SCRIPTURAL HYMNS

BY THE

REV. PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D. D.
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NEW AND CORRECTED EDITION, CONTAINING MANY HYMNS NEVER BEFORE PRINTED.

EDITED FROM THE ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS,

BY THE AUTHOR'S GREAT-GRANDSON,

JOHN DODDRIDGE HUMPHREYS, ESQ.

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PREFACE.

Among the strong consolations that clung around the heart of Doddridge, when under the pressure of a fast consuming disease, was the animating thought of his future usefulness as an Author in the Church of Christ:—but this was not without its alloy. The publication of his "Family Expositor" was not entirely completed,—and the present work, his "Scriptural Hymns," composed at intervals throughout his life, and written under the immediate impulse of those pious sentiments which they embody, were then in most instances first and unrevised manuscripts in short-hand, so that the task of bringing them before the world, as he foresaw, would require much attention.

Under the promptings of a zealous friendship, Mr. Orton had very kindly undertaken the office of editor; and we are informed by him, that, even the last hour which he spent with
Dr. Doddridge,—and that but a few weeks before his death,—was consumed in directions for their transcription and correction,—an incident which sufficiently marks the anxiety of the author. A little afterwards, Mr. Orton with his usual candour proceeds to state, that, "There may, perhaps, be some improprieties, owing to my not being able to read the author's manuscript in particular places, and being obliged \textit{without a poetic genius}, to supply those deficiencies, whereby the beauty of the stanza may be greatly defaced, though the sense is preserved." Without going any farther, we have in this extract a sufficient explanation of the extraordinarily incorrect and unsatisfactory manner in which the Hymns of Dr. Doddridge were brought before the world. A consciousness of the want of the necessary qualifications, in a poetical sense, rendered Mr. Orton a far less efficient editor than he would otherwise have been;—matters of the most simple character were overlooked, and the Hymns, as formerly printed, abound with ungrammatical constructions and verbal inelegancies, of which the author was incapable.*

* The subjoined quotation is given as an example of the blunders alluded to; and it will be observed, that although they do not compromise the sense, they are suf-
PREFACE.

In another particular, this work was most unfortunate on its appearance in the world. It was printed with so much precipitation, that a considerable number of Hymns, equal in value to any of the others, were met with too late for the press, and consequently omitted. These manuscript Hymns were afterwards bound up with the rest, and presented to the author's widow by Mr. Orton. In the present edition they are for the first time incorporated,

sufficient to render a hymn of much beauty mere doggerel in construction. That errors such as these, and a multitude of others equally signal, should have remained through the many successive editions of a hundred and seventeen years, is a fact that might well be numbered among the "Curiosities of Literature."

Part of the CXIth Hymn of the former editions:

_Fruitful Showers Emblems of the Salutary Effects of the Gospel._ Isaiah lv. 10, 11, 12.

"Mark the soft-falling snow,
And the diffusive rain;
To heav'n from whence it fell
It turns not back again,
But waters earth
Through every pore,
And calls forth all
Its secret store.

Array'd in beauteous green
The hills and valleys shine,
And man and beast is fed
By Providence divine;"

For the due corrections see page 92.
so as to render the work complete; and, as the reader might feel an interest in being able to recognize them, the headings have an ornamental mark attached to distinguish them from the others.

In a second, and in a still more important sense, it is with diffidence submitted, that this edition has been rendered complete, in accordance with the views of the author, and in those particulars in which the religious world has long had reason to lament that one of his most valuable works has been fast becoming more and more confined in its circulation from accidental imperfections.

The necessary corrections so unfortunately neglected in the first, and in the many succeeding editions up to the present, have been now inserted under feelings of anxious care. Many of the errors had occurred from misconceptions in transcribing the short-hand, and were easily amended;—some mistakes had arisen from injudicious alterations, which required to be remodelled:—a crowd of others demanded mere verbal changes, often of no more than a syllable, or a letter, but carrying with them correction in construction and euphony, of which every poetical reader of taste and judgment well knows the value. It is
almost unnecessary to add, that the author's sense has not, in a single instance, been compromised; nor has any hymn, or even a verse been suppressed, a practice too common in new editions of established works, but one involving an injustice, which, in the judgment of the editor, cannot be too widely exposed, or too severely condemned.

Having submitted these preliminary explanations to the reader, the more pleasing duty remains of pointing out some of the peculiar claims which the "Scriptural Hymns" of Dr. Doddridge may present to his attention. Of these, one of the most prominent is the fact that they constitute a very complete system of "Bible Divinity;" comprehending, explaining and enforcing, a chain of the most interesting and signal texts which the enlightened judgment of the author could select, and extending from the first book of the Sacred Records to the last. It is in this sense, that this little volume may prove so valuable to individuals, and to families, for the purposes of private and social worship; and above all, it is for this reason, that its circulation should be extended among the young, as it presents a solid and systematic view of divine truth, in the most attractive form. In connection with
these practical points the following pertinent observations by Mr. Orton may be read with advantage. "Those young Ministers who are desirous of entering into the spirit and copiousness of Scripture, may find this work greatly useful to them, by directing them to many very suitable Texts, and to some very natural thoughts and useful reflections to be insisted upon in discoursing from them."

Those readers who have had the advantage of becoming familiar with the religious sentiments of Dr. Doddridge as reflected in his writings, and more particularly in that delightful transcript of his private thoughts, his "Devotional Letters," are fully aware of the perfect catholicism of his theological views, and it is pleasing to observe the kindred spirit shown by Mr. Orton, who, if not a poet, was a very sound and able divine, in the following testimony to the excellence of these hymns in this particular: "There is nothing that savours of a Party Spirit, or carries an appearance of designing to confine their use to any of the Sects into which Christians are unhappily divided. The materials are divine, and the Author's soul was never more enlarged, than when he was promoting a Spirit of Piety and Candour in their just connection."
After all, there was a master charm in the character of Doddridge which, imperceptibly to themselves, has often rendered his readers the ready proselytes of his views, and which has thus increased his sphere of usefulness in no ordinary degree. His mind was ardent and affectionate to an unusual extent, and his sympathies are ever involved in the subject before him; in speaking from the heart, he finds a ready response in the bosom of his auditor, and we listen cordially to advice, which unites the warmth with the sincerity of friendship. In his “Scriptural Hymns,” this delightful trait is developed to the fullest extent; the divine glow of his faith rekindles our religious hopes, as it were with the light of heaven; and the tender solemnity of his language in allusion to the anxieties and sorrows of mortality, teems with the holy consolations of “that grief which maketh the heart better.”

Of this description are the many impressive hymns on Death and the Resurrection, scattered through this volume, and which, in the original copy, have the dates and occasions of their compositions noted, and were generally written on the decease of friends, and for funeral services. In pathos, in fervour of
poetical expression, and in sympathetic feeling, these are certainly the most noble examples extant, and the solace they may afford to the children of suffering and of grief is beyond all value.

In closing these brief remarks, I feel that I cannot do so with more propriety, than by quoting the pious exclamation of Mr. Orton, may they “promote and diffuse a spirit of Devotion, and together with other assistances, human and divine, prepare many to join with their devout Author in the noble, and everlasting Anthems of Heaven.”

John Doddridge Humphreys.

John Street, Pentonville.
I. **Enoch's Piety and Translation.** Genesis v. 24. Hebrews xi. 5.

1 **ETERNAL** God, our wondering souls
   Admire thy matchless grace;
   That thou wilt walk, that thou wilt dwell
   With Adam's worthless race.

2 O lead me to that happy path,
   Where I my God may meet;
   Though hosts of foes begird it round,
   Though briers wound my feet,

3 Cheer'd with thy converse, I can trace
   The desart with delight:
   Through all the gloom one smile of thine
   Can dissipate the night.

4 Nor shall I through eternal days
   A restless pilgrim roam:
   Thy hand, that now directs my course,
   Shall soon convey me home.

5 I ask not Enoch's rapturous flight
   To realms of heavenly day:
   Nor seek Elijah's fiery steeds,
   To bear this flesh away.
GENESIS.

6 Joyful my Spirit would consent
To drop this mortal clod;
And hail the sharpest pangs of death,
That broke its way to God.

II. God's gracious Approbation of a religious Care of our Families. Genesis xviii. 19.

1 FATHER of men, thy care we trace,
That crowns with love our infant race:
From thee they sprung, and by thy power
Are still sustain'd through every hour.

2 To God, most worthy to be praised,
Be our domestic altars raised;
Who, Lord of Heaven, scorns not to dwell
With saints in their obscurest cell.

3 To thee, may each united house,
Morning and night, present its vows:
Our servants there, and rising race,
Be taught thy precepts, and thy grace.

4 O may each future age proclaim
The honours of thy sacred name;
When pleased, and thankful, for thy love
We've join'd the social band above.

III. Abraham's Intercession for Sodom. Genesis xviii. 32.

FOR A FAST-DAY.

1 GREAT God! did pious Abram pray
For Sodom's vile abandon'd race?
And shall not all our souls be roused
For Britain to implore thy grace?

2 Base as we are, doth not thine eye
Its chosen thousands here survey,
Whose souls, deep humbled, mourn the crowds,
That walk in sin's destructive way?
GENESIS.

3 O Judge supreme, let not thy sword
   The righteous with the wicked smite:
   Nor bury in promiscuous heaps
   Rebels, and saints, thy chief delight.

4 For these thy children spare the land;
   Avert the thunders big with death;
   Nor let the seeds of latent fire
   Be kindled by thy flaming breath.

5 O! be not angry, mighty God,
   While dust and ashes seek thy face;
   But, gently bending from thy throne,
   Renew, and still increase thy grace.

6 Jesus the Intercessor hear,
   And for his sake that grace impart,
   Which, while it stops the fiery stream,
   Dissolves in grief the hardest heart.

7 Sodom shall change to Zion then,
   And heavenly dews be scatter'd round,
   That plants of paradise may spring,
   Where baleful poisons cursed the ground.

IV. Jacob's Vow. Genesis xxviii. 20—22.

1 O GOD of Jacob, by whose hand
   Thine Israel still is fed,
   Who through this weary pilgrimage
   Hath all our fathers led,

2 To thee our humble vows we raise,
   To thee address our prayer,
   And in thy kind and faithful breast
   Deposit all our care.

3 If thou, through each perplexing path,
   Wilt be our constant guide;
   If thou wilt daily bread supply,
   And raiment wilt provide;
EXODUS.

4 If thou wilt spread thy shield around,
    Till these our wanderings cease,
    And at our Father's loved abode
    Our souls arrive in peace:

5 To thee, as to our Covenant God,
    We will ourselves resign;
    And count, that not our tenth alone,
    But all we have is thine.

V. The Hand of the Lord upon the Cattle.
Exodus ix. 3.*

1 THE creatures, Lord, confess thy hand,
    Through earth and sky, through sea and land;
    And nature's meanest orders share
    Their Maker's pity, and his care.

2 O look from thine exalted throne,
    And hear our panting cattle moan;
    Prone o'er the untasted food they lie,
    Groan out their agonies, and die.

3 What have these harmless creatures done
    To draw this sore chastisement down?
    'Tis human guilt for vengeance calls,
    And heavy on the herd it falls.

4 From them to us the stroke might pass,
    And mow down thousands of our race;
    Till desolation reign'd around,
    Our cities void, untill'd our ground.

5 Prevent the ruin by thy grace,
    And melt our hearts to seek thy face:
    Blest fruit of thy correcting rod,
    If by this loss, we find our God.

* Written 28th September, 1746, when a fatal and contagious disease among the cattle had thrown the country into a state of much alarm.
VI. Of awaiting the Salvation of the Lord.

Exodus xiv. 13.*

1 PRAISE to Jehovah’s guardian hand,
Which saved us from our foes;
Nor gave us to the spoiler’s rage,
When in their might they rose.

2 His are their hearts, and his their ways,
To turn them as he will;—
And midst the tremblings of his saints,
Their God regards them still.

3 Our peaceful sabbaths we ascribe
To Providence divine;
And in the daily joys of life
We see his mercy shine.

4 Complete the great deliverance, Lord,
And let the wicked fall,
As by an earthquake swallow’d up,
And sunk in ruin all.

5 So in the sea’s returning waves
Sunk Egypt’s haughty band,
While Israel march’d triumphant on,
Protected by thy hand.

VII. Israel and Amalek. Exodus xvii. 11.

FOR A FAST-DAY.

1 OUR banner is Jehovah’s name!
Nor will we yield to fear;
Amid ten thousand fierce assaults,
His mighty aid is near.

2 To him the hands of faith we stretch,
And plead experienced grace;
To him the voice of prayer we raise,
Nor will he hide his face.

* Written 8th December, 1745, and in allusion to the rebellion of that year.
EXODUS.

3 Now no proud Amalek shall boast,
   "God's arm is feeble grown:"
His sword shall lop off every hand
   That dares insult his throne.

4 Awake, tremendous Judge, awake,
   Our nation's cause to plead;
Nor let thine Israel's foes, and thine,
   By wickedness succeed.

5 Our fainting hands, how soon they droop!
   But thou the weak canst raise;
And in the mount of prayer erect
   An altar to thy praise.

VIII. Against following a Multitude to do evil.
    Exodus xxiii. 2.

1 LORD, when iniquities abound,
   And growing crimes appear;
We view the deluge rising round
   With sorrow and with fear.

2 Yet when its waves tumultuous beat,
   And spread destruction wide,
Thy Spirit can a bulwark raise
   To stem the roaring tide.

3 May thy triumphant arm awake
   Thy sacred cause to plead;
And let the multitude confess,
   That thou art God indeed!

4 Their hearts shall in a moment turn,
   Like water, by thy hand;
One word shall bow their stubborn necks
   To own thy high command.

5 Our feeble souls at least support,
   And there thy power display;
Then multitudes shall strive in vain
   To draw us from thy way.
IX. Christ's Intercession typified by Aaron's Breast-plate. Ex. xxviii. 29.

1 NOW let our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High Priest above,
And celebrate his constant care,
His sympathy and love.

2 Though raised to a superior throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the heavenly host,
With matchless honours crown'd;

3 The names of all his saints he bears
Deep graven on his heart;
Nor shall the meanest Christian say,
That he hath lost his part.

4 Those characters shall fair abide,
Our everlasting trust,
When gems, and monuments, and crowns
Are moulder'd down to dust.

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

X. God's Presence desirable. Ex. xxxiii. 15.

1 VAST and eternal God!
How marvellous thy name!
Thy presence shed abroad
Pervades all nature's frame;
Heaven, earth, and air,
And that dark cell
Where demons dwell
In long despair.

2 Yet hast thou chosen ways
To make thy presence known
To children of thy grace,
EXODUS.

To upright souls alone:
This glory, Lord,
My soul would see,
This grace to me,
My God, afford.

3 If thou thy lustre veil,
The charms of nature fade;
All wither’d, weak, and pale,
They bow their languid head.
My Father, shine,
For thou canst give
The dead to live
By beams divine.

4 Even Eden’s blissful lands
Would in thine absence mourn:
But thou wild Afric’s sands
To paradise canst turn.
If God be there,
The gloom grows bright;
Rut noon is night,
Till thou appear.

5 Come, for my spirit glows
With infinite desire!
Strong love impatient grows,
And sets my heart on fire.
My Father, come;
That presence give,
On which I live,
Or call me home.

XI. Moses’ View of the divine Glory. Ex. xxxiii. 13.

1 WITH humble pleasure, Lord, we trace
The ancient records of thy grace;
And our own consolation draw,
From what thy servant Moses saw.
EXODUS.

2 May we behold thy glory shine,
    With gentle beams of love divine;
And hear thy secret voice proclaim
    The various wonders of thy name.

3 If feeble nature can't endure
    A voice so sweet, a ray so pure;
Its dissolution would delight,
    While Death would wear a form so bright!

4 Death shall unveil that world above,
    Where the dear children of thy love,
Attemper'd all to heavenly day,
    Bear, and reflect the angelic ray.


1 WHAT bosom moved with pious zeal
    Doth for its God's dishonour feel?
What heart with generous ardor glows
    To plead his cause against his foes?

2 Great God! what bosom can be cold?
    What coward must not here grow bold?
While honour, interest, truth, and love
    Concur our inmost souls to move?

3 Around thy standard, Lord, we press,
    Thine injured honour to redress,
And with determined voice demand
    The signal from thy conquering hand.

4 Thou shalt these sacred weapons bless,
    And lead through war to endless peace;
Nor death itself our souls shall dread,
    For thine the arm shall raise the dead.

XIII. The Proclamation of God's Name to Moses; or,
divine Mercy and Justice. Ex. xxxiv. 6—8

1 ATTEND, my soul, the voice divine,
    And mark what beaming glories shine
Around thy condescending God!
To us, to us—he still proclaims
His awful, his endearing names:
Attend, and sound them all abroad.

2 "Jehovah! I, the sovereign Lord,
The mighty God, by heaven adored,
Down to the earth my footsteps bend:
My heart the tenderest pity knows,
And gentle mercy overflows,
While grace and truth shall never end.

3 "My patience long can crimes endure:
My pardoning love is ever sure:
When meek the penitent returns;
To millions, through unnumber'd years,
New hope and new delight it bears:
Yet wrath against the sinner burns."

4 Haste then, my soul, the vision meet,
Fall prostrate at the Sovereign's feet,
And drink the words of pard'ning grace:
Speak on, my Lord, those accents dear
Shall dissipate each lingering fear,
Till heavenly joys shall crown the race.

XIV. The Form of blessing Israel. Numbers vi. 24—27.

1 GUARDIAN of Israel, Source of Peace,
Who givest thy ministers to bless,
Shine forth as our propitious Lord,
And verify thy servant's word.

2 Let thine own power defend us still
Through future years from every ill;
And let the splendour of thy face
Still cheer our path with heavenly grace.

3 Thy countenance our souls would see,
For all our joys unite in thee!
And peace still waits at thy command,
To calm our hearts, and bless our land.
NUMBERS.

4 Hear while thy priests address their vows,
   And scatter blessings through thy house;
   And when they fall may Israel raise
   Its pious songs of ardent praise.

XV. The God of Spirits sought to supply Vacancies in
the Congregations of his People. Num. xxvii.
   15—17.

1 FATHER of spirits, from thy hand
   Our souls immortal came;
   And still thine energy divine
   Supports the ethereal flame.

2 By thee our spirits all are known;
   And each remotest thought
   Lies all expanded to his eye,
   By whom their powers were wrought.

3 To thee, when mortal comforts fail,
   Thy flock would ever fly;
   And on the eternal Shepherd's care
   With cheerful hope rely.

4 When o'er thy faithful servant's dust
   Thy dear assemblies mourn,
   With speedy tokens of thy grace,
   O Israel's God, return.

5 The powers of nature all are thine,
   And thine the aids of grace;
   Thine arm hath borne thy churches up
   Through each succeeding race.

6 Exert thy sacred influence here,
   And here thy suppliants bless,
   And change to strains of cheerful praise
   Their accents of distress.

7 With faithful heart, with skilful hand,
   May this thy flock be fed;
   And with a steady growing pace
   To Zion's mountain led.
XVI. Israel brought back into Egypt.
Deuteronomy xxviii.

1 Almighty God, thy conquering hand,
Which Israel led from Pharaoh's land,
Hath loosed thy Briton's galling yoke,
And Rome's detested fetters broke.

2 Our sins might tempt thee yet again
To rivet on that odious chain;
Till, crush'd beneath its ponderous load,
We knew the vengeance of a God.

3 Again, we back that path might tread,
With throbbing heart, and drooping head,
Round which thy glory once had shone,
And made thy great Salvation known.

4 Our free-born race, a captive band,
Might feel a tyrant's fierce command,
Eager to press their conscience down,
At idol shrines of wood or stone.

5 But O! avert that fatal shock,
Though thine own hand should smite thy flock,
Who in thy chosen land would bleed,
Rather than live in Egypt's shade.

XVII. The Lord's People his Portion. Deut. xxxii. 9.

1 Sovereign of nature, all is thine,
The air, the earth, the sea:
By thee the orbs celestial shine,
And cherubs live by thee.

2 Rich in thine own essential store,
Thou call'st forth worlds at will,
Ten thousand, and ten thousand more
Would hear thy summons still.

3 What treasure wilt thou then confess?
And thine own portion call?
What by peculiar right possess,
Imperial Lord of all?
DEUTERONOMY.

4 Thine Israel thou wilt stoop to claim,
Wilt mark them out for thine:
Ten thousand praises to thy name,
For goodness so divine!

5 That I am thine, my soul would boast,
And boast its hopes in thee:
Nor shall God's claim in me be lost,
Nor God be torn from me.

XVIII. The eternal God his People's Refuge and Support. Deut. xxxiii. 27.

1 Behold, the great eternal God
Spreads everlasting arms abroad,
And calls our souls to shelter there;—
Wonders of mingled power and grace
To all his Israel he displays,
And saves from danger and from fear.

2 Thither my feeble soul shall fly,
When terrors press, and Death is nigh,
And there will I delight to dwell;
That mighty tower shall guard my head,
And then my heart shall cease to dread,
Amid surrounding hosts of hell.

3 The shadow of the Almighty's wing
Shall joy serene and comfort bring,
While threatening horrors round me crowd;
In vain the storms of rattling hail
The walls of this retreat assail,
In vain the tempest roars aloud.

4 In louder strains my fearless tongue
Shall waft aloft its victor'ous song,
My Father's graces to proclaim;
He bears his infant offspring on
To glory radiant as his throne,
And joys eternal, as his name.
O ISRAEL, blest beyond compare! Unrivall'd all thy glories are: Jehovah deigns to fill thy throne, And calls thine interest all his own.

He is thy Saviour; he thy Lord; His shield is thine; and thine his sword;— Review in ecstasy of thought The grand redemption he has wrought.

From Satan's yoke he sets thee free, Opens thy passage through the sea; He through the desert is thy guide, And heaven for Canaan will provide.

Not Jacob's sons of old could boast Such favours to their chosen host; Their glories, which through ages shine, Are but dim shades, and types of thine.

Celestial Spirit, teach our tongue Sublimer strains than Moses sung, Proportion'd to the sweeter name Of God the Saviour, and the Lamb.

NOW let our mourning hearts revive, And all our tears be dry; Why should those eyes be drown'd in grief, Which view a Saviour nigh?

What though the arm of conquering Death Does God's own house invade; What though the Prophet and the Priest In the dark grave are laid;
3 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
    The aged, and the young,
    Each watchful eye in darkness closed,
    And mute the instructive tongue;

4 The eternal Shepherd still survives,
    New comfort to impart;
    His eye still guides us, and his voice
    Still animates our heart.

5 "Lo, I am with you," saith the Lord,
    "My Church shall safe abide;
    For I will ne'er forsake my own,
    Whose souls in me confide."

6 Through every scene of life and death,
    This promise is our trust;
    And this shall be our children's song,
    When we are cold in dust.

XXI. God insensibly withdrawn. Judges xvi. 20.

1 A PRESENT God is all our strength,
    And all our joy and hope;
    When he withdraws, our comforts die,
    And every grace must droop.

2 But flattering trifles charm our hearts
    To court their false embrace,
    Till justly this neglected friend
    Averts his angry face.

3 He leaves us, and we miss him not;
    But go presumptuous on,
    Till baffled, wounded, and enslaved,
    We learn, that God is gone.

4 And what, my soul, can then remain
    One ray of light to give?
    Sever'd from him, their better life,
    How can his children live?
5 Hence, all ye painted forms of joy,
    And leave my heart to mourn;
I would devote these eyes to tears,
    Till cheer'd by his return.

6 Look back, my Lord, and own the place
   Where once thy temple stood;
For lo, its ruins bear the mark
   Of rich atoning blood.

XXII. Samuel's Fast at Mizpeh.* 1 Samuel vii. 6.

1 LOOK down from thy transcendent throne,
   And view thy suppliantservants, Lord,
   Who build their hopes on thee alone,
   Though they might justly be abhor'd.

2 Vain is the force of armed hands,
   And the tall navy's thunder vain:—
   Thy breath with shipwrecks strews our sands,
   Or sinks our triumph in the main.

3 Our haughty foes exalt their head,
   And their confederate forces boast;
   On conquer'd walls their banners spread,
   They view with scorn our feeble host.

4 But thou, Almighty God, canst speak,
   And scatter terror through their hearts,
   Their best concerted schemes canst break,
   And overthrow their subtlest arts.

5 Wisdom, and Strength, and Grace, are thine,
   Exert them in thy Briton's cause;
   And while thy glories round us shine,
   We'll own thy love, and keep thy laws.

* Written 4th April, 1745.
FOR NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

1 My helper God! I bless his name;
The same his power, his grace the same;
The tokens of his friendly care
Open, and crown, and close the year.

2 I 'midst a thousand dangers stand,
Supported by his guardian hand,
And see, when I survey my ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

3 Thus far his arm hath led me on;
Thus far I make his mercy known;
And, while I tread this desart land,
New mercies still new songs demand.

4 My grateful soul, on Jordan's shore,
Shall raise one sacred pillar more!
Then bear, to his bright courts above,
Memorials of immortal love.

XXIV. The Saint encouraging himself in the Lord his God. 1 Sam. xxx. 6.

1 Jehovah!—'tis a glorious name,
Still pregnant with delight;
It scatters round a cheerful beam,
To gild the darkest night.

2 What though our mortal comforts fade,
And droop like withering flowers;
Nor Time nor Death can break that bond,
Which makes Jehovah ours.

3 My cares, I give you to the wind,
And shake you off like dust;—
Well may I trust my all with him,
With whom my soul I trust!
XXV. Mephibosheth's Acknowledgment of David's Favours. 2 Samuel ix. 7, 8.

1 ATTEND, while David's Lord and Son Proclaims his royal grace; What sweetness from his lips distills, What smiles adorn his face!

2 "Rise, humble soul, and quit thy fears, Thy treasons I forgive; Banish those unbelieving tears, For thou shalt surely live!

3 "The heritage thy father lost, To thee I will restore; What blissful Eden e'er could boast, Thou shalt possess, and more.

4 "Behold my table spread for thee! I give thee heavenly food; Behold my wounded breast disclosed, That shed for thee its blood.

5 "With thee I'll take up my abode, Though in thy humble cell; And in my radiant courts above Shalt thou for ever dwell."

6 In silent rapture, bounteous Lord, We bow before thy face, Since words can ne'er our thanks express, Or tell thy matchless grace.

XXVI. Support in God’s Covenant under domestic Troubles. 2 Sam. xxiii. 5.

1 MY God, the covenant of thy love Abides for ever sure, And in its matchless grace I feel My happiness secure.
2 What though my house be not with thee,
   As nature could desire;
To nobler joys than nature gives
   Thy servants all aspire.

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

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

5 Thy covenant in the darkest gloom
   Shall heavenly rays impart;
Which, when my eyelids close in death,
   Shall warm my chilling heart.

XXVII. Support in God's Covenant in the near Views of Death. 2 Sam. xxiii. 1 and 5 compared.

1 'TIS mine, the covenant of his grace,
   And every promise mine!
All sprung from everlasting love,
   And seal'd by blood divine.

2 On my unworthy favour'd head
   Its blessings all unite;
Blessings more numerous than the stars,
   More lasting, and more bright.

3 Death, thou may' st tear this wreck of flesh,
   And sink my fainting head,
And lay my ruins in the grave,
   Among my kindred dead:

4 But Death and Hell in vain shall strive
   To break that sacred rest,
Which God's expiring children feel,
   While leaning on his breast.
The enlarged soul they ne'er shall reach,
Nor rend from Christ away;
Though o'er my mouldering dust they boast
The triumphs of a day.

The night is past, the morning dawns;
My covenant God descends,
And wakes that dust to join my soul
In bliss that never ends.

That Covenant the last accents claim
Of this poor faltering tongue;
And that shall the first notes employ
Of my celestial song.

XXVIII. Jabez' Prayer. 1 Chronicles iv. 9, 10.

1 Thou God of Jabez, hear,
While we entreat thy grace,
And borrow that expressive prayer,
With which he sought thy face.

2 "O! that the Lord indeed
Would me his servant bless,
From every evil shield my head,
And crown my path with peace.

3 "Be his Almighty hand
My helper, and my guide,
Till with his saints in Canaan's land
My portion he divide."

4 Thus pious Jabez pray'd,
While God inclined his ear;
And all by whom this suit is made,
Shall find the blessing near.

5 Ye youths, your vows combine,
With loud united voice:
So shall your heads with honour shine,
And all your hearts rejoice.
XXIX. Rejoicing in our Covenant-engagements to God. 2 Chron. xv. 15.

1 O HAPPY day, that fix'd my choice
On thee, my Saviour, and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him, who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis past; the great transaction's done:
I am my Lord's, and he is mine:
He drew me, and I follow'd on,
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest;
O who with earth would grudge to part
When call'd with angels to be bless'd!

5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

XXX. Manasseh's Affliction, Penitence, and Restoration. 2 Chron. xxxiii. 10, 13.

1 GOD of Manasseh! wilt thou scorn
To own that humble name,
While sinners so remote as we
Thy grace to him proclaim.

2 High raised to Judah's throne he seem'd,
That bell in him might reign!—
And taught thy sacred name to know
Its honours to profane!
3 Yet thou the royal wretch didst view,  
With pity in thine eyes;  
How strange a cure thy mercy wrought,  
How wondrous, yet how wise.

4 Caught in the thorns by hostile bands,  
The captive learnt to reign,  
And Babel’s fetters set him free  
From Satan’s heavier chain.

5 From the dark dungeon where he lay,  
Thou hearest his doleful cry;  
Thou raised the suppliant from the dust,  
And brought salvation nigh!

6 On hearts depraved, and hard as his,  
May Grace exert its power;  
And they shall bless the wholesome smart  
That works so great a cure.

XXXI. God stirring up the Spirit of Cyrus to redeem Israel. Ezra i. 1, compared with Isaiah xliv. 1—4.

1 THE eternal God! his name how great!  
How deep his counsels! how complete!  
The hearts of kings his power can sway;  
His word unconscious they obey.

2 Summon’d of old in distant days  
To serve his schemes, and shew his praise,  
Cyrus, illustrious prince, appear’d,  
His people freed, his temple rear’d.

3 Through legions arm’d he broke his way,  
And trampled generals down as clay;  
The bars of steel he cut in twain,  
And brazen gates opposed in vain!

4 But to Jehovah’s accents mild  
The hero, pliant as a child,  
Laid the new cares of empire by,  
Till Zion rose and shone on high.
5 Thus, mighty God, shall every heart
   (If thou thine influence there impart,
Throw its own fondest schemes aside,
   And follow where thy hand shall guide.

6 The foremost sons of fame shall boast
   To raise thy temples from their dust;
Princes shall shout thy name aloud,
   And new-born Priests thine altars crowd.

XXXII. A Glance from God bringing us down to the

1 SOVEREIGN of life, beneath thine eye,
   Lo, mortal men by thousands die!
One glance from thee at once brings down
   The proudest brow that wears a crown.

2 Banish’d at once from human sight
   To the dark grave’s unchanging night,
Imprison’d in that dusty bed,
   We hide our solitary head.

3 The friendly hand no more shall greet
   The tones familiar once, and sweet:
No more the well-known features trace,
   No more renew the fond embrace.

4 Yet if my Father’s faithful hand
   Conduct me through this gloomy land,
My soul with pleasure shall obey,
   And follow where he leads the way.

5 He nobler friends than here I leave,
   In brighter surer worlds can give;
Or by the beamings of his eye
   A lost creation well supply.

XXXIII. The Impossibility of prospering while Men
   harden themselves against God. Job ix. 4.

1 THE great Jehovah! who shall dare
   With him attempt unequal war?
What heart of steel shall dare oppose,
   And league among his harden’d foes?
2 At his command the lightnings dart,
   And swift transfixed the rebel heart:
   Earth trembles at his look!—it cleaves,
   And legions sink to living graves.

3 Where are the haughty monarchs now,
   Who scorn'd his word with low'ring brow?
   Where are the trophies of each reign?
   Where may their ruins now remain?

4 See Pharaoh sinking in the tide!
   See Babel's tyrant, mad with pride,
   Graze with the beasts!—Hear Herod roar,
   While worms his deity devour!

5 See from the turrets of the skies
   Rash Cherubs sink, no more to rise;
   And trace their rank from thrones of light
   By heavier chains, and darker night!

6 Great God! and shall this soul of mine
   Presume to challenge wrath divine?
   Trembling I seek thy mercy seat,
   And lay my weapons at thy feet.

XXXIV. God's Sentence of Condemnation deprecated.
   Job x. 2.

1 TREMENDOUS Judge, before thy bar
   What human creature can be clear?
   An arm so strong, an eye so pure
   Who can escape, or who endure?

2 Do not condemn us, Lord, we cry,
   As trembling in the dust we lie;
   But while with tears our guilt we own,
   Let smiling Mercy mount the throne.

3 If thou wilt smite, offended God,
   Sheath up thy sword, and take thy rod,
   And 'midst the anguish and the smart,
   Open to penitence our heart.
JOB.

4 By chastening if our souls be taught,
   And cleansed from each deep hidden fault,
The wise severity we'll bless,
   Nor wish such holy sorrows less.

XXXV. The Great Journey. Job xvi. 22.

1 Behold the path that mortals tread
   Down to the regions of the dead!
   Nor will the fleeting moments stay,
   Nor can we measure back our way.

2 Our kindred and our friends are gone;
   Know, O my soul, this doom thine own;
   Feeble as theirs my mortal frame,
   The same my way, my home the same.

3 From vital air, from cheerful light,
   To the cold grave's perpetual night,
   From scenes of duty, means of grace,
   Must I to God's tribunal pass!

4 Important journey! Awful view!
   How great the change! the scenes how new!
   The golden gates of heaven display'd,
   Or hell's fierce flames, and gloomy shade!

5 Awake, my soul; thy way prepare,
   And lose in this each mortal care,
   With steady feet that path be trod,
   Which through the grave conducts to God!

6 Jesus, to thee my all I trust,
   And, if thou call me down to dust,
   I know thy voice, I'll bless thy hand,
   And die in smiles at thy command.

7 What was my terror, then were joy;
   These views my brightest hopes employ,
   To go, ere many years are o'er,
   Secure I shall return no more.
XXXVI. The Penitent brought back from the Pit.
Job xxxiii. 27, 28.

1 THE Lord, from his exalted throne,
   In majesty array'd,
Looks with a melting pity down
   On all that seek his aid.

2 When, touch'd with penitent remorse,
   Our follies past we mourn,
With what a tenderness of love
   He meets our first return!

3 From heaven he sent his only Son
   To ransom us with blood,
To snatch us from the burning pit,
   When on its brink we stood.

4 From death and hell he leads us up
   By a delightful way;
And the bright beams of endless life
   Doth round our path display.

5 Great God, we wonder, and adore;
   And, to exalt such grace,
We long to learn the songs of heaven
   Ere yet we reach the place.

XXXVII. Communing with our Hearts. Psalm iv. 4.

1 RETURN, my roving heart, return,
   And chase these shadowy forms no more;
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
   And thy forsaken God implore.

2 Wisdom and Pleasure dwell at home;
   Retired and silent seek them there;
True conquest is ourselves to o'ercome,—
   True strength to break the tempter's snare.

3 And thou, my God, whose piercing eye
   Distinct surveys each deep recess,
In these abstracted hours draw nigh,
   And with thy presence fill the place.
PSALMS.

4 Through all the mazes of my heart
   My search let heavenly wisdom guide,
   And still its radiant beams impart,
   Till all be search’d, and purified.

5 Then, with the visits of thy love,
   Vouchsafe my trembling soul to cheer;
   Till every grace shall join to prove,
   That God hath fix’d his dwelling there.

XXXVIII. God’s Name, the Encouragement of our Faith. Psalm ix. 10.

1 SING to the Lord, who loud proclaims
   His various, and his saving names;
   O may they not be heard alone,
   But by our sure experience known!

2 Let great Jehovah be adored,
   The eternal, all-sufficient Lord!—
   He through the world most high confess’d,
   By whom ’twas form’d; by whom possess’d.

3 Awake our noblest powers, to bless
   The God of Abram, and of Peace;
   Now by a dearer title known,
   Father and God of Christ his Son.

4 Through every age his gracious ear
   Is open to his servants’ prayer;
   Nor can one humble soul complain,
   That it hath sought its God in vain.

5 What unbelieving heart shall dare
   In whispers to suggest a fear,
   While still he owns his ancient name?
   The same his power, his love the same!

6 To thee our souls in faith arise,
   To thee we lift expecting eyes;
   And boldly through the desart tread;
   For God will guard, where God hath led!
XXXIX. God the Defence of the Holy Soul.
Psalm xviii. 2.

1 TRIUMPH in Jehovah's name,
   That name is all my trust;
   Nor shall my hope be put to shame,
   Nor shall my soul be lost.

2 My God is my eternal rock,
   The tower of my defence;
   And all the powers of hell are broke,
   When they would force me thence.

3 The Lord of my salvation found,
   He shall disperse my foes;
   His shield extended wide around
   Shall well ward off their blows.

4 Loud shouts of victory complete
   Shall through his temple ring;
   And fix'd for ever near his seat,
   I'll grateful anthems sing.

XL. Triumph in God's Protection. Psalm xviii. 2.

1 LEGIONS of foes beset me round,
   While marching o'er this hollow ground;
   Yet in Jehovah's aid I trust,
   And in his power superior boast.

2 My buckler he; that shield once spread
   To cover this defenceless head:
   Then let the fiercest foes assail,
   Their darts I'll count as rattling hail.

3 He is my rock, and he my tower;
   The base how firm! the walls how sure!
   The battlements how high they rise,
   And hide their summits in the skies.
PSALMS.

4 Deliverance doth to God belong;
He is my strength, and he my song;
The horn of my salvation he,
And all my foes dispersed shall flee.

5 Through the long march my lips shall sing
My great Protector, and my King,
Till Zion's mount my feet ascend,
And all my painful warfare end.

6 Raised on the shining turrets there,
Through all the prospect wide and fair,
A land of peace his hosts survey,
And bless the grace that led the way.

XLI. Support in Death. Psalm xxiii. 4.

1 Behold the gloomy vale,
Which thou, my soul, must tread,
Beset with terrors fierce and pale,
That leads thee to the dead.

2 Ye pleasing scenes, adieu,
Which I so long have known:
My friends, a long farewell to you,
For I must pass alone!—

3 And thou, beloved clay,
Long partner of my cares,
In this rough path art torn away
With agony and tears.—

4 But see, a ray of light,
With splendors all divine,
Breaks through these doleful realms of night,
And makes its horrors shine.

