SELECTION OF HYMNS
FROM
THE BEST AUTHORS,
INCLUDING
A GREAT NUMBER OF ORIGINALS:
INTENDED TO BE
AN APPENDIX
TO
DR. WATTS'S PSALMS AND HYMNS.

BY JOHN RIPPON, D. D.

THE TENTH—AN ENLARGED EDITION,
WITH THE NAMES OF
THE TUNES ADAPTED TO THE HYMNS.

SOLD BY THE AUTHOR,
AND AT HIS VESTRY, CARTER-LANE, TOOLEY-STREET:
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The Number of the Hymn always answers to the Number of the Page: thus—

Hymn 33 —— Page 33
Hymn 433 —— Page 433
Hymn 570 —— Page 570

The Number that follows the Name of the Tunes refers to Dr. Rippon's Tune Book; thus

Hymn 6—Bedford 91—that is, Tune 91, in The Selection of Tunes.
P R E F A C E.

TO THE TENTH EDITION.

The good acceptance and success with which the former Editions of this Volume have been blessed, demand my warmest and most unfeigned gratitude to the God of Providence and Grace, with whom are the issues of all our endeavours to promote his glory.

The first edition of the Selection consisted of five hundred and eighty-eight hymns, three hundred of which had never appeared in any collection for public worship before. About one hundred and fifty of them, as the preface announced, were originals. Some of these, on different subjects, I had the pleasure of composing; others were the productions of several eminent persons—the flower of that denomination of Christians to which it is my honour to belong. These were handomely communicated for the Selection; and many of them, according to the forms of law, were regularly assigned to me, in my own right and as my sole property; of which my reverend friends, Dr. John Ryland, now of Bristol; Mr. Job David, of Frome; and Mr. Thomas Dunscombe, of Yeovil—are yet living witnesses. This statement is given to prevent all future illicit republication of any of the original parts of this Work.

In the preface to the former editions, I expressed my fear, "Notwithstanding this addi-
tion of above five hundred hymns to Dr. Watts's Hymns and Psalms, that all of them together would not furnish a sufficient variety for every subject of consideration which might arise in the course of the Christian ministry." Time, general use of the hymns, and a frequent recurrence to the Index of their subjects, have since united to prove that these apprehensions were not altogether unfounded or problematical; and that there was reason for intimating, "that too great a variety of evangelical hymns, for public worship, is a thing scarcely conceivable."

The truth is, respecting the Selection at least, that, with all its diversity of subjects, even considered as an Appendix to Dr. Watts, it has been found rather deficient than redundant. Hence, on mature deliberation, and with the advice and assistance of some of my most respectable Brethren in the Ministry, and other distinguished Friends, I have enlarged this edition, by the insertion, under proper heads, of more than sixty hymns. The far greater part of these are entirely originals, and are duly placed under the protection of the law.

To distinguish those in the enlargement, which are my own compositions, would neither add the embellishments of piety or poetry to them, nor, perhaps, answer any other valuable end. It may suffice to say, that, with no inconsiderable attention, I have endeavoured to introduce hymns on such subjects as were not to be found in the Volume, and on heads which are interesting and popular; I mean of general use, and therefore of the greatest consequence. A few are inserted on the Trinity, on the Divinity of Christ, and
on the Work of the Holy Spirit. But the greater part of the additions consist of hymns adapted to Village Worship, to Monthly Prayer Meetings for the Spread of the Gospel, to Missionary Meetings, and to the chapter of hymns before and after Sermon;—a chapter this, which there was but little danger of protracting to an undesirable length. The sections on Affliction, Death, and Judgment, have also received some enlargement; and so have the Indexes, both of scriptures and of subjects.

This new edition, which I hope competent judges will find to be an improved one, I present, with the utmost respect and affection, to my Fellow-Labourers, to the Churches, and to the Individuals, of different denominations, both at home and abroad, who have either flatedly or occasionally used the former copies.

And now, with all the solemnity of an entire dedication, I commit the Volume to thy care, patronage, and special blessing,—O Thou infinitely beautiful and bountiful Being! to whom I am, of all the sons of Adam, peculiarly indebted; beseeching thee, for the sake of my crucified and ascended Redeemer, to grant, "That, however weak and contemptible this "Work may seem in the eyes of the chil-"dren of the world, and however imperfect it "really may be, as well as the author of it un-"worthy, it may, nevertheless, live before thee, "and, through a divine power, be mighty," to lefien the miseries and to increase the holiness and bliss of multitudes, "in distant places, and in "generations yet to come! Impute it not;
"O God, as a culpable ambition, if I desire, that, whatever becomes of my name; this Work may be propagated far abroad; that it may reach to those who are yet unborn, and teach them thy name, and thy praise, when the author has long dwelt in the dust: that so, when he shall appear before thee in the great day of final account, his joy may be increased, and his crown brightened, by numbers before unknown to each other and to him! But if this petition be too great to be granted to one who pretends no claim to hope for being favoured with the least, give him to be, in thine almighty hand, the blessed instrument of converting and saving one soul; and if it be but one, and that the meanest and weakest of all the human race, though it should be amidst a thousand disappointments with respect to others, yet it shall be the subject of immortal songs of praise to thee, O blessed God, for and by every soul whom, through the blood of Jesus, and the grace of thy Spirit, thou hast saved; and everlasting honours shall be ascribed to the Father, to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit, by the innumerable company of angels, and by the general assembly, and the church of the first-born in heaven. Amen!"

JOHN RIPPON.

No. 11, Grange Road, May 10, 1800.
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Prostrate dear Jesus at thy Feet  
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Rejoice the Lord is King  
Rejoice the Savioir reigns  
Religion is the chief Concern  
Repent the Voice celestial cries  
Return my roving Heart return  
Rise my Soul and stretch thy Wings  
Rock of Ages shelter me  
SAVITION O melodious Sound  
Salvation thro' our dying God  
Saviour divine we know thy Name  
Saviour of Men and Lord of Love  
Saviour visit thy Plantation  
Say who is she that looks abroad  
Searcher of Hearts before thy Face  
See Felix cloth'd with Pomp and Power  
See gracious God before thy Throne  
See how rude Winter's icy Hand  
See how the little toiling Ant  
See how the mounting Sun  
See how the willing Converts trace-  
See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand  
See Lord thy willing Subjects bow  
Self destroy'd for Help I pray  
Shall Atheists dare insult the Cross  
Shall Jesus descend from the Skies  
Shepherd of Israel bend thine Ear  
Shepherd of Israel thou dost keep  
Should bounteous Nature kindly pour  
Shout for the Blessed Jesus reigns  
Since Jesus freely did appear  
Sinful and Blind and Poor  
Sing to the Lord above  
Sinner O why so thoughtless grown  
Sinners the Voice of God regard  
Sinners you are now addressed  
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Thou Lord my Safety thou my Light
Thou only Centre of my Rest
Thou only Sovereign of my Heart
Thou very Paschal Lamb
Thrice happy Souls who born from Heaven
Thro' all the changing Scenes of Life
Thro' all the various shifting Scene
Thus Agur breath'd his warm Desire
Thus far my God hath led me on
Thus it became the Prince of Grace
Thus was the great Redeemer plung'd
Thus we commemorate the Day
Thy Life I read my dearest Lord
Thy Mercy my God is the Theme of my Song
Thy Names how infinite they be
Thy Presence everlasting God
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Thy Sire and her who brought thee forth
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'Tis finish'd so the Saviour cried
'Tis finish'd 'tis done the Spirit is fled
'Tis my Happiness below
'Tis Religion that can give
To Christ the Lord let every Tongue
To distant Lands thy Gospel send
To Father Son and Holy Ghost
To Father Son and Holy Ghost
To God my Saviour and my King
To God the universal King
To him who on the fatal Tree
To Jesus our exalted Lord
To our Redeemer's glorious Name
To praise the ever bounteous Lord
To the eternal Three
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HYMNS, &c.

G O D.

HYMN I. L. M. DR. S. STEENETH.
Addison’s. Tune i.

A Song of Praise to God.

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 thro’ the sky he makes his way,
   To all the world proclaims aloud
   The boundless sov’reignty 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 lift’ning earth with rapture hears
   Th’ 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.
THE BEING AND

L. M. WILLIAMS’S PSALMS.
Old Hundred 100.
The Unity of God. Deut. vi. 4.

1 ETERNAL God! Almighty Cause
   Of Earth; and Seas, and Worlds unknown;
   All things are subject to Thy Laws,
   All things depend on Thee alone.

2 Thy glorious Being singly stands,
   Of all within itself possesst;
   Control’d by none are Thy commands;
   Thou from thyself alone art blest.

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

4 Spread Thy great name thro’ heathen lands;
   Their idol-deities dethrone;
   Reduce the world to thy command;
   And reign, as Thou art, God alone.

3 L. M.
Paul’s 246. Fawcett 184.

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

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

3 Thou great Invisible! what hand
   Can draw Thy Image spotless fair?
PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

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

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.

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. Steele.


The Eternity of God and Man's Mortality, Pf. xc.

ORD, 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,
Before thy word gave nature birth,
Or spread the Sarry Heavens abroad,
Or form'd the varied face of earth,
Frem everlasting thou art God.

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!

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.

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.

14 B 2
6 O make our sacred pleasures rise
In sweet proportion to our pains,
Till c'en the sad remembrance dies,
Nor one uneasy thought complains.

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

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

5 L. M. Dr. Doddridge.
Angel's Hymn 60. Paul's 246.


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

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

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

4 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.
PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

But let the creatures fall around:
Let death consign us to the ground:
Let the last general flame arise,
And melt the archers 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. DR. WATTS'S LYRIC POEMS.
The Infinite.

1 THY names, how infinite they be!
Great EVERLASTING One!
Boundless thy might and majesty,
And unconfin'd thy throne.

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

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

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

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

15
6 In vain our haughty reason swells;
  For nothing’s found in thee
But boundless unconceivables,
  And vast eternity.

7. L. M. MERRICK’S PSALMS.
Omnipotence; or, the Power and Providence of God.
Psalm cxxxv.

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 impress’d,
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 vapours rise;
The lightning’s pallid sheet expands;
And glads with hov’rs 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 sneer?

8 C. M.

The Omnipresence and Omniscience of God.
Psalms cxxxxix.

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 inclos'd
   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 are there;
   Before me, shines thy name;
And 'tis 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, thro' nature's spacious range,
   Shall I elude thy sight?

16 B 4
Scald I the Skies, the blaze divine
Would overwhelm my soul:
Plunged I to Hell, there should I hear
Thine awful thunders roll.

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;

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

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

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!

C. M. Dr. Watts's Lyric Poems.

Abridge 201. Canterbury 199.

Divine Sovereignty; or, God's Dominion and Decrees.

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

Life, Death, and Hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree:
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor bowers leave to be.
PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

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 ev'ry stroke
   Fulfils 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!

IO 7 B. FRANCIS.
Cookham 36. Alcester 213.

The Majesty of God.

GLORY to the 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, thro' 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!

II L. M. BEDDOME:


The Wisdom of God.

1 Wilt, 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, tho’ 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,
That what he does is ever best.
PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

4. Wait then, my soul, submissive wait,  
Prolate before his awful seat;  
And, 'midst the terrors of his rod,  
Troot in a wife and gracious God.

(First Part.) C. M. Steele.

Liverpool 83. Exeter 4.

The Goodness of God, Nahum i. 7.

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 raptur'd songs above  
Can render equal praise.

B. G.
THE BEING AND

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

God is Love. 1 John iv. 8.

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

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

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

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

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

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

13 L. M.

The Loving-kindness of the Lord, Ps. lxiii. 7.

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!
PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

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

3 Tho' numerous hosts of mighty foes,
    Tho' 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, tho' 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. DR. WATTS'S LYRIC POEMS.


The Grace of God; or, 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 ev'ry humble soul,
   With pleasure in his eyes.

5. Why should the Lord, that reigns above,
   Disdain so lofty kings?
   Say Lord, and why such looks of love
   Upon such worthless things?

4. Mortals be dumb; what creature dares
   Dispute his awful will?
   Ask no account of his affairs;
   But tremble and be still.

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

155 11. S——.

Geard 156. Broughton 172.

The Mercy of God, Psalm Lxxxix. 1.

1 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.

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

3 Thy mercy is more than a match for my heart,
   Which wonders to feel its own hardness depart;
   Dissolv'd 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 exempts 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 crucify'd Son:
All praise to the Spirit, whose whisper divine
Seals mercy and pardon and righteousness mine!

ORD, 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!

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.

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

See a bush, that burns with fire,
Unconsum'd amid the flame!
Turn aside, the sight 'tadmirer,
I the living wonder am.
Tell it, &c.
2. He bids his awful chariot roll
   Far downward from the skies,
   To visit ev'ry humble soul,
   With pleasure in his eyes.

5. Why should the Lord, that reigns above,
   Disdain so lofty kings?
Say Lord, and why such looks of love
Upon such worthless things?

4. Mortals be dumb; what creature dares
   Dispute his awful will?
Ask no account of his affairs,
But tremble and be still.

5. Just like his nature is his grace;
   All sov'reign, and all free;
Great God, how searchless are thy ways?
How deep thy judgments be!

15  11.  S——
Geard 156. Broughton 172.

The Mercy of God, Ps93. lxxxix. 1.

1. 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.

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

3. Thy mercy is more than a match for my heart,
   Which wonders to feel its own hardness depart;
   Dissolv'd 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 exempts 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 crucify'd Son:
All praise to the Spirit, whose whisper divine
Seals mercy and pardon and righteousness mine!

167:
Firth's 146.

The Long-suffering, or Patience of God.

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!

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.

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

See a bush, that burns with fire,
Unconsum'd amid the flame!
'Turn aside the sight, t'admire,
I sue living wonder am.
Tell it, &c.
The Being and

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

5 Why should the Lord, that reigns above,
   Disdain so lofty kings?
   Say Lord, and why such looks of love
   Upon such worthless things?

4 Mortals be dumb; what creature dares
   Dispute his awful will?
   Ask no account of his affairs,
   But tremble and be still.

5 Just like his nature is his grace;
   All sou'reign, and all free;
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Jesus, Saviour, can it be?
All thy mercies height I prove,
All the depth is seen in me.

4 See a bush, that burns with fire,
Unconsum'd amid the flame!
Turn aside, the sight I admire,
I the living wonder am.
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, Isaiah viii. 13.

1 Holy and reverend is the name
    Of our eternal King:
Thrice holy Lord, the Angels cry;
Thrice holy, let us sing.

2 Heaven's brightest lamps with him compar'd,
    How mean they look, and dim!
The fairest Angels have their spots,
    When once compar'd 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.
PERFECTIONS OF GOD. 18,19.

18 L. M. BEDDOME.
Green's Hundred 89. Old-Hundred 100.

The Justice and Goodness of God.

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:
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:

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

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. N———.


The Truth and Faithfulness of God, Num. xxiii. 19.

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 a man tempt from frailty free,
Blest in his self-sufficiency?

3 He will not his great self deny:
A God all truth can never lie.
THE BEING AND

As well might he his being quit
As break his oath, or word forget.

4 Let frighten'd rivers change their course,
Or backward hasten to their source;
Swift thro' 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. DR. WATTS'S LYRIC POEMS.

God Supreme and Self-sufficient:

1 WHAT is our God, or what his name,
Nor men 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,
Compard 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 wond'rous word, and lo!
Creation rose at his command;
Whirlwinds and seas their limits know,
Bound in the hollow of his hand.

4 There rafts the earth, there roll the spheres,
There nature leans, and feels her prop:
But his own self-sufficiency bears
The weight of his own glories up.
PERFECTIONS OF GOD

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.

21 C. M. DR. S. STENNELL.


Mercy and Truth met together; or, the Harmony of the divine Perfections, Psalm lxxxv. 10.

1 WHEN first the God of boundless grace Disclos'd his kind design, To rescue our apostate race From mis're, shame, and sin;

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

3 Yet, 'midst their joys, they pause'd awhile; And ask'd, with strange surmise, " But how can injur'd justice smile, " Or look with pitying eyes?"

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

5 "Their tears, and groans, and deep distress, "Aloud for mercy call; "But ah! must truth and righteousness "To mercy victims fall?"
6 So spake the friends of God and man, 
   Delighted, yet surpris’d; 
   Eager to know the wond’rous plan, 
   That Wisdom had devis’d.]

7 The Son of God attentive heard, 
   And quickly thus reply’d, 
   “In me let Mercy be rever’d, 
   “And Justice satisfy’d.”

3 “Behold! my vital blood I pour 
   “A sacrifice to God; 
   “Let angry Justice now no more 
   “Demand the sinner’s blood.”

9 He spake, and Heav’n’s high arches rung 
   With shouts of loud applause; 
   “He dy’d!” the friendly angels sung, 
   Nor cease their rapturous joys.

22 C. M. Dr. Watts's Sermons. 
   Irish 171. Braintree 25.

The 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 dy’d 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.
PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

And spread his honours and their joys
Through nations far abroad.
Let faith, and love, and duty, join,
One general song to raise;
Let saints in earth and Heav’n combine
In harmony and praise.

22 7.
Stoel 164. Alcester 213.

To the Trinity.

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

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

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

23
4 Fearful thou in praises, too,
   Loving Saviour, slumber’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:
Mortify sin, root and deed,
   Daily strengthen every grace;
Send us, urges on, with speed,
   And let glory crown the race!

23 L.M. Dr. Watts’s Lyric Poems.
   Paul’s 246. Angels’ Hymn 66.

The Incomprehensibility of God.

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 thy-own original,
Made up of uncreated things,
   And self-sufficiency bears them all.

4 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.
Thrones and dominions round thee fall,
And worship in submissive forms;
Thy presence shakes this lower ball,
This little dwelling-place of worms.
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!
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.

24 E. M. N—.
Lebanon 79. Marks 65.

The Moral Perfections of the Deity imitated.
Matt. v. 48.

GREAT Author of th' immortal mind!
For noblest thoughts and views design'd,
Make me ambitious to express
The image of thy holiness.
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.
Father, I see, thy sun arise
To cheer thy friends and enemies;
And, when thy rain from heaven descends,
Thy bounty both alike befriends,
Enlarge my soul with love like thine;
My moral powers by grace refine;
So shall I feel another's woe,
And cheerful feed an hungry foe.

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

25 L. M. MERRICK'S PSALMS.
The divine Perfections celebrated, Pf. lxxxix. cxh.

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 saints divine,
   Of equal excellence possest'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 unfully'd vesteth 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 inclose.

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 bless'd the tribes, whose willing ear
   Awakes the festral shout to hear;
   Who thankful see, where'er they tread,
   Thy favouring beams around them spread.
PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

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

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

L. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRIC POEMS.

Rothwell 174. Chard 175.

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 feet
Rises too high for Gabriel's feet;
In vain the tall Arch-angel tries
To reach thine height with wonder's 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 lip thy name;
But O, 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!

25 C
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.

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.

The word he gave, th' obedient sun
Began his glorious race to run:
Nor silver moon, nor stars delay
To glide along th' æthereal way.

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.

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

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.
PROVIDENCE.

28 C. M.


The Creation of Man; or, God the Searcher of the Heart. Psalm 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 fram'd,
Thy rich emboid'ry ran:

4 Th' unfashion'd mass by thee was seen;
My structur'd, 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 lands 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. Dr. Watts's Lyric Poems.


A Song to Creating Wisdom.

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 spread the sky!
   How glorious to behold!
   Ting'd with a blue of heavenly dye,
   And star'd 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 thro' 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 Jesus' face
   We see, adore, and love.

30. L. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Martin's Lane 67. Langdon 217.

God's Goodness to the Children of Men. Ps. vii. 31.

1 Ye sons of men with joy record
   The various wonders of the Lord;
   And let his power and goodness found
   Thro' all your tribes the earth around.

2 Let the high heavens your songs invite,
   Those spacious fields of brilliant light;
PROVIDENCE.

Where sun, and moon, and planets, roll;
And stars, that glow from pole to pole.

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.

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.

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.

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

31 L.M.


Providence; or God working all things after the
Council of his own Will.

1 Thy ways, O Lord! with wise design,
Are fram'd upon thy throne above
And every dark and bending line
Meets in the centre of thy love.

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,
Tho' now they seem to roam unsw'd,
Are led or driven only where
They beat and sailest 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.

32 C. M. Steele.
Creation and Providence.

1 Lord, when our raptur'd thought surveys
Creation's beauties o'er,
All naturejoins 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 distinguishing care!

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

6 Yet nobler favours claim his praise.
   Of reason's light possess'd;
By Revelation's brightest ray:
   Still more divinely blest.

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

3 On us that Providence has shone
   With gentle smiling rays;
O, may our lips and lives make known
   Thy goodness and thy praise!

33 L. M.

Kingsbridge 88. Green's Hundred 80.

Providence equitable and kind. Psalm cvii.

1 Through all the various shifting scene
   Of life's mistaken ill or good;
Thy hand, O God! conducts unseen
   The beautiful vicissitude.

2 Thou givest with paternal care,
   However 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,
Left to relations, friends, and fame,
   Thy powerful hand can raise us up.

C 4
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.

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.

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."

34 C. M. Cowper.
Gainsborough 29. Follett 181.
The Mysteries of Providences; or Light shining out of Darkness.

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

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

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

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

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.

35 C.M. Beddome.
Mysteries to be explained hereafter, John xiii. 7.

1 GREAT God of providence! thy ways
Are hid from mortal sight;
Wrapped in impenetrable shades,
Or cloth'd 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 dost thou 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.

36 C.M. Addison.
The Traveller's Psalm.

1 How are thy servants bless'd, O Lord,
How sure is their defence!
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.
3. In foreign realms, and lands remote,
   Supported by thy care,
   Thro’ 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 preservest that life,
   Thy sacrifice shall be;
   And death, when death shall be our lot,
   Shall join our souls to thee.

37 C.M. Steele.


Praise for the Blessings of Providence and Grace.
Psalm cxxix.

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.
PROVIDENCE.

[Around my path what dangers rose! 
What snares spread all my road! 
No power could guard me from my foes; 
But my preserver, God.

How many blessings round me shone, 
Where'er I turned my eye! 
How many past, almost unknown, 
Or unregarded by!]

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

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

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

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

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

30 C 6
THE FALL.

38 L. M. Dr. Watts's Lyric Poems.


Original Sin; or, the first and second Adam.

1
A Dam, our father and our head,
Transgress'd, and justice doom'd us dead.
The fiery Law speaks all despair,
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?

3
In vain we ask; for all around
Stand silent thro' the heavenly ground;
There's not a glorious mind above
Has half the strength or half the love.

4
But O! unmeasurable grace!
Th' Eternal Son takes Adam's place;
Down to our world the Saviour flies,
Stretches his arms, and bleeds, and dies.

5
Amazing work! look down, ye skies,
Wonder and gaze with all your eyes!
Ye faints below, and faints above,
All bow to this mysterious love.

39 C. M. Dr. S. Sterrett.

Walsal 237. Ludlow 84.

Indwelling Sin lamented.

1
With tears of anguish I lament
Here at thy feet, my God,
My passion, pride, and discontent,
And vile ingratitude.
2 Sure there was never a heart so base,
So false as mine has been:
So faithless to its promises,
So prone to every sin;
3 My reason tells me thy commands
Are holy, just, and true;
Tells me what'er my God demands
Is his most righteous due.
4 Reason I hear, her counsels weigh,
And all her words approve;
But still I find it hard to obey,
And harder yet to love.
5 How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel
These struggles in my breast?
When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,
And give my conscience rest?
6 Break, sovereign grace, O break the charm,
And set the captive free:
Reveal, Almighty God, thine arm,
And haste to rescue me.

40 S. M.
Wirksworth 158. Stoke 207.


1 A STONISH'D and distress'd,
I turn mine eyes within:
My heart with loads of guilt opprest,
The seat of every sin.
2 What crowds of evil thoughts,
What vile affections there!
Distrust, presumption, artful guile,
Pride, envy, slavish fear.
3 Almighty King of saints,
These tyrant lufts subdue;
Expel the darkness of my mind,
And all my powers renew.

4 This done, my cheerful voice
Shall loud Hosannas raise;
My soul shall glow with gratitude,
My lips proclaim thy praise.

41 L. M. CRUTTENDEN.


Sin and Holiness.

W

HAT jarring natures dwell within,—
Imperfect grace, remaining sin!
Nor this can reign, nor that prevail,
Tho' each by turns my heart assail.

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 words of light.

4 Scarce a few hours or minutes roll,
'Ere earth reclaims 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!
THE FALL.

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 thro' the fight,
Make me triumphant in thy might;
Thou the desponding heart canst raise,—
The victory mine, and thine the praise.

42 L. M. Dr. Dodsridge.

Ulverston 179. Babylon-Streams 23.

The Effects of the Fall lamented, Ps. cxix. 136, 158.

1 A RISE, 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 funk in shame;
See scandals pour'd on Jesus' name;
The father wounded thro' the son;
The world abus'd; the soul undone.

3 See the short course of vain delight
Closing in everlasting night—
In flames, that no abatement know,
Tho' 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.
SCRIPTURE;

THE PROPERTIES OF IT.

43 C. M.

Michael's 119. Sprague 166.

The inspired Word, a System of Knowledge and Joy.

Psalm cxix. 105.

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.

44 L. M. Beddome.

Portugal 97. Marks 65.

The Usefulness of the Scriptures.

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

2 Such is thy glorious word, O God!
   'Tis for our light and guidance giv'n;
   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;
The Properties of It.

It sets our wandering footsteps right;
Displays thy love, and kindles ours:
Its promises rejoice our hearts;
Its doctrines are divinely true;
Knowledge and pleasure it imparts;
It comforts and instructs us too.

Ye British isles, who have this word,—
Ye saints, who feel its saving power,—
Unite your tongues to praise the Lord,
And his distinguishing grace adore.

45  C. M.  Dr. S. Stennett.

The Riches of God's Word.

Let avarice, from shore to shore,
Her favorite 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 raptur’d 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 redrest,
And all our wants supplied;
Nought we can ask to make us blest,
Is in this book denied.
6 For these inestimable gains,
    That so enrich the mind,
O may we search with eager pains,
    Assur'd that we shall find!

46 C. M. Steele.

Michael's 119. Evans's 190.
The Excellency and Sufficiency of the Holy Scripture.

1 FATHER of Mercies! in thy word
    What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name ador'd
    For these celestial lines.

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 fresher pabst;
Sublimier sweets than nature knows
    Invite the longing taste.

4 Here, the Redeemer's welcome voice
    Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life, and everlastings 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 forever near:
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
    And view my Saviour there!
THE LAW.

THE MORAL LAW, &c.

47 C. M. DR. GIBBONS.
Salem 139. Braintree 25.
Our Duty to God. Exod. xx. 3-12.

THAT God, who made the world on high,
And air, and earth, and sea,
Own as thy God; and, to his name,
In homage bow the knee.
Let not a shape, which hands have wrought
Of wood, or clay, or stone,
Be deem'd thy God; nor think him like
Aught thou hast seen or known.
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.
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.
O may that God, who gave these laws,
Write them on every heart;
That all may feel their living power,
Nor from his paths depart!

48 C. M. DR. GIBBONS.
Our Duty to our Neighbour.

THY fire, 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.

34
3 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.
4 Thou shalt not, or from friend or foe,
   Take aught by force or theft;
   Thy goods, thy store, must grow from right
   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 shall not let loose
   For that which is not thine;
   Live in thy lot, or small or great,
   For God has drawn the line.

[Hymn XLVII. ver. 5; may be added here]

49. L. M. ; DR. DODDRIDGE.
Green's Hundred 89. Fawcett 184.
The Sinner found wanting, Dan. v. 27.

R
RAISE, thoughtless sinner! raise thine eye:
Behold the balance lifted high:
There shall God's Justice be displayed,
And there thy hope and life be weighed.

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 vast.

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."
THE LAW.

Let sudden fear thy nerves unbrace;
Confusion wild o'erspread thy face;
Thro' all thy thoughts, let anguish roll,
And deep repentance melt thy soul.
One only hope may yet prevail,—
Christ in the Scripture turns the scale;
Still doth the Gospel publish peace,
And shew a Saviour's righteousness.
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.


Practical Use of the Moral Law to the Convinced Sinner.

Here, Lord! my soul convicted stands
Of breaking all thy ten commands:
And on me justified thou pour
Thy wrath in one eternal shower.
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.
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.
Here I behold thy wonders, Lord!—
How Christ hath, to thy Law, restored
Those honours, on th' atoning day,
Which guilty sinners took away.
51 C. M. Cowper.

Illeges Obedience followed by Evangelical.

No strength of nature can suffice
To serve the Lord aright;
And what she has, she misapplies,
For want of clearer light.

1 How long beneath the law I lay
In bondage and distress!
I toil'd, the precept to obey;
But toil'd without success.

2 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:

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

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

5 To see the Law by Christ fulfill'd,
And hear his pardoning voice,
Changes a slave into a child,
And duty into choice.
The Law and Gospel; or, Christ a Refuge.

“CURST be the man, for ever curs’d,
That doth one wilful sin commit:
Death and damnation for the first,
Without relief, and infinite.”

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

“Pardon, and grace, and boundless love,
Streaming along a Saviour’s blood;
And life, and joys, and crowns above,
Obtain’d by a dear bleeding God.”

Hark, how he prays, (the charming sound
Dwells on his dying lips). “FORGIVE!”
And ev’ry groan and gaping wound
Cries, “Father, let the rebels live!”

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

53 148th. Cowper.

Eagle Street. 16. Grove 125.


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.

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

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.

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."

Dipt in his fellow's blood,
The living bird went free;
The type, well understood,
Express'd the sinner's plea;
Describ'd a guilty soul enlarg'd,
And by a Saviour's death discharge'd.

Jesus, I love to trace,
Throughout the sacred page,
The footsteps of thy grace,
The fame in every age!
O grant that I may faithful be,
To clearer light vouchsaf'd to me!
THE GOSPEL.

THE GOSPEL.
54 L. M. BEDDOME.
Portugal 97. Langdon. 217.
The Gospel of Christ.

God, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal councils known;
'Tis here, his richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

Here, sinners of an humble frame
May taste his grace, and learn his name;
'Tis writ in characters of blood,
Severely just, immensely good.

Here, Jesus in ten thousand ways
His soul-attracting charms displays,
Recounts his poverty and pains,
And tells his love in melting strains.

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.

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

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!

55 C. M. DR. GIBBONS.
Irish 171. Cambridge New 74.
The Gospel worthy of all acceptation. 1 Tim. i. 15.

Jesus, the eternal Son of God,
Whom Seraphim obey.

37 D
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;
And on this rock our faith may rest
Immoveably secure.

5 O let these tidings be receiv’d
With univeral 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.


The Gospel a Feast. Isaiah xxv. 6.

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 refin’d,
In rich abundance flows.
THE GOSPEL.

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 restor’d,
With eager appetites partake
    The plenties of the board.

5 But O what draughts of bliss unknown,
    What dainties shall be given,
When, with the myriads round the throne,
    We join the feast of heaven!

6 There joys immeasurably high
    Shall overflow the soul,
And springs of life that never dry,
    In thousand channels roll.

57 148th. Altered by Toplady.
Portsmouth New 144. Jubilee New 197.

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
    Thro’ all the lands proclaim:
The year of Jubilee is come; Return, &c.

3 [Ye, who have sold for nought
The heritage bove,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus's love:
The year of Jubilee is come; Return, &c.

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

Ye bankrupt debtors, know
The sovereign grace of heav'n;
Though sums immense ye owe,
A free discharge is given:
The year of Jubilee is come; Return, &c.

The Gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace:
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face:
The year of Jubilee is come; Return, &c.

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.

58 L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

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

Ye debtors, whom he gives to know
That you ten thousand talents owe,
THE GOSPEL.

When humble at his feet you fall,
Your gracious God forgives them all.

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 giv'n;
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.

6 O happy souls that know the sound,
Celestial light their steps surround,
And shew that jubilee begun,
Which thro' eternal years shall run.

59 C. M. Dr. S. STENNERT.

The glorious Gospel of the Blessed God. 1 Tim. i. 11.

1 W HAT wisdom, majesty, and grace,
Thro' all the Gospel shine!
'Tis God that speaks, and we confess
The doctrine most divine.

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 ow'd,
Upon the cross he pays:
Then thro' the clouds ascends to God.
Midst shouts of loftiest praise.

39 D 3
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 I. M. Dr. Watts's Sermons.

The Gospel is the Power of God to Salvation.
Rom. i. 16.

1. What shall the dying sinner do,
    That seeks relief for all his woe?
Where shall the guilty consciences 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 defil'd 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 save 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.
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.

61. C. M. Dr. Watts's Sermons.


Shall Atheists dare insult the cross
Of our incarnate God!
Shall infidels revile his truth,
And trample on his blood!

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

What if his Gospel bid us strive
With flesh, and self, and sin?
The prize is most divinely bright
That we are called to win.

What if the men, despis'd on earth,
Still of his grace partake?
This but confirms his truth the more;
For so the Prophets spake.

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.

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.
How happy are we,
    Our Election who see,
And venture, O LORD, for salvation on thee!
    In Jesus approv'd,
Eternally lov'd,
Upheld by thy power we cannot be mov'd.

'Tis sweet to recline
On the bosom divine,
And experience the comforts peculiar to thine:
While, born from above,
And upheld by thy love,
With singing and triumph to Zion we move.

Our seeking thy face
Was all of thy grace,
Thy mercy demands and shall have all the praise.
No finner can be
Beforehand with thee,
Thy grace is preventing, almighty, and free.

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.

This proof we would give,
That thee we receive;
Thou art precious alone to the souls that believe.
    Be precious to us!
All besides is as dross,
Compar'd with thy love and the blood of thy cross.
GOD'S EVERLASTING LOVE.

PART THE SECOND.

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

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

Vouchsafe us to know
More of thee below,
Thus fit us for heaven, and glory bestow:
Our harps shall be tun'd,
The Lamb shall be crown'd,
Salvation to Jesus thro' heav'n shall resound.

63 L. M. BEDDOME.
Kingsbridge 88. Lewton 30.


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 the elect,
Hath a complete atonement made:
And justice never can expect
That the same debt should twice be paid.

D 5
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; 
Not 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 forever sure.

64 143th. L. H. C.
Eternal and unchangeable Love. 2 Tim. i. 12-
Chap. ii. 13.—Phil. i. 6.

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 forever mine.

2 Unchangeable his will, 
Tho' dark may be my frame; 
His loving heart is still 
Eternally the same: 
My soul thro' 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.
The bowels of thy grace
At first did freely move:
I still shall see thy face,
And feel that God is Love!
Myself into thy arms I cast,
Lord, save, O save my soul at last!

65 8.7.4.
Lewes 63. Painshill 162.

The Godly Consideration of Election in Christ con.
fortable.

SONS we are, thro' 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.

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

Pause, my soul! adore, and wonder!
Ask, "O why such love to me?"
Grace hath put me in the number
Of the Saviour's family:
Hallelujah!
Thanks, eternal thanks to thee!

