A COLLECTION
OF
PSALMS
AND
HYMNS,
Extracted from various Authors,
AND PUBLISHED
By the Reverend Mr. MADAN.
THE TENTH EDITION.

Let the Word of CHRIST dwell in you richly in all Wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in Psalms, and Hymns, and Spiritual Songs, singing with Grace in your Hearts to the LORD. Col. iii. 16.

Speaking to yourselves in Psalms, and Hymns, and Spiritual Songs, singing and making Melody in your Heart to the LORD. Eph. v. 19.

LONDON:
Printed by HENRY COCK; and
Sold at the Lock-Hospital, near Hyde-Park-Corner,
MDCCCLXXXIII.
PREFACE.

IT is a true Observation I have somewhere met with, that there is no Part of divine Worship in which we more resemble the Saints in Light, than when we are singing the Praises of our God. As this is so delightful an Exercise to all truly serious Persons, I cannot but think that every Attempt to render it as edifying as possible, will be acceptable.

The Psalmist says, Ps. xlvii. 7. "Sing ye Praises with Understanding." But this cannot be done where the Song aboundeth with Phrases, either abstruse in themselves, or beyond the Capacities of the Generality.

Again, it must be allowed that there are Matters of private Judgment and mere Opinion, concerning which it is far better to think and let think, than to dispute; these should not appear, if by any Means they can be avoided, in a Book, chiefly designed for Social Worship: for we cannot join as we ought in, "Teaching and Admonishing one another in Psalms and Hymns and spiritual Songs." if they are mix'd with any Subject-matter for Difference and Disputation.
Neither can any Plan for this, or indeed for any Part of Worship be right, that is not laid upon the true Foundation, for all the Praise that shall ascend unto our God, now and for ever, even Christ Jesus the Righteous. In this Respect we must say, "Other Foundation can no Man lay, than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ," 1 Cor. iii. 11. Hence it is, that the Psalms of David are so transcendently delightful; they are full of Christ. David tells us, Psxly. 1. His Tongue was the Pen of a ready Writer, because he spoke of the Things he made touching the King. And our Hymns, as well as our Prayers and Sermons, if not made touching this everlasting King, are no better than Nadab and Abihu's strange Fire, an Abomination to the Lord. "Whatsoever ye do in Word or Deed, do all in the Name of the Lord Jesus, giving Thanks to God and the Father by Him." Col. iii. 17.

First then, I have endeavoured to select such Hymns as may be most Useful for Edification in respect of Plainness and Simplicity of Expression. Not but too many will think I have not succeeded in this Point, and that there are Expressions, here and there, as abstruse as they were written in Arabic. But let the Readers turn to 1 Cor. ii. 14. and there they will
will find the true Reason why they do not understand them, namely, because they are the very Words of that divine Book which was given by the Inspiration of the Spirit of GOD. In order to guide such, I have put Marginal References where I thought needful, to keep them, if happily they may be kept, from despising the Words of God himself, and ignorantly fall into the grievous Sin of ridiculing the Scriptures. But these may be also useful for others, and if rightly attended to, will point out many very edifying Paraphrases, in various Parts of this Book, upon the sacred Text.

3dly, I have endeavoured to avoid insert- ing any thing that could tend to doubtful Disputations; therefore have contrived, as far as possible, in collecting this little Volume, to lay aside all those Notions about Non-essentials, concerning which, the best People have and do differ, that with one Heart, as well as one Voice, all Christians may join in the Praisies of our common Lord:—I say all Christians; for Fundamentals here are which we must insist upon, and which, if any Man do not maintain and believe, we cannot allow him to be a Christian.

Therefore the Deist, must not be surpriz'd to find, the Dignity of fallen Man, together with
with the moral Rectitude of His Nature, the Sufficiency of Reason, and of the Light of Nature, and every other Article and Circumstance of the Infidel Creed utterly expunged.

The Arian will be much disappointed, if he expects to find any thing herein, that in the least countenances the Nonsense as well as the Blasphemy of a created or derivative God, or one Sentiment that tends to eclipse the glorious Beams of the Self-existent Sun of Righteousness.

The Socinian and Mahometan must renounce their * Koran, before they will be able to look upon the Great Prophet, Jesus of Nazareth, as Immanuel, God with us; a Truth that lies at the Root of Christianity, consequently is taught throughout this Book.

As for Papists, either, professed or doctrinal, they will find nothing about the Merit of Works, either before or after Justification; but the Whole of the Salvation of Sinners is ascribed to the Atonement and

* Koran, from the Arabic, Karna to read, signifies a Book. The Koran is that Book which the Followers of Mahomet look upon as their Bible; which corresponds with the Socinian Writers in allowing Jesus to be a Prophet, and no more.

Merit
Merit of the Blood and Righteousness of Jehovah in our Nature, imputed through Grace, and applied by Faith, to the Sinner’s Heart and Conscience, justifying his Person and renewing and sanctifying his Nature, thro’ the Operation of the Holy Spirit, of which he is thereby made a Partaker.

Hence the Antinomian must expect but little Contentment in perusing the following Hymns, for they maintain, that without Holiness, (personal Holiness) wrought in the Soul of a Believer, by the Spirit of God, delivering him from the * Dominion, and from the † Love of all Sin, (whether inward or outward) no Man shall see the Lord.

Nor will the mere Formalist, whatever outward Profession he makes, whether Churchman or Dissenter, have much Taste for these Songs of Sion; for they maintain that—

No outward Forms can make us clean,
The Leprosy lies deep within.

3dly, As due Care is taken to make the Matter of these Hymns as Scriptural as possible, so thou witt find, gentle Reader, (and mayst thou find its Power and Sweetness in thy Soul) that Jesus the Great High Priest and blessed Apostle of our Profession, is the

grand Subject (either mediately or immediately) of every Song, as he doubtless is of the whole Revelation of God—"the Testimony of Jesus is the Spirit of Prophecy." Rev. xix. 10. "He is the Way, the Truth, and the Life; none can come to the Father but by Him," John xiv. 6. "Christ is all and in all." Col. iii. 11. "He is the Alpha and Omega, the First and Last; the Beginning and End," Rev. i. 8.—xxi. 6. He therefore, in the Unity of the Eternal Godhead, together with the Father and the Holy Spirit, three divine Persons in one Self-existent Jehovah, is the God of the Christians. To this glorious Lord God of Heaven and Earth, may we be enabled to sing Praises with Understanding! and to the Harmony of our Voices, add that of our Hearts and Lives! May these maintain a happy Concord with the Word and Will of Christ Jesus; until we meet before the Throne of God and the Lamb, and with an innumerable Company of just Men made perfect, shout forth the never ending Praises of Him who was dead, and is alive again, and hath Redeemed us unto God by his Blood. So be it, Lord Jesus, Amen, and Amen.

1760
## CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Alas, and did my Saviour bleed</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Awake and sing the Song</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Attend while God's eternal Son</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Array'd in Mortal Flesh</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Almighty God of Truth and Love</td>
<td>71</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Awake our Souls, away our Fears</td>
<td>80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Away my unbelieving Fear</td>
<td>95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ah lovely Appearance of Death</td>
<td>126</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And let this feeble Body fail</td>
<td>130</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All Praise to the Lord all Praise is his due</td>
<td>133</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All Glory and Praise</td>
<td>162</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aloud I cried, aloud I pray'd.</td>
<td>165</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arise my Soul with Wonder see</td>
<td>181</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All ye that pass by</td>
<td>187</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Be with me, Lord, where'er I go</td>
<td>200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bury'd in Shadows of the Night</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Before Jehovah's awful Throne</td>
<td>68</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blest are the Souls that hear and know</td>
<td>83</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brethren let us join to bless</td>
<td>106</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blest'red are the humble Souls that see</td>
<td>109</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blest be the Father and his Love</td>
<td>160</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blessed are the Sons of God</td>
<td>189</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove</td>
<td>203</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come let us join our cheerful Songs</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come to Judgment come away!</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come ye that love the Lord</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Title</td>
<td>Page</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>------------------------------------------------------------</td>
<td>------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christ the Lord is risen To-Day</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come my Father's Family</td>
<td>69</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come thou Fount of every Blessing</td>
<td>73</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come let us ascend,</td>
<td>78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come descend, O heavenly Spirit</td>
<td>86</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come let us anew our Journey pursue</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Children of the heav'ny King</td>
<td>91</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come let us all unite to praise</td>
<td>111</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christ from whom all Blessings flow</td>
<td>114</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come thou long expected Jesus</td>
<td>117</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come Holy Ghost our Souls inspire</td>
<td>125</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come on my Partners in Distress</td>
<td>128</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come Holy Ghost thine influence shed</td>
<td>148</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christ our Passover for us</td>
<td>151</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come Holy Ghost set to thy Seal</td>
<td>153</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come Jesus come descend, and dwell</td>
<td>164</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come to the feast for Christ invites</td>
<td>164</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come thou Almighty King</td>
<td>191</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come, ye Sinners, poor and wretched</td>
<td>193</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come, Holy Spirit come</td>
<td>199</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Disinifies us with thy Blessing, Lord</td>
<td>168</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Deep in the Dust before thy Throne</td>
<td>107</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ere I sleep for every Favour</td>
<td>55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Father how wide thy Glory shines</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>From all that dwell below the Skies</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Father I stretch mine Hands to Thee</td>
<td>74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Father, Son, and Holy Ghost</td>
<td>143</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Father, Son, and Holy Ghost</td>
<td>147</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Father God who Seest in Me</td>
<td>169</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Contents</td>
<td>Page</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
<td>------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Father of Earth and Heaven</td>
<td>167</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Father thro' thy Son receive</td>
<td>168</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>God of my Salvation hear</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Glory be to God on high</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>God of all Grace and Majesty</td>
<td>75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Give to the Father Praise</td>
<td>147</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>God of unexampled Grace</td>
<td>159</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>God of all-redeeming Grace</td>
<td>161</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Give thanks to God most high</td>
<td>163</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Glory, Honour</td>
<td>168</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Glory and Honour be to Thee</td>
<td>191</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Guide me, O thou great Jehovah</td>
<td>201</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<p>| Do! every one that thirsts draw nigh                                   | 1    |
| Hark the Herald Angels sing                                            | 8    |
| Head of the Church Triumphant                                          | 31   |
| Hail the Day that sees Him rise                                        | 35   |
| He comes! He comes! the Judge severe                                   | 46   |
| Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord                                            | 47   |
| How sad our State by Nature is                                         | 51   |
| Happy the Heart where Graces reign                                      | 61   |
| How heavy is the Night                                                  | 69   |
| How can we adore or worthily praise                                    | 93   |
| Holy Lamb who Thee receive                                             | 100  |
| Hither ye Poor, ye Sick, ye Blind                                      | 104  |
| Hail Thou once despised Jesus                                           | 110  |
| He dies, the Friend of Sinners dies                                     | 113  |
| How happy the sorrowful Man                                            | 129  |
| Hail Anna to Jesus on High                                              | 132  |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>CONTENTS</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>How glorious the Lamb</td>
<td>142</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Happy the Man to whom 'tis given</td>
<td>153</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How empty was our former boast</td>
<td>176</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>He is a God of sov'reign Love</td>
<td>182</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus my all to Heaven is gone</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus Friend of Sinners hear</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus the all restoring Word</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus the all atoning Lamb</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus, we thy Promise claim</td>
<td>57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Join all the glorious Names</td>
<td>70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus thou art my Righteousness</td>
<td>76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesu let thy pitying Eye</td>
<td>81</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus Lord we look to Thee</td>
<td>122</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesu lover of my Soul</td>
<td>137</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus invites his Saints</td>
<td>149</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In Jesus we live in Jesus we rest</td>
<td>156</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus thy Blood and Righteousness</td>
<td>174</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In this World of Sin and Sorrow</td>
<td>177</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus, shew us thy Salvation</td>
<td>198</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I am Alpha, says the Saviour</td>
<td>202</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Keep Silence all created Things</td>
<td>197</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord and God of heavenly Powers</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord if now Thou passest by me</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord if thou the Grace impart</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lo he comes with Clouds descending</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lamb of God, we fall before thee</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Love divine all Love excelling</td>
<td>52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord where shall guilty Souls retire</td>
<td>65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CONTENTS</td>
<td>Page</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>----------</td>
<td>------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Light of those whose dreary Dwelling</td>
<td>77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord we are vile, conceived in Sin</td>
<td>84</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Let Earth and Heaven agree</td>
<td>92</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Long have we sat beneath the Sound</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord of the Worlds above</td>
<td>108</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord we come before thee now</td>
<td>120</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lamb of God whose bleeding Love</td>
<td>152</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lamb of God for whom we languish</td>
<td>156</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lift up your Heads in Joyful Hope</td>
<td>169</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord we adore thy dark Designs</td>
<td>188</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lift up your Eyes to th' heav'nly Seat</td>
<td>193</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lift your Heads, ye Friends of Jesus</td>
<td>196</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord, dismiss us with thy Blessing</td>
<td>203</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meet and right it is to sing</td>
<td>53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My drowsy Pow'rs why sleepe ye so</td>
<td>64</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Soul repeat his Praise</td>
<td>115</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My hiding Place my refuge Tow'r</td>
<td>175</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Now to the Pow'r of God supreme</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Not all the Blood of Beasts</td>
<td>98</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Now to the Lord a noble Song</td>
<td>154</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Now begin the Heav'nly Theme</td>
<td>170</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O for an Heart to praise my God</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O what shall I do my Saviour to Praise</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Sun of Righteousness arise</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O tell me no more</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Our Lord is risen from the Dead</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O come, thou wounded Lamb of God</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Love divine how sweet thou art</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CONTENTS</td>
<td>Page</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
<td>------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Of him who did salvation bring</td>
<td>97</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Thou in whom the Gentiles trust</td>
<td>99</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O God how endless is thy Love</td>
<td>104</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O let thy Love our Hearts constrain</td>
<td>116</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Lord incline thy gracious Ear</td>
<td>116</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Out of the Depth of Self Despair</td>
<td>128</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O my Lord, what must I do</td>
<td>133</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Father of Heav'n! be ever ador'd</td>
<td>141</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Our Lives our Blood we here present</td>
<td>162</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Our Shepherd alone</td>
<td>165</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Lord how great's the Favour</td>
<td>171</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O God our Help in Ages past</td>
<td>181</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Jesu our Lord</td>
<td>190</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O thou tender, loving Jesus</td>
<td>196</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O may our Lips and Lives express</td>
<td>196</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Praise be to the Father given</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Praise ye the Lord 'tis good to raise</td>
<td>66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Plung'd in a Gulph of dark Despair</td>
<td>88</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Praise the Lord who reigns above</td>
<td>88</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Praise God from whom all Blessings flow</td>
<td>144</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Praise ye the Lord y' immortal Choir</td>
<td>158</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rejoice, the Lord is King</td>
<td>93</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rejoice evermore with Angels above</td>
<td>112</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rise my Soul adore thy Maker</td>
<td>53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rise my Soul and stretch thy Wings</td>
<td>53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Raise your Triumphant Songs</td>
<td>81</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sinners obey the Gospel Word</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sons of Men behold from far</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Title</td>
<td>Page</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>------------------------------------------------------------</td>
<td>------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sweet is the Mem'ry of thy Grace</td>
<td>66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Son of God, thy Blessing grant</td>
<td>77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sweet is the Work O God our King</td>
<td>106</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Salvation, O the joyful Sound</td>
<td>112</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saviour and can it be</td>
<td>142</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sole Self-existing God most High</td>
<td>144</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sing we to our God above</td>
<td>146</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Lord my Pasture shall prepare</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thou art the Door which open stands</td>
<td>55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To all my Viliness Christ is glory bright</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thou hidden Love of God whole Height</td>
<td>58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Lord of Sabbath let us praise</td>
<td>61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thee we adore eternal Name</td>
<td>63</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Sun of Righteousness appears</td>
<td>74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Lord of Earth and Sky</td>
<td>89</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tell us O Women, we wou'd know</td>
<td>96</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tis thy good Pleasure Lord</td>
<td>103</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>This is the Day the Lord hath made</td>
<td>105</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb</td>
<td>113</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To God the only wife</td>
<td>118</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Try us, O God, and search the Ground</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tis finish'd, the Redeemer said</td>
<td>123</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Lord supplies his People's Need</td>
<td>124</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thou God of glorious Majesty</td>
<td>138</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thou Jesu art our King</td>
<td>140</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost</td>
<td>146</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost</td>
<td>147</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To God who reigns enthron'd on high</td>
<td>147</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
## CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>’Twas on that dark that doleful Night</td>
<td>148</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thou very Paschal Lamb</td>
<td>150</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thankful for our ev’ry Blessing</td>
<td>154</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>’Tis done, th’ atoning Work is done</td>
<td>158</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>This God is the God we adore</td>
<td>181</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>’Th’ extent of Jesu’s Love</td>
<td>184</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>This is the Field where hidden lies</td>
<td>194</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>’Tis not by Works of Righteousness</td>
<td>195</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Who shall the Lord’s Elect condemn</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When with my Mind devoutly prest</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>World adieu! thou real Cheat</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We give immortal Praise</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We magnify thy Grace, O Lord</td>
<td>87</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>With Joy we meditate the Grace</td>
<td>101</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What good News the Angels bring</td>
<td>125</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Why does your Face, ye humble Souls</td>
<td>155</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When the first Parents of our Race</td>
<td>157</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Who hath our Report believed</td>
<td>171</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When I survey the wond’rous Cross</td>
<td>175</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What shall we render unto Thee</td>
<td>179</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When I travail in Distress</td>
<td>185</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ye Servants of God your Master proclaim</td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ye Servants of God whose diligent Care</td>
<td>62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ye Nations who the Globe divide</td>
<td>97</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ye Saints and Servants of the Lord</td>
<td>188</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
A COLLECTION OF PSALMS AND HYMNS

HYMN I.
INVITATION.
Isaiah lv. ver. 1, &c.

Ho! ev'ry one that thirsts, draw nigh,
(Tis God invites a fallen Race)
Mercy and free Salvation buy,
Buy Wine, and Milk, and Gospel-Grace.

Come to the living Waters, come,
Sinners, obey your Maker's Word,
Return, ye weary Wand'rors home,
And taste the Goodness of the Lord.

B
See, from the Rock a Fountain rise!  
For you in healing Streams it rolls;  
Money ye need not bring, nor Price,  
Ye lab'ring, burthen'd Sin-sick Souls.

Nothing ye in Exchange shall give;  
Leave all you have, and are, behind;  
Frankly the Gift of God receive,  
Pardon, and Peace, in Jesus find.

HYMN II.
VENI CREATOR.
COME, holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,*  
With all thy quick'ning Pow'rs,  
Kindle a Flame of sacred Love  
In these cold Hearts of ours.

Look how we grovel here below,  
Fond of these earthly Toys;  
Our Souls how heavily they go  
To reach eternal Joys!

In vain we tune our formal Songs;  
In vain we strive to rise?  
Hosannas languish on our Tongues,  
And our Devotion dies.

Dear Lord! and shall we ever live  
At this poor dying Rate;  
Our Love so faint, so cold to Thee,  
And Thine to us so great?

@ Mat. iii. 16.
Come, holy Spirit, heav'ly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning Pow'rs:
Come shed abroad a Saviour's Love,
And that shall kindle ours.

HYMN III.
Psalm li. 10.

O For an Heart to praise my God!
An Heart from Guilt set free,
An Heart that's sprinkled with the Blood*
So freely spilt for me!

An Heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's Throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,†
Where Jesus reigns alone.

An humble, lowly, contrite Heart,
Believing, true, and clean,§
Which neither Life, nor Death, can part.
From him who dwells within. ||

An Heart in ev'ry Thought renew'd,
And fill'd with Love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,**
A Copy, Lord, of Thine.

* Heb. x. 22. † Pet. i. 2. ‡ Job. xxii. 22.
§ Ps. lxxiii. 1. || 2 Cor. xiii. 5. †† Ps. ci. 2.
** Luke viii. 15.
Thy Nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above,*
Write thy new Name upon my Heart,
Thy new, best Name of Love.

HYMN IV.

God glorious, and Sinners saved.

FATHER, how wide thy Glory shines!
How high thy Wonders rise!
Known thro' the Earth by thousand Signs;
By thousand thro' the Skies.

Those mighty Orbs proclaim thy Power,
Their Motions speak thy Skill:
And on the Wings of ev'ry Hour
We read thy Patience still.

But when we view thy great Design
To save rebellious Worms;
Where Vengeance and Compassion join
In their divinest Forms:

Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a Creature guess,
Which of the Glories brighter shone,
The Justice or the Grace.

Now the full Glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heav'nly Plains,

* Rev. ii. 17.
Bright Seraphs learn Immanuel's Name,
And try their choicest Strains.

O, may I bear some humble Part
In that immortal Song,
Wonder and Joy shall tune my Heart,
And Love command my Tongue.

HYMN V.
Psalm lxxxix. 14, 15, 16, 17.

What shall I do, my Saviour to praise;
So faithful and true, so plenteous in Grace;
So strong to deliver, so good to redeem
The weakest Believer, that hangs upon him!
How happy the Man, whose Heart is set free,
The People that can be joyful in Thee!
Their Joy is to walk in the Light of thy Face,
And still they are talking of Jesus's Grace.
Their daily Delight shall be in thy Name,
They shall, as their Right, thy Righteousness
(claim:
Thy Righteousness wearing, and cleans'd by
(thy Blood,
Bold shall they appear in the Presence of God.
For thou art their Boast, their Glory and
Pow'r,
And they also trust to see the glad Hour,
Their Soul's new Creation, a Life from the Dead,
The Day of Salvation, that lifts up their Head.
Yea, Lord, they shall see the Bliss of thine own,
Thy Secret to them shall soon be made known:
For Sorrow and Sadness, they Joy shall receive,
And share in the Gladness of all that Believe.

H Y M N VI.

I N V I T A T I O N.*

SINNERS, obey the Gospel-Word,
Haste to the Supper of your Lord,
Be wise to know your gracious Day,
All Things are ready, come away!
Ready the Father is to own,
And kiss his late returning Son;§
Ready the loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding Hands.
Ready the Spirit of his Love,
Just now the stony Heart to move;||
'T apply and witness with the Blood,
And wash and seal you Sons of God.†
Ready for you the Angels wait,‡
To triumph in your blest Estate:

[ 7 ]

Tuning their Harps, they long to praise
The Wonders of redeeming Grace.

Come, then ye Sinners to your Lord,
To Happinels in Christ restor'd;
His proffer'd Benefits embrace,
The Plenitude of Gospel-Grace.

HYMN VII.

Rev. iv. 11, and v. 11, 12.

COME, let us join our cheerful Songs
With Angels round the Throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their Tongues,
But all their Joys are one.

Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cry,
To be exalted thus:
Worthy the Lamb, our Hearts reply,
For he was slain for us!

Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and Pow'r divine;
And Blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

The whole Creation join in one,
To bless the sacred Name
Of Him who sits upon the Throne,
And to adore the Lamb.
HARK the Herald-Angels sing,  
Glory to the new-born King!  
Peace on Earth, and Mercy mild,  
God and Sinners reconcil'd.

Joyful all ye Nations rise,  
Join the Triumphs of the Skies;  
With th' angelic Host proclaim,  
"CHRIST is born in Bethlehem!" †

CHRIST by highest Heav'n ador'd,  
CHRIST the everlasting LORD;  
Late in Time behold him come,  
Offspring of the Virgin's Womb.

Veil'd in Flesh the Godhead see,  
Hail th' incarnate Deity!  
Pleas'd as Man with Men t'appear,  
JESUS our IMMANUEL here.§

Hail the Heav'n-born Prince of Peace!  
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!  
Light and Life to || all he brings,  
Ris'n with Healing in his Wings!