5 Where death with darkness reigns,
Jehovah is my stay:
His rod my trembling feet sustains,
His staff defends my way.
PSALMS.

6 Dear Shepherd, lead me on;
   My soul disdains to fear;
Death's gloomy phantoms all are flown,
   Now life's great Lord is near.

XLII. The good Man's Prospect for Time and Eternity.
Psalm xxiii: 6.

1 My soul, triumphant in the Lord,
   Shall tell its joys abroad;
   And march with holy vigour on,
   Supported by its God.

2 Through all the winding maze of life,
   His hand hath been my guide,
   And in that long experienced care,
   My heart shall still confide.

3 His grace through all the desert flows,
   An unexhausted stream:
   That grace on Zion's sacred mount
   Shall be my endless theme.

4 Beyond the choicest joys of earth
   These distant courts I love;
   But oh! I burn with strong desire
   To view thy throne above.

5 Mingled with all the shining band,
   My soul would there adore;
   A pillar in thy temple fix'd,
   To be removed no more.

XLIII. The Cry of God's Servants under the Hidings of his Face. Psalm xxvii. 9.

1 Oh! God of my salvation, hear,
   Attend thy servant's cry,
   And bring thy promised mercy near,
   Lest I should droop and die.
PSALMS.

2 O! do not frown my soul away,
And cast me from thy sight,
But beams of gentle grace display,
That I may bless the light.

3 Do not desert me, oh my God!
In weakness, and distress,
I faint beneath this earthly load,
Then let thy pity bless.

4 Am I not thine by sacred bands?
Thy servant bought with blood?
Complete the work of thine own hands,
And make thy promise good.

5 Oft hast thou saved me in distress,
And still I look to thee!
Thy saving power is now no less,
Nor less shall Mercy be.

XLIV. The Blessings which God has wrought, and
laid up for his People. Psalm xxxi. 19.

1 OUR souls with pleasing wonder view
The bounties of thy grace;
How much bestow'd! How much reserved
For those that seek thy face!

2 Thy liberal hand with worldly bliss
Oft makes their cup run o'er;
And in the covenant of thy love
They find diviner store.

3 Here Mercy hides their numerous sins;
Here Grace their soul renews;
And here behold thy smiling face
Doth heavenly beams diffuse.

5 But O! what treasures yet unknown
Are lodged in worlds to come!
If such th' enjoyments of the way,
How happier far that home!
5 And what shall mortal worms reply?  
   Or how such goodness own?  
   But 'tis our joy that, Lord, to thee  
   Thy servants' hearts are known.

6 Thine eyes shall read those grateful thoughts  
   No language can express:  
   Yet, while our liveliest thanks we pay,  
   Our debts then most increase.

7 Since time's too short, all gracious God,  
   To utter half thy praise,  
   Loud to the honour of thy name  
   Eternal hymns we'll raise.

XLV. Relishing the divine Goodness.  
Psalm xxxiv. 8, 9.

1 TRIUMPHANT, Lord, thy goodness reigns  
   Through all the wide celestial plains;  
   And its full streams redundant flow  
   Down to the realms of men below.

2 Through Nature's works its glories shine;  
   The cares of Providence are thine:  
   And Grace erects our ruin'd frame  
   A fairer temple to thy name.

3 O give to every human heart  
   To taste, and feel how good thou art:  
   With grateful love, and reverend fear,  
   To know, how blest thy children dear.

4 Let Nature burst into a song;  
   The echoing hills her notes prolong:  
   Earth, seas, and stars, their anthems raise,  
   All vocal with their Maker's praise.

5 Ye saints, with joy the theme pursue,  
   Its sweetest notes belong to you;  
   Chosen by your conquering King  
   For ever round his throne to sing.
LVI. _God saying to the Soul, that he is its Salvation._

**Psalm xxxv. 3.**

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

2 **Rescued from Hell's eternal gloom,**
   From fiends, and fires, and chains:
   Raised to a paradise of bliss,
   Where love with glory reigns!

3 **But O! may a degenerate 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 its tears to praise.

6 **My Saviour-God! this broken voice**
   Transported shall proclaim,
   And call on all the angelic harps
   To sound so sweet a name.

LVII. _God's Complacency in the Prosperity of his Servants._ **Psalm xxxv. 27.**

**The Lord with pleasure views his saints,**
   And calls them all his own;
   And low he bows to their complaints,
   And pities every groan.
34 PSALMS.

2 In all the joys they here possess,
   He takes a tender part;
   And, when they soar to heavenly bliss,
   Complacence fills his heart.

3 My God, are all my pleasures thine?
   My comforts thy delight?
   O be thine attributes divine
   Most precious in my sight!

4 They most in all thy bliss shall share,
   Whose hearts can love thee most;
   O could I vie in ardour here
   With all the angelic host.

XLVIII. The Days of the Upright known to God.
Psalm xxxvii. 18.

1 To thee, my God, my days are known;
   My soul enjoys the thought;
   My actions stand before thy face,
   Nor are my faults forgot.

2 Each secret prayer devotion breathes
   Is vocal to thine ear;
   And all my walks of daily life
   Before thine eye appear.

3 The vacant hour, the active scene,
   Thy mercy shall approve;
   And every pang of sympathy,
   And every care of love.

4 Each golden hour of beaming light
   Is gilded by thy rays;
   And dark affliction's midnight gloom
   A present God surveys.

5 Full in thy view through life I pass,
   And in thy view shall die;
   And, when each mortal bond is broke,
   Still shall my God be nigh.
PSALMS.

6 Stripp'd of its little earthly all,
   My soul in smiles shall go;
And in a heavenly heritage
   Its Father's bounty know.

§ XLIX. On the Care of Providence over good Men and their Children. Psalm xxxvii. 25.

1 THE Lord his people will support,
   They shall be richly fed;
What earthly blessing can they want
   Who live on heavenly bread?

2 When to the dust he bringsthem down,
   His hand can raise them high,
Nor will he suffer them to pine,
   And languish till they die.

3 To parents and their rising race
   His tender care extends;
He speaks, and in the Orphan's cause
   Spring up a thousand friends.

4 This have thine aged servants seen,
   And left on sure record,
That generations yet unborn
   May trust their faithful Lord.

5 My heart adores almighty Grace,
   That softens all its care,
Nor till their Father's stores are spent,
   Let his own children fear.

L. The Soul mourning after God when under great Distress. Psalm xxxviii. 9, 10.

1 MY soul, the awful hour will come,
   Apace it marcheth on,
To bear this body to the tomb,
   And thee to scenes unknown.
2 My heart, long labouring with its woes,
   Shall pant and sink away;
And soon my eyelids too shall close
   On day's last glimmering ray.

3 Whence in that hour shall I receive
   A cordial for my pain,
When, if earth's monarchs were my friends,
   Those friends would weep in vain?

4 Great King of nature, and of grace,
   To thee my spirit flies,
And opens all its deep distress
   Before thy pitying eyes.

5 All its desires to thee are known,
   And every secret fear,
The meaning of each broken groan
   Well-noted by thine ear.

6 O fix me by that mighty power,
   Which to such love belongs,
Where darkness veils the eyes no more,
   And groans are changed to songs.

LI. **God magnified by those that love his Salvation.**

Psalm xl. 16.

1 **G**od of salvation, we adore
   Thy saving love, thy saving power;
And to our utmost stretch of thought
   Hail the redemption thou hast wrought.

2 We love the stroke that breaks our chain,
The sword, by which our sins are slain:
And, while abased in dust we bow,
   We sing the grace that lays us low.

3 Perish each thought of human pride,
   Let God alone be magnified:
His glory let the heavens resound,
   Shouted from earth's remotest bound.
Saints, who his full salvation know,
Saints, who but taste it here below,
Join with the angelic choir to raise
Transporting songs of deathless praise.

LII. The Triumph of Christ in the Cause of Truth.
Psalm xlv. 3, 4.

1 LOUD to the Prince of Heaven
   Your cheerful voices raise;
   'T'o him your vows be given,
   And fill his courts with praise:
   With conscious might,
   All cased in arms,
   All bright in charms,
   He meets our sight.

2 Gird on thy conquering sword,
   Ascend thy shining car,
   And march, Almighty Lord,
   To wage thy holy war:
   Before his wheels,
   In glad surprise,
   Ye valleys, rise,
   And sink, ye hills.

3 Fair Truth, and smiling Love,
   And injured Righteousness
   In thy retinue move,
   And seek from thee redress:
   Thou in their cause
   Shalt prosperous ride,
   And far and wide
   Dispense thy laws.

4 Before thine awful face
   Millions of foes shall fall,
   The captives of thy grace,
   That grace which conquers all:
38 PSALMS.

The world shall know,
Great King of kings,
What wondrous things
Thine arm can do,

5 Here to my willing soul
   Bend thy triumphant way;
   Here every foe control,
   And all thy power display:
   My heart, thy throne,
   Blest Jesus, see,
   Bows low to thee,
   To thee alone.

✠ LIII. The Church, the Bride of Christ, and gloriously arrayed. Psalm xliv. 13, 14.

1 All glory to the Prince of love,
   Who left his radiant throne above,
   And robed in gentleness came down
   To join our nature to his own.

2 His Church in dearest bonds allied,
   He calls his sister and his bride;
   At once he calls and makes her fair,
   And honours with a husband's care.

3 Brighter than gems or dazzling gold
   She stands, all glorious to behold:
   Her Lord prepared and gave the dress,
   The robes of Joy and Righteousness.

4 With transports far exceeding thought,
   That bride shall to her king be brought,
   And smile forever near his seat
   In beauty's lasting charms complete.

5 There through the riches of thy grace
   May we, thy servants, find a place;
   And at thy table be it given
   This day to dress our souls for heaven.
LIV. Quietness under Affliction, a proper Acknowledgment of God. Psalm 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 our 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 every brow;
And shall tumultuous passions rise;
    If he correct us now?

6 Silent I own Jehovah's name;
    I kiss thy scourging hand;
And yield my comforts, and my life
    To thy supreme command.

LV. The Year crowned with the divine Goodness. Psalm lxv. 11.

FOR NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

1 ETERNAL source of every joy!
    Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
    Whose goodness crowns the circling year.
2 While as the wheels of Nature roll,
   Thy hand supports the steady pole;
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
   And darkness, when to veil the skies.

3 The flowery Spring at thy command
   Embalms the air, and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigour shine
   To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

4 Thy hand in Autumn richly pours
   Through all our coasts redundant stores;
   And winter, softened by thy cares,
   No more a face of horror wears.

5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days
   Demand successive songs of praise;
   With opening light, and closing shade.

6 Here in thy house shall incense rise,
   As circling sabbaths bless our eyes;
   And still we make thy mercies known,
   Around thy board, and round our own.

7 O may our more harmonious tongues
   In worlds unknown pursue these songs;
   Where days and years revolve no more!

LVI. Rebels against the supreme Sovereign admonished. Psalm lxvi. 7.

1 The Lord of glory reigns supremely great,
   O'er heaven's high arches builds his royal seat,
   Through worlds unknown his sovereign sway extends,
   Nor space, nor time, his boundless empire ends;
   His eye beholds the affairs of every nation,
   And reads each thought, through his immense creation.
2 Lightnings and storms his mighty word obey,
    And planets roll, where he has mark'd their way;
Unnumber'd Cherubs veil'd before him stand,
Then at his smile their radiant wings expand;
His praise gives harmony to all their voices,
And every heart through that full choir rejoices.

3 Rebellious mortals, cease your tumults vain,
Nor longer such unequal war maintain,
Let clay with fellow clay in combat strive,
But dread to brave the power, by which you live:
With contrite hearts fall prostrate and adore him,
For, if he frown, ye perish soon before him.


1 MY God, whose all-pervading eye
    Views earth beneath, and heaven above,
Witness, if here or there thou seest
An object of mine equal love.

2 Not the gay scenes, where mortal men
Pursue their bliss and find their woe,
Detain my rising heart, which springs
To nobler joys with heavenly glow.

3 Not all the fairest sons of light,
    That lead the army round thy throne,
Can bound its flight; it presseth on,
And seeks its rest in God alone.

4 Fix'd near the immortal source of bliss,
    Dauntless and joyous it surveys
Each form of horror and distress,
That Earth, combined with Hell, can raise.

5 This feeble flesh shall faint and die;
This heart renew its pulse no more;
Even now it views the moment nigh,
When life's last struggle shall be o'er.
PSALMS.

6 But come, thou vanquish'd king of dread,
With thy own hand thy power destroy;
'Tis thine to bear my soul to God,
My portion, and eternal joy.

LVIII. The Rage of Enemies restrained, and overruled to the divine Glory. Psalm lxxvi. 10.

THANKSGIVING FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF THE REBELLION, 1746.

1 ACCEPT, great God, thy Britain's songs,
While grateful joy unites our tongues
To own the work thy hand hath done:
Thy hand hath crush'd our cruel foes,
When in rebellious troops they rose,
And swore to tread our glory down.

2 With hell confederate on their side,
People and Prince, their rage defied,
And in proud hope devour'd us all;
Thy hand its banner hath display'd,
Beckon'd its hero to our aid,
And in one day their legions fall.

3 Thus shalt thou still maintain thy throne,
And prove that thou art God alone.
Though Earth and Hell each effort tries,
Midst all the tumult they can raise,
Envenom'd wrath exalts thy praise,
Till hush'd at thy rebuke it dies.

4 So swell the surges of the sea,
And roar in their impetuous way,
As they would deluge earth again:
So strike they on the unshaken rock,
And broken by the thundering shock,
Foam but to feel their fury vain.
PSALMS.

LIX. God furnishing a Table in the Wilderness.

Psalm lxxviii. 19, 20.

1 PARENT of universal good,
   We own thy bounteous hand,
   Which doth so rich a table spread
   In this sad desert land.

2 Struck by thy power, the flinty rocks
   In gushing torrents flow;
   The feather’d wanderers of the air
   Thy guiding instinct know.

3 The pregnant clouds, at thy command,
   Rain down delicious bread;
   And by light drops of pearly dew
   Are numerous armies fed.

4 Supported thus, thine Israel march’d
   The promised land to gain,
   And shall thy children now begin
   To seek their God in vain?

5 Are all thy stores exhausted now?
   Or doth thy mercy fail?
   That faith should languish in our breasts,
   And anxious cares prevail?

6 Ye base unworthy fears, be gone,
   And wide disperse in air;
   And may I feel my Father’s rod,
   When I suspect his care!

LX. God’s Mercy in reviving his Church.

Psalm lxxx. 6.

1 FOUNTAIN of Life, thy grace impart
   In vital streams to every heart;
   On every side thy work revive,
   And bid thy dying churches live.
2 Scarce can thy garden now be known,  
   Its plants dried up, its bowers o'erthrown:  
   Our with'ring state with pity view,  
   And be thyself thine Israel's dew.

3 O! let thy saints rejoice in thee!  
   Let sinners thy salvation see;  
   And let the humble hearts that mourn  
   With joy proclaim their Lord's return.

LXI. God speaking Peace to his People. Ps. lxxxv. 8.

1 UNITE, my roving thoughts, unite  
   In silence soft and sweet:  
   And thou, my soul, sit gently down  
   At thy great Sovereign's feet.

2 Jehovah's awful voice is heard,  
   Yet gladly I attend;  
   For lo! the everlasting God  
   Proclaims himself my friend.

3 Harmonious accents to my soul  
   The sounds of peace convey;  
   The tempest at his word subsides,  
   And winds and seas obey.

4 By all its joys, I charge my heart,  
   To grieve his love no more;  
   But, charm'd by mercy so divine,  
   To give its follies o'er.

LXII. The Church under the Care of God; and the Birth-place of the Saints. Psalm lxviii. 5.

ON OPENING A NEW PLACE OF WORSHIP.

1 AND will the great eternal God  
   On earth establish his abode?  
   And will he from his radiant throne  
   Avow our temples for his own?
2 We bring the tribute of our praise,
And sing that condescending grace,
Which to our notes will lend an ear,
And call such sinful mortals near.

3 Our Father's watchful care we bless,
Which guards our churches here in peace,
That no tumultuous foes invade,
To make our trembling souls afraid.

4 These walls we to thine honour raise;
Long may they echo with thy praise;
And thou descending fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace!

5 Here let the great Redeemer reign
With all the virtues of his train;
While power divine his word attends
To conquer foes, and cheer his friends!

6 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!

LXIII. The Gospel Jubilee. Psalm lxxxix. 15, compared with Levit. xxv. and Isaiah lxI. 2.

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

2 Ye debtors, whom he gives to know,
   That you ten thousand talents owe,
   When humbled at his feet ye fall,
   Your gracious Lord forgives them all.

3 Slaves, that have borne the heavy chain
   Of Sin and Hell's tyrannic reign,
   To liberty assert your claim,
   And urge the great Redeemer's name.
4 The rich inheritance you lost,  
Restored, improved, you now may boast,  
Fair Salem your arrival waits,  
To golden streets, and pearly gates.

5 Her blest inhabitants no more  
Bondage and poverty deplore:  
No claim, but love immensely great,  
Whose joy still rises with the debt.

6 O happy souls that know the sound!  
God's light shall all their steps surround;  
And shew that Jubilee begun,  
Which through eternal years shall run.

LXIV. God the Dwelling-place of his People.  
Psalm xc. 1.

1 Thou, Lord, through every changing scene  
Hast to thy saints a refuge been:  
Through every age, eternal God,  
Their pleasing home, their safe abode.

2 In thee our fathers sought their rest;  
In thee our fathers still are blest;  
And, while the tomb confines their dust,  
In thee their souls abide, and trust.

3 And lo! we rise, a feeble race,  
Awhile to fill our father's place:  
Our helpless state with pity view,  
And let us share their refuge too.

4 Through all the thorny paths we trace  
In this uncertain wilderness,  
When friends desert, and foes invade,  
Revive our heart, and guard our head.

5 So when this pilgrimage is o'er,  
And we may dwell in flesh no more,  
To thee our separate souls shall come,  
And find in thee a surer home.
PSALMS.

6 To thee our infant race we leave;
Them may their fathers' God receive;
That voices yet unform'd may raise
Succeeding hymns of humble praise.

LXV. Reflections on the Waste of Years.
Psalm xc. 9.

FOR NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

1 REMARK, my soul, the narrow bounds
Of the revolving year!
How swift the weeks complete their rounds!
How short the months appear!

2 So fast Eternity comes on,
And that important day,
When all that mortal life has done
God's judgment shall survey.

3 Yet like an idle tale we pass
The swift advancing year;
And try new ways that but increase
The speed of its career.

4 Waken, O God, my trifling heart
Its great concern to see;
That I may act the christian part,
And give the year to thee.

5 So shall their course more grateful roll,
If future years arise;
Or this shall bear my smiling soul
To joy that never dies.

LXVI. Joy and Prosperity from the Presence and Blessing of God. Psalm xc. 17.

1 SHINE on our souls, eternal God,
With rays of mercy shine;
O let thy favour crown our days,
And all their round be thine!

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2 Did we not raise our hands to thee,
   Our hands might toil in vain;
Small joy success itself can give,
   If thou thy love restrain.

3 With thee let every week begin,
   With thee each day be spent,
For thee each fleeting hour improved,
   Since each by thee is lent.

4 Thus cheer us through this desert road,
   Till all our labours cease;
And heaven refresh our weary souls
   With everlasting peace.


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

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

4 Our days a transient period run,
   And change with every circling sun;
And in the firmest state we boast,
   A moth's not easier crush'd to dust.

5 But let the creatures fall around;
   Let Death consign us to the ground
Let the last general flame arise,
   And melt the arch that bears the skies.
Calm as the summer's ocean, we
Can all the wreck of nature see,
Secure by grace of an abode,
Unshaken as the throne of God.

LX VIII. God's gracious Regard to the Frailty of Human-nature. Psalm ciii. 14.

1 LORD, we adore thy wondrous name,
   And make that name our trust,
Which raised at first this curious frame,
   From mean and lifeless dust.

2 By dust supported, still it stands,
   Wrought up to various forms,
Prepared by thy creating hands
   To nourish mortal worms.

3 Awhile these frail machines endure,
   The fabric of a day;
Then know their vital powers no more,
   But moulder back to clay.

4 Yet, Lord, whate'er is felt or fear'd,
   This thought is our repose,
That He, by whom this frame was rear'd,
   Its various weakness knows.

5 Thou view'st us with a pitying eye,
   While struggling with our load;
In pains and dangers thou art nigh,
   Our Father, and our God.

6 Gently supported by thy love,
   We tend to realms of peace;
Where every pain shall far remove,
   And frailty shall cease.
LXIX. *God adored for his Goodness, and his wonderful Works to the Children of Men.* Psalm cvii. 31.

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

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

3 Sing Earth in verdant robes array’d,
   Its herbs and flowers, its fruit and shade;
   Peopled with life of various forms,
   Fishes and fowls, and beasts and worms.

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

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

6 Thither, my soul, with rapture soar;
   There in the land of praise adore;
   This theme demands an angel’s lay,
   Demands an undying day.

LXX. *The holy Soul returning to its Rest in a grateful Sense of the divine Bounty.* Psalm cxvi. 7.

1 **RETURN,** my soul, and seek thy rest
   Upon thy heavenly Father’s breast:
   Indulge me, Lord, in that repose,
   The soul which loves thee only knows.
PSALMS. 51

2 Lodged in thine arms, I fear no more
The tempest’s howl, the billow’s roar:
Those storms must shake the Almighty’s seat,
Which violate the saint’s retreat.

3 Thy bounties, Lord, to me surmount
The power of language to recount;
From morning’s dawn, the setting sun
Sees but my work of praise begun.

4 The mercies all my moments bring,
Ask an eternity to sing;
What thanks those mercies can repay,
Which last through an eternal day?

5 Rich in ten thousand gifts possess’d,
In future hopes more richly bless’d,
I’ll sit and sing, till death shall raise
A note of more proportion’d praise.

LXXI. Providential Deliverances celebrated.
Psalm cxvi. 8.

1 LOOK back, my soul, with grateful love,
On what thy God hath done;
Praise him for his unnumber’d gifts,
And praise him for his Son.

2 How oft hath his indulgent hand
My flowing eyelids dried,
And rescued from impending death,
When I in danger cried!

3 When on the bed of pain I lay,
With sickness sore oppress’d,
How oft hath he assuaged my grief,
And lull’d my eyes to rest!

4 Back from destruction’s yawning pit
At his command I came;
He fed the expiring lamp anew,
And raised its feeble flame.
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PSALMS.

5 My broken spirit he hath cheer'd,
   When torn with inward grief;
   And, when temptations press'd me sore,
   He brought me swift relief.

6 My soul from everlasting death
   Is by his mercy brought,
   To tell in Zion's sacred gates
   The wonders he hath wrought.

7 Still will I walk before his face,
   While he this life prolongs;
   Till grace shall all its work complete,
   And teach me heavenly songs.

LXXII. Deliverance celebrated, and good Resolution formed. Psalm cxvi. 8, 9.

GREAT source of life, our souls confess
The various riches of thy grace;
Crown'd with thy mercy, we rejoice,
And in thy praise exalt our voice.

2 By thee heaven's shining arch was spread;
   By thee were earth's foundations laid,
   And all the charms of men's abode
   Proclaim the wise, the gracious God.

3 Thy tender hand restores our breath,
   When trembling on the verge of death;
   Gently it wipes away our tears,
   And lengthens life to future years.

4 These lives are sacred to the Lord;
   Kindled by him, by him restored;
   And, while our hours renew their race,
   Still would we walk before his face.

5 So when by him our souls are led
   Through unknown regions of the dead,
   With joy triumphant shall they move
   To seats of nobler life above.
LXXIII. Of living beyond Death and celebrating the Works of God. Psalm cxviii. 17.

1 NOTE well, my soul, what joy God's promises can give, 
By them expiring Christians cry, 
"We only die to live!"

2 To join the songs of Heaven 
By losing mortal breath; 
O! 'twere a prospect too divine, 
To bear the name of Death.

3 Ye tardy moments, fly! 
Thou dying life, make haste, 
That my expiring soul may know 
Of real life the taste.

4 Those mysteries of God, 
That I would fain declare, 
Demand sublimer strains of praise 
Than David's harp might bear!

5 Let Gabriel lead the song, 
Let God inspire the lay; 
That theme will furnish full employ 
For an eternal day.

LXXIV. Praise for Recovery from Sickness. Psalm cxviii. 18, 19.

1 GREAT Lord of life, I own thy hand 
In every chastening stroke; 
And, while I smart beneath thy rod, 
Thy presence I invoke.

2 To thee in my distress I cried, 
And thou hast bow'd thine ear; 
Thy powerful word my life prolong'd, 
And brought salvation near.
3 Unfold, ye gates of righteousness,
That, with the pious throng,
I may record my solemn vows,
And tune my grateful song.

4 Praise to the Lord, whose gentle hand
Renews our labouring breath:
Praise to the Lord, who makes his saints
Triumphant e'en in death.

5 My God, in thine appointed hour
Those heavenly gates display,
Where pain and sin, and fear and death
For ever flee away.

6 There, while the nations of the bless'd
With rapture throng around,
My anthems to delivering grace
In sweeter strains shall sound.

LXXV. A regard to the Scripture pressed upon you,
Persons. Psalm cxix. 9.

1 INDULGENT God, with pitying eye
The sons of men survey,
And see how youthful sinners sport
In broad destruction's way.

2 Ten thousand dangers lurk around
To bear them to the tomb;
Each in an hour may plunge them down,
Where hope can never come.

3 Instruct, O Lord, their wandering minds
Amused with airy dreams,
That heavenly wisdom may dispel
Their visionary schemes.

4 With holy caution may they walk,
And be thy word their guide;
Till each, the desert safely pass'd,
On Zion's Hill abide.
XXVI. Desires of being quickened by the Word of God. Psalm cxix. 25.

1 With pity, Lord, thy servant view,
    As in the dust I lie,
Nor, while I raise my plaintive voice,
    Disdain the broken cry.

2 Fain would I mount on eagles' wings,
    And view thy glorious face;
But cumbersome burdens drag me down
    From thine adored embrace.

3 Thy quickening energy diffuse
    O'er all my inmost frame;
And animate these languid lips
    To celebrate thy name.

4 Thy living word has wonders wrought;
    Those wonders here renew;
And pour fresh vigour through my soul,
    While I its glories view.

5 From thee, great ever flowing spring,
    Let vital streams descend;
And cheer me to begin those songs
    Which death shall never end.

LXXVII. Human Perfection nowhere to be found.
Psalm cxix. 96.

1 Perfection! 'tis an empty name,
    Nor can repay our cares,
And he that seeks it here below
    Must end the search with tears.

2 Great David on his royal throne,
    The beauteous and the strong,
Rich in the spoils of conquer'd foes,
    Amidst the applauding throng,
3 With all his mind's capacious powers,
   Pursued the shade in vain;
   Nor heard it his melodious voice,
   Or harp's angelic strain.

4 From public to domestic scenes
   The impatient monarch turns;
   As friend, as husband, and as sire
   In sad succession mourns.

5 At length thy law, eternal God,
   He through his tears descries,
   And, wrapt amid those sacred folds,
   He finds the heavenly prize.

6 There will I seek perfection too,
   Where David's God is known;
   Nor envy, with this volume blest,
   His treasures or his throne.

LXXVIII. Beholding Transgressors with Grief.
Psalm 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 sunk in shame;
   See scandals pour'd on that dear name;
   The Father wounded through the Son;
   The world abused, and souls undone.

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

4 My God, I feel the mournful scene;
   My bowels yearn o'er dying men;
   And fain my pity would reclaim,
   And snatch them burning from the flame.
5 But feeble my compassion proves,
    And can but weep, where most it loves:
Thine own all-saving arm employ,
    And turn these floods of grief to joy.

LXXIX. The wandering Sheep recovered.
    Psalm cxix. 176.

1 LORD, we have wander’d from thy way;
    Like foolish sheep, we’ve gone astray;
Our pleasant pastures we have left,
    And of their guard our souls bereft.

2 Exposed to want, exposed to harm;
    Far from our gentle Shepherd’s arm;
Nor will these fatal wanderings cease,
    Till thou reveal the paths of peace.

3 O seek thy thoughtless servants, Lord,
    Nor let us quite forget thy word;
Our erring souls do thou restore,
    And keep us, that we stray no more.

LXXX. The weeping Seed-time and joyful Harvest.
    Psalm cxxvi. 5, 6.

1 THE darken’d sky, how thick it lowers!
    Troubled with storms, and big with showers;
No cheerful gleam of light appears,
    But Nature’s all dissolved in tears.

2 Yet let the sons of grace revive;
    God bids the soul that seeks him live;
And from the gloomiest shade of night
    Calls forth a morning of delight.

3 The seeds of ecstasy unknown
    Are in these watery furrows sown;
See the green blades, how thick they rise,
    And with fresh verdure bless our eyes.
4 In secret foldings they contain
Unnumber'd ears of golden grain;
And heaven shall pour its beams around,
Till the ripe harvest load the ground.

5 Then shall the trembling mourner come,
And find his sheaves, and bear them home:
The voice long broke with sighs shall sing,
Till heaven with hallelujahs ring.

LXXXI. Thanks to God for his ever-enduring Goodness. Psalm cxxxvi. 1.

FOR NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

1 HOUSE of our God, with cheerful anthems ring,
While all our lips and hearts his graces sing!
The opening year his favours shall proclaim,
And all its days be vocal with his name;
The Lord is good, his mercy never-ending;
His blessings in perpetual showers descending.

2 The heaven of heavens! he with his bounty fills:
Ye Seraphs bright on ever blooming hills,
His honours sound; you to whom good alone,
Unmingled, ever-growing, has been known.
Through your immortal life, with love increasing,
Proclaim your Maker's goodness never-ceasing.

3 Thou Earth, enlighten'd by his rays divine,
Pregnant with grass, and corn, and oil, and wine,
Crown'd with his goodness, let thy nations meet,
And lay their crowns at his paternal feet:
With grateful love that liberal hand confessing,
Which through each heart diffuseth every blessing.

4 Zion enrich'd with his distinguish'd grace,
Blest with the rays of thine Emmanuel's face,
Zion, Jehovah's portion, and delight,
Graved on his heart, and hourly in his sight,
An sacred strains exalt that grace excelling,
Which makes thy humble hill his chosen dwelling.

5 His mercy never ends; the dawn, the shade
Still see new bounties through new scenes display’d:
Succeeding ages bless this sure abode,
And children lean upon their fathers’ God.
The deathless soul, through its immense duration,
Drinks from this source immortal consolation.

6 Burst into praise, my soul; all nature join;
Angels and men in harmony combine!
While human years are measured by the sun,
And while Eternity its course shall run,
His goodness, in perpetual showers descending,
Exalt in songs, and raptures never-ending!

LXXXII. God strengthening the Souls of his praying People. Psalm cxviii. 3.

1 My soul, review the trembling days,
In which my God I sought;
I cried aloud for aid divine,
And aid divine he brought.

2 Through all my weak and fainting heart
His secret strength he spread,
And clasp’d me in his arms of love,
And raised my drooping head.

3 He call’d himself my covenant-God,
His promises he shew’d;
And wide display’d their solemn seal
In the great Surety’s blood.

4 I heard his people shout around,
And join’d their cheerful song;
And saw from far the shining seats,
That to his saints belong.
My God, what inward strength thou giv'st
I to thy service vow;
And in thy strength would upward march,
Till at thy throne I bow.

LXXXIII. Rejoicing in the Ways of God.
Psalms cxiii. 5.

NOW let our voices join,
To form one pleasant song:
Ye pilgrims in Jehovah's ways,
With music pass along.

How straight the path appears!
How open, and how fair!
No lurking pits entrap our feet;
No fierce destroyers 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,
Are sparkling through the skies.

All honour to his name,
Who drew the shining trace;
To him, who leads the wanderers on,
And cheers them with his grace.

Reduce the nations, Lord,
Teach all their kings thy ways,
That earth's full choir the notes may swell,
And heaven resound thy praise.
LXXXIV. The innumerable Mercies of God thankfully acknowledged. Psalm cxxxix. 17, 18.

1 In glad amazement, Lord, I stand,
   Amidst the bounties of thy hand;
   How numberless those bounties are,
   How rich, how various, and how fair!

2 But O! what poor returns I make,
   What lifeless thanks I pay thee back;
   Lord, I confess with humble shame,
   My offerings scarce deserve the name.

3 Fain would my labouring heart devise
   To bring some nobler sacrifice;
   It sinks beneath the mighty load:—
   What shall I render to my God?

4 To him I consecrate my praise,
   And vow the remnant of my days;
   Yet what at best can I pretend
   Worthy such gifts, from such a friend?

5 In deep abasement, Lord, I see
   My emptiness, my poverty:—
   Enrich my soul with grace divine,
   And make it worthier to be thine.

6 Give me at length an angel's tongue,
   That heaven may echo with my song;
   The theme, too great for time, shall be
   The joy of vast eternity.

LXXXV. Praising God through the Whole of our Existence. Psalm cxlvi. 2,*

1 God of my life, through all its days
   My grateful powers shall sound thy praise;
   The song shall wake with opening light,
   And warble to the silent night.

* It is interesting to remember, that, when pressed down by the hand of disease and tottering on the brink of eternity, the pious author of this hymn realized the divine consolations its perusal may inspire. See Life of Dr. Doddridge.
2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
   And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
   Thy tuneful praises raised on high
   Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3 When death o’er nature shall prevail,
   And all the powers of language fail,
   Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
   And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4 But O! when that last conflict’s o’er,
   And I am chain’d to flesh no more,
   With what glad accents shall I rise,
   To join the music of the skies!

5 Soon shall I learn the exalted strains,
   Which echo o’er the heavenly plains;
   And emulate, with joy unknown,
   The glowing Seraphs round thy throne.

6 The cheerful tribute will I give,
   Long as a deathless soul can live;
   A work so sweet, a theme so high,
   Demands, and crowns eternity.

LXXXVI. The Meek beautified with Salvation.

Psalm cxlix. 4.

1 Y E humble souls, rejoice,
   And cheerful anthems 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
   To own you for his own.

3 He brings salvation near,
   For which his blood was paid:
   How beauteous holy souls appear
   Thus sumptuously array’d!
PROVERBS.

4 Sing, for the day is nigh,
    When near your Leader's seat
The sons of arrogance shall lie,
    The footstool of your feet.

5 Salvation, Lord, is thine!
    Thine, all thy saints may boast
The royal robes, in which they shine,
    Amid the heavenly host.

LXXXVII. The Reproofs of Wisdom mingled with Promises, and Threatenings to reclaim wandering Sinners. Proverbs i. 23.

1 HARK! for 'tis wisdom's voice,
    That breaks in gentle sound:
Listen, ye sons of earth and sin,
    And gather all around.

2 What though she may rebuke,
    And the stung soul may smart;
True love through all her chastening runs,
    By pain to mend the heart.

3 "Ye that have hurried on
    In sin's destructive race,
Turn, turn," the heavenly charmer cries,
    And seize the proffer'd grace.

4 "I know your souls are weak,
    And mortal efforts vain
To grapple with the Prince of hell,
    And break the accursed chain.

5 "But I'll my spirit pour
    In torrents from above,
To arm you with superior strength,
    And melt your hearts in love.

6 "Come, while these offers last,
    Ye sinners, and be wise:
He lives, who hears this friendly call,
    But he that slights it, dies."
NOW let the listening world around
In silent reverence hear;
While from on high the Saviour's voice
Thus strikes the attentive ear:

To you, O sons of men, I call,
And from my lofty throne
Reclined, in gentle pity bow
To make salvation known.

Ye thoughtless sinners, hear my voice,
Attend my words and live;
My words conduct to solid joys,
And endless blessings give.

Each faithful minister is sent
This message to proclaim;
In every various providence
The language is the same.

And could the pale forgotten dead,
Though deep in dust they lie,
Arise in visionary crowds,
They'd join the solemn cry.

Forgetful mortals, yet be wise,
While o'er the grave ye stand;
Lest long neglected love provoke
The vengeance of my hand.

In glad submission bow ye down,
Nor steel that stubborn heart;
Till mine inexorable voice
Pronounce the word, Depart.

Blest Jesus, may thy Spirit breathe
On souls, which else must die;
For, till thy grace reflect the sound,
Thy word in vain will cry.
XXXIX. The Encouragement young Persons have to seek and love Christ. Prov. viii. 17.

1 Ye hearts with youthful vigour warm,
   In smiling crowds draw near,
   And turn from every mortal charm,
   A Saviour's voice to hear.

2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
   Stoops to converse with you;
   And lays his radiant glories by,
   Your friendship to pursue.

3 "The soul that longs to see my face,
   Is sure my love to gain;
   And those that early seek my grace,
   Shall never seek in vain."

4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
   If once compared with thee?
   What beauty should command my love,
   Like 'what in Christ I see?'

5 Away, ye false delusive toys,
   Vain tempters of the mind!
   'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
   And here true bliss I find.


1 See the fair structure Wisdom rears,
   Her messengers attend;
   And charm'd by her persuasive voice,
   To her your footsteps bend.

2 "Hear me, ye simple ones," she cries,
   "That lured by Folly stray,
   And languish to eternal death
   In her detested way."
3 "Enter my hospitable gate,
   And all my banquet share;
For heavenly wine now crowns my board,
   And angels' food is there.

4 "Freely of every dainty taste;
   Taste, and for ever live;
And mingle with your joys the hopes
   Of all a God can give.

5 "But if seduced by Folly's arts,
   Ye seek her poisonous food;
Know, that the dreadful moment hastes,
   Which pays her feast with blood."

XCI. The Excellency of the Righteous, with regard to their Temper. Prov. xii. 26. Part 1st.

1 HOW glorious, Lord, art thou!
   How bright thy splendours shine,
Whose rays reflected gild thy saints
   With ornaments divine.

2 With lowliness and love,
   Wisdom and courage meet;
The grateful heart, the cheerful eye,
   How reverend and how sweet!

3 In beauties such as these,
   Thy children now are drest;
But brighter habits shall they wear
   In regions of the blest.

4 In nature's barren soil,
   Who could such glories raise?
We own, O God, the work is thine,
   And thine be all the praise!
XCII. The Excellency of the Righteous, with regard to their Relations, Employments, Pleasures, and Hopes. Prov. xii. 26. Part 2nd.

1 O ISRAEL, thou art blest;
   Who may with thee compare?
   Thine holiness shall stand confess'd;
   How bright thy glories are!

