel brings.

2 Turn to Christ your longing eyes,
View his bloody sacrifice:
See through him your sins forgiven;
Pardon, holiness, and heaven;
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the gospel brings.

116  Part I. C.M. Crowle, 3.
Let the wicked forsake his way.
Isa. v. 7.

1 Sinners, the voice of God regard;
'Tis mercy speaks to-day;
He calls you by his sov'reign word,
From sin's destructive way.

2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest,
You live devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast
Deprive your souls of ease.
3 Your way is dark and leads to hell;  
   Why will you persevere?  
Can you in endless torments dwell,  
   Shut up in black despair?  

4 Why will you in the crooked ways  
   Of sin and folly go?  
In pain you travel all your days  
   To reap immortal woe!  

5 But he that turns to God shall live  
   Through his abounding grace;  
His mercy will the guilt forgive  
   Of those that seek his face.  

6 Bow to the sceptre of his word,  
   Renouncing every sin;  
Submit to him, your sov'reign Lord,  
   And learn his will divine.  

7 His love exceeds your highest thoughts;  
   He pardons like a God;  
He will forgive your numerous faults,  
   Through a Redeemer's blood.  

116  PART II. L. M. Hamburgh, 340.  
Angels hastened Lot. Gen. xix. 15.  

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 sun,
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 sun,
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!
O let him not thy counsel spurn,
Nor rue his fatal choice too late!

The strait gate.

1 STRICT is the gate; but Jesus cries,
'Sinner, set forth and reach the skies;
The seats of bliss I long to fill,
Here's room for thousands, millions still.'

2 What can the invited sinner say?
Say this:—'Behold, I come away!
I will provoke thy love no more;
O do not rise and shut the door!'

3 Say this, and heaven, with new raised song,
Shall hail, and bid thee come along;
'No!' cries the sinner, with disdain,
'If Jesus calls, he calls in vain.'

4 Jesus the slighted call renews:
O sinner, canst thou still refuse?
Then to yon wider gate repair;
Go, and resolve to enter there.

5 Resolve it not:—to Jesus fly,
With breaking heart, and streaming eye;
With crimson shame thy sins deplore,
Then he 'll not rise and shut the door.
6 Yes, fly! for in this journey know
The rapid racer moves too slow:
Jesus shall smile to see you soar,
And wider throw the eternal door.

116 Part IV. S. M. Stoke, 207.
To-day. Heb. iii. 7.

1 All yesterday is gone,
To-morrow's not our own;
What day is better than to-day
To bow before the throne?

2 Why should we yet delay,
And not to God return?
How sad to have our oil to buy
When we should have it burn!

3 O hear his voice to-day
And harden not your heart;
To-morrow, with a frown, he may
Pronounce the sound—Depart.

116 Part V. S. M. Shirland, 304.
To-morrow. Doddridge.

1 To-morrow, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand;
And, if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.

2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
O make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

3 Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken by thine almighty power
The aged and the young.
One thing demands our care,
O be it still pursued!
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renew'd.

To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light;
Lest life's young golden beams should die
In sudden, endless night.

Part VI. L. M. Coomb's, 45.
The union of duty and felicity.

My soul, aspire to all the height
Of love, and duty, and delight;
While thou art found in this employ,
Thou shalt a smiling God enjoy.

'Hear while he speaks,' he speaks to-day;
'Pray while he hears,' unceasing pray;
'Believe his promises,' and then
'Obey, while he commands.'—Amen.

Part VII. 104th. Hanover, 130.
The same.

'Hear God while he speaks,' then hear him to-day;
'And pray while he hears,' unceasingly pray;
'Believe in his promise,' rely on his word,
[Lord. And, 'while he commands' you, 'obey' your great

Part VIII. L. M. Eaton, 291.
Whosoever will, let him come, &c.

The Saviour's fulness far excels
All Jordan's streams and Salem's wells;
Come then, poor sinner, come and see
If there is in it nought for thee.

Ye doubting sinners, come and try,
For Christ will not his grace deny:
Then draw with joy, your vessels fill,
Come, draw and drink, whoever will!

3 The blessed Spirit now invites,
And, lo! the happy bride unites;
And Jesus calls—be not afraid,
For such as you the well was made.

4 Yes; justice made it in the Lamb,
And mercy grants it in his name;
In it there is a boundless store
For us and for ten thousand more.

5 And is it open, full, and free?
Then, Lord, it's suitable for me;
O grant me now a rich supply,
That I may drink, and never die.

6 [But careless sinner, know it well,
There's not a single drop in hell:
No; not a drop to cool the heart,
A single drop to ease your smart.]

7 Ye saints, your constant tribute bring
For this divine, exhaustless spring;
Soon Christ will bring you to the skies,
Where living fountains ever rise.

116 Part IX. C. M. Sprowston, 365.

The axe laid to the root of unfruitful trees.

1 The Lord into his vineyard comes,
Our various fruits to see:
His eye, more piercing than the light,
Examines every tree.

2 Tremble, ye sinners, at his frown,
If barren still ye stand:
And fear that keenly-wounding axe
Which arms his awful hand.
3 Close to the root, behold it laid,
To make destruction sure;
Who can resist the mighty stroke?
Or who the fire endure?

4 Lord, we adore thy sparing love,
Thy long-expecting grace;
Else had we low in ruin fall'n,
And known no more our place.

5 Succeeding years thy patience waits,
Nor let it wait in vain;
But form in us abundant fruit,
And still this fruit maintain.

116  PART X.  L. M. Morning Hymn, 398.

The gospel jubilee.

1 HARK! hark! the gospel trumpet sounds,
Thro' the wide earth the echo bounds;
Pardon and peace by Jesus' blood,
Sinners are reconciled to God.

2 Come, sinners, hear the joyful news,
Nor longer dare the grace refuse;
Mercy and justice here combine,
Goodness and truth harmonious join.

3 Ye saints in glory, strike the lyre;
Ye mortals, catch the sacred fire;
Let both the Saviour's love proclaim,
And spread abroad his matchless fame.

116  PART XI.  8. 7. 4. Helmsley, 223.

Sinners invited to Christ.  SWAIN.

1 COME, ye souls by sin afflicted,
Bow'd with fruitless sorrow down;
By the broken law convicted,
Through the cross beyond the crown.
Look to Jesus——
Mercy flows through him alone.

2 Take his easy yoke, and wear it,
   Love will make obedience sweet;
Christ will give you strength to bear it,
   While his wisdom guides your feet
Safe to glory,
   Where his ransom'd captives meet.

3 Blessed are the eyes that see him;
   Bless'd the ears that hear his voice;
Blessed are the souls that trust him,
   And in him alone rejoice:
His commandments
Then become their happy choice.

1 THE Lord Jehovah calls,
   Be every ear inclined;
May such a voice awake each heart,
   And captivate the mind.

2 If he in thunder speaks,
   Each trembles at his nod;
But gentle accents here proclaim
   The condescending God.

3 O harden not your hearts,
   But hear his voice to-day;
Lest, ere to-morrow's earliest dawn,
   He call your souls away.

4 Almighty God, pronounce
   The word of conquering grace;
So shall the flint dissolve to tears,
   And scorners seek thy face.
AND PROMISES. 117, 118

1 L. M. Kingsbridge, 88. Buxton, 347.
Weary souls invited to rest. STEELE.

COME, weary souls, with sin distrest,
Come, and accept the promised rest;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

2 Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load;
O come and spread your woes abroad;
Divine compassion, mighty love;
Will all the painful load remove.

3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace;
How rich the gift, how free the grace!

4 Lord, we accept with thankful heart,
The hope thy gracious words impart;
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice.

5 Dear Saviour! let thy powerful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove;
And sweetly influence every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

148th, Eagle Street, 16. Bethesda, 12.
Yet there is room. BODEN.

YE dying sons of men,
Immerged in sin and woe,
The gospel's voice attend,
While Jesus sends to you:
Ye perishing and guilty, come,
In Jesus' arms there yet is room.
2 No longer now delay,
Nor vain excuses frame:
He bids you come to-day,
Though poor and blind, and lame.
All things are ready, sinner, come,
For every trembling soul there's room.

3 Believe the heavenly word
His messengers proclaim;
He is a gracious Lord,
And faithful is his name;
Backsliding souls, return and come,
Cast off despair, yet there is room.

4 Compell'd by bleeding love,
Ye wandering sheep draw near;
Christ calls you from above,
His charming accents hear!
Let whosoever will now come:
In mercy's breast there still is room.

1 LORD, how large thy bounties are,
Tender, gracious, sinner's friend!
What a feast dost thou prepare,
And what invitations send!
Now fulfil thy great design,
Who didst first the message bring:
Every heart to thee incline,
Now compel them to come in.

2 Rushing on the downward road,
Sinners no compulsion need;
Glory to forsake, and God,
See they run with rapid speed;
AND PROMISES, 120

Draw them back by love divine,
   With thy grace their spirits win;
Every heart, &c.

3 Thus their willing souls compel,
   Thus their happy minds constrain
From the ways of death and hell,
   Home to God and grace again:
Stretch that conquering arm of thine,
   Once outstretch'd to bleed for sin:
Every heart, &c.

120 C. M. Huddersfield, 202.  

The Saviour's invitation. STEELE.

1 THE Saviour calls—let every ear
   Attend the heavenly sound:
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear,
   Hope smiles reviving round.

2 For every thirsty longing heart
   Here streams of bounty flow;
And life, and health, and bliss impart
   To banish mortal woe.

3 Here springs of sacred pleasure rise
   To ease your every pain,
(Immortal fountain! full supplies!)
   Nor shall you thirst in vain.

4 Ye sinners, come; 't is Mercy's voice,
   The gracious call obey;
Mercy invites to heavenly joys—
   And can you yet delay?

5 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts;
   To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts;
   And drink and never die.
121 Scripture Invitations

Whosoever will, let him come.

1 Ye scarlet colour’d sinners! come;
   Jesus, the Lord invites you home;
O whither can you go?
What! are your crimes of crimson hue?
His promise is for ever true,
He’ll wash you white as snow.

2 Backsliders! fill’d with your own ways,
Whose weeping nights and wretched days
In bitterness are spent,
Return to Jesus, he’ll reveal
His lovely face, and sweetly heal
What you so much lament.

3 Tried souls! look up—he says, ’t is I,—
   He loves you still, but means to try
   If faith will bear the test:
The Lord has given the chiefest good,
   He shed for you his precious blood;
   O trust him for the rest!

4 Ye tender souls! draw hither too,
   Ye grateful, highly favour’d few,
   Who feel the debt you owe;—
Press on, the Lord hath more to give:
   By faith upon him daily live;
   And you shall find it so.

PART II. C. M. Cambridge New, 74.
The invitation of Wisdom.

1 LO! Wisdom stands with smiling face,
   And courts us to her arms;
Who can resist the wondrous grace,
   And slight her powerful charms?
AND PROMISES.

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.

121  Part III. L. M. Ulverston, 179.
Wisdom's invitation accepted.

1 I HEAR the counsel of a friend,
And to his soothing voice attend;
'Come, sinners, wretched, blind, and poor,
Come, buy from my unbounded store.

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

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

4 Naked, I come for that bright dress,
Thy perfect spotless righteousness;
That glorious robe, so richly dyed
In thine own blood, my shame to hide.
5 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.

6 Here, wretched, poor, and blind I came;
   O let me not return the same;
   Let me depart, all gracious Lord!
   Happy, enrich'd, to sight restored.

122 L. M. Green's Hundred, 89. Wareham, 117.
   The first promise.  BEDDOME.

1 WHEN, by the tempter's wiles betray'd,
   Adam, our head and parent, fell,
   Unknown before, a pleasure spread
   Through all the mazy deeps of hell.

2 Infernal powers rejoiced to see
   The new-made world destroy'd, undone;
   But God proclaims his great decree,—
   Pardon and mercy through his Son.

3 'Serpent, accursed, thy sentence read;
   Almighty vengeance thou shalt feel;
   The woman's Seed shall break thy head,
   Thy malice faintly bruise his heel.'

4 Thus God declares; and Christ descends,
   Assumes a mortal form, and dies;
   Whilst, in his death, death's empire ends,
   And the proud conqueror conquer'd lies.

5 Dying, the King of Glory deals
   Ruin to all his numerous foes;
   His power the Prince of Darkness feels,
   And sinks oppress'd beneath his woes.
1 A FFLECTED saint, to Christ draw near, 
   Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear; 
   His faithful word declares to thee 
   That, 'as thy days, thy strength shall be.'

2 Let not thy heart, despond, and say, 
   How shall I stand the trying day? 
   He has engaged, by firm decree, 
   That, 'as thy days, thy strength shall be.'

3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong; 
   And, if the conflict should be long, 
   Thy Lord will make the tempter flee; 
   For, 'as thy days, thy strength shall be.'

4 Should persecution rage and flame, 
   Still trust in thy Redeemer's name; 
   In fiery trials thou shalt see 
   That, 'as thy days, thy strength shall be.'

5 When, call'd to bear the weighty cross, 
   Or sore affliction, pain, or loss, 
   Or deep distress, or poverty— 
   Still, 'as thy days, thy strength shall be.'

6 When, ghastly death appears in view, 
   Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue; 
   He comes to set thy spirit free; 
   And ' as thy days, thy strength shall be.'

1 A ND art thou with us, gracious Lord, 
   To dissipate our fear?
SCRIPTURE PROMISES.

Dost thou proclaim thyself our God,  
Our God for ever near?

2 Dost thou a Father’s bowels feel  
For all thy humble saints?  
And in such friendly accents speak  
To soothe their sad complaints?

3 Why droop our hearts, why flow our eyes,  
While such a voice we hear?  
Why rise our sorrows and our fears,  
While such a friend is near?

4 To all thine other favours, add  
A heart to trust thy word;  
And death itself shall hear us sing,  
While resting on the Lord.

125 PART I. C. M. Maidstone, 196.

Sufficient grace.

1 Kind are the words that Jesus speaks  
To cheer the drooping saint;  
‘My grace sufficient is for you,  
Though nature’s powers may faint.

2 ‘My grace its glories shall display,  
And make your griefs remove;  
Your weakness shall the triumphs tell  
Of boundless power and love.’

3 What though my griefs are not removed,  
Yet why should I despair?  
While my kind Saviour’s arms support,  
I can the burden bear.

4 Jesus, my Saviour and my Lord,  
’T is good to trust thy name;  
Thy power, thy faithfulness, and love,  
Will ever be the same.
5 Weak as I am, yet through thy grace
   I all things can perform;
   And, smiling, triumph in thy name
   Amid the raging storm.

125  Part II. 104th. Stockwell, 140.

   The Lord will provide.  Newton.

1  Though troubles assail, and dangers affright,
   Tho' friends should all fail, and foes all unite;
   Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
   The Scripture assures us, 'The Lord will provide.'

2  The birds without barn or storehouse are fed,
   From them let us learn to trust for our bread:
   His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
   So long as 'tis written, 'The Lord will provide.'

3  His call we obey, as Abram of old,
   Not knowing our way, but faith makes us bold;
   For tho' we are strangers we have a good guide,
   And trust in all dangers, 'The Lord will provide.'

4  When Satan appears to stop up our path,
   And fill us with fears, we triumph by faith;
   He cannot take from us, tho' oft he has tried,
   This heart-cheering promise, 'The Lord will provide.'

5  He tells us we're weak; our hope is in vain;
   The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain;
   But when such suggestions our spirits have plied,
   This answers all questions, 'The Lord will provide.'

6  When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
   This word of his grace shall comfort us through;
   No fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
   We hope to die shouting, 'The Lord will provide.'


   My God shall supply all your need.
   Phil. iv. 19, 20.  Doddridge.

1  My God!—how cheerful is the sound!
   How pleasant to repeat!
   Well may that heart with pleasure bound,
   Where God hath fix'd his seat.
2 What want shall not our God supply
   From his redundant stores?
What streams of mercy from on high
   An arm almighty pours!
3 From Christ the ever-living spring,
   These ample blessings flow:
Prepare, my lips, his name to sing,
   Whose heart has loved us so.
4 Now, to our Father and our God,
   Be endless glory given,
Through all the realms of man's abode,
   And through the highest heaven.


1 Ye little flock, whom Jesus feeds,
   Dismiss your anxious cares,
Look to the Shepherd of your souls,
   And smile away your fears.
2 Though wolves and lions prowl around,
   His staff is your defence:
 'Midst sands and rocks your Shepherd's
   Calls streams and pastures thence.
3 Your Father will a kingdom give,
   And give it with delight:
His feeblest child his love shall call
   To triumph in his sight.
4 Ten thousand praises, Lord, we bring
   For sure supports like these:
And, o'er the pious dead, we sing
   Thy living promises.
5 For all we hope, and they enjoy,
   We bless the Saviour's name;
Nor shall that stroke disturb the song
   Which breaks this mortal frame.
1 HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, 
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word! 
What more can he say than to you he hath said, 
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

2 In every condition,—in sickness, in health, 
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth; 
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea, 
'As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.

3 'Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd! 
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid; 
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, 
Upheld by my righteous omnipotent hand.

4 'When through the deep waters I call thee to go; 
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow; 
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless, 
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 'When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie, 
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply; 
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design 
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6 'E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove 
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love; 
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn, 
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

7 'The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose, 
I will not, I will not desert to his foes; 
That soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake, 
I'll never, no never, no never forsake.'

1 THOU Greatest and Best, O bow down thine ear, 
Attend my request, and answer my prayer; 
Remember me always, my God, for my good, 
Thou, thou by the needy hast evermore stood.

2 O gracious reply! thou sayest, 'I will, 
I earnestly do remember thee still; 
Thy kindness I saw in the days of thy youth; 
Thy love of espousals when walking in truth.
3 'Remember I do thy foes and thy fears, 
Thy praises and prayers, thy joys and thy tears; 
Should others forget thee, my signet thou art, 
Yea, thou art engraved on my hands and my heart.

4 'Then as thou art mine, my care and my boast, 
Believing rejoice, and no more distrust; 
Rely on my promise, Thou never shalt be, 
O Israel, my Israel, forgotten of me.'

CHRIST.

129 PART I. C. M. Abridge, 201. 
The Divinity of Christ.

1 THEE we adore, Eternal Word, 
The Father's equal Son; 
By heaven's obedient hosts adored, 
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 clothed 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 transgressors 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 distrest,
Eternal bliss insures.

8 What wonders in thy person meet,
My Saviour all divine;
I fall with rapture at thy feet,
And would be wholly thine.

129 PART II. C. M. Nativity, 522.

MEDLEY.

1 MORTALS, awake, with angels join
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love, and gratitude combine
To hail the auspicious day.

2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.

3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo roll’d;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
’T was more than heaven could hold.

4 Down from the portals of the sky
The impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew with eager joy
To bear the news to man.

5 Wrapt in the silence of the night
Lay all the eastern world,
When bursting, glorious, heavenly light,
The wondrous scene unfurl’d.
6 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,  
   And glory leads the song:    [out
   'Good-will and peace' are heard through—  
   The harmonious heavenly throng.

7 O for a glance of heavenly love  
   Our hearts and songs to raise,  
   Sweetly to bear our souls above,  
   And mingle with their lays!

8 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,  
   'Glory to God on high!  
   Good-will and peace are now complete;  
   Jesus was born to die!'

9 Hail, Prince of Life! for ever hail,  
   Redeemer, brother, friend!  
   Though earth, and time, and life should  
   Thy praise shall never end.   [fail,
COME AND WORSHIP,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

2 Saints before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord descending
In his temple shall appear;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doom'd for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you,—break your chains;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

HARK, the herald angels sing,
'Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.'

2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies:
Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!

3 Mild, he lays his glory by;
Born, that men no more might die;
Born, to raise the sons of earth;
Born, to give them second birth.

4 Come, Desire of Nations, come,
Fix in us thy humble home;
Rise, the woman’s promised Seed,
Bruise in us the serpent’s head.

WESLEY.
IN CARNATION

5 Glory to the new-born King!
   Let us all the anthem sing,
   'Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
   God and sinners reconciled.'

C. M. Jerusalem, 379.
The incarnation. steele.

1 AWAKE, awake the sacred song
   To our incarnate Lord;
   Let every heart, and every tongue,
   Adore the eternal Word.

2 That awful Word, that sovereign power,
   By whom the worlds were made,
   (O happy morn, illustrious hour!)
   Was once in flesh array'd!

3 Then shone almighty power and love
   In all their glorious forms,
   When Jesus left his throne above
   To dwell with sinful worms.

4 To dwell with misery below,
   The Saviour left the skies;
   And sunk to wretchedness and woe,
   That worthless man might rise.

5 Adoring angels tuned their songs
   To hail the joyful day:
   With rapture then let mortal tongues
   Their grateful worship pay.

6 What glory, Lord, to thee is due!
   With wonder we adore;
   But, could we sing as angels do,
   Our highest praise were poor.
MIGHTY God! while angels bless thee,
May an infant lisp thy name?
Lord of men, as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme,
Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen.

Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days!
Sounded through the wide creation
Be thy just and lawful praise:
Hallelujah, &c.

For the grandeur of thy nature,—
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
For created works of power,—
Works with skill and kindness wrought:
Hallelujah, &c.

For thy providence, that governs
Through thine empire's wide domain;
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow;
Blessed be thy gentle reign.
Hallelujah, &c.

But thy rich, thy free redemption,
Dark through brightness all along:
Thought is poor, and poor expression,—
Who dare sing that awful song?
Hallelujah, &c.

Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall thy praise unutter'd lie?
Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence!
Sing the Lord who came to die.
Hallelujah, &c.
133

**INCARNATION**

7 Did archangels sing thy coming?
   Did the shepherds learn their lays?—
Shame would cover me ungrateful,
   Should my tongue refuse to praise.
   Hallelujah, &c.

8 From the highest throne in glory,
   To the cross of deepest woe;
All to ransom guilty captives:—
   Flow, my praise, for ever flow.
   Hallelujah, &c.

9 Go, return, immortal Saviour!
   Leave thy footstool, take thy throne;
Thence return, and reign for ever,
   Be the kingdom all thy own.
   Hallelujah, &c.

133 C. M. Bath Chapel, 26. Hensbury, 323.
   **The condescension of Christ.**
   Matt. xx. 28. DODDRIDGE.

1 SAVIOUR of men, and Lord of love,
   How sweet thy gracious name!
With joy that errand we review
   On which thy mercy came.

2 While all thy own angelic bands
   Stood waiting on the wing,
Charm'd with the honour to obey
   Their great eternal King;

3 For us, mean, wretched, sinful men,
   Thou laidst that glory by;—
First, in our mortal flesh, to serve;
   Then, in that flesh, to die.

4 Bought with thy service and thy blood,
   We doubly, Lord, are thine;
To thee our lives we would devote,
   To thee our death resign.
134 C. M. Jerusalem, 379. Otford, 106.

The advent.

DODDRIDGE.

1 HARK, the glad sound, the Saviour
The Saviour promised long! [comes,
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 On him the Spirit, largely pour'd,
Exerts his sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray;
And, on the eyes oppress'd with night,
To pour celestial day.

5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And, with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.


The transfiguration.

DODDRIDGE.

1 WHEN at a distance, Lord, we trace
The various glories of thy face,
What transport pours o'er all our breast,
And charms our cares and woes to rest!
2 With thee in the obscurest cell
   On some bleak mountain would I dwell,
   Rather than pompous courts behold,
   And share their grandeur and their gold,

3 Away, ye dreams of mortal joy!
   Raptures divine my thoughts employ:
   I see the King of Glory shine;
   And feel his love, and call him mine.

4 On Tabor, thus his servants view’d
   His lustre, when transform’d he stood;
   And, bidding earthly scenes farewell,
   Cried, ‘Lord, ’t is pleasant here to dwell.’

5 Yet still our elevated eyes
   To nobler visions long to rise;
   That grand assembly would we join,
   Where all thy saints around thee shine.

6 That mount, how bright! those forms, how fair!
   ’T is good to dwell for ever there!
   Come, death, dear envoy of my God,
   And bear me to that blest abode.


1 IMMANUEL, sunk with dreadful woe,
   Unfelt, unknown, to all below—
   Except the Son of God—
   In agonising pangs of soul,
   Drinks deep of wormwood’s bitterest bowl,
   And sweats great drops of blood.

2 See his disciples slumbering 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!  
Though he must mingle with the dead—  
His people's sacrifice.'

4 His earnest prayers, his deepening groans,  
Were heard before angelic thrones;  
amazement wrapt the sky;  
'Go, strengthen Christ!' the Father said:  
The astonish'd seraph bow'd his head,  
And left the realms on high.

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

135 Part III. L. M. Antiquity, 331.  
The cross of Christ. T. Rippon.

1 Aid me, O Christ, thy cross to sing!  
Its sovereign virtues who can tell!  
It takes a worm defiled with sin,  
And makes him meet with God to dwell!

2 Brought near thy cross, my soul shall melt,  
And flow in streams of joy and grief:  
For here my sins will all be felt,  
And here's full prospect of relief.
3 The wrath of God by it's appeased;  
His holy law is magnified: 
Unbending justice is well pleased;  
And heaven to earth again allied.

4 In virtue of its untold worth  
What glories gild the heavenly plains!  
What blessings have come down on earth!  
Such as surpass e'en Gabriel’s strains.

5 Around this cross the angels crowd,  
Intent new wonders to explore;  
And, raptured, all exclaim, ‘Of God  
We never saw so much before!’

6 This cross a sinking world upholds;  
Its power subdues death, hell, and sin;  
High heaven’s bright gates it wide unfolds,  
And ushers happy millions in.

7 The triumphs of thy cross push on,  
O Christ, wherever sin is known  
Bid vice and misery begone,  
And make the nations all thy own.

8 The ‘travail of thy soul’ demand,  
The recompense of all thy woe;  
From every tribe, and tongue, and land,  
Thy praise let all the people know!

9 Should e'er my love or zeal grow cold,  
My caution fail, my faith abate,  
Let me thy cross, O Christ, behold;  
That shall new life and love create!

10 Thy wondrous cross shall be my boast  
While in this sinning world I stay;  
And when my voice in death is lost,  
I'll sing it through eternal day!
WHEN with a melting heart I stood
Near to a fountain fill’d with blood,
It flow’d a crimson tide;
That sight what stranger’s heart can guess,
Or mind conceive, or tongue express?—
’T was Jesus crucified.’

But plunged beneath the cleansing flood,
My heart exclaim’d, ’Behold, how good
The God who loved and died!’
None saves from sin, its guilt, its stains,
From death, and everlasting pains,
’But Jesus crucified!’

O let me still this wonder see,
And cry, ’He loved and died for me,’
And near the cross abide:
Take off my load, and from my heart
Bid sin, and guilt, and fear depart,
’My Jesus crucified.’

Thousands, besides the dying thief,
Have in this sight found sweet relief,
Feeling the blood applied;
And yet, ten thousand thousands more
Shall share the bliss and all adore
’My Jesus crucified.’

O make my stubborn heart relent!
May I of unbelief repent,
And every sin beside;
Now tune my heart, my voice, my tongue,
I ’ll sing, and this shall be my song,—
’My Jesus crucified.’
PART V. 8. 7. Alexandria, 361.

A view of Christ crucified.

1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend,
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Here I'll sit for ever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood;
Precious drops! my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

3 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Floating in his languid eye.

4 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the cross I gaze;
Love I much? I've more forgiven:
I'm a miracle of grace.

5 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe,
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

6 May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go;
Prove his wounds each day more healing,
And himself more fully know.

PART VI. 7's. Saxe Gotha, 496.
The three mountains. J. MONTGOMERY.

1 WHEN on Sinai's top I see
God descend in majesty,
To proclaim his holy law,
All my spirit sinks with awe.

2 When, in ecstasy sublime,
Tabor's glorious steep I climb,
At the too-transporting light,
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.

3 When on Calvary I rest,
God, in flesh made manifest,
Shines in my Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.

4 Here I would for ever stay,
Weep and gaze my soul away;
Thou art heaven on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful, Calvary.

136 L. M. Babylon's Streams, 23.
Behold the man. John xix. 5.

1 Ye that pass by, behold the Man,
The Man of grief condemn'd for you!
The Lamb of God, for sinners slain!—
Weeping, to Calvary pursue.

2 His sacred limbs they stretch, they tear,
With nails they fasten to the wood—
His sacred limbs—exposed and bare,
Or only cover'd with his blood.

3 See there! his temples crown'd with thorns,
His bleeding hands extended wide,
His streaming feet transfixed and torn,
The fountain gushing from his side!

4 Thou dear, thou suffering Son of God,
How doth thy heart to sinners move!
Sprinkle on us thy precious blood,
And melt us with thy dying love!

5 The earth could to her centre quake,
Convulsed when her Creator died;
Oh, may our inmost nature shake,
And bow with Jesus crucified!
SUFFERINGS AND DEATH

6 At thy last gasp, the graves display'd
Their horrors to the upper skies;
Oh that our souls might burst the shade,
And, quicken'd by thy death, arise!

7 The rocks could feel thy powerful death,
And tremble, and asunder part;
Oh, rend, with thy expiring breath,
The harder marble of our heart!

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137 L. M. Paul's, 246. Old Hundred, 100.

A dying Saviour.

1 STRETCH'D on the cross, the Saviour
Hark! his expiring groans arise; [dies,
See, from his hands, his feet, his side,
Runs down the sacred crimson tide;

2 But life attends the deathful sound,
And flows from every bleeding wound;
The vital stream, how free it flows
To save and cleanse his rebel foes!

3 To suffer in the traitor's place,
To die for man, surprising grace!
Yet pass rebellious angels by—
O why for man, dear Saviour, why?

4 And didst thou bleed—for sinners bleed?
And could the sun behold the deed?
No! he withdrew his sickening ray,
And darkness veil'd the mourning day.

5 Can I survey this scene of woe,
Where mingling grief and wonder flow,
And yet my heart unmoved remain,
Insensible to love or pain?

6 Come, dearest Lord, thy grace impart,
To warm this cold—this stupid heart,
Till all its powers and passions move
In melting grief and ardent love.
1 YONDER—amazing sight!—I see
Th' incarnate Son of God
Expiring on th' accursed tree,
And weltering in his blood.

2 Behold, a purple torrent run
Down from his hands and head,
The crimson tide puts out the sun;
His groans awake the dead.

3 The trembling earth, the darken'd sky,
Proclaim the truth aloud;
And with the amazed centurion, cry,
'This is the Son of God!'

4 So great, so vast a sacrifice
May well my hope revive:
If God's own Son thus bleeds and dies,
The sinner sure may live.

5 O that these cords of love divine
Might draw me, Lord, to thee!
Thou hast my heart, it shall be thine—
Thine it shall ever be!

1 SEE, Lord, thy willing subjects bow
Adoring low before thy throne;
Accept our humble, cheerful vow;
Thou art our Sovereign, thou alone.

2 Beneath thy soul-reviving ray,
E'en cold affliction's wintry gloom
Shall brighten into vernal day,
And hopes and joys immortal bloom.
3 Smile on our souls, and bid us sing,
   In concert with the choir above,
The glories of our Saviour King,
The condescensions of his love.

4 Amazing love! that stoop'd so low,
   To view with pity's melting eye
Vile men, deserving endless woe:
Amazing love!—did Jesus die!

5 He died, to raise to life and joy
   The vile, the guilty, the undone;
Oh, let his praise each hour employ,
Till hours no more their circles run!

6 He died:—ye seraphs tune your songs!
Resound, resound, the Saviour's name,
For nought below immortal tongues
Can ever reach the wondrous theme.

1 Yes! the Redeemer rose,
The Saviour left the dead,
And o'er our hellish foes
High raised his conquering head;
   In wild dismay
The guards around
Fall to the ground,
And sink away.

2 Lo! the angelic bands
In full assembly meet
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet:
   Joyful they come,
And wing their way
From realms of day
To Jesus' tomb.
3 Then back to heaven they fly
The joyful news to bear;
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!
Their anthems say,
‘Jesus, who bled
Hath left the dead!
He rose to-day.’

4 Ye mortals! catch the sound,
Redeem’d by him from hell,
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell
Transported cry—
‘Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead,
No more to die.’

5 All hail, triumphant Lord,
Who savest us with thy blood!
Wide be thy name adored,
Thou rising, reigning God!
With thee we rise,
With thee we reign,
And empires gain
Beyond the skies.

141 7's. Easter Hymn, 232. Feversham, 220.
The resurrection. 1 Cor. xv. 56.

CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say!
Raise your joys and triumphs high!
Sing, ye heavens,—and, earth, reply.

2 Love’s redeeming work is done,—
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! the sun’s eclipse is o’er:
Lo! he sets in blood no more.
3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ has burst the gates of hell!
Death in vain forbids his rise,
Christ hath open'd paradise!

4 Lives again our glorious King;
‘Where, O death, is now thy sting?’
Once he died our souls to save;
‘Where’s thy victory, boasting grave?’

5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head!
Made like him, like him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

6 What, though once we perish’d all,
Partners of our parents’ fall,
Second life let us receive,
In our heavenly Adam live.

7 Hail the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to thee 'by both be given;
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail! the Resurrection—thou.

142 7's. Hart's, 221. Easter Hymn, 232.
Resurrection and ascension. scott.

1 ANGELS, roll the rock away;
Death, yield up thy mighty prey;
See! he rises from the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.
Hallelujah.

2 'T is the Saviour! Angels, raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise!
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy inspiring sound.
Hallelujah.
3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes,
Now to glory see him rise,
In long triumph up the sky—
Up to waiting worlds on high.
Hallelujah.

4 Heaven displays her portals wide:
Glorious Hero, through them ride!
King of Glory, mount the throne,—
Thy great Father's and thy own.
Hallelujah.

5 Praise him, all ye heavenly choirs!
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres!
Shout, O earth, in rapturous song,
Let the strains be sweet and strong!
Hallelujah.

6 Every note with wonder swell,—
Sin o'erthrown and captived hell!
Where is hell's once dreaded king?
Where, O death, thy mortal sting?
Hallelujah.

143 L. M. Bramcoate, 8. New Sabbath, 122.

Christ's resurrection a pledge of ours. WALLIN.

1 WHEN I the holy grave survey, [lie,
Where once my Saviour deign'd to
I see fulfill'd what prophets say,
And all the power of death defy.

2 This empty tomb shall now proclaim
How weak the bands of conquer'd death:
Sweet pledge, that all who trust his name
Shall rise, and draw immortal breath.

3 Our Surety, freed, declares us free,
For whose offences he was seized;
RESURRECTION

In his release our own we see,
And shout to view Jehovah pleased.

4 Jesus, once number'd with the dead,
Unseals his eyes to sleep no more;
And ever lives their cause to plead,
For whom the pains of death he bore.

5 Thy risen Lord, my soul, behold;
See the rich diadem he wears;
Thou too shalt bear a harp of gold
To crown thy joy when he appears.

6 Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My flesh for ever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.

144  PART I. C. M. New York, 33.

Comfort to believers. DODDRIDGE.

1 Ye humble souls that seek the Lord,
Chase all your fears away;
And bow with pleasure down to see
The place where Jesus lay.

2 Thus low the Lord of life was brought;
Such wonders love can do;
Thus cold in death that bosom lay
Which throb'd and bled for you.

3 A moment give a loose to grief,—
Let grateful sorrows rise,
And wash the bloody stains away
With torrents from your eyes.

4 Then dry your tears, and tune your songs,
The Saviour lives again;
Not all the bolts and bars of death
The Conqueror could detain.
OF CHRIST. 144, 145

5 High o'er the angelic bands he rears
   His once dishonour'd head;
   And through unnumber'd years he reigns,
   Who dwelt among the dead.

6 With joy like his shall every saint
   His empty tomb survey;
   Then rise with his ascending Lord,
   To realms of endless day.

144 Part II. P. M. Miriam's Song.
   Death conquered. Groser.

1 PRAISE the Redeemer, almighty to save;
   Immanuel has triumph'd o'er death and the grave!
   Sing, for the door of the dungeon is open,
   The Captive came forth at the dawn of the day;
   How vain the precautions! the signet is broken;
   The watchman in terror have fled far away.
   Praise the Redeemer, &c.

2 Praise to the Conqueror; O tell of his love!
   In pity to mortals he came from above,
   Who shall rebuild for the tyrant his prison?
   The sceptre lies broken that fell from his hands;
   His dominion is ended; the Lord is arisen;
   The helpless shall soon be released from their bands.
   Praise the Redeemer, &c.

145 L. M. Morning Hymn, 398.
   Christ's ascension. Ps. xxiv. 7.

1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead;
   Our Jesus is gone up on high;
   The powers of hell are captive led—
   Drago'd to the portals of the sky.

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
   And angels chant the solemn lay;—
   'Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
   Ye everlasting doors, give way.'
146 ASCENSION OF CHRIST.

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims those mansions as his right:—
Receive the King of Glory in.

4 'Who is the King of Glory, who?’
The Lord, that all his foes o'ercame;
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
‘Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!’

6 'Who is the King of Glory, who?’
The Lord, of boundless power possest,
The King of saints and angels too;
God over all, for ever blest!

146 Part I. 148th. Darwell's, 82.
Jesus seen of angels. DODDRIDGE.

1 O YE immortal throng
Of angels round the throne,
Join with our feeble song
To make the Saviour known:
On earth ye knew
His wondrous grace;
His beauteous face
In heaven ye view.

2 Ye saw the heaven-born child
In human flesh array'd,
Benevolent and mild,
While in the manger laid;
And praise to God,
And peace on earth,
For such a birth,
Proclaim'd aloud.

3 Ye, in the wilderness,
Beheld the tempter spoil'd—
Well known in every dress,
In every combat foil'd:
And joy'd to crown
The victor's head,
When Satan fled
Before his frown.

4 Around the bloody tree
Ye press'd with strong desire,
That wondrous sight to see,
The Lord of life expire;
And, could your eyes
Have known a tear,
Had dropp'd it there
In sad surprise.

5 Around his sacred tomb
A willing watch ye keep,
Till the blest moment come
To rouse him from his sleep;
Then roll'd the stone,
And all adored
Your rising Lord,
With joy unknown.

6 When all array'd in light
The shining Conqueror rode,
Ye hail'd his rapturous flight
Up to the throne of God;
And waved around
Your golden wings,
And struck your strings
Of sweetest sound.

7 The warbling notes pursue,
And louder anthems raise:
While mortals sing with you
Their own Redeemer's praise:
And thou, my heart,
With equal flame,
And joy the same,
Perform thy part.

146  Part II. C. M. Poland.

Jesus seen of angels.

1 BEYOND the glittering starry skies,
Far as the eternal hills,
There in the boundless worlds of light,
Our dear Redeemer dwells.

2 Immortal angels, bright and fair,
In countless armies shine!
At his right hand, with golden harps,
They offer songs divine.

3 ['Hail! Prince,' they cry, 'for ever hail,
Whose unexampled love
Moved thee to quit those glorious realms
And royalties above.]

4 And whilst he stoop'd on earth to dwell,
And suffer'd rude disdain,
They cast their honours at his feet,
And waited in his train.

5 In all his toils and dangerous paths
They did his steps attend,
Oft paused, and wonder'd how at last
This scene of love would end.

6 [And when the powers of hell combined
To fill his cup of woe,
Their pitying eyes beheld his tears
In bloody anguish flow.

7 As on the tottering tree he hung,
And darkness veil'd the sky,
They saw, aghast, that awful sight,
The Lord of Glory die!

8 Anon he bursts the gates of death,
Subdues the tyrant's power;
They saw the illustrious Conqueror rise,
And hail'd the blessed hour.]

9 They brought his chariot from above,
To bear him to his throne;
Clapp'd their triumphant wings, and cried,
'The glorious work is done.'

10 [My soul the joyful triumph feels,
And thinks the moments long
Ere she her Saviour's glory sees,
And joins the rapturous song.]

147

L. M. Lofty Praise, 408.
The exalted Saviour.

1 Now let us raise our cheerful strains,
And join the blissful choir above;
There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And there they sing his wondrous love.

2 While seraphs tune the immortal song,
O may we feel the sacred flame;
And every heart and every tongue
Adore the Saviour's glorious name!
Jesus, who once upon the tree
In agonizing pains expired:
Who died for rebels—yes, 't is he!
How bright! how lovely! how admired!

Jesus, who died that we might live,—
Died in the wretched traitors' place,—
O what returns can mortals give
For such immeasurable grace?

Were universal nature ours,
And art, with all her boasted store;
Nature and art, with all their powers,
Would still confess the offerer poor!

Yet, though for bounty so divine
We ne'er can equal honours raise;
Jesus, may all our hearts be thine,
And all our tongues proclaim thy praise!

L. M. Simeon, 357. Langdon, 217.
The humiliation, exaltation, and triumphs of Christ.

The mighty frame of glorious grace,
That brightest monument of praise
That e'er the God of love design'd,
Employs and fills my labouring mind.

Begin, my soul, the heavenly song,—
A burden for an angel's tongue:
When Gabriel sounds these awful things,
He tunes and summons all his strings.

Proclaim inimitable love!
Jesus, the Lord of worlds above,
Puts off the beams of bright array,
And veils the God in mortal clay.
EXALTATION OF CHRIST.

4 He that distributes crowns and thrones,
Hangs on a tree, and bleeds and groans;
The Prince of Life resigns his breath;
The King of Glory bows to death.

5 But see the wonders of his power!—
He triumphs in his dying hour;
And while by Satan's rage he fell,
He dash'd the rising hopes of hell.

6 Thus were the hosts of death subdued,
And sin was drown'd in Jesus' blood:
Then he arose, and reigns above,
And conquers sinners by his love.

7 Who shall fulfil this boundless song?
The theme surmounts an angel's tongue:
How low, how vain are mortal airs,
When Gabriel's nobler harp despairs!

149 148th. Portsmouth New, 144.
The kingdom of Christ. Phil. iv. 4.

1 REJOICE! the Lord is King,
Your God and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

2 Rejoice! the Saviour reigns,—
The God of truth and love:
When he had purged our stains,
He took his seat above: Lift up, &c.

3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given: Lift up, &c.
150, 151  RICHES OF CHRIST.

4 He all his foes shall quell,  
    Shall all our sins destroy,  
    And every bosom swell  
    With pure seraphic joy: Lift up, &c.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope!  
    Jesus, the Judge, shall come,  
    And take his servants up  
    To their eternal home:  
    We soon shall hear the archangel’s voice—  
    The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice.


    FULNESS OF CHRIST.
    FAWCETT.

1 A FULNESS resides in Jesus, our Head,  
    And ever abides to answer our need;  
    The Father’s good pleasure has laid up in store  
    A plentiful treasure to give to the poor.

2 Whate’er be our wants, we need not to fear;  
    Our numerous complaints his mercy will hear;  
    His fulness shall yield us abundant supplies;  
    His power shall shield us when dangers arise.

3 The fountain o’erflows our woes to redress;  
    Still more he bestows, and grace upon grace;  
    His gifts in abundance we daily receive;  
    He has a redundance for all that believe.

4 Whatever distress awaits us below,  
    Such plentiful grace will Jesus bestow  
    As still shall support us and silence our fear,  
    For nothing can hurt us while Jesus is near.

5 When troubles attend, or danger, or strife,  
    His love will defend and guard us through life;  
    And when we are fainting and ready to die,  
    Whatever is wanting his hand will supply.

151 PART I. 8’s. New Jerusalem, 230.

    RICHES OF CHRIST.
    MAXWELL.

1 HOW shall I my Saviour set forth?  
    How shall I his beauties declare?
O how shall I speak of his worth,
   Or what his chief dignities are?
His angels can never express,
   Nor saints who sit nearest his throne,
How rich are his treasures of grace:
   No! this is a mystery unknown.

2 In him all the fulness of God
    For ever transcendently shines;
Though once like a mortal he stood
    To finish his gracious designs:
Though once he was nail’d to the cross,
    Vile rebels like me to set free,
His glory sustained no loss,—
    Eternal his kingdom shall be.

3 His wisdom, his love, and his power,
    Seem’d then with each other to vie,
When sinners he stoop’d to restore—
    Poor sinners condemned to die!
He laid all his grandeur aside,
    And dwelt in a cottage of clay—
Poor sinners he loved till he died
    To wash their pollutions away.

4 O sinners, believe, and adore
    This Saviour so rich to redeem!
No creature can ever explore
    The treasures of goodness in him.
Come, all ye who see yourselves lost,
    And feel yourselves burden’d with sin,
Draw near, while with terror you’re toss’d,
    Believe, and your peace shall begin.

5 Now, sinners, attend to his call,
    ‘Whoso hath an ear, let him hear;’—
He promises mercy to all
    Who feel their sad wants, far and near:
GRACE OF CHRIST.

He riches has ever in store,
    And treasures that never can waste:
Here 's pardon, here 's grace; yea, and
Here 's glory eternal at last. [more,

PART II. C. M. Sprowston, 365.

The grace of Christ.

1 JESUS, the name high over all,
    In hell, or earth, or sky,
Angels and men before it fall,
    And devils fear and fly.

2 Jesus, the name to sinners dear,
    The name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear:
    It turns their hell to heaven,

3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
    And bruises Satan's head:
Power into strengthless souls it speaks,
    And life into the dead.

4 O that the world might taste and see
    The riches of his grace!
The arms of love that compass me,
    Would all mankind embrace.

5 His only righteousness I show,
    His saving truth proclaim:
'T is all my business here below
To cry, 'Behold the Lamb!'

6 Happy, if with my latest breath
    I may but gasp his name;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
    'Behold, behold the Lamb!'
He lives! the great Redeemer lives!
(What joy the blest assurance gives!
And now, before his Father God,
Pleads the full merit of his blood.

Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice arm'd with frowns appears;
But in the Saviour's lovely face
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

Hence, then, ye black despairing thoughts!
Above our fears, above our faults,
His powerful intercessions rise;
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.

In every dark distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on his heart.

Great Advocate, Almighty Friend—
On him our humble hopes depend:
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

A WAKE, sweet gratitude, and sing
The ascended Saviour's love:
Sing how he lives to carry on
His people's cause above.

With cries and tears he offer'd up
His humble suit below;
But with authority he asks,
Enthroned in glory now.
INTERCESSION OF CHRIST.

3 For all that come to God by him,
   Salvation he demands;
   Points to their names upon his breast,
   And spreads his wounded hands.

4 His sweet atoning sacrifice
   Gives sanction to his claim;
   'Father, I will that all my saints
   Be with me where I am:

5 'By their salvation recompense
   The sorrows I endured;
   Just to the merits of thy Son,
   And faithful to thy word.'

6 Eternal life, at his request,
   To every saint is given:
   Safety below, and, after death,
   The plenitude of heaven.

7 [Founded on right, thy prayer avails;
   The Father smiles on thee;
   And now thou in thy kingdom art,
   Dear Lord, remember me.

8 Let the much incense of thy prayer
   In my behalf ascend;
   And, as its virtue, so my praise
   Shall never, never end.]

154 C. M. Michael's, 119. Eversley, 335.

Christ's intercession typified.
Exod. xxviii. 29. DODDRIDGE.

1 NOW let our cheerful eyes survey
   Our great High Priest above,
   And celebrate his constant care
   And sympathetic love.

2 Though raised to a superior throne,
   Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the shining train,
With matchless honours crown'd;
3 The names of all his saints he bears
Deep graven on his heart;
Nor shall the meanest Christian say
That he hath lost his part.
4 Those characters shall fair abide,
Our everlasting trust,
When gems, and monuments, and crowns,
Are moulder'd down to dust.
5 So, gracious Saviour! on my breast
May thy dear name be worn—
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne!

1 HOW keen the tempter's malice is!
How artful and how great!
Though not one grain shall be destroy'd,
Yet will he sift the wheat.
2 But God can all his power control,
And gather in his chain;
And, where he seems to triumph most,
The captive soul regain.
3 There is a Shepherd, kind and strong,
Still watchful for his sheep;
Nor shall the infernal lion rend
Whom he vouchsafes to keep.
4 Blest Jesus, intercede for us,
That we may fall no more;
O raise us when we prostrate lie;
And comfort lost restore.
CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

5 Thy secret energy impart,
    That faith may never fail;
But 'midst whole showers of fiery darts,
    That temper'd shield prevail.

6 Secured ourselves by grace divine,
    We'll guard our brethren too;
And, taught their frailty by our own,
    Our care of them renew.

CHARACTERS AND REPRESENTATIONS
OF CHRIST.

156 L. M. Alfred, 509. Ulverston, 179.

Advocate. 1 John ii. 1. STEELE.

1 WHERE is my God? does he retire
    Beyond the reach of humble sighs?
Are these weak breathings of desire
    Too languid to ascend the skies?

2 No, Lord! the breathings of desire,
    The weak petition, if sincere,
Is not forbidden to aspire,
    But reaches thy all-gracious ear.

3 Look up, my soul, with cheerful eye,
    See where the great Redeemer stands,—
The glorious Advocate on high,
    With precious incense in his hands!

4 He sweetens every humble groan,
    He recommends each broken prayer;
Recline thy hope on him alone,
    Whose power and love forbid despair.

5 Teach my weak heart, O gracious Lord,
    With stronger faith to call thee mine;
Bid me pronounce the blissful word,
    My Father, God, with joy divine.
WHEN Israel's grieving tribes com-
plain'd,
With fiery serpents greatly pain'd,
A serpent straight the prophet made
Of molten brass, to view display'd.

Around the fainting crowds attend,
To heaven their mournful sighs ascend;
They hope, they look, while from the pole
Descends a power that makes them whole.

But O, what healing to the heart
Doth our Redeemer's cross impart!
What life, by faith, our souls receive!
What pleasures do his sorrows give!

Still may I view the Saviour's cross,
And other objects count but loss;
Here still be fix'd my feasted eyes,
Enraptured with his sacrifice!

Jesus the Saviour! balmy name!
Thy worth my tongue would now proclaim,
By thy atonement set me free,
My life, my hope is all from thee.

DEPRAVED minds on ashes feed,
Nor love nor seek for heavenly bread;
They choose the husks which swine do eat;
Or meanly crave the serpent's meat.

Jesus, thou art the living bread
By which our needy souls are fed;
In thee alone thy children find
Enough to fill the empty mind.
CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

3 Without this bread, I starve and die;  
No other can my need supply;  
But this will suit my wretched case,  
Abroad, at home, in every place.

4 This relieves the hungry poor,  
Who ask for bread at mercy's door;  
This living food descends from heaven,  
As manna to the Jews was given.

5 This precious food my heart revives:  
What strength, what nourishment it gives!  
O let me evermore be fed  
With this divine celestial bread!

Bridegroom and husband.  
FAWCETT.

1 JESUS, the heavenly lover, gave  
His life my wretched soul to save:  
Resolved to make his mercy known,  
He kindly claims me for his own.

2 Rebellious, I against him strove,  
Till melted and constrain'd by love;  
With sin and self I freely part,  
The heavenly Bridegroom wins my heart.

3 My guilt, my wretchedness, he knows,  
Yet takes and owns me for his spouse;  
My debts he pays, and sets me free,  
And makes his riches o'er to me.

4 My filthy rags are laid aside,  
He clothes me as becomes his bride;  
Himself bestows my wedding-dress,  
The robe of perfect righteousness.

5 Lost in astonishment, I see,  
Jesus, thy boundless love to me:
With angels I thy grace adore,  
And long to love and praise thee more.

6 Since thou wilt take me for thy bride,  
O Saviour, keep me near thy side!  
I fain would give thee all my heart,  
Nor ever from my Lord depart.

Morning star.  
BEDDOME.

1 Ye worlds of light, that roll so near  
The Saviour's throne of shining bliss,  
O tell how mean your glories are,—  
How faint and few, compared with his!

2 We sing the bright and morning Star,  
Jesus, the spring of light and love:  
See how its rays, diffused from far,  
Conduct us to the realms above!

3 Its cheering beams spread wide abroad,  
Point out the puzzled Christian's way;  
Still, as he goes, he finds the road  
Enlighten'd with a constant day.

4 [Thus when the eastern magi brought  
Their royal gifts, a star appears;  
Directs them to the babe they sought,  
And guides their steps, and calms their fears.]

5 When shall we reach the heavenly place  
Where this bright Star shall brightest shine?  
Leave far behind these scenes of night,  
And view a lustre so divine?
161 CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

1 TO Christ the Lord let every tongue
   Its noblest tribute bring:
   When he's the subject of the song,
   Who can refuse to sing?

2 Survey the beauties of his face,
   And on his glories dwell;
   Think of the wonders of his grace,
   And all his triumphs tell.

3 Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
   Upon his awful brow;
   His head with radiant glories crown'd,
   His lips with grace o'erflow.

4 No mortal can with him compare
   Among the sons of men:
   Fairer he is than all the fair
   That fill the heavenly train.

5 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
   He flew to my relief;
   For me he bore the shameful cross,
   And carried all my grief.

6 [His hand a thousand blessings pours
   Upon my guilty head;
   His presence gilds my darkest hours,
   And guards my sleeping bed.

7 To him I owe my life and breath,
   And all the joys I have:
   He makes me triumph over death,
   And saves me from the grave.]

8 To heaven, the place of his abode,
   He brings my weary feet;
CHARACTERS OF CHRIST. 162, 163

Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

9 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine!


COME, thou long-expected Jesus!
Born to set thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee:
Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the saints thou art;
Dear desire of every nation,—
Joy of every longing heart.

2 Born, thy people to deliver;
Born a child and yet a king;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring:
By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

163 L. M. Wareham, 117. Old 100th.
Corner-stone. DODDRIDGE.

1 LORD, dost thou show a corner-stone
For us to build our hopes upon,
That the fair edifice may rise
Sublime in light beyond the skies?

2 We own the work of sovereign love;
Nor death nor hell the hopes shall move
164 CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

Which fix'd on this foundation stand,
Laid by thy own Almighty hand.

3 Thy people long this stone have tried,
And all the powers of hell defied;
Floods of temptation beat in vain,—
Well doth this rock the house sustain.

4 When storms of wrath around prevail,
Whirlwind and thunder, fire and hail,
'T is here our trembling souls shall hide,
And here securely they abide.

5 While they that scorn this precious stone,
Fond of some quicksand of their own,
Borne down by weighty vengeance, die,
And buried deep in ruin lie.

164 C. M. New York, 33. Arabia, 324.
Desire of all nations. FAWCETT.

1 INFINITE excellence is thine,
Thou lovely Prince of Grace!
Thy uncreated beauties shine
With never-failing rays.

2 Sinners, from earth's remotest end,
Come bending at thy feet;
To thee their prayers and vows ascend,
In thee their wishes meet.

3 Thy name, as precious ointment shed,
Delights the church around;
Sweetly the sacred odours spread
Through all Immanuel's ground.

4 Millions of happy spirits live
On thy exhaustless store;
From thee they all their bliss receive,
And still thou givest more.
CHARACTERS OF CHRIST. 165, 166

5 Thou art their triumph and their joy;
   They find their all in thee;
   Thy glories will their tongues employ
   Through all eternity.

165  

C. M. Jerusalem, 379.  

The Door.  

DODDRIDGE.

1 A WAKE, our souls, and bless his name,  
   Whose mercies never fail;  
   Who opens wide a door of hope  
   In Achor's gloomy vale.

2 Behold the portal wide display'd,  
   The building's strong and fair;  
   Within are pastures fresh and green,  
   And living streams are there.

3 Enter, my soul, with cheerful haste,  
   For Jesus is the door:  
   Nor fear the serpent's wily arts,  
   Nor fear the lion's roar.

4 O may thy grace the nations lead,  
   And Jews and Gentiles come,  
   All travelling through one beauteous gate,  
   To one eternal home.

166  

L. M. Portugal, 97. Horsley, 205.  

Our Example.  

STEELE.

1 AND is the gospel peace and love?  
   Such let our conversation be;  
   The serpent blended with the dove,  
   Wisdom and meek simplicity.

2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,  
   And tempt our thoughts or tongues to  
   To Jesus let us lift our eyes,  
   Bright Pattern of the Christian life.
CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

3 O how benevolent and kind!
How mild! how ready to forgive!
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live!

4 To do his heavenly Father’s will,
Was his employment and delight;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright;

5 Dispensing good where’er he came,
The labours of his life were love;
Oh, if we love the Saviour’s name,
Let his divine example move.

6 But ah! how blind! how weak we are!
How frail! how apt to turn aside!
Lord, we depend upon thy care,
And ask thy Spirit for our guide.

7 Thy fair example may we trace,
To teach us what we ought to be!
Make us, by thy transforming grace,
Dear Saviour, daily more like thee!

L. M. Bramcoate, S. Derby, 169.
Forerunner and Foundation of our hope.

1 JESUS, the Lord, our souls adore!
A painful sufferer now no more,
High on his Father’s throne he reigns
O’er earth and heaven’s extensive plains.

2 His race for ever is complete,
For ever undisturb’d his seat;
Myriads of angels round him fly,
And sing his well-gain’d victory.
3 Yet ’midst the honours of his throne,
He joys not for himself alone;
His meanest servants share their part,
Share in that royal tender heart.

4 Raise, raise, my soul, thy raptured sight,
With sacred wonder and delight;
Jesus, thy own Forerunner see,
Enter’d beyond the veil for thee.

5 Loud let the howling tempest yell,
And foaming waves to mountains swell;
No shipwreck can my vessel fear,
Since hope hath fix’d its anchor here.


Fountain for sinners.

1 THE fountain of Christ,
   Lord, help us to sing,
The blood of our Priest,
   Our crucified King:
The fountain that cleanses
   From sin and from filth,
And richly dispenses
   Salvation and health.

2 This fountain so dear
   He’ll freely impart;
When pierced by the spear,
   It flow’d from his heart,
With blood and with water;
   The first to atone,
To cleanse us the latter;
   The fountain’s but one.

3 This fountain from guilt
   Not only makes pure,
And gives, soon as felt,
   Infallible cure:
CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

But if guilt removed
Return and remain,
Its power may be proved
Again and again.

4 This fountain, unseal'd,
Stands open for all
Who long to be heal'd,
The great and the small;
Here's strength for the weakly
That hither are led:
Here's health for the sickly,
And life for the dead.

5 This fountain, though rich,
From charge is quite clear;
The poorer the wretch,
The welcome here:
Come, needy and guilty;
Come, loathsome and bare;
Though leprous and filthy,
Come just as you are.

6 This fountain in vain
Has never been tried;
It takes out all stain
Whenever applied:
The fountain flows sweetly
With virtue divine,
To cleanse souls completely,
Though leprous as mine.

Praise for the fountain. COWPER.

HERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuél's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
    That fountain in his day;
O may I there, though vile as he,
    Wash all my sins away!

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
    Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
    Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
    Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
    And shall be till I die.

5 But when this lisping, stammering tongue
    Lies silent in the grave,
Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
    I'll sing thy power to save.

   PAUSE.

6 And hast thou, Lord, for me prepared,
    Unworthy though I be,
A seat in heaven, a free reward,
    A golden harp for me?

7 My harp for ever shall be tuned
    With notes of grace divine;
I'll sing thy name, thy righteousness,
    Dear Saviour, only thine.

170    PART I. L. M. Magdalene, 214.
    Friend.

1 POOR, weak, and worthless, though I
    I have a rich almighty Friend; [am,
Jesus, the Saviour, is his name:
    He freely loves, and without end.
CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

2 He ransom'd me from hell with blood;
And, by his power, my foes controll'd;
He found me wandering far from God,
And brought me to his chosen fold.

3 He cheers my heart, my wants supplies,
And says that I shall shortly be
Enthroned with him above the skies:
O what a friend is Christ to me!

PAUSE.

Is this thy kindness to thy friend?
2 Sam. 16, 17.

4 But ah! my inmost spirit mourns;
And well my eyes with tears may swim,
To think of my perverse returns;—
I've been a faithless friend to him.

5 Often my gracious Friend I grieve,
Neglect, distrust, and disobey;
And often Satan's lies believe
Sooner than all my Friend can say,

6 [He bids me always freely come,
And promises whate'er I ask:
But I am straiten'd, cold, and dumb,
And count my privilege a task.

7 Before the world, that hates his cause,
My treacherous heart has throbb'd with
shame;
Loth to forego the world's applause,
I hardly dare avow his name.]

8 Sure, were not I most vile and base,
I could not thus my Friend requite:
And were not he the God of grace,
He'd frown and spurn me from his sight.
Christ the Friend.

1 O THOU, my soul, forget no more
  The Friend who all thy misery bore;
  Let every idol be forgot,
  But, O my soul, forget him not!

2 Jesus, for thee a body takes,
  Thy guilt assumes, thy fetters breaks,
  Discharging all thy dreadful debt;—
  And canst thou e'er such love forget?

3 Renounce thy works and ways with grief,
  And fly to this most sure relief;
  Nor him forget who left his throne,
  And for thy life gave up his own.

4 Infinite truth and mercy shine
  In him, and he himself is thine;
  And canst thou, then, with sin beset,
  Such charms, such matchless charms forget?

5 Ah, no!—till life itself depart,
  His name shall cheer and warm my heart;
  And, lisping this, from earth I'll rise,
  And join the chorus of the skies.

6 Ah, no!—when all things else expire,
  And perish in the general fire,
  This name all others shall survive,
  And through eternity shall live.

Christ our Friend.

1 ONE there is, above all others,
  Well deserves the name of Friend;
  His is love beyond a brother's,
  Costly, free, and knows no end.
CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

They who once his kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
   Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
   Reconciled in him to God.
This was boundless love indeed,
Jesus is a Friend in need.

3 When he lived on earth abased,
   Friend of sinners was his name;
Now to heavenly glory raised,
   He rejoiceth in the same:
Still he calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

4 O! for grace our hearts to soften!
   Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
   What a Friend we have above:
But when home our souls are brought,
We will love thee as we ought.


JESUS, my love, my chief delight,
For thee I long, for thee I pray,
Amid the shadows of the night,
Amid the business of the day.

When shall I see thy smiling face,
The face which I have often seen?
Arise, thou Sun of Righteousness,
Scatter the clouds that intervene.

Thou art the glorious gift of God
To sinners weary and distrest;
The first of all his gifts bestow'd,
And certain pledge of all the rest.
4 Could I but say this gift is mine,
    I’d tread the world beneath my feet;
No more at poverty repine,
Nor envy the rich sinner’s state.

5 The precious jewel I would keep,
    And lodge it deep within my heart;
At home, abroad, awake, asleep,
It never should from thence depart!

172  Part L. C. M. Hensbury, 323.

   Head of the church.  Doddridge.

1 Jesus, I sing thy matchless grace,
    That calls a worm thy own;
Gives me among thy saints a place
To make thy glories known.

2 Allied to thee, our vital Head,
    We act, and grow, and thrive:
From thee divided, each is dead
When most he seems alive.

3 Thy saints on earth, and those above,
    Here join in sweet accord:
One body all in mutual love,
And thou our common Lord.

4 O may my faith each hour derive
    Thy Spirit with delight;
While death and hell in vain shall strive
This bond to disunite.

5 Thou the whole body wilt present
    Before thy Father’s face!
Nor shall a wrinkle or a spot
Its beauteous form disgrace.
1 HAIL, sovereign love, that first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man!
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul a hiding-place!

2 Against the God that rules the sky
I fought with hand uplifted high;
Despised the mention of his grace,
Secure, without a hiding-place.

3 Enwapt in thick Egyptian night,
And fond of darkness more than light,
Madly I ran the sinful race,
Too proud to seek a hiding-place.

4 Indignant justice stood in view;
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew;
But justice cried, with frowning face,
'This mountain is no hiding-place.'

5 Ere long a heavenly voice I heard,
And mercy's angel-form appear'd;
She led me on, with joyful pace,
To Jesus, as my hiding-place.

6 On him the tenfold vengeance fell
That would have sunk a world to hell;
He bore it for the fallen race,
And thus became their hiding-place.

7 A few more rolling suns at most,
Will land me on fair Canaan's coast;
There I shall sing the song of grace,
And see my glorious hiding-place.
CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

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PART I. C. M. Liverpool, 83.

Jesus precious to them that believe.

1 Peter ii. 7. DODDRIDGE.

1 Jesus, I love thy charming name,
'T is music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven might hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust:
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honours of thy name
With my last labouring breath;
And dying, clasp thee in my arms—
The antidote of death.

PART II. L. M. Paul's, 246.

Jesus a Jew. 1 John iv. 9.

1 Come, Abra'm's sons, Messiah view,
Clothed in the body of a Jew—
This Jew, Jehovah Tsidkenu,*
Became the son of Mary too.

2 This Jew, your Ehjeh, the I AM,
Was Israel's bleeding Paschal Lamb,

* "The Lord our righteousness," Jer. xxiii. 6.
And he their Serpent, lifted high,
That none who look to him shall die.

3 He by his cloud all Israel led,
All Israel with his manna fed;
He did the Jordan’s waves divide,
And land his flock on Canaan’s side.

4 This Jew shall say, ‘Come, come, ye bless’d,
To others say, ‘Depart, ye cursed’—
And him the heavens, adoring, own,
Your King—Messiah on his throne.

5 Hear Abra’m, Isaac, Jacob too,
Adore the God, the exalted Jew;
Thus Moses, David, Solomon,
With all the saints around the throne.

6 To him the called tribes shall turn,
Their millions look on him, and mourn;
And all who on his cross rely,
O happy souls! shall never die.

7 Then praise, O Jacob’s favour’d race!
Your Abra’m’s God, the God of grace!
Till all the earth, and seas, and skies,
In your enraptured concert rise.

I HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds,
In a believer’s ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast,
’T is manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.
3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
    My shield and hiding-place;
    My never-failing treasury, fill'd
    With boundless stores of grace.

4 By thee my prayers acceptance gain,
    Although with sin defiled;
    Satan accuses me in vain,
    And I am own'd a child.

5 Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
    My Prophet, Priest, and King;
    My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
    Accept the praise I bring.

6 Weak is the effort of my heart,
    And cold my warmest thought;
    But when I see thee as thou art,
    I'll praise thee as I ought.

7 Till then I would thy love proclaim
    With every fleeting breath;
    And may the music of thy name
    Refresh my soul in death!


Immanuel. Matt. i. 23.

1 'GOD with us!' O glorious name!
    Let it shine in endless fame:
    God and man in Christ unite:—
    O mysterious depth and height!

2 'God with us!' Amazing love
    Brought him from his courts above;
    Now, ye saints, his grace admire,
    Swell the song with holy fire.

3 'God with us!' But tainted not
    With the first transgressor's blot;
CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

Yet did he our sins sustain,
Bear the guilt, the curse, the pain.

4 ['God with us!' O blissful theme!
Let the impious not blaspheme;
Jesus shall in judgment sit,
Dooming rebels to the pit.]

5 'God with us!' O wondrous grace!
Let us see him face to face,
That we may Immanuel sing,
As we ought, our God and King.

COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known;
The Sovereign of your heart proclaim,
And bow before his throne.

Behold your King, your Saviour crown'd
With glories all divine;
And tell the wondering nations round
How bright those glories shine.

Infinite power and boundless grace
In him unite their rays:
You, that have e'er beheld his face,
Can you forbear his praise?

When in his earthly courts we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise!
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.
CHARACTERS OF CHRIST. 176, 177

6 O happy period! glorious day!
When heaven and earth shall raise,
With all their powers, the raptured lay
To celebrate thy praise.

176. C. M. Miles's Lane, 32.
Crown Him.

1 BACKSLIDERS, who your misery feel,
Attend your Saviour's call;
Return, he'll your backslidings heal;
O crown him Lord of all!

2 Though crimson sin increase your guilt,
And painful is your thrall;
For broken hearts his blood was spilt;
O crown him Lord of all!

3 Take with you words, approach his throne,
And low before him fall;
He understands the Spirit's groan;
O crown him Lord of all!

4 Whoever comes, he'll not cast out,
Although your faith be small:
His faithfulness you cannot doubt;
O crown him Lord of all.

177 PART I. C. M. Miles's Lane, 32.
The spiritual coronation. Duncan.

1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 [Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altars call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.]
3 [Ye chosen seed of Israel's race, 
   A remnant weak and small, 
   Hail him who saves you by his grace; 
   And crown him Lord of all.]

4 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget 
The wormwood and the gall; 
Go—spread your trophies at his feet, 
And crown him Lord of all.

5 [Babes, men, and sires, who know his love, 
   Who feel your sin and thrall, 
   Now joy with all the hosts above, 
   And crown him Lord of all.]

6 Let every kindred, every tribe, 
   On this terrestrial ball, 
To him all majesty ascribe, 
And crown him Lord of all.

7 O that with yonder sacred throng, 
   We at his feet may fall; 
We'll join the everlasting song, 
And crown him Lord of all.

177 PART II. 8. 8. 6. Westbury Leigh, 278.

The King of kings crowned by earth and heaven.

1 UPON Mount Zion Jesus stands, 
   With all dominion in his hands, 
   And rules this earthly ball: 
While he his mighty sceptre sways, 
Sinners shall tremble, saints shall praise, 
And crown him Lord of all.

2 This Prince of Peace, the mighty God, 
From Jesse's stem, that fruitful rod, 
Whom we Immanuel call,—
Angels, and all the sons of light,
With saints in heaven and earth unite,
And crown him Lord of all.

Let us, his grateful subjects, meet,
And lay our honours at his feet,
Prostrate, adoring, fall:
Sinners redeem'd, and wash'd in blood,
Adopted, new-born sons of God,
Crown, crown him Lord of all.

He has your mighty battles fought,
And by his blood redemption wrought,
And set you free from thrall;
From sin, and death, and hell set free,
Praise him to all eternity,
And crown him Lord of all.

LOOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious,
See the 'Man of Sorrows' now;
From the fight return'd victorious,
Every knee to him shall bow:
Crown him, crown him;
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

Crown the Saviour, angels, crown him;
Rich the trophies Jesus brings:
In the seat of power enthrone him,
While the vault of heaven rings;
Crown him, crown him;
Crown the Saviour, 'King of kings.'

Sinners in derision crown'd him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around him,  
Own his title, praise his name;  
Crown him, crown him;  
Spread abroad the Victor’s fame.

4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation!  
Hark! those loud triumphant chords!  
Jesus takes the highest station:  
O what joy the sight affords!  
Crown him, crown him,  
‘King of kings, and Lord of lords.’

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1 JESUS, we claim thee for our own,  
Our kinsman, near allied in blood,  
Flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone,  
The Son of man, the Son of God;  
And lo! we lay us at thy feet,  
Our sentence from thy mouth to meet.

2 Partaker of my flesh below,  
To thee, O Jesus, I apply;  
Thou wilt thy poor relations know;  
Thou never canst thyself deny,  
Exclude me from thy guardian care,  
Or slight a sinful beggar’s prayer.

3 Thee, Saviour, at my greatest need,  
I trust my faithful Friend to prove:  
Now o’er thy meanest servant spread  
The skirt of thy redeeming love;  
Under thy wings of mercy take,  
And save me for thy merit’s sake.

4 Hast thou not undertook my cause,  
Lord over all, to worms allied?
CHARACTERS OF CHRIST. 179, 180

Answer me from that bleeding cross,
Demand thy dearly ransom'd bride;
And let my soul, betroth'd to thee,
Thine, wholly thine, for ever be.

179  L. M.  Babylon Streams, 23.

Lamb of God, &c.  FAWCETT.

1 BEHOLD the sin-atoning Lamb,
   With wonder, gratitude, and love:
   To take away our guilt and shame,
   See him descending from above.

2 Our sins and griefs on him were laid;
   He meekly bore the mighty load:
   Our ransom-price he fully paid
   In groans and tears, in sweat and blood.

3 To save a guilty world, he dies;
   Sinners, behold the bleeding Lamb!
   To him lift up your longing eyes,
   And hope for mercy in his name.

4 Pardon and peace through him abound;
   He can the richest blessings give;
   Salvation in his name is found;
   He bids the dying sinner live.

5 Jesus, my Lord, I look to thee—
   Where else can helpless sinners go?
   Thy boundless love shall set me free
   From all my wretchedness and woe.

180  S. M.  New Eagle Street, 55.

Leader.  WESLEY.

1 THOU very Paschal Lamb,
   Whose blood for us was shed,
   Through whom we out of Egypt came,
   Thy ransom'd people lead.
2 Angel of gospel-grace,  
   Fulfil thy character;  
To guard and feed the chosen race,  
   In Israel's camp appear.

3 Throughout the desert way  
   Conduct us by thy light;  
Be thou a cooling cloud by day,  
   A cheering fire by night.

4 Our fainting souls sustain  
   With blessings from above,  
And ever on thy people rain  
   The manna of thy love.

1 When sins and fears prevailing rise,  
   And fainting hope almost expires,  
Jesus, to thee I lift mine eyes—  
   To thee I breathe my soul's desires.

2 Art thou not mine, my living Lord?  
   And can my hope—my comfort die,  
Fix'd on thy everlasting word—  
   That word which built the earth and sky?

3 If my immortal Saviour lives,  
   Then my immortal life is sure;  
His word a firm foundation gives:  
   Here let me build, and rest secure.

4 Here let my faith unshaken dwell;  
   Immovable the promise stands;  
Not all the powers of earth or hell  
   Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.

5 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose!  
If Jesus is for ever mine,
CHARACTERS OF CHRIST. 182, 183

Not death itself, that last of foes,
Shall break a union so divine.

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8. 7. Carlisle, 95. Florence, 239.

Light. Isa. ix. 2. 

TOPLADY.

1 LIGHT of those, whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come! and thy dear self revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath:
The new heaven and earth’s Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise;
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring day upon our eyes.

2 Still we wait for thine appearing,
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor benighted heart;
Come, and manifest the favour
Thou hast for the ransom’d race;
Come, thou dear exalted Saviour,
Come, and bring thy gospel grace.

3 Save us in thy great compassion,
O thou mild pacific Prince!
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins:
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burden’d soul release;
By the influence of thy Spirit,
Guide us into perfect peace.

183

7’s. Alcester, 213. Jersey, 556.

Melchizedek a type of Christ.

1 KING of Salem, bless my soul!
Make a wounded sinner whole!
King of righteousness and peace,
Let not thy sweet visits cease!
2 Come, refresh this soul of mine
With thy sacred bread and wine;
All thy love to me unfold,
Half of which can not be told.

3 Hail, Melchizedek divine;
Thou, great High Priest, shalt be mine;
All my powers before thee fall,—
Take not tithe, but take them all.


MESSNER OF THE COVENANT.

1 JESUS, commission'd from above,
    Descends to men below,
    And shows from whence the springs of
    In endless currents flow.

2 He, whom the boundless heaven adores,
    Whom angels long to see,
    Quitted with joy those blissful shores,
    Ambassador to me!

3 To me, a worm, a sinful clod,
    A rebel, all forlorn:
    A foe, a traitor to my God,
    And of a traitor born:

4 To me, who never sought his grace,
    Who mock'd his sacred word:
    Who never knew or loved his face,
    And all his will abhor'd:

5 [To me, who could not even praise
    When his kind heart I knew,
    But sought a thousand devious ways
    Rather than keep the true:]}

6 Yet this redeeming Angel came
So vile a worm to bless;
CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

He took with gladness all my blame,
And gave his righteousness.

7 Oh that my languid heart might glow
With ardour all divine!
And, for more love than seraphs know,
Like burning seraphs shine!


Messiah.

1 GLORY to God, who reigns above,
Who dwells in light, whose name is
Ye saints and angels, if ye can, [love;
Declare the love of God to man.

2 O what can more his love commend,
His dear, his only Son to send!
That man, condemn’d to die, might live,
And God be glorious to forgive.

3 Messiah’s come—with joy behold
The days by prophets long foretold;
Judah, thy royal sceptre’s broke;
And time still proves what Jacob spoke.

4 Daniel, thy weeks are all expired,—
The time prophetic seals required;
Cut off for sins, but not his own,
Thy Prince Messiah did atone.

5 Thy famous temple, Solomon,
Is by the latter far outshone;
It wanted not thy glittering store,—
Messiah’s presence graced it more.

6 We see the prophecies fulfill’d
In Jesus, that most wondrous child:
His birth, his life, his death combine
To prove his character divine.
CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

7 Jesus, thy gospel firmly stands
A blessing to these favour'd lands;
No infidel shall be our dread,
Since thou art risen from the dead.

185 PART II. L. M. Oldham, 527.

Messiah's day.

1 ABRA'M, with all the saints of old,
   By faith espied the age of gold;
   Rejoicing through their chequer'd way,
   In prospect of Messiah's day.

2 In that day, I will pour my grace
   On David's house, and Salem's race;
   That each may look on me and mourn
   As one that mourneth a first-born.

3 In that day, the great trumpet's sound
   Shall gather outcasts all around;
   Ready to perish, myriads fly,
   To him that died on Calvary.

4 In that day, see a fountain wide
   Flowing from our Immanuel's side,
   With blood which he so freely spilt,
   To wash his murderers from their guilt.

5 In that day, hear the tribes confess
   Christ is the Lord our righteousness,
   Lo! priests and people, now restored,
   Are holiness unto the Lord.

6 Now to his cause the sea is given,
   Each floating hell* a floating heaven—
   And sails now bent from every strand
   Waft Israel's sons to Canaan's land.

* A man-of-war, so called by the Rev. Mr. Hervey.
7 In that day, Lord, can more be craved? 
Israel, all Israel, shall be saved; 
Gentiles and Jews unite in Thee, 
Thy church the universe shall be.

PAUSE.

8 For prophecies fulfill’d, dear Lord, 
Thy faithful name shall be adored, 
The rest,—thine oaths—regard, we pray, 
And haste the bright millennial day.

185

PART III. S. M. Henley. 38.
The Morning Star. Rev. xxi. 16.

1 ALL hail, mysterious King! 
Hail, David’s ancient root! 
Thou righteous Branch, which thence did’st 
To give the nations fruit.

2 Our weary souls shall rest 
Beneath thy grateful shade; 
Our thirsty lips salvation taste, 
Our fainting hearts are glad.

3 Fair Morning Star, arise, 
With living glories bright, 
And pour on these awakening eyes 
A flood of sacred light.

4 The horrid gloom is fled, 
Pierced by thy beauteous ray; 
Shine, and our wandering footsteps lead 
To everlasting day.

186

7. 6. 8. Tottenham Court, 111.
Passover. Exod. xii. 7. C. Wesley.

CHRIST our Passover is slain 
To set his people free,— 
Free from sin’s Egyptian chain, 
And Pharaoh’s tyranny;
Lord, that we may now depart
And truly serve our pardoning God,
Sprinkle every house and heart
With thine atoning blood.

2 Let the angel of the Lord
His awful charge fulfil;
Let his pestilential sword
The first-born victims kill;
Safe in snares and deaths we dwell,
Protected, by that crimson sign,
From the rage of earth and hell,
And from the wrath divine.

3 Wilt thou not a difference make
Betwixt thy friend and foe,—
Vengeance on the Egyptians take,
And grace to Israel show?
Know'st thou not, most righteous God,
We on the Paschal Lamb rely?
See us cover'd with the blood,
And pass thy people by.

C. M. Condescension, 116.

YE glittering toys of earth, adieu!
A nobler choice be mine;
A real prize attracts my view,
A treasure all divine.

2 Begone, unworthy of my cares,
Ye specious baits of sense;
Inestimable worth appears,
The Pearl of price immense!

3 Jesus, to multitudes unknown,—
O name divinely sweet!
Jesus, in thee, in thee alone,
Wealth, honour, pleasure meet.
4 Should both the Indies, at my call,
   Their boasted stores resign;
   With joy I would renounce them all,
   For leave to call thee mine.

5 Should earth’s vain treasures all depart,
   Of this dear gift possess’d,
   I’d clasp it to my joyful heart,
   And be for ever bless’d.

6 Dear Sovereign of my soul’s desires,
   Thy love is bliss divine;
   Accept the wish that love inspires,
   And bid me call thee mine.

188 L. M. Ulverston, 179. Portugal, 97.

Physician of souls.

1 DEEP are the wounds which sin has made,—
   Where shall the sinner find a cure?
In vain, alas! is nature’s aid;
The work exceeds all nature’s power.

2 Sin, like a raging fever, reigns
   With fatal strength in every part;
The dire contagion fills the veins,
   And spreads its poison to the heart.

3 And can no sovereign balm be found?
   And is no kind physician nigh,
   To ease the pain, and heal the wound,
   Ere life and hope forever fly?

4 There is a great Physician near;
   Look up, O fainting soul, and live:
   See in his heavenly smiles appear
   Such ease as nature cannot give!
CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

5 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss abundant flow;
'Tis only this dear sacred flood
Can ease thy pain, and heal thy woe.

6 Sin throws in vain its pointed dart,
For here a sovereign cure is found,
A cordial for the fainting heart,
A balm for every painful wound.

Physician; or, Christ's miracles.

1 JESUS, since thou art still to-day
As yesterday the same;
Present to heal—in me display
The virtue of thy name.

2 Since still thou goest about to do
Thy needy creatures good;
On me, that I thy praise may show,
Be all thy wonders show'd.

LEPER.

3 Now, Lord, to whom for help I call,
Thy miracles repeat;
With pitying eye behold me fall,
A leper at thy feet.

4 Loathsome, and vile, and self-abhorr'd,
I sink beneath my sin;
But if thou wilt, a gracious word
Of thine can make me clean.

DEAF AND DUMB.

5 Thou seest me deaf to thy commands,
Open, O Lord, mine ear;
Bid me stretch out my wither'd hands,
And lift them up in prayer.
6 Silent, (alas! thou know'st how long,)  
My voice I cannot raise;  
But O, when thou shalt loose my tongue,  
The dumb shall sing thy praise.

LAME.

7 Lame, at the pool, I still am seen,  
Waiting to find relief;  
While many others venture in,  
And wash away [their grief.

8 Now speak my mind, my conscience,  
Give, and my strength employ; [sound,  
Light as a hart, my soul shall bound,  
The lame shall leap for joy.

BLIND.

9 If thou, my God, art passing by,  
O let me find thee near;  
Jesus, in mercy hear my cry,  
Thou Son of David, hear!

10 See, I am waiting, in the way,  
For thee the heavenly light;  
Command me to be brought, and say,  
'Sinner, receive thy sight.'

POSSessed.

11 Cast out thy foes, and let them still  
To thy great name submit;  
Clothe with thy righteousness, and heal,  
And place me at thy feet.

12 From sin, the guilt, the power, the pain,  
Thou canst relieve my soul;  
Lord, I believe, and not in vain,  
For thou wilt make me whole.
1 A GOOD High Priest is come,
Supplying Aaron's place,
And, taking up his room,
Dispensing life and grace:
The law by Aaron's priesthood came,
But grace and truth by Jesus' name.

2 My Lord a priest is made,
   As swear the mighty God
To Israel and his seed,
   Ordain'd to offer blood
For sinners, who his mercy seek;
A priest, as was Melchizedek.

3 He once temptations knew
Of every sort and kind,
That he might succour show
To every tempted mind:
In every point the Lamb was tried,
Like us, and then for us he died.

4 He dies; but lives again,
   And by the altar stands;
There shows how he was slain,
   Opening his pierced hands;
Our Priest abides and pleads the cause
Of us who have transgress'd his laws.

5 I other priests disclaim,
   And laws and offerings too,
None but the bleeding Lamb
The mighty work can do;
He shall have all the praise, for he
Hath loved, and lived, and died for me.
CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

1 'MONG all the priests of Jewish race,
Jesus the most illustrious stands;
The radiant beauty of his face
Superior love and awe demands.

2 Not Aaron or Melchizedek
Could claim such high descent as he;
His nature and his name bespeak
His unexampled pedigree.

3 Descending from th' eternal God,
He bears the name of his own Son;
And, dress'd in human flesh and blood,
He puts his priestly garments on.

4 The mitred crown, th' embroider'd vest,
With graceful dignity he wears;
And, in full splendour, on his breast,
The sacred oracle appears.

5 So he presents his sacrifice,—
An offering most divinely sweet;
While clouds of fragrant incense rise,
And cover o'er the mercy-seat.

6 The Father, with approving smile,
Accepts the offering of his Son:
New joys the wondering angels feel,
And haste to bear the tidings down.

7 The welcome news their lips repeat
Gives sacred pleasure to my breast;
Henceforth, my soul, thy cause commit
To Christ, thy Advocate and Priest.
192, 193 CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

192 112th. Carey's, 11. Ragland, 204.

Prophet, Priest, and King.

1 Peter ii. 7.

DAVIES.

1 Jesus, how precious is thy name!
The great Jehovah's darling, thou!
O let me catch the immortal flame
With which angelic bosoms glow!
Since angels love thee, I would love,
And imitate the blest above.

2 My Prophet thou, my heavenly guide,
Thy sweet instructions I will hear;
The words that from thy lips proceed,
O how divinely sweet they are!
Thee, my great Prophet, I would love,
And imitate the blest above.