Since that love had no beginning,
And shall never, never cease;
Keep, O keep me, Lord, from sinning!
Guide me in the way of peace!
Make me walk in
All the paths of holiness.

42 D 6
5 When I quit this feeble mansion,
    And my soul returns to thee;
Let the power of thy ascension
    Manifest itself in me:
Thro' thy Spirit,
    Give the final victory!

6 When the angel sounds the trumpet;
    When my soul and body join;
When my Saviour comes to judgment,
    Bright in majesty divine;
Let me triumph
    In thy righteousness as mine.

7 When in that blest habitation,
    Which my God has fore-ordain'd;
When, in glory's full possession,
    I with saints and angels stand;
Free Grace only
    Shall resound thro' Canaan's land.

66 6. 8. 4. Oliver.
Leoni 90.

The Covenant God.

1 The God of Abram praise,
    Who reigns enthron'd above;
Ancient of everlasting days,
    And God of love!
Jehovah, Great I AM!
    By earth and heaven confess,
I bow, and bless the sacred name
    For ever bless'd.

2 The God of Abram praise;
    At whose supreme command,
From earth I rise, and seek the joys.
    At his right hand:
I'd all on earth forfake,
It's wisdom, fame, and power:
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

3 The God of Abram praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me, all my happy days,
In all his ways:
He calls a worm his friend,
He calls himself my God!
And he shall save me to the end,
Thro' Jesus' blood.

4 He by himself hath sworn;
I on his oath depend;
I shall, on eagles wings upborn,
To Heaven ascend;
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore;
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore!

Part the Second.

5 Tho' nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand;
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way
At God's command:
The watery deep I pass,
With Jesus in my view,
And thro' 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.

3 The ransom'd nations bow
Before the Saviour's face.
Joyful their radiant crowns they throw,
O'erwhelm'd with grace:
He shews his scars of love;
They kindle to a flame,
And found thro' 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.
Hail Abram's God and mine!
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are thine,
And endless praise.

67 C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.
Missionary 257. Workshop 31. Salem 139.
Support in God's Covenant under Trouble. 2 Sam xxiii. 5.

MY God, the covenant of thy love
Abides for ever sure;
THE COVENANT OF GRACE.

And, in its matchless grace, I feel
My happiness secure.

2 What, tho' 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 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.

68 112th. Bentley's Collection.
Scarborough 203. Hoxton 121.
Pleading the Covenant: Psalm lxxiv. 20.

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 shewn 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 oppress,
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,
We shall all the fulness prove,
Of our Lord’s redeeming love.

He subdued th’ infernal powers;
Those tremendous foes of ours
From their cursed empire drove—
Mighty in redeeming love.
REDEMPTION.

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

70 L. M. STEELE.

Winchester 137. Rothwell 174

Redemption by Christ alone, 1 Pet. i. 18, 19.

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

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.

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

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

Amazing goodness! Love divine!
O may our grateful hearts adore
The matchless grace; nor yield to sin,
Nor wear its cruel fetters more!

Dear Saviour, let thy love pursue
The glorious work it has begun:
Each secret lurking foe subdue,
And let our hearts be thine alone.

45
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!

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.

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.

[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 finished!
Christ has borne the heavy load.]

Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All in earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name.
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!
REDEMPTION.

72  L. M.  DR. S. STENNETT.
Verses 1, 2, and 6, of this Hymn, are set to the
Tune called Salvation, 277.]
It is finished,  John xix. 30.

'Tis finish'd!—so the Saviour cry'd,
And meekly bow'd his head, and dy'd.
'Tis finish'd—yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.
'Tis 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.

'Tis finish'd—Aaron now no more
Must stain his robes with purple gore;
The sacred veil is rent in twain,
And Jewish rites no more remain.

'Tis 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.

'Tis finish'd—heaven is reconcil'd,
And all the powers of darkness spoil'd:
Peace, love, and happiness again
Return, and dwell with sinful men.

'Tis finish'd—let the joyful sound
Be heard thro' all the nations round:
'Tis finish'd—let the echo fly
Thro' heaven and hell, thro' earth and sky.

73  8'.  D. TURNER.
Limefield 94.
Gratitude to God for Redemption, Eph. i. 7, 11.
Shall Jesus descend from the skies,
To atone for our sins by his blood. 46
SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

And shall we such goodness despise,
And rebels still be to our God?

[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!

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.]

He sav'd 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.

Thro' him we forgivenes shall find,
And taste the sweet blessings of peace;
If, contrite and humbly resign'd,
We trust in his promised grace.

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

While here thro' 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:

'Till, the Jordan of death safely pass'd,
We land on the heavenly shore,
Where we the hid manna shall taste,
Nor hunger nor thirst any more.

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

74, 75

74 8, 8, 6. Toplady.
Chatham 59. Hinton 276.

Christ's Atonement.

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 wait thou punisht'd in my stead?
Didst thou without the city bleed,
To expiate my stain?
On earth my God vouchsaft to dwell,
And made of infinite avail
The sufferings of the man.
Behold him for transgressors given!
Behold th' incarnate King of Heaven
For us, his foes, expire!
Amaz'd, O earth! the tidings hear!
He bore, that we might never bear,
His Father's righteous ire.

Ye saints, the man of sorrows blest,
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. L. H. C.

Gratitude for the Atonement.

HAIL! thou once despis'd Jesus,
Hail thou Galilean king!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring.
SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

Hail thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By thy merits we find favour;
Life is given thro' 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
Thro' the virtue of thy blood;
Open'd is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail! enthron'd in glory,
There for ever to abide!
All the heavenly host 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.

4 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.

76 7

Deptsford 124. Firth's 146.

Pleading the atonement, Psalm lxxxiv. 9.

2 Father, God, who see'st in me
Only sin and misery.
ATONEMENT.

Turn to thy anointed one,
Look on thy beloved Son;
Him, and then the sinner, see;
Look thro' Jesus' wounds on me.

Heavenly Father, Lord of all,
Hear, and shew 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.

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

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

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

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

C. M. Toplady's Collection; Missionary 259. Cambridge New 74. Follett 18.
Efficacious, Grace, Psalm lxxv, 3. 5.

1 HAIL! mighty Jesus! how divine
Is thy victorious sword!
The stoutest rebel 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 found
Throughout Immanuel's land.

L. M.
Kingsbridge 88. New Sabbath 122.

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,
Upward he look'd and saw him there;
"Zaccheus, hasten down, for I
"Must be thy guest to-day; prepare.
REGENERATION.

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

Lord, look on souls that gaze around;
To every listening sinner speak;
Now may thy ancient love abound;
From every feat a captive take.

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

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

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.


WHEN some kind shepherd from his fold
Has lost a straying sheep,
Thro' vales, o'er hills, he anxious roves,
And climbs the mountain's steep:
But O the joy! the transport sweet!
When he the wanderer finds;
Up in his arms he takes his charge,
And to his shoulder binds.

E 49
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 Pleas’d 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-pleas’d, 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. Dr. S. Stennett.

Wantage 204. Bangor 231.

The converted Thief, Luke xxiii. 42.

1 A S. on the cross the Saviour hung,
   And wept, and bled, and dy’d,
   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:
REGENERATION.

"Jesus, thou Son and heir of heaven!
Thou spotless Lamb of God!
I see thee bath'd in sweat and tears,
And weltring in thy blood.
Yet quickly, from these scenes of woe,
In triumph thou shalt rise,
Burst thro' the gloomy shades of death,
And shine above the skies.
Amid the glories of that world,
Dear Saviour! think on me.
And in the vict'ries of thy death
Let me a sharer be."

His prayer the dying Jesus hears,
And instantly replies,
To-day thy parting soul shall be
With me in Paradise.

31 S. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.


[ital Union to Christ in Regeneration, 1 Cor. vi. 17.]

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 never prevail.
Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to thee our head;
Shall form us to thy image bright,
That we thy paths may tread.

50 E 2
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 weeping in my blood,
And felt the pity of a God:

With speed he flew to my relief,
Bound up my wounds, and sooth'd my grief;
Pour'd joys divine into my heart,
And bade each anxious fear depart.

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.

My heart and tongue, shall tune thy praise,
Thro' the remainder of my days:
And, when I join the powers above,
My soul shall better sing thy love.
JUSTIFICATION.

83. L. M.


Human Righteousness insufficient to justify, Mic. vi. 6-8.

Wherein, O Lord, shall I draw near,
Or bow myself before thy face?

How, in thy purer eyes, appear?
What shall I bring to gain thy grace?

Will gifts delight the Lord most High?
Will multiply’d oblations please?

Thousands of rams his favour buy?
Or slaughter’d millions e’er appease?

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.

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.

Guilty, I stand before thy face;
My sole desert is hell and wrath:
’Twere just the sentence should take place;
But O, I plead my Saviour’s death!

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.

84 L. M.


Imputed Righteousness, Jer. xxiii. 6. Isa. xliv. 24.

Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
Midst flaming worlds, in these array’d,
With joy shall I lift up my head.
85 SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

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 liv'd and dy'd for me."
Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
While, thro' 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!
Bids, Lord, thy banish'd ones rejoice:
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord, our righteousness.

85 112th. President Davies.
New Haven 248. Hoxton 121.
The pardoning God, Micah vii. 18.

1 GREAT God of Wonders! all thy way
Are matchless, godlike, and divine;
But the fair glories of thy grace
More godlike and unrival'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?
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?

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?

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

86 C. M. Steele.

Ludlow 84. Brighthelmstone 258.


How oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wander'd from the Lord;
How oft' my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word!
Yet, sovereign mercy calls, "Return:"
Dear Lord, and may I come!
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
O take the wanderer home.
And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardon'd rebel live
To speak thy wondrous love?

52
Scripture: Doctrines.

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.

87 L. M. Dr. Gibbons.

Milbank 113. New Sabbath 122. Lewton 59


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 'Tis the rich gift of love divine;
   'Tis full, out-measuring 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 inspir'd, let all our days
   With various holiness be crown'd;
   Let truth and goodness, prayer and praise,
   In all abide, in all abound.
PARDON.

88 S. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRICS.

Wirksworth 158. Broderip’s 252.

Confession and Pardon, 1 John i. 9. Prov. xxviii. 23.

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

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

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

Oh, shall I never feel
The meltings of thy love?
Am I of such hell-harden’d fleet
That mercy cannot move?

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.

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

See God is reconcil’d!
Behold his smiling face!
Let joyful cherubs clap their wings,
And found aloud his grace.
MY Saviour, let me hear thy voice
Pronounce the words of peace!
And all my warmest powers shall join
To celebrate thy grace.

With gentle smiles call me thy child,
And speak my sins forgiv'n;
The accents mild shall charm mine ear
All like the harps of heaven.

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.

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

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

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?

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.
What tho' our crimes are black as night,
Or glowing like the crimson morn,
Immanuel's blood will make them white
As snow thro' the pure aether borne.

Lord, 'tis amazing grace we own,
And well may rebel-worms surprise;—
But, was not thy incarnate Son
A most amazing sacrifice?

"I've found a ransom," saith the Lord,
"No humble penitent shall die."

Lord, we would now believe thy word,
And thy unbounded mercies try!

91 8, 6, 8. Cruttenden.
Ewell 80. Francis 200. Weston Favell 27.

Adoption. 1 John iii. 1—3.

Let others boast their ancient line,
In long succession great;
In the proud lift, let heroes shine,
And monarchs swell the state;
Descending from the King of King's,
Each saint a nobler title sings.

Pronounce me, gracious God! thy son,
Own me an heir divine;
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.

Content, obscure, I pass my days;
To all I meet unknown;
And wait till thou thy child shall raise,
And seat me near thy throne:
No name, no honours here I crave,
Well-pleas'd with those beyond the grave.
SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

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: Bless'd Saviour, haste, and come away.

92 C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.
Abba, Father, Gal. iv. 6.

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 shew 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.
ADOPTION.

93 C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

True Liberty given by Christ. John viii. 36.

ARK! for 'tis God's own Son that calls
To life and liberty;
Transported fall before his feet
Who makes the prisoners free.

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

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

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.

Walk on at large, till you attain
Your father's house above;
There shall you wear immortal crowns,
And sing immortal love.

94 7. Humphreys.
Georgia 192. Turin 244.

The Privileges of the Sons of God.

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 thro' eternity!
2 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.

3 They are justify'd 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.

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

5 They have fellowship with God,
Thro' the Mediator's blood;
One with God, thro' Jesus one;
Glory is in them begun:
   With them, &c.

6 Tho' 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 thro' eternity!
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.

To them the privilege is giv’n
To be the sons and heirs of heav’n;
Sons of the God who reigns on high,
And heirs of joys beyond the sky.

[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.

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.

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.

When, thro’ temptation, they rebel,
His chast’ning rod he makes them feel;
Then, with a father’s tender heart,
He soothes the pain and heals the smart.

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.
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.

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. Dr. Doddridge.
Harborough 142. Simons 250.
Communion with God and Christ. 1 John i. 5.

Our heavenly Father calls,  
And Christ invites us near;  
With both, our friendship shall be sweet,  
And our communion dear.

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

How large his bounties are;  
What various stores of good;  
Diffus'd from our Redeemer's hand;  
And purchas'd with his blood!

Jesus, our living head,  
We bless thy faithful care;  
Our advocate before the throne,  
And our forerunner there.

Here fix, my roving heart!  
Here wait, my warmest love!  
'Till the communion be complete  
In nobler scenes above.
COMMUNION WITH GOD. 97, 98
L.M. BEDFORD.
Ulverston. 1791. Rippon's 188.
Desiring Communion with God.

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.

1 I thirst to drink unmingled love
From the pure fountain-head above:
My dearest Lord, I long to be
Empty'd of sin, and full of thee.

2 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.

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

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

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

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

57
5 The dearest idol I have known,
    What'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
    And worship only thee.

6 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.

99 C. M. Dr. Watts's Sermons,
Workshop 31. Wantage 204.

O' that I knew where I might find him;—Sins and Sorrows laid before God: Job xxiii. 3, 4.

1 O THAT 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.
W
HERE shall we sinners hide our heads;
Can rocks or mountains save?
Or shall we wrap us in the shades
Of midnight and the grave?

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 ye 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.
3 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.
4 The shepherd's blood the sheep must heal;
O may we all its influence feel!
'Till inward deep experience show,
CHRIST can begin a heav'n below.

102 S. M. DR. S. STENNETT.
Simons 250. Broderip's 252.
The Leper healed or, Sanctification implored.
Matt. viii. 2, 3.

1 BEHOLD the lep'rous 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 cur'd.
4 To thee, 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 lep'rous soul:
O bathe me in thy precious blood,
And that will make me whole.
PERSEVERANCE. 103, 104

103 S. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

The Security of Christ’s Sheep, John x. 27—29.

My soul, with joy attend,
While Jesus’s silence breaks;
No angel’s harp such music yields,
As what my shepherd speaks.

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

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

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

This try’d Almighty hand
Is rais’d for their defence:
Where is the power shall reach them there?
Or, what shall force them thence?”

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

104 L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.
Angels Hymn 60. Green’s Hundred 89.

Noah preferred in the Ark, and the Believer in Christ, 1 Pet. iii. 20, 21.

THE deluge, at th’ 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.

4 How dire the wreck! how loud the roar!
How thrill the universal cry
Of millions, in the last despair,
Re-echo'd from the low'ring sky!

4 Yet Noah, humble happy faint!
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's sate,
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. F——
Bedford 91. Brighthelmstone 208.

Perseverance, Psalm cxxix. 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 preserve.
PERSEVERANCE.

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

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

I06  L. M.  DR. S. STENNETT.

Kingsbridge 88. Ulverston 179.

Perseverance desired.

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 me
For such ingratitude to thee!

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.

Pity my frailty, dearest Lord!
Grace in the needful hour afford:
O feel this tim’rous heart of mine
With fortitude and love divine.

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.
THEE, Father! we bless,
Whole distinguising grace
Selected a people to shew forth thy praise:
Nor is thy love known
By election alone;
For, O! thou hast added the gift of thy Son.

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

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

Sweet Spirit of grace!
Thy mercy we bless
For thy eminent share in the council of peace:
Great agent divine,
To restore us is thine,
And cause us a fresh in thy likeness to shine.

O God! 'tis thy part
To convince and convert;
To give a new life, and create a new heart:
By thy presence and grace
We're upheld in our race,
And are kept in thy love to the end of our days.
FATHER, SPIRIT, and SON,  
Agree thus in one,  
The salvation of those he has mark'd for his own;  
Let us, too, agree  
To glorify THEE,—  
Thou ineffable ONE, thou adorable THREE

108 8. 7. 4.  
Lewes 63  Helmsley 223.  
Free Salvation, 2 Tim. 1. 9.

JESUS is our great salvation,  
Worthy of our best esteem!  
He has fav'd his favourite nation;  
Join to sing aloud to him:  
He has fav'd us,  
CHRIST alone could us redeem.  

2 When involv'd 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 found.  

3 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 compar'd with this can be.  

4 Let us never, LORD, forget thee:  
Make us walk as pilgrim's here:  
We will give thee all the glory  
Of the love that brought us near:  
Bid us praise thee,  
And rejoice with holy fear.  

5 Free election, known by calling;  
Is a privilege divine:  
F
Saints are kept from final falling:
   All the glory, LORD, be thine;
   All the glory,
   All the glory, LORD, is thine.

109 C. M.
Ashley 152. Great Milton 212.
Complete Salvation.

1 SALVATION, thro' our dying GOD,
   Shall surely be complete *;
He paid what'er his people ow'd,
   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 shews our sins forgiv'n;
Conducts us through the wilderness,
   And brings us safe to heaven.

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

110 11. 8. K——
Calne 69: Pithay 191.
Distinguishing Grace, Jer. xxxi. 3.

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

* Christ has made a complete atonement for his people;
in that sense his work is finished. — The work of the Spirit, which at present, in some of the saints, is only begun, in due time shall be completed also.
SALVATION.

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

O had he not pitied the state you were in,
Your bosoms his love had ne'er felt: [in sin,
You all would have liv'd, would have dy'd, too,
And sunk with the load of your guilt.

What was there in you that could merit esteem,
Or give the Creator delight?
'Twas "even so, Father!" you ever must sing,
"Because it seem'd good in thy sight."

'Twas 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.

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

III (First Part.) C: M.

Irish 171. Cambridge New 74.

By the Grace of God, I am what I am. 1 Cor. xv. 8.

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

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

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

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

III (Second Part.). S. M.
Mount Ephraim 185. Price's 187. Lowell 260,
Salvation by Grace from the first to the last.
    Eph. ii. 5.

1 Grace! 'tis a charming sound!
    Harmonious to the ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
    And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contriv'd the way
    To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display
    Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 [Grace first inscrib'd my name
    In God's eternal book:
'Twas 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:
'Twas grace which kept me to this day,
    And will not let me go.]
6 Grace all the work shall crown,  
Thro’ everlasting days;  
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,  
And well deserves the praise;

112 C. M. Dr. Watt’s Lyric.  
Waybridge 92. Sprague 166.

God glorious and Sinners saved.  
Isaiah xlv. 23.

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

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

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

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

3 6
SALVATION.

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

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

   113. C. M. Dr. Doddridge.
   Grove House 143. Hammond 226.

O Lord, say unto my soul, ‘I am thy salvation.’
Psalm xxxv. 3.

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

2 Rescu’d from hell’s eternal gloom,
    From fiends, and fires, and chains;
Rais’d to a paradise of bliss,
    Where love triumphant reigns!

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.

II. (First Part.) L. M. Dr. S. Stennett.

God reasoning with Men. Isaiah i. 18.

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

"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."

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

So shall our thankful lips repeat
Thy praises with a tuneful voice,
While, humbly prostrate at thy feet,
We wonder, tremble, and rejoice.

II. (Second Part.) L. M.
Rippon's 188. Manning 245. Lebanon 79.

Seek ye my face. Psalm xxvii. 8.

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.

* The section of Hymns, entitled Scripture Invitations, is now enlarged, principally on account of Village Worship.
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 pray'rs;
   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.

I I S (First Part.) 8, 7, 4.

Helmisley 223. Jordan 81.

Come and welcome to Jesus Christ. Isaiah lv. 1.

1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
   Weak and wounded, sick and sore!
   Jesus, ready stands to save you,
   Full of pity join'd with power:
   He is able,
   He is willing: doubt no more.

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:
   'Tis his Spirit's rising beam.
SCkRIPTURE INVITATIONS.

Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Loft 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.
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 finished!"
Sinner, will not this suffice?
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.
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.

II5 (Second Part.) 8. 7. 4. Mr. FOUNTAIN,
(one of the Missionaries in Bengal.)

Helmley 223. Painshwick 162.
The Gospel message; or, reconciliation to God.

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
Thro' a Mediator's blood;
Who hath dy'd, 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;
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 heav'nly mercy fraught;
Go and tell the gracious Jesus
If you will be savor'd or not:
Say, poor sinner,
Will you now be savor'd or not?

[May be sung to Trowbridge 21, by omitting the Chorus of each Verse.]
SCRIPTURE INVITATIONS.

I16 (First Part.) C. M. FAWCETT.


Let the Wicked forfake his Way, &c. Isaiah Iv. 7.

SINNERS, the voice of God regard;
'Tis mercy speaks to day;
He calls you, by his sovereign word,
From sins destructive way.

Like the rough sea that cannot rest,
You live devoid of peace;
A thousand siftings within your breast
Deprive your souls of ease.

Your way is dark, and leads to hell
Why will you persevere?
Can you in endless torments dwell,
Shut up in black despair?

Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travel all your days
To reap immortal woe!

But he, that turns to God, shall live
Thro' his abounding grace:
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those that seek his face.

Bow to the sceptre of his word,
Renouncing every sin;
Submit to him, your sovereign Lord,
And learn his will divine.

His love exceeds your highest thoughts;
He pardons like a God;
He will forgive your numerous faults,
Thro' a Redeemer's blood.
116. 117. SCRIPTURE INVITATIONS.

116. (Second Part:)  L. M.

The Angels hastened Lot, Gen. xix. 15.
I made haste, and delayed not, Psal. cxix. 6.

1. HASTEN, O sinner, to be wise,
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
The longer wisdom you despise,
The harder is the life 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.

117. L. M. STEELE.

Weary Souls invited to Rest, Matt. xi. 28.

1. COME, weary souls, with this distress,
Come, and accept the promised rest;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.
Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load;  
O come, and spread your woes abroad;  
Divine compassion, mighty love  
Will all the painful load remove.

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!

Lord, we accept with thankful heart  
The hope thy gracious words impart;  
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,  
And bless the kind inviting voice.

Dear Saviour! let thy powerful love  
Confirm our faith, our fears remove;  
And sweetly influence every breast,  
And guide us to eternal rest.

Ye dying sons of men,  
Immerg'd 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.

No longer now delay,  
Nor vain excuses frame:  
He bids you come to-day,  
Tho' poor, and blind, and lame:

All things are ready, sinner, come:  
For every trembling soul there's room.

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, there yet is room.

4 Compell'd by bleeding love,  
Ye wand'ring 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.

119

Hotham 224. Bath Abbey 147.
Compel them to come in. Luke xiv. 23.

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 forfake, and God;  
See they run with rapid speed:  
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 to thee incline;  
Now compel them to come in.
SCRIPTURE INVITATIONS. 120, 121

I 2 0  C. M. S T E E L E.

The Saviour calls—let every ear Attend the heavenly sound;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear, Hope smiles reviving round.

For every thirsty longing heart, Here streams of bounty flow:
And life, and health, and bliss impart To banish mortal woe.

Here springs of sacred pleasure rise To ease your every pain:
(Immortal fountain! full supplies!) Nor shall you thirst in vain.

Ye sinners, come; 'tis mercy's voice, The gracious call obey:
Mercy invites to heavenly joys— And can you yet delay?

Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts! To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts; And drink, and never die.

I 2 1  (First Part.) 8, 8, 6.


Whosoever will, let him come. Rev. xxii. 17.

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, 'Tis I—
He loves you still, but means to try
If faith will bear the test:
The Lord has giv'n 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.

I21 (Second Part.) C. M.
Cambridge New 74. Missionary 257.

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 pow'rful charms.

2 She, gen'rous, holds out to our sight
Riches which shall endure;
Not sparkling rubies half so bright,
Not 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."
Immortal crowns she now displays,
And thrones beyond the skies;
Accept her blessings while she stays,
And seize the glorious prize.

121 (Third Part) L.M.
Ulverston 179 Portugal 97.

The invitation of Wisdom accepted. Rev. iii. 17.

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."

"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.

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

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

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

Here, wretched, poor, and blind, I came;
O let me not return the same;
Let me depart, all-gracious Lord!
Happy, enrich'd, to fight restor'd.
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In bitterness are spent, 
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Happy, enrich'd, to fight restor'd.
122, 123  Scripture Promises.

122  L. M. Beddome.
Green's Hundred 89.  Wareham 117.
The First Promise.  Gen. iii. 15.

1 When, by the tempter's wiles betray
Adam, our head and parent, fell;
Unknown before, a pleasure spread
Thro' all the mazy deeps of hell.

2 Infernal powers rejoic'd to see
The new-made world destroy'd, undone;
But God proclaims his great decree—
Pardon and mercy thro' his Son.

3 Serpent, accurs'd, 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 descend,
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.

123  L. M. Fawcett.
Lebanon 79.  Islington 40.

1 Afflicted faint, to Christ drawn;
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 engag'd, by firm decree,
That, as thy days, thy strength shall be.
SCRIPTYRE PROMISES.

In faith is weak, thy foes are strong;
And, if the conflict should be long,
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee:
Or, as thy days, thy strength shall be.
Should persecution rage and flame,
Thou trust in thy Redeemer’s name;
In fiery trials thou shalt see
That, as thy days, thy strength shall be.
When call’d to bear the weighty cross,
For sore affliction, pain, or loss,
Or deep distress, or poverty—
Still, as thy days, thy strength shall be.
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.

124 C. M.

Great Milton 212. Matthew’s 34.

Fear not, for I am with thee. Isaiah xli. 10.

And art thou with us, gracious Lord,
To dissipate our fear?
Dost thou proclaim thyself our God,
Our God for ever near?
Dost thou a father’s bowels feel
For all thy humble saints?
And in such friendly accents speak
To sooth their sad complaints?
Why droop our hearts? why flow our eyes,
While such a voice we hear?
Why rise our forrows and our fears,
While such a friend is near?
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, 126 SCRIPTURE PROMISES.

125 C. M. NEEDHAM.
Maidstone 196. Sprague 166.

My Grace is sufficient for thee. 2 Cor. xi.

1 Kind are the words that Jesus speaks
To cheer the drooping faint;
"My grace sufficient is for you,
Thou nature’s powers may faint.

2 "My grace its glories shall display,
And make your griefs remove;
"Your weaknesses shall the triumphs tell
Of boundless power and love.

3 What, tho’ my griefs are not remov’d,
Yet why should I despair?
While my kind Saviour’s arms support,
I can the burden bear.

4 Jesus, my Saviour and my Lord,
’Tis good to trust thy name:
Thy power, thy faithfulness, and love,
Will ever be the same.

5 Weak as I am, yet thro’ thy grace
I all things can perform;
And, smiling, triumph in thy name
Amid the raging storm.

126 C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

My God!—how cheerful is the sound.
How pleasing 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!
from Christ, the ever-living spring,
These ample blessings flow:
Prepare, my lips, his name to sing,
Whose heart has lov'd us so.
Now, to our Father and our God,
Be endless glory given,
Thro' all the realms of man's abode,
And thro' the highest heaven.

127 C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

not; it is your Father's good Pleasure to give
you the Kingdom. Luke xii. 32.

We little flock, whom Jesus feeds,
Dismiss your anxious cares;
Look to the shepherd of your souls,
And smile away your fears.

Ho' wolves and lions prowl around,
His staff is your defence:
Midst sands and rocks, your shepherd's voice
Calls streams and pastures thence.

Our Father will a kingdom give,
And give it with delight;
His feeblest child his love shall call
To triumph in his sight.

Ten thousand praises, Lord, we bring,
For sure supports like these:
And, o'er the pious dead, we sing
Thy living promises.

For all we hope, and they enjoy,
We blest a Saviour's name:
Nor shall that stroke disturb the song
Which breaks this mortal frame:}
NOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in his excellent way. What more can he say than to you he hath delivered you who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

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.

"Fear not I am with thee, O be not dismayed; 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!

When thro’ the deep waters I call thee up; The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow; For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bear; And sanctify thou to thee thy deepest distress.

When thro’ fiery trials thy path-way shall be; My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply; The flame shall not hurt thee; I only dry Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to keep.

E’en down to old age, all my people shall I be; My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love. And when hoary hairs shall their temple adorn, Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be set.

The soul that on Jesus has leaned and died, I will not, I will not, desert to his foes; That soul, tho’ all hell should endeavour to destroy, I’ll never, no, never, no never forsake it.

Agreeable to Dr. Doddridge’s Translation of Heb.
The Divinity of Christ.

Thee we adore, Eternal Word!

The Father's equal Son;
Heaven's obedient Hosts ador'd,
E'er time its course begun.

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

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

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

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

The Lord of Glory bears the shame
To vile transgressors due;
Assist the Prince of Life condemns
To die in anguish, too.—

God over all, for ever, blest,
The righteous curse endures:
And thus, to souls with sin distrest,
Eternal bliss ensues.

8 What wonders in thy person meet,
    My Saviour, all divine!
I fall with rapture at thy feet,
    And would be wholly thine.

MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love, and gratitude, combine
To hail th' auspicious day.

In heaven the rapturous song began,
    And sweet seraphic fire
Thro' all the shining legions ran,
    And strung and tun'd the lyre.

Swift thro' the vast expanse it flew,
    And loud the echo roll'd;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
    'Twas more than Heaven could hold.

Down thro' the portals of the sky
    Th' impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew with eager joy
    To bear the news to man.

[Wrapped in the silence of the night
Lay all the eastern world,
    When bursting, glorious, heavenly light
The wondrous scene unfurl'd.]

Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song:
Good-will and peace are heard throughout
    Th' harmonious heavenly throng.
OF CHRIST.

[O for a glance of heavenly love
Our hearts and songs to raise,
Sweetly to hear our souls above,
And mingle with their lays!]

With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
"Glory to God on high!
"Good will and peace are now complete;
"Jesus was born to die."

Hail, Prince of Life! for ever hail,
Redeemer, brother, friend
Thou earth, and time, and life, should fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

I30 7'. J. C. W.

Georgia 192. Hart's 221.

The Song of the Angels.

HARK, the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King;
"Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
"God and sinners reconcil'd."

Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!

[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.]

Come, desire of nations! come,
Fix in us thy humble home:
Rise, the woman's promis'd seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head.
5 Glory to the new-born King!
Let us all the anthem sing,
"Peace on earth and mercy mild,
"God and sinners reconcil’d!"

131 C. M. STEELE.
Charleston 195. Sprague 166.
The Incarnation. John, i. 14.

1 AWAKE, awake the sacred song
To our incarnate Lord;
Let every heart, and every tongue,
Adore th’ 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 tun’d 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:

For the grandeur of thy nature,—
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
For created works of power,—
Works with skill and kindness wrought:

For thy Providence, that governs:
'Tho' thine empire's wide domain;
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow:
Blessed be thy gentle reign.

But thy rich, thy free redemption,
Dark through brightness all along;
Thought is poor, and poor expression:
Who dare sing that awful song?

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.

Did archangels sing thy coming?
Did the shepherds learn their lays?
Shame would cover me ungrateful:
Should my tongue refuse to praise.
From the highest throne in glory,
To the cross of deepest woe;
All to ransom guilty captives:
Flow, my praise, for ever flow.

Go, return, immortal Saviour!
Leave thy footstool, take thy throne;
Thence return, and reign for ever,
Be the kingdom all thy own. Hallelujah, &c.

SAVIOUR of men, and Lord of love,
How sweet thy gracious name!
With joy that ever we review
On which thy mercy came.

While all thy own angelic bands
Stood waiting on the wing,
Charm'd with the honour to obey
Their great eternal King;

For us, mean, wretched, sinful men,
Thou laidst that glory by;—
First, in our mortal flesh, to serve;
Then, in that flesh, to die.

Bought with thy service and thy blood,
We doubtly, Lord, are thine;
To thee our lives we would devote,
To thee our death resign.

HARK! the glad sound; the Saviour comes;
The Saviour promis'd long!
MINISTRY OF CHRIST.

Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.
1 On him, the Spirit, largely pour’d,
Exerts his sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.
2 He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan’s bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray:
And, on the eyes opprest with night,
To pour celestial day.
4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And, with the treasures of his grace,
’Enrich the humble poor.
5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And Heaven’s eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

135 L. M. (First Part.) Dr. Doddridge.
Christ’s Transfiguration. Matt. xvii. 4.

WEN 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!
1 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. 75 G ;
135 

THE SUFFERINGS AND

1: 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.

2: On Tabor, thus his servants view'd
His lustre, when transform'd he stood;
And, bidding earthly scenes farewell,
Cried, "LORD, 'tis pleasant here to dwell."

3: Yet still our elevated eyes
To nobler visions long to rise;
That grand assembly would we join
Where all thy saints around thee shine:

4: That mount, how bright! those forms, how fair!
'Tis good to dwell for ever there!
Come death, dear envoy of my God,
And bear me to that blest abode.

I 35 (Second Part) 8, 8, 6.
Hinton 266. Chatham 59.

Gethsemane, Matt. xxvi. 36—45.

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

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

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

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

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.

His sacred limbs they stretch, they tear,
With nails they fasten to the wood—
His sacred limbs—expos'd and bare,
Or only cover'd with his blood.

See there! his temples crown'd with thorns,
His bleeding hands extended wide,
His streaming feet transfix'd 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 'er her centre quake,
Convuls'd, when her Creator dy'd;
Oh, may our inmost nature shake,
And bow with Jesus crucify'd!

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!

137  L. M.  Steele.
A Dying Saviour*.

1 Stretch'd on the cross, the Saviour dies,
Hark! his expiring groans arise!
See, from his hands, his feet, his side,
Runs down the sacred crimson tide!

2 But life attends the deathful sound,
And flows from ev'ry 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?

* See Hymns on Redemption and the Lord's Supper.
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.

Can I survey this scene of woe
Where mingling grief and wonder flow;
And yet my heart unmoved remain,
Insensible to love or pain?

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.

I 3 8 C. M.  Dr. S. Stennett.
Canterbury i 9 9.  Tunbridge 1 0 3.
The attraction of the Cross.  John xii. 3 2.

Yonder—amazing sight!—I see
Th' incarnate Son of God
Expiring on th' accursed tree,
And weeping in his blood.

Behold a purple torrent run
Down from his hands and head:
The crimson tide puts out the sun;
His groans awake the dead.

The trembling earth, the darken'd sky,
Proclaim the truth aloud;
And, with the amaz'd Centurion, cry
"This is the Son of God!"

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 Oh, 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!

139  L.M.
Rochford 22. Redemption 243.

The dying Love of Christ constraining to thank.
Devotion. 2 Cor. v. 14, 15.