2 O God of Israel, hear,
   And make this bliss our own;
   Make us the children of thy care,
   The members of thy Son.

3 Thus honour'd, thus employ'd,
   By these great motives fired,
   Be paradise on earth enjoy'd,
   And brighter hopes inspired.

4 Thy people, Lord, we love;
   Their God our souls embrace;
   So may we find in worlds above
   Among thy saints a place.

XCIII. Walking with God; or being in his Fear all the Day long. Prov. xxiii. 17.

1 THRICE happy souls, who born from heaven,
   While yet they sojourn here,
   Thus all their days with God begin,
   And spend them in his fear!

2 So may our eyes with holy zeal
   Anticipate the day;
   And turn the sacred pages o'er,
   And praise thy name and pray.

3 'Midst hourly cares, may love present
   Its incense to thy throne;
   And, while the world our hands employs,
   Our hearts be thine alone!
4 As sanctified to noblest ends
   Be each refreshment sought;
   And by each various providence
   Some wise instruction brought!

5 When to laborious duties call'd,
   Or by temptations tried,
   We'll seek the shelter of thy wings,
   And in thy strength confide.

6 As different scenes of life arise,
   Our grateful hearts would be
   With thee, amidst the social band;—
   In solitude, with thee.

7 At night we'll lean our weary heads
   On thy paternal breast;
   And, safely folded in thine arms,
   Resign our powers to rest.

8 In solid pure delights, like these,
   Let all my days be past;
   Nor shall I then impatient wish,
   Nor shall I fear the last.

XCIV. The obstinate Sinner alarmed. Prov. xxix. 1.

1 NOW let the sons of Belial hear
   The thunders of the Lord;
   Thrill with a soul-dissolving fear,
   And tremble at his word.

2 Now let the iron sinew bow,
   And take his easy yoke;
   Lest sudden vengeance lay it low
   By one resistless stroke.

3 Though yet the great physician wait,
   And healing balm be found,
   One hour may seal their endless fate,
   And fix a deadly wound.
4 Swift may thy mercy, Lord, arise,
Ere justice stop their breath;
And lighten those deluded eyes,
That sleep the sleep of death!

XCV. God's reasonable Expectations from his Vineyard. Isaiah v. 1—7.

1 THE vineyard of the Lord, how fair!
Planted by his peculiar care,
Behold its branches spread, and fill
The borders of his sacred hill.

2 His eye hath mark'd the chosen ground;
His mighty hand hath fenced it round;
His servants by his order wait,
To watch and aid its tender state.

3 But when the vintage he demands
For all the labour of their hands,
What clusters doth his vine produce?
The grapes are wild, and sour the juice.

4 Well might he tear its fence away,
And leave it to the beasts of prey,
Might give it to the wild again,
And charge his clouds to cease their rain.

5 But spare our land, our churches spare,
Thy vengeance long provoked forbear;
Let the true vine its influence give,
And bid our withering branches live!

XCVI. Isaiah's Obedience to the heavenly Vision. Isaiah vi. 8.

1 OUR God ascends his lofty throne,
Array'd in majesty unknown;
His lustre all the temple fills,
And spreads o'er all the ethereal hills.
2 The holy, holy, holy Lord,
By all the Seraphim adored,
And, while they stand beneath his seat,
They veil their faces, and their feet.

3 And can a sinful worm endure
The presence of a God so pure?
Or these polluted lips proclaim
The honours of so grand a name?

4 O for thine altar's glowing coal
To touch my lips, to fire my soul,
To purge the sordid dross away,
And into crystal turn my clay!

5 Then, if a messenger thou ask,
A labourer for the hardest task,
Through all my weakness and my fear,
Love shall reply, "Thy servant's here."

6 Nor should my willing soul complain,
Though all its efforts seem'd in vain;
It ample recompense would be,
But to have wrought, my God, for thee.

XCVII. The Stupidity of Israel, and of Britain lamented. Isaiah vi. 9—12.

1 LORD, when thine Israel we survey,
We in their crimes discern our own;
And, if thou turn our prayer away,
Our misery must, like theirs, be known.

2 To us thy prophets have been sent
With words of terror and of love;
But not the vengeance, nor the grace
Ten thousand stubborn hearts will move.
ISAIAH.

3 Our eyes are blind, and deaf our ears;
    Our hearts are harden'd into stone;
As we would bar thy mercy out,
    And leave a way for wrath alone.

4 Justly our God might give us up
To plague, to famine, and the sword;
Till towns and cities rich and fair
Lay desolate without a lord.

5 O'er bleeding wounds of slaughter'd friends
Fountains of helpless grief might flow,
Till the fierce conquerors' haughty rage
Dragg'd us to chains and slaughter too.

6 But spare a nation long thine own,
    And shew new miracles of grace;
'Tis thine to heal the deaf and blind,
    And wake the dead to life and praise!

XCVIII. Confederate Nations defied by those who trust in God. Isaiah viii. 9—14.

FOR A FAST-DAY.

1 GREAT God of hosts, attend our prayer,
    And make the British Isles thy care:
To thee we raise our suppliant cries,
    When angry nations round us rise.

2 Fain would they tread our glory down,
    And in the dust defile our crown,
Deluge our houses with our blood,
    And burn the temples of our God.

3 But, midst the thunder of their rage,
We thy protection would engage:
O raise thy saving arm on high,
    And bring renew'd deliverance nigh.
4 May Britain, as one man, be led
To make the Lord her fear and dread;
Our souls no other fear shall know,
Though earth were leagued with hell below.

5 Give ear, ye countries from afar;
Ye proud associate nations, hear;
While fix'd on him, who rules the sky,
Our hearts your threaten'd war defy.

6 Ye people, gird yourselves in vain,
Your scatter'd force unite again;
Again shall all that force be broke,
When God with us shall deal the stroke.

7 Now he records our humble tears,
With ardent vows for future years,
And destines for approaching days
Victorious shouts, and songs of praise.

8 Emanuel's land shall safe remain,
Blest with its Saviour's gentle reign;
Till every hostile rumour cease
In the fair realms of perfect peace.

XCIX. The Hand of God still stretched out against Israel for continued Impenitence. Isaiah ix. 12, 13.

1 Behold, Jehovah's lifted hand
Still waves its terrors o'er our land!
Repeated wounds his sword hath given,
That sword unsheathed and steel'd in heaven.

2 'Twas by his arms our champions died,
His wrath hath sunk our naval pride;
He gave our hosts to wild affright,
And changed their boasts to shameful flight.
ISAIAH.

3 His vengeance thunders o'er our isle,
   And gives our treasures for a spoil;
   Rapacious bands our towns invade,
   And distant valleys quake with dread.

4 'Tis thine own work, tremendous God,
   And speaks thy righteous wrath abroad;
   But who that righteous wrath would see,
   Or who when smitten turn to thee?

5 Great God of Hosts! should mortals dare
   Against omnipotence to war?
   Will not thy wrath grow fiercer yet,
   And seven times more the furnace heat?

6 Thy mercy, all our souls intreat,
   With tears we bathe thy royal feet,
   Convert our land by grace divine,
   Then guard and bless it, Lord, as thine.

C. Christ the Steward of God's Family. Isai. xxii. 22—24, compared with Rev. iii. 7.

1 WITH what delight I raise my eyes,
   And view the court where Jesus dwells!
   Jesus, who reigns beyond the skies,
   While here below his grace excels!

2 Of David's royal house the key
   Is borne by that Majestic hand;
   Mansions and treasures there I see,
   Subjected all to his command.

3 He shuts, and worlds might strive in vain
   The mighty obstacle to move;
   He looses all their bars again,
   And who shall close the gates of love?

4 Fix'd in omnipotence he bears
   The glories of his Father's name;
   Sustains his people's weighty cares,
   Through every changing age the same.
5 My little all I there suspend,
   Where the whole weight of heaven is hung;
   Secure I rest on such a friend,
   And into rapture wake my tongue.

CI. The rich Provision and happy Effects of the Gospel. Isaiah xxv. 6—9.

1 Behold our God, he owns that name;
   Jehovah all our songs proclaim
   With shouts of wonder and of joy:
   Long have we waited for his grace,
   No longer now his love delays
   His arm for Zion to employ.

2 We charge our souls that joy to feel;
   We charge our tongues his praise to tell:
   The Almighty Saviour! Yes, 'tis he!
   He pours his streams of grace abroad,
   Let all the earth confess their God,
   And lands remote his glory see.

3 Dainties how rich his stores afford!
   How pure the wine that crowns his board,
   While welcome nations flock around!
   He takes the veil of grief away;
   Through thickest shades he darts the day,
   And not one weeping eye is found.

4 All-conquering Death, no longer boast
   O'er millions humbled in the dust;
   Our God with scorn thy triumph sees:
   And when he aims one shaft at thee,
   Swallow'd and lost in victory,
   Thine empire and thy name shall cease.

CII. The peaceful State of the Soul that trusteth in God. Isaiah xxvi. 3.

1 Weary and weak and faint,
   I cast mine eyes around;
   My joints all tremble, and my feet
   Sink deep in miry ground.
2 Despairing help below,
    To heaven I raise my cries;
God hears, and his Almighty arm
    Out-stretches from the skies.

3 I on that arm repose,
    And all my fears are o'er;
New strength diffused through all my soul
    Attests its vital power.

4 My mind in perfect peace
    Thy guardian care shall keep:
I'll yield to gentle slumbers now,
    For thou canst never sleep.

5 Happy the souls alone
    On thee securely stay'd!
Nor shall they be in life alarm'd,
    Nor be in death dismay'd.

Ω CIII. The Inhabitants of the Earth taught Righ-
   teousness by the Judgments of God. Isaiah
   xxvi. 9.

   WRITTEN SEPT. 18, 1747.

1 BEHOLD the Lord, adore his name,
    And bow with humble dread;
His awful judgments walk our streets,
    And strike our comforts dead.

2 Our pastures mourn beneath his stroke,
    Our cattle languish round;
O'er their untasted food they fall
    Expiring on the ground.

3 Our towns he visits with his scourge,
    And sweeps our strength away;
Foul spots soft beauty's form deface,
    And youthful charms decay.
4 Our foes against our boasted forts
    With haughty scorn prevail;
Through gates of brass they burst their way,
    And all our bulwarks fail.

5 Oh! that the Nation thus chastised,
    Thy Righteousness might learn,
And, humbled by thy mighty hand,
    To him that smites them turn.

CIV. Israel's Obstinacy under God's lifted Hand. Isaiah xxvi. 11.

1 LORD, when thy hand is lifted up,
    The wicked will not see;
But they shall burn with glowing shame,
    Though yet they obdurate be.

2 How few the weighty stroke regard,
    And seek their Maker's face!
In vain may providence correct,
    If not enforced by grace.

3 Exert thy mighty influence, Lord,
    And melt the stony breast;
Then shall thy justice be adored,
    Thy mercy stand confess'd.

4 The scorner then shall mourn in dust,
    And put his sins away,
No more resist his Maker's hands,
    But lift his own to pray.

CV. God quickening the Dead. Isaiah xxvi. 19.

1 THE ever-living God
    His fainting church shall raise;
Our hearts his promises receive,
    And peal a shout of praise.
Death shall not ever reign
Where grace hath fix'd its throne;
God's soft compassion views the dust
That mercy call'd his own.

"Yes," saith the Lord of truth,
"My dead shall live again;
The foe shall see their leader's breath
Reanimate the slain!

"The dew of heaven shall fall
In rich abundance round,
And a redundant harvest rise
To clothe the teeming ground.

"New life from dust shall wake,
And burst into a song;
Then spurn the earth, and mount the skies
In a triumphant throng."

Thy Zion, Lord, believes
A promise so divine,
And looks through all her flowing tears
To see thy glory shine.

C.V.I. The godly Man's Ark. Isaiah xxvi. 20.

S O F T, 'tis my Father's voice;
And O! how sweet the sound!
It makes my inmost powers rejoice,
My trembling heart rebound.

"Mark, the black tempest lowers,
And gathers round the sky;
Retire and shun the sweeping showers
Of indignation nigh.

"Come, my dear children, come,
And seek your Father's arms;
There is your shelter, there your home,
Amid these dire alarms."
4 Enter at his command;
    Close in your ark remain;
And wait his guiding hand
    To call you forth again.

5 The moments to beguile,
    A cheerful song begin;
Though thunder roar the while,
    There's harmony within.

6 Ere long the sky shall clear,
    The clouds be chased away,
And Grace shine forth in radiance fair
    Through an eternal day.

CVII. Laying hold on God's Strength that we may be at Peace with him. Isaiah xxvii. 5.

1 Thus saith Jehovah from his seat,
    "Who shall presume my wrath to meet?
What rebel men, or angels dare
    To wage with me unequal war?

2 "Close let the thorny briars stand,
    In thick array on either hand;
Forth shall my flaming terrors fly;—
    At once they kindle, blaze, and die.

3 "Presumptuous sinners, yet be wise
    Ere this o'erwhelming ruin rise;
Your vain tumultuous efforts cease,
    And seek in suppliant crowds for peace."

4 Great God, we bless the gentle sound,
    And bow submissive to the ground;
Thy prostrate foes let pity raise,
    And form a people to thy praise!

5 His thundering storms are silent now;
    Calm are the terrors of his brow,
Since Jesus makes the Father known,
    Our guardian shield, our cheering sun.
VIII. The divine Goodness in moderating Afflictions. Isaiah xxvii. 8.

1 GREAT ruler of all nature's frame,
   We own thy power divine;
   We hear thy breath in every storm,
   For all the winds are thine.

2 Wide as they sweep their sounding way
   They work thy sovereign will;
   And, awed by thy majestic voice,
   Confusion shall be still.

3 Thy mercy tempers every blast
   To them that seek thy face:
   And mingles with the tempest's roar
   The whispers of thy grace.

4 Those gentle whispers let me hear,
   Till all the tumult cease;
   And gales of paradise shall lull
   My weary soul to peace.

IX. God waiting to be gracious. Isaiah xxx. 13.

1 WAIT on the Lord each heir of hope,
   And let his word support your soul:
   Well can he bear your courage up,
   And all your foes and fears control.

2 He waits his own well-chosen hour
   His gracious mercy to display;
   And his paternal bowels move,
   While wisdom dictates the delay.

3 With mingled majesty and love
   At length he rises from his throne;
   And while salvation he commands,
   He makes his people's joy his own.

4 Blest are the humble souls, that wait
   With sweet submission to his will;
   Harmonious all their passions move,
   And in the crash of storms are still.
5 Still, till their Father's well-known voice
   Awake their silence into songs;
   Then earth grows vocal with his praise,
   And heaven the grateful shout prolongs.

CX. The different Views of good and bad Men in

1 A WAKE! Destruction has begun!—
   And heaps of ruin spread the ground;
   With hasty strides it marches on,
   And scatters consternation round.

2 Sinners in Zion, take the alarm,
   Ye hypocrites, astonish'd cry,
   "Who with devouring flames can dwell?"
   "Who in eternal burnings lie?"

3 God's gracious voice the saint revives:
   How sweet the heavenly accents sound!
   "Dwell thou on high, my child," he cries,
   "And Zion's rocks shall guard thee round.

4 "There shall my hand thy wants supply,
   Thy water and thy bread are sure;
   There shall my visits make thee glad,
   While these alarming scenes endure.

5 "Then, led in joyous triumph forth,
   Thine eyes the distant land shall view;
   Shall see thy King in glory drest,
   And share his royal honours too."

6 My soul the oracle receives,
   And feels its energy to cheer:
   A promised heaven, a present God
   Forbids my grief, forbids my fear.

CXI. God the Defence of his People from invading
Enemies. Isaiah xxxiii. 21—23.

1 THE glorious Lord! his Israel's hope!
   How well he bears their courage up!
   How wide his saving power extends!
ISAIAH.

His princely titles will we sing,
Our judge, our law-giver, our king,
He guards his subjects as his friends.

2 Around the mountain where they dwell,
Lo, at his word, new waters swell
To deluge the invading foe!
Open'd by him that rules the skies,
Mark the broad rivers how they rise,
And with what rapid strength they flow!

3 To gain the well-defended shores,
In vain the galley spreads her oars,
And the proud ship her sails displays:
Her sails are rent, her masts are broke,
The shatter'd oars all fail their stroke,
And lightnings through the tucklings blaze.

4 Shout your hosannas to the Lord!
Thus shall he still his Zion guard,
Till the last foe be trampled down:—
High as the heavens exalt his praise!
High as the heavens his hand shall raise
The soul that here his grace hath known.

CXII. The High-Way to Zion. Isaiah xxxv. 8, 9, 10.

1 Sing, ye redeem'd ones of the Lord,
Your great deliverer sing:
Pilgrims for Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your king.

2 See the fair way his hand hath raised;
How holy and how plain!
Nor shall the simplest travellers err,
Nor ask the track in vain.

3 No ravening lion shall destroy,
Nor lurking serpent wound;
Pleasure and safety, peace and praise,
Through, all the path are found.
4 A hand divine shall lead you on
Through all the blissful road;
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your smiling God.

5 There garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head;
While sorrow, sighs, and pale distress,
Like shadows all are fled.

6 March on in your Redeemer's strength;
Pursue his footsteps still;
And let the prospect cheer your eye,
While labouring up the hill.

CXIII. The greatness and Majesty of God, and the meanness of the creatures. Isaiah xl. 15, 16, 17.

1 Y e weak inhabitants of clay,
Ye trifling insects of a day,
Low in your native dust bow down
Before the Eternal's awful throne.

2 With trembling heart, with humble eye,
Behold Jehovah seated high!
And search, what worthy sacrifice
Your hands can give, your thoughts devise.

3 Let Lebanon her cedars bring,
To blaze before her sovereign King;
And all the beasts that on it feed,
As victims at his altar bleed.

4 Loud let ten thousand trumpets sound,
And call remotest nations round,
Assembled on the crowded plains,
Princes and people, kings and swains!

5 Join'd with the living, let the dead,
Rising, the face of earth overspread;
And, while his praise unites their tongues,
Let angels echo back their songs.
ISAIAH.

6 The drop, that from the bucket falls,
   The dust, that hangs upon the scales,
Is more to sky, and earth, and sea,
   Than all this pomp, O God, to thee.

CXIV. The timid Saint encouraged by the Assurance of the divine Presence and Help. Isaiah xli. 10.

1 AND art thou with us, gracious Lord,
    To dissipate our fear?
   Dost thou proclaim thyself our God,
        Our God for ever near?

2 Dost thy right hand, which form’d the earth,
   And bears up all the skies,
Stretch from on high its friendly aid,
   When dangers round us rise?

3 Dost thou a Father’s bowels feel
   For all thy humble saints?
And in such tender accents speak
   To soothe their sad complaints!

4 On this support my soul shall lean,
   And banish every care;
The gloomy vale of death must smile,
   If God be with me there.

5 While I his gracious succour prove
   Midst all my various ways,
The darkest shades through which I pass
   Shall echo with his praise.

CXV. The Humiliation and Exultation of God’s Israel. Isaiah xli. 14, 15.

1 AMAZING grace of God on high!
   And will the Lord look down
On sinners, while in dust they lie,
   And dread his awful frown?
2 Weaker than worms, O Lord, are we,  
   And viler far than they;  
Yet in these reptiles weak and vile  
   Dost thou thy power display.

3 Jehovah's sovereign voice is heard,  
   The worm lifts up its head,  
And mountains, that would crush it down,  
   Before the worm are fled.

4 Thou Holy One, thine Israel's king,  
   Thou our Redeemer art;  
Nor shall the blessings of thy hand  
   From thy redeem'd depart.

5 Thy love shall its own work fulfil,  
   And grace shall rise on grace,  
Till worms of earth around thy throne  
   With angels find a place.

CXVI. The Wilderness transformed, or the happy  
   Effects of the Gospel. Isaiah xli. 18, 19, com-  
   pared with xxxv. 1, 2. xi. 6—9. lv. 13, &c.

1 A MAZING beauteous change:  
   A world created new!  
My thoughts with transport range  
   The lovely scene to view;  
   In all I trace,  
   Saviour divine,  
   The work is thine,  
   And thine the grace:

2 See crystal fountains play  
   Amid the burning sands;  
The river's winding way  
   Shines through the thirsty lands:  
   New grass is seen,  
   And o'er the meads  
A carpet spreads  
   Of living green.
3 Where pointed brambles grew
   Entwined with horrid thorn,
Gay flowers for ever new
The painted fields adorn;
   The blushing rose,
And lily there,
In union fair
Their sweets disclose.

4 Where the bleak mountain stood,
   All bare and disarray'd,
See the wide-branching wood
Diffuse its grateful shade;
   Tall cedars nod,
And oaks and pines,
And elms and vines
Confess the God.

5 The tyrants of the plain
Their savage chase give o'er:
No more they rend the slain,
And thirst for blood no more:
   But infant hands
Fierce tigers stroke,
And lions yoke
In flowery bands.

6 O when, Almighty Lord,
Shall these glad scenes arise
To verify thy word,
And bless our wondering eyes?
   That earth may raise,
With all its tongues,
United songs
Of ardent praise.
CXVII. The blind and Weak led and supported in God's Way. Isaiah xlii. 16.

1 PRAISE to the radiant source of bliss,
   Who gives the blind their sight,
   And scatters round their wondering eyes
   A flood of sacred light!

2 In paths unknown he leads them on
   To his divine abode,
   And shews new miracles of grace
   Through all the heavenly road.

3 The ways all rugged and perplex'd
   He renders smooth and straight,
   And strengthens every feeble knee
   To march to Zion's gate.

4 Through all the path I'll sing his name,
   Till I the mount ascend,
   Where toils and storms are known no more,
   And anthems never end.

CXVIII. God calling his Israel by name, and leading them through Water and Fire. Isaiah xliii. 1, 2.

1 LET Jacob to his Maker sing,
   And praise his great redeeming king;
   Call'd by a new, a gracious name,
   Let Israel loud his God proclaim!

2 He knows our souls in all their fears,
   And gently wipes our falling tears;
   Forms trembling voices to a song,
   And bids the feeble heart be strong.

3 Then let the rivers swell around,
   And rising floods o'erflow the ground;
   Rivers and floods and seas divide,
   And homage pay to Israel's guide.
Then let the fires their rage display,
And flaming terrors bar the way;
Unburnt, unsinged, he leads them through,
And makes the flames refreshing too.

The fires but on their bonds shall prey,*
The floods but wash their stains away,
And grace divine new trophies raise
Amid the deluge and the blaze.

CXIX. The Riches of pardoning Grace celebrated.

Isaiah xliv. 22, 23.

1 LET heaven burst forth into a song;
   Let earth return the joyful sound;
   Ye mountains, with the echo ring,
   And shout, ye forests, all around!

2 The Lord his Israel hath redeem'd,
   Hath made his mourning people glad,
   And the rich glories of his name
   Beam on the humble and the sad.

3 Unnumber'd sins, like sable clouds,
   Veil'd every cheerful ray of joy,
   Deep thunders mutter'd through the gloom,
   While lightnings flash'd that might destroy.

4 He spake, and all the clouds dispersed,
   And heaven unvel'd its shining face;
   The whole creation smiled anew,
   Deck'd in the golden beams of grace.

5 Israel, return with humble love,
   Return to thy Redeemer's breast,
   And, charm'd by his melodious voice,
   Compose thy weary powers to rest.

* An allusion to the passage in Dan. iii. 19, &c.
CXX. The little Success which attended the personal Ministry of Christ. Isaiah xlix. 4.

1 And doth the Son of God complain,
   "Lo, I have spent my strength in vain,
   And stretch’d my hands whole days and years
   To those who slight my words and tears!"

2 O stubborn hearts, that could withstand
   Such efforts from a Saviour’s hand!
   O gracious Saviour, who wouldst bleed,
   When words and tears could not succeed!

3 Fall down, my soul, in humble woe,
   That thou hast wrong’d his mercy so;
   Now let his grace resistless move
   To melt the stubborn flint to love?

4 All-glorious Lord, march forth and reign,
   And reap the fruit of all thy pain;
   And, till a nobler scene appear,
   Begin the happy conquest here.

CXXI. God’s Captives released; applied to spiritual Deliverances. Isaiah li. 14, 15.

1 Captives of Israel, hear,
   Who now as exiles mourn;
   See your Almighty God appear
   To hasten your return.

2 Jehovah, holy name,
   Lord of celestial hosts:
   Let heaven that saving power proclaim
   In which his Israel boasts.

3 Though helpless now ye lie,
   As in a dungeon thrown,
   When parch’d with painful thirst ye cry,
   And when your bread is gone.
ISAIAH.

4 Deliverance comes apace;  
Ye shall not there expire;  
Prepare to sing redeeming grace  
With his triumphant choir.

5 He smote the raging sea  
Midst its tumultuous roar,  
And paved his chosen troops a way  
Safe to its distant shore.

6 In him let Israel hope,  
At whose supreme command  
Graves yield their breathless captives up,  
And seas become dry land.

CXXII. The Cup of Fury exchanged for the Cup of Blessings. Isaiah li. 22.

1 THE Lord, our Lord, how rich his grace!  
What stores of Sovereign love  
For humble souls that seek his face,  
And to his footstool move!

2 He pleads the cause of all his saints,  
When foes against them rise;  
He listens to their sad complaints,  
And wipes their streaming eyes.

3 He takes away that dreadful cup  
Of fury and of plagues,  
Which justice sentenced them to drink,  
And wring the bitter dregs.

4 He gave it to their Saviour's hand,  
And fill'd it to the brim;  
Their Saviour drank the liquid death,  
That they might live by him.

5 "Now take the cup of life," he cries,  
"Where heavenly blessings flow:  
Drink deep, nor fear to drain the spring  
To which the draught ye owe."
6 We drink, and feel our life renew'd,
   And woe, in faith grown sweet:
We'll drink, till that transporting hour,
   When we our Lord shall meet.

CXXIII. The holy City purified and guarded.
   Isaiah iii. 1, 2.

1 TRIUMPHANT Zion, lift thy head
   From dust, from darkness, and the dead,
Though humbled long, awake at length,
   And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
   And let thy various charms be known;
The world thy glories shall confess,
   Deck'd in the robes of righteousness.

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
   And riot in thy hallow'd shade;
No more shall Hell's insulting host
   Their victory, and thy sorrows boast.

4 God from on high thy groans will hear;
   His hand thy ruins shall repair;
Rear'd and adorn'd by love divine,
   Invincible thy towers shall shine.

5 Grace shall dispose my heart and voice
   To share, and echo back her joys;
Nor will her watchful Monarch cease
   To guard her in eternal peace.


1 YE subjects of the Lord, proclaim
   The royal honours of his name;
Jehovah reigns, be all your song:
   'Tis he, thy God, O Zion, reigns,
Prepare thy most harmonious strains
   Glad hallelujahs to prolong!
2 Ye princes, boast no more a crown,
But lay the glittering trifle down
In lowly honour at his feet;
A span your narrow empire bounds,
He reigns beyond created rounds,
In self-sufficient glory great.

3 Tremble, ye pageants of a day,
Form'd like your slaves of brittle clay,
Down to the dust your sceptres bend!
To everlasting years he reigns,
And undiminish'd pomp maintains,
When kings, and suns, and time shall end.

4 So shall his favour'd Zion live;
In vain, confederate nations strive
Her sacred turrets to destroy:
Her Sovereign sits enthroned above,
And endless power, and endless love
Ensure her safety, and her joy.

CXXV. Divine Mercies and Judgments compared.
Isaiah liv. 7, 8.

1 In thy rebukes, all-gracious God,
What soft compassion reigns!
What gentle accents of thy voice
Assuage thy children's pains!

2 "When I correct my chosen sons,
A father's bowels move:
One transient moment bounds my wrath,
But endless is my love."

3 Our faith shall look through every tear,
And view thy smiling face,
And hope amidst our sighs shall tune
An anthem to thy grace.
4 Gather at length my weary soul
   To join thy saints above;
For I would learn a song of praise,
   Eternal as thy love.


1 BRIGHT source of intellectual rays,
   Father of spirits, Lord of grace,
O dart with energy unknown
Celestial beamings from thy throne!

2 Thy sacred book we would survey,
   Enlighten’d with that heavenly day,
And ask thy Spirit, with the word,
To teach our souls to know their Lord.

3 So shall our children learn the road,
   That leads them to their father’s God;
And, form’d by lessons so divine,
Shall infant minds with knowledge shine.

4 So shall the haughtiest soul submit,
   With children placed at Jesus’ feet:
The noisy swell of pride shall cease,
And thy sweet voice be heard in peace.

CXXVII. Fruitful Showers, Emblems of the salutary
   Effects of the Gospel. Isaiah lv. 10, 11, 12.

1 MARK the soft-falling snow,
   And the diffusive rain;
To heaven, from whence they fell,
They turn not back again;
But water earth
   Through every pore,
And call forth all
Her secret store.
ISAIAH.

2 Array'd in beauteous green
The hills and valleys shine,
And man and beast are fed
By providence divine;
The harvest bows
Its golden ears,
The copious seed
Of future years.

3 "So," saith the God of grace,
"My gospel shall descend,
Almighty to effect
The purpose I intend;
Millions of souls
Shall feel its power,
And bear it down
To millions more.

4 "Joy shall begin your march,
And peace protect your ways,
While all the mountains round
Re-echo heavenly praise;
The vocal groves
Shall sing their God,
And every tree
Consenting nod."

XXXVIII. Comfort for pious Parents, who have been bereaved of their Children. Isaiah lvi. 4, 5.

1 Ye mourning saints, whose streaming tears
Flow o'er your children dead;
Say not your aching heart despairs,
And 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 Though, with your branches torn away,
   Like wither'd trunks ye stand;
   With fairer verdure shall ye bloom,
   Touch'd by his mighty hand.

4 " I'll give the mourner," saith the Lord,
   " In my own house a place;
   No names of daughters and of sons
   Could yield so high a grace."

5 " Transient and vain is every hope
   A rising race can give;
   In endless honour and delight
   My children all shall live."

6 We welcome, Lord, those rising tears,
   Through which thy face we see,
   And bless those wounds, which thro' our hearts
   Prepare a way for thee.

CXXIX. The Stranger entertained in God's House of Prayer. Isaiah lvi. 6, 7, compared with Mat. xxii. 13, and Eph. ii. 19.

1 GREAT Father of mankind,
   We bless that wondrous grace,
   Which could for Gentiles find
   Within thy courts a place.
   How kind the care
   Our God displays,
   For us to raise
   A house of prayer!

2 Though once estranged afar,
   We now approach thy throne;
   For Jesus brings us near,
   And makes our cause his own:
   Strangers no more,
   To thee we come,
   And find our home,
   And there adore.
ISAIAH.

3 To thee our souls we join,
   And love thy sacred name;
No more our own, but thine,
We triumph in thy claim;
   Our Father-king,
   Thy covenant-grace
Our souls embrace,
   Thy titles sing.

4 Here in thy house we feast
   On dainties all divine;
And, while such sweets we taste,
With joy our faces shine.
   Incense shall rise
   From flames of love,
   And God approve
   The sacrifice.

5 May all the nations throng
   To worship in thy house;
And thou attend the song,
   And smile upon their vows,
   Indulgent still,
   Till earth conspire
   To join the choir
   On Zion's hill.

CXXX. Peace proclaimed, and the Fruit of the Lips created by a gracious God. Isaiah lvii. 19.

1 HARK! for the great Creator speaks;
   In silence let the earth attend,
And, when his words of grace are heard,
   In grateful adoration bend!

2 'Tis I create the fruit of praise,
   And give the broken heart to sing;
   Peace, heavenly peace, my lips proclaim,
Pleased with the happy news they bring.'
3 Receive the tidings with delight,
Ye Gentile nations from afar;
And you, the children of his love,
Whom grace hath brought already near.

4 To these, to those, his sovereign hand
Its healing energy imparts:
Peace, peace, be echo’d from your tongues;
And echo’d from consenting hearts.

5 Enjoy the health which God hath wrought;
Nor let the daily tribute cease,
Till changed for more exalted songs
In regions of eternal peace.

CXXXI. The Duty of remonstrating against Sin when Judgments are threatened. Isaiah lviii. 1.

1 THY judgments cry aloud,
O ever-righteous God,
And in the sight of all our land
Thou liftest up thy rod.

2 Aloud thy servants cry,
Commission’d from thy throne,
And like a trumpet raise their voice
To make thy judgments known.

3 But who that cry attends,
Who makes his safety sure?
Rock’d by the tempest they should flee!—
They sleep the more secure.

4 Another trumpet, Lord,
The stupid slumberers need;
Nor will they hear a feeble voice
Than that which wakes the dead.
FOR A FAST-DAY.

O H! where is sovereign mercy gone?
Whither is Britain's God withdrawn,
That through long years she should complain,
She fasts, she mourns, and cries in vain?

Hast thou not seen her suppliant bands
Through all her coasts extend their hands?
Or has their oft-repeated prayer
Escaped thy ever-listening ear?

Thine ear hath heard, thine eye hath seen;
But guilt hath spread a cloud between;
And, rising still before thy face,
Averts thy long-intreated grace.

Dispel that cloud by rays divine,
And cause thy cheering face to shine;
Our isle shall shout from shore to shore,
And dread encroaching foes no more.

Our light shall like the morning spring;
Healing and joy our God shall bring;
Justice shall in our front appear,
And glory gather up our rear.

CXXXIII. The Standard of the Spirit lifted up.
Isaiah lx. 19.

GOD of the Ocean, at whose voice
The threatening floods are heard no more,
Behold in madness they rejoice,
And silence their tumultuous roar.

Here streams of poisonous error swell;
There rages vice in every form;—
They join their tide, led on by Hell,
And Zion trembles at the storm.
ISAIAH.

3 Almighty Spirit, raise thine arm,  
    And lift the Saviour's standard high;  
    Thy people's hearts with vigour warm,  
    And call thy chosen legions nigh.  

4 Waked by thy well-known voice they come,  
    And round the sacred banner throng;  
    Zion, prepare the conqueror room,  
    While triumph bursts into a song.  

5 The Lord on high, when billows roar,  
    Superior majesty displays,  
    And by one breath of sovereign power,  
    The elemental war allays.

CXXXIV. The Glory of the Church in the latter Day  
Isaiah lx. 1.

1 O ZION, tune thy voice,  
    And raise thy hands on high;  
    Tell all the earth thy joys,  
    And boast salvation nigh;  
    Cheerful in God,  
    Arise and shine,  
    While rays divine  
        Stream all abroad.

2 He gilds thy mourning face  
    With beams that cannot fade;  
    His all-resplendent grace  
    He pours around thy head:  
    The nations round  
    Thy form shall view,  
    With lustre new  
        Divinely crown'd.

3 In honour to his name  
    Reflect that sacred light;  
    And loud that grace proclaim  
    Which makes thy darkness bright:
ISAIAH.

Pursue his praise,
Till sovereign love
In worlds above
Thy glory raise.

4 There on his holy hill
A brighter sun shall rise,
And with his radiance fill
Those fairer purer skies;
While round his throne
Ten thousand stars
In nobler spheres
His influence own.

CXXXV. God the everlasting Light of the Saints above. Isaiah lx. 20.

1 Ye golden lamps of heaven, farewell,
With all your feeble light;
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale empress of the night.

2 And thou, refulgent orb of day,
In brighter flames array'd;
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thine aid.

3 Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode,
The pavement of those heavenly courts
Where I shall reign with God.

4 The Father of eternal light
Shall there his beams display,
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.

5 No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into mine eyes,
Nor the meridian sun decline
Amidst those brighter skies.
ISAIAH.

6 There all the millions of his saints
   Shall in one song unite,
   And each the bliss of all shall view.
   With infinite delight.

CXXXVI. God intreated for Zion. Isaiah lxii. 6, 7.

FOR A FAST-DAY; OR A DAY OF PRAYER FOR
THE REVIVAL OF RELIGION.

1 INDULGENT Sovereign of the skies,
   And wilt thou bow thy gracious ear?
   While feeble mortals raise their cries,
   Wilt thou, the great Jehovah, hear?

2 How shall thy servants give thee rest,
   Till Zion's mouldering walls thou raise?
   Till thine own power shall stand confess'd,
   And thine own church be fill'd with praise?

3 For this, a lowly suppliant crowd
   Here in thy sacred temple wait:
   For this, we lift our voices loud,
   And call, and knock at Mercy's gate.

4 Look down, O God, with pitying eye,
   And view the desolation round;
   See what wide realms in darkness lie,
   And hurl their idols to the ground.

5 Loud let the gospel-trumpet blow,
   And call the nations from afar;
   Let all the Isles their Saviour know,
   And be thy love the leading star.

6 Let Babylon's proud altars shake,
   And light invade her darkest gloom;
   The yoke of iron bondage break,
   The yoke of Satan, and of Rome.

7 With gentle beams on Britain shine,
   And bless her princes and her priests;
   And, by thine energy divine,
   Let sacred love o'erflow their breasts.
ISAIAH.

8 Triumphant here let Jesus reign,
    And on his vineyard sweetly smile;
    While all the virtues of his train
    Adorn our church, and bless our isle.

9 On all our souls let grace descend,
    Like heavenly dew in copious showers;
    That we may call our God our friend,
    That we may hail salvation ours.

10 Then shall each age and rank agree
    United shouts of joy to raise;
    And Zion, made a praise by thee,
    To thee shall render back the praise.


1 Behold with pleasing ecstasy
    The gospel standard lifted high,
    That all the nations far and near
    May in the great salvation share!

2 Why then, Almighty Saviour, why
    Do wretched souls in millions die?
    While the infernal tyrant reigns
    O'er spacious realms in ponderous chains.

3 And shall he still go on to boast,
    Thy cross its energy hath lost?
    And shall thy servants still complain,
    Their labours and their tears are vain?

4 Awake, all-conquering arm, awake,
    And hell's extensive empire shake!
    Assert the honours of thy throne,
    And call this ruin'd world thine own.

5 Thy all successful power display;
    Produce a nation in a day!—
    For at thy word this barren earth
    Shall travail with a general birth.
6 Swift let thy spirit's quickening breath
   Arouse these realms of Sin and Death!
   That breath shall bow ten thousand minds,
   Like waving corn before the winds.

7 Scarce can our glowing hearts endure
   A world where thou art known no more
   Transform it, Lord, by conquering love;
   Or bear us to thy realms above.

CXXXVIII. Backsliding Israel invited to return to God. Jeremiah iii. 12, 13.

1 BACKSLIDING Israel, hear the voice
   Of thy forgiving God,
   Nor force such goodness to exert
   The terrors of the rod.

2 Thus saith the Lord, "My mercy flows
   An unexhausted stream,
   And, after all the millions saved,
   Its sway is still supreme.