3 My great High Priest, whose precious
Did once atone upon the cross; [blood
Who now does intercede with God,
And plead the friendless sinner's cause;
In thee I trust; thee I would love,
And imitate the blest above.

4 My King supreme, to thee I bow,
A willing subject at thy feet;
All other lords I disavow
And to thy government submit:
My Saviour King this heart would love,
And imitate the blest above.


The Ransom. Isa. lxii. 2. GIBBONS.

1 'I COME,' the great Redeemer cries,
'A year of freedom to declare,
From debts and bondage to discharge;
And Jews and Greeks the grace shall share.
2 'A day of vengeance I proclaim,
But not on man the storm shall fall;
On me its thunders shall descend,
My strength, my love, sustain them all.'

3 Stupendous favour! matchless grace!
Jesus has died, that we might live;
Nor worlds below, nor worlds above,
Could so divine a ransom give.

4 To him who loved our ruin'd race,
And for our lives laid down his own,
Let songs of joyful praises rise
Sublime, eternal, as his throne.

194 C. M. Eversley, 335. Harmonia, 392.

Our Righteousness. Doddridge.

1 SAVIOUR divine! we know thy name,
And in that name we trust;
Thou art the Lord our righteousness,
Thou art thine Israel's boast.

2 Guilty we plead before thy throne,
And low in dust we lie,
Till Jesus stretch his gracious arm
To bring the guilty nigh.

3 The sins of one most righteous day
Might plunge us in despair;
Yet all the crimes of numerous years
Shall our great Surety clear.

4 The spotless robe, which he hath wrought,
Shall deck us all around;
Nor by the piercing eye of God
One blemish shall be found.

5 Pardon, and peace, and lively hope,
To sinners now are given!
Israel and Judah soon shall change
Their wilderness for heaven.
195 CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

6 With joy we taste that manna now
   Thy mercy scatters down;
   We seal our humble vows to thee,
   And wait the promised crown.

7's. Part I. Rest, 183. Turin, 244.

Rock of Ages. TOPLADY.

1 ROCK of Ages, shelter me!
   Let me hide myself in thee!
   Let the water and the blood
   From thy wounded side which flow'd
   Be of sin the double cure;
   Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labour of my hands
   Can fulfil thy law's demands!
   Could my zeal no respite know,
   Could my tears for ever flow,
   All for sin could not atone;
   Thou must save, and thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
   Simply to thy cross I cling;
   Naked, come to thee for dress;
   Helpless, look to thee for grace;
   Black, I to the fountain fly;
   Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
   When my eye-strings break in death,
   When I soar to worlds unknown,
   See thee on thy judgment throne,—
   Rock of Ages, shelter me!
   Let me hide myself in thee!

195 Part II. L. M. China, 300.

Rose of Sharon. Sol. Song. ii. 1.

1 'TIS Jesus speaks: how sweet the sound!
   'I am the Rose of Sharon's ground:'
Yes, Saviour, thou art Sharon's Rose,
Surpassing every flower that blows.

2 Thy comeliness and fragrant smell,
What mortal strains on earth can tell?
Here let me make a pleasing stay,
And pass my blissful hours away.

3 Thy name, thy sacrifice, thy love,
With odours fill the realms above;
And these thro' the whole church below
Breathe all the fragrant gales we know.

4 Thy peerless beauties shall employ
My heart, my tongue, my every joy;
The Rose of Sharon still shall be
My song throughout eternity.

1 JESUS, the spring of joys divine,
Whence all our hopes and comforts
Jesus, no other name but thine [flow,—
Can save us from eternal woe.

2 In vain would boasting reason find
The way to happiness and God;
Her weak directions leave the mind
Bewilder'd in a dubious road.

3 No other name will heaven approve:
Thou art the true, the living way,
Ordain'd by everlasting love,
To the bright realms of endless day.

4 Here let our constant feet abide,
Nor from the heavenly path depart:
O let thy Spirit, gracious guide!
Direct our steps, and cheer our heart.

L. M. Intercession, 482. Job, 474.
Saviour—the only one.
STEELE.
5 Safe lead us through this world of night,
And bring us to the blissful plains,—
The regions of unclouded light,
Where perfect joy for ever reigns.

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PART I. S. M. Reuben, 328.

WHILE my Redeemer's near,
My Shepherd and my Guide,
I bid farewell to anxious fear,
My wants are all supplied.

To ever-fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.

Along the lovely scene
Cool waters gently roll,
Transparent, sweet, and all serene,
To cheer my fainting soul.

Here let my spirit rest;
How sweet a lot is mine!
With pleasure, food, and safety blest;
Beneficence divine!

Dear Shepherd, if I stray,
My wandering feet restore;
To thy fair pastures guide my way,
And let me rove no more.

Unworthy as I am
Of thy protecting care,
Jesus, I plead thy gracious name,
For all my hopes are there.
1 WHEN, marshall'd on the nightly plain,
   The glittering host bestud the sky,
One Star alone of all the train
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
   From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

3 Once on the raging seas I rode,
   The storm was loud, the night was dark;
The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.

4 Deep horror then my vitals froze,
   Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a Star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

5 It was my guide, my light, my all;
   It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And thro' the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

6 Now safely moor'd, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star! the Star of Bethlehem!

1 SHINE, lovely Star of Day,
   Around, and in us shine,
That our benighted souls may own
Thy light and love divine.
198, 199 CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

2 Our wandering footsteps guide
Through this vast wilderness;
Beneath thy beams we'll trace the path
Of purity and bliss.

3 Death's vale shall lose its gloom,
Cheer'd by thy vital ray,
And open to our longing eyes
An everlasting day.

198 104th. Hanover, 139. Enoch, 410.


1 YE prisoners of hope, o'erwhelmed with grief,
To Jesus look up for certain relief;
There's no condemnation in Jesus the Lord,
But strong consolation his grace doth afford.

2 Should justice appear a merciless foe,
Yet be of good cheer, and soon shall you know
That sinners, confessing their wickedness past,
A plentiful blessing of pardon shall taste.

3 Then dry up your tears, ye children of grief,
For Jesus appears to give you relief;
If you are returning to Jesus your Friend,
Your sighing and mourning in singing shall end.

4 'None will I cast out who come,' saith the Lord,
Why, then, do you doubt? lay hold of his word;
Ye mourners of Zion, be bold to believe,
For ever rely on your Saviour and live.


Sun. Ps. lxxxiv. 11. STENNETT.

1 GREAT God! amid the darksome night
Thy glories dart upon my sight,
While, wrapt in wonder, I behold
The silver moon and stars of gold.

2 But, when I see the sun arise,
And pour his glories o'er the skies,
In more stupendous forms I view
Thy greatness and thy goodness too.
3 Thou Sun of suns, whose dazzling light
Trys and confounds an angel's sight!
How shall I glance mine eye at thee
In all thy vast immensity?

4 Yet I may be allow'd to trace
The distant shadows of thy face;
As, in the pale and sickly moon,
We trace the image of the sun.

5 In every work thy hands have made,
Thy power and wisdom are display'd;
But O! what glories all divine
In my incarnate Saviour shine!

6 He is my Sun: beneath his wings
My soul securely sits and sings;
And there enjoys, like those above,
The balmy influence of thy love.

7 O may the vital strength and heat
His cheering beams communicate,
Enable me my course to run
With the same vigour as the sun!

TO thee, O God, we homage pay,
Source of the light that rules the day;
Who, while he gilds all nature's frame,
Reflects thy rays, and speaks thy name.

2 In louder strains we sing that grace,
Which gives the Sun of righteousness:
Whose nobler light salvation brings,
And scatters healing from his wings.

3 Still on our hearts may Jesus shine
With beams of light and love divine;
Quicken'd by him our souls shall live,  
And cheer'd by him shall grow and thrive.

4 O may his glories stand confess'd,  
From north to south, from east to west;  
Successful may his gospel run,  
Wide as the circuit of the sun.

5 When shall the radiant scene arise,  
When, fix'd on high, in purer skies,  
Christ all his lustre shall display,  
On all his saints through endless day?

1 JESUS, immutably the same,  
Thou true and living Vine!  
Around thy all-supporting stem  
My feeble arms I twine.

2 Quicken'd by thee, and kept alive,  
I flourish and bear fruit:  
My life I from thy sap derive,  
My vigour from thy root.

3 I can do nothing without thee:  
My strength is wholly thine;  
Wither'd and barren should I be  
If sever'd from the Vine.

4 Upon my leaf, when parch'd with heat,  
Refreshing dew shall drop;  
The plant which thy right hand hath set  
Shall ne'er be rooted up.

5 Each moment, water'd by thy care,  
And fenced with power divine,  
Fruit to eternal life shall bear  
The feeblest branch of thine.
CHARACTERS OF CHRIST. 201, 202


Way to Canaan. CENNICK.

1 JESUS, my All, to heaven is gone;
   He whom I fix my hopes upon;
   His track I see, and I'll pursue
   The narrow way till him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went—
   The road that leads from banishment—
   The King's highway of holiness
   I'll go; for all his paths are peace:

3 This is the way I long have sought,
   And mourn'd because I found it not:
   My grief and burden long have been
   Because I could not cease from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
   I sinn'd and stumbled but the more,
   Till late I heard my Saviour say,
   'Come hither, soul, I am the Way.'

5 Lo! glad I come! and thou, blest Lamb,
   Shalt take me to thee as I am!
   My sinful self to thee I give;
   Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round
   What a dear Saviour I have found:
   I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
   And say—'Behold the Way to God!'


1 THERE is no path to heavenly bliss,
   Or solid joy, or lasting peace,
   But Christ, th' appointed road:
CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

O may we tread the sacred Way!
By faith rejoice, and praise, and pray,
Till we sit down with God!

2 The types and shadows of the word
Unite in Christ, the man, the Lord,
The Saviour, just and True:
O may we all his word believe,
And all his promises receive,
And all his precepts do!

3 As he above for ever lives,
And Life to dying sinners gives
Eternal and divine;
O may his Spirit in me dwell!
Then—saved from sin, and death, and hell,
Eternal life is mine.

L. M. Bramcoate, 8.

Wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. Doddridge.

1 My God! assist me while I raise
An anthem of harmonious praise:
My heart thy wonders shall proclaim,
And spread its banners in thy name.

2 In Christ I view a store divine;
My Father, all that store is thine!
By thee prepared, by thee bestow'd:
Hail to the Saviour and the God!

3 When gloomy shades my soul o'erspread,
'Let there be light,' th' Almighty said;
And Christ, my sun, his beams displays,
And scatters round celestial rays.

4 Condemn'd, thy criminal I stood,
And awful Justice ask'd my blood:
CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

That welcome Saviour, from thy throne,  
Brought righteousness and pardon down.

5 My soul was all o’erspread with sin,  
And lo! his grace hath made me clean:  
He rescues from the infernal foe,  
And full redemption will bestow.

6 Ye saints, assist my grateful tongue!  
Ye angels, warble back my song!  
For love like this demands the praise  
Of heavenly harps and endless days.

C. M. Bedford, 91. Gratitude, 382.

All in all.

TOPLADY.

1 COMPARED with Christ, in all beside  
No comeliness I see;  
The one thing needful, dearest Lord,  
Is to be one with thee.

2 The sense of thy expiring love  
Into my soul convey:  
Thyself bestow: for thee alone,  
My ALL IN ALL, I pray.

3 Less than thyself will not suffice  
My comfort to restore:  
More than thyself I cannot crave;  
And thou canst give no more.

4 Loved of my God, for him again  
With love intense I ’d burn:  
Chosen of Thee, ere time began,  
I ’d choose thee in return.

5 Whate’er consists not with thy love,  
O teach me to resign;  
I ’m rich to all th’ intents of bliss,  
If thou, O God, art mine.
The Bible is justly esteem'd
The glory supreme of the land,
Which shows how a sinner's redeem'd,
And brought to Jehovah's right hand:
With pleasure we freely confess
The Bible all books doth outshine;
But Jesus, his person and grace,
Affords it that lustre divine.

In every prophetic book,
Where God his decrees hath unseal'd,
With joy we behold, as we look,
The wonderful Saviour reveal'd;
His glories project to the eye,
And prove it was not his design
Those glories concealed should lie,
But there in full majesty shine.

The first gracious promise to man
A blessed prediction appears;
His work is the soul of the plan,
And gives it the glory it wears.
How cheering the truth must have been,
That Jesus, the promised seed,
Should triumph o'er Satan and sin,
And hell in captivity lead.

The ancient Levitical law
Was prophecy after its kind;
In types, there the faithful foresaw
The Saviour that ransom'd mankind:
The altar, the lamb, and the priest,
The blood that was sprinkled of old,
Had life, when the people could taste
The blessings those shadows foretold.
5 Review each prophetical song,
   Which shines in prediction's rich train;
The sweetest to Jesus belong,
   And point out his sufferings and reign.
Sure David his harp never strung
   With more of true sacred delight,
Than when of the Saviour he sung,
   And He was reveal'd to his sight.

6 May Jesus more precious become!
   His word be a lamp to our feet!
While we in this wilderness roam,
   Till brought in his presence to meet!
Then, then we will gaze on thy face,—
   Our Prophet, our Priest, and our King;
Recount all thy wonders of grace,
   Thy praises eternally sing.

THE INFLUENCES AND GRACES OF THE SPIRIT.

206 Part I. 112th. Mozart's, 121.
   The promised Comforter.

1 JESUS, we hang upon the word
   Our longing souls have heard from thee;
Be mindful of thy promise, Lord,—
   Thy promise made to such as me;
To such as Zion's paths pursue,
   And would believe that God is true.

2 Thou say'st, 'I will the Father pray,
   And he the Comforter shall give,
Shall give him in your hearts to stay,
   And never more his temples leave;
INFLUENCES

Myself will to my orphans come,
And make you mine eternal home.'

3 Come, then, dear Lord, thyself reveal,
And let the promise now take place;
Be it according to thy will,
According to the word of grace!
Thy sorrowful disciples cheer,
And send us down the Comforter.

4 He visits oft the troubled breast,
And oft relieves our sad complaint;
But soon we lose the transient guest,
But soon we droop again and faint,—
Repeat the melancholy moan,
‘Our joy is fled, our comfort gone!’

5 Hasten him, Lord, into each heart,
Our sure inseparable guide:
O may we meet and never part!
O may he in our hearts abide!
And keep his house of praise and prayer,
And rest and reign for ever there!

THE love of the Spirit.

1 THE love of the Spirit I sing,
By whom is redemption applied;
Who sinners to Jesus can bring,
And make them his mystical bride.

2 ’Tis he circumcises their hearts,
Their callousness kindly removes;
Life, light, 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;
And each with the Saviour shall shine,
When glory complete he reveals.

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

Work of the Spirit described.

1 WHERE’ER the Spirit works
   With energy divine,
   There sin will lose its reigning power,
   And Christian graces shine.

2 ’T is by his sacred aid
   The saints hold on their way;
   With vigour run the heavenly race,
   And watch, and praise, and pray.

3 Nor will he e’er forsake
   The work of his own hand;
   Without his help the strongest fall,
   With it the weakest stand.

4 [Though oft they are bow’d down,
   With various griefs opprest,
He leads through all their dangerous way
To his appointed rest.

Then grant us, gracious Lord,
Sweet influence from thy throne:
The work to be perform'd is ours,
The strength is all thy own.

CREATOR Spirit! by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every pious mind,
Come pour thy joys on all mankind:
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy thee.

Thou strength of his almighty hand,
Whose power does heaven and earth
command!
Thrice holy Fount! thrice holy Fire!
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire:
Come, and thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy seven-fold energy;
Give us thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by thee;
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe.

Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's name!
Let God the Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died!
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Spirit! paid to thee!
OF THE SPIRIT.

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**PART I.** L. M. Rushden, 468.

*Leadings of the Spirit.*

BROWNE.

1 **COME,** gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
   With light and comfort from above;
   Be thou our guardian, thou our guide,
   O'er every thought and step preside.

2 Conduct us safe, conduct us far
   From every sin and hurtful snare;
   Lead to thy word, that rules must give,
   And teach us lessons how to live.

3 The light of truth to us display,
   And make us know and choose thy way;
   Plant holy fear in every heart,
   That we from God may ne'er depart.

4 Lead us to holiness—the road
   That we must take to dwell with God;
   Lead us to Christ—the living way;
   Nor let us from his pastures stray.

5 Lead us to God—our final rest,
   In his enjoyment to be blest;
   Lead us to heaven—the seat of bliss,
   Where pleasure in perfection is.

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**PART II.** C. M. Follet, 181.

*The work of the Spirit.*

BEDDOME.

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 life, and light, and joy;  
    None can thy mighty power control,—  
    Thy glorious work destroy.

208  L. M. Magdalene, 214. Peru, 516.  
*Living water.*  
DODDRIDGE.

1 BLESS'D Jesus, source of grace divine,  
    What soul-refreshing streams are thine!  
Oh, bring these healing waters nigh,  
Or we must droop, and fall, and die.

2 No traveller through desert lands,  
'Midst scorching suns, and burning sands,  
More needs the current to obtain,  
Or to enjoy refreshing rain.

3 Our longing souls aloud would sing,  
    Spring up, celestial Fountain, spring!  
To a redundant river flow,  
And cheer this thirsty land below.

4 May this blest torrent, near my side,  
    Through all the desert gently glide;  
Then, in Immanuel's land above,  
Spread to a sea of joy and love!

*Divine influences compared to rain.*

1 AS showers on meadows newly mown,  
    Jesus shall shed his blessings down;
Crown'd with whose life-infusing drops,
Earth shall renew her blissful crops.

2 Lands that beneath a burning sky
Have long been desolate and dry,
Th' effusions of his love shall share,
And sudden greens and herbage wear.

3 The dews and rains in all their store,
Drenching the pastures o'er and o'er,
Are not so copious as that grace
Which sanctifies and saves our race.

4 As, in soft silence, vernal showers
Descend, and cheer the fainting flowers,
So, in the secrecy of love,
Falls the sweet influence from above.

5 That heavenly influence let me find
In holy silence of the mind,
While every grace maintains its bloom,
Diffusing wide its rich perfume.

6 Nor let these blessings be confined
To me, but pour'd on all mankind;
Till earth's wild wastes in verdure rise,
And a young Eden bless our eyes.


Seeking the Spirit.

Hear, gracious Sovereign, from thy throne,
And send thy various blessings down;
While by thine Israel thou art sought,
Attend the prayer thy word hath taught.

2 Come, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill the coldest hearts with love;
Soften to flesh the flinty stone,
And let thy God-like power be known.
3 Speak thou, and from the hautest eyes
    Shall floods of pious sorrow rise;
    While all their glowing souls are borne
    To seek that grace which now they scorn.

4 O let a holy flock await
    Numerous around thy temple gate!
    Each pressing on with zeal to be
    A living sacrifice to thee.

5 In answer to our fervent cries,
    Give us to see thy church arise;
    Or, if that blessing seem too great,
    Give us to mourn its low estate.

211    Part I. 112th. Mozart's, 121.

1 ETERNAL Spirit! source of light,
    Enlivening, consecrating fire,
    Descend, and with celestial heat
    Our dull, our frozen hearts inspire:
    Our souls refine, our dross consume;
    Come, condescending Spirit, come.

2 In our cold breasts, O strike a spark
    Of the pure flame which seraphs feel;
    Nor let us wander in the dark,
    Or lie benumb'd and stupid still;
    Come, vivifying Spirit, come,
    And make our hearts thy constant home.

3 Whatever guilt and madness dare,
    We would not quench the heavenly fire;
    Our hearts as fuel we prepare,
    Tho' in the flame we should expire:
    Our breasts expand to make thee room;
    Come, purifying Spirit, come.
OF THE SPIRIT.

4 Let pure devotion's fervours rise!
Let every pious passion glow!
Oh, let the raptures of the skies
Kindle in our cold hearts below!
Come, condescending Spirit, come,
And make our souls thy constant home.

211 Part II. S. M. Australia, 462.

Holy Spirit invoked.

Beddome.

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

2 From the celestial hills,
Life, light, and joy dispense;
And may I daily, hourly feel
Thy quickening influence.

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

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

211 Part III. L. M. Simeon's Song, 438.

Universal dedication.

MORAVIAN.

1 LORD, that so poor a worm as I
May to thy praise and glory live,
Now all my nature sanctify,
And all my thoughts and words receive;
Me for thy service wholly claim,
Claim all I have and all I am.
INFLUENCES

2 Take thou my soul and all my powers; O take my memory, mind, and will; Take all my goods, and all my hours; Take all I know, and all I feel; Take all I think, and speak, and do; O take my heart, but make it new.

3 Bless'd Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, The One in Three and Three in One, As by the high celestial host, So let thy will on earth be done; Glory by all to thee be given, Thou glorious Lord of earth and heaven.

PART IV. 113th. Anniversary, 123.

Prayer for Divine influence. WESLEY.

1 Come, Holy Ghost, all-quicking fire! Come, and my hallow'd heart inspire, Sprinkled with the atoning blood: Now to my soul thyself reveal: Thy mighty working let me feel, And know that I am born of God.

2 Thy witness with my spirit bear, That God, my God, inhabits there, Thou, with the Father and the Son, Eternal light's co-eval beam:— Be Christ in me, and I in him, Till perfect we are made in one.

3 When wilt thou my whole heart subdue? Come, Lord, and form my soul anew, Emptied of pride, and wrath, and hell, Less than the least of all thy store Of mercies, I myself abhor: All, all my vileness may I feel.
Humble and teachable, and mild,
O may I, as a little child,
My lowly Master’s steps pursue!
Be anger to my soul unknown;
Hate, envy, jealousy, begone;
In love create thou all things new.

Let earth no more my heart divide;
With Christ may I be crucified,
To thee with my whole soul aspire;
Dead to the world and all its toys,
Its idle pomp and fading joys,
Be thou alone my one desire!

Be thou my joy, be thou my dread;
In battle cover thou my head;
Nor earth, nor hell, I then shall fear;
I then shall turn my steady face,—
Want, pain defy—enjoy disgrace,—
Glory in dissolution near.

My will be swallow’d up in thee;
Light in thy light still may I see,
Beholding thee with open face:
Call’d the full power of faith to prove,
Let all my hallow’d heart be love,
And all my spotless life be praise.

Come, Holy Ghost, all-quickening fire!
My consecrated heart inspire,
Sprinkled with the atoning blood;
Still to my soul thyself reveal;
Thy mighty working may I feel,
And know that I am one with God.

Entire dedication.
Reserved for Christ, that bled and died,—
Surrender'd to the Crucified!

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

3 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.

4 Each idol tread beneath thy feet,
And to thyself the conquest get:
Let sin no more oppose my Lord,
Slain by thy Spirit's two-edged sword.

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

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

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

PART II. L. M. Eaton, 291.
A propitious gale longed for.

1 At anchor laid, remote from home,
Toiling, I cry, 'Sweet Spirit, come!'
Celestial breeze, no longer stay,
But swell my sails and speed my way!
2 'Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
And loose my cable from below:
But I can only spread my sail; 
Thou, thou must breathe th' auspicious

212 Part III. 8's. Limefield, 94.
Waiting for the Comforter.

1 BLESS'D Comforter, balm of the mind,
Long have I thy absence deplored:
Nor peace, nor contentment can find,
Till thou to my soul art restored.

2 With comfort I once pass'd the day,
With comfort I laid me to rest,
But now thou art fled far away,
And sorrow oppresseth my breast.

3 Return and revive me once more,
With joys that are pure and divine;
Thy presence is what I implore,
O grant it, and comfort is mine.

4 But if thou delay to impart
The earnest and foretaste of heaven;
In duty I'll give thee my heart,
And wait till the blessing is given.

5 And should it yet tarry awhile,
Yea, till I'm resigning my breath,
O step in and give me a smile,
And let me find comfort in death.

212 Part IV. C.M. Charmouth, 28.
Renewing grace.

1 HOW helpless guilty nature dies,
Unconscious of its load!
The heart unchanged, can never rise
To happiness and God.
2 Can aught beneath a power divine
   The stubborn will subdue?
   'T is thine, eternal Spirit, thine
   To form the heart anew.

3 'T is thine the passions to recall,
   And upwards bid them rise:
   And make the scales of error fall
   From reason's darken'd eyes.

4 To chase the shades of death away
   And bid the sinner live,
   A beam of heaven, a vital ray,
   'T is thine alone to give.

5 O change these wretched hearts of ours,
   And give them life divine!
   Then shall our passions and our powers,
   Almighty Lord, be thine.

1 DEAR Lord, and shall thy Spirit rest
   In such a wretched heart as mine?
   Unworthy dwelling! glorious guest!
   Favour astonishing, divine!

2 When sin prevails, and gloomy fear,
   And hope almost expires in night,
   Lord, can thy Spirit then be here—
   Great spring of comfort, life, and light?

3 Sure the blest Comforter is nigh,
   'T is he sustains my fainting heart;
   Else would my hopes for ever die,
   And every cheering ray depart.
4 When some kind promise glads my soul,
   Do I not find his healing voice
   The tempest of my fears control,
   And bid my drooping powers rejoice?

5 [Whene'er to call the Saviour mine,
   With ardent wish my heart aspires;
   Can it be less than power divine
   Which animates these strong desires?

6 What less than thy almighty word
   Can raise my heart from earth and dust,
   And bid me cleave to thee, my Lord,
   My life, my treasure, and my trust?]

7 And when my cheerful hope can say,
   'I love my God, and taste his grace,'
   Lord, is it not thy blissful ray
   Which brings this dawn of sacred peace?

8 Let thy kind Spirit in my heart
   For ever dwell, O God of love!
   And light and heavenly peace impart,—
   Sweet earnest of the joys above.

214 8's. Uxbridge, 161. Lambeth, 57.

Holy Spirit sought under darkness.

1 DESCEND, Holy Spirit—the dove,
   And visit a sorrowful breast;
   My burden of guilt to remove,
   And bring me assurance and rest.
   Thou only hast power to relieve
   A sinner o'erwhelm'd with his load,—
   The sense of redemption to give,
   And sprinkle his conscience with blood.

2 With me if of old thou hast strove,
   And kindly withheld me from sin,
Resolved, by the strength of thy love,
    My worthless affections to win;
The work of thy mercy revive,
    Invincible mercy exert,
And keep my weak graces alive,
    And set up thy rest in my heart.

3 If when I have put thee to grief,
    And madly to folly return'd,
Thy goodness hath been my relief,
    And lifted me up as I mourn'd;
O Spirit of pity and grace!
    Relieve me again and restore,—
My spirit in holiness raise,
    To fall and to grieve thee no more.

4 If now I lament after God,
    And pant for a drop of his love,—
If Jesus, who pour'd out his blood,
    Obtain'd me a mansion above;
Come, heavenly Comforter, come,
    Sweet witness of mercy divine,
And make me thy permanent home,
    And seal me eternally thine.

215  Part I. L. M. Old 100th.
The Spirit entreated not to depart.
Psa. li. 11.

1  STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay!
    Though I have done thee such despite,
Cast not a sinner quite away,
    Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have most unfaithful been
    Of all whoe'er thy grace received;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
    Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved;
3 But O! the chief of sinners spare,
In honour of my great High Priest;
Nor, in thy righteous anger swear
I shall not see thy people’s rest.

4 If yet thou canst my sins forgive,—
E’en now, O Lord, relieve my woes;
Into thy rest of love receive,
And bless me with the calm repose.

5 E’en now my weary soul release,
And raise me by thy gracious hand;
Guide me into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.


The grieved Spirit desired to return.

1 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?

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

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

4 Vouchsafe, in answer to my prayers,
Thy visits to renew;
Increase my faith, dispel my fears;
O guard and save me too.
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.

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

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

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.

Whate'er is noble, pure, refined,
Just, generous, amiable, and kind,—
That may my constant thought pursue,
That may I love and practise too.

Let neither pleasure, wealth, nor pride,
Allure my wandering soul aside;
But through this maze of mortal ill,
Safe lead me to thy heavenly hill.

There glories shine, and pleasures roll,
That charm, delight, transport the soul;
And every panting wish shall be
Possess'd of boundless bliss in thee.

Sealing influences desired.

1 GREAT Comforter, we cry to thee,
    Spirit of Jesus, come,
And make our willing waiting souls
    Thine everlasting home.

2 O let us feel thy saving power,
    That faith and love may grow;
Present salvation we desire;
    This, this on us bestow.

3 Seal us to that redemption day,
    Which hastens on apace,
When all the saints shall meet their Lord,
    And see him face to face.

4 Nor ever let us grieve thee more,
    Thou holy peaceful Dove;
But may our hearts, and lips, and lives
    Be all transform’d to love.

215 Part V. S. M. Reuben, 328.

The love of God shed abroad in the heart by
the Spirit. DODDRIDGE.

1 DESCEND, immortal Dove;
    Spread thy kind wings abroad;
And wrapt in flames of holy love,
    Bear all my soul to God.

2 Jesus, my Lord, reveal
    In charms of grace divine,
And be thyself the sacred seal,
    That pearl of price is mine.

3 Behold my heart expands
    To catch the heavenly fire:
It longs to feel the gentle bands,
    And groans with strong desire.
4 Thy love, my God, appears,
   And brings salvation down,
My cordial through this vale of tears,
   In Paradise my crown.

1 MY God, what silken cords are thine,
   How soft, and yet how strong!
   While power and truth and love combine,
   To draw our souls along.

2 Thou saw'st us crush'd beneath the yoke
   Of Satan and of sin:
   Thy hand the iron bondage broke,
   Our worthless hearts to win.

3 The guilt of twice ten thousand sins
   One moment takes away;
   And grace, when first the war begins,
   Secures the crowning day.

4 Comfort, through all this vale of tears,
   In rich profusion flows;
   And glory of unnumber'd years
   Eternity bestows.

5 Drawn by such cords, we onward move,
   Till round thy throne we meet;
   And, captives in the chains of love,
   Embrace the Conqueror's feet.

IF thou hast drawn a thousand times,
   O draw me, Lord, again;
   Thy Spirit, word, and providence,
   Cannot attract in vain.
2 Draw me from all created good,
   From self, the world, and sin,
   To the dear fountain of thy blood,
   And make me pure within.

3 O lead me to thy mercy-seat;
   Attract me nearer still;
   Draw me, like Mary, to thy feet,
   To sit and learn thy will.

4 O draw me all the desert through
   With cords of heavenly love,
   And when prepared for going hence,
   Draw me to dwell above.

216 Part III. L. M. Portugal, 97.
The time of love. Ezek. xvi. 6. 8.

1 LORD, 't was a time of wondrous love,
   When thou didst first draw near my
   And by the Spirit from above [soul,
   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.
GRACES OF THE SPIRIT.


Contentment encouraged.

Heb. xiii. 5. S. PEARCE.

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 th' ethereal height,
   Precipitate their downward flight,
   At his effective nod.

3 [Let murmuring mortals too repine,
   Arraign the Providence Divine,
   And blame the deeds of Heaven;
While passions strong, without control,
   Disturb the agitated soul,
   Enraged at what is given.]

4 But shall the Christian's nobler mind—
   By grace renew'd, by heaven refined—
   Indulge a murmuring thought?
Shall he who claims Jehovah's strength,
   Who shall be brought to heaven at length,
   Bemoan his present lot?

5 Forbid it, gracious God! he cries,
   Nor let th' ungenerous thought arise,
   Offspring of discontent!
OF THE SPIRIT.

No! while my God, my Saviour lives,
Thankful I'll take whate'er he gives,
And prize the blessings sent.

6 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.

217 PART II. S. M. Fonthill Abbey, 455.
Faith, its Author and preciousness.

Eph. ii. 8.

BEDDOME.

1 FAITH!—'t is a precious grace,
Where'er it is bestow'd;
It boasts of a celestial birth,
And is the gift of God.

2 It hears the Prophet's voice,
The Teacher sent from heaven;
And says, 'No lessons half so sweet
As those which he has given.'

3 Jesus it owns a King,—
An all-atoning Priest;
It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in Christ.

4 To him it leads the soul
When fill'd with deep distress;
Flies to the fountain of his blood,
And trusts his righteousness.

5 Since 't is thy work alone,
And that divinely free;
Lord, send the Spirit of thy Son,
To work this faith in me!
Hast thou faith?

Have I that faith which looks to Christ,
O'ercomes the world and sin,—
Receives him, Prophet, Priest, and King,
And makes the conscience clean?

If I this precious grace possess,
All praise is due to thee;
If not, I seek it from thy hands;
Now grant it, Lord, to me.

Stability of faith.

Lord, we lie before thy feet;
Look on all our deep distress;
Thy rich mercy may we meet;
Clothe us with thy righteousness;
Stretch forth thy almighty hand;
Hold us up, and we shall stand.

Oh that closer we could cleave
To thy bleeding, dying breast!
Give us firmly to believe,
And to enter into rest.
Lord, increase, increase our faith;
Make us faithful unto death.

Let us trust thee evermore;
Every moment on thee call
For new life, new will, new power:
Let us trust thee, Lord, for all.
May we nothing know beside
Jesus, and him crucified!
218 C. M. Abingdon, 42. Ephesus, 378.

The power of faith. TURNER.

1 Faith adds new charms to earthly
   And saves me from its snares; [bliss,
   Its aid in every duty brings,
   And softens all my cares:

2 Extinguishes the thirst for sin,
   And lights the sacred fire
   Of love to God, and heavenly things,
   And feeds the pure desire.

3 The wounded conscience knows its power
   The healing balm to give;
   That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
   And make the dying live.

4 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
   Where deathless pleasures reign;
   And bids me seek my portion there,
   Nor bids me seek in vain:

5 Shows me the precious promise, seal'd
   With the Redeemer's blood;
   And helps my feeble hope to rest
   Upon a faithful God.

6 There, there unshaken would I rest
   Till this vile body dies;
   And then, on faith's triumphant wings,
   At once to glory rise!


Faith struggling. DODDRIDGE.

1 Jesus, our soul's delightful choice,
   In thee, believing, we rejoice;
   Yet still our joy is mix'd with grief,
   While faith contends with unbelief.
GRACES

2 Thy promises our hearts revive,
   And keep our fainting hopes alive;
   But guilt, and fears, and sorrows rise,
   And hide the promise from our eyes.

3 O let not sin and Satan boast,
   While saints lie mourning in the dust;
   Nor see that faith to ruin brought
   Which thy own gracious hand hath wrought.

4 Do thou the dying spark inflame,
   Reveal the glories of thy name;
   And put all anxious doubts to flight,
   As shades dispersed by opening light.

220 8's. Lambeth, 57. Rosewarne, 49.

1 ENCOMPASS'D with clouds of distress,
   Just ready all hope to resign,
   I pant for the light of thy face,
   And fear it will never be mine:
   Dishearten'd with waiting so long,
   I sink at thy feet with my load;
   All plaintive I pour out my song,
   And stretch forth my hands unto God.

2 Shine, Lord, and my terror shall cease;
   The blood of atonement apply;
   And lead me to Jesus for peace,—
   The rock that is higher than I:
   Speak, Saviour! for sweet is thy voice;
   Thy presence is fair to behold:
   Attend to my sorrows and cries—
   My groanings that cannot be told.

3 If sometimes I strive, as I mourn,
   My hold of thy promise to keep,
The billows more fiercely return,
And plunge me again in the deep;
While harass’d and cast from thy sight,
The tempter suggests with a roar,—
‘The Lord has forsaken thee quite;
Thy God will be gracious no more.’

4 Yet, Lord, if thy love hath design’d
No covenant blessing for me,
Ah, tell me, how is it I find
Some pleasure in waiting for thee?
Almighty to rescue thou art;
Thy grace is my shield and my tower;
Come, succour, and gladden my heart,—
Let this be the day of thy power.

FROM whence this fear and unbelief?
Hast thou, O Father, put to grief
Thy spotless Son for me?
And will the righteous Judge of men
Condemn me for that debt of sin,
Which, Lord, was charged on thee?

2 Complete atonement thou hast made,
And to the utmost farthing paid
Whate’er thy people owed;
How then can wrath on me take place,
If shelter’d in thy righteousness,
And sprinkled with thy blood?

3 [If thou hast my discharge procured,
And freely, in my room, endured
The whole of wrath Divine;
Payment God cannot twice demand,—
First, at my bleeding Surety’s hand,
And then again at mine.]
4 Turn, then, my soul, unto thy rest!
The merits of thy great High Priest
Speak peace and liberty:
Trust in his efficacious blood:
Nor fear thy banishment from God,
Since Jesus died for thee.

8's. New Jerusalem, 230.

Faith conquering.

HART.

1 THE moment a sinner believes,
   And trusts in his crucified God,
His pardon at once he receives,—
   Redemption in full through his blood:
Though thousands and thousands of foes
   Against him in malice unite,
Their rage he through Christ can oppose,
   Led forth by the Spirit to fight.

2 The faith that unites to the Lamb,
   And brings such salvation as this,
Is more than mere notion or name;
   The work of God's Spirit it is;
A principle, active and young,
   That lives under pressure and load;
That makes out of weakness more strong,
   And draws the soul upward to God.

3 It treads on the world and on hell;
   It vanquishes death and despair;
And, O! let us wonder to tell,
   It overcomes heaven by prayer,—
Permits a vile worm of the dust,
   With God to commune as a friend;
To hope his forgiveness as just,
   And look for his love to the end.
OF THE SPIRIT.

4 It says to the mountains, Depart,
That stand betwixt God and the soul;
It binds up the broken in heart,
And makes wounded consciences whole;
Bids sins of a crimson-like dye
Be spotless as snow, and as white;
And raises the sinner on high
To dwell with the angels of light.


Faith triumphing.

TOPLADY.

1 A DEBTOR to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I sing;
Nor fear, with thy righteousness on,
My person and offerings to bring:
The terrors of law and of God,
With me can have nothing to do;
My Saviour's obedience and blood
Hide all my transgressions from view.

2 The work which his goodness began,
The arm of his strength will complete;
His promise is yea and amen,
And never was forfeited yet:
Things future, nor things that are now,—
Not all things below nor above,
Can make him his purpose forego,
Or sever my soul from his love.

3 My name from the palms of his hands
Eternity will not erase;
Impress'd on his heart it remains
In marks of indelible grace:
Yes, I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given;
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heaven.
PART I. S. M. Mount Ephraim, 185.

Weak believers encouraged.

1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
  Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of Christ our Lord
Bid every string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,
  We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
  We every moment come.

3 His grace shall to the end
  Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
  Shall quench the spark divine.

4 The time of love will come,
  When we shall clearly see
Not only that he shed his blood,
  But each shall say, 'For me.'

5 Tarry his leisure, then,—
  Wait the appointed hour:
Wait till the Bridegroom of your souls
  Reveal his love with power.

6 Blest is the man, O God,
  That stays himself on thee!
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
  Shall thy salvation see.

PART II. 112th. Carey's, 11.

Encouragement to believe.

1 If all the sins that men have done,
  In will, in word, in thought, in deed,
Since worlds were made, or time began,
  Were laid on one poor sinner's head;
OF THE SPIRIT.

The stream of Jesus' precious blood,  
Applied, removes the dreadful load.

2 Then hear, ye trembling sinners, hear,  
Th' inviting voice of Christ, and live:  
With humble confidence draw near,  
For he commands you to believe;  
Believe, and fly to him alone,  
Believe, and heaven is all your own.

PART III. 8. vienna, 330.  
Faith and repentance.  
HART.

1 JESUS is our God and Saviour,  
   Guide, and Counsellor, and Friend,  
Bearing all our misbehaviour,  
   Kind and loving to the end.  
   Trust him; he will not deceive us,  
   Though we hardly of him deem:  
He will never, never leave us;  
   Nor will let us quite leave him.

2 Nothing but thy blood, O Jesus,  
Can relieve us from our smart;  
Nothing else from guilt release us;  
Nothing else can melt the heart.  
Law and terrors do but harden,  
   All the while they work alone;  
But a sense of blood-bought pardon  
Soon dissolves a heart of stone.

3 Jesus, all our consolations  
   Flow from thee, the sovereign good;  
Love, and faith, and hope, and patience,  
   All are purchased by thy blood.  
From thy fulness we receive them;  
   We have nothing of our own:  
Freely thou delight'st to give them  
   To the needy, who have none.
1 NOT by the laws of innocence
Can Adam's sons arrive at heaven:
New works can give us no pretence
To have our ancient sins forgiven:

2 Not the best deeds that we have done
Can make a wounded conscience whole;
Faith is the grace,—and faith alone,
That flies to Christ, and saves the soul.

3 Lord, I believe thy heavenly word;
Fain would I have my soul renew'd;
I mourn for sin, and trust the Lord
To have it pardon'd and subdued.

4 O may thy grace its power display;
Let guilt and death no longer reign;
Save me in thine appointed way,
Nor let my humble faith be vain!

1 THRICE happy souls, who, born from heaven
While yet they sojourn here,
Humbly begin their days with God,
And spend them in his fear.

2 So may our eyes with holy zeal
Prevent the dawning day,
And turn the sacred pages o'er,
And praise thy name, and pray.
3 'Midst hourly cares, may love present
   Its incense to thy throne—
   And while the world our hands employs,
   Our hearts be thine alone!

4 As sanctified to noblest ends
   Be each refreshment sought;
   And, by each various providence,
   Some wise instruction brought!

5 When to laborious duties call'd,
   Or by temptations tried,
   We 'll seek the shelter of thy wings,
   And in thy strength confide.

6 As different scenes of life arise,
   Our grateful hearts would be
   With thee, amidst the social band,
   In solitude with thee.

7 At night, we lean our weary heads
   On thy paternal breast;
   And, safely folded in thine arms,
   Resign our powers to rest.

8 In solid, pure delights like these,
   Let all my days be past;
   Nor shall I then impatient wish,
   Nor shall I fear, the last.

226 PART II. S. M. Mount Ephraim, 185.

Practical religion.

1 Let prayer and praise ascend
   When morning gives the light;
   And prayer and praise like incense rise,
   And hallow every night.

2 Peruse the heavenly page
   Of truth and grace divine;
GRACES

And mark the footsteps of your Lord,
Which through the Gospel shine.

3 Assist your fellow men,
   And most your fellow saints;
Redress their wrongs, relieve their wants,
   And pity their complaints.

4 Maintain a constant guard,
   And wakeful be your eyes,
Quick to discover every sin,
   In every fair disguise.

5 Let all terrene concerns
   With vigour be pursued;
Nor let devotion on the hours
   Of industry intrude.

6 Let thoughts of God and heaven
   Your labours sanctify,
And oft your sacred wishes breathe
   In whispers to the sky.

7 A life thus well improved
   With blessings shall abound;
With balmy gales and smiling rays
   Its evening shall be crown’d.

1 LORD, incline my wandering heart
   To revere thy holy name:
Thou art good, the same thou art,
   Through eternal years the same:
Plant thy fear within my breast,
   Soothe my trembling soul to rest.

Part III. 7's. St. Austin's, 460.

The fear of the Lord. BEDDOME.
OF THE SPIRIT.

2 Whence I go and where I dwell,
    Deign to be my guard and guide;
All my inward foes repel,
    Bid my painful doubts subside;
Plant thy fear within my breast,
    Soothe my trembling soul to rest.

3 Could I such a treasure prove,
    Earth would sink with all its store;
To enjoy thy fear and love,
    Nothing I could covet more:
Plant thy fear within my breast,
    Soothe my trembling soul to rest.


Fear united with love.  NEEDHAM.

1 HAPPY beyond description, he
    Who fears the Lord his God:
Who hears his threats with holy awe,
    And trembles at his rod.

2 Fear, sacred passion, ever dwells
    With its fair partner, love;
Blending their beauties, both proclaim
    Their source is from above.

3 Let terrors fright th' unwilling slave,—
    The child with joy appears;
Cheerful he does his father's will,
    And loves as much as fears.

4 Let fear and love, most holy God!
    Possess this soul of mine;
Then shall I worship thee aright,
    And taste thy joys divine.
*Holy fortitude.*   

**WATTS.**

1. **AM** I a soldier of the cross,  
A follower of the Lamb?  
And shall I fear to own his cause,  
Or blush to speak his name?  

2. Must I be carried to the skies  
On flowery beds of ease;  
While others fought to win the prize,  
And sail'd through bloody seas?  

3. Are there no foes for me to face?  
Must I not stem the flood?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God?  

4. Sure I must fight if I would reign;  
Increase my courage, Lord!  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by thy word.  

5. Thy saints, in all this glorious war,  
Shall conquer though they die:  
They see the triumph from afar,  
And seize it with their eye.  

6. When that illustrious day shall rise,  
And all thy armies shine  
In robes of victory through the skies,  
The glory shall be thine.  

*Gravity and decency.*   

**WATTS.**

1. **BEHOLD** the sons, the heirs of God,  
So dearly bought with Jesus' blood!  
Are they not born to heavenly joys?  
And shall they stoop to earthly toys?
OF THE SPIRIT.

2 Can laughter feed th' immortal mind?
Were spirits of celestial kind
Made for a jest, for sport and play—
To wear out time and waste the day?

3 Doth vain discourse, or empty mirth,
Well suit the honours of their birth?
Shall they be fond of gay attire,
Which children love, and fools admire?

4 What if we wear the richest vest?
Peacocks and flies are better drest;
This flesh, with all its gaudy forms,
Must drop to dust and feed the worms.

5 Lord, raise our hearts and passions higher;
Touch our vain souls with sacred fire;
Then with a heaven-directed eye,
We'll pass these glittering trifles by.

6 We'll look on all the toys below
With such disdain as angels do;
And wait the call that bids us rise
To mansions promised in the skies.


Hope set before us.

1 AND be it so—that, till this hour,
We never knew what faith has meant;
And, slaves to sin and Satan's power,
Have never felt these hearts relent.

2 What shall we do?—shall we lie down,
Sink in despair, and groan, and die?
And, sunk beneath th' Almighty's frown,
Not glance one cheerful hope on high?
3 Forbid it, Saviour, to thy grace,  
As sinners, strangers, we will come;  
Among thy saints we ask a place,—  
For in thy mercy there is room.

4 Lord, we believe! O chase away  
The gloomy clouds of unbelief;  
Lord, we repent! O let thy ray  
Dissolve our hearts in sacred grief!

5 Now spread the banner of thy love,  
And let us know that we are thine;  
Cheer us with blessings from above—  
With all the joys of hope divine!

231 Part I. L. M. Buxton, 347.  
Hope in darkness.

1 O GOD, my Sun, thy blissful rays  
Can warm, rejoice, and guide my heart!  
How dark, how mournful are my days,  
If thy enlivening beams depart!

2 Scarcethrough the shades a glimpse of day  
Appears to these desiring eyes;  
But shall my drooping spirit say,  
The cheerful morn will never rise?

3 O let me not despairing mourn!  
Though gloomy darkness spreads the sky,  
My glorious Sun will yet return,  
And night with all its horrors fly.

4 O for the bright, the joyful day,  
When hope shall in fruition die!  
So tapers lose their feeble ray  
Beneath the sun's resplendent eye.
1 GREAT GOD! to thee I'll make
   My griefs and sorrows known;
   And with a humble hope
   Approach thine awful throne;
   Though 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 distrest
   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;—for, "Who can tell?"

5 Vile unbelief, begone;
   Ye doubts, fly swift away;
   God hath an ear to hear,
   While I've a heart to pray;
   If he be mine, all will be well—
   For ever so; and, "Who can tell?"
Then let us not despond,
Inquiring "Who can tell?"
For in the sacred word
The question's answer'd well;
That all who come to Christ shall be
Saved now, and through eternity.

COME, Lord! and help us to rejoice,
In hope that we shall hear thy voice,
Shall one day see our God;
Shall cease from all our painful strife,
Handle and taste the word of life,
And feel the sprinkled blood.

Let us not always make our moan,
Nor worship thee, a God unknown;
But let us live to prove
Thy people's rest, thy saints' delight,
The length and breadth, the depth and
Of thy redeeming love.

Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
We stand, and from the mountain-top
See all the land below;
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of Paradise
In endless plenty grow:

A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favour'd with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest;
There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,
And keeps his own in perfect peace
And everlasting rest.
5 O when shall we at once go up,
Nor this side Jordan longer stop,
But the good land possess?
When shall we end our lingering years,
Our sorrows, sins, and doubts, and fears,—
A howling wilderness?

6 O dearest Joshua! bring us in;
Display thy grace, forgive our sin,
Our unbelief remove;
The heavenly Canaan, Lord, divide;
And O, with all the sanctified,
Give us a lot of love!

233 Part I. L. M. Portugal, 97.

Hope encouraged.

1 Why sinks my weak desponding mind?
Why heaves my heart the anxious sigh?
Can sovereign goodness be unkind?
Am I not safe if God is nigh?

2 He holds all nature in his hand—
That gracious hand on which I live
Doth life, and time, and death command,
And has immortal joys to give.

3 'Tis he supports this fainting frame;
On him alone my hopes recline;
The wondrous glories of his name, [shine!
How wide they spread, how bright they

4 Infinite wisdom! boundless power!
Unchanging faithfulness and love!
Here let me trust, while I adore,
Nor from my refuge e'er remove.

5 My God, if thou art mine indeed,
Then have I all my heart can crave;
A present help in time of need;  
Still kind to hear, and strong to save.

6 Forgive my doubts, O gracious Lord!  
And ease the sorrows of my breast;  
Speak to my heart the healing word,  
That thou art mine—and I am blest.

**PART II.**  
**L. M. Luton, 30.**  
* Determination to hope.  
Ps. cxlivii. 11.

1 **SINCE** thro' the heaven-inspired lines  
Mercy with signal splendour shines;  
Help me, O Lord, to read and pray,  
And drive desponding thoughts away.

2 Thy mercy pardons crying sins,  
And washes out the deepest stains;  
'T is free, and to the vilest given—  
The vilest out of hell and heaven.

3 Then why should I, bow'd down with pain,  
Relinquish all my hope as vain—  
Live without Christ, restraining prayer,  
Then sink and die in deep despair?

4 No! fly, ye unbelieving fears;  
Mercy through Christ shall wipe my tears  
Good hope has here its fullest scope—  
Lord, in thy mercy I will hope.

**L. M. Langdon, 217. Alfred, 509.**  
* Happy poverty.  
Matt. v. 3.  
Steele.

1 **YE** humble souls, complain no more,  
Let faith survey your future store:  
How happy, how divinely blest,  
The sacred words of truth attest.
2 When conscious grief laments sincere,
And pours the penitential tear,
Hope points to your dejected eyes
The bright reversion in the skies.

3 In vain the sons of wealth and pride
Despise your lot, your hopes deride:
In vain they boast their little stores;
Trifles are yours, a kingdom yours.

4 A kingdom of immense delight,
Where health, and peace, and joy unite;
Where undying pleasures rise,
And every wish hath full supplies:

5 A kingdom which can ne'er decay,
While time sweeps earthly thrones away;
The state which power and truth sustain,
Unmoved for ever must remain.

6 [There shall your eyes with rapture view
The glorious Friend that died for you;
That died to ransom, died to raise
To crowns of joy and songs of praise.]

7 Jesus, to thee I breathe my prayer;
Reveal, confirm my interest there:
Whate'er my humble lot below,
This, this my soul desires to know.

8 [O let me hear that voice divine
Pronounce the glorious blessing mine!
Enroll'd among thy happy poor,
My largest wishes ask no more.]
With heavy heart and downcast eye,  
Thy favour we implore.

2 [On us the vast extent display  
Of thy forgiving love;  
Take all our heinous guilt away,  
This heavy load remove.

We sink with all this weight oppress'd,  
Sink down to death and hell;  
O give our troubled spirits rest,  
Our numerous fears dispel.]

4 'Tis mercy, mercy, we implore;  
O may thy bowels move!  
Thy grace is an exhaustless store,  
And thou thyself art love.

5 O for thine own, for Jesus' sake,  
Our many sins forgive!  
Thy grace our rocky hearts can break,  
And breaking, soon relieve.

6 Thus melt us down; thus make us bend,  
And thy dominion own;  
Nor let a rival more pretend  
To repossess thy throne.

1 LORD, with a grieved and aching heart,  
To thee I look—to thee I cry;  
Supply my wants, and ease my smart;  
O help me soon, or else I die.

2 Here, on my soul, a burden lies—  
No human power can it remove;  
My numerous sins like mountains rise—  
Do thou reveal thy pardoning love.


The humble publican.  
BEdDome.
3 Break up these adamantine chains;
From cruel bondage set me free;
Rescue from everlasting pains,
And bring me safe to heaven and thee.

A prayer for humility.

1 LORD, if thou thy grace impart,—
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
I shall as my Master be,
Rooted in humility;

2 Simple, teachable, and mild,
Changed into a little child;
Pleased with all the Lord provides;
Wean'd from all the world besides.

3 Father, fix my soul on thee;
Every evil let me flee;
Nothing want, beneath, above,—
Happy in thy precious love.

4 O that all may seek and find
Every good in Jesus join'd!
Him let Israel still adore,
Trust him, praise him evermore.

238 L.M. Old 100th. Buxton, 347.
Rejoicing in God. DODDRIDGE.

1 THE righteous Lord, supremely great,
Maintains his universal state;
O'er all the earth his power extends;
All heaven before his footstool bends.

2 Yet justice still with power presides,
And mercy all his empire guides;
Mercy and truth are his delight,
And saints are lovely in his sight.
3 No more, ye wise, your wisdom boast;
No more, ye strong, your valour trust;
No more, ye rich, survey your store—
Elate with heaps of shining ore;

4 Glory, ye saints, in this alone,—
That God, your God, to you is known;
That you have own'd his sovereign sway,
That you have felt his cheering ray.

5 Our wisdom, wealth, and power we find
In one Jehovah all combined;
On him we fix our roving eyes,
And all our souls in raptures rise.

6 All else, which we our treasure call,
May in one fatal moment fall;
But what their happiness can move,
Whom God, the blessed, deigns to love?

S. M. Sacred Song, 524.
Rejoicing in the ways of God.
Ps. cxxxviii. 5. DODDRIDGE.

1 NOW let our voices join
To form a sacred song;
Ye pilgrims in Jehovah's ways,
With music pass along.

2 How straight the path appears,
How open and how fair!
No lurking gins t' entrap our feet;
No fierce destroyer there.

3 But flowers of Paradise
In rich profusion spring;
The Sun of glory gilds the path,
And dear companions sing.
OF THE SPIRIT.

4 See Salem's golden spires
In beauteous prospect rise;
And brighter crowns than mortals wear
Which sparkle through the skies.

5 All honour to his name,
Who marks the shining way!
To him who leads the wand'rous on
To realms of endless day!

Rejoicing in hope. CENNICK.

1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are travelling home to God
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O ye banish'd seed be glad!
Christ our Advocate is made;
Us to save, our flesh assumes,—
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Shout, ye little flock, and blest!
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land,
Christ, your Father's darling Son,
Bids you undismay'd go on.

6 Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee!

PART I. L. M. St. Thomas, 272.

Return of joy. Cowper.

1 WHEN darkness long has veil’d my mind,
And smiling day once more appears,
Then, my Redeemer! then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.

2 I chide my unbelieving heart,
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbour one hard thought of thee!

3 O let me, then, at length, be taught
(What I am still so slow to learn)
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat!
But when my faith is sharply tried
I find myself a learner yet,—
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

5 But, O my Lord, one look from thee
Subdues the disobedient will;
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And thy rebellious worm is still.

6 Thou art as ready to forgive
As I am ready to repine:
Thou, therefore, all the praise receive:
Be shame, and self-abhorrence, mine.

PART II. S. M. Reuben, 328.

Song of the redeemed. Hammond.

1 AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb!
Wake every heart, and every tongue,  
To praise the Saviour's name!

2 Sing of his dying love,  
Sing of his rising power;  
Sing how he intercedes above  
For us whose sins he bore.

3 Ye pilgrims on the road  
To Zion's city, sing!  
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,  
In Christ th' eternal King!

4 Soon shall we hear him say,  
'Ye blessed children, come!'  
Soon will he call us hence away,  
To our eternal home.

5 There shall our raptured tongues  
His endless praise proclaim;  
And sweeter voices tune the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb.

BLESSED Redeemer, how divine,—  
How righteous is this rule of thine,  
'Never to deal to others worse  
Than we would have them deal with us!'

2 This golden lesson, short and plain,  
Gives not the mind nor memory pain:  
And every conscience must approve  
This universal law of love.

3 'T is written in each mortal breast,  
Where all our tenderest wishes rest;  
We' draw it from our inmost veins,  
Where love to self resides and reigns.
4 Is reason ever at a loss?
Call in self-love to judge the cause:
Let our own fondest passions show
How we should treat our neighbours too.

5 How blest would every nation prove,
Thus ruled by equity and love!
All would be friends without a foe,
And form a paradise below.

6 Jesus, forgive us, that we keep
Thy sacred law of love asleep;
And take our envy, wrath, and pride,
Those savage passions, for our guide.

God shining in the heart.

2 Cor. iv. 6.

1 PRAISE to the Lord of boundless might,
With uncreated glories bright;
His presence gilds the world above,—
Th’ unchanging source of light and love.

2 Our rising earth his eye beheld,
When in substantial darkness veil’d,
The shapeless chaos, nature’s womb,
Lay buried in the horrid gloom.

3 'Let there be light,’ Jehovah said!
And light o’er all its face was spread:
Nature array’d in charms unknown,
Gay with its new-born lustre shone.

4 He sees the mind, when lost it lies
In shades of ignorance and vice;
And darts from heaven a vivid ray,
And changes midnight into day.
5 Shine, mighty God, with vigour shine,
On this benighted heart of mine;
And let thy glories stand reveal'd,
As in the Saviour's face beheld.

6 My soul, revived by heaven-born day,
Thy radiant image shall display;
While all my faculties unite
To praise the Lord who gives me light.

244 L. M. Kingsbridge, 88. Peru, 516.

One thing I know. Isa. liv. 13.

1 Dear Saviour! make me wise to see
My sin, and guilt, and remedy;
’Tis said of all thy blood has bought,
‘They shall of Israel’s God be taught.’

2 Their plague of heart thy people know;
They know thy name, and trust thee too;
They know the Gospel’s blissful sound,
The path where endless joys abound.

3 They know the Father and the Son;
Theiris is eternal life begun;
Unto salvation they are wise,—
Their grace shall into glory rise.

4 But ignorance itself am I;
Born blind, estranged from thee I lie;
O Lord, to thee I humbly own
I nothing know as should be known.

5 I scarce know God, or Christ, or sin,—
My foes without, or plague within;
Know not my interest, Lord, in thee,
In pardon, peace, or liberty.
6 But help me to declare to-day,
   If many things I cannot say,
   'One thing I know—all praise to thee,
   Though blind I was—yet now I see.'

C. M. Bedford, 91. Charmouth, 28.

Knowledge at present imperfect.
1 Cor. xiii. 9.  

FAWCETT.

1 Thy way, O God, is in the sea;
   Thy paths I cannot trace,
   Nor comprehend the mystery
   Of thy unbounded grace.

2 Here the dark veil of flesh and sense
   My captive soul surround,
   Mysterious deeps of providence
   My wondering thoughts confound.

3 When I behold thy awful hand
   My earthly hopes destroy;
   In deep astonishment I stand,
   And ask the reason, why?

4 As through a glass I dimly see
   The wonders of thy love;
   How little do I know of thee,
   Or of the joys above!

5 'T is but in part I know thy will;
   I bless thee for the sight:
   When will thy love the rest reveal
   In glory's clearer light?

6 With raptureshall I then survey
   Thy providence and grace;
   And spend an everlasting day
   In wonder, love, and praise.
L. M. Bramcoate, 8. Derby, 169. 

1 O WHAT stupendous mercy shines 
   Around the Majesty of heaven! 
   Rebels he deigns to call his sons,— 
   Their souls renew'd, their sins forgiven. 

2 Go, imitate the grace divine,— 
   The grace that blazes like the sun! 
   Hold forth your fair, though feeble light; 
   Through all your lives let mercy run; 

3 Upon your bounty's willing wings 
   Swift let the great salvation fly; 
   The hungry feed, the naked clothe, 
   To pain and sickness help apply. 

4 Pity the weeping widow's woe, 
   And be her counsellor and stay; 
   Adopt the fatherless, and smooth 
   To useful, happy life, his way. 

5 Let age, with want and weakness bow'd, 
   Your bowels of compassion move; 
   Let e'en your enemies be bless'd,— 
   Their hatred recompensed with love. 

6 When all is done, renounce your deeds, 
   Renounce self-righteousness with scorn: 
   Thus will you glorify your God, 
   And thus the Christian name adorn. 

L. M. Manning, 245. Cambray, 494. 

1 YES, I would love thee, blessed God! 
   Paternal goodness marks thy name! 
   Thy praises, through thy high abode, 
   The heavenly hosts with joy proclaim.
2 Freely thou gavest thy dearest Son
For man to suffer, bleed, and die;
And bid'st me, as a wretch undone,
For all I want on him rely.

3 In him, thy reconciled face,
With joy unspeakable, I see;
And feel thy powerful, wondrous grace
Draw, and unite my soul to thee.

4 Whene'er my foolish wandering heart,
Attracted by a creature's power,
Would from this blissful centre start,
Lord, fix it there to stray no more!

1 O LORD, I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend;
To thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only Friend.

2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in thy name!

3 Why should the soul a drop bemoan,
Who has a fountain near,—
A fountain which will ever run
With waters sweet and clear?

4 No good in creatures can be found
But may be found in thee;
I must have all things, and abound,
While God is God to me.

5 O that I had a stronger faith,
To look within the veil;
To credit what my Saviour saith,
Whose word can never fail!

6 He, that has made my heaven secure,
Will here all good provide;
While Christ is rich, can I be poor?
What can I want beside?

7 O Lord, I cast my care on thee,
I triumph and adore:
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and please thee more.

1 Of all the joys we mortals know,
Jesus, thy love exceeds the rest—
Love, the best blessing here below,
The nearest image of the blest.

2 While we are held in thy embrace,
There's not a thought attempts to rove;
Each smile upon thy beauteous face
Fixes, and charms, and fires our love.

3 While of thy absence we complain,
And long or weep in all we do,
There's a strange pleasure in the pain;
And tears have their own sweetness too.

4 When round thy courts by day we rove,
Or ask the watchman of the night
For some kind tidings of thy love,
Thy very name creates delight.

5 Jesus, our God, yet rather come!
Our eyes would dwell upon thy face;
'Tis best to see our Lord at home,
And feel the presence of his grace.
Lest thou me?  

1 'Tis a point I long to know,
    Oft it causes anxious thought—
    'Do I love the Lord, or no?
    Am I his, or am I not?'

2 If I love, why am I thus?
    Why this dull and lifeless frame?
    Hardly, sure, can they be worse
    Who have never heard his name.

3 [Could my heart so hard remain;
    Prayer a task and burden prove;
    Every trifle give me pain,
    If I knew a Saviour's love?

4 When I turn my eyes within,
    All is dark, and vain, and wild;
    Fill'd with unbelief and sin,
    Can I deem myself a child?]

5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
    Sin is mix'd with all I do;
    You that love the Lord indeed,
    Tell me, is it thus with you?

6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,—
    Find my sin a grief and thrall:
    Should I grieve for what I feel,
    If I did not love at all?

7 Could I joy his saints to meet;
    Choose the ways I once abhorr'd;
    Find at times the promise sweet;
    If I did not love the Lord?

8 Lord, decide the doubtful case!
    Thou, who art thy people's sun,
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

9 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all I pray!
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.


Desiring to love Christ. WATTS.

COME, let me love! or is my mind
Harden'd to stone, or froze to ice?
I see the blessed fair one bend,
And stoop t' embrace me from the skies.

O! 't is a thought would melt a rock,
And make a heart of iron move,
That those sweet lips, that heavenly look,
Should seek and wish a mortal love!

I was a traitor doom'd to fire,
Bound to sustain eternal pains;
He flew on wings of strong desire,
Assumed my guilt and took my chains!

Infinite grace! almighty charms!—
Stand in amaze, ye rolling skies!
Jesus, the God, extends his arms—
Hangs on the cross of love, and dies.

Did pity ever stoop so low,
Dress'd in divinity and blood?
Was ever rebel courted so,
In groans of an expiring God?

Again he lives! and spreads his hands—
Hands that were nail'd to torturing smart;
'By these dear wounds!' says he, and stands,
And prays to clasp me to his heart.
7 Sure I must love; or are my ears
Still deaf, nor will my passions move?
Lord! melt this flinty heart to tears;—
This heart shall yield to death or love.

PART I. Trinidad, 428.

Profession of love.

STENNETT.

1 AND have I, Christ, no love for thee,
   No passion for thy charms?
   No wish my Saviour's face to see,
   And dwell within his arms?

2 Is there no spark of gratitude
   In this cold heart of mine,
   To him whose generous bosom glow'd
   With friendship all divine?

3 Can I pronounce his charming name,
   His acts of kindness tell;
   And while I dwell upon the theme,
   No sweet emotion feel?

4 Such base ingratitude as this
   What heart but must detest!
   Sure Christ deserves the noblest place
   In every human breast.

5 A very wretch, Lord! I should prove,
   Had I no love for thee:
   Rather than not my Saviour love,
   O may I cease to be!

PART II. S. M. Ryland, 48.

Desiring increased love.

RYLAND.

1 THOU good and gracious Lord,
   Whom I unseen adore;
   But if thy love has reach'd my heart,
   I fain would love thee more.
2 Of all the things in hell,
Not to love thee is worst;
Fill'd with thy love among the damn'd,
I could not be accursed!

3 Of all the things in heaven,
The love of Christ is best;
And till this bliss to me is given,
I cannot, will not, rest.

252 PART III. L.M. Derby, 169.

Longing to love Christ.

1 I THIRST, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood;
To dwell within thy wounds: then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
For ever closed to all but thee!
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love for ever there!

3 How blest are they who still abide
Close shelter'd in thy bleeding side!
Who life and strength from thence derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.

4 What are our works but sin and death,
Till thou thy quickening Spirit breathe?
Thou givest the power thy grace to move:
O wondrous grace! O boundless love!

5 How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou should'st us to glory bring?
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Deck'd with a never-fading crown?

6 Hence our hearts melt; our eyes o'erflow;
Our words are lost; nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside,  
' My Lord, my Love is crucified.'

7 Ah, Lord! enlarge our scanty thought,  
To know the wonders thou hast wrought;  
Unloose our stammering tongues, to tell  
Thy love immense, unsearchable.

8 First-born of many brethren Thou!  
To thee, lo! all our souls we bow:  
To thee our hearts and hands we give:  
Thine may we die; thine may we live.

MY gracious Redeemer I love,  
His praises aloud I'll proclaim,  
And join with the armies above  
To shout his adorable name:  
To gaze on his glories divine  
Shall be my eternal employ,  
And feel them incessantly shine,  
My boundless, ineffable joy.

He freely redeem'd with his blood  
My soul from the confines of hell,  
To live on the smiles of my God,  
And in his sweet presence to dwell;  
To shine with the angels of light,  
With saints and with seraphs to sing;  
To view with eternal delight  
My Jesus, my Saviour, my King.

In Meshech as yet I reside,  
A darksome and restless abode,  
Molested with foes on each side,  
And longing to dwell with my God.
O when shall my spirit exchange
This cell of corruptible clay
For mansions celestial, and range
Through realms of ineffable day?

4 [My glorious Redeemer! I long
To see thee descend on the cloud,
Amidst the bright numberless throng,
And mix with the triumphing crowd;
O when wilt thou bid me ascend,
To join in thy praises above,
To gaze on thee, world without end,
And feast on thy ravishing love?]

5 [Nor sorrow, nor sickness, nor pain,
Nor sin, nor temptation, nor fear,
Shall ever molest me again,—
Perfection of glory reigns there:
This soul and this body shall shine
In robes of salvation and praise,
And banquet on pleasures divine,
Where God his full beauty displays.]

6 Ye palaces, sceptres, and crowns,
Your pride with disdain I survey;
Your pomps are but shadows and sounds,
And pass in a moment away:
The crown that my Saviour bestows
Yon permanent sun shall outshine;
My joy everlastingly flows,—
My God, my Redeemer is mine.

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love!
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
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GRACES

2 Before our Father's throne
   We pour our ardent prayers:
   Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
   Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes;
   Our mutual burdens bear;
   And often for each other flows
   The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
   It gives us inward pain;
   But we shall still be join'd in heart,
   And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
   Our courage by the way;
   While each in expectation lives,
   And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
   And sin we shall be free;
   And perfect love and friendship reign
   Through all eternity.

S. M. Eagle Street New, 55.

Christian love. Gal. iii. 28. BEDDOME.

1 LET party names no more
   The Christian world o'erspread;
   Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
   Are one in Christ their head.

2 Among the saints on earth
   Let mutual love be found:
   Heirs of the same inheritance,
   With mutual blessings crown'd.

3 Let envy, child of hell!
   Be banish'd far away;
Those should in strictest friendship dwell
Who the same Lord obey.

Thus will the church below
Resemble that above;
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And every heart is love.

GREAT Spirit of immortal love!
Vouchsafe our frozen hearts to move!
With ardour strong these breasts inflame
To all that own a Saviour’s name.

Still let the heavenly fire endure,
Fervent and vigorous, true and pure;
Let every heart and every hand
Join in the dear fraternal band.

Celestial Dove! descend, and bring
The smiling blessings on thy wing;
And make us taste those sweets below
Which in the blissful mansions grow.

FATHER of mercies! send thy grace,
All-powerful, from above,
To form, in our obedient souls,
The image of thy love.

O may our sympathizing breasts
That generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others’ joy,
And weep for others’ woe!
GRACES

3 When the most helpless sons of grief
   In low distress are laid,
   Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
   And swift our hands to aid.

4 So Jesus look'd on dying man,
   When throned above the skies;
   And, 'midst th' embraces of his God,
   He felt compassion rise:—

5 On wings of love the Saviour flew
   To raise us from the ground,
   And shed the richest of his blood,
   A balm for every wound.

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Love to our enemies. Luke xxiii. 34.

1 ALoud we sing the wondrous grace
   Christ to his murderers bare;
   Which made the torturing cross its throne,
   And hung its trophies there.

2 Father, forgive! his mercy cried,
   With his expiring breath,
   And drew eternal blessings down
   On those who wrought his death.

3 Jesus, this wondrous love we sing!
   And whilst we sing, admire:
   Breathe on our souls, and kindle there
   The same celestial fire.

4 Sway'd by thy dear example, we
   For enemies will pray;
   With love, their hatred—and their curse
   With blessings—will repay.
Part II. C. M. Providence College, 10.

Perfect love. MRS. SAFFERY.

1 That perfect love is perfect bliss,
Proof rises all around;
Nor shall felicity but this
In earth or heaven be found.

2 This is the joy of joy I know,
That can delight impart;
Warm as the ruby tides that flow
Incessant from my heart.

3 This is the joy that angels feel,
Where harps celestial move;
And the fierce anguish known in hell
Is perfect want of love!

4 Say—is not this the dazzling light
That decks the seraph's crown?
What is perdition's tenfold night,
But love's eternal frown?

Part III. S. M. Shirland, 304.

Unity and love. BEDDOME.

1 O blest society
Of saints in friendship join'd!
From envy, wrath, and malice free,
In words and actions kind.

2 No strife, but to excel;
No hatred, but of sin;
A perfect harmony without,
Substantial peace within.

3 Each other's joys they feel,
Each other's sorrows share;
Unite in melody of praise,
In fervency of prayer.
4 Thus in the world above,
    Myriads surround the throne;
In loftier worship they engage,
    And all their hearts are one.


All attainments vain without love.

1 Cor. xiii. 1—3. STENNETT.

1 SHOULD bounteous nature kindly pour
   Her richest gifts on me,
Still, O my God! I should be poor
   If void of love to thee.

2 Not shining wit, nor manly sense,
   Could make me truly good:
Not zeal itself could recompense
   The want of love to God.

3 Did I possess the gift of tongues,
   But were denied thy grace;
My loudest words, my loftiest songs,
   Would be but sounding brass.

4 Though thou should’st give me heavenly
   Each mystery to explain,
If I’d no heart to do thy will,
   My knowledge would be vain.

5 Had I so strong a faith, my God,
   As mountains to remove,
No faith could do me real good
   That did not work by love.

6 [What though, to gratify my pride,
   And make my heaven secure,
All my possessions I divide
   Among the hungry poor!]

7 What though my body I consign
   To the devouring flame,
In hope the glorious deed will shine
In rolls of endless fame!

8 These splendid acts of vanity,
Though all the world applaud,
If destitute of charity,
Can never please my God.]

9 O grant me, then, this one request,
And I'll be satisfied,—
That love divine may rule my breast,
And all my actions guide.

The meek beautified with salvation.

1 Ye humble souls, rejoice,
And cheerful praises sing;
Wake all your harmony of voice,
For Jesus is your King.

2 That meek and lowly Lord,
Whom here your souls have known,
Pledges the honour of his word
T' avow you for his own.

3 He brings salvation near,
For which his blood was paid;
How beauteous shall your souls appear,
Thus sumptuously array'd!

4 Sing, for the day is nigh,
When, near your Saviour's seat,
The tallest sons of pride shall lie
The footstool of your feet.

5 Salvation, Lord, is thine,
And all thy saints confess
The royal robes, in which they shine,
Were wrought by sovereign grace.
1 Happy the man whose cautious steps
Still keep the golden mean;
Whose life, by wisdom's rules well form'd,
Declares a conscience clean.

2 Not of himself he highly thinks,
Nor acts the boaster's part;
His modest tongue the language speaks
Of his still humbler heart.

3 Not in base scandal's arts he deals,
For truth dwells in his breast;
With grief he sees his neighbour's faults,
And thinks and hopes the best.

4 What blessings bounteous Heaven be-
He takes with thankful heart: [stows,
With temperance he both eats and drinks,
And gives the poor a part.

5 To sect or party his large soul
Disdains to be confined:
The good he loves of every name,
And prays for all mankind.

6 Pure is his zeal, the offspring fair
Of truth and heavenly love;
The bigot's rage can never dwell
Where rests the peaceful dove.

7 His business is to keep his heart,
Each passion to control;
Nobly ambitious well to rule
The empire of his soul.

8 Not on the world his heart is set,
His treasure is above;
Nothing beneath the sovereign good
Can claim his highest love.

262  L. M. Portugal, 97. Pancras, 360.

Agur's wish. Prov. xxx. 7–9.

1 Thus Agur breathed his warm desire—
    'My God, two favours I require;
    In neither my request deny,
    Vouchsafe them both before I die:

2 'Far from my heart and tents exclude
    Those enemies to all that's good;—
    Folly, whose pleasures end in death,
    And falsehood's pestilential breath.

3 'Be neither wealth nor want my lot:
    Below the dome, above the cot,
    Let me my life unanxious lead,
    And know nor luxury nor need.'

4 Those wishes, Lord, we make our own;
    O shed in moderation down
    Thy bounties, till this mortal breath,
    Expiring, tunes thy praise in death!

5 But, shouldst thou large possessions give,
    May we with thankfulness receive
    Th' exuberance—still our God adore,
    And bless the needy from our store!

6 Or, should we feel the pains of want—
    Submission, resignation grant;
    Till thou shalt send the wish'd supply,
    Or call us to the bliss on high.

263  L. M. Bramcoate, 8. Oswestry, 514.


1 Patience!—O what a grace divine!
    Sent from the God of power and love,
Submissive to its Father's hand,
As through the wilds of life we rove.

2 By patience we serenely bear
The troubles of our mortal state,
And wait contented our discharge,
Nor think our glory comes too late.

3 Though we, in full sensation, feel
The weight, the wounds, our God ordains,
We smile amid our heaviest woes,
And triumph in our sharpest pains.

4 O for this grace! to aid us on,
And arm with fortitude the breast,
Till, life's tumultuous voyage o'er,
We reach the shores of endless rest!

5 Faith into vision shall resign;
Hope shall in full fruition die;
And patience in possession end
In the bright worlds of bliss on high.

1 DEAR Lord, though bitter is the cup
Thy gracious hand deals out to me,
I cheerfully would drink it up;
That cannot hurt which comes from thee.

2 Dash it with thy unchanging love;
Let not a drop of wrath be there!—
The saints, for ever bless'd above,
Were often most afflicted here.

3 From Jesus, thy incarnate Son,
I'll learn obedience to thy will;
And humbly kiss the chastening rod,
When its severest strokes I feel.
1 UNITE, my roving thoughts, unite
In silence soft and sweet;
And thou, my soul, sit gently down
At thy great Sovereign's feet.

2 Jehovah's awful voice is heard,
Yet gladly I attend:
For lo! the everlasting God
Proclaims himself my friend.

3 Harmonious accents to my soul
The sounds of peace convey:
The tempest at his word subsides,
And winds and seas obey.

4 By all its joys, I charge my heart
To grieve his love no more:
But, charm'd by melody divine,
To give its follies o'er.

1 DEAR Friend of friendless sinners, hear,
And magnify thy grace divine;
Pardon a worm that would draw near,
That would his heart to thee resign;
A worm, by self and sin opprest,
That pants to reach thy promised rest.

2 With holy fear, and reverent love,
I long to lie beneath thy throne;
I long in thee to live and move,
And stay myself on thee alone:
Teach me to lean upon thy breast,
To find in thee the promised rest.
3 Thou say'st, 'Thou wilt thy servants keep
   In perfect peace, whose minds shall be,
   Like new-born babes, or helpless sheep,
       Completely stay'd, dear Lord, on thee:
   How calm their state, how truly blest,
   Who trust on thee, the promised rest!

4 Take me, my Saviour, as thine own,
   And vindicate my righteous cause;
   Be thou my portion, Lord, alone,
       And bend me to obey thy laws:
   In thy dear arms of love caress'd,
   Give me to find thy promised rest!

5 Bid the tempestuous rage of sin,
   With all its wrathful fury, die;
   Let the Redeemer dwell within,
       And turn my sorrows into joy:
   O may my heart, by thee possess'd,
   Know thee to be my promised rest!

267 C. M. Bedford, 91. Tekoa, 334.

   God's command to repent. Doddridge.
   Acts xvii. 30.

1 REPENT! the voice celestial cries,
   Nor longer dare delay:
   The wretch that scorns the mandate dies,
       And meets a fiery day.

2 No more the sovereign eye of God
   O'erlooks the crimes of men;
   His heralds are dispatch'd abroad
       To warn the world of sin.

3 The summons reach thro' all the earth;
   Let earth attend and fear;
   Listen, ye men of royal birth,
       And let your vassals hear!
4 Together in his presence bow,  
   And all your guilt confess;  
Embrace the blessed Saviour now,  
   Nor trifle with his grace.

5 Bow, ere the awful trumpet sound,  
   And call you to his bar;  
For mercy knows the appointed bound,  
   And turns to vengeance there.

6 Amazing love! that yet will call,  
   And yet prolong our days!  
Our hearts, subdued by goodness, fall,  
   And weep, and love, and praise.

Peter's admonition turned into prayer.  

1 SEARCHER of hearts, before thy face  
   I all my soul display;  
And, conscious of its innate arts,  
   Entreat thy strict survey.

2 If, lurking in its inmost folds,  
   I any sin conceal,  
O let a ray of light divine  
   The secret guile reveal!

3 If tinctured with that odious gall  
   Unknowing I remain,  
Let grace, like a pure silver stream,  
   Wash out the accursed stain.

4 If, in these fatal fetters bound,  
   A wretched slave I lie,  
Smite off my chains, and wake my soul  
   To light and liberty.

5 To humble penitence and prayer  
   Be gentle pity given;
268  PART II.  L. M.  Portugal, 97.  
Hardness of heart lamented.

1  LORD! shed a beam of heavenly day  
   To melt this stubborn stone away;  
   Now thaw, with rays of love divine,  
   This heart—this frozen heart of mine.

2  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.

3  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.

4  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.

5  O 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.

269  L. M.  Bromley, 104.  Glo’ster, 12.  
Christ exalted to give repentance.  
Acts v. 31.  DODDRIDGE.

1  EXALTED Prince of life, we own  
   The royal honours of thy throne;  
   'Tis fix’d by God’s almighty hand,  
   And seraphs bow at thy command.
2 Exalted Saviour, we confess
The sovereign triumphs of thy grace;
Where beams of gentle radiance shine,
And temper majesty divine.

3 Wide thy resistless sceptre sway,
Till all thine enemies obey;
Wide may thy cross its virtues prove,
And conquer millions by its love.

4 Mighty to vanquish and forgive!
Thine Israel shall repent and live!
And loud proclaim thy healing breath,
Which works their life who wrought thy death.

270 7's. St. Andrew's, 502. Stoel, 164.

Penitential sighs. stennett.

1 FATHER, at thy call I come;
In thy bosom there is room
For a guilty soul to hide,—
Press'd with grief on every side.

2 [Here I'll make my piteous moan,
Thou canst understand a groan:
Here my sins and sorrows tell,
What I feel thou knowest well.]

3 Ah! how foolish I have been
To obey the voice of sin—
To forget thy love to me,
And to break my vows to thee.

4 Darkness fills my trembling soul;
Floods of sorrow o'er me roll:
Pity, Father, pity me!
All my hope's alone in thee.

5 But, may such a wretch as I,
Self-condemn'd and doom'd to die,
Ever hope to be forgiven,
And be smiled upon by Heaven?

6 [May I round thee cling and twine,
Call myself a child of thine;
And presume to claim a part
In a tender Father's heart?]

7 Yes, I may; for I espy
Pity trickling from thine eye:
'T is a Father's bowels move,—
Move with pardon and with love.

8 Well I do remember, too,
What his love hath deign'd to do:
How he sent a Saviour down
All my follies to atone.

9 Has my elder Brother died?
And is justice satisfied?
Why—O, why—should I despair
Of my Father's tender care?

271 C. M. Ann's, 58. Mercy, 523.
The penitent. stennett.

1 PROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at thy feet
A guilty rebel lies;
And upwards to thy mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 O let not justice frown me hence;
Stay, stay the vengeful storm:
Forbid it that omnipotence
Should crush a feeble worm!

3 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.
4 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt; [shed!—
No tears but those which thou hast
No blood, but thou hast spilt.

5 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord,
And all my sins forgive:
Justice will well approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

272 C. M. Ludlow, 84. Warwick, 471.
Penitence and hope. steele.

1 DEAR Saviour, when my thoughts re-
The wonders of thy grace, [call
Low at thy feet ashamed I fall,
And hide this wretched face.

2 Should love like thine be thus repaid?
Ah, vile, ungrateful heart!
By earth’s low cares detain’d,—betray’d
From Jesus to depart;—

3 From Jesus, who alone can give
True pleasure, peace, and rest:
When absent from my Lord, I live
Unsatisfied, unblest.

4 But he, for his own mercy’s sake,
My wandering soul restores:
He bids the mourning heart partake
The pardon it implores.

5 O while I breathe to thee, my Lord,
The penitential sigh,
Confirm the kind forgiving word
With pity in thine eye.

6 Then shall the mourner at thy feet
Rejoice to seek thy face:
GRACES

And grateful own how kind, how sweet
Thy condescending grace.

L. M. Ulverston, 179.
The prodigal son. BEdDome.

1 THE mighty God will not despise
   The contrite heart for sacrifice;
The deep-fetch'd sigh, the secret groan,
   Rises accepted to the throne.

2 He meets, with tokens of his grace,
The trembling lip, the blushing face;
His bowels yearn when sinners pray;
   And mercy bears their sins away.

3 When fill'd with grief, o'erwhelm'd with shame,
   He, pitying, heals their broken frame;
He hears their sad complaints, and spies
   His image in their weeping eyes.

4 Thus, what a rapturous joy possesst
   The tender parent's throbbing breast,
To see his spendthrift son return,
   And hear him his past follies mourn.

Why weepest thou? BEdDome.

1 WHY, O my soul! why weepest thou?
   Tell me from whence arise
Those briny tears that often flow,
   Those groans that pierce the skies?

2 Is sin the cause of thy complaint,
   Or the chastising rod?
Dost thou an evil heart lament,
   And mourn an absent God?
3 Lord, let me weep for nought but sin!
   And after none but thee!
   And then I would—O that I might,
   A constant weeper be!

C. M. Ellenborough, 170.

The contrite heart.

COWPER.

1 THE Lord will happiness divine
   On contrite hearts bestow;
   Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
   A contrite heart or no?

2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
   Insensible as steel;
   If aught is felt, 't is only pain
   To find I cannot feel.

3 I sometimes think myself inclined
   To love thee, if I could;
   But often feel another mind,
   Averse to all that's good.

4 My best desires are faint and few,
   I fain would strive for more;
   But, when I cry, ' My strength renew,'
   Seem weaker than before.

5 Thy saints are comforted, I know,
   And love thy house of prayer;
   I sometimes go where others go,
   But find no comfort there.

6 O make this heart rejoice or ache!—
   Decide this doubt for me;
   And, if it be not broken, break,
   And heal it, if it be.
Resignation.

