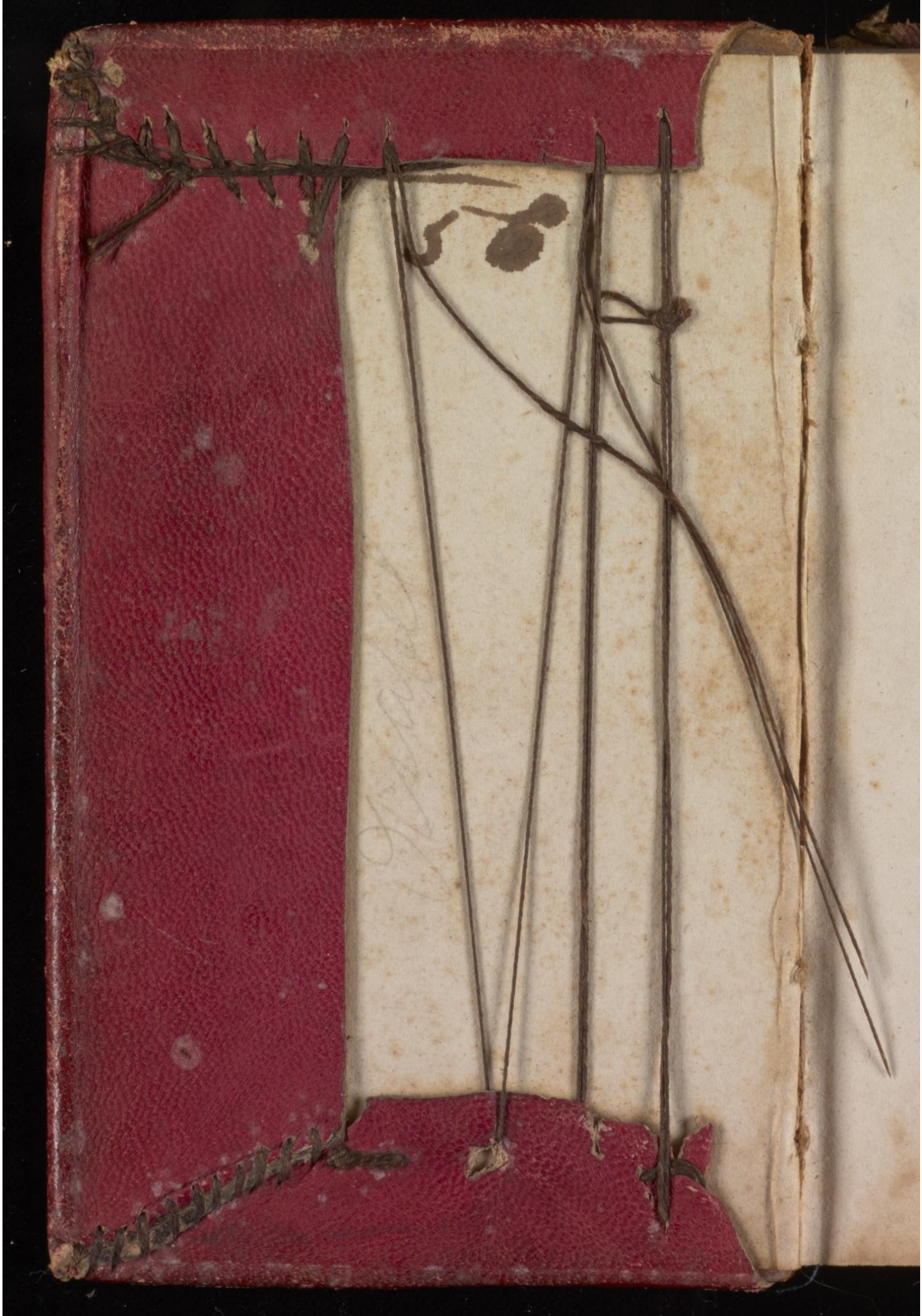


DUPUY'S HYMNS

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS;

REVISED, CORRECTED AND ENLARGED

BY

REV. J. M. PECK.

WITH AN

APPENDIX OF HYMNS

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

LOUISVILLE.
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PREFACE.

ELDER STARKE DUPUY was a worthy, pious and devoted minister of the Gospel, in Kentucky and Tennessee, for many years—much respected by the Baptist denomination, to which he belonged, and by Christians generally.

About twenty-five years since, he compiled the first edition of the hymn book that bears his name, and which has been so widely circulated and extensively known.

It has been revised by the compiler twice, and passed through twenty-two editions. More than *one hundred thousand* copies have been put into circulation, chiefly through the western and southern states.

The last revision by Mr. Dupuy, was but a short period before his decease, since which twenty-two large editions have been issued. Had Providence spared his life a few years longer, doubtless another revision would have been made by himself, adapting the book to the advanced state of the churches, and the taste of the religious public.

The reader will observe, the body of the work herewith presented, is still that of DUPUY. The hymns and songs left out are such only as were defective in poetry, or have grown into disuse.

In revising the work of an esteemed ministering brother, who has gone to his reward the

compiler did not feel authorized merely to consult his own taste. His business was not to construct a new book, but to revise an old one. Though Elder Starke Dupuy was not a learned man, yet he possessed an amiable and spiritual mind, and delighted much in singing devotional songs.—This revision has been undertaken at the request of the publishers, who own the copyright.

In the APPENDIX will be found about seventy hymns on special and miscellaneous subjects some of which are original, and many others are not to be found in the ordinary compilations that circulate through the Western Valley.

In this selection, as in the revision of Dupuy's hymns, the compiler has been governed by a principle that in his opinion should be applied to devotional hymns. They should never express the feelings, or be clothed in the language of rebuke, or denunciation. The language of devotion should be that of penitence, humiliation and contrition, or of adoration, thankfulness, praise, joy and ecstasy. Hence many poetical compositions found in our hymn books are appropriate for reading, but not for devotional exercise.

May the Great Head of the Church bless this humble effort for the edification of his saints, and the advancement of his truth. J. M. P.

Rockspring, Ill.
November, 1843.

HYMNS.

MORNING HYMNS.

BERKETT.] **1.** C. M *A Morning Hymn.*

MY God was with me all the night,
And gave me sweet repose;
My God did watch e'en while I slept,
Or I had never rose.

2 What terrors have I 'scaped this night,
Which have on others fell!
Numbers have, doubtless, slept their last
Perhaps have waked in hell!

3 Sweet sleep restores that strength to me
Which nature did devour;
My body did in weakness rest,
But it is raised in power.

4 Lord, for the mercies of the night,
My humble thanks I pay,
And unto thee I dedicate
The first fruits of the day.

5 Let this day praise thee, O my God,
And so let all my days;
And O, let my eternal day
Be thy eternal praise.

2. C. M. *A Morning Hymn.*

THE veil of night is now withdrawn,
And day salutes our eyes;
Fatigued and spent we laid us down,
Refresh'd and hale we rise

2 Safe guarded by th' Almighty arm,
Securely we have slept,
While he who never sleeps, from harm
Our senseless bodies kept.

3 Come, then, let's early thanks repay,
To him who never sleeps;
He shades the night, he gilds the day,
Our sleeping dust he keeps.

4 Let's live to him whose quick'ning voice
A dying life prolongs;
As daily he renews our joys,
Let us repeat our songs.

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3. C. M. *A Morning Hymn.*

AWAKE, my soul, to meet the day:
Unfold thy drowsy eyes,
And burst the pond'rous chain that loads
Thy active faculties.

2 God's guardian shield was round me spread
In my defenceless sleep;
Let him have all my waking hours,
Who doth my slumbers keep.

3 Pardon, O God, my former sloth,
And arm my soul with grace;
As, rising now, I seal my vows
To prosecute my ways.

4 Bright Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Thy radiant beams display,
And guide my dark, bewilder'd soul
To everlasting day.