3 "One moment's wrath with weighty crush
   Might sink you quick to hell;
   Yet mercy points the happy path
   Where life and glory dwell.

4 "Own but the follies thou hast done,
   And mourn thy sins in dust,
   And soon thy trembling heart shall learn
   To hope, and love, and trust."

5 All gracious God, thy voice we own,
   And, prostrate at thy feet,
   Our souls in humble silence wait
   A pardon there to meet.
CXXXIX. 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,
   Remodell'd by thy 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 pastures tread.

4 Here hast thou listen'd to our vows,
   And scatter'd blessings on thy house;
   Thy saints are succour'd, and no more
   As sheep without a guide deplore.

5 Completely heal each former stroke,
   And bless the Shepherd and the flock;
   Confirm the hopes thy mercies raise,
   And own this tribute of our praise.

CXL. God's gracious Methods of adopting Love
   Jeremiah iii. 19.

1 A MAZING plan of sovereign love!
   And doth our God look down
   On rebels, whom his wrath might doom
   To perish at his frown?

2 Doth he project a wonderful scheme
   In such a way to save,
   That Justice, Majesty, and Grace,
   May one joint triumph have?
3 One look the stubborn hearts subdues,
   And at his feet they fall;
They own their Father with delight,
   And he receives them all.

4 Number'd amongst his dearest sons,
   The pleasant land they share;
On earth secured by power divine,
   Till crown'd with glory there.

5 Father, in thine embraces lodged,
   Our heaven begun we know,
And wait the hour when thou shalt deign
   Thy mercy to bestow.

CXLI. Creatures vain, and God the Salvation of his People. Jeremiah iii. 23.

1 HOW long shall dreams of earthly bliss
   Our flattering hopes employ,
And mock our fond deluded eyes
   With visionary joy?

2 Why from the mountains and the hills
   Is our salvation sought,
While our eternal rock's forsook,
   And Israel's God forgot?

3 The living spring neglected flows
   Full in our daily view,
Yet we with anxious fruitless toil
   Our broken cisterns hew.

4 These fatal errors, gracious God,
   With gentle pity see;
To thee our roving eyes direct,
   And fix our souls on thee.
CXLI. Invitation to return to the Lord, and put away Abominations. Jeremiah iv. 1, 2.

1 O! 'tis the Lord of glory calls,
    And let his Israel hear:
    "Stop, ye revolters, in your course,
    Oh! hearken, and come near.

2 "What though in sin's delusive paths
    Ye from your youth have stray'd;
    What though my messages of love
    Ye have with scorn repay'd;

3 "At last return, and grace divine
    Your coming yet shall greet;
    If loyal zeal and love dethrone
    Each idol from its seat.

4 "Return, and dwell secure on earth,
    As in your Lord's embrace,
    Till in the land of perfect joy
    Ye find a nobler place."

5 Father of mercies, we would come,
    Subdued by such a call:
    O let the hand of grace divine
    Reduce and bless us all.

6 So will we teach the world that love
    Which we are made to see,
    And wanderers shall with us return,
    And bless themselves in thee.


1 LORD, shalt thou still in vain,
    From thine exalted throne,
    Look down, and warn rebellious men,
    And make thy judgments known?
2 In vain shalt thou attend,
With pity in thine eye,
While none their actions will amend,
And none for mercy cry?

3 Who smites his aching breast,
And says "what have I done?"
Or hath his wand'ring ways confest,
With penitential moan?

4 Presumptuous, they defy
The terrors of the Lord!—
So the proud charger prances high,
And rushes on the sword.

5 Plunged in his beating heart,
The weapon drinks his gore,
He falls in agonizing smart,
And tempts the war no more.


1 A LAS, how fast our moments fly!
How short our months appear!
How swift through various seasons speeds
The still-revolving year!

2 Seasons of grace, and days of hope,
While Jesus waiting stands,
And spreads the blessings of his love
With wide-extended hands.

3 But oh! how slow our stupid souls
These blessings to secure!
Blessings, which through eternal years
Unwithering shall endure.

4 Beneath the word of life we die;
We starve amidst our store;
And what salvation should impart,
Heightens our ruin more.
5 Pity this madness, God of love,
And make us truly wise:
So from the pregnant seeds of grace
Shall glorious harvests rise.


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;
Such works are pleasing in his sight,
And such the men of his delight.

3 No more, ye wise, your wisdom boast:
No more, ye strong, your valour trust:
Nor let the rich survey his store,
Elate with heaps of shining ore.

4 Glory, my soul, in this alone,
That God, thy God, to thee is known,
That thou hast own'd his sovereign sway,
That thou hast felt his cheering ray.

5 My wisdom, wealth, and power I find
In one Jehovah all combined;
On him I'll fix my roving eyes,
On him my humble soul relies.

6 All else which I my treasure call
May in one fatal moment fall;
But what his happiness can move,
Whom God hath bless'd and deigns to love?

CXLVI. Jeremiah's Tears over the captive Flock.
Jeremiah xiii. 15—17.

1 FLOW on, my tears; in rising streams,
Ye briny fountains, flow;
While haughty sinners steel their hearts,
Nor will Jehovah know!
2 The flock of God is captive led
   In Satan's heavy chains;
Led to the borders of the pit,
   Where endless horror reigns.

3 Look back, ye captives, and invoke
   Jehovah's saving aid;
Give him the glory of that name,
   Whose hand your nature made.

4 O turn, ere yet your erring feet
   In Death's dark valley fall;
Cry and your gentle Shepherd's ear
   Will hearken to your call.

5 Then shall those hearts with pleasure spring,
   Which now in sorrow melt;
And deep repentance yield a joy
   Proud guilt hath never felt.

6 Almighty Grace, exert thy power,
   And turn these slaves of sin;
And, when they bring the tribute due,
   Then shall their bliss begin.

CXLVII. Giving Glory to God, before Darkness comes upon us. Jeremiah xiii. 16.

1 THE swift-declining day,
   How fast its moments fly!
While evening's broad and gloomy shade
   Gains on the western sky.

2 Ye mortals, mark its pace,
   And use the hours of light;
For know, your Maker can command
   An instantaneous night!

3 His word blots out the sun
   In its meridian blaze;
And cuts from smiling vigorous youth
   The remnant of its days.
4 On the dark mountain’s brow  
Your feet may quickly slide;  
And from its airy summit dash  
Your momentary pride.

5 Give glory to the Lord,  
Who rules the whirling sphere;  
Submissive at his footstool bow,  
And seek salvation there.

6 Then shall new lustre break  
In darkest horror born  
And lead you to unchanging light,  
And a celestial morn.

CXLVIII. God’s continued Providence intrusted.  
Jeremiah xiv. 8.

1 Saviour of Israel, hear,  
And be thy servant’s hope,  
Our light in darkness still appear,  
While yet with sin we cope.

2 When new distress begins  
We to thy shelter fly,  
And while we moan our many sins,  
Oh bring thy mercy nigh.

3 Do not a Stranger seem,  
That sojourns for a night,  
But own our Churches as thy home,  
And make them thy delight.

4 The honours of thy name,  
We’re still indulged to hear,  
O! be our heritage the same  
As that thy children share.

CXLIX. The fatal Consequences of forsaking the Hope of Israel.  
Jeremiah xvii. 13, 14.

1 Great object of thine Israel’s hope,  
Its Saviour and its praise,  
Attend, while we to thee devote  
The remnant of our days.
2 How wretched they that leave the Lord,
    And from his word withdraw,
That lose his gospel from their sight,
    And wander from his law!

3 O thou eternal spring of good,
    Whence living waters flow,
Let not our thirsty erring souls
    To broken cisterns go!

4 Like characters inscribed in dust
    Are sinners borne away;
And all the treasures they can boast,
    The portion of a day.

5 But, Lord, to thee my heart shall turn
    To heal it and to save;
The joys that from thy favour flow
    Shall bloom beyond the grave.

CL. Christ, the Lord our Righteousness.
    Jeremiah xxiii. 6.

1 SAVIOUR divine, we know thy name,
    And in that name we boast;
Thou art the Lord our righteousness,
    And Israel is thine host.

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

3 The sins of one most righteous day
    Might plunge in fatal fear,
Yet all the crimes of numerous years
    Shall our Redeemer clear.

4 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.


1 WITH reverend awe, tremendous Lord,
We hear the thunders of thy word;
The pride of Lebanon it breaks:
Swift the celestial fire descends,
The flinty rock in pieces rends,
And earth to its deep centre shakes.

2 Array'd in majesty divine,
Here sanctity and justice shine,
And horror strikes the rebel through;
While loud thy awful voice makes known
The wonders which thy sword hath done,
The awful vengeance of thy throne.

3 So spread the honours of thy name;
The terrors of a God proclaim;
Thick let the pointed arrows fly;
Till sinners humbled in the dust,
Shall own the execution just,
And bless the hand by which they die.

4 Then clear the dark tempestuous day,
And radiant beams of love display;
Each prostrate soul let mercy raise:
So shall the bleeding captives feel,
Thy word, which gave the wound, can heal,
And change their groans to songs of praise.
CLII. The Possibility of dying this Year. Jeremiah xxviii. 16.

FOR NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

1 GOD of my life, thy constant care
   With blessings crowns each opening year;
   This guilty life dost thou prolong,
   And wake anew mine annual song.

2 How many precious souls are fled
   To the vast regions of the dead,
   Since from this day the changing sun
   Through his last yearly course hath run!

3 We yet survive; but who can say?
   Or through the year, or month, or day,
   "I will retain this vital breath!"
   Thus far at least in league with Death.

4 That breath is thine, eternal God;
   'Tis thine to fix my soul's abode;
   It holds its life from thee alone,
   On earth, or in the world unknown.

5 To thee our spirits we resign;
   Mould them, and own them still as thine;
   So shall they smile secure from fear,
   Though Death should blast the rising year.

6 Thy children, eager to be gone,
   Shall bid Time's rapid tide roll on,
   And land them on that blooming shore,
   Where Time and Death are known no more.

CLIII. God's Complacency in his Thoughts of Peace towards his People. Jeremiah xxix. 11.

1 VILIER than dust, O Lord, are we;
   And doth thine anger cease?
   And doth thy gracious heart o'erflow
   With purposes of peace?
And dost thou with delight reflect
On what thy grace shall do?
And with complacency of soul
Enjoy the distant view?

And can thy often-injured love
So kind a message send,
That thou to all our lengthen'd woes
Wilt give a blessed end?

Why droop our hearts? Why flow our eyes,
While such a voice we hear?
Why rise our sorrows and our fears,
While such a friend is near?

To all thy other favours add
A heart to trust thy word,
And death itself shall hear us sing,
While resting on the Lord.

CLIV. The rash Rebellion of the Jewish Refugees at Pathros. Jeremiah xliv. 16, 17, 28.

Whose words against the Lord are stout?
Or who presumes to say,
"That sovereign law, which God proclaims,
I dare to disobey?"

Ten thousand actions every where
The impious language speak:
Yet power omnipotent stands by,
Nor do its thunders break.

But Oh! the dreadful day draws near,
When God's avenging hand
Shall show, if feeble mortal breath,
Or God's own word shall stand.

My soul, with prostrate reverence fall
Before the voice divine;
And all thine interest and thy powers
To its command resign.
5 Speak, mighty Lord; thy servant waits
   The purport of thy will:
   My heart with secret ardour glows
   Its mandates to fulfil.

6 Let the vain sons of Belial boast
   Their tongues and thoughts are free;
   My noblest liberty I own,
   When subject most to thee.

CLV. Asking the Way to Zion, in Order to joining in
   Covenant with God. Jeremiah 1. 5.

1 INQUIRE, ye pilgrims, for the way
   That leads to Zion's hill,
   And thither set your steady face
   With a determined will.

2 Invite the strangers all around
   Your pious march to join;
   And spread the sentiments you feel
   Of faith and love divine.

3 Come, let us to his temple haste,
   And seek his favour there,
   Before his footstool humbly bow,
   And pour out fervent prayer.

4 Come, let us join our souls to God
   In everlasting bands,
   And seize the blessings he bestows
   With eager hearts and hands.

5 Come, let us seal without delay
   The covenant of his grace;
   Nor shall the years of distant life
   Its memory efface.

6 Thus may our rising offspring haste
   To seek their father's God,
   Nor e'er forsake the happy path
   Their youthful feet have trod.
CLVI. Searching and trying our ways. Lamentations iii. 40.

1 Thy piercing eye, O God, surveys
   The various windings of our ways;
Teach us their tendency to know,
And judge the paths in which we go.

2 How wild, how crooked have they been;
   A maze of folly and of sin!
With all the light we vainly boast,
Leaving our guide, our souls are lost.

3 Had not thy mercy been our aid,
   So fatally our feet had stray’d,
Stern Justice had her prisoners led
   Down to the chambers of the dead.

4 O turn us back to thee again,
   Or we shall search our ways in vain;
Shine, and the path of life reveal,
   And bear us on to Zion’s hill.

5 Roll on, ye swift-revolving years,
   And end this round of sin and tears.
No more a wanderer would I roam,
   But share at once my Father’s home.

CLVII. The breath of our nostrils taken in the Pits of the enemy; applied to Christ. Lamentations iv. 20.

1 Blest Saviour, to my heart more dear
   Than balmy gales of vital air,—
O! were thy cheering presence gone,
What use of breath unless to groan?

2 Thy Father’s royal hand hath shed,
   In rich profusion on thy head
Ten thousand graces; Thou alone
Canst share, and canst adorn his throne.
3 But see the Sovereign captive led,
    Snared in the pit which traitors made,
    Fetter’d with ignominious bands,
    And murder’d by rebellious hands.

4 Ye saints, to your expiring King,
    Your tributary sorrows bring:
    In loyal crowds assemble round,
    And bathe in tears each precious wound.

5 But from the caverns of the grave
    He springs, Omnipotent to save!
    The Captive-King ascends and reigns,
    And drags his conquer’d foes in chains.

6 Beneath his shade our souls shall live,
    In all the rapture heaven can give;
    There Zion never shall deplore,
    And heathens vex his church no more.

CLVIII. Of lamenting national Sins. Ezekiel ix. 4—6.

FOR A FAST-DAY.

1 O RIGHTIOUS God, thou Judge supreme,
    We tremble at thy dreadful name,
    And all our crying guilt we own
    In dust and tears before thy throne.

2 So manifold our crimes have been,
    Such crimson tincture dyes our sin,
    That, could we all its horrors know,
    Our streaming eyes with blood might flow.

3 Britain, the land thine arm hath saved,
    That arm most impiously hath braved;
    Britain, the Isle its God hath loved,
    A rebel to that love hath proved.

4 Estranged from reverential awe,
    We trample on thy sacred law;
    And though such wonders grace hath done,
    Anew we crucify thy Son.
5 Justly might this polluted land
   Prove all the vengeance of thy hand;
And bathed in heaven, * thy sword might come
   To drink our blood, and seal our doom.

3 Yet hast thou not a remnant here,
   Whose souls are fill'd with pious fear?
O bring thy wonted mercy nigh,
   While prostrate at thy feet they lie.

7 Behold their tears, attend their moan,
   Nor turn away their secret groan:
With these we join our humble prayer;
   Our nation shield, our country spare.

3 But if the sentence be decreed,
   And our dear native land must bleed,
By thy sure mark may we be known,
   And safe in life or death thy own.

CLIX. *The Iniquity of sacrificing God's Children; or the Evil of a bad or neglected Education.*
Ezekiel xvi. 20, 21.†

1 BEHOLD, O Israel's God,
   From thine exalted throne,
And view the desolate abode,
   That once was call'd thine own.

2 The children of thy flock,
   By early covenant thine,
See how they pour their bleeding souls
   On every idol's shrine!

3 To indolence and pride
   What piteous victims made!
Crush'd in their parents' fond embrace,
   And by their care betray'd.

* Isaiah xxxiv. 5.
† Alluding to the cruel custom among some heathens of sacrificing their children to their gods, to which there are frequent references in scripture.
4 By pleasure's polish'd dart
  What numbers here are slain!
What numbers there for slaughter bound
  In Mammon's golden chain!

5 O let thine arm awake,
  And dash the idols down:
O call the captives of their power,
  Thy treasure and thy crown.

6 Thee let the fathers own,
  And thee the sons adore,
Join'd to the Lord by solemn vows,
  To be forgot no more.

CLX. The Humility and Submission of a Penitent.
  Ezekiel xvi. 63.

1 O INJURED Majesty of heaven,
  Look from thine holy throne,
While prostrate rebels view with grief
  The treasons they must own.

2 Thy grace, when sin abounds the most,
  Reigns with superior sway;
And pardons, bought with Jesus' blood,
  To rebels doth display.

3 While love its grateful anthem tunes,
  Tears mingle with the song;—
My heart with tender anguish bleeds,
  That I such grace should wrong.

4 How shall I lift these guilty eyes
  To mine offended Lord?
Or how, beneath his heaviest strokes,
  Pronounce one murmuring word?

5 Remorse and shame my lips have seal'd;
  But O! my Father, speak;
And all the harmony of heaven
  Shall through that silence break.
CLXI. God bringing his People into the Covenant under the Rod. Ezekiel 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 sovereign sway;
They turn their erring footsteps back
   To his forsaken way.

4 His covenant-love they seek,
   And seek the happy bands,
That closer still engage their hearts
   To honour his commands.

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

CLXII. God's Condescension in becoming the Shepherd of Men. Ezekiel xxxiv. 31.

1 AND will the Majesty of heaven
   Accept us for his sheep?
And with a shepherd's tender care
   Such worthless creatures keep?

2 And will he spread his guardian-arms
   Round our defenceless head?
And cause us gently to lie down,
   Relieved from every dread.
3 And will he lead our weary souls
   To that delightful scene,
Where rivers of salvation flow
   Through pastures ever green?

4 What thanks can mortal men repay
   For favours great as thine?
Or how can tongues of feeble clay
   Proclaim such love divine?

5 Eternal God, how mean are we!
   How richly gracious thou!
Our souls, o'erwhelm'd with humble joy,
   In silent transports bow.

CLXIII. Seeking to God for the Communication of his Spirit. Ezekiel xxxvi. 37.

1 Hear, gracious Sovereign, from thy throne,
   And make thy various blessings known:
While by thine Israel thou art sought,
   Attend the prayer thy word hath taught.

2 Come, sacred Spirit, from above,
   And fill the coldest heart with love;
Soften to flesh the rugged stone,
   And let thy god-like power be known.

3 Speak! and from the haughtiest eyes
   Shall floods of pious sorrow rise;
While all their glowing souls are borne
   To seek that grace which now they scorn.

4 O let a holy flock await,
   Numerous around thy temple gate,
Each pressing on with zeal to be
   A living sacrifice to thee.

5 In answer to our fervent cries,
   Give us to see thy church arise;
Or, if that blessing seem too great,
   Give us to mourn its low estate.
CLXIV. Ezekiel's Vision of the dry Bones.
Ezekiel xxxvii. 3.

1 LOOK down, O Lord, with pitying eye;
See Adam's race in ruin lie;
Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,
And scatters slaughter'd heaps around.

2 And can these mouldering corpses live?
And can these perish'd bones revive?
That, mighty God, to thee is known;
That wondrous work is all thy own.

3 Thy ministers are sent in vain
To prophesy upon the slain;
In vain they call, in vain they cry,
Till thine Almighty aid is nigh.

4 But if thy Spirit deign to breathe,
Life spreads through all the realms of Death,
Dry bones obey thy powerful voice;
They move, they waken, they rejoice:

5 So when thy trumpet's awful sound
Shall shake the heavens, and rend the ground,
Dead saints shall from their tombs arise,
And spring to life beyond the skies.

CLXV. The Waters of the Sanctuary healing the dead Sea.
Ezekiel xlvii. 8, 9.

1 GREAT source of being and of love,
Thou waterest all the world above,
And all the joys that mortals know
From thine exhaustless fountain flow.

2 A sacred spring at thy command,
From Zion's mount, in Canaan's land,
Beside thy temple, cleaves the ground,
And pours its limpid stream around.
3 The limpid stream with sudden force
   Swells to a river in its course;
   Through desart realms its windings play,
   And scatter blessings all the way.

4 Close by its bank in order fair,
   The blooming trees of life appear;
   Their blossoms fragrant odours give,
   And on their fruit the nations live.

5 To the dead sea the waters flow,
   And carry healing as they go;
   Its poisonous dregs their power confess,
   And all its shores the fountain bless.

6 Flow, wondrous stream, with glory crown'd,
   Flow on to earth's remotest bound;
   And bear us on thy gentle wave
   To him who all thy virtues gave.

CLXVI. Tekel; or, The Sinner weighed in God's
         Balances, and found wanting. Daniel v. 27.

1 Rise, thoughtless sinner, raise thine eye;
   Behold God's balance lifted high;
   There shall his justice be display'd,
   And there thy hope and life be weigh'd!

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

3 Behold the hand of God appear
   Inscribing swift those words of fear;
   "Tekel, thy soul is wanting found,
   And wrath shall smite thee to the ground."

4 That sudden fear thy heart may freeze;
   Let horror shake thy tottering knees;
   Through all thy thoughts let anguish roll,
   And deep repentance melt thy soul.
HOSEA.

5 One only hope may yet prevail;
Christ hath a weight to turn the scale;
Still doth his gospel publish peace,
And seal the sinner's sure release.

6 Great God, exert thy power to save;
Deep on the heart these truths engrave;
The ponderous load of guilt remove,
That trembling lips may sing thy love.

© CLXVII. Daniel's Confession and Prayer.
Dan. ix. 37.

1. **O** H Lord our great and dreadful God,
   To thee we lift our face,
   Humbled with fasting, bow'd in dust,
   We supplicate thy grace.

2. Thy power is great, and great thy love!
   And great our guilt hath been,
   And mercy vast beyond our thought,
   But aggravates our sin.

3. Thy Law and Gospel in our ears,
   Thy messengers proclaim,
   But who hath learnt to trust thy love,
   Or fear thine awful name?

4. Behold the sorrows of our heart,
   While o'er our guilt we mourn,
   And for the great Redeemer's sake
   In mercy yet return.

CLXVIII. The Backslider recollecting himself in his Afflictions. Hosea ii. 6, 7.

1 T**H**E Lord, how kind are all his ways,
   When most they seem severe!
He frowns, he scourges, and rebukes,
   That we may learn his fear.
2 With thorns he fences up our path,
    And builds a wall around,
To guard us from the death that lurks
    In sin's forbidden ground.

3 When other friends are sought in vain,
    And all our hopes despise,
He opens his indulgent arms
    With pity in his eyes.

4 Return, ye wandering souls, return,
    While Mercy thrills his breast;
Call back the memory of the days
    When there you found your rest.

5 Behold, O Lord, we fly to thee,
    Though blushes stain our face,
Constrain'd our last retreat to seek
    In thy long-injured grace.

CLXIX. The Advantages of seeking the Knowledge of God. Hosea vi. 3.

1 SHINE forth, Eternal Source of Light,
    And make thy glories known;
Fill our enlarged adoring sight
    With lustre all thine own.

2 Vain are the charms, and faint the rays
    The brightest creatures boast;
And all their grandeur, all their praise
    Is in thy presence lost.

3 To know the author of our frame
    Is our sublimest skill;
True science is to read thy name,
    True life to wait thy will.

4 For this I long, for this I pray,
    And following on pursue,
Till visions of eternal day
    In heaven complete the view.
CLXX. Inconstancy in Religion. Hosea vi. 4.

PERPETUAL source of light and grace,
We hail thy sacred name:
Through every year's revolving round
Thy goodness beams the same.

On us, all worthless as we are,
Its wondrous mercy pours;
Sure as the heaven's establish'd course,
And plenteous as the showers.

Inconstant service we repay,
And treacherous vows renew;
False as Morning's radiant cloud,
And transient as her dew.

In flowing tears our guilt we mourn,
And loud implore thy grace,
To bear our feeble footsteps on
In that celestial race.

Arm'd with thine energy divine,
Our souls shall stedfast move;
And with increasing transport press
On to thy courts above.

So by thy power the morning sun
Pursues his radiant way,
Brightens each moment in his race,
And shines to perfect day.

CLXXI. Gratitude the Spring of true Religion.
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,
   Secures the crowning day.

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

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

CLXXII. The Relentings of God's Heart over his
   backsliding People. Hosea xi. 7, 8, 9.

1 Y E sinners, on back-sliding bent,
   God's gracious call attend;
   Shall not compassion so divine
   Each stubborn spirit bend?

2 "How shall I give mine Israel up
   To ruin and despair?
   How shower down consuming wrath,
   And make a Sodom there?

3 "My bowels strong relentings feel;
   My heart is pain'd within:
   I will not all my wrath exert,
   Nor visit all their sin.

4 "The mercy of a God restrains
   The thunders of his hand:
   Come, seek protection from that power,
   Which you can ne'er withstand."
5 With trembling haste, Oh God, to thee  
   Let sinners wing their flight;  
   As doves, when birds of prey pursue,  
   Down on our windows light.

6 Father, we seek thy gracious arm,  
   All melted at thy voice:  
   O may thy heart, that feels our woes,  
   In our return rejoice.

CLXXIII. The Advantages of seeking the Knowledge  

1 O H that the Lord my soul would draw  
   With his resistless grace;  
   Gladly in deserts would I dwell,  
   So I might view his face.

2 His comfort in my trembling soul  
   Would scatter every fear;  
   And all the waste with hope would bloom,  
   If thou, my God, wert near.

3 My lingering sins I would forego,  
   And drive them far away:  
   So, Lord, may Achor's gloomy vale  
   A path to peace display.

CLXXIV. Of the Providence of God, as shown in a  
fatal Disease among the Horses. Amos iv. 10.

1 G REAT God! what creature's strength can bear  
   With thine Omnipotence to war?  
   And at the terrors of thy frown  
   Who shall not fall submissive down.

2 Beneath the pressure of thy hand  
   Convulsive tremblings shake our land,  
   And blasted with thine angry breath  
   Our pastures feed the herds with death.
3 And now a new distress begins,
Thy judgments growing with our sins;
The generous steed beneath thy stroke
Feels all his strength and courage broke.

4 His firmest sinews strive in vain
His sinking fabric to sustain;
Extended on the earth he lies,
And panting droops, and groans, and dies.

5 Oh may we to our God return,
And timely our offences mourn;
In tears assembled round thy feet,
Thy pity and thy love intreat.

6 Avert, O God! the lifted stroke,
Nor let thy wrath against us smoke;
In mercy let thine anger cease,
And grant our trembling souls thy peace.

CLXXV. God's Controversy by Fire. Amos iv. 11.

WRITTEN NOVEMBER, 1738, ON OCCASION OF A DREADFUL FIRE.

1 ETERNAL God, our humbled souls
   Before thy presence bow:
   With all thy magazines of wrath,
   How terrible art thou!

2 Fann'd by thy breath, whole sheets of flame
   Swift like a deluge pour;
   And all our confidence of wealth
   Lies moulder'd in an hour.

3 Led on by thee in horrid pomp,
   Destruction rears her head;
   And blacken'd walls, and smoking heaps,
   Through all our streets are spread.
AMOS. 129

4 Lord, in the dust we lay us down,
    And mourn thy righteous ire;
Yet bless the hand of guardian-love,
    That snatch'd us from the fire.

5 O that the hateful dregs of sin
    Like dross had perish'd there;
That in fair lines our purged souls
    Might thy bright image bear.

6 So shall we view with dauntless eyes
    The last tremendous day,
When earth and seas, and stars and skies,
    In flames shall melt away.

CLXXVI. Britain unreformed by remarkable Deliverances. Amos iv. 11.

FOR A FAST-DAY.

1 Y ES, Britain seem'd to ruin doom'd,
    A lost, a burning brand;
Till snatch'd from fierce surrounding flames
    By God's indulgent hand.

2 " Once more," he cries, " I will suppress
    The wrath that sin would wake;
Once more my patience shall attend,
    For gentle mercy's sake."

3 But who this clemency reveres?
    Or feels this melting grace?
Who stirs his languid spirit up
    To seek thine awful face?

4 On days like these we pour our cries,
    And at thy feet we mourn;
Then rise to tempt thy wrath again,
    And to our sins return.
5 Our nation far from God remains,
    Far, as in distant years;
    And the small remnant that is found,
    A dying aspect wears.

6 Chasten'd and rescued thus in vain,
    Thy righteous hand severe
    Into the flames might hurl us back,
    And quite consume us there.

7 So, by the light our burning gave,
    Might neighbouring nations read,
    How terrible thy sword can wave,
    When judgments are decreed.

8 Yet midst the cry of sins like ours,
    Incline thy gracious ear;
    And thy own children's feeble moan
    With soft compassion hear.

9 Oh! by thy sacred spirit's breath
    Kindle a holy flame;
    Refine the land thou mightst destroy,
    And magnify thy name.

CLXXVII. Preparing to meet God. Amos iv. 12, 13.

1 He comes:—thy God, O Israel, comes;
    Prepare thy God to meet:—
    Meet him in battle's force array'd,
    Or humbled at his feet.

2 He form'd the mountains by his strength;
    He makes the winds to blow;
    And all the secret thoughts of man
    Must his Creator know.

3 He shades the morning's opening rays
    He shakes the solid world;
    And stars and angels from their seats
    Are by his thunder hurl'd.
JONAH.

4 Eternal Sovereign of the skies!
   And shall thine Israel dare
In mad rebellion to arise,
   And tempt the unequal war?

5 Lo, nations tremble at thy frown,
   And faint beneath thy rod;
Crush'd by its gentlest movement down,
   They fall, tremendous God!

6 Avert the terrors of thy wrath,
   And let thy mercy shine;
While humble penitence and prayer
   Approve us truly thine.

CLXXVIII. Jonah's faith recommended. Jonah ii. 4.

1 LORD, we have broke thy holy laws,
   And slighted all thy grace;
   And justly thy avenging wrath
   Might cast us from thy face.

2 Yet while such precedents appear
   Mark'd by the sacred book,
   We from these depths of guilt and fear
   Will to thy temple look.

3 To thee, in our Redeemer's name,
   We'll raise our humble cries;
   May these our prayers, perfumed by him,
   Like grateful incense rise.

4 O never may our hopless eyes
   An absent God deplore,
   Where the dear temples of thy love
   Shall stand reveal'd no more.

5 Far from those regions of despair
   Appoint our souls a place,
   Where not a frown through endless years
   Shall veil thy gracious face.
For a Fast-Day.

1 Listen, ye hills; ye mountains, hear; Jehovah vindicates his laws: Trembling in silence at his bar, Thou earth, attend thy Maker's cause.

2 Israel, appear; present thy plea; And charge the Almighty to his face; Say, if his rules oppressive be; Say, if defective be his grace.

3 Eternal Judge, the action cease; Our lips are seal'd in conscious shame; 'Tis ours, in sackcloth to confess, And thine, the sentence to proclaim.

4 Ten thousand witnesses arise; Thy mercies, and our crimes appear, More than the stars that deck the skies, And all our dreadful guilt declare.

5 How shall we come before thy face, And in thine awful presence bow? What offers can secure thy grace, Or calm the terrors of thy brow?

6 Thousands of rams in vain might bleed; Rivers of oil might blaze in vain; Or the first-born's devoted head With horrid gore thine altar stain.

7 But thy own Lamb, all-gracious God, Whom impious sinners dared to slay, Hath sovereign virtue in his bodd To purge the nation's guilt away.

8 With humble faith to that we fly; With that be Britain sprinkled o'er; Trembling no more in dust we lie, And dread thy hand and bar no more.
CLXXX. Hearing the Voice of God’s Rod.
Micah vi. 9.

1 ATTEND, my soul, with reverend awe,
The dictates of thy God;
Silent and trembling hear the voice
Of his appointed rod.

2 Now let me search and try my ways,
And prostrate seek his face,
Conscious of guilt before his throne
In dust my soul abase.

3 Teach me, my God, what’s yet unknown,
And all my crimes forgive;
Those crimes would I no more repeat,
But to thy honour live.

4 My wither’d joys too plainly shew,
That all on earth is vain;
In God my wounded heart confides
True rest and bliss to gain.

5 Father, I wait thy gracious call,
To leave this mournful land,
And bathe in rivers of delight,
That flow at thy right hand.

CLXXXI. God’s incomparable Mercy admired.
Micah vii. 18, 19, 20.

1 SUPREME in mercy, who shall dare
With thy compassion to compare?
For thy own sake wilt thou forgive,
And bid the trembling sinner live.

2 Millions of our transgressions past,
Cancell’d, behind thy throne are cast;
Thy grace, a sea without a shore,
O’erflows them, and they rise no more.
3 And lest new legions should invade,
   And make the pardon'd soul afraid,
Our inbred lusts thou wilt subdue,
   And form degenerate hearts anew.

4 Our leader-God, our songs proclaim;
   We lift our banners in his name;
With songs of triumph forth we go,
   And level the gigantic foe.

5 His truth to Jacob shall prevail;
   His oath to Abram cannot fail;
The hope of saints in ancient days,
   Which ages yet unborn shall praise.

CLXXXII. The impoverished Saint rejoicing in God.
Habakkuk iii. 17, 18.

1 So firm the saint's foundations stand,
   Nor can his hopes remove;
Sustain'd by God's Almighty hand,
   And shelter'd in his love.

2 Fig-trees and olive-plants may fail,
   And vines their fruit deny,
Famine may through his fields prevail,
   And flocks and herds may die.

3 God is the treasure of his soul,
   A source of sacred joy;
Which no affictions can control,
   Nor Death itself destroy.

4 Lord, may we feel thy cheering beams,
   And taste the saint's repose.
We will not mourn the perish'd streams,
   While such a fountain flows.

CLXXIII. God's afflicted Poor trusting in his Name.
Zephaniah iii. 12.

1 Praise to the Sovereign of the sky,
   Who from his lofty throne
Looks down on all that humble lie,
   And calls such souls his own!
ZEPHANIAH.

2 The haughty sinner he disdains,
    Though gems his temples crown;
    And from the seat of pomp and pride
    His vengeance hurls him down.

3 On his afflicted pious poor
    He makes his face to shine;
    He fills their cottages of clay
    With lustre all divine.

4 Among the meanest of thy flock
    There let my dwelling be,
    Rather than under gilded roofs,
    If absent, Lord, from thee.

5 Poor and afflicted though we are,
    In thy strong name we trust;
    And bless the hand of sovereign love,
    Which lifts us from the dust.

CLXXXIV. God comforting and rejoicing over Zion.
Zephaniah iii. 16, 17.

1 YES, 'tis the voice of Love divine!
    And O! how sweet those accents sound!
    Afflicted Zion, rise, and shine,
    Fair mourner, prostrate on the ground.

2 The mighty God, thy glorious king,
    Tender to pity, strong to save,
    Hath sworn he will salvation bring,
    Though sorrow press thee to the grave.

3 He all a father's pleasure knows
    To fold thee in his dear embrace;
    His heart with secret joy overflows,
    And cheerful smiles adorn his face.

4 At length the inward ecstasy
    In holy music breaks its way;
    Heaven exults in harmony,
    And angels teach their harps the lay.
5 Fain would my lips the chorus swell
But mortal tongues are faint and weak,
The grateful thoughts that with me dwell,
Would ask eternity to speak.

CLXXXV. Practical Reflections on the State of our Fathers. Zechariah i. 2.

1 How swift the torrent rolls,
That bears us to the sea!
The tide, that bears our thoughtless souls
To vast eternity!

2 Our fathers, where are they,
From all their children torn?
From joys and griefs, and hopes and cares,
And wealth and honour borne.

3 But joy or grief succeeds
To this our mortal lot,
While the poor remnant of their dust
Lies in the grave forgot.

4 There, where the fathers lie,
Must all the children dwell;
Nor other heritage possess,
But such a gloomy cell.

5 God of our fathers, hear,
Thou everlasting friend!
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to thee commend.

6 Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them in the land of light
We dwell before thy face,
1 ETERNAL King, thy robes are white! —
   In spotless rays of heavenly light;
Adoring angels round are seen,
Yet in thy presence are not clean.

2 What then are we, the sons of earth,
   That draw pollution from our birth?
Our fleshly garments, Lord, how mean!
O'erspread with hateful spots of sin.

3 Hail to that condescending grace,
   Shown in a Saviour's righteousness!
Eternal honours to that name,
Which covers all our guilt and shame!

4 His blood, an overflowing sea,
   Shall purge our deepest stains away:
Our souls, renew'd by grace divine,
Shall in their Lord's resemblance shine.

5 Yet, while these vests of flesh we wear,
   Pollution will again appear:
Come, Death, and ease me of the load;
For thou shalt bear my soul to God!

6 The King of Heaven will there bestow
   A richer robe than monarchs know;
Resplendent all in radiant white;
Not Joshua's mitre shone so bright.

7 The grave its trophies shall resign;
   Christ will the mouldering dust refine;
And Death, the last of foes, shall be
Swallow'd and lost in victory.

8 My faith, on towering pinions borne,
   Anticipates that glorious morn;
And with celestial raptures strong,
Gives mortal lips the immortal song.
138 ZECHARIAH.

CLXXXVII. Joshu the High Priest's Zeal and Fidelity rewarded with a Station among the Angels. Zechariah iii. 6, 7.

FOR THE ORDINATION OF A MINISTER.

1 GREAT Lord of angels, we adore
The grace that builds thy courts below;
And through ten thousand sons of light
Stoops to regard what mortals do.

2 Amidst the wastes of Time and Death,
Successive pastors thou dost raise
Thy charge to keep, thy house to guide,
And form a people for thy praise.

3 Angelic forms with heavenly songs
Hover around the sacred place;
Nor scorn to learn from mortal tongues
The wonders of redeeming grace.

4 At length, dismiss'd from feeble clay,
Thy servants join the exalted band;
With them through distant worlds they fly,
With them before thy presence stand.

5 O glorious hope! O blest employ!
Sweet lenitive of grief and care!
When shall we reach those radiant courts,
And all their joys and honours share!

6 Yet while these labours we pursue,
Thus distant from thy heavenly throne,
Give us but zeal and love like theirs,
And half their heaven shall here be known.

CLXXXVIII. The completing of the Spiritual Temple.
Zechariah iv. 7.

1 SING to the Lord above,
Who deigns on earth to raise
A temple to his love,
A monument of praise.
YE SANTHS AROUND, 
THROUGH ALL ITS FRAME, 
THE BUILDER'S NAME 
HARMONIOUS SOUND.