1 My times of sorrow and of joy,
   Great God, are in thy hand;
   My choicest comforts come from thee,
   And go at thy command.

2 If thou shouldst take them all away,
   Yet would I not repine;
   Before they were possess'd by me
   They were entirely thine.

3 Nor would I drop a murmuring word,
   Though the whole world were gone,
   But seek enduring happiness
   In thee, and thee alone.

4 What is the world, with all its store?
   'Tis but a bitter sweet;
   When I attempt to pluck the rose,
   A pricking thorn I meet.

5 Here perfect bliss can ne'er be found,
   The honey's mix'd with gall;
   'Midst changing scenes and dying friends,
   Be thou my All in All.

Submission.

1 O Lord! my best desires fulfil,
   And help me to resign
   Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
   And make thy pleasure mine.

2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
   Whose love forbids my fears?
   Or tremble at the gracious hand
   That wipes away my tears?
OF THE SPIRIT.

3 No, let me rather freely yield
What most I prize to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Nor wilt withhold, from me.

4 Thy favour all my journey through
Thou art engaged to grant;
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.

5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way;
Shall I resist them both?
A poor blind creature of a day,
And crush'd before the moth?

6 But, ah! my inmost spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway;
Else the next cloud that veils my skies
Drives all these thoughts away.

L. M. James's, 163. Trinity, 181.

Filial submission.

1 AND can my heart aspire so high,
To say, 'My Father, God!'
Lord, at thy feet I fain would lie,
And learn to kiss the rod.

2 I would submit to all thy will,
For thou art good and wise:
Let every anxious thought be still,
Nor one faint murmur rise.

3 Thy love can cheer the darksome gloom,
And bid me wait serene,
Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
And brighten all the scene.

4 My Father—O permit my heart
To plead my humble claim,
And ask the bliss those words impart,
In my Redeemer's name.

It is the Lord, &c.

1 'It is the Lord'—enthroned in light,
   Whose claims are all divine;
   Who has an undisputed right
   To govern me and mine.

2 'It is the Lord'—should I distrust,
   Or contradict his will,
   Who cannot do but what is just,
   And must be righteous still?

3 'It is the Lord'—who gives me all
   My wealth, my friends, my ease;
   And, of his bounties, may recall
   Whatever part he please.

4 'It is the Lord'—who can sustain
   Beneath the heaviest load;
   From whom assistance I obtain
   To tread the thorny road.

5 'It is the Lord'—whose matchless skill
   Can, from afflictions, raise
   Matter eternity to fill
   With ever growing praise.

6 'It is the Lord'—my covenant God,
   Thrice blessed be his name!
   Whose gracious promise, seal'd with blood,
   Must ever be the same.

7 His covenant will my soul defend,
   Should nature's self expire,
   And the great Judge of all descend
   In awful flames of fire!
8 And can my soul, with hopes like these,  
Be sullen or repine?  
No, gracious God, take what thou please,  
To thee I all resign.

C. M. Braintree, 25. Arabia, 324.

Self-denial.

1 ASHAMED of Christ! my soul, disdain  
The mean, ungenerous thought:  
Shall I disown that Friend whose blood  
To man salvation brought?

2 With the glad news of love and peace,  
From heaven to earth he came;  
For us endured the painful cross—  
For us despised the shame.

3 At his command we must take up  
Our cross without delay;  
Our lives—and thousand lives of ours—  
Can ne’er his love repay.

4 Each faithful sufferer Jesus views  
With infinite delight:  
Their lives to him are dear; their deaths  
Are precious in his sight.

5 To bear his name—his cross to bear—  
Our highest honour this:  
Who nobly suffers now for him,  
Shall reign with him in bliss.

6 But should we, in the evil day,  
From our profession fly,—  
Jesus, the Judge, before the world  
The traitor will deny.
281 C. M. Grove House, 143.

Self-denial. Mark viii. 34. BEDDOME.

1 And must I part with all I have,
   My dearest Lord, for thee?
   It is but right, since thou hast done
   Much more than this for me.

2 Yes, let it go!—one look from thee
   Will more than make amends
   For all the losses I sustain
   Of credit, riches, friends.

3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,
   How worthless they appear,
   Compared with thee,—supremely good,
   Divinely bright and fair.

4 Saviour of souls, could I from thee
   A single smile obtain,
   Though destitute of all things else,
   I'd glory in my gain.


Sincerity and truth. WATTS.

1 Let those who bear the Christian name
   Their holy vows fulfil;
   The saints—the followers of the Lamb—
   Are men of honour still.

2 True to the solemn oaths they take,
   Though to their hurt they swear;
   Constant and just to all they speak—
   For God and angels hear.

3 Still with their lips their hearts agree,
   Nor flattering words devise;
   They know the God of truth can see
   Through every false disguise.
OF THE SPIRIT. 283, 284

4 They hate the appearance of a lie,
   In all the shapes it wears,
Firm to the truth; and when they die,
   Eternal life is theirs.

5 Lo! from afar the Lord descends,
   And brings the judgment down;
He bids his saints—his faithful friends—
   Rise and possess their crown.

6 While Satan trembles at the sight,
   And devils wish to die,
Where will the faithless hypocrite
   And guilty liar fly?

283 S. M. Stoke, 207. Fonthill, 455.
Sincerity desired.

BEDDOME.

1 If secret fraud should dwell
   Within this heart of mine,
Purge out, O God, that cursed leaven,
   And make me wholly thine.

2 If any rival there
   Dares to usurp the throne,
O tear th’ infernal traitor thence,
   And reign thyself alone.

3 Is any lust conceal’d?
   Bring it to open view;
Search, search, dear Lord, my inmost soul,
   And all its powers renew.

284 PART I. C. M. St. Ann’s, 58.
Spiritual mindedness.

FAWCETT.

1 RELIGION is the chief concern
   Of mortals here below:
May I its great importance learn,
   Its sovereign virtue know!

X
2 More needful this than glittering wealth,
   Or aught the world bestows;
Not reputation, food, or health,
   Can give us such repose.

3 Religion should our thoughts engage
   Amidst our youthful bloom:
   'T will fit us for declining age,
   And for the awful tomb.

4 O may my heart, by grace renew'd,
   Be my Redeemer's throne;
And be my stubborn will subdued,
   His government to own!

5 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
   Be join'd with godly fear;
And all my conversation prove
   My heart to be sincere.

6 Preserve me from the snares of sin
   Through my remaining days;
   And in me let each virtue shine
   To my Redeemer's praise.

7 Let lively hope my soul inspire;
   Let warm affections rise:
And may I wait with strong desire
   To mount above the skies.

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

2 Ten thousand comforts it procures
   To Christians while on earth;
OF THE SPIRIT.

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.

4 [There is a rich and free reward,
   The eye of faith descries,
   Reserved for all who fear 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.

285 C. M. Michael's, 119. Wiltshire, 110.

TATE.

1 THRO' all the changing scenes of life,
   In trouble and in joy,
   The praises of my God shall still
   My heart and tongue employ.

2 Of his deliverance I will boast,
   Till all who are distrest
   From my example comfort take,
   And charm their griefs to rest.

3 The hosts of God encamp around
   The dwellings of the just:
   Protection he affords to all
   Who make his name their trust.

4 O make but trial of his love!—
   Experience will decide
   How blest are they, and only they,
   Who in his truth confide.
5 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
   Have nothing else to fear;
   Make you his service your delight,—
   Your wants shall be his care.

6 While hungry lions lack their prey,
   The Lord will food provide
   For such as put their trust in him,
   And see their need supplied.

PART I. I. M. Addison's, 1.

Trust and confidence. Hab. iii. 17, 18.

1 Away, my unbelieving fears!
   Let fear in me no more take place:
   My Saviour doth not yet appear;
   He hides the brightness of his face:
   But shall I therefore let him go,
   And basely to the tempter yield?
   No, in the strength of Jesus, no!
   I never will give up my shield.

2 Although the vine its fruit deny,
   Although the olive yield no oil,
   The withering fig-tree droop and die,
   The field illude the tiller's toil,
   The empty stall no herd afford,
   And perish all the bleating race;
   Yet will I triumph in the Lord!
   The God of my salvation praise!

3 Away, each unbelieving fear!
   Let fear to cheering hope give place;
   My Saviour will at length appear,
   And show the brightness of his face;
   Though now my prospects all be cross'd,
   My blooming hopes cut off I see;
   Still will I in my Jesus trust,
   Whose boundless love can reach to me.
4 In hope—believing against hope—
His promised mercy will I claim;
His gracious word shall bear me up
To seek salvation in his name:
Soon, my dear Saviour, bring it nigh:
My soul shall then outstrip the wind,
On wings of love mount up on high,
And leave the world and sin behind.

286 Part II. L. M. Portugal, 97.
All things working for good, &c.

1 TEMPTATIONS, trials, doubts, and fears,
Wants, losses, crosses, groans, and tears,
Will, through 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,
No 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 powers,
We still are safe if thou art ours.

287 Part I. L. M. Ulverston, 179.
Humble trust; or, despair prevented.

1 LORD, didst thou die, but not for me?
Am I forbid to trust thy blood?
Hast thou not pardons rich and free,
And grace an overwhelming flood?

2 Who then shall drive my trembling soul
From thee to regions of despair?
Who has survey’d the sacred roll,
And found my name not written there?
3 Presumptuous thought! to fix the bound—
To limit mercy's sovereign reign;
What other happy souls have found
I'll seek, nor shall I seek in vain.

4 I own my guilt, my sins confess:
Can men or devils make them more?
Of crimes, already numberless,
Vain the attempt to swell the score.

5 Were the black list before my sight,
While I remember thou hast died,
'T would only urge my speedy flight
To seek salvation at thy side.

6 Low at thy feet I'll cast me down,
To thee reveal my guilt and fear;
And, if thou spurn me from thy throne,
I'll be the first who perish'd there.

287 Part II. C. M. Piety, 513.
'I will be their God.' Beddome, alt.

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 bliss 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—
OF THE SPIRIT.

Sure he who giveth me himself,
Is more than these to me.

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

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

PART I. C. M. Oxford, 177.

Fear not.

1 Ye trembling souls, dismiss your fears;
Be mercy all your theme;
Mercy, which, like a river, flows
In one continued stream.

2 Fear not the powers of earth and hell;
God will these powers restrain;
His mighty arm their rage repel,
And make their efforts vain.

3 Fear not the want of outward good;
He will for his provide,
Grant them supplies of daily food,
And all they need beside.

4 Fear not that he will e'er forsake,
Or leave his work undone;
He's faithful to his promises,
And faithful to his Son.

5 Fear not the terrors of the grave,
Or death's tremendous sting;
He will from endless wrath preserve—
To endless glory bring.
6 You in his wisdom, power, and grace
   May confidently trust;
   His wisdom guides, his power protects,
   His grace rewards the just.


Trust in God.

1 DEAR Lord, why should I doubt thy
   Or disbelieve thy grace? [love,
Sure thy compassions ne’er remove,
   Although 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 form’d 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 no groundless fears destroy
   The mercies now possess’d;
I’ll praise for blessings I enjoy,
   And trust for all the rest.


Fears removed. John vi. 20.

1 UNCLEAN! unclean! and full of sin,
   From first to last, O Lord, I’ve been!
Deceitful is my heart:
Guilt presses down my burden'd soul; 
But Jesus can the waves control, 
And bid my fears depart.

2 When first I heard his word of grace, 
Ungratefully I hid my face,— 
Ungratefully delay'd: 
At length his voice more powerful came, 
' 'T is I,' he cried, 'I, still the same; 
Thou need'st not be afraid.'

3 My heart was changed; in that same hour 
My soul confess'd his mighty power; 
Out flow'd the briny tear: 
I listen'd still to hear his voice; 
Again he said, ' In me rejoice; 
'T is I—thou need'st not fear.'

4 ' Unworthy of thy love!' I cried; 
' Freely I love,' he soon replied, 
' On me thy faith be staid: 
On me for every thing depend; 
I'm Jesus, still the sinner's friend,— 
Thou need'st not be afraid.'

1 Begone, unbelief! my Saviour is near, 
And for my relief will surely appear; 
By prayer let me wrestle, and he will perform; 
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.

2 Though dark be my way, since he is my guide, 
'T is mine to obey, 't is his to provide; 
Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail, 
The word he has spoken shall surely prevail.

3 His love in time past forbids me to think 
He 'll leave me at last in trouble to sink; 
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review 
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite thro'.
Determined to save, he watch'd o'er my path
When, Satan's blind slave, I sported with death;
And can he have taught me to trust in his name,
And thus far have brought me to put me to shame?

Why should I complain of want or distress,
Temptation or pain? he told me no less:
The heirs of salvation, I know from his word,
Through much tribulation must follow their Lord.

How bitter that cup no heart can conceive,
Which he drank quite up, that sinners might live!
His way was much rougher and darker than mine;
Did Christ, my Lord, suffer, and shall I repine?

Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is food;
Though painful at present, 't will cease before long,
And then, O how pleasant the conqueror's song!

Happy the man who finds the grace—
The blessing of God's chosen race;
The wisdom coming from above,
And faith that sweetly works by love.

Happy, beyond description, he
Who knows, the Saviour died for me—
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heavenly understanding gains.

Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flowery paths are peace:
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compared with her.

He finds, who wisdom apprehends,
A life begun that never ends:
The tree of life divine she is,
Set in the midst of Paradise.
OF THE SPIRIT. 292, 293

5 Happy the man who wisdom gains,
In whose obedient heart she reigns;
He owns, and will for ever own,
Wisdom, and Christ, and heaven are one.


Zeal for Christ.

BLEST men, who stretch their willing hands,
Submissive to their Lord’s commands,
And yield their liberty and breath
To him that loved their souls in death.

2 Lead me to suffer and to die,
If thou, my gracious Lord, art nigh:
One smile from thee my heart shall fire,
And teach me, smiling, to expire.

3 If nature at the trial shake,
And from the cross or flames draw back,
Grace can its feeble courage raise,
And turn its tremblings into praise.

4 While scarce I dare with Peter say,
‘I’ll boldly tread the bleeding way;’
Yet, in thy steps, like John, I’d move
With humble hope and silent love.

293 Part I. C. M. Bedford, 91.

Holy zeal and diligence.

WHILE carnal men, with all their Earth’s vanities pursue, [might,
How slow the advances which I make,
With heaven itself in view!

2 Inspire my soul with holy zeal;
Great God! my love inflame;
Religion, without zeal and love,
Is but an empty name.
3 To gain the top of Zion's hill
   May I with fervour strive;
   And all those powers employ for thee
   Which I from thee derive!

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 inflamed, 't was thy delight
   To do thy Father's will;
   May the same zeal my soul excite
   Thy precepts to fulfil.

3 Meekness, humility, and love
   Did through thy conduct shine;
   O 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.

PAUSE.

5 O 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 flee
    Should in his footsteps tread;
Our Prophet, Priest, and King, should be
    Both trusted and obey'd.

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THE CHRISTIAN.

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PART I. L. M. Fawcett, 184.

The Christian awakened—What must I do
    to be saved? Acts ix. 6. FAWCETT.

1 WITH melting heart and weeping eyes,
    My guilty soul for mercy cries;
What shall I do, or whither flee,
    T' escape that vengeance due to me?

2 Till now, I saw no danger nigh;
    I lived at ease, nor fear'd to die;
Wrapt up in self-deceit and pride,
    'I shall have peace at last,' I cried.

3 But when, great God! thy light divine
    Had shone on this dark soul of mine,
Then I beheld, with trembling awe,
    The terrors of thy holy law.

4 How dreadful now my guilt appears,
    In childhood, youth, and growing years!
Before thy pure discerning eye,
    Lord, what a filthy wretch am I!

5 Should vengeance still my soul pursue,
    Death and destruction are my due;
Yet mercy can my guilt forgive,
    And bid a dying sinner live.

6 Does not thy sacred word proclaim
    Salvation free in Jesus' name?
To him I look, and humbly cry,
    'O save a wretch condemn'd to die.'
1 Is there, in heaven or earth, who can
   A wretched mortal save?
   Make a poor leprous sinner clean?
   Redeem a helpless 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 the 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;
   While 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.

1 STRAIT the gate, the way is narrow,
   To the realms of endless bliss;
Sinful men, and vain professors,
Self-deceived, the passage miss;
Rushing headlong,
Down they sink the dread abyss.

2 Sins and follies unforsaken,
All will end in deep despair;
Formal prayers are unavailing,
Fruitless is the worldling's tear;
Small the number
Who to wisdom's path repair.

3 Thou who art thy people's guardian,
Condescend my guide to be;
By thy Spirit's light unerring,
Let me thy salvation see;
May I never
Miss the way that leads to thee.

1 Jesus, full of all compassion,
Hear thy humble suppliant's cry;
Let me know thy great salvation:
See! I languish, faint, and die.

2 Guilty, but with heart relenting,
Overwhelm'd with helpless grief,
Prostrate at thy feet repenting,
Send, O send me quick relief!

3 [Whither should a wretch be flying,
But to him who comfort gives?—
Whither, from the dread of dying,
But to him who ever lives?]

4 [While I view thee wounded, grieving,
Breathless on the cursed tree,
Fain I'd feel my heart believing
That thou sufferedst thus for me.

5 With thy righteousness and Spirit,
I am more than angels blest;
Heir with thee, all things inherit,—
Peace, and joy, and endless rest.

6 Without thee, the world possessing,
I should be a wretch undone,
Search through heaven, the land of bless-
Seeking good and finding none.

7 Hear then, blessed Saviour, hear me;
My soul cleaveth to the dust;
Send the Comforter to cheer me;
Lo! in thee I put my trust.

8 On the word thy blood hath sealed
Hangs my everlasting all:
Let thine arm be now revealed;
Stay, O stay me, lest I fall!

9 In the world of endless ruin,
Let it never, Lord, be said,
‘Here’s a soul that perish’d, suing
For the boasted Saviour’s aid!’

10 Saved—the deed shall spread new glory
Through the shining realms above!
Angels sing the pleasing story,
All enraptured with thy love!

Part I. 7's. St. Andrew's, 502.

Longing for an interest in Christ.

1 Gracious Lord, incline thine ear;
My requests vouchsafe to hear;
Hear my never-ceasing cry,—
Give me Christ, or else I die.
2 Wealth and honour I disdain,  
   Earthly comforts, Lord, are vain;  
   These can never satisfy,—  
   Give me Christ, or else I die.

3 Lord, deny me what thou wilt,  
   Only ease me of my guilt;  
   Suppliant at thy feet I lie,  
   Give me Christ, or else I die.

4 All unholy and unclean,  
   I am nothing else but sin;  
   On thy mercy I rely,  
   Give me Christ, or else I die.

5 Thou dost freely save the lost;  
   In thy grace alone I trust:  
   With my earnest suit comply;  
   Give me Christ, or else I die.

6 Thou dost promise to forgive  
   All who in thy Son believe;  
   Lord, I know thou canst not lie,  
   Give me Christ, or else I die.

7 Father, does thy justice frown?  
   Let me shelter in thy Son.  
   Jesus, to thy arms I fly,  
   Come and save me, or I die.

**The Christian's daily hymn.**

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 shuns 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 nigh.

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.

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

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

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

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.

PART I.  
Choosing the better part.  
Luke x. 42.  
DODDRIDGE.

BESET with snares on every hand,  
In life's uncertain path I stand:  
Saviour divine diffuse thy light  
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

Engage this roving treacherous heart  
To fix on Mary's better part,  
To scorn the trifles of a day  
For joys that none can take away.

Then let the wildest storms arise;  
Let tempests mingle earth and skies;  
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,  
But all my treasures with me bear.

If thou, my Jesus, still be nigh,  
Cheerful I live, and joyful die;  
Secure when mortal comforts flee,  
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

PART II.  
Admiring the love of God.  
Broadmead, 150.

MY God, thy boundless love we praise;  
How bright on high its glories blaze—  
How sweetly bloom below!  
It streams from thy eternal throne;  
Through heaven its joys for ever run,  
And o'er the earth they flow.
THE CHRISTIAN.

2 'T is love that gilds the vernal ray—
Adorns the flowery robe of May—
Perfumes the breathing gale;
'T is love that loads the plenteous plain
With blushing fruits and golden grain,
And smiles o'er every 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 forgiven:
There faith, bright cherub, points the way
To regions of eternal day,
And opens all her heaven.

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 aspirer—
Its sordid cares and mean desire,
And seize th' eternal prize.

Part I. S. M. Sarah, 391.

1 And will th' eternal King
So mean a gift reward?
That offering, Lord, with joy we bring,
Which thine own hand prepared.

2 We own thy various claims,
And to thine altar move,
The willing victims of thy grace,
And bound with cords of love.

3 Descend, celestial fire,
The sacrifice inflame:
So shall a grateful odour rise
Through our Redeemer's name.

Part II. S. M. Aynhoe, 108.
Going forward. Exod. xiv. 15.

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

2 O Lord, I cry to thee,
And would thy word obey;
Bid me advance, and through 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 straits
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?
O send deliverance down,  
Display the arm divine!  
So shall the praise be all thine own,  
And I be doubly thine.

Renouncing the law of works.

1 WHEN Jesus for his people died,  
The holy law was satisfied:  
Its awful penalties he bore;  
It can command, but curse no more.

2 He having suffer'd in their stead,  
The law in covenant 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.

Our bodies the temples of the Holy Ghost.

1 AND will th' offended God again  
Return, and dwell with sinful men?  
Will he within this bosom raise  
A living temple to his praise?

2 The joyful news transports my breast;  
All hail! I cry, thou heavenly guest!  
Lift up your heads, ye powers within,  
And let the King of glory in.

3 Enter, with all thy heavenly train;  
Here live, and here for ever reign;  
Thy sceptre o'er my passions sway,  
Let love command, and I'll obey.
4 Reason and conscience shall submit,  
   And pay their homage at thy feet;  
   To thee I'll consecrate my heart,  
   And bid each rival thence depart.

5 No idol-god shall hold a place  
   Within this temple of thy grace;  
   Dagon before the ark shall fall,  
   And God in Christ be all in all.

299 Part II. C. M. Hensbury, 823.  
Imploring the presence of God.

1 LORD, let me see thy beauteous face—  
   It yields a heaven below;  
   And angels round the throne will say,  
   'Tis all the heaven they know.

2 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 Part III. L. M. Rowles, 73.  
Happy in God.  

1 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.

2 Rivers descending, Lord, from thee,  
   Perpetual glide to solace me:  
   Their varied virtues to rehearse  
   Demands an everlasting verse.

3 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 enraptured 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 chastising woes  
Sent with such love—so soon to close.

1 O FOR a thousand tongues to sing  
My dear Redeemer's praise!  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Saviour and my God,  
Assist me to proclaim,  
And spread thro' all the earth abroad  
The honours of thy name.

3 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease;  
'T is music in the sinner's ears,  
'T is life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,  
He sets the prisoners free:  
His blood can make the foulest clean,  
His blood avail'd for me.
1 How happy is the pilgrim's lot,
   How free from anxious care and
   From worldly hope and fear! [thought,
   Confined to neither court nor cell,
   His soul disdain's on earth to dwell,—
   He only sojourns here.

2 His happiness in part is mine;
   Already saved from self design,
   From every creature love,—
   Bless'd with the scorn of finite good,—
   My soul is lighten'd of its load,
   And seeks the things above.

3 The things eternal I pursue,
   And happiness beyond the view
   Of those who basely pant
   For things by nature felt and seen;
   Their honours, wealth, and pleasures mean,
   I neither have nor want.

4 Nothing on earth I call my own:
   A stranger to the world unknown,
   I all their goods despise;
   I trample on their whole delight,
   And seek a country out of sight,—
   A country in the skies.

5 There is my house and portion fair;
   My treasure and my heart are there,
   And my abiding home:
   For me my elder brethren stay,
   And angels beckon me away,
   And Jesus bids me come.
6 I come, thy servant, Lord, replies,
I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest:
Now let the pilgrim's journey end,
Now, O my Saviour, brother, friend,
Receive me to thy breast!

The pilgrim's song. CENNICK.

1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise, from transitory things,
Towards heaven, thy native place!
Sun, and moon, and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above!

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
Thus a soul, new-born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon the Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,—
All your sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.
Running the Christian race.

Phil. iii. 12–14. DODDRIDGE.

1 AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,  
   And press with vigour on;  
   A heavenly race demands thy zeal,  
   And an immortal crown.

2 'T is God's all-animating voice  
   That calls thee from on high;  
   'T is his own hand presents the prize  
   To thine aspiring eye.

3 A cloud of witnesses around  
   Hold thee in full survey;  
   Forget the steps already trod,  
   And onward urge thy way.

4 Bless'd Saviour, introduced by thee,  
   Have we our race begun;  
   And crown'd with victory, at thy feet  
   We'll lay our laurels down.

The Christian warfare. STENNETT.

1 MY Captain sounds the alarm of war;  
   'Awake! the powers of hell are near!  
   'To arms! to arms!' I hear him cry;  
   'T is yours to conquer or to die!

2 Roused by the animating sound,  
   I cast my eager eyes around,  
   Make haste to gird my armour on,  
   And bid each trembling fear begone.

3 Hope is my helmet; faith my shield;  
   Thy word, my God, the sword I wield;  
   With sacred truth my loins are girt,  
   And holy zeal inspires my heart.
4 Thus arm'd, I venture on the fight,  
Resolved to put my foes to flight;  
While Jesus kindly deigns to spread  
His conquering banner o'er my head.

5 In him I hope, in him I trust;  
His bleeding cross is all my boast:  
Through troops of foes he 'll lead me on  
To victory, and the victor's crown.

1 Lord, when I saw, or thought I saw,  
The sinfulness of sin,  
My soul was grieved with foes without,  
But more with foes within.

2 I saw they would o'er me prevail,  
And my destruction prove,  
In spite of all that I could do  
To force them to remove.

3 But something whisper'd me, when hope  
Was giving up the ghost,  
'Wilt thou be spoke for to the King,  
Or Captain of the host?'

4 O that the Captain of the host  
Would in my cause appear,  
Defeat my cruel deadly foes,  
That chill my soul with fear.

5 'Fear not their looks,' the victor cried,  
'Though they are fierce and stout,  
By little and by little, I  
Will surely drive them out.'

6 I rest upon thy promise, Lord,  
And trust thy love and power;
O make me more than conqueror now,  
And in the final hour.

PART III. S. M. Mansfield, 154.  
The Christian warrior exhorited to perseverance.  
WESLEY.

1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,  
And put your armour on,  
Strong in the strength which God supplies  
Through his eternal Son:

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,  
And in his mighty power,  
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,  
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand, then, in his great might,  
With all his strength endued;  
But take, to arm you for the fight,  
The panoply of God:

4 To keep your armour bright,  
Attend with constant care,  
Still walking in your Captain’s sight,  
And watching unto prayer.

5 In fellowship alone,  
To God with faith draw near:  
Approach his courts, besiege his throne  
With all the powers of prayer:

6 Go, to his temple, go,  
Nor from his altar move;  
Let every house his worship know,  
And every heart his love.

7 From strength to strength go on,  
Wrestle, and fight, and pray,  
Tread all the powers of darkness down,  
And win the well-fought day.
8. Still let the Spirit cry
   In all his soldiers, 'Come,'
   Till Christ the Lord descend from high,
   And take the conquerors home.


The Christian's spiritual voyage. ToPLADY.

1 Jesus, at thy command
   I launch into the deep,
   And leave my native land,
   Where sin lulls all asleep:
   For thee I would the world resign,
   And sail to heaven with thee and thine.

2 Thou art my pilot wise;
   My compass is thy word:
   My soul each storm defies,
   While I have such a Lord.
   I trust thy faithfulness and power
   To save me in the trying hour.

3 Though rocks and quicksands deep
   Through all my passage lie;
   Yet Christ will safely keep
   And guide me with his eye;
   My anchor hope shall firm abide,
   And I each boisterous storm outride.

4 By faith I see the land,—
   The port of endless rest;
   My soul, thy sails expand,
   And fly to Jesus' breast!
   O may I reach the heavenly shore,
   Where winds and waves distress no more!

5 [Whene'er becalm'd I lie,
   And storms forbear to toss,
Be thou, dear Lord, still nigh,
Lest I should suffer loss:
For more the treacherous calm I dread
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

Come, Holy Ghost, and blow
A prosperous gale of grace;
Waft me from all below
To heaven, my destined place;
Then, in full sail, my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind.

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly
While the raging billows roll,—
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,—
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stay'd,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
All in All in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name—
I am all unrighteousness;
305  THE CHRISTIAN.

Vile and full of sin I am—
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found—
Grace to pardon all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart—
Rise to all eternity!


Safety and felicity.

1 WHEN'ER I wish the feather'd
Of a swift pinion'd dove, [wings
To fly from all tempestuous things,
The long'd-for rest to prove—
I'm ask'd what place can bliss impart,
Till Christ and grace have reach'd my heart.

2 Full oft in fruitless, fond desire
I to the desert ran,
But could not from myself retire,
Nor 'scape the inner man:
I think no place can bliss impart,
Till Christ and grace have won my heart.

3 No lonely desert where I go
Can hide me from my pain;
I carry with me my own woe,
While sin and guilt remain:
I find no place can bliss impart, [heart.
Till Christ and grace have cleansed my

4 No Eden, breathing vernal sweets,
No Paradise below,
Nor glory, if a graceless state,
Can half my wish bestow:
I feel no place can bliss impart, [heart.
Till Christ and grace have cheer’d my

5 A little genuine grace insures
The death of all my sins;
With more, my bliss shall more increase;
With much, my heaven begins:
I’m sure no place can bliss impart,
Till Christ and grace have fill’d my heart.

6 Then, O my disappointed soul,
No longer rove from home;
Fly not to earth, to hell, nor heaven,
But to the refuge come:
Not heaven can perfect bliss impart,
Till Christ and grace have fix’d my heart.

7 Now, holy Dove, on thy soft wings
Waft me to Jesus’ breast;
There, if I fly, I cannot fail
To find the promised rest:
For all his grace he will impart,
This shall beatify my heart.

FROM Egypt lately come,
Where death and darkness reign,
We seek our new, our better home,
Where we our rest shall gain.
Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God.

2 To Canaan’s sacred bound,
We haste with songs of joy;
Where peace and liberty are found,  
And sweets that never cloy.  
Hallelujah, &c.

3 Our toils and conflicts cease  
On Canaan's happy shore;  
We there shall dwell in endless peace,  
And never hunger more.  
Hallelujah, &c.

4 But hark! those distant sounds  
That strike our listening ears;  
They come from Canaan's happy bounds,  
Where God our King appears.  
Hallelujah, &c.

5 There, in celestial strains,  
Enraptured myriads sing;  
There love in every bosom reigns,  
For God himself is King.  
Hallelujah, &c.

6 We soon shall join the throng,  
Their pleasures we shall share;  
And sing the everlasting song,  
With all the ransom’d there.  
Hallelujah, &c.

7 How sweet the prospect is!  
It cheers the pilgrim's breast;  
We’re journeying through the wilderness,  
But soon shall gain our rest.  
Hallelujah, &c.
His shield is spread o'er every saint, 
And thus supported, who shall faint?

2 What though the hosts of hell engage
With mingled cruelty and rage!
A faithful God restrains their hands,
And chains them down in iron bands.

3 Bound by his word, he will display
A strength proportion'd to our day;
And, when united trials meet,
Will show a path of safe retreat.

4 Thus far we prove that promise good,
Which Jesus ratified with blood;
Still he is gracious, wise, and just,
And still in him let Israel trust.

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 inscribed upon them all—
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 o'erspread the soil;
Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to prayer;
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-away?
Bastards may escape the rod,
   Sunk in earthly vain delight;
But the true-born child of God
   Must not—would not if he might.

306  PART III.  S. M.  Wirksworth, 158.

   The tried Christian's help.

1  THE troubles of the saint
   Are constant as his days,
And when in trouble, if he prays,
   The accuser comes and says,—

2  'Thou hast restrained prayer
   Before the God of grace,
And were it not for trouble now,
   Thou wouldst not seek his face.'

3  Ah, what can I reply?
   Shall I pretend to say,
That were I now from trouble free
   I heartily should pray?

4  This, this is my reply,
   That God has said to me,
 'Because thou art in trouble call,
   And I 'll deliver thee.'

5  Then, Lord, if I have gone
   In smiling days astray,
In trouble let me on thee call
   Until my dying day.
LUTHER.

1 Give to the winds thy fears;
   Hope, and be undismay'd;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears:
   God shall lift up thy head.

2 Thro' waves, thro' clouds and storms,
   He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time; so shall the night
   Soon end in joyous day.

3 He everywhere hath sway,
   And all things serve his might;
His every act pure blessing is,
   His path unsullied light.

4 When he makes bare his arm,
   What shall his work withstand?
When he his people's cause defends,
   Who, who shall stay his hand?

5 Leave to his sovereign sway
   To choose and to command;
With wonder fill'd, thou then shalt own
   How wise, how strong his hand.

6 Thou comprehend'st him not;
   Yet earth and heaven tell,
God sits as Sovereign on his throne,
   He ruleth all things well.

7 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
   Our hearts are known to thee:
O lift thou up the sinking hand,
   Confirm the feeble knee!

8 Let us, in life and death,
   Boldly thy truth declare;
And publish, with our latest breath,
Thy love, and guardian care.

Great God, what hosts of angels stand
In shining ranks at thy right hand,
Array'd in robes of dazzling light,
With pinions stretch'd for distant flight!

Who can recount their various names?
In strength and beauty they excel;
For near the throne of God they dwell.

How eagerly they wish to know
The duties he would have them do!
What joy their active spirits feel
To execute their Sovereign's will!

Hither, at his command, they fly
To guard the beds on which we lie,
To shield our persons night and day,
And scatter all our fears away.

[Aghast the hostile Syrian band
Around the helpless prophet stand,
While mighty Gabriel downward flies,
And with his chariot fills the skies.]

Herod attempts, but all in vain,
To bind a Peter with his chain;
At one soft word an angel speaks,
The massy chain asunder breaks.]

Send, O my God, some angel down,
(Though to a mortal eye unknown,)
To guide and guard my doubtful way
Up to the realms of endless day.
Walking in darkness, and trusting in God.
Isa. 1. 10.

STEELE.

1 HEAR, gracious God, my humble moan,
   To thee I breathe my sighs;
When will the mournful night be gone,
And when my joys arise?

2 My God!—O could I make the claim—
   My Father and my friend—
And call thee mine by every name
On which thy saints depend!—

3 By every name of power and love,
   I would thy grace entreat:
Nor should my humble hopes remove,
Nor leave thy sacred seat.

4 Yet though my soul in darkness mourns,
   Thy word is all my stay;
Here would I rest till light returns;
Thy presence makes my day.

5 Speak, Lord, and bid celestial peace
   Relieve my aching heart;
O smile, and bid my sorrows cease,
And all the gloom depart.

6 Then shall my drooping spirit rise,
   And bless thy healing rays,
And change these deep complaining sighs
For songs of sacred praise.


NEWTON.

1 I WOULD, but cannot sing,
   I would, but cannot pray;
For Satan meets me when I try,
And frights my soul away.
2 I would, but can’t repent,
   Though I endeavour oft;
This stony heart can ne’er relent
   Till Jesus make it soft.

3 I would, but cannot love,
   Though woo’d by love divine;
No arguments have power to move
   A soul so base as mine.

4 I would, but cannot rest
   In God’s most holy will;
I know what he appoints is best,
   Yet murmur at it still.

5 O could I but believe!
   Then all would easy be;
I would, but cannot—Lord, relieve,
   My help must come from thee!

6 But if indeed I would,
   Though I can nothing do,
Yet the desire is something good;
   To thee my praise is due.

7 By nature prone to ill,
   Till thine appointed hour
I was as destitute of will
   As now I am of power.

8 Wilt thou not crown at length
   The work thou hast begun?
And, with a will, afford me strength
   In all thy ways to run.

310 L. M. Peru, 516. Antiquity, 331.
Complaining of inconstancy. BEDDOME.

1 THE wandering star, and fleeting wind,
   Both represent th’ unstable mind;
The morning cloud and early dew
Bring our inconstancy to view.

2 But cloud and wind, and dew and star,
Faint and imperfect emblems are;
Nor can there aught in nature be
So fickle and so false as we.

3 Our outward walk and inward frame,
Scarce through a single hour the same:
We vow, and straight our vows forget,
And then these very vows repeat.

4 We sin forsake, to sin return;
Are hot, are cold, now freeze, now burn;
In deep distress, then raptures feel,
We soar to heaven, then sink to hell.

5 With flowing tears, Lord, we confess
Our folly and unstedfastness:
When shall these hearts more fixed be,
Fix’d by thy grace, and fix’d for thee?

311 L. M. Mark’s, 65. John’s Chapel, 848.

Pride lamented.

1 Oft have I turn’d my eyes within,
And brought to light some latent sin;
But pride, the vice I most detest,
Still lurks securely in my breast.

2 Here with a thousand arts she tries
To dress me in a fair disguise,
To make a guilty wretched worm
Put on an angel’s brightest form.

3 She hides my follies from mine eyes,
And lifts my virtues to the skies;
And, while the specious tale she tells,
Her own deformity conceals.
312  THE CHRISTIAN.

4 Rend, O my God! the veil away,
   Bring forth the monster to the day;
   Expose her hideous form to view,
   And all her restless power subdue.

5 So shall humility divine
   Again possess this heart of mine;
   And form a temple for my God,
   Which he will make his loved abode.

312  C. M. Crowle, 3. Trinity, 181.

   Pleading with God.  stennett.

1  Why should a living man complain
    Of deep distress within?
    Since every sigh and every pain
    Is but the fruit of sin.

2  No, Lord, I'll patiently submit,
    Nor ever dare rebel;
    Yet sure I may, here at thy feet,
    My painful feelings tell.

3  Thou seest what floods of sorrow rise,
    And beat upon my soul;
    One trouble to another cries,
    Billows on billows roll.

4  From fear to hope, and hope to fear,
    My shipwreck'd soul is lost;
    Till I am tempted in despair
    To give up all for lost.

5  Yet through the stormy clouds I'll look
    Once more to thee, my God;
    O fix my feet upon a rock,
    Beyond the gaping flood.

6  One look of mercy from thy face
    Will set my heart at ease;
    One all-commanding word of grace
    Will make the tempest cease.
1 RETURN, O wanderer, return,  
And seek an injured Father's face;  
Those warm desires that in thee burn  
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, return,  
And seek a Father's melting heart,  
Whose pitying eyes thy grief discern,  
Whose hand can heal thine inward smart.

3 Return, O wanderer, return,  
He heard thy deep repentant sigh;  
He saw thy soften'd spirit mourn,  
When no intruding ear was nigh.

4 Return, O wanderer, return,  
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;—  
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn  
How freely Jesus can forgive.

5 Return, O wanderer, return,  
And wipe away the falling tear;  
’T is God who says, ‘No longer mourn,’  
’T is mercy’s voice invites thee near.

6 Return, O wanderer, return,  
Regain thy lost, lamented rest;  
Jehovah’s melting bowels yearn  
To clasp his Ephraim to his breast.

1 JESUS, let thy pitying eye  
Call back a wandering sheep;  
False to thee, like Peter, I  
Would fain, like Peter, weep;
Let me be by grace restored,
On me be all its freeness shown:
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

2 Saviour Prince, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart;
Give, what I have long implored,
A portion of thy love unknown:
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

3 See me, Saviour, from above,
Nor suffer me to die;
Life, and happiness, and love,
Smile in thy gracious eye:
Speak the reconciling word,
And let thy mercy melt me down;
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

4 Look, as when thy pitying eye
Was closed that we might live;
'Father,' (at the point to die,
My Saviour gasp'd,) 'forgive!'
Surely with that dying word, [done;]
He turns, and looks, and cries, 'T is
O my loving, bleeding Lord,
This breaks my heart of stone.

The sincerely returning backslider.

GOD of eternal love,
Pity a troubled heart;
Shine from thy throne above,
And ease me of my smart;
The sin that doth my spirit grieve,
'T is Jesus only can relieve.

2 On thee I now rely,
My kind unchanging friend,
And, Lord, I 'd rather die
Than thy great name offend;
O break corruption's iron neck,
And save me for thy mercy's sake.

3 Did I a world possess,
That world I 'd now resign,
To feel thy pardoning grace
And victory over sin;—
To find my God within my heart,
And feel my every sin depart.

4 Yet I will not despair,
But to my Lord I 'll flee,
He 'll bring salvation near,
And I his face shall see;—
On yonder throne his name adore,
And shout, I 'm saved to sin no more.

Peter's fall and recovery.

HOW did the powers of darkness rage
Against the Son of God!
While cruel men on earth engage
To shed his precious blood.

2 His friends forsook him with surprise,
When that dread scene began;
And one perfidiously denies
He ever knew the man.

3 How feeble human efforts prove
Against temptation's power!
E'en Peter's flaming zeal and love
Are vanquish'd in an hour.

4 His firmest purpose will not stand;
Behold his guilt and shame!
Lord, keep me by thy mighty hand,
Or I shall do the same.

5 At length the suffering Saviour turns,
And looks with pitying eyes;
Peter relents, withdraws, and mourns,
And loud for mercy cries.

6 So boundless is Jehovah's grace,
He hears the humble prayer;
If I am found in Peter's case,
I would not still despair.

7 Look on me, Lord, with eyes of love,
My wandering soul restore;
My guilt forgive, my fears remove,
And let me sin no more.

C. M. Crowle, 3. Adelphi, 405.

NEWTON.

1 SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And when the evening shades prevail'd
His love was all my song.

3 In vain the tempter spread his wiles,
The world no more could charm;
I lived upon my Saviour's smiles,
And lean'd upon his arm.
4 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,  
   And saw his glory shine;  
   And, when I read his holy word,  
      I call'd each promise mine.

5 [Then to his saints I often spoke  
    Of what his love had done;  
    But now my heart is almost broke,  
      For all my joys are gone.

6 Now, when the evening shade prevails,  
    My soul in darkness mourns;  
    And when the morn the light reveals,  
      No light to me returns.]

7 My prayers are now a chattering noise,  
    For Jesus hides his face;  
    I read, the promise meets my eyes,  
      But will not reach my case.

8 Now Satan threatens to prevail,  
    And make my soul his prey;  
    Yet, Lord, thy mercies cannot fail;  
      O come without delay.

316 C. M. Bedford, 91. Charmouth, 28.  
   Making God a refuge.  

1 DEAR refuge of my weary soul,  
    On thee, when sorrows rise,  
    On thee, when waves of trouble roll,  
      My fainting hope relies.

2 To thee I tell each rising grief,  
    For thou alone canst heal;  
    Thy word can bring a sweet relief  
      For every pain I feel.

3 But, O when gloomy doubts prevail,  
    I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

5 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
And shall I seek in vain?
And can the ear of sovereign grace
Be deaf when I complain?

6 No, still the ear of sovereign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer;
O may I ever find access
To breathe my sorrows there!

7 Thy mercy-seat is open still,
Here let my soul retreat;
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

C. M. Cambridge New, 74

Persecution to be expected by every true Christian. 2 Tim. ii. 12. Doddridge.

1 GREAT Leader of thine Israel's host,
We shout thy conquering name;
Legions of foes beset thee round,
And legions fled with shame.

2 A victory glorious and complete
Thou by thy death didst gain;
So in thy cause may we contend,
And death itself sustain.

3 By our illustrious General fired,
We no extremes would fear;
Prepared to struggle and to bleed,
If thou, 0 Lord, be near.
4 We'll trace the footsteps thou hast drawn
    To triumph and renown;
Nor shun thy combat and thy cross,
    May we but share thy crown.

318  PART I.  8. 7. 4.  Westbury, 51.
    Hoping in God.  Ps. xlii. 5.  FAWCETT.

1 O MY soul! what means this sadness?
    Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy griefs be turned to gladness,
    Bid thy restless fears be gone:
Look to Jesus,
    And rejoice in his dear name.

2 What though Satan's strong temptations
    Vex and tease thee day by day,
And thy sinful inclinations
    Often fill thee with dismay;
Thou shalt conquer,
    Through the Lamb's redeeming blood.

3 Though ten thousand ills beset thee
    From without and from within,
Jesus saith he 'll ne'er forget thee,
    But will save from hell and sin;
He is faithful
    To perform his gracious word.

4 Though distresses now attend thee,
    And thou tread'st the thorny road,
His right hand shall still defend thee,
    Soon he 'll bring thee home to God:
Therefore praise him,
    Praise the great Redeemer's name.

5 O that I could now adore him,
    Like the heavenly host above,
THE CHRISTIAN.

Who for ever bow before him,
   And unceasing sing his love!
   Happy songsters!
   When shall I your chorus join?

PART II. 8.8.6. Westbury Leigh, 278.
   Sorrowing and hoping.

1 WHY are our hearts so full of grief?
   What! cannot Jesus give relief,
   And ease our troubled mind?
To this the contrite all can say,
   Had we but now a heart to pray,
   We soon should comfort find.

2 But oft, alas! we cannot pray,
   We can but just look up, and say,
   Quicken our stupid heart;
   Make us what thou would'st have us be,
   We would not live so far from thee,
   From thee no more depart.

3 The Lord he hears when thus we moan,
   Weighs and considers every groan,
   And knows our very sigh:
   For reasons best he seems to stay,
   He won't forsake, he may delay;
   It is our faith to try.

4 Then let us wait to feel his love,
   And hope to meet our Lord above,
   Beyond the reach of fear;
   O may his smiles attend our days,
   And all our future lives be praise,
   Until safe landed there!

PART III. S. M. Eagle Street New, 55.
   The wonder.

1 GOD look'd from heaven, and saw
   Mankind all sunk in sin,
THE CHRISTIAN.

Filthy, abominable, vile,
A universe unclean!

2 Amazing patience which
Surveys a world of foes,
Yet plunges not a world like this
In an abyss of woes!

3 But wonder more, my soul,
If I, of Adam's race,
Am snatch'd from the consuming fire,
And saved by sovereign grace!

318 PART IV. 10. 5. 11. Pilgrimage, 536.
Christian courage.

WESLEY.

1 COME, let us anew Our journey pursue,
With vigour arise,
And press to our permanent place in the skies.

2 Of heavenly birth, Though wand'ring on earth,
This is not our place;
But strangers and pilgrims ourselves we confess.

3 At Jesus's call, We gave up our all;
And still we forego,
For Jesus's sake, our enjoyments below.

4 No longing we find For the country behind;
But onward we move,
And still we are seeking a country above;

5 A country of joy, Without any alloy,
We thither repair;
Our hearts and our treasure already are there.

6 We march hand in hand To Immanuel's land;
No matter what cheer
We meet with on earth; for eternity's near.

7 The rougher our way, The shorter our stay;
The tempests that rise
Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies.

8 The fiercer the blast, The sooner 'tis past;
The troubles that come,
Shall come to our rescue, and hasten us home.

2 A 2
WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,
And long to fly away.

Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above.

Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own.

Sweet to reflect how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid;
Sweet to remember that his blood
My debt of suffering paid.

Sweet in his righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second death;
Sweet to experience, day by day,
His Spirit's quickening breath.

Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on his covenant of grace
For all things to depend.

Sweet in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.

If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from Thee!

319 C. M. Brighton, 208. Grove House, 143.

The request.

1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
   Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace
   Let this petition rise:

2 'Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
   From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
   And make me live to thee.

3 'Let the sweet hope that thou are mine
   My life and death attend:
   Thy presence through my journey shine,
   And crown my journey's end.'

320 C. M. Bath Chapel, 26. Salem, 139.

Watchfulness and prayer. steele.

1 A LAS! what hourly dangers rise!
   What snares beset my way!
To heaven O let me lift my eyes,
   And hourly watch and pray.

2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
   And melt in flowing tears!
My weak resistance, ah, how vain!
   How strong my foes and fears!

3 O gracious God, in whom I live,
   My feeble efforts aid;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
   Though trembling and afraid.
4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,  
When foes and fears prevail;  
And bear my fainting spirit up,  
Or soon my strength will fail.

5 Whene'er temptations fright my heart,  
Or lure my feet aside,  
My God, thy powerful aid impart,  
My guardian and my guide.

6 O keep me in thy heavenly way,  
And bid the tempter flee;  
And let me never, never stray  
From happiness and thee.

I. M. Kingsbridge, 88. Ripon, 188.  
Prayer answered by trials.  

1 I ASK'D the Lord that I might grow  
In faith, and love, and every grace;  
Might more of his salvation know,  
And seek more earnestly his face.

2 'T was he who taught me thus to pray,  
And he, I trust, has answer'd prayer;  
But it has been in such a way  
As almost drove me to despair.

3 I hoped that in some favour'd hour  
At once he 'd answer my request,  
And by his love's constraining power  
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.

4 Instead of this, he made me feel  
The hidden evils of my heart,  
And let the angry powers of hell  
Assault my soul in every part.

5 Yea, more, with his own hand he seem'd  
Intent to aggravate my woe;
Cross'd all the fair designs I schemed—

Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.

6 'Lord, why is this?' I trembling cried,
   'Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?'
   'Tis in this way,' the Lord replied,
   'I answer prayer for grace and faith:

7 'These inward trials I employ,
   From self and pride to set thee free;
   And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
   That thou may'st seek thy all in me.'

PART I. L. M. Ulverston, 179.

Growing in grace. DODDRIDGE.

1 PRAISE to thy name, eternal God,
   For all the grace thou shed'st abroad;
   For all thy influence from above,
   To warm our souls with sacred love.

2 Bless'd be thy hand, which from the skies
   Brought down this plant of Paradise;
   And gave its heavenly beauties birth,
   To deck this wilderness of earth.

3 But why does that celestial flower
   Open, and thrive, and shine no more?
   Where are its balmy odours fled?
   And why reclines its beauteous head?

4 Too plain, alas! the languor shows
   The unkindly soil in which it grows;
   Where the black frost, and beating storm,
   Wither and rend its tender form.

5 Unchanging Sun, thy beams display,
   To drive the frost and storms away;
   Make all thy potent virtues known
   To cheer a plant so much thy own,
6 And thou, blest Spirit, deign to blow
   Fresh gales of heaven on shrubs below;
   So shall they grow, and breathe abroad
   A fragrance grateful to our God.

322  Part II.  L. M.  Pell-street, 306.

Growth in grace.  Hos. xiv. 4.

1 SHOW us our welcome, gracious Lord,
   To all the treasures of thy word:
   And help us now in faith to trace
   Thy promises of growth in grace.

2 Thou, on thy people, from above,
   Wilt pour thy Spirit and his love,
   Like plenteous showers and copious dews,
   Which blooming life and joy diffuse.

3 Like fragrant lilies they shall grow,
   Like cedars strike their roots below,
   And spread their branches fair and green
   As fruitful olive trees are seen.

4 As does the dying corn revive,
   As vines in southern aspects thrive,
   So shall their graces vigorous shine,
   And breathe an incense all divine.

   Pause.  New Sabbath, 122.

5 O may the promises be mine;
   The sure performance, Lord, is thine;
   For little children and young men
   Have grown, and honour'd fathers been.

6 [Paul said, with joy, of some he knew,
   Exceedingly their graces grew—
   So did their faith and love abound—
   The fame spread all the churches round.
7 Precept and promise still unite
To make this service our delight;
To grow in grace,—this, surely this,
Is the transcendency of bliss.]

8 Then, Lord, forbid, forbid that we
Should always little children be;
But may our path shine more, we pray,
And more until the perfect day.

322 PART III. L. M. Leeds, 19.

Unfruitfulness reproved.

1 DOES God, the ever good and kind,
Come seeking fruit, and fruit not find?
Sure, as the means he richly gives,
He justly looks for more than leaves.

2 The buds are pleasing in his view,
And beauteous are the blossoms too;
But plenteous fruits are, in his sight,
Fair objects of his chief delight.

3 Then what if Jesus comes and sees
That we are only barren trees,
Spreading our leafy branches round,
Mere worthless cumb’rers of the ground!

4 Ah, Lord, we have deserved the name;
But save us from the sin, the shame;
Lest thou and thine should, with a frown,
Cry, ‘Cut, now cut the cumb’rer down.’

5 But a sweet wrestling voice we hear,
O spare it, Lord, another year,
That fruit may on each branch be found,
The graces clust’ring all around.

6 This prayer has often reach’d the skies,
Now let it from our hearts arise;
‘Spare, spare it, Lord,—so mercy spake—
‘Spare it,’ we cry, ‘for Jesus’ sake.’

Consistency urged.

LUKEWARM souls, the foe grows stronger;
See what hosts your camp surround!
Arm to battle—lag no longer;
Hark, the silver trumpets sound.
Wake, ye sleepers, wake; what mean you?
Sin besets you round about;
Up, and search; the world’s within you,
Slay, or chase the traitor out.

What enchants you, gold or pleasure?
Pluck right eyes, with right hands part:
Ask your conscience, Where’s your treasure?
For be certain there’s your heart.
Give the fawning foe no credit,
Lo! the bloody flag’s unfurl’d;
That base heart, the word has said it,
Loves not God that loves the world.

God and mammon! O be wiser,—
Serve them both?—it cannot be;
Ease in warfare, saint and miser?
These will never well agree.
Shun the shame of foully falling,
Cumber’d captives clogg’d with clay;
Prove your faith; make sure your calling;
Wield the sword, and win the day.

Forward press toward perfection;
Watch and pray, and all things prove;
Seek to know your God’s election,—
Search his everlasting love.
Dread backsliding, scorn dissembling,
Now salvation's near in view;
Work it out with fear and trembling;
'T is your God that works in you.

322  Part V. C. M. Langshaw, 424.
Christians chosen to holiness.
John xv. 16.  Doddrige.

1 I OWN, my God, thy sovereign grace,
    And bring the praise to thee;
If thou my chosen portion art,
    Thou first hast chosen me.

2 My gracious counsellor and guide
    Will hear me when I pray;
Nor, while I urge a Saviour's name,
    Will frown my soul away.

3 Blest Jesus, animate my heart
    With beams of heavenly love,
And teach that cold unthankful soil
    The heavenly seed t' improve.

4 In copious showers thy Spirit send,
    To water all the ground;
So to the honour of thy name
    Shall lasting fruit be found.

Rising to God.  Gibbons.

1 NOW let our souls on wings sublime
    Rise from the vanities of time,
Draw back the parting veil, and see
    The glories of eternity.

2 Born by a new celestial birth,
    Why should we grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at transitory toys,
    So near to heaven's eternal joys?
3 Shall aught beguile us on the road, 
   When we are walking back to God? 
   For strangers into life we come, 
   And dying is but going home.

4 Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge, 
   That sets our longing souls at large, 
   Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell, 
   And gives us with our God to dwell.

5 To dwell with God, to feel his love, 
   Is the full heaven enjoy'd above; 
   And the sweet expectation now 
   Is the young dawn of heaven below.

**The grateful review.**  
FAWCETT.

1 **Thus** far my God hath led me on, 
   And made his truth and mercy known; 
   My hopes and fears alternate rise, 
   And comforts mingle with my sighs.

2 Through this wide wilderness I roam, 
   Far distant from my blissful home; 
   Lord, let thy presence be my stay, 
   And guard me in this dangerous way.

3 Temptations every where annoy, 
   And sins and snares my peace destroy, 
   My earthly joys are from me torn, 
   And oft an absent God I mourn.

4 My soul, with various tempests toss'd, 
   Her hopes o'erturn'd, her projects cross'd, 
   Sees every day new straits attend, 
   And wonders where the scene will end.
5 Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road
Which leads us to the mount of God?
Are these the toils thy people know,
While in the wilderness below?

6 'T is even so, thy faithful love
Doth all thy children's graces prove;
'T is thus our pride and self must fall,
That Jesus may be all in all.

S. M. Sutton, 149. Stockport, 47.
The active Christian. DODDRIDGE.

1 Ye servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame:
Gird up your loins as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch, 'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak he's near;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crown'd.

5 Christ shall the banquet spread
With his own bounteous hand,
And raise that favourite servant's head,
Amidst the angelic band.
FINISHING HIS COURSE WITH JOY.

**Acts xx. 24.**

**GIBBONS.**

1 **ASSIST us, Lord, thy name to praise**
   For the rich gospel of thy grace;
   And that our hearts may love it more,
   Teach them to feel its vital power.

2 With joy may we our course pursue,
   And keep the crown of life in view,—
   That crown, which in one hour repays
   The labour of ten thousand days.

3 Should bonds or death obstruct our way,
   Unmoved their terrors we'll survey;
   And the last hour improve for thee,
   The last of life or liberty.

4 Welcome those bonds, which may unite
   Our souls to their supreme delight!
   Welcome that death, whose painful strife
   Bears us to Christ, our better life!

**ANIMATED IN PROSPECT OF OVERCOMING.**

**Rev. ii. 11.**

1 **ROUSE, rouse, my soul, and fight thy**
   Should earth and hell oppose; [way,
   Though thou art not, thy Saviour is
   A match for all thy foes.

2 Yes, thou art weak, but he is strong,
   And will his strength impart;
   He'll teach thy feeble hands to war,
   And cheer thy fainting heart.

3 A few successful struggles yet,
   Then, not a conflict more;
   Satan and sin shall ne'er assault
   On the celestial shore.
PART III. L. M. Tranquillity, 350.

Home in view.

1 As when the weary traveller gains
   The height of some o'erlooking hill,
   His heart revives, if 'cross the plains
   He eyes his home, though distant still:

2 While he surveys the much-loved spot,
   He slightsthe space that lies between;
   His past fatigues are now forgot,
   Because his journey's end is seen:

3 Thus when the Christian pilgrim views,
   By faith, his mansion in the skies,
   The sight his fainting strength renews,
   And wings his speed to reach the prize.

4 The thought of home his spirit cheers;
   No more he grieves for troubles past;
   Nor any future trial fears,
   So he may safe arrive at last.

5 'Tis there,' he says, 'I am to dwell
   With Jesus, in the realms of day;
   Then I shall bid my cares farewell,
   And he shall wipe my tears away.'

6 Jesus, on thee our hope depends,
   To lead us on to thine abode;
   Assured our home will make amends
   For all our toil while on the road.

PART IV. C. M. Triumphant, 437.

Gratitude and hope. DODDRIDGE.

1 My soul, triumphant in the Lord,
   Shall tell its joys abroad;
   And march with holy vigour on,
   Supported by its God.
2 Through all the winding maze of life
   His hand hath been my guide;
   And in that long-experienced care
   My heart shall still confide.

3 His grace through all the desert flows,
   An unexhausted stream;
   That grace, on Zion's sacred mount,
   Shall be my endless theme.

4 Beyond the choicest joys of earth
   These distant courts I love;
   But O, I burn with strong desire
   To view thy house above.

5 Mingled with all the shining band,
   My soul would there adore;
   A pillar in thy temple fix'd,
   To be removed no more.

327 L. M. Ulverston, 179. Old 100th.
   Committing his departing spirit to Jesus.

DODDRIDGE.

1 O THOU that hast redemption wrought,
   Patron of souls thy blood hath bought;
   To thee our spirit we commit,
   Mighty to rescue from the pit.

2 Millions of blissful souls above,
   In realms of purity and love,
   With songs of endless praise proclaim
   The honours of thy faithful name.

3 When all the powers of nature fail'd,
   Thy ever constant care prevail'd;
   Courage and joy thy friendship spoke,
   When every mortal bond was broke.

4 We on that friendship, Lord, repose,
   The healing balm of all our woes;
And we, when sinking in the grave,
Trust thine omnipotence to save.

5 O may our spirits by thy hand
Be gather'd to that happy band,
Who, 'midst the blessings of thy reign,
Lose all remembrance of their pain!

6 In raptures there divinely sweet,
Give us our kindred souls to meet,
And wait with them that brighter day,
Which all thy triumph shall display.

HARK! 't is our heavenly Leader's voice
From his triumphant seat;
'Midst all the war's tumultuous noise,
How powerful and how sweet!

'Fight on, my faithful band,' he cries,
'Nor fear the mortal blow:
Who first in such a warfare dies
Shall speediest victory know.

'I have my days of combat known,
And in the dust was laid:
But thence I mounted to my throne,
And glory crowns my head.

'That throne, that glory, you shall share;
My hands the crown shall give;
And you the sparkling honours wear,
While God himself shall live.'

Lord, 't is enough; our souls are fired
With courage and with love;
Vain are th' assaults of earth and hell,
Our hopes are fix'd above.
329 WORSHIP—PRIVATE.

329  L. M. Old Hundredth. Ely, 446.

Retirement and meditation.

Psa. iv. 4. DODDRIDGE.

1 RETURN, my roving heart, return,
   And chase these shadowy forms no
Seek out some solitude to mourn, [more; 
And thy forsaken God implore.

2 O thou, great God, whose piercing eye
   Distinctly marks each deep recess;
In these sequester'd hours draw nigh,
   And with thy presence fill the place.

3 Through all the windings of my heart,
   My search let heavenly wisdom guide,
And still its radiant beams impart,
   Till all be search'd and purified.

4 Then, with the visits of thy love,
   Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer;
Till every grace shall join to prove
   That God has fix'd his dwelling there.

330  L. M. Ulverston, 179.

Reading the Scriptures. BEDDOME.

1 GREAT God, oppress'd with grief and
   I take thy book and hope to find [fear,
Some gracious word of promise there,
   To soothe the sorrows of my mind.

2 I turn the sacred volume o'er,
   And search with care from page to page;
Of threatenings find an ample store,
   But nought that can my grief assuage.

3 And is there nought? Forbid, dear Lord,
   So base a thought should e'er arise;
I'll search again, and, while I search,
O may the scales fall off mine eyes!

4 'T is done; and, with transporting joy,
I read the heaven-inspired lines;
There mercy spreads its brightest beams,
And truth with dazzling lustre shines.

5 Here 's heavenly food for hungry souls,
And mines of gold t' enrich the poor;
Here 's healing balm for every wound,
A salve for every festering sore.

331 Part I. L. M. Magdalene, 214.

1 WHAT strange perplexities arise!
What anxious fears and jealousies!
What crowds in doubtful light appear!
How few, alas! approved and clear!

2 And what am I?—My soul, awake,
And an impartial survey take;
Does no dark sign, no ground of fear,
In practice or in heart appear?

3 What image does my spirit bear?
Is Jesus form'd and living there?
Say, do his lineaments divine
In thought, and word, and action shine?

4 Searcher of hearts! O search me still;
The secrets of my soul reveal;
My fears remove: let me appear
To God, and my own conscience, clear!

5 Scatter the clouds which o'er my head
Thick glooms of dubious terror spread;
Lead me into celestial day,
And to myself myself display.
6 May I at that bless'd world arrive,
Where Christ through all my soul shall
And give full proof that he is there, [live,
Without one gloomy doubt or fear.

331 Part II. L. M. Virginia, 234.
Lord, is it I? Matt. xxvi. 21, 22.

1 Methinks I hear the Saviour say,
One of you will the Lord betray:
Betray thee, Lord, my God, my King!
Forbid, forbid, th' accursed thing.

2 But is the contrite heart, with pains,
Alarm'd at these affecting strains?
Let holy jealousy reply,
As in his sight, 'Lord, is it I?'

3 Yes, if I only look within
At my depravity and sin,
I see, but for thy mighty power,
I shall betray thee every hour.

4 But if the baleful crime I hate,
And e'en the thought I depurate,
And if thine arms my soul entwine,
Lord, can the dreadful guilt be mine?

5 This moment I would rather die,
Than live my Saviour to deny;
Or treach'rously, in any way,
His cause or honour e'er betray.

6 Then hear me breathe my inmost heart,
Ne'er let me act the traitor's part,
But thy loved name and cause defend,
With hallow'd zeal till life shall end.

7 Then may I breathe my life away
On thy dear breast—while angels say,
'A faithful friend of Jesus dies,  
We waft him to his native skies.'

331  Part III. C. M. Glasgow, 376.

Retirement.  Cowper.

1 Far from the world, O Lord, I flee,  
From strife and tumult far;  
From scenes where Satan wages still  
His most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,  
With prayer and praise agree;  
And seem by thy sweet bounty made  
For those who follow thee.

3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,  
And grace her mean abode,  
Oh, with what peace, and joy, and love,  
She communes with her God!

4 There like the nightingale she pours  
Her solitary lays;  
Nor asks a witness of her song,  
Nor thirsts for human praise.

5 Author and Guardian of my life,  
Sweet source of light divine,  
And (all harmonious names in one)  
My Saviour, thou art mine!

6 What thanks I owe thee, and what love,  
A boundless, endless store,  
Shall echo through the realms above,  
When time shall be no more.

332  C. M. Charmouth, 28. Turvey, 538.


1 Father divine, thy piercing eye  
Sees through the darkest night;
333 WORSHIP.

In deep retirement thou art nigh,
With heart-discerning sight.

2 There may that piercing eye survey
My duteous homage paid,
With every morning's dawning ray,
And every evening's shade.

3 O let thy own celestial fire
The incense still inflame;
While my warm vows to thee aspire
Through my Redeemer's name.

4 So shall the visits of thy love
My soul in secret bless;
So shalt thou deign in worlds above
Thy suppliant to confess.

5 Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask,
This is the total sum;
Mercy, through Christ, is all my suit;
Lord, let thy mercy come!

FAMILY WORSHIP.

333 C. M. Great Milton, 212. Arabia, 324.

Going to a new habitation.

1 GREAT God, where'er we pitch our
Let us an altar raise; [tent,
And there, with humble frame, present
Our sacrifice of praise.

2 To thee we give our health and strength,
While health and strength shall last;
For future mercies humbly trust,
Nor e'er forget the past.
The Christian's resolution. STEELE.

1 A wretched souls, who strive in vain,
   Slaves to the world, and slaves to sin!
   A nobler toil may I sustain,
   A nobler satisfaction win.

2 May I resolve, with all my heart,
   With all my powers, to serve the Lord;
   Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
   Whose service is a rich reward.

3 O be his service all my joy,
   Around let my example shine,
   Till others love the bless'd employ,
   And join in labours so divine.

4 Be this the purpose of my soul,
   My solemn, my determined choice,
   To yield to his supreme control,
   And in his kind commands rejoice.

5 O may I never faint or tire,
   Nor wandering leave his sacred ways;
   Great God, accept my soul's desire,
   And give me strength to live thy praise.

Family religion. DODDRIDGE.

1 Father of all, thy care we bless,
   Which crowns our families with peace;
   From thee they spring, and by thy hand
   They have been and are still sustain'd.

2 To God, most worthy to be praised,
   Be our domestic altars raised;
   Who, Lord of heaven, scorns not to dwell
   With saints in their obscurest cell.
3 To thee may each united house,
    Morning and night, present its vows:
    Our servants there, and rising race,
    Be taught thy precepts and thy grace.

4 O may each future age proclaim
    The honours of thy glorious name;
    While pleased and thankful we remove
    To join the family above.

336 Part I. S. M. Handel's, 168.

Prayer for children.

1 GREAT God, now condescend
    To bless our rising race;
    Soon may their willing spirits bend
    To thy victorious grace.

2 O what a vast delight
    Their happiness to see!
    Our warmest wishes all unite
    To lead their souls to thee.

3 Dear Lord, thy Spirit pour
    Upon our infant seed;
    O bring the long'd-for, happy hour,
    That makes them thine indeed.

4 May they receive thy word,
    Confess the Saviour's name,
    Then follow their despised Lord
    Through the baptismal stream.

5 Thus let our favour'd race
    Surround thy sacred board,
    There to adore thy sovereign grace,
    And sing their dying Lord.
1 DIVINE Redeemer, God of love,
   Now let thy kindest bowels move;
Look from thy glorious throne on high,
With soft compassion in thine eye.

2 To thee, our God, our heavenly King,
   Our tender offspring, lo! we bring;
Where should we bring them but to thee,
Thou Fount of all felicity?

3 O grant them all a God can give,
   And all that mortals can receive;
Grace to believe in Jesus' blood,
Grace to enjoy and walk with God.

4 Then, God of grace, O hear our prayer,
   Make them thy own peculiar care;
May ours be thine, or rich or poor,
For ever thine—we ask no more.

1 FAIN, O my babe, I'd have thee know
   The God whom angels love,
And teach thee feeble strains below,
   Akin to theirs above.

2 O, when thy lisping tongue shall read
   Of truths divinely sweet,
May'st thou, a little child indeed,
   Sit down at Jesus' feet.

3 I'll move thine ear, I'll point thine eye;
   But, ah! the inward part—
Great God, the Spirit, hear the sigh
   That trembles through my heart.
4 Break, with thy gracious beam benign,  
   O'er all the mental wild;  
  Bright on the human chaos shine,  
   And sanctify my child.

PART IV.  L. M.  Job, 474.

1 Thou, Lord, through every changing  
Hast to thy saints a refuge been; [scene,  
Through every age, eternal God,  
Their pleasing home, their safe abode.

2 In thee our fathers sought their rest;  
In thee our fathers still are blest;  
And, while the tomb confines their dust,  
In thee their souls abide and trust.

3 Lo, we are risen, a feeble race,  
Awhile to fill our fathers' place;  
Our helpless state with pity view,  
And let us share their refuge too.

4 Through all the thorny paths we trace  
In this uncertain wilderness,  
When friends desert, and foes invade,  
Revive our heart, and guard our head.

5 So, when this pilgrimage is o'er,  
And we must dwell in flesh no more,  
To thee our separate souls shall come,  
And find in thee a surer home.

6 To thee our infant race we leave;  
Them may their fathers' God receive;  
That voices yet unform'd may raise  
Succeeding hymns of humble praise.
DAVID'S Son, and David's Lord,
From age to age thou art the same;
Thy gracious presence now afford,
And teach our youth to know thy name.

Thy people, Lord, though oft distrest,
Upheld by thee, thus far are come;
And now we long to see thy rest,
And wait thy word to call us home.

Like David, when this life shall end,
We trust in thee sure peace to find;
Like him, to thee we now commend
The children we must leave behind.

Ere long we hope to be where care,
And sin, and sorrow, never come;
But, oh! accept our humble prayer,
That these may praise thee in our room.

Show them how vile they are by sin,
And wash them in thy cleansing blood;
Oh! make them willing to be thine,
And be to them a covenant God.

Long may thy light and truth remain
To bless this place when we are gone:
And numbers here be born again,
To dwell for ever near thy throne.

SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand
With all-engaging charms;
Hark! how he calls the tender lambs
And folds them in his arms.
2 'Permit them to approach,' he cries,
   'Nor scorn their humble name;
For 't was to bless such souls as these
   The Lord of angels came.'

3 We bring them, Lord, by fervent prayer,
   And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
   Thine let our offspring be.

4 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear;
   Ye children, seek his face;
And fly with transport to receive
   The blessings of his grace.

5 If orphans they are left behind,
   Thy guardian care we trust;
That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,
   If weeping o'er their dust.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.


Opening a place of worship.

1 In sweet exalted strains
   The King of glory praise;
O'er heaven and earth he reigns,
   Through everlasting days:
He with a nod the world controls,
   Sustains or sinks the distant poles.

2 To earth he bends his throne,
   His throne of grace divine;
Wide is his bounty known,
   And wide his glories shine:
Fair Salem, still his chosen rest,
   Is with his smiles and presence blest.
3 Then, King of glory, come,
And with thy favour crown
This temple as thy dome,
This people as thy own:
Beneath this roof, O deign to show
How God can dwell with men below.

4 Here may thine ears attend
Our interceding cries,
And grateful praise ascend
All fragrant to the skies:
Here may thy word melodious sound,
And spread celestial joys around.

5 Here may th’ attentive throng
Imbibe thy truth and love,
And converts join the song
Of seraphim above;
And willing crowds surround thy board,
With sacred joy and sweet accord.

6 Here may our unborn sons
And daughters sound thy praise,
And shine, like polish’d stones,
Through long succeeding days;
Here, Lord, display thy saving power,
While temples stand, and men adore.

338 Part II. C. M. Charmouth, 28.
Reopening a place of worship.

1 O GOD, before whose radiant throne
The heavenly armies bend,
Now graciously incline thine ear,
And to our suit attend.

2 Where our forefathers join’d in praise,
We meet to praise thee too:
WORSHIP.

For us and others here they pray'd,
We now their works renew.

3 This house, these walls re-edified,
Are raised, Lord, for thee;
In all the plenitude of grace,
Let this thy temple be.

4 By pious crowds of new-born souls,
Let countless proofs be given,—
This surely is the house of God,
The very gate of heaven.

5 Here may the dead be made alive,
Backsliding souls return;
More grace by gracious souls be felt,
And saints like seraphs burn.

6 Here build thy church, maintain thy cause,
Nor let it e'er decline;
But flourish when the trumpet sounds—
The kingdoms, Lord, are thine.

7 And on each flock around this hill
Shower mercy, grace, and love;
Thus meeten us and millions more
For the blest church above.

338 Part III. C. M. Stephen's, 292.

Opening a place of worship. BEDDOME.

1 ETERNAL Source of every good,
Before thy throne we bow,
And bless thee for thy gift bestow'd
On pilgrims here below.

2 Our hearts and hands hast thou inclined
To raise this house of prayer:
Oh! may we seek and ever find
Thy gracious presence here.
3 Here may thy children sweetly feed
    On manna sent from heaven,
Drink freely at the fountain head,
    Whence living streams are given.

4 Here let our offspring and their sons
    Be of the Saviour blest,
And then, while time its circuit runs,
    Find here a settled rest.

5 To the eternal sacred Three,
    The great mysterious One,
Now may this house devoted be,
    To thee, and thee alone.

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1 **GREAT** God, thy watchful care we bless,
    Which guards our synagogues in peace:
Nor dare tumultuous foes invade,
    To fill our worshippers with dread.

2 These walls we to thy honour raise;
    Long may they echo to thy praise;
And thou, descending, fill the place
    With choicest tokens of thy grace.

3 Here let the great Redeemer reign
    With all the graces of his train;
While power divine his word attends,
    To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.

4 And in the great decisive day
    When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
    That crowds were born to glory here.
On the opening of a place of worship after enlargement.

COWPER.

1 Jesus, where'er thy people meet,
   There they behold thy mercy-seat:
   Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
   And every place is hallow'd ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confined,
   Inhabitest the humble mind;
   Such ever bring thee where they come,
   And going, take thee to their home.

3 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,
   Thy former mercies here renew;
   Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
   The sweetness of thy saving name.

4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
   To strengthen faith, and sweeten care;
   To teach our faint desires to rise,
   And bring all heaven before our eyes.

5 [Behold, at thy commanding word,
   We stretch the curtain and the cord:
   Come thou, and fill this wider space,
   And bless us with a large increase.]

6 Lord, we are few, but thou art near;
   Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear;
   O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
   And make a thousand hearts thine own.

C. M. Abridge, 201. Leicester, 380.

The same.

1 Dear Shepherd of thy people, hear,
   Thy presence now display;
   As thou hast given a place for prayer,
   So give us hearts to pray.
2 Within these walls let holy peace,
   And love, and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
   The wounded spirit heal.

3 Show us some token of thy love,
   Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour thy blessings from above,
   That we may render praise.

4 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
   Enforced by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round
   To come and fill the place.

341 S. M. Bradley Church, 442. Cranbrook, 303.

Social worship.  STENNETT.

1 HOW charming is the place
   Where my Redeemer God
Unveils the beauties of his face,
   And sheds his love abroad!

2 Not the fair palaces,
   To which the great resort,
Are once to be compared with this,
   Where Jesus holds his court.

3 Here, on the mercy-seat,
   With radiant glory crown'd,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
   And smile on all around.

4 To him their prayers and cries
   Each humble soul presents;
He listens to their broken sighs,
   And grants them all their wants.

5 To them his sovereign will
   He graciously imparts;
And in return accepts, with smiles,
The tribute of their hearts.

Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

1 LORD of hosts, how lovely fair,
E'en on earth, thy temples are!
Here thy waiting people see
Much of heaven and much of thee.

2 From thy gracious presence flows
Bliss that softens all our woes;
While thy Spirit's holy fire
Warms our hearts with pure desire.

3 Here we supplicate thy throne,
Here thou makest thy glories known;
Here we learn thy righteous ways,
Taste thy love, and sing thy praise.

4 Thus, with festive songs of joy,
We our happy lives employ;
Love, and long to love thee more,
Till from earth to heaven we soar.

How lovely, how divinely sweet,
O Lord, thy sacred courts appear!
Fain would my longing passions meet
The glories of thy presence there.
2 O blest the men, blest their employ,
Whom thy indulgent favours raise
To dwell in those abodes of joy,
And sing thy never-ceasing praise.

3 Happy the men, whom strength divine.
With ardent love and zeal inspires;
Whose steps to thy blest way incline,
With willing hearts and warm desires.

4 One day within thy sacred gate
Affords more real joy to me,
Than thousands in the tents of state:
The meanest place is bliss with thee.

5 God is a sun: our brightest day
From his reviving presence flows;
God is a shield, through all the way,
To guard us from surrounding foes.

6 He pours his kindest blessings down,
Profusely down, on souls sincere;
And grace shall guide, and glory crown,
The happy favourites of his care.

7 O Lord of hosts, thou God of grace,
How blest, divinely blest, is he
Who trusts thy love, and seeks thy face,
And fixes all his hopes on thee!


Delight in God's house.

1 THOU, Lord, my safety, thou my light,
What danger shall my soul affright?
Strength of my life, what arm shall dare
To hurt whom thou hast own'd thy care?

2 One wish, with holy transport warm,
My heart has form'd, and yet shall form:
One gift I ask, that, to my end,
Fair Sion's dome I may attend:

3 There, joyful, find a sure abode,
And view the beauty of my God;
For he within his hallow'd shrine
My secret refuge shall assign.

4 When thou, with condescending grace,
Hast bid me seek thy shining face,
My heart replied to thy kind word,
Thee will I seek, all-gracious Lord!

5 Should every earthly friend depart,
And nature leave a parent's heart;
My God, on whom my hopes depend,
Will be my Father and my Friend.

6 Ye humble souls, in every strait,
On God with sacred courage wait:
His hand shall life and strength afford;
O ever wait upon the Lord!

345 WORSHIP.

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PART I. S. M. Mornington, 47.

Religion not a form.

1 Almighty Maker, God,
How wondrous is thy name!
Thy glories how diffused abroad
Through the creation's frame!

2 Nature in every dress
Her humble homage pays,
And finds a thousand ways t' express
Thine undissembled praise.

3 My soul would rise and sing
To her Creator too;
Fain would my tongue adore my King,
And pay the worship due.
But pride, that busy sin,
Spoils all that I perform;
Curst pride, that creeps securely in,
And swells a haughty worm.

Create my soul anew,
Else all my worship's vain;
This wretched heart will ne'er be true
Until 't is form'd again.

Let joy and worship spend
The remnant of my days,
And to my God my soul ascend
In sweet perfumes of praise.

SAFELY through another week
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
On th' approaching sabbath day;—
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

Mercies multiplied each hour
Through the week our praise demand;
Guarded by almighty power,
Fed and guided by his hand:
Though ungrateful we have been,
Only made returns of sin.

While we pray for pardoning grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciled face,
Shine away our sin and shame;
From our worldly care set free,
May we rest this night with thee!
4 When the morn shall bid us rise,
   May we feel thy presence near;
   May thy glory meet our eyes
When we in thy house appear!
There afford us, Lord, a taste
   Of our everlasting feast.

5 May the gospel's joyful sound
   Conquer sinners, comfort saints,
   Make the fruits of grace abound,
   Bring relief for all complaints:
Thus may all our sabbaths prove,
   Till we join the church above.

      Longing for the Lord's day.

1 Sweet day of rest, for thee I'd wait,
   Emblem and earnest of a state.
   Where saints are fully blest!
For thee I'd look, for thee I'd sigh,
   I'd count the days till thou art nigh,
   Sweet day of sacred rest.

2 O let my mind be always so;
   My songs no interruption know,
   Till death shall seal my tongue:
In heaven a nobler strain I'll raise,
   And rest from everything but praise,—
   My heaven an endless song.

345   Part IV. L.M. Babylon Streams, 23.
      Saturday evening reflection.

1 Another week for ever gone!
   How fast our days and minutes fly!
The joys of heaven, or pains of hell,
   Await us—and we soon must die.
2 The sins and follies of the week,  
Pardon, O Lord, for Jesus' sake;  
And a delightful Lord's day frame  
Grant in the morn when we awake.

3 The endless Lord's day soon will dawn;  
Ye saints, rejoice, and homeward press;  
Each week, and day, and hour, for you,  
Leaves one of sin and sorrow less.

345 Part V. C. M. Ellenborough, 170.  
The same.

1 BEGONE, my worldly cares, away,  
Nor dare to tempt my sight!  
Let me begin the sweet Lord's day  
Before I end this night.

2 Yes, let the work of prayer and praise  
Employ my heart and tongue:  
Begin, my soul; thy sabbath days  
Can never be too long.

3 Let the past mercies of the week  
Excite a grateful frame:  
And may my tongue rejoice to speak  
Some good of Jesus' name.

4 Forgive my dulness, dearest Lord,  
And quicken all my powers;  
Prepare me to attend thy word,  
T' improve the sacred hours.

5 On wings of expectation borne,  
My hopes to heaven ascend;  
I long to welcome in the morn,  
With thee the day to spend.
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PART I. 7's. Turin, 244.

Resurrection of Christ.  

1 MORNING breaks upon the tomb,
   Jesus dissipates its gloom;
   Day of triumph through the skies—
   See the glorious Saviour rise.

2 Christians, dry your flowing tears,
   Chase those unbelieving fears:
   Look on his deserted grave,
   Doubt no more his power to save.

3 Ye who are of death afraid,
   Triumph in the scatter'd shade;
   Drive your anxious cares away,—
   See the place where Jesus lay.

4 So the rising sun appears,
   Shedding radiance o'er the spheres;
   So returning beams of light
   Chase the terrors of the night.

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PART II. S. M. Gosport, 53.

The resurrection announced.

1 YE saints, dismiss your fear,
   Let joy and hope succeed;
   Transporting news devoutly hear,
   'The Lord is risen indeed.'

2 The promise is fulfill'd,
   Redemption's work is done,
   Justice with mercy's reconciled,
   For God hath raised his Son.

3 Angels with saints rejoice,
   The risen Victor sing;
   And all the blissful seats above
   With loud hosannas ring.
346 Part III. C. M. Messiah, 293.

The Sun of Righteousness risen.

1 The Sun of Righteousness appears,
   To set in blood no more;
   This light shall scatter all our fears:
   Come, saints, and all adore!

2 Twice had the sun withdrawn his light,
   And twice restored the day;
   But see, on the third dawning morn,
   The God himself display.

3 Alone the dreadful race he ran,
   Alone the wine-press trod;
   He groans,—he dies,—behold the Man!
   He lives,—behold the God!

4 In vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
   Forbid his early rise;
   Our Jesus conquer'd death and hell,
   And open'd Paradise.

346 Part IV. L. M. Coombs's, 45.

Early Lord's day morning at home.

1 REVIVING sound! methinks I hear
   The dear, the gracious Saviour say,
   'Arise, my love, my fairest fair,
   Make haste, prepare, and come away.'

2 I come, my Lord, what is thy will?
   Tell me for what I should prepare:
   'Meet me this day on Sion's hill!'
   My Lord, I'm blest to meet thee there.


Early Lord's day morning.

1 Our precious Lord, on duty bent,
   To lonely places often went,
   To seek his Father there;
WORSHIP.

The early morn and dewy ground
Can witness they the Saviour found
Engaged in fervent prayer.

2 And did my Saviour love to pray
Ere dawning light unveil'd the day?
Shall I not do so too?
O may I be inspired with zeal
To execute my Father's will
As Jesus used to do.

3 [And you who love his sacred name,
Who love to imitate the Lamb,
And more of Jesus know;
Come, let us all surround his throne,
And see what blessings on his own
Our Saviour will bestow.]

4 Tho' fears be great, temptations strong,
And you may oft have waited long,
Perhaps he may design
This morn to give each soul to see,
And say with Paul, 'He died for me,'
And my Redeemer's mine.

Sabbath morning.

1 WELCOME, delightful morn!
Thou day of sacred rest!
I hail thy kind return:
Lord, make these moments blest:
From the low train of mortal toys
I soar to reach immortal joys.

2 Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face:
THE LORD'S DAY.

Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Display the Saviour's love,
And bless the sacred hours;
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor sabbath days be spent in vain.

PART VII. C. M. Suffolk, 315.

Lord's day morning service.

1 On this sweet morn my Lord arose
Triumphant o'er the grave;
He dies to vanquish all my foes,
And lives again to save.

2 I bless his name, and hail the morn,—
It is my Lord's own day;
And faithful souls will surely scorn
To sleep the hours away.

3 These are the precious sacred hours
On which my Lord I've seen;
And oft, when feasting on his word,
Delighted I have been.