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4. L. M. *A Morning Hymn.*

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise,
To pay the morning sacrifice.

2 Glory to God, who safely kept,
And hath refresh'd me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

3 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all the night unwearied sing,
All glory to the heavenly King.

DR. WATTS.] **5.** C. M. · *A Morning Song.*

ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him that rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heaven, on which he sits
To turn the seasons round.

3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame;
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

4 [On a poor worm thy power might tread
And I could ne'er withstand;
Thy justice might have crush'd me dead,
But mercy held thy hand.

5 A thousand wretched souls are fled
Since the last setting sun,
And yet thou length'nest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.]

6 Dear God, let all my hours be thine,
Whilst I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

DANIEL.] **6. L. M.**

THIS morning let my praise arise
To Him, who all my wants supplies
He has preserv'd me all this night,
To see once more the morning light.

2 Ten thousand, since the setting sun,
To an eternal world have gone;
Ten thousand more on beds of pain,
While I, in life and health, remain.

3 May I, this day, by grace pursue
The work designed for me to do;
And, when my work on earth is done,
May angels bear my spirit home.

4 There to behold my Saviour's face,
And praise his rich, redeeming grace,
And, through a long eternity,
Give praise to the Eternal Three.

WATTS.] **7. L. M.**

GOD of the morning, at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise
And, like a giant, doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies.

2 Oh! like the sun, may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind and active will,
March on and keep my heavenly way.

3 Give me thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold, compared with this.

WATTS.] 8. L. M.

A Song for Morning or Evening.

MY God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings, from thy hand,
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

EVENING HYMNS.

9. S. M. *An Evening Hymn.*

THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
O, may we all remember well,
The night of death is near.

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we now possess.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears,
Beneath the pinions of thy love,
Till morning light appears.

4 And when we early rise,
And view th' unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O, may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

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10. C. M. *An Evening Hymn.*

NOW, from the altar of our hearts,
Let warmest thanks arise;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
An evening sacrifice.

2 This day God was our sun and shield
Our keeper and our guide;
His care was on our weakness shown,
His mercies multiplied.

3 Minutes and mercies multiplied,
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift and free than they.

4 New time, new favours, and new joys,
Do a new song require—
Till I shall praise thee as I would,
Accept my heart's desire.

WHITE.] **11.** C. M. *Hymn for family worship*

O LORD, another day is flown,
And we, a lonely band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fostering hand.

2 And wilt thou bend a listening ear,
To praises low as ours?
Thou wilt, for thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.

3 And, Jesus, thou thy smiles wilt deign,
As we before thee pray,
For thou didst bless the infant train,
And we are less than they.

4 O, let thy grace perform its part,
And let contention cease;
And shed abroad in every heart
Thine everlasting peace.

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12. L. M. *An Evening Hymn.*

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, *King of kings*,
Beneath thine own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done,
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed:
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

4 O, let my soul on thee repose!
And may sweet sleep my eye-lids close;
Sleep, that shall me more vigorous make,
To serve my God, when I awake.

5 If in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.
Praise God, &c.

DR. WATTS.] **13.** C. M. *An Evening Song.*

DREAD Sovereign, let my evening song
Like holy incense, rise;
Assist the offerings of my tongue,
To reach the lofty skies.

2 Through all the dangers of the day,
Thy hand was still my guard;

And still, to drive my wants away
Thy mercy stood prepared.

3 Perpetual blessings from above,
Encompass me around;
But O, how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found.

4 What have I done for him that died
To save my wretched soul?
How are my follies multiplied,
Fast as my minutes roll!

5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,
To thy dear cross I flee,
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renew'd by thee.

6 Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning blood,
I lay me down to rest,
As in th' embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breast.

PROVIDENCE.

ADDISON.] **14.** C. M.

Providential mercies reviewed. Ps. ciii. 1. 5.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love and praise.

2 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.

3 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

4 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue,
And after death, in distant worlds,
The pleasing theme renew.

5 Through all eternity to thee
A grateful song I'll raise:
But, O! Eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

GOD.

WILLIAMS'S PSALMS.] **15.** L. M.

The unity of God. Deut. vi. 4.

ETERNAL GOD! Almighty Cause
Of earth, and seas, and worlds unknown
All things are subject to thy laws,
All things depend on thee alone.

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

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

4 Spread thy great name thro' heathen lands
Their idol-deities dethrone;
Reduce the world to thy commands,
And reign, as thou art GOD alone.

16. L. M.

The spirituality of God. John iv. 24.

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

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

3 Thou great Invisible! what hand
Can draw thy image, spotless fair?
To what in heaven, to what on earth,
Can men th' immortal King compare?

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

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

Dr. Watts.] **17.** C. M. *God's Eternity.*

RISE, rise, my soul, and leave the ground
Stretch all thy thoughts abroad,
And rouse up every tuneful sound,
To praise th' eternal God.

2 Long ere the lofty skies were spread,
Jehovah fill'd his throne,
Or Adam form'd, or Angels made,
The Maker liv'd alone.

3 His boundless years can ne'er decrease,
But still maintain their prime;
Eternity's his dwelling place,
And *ever* is his time.

4 While like a tide our minutes flow,
The present and the past,
He fills his own immortal now
And sees our ages waste.

5 The sea and sky must perish too,
And vast destruction come;
The creatures—look! how old they grow,
And wait their fiery doom.

6 Well, let the sea shrink all away,
And flame melt down the skies;
My God shall live in endless day,
When th' old creation dies.

WATTS.] **18.** C. M.

The divine glories above our reason.

HOW wondrous great, how glorious bright,
Must our Creator be,
Who dwells amidst the dazzling light
Of vast infinity!

2 Our soaring spirits upward rise
Towards the celestial throne;
Fain would we see the blessed Three
And the Almighty One.

3 Our reason stretches all its wings,
And climbs above the skies;
But still, how far beneath thy feet
Our grov'lling reason lies!

4 [Lord, here we bend our humble souls,
And awfully adore;
For the weak pinions of our minds
Can stretch a thought no more.]

5 Thy glories infinitely rise
Above our lab'ring tongue;
In vain the highest seraph tries
To form an equal song.

6 [In humble notes our faith adores
The great mysterious King,
While angels strain their nobler powers,
And sweep 'h' immortal string.]

19. L. M.

A song of praise to the ever blessed Trinity, God the Father, Son and Holy Spirit.

BLESS'D be the Father and his love,
To whose celestial source we owe
Rivers of endless joys above,
And rills of comfort here below.

2 Glory to thee, great Son of God,
From whose dear wounded body rolls
A precious stream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying souls.

3 We give thee, Sacred Spirit, praise,
Who, in our hearts of sin and woe,
Makes living streams of grace arise,
And into boundless glory flow.

4 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.

WATTS.] **20.** L. M.

God supreme and self-sufficient.

WHAT is our God, and what his name,
Nor men can learn, nor angels teach;
He dwells conceal'd in radiant flame,
Where neither eyes nor thought can reach

2 The spacious worlds of heav'nly light
Compar'd with him how short they fall
They are too dark, and he too bright,
Nothing are they, and God is all.

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

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

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

6 Then fly, my song, an endless round
The lofty tune let Gabriel raise;
All nature dwell upon the sound;
But we can ne'er fulfil the praise.

WATTS.] **21.** C. M. *Infinity.*

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

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

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

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

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

6 In vain our haughty reason swells,
For nothing 's found in thee
But boundless inconceivables,
And vast eternity.

WATTS.] **22.** L. M.

God exalted above all praise.

ETERNAL power! whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God:
Infinite length, beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds.