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!
Refound, refound, the Saviour's name!
For nought below immortal tongues
Can ever reach the wondrous theme.
YES! the Redeemer rose,
The Saviour left the dead,
And o'er our hellish foes
High rais'd his conquering head;
In wild dismay
The guards around
Fall to the ground,
And sink away.

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.

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."

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."
All hail, triumphant Lord,
Who sav'lt us with thy blood!
Wide be thy name ador'd,
Thou rising, reigning God!
With thee we rise,
With thee we reign,
And empires gain
Beyond the skies.


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.

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.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids his rise,
Christ hath opened paradise.

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?"

Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted head:
Made like him, like him we rise,
Our's the cross, the grave, the skies.

What, tho' once we perish'd all,
Partners of our parents' fall,
ASCENSION OF CHRIST

Second life let us receive,
In our heavenly Adam live.

Hail the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to thee by both be given!
Thou we greet triumphant now,
Hail! the Resurrection—thou.

Hart's 221. Easter Hymn 232.
The Resurrection and Ascension.

ANGELS! roll the rock away!

Death! yield up thy mighty prey;
See! he rises from the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom. Hallelujah.

'Tis the Saviour! angels, raise
Praise's eternal trump of praise!
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound. Hal.

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. Hal.

Heaven displays her portals wide!
Glorious hero, thro' them ride!
King of Glory! mount the throne,—
Thy great Father's and thy own. Hal.

Praise him, all ye heavenly choirs!
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres!
Shout, O earth, in rapt'rous song,
Let the strains be sweet and strong! Hal.

Every note with wonder swell,
Sin o'erthrown, and captiv'd hell!
Where is hell's once dreaded king?
Where, O death, thy mortal sting? Hal.
WHEN I the holy grave survey,
Where once my Saviour deign'd to lie,
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 seiz'd:
In his release our own we see,
And shout to view Jehovah pleas'd.

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 Tho' 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.

YE humble souls that seek the Lord,
Chace all your fears away;
And bow with pleasure down to see
The place where Jesus lay.
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.
A moment give a loose to grief,—
Let grateful sorrows rise;
And wash the bloody stains away
With torrents from your eyes.
Then dry your tears; and tune your songs,
The Saviour lives again;
Not all the bolts and bars of death
The conqueror could detain,
High o'er th' angelic bands he rears
His once dishonour'd head;
And, thro' unnumber'd years, he reigns
Who dwelt among the dead.
With joy like his shall every faint
His empty tomb survey;
Then rise, with his ascending Lord,
To realms of endless day.

145 L. M. Wesley's Collection.
Cheshunt New 160. Coombs's 45.

Our Lord is risen from the dead;
Our Jesus is gone up on high:
The powers of hell are captive led—
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky,
There his triumphal chariot waits:
And angels chant the solemn lay:—
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!"
"Ye everlasting doors, give way!"

1
3. Loofe 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!

§46. Dr. Doddridge.
Darwell's 82. Swithin's 44.
Jesus seen of Angels, 1 Tim. iii. 16.

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.
Ye, in the wilderness,
Beheld the tempter spoil'd,
Well-known in every dress,
In every combat spoil'd;
And joy'd to crown
The victor's head,
When Satan fled:
Before his frown.

Around the bloody tree
Ye press'd, with strong desire,
That wond'rous fight to see,—
The Lord of life expire;
And, could your eyes
Have known a tear,
Had dropp'd it there
In sad surprise.

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 ador'd
Your rising Lord,
With joy unknown.

When all array'd in light
The shining conqueror rode,
Ye hail'd his rapturous flight
Up to the throne of God;
And wave'd around
Your golden wings,
And struck your strings
Of sweetest sound.

The warbling notes pursue,
And louder anthems raise;
EXALTATION OF CHRIST.

While mortals sing with you,
Their own Redeemer's praise:
And thou, my heart,
With equal flame,
And joy the same,
Perform thy part.

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.

While seraphs tune the immortal song,
Oh, 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 expir'd;
Who dy'd for rebels—yes, 'tis he!
How bright! how lovely! how admir'd!

Jesus, who dy'd that we might live,—
Dy'd in the wretched traitor's place;—
Oh, 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, tho' 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!
THE mighty frame of glorious grace,
That brightest monument of praise
That e'er the God of Love design'd,
Employ'd 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.
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.
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.
Thus were the hosts of death subdu'd,
And sin was drown'd in Jesus' blood:
Then he arose, and reigns above,
And conquers sinners by his love.
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!
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 purg'd our stains,
He took his seat above:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

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 the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

4 He all his foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy,
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope!
Jesus the judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,—
The trump of God shall sound, rejoice.
FULNESS OF CHRIST.

150 104th. Fawcett.

Fulness of Christ, John i. 16. Col. i. 19.

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:

What'ee'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.

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.

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.
When troubles attend,
   Or danger or strife,
His love will defend
   And guard us thro' life:
And when we are fainting,
   And ready to die,
Whatever is wanting
His hand will supply.

151. 8
The unsearchable Riches of Christ. Eph. iii.

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.

In him, all the fulness of God.
For ever transcendently shines;
Tho' once like a mortal he stood
To finish his gracious designs:
Tho' 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.

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 lov'd till he dy'd—
To wash their pollutions away.
INTERCESSION OF CHRIST.

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.
Now, sinners, attend to his call,
"Who so hath an ear let him hear,"
He promises mercy to all
Who feel their sad wants, far and near:
He riches has ever in store,
And treasures that never can waste:
Here's pardon, here's grace; yea, and more,
Here's glory eternal at last.

152 L. M. STEELE.

King'sbridge 88. Portugal 97.

The Intercession of Christ. Heb. vii. 25.

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 dare,
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.

153 C. M. "Toplady.

1. A WAKE, sweet gratitude! and sing
Th' ascended Saviour's love:
Sing how he lives to carry on
His people's cause above.

2. With cries and tears, he offer'd up
His humble suit below;
But with authority he asks,
Enthron'd in glory now.

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."
INTERCESSION OF CHRIST.

Eternal life, at his request,
To every saint is given:
Safety below, and, after death,
The plenitude of heaven.
[Founded on right, thy prayer avails;
The Father smiles on thee;
And now, thou in thy kingdom art,
Dear Lord, remember me.
Let the much incense of thy prayer
In my behalf ascend;
And, as its virtue, so my praise
Shall never never end.]

I 54. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.
Michael's 119. Elim 151.

Swift's Intercession typified by Aaron's Breast-plate.
Exodus xxviii. 29.

NOW let our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High-priest above,
And celebrate his constant care
And sympathetic love.
Tho' rais'd to a superior throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the shining train,
With matchless honours crown'd;
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.
Those characters shall fair abide
Our everlasting trust,
When gems, and monuments, and crowns,
Are moulder'd down to dust.
INTERCESSION OF CHRIST.

5 So, gracious Saviour! on my breast
May thy dear name be worn,—
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne!

I55 C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Christ's Admonition to Peter under approaching Trial

1 HOW keen the tempter's malice is!
   How artful, and how great!
   Tho' 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.

5 Thy secret energy impart,
   That faith may never fail;
   But, 'midst whole showers of fiery darts,
   That temper'd shield prevail.

6 Secur'd ourselves by grace divine,
   We'll guard our brethren too;
   And, taught their frailty by our own,
   Our care of them renew.
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.

* These characters of Christ follow one another alphabetically. Others, which it was necessary to place under different heads, may be found in the Index.
157. L. M.
Lebanon 79. Lewton 30.
Brazen Serpent. Numbers xxi. 8, 9.

1 WHEN Israel's grieving tribes complain'd,
   With fiery serpents greatly pain'd,
A serpent strait the prophet made
Of molten brass, to view display'd.

2 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.

3 But, Oh, what healing to the heart
   Doth our Redeemer's Cross impart!
What life, by faith, our souls receive!
What pleasures do his sorrows give.

4 Still, may I view the Saviour's Cross,
   And other objects count but loss;
Here still be fix'd my feasted eyes,
Enraptur'd with his sacrifice!

5 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.

158 L. M. Fawcett.
Illington 40. New Sabbath 122.

1 Depraved minds on ashes feed;
   Nor love, nor seek for heavenly bread;
They chuse the husks which swine do eat,
Or meanly crave the serpent's meat.

2 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.
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.

'Tis 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 giv'n.

This precious food my heart revives;
What strength what nourishment it gives!
O let me evermore be fed
With this divine celestial bread!

159  L. M.  FAWCETT.

Bridegroom and Husband; or, the Marriage between Christ and the Soul.

1 JESUS, the heavenly lover, gave
His life my wretched soul to save:
Resolv'd 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 make 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.
CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

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.

160 L. M. Beddome.

Kimbolton 251, Chard 175.

Bright and morning Star. Rev. xxii. 16

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, compar'd with his!

2 We sing the bright and morning Star,
Jesus, the spring of light and love:
See, how its rays, diffus'd 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 heav'nly place
Where this bright star shall brightest shine?
Leave far behind these scenes of night,
And view a lustre so divine?
CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

161 C. M. Dr. S. STENNETT.


Chief among Ten Thousand; or, the Excellencies of Christ. x Cant. v. 10—16.

O Christ, the Lord, let every tongue
Its noblest tribute bring:
When he's the subject of the song,
Who can refuse to sing!

Survey the beauties of his face,
And on his glories dwell;
Think of the wonders of his grace,
And all his triumphs tell.

Majestic sweetness fits enthron'd:
Upon his awful brow;
His head with radiant glories crown'd,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

No mortal can with him compare,
Among the sons of men:
Fairer he is than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

He saw me plung'd in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

[His hand a thousand blessings pours
Upon my guilty head;
His presence gilds my darkest hours,
And guards my sleeping bed.

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 heav'n, the place of his abode;
   He brings my weary feet;
Shews 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!

I62 8. 7. Maban's Collection.

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.

I63 L. M. Dr. Doddridge.
Wareham 117. Wells 102.
ORD, dost thou shew a corner-stone
For us to build our hopes upon,
That the fair edifice may rise
   Sublime in height beyond the skies?
CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

We own the work of sov'reign love;
Nor death nor hell the hopes shall move,
Which fix'd on this foundation stand,
Laid by thy own Almighty hand.

Thy people long this stone have try'd,
And all the powers of hell defy'd;
Floods of temptation beat in vain,
Well doth this rock the house sustain.

When storms of wrath around prevail,
Whirlwind and thunder, fire and hail,
'Tis here our trembling souls shall hide,
And here securely they abide:

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.

I64 C. M.


Desire of all Nations. Hag. ii. 7. Cant. i. 3.

1 INFINITE excellence is thine,
Thou lovely Prince of Grace!
Thy uncreated beauties shine
With never fading 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
Thro' all IMMANUEL's ground.
CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

4 Millions of happy spirits live
On thy exhaustless store;
From thee they all their bliss receive,
And still thou givest more.

5 Thou art their triumph and their joy;
They find their all in thee;
Thy glories will their tongues employ
Thro' all eternity.

165  C. M. Dr. Dodridge.

165 The Door, John x. 9. Hosea ii. 15.

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 Oh, may thy grace the nations lead,
And Jews and Gentiles come,
All trav'ling thro' one beauteous gate,
To one eternal home!

166 L. M. Steele.
Portugal 97. New Sabbath 122.

166 Our Example, John xiii. 15.

1 AND is the Gospel peace and love?
Such let our conversation be;
The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity,
CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

When'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life!

Oh, 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.

To do his heavenly Father's will
Was his employment and delight;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone thro' his life divinely bright!

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.

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.

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!

I67 L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.
Bramcoate 8. Antigua 120.
Forerunner and Foundation of our Hope, Heb. vi. 19, 20.

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.
168 CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

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 raptur'd 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.

I68 104th HART.
Stockwell 140. Hanover 130.

Fountain opened for Sinners, Zech. xiii. 1.

1 THE fountain of CHRIST,
   Lord, help us to sing,—
The blood of our Priest,
   Our crucify'd 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 pierc'd 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.

This fountain from guilt
Not only makes pure,
And gives, soon as felt,
Infallible cure;
But, if guilt removed
Return and remain,
Its pow'r may be proved
Again and again.

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.

This fountain, tho' rich,
From charge is quite clear;
The poorer the wretch,
The welcomer here:
Come needy, and guilty,
Come loathsome, and bare;
Tho' lep'rous and filthy,
Come just as you are.

This fountain in vain
Has never been try'd;
It takes out all stain
Whenever apply'd:
The fountain flows sweetly
With virtue divine,
To cleanse souls completely;
Tho' leprous as mine.
169 C. M. Cowper.
Tunbridge 103. Evans's 190.
Praise for the Fountain opened.

1 There is a fountain fill'd with blood,
   Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
   And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood,
   Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see
   That fountain in his day;
   O may I there, 'Tho' 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.

170 L. M. Newton.
Kingsbridge 88. Magdalene 214.

Friend.

1 Poor, weak, and worthless, 'tho' I am,
   I have a rich almighty friend;
   Jesus, the Saviour, is his name:
   He freely loves, and without end.

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.
CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

He cheers my heart, my want supplies,
And says that I shall shortly be
Enthron'd with him above the skies:
Oh! what a friend is CHRIST to me!

PAUSE.

This thy Kindness to thy Friend, 2 Sam. xvi. 17.

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.

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 what'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 treach'rous heart has throb'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.

171: L. M. Beddome.


Gift of God, John iii. 16. 2 Cor. ix. 15.

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!
2 When shall I see thy smiling face,—
That face which I have often seen?
Arise, thou Sun of Righteousness!
Scatter the clouds that intervene.

3 Thou art the glorious Gift of God
To sinners weary and distress'd;
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!

I72 C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Head of the Church, Ephesians iv. 15, 16.

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.
CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

4 Oh, 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.

173 C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.
Liverpool 83. Irish 171.

Jesus—precious to them that believe, 1 Pet. ii. 7.

1 Jesus, I love thy charming name,
   'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I find 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 forrid 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 seek the honours of thy name
   With my last lab'ring breath;
And, dying, clasp thee in my arms—
   The antidote of death.

93
GOD with us! O glorious name! Let it shine in endless fame:
God and man in Christ unite:—Oh, 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; Yet did he our sins sustain, Bear the guilt, the curse, the pain.

4 [God with us! Oh, blissful theme! Let the impious not blaspheme; Jesus shall in judgment sit, Dooming rebels to the pit.]

5 God with us! Oh, wondrous grace! Let us see him face to face, That we may Immanuel sing, As we ought, our God and King.

175 C.M. STEELE.

1 Come, ye that love the Saviour's name, And joy to make it known: The Sovereign of your heart proclaim, And how before his throne.

2 Behold your King; your Saviour, crown'd With glories all divine; And tell the wondering nations round, How bright those glories shine.
CHARACTERS OF CHRIST. * 176.

Hailie 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.
Oh, happy period! glorious day!
When heaven and earth shall raise,
With all their powers, the raptur'd lay,
To celebrate thy praise.

I76 C. M. W——.

Milles Lane 32. Condescension 116.

Crown him.

BACKSLIDERS, who your misery feel,
Attend your Saviour's call;
Return, he'll your backslidings heal:
Oh, crown him LORD of all.

Though crimson sin increase your guilt,
And painful is your thrall;
For broken hearts his blood was spilt;
Oh, crown him LORD of all.

Take with you words, approach his throne,
And low before him fall;
He understands the spirit's groan;
Oh, crown him LORD of all. 94
CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

4. Whoever comes he'll not cast out,
    Altho' your faith be small:
    His faithfulness you cannot doubt;
    Oh, crown him Lord of all.

177. C. M.
    Miles's Lane 32. Foster 96.
    The Spiritual Coronation, Cant. iii. 11.

ANGELS.

1. All-hail the power of Jesus' name!
    Let angels prostrate fall:
    Bring forth the royal diadem,
    And crown him Lord of all.

MARTYRS.

2. [Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
    Who from his altar call;
    Exalt the stem of Jesse's rod;
    And crown him Lord of all.]

CONVERTED JEWS.

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.]

BELIEVING GENTILES.

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.

SINNERS OF EVERY AGE.

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.]
CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

SINNERS OF EVERY NATION.

Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

Ourselves.

Oh that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

178 112th. C. WESLEY.

Usselmon 93, Hoxton 121.

Kinsman, Ruth iii. 2—9.

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.

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.

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.
CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

4 Haft thou not undertook my cause,
    Lord over all, to worms allied?
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!

I79 L. M. FAWCETT.

Babylon Streams 23. Kingsbridge 88. Gould:

Lamb of God, &c. John i. 29.

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, thro' him abound;
    He can the richest blessings give;
Salvation in his name is found,
    He bids the dying sinner live.

6 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.
CHARACTERS OF CHRIST. 180 S. M. J. C. W.
New Eagle Street 55. Enfield 5.
Leader.

1 Thou very paschal Lamb,
   Whose blood for us was shed,
   Thro' 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.

181 L. M. Steele.
Virginia 234. Rippon's 188.

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;
Nor 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,
Nor death itself, that last of woes,
Shall break a union so divine.

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’s 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.
CHARACTERS OF CHRIST. 183, 184

183 7. W

Scotland 194. Stoel 164. Alcester 213.

Melchizedek a Type of Christ. Gen. xiv. 18, 19.

ING of Salem, blest 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 tythe, but take them all;

184 C. M.


Messenger of the Covenant. Mal. iii. 1.

JESUS, commission’d from above,
Descends to men below,
And shews from whence the springs of love
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 fought his grace,
Who mock’d his sacred word;
Who never knew ‘or lov’d his face,
And all his will abhor’d
CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

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;
    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!

I85 L. M. Needham.
New Sabbath 122. Mark's 65.

1 GLORY to God! who reigns above,
    Who dwells in light, whose name is love;
Ye saints and angels, if ye can,
Declare the love of God to man.

2 Oh 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 expir'd—
    The time prophetic seals requir'd;
    Cut off for sins, but not his own,
    Thy Prince Messiah did atone.
5 Thy famous temple, Solomon,
Is by the latter far out-shone:
It wanted not thy glittering store;
Messiah's presence grac'd it more.

6 We see the prophecies fulfill'd
In Jesus, that most wond'rous child:
His birth, his life, his death, combine
To prove his character divine.

7 Jesus, thy Gospel firmly stands
A blessing to these favour'd lands;
No insidler shall be our dread,
Since thou art risen from the dead.

I86 7. 6. 8. C. Wesley.
Clark's 131. Tottenham Court 111.
Passover. Exod. xii. 7. 1 Cor. v. 7, 8.

1 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.
CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

3 Wilt thou not a difference make
Betwixt thy friend and foe,
Vengeance on the Egyptians take,
And grace to Israel shew?
Know'lt thou not, most righteous God,
We on the paschal Lamb rely?—
See us cover'd with the blood,
And pass thy people by.

187 C. M. STEELE.

Pearl of great Price. Matt. xiii. 46.

1 Ye glittering toys of earth, adieu!
A nobler choice be mine;
A real prize attracts my view,
A treasure all divine.

2 Be gone, unworthy of my cares,
Ye specious baits of sense;—
Inestimable worth appears,
The Pearl of price immense!

3 Jesus, to multitudes unknown,—
O name divine! 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 po'fed'st,
I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
And be for ever bless'd.
CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

Dear sovereign of my soul's desires,
Thy love is bliss divine;
Accept the wish that love inspires,
And bid me call thee mine.

L. M. STEELE.

Ulverston 179, Portugal 97, Gould's 272.
Physician of Souls. Jeremiah viii. 22.

1. D. E. P 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 for ever 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.

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.
CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

189 C. M.
Great Milton 212. Ludlow 84.
Physician; or, the Miracles of Christ.

1 Jesus, since thou art still to-day
    As yesterday the same;
Prevent to heal—in me display
    The virtue of thy name.

2 Since still thou go’st about to do
    Thy needy creatures good;
On me, that I thy praise may shew,
    Be all thy wonders shew’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 abhor’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 withered hands,
    And lift them up in prayer.

6 Silent, (alas! thou know’st how long)
    My voice I cannot raise;
But Oh! when thou shalt loose my tongue,
    The dumb shall sing thy praise.
LAME.

Lame, at the pool I still am seen,
   Waiting to find relief;
While many others venture in,
   And wash away their grief.

Now speak my mind, my conscience found,
   Give, and my strength employ;
Light as an hart, my soul shall bound,
   The lame shall leap for joy.

BLIND.

If thou, my God, art passing by,
   Oh! 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."

POSESSED.

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 wilt relieve my soul;
Lord, I believe, and not in vain,
   For thou wilt make me whole.
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.

My Lord a priest is made,  
As sware the mighty God,  
To Israel and his seed;  
Ordain'd to offer blood  
For sinners, who his mercy seek;  
A priest, as was Melchizedek.

He once temptations knew  
Of every sort and kind,  
That he might succour shew  
To every tempted mind:  
In every point, the Lamb was try'd.  
Like us, and then for us he dy'd.

He dies; but lives again,  
And by the altar stands:  
There shews how he was slain,  
Op'ning his pierced hands:  
Our priest abides, and pleads the cause  
Of us, who have transgress'd his laws.

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 lov'd, and liv'd, and dy'd, for me.
The Excellency of the Priesthood of Christ.

ONG all the priests of Jewish race,
Jesus the most illustrious stands:
The radiant beauty of his face
Superior love and awe demands.

Not Aaron or Melchizedek
Could claim such high descent as he;
His nature and his name bespeak
His unexampled pedigree.

Descended from the eternal God,
He bears the name of his own Son;
And, drest in human flesh and blood,
He puts his priestly garments on.

The mitred crown, the embroider’d vest,
With graceful dignity he wears;
And, in full splendour, on his breast
The sacred oracle appears.

So he presents his sacrifice,—
An offering most divinely sweet;
While clouds of fragrant incense rise,
And cover o’er the mercy-seat.

The father with approving smile
Accepts the offering of his Son:
New joys the wondering angels feel,
And haste to bear the tidings down.

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. President Davies.
Prophet, Priest, and King. 1 Pet. ii. 7.

1 Jesus, how precious is thy name!
The great Jehovah's darling, thou!
Oh, let me catch thy immortal flame,
With which angelic bosoms glow!
Since angels love thee, I would love,
And imitate the blest'd above.

2 My Prophet thou, my heavenly guide,
Thy sweet instructions I will hear;
The words, that from thy lips proceed,
Oh, how divinely sweet they are!
Thee, my great Prophet, I would love,
And imitate the blest'd above.

3 My great High-Priest, whose precious blood
Did once atone upon the cross;
Who now dost intercede with God,
And plead the friendless sinners 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.

193 L. M.
Redemption 243. Well's Row 98.
The Ransom. Isaiah lxi. 2.

"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.
CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

"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."

Supendous favour! matchless grace!
Jesus has dy'd, that we might live:
Not worlds below, nor worlds above,
Could so divine a ransom give.

To him, who lov'd 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. Dr. Doddridge.
Oxford 177. Sprague 166.


SAVIOUR divine! we know thy name,
And in that name we trust;
Thou art the Lord our Righteousness,
Thou art thine Israel's boast.

Guilty we plead before thy throne,
And low in dust we lie,
"Till Jesus stretch his gracious arm To bring the guilty nigh.

The sins of one most righteous day
Might plunge us in despair;
Yet all the crimes of numerous years
Shall our great surety clear.

That 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.

6 With joy we taste that manna now,
   Thy mercy scatters down;
We seal our humble vows to thee,
   And wait the promised crown.

ROCK OF AGES, SHELTER ME!

1. 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 fulfill thy laws' 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 fear to worlds unknown,
   See thee on thy judgment throne,
Rock of ages, shelter me!
   Let me hide myself in thee!
1 Jesus, the spring of joys divine,
Whence all our hopes and comforts flow,—
Jesus, no other name but thine
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 heav'nly path depart:
O let thy Spirit, gracious Guide!
Direct our steps, and cheer our heart.

5 Safe lead us thro' this world of night,
And bring us to the blissful plains,—
The regions of unclouded light,
Where perfect joy for ever reigns.

While my Redeemer's near,
My Shepherd and my guide,
I bid farewell to anxious fear,
My wants are all supply'd.

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;
Benevolence 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.


The 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.

Should justice appear
A merciless foe,
Yet be of good cheer,
And soon shall you know
CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

That sinners, confessing
Their wickedness past,
A plentiful blessing
Of pardon shall taste.

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 sighing shall end.

"None will I cast out
"Who come," saith the Lord.
Why then do you doubt?
Lay hold of his word:
Ye mourners of Sion,
Be bold to believe,
For ever rely on
Your Saviour, and live.

199 (L.M.) DR. S. Stennett.
New Sabbath 122. Martin's Lane 67.

Sun. Psalm lxxxiv. 11.

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 the sun arise,
And pour his glories o'er the skies,
In more stupendous forms I view
Thy greatness and thy goodness too.
Thou Sun of sons, whose dazzling light
Tries and confounds an angel's flight!
How shall I glance mine eye at thee
In all thy vast immensity?

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.

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!

He is my Sun: beneath his wings
My soul securely sits and sings;
And there enjoys, like thofe above,
The balmy influence of thy love.

Oh, may the vital strength and heat,
His cheering beams communicate,
Enable me my course to run
With the same vigour as the sun!

200 C. M. ToPlady.

Vine and the Branches. John xv. 1—5.

Jesus, immutably the same!
Thou true and living Vine!
Around thy all-supporting stem
My feeble arms I twine.

Quicken'd by thee, and kept alive,
I flourish and bear fruit:
My life I from thy sap derive,
My vigour from thy root.
CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

I can do nothing without thee; My strength is wholly thine; Wither'd and barren should I be, If sever'd from the Vine.

Upon my leaf, when parch'd with heat, Refreshing dew shall drop; The plant, which thy right-hand set, Shall ne'er be rooted up.

Each moment, water'd by thy care, And fenc'd with power divine, Fruit to eternal life shall bear The feeblest branch of thine.

201 L. M. CENNICK.

Way to Canaan.

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.

The way the holy prophets went— The road that leads from banishment— The king's high-way of holiness— I'll go; for all his paths are peace.

This is the way I long have sought, And mourn'd because I found it not: My grief, my burden, long has been Because I could not cease from sin.

The more I strove against its pow'r, I saunter'd and stumbl'd but the more; 'Till late I heard my Saviour say, "Come hither, foul, I AM THE WAY."
CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

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!"

202 8. 3. 6.

Broadmead 150. Chatham 59.


1 There is no path to heav'nly bliss,
Or solid joy, or lasting peace,
But Christ, th'appointed road:
Oh, 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:
Oh, 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:
Oh, may his Spirit in me dwell!
Then—fav'd from sin, and death, and hell—
Eternal life is mine.
CHARACTERS OF CHRIST. 203, 204

203 L. M. Dr. DODDRIDGE.
I stand, Righteousness, Sanctification, and Redemption,
1 Cor. i. 30, 31.

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.

In Christ I view a store divine:
My Father, all that store is thine!
By thee prepar'd, by thee bestow'd:
Hail to the Saviour and the God!

When gloomy shades my soul o'er spread,
"Let there be light," th' almighty said!
And Christ, my Sun, his beams displays,
And scatters round celestial rays.

Condemn'd, thy criminal I stood,
And awful Justice ask'd my blood:
That welcome Saviour, from thy throne,
Brought righteousness and pardon down.

My soul was all o'er spread with sin;
And lo! his grace hath made me clean!
He rescues from th' infernal foe,
And full redemption will bestow.

Ye faints, assist my grateful tongue!
Ye angels, warble back my song!
For love like this demands the praise
Of heavenly harps and endless days.

204 C. M. TOPLADY.
Bedford 91. Brighthelmstone 208.
All in All:

Compar'd 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 Lov'd of my God, for him again
With love intense I'd burn:
Chosen of Thee, e'er 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 the intents of bliss,
If thou, O God, art mine.

205 8 K—
New Jerusalem 230. Lock 49.
All in All; or, the Testimony concerning Jesus, the Soul of Prophecy. Rev. xix. 10.

1 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 lustrous divine.

2 In every prophistical book,
Where God his decrees hath unseal'd,
With joy we behold, as we look,
The wonderful Saviour reveal'd:
CHARACTERS OF CHRIST. 205

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.

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.

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 OF
THE INFLUENCES AND GRACE
OF THE SPIRIT.

206 (First Part.) 112th.
Carey's 11. Hoxton 121.


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;
"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 visiteth oft the troubled breast,
And oftth 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:
Oh may we meet and never part!
Oh may he in our hearts abide!
THE HOLY SPIRIT.

And keep his house of praise and prayer,
And rest and reign for ever there!

206 (Second Part.) 8th.

Limefield 94.


The love of the Spirit I sing,
By whom is redemption apply’d;
Who sinners to Jesus can bring,
And make them his mystical bride.
'Tis he circumcises their hearts;
Their callousness kindly removes;
Light, life, and affection imparts
To them that so freely he loves.

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.

The sturdiest will he can bow,
The soes that dwell in us restrain;
And none can be trodden so low,
But he can revive them again.

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

Imprint with the image divine,
The soul to redemption he seals;
And each with the Saviour shall shine,
When glory complete he reveals.

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.
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.

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.

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 never depart.

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.

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.

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

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

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

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

208 L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Magdalene 214. Rowles 73.

The Spirit's Influences compared to living Water.

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 thro' desert lands,
'Midit 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,
Thro' all the desert, gently glide;
Then, in Immanuel's land above,
Spread to a sea of joy and love!

209 L. M.

Kimbolton 251. Martin's Lane 67.

Divine Influences compared to Rain. Psalm Lxxii. 6.

1 As showers on meadows newly mown,
Jesus shall shed his blessings down;
Crown'd with whose life-infusing drops,
Earth shall renew her blisful crops.
THE INFLUENCES OF

2 Land, 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 flower;
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,
Distinguishing its rich perfume.

6 Nor let these blessings be confin'd
To me, but pour'd on all mankind;
Till earth's wild wastes in verdure rise,
And a young Eden bless our eyes.

210  L. M.  Dr. Doddridge.

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 haughtiest eye
Shall floods of pious sorrows rise;
While all their glowing souls are borne
To seek that grace which now they seek.
Oh, let a holy flock await
Numerous around thy temple-gate!
Each pressing on with zeal to be
A living sacrifice to thee.

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.

(The Influences of the Spirit desired)

External Spirit! source of light!
Enliv'ning, consecrating fire,
Descend, and with celestial heat,
Our dull, our frozen hearts inspire:
Our souls refine, our drosses consume!
Come, condescending Spirit! come.

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, purifying Spirit, come
And make our hearts thy constant home.

Whatever guilt and madness dare,
171 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!

Let pure devotion's fervors 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.
1 Come, holy Spirit come!
With energy divine;
And on this poor benighted soul
With beams of mercy shine.

2 From the celestial hills,
Light, life, 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.

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

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

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

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.
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.

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

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

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

212 (Second Part) L. M.  
Denbigh 54. Rowles 73.  
A propitious Gale longed for.

A T anchor laid, remote from home,  
Toiling, I cry, "Sweet Spirit, come!  
"Celestial breeze, no longer stay,  
"But swell my sails, and speed my way!

"Pain 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 gale!

213 L. M. STEELE.  
Portugal 97. Ulverston 179.  
The Influences of the Spirit experienced.  
John xiv. 15. 17.

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!
   'Tis he sustains my fainting head;
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 mournful 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 dawning 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.

The Holy Spirit addressed under Darkness.

DESCEND, Holy Spirit—the dove,
   And visit a sorrowful breast;
   My burden of guilt to remove,
   And bring me assurance and rest:
The only haft pow'r to relieve
A inner o'erwhelm'd with his load,—
The fonte of redemption to give,
And sprinkle his conscience with blood.
With me, if of old thou hast strove,
And kindly withheld me from sin;
Resolv'd, 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.
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 h, Spirit of pity and grace!
Relieve me again, and restore,
My spirit in holiness raise,
To fall and to grieve thee no more.
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 (First Part.) L. M.
THE INFLUENCES OF

Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all who'er thy grace receiv'd;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd.

3. But Oh! 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 a 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.

215. (Second Part.) C. M.
The grieved Spirit desired to return.

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

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

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

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

In a world of hopes and fears,—
A wilderness of toils, and tears,
Where foes alarm, and dangers threaten,
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 thy shield of pow'r
To guard me in the dangerous hour.
Teach me the flatt'ring path to shun,
In which the thoughtless many run;
Who for a shade the substance mis,
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, refin'd,
Just, gen'rous, amiable, and kind.
That may my constant thought pursue—
That may I love and practice too.
Let neither pleasure, wealth, nor pride,
Allure my wand'ring soul aside;
But, through this maze of mortal ill,
Safe lead me to thy heav'nly hill.—
There glories shine and pleasures roll,
That charm, delight, transport—the soul;
And ev'ry panting wish shall be
Possess of boundless bliss in Thee.

DIVINE DRAWINGS celebrated. Hosea xi. 4.

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,
Secure's the crowning day.

4 Comfort, thro' all this vale of tears,
In rich profusion flows,
And glory of unnumber'd years
Eternity bestowed.

5 Drawn by such cords, we onward move,
Till round thy throne we meet;
And, captives in the chains of love,
Embrace our conqueror's feet.

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

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

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

3 He will complete the work begun,
By leading me in all his ways;
To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, equal praise.
GRACES OF THE SPIRIT.

THE GRACES OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

217 (First Part) S. S. 6. S. PEARCE.

Baltimore 167. Hinton 266.

Contentment encouraged by the divine promises.

Heb. xiii. 5.

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.

Let Rebel Angels, doom'd to die,
Provoke the dread Eternal's ire,
And combat with their God;
Then headlong from the ethereal height
Preceitate their downward flight,
At his effective nod.

[Let murmur'ring Mortals too repine,
Arraign the Providence divine,
And blame the deeds of Heav'n;
While passions strong, without control,
Disturb the agitated soul,
Enrag'd at what is giv'n.]

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

* The Chriftian Graces and Tempe's are placed alphabetically, for the sake of finding them at once, by looking at the head of the page.
237. 218 GRACES OF THE SPIRIT.

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

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.

Faith its Author and Preciousst. Rph. ii. 3.

1 FAITH!—tis a precious grace,
Where'er it is bellov'd!
It boasts of a celestial birth,
And is the gift of God!

2 Jesus it owns a King,—
An all-atoning priest:
It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in Christ.

3 To him it leads the soul,
When fill'd with deep distress;
Flies to the fountain of his blood,
And truss his righteousness.

4 Since 'tis thy work alone,
And that divinely free;
Lord, send the Spirit of thy Son
To work this faith in me!

218 C. M. Abingdon 42. Condescension 16.
The Power of Faith.

8 Faith adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves me from its share;
FAITH.

Its aid in every duty brings,
And softens all my cares:
Extinguishes the thirst of sin,
And lights the sacred fire
Of love to God, and heavenly things,
And feeds the pure desire.

The wounded conscience knows its power
The healing balm to give:
That balm the faddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live:
Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign;
And bids me seek my portion there,
Nor bids me seek in vain:

Shews me the precious promise, seal'd
With the redeemer's blood,
And helps my feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.

There, there unshaken, would I rest
Till this vile body dies;
And then, on faith's triumphant wings
At once to glory rise!