4 I come, I hear, and sing, and pray:
How sweet those days of love!
But what a sabbath shall I keep
When I shall rest above!

5 O if my soul, when death appears,
In this sweet frame be found,
I'll clasp my Saviour in my arms,
And leave this earthly ground.

6 On all thy flock thy Spirit pour,
All saving grace convey;
WORSHIP.

A sweet refreshing Lord's day shower
Will make them sing and pray.

PART VIII. Angel's Hymn, 60.
The silver trumpets calling the assemblies.
Numb. x. 2.

1 THE day of rest once more comes round,
A day to all believers dear;
The silver trumpets seem to sound
That call the tribes of Israel near.

2 Obedient to thy summons, Lord,
We to thy sanctuary come;
Thy gracious presence here afford,
And send thy people joyful home.

3 O hasten, Lord, the day of rest,
When we shall see thee face to face:
Then shall we be supremely blest,
Eternal debtors to thy grace.

PART IX. 8. 8. 6. Praise, 321.
Zeal for the house of God.
Psa. cxxii.

1 THE joyful morn, my God, is come,
That calls me to thy honour'd dome,
Thy presence to adore.
My feet the summons shall attend,
With willing steps thy courts ascend,
And tread the hallow'd floor.

2 Hither, from Judah's utmost end,
The heaven protected tribes ascend,
Their offerings hither bring:
Here, eager to attest their joy,
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
And hail th'immortal King.
3 Be peace implored by each on thee,
On Sion, while with bended knee,
To Jacob's God we pray;
How blest who calls himself thy friend!
Success his labours shall attend,
And safety guard his way.

4 O may'st thou, free from hostile fear,
Nor the loud voice of tumult hear,
Nor war's wild wastes deplore:
May plenty nigh thee take her stand,
And in thy courts with lavish hand,
Distribute all her store.

5 Seat of my friends and brethren, hail!
How can my tongue, O Sion, fail
To bless thy loved abode?
How cease the zeal that in me glows,
Thy good to seek whose walls enclose
The mansions of my God!

1 GREAT God, this sacred day of thine
Demands our soul's collected powers;
May we employ in work divine
These solemn, these devoted hours!
O may our souls, adoring, own
The grace which calls us to thy throne!

2 Hence, ye vain cares and trifles, fly,
Where God resides appear no more;
Omniscient God, thy piercing eye
Can every secret thought explore.
O may thy grace our hearts refine,
And fix our thoughts on things divine!
WORSHIP.

3 The word of life, dispensed to-day,
Invites us to a heavenly feast:
May every ear the call obey,
Be every heart a humble guest!
O bid the wretched sons of need
On soul-reviving dainties feed!

4 Thy Spirit's powerful aid impart:
O may thy word, with life divine,
Engage the ear, and warm the heart:
Then shall the day indeed be thine,—
Then shall our souls, adoring, own
The grace which calls us to thy throne.

1 THE Lord of sabbath let us praise,
   In concert with the blest;
Who, joyful in harmonious lays,
   Employ an endless rest.

2 Thus, Lord, while we remember thee,
   We blest and pious grow;
By hymns of praise we learn to be
   Triumphant here below.

3 On this glad day a brighter scene
   Of glory was display'd,
By God, the eternal Word, than when
   This universe was made.

4 He rises, who mankind has bought
   With grief and pain extreme:
'T was great to speak a world from nought;
'T was greater to redeem.
346 **PART XII. C. M. Harmonia, 390.**

The sabbath—private prayers. C. Wesley.

1 **MAY I, throughout this day of thine,**
   Be in thy Spirit, Lord,
   Spirit of humble fear divine,
   That trembles at thy word,—

2 **Spirit of faith, my heart to raise,**
   And fix on things above,—
   Spirit of sacrifice and praise,
   Of holiness and love.

347 7's. Feversham, 220. Hannah, 342.

A song of praise to the Redeemer.


1 **HOLY wonder, heavenly grace,**
   Come, inspire our humble lays
   While the Saviour’s love we sing,
   Whence our hopes and comforts spring.

2 **Man involved in guilt and woe,**
   Touch’d his tender bosom so,
   That when justice death demands,
   Forth the great Deliverer stands;

3 **Cries to God, ‘Thy mercy show;**
   Lo! I come thy will to do;
   I the sacrifice will be;
   Death shall plunge his dart in me.’

4 **Though the form of God he bore,**
   Great in glory, great in power,
   See him in our flesh array’d,
   Lower than his angels made.

5 **He that heaven itself possess’d,**
   Now an infant at the breast!
   Angels, from the world above,
   See and sing the amazing love.
WORSHIP.

6 Through the shining hours of day,
   Toil and danger mark his way;
   Lonely mounts, and chilling air,
   Witness oft his midnight prayer.

7 Now the heavenly lover dies!
   Darkness veils the mid-day skies;
   Angels round the bloody tree
   Throng and gaze in ecstasy.

8 Powers unseen earth's bosom heave,
   Rocks and tombs asunder cleave;
   While the temple's rending veil
   Tells the priest the awful tale.

9 But the third day's dawning come,
   Lo! the Saviour leaves the tomb!
   Re-ascends his native sky,
   Where he lives no more to die.

10 On his cross he builds his throne,
    Whence he makes his glories known,
    Sends his Spirit down to give
    Dying sinners grace to live.


The sabbath.

1 A NOTHER six days' work is done,
   Another sabbath is begun;
   Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
   Improve the day thy God has bless'd.

2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
   So sweet a rest to wearied minds;
   Provides an antepast of heaven,
   And gives this day the food of seven.

3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise
   As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows.

4 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

5 With joy, great God, thy works we view,
In various scenes, both old and new;
With praise we think on mercies past;
With hope we future pleasures taste.

6 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away;
How sweet a sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne’er shall end!

Hymn for Lord’s day morning.

1 Awake, our drowsy souls,
Shake off each slothful band;
The wonders of this day
Our noblest songs demand:
Auspicious morn! thy blissful rays
Bright seraphs hail in songs of praise.

2 At thy approaching dawn,
Reluctant death resign’d
The glorious Prince of life,
In dark domains confined:
Th’ angelic host around him bends,
And ’midst their shouts the God ascends.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosannas rings;
While earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings;
Worship.

'Worthy art thou, who once wast slain,
Through endless years to live and reign?'

4 Gird on, great God, thy sword,
Ascend thy conquering car,
While justice, truth, and love,
Maintain the glorious war:
Victorious, thou thy foes shalt tread,
And sin and hell in triumph lead.

5 Make bare thy potent arm,
And wing the unerring dart,
With salutary pangs,
To each rebellious heart:
Then dying souls for life shall sue,
Numerous as drops of morning dew.

Frequent the day of God returns
To shed its quickening beams;
And yet how slow devotion burns!
How languid are its flames!

2 Accept our faint attempts to love,
Our frailties, Lord, forgive;
We would be like thy saints above,
And praise thee while we live.

3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The sabbath ne'er shall end;

4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,
With heavenly lustre shine;
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine;
5 Where we, in high seraphic strains,
    Shall all our powers employ;
Delighted range th' ethereal plains,
    And take our fill of joy.

351 Part I. C. M. Submission, 364.

Lord's day evening.  Cennick.

1 WHEN, O dear Jesus, when shall I
    Behold thee all serene;
Blest in perpetual sabbath-day,
    Without a veil between?

2 Assist me while I wander here,
    Amidst a world of cares;
Incline my heart to pray with love,
    And then accept my prayers.

3 Release my soul from every chain,
    No more hell's captive led;
And pardon a repenting child,
    For whom the Saviour bled.

4 Spare me, my God, O spare the soul
    That gives itself to thee;
Take all that I possess below,
    And give thyself to me.

5 Thy Spirit, O my Father, give
    To be my guide and friend,
To light my path to ceaseless joys,
    To sabbaths without end.

351 Part II. L. M. Portugal, 97.

Lord's day evening.  Watts.

1 LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
    A whole assembly worship thee!
At once they sing, at once they pray;
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.
2 I have been there, and still would go; 'T is like a little heaven below; Nor all that hell or sin can say Shall tempt me to forget this day.

3 O write upon my memory, 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.

THE light of sabbath-eve Is fading fast away; What pleasing record will it leave To crown the closing day?

Is it a sabbath spent Fruitless, and vain, and void? Or have these precious moments lent Been sacredly employ'd?

How dreadful and how drear, In yon dark world of pain, Will sabbath seasons lost appear, That cannot come again.

God of these blissful hours, O may we never dare To waste, in worldly thoughts of ours, These sacred days of prayer!
351 Lord's Day evening in retirement.

1 LORD, I've met thy saints to-day,
    Where they join'd to praise and pray,
    And have listen'd to thy word,
    Gladly of my Saviour heard:
    Still I pant thy face to see;
    Wilt thou now retire with me?

2 Come, thou dear Immanuel, come,
    Make my heart thy constant home,
    Let me now thine influence feel,
    Here thy richest love reveal:
    Fain would I commune with thee;
    Dearest Lord, retire with me.

3 May the savour of thy word
    Joy in solitude afford;
    Seal its truths upon my heart,
    Let me ne'er from thee depart:
    Lord, content I cannot be,
    Till thou dost retire with me.

4 Stay, thou heavenly lover, stay,
    Drive each earthly thought away;
    Fix my soul on things divine;
    May I be forever thine!
    Thus on earth may I be blest,
    Till I rise to endless rest.

352 The eternal sabbath.

1 LORD of the sabbath, hear our vows,
    On this thy day, in this thy house;
    And own, as grateful sacrifice,
    The songs which from the desert rise.
2 Thine earthlysabbaths, Lord, we love,  
But there's a nobler rest above;  
To that our labouring souls aspire,  
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

3 No more fatigue, no more distress,  
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;  
No groans to mingle with the songs  
Which warble from immortal tongues.

4 No rude alarms of raging foes;  
No cares to break the long repose;  
No midnight shade, no clouded sun;  
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

5 O long-expected day, begin;  
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin:  
Fain would we leave this weary road,  
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

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HYMNS BEFORE PRAYER.

353  Part I. C. M. Providence, 367.  

1 PRAYER is the breath of God in man,  
Returning whence it came:  
Love is the sacred fire within,  
And prayer the rising flame.

2 It gives the burden'd spirit ease,  
And soothes the troubled breast;  
Yields comfort to the mourning soul,  
And to the weary rest.

3 The prayers and praises of the saints,  
Like precious odours sweet,  
Ascend and spread a rich perfume  
Around the mercy-seat.
BEFORE PRAYER.

4 When God inclines the heart to pray,
   He hath an ear to hear;
   To him there's music in a groan,
   And beauty in a tear.

5 The humble suppliant cannot fail
   To have his wants supplied,
   Since He for sinners intercedes,
   Who once for sinners died.

353 PART II.  L. M.  Portugal, 97.
Exhortations to prayer.  COWPER.

1 WHAT various hindrances we meet
   In coming to a mercy-seat;
   Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
   But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw,
   Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
   Gives exercise to faith and love,
   Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
   Prayer makes the Christian's armour
   And Satan trembles when he sees [bright;
   The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
   Success was found on Israel's side;
   But when through weariness they fail'd,
   That moment Amalek prevail'd.

5 Have you no words?  Ah, think again;
   Words flow apace when you complain,
   And fill your fellow-creature's ear
   With the sad tale of all your care.
6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful songs would oftener be,
‘Hear what the Lord has done for me!’

353 PART III. L. M. Ulverston, 179.
Ask, and it shall be given you.

1 COME, needy soul, howe’er distress’d;
And hear from heav’n thyself ad-
dress’d;
Ask, saith the Lord, and let me know
What I shall now on thee bestow.

2 Art thou to seriousness inclined?
Ask, and I ’ll solemnize thy mind:
Dost thou want love to Jesus’ name?
Ask, and enjoy the matchless flame.

3 Dost thou want faith and holy fear?
Ask, and behold the blessings near:
Dost thou want strength to conquer sin?
Ask, and the victory thou shalt win.

4 Dost thou want justifying grace,
Through Christ’s all-perfect righteous-
Or holy peace and pardon seal’d?
Ask, for they wait to be reveal’d.

5 Would’st thou sweet fellowship renew
With Father, Son, and Spirit too;—
Delight thyself in God and prayer?
Ask, for the blessings promised are.

6 Would’st thou thy all to Jesus yield,
Be with his mind and spirit fill’d,
The heights of holiness attain?
Ask, for thou canst not ask in vain.
BEFORE PRAYER.

7 Would'st thou surmount the fear of death, Serenely breathe thy latest breath, And live till then as those in heaven? Ask, ask, the bliss shall all be given.

EPIPHONEMA.

8 Sweet precept, and sweet promise, Lord! We 'll ask, encouraged by thy word; Now shall our wants be all supplied, For Christ has promised, Christ has died!

353 PART IV. 7's. Turin, 244.

Ask what I shall give thee.
1 Kings iii. 5.

NEWTON.

1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare, Jesus loves to answer prayer; He himself has bid thee pray, Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 Thou art coming to a King, Large petitions with thee bring; For his grace and power are such, None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin,— Lord; remove this load of sin; Let thy blood, for sinners spilt, Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord! I come to thee for rest, Take possession of my breast: There thy blood-bought right maintain, And without a rival reign.

5 As the image in the glass Answers the beholder's face; Thus into my heart appear, Print thine own resemblance there.
6 While I am a pilgrim here,
   Let thy love my spirit cheer;
   As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
   Lead me to my journey’s end.

7 Show me what I have to do,
   Every hour my strength renew;
   Let me live a life of faith,
   Let me die thy people’s death.


1 LORD, I cannot let thee go,
   Till a blessing thou bestow;
   Do not turn away thy face,
   Mine’s an urgent, pressing case.

2 Dost thou ask me who I am?
   Ah, my Lord, thou know’st my name;
   Yet the question gives a plea
   To support my suit with thee.

3 Thou didst once a wretch behold,
   In rebellion blindly bold,
   Scorn thy grace, thy power defy;—
   That poor rebel, Lord, was I.

4 Once a sinner near despair
   Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer;
   Mercy heard and set him free;
   Lord, that mercy came to me.

5 Many days have pass’d since then,
   Many changes I have seen;
   Yet have been upheld till now;
   Who could hold me up but thou?

6 Thou hast help’d in every need;
   This emboldens me to plead;
Before prayer.

After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last.

7 No—I must maintain my hold,
'Tis thy goodness makes me bold;
I can no denial take,
When I plead for Jesus' sake.

COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come, with your guilt and fear opprest,
And make this last resolve:—

I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.

I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives;
Perhaps he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

I can but perish if I go;
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die.
356, 357  WORSHIP.

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

    A broken heart and a bleeding Saviour.

1  UNTO thine altar, Lord,
    A broken heart I bring;
    And wilt thou graciously accept
    Of such a worthless thing?

2  To Christ, the bleeding Lamb,
    My faith directs its eyes;
    Thou may'st reject that worthless thing,
    But not his sacrifice.

3  When he gave up the ghost,
    The law was satisfied;
    And now to its most rigorous claims
    I answer, 'Jesus died.'

357  L.M. Ripon, 188. Antiquity, 331.
    Holy boldness.

1  SPRINKLED with reconciling blood,
    I dare approach thy throne, O God;
    Thy face no frowning aspect wears,
    Thy hand no vengeful thunder bears!

2  Th' encircling rainbow, peaceful sign!
    Doth with refulgent brightness shine!
    And while my faith beholds it near,
    I bid farewell to every fear.

3  Let me my grateful homage pay;
    With courage sing, with fervour pray;
    And, though myself a wretch undone,
    Hope for acceptance through thy Son—
BEFORE PRAYER.

4 Thy Son, who on th’ accursed tree
   Expired to set the vilest free;
   On this I build my only claim,
   And all I ask is in his name.


The Lord’s prayer. J. straphan.

1 OUR Father, whose eternal sway
   The bright angelic hosts obey,
   O lend a pitying ear!
   When on thy awful name we call,
   And at thy feet submissive fall,
   O condescend to hear!

2 Far may thy glorious reign extend;
   May rebels to thy sceptre bend,
   And yield to sovereign love;
   May we take pleasure to fulfil
   The sacred dictates of thy will,
   As angels do above.

3 From thy kind hand each temporal good,
   Our raiment and our daily food,
   In rich abundance come:
   Lord, give us still a fresh supply;
   If thou withhold thy hand we die,
   And fill the silent tomb.

4 Pardon our sins, O God, that rise
   And call for vengeance from the skies;
   And, while we are forgiven,
   Grant that revenge may never rest,
   And malice harbour in that breast
   That feels the love of heaven.

5 Protect us in the dangerous hour,
   And from the wily tempter’s power
   O set our spirits free!
WORSHIP.

And, if temptation should assail,
May mighty grace o'er all prevail,
And lead our hearts to thee.

6 Thine is the power; to thee belongs
The constant tribute of our songs;
All glory to thy name;
Let every creature join our lays,
In one resounding act of praise,
Thy wonders to proclaim.

358 Part II. C. M. Arabia, 324.

Prayer.

1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd or unexpress'd;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burthen of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death:
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, 'Behold he prays!'

6 The saints in prayer appear as one,
In word, and deed, and mind;
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

7 Nor prayer is made on earth alone;
The Holy Spirit pleads;
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
For mourners intercedes.

8 O thou, by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way!
The path of prayer thyself hast trod:
Lord! teach us how to pray.

HYMNS BEFORE SERMON.

359 L. M. Portugal, 97. Samuel, 427.
To be sung between prayer and sermon.

1 WHERE two or three, with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise:

2 'There,' says the Saviour, 'will I be,
Amid this little company:
To them unveil my smiling face,
And shed my glories round the place.'

3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word:
Now send thy Spirit from above,
Now fill our hearts with heavenly love.

360 Part I. C. M. Great Milton, 212.
The necessity of Divine influence.

1 In vain Apollos' silver tongue,
And Paul's, with strains profound,
Diffuse among the listening throng
The gospel's gladd'ning sound.
Jesus, the work is wholly thine
To form the heart anew;
Now let thy sovereign grace divine
Each stubborn soul subdue.

PART II. L. M. New Sabbath, 122.

The message of God. Judges iii. 20.

1 GREAT God, to-day thy grace impart,
   Bring home thy word to every heart;
   Deep let this truth impressed be,
   God has a message unto me.

2 O be thine arm revealed now,
   That stubborn enemies may bow,
   And say, and feel, and clearly see,
   God has a message unto me.

3 Now also let each saint rejoice,
   And thankful sing with heart and voice,
   Blessed for ever let him be,
   God has a message unto me.

PART III. L. M. Wareham, 117.

Speak, Lord, &c. 1 Sam. iii. 9.

1 SPEAK, Lord, to each of us this day,
   But from the mercy-seat, we pray;
   That all may with deep reverence hear,
   Receive thy word, adore, and fear.

2 May careless sinners now attend,
   And ponder well their latter end;
   And for this day have cause to praise,
   While angels chant their endless lays.

3 O make the rocky heart to feel,
   Though harder than the harden'd steel;
   Repentance unto life impart,
   That pleasing penitential smart.
4 [Bless those who think they are too good
To need the Saviour’s precious blood;
Alas! too good to be forgiven!
Too good to sing the songs of heaven!

5 Bless those who are too bad, they say,
For Christ to wash their sins away;
But show the souls who mercy crave
He to the uttermost will save.]

6 O let us all without delay
Hear the Redeemer’s voice to-day;—
Pardon and saving grace partake,
With all we need, for Jesus’ sake.

361  Part I. 112th. Simeon’s Song, 438.

**Before sermon.**

FAWCETT.

1 Thy presence, gracious God, afford;
Prepare us to receive thy word:
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mix’d with what we hear:
Chor. Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,
And crown thy gospel with success.

2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above;
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread:
Chor. Thus, Lord, &c.

3 To us the sacred word apply
With sovereign power and energy;
And may we, in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear:
Chor. Thus, Lord, &c.

4 Father, in us thy Son reveal;
Teach us to know and do thy will;
361, 362

Thy saving power and love display,
And guide us to the realms of day:
Chor. Thus, Lord, &c.

361

PART II. L. M. Gould’s, 272.

Longing for God’s presence.

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.

362 C. M. Michael’s, 119. Sprowston, 365.

Freeness of the gospel. BEDDOME.

1 HOW free and boundless is the grace
Of our redeeming God,
Extending to the Greek and Jew,
And men of every blood!

2 The mightiest king, and meanest slave,
May his rich mercy taste;
He bids the beggar and the prince
Unto the gospel-feast.

3 None are excluded thence, but those
Who do themselves exclude;
Welcome the learned and polite,
The ignorant and rude.
4 Come, then, ye men of every name,
Of every rank and tongue;
What you are willing to receive
Doth unto you belong.

363 7's. St. Andrew's, 502. Aaron, 508.
A blessing requested.

1 LORD, we come before thee now;
   At thy feet we humbly bow;
   Oh, do not our suit disdain!
   Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 In thy own appointed way
   Now we seek thee, here we stay;
   Lord, from hence we would not go,
   Till a blessing thou bestow.

3 Send some message from thy word,
   That may joy and peace afford;
   Let thy Spirit now impart
   Full salvation to each heart.

4 Grant that all may seek and find
   Thee a God supremely kind:
   Heal the sick, the captive free,
   Let us all rejoice in thee.

364 L. M. Portugal, 97. Walton, 352.

1 HOW long, thou faithful God, shall I
   Here in thy ways forgotten lie?
   When shall the means of healing be
   The channels of thy grace to me?

2 Simmers on every side step in,
   And wash away their pain and sin;
   But I, a helpless, sin-sick soul,
   Still lie expiring at the pool.
365, 366

Worship.

3 Thou covenant Angel, swift come down;  
To-day thine own appointments crown;  
Thy power into the means infuse,  
And give them now their sacred use.

4 Thou seest me lying at the pool,  
I would, thou know'st I would, be whole;  
O let the troubled waters move,  
And minister thy healing love.

365 8. 7. 4 Helmsley, 223. Tenterden, 495.

Prayer for minister and people.

1 Dearest Saviour, help thy servant  
To proclaim thy wondrous love;  
Pour thy grace upon this people,  
That thy truth they may approve;  
Bless, O bless them,  
From thy shining courts above.

2 Now thy gracious word invites them  
To partake the gospel feast;  
Let thy Spirit sweetly draw them;  
Every soul be Jesus' guest.  
O receive us,  
Let us find thy promised rest.


Casting the gospel net. Luke v. 5.

1 Now, while the gospel net is cast,  
Do thou, O Lord, the effort own;  
From numerous disappointments past,  
Teach us to hope in thee alone.

2 May this be a much-favour'd hour  
To souls in Satan's bondage led;  
O clothe thy word with sovereign power  
To break the rocks, and raise the dead!
3 To mourners speak a cheering word,
On seeking souls vouchsafe to shine;
Let poor backsliders be restored,
And all thy saints in praises join.

4 [O hear our prayer, and give us hope,
That, when thy voice shall call us home,
Thou still wilt raise a people up
To love and praise thee in our room.]

366 PART II. C. M. Providence, 10.
The bow drawn at a venture.
1 Kings xxii. 34.

1 A CERTAIN man, when Ahab's sin
Was ripe for punishment,
At a mere venture drew his bow,
But God the arrow sent.

2 Thus in simplicity we bend
The Scripture's wondrous bow,
The arrow's random in our hands,
But destined where to go.

3 Then, Lord, the random arrow guide
To some poor sinner's heart;
But to the wounded, bleeding mind
Thy healing balm impart.

366 PART III. L. M. Bampton, 275.
The same.

1 WHILE at a venture, gracious Lord,
Thy servant draws the gospel bow,
Direct the arrow to the heart,
For thou canst wound and heal, we know.

2 But dip it in the Saviour's blood,
Wing it with mercy from above,
That each may feel the pleasing pain
Of heartfelt penitence and love.
COME, thou desire of all thy saints,
Our humble strains attend,
While, with our praises and complaints,
Low at thy feet we bend.

When we thy wondrous glories hear,
And all thy sufferings trace,
What sweetly awful scenes appear!
What rich unbounded grace!

How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise!
How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies!

But ah! the song how cold it flows!
How languid our desire!
How faint the sacred passion glows,
Till thou, the heart inspire!

Come, Lord, thy love alone can raise
In us the heavenly flame;
Then shall our lips resound thy praise,
Our hearts adore thy name.

Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine,
A heaven on earth appear.

Then shall our hearts enraptured say,
Come, great Redeemer, come,
And bring the bright, the glorious day,
That calls thy children home.
BEFORE SERMON. 367–369

367  
S. M. Wirksworth, 158.

He beheld the city, and wept over it.
Luke xix. 41.

1 Do Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
Angels with wonder see!
Be thou astonish'd, O my soul,—
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

368  
8. 7. 4. Helmsley, 223. Tenterden, 495.

A blessing requested.

1 COME, thou soul-transforming Spirit,
Bless the sower and the seed;
Let each heart thy grace inherit,
Raise the weak, the hungry feed;
From the gospel
Now supply thy people's need.

2 O may all enjoy the blessing
Which thy word's design'd to give;
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive;
And for ever
To thy praise and glory live.

369  

1 INFUL, and blind, and poor,
And lost, without thy grace,
WORSHIP.

Thy mercy I implore,
And wait to see thy face;
Begging I sit by the way-side,
And long to know the Crucified.

2 Jesus! attend my cry,
Thou Son of David, hear;
If now thou passest by,
Stand still and call me near:
The darkness from my heart remove,
And show me now thy pardoning love.

L. M. Job, 474. Oswestry, 514.

Thy kingdom come.

ASCEND thy throne, Almighty King,
And spread thy glories all abroad;
Let thine own arm salvation bring,
And be thou known the gracious God.

2 Let millions bow before thy seat,
Let humble mourners seek thy face,
Bring daring rebels to thy feet,
Subdued by thy victorious grace.

3 O let the kingdoms of the world
Become the kingdoms of the Lord!
Let saints and angels praise thy name,
Be thou through heaven and earth adored.

L. M. Antiquity, 331.

Vision of the dry bones. Ezek. xxxvii. 3.

DODDRIDGE.

1 LOOK down, O Lord, with pitying eye;
See Adam’s race in ruin lie;
Sin spreads its trophies o’er the ground
And scatters slaughter’d heaps around.

2 And can these mouldering corpses live?
And can these perish’d bones revive?
BEFORE SERMON.

That, mighty God, to thee is known;
That wondrous work is all thy own.

3 Thy ministers are sent in vain
To prophesy upon the slain;
In vain they call, in vain they cry,
Till thine almighty aid is nigh.

4 But if thy Spirit deign to breathe, [death;
Life spreads through all the realms of
dry bones obey thy powerful voice,
They move, they waken, they rejoice.

5 So, when thy trumpet's awful sound
Shall shake the heavens and rend the
ground,
Dead saints shall from their tombs arise,
And spring to life beyond the skies.

371 PART II. L. M. Wareham, 117.

Prayer for the whole congregation.

1 LORD, in our hearts implant thy fear,
And make and keep us all sincere;
Draw burthen'd sinners to thy Son,
And make him to his mourners known.

2 Thy richest grace vouchsafe to give
As each is able to receive;
The blessed grief to all impart,
Or joy, or purity of heart.

3 Our helpless unbelief remove,
And melt us by thy pardoning love;
Work in us faith, or faith's increase—
The dawning or the perfect peace.

4 Give each whate'er for each is best,
But grant us all the promised rest;
Thy blessing in the means convey,
Nor empty send one soul away.
WORSHIP.

HYMNS AFTER SERMON.


The parable of the sower.

1 NOW, Lord, the heavenly seed is sown,
   Be it thy servants' care
   Thy heavenly blessing to bring down,
   By humble, fervent prayer.

2 In vain we plant without thine aid,
   And water too, in vain;
   Lord of the harvest! God of grace!
   Send down thy heavenly rain.

3 Then shall our cheerful hearts and tongues
   Begin this song divine:
   'Thou, Lord, hast given the rich increase,
   And be the glory thine.'


Success requested. NEWTON.

On what has now been sown,
   Thy blessing, Lord, bestow;
   The power is thine alone
   To make it spring and grow:
   Do thou the gracious harvest raise,
   And thou alone shalt have the praise.

373 Part II. 8. 7. 4. Kentucky, 113.

Show me a token for good.

Grant us, Lord, some gracious token
   Of thy love before we part;
Crown thy word which has been spoken,
   Life and peace to each impart,
   And all blessings
   Which shall sanctify the heart.
AFTER SERMON.

373  PART III.  148th.  Carter-lane, 141.

A blessing implored.  NEWTON.

1. To thee our wants are known,
   From thee are all our powers;
   Accept what is thine own,
   And pardon what is ours:
   Our praises, Lord, and prayers receive,
   And to thy word a blessing give.

2. O grant that each of us,
   Now met before thee here,
   May meet together thus,
   When thou and thine appear,
   And follow thee to heaven our home,
   E'en so, Amen, Lord Jesus, come.

374  PART IV.  C. M.  Halifax, 258.

Rest, the end of duty.  NEWTON.

1. We seek a rest beyond the skies,
   In everlasting day;
   Through floods and flames the passage lies,
   But Jesus guards the way;

2. The swelling flood, and raging flame,
   Hear and obey his word;
   Then let us triumph in his name,
   Our Saviour is the Lord.


The spread of the gospel.

1. To distant lands thy gospel send,
   And thus thy empire wide extend:
   To Gentile, Turk, and stubborn Jew,
   Thou King of grace, salvation show.

2. Where'er thy sun or light arise,
   Thy name, O God, immortalize:
   May nations yet unborn confess
   Thy wisdom, power, and righteousness.
While sinners, who presume to bear
The Christian's sacred name,
Throw up the reins to every lust,
And glory in their shame;

Ye saints, preserved in Christ, and call'd,
Detest their impious ways,
And on the basis of your faith
A heavenly temple raise.

Upon the Spirit's promised aid
Depend from day to day,
And while he breathes his quickening gale,
Adore, and praise, and pray.

Preserve unquench'd your love to God,
And let the flame arise,
And higher, and still higher blaze,
Till it ascend the skies.

With a transporting joy expect
The grace your Lord shall give,
When all his saints shall from his hands
Their crowns of life receive.

Part I. C. M. Submission, 362.

1 Come, guilty souls, and flee away
To Christ, and heal your wounds;
This is the welcome gospel day,
Wherein free grace abounds.

2 God loved the church, and gave his Son
To drink the cup of wrath:
And Jesus says he 'll cast out none
That come to him by faith.
376  PART II.  L. M. Eaton, 291.
_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?

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  PART I.  L. M. St. Paul's, 246.
_Acceptance through Christ alone._

1 **H**ow shall the sons of men appear,
Great God, before thine awful bar?
How may the guilty hope to find
Acceptance with th' Eternal Mind?

2 Not vows, nor groans, nor broken cries,
Not the most costly sacrifice,
Not infant blood profusely spilt,
Will expiate a sinner's guilt.

3 Thy blood, dear Jesus, thine alone,
Hath sovereign virtue to atone:
Here we will rest our only plea,
When we approach, great God, to thee.

377  PART II.  'T's.  Aaron, 508.
_Pleasures of religion._  Masters.

1 'T **IS** religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'T **IS** 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.

378

L. M. China, 300. Ely, 446.
Habakkuk iii. 17, 18.

1 IS Jesus mine! I'm now prepared
To meet with what I thought most
Yes, let the winds of trouble blow, [hard;
And comforts melt away like snow;

2 No blasted trees, nor failing crops,
Can hinder my eternal hopes; [same,
Tho' creatures change, the Lord 's the
Then let me triumph in his name.

379

7's. Deptford, 124. Turin, 244.


SELF-destroy'd, for help I pray:
Help me, Saviour, from above;
Help me to believe, obey;
Help me to repent, and love;
Help to keep the graces given;
Help me quite from hell to heaven.

380

C. M. Abridge, 201. Langshaw, 424.

1 SEE Felix, clothed with pomp and
See his resplendent bride, [power,
Attend to hear a prisoner preach
The Saviour crucified.

2 He well describes who Jesus was,
His glories and his love,
How he obey'd and bled below,
And reigns and pleads above.
AFTER SERMON. 381, 382

3 Felix up starts, and trembling cries,
   'Go, for this time, away;
I'll hear thee on these points again
On some convenient day.'

4 Attention to the words of life
Let Felix thus adjourn;
Lord, let us make these solemn truths
Our first and last concern.

381 S. M. Eagle-street, 55. Lonsdale, 298.
Jabez's prayer.

1 'O THAT the Lord indeed
Would me his servant bless;
From every evil shield my head,
And crown my paths with peace!

2 'Be his almighty hand
My helper and my guide,
Till with his saints in Canaan's land
My portion he divide.'

382 Part I. C. M. Northampton, 520.
Inquiring the way to Zion.
Psa. lxxxiv. 8.

1 LORD God, omnipotent to bless,
   My supplication hear;
Guardian of Jacob, hear my voice,
   Incline thy gracious ear.

2 If I have never yet begun
   To tread the sacred road,
O teach my wandering feet the way
   To Zion's blest abode!

3 Or, if I'm travelling in the path,
   Assist me with thy strength,
And let me swift advances make,
   And reach thine heaven at length.
WORSHIP.

4 My care, my hope, my first request,
    Are all comprised in this,
    To follow where thy saints have led,
    And then partake their bliss.

PART II. C. M. Sprague, 166.
Hope and 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 show forth half thy praise.

4 Had I ten thousand thousand tongues,
   Not one should silent be;
   Had I ten thousand thousand hearts,
   I’d give them all to thee.

PART I. 104th. Portugal New, 263.
Praise for salvation.

1 Our Saviour alone, the Lord, let us bless,
   Who reigns on his throne the Prince of our peace;
   Who evermore saves us by shedding his blood;
   All hail, holy Jesus, our Lord and our God!

2 We thankfully sing thy glory and praise,
   Thou merciful spring of pity and grace;
   Thy kindness for ever to men we will tell,
   And say our dear Saviour redeems us from hell!

3 Preserve us in love while here we abide;
   O never remove thy presence, nor hide
   Thy glorious salvation, till each of us see
   With joy the blest vision completed in thee.
383  Part II.  L.M.  Shoels, 309.
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 Through 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  Part I.  C.M.  Jerusalem, 379.
Not unto us.  Psalm cv. 1.

1 Not unto us, but thee alone,
    Bless'd Lamb, be glory given;
    Here shall thy praises be begun,
    And carried on in heaven.

2 The hosts of spirits now with thee
    Eternal anthems sing;
    To imitate them here, lo! we
    Our hallelujahs bring.

3 Had we our tongues like them inspired,
    Like theirs our songs should rise:
    Like them we never should be tired,
    But love the sacrifice.

4 Till we the veil of flesh lay down,
    Accept our weaker lays;
    And when we reach thy Father's throne
    We'll give thee nobler praise.
WORSHIP.

PART II. C. M. Otford, 106.

Joy and glory in the Lord. BEDDOME.

YE saints of every rank, with joy
To God your offering bring;
Let towns and cities, hills and vales,
With loud hosannas ring.

Let him receive the glory due
To his exalted name;
With thankful tongues and hearts in-
His wondrous deeds proclaim.

Praise him in elevated strains,
And make the world to know
How great the Master whom ye serve,
And yet how gracious too.

PART III. S. M. Thrapstone, 353.

God's care, and remedy for ours.
1 Pet. v. 7. DODDRIDGE.

HOW gentle God's command!
How kind his precepts are!
'Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.'

While Providence supports,
Let saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears all nature up
Shall guide his children well.

Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

His goodness stands approved
Down to the present day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.
385

8's. Lock, 49. Israel, 94.
Our God for ever and ever. HART.

1 THIS God is the God we adore,
   Our faithful unchangeable Friend,
   Whose love is as large as his power,
   And neither knows measure nor end:

2 'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
   Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home:
   We'll praise him for all that is past,
   And trust him for all that's to come.

386 C. M. Newington, 61. Rochester, 459.
Christ the burden of the song.

1 THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
   We love to hear of thee;
   No music's like thy charming name,
   Nor half so sweet can be.

2 O let us ever hear thy voice
   In mercy to us speak;
   And in our Priest we will rejoice,
   Thou great Melchizedec.

3 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
   While in this world we stay;
   We'll sing our Jesu's lovely name
   When all things else decay.

4 When we appear in yonder cloud,
   With all thy favour'd throng,
   Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
   And Christ shall be our song.

Worthy the Lamb.

1 GLORY to God on high!
   Let earth and skies reply,
   Praise ye his name:

2
WORSHIP.

His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
Sing aloud evermore,
Worthy the Lamb!

2 Jesus, our Lord and God,
Bore sin's tremendous load,
   Praise ye his name;
Tell what his arm hath done,
What spoils from death he won;
Sing his great name alone;
Worthy the Lamb!

3 While they around the throne
   Cheerfully join in one,
   Praising his name;
Those who have felt his blood
Sealing their peace with God,
Sound his dear fame abroad,
Worthy the Lamb!

4 Join, all ye ransom'd race,
   Our holy Lord to bless;
   Praise ye his name;
In him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
Worthy the Lamb!

5 What though we change our place,
   Yet we shall never cease
   Praising his name:
To him our songs we bring,
Hail him our gracious King,
And, without ceasing, sing,
Worthy the Lamb!
6 Then let the hosts above,
   In realms of endless love,
      Praise his dear name;
   To him ascribed be
   Honour and majesty
   Through all eternity:
      Worthy the Lamb!


    At dismission.

1 DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord;
   Help us to feed upon thy word;
      All that has been amiss, forgive,
   And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good;
   Wash all our works in Jesu’s blood;
      Give every fetter’d soul release,
   And bid us all depart in peace.


    At dismission.

1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
   Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
      Let us each, thy love possessing,
   Triumph in redeeming grace:
      O refresh us!
   Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give and adoration,
   For thy gospel’s joyful sound:
      May the fruits of thy salvation
   In our hearts and lives abound:
      May thy presence
   With us evermore be found!

3 So, whene’er the signal’s given
   Us from earth to call away,
390, 391 WORSHIP.

Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
   Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,
   May we ready
   Rise, and reign in endless day!


Growth in sanctification.

1 NOW may the God of peace and love,
   Who from th' imprisoning grave
   Restored the Shepherd of the sheep,
   Omnipotent to save;

2 Through the rich merits of that blood
   Which he on Calvary spilt,
   To make the eternal covenant sure
   On which our hopes are built;

3 Perfect our souls in every grace
   To accomplish all his will,
   And all that's pleasing in his sight
   Inspire us to fulfil!

4 For the great Mediator's sake,
   We every blessing pray:
   With glory let his name be crown'd
   Through heaven's eternal day.


The peace of God.

1 THE peace which God alone reveals,
   And by his word of grace imparts,
   Which only the believer feels,
   Direct, and keep, and cheer our hearts:

2 And may the holy Three in One,
   The Father, Word, and Comforter,
   Pour an abundant blessing down
   On every soul assembled here.
MEETING AND PARTING. 392, 393


The benediction.
2 Cor. xiii. 14. NEWTON.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above!
Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

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MEETING AND PARTING.

393 Part I. S. M. Finsbury, 155.

At parting.

1 HOW oft we joyful meet,
    Then separate with pain:
    Soon we shall part—no more on earth
    Ever to meet again.

2 O may we meet above,
    Our Saviour to adore,
    Where we shall know, as we are known,
    And then shall part no more.

393 Part II. L. M. Homerton, 310.

At parting.

1 WHILE pilgrims, Lord, we yet remain,
    To part, and meet, and part again,
    Let prayer and praise our lives employ,
    Thy presence still our highest joy;
    And when our pilgrimage is o'er,
    O may we meet to part no more.
2 Present salvation let us prove,
   In God the Father's boundless love,
   In God the Son's redeeming grace,
   In God the Spirit's heavenly peace;
   Then, when our pilgrimage is o'er,
   We hope to meet to part no more.

393
PART III. L. M. Wells, 102.


1 KINDRED in Christ, for his dear sake
   A hearty welcome here receive:
   May we together now partake
   The joys which only he can give.

2 To you and us by grace 't is given
   To know the Saviour's precious name;
   And shortly we shall meet in heaven,—
   Our hope, our way, our end the same.

3 May he, by whose kind care we meet,
   Send his good Spirit from above,
   Make our communications sweet,
   And cause our hearts to burn with love.

4 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
   When Christians see each other thus:
   We only wish to speak of him
   Who lived, and died, and reigns for us.

5 We 'll talk of all he did, and said,
   And suffer'd for us here below;
   The path he mark'd for us to tread,
   And what he 's doing for us now.

6 Thus, as the moments pass away,
   We 'll love, and wonder, and adore:
   And hasten on the glorious day,
   When we shall meet to part no more.
COME, Christian brethren, ere we part
Join every voice and every heart;
One solemn hymn to God we raise,
The closing song of grateful praise.

Perhaps we here may meet no more,
But there is yet a happier shore;
And there, released from toil and pain,
Dear brethren, we shall meet again.

And now to God, the Three in One,
Be everlasting glory done;
Raise, raise, ye saints, the sound again,
Ye nations, join the loud Amen.

FOR a season call’d to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

Jesus, hear our humble prayer!
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

In thy strength may we be strong;
Sweeten every cross and pain;
Give us, if we live, ere long
In thy peace to meet again.

Then, if thou thy help afford,
Ebenezers shall be rear’d;
And our souls shall praise the Lord
Who our poor petitions heard.
394  PART III. L. M. Magdalene, 214.  

The Christian farewell.  DODDRIDGE.

1 Thy presence, everlasting God,  
Wide o'er all nature spreads abroad;  
Thy watchful eyes, which cannot sleep,  
In every place thy children keep.

2 While near each other we remain  
Thou dost our lives and souls sustain;  
When absent, happy if we share  
Thy smiles, thy counsels, and thy care.

3 To thee we all our ways commit,  
And seek our comforts near thy feet;  
Still on our souls vouchsafe to shine,  
And guard and guide us still as thine.

4 Give us, in thy beloved house,  
Again to pay our thankful vows;  
Or if that joy no more be known,  
Give us to meet around thy throne.

395  L. M. Mark's, 65. New Sabbath, 122.  

Meeting and parting.

1 Once more in peace we meet again,  
But call'd to part, we part in pain,  
And solemn scenes around us show  
We soon shall meet no more below.

2 Then let us meet, and praise, and pray,  
And live like Christ from day to day;  
Within the veil our anchor cast,  
And hope to meet in heaven at last.

3 There may we not each other miss,  
But meet and mingle into bliss;  
And raptured endless praise renew  
To Father, Son, and Spirit too.
MEETING AND PARTING.

396


Parting of Christian friends.

1 LORD, if we meet on earth no more,
   O may we meet on Canaan's shore;
   Leave sin, and guilt, and death behind,
   And every bliss in glory find.

2 But if we longer here remain,
   And ever meet on earth again,
   May each with growing faith and love
   Be fitter for thy courts above.

PART II. C. M. Bolton, 433.

Union at parting. C. Wesley.

1 BLEST be the dear uniting love,
   That will not let us part:
   Our bodies may far off remove,—
   We still are one in heart.

2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head,
   Where he appoints we go;
   And still in Jesu's footsteps tread,
   And show his praise below.

3 O may we ever walk in him,
   And nothing know beside;
   Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
   But Jesus crucified.

4 Closer and closer let us cleave
   To his beloved embrace;
   Expect his fulness to receive,
   And grace to answer grace.

5 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
   The same in mind and heart,
   Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
   Nor life, nor death can part.
397, 398  THE WORLD.

6 But let us hasten to the day
   Which shall our flesh restore,
   When death shall all be done away,
   And bodies part no more!

397  S. M.  Lonsdale, 298. Falcon-st. 209.
Parting.

1 ONCE more, before we part,
   We 'll bless the Saviour's name;
   Record his mercy, every heart,
   Sing, every tongue, the same.

2 Hoard up his sacred word,
   And feed thereon and grow;
   Go on to seek to know the Lord,
   And practise what you know.

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The vanity of earthly things. BLACKMORE.

1 WHAT are possessions, fame, and power,
The boasted splendour of the great?
What gold, which dazzled eyes adore,
And seek with endless toils and sweat?

2 Express their charms, declare their use,
That we their merit may descry;
Tell us what good they can produce,
Or what important wants supply.

3 If, wounded with a sense of sin,
To them for pardon we should pray,
Will they restore our peace within,
And wash our guilty stains away?
4 Can they celestial life inspire, 
Nature with power divine renew, 
With pure and sacred transports fire 
Our bosom, and our lusts subdue?

5 When with the pangs of death we strive, 
And yield all comforts here for lost, 
Will they support us, will they give 
Kind succour when we need it most?

6 When at the Almighty's awful bar 
To hear our final doom we stand, 
Can they incline the Judge to spare, 
Or wrest the vengeance from his hand?

7 Can they protect us from despair, 
From the dark reign of death and hell, 
Crown us with bliss, and throne us where 
The just, in joys immortal, dwell?

8 Sinners, your idols we despise, 
If these reliefs they cannot grant; 
Why should we such delusions prize, 
And pine in everlasting want?

1 In vain the giddy world inquires, 
Forgetful of their God, 
'Who will supply our vast desires, 
Or show us any good?'

2 Through the wide circuit of the earth 
Their eager wishes rove, 
In chase of honour, wealth, and mirth, 
The phantoms of their love.

3 But oft these shadowy joys elude 
Their most intense pursuit;
400 THE WORLD.

Or, if they seize the fancied good,
There's poison in the fruit.

4 Lord, from this world call off my love;
Set my affections right;
Bid me aspire to joys above,
And walk no more by sight.

5 O let the glories of thy face
Upon my bosom shine;
Assured of thy forgiving grace,
My joys will be divine.

400 C. M. Tunbridge, 103. Langshaw, 424.

The rich fool surprised.
Luke xii. 16—22.

1 DELUDED souls, who think to find
A solid bliss below:
Bliss, the fair flower of Paradise,
On earth can never grow.

2 See how the foolish wretch is pleased
To increase his worldly store;
Too scanty now he finds his barns,
And covets room for more.

3 'What shall I do?' distress'd he cries:
'This scheme will I pursue:
My scanty barns shall now come down,
I'll build them large and new.

4 'Here will I lay my fruits, and bid
My soul to take its ease:
Eat, drink, be glad,—my lasting store
Shall give what joys I please.'

5 Scarce had he spoke, when, lo! from
The Almighty made reply; [heaven
'For whom dost thou provide, thou fool?
This night thyself shalt die.'
6 Teach me, my God, all earthly joys
   Are but an empty dream:
   And may I seek my bliss alone
   In thee the good supreme!

401 C. M. Charmouth, 28. Abridge, 201.

Value of the soul.

1 LORD, shall we part with gold for dross,
   With solid good for show?
   Outlive our bliss, and mourn our loss
   In everlasting woe?

2 Let us not lose the living God
   For one short dream of joy;
   With fond embrace cling to a clod,
   And fling all heaven away.

3 Vain world, thy weak attempts forbear,
   We all thy charms defy;
   And rate our precious souls too dear
   For all thy wealth to buy.

402 Part I. L. M. Lebanon, 79.

The farewell.

1 DEAD be my heart to all below,
   To mortal joys and mortal cares;
   To sensual bliss that charms us so,
   Be dark, mine eyes, and deaf, mine ears.

2 Lord, I renounce my carnal taste
   Of the fair fruit that sinners prize:
   Their paradise shall never waste
   One thought of mine, but to despise.

3 All earthly joys are overweigh’d
   With mountains of vexatious care;
   And where’s the sweet that is not laid
   A bait to some destructive snare?
THE WORLD.

4 Begone, for ever, mortal things!
   Thou mighty mole-hill, earth, farewell!
   Angels aspire on lofty wings,
   And leave the globe for ants to dwell.

5 Come, heaven, and fill my vast desires;
   My soul pursues the sovereign good:
   She was all made of heavenly fires,
   Nor can she live on meaner food.


Renouncing the world. J. Taylor.

1 COME, my fond fluttering heart,
   Come, struggle to be free;
   Thou and the world must part,
   However hard it be:
   My trembling spirit owns it just,
   But cleaves yet closer to the dust.

2 Ye tempting sweets, forbear;
   Ye dearest idols, fall;
   My love ye must not share.
   Jesus shall have it all:
   'T is bitter pain, 't is cruel smart,
   But ah! thou must consent, my heart!

3 Ye fair enchanting throng,
   Ye golden dreams, farewell!
   Earth has prevail'd too long,
   And now I break the spell:
   Ye cherish'd joys of early years!
   Jesus, forgive these parting tears.

4 But must I part with all?
   My heart still fondly pleads:
   Yes—Dagon's self must fall,
   It beats, it throbs, it bleeds.
Is there no balm in Gilead found,
To soothe and heal the smarting wound?

5 O yes, there is a balm,
A kind Physician there,
My fever’d mind to calm,
To bid me not despair:
Aid me, dear Saviour, set me free,
And I will all resign to Thee.

6 O may I feel thy worth,
And let no idol dare,
No vanity of earth,
With thee, my Lord, compare;
Now bid all worldly joys depart,
And reign supremely in my heart.

THE GOSPEL CHURCH.

403 Part I. L. M. Angel’s Hymn, 60.

1 THE burning bush which Moses saw
Might justly his attention draw:
Could ever sight like this be seen,—
The fire so bright, the bush so green?

2 ’T was no great wonder there to see
Fire kindled on so mean a tree;
But who could possibly presume
The flame would not the bush consume?

3 Turning aside to see the cause,
The reason soon discover’d was:
God in the bush the fire restrain’d;
God in the fire the bush sustain’d.
4 Thus he preserves from age to age
His church in persecution's rage;
What torturing flames the martyrs felt!
But in the bush Jehovah dwelt.

5 So, midst the sense of wrath divine,
Due to unnumbered sins of mine,
And wrath of men and rage of hell,
I live—if Christ within me dwell.

6 His presence keeps the bush alive,
And midst the fire can make us thrive:
Nor need a single saint despair,
Long as he finds Immanuel there.

403  Part II. C. M. Harmonia, 392.

The stability and glory of Zion.

Cant. vi. 10.  Gibbons.

1 Say, who is she that looks abroad,
Like the sweet blushing dawn,
When with her living light she paints
The dew-drops of the lawn?

2 Fair as the moon, when in the skies
Serene her throne she guides,
And o'er the twinkling stars supreme
In full-orb'd glory rides;

3 Clear as the sun, when from the east
Without a cloud he springs,
And scatters boundless light and heat
From his resplendent wings;

4 Tremendous as a host that moves
Majestically slow,
With banners wide display'd, all arm'd,
All ardent for the foe!
5 This is the church, by heaven array'd
   With strength and grace divine;
Thus shall she strike her foes with dread,
   And thus her glories shine.

PAUSE.

6 Far, far beyond my highest joy
   I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
   Her hymns of love and praise.

7 Sure as thy truth, O God, shall last,
   To Sion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
   And brighter bliss of heaven.

403 Part III. L. M. Job, 474.
The holy city purified and guarded.
Is. lii. 1, 2.

1 TRIUMPHANT Zion, lift thy head
   From dust, and darkness, and the dead,
Though humbled long, awake at length,
   And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
   And let thy various charms be known;
The world thy glories shall confess,
   Deck'd in the robes of righteousness.

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
   And fill thy hallow'd walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host
   Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

4 God from on high thy groans will hear;
   His hand thy ruins shall repair;
Rear'd and adorn'd by love divine,
   Thy towers and battlements shall shine.

2 g 2
The Church.

5 Grace shall dispose my heart and voice
   To share and echo back her joys;
   Nor will her watchful Monarch cease
   To guard her in eternal peace.


The presence of Christ the joy of his people.

1 The wondering nations have beheld
The sacred prophecy fulfill'd,
And angels hail the glorious morn
That show'd the great Messiah born:

2 The Prince! the Saviour! long desired,
   Whom men foretold, by Heaven inspired,
   And raptured saw the blissful day.
   Rise o'er the world with healing ray.

3 Oft, in the temples of his grace,
   His saints behold his smiling face;
   And oft have seen his glories shine
   With power and majesty divine:

4 But soon, alas! his absence mourn,
   And pray, and wish his kind return;
   Without his life-inspiring light,
   'Tis all a scene of gloomy night.

5 Come, dearest Lord! thy children cry,
   Our graces droop, our comforts die;
   Return, and let thy glories rise
   Again to our admiring eyes;

6 Till, fill'd with light and joy and love,
   Thy courts below, like those above,
   Triumphant hallelujahs raise,
   And heaven and earth resound thy praise.
Part II. L. M. Claybury, 310.
Perpetual presence of God desired.

1 O THOU, the hope of Israel’s host,
Their strength, their helper, and their boast,
How oft their Saviour hast thou been,
In times of trouble and of sin.

2 And have not we beheld thy face?
Thy visits crown’d the means of grace;
O come again, indulgent Lord,
With all the joy thy smiles afford.

3 'Enter our hearts, Redeemer blest,
Enter, thou ever honour’d Guest;
Enter, and make our hearts thine own,’
Thy house, thy temple, and thy throne.

4 And stay, not only for a night,
To bless us with a transient sight;
But with us dwell, through time,—and then
In heaven for evermore.—Amen.

Part I. C. M. Gratitude, 383.
Asking the way to Zion.

1 INQUIRE, ye pilgrims, for the way
That leads to Zion’s hill,
And thither set your steady face,
With a determined will.

2 Invite the strangers all around
Your pious march to join,
And spread the sentiments you feel
Of faith and love divine.

3 O come, and to his temple haste,
And seek his favour there;
Before his footstool humbly bow,
And pour your fervent prayer.

4 O come, and join yourselves to God
In everlasting bands;
Accept the blessings he bestows,
With thankful hearts and hands.

PART II. C. M. Lydia, 327.

The highway to Zion.

Isa. xxxv. 8—10. DODDRIDGE.

1 Sing, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Your great Deliverer sing:
Pilgrims for Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King.

2 See the fair way his hand hath raised;
How holy and how plain!
Nor shall the simplest traveller err,
Nor ask the track in vain.

3 No ravening lion shall destroy,
Nor lurking serpent wound;
Pleasure and safety, peace and praise,
Through all the path are found.

4 A hand divine shall lead you on
Through all the blissful road,
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your smiling God.

5 There garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head;
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows all are fled.

6 March, then, in your Redeemer's strength;
Pursue his footsteps still;
And let the prospect cheer your hearts
While labouring up the hill.
The Church.

1 GREAT Father of mankind,
   We bless that wondrous grace
Which could for Gentiles find
   Within thy courts a place;
   How kind the care
   Our God displays,
   For us to raise
   A house of prayer!

2 Though once estranged afar,
   We now approach the throne;
For Jesus brings us near,
   And makes our cause his own:
     Strangers no more,
     To thee we come,
     And find our home
     And rest secure.

3 To thee our souls we join,
   And love thy sacred name;
No more our own, but thine,
   We triumph in thy claim:
     Our Father-King,
     Thy covenant grace
     Our souls embrace,
     Thy titles sing.

4 Here in thy house we feast
   On dainties all divine;
And while such sweets we taste,
   With joy our faces shine;
   Incense shall rise
   From flames of love,
   And God approve
   The sacrifice.
5 May all the nations throng 
To worship in thy house; 
And thou attend the song, 
And smile upon their vows; 
Indulgent still, 
Till earth conspire 
To join the choir 
On Zion's hill.

Institution of a gospel ministry. 
Eph. iv. 8—12. DODDRIDGE.

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy house 
Smile on our homage and our vows, 
While with a grateful heart we share 
These pledges of our Saviour's care.

2 The Saviour, when to heaven he rose 
In splendid triumph o'er his foes, 
Scatter'd his gifts on men below, 
And wide his royal bounties flow.

3 Hence sprang the apostles' honour'd name, 
Sacred beyond heroic fame: 
In lowlier forms to bless our eyes, 
Pastors from hence and teachers rise.

4 From Christ their varied gifts derive, 
And fed by Christ their graces live: 
While, guarded by his potent hand, 
'Midst all the rage of hell they stand.

5 So shall the bright succession run 
Through the last courses of the sun; 
While unborn churches, by their care, 
Shall rise and flourish large and fair.
6 Jesus, our Lord, their hearts shall know,
The spring whence all these blessings flow;
Pastors and people shout his praise
Through the long round of endless days.

408 L. M. Wareham, 117. Old 100th.
Sending a member into the work of the ministry.

1 Our God ascends his lofty throne,
Array'd in majesty unknown;
His lustre all the temple fills,
And spreads o'er all the ethereal hills:

2 The holy, holy, holy Lord,
By all the seraphim adored;
And, while they stand beneath his seat,
They veil their faces and their feet.

3 Lord, how can sinful lips proclaim
The honours of so great a name!
O for thine altar's glowing coal
To touch his lips, to fire his soul!

4 Then, if a messenger thou ask,
A labourer for the hardest task,
Through all his weakness and his fear,
Love shall reply, 'Thy servant's here.'

5 Nor let his willing soul complain,
Though every effort seem in vain;
It ample recompense shall be
But to have wrought, O God, for thee.

409 L. M. Paul's, 246. Antiquity, 331.
Seeking direction in the choice of a pastor.

1 Shepherd of Israel, bend thine ear,
Thy servants' groans indulgent hear;
PERPLEX'D, DISTRESS'D, TO THEE WE CRY,
AND SEEK THE GUIDANCE OF THINE EYE.

2 SEND FORTH, O LORD, THY TRUTH AND LIGHT
TO GUIDE OUR DOUBTFUL FOOTSTEPS RIGHT:
OUR DROOPING HEARTS, O GOD, SUSTAIN,
NOR LET US SEEK THY FACE IN VAIN.

3 RETURN, IN WAYS OF PEACE RETURN,
NOR LET THY FLOCK NEGLECTED MOURN;
MAY OUR BLESSED EYES A SHEPHERD SEE,
DEAR TO OUR SOULS, AND DEAR TO THEE!

LET ZION'S WATCHMEN ALL AWAKE,
AND TAKE THE ALARM THEY GIVE!
NOW LET THEM, FROM THE MOUTH OF GOD,
THEIR AWFUL CHARGE RECEIVE.

'T IS NOT A CAUSE OF SMALL IMPORT
THE PASTOR'S CARE DEMANDS;
BUT WHAT MIGHT FILL AN ANGEL'S HEART,
AND FILL'D A SAVIOUR'S HANDS.

3 THEY WATCH FOR SOULS, FOR WHICH THE LORD
DID HEAVENLY BLISS FOREGO;
FOR SOULS, WHICH MUST FOR EVER LIVE
IN RAPTURES OR IN WOE.

4 ALL TO THE GREAT TRIBUNAL HASTE,
THE ACCOUNT TO RENDER THERE; [FAULTS,
AND SHOULD'ST THOU STRICTLY MARK OUR
LORD, WHERE SHOULD WE APPEAR?

5 MAY THEY THAT JESUS WHOM THEY PREACH,
THEIR OWN REDEEMER SEE;
AND WATCH THOU DAILY O'ER THEIR SOULS,
THAT THEY MAY WATCH FOR THEE.
THE CHURCH.


At the settlement of a minister. Doddridge.

1 SHEPHERD of Israel, thou dost keep,
With constant care, thy humble sheep;
By thee inferior pastors rise
To feed our souls and bless our eyes.

2 To all thy churches such impart,
Modell'd by thy own gracious heart,
Whose courage, watchfulness and love,
Men may attest, and God approve.

3 Fed by their active tender care,
Healthful may all thy sheep appear;
And by their fair example led,
The way to Zion's pasture tread!

4 Here hast thou listen'd to our vows,
And scatter'd blessings on thy house;
Thy saints are succour'd, and no more
As sheep without a guide deplore.

5 Completely heal each former stroke,
And bless the shepherd and the flock;
Confirm the hopes thy mercies raise,
And own this tribute of our praise.


Christ's care of ministers and churches.

Doddridge.

1 We bless the eternal Source of light,
Who makes the stars to shine,
And through this dark beclouded world
Diffuseth rays divine.

2 We bless the church's sovereign King,
Whose golden lamps we are,
Fix'd in the temples of his love,
To shine with radiance fair.
THE CHURCH.

3 Still be our purity preserved;
    Still fed with oil the flame;
    And in deep characters inscribed
    Our heavenly Master's name!

4 Then, while between our ranks he walks,
    And all our state surveys,
    His smiles shall with new lustre deck
    The people of his praise.


Ministers a savour of life or death.

2 Cor. ii. 15, 16.

DODDRIDGE.

1 PRAISE to the Lord on high,
    Who spreads his triumphs wide,
    While Jesus' fragrant name
    Is breathed from every side.
       Balmy and rich
       The odours rise,
       And fill the earth,
       And reach the skies.

2 Ten thousand dying souls
    Its influence feel, and live:
    Sweeter than vital air
    The incense they receive:
       They breathe anew,
       And rise and sing
       Jesus the Lord,
       Their conquering King.

3 But sinners scorn the grace
    That brings salvation nigh;
    They turn their face away,
    And faint, and fall, and die.
So sad a doom,
Ye saints, deplore,
For, O, they fall
To rise no more!

4 Yet, wise and mighty God,
Shall all thy servants be,
In those who live or die,
A savour sweet to thee:
Supremely bright
Thy grace shall shine,
Guarded with flames
Of wrath divine.

413 L. M. Gould's, 272. Old 100th.
Dangerous illness of a minister.

1 O Thou, before whose gracious throne
We bow our suppliant spirits down,
View the sad breast, the streaming eye,
And let our sorrows pierce the sky.

2 Thou know'st the anxious cares we feel,
And all our trembling lips would tell;
Thou only canst assuage our grief,
And yield our woe-fraught hearts relief.

3 Though we have sinn'd, and justly dread
The vengeance hovering o'er our head,
Yet, Power benign, thy servant spare,
Nor turn aside thy people's prayer.

4 Avert thy swift descending stroke,
Nor smite the shepherd of the flock,
Lest o'er the barren waste we stray,
To prowling wolves an easy prey.

5 Restore him, sinking to the grave;
Stretch out thine arm, make haste to save;
Back to our hope and wishes give,  
And bid our friend and father live.

6 Bound to each soul by tenderest ties,  
In every breast his image lies;  
Thy pitying aid, O God, impart,  
Nor rend him from each bleeding heart.

7 Yet if our supplications fail,  
And prayers and tears can nought prevail,  
Condemn'd on this dark desert coast  
To mourn our much-loved leader lost;

8 Be thou his strength, be thou his stay,  
Support him through the gloomy way;  
Comfort his soul, surround his bed,  
And guide him thro' the dreary shade.

9 Around him may thy angels wait,  
Deck'd with their robes of heavenly state,  
To teach his happy soul to rise,  
And waft him to his native skies.

C. M. Huddersfield, 202.

A minister's farewell' charge.

Acts xx. 26, 27.

1 WHEN Paul was parted from his friends,  
It was a weeping day; But Jesus made them all amends,  
And wiped their tears away.

2 In heaven they met again with joy,  
(Secure no more to part,)  
Where praises every tongue employ,  
And pleasure fills each heart.

3 Thus all the preachers of his grace:  
Their children soon shall meet;  
Together see their Saviour's face,  
And worship at his feet.
4 But they who heard the word in vain,
    Though oft and plainly warn'd,
Will tremble when they meet again
    The ministers they scorn'd.

5 On your own heads your blood will fall,
    If any perish here;
The preachers, who have told you all,
    Shall stand approved and clear.

6 Yet, Lord, to save themselves alone
    Is not their utmost view;
O, hear their prayer, thy message own,
    And save their hearers too.


Prayer for ministers.

1 WITH heavenly power, O Lord, defend
    Him whom we now to thee commend:
His person bless, his soul secure,
    And make him to the end endure.

2 Gird him with all-sufficient grace;
Direct his feet in paths of peace;
Thy truth and faithfulness fulfil,
    And help him to obey thy will.

3 Before him thy protection send;
    O love him, save him to the end:
Nor let him, as thy pilgrim, rove
Without the convoy of thy love.

4 Enlarge, inflame, and fill his heart;
    In him thy mighty power exert;
That thousands yet unborn may praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.
416, 417  THE CHURCH.

416  L. M. Portugal, 97. Dryden's, 326.  

The pastor's wish for his people.  

Phil. iv. 1.  

GIBBONs.

1 MY brethren, from my heart beloved,  
Whose welfare fills my daily care,  
My present joy, my future crown,  
The word of exhortation hear.

2 Stand fast upon the solid rock  
Of the Redeemer's righteousness;  
Adorn the gospel with your lives,  
And practise what your lips profess.

3 With pleasure meditate the hour  
When He, descending from the skies,  
Shall bid your bodies, mean and vile,  
In his all-glorious image rise.

4 Glory in his dear honour'd name,  
To him inviolably cleave;  
Your all he purchased by his blood,  
Nor let him less than all receive.

5 Such is your pastor's faithful charge,  
Whose soul desires not yours, but you;  
O may he, at the Lord's right hand,  
Himself, and all his people view.

417  L. M. Wareham, 117.  

At a choice of deacons.

1 FAIR Sion's King, we suppliant bow,  
And hail the grace thy church enjoys;  
Her holy deacons are thine own,  
With all the gifts thy love employs.

2 Up to the throne we lift our eyes,  
For blessings to attend our choice  
Of such whose generous prudent zeal  
Shall make thy favour'd ways rejoice.
3 Happy in Jesus, their own Lord,
    May they his sacred table spread,—
The table of their pastor fill,
    And fill the holy poor with bread!

4 [When pastor, saints, and poor, they
    serve, [crown’d!
May their own hearts with grace be
While patience, sympathy, and joy,
Adorn, and through their lives abound.]

5 By purest love to Christ and truth,
    O may they win a good degree
Of boldness in the Christian faith,
    And meet the smile of thine and thee.

6 And when the work to them assign’d—
The work of love—is fully done,
Call them from serving tables here,
To sit around thy glorious throne.

MONTHLY AND MISSIONARY PRAYER MEETINGS.

418

PART I. 8. 7. Carlisle, 95.

Glorious things spoken of Zion, the city of God.

NEWTON.

1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
    Zion, city of our God!
He, whose word can not be broken,
    Form’d thee for his own abode:
On the Rock of ages founded,
    What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation’s walls surrounded,
    Thou may’st smile at all thy foes.

2 [See! the streams of living waters,
    Springing from eternal love,
THE CHURCH.

Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows thy thirst t' assuage?
Grace which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near:
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which he gives them when they pray.]

4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood,
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God.
'T is his love his people raises
Over self to reign as kings;
And, as priests, his solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings.

5 Saviour, if of Zion's city
I through grace a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy name:
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show!
Solid joys and lasting treasure,
None but Zion's children know.

PART II. L. M. Power, 478.
Prayer for the spread of the gospel. 

1 EXERT thy power, thy rights maintain,
Insulted, 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  
Though earth and hell should dare oppose;  
The stone cut from the mountain's side,  
Though unobserved, 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.

5 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.

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 O see, on both the Indies’ 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 forgiven:

5 See what delight, unfelt before,  
Beams in his fix’d attentive eye;  
And hear him ask, ‘For wretched me,  
Did this Divine Redeemer die?’

6 ‘Ah! why have you so long forborne  
To tell such welcome news as this?  
Go now, let every sinner hear,  
And share in such exalted bliss.’

7 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.

8 Now, Babylon, thy hour is come,  
Thy cursed foundation shall give way,  
And thine eternal overthrow  
The triumphs of the cross display.

1 Go, favour’d Britons, and proclaim  
The kind Redeemer you have found;
Publish his ever-precious name
To all the wondering nations round.

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

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

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.

Neglect 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 received 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 That glorious heart-reviving sound?

5 To us their duty they bequeath'd, And left the promise on record; And had our ardour equall'd theirs, The same had been our blest reward.

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

7 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!


1 From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand, Where Afric's sunny fountains Roll down their golden sand; From many an ancient river, From many a palmy plain, They call us to deliver Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes Blow soft o'er Java's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
   With wisdom from on high—
Can we, to men benighted,
   The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, oh, salvation!
   The joyful sound proclaim;
Till each remotest nation
   Has learn'd Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story;
   And you, ye waters, roll;
Till, like a sea of glory,
   It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
   The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
   In bliss returns to reign.

419 Part I. L. M. Chard, 175.

Prospect of success.

1 Behold the expected time draw near,
   The shades disperse, the dawn ap-
Behold the wilderness assume [pear,
The beauteous tints of Eden's bloom.

2 Events, with prophecies, conspire
To raise our faith, our zeal to fire;
The ripening fields, already white,
Present a harvest to our sight.
3 The untaught heathen waits to know
The joy the gospel will bestow;
The exiled slave waits to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.

4 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 hoisted 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,
Assured 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.

419 Part II. C. M. Church-street, 519.
Increase of the church promised and pleaded.

GIBBONS.

1 Father, is not thy promise pledged
To thine exalted Son,
That through the nations of the earth
Thy word of life shall run?
2 'Ask, and I'll give the heathen lands
   For thine inheritance,
   And to the world's remotest shores
   Thine empire shall advance.'

3 Hast thou not said, the blinded Jews
   Shall their Redeemer own;
   While Gentiles to his standard crowd,
   And bow before his throne?

4 When shall the untutor'd Indian tribes,
   A dark, bewilder'd race,
   Sit down at our Immanuel's feet,
   And learn and feel his grace?

5 Are not all kingdoms, tribes, and tongues,
   Under th' expanse of heaven,
   To the dominion of thy Son
   Without exemption given?

6 From east to west, from north to south,
   Then be his name adored;
   Europe, with all thy millions, shout
   Hosannas to thy Lord!

7 Asia and Africa, resound
   From shore to shore his fame;
   And thou, America, in songs
   Redeeming love proclaim!


1 GREAT God, the nations of the earth
   Are by creation thine;
   And in thy works, by all beheld,
   Thy radiant glories shine.

2 But, Lord, thy greater love has sent
   Thy gospel to mankind,
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasured in thy mind.

3 Lord, when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe and every soul
Shall hear the joyful sound?

4 O when shall Afric's sable sons
Enjoy the heavenly word,
And vassals, long enslaved, become
The freed-men of the Lord?

5 When shall the untutor'd heathen tribes,
A dark, bewilder'd race,
Sit down at our Immanuel's feet,
And learn and feel his grace?

6 Haste, sovereign mercy, and transform
Their cruelty to love;
Soften the tiger to a lamb,
The vulture to a dove!

7 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt
To spread the gospel's rays;
And build on sin's demolish'd throne
The temples of thy praise.

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 Banian's shade,
Let the poor Hindoo feel its power,
And grace his soul pervade.

10 O let the heavenly shaster spread;
Bid Brahmins preach the word;
And may all India's tribes become
One caste to serve the Lord!

11 Send forth thy word, and let it fly,
Arm'd with thy Spirit's power;
Then thousands shall confess its sway,
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 regenerate 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 murderous cannon roar.

15 Lord, for those days we wait,—those days
Are in thy word foretold;
Fly swifter, sun and stars, and bring
This promised age of gold.

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

17 While in the howling shades of death
The heathens scorn thy name,
And rage with bold blaspheming breath,
Dear Lord, remember them!

18 Darkly they roam, enslaved by lust,
Devoid of fear and shame;
Before their gods they crouch in dust;
But, oh! remember them!

19 The gushing blood from Calvary
For ever flows the same;
It wash’d my soul—then still I'll cry,
Dear Lord, remember them!

20 I hear the lonely widow’s wail!
I see the mountain flame!
But, while the dreadful fire they hail,
Do thou remember them!

21 Oft as thy servants, far and near,
Thy dying love proclaim,
Lest they should yield to cold despair,
Dear Lord, remember them!

22 And oh, when heathens bend the knee,
To call upon thy name,
Stretching their willing hands to thee,
Dear Lord, remember them!

23 But chiefly, when before the throne,
O interceding Lamb,
Wrestling, thou pleadest for thine own,
Then, then remember them!

\textbf{420 \hspace{1em} PART II. L. M. Wareham, 117.}
\textit{A blessing on missions and missionaries requested.}
\textit{Beddome, alt.}

1 \textbf{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;

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.

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

MISSIONS.

1 
**YE** 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 promised aid,
With sacred courage go.

3 
Mountains shall sink to plains,
And hell in vain oppose;
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 depraved
Of Adam's numerous race.

5 
We wish you, in his name,
The most divine success;
Assured that He who sends you forth
Will your endeavours bless.
THE CHURCH.

God invoked for his church.

1 Awake, thou mighty arm,
Which has 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 accustom'd bed.

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

Great events from small beginnings. WESLEY.

1 See how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace!
Jesu's love the nations fires,
Sets the kingdoms on a blaze:
To bring fire on earth he came,—
Kindled in some hearts it is:
O that all might catch the flame,
All partake the glorious bliss!

2 When he first the work begun,
Small and feeble was his day:
Now the word doth swiftly run,
Now it wins its widening way:
More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail;
Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.
3 Sons of God, your Saviour praise;
He the door hath open'd wide;
He hath given the word of grace;
Jesu's word is glorified:
Jesus, mighty to redeem,
He alone the work hath wrought;
Worthy is the work of Him,—
Him who spake a world from nought.

4 Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land:
Lo, the promise of a shower
Drops already from above;
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the Spirit of his love.

421 PART I. L. M. Melcombe, 325.  
Longing for the latter-day glory.

1 HOW many years has man been driven
Far off from happiness and heaven!
When wilt thou, gracious Lord, restore
Thy wandering church, to roam no more?

2 Six thousand years are nearly past
Since Adam from thy sight was cast;
And ever since his fallen race,
From age to age, are void of grace.

3 When will the happy trump proclaim
The judgment of the martyr'd Lamb?
When shall the captive troops be free,
And keep the eternal jubilee?

4 Hasten it, Lord, in every land;
Send thou thine angels and command:
‘Go, sound deliverance; loudly blow Salvation to the saints below.’

5 We want to have the day appear,— The promised great sabbatic year, When, far from grief, and sin, and hell, Israel in ceaseless peace shall dwell.

6 Till then we will not let thee rest, Thou still shalt hear our strong request: And this our daily prayer shall be, Lord, sound the trump of jubilee.

1 'How long,' O God, 'has man been driven Far off from happiness and heaven! 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.

PART III. 10's. Warsaw, 211.

Fame and glory of the spiritual temple.

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

2 Wide as the spacious globe on which we tread, This sacred temple shall its bounds extend; Its blessings, not to Abram's seed confined, 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 inspired, See the successful missionaries teach; Their ardour still by gathering converts fired.

5 Hark, they proclaim salvation by the cross, And thousands press t' accept the boundless grace; Jesus his own almighty power displays, His temple now is universal space.

PART IV. C. M. Jerusalem, 379.

On his head were many crowns.

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 he hath won:
O may his conquests ever grow,
   While time its course shall run!

4 Ride forth, thou mighty conqueror, ride,
   And millions more subdue,
Destroy our enmity and pride,
   And we will crown thee too.

421 PART V. C. M. Christchurch, 420.
The church awakened. — BYLAND.

1 NOW let the slumbering church awake,
   And shine in bright array:
Thy chains, O captive daughter, break,
   And cast thy bonds away.

2 Long hast thou lain in dust supine,
   Insulted by thy foes:
'Where is,' they cried, 'that God of thine?
   And who regards thy woes?'

3 Thy God incarnate on his hands
   Beholds thy name engraved;
Still unrevoked his promise stands,
   And Zion shall be saved.

4 He did but wait the fittest time
   His mercy to display;
And now he rides on clouds sublime,
   And brings the promised day.

5 Thy God for thee shall soon appear,
   And end thy mourning days;
Salvation’s walls around thee rear,  
And fill thy gates with praise.

421  Part VI. C. M. Missionary, 257.  
*The church awakened.*  
Isa. lii. 1, 2; liv. 1—14. Montgomery.

1 **DAUGHTER** of Zion, from the dust  
Exalt thy fallen head;  
Again in thy Redeemer trust,—  
He calls thee from the dead.

2 Awake, awake, put on thy strength,  
Thy beautiful array;  
The day of freedom dawns at length,  
The Lord’s appointed day.

3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,  
And send thy heralds forth;  
Say to the south—‘Give up thy charge,  
And keep not back, O north.’

4 They come, they come: thine exiled bands,  
Where’er they rest or roam,  
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,  
And hasten to their home.

5 Thus, though the universe shall burn,  
And God his works destroy,  
With songs thy ransom’d shall return,  
And everlasting joy.

422  Part I. 112th. Ragland, 204.  
*Prayer for Jews.*

1 **FATHER** of faithful Abra’m, hear  
Our earnest suit for Abra’m’s seed;  
Justly they claim the softest prayer  
From us adopted in their stead,  
Who mercy through their fall obtain,  
And Christ by their rejection gain.
2 Outcast from thee, and scatter'd wide
    Through every nation under heaven,
Blaspheming whom they crucified,
    Unsaved, unpitied, unforgiven;
Branded like Cain, they bear their load,
    Abhorr'd of men and cursed of God.

3 But hast thou finally forsook,
    For ever cast thy own away?
Wilt thou not bid the murderers look
    On Him they pierced, and weep and pray?
Yes, gracious Lord, thy word is past,
    'All Israel shall be saved at last.'

4 Come, then, thou great Deliverer, come:
    The veil from Jacob's heart remove;
Receive thy ancient people home,
    That, quicken'd by thy dying love,
The world may their reception view,
    And shout to God the glory due.

422 PART II. 148th. Portsmouth New, 144.
Evangelical philanthropy.

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

2 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.
3 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.

4 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.

5 All power is in his hand
   His people to defend;
   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
   Diffused abroad must be:
   Till God the Son shall come again,
   It must go on. Amen! Amen!

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 who own his sway!
   Ye own'd shall be another day.

8 All hail, incarnate Lord!
   Our souls triumphant cry;
THE CHURCH.

Be thy blest name adored
By all beneath the sky!
But when we join the hosts above,
In strains divine we 'll sing thy love.

PART III. L. M. Refuge, 489.

The fields white for harvest.

1 Lift up your joyful eyes, and see
   A plenteous harvest all around,
   Ripening for bliss, and not a grain
   Shall ever fall unto the ground:

2 A harvest of immortal souls,
   Secured by an Almighty power,
   Nor heat, nor cold, nor storms shall hurt,
   Nor ravenous beasts of prey devour.

3 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.

PART IV. L. M. Crucifixion, 456.

He must reign.

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 rescued 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, through 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, ranged thy blazing throne around,
   The Saviour's honours we'll proclaim;
   While heaven's transported realms re-
   sound
   Thy glorious deeds and darling name.

422  PART V.  C. M.  Gratitude, 383.

The latter-day glory.

1  BEHOLD! the mountain of the Lord
   In latter days shall rise
   On mountain-tops, above the hills,
   And draw the wondering eyes.

2  To this the joyful nations round,
    All tribes and tongues shall flow;
    'Up to the hill of God,' they 'll say,
    And to his temple go.

3  The beam that shines on Zion hill
    Shall lighten every land;
    The King that reigns in Zion's towers
    Shall all the world command.

4  Among the nations He shall judge;
    His judgments truth shall guide;
    His sceptre shall protect the just,
    And quell the sinner's pride.

5  No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
    Or mar those peaceful years;
    To ploughshares shall they beat their swords—
    To pruning-hooks, their spears.

6  No longer hosts, encountering hosts,
    Their millions slain deplore;
    They hang the useless helm on high,
    And study war no more.
7. Come then, Oh come from every land,  
To worship at his shrine,  
And, walking in the light of God,  
With holy beauty shine.

PART VI. New 50th.

The spread of the gospel.

1. THOU whose sceptre earth and seas obey,  
   And skies and stars and suns confess thy sway,  
   Now to thy Son th’ immortal kingdom give,  
   In him command a ruin’d world to live;  
   O’er every realm his mighty sway extend,  
   And bid o’er every throne his throne ascend.

2. O’er all created names his glories shine,  
   Supreme his beauty, and his grace divine;  
   Fairer than thrones and powers, and seraphs bright,  
   The realms of nature and the world of light;  
   The King of kings, the Prince to angels given,  
   Lord of the world, and Heir Divine of heaven.

3. His glorious hand shall hold a righteous sway—  
   Th’ oppressor tremble, and the proud obey;  
   The friendless poor immortal treasures know,  
   The wearied bosom rest from every woe;  
   The houseless wanderer find a blest abode,  
   The soul a ransom, and the saint a God.

4. Fair as the tree of life the saints shall rise,  
   Redeem’d from death and violence and lies,  
   Loved by his soul as precious sons are loved,  
   Glorious as kings, as spotless priests approved;  
   On joyful hills shall truth and justice grow,  
   And peace in spreading streams the world o’erflow.

5. Through endless years his glory shall extend,  
   For him increasing prayers to heaven ascend;  
   To heaven his name from every region rise,  
   More sweet than incense cheers the morning skies;  
   To him all lands a song of rapture raise,  
   And lisping infants join their artless praise.

6. As spring’s mild showers refresh the thirsty plain,  
   As cloudless suns succeed the genial rain,  
   So shall his influence earth’s sad face renew,  
   Where the scant seed his faithful labourers strew;
Like towering groves, behold the harvest rise,
Wave round like Lebanon, and reach the skies!

7 From shore to shore shall stretch his boundless sway;
His boundless blessings flow to every sea;
See round his altars suppliant kings attend,
Before his throne obedient nations bend;
To him their tribute distant realms unfold,
Her spices India, and Peru her gold!

8 See springs of life in thirsty deserts flow,
And savage tribes th' Immortal Saviour know;
Prostrate in dust his humbled foes shall lie,
Or send their hymns of transport to the sky;
And each blest land rehearse his praises o'er,
Till moons shall walk their evening rounds no more.

9 In him the curse in boundless bliss shall end;
From evil good, from darkness light ascend;
Diviner glories to mankind be given,
A nobler nature and a fairer heaven;
Let earth, let saints, that seek his bright abode,
Resound his praise, and bless their Father God.

ASSOCIATIONS; OR, GENERAL MEETINGS OF CHURCHES AND MINISTERS.

1 THE Lord on mortal worms looks down
From his celestial throne;
And, when the wicked swarm around,
He well discerns his own.

2 He sees the tender hearts that mourn
The scandals of the times,
And join their efforts to oppose
The wide-prevailing crimes.

3 Low to the social band he bows
His still attentive ear;
And while his angels sing around,
Delights their voice to hear.

4 The chronicles of heaven shall keep
Their words in transcript fair,
In the Redeemer's book of life
Their names recorded are.

5 'Yes,' saith the Lord, 'the world shall
These humble souls are mine;
These, when my jewels I produce,
Shall in full lustre shine.

6 'When deluges of fiery wrath
My foes away shall bear,
That hand, which strikes the wicked thro',
Shall all my children spare.'

1 BEFORE thy throne, eternal King,
Thy ministers their tribute bring,—
Their tribute of united praise
For heavenly news and peaceful days.

2 We sing the conquests of thy sword,
And publish loud thy healing word:
While angels sound thy glorious name,
Thy saving grace our lips proclaim.

3 Thy various service we esteem
Our sweet employ, our bliss supreme:
And, while we feel thy heavenly love,
We burn like seraphim above.

4 Nor seraphs there can ever raise
With us an equal song of praise;
They are the noblest work of God,
But we, the purchase of his blood.
ASSOCIATIONS.

5 Still in thy work would we abound;  
Still prune the vine or plough the ground;  
The sheep with wholesome pasture feed,  
And watch them with unwearied heed.

6 Thou art our Lord, our life, our love,  
Our care below, our crown above;  
Thy praise shall be our best employ,  
Thy presence our eternal joy.

425 C. M. Brighton, 208. Devizes, 14.  

Lovest thou me? John xxi. 15. Dodridge.

1 Do not I love thee, O my Lord?  
Behold my heart and see;  
And turn each cursed idol out  
That dares to rival thee.

2 Do not I love thee from my soul?  
Then let me nothing love:  
Dead be my heart to every joy,  
When Jesus cannot move.

3 Is not thy name melodious still  
To mine attentive ear?  
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound  
My Saviour's voice to hear?

4 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock  
I would disdain to feed?  
Hast thou a foe, before whose face  
I fear thy cause to plead?

5 Would not my ardent spirit vie  
With angels round the throne,  
To execute thy sacred will,  
And make thy glory known?

6 Would not my heart pour forth its blood  
In honour of thy name,
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp the immortal flame?]  

7 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord;
But Oh, I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

Prayer for ministers.  

1 FATHER of mercies, bow thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer;
We plead for those who plead for thee;
Successful pleaders may they be!

2 How great their work, how vast their charge!
Do thou their anxious souls enlarge;
Their best acquirements are our gain,
We share the blessings they obtain.

3 Clothe, then, with energy divine
Their words, and let those words be thine;
To them thy sacred truth reveal,
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

4 Teach them to sow the precious seed;
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed;
Teach them immortal souls to gain—
Souls that will well reward their pain.

5 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound,
In humble strains thy grace implore,
And feel thy new-creating power.