Mild he lays his Glory by,  
Born that Men no more may die;  
Born to raise the Sons of Earth,  
Born to give them second Birth.

He, Desire of Nations, come,
in us thy humble Home:
Be the Woman's conquering Seed,
Life in us the Serpent's Head.
Ym's Likeness now efface,
Imp thine Image in its Place;
and Adam from above,
Inflate us in thy Love.

H Y M N IX.
Phil. iv. 4.

Rejoice, the Lord is King;
Your Lord and King adore;
Portals, give thanks, and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your Voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

Sus the Saviour reigns,
The God of Truth and Love;
Then he had purg'd our Stains,
He took his Seat above;
Lift up, &c.

His Kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er Earth and Heav'n:
Ye Keys of Death and Hell *
Are to our Jesus giv'n;
Lift up, &c.

* Rev. i. 18.
He sits at God's Right Hand, 
'Till all his Foes submit, 
And bow to his Command, 
And fall beneath his Feet:
    Lift up, &c.
He all his Foes shall quell, 
Shall all our Sins † destroy, 
And every Bosom swell 
With pure seraphic Joy:
    Lift up, &c.
Rejoice in glorious Hope, 
Jesus the Judge shall come, 
And take his Servants up 
To their Eternal Home:
    We soon shall hear th' Archangel's Voice, 
The Trump of God shall sound, Rejoice

H Y M N X.
The poor Sinner.

GOD of my Salvation, hear, 
And help me to believe;
Simply would I now draw near, 
Thy Blessing to receive;
Full of Guilt, alas! I am, 
But to thy Wounds for refuge flee; †
Friend of Sinners, spotless Lamb, 
Thy Blood was shed for me.

† Ho. x. 8. 1 John iii. 8. * Thel. iv. 16. 
† Is. liii. 5.
O thing have I, Lord, to pay,
Nor can thy Grace procure;
Empty send me not away,
For I, thou know'st, am poor;
须 and Ashes is my Name,
My all is Sin and Misery:
Friend of Sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy Blood was shed for me.

Without Money, without Price,
I come thy Love to buy;
From myself I turn my Eyes,
The Chief of Sinners I.
Take, O take me as I am,
And let me lose myself in Thee.*
Friend of Sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy Blood was shed for me.

HYMN XI.
Malachi. iv. 2.

Sun of Righteousness arise,
With Healing in thy Wings;
To my diseas'd, my fainting Soul,
Thy Light Salvation brings.

These Clouds of Pride and Sin dispel,
By thine all-piercing Beam,
Lighten mine Eyes with Faith, my Heart
With holy Hope inflame.

My Mind by thy all-quick'ning Pow'r,
From low Desires set free,

* Phil. iii. 9.
Unite my scatter'd Thoughts, and fix
My Love entire on Thee.

Father, thy long-lost Child receive;
Saviour, thy Purchase own:
Blest Comforter, with Peace and Joy,
Thy new-made Creature crown.

HYMN XII.
1 Thess. v. 16.

Rejoice evermore,
With Angels above,
In Jesus's Pow'r,
In Jesus's Love,
With glad Exultation
Your Triumph proclaim,
Ascribing Salvation
To God and the Lamb.*

Thou, Lord, our Relief
In Trouble hast been,
Haft fav'd us from Grief,
Haft kept us from Sin;
The Pow'r of thy Spirit
Hath set our Hearts free,
And now we inherit
All Fulness in Thee.

All Fulness of Peace,
All Fulness of Joy,
And spiritual Blifs
That never shall cloy.

* Rev. vii. 10.
To us it is given
In Jesus to know,
A Kingdom of Heaven,
An Heaven below.
No longer we'd join,
Where Sinners invite,*
Or envy the Swine †
Their brutish Delight;
Their Joy is all Sadness,
Their Mirth is all vain,
Their Laughter is Madness,
Their Pleasure is Pain.
O may they at last
With Sorrow return,
That Pleasure to taste
They never can mourn:
Our Jesus receiving,
Our Happiness prove,
The Joy of Believing,
The Heaven of Love.

Hymn XIII.

Tell me no more,
Of this World's vain Store;
The Time for such Trifles
With me now is o'er.

2 Cor. vi. 17. † 2 Pet. ii. 22. Jude x.
§ Prov. xiv. 13. ‖ Eccl. ii. 2.
A Country I've found,
Where true Joys abound:
To dwell I'm determin'd
On that happy Ground.

The Souls that believe,
In Paradise live,
And me in that Number
May Jesus receive.

My Soul don't delay,
He calls thee away;
Rise, follow thy Saviour,
And bless the glad Day.

No Mortal doth know,
What He can bestow,
What Light, Strength, and Comfort;
Go after Him, go.

And when I'm to die,
"Receive me," I'll cry,
For Jesus hath lov'd me,
I cannot say why!
ORD and God of heavenly Pow'rs, Hallelujah.
Heir's, and O benignly our's, Hallelujah.
lorious King, let Earth proclaim, Hallelujah.
forms attempt to chant thy Name, Hallelujah.
bow thine Ear in Mercy bow, Hallelujah.
ear, the World's Atonement Thou, Hallelujah.
us, in thy Name we pray, Hallelujah.
ake, O take our Sins away, Hallelujah.
he to laud in Songs divine, Hallelujah.
gels and Archangels join, Hallelujah.
ve with them our Voices raise, Hallelujah.
choing thine eternal Praise, Hallelujah.
oly, holy, holy Lord! Hallelujah.
ive, by Heavn and Earth ador'd, Hallelujah.
all of Thee, they ever cry, Hallelujah.
Glory be to God, on high," § Hallelujah.

H Y M N X V.


ORD, if now thou passest by me,
Stand and call me unto Thee,
rely, fully, justify me,
Give me Eyes thy Love to see;
Love, that brought Thee down from Heaven,
Made my God a Man of Grief:
Let it shew my Sins forgiven;
Help, O help mine Unbelief!
Long I for thy Love have waited,
Begging fat by the Way-side,
Let my Soul be * new created,
And my Spirit † sanctifie; d.
Thou, O Lord, in great Compassion,
Haft in Part my Sight restor'd;
Shew me all thy full Salvation,
Make the Servant as his Lord,

H Y M N X V I .

P f. cxxxi. Matt. xi. 29.

LORD, if Thou the Grace impart,
Poor in Spirit, meek in Heart,
I shall as my Master be,
Rooted in Humility.

From the Time that thee I know,
Nothing may I seek below,
Aim at nothing great or high,
Lowly both in Heart and Eye.

Simple, teachable, and mild,
Chang'd into a little Child, §
Pleas'd with all the Lord provides,
Wean'd from all the World besides.

* Gal. vi. 15. † 1 Thess. v. 23. § Mark x. 15.
AATHER! fix my Soul on Thee,
v'ry Evil let me flee.
Loathing want beneath, above,
Happy, happy in thy Love!
O! that all, who seek, may find
v'ry Good in JESUS join'd!
I'm let Israel still adore,
Trust Him, praise Him evermore.

HYMN XVII.
II. xxxv. 8, 9, 10.

JESUS, my all, to Heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my Hope upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow Way, 'till him I view.
The Way the holy Prophets went,
The Road that leads from Banishment,
The King's Highway of Holiness,*
The Way of + Peace and Pleasantness.
Not any may go up thereon,
But trav'ling Souls—(may I be One!)
Way-faring Men to Canaan bound,
Shall only in the Way be found.
This is the Way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;

* Isa. xxxv. 8.  + Prov. iii. 17.
My Grief a Burden long has been,
Because I could not cease from Sin.
The more I strove against it's Pow'r,*
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more,
Till late I heard my **SAVIOUR** say,
"Come hither Soul," † I am the Way.
Lo! glad I come, and thou blest **LAMB**,
Shalt take me to Thee as I am;
Nothing but Sin I Thee can give,
Nothing but Love shall I receive.||
Then will I tell to Sinners round;
What a dear **SAVIOUR** I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming Blood,
And say, "Behold the Way to **GOD**."†

**HYMN XVIII.**

**GLORY** be to **GOD** on high,
**GOD** whose Glory fills the Sky;
Peace on Earth and Man forgiv'n,
Man, the well-belov'd of Heav'n.

**CHRIST** our **LORD** and **GOD** we own,
**CHRIST** the **FATHER**'s only Son,
**LAMB** of **GOD** for Sinners slain,
**SAVIOUR** of offending Man.

xiv. 4. † John i. 29.
When thine Ear, in Mercy bow,
$ar, the World's Atonement Thou,
sus in thy Name we pray,
ke, O take, our Sins away.
wr'ful Advocate with God,
ifying us by thy Blood;
whine Ear, in Mercy bow,
$r, the * World's Atonement Thou.

HYMN

XIX.

The Lord my Pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a Shepherd's Care,
His Presence shall my Wants supply;
And guard me with a watchful Eye;
By Noon-day Walks he shall attend,
And all my Midnight Hours defend.

Then in the sultry Glebe I faint,
On the thirsty Mountain pant,
O fertile Vales and dewy Meads,
By weary wand'ring Steps he leads;
There peaceful Rivers, soft and flow,
And the verdant Landscape flow.

Though in the Paths of Death I tread,
With gloomy Horrors overspread,
My steadfast Heart shall fear no Ill,
Or thou, O Lord, art with me still:

* John vi. 51. 1 John ii. 2.
Thy friendly Crook shall give me Aid,
And guide me through the dreadful Shade:
Tho' in a dreary, rugged Way,
Thro' devious lonely Wilds I stray,
Thy Bounty shall my Pains beguile,
The barren Wilderness shall smile
With sudden Greens and Herbage crown'd,
And Streams shall murmur all around.

H Y M N XX.

A D V E N T.

1 Cor. xv. 52. 1 Thes. iv. 16.

"COME to Judgment, come away,
(Hark, I hear th' Arch-angel say,
Summoning the Dead to rise)
"Haste, resume, and lift your Eyes,
"Hear, ye Sons of Adam, hear
"Man, before thy God appear."

Come to Judgment, come away,
This the last, the dreadful Day!
Sover'ign Author, Judge of all,
Dust obeys thy quick'ning Call,*
Dust no other Voice will heed,
Thine the Trump that wakes the Dead.

* John v. 25.
me to Judgment, come away,
g'ring Man no longer stay,
lee let Earth at length restore,
s'ner in her Womb no more,
rt the Barriers of the Tomb,
e to meet thine instant Doom!
me to Judgment, come away,
ide dispers'd, howe'er ye stray,
st in Fire, or Air, or Main,*
ndred Atoms meet again,
pulcher'd where'er ye rest,
x'd with Fish, or Bird, or Beast,
me to Judgment, come away,
elp, O Christ, thy Works decay;
 is out of Order hurl'd,
rcel'd out of all the World:
d, thy broken Concert, raise,
nd the Music shall be Praise.

HYMN XXI.

WHO shall the Lord's Elect condemn?
'Tis God who justifies their Souls,
nd Mercy, like a mighty Stream,
'er all their Sins divinely rolls,

* Rev. xx. 13.
Who shall adjudge the Saints to Hell?
'Tis Christ who suffer'd in their stead;
And the Salvation to fulfil,
Behold him rising from the Dead.

He lives! he lives! he sits above,
For ever interceding there:
Who shall divide us from his Love,
Or what shall tempt us to Despair?

Shall Persecution, or Distress,
Famine, or Sword, or Nakedness?
He, who hath lov'd us, bears us thro',
And makes us more than Conquerors too.

Not all that Men on Earth can do,
Nor Pow'rs on high, nor Pow'rs below,
Shall cause his Mercy to remove,

Or wean our Hearts from Christ, our

H Y M N XXII.
G O O D F R I D A Y.

A LAS! and did my Saviour bleed!
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would he devote that sacred Head
For such a Worm as I?
as it for Crimes that I had done
He groan'd upon the Tree?
mazing Pity! Grace unknown!
And Love beyond Degree!

cull might the Sun in Darkness hide,
And shut his Glories in,
hen God the mighty Maker dy'd
For Man the Creature's Sin.

hus might I hide my blushing Face,
While his dear Cross appears,
isolve my Heart in Thankfulness,
And melt my Eyes to Tears.

ut Drops of Grief can ne'er repay
The Debt of Love I owe:
ere, Lord, I'd give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.
SONS of Men, behold from far,
Hail the long expected Star,
Jacob's Star, that gilds the Night,
Guides bewild'red Nature right.

Fear not hence that there should flow
Wars or Pestilence below;
Wars it bids and Tumults cease,
Ushering in the Prince of Peace.

Mild He shines on all beneath,
Piercing thro' the Shades of Death,
Scatt'ring Error's wide-spread Night,
Kindling Darkness into Light.

Nations all far off and near,
Hasten to see your God appear:
Hasten, for him your Hearts prepare,
Meet him manifester there.*

There behold the Day-spring rise,†
Pouring Eye-light on your Eyes;
God in his own Light survey,
Shining to the perfect Day.

* 2 Pet. i. 19. † Luke i. 78.
Sing ye Morning-stars again, to descend on Earth to reign! Signs for Man his Life to employ, out, ye Sons of God, for Joy!

H Y M N XXIV.

Hosea xiv. 2.

Take with you Words, and turn to the Lord, say unto him, Take away all Iniquity, and receive us graciously.

ESU, Friend of Sinners, hear, Yet once again I pray, from my Debt of Sin set clear, For I have nought to pay.

Speak, O speak the kind Release, A poor backsliding Soul restore: Give me freely, seal my Peace, And bid me sin no more.

Thy Deceitfulness hath spread. An Hardness o'er my Heart; at if thou thy Spirit shed, That hardness shall depart:

† Job xxxviii. 7. § Hose. xiv. 4. ¶ John viii. 11.
Shed thy Love, thy Tenderness,
And let me feel thy soft'ning Pow'r;
Love me freely, seal my Peace,
And bid me sin no more.

H Y M N X X V .
M O R N I N G .

J ESUS, the all-restoring Word,
Our fallen Spirit's Hope,
After thy lovely Likeness Lord,
O when shall we wake up!

Thou, O our God, Thou only art
The Life, the Truth, the Way;
Quicken our Souls, instruct our Hearts,
Our sinking Footsteps stay.

All that Thou dost on Earth bestow,
Of Heaven, vouchsafe to give;
Give us, O Lord, Thyself to know,*
In Thee to walk, and live.

Fill us with all the Life of Love,
In mystic Union join §
Us to Thyself, and let us prove
The Fellowship divine.

* John xvii. 3. † Col. ii. 6. § John xv. 3.
Open the Intercourse between
Our longing Souls and Thee,
Never to be broke off again
Thro' all Eternity.

H Y M N XXVI.
E V E N I N G.

JESUS, the all-atoning Lamb,
Lover of lost Mankind,
salvation in whose only Name
A sinful World can find:

We ask thy Grace to make us clean,
We come to Thee, our God:
Open, O Lord, for this Day's Sin,
The Fountain of thy Blood.*

Lither our spotted Souls be brought,
And ev'ry idle Word,
And ev'ry Work, and ev'ry Thought,
That hath not pleas'd our Lord.

Lither our Actions, righteous deem'd,
By Man, and counted good,
As filthy Rags by God esteem'd.†
'Till sprinkled with thy Blood.

* Zech. xiii. 1. † Isa. lxiv. 6.
HYMN XXVII.

Be with me, Lord, where'er I go,
Learn me what thou would'st have me do;
Suggest whate'er I think or say,
Direct me in the narrow Way.

Prevent me lest I harbour Pride,
Left I in my own Strength confide;
Shew me my Weakness, let me see
I have my Pow'r, my All from thee.

Enrich me alway with thy Love,
My kind Protector ever prove;
Thy Signet put upon my Breast,
And let thy Spirit on me rest.

Assist, and teach me how to pray,
Incline my Nature to obey,
What thou abhor'st, that may I sce,
And love alone what pleaseth thee.

Oh may I never do my Will,
But thine, and only thine fulfil;
Let all my Time, and all my Ways
Be spent, and ended to thy Pr.
HYMN XXVIII.

The Sinner converted. If. xxxviii. 17, 19.

You hast in love to my soul delivered it from the Pit of Corruption; for thou hast cast all my sins behind thy back. The living, the living, he shall praise thee, as I do this day.

When with my mind devoutly prest,

Dear Saviour, my revolving breast

Would past offences trace;

In trembling I make the black review,

Et pleas'd behold, admiring too,

The power of changing grace!

His tongue, with blasphemies defil'd,

These feet to erring paths beguil'd,

In heav'nly league agree;

Who could believe such lips could praise,

Or think my dark and winding ways

Should ever lead to thee!

These eyes, that once abus'd their sight,

Bow lift to thee their wat'ry light,

And weep a silent flood;

These hands ascend in ceaseless pray'r;

Wash away the stains they wear,

In pure redeeming blood!

These ears, that pleas'd could entertain

The midnight oath, the lustful strain,

When round the festal board;

D 3
Now, deaf to all th' enchanting Noise,
Avoid the Throng, detest the Joys,
And press to hear thy Word.
Thus art Thou serv'd in ev'ry Part,—
O would'st Thou more transform my Heart,
This drossy Thing refine;
That Grace might Nature's Strength control;
And a new Creature—Body—Soul—
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

HYMN XXIX:
Farewel to the World.

WORLD, adieu! thou real Cheat,
Oft have thy deceitful Charms
Fill'd my Heart with fond Conceit,
Foolish Hopes, and false Alarms:
Now I see, as clear as Day,
How thy Follies pass away.

Vain thy entertaining Sights,
False thy Promises renew'd,
All the Pomp of thy Delights
Does but flatter and delude:
Thee I quit, for heav'n above,
Object of the noblest Love.

Farewel Honour's empty Pride,
Thy own nice, uncertain Gilt,
If the least Mischance betide,
Lays thee lower than the Dust:
Worldly Honours end in Gall,
Rise To-day—To-morrow fall.
Olih Vanity—Farewel—
More inconstant than the Wave,
Here thy soothing Fancies dwell,
Purest Tempers they deprave:
To whom I fly from thee,
Jesus Christ shall set me free.

Not, Lord! my wand'ring Mind
Follow after fleeting Toys,
Rest, in Thee alone, I find
Solid and substantial Joys:
'Tis that never over-past,
Nor Eternity shall last.

Lord! how happy is a Heart
After Thee while it aspires!
True and faithful as Thou art,
Thou shall answer it's Desires:
Shall see the glorious Scene
Thine everlasting Reign.

H Y M N  XXX.
The Triumph of Faith.

And of the Church triumphant!
Till Thou appear,
Thy Members here,
Sing like those in Glory:
Lift our Hearts and Voices,
With blest Anticipation,
And cry aloud,
And give to God
The Praise of our Salvation.
While in Affliction’s Furnace,
And passing thro’ the Fire,
Thy Love we Praise,
Which knows our Days,
And ever brings us nigher.
We clap our Hands exulting,*
In thine Almighty Favour,
The Love divine
Which made us Thine
Shall keep us Thine for ever.
Thou dost conduct thy People
Thro’ Torrents of Temptation,
Nor will we fear,
Whilst thou art near,
The Fire of Tribulation.
The World with Sin and Satan
In vain our March opposes,
By Thee we shall
Break thro’ them all,
And sing the Song of Moses.†
By Faith we see the Glory,
To which Thou shalt restore us,
The Cross despise
For that high Prize
Which Thou hast set before us:

* Psalm xlvii. 1. † Exod. xv. 14.
And if thou count us worthy,
We each as dying Stephen,*
Shall see Thee stand
At God's Right-hand,
To take us up to Heaven.

H Y M N  X X X I .
Heavenly Joy on Earth.

COME ye that love the Lord,
And let your Joys be known,
In a Song with sweet accord,
While ye surround the Throne.

The Sorrows of the Mind
Be banish'd from the Place;
Religion never was design'd †
To make our Pleasures less.

Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God;
Children of the heav'nly King
Will speak their Joys abroad.

For they thro' Grace have found
Glory begun below;
Initial Fruits, on earthly Ground,
From Faith and Hope may grow.

The Hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred Sweets,

Ps vii. 55. † Prov. iii. 17. 1 Pet. i. 8.
Before we reach the heav’nly Fields,
Or walk the golden Streets.*

Then let our Songs abound,
And ev’ry Tear be dry,
We’re marching thro’ Immanuel’s Gate
To fairer Worlds on high.

HYMN XXXII.

Resurrection of Christ.

CHRIST the Lord is ris’n To-day
Sons of Men and Angels say,
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing ye Heav’ns, and Earth reply.

Love’s redeeming Work is done,
Fought the Fight, the Battle won;
Lo! our sun’s Eclipse is o’er,
Lo! He sets in Blood no more.

Vain the Stone, the Watch, the Seal,
CHRIST hath burst the Gates of Hell;
Death in vain forbids his Rise,
CHRIST hath open’d Paradise.

Lives again our glorious King,
Where, O Death, is now thy Sting!
Once he died our Souls to save,
Where thy Victory, O Grave!

* Rev. xxii. 18, 21.
we now where Christ hath led,
wing our exalted Head,
e like Him, like Him we rise,
's the Cross, the Grave, the Skies.
at tho' once we perish'd all,
tiers of our Parent's Fall,
nd Life we * all receive,
 in Jesus Christ believe.

the Lord of Earth and Heaven! 
se to thee by both be giv'n!
se we greet triumphant now,
! the † Resurrection—Thou!

g of Glory! Soul of Bliss!
asting Life is this—
to † Know—Thy Pow'r to prove,
's to sing, and thus to love.

HYMN XXXIII.

ASCENSION.

[All the Day that sees him rise,
 Ravish'd from our wishful Eyes
list awhile to Mortals giv'n,
scends his native Heaven.
re the pompous Triumph waits,
ft your Heads, eternal Gates!
ide unfold the radiant Scene,
ake the King of Glory in.”

or. xv. 22. † John xi. 25. † John xvii. 3.
Him, though highest Heav’n receives,
Still he loves the Earth he leaves;
Though returning to his Throne,
He can ne’er forget his own.
Still for us he intercedes,
Prevalent his Death he pleads;
Next himself prepares our Place,†
SAVIOUR of the ransom’d Race ‖

Matter (may we ever say)
Taken from our Head To-day,§
See, thy faithful Servants see!
Ever gazing up to Thee!‡
Grant, though parted from our Sight,
High above yon azure Height,
Grant our Hearts may thither rise,
Foll’wing thee beyond the Skies.

Ever upward may we move,
Wafted on the Wings of Love;
Looking when our Lorn shall come,
Longing, gasping after Home!
There may we with thee remain,*
Partners of thine endless Reign;
There thy Face unclouded see,
Find our Heav’n of Heav’ns in thee!

† John xiv. 2. ‖ Heb. vi. 20. § 2. Kings.
‡ Acts i. 9, 10, 11. * 1 Theff. iv. 17.
H Y M N XXXIV.

The same.

Psalm xxiv. 7.

Lift up your Heads, O ye Gates, and be ye lift up, ye Everlasting Doors, &c.

Our Lord is risen from the Dead,

Our Jesus is gone up on high,

He Pow'rs of Hell are captive led,

Dragg'd to the Portals of the Sky.

Here his triumphal Chariot waits,

And Angels chant the solemn Lay,

Lift up your Heads, ye heav'nly Gates,

Ye everlasting Doors, give Way!

O'er all your Bars of masy Light,

And wide unfold th' ethereal Scene:

He claims these Mantions as his Right,

Receive the King of Glory in!

Who is the King of Glory, who?

The Lord, who all his Foes o'ercame,

He World, Sin, Death, and Hell o'erthrew,

And Jesus is the Conqu'ror's Name.