2 The lowest step about thy seat
Rises too high for Gabriel's feet;
In vain the tallest angel tries
To reach the height with wond'ring eyes

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

4 Earth, from afar, has heard thy fame,
And worms have learn'd to lisp thy Name
But, O, the glories of thy Mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind:

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

S. STENNETT.] **23.** C. M.

Mercy and truth met together. Ps. lxxxv. 10.

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

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

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

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

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

6 So spake the friends of God and man,
Delighted, yet surpris'd,
Eager to know the wondrous plan
That wisdom had devis'd.]

7 The son of God, attentive, heard,
And quickly thus replied;
'In me let mercy be reviv'd,
'And justice satisfied.

8 'Behold, my vital blood I pour,
'A sacrifice to God;
'Let angry justice now, no more
'Demand the sinner's blood.'

9 He spake; and heaven's high arches rung
With shouts of loud applause;
'He died!' the friendly angels sung
Nor cease their rapt'rous joys.

CREATION.

NEEDHAM.] **24.** L. M.

A summary view of the Creation. Gen. i.

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

2 He spoke, and from the womb of night,
At once sprung up the cheering light;
Him discord heard, and at his nod,
Beauty awoke, and praise'd the GOD.

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

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

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

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

DR. DODDRIDGE.] **25.** L. M.

God's goodness to the Children of Men.

YE Sons of Men, with joy record
The various wonders of the Lord,
And let his power and goodness sound,
Thro' all your tribes the world around.

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

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

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

THE FALL.

DR. WATTS' Lyric Poems. **26.** L. M.

Original sin, or the first and second Adam

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

2 Call a bright council in the skies;
Seraphs the mighty and the wise,
Speak, are you strong to bear the load,
The weighty vengeance of a GOD?

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

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

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

DR. DODDRIDGE.] **27.** L. M.

The effects of the Fall lamented. Psalm cxix. 136—158.

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

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

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

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

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

DR. WATTS.] **28.** L. M.

The fall and recovery of man; or, Christ and Satan at enmity. Gen. iii. 1, 15, 17, Gal. iv. 4 Col. ii. 15.

DECEIV'D by subtle snares of hell,
Adam, our head, our father, fell,
When Satan, in the serpent hid,
Propos'd the fruit that God forbid.

2 Death was the threat'ning; Death began
To take possession of the man;
His unborn race receiv'd the wound,
And heavy curses smote the ground.

3 But Satan found a worse reward;
Thus saith the vengeance of the Lord,
'Let everlasting hatred be
'Betwixt the woman's seed and thee.

4 'The woman's seed shall be my Son;
'He shall destroy what thou hast done;
'Shall break thy head, and only feel
'Thy malice raging at his heel.'

5 [He spake; and bid four thousand years
Roll on:—at length his Son appears;
Angels with joy descend to earth,
And sing the young Redeemer's birth.

6 Lo, by the sons of hell he dies;
But as he hung 'twixt earth and skies,
He gave their prince a fatal blow,
And triumph'd o'er the powers below.

WATTS.] **29.** FIRST PART. C. M.

I HATE the tempter and his charms,
I hate his flatt'ring breath;
The serpent takes a thousand forms,
To cheat our souls to death.

2 He feeds our hopes with airy dreams,
Or kills with slavish fear;
And holds us still in wide extremes,
Presumption or despair.

3 He tells the aged, 'They must die!
'And 'tis too late to pray;
'In vain for mercy now they cry,
'For they have lost their day.'

4 Thus he supports his cruel throne,
By mischief and deceit,
And drags the sons of Adam down
To darkness and the pit.

5 Almighty God, cut short his power,
Let him in darkness dwell;
And that he vex the earth no more,
Confine him down to hell.

WATTS.] **29.** SECOND PART.

WHAT mortal pow'r, from things unclean
Can pure productions bring?
Who can command a vital stream
From an infected spring?

2 Yet, mighty God, thy wondrous love
Can make our nature clean,
While Christ and grace prevail above
The tempter, death, and sin.

3 The second Adam shall restore
The ruins of the first:
Hosanna to that sovereign power
That new creates our dust!

INCARNATION OF CHRIST.

MEDLEY.] **30.** C. M.

The incarnation of Christ. Luke ii. 14.

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

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

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

4 Down through the portals of the sky,
Th' impetuous torrent ran;

And angels flew with eager joy;
To bear the news to man.

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

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

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

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

9 Hail, Prince of Life, for ever hail!
Redeemer, Brother, Friend!
Though earth, and time, and life, should fail
Thy praise shall never end.

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31. *The song of the* ANGELS. 7s.

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

2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace,
Hail the Son of Righteousness.

3 (Mild he lays his glory by,
Born, that man no more might die,
Born to raise the sons of earth;
Born to give them second birth.)

4 Come, desire of nations, come,
Fix in us thy humble home;
Rise, the woman's promis'd seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head.

5 Glory to the new-born King,
Let us all the anthem sing,
"Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
"God and sinners reconcil'd."

STEELE.] **32.** C. M.

The Incarnation. John i. 14.

AWAKE, awake the sacred song
To our incarnate Lord:
Let ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue
Adore th' eternal Word.

2 That awful Word, that sovereign pow'r
By whom the worlds were made
(O, happy morn! illustrious hour!)
Was once in flesh array'd.

3 Then shone almighty power and love
In all their glorious forms,
When Jesus left his throne above
To dwell with sinful worms.

4 To dwell with misery below
The Saviour left the skies,
And sank to wretchedness and woe
That worthless man might rise.

5 Adoring angels tun'd their songs,
To hail the joyful day;
With rapture, then, let mortal tongues
Their grateful tribute pay.

6 What glory, Lord, to thee is due!
With wonder we adore;
But, could we sing as angels do,
Our highest praise were poor

33. L. M.

Song of the angels at the birth of Christ.

Luke ii. 13, 14.

HARK the melodious, heavenly song,
Bursting from glory rolls along
Down to my joy-enraptur'd heart;
Celestial choirs the notes impart.

2 'Glory on high,' they sing, 'to God,
'And peace on earth,' they sound abroad,
'Good-will to men;' they loud proclaim,
'Through an Incarnate Saviour's name.'

3 My soul, arise and join this host,
Blest song, blest tidings to the lost;
With angel bands aloud proclaim
'The Saviour's born in Bethlehem.'

4 Let the glad tidings echo round:
Extend from earth to heav'n the sound,
Hail! the blest day, when Christ came down
To make his love to mortals known.

5 Sing of his love in sweetest strains;
Tell the whole world our Jesus reigns.
'Good-will, and peace, and glory,' sing,
'To Christ, our Saviour, God and King.'

THE LIFE OF CHRIST.

Dr. Watts.] **34.** L. M.

The example of Christ.

MY dear Redeemer and my Lord!
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such def'rence to thy Father's will,

Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air,
Witness'd the fervour of thy prayer,
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy vict'ry too.

4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Amongst the follow'rs of the lamb.

THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

WHITFIELD'S COLLECTION.] **35.** L. M.

Behold the man. Job xix.

YE that pass by, behold the man,
The man of grief, condemn'd for you
The Lamb of God for sinners slain,
Weeping, to Calvary pursue.

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

3 See there! his temples crown'd with thorns,
His bleeding hands extended wide,
His streaming feet transfix'd and torn,
The fountain gushing from his side.

4 Thou dear, thou suffering Son of God,
How does thy heart to sinners move!
Sprinkle on us thy precious blood,
And melt us with thy dying love.

5 The earth could to her centre quake,
Convuls'd when her Creator died:
O, may our inmost nature shake,
And bow with Jesus crucified!

6 At thy last gasp, the graves display'd
Their horrors to the upper skies;
O, that our souls might burst the shade,
And quicken'd by the death arise!

7 The rocks could feel thy powerful death,
And tremble and asunder part;
O, rend with thy expiring breath
The harder marble of our heart.