6 Let sinners break their massy chains,
Distressed souls forget their pains;
Let light thro' distant realms be spread,
And Zion rear her drooping head.
PART I. 8.7. 4. Tenterden, 495.

Prayer for a revival. Newton, alt.

1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation,
   Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain!
All will come to desolation,
   Unless thou return again:
   Lord, revive us,
All our help must come from thee!

2 Keep no longer at a distance,
   Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
   Every plant should droop and die.
   Lord, &c.

3 Surely once thy garden flourish'd,
   Every part look'd gay and green;
Then thy word our spirit nourish'd,
   Happy seasons we have seen!
   Lord, &c.

4 [But a drought has since succeeded,
   And a sad decline we see;
   Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
   Help can only come from thee.
   Lord, &c.

5 Where are those we counted leaders,
   Fill'd with zeal, and love, and truth?
Old professors, tall as cedars,
   Bright examples to our youth?
   Lord, &c.

6 Some in whom we once delighted,
   We shall meet no more below;
Some, alas, we fear are blighted,
   Scarce a single leaf they show.
   Lord, &c.
7 Younger plants—the sight how pleasant!
Cover'd thick with blossoms stood:
But they cause us grief at present,
Frosts have nipp'd them in the bud!
Lord, &c.

8 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
Thou canst make them bloom again:
O permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain.
Lord, &c.

9 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one esteem'd thy servant
Shun the world's bewitching snares.
Lord, &c.

10 Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin from this good hour
To revive thy work afresh.
Lord, revive us,
All our help must come from thee.

427 Part II. L. M. Antiquity. 331.
For a church in a low condition.

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 raised,
How kind thy hand, that hand be praised!
Yet all to utter ruin falls
If thou forsake our tottering walls.

3 We call to mind the happier days
Of life and love, of prayer and praise,
When holy services gave birth
To joys resembling heaven on earth.
ASSOCIATIONS.

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;
O pour thy Spirit from on high,
And all our numerous wants supply.

7 O show 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!

427 PART III. L. M. Thanksgiving, 10.

The suffering people. KELLY.

1 'POOR and afflicted,' Lord, are thine,
Among the great unfit to shine;
But tho' the world may think it strange,
They would not with the world exchange.

2 'Poor and afflicted,' 'tis their lot,
They know it, and they murmur not;
'Twould ill become them to refuse
The state their Master deign'd to choose.

3 'Poor and afflicted,' yet they sing,
For Jesus is their glorious King;
Through sufferings perfect, now he reigns,
And shares in all their griefs and pains.

4 'Poor and afflicted,' but ere long
They join the bright celestial throng;
Their sufferings then will reach a close,
And heaven afford them sweet repose.
THE CHURCH.

5 And while they walk the thorny way,
They oft are heard to sigh and say—
Dear Saviour, come, O quickly come,
And take thy mourning pilgrims home.

427

PART IV. 11's. Geard, 156.

Comfort for the church in trouble.

1 O ZION, afflicted with wave upon wave, [save; Whom no man can comfort, whom no man can With darkness surrounded, by terrors dismay’d, In toiling and rowing thy strength is decay’d.

2 Loud roaring the billows now nigh overwhelm, But skilful’s the Pilot who sits at the helm; His wisdom conducts thee, his power thee defends, In safety and quiet thy warfare he ends.

3 ‘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, Through tempest and tossing I’ll bring thee to land.

4 ‘Forget thee, I will not, I cannot; thy name Engraved on my heart doth forever remain: The palms of my hands whilst I look on, I see The wounds I received when suffering for thee.

5 ‘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.

6 ‘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.

7 ‘The foolish, the fearful, the weak are my care; The helpless, the hopeless, I hear their sad prayer; From all their afflictions my glory shall spring, And the deeper their sorrows the louder they ’ll sing.’

428


Longing for the spread of the gospel. Williams.

1 O’ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still and gaze;
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace:
    Blessed jubilee,
Let the glorious morning dawn!

2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude Barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest
Once obtain'd on Calvary;
    Let the gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole.

3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the saving light;
And from eastern coast to western
May the morning chase the night,
    And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

4 May the glorious day approaching,
On their grossest darkness dawn,
And the everlasting gospel
Spread abroad thy holy name,
    All the borders
Of the great Immanuel's land.

5 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply, and still increase;
    Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.

6 Every creature, living, breathing,
In divinely grateful lays,
Father, Son, and Spirit praising,
    Magnify the God of grace;
Hallelujah!
Fill the universe with praise.
THE CHURCH.


Increase of the church.  BEDDOME.

1 SHOUT, for the blessed Jesus reigns!
Through distant lands his triumphs spread;
And sinners, freed from endless pains,
Own him their Saviour and their Head.

2 His sons and daughters from afar
Daily at Zion's gate arrive;
Those who were dead in sin before
By sovereign grace are made alive.

3 Oppressors bow beneath his feet,
O'ercome by his victorious power;
Princes in humble posture wait,
And proud blasphemers learn t'adore.

4 Gentiles and Jews his laws obey,
Nations remote their offerings bring:
And unconstrain'd their homage pay
To their exalted God and King.

5 O may his conquests still increase,
And every foe his power subdue;
While angels celebrate his praise,
And saints his glowing glories show.

6 Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb,
From all below and all above;
In lofty songs exalt his name,
In songs as lasting as his love.


Increase of Messiah's kingdom.  SCOTT.

1 ALL hail, incarnate God!
The wondrous things foretold
Of thee in sacred writ
With joy our eyes behold:
ASSOCIATIONS.

Still does thine arm new trophies wear,
And monuments of glory rear.

2 To thee the hoary head
Its silver honours pays;
To thee the blooming youth
Devotes his brightest days;
And every age their tribute bring,
And bow to thee, all-conquering King.

3 O haste, victorious Prince,
That happy glorious day,
When souls, like drops of dew,
Shall own thy gentle sway:
O may it bless our longing eyes,
And bear our shouts beyond the skies!

4 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Eternal be thy reign!
Behold the nations sue
To wear thy gentle chain:
When earth and time are known no more,
Thy throne shall stand for ever sure.

1 SING to the Lord above,
Who deigns on earth to raise
A temple to his love,
A monument of praise:
Ye saints around, through all its frame
Harmonious sound the Builder's name.

2 Beneath his eye and care,
The edifice shall rise
Majestic, strong, and fair,
And shine above the skies:
There shall he place the polish'd stone
Ordain'd the work of grace to crown.
THE CHURCH.

COLLECTIONS FOR POOR CHURCHES AND POOR BRETHREN.


At a collection for poor ministers or missionaries.

B. FRANCIS.

1 PRAISE the Saviour, all ye nations,
Praise him, all ye hosts above;
Shout, with joyful acclamations,
His divine victorious love:
Be his kingdom now promoted;
Let the earth her monarch know;
Be my all to him devoted,—
To my Lord my all I owe.

2 See, how beauteous on the mountains
Are thy feet, whose grand design
Is to guide us to the fountains
That o'erflow with bliss divine—
Who proclaim the joyful tidings
Of salvation all around—
Disregard the world's deridings,
And in works of love abound.

3 With my substance I will honour
My Redeemer and my Lord;
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
All were nothing to his word:
While the heralds of salvation
His abounding grace proclaim,
Let his friends of every station
Gladly join to spread his fame.

JESUS, my Lord, how rich thy grace!
Thy bounties how complete!

PART I. C. M. Braintree, 25.

Relieving Christ in his members.

Matt. xxv. 40.

DODDRIDGE.
How shall I count the matchless sum?
How pay the mighty debt?

2 High on a throne of radiant light
Dost thou exalted shine;
What can my poverty bestow,
When all the worlds are thine?

3 But thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of thy grace;
And wilt confess their humble names
Before thy Father's face.

4 In them thou may'st be clothed and fed,
And visited and cheer'd:
And in their accents of distress
My Saviour's voice is heard.

5 Thy face, with reverence, and with love,
We in thy poor would see;
Oh let us rather beg our bread
Than keep it back from thee!

Collection for poor saints, &c.

1 WE who need mercy every hour,
And by compassion stand,
Should show that mercy to the poor
Which Jesus doth command.

2 Christ in his members asks your alms,
Speaks in his brethren's cry;
The widow's wail his language is,
And orphan's sigh his sigh.

3 The lonely widow, desolate,
With cheerfulness relieve;
The fatherless commiserate;
Bread to the hungry give.
434, 435  THE CHURCH.

4  O may we feel each brother’s sigh,
   And with him bear a part;
   May sorrow flow from eye to eye,
   And joy from heart to heart.

5  Love is the golden chain that binds
   The happy souls above;
   And he’s an heir of heaven that finds
   His bosom glow with love.

434  PART I.  L. M. Lebanon, 79.

Of thine own have we given thee.

1  THE Lord, who rules the world’s affairs,
    For me a well-spread board prepares:
    My grateful thanks to him shall rise;
    He knows my wants, those wants supplies.

2  And shall I grudge to give his poor
    A mite from all my generous store?
    No, Lord, the friends of thine and thee
    Shall always find a friend in me.

434  PART II.  8. 7. 7. Batavia, 133.

Christ’s love constraining to liberality.

2 Cor. viii. 9.  KELLY.

BRETHREN, let us freely offer;
   All we have is from above;
   Let us give, and act, and suffer;
   What is this to Jesus’ love!
   Did he die our souls to save?
   Then we’re his, and all we have.

435  L. M.  Horsley, 205. Thomas’s, 272.

Christ’s beneficence for imitation.

1  WHEN Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,
    What were his works from day to day
   But miracles of power and grace,
   That spread salvation through our race?
2 Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view
Thy pattern, and thy steps pursue;
Let alms bestow’d, let kindness done,
Be witness’d by each rolling sun.

3 That man may last, but never lives,
Who much receives, but nothing gives;
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
Creation’s blot, creation’s blank:

4 But he who marks, from day to day,
In generous acts his radiant way,
Treads the same path his Saviour trod,
The path to glory and to God.

436
C. M. Bath Chapel, 26.
Providing bags that wax not old.
Luke xii. 33. DODDRIDGE.

1 THESE mortal joys, how soon they fade!
How swift they pass away!
The dying flower reclines its head,
The beauty of a day!

2 The bags are rent, the treasures lost,
We fondly call our own:
Scarce could we the possession boast,
And straight we found it gone.

3 But there are joys that cannot die,
With God laid up in store;
Treasure beyond the changing sky,
Brighter than golden ore.

4 To that my rising heart aspires,
Secure to find its rest,
And glories in such wide desires
Of all their wish possess’d.
5 The seeds which piety and love
   Hath scatter'd here below,
   In the fair, fertile fields above,
   To ample harvests grow.

6 The mite my willing hands can give,
   At Jesu's feet I lay;
   Grace shall the humble gift receive,
   And heaven at last repay.

CHURCH AND FELLOWSHIP MEETINGS.

S. M. Wirksworth, 158.

Praise for conversion. STENNETT.

1 Come, ye that fear the Lord,
   And listen, while I tell
   How narrowly my feet escaped
   The snares of death and hell.

2 The flattering joys of sense
   Assail'd my foolish heart,
   While Satan, with malicious skill,
   Guided the poisonous dart.

3 I fell beneath the stroke,
   But fell to rise again;
   My anguish roused me into life,
   And pleasures sprung from pain.

4 Darkness, and pain and grief,
   Oppress'd my gloomy mind;
   I look'd around me for relief,
   But no relief could find.

5 At length to God I cried;
   He heard my plaintive sigh;
   He heard, and instantly he sent
   Salvation from on high.
Meetings.

438, 439

6 My drooping head he raised;
   My bleeding wounds he healed;
Pardon'd my sins; and, with a smile,
The gracious pardon seal'd.

7 O! may I ne'er forget
   The mercy of my God;
   Nor ever want a tongue to spread
   His loudest praise abroad.

438

C. M. Bath Chapel, 26.
The conversion of sinners.

1 There's joy in heaven, and joy on
   When prodigals return, [earth,
   To see desponding souls rejoice,
   And haughty sinners mourn.

2 'Come, saints, and hear what God hath
   Is a reviving sound: [done,'  
   O may it spread from sea to sea,
   E'en all the globe around!

3 Often, O sovereign Lord, renew
   The wonders of this day;
   That Jesus here may see his seed,
   And Satan lose his prey.

4 Great God, the work is all thy own,
   Thine be the praises too;
   Let every heart and every tongue
   Give thee the glory due.

439

Part I. C. M. Brighton, 208.

Apostasy.

1 When any turn from Zion's way,
   (Alas, what numbers do!)
   Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
   'Wilt thou forsake me too?'
2 Ah, Lord! with such a heart as mine,
   Unless thou hold me fast,
    I feel I must, I shall decline,
   And prove like them at last.

3 Yet thou alone hast power, I know,
   To save a wretch like me;
   To whom or whither could I go,
   If I should turn from thee?

4 Beyond a doubt, I rest assured
   Thou art the Christ of God;
   Who hast eternal life secured
   By promise and by blood.

5 The help of men and angels join'd
   Could never reach my case;
   Nor can I hope relief to find
   But in thy boundless grace.

6 No voice but thine can give me rest,
   And bid my fears depart;
   No love but thine can make me blest,
   And satisfy my heart.

7 What anguish has that question stirr'd—
   If I will also go?
   Yet, Lord, relying on thy word,
   I humbly answer, No!

439  Part II.  S. M. Dunbar, 252.

1  Will ye also go away?
    From Christ, as some of old?
    Who walk'd no more, the Scriptures say,
    With him and with his fold.

2  And will ye go away
    From Christ, his house, his friends,
His table, his delightful day,  
And bliss that never ends?

3  And will ye go away?  
And whither will ye go?  
Will you in sin and bondage stray  
To everlasting woe?

4  And will ye go away,  
And vile apostates be?  
O rather with your Saviour stay,  
And die on Calvary's tree?

5  And will ye go away?  
And can this be your choice?  
O how would this his friends dismay,  
And make his foes rejoice!

6  Did not your heart once say,  
' Though others thee deny,  
Yea, should a world thy cause betray,  
Yet never, Lord, will I?'

7  [For pure are thy commands,  
Thy words are all divine;  
Eternal joys are in thy hands,  
And thou canst make them mine.]

8  To go away from thee!  
What sin and folly worse?  
Who from a smiling God would flee  
To meet a frowning curse?

9  Dear Lord, one bliss impart,  
('Tis not for heaven we pray,)  
But—let us not from thee depart,  
No, never go away.
To whom shall we go?

1 Thou only Sovereign of my heart,
   My Refuge, my almighty Friend—
   And can my soul from thee depart,
   On whom alone my hopes depend?

2 Whither, ah! whither shall I go,
   A wretched wanderer from my Lord?
   Can this dark world of sin and woe
   One glimpse of happiness afford?

3 Eternal life thy words impart,
   On these my fainting spirit lives;
   Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart
   Than all the round of nature gives.

4 Let earth's alluring joys combine,—
   While thou art near, in vain they call;
   One smile, one blissful smile of thine,
   My dearest Lord, outweighs them all.

5 Thy name my inmost powers adore,
   Thou art my life, my joy, my care;
   Depart from thee! 't is death—'t is more,
   'T is endless ruin, deep despair!

6 Low at thy feet my soul would lie,
   Here safety dwells, and peace divine;
   Still let me live beneath thine eye,
   For life, eternal life is thine.

Christian union.

1 Bless'd union! in Eden ne'er found,
   No, not in a Paradise lost!
   It grows on Immanuel's ground,
   And Christ all his sufferings it cost.
2 Why then so unwilling to part,  
Since we shall ere long meet again?  
Engraved on his hands and his heart,  
How can we at distance remain?

3 With Jesus we ever shall reign,  
Transported his glories shall see,  
And sing, Hallelujah! Amen!  
Amen! even so let it be!

**PART III. S.M. Ryland's, 48.**  
*For fellowship meetings.*

1 UNITING hearts and hands,  
Let each provoke his friend  
To run the way of God's commands,  
And keep it to the end.

2 May we our course pursue  
With vigour till we die,  
Rejoicing in the pleasing view  
Of fellowship on high.

3 It is a sweet employ  
To join in worship here;  
But how divine will be the joy  
To meet and worship there!

**PART IV. S.M. Hopkins, 157.**  
*The same.*

1 DEAR Saviour, with thy flock  
May we in love abide,  
Protected from the noon-day beams,  
And resting near thy side.

2 How precious is thy fold  
To all thy saints below!
Beneath thy tender watchful care,
They feed, and thrive, and grow.

3 Thy cause is dear to us;
Thy people are our choice;
With them afresh we take our lot,
And with them will rejoice.

GLORY be to God above,
God from whom all blessings flow;
Make we mention of his love,
Publish we his praise below:
Call’d together by his grace,
We are met in Jesu’s name;
See with joy each other’s face;
Followers of the bleeding Lamb.

2 Let us then sweet counsel take,
How to make our calling sure;
Our election how to make
Past the reach of hell secure.
Build we each the other up;
Pray we for our faith’s increase,
Solid comfort, settled hope,
Constant joy, and lasting peace.

3 More and more let love abound:
Let us never, never rest,
Till we are in Jesus found,
Of our paradise possest:
He removes the flaming sword,
Calls us back, from Eden driven;
To his image here restored,
Soon he takes us up to heaven.
MEETINGS.

PART VI. 7's. Jubilee, 403.

The communion of saints.

1 PARTNERS of a glorious hope,
Lift your hearts and voices up;
Jointly let us rise, and sing
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King.
Monuments of Jesu’s grace,
Speak we by our lives his praise,
Walk in him we have received;
Show we not in vain believed.

2 While we walk with God in light,
God our hearts doth still unite;
Dearest fellowship we prove,
Fellowship in Jesu’s love:
Sweetly each, with each combined,
In the bonds of duty join’d,
Feels the cleansing blood applied,
Daily feels that Christ hath died.

3 Still, O Lord, our faith increase;
Cleanse from all unrighteousness:
Thee th’ unholy cannot see;
Make, O make us meet for thee!
Every vile affection kill;
Root out every seed of ill;
Utterly abolish sin;
Write thy law of love within.

4 Hence may all our actions flow;
Love, the proof that Christ we know:
Mutual love the token be,
Lord, that we belong to thee:
Love, thine image, love impart!
Stamp it on our face and heart!
Only love to us be given;
Lord, we ask no other heaven.
COME, let us join our friends above
That have obtain'd the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joys celestial rise.

Let saints below in concert sing
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King
In earth and heaven are one.

One family, we dwell in him;
One church above, beneath:
Though now divided by the stream—
The narrow stream of death.

One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have cross'd the flood,
And part are crossing now.

Ten thousand to their endless home
This solemn moment fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die!

E'en now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before,
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore.

O that we now might see our guide!
O that the word were given!
Come, Lord of hosts, the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven.
440 Part VIII. C. M. Jerusalem, 379.

The one church.

WESLEY.

1 HAPPY the souls to Jesus join'd,
And saved by grace alone;
Walking in all his ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

2 The church triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know:
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

3 Thee in thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before thy throne;
We in the kingdom of thy grace,—
The kingdoms are but one.

4 The holy to the holiest leads;
From thence our spirits rise;
And he that in thy statutes treads
Shall meet thee in the skies.

440 Part IX. C. M. Arabia, 324.

Christian unity.

MONTGOMERY.

1 IN one fraternal bond of love,
One fellowship of mind,
The saints below, and saints above,
Their bliss and glory find.

2 Here, in their house of pilgrimage,
Thy statutes are their song;
There, through one bright eternal age
Thy praises they prolong.

3 Lord, may our union form a part
Of that thrice happy whole;
Derive its pulse from Thee the Heart,
Its life from Thee the Soul.
Prayer for the church.

1 IN thee, thou all-sufficient God,
   The springs of happiness arise,
   That cheer this howling waste below,
   And bless the mansions of the skies.

2 We, the productions of thy power,
   And pensioners upon thy love,
   Look to thy throne with longing eyes,
   And wait thy blessings from above.

3 Protect the young from every snare,
   And let thy staff support the old;
   Relieve the poor, nor let the rich
   Have all their heritage in gold.

4 Let joyful saints still taste thy grace,
   Give to the mourners heavenly day,
   Sustain the strong, and quick revive
   The withering plants from their decay.

Jesus met them.

1 SWEET the time, exceeding sweet,
   When the saints together meet,
   When the Saviour is the theme,
   When they join to sing of Him.

2 Sing we, then, eternal love,
   Such as did the Father move;
   When he saw the world undone,
   Loved the world, and gave his Son.

3 Sing the Son's amazing love,
   How he left the realms above,
   Took our nature and our place,
   Lived and died to save our race.
4 Sweet the place, exceeding sweet,
Where the saints in glory meet;
Where the Saviour's still the theme,
Where they see and sing of Him.

BAPTISM.

442
PART I. 112th. Carey’s, 11.
Christ baptized.
FELLOWS.

1 In Jordan's tide the Baptist stands,
Immersing the repenting Jews;
The Son of God the rite demands,
Nor dares the holy man refuse:
Jesus descends beneath the wave,
The emblem of his future grave.

2 Wonder, ye heavens! your Maker lies
In deeps conceal'd from human view;
Ye saints, behold him sink and rise,
A fit example this for you:
The sacred record, while you read,
Calls you to imitate the deed.

3 But, lo! from yonder opening skies
What beams of dazzling glory spread!
Dove-like th' eternal Spirit flies,
And lights on the Redeemer's head;
Amazed, they see the power divine
Around the Saviour's temples shine.

4 But, hark! my soul, hark and adore!
What sounds are those that roll along?
Not like loud Sinai's awful roar,
But soft and sweet as Gabriel's song?
'This is my well-beloved Son,
I see, well-pleased, what he hath done.'
5 Thus the eternal Father spoke,
   Who shakes creation with a nod;
Through parting skies the accents broke,
   And bade us hear the Son of God:
O hear the awful word to-day,
Hear, all ye nations, and obey!

442 PART II. C. M. Lydia, 327.
The baptism of Christ. DEACON.

1 TO Jordan's streams the Saviour goes,
   To do his Father's will:
His breast with sacred ardour glows,
   Each precept to fulfil.

2 Behold Him buried in the flood,
   (The emblem of his grave,)
Who, from the bosom of his God,
   Came down a world to save.

3 As from the water he ascends,
   What miracles appear!
God with a voice his Son commends—
   Let all the nations hear!

4 Hear it, ye Christians, and rejoice;
   Let this your courage raise;
What God approves, be this your choice,
   And glory in his ways.

442 PART III. C. M. Jerusalem, 379.
The same. Matt. iii. 13—15.

1 BURIED beneath the yielding wave
   The dear Redeemer lies;
Faith views him in the watery grave,
   And thence beholds him rise.

2 Thus it becomes his saints to-day
   Their ardent zeal to express;
And, in the Lord's appointed way,  
Fulfil all righteousness.

3 With joy we in his footstepstread,  
And would his cause maintain;  
Like him be number'd with the dead,  
And with him rise and reign.

4 His presence oft revives our hearts,  
And drives our fears away;  
When he commands and strength imparts  
We cheerfully obey.

5 Now we, dear Jesus, would to thee  
Our grateful voices raise;  
Wash'd in the fountain of thy blood,  
Our lives shall all be praise.

442 Part IV. L. M. Buxton, 347.  
The same. John i. 32, 33. Beddome.

1 All glory be to Him who came  
From Galilee to Jordan's stream;  
There did he sink beneath the wave,  
And to his saints a pattern gave.

2 Glory to Him who from on high  
Proclaim'd to all, both far and nigh,  
That He on whom his glory shone  
Was his beloved and only Son.

3 Glory to the celestial Dove,  
Who, swift descending from above,  
Rested upon Messiah's head,  
And there a heavenly lustre spread.

4 Ye saints, with cheerfulness submit  
To this mysterious solemn rite,  
On which the sacred Three combine  
To put an honour so divine.
THE great Redeemer we adore,
Who came the lost to seek and save;
Went humbly down from Jordan's shore,
To find a tomb beneath its wave.

'Thus it becomes us to fulfil
All righteousness,' he meekly said;
Why should we then to do his will
Or be ashamed, or be afraid?

With thee, into thy watery tomb,
Lord, 't is our glory to descend;
'T is wondrous grace that gives us room
To lie interr'd by such a friend.

Yet, as the yielding waves give way
To let us see the light again,
So, on the resurrection-day,
The bands of death proved weak and vain.

Thus, when thou shalt again appear,
The gates of death shall open wide,
Our dust thy mighty voice shall hear,
And rise and triumph at thy side.

THUS it became the Prince of Grace,
And thus should all the favour'd race
High Heaven's command fulfil;
For that the condescending God
Should lead his followers thro' the flood,
Was Heaven's eternal will.

'T is not as led by custom's voice,
We make these ways our favour'd choice,
And thus with zeal pursue:
No, heaven's eternal sovereign Lord
Has, in the precepts of his word,
Enjoin'd us thus to do.

3 And shall we ever dare despise
The gracious mandate of the skies,
Where condescending Heaven,
To sinful man's apostate race,
In matchless love and boundless grace,
His will reveal'd has given?

4 Thou everlasting gracious King,
Assist us now thy grace to sing;
And still direct our way
To those bright realms of peace and rest,
Where all the exulting tribes are bless'd
With one great choral day.

1 HUMBLE souls, who seek salvation
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood,
Hear the voice of revelation,—
Tread the path that Jesus trod:
Flee to him, your only Saviour,
In his mighty name confide,
In the whole of your behaviour
Own him as your sovereign guide.

2 Hear the bless'd Redeemer call you,
Listen to his gracious voice;
Dread no ills that can befall you,
While you make his ways your choice:
Jesus says, 'Let each believer
Be baptized in my name:'
He himself in Jordan's river
Was immersed beneath the stream.
3 Plainly here his footsteps tracing,
   Follow him without delay;
Gladly his command embracing,
   Lo! your Captain leads the way:
View the rite with understanding,
   Jesus' grave before you lies;
Be interr'd at his commanding,
   After his example rise.

446  C. M. Charmouth, 28.
The believer constrained by the love of Christ
to follow him.

1 DEAR Lord, and will thy pardoning love
   Embrace a wretch so vile?
Wilt thou my load of guilt remove,
   And bless me with thy smile?

2 Hast thou the cross for me endured,
   And all its shame despised?
And shall I be ashamed, O Lord,
   With thee to be baptized?

3 Didst thou the great example lead,
   In Jordan's swelling flood?
And shall my pride disdain the deed
   That 's worthy of my God?

4 Dear Lord, the ardour of thy love
   Reproves my cold delays:
And now my willing footsteps move
   In thy delightful ways.

Difficulties surmounted.
"Hinder me not," Gen. xxiv. 56. RYLAND.

1 [W]HEN Abraham's servant to procure
   A wife for Isaac went,
He met Rebekah—told his wish—
    Her parents gave consent.

2 Yet for ten days they urged the man
    His journey to delay;
    'Hinder me not,' he quick replied,
    'Since God hath crown'd my way.'

3 'Twas thus I cried, when Christ the Lord
    My soul to him did wed;
    'Hinder me not, nor friends nor foes,
    Since God my way hath sped.'

PAUSE.

4 In all my Lord's appointed ways,
    My journey I 'll pursue;
    'Hinder me not,' ye much-loved saints,
    For I must go with you.

5 ['Stay,' says the world, 'and taste awhile
    My every pleasant sweet:'
    'Hinder me not,' my soul replies,
    'Because the way is great.'

6 'Stay,' Satan, my old master, cries,
    'Or force shall thee detain,'
    'Hinder me not, I will be gone,
    My God has broke thy chain!']

7 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
    I 'll follow where he goes;
    'Hinder me not,' shall be my cry,
    Though earth and hell oppose.

8 Through duty, and through trials too,
    I 'll go at his command;
    'Hinder me not,' for I am bound
    To my Immanuel's land.
9 And when my Saviour calls me home,
    Still this my cry shall be,
   ‘ Hinder me not; ’ come, welcome death,
    I 'll gladly go with thee.

448  C. M. Bath Chapel, 26. Trinity, 181.

1 THUS was the great Redeemer plunged
   In Jordan's swelling flood,
   To show he must be soon baptized
   In tears, and sweat, and blood.

2 Thus was his sacred body laid
   Beneath the yielding wave;
   Thus was his sacred body raised
   Out of the liquid grave.

3 Lord, we thy precepts would obey,
   In thy own footsteps tread,
   Would die, be buried, rise with thee,
   Our ever-living Head.


1 JESUS! mighty King in Sion!
   Thou alone our guide shalt be;
   Thy commission we rely on,
   We would follow none but thee:

2 As an emblem of thy passion
   And thy victory o'er the grave,
   We who know thy great salvation
   Are baptized beneath the wave.

3 Fearless of the world's despising,
   We the ancient path pursue;
   Buried with our Lord, arising
   To a life divinely new.
PART II. C. M. Hensbury, 323.

Burial with Christ.

1 SAVIOUR, we seek the watery tomb,
   Illumed by love divine;
   Far from the deep tremendous gloom
   Of that which once was thine.

2 Down to the hallow'd grave we go,
   Obedient to thy word;
   'T is thus the world around shall know
   We 're buried with the Lord.

3 'T is thus we bid its pomps adieu,
   And boldly venture in:
   O may we rise to life anew,
   And only die to sin!

L. M. Chard, 175. New Windsor, 504.

A baptismal hymn.  S. STENNETT.

1 SEE how the willing converts trace
   The path their great Redeemer trod;
   And follow through his liquid grave
   The meek, the lowly Son of God!

2 Here they renounce their former deeds,
   And to a heavenly life aspire;
   Their rags for glorious robes exchanged,
   They shine in clean and bright attire.

3 O sacred rite, by thee the name
   Of Jesus we to own begin;
   This is our resurrection pledge,
   Pledge of the pardon of our sin.

4 Glory to God on high be given,
   Who shows his grace to sinful men:
   Let saints on earth, and hosts in heaven,
   In concert join the loud Amen.
BAPTISM.

Part I. L. M. Horsley, 205.

Not ashamed of Christ. GREGG.

1 JESUS! and shall it ever be?
A mortal man ashamed of thee!
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days!

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
'T is midnight with my soul, till he,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain!
And Oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

7 [His institutions would I prize,
Take up my cross—the shame despise;
Dare to defend his noble cause,
And yield obedience to his laws.]
Taking up the cross.

J. E. GILES.

1 HAST thou said, exalted Jesus,
Take thy cross and follow me?
Shall the word with terror seize us,
Shall we from the burden flee?
    Lord, I‘ll take it,
    And rejoicing, follow thee.

2 While this liquid tomb surveying,
(Emblem of my Saviour’s grave,)
Shall I shun its brink, betraying
Feelings worthy of a slave?
    No! I‘ll enter:
    Jesus enter’d Jordan’s wave.

3 Sweet the sign that thus reminds me,
    Saviour, of thy love to me;
    Sweeter still the love that binds me
    In its deathless bond to thee.
    O what pleasure
    Buried with my Lord to be!

4 Should it rend some fond connexion,
    Should I suffer shame or loss,
    Yet the fragrant, blest reflection,
    I have been where Jesus was,
    Will revive me
    When I faint beneath the cross.

5 Fellowship with him possessing,
    Let me die to all around,
    So I rise t’ enjoy the blessing
    Kept for those in Jesus found,
    When th’ archangel
    Wakes the sleeper under ground.

6 Then baptized in love and glory,
    Lamb of God, thy praise I‘ll sing,
451, 452 BAPTISM.

Loudly with the immortal story
All the harps of heaven shall ring.
Saints and seraphs,
Sound it loud from every string.

Forsaking all to follow Christ. Mark x. 28.

LORD GLENELG.

1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be;
And whilst thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate and friends disown me—
Show thy face, and all is bright.

2 Man may trouble and distress me,
’T will but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh! ’t is not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me!
Oh! ’t were not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmix’d with thee!


The candidates.

FELLOWS.

1 GREAT God, we in thy courts appear,
With humble joy and holy fear,
Thy wise injunctions to obey;
Let saints and angels hail the day!

2 Great things, O everlasting Son!
Great things for us thy grace hath done:
Constrain’d by thy almighty love,
Our willing feet to meet thee move.
3 In thy assembly here we stand,  
Obedient to thy great command;  
The sacred flood is full in view,  
And thy sweet voice invites us through.

4 The Word, the Spirit, and the Bride,  
Must not invite, and be denied;  
Was not the Lord, who came to save,  
Interr'd in such a liquid grave?

5 Thus we, dear Saviour, own thy name,  
Receive us rising from the stream;  
Then to thy table let us come,  
And dwell in Zion as our home.

453   PART I. C. M. Bedford, 91.  
Morning before baptism; or, at the water side.  

BEDDOME.

1 HOW great, how solemn is the work  
Which we attend to-day!  
Now for a holy, solemn frame,  
O God, to thee we pray.

2 O may we feel as once we felt,  
When pain'd and grieved at heart,  
Thy kind, forgiving, melting look,  
Relieved our every smart.

3 Let graces then in exercise  
Be exercised again;  
And, nurtured by celestial power,  
In exercise remain.

4 Awake our love, our fear, our hope,  
Wake fortitude and joy;  
Vain world, begone! let things above  
Our happy thoughts employ.
5 Whilst thee, our Saviour and our God,
   To all around we own,
Drive each rebellious, rival lust,
   Each traitor, from the throne.
6 Instruct our minds, our wills subdue,
   To heaven our passions raise,
That hence our lives, our all, may be
   Devoted to thy praise.

PART II. L. M. Denbigh, 54.

Candidates at the water-side.

1 LORD, our dependence is alone
   On what thy blessed Son hath done;
Unless we to his merits fly,
   Baptized, or unbaptized, we die.
2 Thy name, our covenant God, we boast—
   The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
O may we ever speak thy praise,
   Long as the heavens their anthems raise.

PART III. 7's. St. Austin's, 460.

Candidates encouraged. BEDDOME.

1 COME, ye humble, contrite souls,
   Leave your doubts and fears behind,
Trust in Jesus' mighty name;
   And his mercy you shall find.
Yield obedience to his laws,
   And defend his glorious cause.
2 Your Redeemer led the way,
   Safe is found the path he trod;
You have nothing hence to fear,
   While you urge your way to God.
Yield obedience to his laws,
   And avow his glorious cause.
3 Press ye on, believing souls,
Lo, your Captain’s gone before;
You who wear his easy yoke,
Shall his love and grace adore.
Now embark’d in his dear cause,
Pay allegiance to his laws.

454 Part I. L. M. Lofty Praise, 408.

The Administrator.

FELLOWS.

1 ‘Go, teach the nations and baptize,’
   Aloud the ascending Jesus cries:
   His glad apostles took the word,
   And round the nations preach’d their Lord.

2 Commission’d thus by Zion’s King,
   We to his holy laver bring
   These happy converts, who have known
   And trusted in his grace alone.

3 Lord, in thy house they seek thy face;
   O bless them with peculiar grace:
   Refresh their souls with love divine,
   Let beams of glory round them shine.

454 Part II. L. M. Job, 474.

The command.

BEDDOME.

1 Ere Christ ascended to his throne,
   He issued forth this great command—
   ‘Go, preach my gospel to the world,
   And spread my name through every land.

2 ‘To men declare their sinful state,
   The methods of my grace explain;
   He that believes and is baptized
   Shall everlasting life obtain.’

3 Dear Saviour, we thy will obey,
   Not of constraint, but with delight;
Hither thy servants come to-day,  
To honour thine appointed rite.

Descend again, celestial Dove,  
On these dear followers of the Lord;  
Exalted Head of all the church,  
Thy promised aid to them afford.

Let faith, assisted now by signs,  
The mysteries of thy love explore;  
And, wash'd in thy redeeming blood,  
Let them depart and sin no more.

SINGLE VERSES ON BAPTISM.

WHATE’ER to thee, our Lord, belongs,  
Is always worthy of our songs:  
And all thy works, and all thy ways,  
Demand our wonder and our praise.

Hosanna to the Church’s Head,  
Who suffer’d in our room and stead;  
He was immersed in Jordan’s flood,  
And then immersed in sweat and blood!

Behold the grave where Jesus lay  
Before he shed his precious blood;  
How plain he mark’d the humble way  
To sinners through the mystic flood!

Come, ye redeemed of the Lord,  
Come, and obey his sacred word;  
He died, and rose again for you!  
What more could the Redeemer do?
We to this place are come to show
What we to boundless mercy owe;
The Saviour's footsteps to explore,
And tread the path he trod before.

Eternal Spirit! heavenly Dove!
On these baptismal waters move!
That we, through energy divine,
May have the substance with the sign.

All ye that love Immanuel's name,
And long to feel th' increasing flame,
'T is you, ye children of the light!
The Spirit and the Bride invite. H. F—.

Ye who your native vileness mourn,
And to the great Redeemer turn,
Who see your wretched state by sin,
'Ye blessed of the Lord, come in.' H. F—.

Jesus, my Saviour and my all,
Methinks I hear thy gentle call;
These are the sounds that chide my stay,
'Arise, my love, and come away.' H. F—.

Amazing grace! and shall I still
Prove disobedient to thy will?
Ah, no, dear Lord, the watery tomb
Belongs to thee, and there I come. H—.

Apostles trod this holy ground,
This is the road believers go;
My Jesus in this way was found,
I charge my soul to tread it too.

J. STENNETT.

With lowly minds and lofty songs,
Let all admire the Saviour's grace,
Till the great rising day reveal
The immortal glory of his face.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
We humbly dedicate our powers;
If with Jehovah's blessing crown'd,
Immortal happiness is ours.

DESCEND, celestial Dove!
And make thy presence known;
Reveal our Saviour's love,
And seal us for thine own;
Unbless'd by thee, our works are vain,
Nor can we e'er acceptance gain.

When our incarnate God,
The sovereign Prince of Light,
In Jordan's swelling flood
Received the holy rite,
In open view thy form came down,
And dove-like flew, the King to crown.

The day was never known,
Since time began its race,
On which such glory shone,
On which was shown such grace
As that which shed, in Jordan's stream,
On Jesus' head the heavenly beam.

Continue still to shine,
And fill us with thy fire:
This ordinance is thine;
Do thou our souls inspire!
Thou wilt attend on all thy sons,
Till time shall end, thy promise runs.
PROCLAIM,' saith Christ, 'my wondrous grace
To all the sons of men;
He that believes and is baptized,
Salvation shall obtain.'

Let plenteous grace descend on those
Who, hoping in thy word,
This day have publicly declared
That Jesus is their Lord.

With cheerful feet may they advance,
And run the Christian race;
And through the troubles of the way
Find all-sufficient grace.

ATTEND, ye children of your God;
Ye heirs of glory, hear;
For accents so divine as these
Might charm the dullest ear.

Baptized into your Saviour's death,
Your souls to sin must die;
With Christ your Lord ye live anew,
With Christ ascend on high.

There, by his Father's side he sits,
Enthroned divinely fair;
Yet owns himself your Brother still,
And your forerunner there.

Rise, from these earthly trifles, rise
On wings of faith and love:
Above your choicest treasure lies,
And be your hearts above.

5 But earth and sin will drag us down,
When we attempt to fly;
Lord, send thy strong attractive power
To raise and fix on high.

1 YOUR work, ye saints, is not comprised
   In being solemnly baptized;
There is much more for God to do,
Much more that must be done by you.

2 An arduous race you have to run,
That race which you have just begun;
There are few friends, and many foes,
Those to assist, while these oppose.

3 Truths now profess'd must be maintained,
The immortal crown by striving gain'd:
Your faith, and hope, and patience tried,
And all corruption mortified.

4 Heavy afflictions you await,
Your strength but small, your burdens
Resistance must be made to sin,
And you must keep your conscience clean.

5 Then sit you down and count the cost,
Or efforts past will all be lost;
Unless, with unremitting care,
In wisdom's paths you persevere.

6 See that your armour be of proof,
And boast not till you put it off;
'T is when the last sharp struggle's o'er
That you may triumph—not before.
BAPTISM.

C. M. Nehemiah, 512.

He went on his way rejoicing.

Acts viii. 9.

BEDDOME.

1 THE holy Eunuch, when baptized,
    Went on his way with joy;
    And who can tell what rapturous
    Did then his mind employ? [thoughts

2 'Is that most glorious Saviour mine,
    Of whom I lately read,
    Who, bearing all my sins and grief,
    Was number'd with the dead?

3 'Is he who, bursting from the grave,
    Now reigns above the sky,
    My Advocate before the throne,
    My portion when I die?

4 'Have I profess'd his holy name?
    Do I his Gospel bear
    To Ethiopia's scorched lands,
    And shall I spread it there?

5 'Bless'd pool in which I lately lay,
    And left my fears behind;
    What an unworthy wretch am I!
    And God profusely kind.

6 'Bless'd emblem of that precious blood
    Which satisfied for sin;
    And of that renovating grace
    Which makes the conscience clean.'

7 This pattern, Lord, with sacred joy,
    Help us to keep in view;
    The same our work, the same, O make
    Our consolation too.
THE LORD'S SUPPER.


_A preparatory thought._

WATTS.

1 WHAT heavenly Man, or lovely God,
Comes marching downward from the skies,
Array'd in garments roll'd in blood,
With joy and pity in his eyes?

2 The Lord! the Saviour! yes 'tis he,
I know him by the smiles he wears;
Dear glorious Man that died for me,
Drench'd deep in agonies and tears.

3 Lo, he reveals his shining breast;
I own these wounds, and I adore:
Lo, he prepares a royal feast,
Sweet fruit of the sharp pangs he bore.

4 Whence flow these favours so divine?
Lord, why so lavish of thy blood?
Why for such earthly souls as mine,
This heavenly wine, this sacred food?

5 'T was his own love that made him bleed,
That nail'd him to the cursed tree;
'T was his own love this table spread
For such unworthy guests as we.

6 Then let us taste the Saviour's love:
Come, faith, and feed upon the Lord:
With glad consent our lips shall move,
And sweet hosannas crown the board.

PART I. C. M. Irish, 171.


STEELE.

1 YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast!
THE LORD'S SUPPER.

Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
For every humble guest.

2 See Jesus stands with open arms;
   He calls, he bids you come:
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
   But see, there yet is room—

3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart,
   There love and pity meet;
Nor will he bid the soul depart
   That trembles at his feet.

4 In him the Father reconciled
   Invites your souls to come;
The rebel shall be called a child,
   And kindly welcomed home.

5 O come, and with his children taste
   The blessings of his love;
While hope attends the sweet repast
   Of nobler joys above.

6 There, with united heart and voice,
   Before the eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
   In ecstasies unknown.

7 And yet ten thousand thousand more
   Are welcome still to come:
Ye longing souls, the grace adore!
   Approach, there yet is room!

473  PART II.  S. M.  Reuben, 328.

Ye shall eat it. Ex. xii. 11.

1 COME, all who truly bear
   The name of Christ your Lord,
His sacramental supper share,
   And keep his kindest word;
THE LORD'S SUPPER.

2 Hereby your faith approve
   In Jesus crucified;
   'In memory of my dying love
   Do this,' he said, and died.

3 The badge and token this,
The sure confirming seal
   That he is ours, and we are his,
The servants of his will:

4 His dear peculiar ones,
The purchase of his blood;
   His blood which once for all atones,
   And brings us now to God.

5 Then let us still profess
   Our Master's honour'd name,
   Stand forth his faithful witnesses,
   True followers of the Lamb:

6 In proof that such we are
   His saying we receive,
   And thus to all mankind declare
   We do in Christ believe.

PART III. L. M. Nehemiah, 512.

Receiving members. MONTGOMERY.

1 COME in, thou blessed of the Lord!
   Stranger nor foe art thou:
   We welcome thee with warm accord,
   Our friend, our brother now.

2 The hand of fellowship, the heart
   Of love, we offer thee:
   Leaving the world, thou dost but part
   From lies and vanity.

3 The cup of blessing which we bless,
   The heavenly bread we break,
   (Our Saviour's blood and righteousness)
   Freely with us partake.
4 In weal or woe, in joy or care,
   Thy portion shall be ours;
Christians their mutual burdens bear,—
   They lend their mutual powers.
5 Come with us, we will do thee good,
   As God to us hath done;
Stand but in him, as those have stood
   Whose faith the victory won.
6 And when by turns we pass away,
   As star by star grows dim,
May each, translated into day,
   Be lost, and found in Him!

Invitation to Fellowship.
1 Come in, ye blessed of the Lord,
   Ye that believe his holy word;
Come, and receive our heavenly bread,
   The food with which his saints are fed.
2 Your Saviour's boundless goodness prove,
   And feast on his redeeming love:
Come, all ye happy souls that thirst;
   The last is welcome as the first.
3 Come to his table, and receive
   Whate'er a pardoning God can give:
His love through every age endures,
   His promise and himself are yours.

473 Part V. L. M. Oldham, 527.
1 Do we with humble heart inquire,
   Who are the persons God invites
To dwell within his house below,
   And to attend its solemn rites?
2 The sacred word declares them such
Whose hearts are changed by sovereign grace;
Who place their confidence and hope
In Jesus’ blood and righteousness;
3 Who know the truth, and in the ways
Of holiness direct their feet;
Who love communion with the saints,
And shun the place where scorners meet.
4 With past attainments not content,
Increasing purity they seek;
By whom uprightness is maintain’d
In all they do and all they speak.
5 These are the men whom God invites;
For them the church sets wide her door,
Whate’er their birth or rank may be,
The bond, the free, the rich, the poor.
6 Come, then, thou happy waiting soul,
To whom these characters apply;
Come in—come in, and be a guest—
Come, and receive a rich supply!

L. M. Melcombe, 325. Luther’s, 301.

Christ dying, rising, and reigning.

WATTS.

1 He dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo, Salem’s daughters weep around!
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groan’d beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood.

3 Here’s love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But, lo, what sudden joys we see,  
Jesus the dead revives again!

4 The rising God forsakes the tomb:  
Up to his Father’s courts he flies:  
Cherubic legions guard him home,  
And shout him welcome to the skies!

5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell  
How high our great Deliverer reigns;  
Sing how he spoil’d the hosts of hell,  
And led the monster death in chains.

6 Say, ‘Live for ever, wondrous King,  
Born to redeem, and strong to save!’  
Then ask the monster, ‘Where’s thy  
Sting?’  
And where’s thy victory, boasting grave?’

475 C. M. Liverpool, 83. Arabia, 324.  
Sacramental hymn.  
J. STENNERT.

1 JESUS, O word divinely sweet!  
How charming is the sound;  
What joyful news, what heavenly sense  
In that dear name is found!

2 Our souls, all guilty and condemn’d,  
In hopeless fetters lay;  
Our souls, with numerous sins depraved,  
To death and hell a prey.

3 Jesus, to purge away this guilt,  
A willing victim fell,  
And on his cross triumphant broke  
The bands of death and hell.

4 Our foes were mighty to destroy,  
He mighty was to save;  
He died, but could not long be held  
A prisoner in the grave.
476, 477 THE LORD’S SUPPER.

5 Jesus, who mighty art to save,
   Still push thy conquests on;
   Extend the triumphs of thy cross,
   Where’er the sun has shone.

6 O Captain of salvation, make
   Thy power and mercy known:
   Till crowds of willing converts come
   And worship at thy throne.

   Sacramental hymn. J. STENNERT.

1 Thus we commemorate the day
   On which our dearest Lord was slain!
Thus we our pious homage pay,
   Till he appear on earth again.

2 Come, great Redeemer! open wide
   The curtains of the parting sky;
On a bright cloud in triumph ride,
   And on the wind’s swift pinions fly.

3 Come, King of kings! with thy bright train,
   Cherubs and seraphs, heavenly hosts;
Assume thy right, enlarge thy reign,
   As far as earth extends her coasts.

4 Come, Lord! and where thy cross once stood
   There plant thy banner, fix thy throne!
Subdue the rebels by thy word,
   And claim the nations for thy own.

477 PART I. L.M. Ulverston, 179.
   Holy admiration. BEDDOME.

1 Jesus! when faith with fixed eyes
   Beholds thy wondrous sacrifice,
Love rises to an ardent flame,
   And we all other hope disclaim.
2 With cold affections who can see
   The thorns, the scourge, the nails, the tree,
   Thy flowing tears, and purple sweat,
   Thy bleeding hands, and head, and feet?

3 Look, saints, into his opening side,
   The breach how large, how deep, how
   Thence issues forth a double flood [wide!]
   Of cleansing water, pardoning blood.

4 Hence, O my soul, a balsam flows
   To heal thy wounds, and cure thy woes;
   Immortal joys come streaming down,
   Joys, like his griefs, immense, unknown.

5 Thus I could ever, ever sing
   The sufferings of my heavenly king;
   With glowing pleasure spread abroad
   The mysteries of a dying God.

The believer supplicating.

1 BREAD of our life! in mercy broken;
   Wine of the soul! in mercy shed;
   By whom the words of life were spoken,
   And in whose death our sins are dead;

2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
   Look on the tears by sinners shed;
   And be thy feast to us the token,
   That by thy grace our souls are fed.

478 L. M. Wareham, 117.
Meditating on the cross of Christ.

1 COME, see on bloody Calvary,
   Suspended on th' accursed tree,
   A harmless sufferer cover'd o'er
   With shame, and weltering in his gore.

2 Is this the Saviour long foretold
   To usher in the age of gold?
To make the reign of sorrow cease,
And bind the jarring world in peace?

3 'T is he! 't is he! he kindly shrouds
His glories in a night of clouds,
That souls might from their ruin rise,
And heir th' imperishable skies.

4 See, to their refuge and their rest,
From all the bands of guilt released,
Transgressors to his cross repair,
And find a full redemption there.

5 Jesus, what millions of our race
Have been the triumphs of thy grace!
And millions more to thee shall fly,
And on thy sacrifice rely.

6 That tree, that curse-empoison'd tree,
Which proved a bloody rack to thee,
Shall in the noblest blessings shoot,
And fill the nations with its fruit.

7 The sorrow, shame, and death were thine,
And all the stores of wrath divine!
Ours are the glory, life, and bliss:
What love can be compared to this?

PART I. L. M. Old Hundredth, 100.
Principalities and powers subject to Christ.

1 Now far above the starry skies,
Our Jesus fills his brighter throne,
Invisible to mortal eyes,
But not to humble faith unknown.

2 [The countless hosts that round him stand,
The subjects of his sov'reign power,
Fly through the world at his command,
Or prostrate at his feet adore.
Satan and all his rebel crew
That raged to pull his kingdom down,
Crush'd by his hand, in ruin now
Lie trembling at his awful frown.

His name above all creatures great,
He all sustains and all controls!
Yet from his high exalted state
Looks kindly down on humble souls.]

Though in the glories he possess'd,
Long ere this world or time began,
He shines the Son of God confess'd,
Yet owns himself the Son of Man.

Here once in agonies he died,
Now in the heavens he ever lives!
Of joy there pours the eternal tide,
Here saves the sinner who believes.

All hail! thou great Immanuel, hail!
Ten thousand blessings on thy name!
While thus thy wondrous love we tell,
Our bosoms feel the sacred flame.

Come, quickly come, immortal King!
On earth thy regal honours raise,
The full salvation, promised, bring,
Then every tongue shall sing thy praise!

PART II. C. M. Richmond, 15.
This do in remembrance of me.
Luke xxii. 19. MONTGOMERY.

According to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember thee.
2 Thy body broken for my sake,  
   My bread from heaven shall be;  
   Thy testamental cup I take,  
   And thus remember thee.

3 Can I Gethsemane forget?  
   Or there thy conflict see,  
   Thine agony and bloody sweat,  
   And not remember thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,  
   And rest on Calvary,  
   O Lamb of God! my sacrifice!  
   I must remember thee.

5 Remember thee, and all thy pains,  
   And all thy love to me,—  
   Yes, while a pulse or breath remains,  
   I will remember thee!

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,  
   And thought and memory flee,  
   When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,  
   Jesus, remember me!

1 JESU, we thus obey  
   Thy last and kindest word,  
   Here in thine own appointed way  
   We come to meet our Lord:

2 The way thou hast enjoin'd  
   Thou wilt therein appear:  
   We come with confidence to find  
   Thy special presence here.

3 Our hearts now open wide  
   To make the Saviour room:
THE LORD'S SUPPER.

For lo! the Lamb, the Crucified,
The sinner's friend is come!

4 His presence makes the feast:
Let now our bosoms feel
The glory not to be express'd,
The joy unspeakable.

5 With pure celestial bliss,
He doth our spirits cheer,
His house of banqueting is this,
And He hath brought us here.

6 He doth his servants feed
With manna from above;
His banner over us is spread,
His everlasting love.

479 Part IV. C. M. Devizes, 14.

NOEL.

1 If human kindness meets return,
   And owns the grateful tie;
   If tender thoughts within us burn,
   To feel a friend is nigh!—

2 Oh! shall not warmer accents tell
   The gratitude we owe
   To Him who died our fears to quell,
   And mitigate our woe!

3 While yet his anguish'd soul survey'd,
   Those pangs He would not flee,
   What love his latest words display'd,
   'Meet, and remember me.'

4 Remember Thee! thy death, thy shame,
   Our sinful hearts to share!
O memory! leave no other name
But his, recorded there!
THE LORD'S SUPPER.

1 REMEMBER Thee, redeeming Lord!
While mem'ry holds her place,
Can we forget the Prince of life
Who saves us by his grace?

2 The Lord of life with glory crown'd,
On heaven's exalted throne,
Remembers those for whom on earth,
He heaved his dying groan.

3 His glory now no tongue of man
Or seraph bright can tell;
Yet 'tis the chief of all his joys,
That souls are saved from hell.

4 For this He came and dwelt on earth,
For this his life was given;
For this he fought and vanquish'd death,
For this He pleads in heaven.

5 Join, all ye saints beneath the sky,
Your grateful praise to give;
Sing loud hosannas to the Lord,
Who died that you might live.

HOW happy are thy servants, Lord,
Who thus remember thee!
What tongue can tell our sweet accord,
Our perfect harmony!

2 Who of thy sacred supper share,
Here at thy table fed,
Many, and yet but one we are,
One undivided bread.
3 One with the living Bread divine
Which now by faith we eat,
Our hearts, and minds, and spirits join,
And all in Jesus meet.

4 So dear the tie where souls agree
In Jesu's dying love,
Then only can it closer be
When all are join'd above.

479  Part VII.  C. M.  Ludlow, 84.

COME, Holy Ghost, thine influence
And realize the sign, [shed,
Thy life infuse into the bread,
Thy power into the wine.

2 Effectual let the tokens prove:
Make them, by heavenly art,
Fit channels to convey thy love
To every faithful heart.

480  L. M.  Redemption, 243.

NOW let our faith grow strong and rise
And view our Lord in all his love;
Look back to hear his dying cries,
Then mount and see his throne above.

2 See where he languish'd on the cross;
Beneath our sins he groan’d and died;
See where he sits to plead our cause,
By his almighty Father's side.

3 If we behold his bleeding heart,
There love in floods of sorrow reigns;
He triumphs o'er the killing smart,
And seals our pleasure with his pains.
4 Or, if we climb the eternal hills,
Where the dear Conqueror sits enthroned,
Still in his heart compassion dwells,
Near the memorials of his wound.

5 How shall vile pardon'd rebels show
How much they love their dying God?
Lord! here we'd banish every foe,
We hate the sins that cost thy blood.

6 Commerce no more we hold with hell,
Our dearest lusts shall all depart;
But let thine image ever dwell,
Stamp'd as a seal on every heart.

1 No more, dear Saviour! will I boast
Of beauty, wealth, or loud applause:
The world hath all its glories lost,
Amid the triumphs of thy cross.

2 In every feature of thy face
Beauty her fairest charms displays;
Truth, wisdom, majesty, and grace,
Shine thence in sweetly mingled rays.

3 Thy wealth the power of thought transcends,
'Tis vast, immense, and all divine:
Thy empire, Lord, o'er worlds extends,
The sun, the moon, the stars are thine.

4 Yet (O how marvellous the sight!)
I see thee on a cross expire:
Thy Godhead veil'd in sable night;
And angels from the scene retire.
5 But why from these sad scenes retreat? Why with your wings your faces hide? He ne'er appear'd so good, so great, As when he bow'd his head and died.

6 The indignation of a God On him avenging justice hurl'd; Beneath the weight he firmly stood, And nobly saved a falling world.

7 Those triumphs of stupendous grace Surprise, rejoice, and melt my heart; Lord, at thy cross, I stand and gaze, Nor would I ever thence depart.

482  Part I. C. M. Wantage, 204.  A sacramental hymn.  J. STENNETT.

1 LORD, at thy table I behold The wonders of thy grace; But most of all admire that I Should find a welcome place:—

2 I that am all defiled with sin, A rebel to my God; I that have crucified his Son, And trampled on his blood—

3 What strange surprising grace is this, That such a soul has room! My Saviour takes me by the hand, My Jesus bids me come.

4 'Eat, O my friends,' the Saviour cries, 'The feast was made for you; For you I groan'd, and bled, and died, And rose, and triumph'd too.'

5 With trembling faith, and bleeding hearts, Lord, we accept thy love:
482, 483  THE LORD’S SUPPER.

'Tis a rich banquet we have had,
What will it be above?

6 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,
Join all your praising powers;
No theme is like redeeming love,
No Saviour is like ours.

7 Had I ten thousand hearts, dear Lord,
I'd give them all to thee;
Had I ten thousand tongues, they all
Should join the harmony.

482  PART II. 7's. Kennington, 498.

Heavenly bread and wine.  CONDER.

1 BREAD of heaven! on thee I feed,
   For thy flesh is meat indeed:
   Ever may my soul be fed
   With this true and living bread;
   Day by day with strength supplied,
   Through the life of him who died.

2 Vine of heaven! thy blood supplies
   This blest cup of sacrifice.
   'Tis thy wounds my healing give:
   To thy cross I look and live.
   Thou my life! oh, let me be
   Rooted, grafted, built on thee.

483  C. M. Bangor, 231. Langshaw, 424.

My flesh is meat indeed.  STENNETT.

1 HERE at thy table, Lord, we meet
   To feed on food divine:
   Thy body is the bread we eat,
   Thy precious blood the wine.

2 He that prepares the rich repast,
   Himself comes down and dies;
And then invites us thus to feast  
Upon the sacrifice.

3 The bitter torments he endured  
Upon the shameful cross,  
For us, his welcome guests, procured  
These heart-reviving joys.

4 His body, torn with rudest hands,  
Becomes the finest bread;  
And with the blessing he commands  
Our noblest hopes are fed.

5 His blood, that from each opening vein  
In purple torrents ran,  
Hath fill'd this cup with gen'rous wine,  
That cheers both God and man.

6 Sure there was never love so free,  
Dear Saviour, so divine!  
Well thou may'st claim that heart of me,  
Which owes so much to thine.

7 Yes, thou shalt surely have my heart,  
My soul, my strength, my all:  
With life itself I 'll freely part,  
My Jesus! at thy call.

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L. M. Ulverston, 179.
*Jesus wept—he died.—See how he loved us.*
John xi. 35.

1 So fair a face bedew'd with tears!  
What beauty e'en in grief appears;  
He wept, he bled, he died for you;  
What more, ye saints, could Jesus do?

2 Enthroned above, with equal glow  
His warm affections downward flow;  
In our distress he bears a part,  
And feels a sympathetic smart.
3 Still his compassions are the same,
   He knows the frailty of our frame;
   Our heaviest burdens he sustains,
   Shares in our sorrows and our pains.

485 C. M. Wantage, 204. Abridge, 201.
   The wonders of redemption. STEELE.

1 AND did the holy and the just,
   The Sovereign of the skies;
   Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
   That guilty worms might rise?

2 Yes! the Redeemer left his throne,
   His radiant throne on high,
   (Surprising mercy! love unknown!)
   To suffer, bleed, and die.

3 He took the dying traitor's place
   And suffer'd in his stead;
   For man, (O miracle of grace!)
   For man the Saviour bled!

4 Dear Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell
   In thy atoning blood!
   By this are sinners snatch'd from hell,
   And rebels brought to God.

5 Jesus, my soul adoring bends
   To love so full, so free;
   And may I hope that love extends
   Its sacred power to me?

6 What glad return can I impart
   For favours so divine?
   O take my all—this worthless heart,
   And make it only thine.
THE LORD'S SUPPER. 486, 487

486 C. M. Irish, 171. Devizes, 14.

Room at the gospel feast.


1 THE King of heaven his table spreads
   And dainties crown the board:
Not Paradise, with all its joys,
   Could such delight afford.

2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
   And endless life are given,
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed
   To raise the soul to heaven.

3 Ye hungry poor, that long have stray'd
   In sin's dark mazes, come!
Come, from your most obscure retreats,
   And grace shall find you room.

4 Millions of souls, in glory now,
   Were fed and feasted here!
And millions more still on the way
   Around the board appear.

5 Yet are his house and heart so large,
   That millions more may come;
Nor could the whole assembled world
   O'erfill the spacious room.

6 All things are ready; come away;
   Nor weak excuses frame;
Crowd to your places at the feast
   And bless the Founder's name.


Communion with Christ at his table. Steele.

1 TO Jesus, our exalted Lord, [adored!]
   (Dear name, by heaven and earth
Fain would our hearts and voices raise
   A cheerful song of sacred praise.

   (Digitalized by Google)
2 But all the notes which mortals know
   Are weak, and languishing, and low;
Far, far above our humble songs,
The theme demands immortal tongues.

3 But while around his board we meet,
   And humbly worship at his feet,
O let our warm affections move,
In glad returns of grateful love!

4 Let faith our feeble senses aid
To see thy wondrous love display'd,
Thy broken flesh, thy bleeding veins,
Thy dreadful agonizing pains.

5 Let humble, penitential woe,
With painful, pleasing anguish flow;
And thy forgiving smiles impart
Life, hope, and joy to every heart.

488 Praise to the Redeemer.

1 To our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song!
O may his love (immortal flame!)
Tune every heart and tongue.

2 His love, what mortal thought can reach!
What mortal tongue display!
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 He left his radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die—
Was ever love like this?

4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture say,  
'The Saviour died for me.'

5 O may the sweet, the blissful theme  
Fill every heart and tongue,  
Till strangers love thy charming name,  
And join the sacred song.

COME, every pious heart  
That loves the Saviour's name,  
Your noblest powers exert  
To celebrate his fame;  
Tell all above, and all below,  
The debt of love to him you owe.

Such was his zeal for God,  
And such his love for you,  
He nobly undertook  
What Gabriel could not do:  
His every deed of love and grace  
All words exceed, and thoughts surpass.

He left his starry crown,  
And laid his robes aside;  
On wings of love came down,  
And wept, and bled, and died;  
What he endured, O who can tell,  
To save our souls from death and hell?

From the dark grave he rose,  
The mansion of the dead;  
And thence his mighty foes  
In glorious triumph led:  
Up through the sky the Conqueror rode,  
And reigns on high the Saviour God.
From thence he'll quickly come,
His chariot will not stay,
And bear our spirits home
To realms of endless day:
There shall we see his lovely face,
And ever be in his embrace.

Jesus! we ne'er can pay
The debt we owe thy love;
Yet tell us how we may
Our gratitude approve;
Our hearts, our all, to thee we give;
The gift, though small, thou wilt receive.

Part I. L. M. Portugal, 97.

Lord! am I thine, entirely thine?
Purchased and saved by blood divine?
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.

Thee, my new Master now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all:
Lord! let me live and die to thee,
Be thine through all eternity.

Part II. C. M. Abridge, 201.

Witness, ye men and angels, now;
Before the Lord we speak:
To Him we make our solemn vow—
A vow we dare not break:—
That long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field!
3 We trust not in our native strength,
   But on his grace rely;
That with returning wants the Lord
Will all our need supply.

4 Oh! guide our doubtful feet aright,
   And keep us in thy ways;
And while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn thou our prayers to praise!

490 Part III. L. M. Portugal, 97.
The irrevocable pledge.

1 This done, the great transaction's done;
   I am my Lord's, and he is mine:
He drew me, and I follow'd on,
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.

2 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
   Fix'd on this blissful centre rest;
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When call'd on angel's bread to feast?

3 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
   That vow renew'd shall daily hear;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

490 Part IV. C. M. Devizes, 14.
Arise, let us go hence. John xiv. 31.

1 Lord, from thy table we retire,
   With gratitude and love;
Oh, may thy Holy Spirit's fire
Our cold affections move!

2 Whatever dangers throng our way,
   We would confess thy name:
Nor once thy sacred cause betray,
Through sinful fear and shame.
TIMES AND SEASONS.

3 Thy grace shall be our pleasing theme,
   Thy law our constant guide;
We give to thee our love supreme,
   And worship none beside.

4 Then lead us through this weeping vale,
   To see thy blest abode;
And may our feeble faith prevail,
   To bear our souls to God!

TIMES AND SEASONS.

MORNING AND EVENING.

491 Part I. L. M. Morning Hymn, 398.

Morning. BISHOP KEN.

1 Awake, my soul, and with the sun
   Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
   To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Thy precious time misspent, redeem;
   Each present day thy last esteem;
Improve thy talent with due care;
   For the great day thyself prepare.

3 In conversation be sincere;
   Keep conscience, as the noon-tide, clear;
Think how the all-seeing God thy ways,
   And all thy secret thoughts, surveys.

4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
   And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long, unwearied, sing
   High praise to the Eternal King.

5 Awake, awake, ye heavenly choir;
   May your devotion me inspire,
That I, like you, my age may spend,
   Like you, may on my God attend.
6 May I, like you, in God delight,  
Have all day long my God in sight;  
Perform, like you, my Maker’s will:  
O may I never more do ill!

7 Lord, I my vows to thee renew;  
Scatter my sins as morning dew;  
Guard my first springs of thought and will,  
And with thyself my spirit fill.

8 Direct, control, suggest, this day,  
All I design, or do, or say;  
That all my powers, with all their might,  
In thy sole glory may unite.

491 PART II. C. M. Bedford, 91.  
Morning hymn.

1 To thee let my first offering rise,  
Whose sun creates the day,  
Swift as his gladdening influence flies,  
And spotless as his ray.

2 This day thy favouring hand be nigh,  
So oft vouchsafed before!  
Still may it lead, protect, supply,  
And I that hand adore!

3 If bliss thy providence impart,  
For which resign’d I pray,  
Give me to feel the grateful heart,  
And without guilt be gay.

4 Affliction should thy love intend,  
As vice or folly’s cure;  
Patient, to gain that gracious end,  
May I the means endure!

5 Be this and every future day  
Still wiser than the past;
492, 493 TIMES AND SEASONS.

And when I all my life survey,
May grace sustain at last.

492 C. M. Braintree, 25. Lydia, 327.


1 WITH thee, great God, the stores of
And stores of darkness lie; light
Thou form'st the sable robe of night,
And spread'st it round the sky.

2 And when with welcome slumbers press'd,
We close our weary eyes,
Thy power, unseen, secures our rest,
And makes us joyous rise.

3 Numbers, this night, great God, have met
Their long eternal doom,
And lost the joys of morning light
In death's tremendous gloom.

4 Numbers on restless beds still lie,
And still their woes bewail;
While we, by thy kind hand upraised,
A thousand pleasures feel.

5 To thee, great God, in thankful songs
Our morning thoughts arise;
Propitious in thy Son accept
The willing sacrifice.


Morning.

1 LORD, I am vile!—what shall I say?
I live to see another day,—
O let me live to thee!
A thousand years to hope for this
Should be unutterable bliss;
What must fruition be!
Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,  
What Jesus hath for his prepared,  
Nor can the heart conceive;  
Thou hast commanded me to-day,  
To live by faith, and I'd obey:  
Lord, help me to believe.

SEE how the mounting sun  
Pursues his shining way;  
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,  
With every brightening ray.

Thus would my rising soul  
Its heavenly Parent sing;  
And to its great Original  
The humble tribute bring.

Serene I laid me down  
Beneath his guardian care;  
I slept, and I awoke, and found  
My kind Preserver near.

Thus does thine arm support  
This weak defenceless frame;  
But whence these favours, Lord, to me,  
All worthless as I am?

O how shall I repay  
The bounties of my God?  
This feeble spirit pants beneath  
The pleasing, painful load.

Dear Saviour, to thy cross  
I bring my sacrifice;  
Tinged with thy blood it shall ascend  
With fragrance to the skies.
7 My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee;
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.

495  L. M. Ulverston, 179.
>An evening hymn.

1 GREAT God, to thee my evening song
   With humble gratitude I raise;
   O let thy mercy tune my tongue,
   And fill my heart with lively praise.

2 My days unclouded, as they pass,
   And every gentle, rolling hour,
   Are monuments of wondrous grace,
   And witness to thy love and power.

3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
   Too oft regardless of thy love,
   Ungrateful can from thee depart,
   And, fond of trifles, vainly rove.

4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
   Of Jesus; his dear name alone
   I plead for pardon, gracious God,
   And kind acceptance at thy throne.

5 Let this blest hope mine eyelids close;
   With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
   Safe in thy care may I repose,
   And wake with praises to thy name.

>The same.  BISHOP KEN.

1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
   For all the blessings of the light;
   Keep me, O keep me, King of kings!
   Beneath thy own almighty wings.
2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

4 O let my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

5 If in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply:
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.
Praise God, &c.


Evening prayer.

1 ERE I sleep, for every favour
This day show'd by my God,
I do bless my Saviour.

2 Leave me not, but ever love me,
Let thy peace be my bliss
Till thou hence remove me.

3 And whene'er in death I slumber,
Let me rise with the wise,
Counted in their number.

497 Part I. C. M. Irish, 171.

An evening hymn.

1 NOW from the altar of our hearts
Let flames of love arise;
TIMES AND SEASONS.

Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.

2 Minutes and mercies multiplied,
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift and free than they.

3 New time, new favour, and new joys,
Do a new song require;
Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our heart's desire.

4 Lord of our days, whose hand hath set
New time upon the score,
Thee may we praise for all our time,
When time shall be no more.

PART II. 8. 7. Alexandria, 361.

Evening. EDMESTON.

1 SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing—
Thou canst save and thou canst heal.
Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel-guards from thee surround us;
We are safe if thou art nigh.

2 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.
Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.
THE SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

C. M. Michael's, 119.

On the spring. NEEDHAM.

1 THE icy chains that bound the earth
    Are now dissolved and gone:
Waked by the sun, the blooming spring
    Puts his new livery on.

2 Where awful desolation reign'd
    Blest plenty rears her head;
Exulting with a smile to see
    Her late destroyer fled.

3 Teeming with life, the advancing sun
    Protracts the falling day;
Grand light of heaven! he seems to wish
    To make a longer stay.

4 In clouds of gold behold him set,
    Beyond the west he flies:
Short is his nightly course, and soon
    He gilds the eastern skies.

5 My soul, in every scene admire
    The wisdom and the power;
Behold the God in every plant,
    In every opening flower.

6 Yet in his word the God of grace
    Has wrote his fairer name:
The wonders of redeeming love
    My noblest songs shall claim.

7 With warmest beams, thou God of grace,
    Shine on this heart of mine;
Turn thou my winter into spring,
    And be the glory thine.
1 FROM winter's barren clods,  
   From winter's joyless waste,  
   The spring in sudden youth appears  
   With blooming beauty graced.

2 How balmy is the air!  
   How warm the solar beams!  
   And, to refresh the ground, the rains  
   Descend in gentle streams.

3 Great God, at thy command  
   Seasons in order rise;  
   Thy power and love in concert reign  
   Through earth, and seas, and skies.

4 With grateful praise we own  
   Thy providential hand,  
   While grass for kine, and herbs and corn  
   For men, enrich the land.

5 But greater still the gift  
   Of thine incarnate Son;  
   By him forgiveness, peace, and joy,  
   Through endless ages run.

1 BEHOLD! long wish'd-for spring is  
   How alter'd is the scene!  
   The trees and shrubs are dress'd in bloom,  
   The earth array'd in green.

2 Where'er we tread, the clustering flowers  
   Beauteous around us spring;  
   The birds with joint harmonious powers  
   Invite our hearts to sing.
SPRING.

3 But ah, in vain I strive to join,
   Oppress’d with sin and doubt;
I feel’t is winter still within,
   Though all is spring without

4 Oh, would my Saviour, from on high,
   Break through these clouds and shine,
No creature then more blest than I,
   No song more loud than mine.

5 Lord, let thy word my hopes revive,
   And overcome my foes;
O make my languid graces thrive,
   And blossom like the rose!

Worship, 539.
The same.

Newton.

1 PLEASING spring again is here!
   Trees and fields in bloom appear!
Hark! the birds, with artless lays,
   Warble their Creator’s praise!
Where in winter all was snow,
   Now the flowers in clusters grow,
And the corn, in green array,
   Promises a harvest-day.

2 What a change has taken place!
   Emblem of the spring of grace;
How the soul in winter mourns,
   Till the Lord, the Sun, returns;
Till the Spirit’s gentle rain
   Bids the heart revive again:
Then the stone is turn’d to flesh,
   And each grace springs forth afresh.

3 Lord, afford a spring to me!
   Let me feel like what I see!
Ah, my winter has been long,  
Chill'd my hopes, and stopp'd my song!  
Winter threaten'd to destroy  
Faith, and love, and every joy;  
If thy life was in the root,  
Still I could not yield thee fruit.

4 Speak, and by thy gracious voice  
Make my drooping soul rejoice;  
O beloved Saviour, haste,  
Tell me all the storms are past:  
On thy garden deign to smile,  
Raise the plants, enrich the soil;  
Soon thy presence will restore  
Life to what seem'd dead before.

5 Lord, I long to be at home,  
Where these changes never come!  
Where the saints no winter fear,  
Where 't is spring throughout the year;  
How unlike this state below!  
There the flowers unwithering blow;  
There no chilling blasts annoy;  
All is love, and bloom, and joy.

C. M. Abridge, 201. Trinity, 181.

On a year of threatening drought. Gibbons.

1 THE spring, great God, at thy command,  
Leads forth the smiling year;  
Gay verdure, foliage, blooms, and flowers,  
To adorn her reign appear.

2 But soon canst thou in righteous wrath  
Blast all the promised joy,  
And elements await thy nod  
To bless or to destroy.
3 The sun, thy minister of love,
    That from the naked ground
Calls forth the hidden scenes to birth,
    And spreads their beauties round;

4 At the dread order of his God
    Now darts destructive fires;
Hills, plains, and vales, are parch'd with
    And blooming life expires. [drought,

5 Like burnish'd brass the heaven around
    In angry terror burns,
While the earth lies a joyless waste,
    And into iron turns.

6 Pity us, Lord, in our distress,
    Nor with our land contend;
Bid the avenging skies relent,
    And showers of mercy send.

C. M. Ann's, 58. Wanley, 308.

On a year of threatening rain.

1 HOW hast thou, Lord, from year to
    Our land with plenty crown'd! [year,
And generous fruit and golden grain
    Have spread their riches round.

2 But we thy mercies have abused,
    To more abounding crimes;
What heights, what daring heights in sin,
    Mark and disgrace our times!

3 Equal, though awful is the doom,
    That fierce descending rain
Should into inundations swell,
    And crush the rising grain!

4 How just that, in the autumn's reign,
    When we had hoped to reap,
Our fields of sorrow and despair
    Should lie a hideous heap.

But, Lord, have mercy on our land,
    Those floods of vengeance stay;
Dispel these glooms, and let the sun
    Shine in unclouded day.

To thee alone we look for help;
    None else of dew or rain
Can give the world the smallest drop,
    Or smallest drop restrain.

O THE immense, the amazing height,
    The boundless grandeur of our God!
Who treads the world beneath his feet,
    And sways the nations with his nod!

He speaks, and lo, all nature shakes,
    Heaven’s everlasting pillars bow;
He rends the clouds with hideous cracks,
    And shoots his fiery arrows through.

Well, let the nations start and fly
    At the blue lightning’s horrid glare,
Atheists and emperors shrink and die,
    When flame and noise torment the air:

Let noise and flame confound the skies,
    And drown the spacious realms below,
Yet will we sing the Thunderer’s praise,
    And send our loud hosannas through.

Celestial King, thy blazing power
    Kindles our hearts to flaming joys;
We shout to hear thy thunders roar,
    And echo to our Father’s voice.
Thus shall the God our Saviour come,
And lightnings round his chariot play;
Ye lightnings, fly to make him room!
Ye glorious storms, prepare his way!

Controlling the tempest.
Isa. xxvii. 3. DODDRIDGE.

1 GREAT Ruler of all nature's frame,
   We own thy power divine;
   We hear thy breath in every storm,
   For all the winds are thine.

2 Wide as they sweep their sounding way,
   They work thy sovereign will:
   And, awed by thy majestic voice,
   Confusion shall be still.

3 Thy mercy softens every blast
   To them that seek thy face;
   And mingles with the tempest's roar
   The whispers of thy grace.

Summer.
LORD, to thy bounteous care we owe
   The clouds that cause our fields to grow;
   And streams which through our valleys
   And fruitful crops of corn provide.

2 The rain makes soft the harrow'd clod,
   And numerous blades break through the
   Then rising to the waving ear,
   At length in ripen'd grain appear.

3 Thy goodness thus prepares a crop,
   Our very paths with fatness drop,
And teeming nature's cheerful voice
Seems in thy bounty to rejoice.

4 The little hills have praising tongues;
Thy fruitful vales break forth in songs;
While numerous bleating flocks are seen
Dancing among the pastures green.

5 Lord, make us fruitful thus in grace,
And joy shall animate each face:
With living spring our souls renew,
Our hearts shall leap and praise thee too.
Harvest.

6 O may the promised blissful hour,
   The welcome season come,
When all thy servants shall unite
   To shout the harvest home.

7 A joyful harvest they shall have
   Who now in sadness sow;
And those shall live to sing above
   Who wept for sin below.

504 Part II. L. M. Portugal, 97.

Harvest. Peacock.

1 Lo, clad in nature's bright array,
   The fields a beauteous scene display;
See how the golden ears of corn,
   Wide waving, all the hill adorn.

2 See earth with God's rich goodness
   A joyful plenty smiles around; [crown'd,
But now, to our admiring eyes,
   Behold superior prospects rise.

3 Rich harvests, where salvation grows,
   Their fair celestial fruits disclose;
A paradise on earth is seen,—
   How pleasing, how divine the scene!

4 See sinners hastening to embrace
   The tidings of forgiving grace;
Redeem'd from hell with price divine,
   In faith and holiness they shine.

5 All crown'd with immortality
   These fruits of righteousness shall be;
Then they that reap, and they that sow,
   Shall everlasting triumphs know.
Together shall their songs arise,
In the fair fields of paradise;
And shouts of triumph and of joy
Their blest eternity employ.

PART III. C. M. Twyford, 432.

Harvest. Acts xiv. 17. 

Great sovereign Lord, what human
Amidst thy works can rove, [eye
And not thy liberal hand espy,
Nor trace thy bounteous love?

[Each star that gilds the heavenly frame,
On earth each verdant clod,
In language loud to men proclaim
The great and bounteous God.

The lesson each revolving year
Repeats in various ways;
Rich thy provisions, Lord, appear;
The poor shall shout thy praise.]

Our fruitful fields and pastures tell,
Of man and beast, thy care;
The thriving corn, thy breezes fill;
Thy breath perfumes the air.

But oh, what human eye can trace,
Or human heart conceive,
The greater riches of the grace
Impoverish'd souls receive!

Love everlasting has not spared
Its best beloved Son,
And in him endless life prepared,
For souls by sin undone.
1 **FOUNTAIN** of mercy, God of love,
   How rich thy bounties are!
The rolling seasons, as they move,
   Proclaim thy constant care.

2 When in the bosom of the earth
   The sower hid the grain,
   Thy goodness mark'd its secret birth,
   And sent the early rain.

3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was
   The plants in beauty grew; [thine,
   Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
   And mild refreshing dew.

4 These various mercies from above
   Matured the swelling grain;
   A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
   And plenty fills the plain.

5 We own and bless thy gracious sway,
   Thy hand all nature hails;
   Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
   Summer nor winter fails.

1 **SEE** how the little toiling ant
   Improves the harvest hours,
   While summer lasts, through all her cells
   The choicest stores she pours.

2 While life remains, our harvest lasts,
   But youth of life's the prime:
   Blest is this season for our work,
   And this the accepted time.
TIMES AND SEASONS.

3 To-day attend, is Wisdom's voice;
   To-morrow, Folly cries:
   And still to-morrow 't is, when, oh,
   To-day the sinner dies.

4 When conscience speaks, its voice regard,
   And seize the tender hour;
   Humbly implore the promised grace,
   And God will give the power.

PART II. C. M. Devizes, 14.

Harvest.

1 LONG did the patient peasants toil
   And wait for plenteous crops:
   Heaven on their labours deign'd to smile,
   Nor would deceive their hopes.

2 Rich were the fields of waving corn
   Which recompened their care:
   And to their barns in safety borne,
   Crown'd the revolving year.

3 And now, their annual labours o'er,
   With joy we see them come,
   In triumph view their precious store,
   And hail the harvest home.

4 Not theirs alone Heaven's gracious care,
   Not theirs alone the song:
   We in its bounties richly share,
   And we'll the notes prolong.

5 God of our mercies, let each voice
   Unite to sound thy praise:
   And Britain's utmost coasts rejoice
   In thine abounding grace.

6 Since all we have to thee we owe,
   May we be wholly thine;
And serve thee first in worlds below,
And then in realms divine.

**PART III. 8. 7. 7. Nuneaton, 133.**

*Harvest home.*

1 **BRITONS,** now your harvest ended,
   All your fruits securely stored,
   Come, with grateful joy attended,
   Praise and bless your bounteous Lord;
   Friends and neighbours hither come,
   Swell the notes of harvest home.

2 Cheerfulness and holy pleasure
   Well become our happy isle,
   When our God in copious measure
   Deigns to bless us with his smile;
   Joyful, then, all people come,
   Celebrate the harvest home.

3 'T was his sun, his showers, his blessing,
   Which the kindly fruits matured;
   And his love and care unceasing
   Watch'd till it was safely stored:
   Else we had not hither come,
   Thus to hail the harvest home.

4 From his hand all good receiving,
   May we trust in him alone;
   Ever to his glory living,
   Through the grace of Christ his Son;
   Till with all his saints we come
   To his heavenly harvest home.

**PART IV. 7's. Amboyna, 289.**

*Harvest.*

1 **SEE** the corn again in ear!
   How the fields and valleys smile;
   Harvest now is drawing near,
   To repay the farmer's toil:

2 **P 2**
Gracious Lord, secure the crop,
Satisfy the poor with food;
In thy mercy is our hope;
We have sinn'd, but thou art good.

2 While I view the plenteous grain
As it ripens on the stalk,
May I not instruction gain,
Helpful to my daily walk?
All this plenty of the field
Was produced from foreign seeds;
For the earth itself would yield
Only crops of useless weeds.

3 Though when newly sown, it lay
Hid awhile beneath the ground,
(Some might think it thrown away,)
Now a large increase is found:
Though conceal'd, it was not lost;
Though it died, it lives again:
Eastern storms and nipping frost
Have opposed its growth in vain.

4 Let the praise be all the Lord's,
As the benefit is ours!
He, in season, still affords
Kindly heat and gentle showers;
By his care the produce thrives,
Waving o'er the furrow'd lands;
And when harvest-time arrives,
Ready for the reaper stands.

5 Thus in barren hearts he sows
Precious seeds of heavenly joy;
Sin and hell in vain oppose,
None can grace's crop destroy:
Threaten'd oft, yet still it blooms,
After many changes past,
Death the reaper, when he comes,
Finds it fully ripe at last.

1. See the leaves around us falling,
   Dry and wither'd, to the ground;
   Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
   In a sad and solemn sound:

2. 'Sons of Adam, (once in Eden,
   Where, like us, he blighted fell,)
   Hear the lesson we are reading,
   Mark the awful truth we tell.

3. 'Youth, on length of days presuming,
   Who the paths of pleasure tread,
   View us, late in beauty blooming,
   Number'd now among the dead.

4. 'What though yet no losses grieve you,
   Gay with health and many a grace,
   Let not cloudless skies deceive you,
   Summer gives to autumn place.

5. 'Yearly in our course returning,
   Messengers of shortest stay,
   Thus we preach this truth concerning
   Heaven and earth shall pass away.'

6. On the tree of life eternal,
   O let all our hopes be staid!
   This alone, for ever vernal,
   Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

1. Winter throws his icy chains,
   Encircling nature round:
TIMES AND SEASONS.

How bleak, how comfortless the plains,
Late with gay verdure crown’d!

2 The sun withdraws his vital beams,
   And light and warmth depart:
   And drooping lifeless nature seems
   An emblem of my heart—

3 My heart, where mental winter reigns
   In night’s dark mantle clad,
   Confined in cold inactive chains;
   How desolate and sad!

4 Return, O blissful sun, and bring
   Thy soul-reviving ray;
   This mental winter shall be spring,
   This darkness cheerful day.