O! his triumphal Chariot waits,

And Angels chant the solemn Lay:

Lift up your Heads, ye heav'nly Gates;

Ye everlasting Doors, give Way!
Who is the King of Glory, who?
The Lord of glorious Pow'r possest,
The King of Saints and Angels too,
God over all, for ever blest!

HYMN XXXV.

Psalm xciv. 1.

AWAKE, and sing the Song*
Of Moses and the Lamb,
Wake ev'ry Heart and ev'ry Tongue
To praise the Saviour's Name.

Sing of his dying Love,
Sing of his rising Pow'r,
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose Sins He bore.

Sing, 'till we feel our Hearts
Ascending with our Tongues,
Sing, 'till the Love of Sin departs,
And Grace inspires our Songs.

Sing on your heav'nly Way,
Ye ransom'd Sinners sing,
Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry Day
In Christ th' eternal King.

Soon shall ye hear Him say,
"Ye blessed Children come;"†
Soon will He call ye hence away,
And take his Wand'rors Home.||

* Rev. xv. 3. † Matt. xxv. 24. || Heb. xi.

YE Servants of God,  
Your Master proclaim,  
And publish abroad  
His wonderful Name:  
The Name all-victorious  
Of Jesus extol;  
His Kingdom is glorious.  
And rules over all.

God ruleth on high,  
Almighty to save,  
And still he is nigh,  
His Presence we have.

The great Congregation  
His Triumph shall sing,  
Ascribing Salvation  
To Jesus our King.

Salvation to God,  
Who sits on the Throne:  
Let all cry aloud,  
And honour the Son,  
Our Jesus's Praises  
The Angels proclaim,  
Fall down on their Faces,  
And worship the Lamb.
Then let us adore,
And give Him his Right,
All Glory and Pow'r
And Wisdom and Might;
All Honour and Blessing,
With Angels above,
And Thanks never ceasing,
And infinite Love.

HYMN XXXVII.

Psalm cxiii. 3.

From the rising of the Sun, unto the going down of the same, the Lord's Name is to be praised.

From all that dwell below the Skies,
Let the Creator's Praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's Name be sung,
Thro' ev'ry Land, by ev'ry Tongue.

Eternal are thy Mercies, Lord;
Eternal Truth attends thy Word;
 Thy Praise shall sound from Shore to Shore
Till Sun shall rise and set no more.
HYMN XXXVIII.
Salvation by Grace in CHRIST.

NOW to the Pow'r of God Supreme,
Be everlasting Honours giv'n;
He saves from Hell, (we bless his Name)
He calls lost wand'ring Souls to Heav'n.
Not for their Duties or Deserts,*
But of his own abounding Grace,
He works Salvation in their Hearts,
And forms a People for his Praise.

Twas his own Purpose that begun
To rescue Rebels doom'd to die,
He gave them Grace in CHRIST his Son,†
Before he spread the starry Sky.

Jesus the LORD appears at last,
And makes his FATHER's Councils known‡
Declares the great Transactions past,
And brings immortal Blessings down.

HYMN XXXIX.
The New Creation. Rev. xxii. 5.

ATTEND while God's eternal Son
Doth his own Glories shew;
Behold, I sit upon my Throne,
"Creating all Things new.

* Tit. iii. 5. † Eph. i. 4. ‡ Eph. i. 9.
\[ 42 \]

"Nature and Sin are past away,
"And the old Adam dies,
"My Hands a new Foundation lay,
"See a new World arise!"

Mighty Redeemer, set us free
From our old State of Sin;
O make our Souls alive to thee,
Create new Pow'rs within!
Renew our Eyes, and form our Ears,
And mould our Hearts afresh;
Give us new Passions, Joys, and Fears,
And turn the Stone to Flesh.
Far from the Regions of the Dead,
From Sin, and Earth, and Hell;
In the new World thy Grace hath made,
May we for ever dwell!

**HYMN XL.**

O Come, thou wounded Lamb of God,
Come wash us in thy cleansing Blood.
Give us to know thy Love, then Pain
Is sweet, and Life or Death is Gain.
Take our poor Hearts, and let them be
For ever clos'd to all but thee:
Seal thou our Breasts, and let us wear +
That Pledge of Love for ever there.

\* 1 John i. 7.  Rev. i. 5.  \* 2 Cor. i. 23.
Hymn XLI.

Love divine, how sweet thou art,
When shall I find my longing Heart
All taken up by thee?
Oh make me pant and thirst to prove
The Greatness of redeeming Love,
The Love of Christ to me.

God only knows the Love of God;
O that it now were shed abroad
In each poor stony Heart!
For Love I'd fight, for Love I'd pine,
This only Portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better Part!

† Rom. viii. 29. § Phil. ii. 9, 10.
O that we could for ever sit,†
With Mary, at the Master’s Feet,
Be this our happy Choice!
Our only Care, Delight, and Bliss,
Our Joy, our Heav’n on Earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom’s Voice.||

Thy only Love may we require,
Nothing on Earth beneath Desire,
Nothing in Heav’n above;
Let Earth and all its Trifles go,
Give us, O Lord, thy Love to know,
Give us thy precious Love.

HYMN XLII.
The Second Advent. Rev. i. 7.

O! He comes with Clouds descending,
Once for favour’d Sinners slain:
Thousand thousand Saints attending,*
Swell the Triumph of his Train:
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Amen.

Ev’ry Eye shall now behold Him,
Rob’d in dreadful Majesty;
Those who set at nought and fold Him,
Pierce’d, and nail’d Him to the Tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the True Messiah see.

ry Island, Sea, and Mountain, 
Heav'n and Earth, shall flee away;*
who hate Him, must, confounded, ||||
hear the Trump proclaim the Day;
Come to Judgment!
Come to Judgment! come away!

Redemption long expected,
see! in solemn Pomp appear!
This Saints, by Man rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the Air!†
Hallelujah!

see the Day of God appear!
over thine own Bride and Spirit ||
daten, Lord, the gen'r'al Doom!§
New Heav'n and Earth t' inherit,‡
take thy pining Exiles Home:
All Creation. **
Travails! groans! and bids Thee come!
a! Amen! Let all adore Thee,
High on thine eternal Throne!
Your, take the Pow'r and Glory;
Claim the Kingdom for thine own!
O come quickly! ††
Hallelujah! Come, Lord, come!

†† xx. 11. ||| Mic. vii. 16, 17. †† 1 Thes.
17. || Rev. xxii. 17. § Vide Burial Ser-
vice. † Rev. xxvi. 1. ** Rom. viii. 22, 23.
† Rev. xxii. 20.
HE comes! he comes! the Judge soon
The seventh Trumpet speaks him on;
His Lightnings flash, his Thunders roil;
He's welcome to the faithful Soul,
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
Welcome to the faithful Soul.

From Heav'n angelic Voices sound,
See the Almighty Jesus crown'd!
Girt with Omnipotence and Grace,
And Glory decks the Saviour's Face,
Glory, Glory, Glory, Glory,
Glory to the Saviour's Face.

Descending on his Azure Throne,
He claims the Kingdoms for his own;
The Kingdoms all obey his Word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord,
Hail him, hail him, hail him, hail him,
Hail him, their triumphant Lord.

Shout all the People of the Sky,
And all the Saints of the Most High;
Our God, who now his Right obtains,
For ever and for ever Reigns,
(Reign,
Ever, ever, ever, ever, ever, ever and for ever)
The Father praise, the Son adore,
The Spirit bless for evermore;
salvation’s glorious Work is done,
welcome Thee, Great Three in One!
and, welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome
Thee Great Three in One!

HYMN XLIV.

To the Trinity.

Hail holy, holy, holy Lord!
Be endless Praise to Thee!
Eternal, essential One, ador’d
a co-eternal Three.

Him in everlasting State,
where its Round began,
join’d in Council to create
The Dignity of Man.*

whom † Isaiah’s Vision shew’d,
the Seraphs veil their Wings,
He Thee Jehovah, Lord, and God,
Th’ angelic Army sings.

Thee by mystic Pow’rs on high
Were humble Praises giv’n,
Gen. John beheld with favour’d Eye ||
Th’ Inhabitants of Heav’n!

that the Name of Creature owns,
To Thee in Hymns aspire;
we as Angels on our Thrones §
or ever join the Choir!

Ch. i. 26, 27. † Is. vi. 2, 3. ‖ Rev. iv. 1. &c.
§ Rev. iii. 21.
Hail holy, holy, holy Lord!
Be endless Praise to Thee;
Supreme, essential One, ador'd
In co-eternal Three.

HYMN XLV. Another.

We give immortal Praise,
To God the Father's Love,
For all our Comforts here,
And better Hopes above:
He sent his own
Eternal Son,
To die for Sins
That Man had done.

To God the Son belongs
Immortal Glory too,
Who bought us with his Blood,
From everlasting Woe:
And now he lives,
And now he reigns,
And sees the Fruit
Of all his Pains.

To God the Spirit's Name
Immortal Worship give,
Whole new-creating Pow'r
Makes the dead Sinner live:
His Work completes
The great Design,
And fills the Soul
With Joy divine.
Almighty God, to Thee,
Be endless Honours done;
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One!
Where Reason fails
With all her Pow'rs,
There Faith prevails
And Love adores.

H Y M N  XLVI.
Another.

PRAISE be to the Father given,
Christ He gave,
Us to save,
Now the Heirs of Heaven.
Pay we equal Adoration
To the Son,
He alone
Wrought out our Salvation.
Glory to the eternal Spirit,
Us He seals,*
Christ reveals,†
And applies his Merit.
Worship, Honour, Thanks and Blessing,
One in Three,
Give we Thee,
Never, never ceasing!

* Eph. i. 13. † Cor. xii. 3.
HYMN XLVII.

LAMB of God, we fall before thee,
Humbly trusting in thy Cross,
That alone be all our Glory;
All Things else are Dung, and Dross,
Thee we own a perfect Saviour,
Only Source of all that's Good;
Every Grace, and every Favour,
Come to us, thro' Jesus's Blood.

Jesus gives us true Repentance,
By his Spirit sent from Heav'n;
Jesus whispers this sweet Sentence,
"Son, thy Sins are all forgiv'n;"
Faith he gives us to believe it,
Grateful Hearts his love to Prize;
Want we Wisdom? He must give it:
Hearing Ears, and seeing Eyes.

Jesus gives us pure Affections,
Wills to do, what he requires;
Makes us follow his Directions;
And what he commands, inspires.
All our Prayers, and all our Praises,
Rightly offer'd in his Name,
He who dictates them, is Jesus,
He who answers, is the same.

When we live on Jesus's Merit,
Then we worship God aright;
HER, SON, and HOLY SPIRIT,
in we savingly unite.

s the whole Conclusion of it;
at, or Good whate'er we call;
p, or King, or Priest, or Prophet,
us CHRIST is All in All.

H Y M N XLVIII.
Zech. xiii. 1.

OW sad our State by Nature is,
Our Sin how deep it stains!
S Satan binds our Captive Souls
ast in his slavish Chains.

there's a Voice of Sov'reign Grace
ounds from God's sacred Word;
! ye despairing Sinners, come
nd trust upon the LORD.

ay we hear th' Almighty Call,
nd run to this Relief!
would believe thy Promise, LORD,
help our Unbelief!

the blest Fountain of thy Blood,
Teach us, O LORD, to fly:
ere may we wash our spted Souls
rom Crimes of deeper Dye!

etch out thine Arm, victorious King,
Our reigning Sins subdue 


Drive the old Serpent from his Seat,*
Create our Hearts anew.
Poor, guilty, weak, and helpless Worms,
Into thine Hands we fall;
Be Thou our Strength and Righteousness,
Our Jesus, and our All!

HYMN XLIX.
1 John iv. 16. latter Part.

LOVE divine, all Love excelling,
Joy of Heaven to Earth come down!
Fix in us thine humble Dwelling,
All thy faithful Mercies crown:
Jesus! Thou art all Compassion,
Pure unbounded Love Thou art,
Visit us with thy Salvation,
Enter ev'ry trembling Heart!

Breathe! O breathe thy loving Spirit,
Into ev'ry troubled Breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find thy promis'd Rest:||
Take away the Love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be,†
End of Faith, as its Beginning,‡
Set our Hearts at Liberty,

Come! Almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy Life receive!

* Rev. xii. 9.  || Matt. xi. 28.  † Rev. i. 17.
† Heb. xii. 2.
ddely return, and never,
ey more thy Temples leave : *
ec we would be always blessing,
ec Thee as thine Holts above,
y, and praise Thee without ceasing,y in thy precious Love.
sh then thy new Creation,
c, unspotted may we be,
s we see thy great Salvation,
sly restor'd by Thee!
g'd from Glory into Glory, §
ll in Heaven we take our Place,
ll we cast our Crowns before Thee, ¶
ll in Wonder, Love, and Praise.
HYMN L. Thanksgiving.
EET and right it is to sing
Glory to our God and King:
et in ev'ry Time and Place,
heirose his solemn Praise.
, ye Saints, the Song around,
gels help the cheerful Sound;
blish thro' the World abroad
ry to th' eternal God.
is here to Thee we give,acious Thou our Thanks receive ;
y FATHER, sov'reign LORD,
y where be 'Thou ador'd !

F 3
Cor. vi. 16. § 2 Cor. iii. 18. || Rev. iv. 19.
Tho' th' injurious World exclaim,
Sing we still in Jesus's Name;
Saviour, Thee we ever bless,
Thee our Lord and God confess.

HYMN LI.
MORNING.

Rise, my Soul! adore thy Maker;
Angels praise,
Join thy Lays,
With them be Partaker.

Sovereign Lord of ev'ry Spirit,
In thy Light
Lead me right,
Thro' my Saviour's Merit.

Thou this Night was't my Protector,
With me stay
All the Day,
Ever my Director.

Holy, holy, holy Giver
Of all Good,
Life and Food,
Reign ador'd for ever!

Glory, Honour, Thanks and Blessing,
One in Three,
Give we Thee,
Never, never ceasing!

* John xx. 28.
HYMN LII.

EVENING.
ERE I sleep, for ev'ry Favour
This Day shew'd
By my God,
I will bless my Saviour.
Leave me not, but ever love me;
Let thy Peace
Be my Bliss,
'Till thou hence remove me.
Thou my Rock, my Guard, my Tow'r,
Safely keep,
While I sleep,
Me with all thy Pow'r.
So, whene'er in Death I slumber,
Let me rise
With the Wise,
Counted in their Number!

HYMN LIII.

I am the Door, John x. 9,
THOU art the Door which open stands,
Our Hope, Almighty Lord, thou art,
O Thee we'd stretch our willing Hands,
O Thee lift up each guilty Heart.
We know thy Promise cannot fail—
May we thy saving Mercy prove!
Let not our * Unbelief prevail,
Nor † bar the Door against thy Love.

H Y M N LIV.
Christ is All and in All. Col. iii. ii.
To all my Vileness, Christ is Glory
(bright—
To all my Mis’ries, infinite Delight—
To all my Ign’rance, wise without comp
(part.
To my Deformity, the Eternal Fair—
Sight to my Blindness—To my Mean
(ness, Wealth—
Life to my Death—and to my Sickness
(Health—
To Darkness, Light—my Liberty
(Thall—
What shall I say—my Christ is All
(All

H Y M N L.V.
The Pilgrim’s Song.

Rise, my Soul, and stretch thy Wings;
Thy better Portion trace;
Rise from transitory Things,
Toward Heav’n thy native-Place:

* Heb. iii. 19. † Rev. iii. 20.
and Moon, and Stars decay,
Time shall soon this Earth remove:
O, my Soul, and haste away
To Seats prepar'd above.

Powers to the Ocean run,
Nor stay in all their Course;
And ascending seeks the Sun,
Both speed them to their Source:
A Soul that's born of God
Wants to view his glorious Face,
Towards tends to his Abode,
To rest in his Embrace.

Safe, ye Pilgrims, cease to mourn,¶
Press onward to the Prize;
Our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the Skies:
A Season, and you know
Happy Entrance will be giv'n,
Our Sorrows left below,§
And Earth exchang'd for Heav'n.

HYMN LVI,
Divine Worship.

Jesus, we thy Promise claim,
We are met in thy dear Name;
Who in the midst do thou appear,
Unfalt thy Presence here;

¶ 12:13. || Ps. xliii. 1, 2. ¶ Heb. xi. 13. § If. xxxvi. 10.
Sanctify us, Lord, and bless,
Breathe thy Spirit, give thy Peace;
Come, descend, celestial Dove,
Make this Time, a Time of Love.

In thy Righteousness still found
Let the Fruits of Grace abound,
Faith, and Love, and Joy increase,
Temperance and Gentleness:
Plant in us thy humble Mind,
Patient, pitiful, and kind,
Meek, and lowly let us be,
Full of Goodness, full of Thee.

Make us all in thee compleat,
Make us all for Glory meet;
Meet t'appear before thy Sight,
Part'ners with the Saints in Light:
Call, O call us each by Name,
To the Marriage of the Lamb,
Let us lean upon thy Breast,
Love be there our endless Feast.

HYMN LVII.

Panting after God. Ps. xlii. 1.

THOU hidden Love of God whose Heigh
Whose Depth unfathom'd no Man know:
I see from far thy beauteous Light,
Inly I sigh for thy Repose:
My Heart is pain'd, nor let it be
At Rest, till it finds Rest in Thee.
is there a Thing beneath the Sun, 
that strives with Thee my Heart to share? 
Oh! tear it thence, and reign alone: 
The Lord of ev'ry Motion there: 
Then shall my Heart from Earth be free, 
When it has found Repose in Thee. 
Oh hide this Self from me, that I 
do more, but Christ in me may live! *
My vile Affections crucify, 
or let one darling Lust survive: 
In all Things nothing may I see, 
Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee! 
O Love! thy Sov'reign Aid impart, 
To save me from low-thoughted Care: 
Hale this self-will through all my Heart, 
Through all its latent Mazes there: 
Take me thy duteous Child, that I 
''afelefs, may Abba, Father, cry. §
Each Moment draw from Earth away 
My Heart that lowly waits thy Call, 
Peek to my inmost Soul and say, 
Am thy Love, thy God, thy All! 
To feel thy Pow'r, to hear thy Voice, 
To taste thy Love be all my Choice! 

* Gal. ii. 20.  § Gal. iv. 6.
HYMN LVIII.

Calling to follow Jesus.

COME, my FATHER's Family,*
Ye ransom'd of the Lord,
Come, ye Sinners, who with me
Are ev'ry where abhor'red; †
Let us gladly trace his Steps,
Who suffer'd Death among the Jews,
Whom the friendless Soul accepts, ||
Whom all beside refuse.

Jesus, the despis'd and mean,
Our Master let us own †
He the Sacrifice for Sin,
The SAVIOUR He alone:
Let us take and bear his Cross, §
Despis'd Disciples let us be:
Mock'd and slighted, as he was
For you, my Friends, and me.

None but Jesus will we sing,
None else will we adore:
He our Prophet, Priest, and King,
Shall be for evermore:
None among the heav'nly Pow'rs,*
Nor one on Earth our Praise may claim
None but Jesus call we ours,
None but the bleeding LAMB!

* Eph. iii. 15. † Mat. x. 22. John xvii.
|| Mat. ix. 12. † Mat. xxiii. 8. § Mat.
HYMN LIX.
For the Lord's Day.

The Lord of Sabbath let us praise,
In Concert with the Blest,
Who Joyful in harmonious Lays,
Employ an endless Rest.

Thus, Lord while we remember Thee,
True Happiness we know:
By Hymns of Praise we learn to be,
Triumphant here below.

On this glad Day a brighter Scene
Of Glory was display'd
By God, th' eternal Word, than when
The Universe was made.

He rifes, who Mankind hath bought
With Grief and Pain extreme:
Twas great to speak the World from Nought—
'Twas greater to redeem!

HYMN LX.
But the greatest of these is Love.

1 Cor. xiii. 13.

Happy the Heart, where Graces reign,
Where Love inspires the Breast!

Love is the brightest of the Train,
And perfects all the rest.
Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our Fear:
Our stubborn Sins will fight and reign,
If Love be absent there.

'Tis Love that makes our cheerful Feet
In swift Obedience move,
The Devils know and tremble too—
But Satan cannot love.

This is the Grace that lives and sings,
When Faith and Hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful Strings
In the sweet Realms of bliss.

When join'd to that harmonious Throng,
That fills the Choirs above,
Then shall we tune our golden Harps*
And ev'ry Note be—Love.

HYMN LXI.
PSALM CXXXIV.

Ye Servants of God, Whose diligent Care
Is ever employed in Watching and Pray
With Praises unceasing Your Jesus proclaims
Rejoicing, and blessing His excellent Name.

'Tis Jesus commands, Come all to his House
And lift up your Hands And pay Him y

And whilst ye are giving Your Jesus his Due,
The Lord out of Heaven Shall sanctify

* Rev. xiv. 2.
HYMN LXII.

Life and Eternity.

"THEE we adore, Eternal Name;
And humbly own to Thee,
In feeble is our mortal Frame,
What dying Worms we be!

In wasting Lives grow shorter still,
As Months and Days increafe!
And every beating Pulse we tell
Leaves but the Number less!

The Year rolls round, and steals away
The Breath that first it gave;
Hate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the Grave!

Angers stand thick thro' all the Ground,
To push us to the Tomb,
And fierce Diseafes wait around,
To hurry Mortals home!

Eat God! On what a slender Thread
Hang everlasting Things!
The eternal States of all the Dead
Upon Life's feeble Strings!

Infinite Joy, and endless Woe,
Attend on ev'ry Breath!
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the Brink of Death!
Waken, O Lord, our drowsy Sense,
To walk this dang’rous Road:
And if our Souls be hurried hence,
May they be found with God!

HYMN LXIII.
Complaining of Spiritual Sloth.

MY drowsy Pow’rs, why sleep ye so?
Awake my sluggisht Soul:
Nothing hath half thy Work to do;
Yet nothing’s half so dull.

Go to the * Ants—for one poor Grain,
See how they toil and strive!
Yet we, who have a Heav’n t’ obtain,
How negligent we live!

We, for whom God the Son came down,
And labour’d for our Good,
How careless to secure that Crown
He purchas’d with his Blood!

Lord, shall we live so sluggisht still,
And never act our Parts?
Come, Lord, thy † gracious Word fulfil,
And warm our frozen Hearts!

Give us with active Warmth to move,
With vig’rous Souls to rise.
With Hands of Faith and Wings of Love
To fly and take the Prize.

* Prov. v. 6. † Matt. iii. 11. latter Part.
ORD, where shall guilty Souls retire,
Forgotten and unknown?
Hell they meet thy vengeful Ire,
In Heav’n thy glorious Throne.
Could they suppress their vital Breath,
T’ escape the Wrath Divine,
My Voice would break the Bars of Death,
And make the Grave resign.

wing’d with Beams of Morning Light
They fly beyond the West,
Thee Hand, which must support their Flight,
Would soon betray their Rest.

’er their Sins they seek to draw
The Curtains of the Night,
ose flaming Eyes that guard thy Law,
Would turn the Shades to Light.
Beams of Noon, the Midnight Hour,
Are both alike to Thee:
may we ne’er provoke that Pow’r
From which we cannot flee!
SWEET is the Mem’ry of thy Grace,
My God, my heav’nly King;
Let Age to Age thy Righteousnesss
In Sounds of Glory sing.

God reigns on high, but not confines
His Goodness to the Skies;
Thro’ the whole Earth his Bounty shines,
And every Want supplies.

With longing Eyes thy Creatures wait
On Thee, for daily Food;
Thy lib’ral Hand provides them Meat,
And fills their Mouths with Good.

How kind are thy Compsassions, LORD!
How slow thine Anger moves!
How soon He sends his pard’ning Word,
To cheer the Soul He loves!