DR. S. STENNETT.] **36.** C. M.

The attraction of the Cross. John xii. 3, 2.

YONDER—amazing sight!—I see
Th' Incarnate Son of God
Expiring on the accursed tree,
And welt'ring in his blood.

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

3 The trembling earth, the darken'd sky
Proclaim the truth aloud;
And with the amaz'd centurion cry,
'This is the son of God.'

4 So great, so vast a sacrifice,
May well my hopes revive;
If God's own Son thus bleeds and dies,
The sinner sure may live.

5 O, that these cords of love divine,
Might draw me, Lord, to thee!
Thou hast my heart, it shall be thine—
Thine it shall ever be!

WATTS.] **37.** S. M. Isa. liii. 6. 12.

LIKE sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God,
Each wand'ring in a dff'rent way,
But all the downward road.

2 How dreadful was the hour
When God our wand'rings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour
Upon the Shepherd's head.

3 How glorious was the grace,
When Christ sustain'd the stroke!
His life and blood the Shepherd pays
A ransom for the flock.

WATTS.] **37.** L. M. Psalm 69.

SECOND PART.

DEEP in our hearts let us record
The deeper sorrows of our Lord;
Behold the rising billows roll
To overwhelm his holy soul.

2 In long complaints he spends his breath,
While hosts of hell, and powers of death,
And all the sons of malice join
To execute their curst design.

3 Yet, gracious God, thy power and love,
Has made the curse a blessing prove;
Those dreadful suff'rings of thy Son
Aton'd for crimes that we had done.

4 The pangs of our expiring Lord,
The honours of thy law restor'd:
His sorrows made thy justice known,
And paid for follies not his own.

5 Oh! for his sake our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning sinner live:
The Lord will hear us in his name,
Nor shall our hope be turn'd to shame.

WATTS.] **38.** C. M.

Godly sorrows arising from the sufferings of Christ

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed!
And did my Sovereign die!

Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 [Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, thine,
And bath'd in its own blood,
While, all expos'd to wrath divine,
The glorious suff'rer stood!]

3 Was it for crimes, that I had done,
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

4 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ the mighty Saviour died
For man, the creature's sin.

5 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross apears:
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

6 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

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39. P. M.

Hearts of stone.

HEARTS of stone relent, relent,
Break, by Jesus' cross subdued;
See his body, mangled—rent,
Cover'd with a gore of blood,
Sinful soul, what hast thou done?
Murder'd God's eternal Son.

2 Yes, our sins have done the deed,
Drove the nails that fix'd him there,

Crown'd with thorns his sacred head,
Pierced him with a soldier's spear;
Made his soul a sacrifice,
For a sinful world he dies.

3 Will you let him die in vain,
Still to death pursue your Lord;
Open tear his wounds again,
Trample on his precious blood!
No !with all my sins I'll part,
Saviour, take my broken heart.

40.

Tempted, but flying to Christ the Refuge.

JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O, receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,—
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stayed;
All my help from thee I bring:
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
All in all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind
Just and holy is thy name:

I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of love and grace.

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41. S. M.

Desiring to live before the Cross.

UP, haste to Calvary,
My soul; a journey take,
To view thy Lord 'twixt earth and sky,
Without the city gate.

2 Before his bloody cross
I'd bow and kiss the ground,
'Twas there my guilt and woe I lost,
And ready pardon found.

3 Lord, tune anew my strings,
Now on the willow dry;
Take off my thoughts from worldly things.
Bind them to Calvary.

4 For glorious is the plan;
Though 'tis without the gate,
There, Lord, I'll sing thy grace,
And for thy blessing wait.

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42. L. M.

Gratitude to Christ for shedding his blood.

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

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

3 Through him my sins are all forgiv'n
He ever pleads my cause in heav'n:
I'll build an altar to his name,
And to the world his grace proclaim.

STENNETT.] **43.** L. M. *It is finished.*

'TIS finish'd!' so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bow'd his head, and died
'Tis finish'd—yes, the race is run,
'The battle fought, the vict'ry won.

2 'Tis finish'd—all that heav'n decreed,
'And all the ancient prophets said,
'Is now fulfill'd, as was design'd,
'In me, the Saviour of mankind.

3 'Tis finish'd—this, my dying groan,
'Shall sins of ev'ry kind atone;
'Millions shall be redeem'd from death
'By this my last expiring breath.

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

RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

44. 7s.

The Resurrection. 1 Cor. xv. 6.

CHRIST, the Lord, is ris'n to-day
Sons of men and angels say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high!
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight; the battle won;
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er,
Lo! he sits in blood no more.

3 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.

4 Lives again our glorious king;
'Where, O death, is now thy sting?'
Once he died our souls to save;
'Where 's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?'

5 Soar we now, where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head:
Made like him, like him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

6 What though once we perish'd all,
Partners of our parents' fall;
Second life let us receive,
In our heav'nly Adam live.

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

DODDRIDGE.] **45.** C. M.

Comfort to those who seek a risen Jesus.

YE humble souls, that seek the Lord,
Chase all your fears away,
And bow, with pleasure, down to see
The place, where Jesus lay.

2 Thus low the Lord of life was brought;
Such wonders love can do;
Thus cold in death that bosom lay,
Which throbb'd and bled for you.

3 A moment give aloose to grief;
Let grateful sorrows rise;
And wash the bloody stains away
With torrents from your eyes.

4 Then dry your tears, and tune your songs
The Saviour lives again;
Not all the bolts and bars of death
The Conqueror could detain.

5 High o'er th' angelic bands he rears
His once dishonour'd head;
And through unnumber'd years he reigns,
Who dwelt among the dead.

6 With joy like his shall ev'ry saint
His empty tomb survey;
Then rise, with his ascending Lord,
To realms of endless day.

WATTS.] **46.** C. M.

The Lord's day, or the Resurrection of Christ.

BLESS'D morning, whose young dawning rays
Beheld our rising God,
And saw him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave his last abode.

2 In the cold prison of a tomb
The dear Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, th' appointed day.

3 Hell and the grave unite their force,
To hold our God, in vain;
The sleeping Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.

4 To thy great name, almighty Lord,
We sacred honours pay,
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.

5 [Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King;
Let heaven and earth and rocks and seas
With glad hosannas ring.]

47. 7s.

The Resurrection and Ascension of Christ.

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

2 'Tis the Saviour! Angels, raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound. Hal.

3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes,
Now to glory see him rise
Now triumphant, through the sky,
Up to waiting worlds on high. Hal.

4 Heav'n displays her portals wide;
Angels attend on ev'ry side;
King of glory! mount the throne,
Thy great Father's and thy own. Hal.

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

6 Ev'ry note with wonder swell;
Sin 's o'erthrown and captiv'd hell!
Where is hell's once dreadful king?
Where, O death, thy mortal sting? Hal.

THE ASCENSION OF CHRIST.

WATTS.] **48.** L. M.

Christ's Ascension and the gift of the Spirit.

Ps. lxviii. 17, 18.

LORD, when thou didst ascend on high
Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky;

Those heav'nly bands around thee wait,
Like chariots that attend thy state.

2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious, when the Lord was there:
While he pronounc'd his dreadful law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious pow'rs of hell,
That thousand souls had captive made,
Were all in chains like captives led.

4 Rais'd by his Father to the throne,
He sent the promis'd Spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

WATTS.] **49.** L. M.

Saints dwell in Heaven; or Christ's Ascension.

Ps. xxiv.

1 THIS spacious earth is all the Lord's,
And men, and worms, and beasts, and birds;
He rais'd the building on the seas,
And gave it for their dwelling place.

2 But there's a brighter world on high,
Thy palace, Lord, above the sky:
Who shall ascend that blest abode,
And dwell so near his maker, God?