219. L. M. Dr. Doddridge.


Jesus, our souls delightful choice,
In thee, believing, we rejoice;
Yet still our joy is mix'd with grief,
While faith contends with unbelief.

Thy promises our hearts revive,
And keep our fainting hopes alive;
But guilt, and fears, and arrows rise,
And hide the promise from our eyes.
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.

Do thou the dying spark inflame;
Reveal the glories of thy name;
And put all anxious doubts to flight,
As shades dispers'd by opening light.

ENCIRCLED 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.

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.

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."
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 tow'r;
Come succour and gladden my heart,—
Let this be the day of thy power.

Chatham 59. Woffbury Leigh 278.

Faith Reviving.

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 charg'd on thee?

Complete attonement thou hast made,
And to the utmost farthing paid
Whate'er thy people ow'd;
How then can wrath on me take place,
If shelter'd in thy righteousness
And sprinkled with thy blood?

If thou hast my discharge procur'd,
And freely, in my room, endur'd
The whole of wrath divine;
Payment God cannot twice demand—
First at my bleeding Surety's hand,
And then again at mine.]

Turn then, my soul, unto thy rest!
The merits of thy great high-priest
Speak liberty and peace:
Trust in his efficacious blood;
Nor fear thy banishment from God,
Since Jesus dy'd for thee.
THE moment a sinner believes,
And trusts in his crucify'd God,
His pardon at once he receives—
Redemption in full thro' his blood.
Tho' thousands and thousands of foes:
Against him in malice unite;
Their rage he, thro' Christ, can oppose—
Led forth by the Spirit to fight.

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.

It treads on the world and on hell;
It vanquishes death and despair;
And Oh! 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.

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:
Eids 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.
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:
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 fever my soul from his love.
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 glorify'd spirits in heaven.

FAITH.

Weak Believers encouraged.

YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of Christ our Lord
Bid every string awake.
THO' in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above;
We every moment come.

His grace shall to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

The time of love will come,
When we shall clearly see
Not only that he shed his blood,
But each shall say, "FOR ME."

Tarry his leisure, then;
Wait, the appointed hour;
Wait, till the bridegroom of your souls
Reveal his love with power.

Blest is the man, O God!
That stays himself on thee!
Who waits for thy salvation, LORD!
Shall thy salvation see.

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;

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.
LORD, I believe thy heavenly word!
In would I have my soul renew’d:
I mourn for sin, and trust the LORD,
To have it pardon’d and subdu’d.
Oh, 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!

226 C. M.  DR. DODDRIDGE.

Bedford 91, Brighthelmstone 203.

Being in the Fear of God all the day long.
Proverbs xxiii. 17.

THRICE happy souls, who born from heav’n,
While yet they sojourn here,
Humbly begin their days with God,
And spend them in his fear.

So may our eyes with holy zeal
Prevent the dawning day,
And turn the sacred pages o’er,
And praise thy name, and pray.

Midst hourly cares, may love present
Its incense to thy throne—
And, while the world our hands employs,
Our hearts be thine alone!

As sanctified to noblest ends,
Be each refreshment sought;
And, by each various providence,
Some wise instruction brought!

When to laborious duties call’d,
Or, by temptations try’d,
We’ll seek the shelter of thy wings,
And in thy strength confide.

118
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 pow'rs 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.

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C. M. 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.
FORTITUDE.—GRAVITY. 228, 229

228 C. M. DR. WATTS'S SERMONS.

Michael's 119. Follett 181.
Holy Fortitude. 1 Cor. xvi. 13.

A M 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?

Must I be carried to the skies,
On flowery beds of ease;
While others fought to win the prize,
And fail'd thro' bloody seas!

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?

Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer tho' they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory thro' the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

229 L. M. DR. WATTS'S SERMONS.

Chard 175. Ayliffe-Street 241.

Gravity and Decency.

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?
Can laughter feed the immortal mind?
Were spirits of celestial kind
Made for a jest, for sport, and play—
To wear out time, and waste the day?

Dost 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?

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.

Lord, raise our hearts and passions high;
Touch our vain souls with sacred fire;
Then, with a heav'n-directed eye,
We'll pass these glittering trifles by.

We'll look on all the toys below
With such disdain as angels do;
And wait the call that bids us rise
To mansions promis'd in the skies.


Hope set before us.

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.

What shall we do?—shall we lie down,
Sink in despair, and groan, and die?
And, sunk beneath the Almighty's frown,
Not glance one cheerful hope on high?
HOPE.

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.

Lord, we believe! Oh, chase away
The gloomy clouds of unbelief:
Lord, we repent! Oh, let thy ray
Dissolve our hearts in sacred grief!

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 (First Part.) L. M.

Chard 175, New Court 173.

Hope in Darkness.

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!

Scarcely thro' the shades a glimpse of day
Appears to these desiring eyes!
But shall my drooping spirit say,
The cheerful morn will never rise?

Oh, let me not despairing mourn!
The gloomy darkness spreads the sky,
My glorious sun will yet return,
And night with all its horrors fly.

Oh, for the bright, the joyful day,
When hope shall in fruition die!
So tapers lose their feeble ray
Beneath the sun's resulgent eye.
Who can tell; or, hoping against Hope. Jonah.

1 GREAT God! to thee I'll make My griefs and sorrows known; And with an humble hope Approach thine awful throne; Tho' by my fins deferring hell, I'll not despair;—for, who can tell?

2 To thee, who by a word My drooping soul cannot 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 Endangered or distress'd, 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 stirs within; One gracious look from thee, Will make it all serene: Satan suggests that I must dwell In endless flames;—but, who can tell?

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

Oh, 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,—
An howling wilderness.
6 O dearest Joshua! bring us in;
Display thy grace, forgive our sin,
Our unbelief remove;
The heavenly Canaan, Lord! divide;
And, Oh, with all the sanctify'd,
Give us a lot of love!

233 L. M. Steele,
Portugal 97. Wareham 117.
Hope encouraged by a View of the Divine Perfections.
1 Sam. xxx. 6.

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 wond'rous glories of his name,
How wide they spread! how bright they shine!

4 Infinite wisdom! boundless power!
Unchanging faithfulness and love!
Here let me quiet, while I adore,—
Nor from my refuge e'er remove.

5 My God, if thou art mine indeed,
Then I have all my heart can crave;
A present help in times 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.
HUMILITY.

234 L. M. STEELE.

New Sabbath 122, Langdon 217.

_Happy Poverty; or, the Poor in Spirit blessed._
Matthew v. 3.

Ye humble souls, complain no more;
Let faith survey your future store.
How happy, how divinely blest,
The sacred words of truth attest.

When conscious grief laments sincere,
And pours the penitential tear;
Hope points, to your dejected eyes,
The bright reversion in the skies.

In vain the sons of wealth and pride
Despite your lot, your hopes deride:
In vain they boast their little stores:
Trifles are theirs, a kingdom yours!—

A kingdom of immense delight,
Where health, and peace, and joy unite;
Where undying pleasures rise,
And every wish hath full supplies:

A kingdom which can never decay,
While time sweeps earthly thrones away;
The fate, which power and truth sustain,
Unmov'd for ever must remain.

There shall your eyes with raptures view
The glorious friend that dy'd for you;
That dy'd to ransom, dy'd to raise
To crowns of joy and songs of praise.

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! 122 L.
8 Oh, let me hear that voice divine
Pronounce the glorious blessing mine!
Enroll'd among thy happy poor,
My largest wishes ask no more.

235 C. M.

Bangor 231. Wantage 204.

_Humble Pleadings for Mercy._

1 _L_ORD, at thy feet we sinners lie,
   And knock at mercy's door;
   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.

3 We sink—with all this weight oppress'd,
   Sink down to death and hell;
   Oh, 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 Oh, for thy 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 repossession thy throne.
HUMILITY.

236  L. M. "Bedome."


ORD! with a griev’d and aching heart,
To thee I look—to thee I cry;
Supply my wants, and e’ase my smart:
Oh, help me soon, or else I die.

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.

Break off these adamantine chains;
From cruel bondage set me free;
Rescue from everlasting pains;
And bring me safe to heaven and thee.

237 7s. MADAN’S Collection.

Alcester 213. Cookham 36.

A Prayer for Humility.

ORD, if thou thy grace impart,—
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
I shall, as my master, be
Rooted in humility.

1 Simple, teachable, and mild:
Chang’d into a little child;
Pleas’d with all the Lord provides;
Wean’d from all the world besides.

2 Father, fix my soul on thee;
Every evil let me flee;
Nothing want, beneath, above,—
Happy in thy precious love.

3 Oh, that all may seek and find,
Every good in Jesus join’d!
Him let Israel still adore,
Trust him, praise him evermore.

L 3 123
GRACES OF THE SPIRIT.

238 L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.
Old Hundred 100. Chard 175.

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 combin'd;
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?

239 S. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.
Rejoicing in the Ways of God. Psalm cxviii.

NOW let our voices join
To form a sacred song;
Ye pilgrims, in Jehovah's ways,
With music pass along.
JOY AND REJOICING.

How strait the path appears,
How open and how fair!
No lurking snares to entrap our feet;
No fierce destroyer there.
But flowers of paradise
In rich profusion spring:
The Sun of Glory gilds the path,
And dear companions sing.
See Salem's golden spires
In beauteous prospect rise;
And brighter crowns than mortals wear,
Which sparkle thro' the skies.
All honour to his name,
Who marks the shining way!
To him who leads the wanderers on
To realms of endless day!

240 75. CENNICK.

Bath Abbey 147. Hart's 221.

Rejoicing in Hope. Isaiah xxxv. 10. Luke xii, 32.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

Ye are travelling home to God
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

O ye banish'd seed, be glad!
Christ our advocate is made;—
Us to save, our flesh assumes,—
Brother to our souls becomes.
GRACES OF THE SPIRIT.

4. Shout, ye little flock, and blest!
   You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
   There your seat is now prepar'd,—
   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 undispay'd go on.

6. Lord! submissive make us go,
   Gladly leaving all below;
   Only thou our leader be,
   And we still will follow thee!

241 L. M. Cowper.

Rochford 22. Mark's 65.

Return of Joy.

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. Oh, 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 try'd,
   I find myself a learner yet,—
   Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.
But, O my Lord, one look from thee
Subdues the disobedient will;
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And thy rebellious worm is still.
Thou art as ready to forgive,
As I am ready to repine;
Thou, therefore, all the praise receive;
Be shame, and self-abhorrence, mine.

242 L.M. DR. WATTS’S SERMONS.

New Sabbath 122. Portugal 97.

BLESSED Redeemer! how divine,—
How righteous is this rule of thine,
“Never to deal with others worse”
“Than we would have them deal with us!”
This golden lesson, short and plain,
Gives not the mind nor memory pain;
And every conscience must approve
This universal law of love.

Tis 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.
Is reason ever at a loss?
Call in self-love to judge the cause:
Let our own fondest passions shew
How we should treat our neighbour too.

How blest would every nation prove,
Thus rul’d by equity and love!
All would be friends without a foe,
And form a paradise below.
GRACES OF THE SPIRIT.

6 Jesus, forgive us, that we keep
Thy sacred law of love asleep;
And take our envy, wrath, and pride,
Their savage passions, for our guide.

243 L. M. Dr. Doddridge.
Chard 175. Truro 105.

God shining in the Heart. 2 Cor. iv. 6.

PRAISE to the Lord of boundless might,
With uncreated glories bright
His presence gilds the worlds above,—
The unchanging source of light and love.

2 Our rising earth his eye beheld,
When, in substantial darkness veild,
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 lustré shone.

4 He sees the mind, when lost it lies
In shades of ignorance and vice;
And darts from heav'n a vivid ray,
And changes midnight into day.

5 Shine, mighty God! with vigor shine
On this benighted heart of mine;
And let thy glories stand reveal'd,
As in the Saviour's face beheld.

My soul, reviv'd by heav'n-born day,
Thy radiant image shall display;
While all my faculties unite
To praise the Lord, who gives me light.
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."

Their plague of heart thy people know;
They know thy name, and trust thee too;
They know the Gospel's blissful sound,
The paths where endless joys abound.

They know the Father and the Son;
Their is eternal life begun:
Unto salvation they are wise,—
Their grace shall into glory rise.

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.

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!

But help me to declare to-day,
If many things I cannot say,
"One thing I know," all praise to thee,
"Tho' blind I was—yet now I see."

Knowledge at present imperfect. 1 Cor. xiii. 9.

Thy way, O God! is in the sea;
Thy paths I cannot trace;
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of thy unbounded grace.
246. GRACES OF THE SPIRIT.

2 Here the dark veils of flesh and sense
   My captive soul surround;
Mysterious deeps of providence
   My wandering 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 thro' a glass, I dimly see
   The wonders of thy love;
How little do I know of thee,
   Or of the joys above!

5 'Tis but in part I know thy will;
   I bless thee for the light;
When will thy love the rest reveal
   In glory's clearer light?

6 With rapture shall I then survey
   Thy providence and grace;
And spend an everlasting day
   In wonder, love, and praise.

246 L. M.

Bramcopte 8. Portugal 97.

Liberality; or, The Duty and Pleasures of Benevolence.

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 a sun;
Hold forth your fair, tho' feeble light,
   Thro' all your lives let mercy run!
Love to God

Upon your bounty's willing wings,
Swift let the great salvation fly;
The hungry feed, the naked clothe;
To pain and sickness help apply.
Pity the weeping widow's woe,
And be her counsellor and stay;
Adopt the fatherless, and smooth,
To useful happy life, his way.

Let age, with want and weakness bow'd,
Your bowels of compassion move;
Let e'en your enemies be bless'd,—
Their hatred recompens'd with love.

When all is done, renounce your deeds—
Renounce self-righteousness with scorn—
Thus will you glorify your God,
And thus the Christian name adorn.

247  L. M.  D. Turner.
Lebanon 79.  Manning 245.

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, &c.  Deut. vi. 5.

Yes, I would love thee, blessed God!
Paternal goodness marks thy name!
Thy praises, thro' thy high abode,
The heav'ly hosts with joy proclaim.
Freely thou gav'st 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.
In him, thy reconciled face
With joy unspeakable I see;
And feel thy powerful wondrous grace
Draw, and unite my soul to thee.
GRACES OF THE SPIRIT.

4 Whene'er my foolish wand'ring heart,
   Attracted by a creature's power,
   Would from this blissful centre start,
   LORD, fix it there to stray no more!

248 C. M.  DR. RYLAND.

Delight in God.  Psalm xxxvii. 4.

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 dry'd,
   Thy fulness is the same;
   May I with this be satisfy'd,
   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 Oh, that I had a stronger faith,
   To look within the veil,—
   To credit what my Saviour faith,
   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?
O Lord! I cast my care on thee;  
I triumph and adore:  
Henceforth my great concern shall be  
To love and please thee more.

249 L. M. Dr. Watts’s Lyrics.  
Martin’s Lane 67. Langdon 217.  
Love to Christ present or absent.

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.

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.

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.

When round thy courts by day we rove;  
Or ask the watchmen of the night  
For some kind tidings of our love,  
Thy very name creates delight.

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.

Cookham 36. Alcester 213.  
Love’s thou in God. John xx. 16.

This is 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:
   Fyll'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 abhor'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 lov'd before,
   Help me to begin to-day,
Desiring to love Christ.

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!

Oh! 'tis a thought would melt a rock,
And make a heart of iron move,
That those sweet lips, that heavenly look,
Should seek and ivish a mortal love!

I was a traitor, doom'd to fire,
Bound to sustain eternal pains;
He flew on wings of strong desire,
Assum'd my guilt, and took my chains!

Infinite grace! almighty charms!—
Stand in amaze, ye rolling skies!
Jesus, the God, extends his arms,—
Hangs on a 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.

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.
AND have I, Christ, no love to thee,
No passion for thy charms?
No wish my Saviour's face to see,
And dwell within his arms?

Is there no spark of gratitude,
In this cold heart of mine,
To him whose generous bosom glow'd
With friendship all divine?

Can I pronounce his charming name,
His acts of kindness tell;
And, while I dwell upon the theme,
No sweet emotion feel?

Such base ingratitude as this
What heart but must detest!
Sure Christ deserves the noblest place
In every human breast.

A very wretch, Lord! I should prove,
Had I no love to thee:
Rather than not my Saviour love,
O may I cease to be!

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.
LOVE TO CHRIST.

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 Melch:ch, as yet, I reside,—
A darksome and restless abode!
Molested with foes on each side,
And longing to dwell with my God;
Oh, when shall my spirit exchange
This cell of corruptible clay,
For mansions celestial, and range
Thro' realms of ineffable day!

My glorious Redeemer! I long
To see thee descend on the cloud,
Amidst the bright numberless throng,
And mix with the triumphing crowd:
Oh, 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?

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.

Ye palaces, sceptres, and crowns,
Your pride with disdain I survey;
Your pomp is 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.

254 S. M. FAWCETT.

Vermont 134. · Stoke 207. · Harborough 14a.

Love to the Brethren.

1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love!
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

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 amsunder 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
Thro' all eternity.
LET party names no more
The Christian world o’erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their head.
Among the saints on earth,
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown’d.
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 Savior’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.
257, 258  GRACES OF THE SPIRIT.

257. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.
Ludlow 84. Charmouth 28.
Love to our Neighbour; or, the good Samaritan.
Luke x. 29—37.

1 FATHER of mercies! send thy grace
All-powerful from above,
To form, in our obedient souls,
The image of thy love.

2 Oh, may our sympathizing breasts
That generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others joy,
And weep for others woe!

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 thron'd 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.

258. C. M.
Love to our Enemies from the Example of Christ.
Luke xxiii. 34. Matt. v. 44.

1 A LOUD we sing the wondrous grace
Christ to his murderers bare;
Which made the tort'ring crofs its throne,
And hung its trophies there.

2 "Father, forgive!" his mercy cried
With his expiring breath,
LOVE TO OUR NEIGHBOUR.

And drew eternal blessings down
On those who wrought his death.

Jesus, this wondrous love we sing!
And, whilst we sing, admire:
Breathe on our souls, and kindle there
The same celestial fire.

Sway'd by thy dear example, we
For enemies will pray;
With love, their hatred—and their curse—
With blessings—we repay.

259 C M. Dr. S. Stennett.

All Attainments Vain without Love. 1 Cor. xiii. 1—3

Should bounteous nature kindly pour
Her richest gifts on me,
Still, O my God! I should be poor,
If void of love to thee.

Not shining wit; nor manly sense,
Could make me truly good:
Not zeal itself could recompense
The want of love to God.

Did I possess the gift of tongues,
But were deny'd thy grace;
My loudest words—my loftiest songs
Would be but sounding brass.

Tho' thou shouldst give me heavenly skill,
Each myl'try to explain;
If I'd no heart to do thy will,
My knowledge would be vain.

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.
260 GRACES OF THE SPIRIT.

6 [What tho', to gratify my pride
   And make my heaven secure,
All my possessions I divide
   Among the hungry poor;

7 What tho' my body I confign
   To the devouring flame,
In hope the glorious deed will shine
   In rolls of endless fame!

8 These splendid acts of vanity,
   Tho' all the world applaud,
If destitute of charity,
   Can never please my God.]

Oh, grant me, then, this one request,
And I'll be satisfy'd,—
That love divine may rule my breast,
And all my actions guide.

260 „S. M. „ Dr. Doddridge.
Mansfield 154. „ Mount Ephraim 185.
The Meek beautified with Salvation. Psal. cxli.

1 Y E 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 beautifoul shall your souls appear,
   Thus sumptuously array'd!
Sing! for the day is nigh,
When, near your Saviour's seat,
The tallest sons of pride shall lie
The footstool of your feet.
Salvation, Lord, is thine,
And all thy Saints confess,
The royal robes, in which they shine,
Were wrought by sovereign grace.

261 C. M. Needham.

Moderation; or, the Saint indeed. Phil. iv. 5.

Happy the man, whose cautious steps
Still keep the golden mean:
Whose life, by wisdom's rules well form'd,
Declares a conscience clean.

Not of himself he highly thinks,
Nor acts the boaster's part;
His modest tongue the language speaks
Of his still humbler heart.

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.

What blessings bounteous heaven bestows,
He takes with thankful heart:
With temp'rance he both eats and drinks,
And gives the poor a part.

To sect or party his large soul
Disdains to be confin'd:
The good he loves of ev'ry name,
And prays for all mankind.

M.
7 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. Magdalene 214.

Agur's Wife. Proverbs xxx. 7, 8, 9.

1 Thus Agur breath'd 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
   "Thos'ge 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 not luxury nor need."

4 Thos'ge withes, Lorem, we make our own:
   Oh, shed in moderation down
Thy bounties; till this mortal breath,
   Expiring, tunes thy praise in death!
But, shouldst thou large possessions give, 
May we with thankfulness receive
Th' exub'rance—still our God adore,
And blest the needy from our store!
Or, should we feel the pains of want,—
Submission, resignation grant;
Till thou shalt send the with'd supply,
Or call us to the bliss on high.

263 L. M.


PATIENCE!—Oh, what a grace divine!
Sent from the God of power and love,
Submissive to its father's hand,
As thro' the wilds of life we rove.

By patience we serenely bear
The troubles of our mortal state,
And wait contented our discharge,
Nor think our glory comes too late.

Tho' we, in full sensation, feel
The weight, the wounds, our God ordains
We smile amid our heaviest woes,
And triumph in our sharpest pains.

Oh, for this grace! to aid us on,
And arm with fortitude the breast,
Till life's tumultuous voyage is o'er,—
We reach the shores of endless rest!

Faith into vision shall resign;
Hope shall in full fruition die;
And patience in possession end
In the bright worlds of bliss on high. M 2 13+
1 **DEAR LORD!** tho' 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 blest'd above, 
Were often most afflicted here.

3 From Jesus, thy incarnate Son, 
Plead obedience to thy will; 
And humbly kiss the chastening rod, When its severest strokes I feel.

265 **C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.**
**God speaking Peace to his People. Psalm lxxxiv.**

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 everlast'ning 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 grave his love no more; 
But, charmed by melody divine, 
To give its follies o'er.
Prayer for the promised Rest. Isaiah xxvi. 3.

Dearest 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 oppressed,
That pants to reach thy promised rest.

With holy fear, and reverend love,
I long to lie beneath thy throne;
I long in thee to live, and move,
And lay myself on thee alone:
Teach me to lean upon thy breast,
To find in thee the promised rest.

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 slum, how truly blest,
Who trust on thee, the promised rest!

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 carest'st,
Give me to find thy promised rest.

Bid the tempestuous rage of sin,
With all its wrathful fury, die;
Let the Redeemer dwell within,
And turn my sorrows into joy:
Oh, may my heart, by thee possessed,
Know thee to be my promised rest.
267, 268 GRACES OF THE SPIRIT.

267 C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

God hath commanded all Men everywhere to repent.
Acts, xvii. 30.

1 "REPENT!" the voice celestial cries,
Nor longer dare delay:
The wretch, that scorns the mandate, di a
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, subdu'd by goodness, fall,
And weep, and love, and praise.

268 (First Part.) C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.
Walfal 237. Bangor 231.

Peter's Admonition to Simon Magus turked in Prayer.

1 SEARCHER of hearts, before thy face,
I all my soul display;
REPTENTANCE.

And, conscious of its innate arts,
Intreat thy strict survey.
If lurking in its inmost folds
I any sin conceal,
Oh, let a ray of light divine
The secret guile reveal!
If tainted with that odious gall
Unknowing I remain,
Let grace, like a pure silver stream,
Wash out th’ accursed stain:
If, in these fatal fetters bound,
A wretched slave I lie,
Smite off my chains, and wake my soul
To light and liberty.
To humble penitence and prayer
Be gentle pity given:
Speak ample pardon to my heart,
And seal its claim to heaven.

268 (Second Part.) L. M.
Rothwell 174. Portugal 97.

Hardness of Heart lamented.

1 LORD! shed a beam of heav’nly day,
To melt this stubborn stone away;
Now thaw, with rays of love divine,
This heart—this frozen heart of mine.

2 The rocks can rend; the earth can quake;
The seas can roar; the mountains shake;
Of feeling all things shew 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.
GRACES OF THE SPIRIT.

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

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

L. M. Dr. Doddridge

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.

Exalted Saviour! we confess
The sovereign triumphs of thy grace;
Where beams of gentle radiance shine,
And temper majesty divine.

Wide thy resolute sceptre sway,
Till all thine enemies obey:
Wide may thy cross its virtues prove,
And conquer millions by its love.

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.

78. Dr. S. Stennett

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.
REPENTANCE.

Here I'll make my piteous moan!—
Thou canst understand a groan:
Here my sins and sorrows tell;
What I feel thou knowest well.

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.

Darkness fills my trembling soul;
Floods of sorrow o'er me roll:
Pity, Father! pity me;
All my hope's alone in thee.

But, may such a wretch as I,—
Self-condemn'd, and doom'd to die,
Ever hope to be forgiven,
And be smil'd upon by heaven?

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?

Yes, I may! for I espy
Pity trickling from thine eye;
'Tis a Father's bowels move,—
Move with pardon and with love.

Well I do remember, too,
What his love hath deign'd to do;
How he sent a Saviour down,
All my follies to atone.

Has my elder brother died?
And is justice satisfied?
Why—oh, why—should I despair
Of my Father's tender care?
GRACES OF THE SPIRIT.

PROSTRATE, dear Jesus! at thy feet
A guilty rebel lies;
And upwards to the mercy seat
Prefuses to lift his eyes.

Oh let not justice frown me hence:
Stay, stay the vengeful storm:
Forbid it that Omnipotence
Should crush a feeble worm.

If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.

But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears, but those which thou hast shed,
No blood, but thou hast spilt.

Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord!
And all my sins forgive:
Justice will well approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

DEAR Saviour! when my thoughts spy
The wonders of thy grace,
Low at thy feet ashamed I fall,
And hide this wretched face.

Shall love like thine be thus repaid?
Ah, vile ungrateful heart!
By earth's low cares detain'd, betray'd
From Jesus to depart.
REPTNACE.

From Jesus—who alone can give
True pleasure, peace, and rest:
When absent from my Lord, I live
Unsatisfy'd; unblest.

But he, for his own mercy's sake,
My wandering soul restores:
He bids the mourning heart partake
The pardon it implores.

Oh, while I breathe to thee, my Lord,
The penitential sigh,
Confirm the kind forgiving word,
With pity in thine eye!

Then shall the mourner at thy feet
Rejoice to seek thy face;
And grateful own how kind—how sweet
Thy condescending grace.

273 L. M. Beddome.
The Prodigal Son: or, the repenting Sinner accepted.
Luke. xv. 32.

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.

M 6
4 Thus, what a rapt'rous joy possest
The tender parent's throbbing breast,
To see his spend-thrift son return,
And hear him his past follies mourn.

274 C. M. Beddome.
Walsal 237. Bangor 231.


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?
Doest 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—Oh, that I might!—
A constant weeper be!

275 C. M. Cowper.
The contrite Heart. Isa. lvii. 15.

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, 'tis only pain
To find I cannot feel.

3 I sometimes think myself inclin'd
To love thee, if I could;

* Or—Doest thou departed friends lament?
RESIGNATION.

But often feel another mind,
Averse to all that's good;
My best desires are faint and few,
I fain would strive for more;
But, when I cry "My strength renew",
Seem weaker than before.

Thy saints are comforted, I know,
And love thy house of prayer;
I sometimes go where others go,
But find no comfort there.

Oh, make this heart rejoice or ache;
Decide this doubt for me;
And, if it be not broken, break—
And heal it, if it be.

276 C. M. Beddome.

Abridge 201. Wantage 204.

Resignation; or, God our Portion.

My times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God! are in thy hand;
My choicest comforts come from thee,
And go at thy command.

If thou shouldst take them all away;
Yet would I not repine;
Before they were possessed by me,
They were entirely thine.

Nor would I drop a murmuring word,
Tho' the whole world were gone,
But seek enduring happiness
In thee, and thee alone.

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.
GRACES OF THE SPIRIT.

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.

277 C. M. Cowper.
Bedford 91. Crowle 3.

Submission.

1 LORD! my best desires fulfill,
    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?

3 No! let me rather freely yield
    What most I prize to thee,
Who never haft a good withheld,
    Nor wilt withhold, from me.

4 Thy favour all my journey thro'  
    Thou art engag'd 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 immortal spirit cries,
    Still bind me to thy sway;
Else the next cloud, that veils my skies
    Drives all these thoughts away.
RESIGNATION.

278 C. M. STEELE.

James's 163. Tunbridge 103.

Filial Submission. *Heb. xii. 7.*

1 A ND 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 her humble claim,
   And ask the bliss those words impart,
   In my Redeemer's name.

279 C. M. T. GREENE.


It is the Lord—let him do what seemeth good.
1 Sam. iii. 18.

1 I T is the Lord—enthron'd 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;
GRACES OF THE SPIRIT.

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 cov'nant God,
Thrice blessed be his name!
Whose gracious promise, seal'd with blood,
Must ever be the same.

7 His cov'nant 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 full'd, or repine?
No, gracious God! I take what thou pleas's
To thee I all resign.

280 L. M. NEEDHAM.


Self-Denial: or, Taking up the Cross.

1 SHAM'D 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, endur'd the painful cross—
For us, despis'd the shame,
At his command, we must take up
Our cross without delay;
Our lives—and thousand lives of our—
Can ne'er His love repay.
Each faithful suff'rer Jesus views
With infinite delight:
Their lives to him are dear; their deaths
Are precious in his sight.
To bear his name—his cross to bear—
Our highest honour this!
Who nobly suffers now for him,
Shall reign with him in bliss.

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. Brighthelmstone 20?.

Self-Denial, Mark viii. 34. Luke ix. 23.

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!
Saviour of souls! could I from thee
A single smile obtain,
Tho' destitute of all things else,
I'd glory in my gain.

282  C. M.  Dr. Watts's Sermon.

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,
    Tho' 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
    Thro' ev'ry false disguise.

4 They hate th' 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 fight,
    And devils wish to die,
Where will the faithless hypocrite
    And guilty lyar fly?
SINCERITY, &c. 283, 284

283 S. M. Bedmome.
Stoke 207. Harborough 142.
Sincerity desired.

If secret fraud should dwell
Within this heart of mine;
Purge out, O God! that cursed leaven,
And make me wholly thine.

If any rival there
Dares to usurp the throne,
Oh, tear the infernal traitor thence,
And reign thyself alone,

Is any lust conceal'd?
Bring it to open view;
Search, search, dear Lord! my inmost soul,
And all its powers renew.

284 (First Part.) C. M. Fawcett.
Spiritual Mindedness; or, Inward Religion.

RELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below;
May I its great importance learn,
Its sovereign virtue know!

1 More needful this than glittering wealth;
Or aught the world bestows;
Not reputation, food, or health,
Can give us such repose.

2 Religion should our thoughts engage
Amidst our youthful bloom;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.

4 Oh, may my heart, by grace renew'd,
Be my Redeemer's throne;
And be my stubborn will subdu'd,
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 snare of sin,
Thro' 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!

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

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

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

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

3 God, for himself, hath set apart
The godly, whom he loves:
They have a place within his heart;
Their conduct he approves.

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

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

285 C. M. TATE.

Encouragement to trust and love God. Ps. xxxiv.

T HRO' all the changing scenes of life—
In trouble and in joy.
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

Of his deliverance I will boast,
Till all, who are distrest,
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just:
Protection he affords to all
Who make his name their trust.

Oh, make but trial of his love!—
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

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.

While hungry lions lack their prey,
The Lord will food provide
For such as put their trust in him,
And see their needs supplied.

286 (First Part) L. M.
Bowden 78. Rowles 73.

Trust and Confidence: or, looking beyond present
Appearances. Hab. iii. 17, 18.

A WAY, my unbelieving fear!
I 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 Altho' the vine its fruit deny,
Altho' 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, I will 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 shew the brightness of his face:
Tho' 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 promis'd 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 (Second Part.) L. M.
Portugal 97. Paul's 246.

All Things working for Good, &c. Rom. viii.

TEMPTATIONS, trials, doubts, and fears;
Wants, losses, crosses, groans, and tears;
Will, thro' the grace of God, our friend,
In everlasting triumphs end!
To those who him sincerely love,
All penal evils blessings prove;
Whom grace hath call'd and made his own,
Nor fires can burn, nor floods can drown.

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

287 L. M.
Ulverston 179. Dresden 178.

Humble Trust: or, Despair prevented.

ORD, didst thou die, but not for me?
Am I forbid to trust thy blood?
Halt thou not pardons, rich and free?
And grace, an overwhelming flood;
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?

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.

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.

Were the black lift before my fight,
While I remember thou hast dy'd,
'Twould only urge my speedier flight
To seek salvation at thy side.

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.
GRACES OF THE SPIRIT.

(Second Part.) C.M.

Grove House 143 Bedford 91.

If God is mine, then present things,
And things to come, are mine;
Yea, Christ, his Word, and Spirit too,
And glory all divine.

If he is mine, then, from his love,
He every trouble sends;
All things are working for my good,
And bliss his rod attends.

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

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

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

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

C.M. Beddome.

Oxford 177.

Fear not.

Ye trembling souls! dismiss you fear,
Be mercy all your theme:
Mercy, which, like a river, flows
In one continued stream.
TRUST.

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.

288 (Second Part.) C. M.

Worktop 31. Ludlow 84.

Trust in God promoted by grateful Recollection.

DEAR LORD! why should I doubt thy love,
   Or disbelieve thy grace?
Sure thy compassions ne'er remove,
   Altho' thou hide thy face.

2 Thy smiles have freed my heart from pain,
   My drooping spirits cheer'd:
And wilt thou not appear again
   Where thou hast once appear'd?
GRACES OF THE SPIRIT.

3 Haft 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 not groundless fears destroy
   The mercies now posses’d:
   I’ll praise for blessings I enjoy,
   And trust for all the rest.

289 8, 8, 6, Jesse.
Chatham 59. Hinton 276.

Fears removed—It is I; be not afraid. John vii.

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,
   “Tis I,” he cried, “I, still the same;
   “Thou need’st not be afraid.”

3 My heart was chang’d; in that same hour
   My soul confess’d his mighty power;
   Our flow’d the briny tear,
   I listen’d still to hear his voice;
   Again he said, “In me rejoice;
   “Tis I;—thou need’st not fear.”
TRUST.

"Unworthy of thy love!" I cry'd:
"Freely I love," he soon reply'd,
"On me thy faith be staid:
"On me for every thing depend;
"I'm J e s u s still, the sinner's friend,—
"Thou need'lt not be afraid."

290 104th. N e w t o n.

Old Hundred and Fourth 148. S u s s e x 70.

I will trust and not be afraid. Isaiah xii. 2.

1 B e g o n e , unbelief! my Saviour is near,
   And for my relief will surely appear;
   By prayer let me wrestle, and he will perform:
   With C h r i s t in the vessel, I smile at the storm.

2 Though dark be my way, since he is my guide,
   'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide:
   Tho' 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'.

4 Determin'd 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?

5 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,
   Thro' much tribulation must follow their L o r d .

6 How bitter that cup no heart can conceive,
   Which he drank quite up, that sinner might live!

* M 7 146
GRACES OF THE SPIRIT.