2 HE FORM'D THE GLORIOUS PLAN, 
AND ITS FOUNDATION LAID, 
THAT GOD MIGHT DWELL WITH MAN, 
AND MERCY BE DISPLAY'D; 
HIS SON HE SENT, 
WHO, GREAT AND GOOD, 
MADE HIS OWN BLOOD 
THE SWEET CEMENT.

3 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 TO CROWN 
THIS WORK OF GRACE.

CLXXXIX. THE ERROR OF DESPISING THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS. 
ZECHARIAH IV. 10.

1 "WHAT' HAUGHTY SCORNER," SAITH THE LORD, 
"SHALL HUMBLE THINGS DESPISE, 
WHEN HE BEHOLDS THEM WITH DELIGHT, 
WHO REIGNS BEYOND THE SKIES?

2 I FROM A CHAOS DARK AND WILD 
MADE HEAVEN'S BRIGHT HOST APPEAR: 
I FROM THE SMALL UNNOTICED SEEDS 
THE LOFTEST CEDARS REAR.

3 FROM EDEN'S DUST I ADAM FORM'D, 
THE NOBLEST HUMAN FRAME, 
AND IN HIS HUMBLE SONS DISPLAY, 
THE HONOURS OF MY NAME.
4 From fishermen, in number few,
    In human arts untaught,
All the wide realms my church can boast,
    My potent hand hath brought.

5 The pious poor, by men despised,
    In dearest bonds are mine;
Once meanly drest in humble weeds,
    They now like angels shine.”

6 Lord, if such trophies raised from dust
    Thy sovereign glory be,
Here in my heart thy power may find
    Materials fit for thee.

CXC. Prisoners delivered from the Pit by the Blood of the Covenant. Zechariah ix. 11.

1 Ye prisoners, who in bondage lie,
    In darkness and the pit,
Behold the grace that sets us free,
    And to that grace submit.

2 The tidings of deliverance hear,
    Confess the covenant good,
And bless the ransom God hath found
    In our Emanuel’s blood.

3 Justice no more asserts its claim
    Your forfeit lives to take;
But smiling mercy quick descends
    Your heavy chains to break.

4 We walk at large, and sing the hand
    To which we freedom owe;
And drink those rivers with delight,
    Which through this desart flow.

5 He, that hath liberty bestow’d,
    Will give a kingdom too;
He, that hath loosed the bonds of death,
    The path of life will show.
CXCI. *The Fountain of Life.* Zechariah xiii. 1.

1 **HAIL,** everlasting spring!
   Celestial fountain, hail!
   Thy streams salvation bring,
   The waters never fail:
   Still they endure,
   And still they flow
   For all our woe
   A sovereign cure.

2 Blest be his wounded side,
   And blest his bleeding heart,
   Who all in anguish died
   Such favours to impart.
   His sacred blood
   Shall make us clean
   From every sin,
   And fit for God.

3 To that dear source of love
   Our souls this day would come;
   And thither from above,
   Lord, call the nations home;
   That Jew and Greek
   With rapturous songs
   In all their tongues
   Thy praise may speak.

CXCII. *God’s Name profaned, when his Table is treated with Contempt.* Malachi i. 12.

MY God, and is thy table spread?
And does thy cup with love o’erflow?
Thither be all thy children led,
And let them all its sweetness know.
Hail sacred feast, which Jesus makes!
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood!
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food!
3 Why are its dainties all in vain
   Before unwilling hearts display'd?
   Was not for you the victim slain?
   Are you forbid the children's bread?

4 O let thy table honour'd be,
   And furnish'd well with joyful guests;
   And may each soul salvation see,
   That here its sacred pledges tastes.

5 Let crowds approach with hearts prepared;
   With hearts inflamed let all attend;
   Nor, when we leave our Father’s board,
   The pleasure or the profit end.

6 Revive thy dying churches, Lord,
   And bid our drooping graces live;
   And more that energy afford,
   A Saviour’s blood alone can give.

CXCIII. God's gracious Regard to active Attempts to revive Religion. Malachi 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 scandal 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 transcripts fair;
   In the Redeemer's book of life
   Their names recorded are.
5 "Yes," saith the Lord, "the world shall know
These humble souls are mine:
These, when my jewels I produce,
Shall in full lustre shine.

6 When deluges of fiery wrath
My foes away shall bear,
That hand which strikes the wicked through,
Shall all my children spare."

CXCIV. Christ the Sun of Righteousness. Mal. iv. 2.

1 To thee, O God, we homage pay,
Source of the light that rules the day;
Who, while he gilds all nature's frame,
Reflects thy rays, and speaks thy name.

2 In louder strains we sing that grace
Which gives the sun of righteousness;
Whose nobler lights salvation brings,
And scatters healing from his wings.

3 Still on our hearts may Jesus shine
With beams of light and love divine;
Quicken'd by him our souls shall live,
And cheer'd by him shall grow and thrive.

4 O may his glories stand confess'd
From north to south, from east to west:
Successful may his gospel run
Wide as the circuit of the sun.

When shall that radiant scene arise,
When, fix'd on high in purer skies,
Christ all his lustre shall display
On all his saints through endless day?
Hymn CXCV.

The Axe laid to the Root of unfruitful Trees.
Matthew iii. 10.

1 The Lord into his vineyard comes
Our various fruit to see;
His eye, more piercing than the light,
Deep searches every tree.

2 Tremble, ye sinners, at his frown,
If barren still ye stand;
And fear that keenly-wounding axe,
Which arms his awful hand.

3 Close to the root behold it laid,
To make destruction sure:
Who can resist the mighty stroke;
Or who the fire endure?

4 Lord, we adore thy sparing love,
Thy long forbearing grace:
Else had we low in ruin fallen,
And known no more our place.

5 Succeeding years shall mercy wait;
Nor let it wait in vain;
But form in us abundant fruit,
And still this fruit maintain.
CXCVI. The Light of good Examples, the most effectual Way to glorify God. Matthew v. 16.

1 GREAT Teacher of thy church, we own
Thy precepts all divinely wise:
O may thy mighty power be shown
To fix them still before our eyes.

2 Deep on our hearts thy will engrave,
And fill our breasts with heavenly awe,
That, while we trust thy power to save,
We may fulfil thy sacred law.

3 Adorn'd with every heavenly grace,
May our example brightly shine,
And the sweet lustre of thy face
Reflected beam from each of thine.

4 These lineaments divinely fair,
Our heavenly Father shall proclaim;
And men, that view his image there,
Shall join to glorify his name.

CXCVII. Providential Bounties surveyed and improved. Matthew v. 45.

1 FATHER of light, we sing thy name,
That kindled up the lamp of day;
Wide as he spreads his golden flame,
His beams thy power, thy love display.

2 Fountain of good, from thee proceed
The copious drops of genial rain;
Which on the hills, and verdant meads,
Revive the grass and swell the grain.

3 Through the wide world thy bounties spread,
Yet millions of our guilty race,
Though by thy daily bounty fed,
Offend thy law, and spurn thy grace.
4 Not so may our forgetful hearts
O'erlook the tokens of thy care;
But, what thy liberal hand imparts,
Still own in praise, still ask in prayer.

5 So shall our suns more grateful shine,
And showers in sweeter drops shall fall,
While still our hearts and lives are thine,
And thou, our God, enjoy'd in all.

6 Jesus, our brighter sun, arise,
In plenteous showers thy Spirit send;
Earth then shall bloom a paradise,
And in the heavenly Eden end.


1 FATHER divine, thy piercing eye
Shoots through the darkest night;
In deep retirement thou art nigh,
With heart-discerning sight.

2 There shall that piercing eye survey
My duteous homage paid,
With every morning's dawning ray,
And every evening's shade.

3 O may thy own celestial fire
The incense still inflame;
While my warm vows to thee aspire,
Through my Redeemer's name.

4 So shall the visits of thy love
My soul with joy confess;
So shalt thou deign in worlds above
Thy suppliant still to bless.
CXCIX. Of Seeking first the Kingdom of God.
Matthew vi. 33.

1 NOW let a true ambition rise,
   And ardour fire our breast,
To reign in worlds above the skies
   In heavenly glories drest!

2 Behold Jehovah’s royal hand
   A radiant crown display,
Whose gems with vivid lustre shine
   While stars and suns decay.

3 Away, each grovelling anxious care,
   Beneath a christian’s thought;
I spring to seize immortal joys
   Which my Redeemer bought.

4 Ye hearts with youthful vigour warm,
   The glorious prize pursue;
Nor shall ye want the goods of earth,
   While heaven is kept in view.

CC. Words of Pardon spoken by Christ.
Matthew ix. 2.

1 MY Saviour, let me hear thy voice,
   Pronounce those words of peace;
And all my warmest powers shall join
   To celebrate thy grace.

2 With gentle smiles call me thy child,
   And speak my sins forgiven;
Those accents mild shall charm mine ear,
   Sweet as the harps of heaven.

3 Cheerful, where’er thy hand shall lead,
   The darkest path I’ll tread;
Or cheerful quit these mortal shores,
   And mingle with the dead.
4 When dreadful guilt is done away,
   No other fears we know;
That hand which scatters pardons down
   Shall crowns of life bestow.

CCI. *The relapsing Demoniac.* Matthew xii. 43—45.

1 SOVEREIGN of heaven, thine empire spreads
   O'er all the worlds on high:
And at thy frown the infernal powers
   In wild confusion fly.

2 Like lightning from his glittering throne
   The great Arch-Traitor fell,
Driven with consuming ruin down
   To infamy and hell.

3 Permitted now to range at large,
   And traverse earth and air;
O'er captive human souls he reigns,
   And boasts his kingdom there.

4 Yet thence thy grace can drive him out
   With one Almighty word;
O send thy potent sceptre forth,
   And reign victorious, Lord.

5 Let wretched prisoners be released
   The smiling light to view;
Nor let the vanquish'd foe return
   Their bondage to renew.

6 May grace complete that wondrous work,
   Which thine own power begun,
And fill, from Satan's gloomy realms,
   The kingdom of thy Son.

1 All conquering faith, how high it rose,
   Though heaven itself seem’d to oppose!
   All-gracious Lord, who didst appear
   Most merciful, when most severe!

2 Thus at thy feet our souls would fall,
   And loudly thus for mercy call;
   “Thou Son of David, pity show,
   And save us from the infernal foe.”

3 Though viler than the brutes we be,
   Our longing eyes would wait on thee,
   Who dost to dogs this grace afford,
   To taste the crumbs beneath thy board.

4 But thou the humble soul wilt raise,
   And all its sorrows turn to praise;
   Each self-abasing broken heart
   Shall with thy children share a part.

CCIII. The Church built on a Rock, and secured against the Gates of Hell. Matthew xvi. 18.

1 Now from the gates of Zion sing,
   And challenge all her bitterest foes:
   She triumphs in her Saviour-king,
   In him who from the dead arose.

2 He is the rock on whom we rest,
   And firm on that foundation stand;
   Divine compassion fills his breast,
   His word is sure, and strong his hand.

3 Hell and its hosts may rage in vain:
   Vain are their counsels, weak their power;
   Grim Death may marshal all his train,
   And boast the conquest of an hour.
4 Breathless and pale his servants lie,  
    And know their former place no more;  
Their children raise his praises high,  
    And o'er their fathers' dust adore.

5 Their fathers' dust the Lord shall raise,  
    And burst the barriers of the grave;  
Parents and children join his praise,  
    Who through eternity can save!

CCIV. Christ's Transfiguration. Matthew xvii. 4.

1 When at this distance, Lord, we trace  
The various glories of thy face,  
What transports then may fire our breast,  
To charm our cares and woes to rest!

2 With thee in the obscurest cell  
Of some bleak mountain would I dwell,  
Rather than pompous courts behold,  
And share their grandeur and their gold.

3 Away, ye dreams of mortal joy!  
Raptures divine my thoughts employ:  
I see the King of Glory shine;  
And feel his love, and call him mine!

4 On Tabor thus his servants view'd  
His lustre, then from heaven renewed,  
And, bidding earthly scenes farewell,  
Cried, "Lord, 'tis pleasant here to dwell."

5 Yet still our love-enraptured eyes  
To nobler visions long to rise;  
To that assembly Lord of thine  
Where all thy saints around thee shine.

6 That mount how bright! those forms how fair!  
'Tis good to dwell for ever there:  
Come, Death, sure envoy of my God,  
And bear me to that blest abode.
CCV. The Grace of Christ in ministering to Men, and dying for them. Matthew xx. 28.

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

2 While all thy own angelic bands Stood waiting on the wing, Charm’d with the honour to obey The word of such a king;

3 For us mean wretched sinful men Thou laid’st that glory by, First in our mortal flesh to serve, Then in that flesh to die.

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

5 Blest man, who in thy cause consumes His vigorous days with zeal! Then with the last slow ebb of blood Is call’d thy truth to seal!

CCVI. Christ’s compassionate Readiness to gather Souls. Matthew xxiii. 37, 38.

1 SEE how the Lord of mercy spreads His gentle hands abroad; And warns us of the circling foes That thirst to drink our blood!

2 “Fly to the shelter of mine arms, And dwell secure from fear; Nor Earth nor Hell shall pluck you thence, Or reach or wound you there.
3 With anxious heart the parent-bird
   Thus calls her offspring round,
   When horrid vultures beat the air,
   And slaughter stains the ground.

4 The trembling brood, by nature taught,
   Fly to the known retreat;
   Beneath her downy wings are safe,
   And find the shelter sweet.

5 But men, alas! more thoughtless men,
   Refuse to lend an ear;
   Their only refuge madly fly
   And rather die than hear.

6 They spurn the Saviour's offer'd grace,
   Till they his wrath inflame;
   And Desolation lays them low
   In agony and shame.


FOR A FAST-DAY.

1 ALAS for Britain and her sons!
   What hath she not to fear?
   The sins that ruined Salem once,
   O how triumphant here!

2 Alas the strong o'erflowing tide!
   How fiercely doth it rage!
   And each foreboding symptom joins,
   In terrible presage.

3 Yet who hath eyes that can discern,
   Or who an ear to hear?
   Whose heart is trembling for the ark,
   Or for his country dear?

4 Cold is the love of christian breasts,
   If christian breasts remain;
   And dying the last sparks of zeal,
   Or its last efforts vain.
5 Of Britain, oft chastised and saved,
What shall the end be found?
Shall not the sword, that waves so long,
Inflict the deeper wound?

6 O stay thine arm, all-gracious God;
Thy Spirit largely pour!
That can the streams of guilt restrain,
And dying love restore.

CCVIII. The final Sentence and Happiness of the Righteous. Matthew xxv. 34.

1 ATTEND, mine ear; my heart, rejoice;
While Jesus from his throne,
Begirt with all the angelic host,
Makes his last sentence known!

2 When sinners, fleeing from his face,
To raging flames are driven,
His voice, with melody divine,
Thus calls his saints to heaven.

3 "Blest of my Father, draw ye near,
Receive the large reward;
And rise with raptures to possess
The kingdom Love prepared.

4 "Ere earth's foundations first were laid,
This sovereign purpose wrought,
And rear'd those palaces divine,
To which you now are brought.

5 "There shall you reign unnumber'd years,
Protected by my power,
While sin and hell, and pains and cares
Shall vex your souls no more.

6 Come, dear majestic Saviour, come,
This jubilee proclaim,
And teach us accents fit to praise
So great, so dear a name.
CCIX. **Relieving Christ in his poor Saints.**
Matthew xxv. 40.

1 **J**ESUS, my Lord, how rich thy grace!
   Thy bounties how complete!
   How shall I count the matchless sum?
   How pay the mighty debt?

2 High on a throne of radiant light
   Dost thou exalted shine;
   What can my poverty bestow,
   When countless worlds are thine?

3 But thou hast brethren here below,
   The partners of thy grace,
   And wilt confess their humble names
   Before thy Father's face.

4 In them thou mayst be clothed, and fed,
   And visited, and cheer'd;
   And in their accents of distress
   My Saviour's voice is heard.

5 Thy face with reverence and with love
   I in thy poor would see;
   O let me rather beg my bread,
   Than hold it back from thee!

CCX. **The final Sentence and Misery of the Wicked.**
Matthew xxv. 41.

1 **A**ND will the Judge descend?
   And must the dead arise?
   And not one single soul escape
   His all-discerning eyes?

2 And from his righteous lips
   Shall such a sentence sound?
   And through the millions of the damn'd
   Spread black despair around?
MATTHEW.

3 "Depart from me, accursed, To everlasting flame, For rebel-angels first prepared, Where mercy never came."

4 How will my heart endure The terrors of that day, When earth and heaven before his face Astonish'd shrink away?

5 But ere that trumpet shakes The mansions of the dead, Hark from the Gospel's gentle voice What joyful tidings spread!

6 "Ye sinners, seek his grace, Whose wrath ye cannot bear; Fly to the shelter of his cross, And find salvation there.

7 "So shall that curse remove By which the Saviour bled, And the last awful day shall pour His blessings on your head."

3 CCXI. The Sorrow of the Disciples on hearing that Christ would be betrayed. Mat. xxvi. 21, 22.

1 **A** WAKE our sorrows, flow our tears While such a source of woe appears! Behold our Lord a victim made, And to his foes by friends betrayed.

2 Our hearts with indignation burn While we a bleeding Saviour mourn: Traitor accurst! and cruel Jews, That could the Lamb of God abuse.

3 But do we not ourselves condemn, And curse ourselves, in cursing them? Doom'd for our sins our Saviour died; By us betrayed—by us denied?
4 Are we the guilty men, oh Lord?
Are we then sinners so abhorr’d?
Oh! that our hearts their stripes might know
And penitential sorrows flow.

5 May sov’reign love our faith restore
That we may wound thy Son no more,
But, to our last expiring breath,
Confess him Lord of Life and Death!

CCXII. Christ’s Submission to his Father’s Will.
Matthew xxvi. 42.

1 Father divine,” the Saviour cried,
While horrors press’d on every side,
And prostrate on the ground he lay,
“Remove this bitter cup away.

2 “But if these pangs must still be borne,
Or helpless man be left forlorn,
I bow my soul before thy throne,
And say, Thy will, not mine, be done.”

3 Thus would our souls submissive bow,
And, taught by Jesus, lie as low;
Our hearts and not our lips alone,
Would say, Thy will, not ours, be done.

4 Then, though like him in dust we lie,
We’ll view the blissful moment nigh,
Which, from our portion in his pains,
Shall call to joys in which he reigns.

CCXIII. Reflections on the Disciples forsaking Christ,
when he was betrayed. Matthew xxvi. 56.

1 Behold the Son of God’s delight;
His smiles how sweet! his rays how bright!
A friend of tenderness unknown:
To the last breath he loved his own.
2 But lo, his friends, his brethren dear,
Flee when they see his danger near;
And not one generous heart remains
To shield his life or share his pains.

3 So frail is man; so frail are we,
When unsupported, Lord, by thee;—
Thus shrinks our faith; thus droops our love,
And thus our vows abortive prove.

4 Blest Jesus, thine own power impart,
And bind in cords of love my heart:
The fugitive no more shall flee,
But keep through death a hold on thee.

CCXIV. Christ's Complaint of his Father's forsaking him on the Cross. Matthew xxvii. 46.

1 WHAT doleful accents do I hear?
What piercing cry invades mine ear;
Loaded with shame, and bathed in blood,
Who calls on a forsaking God?

2 Amazing strange heart-rending sight!
'Tis his own darling and delight,
Who once in his embraces lay,
Dearer than all the sons of day!

3 Yet when this Jesus died for me,
Extended on the cursed tree,
God stood afar, nor would afford
One pitying look, one cheering word.

4 What then, my soul, must thou have felt,
If press'd with all thy load of guilt,
Beneath whose weight the Saviour cries,
Who form'd the earth and built the skies!

5 But in that dark tremendous hour
Unconquer'd Faith exerts its power;
" My God, my Father," cried aloud,
And heaven the endearing name avow'd.
6 From death, from earth, he raised his Son,
   And gave him for his cross a throne;
Triumphant there the sufferer reigns,
   And reaps the harvest of his pains.

7 Eternal raptures there are known;
Nor flows the joy on him alone,
But for his sake Jehovah swore
   To leave the meanest saint no more.

CCXV. The same. Matthew xxvii. 46.

1 My Saviour, didst thou bleed for me?
   For me send forth that bitter cry?
With aching heart thy wounds I see,
   Prepared at thy command to die.

2 By all thine anguish on the cross,
   When God thy Father stood afar,
Rich in thy temporary loss,
   Thy church is brought for ever near.

3 From far the beamings of thy throne
   Revived my sympathizing heart;
As love made sinner's grief thine own,
   Mine in thy joys must take its part.

4 Midst all the splendours of thy reign,
   Think on the sorrows thou hast felt;
Nor let a mourner weep in vain,
   For whom thy precious blood was spilt.

5 While through earth's darkest gloom I tread,
   Dart to my soul a cheering ray;
And on the confines of the dead,
   Thy power, as Lord of Life, display.

CCXVI. The Angel's reply to the Women, that sought Christ. Matthew xxviii. 5, 6.

1 Ye humble souls, that seek the Lord,
   Chase all your fears away:
And bow with pleasure down to see
   The place where Jesus lay.
2 Thus low the Lord of Life was brought;
   Such wonders love can do;
Thus cold in death that bosom lay,
   Which throbbed and bled for you.

3 A moment give a loose to grief,
   Let grateful sorrows rise,
And wash the bloody stains away
   With torrents from your eyes.

4 Then raise your hopes, and tune your songs,
   The Saviour lives again!
Not all the bolts and bars of Death
   The Conqueror could detain.

5 High o'er the angelic bands he rears
   His once dishonour'd head;
And through unnumber'd years he reigns,
   Who dwelt among the dead.

6 With joy like his shall every saint
   His empty tomb survey;
Then rise with his ascending Lord
   To heaven's eternal day.

CCXVII. Christ ever present with his Ministers and Churches. Matthew xxviii. 20.

1 WIDE o'er all worlds our Saviour reigns;
   Unmoved his power and love remains;
While on his arm his Church shall rest,
   And Zion, joyful in her King,
Through every changing age shall sing,
   With his perpetual presence blest.

2 Tyrannic Death, in vain thy rage,
   Or triumphs won in every age,
   O'er the first heroes of his host!—
Conscious of more than mortal aid,
   Our bleeding hearts are not dismay'd,
   But an Immortal Leader boast.
3 Though buried deep in dust they lie,
Whose tuneful voices raised on high
Once led sweet anthems to his name;
The children learn their father's song,
And uniform'd tongues shall still prolong
The ever-present Saviour's fame.

4 The Present Saviour, he shall give
Millions of future saints to live,
And crowd the temples they shall raise:
The Present Saviour! lo, he comes
To call whole legions from their tombs,
And teach their dust sublimer praise.

(CCXVIII. The Leper cleansed. Mark i. 40, 42.)

1 Blest Jesus, to thy feet we flee,
Our leprous souls would cry to thee!
We mourn to see how vile we've been,
We veil our face and cry 'unclean.'

2 Though mortal aid in vain would cure,
One touch of Thine can make us pure!
That sovereign energy display
And purge those stains of sin away.

3 So shall our grateful souls proclaim
The honours of thy healing name,
'Till heavenly songs our lips employ,
In perfect purity and joy.

(CCXIX. Departed Saints asleep. Mark v. 39.)

1 Why flow these torrents of distress?
The gentle Saviour cries,
Why are my sleeping saints survey'd
With unbelieving eyes?

2 Death, feeble Death, shall never boast,
A friend of Christ is slain;
Nor o'er their meaner part in dust
A lasting power retain.
"I come, on wings of love I come,
The slumberers to awake;
My voice shall reach the deepest tomb,
And all its bonds shall break.

"Touch’d by my hand in smiles they rise;
They rise to sleep no more;
But robed with light, and crown’d with joy,
To endless day they soar."

Jesus, our faith receives thy word,
And, though fond Nature weep,
Grace learns to hail the pious dead,
And emulate their sleep.

Our willing souls thy summons wait
With them to rest and praise;
So let thy much-loved presence cheer
These separating days.

CCXX. The Struggle between Faith and Unbelief.
Mark ix. 24.

Jesus, our soul’s delightful choice!
In thee believing we rejoice;
Yet still our joy is mix’d with grief,
While Faith contends with unbelief.

Thy promises our hearts revive,
And keep our fainting hopes alive;
But guilt, and fears, and sorrows rise,
And hide the promise from our eyes.

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 dispersed by opening light.
CCXXI. 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 bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
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.


1 Awake, my drowsy soul, awake,
And view the threatening scene:
Legions of foes encamp around,
And treachery lurks within.

2 'Tis not this mortal life alone
These enemies assail;
All thine eternal hopes are lost,
If their attempts prevail.
3 Now to the work of God awake;  
    Behold thy Master near;  
    The various arduous task pursue  
    With vigour and with fear.

4 The awful register goes on,  
    The account will surely come,  
    And opening day, or closing night  
    May bear me to my doom.

5 Tremendous thought! How deep it strikes,—  
    Yet like a dream it flies,  
    Till God's own voice the slumbers chase  
    From these deluded eyes.


1 HAIL, progeny divine!  
    Hail, virgin's wondrous Son!  
    Who, for that humble shrine,  
    Didst quit the Almighty's throne:  
    The Infant-Lord  
    Our voices sing,  
    And be the King  
    Of Grace adored!

2 Ye princes, disappear,  
    And boast your crowns no more;  
    Lay down your sceptres here,  
    And in the dust adore:  
    Where Jesus dwells,  
    The manger bare  
    In lustre far  
    Your pomp excels.

3 With Bethlehem's shepherds mild  
    The angels bow their head;  
    And round the sacred child  
    Their guardian-wings they spread;
They know that where
Their sovereign lies
In low disguise,
Heaven's court is there!

4 Thither, my soul, repair,
   And early homage pay
To thy Redeemer fair,
As on his natal day:
   I kiss thy feet;
   And, Lord, would be
A child like thee,
   Whom thus I greet.

CCXXIV. *The Angel's Song at the Birth of Christ.*

1 **H** IGH let us swell our tuneful notes,
   And join the angelic throng;
For angels no such love have known
   To 'wake a grateful song.

2 **G** ood-will to sinful men is shewn,
   And peace on earth is given;
For lo, the incarnate Saviour comes
   With messages from heaven!

3 **J** ustice and grace with sweet accord
   His rising beams adorn;
Let heaven and earth in concert join,
   Now such a child is born.

4 **G**lory to God in highest strains
   In highest worlds be paid;
   His glory by our lips proclaim'd,
   And by our lives display'd.

5 When shall we reach those blissful realms,
   Where Christ exalted reigns,
   And learn of the celestial choir,
   Their own immortal strains?
CCXXV. *Simeon's Song and Declaration to the Virgin Mary.* Luke ii. 30—35.

1 **Our eyes salvation see,**
   Prepared by grace divine;
   How wide its splendors are diffused;
   How bright its glories shine!

2 Through distant Heathen lands
   It darts a vivid ray,
   And to the realms where Satan reign'd,
   Imparts celestial day.

3 The Israel of the Lord
   In Christ their glory boast,
   And on the honours of his name
   Their whole salvation trust.

4 By him shall millions rise
   To an immortal crown,
   And millions, that his grace despise,
   Shall sink in ruin down.

5 Our reckoning is begun,
   And on the account will go,
   Till closed in everlasting joy,
   Or never-ending woe.


1 **Hark the glad sound! the Saviour comes!**
   The Saviour promised long!
   Let every heart prepare a throne,
   And every voice a song.

2 On him the spirit largely pour'd
   Exerts its sacred fire;
   Wisdom and might, and zeal and love
   His holy breast inspire.
3 He comes the prisoners to release,
   In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
   The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes from thickest films of vice
   To clear the mental ray,
And on the eye-balls of the blind,
   To pour celestial day.

5 He comes the broken heart to bind,
   The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace
   To enrich the humble poor.

6 His silver trumpets publish loud
   The Lord's high jubilee;
Our debts are all remitted now,
   Our heritage is free.

7 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
   Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
   With thy beloved name.

CCXXVII. The recovered Daemoniac, an Emblem of a converted Sinner. Luke viii. 35.

1 JESUS, we own thy saving power,
   And thy victorious hand;
Hell's legions tremble at thy feet,
   And fly at thy command.

2 O'er souls, by passion's uproar fill'd
   With anarchy unknown,
The nobler powers, restored by thee,
   Ascend their peaceful throne.

3 No more they rend their clothing off;
   No more their wounds repeat;
But gentle and composed they wait
   Attentive at thy feet.
4 O’er thousands more, where Satan rules,  
May we such triumphs see;  
And be their rescued souls and ours  
Devoted, Lord, to thee.


1 FATHER of mercies, send thy grace  
All-powerful from above,  
To form in our obedient souls  
The image of thy love.

2 O may our sympathising breasts  
That generous pleasure know  
Kindly to share in others joy,  
And weep for others woe!

3 When the poor 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 men,  
When throned above the skies,  
And, midst the embraces of his God,  
Felt soft compassion rise.

5 On wings of love the Saviour flew  
To raise us from the ground,  
And made the richest of his blood  
A balm for every wound.

CCXXIX. The Cure of the Soul, the one Thing needful. Luke x. 42.

1 WHY will ye lavish out your years  
Amid a thousand trifling cares?  
While in this various range of thought  
The one thing needful is forgot?
2 Why will ye chase the fleeting wind,
   And famish an immortal mind;
   While angels with regret look down
   To see you spurn a heavenly crown?

3 The eternal God calls from above,
   And Jesus pleads his bleeding love;
   Awaken’d Conscience gives you pain;
   And shall they join their pleas in vain?

4 Not so your dying eyes shall view
   Those objects, which ye now pursue;
   Not so shall heaven and hell appear,
   When Death’s decisive hour is near.

5 Almighty God, thy power impart
   To fix convictions on the heart;
   Thy power unveils the blindest eyes,
   And makes the haughtiest scorner wise.

CCXXX. Mary’s Choice of 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 treacherous heart
   To fix on Mary’s better part;
   To scorn the trifles of a day
   For joys that none can take away.

3 Then let the wildest storms arise:
   Let tempests mingle earth and skies,
   No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
   But all my treasures with me bear.

4 If thou, my Jesus, still be nigh,
   Cheerful I’ll live, and joyful die:
   Secure when mortal comforts flee,
   To find ten thousand worlds in thee.
COME, holy Spirit, we entreat,  
And fill our hearts with Love;  
Almighty Father, send him down  
Swift flying from above.

Hath not our gracious Master said,  
Ask and ye shall receive?  
We put that promise into plea,  
For Jesus we believe.

O! send Him in a copious stream  
To deluge every breast,  
To lead us to a Saviour's cross  
The sinner's only rest.

Send him to every stubborn heart  
To take the stone away,—  
And send Him to the straiten'd soul,  
To teach his lips to pray!

O! send Him to the mourning saint  
That weeps his gloomy days,  
And thus the heir of heavenly songs  
On earth shall warble praise.

O! pour his mighty influence down  
On us and all our seed,  
For with this Heavenly rain bedew'd  
Thy Church is bless'd indeed.

YE little flock, whom Jesus feeds,  
Dismiss your anxious cares;  
Look to the Shepherd of your souls,  
And smile away your fears.
Though wolves and lions prowl around,
    His staff is your defence:
Midst sands and rocks your shepherd's voice
    Calls streams and pastures thence.

Your 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 bless a Saviour's name;
Nor shall that stroke disturb the song,
    Which breaks our mortal frame.

Providing Bags that wax not old.
Luke xii. 33.

THERESE mortal joys, how soon they fade!
    How swift they pass away!
The dying flower reclines its head,
    The beauty of a day!

The bags are rent, the treasures lost,
    We fondly call'd our own:
And scarce we could possession boast,
    When strait we found it gone.

But there are joys that cannot die,
    Which God laid up in store;
Treasure beyond the changing sky,
    Brighter than golden ore.

To that my rising heart aspires,
    Secure to find its rest,
And glories in such wide desires,
    For all shall be possess'd.
The seeds, which Piety and Love
Have scatter'd here below,
In the fair fertile fields above
To ample harvests grow.

The mite my willing hands can give,
At Jesus' feet I lay;
Grace shall the humble gift receive,
And heaven at large repay.

YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

Watch, 'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak he's near:
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

O happy servant he
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crown'd.

Christ shall the banquet spread
With his own royal hand,
And raise that favourite servant's head
Amid the angelic band.

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,
   And 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 the hedges and highways,
   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 wide assembling world
   O'er-fill the spacious room.

6 All things are ready: come away,
   Nor weak excuses frame;
   Crowd to your places at the feast,
   And bless the founder's name.


1 In what confusion earth appears,
   God's dearest children bathed in tears!
   While they, who heaven itself deride,
   Riot in luxury and pride.

2 But patient let my soul attend,
   And, ere I censure, view the end:
   That end how different,—who can tell
   The wide extremes of heaven and hell?

3 See the red flames around him twine,
   Who did in gold and purple shine!
   Nor can his tongue one drop obtain
   That may assuage the scorching pain.
While round the saint, so poor below,
Full rivers of salvation flow;
On Abraham's breast he leans his head,
And banquets on celestial bread.

Jesus, my Saviour, let me share
The meanest of thy servants' fare;
So I at last approach to taste
The blessings of thy marriage-feast.

CCXXXVII. Rebels against Christ executed.
Luke xix. 27.

1 HE comes; the royal conqueror comes;
   His legions fill the sky;
   Angelic trumpets rend the tombs,
   And loud proclaim him nigh.

2 Ye rebel hosts, how vain your rage
   Against this sovereign Lord!
   What madness fires you to engage
   The terrors of his sword?

3 "Bring forth," he cries, "those sons of pride,
   "That scorn'd my gentle sway,
   To prove the arm they once defied
   Omnipotent to slay."

4 Tremendous scene of wrath divine!
   How wide the vengeance spreads;
   His pointed darts of lightning shine
   Round their defenceless heads.

5 Now let the rebels seek that face,
   From which they cannot flee!
   And thou, my soul, adore the grace,
   That sweetly conquer'd thee.
CCXXXVIII. The Redeemer's Tears wept over lost Souls. Luke xix. 41, 42.

1 WHAT venerable sight appears! The Son of God dissolved in tears!
Trace, O my soul, with sad surprise, The sorrow of a Saviour's eyes.

2 For whom, blest Jesus, we would know, Doth such a sacred fountain flow?
What brother, or what friend of thine, Is graced and mourn'd with drops divine?

3 Nor brother there, nor friend I see, But sons of pride and cruelty;
Who like rapacious tigers stood Insatiate panting for thy blood.

4 Dear Lord, and did thy gushing eyes Thus stream o'er dying enemies?
And can thy tenderness forget The sinner humbled at thy feet?

5 With deep remorse our bowels move, That we have wrong'd such matchless love;
Thy gentle pity, Lord, display, And smile these trembling fears away.

6 Give us to shine before thy face, Eternal trophies of thy grace;
Where songs of praise thy saints employ, And mingle with a Saviour's joy.


1 THRICE happy state, where saints shall live
Around their Father's throne,
In every joy, that heaven can give,
And live to God alone!
Unnumber'd bands of kindred minds,
That dwelt in feeble clay,
Their earthly woes have left behind
To reign in endless day.

Immortal vigour now they breathe,
Where all the air is peace;
And chide our tears, that mourn the death
Which brought their souls release.

Thus shall the grace of Christ prevail,
Till all his chosen meet;
And not the meanest servant fail
His household to complete.

To that blest goal with ardent haste
Our active souls would tend;
Nor feel their sorrows as they pass'd
To such a blissful end.

CCXL. Christ's Admonition to, and Care of Peter under approaching Trials. Luke xxii. 31, 32.

1 HOW keen the Tempter's malice is!
   How artful, and how great!
Though not one grain shall be destroy'd,
   Yet will he sift the wheat.

2 But God can all his power control,
   And gather in his chain;
And, where he seems to triumph most,
   The captive soul regain.

3 There is a Shepherd kind and strong,
   Still watchful for his sheep;
Nor shall the infernal lion rend
   Whom he vouchsafes to keep.

4 Blest Jesus, intercede for us,
   That we may fall no more;
O raise us, when we prostrate lie,
   And comfort lost restore.
5 Thy secret energy impart,  
    That Faith may never fail;  
    But, under showers of fiery darts,  
    That temper’d shield prevail.

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

CCXLI. The Prayer of Christ for his Enemies.  
Luke xxiii. 34.

1 ALOUD I sing the wonderous grace,  
    Christ to his murderers bore;  
    Which made the torturing cross its throne,  
    And angels still adore.

2 Father, forgive, his mercy cried  
    With his expiring breath,  
    And drew eternal blessings down  
    On those who wrought his death.

3 Then may I hope for pardon too,  
    Though I have pierced the Lord;  
    Blest Jesus, in my favour speak  
    That all-prevailing word.

4 I knew not what my madness did,  
    While I remain’d thy foe;  
    Soon as I saw those wounds were thine,  
    My tears began to flow.

5 Melted by goodness so divine,  
    I would its footsteps trace;  
    And, while beneath thy cross I stand,  
    My fiercest foes embrace.


1 YES, the Redeemer rose;  
    The Saviour left the dead;  
    And o’er our hellish foes  
    High raised his conquering head:
In wild dismay
The guards around
Fell to the ground,
And sunk away.

2 Lo! the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet:
   Joyful they come,
   And wing their way
From realms of day
To such a tomb.

3 Then back to heaven they fly,
And the glad tidings bear:
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!
   Their anthems say,
   "Jesus who bled
Hath left the dead!
He rose to-day."

4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,
Redeem'd by him from hell;
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell;
   Transported cry,
   "Jesus who bled
Hath left the dead
No more to die."

5 All-hail, triumphant Lord,
Who sav'st us with thy blood!
Wide be thy name adored,
Thou rising, reigning God!
   With thee we rise,
   With thee we reign,
And empires gain
Beyond the skies.
CCXLIII. The Gospel first preached at Jerusalem.
Luke xxiv. 47.

1 "Go," saith the Lord, "proclaim my grace
To all the sons of Adam's race,
Pardon for every crimson sin,
And at Jerusalem begin.

2 "There where my blood, not fully dry,
Stands warm upon mount Calvary;
That blood shall purge away their guilt,
By whom so lately it was spilt.

3 "Now let the daring rebels turn,
And o'er their bleeding Sovereign mourn:
Their bleeding Sovereign shall forgive,
And bid the rebels look and live."

4 Is this thy voice, all-gracious Lord?
And did the rebels hear thy word?
And did they fall beneath thy feet,
And on their knees forgiveness meet?

5 Then may I hope for mercy too;
Such love may well my heart subdue,
Oh! give this guilty soul a place
Among the captives of thy grace.