3 He that abhors and fears to sin,
Whose heart is pure, whose hands are clean;
Him shall the Lord, the Saviour bless,
And clothe his soul with righteousness.

4 These are the men, the pious race,
That seek the God of Jacob's face;
These shall enjoy the blissful sight,
And dwell in everlasting light.

PAUSE.

5 Rejoice, ye shining worlds on high,
Behold the King of Glory nigh!
Who can this King of Glory be?
The mighty Lord, the Saviour 's he.

6 Ye heav'nly gates, your leaves display,
To make the Lord, the Saviour, way;
Laden with spoils from earth and hell,
The Conqu'ror comes with God to dwell.

7 Rais'd from the dead, he goes before,
He opens heaven's immortal door
To give his saints a blest abode,
Near their Redeemer and their God.

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50. L. M.

Christ's Ascension. Ps. xxiv. 7.

OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay,
'Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
'Ye everlasting doors, give way!'

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims those mansions as his right;
Receive the King of Glory in.

4 'Who is the King of Glory, who?'
The Lord, that all his foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death and hell o'erthrew,
And JESUS is the Conqu'ror's name.

5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay,
'Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates
'Ye everlasting doors, give way!'

6 'Who is the King of Glory, who?'
The Lord, of boundless power possess'd,
The King of Saints and Angels too,
God over all, for ever blest.

STEELE.] **51.** L. M.

COME tune, ye saints, your noblest strains
Your dying, rising Lord to sing,
And echo to the heavenly plains
The triumphs of your Saviour King

2 In songs of grateful rapture tell,
How he subdu'd your potent foes;
Subdu'd the powers of earth and hell,
And dying, finish'd all your woes;

3 Then to his glorious throne on high
Return'd, while hymning angels round,
Through the bright arches of the sky,
'The God! the conqu'ring God!' resound

4 Almighty love! victorious power!
Not angel-tongues can e'er display
The wonders of that dreadful hour,
The joys of that illustrious day.

5 Then well may mortals try in vain,
In vain their feeble voices raise;
Yet Jesus hears the humble strain,
And kindly owns our wish to praise.

6 Dear Saviour, let thy wond'rous grace
Fill ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue,
Till the full glories of thy face
Inspire a sweeter, nobler song.

THE EXALTATION OF CHRIST.

STEELE.] **52.** L. M. *The exalted Saviour*

NOW let us raise our cheerful strains
And join the blissful choir above;

There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And there they sing his wond'rous love.

2 While seraphs tune th' immortal song,
O, may we feel the sacred flame;
And ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue
Adore the Saviour's glorious name!

3 Jesus, who once upon the tree
In agonizing pains expir'd;
Who died for rebels; yes, 'tis he!
How bright! how lovely! how admir'd!

4 Jesus, who died that we might live,
Died in the wretched traitor's place,
O, what returns can mortals give
For such immeasurable grace?

5 Were universal nature ours,
And art, with all her boasted store;
Nature and art, with all their powers,
Would still confess the off'rer poor.

6 Yet, though for bounty so divine
We ne'er can equal honours raise,
Jesus, may all our hearts be thine,
And all our tongues proclaim thy praise

THE INTERCESSION OF CHRIST.

STEELE.] **53.** L. M.

The Intercession of Christ. Heb. vii. 25.

HE lives, the great Redeemer lives;
(What joy the blest assurance gives!
And now, before his Father, God,
Pleads the full merit of his blood.

2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And Justice, arm'd with frowns, appears;
But in the Saviour's lovely face
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

3 Hence then, ye black despairing thoughts,
Above our fears, above our faults;
His pow'rful intercessions rise,
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.

4 In ev'ry dark distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power;
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on his heart.

5 Great Advocate! almighty Friend!
On thee our humble hopes depend:
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

THE EXCELLENCIES OF CHRIST.

DR. WATTS' MISCELLANY. | 54 L. M.

The humiliation, exaltation and triumphs of Christ

Phil. ii 8, 9; Col. ii. 15.

THE mighty frame of glorious grace,
That brightest monument of praise
That e'er the God of love design'd,
Employs and fills my lab'ring mind

2 Begin, my soul, the heavenly song,
A burden for an angel's tongue;
When Gabriel sounds these awful things,
He tunes and summons all his strings.

3 Proclaim inimitable love;
Jesus, the Lord of worlds above,
Puts off the beams of bright array,
And veils the God in mortal clay.

4 He that distributes crowns and thrones,
Hangs on a tree and bleeds and groans
The Prince of Life resigns his breath,
The King of Glory bows to death.

5 But see the wonders of his power!
He triumphs in his dying hour;

And while, by Satan's rage he fell,
He dash'd the rising hopes of hell.

6 Thus were the hosts of death subdu'd,
And sin was drown'd in Jesus' blood;
Thus he arose, and reigns above,
And conquers sinners by his love.

7 Who shall fulfil this boundless song?
The theme surmounts an angel's tongue;
How low, how vain are mortal airs,
When Gabriel's nobler harp despairs.

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25. C. M.

Desire of all nations. Hag. ii. 7; Cant. i. 3.

INFINITE excellence is thine,
Thou lovely Prince of grace!
Thy uncreated beauties shine
With never-fading rays.

2 Sinners from earth's remotest end
Come bending at thy feet;
To thee their prayers and vows ascend,
In thee their wishes meet.

3 Thy name, as precious ointment shed,
Delights the church around;
Sweetly the sacred odours spread
Through all Immanuel's ground.

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

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

S. STENNETT.] **56.** C. M.

Chief among ten thousand; or, the excellencies of Christ. Cant. v. 10, 16.

TO Christ, the Lord, let ev'ry tongue
Its noblest tribute bring;
When he 's the subject of the song,
Who can refuse to sing?

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

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

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

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

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

7 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

8 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet,
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

9 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

COWPER.] **57.** C. M.

Praise for the fountain opened. Zech. viii. 1.

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

2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see
That fountain in his day;
O, may I there, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away!

3 Dear, dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be sav'd, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

5 When this poor lisping stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save.

6 Lord, I believe thou hast prepar'd
(Unworthy though I be)
For me a blood-bought, free reward,
A golden harp for me.

7 'Tis strung and tun'd for endless years,
And form'd by power divine
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but thine.

NEWTON.] **58.** C. M.

The name of Jesus. Sol. Song, i. 3.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place,
My never-failing treasury, fill'd
With stores of boundless grace.

4 By thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defil'd;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am own'd a child.

5 JESUS my shepherd, husband, friend,
My prophet, priest, and king,
My lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praise I bring.

6 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art.
I'll praise thee as I ought.

7 Till then I would thy love proclaim,
With ev'ry fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

NEWTON.] **59.** L. M.

Is this thy kindness to thy friend? 2 Sam. xvi. 19.

POOR, weak and worthless though I am,
I have a rich, almighty friend;

JESUS, the Saviour, is his name,
He freely loves and without end.

2 He ransom'd me from hell with blood
And by his power my foes controll'd;
He found me wandering far from God,
And brought me to his chosen fold.

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

4 But ah! my inmost spirit mourns,
And well with tears my eyes may swim
To think of my perverse returns;
I've been a faithless friend to him.

5 Often my gracious friend I grieve,
Neglect, distrust, and disobey
And often Satan's lies believe,
Sooner than what my friend can say

6 He bids me always freely come,
And promises whate'er I ask;
But I am straiten'd, cold and dumb,
And count my privilege a task.

7 Before the world that hates his cause,
My treach'rous heart has throbb'd with shame;
Loth to forego the world's applause,
I hardly dare avow his name.

8 Sure was I not most vile and base,
I could not thus my friend requite;
And were not he the God of grace,
He 'd frown and spurn me from his sight.