5 O happy state! divine abode!
   Where spring eternal reigns,
   And perfect day, the smile of God,
   Fills all the heavenly plains.

6 Great source of light, thy beams display,
   My drooping joys restore,
   And guide me to the seats of day,
   Where winter frowns no more.


Winter.

1 SEE, how rude Winter’s icy hand
   Has stript the trees, and seal’d the ground:
   But spring shall soon his rage withstand,
   And spread new beauties all around.

2 My soul a sharper winter mourns,
   Barren and fruitless I remain:
   When will the gentle spring return,
   And bid my graces grow again?
3 Jesus, my glorious sun, arise,
'T is thine the frozen heart to move;
Oh, hush these storms, and clear my skies,
And let me feel thy vital love.

4 Dear Lord, regard my feeble cry,
I faint and droop till thou appear:
Wilt thou permit thy plant to die?
Must it be winter all the year?

5 Be still, my soul, and wait his hour
With humble prayer and patient faith;
Till he reveals his gracious power,
Repose on what his promise saith.

6 He, by whose all-commanding word
Seasons their changing course maintain,
In every change a pledge affords,
That none shall seek his face in vain.


The seasons crowned with goodness.

Psa. lxv. 11.  DODDRIDGE.

1 ETERNAL Source of every joy!
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear
To hail thee Sovereign of the year.

2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole!
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

3 The flowery spring, at thy command,
Perfumes the air and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigour shine,
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coast redundant stores;
And winters, soften'd by thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.
TIMES AND SEASONS.

5 Seasons and months, and weeks and days, Demand successive songs of praise: And be the grateful homage paid With morning light and evening shade.

6 Here in thy house let incense rise, And circling sabbaths bless our eyes, Till to those lofty heights we soar, Where days and years revolve no more.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

8. 7. Jewin-street, 222.

Grateful recollection—Ebenezer.

1 Sam. vii. 12.  ROBINSON.

1 Come, thou fount of every blessing,
   Tune my heart to sing thy grace,
Streams of mercy never ceasing
   Call for songs of loudest praise:
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
   Sung by flaming tongues above:
Praise the mount—O fix me on it,
   Mount of God's unchanging love.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
   Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
   Safely to arrive at home:
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
   Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to save my soul from danger,
   Interposed his precious blood.

3 O! to grace how great a debtor
   Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
   Bind my wandering heart to thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
Seal it from thy courts above.

510  PART I.  L. M.  Antigua, 120.

Help of God. Acts xxvi. 22.

New Year's day.

DODDRIDGE.

1 GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand,
    By which supported still we stand:
The opening year thy mercy shows;
    Let mercy crown it till it close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
    Still we are guarded by our God:
    By his incessant bounty fed,
    By his unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
    We to thy guardian care commit,
    And peaceful leave before thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depress'd,
    Be thou our joy, and thou our rest;
    Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
    Adored through all our changing days.

5 When death shall interrupt these songs,
    And seal in silence mortal tongues,
    Our helper God, in whom we trust,
    In better worlds our souls shall boast.

510  PART II.  L. M.  Protection, 337.

God's helping hand reviewed.

New Year's day.

DODDRIDGE.

1 MY helper God! I bless his name:
The same his power, his grace the same;

...
TIMES AND SEASONS.

The tokens of his friendly care
Open, and crown, and close the year.

2 I, 'midst ten thousand dangers, stand,
Supported by his guardian hand;
And see, when I survey my ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

3 Thus far his arm hath led me on;
Thus far I make his mercy known;
And while I tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.

4 My grateful soul on Jordan's shore,
Shall raise one sacred pillar more:
Then bear, in his bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

PART I. L. M. Power, 478.

The barren fig tree.

1 GOD of my life, to thee belong
The thankful heart, the grateful song;
Touch'd by thy love, each tuneful chord
Resounds the goodness of the Lord.

2 Thou hast preserved my fleeting breath,
And chased the gloomy shades of death;
The venom'd arrows vainly fly,
When God our great Deliverer's nigh.

3 Yet why, dear Lord, this tender care?
Why does thy hand so kindly rear
A useless cumberer of the ground,
On which no pleasant fruits are found?

4 Still may the barren fig tree stand!
And, cultivated by thy hand,
Verdure and bloom and fruit afford,
Meet tribute to its bounteous Lord.
A NEW YEAR.

5 So shall thy praise employ my breath
Through life, and in the arms of death
My soul the pleasant theme prolong,
Then rise to aid th' angelic song.


A new year.

WESLEY.

1 THE Lord of earth and sky,
The God of ages, praise,
Who reigns enthroned on high,
Ancient of endless days;
Who lengthens out our trial here,
And spares us yet another year.

2 Barren and wither'd trees,
We cumber'd long the ground,
No fruit of holiness
On our dead souls was found;
Yet doth he us in mercy spare
Another and another year.

3 When justice bared the sword
To cut the fig tree down,
The pity of our Lord
Cried, Let it still alone;
The Father mild inclines his ear,
And spares us yet another year.

4 Jesus, thy speaking blood
From God obtain'd the grace,
Who therefore hath bestow'd
On us a longer space:
Thou didst on our behalf appear,
And lo, we see another year!

5 Then dig about our root,
Break up our fallow ground,
And let some gracious fruit
To thy great praise abound:
O let us all thy praise declare,  
And fruit unto perfection bear.

A birth-day hymn.  
Fawcett.

1 I MY Ebenezer raise  
To my kind Redeemer's praise;  
With a grateful heart I own  
Hitherto thy help I've known.

2 What may be my future lot  
Well I know concerns me not;  
This should set my heart at rest—  
What thy will ordains is best.

3 I my all to thee resign;  
Father, let thy will be mine:  
May but all thy dealings prove  
Fruits of thy paternal love.

4 Guard me, Saviour, by thy power,  
Guard me in the trying hour:  
Let thy unremitted care  
Save me from the lurking snare.

5 Let my few remaining days  
Be directed to thy praise;  
So the last, the closing scene,  
Shall be tranquil and serene.

6 To thy will I leave the rest,  
Grant me but this one request,  
Both in life and death to prove  
Tokens of thy special love.

Birth-day self-dedication.  
Wesley.

1 GOD of my life, to thee  
My cheerful soul I raise,
A WEDDING.

Thy goodness bade me be,
And still prolongs my days.
I see my natal hour return,
And bless the day that I was born.

2 A clod of living earth,
I glorify thy name,
From whom alone my birth
And all my blessings came;
Creating and preserving grace,
Let all that is within me praise.

3 My soul, and all its powers,
Thine, wholly thine, shall be;
All, all my happy hours
I consecrate to thee;
Whate’er I have, whate’er I am,
Shall magnify my Maker’s name.

4 Long as I live beneath,
To thee, oh, let me live!
To thee my every breath
In thanks and blessings give;
Me to thine image now restore,
And I shall praise thee evermore.

1 SINCE Jesus freely did appear,
To grace a marriage feast,
O Lord, we ask thy presence here,
To make a wedding guest.

2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands;
Their union with thy favour crown,
And bless their nuptial bands.
3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow,
   Of all rich dowries best;
Their substance bless, and peace bestow
   To sweeten all the rest.
4 In purest love their souls unite,
   That they, with Christian care,
May make domestic burdens light,
   By taking mutual share.
5 [True helpers may they prove indeed,
   In prayer, and faith, and hope;
And see with joy a godly seed
   To build their household up.]
6 As Isaac and Rebekah give
   A pattern chaste and kind;
So may this married couple live,
   And die in friendship join’d.
7 On every soul assembled here,
   O make thy face to shine;
Thy goodness more our hearts can cheer
   Than richest food or wine.

513  Part II. 7’s. St. Austin’s, 460.

Marriage. 1 Pet. iii. 7. collyer.

1 Deign this union to approve,
   And confirm it, God of love!
Bless thy servants, on their head
Now the oil of gladness shed;
In this nuptial bond to thee
Let them consecrated be.

2 In prosperity, be near,
   To preserve them in thy fear;
In affliction, let thy smile
All the woes of life beguile:
And when every change is past,
Take them to thyself at last.
513

PART III. 7's. Aaron, 508.
The same. Gen. ii. 19–24. COLLYER.

1 FATHER of the human race,
Sanction with thy heavenly grace
What on earth hath now been done,
That these twain be truly one.

2 One in sickness and in health,
One in poverty and wealth,
And, as year rolls after year,
Each to other still more dear.

3 One in purpose, one in heart,
Till the mortal stroke shall part;
One in cheerful piety,
One for ever, Lord, with thee.

514

PART I. S. M. Plymouth, 336.
Family altar erected. BEDDOME.

1 IN all my ways, O God,
I would acknowledge thee,
And seek to keep my heart and house
From all pollution free.

2 Where'er I have a tent
An altar will I raise;
And thither my oblations bring,
Of humble prayer and praise.

3 Could I my wish obtain,
My household, Lord, should be
Devoted to thyself alone,
A nursery for thee.

514

PART II. C. M. Christ Church, 420.
Family prayer. BURNS.

WHEN soon or late we reach the coast
O'er life's rough ocean driven,
May we be found, no wanderer lost,
A family in heaven!
1 Peace be to this habitation;  
   Peace to all that dwell therein;  
   Peace, the earnest of salvation;  
   Peace, the fruit of pardon'd sin;  
   Peace, that speaks the heavenly Giver;  
   Peace to worldly minds unknown;  
   Peace divine, that lasts for ever,  
   Peace, that comes from God alone.

2 Prince of Peace, be present near us,  
   Fix in all our hearts thy home;  
   With thy gracious presence cheer us;  
   Let thy sacred kingdom come;  
   Raise to heaven our expectation,  
   Give our favour'd souls to prove  
   Glorious and complete salvation,  
   In the realms of bliss above.

BIRTH AND DEDICATION OF CHILDREN.

1 Bud of being! beauty's flower!  
   Sprung to birth this smiling hour;  
   While upon thy form we gaze,  
   Grateful thoughts to heaven we raise.

2 Nothing yet thine eyes can see  
   Of the world's dread mystery;  
   Of the tumult and the strife  
   That embitter human life.

3 Saviour, from thy heavenly throne,  
   Smile upon this little one;
DEDICATION OF CHILDREN.

If its trembling life be spared,
Deign to be its constant guard.

Let thy Spirit be its guide,
Let its wants be well supplied;
Cleanse it by thy precious blood,
Fit it for thy blest abode.

PART III. C. M. Beaumont, 526.

The same. DR. CAMPBELL's coll.

BLESSINGS attend thee, little one,
Sweet pledge of mutual love;
On this new coast a stranger thrown,
Directed from above.

Live to reward thy parents' heart
For every kindness given.
And when earth's fleeting scenes depart
Rejoice with them in heaven.

PART IV. 8. 7. Mariners, 286.

The Lord bless thee and keep thee.

DR. CAMPBELL's coll.

WELCOME, welcome, lovely stranger,
Welcome to a world of care;
Where attends thee many a danger,
Where awaits thee many a snare.

But may Heaven in love defend thee
'Mid life's dangers and alarms,
And many blessings still attend thee,
Circled in a Saviour's arms.

PART V. C. M. Harmonia, 390.

On dedicating a child.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
In solemn power come down,
O save this child, by nature lost,
And take [him] for thine own.
2 Oh, let thine unction on [him] rest,
    Thy grace [his] soul renew,
    And write within [his] tender breast
    Thy name and nature too.

3 If thou should'st quickly end [his] days,
    [His] place with thee prepare;
Or, if thou lengthen out [his] race,
    Continue still thy care.

4 Thy faithful servant may [he] prove,
    Girded with truth divine;
    A sharer in thy dying love,
    A follower of thine.

515 Part VI. 8.7.4. Rousseau, 384.

1 GRACIOUS Lord, as thou hast bidden,
    At thy feet we humbly bend;
    May our prayers arise to heaven,
    May thy blessing now descend:
      For thy blessing,
      Lo, we all unite to pray.

2 Pour thy Spirit on this infant,
    Sanctify [him] from the womb;
    Let thy gracious arms surround [him]
    In [his] journey to the tomb;
      Then victorious,
      Raise [him] to thy heavenly throne.

3 Make [his] parents wise to train [him]
    In the nurture of the Lord,
    And beyond these mortal regions
    Let [us] share thy bless’d reward,
      And our household
      Find in heaven a lasting home.
DEDICATION OF CHILDREN.

1 United prayers ascend to thee,
   Eternal Parent of mankind;
   Smile on this waiting family,
   Thy blessing let thy servants find.

2 Let the dear pledges of our love
   Like tender plants around us grow;
   Thy present grace, and joys above,
   Upon our little ones bestow.

3 Regard their parents' earnest prayers:
   A father's sigh, a mother's tears;
   And while her infant charge she rears,
   Crown with success her pious cares.

4 To every member of the house
   Thy grace impart, thy love extend;
   Grant every good that time allows,
   With heavenly joys that never end.

I will bring him before the Lord. 1 Sam. i. 22.

1 LORD, encouraged by thy grace,
   We bring our infant to thy throne;
   Give [him] within thy house a place,
   Let [him] be thine, and thine alone.

2 Remove from [him] each stain of guilt,
   May [he] be early sanctified;
   Lord, thou canst cleanse [him] if thou
   And all [his] native evils hide.

3 We ask not for [him] earthly bliss,
   Or earthly honours, wealth, or fame;
   One boon we humbly crave, 'tis this,
   That [he] may love and fear thy name.
TIMES AND SEASONS.

FOR MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS.

515

PART IX. 7's. Turin, 244.

Teach diligently thy children. Deut. vi. 7.

1 Lord, assist us by thy grace
   To instruct our infant race;
   Grant us wisdom from above,
   Fill us with a Saviour's love.

2 May we teach them day by day
   In the house, and by the way,
   When they rise, and when they rest,
   Till thy truth shall make them blest.

3 Gracious Saviour, hear our prayer,
   We commit them to thy care;
   Be their shepherd and their guide,
   Bring them to thy bleeding side.

515

PART X. C. M. Jerusalem, 379.

A prayer for the young.

1 FORTH from the world our children
   Beneath thy banner blest; [lead,
   Nor let, O God, the foe succeed
   With one unguarded breast.

2 Thine enemy and theirs, at hand,
   Lurks prowling to devour:
   O, may they every aim withstand
   Of cunning or of power.

3 Do not our hearts within us burn
   In fervency of prayer?
   Saviour of souls, to thee we turn,
   Or sure we should despair.

4 Urge, Saviour, urge the needful flight—
   As hope, as life they prize;
   And ere this day’s departing light,
   Enrol them for the skies.
MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS.

PART XI. L. M. Doversdale, 430.

Prayer for youth. HYDE.

1 DEAR Saviour, if our children stray
Far from religion's hallow'd bound,
And, lured by worldly joys away,
Among the thoughtless crowd be found;

2 In all their erring sinful years,
O let them ne'er forgotten be;
Remember, then, the prayers and tears
By which we gave them, Lord, to thee.

3 And when these lips no more can pray,
These eyes can weep for them no more,
Turn thou their feet from folly's way,
The wanderers to thy fold restore.

PART XII. S. M. Shirland, 304.

The same.

1 GOD of Abra'm, hear
The parents' humble cry;
In cov'nant mercy now appear,
While in the dust we lie.

2 These children of our love
In mercy thou hast given,
That we, through grace, may faithful prove
In training them for heaven.

3 O, grant thy Spirit, Lord,
Their hearts to sanctify;
Remember now, thy gracious word,
Our hopes on thee rely.

4 Draw forth the melting tear,
The penitential sigh;
Inspire their hearts with faith sincere,
And fix their hopes on high.
TIMES AND SEASONS.

515 Part XIII. C. M. Liverpool, 83.

Parents pleading.

1 Thou, who a tender Parent art,
   Regard a parent's plea;
Our offspring with an anxious heart,
   We now commend to thee.

2 Our children are our greatest care,
   A charge which thou hast given;
In all thy graces let them share,
   And all the joys of heaven.

3 If a centurion could succeed,
   Who for his servant cried,
Wilt thou refuse to hear us plead
   For those so near allied?

4 On them bestow thy saving grace,
   Their sinful hearts refine;
Among thy saints give them a place,
   Oh, leave not one behind.

515 Part XIV. L. M. Portugal, 97.

The same.

1 Great God! now condescend to bless
   Our tender offspring with thy grace;
While in the slippery paths of youth
   Direct their footsteps, God of truth.

2 To holiness their hearts incline;
   O Saviour! let those hearts be thine;
Their wayward spirits raise above
   This world's affections, God of love.

515 Part XV. C. M. Condescension, 116.

The same.

C. Wesley.

1 The great redeeming Angel, thee,
   O Jesus, we confess;
MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS.

Do thou our great Deliverer be,
And all our offspring bless.

2 Early discipled to the Lord,
   May they be taught of thee;
   And made to know and trust thy word,
   Wise to salvation be.

3 Partakers of our nature, make
   Partakers of thy grace;
   And then the heirs of glory take
   To dwell before thy face.

515 Part XVI. C. M. Twyford, 432.

Suffer little children to come to me, &c.
   Mark x. 4.

1 'FORBID them not!' the Saviour cried,
   But suffer them to come;
   Ah, then maternal tears were dried,
   And unbelief was dumb.

2 Lord, we believe, and we obey;
   We bring them at thy word;
   Be thou our children's strength and stay,
   Their portion and reward.

515 Part XVII. L. M. Old 100th.

Parents praying for wisdom.

1 FATHER of all, by whom we are,
   For whom was made whatever is;
   Who hath intrusted to our care
   A candidate for glorious bliss;

2 Poor worms of earth, for help we cry;
   For grace to guide what grace has given;
   We ask for wisdom from on high
   To train our infant up for heaven.
TIMES AND SEASONS.

PART XVIII. C. M. Hensbury, 323.

The same.

1 GOD only wise, almighty, good,
   Send forth thy truth and light,
   To point us out the narrow road,
   To guide our steps aright:

2 To steer our dangerous course between
   The rocks on either hand,
   And fix us in the golden mean,
   And bring our charge to land.

3 We would in every step look up,
   By thy example taught,
   To alarm their fear, excite their hope,
   And train each budding thought.

4 We would persuade their heart t' obey,
   With mildest zeal proceed;
   And never take the harsher way,
   When love will do the deed.

5 For this we ask, in faith sincere,
   The wisdom from above
   To touch their hearts with filial fear,
   Teach them thyself to love.


Parents exhorted to fervent prayer on behalf of their offspring.

1 WAKE, parents of Israel! O, hasten to plead
   For the Spirit of grace to descend;
   The word has gone forth, and the faithful have need
   Of your prayers the great cause to defend.

2 Let pure clouds of incense be wafted to heaven
   From all hearts united in one,
   That wisdom and grace to our youth may be given,
   And strength for the race they must run.
3 From the youth of our country shall armies arise,
The gospel of peace to proclaim;
O'er the land and the seas, the glad message that flies
Shall re-echo Immanuel's name.

4 Wake, parents in Israel! O, wrestle and pray,
That grace to our youth may be given;
For the hands that in faith are uplifted to day,
Shall prevail with our Father in heaven.

515 PART XX. L. M. Old 100th.

Parents pleading.

1 FATHER of all, before thy throne,
Grateful but anxious parents bow;
Look in paternal mercy down,
And yield the boon we ask thee now.

2 'T is not for wealth, or joys of earth,
Or life prolong'd, we seek thy face;
'T is for a new and heavenly birth,
'T is for the treasures of thy grace.

3 'T is for their souls' eternal joy,
For rescue from the coming woe:
Do not our earnest suit deny—
We cannot, cannot let thee go.

515 PART XXI. L. M. Portugal, 97.
The same.

1 BEHOLD these children of our love,
Who love not thee, nor tread thy ways;
Oh, by thy grace their spirits move,
Teach their young lips to sing thy praise.

2 Vast is their peril, deep their sin;
Yet not for peace nor hope they cry:
Long their delay, their sleep has been,
While death and judgment both are nigh.
TIMES AND SEASONS.

3 Oh should they perish, and our sons
   Be torn for ever from our arms!
   Our God, arise, and fix at once
   Deep in their hearts these just alarms.

4 Not for their sake, nor yet our own,
   Guilty alike, with thee we plead;
   But for thy dear exalted Son,
   Whose lips for sinners intercede.

THE YOUNG.

Prayer for the young. COWPER.

1 BESTOW, dear Lord, upon our youth
   The gift of saving grace,
   And let the seed of sacred truth
   Fall in a fruitful place.

2 Grace is a plant, where’er it grows,
   Of pure and heavenly root:
   But fairest in the youngest shows,
   And yields the sweetest fruit.

3 Ye careless ones, O hear betimes
   The voice of sovereign love!
   Your youth is stain’d with many crimes,
   But mercy reigns above.

4 [True, you are young, but there’s a stone
   Within the youngest breast:
   Or half the crimes which you have done
   Would rob you of your rest.]

5 For you the public prayer is made,
   Oh, join the public prayer!
   For you the secret tear is shed,
   Oh, shed yourselves a tear!
6 We pray that you may early prove
   The Spirit's power to teach;
   You cannot be too young to love
   That Jesus whom we preach.

L. M. Ulverston, 179.

Early piety.  stennett.

1 HOW soft the words my Saviour speaks!
   How kind the promises he makes!
   A bruised reed he never breaks,
   Nor will he quench the smoking flax.

2 The humble poor he won't despise,
   Nor on the contrite sinner frown:
   His ear is open to their cries,
   He quickly sends salvation down.

3 When piety in early minds,
   Like tender buds, begins to shoot,
   He guards the plants from threatening winds,
   And ripens blossoms into fruit.

4 With humble souls he bears a part,
   In all the sorrows they endure:
   Tender and gracious is his heart;
   His promise is for ever sure.

5 He sees the struggles that prevail
   Between the powers of grace and sin;
   He kindly listens while they tell
   The bitter pangs they feel within.

6 Though press'd with fears on every side,
   They know not how the strife may end;
   Yet he will soon the cause decide,
   And judgment unto victory send.
1 Ye hearts with youthful vigour warm,
   In smiling crowds draw near,
   And turn from every mortal charm,
   A Saviour's voice to hear.

2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
   Stoops to converse with you,
   And lays his radiant glories by
   Your friendship to pursue.

3 'The soul that longs to see my face
   Is sure my love to gain;
   And those that early seek my grace
   Shall never seek in vain.'

4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
   If once compared with thee?
   What beauty should command my love,
   Like what in Christ I see?

5 Away, ye false, delusive toys,
   Vain tempters of the mind!
   'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
   For here true bliss I find.

1 Now let a true ambition rise,
   And ardour fire our breast,
   To reign in worlds above the skies,
   In heavenly glories drest.

2 Behold Jehovah's royal hand
   A radiant crown display,
   Whose gems with vivid lustre shine,
   While stars and suns decay.
3 Away, each grovelling anxious care,
Beneath a Christian's aim;
We spring to seize immortal joys,
In our Redeemer's name.

4 Ye hearts with youthful vigour warm,
The glorious prize pursue;
Nor fear the want of earthly good,
While heaven is kept in view.

L. M. Ulverston, 179. Oswestry, 514.

1 MUST all the charms of nature, then,
So hopeless to salvation prove?
Can hell demand, can heaven condemn,
The man whom Jesus deigns to love?—

2 The man who sought the ways of truth,
Paid friends and neighbours all their due,
A modest, sober, lovely youth,
Who thought he wanted nothing now?

3 But mark the change: thus spake the Lord,
'Come, part with earth for heaven to-day,'
The youth, astonish'd at the word,
In silent sadness went his way.

4 Poor virtues, that he boasted so,
This test unable to endure,—
Let Christ, and grace, and glory go,
To make his land and money sure.

5 Ah, foolish choice of treasures here!
Ah, fatal love of tempting gold!
Must this base world be bought so dear,
And life and heaven so cheaply sold?
TIMES AND SEASONS.

6 In vain the charms of nature shine,
If this vile passion governs me;
Transform my soul, O love divine!
And make me part with all for thee.

PART I. S. M. Harborough, 142.

How shall a young man cleanse his way?
Psa. cxix. 9. FAWCETT.

1 WITH humble heart and tongue,
   My God, to thee I pray;
   O make me learn, whilst I am young,
   How I may cleanse my way.

2 Now in my early days,
   Teach me thy will to know;
   O God, thy sanctifying grace
   Betimes on me bestow.

3 Make an unguarded youth
   The object of thy care;
   Help me to choose the way of truth,
   And fly from every snare.

4 My heart, to folly prone,
   Renew by power divine;
   Unite it to thyself alone,
   And make me wholly thine.

5 O let thy word of grace
   My warmest thoughts employ;
   Be this, through all my following days,
   My treasure and my joy.

6 To what thy laws impart,
   Be my whole soul inclined;
   O let them dwell within my heart,
   And sanctify my mind.
7 May thy young servant learn
By these to cleanse his way;
And may I here the path discern
That leads to endless day.

521 Part II. L. M. Magdalen, 214.

Our Father, which art in heaven. JANE TAYLOR.

1 GREAT God, and wilt thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend?
I, a poor child, and thou so high,
The Lord of earth, and air, and sky?

2 Art thou my Father? canst thou bear
To hear my poor imperfect prayer?
Or wilt thou listen to the praise
Which such a little one can raise?

3 Art thou my Father? let me be
A meek obedient child to thee;
And try in word, and deed, and thought,
To serve and please thee as I ought.

4 Art thou my Father? I 'll depend
Upon the care of such a Friend;
And only wish to do and be
Whatever seemeth good to thee.

5 Art thou my Father? then at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down and take me in thy love
To be thy better child above.

521 Part III. L. M. St. Olave's, 176.

The young man's hymn. COLLYER.

1 I LEAVE the world with willing feet,
Great God, to find repose in thee;
Once its enchantments, soft and sweet,
Threw silken fetters over me.
TIMES AND SEASONS.

2 Imagination lent her aid
   To strengthen every dangerous snare,
   But soon the flattering vision fled
   And gave its victim to despair.

3 I thought to find unceasing good,
   My passions bade my heart confide;
   I tasted the forbidden food,
   Tasted—and but for thee had died.

4 I still had wander'd but for thee:
   Lord, 't was thine own all-powerful word
   Sin's fetters broke, and set me free,
   And reason to my mind restored.

5 My youth, preserved from fatal wiles,
   Has learn'd temptation's power to fear,
   To dread the world's delusive smiles,
   And 'scape the fowler's cruel snare.

521 PART IV. C. M. Twyford, 432.

The youthful surrender. MRS. GILBERT.

1 SAVIOUR, with fear and trembling see
   We come as thou hast said,
   And long, and pray, and hope to be
   With those thou'st loved and fed.

2 We dare not speak the solemn vow,
   But by thy Spirit's aid,
   Yet come, in humble faith that thou
   Our Surety shalt be made.

3 Life with its perils while we view,
   Our souls in terror shrink,
   But if thy promise bear us through,
   We know we cannot sink.
YOUTH.

4 Fain would we now surrender make
Of our whole selves to thee;
Jesus, the humble offering take,
Unworthy though it be.

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FOR A SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Importance of educating youth.
BRADBERY, altered.

Congregation.

1 Now let our hearts conspire to raise
A cheerful anthem to his praise
Who reigns enthroned above;
Let music, sweet as incense, rise
Like grateful odours to the skies,
The voice of joy and love.

Children.

2 Teach us to bow before thy face;
Nor let our hearts forget thy grace,
Or slight thy providence:
When lost in ignorance we lay,
To vice and death an easy prey,
Thy goodness snatch'd us thence.

Congregation.

3 O what a numerous race we see,
In ignorance and misery,
Unprincipled, untaught;
Shall they continue still to lie
In ignorance and misery?
We cannot bear the thought.

Children.

4 Give, Lord, each liberal soul to prove
The joys of thine exhaustless love;
And, while thy praise we sing,
TIMES AND SEASONS.

May we the sacred Scriptures know,
And like the blessed Jesus grow,
That earth and heaven may ring.

Congregation.

5 We feel a sympathizing heart;
Lord, 'tis a pleasure to impart;
To thee thine own we give:
Hear thou our cry, and pitying see,—
O let these children live to thee,
O let these children live!

PART II. L. M. Monmouth, 382.

For a sabbath-school anniversary.

Children.

1 O THOU, who from the infant's tongue
Wert wont of old to perfect praise,
Almighty Father, hear the song
Which we thy creatures humbly raise.

Congregation.

2 How blest are they, who early taught
To know and love thy word of truth,
Far from the sinners' path are brought
To serve their Maker in their youth.

Children.

3 And blest are they whose pious care
Forbids the youthful foot to stray,
Unfolds the book of truth, and there
To life eternal points the way.

Whole Congregation.

4 Accept our praise, O Lord, and still
Let streams of heavenly goodness flow,
That all the earth may learn thy will,
And babes thy power and glory show.
Children praising God.

1 Almighty Lord, with joy to thee
Our infant voices rise;
Accept, O God, our feeble praise,
And humble sacrifice.

Chor.—Glory, honour, praise, and power
Be unto the Lamb for ever;
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer;
Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord.

2 We glorify, we bless thy name
For all thy mercies given,
But most, for Jesus Christ, who died
To raise our souls to heaven.

Chor.—Glory, honour, &c.

3 O bless the Lord, our gracious God,
Whose mercies thus we prove,
Who bids the infant tongue proclaim
The wonders of his love.

Chor.—Glory, honour, &c.

The child's desire.

1 Think, when I read that sweet story of old
When Jesus was here among men,
How he call'd little children as lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with them then.

I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen his kind look when he said,
'Let the little ones come unto me.'

2 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above,
In that beautiful place he is gone to prepare
For all who are wash'd and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
'For of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

WHEN his salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to his name.
Nor did their zeal offend him,
But as he rode along,
He bade them still attend him,
And smiled to hear their song.
Hosanna!
Hosanna to Jesus they sing.

And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still;
Though now as King he reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill;
We'll flock around his banner
Who sits upon the throne,
And sing aloud, Hosanna
To David's royal Son!
Hosanna, &c.

For, should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No, while our hearts are tender,
They too should be the Lord's.
Hosanna, &c.
YOUTH. 522, 523

522 Part VI. C. M. Glory, 562.

Children in heaven.

1 **A ROUND the throne of God in heaven**
   Thousands of children stand;
   Children whose sins are all forgiven,
   A holy, happy band;
   Singing, Glory, glory, glory.

2 **What brought them to that world above,**
   That heaven so bright and fair,
   Where all is peace, and joy, and love?
   How came those children there?
   Singing, &c.

3 **Because the Saviour shed his blood**
   To wash away their sin:
   Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
   Behold them white and clean;
   Singing, &c.

4 **On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,**
   On earth they loved his name;
   So now they see his blessed face,
   And stand before the Lamb;
   Singing, &c.


Sunday-school. J. STRAPHAN.

1 **BLEST is the man whose heart expands**
   At melting pity's call,
   And the rich blessings of whose hands
   Like heavenly manna fall.

2 **Mercy, descending from above,**
   In softest accents pleads:
   **O, may each tender bosom move,**
   **When mercy intercedes**!
TIMES AND SEASONS.

3 Be ours the bliss in wisdom's way
   To guide untutor'd youth,
   And lead the mind that went astray
   To virtue and to truth.

4 Children our kind protection claim,
   And God will well approve,
   When infants learn to lisp his name,
   And their Creator love.

5 Delightful work! young souls to win,
   And turn the rising race
   From the deceitful paths of sin,
   To seek redeeming grace.

6 Almighty God, thy influence shed,
   To aid this good design:
   The honours of thy name be spread,
   And all the glory thine.
And we must answer, one by one,
For every deed our hands have done;

5 Lord, let it not be said of us
That heathens could not have been worse;
But may we now that pardon crave,
Which can the guiltiest sinner save.

6 With all the bright and happy crowd
We then would praise thee long and loud;
And oh, to little heathens send,
The news of Christ, the sinner's friend.

523 Part III. C. M. Abingdon, 42.
Sunday-school.

1 GREAT God, to thee, a lowly band,
   We raise our artless prayer,
   And bless thy kind preserving hand
   For all the good we share.

2 Once with a helpless, hopeless throng,
   E'en on thy holy day,
   In sin we held our course along,
   And trifled time away.

3 Unknown, untutor'd, and forlorn,
   We sought the downward road,
   Far on the stream of pleasure borne
   From happiness and God.

4 But now, instructed, with delight
   Thy Spirit we implore,
   To guide our youthful feet aright,
   That we may err no more.

5 O may the word of truth divine
   Our earliest thoughts engage,
   On life's unfolding prospects shine,
   And crown our growing age.
523  PART IV. C. M. Arlington, 17.  
Hymn for a child.  
DR. RYLAND.  

1 LORD, teach a little child to pray;  
Thy grace betimes impart;  
And grant thy Holy Spirit may  
Renew my infant heart.

2 A sinful creature I was born,  
And from the womb have stray’d:  
I must be wretched and forlorn  
Without thy mercy’s aid.

3 But Christ can all my sins forgive,  
And wash away their stain,  
And fit my soul with him to live,  
And in his kingdom reign.

4 To him let children come,  
For he has said they may;  
His bosom then shall be their home,  
Their tears he’ll wipe away:

5 For all that early seek his face  
Shall surely taste his love;  
Jesus shall guide them by his grace  
To dwell with him above.

524  PART I. C. M. Bangor, 231.  
Old age approaching.

1 ETERNAL God, enthroned on high,  
Whom angel-hosts adore,  
Who yet to suppliant dust art nigh,  
Thy presence I implore.

2 O guide me down the steep of age,  
And keep my passions cool:  
Teach me to scan the sacred page,  
And practise every rule.
3 My flying years time urges on;  
    What's human must decay;  
    My friends, my young companions gone,  
    Can I expect to stay?

4 Can I exemption plead when death  
    Projects his awful dart?  
    Can medicines then prolong my breath,  
    Or virtue shield my heart?

5 Ah! no—then smooth the mortal hour,—  
    On thee my hope depends;  
    Support me with almighty power,  
    While dust to dust descends.

6 Then shall my soul, O gracious God,  
    (While angels join the lay,)  
    Admitted to the blest abode,  
    Its endless anthems pay—

7 Through heaven, howe'er remote the  
    Thy matchless love proclaim, [bound,  
    And join the choir of saints that sound  
    Their great Redeemer's name.

524 **Part II.** 112th. Eaton, 291  
    *Prayer of the aged.*  
    C. WESLEY.

    In age and feebleness extreme,  
    Who shall a sinful worm redeem?  
    Jesus, my only hope thou art,  
    Strength of my failing flesh and heart;  
    O, could I catch a smile from thee,  
    And drop into eternity!

524 **Part III.** C. M. Bedford, 91  
    *Trust in old age.*  
    LOGAN.

1 Almighty Father of mankind,  
    On thee my hopes remain;
TIMES AND SEASONS.

And when the day of trouble comes,
I shall not trust in vain.

2 In early years thou wast my guide,
   And of my youth the friend;
   And as my days began with thee,
   With thee my days shall end.

3 I know the power in whom I trust,
   The arm on which I lean;
   He will my Saviour ever be,
   Who has my Saviour been.

PART IV. C.M. Abridge, 201.

The same.

MY God, who causdest me to hope,
   When life began to beat;
   And when a stranger in the world
   Didst guide my wand’ring feet;

2 Thou wilt not cast me off when age
   And evil days descend;
   Thou wilt not leave me in despair
   To mourn my latter end.

3 Therefore in life I ’ll trust to thee,
   In death I will adore;
   And after death will sing thy praise,
   When time shall be no more.

PART V. 7’s. Lunesdale, 418.

The aged Christian seeking Christ’s protection.

GENTLE Saviour, look on me;
   Full of woe, to thee I flee;
   Roughly do the billows roll,
   Wave o’er wave afflicts my soul.
   Thou hast long my Saviour been,
   I have oft thy mercy seen;
Let me see it yet once more,
Brighter than it was before.

2 Mighty is thine arm, O Lord,
True and faithful is thy word,
Wisdom shines in all thy ways,
World on world thy will obeys;
Thou dost softer pity show
Than the fondest parents know;
Every glory meets in thee,
Thou art all in all to me.

3 Let me in thy name confide,
Let me in thy bosom hide;
There in safety would I stay
Till the storm has pass'd away;
There for ever would I dwell,
Far beyond the range of hell;
There thy endless peace proclaim,
Sweet hosannas to thy name.

524 Part VI. 7's. Aston Sandford, 507.

1 CHEERFULLY my soul shall praise
God, whose mercy crowns my days,
Who forgiveth all my sin,
Cleanseth me from stains within,
Hears my plaints, regards my sighs,
And my daily need supplies.

2 He with loving-kindness brings,
Life and healing in his wings;
O my soul, beneath their shade,
Thou shalt find eternal aid;
There reposing, ever praise
God, whose mercy crowns my days.
For a public fast.

1 See, gracious God, before thy throne
   Thy mourning people bend;
   'T is on thy sovereign grace alone
   Our humble hopes depend.

2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand
   Thy dreadful power display;
   Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
   And still we live to pray.

3 Great God, and why is Britain spared,
   Ungrateful as we are?
   O make thy awful warnings heard,
   While mercy cries, Forbear!

4 What numerous crimes increasing rise
   Through this apostate isle!
   What land so favour'd of the skies,
   And yet what land so vile!

5 How changed, alas! are truths divine
   For error, guilt, and shame!
   What impious numbers, bold in sin,
   Disgrace the Christian name!

6 Regardless of thy smile or frown,
   Their pleasures they require;
   And sink with gay indifference down
   To everlasting fire.

7 O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
   By thy resistless grace;
   Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
   And humbly seek thy face;—
8 Then should insulting foes invade,
   We shall not sink in fear:
Secure of never-failing aid,
   If God, our God, is near.

526 C. M. Abridge, 201. Trinity, 181.

_Hymn for a fast-day._

1 WHEN Abra'm, full of sacred awe,
   Before Jehovah stood,
And with a humble fervent prayer,
   For guilty Sodom sued;

2 With what success, what wondrous grace,
   Was his petition crown'd!
The Lord would spare, if in the place
   Ten righteous men were found.

3 And could a single holy soul
   So rich a boon obtain?
Great God, and shall a nation cry,
   And plead with thee in vain?

4 Britain, all guilty as she is,
   Her numerous saints can boast,
And now their fervent prayers ascend,
   And can those prayers be lost?

5 Are not the righteous dear to thee
   Now, as in ancient times?
Or does this sinful land exceed
   Gomorrah in its crimes?

6 Still are we thine, we bear thy name,
   Here yet is thine abode;
Long has thy presence bless'd our land;
   Forsake us not, O God!


1 LORD, how shall wretched sinners dare
   Look up to thy divine abode,
   Or offer their imperfect prayer
   Before a just and holy God?

2 Bright terrors guard thy awful seat,
   And dazzling glories veil thy face;
   Yet mercy calls us to thy feet,
   Thy throne is still a throne of grace.

3 O may our souls thy grace adore,—
   May Jesus plead our humble claim,
   While thy protection we implore,
   In his prevailing glorious name.

4 With all the boasted pomp of war,
   In vain we dare the hostile field;
   In vain, unless the Lord be there;
   Thy arm alone is Britain's shield.

5 Let past experience of thy care
   Support our hope, our trust invite!
   Again attend our humble prayer!
   Again be mercy thy delight!

6 [Our arms succeed, our councils guide;
   Let thy right hand our cause maintain;
   Till war's destructive rage subside,
   And peace resume her gentle reign.]

7 O when shall time the period bring
   When raging war shall waste no more,—
   When peace shall stretch her balmy wing
   From Europe's coast to India's shore?

8 When shall the gospel's healing ray
   (Kind source of amity divine)
Spread o’er the world celestial day?
When shall the nations, Lord, be thine?

528 L. M. Paul’s, 246. Old 100th.

National judgments and mercies.

Amos iii. 1—6. 
PRES. DAVIES.

1. While o’er our guilty land, O Lord,
   We view the terrors of thy sword,
   Oh, whither shall the helpless fly;
   To whom but thee direct their cry?

2. The helpless sinners’ cries and tears
   Are grown familiar to thine ears;
   Oft has thy mercy sent relief,
   When all was fear and hopeless grief.

3. On thee, our guardian God, we call,
   Before thy throne of grace we fall;
   And is there no deliverance there,
   And must we perish in despair?

4. See, we repent, we weep, we mourn,
   To our forsaken God we turn;
   O spare our guilty country, spare
   The church which thou hast planted here.

5. We plead thy grace, indulgent God;
   We plead thy Son’s atoning blood;
   We plead thy gracious promises:
   And are they unavailing pleas?

6. These pleas, presented at thy throne,
   Have brought ten thousand blessings
   On guilty lands in helpless woe; [down
   Let them prevail to save us too.

529 C. M. Cambridge New, 74. Arabia, 324.

Thanksgiving for victory.

1 To thee who reign’st supreme above,
   And reign’st supreme below,
Thou God of wisdom, power, and love,
We our successes owe.

2 The thundering horse, the martial band,
Without thine aid were vain;
And victory flies at thy command
To crown the bright campaign.

3 Thy mighty arm, unseen, was nigh
When we our foes assail'd;
'T is thou hast raised our honours high,
And o'er their hosts prevail'd.

4 Their mounds, their camps, their lofty
Into our hands are given, [towers
Not from desert or strength of ours,
But through the grace of Heaven.

5 What though no columns lifted high
Stand deep inscribed with praise,
Yet sounding honours to the sky
Our grateful songs shall raise.

6 To our young race will we proclaim
The mercies God has shown,
That they may learn to bless his name,
And choose him for their own.

7 Thus, while we sleep in silent dust,
When threatening dangers come,
Their fathers' God shall be their trust,
Their refuge and their home.

ON Britain, long a favour'd isle,
Now overwhelm'd with grief and shame,
Deign, mighty God, once more to smile;
The same thy power, thy grace the same.
DAYS OF THANKSGIVING.

2 Let peace descend with balmy wing,
   And all its blessings round her shed;
   Her liberties be well secured,
   And commerce lift its fainting head.

3 Let the loud cannon cease to roar,
   The warlike trump no longer sound;
   The din of arms be heard no more,
   Nor human blood pollute the ground:

4 Let hostile troops drop from their hands
   The useless sword, the glittering spear,
   And join in friendship's sacred bands,
   Nor one dissentient voice be there.

5 Thus save, O Lord, a sinking land:
   Millions of tongues shall then adore,
   Resound the honours of thy name,
   And spread thy praise from shore to shore.

531 L. M. Wareham, 117.

Praise for national peace. STEELE.

1 GREAT Ruler of the earth and skies,
   A word of thy almighty breath
   Can sink the world, or bid it rise:
   Thy smile is life, thy frown is death.

2 When angry nations rush to arms,
   And rage, and noise, and tumult reigns,
   And war resounds its dire alarms,
   And slaughter spreads the hostile plains;

3 Thy sovereign eye looks calmly down,
   And marks their course, and bounds their power,
   Thy word the angry nations own,
   And noise and war are heard no more:
4 Then peace returns with balmy wing,
   (Sweet peace, with her what blessings fled!)
   Glad plenty laughs, the valleys sing,
   Reviving commerce lifts her head.

5 Thou good, and wise, and righteous Lord,
   All move subservient to thy will;
   And peace and war await thy word,
   And thy sublime decrees fulfil.

6 To thee we pay our grateful songs,
   Thy kind protection still implore;
   O may our hearts, and lives, and tongues,
   Confess thy goodness and adore.

532 L. M. Horsley, 205. Ely, 446.
   For national deliverance. DODDRIDGE.

1 PRAISE to the Lord, who bows his ear,
   Propitious to his people's prayer,
   And though deliverance long delay,
   Answers in his well-chosen day.

2 Salvation doth to God belong;
   His power and grace shall be our song;
   The tribute of our love we bring,
   To thee, our Saviour and our King.

3 Our temples, guarded from the flame,
   Shall echo thy triumphant name;
   And every peaceful, private home
   To thee a temple shall become.

4 Still be it our supreme delight
   To walk as in thy honour'd sight;
   Hence in thy precepts and thy fear,
   Till life's last hour to persevere.
For the Fifth of November. Doddridge.

1 PRAISE to the Lord, whose mighty hand,
So oft reveal'd, hath saved our land;
And when united nations rose, [foes.
Hath shamed and scourged our haughtiest

2 When mighty navies from afar
To Britain wafted floating war,
His breath dispersed them all with ease,
And sunk their terrors in the seas.*

3 While for our princes they prepare
In caverns deep a burning snare:
He shot from heaven a piercing ray,
And the dark treachery brought to day.†

4 Princes and priests again combine
New chains to forge, new snares to twine;
Again our gracious God appears,
And breaks their chains and cuts their snares.

5 Obedient winds at his command
Convey his hero‡ to our land:
The sons of Rome with terror view,
And speed their flight when none pursue.

6 Such great deliverance God hath wrought,
And down to us salvation brought;
And still the care of guardian Heaven
Secures the bliss itself hath given.

7 In thee we trust, Almighty Lord,
Continued rescue to afford:
Still be thy powerful arm made bare,
For all thy servants' hopes are there.

* Spanish Armada, 1588. † Gunpowder Plot, 1605.
‡ King William, 1688.
1 To thee, Almighty God, we bring
   The humble tribute of our songs;
O teach our thankful hearts to sing,
Or praise will languish on our tongues.

2 While Britain (favour'd of the skies)
Recalls the wonders God hath wrought,
Let grateful joy adoring rise,
And warm to rapture every thought.

3 When hell and Rome combined their power,
   And doom'd these isles their certain prey,
Thy hand forbade the fatal hour,—
Their impious plots in ruin lay.

4 Again our restless, cruel foes
   Resumed, avow'd their black design;
Again to save us God arose,
And Britain own'd the hand divine.

5 Why, gracious God, is Britain saved?
Why bless'd with liberty and light?
Nor by fell tyranny enslaved,
Nor lost in superstition's night?

6 Not for our sake, we conscious own;
A wretched, vile, ungrateful race:
'Tis done to make thy glory known,
To show the wonders of thy grace.

7 The wonders of thy grace complete;
Reform this wretched guilty land:
Let thankful love, beneath thy feet,
Confess thy kind, thy guardian hand!

8 Let every age adore thy name,
While nature's circling wheels shall roll;
535 DAYS OF THANKSGIVING.

Thy mercies every tongue proclaim,
And sound thy praise from pole to pole.

Deliverances.

GIBBONS.

1 WHAT hath God wrought! might Israel say,
When Jordan roll'd its tide away,
And gave a passage to their bands
Safely to march across its sands.

2 What hath God wrought! might well be said,
When Jesus, rising from the dead,
Scatter'd the shades of pagan night,
And bless'd the nations with his light.

3 What hath God wrought! let Britain see,
Freed from the plagues of Popery,—
Its tenfold night, its iron chains,
Its galling yoke, its cruel pains.

4 What hath God wrought! in glad surprise,
Shall sound thro' all the earth and skies,
When, like a millstone in the main,
Proud Rome shall sink, nor rise again.

5 What hath God wrought! O blissful theme!
Are we redeem'd and call'd by him?
Shall we be led the desert through—
And safe arrive at glory too?

6 The news shall every harp employ,
Fill every tongue with rapturous joy;
When shall we join the heavenly throng
To swell the triumph and the song!
TIMES AND SEASONS.

535

PART II. Old 50th, 233.

Thanksgiving for peace. DODDRIDGE.

1 Now let our songs address the God of peace,
Who bids the tumult of the battle cease;
The pointed spears to pruning hooks he bends,
'And the broad falchion in the ploughshare ends.'
His powerful word unites contending nations
In kind embrace, and friendly salutations.

2 Britain, adore the Guardian of thy state:
Who, high on his celestial throne elate,
Still watchful o'er thy safety and repose,
Frown'd on the counsels of thy haughtiest foes;
Thy coast secure from every dire invasion
Of fire and sword, and spreading desolation.

3 While we beneath our vines and fig-trees sit,
Or thus within thy sacred temple meet,
Accept, great God, the tribute of our song,
And all the mercies of this day prolong.
Then spread thy peaceful word thro' every nation,
That all the earth may hail thy great salvation.

535

PART III. C. M. New York, 33.

Abolition of slavery.

1 The day has dawn'd, Jehovah comes
To crush oppression's rod;
Now Ethiopia soon shall stretch
Her hands to thee, O God.

2 Where'er the sun doth rise or set,
Or spread his beauteous ray,
May freedom, with her glorious train,
Hurl slavery away.

3 Let charity, benevolence,
And every smiling grace,
In golden links of brotherhood
Unite the human race.

4 Tyrants no more shall lift the scourge,
Nor captives drag the chain:
DAYS OF THANKSGIVING.

Millions, beatified, shall bless
The dear Redeemer's reign.

5 Then every colour, every clime
Shall in his worship meet;
And bring their prayers, their praise, their
An offering at his feet. [all, PAUSE.

6 Lord, for those days we wait; those days
Are in thy word foretold;
Fly swifter, sun and stars, and bring
This promised age of gold.

7 Amen, with joys divine, let earth's
Unnumber'd myriads cry;
Amen, with joy divine, let heaven's
Unnumber'd choirs reply.

8 Free us from sin and all its chains,
The worst of slavery;
Bind us to Christ in holy bonds,
The sweetest liberty.

535 Part IV. 8. 7. 4. Lewes, 63.
Praise for the abolition of slavery.

1 AGES, ages have departed,
Since the first dark vessel bore
Afric's children, broken-hearted,
To the Carribean shore,
She, like Rachel,
Weeping, for they were no more.

2 Millions, millions have been slaughter'd
In the fight and on the deep;
Millions, millions more have water'd,
With such tears as captives weep,
Fields of travail,
Where their bones till judgment sleep.
3 Mercy, mercy, vainly pleading,
Rent her garments, smote her breast,
Till a voice, from heaven proceeding,
Gladden'd all the gloomy West:
'Come, ye weary;
Come, and I will give you rest.'

4 Satan, Satan heard and trembled,
And, upstarting from his throne,
Bands of Belial's sons assembled,
Fired with rancour all his own,
Madly swearing
'Christ to slaves shall not be known.'

5 Tidings, tidings of salvation!
Britons rose with one accord,
Swept the plague-spot from our nation,
Negroes to their rights restored:
Slaves no longer!
Freemen, freemen of the Lord.

1 Lord, thou hast bid thy people pray
For all that bear the sovereign sway,
And thy vicegerents reign,
Rulers, and governors, and powers:
And lo! we humbly pray for ours;
Nor can we pray in vain.

2 Jesus, thy chosen servant guard,
And every threatening danger ward
From his anointed head:
Bid all his griefs and troubles cease,
Through paths of righteousness and peace
Our king, propitious, lead.
3 Cover his enemies with shame,
    Defeat their proud, malicious aim,
        And make their counsels vain;
Preserve him, Providence Divine!
And let the long illustrious line
    To latest ages reign.

4 Upon him shower thy blessings down,
    Crown him with grace, with glory crown,
        And everlasting joys;
While wealth, prosperity, and peace,
Our nation and our churches bless,
    And praise the globe employs.

SICKNESS AND RECOVERY.

1 Thou only centre of my rest,
    Look down with pitying eye,
While with protracted pain opprest
    I breathe the plaintive sigh.

2 Thy gracious presence, O my God,
    My every wish contains;
With this, beneath affliction’s load,
    My heart no more complains.

3 This can my every care control,
    Gild each dark scene with light;
This is the sunshine of the soul,
    Without it all is night.

4 My Lord, my life, O cheer my heart
    With thy reviving ray,
And bid these mournful shades depart,
    And bring the dawn of day!
5 O happy scenes of pure delight,
Where thy full beams impart
Unclouded beauty to the sight,
And rapture to the heart!

6 Her part in those fair realms of bliss
My spirit longs to know;
My wishes terminate in this,
Nor can they rest below.

7 Lord, shall the breathings of my heart
Aspire in vain to thee?
Confirm my hope, that, where thou art,
I shall for ever be.

8 Then shall my cheerful spirit sing
The darksome hours away,
And rise on faith's expanded wing
To everlasting day.

1 WHEN in the hour of lonely woe
I give my sorrows leave to flow,
And anxious fear and dark distrust
Weigh down my spirit to the dust;

2 When not e'en friendship's gentle aid
Can heal the wounds the world has made,
Oh, this shall check each rising sigh,
My Saviour is forever nigh.

3 His counsels and upholding care
My safety and my comfort are;
And he shall guide me all my days,
Till glory crown the work of grace.

4 Jesus, in whom, but thee above,
Can I repose my trust, my love?
And shall an earthly object be
Loved in comparison with thee?

5 My flesh is hastening to decay;
Soon shall the world have pass’d away;
And what can mortal friends avail,
When heart and strength and life shall fail?

6 But, oh, be thou, my Saviour, nigh,
And I will triumph while I die;
My strength, my portion is divine,
And Jesus is for ever mine!

538 C. M. Abridge, 201.
Complaint and hope under great pain. Watts.

1 LORD, I am pain’d, but I resign
My body to thy will;
’Tis grace, ’tis wisdom all divine,
Appoints the pains I feel.

2 Dark are the ways of Providence,
While they who love thee groan:
Thy reasons lie conceal’d from sense,
Mysterious and unknown.

3 Yet nature may have leave to speak,
And plead before her God,
Lest the o’erburden’d heart should break
Beneath thy heavy rod.

4 These mournful groans and flowing tears
Give my poor spirit ease:
While every groan my Father hears,
And every tear he sees.

5 [How shall I glorify my God,
In bonds of grief confined?
Damp’d is my vigour while this clod
Hangs heavy on my mind.]
TIMES AND SEASONS.

6 Is not some smiling hour at hand
   With peace upon its wings?
Give it, O God, thy swift command,
   With all the joys it brings.


For a time of general sickness.

1 DEATH, with his dread commission
   Now hastens to his arms; [seal'd,
   In awful state he takes the field,
   And sounds his dire alarms.

2 Attendant plagues around him stand,
   And wait his dread command;
   And pains and dying groans obey
   The signal of his hand.

3 With cruel force he scatters round
   His shafts of deadly power;
   While the grave waits its destined prey,
   Impatient to devour.

4 Look up, ye heirs of endless joy,
   Nor let your fears prevail;
   Eternal life is your reward,
   When life on earth shall fail.

5 What though his darts, promiscuous
   Deal fatal plagues around, [hurl'd,
   And heaps of putrid carcases
   O'erload the cumber'd ground;

6 The arrows that shall wound your flesh
   Were given him from above,
   Dipt in the great Redeemer's blood,
   And feather'd all with love.

7 These with a gentle hand he throws,
   And saints lie gasping too;
But heavenly strength supports their souls,
And bears them conquerors through.

8 Joyful they stretch their wings abroad,
And all in triumph rise
To the fair palace of their God,
And mansions in the skies.

540 PART I. S. M. Stoke, 207.

Submission in affliction. BEDDOME.

1 DOST thou my profit seek,
And chasten as a friend?
O God, I 'll kiss the smarting rod,—
There 's honey at the end.

2 Dost thou, through death's dark vale,
Conduct to heaven at last?
The future good will make amends
For all the evil past.

3 Lord, I would not repine,
At strokes in mercy sent;
If the chastisement comes in love,
My soul shall be content.

540 PART II. 8's. Limefield, 94.

When deprived by sickness of attending public worship. PEARCE.

1 THE fabric of nature is fair,
But fairer the temple of grace;
To saints, 't is 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.
TIMES AND SEASONS.

2 The Father of mercies we praised,
    And prostrated low at his throne;
The Saviour we loved and adored,
    Who loved 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.

3 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.

4 Sweet moments! if aught upon earth
    Resembles the joy of the skies,
It is when the hearts of the flock
    Conjoin'd to their shepherd arise.
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 hasting away.

5 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 arise.
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.

6 Or should'st thou in bondage detain
    To visit thy temples no more,
Prepare me formansions 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 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 ere long I to heaven shall soar,
And ceaseless enjoyments obtain.

HOW sad on the keen edge of death
To say, 'I cannot tell
Whether, at my expiring breath,
I go to heaven or hell.'

Unite my powers to fear thy name;
Thy grace, Lord, I implore;
Let doubt, and fear, and guilt, and shame,
Distract my heart no more.

Decide the dubious, painful case,
By some assuring sign,—
May thy good Spirit, word, and grace,
Say whether I am thine.

Rise, Sun of righteousness, and shine,
Spring a celestial day,
That this benighted soul of mine
May praise as well as pray.
Sweet affliction. A song in a storm.

1 In 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.

2 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.

3 'Mid the gloom, the vivid lightnings
   With increasing brightness play;
   'Mid the thorn-brake beauteous flowrets
   Look more beautiful and gay.
   Hallelujah, &c.

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

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

6 In the sacred page recorded
   Thus the 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 assists me  
In my path to heavenly joy:  
Where, though trials now attend me,  
Trials never more annoy:  
Hallelujah, &c.  

8 Blest 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.  

541 Part II. L. M. Portugal, 97.  
Sickness and recovery.  

1 A WHILE remain'd the doubtful strife,  
Till Jesus gave me back my life:  
My life?—my soul, recall the word,  
'T is life to see thy gracious Lord.  

2 Why inconvenient now to die?  
Vile unbelief, O tell me why?  
When can it inconvenient be,  
My loving Lord to come to thee?  

3 He saw me made the sport of hell,  
He knew the tempter's malice well,  
And when my soul had all to fear,  
Then did the glorious Sun appear!  

4 O bless him! bless, ye dying saints,  
The God of grace, when nature faints!  
He show'd my flesh the gaping grave,  
To show me he had power to save.
Praise for recovery from sickness.

Psa. cxviii. 18, 19. DODDRIDGE.

1 SOVEREIGN of life, I own thy hand
   In every chastening stroke;
   And, while I smart beneath thy rod,
   Thy presence I invoke.

2 To thee in my distress I cried,
   And thou hast bow’d thine ear;
   Thy powerful word my life prolong’d,
   And brought salvation near.

3 Unfold, ye gates of righteousness,
   That, with the pious throng,
   I may record my solemn vows,
   And tune my grateful song.

4 Praise to the Lord, whose gentle hand
   Renews our labouring breath:
   Praise to the Lord, who makes his saints
   Triumphant e’en in death.

5 My God, in thine appointed hour
   Those heavenly gates display,
   Where pain, and sin, and fear, and death,
   For ever flee away.

6 There, while the nations of the blest
   With raptures bow around,
   My anthems to delivering grace
   In sweeter strains shall sound.

HOW gracious and how wise
   Is our chastising God!
   And oh, 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 sovereign sway;
They turn their erring footsteps back
To his forsaken way.

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

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

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

542 PART III. 8. 7. Carl, 445.

1 Why, when storms around you gather,
Should your trembling spirits sink,
Look to God, your heavenly Father,
And of his sweet promise think.

2 Fancy will be often painting
Scenes in dark and fearful shade,
Yet why should thy soul be fainting,
Of prospective woes afraid?

3 Cease that dark anticipation,
Still let love and faith abound;
TIMES AND SEASONS.

For the day of tribulation
Strength sufficient will be found.

4 God is love, and will not leave you,
When you most his kindness need;
God is true, nor can deceive you,
Though your faith be weak indeed.

542 Part IV. 8's. Liverpool New, 497.
Doth his promise fail? Psa. lxxvii. 8.

1 HOW sweet on thy bosom to rest,
When nature's affliction is near,
The soul that can trust thee is blest,
Thy smile gives deliv'rance from fear.

2 The Lord has in kindness declared,
That those who will trust in his name
Shall in the sharp conflict be spared,
His mercy and love to proclaim.

3 This promise shall be to my soul
A messenger sent from the skies,
An anchor when billows shall roll,
A refuge when tempests arise.

4 O, Saviour, thy promise fulfil,
Its comfort impart to my mind,
Then calmly I'll bow to thy will,
To the cup of affliction resign'd.

542 Part V. 8's. Limefield.
Confidence in God.

1 THE thoughts of my heart, they are known,
All known to the Guide of my youth,
He never will leave me alone
To question his love or his truth.
2 Till now he has prosper'd my course,
   And greatly exceeded my prayer,
   And still is the blessed resource
   To which I may ever repair.

3 Our lives and our times are with him
   Who sees from the first to the last;
   He raises my cup to the brim,
   Or empties my vessel as fast.

4 His purpose and love are the same,
   Whatever the changes I find,
   A trifle may alter my frame,
   But nothing unsettles his mind.

542 Part VI. 8's. Potsdam, 319.

ENCOURAGE my heart with thy smile,
   My ever unchangeable Friend;
   Each season of darkness beguile,
   And let me exult in the end.

2 'T is better to suffer and die
   Beneath thy compassionate rod,
   Than feel my enjoyments run high,
   But never have thee for my God.

3 I would not contend with thy will,
   Whatever that will may decree;
   But O, may each trial I feel
   Unite me more firmly to thee.


THOU hast been my refuge.

1 OH, strange infirmity, to think
   That he will leave my soul to sink
   In darkness and distress,
   Who has appear'd in times of old,
Who saved me while the billows roll'd,
And cheer'd me with his grace.

What sweeter pledge could God bestow
Of help in future scenes of woe,
Than grace already given;
But unbelief, that hateful thing,
Oft makes me sigh when I should sing
Of confidence in heaven.

**542**

**PART VIII. 8.7. Benediction, 320.**

_The bitter cup._

_MRS. GILBERT._

SAVIOUR, help me to sustain it,
Whatsoe'er thy will to me;
Hold the cup, if I must drain it,
Pleasant then the draught will be.
Health and cure therein receiving,
Why distrust a Father's care?
If not faithless, but believing.
Only mercy can be there.

**542**

**PART IX. 7's. Aaron, 508.**

_As thy day thy strength shall be._

_Deut. xxxiii. 25._

1 **WAIT**, my soul, upon the Lord,
To his gracious promise flee,
Laying hold upon his word,
'As thy day, thy strength shall be.'

2 If the sorrows of thy case
Seem peculiar still to thee,
God has promised needful grace,
'As thy day, thy strength shall be.'

3 Days of trial, days of grief;
In succession thou must see;
This is still thy sweet relief,
'As thy day, thy strength shall be.'
GRATITUDE.

4 Rock of ages, I'm secure
With thy promise full and free,
Faithful, positive, and sure:
'As thy day, thy strength shall be.'

542 PART X. S. M. Sacred Song, 524.

It shall be well with the righteous. Isa. iii. 10.

1 WHAT cheering words are these!
Their sweetness who can tell?
In time and in eternity
'T is with the righteous well.

2 'T is well when joys arise,
'T is well when sorrows flow,
'T is well when darkness veils the skies,
And strong temptations blow.

3 'T is well, when on the mount
They feast on dying love:
And, 't is as well, in God's account,
When they the furnace prove.

4 'T is well, when at his throne
They wrestle, weep, and pray;
'T is well, when at his feet they groan,
Yet bring their wants away.

5 'T is well, when Jesus calls,
'From earth and sin arise,
Join with the host of virgin souls,
Made to salvation wise.'

542 PART XI. C. M. Arabia, 324.

A song of deliverance. Psa. xxxii. 7.

1 THE song of gratitude I'll raise
Up to thine high abode,
For thou hast fill'd my mouth with praise,
My ever gracious God.
2 The hour of agony is past,
    Which often life destroys;
Sorrow and anguish fled in haste,
    And left me to my joys.

3 What shall I render to the Lord,
    Who brought me from the grave?
For ever be his name adored,
    For he is strong to save.

1 DISDAIN not, O eternal King,
    To hear thy grateful handmaid sing;
O for a seraph's ardent flame,
    To celebrate thy glorious name.

2 To Him who saved me from my fears,
    And wiped away my falling tears,
Who in my weakness made me strong,
    To him I'll consecrate my song.

3 Raised from the borders of the grave,
    I sing thy mighty power to save;
My rescued soul shall trust in thee,
    Through time and in eternity.

1 MY God, thy service well demands
    The remnant of my days;
Why was this fleeting breath renew'd,
    But to renew thy praise?

2 Into thy hands, my Saviour God,
    Did I my soul resign,
In firm dependence on that truth
Which made salvation mine.

3 Back from the borders of the grave
At thy command I come,
Nor would I urge a speedier flight
To my celestial home.

4 Where Thou shalt settle mine abode,
There would I choose to be;
For in thy presence death is life,
And earth is heaven with thee.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

The shortness of time. STEELE.

1 Almighty Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days;
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to thy praise.

2 My days are shorter than a span;
A little point my life appears;
How frail at best is dying man!
How vain are all his hopes and fears.

3 Vain his ambition, noise, and show!
Vain are the cares which rack his mind!
He heaps up treasures mix'd with woe,
And dies, and leaves them all behind.

4 O be a nobler portion mine!
My God, I bow before thy throne;
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
And fix my hope on thee alone.
GOD of eternity, from thee
Did infant Time his being draw;—
Moments, and days, and months, and
Revolve by thine unvaried law.  

Silent and slow they glide away;
Steady and strong the current flows;
Lost in eternity's wide sea—
The boundless gulf from whence it rose.

With it the thoughtless sons of men
Before the rapid streams are borne
On to that everlasting home,
Whence not one soul can e'er return.

Yet while the shore on either side
Presents a gaudy flattering show,
We gaze, in fond amazement lost,
Nor think to what a world we go.

Great source of wisdom, teach my heart
To know the price of every hour;
That time may bear me on to joys
Beyond its measure and its power.

TRANSIENT as the hues of morning,
Earthly joys like shadows pass;
Forms, the brightest life adorning,
Fade and wither like the grass.

O may we, our fetters breaking,
Cling no more to things below,
But to heavenly visions waking,
More abiding glory know.
2 O how swift the moments flying,
    Bear us on their wings away!
Jesus, in the hour of dying,
    Be thy trembling servants' stay.
When they call, O Saviour, hear them;
    Answer them in peace and love:
In the darkest shade be near them,
    Guide them to the throne above.

544 Part III. L. M. Oldham, 527.

The Time is short. 1 Cor. vii. 29.

1 THE time is short ere all that live
    Shall hence depart, their God to meet;
And each a strict account must give,
    At Jesu's awful judgment-seat.

2 The time is short, oh, who can tell
    How short his time below may be:
To-day on earth his soul may dwell,
    To-morrow in eternity.

3 The time is short: sinner, beware!
    Nor squander these brief hours away!
O flee to Christ, by faith and prayer,
    Ere yet shall close this fleeting day.

4 The time is short; ye saints, rejoice!
    Your Saviour-Judge will quickly come;
Soon shall you hear the Bridegroom's voice
    Invite you to his heavenly home.

5 The time is short ere time shall cease,
    Eternity be usher'd in,
And death shall die, and joy and peace
    O'er the new earth benignant reign.
TIME AND ETERNITY.

PART I. 7's. Stoel, 164.

The saint happy in God's disposal.

Psa. xxxi. 15. RYLAND.

1 SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies,
   Ever gracious, ever wise,
   All my times are in thy hand,—
   All events at thy command.

2 His decree, who formed the earth,
   Fix'd my first and second birth;
   Parents, native place, and time—
   All appointed were by him.

3 He that form'd me in the womb,
   He shall guide me to the tomb;
   All my times shall ever be
   Order'd by his wise decree.

4 Times of sickness, times of health;
   Times of penury and wealth;
   Times of trial and of grief;
   Times of triumph and relief;

5 Times the tempter's power to prove;
   Times to taste a Saviour's love:
   All must come, and last, and end,
   As shall please my heavenly Friend.

6 Plagues and deaths around me fly;
   Till he bids, I cannot die:
   Not a single shaft can hit
   Till the God of love thinks fit.

7 O thou Gracious, Wise, and Just,
   In thy hands my life I trust:
   Have I somewhat dearer still?—
   I resign it to thy will.

8 May I always own thy hand—
   Still to the surrender stand;
TIME AND ETERNITY.

Know that thou art God alone,
I and mine are all thy own.

9 Thee, at all times, will I bless;
Having thee, I all possess;
How can I bereaved be,
Since I cannot part with thee?

545 PART II. L. M. Buxton, 347.

He careth for you. BOWRING.

1 O SWEET it is to know, to feel,
In all our gloom, our wand’rings here,
No night of sorrow can conceal
Me from thy notice, from thy care.

2 When disciplined by long distress,
And led through paths of fear and woe,
Say, dost thou love thy children less?
No, ever-gracious Father, No.

3 Then let my trembling soul be still,
Thy purpose though I may not see,
And wait thy wise, thy holy will;
All must be well, since ruled by thee.

545 PART III. C. M. Mount Calvary, 15.

Remember me. HAWEIS.

1 O THOU from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good Lord! remember me.

2 When on my aching, burden’d heart
My sins lie heavily;
My pardon speak, new peace impart:
In love remember me.

3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
TIME AND ETERNITY.

Lord, let my strength be as my day:
For good remember me.

4 When worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief:
Hear and remember me.

5 If on my face, for thy dear name,
Shame and reproach shall be,
I'll hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If thou remember me.

6 When in the solemn hour of death
I wait thy just decree,
Saviour, with my last parting breath
I'll cry, Remember me!

545 PART IV. L. M. Doversdale, 430.

I remember thee.

1 WHEN by affliction's rod oppress'd,
Or toss'd on trouble's billowy sea,
'T is sweet to hear the words address'd,
'The God of love remembers thee.'

2 'T is sweet, though trials may not cease,
Though pain afflict, though fears appal,
To feel my comforts still increase,
And say, 'My Father sends them all.'

3 The tender parent may forget
That infant she has nursed with care;
But God has ne'er forgotten yet
One soul that sought his face by prayer.

4 O, may my soul be daily led
To view a father in that God!
And when affliction's path I tread,
Submissive bow, and kiss the rod.
The sufferers supported by a contemplation of the Saviour's agonies. Luke xxii. 41—44. HEMANS.

1 He knelt, the Saviour knelt and pray'd,
   When but his Father's eye
Look'd through the lonely garden's shade
   On that dread agony:
The Lord of all above, beneath,
   Was bow'd with sorrow unto death!

2 The sun set in a fearful hour,
   The stars might well grow dim,
When this mortality had power
   So to o'ershadow him!
That he who gave man's breath, might
The very depths of human woe. [know

3 He proved them all; the doubt, the strife,
   The faint, perplexing dread,
The mists that hang o'er parting life,
   All gather'd round his head:
And the Deliverer knelt to prayer—
   Yet pass'd it not, that cup, away.

4 It pass'd not—though the stormy wave
   Had sunk beneath his tread;
It pass'd not—though to him the grave
   Had yielded up its dead.
But there was sent him from on high
   A gift of strength for man to die.

5 And was the Sinless thus beset
   With anguish and dismay?
How may we meet our conflict yet,
   In death's dark narrow way?
Through him—through him, that path
   who trod—
Save, or we perish, Son of God!
545, 546  TIME AND ETERNITY.

545  Part VI.  8.6.8.  Covington, 159.

Submission.

1  WHEN I can trust my all with God,
    In trial's fearful hour,—
    Bow, all resign'd, beneath his rod,
    And bless his sparing power;
    A joy springs up amid distress,—
    A fountain in the wilderness.

2  Oh! to be brought to Jesus' feet,
    Though sorrows fix me there,
    Is still a privilege; and sweet
    The energies of prayer,
    Though sighs and tears its language be,
    If Christ be nigh and smile on me.

3  Oh! blessed be the hand that gave;
    Still blessed when it takes:
    Blessed be He who smites to save,
    Who heals the heart He breaks:
    Perfect and true are all his ways,
    Whom heaven adores, and death obeys.


Time and eternity.

1  HOW long shall earth's alluring toys
    Detain our heart and eyes,
    Regardless of immortal joys,
    And strangers to the skies?

2  These transient scenes will soon decay;
    They fade upon the sight;
    And quickly will the brightest day
    Be lost in endless night.

3  Their brightest day, alas, how vain!
    With conscious sighs we own;
    While clouds of sorrow, care, and pain,
    O'ershade the smiling noon.
4 O could our thoughts and wishes fly
   Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky
Which sorrow ne’er invades!

5 There joys unseen to mortal eyes,
   Or reason’s feeble ray,
In ever-blooming prospects rise,
   Unconscious of decay.

6 Lord, send a beam of light divine
   To guide our upward aim;
With one reviving touch of thine
   Our languid hearts inflame.

7 Then shall, on faith’s sublimest wing,
   Our ardent wishes rise
To those bright scenes where pleasures rise
   Immortal in the skies. [spring.

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1 How various and how new
   Are thy compassions, Lord!
Each morning shall thy mercies show,
   Each night thy truth record.

2 Thy goodness, like the sun,
   Dawn’d on our early days,
Ere infant reason had begun
   To form our lips to praise.

3 Each object we beheld
   Gave pleasure to our eyes;
And nature all our senses held
   In bands of sweet surprise.

4 But pleasures more refined
   Awaited that bless’d day,
TIME AND ETERNITY.

When light arose upon our mind,
And chased our sins away.

How new thy mercies, then!
How sovereign, and how free!
Our souls that had been dead in sin
Were made alive to thee.

PAUSE.

Now we expect a day
Still brighter far than this,
When death shall bear our souls away
To realms of light and bliss.

There rapturous scenes of joy
Shall burst upon our sight;
And every pain, and tear, and sigh,
Be drown'd in endless light.

Beneath thy balmy wing,
O Sun of Righteousness,
Our happy souls shall sit and sing
The wonders of thy grace.

Nor shall that radiant day,
So joyfully begun,
In evening shadows die away,
Beneath the setting sun.

How various and how new
Are thy compassions, Lord!
Eternity thy love shall show,
And all thy truth record.


The end of affliction and trouble.

2 Cor. iv. 17.

THE gloom of the night adds a charm to the morn,
Stern winter the spring-time endears;
And the darker the cloud on which it is drawn
The brighter the rainbow appears.
2 So trials and sorrows the Christian prepare
   For the rest that remaineth above;
On earth tribulation awaits him, but there
   The smile of unchangeable love.

PART III. C. M. Condescension, 116.

Affliction leading to glory.

2 Cor. iv. 7. C. FRY.

1 OFTEN the clouds of deepest woe
    So sweet a message bear,
Dark though they seem, 'twere hard to
    A frown of anger there. [find

2 It needs our hearts be wean'd from earth,
    It needs that we be driven,
By loss of every earthly stay,
    To seek our joys in heaven.

3 For we must follow in the path
   Our Lord and Saviour run;
We must not find a resting place
   Where he we love had none.

PART IV. C. M. Wiltshire, 110.

The same. YOUNG.

1 THESE hearts, alas! cleave to the dust
    By strong and endless ties!
Whilst every sorrow cuts a string,
    And urges us to rise.

2 When Heaven would kindly set us free,
    And earth's enchantment end,
It takes the most effectual way,
    And robs us of a friend.

3 Resign—and all the load of life
    That moment you remove;
Its heavy load, ten thousand cares,
    Devolve on One above—
547, 548  TIME AND ETERNITY.

4 Who bids us lay our burden down
   On his almighty hand;
  Softens our duty to relief,
  To blessing a command.

547  PART V. L. M. Rushden, 468.
       The same.

1 **YES, 'tis a rough and thorny road,**
   That leads us to the saints' abode;
   But when our Father's home we gain,
   'T will make amends for all our pain.

2 And what is all we suffer now,
   Or all we can endure below,
  To that bright day when Christ shall come,
  And take his weary pilgrims home?

       Eternity joyful and tremendous.

1 **ETERNITY is just at hand;**
   And shall I waste my ebbing sand,
   And careless view departing day,
   And throw my inch of time away?

2 Eternity! tremendous sound!
   To guilty souls a dreadful wound!
   But oh, if Christ and heaven be mine,
   How sweet the accents, how divine!

3 Be this my chief, my only care,
   My high pursuit, my ardent prayer;
   An interest in the Saviour's blood—
   My pardon seal'd, and peace with God.

4 But should my brightest hopes be vain—
   The rising doubt, how sharp its pain!—
   My fears, O gracious God, remove;
   Speak me an object of thy love.
Search, Lord, O search my inmost heart,
And light, and hope, and joy impart;
From guilt and error set me free,
And guide me safe to heaven and thee.

Prayer for seriousness in prospect of eternity.

THOU God of glorious majesty,
To thee—against myself—to thee,
A sinful worm, I cry;
A half-awaken’d child of man,
An heir of endless bliss or pain,
A sinner born to die.

Lo, on a narrow neck of land,
’Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand;
Yet how insensible!
A point of time, a moment’s space,
Removes me to yon heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell!

O God, my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me ere it be too late;
Wake me to righteousness.

Before me place in bright array
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?
5 Be this my one great business here,—
With holy trembling, holy fear,—
To make my calling sure!
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure!

6 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale to live
And reign with thee above:
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full supreme delight
And everlasting love.

1 AND am I only born to die?
And must I suddenly comply
With nature’s stern decree?
What after death for me remains?
Celestial joys, or bitter pains,
To all eternity!

2 How ought I then on earth to live,
While God prolongs the kind reprieve,
And spares this house of clay!
My sole concern, my single care,
To watch, and tremble, and prepare
Against that awful day.

3 Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray;
Be thou my guide, be thou my way
To glorious happiness:
O write the pardon on my heart,
And whencesoever I depart,
Let me depart in peace.
DEATH.

PART I. C.M. Canterbury, 199.

Death and eternity.

WATTS.

1 MY thoughts, that often mount the
Go search the world beneath, [skies,
Where nature all in ruin lies,
And owns her sovereign—Death.

2 The tyrant, how he triumphs here!*
His trophies spread around!
And heaps of dust and bones appear
Through all the hollow ground.

3 These skulls, what ghastly figures now!
How loathsome to the eyes!
These are the heads we lately knew,
So beauteous and so wise.

4 But where the souls,—those deathless
That left their dying clay? [things,
My thoughts, now stretch out all your
And trace eternity. [wings,

5 O that unfathomable sea!
Those deeps without a shore!
Where living waters gently play,
Or fiery billows roar!

6 There we shall swim in heavenly bliss,
Or sink in flaming waves;
While the pale carcase breathless lies
Among the silent graves.

7 'Prepare us, Lord, for thy right hand,
Then come the joyful day;
Come death, and some celestial band,
To bear our souls away.'

* Bunhill-fields.
Anticipation of death and glory.

1. Ah! I shall soon be dying,
   Time swiftly glides away;
   But, on my Lord relying,
   I hail the happy day—
   The day when I must enter
   Upon a world unknown,—
   My helpless soul I venture
   On Jesus Christ alone.

2. He once, a spotless victim,
   Upon Mount Calvary bled;
   Jehovah did afflict him,
   And bruise him in my stead:
   Hence all my hope arises,
   Unworthy as I am:
   My soul most surely prizes
   The sin-atoning Lamb.

3. To him by grace united,
   I joy in him alone;
   And now, by faith, delighted,
   Behold him on his throne.
   There he is interceding
   For all who on him rest;
   The grace from him proceeding
   Shall waft me to his breast.

4. Then with the saints in glory
   The grateful song I'll raise,
   And chant my blissful story
   In high seraphic lays.
   Free grace, redeeming merit,
   And sanctifying love,
   Of Father Son, and Spirit,
   Shall charm the courts above.
Death contemplated.

1 **SOVEREIGN** of life, before thine eye,  
Lo! mortal men by thousands die!  
One glance from thee at once brings down  
The proudest brow that wears a crown.

2 Banish'd at once from human sight  
To the dark grave's unchanging night,  
Imprison'd in that dusty bed,  
We hide our solitary head.

3 The friendly band no more shall greet  
Accents familiar once, and sweet:  
No more the well-known features trace,  
No more renew the fond embrace.

4 Yet if my Father's faithful hand  
Conduct me through this gloomy land,  
My soul with pleasure shall obey,  
And follow where he leads the way.

5 He nobler friends than here I leave,  
In brighter, surer worlds can give;  
Or by the beamings of his eye  
A lost creation well supply.

The safe and happy exit.

1 **LORD,** must I die? O let me die  
Trusting in thee alone;  
My living testimony given,  
Then leave my dying one.

2 If I must die—O let me die  
In peace with all mankind;  
And change these fleeting joys below  
For pleasures all refined.
DEATH.

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.

550 Part V. C. M. St. Mary's, 532.

Death. DR. COLLYER.

1 That solemn hour will surely come,
   Nor distant is the day,
   When in the shadows of the tomb
   This life shall fade away.

2 The cup of trembling in my hand,
   My fearful soul must drink,
   And wavering, hoping, shivering, stand
   On life's alarming brink.

3 Amid the anguish and the strife
   That shrinking nature fears,
   Look gently down, great Source of life,
   And dry death's starting tears.

550 Part VI. C. M. Stephens, 292.

The same. DR. COLLYER.

1 When bending o'er the brink of life,
   My trembling soul shall stand,
   Waiting to pass death's awful flood,
   Great God, at thy command:

2 O thou great Source of joy supreme,
   Whose arm alone can save,
   Dispel the darkness that surrounds
   The entrance to the grave.
3 Lay thy supporting, gentle hand
   Beneath my sinking head;
   And let a beam of love divine
   Illume my dying bed.

4 Leaning on thy dear, faithful breast,
   May I resign my breath;
   And in thy soft embraces lose
   'The bitterness of death.'


The midnight cry. Matt. xxv. 6.

1 Ye virgin souls arise!
   With all the dead awake,
   Unto salvation wise,
   Oil in your vessels take:
   Upstarting at the midnight cry,
   Behold your heavenly Bridegroom nigh.

2 He comes, he comes, to call
   The nations to his bar,
   And take to glory all
   Who meet for glory are:
   Make ready for your free reward;
   Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

3 Go, meet him in the sky;
   Your everlasting Friend:
   Your Head to glorify,
   With all his saints ascend:
   Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace
   To see, without a veil, his face.

4 Ye that have here received
   The unction from above,
   And in his Spirit lived,
   And thirsted for his love;
   Jesus shall claim you for his bride:
   Rejoice with all the sanctified.
DEATH.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope  
   Of that great day unknown,  
   When you shall be caught up  
   To stand before his throne;  
Call'd to partake the marriage feast,  
And lean on our Immanuel's breast.

6 The everlasting doors  
Shall soon the saints receive,  
Above those angel powers  
In glorious joy to live;  
Far from a world of grief and sin,  
With God eternally shut in.

7 Then let us wait to hear  
The trumpet's welcome sound;  
To see our Lord appear,  
May we be watching found,  
Enrobed in righteousness divine  
In which the bride shall ever shine.

PART II. L. M. Wareham, 117.

Prayer for deliverance from the fear of death.

1 O GOD of love, with cheering ray  
Gild my expiring streak of day;  
Thy love, through each revolving year,  
Has wiped away affliction's tear.

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 power—
The latest in my latest hour;
Then to the raptured heights I soar,
Where fears and death are known no more.

551 **Part III. L. M. Bampton, 275.**
*Life to be feared by Christians more than death.*

1 **H**OW many of thy children, Lord,
Do but in part receive thy word!
And thus, till near their latest breath,
Go trembling thro' the fear of death:

2 Yet others in this world of cares,
Exposed to sin and Satan's snares,
Have fear'd the treacherous path of life
Far more than death the closing strife.

3 O thou 'who livest and wast dead,'
Say, 'I'm your ever-living Head';
And from each fear O set us free,
But that of sinning against thee.

4 Faith then shall wipe away our tears,
Hope, smiling, cheer our following years;
And all the graces victory sing,
For death is ours, through Christ our King.

551 **Part IV. L. M. Pergolese's, 344.**
*Faith and sense looking at the grave.*

1 'ASHES to ashes, dust to dust!'
Down to the grave descend we must:
Flesh trembles at the monster's dart,
Lest he transfix our shivering heart.

2 But Faith shall triumph o'er his sting,
Gaze on her risen Lord, and sing,
'Through him to us the victory's given,
And death is now the gate of heaven.'
3 O Lord, to me this faith impart,
To cheer and purify my heart;
Let all its beauteous fruits be mine,—
The glory shall be ever thine.

PART V. L. M. Malta, 500.

Peace in the prospect of death.  wesley.

1 SHRINKING from the cold hand of
too shall gather up my feet; [death,
Shall soon resign this fleeting breath,
And die, my fathers' God to meet.

2 Number'd among thy people, I
Expect with joy thy face to see:
Because thou didst for sinners die,
Jesus, in death remember me!

3 O that without a lingering groan
I may the welcome word receive;
My body with my charge lay down,
And cease at once to work and live!

PART VI. L. M. Melcombe, 325.
The righteous blessed in death.  MRS. BARBAULD.

1 HOW blest the righteous when he
dies!—
When sinks a weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
Nothing disturbs that peace profound,
Which his unfetter'd soul enjoys.
4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
    Where lights and shades alternate dwell;
How bright the unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

5 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
    Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
'How blest the righteous when he dies!'
Part VIII. L. M. Old 100th.

Sleeping in Jesus. MRS. MACKAY.

1 A SLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep!
   From which none ever wakes to weep:
   A calm and undisturb'd repose,
   Unbroken by the last of foes!