Creatures, with all their endless Race,
Thy Pow’r and Praife proclaim:
May we, who taste thy richer Grace,
Delight to bless thy Name!

H Y M
HYMN LXVI.
PSALM cxlvii.

RAISE ye the LORD; 'tis good to raise
Our Hearts and Voices in his Praise;
is Nature and his Works invite,
to make this Duty our Delight.

The form'd the Stars, those heav'ly Flames,
e counts their Numbers, calls their Names:
is Wisdom's vast and knows no Bound,
Deep where all our Thoughts are drown'd,

Great is the LORD, and great his Might,
And all his Glories, infinite:

e crowns the Meek, rewards the * Just,
And treads the Wicked to the Dust.

is Saints are lovely in his Sight,
He views his Children with Delight:
He sees their Hopes, He knows their Fear
And looks and loves his Image there.

raise God from whom all Blessings flow,
raise him all Creatures here below!
raise him above, ye heav'ly Host,
raise Father, Son and Holy Ghost,

* Prov. x. 6.
H Y M N L X V I I.

C H R I S T our Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctification, and Redemption.

1 Cor. i. 30.

BURY'D in Shadows of the Night,
We lie, 'till CHRIST restores the Light,
Wisdom descends to heal the Blind.
And chace the Darkness of the Mind.

Lost guilty Souls are drown'd in Tears,
'Till the atoning Blood appears;
Then they awake from deep Distress,
And sing the LORD our RIGHTEOUSNESS.

Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his Slaves in heavy Chains:
He sets the Pris'ner free, and breaks
The iron Bondage from our Necks.

Poor helpless Worms in thee posses
Grace, Wisdom, Power, and Righteousness:
Thou art our mighty All, may we
Give our whole Selves, O LORD, to Thee!

H Y M N
HYMN LXVIII.
Mal. iv. 2.

Into you that fear my Name, shall the Sun
Righteousness arise with Healing in his

ings.

How heavy is the Night,
That hangs upon our Eyes,
ill Christ with his reviving Light
Over our Souls arise!

ur Spirits are afraid
To meet the Wrath of Heav’n,
ill in his Righteousness array’d,
We see our Sins forgiv’n.

holy and impure
Are all our Thoughts and Ways;
Beams infected Nature cure
With sanctifying Grace,

he Pow’rs of Hell agree
To hold our Souls in vain;
sets the Sons of Bondage free,
And breaks the cursed Chain.

or, we adore thy Ways,
That bring us near to God:
Joy sov’reign Pow’r, thy healing Grace,
And thine atoning Blood.
JOIN all the glorious Names
Of Wisdom, Love, and Pow'r,
That Mortals ever knew,
That Angels ever bore:
All are too mean *
To speak his Worth,
Too mean to set
Our Saviour forth.

But, O what gentle Terms:
What condescending Ways,
Doth our Redeemer use
To teach his heav'nly Grace!
My Soul, with Joy
And Wonder see
What Forms of Love
He bears for thee.

Great Prophet of our God,
Our Tongues would bless thy Name:
By thee the joyful News
Of our Salvation came:
The joyful News
Of Sins forgiv'n,
Of Hell subdu'd,
And Peace with Heav'n.

Jesus, our great High Priest,
Offer'd his Blood and dy'd;
* Phil. ii. 9.
Thou guilty Sinner seek
No Sacrifice beside:
    His pow’rful Blood
Did once atone,
    And now it pleads
Before the Throne.

Thou dear Almighty Lord,
Our Conqu’ror and our King,
Thy Scepter and thy Sword,
Thy reigning Grace we sing.
    Thine is the Pow’r;
O may we sit,
    In willing Bonds,
Beneath thy Feet!

HYMN LXX.

The same.

ARRAY'D in mortal Flesh,
    To the Great Angel stands,
And holds the Promises
And Pardons in His Hands:
    Commission’d from
His Father’s Throne,
    To make his Grace
To Mortals known.

Be thou our Counsellor,
Our Pattern and our Guide!
And through this desert Land
Still keep us near thy Side!
O let our Feet
Ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek
The crooked Way!

We'd hear our Shepherd's Voice,
Whose watchful Eye doth keep
Poor wand'ring Souls among
The Thousands of his Sheep,
He feeds his Flock,†
He calls their Names,
His Bosom bears
The tender Lambs.

To this dear Surety's Hands,
My Soul, commend thy Cause,
He answers and fulfils
His Father's broken Laws:
Believing Souls
Now free are set;
For Christ hath paid,
Their dreadful Debt.

Then let our Souls arise,
And tread the Tempter down:
Our Captain leads us forth
To Conquest and a Crown.
March on! nor fear
To win the Day,
Tho' Death and Hell
Obstruct the Way.

* John x. 27. † Iia. xl. 11.
COME thou Fount of ev'ry Blessing,
Tune mine Heart to sing thy Grace,
reams of Mercy never ceasing,
Call for Songs of loudest Praise;
each me some melodious Sonnet,
Sung by * flaming Tongues above;
aise the || Mount—I'm fixt upon it,
Mount of God's † unchanging Love!
ere I raise my † Eben-Ezer,
Hither by thine Help I'm come:
nd I hope, by thy good Pleasure,
Safely to arrive at Home:
sus fought me, when a Stranger,
Wand'ring from the Fold of God,
e, to rescue me from Danger,
Interpos'd with precious Blood.
! to Grace, how great a Debtor,
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
that Grace, now like a Fetter,
Bind my wand'ring Heart to Thee!
me to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love
re's mine Heart—O take, and § seal it!
Seal it from thy Courts above!

Heb. i. 7. || Heb. xii. 18.—25. † Mal. iii. 6-
es i. 17. ‡ 1 Sam. vii. 12. § 2 Cor. i. 22-
i. 13.

H
HYMN LXXII.
For Easter-Day.

The Sun of Righteousness appears,
To set in Blood no more:
Adore the Scatt’rer of your Fears,
Your rising Sun adore!

The Saints, when he resign’d his Breath,
Unclos’d their sleeping Eyes;
He breaks again the Bands of Death,
Again the Dead arise!

Alone the dreadful Race He ran,
Alone the Wine-Press trod;
He dy’d and suffer’d as a Man:
He rises as a God!

In vain the Stone, the Watch, the Seal,
Forbid an early Rise,
To Him who breaks the Gates of Hell,
And opens Paradise.

HYMN LXXIII.
A Prayer for Faith.

FATHER, I stretch mine Hands to Thee;
No other Help I know:
If Thou withdraw Thyself from me,
Ah! whither shall I go!
that did thine only Son endure
Before I drew my Breath!
that Pain, what Labour to secure
My Soul from endless Death!
author of Faith, to Thee I lift
My weary, longing Eyes!
serve in me that precious Gift!—
My Soul without it dies!

HYMN LXXIV.

Happy is the Man that feareth always.

O God of all Grace and Majesty!
Supremely great and good!
I have Favour found with Thee
Thro' the atoning Blood!
The Guard of all thy Mercies give,
And to my Pardon join
Fear, lest I should ever grieve.
The gracious Sp'rit divine.

Since Mercy is indeed with Thee,
May I obedient prove,
or e'er abuse my Liberty,
Or sin against thy Love:
is choicest Fruit of Faith bestow
On a poor Sojourner:

• 1 Chron. xxix. 15.
And let me pass my Days below
In Humblenefs and Fear. †
Still may I walk as in thy Sight,
My strict Observer see,
And thou by rev'rent Love unite
My wand'ring Heart to Thee.
Still let me, till my Days are past,
At Jesu's Feet abide:
So shall He lift me up at last,
And seat me by his Side.

H Y M N LXXV. John xiii. 9.

JESUS Thou art my Righteousnes,
For all my Sins were Thine, §
Thy Death hath bought of God my Peace,
Thy Life hath made Him mine:
My dying Saviour and my God!
Fountain for Guilt and Sin!*
Sprinkle me ever with thy Blood ||
And cleanse and keep me clean!
Wash me, and make me thus thine own,
Wash me, and mine Thou art,
Wash me, but not my Feet alone,
My Hands, my Head, my Heart!
Th' Atonement of thy Blood apply,
Till Faith to Sight improve,
Till Hope shall in Fruition die,
And all my Soul be Love!

‡ 1 Pet. i. 17. § Hs. liii. 6. Latter Part
* Zech. xiii. 1. || 1 Pet. i. 2.
HYMN LXXVI. Isaiah xl. 29.

SON of God! thy Blessing grant,
Still supply my ev’ry Want,
Tree of Life thine Influence shed,*
With thy Sap my Spirit feed!
Tend’rest Branch, alas! am I,
Wither without Thee, and die:
Weak as helpless Infancy—
O confirm my Soul in Thee!
Unsustain’d by Thee I fall,
Send the Strength for which I call!
Weaker than a bruised Reed,
Help I every Moment need.
All my Hopes on Thee depend,
Love me! save me to the End!
Give me the continuing Grace—
Take the everlasting Praise!

HYMN LXXVII. EPIPHANY.
Isaiah ix. 2.

LIGHT of those whose dreary Dwelling,
Borders on the Shades of Death,
Come! and by thy Love’s revealing,
Dissipate the Clouds beneath:
The new Heav’n and Earth’s Creator,†
In our deepest Darkness rise!

* Rev. ii. 7. John xv. 5.
† Rev. xxi.-x. 9.
Scattering all the Night of Nature,  
Pouring Eye-sight on our Eyes.

Still we wait for thine Appearing,  
Life and Joy thy Beams impart,  
Chasing all our Fears, and cheering  
Ev'ry poor benighted Heart:  
Come, and manifest the Favour  
God hath for the ransom'd Race;  
Come! Thou gracious God and Saviour!  
Come! and bring the Gospel-grace!

Save us in thy great Compassion,  
O Thou mild pacific Prince!  
Give the Knowledge of Salvation,†  
Give the Pardon of our Sins!  
By thine all-restoring Merit,  
Ev'ry burthen'd Soul release,  
Ev'ry weary, wand'ring Spirit,  
Guide into thy perfect Peace!

HYMN LXXVIII. 2 Kings x. 15;  
COME let us ascend,  
My Companion and Friend,  
To a Taste of the Banquet above:  
If thine Heart be as mine,  
If for Jesus it pine,  
Come up into the Chariot of Love.||  
Who in Jesus confide,  
They are bold to outride  
The Storms of Affliction beneath:

† Luke i. 77. || Song of Solomon iii. 10.
With the Prophet they soar
To that heavenly Shore,
and † outfly all the Arrows of Death.

By § Faith we are come
To our permanent Home,
y §§ Hope we the Rapture improve,
By † Love we still rise,
And look down on the Skies—
or the ** Heaven of Heavens is Love!

Who on Earth can conceive
How happy they live
the †† City of God the great King!
What a Concert of Praise,
When our Jesus's Grace,
he whole heav'nly Company sing!

What a rapturous Song,
When the glorify'd Throng
the Spirit of Harmony join!
Join all the glad Choirs,
Hearts, Voices, and Lyres,
and the Burthen is Mercy divine

Hallelujah they cry,
To the King of the Sky,
the great everlasting I AM,

† Kings ii. 11. † John xi. 25. 26. § Heb. xi. 1.
Heb. vi. 19. † 1 Cor. xiii. 13. ** 1 John iv. 16.
†† Part. †† Phil. iii. 20. Heb. xii. 22.
To the Lamb that was slain,
And that liveth again,
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb! *

HYMN LXXIX.

Almighty God of Truth and Love!
In me thy Pow'r exert,
The Mountain from my Soul remove,
The Hardness of mine Heart:
My most obdurate Heart subdue,
In Honour to thy Son,
And now the gracious Wonder shew,
And take away the Stone.

I want a Principle within
Of jealous, godly Fear;
A Sensibility of Sin,
A Pain to feel it near:
I want the first Approach to feel
Of Pride or vain Desire,
To catch the Wand'ring's of my Will,
And quench the kindling Fire.

From Thee that I no more may part,
No more thy Goodness grieve!
The filial Awe, the fleshly Heart,
The tender Conscience give:
Quick as the Apple of an Eye,
O God! my Conscience make,

* Rev. vii. 9, 10. † Ezek. xi. 19.
wake my Soul when Sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake!

HYMN LXXX.
Thy Backsliding shall reprove thee.
Jer. ii. 19.

ESU, let thy pitying Eye
Call back a wand’ring Sheep;
Else to Thee, like Peter, I
Would fain like Peter weep.

For me be by Grace restor’d,
On me, be all Long-suffering shewn!
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,*
And break my Heart of Stone.

Saviour, Prince enthron’d above,
Repentance to impart,*
Give me, thro’ thy dying Love,
The humble contrite Heart:
Give me, what I’ve long implor’d,
A Portion of thy Grief unknown—
Turn, &c.

Give me, Saviour from above,
Nor suffer me to die,
Give, and Happiness, and Love
Drop from thy gracious Eye;
Speak the reconciling Word,
And let thy Mercy melt me down—
Turn, &c.

Look, as when thy Grace beheld
The $ Harlot in Distress,
Dry'd her Tears, her Pardon seal'd,
And bad her go in Peace:
Foul, like her, and self-abhor'd,
I at thy Feet for Mercy groan—
   Turn, &c.

Look as when condemn'd for them,
Thou didst thy Followers see,
   " Daughters of Jerusalem, ||
   " Weep for Yourselves, not Me."
Am I by my God deplor'd,
And shall I not myself bemoan—
   Turn, &c.

Look as when thy languid Eye
Was clos'd that we might live,
   " Father! (at the point to die) †
My Saviour said, Forgive!
Surely with that dying Word,
He turns and looks, and cries, 'Tis done!
   O my Bleeding—loving Lord;
Thou break'st my Heart of Stone.
   HYMN LXXXI.
   Praise to the Redeemer.

Plung'd in a Gulph of dark Despair,
We wretched Sinners lay,
Without one cheerful Beam of Hope,
Or Spark of glimm'ring Day.
With pitying Eyes, the Prince of Grace
Beheld our helpless Grief;
He saw, and (O amazing Love!)
He came to our Relief.

Down from the shining Seats above,
With joyful Haste he fled,
Inter’d the Grave in mortal Flesh,
And dwelt among the Dead.

Oh! for this Love let Rocks and Hills
Their lasting Silence break,
And all harmonious human Tongues,
The Saviour’s Praises speak!

Angels assist our mighty Joys,
Strike all your Harps of Gold;
But when you raise your highest Notes,
His Love can ne’er be told!

HYMN LXXXII.

Psalm C.

Before Jehovah’s awful Throne,
Ye Nations bow with sacred Joy,
Now that the Lord is God alone!
He can create, and He destroy.

So reign Pow’r, without our Aid,
Made us of Clay, and form’d us Men;
And when like wand’ring Sheep we stray’d,
He brought us to his Fold again.
We'll crowd thy Gates with thankful Song
High as the Heav'ns our Voices raise;
And Earth with her ten thousand Tongues
Shall fill thy Courts with sounding Praise.
Wide as the World is thy Command,
Vast as Eternity thy Love,
Firm as a Rock thy Truth must stand,
When rolling Years shall cease to move.

HYMN LXXXIII.
Humiliation.

Lord, we are vile, conceiv'd in Sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the Man, whose guilty Fall
Corrupts the Race, and taints us all.

Soon as we draw our infant Breath,
The Seeds of Sin grow up for Death!
Thy Law demands a perfect Heart,
But we're defil'd in ev'ry Part.

Behold! we fall before thy Face:
Our only Refuge is thy Grace;
No outward Forms can make us clean,
The Leprosy lies deep within.

Jesus, our God! thy Blood alone
Hath Pow'r sufficient to atone;
Lord! let us hear thy pard'ning Voice,
And make our down-cast Hearts rejoice!
HYMN LXXXIV.

Psalm cl.

RAISE the Lord, who reigns above,
And keeps his * Court below,
Praise the holy God of Love,
And all his Greatness shew:
Praise him for his noble Deeds,
And from whom all Good proceeds,
Let Earth and Heav'n adore.

Bless, spread to All around,
The great Immanuel's Name,
The Trumpet's martial Sound,
Him Lord of Hosts proclaim:
Praise him ev'ry tuneful String,
All the Reach of heav'nly Art,
The Pow'rs of Music bring,
The Music of the Heart.

In, in whom they move, and live,
Let every Creature sing,
Try to their Maker give,
And Homage to their King:
Low'd be his Name beneath,
As in Heaven on Earth ador'd,
Ithe Lord in every Breath;
Let all Things praise the Lord!

* Zech. iii. 7.
H Y M N L XXXV.
Divine Worship.

COME, descend, O heavenly Spirit,
Fan each Spark into a Flame,
Blessings let us now inherit,
Blessings that we cannot name:
Whilst Hosannas we are singing,
May our Hearts in Rapture move,
Feel new Grace in them still springing,
Breathe the Air of purest Love.

Let us sail in Grace's Ocean,
Float on that unbounded Sea,
Guided into pure Devotion,
Kept from Paths of Error free:
On thy heav'nly Manna feeding,
Screen'd from ev'ry envious Foe;
Love, O Love for Sinners bleeding,
All for thee may we forego.

Keep us, Lord, still in Communion,
Daily nearer drawn to thee;
Sinking in the sweetest Unioin,
Of that Heart-felt Mystery:
Keep us safe from each Delusion,
Well protected from all Harms,
Free from Sin, and all Confusion,
Circle us within thine Arms.
H Y M N LXXXVI.

Behold, I stand at the Door and knock, &c.

Rev. iii. 20.

We magnify thy Grace, O Lord,
How plentifully hast thou prepar'd
A Supper for thy Saints!
Things are ready, thou hast said,*
Table Thou hast richly spread
To answer all our Wants.

O, Lord, allure our Souls to Thee,
Kindly bid us come and see,
And taste how good thou art;
Rock with the † Hammer of thy Word,
Rock by thy pow'rful Spirit, Lord,
Lord, break into each Heart!

Irkness and Unbelief remove,
Plenish all our Souls with Love,
Call out the Pow'r of Sin;
Sus, attend our feeble Pray'r,
And for Thyself our Hearts prepare,
Come in, our Lord, come in!

Comfort, Love, and Joy, and Peace,
Like Rivers flow, and still increase,
Unto the Ocean driv'n:
O, Lord, condescend to sup with me,
And grant that I may be with Thee,
And sup at last in Heav'n!

HYMN LXXXVII.

CHRIST'S Commission.

RAISE your triumphant Songs
To an immortal Tune;
Let the wide Earth resound the Deeds,
Celestial Grace has done.

Sing how eternal Love
Its chief Beloved chose,
And bid him raise our wretched Race
From their Abyss of Woes.

His Hand no Thunder bears,
No Terror clouds his Brow;
No Frowns to drive our guilty Souls
To fiercer Flames below.

'Twas Mercy fill'd the Throne,
And Wrath stood silent by,
When CHRIST was sent with Pardons down
To Rebels doom'd to die.

Now, Sinners, dry your Tears,
Let hopeless Sorrows cease:
Bow to the Scepter of his Love,
And take the offer'd Peace.

May we obey the Call!
And lay an humble Claim
To the Salvation he hath brought,
And love, and praise his Name.
HYMN LXXXVIII.
For New Year's Day.
Luke xiii. 6—11.

THE Lord of Earth and Sky,
The God of Ages praise!
Who reigns enthron'd on high,
Ancient of endless Days;
Who lengthens out our Trial here,
And spares us yet another Year.

Orr and wither'd Trees,
We cumber'd long the Ground,
No fruit of Holiness
On our dead Souls was found!
Did he us in Mercy spare,
Other and another Year.

Then Justice bar'd the Sword
To cut the Fig-tree down,
The Pity of our Lord
Cry'd, "Let it still alone,"
Father mild inclin'd his Ear,
Spar'd us yet another Year.

Jesus speaking Blood
From God obtain'd the Grace,
So therefore hath bestow'd
On us a longer Space:
Didst in our Behalf appear,
Lo, we see another Year!

* Heb. xii. 24.
Then dig about our Root,
Break up our fallow Ground,
And let our gracious Fruit
To thy great Praise abound:
O let us all thy Praise declare,
And Fruit unto * Perfection bear!

HYMN LXXXIX.

Another.

COME let us anew
Our Journey pursue,
Roll round with the Year,
And never stand still till the Master appear
His adorable Will
Let us gladly fulfil,
And our Talents improve,
By the Patience of Hope, and the Labour of

Our Life is a Dream,
Our Time, as a Stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive Moment refuses to stay:
The Arrow is flown,
The Moment is gone,
The † Millenial Year
Rushes on to our View, and Eternity’s

O that each in the Day
Of his Coming may say,

"I have* fought my Way thro',
I have finish'd the Work thou didn't give me
O that each from his Lord (to do!)
May receive the glad Word,
"Well, and faithfully done;
† Enter into my Joy, and sit down on my
(Throne.)"

**H Y M N XX.**

Isaiah xxxv. 10.

Children of the heav'nly King,
As ye journey sweetly sing:
框架 your Saviour's worthy Praise,
Famous in his Works and Ways.

Ye are travelling home to God,
The Way the Fathers trod; †
They are happy now, and ye
In their Happiness shall see.

ye banish'd Seed, be glad!
Christ our Advocate is made;
To save, our Flesh assumes,
Other to our Souls becomes. §

But, ye little Flock, and blest,
In Jesu's Throne shall rest!
Ere your Seat is now prepar'd,
Ere your Kingdom and Reward.

* 1 Tim. iv. 7.    † Matt. xxv. 21.
† Jer. vi. 16.    § Heb. ii. 14.
Fear not, Brethren, joyful stand
On the Borders of your Land!
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,†
Bids you undismay'd go on.

Lord! obediently we'd go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee!

HYMN XCI.
CHRISTMAS.
Phil. ii. 9—11.

Let Earth and Heav'n agree,
Angels and Men be join'd
to celebrate with me
The Saviour of Mankind:
'T adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And blest the Sound of Jesus's Name.

Jesus! transporting Sound;
The Joy of Earth and Heav'n,
No other Help is found,
No other || Name is giv'n
By which we can Salvation have—
But Jesus came the World to save.

Jesus! harmonious Name!
It charms the Hosts above!

They evermore proclaim,
And wonder at his Love!
is all their Happiness to gaze,
is Heaven to see our Jesu’s Face.*
His Name the Sinner hears,
And is from Sin set free;
Tis Music in his Ears,
'Tis Life and Victory:
Songs do now his Lips employ, †
dances his glad Heart for Joy!

H Y M N X C I I.  T R I N I T Y.

T E D E U M.

H O W can we adore,
Or worthily praise,
Thy Goodness and Pow’r,
Thou God of all Grace!
With Honour and Blessing,
Before Thee we fall,
Most gladly confessing
Thee F a t h e r of all.

The Heavens and Earth,
And Water, and Air,
To Thee owe their Birth,
Subsist by thy Care;
Whilst Angels are singing
Thy Praises above,
We Mortals are bringing
Our Tribute of Love,

* 1 Cor. xiii. 12. † Ps. xl. 3.
Thou, Saviour, art one
   With God the Supreme,
His eternal Son,
   And equal with Him:
Invested with Glory,
   On high dost Thou sit,
While Angels adore Thee,
   And bow at thy Feet.

How great was thy Love!
   How wond'rous thy Grace!
Thou cam'st from above
   To save a lost Race;
And, Man to deliver,
   Of Woman wast born,
That ev'ry Believer
   To God might return.

How soon will thy Seat
   Of Judgment appear!
Prepare us to meet,
   And welcome Thee there.
Thy * witnessing Spirit
   In us shed abroad,
And bid us inherit
   The Kingdom of God.

* 1 John v. 6. latter Part.
H Y M N X C I I I .

The Christian Race.