6 Here be it daily mine employ
To bathe thy wounds with tears of joy,
Till midst the new Jerusalem
In one full choir we sing thy name.

CCXLIV. God's Love to the World in sending Christ
for its Redemption. John iii. 16.

1 Sing to the Lord a new melodious song:
Assist the choir, ye tribes of every tongue:
Wide as the world his sovereign mercy reigns;
Wide as the world resound the rapturous strains!
Ye angels, join the joyful acclamation,
And sing the love that brings to men salvation.
2 His gracious eye beheld in full survey
Where Adam's race in mingled ruin lay:
No human aid the danger could avert:
No angel's hand could soothe that mortal hurt:
In his own breast divine compassion grew,
And heaven's bright host stood wond'ring at the view.

3 God's only Son with peerless glories bright,
His Father's fairest image and delight,
Justice and Grace the victim have decreed
To wear our flesh, and in that flesh to bleed!
Prostrate in dust, ye sinners, all adore him,
And tremble, while your hearts rejoice before him.

4 The wondrous work is done; the covenant's past,
And Jesus expiates human guilt at last,
Nail'd to the tree he bows his sacred head;
A mangled corpse he sojourns with the dead;
Rising, the gospel sends through every nation;
Sinners, believe, and gain complete salvation.

5 Father of Grace, accept our humble praise;
O let it run through everlasting days!
And thou, blest Saviour, spotless Lamb of God,
Accept the souls so ransom'd with thy blood;
And to those songs, form all our feeble voices,
In which the choir around thy throne rejoices.

CCXLV. The Influence of the Spirit compared to living Water. John iv. 10.

1 Blest Jesus, source of grace divine,
What soul-refreshing streams are thine!
O bring these healing waters nigh,
Or we must droop, and fall, and die.

2 No traveller in a desart land,
With scorching sun, and burning sand,
More eager longs for cooling rain,
Or pants the fountain to obtain.
3 Our longing souls aloud would sing,—
   Spring up, celestial fountain, spring;
   To a redundant river flow,
   And cheer this thirsty land below.

4 May this blest torrent near my side
   Through all the desart gently glide;
   Then in Emanuel's land above
   Spread to a sea of joy and love.

CCXLVI. *The Christian's secret Feast.* John iv. 32.

1 We praise the Lord for heavenly bread,
   With which immortal souls are fed:
   We praise him for that heavenly feast,
   Which Jesus with delight might taste.

2 He, while he sojourn'd here below,
   Had meat, which strangers could not know:
   That meat he to his people gives,
   And he that tastes the banquet lives!—

3 So let me live, sustain'd by grace,
   Regaled with fruits of righteousness:
   Enter my heart, all-gracious Lord,
   And sup with me, and deck thy board.

4 Devotion, faith, and zealous love,
   And hope, that bears the soul above,
   Be these in dainties, till I rise,
   And taste the joys of paradise.

CCXLVII. *The Paralytic at Bethesda.* John v. 6.

1 Behold the great physician stands,
   Whose skill is ever sure;
   And loud he calls to dying men,
   And freely offers cure.

2 And will ye hear his gracious voice,
   While sore diseased ye lie?
   Or will ye all his grace despise,
   And trifle till ye die?
JOHN.

3 Blest Jesus, speak the healing word,
   And inward vigour give;
Then, raised by energy divine,
   Shall helpless mortals live.

4 With cheerful pace our trembling feet
   In thy blest paths shall run,
Till Zion's healthful hill they gain,
   Where no complaint is known.


1 Is there a sight in earth or heaven
   Can such delight impart,
As Jesus with extended arms
   And softly-melting heart?

2 "All that my heavenly Father gives
   Shall come," the Saviour cries,
"And e'en the weakest soul, that comes,
   Find favour in mine eyes.

3 "I'll not reject him with disdain,
   Nor hurl him down to hell;
But, folded in my kind embrace,
   He safe and blest shall dwell."

4 Hearken, ye dying sinners all;
   And hasten, while ye hear;
For crowds of wretched souls at once
   May find a refuge there.

5 I hear thy voice, and I obey;
   Low at thy feet I fall;
Nor shall the Tempter's voice prevail
   Against my Saviour's call.
CCXLIX. Christ's Invitation to thirsty Souls. 
John vii. 37.

1 THE Lord of life exalted stands, 
   Aloud he cries, and spreads his hands: 
He calls ten thousand sinners round, 
   And sends a voice from every wound.

2 " Attend, ye thirsty souls, draw near, 
   And satiate all your wishes here: 
Behold the living fountain flows 
   In streams as various as your woes.

3 " An ample pardon here I give, 
   And bid the sentenced rebel live, 
Shew him my Father's smiling face, 
   And lodge him in his dear embrace.

4 I purge from sin's detested stain, 
   And make the crimson white again, 
Lead to celestial joys refined, 
   And lasting as the deathless mind.

5 " Must I anew my pity prove? 
   Witness the words of melting love, 
The gushing tear, the labouring breath, 
   And all these scars of bleeding death."

6 Blest Saviour, I can doubt no more ; 
   I hear, I wonder, and adore: 
Panting I seek that fountain-head, 
   Whence waters so divine proceed.

7 Clear spring of life, flow on, and roll 
   With growing swell from pole to pole, 
Till flowers and fruits of paradise 
   Around thy winding current rise.

8 Still near that stream may I be found, 
   Long as I tread this earthly ground:— 
Cheer with its wave Death's gloomy shade, 
   Then lead to Canaan's flow'ry glade.
CCL. True Liberty given by Christ. John viii. 36.

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

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

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

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

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

CCLI. The same. John viii. 36.

1 And shall we still be slaves,
   And in our fetters lie,
When summon'd by a voice divine
   To claim heaven's liberty?

2 Did the great Saviour bleed
   Our freedom to obtain,
That we should trample on his blood,
   And glory in our chain?
3 Alas, the sordid mind! 
How all its powers are broke! 
Proud of a tyrant's haughty sway, 
And practised to the yoke!

4 Divine Redeemer, hear, 
Thy sovereign power impart, 
And let thy generous spirit wake 
True ardour in our heart.

5 Then shall the slaves of Death, 
That in the dungeon lie, 
Spring to the throne of pardoning Grace, 
And Abba, father, cry.

CCLII. Christ the Door. John x. 9.

1 AWAKE, 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 bulwarks strong and fair: 
Within are pastures fresh and green, 
And living streams are there.

3 Enter, my soul, with cheerful haste, 
For Jesus is the door; 
Nor fear the serpent's wily arts, 
Nor fear the lion's roar.

4 O ! may thy grace the nations lead, 
And Jews and Gentiles come, 
All travelling through one beauteous gate 
To one eternal home.
CCLIII. *Abundant Life by Christ our Shepherd.*

John x. 10.

1 **PRAISE** to our Shepherd's gentle name,
   Who on so kind an errand came;
   Came, that by him his flock might live
   And claim the hope his Grace can give.

2 Hail, great Emanuel 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 heaven below.

CCLIV. *The Sheep of Christ described.* John x. 27.

1 **THY** flock, with what a tender care,
   Blest Jesus, dost thou keep?
   Fain would my weak, my wandering soul
   Be numbered with thy sheep.

2 Gentle and tractable and still
   My heart would ever be,
   Averse to harm, propense to help,
   And faithful still to thee.

3 The gentle accents of thy voice
   My listening soul would hear;
   And, by the signals of thy will,
   I all my course would steer.
I follow where my Shepherd leads,
And mark the path he drew;
My Shepherd's feet mount Zion tread,
And I shall reach it too.

CCLV. The Happiness and Security of Christ's Sheep.
John x. 28.

My soul, with joy attend,
While Jesus 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 feed them freely 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,
Still shall my chosen live.

"This tried Almighty hand
Is raised 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.
CCLVI. Christ's Sheep given by the Father, and guarded by Omnipotence. John x. 29, 30.

1 In one harmonious, cheerful song,
   Ye happy saints, combine;
Loud, let it sound from every tongue,
   The Saviour is divine!

2 The least, the feeblest of the sheep
   Of those the Father gave;
Kind is his heart that charge to keep,
   And strong his arm to save.

3 In Christ the almighty Father dwells,
   And Christ and he are one;
The rebel power, which Christ repels,
   Attacks the eternal throne.

4 That hand, which heaven and earth sustains,
   And bars the gates of hell,
And rivets Satan down in chains,
   Shall guard his chosen well.

5 Let Hell's dread lion roar and lower,
   How vain his threats appear!
When he can match Jehovah's power,
   Then will I learn to fear.

CCLVII. The attractive Influence of a crucified Saviour. John xii. 32.

1 Behold the soul-amazing sight,
   The Saviour lifted high!
Behold the Son of God's delight
   Expire in agony!

2 For whom, ah then! for whom, my heart,
   Were all these sorrows borne?
Why did he feel that piercing smart,
   And meet that various scorn?
3 For love of us the Saviour bled,
   And all in torture died;
   'Twas love that bow'd his fainting head,
   And pierced his gushing side.

4 I see, and gazing I adore!
   In sympathy of love,
   I feel the strong attractive power
   To lift my soul above.

5 Drawn by such gentle cords as these,
   Let all the earth combine
   With cheerful ardour to confess
   The energy divine.

6 In thee, O Lord, our hearts unite,
   Nor share thy griefs alone,
   But from thy cross pursue their flight
   To thy triumphant throne.

CCLVIII. Christ's mysterious Conduct to be unfolded hereafter. John xiii. 7.

1 JESUS, we own thy Sovereign hand,
   Thy faithful care we own;
   Wisdom and Love are all thy ways,
   When most to us unknown.

2 By Thee, the springs of life were form'd,
   And by thy breath are broke,
   And good is every awful word,
   Our gracious Lord hath spoke.

3 To Thee we yield our comforts up,
   To thee our lives resign;
   In straits and dangers, rich and safe,
   If we and ours are thine.

4 Thy saints in earlier life removed,
   In sweeter accents sing;
   And bless the swiftness of their flight,
   That bore them to their King.
JOHN.

5 The burdens of a lengthen'd day
   With patience we would bear;
   Till evening's welcome hour shall shew
   We were our Master's care.

CCLIX. Christ's Pity and Consolation for his troubled Disciples. John xiv. 1—3.

1 PEACE, all ye sorrows of the heart,
   And all my tears be dry;
   That christian ne'er can be forlorn,
   That views his Jesus nigh.

2 " Let not your bosoms throb," he cries,
   " Nor be your souls afraid:
   Trust in your God's Almighty name,
   And trust your Saviour's aid.

3 " Fair mansions in my Father's house
   For all his children wait;
   And I, your elder brother, go
   To open wide the gate.

4 " And if I thither go before,
   A dwelling to prepare,
   I surely shall return again,
   That I may fix you there.

5 " United in eternal love,
   My chosen shall remain,
   And with rejoicing hearts shall share
   The honours of my reign."

6 Yes, Lord; thy gracious words we hear,
   And cordial joys they bring:
   Frail nature may extort a groan,
   But Faith shall triumph sing.

1 The covenant of a Saviour's love
   Shall stand for ever good,
   And thus his life shall guard the souls
   He purchased with his blood.

2 "I live for ever," saith the Lord,
   "And you shall therefore live;
   Receive with pleasure every pledge
   My power and love can give."

3 We own the promise, Prince of Grace,
   Though earthly helpers die;
   It animates our fainting hearts,
   That Christ our friend is nigh.

4 The King of Fears can do no more
   Than stop our mortal breath;
   But Jesus gives a nobler life,
   That cannot yield to death.

CCLXI. Abiding in Christ necessary to our Fruithfulness. John xv. 4.

1 Lord of the vineyard, we adore
   That power and grace divine,
   Which plants our wild, our barren souls
   In Christ the living vine.

2 For ever may they there abide,
   And, from that vital root,
   Be influence spread through every branch,
   To form and feed the fruit.

3 Shine forth, my God, the clusters warm
   With rays of sacred love;
   Till Eden's soil, and Zion's streams
   The generous plant improve.
CCLXII. Our Prayers effectual when we abide in Christ, and his Word abideth in us. John xv. 7.

1 HAIL, gracious Saviour, all-divine!
   Mysterious, ever-living vine!
To thee united may we live,
Rich in the influence thou canst give.

2 Still may our souls in thee abide,
   Torn by no tempests from thy side;
Nor from its place within our heart
Thy promise, or thy law depart.

3 Then shall our prayers accepted rise,
   Through thee a grateful sacrifice;
And all our sighs before thy throne
Descend in ample blessings down.

4 In silent hope our souls shall wait
   Their pension from thy mercy's gate;
Nor can our lips or wishes trace
A boon beyond thy heavenly grace.

CLXIII. Continuing in Christ's Love. John xv. 9.

1 TO all his flock, what wondrous love
   Doth our kind Shepherd bear!
   As he to his great Father's heart,
   So we to his are dear.

2 So sure, so constant, and so strong
   Do his endearments prove:
O may their energy prevail
To fix us in his love.

3 No more let my divided heart
   From this blest centre turn!
But, fired by such all-potent rays,
With flames immortal burn.
4 Descend, and all thy power display,
   And all thy love reveal;
That the warm streams of Jesus' blood
This frozen heart may feel.

CCLXIV. The Apostles and Christians chosen by Christ to bring forth permanent Fruit.
John xv. 16.

1 I OWN, my God, thy sovereign grace,
   And bring the praise to thee;
If thou my chosen portion art,
   Thou first hast chosen me.

2 My gracious Counsellor and Guide
   Will hear me when I pray;
Nor, while I urge a Saviour's name,
   Will frown my soul away.

3 Blest Jesus, animate my heart
   With beams of heavenly love,
And in that cold unthankful soil
   The heavenly seed improve.

4 In copious showers thy Spirit send
   To water all the ground;
So to the honour of thy name
   Shall lasting fruit be found.

CCLXV. Peace in Christ amidst Tribulations.
John xvi. 33.

1 HENCEFORTH let each believing heart
   From anxious sorrows cease:—
Though storms of trouble rage around,
   In Jesus we have peace.

2 His blood from future wrath redeems,
   And in his mighty Grace,
Through bitterest draughts of deep distress,
   A healing power we trace.
Jesus, our captain, march'd before
To lead us to the fight;
And now he wears a victor's crown
With heavenly glories bright.

Lord, 'tis enough, thy voice we hear;
That crown'd by Faith we see:
No sorrows shall o'erwhelm our souls,
Since none divides from thee.

CLXVI. Christ sanctifying himself, that his People
may be sanctified. John xvii. 19.

1 BEHOLD the bleeding Lamb of God,
Our spotless sacrifice!
By hands of barbarous sinners seized,
Nail'd to the cross he dies.

2 Blest Jesus, whence this streaming blood?
And whence this foul disgrace?
Whence all these pointed thorns, that rend
Thy venerable face?

3 "I sanctify myself," he cries,
"That thou mayst holy be;
Come trace my life; come, view my death,
And learn to copy me."

4 Dear Lord, we pant for holiness,
And inbred sin we mourn:
To the bright path of thy commands
Our wandering footsteps turn.

5 Not more sincerely would we wish
To climb the heavenly hill,
Than here with all our utmost power
Thy wishes to fulfil.
CCLXVII. Meditations on the Sepulchre in the Garden. John xix. 41.

1 The sepulchres, how thick they stand
Through all the road on either hand!
And burst upon our starting sight
In every garden of delight!

2 Thither the winding alleys tend;
There all the flowery borders end;
And forms, that charm'd our eyes before,
Fragrance and beauty are no more.

3 Deep in the grave's damp silent cell
My fathers and my brethren dwell;
Beneath its deep and gloomy shade
My kindred and my friends are laid.

4 But, while I tread the solemn way,
My faith that Saviour would survey,
Who deign'd to sojourn in the tomb,
And left behind a rich perfume.

5 My thoughts with ecstasy unknown,
While from his grave they view his throne,
Through my own sepulchre can see
A paradise reserved for me.

CCLXVIII. Christ ascending to his Father and God, and ours. John xx. 17.

1 In raptures let our hearts ascend
Our heavenly hopes to view,
And grateful trace that shining path
Our rising Saviour drew.

2 "Up to my Father and my God,
I go;" the conqueror cries,—
"Up to your Father and your God,
My brethren, lift your eyes."
3 And doth the Lord of Glory call
Such worms his brethren dear?—
And doth he point to heaven's high throne,
And shew our Father there?

4 And doth he teach my sinful lips
That holy name,—"my God?"—
And breathe his Spirit on my heart
To shed his grace abroad?

5 O World, produce a good like this,
And thou shalt have my love;
Till then, my Father claims it all,
And Christ, who dwells above.

6 Dear Jesus, call this willing soul,
That struggles with its clay;
And fain would leave this weary load
To wing its airy way.


1 Come, our indulgent Saviour, come,
Illustrious conqueror o'er the tomb:
Here thine assembled servants bless,
And fill our hearts with holiness.

2 O come thyself, most gracious Lord,
With all the joy thy smiles afford;
Reveal the lustre of thy face,
And make us feel thy vital grace.

3 With rapture kneeling round we greet
Thy pierced hands, thy wounded feet;
And from the scar, that marks thy side,
We see our life's warm current glide.
Enter our hearts, Redeemer blest;
Enter, thou ever-honour'd guest,
Not for one transient hour alone,
But there to fix thy lasting throne.

Own this mean dwelling as thy home;
And, when our life's last hour is come,
Let us but die, as in thy sight,
And death shall vanish in delight!

CCLXX. Appeal to Christ for the Sincerity of Love to him. John xxi. 15.

Do not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart and see;
And turn each odious idol out,
That dares to rival thee.

Do not I love thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love!—
Dead be my heart to every joy,
When Jesus cannot move.

Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
My Saviour's voice to hear?

Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock,
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe, before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?

Would not mine ardent spirit vie
With angels round the throne,
To execute thy sacred will,
And make thy glory known.

Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honour of thy name,
And challenge the cold hand of Death
To damp the immortal flame?
ACTS.

7 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord;
   But O! I long to soar
   Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
   And learn to love thee more.

CCLXXI. Zeal for the Cause of Christ; or Peter and John following their Master. John xxi. 18—20.*

1 Blest men, who stretch their willing hands,
   Submissive to their Lord's commands,
   And yield their liberty and breath
   To him that loved their souls in death!

2 Lead me to suffer, and to die,
   If thou, my gracious Lord, art nigh:
   One smile from thee my heart shall fire,
   And teach me smiling to expire.

3 If feeble Nature quail and shake,
   To share the cross or martyr's stake,
   Grace can her drooping courage raise,
   And turn our tremblings into praise.

4 While scarce I dare, with Peter, say,
   "I'll boldly tread the bleeding way;"
   Yet in thy steps, like John, I'd move
   With humble hope and silent love.

CCLXXII. Christ sent to bless them by turning them from Iniquity. Acts iii. 26.

1 We praise, O God! that wondrous love
   That raised thy Son from death!
   We sing those blessings large and free,
   He scatters with his breath.

2 To Jews yet reeking with his blood
   He sent the promise fair,
   And Britain with her crimson crimes
   Doth that salvation share.

* See Family Expositor in Loc.
3 Thus may the purpose of his grace
   On every soul succeed,
   And turn'd from all iniquity,
   We shall be bless'd indeed!

CCLXXIII. Christ exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour.
   Acts v. 31.

1 EXALTED Prince of Life, we own
   The royal honours of thy throne:
   'Tis fix'd by God's Almighty hand,
   And Seraphs bow at thy command.

2 Exalted Saviour, we confess
   The sovereign triumphs of thy grace;
   Where beams of gentle radiance shine,
   And temper majesty divine.

3 Wide thy resistless sceptre sway,
   Till all thine enemies obey:
   Wide may thy cross its virtue prove,
   And conquer millions by its love.

4 Mighty to vanquish, and forgive!
   Thine Israel shall repent and live;
   And loud proclaim thy healing breath,
   Which works their life, who wrought thy death.

CCLXXIV. The Believer committing his departing

1 O THOU, that hast Redemption wrought,
   Great Lord of souls, thy blood hath bought,
   To thee our spirits we commit,
   For thou canst rescue from the pit.

2 Millions of blissful souls above,
   In realms of purity and love,
   With praise of endless songs proclaim
   The honours of thy faithful name.
3 When all the powers of Nature fail'd,
Thy ever-constant care prevail'd;
Courage and joy thy friendship spoke,
When every mortal bond was broke.

4 We on that friendship, Lord, repose,
The healing balm of all our woes;
And we, when sinking in the grave,
Trust thine omnipotence to save.

5 O! may our spirits by thy hand
Be gather'd to that happy band,
Who, mid 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.

CCLXXV. Peter's Admonition to Simon Magus.

1 SEARCHER of hearts, before thy face
I all my soul display;
And, conscious of its innate arts,
Intreat thy strict survey.

2 If lurking in its inmost folds
I any sin conceal,
O let a ray of light divine
That secret guile reveal.

3 If tinctured with that odious gall
Unknowing I remain,
Let Grace, like a dissolvent stream,
Wash out the accursed stain.

4 If in these fatal fetters bound
A wretched slave I lie,
Smite off my chains, and wake my soul
To light and liberty.
5 To humble penitence and prayer
Be gentle pity given;
Speak ample pardon to my heart,
And seal its claim to heaven.

CCLXXVI. The Descent of the Spirit; or his Influences desired. Acts x. 44.

1 GREAT Father of each perfect gift,
Behold thy servants wait;
With longing eyes and lifted hands,
We flock around thy gate.

2 O shed abroad that heavenly gift,
Thy Spirit from above,
To bless our eyes with sacred light,
And fire our hearts with love.

3 With speedy flight may He descend,
And solid comfort bring,
And o'er our languid souls extend
His all-reviving wing.

4 Blest earnest of eternal joy,
Declare our sins forgiven;
And bear with energy divine
Our raptured thoughts to heaven.

5 Diffuse, O God, these copious showers,
That earth its fruit may yield,
And change this barren wilderness
To Carmel's flowery field.*


1 AND why doth our admiring eye
These Gospel-glories see?
And whence, doth every heart reply,
Salvation's sent to me?

* Isaiah xxxv. 1, 2.
ACTS.

2 In fatal shades of midnight gloom
   Ten thousand wretches stray;
And Satan blinds ten thousand more
   Amid the blaze of day.

3 Millions of raging souls beneath,
   In endless anguish hear
Harmonious sounds of grace transform'd
   To echoes of despair.

4 And dost thou, Lord, subdue my heart,
   And shew my sins forgiven,
And bear thy witness to my part
   Amongst the heirs of heaven?

5 As the redeem'd ones of the Lord,
   We sing the Saviour's name;
And while the long salvation lasts,
   Its sovereign grace proclaim.

CCLXXVIII. The unknown God. Acts xvii. 23.

1 Thou, mighty Lord, art God alone,
   A King of Majesty unknown;
And all thy dazzling glories rise
   Beyond the reach of angels' eyes.

2 Yet through this earth thy works proclaim
   Some notice of thy reverend name;
And where thy gracious Gospel shines,
   We read it in the fairest lines.

3 But O! how few of Adam's race
   Have learn'd thy nature and thy grace!
While thousands, e'en in lands of light,
   Are buried in Egyptian night.

4 They tread thy courts, thy word they hear,
   And to thy solemn rites draw near;
Yet, though Salvation seems so nigh,
   Because they know not God, they die.
5 Send thy victorious Gospel forth
Wide from these regions of the north!
And through thy churches grace impart
To write thy name on every heart.

CCLXXIX. God's Command to all Men to repent.
Acts xvii. 30.

1 REPENT, the voice celestial cries,
Nor longer dare delay:
The wretch that scorns the mandate dies
In Judgment's 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 reaches through the earth!
Let all attend and fear:
Listen ye men of royal birth,
And ye their vassals hear.

4 Together in His presence bow,
And all your guilt confess;
Accept the offer'd Saviour now,
Nor trifle with his grace.

5 Bow, ere the awful trumpet sound,
And call you to his bar:
For Mercy knows the appointed bound,
And turns to vengeance there.

6 Amazing love, that yet will call,
And yet prolong our days!
Our hearts subdued by goodness fall,
And weep, and love, and praise.

1 Assist us, Lord, thy name to praise
   For this rich Gospel of thy grace;
   And, that our hearts may love it more,
   Teach them to feel its vital power.

2 With joy may we our course pursue,
   And keep the crown of life in view;
   That crown, which in one hour repays
   The labour of ten thousand days.

3 Should bonds, or death, obstruct our way,
   Unmoved their terrors we'll survey;
   And the last hour improve for thee,
   The last of life, or liberty!

4 Welcome those bonds, which may unite
   Our souls to their supreme delight!
   Welcome that death, whose painful strife
   Bears us to Christ our better life!


1 Great Sovereign of the human heart,
   Thy mighty energy impart,
   Which darts at once through breasts of steel,
   And makes the nether millstone feel.

2 Let sinners tremble at thy word,
   Struck by the terrors of the Lord;
   And, while they tremble, let them flee,
   And seek their help, their life from thee.

3 O! let them seize the present day,
   Nor risk salvation by delay:
   To-morrow, Lord, to thee belongs;
   This night may vindicate thy wrongs!
4 This night may stop their fleeting breath,
   And seal them to eternal death,—
   May veil redemption from their sight,
   And give them flames instead of light.

5 Or should succeeding years remain,
   Years, with their sabbaths, all in vain
   Before their darken'd eyes may roll,
   And more obdurate leave the soul.

6 Great Saviour, let thy pity rise,
   And make the wretched triflers wise:
   Lest pangs and trembling felt in vain
   Hasten and feed immortal pain.

CCLXXXII. Help obtained of God. Acts xxvi. 22.

FOR NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

1 GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand,
   By which supported still we stand:
   The opening year thy mercy shews;
   And Mercy crowns its ling'ring close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
   Still are we guarded by our God;
   By his incessant bounty fed,
   By his unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
   The future, all to us unknown,
   We to thy guardian-care commit,
   And peaceful leave before thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depress'd
   Thou art our joy, and thou our rest:
   Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
   Adored through all our changing days.

5 When Death shall interrupt these songs,
   And seal in silence mortal tongues,
   Our Helper-God, in whom we trust,
   To better worlds shall raise our dust.
CCLXXXIII. Treasuring up Wrath by despising Mercy. Romans ii. 4, 5.

1 UNGRATEFUL sinners, whence this scorn Of long-extended grace? And whence this madness, that insults The Almighty to his face?

2 Is it because his patience waits, And pitying bowels move, You multiply audacious crimes, And spurn his richest love?

3 Is all the treasured wrath so small, You labour still for more, Though not eternal rolling years Can e'er exhaust the store?

4 Swift doth the day of vengeance come, That must your sentence seal; And righteous judgment now unknown In all its pomp reveal.

5 Alarm'd and melted at thy voice, Our conquer'd hearts would bow; And, to escape the thunderer then, Embrace the Saviour now.

CCLXXXIV. The Love of God shed abroad in the Heart by the Spirit. Romans v. 5.

1 DESCEND, immortal dove; Spread thy kind wings abroad, And, wrapt in flames of holy love, Bear all my soul to God.

2 Jesus my Lord reveal In charms of grace divine, And be thyself the sacred seal, That pearl of price is mine.
3 Behold my heart expands
   To catch the heavenly fire;
   It longs to feel the gentle bands,
   And groans with strong desire.

4 Thy love, my God, appears,
   And brings salvation down,
   My cordial through this vale of tears,
   In paradise my crown.

CCLXXXV. Christians quickened and raised by the Spirit. Romans viii. 11.

1 Why should our mourning thoughts delight
   To grovel in the dust?
Or why should streams of tears unite
   Around the expiring just?

2 Did not the Lord our Saviour die,
   And triumph o'er the grave;
Did not our Lord ascend on high,
   And prove his power to save?

3 Doth not the sacred Spirit come,
   And dwell in all the saints?
And should the temples of his grace
   Resound with long complaints?

4 Awake, my soul, and like the sun
   Burst through each sable cloud;
And thou, my voice, though broke with sighs,
   Tune forth thy songs aloud.

5 The Spirit raised my Saviour up,
   When he had bled for me;
And spite of Death and Hell shall raise
   Thy pious friends and thee.

6 Awake, ye saints, that dwell in dust,
   Your hymns of victory sing;
And let his dying servants trust
   Their ever-living King.
CCLXXXVI. 'God's Readiness to give all Things, argued from the Gift of his Son. Romans viii. 32.

NOW let my soul with transport rise,
Range through the earth, and mount the skies,
And view each various form of good,
Where angels hold their high abode.

1 I give my thoughts unbounded scope;
On equal pinions soars my hope;
My faith at noblest objects aims,
And what she sees, she humbly claims.

3 Hath not the bounteous King of heaven,
From his embrace already given
That Son of his eternal love,
Who fill'd the brightest throne above!

4 Behold his hand on Jesus laid!
Behold that Lamb a victim made!
And what shall mercy hold too good
For Sinners, ransom'd with his blood?

5 My soul, with heavenly faith embrace
The sacred covenant of his grace;
Then in delightful silence wait
The issues of a love so great.

CCLXXXVII. Believing with the Heart, and confessing with the Mouth, necessary to Salvation.
Romans x. 6—10.

1 AND is salvation brought so near,
Where sinful men expiring lie?
Triumph, my soul, that sound to hear,
And shout it joyous to the sky!

2 I ask not, who to heaven shall scale,
That Christ the Saviour thence may come;
Or who earth's inmost depth assail,
To bring him from the dreary tomb.
3 From heaven on wings of love he flew,
   A conqueror from the tomb he sprung:
   My heart believes the witness true,
   And dictates to my faithful tongue.

4 I sing salvation brought so near,
   No more on earth expiring lie;
   But teach the world my joys to hear,
   And shout them to the echoing sky.

CCLXXXVIII. The living Sacrifice. Romans xii. 1.

1 And will the eternal King
   So mean a gift reward?
   That offering, Lord, with joy we bring,
   Which thine own hand prepared.

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
   Through our Redeemer's name.

CCLXXXIX. The near Approach of Salvation, an
   Engagement to Diligence and Love. Romans
   xiii. 11.

1 Awake, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
   And lift your voices high;
   Awake, and praise that Sovereign Love,
   That shows salvation nigh.

2 On all the wings of Time it flies:
   Each moment brings it near;
   Then welcome each declining day!
   Welcome each closing year!
3 Not many years their round shall run,
    Nor many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd
    To our admiring eyes.

1 Ye wheels of Nature, speed your course;
    Ye mortal powers decay;
Fast as ye bring the night of Death,
    Ye bring eternal day.

CCXC. The God of Peace bruising Satan.
    Rom. xxi. 20.

1 Y E armies of the living God,
    In his all-conquering name,
Lift up your banners, and aloud
    Your Leader's grace proclaim!

2 What though the Prince of Hell invade
    With showers of fiery darts,
And join, to the lion's fearful roar,
    The serpent's wily arts?

3 Jesus, who leads his hosts to war,
    Shall tread the monster down,
And every faithful soldier share
    The triumph and the crown.

4 So Israel on the haughty necks
    Of Canaan's tyrants trod,
And sung their Joshua's conquering sword,
    And sung their faithful God.

CXCI. Christ our Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctification, and Redemption. 1 Corinthians i. 30, 31.

M Y God, assist me, while I raise
    An anthem of harmonious praise;
My heart thy wonders shall proclaim,
    And spread its banners in thy name.
2 In Christ I view a store divine:
   My Father, all that store is thine;
   By thee prepared, by thee bestow'd;
Hail to the Saviour, and the God!

3 When gloomy shades my soul o'erspread,
   "Let there be light," the Almighty said—
   And Christ, my sun, his beams display'd,
   And there a day celestial made.

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

5 My soul was all o'erspread with sin,
   And lo, his Grace hath made me clean:
   He rescues from the infernal foe,
   And full redemption will bestow.

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

CCXCII. Being joined to Christ and one Spirit with him. 1 Corinthians vi. 17.

1 MY Saviour, I am thine,
   By everlasting bands;
   My name, my heart, I would resign,
   My soul is in thy hands.

2 To thee I still would cleave
   With ever-growing zeal;
   Let millions tempt me Christ to leave,
   They never shall prevail.

3 His Spirit shall unite
   My soul to him, my head;
   Shall form me to his image bright,
   And teach his path to tread.
4 Death may my soul divide
   From this abode of clay;
   But love shall keep me near his side
   Through all the gloomy way.

5 Since Christ and we are one,
   What should remain to fear?
   If he in heaven hath fix'd his throne,
   He'll fix his members there.

CXCIII The transitory Nature of the World an
   Argument for Christian Moderation. 1 Cor.
   vii. 29—31.

SPRING up, my soul, with ardent flight,
   Nor let this earth delude thy sight
   With glittering trifles gay and vain:
   Wisdom divine directs thy view
To objects ever grand and new,
   And Faith displays the shining train.
Be dead, my hopes, to all below;
   Nor let unbounded torrents flow,
   When mourning o'er my wither'd joys:
Soon this deceitful world is known;
Possess'd I call it not my own;
   Nor glory in its painted toys.
The empty pageant rolls along;
The giddy unexperienced throng
   Pursue it with enchanted eyes;
It passeth in swift march away,
Still more and more its charms decay,
   Till the last gaudy colour dies.
My God, to thee my soul shall turn;
   For thee my noblest passions burn,
   And drink in bliss from thee alone:
   I fix on that unchanging home,
Where never-fading pleasures bloom,
   Fresh springing round thy radiant throne.
CCXCIV. God's Fidelity in moderating Temptations. 1 Corinthians x. 13.

1 NOW let the feeble all be strong, And make Jehovah's arm their song: His shield is spread o'er every saint, And thus supported, who shall faint?

2 What though the hosts of Hell engage With mingled cruelty and rage! A faithful God restrains their hands, And chains them down in iron bands.

3 Bound by his word, he will display A strength proportion'd to our day; And, when united trials meet, Will shew a path of safe retreat.

4 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.

CCXCV. Bearing the Image of the Earthly and the Heavenly Adam. 1 Corinthians xv. 49.

1 WITH flowing eyes and bleeding hearts A blasted world survey! See the wide ruin Sin hath wrought In one unhappy day!

2 Adam, in God's own image form'd, From God and bliss estranged, And all the joys of paradise For guilt and horror changed!

3 Ages of labour and of grief He mourn'd his glory lost; At length the goodliest work of heaven Sunk down to common dust.
4 O fatal heritage bequeath'd
   To all his helpless race!
Through the thick maze of sin and woe
   Thus to the grave we pass.

5 But, O my soul! with rapture hear
   The second Adam's name;
And the celestial gifts he brings
   To all his seed proclaim.

6 In holiness and joy complete
   He reigns to endless years,
And each adopted chosen child
   His splendid image wears.

7 What though in mortal life they mourn!
   What though by death they fall!
Jesus in one triumphant day
   Transforms and crowns them all.

8 Praise to his rich mysterious grace!
   E'en by our fall we rise;
And gain, for earthly Eden lost,
   A heavenly paradise.

CCXCVI. Ministers comforted that they may comfort others. 2 Corinthians i. 4.

1 FOUNTAIN of comfort, source of love,
   Thy streams, how free they flow!
First water all the world above,
   Then visit us below!

2 From Christ, the head, what grace descends
   To cherish every part!
He shares his joys with all his friends,
   For all have shared his heart.

3 What though the sorrows here they feel
   Are manifold and great!
He brings new consolations still,
   As various and as sweet.
4 He shows our numerous sins forgiven, 
   And shews our Covenant-God; 
   He witnesseth our right to heaven, 
   The purchase of his blood.

5 Though Earth and Hell against us join, 
   In him we are secure; 
   Our diadems shall brighter shine, 
   For all we now endure.

6 On every faithful shepherd's breast, 
   Lord, send these comforts down; 
   That they may lead thy flock to rest, 
   Which their own souls have known.

CCXCVII. God's delivering Goodness acknowledged and trusted. 2 Corinthians i. 10.

A SONG FOR THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.

1 PRAISE to the Lord, whose mighty hand 
   So oft reveal'd hath saved our land; 
   And, when united nations rose, 
   Hath shamed and scourged our haughtiest foes.

2 When mighty navies from afar 
   To Britain wafted floating war, 
   His breath dispersed them all with ease, 
   And sunk their terrors in the seas.*

3 While for our princes they prepare 
   In caverns deep a burning snare; 
   He shot from heaven a piercing ray, 
   And the dark treachery brought to day.†

4 Princes and priests again combine 
   New chains to forge, new snares to twine; 
   Again our gracious God appears, 
   And breaks their chains, and cuts their snares.

* Referring to the defeat of the Spanish armada, 1588. 
† Gunpowder plot.
5 Obedient winds at his command
Convey his hero to our land;
The sons of Rome with terror view,
And speed their flight, when none pursue.;

6 Such great deliverance God hath wrought,
And down to us salvation brought;
And still the care of guardian-heaven
Secures the bliss itself hath given.

7 In thee we trust, Almighty Lord,
Continued rescue to afford:
Still be thy powerful arm made bare,
For all thy servants' hopes are there.

ICXC VIII. Ministers a sweet Savour, whether of Life or Death. 2 Corinthians ii. 15, 16.

1 PRAISE to the Lord on high,
    Who spreads his triumphs wide!
While Jesus' fragrant name
    Is breathed on every side:
    Balmy and rich
    The odours rise,
    And fill the earth
    And reach the skies.

2 Ten thousand dying souls
    Its influence feel, and live;
Sweeter than vital air
    The incense they receive:
    They breathe anew,
    And rise and sing
    Jesus the Lord,
    Their conquering king.

3 But sinners scorn the grace,
    That brings salvation nigh;
They turn their face away,
    They faint, and fall, and die.

† Revolution by king William, 1688.
2 CORINTHIANS.

So sad a doom,
Ye saints, deplore,
For O! they fall
To rise no more.

4 Yet, wise and mighty God,
Shall all thy servants be,
In those, who live or die,
A savour sweet to thee:
Supremely bright
Thy grace shall shine,
Guarded with flames
Of wrath divine.

CCXCIX. God shining into the Heart. 2 Cor. iv. 6.

1 Praise to the Lord of boundless might,
   With uncreated glories bright!
Whose presence gilds the worlds above;
Unchanging source of light and love.

2 Our rising earth his eye beheld,
   When in substantial darkness veil'd,
And shapeless chaos, Nature's womb,
Lay buried in eternal gloom.*

3 Let there be light! Jehovah said,
   And kindling light o'er all was spread;
Nature array'd in charms unknown,
Gay with a new-born lustre shone.

4 He views the mind, when lost it lies,
   And shades of ignorance round it rise;
He darts from heaven a vivid ray,
And changes midnight into day.