2 Asleep in Jesus! oh how sweet
   To be for such a slumber meet:
   With holy confidence to sing
   That death has lost his venom'd sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
   Whose waking is supremely blest:
   No fear, no woe shall dim that hour,
   That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
   May such a blissful refuge be:
   Securely shall my ashes lie,
   Waiting the summons from on high.

Part IX. L. M. Melcombe, 325.

The same. COTTLE.

1 TO sleep in Jesus! rapturous thought!
   To close in peace our mortal days!
   Safe to the heavenly Canaan brought,
   To join the anthems angels raise!

2 To sleep in Jesus! what delight!
   Increasing still, and ever new:
   To mingle with the saints in light,
   And be as pure and happy too!

3 To fear no pain, to know no care;
   No sin nor frailty to molest;
   And on each glorious object there,
   To see eternity impress'd.
DEATH.

4 Ere long will death unclose my chains,  
And bid me, Jesus, sleep in thee:  
The happiest hour that time retains,  
Is that which sets the spirit free.

551 Part X. C. M. Bedford, 91.  
The same.  

DRUMMOND.

1 He sweetly sleeps! the man of God,  
From sin and woe set free;  
Calmly the path of death he trod,  
Into eternity.

2 Sweetly he rests! the soldier now  
From battle, wounds, and strife;  
The wreath of conquest decks his brow  
With rays of endless life.

3 Sweetly he sleeps! the pilgrim worn,  
Leaving his weary road;  
In peace he waits a glorious morn,  
And slumbers in his God.

4 Sleep on, ye saints! and sweetly rest  
In Jesus' boundless love;  
Soon shall ye wake, for ever blest,  
And reign with him above.

The tolling bell.  

NEWTON.

1 Oft as the bell, with solemn toll,  
Speaks the departure of a soul,  
Let each one ask himself, 'Am I  
Prepared, should I be call'd to die?'

2 Only this frail and fleeting breath  
Preserves me from the jaws of death;  
Soon as it fails, at once I'm gone,  
And plunged into a world unknown.
3 Then, leaving all I loved below,
To God's tribunal I must go;
Must hear the Judge pronounce my fate,
And fix my everlasting state.

4 Lord Jesus, help me now to flee,
And seek my hope alone in thee;
Apply thy blood, thy Spirit give,
Subdue my sin, and let me live.

5 Then when the solemn bell I hear,
If saved from guilt, I need not fear;
Nor would the thought distressing be,—
'Perhaps it next may toll for me!'

6 Rather, my spirit would rejoice,
And long and wish to hear thy voice;
Glad when it bids me earth resign,
Secure of heaven if thou art mine.

552 Part II. C. M. Windsor, 247.

Victory over death. 1 Cor. xv. 57.

1 When death appears before my sight,
In all his dire array,
Unequal to the dreadful fight,
My courage dies away.

2 But see my glorious Leader nigh!
My Lord, my Saviour lives;
Before him death's pale terrors fly,
And my faint heart revives.

3 He left his dazzling throne above:
He met the tyrant's dart;
And (O, amazing power of love!) Received it in his heart.

4 No more, O grim destroyer, boast
Thy universal sway;
To heaven-born souls thy sting is lost;
Thy night's the gate of day.

5 Lord, I commit my soul to thee;
Accept the sacred trust;
Receive this nobler part of me,
And watch my sleeping dust;

6 Till that illustrious morning come,
When all thy saints shall rise,
And, clothed in full immortal bloom,
Attend thee to the skies:

7 When thy triumphant armies sing
The honours of thy name,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With glory to the Lamb.

8 O let me join the raptured lays,
And with the blissful throng
Resound salvation, power, and praise,
In everlasting song!

1 VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

2 Hark! they whisper: angels say,
Sister spirit, come away.
What is this absorbs me quite—
Steals my senses—shuts my sight—
Drowns my spirit—draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?
553 DEATH.

3 The world recedes; it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave, where is thy victory?
O death, where is thy sting?

553 PART I. C. M. Newbury, 132.

The welcome messenger. WATTS.

1 LORD, when we see a saint of thine
Lie gasping out his breath,
With longing eyes, and looks divine,
Smiling and pleased in death;

2 How could we e'en contend to lay
Our limbs upon that bed!
We ask thine envoy to convey
Our spirits in his stead.

3 Our souls are rising on the wing
To venture in his place;
For, when grim death has lost his sting,
He has an angel's face.

4 Jesus, then purge my crimes away,—
'T is guilt creates my fears;
'T is guilt gives death his fierce array
And all the arms he bears.

5 Oh, if my threatening sins were gone,
And death had lost his sting,
I could invite the angel on,
And chide his lazy wing.

6 Away these interposing days,
And let the lovers meet;
The angel has a cold embrace,
But kind, and soft, and sweet.
DEATH.

7 I'd leap at once my seventy years,
I'd rush into his arms,
And lose my breath and all my cares
Amid those heavenly charms.

8 Joyful I'd lay this body down,
And leave this lifeless clay,
Without a sigh, without a groan,
And stretch and soar away.

553

PART II. 11. 8. Calne, 69.

The dying Christian bidding adieu to the world.

B. FRANCIS.

1 Ye objects of sense, and enjoyments of time,
Which oft have delighted my heart,
I soon shall exchange you for views more sublime,
And joys that shall never depart.

2 Thou lord of the day, and thou queen of the night,
To me ye no longer are known;
I soon shall behold, with increasing delight,
A sun that shall never go down.

3 Ye wonderful orbs, that astonish mine eyes,
Your glories recede from my sight;
I soon shall contemplate more beautiful skies,
And stars more transcendently bright.

4 Ye mountains and valleys, groves, rivers, and plains,
Thou earth, and thou ocean, adieu!
More permanent regions, where righteousness reigns,
Present their bright hills to my view.

5 My loved habitation and garden, adieu!
No longer my footsteps ye greet;
A mansion celestial stands full in my view,
And paradise welcomes my feet.

6 My weeping relations, my brethren and friends,
Whose souls are entwined with my own,
Adieu, for the present; my spirit ascends
Where friendship immortal is known.
My cares and my labours, my sickness and pain,
And sorrows, are now at an end;
The summit of bliss I shall speedily gain,
The heights of perfection ascend.

The sight of transgressors shall grieve me no more;
'Midst foes I no longer abide;
My conflict with sin and with sinners is o'er,
With saints I shall ever reside.

Thou vale of affliction my footsteps have trod,
With trembling, with grief, and with tears,
I joyfully quit, for the mountain of God;
There, there its bright summit appears.

No lurking temptation, defilement, or fear,
Again shall disquiet my breast;
In Jesus' fair image I soon shall appear,
For ever ineffably blest.

My sabbaths below, that have been my delight,
And thou, the blest volume divine,
You have guided my footsteps like stars during
Adieu, my conductors benign.

The sun that illuminates the regions of light,
Now shines on mine eyes from above;
But, oh, how transcendently glorious the sight!
My soul is all wonder and love.

Thou tottering seat of disease and of pain,
Adieu, my dissolving abode;
But I shall behold and possess thee again,
A beautiful building of God.

Come, death; when thy cold hands my eyelids shall
And lay my pale corpse in the tomb,
My soul shall enjoy an eternal repose,
Above in my heavenly home.

But oh, what a life, what a rest, what a joy,
Shall I know when I 've mounted above!
Praise, praise, shall my triumphing powers employ;
My God, I shall burn with thy love.

Come, come, my Redeemer, this moment release
The soul thou hast bought with thy blood;
And bid me ascend the fair regions of peace,
To feast on the smiles of my God.
PART III. P. M. Llandaff, 546.

The parting. ADAMS.

PART in peace!—Christ's life was peace:
Let us breathe our breath in him,
PART in peace!—Christ's death was peace:
Let us die our death in him.
PART in peace!—Christ promise gave
Of a life beyond the grave,
Where all mortal partings cease.
PART in peace!

PART IV. 8.7. Felicity, 535.
Pilgrims parting.

1 While, to several paths dividing,
We our pilgrimage pursue,
May Jehovah, safely guiding,
Keep his scatter'd flock in view.

2 May the bond of sweet communion
Every distant soul embrace;
Till, in everlasting union,
We attain our resting-place.

3 Oh, 'tis sweet, each other aiding,
In companionship to move;
One pure flame each heart pervading,
One our Lord, our faith, our love.

4 Now we part in tearful sadness,
Bearing forth the precious grain;
We shall yet, in mirth and gladness,
Bring our harvest sheaves again.

PART V. C. M. P. Lincoln, 565.
The same. GRINFIELD.

1 Yes, dearest friends, a short farewell,
Until at home we meet!
DEATH.

Oft shall remembrance fondly dwell
On days and scenes that own'd the spell
Of your communion sweet;—

2 So sweet, at times it seem'd a faint,
   A transitory taste
Of converse treasured for the saint
In the bright world— which who shall
   The heaven to which we haste! [paint?

3 For oh! of less than heavenly mould
   Our friendship ne'er shall be;
Nor like the world's, by death controll'd,
But fervent, pure; and we, enroll'd
   Friends for eternity!

4 So, when on earth we cease to dwell
   In pilgrim converse sweet;
We 'll need no other parting knell
Than— 'Dearest friends, a short farewell,
   Till soon at home we meet!'

FRIEND after friend departs!
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
   That finds not here an end:
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

2 Beyond the flight of time,—
   Beyond the reign of death,—
There surely is some blessed clime
   Where life is not a breath;
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upwards and expire.
3 There is a world above,
   Where parting is unknown;
A long eternity of love,
   Form'd for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that glorious sphere!

4 Thus star by star declines,
   Till all are pass'd away;
As morning high and higher shines
   To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

553

PART VII. L. M. Job, 474.

Not lost, but gone before.

CLARK.

1 SAY why should friendship grieve for those
   Who safe arrive on Canaan's shore!
Released from all their hurtful foes,
They are not lost, but gone before.

2 How many painful days on earth
   Their fainting spirits number'd o'er!
Now they enjoy a heavenly birth,—
They are not lost, but gone before.

3 Dear is the spot where Christians sleep,
   And sweet the strain which angels pour;
O why should we in anguish weep?
They are not lost, but gone before.

4 Secure from every mortal care,
   By sin and sorrow vex'd no more,
Eternal happiness they share,
Who are not lost—but gone before.

5 To Zion's peaceful courts above,
   In faith triumphant may we soar,
Embracing in the arms of love
The friends not lost—but gone before.

6 On Jordan's bank whene'er we come,
And hear the swelling waters roar,
Jesus, convey us safely home,
To friends not lost—but gone before.

553 Part VIII. C. M. Harmonia, 390.

On departed friends.

1 Dear as thou wert, and justly dear,
We will not weep for thee;
One thought shall check the starting tear,
It is that thou art free.

2 And thus shall faith's consoling power
The tears of love restrain;
Oh, who that saw thy parting hour
Could wish thee here again!

3 Triumphant in thy closing eye,
The hope of glory shone;
Joy breathed in thy expiring sigh,
To think the fight was won.

4 Gently the passing spirit fled,
Sustain'd by grace divine;
Oh, may such grace on me be shed,
And make my end like thine.

553 Part IX. 7's. Messina, 506.

Shortness and uncertainty of life.

1 While, with ceaseless course, the sun
Rolls along the passing year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here.

2 Fix'd in their eternal state,
They are gone from all below;
DEATH.

553

We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know.

3 Oh, how fast our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream!
Lord, to heaven our wishes raise;
All on earth is but a dream.

4 Guide the young, and warn the old;
Bless us with the Saviour's love;
So, when life's short tale is told,
We shall dwell with thee above.

553 PART X. 8.7.7. Response, 558.
The soul's flight. KELLY.

1 WHAT is life? 'tis but a vapour,
Soon it vanishes away;
Life is like a dying taper:
O my soul, why wish to stay?
Why not spread thy wings and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy?

2 See that glory, how resplendent!
Brighter far than fancy paints;
There, in majesty transcendent,
Jesus reigns, the King of saints.
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

3 Joyful crowds, his throne surrounding,
Sing with rapture of his love;
Through the heavens his praises sounding,
Filling all the courts above.
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

4 Go, and share his people's glory;
'Midst the ransom'd crowd appear;
DEATH.

Thine a joyful, wondrous story,
One that angels love to hear.
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

554

PART I. L. M. Portugal, 97.

Desiring to depart and to be with Christ.

Phil. i. 23.    DODDRIDGE.

1 WHILE on the verge of life I stand,
And view the scene on either hand,
My spirit struggles with my clay,
And longs to wing its flight away.

2 Where Jesus dwells my soul would be,
And faints my much-loved Lord to see
Earth, twine no more about my heart,
For 'tis far better to depart.

3 Come, ye angelic envoys, come,
And lead the willing pilgrim home;
Ye know the way to Jesus' throne,
Source of my joys and of your own.

4 That blissful interview, how sweet!
To fall transported at his feet!
Raised in his arms to view his face,
Through the full beamings of his grace!

5 As with a seraph's voice to sing,
To fly, as on a cherub's wing;
Performing with unwearied hands
The present Saviour's high commands.

6 Yet, with these prospects full in sight,
We'll wait thy signal for the flight;
For while thy service we pursue,
We find a heaven in all we do.
DEATH.

554  PART II.  C. M.  Adelphi, 405.

The Christian's hope.

LORD, we would feel no anxious care
Whether we die or live;
'Tis ours to love and serve thee here,
And thou the strength wilt give.

Come, Lord, when grace hath made us
Thy blessed face to see;
For if thy work on earth be sweet,
What must thy glory be?

Then we shall end our sad complaints,
Our weary sinful days;
And join with those triumphant saints,
Who sing Jehovah's praise.

Our knowledge of that life is small;
The eye of faith is dim!
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And we shall be with him.

555  C. M.  James's, 163.  Glasgow, 376.

The presence of God worth dying for.

Deut. xxxii. 49, 50.

WATTS.

LORD, 'tis an infinite delight
To see thy lovely face,
To dwell whole ages in thy sight,
And feel thy vital rays.

This Gabriel knows, and sings thy name,
With rapture on his tongue;
Moses the saint enjoys the same,
And heaven repeats the song.

While the bright nation sounds thy praise
From each eternal hill,
Sweet odours of exhaling grace
The happy region fill.
4 Thy love—a sea without a shore—
Spreads life and joy abroad;
Oh, 't is a heaven worth dying for,
To see a smiling God.

5 Sweet was the journey to the sky,
The wondrous prophet tried;
‘Climb up the mount,’ says God, ‘and
The prophet climb'd—and died. [die;]

6 Softly his fainting head he lay
Upon his Maker's breast;
His Maker kiss'd his soul away,
And laid his flesh to rest.

7 Show me thy face, and I'll away
From all inferior things;
Speak, Lord, and here I quit my clay,
And stretch my airy wings.

1 Thy life I read, my dearest Lord,
With transport all divine;
Thine image trace in every word,
Thy love in every line.

2 Methinks I see a thousand charms
Spread o'er thy lovely face,
While infants in thy tender arms
Receive the smiling grace.

3 'I take these little lambs,' said he,
'And lay them in my breast;
Protection they shall find in me,—
In me be ever blest.

4 'Death may the bands of life unloose,
But can't dissolve my love;
DEATH.

Millions of infant souls compose
The family above.

5 'Their feeble frames my power shall raise,
And mould with heavenly skill:
I'll give them tongues to sing my praise,
And hands to do my will.'

6 His words the happy parents hear,
And shout with joys divine,
Dear Saviour, all we have and are
Shall be for ever thine.

At the funeral of a young person. Steele.

1 WHEN blooming youth is snatch'd away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay
Which pity must demand.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth, imprest
With awful power,—' I too must die!'
Sink deep in every breast.

3 Let this vain world engage no more:
Behold the gaping tomb!
It bids us seize the present hour:
To-morrow death may come.

4 The voice of this alarming scene
May every heart obey;
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

5 Oh, let us fly—to Jesus fly,
Whose powerful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.
Great God, thy sovereign grace impart,
With cleansing, healing power;
This only can prepare the heart
For death's surprising hour.

To a parent, on the death of a child.
Job, iii. 3. A. A. Watts.

1 Look up, look up, and weep not so—
Thy darling is not dead:
His sinless soul has enter'd now
Yon sky's empurpled bed:

2 His spirit drinks new life and light
'Mid bowers of endless bloom;
It is but perishable stuff
That moulders in the tomb:

3 Then hush, O hush the swelling sigh,
And dry the falling tear;
Look upward to the bliss of heaven,
And joy that he is there.

4 Already he has gain'd the goal,
And tasted of the bliss,—
The peace that God's eternal love
Prepares for souls like his:

5 Then calm thy sorrow-stricken heart,
And smile away despair:
Think of the home thy child has won,
And joy that he is there.

6 How sweet 't will be, at such an hour,
And 'mid a scene so fair,
To lift thy tearful eyes to heaven,
And think that he is there!
DEATH.


Mourning the loss of a child.

1 Hast thou lost a child most precious?
'Tis thy Father brings thee low:
'Mid th' affliction he is gracious,
Pitying while he deals the blow.
Mourner, lift thine eye above thee;
'Tis from thence the rod descends:
He must chasten if he love thee:
Kiss the hand that is a friend's.

2 He would bring the wanderer near him,
Cause the contrite tear to flow;
Take the draught, and love and fear him,
Though the cup be fill'd with woe.
We can only share thy sadness,
Mingling sighs and tears with thine;
He can give celestial gladness,
Quench the fire, and yet refine.

3 Oh, there is no cross, no fetter,
While we bear the yoke of love:
Crushing makes the fragrance sweeter;
Sorrows point to rest above.
Drooping mourner, canst thou languish
Near the great Consoler's feet?
He can give thee joy for anguish:
Seek him at the mercy-seat.

558  Part I.  C. M. Crowle, 3.

Comfort for pious parents bereaved of their children.  Doddrige.

1 Ye mourning saints whose streaming
Flow o'er your children dead [tears
Say not, in transports of despair,
That all your hopes are fled.

2 
2 While cleaving to that darling dust,
   In fond distress ye lie,
Rise, and with joy and reverence view
   A heavenly Parent nigh.

3 Though, your young branches torn away,
   Like wither'd trunks ye stand,
With fairer verdure shall ye bloom,
   Touch'd by th' Almighty's hand.

4 'I'll give the mourner,' saith the Lord,
   'In my own house a place:
No names of daughters and of sons
   Could yield so high a grace.

5 'Transient and vain is every hope
   A rising race can give;
In endless honour and delight
   My children all shall live.'

6 We welcome, Lord, those rising tears,
   Through which thy face we see,
And bless those wounds, which thro' our
   Prepare a way for thee.

558 Part II. 8.7. Felicity, 535.
Thy will be done. Matt. xxvi. 42.

1 JESUS, while our hearts are bleeding
   O'er the spoils that death has won,
We would, at this solemn meeting,
   Calmly say, 'Thy will be done.'

2 Though cast down, we're not forsaken;
   Though afflicted, not alone;
Thou didst give, and thou hast taken,
   Blessed Lord, 'Thy will be done.'

3 Fill us now with deep contrition;
   Take away these hearts of stone;
DEATH.

And may all, with true submission,
   Meekly say, 'Thy will be done.'

4 Though to-day we're fill'd with mourning,
   Mercy still is on the throne;
With thy smiles of love returning,
   We can sing, 'Thy will be done.'

5 By thy hands the boon was given,
   Thou hast taken but thine own;
Lord of earth, and God of heaven,
   Evermore 'Thy will be done.'

559 Part I. L. M. Job, 474.
The death of the sinner and the saint. Fawcett.

1 WHAT scenes of horror and of dread
   Await the sinner's dying bed!
Death's terrors all appear in sight,
   Presages of eternal night.

2 His sins in dreadful order rise,
   And fill his soul with sad surprise;
Mount Sinai's thunder stuns his ears,
   And not one ray of hope appears.

3 Tormenting pangs distract his breast;
   Where'er he turns he finds no rest;
Death strikes the blow: he groans and
   And, in despair and horror, dies. [cries,

4 Not so the heir of heavenly bliss,—
   His soul is fill'd with conscious peace:
A steady faith subdues his fear,—
   He sees the happy Canaan near.

5 His mind is tranquil and serene;
   No terrors in his looks are seen;
His Saviour's smile dispels the gloom,
   And smooths his passage to the tomb.
559, 560

DEATH.

6 Lord, make my faith and love sincere,
   My judgment sound, my conscience clear,
   And, when the toils of life are past,
   May I be found in peace at last.

559

PART II. 112th. Carey's, 11.

Hope in life and in death. REES.

1 MY hope is built on nothing less
   Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
   I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
   But wholly lean on Jesus' name:
   On Christ, the solid rock, I stand,
   All other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness veils his lovely face,
   I rest on his unchanging grace;
   In every high and stormy gale,
   My anchor holds within the veil:
   On Christ, &c.

3 His oath, his covenant, and blood,
   Support me in the sinking flood;
   When every earthly prop gives way,
   He then is all my hope and stay:
   On Christ, &c.

4 When the last awful trump shall sound,
   O may I then in him be found,
   Dress'd in his righteousness alone,
   Faultless to stand before the throne:
   On Christ, &c.

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104th. Hanover, 130. Old 104th, 148.

On the death of a believer.

1 'TIS finish'd, 'tis done! the spirit is fled:
   Our brother is gone, the Christian is dead,
   The Christian is living in Jesus's love,
   And gladly receiving a kingdom above.
2 All honour and praise are Jesus’s due;—
   Supported by grace he fought his way through;
   Triumphanty glorious, through Jesus’s zeal,
   And more than victorious o’er sin, death, and hell.]

3 Then let us record the conquering name,
   Our Captain and Lord with shoutings proclaim;
   Who trust in his passion and follow their Head,
   To certain salvation shall surely be led.

4 O Jesus! lead on thy militant care,
   And give us the crown of righteousness there,
   Where, dazzled with glory, the seraphim gaze,
   Or prostrate adore thee in silence of praise.

5 Within us display thy love when we die,
   And bear us away to mansions on high;
   The kingdom be given of glory divine,
   And crown us in heaven eternally thine.

561 PART I. S. M. Dunbar, 252.

Preparation for death.
Matt. xxiv. 45. TOPLADY’S COLL.

1 PREPARE me, gracious God,
   To stand before thy face;
   Thy Spirit must the work perform
   For it is all of grace.

2 In Christ’s obedience clothe,
   And wash me in his blood;
   So shall I lift my head with joy,
   Among the sons of God.

3 Do thou my sins subdue,
   Thy sovereign love make known,
   The spirit of my mind renew,
   And save me in thy Son.

4 Let me attest thy power;
   Let me thy goodness prove,
   Till my full soul can hold no more
   Of everlasting love.
DEATH.

561 Part II. 8.7. Felicity, 535.
The dying Christian encouraged. C. Wesley.

1 HAPPY soul, thy days are ended,
   All thy mourning days below:
   Go, by angel guards attended,
   To the sight of Jesus, go.

2 Waiting to receive thy spirit,
   Lo, the Saviour stands above;
   Shows the purchase of his merit,
   Reaches out the crown of love.

3 Struggle through thy latest passion
   To thy dear Redeemer's breast,
   To his uttermost salvation,
   To his everlasting rest.

4 For the joy he sets before thee,
   Bear a momentary pain:
   Die, to live the life of glory,
   Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

561 Part III. C. M. Durham, 400.

1 IN vain our fancy strives to paint
   The moment after death,
   The glories that surround the saints,
   When yielding up their breath.

2 One gentle sigh their fetters breaks:
   We scarce can say 'They're gone!'
   Before the willing spirit takes
   Her mansion near thy throne.

3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail,
   To trace her in her flight;
   No eye can pierce within the veil
   Which hides that world of light.
4 Thus much (and this is all) we know,
   They are completely blest:
Have done with sin, and care, and woe,
   And with their Saviour rest.

5 On harps of gold they praise his name
   His face they always view;
Then let us followers be of them,
   That we may praise him too.

561 PART IV. 8's. Rosewarne, 49.

Death a happy exchange to a believer.

C. WESLEY.

1 REJOICE for a brother deceased;
   Our loss is his infinite gain;
A soul out of prison released,
   And freed from its bodily chain;
With songs let us follow his flight,
   And mount with his spirit above,
Escaped to the mansions of light,
   And lodged in the Eden of love.

2 Our brother the haven hath gain'd,
   Out-flying the tempest and wind;
His rest he hath sooner obtain'd,
   And left his companions behind,
Still toss'd on a sea of distress,
   Hard toiling to make the blest shore,
Where all is assurance and peace,
   And sorrow and sin are no more.

3 There all the ship's company meet,
   Who sail'd with the Saviour beneath,
With shouting each other they greet,
   And triumph o'er trouble and death:
The voyage of life's at an end,
   The mortal affliction is past;
DEATH.

The age that in heaven they spend,
For ever and ever shall last.

PART V. 7's. Florence, 239.

Triumph in death. C. Wesley.

1 YES, the Christian's course is run,
   Ended is the glorious strife;
Fought the fight, the work is done,
   Death is swallow'd up in life!
Borne by angels on their wings,
   Far from earth the spirit flies,
Finds his God, and sits and sings,
   Triumphing in Paradise.

2 Join we then, with one accord,
   In the new, the joyful song:
Absent from our loving Lord
   We shall not continue long:
We shall quit the house of clay,
   We a better lot shall share;
We shall see the realms of day,
   Meet our happy brother there.

3 Let the world bewail their dead,
   Fondly of their loss complain;
Brother, friend, by Jesus freed,
   Death to thee, to us, is gain:
Thou art enter'd into joy;
   Let the unbelievers mourn;
We in songs our lives employ,
   Till we all to God return.

PART VI. 7's. Jubilee, 403.

Fear not—die to live! Toplady.

1 DEATHLESS principle, arise!
   Soar, thou native of the skies!
DEATH.

Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,
To his glorious likeness wrought,
Go, to shine before his throne—
Deck his mediatorial crown;
Go, his triumphs to adorn—
Made for God, to God return!

2 Lo, he beckons from on high;
Fearless to his presence fly—
Thine the merit of his blood,
Thine the righteousness of God!
Angels, joyful to attend,
Hovering, round thy pillow bend;
Wait to catch the signal given,
And escort thee quick to heaven!

3 Is thy earthly house distrest,
Willing to retain its guest?
'T is not thou, but it, must die—
Fly, celestial tenant, fly—
Burst thy shackles—drop thy clay—
Sweetly breathe thyself away—
Singing, to thy crown remove—
Swift of wing, and fired with love!

4 Shudder not to pass the stream,
Venture all thy care on him—
Him, whose dying love and power
Still'd its tossing, hush'd its roar;
Safe is the expanded wave,
Gentle as a summer's eve;
Not one object of his care
Ever suffer'd shipwreck there!

5 See the haven full in view!
Love divine shall bear thee through:
Trust to that propitious gale,
Weigh thy anchor, spread thy sail!
Saints in glory perfect made
Wait thy passage through the shade;
Ardent for thy coming o'er,
See they throng the blissful shore!

Mount, their transports to improve—
Join the longing choir above—
Swiftly to their wish be given—
Kindle higher joy in heaven!—
Such the prospects that arise
To the dying Christian's eyes!
Such the glorious vista, faith
Opens through the shades of death!

Angelic welcome of a saint.
Rev. xiv. 13.

1 'SPIRIT, leave thine house of clay!
Lingering dust, resign thy breath!
Spirit, cast thy chains away!
Dust, be thou dissolved in death!'
Thus the Almighty Saviour speaks,
While the faithful Christian dies!
Thus the bonds of life he breaks,
And the ransom'd captive flies!

2 'Prisoner, long detain'd below!
Prisoner, now with freedom blest!
Welcome from a world of woe,
Welcome to a land of rest!'
Thus the choir of angels sing,
As they bear the soul on high,
While with hallelujahs ring
All the regions of the sky!

3 Grave, the guardian of our dust!
Grave, the treasury of the skies!
DEATH.

Every atom of thy trust
Rests in hope again to rise!
Hark! the judgment-trumpet calls!—
Soul, rebuild thy house of clay—
Immortality thy walls,
And eternity thy day!

562 PART I. C. M. Carolina, 13.
Departed saints asleep.
Mark v. 39. DODDRIDGE.

1 'WHY flow these torrents of distress?'
(The gentle Saviour cries;)
'Why are my sleeping saints survey'd
With unbelieving eyes?

2 'Death's feeble arm shall never boast
A friend of Christ is slain,
Nor, o'er their meaner part in dust,
A lasting power retain.

3 'I come on wings of love—I come,
The slumberers to awake;
My voice shall reach the deepest tomb,
And all its bonds shall break.

4 'Touch'd by my hand, in smiles they rise;
They rise to sleep no more;
But robed in light, and crown'd with joy,
To endless day they soar.'

5 Jesus, our faith receives thy word;
And though fond nature weep,
Grace learns to hail the pious dead,
And emulate their sleep.

6 Our willing souls thy summons wait,
With them to rest and praise;
So let thy much-loved presence cheer
These separating days.
THOU art gone to the grave! but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb:
The Saviour has pass'd through its portal before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

1 Thou art gone to the grave! we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of Mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, since the Sinless has died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave! and, its mansion forsaking,
Perhaps thy weak spirit in fear linger'd
But the sunshine of Paradise beam'd on thy waking,
And the sound which thou heard'st was the seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave! but 't were wrong to deplore thee,
For God was thy ransom, thy guardian, and guide:
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee;
And death has no sting since the Saviour has died.
Death.

562 Part III. C. M. Durham, 400. The same.

1 Why should our tears in sorrow flow,
   When God recalls his own;
   And bids them leave a world of woe
   For an immortal crown?

2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
   Whose life to God was given?
   Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
   To open them in heaven.

3 Their toils are past: their work is done;
   And they are fully blest:
   They fought the fight, the victory won,
   And enter'd into rest.

4 Then let our sorrows cease to flow,—
   God has recall'd his own;
   But let our hearts, in every woe,
   Still say, 'Thy will be done!'


1 Lift not thou the wailing voice,
   Weep not, 't is a Christian dieth;—
   Up, where blessed saints rejoice,
   Ransom'd now, the spirit flieth:
   High in heaven's own light she dwelleth,
   Full the song of triumph swelleth:
   Freed from earth and earthly failing,
   Lift for her no voice of wailing.

2 Pour not thou the bitter tear:
   Heaven its book of comfort openeth,
   Bids thee sorrow not, nor fear,
   But as one who always hopeth:
DEATH.

Humbly here in faith relying,
Peacefully in Jesus dying,
Heavenly joy her eye is flushing,—
Why should thine with tears be gushing?

3 They who die in Christ are blest;
   Ours be, then, no thought of grieving;
Sweetly with their God they rest,
   All their toils and troubles leaving;
So be ours the faith that saveth,
Hope that every trial braveth,
Love that to the end endureth,
And, through Christ, the crown secureth.

562  Part V.  C. M.  Turvey, 538.

Rest from sorrow. 1 Thess. iv. 3.

1 THEY suffer not, for whom we weep,
   Whose loss we here deplore;
The fever'd body's dreamless sleep
   Is broke by pain no more.

2 The warfare and the woe have ceased,
   The struggle now is o'er;
The happy spirit is released,
   The pilgrim weeps no more.

3 But who the happiness may speak
   That saints departed find—
The everlasting joys that break
   Upon the deathless mind?

4 But even here, enough we know
   Our faith and hope to guide,
To check our sorrows as they flow,
   And bid our grief subside.
1 PEACE!—'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand
That blasts our joys in death,
Changes the visage once so dear,
And gathers back the breath.

2 'T is he—the Potentate supreme
Of all the worlds above,—
Whose steady counsels wisely rule,
Nor from their purpose move.

3 'T is he, whose justice might demand
Our souls a sacrifice;
Yet scatters, with unwearied hand,
A thousand rich supplies.

4 Our covenant God and Father he
In Christ our bleeding Lord;
Whose grace can heal the bursting heart
With one reviving word.

5 Fair garlands of immortal bliss
He weaves for every brow;
And shall rebellious passions rise,
When he corrects us now?

6 Silent we own Jehovah's name,
We kiss the scourging hand;
And yield our comforts and our life
To thy supreme command.

1 CHRIST watches o'er the embers
Of all his faithful dead;
There's life for all the members
In Him the living Head;
Their dust he weighs and measures;
Their every atom treasures.

2 He, once a victor bleeding,
  Slew death, destroy'd the grave;
Now throned, yet interceding,
  He lives, thy soul to save:
He comes, oh, day of wonder!
The graves are rent asunder!

3 But, oh, that vast transition!
  How shall a creature dare
Gaze on the awful vision,
  To find a Saviour there?
They whom he deigns to cherish
Shall never, never perish!

4 Their Saviour shall receive them,
  From sin and death released;
He shall himself present them
Before the Father dress'd
In robes of spotless whiteness,
All beauty, joy, and brightness.

1 O YE mourners cease to languish
  O'er the grave of those we love;
Pain and death, and night and anguish
Enter not the world above.

2 While in darkness ye are straying,
  Lonely in the deep'ning shade,
Glory's brightest beams are playing
Round the immortal spirit's head.

3 Light and peace at once deriving
  From the hand of God most high;
In his glorious presence living,
They shall never, never die.
DEATH.

563  
**PART IV.** 113th. Jennings, 123.

*Because I live, &c.* John xiv. 19. DR. HIIE.

1  
O YE who with the silent tear,
And sadden’d steps, assemble here,
To bear these cold, these loved remains,
Where dark and cheerless silence reigns,—
Your sorrows hush, your griefs dispel,
The Saviour lives, and all is well.

2  
That eye indeed is rayless now,
And pale that cheek, and chill that brow;
Yet, could the lifeless form declare
The joys its soul is call’d to share,
How would our souls rejoice to tell
The Saviour lives, and all is well!

**PART V.** 8. 7. Felicity, 535.

*Submission under the loss of a child.*

1  
NOW, O Lord, to thee submitting,
We the tender pledge resign;
And thy mercies ne’er forgetting,
Own that all we have is thine.

2  
Rest, sweet babe, in gentle slumbers,
’Till the resurrection morn;
Then arise to join the numbers
Who its triumphs shall adorn.

3  
Though thy presence was endearing,
Though thy absence we deplore;
At thy Saviour’s bright appearing
We shall meet to part no more.

563  
**PART VI.** C. M. Bedford, 91.

*Funeral of a mother.* Isa. lxvi. 13. COLLYER.

1  
GOD of the spirits of all flesh,
Behold thy servants here,
With bleeding hearts and streaming eyes,
Surround a mother’s bier.

2
DEATH.

2 [Bow'd by affliction to the earth,  
    Thou seest the husband stand;  
    And pressing to his knees in grief,  
    A little orphan band.]

3 But thou hast to thy people said—  
    And they have found it true,—  
    'As when a mother comforteth,  
    So will I comfort you.'

4 Remember now thy promise, Lord;  
    Here let it be fulfill'd:  
    No word but thine, in such an hour,  
    Can consolation yield.

564 Part I. L. M. Ulverston, 179.

Satisfaction in God under the loss of  
    dear friends. scOTT.

1 THE God of love will sure indulge  
    The flowing tear, the heaving sigh,  
    When righteous persons fall around,—  
    When tender friends and kindred die.

2 Yet not one anxious murmuring thought  
    Should with our mourning passions blend;  
    Nor would our bleeding hearts forget  
    The almighty, ever-living Friend.

3 Beneath a numerous train of ills,  
    Our feeble flesh and heart may fail;  
    Yet shall our hope in thee, O God,  
    O'er every gloomy fear prevail.

4 Parent and husband, guard and guide!  
    Thou art each tender name in one:  
    On thee we cast our every care,  
    And comfort seek from thee alone.

5 Our Father God, to thee we look,  
    Our rock, our portion, and our friend,
DEATH.

And on thy covenant love and truth
Our sinking souls shall still depend.

564 Part II. L. M. Hamburgh, 340.

For a bereaved family, on the
death of a father.

1 O THOU who art the widow's God,
A Father to the fatherless,
We bow beneath thy chast'ning rod,
This hour of conflict and distress.

2 Parent and husband thou hast borne
In silence to the opening tomb;
Pity the loved ones, Lord, that mourn,
Whose spirits now are fill'd with gloom.

3 We plead for those bow'd down with grief,
For this bereaved domestic band;
Where shall we go to seek relief
But to thy kind indulgent hand?

4 The hand that chastens us can heal;
O God of faithfulness and love,
In mercy now thy grace reveal,
A Father's loving-kindness prove.

5 O Thou who art the widow's God,
A Father to the fatherless,
Now hearken from thy high abode,
And deign to answer us in peace.

564 Part III. L. M. Wareham, 117.

The same.

1 THO' nature's voice you must obey,
Think, while your swelling griefs o'er-flow,
The hand which takes your joys away,
That sovereign hand can heal your woe.

2 z 2
2 And while your mournful thoughts deplore
The parent, husband, brother, friend,
With heart resign'd his truth adore
On whom your noblest hopes depend.

3 His word—here let your souls rely—
Immortal consolation gives;
Your heavenly Father cannot die,
The 'Husband of the widow' lives.

4 Oh, be the eternal Friend your trust,—
On his almighty arm recline,—
He, when your blessings sink in dust,
Can give you blessings more divine.

1 DOES Jehovah his children invite
Upon him to cast every care?
Yea, his word does Omnipotence plight,
Thus freely their burden to bear.

2 Do not let us then baffle such love
By a thankless and cold unbelief;
But his truth who has promised prove,
By resigning our every grief.

3 Let us rather with rapture embrace
An offer so gracious and kind,
An unlimited confidence place
In such goodness and power combined.

4 Has it pleased him in wisdom to take
Our earthly dependence away,
With childlike submission we'll make
His arm our sole pillow and stay.
5 We'll repose on his words which declare
That the desolate still he befriens,
Makes the fatherless children his care,
And the cause of the widow defends.

1 O THINK that, while you're weeping here,
His hand a golden harp is stringing;
And, with a voice serene and clear,
His ransom'd soul, without a tear,
His Saviour's praise is singing.

2 And think that all his pains are fled,
His toils and sorrows closed for ever;
While He, whose blood for man was shed,
Has placed upon his servant's head
A crown that fadeth never.

3 And think that, in that awful day,
When darkness sun and moon is shad.
The form that, 'midst its kindred clay,
Your trembling hands prepare to lay,
Shall rise to life unfading.

4 Then weep no more for him who's gone
Where sin and suffering ne'er shall enter,
But on that great High Priest alone,
Who can for guilt like ours atone,
Your own affections centre.

5 And thus, when to the silent tomb
Your lifeless dust, like his, is given,
Like faith shall whisper, 'midst the gloom,
That yet again, in youthful bloom,
That dust shall smile in heaven.
Why weepest thou? MRS. GILBERT.

1 Why should we weep for those who die,
   Those blessed ones who weep no more?
   Jesus hath call'd them to the sky,
   And gladly have they gone before.

2 A few short days they linger'd here,
   Th' appointed span of trial knew;
   Dropt—early dropt the parting tear,
   And early now have parted too.

3 Up, up, in swift ascent they rise,
   Star after star of living light!
   Why should we mourn that midnight skies
   Become with added glories bright?

4 Far in the distant heavens they shine,
   But still with borrow'd lustre glow:
   Saviour, the beams are only thine,
   Of saints above, or saints below.

5 For them no bitter tear we shed,
   Their night of pain and grief is o'er;
   But weep our lonely path to tread,
   And see the forms we loved no more.

The God of comfort. BARTON.

1 How sweet to think, in sorrow's hour,
   That He who reigns above,
   Although supreme in sovereign power,
   Is as supreme in love.

2 How sweet to know, when thus the axe
   Is to our gourds decreed,
   He will not quench the smoking flax,
   Nor break the bruised reed.
3 But that to those who kiss the rod,
   By him in mercy sent,
The staff of comfort from their God
Shall in his love be lent.

4 For God, who binds the broken heart,
   And dries the mourner's tear,
If faith and patience be their part,
Will unto these be near.

5 Let such but say, 'Thy will be done!'
   And He who Jesus raised
Will qualify them, through his love,
To add, 'Thy name be praised!'

The immutability of God a source of comfort
in affliction.

1 O THOU that read'st the secret heart,
   And hear'st the sufferer's softest sigh,
When I remember that thou art,
I feel each care, each sorrow fly.

2 Thou art, to whom the sinner's moan
   Was never yet breathed forth in vain;
Thou art, to whom each want is known,
Each hopeless wish, each fruitless pain.

3 And, oh! while earthly love grows cold,
   And earthly comforts break away,
Thou art the mourner's certain hold,
The same through one eternal day.

4 Thy smile of love beams always bright,
   To cheer the contrite sinner's heart;
Nor can that soul be plunged in night
That knows, O Lord, and feels Thou art.
564  
PART IX. 11. 10. Alma, 345.

Comfort for mourners.

1 Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,  
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;  
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish,  
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

2 Joy of the comfortless, light of the straying,  
Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure;  
Here speaks the Comforter, in mercy saying,  
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

3 Here see the bread of life, see waters flowing  
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;  
Come to the feast of love, come ever knowing  
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

4 Come, ye disconsolate, where'er you languish,  
Come to the fount of bliss, whate'er you feel;  
Here bring your aching hearts, here sooth your anguish,  
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

565  

Death and judgment appointed for all.

Heb. ix. 27. DODDRIDGE.

1 Heaven has confirmed the great de-  
That Adam's race must die; [cree,  
One general ruin sweeps them down,  
And low in dust they lie.

2 Ye living men, the tomb survey,  
Where you must quickly dwell;  
Hark! how the awful summons sounds  
In every funeral knell.

3 Once you must die; and once for all  
The solemn purport weigh;  
For know that heaven or hell attend  
On that important day.

4 Those eyes, so long in darkness veil'd,  
Must wake the Judge to see;
And every word, and every thought,
Must pass his scrutiny.

5 O may I in the Judge behold
My Saviour and my Friend;
And, far beyond the reach of death,
With all the saints ascend.

The solemn hour.

1 There is an hour when I must part
With all I hold most dear;
And life, with its best hopes, will then
As nothingness appear.

2 There is an hour when I must lie
Low on affliction's bed;
And anguish, pain, and tears become
My bitter daily bread.

3 There is an hour when I must sink
Beneath the stroke of death;
And yield to Him, who gave it first,
My struggling vital breath.

4 There is an hour when I must stand
Before the judgment seat:
And all my sins, and all my foes,
In awful vision meet.

5 There is an hour when I must look
On one eternity!
And nameless woe, or blissful life,
My endless portion be.

6 O Saviour, then, in all my need
Be near, be near to me;
And let my soul, by stedfast faith,
Find life and heaven in thee.
1 **NOW** let our drooping hearts revive,  
   And all our tears be dry;  
   Why should those eyes be drown'd in  
   Which view a Saviour night? [grief,  

2 What though the arm of conquering death  
   Does God's own house invade?  
   What though the prophet and the priest  
   Be number'd with the dead?  

3 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,  
   The aged and the young;  
   The watchful eye in darkness closed,  
   And mute the instructive tongue;  

4 The eternal Shepherd still survives,  
   New comfort to impart;  
   His eye still guides us, and his voice  
   Still animates our heart.  

5 'Lo, I am with you,' saith the Lord,  
   'My church shall safe abide;  
   For I will ne'er forsake my own,  
   Whose souls in me confide.'  

6 Through every scene of life and death,  
   This promise is our trust;  
   And this shall be our children's song,  
   When we are cold in dust.

1 **SERVANT** of God, well done!  
   Rest from thy loved employ;  
   The battle fought, the victory won,  
   Enter thy Master's joy.'
DEATH.

2 His sword was in his hand,  
Still warm with recent fight,  
Ready that moment, at command,  
Through rock and steel to smite.

3 Bent on such glorious toils  
The world to him was loss,  
Yet all his trophies, all his spoils,  
He hung upon the cross.

4 At midnight came the cry,  
'To meet thy God prepare!'  
He woke—and caught his Captain's eye;  
Then, strong in faith and prayer,

5 His spirit, with a bound,  
Left its encumbering clay;  
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground  
A darken'd ruin lay.

6 The pains of death are past,  
Labour and sorrow cease;  
And, life's long labour closed at last,  
His soul is found in peace.

7 Soldier of Christ, well done!  
Praise be thy new employ;  
And while eternal ages run,  
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

566 Part IV. S. M. Melchbourne, 412.  
The same.  

1 R EST from thy labour, rest,  
Soul of the just, set free!  
Blest be thy memory, and blest  
Thy bright example be.

2 Faith, perseverance, zeal,  
Language of light and power,  
Love, prompt to act and quick to feel,  
Mark'd thee till life's last hour.
Now, toil and conflict o'er,
Go, take with saints thy place:
But go as each has gone before,
A sinner, saved by grace.

Lord Christ! into thy hands
Our pastor we resign;
And now we wait thy own commands:
We were not his, but thine.

On thee our hopes depend;
We gather round our Rock:
Send whom thou wilt, but condescend
Thyself to feed thy flock.

Go to thy grave, in all thy glorious prime,
In full activity of zeal and power;
A Christian cannot die before his time,
The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour.

Go to thy grave, at noon from labour cease,
Rest on thy sheaves, thy harvest task is done:
Come from the heat of battle, and in peace,
Soldier, go home! with thee the field is won.

Go to the grave, which, faithful to its trust,
The germ of immortality shall keep,
While, safe as watch'd by cherubim, thy dust
Shall, till the judgment-day, in Jesus sleep.

Pass thou beyond it, take thy seat above,
Soul of the just, be present with the Lord,
Where thou, for faith and hope, hast perfect love,
The open vision for the written word.

GOD, to whom the happy dead
Still live united to their Head,
Their Lord and ours the same:
DEATH.

For all thy saints, to memory dear,
Departed in thy faith and fear,
We bless thy holy name.

2 By the same grace upheld, may we
So follow those who follow'd thee,
As with them to partake
The free reward of heavenly bliss:
Merciful Father! grant us this,
For our Redeemer's sake.

566 Part VII. S. M. Farnham, 421.
The same. DODDRIDGE.

1 Our fathers, where are they,
With all they call'd their own?
Their joys and griefs have pass'd away,
Their wealth and honour gone.

2 There, where the fathers sleep,
Must all their children dwell;
Nor other heritage can keep
Than such a narrow cell.

3 God of our fathers, be
Our everlasting Friend;
Lord of the dead and living, we
Our souls to thee commend.

4 Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till, gather'd round our glorious Head,
We dwell before Thy face.

566 Part VIII. 8. 7. 4. Kelly's, 419.
Funeral of an aged Christian.

1 Toss'd no more on life's rough billow,
All the storms of sorrow fled,
Death has found a quiet pillow
For the aged Christian's head:
    Peaceful slumbers
Guarding now his lowly bed.

2 O may we be re-united
To the spirits of the just:
Leaving all that sin hath blighted
With corruption, in the dust:
    Hear us, Jesus,
Thou our Lord, our life, our trust.

1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
    I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
    Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open thou the crystal fountain
    Whence the healing streams do flow:
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
    Lead me all my journey through:
Strong deliverer,
    Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
    Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,
    Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
    I will ever give to thee.
The Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
And feed me with a shepherd's care;  
His presence shall my wants supply,  
And guard me with a watchful eye;  
My noon-day walks he will attend,  
And all my midnight hours defend.

Though in the paths of death I tread,  
With gloomy horrors overspread,  
My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,  
For thou, O Lord! art with me still;  
Thy friendly hand shall give me aid,  
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Ye shall see them again no more.  
When we pass through yonder river,  
When we reach the further shore,  
There's an end of war for ever:  
We shall see our foes no more:  
All our conflicts then shall cease,  
Follow'd by eternal peace!

Oh, that hope, how bright, how glorious,  
'Tis his people's blest reward!  
In the Saviour's strength victorious,  
They at length behold their Lord:  
In his kingdom they shall rest,  
In his love be fully blest.

The grave and the resurrection.

The grave its trophies shall resign,  
Christ will the mould'ring dust refine;
And death, the last of foes, must be
Swallow'd and lost in victory.

2 Faith shall, on tow'ring pinions borne,
Anticipate that glorious morn;
And, while to heaven she soars along,
Give mortal lips the immortal song.

3 Then, king of terrors, boast no more
Thy ancient, wide extended power!
Each saint in life, with Christ his Head,
Shall reign when death itself is dead.

1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb,
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
To seek a slumber in the dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invade thy bounds; no mortal woes
Can reach the lovely sleepers here,
And angels watch their soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept, God's dying Son [bed:
Pass'd through the grave, and bless'd the
Rest here, dear saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn;
Attend, O earth, his sov'reign word;
Restore thy trust, a glorious form,
He must ascend to meet his Lord.

1 WE sing his love, who once was slain,
Who soon o'er death revived again,
That all his saints through him might
Eternal conquests o'er the grave. [have
 Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we
 Shall rise to immortality.

2 The saints who now in Jesus sleep
His own almighty power shall keep,
Till dawns the bright illustrious day
When death itself shall die away.
 Soon shall, &c.

3 Oh, how shall our glad voices sing,
When Christ his risen saints shall bring
From beds of dust, and silent clay,
To realms of everlasting day!
 Soon shall, &c.

4 When we shall Christ in glory meet,
Our utmost joys shall be complete;
When landed on that heav'nly shore,
Death and the curse shall be no more!
 Soon shall, &c.

1 Why should our mourning thoughts
To grovel in the dust? [delight
Or why should streams of tears unite
Around the expiring just?

2 Did not the Lord our Saviour die,
And triumph o'er the grave?
Did not our Lord ascend on high,
And prove his power to save?

3 Doth not the sacred Spirit come,
And dwell in all the saints?
And should the temples of his grace
Resound with long complaints?
4 Awake, my soul, and like the sun
    Burst through each sable cloud;
    And thou, my voice, though broke with
    Tune forth thy songs aloud. [sighs,

5 The Spirit raised my Saviour up,
    When he had bled for me;
    And, spite of death and hell, shall raise
    Thy pious friends and thee.

6 Awake, ye saints, that dwell in dust,
    Your hymns of victory sing;
    And let his dying servants trust
    Their ever-living King.

569  Part I. C. M. Canterbury, 199.
A prospect of the resurrection. Watts.

1 How long shall death, the tyrant, reign,
    And triumph o’er the just;
    While the rich blood of martyrs slain
    Lies mingled with the dust?

2 Lo, I behold the scatter’d shades,
    The dawn of heaven appears;
    The sweet immortal morning spreads
    Its blushes round the spheres.

3 I see the Lord of glory come,
    And flaming guards around;
    The skies divide to make him room,
    The trumpet shakes the ground.

4 I hear the voice, ‘Ye dead, arise!’
    And lo! the graves obey:
    And waking saints with joyful eyes
    Salute the expected day.

5 They leave th’ dust, and on the wing
    Rise to the midway air,
In shining garments meet their King,
   And low adore him there.

6 O may our humble spirits stand
   Among them clothed in white!
The meanest place at his right hand
   Is infinite delight.

7 How will our joy and wonder rise,
   When our returning King
   Shall bear us homeward through the skies,
   On love's triumphant wing!

569 Part II. C. M. Canterbury, 199.

Hope in the resurrection. H. K. White.

THROUGH sorrow's night, and danger's
   Amid the deepening gloom, [path,
   We soldiers of an injured king
   Are marching to the tomb.

2 Life's labours done, its turmoil o'er,
   In this our last retreat,
   Unheeded o'er our silent dust
   The storms of life shall beat.

3 Yet not thus lifeless, thus inane,
   The vital spark shall lie,
   For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise,
   To seek its kindred sky.

4 These ashes, too, this little dust,
   Our Father's care shall keep:
   Till the archangel rise and break
   The long and dreary sleep.

5 Then immortality's bright sun
   Shall shed its glorious rays,
   And the long silent dust shall burst,
   With shouts of endless praise.
IN the dust I'm doom'd to sleep,
    But shall not sleep for ever;
Fear may for a moment weep,
    Christian courage never.
Years shall roll in rapid course,
    By Time's chariot driven,
And my renovated dust
    Wing its flight to heaven.

What though o'er my mortal tomb
    Dark clouds and mists be blending,
Sweetest hope shall chase the gloom,
    Hope to heaven ascending.
There shall be my stay, my trust,
    Ever bright and vernal,
Life shall blossom out of dust,
    Life and joy eternal.

WHY should we dread our mortal doom,
    That turns us back to clay;
And tremble at the awful tomb,
    And shudder at decay?

A sure and certain hope is ours,
    Which we through Christ obtain:
Clothed with immortal life and powers,
    Our dust shall rise again:

Rise, when the trump of God shall sound,
    And death yield up his prey:
But where, my soul, shall I be found
    In that tremendous day?
4 Now, while I feel this mortal strife,
   Oh be my sins forgiven!
Then death shall prove the gate of life,
   The grave my road to heaven.

569  PART V. L. M. Old 100th.
  
  Faith in the resurrection.  
  Collyer.

1 ARRAY'D in majesty and power
   Will the victorious Saviour come;
Time waits to strike his final hour,
   And usher in the day of doom.

2 Vain are the spoils of vanquish'd death,
   And weak his boasted prison-bars;
Light breaks upon the eye of faith,
   'Midst darken'd suns and fallen stars.

3 Though with expiring nature's throes,
   Earthquakes, and fires, and thunders blend,
His destiny the Christian knows,
   And waits serenely for the end.

4 And though not yet, it still must come—
   The trump shall sound, the dead shall
The seed long buried in the tomb [rise,
   Shall find its garner in the skies.

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THE SECOND ADVENT OF CHRIST, AND
DAY OF JUDGMENT.

570  PART I. L. M. Old 100th.
  
  Sinners and saints in the wreck of
   nature.  
  Pres. Davies.

1 HOW great, how terrible that God,
   Who shakes creation with his nod!
He frowns—earth, sea, all nature's frame,
   Sink in one universal flame.
SECOND ADVENT, AND

2 Where now, oh, where shall sinners seek
   For shelter in the general wreck?
   Shall falling rocks be o'er them thrown?
   See rocks, like snow, dissolving down.

3 In vain for mercy now they cry;
   In lakes of liquid fire they lie:
   There on the flaming billows tost,
   For ever, oh, for ever lost!

4 But saints, undaunted and serene,
   Your eyes shall view the dreadful scene;
   Your Saviour lives, the worlds expire,
   And earth and skies dissolve in fire.

5 Jesus! the helpless creatures' Friend,
   To thee my all I dare commend!
   Thou canst preserve my feeble soul,
   When lightnings blaze from pole to pole.

PART II. L. M. St. Paul's, 246.

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 [pole;
   Through 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 angel's shout, the trumpet's sound,
   Loud the descending Judge proclaim,
   And echo his tremendous name.

4 Children of Adam, all appear,
   With rev'rence, round his awful bar;
DAY OF JUDGMENT.

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.

570 Part III. 8. 7. 4. Rousseau’s, 384.
Then shall they, &c. Luke xxi. 27.

1 Lift your heads, ye friends of Jesus,
Partners of his suff’rings here:
Christ, to all believers precious,
Lord of lords, shall soon appear:
Mark the tokens
Of his heavenly kingdom near!

2 Near unto the tribulation
Of the last tremendous days,
See the flaming revelation!
See the universal blaze!
Earth and heaven
Melt before the Judge’s face.

3 Sun and moon are both confounded,
When the Lord shows forth his might;
When, with angel-hosts surrounded,
In his Father’s glory bright,
Beams the Saviour,
Shines the everlasting Light.

4 Lo, ’tis He! our hearts’ desire,
Come for his espoused below!
Come to join us with his choir,
Come to make our joys o’erflow,
Palms of victory,
Crowns of glory to bestow.
570, 571 SECOND ADVENT, AND

570 Part IV. 7's. Advent Hymn, 575.
   The coming of the Son of man.
1 CHURCH of Christ, awake! arise!
   Let not slumber seal your eyes;
   Let nor joy, nor grief, nor fear,
   Fill your heart, or close your ear:
   For those clouds begin to roll
   Which shall spread from pole to pole.

2 Church of Christ, like lightning's glance,
   Flashing over heaven's expanse,
   Shall the Son of man appear—
   Watch and mark! the hour is near:
   Blessed ye who then are taken—
   Woe to those who are forsaken.

571 Part I. L. M. St. Paul's, 246.
   The books opened. Rev. xx. 12.
1 METHINKS the last great day is come,
   Methinks I hear the trumpet sound,
   That shakes the earth, rends every tomb,
   And wakes the pris'ners under ground.

2 The mighty deep gives up her trust,
   Awed by the Judge's high command:
   Both small and great now quit their dust,
   And round the dread tribunal stand.

3 Behold the awful books display'd,
   Big with the important fates of men!
   Each deed and word now public made,
   As wrote by Heaven's unerring pen.

4 To every soul the books assign
   The joyous or the dread reward:
   Sinners in vain lament and pine:
   No pleas the Judge will here regard.
5 Lord, when these awful leaves unfold,
May life's fair book my soul approve;
There may I read my name enroll'd,
And triumph in redeeming love.

571 Part II. S. M. Melchbourne, 412.

Preparation for judgment.

1 THOU Judge of quick and dead,
    Before whose bar severe,
    With holy joy, or guilty dread,
    We all shall soon appear;

2 Do thou our souls prepare
    For that tremendous day;
    And fill us now with watchful care,
    And stir us up to pray;—

3 To pray, and wait the hour,—
    That awful hour unknown,
    When, robed in majesty and power,
    Thou shalt from heaven come down.

4 Oh, may we still be found
    Obedient to thy word,
    And waiting for the trumpet's sound,
    Which marks thy coming, Lord!

5 Do thou through grace ensure
    Our lot among the bless'd,
    That, found in thee, we may secure
    Thine everlasting rest.

571 Part III. 7. 7. 4. Berners-street, 571.


1 WHEN the vale of death appears,
    Faint and cold this mortal clay,
Kind Forerunner, soothe my fears,
Light me through the darksome way;
Break the shadows;
Usher in eternal day.

2 Starting from this dying state,
Upward bid my soul aspire;
Open thou the crystal gate,
To thy praise attune my lyre;
Dwell for ever,
Dwell on each immortal wire.

3 From the sparkling turrets there,
Oft I'll trace my pilgrim way;
Often bless thy guardian care,
Fire by night and cloud by day;
While my triumphs
At my Leader's feet I lay.

4 And when mighty trumpets blown
Shall the judgment's dawn proclaim,
From the central burning throne,
'Mid creation's final flame,
With the ransom'd,
Judge and Saviour, own my name.

1 And will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

2 And from his righteous lips
Shall this dread sentence sound;
And through the numerous guilty throng
Spread black despair around?
3  `Depart from me, accursed,
    To everlasting flame,
For rebel-angels first prepared,
    Where mercy never came.'
4  How will my heart endure
    The terrors of that day;
When earth and heaven, before his face,
    Astonish'd shrink away?
5  But ere that trumpet shakes
    The mansions of the dead;
Hark, from the gospel's cheering sound,
    What joyful tidings spread!
6  Ye sinners, seek his grace,
    Whose wrath ye cannot bear:
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
    And find salvation there.
7  So shall that curse remove,
    By which the Saviour bled;
And the last awful day shall pour
    His blessings on your head.

572  Part II. 113th. Dies Irae, 545.

Prayer for deliverance in the judgment.

Matt. xxii. 44.

1  THE last loud trumpet's wondrous sound
    Shall wake the nations under ground:
Where, then, my God, shall I be found?
When all shall stand before thy throne,
    When thou shalt make their sentence known,
And all thy righteous judgment own?

2  Thou, who for sinners felt such pain,
    Whose precious blood the cross did stain,
Who did for us its curse sustain,
By all that man's redemption cost,
Let not my trembling soul be lost,
In storms of guilty terror toss'd.

3 Give me in that dread day a place
Among thy chosen, faithful race,
The sons of God, and heirs of grace:
Trembling, before thy throne, I bend:
My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me in the end.

ATTEND, my ear; my heart, rejoice,
While Jesus, from his throne,
Before the bright angelic hosts
Makes his last sentence known.

2 When sinners, cursed from his face,
To raging flames are driven,
His voice, with melody divine,
Thus calls his saints to heaven:

3 'Blest of my Father, all draw near,
Receive the great reward;
And rise with raptures to possess
The kingdom love prepared.

4 'Ere earth's foundations first were laid,
His sovereign purpose wrought,
And rear'd those palaces divine
To which you now are brought.

5 'There shall you reign unnumber'd years,
Protected by my power;
While sin and death, and pains and cares,
Shall vex your souls no more.'
DAY OF JUDGMENT.

6 Come, dear majestic Saviour, come,
This jubilee proclaim!
And teach us language fit to praise
So great, so dear a name.

573 PART II. 8. 7. 7. Response, 558.

All them also that love him.
2 Tim. iv. 8. KELLY.

1 WELCOME sight, the Lord descending,
Jesus in the cloud appears;
Lo! the Saviour comes intending
Now to dry his people's tears.
Lo! the Saviour comes to reign,
Welcome to his waiting train.

2 Long they mourn'd their absent Master,
Long they felt like men forlorn,
Bid the seasons fly still faster,
While they sigh'd for his return.
Lo! the period comes at last,
All their sorrows now are past.

3 Now from home no longer banish'd,
They are going to their rest;
Tho' the heaven and earth are vanish'd,
With their Lord they shall be blest:
Blest with him his saints shall be,
Blest through all eternity.

4 Happy people! grace unbounded!
Grace alone exalts you thus;
Be ashamed and be confounded,
Sing for ever, 'Not to us,
Not to us be glory given;
Glory to the God of heaven.'
574, 575  SECOND ADVENT, AND  

574  L. M. Portugal, 97. Osnaburgh, 332.  
Come, Lord Jesus.  

WATTS.  

1 WHEN shall thy lovely face be seen?  
When shall our eyes behold our God?  
What lengths of distance lie between,  
And hills of guilt!—a heavy load!  

2 Our months are ages of delay,  
And slowly every minute wears:  
Fly, winged time, and roll away  
These tedious rounds of sluggish years.  

3 Ye heavenly gates, loose all your chains!  
Let the eternal pillars bow!  
Blest Saviour, cleave the starry plains,  
And make the crystal mountains flow!  

4 Hark, how thy saints unite then  
And pray and wait the general doom!  
Come, thou, the soul of all our joys!  
Thou, the Desire of Nations, come!  

5 Put thy bright robes of triumph on,  
And bless our eyes, and bless our ears,  
Thou absent Love, thou dear unknown,  
Thou fairest of ten thousand fairs.  

575  PART I.  8. 7. 4.  Westbury, 51.  
Lo, He cometh!  

1 LO! he cometh! countless trumpets  
Blow to raise the sleeping dead!  
'Mid ten thousand saints and angels,  
See the great exalted Head!  
Hallelujah!  
Welcome, welcome, Son of God!  

2 Now his merit, by the harpers,  
Through the eternal deep resounds;
DAY OF JUDGMENT.

Now resplendent shine his nail-prints,
Every eye shall see his wounds:
They who pierced him
Shall at his appearance wail.

3 Full of joyful expectation,
Saints, behold the Judge appear;
Truth and justice go before him,
Now the joyful sentence hear!
Hallelujah!

Welcome, welcome, Judge Divine!

4 'Come, ye blessed of my Father,
Enter into life and joy!
Banish all your fears and sorrows,
Endless praise be your employ!'
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome to the skies.

5 Now at once they rise to glory,
Jesus brings them to the King;
There, with all the hosts of heaven,
They eternal anthems sing;
Hallelujah!
Boundless glory to the Lamb.

Part II. L. M. Dies Irae, 545.

The last day. Sir W. Scott.

1 The day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away;
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
Whom shall he trust that dreadful day?

2 When shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll,
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead;

Sir W. Scott.
SECOND ADVENT, AND

575, 576

Oh, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Thou' earth and heaven shall pass away.

575

The same.

1 LORD, who shall bear that day—so dread, so splendid,
When we shall see thy angel hovering o'er
This sinful world, with hand to heaven extended,
And hear him swear by thee that time's no more?
When earth shall feel thy fast-consuming ray,
Who, mighty God, oh! who shall bear that day?

2 When through the world thy awful call hath sounded,
Wake, O ye dead, to judgment; wake, ye dead!
And from the clouds, by seraph eyes surrounded,
The Saviour shall put forth his radiant head,
While earth and heaven before him pass away,
Who, mighty God, oh! who shall bear that day?

3 When with a glance th' eternal Judge shall sever
The unbelievers from the pure and bright,
And say to those, 'Depart from me for ever,'
To these, 'Come, dwell with me in endless light:'
When each and all in silence take their way,
Who, mighty God, oh! who shall bear that day?

4 Lord, those shall bear that day, so dread, so splendid,
Whose sins are by thy merits cover'd o'er,—
Who, when thy hand of mercy was extended,
Believed, obey'd, and own'd thy gracious power:
These, mighty God, shall see without dismay
The earth and heaven before them pass away.

576

PART I. 8. 7. 4. Helmsley, 223.

Judgment.

1 LO! he comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain:
Thousand, thousand saints, attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
Jesus now shall ever reign.
DAY OF JUDGMENT.

2 Every eye shall now behold him
   Robed in dreadful majesty:
Those who set at nought and sold him,
   Pierced and nail’d him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the great Messiah see!

3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
   Heaven and earth, shall flee away;
All who hate him must, confounded,
   Hear the trump proclaim the day:
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment, come away!

4 Now redemption, long expected,
   See in solemn pomp appear!
All his saints, by man rejected,
   Now shall meet him in the air.
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear.

5 Answer thine own bride and Spirit;
   Hasten, Lord, the general doom;
The new heaven and earth t’inherit,
   Take thy pining exiles home:
All creation
Travails, groans, and bids thee come!

6 Yea, amen, let all adore thee,
   High on thine exalted throne!
Saviour, take thy power and glory;
   Claim the kingdoms for thine own:
O come quickly!
Hallelujah! Come, Lord, come!

576 Part II. 8.7.4. Calvary, 297.

1 HARK! the groans of the creation
   Loud on every side arise,
Waiting for the consummation
Of redemption from the skies;
Day of glory,
Break upon our longing eyes!

2 'T is the general voice of nature,
Travailing again in birth;
'T is the death-cry of the creature,
Rising from the ruin'd earth;
Sin triumphant,
Death has still'd the strains of mirth.

3 Christians cannot plead exemption
From the universal woe;
Sleeping dust waits its redemption
From the caves of death below:
Then perfection,
Heaven's adopted sons shall know.

4 Saviour, this illustrious morning
Bid upon the nations rise;
Now we see its day-spring dawning
Brightly in the distant skies:
Hear thy people—
Hear the whole creation's cries!

Coming of the Judge.

1 JOIN, all who love the Saviour's name,
His boundless glories to proclaim,
And sound his praise abroad;
He comes a dying world to bless
With all the riches of his grace;
All hail, incarnate God!

2 He stoop'd from glory's blissful height,
Bless'd a dark world with heavenly light,
And bore our ponderous load:
DAY OF JUDGMENT.

He gave his life a sacrifice,
And rose triumphant to the skies,
The great incarnate God.

3 Again in awful pomp he'll come,
Shake the wide earth, and rouse the tomb,
That gloomy, dark abode:
Assembled worlds shall then appear,
And at his bar their sentence hear;
Their Judge—the incarnate God!

4 While his proud enemies, that day,
Shall faint with terror and dismay,
And tremble at his rod;
May we with joy behold his face,
And sing, in heaven, the glorious grace
Of our incarnate God!


The day of judgment.

1 DAY of judgment, day of wonders!
Hark, the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round!
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 See the Judge our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine!
Ye who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, 'This God is mine!'
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for thine!

3 At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
SECOND ADVENT, AND

All the powers of nature shaken
By his looks, prepare to flee:
Careless sinner!
What will then become of thee?

4 Horrors, past imagination,
Will surprise your trembling heart,
When you hear your condemnation,
‘Hence, accursed wretch, depart!
Thou with Satan
And his angels have thy part.’

5 But to those who have confessed,
Loved and served the Lord below,
He will say, ‘Come near, ye blessed;
See the kingdom I bestow!
You for ever
Shall my love and glory know.’

6 Under sorrows and reproaches,
May this thought our courage raise,
Swiftly God’s great day approaches,
Sighs shall then be changed to praise!
May we triumph,
When the world is in a blaze!

577 PART II. 8. 8. 6. Resurrection, 568.

Death and judgment.

1 DEATH reigns beneath, with tyrant
The body waits the long delay, [sway,
In dust disgraced it lies:
The worm shall o’er corruption creep
Till Jesus break the silent sleep,
And bid it glorious rise.

2 While thunders shake creation’s frame,
Loud bursts the shout—the glad acclaim
Of dust from death restored;
The throne is set—the Judge ascends—
And earth with heaven her homage
To hail him Sovereign Lord. [blends,

Judgment proceeds—th' award is given—
His friends assign'd to seats in heaven—
His foes to endless pains:
Behold a new creation rise—
And light unclouded fills the skies,
Where our Redeemer reigns.

1 JESUS, hail! whose glory brightens
   All above, and gives it worth;
   Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,
   Cheers, and quickens saints on earth;
   When we think of love like thine,
   Lord, we own it love divine.

2 King of glory, reign for ever,
   Thine an everlasting crown:
   Nothing from thy love shall sever
   Those whom thou hast made thine own;
   Happy objects of thy grace,
   Destined to behold thy face.

3 Saviour, hasten thine appearing,
   Bring, O bring the glorious day,
   When, the awful summons hearing,
   Heaven and earth shall pass away:
   Then with golden harps we'll sing—
   'Glory, glory to our King.'

HE comes! he comes! to judge the
Aloud the archangel cries; [world,
While thunders roll from pole to pole,
   And lightnings cleave the skies.

2 The affrighted nations hear the sound,
   And upward lift their eyes:
The slumbering tenants of the ground
   In living armies rise.

3 Amid the shouts of numerous friends,
   Of hosts divinely bright,
The Judge in solemn pomp descends,
   Array'd in robes of light.

4 His head and hairs are white as snow,
   His eyes a fiery flame,
   A radiant crown adorns his brow,
   And Jesus is his name.

5 Writ on his thigh his name appears,
   And scars his victories tell:
   Lo, in his hand the Conqueror bears
   The keys of death and hell:

6 So he ascends the judgment-seat,
   And, at his dread command,
   Myriads of creatures, round his feet,
   In solemn silence stand.

7 Princes and peasants here expect
   Their last, their righteous doom,—
The men who dared his grace reject,
   And they who dared presume.

8 'Depart, ye sons of vice and sin!'
The injured Jesus cries;
   While the long-kindling wrath within
   Flashes from both his eyes.

9 And now, in words divinely sweet,
   With rapture in his face,
DAY OF JUDGMENT.

Aloud his sacred lips repeat
The sentence of his grace:

10 'Well done, my good and faithful sons,
The children of my love!
Receive the sceptres, crowns, and thrones,
Prepared for you above.'


Jesus shall be revealed from heaven, &c.
2 Thess. 1. 7. BP. HEBER.

1 THE Lord shall come; the earth shall quake;
The mountains to their centre shake;
And, withering from the vault of night,
The stars shall pale their feeble light.

2 The Lord shall come; but not the same
As once in lowliness he came,—
A silent lamb before his foes,
A weary man, and full of woes.

3 The Lord shall come; a dreadful form,
With rainbow wreath and robes of storm;
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Appointed Judge of all mankind!

4 Can this be he, who wont to stray,
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
Oppress'd by power, and mock'd by pride,
The Nazarene—the crucified?

5 While sinners in despair shall call,
'Rocks, hide us; mountains, on us fall!'
The saints, ascending from the tomb,
Shall joyful sing, 'The Lord is come!'
The chaff and wheat separated.

1 The church, in all her glory here,
   Mix'd and imperfect doth appear;
   Sinners and saints together meet,
   The chaff lies mingled with the wheat.

2 But a dividing day will come,
   And hypocrites must hear their doom;
   'Depart, accursed, to endless woe,
   Prepared for devils and for you.'

3 Lord, may I then exulting stand
   Among the sheep at thy right hand,
   Before the angels stand confest,
   And hear thy lips proclaim me blest.

The wheat and tares.

1 Though in the outward church below
   The wheat and tares together grow,
   Jesus, ere long, will weed the crop,
   And pluck the tares in anger up;
   For soon the reaping time will come,
   And angels shout the harvest home.

2 'T will aggravate their sorrows there
   To recollect their stations here;
   How much they heard, how much they knew,
   How long among the wheat they grew:
   For soon, &c.

3 Most awful truth! and is it so?
   Must all the world the harvest know?
   Is every soul a wheat or tare?
   Then for the harvest O prepare:
   For soon, &c.
JEHOVAH hath spoken!
The nations shall hear;
From the east to the west
Shall his glory appear;
With thunders and tempest
To judgment he'll come,
And all men before him
Shall wait for their doom.

The formal professor,
The saint but in name,
Where now will he cover
His guilt and his shame,
When his sin, long conceal'd,
Shall be blazon'd abroad,
And his conscience shall echo
The sentence of God?

Woe—woe to the sinners!
To what shall they trust
In the day of God's vengeance,
The holy and just?
How meet all the terrors
That flame in his path,
When the mountains shall melt
At the glance of his wrath?

O God, ere the day
Of thy mercy be past,
With trembling our souls
On that mercy we cast;
O guide us in wisdom;
For aid we implore;
SECOND ADVENT, AND
Till, saved with thy people,
Thy grace we adore.

PART VI. P. M. Luther's Hymn, 301.
The end of all things. LUTHER.

1 GREAT God, what do I see and hear,
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear
On clouds of glory seated.
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
The dead which they contain'd before!
Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding;
And meet their Saviour in the skies,
With joy his throne surrounding:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet him.

3 But sinners, fill'd with guilty fears,
Behold his wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing:
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet him.

4 Great God, what do I see and hear,
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear
On clouds of glory seated:
Beneath his cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet him.
STAND the omnipotent decree;  
Jehovah's will be done!  
Nature's end we wait to see,  
And hear her final groan:  
Let this earth dissolve, and blend  
In death the wicked and the just;  
Let those ponderous orbs descend,  
And grind us into dust.

Rests secure the righteous man,  
At his Redeemer's beck  
Sure to emerge, and rise again,  
And mount above the wreck:  
Lo, the heavenly spirit towers,  
Like flames o'er nature's funeral pyre;  
Triumphs in immortal powers,  
And claps his wings of fire!

Nothing hath the just to lose,  
By worlds on worlds destroy'd;  
Far beneath his feet he views,  
With smiles, the flaming void:  
Sees this universe renew'd;  
The grand millennial reign begun,  
Shouts with all the sons of God,  
Around the eternal throne!

Resting in this glorious hope,  
To be at last restored,  
Yield we now our bodies up  
To earthquake, plague, or sword:  
Listening for the call divine,  
The last trumpet of the seven:
SECOND ADVENT, AND

Soon our soul and dust shall join,
And both fly up to heaven.

Longing for a place at the Judge's right hand.

1 WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
To fetch thy ransom'd people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

2 I love to meet among them now,
Before thy gracious feet to bow,
Though vilest of them all:
But can I bear the piercing thought—
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call?

3 Prevent, prevent it by thy grace;
Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place,
In this the accepted day:
Thy pard'ning voice, O let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear;
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Let me among thy saints be found,
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall
To see thy smiling face; [sound,
Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

Part II. L. M. Coombs's, 45.
Longing to meet the Judge.

1 THE Saviour comes,—a mighty cloud
Bears him in sacred triumph down;
The trumpet sounds, it summons loud,
And angels shout his high renown.

2 O could I hope my guilty soul
   Might share the honours of that day,
   Then let thine awful chariot roll,
   I'll fly to meet thee on thy way.

579 Part III. P. M. Solemnity, 541.
Judgment anticipated.

1 O THERE will be mourning
   Before the judgment-seat,
   When this world is burning
   Beneath Jehovah's feet.
Friends and kindred then shall part;
   Shall part, to meet no more;
Wrath consume the rebel's heart,
   While saints on high adore!

2 O there will be mourning
   Before the judgment-seat,
   When the trumpet pealing
   The sinner's ear shall greet:
Friends and kindred, &c.

3 O there will be mourning
   Before the judgment-seat,
   When, from dust returning,
   The lost their doom shall meet:
Friends and kindred, &c.

4 O there will be mourning
   Before the judgment-seat;
Justice, awful frowning,
   Shall seal the sinner's fate:
Friends and kindred, &c.
Peace in the prospect of judgment.

DODDRIDGE.

1 The promises I sing,
   Which sovereign love hath spoke,
Nor will th' eternal King
His words of grace revoke:
   They stand secure,
   And stedfast still;
Not Zion's hill
Abides so sure.

2 The mountains melt away,
When once the Judge appears,
And sun and moon decay,
That measure mortal years;
   But still the same,
   In radiant lines,
The promise shines
Through all the flame.

3 Their harmony shall sound
Through mine attentive ears,
When thunders cleave the ground,
And dissipate the spheres;
   Midst all the shock
   Of that dread scene,
I stand serene,
Thy word my rock.

COLLYER.

1 Harmonious swells the joyful strain
To Him who died, and rose to reign,
Jesus, who lives our cause to plead,
Whose voice shall call us from the dead:
When the last trumpet sounds—the just
Shall rise triumphant o’er the dust.

2 Though in the grave they silent lie,
   They shall come forth, no more to die;
The body waits the final hour,
   That shows the great Redeemer’s power:
   When the last, &c.

3 Now seated on his glorious throne,
   He soon will come to claim his own;
   Soon shall they join his countless train,
   Nor sin nor death afflict again:
   When the last, &c.

4 Fly, time, away, with rapid wings,
   And hasten on the hour that brings
   The Saviour, clothed with power and grace,
   And saints shall see him face to face:
   When the last, &c.

HELL AND HEAVEN.

**PART I. C. M. London, 180.**

*Hell, the sinner’s own place.*

**Acts i. 25.**

**DR. RYLAND.**

1 LORD, when I read the traitor’s doom,
   To his own place consign’d,
   What holy fear, and humble hope,
   Alternate fill my mind!

2 Traitor to thee I too have been,
   But saved by matchless grace,
   Or else the lowest, hottest hell
   Had surely been my place.
3 Thither I was by law adjudged,
    And thitherward rush’d on;
And there in my eternal doom
    Thy justice might have shone.

4 But, lo! (what wondrous, matchless love!)
    I call a place my own,
On earth, within the gospel sound,
    And at thy gracious throne.

5 A place is mine among thy saints,
    A place at Jesus’ feet,
And I expect in heaven a place
    Where saints and angels meet.

6 Blest Lamb of God! thy sovereign grace
    To all around I ’ll tell,
Which made a place in glory mine,
    Whose just desert was hell.

580 **PART II. S. M. Mornington, 47.**

**Death of a sinner.** **BEDDOME.**

1 **D**EATH! ’t is an awful word,
    And fills the mind with fear;
But joyful is a dying bed,
    If thou, O God, art near!

2 Let but my numerous sins
    Behind thy back be cast,
The poisonous sting of death is gone,
    The bitterness is past.

3 To unbelieving man
    Wrath quickly follows death;
The dreaded portion he receives,
    When he resigns his breath.

4 But let sufficient grace
    In my last hours be given,
"T will spread a lustre over death,
And be the dawn of heaven.

PART III. L. M. Kingsbridge, 88.

Art thou become like unto us?
Isa. xiv. 10.

DR. RYLAND.

1 LOOK down, my soul, on hell's domains,
That world of agony and pains!
What crowds are now associate there,
Of widely different character.

2 [What wretched ghosts are met below,
Some once so great, so little now;
So gay, so sad; so rich, so poor;
Now scorn'd by those they scorn'd before.]

3 Some thither sink, whose awful fall
Must even hell itself appal;
Its legions scarce believe their eyes,
And e'en lost souls feel strange surprise.

4 So Babel's king, as down he went,
All hell was moved at the event;
And lesser tyrants gone before
Rose up to meet him at the door.

5 His very slaves, indignant, see
Him now as weak as they could be:
With hellish triumph greet him thus,
' Art thou become like one of us?'

6 More dreadful still must heathens greet
Christians in name, whom there they meet;
Sunk lower than themselves in woe,
Though once to heaven exalted so.
7 O were it not for grace divine,
This case so dreadful had been mine!
Hell gaped for me! but, Lord, thy hand
Snatch’d from the fire the kindling brand.

8 And now, though wrath was my desert,
I hope to share a better part;
But heaven must wonder, sure, to see
A sinner enter, vile as me.

9 O grace, rich grace, delightful theme!
All heaven shall echo with the same;
While angels greet a sinner thus—
‘Art thou become like one of us?’

1 Sinner, O why so thoughtless grown?
Why in such dreadful haste to die?
Daring to leap to worlds unknown,
Heedless against thy God to fly.

2 Wilt thou despise eternal fate,
Urged on by sin’s fantastic dreams?
Madly attempt th’ infernal gate,
And force thy passage to the flames?

3 Stay, sinner, on the Gospel plains
Behold the God of love unfold
The glories of his dying pains,
For ever telling, yet untold.

1 Haste, traveller, haste; the night comes on,
And many a shining hour is gone;
The storm is gathering in the west,
And thou far off from home and rest:
Haste, traveller, haste.

2 O far from home thy footsteps stray;
Christ is the life, and Christ the way,
And Christ the light; the setting sun
Sinks ere the morning is begun:
Haste, traveller, haste.

3 Awake, awake; pursue thy way
With steady course while yet 'tis day:
While thou art sleeping on the ground,
Danger and darkness gather round;
Haste, traveller, haste.

4 The rising tempest sweeps the sky;
The rains descend, the winds are high;
The waters swell, and death and fear
Beset thy path, nor refuge near:
Haste, traveller, haste.

5 O yes, a shelter you may gain;
A covert from the wind and rain;
A hiding-place, a rest, a home,
A refuge from the wrath to come:
Haste, traveller, haste.

6 They linger not in all the plain,
Flee for thy life, the mountain gain;
Look not behind, make no delay,
O speed thee—speed thee on thy way:
Haste, traveller, haste.

7 Poor, lost benighted soul, art thou
Willing to find salvation now?
There yet is hope, hear mercy's call,—
Truth, life, light, way, in Christ is all:
Haste to Him, haste.
To fields of fire, or thrones of day,
Each hour accelerates our way;
But who among us—conscience, tell,—
Shall with devouring burnings dwell?

Jesus, I hasten from the pit,
And fall a suppliant at thy feet;
Well I deserve the dreadful flame,
But oh, my refuge is thy name.

For sinners, Lord, thou camest to bleed,
And I'm a sinner, vile indeed;
Yet saving grace is rich and free,
O magnify that grace in me.

RETURN, O wanderer, to thy home,
Thy Father calls for thee;
No longer now an exile roam
In guilt and misery;
Return, return.

Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
'Tis Jesus calls for thee:
The Spirit and the bride say, Come;
O now for refuge flee:
Return, return.

Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
'Tis madness to delay:
There are no pardons in the tomb,
And brief is mercy's day;
Return, return.
HEAVEN. 581

Part V. C. M. Abridge, 201.
The same.  

1 VAIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear,
   Repent—thy end is nigh;
   Death, at the farthest, is not far;
   Oh, think before you die!

2 Reflect—thou hast a soul to save,
   Thy sins,—how high they mount!
   What are thy hopes beyond the grave?
   How stands that dread account?

3 Death enters, and there’s no defence;
   His time there’s none can tell;
   He’ll in a moment call thee hence
   To heaven—or to hell!

4 Thy body, now the chiefest care,
   Corruption shall consume;
   But ah! destruction stops not there,
   Sin kills beyond the tomb!

5 To-day, the gospel calls: to-day,
   Sinner! it speaks to you!—
   Repent—believe—at its command,
   And life and heaven pursue!

Part VI. C. M. Devizes, 14.
The same.  

1 SEE how the fruitless fig-tree stands
   Beneath the owner’s frown:
   The axe is lifted in his hands,
   To cut the cumberer down.

2 ‘Year after year, I come,’ he cries,
   ‘And still no fruit is shown;
   Nothing but empty leaves arise,
   Then cut the cumberer down.
3 The axe of death, at one sharp stroke,
    Shall make my justice known;
Each bough shall tremble at the shock,
    Which cuts the cumberer down:’

4 Sinner, beware!—the axe of death
    Is raised and aim’d at thee;
Awhile thy Maker spares thy breath—
    Beware, O barren tree!

5 If heedless when thy Maker calls,
    Then comes the deadly aim;
He smites—at once the sinner falls
    To hell’s eternal flame.

1 SINNER, is thy heart at rest?
    Is thy bosom void of fear?
Art thou not by guilt oppress’d?
    Speaks not conscience in thine ear?

2 Can this world afford thee bliss?
    Can it chase away thy gloom?
Flattering, false, and vain it is;
    Tremble at the worldling’s doom.

3 Long the gospel thou hast spurn’d
    Long delay’d to love thy God,
Stifled conscience, nor hast turn’d,
    Wooed though by a Saviour’s blood.