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 better is sweet, the medicine is food;
The pain is present 'twill cease before long.
And then, Oh, how pleasant the conqueror's song!

291 L. M.

New Sabbath 122. Langdon 217.

True Wisdom. Prov. iii. 13—18.

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 dy'd 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 compar'd 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.

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.

292  L. M.  DR. DODDRIDGE.

Lewton 30.  Rowles 73.

Zeal for Christ; or, Peter and John following their Master. John xxii. 18—20.

BLEST men, who stretch their willing hands
Submissive to their Lord's commands,
And yield their liberty and breath
To him that lov'd their souls in death!

1 Lead me to suffer and to die,
Hitherto, 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.

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  (First Part.) C. M.  BEDDOME.

Bedford 91.  Grove House 143.

Holy Zeal and Diligence.

WHILE carnal men, with all their might,
Earth's vanities pursue,
How flow'st' advances which I make,
With heaven itself in view!

Inspire my soul with holy zeal;
Great God! my love inflame;
Religion without zeal and love
Is but an empty name.

To gain the top of Zion's hill
May I with fervent strive;

*M 3  7—9*
And all those powers employ for thee
Which I from thee derive!

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

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

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

4 Depending on thy sovereign grace,
I'll tread the heavenly road;
With willing mind thy footsteps trace,
And climb to thine abode.

PAUSE.

5 Oh, let me run the Christian's race
With diligence and speed!
God's word, his Spirit, and his grace,
Do all to duty lead.

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

7 Those who to Christ for refuge fly
Should in his footsteps tread;
Our Prophet, Priest, and King, should be
Both trusted and obey'd.
With melting heart and weeping eyes,
My guilty soul for mercy cries;
What shall I do, or whither flee,
To escape that vengeance due to me?
Till now I saw no danger nigh;
I'd set aside, nor feared to die;
Wiped up in self deceit and pride,
"I shall have peace, at last," I cry'd.

How dreadful, now, my guilt appears,
In childhood, youth, and growing years!
Before thy pure discerning eye,
Lord, what a filthy wretch am I!
Should vengeance still my soul pursue,
Death and destruction are my due;
Yet mercy can my guilt forgive,
And bid a dying sinner live.

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!"
THE CHRISTIAN.

234 (Second Part.) C. M.

CRIDGE 34. ANN'S 8. ELNEBOROUGH 17.

The greatEgyptian answered.

1. Ye there, in heau'n or earth, who can
   A wretched mortal save?
   Make a poor leprous sinner clean!
   Redeem an helpless slave?—

2. Who can appease an angry God?—
   Relive a burden'd mind?
   In whom a soul, overwhelm'd with guilt,
   May rest 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. EMANUEL is his name: who once,
   Upon the accursed tree,
   Bore the full weight of all their sins
   Who, burden'd, to him flee.

   But now he lives—be ever lives,
   And pleads what he hath done;
   Which God ten thousand crimes forgive,
   Through his atoning Son.

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

295 8, 7. D. TURNER.


Applying—John, the Son of David, have I
   I say. Mark 3. 27.

Jesus! full of all compassion,
   Hear thy humble suppliant's cry.
THE CHRISTIAN.

Let me know thy great salvation:  
See! I languish, faint, and die.

Guilty, but with heart relenting,  
Overwhelm'd with helpless grief,
Prostrate at thy feet repenting,  
Send, Oh send me quick relief!

[Whither should a wretch be flying,  
But to him who comfort gives?—
Whither, from the dread of dying,  
But to him who ever lives?]

[While I view thee, wounded, grieving,  
Breathless, on the cursed tree,
Fain I'd feel my heart believing  
That thou suffer'dst thus for me.

With thy righteousness and Spirit,  
I am more than angels blest;
Heir with thee, all things inherit,—  
Peace, and joy, and endless rest:

Without thee, the world posyelling,  
I should be a wretch undone;
Search through heaven,—the land of blessing,  
Seeking good, and finding none.]

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.

On the word thy blood hath sealed  
Hangs my everlasting all;
Let thine arm be now revealed;  
Stay, Oh stay me, lest I fall!

In the word of endless ruin,  
Let it never, Lord, be said,  
"Here's a soul that perish'd, suiting  
"For the boasted Saviour's aid!"
Gracious Lord, incline thine ear!
My requests vouchsafe to hear;
Hear my never-ceasing cry:
Give me Christ, or else I die.

Wealth and honour I disdain,
Earthly comforts, Lord, are vain;
These can never satisfy,
Give me Christ, or else I die.

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.

All unholy and unclean,
I am nothing else but sin;
On thy mercy I rely,
Give me Christ, or else I die.

Thou dost freely save the lost;
In thy grace alone I trust:
With my earnest suit comply;
Give me Christ, or else I die.

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.
THE CHRISTIAN.

Father, dost thou seem to frown?
Let me shelter in thy Son!
Jesus! to thine arms I fly:
Come and save me, or I die.

296 (Second Part.) C. M.
Bedford 91. Abridge 201.
The plain serious Christian’s daily Hymn.
HELP me, my God—Oh save me. Psalm cix. 26.
HELP and SALVATION, Lord, I crave,
For both I greatly need;
None else these blessings can bestow;
From thee they must proceed.

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

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

3. Help me to cleave to Christ alone!—
Where else can sinners fly?
Save me from all self-righteousness,
And every idol nigh.

4. Help me to live upon thy word,—
The Christian’s daily food;
Save me from unbelief, that foe—
That bar to every good.

5. Help me to do thy holy will;
Let duty bliss dispense:
Save from a disobedient heart,
From sloth and negligence.

6. 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 temptation’s snares without
And this base heart within.

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

297 (First Part.) L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE
Mark’s 65. Rowles 73.
Choosing the better Part. Luke x. 42.

1 Beset with snares on every hand,
In life’s uncertain path I stand:
Saviour divine! diffuse thy light
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

2 Engage this roving treach’rous 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 wilder storms arise;
Let tempests mingle earth and skies;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear;
But all my treasures with me bear.
THE CHRISTIAN. 297

If thou, my Jesus! 'till be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die;
Secure, when mortal comfort's flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

297 (Second Part.) 8. 8. 6.
Wellbury-Leigh 278. Broadmead 156.
Admiring the Love of God in Christ.

My God! thy boundless love we praise:
How bright on high its glories blaze—
How sweetly bloom below!
It streams from thy eternal throne;
Thro' Heaven its joys for ever run,
And o'er the earth they flow.

2 Thy Love that gilds the vernal ray—
Adorns the flow'ry robe of May—
Perfumes the breathing gale:
Thy Love that loads the plenteous plain,
With blushing fruits and golden grain,
And smiles o'er ev'ry vale.

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

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

Then, in redeeming Love, rejoice,
My soul!—and hear a Saviour's voice
That calls thee to the skies.

151
297. THE CHRISTIAN.

Above life's empty scenes aspire—
Its sordid cares and mean desire—
And seize th' eternal prize.

298 (First Part.) S. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.
Kibworth 249. Eagle Street New 55.
Devoting himself to God. Rom. xii. 1.

1 AND will th' eternal king
So mean a gift reward?
That off'ring, Lord, with joy we bring;
Which thine own hand prepar'd.

2 We own thy various claim;
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,
Thro' our Redeemer's name.

298 (Second Part) S. M.
Broderip's 252. Aynhoe 108.

Go forward: or Difficulties the occasion of Pray'r and Plead'g. Exod. xiv. 15.

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

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

3 Without Thee, I must sink
Beneath the swelling flood;
THE CHRISTIAN.

Or fall a prey to those, who think
To glut them with my blood.

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

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

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

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

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

When Jesus for his people dy’d,
The holy law was satisfied:
Its awfull penalties he bore;
It can command but curse no more.

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.

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.
AND will the offended God again
Return, and dwell with sinful men?
Will he within this bosom raise
A living temple to his praise?

The joyful news transports my breast:
All hail! I cry, thou heav'nly guest!
Lift up your heads, ye pow'rs within,
And let the King of Glory in.

Enter, with all thy heav'nly train!
Here live, and here for ever reign!
Thy sceptre o'er my passions sway;
Let love command, and I'll obey.

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.

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.

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

A glimpse—a single glimpse of thee
Would more delight my soul,
Than this vain world, with all its joys,
Could I possess the whole.
THE CHRISTIAN. 299, 300

I (Third Part.) L. M.
Rowles 73, Langdon 217.

Happ in the Salvation of God. Psal. xlv. 4.

I MUGENT God! to Thee I raise
My Spirit, fraught with joy and praise:
Grateful I bow before thy throne,
My debt of mercy there to own,
Rivers descending, Lord! from Thee,
Perpetual glide to solace me;
Their varied virtues to rehearse
Demands an everlasting verse.
Yet one blest stream beyond the rest
 Extends 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 for:
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.

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

860 8, 8, 6. J. C. W. Chatham 59. Broadmead 150.
Weltbury-Leigh 278.
The Spiritual Pilgrim.

How happy is the pilgrim’s lot,
How free from anxious care and thought,
From worldly hope and fear!
Confin’d to neither court nor cell.
His soul disdain’s on earth to dwell,
He only sojourns here.
THE CHRISTIAN.

His happiness in part is mine:
Already sav'd from self-design,
From ev'ry creature-love—
Bless'd with the scorn of finite good,—
My soul is lighten'd of its load,
And seeks the things above.

The things eternal I pursue,
And happiness beyond the view
Of those who safely pant
For things by nature felt and seen:
Their honours, wealth, and pleasures mean,
I neither have nor want.

Nothing on earth I call my own:
A stranger, to the world unknown,
I trample on their goods despite;
And seek a country, out of sight,—
A country in the skies.

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.

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—Oh, my Saviour, brother, friend!—
Receive me to thy breast!

301 7. 6.
Amsterdam 136.
The Pilgrim's Song.

RISE, my soul! and stretch thy wings;
Thy better portion trace:
THE CHRISTIAN.

Rise, from transitory things,
Towards heav'n thy native place!
Sun, and moon, and stars, decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepar'd above!

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.

Cease, ye pilgrims! cease to mourn;
Press onward to the prize:
Soon the Saviour will return
Triumphant to the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,—
All your forrows left below,
And earth exchang'd for heaven.

302 C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.


Inning the Christian Race. Phil. iii. 12—14.

WAKE, my soul! stretch ev'ry nerve,
And press with vigour on:
A heav'ly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high:
'Tis, his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

4 Blest'sd Saviour! introduced by thee,
Have we our race begun;
And, crown'd with vict'ry, at thy feet
We'll lay our laurels down.

303 L. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

1 My Captain sounds the alarm of war;
"Awake! the powers of hell are:
"To arms! to arms!" I hear him cry,
"Tis yours to conquer or to die!"

2 Rous'd 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;
Resolve'd to put my foes to flight;
While Jesus kindly deigns to spread
His conqu'ring banner o'er my head.

5 In him I hope; in him I trust;
His bleeding cross is all my boast;
Thro' troops of foes he'll lead me on
To vict'ry, and the victor's crown.

304 148th.
The Christian's Spiritual Voyage.

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.

Thou art my pilot wife;
My compass is thy word:
My soul each storm defies,
While I have such a Lord!

Trust thy faithfulness and pow'r
To save me in the trying hour.

Tho' rocks and quicksands deep
Thro' all my passage lie;
Yet Christ will safely keep
And guide me with his eye.

My anchor hope shall firm abide,
And I each bold'rous storm outride.

By faith I see the land,—
The port of endless rest:
My soul, thy sails expand,
And fly to Jesus' breast!

Oh, may I reach the heav'nly shore
Where winds and waves distress no more.

Whene'er becalm'd I lie,
And storms forbear to toss;
Be thou, dear Lord! still nigh,
Lept I should suffer loss:

For more the treach'rous 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.
1 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;
Oh, receive my soul at last!

2 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.

3 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,
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 sins:
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,—
Rife to all eternity!
The Christian's Temptations moderated; a Proof of God's Fidelity, 1 Cor. x. 13.

Now let the feeble all be strong,
And make Jehovah's arm their song:
His shield is spread o'er every faint;—
And, thus supported, who shall faint?
What tho' the hosts of hell engage
With mingled cruelty and rage!
A faithful God restrains their hands,
And chains them down in iron bands.

Bound by his word, he will display
A strength proportion'd to our day:
And, when united trials meet,
Will shew a path of safe retreat.

Thus far we prove that promise good,
Which Jesus ratified with blood:
Still is he gracious, wise, and just;
And still, in him, let Israel trust.

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

God, in Israel, sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain, and toil;
These, spring up, and choke the weeds
Which would else overspread 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-a-way?
Bastards may escape the rod
Sunk in earthly vain delight;
But the true-born child of God
Must not,—would not if he might.

307 L. M. Dr. S. Stennett.
Chard 175. Derby 169.

The Ministry of Angels.

1 GREAT God! what hosts of angels
In shining ranks at thy right hand,
Array'd in robes of dazzling light,
With pinions stretch'd for distant flight!

2 Immortal fires! seraphic flames!
Who can recount their various names?
In strength and beauty they excel;
For near the throne of God they dwell.

3 How eagerly they wish to know
The duties they would have them do!
What joy their active spirits feel
To execute their sovereign's will!

4 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.

* Heb. xii. 8.
THE CHRISTIAN.

Aghast the hostile Syrian band
Around the helpless prophet stand,
While mighty Gabriel downward flies,
And with his chariot fills the skies.

Hand attempts, but all in vain,
To bind a Peter with his chain:
A word soft, word an angel speaks,
The matly chain asunder breaks.

Send, O my God, some angel down,
(Tho' to a mortal eye unknown,)—
To guide and guard my doubtful way
Up to the realms of endless day.

308 C. M. STEELE.


Walking in Darkness and trusting in God,
Isaiah 1, 10.

Hear, gracious God, my humble moan,
To thee I breathe my sighs;
When will the mournful night be gone?
And when my joys arise?

My God—O could I make the claim—
My father and my friend—
And call thee mine, by ev'ry name,
On which thy saints depend!

By ev'ry name of power and love,
I would thy grace entreat:
Nor should my humble hopes remove.
Nor leave thy sacred feet:
Yet tho' my soul in darkness mourns,
Thy word is all my stay;
Here I would rest till light returns,
Thy presence makes my day.

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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 blest thy healing rays,
And change these deep complaining sighs
For songs of sacred praise.

309 S. M.
Stoke 207. Harborough 142.
Complaining—The Good that I would, I do not.
Rom. vii. 19.

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,
Tho’ I endeavour oft;
This stony heart can ne’er relent
Till Jesus make it soft.

3 I would, but cannot love,
Tho’ wo’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!
THE CHRISTIAN.

But if indeed I would,
Tho' I can nothing do;
Yet the desire is something good,
For which my praise is due.

By nature prone to ill,
Till thine appointed hour,
I was as destitute of will,
As now I am of power.

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. Beddome

Virginia 234. Lewton 30.

Complaining of Inconstancy.

The wandering star, and fleeting wind,
Both represent th' unstable mind:
The morning cloud and early dew
Bring our inconstancy to view.

But cloud, and wind, and dew, and star,
Faint and imperfect emblems are;
Nor can there aught in nature be
So sickle and so false as we.

Our outward walk, and inward frame,
Scarce thro' a single hour the fame;
We vow, and straight our vows forget,
And then these very vows repeat.

We sin forfake, to sin return;
Are hot, are cold, now freeze, now burn;
In deep distress, then raptures feel,
We fear to heaven, then sink to hell.

N 2
311, 312. THE CHRISTIAN.

5 With flowing tears, Lord, we confess
Our folly and unsteadfastness;
When shall these hearts more fixed be,
Fix'd by thy grace, and fix'd for thee?

311 L. M. DR. S. STENNETH.
Marks 65. Ulverston 179.
Pride lamented.

1 Oft have I turn'd my eye 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.

4 Read, 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 lov'd abode.

312 C. M. DR. S. STENNETH.
Crowle 3. Wantage 204.
Pleading with God under Affliction.

1 Why should a living man complain
Of deep distress within,
Since ev'ry sigh, and every pain,
Is but the fruit of sin?
THE CHRISTIAN.

No, Lord, I'll patiently submit,
Nor ever dare rebel;
Yet sure I may, here at thy feet,
My painful feelings tell.
Thou feest what floods of sorrow rife,
And beat upon my soul:
One trouble to another cries,
Billows on billows roll.

From fear to hope, and hope to fear,
My shipwreck'd soul is tost;
Till I am tempted in despair
To give up all for lost.

Yet thro' the stormy clouds I'll look
Once more to thee, my God:
Fix my feet upon a rock,
Beyond the gaping flood.

One look of mercy from thy face
Will set my heart at ease:
One all-commanding word of grace
Will make the tempest cease.

313 7. 6. 8.

Clark's 131. Tottenham Court 111.

acquainting and returning; or, the Backslider's Prayer.

Jesus, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wand'rering sheep;
False to thee, like Peter I
Would fain like Peter weep;
Let me be by grace restor'd,
On me be all its freeness shewn;
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.
Saviour, prince, enthron'd above,
     Repentance to impart,
Give me, thro' thy dying love,
     The humble contrite heart;
Give, what I have long implor'd,
     A portion of thy love unknown;
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
     And break my heart of stone.

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.

Look, as when thy pitying eye
Was clos'd that we might live;
"Father (at the point to die,
     My Saviour gasp'd), forgive!"
Surely with that dying word,
     He turns, and looks, and cries, "'Tis done!"
O my loving, bleeding Lord,
     This breaks my heart of stone.

314 C. M. Fawcett.

Peter's Fall and Recovery, Luke xxii. 54—62.

How did the powers of darkness rage
     Against the Son of God!
While cruel men on earth engage
     To shed his precious blood.

His friends forsook him with surprize,
     When that dread scene began;
And one perfidiously denies
     He ever knew the man.
THE CHRISTIAN.

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.

315 C. M. Newton.

0 that I were as in Months past! Job xxix. 2.

1 SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood
Apply'd, to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
His praises tun'd my tongue;
And when the evening shades prevail'd,
His love was all my song.
316. THE CHRISTIAN.

3 In vain the tempter spread his wiles,
   The world no more could charm;
I liv'd 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 makes my soul his prey;
Yet, Lord, thy mercies cannot fail,
   O come without delay.

316 C. M. STEELE.


Troubled but 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.
Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
    Thou art my only trust;
    And still my soul would cleave to thee,
         Tho' 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;
0 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.

317 C.M. Dr. Doddridge.

Cambridge New 74. Hephzibah 77.

Persecution to be expected by every true Christian,
     2 Tim. iii. 12.

GREAT Leader of thine Israel's host,
    We shout thy conquering name;
Legions of foes beset thee round,
    And legions fled with shame.
N 5
318. THE CHRISTIAN.

2 A vict'ry 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 sir'd,
    We no extremes would fear;
Prepar'd to struggle and to bleed,
    If thou, our 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 8. 7. 4. Fawcett.

Westbury 51. Trevecca 37.

Cast down, yet hoping in God, Psalm xliii. 5.

1 O MY soul, what means this sadness?
    Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy griefs be turn'd to gladness,
    Bid thy restless fears be gone;
Look to Jesus,
    And rejoice in his dear name.

2 What tho' Satan's strong temptations
    Vex and tease thee, day by day;
And thy sinful inclinations
    Often fill thee with dismay;
Thou shalt conquer,
    Thro' the Lamb's redeeming blood.

3 Tho' ten thousand ills beset thee
    From without and from within;
Jesus faith, he'll never forget thee,
    But will save from hell and sin:
He is faithful
    To perform his gracious word.
4. Tho' distresses now attend thee,
   And thou treads't 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,
Who for ever bow before him,
   And unceasing sing his love!
Happy songsters!
When shall I your chorus join?

319. C. M.

Eighthelmstone 208. Frome 255. Grove House 143.

The Request.

1. FATHER, what' 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 art mine,
   "My life and death attend;
"Thy presence thro' my journey shine,
   "And crown my journey's end."

320. C. M. STEELE.

Bath Chapel 26. Salem 139.

Watchfulness and Prayer; Matt. xxvi. 41.

1. LAS! what hourly dangers rise!
   What snares beset my way!
To heav'n, O let me lift my eyes,
   And hourly watch and pray.  N 6
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.

321. L. M. Newton.

Kingsbridge 88. Rippon's 188.

Prayer answered by Crosses.

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 'Twas 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.
THE CHRISTIAN.

3 I hop'd 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 schem'd,
   Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.

6 "Lord, why is this?" I trembling cry'd;
   "Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?"
   'Tis in this way," the Lord reply'd,
   "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'lt seek thy all in me."

322 L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE

Ulverston 179. Portugal 97.

Growing in Grace, 2 Pet. iii. 18.

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:
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.
THE CHRISTIAN.

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 shews
Th' 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.

323 L. M. G——.
Lebanon 79. New Sabbath 122.

RISING TO GOD.

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.
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.

'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.

324 L. M. Fawcett.


Remembering all the Way the Lord has led him,
Deut. viii. 2.

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.

Thro’ 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.

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.

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.

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?
"Tis even so thy faithful love
Doth all thy children's graces prove
'Tis thus our pride and self must fall,
That Jesus may be all in all.

325 S.M. Dr. Doddridge.
Sutton 149. Stockport 47.
Waiting for the Coming of his Lord; or, the ad

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 th' angelic band.

326 L.M.
Ulverston 179. Lewton 30.
Solicitous of finishing his Course with joy, Acts xx. 24

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.
THE CHRISTIAN.

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.

Should bonds or death obstruct our way,  
Unmov'd their terrors we'll survey,  
And the last hour improve for thee,  
The last of life or liberty.

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!

327 L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Martin's Lane 67. Portugal 97.

The Believer committing his departing Spirit to Jesus.

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,  
Tryst 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!

328 C. M. - Dr. Doddridge.
Evans 150. Cambridge New 74.
The Christian Warrior animated and crowned,
Rev. ii. 10.

1 HARK! 'tis our heavenly Leader's voice
From his triumphant seat;
'Midst all the war's tumultuous noise,
How powerful and how sweet!

2 "Fight on, my faithful band," he cries,
"Nor fear the mortal blow:
"Who first in such a warfare dies,
"Shall speediest victory know.

3 "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.

4 "That throne, that glory, you shall share;
"My hands the crown shall give;
"And you the sparkling honours wear,
"While God himself shall live."

5 Lord, 'tis enough; our souls are stir'd
With courage and with love;
Vain are the assaults of earth and hell;
Our hopes are fix'd above.
PRIVATE WORSHIP. 529, 530.

WORSHIP.

PRIVATE WORSHIP.

329 L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.
Paul’s 2,46. Green’s Hundred 89.

Retirement and Meditation, Psalm iv. 4.

R ETURN, my roving heart, return,
And chase these shadowy forms no more;
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And thy forfaded God implore.

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.

Thro’ all the windings of my heart,
My search let heavenly wisdom guide,
And still its radiant beams impart,
Till all be search’d and purify’d.

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. BEDDOME.
Ulverston 179. Portugal 97.

Reading the Scriptures.

GREAT God, oppress’d with grief and fear,
I take thy book, and hope to find
Some gracious word of promise there,
To soothe the sorrows of my mind;

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.
WORSHIP.

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 'Tis 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 L. M. President Davies.
Magdalene 214 Paul's 246.

1 WHAT strange perplexities arise?
What anxious fears and jealousies?
What crowds in doubtful light appear?
How few, alas! approv'd 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.
PRIVATE WORSHIP.

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 bleis'd world arrive,
Where Christ thro' all my soul shall live,
And give full proof that he is there,
Without one gloomy doubt or fear.

332 C. M.


Secret Prayer, Matt. vi. 6.

Fa ther divine, thy piercing eye
Sees thro' the darkest night;
In deep retirement thou art nigh,
With heart-discerning light.

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,
Thro' my Redeemer's name.

4 So shall the visits of thy love
My soul in secret blest;
So shalt thou deign in worlds above
Thy suppliant to confess.

PAUSE.

5 Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask,
This is the total sum;
Mercy, thro' Christ, is all my suit;
Lord, let thy mercy come.
WORSHIP.

FAMILY WORSHIP

GREAT God, where'er we pitch our tent,
Let us an altar raise;
And there with humble frame present
Our sacrifice of praise.

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 noblest Resolution, Joshua xxiv, 15.

Ah, wretched souls who strive in vain,
Slaves to the world, and slaves to sin,
A nobler toil may I sustain,
A nobler satisfaction win.

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.

O be his service all my joy,
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the blest's employ,
And join in labours so divine.

Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determin'd choice,
To yield to his supreme controul,
And in his kind commands rejoice.

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.
FATHER of all, thy care we blest,
Which crowns our families with peace;
From thee they spring, and by thy hand
They have been, and are still sustaine'd.

To God, most worthy to be prais'd,
Be our domestic altars rais'd;
Who, Lord of heaven, scorn'st not to dwell
With saints in their obscurest cell.

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.

O may each future age proclaim
The honours of thy glorious name!
While pleas'd and thankful we remove
To join the family above.

GREAT God, now condescend
To blest our rising race;
Soon may their willing spirits bend
To thy victorious grace!

O what a vast delight
Their happiness to see!
Our warmest wishes all unite
To lead their souls to thee.

Dear Lord, thy Spirit pour
Upon our infant head,
O bring the long'd-for, happy hour
That makes them thine indeed.
WORSHIP.

4 May they receive thy word,
   Confess the Saviour’s name,
   Then follow their despised Lord
   Thro’ 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.

337 C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Christ’s condescending Regard to little Children.
Mark x. 14.

1 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 ’twas to blesst 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.

338 148th B. FRANCIS*


On opening a Place of Worship.

1 IN sweet exalted strains
   The King of Glory praise;
   O'er heaven and earth he reigns,
   Thro' 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 shew
   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!

* Sung on opening the Meeting House at Horley, Gloucestershire, September 18, 1774; and also at the opening of the New Meeting House at Downend, near Bristol, October 4, 1786.
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 polished stones,
Thro' long succeeding days;
Here, Lord, display thy saving power,
While temples stand, and men adore.

339 L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE
Chard 175. Wareham 117.

On opening a Place of Worship.

1 GREAT God, thy watchful care we blest,
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.
DEAR Shepherd of thy people, hear,
Thy presence now display;
As thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

Shew us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour thy blessings from above,
That we may render praise.

And may the Gospel's joyful sound,
Enforc'd by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round,
To come and fill the place.

HOW charming is the place,
Where my Redeemer God
Unveils the beauties of his face,
And宜ds his love abroad!

Not the fair palaces,
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compar'd with this,
Where Jesus holds his court.

Here on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crown'd,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.
To him their prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents;
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.

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.

ORD of hosts, how lovely fair
E'en on earth, thy temples are!
Here thy waiting people see
Much of heaven and much of thee.

From thy gracious presence flows
Bliss that softens all our woes;
While thy Spirit's holy fire
Warms our hearts with pure desire.

Here we supplicate thy throne,
Here thou makest thy glories known;
Here we learn thy righteous ways,
Taste thy love, and sing thy praise.

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.
The Happiness of humble Worship, Psalm lxxxiv.

HOW lovely, how divinely sweet,
O Lord, thy sacred courts appear!
Fain would my longing passions meet
The glories of thy presence there.

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.

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.

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.

God is a sun; our brightest day
From his reviving presence flows:
God is a shield, thro' all the way,
To guard us from surrounding foes.

He pours his kindest blessings down,
Profusely down, on souls sincere;
And grace shall guide, and glory crown,
The happy fav'rites of his care.

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!

O 3
WORSHIP.

344  L. M.


Delight in God’s House and Confidence in him, 
Psa 27.

1 Thou, Lord, my safety, thou my light; 
What danger shall my soul aflame? 
Strength of my life! what arm shall dare 
To hurt whom thou haft 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 reply’d 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  S. M. Dr. Watts’s Lyric. 
Forms vain without Religion.

1 Almighty Maker, God! 
How wondrous is thy name!
LORD’S DAY.

Thy glories how diffus’d abroad,
Thro’ the creation’s frame!
Nature in every dress
Her humble homage pays,
And finds a thousand ways t’ express
Thine undissembled praise.
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,
Curs’d 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 ’tis 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.

THE LORD’S DAY.

346 8. 8. 6. MERRICK.

Baltimore 167. Broadmead 1:0.

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.
344. 345. WORSHIP.

344  L. M.


Deight in God's House and Confidence in him,
Psaln xlvii.

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 reply'd 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 S. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRIC.


Forms vain without Religion.

1 ALMIGHTY Maker, God!
How wondrous is thy name!
LORD'S DAY.

Thy glories how diffus'd abroad
Thro' the creation's frame!

2 Nature in every dress
Her humble homage pays,
And finds a thousand ways to express
Thine undisssembled praise.

3 My soul would rise and sing
To her Creator too;
Fain would my tongue adore my King,
And pay the worship due.

4 [But pride, that busy sin,
Spoils all that I perform,
Curs'd pride, that creeps securely in,
And swells a haughty worm.]

5 Create my soul anew;
Else all my worship's vain;
This wretched heart will never be true,
Until 'tis form'd again.

6 Let joy and worship spend
The remnant of my days,
And to my God, my soul ascend
In sweet perfumes of praise.

THE LORD'S DAY.

346 8. 8. 6. MERRICK.


Psalm cxvii.

1 THE joyful morn, my God, is come,
That calls me to thy honour'd dome,
Thy preference to adore:
My feet the summons shall attend,
With willing steps thy courts ascend,
And tread the hallow'd floor.

O 4
WORSHIP.

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 implor'd by each on thee,
   O Sion, while with bended knee
       To Jacob's God we pray:
How blest'st, who calls himself thy friend!
Succes his labour 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 blest thy lov'd abode?
How ceafe the zeal that in me glows,
Thy good to seek, whosef walls enclofe
   The mansions of my God?

347. 75. D. Turner.
   Alcester 213. Feverham 220.
A Song of Praise to the Redeemer, Psalm xl. 7, 8.

1 HOLY wonder, heavenly grace,
Come, inspire our humble lays,
While the Saviour's love we sing,
Whence our hopes and comforts spring,
LORD'S DAY.

2 Man, involv'd in guilt and woe,
Touch'd his tender bosom so,
That when justice death demands,
Forth the greater Deliverer stands;

3 Cries to God, "Thy mercy shew;
"Lo! I come thy will do do;
"I the sacrifice will be,
"Death shall plunge his dart in me."

4 Tho' 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 posses'd
Now an infant at the breast!
Angels from the world above,
See and sing th' amazing love!

6 Thro' the shining hours of day,
Toil and danger mark his way;
Lonesome 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!
Reascends his native sky,
Where he lives—no more to die.
WORSHIP.

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.

348 L. M. J. STENNETT.
Rowles 73. Magdalene 214.
The Sabbath.

1 ANOTHER six days work is done,
   Another sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God has blest'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!
LORD'S DAY.

349 148th.

Carter Lane 141. Dartmouth 46.

A Hymn for LORD's Day Morning.

1. WAKE, 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 confin'd;
    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:
    Worthy art thou, who once wast slain,
    Thro' 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 th' unerring dart,
    With salutary pangs,
    To each rebellious heart:
    Then dying souls for life shall sue,
    Numerous as drops of morning dew.
WORSHIP.

350. C. M. B——.
Salem 139. New York 33.

A Hymn for the Evening of the Lord's Day.

1 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 C. M. CENNICK.
Brighthelmstone 208. Providence College 10.

Lord's Day Evening.

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.
LORD'S DAY.

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 (Second Part.) L. M. Dr. Watts.
Portugal 97. New Sabbath 122.

LORD's Day Evening.

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

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

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

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

352 L. M.

Gloucester 12. Lebanon 79.

The Eternal Sabbath, Heb. iv. 9.

1 Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love,
   But there's a nobler rest above;
   To that our labouring souls aspire
   With ardent pangs of strong desire.

2 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.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes;
   No cares to break the long repose;
   No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
   But sacred, high, eternal, noon.

4 Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love,
   But there's a nobler rest above;
   To that our labouring souls aspire,
   With ardent pangs of strong desire.

HYMNS BEFORE PRAYER.

353 L. M. Cowper.

Portugal 97. Langdon 217.

Exhortation to Prayer.

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 darkened cloud withdraw,
   Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
   Gives exercise to faith and love,
   Brings every blessing from above.
HYMNS BEFORE PRAYER.

Refraining prayer, we cease to fight;  
Prayer makes the christian's armour bright;  
And Satan trembles, when he sees  
The weakest faint upon his knees.

While Moses stood with arms spread wide,  
Success was found on Israel's side;  
But when thro' weariness they failel'd,  
That moment Amalek prevail'd.

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.

Were half the breath thus vainly spent  
To heaven in supplication sent;  
Your cheerful songs would oftner be,  
"Hear what the Lord has done for me!"

354  7s.

Cookham 36.  Stoel 164.

_I will not let thee go except thou bless me_,  

ORD, I cannot let thee go,  
Till a blessing thou bestow;  
Do not turn away thy face,  
Mine's an urgent pressing case.

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.

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:
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.

355 C. M. EDMUND JONES.
Ludlow 84. Crowle 3.

The successful Resolve—I will go in unto the King.
Esther iv. 16.

COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress;
And make this last resolve:

1 "I'll go to Jesus, thro' my sin
"Hath like a mountain rose;
"I know his courts, I'll enter in,
"Whatever may oppose.

3 "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.
HYMNS BEFORE PRAYER.

"I'll to the gracious King approach,
"Whole 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 resolv'd to try:
"For, if I stay away, I know
"I must for ever die."

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

356 S. M.

Eagle Street New 55. Broderip's 252.

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 worthlesst thing?

2 To Christ, the bleeding Lamb,
My faith directs its eyes;
Thou mayst reject that worthlesst thing,
But not his sacrifice.

3 When he gave up the ghost,
The law was satisfy'd;
And now to its most rigorous claims,
I answer, "Jesus died."
WORSHIP.

357  L. M. BEDDOME.
Rippon's 188. Ulverstone 179.
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 refugent 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, tho' myself a wretch undone,
   Hope for acceptance thro' thy Son—

4 Thy Son, who on th' accursed tree,
   Expir'd to set the vilest free;
   On this I build my only claim,
   And all I ask is in his name.

358 8. 8. 6. J. STRAPHAN.
Chatham 59.
The Lord's Prayer, Matt. vi. 9—13.

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.
HYMNS BEFORE SERMON.

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! let our spirits free:  
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.

HYMNS BEFORE SERMON.

359 L. M. DR. S. STEBBENNE.

Portugal 97. Wareham 117.

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;
WORSHIP.

357 L. M. Beddome.
Rippon's 183. Ulverstone 179.
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 resplendent 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, tho' myself a wretch undone,
Hope for acceptance thro' thy Son—

4 Thy Son, who on th' accursed tree,
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The Lord's Prayer; Matt. vi. 9—13.

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HYMNS BEFORE SERMON.

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Portugal 97. Wareham 117.
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;
WORSHIP.

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 C. M.
1 Cor. iii. 6, 7.

1 In vain Apollos' silver tongue,
   And Paul's with strains profound;
Diffuse among the listening throng
   The gospel's gladdening sound.