5 Shine, mighty God, with vigour shine
On this benighted heart of mine;
And let thy glories stand reveal'd,
As in the Saviour's face beheld.

* Genesis i. 2, 3.
6 My soul, revived by heaven-born day,
Thy radiant image shall display,
While all my faculties unite
To praise the Lord who gives me light.

CCC. The Gospel Treasure in earthen Vessels.
2 Corinthians iv. 7.

1 HOW rich thy bounty, King of kings!
Thy favours how divine!
The blessings, which thy Gospel brings,
How splendidly they shine!

2 Gold is but dross, and gems but toys;
Should gold and gems compare,
How mean, when set against those joys,
Thy poorest servant’s share.

3 Yet all these treasures of thy grace
Are lodged in urns of clay;
And the weak sons of mortal race
The immortal gifts convey.

4 Feebly they lispt thy glories forth;
Yet grace the victory gives:
Quickly they moulder back to earth;
Yet still thy Gospel lives.

5 Such wonders power divine effects;
Such trophies God can raise;
His hand from crumbling dust erects
Long monuments of praise.

CCCI. Living to Him, who died for us. 2 Cor. v. 14, 15.

1 MY Lord, didst thou endure such smart,
My life, when forfeited, to save?—
And didst thou bear upon thy heart
My name, when rising from the grave?
2 Am I in thy remembrance still,
   Amid the glories of thy throne,
   To form thy servant to thy will,
   And fix my dwelling near thy own?

3 What can a feeble worm repay
   For love so infinite as thine?
   The torrent bears my soul away,
   The impetuous stream of grace divine.

4 To thee, my Lord, it bears me on;
   Self shall be deified no more;
   By self betray'd, by self undone;
   I live by thy redeeming power.

5 Accept a soul so dearly bought,
   Bought by thy life upon the tree;
   A soul, which by thy Spirit taught,
   Knows no delight but serving thee.

Ω CCC11. The acceptable Time and the Day of Salvation. 2 Corinthians vi. 2.

1 THE Lord sends forth his word
   With saving power and grace,
   Oh! could I echo back the sound
   To all the human race.

2 "Though injured and provoked,
   By all that Sin can do;
   Yet I restrain insulted Wrath
   And send salvation too."

3 Though through succeeding years
   Your hearts have harden'd been:
   Fond of each fleeting vanity,
   And willing slaves to Sin!

* Referring to the emphasis of the original word, vi
  us away like a strong torrent.
2 CORINTHIANS.

4 To-day Salvation waits,
   Your God inclines his ear;
   At length ye dear immortal souls,
   Oh! wake his voice to hear.

5 This day, this instant, now!—
   To seek his grace prepare,
   Lest to these hours of hope succeed
   Long ages of despair.

CCCIII. God the Author of Consolation. 2 Cor. vii. 6.

1 THE Lord, how rich his comforts are,
   How wide they spread, how high they rise!
He pours in balm to bleeding hearts,
And wipes the tears from flowing eyes.

2 "I have no hope," my spirit cried,
   Just trembling on the brink of Hell;—
   "I am thy hope," the Lord replied,
   "My love secures its favourites well."

3 My grateful soul shall speak his praise
   Who turns its tremblings into songs;
   And those that mourn shall learn from me,
   Salvation to our God belongs.

CCCIV. Satan's Strong-holds cast down by the Gospel. 2 Cor. x. 4, 5.

1 SHOUT, for the battlements are fall'n,
   Which heaven itself defied;
   The aspiring towers, dismantled all,
   Now spread their ruins wide!

2 Thy wondrous trumpets, Prince of Peace,
   Sent forth their mighty sound;
   The strength of Jericho was struck,
   And tottering strewed the ground.
220 2 CORINTHIANS.

3 No more proud Reason shall dispute
   What Truth Divine declares;
No more Self-righteousness to plead
   Her own perfections dares.

4 No strength our ruin'd powers can boast
   Thy precepts to fulfil;
No liberty we ask or wish
   For our rebellious will.

5 The gates we open to admit
   The Saviour's gentle sway:
Blest Jesus, 'tis thy right to reign,
   Our pleasure to obey.

6 Each thought in sweet subjection held,
   Thy sovereign power shall own;
And every traitor shall be slain,
   That dares dispute the throne.

CCCV. The Christian Farewell. 2 Cor. xiii. 11.

1 THY presence, everlasting God,
   Wide o'er all nature spreads abroad;
Thy watchful eyes, which cannot sleep,
   In every place thy children keep.

2 While near each other we remain,
   Thou dost our lives and souls sustain;
When absent, happy if we share
   Thy smiles, thy counsels, and thy care.

3 To thee we all our ways commit,
   And seek our comforts near thy feet;
Still on our souls vouchsafe to shine,
   And guard and guide us still as thine.

4 Give us in thy beloved house,
   Again to pay our grateful vows;
Or if that joy no more be known,
   Give us to meet around thy throne.
CCCVI. **Living while in the Flesh by Faith in Christ who loved us, &c.** Galatians ii. 20.

1 **MY** Jesus, while in mortal flesh
   I hold my frail abode,
   Still would my spirit rest on thee,
   Its Saviour and its God.

2 By hourly faith in thee I live
   Midst all my griefs and snares;
   And Death, encounter'd in thy sight,
   No form of horror wears.

3 Yes, thou hast loved this sinful worm,
   Hast given thyself for me;
   Hast brought me from eternal death,
   Nail'd to the bloody tree.

4 On thy dear cross I fix mine eyes,
   Then raise them to thy seat;
   Till love dissolves my inmost soul,
   At its Redeemer's feet.

5 Be dead, my heart, to worldly charms;
   Be dead to every sin;
   And tell the boldest foes without,
   That Jesus reigns within.

6 My life with his connected stands,
   Nor asks a surer ground;
   He keeps me in his gracious arms,
   Where heaven itself is found.

CCCVII. **A filial Temper, the Work of the Spirit, and a Proof of Adoption.** Galatians 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 melody of heaven
   Could so delight the ear.

3 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name
   On mine 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 thus, I Abba, Father, cry,
   Nor can the sign deceive.

5 On wings of everlasting love
   The Comforter is come;
All terrors at his voice disperse,
   And endless pleasures bloom.


1 HAIL, everlasting Prince of Peace,
Hail, Sovereign divine!
How gracious is thy sceptre's sway,
   What gentle laws are thine.

2 His tender heart with love o'erflow'd,
   Love spoke in every breath;
Vigorous it reign'd through all his life,
   And triumph'd in his death.

3 All these united charms he shews
   Our frozen souls to move;
This proof of love to him demands,
   That we each other love.

4 O be that sacred law fulfill'd
   In every act and thought;
Each angry passion far removed,
   Each selfish view forgot.
5 Be thou, my heart, dilated wide
   By thy Redeemer's grace;
And, in one grasp of fervent love,
   All Earth and Heaven embrace.

CCCIX. Blessing God for spiritual Blessings in Christ. Ephesians i. 3.

1 **LOUD** be thy name adored,
   Thy titles spread abroad,
Of Christ, our glorious Lord,
The Father and the God!
   Through such a Son,
    Thy church's head
Thine honours spread
   O'er worlds unknown.

2 Ten thousand gifts of love
   From thee through him descend;
And bear our souls above
   To joys that never end:
   To heaven they soar,
      Sustain'd by God,
And through the road
   His arm adore.

3 Ten thousand songs of praise
   Shall by the Saviour rise,
And through eternal days
   Shall echo round the skies.
   New shouts we'll give,
      And loud proclaim
The honour'd name,
   By which we live.
CCCX. The grand Scheme of the Gospel. Ephesians i. 9—11.

1 We sing the deep mysterious plan,
Which God devised ere time began;
At length disclosed in all its light,
We bless the wondrous birth of love,
Which beams around us from above,
With grace so free and hope so bright.

2 Here has the wise Eternal Mind
In Christ, their common head, conjoin'd
Gentiles and Jews, and earth and heaven:
Through him, from the great Father's throne,
Rivers of bliss come rolling down.
And endless peace and life are given.

3 No more the awful cherubs guard
The tree of life with flaming sword,
To drive afar man's trembling race;
At Salem's pearly gates they stand,
And smiling wait, a friendly band!
To welcome strangers to the place.

4 While we expect the glorious sight,
Love shall our hearts with theirs unite,
And ardent hope our bosoms raise,
From earth's dark vale, and tongues of clay,
To those resplendent realms of day,
We'll try to send the sounding praise.

CCCXI. The heavenly Inheritance made known by the Spirit. Ephesians i. 18.

1 Come, thou celestial Spirit, come,
And call my roving passions home;
To mine enlighten'd eyes display
The heritage of heavenly day.
My God, that heritage is thine:
How rich, how glorious, how divine!
How far above all mortal things,
The little pride of courts and kings!

Of endless joy the unbounded store,
Why is its lustre known no more?
Away, ye mists of envious night,
That veil salvation from my sight!

Shine forth, Almighty Saviour, shine!
Shew the bright world, and shew it mine;
Then paradise on earth shall spring,
And mortal worms like angels sing.

CCCXII. Salvation by Grace. Ephesians ii. 5.

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

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man,
And all the steps that Grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road,
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.
CCCXIII. Christians risen and exalted with Christ to heavenly Places. Ephesians ii. 5, 6.

1 STUPENDOUS grace! and can it be
   Design'd for rebels such as we?
   O let our ardent praises rise,
   High as our hopes beyond the skies!

2 This flesh, by righteous vengeance slain,
   Might ever in the dust remain;
   These guilty spirits sent to dwell
   Midst all the flames and fiends of hell.

3 But lo! incarnate Love descends;
   Down to the sepulchre it bends;
   Rising, it tears the bars away,
   And springs to claim its native day.

4 Then was our sepulchre unbarr'd;
   Then was our path to glory clear'd!
   Then, if that Saviour be our own,
   Did we ascend a heavenly throne.

5 A moment shall our joy complete,
   And fix us in that shining seat,
   Bought by the pangs our Lord endured,
   And by unchanging truth secured.

6 O may that love, in strains sublime,
   Be sung to the last hour of time!
   And let eternity confess,
   Through all its rounds, that matchless grace.

CCCXIV. Nearness to God through Christ.
Ephesians ii. 13.

1 AND are we now brought near to God,
   Who once at distance stood?
   And, to effect this glorious change,
   Did Jesus shed his blood?
2 O for a song of ardent praise  
   To bear our souls above!  
   What should allay our lively hope,  
   Or damp our flaming love?

3 Draw us, O Lord, with quickening grace,  
   And bring us yet more near;  
   Here may we see thy glories shine,  
   And taste thy mercies here.

4 O may that love, which spread thy board,  
   Dispose us for the feast;  
   May faith behold a smiling God  
   Through Jesus’ bleeding breast.

5 Fired with the view, our souls shall rise  
   In such a scene as this,  
   And view the happy moment near,  
   That shall complete our bliss.

CCCXV. The Institution of a Gospel-Ministry from Christ. Ephesians iv. 7, 8.

FOR THE ORDINATION OR SETTLEMENT OF A MINISTER.

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy house  
   Smile on our homage and our vows;  
   While with a grateful heart we share  
   These pledges of our Saviour’s care.

2 The Saviour, when to heaven he rose  
   In splendid triumph o’er his foes,  
   Scatter’d his gifts on men below,  
   And wide his royal bounties flow.

3 Hence sprung the apostles’ honour’d name,  
   Sacred beyond heroic fame;  
   Hence dictates the prophetic sage;  
   And hence the evangelic page.
4 In lowlier forms, to bless our eyes,
Pastors from hence, and teachers rise;
Who, though with feebler rays they shine,
Still gild a long-extended line.

5 From Christ their varied gifts derive,
Fed too by Christ their graces thrive:
While, guarded by his potent hand,
Amid the rage of Hell they stand.

6 So shall the bright succession run
Long as the courses of the sun;
While unborn churches by their care
Shall rise and flourish large and fair.

7 Jesus our Lord their hearts shall know,
The spring, whence all these blessings flow:
Pastors and People shout his praise
Through the long round of endless days.

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

1 JESUS, I sing thy matchless grace,
That calls a worm thine own;
Gives me among thy saints a place
To make thy glories known.

2 Allied to thee our vital head,
We act, and grow, and thrive:
From thee divided, each is dead
When most he seems alive.

3 Thy saints on earth, and those above,
Here join in sweet accord;
One body all in mutual love,
And thou, our common Lord.

4 O may my faith each hour derive
Thy spirit with delight;
While Death and Hell in vain shall strive
This bond to disunite.
5 Thou the whole body wilt present
    Before thy Father's face;
Nor shall a wrinkle or a spot
    Its beauteous form disgrace.

CCCXVII. Love to others urged from Christ's Love,
in giving himself as a Sacrifice. Ephesians v. 2.

1 NOW be that sacrifice survey'd,
    That ransom which the Saviour paid;
That sight familiar to my view,
    Yet always wondrous, always new.

2 The Lamb of God, that groan'd and bled,
    And gently bow'd his dying head;
While love to sinners fired his heart,
    And conquer'd all the killing smart.

3 Blest Jesus, while thy grace I sing,
    What grateful tribute shall I bring,
That earth and heaven and thou mayst see
    My love to him who died for me?

4 That offering, Lord, thy word hath taught,
    Nor be thy new command forgot.
That, if their Master's death can move,
    Thy servants should each other love.

5 When to thy sacred cross we fly,
    There let each savage passion die;
While the warm streams of blood divine
    Melt our cold hearts to love like thine.

CCCXVIII. The Wisdom of redeeming Time.
Ephesians 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 wild sea,  
The boundless gulf, from whence it rose.

3 With it the thoughtless sons of men  
   Before the rapid tide 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 shew,  
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.

CCCXIX. Christ's Love to the Church in giving himself for it, &c. Ephes. v. 25—27.

1 BRIDEGROOM of souls, how rich thy love!  
   How generous, how divine!  
Our inmost hearts it well may move,  
While thus our voices join.

2 Deform'd and wretched once we lay,  
   Worthy thy hate and scorn;  
Yet love like thine could find a way  
To rescue and adorn.

3 Thou art our ransom; from thy veins  
   A wondrous fountain flows,  
To wash thy bride from all her stains,  
And heal our deepest woes.

4 Transform'd by thee, e'en here below  
   Thy church is bright and fair:  
But O! how glorious shall she shew,  
When Jesus shall appear!
5 Thine eye shall all her form survey
   With infinite delight,
Confess'd, in that illustrious day,
   Unblemish'd in thy sight.

CCCXX. Christ's Service, the Fruit of our Labours
   on Earth. Philippians i. 22.

1 My gracious Lord, I own thy right
   To every service I can pay ;
And call it my supreme delight
   To hear thy dictates and obey.

2 What is my being, but for thee,
   Its sure support, its noblest end ?
Thy ever-smiling face to see,
   And serve the cause of such a friend ?

3 I would not breathe for worldly joy,
   Or to increase my worldly good ;
Nor future days, or powers employ
   To spread a sounding name abroad.

4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live ;
   To him, who for my ransom died,
Nor could untainted Eden give
   Such bliss as blossoms at his side.

5 His work my hoary head shall bless,
   When youthful vigour is no more :
And life's last fleeting hour confess
   His love hath animating power.

CCCXXI. The Happiness of departing, and being with
   Christ. Philippians i. 23.

1 While on the verge of life I stand,
   And view the scene on either hand,
My spirit struggles with its clay,
   And longs to wing its flight away.
Where Jesus dwells my soul would be;
It faints my much-loved Lord to see:
Earth, twine no more about my heart,
For oh! 'twere better to depart.

Come, ye angelic envoys, come,
And lead the willing pilgrim home:
Ye know the way to that bright throne,
Source of my joys, and of your own.

That interview, how bless'd and sweet!
To fall transported at his feet!
Raised in his arms to view his face,
Through the full beamings of his grace!

To see the heavenly courtiers round,
Each with immortal glories crown'd!
And, while his form in each I trace,
With that fraternal band embrace!

As with a Seraph's voice to sing,
To fly as on a Cherub's wing!
Performing with unwearied hands
A present Saviour's high commands.

Yet, with these prospects full in sight,
I'll wait thy signal for my flight;
And in thy service here below,
Confess that heavenly joys may grow.

AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on:
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

A cloud of witnesses around,
Hold thee in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
PHILIPPIANS.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice,
    That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
    To thine aspiring eye.

4 That prize with peerless glories bright,
    Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths, and monarchs' gems
    Shall blend in common dust.

5 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
    Have I my race begun;
And crown'd with victory at thy feet
    I'll lay my honours down.

CCCXXIII. God supplying the Necessities of his People. Philippians iv. 19, 20.

1 M Y God, how cheerful is the sound!
    How pleasant to repeat!
Well may that heart with pleasure bound,
    Where God hath fix'd his seat.

2 What want shall not our God supply
    From his redundant stores?
What streams of mercy from on high
    An arm Almighty pours!

3 From Christ, the ever-living-spring,
    These ample blessings flow:
Prepare, my lips, his name to sing,
    Whose heart hath loved us so.

4 Now to our Father and our God
    Be endless glory given,
Through all the realms of man's abode,
    And through the highest heaven.
THANKFULNESS FOR BEING MADE MEET FOR THE HEAVENLY INHERITANCE.

1. **ALL-Glorious God, what hymns of praise**
   Shall our transported voices raise?
   While heaven stands open to our view!

2. **Once we were fall’n, and O! how low!**
   Just on the brink of endless woe;
   Where sinners all in darkness dwell.

3. **But lo, a ray of cheerful light**
   Scatters the horrid shades of night!
   And lo, triumphant grace is shewn
   To souls impoverish’d and undone!

4. **Far, far beyond these mortal shores**
   A bright inheritance is ours;
   To share their holy blissful state.

5. **If ready deck’d for heaven we shine,**
   Thine are the robes, the crown is thine:
   While “Thine the praise,” is all our song.

ANGELS AND CHRISTIANS UNITED IN CHRIST, AS THEIR COMMON HEAD.

1. **HAIL to Emanuel’s ever-honour’d name!**
   Spread it, ye Angels, through heaven’s sacred fane.
   Ye sceptred Cherubim, before his throne,
   And flaming Seraphim, bow humbly down,
   He is your head; with prostrate awe adore him.
   And lay with joy your radiant crowns before him.
COLOSSIANS.

2 Array'd in his refulgent beams ye shine,
And draw existence from his source divine;
Grateful ye wait the signal of his hand,
Honour'd too highly by his least command:
In him the in-dwelling Deity admiring,
And to his brighter image still aspiring.

3 Mortals with you in cheerful homage join,
And bring their anthems to Emanuel's shrine;
Mean as we are, with sins and griefs beset,
We glory, that in him we are complete.
He is our head, and we with you adore him,
And pour our wants, our joys, our hearts before him.

4 We sing the blood, that ransom'd us from Hell;
We sing the graces, that in Jesus dwell;
Led by his Spirit, guarded by his hand,
Our hopes anticipate your goodly land;
Still his incarnate Deity admiring,
And with heaven's hierarchy in praise conspiring.

CCCXXVI. Christians, as risen with Christ, exhorted
to seek Things above. Colossians iii. 1.

1 HEARKEN, ye children of your God;
Ye heirs of glory, hear;
For accents so divine as these
Might charm the dullest ear.

2 Baptized into your Saviour's death,
Your souls to sin must die;
With Christ our Lord ye live anew,
With Christ ascend on high.

3 There at his Father's hand he sits
Enthroned divinely fair;
Yet owns himself your brother still,
And your forerunner there.
4 Rise from these earthly trifles, rise,
   On wings of Faith and Love;
With Christ your greatest treasure lies,
   And be your hearts, above.

5 But earth and sin would drag us down,
   When we attempt to fly;
Lord, send thy strong attractive force
   To raise and fix us high.

CCCXXVII. The Prosperity of the Church, the Lift of a faithful Minister. 1 Thessalonians iii. 8.

BLEST Jesus, bow thine ear,
   While we intreat thy love;
O! come and all our hearts possess,
   And our best passions move.

May we stand fast in thee,
   Though storms and tempests beat;
And in thy guardian-arms obtain
   A calm and safe retreat.

Still be thy truth maintain’d,
   And still thy word obey’d,
And to the merits of thy blood
   A constant homage paid.

So shall thy shepherds live,
   And raise their cheerful head,
And, in such blessings on their flock,
   Confess their toils repaid.

CCCXXVIII. Comfort on the Death of pious Friends. 1 Thessalonians iv. 17, 18.

TRANSPORTING tidings which we hear!
   What music to the pious ear!
Christ loves each humble saint so well,
   He with his Lord shall ever dwell
2 THESSALONIANS.

2 Blest Jesus, source of every grace,
From far to view thy smiling face,
While absent thus by faith we live,
Exceeds all joys, that earth can give.

3 But O! what ecstasy unknown
Fills the wide circle round thy throne,
Where every rapturous hour appears
Nobler than millions of our years!

4 Millions by millions multiplied
Shall ne'er thy saints from thee divide;
But the bright legions live and praise
Through all thy own immortal days.

5 O happy dead, in thee that sleep,
While o'er their mouldering dust we weep!
O faithful Saviour, who shall come
That dust to ransom from the tomb!

6 While thine unerring word imparts
So rich a cordial to our hearts,
Through tears our triumphs shall be shown,
Though round their graves, and near our own.

CCCXXIX. Christ glorified and admired in his Saints at the great Day. 2 Thess. i. 10.

Ye heavens, with sounds of triumph ring;
Ye angels, burst into a song;
Jesus descends, victorious King,
And leads his shining train along.

Ye saints that sleep in dust, arise;
Let joy re-animate your clay;
Spring to your Saviour through the skies,
And round his throne your homage pay.

Then let the sons of heaven draw nigh,
While to the astonish'd hosts you tell,
How feeble mortals rose so high
From graves and worms, from sin and hell.
4 Tell them, in accents like their own,
What an incarnate God could do;
Then point to Jesus on the throne,
And boast, that Jesus died for you.

5 Transported, they no more can hear;
Their voices catch the sacred name;
Harmonious to his Father's ear,
Jesus the God, their harps proclaim!

6 Sin hath its dire incursions made,
That thou mightst prove thy power to save;
And Death its ensigns wide display'd,
That thou mightst triumph o'er the grave.

CCCXXX. Christ seen of Angels. 1 Timothy iii. 16.

1 Ye bright immortal throng
Of angels round the throne,
Join with our feeble song
To make the Saviour known:
On earth ye knew
His wondrous grace,
His beauteous face
In heaven ye view.

2 Ye saw the heaven-born child
In human flesh array'd,
Benevolent and mild,
While in the manger laid:
And praise to God,
And peace on earth,
For such a birth,
Proclaim'd aloud.

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

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

5 Around his sacred tomb
A willing watch ye kept ;
Till the blest moment came
To awaken him that slept :
Then roll'd the stone,
And all adored
Your rising Lord
With joy unknown.

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

7 The warbling notes pursue,
And louder anthems raise ;
While mortals sing with you
Their own Redeemer's praise,
And thou, my heart,
With equal flame,
And joy the same,
Perform thy part.
CCCXXXI. The Stability of the divine Foundation, and its double Inscription. 2 Timothy ii. 19.

1 To thee, Great Architect on high,
   Immortal thanks be paid,
   Who, to support thy sinking saints,
   This firm foundation laid!

2 Fix’d on a rock thy Gospel stands,
   And braves the rage of Hell;
   And, while the Saviour’s hand protects,
   His blood cements it well.

3 Here will I build my final hope;
   Here rest my weary soul;
   Majestic shall the fabric rise,
   Till glory crowns the whole.

4 Deep on my heart, all-gracious Lord,
   Engrave that double seal;
   Which, while it speaks thy honour’d name,
   Gives it thy grace to feel.

5 Held by a thousand tender bonds,
   Thy saints to thee are dear;
   And, conscious what a name they bear,
   Iniquity they fear.

CCCXXXII. Persecution to be expected by every true Christian. 2 Timothy iii. 12.

1 Great Leader of thine Israel’s host,
   We shout thy conquering name;
   Legions of foes beset thee round,
   And legions fled with shame.

2 A victory glorious and complete
   Thou by thy death didst gain;
   So in thy cause may we contend,
   And death itself sustain!
3 By our illustrious general fired,
   We no extremes would fear;
   Prepared to struggle and to bleed,
   If thou, our Lord, be near.

4 We'll trace the footsteps thou hast trod
   To triumph and renown;
   Nor shun thy combat and thy cross,
   May we but share thy crown.

CCCXXXIII. The Christian Scheme of Salvation
worthy of God. Hebrews ii. 10.

1 IMMORTAL God, on thee we call,
   The great original of all;
   Through thee we are, to thee we tend,
   Our sure support, our glorious end.

2 We praise that wise mysterious grace,
   That pitied our revolted race,
   And Jesus, our victorious head,
   The captain of salvation made.

3 He, thine eternal love decreed,
   Should many sons to glory lead;
   And sinful worms to him are given,
   A colony to people heaven.

4 Jesus for us, O gracious name!
   Encounter'd agony and shame:
   Jesus, the glorious and the great,
   Was by suffering made complete.

5 A scene of wonders here we see,
   Worthy thy Son, and worthy Thee:
   And, while this theme employs our tongues,
   All heaven unites its sweetest songs.

  R
HEBREWS.

CCCXXXIV. Satan and Death conquered by the Death of Christ. Hebrews ii. 14, 15.

1 SATAN, the dire invader came
   Our new-made world to annoy:
   And Death march’d dreadful in his rear,
   His captives to destroy.

2 Caught with his snares our father sunk;
   With him his children fell;
   And Death his fatal shaft prepared
   To smite them down to hell.

3 Jesus with pitying eye beheld,
   And left his starry crown;
   Turn’d his own weapons on the foe,
   And mow’d his legions down.

4 By Death, the Saviour Death disarm’d,
   That we in light may shine;
   And fix’d this great mysterious law,
   That dust should dust refine.

5 No more the pointed shaft we fear,
   Nor dread the monster’s boast;
   No more the pious dead we mourn,
   As friends for ever lost.

6 Their tongues, great Prince of life, shall join
   With our recover’d breath,
   And all the immortal host ascribe
   Our victory to thy death.

CCCXXXV. An immediate Attention to God’s Voice required. Hebrews iii. 15.

1 THE Lord Jehovah calls,
   Be every ear inclined;
   May such a voice awake each heart,
   And captivate the mind.
HEBREWS.

2 If He in thunder speaks,  
Earth trembles at his nod;  
But gentle accents here proclaim  
The condescending God.

3 O harden not your hearts,  
But hear his voice to-day;  
Lest, ere to-morrow's earliest dawn,  
He call your souls away.

4 Almighty God, pronounce  
The word of conquering grace;  
So shall the flint dissolve to tears,  
And scorners seek thy face.

CCCXXXVI. The eternal Sabbath. Hebrews iv. 9.

1 LORD of the sabbath, hear our vows,  
On this thy day, in this thy house:  
And own, as grateful sacrifice,  
The songs, which from the desert rise.

2 Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love;  
But there's a nobler rest above;  
To that our labouring souls aspire  
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

3 No more fatigue, no more distress;  
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;  
No groans to mingle with the songs,  
Which warble from immortal tongues.

4 No rude alarms of raging foes;  
No cares to break the long repose;  
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,  
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

5 O long-expected day begin!  
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;  
Fain would we leave this weary road,  
And sleep in death to rest with God.
CCCXXXVII. Christ our Forerunner, and the Foundation of our Hope. Heb. vi. 19, 20.

1 Jesus, the Lord our souls adore,
   A painful sufferer now no more;
High on his Father's throne he reigns
O'er earth, and heaven's extensive plains.

2 His race for ever is complete;
   For ever undisturb'd his seat;
Myriads of angels round him fly,
And sing his well-gain'd victory.

3 Yet, midst the honours of his throne,
   He joys not for himself alone;
His meanest servants share their part;
Share in that royal tender heart.

4 Raise, raise, my soul, thy raptured sight
   With sacred wonder and delight;
Jesus thy own forerunner see
Enter'd beyond the veil for thee.

5 Loud let the howling tempest yell,
   And foaming waves to mountains swell,
No shipwreck can my vessel fear,
Since Hope hath fix'd her anchor here.

CCCXXXVIII. The evil Conscience purified by the Blood of Jesus. Hebrews ix. 13, 14.

1 Blest be the Lamb, whose blood was spilt
   To sprinkle conscience from its guilt;
To ease its pains, to calm its fears,
And purchase grace for future years.

2 Cleansed by this all-atoning blood,
   We joy in free access to God,
The living God, before whose face
Sinners in vain shall seek a place.
3 Rouse thee, my soul, to serve him still
With cordial love, with active zeal:
Serve him as doth his Son divine,
Who made his life the price of thine.

4 Blest Jesus, introduced by thee,
The Father’s smiling face I see;
And, strengthen’d by thy grace alone,
These grateful services are done.

5 Then must my debt from day to day
Grow with each service that I pay;
So grows my joy, dear Lord, to be
Thus more and more in debt to thee.

CCCXXXIX. Death and Judgment appointed to all.
Hebrews ix. 27.

1 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.

2 Ye living men, the tomb survey,
Where you must quickly dwell;
Hark how the awful summons sounds
In every funeral knell!

3 Once you must die, and once for all
The solemn purport weigh;
For know, that Heaven and Hell are hung
On that important day.

4 Those eyes, so long in darkness veil’d,
Must wake the Judge to see.
And every word and every thought
Must pass his scrutiny.

5 O may I in the Judge behold
My Saviour and my friend,
And far beyond the reach of death
With all his saints ascend!
CCCXL. Christ's Second Appearance, &c.
Hebrews ix. 28.

1 Behold the Son of God appears,
And in his flesh our sins he bears;
The victim at God's holy throne
To expiate guilt by many a groan.

2 But lo! a second time he comes
To shake the earth and rend the tombs;
The Heavens before him melt away,
And sun and stars in smoke decay!—

3 Yet midst this general wreck and dread,
Ye saints, with triumph lift the head;
With glad surprise your Saviour meet,
Who comes to make your bliss complete.

4 My soul, a happiness so great
With pleasing expectation wait;
And, while I dwell upon the thought,
Be earth and all its toys forgot!

5 My Saviour-God, what grace is thine,
Which gives a prospect so divine;
Come blessed day, and teach our tongues
How angels warble forth their songs.

CCCXLI. Liberty to enter through the Veil by the blood of Christ.
Hebrews x. 19—22.

1 Approach, ye children of your God;
Favourites of heaven, draw near;
Enter the holiest with delight,
Though his own ark be there.

2 Pass through the veil, the Saviour's flesh,
That new and living way;
And Majesty enshrined in love
Shall gentle beams display.
3 Jesus with sin-atoning blood
   The throne hath sprinkled o'er;
   His fragrant incense spreads its cloud,
   And Justice flames no more.

4 Approach with boldness and with joy,
   But spotless all draw near;
   Pure be your lives from every stain,
   And every conscience clear.

5 So shall the blessings of his grace
    On all your souls distil,
    Till each a royal priest appears
    On his celestial hill.

CCCXLII. God's Fidelity to his Promises.
   Hebrews x. 23.

1 THE promises I sing,
    Which sovereign love hath spoke;
    Nor will the eternal King
    His words of grace revoke;
    They stand secure,
    And stedfast still;
    Not Zion's hill
    Abides so sure.

2 The mountains melt away
    When once the Judge appears,
    And sun and moon decay,
    That measure mortals' years;
    But still the same
    In radiant lines
    The promise shines
    Through all the flame.

3 Their harmony shall sound
    Through mine attentive ears,
    When thunders cleave the ground,
    And dissipate the spheres:
HEBREWS.

Midst all the shock
Of that dread scene,
I'll stand serene,
Thy word my rock.

CCCXLIII. The Judgment Day approaching, a Motive to love and worship. Heb. x. 24, 25.

1 The day approacheth, O my soul,
The great decisive day,
Which from the verge of mortal life
Shall bear thee far away.

2 Another day more awful dawns;
And lo! the Judge appears;
Ye heavens, retire before his face,
And sink, ye darken'd spheres.

3 Yet doth one short preparing hour,
One precious hour remain;—
Rouse thee, my soul, with all thy power,
Nor let it pass in vain.

4 With me my brethren soon must die,
And at that bar appear;
Now be our intercourse improved
To mutual comfort here.

5 For this thy temple, Lord, we throng;
For this, thy board surround;
Here may our service be approved,
And in thy presence crown'd.


1 Now let our songs proclaim abroad
The changeless name of Abram's God.
In him let Abram's children view,
Their Father's ever-living Lord,
His Shield, his Friend, his great Reward,
The rock of ages, firm and true.
Call'd by thy voice, with joyful speed
He went, where thou wast pleased to lead,
Though all unknown the path he trod;
His land, his kindred, strove in vain
The pious pilgrim to detain,
Propt on the promise of his God.

3 So at thy word the saint foregoes
Each tender tie, which nature knows,
And hears no other voice but thine;
Marches where thou shalt point the way,
Where thou shalt pitch his tent, will stay,
And learns his Isaac to resign.

At length, still faithful to thy own,
Thou callest him to a world unknown,
Through paths untrod by mortal feet;
Smiling he owns thy voice in death,
Gives to the air his fleeting breath,
And finds the road to Abram's seat.

CCCXLV. The God of the Patriarchs preparing
them a City. Hebrews xi. 16.

I AM thy God, Jehovah said,
To Abram, and his chosen seed;
And still the same relation owns
To each of Abram's faithful sons.

Sovereign of Heaven, what works of love
So grand a title shall approve?
What splendid gifts will God bestow,
That all its high import may know?

Not the rich flocks and herds that feed
Round Abram's tents in Mamre's mead;
Not Joseph's chariot, nor the throne,
Ivory and gold of Solomon.
4 Not Canaan's plains a lot can prove
   Proportion'd to Jehovah's love;
Not Zion's sacred mountain, where
   His temple glitter'd like a star.

5 O'er Zion's mount, o'er Canaan's plains,
   Oppression now, with horror reigns;
   And, where the throne of David stood,
   His ruin'd sepulchre is view'd,

6 'Tis in the Heaven of Heavens alone
   Thou mak'st thy wondrous friendship known;
   A city there thy hand prepares,
   Fix'd as thy own eternal years.

7 Long as they reign before thy face,
   The blissful nations shall confess,
   Thy sovereign love hath there bestow'd
   Salvation worthy of a God.

CCCXLVI. Moses' wise Choice. Hebrews xi. 26

1 My soul, with all thy waken’d powers
   Survey the heavenly prize;
Nor let these glittering toys of earth
   Allure thy wandering eyes.

2 The splendid crown, which Moses sought,
   Still beams around his brow;
Though soon great Pharaoh's sceptred pride,
   Was taught by death to bow.

3 The joys and treasures of a day
   I cheerfully resign;
Rich in that large immortal store,
   Secured by grace divine.

4 Let fools my better choice deride,
   Angels and God approve;
Nor scorn of men, nor rage of hell
   My stedfast soul shall move.
With ardent eye that bright reward
I daily will survey;
And in the blooming prospect lose
The sorrows of the way.

**CCXLVII. Acting, as seeing him who is invisible.**
Hebrews xi. 27.

**Eternal** and immortal King,
Thy peerless splendors none can bear,
But darkness veils seraphic eyes,
When God with all his lustre's there.

Yet Faith can pierce the awful gloom,
The great Invisible can see;
And with its tremblings mingle joy
In fix'd regards, great God, to thee.

Then every tempting form of sin,
Shamed in thy presence, disappears;
And all the glowing raptured soul
The likeness it contemplates, wears.

O! ever-conscious to my heart,
Witness to its supreme desire,
Behold it presseth on to thee,
For it hath caught the heavenly fire.

This one petition would it urge,
'To bear Thee ever in its sight;
In life, in death, in worlds unknown,
Its only portion and delight.

**CCCXLVIII. Subjection to God, the Father of our Spirit.**
Hebrews xii. 9.

**Eternal** source of life and thought,
Be all beneath thyself forgot!
Whilst thee, great parent-mind, we own
In prostrate homage round thy throne.
2 Whilst in themselves our souls survey
Of thee some faint reflected ray,
They wondering to their Father rise;
His power how vast! His thoughts how wise!

3 Behold us as thine offspring, Lord,
And do not cast us off abhorrid;
Nor let thy hand, so long our joy,
Be raised in vengeance to destroy.

4 O may we live before thy face,
The willing subjects of thy grace;
And through each path of duty move
With filial awe, and filial love!

CCCXLIX. The Immutability of Christ.
Hebrews xiii. 3.

1 WITH transport, Lord, our souls proclaim
The deathless honours of thy name:
Assembled round our Saviour's throne,
We make his ceaseless glories known.

2 High on his Father's royal seat
Our Jesus shone divinely great,
Ere Adam's clay with life was warm'd,
Or Gabriel's nobler spirit form'd.

3 Through all succeeding ages he
As he hath been, the same shall be;
Immortal beams shall round him shine,
While stars and suns with age decline.

4 The same his power his flock to guard:
The same his bounty to reward;
The same his faithfulness and love
To saints on earth, and saints above.

5 Let Nature change and sink and die;
Jesus shall raise his chosen high,
And fix them near his stable throne,
In glory changeless as his own.

FOR THE ORDINATION OF A MINISTER.

1 LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
   And take the alarm they give;
Now let them from the mouth of God
   Their solemn charge receive.

2 '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.

3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
   Did heavenly bliss forego;
For souls, which must for ever live
   In raptures, or in woe!

4 All to the great tribunal haste,
   The account to render there;
And shouldst thou strictly mark our faults,
   Lord, how 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.


1 FATHER of Peace, and God of Love,
   We own thy power to save;
That power, by which our Shepherd rose,
   Victorious o'er the grave.

2 We triumph in that Shepherd's name,
   Still watchful for our good;
Who brought the eternal covenant down,
   And seal'd it with his blood.
3 So may thy Spirit seal my soul,  
    And mould it to thy will;  
    That my fond heart no more may stray,  
    But keep thy covenant still.

4 Still may we gain superior strength,  
    And press with vigour on,  
    Till full perfection crown our hopes,  
    And fix us near thy throne.

CCCLII. Christians begotten to God as the First-Fruits of his Creatures. James i. 18.

1 NOW to that sovereign grace,  
    Whence all our comforts spring,  
    Let the whole new begotten race  
    Their cheerful praises bring.

2 His will first made the choice;  
    His word the change hath wrought;  
    In him, our Father, we rejoice,  
    Nor be that name forgot.

3 Lord, may this matchless love,  
    Which thy own children see,  
    Make us from all thy creatures prove  
    As the first-fruits to thee.