60. C. M.

I'VE found the pearl of greatest price,
My heart doth sing for joy.

And sing I must, a Christ I have,
O, what a Christ have I!

2 Christ is the Way, the Truth, the Life;
The way to God on high,
Life to the dead, the truth of types,
The truth of prophecy.

3 Christ is a Prophet, Priest and King:
A Prophet full of light,
A Priest that stands 'twixt God and man
A King that rules with might.

4 Christ's manhood is a Temple where
The Altar, God, doth rest;
My Christ, he is the Sacrifice,
My Christ, he is the Priest.

5 My Christ, he is the Lord of Lords,
He is the King of Kings;
He is the Sun of righteousness,
With healing in his wings.

6 My Christ, he is the Tree of Life,
Which in God's garden grows;
Whose fruit doth feed, whose leaves do heal
My Christ is Sharon's rose.

7 Christ is my meat, Christ is my drink,
My physic and my health;
My peace, my strength, my joy, my crown,
My glory and my wealth.

8 Christ is my father and my friend,
My brother and my love;
My head, my hope, my counsellor,
My advocate above.

9 My Christ he is the heaven of heavens—
My Christ what shall I call?
My Christ is first, my Christ is last,
My Christ is all in all.

DR. WATTS.] **61.** L. M.

The description of Christ, the beloved. Cant v 9–12, 14–16.

THE wond'ring world inquires to know,
Why I should love my Jesus so;
'What are his charms,' say they, 'above
'The objects of a mortal love?'

2 Yes, my beloved to my sight
Shows a sweet mixture, red and white;
All human beauties, all divine,
In my beloved meet and shine.

3 [White is his soul, from blemish free;
Red with the blood he shed for me;
The fairest of ten thousand fairs;
A sun amongst ten thousand stars.

4 His head the finest gold excels;
There wisdom in perfection dwells,
And glory, like a crown, adorns
Those temples once beset with thorns.

5 Compassions in his heart are found,
Hard by the signals of his wound;
His sacred side no more shall bear
The cruel scourge, the piercing spear.]

6 [His hands are fairer to behold,
Than diamonds set in rings of gold;
Those heavenly hands, that on the tree
Were nail'd, and torn, and bled for me.

7 Though once he bow'd his feeble knees
Loaded with sins and agonies,
Now on the throne of his command,
His legs like marble pillars stand.]

8 [His eyes are majesty and love,
The eagle temper'd with the dove:
No more shall trickling sorrows roll
Through those dear windows of his so

9 His mouth that pour'd out long complaints,
Now smiles and cheers his fainting saints,
His countenance more graceful is
Than Lebanon with all its trees.

10 All over glorious is my Lord;
Must be belov'd, and yet ador'd;
His worth, if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole earth would love him too

---

62. L. M.

OF him who did salvation bring,
I could for ever think and sing;
Arise ye guilty, he'll forgive;
Arise ye needy, he'll relieve.

2 Ask but his grace, and lo! 'tis given,
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven;
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.

3 To shame our sins he blush'd in blood,
He clos'd his eyes to show us God;
Let all the world fall down and know,
That none but God such love could show

4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone
I shed my tears and make my moan:
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.

5 Insatiate, to the spring I fly,
I drink, but yet am ever dry;
Ah! who against thy charms is proof?
Ah! who that loves, can love enough?

GREGG.] **63.** L. M.

Glorying in the Cross of Christ.

JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?

Asham'd of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days.

2 Asham'd of Jesus? Sooner far,
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine,
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Asham'd of Jesus? Just as soon
Let midnight be asham'd of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul, till he,
Bright Morning Star, bids darkness flee.

4 Asham'd of Jesus? That dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

5 Asham'd of Jesus? Yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain;
And O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not asham'd of me.

7 His institutions would I praise,
Take up the cross, the shame despise,
Dare to defend his noble cause,
And yield obedience to his laws

---

64. L. M.

Joseph, my son, is yet alive. Gen. xiv. 26, 28.

YE mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Dismiss your gloomy, groundless fears,
And let your hearts with this revive,
Jesus, the Lord, is yet alive.

2 His saints he loves and never leaves;
The chief of sinners he receives

Then let this truth your souls revive,
The friend of sinners is alive.

3 His saints he'll guard from ev'ry ill,
To them his promises fulfil;
Then let your hearts with this revive
Jesus, the Lord, is yet alive.

4 We need not fear to launch away,
And leave this tenement of clay;
His voice shall make our dust revive,
For Christ, the Lord, is yet alive.

5 Abundant grace he will afford
Till we are present with the Lord,
And prove what we have heard before
That Jesus lives for evermore.

BEDDOME.] **65.** L. M.

Gift of God. John iv. 10.

JESUS, my Lord, my soul's delight
For thee I long, for thee I pray,
Amid the shadows of the night,
Amid the business of the day.

2 Jesus, thou art the gift of God
To sinners weary and distrest,
The first of all his gifts bestow'd,
And certain pledge of all the rest.

3 Could I but say, 'This gift is mine,'
I'd tread the world beneath my feet
No more at poverty repine,
Nor envy sinners rich and great.

4 The precious jewel I would keep,
And lodge it deep within my heart,
At home, abroad, awake, asleep,
It never should from thence depart.

MEDLEY.] **66.** L. M.

One thing needful. Luke x. 42.

JESUS, engrave it on my heart,
That thou the one thing needful art:
I could from all things parted be,
But never, never, Lord, from thee.

2 Needful art thou to make me live;
Needful art thou all grace to give;
Needful to guide me lest I stray,
Needful to help me every day.

3 Needful is thy most precious blood;
Needful is thy correcting rod;
Needful is thy indulgent care,
Needful thy all-prevailing prayer.

4 Needful thy presence, dearest Lord,
True peace and comfort to afford;
Needful thy promise to impart
Fresh life and vigour to my heart.

5 Needful art thou to be my stay
Through all life's dark and stormy way;
Nor less in death thou'lt needful be,
When I yield up my soul to thee.

6 Then shall my soul, with joy supreme,
Dwell on the dear, delightful theme;
Glory and praise be ever his,
'The one thing needful' Jesus is.

FREE GRACE.

DAVIES.] **67.**

...he pardoning God. Micah vii. 18.

GREAT God of wonders, all thy ways
Are matchless, godlike and divine;
But the fair glories of thy face
More godlike and unrivall'd shine.

Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

2 Crimes of such horror to forgive,
Such guilty daring worms to spare,
This is thy grand prerogative,
And none shall in the honour share.
Who is, &c.

3 Angels and men, resign your claim
To pity, mercy, love and grace;
This glorious crown Jehovah's name
With an incomparable blaze.
Who is, &c.

4 In wonder lost, with trembling joy,
We take the pardon of our God,
Pardon for crimes of deepest dye,
A pardon seal'd with Jesus' blood.
Who is, &c.

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

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68. L. M.

Grace united with justice and truth.

INFINITE grace! and can it be
That heaven supreme should stoop so low
To visit one so vile as I,
One who has been his bitt'rest foe!

2 Can holiness and wisdom join
With truth, with justice and with grace
To make eternal blessings mine,
And sin, with all its guilt, erase?

3 O love! beyond conception great,
That form'd the vast stupendous plan,
Where all divine perfections meet
To reconcile rebellious man.

4 There wisdom shines in fullest blaze,
And justice all her rights maintains·
Astonish'd angels stoop to gaze,
While mercy o'er the guilty reigns.

5 Yes, mercy reigns and justice too;
In Christ harmoniously they meet;
He paid to justice all her due,
And now he fills the mercy-seat.

6 Such are the wonders of our God,
And such th' amazing depths of grace,
To save from wrath's vindictive rod
The chosen sons of Adam's race.

7 With grateful songs then let our souls
Surround our gracious Father's throne;
And all between the distant poles
His truth and mercy ever own.