Heb. xii. 1, 2. former Part.

A WAKE our Souls, away our Fears
Let ev'ry trembling Thought be gone,
wake and run the heav'nly Race,
and put a cheerul Courage on.

true, 'tis a strait and thorny Road,
and mortal Spirits tire and faint;
but we forget the mighty God,
who feeds the Strength of ev'ry Saint.

mighty God, thy matchless Pow'r
ever new, and ever young;
and firm endures, while endless Years
their everlasting Circles run.

from Thee, the overflowing Spring,
believers drink a fresh Supply,
while such as trust their native Strength,
all fade away, and droop, and die.

as an Eagle cuts the Air,
may we mount to thine Abode!
Wings of Love, to Jesus fly,
or tire amidst the heav'nly Road!
H Y M N  X C I V .

The Pilgrim’s Hymn. A Dialogue.

Tell us, O Pilgrims, we would know
Whither so falt ye move?
We, call’d to leave the World below,
Are seeking one above.

Whence came ye, say, and what the Place
That ye are trav’ling from?
From Tribulation, we, thro’ Grace,
Are now returning Home.

Is not your native Dwelling here?
Like you not this abode?

We seek * a better City far,
A City built by God.

Thither we travel, nor intend
Short of that Bliss to rest;
Nor we, 'till in the Sinner's Friend
Our weary Souls are bless'd.

Friends of the Bridegroom we shall reign,
Saviour, we ask no more;
Hail Lamb of God, for Sinners slain,
Whom Heav'n and Earth adore!

* Heb. xi. 10.
HYMN XCV.

Psalm cxvii.

Ye Nations who the Globe divide,
Ye num'rous Nations, scatter'd wide,
To God your grateful Voices raise:
Or all his boundless Mercies shown,
Is Truth to endless Ages known,
Require our endless Love and Praise.

Of Him who reigns enthron'd on high,
Of his dear Son who deign'd to die,
Our Guilt and Errors to remove:
That blest Spirit, who Grace imparts,
Who rules in all Believing Hearts,
Be ceaseless Glory, Praise, and Love:

HYMN XCVI.

Ephes. ii. 13.

Of Him who did Salvation bring,
Lord, may we ever think and sing!
life, ye guilty, he'll forgive:
life, ye needy, he'll relieve.

Eternal Lord, Almighty King,
Heaven doth with thy Triumphs ring!
You conquer'ft all beneath, above,
Wills with Force, and Men with Love!

K
To purge our Sins, Christ shed his Blood
He dy'd to bring us near to God:
Let all the World fall down and know
That none but God such Love could show

H Y M N XCVII.
Faith in Christ our Sacrifice.
Heb. x. 4. 10.

Not all the Blood of Beasts
On Jewish Altars slain,
Could give the guilty Conscience Peace,
Or wash away the Stain.

But Christ the heav'nly Lamb,
Takes all our Sins away:
A Sacrifice of nobler Name,
And richer Blood than they!

My Faith would lay its Hand *
On that dear Head of Thine,
While like a Penitent I stand
And there confess my Sin.

My Soul looks back to see
The Burdens Thou didst bear, †
When hanging on th' accursed Tree,
And hopes her Guilt was there.

* Lev. i. 4. † 1 Pet. ii. 24.
Believing we rejoice
To see the Curse remove;
I bless the Lamb with cheerful Voice,
And sing his bleeding Love.

H Y M N XCVIII.

To Jesus Christ.

Thou in whom the Gentiles trust,
Thou only holy, only just,
Tune our Souls to Praise thy Name,
Us! Unchangeable, the Same.

Angels, whilst to Thee they sing
Up their Faces in their Wing,*
W shall we sinful Dust draw nigh
Great, the awful Deity!

Try to Thee, auspicious Lamb!
Thou holy Lord, Thou great I am!
Th all our Pow'r thy Grace we bless,
Joy, our Peace, our Righteousness!

E, ever glorious Jesus! live,
Th thy all Blessings to receive!
Th thy on high enthroned to sit
Ev'ry Pow'r beneath thy Feet!

al. iii. 13. • Is. vi. 2, 3. compared with
John xii. 41.
H O L Y  L A M B ,  w h o  T h e e  r e c e i v e ,
Who  i n  T h e e  b e g i n  t o  l i v e ,
D a y  a n d  N i g h t  t h e y  c r y  t o  T h e e ,
A s  T h o u  a r t ,  s o  l e t  u s  b e !
F i x ,  O  f i x  e a c h  w a v ' r i n g  M i n d ,
T o  t h y  C r o s s  o u r  S p i r i t s  b i n d ;
E a r t h l y  P a s s i o n s  f a r  r e m o v e ,
P e r f e c t *  a l l  o u r  S o u l s  i n  L o v e .
D u s t  a n d  A s h e s  t h o '  w e  b e ,
F u l l  o f  G u i l t  a n d  M i s e r y !
M a k e  u s  t h i n e ,  t h o u  S o n  o f  G o d !
W a s h  u s  i n  t h y  p r e c i o u s  B l o o d .
B o u n d l e s s  W i s d o m ,  P o w ' r  d i v i n e ,
L o v e  u n s p e a k a b l e  a r e  T h i n e ;
P r a i s e  b y  a l l  t o  T h e e  b e  g i v ' n ,
S o n s  o f  E a r t h  a n d  H o f f s  o f  H e a v ' n !

H Y M N  N  C .
Unfruitfulness.

L O N G  h a v e  w e  f a t  b e n e a t h  t h e  S o u n d
O f  t h y  S a v a t i o n .  L o r d ,
B u t  s t i l l  h o w  w e a k  o u r  F a i t h  i s  f o u n d ,
A n d  K n o w l e d g e  o f  t h y  W o r d !

* 1  J o h n  i i ,  5 .
It we frequent thine holy Place,
Yet hear almost in vain:
How small a Portion of thy Grace
Do our false Hearts retain.

Gracious Saviour and our God,
How little art Thou known,
All the Judgments of thy Rod,
And Blessings of thy Throne!

How cold and feeble is our Love,
How negligent our Fear!
How low our Hope of Joys above,
How few Affections there!

Great God, thy sovereign Aid impart,
To give thy Word Success;
rite thy Salvation on each Heart,
And make us learn thy Grace.

Our forgetful Feet the Way
That leads to Joys on high:
here Knowledge grows without decay,
And Love shall never die.

Hymn CII.
Christ's Compassion for the Tempted.
Heb. ii. 17, 18.

With joy we meditate the Grace
Of our High-Priest above;
His Heart is made of Tenderness,
His Bowels melt with Love.

Touch'd with a Sympathy within,
He knows our feeble Frame;
He knows what fore Temptations mean,
For he hath felt the same.

He, in the Days of feeble Flesh,
Pour'd out his Cries and Tears:
And in his Measure feels afresh, †
What ev'ry Member bears.

He'll never quench the smoaking Flax, †
But raise it to a Flame:
The bruised Reed He never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest Name.

Then, let our humble Faith address
His Mercy and his Pow' r;
We shall obtain delivering Grace
In the distressing Hour.

* Heb. v. 7. † Heb. iv. 15. † Is. xlii.
Matt. xii. 20.
HYMN CII.
PUBLIC WORSHIP.
Matt. xi. 25.

Tis thy good Pleasure, Lord,
That we are call'd to Thee;
The Power of thy Word,
My Truth can make us free.*

Things from the Prudent hid,
From us, from Blindness freed,

Lord, let us know Thee more,
Move each dimming Veil,
Increase our little Store
Till § Heart and Flesh shall fail.

Increase our Faith and Hope,
Perfect our grateful Love,
Then, Jesus, call us up,
To Heav'n of Heav'ns to prove.

Know Thee as we're known, **
See Thee Face to Face,
Stand around thy Throne, ††
And sing—Triumphant Grace.

John viii. 32. † 1 Cor. i. 26. § Ps. lxxiii. 26.
† John iv. 17. † Rev. xi. 12. ** 1 Cor. iii. 12. †† Rev. v. 9—14.
H I T H E R, ye poor, ye sick, ye blind,
A sin-disorder’d trembling Throng:
To you the Gospel calls, to you
M E S S I A H’s Blessings all belong.
Reas on’s and Virtue’s boasting Sons *
Derive no Blessings from his † Tree:
For Sinners only J E S U S dy’d—
Then sure I hear He dy’d for me!

’Twas with our G r i e f s M E S S I A H groan’d;
’Twas with our Guilt his Soul was try’d
Our Punishment he took, he bore,
And Sinners liv’d when J E S U S dy’d!
Awake each Heart, arise each Soul,
And join the blissful Choirs above;
May nothing tune our future Song,
But heav’nly Wisdom, heav’nly Love!

H Y M N C I V.

M O R N I N G or E V E N I N G

O God, how endless is thy Love!
Thy Gifts are ev’ry Ev’n’ng new;
And Morning Mercies from above,
Gently distil like early Dew.

you spread'ft the Curtain of the Night,
Great Guardian of our sleeping Hours;
by sov'reign Word restores the Light,
And quickens all our drowsy Pow'rs.

O Lord, may we yield to thy Command,
To Thee still consecrate our Days!
Perpetual Blessings from thine Hand
Demand perpetual Songs of Praise!

HYMN CV.

For the Lord's Day.

This is the Day the Lord hath made:
He calls the Hours his own;
Heav'n rejoice, let Earth be glad,
And Praise surround the Throne.

Day Christ rose, and left the Dead,
And Satan's Empire fell;
-Day the Saints his Triumphs spread,
And all his Wonders tell.

Manna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son!
Up us, O Lord, descend, and bring
Salvation from thy Throne!

Manna in the highest Strains
The Church on Earth can raise;
The highest Heav'ns in which he reigns
shall give him nobler Praise.
HYMN CVI.

Another.

Sweet is the Work, O God, our King,
To praise thy Name, give Thanks and sing,
To shew thy Love by morning Light,
And talk of all thy Truth by Night.

Sweet is the Day of sacred Rest,
No mortal Care should seize our Breast;
O may our Hearts in Tune be found,
Like David's Harp, of solemn Sound!

Our Hearts should triumph in Thee, Lord,
And bless thy Works, and bless thy Word;
Thy Works of Grace, how bright they shine,
How deep thy Counsels! how divine!

O may we see, and hear and know,
What Mortals cannot reach below;
May all our Pow'rs find sweet Employ
In Christ's eternal World of Joy!

HYMN CVII.

A blessed Gospel.

Blest are the Souls that hear and know
The Gospel's joyful Sound,
Peace shall attend the Path they go,
And Light their Steps surround.
Their Joy shall bear their Spirits up,
Thro' their Redeemer's Name;
His Righteousness exalts their Hope,
Nor Satan * dares condemn.

The Lord our Glory and Defence,
Strength and Salvation gives:
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

HYMN CVIII.
First and Second Adam.

Deep in the Dust, before thy Throne,
Our Guilt and our Disgrace we own;
Great God! we own th' unhappy Name,
Hence sprung our Nature and our Shame.

While our Spirits fill'd with Awe,
Hold the Terrors of thy Law:
Be sing the Honours of thy Grace,
That sent to save a ruin'd Race.

Be sing thine everlasting Son
Who join'd our Nature to his own:
Dam the second, from the Dust, †
Rises the Ruins of the First.

Here Sin did reign, and Death abound, †
Here have the Sons of Adam found
Bounding Life; there glorious Grace
Signs thro' the || LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS!

Rom. viii. 34. † 1 Cor. xv. 22. † Rom. v. 20.
|| Jer. xxiii. 6.
H Y M N C I X.
Longing for the House of God,
Psalm lxxxiv.

Lord of the Worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair,
The Dwellings of thy Love,
Thine earthly Temples are!
To his Abode,
My Soul aspire,
With warm Desire,
To see thy God.

O happy Souls that pray,
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy Men that pay
Their constant Service there!
They praise Christ still;
And happy they
Who love the Way
To Zion's Hill!

They go from Strength to Strength,
Through this dark Vale of Tears;
'Till each arrives at length,
'Till each in Heav'n appears.
O glorious Seat
Of God our King!—
Lord, thither bring
Our willing Feet!

The Lord his People loves:
'His Hand no Good withholds.
from those his heart approves,
from praying humble souls:
Thrice happy he,
O God of Hosts,
Whose Spirit trusts
Alone in Thee!

H Y M N C X.
Adoring Christ.

Brethren, let us join to bless
Jesus Christ, our Joy and Peace;
Let our Praise to him be giv'n,
High at God’s Right-hand in Heav’n!

After, see! to Thee we bow,
Hou art Lord, and only Thou;
Hou the blessed Virgin’s Seed,
Dory of thy Church, and Head.

See the Angels ceaseless sing,
See we praise, our Priest, our King:
Worthy is thy Name of Praise,
Full of Glory, full of Grace.

Hou hast the glad Tidings brought
Of Salvation by Thee wrought;
Bought for all thy Church! and we
Worship in their Company.

* Matt. vii. 7. † Is. lvii. 15.
We, thy little Flock, adore
Thee, the Lord for ever more;
Ever with us, shew thy Love,
'Till we join with those above!

Hymn CXI.
Praise to Christ.

Hail! thou once despised Jesus;
Hail! thou Galilean King!
Who didst suffer to release us,
Who didst free Salvation bring!
Hail thou glorious God and Saviour,
Who hast borne our Sin and Shame,
By whose Merits we find Favour,
Life is giv'n thro' thy Name!

Paschal Lamb by God appointed,
All our Sins were on Thee laid!
By almighty Love anointed,
Thou hast full Atonement made:
Every Sin may be forgiv'n,
Thro' the Virtue of thy Blood,
Open'd is the Gate of Heav'n, §
Peace is made 'twixt Man and God.

Jesus hail! enthron'd in Glory,
There for ever to abide!
All the heav'nly Hosts adore Thee,
Seated at thy Father's Side:

*If. liii. 6. †� John i. 7. § Hebr. xix.
Here for Sinners! Thou art pleading, 
"Spare them yet another Year,"—
You for Saints art interceding, §
Till in Glory they appear.

For thine, Honour, Pow'r and Blessing,
Christ is worthy to receive—
Udlest Praises without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give!
Help, ye bright angelic Spirits,
Bring your sweetest noblest Lays,
Help to sing our Jesus's Merits;
Help, to chaunt Immanuel's Praise.

HYMN CXII.
Another.

COME, let us all unite to praise
The Saviour of Mankind,
Our thankful Hearts, in solemn Lays,
Be with our Voices join'd.

But how shall Dust his Worth declare,
When Angels try in vain,
Fir * Faces veil when they appear
Before the Son of Man.

Lord, we cannot silent be,
By Love we are constrain'd
To offer our best Thanks to Thee—
Our Saviour, and our Friend!

H. liii. 12. Latter Part. † 1 John ii. 1.
Tho' feeble are our best Essays,
Thy Love will not despise
Our grateful Songs of humble Praise,
Our well-meant Sacrifice.

Let ev'ry Tongue thy Goodness shew,
And spread abroad thy Fame,
Let ev'ry Heart with Praise o'erflow,
And bless thy sacred Name.

Worship and Honour, Thanks and Love,
Be to our Jesus giv'n!
By Men below—by Hosts above—
By all in Earth and Heav'n!

H Y M N C X I I I.
S A L V A T I O N.

S a l v a t i o n ! O the joyful Sound!
What Pleasure to our Ears!
A sovereign Balm for ev'ry Wound,
A Cordial for our Fears!

Salvation! let the Echo fly
The spacious Earth around,
While all the Armies of the Sky
Conspire to raise the Sound.
HYMN CXIV.

Christ our great Melchisedec.

Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb!
We love to hear of Thee;
In Music like thy charming Name,
Nor half so sweet can be!
May we ever hear thy Voice,
In Mercy to us speak!
And in our Priest will we rejoice,
Thou great § Melchisedec!

Our Jesus shall be still our Theme,
While in this World we stay,
We'll sing our Jesus's lovely Name,
When all Things else decay.
Then we appear in yonder Cloud,
With all his favour'd Throng,
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our Song.

HYMN CXV.

Delivered for our Offences—Raised again for our Justification. Rom. iv. 25.

H! dies! the Friend of Sinners dies!
Lo! * Salem's Daughters weep around!
Solemn † Darkness veils the Skies!
A sudden Trembling shakes the Ground!

§ Ps. cx. 4. || Col. iii. 4. † Jude 14.
Come Saints, and drop a Tear or two,
For Him who groan'd beneath your Load.
He shed a thousand Drops for you,
A Thousand Drops of richer Blood!
Here's Love and Grief beyond Degree,
The Lord of Glory dies for Men!
But lo! what sudden Joys we see!
Jesus the Dead revives again!
The rising God forsakes the Tomb!
(The Tomb in vain forbids his Rise!)
Cherubic Legions guard him home,
And Shout Him welcome to the Skies!
Break off your Tears ye Saints! and tell
How high our great Deliv'rer reigns!
Sing how He spoil'd the Hosts of Hell,
And led the Monster Death in Chains!
Say, "Live for ever, wond'rous King!
"Born to redeem! and strong to save:"
Then Ask the Monster—"'Where's thy Sting
"And where's thy Victory, boast-

HYMN CXVI.
Gal. iii. 28. Col. iii. 11.

CHRIST, from whom all Blessings flow,
Comforting thy Saints below,
Hear us, who thy Nature share,
Who thy mystic Body are,
Join us, in one Spirit join:
Let us still receive of Thine;
till for more on Thee we call,
thee, who fillest All in All.
love, and actuate, and guide,
Givers Gifts to each divide;
ac'd according to thy Will,
et us all our Works fulfil;
ever from our Office move,
helpful to each other prove,
be the Grace on each bestow'd
emper'd by the blessed God.
any are we now, yet one,
be, who Jesus have put on:
there is neither Bond, nor Free;
ale nor Female, Lord, in Thee!
ove, like Death, hath all destroy'd,
der'd all Distinctions void,
ames and Sects, and Parties fall,
hou, O Christ, art All in All!

H Y M N C X V I I .
T H A N K S G I V I N G .
My Soul repeat his Praise,
Whose Mercies are so great:
those Anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.
igh as the Heav'ns are rais'd,
Above the Ground we tread,
So far the Riches of his Grace,
Our highest Thoughts exceed.

The Pity of the Lord,
To those who fear his Name,
Is such as tender Parents feel;
He knows our feeble Frame.

Our Days are as the Grass,
Or like the Morning Flow'r;
If one sharp Blast sweeps o'er the Field,
It withers in an Hour.

But thy Compassions, Lord,
To endless Years endure;
And Children's Children ever find
Thy Word of Promise sure.

**H Y M N  C X V I I I.**

1 John iii. 11.

O Let thy Love our Hearts constrain,
Jesus the Crucify'd!
What hast Thou done our Hearts to gain!
Languish'd, and groan'd, and dy'd!

Us into closest Union draw,
And in our inward Parts,
Let Kindness sweetly write her Law,
Let Love command our Hearts.
Who would not now pursue the Way
Where Jesus’s Footsteps shine!
Who would not own the pleasing Sway
Of Charity divine!

Let us find the ancient Way,
Our wond’ring Foes to move,
And force the heathen World to say,
"See how these Christians love!"

HYMN CXIX.

Nativity of Christ.

Come, thou long expected Jesus!
Born to set thy People free,*
From our Fears and Sins release us,
Let us find our Rest in Thee!

Israel’s Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the Earth thou art;
For Desire of every Nation,†
Joy of every longing Heart!

Born thy People to deliver,
Born a Child, and yet a King;‡
Born to reign § in us for ever,
Now thy gracious Kingdom bring;
Thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our Hearts alone;
Thine all-sufficient Merit,
Raise us to thy glorious Throne!

Matt. i. 21. † Hag. ii. 7. ‡ Matt. ii. 2.
H Y M N CXX.

To God the only wise,
Our Saviour, and our King,
Let all the Saints below the Skies
Their humble Praifes bring.

'Tis His almighty Love,
His Counsel and his Care,
Preserves us safe from Sin and Death,
And ev'ry hurtful Snare.

He will present his Saints
Unblemish'd and compleat*
Before the Glory of his Face,
With Joys divinely great.

Then all the chosen Seed
Shall meet around the Throne,
Shall blest the Conduet of his Grace,
And make his Wonders known.

To our reedeeming God,
Wisdom and Pow'r belongs,
Immortal Crowns of Majesty,
And everlasting Songs!

* Eph. v. 27.
O Lord! incline thy gracious Ear,
My plaintive Sorrow weigh!
To Thee for Succour I draw near,
To Thee I humbly pray.
Still will I call with lifted Eyes,
"Come, O my God, and King,"
Till Thou regard my ceaseless Cries,
And full Deliv'rance bring.

On Thee, O God of Purity,
I wait for cleansing Grace;
None without * Holiness shall see
The Glories of thy Face:
In Souls unholy and unclean †
Thou never canst delight;
Nor shall they, if unsav'd from Sin, §
Appear before thy Sight.

But as for me with humble Fear,
I will approach thy Gate,
The most unworthy to draw near,
Or in thy Courts to wait:
trust in thine unbounded Grace
Which is so freely giv'n,
and worship in thine holy Place,
And lift my Soul to Heav'n.

* Heb. xii. 14. † Ps. v. 4. § Matt. i. 21.
Lead me in all thy righteous Ways,
Nor suffer me to slide,
Point out the Path before my Face,
My God, be Thou my Guide!
O may I ne'er to Evil yield,
Defended from above,
And kept, and cover'd with the Shield
Of thine almighty Love!

HYMN CXXII.
PUBLIC WORSHIP.

LORD, we come before Thee now,
At thy Feet we humbly bow:
Oh! do not our Suit disdain,
Shall we seek Thee, LORD, in vain?

LORD, on Thee our Souls depend:
In Compassion now descend:
Fill our Hearts with thy rich Grace,
Tune our Lips to sing thy Praise.

In thine own appointed Way,
Now we seek Thee—here we stay,
LORD, we know not how to go
'’Till a Blessing Thou bestow.

Send some Message from thy Word;
That may Joy and Peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full Salvation to each Heart.

Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the Time of Joy return;
Those, who are cast down, lift up: 
Make them strong in Faith and Hope!
Grant that All who seek may find 
Thee a gracious God and kind; 
Heal the Sick, the Captive free, 
Let us all rejoice in thee!

HYMN CXXIII.
For Persons joined in Fellowship,

Try us, O God; and search the Ground 
Of ev’ry sinful Heart:
Whate’er of Guilt in us is found, 
O bid it all depart!

Then to the right or left we stray, 
Leave us not comfortless,
But guide our Feet into the Way 
Of everlasting Peace.

Help us to help each other, Lord;
Each other’s Cross to bear;
Let each his friendly Aid afford,
And feel another’s Care.

Help us to build each other up,
Our little Stock improve,
Increase our Faith, confirm our Hope,
And perfect us in Love.

* John xiv. 13.
Then, when the mighty Work is wrought
Receive the ready Bride; *
Give us in Heav'n a happy Lot,
With all the Sanctify'd.

H Y M N  CXXIV.

Another.

JESUS, LORD, we look to Thee.
Let us in thy Name agree,
Shew Thyselb the Prince of Peace,
Bid our Jars for ever cease.

By thy reconciling Love,
Ev'ry Stumbling-block remove,
Each to each unite, endear,
Come and spread thy Banner here.

Make us of one Heart and Mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,
Lowly, meek in Thought and Word,
Altogether like our LORD,†

Let us each for other care,
Each another's Burden bear,
To thy Church the Pattern give,
Shew how true Believers live.

Let us then with Joy remove
To thy Family above,
On the Wings of Angels fly,
Shew how true Believers die!

* Rev. xxii. 9. latter Part. † Matt. xi. 33
HYMN CXXV.

It is finished! John xix. 30.