2 Jesus, the work is wholly thine
   To form the heart anew;
Now let thy sovereign grace divine
   Each stubborn soul subdue.

361 112th. FAWCETT.
Before Sermon.

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 blest,
   And crown thy gospel with success.

2 Distraughting thoughts and cares remove,
   And fix our hearts and hopes above;
With food divine may we be fed,
   And satisfy'd with living bread:  Chor. Thus:
HYMNS BEFORE SERMON. 361, 362.

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,

Father, in us thy Son reveal;
Teach us to know and do thy will:
Thy saving power and love display;
And guide us to the realms of day: Chor. Thus,

361 (Second Part.) L. M.
Longing for the Presence and Blessing of God,
1 Sam. vii. 2.

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

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.

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. BEDDOME.
Bath Chapel 26. Michael's 149.
The Freeness of the Gospel.

HOW free and boundless is the grace
Of our redeeming God,
Extending to the Greek and Jew,
And men of every blood!

The mightiest king, and meanest slave
May his rich mercy taste;
He bids the beggar and the prince
Unto the gospel feast.
WORSHIP.

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. 7s.
Stoel 164. Cookham 36.
A Blessing humbly 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.
The Pool of Bethesda, John v. 2—4.

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?
Sinners on ev'ry side step in,
And wath away their pain and sin;
But I, an helpless sin-fick soul,
Still lie expiring at the pool.
Thou cov'nant angel, swift come down,
To-day thine own appointments crown;
Thy power into the means infuse,
And give them now their sacred use.
Thou feest 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. Toplady's Collection.

Helmley 223. Painshill 162.
Prayer for Minister and People.

Darest 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.
Now thy gracious word invites them
To partake the Gospel-feast:
Let thy Spirit sweetly draw them;
Every soul be Jesus's guest!
O receive us,
Let us find thy promis'd rest.

366 L. M.
Illington 46. Lebanon 79.

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 restor'd,
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.]

367 S. M. BEdDome.
He beheld the City, and wept over it, John xix. 4

1 Did 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 heav'n along no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

368 8. 7. 4.
A Blessing requested.

C OME, thou soul-transforming Spirit,
Bless the sower and the seed;
Let each heart thy grace inherit,
Raise the weak, the hungry feed:
HYMNS BEFORE SERMON. 369, 370.

From the gospel,
Now supply thy people's need.
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  
Bethesda 112. Carmarthen New 35.

SINFUL, and blind, and poor,
And lost without thy grace,
Thy mercy I implore,
And wait to see thy face.
Begging I sit by the way-side,
And long to know the Crucify'd.

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 shew me now thy pardoning love.

370  L. M. BEDDOME.
Coombs's 45. Islington 40.

Thy Kingdom come, Matt. vi. 10.

ASCEND thy throne, almighty King,
And spread thy glories all abroad;
Let thine own arm salvation bring,
And be thou known the gracious God.
Let millions bow before thy seat,
Let humble mourners seek thy face,
Bring daring rebels to thy feet,
Subdu'd by thy victorious grace.
371. 372.

WORSHIP.

3 O let the kingdoms of the world
Become the kingdoms of the Lord;
Let saints and angels praise thy name,
Be thou thro' heaven and earth ador'd.

371  L. M.

Wareham 117.  Green's Hundred 89.
Ezekiel's Vision of the Dry Bones, Ezek. xxxvii. 3.

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.

And can these mouldering corpses live?
And can these perish'd bones revive?
That, mighty God, to thee is known;
That wondrous work is all thy own.

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.

But if thy Spirit deign to breathe,
Life spreds thro' all the realms of death;
Dry bones obey thy powerful voice;
They move, they waken, they rejoice.

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.

HYMNS AFTER SERMON.

The Parable of the Sower, Matt. xiii. 3—23.

NOW, Lord, the heavenly seed is sown,
Be it thy servants' care
Thy heavenly blessing to bring down,
By humble servant 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."

373 148th. NEWTON.
Bethesda 112. Eagle Street 16.

O
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.

374 L. M.
Denbigh 54. Rowles 73.
The Spread of the Gospel, Matt. vi. 10.

To distant lands thy Gospel send,
   And thus thy empire wide extend:
   To Gentile, Turk, and stubborn Jew,
   Thou King of Grace! salvation shew.

2 Where'er thy sun, or light arise,
   Thy name, O God! immortalize:
   May nations yet unborn confess
   Thy wisdom, power, and righteousness.

375 C. M.
Bédford 91. Abridge 201.
Duties and Privileges, Jude 20, 21.

While sinners, who presume to bear
   The christian's sacred name,
Throw up the reins to every lust,
And glory in their shame;
2 Ye saints preserve'd in Christ and call'd,
Dwell in their impious ways,
And on the basis of your faith
An heavenly temple raise.

3 Upon the Spirit's promis'd aid
Depend from day to day,
And, while he breathes his quickening gale,
Adore, and praise, and pray.

4 Preserve unquench'd your love to God,
And let the flame arise,
And higher and still higher blaze,
Till it ascend the skies.

5 With a transporting joy expect
The grace your Lord shall give,
When all his saints shall from his hands
Their crowns of life receive.

376 C. M. TOPLADY'S COLLECTION.
Grove House 143. Foster 96. Salem 139.

Now is the accepted Time.

1 COME, guilty souls, and flee away
To Christ, and heal your wounds;
This is the welcome day,
Wherein free grace abounds.

2 God lov'd the church, and gave his Son
To drink the cup of wrath:
And Jesus says he'll call out none
That come to him by faith.

376 (Second Part.) L. M.
The converted Sinner encouraged.

1 WHO is the trembling sinner, who
That owns eternal death his due?
HYMNS AFTER SERMON.

Who mourns his sin, his guilt, his thrall,
And does on God for mercy call?

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 L. M. Dr. S. Stennett.
Angel's Hymn 60. Paul's 246.

Acceptance through Christ alone, John xiv. 6.

How shall the sons of men appear,
Great God, before thine awful bar?
How may the guilty hope to find
Acceptance with the eternal Mind?

Not vows, nor groans, nor broken cries,
Not the most costly sacrifice,
Not infant blood profusely spilt,
Will expiate a sinner's guilt.

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 (Second Part.) 78.
The Pleasures of Religion.

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

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

378  L. M.
Rowles 73; Portugal 97.
Habakkuk iii. 17, 18.

Is Jesus mine! I'm now prepar'd
To meet with what I thought most hard;
Yes, let the winds of trouble blow,
And comforts melt away like snow:
No blasted trees or failing crops
Can hinder my eternal hopes;
'Tho' creatures change, the Lord's the same,
Then let me triumph in his name.

379  7s.
Deptford 124; Turin 244.
Help, Hosea xiii. 9.

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; Grove House 143.
Felix trembling, Acts xxiv. 24; 25.

1 See Felix, cloth'd with pomp and power,
   See his resplendent bride,
   Attend to hear a prisoner preach
   The Saviour crucify'd.

2 He well describes who Jesus was,
   His glories and his love,
   How he obey'd and bled below,
   And reigns and pleads above.

3 Felix up starts, and trembling cries,
   "Go for this time away
   "I'll hear thee on these points again
   "On some convenient day."
Hymns After Sermon. 381, 382.

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 New 55. Vermont 134.
Jabez's Prayer, 1 Chron. iv. 9, 10.

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 fainst in Canaan's land
"My portion he divide."

382 (First Part.) C. M.
Desiring to walk in the Way of Holiness to Happiness,
Psalms lxxxiv. 8.

1 LORD, God, omnipotent to bless,
My supplication hear;
Guardian of Jacob, to 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 swiftly advance make,
And reach thine heaven at length!

4 My care, my hope, my first request,
Are all compris'd in this,
To follow where thy fainst have led,
And then partake their bliss.
WORSHIP.

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

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

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

3 To thee in sweet melodious strains
My grateful voice I'll raise;
But life's too short, my powers too weak,
To shine 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.]

383 104th. Sussex 70. Hanover 130.
Praise for Salvation.

1 Our Saviour, alone the Lord let us blest,
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'sd vision completed in thee.
Hymns After Sermon. 383, 384

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

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

384 (First Part.) C. M.
Boston 159. Miall 240.
Not unto us, Psalm cxv. 1.
Not unto us, but thee alone,
Bless'd Lamb, be glory given:
Here shall thy praises be begun,
And carried on in heaven.
The hosts of spirits now with thee
Eternal anthems sing:
To imitate them here, lo! we
Our hallelujahs bring.
Had we our tongues like them inspir'd,
Like theirs our songs should rise;
Like them we never should be tire'd,
But love the sacrifice.
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.

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

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

2 Let him receive the glory due
To his exalted name;
With thankful tongues, and hearts inflam'd,
His wondrous deeds proclaim.

3 Praise him in elevated strains,
And make the world to know,
How great the Master whom you serve,
And yet how gracious too.

385 8s.
Lock 49. Lambeth 57.


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;
'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. Cennick.
Newington 61. Great Milton 212.
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 Melchisedec.

3 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
While in this world we stay;
We'll sing our Jesus'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.

387 6.4.
Bermondsey 52. Bridgewater 261.
Worthy the Lamb.

1 Glory to God on high!
Let earth and skies reply:
Praise ye his name;
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 name 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 tho' 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,
   Thro' all eternity;
Worthy the Lamb.

388. L. M. HART.

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 Tho' we are guilty thou art good,
   Wash all our works in Jesus's blood;
Give every fetter'd soul release,
   And bid us all depart in peace.
HYMNS AFTER SERMON. 389, 90.

389: 8. 7. 4.

Helmstone 223. Welshbury 51. 52.

At Dismission.

ORD, 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 thro' this wilderness.

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!

So, when'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away;
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,
May we ready,
Rise and reign in endless day!

390 C. M.


Sanctification and Growth, Heb. xiii. 20, 21.

NOW may the God of peace and love,
Who from th' imprisoning grave,
Restor'd the Shepherd of the sheep,
Omnipotent to save,

Thro' the rich merits of that blood,
Which he on Calvary spilt,
To make th' eternal cov'nant sure,
On which our hopes are built,

Perfect our souls in every grace
T'accomplish all his will,
And all that's pleasing in his sight
Inspire us to fulfil!
WORSHIP.

4. For the great Mediator's sake,  
   We every blessing pray:  
   With glory let his name be crown'd  
   Thro' heaven's eternal day!

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391 L. M.  
I'slington 40. Lebanon 79.  
The Peace of God shall keep, &c. Phil. iv. 7.  

**The peace which God alone reveals,**  
   And by his word of grace imparts,  
   Which only th. 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!

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392 8. 7. Newton.  
May the Grace, &c. 2 Cor. xiii. 14.  

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 can not afford.

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DOXOLOGIES.  

393 C. M.  
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
   Who made the earth and heaven,  
   Of equal dignity possess,  
   Be equal honours given.
S. M. Beddome.

To the eternal Three,
In will and essence one,
Be universal honours paid,
Co-equal honours done.

Magdalene 214. Old Hundred 100.

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.

104th.
Sussex 70. 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 gifts of the Spirit, to Adam's lost race.

(First Part.) 8. 7. 4. Measure.
Helmsley 223.

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.

(Second Part.) 8. 8. 6. Measure.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be praise amid the heavenly host,
And in the church below,
From whom all creatures drew their breath,
By whom redemption bless'd the earth,
From whom all comforts flow!
THE WORLD.

THE WORLD.

L. M. BLACKMORE.

Portugal 97. Green's Hundred 89.

The Vanity of earthly Things.

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 the 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?
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?

Sinner, your idols we despise,
If these reliefs they cannot grant;
Why should we such delusions prize,
And pine in everlasting want?

399 (C. M.) Dr. S. STENNELL.

Vanity of the World, Psalm iv. 6.

1 In vain the giddy world inquires;
   Forgetful of their God,
   "Who will supply our vast desires,
   "Or shew us any good?"

2 Thro' 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:
   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:
   Affl'd of thy forgiving grace,
   My joys will be divine.
DELUDED souls! who think to find
A solid bliss below:
Bliss! the fair flower of paradise,
On earth can never grow.

See how the foolish wretch is pleas'd
T' increase his worldly store;
Too scanty now he finds his barns,
And covets room for more.

"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.

"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."

Scarce had he spoke, when, lo! from heaven
Th' Almighty made reply:
"For whom dost thou provide, thou fool?
This night thyself shalt die."

Teach me, my God, all earthy joys
Are but an empty dream:
And may I seek my bliss alone,
In thee the good supreme!

ORD, shall we part with gold for dross,
With solid good for show?
THE WORLD.

Outlive our bliss, and mourn our loss,
In everlasting woe?
Let us not love the living God,
For one short dream of joy; With fond embrace cling to a clod,
And fling all heaven away.
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 L. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRICS.
Lebanon 79. Manning 245.
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, my ears.

2 Lord, I renounce my carnal taste
Of the fair fruit that sinners prize: Their paradise shall never wait One thought of mine, but to despise.

3 All earthly joys are overweigh’d
With mountains of vexations care: And where’s the sweet that is not laid A bait to some destructive snare?

4 Begone, for ever, mortal things! Thou mighty mole-hill, earth, farewell! Angels alight 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.
THE GOSPEL CHURCH.


The Church described; or, the Stability and Glory of Zion, Cant. vi. 10.

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 an host that moves
Majestically flow,
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.

404 L. M. Steele.

Derby 169. Wells Row 98.

The Presence of Christ the Joy of his People.

1 The wond'ring nations have beheld
The sacred prophecy fulfill'd;
And angels hail the glorious morn,
That shew'd the great Messiah born;
The Church.

The Prince! the Saviour! long desired,
Whom men foretold, by heaven inspired,
And raptur'd saw the blissful day
Rise o'er the world with healing ray.

Oft, in the temple of his grace,
His saints his smiling face hold;
And oft have seen his glories shine
With power and majesty divine:

But soon, alas! his absence mourn,
And pray and with his kind return.
Without his life-inspiring light,
'Tis all a scene of gloomy night.

Come, dearest Lord, thy children cry,
Our graces droop, our comforts die;
Return, and let thy glories rise
Again to our admiring eyes.

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.

405 C.M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Asking the Way to Sion, Jer. 1. 5.

ENQUIRER, ye pilgrims, for the way
That leads to Sion's hill,
And thither set your steady face,
With a determin'd 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 Q come, and join your souls to God
In everlasting bands,
Accept the blessings he bestows,
With thankful hearts and hands.

406 148th. Dr. Doddridge
Swithin’s 44. Darwell’s 82.
At the forming a Church.
Isai. lvi. 6, 7. Matt. xxii. 13. and Eph. ii. 13, 19

1 GREAT Father of mankind,
We blest 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 Tho’ once estrang’d 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.
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.

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.

407  L. M.  DR. DODDRIDGE.
Portugal 97.  Derby 169.
The Institution of a Gospel Ministry from Christ,
Eph. iv. 8, 11, 12.

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.

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.

Hence sprung th' 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  
Thro' 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  
Thro' the long round of endless days.

408. L. M.  
Wareham 117.

On sending a Member into the Work of the Ministry—Isaiah's Obedience to the heavenly Vision, Isai. vi. 1.

1 Our God ascends his lofty throne,  
Array'd in Majesty unknown;  
His lustre all the temple fills,  
And spreads o'er all th' ethe rial hills:

2 The holy, holy, holy Lord,  
By all the Seraphim ador'd,  
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,  
Thro' all his weakness and his fear,  
Love shall reply, "Thy servant's here."

*If sung on any other Occasion, "his," in the three last Veres may be exchanged for "my."
ORDINATION. 409, 410,
Nor let his willing soul complain,
Tho' every effort seem in vain;
Its ample recompense shall be
But to have wrought, O God, for thee.

409 L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.
Seeking Direction in the Choice of a Pastor.

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.

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.

Return, in ways of peace return,
Nor let thy flock neglected mourn;
May our bless'd eyes a shepherds see,
Dear to our souls, and dear to thee!

410 C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.
Abridge 201. Bedford 91.

LET Sion's watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give;
Now let them, from the mouth of God,
Their awful charge receive.

'Tis 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.

They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego;
For souls which must for ever live,
In raptures, or in woe,
411. THE CHURCH.

4 All to the great tribunal haste,
Th'account to render there;
And shouldst thou strictly mark our faults,
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.

411 L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE,
Ayliffe Street 241. Portugal 97.
The Goodness of God acknowledged in giving
Pastors after his own Heart, Jer. iii:15*.
At the Settlement of a Minister.

1 S
HEPHERD 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 haft 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.

* See Hymn 407, and Association Hymns.
THE CHURCH. 412, 413.

412 C. M. Dr. Doddridge.
Abingdon 421; Braintree 25.

Christ's Care of Ministers and Churches, Rev. ii. 1.

1 We bless th' 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.

3 Still be our purity preserv'd;
Still fed with oil the flame;
And in deep characters inscrib'd
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.

413. L. M.

Babylon Streams 23; Paul's 246; Gould's 272.

On the 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-sought heart relief.

3 Tho' we have sin'd, and justly dread
The vengeance hovering o'er our head,
Yet, Power benign, thy servant spare,
Nor turn aside thy people's prayer.
THE CHURCH.

4 Avert thy swift descending stroke,
Nor smite the shepherd of the flock,
Left o'er the barren walk we stay,
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 pitiful 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-lov'd leader lost;

8 Be thou his strength, be thou his stay,
Support him thro' 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.

414 C. M.

Huddersfield 202. Matthews 34.

At a Minister's leaving his People.—Paul'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 wip'd their tears away.
THE CHURCH.

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,
   Tho' 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 approv'd 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.

415 L. M.
Bowden 78. Chard 175.

The People's Prayer for their Ministers or, Ministers and Missionaries† committed to God.

1 With heavenly power, O Lord, defend
   Him whom we now to thee commend;
His person blest, his soul secure,
   And make him to the end endure.

2 Gird him with all-sufficient grace;
   Direct his feet in paths of peace;
† See also Hymn 420, first, second, and third part.

* The pronouns in this Hymn, if necessary, may be read in the plural, them, &c. &c. Q.3
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 L. M. Dr. Gibbons.

Portugal 97. Magdalene 214.
The Pastor’s Wife for his People, Phil. iv. 1.

1 My brethren, from my heart believe,  
Whole 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 purchas’d by his blood,  
Nor let him less than all receive.

5 Such is your pastor’s faithful charge,  
Whole soul desires not your’s, but you;  
O may he, at the Lord’s right-hand,  
Himself and all his people view!
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 thy 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,
May their own hearts with grace be crown'd!]
While patience, sympathy, and joy,
Adorn, and thro' 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 assigu'd—
The work of love, is fully done,
Call them from serving tables here,
To fit around thy glorious throne.

* If this Hymn be sung before the Choice, then the second Line of the second Verse may stand thus:

"For Wisdom to direct our Choice."
THE CHURCH.

MONTHLY AND MISSIONARY PRAYER MEETING

418 (First Part). 8. 7.


Glorious Things spoken of Zion the City of God,
Psalm lxxxvii. Isaiah xxxiii. 29, 21.

1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken, Zion, city of our God!
He, whose word cannot 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,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows thy thirst to 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,
Shewing 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.
"Tis his love his people raises
Over self to reign as kings:
And as priests, his solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings.

Saviour, if of Zion's city
I thro' 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.

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

1 EXERT thy power, thy rights maintain,
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 unobserv'd, to empire grows.

4 Soon shall the mingled image fall,
(Brafs, 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.
THE CHURCH.

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.

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 India's coast,
And Africa's unhappy shore,
The unlearn'd savage press to hear;
And hearing, wonder and adore.

4 [See, while the joyful truth is told,
"That Jesus left his throne in heaven,
And suffer'd, died, and rose again,
That guilty souls might be forgiv'n;"

5 See what delight, unfelt before,
Béams in his fix'd attentive eye;
And hear him ask, "For wretched me,
Did this divine Redeemer die?"
6 "Ah! Why have ye so long forborne
To tell such welcome news as this;
Go now, let every sinner hear,
And share in such extasied bliss."

7 The lands, 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 curs'd foundation shall give way,
And thine eternal overthrow
The triumphs of the cross display.

418 (Fourth Part.) L. M.
Wells 102. Devotion 271.

Invitation to propagate the Gospel throughout the Earth.

1 Go, favor'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 blood,
The blood of an incarnate God.

3 And tell the panting sable Chief,
On Ethiopia's scorching land,
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.

+ Tibet and Boutan; parts of Asia, little known to Europeans, but lately mentioned by the Baptist Missionaries.
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.

Say, the religion you profess
Is all benevolence and love,
And, crowned with energy divine,
It's heavenly origin will prove.

418 (Fifth Part) L. M.

"O," 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."

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

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

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

To us their duty they bequeath'd;
And left the promise on record;
And had our ardour equal'd theirs;
The same had been our blest reward.

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

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

419 (First Part.) L. M.
Chard 175. Gloucester 12.

Prospect of Success; or, Encouragement to use Means.

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

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

The untaught Heathen waits to know
The joy the Gospel will bestow;
The exiled slave waits to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.

Come let us with a grateful heart
In the blest labour share a part;
Our prayers and offerings gladly bring
To aid the triumphs of our King.

Let us improve the heavenly gale,
Spread to each breeze our hoisted sail,
Till north and south, and east and west,
Shall be, as favor'd Britain, blest.

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

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 (Second Part.) C. M.

Cambridge New 74. Evans's 190. Irish 171.
Millionary 257.

The Increase of the Church promised and pleaded.

1. FATHER, is not thy promise pledg'd
To thine exalted Son,
That thro' the nations of the earth
Thy word of life shall run?

2. "Ask, and I 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 th' untutor'd Indian tribes,
A dark bewild'rd 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 heav'n,
To the dominion of thy Son,
Without exemption given?
6 From east to west, from north to south,
Then be his name ador'd!
Europe, with all thy millions, shout,
Hosannahs to thy Lord!

7 Asia and Africa, resound
From shore to shore his fame:
And thou, America, in song
Redeeming love proclaim!

420. (First Part.) C. M.
Otford 106. Michael's 119.

Prayer for Missionaries.

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 treasur'd 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 fable sons
Enjoy the heavenly word,
And vassais long enslav'd become
The freedmen 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 Have, sovereign mercy, and transform
Their cruelty to love.
THE CHURCH.

Soften the tyger 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.

Verses 3, 9, and 10, of this Hymn, in substance, were written off Margate, by Mr. William Ward, one of the Baptist Missionaries, on their departure for India, May 28, 1799.

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 Shaftet spread,
Bids Brahmans preach the word;
And may all India's tribes become
One cast to serve the Lord.

PAUSE.

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

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

† Verses 7, 9 and 10, of this Hymn, may be sung alone.
‡ The Shaftes: a.e. the religious books of the Hindous; the Brahmans are their Priests; and the Castes are the different classes of the people.
MISSIONS.

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 trumpet shall remorse the rage of war, No murd'rous cannon roar:

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

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

420 (Second Part.) L. M.


A blessing on Missions, and Missionaries, requested.

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, till all the spacious globe around,"
"With raptur'd "songs of praise" resound!"
THE CHURCH.

420 (Third Part.) S. M.
Missionaries addressed and encouraged.†

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 promis'd 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 deprav'd
Of Adam's numerous race.

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

420 (Fourth Part.) C. M.
Evans 190. Cambridge New 74.
The wonder-working God invoked for his Church
Is. i. ii. 9.

1 Awake, awake, thou mighty arm,
Which hast such wonders wrought;
Which captive Israel freed from harm,
And out of Egypt brought.
† See also Hymn 415.
Art thou not it, which Rahab flew?
And crush'd the dragon's head?
Constrain'd by thee, the waves withdrew
From their accustom'd bed.

Again thy wonted prowels shew,
Be thou made bare again;
And let thine adversaries know
That they resist in vain.

421 (First Part.) L. M.
Ayliffe Street 241. Rochford 22.

Longing for the Latter Day Glory.

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?

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.

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!

 Hasten it, Lord, in every land;
Send through thy angels and command;
"Go, sound deliverance; loudly blow
"Salvation to the saints below."

We want to have the day appear!
The promis'd 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 shalt hear our strong request;
And this our daily prayer shall be,
Lord, found the trump of jubilee.

1 "How long, O God, has man been driv'n.
Far off from happiness, and heav'n!
When wilt thou," graciously "restore"
Thy banished 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 raving 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.
MISSIONS.

421 (Third Part.) 10s.
Warlaw 211. Gueftwick 274.

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

THE house now to be builded to the Lord, Whose firm foundation stone his hand hath laid,
Shall in magnificence and fame exceed That which King Solomon so glorious made.
Wide as the spacious globe on which we tread, This sacred temple shall its bounds extend, Its blessings, not to Abra'ms seed confin'd; Shall millions of the Gentile race befriend.

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.

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

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

421 (Fourth Part.) C. M.

O for, ye saints, behold your King With God-like honours crown'd, Ten thousand beauties in his word Shall spread his fame around.
422. THE CHURCH.

2 Where'er the sun begins its race,
   Or stops its swiftest race,
   Both east and west shall own his grace,
   And Christ be honoured 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.

422 (First Part.) 112th.

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 thro' their fall obtain,
   And Christ by their rejection gain.

2 Outcast from thee, and scatter'd wide
   Thro' every nation under heaven,
   Blaspheming whom they crucify'd,
   Unfav'd, unpity'd, unforgiv'n:
   Branded like Cain, they bear their load,
   Abhorr'd of men, and curs'd of God.

3 But haft thou finally forsook,
   For ever cast thy own away!
   Wilt thou not bid the murderer's look
   On him they pierce'd, and weep and pray?
   Yes, gracious Lord, thy word is past;
   "All Israel shall be fav'd at last."
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.

(Second Part.) 14th. Portsmouth New 144.

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

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

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

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

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

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 heaven
   Diffus'd abroad must be:
   Till God the Son shall come again,
   It must go on. Amen! Amen!

PAUSE.

Resurrection 72.

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

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

422 (Third Part.) L. M.
Hortley III. Magdalene 34.
The Fields white for Harvest†.

3 Lift up your joyful eyes, and see
   A plenteous harvest all around,

† The Hymns from the 427th to the 441st. Also relate to the spread of the Gospel, and the happiness of the Church.
Rip'ning for bliss, and not a grain
Shall ever fall unto the ground:

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

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

422 (Fourth Part.) L. M.
Gloucester 12. Lebanon 77. Islington 49.

He must Reign; or, the Victories of Christ the
Triumph of Christians.

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

4 Then, rang'd thy blazing throne around,
The Saviour's honours we'll proclaim;
While heav'n's transported realms refound
Thy glorious deeds and darling name.
ASSOCIATIONS; OR, GENERAL MEETINGS
OF CHURCHES AND MINISTERS*.

423 C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Spiritual Associations registered in Heaven; or, God's
gracious Approbation of active Attempts to revive
Religion, Mal. iii. 16, 17.

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, (faith the Lord), the world shall know
   "These humble souls are mine:
   "These, when my jewels I produce,
   "Shall in full luster shine.

6 "When deluges of fiery wrath
   "My foes away shall bear,
   "That hand, which strikes the wicked thro'
   "Shall all my children spare."

* See also Hymns 403—406, 412—422.
ASSOCIATIONS. 424, 425

424 L. M. B. Francis.

Ministers abounding in the Work of the Lord.

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 found 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.

5 Still in thy work would we abound;
Still prune the vine, or plough the ground;
Thy sheep with wholesome pasture feed,
And watch them with unwearied heed.

6 Thou art our Lord, our life, our love,
Our care below, and crown above:
Thy praise shall be our best employ,
Thy presence our eternal joy.

425 C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Lovelst thou me? feed my Lambs, John xxii. 15.

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 [Haft thou a Lamb in all thy flock,
I would disdain to feed?
Haft 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 th' immortal flame?

7 Thou know'lt I love thee, dearest Lord,
But, O! I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

426 L. M. Beddome.
Ayliffe Street 241. Portugal 97.
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!
ASSOCIATIONS.

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 thing:
To them thy sacred truth reveal,
 Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

4 Teach them to sow the precious seed,
Teach them thy chozen flock to feed:
Teach them immortal souls to gain—
Soul 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 madly chains,
Distressed souls forget their pains;
Let light thro’ distant realms be spread,
And Zion rear her drooping head.

27 (First Part.)  8. 7. 4. Altered by Dr. Ryland.
Lewes 63.  Painshawick 162.  Helmsley 223.

Prayer for a Revival.

1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation,
Grant us, LORD, a gracious rain!
All will come to defolation,
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;
Left, for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die: LORD, &c.
Surely, once thy garden flourish'd,
Every part look'd gay and green;
Then thy word our spirits nourish'd;
Happy searsons we have seen!  Lord, &c.

3

[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.

4

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.

5

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.

6

Younger plants—the sight how pleasant!—
Cover'd thick with blossoms sweet;
But they cause us grief at present,
Frosts have nipp'd them in the bud! Lord, &c.

7

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.

8

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.

9

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!
THE CHURCH.

427 (Second Part.) L. M.


For a Church in a low condition, Psalm li. 18.

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

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

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

4 But now the ways of Zion mourn,
   Her gates neglected and forlorn:
   Our life and livelihoods 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 afford,
   Let neither earth nor hell prevail.

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

7 Oh 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!
Zion! afflicted with wave upon wave,
Whom no man can comfort, whom no man can save;
With darkness surrounded, by terrors dismay'd,
In toiling and rowing thy strength is decay'd.

Loud roaring the billows now nigh overwhelm,
But skillful's the Pilot who sits at the helm,
His wisdom conducts thee, his pow'r thee defend,
In safety and quiet thy warfare he ends.

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

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

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

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

The foolish, the fearful, the weak are my care,
The helpless, the hopeless, I hear their sad pray'r;
From all their afflictions, my glory shall spring,
And the deeper their sorrow's, the louder they'll sing."
ASSOCIATIONS. 428.

3 TREVECCA 37. KENTUCKY 114. WESTBURY 51.

Longing for the spread of the Gospel.

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 thy 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 glorious light,
And from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night,
And redemption,
Freely purchas'd; win the day.

4 [May the glorious day approaching,
On their grosted 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. R. 5.
429 430. THE CHURCH.

429 L. M. Beddome.

The increase of the Church.

1 Shout, for the blessed Jesus reigns,
Thro' 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 Sion'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 to 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 conquest still increase,
And every foe his power subdue;
While angels celebrate his praise,
And saints his growing glories shew.

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.

430 148th.
Dartmouth 46. Carter Lane 141.

The Increase of the Messiah's Kingdom.

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, almighty 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.

431 148th.
Portsmouth New 144. Grove 125.
The completing of the Spiritual Temple, Zech. iv. 7.

SING to the Lord above,
Who deigns on earth to raise
A temple to his love,
A monument of praise:
Ye saints around, thro' 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.

432. 8. 7. B. Francis.

Jewin Street 222. Northampton Chapel 126.

At a Collection for poor Ministers, or Missionaries.

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 their 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;
Wore 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.
433  C. M.  DR. DODDRIDGE.
Relieving CHRIST in his Members, Matt. xxv. 40.

JESUS, my LORD, how rich thy grace!
Thy bounties how complete!
How shall I count the matchless sum?
How pay the mighty debt?

1. High on a throne of radiant light;
   Dost thou exalted shine;
What can my poverty befall,
When all the worlds are thine?

2. But thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of thy grace;
And wilt confess their humble names
Before thy Father's face.

3. In them thou may'rt be cloth'd and fed;
   And visited and cheer'd;
And in their accents of distress,
My Saviour's voice is heard.

4. Thy face, with reverence and with love;
   We in thy poor would see;
O let us rather beg our bread
Than keep it back from thee.

434  L. M.
Lebanon 77.  Manning 245.  Islington 40.

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.

1. 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.
THE CHURCH.

435 L. M. Dr. Gibbons.
Martin's Lane 67. Horley 205.
The Beneficence of Christ for our Invitation.

1 WHEN Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,
What were his works from day to day,
But miracles of power and grace,
That spread salvation thro' our race?

2 Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view
Thy pattern, and thy steps pursue;
Let alms be bestowed, 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,
Creations blot, creations 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: Miall 240. Stoughton 261.
Providing Bags that wax not old, Luke xii. 33.

1 YES, there are joys that cannot die,
With God laid up in store;
Treasure, beyond the changing sky,
Brighter than golden ore.

2 The seeds which piety and love
Have scatter'd here below,
In the fair, fertile fields above
To ample harvests grow.

3 The mite my willing hands can give,
At Jesus' feet I lay:
Grace shall the humble gift receive,
And grace at large repay,
COME, ye that fear the Lord,
And listen while I tell
How narrowly my feet escap’d
The snares of death and hell.
The flattering joys of sense
Affl’d my foolish heart,
While Satan, with malicious skill,
Guided the pois’rous dart.
I fell beneath the stroke,
But fell to rise again;
My anguish rous’d me into life,
And pleasure sprung from pain.
Darkness, and shame, and grief,
Oppress’d my gloomy mind;
I look’d around me for relief,
But no relief could find.
At length, to God I cry’d;
He heard my plaintive sigh,
He heard, and instantly he sent
Salvation from on high.
My drooping head he rais’d,
My bleeding wounds he heal’d,
Pardon’d my sins, and with a smile
The gracious pardon seal’d.
O! may I ne’er forget
The mercy of my God;
Nor ever want a tongue to spread
His loudest praise abroad.
THE CHURCH.

438 C. M.
The Conversion of Sinners a Matter for Prayer and Praise.

1 There's joy in heaven, and joy on earth,
When prodigals return,
To see despoothing souls rejoice,
And haughty sinners mourn.

2 **Come saints, and hear what God hath done**
Is a reviving sound:
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 thine own,
Thine be the praises too,
Let every heart and every tongue
Give thee the glory due.

439 C. M. NEWTON.
Brighthelmstone 208. Maidstone 196.
_Apostasy—Will ye also go away?

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?
Beyond a doubt I rest assure'd
Thou art the Christ of God;
Who hast eternal life secure'd
By promise and by blood.
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.

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.

What anguish has that question stirr'd
If I will also go?
Yet, Lord, relying on thy word,
I humbly answer, No!

440 L. M. Steele.


To whom shall we go but unto thee? or, Life and
Safety in Christ alone, John vi. 67—69.

Thou only sovereign of my heart,
My refuge, my almighty friend—
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?

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?

Eternal life thy words impart,
On these my fainting spirit's lives;
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart
Than all the round of nature gives.


THE CHURCH.

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—'tis death—'tis more,
'Tis 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.

441 L. M. DR. GIBBONS.

Green's Hundred 89. Marks 65.

Prayer for the whole 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.
BAPTISM.

CHRIST baptized in Jordan.

In Jordan's tide the Baptist stands,
Immersing the repenting Jews;
The Son of God the rite demands,
Nor dare the holy man refuse:
Jesus descends beneath the wave,
The emblem of his future grave.

Wonder, ye heavens! your Maker lies
In deeps conceal'd from human view;
Ye saints, behold him sink and rise,
A fit example thus for you:
The sacred record, while you read,
Calls you to imitate the deed.

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;
Amaz'd they see the power divine
Around the Saviour's temples shine.