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69. L. M

Salvation by grace, and not by works.

SELF-righteous souls on works rely,
And boast their moral dignity;
But if I lisp a song of praise,
Each note shall echo grace, free grace.

2 Grace! 'tis a most delightful theme;
'Tis grace that rescues guilty man;
'Tis grace divine, all conqu'ring, free,
Or it had never rescued me.

3 'Twas grace that quicken'd me when dead,
And grace my soul to Jesus led;
Grace brought me pardon for my sin,
And grace subdues my lusts within.

4 'Tis grace that sweetens every cross,
And grace supports in every loss;
In Jesus' grace my soul is strong;
Grace is my shield, and grace my song

5 'Tis grace defends when danger's near,
By grace alone I persevere;
'Tis grace constrains my soul to love,
And grace will bear me safe above.

6 O, grace, free grace alone I boast,
And 'tis in grace alone I trust;
And when I rise to heaven, my home,
I'll shout free grace! free grace, alone!

---

70. 7's.

HAIL my ever blessed Jesus,
Only thee I wish to sing;
To my soul thy name is precious,
Thou my prophet, priest and king.

2 O! what mercy flows from heaven,
O! what joy and happiness!
Love I much? I've much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

3 [Witness, all ye hosts of heaven,
My Redeemer's tenderness;
Love I much? I've much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.]

4 Shout, ye bright angelic choir,
Praise the Lamb enthroned above;
Whilst astonish'd, I admire
God's free grace and boundless love.

5 That blest moment I received him,
Fill'd my soul with joy and peace!
Love I much? I've much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

71. S. M.

Salvation by grace, from first to last. Eph. ii. 3

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

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

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

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

[Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow;
'Twas grace which kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.]

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

WATTS.] **72.**

TO him that chose us first,
Before the world began;
To him that bore the curse
To save rebellious man;
To him that form'd our hearts anew
Is endless praise and glory due.

2 The Father's love shall run
Through our immortal songs;

We bring to God, the Son,
Hosannas on our tongues:
Our lips address the Spirit's name
With equal praise and zeal the same.

3 Let every saint above,
And angel round the throne,
For ever bless and love
The sacred Three in One:
Thus heaven shall raise his honours high.
When earth and time grow old and die.

LORD'S DAY.

73. L. M. *Sabbath morning.* Rev. i. 10.

COME, dearest Lord, and bless this day;
Come, bear our thoughts from earth away
Now let our noblest passions rise
With ardour to their native skies.

2 Come, Holy Spirit, all divine,
With rays of light upon us shine,
And let our waiting souls be blest
On this sweet day of sacred rest.

3 Then when our Sabbaths here are o'er
And we arrive on Canaan's shore,
With all the ransom'd we shall spend
A Sabbath which shall never end.

74. C. M. *Sabbath morning.*

COME, let us join, with sweet accord,
In hymns around the throne;
This is the day our rising Lord
Hath made and call'd his own.

2 This is the day, which God hath bless'd
The brightest of the sev'n;
Type of that everlasting rest
The saints enjoy in heav'n.

WATTS.] **75.** C. M. *For the Lord's Day morning*

LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye.

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne,
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God, before whose sigh
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But to thy house will I resort
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

5 O, may thy spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness;
Make ev'ry path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

DR. WATTS.] **76.** S. M.

The Lord's day; or, delight in Ordinances.

WELCOME sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

WATTS.] **77.** C. M.

Christ's resurrection and our salvation.
Ps. cxviii.

THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to th' anointed King!
To David's holy Son!
Help us, O Lord! descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace,
Who comes in God, his Father's name
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna! in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise:
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give them nobler praise.

PRAYER.

MEDLEY.] **78.** C. M.

THE hour of prayer once more is come,
Once more, O Lord, we meet:
Thanks to thy name, there yet is room
To bow beneath thy feet.

2 Our God, our hope, our heavenly friend,
Our father and our all,
Our first great cause, and last great end,
On thee for help we call.

3 The helpless, poor and needy soul,
The tempted and distrest,
Dear Lord, relieve, support, make whole,
And calm the troubled breast.

4 The faith and hope, the joy and love,
Of all thy saints increase;
Hardness and prejudice remove,
And fill our hearts with peace.

HART.] **79.** L. M.

Pray without ceasing. 1 Thes. v. 17.

PRAYER was appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give,
Long as they live should Christians pray
For only while they pray, they *live.*

2 The Christian's heart his prayer indites;
He speaks as prompted from within;
The Spirit his petition writes,
And Christ receives and gives it in.

3 And wilt thou in dead silence lie,
When Christ stands waiting for thy pray'r
My soul, thou hast a friend on high,
Arise and try thy interest there.

4 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress,
If cares distract, or fears dismay,
If guilt deject, if sin distress,
The remedy 's before thee—PRAY.

5 'Tis prayer supports the soul that 's weak,
Tho' thought be broken, language lame
Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak;
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

6 Depend on him, thou canst not fail,
Make all thy wants and wishes known,
Fear not, his merits must prevail;
Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done.

COWPER.] **80. L. M.**

Exhortation to prayer.

WHAT various hindrances we meet,
In coming to a mercy-seat;
Yet, who that knows the worth of prayer
But wishes to be often there?

2 Pray'r makes the darken'd cloud withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide
Success was found on Israel's side;*
But when through weariness they fail'd,
That moment Amaleck prevail'd.

5 Have you no words? Ah, think again;
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear,
With the sad tale of all your care.

6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerfu. song would oft'ner be,
Hear what the Lord has done for me.'

---

* Exodus xvii. 11.

MISSIONS.

81. L. M.

And they went and preached everywhere.

GO, missionaries, and proclaim
The kind Redeemer you have found
Publish his ever precious name
To all the wond'ring nations round.

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

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

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

5 Tell *all* the distant isles afar,
That lie in darkness and the grave,
You have *the glorious light to show,*
Jesus has come *to seek and save.*

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

82. L. M.

The fall of Babylon indicated from the spreading of the Gospel.

PROUD Babylon yet waits her doom,
Nor can her tott'ring palace fall,
Till some blest messenger arise
The spacious heathen world to call

2 And see the glorious time approach;
Behold the mighty angel fly
The gospel tidings to convey
To every land beneath the sky.

3 O, see on both the Indies' coasts,
And Africa's unhappy shore,
The untaught savage press to hear,
And, hearing, wonder and adore.

4 [See, while the joyful truth is told,
'That Jesus left his throne in heaven
'And suffer'd, died, and rose again,
'That guilty souls might be forgiven

5 See what delight, unfelt before,
Beams in his fix'd, attentive eye;
And hear him ask, 'For wretched me
'Did the divine Redeemer die?

6 'Ah! why have ye so long forborne
'To tell such welcome news as this?
'Go now, let every sinner hear,
'And share in such exalted bliss.']

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

---

83. L. M.

TO distant lands thy gospel send,
And thus thy empire wide extend.
To Gentile, Turk and stubborn Jew,
Thou King of grace, salvation shew.

2 Where'er thy sun or light arise,
Thy name, O God! immortalize;
May nations, yet unborn, confess
Thy wisdom, power and righteousness

84. L. M.

More labourers wanted.

LORD, where we cast our eyes abroad,
And see on heathen altars slain,
Poor helpless babes for sacrifice,
To purge their parents' dismal stain.

2 We can't behold such horrid deeds
Without a groan of ardent prayer;
And, while each heart in anguish bleeds,
We cry, Lord, send thy gospel there.

3 For them we pray, for them we wait,
To them thy great salvation shew,
Thy harvest, Lord, is truly great,
But faithful labourers are few.

4 O, send out preachers, gracious Lord,
Among that dark, bewilder'd race;
Open their eyes, and bless thy word,
And call them by thy sovereign grace.