4 Sacred to thee alone  
    Be all these powers of mine,  
    Then in the noblest sense my own,  
    When most entirely thine.

CCCLIII. Looking into the perfect Law of Liberty, and Continuing in it. James i. 25.

1 BEHOLD the glass the Gospel lends,  
    That men themselves may view,  
    How free from stain its surface shines,  
    How polish'd, and how true!
2 Behold that wise, that perfect law,
   Which noblest freedom gives!—
O may it all our souls refine,
   And sanctify our lives!

3 Not with a transient glance survey'd,
   And in an hour forgot,
But deep inscribed on every heart,
   To reign o'er every thought.

4 Great Author of each perfect gift,
   Thy sovereign Grace display,
That these rebellious roving powers
   May hearken and obey.

5 Inspired by thee, our feeble souls
   Shall pass victorious on;
As day's faint dawning light improves
   To all the blaze of noon.

CCLIV. James’s Advice to Sinners. James iv. 7, 8.

1 Ye sinners, bend your stubborn necks
   Beneath the yoke divine;
In low submission bow ye down
   Before his sacred shrine.

2 In pious strains your follies mourn,
   And seek his injured grace;
And wait with broken bleeding hearts
   The openings of his face.

3 Resist the tempter's fierce attacks,
   And he shall speed his flight:
Draw near to God, and his embrace
   Shall fold you with delight.

4 Ye sinners, cleanse your spotted hands,
   And purge your hearts from sin;
Here fix your long-divided views,
   And peace shall reign within.
5 Blest Saviour, draw us by thy love,
   And fix us by thy power;
When we have felt these sweet constraints,
   Our souls shall rove no more.

CCCLV. The Vanity of worldly Schemes inferred from the Uncertainty of Life. James iv. 13—15.

1 TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine,
   Lodged in thy sovereign hand;
And, if its sun arise and shine,
   It shines by thy command.

2 The present moment flies,
   And bears our life away;
O! make thy servants truly wise,
   That they may live to-day.

3 Since on this winged hour
   Eternity is hung,
Waken by thine Almighty power
   The aged and the young.

4 One thing demands our care;
   O, be it still pursued!
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
   Should never be renew'd.

5 To Jesus may we fly
   Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beams should die
   In sudden endless night!

CCCLVI. Rejoicing in an unseen Saviour. 1 Peter i. 8.

1 MINE inward joys, suppress'd too long,
   Ecstatic burst into a song:
From Christ, though now unseen, they rise
   And reach his throne beyond the skies.
2 His glories strike the wondering sight
Of all the first-born sons of light;
Beyond the Seraphim they shine,
Unrivall’d all, and all divine.

3 Yet mortal worms his friendship boast,
And make his saving name their trust:
Jesus, my Lord, I know him well;
He rescued me from Death and Hell.

4 This sinful heart from God estranged
His new-creating power hath changed;
And, mingling with each secret thought,
Maintains the work, which first it wrought.

5 He gives to see his Father’s face;
He gives my soul to thrive in grace;
And brings the views of glory down,
The beamings of my heavenly crown.

6 Thus entertain’d, while here below
Unspeakable my transportsgrow;
New joys in swift succession roll,
And glory fills my silent soul.

CCLVII. The Heart purified to Love unfeigned by
the Spirit. 1 Peter i. 22.

1 GREAT Spirit of immortal love,
Vouchsafe our frozen hearts to move;
With ardour strong these breasts inflame
To all that own a Saviour’s name.

2 Still let the heavenly fire endure
Fervent, vigorous, true and pure:
Let every heart and every hand
Join in the dear fraternal band.

3 Celestial Dove, descend and bring
The smiling blessings on thy wing,
And make us taste those sweets below,
Which in the blissful mansions grow.
CCCLVIII. Tasting that the Lord is gracious.
1 Peter ii. 3.

1 YEs, it is sweet to taste his grace,
   Who bought us with his blood;
   My soul prefers the relish still
   To all created good.

2 O! how I love that vital word,
   Which taught me first to live;
   Thirst for that uncorrupted milk,
   That I may grow and thrive!

3 All-gracious Lord, instruct us more
   Thy saving gifts to know:
   And let our inmost hearts rejoice,
   That thou hast loved us so.

4 Open thy stores with liberal hand,
   That we may daily feast;
   And let each dying soul around
   Thy sweet salvation taste.

CCCLIX. Coming to Christ as to a living Stone.
1 Peter ii. 4, 5.

1 WITH ecstasy of joy
   Extol his glorious name,
   Who raised the spacious earth,
   And raised our ruined frame:
   He built the church
   Who built the sky,
   Shout and exalt
   His glories high.

2 See the foundation laid
   By power and love divine;
   Jesus, his first-born Son,
   How bright his glories shine!
1 Peter. 259

Low he descends,
In dust He lies,
That from his tomb
His church may rise.

3 But He for ever lives,
    Not for himself alone;
Each saint new life derives
From this mysterious stone;
    His influence darts
Through every soul,
And in one house
Unites the whole.

4 To him with joy we move;
    In him cemented stand;
The living temple grows,
    And owns the founder's hand:
That structure, Lord,
    Still higher raise,
Louder to sound
    Its builder's praise.

5 Descend, and shed abroad
The tokens of thy grace,
And with more radiant beams
Let glory fill the place;
    Our joyful souls
Shall prostrate fall,
    And own, our God
Is all in all.

CCCLX. Christ the Corner Stone. 1 Peter ii. 6,
    compared with Isaiah xxviii. 16, 17.

1 LORD, dost thou shew a corner-stone
   For us to build our hopes upon,
    That the fair edifice may rise
Sublime in light beyond the skies?
2 We own the work of Sovereign Love:
Nor Death nor Hell those hopes shall move,
Which fix’d on this foundation stand,
Laid by thine own Almighty hand.

3 Thy people long this stone have tried,
And all the powers of Hell defied;
Floods of temptation beat in vain;
Well doth this rock the house sustain.

4 When storms of wrath around prevail,
Whirlwind and thunder, fire and hail!
’Tis here our trembling souls would hide,
And here securely shall abide.

5 While they that scorn this precious Stone,
Fond of some quicksand of their own,
Borne down by weighty vengeance die,
And buried deep in ruin lie.

CCCLXI. Christ precious to the Believer. 1 Peter ii. 7.

1 JESUS, I love thy charming name;
’Tis music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That Earth and Heaven should hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport, and my trust:
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish
In thee doth richly meet:
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The eordial of its care.
5 I'll speak the honours of thy name
   With my last labouring breath;
Then speechless clasp thee in mine arms,
The antidote of death.

CCCLXII. Noah preserved in the Ark, and the Believer in Christ. 1 Peter iii. 20, 21.

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

2 In vain the tallest sons of pride
Fled from the close-pursuing wave;
Nor could their mightiest towers defend,
Nor swiftness'scape, nor courage save.

3 How dire the wreck! how loud the roar!
How shrill the agonizing cry
Of millions in their last despair,
Re-echoed from the lowring sky!

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

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

6 Enter thine ark, while Mercy 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 happy souls.
CCCLXIII. The Ungodly warned of their final Appearance. 1 Peter iv. 13.

1 Behold God's great incarnate Son
   In majesty comes flying down:
   Hark! for his trumpet's awful sound
   Awakes the dead, and cleaves the ground.

2 So solemn shall that judgment be,
   And so severe that scrutiny,
   That, by his merit tried alone,
   The saint himself would be undone.

3 Where then, ye sons of Belial, where
   Will your astonish'd souls appear?
   How will ye shun his piercing sight,
   Or how resist his matchless might?

4 Up to the pointed mountains fly,
   And gain the confines of the sky;
   There shall ye meet celestial fire,
   While mountains melt before his ire.

5 Call on the rending earth to save,
   And at its centre search a grave;
   The Judge shall well discern thee there,
   And drag thee trembling to his bar.

6 Deck thee around with fraud and lies,
   And put on every fair disguise;
   Soon shall thy painted form be known
   Amidst ten thousand of his own.

7 Gird thee in arms, his wrath oppose,
   And league with millions of his foes;
   Soon would the rebel-band expire,
   Like crackling thorns amid the fire.

8 One only way may yet be found;
   Submissive bow ye to the ground;
   His cross a refuge will afford
   From all the terrors of his sword.
CCCLXIV. **Humbling ourselves under God’s mighty Hand.** 1 Peter v. 6.

1 Beneath thy mighty hand, O God,
   Our souls we prostrate low;
   Shine forth with gentle radiant beams,
   That we thy name may know.

2 Thy hand this various frame produced,
   And still supports it well;
   That hand, with justice and with ease,
   Might smite our souls to hell.

3 Conscious of meanness and of guilt,
   We in the dust would lie;
   Stretch forth thy condescending arm,
   And lift the humble high.

4 So in the temples of thy grace
   We’ll sovereign mercy own,
   And, when we shine above the stars,
   Extol thy grace alone.

5 The more thou raisest sinful dust,
   The lower would it fall;
   For less than nothing, Lord, are we,
   And thou art all in all.

CCCLXV. The same.

FOR A FAST DAY.

1 Our souls with reverence, Lord, bow down,
   Struck by the splendors of thy throne;
   Humbled, while in thy house we stand,
   Beneath thy all tremendous hand.

2 That hand, which bears the steady pole,
   While Nature’s wheels unwearied roll;
   That hand, which gives each creature food,
   And fills the world with various good.
3 That hand, which pierced thy darling Son
   To expiate crimes that we had done:
   That hand, which scatters grace abroad
   To turn thy foes to sons of God.

4 But O! with what distracted rage
   Have we presumed Hell's war to wage!
   And, while long patience hath been shewn,
   Struggled to force thy vengeance down!

5 Here might thy wrath begin to flame,
   And vindicate thine injured name;
   Till the red thunders of thy hand
   Had dealt destruction round our land.

6 With humble hearts our God we meet,
   O raise the suppliants at thy feet!
   And let that glorious arm this day
   Embrace the rebels it might slay!

CCCLXVI. God's Care, a Remedy for ours.
1 Peter v. 7.

1 HOW gentle God's commands!
   How kind his precepts are!
   "Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
   And trust his constant care."

2 While Providence supports,
   Let saints securely dwell;
   That hand, which bears all nature up,
   Shall guide his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
   Press down your weary mind?
   Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
   And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved
   Down to the present day;
   I'll drop my burden at his feet,
   And bear a song away.
CCCLXVII. Establishment in Religion from the God of all Grace. 1 Peter v. 10, 11.

1 How rich thy favours, God of grace!
   How various, how divine!
   Full as the ocean are they pour'd,
   And bright as heaven they shine.

2 He to eternal glory calls,
   And leads the wondrous way
   To his own palace, where he reigns
   In uncreated day.

3 Jesus, the herald of his love,
   Displays the radiant prize,
   And shews the purchase of his blood
   To our admiring eyes.

4 He perfects what his hand begins,
   And stone on stone he lays;
   Till firm and fair the building rise,
   A temple to his praise.

5 The songs of everlasting years
   That mercy shall attend,
   Which leads, through sufferings of an hour,
   To joys, that never end.

CCCLXVIII. The Circumstances of Christ's second Appearing. 2 Peter iii. 11, 12.

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

2 Behold the fiery deluge roll
   Through heaven's wide arch from pole to pole!—
   Pale sun, no more thy lustre boast;
   Tremble and fall, ye starry host.
The wreck of nature all around,
The angel’s shout, the trumpet’s 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 mine eyes this scene display
Frequent through each revolving day,
And let thy grace my soul prepare
To meet its full redemption there.

CCCLXIX. The Importance of being prepared for Christ's second Appearing. 2 Peter iii. 14.

1 "BEHOLD I come!" the Saviour cries,
   "With winged speed I come;
   My voice shall call your souls away
   To their eternal home.

2 "Awake, ye sons of sloth, awake;
   Your vain amusements cease,
   And strive with your united powers,
   That ye be found in peace.

3 "Seize the blest hour with ardent haste,
   Nor slight this peaceful word,
   Lest your affrighted souls in vain
   Fly from my flaming sword."

4 "Happy the man, whose ready heart
   Obey the sacred call;
   And shelters in my covenant grace
   His everlasting all."

5 Blest Jesus, whose all-searching eye
   My inmost powers can see,
   Dost thou not know my willing soul
   Hath lodged that all with thee?
2 PETER.

6 These eager eyes thy signal wait;  
   My dear Redeemer, come:  
I rove a weary pilgrim here,  
   And long to be at home.

CCCLXX. Growing in Grace, &c. 2 Peter iii. 18.

1 PRAISE to thy name, eternal God,  
   For all the grace thou shed'st abroad;  
For all thine influence from above  
   To warm our souls with sacred love.

2 Blest be thy hand, which from the skies  
   Brought down this plant of paradise,  
   And gave its heavenly glories birth,  
To deck this wilderness of earth.

3 But why does that celestial flower  
   Open and thrive, and shine no more?  
   Where are its balmy odours fled?  
And why reclines its beauteous head?

4 Too plain, alas! that langour shews  
   The sterile 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 frosts 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.
1 John i. 1—3.

1 Jesus, mine advocate above,
    Let me not hear of thee alone,
    But make the wonders of thy love
    By deep experience sweetly known.

2 On thee my soul would fix her eye;
    My lips would taste thy heavenly grace;
    Then would I raise thine honours high,
    And teach a thousand tongues thy praise.

3 The sacred flame from heart to heart
    Should with a rapid progress run;
    Till each in God could boast his part,
    Through sweet communion with his Son.

4 Thus may the servants of the Lord
    Feel the salvation they proclaim;
    And thus may crowds receive the word,
    And echo back the Saviour's name!

1 John i. 3.

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

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

3 How large his bounties are!
    What various stores of good,
    Diffused from my Redeemer's hand,
    And purchased with his blood!
4 Jesus, my living head,
    I bless thy faithful care;
Mine advocate before the throne,
    And my forerunner there.

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

CCCLXXIII. The Privileges of Saints by the Blood of Jesus. 1 John i. 7.

1 My various powers, awake
    To sound redeeming grace;
To him, that wash’d us in his blood,
    Ascribe eternal praise.

2 What though our guilt appears
    Died in a crimson grain?
The stream that flows from Jesus’ side,
    Shall purge away the stain.

3 Midst all our various forms
    We in this centre meet;
Our hearts cemented by his blood
    Shall taste communion sweet.

4 Then let us walk in light,
    Like Christ, whose name we wear;
And, as the pledge of endless bliss,
    Our Father’s image bear.

CCCLXXIV. The Blood of Christ cleansing from all Sin. 1 John i. 7.

1 My sins, alas! how foul the stains!
    How deep, and O! how wide!
O’er my polluted soul they spread,
    In double crimson died.
2 How shall I stand before that God,
   In whose all-piercing sight,
   Some shades of darkness seem to veil
   The purest sons of light?

3 Where shall I wash these spots away,
   And make my nature clean,
   Since drops of penitential grief
   Are tinctured still with sin?

4 Behold a torrent all divine
   Flows from the Saviour's side,
   And strangely bears a crystal stream
   Amidst the purple tide. *

5 Here will I bathe my spotted soul,
   And make it pure and fair;
   Till not the eye of God discern
   One foul pollution there.

6 Then, drest in robes of snowy white,
   I'll join the shining band,
   And learn new anthems to the Lamb,
   While round his throne we stand.

CCCLXXV. Having the Son, and having Life in him. 1 John v. 12.

1 O HAPPY christian, who can boast,
   "The Son of God is mine!"
   Happy though humbled in the dust;
   Rich in this gift divine;

2 He lives the life of Heaven below,
   And shall for ever live;
   Eternal streams from Christ shall flow,
   And endless vigour give.

* Referring to the blood and water, that came out of the wounded side of Christ. John xix. 34.
REVELATION.

3 That life we ask with bended knee,
    Nor will the Lord deny;
    Nor will celestial Mercy see
    Its humble suppliants die.

4 That life obtain'd, for praise alone
    We wish continued breath;
    And, taught by blest experience, own
    That praise can live in death.

CCCLXXVI. Christ the First and the Last, humbled to Death, and exalted to an eternal Triumph over it. Revelation i. 17. 18.

1 WHAT mysteries, Lord, in thee combine!
    Jesus, once mortal, yet divine;
    The first, the last; the end, the head;
    The source of life among the dead!

2 O love, beyond the stretch of thought,
    What matchless wonders hath it wrought!
    My faith, while she thy grace declares,
    Trembles beneath the load she bears.

3 Hail royal conqueror o'er the grave,
    Tender to pity, strong to save!
    For ever live, for ever reign,
    And prosperous may thy throne remain!

4 Thy saints, obedient to thy word,
    With humble joy surround thy board;
    And, long as time pursues its race,
    Proclaim thy death, and shout thy grace.

5 In the full choir, where angels join
    Their harps of melody divine,
    Thy death inspires a song of praise,
    New through thy life's eternal days.
CCCLXXVII. *The Keys of Death and the unseen World in the Hand of Christ.* Rev. i. 18.

1 **HAIL to the Prince of Life and Peace,**
   Who holds the keys of Death and Hell!
   The spacious world unseen is his,
   And sovereign power becomes him well.

2 **In shame and torment once he died;**
   But now he lives for evermore:
   Bow down, ye saints, around his throne,
   And all ye angel-bands, adore.

3 **So live for ever, glorious Lord,**
   To crush thy foes and guard thy friends,
   While all thy chosen tribes rejoice,
   That thy dominion never ends.

4 **Worthy thy hand to hold the keys,**
   Guided by wisdom, and by love;
   Worthy to rule o'er mortal life,
   O'er worlds below, and worlds above.

5 **When Death thy servants shall invade,**
   When powers of hell thy church annoy,
   Control'd by thee, their rage shall help
   The cause they labour'd to destroy.

6 **For ever reign, victorious King!**
   Wide through the earth thy name be known;
   And call my longing soul to sing
   Sublimer anthems near thy throne?

CCCLXXVIII. *The care of Christ over Ministers and Churches.* Revelation ii. 1.

1 **WE bless the eternal source of light,**
   Who makes the stars to shine;
   And, through this dark be-clouded world,
   Diffuseth rays divine.
REVELATION.

2 We bless the churches, 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 preserved;
   Still fed with oil and flame;
   And in deep characters inscribed
   Our heavenly Master's name.

4 Then, while between our ranks he walks,
   And all our state surveys,
   His smiles shall with new lustre deck
   The people of his praise.


1 HARK! 'tis our heavenly Leader's voice
   From his triumphant seat:
   Amid the war's tumultuous storm,
   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 bosoms glow
   With courage and with love;
Thy hand shall bear thy soldiers through,
   And lift their heads above.

My soul while death besets me round,
   Shall raise her ardent eyes,
And long through some illustrious wound,
   To rush and seize the prize.

CCCLXXX. The Pillar in God's heavenly Temple,
   with its Inscription. Revelation iii. 12.

1 ALL-HAIL, victorious Saviour, hail!
   I bow to thy command;
And own that David's royal key
   Well fits thy sovereign hand.

2 Open the treasures of thy love,
   And shed thy gifts abroad;
Unveil to my rejoicing eyes
   'The temple of my God.'

3 There as a pillar let me stand
   On an eternal base;
Up-rear'd by thine Almighty hand,
   And polish'd by thy grace.

4 There deep engraven let me bear
   The title of my God;
And mark the new Jerusalem,
   As my secure abode.

5 In lasting characters inscribe
   Thy own beloved name;
That endless ages there may read
   The great Emanuel's claim.
6 Lead on, my general; I defy
    What Earth or Hell can do;
Thy conduct, and this glorious hope,
    Shall bear thy soldier through.

CCCLXXXI. God's Covenant unchangeable; or, The
    Rainbow round about the Throne. Revelation
iv. 3, compared with Genesis ix. 13—17.

1 SUPREME of Beings, with delight
    Our eyes survey this heavenly sight;
And trace with admiration sweet
The beaming splendours of thy feet.

2 Jasper and sapphire strive in vain
    To paint the glories of thy train;
Thy robes beam forth eternal light,
    Too radiant for a cherub's sight.

3 Yet round thy throne the rainbow shines,
    Fair emblem of thy kind designs;
Bright pledge, that speaks thy covenant sure
    Long as thy kingdom shall endure.

4 No more shall deluges of woe
    Thy new-created world o'erflow;
Jesus, our Sun, his beams displays,
    And gilds the clouds with beauteous rays.

5 No gems so bright, no forms so fair;
    Mercy and Truth still triumph there:
Thy saints shall bless the peaceful sign,
    When stars and suns have ceased to shine.

6 E'en here, while storms and gloomy shade
    And horrors all the scene invade,
Faith views thy throne with piercing eye,
    And boasts, the rainbow still is nigh.
CCCLXXXII. Victory over Satan by the Blood of the Lamb, and the Word of the Testimony of his Servants. Revelation xii. 11.

1 See the old Dragon from his throne
   Sink with enormous ruin down!
   Banish'd from heaven, and doom'd to dwell
   Deep in the fiery gloom of hell!

2 Ye heavens with all your hosts, rejoice;
   Ye saints, in consort lend your voice:
   Approach your Lord's victorious seat,
   And tread the foe beneath your feet.

3 But whence a conquest so divine
   Gain'd by such feeble hands as mine?
   Or whence can sinful mortals boast
   O'er Satan and his rebel-host?

4 'Twas from thy blood, thou slaughter'd Lamb,
   That all our palms and triumphs came;
   Thy cross, thy spear, inflicts the stroke,
   By which the monster's head is broke.

5 Thy faithful word our hope maintains
   Through all our combat and our pains;
   The accents of thy heavenly breath
   Thy soldiers bear through wounds and death.

6 Triumphant Lamb, in worlds unknown,
   With transport round thy radiant throne,
   Thy happy legions, all complete,
   Shall lay their laurels at thy feet.

CCCLXXXIII. The Song of Moses and the Lamb.
Revelation xv. 3.

1 Israel, the tribute bring
   To God's victorious name;
   The song of Moses sing,
   Of Moses and the Lamb.
Revelation.

Improve his lays;
The theme exceeds,
And nobler deeds
Demand our praise.

2 The Prince of Hell arose
With impious rage and pride,
And midst our numerous foes
Our feeble power defied;
"I will o'ertake,
And I destroy,
My hand with joy
Shall force thee back."

3 Thy hand, Almighty Lord,
Thy trembling Israel saves;
Thine unresisted word
Divides the threatening waves.
Thy hosts pass o'er;
The foe o'erthrown
Sinks like a stone
To rise no more.

4 Our triumphs we prepare,
And cheerful anthems raise:
Jehovah's arm made bare
Demands immortal praise;
And while we sing,
Ye shores, proclaim
His wondrous name,
Ye deserts, ring!

5 Through all the wilderness
Thy presence, Lord, shall lead;
And bring us to the place,
Thy sovereign love decreed:
Those blissful plains,
Where all around,
Hosannas sound,
And transport reigns.
CCCLXXXIV. The First Resurrection.
Revelation xx. 6.

1 Thus saith the Spirit, "Blest are they
Of whom it may be said,
They share in the triumphant day
Of the first rising dead!"

2 Blest are the men, whom Grace revives
   From the dead sleep of sin;
Religion reigns o'er all their lives,
   And holy joys begin.

3 Blest are the men, whose sleeping dust
   By God's own power restored,
Shall join with all the wak'ning just,
   And fly to meet their Lord!

4 Distinguish'd blessings wait on those
   Who with the first shall rise,
The Champions of a Saviour's cause,
   The darlings of his eyes!

5 Lord, we confess ten thousand faults;
   Ten thousand just complaints
Sink us beneath thy gracious thoughts,
   As less than all thy saints.

6 Yet in some rank amongst thine own
   Assign our souls a place;
That in the kingdom of thy Son
   We may behold thy face.

CCCLXXXV. The Conquest over Death and Grief by Views of the Heavenly State. Rev. xxi. 4.

1 Lift up, ye saints, your weeping eyes,
   Suspend your sorrows and your sighs;
Turn all your groans to joyful songs,
   Which Jesus dictates to your tongues.
2 Thus saith the Saviour from his throne:
   "Behold all former things are gone,
   Past like an anxious dream away,
   Chased by the golden beams of day!

3 "See, in celestial pomp array'd,
   A new-created world display'd;
   Mark with what light its prospects shine!
   How grand, how various, how divine!

4 "There my own gentle hand shall dry
   Each tear from each o'erflowing eye,
   And open wide my friendly breast
   To lull the weary soul to rest.

5 "No more shall grief assail your heart,
   No boding fear, no piercing smart;
   For ever there my people dwell
   Beyond the range of Death and Hell."

6 Vain King of Terrors, boast no more
   Thine ancient wide-extended power;
   Each saint in life with Christ his head
   Shall reign, when thou thyself art dead.

CCCLXXXVI. Christ, the Root and Offspring of David, and the Morning Star. Rev. xxii. 16.

1 A LL hail, mysterious king!
   Hail, David's ancient root!
   Thou Holy Branch, which thence did spring
   To give the nations fruit.

2 Our weary souls shall rest
   Beneath thy grateful shade;
   Our thirsting lips salvation taste;
   Our fainting hearts grow glad.

3 Fair Morning-Star, arise,
   With living glories bright,
   And pour on these awakening eyes
   A flood of sacred light.
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The horrid gloom has fled,
Pierced by thy beauteous ray;
Shine, and our wandering footsteps lead
To everlasting day.

C CCLXXXVII. Christ's Invitations echoed back, &c.
Revelation xxii. 17.

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

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

"The Spirit bears the call
To all the distant lands;
The Church, the Bride, reflect it back,
While Jesus waiting stands.

"Haste every thirsty soul,
Approach the sacred spring;
Drink, and your fainting spirits cheer;
Renew the draught, and sing.

"Let all, that will, approach;
The water freely take;
Free from my opening heart it flows
Your raging thirst to slake."

With thankful hearts we come
To taste the offer'd grace;
And call on all that hear to join
The trial, and the praise.
CCCLXXXVIII. The Christian rejoicing in the 
Views of Death and Judgment. Rev. xxii. 20.

1 "BEHOLD I come," the Saviour cries,
"On wings of love I fly."
"So come, dear Lord," my soul replies,
"And bring salvation nigh."

2 Come, loose these bonds of flesh and sin:
Come, end my pains and cares;
Bear me to thy serene abode
Beyond the clouds and stars.

3 I greet the messengers of Death,
By which thou cal'st me home;
But doubly greet that joyful hour,
When thou thyself shalt come.

4 Come, plead thy Father's injured cause,
And make thy glory shine;
Come, rouse thy servants' mouldering dust,
And their whole frame refine.

5 O! come amidst the angelic hosts
Their humble name to own;
And bear the full assembly back
To dwell around thy throne.

6 With winged speed, Redeemer dear,
Bring on the illustrious day:
Come, lest our spirits droop and faint
Beneath thy long delay.
HYMNS
ON PARTICULAR OCCASIONS
AND
IN UNUSUAL MEASURES.

CCCLXXXIX. *A Morning Hymn, to be used when awakening and arising from Sleep.*

1 *Wake, my soul, to meet the day;*
   Unfold thy drowsy eyes,
   And burst the ponderous chain that loads
   Thine active faculties.

2 God's guardian-shield was round me spread
   In my defenceless sleep:
   Let him have all my waking hours,
   Who doth my slumbers keep.

3 *(The work of each immortal soul*
   Attentive care demands;
   Think then what painful labours wait
   The faithful pastor's hands.)*

4 *My moments fly with winged pace,*
   And swift my hours are hurl'd;
   And Death with rapid march comes on
   To unveil the eternal world.

5 *I for this hour must give account*
   Before God's awful throne:
   Then let it not neglected pass,
   As thousands oft have done.
HYMNS.

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6 Pardon, O God! my former sloth,
   And arm my soul with grace;
As, rising now, I seal my vows
   To prosecute thy ways.

7 Bright Sun of Righteousness, arise;
   Thy radiant beams display,
And guide my dark bewildered soul
   To everlasting day.

CCCXC. An Evening Hymn, to be used when com-
posing one's self to Sleep.

1 INTERVAL of grateful shade,
   Welcome to my weary head;
Welcome slumbers to mine eyes,
   Tired with glaring vanities!
My great Master still allows
   Needful periods of repose.
By my heavenly Father blest,
   Thus I give my powers to rest:—
Heavenly Father! gracious name!
   Night and day, his love the same:
Far be each suspicious thought,
   Every anxious care forgot:—
Thou, my ever-bounteous God,
   Crown'st my days with various good:
Thy kind eye, that cannot sleep,
   These defenceless hours shall keep:
Blest vicissitude to me!
   Day and night, I'm still with thee.

2 What though downy slumbers flee,
   Strangers to my couch and me?
Sleepless well I know to rest,
   Lodged within my Father's breast.
While the empress of the night
   Scatters mild her silver light;
While the vivid planets stray
Various through their mystic way;
While the stars unnumber'd roll
Round the ever-constant pole:
Far above these spangled skies
All my soul to God shall rise;
Midst the silence of the night
Mingling with those angels bright,
Whose harmonious voices raise
Ceaseless love and ceaseless praise:
Through the throng his gentle ear
Shall my tuneless accents hear:
From on high doth He impart
Secret comfort to my heart.
He in these serenest hours
Guides my intellectual powers,
And his Spirit doth diffuse,
Sweeter far than midnight dews;
Lifting all my thoughts above
On the wings of Faith and Love.
Blest alternative to me,
Thus to sleep, or wake, with Thee!

What if Death my sleep invade!
Should I be of Death afraid?
Whilst encircled by thine arm,
Death may strike, but cannot harm.
What if beams of opening day
Shine around my breathless clay!
Brighter visions from on high
Shall regale my mental eye.
Tender friends awhile may mourn
Me from their embraces torn;
Dearer better friends I have
In the realms beyond the grave.
See the guardian-angels nigh
Wait to waft my soul on high!
PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

See the golden gates display'd!
See the crown to grace my head!
See a flood of sacred light,
Which no more shall yield to night!—
Transitory world, farewell!
Jesus calls with him to dwell.
With thy heavenly presence blest,
Death is life, and labour rest.
Welcome sleep, or death to me,
Still secure, for still with Thee.

CCXCI. On a Recovery from Sickness, during which much of the divine Favour had been experienced.

1 MY God, thy service well demands
   The remnant of my days;
   Why was this fleeting breath renew'd,
   But to renew thy praise?

2 Thine arms of everlasting love
   Did this weak frame sustain,
   When life was hovering o'er the grave,
   And nature sunk with pain.

3 Thou, when the pains of death were felt,
   Didst chase the fears of hell;
   And teach my pale and quivering lips
   Thy matchless grace to tell.

4 Calmly I bow'd my fainting head
   On thy dear faithful breast;
   Pleased to obey my Father's call
   To his eternal rest.

5 Into thy hands, my Saviour-God,
   Did I my soul resign,
   In firm dependence on that truth,
   Which made salvation mine.
6 Back from the borders of the grave
   At thy command I come.
   Nor would I urge a speedier flight
   To my celestial home.

7 Where thou determin'st mine abode,
   There would I choose to be;
   For in thy presence death is life,
   And earth is heaven with thee!

CCCXCII. The last Words of David. 2 Samuel xxiii. 1—8.*

1 Thus then the son of Jesse said,
   When Israel's God had raised his head
   To high imperial sway:
   Struck with his last poetic fire,
   Zion's sweet Psalmist tuned his lyre
   To this harmonious lay.

2 "Thus dictates Israel's sacred rock:
   Thus hath the God of Jacob spoke
   By my responsive tongue:
   Behold the Just One over men
   Commencing his religious reign,
   Great subject of my song!

3 "So gently shines with genial ray
   The cloudless lamp of rising day,
   And cheers the tender flowers,
   When midnight's soft diffusive rain
   Hath bless'd the gardens and the plain
   With kind refreshing showers.

4 "Shall not my house this honour boast?
   My soul the eternal covenant trust,
   Well-order'd still and sure?
   There all my hopes and wishes meet:
   In death I'll call its blessings sweet,
   And feel its bond secure.

Written in accordance to the ingenious metrical version learned Dr. Richard Grey.
"The sons of Belial shall not spring,
Who spurn at heaven's anointed King,
And scorn his high command:
Though wide the briars infest the ground,
And the sharp-pointed thorns around
Defy a tender hand;

"A dreadful warrior shall appear
With iron arms, and massy spear,
And tear them from their place:
Touch'd with the lightning of his ire,
At once they kindle into fire,
And vanish in the blaze."

CCCXIII. A Military Ode. Psalm cxlix.

This Psalm was probably composed by David to be sung when his army was marching out to war against the Remnant of the devoted Nations of Canaan, and as they first went up in solemn procession to the House of God at Jerusalem, to consecrate the Arms which he put into their Hands.

PRAISE ye the Lord, prepare a new song,
And let all his saints in full concert join:
Ye tribes all assemble the chant to prolong,
In solemn procession with music divine.

O Israel, in him that made thee rejoice;
Let all Zion's sons exult in their King;
While to martial dances you join a glad voice,
Your lutes, harps and timbrels in harmony bring.
The Lord in his saints still finds his delight;
Salvation from him the meek shall adorn;
They well may be joyful, sustain'd by his might,
And crown'd by his favour may lift up their horn.

Let carpets be spread, and banquets prepared
Those altars around, whence incense ascends;
Whilst anthems of glory through Salem are heard,
And God, whom we worship, indulgent attends.
5. Then as your hearts bound with music and wine,
Inspired by the God who reigns in the place:
Unsheath all your weapons, and bright let them
shine,
And brandish your falchions, while chanting his
praise.

6. Then march to the field; the heathen defy;
And scatter his wrath on the nations around:
Like angels of vengeance your swords lift on high,
And boast that Jehovah commissions the wound.

7. Their chieftains subdued your triumphs shall grace,
   And loaded with chains their kings shall be brought;
On the necks shall ye trample of Canaan's proud race,
And all their last remnant for slaughter be sought.

8. No rage of your own such rigour demands;
   A sentence divine your arms must fulfil:
Of old He this vengeance consign'd to your hands,
And in sacred volumes recorded his will.

9. This honour, ye saints, appointed for you,
   All-grateful receive, and faithful obey;
And, while his dread pleasure resistless ye do,
Still make his high praises the song of the day.

CCCXCIV. For the Thanksgiving-Day for the Peace.
   April 25, 1749.

1. Now let our songs address the God of peace.
   Who bids the tumult of the battle cease:
The pointed spears to pruning hooks he bends,
And the broad falchion in the plough-share ends.
His powerful word unites contending nations
In kind embrace, and friendly salutations.
Britain, adore the guardian of thy state;
Who, high on his celestial throne elate,
Still watchful o'er thy safety and repose,
Frown'd on the counsels of thy haughtiest foes;
Thy coast secured from every dire invasion
Of fire and sword and spreading desolation.

When rebel-bands with desperate madness join'd,
He wafted o'er deliverance with his wind;
Drove back the tide, that deluged half our land,
And curb'd their fury with his mightier hand:
Till dreadful slaughter, and the last confusion
Taught those audacious sinners their delusion.

He gave our fleets to triumph o'er the main,
And scatter terrors 'cross wide ocean's plain:
Opposing leaders trembled at the sight,
Nor found their safety in the attempted flight;
Taught by their bonds, how vainly they pretended
Those to distress, whom Israel's God defended.

Fierce storms were summon'd up in Britain's aid,
And meagre famine hostile lands o'erspread;
By sufferings bow'd their conquests they release,
Nor scorn the overtures of equal peace:
Contending powers congratulate the blessing,
Joint hymns of gratitude to heaven addressing.

While we beneath our vines and fig-trees sit,
Or thus within thy sacred temple meet,
Accept, great God, the tribute of our song,
And all the mercies of this day prolong.
Then spread thy peaceful word through every nation,
That all the earth may hail thy great salvation.
CCCXCIV. A Hymn for a Fast-Day in Time of War.
Deuteronomy xxiii. 9.

1 GREAT God of heaven and nature, rise,
   And hear our loud united cries:
See Britain bow before thy face
Through all her coasts, to seek thy grace.

2 No arm of flesh we make our trust;
   Nor sword, nor horse, nor ships we boast:
Thine is the land, and thine the main,
And human force and skill are vain.

3 Our guilt might draw thy vengeance down
   On every shore, on every town;
But view us, Lord, with pitying eye,
And lay thy ready thunder by.

4 Forgive the follies of our times,
   And purge our land from all its crimes;
Reform'd and deck'd with grace divine,
Let princes, priests, and people shine.

5 O! may no God-provoking sin
   Through all our camps and navies reign;
No foul reproach, to drive from thence
Our surest glory and defence.

6 So shall our God delight to bless,
   And crown our arms with wide success:
Our foes shall dread Jehovah's sword,
And conquering Britain shout the Lord.

CCCXCVI. A Church seeking Direction from God in the Choice of a Pastor. Ezra viii. 21.

1 SHEPHERD of Israel, bend thine ear,
Thy servants' groans indulgent hear!
Perplex'd, distress'd, to thee we cry,
And seek the guidance of thine eye.
2 Thy comprehensive view surveys
   Our wandering paths, our trackless ways;
Send forth, O Lord, thy truth and light,
To guide our doubtful footsteps right.

3 With longing eyes, behold, we wait
   In suppliant crowds at Mercy's gate:
Our drooping hearts, O God, sustain!
Shall Israel seek thy face in vain?

4 O Lord, in ways of peace return,
   Nor let thy flock neglected mourn;
May our blest eyes a shepherd see,
Dear to our souls and dear to thee!

5 Fed by his care, our tongues shall raise
   A cheerful tribute to thy praise;
Our children learn the grateful song,
And theirs the cheerful notes prolong.

CCCXCVII. Thanksgiving for National Deliverance,
   and Improvement of it. Luke i. 74, 75.

1 SALVATION doth to God belong,
   His power and grace shall be our song:
His hand hath dealt a secret blow,
And terror shakes the haughty foe.

2 The Lord's avenging sword is nigh;
   In uproar wild their legions fly:
And stores, so late their boast and joy,
Their own despairing hands destroy.

3 Praise to the Lord, who bows his ear,
   Propitious to his people's prayer;
Who tho' deliverance he delay,
Yet answers in his chosen day.

4 Oh may thy grace our land engage,
   Rescued from fierce barbarian rage,
The tribute of its love to bring
To thee, our Saviour and our King!
5 Our temples guarded from the flame,
    Shall echo thy triumphant name;
    And every peaceful private home
    To thee a temple shall become.

6 Still be it our supreme delight,
    To walk as in thine honour'd sight;
    Still in thy precepts, and thy fear,
    To life's last hour to persevere!
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