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-pleas'd what he hath done."
BAPTISM.

5 Thus the Eternal Father spoke,
    Who shakes creation with a nod;
    Thro' parting skies the accents broke,
    And bid us hear the Son of God:
O hear the awful word to-day,
Hear, all ye nations, and obey!

443 L. M. J. STENNETT.

Bramcoate 8. Portugal 97.

A Baptismal Hymn.

1 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!

2 "Thus it becomes us to fulfill
    "All righteousness," he meekly said:
    "Why should we then to do his will,
    "Or be ashamed, or be afraid?"

3 With thee into thy watery tomb,
    LORD, 'tis our glory to descend;
'Tis wondrous grace that gives us room,
To lie interred by such a friend.

4 Yet as the yielding waves give way,
    To let us see the light again;
So, on the resurrection day,
The bands of death prov'd weak and vain.

5 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.
BAPTISM.

444 8. 8. 6. NORMAN.
Chatham 59. Broadmead 150.

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.
’Tis 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.
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?
Thou everlasting gracious King,
Allit us now thy grace to sing,
And still direct our way
To those bright realms of peace and rest,
Where all th’ exulting tribes are blest’d
With one great choral day.

445 8. 7. FAWCETT.

Invitation to follow the Lamb.

HUMBLE souls, who seek salvation
Thro’ 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 immers’d 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’s grave before you lies;
Be interr’d at his commanding,
After his example rise.

446  C. M.
Charmouth 28. Matthew’s 34.

The Believer constrained by the Love of Christ
to follow him.

1 Dear Lord, and will thy pardoning
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 endur’d,
And all its shame despis’d?
And shall I be ashame’d, O Lord,
With thee to be baptiz’d.
BAPTISM.

Didst thou the great example lead,
In Jordan's swelling flood?
And shall my pride disdain the deed
That's worthy of my God?

Dear Lord, the ardour of thy love
Reproves my cold delays:
And now my willing footsteps move
In thy delightful ways.

447  C. M.  DR. RYLAND.

Faults in the way of Duty surmounted—Hinder me not, Gen. xxiv. 56*.

WHEN Abraham's servants to procure
A wife for Isaac went,
He met Rebekah—told his wish,—
Her parents gave consent.
Yet for ten days they urg'd the man
His journey to delay;
"Hinder me not," he quick reply'd,
"Since God hath crown'd my way."

Twas thus I cry'd, when Christ the Lord
My soul to him did wed:
"Hinder me not," nor friends nor foes,
"Since God my way hath sped."

Stay," fays the world, "and taste awhile
"My every pleasant sweet;"
"Hinder me not," my soul replies,
"Because the way is great."

Stay," Satan my old master cries,
"Or force shall thee detain;"
"Hinder me not, I will be gone,
"My God has broke thy chain."

* This Hymn may begin at the 6th verse.
In all my Lord's appointed ways,
My journey I'll pursue;
Hinder me not, 'ye much-lov'd saints,
For I must go with you.

Thro' floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where he goes;
Hinder me not, shall be my cry;
Tho' earth and hell oppose.

Thro' duty and thro' trials too
I'll go at his command;
Hinder me not, for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.

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. J. STENNETT.

Immerson.

Thus was the great Redeemer plung'd
In Jordan's swelling flood,
To shew he must be soon baptiz'd,
In tears, and sweat, and blood.

Thus was his sacred body laid
Beneath the yielding wave;
Thus was his sacred body rais'd
Out of the liquid grave.

Lord, we thy precepts would obey,
In thy own footsteps tread,
Would die, be buried, rise with thee,
Our ever-living head.
BAPTISM.  449, 450.

449 8. 7.
Northampton Chapel 126.

Buried with Christ in Baptism, Rom. vi. 4.

Jesus, mighty king in Zion!
Thou alone our guide shalt be;
Thy commission we rely on,
We would follow none but thee:

As an emblem of thy passion,
And thy vic'try o'er the grave,
We who know thy great salvation
Are baptiz'd beneath the wave.

Fearless of the world's despising,
We the ancient path pursue;
Buried with our Lord, and rising
To a life divinely new.

450  L. M.  J. Stennett.
Chard 175.  Rochford 22.

A Baptismal Hymn.

See how the willing converts trace
The path their great Redeemer trod;
And follow thro' his liquid grave
The meek, the lowly Son of God!

Here they renounce their former deeds,
And to a heavenly life aspire,
Their rags for glorious robes exchang'd,
They shine in clean and bright attire!

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.

Glory to God on high be given
Who shews his grace to sinful men:
Let saints on earth, and hosts in heaven,
In concert join their loud amen.
BAPTISM.

451 L. M. Gregg.
Altered by B. Francis.
Rippon's 188. Bredby 165. Horlsey 205.

Not ashamed of Christ:

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:
'Tis 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 O 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.]
452  L. M.

Bramcoate 8.  New Court 173.
The Candidates—they were baptized both Men and Women, Acts viii. 12.

Great God, we in thy courts appear,
With humble joy and holy fear,
Thy wife injunctions to obey;
Let saints and angels hail the day!

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.

In thy assembly here we stand,
Obedient to thy great command;
The sacred flood is full in view,
And thy sweet voice invites us thro’.

The Word, the Spirit, and the Bride,
Must not invite and be deny’d;
Was not the Lord, who came to save,
Inter’d in such a liquid grave?

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  C. M.  Beddome.

Bedford 91.  Ann’s 58.
Morning before Baptism; or, at the Water Side,
Psalm cxix. 32.

How great, how solemn is the work
Which we attend to-day!
Now for a holy, solemn frame,
O God, to thee we pray.

O may we feel, as once we felt,
When pain’d and griev’d at heart,
BAPTISM.

Thy kind, forgiving, melting look,
Reliev'd our every smart.

3 Let graces then in exercise
   Be exercis'd again;
   And, nurtur'd by celestial power,
   In exercise remain.

4 Awake our love, our fear, our hope,
   Wake fortitude and joy:
   Vain world, be gone; 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.

454  L. M.
Ayliffe Street 241.  Derby 169.
The Administrator.

1 "O teach the nations and baptize;"
   Aloud th' 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.
SINGLE VERSES ON BAPTISM.

455—467. L. M.

Old Hundred 100. Portugal 97.

WHA'TER 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.

BEDDOME.

Hosanna to the church’s head,
Who suffer’d in our room and stead!
He was immers’d in Jordan’s flood,
And then immers’d in sweat and blood!

J. STENNETT.

Behold the grave where Jesus lay,
Before he shed his precious blood!
How plain he mark’d the humble way
To sinners thro’ the mystic flood!

BEDDOME.

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?

BEDDOME.

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.

BEDDOME.

Eternal Spirit, heavenly Dove,
On these baptismal waters move;
That we, thro’ energy divine,
May have the substance with the sign.

* As it is now pretty common to sing by the waterside, and as some of our brethren in the country give out a verse or two, while they are administering the ordinance, it is hoped these single verses will be acceptable.
All ye that love Immanuel's name,
And long to feel the increasing flame,
'Tis 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
Th' immortal glory of his face.

G——
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
We humbly dedicate our powers;
If with Jehovah's blessings crown'd,
Immortal happiness is ours.
BAPTISM.

468 148th.
Bethesda 112. Swithin's 44.
An Address to the Holy Spirit.

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
Receiv'd 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 shewn such grace,
As that which shed, in Jordan's stream,
On Jesus's 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.

469  C. M.  James Newton.
After Baptism, Mark xvi. 16.

"Proclaim," faith Christ, "my wondrous grace
"To all the Sons of men;" [grace
"He that believes, and is baptiz'd,
"Salvation shall obtain."
2 Let plenteous grace descend on these,†
Who, hoping in thy word,
This day have publicly declar'd
That Jesus is their Lord.

3 With cheerful feet may they advance,
And run the christian race;
And thro' the troubles of the way
Find all-sufficient grace.

470 C.M. DR. DODDRIDGE.
A practical Improvement of Baptism, Col. iii.

ATTEND, ye children of your God;
Ye heirs of glory, hear;
For accents, so divine as these,
Might charm the dullest ear.

2 Baptiz'd into your Saviour's death,
Your souls to sin must die;
With Christ your Lord ye live anew,
With Christ ascend on high.

3 There by his Father's side he sits,
Enthrón'd 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 us high.

† The words of this Hymn which are in Italics may easily be put into the singular number.
BAPTISM.

471. C. M. Beddome.

New York 33. Sprague 166.

Reflection of a baptized Believer—He went on his Way rejoicing, Acts viii. 9.

The holy Eunuch, when baptiz’d,
Went on his way with joy;
And who can tell what rapt’rous thoughts
Did then his mind employ?

Is that most glorious Saviour mine,
“Of whom I lately read?
Who, bearing all my sins and griefs,
“Was numbered with the dead?

Is he who, bursting from the grave,
“Now reigns above the sky,
My Advocate before the throne,
“My portion when I die?”

Have I professed his holy name?
“Do I his Gospel bear
To Ethiopia’s scorched lands,
“And shall I spread it there?”

Bless’d pool! in which I lately lay,
“And left my fears behind;
What an unworthy wretch am I!
“And God profusely kind.

Bless’d emblem of that precious blood,
“Which satisfy’d for sin;
“And of that renovating grace
“Which makes the conscience clean.”

This pattern, Lord, with sacred joy
Help us to keep in view;
The fame our work, the fame, O make
Our consolation too
A preparatory Thought for the Lord's Supper, in imitation of Isaiah lixiii. 1—3.

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 glories Man that dy'd 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 'Twas his own love that made him bleed, That nail'd him to the cursed tree; 'Twas 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.
An Invitation to the Gospel Feast, Luke xiv. 22

There wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast!
Where Mercy spreads her bounteous store,
For every humble guest.

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—

Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart,
There love and pity meet,
Nor will he bid the soul depart
That trembles at his feet.

In him the Father reconcil'd
Invites your souls to come;
The rebel shall be call'd a child,
And kindly welcom'd home.

O come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love;
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstasies unknown.

And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come:
Ye longing souls, the grace adore,
Approach, there yet is room.
THE LORD’S SUPPER.

474 L. M. Dr. Watts’s Lyrics.

CHRIST dying, rising, and reigning.

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!
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!

2 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!
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!

3 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!
Say, “Live for ever, wondrous King,
“Born to redeem, and strong to save!”
Then ask the monster, “Where’s thy sting?
“Where and thy victory, boasting Grave?”

475 C. M. J. Stennett.
Liverpool 83. Cambridge New 74.

A Sacramental Hymn.

1 JESUS! O word divinely sweet!
How charming is the sound!
What joyful news? what heavenly sense
In that dear name is found!
THE LORD'S SUPPER.

Our souls all guilty, and condemn'd,
In hopeles fetters lay;
Our souls, with numerous sins deprav'd,
To death and hell a prey.

Jesus, to purge away this guilt,
A willing victim fell,
And on his cross triumphant broke
The bands of death and hell.

Our foes were mighty to destroy,
He mighty was to save,
He died, but could not long be held
A prisoner in the grave.

Jesus! who mighty art to save,
Still push thy conquests on;
Extend the triumphs of thy cross,
Where'er the sun has shone.

0 Captain of salvation! make
Thy power and mercy known;
Till crowds of willing converts come
And worship at thy throne.

476 L. M. J. STENNETT.

Chard 175. Bramcoate 8.

A Sacramental Hymn.

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.

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.
THE LORD'S SUPPER.

474 L. M.  DR. WATTS'S LYRICS.

Christ dying, rising, and reigning.
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A solemn darkness veils the skies!
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The curtains of the parting sky;
On a bright cloud in triumph ride,
And on the wind's swift pinions fly,
THE LORD'S SUPPER.

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 L. M. Beddome.

Holy Admiration and Joy.

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 wide! 
Thence issues forth a double flood 
Of cleansing water, pard'ning blood.

4 Hence, O my soul, a balm 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 growing pleasures spread abroad 
The mysteries of a dying God.
COME see on bloody Calvary,
Suspended on th' accursed tree,
A harmless sufferer cover'd o'er
With shame, and weeping in his gore.

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?

'Tis he, 'tis he!—he kindiy shrouds
His glories in a night of clouds,
That souls might from their ruin rise;
And heir th' unperishable skies.

Sec, to their refuge and their rest,
From all the bonds of guilt releas'd,
Transgessors to his cross repair,
And find a full redemption there.

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.

That tree, that curse-empoison'd tree,
Which prov'd a bloody rack to thee,
Shall in the noblest blessings shoot,
And fill the nations with its fruit.

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 compar'd to this!
THE LORD'S SUPPER.

479 L. M. D. TURNER.

Old Hundred 100. Angel's Hymn 60.

Sit him above all Principalities and Powers—Worth is the Lamb that was slain to receive Glory and Blessing, Ephes. i. 21. Rev. v. 12.

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 sovereign power,
   Fly thro' the world at his command,
   Or prostrate at his feet adore.

3 Satan and all his rebel crew
   That rag'd to pull his kingdom down,
   Crush'd by his hand, in ruin now
   Lie trembling at his awful frown.

4 His name above all creatures great;
   He all sustains and all controverts!
   Yet from his high exalted state
   Looks kindly down on humble souls.]

5 Tho' in the glories he possesse'd,
   Long ere this world, or time, began,
   He shines the Son of God confess'd,
   Yet owns himself the Son of Man.

6 Here once in agonies he died,
   Now in the heavens he ever lives;
   Of joy there pours th' eternal tide.
   Here saves the sinner who believes.

7 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.
THE LORD’s SUPPER. 

Come, quickly come, immortal King! 
On earth thy regal honours raise, 
The full salvation promis’d, bring, 
Then every tongue shall sing thy praise!

480  L. M.  DR. WATT’s LYRICS. 


Love on a Cross and a Throne.

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.

See where he languish’d on the cross; 
Beneath our sins he groan’d and died; 
See where he fits to plead our cause, 
By his Almighty Father’s side.

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.

Or if we climb th’ eternal hills, 
Where the dear Conq’ror’s Christ enthron’d; 
Still in his heart compassion dwells, 
Near the memorials of his wound,

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.

Commerse no more we hold with hell. 
Our dearest lusts shall all depart; 
But let thine image ever dwell, 
Stampt 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 loft,
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 transcend;
'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 fable 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 sav'd 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!
ORD, at thy table I behold
The wonders of thy grace;
But most of all admire that I
Should find a welcome place:

I that am all defil’d with sin,
A rebel to my God;
I that have crucified his Son,
And trampled on his blood.

What strange surpring grace is this,
That such a soul has room!
My Saviour takes me by the hand,
My Jesus bids me come.

"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."

With trembling faith, and bleeding hearts,
LORD, we accept thy love:
Tis a rich banquet we have had,
What will it be above?

Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,
Join all your praising powers;
No theme is like redeeming love,
No Saviour is like ours.

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.
THE LORD’S SUPPER.

483 C. M. DR. S. STENNERT.
Bangor 231. Workshop 31.

My Flesh is Meat indeed, John vi. 53—55

1 Where 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 this rich repast,
Himself comes down and dies;
And then invites us, thus to feast
Upon the sacrifice.

3 The bitter torments he endur’d
Upon the shameful cross,
For us, his welcome guests, procur’d
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 op’ning vein
In purple torrents ran,
Hath fill’d this cup with generous 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.
THE LORD'S SUPPER. 484, 485.

484 L. M. BENEDOME.
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?
Enthron'd above, with equal glow
His warm affections downward flow;
In our distress he bears a part,
And feels a sympathetic smart.
Still his companions 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. STEELE.
Wentage 204 Charmouth 28.
The Wonders of Redemption.

AND did the holy and the just,
The Sovereign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty worms might rise?
Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,
His radiant throne on high,
(Surprising mercy! love unknown!)
To suffer, bleed, and die.
He took the dying traitor's place,
And suffer'd in his stead;
For man, (O miracle of grace!)
For man the Saviour bled!
Dear Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell
In thy atoning blood!
THE LORD'S SUPPER.

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.

486 C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Irish 171. Michael's 119.

Room at the Gospel Feast, Luke xiv. 22.

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;
    Thro' 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 is his house and heart so large,
    That millions more may come;
    Nor could the whole assembled world
    O'erfil the spacious room,
THE LORD'S SUPPER. 487, 488.

All things are ready; come away,
Nor weak excuses frame;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's name.

487 L. M. STEELE.
Wareham 117. Rochford 22.
Communion with Christ at his Table.

TO Jesus, our exalted Lord,
(Dear name, by heaven and earth ador'd!)
Pain would our hearts and voices raise
A cheerful song of sacred praise.
But all the notes which mortals know
Are weak, and languishing, and low;
Far, far above our humble songs,
The theme demands immortal tongues.
Yet-while around his board we meet,
And humbly worship at his feet;
0 let our warm affections move,
In glad returns of grateful love!
Let faith our feeble senses aid,
To see thy wondrous love display'd,
Thy broken flesh, thy bleeding veins,
Thy dreadful agonizing pains.
Let humble penitential woe,
With painful, pleasing anguish, flow;
And thy forgiving smiles impart
Life, hope, and joy to every heart.

488 C. M. STEELE.
Liverpool 83. Oxford 177.
Praise to the Redeemer.

TO our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song!
0 may his love (immortal flame!)
Tune every heart and tongue.
THE LORD'S SUPPER.

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.

489 148th. Dr. S. Stennett.
Carmarthen New 35. Swithin's 44.
A Song of Praise to Christ.

COME, every pious heart!
That loves the Saviour's name,
Your noblest powers exert
To celebrate his name:
Tell all above, and all below,
The debt of love to him you owe.

2 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.
THE LORD'S SUFFER.

He left his starry crown,
And laid his robes aside:
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died:
What he endur'd, 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 thro' the sky the conqueror rode,
And reigns on high, the Saviour God.
Prom 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, tho' small, thou wilt receive.

490 L. M. President Davies.
Portugal 97. Horlsey 205. Rowles 73.
Self-Dedication at the Lord's Table.
ORD, am I thine, entirely thine?
Purchas'd and fav'd by blood divine?
With full consent thine I would be;
And own thy sovereign right in me.
Thou, my new Master now I call,
And confecrate to thee my all:
Lord, let me live and die to thee,
Be thine thro' all eternity.
TIMES AND SEASONS.

MORNING AND EVENING.

491 C. M.
Bedford 91. Foster 96.

A Morning Hymn.

1 To thee, let my first offerings 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 vouchfard before!
   Still may it lead, protect, supply!
   And I that hand adore!

   If bliss thy providence impart,
   For which resign'd I pray;
   Give me to feel the grateful heart!
   And without gilt be gay!

4 Affliction should thy love attend,
   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;
   And, when I all my life survey,
   May grace sustain at last.

492 C. M. D. Turner.
Braintree 25. Hammond 226.

A Morning Hymn.

1 With thee, great God, the stores of light
   And stores of darknesse, lie:
   Thou form'dst the fable robe of night,
   And spread'st it round the sky.
MORNING.

1 And when, with welcome slumber press'd,
   We close our weary eyes,
   Thy power, unseen, secures our rest,
   And makes us joyous rise.

2 Numbers, this night, great God, have met
   Their long eternal doom;
   And lost the joys of morning light
   In death's tremendous gloom.

3 Numbers on restless beds still lie,
   And still their woes bewail;
   While we, by thy kind hand uprais'd,
   A thousand pleasures feel.

4 To thee, great God, in thankful songs,
   Our morning thoughts arise;
   Propitious in thy Son, accept
   The willing sacrifice.

493 8.8.6. W——

Chatham 59. Broadmead 150.

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!

2 Eye has not seen, nor ear hath heard,
   What Jesus hath for his prepar'd,
   Nor can the heart conceive;
   Thou hast commanded me, to-day,
   To live by faith, and I'd obey;
   LORD, help me to believe.
A Morning Hymn.

1 See how the mounting sun
Pursues his shining way;
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
With every brightening ray.

2 Thus would my rising soul
Its heavenly parent sing:
And to its great original
The humble tribute bring.

3 Serene I laid me down
Beneath his guardian care;
I slept, and I awoke, and found
My kind preserver near!

4 Thus does thine arm support
This weak defenceless frame;
But whence these favours, Lord, to me,
All worthier as I am?

5 O! how shall I repay
The bounties of my God?
This feeble spirit pants beneath
The pleasing painful load.

6 Dear Saviour, to thy cross
I bring my sacrifice;
Ting'd 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.
EVENING. 495, 495.

L. M.

Madan’s 107. Ulverston 179.

An Evening Hymn.

1 GREAT God, to thee my evening long
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 forgivenes 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 eye-lids close;
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

496 L. M. Br. Ken.

An Evening Hymn.

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.
TIMES AND SEASONS.

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 eye-lids 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.

497 C. M. M——.
Irish 171. Great Milton 212.
An Evening Hymn.

1 NOW from the altar of our hearts
Let flames of love arise;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.

2 Minutes and mercies multiply’d
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 hearts’ 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.
SEASONS.

THE SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

498 C. M. Needham.
Michael's 119. Evans's 150.

On the Spring.

1 The icy chains that bound the earth
   Are now dissolv'd and gone:
Wak'd by the sun, the blooming spring
   Puts his new livery on.

2 Where awful desolation reign'd
   Bless'd plenty rears her head;
Exulting with a smile to see
   Her late destroyer fled.

3 Teeming with life, th' 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 his is 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.
TIMES AND SEASONS.

499 S. M.

Mansfield 154. Finsbury 155.

The return of the Spring celebrated.

1 From winter's barren clods,
   From winter's joyless waste,
The spring in sudden youth appears,
   With blooming beauty grac'd.

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
   Thro' earth, and seas, and skies.

4 With grateful praise we own
   Thy providential hand,
While grass for kine, and herb and corn
   For men, enrich the land.

5 But greater still the gift
   Of thine incarnate Son;
By him forgiveness, peace, and joy,
   Thro' endless ages run.

500 C. M

Brantree 25. Fosfor 96. Salem 139.

The Spring improved.

1 Behold! long-wish'd-for spring is come;
   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 clust'ring flowers
   Beauteous around us spring:
The birds, with joint harmonious powers,
   Invite our hearts to sing.
DROUGHT.

But ah! in vain I strive to join,
Opprest with sin and doubt;
I feel 'tis winter still, within,
Tho' all is spring without.

O! would my Saviour from on high,
Break thro' these clouds and shine,
No creature then more blest than I,
No song more loud than mine.

Lord, let thy word my hopes revive,
And overcome my foes;
O make my languid graces thrive,
And blossom like the rose!

501  C. M.  DR. GIBBONS.

Abridge 201.  Bangor 231.

On a Year of threatening Drought.

The spring, great God, at thy command,
Leads forth the smiling year;
Gav verdure, foliage, blooms and flowers,
T' adorn her reign, appear.

But soon canst thou in righteous wrath
Blast all the promis'd joy,
And elements await thy nod
To bless or to destroy.

The sun, thy minister of love,
That from the naked ground,
Calls forth the hidden seeds to birth,
And spreads their beauties round;

At the dread order of his God
Now darts destructive fires;
Hills, plains, and vales, are parch'd with drought,
And blooming life expires.  T
FROM winter's barren clods,
From winter's joyless waste,
The spring in sudden youth appears,
With blooming beauty grac'd.

How balmy is the air!
How warm the solar beams!
And to refresh the ground, the rains
Descend in gentle streams.

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Seasons in order rise:
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And blooming life expires.
TIMES AND SEASONS.

5 Like burnish’d braes, the heaven around
    In angry terror burns,
While the earth lies a joyless waste,
    And iron turns.

6 Pity us, Lord, in our distress,
    Nor with our land contend;
Bid the avenging skies relent,
    And showers of mercy send!

502 C. M.,

On a Year of threatening Rain.

1 How hast thou, Lord, from yearly
    Our land with plenty crown’d;
And generous fruit and golden grain
    Have spread their riches round.

2 But we thy mercies have abus’d
    To more abounding crimes;
What heights, what daring heights in sin
    Mark and disgrace our times!

3 Equal, tho’ 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 hop’d to reap,
Our fields of sorrow and despair
    Should lie an hideous heap!

5 But, Lord, have mercy on our land,
    Those floods of vengeance stay;
Dispel these glooms, and let the sun
    Shine in unclouded day!
THUNDER.

To thee alone we look for help;
None else of dew or rain
Can give the world the smallest drop,
Or smallest drop restrain.

503 L. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRICS.

Old Hundred 100. Dresden 178.

The God of Thunder.

O THE immense, th' amazing height,
The boundless grandeur of our God,
Who treadeth the worlds beneath his feet,
And swayeth the nations with his nod:
He spaketh; and lo! all nature shakes,
Heaven's everlasting pillars bow;
He rends the clouds with hideous cracks,
And shooteth his fiery arrows thro'.

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 thro'.

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 his room;
Ye glorious storms, prepare his way.
502. TIMES AND SEASONS.

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Thus shall the God our Saviour come,
And lightnings round his chariot play
Ye lightnings, fly to make his room;
Ye glorious storms, prepare his way.
To praise the ever-bounteous Lord,
My soul, wake all thy powers:
He calls, and at his voice come forth
The smiling harvest hours.

2 His covenant with the earth he keeps;
   My tongue, his goodness sing;
Summer and winter knows their time,
His harvest crowns the spring.

3 Well-pleas’d the toiling swains behold
   The waving yellow crop:
With joy they bear the sheaves away,
And sow again in hope.

4 Thus teach me, gracious God, to sow
   The seeds of righteousness:
Smile on my soul, and with thy beams
The rip’ning harvest blest.

5 Then, in the last great harvest, I
   Shall reap a glorious crop:
The harvest shall by far exceed
What I have sown in hope.

505 C. M.
Abridge 201. Charmouth 28.
Harvest—or, the accepted Time and Day of Salvation.
Prov. x. 5.

1 See how the little toiling ant
Improves the harvest hours;
While summer lasts, thro’ all her cells
The choicest stores she pours.

2 While life remains, our harvest lasts;
But youth of life’s the prime;
Best is this season for our work,
And this the accepted time.
To-day attend, is Wisdom's voice;  
To-morrow, Folly cries:  
And still to-morrow 'tis, when, oh!  
To-day the sinner dies.

When conscience speaks, its voice regard,  
And seize the tender hour;  
Humbly implore the promis'd grace,  
And God will give the power.

506  C. M.  Steele.


Winter.

STERN winter throws his icy chains,  
Encircling nature round;  
How bleak, how comfortless the plains,  
Late with gay verdure crown'd!

The sun withdraws his vital beams,  
And light and warmth depart;  
And drooping, lifeless nature seems  
An emblem of my heart—

My heart, where mental winter reigns  
In night's dark mantle clad,  
Confined in cold inactive chains,  
How desolate and sad!

Return, O blissful sun, and bring  
Thy soul-reviving ray;  
This mental winter shall be spring,  
This darkness cheerful day.

O happy state, divine abode,  
Where spring eternal reigns;  
And perfect day, the smile of God,  
Fills all the heavenly plains.
Great source of light, thy beams display,
My drooping joys restore,
And guide me to the seats of day,
Where winter frowns no more.

SEE, how rude, winter's icy hand
Has stripp'd the trees and seal'd the ground:
But spring shall soon his rage withstand,
And spread new beauties all around.

My soul a sharper winter mourns,
Barren and fruitless I remain;
When will the gentle spring return,
And bid my graces grow again?

Jesus, my glorious sun, arise!
'Tis thine the frozen heart to move;
O! hush these storms, and clear my skies,
And let me feel thy vital love!

Dear Lord, regard my seeble cry,
I faint and droop till thou appear:
Wilt thou permit thy plant to die;
Must it be winter all the year?

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 faith.

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.
NEW YEAR'S DAY.

508 L. M.

Gloucester 12. Coomb's 45.

The Seasons crowned with Goodness, Psalm lxv. 11.

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.

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.

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.

Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours
Thro' all our coasts redundant stores;
And winters, soften'd by thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.

Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise:
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.

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.

509 8. 7. ROBINSON.


Grateful Recollection—Ebenexer, 1 Sam. vii. 12.

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 taught 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 L. M.
New Sabbath 122. Antigua 120.
Help obtained of God, Acts xxvi. 22.
New Year's Day.

1 GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand;
The opening year thy mercy shews:
Let mercy crown it till it close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By his inceffant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.
NEW YEAR'S DAY.

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.

In scenes exalted or depress'd,
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Ador'd thro' all our changing days.

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.

511. L. M. S—.

Ayliffe Street 241. Langdon 217.

The barren Fig-Tree, Luke xiii. 6-9.

God of my life, to thee belong
The thankful heart, the grateful song;
Touch'd by thy love, each tuneful chord
Refounds the goodness of the Lord.

Thou hast preserv'd my fleeting breath,
And char'd the gloomy shades of death;
The venom'd arrows vainly fly,
When God our great deliverer's nigh.

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?

Still may the barren fig-tree stand!
And, cultivated by thy hand,
Verdure, and bloom, and fruit afford,
Meet tribute to its bounteous Lord.
512. TIMES AND SEASONS.

So shall thy praise employ my breath
Thro' life, and in the arms of death
My soul the pleasant theme prolong,
Then rise to aid th' angelic song.

512 7s. FAWCETT.

Alcester 213. Bath Abbey 147.

A Birth-Day Hymn, Acts xxvi. 22.

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 pow'r,
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.
A Wedding Hymn.

Since Jesus freely did appear
To grace a marriage feast:
Lord, we ask thy presence here
To make a wedding guest.

Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands;
Their union with thy favour crown,
And bless their nuptial bands.

With gifts of grace their hearts endow,
Of all rich dowries best!
Their substance bless, and peace bestow,
To sweeten all the rest.

In purest love their souls unite,
That they, with Christian care,
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking mutual share.

True helpers may they prove indeed,
In prayer, and faith, and hope;
And let with joy a godly feed
To build their household up.

As Isaac and Rebecca give
A pattern chaste and kind;
So may this married couple live,
And die in friendship join'd.

On every soul assembled here,
O make thy face to shine;
Thy goodness more our hearts can cheer,
Than richest food or wine.
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 this 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 communication sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.

4 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians see each other thus;
We only with to speak of him,
Who liv'd, 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 haften on the glorious day,
When we shall meet to part no more.

FOR a season call'd to part,
Let us now ourselves commend,
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.
MEETING AND PARTING.

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,
Ebenezer's shall be rear'd;
And our souls shall praise the Lord
Who our poor petitions heard.

516 L. M. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

Magdalene 214. Portugal 97.

The Christian Farewell, 2 Cor. xiii. 11.

THY presence, everlasting God,
Wide o'er all nature spreads abroad;
Thy watchful eyes, which cannot sleep,
In every place thy children keep.

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.

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.

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.
517, 518. TIMES AND SEASONS.
517. L. M. DR. S. STENNITT.
Ulverston 179. Lewton 30.
Early Piety, Matt. xii. 20.

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 sm other's flame.

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 threat'ning winds;
And ripens blossom 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 Tho' 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 vict'ry send.

518 C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.
Salem 139. Foster 96. Evans's 190.
The Encouragement young Persons have to seek Cha.
Prov. viii. 17.

1 Y E hearts, with youthful vigour warm,
In smiling crowds draw near,
And turn from every mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.

He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you;
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.

"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."

What object, Lord, my soul should move,
If once compar'd with thee?
What beauty should command my love,
Like what in Christ I see?

Away, ye false delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind!
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
For here true bliss I find.

519 C. M. Dr. Doddridge.
Great Milton 212. Sprague 166.
Seek first the Kingdom of God, Matt. vi. 33.

Now let a true ambition rise,
And ardour fire our breasts;
To reign in worlds above the skies,
In heavenly glories drest.

Behold Jehovah's royal hand
A radiant crown display,
Whose gems with vivid lustre shine,
While stars and suns decay.

Away each groveling 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.

520. L. M. Dr. Watts's Sermons.

Green's Hundred 89. Ulverston 179.

A lovely Youth falling short of Heaven, Mark vii.

1. MUST all the charms of nature then,
   So hopeless to salvation prove?
   Can hell command, 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, astonished 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?

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.
WILLHumble heart and tongue,
My God, to thee I pray;
O make me learn, whilst I am young,
How I may cleanse my way.
Now in my early days,
Teach me thy will to know;
O God, thy sanctifying grace
Betimes on me bestow.
Make an unguarded youth
The object of thy care;
Help me to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare,
My heart to folly prone,
Renew by power divine;
Unite it to thyself alone,
And make me wholly thine.
O let the word of grace
My warmest thoughts employ;
Be this thro' all my following days,
My treasure and my joy,
To what thy laws impart
Be my whole soul inclin'd;
O let them dwell within my heart,
And sanctify my mind.
May thy young servant learn
By these to cleanse his way;
And may I here the path discern
That leads to endless day.
522 S. 8. 6. D. BRADBERRY's altered, FOR A SUNDAY'S SCHOOL.

Broadmead 150. Chatham 59.
The Importance of educating Youth.

CONGREGATION.

1 NOW let our hearts conspire to raise
A cheerful anthem to his praise
Who reigns enthron'd above:
Let music, sweet as incense, rise
With grateful odours to the skies;
The work 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 num'rous 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 unexhaustless love;
And while thy praise we sing,
May we the sacred scriptures know,
And like the blessed Jesus grow,
That earth and heaven may ring.
YOUTH EDUCATED.

CONGREGATION.

We feel a sympathizing heart;
Our Lord, 'tis a pleasure to impart;
To thee thine own we give:
Heard thou our cry, and pitying see,
O let these children live to thee,
O let these children live.

523 C. M. J. STRAPAN

Sunday School.


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 loftiest accents pleads;
O! may each tender bosom move
When mercy intercedes.

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.
ETERNAL God, enthron’d on high! Whom angel-hofts adore; Who yet to suppliant dust art nigh; Thy presence I implore.

O guide me down the sleep of age, And keep my passions cool; Teach me to scan the sacred page, And practice every rule.

My flying years time urges on, What’s human must decay; My friends, my young companions gone, Can I expect to stay?

Can I exemption plead, when death Projects his awful dart? Can medicines then prolong my breath, Or virtue shield my heart?

Ah! no—then smooth the mortal hour, On thee my hope depends: Support me with almighty power, While dust to dust descends.

Then shall my soul, O gracious God (While angels join the lay,) Admitted to the bless’d abode, Its endless anthems pay.—

Thro’ heaven, how’er remote the bound, Thy matchless love proclaim, And join the choir of saints that found Their great Redeemer’s name.
Days of Humiliation.

Fast and Thanksgiving Days.

525 C. M.


For a Public Fast.

See, gracious God, before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend!
Thus on thy sovereign grace alone
Our humble hopes depend.

Tremendous judgments from thy hand
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

Great God, and why is Britain spare'd,
Ungrateful as we are!
O make thy awful warnings heard,
While mercy cries, "Forbear."

What numerous crimes increasing rise,
Thro' this apostate isle!
What land so favour'd of the skies,
And yet what land so vile!

How chang'd, alas! are truths divine
For error, guilt, and shame!
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name!

Regardless of thy smile or frown,
Their pleasures they require;
And link with gay indifference down
To everlasting fire.

O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
By thy restitutive 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. S———

Abridge 201. Charmouth 28.