'Tis finish'd," the Redeemer said,
And meekly bow'd his dying Head;
Whilst we this Sentence scan,
one, Sinners, and observe the Word,
hold the Conquests of our Lord,
Compleat for helpless Man.

wish'd the Righteousness of Grace,
look'd for Sinners pard'ning Peace;
Their mighty Debt is paid:
Law, cancel'd by Blood,
Wrath of an offended God
In sweet Oblivion laid.*

Ho now shall urge a second Claim? †
he Law, no longer can condemn,
Faith a Release can shew:
se itself a Friend appears,
Prison-house a Whisper hears,
"Loose him and let him go." ‡

Unbelief, injurious Bar!
urse of tormenting fruitless Fear,
Why dost thou yet reply?
ere thy loud Objections fall,
Tis finish'd," still shall answer all,
And silence ev'ry Cry.

tr. xxxi. 34. † Rom. viii. 34. ‡ John xi. 44.
HYMN CXXVI.

God's Goodness to his People.
Psalm xxiii.

The Lord supplies his People's Need,
Jehovah is his Name:
In Pastures fresh he makes them feed
Beside the living Stream.

He brings their wand'ring Spirits back,
When they forsake his Ways,
And leads them, for his Mercy's Sake,
In Paths of Truth and Grace,

When they walk thro' the Shades of Death,
His Presence is their Stay:
A Word of his supporting Breath
Drives all their Fears away.

His Hand in Sight of all their Foes
Doth still their Table spread,
Their Cup with Blessings overflows,
His Oil anoints their Head.

The sure Provisions of our God,
Attend us all our Days;
O may his House be our Abode,
And all our Work his Praise!
HYMN CXXVII.

To the HOLY GHOST.

Extracted from the Ordination-Office.

COME Holy Ghost, our Souls inspire,
And lighten with Celestial Fire.

Thou the anointing Spirit art,
The full thy seven-fold Gifts impart.

Thy blessed Unction from above,
Comfort, Life, and Fire of Love.

Enable with perpetual Light
To dispel the Dullness of our blinded Sight.

Point and clear our soiled Face,
With the Abundance of thy Grace,
Keep far our Foes, give Peace at Home!

Here thou art Guide, no Ill can come.

Each us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of both to be but One;
That through the Ages all along,
This may be our endless Song.

Hymn God, from whom all Blessings flow,
Haste Him all Creatures here below:
Haste Him above ye heav'nly Host,
Haste Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN CXXVIII. NATIVITY.

What good News the Angels bring!
What glad Tidings of our King!

Christ the Lord is born to-day,
Christ who takes our Sins away:

M 3
Him shall all his People see,  
And rejoice eternally.  
Lift your Hearts and Voices high,  
With Hosannas fill the Sky;  
Glory be to God above,  
God is infinite in Love;  
Angels join with us in Praise,  
Help to sing Redeeming Grace.  

Jesus is the lovely Name,  
This the Angel doth proclaim;  
I shall all his People save;  
They in him Remission have;  
They shall all be born again,  
And with him in Glory reign,

HYMN CXXIX.  
An Act of Faith.  
Habakkuk iii. 17, &c.

Away my unbelieving Fear!  
Fear shall in me no more take Place!  
My Saviour doth not yet appear,  
He hides the Brightness of his Face:  
But shall I therefore let him go,  
And basely to the Tempter yield?—  
No—in the Strength of Jesus no—  
I never will give up my Shield.

* Mat. i. 21.
Tho' the Vine its Fruit deny,
Tho' the Olive yield no Oil,
The withering Fig-trec droop and die,
The Field illude the Tiller's Toil,
The empty Stall no Herd afford,
And perish all the bleating Race;
It will I triumph in the Lord,
The God of my Salvation praise.

Yet, tho' my Soul remain,
And no one Bud of Grace appear,
Of Fruit of all my Toil and Pain,
But Sin, and only Sin is here;
Tho' my Gifts and Comforts lost,
My blooming Hopes cut off I see;
It will I in my Saviour trust,*
And glory that he dy'd for me.

Hope, believing against Hope,†
Jesus, my Lord and God, I claim,§
Salvation is in Jesus's Name: ||
He soon shall bring it nigh,‡
My Soul shall then outstrip the Wind;
Wings of Love mount up on high,
And leave the World and Sin behind.

† Rom. vii. 18. former Part. * II. 1. 10.
‡ Luke xxii. 28.
H Y M N CXXX.

As the Sufferings of Christ abound in us, in our Consolation also aboundeth by Christ.
2 Cor. i. 5.

COME on my Part'n'ers in Distress,
My Comrades thro' the Wilderness,
Who still your Bodies feel!
Awhile forget your Griefs and Fears,
And look beyond the Vale of Tears
To that celestial Hill.

See where the Lamb in Glory stands,*
Incircled with his radiant Bands,
And join the angelic Pow'rs:
For, all that Height of glorious Bliss,
Our everlasting Portion is,
And all that Heav'n is ours.

Who † suffer for their Master here,
Shall soon before his Face appear,
And by his Side sit down;‡
To patient Faith the Prize is sure,
And those, who to the End endure ||
The Cross, shall wear the Crown.

Thrice blessed Bliss—Inspiring Hope!
It lifts the fainting Spirits up!
It brings to Life the Dead!

* Rev. v. 6, 9. † 2 Tim. ii. 12.
in Conflicts here shall soon be past,
and then we shall ascend at last,
Triumphant with our Head.

But great mysterious Deity
Soon with open Face shall see—
The Beatific Sight
All fill the heav'nly Courts with Praise;
Wide diffuse the golden Blaze
Of everlasting Light!

HYMN CXIII.

Now happy the sorrowful Man,
Whose Sorrow is sent from above!
And with a Visit of Pain,
This'd by omnipotent Love:
Author of all his Distress,
Comes by Affliction to know;
God, he in Heaven shall bless,
ever he suffer'd below.

Thus may I happily grieve,
Hear the Intent of his Rod,
Marks of Adoption receive,
Strokes of a merciful God;
A nearer Access to his Throne,
Burthen of Folly confesss,
Curest of my Miseries own,
cry for an Answer of Peace.

 Gather of Mercies on me,
e in Affliction below
A Pow'\textquoteleft r of applying to thee,
A sanctify'd Use of my Woe:
I would in a Spirit of Prayer,
To all thy Appointments submit;
The Pledge of my Happiness bear,
And joyfully die at thy Feet.

Then, FATHER, and never till then,
I all the Felicity prove,
Of living a Moment in Pain,
Of dying in J\textsc{esu}'s Love:
A Sufferer here with my LORD,
With J\textsc{esu} above I sit down,
Receive an eternal Reward,
And glory obtain in a Crown.

\textbf{H Y M N CXXXII.}
\textbf{F U N E R A L H Y M N.}
On the Death of a Believer.

Ah lovely Appearance of Death,
No Sight upon Earth is so fair;
Not all the gay Pageants that breathe,
Can with this dead Body compare;
With solemn Delight I survey
The Corpse when the Spirit is fled,
In Love with the beautiful Clay,
And longing to lie in its Stead.

\textbullet\textsc{jer. xiv. 8. } \textbullet\textsc{r. lxi. 7. } \textsc{mat. xxi. 15; former Part, with } \textsc{i cor. iii. 16.}
How blest the Believer, bereft
Of all that can burthen the Mind!
How easy the Soul that hath left
This wearisome Body behind!
If Evil incapable thou,
Whose Relicks with Envy I see:
No longer in Misery now,
No longer a Sinner like me.

His Earth is affected no more
With Sickness, or shaken with Pain!
The War in the Members is o'er,
And never shall vex them again:
A Anger henceforward, or Shame,
Shall reddn this innocent Clay,
And Passion is vanish'd away.

His languishing Head is at Rest,
Its Thinking and Aching are o'er;
His quiet immoveable Breast
Is heav'd by Affliction no more:
His Heart is no longer the Seat
Of Trouble and torturing Pain:
It never shall flutter again.

Lids which so seldom could close,
By Sorrow forbidden to sleep,
I'd up in eternal Repose,
Have strangely forgotten to weep.
The Fountains can yield no Supplies,
These Hollows from Water are free;
The Tears are all wip’d from these Eyes,
And Evil they never shall see. *

To mourn and to suffer is mine,
While bound in a Prison I breathe,
And still for Deliverance pine,
And press to the Issues of Death:
What now with my Tears I bedew,
I wait the good Time to become,
My Spirit created anew,
My Flesh be consign’d to the Tomb!

HYMN CXXXIII.

Another.

HOSANNA to Jesus on high!
Another is enter’d his Rest,
Another escap’d to the Sky,
And lodg’d in Immanuel’s Breast;
The Soul, now deliver’d, is gone
To heighten the Triumph above,
Exalted to Jesus’s Throne,
Exalted by Jesus’s Love!

How happy the Angels that fall §
Transported at Jesus’s Name!
The Saints whom he soonest shall call!
To share in the Feast of the Lamb! ♦

* Zeph. iii. 15. § Rev. v. 14.
♦ Rev. xix. 9.
No longer imprison'd in Clay,
Who next from his Dungeon shall fly?
The first shall be summon'd away?
My merciful God—is it I?

Jesus! if this be thy Will,
That suddenly I should depart,
By Counsel of Mercy reveal,
And whisper the Call to my Heart:
Give me a Signal to know,
If soon Thou wouldest have me remove,
And leave the dull Body below,
And fly to the Regions of Love.

HYMN CXXXIV.

Another.

And let this feeble Body fail,
And let it faint or die!
My Soul shall quit the mournful Vale,
And soar to Worlds on high:
All join the disembodied Saints,
And find its long-sought Rest,
That only Bliss for which it pants,
In the Redeemer's Breast.*

Hope of that immortal Crown,
I would not now complain,
Gladsly wander up and down,
And smile at Toil and Pain:

* Alluding to Luke xvi. 22.
Still suff’ring on my threescore Years,*
Till my Deliv’rer come,
And wipe away his Servant’s Tears, ||
And take his Exile home.

O what hath Jesus bought for me!
Before my ravin’d Eyes,
Rivers of Life † divine I see,
And Trees of Paradise!
I see a World of Spirits bright,
Who taste the Pleasure there!
They all are rob’d in spotless White, †
And conqu’ring Palms they bear.

O what are all my Sorrows here,
If, Lord, thou mak’st me meet,
With that enraptur’d Holst t’ appear,
And worship at thy Feet!
Give Joy or Grief, give Ease or Pain,
Take Life and Friends away!
But let me find them all again,
In that eternal Day!

HYMN CXXXV.
PSALM CXXX.

OUT of the Depth of Self-despair,
Help us, O Lord, to cry:
Our Mis’ry mark, attend our Prayer,
And bring Salvation nigh.

* Pf. xc. 10. || Rev. xxi. 4. † Rev. xxii.
† Rev. vii. 9.
If. xxv. 8.
Thou art rig'rously severe,  
Who may the Test abide!  
Where shall sinfull Man appear!  
Or how be justify'd!  

Oh! Forgiveness is with Thee,*  
That Sinners may adore,  
With filial Fear thy Goodness see,  
And never grieve Thee more.

The faithful Souls, confide in God,  
Mercy with Him remains;  
Vanteous Redemption in his Blood,  
To wash out all your Stains.

Is Israel Himself shall clear,  
From all their Sins redeem:  
the Lord our Righteousness is near,  
And we are just in Him.†

H Y M N CXXXVI.

My Lord, what must I do?  
Only thou the Way canst shew;  
Thou canst save me in this Hour,  
have neither Will nor Power:

Oh, if over all thou art,  
Greater than the sinfull Heart;  
It it now on me be shewn,  
Sake away the Heart of Stone.

* Ps. cxxxv. 18. † 2 Cor. v. 21.
Take away my darling Sin,
Make me willing to be clean;
Make me willing to receive
What thy goodness waits to give;
Force me Lord, with all to part,
Tear all Idols from my Heart;
Let thy Pow'r on me be shewn,
Take away the Heart of Stone.

Jesus, mighty to renew,
Work in me to will and do;
Turn my Nature's rapid Tide,
Stem the Torrent of my Pride,
Stop the Whirlwind of my Will,
Bid Corruptions, Lord, be still;
Now thy Love almighty shew,
Make e'en me a Creature new.

Arm of God, thy Strength put on,
Bow the Heavens and come down;
All mine Unbelief o'erthrow,
Lay th' aspiring Mountain low,
Conquer thy worst Foe in me,
Get thyself the Victory,
Save the vilest of the Race,
Force me to be fav'd by Grace.
HYMN CXXXVII.

For one under Affliction: or, Temptation,
JESU, lover of my Soul,
Let me to thy Bosom fly,
While the nearer Waters roll,
While the Tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
'Till the Storm of Life is past:
Safe into the Haven guide,
O receive my Soul at last!

Other Refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless Soul on Thee,
Save, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my Trust on Thee is stay'd,
All mine Help from Thee I bring,
Over my defenceless Head
With the Shadow of thy Wing.*

O CHRIST, art all I want,
More than All in Thee I find:
Ease the Fallen, cheer the Faint,
Heal the Sick, and lead the Blind.
Hallowed and holy is thy Name,
I am all Unrighteousness! †
Ful of Sin I am,
Thou art full of Truth and Grace. ‡

Ps. xvii. 8. † Rom. vii. 18. § Job xl. 4.
‡ John i. 14.

N 3
Plenteous Grace with Thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my Sin:
Let the healing Streams abound,
Make, and keep me pure within:
Thou of Life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee,
Spring Thou up within mine Heart,
Rife to all Eternity! †

HYMN CXXXVIII.
Prayer for Seriousness.

THOU God of glorious Majesty!
To Thee, against Myself, to Thee
A Worm of Earth I cry:
A sinful, guilty Child of Man, †
An Heir of endless Bliss or Pain,
A Sinner born to die.

Lo! on a narrow Neck of Land,
'Twixt two unbounded Seas I stand,
Secure—insensible!
A Point of Time, a Moment's Space,
Removes me to that heav'nly Place,
Or shuts me up in Hell!

O God! mine inmost Soul convert!
And deeply on my thoughtless Heart,
Eternal Things impress!

|| Jer. ii. 23. † John iv. 14. † Rom iii. 19, †
Give me to feel their solemn Weight, and tremble on the brink of Fate,*
And wake to Righteousness! §

* I am glad of an Opportunity to rescue this significant Word out of the Hands of the Infidels, to use it together with Luck, Fortune, Chance, (rarely, to promote their favourite Scheme of excluding the particular Providence of the Wise Sover of all Events from the Government of Affairs of Men.

But the Word Fate (Fatum) signifies---What Spoken, from the Latin Word Fari to speak. It then eminently relates to what hath been done by the most high God: So Minutius Felix, able Lawyer and great Scholar in St. Cyprian's time, says, Nihil aliud est Fatum quam quod de quaque Nostrum Deus Fatum est. Fate is no other than what GOD hath Spoken, concerning every one of us. Even the Heathens had this Idea of it; for says Statius, Fatum est quod Dii Fanc. Fate is that which the Gods speak.

In this truly Christian and excellent Hymn, the word Fate may be supposed to relate to that awful Word which GOD spake, when He declared fallen Man, Dust thou art, and unto Dust shalt return. Gen. iii. 19. latter Part. In this w, the Word Fate may properly signify Death, Diseases may be said to appear more or less al, as they seem more or less likely to fulfil GOD's Word, by bringing us to the Dust.

§ 1 Cor. xv. 34.
Before me place in dread Array,
The Pomp of that tremendous Day,
When Thou with Clouds shalt come;
To judge the Nations at thy Bar,
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful Doom!

Be this my one great Business here,
With serious Industry and Fear,
My future Bliss t’inspire!
Thine utmost Counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous Will,
And to the End endure!

Then, Saviour, then my Soul receive,
Transported from this Vale to live
And reign with Thee above,
Where Faith is sweetly lost in Sight,
And Hope in full supreme Delight,
And everlasting Love.

HYMN CXXXIX.
Desiring Perseverance.

THOU Jesus art our King!
Thy ceaseless Praise we sing;
Praise shall our glad Tongue employ,
Praise o’erflow our grateful Soul,
While we vital Breath enjoy,
While eternal Ages roll.

Thou art th’ eternal Light,
That shin’st in deepest Night,*
† Matt. xxiv. 30. * John i. 4, 5.  lf. lx. 1,
Fond'ring gaz'd th' angelic Train, †
while thou bow'dst the Heav'n beneath;
and with God wert Man with Man,
in to save from endless Death!
for with our Pain did'st mourn,
for hast our Sickness borne: §
of our Sins on Thee were laid;
for with unexempl'd Grace
all the mighty Debt hast paid,
from all the ransom'd Race!
Thron'd above yon Sky,
for reign'st with God most high:
prostrate at thy Feet we fall!
For supreme to Thee is giv'n,
see, the right'ous Judge of all,
see, the Lord of Earth and Heav'n!
Lord! O God of Love!
us thy Mercy prove!
Up us to obtain the Prize,
Up us well to close our Race;
And with Thee above the Skies,
Deaf'st Joy we may possess!

† Eph. vi. 12.
H Y M N CXL.

Heb. xii. 2.

HOW glorious the Lamb
Is seen on his Throne!
His Labours are o'er,
    His Conquests put on:
A Kingdom is given*
    Into the Lamb's Hand,
In Earth and in Heaven,
    For ever to stand.

Ye Sinners below,
    Then trust in the Lord;
Look up to his Arm, †
    His Honour, his Word:
A thirst for his Favour,
    His Godhead adore;
Look up to your Saviour,
    And Joy evermore!

H Y M N CXLII.

God hath said, I will dwell in them.

2 Cor. vi. 16.

Saviour! and can it be,
    That Thou shouldst dwell with me!
From thine high and lofty Throne,
    Throne of everlasting Bliss;

* Dan. vii. 13, 14. † Isa. liii. 1.
Will thy Majesty stoop down,*
To so mean an House as this!
I am not worthy, Lord,
So vile, and self-abhorred,
Thee, my God, to entertain
In this poor polluted Heart:
I am a frail sinful Man,
All my Nature cries, "Depart!" §
Yet come! thou heav'nly Guest,
And purify my Breast!
Come! thou great and glorious King!
While before thy Cross I bow,
With Thysel{f} Salvation bring,
Cleanse the House by ent'ring now!

HYMN CXLII.
Self-Dedication.

FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
ONE in THREE, and THREE in ONE!
by the celestial Host,
Let thy Will on Earth be done!
рай by all to Thee be giv'n,
Glorious Lord of Earth and Heav'n!
To poor a Worm as I
May to Thy great Glory live,
Il mine Actions sanctify,
All my Thoughts and Words receive!

Claim me for thy Service—claim
All I have, and all I am!
Take my Soul and Body’s Pow’rs,
Take my Mem’ry, Mind and Will,
All my Goods, and all mine Hours,
All I know, and all I feel,
All I think, and speak, and do :
Take my Heart—but make it new!

FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celestial Host,
Let thy Will on Earth be done!
Praise by all to Thee be giv’n,
Glorious Lord of Earth and Heav’n!

HYMN CXLIII.
For the Arians, Socinians, Deists,
Pelagians, &c.

SOLE self-existing GOD most high,
From all Eternity the same;
No longer let thy Foes deny
Thy Godhead, and revile thy Name;
JESUS, JEHovah, JAH descend,
And bid the Hour of Darkness end!

The Star *(in thy Right-hand no more)
Which on the imbitter’d Waters fell,
How has he shed his baleful Pow’r,
Wafted the Earth, and peopled Hell,

* See Rev. viii, 10.
While Millions drink the Arian Lie,
Or poison'd by Socinus die!
Let's pejulcent the Men who dare
Thy Coming in the Flesh gainsay,
And sitting in the Scorer's Chair,
Cast all thine Oracles away,
Led by their own sufficient Light
To Horrors of eternal Night.

How long shall Antichrist blaspheme,
And trample on thy written Will?
How long shall the Pelagian Dream,
The Doom of fallen Spirits seal?
And Error in ten-thousand Forms
Destroy the Souls of wretched Worms?

Destroy the Souls—which cannot end!
Tho' Satan may a while deceive,
That Liar old, and murd'rous Fiend,
Who tells them, "They at last shall live;"
Extinguishes th' eternal Fire,
And makes the deathless Worm expire.

That but th' essential Truth divine
Can all this Gloom of Hell disperse!
Jesus, the Father's Glory, shine,
To teach our dark'ned Universe,

Job xxv. 6. † Is. lxvi. 24. Mark ix. 44.
In ev'ry new-born Soul to prove,  
That Thou art God, and, God is Love!*

G L O R I A P A T R I.

O Father of Heav'n! be ever ador'd!  
Thy Mercy we find, in sending our Lord  
To ransom and bless us, thy Goodness **(prai**

For sending in Jesus Salvation by Grace.  
O Son of his Love! who deigned it to die,  
Our Curse to remove, our Pardon to buy;  
Accept our Thanksgiving, Almighty to say  
Who openest Heav'n to all that believe.

O Spirit of Love, of Health and of Pow'r!  
Thy**+ Working we prove: thy Grace we adore  
Whose inward **Revealing applies our Lord  
(Bloo.  

|| Attest ing and § sealing us Children of Go:  

P R A I S E God from whom all Blessings **for  
Praise Him all Creatures here below;  
Praise Him above ye heav'nly Host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

T O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost  
One God whom we adore;  
Be Glory as it was, is now,  
And shall be ever more.

---

* Eph. ii. 8.  † Eph. iii. 20.  ‡ 1 Cor. ii. 11.  
* 1 John vi. 6. latter Part.  § Eph. iv. 25.
Sing we to our God above,
Praise, eternal as his Love;
Praise Him all ye heav'nly Host;
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God whom we adore:
Join we with the heav'nly Host
To praise Thee evermore:
Live by Heav'n and Earth ador'd,
Three in One, and One in Three;
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
All Glory be to Thee.

To God who reigns enthron'd on high,
To his dear Son, who deign'd to die,
Our Guilt and Mis'ry to remove,
So that blest Sp'rit, who Life imparts,
Who rules in all believing Hearts,
Be endless Glory, Praise and Love.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be Praise amidst the heav'nly Host,
And in the Church below;
From whom all Creatures drew their Birth,
By whom Redemption blest the Earth,
From whom all Comforts flow.

Give to the Father Praise,
Give Glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of his Grace
Be equal Honour done.
COME, Holy Ghost, thine Influence
And realize the Sign,
Thy Life infuse into the Bread,
Thy Pow'r into the Wine.
Effectual let the Tokens prove,
And made by heav'nly Art,
Fit Channels to convey thy Love
To ev'ry faithful Heart.

H Y M N C X L V.
1 Cor. xi. 23—27.
'TWAS on that dark, that doleful Night
When Pow'rs of Earth and Hell are:
Against the Son of God's Delight,
And Friends betray'd Him to his Foes:
Before the mournful Scene began,
He took the Bread, and bless’d, and brake:
What Love thro’ all his Actions ran!
What wond’rous Words of Grace he spake!

"This is my Body broke for Sin,
"Receive and eat the living Food."
Then took the Cup, and bless’d the Wine!
"This the New Cov’nant in my Blood.

"Do this (he cry’d) ’till Time shall end,
"In Memory of your dying Friend;
Meet at my Table, and record
"The Love of your departed Lord."

Jesus thy Feast we celebrate,
We * shew thy Death, we sing thy Name,
Till Thou return’st, and we shall eat
The Marriage-Supper of the Lamb. †

HYMN CXLVI.

Jesus invites his Saints,
To meet around his Board!
Here pardon’d Rebels fit and hold,
Communion with their Lord.

For Food he gives his Flesh:
He bids us drink his Blood:
Amazing Favour! Matchless Grace
Of our redeeming God!