4 Think, O sinner, on thy end,
    See the judgment-day appear,
Thither must thy spirit wend,
    There thy righteous sentence hear.
HELL AND HEAVEN.

5 Wretched, ruin'd, helpless soul,
To a Saviour's blood apply;
He alone can make thee whole,
Fly to Jesus, sinner, fly.

582 PART I. L. M. Luton, 30.
Awake thou that sleepest.

1 AWAKE, ye sleeping souls, awake,
And hear the God of Israel speak;
His word is faithful, firm, and true:
Sinners attend, He speaks to you.

2 'Mercy and vengeance in me dwell,
One lifts to heaven, one casts to hell;
My favour's more than life; my wrath
Will burn beyond the bounds of death.'

3 Short is the space, and death must come,
And after death the day of doom;
When quick and dead the Judge shall call,
And deal their due deserts to all.

4 Fix'd is their everlasting state,
Could men repent, 'tis then too late;
Justice has closed mercy's door,
And God's long-suffering is no more.

5 'T is now the gospel message sent;
Commands repentance; now repent;
Wisely be warn'd to refuge run,
The Father serve, adore the Son.

6 In Christ receive the gift of God,
Complete redemption through his blood,
Mercy triumphant, sin forgiven,
And everlasting life in heaven.
1 In what confusion earth appears!—
   God's dearest children bathed in tears;
   While they who heaven itself deride,
   Riot in luxury and pride.

2 But patient let my soul attend,
   And, ere I censure, view the end;
   That end how different! who can tell
   The wide extremes of heaven and hell?

3 See the red flames around him twine
   Who did in gold and purple shine:
   Nor can his tongue one drop obtain
   To allay the scorching of his pain.

4 While round the saint, so poor below,
   Full rivers of salvation flow;
   On Abraham's breast he leans his head,
   And banquets on celestial bread.

5 Jesus, my Saviour, let me share
   The meanest of thy servants' fare;
   May I approach at least to taste
   The blessings of the marriage-feast.

6 While conscious sinners tremble
   To hear the trumpet sound,
   That bids the dead assemble
   The judgment-seat around;
   Oh then, among that number,
   May we the call obey,
   Who burst the bands of slumber,
   To view a glorious day!
HELL AND HEAVEN. 583

PART I. C. M. Otford, 106.

The joys of heaven.

STEELE.

1 COME, Lord, and warm each languid
   Inspire each lifeless tongue: [heart,
   And let the joys of heaven impart
   Their influence to our song.

2 Sorrow, and pain, and every care,
   And discord there shall cease;
   And perfect joy, and love sincere,
   Adorn the realms of peace.

3 The soul, from sin for ever free,
   Shall mourn its power no more;
   But clothed in spotless purity,
   Redeeming love adore.

4 There on a throne (how dazzling bright!)
   The exalted Saviour shines;
   And beams ineffable delight
   On all the heavenly minds.

5 There shall the followers of the Lamb
   Join in immortal songs;
   And endless honours to his name
   Employ their tuneful tongues.

6 Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love,
   Our feeble notes inspire;
   Till, in the blissful courts above,
   We join the angelic choir.

583 PART II. 8. 7. 4. Constance, 451.

They ascended up to heaven. Rev. xi. 12.

1 WHAT a glorious destination,
   Christians, will be yours at last,
   When the waves of tribulation,
   Breaking o'er your souls, have past,
   And triumphant
   Ye shall hear the signal blast!
2 Oh look up! 'mid coming danger
Christ will never let you fall;
He who bought you is no stranger,
Christ will prove your All in all!
  Everlasting
Is your strong 'munition wall.'

3 As Elijah's car of glory,
  Hovering o'er a world of woe,
Snatch'd him, with contention weary,
  From the fierce inveterate foe,
  All resplendent
With the beams of heaven's own glow;

4 So 'mid enemies victorious,
  When last hopes of aid shall end,
Will Christ's witnesses, 'all glorious,'
In a cloud to heaven ascend!
  And for ever
Dwell with him, their King, their Friend.

1 For ever to behold him shine,
  For evermore to call him mine,
  And see him still before me;
For ever on his face to gaze,
And meet his full assembled rays,
While all the Father he displays
  To all the saints in glory!

2 Not all things else are half so dear
As his delightful presence here—
  What must it be in heaven!
'T is heaven on earth to hear him say,
As now I journey day by day,
  'Poor sinner, cast thy fears away,
  Thy sins are all forgiven.'
3 But how must his celestial voice
   Make my enraptured heart rejoice,
   When I in glory hear him!
   While I before the heavenly gate
   For everlasting entrance wait,
   And Jesus on his throne of state
   Invites me to come near him.

4 'Come in, thou blessed, sit by me;
   With my own life I ransom'd thee;
   Come, taste my perfect favour:
   Come in thou happy spirit, come;
   Thou now shalt dwell with me at home;
   Ye blissful mansions, make him room,
   For he must stay for ever.'

584 Part I. C. M. Cambridge New, 74.

The promised land. Stennett.

1 On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
   And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
   Where my possessions lie.

2 Oh the transporting, rapturous scene
   That rises to my sight!
   Sweet fields array'd in living green,
   And rivers of delight!

3 There generous fruits, that never fail,
   On trees immortal grow:
   There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and
   With milk and honey flow. [vales,

4 All o'er those wide extended plains
   Shines one eternal day!
   There God the Son for ever reigns,
   And scatters night away.
Hell and Heaven.

5 No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,
    Can reach that healthful shore:
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
    Are felt and fear'd no more.

6 When shall I reach that happy place,
    And be for ever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
    And in his bosom rest?

7 Fill'd with delight, my raptured soul
    Can here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
    Fearless I 'd launch away.

Part II. 11's. Mozart's, 461.

The pilgrim's song. Lyte.

1 My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here,
    Then why should I tremble when trials are near?
Be hush'd, my dark spirit! the worst that can come
But shortens thy journey, and hastens thee home.

2 It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
    Or building my hopes in a region like this:
I look for a city that hands have not piled,
    I pant for a country by sin undefiled.

3 Afflictions may press me, they cannot destroy,
    One glimpse of his love turns them all into joy;  
And the bitterest tears, if he smile but on them,
    Like dew in the sunshine grow diamond and gem.

4 Let doubt, then, and danger my progress oppose,
    They only make heaven more sweet at the close,
Come joy or come sorrow, whate'er may befall,
    An hour with my God will make up for them all.

5 A scrip on my back, and a staff in my hand,
    I march on in haste through an enemy's land;
The road may be rough, but it cannot be long,
    And I 'll smooth it with hope, and cheer it with song.
HELL AND HEAVEN.

584  Part III.  P. M.  Lincoln, 565.

The pilgrim's rest.  KELLY.

1 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
    To mourning wand’rers given;
There is a tear for souls distrest,
A balm for every wounded breast—
'Tis found above—in heaven!

2 There is a soft, a downy bed,
    'T is fair as breath of even:
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest the weary head,
    And find repose in heaven!

3 There is a home for weary souls,
    By sin and sorrow driven;
When toss’d on life’s tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
    And all is drear—but heaven!

4 There faith lifts up the tearful eye,
    The heart with anguish riven:
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
    And all serene in heaven!

584  Part IV.  S. M.  Farnham, 421.

The same.  MONTGOMERY.

1 WHERE shall rest be found,
    Rest for the weary soul?
'T were vain the ocean’s depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.
3 There is a death whose pang
   Outlasts the fleeting breath;
Oh, what eternal horrors hang
   Around 'the second death!'

4 Lord God of truth and grace,
   Teach us that death to shun;
Lest we be banish'd from thy face,
   And evermore undone.

5 Here would we end our quest;
   Alone are found in thee,
The life of perfect love,—the rest
   Of immortality.

584  Part V. 8's. Liverpool New, 497.

1 O HAD I the wings of a dove,
   I'd make my escape and be gone;
I'd mix with the spirits above,
   Who encompass yon heavenly throne;

2 I'd fly from all labour and toil
   To the place where the weary have rest;
I'd haste from contention and broil,
   To the peaceful abode of the bless'd.

3 How happy are they who no more
   Have to fear the assaults of the foe!
Arrived on the heavenly shore,
   They have left all their conflicts below.

4 Around that magnificent throne
   Where the Lamb all his glory displays,
United for ever in one,
   His people are singing his praise.

5 But, no, my desire is not good,
   Impatience, not faith, is its source,
While he who redeem'd me with blood,
Still says to me, 'Carry the cross.'

6 Ah, Lord, let me think of the day
When thou wast 'rejected of men,'
And put the base wish far away,
And never be fearful again.

THE people of the Lord
Are on their way to heaven;
There they obtain their great reward,
The prize will there be given.

'T is conflict here below;
'T is triumph there, and peace:
On earth we wrestle with the foe,
In heaven our conflicts cease.

'T is gloom and darkness here;
'T is light and joy above:
There all is pure and all is clear;
There all is peace and love.

There rest shall follow toil,
And ease succeed to care;
The victors there divide the spoil;
They sing and triumph there.

Then let us joyful sing;
The conflict is not long:
We hope in heaven to praise our King
In one eternal song.

WITH loins begirt, with staff in hand,
A ready pilgrim I would stand;
HELL AND HEAVEN.

At God's command prepared to go,
And part with all things here below.

2 With lamp refresh'd, with steady light,
Beaming pure splendour on the night,
I would, obedient to thy word,
Await the call to meet my Lord.

3 Prepare me for the signal high,
The sudden shout—the midnight cry,
The trump of God—th' archangel's voice,
The blazing heavens' departing noise.

4 O day of fears, the sinner's dread,
Fix'd for the living and the dead,
When it shall kindle in the skies,
Let it not take me by surprise!

584 Part VIII. L. M. Rushden, 468.
Strangers seeking a better land.
1 Chron. xxix. 15. MRS. WHITTEMORE.

1 A PILGRIM in this world of woe,
A stranger in this vale of tears;
Why should the world delight me so,
Or fill me with a thousand fears?

2 O while I with the pilgrim band
Remain a sojourner below,
I'll keep in view that better land,
The home where all the righteous go.

584 Part IX. 8. 7. Carl, 445.
The ascent to heaven.

1 SEE the Captain of salvation
Leads his armies up the sky;
Rise above the conflagration;
Leave the world to burn and die.
2 Lo, I see the fair immortals
Enter to the blissful seats;
Glory opens wide her portals,
And the Saviour's train admits—

3 All the chosen of the Father,
All for whom the Lamb was slain,
All the church appear together,
Wash'd from every sinful stain.

4 His dear smile the place enlightens
More than thousand suns could do;
All around, his presence brightens,
Changeless, yet for ever new.

5 Blessed state! beyond conception!
Who its vast delights can tell?
May it be my blissful portion,
With my Saviour there to dwell.
HELL AND HEAVEN.

4 No rising sun his needless beams displays,
   No sickly moon emits her feeble rays:
The Godhead here celestial glory sheds,
   Th' exalted Lamb eternal radiance spreads:
Here our Redeemer lives, &c.

5 One distant glimpse my eager passion fires;—
   Jesus, to thee my longing soul aspires;
When shall I at thy heavenly home arrive,—
   When leave this earth, and when begin to live?
For here my Saviour is all bright and glorious;
   O'er sin, and death, and hell, he reigns victorious,

PART II. C. M. Leicester, 380.

Heaven anticipated.

1 TOO long, alas, I vainly sought
   For happiness below,
   But earthly joys, though dearly bought,
   No solid good bestow.

2 At length, thro' sovereign grace, I found
   The good and promised land,
   Where milk and honey flow around,
   And grapes in clusters stand.

3 As I have tasted of the grapes,
   I sometimes long to go
   Where my dear Lord his vineyard keeps,
   And all the clusters grow.

4 And can I long, and taste the fruit,
   And Canaan be denied?
   No, those who taste the fruits of grace
   Must all be glorified.

PART III. C. M. Jerusalem, 379.

The heavenly Jerusalem.

1 JERUSALEM! my happy home!
   Name ever dear to me;
When shall my labours have an end,
   In joy, and peace, and thee?
2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built
   And pearly gates behold? [walls
   Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
   And streets of shining gold?

3 O when, thou city of my God,
   Shall I thy courts ascend,
   Where congregations ne'er break up,
   And sabbaths have no end?

4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
   Nor sin nor sorrow know:
   Blest seats, through rude and stormy
   I onward press to you. [scenes,

5 Why should I shrink at pain and woe?
   Or feel at death dismay?
   I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
   And realms of endless day.

6 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there
   Around my Saviour stand;
   And soon my friends in Christ below
   Will join the glorious band.

7 Jerusalem, my happy home!
   My soul still pants for thee;
   Then shall my labours have an end,
   When I thy joys shall see.

585 Part IV. C. M. Charmouth, 28.
The heavenly Canaan. Barbauld.

1 Our country is Immanuel's ground;
   We seek that promised soil;
   The songs of Zion cheer our hearts,
   While strangers here we toil.

2 Oft do our eyes with joy overflow,
   And oft are bathed in tears;
Yet nought but heaven our hopes can
And nought but sin our fears. [raise,

3 We tread the path our Master trod;
   We bear the cross he bore;
   And every thorn that wounds our feet,
   His temples pierced before.

4 Our powers are oft dissolved away
   In ecstacies of love;
   And while our bodies wander here,
   Our souls are fix'd above.

5 Lord, purge our mortal dross away,
   Assist our race to run,
   That we may die to earth and sense,
   And find our heaven begun.

Looking forward.

1 FROM every earthly pleasure,
   From every transient joy,
   From every mortal treasure
   That soon will fade and die;
   No longer these desiring,
   Upwards our wishes tend,
   To nobler bliss aspiring,
   And joys that never end.

2 From every piercing sorrow,
   That heaves our breast to-day,
   Or threatens us to-morrow,
   Hope turns our eyes away;
   On wings of faith ascending,
   We see the land of light,
   And feel our sorrows ending
   In infinite delight.
3 'T is true, we are but strangers,  
And sojourners below;  
And countless snares and dangers  
Surround the path we go:  
Though painful and distressing  
Yet there is a rest above;  
And onward still we're pressing  
To reach that land of love.

585 Part VI. 112th. Attercliffe, 429.

The land of love.  

1 The stormy voyage of life is o'er;  
And, every pain and peril past,  
The saint has gain'd that heavenly shore,  
Where still his hope its anchor cast;  
—Oh, land of love! oh, clime of bliss!  
Let nought divide my heart from this.

2 Now, well-tried faith has done its part;  
Nor needs he patient hope above:  
He bids them glad farewell: his heart  
Has place for nought save bliss and love:  
—Oh, land of love! &c.

3 There, with what love, dear friends he greets,  
Some following soon, some gone before!  
There, with what bliss, his kindred meets,  
Meets them where kindred part no  
—Oh, land of love! &c.  

4 There beams, all glorious, on his view,  
'Mid countless saints with angels mix'd,  
Jesus, to whom his heaven is due,  
Jesus, on whom his faith was fix'd!  
—Oh, land of love! &c.
HELL AND HEAVEN.

585 Part VII. 104th. Hanover, 130.

The night cometh.  

Collyer.

1 The day is far spent, the evening is nigh,
    When we must lay down the body and die;
Great God, we surrender our dust to thy care,
    But oh, for the summons our spirit prepare.

2 The hours that remain, oh, with us abide,
    And in the dark vale of death be our guide;
Through life's weary journey thou still hast been near,
    And in our last moments, Lord, for us appear.

3 We die to obtain a seat with the blest;
    A freedom from pain, a mansion of rest;
We see, not regretting, the shadows arise,
    The sun of life setting, and night on the skies.

4 Though stormy the night, though starless the skies,
    Extinguish'd all light, and death on our eyes,
An unclouded morning shall rise on the tomb,
    Before whose bright dawning shall vanish its gloom.

5 O day long foretold, when wilt thou appear?
    Thy approach we behold with hope and with fear!
O righteous Judge, spare us, from sin set us free,
    And daily prepare us to stand before thee.

585 Part VIII. 8's. Arundel New, 498.

Longing for heaven.  

Cowper.

1 To Jesus, the crown of my hope,
    My soul is in haste to be gone;
O, bear me, ye cherubim, up,
    And waft me away to his throne.

2 My Saviour! whom absent I love;
    Whom not having seen, I adore;
Whose name is exalted above
    All glory, dominion, and power.

3 Break off, then, these bonds that detain
    My soul from her portion in thee;
O strike off this adamant chain,
    And make me eternally free.
4 When that happy era begins,
When array'd in thy glories I shine,
Nor grieve any more, by my sins,
The bosom on which I recline,—

5 Oh, then shall the veil be removed,
And round me thy brightness be pour'd,
I shall meet him whom absent I loved,
I shall see whom unseen I adored.

6 And then never more shall the fears,
And trials, temptations, and woes,
Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on my blissful repose!

7 Or, if yet remember'd above,
Remembrance no sadness shall raise;
They 'll be but new signs of thy love,
New themes for my wonder and praise.

8 The stroke which from sin and from
Shall set me eternally free,
[pain
Will strengthen and rivet the chain
Which binds me, my Saviour, to thee.

585 Part IX. L. M. Hamburgh, 340.
The same. BOWRING.

1 O LET me turn to heaven my eye,
Heaven is my portion, is my home,
And steering onward hopefully,
Welcome with joy the harb'ring tomb.

2 Thus in the ways of holiness
Let all my days roll sweetly past,
And if a tear—a tear of peace
Shall tremble in my eye at last—

3 Enough to think that I am thine,
Enough for sorrow's darkest hour,
HELL AND HEAVEN.

If I may call thee, claim thee mine,
God of my life, I ask no more.

4 Father, O let thy light, thy love
Guard to his tomb thy wanderer;
And when his spirit soars above,
Be it his bliss to serve thee there.

585 Part X. L. M. Oswestry, 514.

Meetness for heaven.


1 H E A V E N is a place of rest from sin;
But all who hope to enter there
Must here that holy course begin
Which shall their souls for rest prepare.

2 Clean hearts, O God, in us create;
Right spirits, Lord, in us renew;
Commence we now that higher state,
Now do thy will as angels do.

3 A life in heaven! O what is this?
The sum of all that faith believed:
Fulness of joy, and depths of bliss,
Unseen, unfathom'd, unconceived.

4 While thrones, dominions, princedoms,
powers,
And saints, made perfect, triumph thus,
A goodly heritage is ours,—
There is a heaven on earth for us.

5 The church of Christ, the school of grace,
The Spirit teaching by the word!
In those our Saviour's steps we trace:
By this his living voice is heard.

6 Firm in his footsteps may we tread,
Learn every lesson of his love;
And be from grace to glory led,
From heaven below to heaven above!

Happiness approaching.

1. **A WAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,**
   And raise your voices high;
   Awake, and praise that sovereign love
   That shows salvation nigh.

2. **On all the wings of time it flies,**
   Each moment brings it near;
   Then welcome each declining day,
   And each revolving year.

3. **Not many years their rounds shall run,**
   Nor many mornings rise,
   Ere all its glories stand reveal’d
   To our admiring eyes.

4. **Ye wheels of nature, speed your course,**
   Ye mortal powers decay;
   Fast as ye bring the night of death,
   Ye bring eternal day.

The rest above.

1. **THERE yet remains a rest above,**
   Whose hours not flowing on so fast,
   Afford full views of heavenly love:
   That glorious rest will ever last.

2. **Here imperfection, sin, and care**
   Annoy and discompose the mind;
   There we shall breathe in heavenly air,
   Our sins and sorrows left behind.
3 Oh! if 't is sweet, while here below,
To obtain a glimpse of Jesu's grace,
What must the rapturous vision be
To gaze for ever on his face!

PART III. 8's. Israel, 94.
The year of release is at hand.

1 THE year of release is at hand:
What rapture the thought should convey!
To Canaan's fair beautiful land,
Sweet angels, come bear me away.

2 Oh, why must I lingering stay
Where no satisfaction I find?
Had I wings, I would hasten away,
And leave all that's mortal behind.

3 Confined like a bird to its cage,
My soul would fain rise on the wing;
I long with the saints to engage
In a concert of praise to my King.

4 The year of release is at hand,
Why should I of troubles complain?
Adieu—in the promised land
You never shall vex me again.

5 The bondage of sin there is o'er,
The fury of Satan shall cease,
The world shall perplex me no more,
O hasten the year of release.

6 But who this release can convey
To bondmen and slaves such as we?
Gethsemane, Calvary—say,
'Tis Jesus who died on the tree.
7 Then help us to wait for the day,
   And each in his duty to stand;
But whisper, sweet Spirit, and say,
   'The year of release is at hand.'

586 Part IV. 8. 7. Felicity, 535.
The weary be at rest. Job iii. 17.

1 WHEN the world my heart is rending
   With its heaviest storms of care,
My glad thoughts to God ascending,
   Find a refuge from despair.

2 There's a hand of mercy near me,
   Though the waves of trouble roar:
There's an hour of rest to cheer me,
   When the toils of life are o'er.

3 Happy hour! when saints are gaining
   That bright crown they long'd to wear:
Not one spot of sin remaining,
   Not one pang of earthly care.

4 Oh, to rest in peace for ever,
   Join'd with happy souls above;
Where no foe my heart can sever
   From the Saviour whom I love.

5 This the hope that shall sustain me
   Till life's pilgrimage be past;
Fears may vex, and troubles pain me;
   I shall reach my home at last.

587 Part I. L. M. Martin's Lane, 67.
The worship of heaven. STEELE.

1 O FOR a sweet inspiring ray
   To animate our feeble strains,
From the bright realms of endless day,
   The blissful realms where Jesus reigns.
There low before his glorious throne,
Adoring saints and angels fall;
And, with delightful worship, own all.
His smile their bliss, their heaven, their

Immortal glories crown his head;
While tuneful hallelujahs rise,
And love, and joy, and triumph spread
Through all the assemblies of the skies.

He smiles, and seraphs tune their songs
To boundless rapture while they gaze;
Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues
Resound his everlasting praise.

There all the favourites of the Lamb
Shall join at last the heavenly choir:
O may the joy-inspiring theme
Awake our faith and warm desire.

Dear Saviour, let thy Spirit seal
Our interest in that blissful place;
Till death remove this mortal veil,
And we behold thy lovely face.

HOW bright is the prospect the saint has in view,
Let present things be as they may:
Omnipotent mercy shall bring him quite through,
And guide him to regions of day.

Alas! sin and sorrow attend him while here,
And frequently injure his peace;
But faith beholds now the sweet season as near,
That brings him a final release.

With rapture he'll mount his celestial abode,
His spirit find pleasure and rest;
With ecstasy bask in the smiles of his God,
Partaking the joys of the blest.
HELL AND HEAVEN.

4 With patriarchs, prophets, apostles, and those
   Who sealed the truth with their blood;
   Whose unsubdued courage astonish'd their foes,
   And forced them to glorify God.

5 United with these, he shall hear them relate
   The tale of their sufferings below;
   The conflicts and toils of their militant state,
   How grace had supported them through.

6 When this having heard, he rehearsest to them
   The mazes through which he has trod;
   From great tribulation by grace how he came,
   And reach'd the fair city of God.

7 Now all strike their harps, and one chorus they raise;
   Salvation by grace is their theme;
   Thanksgiving, and honour, and blessing, and praise,
   And glory to God and the Lamb.


The redeemed in heaven. DE COURCY.

1 WHO are these array'd in white,
   Brighter than the noon-day sun,
   Foremost of the sons of light,
   Nearest the eternal throne?

2 These are they who bore the cross,
   Faithful to their Master died,
   Suffer'd in his righteous cause,
   Followers of the Crucified.

3 Out of great distress they came,
   And their robes, by faith below,
   In the blood of Christ the Lamb
   They have wash'd as white as snow.

* When this tune is sung, the following chorus is to
   be added to each verse:

   "Victory! victory!
   Oh, how happy they must be
   Who have gain'd the victory!"
4 More than conquerors at last,
Here they find their trials o'er:
They have all their sufferings pass'd,
Hunger now and thirst no more.

5 He that on the throne doth reign
Them for evermore shall feed,
With the tree of life sustain,
To the living fountains lead.

6 He shall all their griefs remove,
He shall all their wants supply;
God himself, the God of love,
Tears shall wipe from every eye.

1 HIGH in yonder realms of light,
Far above these lower skies,
Fair and exquisitely bright,
Heaven's unfading mansions rise.
Glad within these blest abodes
Dwell the raptured saints above,
Where no anxious care corrodes,
Happy in Immanuel's love.

2 Once indeed, like us below,
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Torturing pain and heavy woe,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears—
These, alas, full well they knew,
Sad companions of their way;
Oft on them the tempest blew
Through the long and cheerless day.

3 Oft their vileness they deplored,
Wills perverse and hearts untrue,
Grieved they had not loved the Lord,
   Loved, as they had wish'd to do;
But these days of weeping o'er,
   Past this scene of toil and pain,
They shall feel distress no more,
   Never, never weep again.

4 Happy spirits, ye are fled
   Where no grief can entrance find;
Lull'd to rest the aching head,
   Soothed the anguish of the mind.
Every tear is wiped away,
   Sighs no more shall heave the breast,
Night is lost in endless day,
   Sorrow in eternal rest.

1 Ye saints, who once languish'd below,
   But long since have enter'd your rest,
I pant to be glorified too,
   To lean on Immanuel's breast.
The grave in which Jesus was laid,
   Has buried my guilt and my fears,
And while I contemplate its shade,
   The light of his presence appears.

2 O sweet is the season of rest,
   When life's weary journey is done:
The blush that spreads over its west—
   The last lingering ray of its sun.
Though dreary the empire of night,
   I soon shall emerge from its gloom,
And see immortality's light
   Arise on the shades of the tomb.
3 Then welcome the last rending sighs,
   When these aching heart-strings shall break;
When death shall extinguish these eyes,
   And moisten with dew this pale cheek.
No terror the prospect begets,
   I am not mortality's slave;
The sunbeam of life as it sets
   Paints a rainbow of peace on the grave.

1 O HAPPY saints, who dwell in light,
   And walk with Jesus, clothed in white;
Safe landed on that peaceful shore
   Where pilgrims meet to part no more.

2 Released from sin, and toil, and grief,
   Death was their gate to endless life;
An open'd cage to let them fly,
   And build their happy nest on high.

3 And now they range the heavenly plains,
   And sing their hymns in melting strains;
And now their souls begin to prove
   The heights and depths of Jesus' love.

4 He cheers them with eternal smile,
   They sing hosannas all the while;
Or, overwhelm'd with raptures sweet,
   Sink down adoring at his feet.

5 Ah! Lord, with tardy steps I creep,
   And sometimes sing, and sometimes weep;
Yet strip me of this house of clay,
   And I will sing as loud as they.
HARK! a voice, it cries from heaven,
Happy in the Lord who die;
Happy they to whom ’t is given
From a world of grief to fly:
They indeed are truly blest,
From their labours then they rest.

All their toils and conflicts over,
Lo, they dwell with Christ above;
Oh, what glories they discover
In the Saviour whom they love!
Now they see him face to face,
Him who saved them by his grace.

’Tis enough—enough for ever
In his people’s bright reward,
They are blest indeed who never
Shall be absent from the Lord.
Oh that we may die like those
Who in Jesus find repose!

HOW happy are the souls above,
From sin and sorrow free!
With Jesus they are now at rest,
And all his glory see.

‘Worthy the Lamb!’ aloud they cry,
‘That brought us here to God;’
In ceaseless hymns of praise they shout
The merit of his blood.

With wondering joy they recollect
Their fears and dangers past:
HELL AND HEAVEN.

And bless the wisdom, power, and love,
Which brought them safe at last.

4 They follow the exalted Lamb
Where'er they see him go;
And at the footstool of his grace
Their blood-bought crowns they throw.

5 Lord, let the merit of thy death
To me be likewise given;
And I, with them, will shout thy praise
Through all the courts of heaven.

C. M. Cambridge New, 74.
The everlasting song.

1 EARTH has engross'd my love too
'Tis time I lift mine eyes [long,
Upward, dear Father, to thy throne,
And to my native skies.

2 There the blest man, my Saviour sits:
The God! how bright he shines!
And scatters infinite delights
On all the happy minds.

3 Seraphs with elevated strains
Circle the throne around;
And move and charm the starry plains
With an immortal sound.

4 Jesus, the Lord, their harps employs:—
Jesus, my love, they sing!
Jesus, the life of both our joys,
Sounds sweet from every string.

5 [Hark, how beyond the narrow bound
Of time and space they run;
And echo in majestic sounds
The Godhead of the Son.
6 And now they sink the lofty tune,
   And gentler notes they play;
   And bring the Father's Equal down,
   To dwell in humble clay.

7 O sacred beauties of the Man!
   (The God resides within:)
   His flesh all pure without a stain,
   His soul without a sin.

8 But when to Calvary they turn,
   Silent their harps abide;
   Suspended songs, a moment mourn
   The God that loved and died.

9 Then, all at once, to living strains
   They summon every chord,
   Tell how he triumph'd o'er his pains,
   And chant the rising Lord.]

10 Now, let me mount and join their song,
   And be an angel too;
   My heart, my ear, my hand, my tongue,—
   Here's joyful work for you.

11 I would begin the music here,
   And so my soul should rise:
   O for some heavenly notes to bear
   My passions to the skies!

12 There ye that love my Saviour sit,
   There I would fain have place,
   Among your thrones or at your feet,
   So I might see his face.
GRANT us, Lord, thy gracious presence,
While we worship at thy throne;
Teach our souls important lessons—
Lessons learn'd of thee alone;
While we pray, and sing, and hear,
In the midst do thou appear,
Sin reproving, fear removing;
Light to all our minds impart;
Love convey to every heart.

Pour down thy Spirit, gracious Lord,
On all assembled here:
Let us receive the engrafted word
With meekness and with fear.

By faith in thee the soul receives
New life, though dead before:
And he who in thy name believes
Shall live to die no more.

Preserve the power of faith alive
In those who love thy name;
For sin and Satan daily strive
To quench the sacred flame.

COMMAND thy blessing from above,
O God, on all assembled here;
BEFORE SERMON. 592, 593

Behold us with a father's love,
While we look up with filial fear.

2 Command thy blessing, Jesus, Lord,
May we thy true disciples be;
Speak to each heart the mighty word;
Say to the weakest, 'Follow me.'

3 Command thy blessing, in this hour,
Spirit of truth, and fill this place
With humbling and exalting power,
With quick'ning and confirming grace.

4 O Thou, our Maker, Saviour, Guide!
One true eternal God confess'd,
May nought in life or death divide
The saints in thy communion bless'd.

592 8.8.6. Westbury Leigh, 278.
You hath he quickened. Eph. ii. 1.

1 DESCEND, blest Spirit, source of light,
While here thy presence we invite,
Thine influence impart;
Grant us with faith thy word to hear,
Now give the attentive list'ning ear,
The understanding heart.

2 The 'dead in trespasses and sin,'
Raise by thy power to life divine,
Dissolve the captive's chain;
Strengthen the weak with inward might,
Restore the blinded eyes to sight,
Nor let us hear in vain.

593 L. M. Old 100th. New Court, 173.
I will satisfy her poor with bread.
Ps. cxxxii. 15. Newton.

1 CONFIRM the hope thy word allows;
Behold us waiting to be fed;
Bless the provisions of thy house,  
And satisfy thy poor with bread.

2 Drawn by thine invitation, Lord,  
Athirst and hungry we are come;  
Now, from the fulness of thy word,  
Feast us, and send us thankful home.

Prayer for conversion.

NOW may the Gospel's conquering power  
Be felt by all assembled here!  
So shall this prove a joyful hour,  
And God's own arm of strength appear.

2 Lord, let thy mighty voice be heard:  
Speak in the word, and speak with power;  
So shall thy glorious name be fear'd  
By those who never fear'd before.

3 O pity those who live in sin,  
And save them from the sinner's doom:  
Open the ark, and take them in,  
And save them from the wrath to come.

4 So shall thy people joyful be;  
The angels, too, will louder sing:  
And all ascribe the praise to thee,—  
To thee the everlasting King.

GRACIOUS Lord, as thou hast taught  
Lo, we come to seek thy face;  
Now we wait within thy temple,  
For the visits of thy grace:

Let thy presence  
Fill and glorify the place.
BEFORE SERMON.

2 Here thy name has been recorded,
    Here thy promised blessing give:
For thy blessing, Lord, we languish,
    It alone can make us live.
    O then bless us!
Bless us now and evermore.

3 Hear our prayers, accept our praises,
    In this all-auspicious hour:
May thy word to saint and sinner
    Come in all its mighty power;
    From its fulness
Grant us all a rich supply.


Public worship. AMERICAN.

1 HAIL, ye days of solemn meeting!
    Hail, ye days of praise and prayer!
Far from earthly scenes retreating,
    In your blessings we would share:
    Sacred seasons,
    In your blessings we would share.

2 Be thou near us, blessed Saviour,
    Still at morn and eve the same:
Give us faith that cannot waver,
    Kindle in us heaven's own flame:
    Blessed Saviour,
    Kindle in us heaven's own flame.

3 When the fervent prayer is glowing,
    Sacred Spirit, hear that prayer;
When the choral song is flowing,
    Let that song thine impress bear:
    Sacred Spirit,
    Let that song thine impress bear.
4 Angel bands! these scenes frequenting,
  Often may your praises wake;
Oft may joy o'er souls repenting,
  From your harps melodious break:
  Oft may anthems
  From your harps melodious break.

  For a blessing. Deut. xxxii. 2.

1 As the dew, from heaven distilling,
  Gently on the grass descends,
Richly unto all fulfilling
  What thy providence intends:
So may truth, divine and gracious,
  To our waiting spirits prove;
Bless and make it efficacious
  In the children of thy love!

2 Lord, behold this congregation;
  All thy promises fulfil;
From thy holy habitation,
  Let the dew of life distil:
Let our cry come up before thee,
  Sweetest influence shed around;
So thy people shall adore thee,
  And confess the joyful sound.

598 L. M. Morning Hymn, 398.
  For the gift of the Holy Spirit.

1 Grace from on high, O God, impart,
  Grace in thy gospel to believe,
Grace to surrender our whole heart,
  Grace all thy mercy to receive.

2 Convinced and humbled in the dust
  Beneath the burden of our guilt,
We own thy law's dread sentence just,
  But plead the blood of pardon spilt.
BEFORE SERMON. 599, 600

3 Thy Spirit witness with that blood, 
   And Christ our Saviour glorify, 
While we as children born of God, 
   With rapture, 'Abba! Father!' cry:

8. 7. 8. Supplication, 583. 
The same.

1 HOLY Ghost, dispel our sadness, 
   Pierce the clouds of sinful night; 
Come, thou source of sweetest gladness, 
   Breathe thy life, and spread thy light, 
Loving Spirit, God of peace, 
   Great distributor of grace, 
Rest upon this congregation: 
   Hear, O hear our supplication.

2 From that height, which knows no measure, 
   As a gracious shower descend, 
Bringing down the richest treasure 
   Man can wish, or God can send. 
Great Enlightener! shining down 
   From the Father and the Son, 
Grant us thy illumination, 
   Rest upon this congregation.

Prayer for Zion's prosperity.

1 THOU Friend of sinners, hear our cry, 
   Send now, O send prosperity; 
For this, like Jacob, Lord, we plead, 
   Like Israel, now may we succeed.

2 Answer the wrestling, fervent prayer, 
   Thy church now makes in faith and fear; 
Thy cause revive, thy smiles impart, 
   To strengthen every fainting heart.
601, 602 SHORT HYMNS, ETC.

3 O let thine arm of power awake,
   And careless sinners captive take;
   Thy people's supplications hear,
   And let success our spirits cheer.

601

8. 6. 5. Percy Chapel, 576.
For a blessing.

1 ALMIGHTY Saviour, gracious King,
   Thy waiting people bless;
   In this sacred hour,
   With thy saving power, [ness.
   Come, Lord, and reign in righteousness.

2 Let showers of blessing now descend,
   To give thy word success;
   May light, love, and joy,
   In a full supply,
   Each of thy servants now possess.

3 Thus while the heavenly seed is sown,
   Give, Lord, the blest increase,
   Healing grace impart
   To each wounded heart,
   And sinners turn to righteousness.

602

8. 6. Sutherland, 577.
The same.

1 SAVIOUR of sinners, now we pray,
   On us thy Spirit pour;
   Be in thy people's midst to-day,
   To clothe thy word with power;
   Thy grace and mercy, Lord, display,
   In this accepted hour.

2 And while thy servant shall proclaim
   How full of grace thou art,
May the sweet accents of thy name
Soothe every stricken heart;
From bosoms fill'd with grief and shame
Bid every fear depart.

3 Almighty Saviour, sinners' friend,
   Oh, hear our fervent cries:
That we thy word may comprehend,
   And daily grow more wise;
May love and serve thee to the end,
   Then to thy glory rise.

C. M. Wiltshire New, 425.

Invocation to the Holy Spirit. MONTGOMERY.

1 SPIRIT Divine! attend our prayer,
   And make this house thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious powers,
   O come, great Spirit, come.

2 Come as the light, to us reveal
   Our emptiness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life,
   Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire, and purge our heart
   Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole soul an offering be
   To our Redeemer's name.

4 Come as the dew,—and sweetly bless
   This consecrated hour;
May barrenness rejoice to own
   Thy fertilizing power.

5 Come as the dove,—and spread thy wings,
   The wings of peaceful love;
And let the church on earth become
   Blest as the church above.
604—606 SHORT HYMNS, ETC.

AFTER SERMON.

604

4. 7. 5. Nebo, 574.


BICKERSTETH'S COLLECTION.

SOME sweet savour of thy favour
Shed abroad in every heart;
Heavenward as to thee we go,
Leaving guilt and fear below,
Blessing, praising, without ceasing,
Bid us, Lord, depart.

605

8. 7. 4. Ravenna, 505. Alma, 345.


1 GOD of our salvation, hear us;
Bless, O bless us, ere we go;
When we join the world, be near us,
Lest we cold and careless grow:
Saviour, keep us,—
Keep us safe from every foe.

2 As our steps are drawing nearer
To our best and lasting home,
May our view of heaven grow clearer;
Hope more bright of joys to come;
And when dying,
May thy presence cheer the gloom.

606

S. M. Peckham, 7. Sarah, 393.

The word of God is quick, &c. Heb. iv. 12.

1 THY word, Almighty Lord,
Where'er it enters in,
Is sharper than a two-edged sword,
To slay the man of sin.

2 Thy word is power and life,
It bids confusion cease,
And changes envy, hatred, strife,
To love, and joy, and peace.

3 Then let our hearts obey
The gospel’s glorious sound;
And all its fruits, from day to day,
Be in us and abound.

607

8. 7. 4. 7. Olney, 575.
Show me a token for good. Psa. lxxxvi. 17.

Of thy love some gracious token
Grant us, Lord, before we go;
Bless thy word which has been spoken,
Life and peace on all bestow.
When we join the world again,
Let our hearts with thee remain;
O direct us, and protect us,
Till we gain the heavenly shore,
Where thy people want no more.

608

7’s. Ravensworth, 448.
The same. COLLYER.

GOD of Zion, on us pour
Heavenly comforts evermore;
Bless us with a large increase,
Sanctify and give us peace,
Guide our feet in all thy ways,
And preserve us all our days.

609

L. M. Old 100th. Portugal, 97.
For new-year’s day. MEDLEY.

1 LORD, we are spared, and yet are found
In thy own house, on praying ground;
Many are gone who near us stood,
Gone to the awful bar of God.
2 We'll think of time's uncertain date,
Consider our eternal state:
We'll think of our immortal soul,
Ere Jordan's waves around us roll.

3 Now soon in heaven, or soon in hell,
We shall with God or Satan dwell:
O may we, with intense desire,
To Christ, and grace, and heaven aspire.

4 Thus if, our pious race begun,
We in Jehovah's strength go on,
We need nor life nor death to fear,
'Twill be to us a happy year.

HOSANNAS, CHORUSES, ETC.

1 COME, brethren, ere we part,
Bless the Redeemer's name;
Join every tongue and heart,
'T adore and praise the Lamb.
Jesus, the sinner's Friend,
Him, whom our souls adore,
His praises have no end;
Praise him for evermore.

2 Lord, in thy grace we came,
That blessing still impart;
We met in Jesu's name,
In Jesu's name we part.
Jesus, &c.

3 If here we meet no more,
May we, in realms above,
With all the saints adore
Redeeming grace and love.
Jesus, &c.
CHORUSES, ETC.  611, 612

611  P. M.  Dismission, 305.

_The same._

**Lord,** dismiss us with thy blessing,
Bid us all depart in peace;
Still on gospel manna feeding,
Pure seraphic joys increase.
Fill our hearts with consolation,
Unto thee our voices raise,
When we reach thy blissful station,
Then we’ll give thee nobler praise;
And sing _hallelujah_ to God and the Lamb,
For ever and ever, _hallelujah_, Amen.

612  7's.  Jubilee, 403.  _Hallelujah Chorus._

_Hallelujah._  MONTGOMERY.

1  **Hark!** the song of Jubilee,
   Loud as mighty thunders roar,
_Or_ the fulness of the sea,
_When_ it breaks upon the shore:
_Hallelujah!_ for the Lord
_God omnipotent_ shall reign;
_Hallelujah!_ let the word
_Echo round_ the earth and main.

2  _Hallelujah!_—hark! the sound,
   From the centre to the skies,
_Wakes above, beneath, around,_
_All creation’s harmonies:
_See Jehovah’s banners furl’d,_
_Sheathed his sword: he speaks—’t is done,_
_And the kingdoms of this world
_Are the kingdoms of his Son._

3  He shall reign from pole to pole,
   With illimitable sway;
_He shall reign_ when, like a scroll,
_Yonder heavens_ have pass’d away:
Then the end;—beneath his rod, 
Man's last enemy shall fall; 
Hallelujah! Christ in God, 
God in Christ is all in all.

WORSHIP the King, all-glorious above! 
O gratefully sing his unchangeable love! 
Our shield and defender, the Ancient of days, 
Pavilion'd in splendour, and girded with praise.

O tell of his might, O sing of his grace, 
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space; 
His chariots of wrath deep thunder-clouds form, 
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail, 
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail; 
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end! 
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

O measureless might, ineffable love, 
While angels delight to hymn thee above, 
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays, 
With true adoration shall lisp to thy praise.

HEAD of the Church triumphant; 
We joyfully adore thee; 
Till thou appear, thy members here 
Shall sing like those in glory: 
We lift our hands and voices, 
With blest anticipation; 
And cry aloud, and give to God 
The praise of our salvation.

COME, saints, and adore him, come bow at his feet; 
Come, give him the glory, the praise that is meet; 
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise, 
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.
2 To the Lamb that was slain all honour be paid,  
Let crowns without number encircle his head;  
Let blessing, and glory, and riches, and might,  
Be ascribed evermore by angels of light.  
Come, saints, and adore him, &c.

616  
11's. Daughter of Zion.  AMERICAN.

1 Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness,  
Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more;  
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness;  
Arise, for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

2 Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdued them,  
And scatter'd their legions, was mightier far;  
They fled, like the chaff, from the scourge that pursued them,  
Vain were their steeds, and their chariots of war.

3 Daughter of Zion, the power that hath saved thee  
Extoll'd with the harp and the timbrel should be:  
Shout, for the foe is destroy'd that enslaved thee,  
The oppressor is vanquish'd, and Zion is free.

617  
L. M.  Madras, 573.  BISHOP HEBER.

1 Hosanna to the living Lord!  
Hosanna to the Incarnate Word!  
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,  
Let earth, let heaven, hosanna sing!  
Hosanna, Lord, hosanna in the highest.

2 Hosanna, Lord! thine angels cry;  
Hosanna, Lord! thy saints reply;  
Above, beneath us, and around,  
The dead and living swell the sound:  
Hosanna, Lord, &c.

3 Oh! Saviour with protecting care,  
Return to this, thy house of prayer!  
Assembled in thy sacred name,  
Where we thy parting promise claim:  
Hosanna, Lord, &c.
618—620

HOSANNAS,

1 But, chiepest in our cleansed breast,
   Eternal! bid thy Spirit rest,
   And make our secret soul to be
   A temple pure, and worthy Thee.
   Hosanna, Lord, &c.

5 So in the last and dreadful day,
   When earth and heaven shall melt away,
   Thy flock, redeem’d from sinful stain,
   Shall swell the sound of praise again.
   Hosanna, Lord, &c.

618 A chorus to follow any appropriate hymn or doxology.

HALLELUJAH, hallelujah,
   Hallelujah, Amen;
   Amen, Amen, Hallelujah,
   Hallelujah, Amen.

619 7's. Endless Praise.

1 ENDLESS praises to our Lord,
   Ever be his name adored;
   Angels crown him, crown the Lamb;
   He is worthy; praise his name.

2 Now adore him for his grace
   To our guilty, fallen race;
   Come, then, [Christians,] join to sing,
   Glory to our God and King.

620 P. M. Choral Song.

HOSANNA, Christ is here,
   Within these hallow’d walls;
Where the hymn of praise, the cry of
   On the great Jehovah calls; [prayer,
   And lisping childhood’s willing tongue
Lifts high to heaven the choral song,—
   Hosanna, Christ is here!
C. M. Hosanna to Christ.

SURREY CHAPEL COLL.

1 Out of the mouths of very babes,
Thou hast ordained praise,
To sing thy power, thy grace, and love,
We now our voices raise,
Hosanna! to Christ, the God of grace,
Hosanna! hosanna!

2 Hosanna! still we'll cry aloud
To Christ enthroned on high;
May we at last surround the throne
And hallelujah! cry.
Hallelujah! to Christ the God of grace,
Hallelujah! Amen.

11's. Hosanna.

Thy triumphs, Redeemer of men, we proclaim,
Be boundless thine empire, eternal thy name;
We'll praise thee on earth, and in glory again,
Sing loud hallelujahs, for ever, Amen.

7. 7. 7. 5. Fulham, 584.

A prayer to the Saviour.

1 Lord of mercy, and of might,
Of mankind the life and light,
Maker, Teacher, Infinite,
Jesus, hear and save.

2 Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings,
Jesus, hear and save.

3 Soon to come to earth again,
Judge of angels and of men,
Hear us now, and hear us then,
Jesus, hear and save.
HOSANNAS,


'TIS pleasant to sing
The sweet praise of our King,
As here in the valley we move;
'Twill be pleasanter still
When we stand on the hill,
And give thanks to our Saviour above.

625 10. 12. Stratford, 582.

1 O JESUS my hope, for me offer'd up, [top, Who with clamour pursued thee to Calvary's
The blood thou hast shed, for me let it plead,
And declare thou hast died in the murderer's stead.

2 Now, now let me know its virtue below,
Let it wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow;
Let it hallow my heart, and throughly convert,
And make me, O Lord, in the world as thou art.

626 7. 6. Spanish Chant.

Praise to the Deity.

1 PRAISE to the Lord most high,
Hallelujah, Amen.
Praise to our heavenly King,
Hallelujah, Amen.

By love and gratitude
Still be our hearts subdued,
Still be the song renew'd,
Hallelujah, Amen.

2 Praise to the Lord most high, Hal. &c.
Let every tongue reply, Hal. &c.
Our Father and our Friend,
On thee our joys depend,
Thy love will never end, Hal. &c.
3 Sing both with heart and voice, Hal. &c.
Sing, and in God rejoice, Hal. &c.
O Lord, each day we prove
Some token of thy love;
In thee we live and move, Hal. &c.

4 Praise yet the Lord again, Hal. &c.
Life shall not end the strain, Hal. &c.
For when this life is o' er,
This dust thou wilt restore,
Thy goodness to adore, Hal. &c.

627 P. M. The Ransom.

THE voice of free grace
Cries, Escape to the mountain;
For Adam's lost race
There is open'd a fountain;
For sin and uncleanness,
And every transgression,
Christ's blood flows most freely
In streams of salvation.
Hallelujah to the Lamb
Who has bought us a pardon:
We'll praise him again
When we pass over Jordan.

2 Our Jesus proclaims
His name all victorious;
He reigns over all,
His kingdom is glorious;
To Jesus our King,
The great congregation
With triumph will sing,
In ascribing salvation. Hal. &c.

3 On Zion we shall stand
When escaped to the shore;
With palms in our hands
   We'll praise him the more;
We'll range the sweet plains
   On the banks of the river,
And sing of salvation
   For ever and ever. Hal. &c.

BLESSED be the Power who gave us,
   Freely gave his Son to save us,
Bless'd the Son, who freely came,
Honour, blessing, adoration,
Ever, from the whole creation,
   Be to God and to the Lamb.

DOXOLOGIES,
IN VARIOUS METRES.

COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
   And lighten with celestial fire:
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost thy sevenfold gifts impart:
Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

Teach us to know the Father, Son,
   And Thee, of both to be but One;
That, through the ages all along,
This still may be our endless song;
Praise to thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.
DOXOLOGIES.

630 112th. Hoxton, 121. Kerfitt’s, 439.

DODDRIDGE.

SINCE God the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Glorious beyond all speech and thought,
Have jointly my salvation wrought;
I’ll join them in my songs of praise,
Now and through heaven’s eternal days.

631 L. M. Old 100th. Magdalen, 214.

BISHOP KEN.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings
flow,
Praise him all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

632 113th. Raby, 270. Dies Irae, 545.

KEBLE.

1 CREATOR, Saviour, strengthening Guide,
Now on thy mercy’s ocean wide,
Far out of sight we seem to glide;
Help us each hour, with steadier eye,
To search the deep’ning mystery,
And thus with blessed angels vie.

2 Eternal One, Almighty Trine,
(Since thou art ours, and we are thine,) By all thy love did once resign,
By all the grace thy heavens still hide,
We pray thee keep us at thy side,
Creator, Saviour, strengthening Guide.


TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God, whom heaven’s triumphant host,
And suffering saints on earth adore,  
Be glory as in ages past,  
As now it is, and so shall last,  
When time itself shall be no more.

634  L. M. China, 300.  
To Father, Son, and Comforter,  
One God, eternal thanks belong.  
We but begin his praises here,  
Heaven shall immortalize the song.

635  L. M. D. Haydn's Creation.  
ETERNAL Father! throned above,  
Thou fountain of redeeming love!  
Eternal Word! who left thy throne,  
For man's rebellion to atone!  
Eternal Spirit! who dost give  
That grace by which our spirits live!—  
Thou God of our salvation! be  
Eternal praises paid to thee.

636  L. M. Denmark New, 262.  
'TIS sweet to sing, in grateful lays,  
The Father, Son, and Spirit's praise;  
And endless ages shall prolong  
The joy, the triumph, and the song.

637  L. M. Portugal, 97. Peru, 516.  
1 FOR love paternal, rich, and free,  
For love on Calvary's bloody tree,  
For love which does the heart renew,  
Gives grace, and leads to glory too;  
2 Men, angels, every creature join  
In strains exalted and divine;  
To Father, Son, and Spirit, raise  
Your everlasting song of praise.
3 Yes, Lord, we join the angelic tongues,
All heaven shall echo with our songs;
The theme, too vast for time, shall be
Rapture through all eternity.

The Christian pilgrim. EDMESTON.

1 LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but thee;
Yet possessing every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us,
All our weakness thou dost know,
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Long and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy:
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy:
Thus provided, pardon'd, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

639 10's. Warsaw, 211. Kendal, 86.
TO Father, Son, and Spirit ever bless'd,
Eternal praise and worship be address'd;
From age to age, ye saints, his name adore,
And spread his fame when time shall be no more.

640 C. M. St. Michael's, 119. WALLIN.
TO God the Father, God the Son,
Your grateful voices raise,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Render immortal praise.
Doxologies.

641  C. M. Jude’s Doxology, 236.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God, whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.


To Father, Redeemer, and Spirit, one God,
All praises we join to proclaim,
And hope yet in strains more sublimely on high,
Adoring, to bless thy great name.


1 Come, thou Almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise;
Father, all-glorious,
O’er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

2 Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall;
Let thine almighty aid
Our sure defence be made,
Our souls on thee be stay’d,
Lord, hear our call.

3 Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword;
Our prayers attend.
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

The Father, Redeemer, and Spirit we bless,
For favours and mercies which none can express;
And hope in the kingdom we ever shall live,
Admiring, adoring, all glory to give.

645 C. M. Evans, 190. Otford, 106.

Angels and saints, your anthems raise
To the great Three in One,
And celebrate in songs of praise
The wonders grace has done.


(Repeat the first part of the tune to the 3rd and 4th lines.)

All glory, blest Father, to thee for thy love,
Which ne'er from its objects shall ever remove:
All glory to Jesus, who died on the tree
For souls such as Peter, Manasseh, and me;
All glory, blest Spirit, be equally thine,
For cleansing the natures polluted as mine.

647 C. M. Hensbury, 323.

Canst thou by, &c. Job xi. 7.

1 O Self-existent One in Three,
Jehovah, God alone,
In glory wrapt, invisible,
By revelation known.

2 Incomprehensible Thou art,
And all research is vain;
Nor even can the wise in heart
The mystery explain.

3 Then teach us, Lord, thy name of love,
By revelation known:
Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord,
Jehovah, God alone.
648 C. M. Arabia, 324. Warwick, 471.

Thee, Father, Son, and Spirit, Thee,
Let heaven and earth adore,
Thou art, Thou wast, and Thou shalt be
God blessed evermore.

649 C. M. Arlington, 17. Matthew’s, 34.

1 Hail! Father, Son, and Spirit blest,
Before the birth of time,
Enthroned in everlasting state,
Jehovah Elohim.

2 A mystical plurality
We in the Godhead own;
Adoring One in Persons Three,
And Three in nature One.

650 S. M. Mansfield, 154. Sarah, 393.

To the eternal Three,
In will and essence One,
Be universal honours paid,
Co-equal honours done.

651 8.7.4. Painswick, 162. Alma, 345.

Praise the Father, Son, and Spirit,
For election, sovereign, free,
For redeeming love and merit,
For renewing such as we:
For all blessings,
Praise the glorious One in Three.

652 S. M. Sarah, 393. Farnham, 421.

To Father, Spirit, Son,
Whom angel hosts adore,
Give worship, honour, glory, power,
Both now and evermore.
DOXOLOGIES. 653—655

653  S. M. Whitfield, 168.

1  FATHER of all, to Thee
   Let endless praises rise,
Who for such rebel worms as we
Salvation didst devise.

2  Incarnate Deity,
   Let all the ransom’d race
Render in thanks their lives to thee,
For thy redeeming grace.

3  Spirit of holiness,
   Oh let us all adore
Thy sacred energy, and bless
Thine heart-renewing power.

4  Baptized into thy name,
   Almighty One in Three,
Thy grace and goodness we’ll proclaim,
Through all eternity.


FATHER, Spirit, and Son,
United in One,
The good work will perfect
Where’er ’t is begun.
United, Lord, we
Will glorify Thee,
Thou ineffable One,
Thou adorable Three.

655  6. 8. 4. Leoni, 90.

ALL worship and renown,
By saints in earth and heaven,
Be to the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit given.
DOXOLOGIES.

Let all the heavenly host
A Triune God adore;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
For evermore.

656 8. 7. 4. Lewes, 63. Saratoga, 531.

1 FATHER, 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.


1 TO God the Father, God the Son,
    And God the Spirit, Three in One,
In earth and heaven adored,
    Our hearts and hands and lips we raise,
With humble prayer and grateful praise,
    And own our Sov'reign Lord.

2 Father, Redeemer, Heavenly Guide,
May we by faith in thee abide,
    And bless thy constant love;
Till we in heaven thy glory see,
    And praise thee through eternity,
With angel hosts above.


THY goodness, Father, we confess,
    Which gave, and still preserves our breath:
When fearful loads of guilt oppress,
Incarnate Son, we plead thy death:
    And, lost in darkness, sin, and woe,
Spirit, thy help and joy we know.
659 8. 8. 6. Westbury Leigh, 278.

Our covenant God, in sweetest lays,  
The Father, Son, and Spirit praise,  
For grace immensely free;  
Goodness, which all our path attends,  
And glory too, which never ends,  
Praise, praise eternally.

660 104th. Hanover, 130.

Give glory to God, ye children of men,  
And publish abroad, again and again,  
The Son's glorious merit, the Father's free grace;  
The gift of the Spirit to Adam's lost race.

661 104th. Portugal New, 263.

Lest Father, and Son, and Spirit of grace,  
How sweet to enjoy the smiles of thy face!  
We'll live in thy service, then die; in thy praise  
The anthem of glory for ever we'll raise.


All glory to God, the Father, and Son,  
And Spirit of grace, the great Three in One;  
Let highest ascriptions for ever be given,  
By all the creation, on earth and in heaven.

663 P. M. Portuguese, 263.

1 Glory to God, with joyful adoration;  
Sing praises, sing praises, his power proclaim;  
Praise we the Lord, the strength of our salvation;  
And, worshipping before him, adore his name.

2 Praise him for mercies; blessings ever flowing;  
His love, which redeemed us from death, make known;  
Praise him in life, with holy rapture glowing;  
Then worship him with angels before his throne.

664 6. 6. 7. 7. Old Weston, 580.

Come, let us join to praise  
Jehovah, God of grace;
665—667 DOXOLOGIES.

To the Triune God above,
Be all blessing, homage, love,
Who to sinful worms below
Tenderest pity deigns to show.

665 7's. Aaron, 508. H. K. WHITE.

NOW to God, the Three in One,
Be eternal glory done:
Raise, ye saints, the sound again;
Nations, join the loud Amen.

666 7's. Georgia, 192. CONDER.

1 NOW with angels round the throne,
   Cherubim and seraphim,
   And the church, which still is one,
   Let us swell the solemn hymn;
   Glory to the great I AM!
   Glory to the Victim Lamb.

2 Blessing, honour, glory, might,
   And dominion infinite,
   To the Father of our Lord,
   To the Spirit and the Word:
   As it was all worlds before,
   Is, and shall be evermore.

667 7's. St. Austin's, 460. Northiam, 447. BOWRING'S RUSSIAN POETS.

1 SEE the glorious Cherubim
   Thronging round th' eternal throne,
   Hark, they sing their holy hymn,
   To the unknown Three in One.
   All-supporting Deity,
   Praise, eternal praise to thee.

2 Heaven-directed spirits, rise
   To the temple of the skies!
Join the ranks of angels bright,
Near the Eternal's dazzling light:
All-supporting Deity,
Praise, eternal praise to thee.

668

1 MIGHTY God, the Holy One,
   Dwelling in eternity:
   How shall we approach thy throne!
   How should sinners come to thee!
   Where thine awful glories blaze,
   Scarce can holy angels gaze.

2 Yet, though high thy dwelling-place,
   All our thoughts and praise above,
   Humble souls may seek thy face,
   God of glory, God of love:—
   Love that comes a heavenly guest
   To the contrite sinner's breast.

3 Father, hear us when we pray;
   Saviour, grace and strength impart;
   Holy Spirit, purge away
   All our guilt, and melt each heart:
   Triune God, thou sinner's Friend,
   Guide and bless us to the end.

669

THE Father and the Son,
   And Spirit, all divine,
   In my salvation join,
   And claim this heart of mine;
   Therefore to the eternal Three
   Immortal praise and glory be.
670—672  DOXOLOGIES.


MAY we share the Saviour's blessing
And the Father's mercy prove,
Let the Spirit be possessing
Every heart in peace and love.
May we live, O God! before Thee,
Ever love Thee and adore Thee,
In true fellowship combined:
Heart and body, soul and mind.

671  8. 7.  New Zealand, 467.

My mouth shall speak the praise of the Lord.
Psa. cxlv. 31.

PRAISE the God of all creation;
Praise the Father's boundless love;
Praise the Lamb, our Expiation,
Priest and King enthroned above;
Praise the Fountain of Salvation,
Him by whom our spirits live;
Undivided adoration,
To the One Jehovah give.

672  6. 4.  Bermondsey, 52.

Let there be light.  Gen. i. 3.

1 THOU, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light.

2 Thou, who didst come to bring
On thy protecting wing,
Healing and sight—
Sight to the inly blind,
Health to the sick in mind,
Oh! now, to all mankind,
Let there be light.

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight;
Move o’er the waters’ face,
By thine almighty grace,
And, in earth’s darkest place,
Let there be light.

4 Blessed and holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might,
Boundless as ocean’s tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
O’er the world, far and wide,
Let there be light.

1 MEET and right it is to sing,
In every time and place,
Glory to our heavenly King,
The God of Truth and Grace.
Join we then with sweet accord,
All in one thanksgiving join!
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Eternal praise be thine.

2 Father, God, thy love we praise,
Which gave thy Son to die;
Jesus, full of truth and grace,
Alike we glorify:

WESLEY.
Spirit, Comforter divine,
Praise by all to thee be given,
Till we in full chorus join,
And earth is turn’d to heaven.

7's. Amboyna, 289.

1 Holy, holy, holy!—Thee,
One Jehovah evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit!—we,
Dust and ashes, would adore.
Lightly by the world esteem’d,
From that world by Thee redeem’d,
Sing we here with glad accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord.

2 Holy, holy, holy!—all
Heaven’s triumphant choir shall sing,
While the ransom’d nations fall
At the footstool of their King:
Then shall saints and seraphim,
Harps and voices swell one hymn,
Blending in sublime accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord.

7.6. Amsterdam, 136.

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God whom we adore;
Join we with the heavenly host,
To praise thee evermore:
Three in One, and One in Three,
Live, by heaven and earth adored;
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
All glory be to Thee.

7's. New Zealand, 467.
The universal doxology.

1 Europe, speak the mighty name,
Loud th’ Eternal Three proclaim,
Let thy deep, seraphic lays
Thunder forth the echoing praise.
Asia, bring thy raptured songs;
Let innumerable tongues
Swell the chord from shore to shore,
Where thy thousand billows roar.

2 Sable Afric, aid the strain,
Triumph o’er thy broken chain;
Bid thy wildest music raise
All its fervour in his praise.
Shout, America, thy joys,
While his love thy song employs;
Let thy lonely wilderness
High exalt his righteousness.

3 All as one adore the Lord,
Father, Spirit, and the Word;
Hail, thou glorious Three in One,
Worthy thou to reign alone.
Praise him, all ye nations, praise;
Saints in heaven, your anthems raise;
Angels join the solemn chord—
Reign, for ever, holy Lord.

SING Hallelujah! praise the Lord!
Sing with a cheerful voice;
Exalt our God with one accord,
And in his name rejoice.
Ne’er cease to sing, thou ransom’d host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Until in realms of endless light
Your praises shall unite.

2 There we to all eternity
Shall join th’ angelic lays;
And sing in perfect harmony
To God, our Saviour's praise:
'He hath redeem'd us by his blood,
And made us kings and priests to God;
For us, for us the Lamb was slain,'
Praise ye the Lord, Amen.

THE great hallelujah all nations shall raise,
The Father, the Son, and the Spirit to praise;
O let the seventh trumpet be sounded, and then
Hallelujah for ever, Amen and Amen.

* The number of hymns in the preceding pages, including all the additional parts, is 1141.
SACRED MELODIES.*

1142 12, 13. The heavenly land.

Rev. T. GRINFIELD.

1 AND is there a land, far away from sin and woe,
All pure, and all blest, where the friends of Jesus go;
To see him as he is, his redeeming love adore,
Be with him, be like him, for ever, evermore?

2 Oh why, then, oh why, from that lovely land above,
Should pleasure, how vain, steal away my stedfast love?
Oh why, when ere to-morrow the blissful scenes may ope,
Though distress'd, should I sorrow, as one that has no hope?

* It may be proper to state, that, with few exceptions, these hymns and spiritual songs are neither intended nor adapted for the public worship of the sanctuary. They are inserted in this supplementary form principally for the use of Christians in private, or the family circle. The melodies to which they have been adapted will shortly be published in a work, entitled, "The Family Choralist," consisting of a large collection of admired and popular Melodies, Anthems, Choruses, &c., arranged in score for three and four voices, and for the piano forte, edited by Dr. Gauntlett, and W. H. Kearns, Esq.
3 No, onward, still onward, with unreverted eye,
Let me press through each scene, to my Father's house on high:
And find that while a pilgrim on Zion's way I sing,
Nor pleasures can lure me, nor sorrows deeply sting.

C. M. P.

The joy of hope.

1 HAIL, sweetest, dearest tie that binds
Our glowing hearts in one!
Hail, sacred hope, that tunes our minds
To harmony divine:
It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesu's grace has given;
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven;
We all shall meet in heaven at last,
We all shall meet in heaven;
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.

2 What though the northern wintry blast
Shall howl around our cot;
What though beneath the eastern sun
Be cast our distant lot?
Yet shall we share the blissful hope
Which Jesu's grace has given;
The hope, &c.

3 From Burmah's shores, from Afric's [strand,
From India's burning plain,
From Europe, from Columbia's land,
We hope to meet again.
It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesu's grace has given;
The hope, &c.

4 No lingering look, no parting sigh
Our future meeting knows;
There friendship beams from every eye,
And hope immortal grows.
Oh sacred hope! oh blissful hope!
Which Jesu's grace hath given;
The hope, &c.

1144 8. 7. The Christian's gratitude.

1 LORD, with glowing heart I'd praise
For the bliss thy love bestows; [thee
For the pardoning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows;
Help, O God, my weak endeavour,
This dull soul to rapture raise:
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my love be warm'd to praise.

2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away:
Praise with love's devoutest feeling
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stain'd cross appear.

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express;
Low before thy footstool kneeling,
Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless;
Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise,
And since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth thy praise.

The Christian's request.

WHEN, my heart beguiling,
All around is smiling,
O Lord, remember me:
When afflictions press me,
Sins and fears distress me,
Oh, still remember me!
On the couch when lying,
Languishing, and dying,
When the last, last sighing,
Yields my soul to thee;—
Then when friends are failing,
Nought on earth availing,—
Oh, then remember me!

Farewell to sadness.

FAREWELL to sadness,
Let every tear depart;
Wake all to gladness,
Wake, oh, my heart!
Shall worldly triflers raise the song
O'er pleasures they must lose ere long,
And shall not those rejoice and sing
Who love the heavenly King?
Farewell to sadness, &c.

C. M. Consolation.

THERE is a smile for every sigh,
For every wound a balm;
A joy for every Christian’s eye,
For every storm a calm.

2 Each sigh is sent a smile to light,
Each wound in mercy given,
Each tear-fill’d eye will yet be bright,
Each storm subside in heaven.

1 HAPPY those who rest have found
In the arms of Jesus;
Press’d no longer, prison’d, bound,
His glad Spirit frees us:
What was toil and strife within,
Now ’t is easy, pleasant;
Grief of guilt and love of sin
Die where Christ is present.

2 Now, by efforts all in vain,
Heavenly peace and favour
Never more we dream to gain,
Making self a saviour:
No, the plan is quite reversed;
First the sinner sees him:
Tastes his free salvation first,
Then goes forth to please him.

3 Yes, if privileged to know
Aught of that dear Saviour,
What a debt of love I owe
For so vast a favour:
Let me trace his path below,
Shunning what would grieve him;
Till, my trial done, I go
Where I ne’er shall leave him.
1149, 1150  SACRED MELODIES.

1149  P. M.  Heaven is my home.

1 I'm but a stranger here,
    Heaven is my home:
Earth is a desert drear,
    Heaven is my home:
Danger and sorrow stand
    Heaven is my home:
Round me on every hand;
   Heaven is my father-land,
    Heaven is my home.

2 What though the tempest rage?
    Heaven is my home:
Short is my pilgrimage,
    Heaven is my home:
And time's wild wintry blast
    Heaven is my home:
Soon will be over-past;
    Heaven is my home.

1150  The heart knoweth its own bitterness.  

GRINFIELD.

1 All may be outwardly desert and gloom;
    While in the secret soul summer may bloom.
Health may depart, yet from above
Jesus may give the heart peace, hope, and love;
All may be desolate round us the while,
    Yet a sweet Paradise inwardly smile.

2 'Tis not in circumstance peace to bestow;
    Nor, where that heaven resides, turn it to woe;
Lord, if thou bless, where is distress?
Where, if thou wound, the heart-balm for the smart?
'Tis not in earthly things peace to bestow;
Nor, where that heaven resides, turn it to woe.

1151 8. 4. The incomparable Friend.

1 THERE's a Friend above all others,
   Oh how He loves!
His is love beyond a brother's,
   Oh how He loves!
Earthly friends may fail and leave us,
This day kind, the next deceive us;
But this Friend will never leave us:
   Oh how He loves!

2 Pause, my soul, adore and wonder!
   Oh how He loves!
Nought can cleave this love asunder,
   Oh how He loves!
Neither trial nor temptation,
Doubt, nor fear, nor tribulation,
Can bereave us of salvation:
   Oh how He loves!

3 Let us still this love be viewing,
   Oh how He loves!
And, though faint, keep on pursuing,
   Oh how He loves!
He will strengthen each endeavour,
And, when pass'd o'er Jordan's river,
This shall be our song for ever,—
   Oh how He loves!
1152, 1153 SACRED MELODIES.

1152 11's. The saints' sweet home.

1 'MID scenes of confusion, and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints,
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feel, in the presence of Jesus, at home;
   Home, home, sweet home!
   Receive me, dear Saviour, in glory at home.

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace,
   And thrice blessed Jesus, whose love cannot cease;
Though oft from thy presence in sorrow I roam,
   I long to behold thee in glory at home.

3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
   Which hinders my joy and communion with thee;
Though now my temptations like billows may foam,
   All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee at home.

4 Whate'er thou deny me, oh! give me thy grace,
   The Spirit's true witness, and smiles of thy face;
Indulge me with patience to wait at thy throne,
   And give even now a sweet foretaste of home.

5 I long, gracious Lord, in thy presence to shine,
   No more as an exile in sorrow to pine,
But in thy fair image arise from the tomb,
   With glorified millions to praise thee at home.

1153 8. 8. 6. 6. The pilgrim's farewell.

1 FAREWELL, poor world! I must be gone,
   Thou art no home, no rest for me;
I 'll take my staff and travel on,
   Till I a better world may see.
Chor.—I 'll march to Canaan's land;
   I 'll land on Canaan's shore,
   Whose pleasures never end,
   Where troubles come no more:
Farewell, farewell, farewell,
Farewell, poor world, farewell!
2 Farewell, poor world! time rolls along,
   Nor waits for mortal care or bliss;
I ’ll leave thee and I ’ll travel on
   Till I arrive where Jesus is.
Chor.—I ’ll march, &c.

3 ‘ Stay, stay,’ said earth, ‘ whither, fond one?
   Here ’s a fair world,—what would’st thou have?’
Fair world! nay, false! thy beauty ’s gone;
   A heavenly Canaan, Lord, I crave.
Chor.—I ’ll march, &c.

4 Put on, my soul, put on with speed,
   Tho’ the way be long, the end is sweet;
Once more, poor world, farewell, indeed,
   In leaving thee, my Lord I meet.
Chor.—I ’ll march, &c.

1154 8.4. Weep not for me. D A L E.

1 WHEN the spark of life is waning,
   Weep not for me.
   When the languid eye is straining,
       Weep not for me.
   When the feeble pulse is ceasing,
       Start not at its swift decreasing,
       'T is the fetter’d soul ’s releasing;
       Weep not for me.

2 When the pangs of death assail me,
   Weep not for me.
   Christ is mine—He cannot fail me,
       Weep not for me.
   Yes, though sin and doubt endeavour
   From his love my soul to sever,
   Jesus is my strength—for ever.
       Weep not for me.
LOWLY and solemn be
Thy children's cry to thee,
Father Divine!
A hymn of suppliant breath,
Owning that life and death
Alike are thine.

O Father, in that hour
When earth all succouring power
Shall disavow;
When spear, and shield, and crown,
In faintness are cast down;
Sustain us, Thou!

By him who bow'd to take
The death-cup for our sake,
The thorn, the rod;
From whom the last dismay
Was not to pass away;
Aid us, O God!

Tremblers beside the grave,
We call on thee to save,
Father Divine!
Hear, hear our suppliant breath,
Keep us in life and death,
Thine, only thine!

LAUNCH thy bark, mariner!
Christian, God speed thee!
Let loose the rudder-bands,
Good angels lead thee!
Set thy sails warily,
Tempests will come;
Steer thy course steadily,
   Christian, steer home.

2 Look to the weather-bow,
   Breakers are round thee;
Let fall the plummet now,
   Shallows may ground thee.
Reef in the foresail, there!
   Hold the helm fast!
So—let the vessel wear—
   There swept the blast.

3 'What of the night, watchman,
   What of the night?'
'Cloudy—all quiet—
   No land yet—all 's right;'
Be wakeful, be vigilant—
   Danger may be
At an hour when all seemeth
   Securest to thee.

4 How! gains the leak so fast?
   Clear out the hold—
Hoist up thy merchandise,
   Heave out thy gold;
There—let the ingots go—
   Now the ship rights;
Hurra! the harbour 's near—
   Lo, the red lights!

5 Slacken not sail yet
   At inlet or island;
Straight for the beacon steer,
   Straight for the high land;
Crowd all thy canvas on,
   Cut through the foam—
Christian, cast anchor now—
   Christian, steer home.
1157, 1158 SACRED MELODIES.

1157 112th.
Mariner’s hymn. GRINFIELD.

1 SWEETLY ye blow, celestial gales,
Our oars let us ply, and expand our sails,
Faithful our chart, our compass even,
Our anchor is hope, our harbour heaven.
Sweetly blow on, celestial gales,
Be patience for oars, and be prayer for sails.

2 What though, at times, a rough wind blow,
And breakers abound, and the tide runs low,
Think, when we gain the wish’d for shore,
How sweet to repose, our labours o’er!
On! let us on! to chase our fear,
The haven’s in view, and the Saviour’s near.

3 Hark to their voice! (that white-robed host
To welcome us waits on the blissful coast,)
Once, like yourselves, ’mid grief and fear,
We anchor’d on hope, and landed here;
On! brethren, on! your sails expand,
The haven’s in view, and the Lord at hand.

1158 112th.
The same.

1 SWEETLY let’s join our evening prayer,
And give to the winds all earthly care;
We’ll sing and row o’er life’s rough sea,
We are sailing to eternity.
Blow, breezes, blow, the gales of grace,
The haven of glory’s our resting place.

2 Though dark’s the night in which we sail,
Our Pilot’s on board, we cannot fail;
The wind and waves his voice obey'd,
And the great deep by him was made.

Chor. Blow, breezes, blow, &c.

3 Faintly at times we pull the oar,
Yet every stroke brings nearer shore;
Cross winds, rough waves, are in the way;
Pull strong the oar, and humbly pray:

Chor. Blow, breezes, blow, &c.

4 Make, make the port, the tide runs high;
Unfurl the white sails, the haven is nigh;
The hills and dales of life look dim,
We'll sing to our friends the farewell


5 And when the port of glory's gain'd,
And full redemption we've obtain'd,
With saints and angels we will sing
The wonders of our God and King.

Chor. Blow, breezes, blow, &c.

1159

Christian hope.  

GRINFIELD.

How still, amidst commotion,
The bark, at anchor cast;
Around her heaves the ocean,
Her anchor holds her fast:
And hope, an anchor of the soul,
How stedfast to the soul is given;
Around him waves of trial roll,
His hope is fix'd in heaven.

1160

Why art thou disquieted?  

Ps. xlii. 5-11.  

GRINFIELD.

Why art thou grieving, if to the Lord
Still thou art cleaving, keeping his word?
Art not thou dying daily at best?
Will not all sighing soon be at rest?
Ever to cheer thee on to thine end,
Jesus is near thee, he is thy friend.

2 Has he not sought thee, once far astray?
Has he not brought thee still on thy way?
Foes might assail thee, fears might oppress,
When did he fail thee in thy distress?
Why art thou grieving, if to the Lord
Still thou art cleaving, keeping his word?

1 We are travelling home to heaven above,
To sing the Saviour's dying love,
Millions have reach'd that happy shore,
Their toils and conflicts all are o'er,
But still there's room for millions more:
Come with us.

2 We are going to walk the plains of light,
To where there is no curse nor night,
A glorious crown we then shall wear,
The conqueror's palm we then shall bear,
And all the joys of glory share:
Come with us.

3 The Saviour all-sufficient grace
Will bestow,
And cheer us with his smiling face
As we go;
And when our pilgrimage is o'er,
Will land us safe on yon blest shore,
Where we shall sin nor sorrow more.
Will you go?

4 With you to Canaan's happy land
   We will go;
For God is with the pilgrim-band,
   We will go.
To Jesus we would give our heart,
With every sin and idol part,
And with his people have our part,
   Weal or woe.

1162

12. 11.

Divine compassion.

1 HOW great thy compassion,
   My God and my Saviour,
To purchase my life
   At the cost of thy own;
When wrath intercepted
   The flow of thy favour,
'Twas pity, soft pity,
   That brought Jesus down.

2 The Saviour incarnate,
   More mild than the morning,
Compassion and mercy
   Still beam'd from his eyes;
His head crown'd with briers,
   The sword his side piercing,
'My Father, forgive them,'
   He whispers, and dies.

3 Assist me, Redeemer,
   That pardon to credit
Which thou didst secure
   At the price of thy blood;
1163, 1164 SACRED MELODIES.

Speak peace to my conscience,
Then summon my spirit
To reign with thy saints
In the mansions of God.

1163

8. 7. 8.

The pilgrim to Zion.

1 WHITHER goest thou, pilgrim stranger,
Wandering through this gloomy vale?
Know'st thou not 'tis full of danger,
And will not thy courage fail?
  No! I'm bound for the kingdom,
  And hope through grace to reach the
Hallelujah, praise ye the Lord. [place.

2 Pilgrim thou dost justly call me,
  Travelling through the desert wide;
But no ill shall e'er befall me,
  While I'm blest with such a guide.
  I am bound, &c.

3 Pilgrim, see that stream before thee,
  Darkly rolling through the vale;
Should its boisterous waves roll o'er thee
  Would not then thy courage fail?
  No! I'm bound, &c.

4 No, that stream has nothing frightful,
  To its brink my steps I bend,
And shall find its waves delightful,
  There my pilgrimage will end.
  For I'm bound, &c.

1164

9. 3.

God is love.

1 WHAT sound is this through heaven
resounding?— God is love;
From earth I hear the sound rebound-
ing,— . God is love:
Yes, while adoring hosts proclaim,
Love is his nature, love his name,
My soul in rapture cries the same,—
God is love.

2 This song repeat, ye saints in glory,—
God is love.
And saints on earth, shout back the story,—
God is love;
In this let heaven and earth agree,
To sound his love both full and free,
And let the theme for ever be,—
God is love.

3 Creation's thousand tongues proclaiming,—
God is love;
And providence unites, exclaiming,
God is love;
But let the burden'd sinner hear
The gospel sounding loud and clear,
To every soul both far and near,
God is love.

5. 6.

Breast the wave, Christian.

1 Breast the wave, Christian, when it is strongest,[night's longest,
Watch for day, Christian, when the Onward and onward, still be thine endeaour,
The rest that remaineth will be for ever.

2 Fight the fight, Christian, Jesus is o'er thee,[fore thee;
Run the race, Christian, heaven is be-
He who hath promised faltereth never,
The love of eternity flows on for ever.
3 Lift the eye, Christian, just as it closeth;  
Raise the heart, Christian, ere it reposeth;  
Thee from the love of Christ nothing shall sever,  
Mount when thy work is done—praise [him forever.  
C. M.

Never part again.

1 Ye souls that trust in Christ, rejoice,  
Your sins are all forgiven;  
Let every Christian lift his voice,  
And sing the joys of heaven.  
Chor.—We are marching through Immanuel’s ground,  
And soon shall hear the trumpet sound;  
We hope with Jesus then to reign,  
And never, never part again. [again:  
What! never part again? No, never part  
We hope with Jesus then to reign,  
And never, never part again.

2 Heaven is that holy happy place  
Where sin no more defiles,  
Where God our Saviour shows his face,  
In endless love and smiles.  
We are marching, &c.

3 Where saints are free from every load  
Of passions or of pains;  
God dwells in them, and they in God,  
And love forever reigns.  
We are marching, &c.

1167

L. M.  
The joys of home.  

1 Let others bow at fashion’s shrine,  
And through the maze of pleasure roam,
The calmer joys of life be mine,
My cheerful hearth, my quiet home.

2 The brightest cheek that ever bloom’d
Is turn’d by dissipation pale:
The heart’s best feelings are entomb’d
In scenes where guilty joys prevail.

3 Let others shine in gay attire,
And range through fashion’s giddy round;
Give me the calm, domestic fire,
Where peace and holy joys abound!

1 OH! sweet as vernal dews that fill
The closing buds on Zion’s hill,
When evening clouds draw thither,
So sweet, so heavenly ’t is, to see
The members of one family
Live peacefully together!

2 The children, like the lily flowers,
On which descend the sun and showers,
Their hues of beauty blending,—
The parents like the willow boughs,
On which the lovely foliage grows,
Their friendly shade extending.

3 But leaves the greenest will decay,—
And flowers the brightest fade away,
When autumn winds are sweeping;
And be the household e’er so fair,
The hand of death will soon be there,
And turn the scene to weeping!

4 Yet leaves again will clothe the trees,
And lilies wave beneath the breeze,
When spring comes smiling hither;
1169, 1170 SACRED MELODIES.

And friends who parted at the tomb,
May yet renew their loveliest bloom,
And meet in heaven together.

1169

7. 6. 7.
The same.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

1 ONWARD—heavenward, let us press,
Through the path of duty:
Virtue is true happiness,—
Excellence, true beauty.
Minds are of celestial birth;
Let us seek a heaven on earth!

2 Sweetest bonds of friendship, here,
Bind our hearts together;
Where our fireside comforts cheer,
In the wildest weather:
Oh! they wander wide who roam,
For the joys of life, from home!

3 Bonds of everlasting love
Draw our souls in union,
To our Father's house above,
To the saints' communion:
Thither may our hopes ascend;
There may all our labours end!

1170

7. 6. 4.
Sweet home.

BARTON.

1 WHERE burns the fireside brightest,
Cheering the social breast?
Where beats the fond heart lightest,
Its humble hopes possess'd?
Where is the hour of sadness
With meek-eyed patience borne?
Worth more than those of gladness,
Which mirth's gay cheeks adorn!
Pleasure is mark'd by fleetness,
To those who ever roam;
While grief itself has sweetness
At home—sweet home!

2 There blend the ties that strengthen
Our hearts in hours of grief,—
The silver links that lengthen
Joy's visits when most brief:
There eyes, in all their splendour,
Are vocal to the heart;
And glances, bright and tender,
Fresh eloquence impart:
Then, dost thou sigh for pleasure?
Oh! do not widely roam;
But seek that hidden treasure
At home—sweet home!

1171

Peace of mind.

SAY, why should thy breast be disturb'd with each trifle?
Oh, why should not gloom and anxiety cease?
When sacred communion each murmur would stifle,
And charm all thy spirit to purified peace?
What heart-healing balm for corrosions of sadness,
The glory, the grace, of thy God to review;
What a life-breathing watchword to love, hope, and gladness,
Is all he hath done, and hath promised to do!

1172

Forsake me not.

GRINFIELD.

1 Oh do not forsake me,
My Father, my Friend!
When I wander, o'ertake me,
And guide to the end!
With tenderness draw me;
   Nor let me repine
If thy chastening o'eraweme;
   I must be made thine.

When neglect, sin, and error,
   On consciousness crowd,
Under sorrow, or terror,
   My spirit is bow'd,
When I muse on thy mercies,
   Thy patience, love, care; 
Then the dark cloud disperses—
   I cannot despair.

Oh, no! thou wilt never,—
   So faithful, so kind,—
From thy favour one sever,
   Who thee, Lord, would find.
'Tis I that oft leave thee;
   Forgive me, restore;
And, Lord, let me leave thee
   No more, never more!

FAREWELL, my friends beloved,
   Time passes fleetly;
When moments are improved,
   Time passes sweetly:
In Jesus we are one;
When our few years are gone,
Before the shining throne
We'll meet in glory.

The woes of life we feel,
   And its temptations;
But let us wisely fill
Our proper stations:
SACRED MELODIES.

Soldiers of Christ, hold fast;  
The war will soon be past;  
When vict'ry comes at last,  
We'll meet in glory.

3 And O what joys shall crown  
That happy meeting!  
We 'll bow before the throne,  
Each other greeting:  
Refresh'd, again we start:  
Though for a while we part,  
Yet always join'd in heart,  
We 'll meet in glory.

WAKE, my voice, oh, wake once more,  
To breathe a farewell lay!  
How soon must all thy songs be o'er!  
How soon thy powers decay;  
Yet cheer thy tone with hope, ere long,  
Reviving, still to raise  
A sweeter far, far nobler song,  
A song of ceaseless praise!  
Then wake, my voice, oh, wake once more  
And breathe this parting lay;  
Ere yet thy songs on earth be o'er,  
And thou too die away.

THE END.
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