A Hymn for a Fast-day, Gen. xviii. 23—33.

1 WHEN Abram, full of sacred awe,
   Before Jehovah stood,
   And, with 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 blest our land;
   Forgive us not, O God.
LORD, how shall wretched sinners dare
Look up to thy divine abode?
Or offer their imperfect prayer,
Before a just, a holy God?

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.

O may our souls thy grace adore,
May Jesus plead our humble claim,
While thy protection we implore,
In his prevailing, glorious name.

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.

Let past experience of thy care
Support our hope, our trust invite!
Again attend our humble prayer!
Again be mercy thy delight!

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.

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?
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. President Davies.
Paul's 246 Dresden 178.
National Judgments deprecated, and National Misch pleaded for, Amos iii. 1—6.

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?

The helpless sinner's cries and tears
Are grown familiar to thine ears;
Oft has thy mercy sent relief,
When all was fear and hopeless grief.

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?

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.

We plead thy grace, indulgent God:
We plead thy Son's atoning blood;
We plead thy gracious promises,
And are they unavailing pleas?

These pleas, presented at thy throne,
Have brought ten thousand blessings down.
On guilty lands in helpless woe;
Let them prevail to save us too.
To thee, who reign'st supreme above,
And reign'st supreme below,
Thou God of wisdom, power, and love,
We our successions owe.

The thundering horse, the martial band,
Without thine aid were vain;
And victory flies at thy command:
To crown the bright campaign.

Thy mighty arm unseen was nigh,
When we our foes assail'd;
'Tis thou hast rais'd our honours high,
And o'er their hosts prevail'd.

Their mounds, their camps, their lofty towers
Into our hands are given,
Not from desert or strength of ours,
But thro' the grace of heaven.

What tho' no columns lifted high
Stand deep inscrib'd with praise,
Yet founding honours to the sky
Our grateful tongues shall raise.

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.

Thus, while we sleep in silent dust,
When threatening dangers come,
Their fathers' God shall be their trust,
Their refuge, and their home.
530. 531. TIMES AND SEASONS.

530 L. M. BEDDOME.
Derby 169. Portugal 97.

Peace prayed for.

ON Britain, long a favour'd isle,
Now o'erwhelm'd with guilt and shame,
Deign, mighty God, once more to smile;
The same thy power, thy grace the same.

Let peace descend with balmy wing,
And all its blessings round her shed;
Her liberties be well secure'd,
And commerce lift its fainting head.

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.

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.

Thus save, O Lord, a sinking land;
 Millions of tongues shall then adore,
Refound the honours of thy name,
And spread thy praise from shore to shore.

531 L. M.


Praise for national Peace, Psalm xlvi. 9.

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.

When angry nations rush to arms,
And rage, and noise, and tumult reign,
And war refounds its dire alarms,
And slaughter spreads the hostile plains;
Thy sovereign eye looks calmly down,
And marks their course, and bounds their pow'rt
Thy word the angry nations own,
And noise and war are heard no more.
Then peace returns with balmy wing,
(Sweet peace, with her what blessings fled!)
Glad plenty laughs, the vallies sing,
Reviving commerce lifts her head.
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.
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.

Praise to the Lord, who bows his ear
Propitious to his people's prayer,
And, tho' deliverance long delay,
Answers in his well-chosen day.
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!
Our temples, guarded from the flame,
Shall echo thy triumphant name;
And every peaceful private home
To thee a temple shall become.
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.

533 L.M. DR. DODDRIDGE.
Wells 192. Redemption 243:
Delivering Goodness acknowledged, 2 Cor. i. 10.
A Song for the 5th of November.

1 Praise to the Lord, whose mighty hand
So oft reveal'd hath sav'd our land;
And when united nations rose,
Hath shan'd and scourg'd our haughtiest foes.

2 When mighty navies from afar
To Britain wafted floating war,
His breath dispers'd 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.

* Spanish Armada, 1588. † Gunpowder Plot.
‡ King William 1688.
DAYS OF THANKSGIVING.

In thee we trust, almighty Lord,
Contin'd rescue to afford:
Still be thy powerful arm made bare,
For all thy servants' hopes are there.

534 L. M. STEELE.

Ayliffe Street 241; Langdon 217.

For the 5th of November.

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.

While Britain (favour'd of the skies)
Recalls the wonders God hath wrought;
Let grateful joy adoring rise,
And warm to rapture every thought.

When Hell and Rome combin'd their power,
And doom'd these isles their certain prey,
Thy hand forbade the fatal hour,
Their impious plots in ruin lay.

Again our restless cruel foes
Resum'd, avow'd their black design;
Again to save us God arose,
And Britain own'd the hand divine:

Why, gracious God, is Britain fav'd?
Why bless'd with liberty and light?
Nor by fell tyranny enslav'd,
Nor lost in superstition's night?

Not for our sake, we conscious own;
A wretched, vile, ungrateful race:
'Tis done to make thy glory known,
To shew the wonders of thy grace.
TIMES AND SEASONS.

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,
Thy mercies every tongue proclaim,
And sound thy praise from pole to pole.

535  L. M.

New Court 173.  Triuo 105.

Deliverances, Numbers xxiii. 23.

1 What hath God wrought! might Israel be
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 found thro' all the earth and skies,
When, like a mill-stone 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 thro'—
And safe arrive at glory too?
6 The news shall every harp emply,
   Fill every tongue with rapturous joy;
   When shall we join the heavenly throng
   To swell the triumph and the song!

ORD, 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.

L Jesus, thy chosen servant guard,
And every threatening danger ward.
   From his anointed head:
Bid all his griefs and troubles cease;
   Thro' paths of righteousness and peace,
Our King, propitious lead.

Cover his enemies with shame,
Defeat their proud malicious aim,
   And make their councils vain;
Preserve him, Providence divine,
   And let the long illustrious line
To latest ages reign.

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.
TIMES AND SEASONS.

SICKNESS AND RECOVERY.

537  C. M. STEELE.

Charmouth 28  Ludlow 84.

Desiring the presence of God in affliction:

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 controul,
   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.
SICKNESS.

Then shall my cheerful spirit sing
The darksome hours away,
And rise on faith's expanded wing
To everlasting day.

538  C. M.  Dr. Watts.

Abridge 201.  David's 186.

Complaint and Hope under great Pain.

LORD, I am pain'd; but I resign
My body to thy will;
Tis grace, tis wisdom all divine,
Appoints the pains I feel.

Dark are thy ways of providence,
While they who love thee groan:
Thy reasons lie conceal'd from sense,
Mysterious and unknown.

Yet nature may have leave to speak,
And plead before her God,
Left the o'erburden'd heart should break
Beneath thine heavy rod.

These mournful groans and flowing tears
Give my poor spirit ease;
While every groan my Father hears,
And every tear he sees.

[How shall I glorify my God,
In bonds of grief confin'd?
Damp'd is my vigour while this clod
Hangs heavy on my mind.]

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.
DEATH, with his dread commission:
Now hastens to his arms;
In awful state he takes the field,
And sounds his dire alarms.

Attendant plagues around him stand,
And wait his dread command;
And pains and dying groans obey
The signal of his hand.

With cruel force he scatters round
His shafts of deadly power;
While the grave waits its destined prey,
Impatient to devour.

Look up, ye heirs of endless joy,
Nor let your fears prevail;
Eternal life is your reward,
When life on earth shall fail.

What tho' his darts, promiscuous hurt,
Deal fatal plagues around;
And heaps of putrid carcases
O'erload the cumber'd ground;

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.

These with a gentle hand he throws,
And saints lie gasping too;
But heavenly strength supports their souls,
And bears them conquerors thro'.

Joyful they stretch their wings abroad,
And all in triumph rise.
SICKNESS.

To the fair palace of their God,
And mansions in the skies

440 (First Part.) S. M. Beddome.
Harborough 142. Stoke 207.
Submission under Affliction.

Do thou my profit seek,
And chasten as a friend?
God, I'll kiss the smarting rod,
There's honey at the end.
Dost thou thro' death's dark vale
Conduct to heaven at last?
The future good will make amends
For all the evil past.
Lord, I would not repine
At strokes in mercy sent.
If the chastisement comes in love,
My soul shall be content.

540 (Second Part.) 8s. S. Pearce.
Limesfield 94. New Jerusalem 230.
For a Sick Chamber.

Written when deprived by Sickness of attending Public Worship.

The fabric of nature is fair,
But fairer the temple of grace;
To saints 'tis the joy of the earth,
The most glorious and beautiful place.
To this temple I once did resort,
With crowds of the people of God;
In raptur'd we enter'd his courts,
And hail'd the Redeemer's abode.
The Father of mercies we prais'd,
And prostrated low at his throne;
The Saviour we lov'd and ador'd,
Who lov'd us and made us his own.
4 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.

5 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.

6 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.

7 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.

8 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 hast'ning away.

9 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.—

10 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.

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

12 Where Jesus, the Sun of the place,  
Refulgent incessantly shines,
SICKNESS.

Eternally blessing his saints,
And pouring delight on their minds.
There—there are no prisons to hold
The captive from tasting delight;
There—there the day never is clos'd,
With shadows, or darkness, or night:

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

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

541 (First Part)  8. 7. 4.  S. PEARCE.

Sweet Affliction.—A Song in a Storm.

In the floods of tribulation,
While the billows o'er me roll,
Jesus whispered consolation
And supports my fainting soul,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Praise the Lord.

Thus, the lion yields me honey,
From the eater food is given,
Strengthen'd thus I still press forward,
Singing as I wade to heaven,—
Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
And my sins are all forgiv'n.

Mid the gloom the vivid lightnings
With encreasing brightness play,
Mid the thorn-brake beauteous flow'rets,
Look more beautiful and gay:
Hallelujah, &c.
6 There, while the nations of the blest
With raptures bow around,
My anthems to delivering grace
In sweeter strains shall found.

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

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

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

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

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

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

5 Dear Father, we consent
To discipline divine;
And bless the pain, that make our soul
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.
TIME AND ETERNITY.

543 L. M. STEELE.
Kingbridge 88. Ulverstone 179.
The Shortness of Time and Frailty of Man. Pf. xxxix.

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 is 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 Oh, 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.

544 L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.
The Wisdom of redeeming Time. Eph. v. 15, 16.

1 God of Eternity, from thee
    Did infant Time his being draw;
    Moments, and days, and months, and years,
    Revolve by thine unvaried law.

2 Silent and slow they glide away:
    Steady and strong the current flows;
    Lost in eternity's wide sea—
    The boundless gulph from whence it rose.

X 253
TIME AND ETERNITY.

3 With the thoughtles sons of men
    Before the rapid streams are borne
    On to that everlasting home,
    Whence not one soul can e'er return.

4 Yet, while the shore on either side
    Presents a gaudy flattering show,
    We gaze, in fond amusement lost,
    Nor think to what a world we go.

5 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.

545 7th. Dr. Ryland.
    Stoel 164. Cookham 36.

The Saint happy in being entirely at the Dispensation of God.—My Times are in thy hand. Psal. xxxi. 15; xxxiv. 1.

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 form'd 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;
Time and Eternity.

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.

Plagues and deaths around me fly;
Till he bids, I cannot die:
Not a single shaft can hit
Till the God of love sees fit,

O thou Gracious, Wife, and Judge,
In thy hands my life I trust:
Have I somewhat dearer still?—
I resign it to thy will.

May I always own thy hand—
Still to the surrender stand;
Know that thou art God alone,
I and mine are all thy own.

Thee, at all times, will I bless:
Having thee, I all possess:
How can I bereaved be,
Since I cannot part with thee?

546 C. M. Steele.


Time and Eternity; or, longing after unseen Pleasures. 2 Cor. iv. 18.

How long shall earth's alluring toys
Detain our hearts and eyes,
Regardless of immortal joys,
And strangers to the skies?

These transient scenes will soon decay:
They fade upon the sight;
And quickly will their brightest day
Be lost in endless night.

254 X 2
TIME AND ETERNITY.

Their brightest day, alas, how vain!
With conscious sighs we own;
While clouds of sorrow, care, and pain,
O'ershade the smiling noon.

Oh, could our thoughts and wishes fly
Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
Which sorrow ne'er invades!

There joys, unseen by mortal eyes
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever-blooming prospects rise;
Unconscious of decay.

Lord! send a beam of light divine
To guide our upward aim!
With one reviving touch of thine
Our languid hearts inflame.

Then shall, on faith's sublimest wings,
Our ardent wishes rise
To those bright scenes, where pleasures spring
Immortal in the skies.

547 S. M. Dr. S. Stennett.

Gosport 53. Henley 38.

Divine Mercies in constant Succession. Lam. iii. 22,3.

1 How various and how new
Are thy compassions, Lord!
Each morning shall thy mercies shew,—
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.
TIME AND ETERNITY.

Each object we beheld
Gave pleasure to our eyes;
And nature all our senses held
In bands of sweet surprise.

But pleasures more refin'd
 Awaited that bless'd day
When light arose upon our mind,
And chas'd 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 rapt'rous 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 shew,
And all thy truth record.
548, 549  TIME AND ETERNITY.

548  L. M.
Wareham 117.  Horsley 205.
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 sealed, 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.

5 Search, Lord! Oh search my inmost heart,
   And light, and hope, and joy impart;
   From guilt and error set me free,
   And guide me safe to heav’n and thee.

549  8, 8, 6.
Chatham 59.
A Prayer for Seriousness in Prospect of Eternity.

1 Thou God of glorious majesty!
   To thee,—against myself,—to thee,
   A sinful worm, I cry,
   An half-awaken’d child of man,
   An heir of endless bliss or pain,
   A sinner born to die.
TIME AND ETERNITY.

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 your 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!

Be this my one great business here,—
With holy trembling, holy fear,—
To make my calling sure!

Thine utmost counsel to fulfill,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure!

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.
DEATH.

Death and Eternity.

1 My thoughts, that often mount the skies,
   Go, search the world beneath,
   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 sculls, 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 things,
   That left their dying clay?
   My thoughts, now stretch out all your wings,
   And trace eternity.

5 Oh, 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."

550 (Second Part.) 7, 6:
Culmstock 6.

Pleasing Anticipation of Death and Glory.

A
H! 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.

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.

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.

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

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

550 (Third Part.) C. M.  
Grove House 143

The safe and happy Exit.

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

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

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

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

551 (First Part.) 148th. Toplady's Coll.  

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.
DEATH.

He comes, he comes, to call
The nations to the 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——
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.
Ye,—that have here receiv'd
Theunction from above,
And in his Spirit liv'd,
And thirsted for his love;
Jesus shall claim you for his bride;
Rejoice with all the sanctified.

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.

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.

Then let us wait to hear
The trumpet's welcome sound:——
To see our Lord appear,
May we be watching found
Enrob'd in righteousness divine,
In which the Bride shall ever shine. 258 X
DEATH,

551. (Second Part.) L. M.

Old Hundred 100. 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 wip'd 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 pow'r—
The latest in my latest hour;
Then to the raptur'd heights I soar,
Where fears and death are known no more.

552. C. M.

Victory over Death through Christ. 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 (Oh, amazing power of love!)
Receiv'd it in his heart.
DEATH.

No more, O grim destroyer! boast
Thy universal sway;
To heaven-born souls thy sting is lost;
Thy night, the gates of day.

Lord, I commit my soul to thee!
Accept the sacred trust;
Receive this nobler part of me,
And watch my sleeping dust.

Till that illustrious morning come,
When all thy saints shall rise,
And, cloth'd in full immortal bloom,
Attend thee to the skies:

When thy triumphant armies sing
The honours of thy name,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With glory to the Lamb:

Oh, let me join the raptur'd lays!
And with the blissful throng
Refound salvation, power, and praise,
In everlasting song.

553  C. M.  DR. WATTS'S LYRICS.

The welcome Messenger.

Lord, when we see a faint of thine
Lies gasping out his breath,
With longing eyes, and looks divine,
Smiling and pleas'd in death;

How we could e'en contend to lay
Our limb upon that bed!
We ask thine envoy to convey
Our spirits in his stead.

Our souls are rising on the wing.
To venture in his place;
DEATH.

For, when grim Death has loșt his fling,
He has an angel's face.

4 J e s u s ! then purge my crimes away,
'Tis guilt creates my fears;
'Tis guilt gives death his fierce array,
And all the arms he bears.

5 Oh! if my threat'ning sins were gone,
And death had loșt his fling,
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.

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.

554 L. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Desiring to depart, and to be with Christ.
Phil. i. 23.

1 W h i l e 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 J e s u s dwells my soul would be;
And faints my much-lov'd Lord to see;
Earth, twine no more about my heart!
For 'tis far better to depart.
Come, ye angelic envoys! come,
And lead the willing pilgrims home!
Ye know the way to Jesus' throne,—
Source of my joys, and of your own.
That blissful interview, how sweet!
To fall transported at his feet!
Rais'd in his arms to view his face,
Thro' the full beamings of his grace!
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.
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,

555 C. M. Dr. Watts's Lyrics.
James's 163. Elim 151.
The Presence of God, worth dying for; or, the Death of Moses, Deut. xxxi. 49, 50; xxxiv. 5.

ORD, '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 faint 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.
DEATH.

4 Thy love,—a sea without a shore,—
   Spreads life and joy abroad;
Oh, 'tis a heaven worth dying for,
'To see a smiling God!

5 Sweet was the journey to the sky,
The wond'rous prophet tried;
"Climb up the mount," says God, "and die;"
The prophet climb'd—and died.

6 Softly his fainting head he lay
   Upon his Maker's breast;
His Maker kis'd his soul away,
And laid his flesh to rest.

7 Shew me thy face, and I'll away
   From all inferior things;
Speak, Lord! and here I quit my clay,
And stretch my airy wings.

556 Lfm. Dr. S. Stennett.


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."
DEATH.

"Death may the bands of life unloose,
But can't dissolve my love:
Millions of infant-souls compose
The family above.
Their feeble frames my pow'r shall raise,
And mould with heavenly skill:
I'll give them tongues to sing my praise,
And hands to do my will."

His words the happy parents hear,
And shout, with joys divine,
Dear Saviour, all we have and are
Shall be for ever thine.

557  C. M. Steele.


At the Funeral of a Young Person:

When blooming youth is snatch'd away
By death's restless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.
While pity prompts the rising sigh,
Oh, may this truth; imprest
With awful power,—"I too must die!"
Sink deep in every breast.

Let this vain world engage no more:
Behold the gaping tomb!
It bids us seize the present hour:
To-morrow death may come.
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.

6 Great God! thy sovereign grace impart,
    With cleansing, healing power;
This only can prepare the heart
    For death's surprising hour.

558 C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Comfort for pious Parents who have been bereft of their Children. Isaiah lvi. 4.

1 Ye mourning saints, whose streaming tears
    Flow o'er your children dead,
Say not, in transports of despair,
    That all your hopes are fled.

2 While cleaving to that darling dust,
    In fond distress ye lie,
Rise, and with joy and reverence view
    A heavenly Parent nigh.

3 Tho', 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," faith 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."
We welcome, Lord, those rising tears,
Thro' which thy face we see,
And bless those wounds, which thro' our hearts
Prepare a way for thee.

559 L. M. FAWCETT.
Angel's Hymn 60. Dresden 178.
The Death of the Sinner and the Saint.

WHAT Scenes of horror and of dread
Await the Sinner's dying bed!
Death's terrors all appear in sight,
Prelages of eternal night.

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.

Tormenting pangs distract his breast;
Where'er he turns, he finds no rest:
Death strikes the blow, he groans and cries,
And, in despair and horror, dies.

Not so, the heir of heav'nly bliss;——
His soul is still'd with conscious peace;
A steady faith subdues his fear;
He sees the happy Canaan near.

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.

LORD! make my faith and love sincere,
My judgment found my conscience clear:
And, when the toils of life are past,
May I be found in peace at last.
DEATH.

Hanover 130. Old Hundred and Fourth 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 thro':
Triumphantl glory, thro' 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 high:
The kingdom be given of glory divine,
    And crown us in heaven eternally thine.

561 S. M. TOPLADY's COLLECTION.
    Preparation for Death. Matt. xxiv. 45.

P REPAIR me, gracious God!
    To stand before thy face!
Thy Spirit must the work perform,
    For it is all of grace.

* If the three last verses of this hymn be sung also,
then begin verse the third thus—
    "Now let us record the conquering name."
DEATH.

In Christ's obedience clothe,
And wash me in his blood:
So shall I lift my head with joy,
Among the sons of God.

Do thou my sins subdue,
Thy sovereign love make known;
The spirit of my mind renew,
And save me in thy Son.

Let me attest thy power,
Let me thy goodness prove,
'Till my full soul can hold no more
Of everlasting love.

562. C. M. Dr. 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 flumb'ring 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, rob'd with light and crown'd with joy,
   "To endless day they soar.

5 Jesus! our faith receives thy word;
   And, tho' fond nature weep,
DEATH.

Grace learns to hail the pious dead,
And emulate their sleep.

6 Our willing souls thy summons wait,
With them to reit and praise;
So let thy much-loved presence cheer
These separating days.

563 C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.
Abridge 201. Charmouth 28.
Submission under bereaving Providences. Ps. xlvi. 10.

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 ’Tis he,—the potentate supreme
Of all the worlds above,—
Whose steady counsels wisely rule,
Nor from their purpose move.

3 ’Tis 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 ev’ry 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.
DEATH.

564 L. M. Ulverston 179. FAWCETT 184.

The God of Love will sure indulge
The flowing tear, the heaving sigh,
When righteous persons fall around,—
When tender friends and kindred die.

Yet not one anxious murm’ring thought
Should with our mourning passions blend;
Nor would our bleeding hearts forget
Th’ almighty ever-living friend.

Beneath a num’rous train of ills,
Our feeble flesh and heart may fail;
Yet shall our hope in thee, our God,
O'er ev’ry gloomy fear prevail.

Parent and husband, guard and guide,—
Thou art each tender name in one:
On thee we cast our ev’ry care,
And comfort seek from thee alone.

Our Father God, to thee we look,
Our rock, our portion, and our friend,
And on thy covenant-love and truth
Our sinking souls shall still depend.

565 C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.
Windsor 247. Elenborough 170.

Death and Judgment appointed for all. Heb. ix. 27.

Heaven has confirm’d the great decree,
That Adam’s race must die:
One general ruin sweeps them down,
And low in dust they lie.

Ye living men, the tomb survey
Where you must quickly dwell
Hark! how the awful summons sounds
In ev’ry funeral knell.

264
DEATH.

3 Once you must die; and once for all
   The solemn, purport weigh;
   For know, that heav'n or hell attend
   On that important day.

4 Those eyes, so long in darkness veil'd,
   Must wake the Judge to see;
   And ev'ry word and ev'ry thought
   Must pass his scrutiny.

5 Oh, may I, in the Judge, behold
   My Saviour and my Friend!
   And, far beyond the reach of death,
   With all his saints ascend.

566 C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.
   Comfort under the Loss of Ministers.

1 Now let our drooping hearts revive,
   And all our tears be dry:
   Why should those eyes be drown'd in grief,
   Which view a Saviour nigh?

2 What tho' the arm of conqu'ring death
   Does God's own house invade;
   What tho' the prophet and the priest
   Be number'd with the dead?

3 Tho' earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
   The aged and the young;
   The watchful eye in darkness clos'd,
   And mute th' instructive tongue;

4 Th' eternal shepherd still survives
   New comfort to impart;
   His eye still guides us, and his voice
   Still animates our heart.
DEATH.

5 "Lo I am with you," faith the Lord,
   "My church shall safe abide;
   "For I will ne'er forfake my own,
   "Whose souls in me confide."

6 Thro' 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.

567 8. 7. 4.

Jordan 81. Painfwick 162.

The Grave or, Christ a Guide through
Death to Glory.

1 GUIDE me, O thou great JEHovah!
Pilgrim thro' 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 thro':
Strong deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
   Bid my anxious fears subsidge;
Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,
   Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee,
568 C. M.

Carolina 13. Windfor 247,

The Bodies of the Saints quickened and raised by the Spirit. Rom. viii. 11.

1 Why should our mourning thoughts delight
   To grovel in the dust?
   Or why should streams of tears unite
   Around th' 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 thro' each fable cloud:
   And thou, my voice, 'tho' broke with sigh,
   Tune forth thy songs aloud.

5 The Spirit rais'd 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.
OF THE BODY.

569 C. M. Dr. Watts's Lyrics.

Canterbury 199.  Evans's 199.

A Prospect of the Resurrection.

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 faints with joyful eyes
   Salute th' expected day.

5 They leave the 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 cloth'd 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, thro' the skies,
   On love's triumphant wing!
DAY OF JUDGMENT.

570 (First Part) L. M. PRESIDENT DAVIES. 

Angels' Hymn 60. Wareham 117. 
Sinners and Saints in the Wreck of Nature. 
Isaiah xxiv. 18—20.

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.

2. Where now, O 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—O 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 creature's friend, 
   To thee my all I dare commend; 
   Thou canst preserve my feeble soul, 
   When lightnings blaze from pole to pole.

570 (Second Part) L. M. 

Paul's 246. Horfley 205. 

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

1. My waken'd soul, extend thy wings 
   Beyond the verge of mortal things.
JUDGMENT.

See this vain world in smoke decay,
And rocks and mountains melt away.

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

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

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

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!

571 L. M.
Paul's 246. Angels' Hymn 60.
The Books opened, Rev. xx. 12.

METHINKS the last great day is come,
Methinks I hear the trumpet sound
That shakes the earth, rends every tomb,
And wakes the prisoners under ground.

The mighty deep gives up her trust,
Aw'd by the Judge's high command;
Both small and great now quit their dust,
And round the dread tribunal stand.

Behold the awful books display'd,
Big with th' 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 L o r d , 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.

572 S: M.  D R. D O D D R I D G E.
The final Sentence and Misery of the Wicked.
Matt. xxv. 41.

1 A N D 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, thro' the numerous guilty throng,
    Spread black despair around?

3 " Depart from me, accurs'd,
    To everlasting flame;
" For rebel-angels first prepar'd,
    Where mercy never came."

4 How will my heart endure
    The tortures 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 blessing on your head.

573 C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.
Canterbury 199; Windsor 247.
The final Sentence and Happiness of the Righteous.
Matt. xxv. 34.

1 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 faints to heaven:

3 "Bless'd of my Father, all draw near,
"Receive the great reward;
"And rise, with raptures, to possess
"The kingdom love prepar'd.

4 "Ere earth's foundations first were laid,
"His sov'reign 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 pow'r;
"While sin and death, and pains and cares,
"Shall vex your souls no more."

6 Come, dear majestic Saviour! Come,
This jubilee proclaim!
JUDGMENT.

And teach us language fit to praise
So great, so dear a name;

574 L. M., DR. WATTS's LYRICS.
Portugal 97. Rippon's 188.
Come, LORD JESUS.

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 heav'ny gates, loofe all your chains!
Let th' eternal pillars bow!
Blest Saviour! cleave the starry plains,
And make the crystal mountains flow!

4 Hark, how thy saints unite their cries,
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 8. 7. 4.
Westbury 51. Trevecca 37.
Lo, he cometh.

1 O! he cometh! countless trumpets
Blow to raise the sleeping dead;
'Mid ten thousand saints and angels,
See their great exalted head!
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, Son of God!
Now his merit by the harpers,
Thro’ th’ eternal deep resounds;
Now resplendent shine his nail-prints,
Every eye shall see his wounds:
They who pierc’d him
Shall at his appearance wail.

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.

“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!

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.
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the great Messiah see!

3 Ev'ry 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,
Haisten, Lord, the gen'ral doom!
The new heav'n 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 the pow'r and glory:
Claim the kingdoms for thine own!
O come quickly!
Hallelujah! Come, Lord, come!

577 8, 7. 4. Newton.
Helmsey 223. Pain'wick 162.
The Day of Judgment.

1 Day of Judgment,—day of wonders!
Hark the trumpet's awful sound,
JUDGMENT.

Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round!
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

See the judge our nature wearing,
Cloth'd in majesty divine!
You who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine!"
Gracious Saviour!
Own me in that day for thine!

At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea:
All the pow'rs of nature, shaken.
By his looks, prepare to flee:
Careless sinner!
What will then become of thee?

Horrors, past imagination,
Will sur prise your trembling heart,
When you hear your condemnation,
"Hence, accursed wretch, depart!
"Thou with Satan
"And his angels have thy part!"

But to those who have confessed,
Lov'd and serv'd the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, ye blessed!
"See the kingdom, I bestow!
"You for ever
"Shall my love and glory know."

Under sorrows and reproaches,
May this thought our courage raise!
Swiftly God's great day approaches,
Sighs shall then be chang'd to praise!
May we triumph,
When the world is in a blaze!
JUDGMENT.

578 C. M. Dr. S. Stennett, Canterbury, 199. Charmouth 28.

The Last Judgment.

1 "He comes! he comes! to judge the world,
Aloud th' archangel cries!
While thunders roll from pole to pole,
And lightnings cleave the skies.

2 Th' affrighted nations hear the sound,
And upward lift their eyes:
The slumb'ring tenants of the ground
In living armies rise.

3 Amid the shouts of num'rous friends,
Of hosts divinely bright,
The Judge in solemn pomp descends,
Array'd in robes of light.

4 His head and hair 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 vict'ries tell:
Lo! in his hand the conqu'ror 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 penants here expect
Their last, their righteous doom;
The men who dar'd his grace reject,
And they who dar'd presume.

8 "Depart, ye sons of vice and sin,"
The injur'd Jesus cries!
While the long-kindling wrath within
Flashes from both his eyes.
And now in words divinely sweet,
With rapture in his face,
Aloud his sacred lips repeat
The sentence of his grace:

"Well done, my good and faithful sons,
The children of my love!
"Receive the sceptres, crowns, and thrones
"Prepar'd for you above."

Longing for a Place at the Right Hand of the Judge.

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:

I love to meet among them now,
Before thy gracious feet to bow,
Tho' vilest of them all:
But can I hear the piercing thought!
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call!

Prevent, prevent it by thy grace;
Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place,
In this th' accepted day:
Thy pard'n'ning voice, O let me hear
To still my unbelieving fear;
Nor let me fall, I pray.

Let me among thy saints be found
Where'er th' archangel's trump shall sound
To see thy smiling face:
Then loudest of the crow'd I'll sing,
While heav'n's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sov'reign grace.
HELL AND HEAVEN.

580 C. M. Dr. Ryland.


Hell, the Sinner's own Place. Acts i. 25.

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 sav'd by matchless grace;
Or else the lowest, hottest hell
Had surely been my place.

3 Thither I was law adjjudg'd,
And thitherward rush'd on;
And there in my eternal doom
Thy justice might have shone.

4 But lo! (what wond'rous matchless love!)
I call a place my own,
On earth, within the gospel found,
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.
HELL.

581 L. M.

SINNER, O why so thoughtless grown?
Why in such dreadful haste to die?
Daring to leap to worlds unknown,
Needless against thy God to fly;

Wilt thou despise eternal fate,
Urg'd on by sin's fantastic dreams?
Madly attempt th' infernal gate,
And force thy passage to the flames?

Stay, sinner! on the Gospel plains
Behold the God of love unfold
The glories of his dying pains,
For ever telling, yet untold.

582 L. M.—Dr. Doddridge.
Green's Hundred 89. Wareham 117.

In what confusion earth appears—
God's dearest children bath'd in tears!
While they, who heav'n itself deride,
Riot in luxury and pride.

But patient let my soul attend,
And, ere I censure, view the end;
That end, how different! who can tell
The wide extremes of heav'n and hell?

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.

While round the saint, so poor below,
Full rivers of salvation flow;
On Abram's breast he leans his head,
And banquets on celestial bread.
COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
Inspire each lifeless tongue;
And let the joys of heav’n impart
Their influence to our song.

Sorrow and pain, and ev’ry care,
And discord there shall cease;
And perfect joy, and love sincere,
Adorn the realms of peace.

The soul, from sin for ever free,
Shall mourn its pow’r no more;
But, cloth’d in spotless purity,
Redeeming love adore.

There on a throne, (how dazzling bright!)
Th’ exalted Saviour shines;
And beams ineffable delight
On all the heav’nly minds.

There shall the followers of the Lamb
Join in immortal songs;
And endless honours to his name
Employ their tuneful tongues.

Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love,
Our feeble notes inspire;
Till, in thy blissful courts above,
We join th’ angelic choir.
ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wistful eye.
To Canaan's fair, and happy, land,
Where my posessions lie.

Oh the transporting, rapt'rous scene
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields, array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight!

There generous fruits, that never fail,
On trees immortal grow:
There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and vales,
With milk and honey flow.

All o'er those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Sun for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.

No chilling winds, or pois'rous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore:
Sicknes and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.

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?

Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul
Can here no longer stay:
Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.
ON wings of faith mount up, my soul, and rise; 
View thine inheritance beyond the skies:
Nor heart can think, nor mortal tongue can tell,
What endless pleasures in those mansions dwell:
Here our Redeemer lives; all bright and glorious,
O'er sin, and death, and hell, he reigns victorious.

No gnawing grief, no sad heart-rending pain,
In that blest country can admission gain;
No sorrow there, no soul-tormenting fear,
For God's own hand shall wipe the falling tear:
Here our Redeemer lives, &c.

Before the throne a crystal river glides,
Immortal verdure decks its cheerful sides:
Here the fair tree of life majestic rears
Its blooming head, and sovereign virtue bears:
Here our Redeemer lives, &c.

No rising sun his needless beams displays,
No sickly moon emits her feeble rays;
The Godhead here celestial glory shews,
Th' exalted Lamb eternal radiance spreads:
Here our Redeemer lives, &c.

One distant glimpse my eager passion fires! —
Jesus! to thee my longing soul aspires!
When shall I at my 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.
A WAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes—
And raise your voices high;
Awake, and praise that sov'reign love
That shews salvation nigh.

On all the wings of time it flies,
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining day,
And each revolving year!

Not many years their round shall run,
Nor many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd
To our admiring eyes.

Ye wheels of nature, speed your course!
Ye mortal pow'rs, decay!
Fall as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

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
His smile their bliss, their heav'n, their all.

Immortal glories crown his head;
While tuneful hallelujahs rise,
And love and joy, and triumph spread
Thro' all th' assemblies of the skies.
4 He smiles, and seraphs tune their songs
To boundless rapture, while they gaze:
Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues
Resound his everlasting praise.

5 There all the favorites of the Lamb
Shall join at last the heav'nly choir:
Oh may the joy-inspiring theme
Awake our faith and warm desire!

6 Dear Saviour! let thy Spirit seal
Our interest in that blissful place;
Till death remove this mortal veil,
And we behold thy lovely face.

588 C. M.

Elim 151 Cambridge New 74.

The everlasting Song.

1 Earth has engross'd my love too long!
'Tis time I lift mine eyes
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 ev'ry string.
5 [Hark, how beyond the narrow bounds
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 lov'd 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 hand, my ear, my tongue,—
Here's joyful work for you.

11 I would begin the music here,
And to 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 vain have place,
Among your thrones, or at your feet,
So I might see his face.

The 6th, 7th, and 8th verses of this hymn should be sung softer than the rest.
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