O 3

* 1 Cor. xi. 26. † Rev. xix. 9.
Let all our Pow'rs be join'd
His glorious Name to raise!
Pleasure and Love fill ev'ry Mind,
And ev'ry Voice be Praise.

H Y M N  CXLVII.

Christ our Pasllover is sacrificed for us,
1 Cor. v. 7.

Thou very Paschal Lamb,
Whose Blood for us was shed,
Thro' whom we out of Egypt came,
Thy ransom'd People lead!

Angel of Gospel-Grace,
Fuiil thy Character,
To guard and feed thy chosen Race,
In Israel's Camp appear!

Throughout the Desart-way,
Conduct us by thy Light!
Be Thou a cooling Cloud by Day,
A chearing Fire by Night.

Our fainting Souls sustain
With Blessings from above,
And ever on thy People rain
The Manna of thy Love!
CHRIST our Passover, for us
Is offered up and slain!
Let Him be remember'd thus
By ev'ry Soul of Man:
We are bound among the rest
His Oblation to proclaim:
Keep we then the solemn Feast,
And banquet on the Lamb.

Jesus, Master of the Feast,
The Feast itself Thou art,
Now receive thy meanest Guest,
And comfort every Heart:
Give us living Bread to eat,*
Manna that from Heav'n comes down;
Fill us with immortal Meat,
And make thy Nature known.

in this barren Wilderness,
Thou haft a Table spread,
Furnish'd out with richest Grace,
Whate'er our souls can need:
still sustain us by thy Love,
Still thy Servants Strength repair,
ill we reach the Courts above,
And feast for ever there!

* John vi. 50, 51:
HYMN CXLIX.

Let of God, whose bleeding Love
We thus recall to Mind,
Send thy Blessings from above,
And let us Mercy find:
Think on us who think on Thee,
And ev'ry struggling Soul release;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in Peace.

By thine agonizing Pain,
And bloody Sweat we pray;
By thy dying Love to Man,
* Take all our Sins away:
Burst our Bonds, and let us free,
From all Iniquity release:
O remember, Calvary,
And bid us go in Peace.

Let thy Blood by Faith apply'd,
The Sinner's Pardon seal;
Speak us freely justify'd,
And all our Sickness heal.
By thy Passion on the Tree,
Let all our Griefs and Troubles cease:
O remember, Calvary,
And bid us go in Peace.

Never let us hence depart,
'Till Thou our Wants relieve:

* 1 John iii. 5.
Write Forgiveness in our Heart,
And all thine Image give,
May our Souls still cry to Thee,
'Till perfected in Holiness; *
I remember Calvary,
And bid us go in Peace!

H Y M N C L.

HAPPY the Man to whom 'tis giv'n
To eat the Bread of Life in Heav'n—
His Happiness in Christ they'll prove,
Who feed on his forgiving Love.

H Y M N C LIII.
COME Holy Ghost, set to thy Seal, †
Thine inward Witness give,
To all our waiting Souls reveal
The Death by which we live.

Spectators of the Pangs divine,
O that we now may be
In discerning in the sacred Sign,
His Passion on the Tree:

Heat the Saviour's dying Cry
In ev'ry Heart so loud,
That ev'ry Heart may now reply,
"This was the Son of God!" §

2 Cor. vii. 1. † Eph. i. 13. § Matt. xxyii. 54.
H Y M N  C L I I.

Thankful for our ev’ry Blessing,
Let us sing,
Christ the Spring,
Never, never ceasing.
Source of all our Gifts and Graces,
Christ we own,
Christ alone,
Calls for all our Praises.

He dispels our Sin and Sadness,
Life imparts,
Chears our Hearts,
Fills with Food and Gladness.

He Himself for us hath given,
Us He feeds
Us He leads
To a Feast in Heaven.

H Y M N  C L I I I.

Now to the Lord a noble Song!
Awake, my Soul; awake, my Tongue,
Hosannah to th’ eternal Name,
And all his boundless Love proclaim.

See where it shines in Jesus’ Face,
The brightest Image of his Grace;

* Rev. xix. 9.
[ 155 ]

God, in the Person of his Son,
Has all his mighty Works out-done.
Oh, may I live to reach the Place
Where he unveils his lovely Face!
Where all his Beauties they behold,
And sing his Name on Harps of Gold!

H Y M N C L I V.

Why does your Face, ye humble Souls,
Those mournful Colours wear;
That doubts are these that waste your Faith,
And nourish your Despair?

That tho' your num'rous Sins exceed
The stars that fill the Skies,
And, aiming at th' eternal Throne,
Like pointed Mountains rise.

Where an endless Ocean flows
Of never-failing Grace:
Hold a dying Saviour's Veins
The sacred Flood increase.

Rake, our Hearts, adore the Grace
That buries all our Faults,
And pard'ning Blood, that swells above
Our Follies and our Thoughts.

H Y M N
HYMN CLV.

LAMB of God, for whom we languish,
Make thy Grief, our Relief,
Ease us by thine Anguish!
O our agonizing Saviour!
By thy Pain, let us gain
God's eternal Favour!
In thine own Appointment bless us;
Meet us here, now appear,
Our Almighty Jesus!
Let the Ordinance be sealing; *
Enter now, claim us Thou
For thy constant Dwelling.
Fill the Heart of each Believer:
Make us Thine, Love divine,
Reign in us for ever.

HYMN CLVI.

IN Jesus we live, in Jesus we rest,
And thankful receive his dying Beque
The Cup of Salvation his Mercy bestows,
And from his dear Passion our Happiness so
With mystical Wine He comforts us here,
And gladly we join, 'till Jesus appear,

* 2 Cor. i. 22.
With hearty Thanksgiving his Death to record,
The Living, the Living should sing of the

He hallow'd the Cup, which now we receive,
The Pledge of our Hope with Jesus to live,
Where Sorrow and Sadness shall never be

With Glory and Gladness eternally crown'd.
The Fruit of the Vine, the Joy it implies,
Again we shall join to drink in the Skies;
Exult in his Favour, our Triumph renew,
And I, faith the Saviour, will drink it with


H Y M N C L V I I.

WHEN the first Parents of our Race
Rebell'd, and lost their God,
And the Infection of their Sin
Had tainted all our Blood.

Infinite Pity touch'd the Heart
Of the eternal Son,
Descending from the heav'nly Court,
He left his Father's Throne.

His living Pow'r, and dying Love,
Redeem'd unhappy Men,
And rais'd the Ruins of our Race
To Life and God again.

\[ II. xxxviii. 19. * Matt. xxvi. 29. \]
To Thee, dear Lord, our Flesh and Soul
We'd joyfully resign:
Bless'd Jesus, take us for thy own,
For we are doubly thine:

H Y M N  C L V I I I .

On the C r u c i f i x i o n .

Matt. xxvii. 50—54.

'Tis done! th' atoning Work is done!
Jesus the great Redeemer dies!
All Nature feels th' important Groan:
Loud echoing thro' the Earth and Skies!
The Earth doth to her Center quake,
And Heav'n, as Hell's deep Gloom, is black.
The Temple's Veil is rent in twain,
While Jesus meekly bows his Head,
The Rocks resent his mortal Pain,
The yawning Graves give up their Dead.
The Bodies of the Saints arise,
Reviving as their Saviour dies.

And shall not we his Death partake,
In sympathetic Anguish groan?
O Saviour, let thy Passion shake
Our Earth, and rend our Hearts of Stone.
To second Life our Souls restore,
And wake us that we sleep no more!
GOD of unexampled Grace,
Redeemer of Mankind,
Matter of eternal Praise,
We in thy Passion find;
Still our choicest Strains we bring,
Still the joyful Theme pursue,
Thee the Friend of Sinners sing,
Whose Love is ever new.

Endless Scenes of Wonder rise
With that mysterious Tree,
Crucify'd before our Eyes,
Where we our Maker see:
Jesus, Lord, what hast Thou done!
Publish we thy Death divine,
Top, and gaze, and fall, and own,
Never was Love like Thine!

Never Love nor Sorrow was
Like that our Jesus shew'd;
See him stretch'd on yonder Cross,
And crush'd beneath our Load!
Now discern the Deity,
Now his heav'nly Birth declare!
Faith cries out, 'Tis He, 'tis He,
My God who suffers there!
Lord we bless Thee for thy Grace,
And Truth which never fail,
Haft'ning to behold thy Face,
Without a dimning Veil.
We shall see our heav'nly King,
All thy glorious Love proclaim,
Help, the Angel-quire, to sing
Our dear triumphant Lamb.

HYMN CLX.

Bless'd are the humble Souls that see
Their Emptiness and Poverty;
Treasures of Grace to them are giv'n;
And Crowns of Joy laid up in Heav'n.
Bless'd are the Men of broken Heart,
Who mourn for Sin with inward smart;
The Blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing Balm for all their Woes.
Bless'd are the Souls that thirst for Grace,
Hunger and long for Righteousness;
They shall be well supply'd and fed
With living Streams and living Bread.

HYMN CLXI.

Father, God, who see'lt in Me,
Only Sin and Misery,
See thine own anointed One,
Look on thy beloved Son.
Turn from Me thy glorious Eyes
To that bloody Sacrifice,
To the full Atonement made,
To the utmost Ransom paid.
To the Blood that speaks above, †
Calls for thy forgiving Love:
To the Tokens of his Death,
Here exhibited beneath.
Hear his Blood’s prevailing Cry,
Let thy * Bowels then reply;
Then thro’ him the Sinner see,
Then in Jesus look on Me!

H Y M N  CLXII.

G OD of all redeeming Grace,
By thy pard’ning Love compell’d,
Up to Thee our Souls we raise,
Up to thee our Bodies yield.
Thou our Sacrifice receive,
Acceptable thro’ thy Son;
While to Thee alone we live,
While we die to Thee alone.
Just it is, and good, and right,
That we should be wholly Thine,
In thine only Will delight.
In thy blessed Service join.

† Heb. xii. 24. * Ps. lxiii. 15.
O that ev'ry Thought and Word
Might proclaim how good Thou art,
Holiness unto the Lord,*
Still be written on our Heart!

HYMN CLXIII.

All Praise to the Lord, all Praise is his
To-day is his Word of Promise found (true;
We, we are the Nations presented to God,
Well-pleasing Oblations thro' Jesus's Blood.
Poor Gentiles from far to Jesus we came,
And offer'd we are to God thro' his Name;
To God thro' the Spirit ourselves may we give,
While sav'd by the Merit of Jesus we live.

HYMN CLXIV.

Our Lives our Blood we here present,
If for thy Sake they may be spent,
Fulfil thy sov'reign Counsel, Lord,
Thy Will be done, thy Name ador'd.
Give us thy Strength, thou God of Pow'r,
Then let Men scorn, and Satan roar;
Thy faithful Witnesses we'll be:
'Tis fix'd—We can do all thro' Thee—

* Exod. xxviii. 36.
HYMN CLXV.
CHRISTMAS DAY.

Give Thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord,
The sovereign King of Kings,
And be his Grace ador'd:
His Power and Grace
Are still the same,
And let his Name
Have endless Praise.

How mighty is his Hand,
What Wonders hath he done!
He form'd the Earth and Seas,
And spread the Heav'n's alone:
Thy Mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure,
And ever sure
Abides thy Word.

He saw the Nations lie,
All perishing in Sin,
And pity'd the sad State
The ruin'd World was in:
Thy Mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure,
And ever sure
Abides thy Word.

He sent his only Son
To save us from our Woe.
From Satan, Sin, and Death,
And ev’ry hurtful Foe:
His Pow’r and Grace
Are still the same,
And let his Name
Have endless Praise.

H Y M N  CLXVI.
Eph. iii. 17, &c.

COME Jesus, come, descend and dwell,
By Faith, and Love, in ev’ry Breast:
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,
The Joys that cannot be express’d.
Come, fill our Hearts with inward Strength,
Make our enlarged Souls possess,
And learn the Height, and Breadth, and
Of thine unmeasurable Grace.

Now to the God whose Pow’r can do
More than our Thoughts or Wishes know,
Be everlasting Honours done,
By all the Church, thro’ Christ his Son!

H Y M N  CLXVII.

COME to the Feast, for Christ invites,
And promises to feed,†
’Tis here his closest Love unites
The Members to their Head.

* Eph. iii. 18, 19. † John vi. 57.
Tis here he nourishes his own,
With living Bread from Heaven,*
Or makes himself to Mourners known,†
And shews their Sins forgiven,
Still in his instituted Ways,
He bids us ask the Pow’r,
The pard’ning or the hall’wing Grace,
And wait th’ appointed Hour.
Who seek Redemption thro’ his Love,
His Love shall them redeem:
He came § self-emptied from above,
That we might live thro’ him.
Expect we then the quick’ning Word,
Who at his Altar bow;
But if it be thy Pleasure, Lord,
O let us find Thee now!

HYMN CLXVIII.

ALL Glory and Praise,
To the Ancient of Days,**
Who was born, and was slain to redeem a
(loft Race.

* John vi. 33. † Mat. ii. 4. § So the Greek
** Phil. ii. 7. former Part. || Dan. vii. 9.
* Rev. i. 13, 14, 15.
Salvation to God,
Who carried our Load,
And purchas'd our Peace with the Price of
And shall he not have
The Lives which he gave
Such an infinite Ransom for ever to save?
Yes, Lord, we'd be Thine,
And gladly resign
Our Souls to be fill'd with the Fulness divine.
We'd yield Thee thine own,
We'd serve Thee alone,
Thy Will upon Earth as in Heaven be done.
How, when it shall be,
We cannot foresee,
But oh! let us live, let us die unto Thee!

HYMN CLXIX.

Our Shepherd alone,
The Lord let us bless,
Who reigns on the Throne
The Prince of our Peace:
Who evermore saves us
By shedding his Blood:
All hail, holy Jesus,
Our Lord and our God!
We daily will sing
Thy Merits, thy Praise,
Thou merciful Spring
Of Pity and Grace:
Thy Kindness for ever
To Men we will tell,
And say, our dear Saviour
Redeems us from Hell.

Preserve us in Love,
While here we abide:
Nor never remove,
Nor cover, nor hide,
Thy glorious Salvation,
Till joyful we see
The beautiful Vision*
Compleated in Thee!

HYMN CLXX.

FATHER of Earth and Heaven,
Thine hung'ring Children feed,
Thy Grace be to our Spirits giv'n,
That true immortal Bread;
Grant us and all our Race,
In Jesus Christ to prove,
The Sweetness of thy pard'ning Grace,
The Manna of thy Love!

* H. xxxiii. 17, former Part.
HYMN CLXXI.

At Dismission.

FATHER, thro' thy Son receive
Our grateful Sacrifice,
All the Wants of All that live,
Thine open Hand supplies:
Fills the World with plenteous Food—
For the Riches of thy Grace,
Take, thou universal King,
The universal Praise.

GLORY, Honour,
Praise and Power,
Be unto the LAMB for ever:
JESUS CHRIST is our REDEEMER:
Hallelujah,
Amen.

DISMISS us with thy Blessing, LORD
Help us to feed upon thy WORD:
All that has been amiss, forgive,
And let thy Truth within us live.
LIFT up your Heads in joyful Hope,  
Salute the happy Morn:  
Each Heavenly Pow'r  
Proclaims the glad Hour,  
Lo, JESUS the SAVIOUR is born.

All Glory be to God on high,  
To Him all Praise is due;  
The Promise is seal'd,  
The SAVIOUR's reveal'd,  
And proves that the Record is true.

Let Joy around like Rivers flow,  
Flow on, and still increase;  
Spread o'er the glad Earth,  
At JESUS's Birth,  
For Heaven and Earth are at Peace.

Now the Good-will of Heav'n is shewn  
Towards Adam's helpless Race:  
MESSIAH is come  
To ransom his Own,  
To save them by infinite Grace.
Then let us join the Heav'n's above,
Where hymning Seraphs sing,
Join all the glad Pow'rs,
For their Lord is Ours,
Our Prophet, our Priest, and our King

H Y M N  C L X X I I I .
Redeeming Love.

Now begin the Heav'nly Theme,
Sing aloud in Jesu's Name,
Ye who Jesu's Kindness prove,
Triumph in Redeeming Love.

Ye who see the Father's Grace,
Beaming in the Saviour's Face,*
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless Redeeming Love.

Mourning Souls, dry up your Tears,
Banish all your guilty Fears,
See your Guilt and Curse remove,
Cancell'd by Redeeming Love.

Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing Slaves of Death and Sin,
Now from Bliss no longer rove,
Stop—and taste Redeeming Love.

* 2 Cor. iv. 6.
Welcome all by Sin opprest,
Welcome to his sacred Rest,
Nothing brought him from above;
Nothing but Redeeming Love.
He subdu'd the infernal Pow'rs,
Those tremendous Foes of ours,
From their cursed Empire drove,
Mighty in Redeeming Love.

Hither then your Music bring,
Strike aloud each joyful String,
Mortals join the Hoists above,
Join to praise Redeeming Love.

HYMN CLXXIV.

For Good Friday.

Who hath our Report believed? (a) Shiloh come is not received, (b) Not received by his own, (c) romis'd Branch from Root of Jesse, (d) Avid's Offspring sent to bless ye, (e) Comes too meekly to be known. (f) Tell me, O thou favour'd Nation, What is thy fond Expectation? Some fair, spreading lofty Tree§ (g)

Let not worldly Pride confound thee,
Mong the lowly Plants around thee,
Mark the Lowest—that is He.

Like a tender Plant that's growing (i)
Where no Waters, friendly flowing,
No kind Rains refresh the Ground:
Drooping, dying we shall view Him,
See no Charm to draw us to Him,
There no Beauty will be found.

Lo! Messiah unrespected! (k)
Man of GRIEFS, despis’d, rejected!
Wounds his Form disfiguring, (l)
Marr’d his Visage more than any, (m)
For he bears the Sins of MANY, (n)
All our Sorrows carrying. (o)

No Deceit his Mouth had spoken, (p)
Blameless He no Law had broken,
Yet was number’d with the WORST: (q)
For, because the LORD would grieve Him,
We, who saw it, did believe Him, (r)
For his own Offences curst.

But while him our Thoughts accused: (s)
He for us alone was bruised,
Stricken, smitten for OUR GUILT:

(i) 15. liii. 2.  (k) 15. liii. 3.  (l) Zech. xiii. 6.
(m) 15. liii. 14.  (n) 15. liii. 12.  (o) 15. liii. 4.
(p) 15. liii. 9.  (q) 15. liii. 12.  (r) 15. liii. 4.
(s) 15. liii. 4. 5.
With his Stripes, Our Wounds are cured,
By his Pains, Our Peace assured, (t)
Purchas’d with the Blood He spilt. (u)
Love amazing! so to mind us, (x)
Shepherd come from Heav’n to find us, (y)
Silly Sheep all gone astray, (z)
Lost, Undone by our Transgressions,
Worse than stripp’d of all Possessions,
Debtors without Hope to pay. (a)
Fear our Portion, Slaves in Spirit,—(b)
He redeem’d Us by his Merit
To a Glorious Liberty: (c)
Dearly first his Goodness bought us, (d)
Truth and Love then sweetly taught us, (e)
Truth and Love have made us free. (f)
Blessed be the Pow’r who gave us,
Freely gave his Son to save us, (g)
Bless’d the Son who freely came:
Honour, Blessing, Adoration, (h)
Ever, from the whole Creation,
Be to God, and to the Lamb.

(t) Rom. v. 1. If. liii. 5. (u) 1 Pet. i. 19.
(x) Pf. viii. 4. (y) Matt. xviii. 11, 12, 13.
(z) If. liii. 6. (a) Luke vii. 42. (b) Rom.
(d) 1 Cor. vi. 20. John x. 11. (e) John i. 17.
(f) John viii. 32. (g) John iii. 16. 1 John
i. 9. (h) Rev. v. 9, 13.
HYMN CLXXV.

The Christian's Triumph in the Righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Jesus, thy Blood and Righteousness,
My Beauty are, my glorious Dress,
Midst flaming Worlds in these array'd,
With Joy shall I lift up my Head.

When from the Dust of Death I rise
To claim my Mansion in the Skies,
Ev'n then, shall this be all my Plea:
"Jesus hath liv'd and dy'd for me."

Bold shall I stand in that great Day,
For who ought to my Charge shall lay?
Folly thro' Thee absolv'd I am
From Sin and Fear, from Guilt and Shame.

Thus Abraham, the Friend of God,
Thus all the Armies bought with Blood,
Saviour of Sinners Thee proclaim,
Sinners, of whom the Chief I am.

This spotless Robe the fame appears
When ruin'd Nature sink's in Years!
No Age can change its glorious Hue,
The Grace of Christ is ever new.

O let the Dead now hear thy Voice,
Now bid thy banish'd Ones rejoice,

* If. xxviii. 5.—lxi. 10. Rev. vii. 13, 14.
† John xiv. 2. § Rom. viii. 33. || i Tim. i. 16.
‡ John v. 25. Eph. ii. 1.
Their beauty this, their glorious Dress
Jesus, the Lord our Righteousness.

HYMN CLXXVI.


When I survey the wondrous Cross,
On which the Prince of Glory dy'd,
My richest Gain I'd count my Loss,
And pour Contempt on all my Pride.

Forbid it Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the Cross of Christ, my God:
All the vain Things that charm me most,
I'd sacrifice them for thy Blood.

HYMN CLXXVII.

Thy Word is Truth. John xvii. 17.

My hiding Place, my Refuge, Tow'r
And Shield, art thou, O Lord,
I firmly anchor all my Hopes,
On thy unerring Word. *

Engrav'd, as in eternal Brass,
The mighty Promise shines!
Nor can the Pow'rs of Darkness raze
Those everlasting Lines.

The sacred Word of Grace is strong,
As that which built the Skies,
The Voice which rolls the Stars along,
Spake all the Promises.

* Ps. cxix. 74, 147.
My hiding Place, my Refuge, Tow'r.
   And Shield, art Thou, O Lord,
I firmly Anchor all my Hopes
   On thy unerring Word.

HYMN CLXXVIII.
Ascribing to God the Praise of our Salvation.

How empty was our former Boast,
   Our Foolishness of Pride,
When in ourselves we put our Trust,
   And on our Works rely'd!

Strong in the Freedom of our Will,
   Firm in our Nature's Pow'rs,
We thought to gain the heav'nly Hill,
   And seize the Crown as ours.

Our good Desires, our Hearts sincere,
   Our best Endeavours stood,
T' atone for our Transgressions here,
   In Place of Jesus's Blood.

Alas for us: we knew not then
   His Blood and Righteousness,
Thro' which alone the Sons of Men
   Are sav'd by richest Grace.

But now, O gracious God, thy Love
   Hath taught us better Things;
Our All is giv'n us from above,
   From Thee Salvation springs.
Freely thy Love delights to save,
And ransoms without Price—
But only that which Jesus gave,
Our bleeding Sacrifice.
We own the sole-procuring Cause,
That precious Blood divine;
May we, since Jesus dy’d for us,
May we live ever Thine!

H Y M N  CLXXIX.
A Funeral Hymn.

In this World of Sin and Sorrow,
Compass’d round with many a Care,
From Eternity we borrow,
* Hope, that can exclude Despair:
Thee, triumphant God and Saviour!
In the Glass of Faith we see:
O assist each faint Endeavour!
Raise our Earth-born Souls to Thee.

Place that awful Scene before us
Of the last tremendous Day,
When to Life Thou shalt restore us;
Long’ring Ages, haste away!
Then this vile and sinful Nature
Incorruption shall put on.†
Life renewing, glorious Saviour!
Let thy gracious Will be done.

* Rom. viii. 24, 25.  † 1 Cor. xv. 53.
H Y M N C LXXX.

O Lord, how great's the Favour!
That we such Sinners poor,
Can thro' thy Blood's sweet Savour §
Approach thy Mercy's Door,
And find an open Passage ||
Unto the Throne of Grace,
There wait the welcome Message,
That bids us go in Peace.

Lord, we are helpless Creatures,
Full of the deepest Need,
Throughout desir'd by Nature, †
* Stupid, and inly dead: †
Our Strength is perfect Weakness,
And all we have is Sin, §
Our Hearts are all Uncleanliness, ||
A Den of Thieves within. †

In this forlorn Condition,
Who shall afford us Aid!
Where shall we find Compassion,
But in the Church's Head? **

Jesus, thou art all Pity,
Oh take us to thine Arms, ††
And exercise thy Mercy,
To save us from all Harms.

We'll never cease repeating,
Our Numberless Complaints;
But ever be intreating
'The glorious King of Saints:
'Till we attain the Image
Of Him we inly love,
And pay our grateful Homage
With all the Saints above.

Then we, with all in Glory,
Shall thankfully relate
Th' amazing, pleasing Story,
Of Jesu's Love so great:
In this blest Contemplation
We shall for ever dwell,
And prove such Consolation
As none below can tell. §

HYMN CLXXXI.

WHAT shall we render unto Thee,
Thou glorious Lord of Life and
Teach us to bow the humble Knee, (Pow'r?
Teach us with Thankfulness t' adore,
To praise Thee as thy Saints above,
To praise Thee for thy wond'rous Love.
When like lost Sheep we wander'd wide. ||
And left the watchful Shepherd's Eye;
When borne along th' impetuous Tide,
Of this World's Sin and Vanity:
§ 1 Cor. ii. 9.       || Is. liii. 6.
Our Jesus from the Heav'ns came down
To save us by his Grace alone.

He bore our Sins upon the Tree.†
(To seek and save the Lost he came,)*
There was he bound to set us free,
From Death and everlasting Shame;
The captive Flock from Hell was freed
And ransom'd when their Shepherd bled.

Before the Father's awful Throne,
Our merciful High-priest He stands,
And interceding for his own, §
The purchase'd Remnant now demands;||
His People's everlasting Friend,
Who, loving—loves them to the End!

May, we his banish'd Ones, rejoice,†
Him for our Lord and God to own,
To take Him as our only Choice,
And cleave to Him in Love alone;
Be growing up in Holiness,
Then meet Him in the Realms of Peace.

Then shall our grateful Songs abound,
And ev'ry Tear be wip'd away;
No Sin, no Sorrow shall be found,
No Night o'ercloud the endless Day,
O praise Him! All beneath, above!
O praise Him! praise the God of Love.

† 1 Pet. ii. 24.  * Mat. xviii. 11.  † Mat. xxviii. 28.  § Rom. viii. 34.  || John xvii. 24.  † Jos. xiii. 1.  † 2 Sam. xiv. 13, 14.
H Y M N CLXXXII.

Having loved His own, which were in the World,
He loved them unto the End. John xiii. 1.

This God is the God we adore,
Our faithful unchangeable Friend:
Whose Love is as great as his Pow'r,
And neither knows Measure nor End.

'Tis Jesus the First, and the Last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe Home:
We'll praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that's to come.

H Y M N CLXXXIII.

Jonah's Prayer.

Jonah, Chapter II.

Aloud I cry'd—Aloud I pray'd,
When in the Fish's Belly lay'd,
And Hell's deep Gloom I saw
The foaming Billows dash'd around,
But, Oh, more awful still I found
The Terrors of thy Law.

The Sea-weeds wrapp'd about my Head,
The hoary Deep thy Wrath display'd,
And still increas'd my Fear:
Wave follow'd Wave with dreadful Noise,
And seem'd to drown my feeble Voice,
But yet my God could hear:

R
Could hear a guilty Wretch complain,
And when I thought my Sighs were vain,
A kind Deliv’rance send:
Tho’ flying from his gracious Sight,
I, Rebel like, defy’d his Might,
He prov’d the Sinner’s Friend.

The High and Lofty One look’d down,
The Lord took pity on his own,
And deign’d my Life to save:
His injur’d Goodness took my Part,
His Pity heal’d my broken Heart,
His Hand unlock’d my Grave.

Thanksgiving, Love, and humble Praise
Shall fill the Remnant of my Days,
Shall bow my grateful Knee:
My gracious Saviour, and my God,
I’ll praise Thee for thy chast’ning Rod
Which brought me back to Thee.

HYMN CLXXXIV.
The Believer’s earnest Expectation and Hope.
Phil. i. 20.

He is a God of sov’reign Love,
Who promis’d Heav’n to me,*
And taught my Thoughts to soar above†
Where happy Spirits be. §

*John xii. 26. †Col. iii. 1, 2. §Heb. xii.
Prepare me, Lord, for thy right Hand,
Then come the joyful Day!
Come Death, and some celestial Band,
To bear my Soul away.
Then, my Beloved, take my Soul
Up to thy blest Abode,
That, Face to Face, I may behold
My Saviour and my God.

HYMN CLXXXV.

Psalm cxlviii.

DRIASE ye the Lord, y' immortal Choir,
That fill the Realms above:
Raise Him who form'd you of his Fire,
And feeds you with his Love:
Shine to his Praise, ye crystal Skies,
The Floor of his Abode,
Or veil in Shades your thousand Eyes,
Before your brighter God.

Thou restless Globe of golden Light,
Whose Beams create our Days,
In with the silver Queen of Night,
To own your borrow'd Rays;
Finds, ye shall bear his Name aloud,
Through the etherial Blue;

† Luke xvi. 22. † Cant. ii. 16.
‡ Job xix. 27. † Cor. xiii. 12.
For when his Chariot is a Cloud, ||
He makes his Wheels of you.

Thunder and Hail, and Fire and Storms,
The Troops of his Command,
Appear in all your dreadful Forms,
And speak his awful Hand:
Shout to the Lord, ye surging Seas,
In your eternal Roar;
Let Wave to Wave refound his Praise,
And Shore reply to Shore.

Wave your tall Heads, ye lofty Pines,
To Him that bids you grow;
Sweet Clusters bend the fruitful Vines
On ev'ry thankful Bough:
Thus while the meaner Creatures sing,
Ye Mortals, take the Sound:
Echo the Glories of your King,
Thro' all the Nations round.

H Y M N CLXXXVI.

Th' extent of Jesus's Love
What Heart can comprehend
A * Breadth whose Distance none can prove
A Length without an End;
The first-born Seraphs try $  
The Myst'ry to explore;
Yet cannot trace it out; for why?
The Curse they never bore.

"Ps. civ. 3. * Eph. iii. 18, 19. § 1 Pet. i:
The Grace unspeakable,
Transcending human Thought,
Who, who, in Earth or Heav’n can tell,
Or find the Wonder out?
All the angelic Choir
Unite to give Him Praise:
And Saints redeeming Love admire,
And loud Hosannas raise.

To Christ we lift our Voice,
Who have Redemption found:
And in His Name alone rejoice,
Whence all our Joys abound:
This cures the burden’d Mind,
This calms the troubled Heart;
This manifests the Saviour kind,
And bids our Fears depart.

H Y M N CLXXXVII.

When I travail in Distress,
Or Grief of any Kind,
Burden’d with Uneasiness,
And Anguish on my Mind;
One sweet Ray of heav’nly Light
Dispels the Clouds which intervene,
Turns to Day the gloomy Night,
And quite renews the Scene.

My Complaints with Speed remove,
My Sorrows turn to Joy.

† Eph. i. 7.

R 3
Songs of Melody and Love
   Again my Tongue employ:
   Then I find the resting Place,*
To all the carnal World unknown,†
There I taste the glorious Peace
   Felt by the Saints alone.§

II Y M N  CLXXXVIII.

Psalm xc.

O God our Help in Ages past,
   Our Hope for Years to come,
Our Shelter from the stormy Blast,
   And our eternal Home.

Before the Hills in Order stood,
   Or Earth receiv'd its Frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
   To endless Years the same.

A thousand Ages in thy Sight,
   Are as the Ev'ning gone,
Short as the Watch that ends the Night
   Before the rising Sun.

The busy Tribes of Flesh and Blood,
   With all their Cares and Fears,
Are carry'd downward by the Flood,
   And lost in foll'wing Years.

* Mat. xi. 28. † Prov. xiv. 10. If. xlviii. 2:
§ John xiv. 27.
Time, like an ever-rolling Stream,
Bears all it's Sons away,
They fly forgotten, as a Dream
Dies at the op'ning Day.

O God our Help in Ages past,
Our Hope for Years to come,
Be thou our Guard while Life shall last,
And our perpetual Home.

HYMN CLXXXIX.
The Lord hath laid on Him the Iniquity of us all.
Is. liii. 6.

ARISE my Soul; with Wonder see,
What Love divine for thee hath done!
Behold thy Sorrow, Sin, and Grief,
Are laid on God's eternal Son.

See! from his Head, his Hands, his Feet,
Sorrow and Love flow mingling down,
Did e'er such Love, such Sorrow meet,
Or Thorns compose so bright a Crown!

Were the whole Realm of Nature mine,
That were a Present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my Soul, my Life, my All.
H Y M N  C X C .
Psalm xcvi. 2.
The Darkness of Providence.

LORD we adore thy dark Designs,
The deep Abyfs of Providence,
Too deep to found with mortal Lines,
Too dark to view with feeble Sense.

Now thou array'st thine awful Face!
In angry Frowns without a Smile;
Saints, thro' a Cloud believe thy Grace,
Secure of thy Compassion still.

Thro' Seas and Storms of deep Distress
They sail by Faith, and not by Sight:*  
Faith guides them in the Wilderness,
Thro' all the Briars and the Night.

Dear Father: if thy lifted Rod
Resolve to scourge us here below,
Still may we lean upon our God,†
Thine Arm shall bear us safely thro'.

H Y M N  C X C I .
Psalm cxiii.

Ye Saints and Servants of the Lord,
The Triumphs of his Name record,
His sacred Name for ever bless:
Where'er the circling Sun displays
His rising Beams or setting Rays;
Due Praise to his great Name address;

* 2 Cor. v. 7. † Cant. viii. 5.
God thro' the World extends his Sway,
The Regions of eternal Day,
But Shadows of his Glory are;
With Him, whose Majesty excels,
Who made the Heav'n in which he dwells,
Let no created Pow'r compare.

Tho' 'tis beneath his State to view
In highest Heav'n what Angels do,
Yet he to Earth vouchsafes his Care;
He takes the Needy from his Cell,
Advancing him in Courts to dwell,
Companion of the greatest there.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
The God whom Heav'n's triumphant Host,
And suff'ring Saints on Earth adore,
Be Glory as in Ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last,
When Earth and Heav'n shall be no more.

BLEST be the Father and his Love,
To whose celestial Source we owe,
Rivers of endless Joys above,
And Rills of Comfort here below!
Glory to Thee, great Son of God!
Forth from thy wounded Body rolls
A precious Stream of vital Blood,
Pardon and Life for dying Souls.
We give the sacred SPIRIT Praise,
Who, in our Hearts of Sin and Woe,
Makes living Springs of Grace arise,
And into boundless Glory flow.
Thus God the Father, God the Son
And God the Spirit, we adore,
That Sea of Life and Love unknown,
Without a Bottom or a Shore.

H Y M N CXCIII.

O Jesu, our Lord,
Thy Name be ador'd (Verse)
For all the rich Blessings convey'd thro' thy
In Spirit we trace
Thy Wonders of Grace;
And cheerfully join in a Concert of Praise.

The Antient of Days
His Glory displays,
And shines on his chosen with cherishing Rays.

The Trumpet of God
Is sounding abroad
The Language of Mercy, Salvation thro' Blood
Thrice happy are they
Who hear and obey;
And share in the Blessings of this Gospel-day.

The People who know
The Saviour below,
With burning Affection to worship him show
Their Anguish and Smart
And Sorrows depart,
Who find his Salvation inscrib'd on their Heart.
This Blessing be mine
Thro' Favour divine:
But, O my Redeemer, the Glory be thine!
This Work is of Grace;
Thine, thine be the Praise:
And mine to adore Thee, and tell of thy Ways.

HYMN CXCIV.

GLORY and Honour be to Thee,
Thou self-existent Deity;
Thine we revere, and Thee adore,
In Mercy infinite, and Pow'r.
To Thee, our joyful Hearts we raise,
To Thee, we bring our Songs of Praise,
Whose bounteous Care and Love imparts
Celestial Blessings to our Hearts.
Into the holy Triune God,
Who hath on us, poor Worms, bestow'd
Such Favour, such amazing Grace,
We pay our Homage, Thanks and Praise.

HYMN CXCIV.

COME Thou Almighty King,
Help us thy Name to sing,
Help us to praise!
Father all glorious
O'er All victorious,
Come, and reign over us
Antient of Days!
Jesus our Lord arise,
Scatter our Enemies,
And make them fall!
Let thine almighty Aid
Our sure Defence be made—
Our Souls on Thee be stay'd—
Lord hear our Call!

Come Thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty Sword—*
Our Pray'r attend!
Come! and thy People blest,
And give thy Word Success,
Spirit of Holiness
On us descend!

Come Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred Witness bear, ||
In this glad Hour!
Thou who Almighty art,
Now rule in ev'ry Heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of Pow'r!

To the Great One in Three
Eternal Praises be
Hence—evermore!
His sov'reign Majesty
May we in Glory see,
And to Eternity
Love and adore.

HYMN CXCVI.

O Thou tender, loving Jesus,
Now thy saving Grace impart;
From the World and Satan save us,
Save us from our evil Heart:
Throw thine Arms in Mercy open,
Bid, O bid us, Jesus, come!
Let our flinty Hearts be broken,
Falling on the Corner-stone.

There forever let us center,
Steady, tho' assail'd by Sin;
Forward may we stoutly venture,
'Till eternal Life we win:
Banish every reasoning Scruple,
Scatter every gathering Cloud;
Our poor Hearts, O Jesus, sprinkle,
Sprinkle with thy precious Blood.

Arm us from the heav'nly Store-house,
Still display thy Banner high,
March victorious on before us,
Make the World and Satan fly;
When thy Messenger arraigns us,
To close up our weary Eyes,
In that needy Hour sustain us,
'Till we grasp the heav'nly Prize.

HYMN CXCVII.

Intercession of Christ.

LIFT up your Eyes to th' heav'nly Seat
Where your Redeemer stays:

S
Kind Intercessor, there he sits,
And loves, and pleads, and prays.
Petitions now, and Praise may rise,
And Saints their Off’rings bring,
The Priest with his own Sacrifice,
Presents them to the King.
Jesus alone shall bear my Cries
Up to his Father’s Throne:
He (dearest Lord) perfumes my Sighs,
And sweetens ev’ry Groan.
Ten thousand Praises to the King,
Hosannah in the high’st;
Ten thousand Thanks our Spirits bring
To God and to his Christ.

H Y M N CXC VIII.
Excellency of Scripture.

This is the Field where hidden lies
The Pearl of Price unknown;
That Merchant is divinely wise,
Who makes the Pearl his own.

Here consecrated Water flows,
To quench my Thirst of Sin;
Here the fair Tree of Knowledge grows,
Nor Danger dwells therein.

This is the Judge that ends the Strife,
Where Wit and Reason fail:
My Guide to everlasting Life,
Thro' all this gloomy Vale.
Oh! may thy Counsels, mighty God,
My roving Feet command;
Nor I forsake the happy Road
That leads to thy right Hand.

H Y M N CXCIX.
Self-righteousness disclaimed.

'Tis not by Works of Righteousness,
Which our own Hands have done;
But we are fav'd by sov'reign Grace,
Abounding through his Son.
'Tis from the Mercy of our God,
That all our Hopes begin;
'Tis by the Water, and the Blood,
Our Souls are wash'd from Sin.
Rais'd from the Dead, and born anew;
And justified by Grace,
May we appear in Glory too,
And see our Father's Face.

H Y M N. CC:
Prayer for Holiness.

O May our Lips and Lives express,
The holy Gospel we profess;
O may our Works and Virtues shine,
To prove the Doctrine all divine.
Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The Honours of our Saviour God;
When the Salvation reigns within,
And Grace subdues the Pow'r of Sin.
Our Flesh and Sense must be deny'd,
Passion and Envy, Lust and Pride;
Whilst Justice, Temp'rance, Truth and Love,
Our inward Piety approve.

HYMN CCI.
The Day of Judgment.

LIFT your Heads, ye Friends of Jesus,
Partners of his Patience here:
Christ to all Believers precious,
Lord of Lords shall soon appear;
Mark the Tokens,
Of his heav'nly Kingdom near.

Sun and Moon are both confounded,
Darken'd into endless Night,
When with Angel-Hoists surrounded,
In his Father's Glory bright,
Beams the Saviour,
Shines the everlasting Light,

See the Stars from Heaven falling,
Hark on Earth the doleful Cry,
Men on Rocks and Mountains calling,
While the frowning Judge draws nigh;
Hide us, hide us,
Rocks and Mountains, from his Eye.
Lo, 'tis He, our Hearts Desire,
Come for his espous'd below!
Come to join us with his Choir,
Come to make our Joys o'er-flow;
   Palms of Triumph,
   Crowns of Glory to bestow.

H Y M N C C I I .

G O D ' S D O M I N I O N a n d D E C R E E S .

K E E P Silence all created Things,
   And wait your Maker's Nod,
My Soul stands trembling while she sings
   The Honours of her God.

Chain'd to his Throne, a Volume lies
   With all the Fates of Men,
With every Creature's fall and rise,
   Drawn by th' eternal Pen.

With anxious Care let others press
   To read their worldly Fate,
I only for Assurance with
   Of my celestial State.

In the "Lamb's Book" of Life and Grace,
   O, may I see my Name
Recorded in some humble Place,
   Before the great—"I AM."

§ 3
HYMN CCIII. Prayer to Christ.

JESUS, shew us thy Salvation,
Fresh baptize us into Thee:
By thy mystic Incarnation,
By thy pure Nativity:
Save us thou our New-Creator,
Into all our Souls impart
Thy divine and holy Nature,
Form thyself within our Heart.

By thy great and bitter Passion,
By thy Suff’rings on the Tree,
Save us from the Indignation
Due to all Mankind and me:
Hanging, bleeding, panting, dying,
Gasping out thy latest Breath;
By thy precious Death’s applying,
Save us from eternal Death.

By the Pomp of thy ascending,
Live we here to Heav’n restor’d;
Ever at thy Footstool bending,
Ever happy in our Lord:
Keep us by thy Intercession,
’Till we see thy Face above.
Where thy wonderful Salvation
Fills the Soul with perfect Love.

HYMN CCIV. Isaiah lv. 1.

COME, ye Sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore!
Jesus ready stands to save you,
   Full of Pity, join'd with Pow'\(\text{r}\):
   He is able,
   He is willing, doubt no more.

Come ye thirsty; come, and welcome,
   God's free Bounty glorify:
True Belief, and true Repentance,
   Ev'ry Grace that brings us nigh,
Without Money,
   Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

View Him prostrate in the Garden,
   On the Ground your Maker lies!
On the bloody Tree behold him;
   Hear him cry, before he dies,
   "It is finisht:"
Sinner, will not this suffice?

Lo! th' incarnate God ascended
   Pleads the Merit of his Blood:
 Venture on him, venture wholly,
   Let no other Hope intrude:
   None but Jesus
Can do helpless Sinners good.

H Y M N C C V.
   To the Holy Ghost.

COME, Holy Spirit, come,
   Let thy bright Beams arise:
Dipel the Darkness from our Minds,
   And open all our Eyes.
Revive our drooping Faith,
Our Doubts and Fears remove,
And kindle in our Breasts the Flames
Of never dying Love.

Convince us of our Sin
Then lead to Jesus’s Blood;
And to our wond’ring View reveal
The secret Love of God.

Dwell therefore in our Hearts,
Our Minds from Bondage free,
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and Thee.

H Y M N  C C V I.
Lam. i. 12.

All ye that pass by,
To Jesus draw nigh:
To you is it nothing that Jesus should die?
Your Ransom and Peace,
Your Surety he is;
Come, see if there ever was Sorrow like his!

For what ye have done,
His Blood must atone;
The Father hath punish’d for you his dear
Your Ransom, &c. &c. (Son:
The Lord, in the Day
Of his Anger, did lay
Our Sins on the Lamb, and he bore them
Your Ransom, &c. &c. (away:
[ 201 ]
He answer'd for all
Who come at his Call,
And low at his Cross with Humility fall:
Your Ransom, &c. &c.
Then lift up your Eyes
At Jesus's Cries;
Impassive, he suffers! Immortal, he dies!
Your Ransom and Peace,
Your Surety he is;
Come, see if there ever was Sorrow like his!

H Y M N C C V I I .

CHRIST, a sure Guide.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren Land,
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful Hand;
Bread of Heaven, Bread of Heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

Open now the crystal Fountain,
Whence the healing Streams do flow,
Let the fiery, cloudy Pillar
Lead me all my Journey through;
Strong Deliv'rer, strong Deliv'rer,
Be thou still my Strength and Shield.

When I tread the Verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious Fears subside,
Death of Deaths, and Hell's Destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's Side;
Songs of Praises, Songs of Praises,
I will ever give to Thee.

H Y M N C C V I I I .

The Resurrection.

I am Alpha, says the Saviour;
I Omega likewise am;
I was dead, and live forever,
God Almighty and the Lamb.
In the Lord is our Perfection,
And in him our Boast we'll make:
We shall share his Resurrection,
If we of his Death partake.

Ye that die without Repentance,
Ye must rise when Christ appears,
Rise to hear your dreadful Sentence,
While the Saints rejoice in their's:
You to dwell with Fiends infernal,
They with Jesus Christ to reign;
They go into Life eternal,
You to everlasting Pain.

Bold Rebellion, base Backsliding,
Stop your Course, reflect with Dread;
In Destruction there's no hiding,
Death and Hell give up their Dead:
Ev'ry Sea, and Lake, and River
Shall restore their Dead to view:
Shout for Gladness, O Believer,
Christ is risen, so shall You.
HYMN CCIX.
Dispensation.

Lord, dismiss us with thy Blessing:
Fill our Hearts with Joy and Peace,
Let us each, thy Love possessing,
Triumph in Redeeming Grace.
O refresh us,
Trav'ling through this Wilderness.

Thanks we give and Adoration,
For thy Gospel's joyful Sound;
May the Fruits of thy Salvation,
In our Hearts and Lives be found.
May thy Presence
With us, evermore be found,

So, whene'er the Signal's given,
Us from Earth to call away,
Borne on Angel's Wings to Heaven,
Glad the Summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless Day.

HYMN CCX.
Privileges of God's Children.

BLESSED are the Sons of God,
They are bought with Christ's own (Blood,
They are ransom'd from the Grave,
Life eternal they shall have.
With them number'd may we be,
Here, and in Eternity!

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

They are justify'd by Grace,
They enjoy a solid Peace;
All their Sins are wash'd away,
They shall stand in God's great Day.
With them, &c.

They produce the Fruits of Grace,
In the Works of Righteousness!
They are harmless, meek, and mild,
Holy, humble, undefil'd.
With them, &c.

They are Lights upon the Earth,
Children of a heav'nly Birth;
One with God, with Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun.
With them number'd may we be,
Here, and in Eternity!

FINIS
HYMN.

ESU, my SAVIOUR, in thy Face
The Essence lives, of ev'ry Grace;
All Things besides, which charm the Sight,
Are Shadows tipt with Glow-worm Light.

Thy Beauty, LORD, th' enraptur'd Eye,
Which fully views it first, must die;
Then let me die, thro' Death to know,
That Joy I seek in vain below.