85.

O thou great source of light and love,
Look down in mercy from above
On all the pagan race;
Send thy victorious word abroad
To bring lost sinners home to God;
O, save them by thy grace!

2 Ye messengers of Jesus, rise;
Proclaim the bleeding sacrifice
Throughout the heathen world;
Point out their lost estate, and tell
The love of King Immanuel,
Though half can ne'er be told.

3 Proclaim inimitable love,
Which brought the Saviour from above;
Such love 's in God alone:
For us he wept, and pray'd and cried,

Offer'd his life, and bled, and died;
This breaks the heart of stone.

4 Tell men they're lost, deprav'd, undone,
That none can save them but the Son·
They'll perish in their sin;
Then say 'Behold the Lamb of God
'For sin alone;' believe his word,
Repent and turn to him.

5 Almighty Saviour! God of love!
Send down thy spirit from above
Upon thy servants here;
May they march forth with heavenly zea.
To pagan lands thy love reveal;
O, crown them with success!

IMPUTED RIGHTEOUSNESS.

86. L. M.

Imputed righteousness. Jer. xxiii. 6; Isai. lxi. 1
xlv. 24; liv. 17; 1 Cor. i. 30; 2 Cor. v. 21.

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.

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

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

4 Thus Abraham the friend of God,
Thus all the armies bought with blood

Saviour of sinners, thee proclaim;
Sinners, of whom the chief I am.

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

6 O, let the dead now hear thy voice;
Bid, Lord, thy banish'd ones rejoice:
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord, our righteousness.

DR. WATTS.] **87.** C. M.

Spiritual Apparel: namely, the Robe of Righteousness and Garments of Salvation. Isa. lxi. 10.

AWAKE, my heart, arise, my tongue,
Prepare a tuneful voice;
In God, the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.

2 'Twas he adorn'd my naked soul,
And made salvation mine;
Upon a poor polluted worm
He makes his graces shine.

3 And lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around.

4 How far the heavenly robe exceeds
What earthly princes wear!
These ornaments, how bright they shine
How white the garments are!

5 The Spirit wrought my faith and love,
And hope, and every grace;
But Jesus spent his life to work
The robe of righteousness.

6 Strangely, my soul, art thou array'd,
By the great sacred THREE;
In sweetest harmony of praise
Let all thy powers agree.

---

88. L. M.

Let me look on his wounds and weep. 2 Cor. v. 21.

HIGH on a throne my Lord doth sit,
Though once he suffer'd here below
In groans, and tears, and blood, and sweat,
Such pain as mortals never know.

2 And shall I now forgetful be
Of his sharp sorrows, while he hung
Expanded on th' accursed tree,
Tortured by spear, and whip, and thong?

3 No: rather let me ever mourn,
And weep o'er my expiring God;
For 'twas my sins, and not his own,
That drain'd his last remaining blood.

4 Lord, how shall I a tribute bring,
For such immeasurable grace?
For thou wast once for me made sin,
That I might be thy righteousness.

HART.] **89.** C M.

For the kingdom of God is not in word, but in power. 1 Cor. iv. 20.

A FORM of words, though e'er so sound
Can never save a soul;
The Holy Ghost must give the wound,
And make the wounded whole.

2 Though God's *election* is a truth,
Small comfort there I see,
Till I am told by God's own mouth,
That he has chosen me.

3 Sinners, I read, are justified
By faith in Jesus' blood;
But when to *me* that blood's applied,
'Tis then it does me good.

4 To perseverance I agree;
The thing to me is clear:
Because the Lord has promis'd me,
That I shall persevere

5 Imputed righteousness I own
A doctrine most divine;
For Jesus to my heart makes known
That all his merit 's *mine*.

6 That Christ is God I can avouch,
And for his people cares,
Since I have pray'd to him as such,
And he has heard my prayers.

7 That sinners black as hell, by Christ
Are sav'd, I know full well;
For I his mercy have not miss'd,
And I am black as hell.

8 Thus Christians glorify the Lord;
His Spirit joins with ours,
In bearing witness to his word,
With all its saving powers.

---

90. L. M.

Come and see free grace and righteousness in Christ.

JESUS, dear name, how sweet it sounds
Replete with balm for all my wounds!
His word declares his grace is free;
Come, needy sinner, come and see.

2 He left the shining courts on high,
Came to our world to bleed and die;
Jesus, the God, hung on a tree,
Come, thoughtless sinner, come and see.

3 Your sins did pierce his bleeding heart,
Till death had done its dreadful part;
Yet his dear love still burns to thee;
Come, trembling sinner, come and see.

4 His blood will cleanse the foulest stain,
And make the filthy leper clean;
His fountain open stands for thee;
Come, guilty sinner, come and see.

5 The garments of his shining face,
The glorious robe of righteousness,
In this array thou bright shall be;
Come, naked sinner, come and see.

6 No tongue can tell what glories shine
In our Immanuel, all divine;
O, that, in sweetest melody,
Each heart may sing, 'He died for me.

WATTS.] **91.** L. M.

Christ our wisdom, righteousness, &c.
1 Cor. i. 30.

BURIED in shadows of the night,
We lie till Christ restores the light;
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.

2 Our guilty souls are drown'd in tears,
Till his atoning blood appears;
Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing, 'the Lord our righteousness.'

3 Our very frame is mix'd with sin;
His spirit makes our natures clean;
Such virtues from his suff'rings flow,
At once to cleanse and pardon too.

4 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his slaves in heavy chains;

He sets the pris'ners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.

5 Poor helpless worms in thee possess
Grace, wisdom, power and righteousness,
Thou art our mighty All, and we
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

HART.] **92.** C. M.

Who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption 1 Cor. i. 30.

BELIEVERS own they are but blind;
They know themselves unwise;
But *wisdom* in the Lord they find,
Who opens all their eyes.

2 Unrighteous are they all, when tried;
But God himself declares,
In Jesus they are justified;
His righteousness is their's.

3 That we're unholy needs no proof;
We sorely feel the fall;
But Christ has holiness enough
To *sanctify* us all.

4 Exposed by sin to God's just wrath
We look to Christ, and view
Redemption in his blood by faith,
And *full* redemption too.

5 Some this, some that, good virtue teach,
To rectify the soul;
But we first after Jesus reach,
And richly grasp the whole.

6 To Jesus join'd, we all that's good,
From him, our head, derive;
We eat his flesh and drink his blood,
And *by* and *in* him live.

ALMS.

93. L. M.

Collection for the poor. The beneficence of Christ for our imitation.

WHEN Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,
What were his works from day to day?
Sweet miracles of power and grace,
That spread salvation through our race.

2 Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view
Thy pattern, and thy steps pursue;
Let alms bestow'd, let kindness done,
Be witness'd by each rolling sun.

3 That man may last, but never lives,
Who much receives but nothing gives,
Whom none can love, whom none can thank
Creation's blot, creation's blank.

4 But he who marks, from day to day,
In generous acts his radiant way,
Treads the same path his Saviour trod,
The path to glory and to God.

94. L. M.

Of thine own have we given thee. 1 Chron. xxix. 14

THE Lord who rules the world's affairs
For me a well-spread board prepares
My grateful thanks to him shall rise;
He knows my wants, those wants supplies

2 And shall I grudge to give his poor
A mite from all my generous store?
No, Lord; the friends of thine and thee
Shall always find a friend in me.

3 My grateful heart shall feel their woes,
For their relief shall interpose;
And, of the bounties I receive,
I cheerful will a portion give.

HAWEIS.] **95.** 8s.

O JESUS! to tell of thy love,
My soul shall forever delight,
And join with the blessed above,
In praises by day and by night!
Whenever I follow thee, Lord,
Admiring, adoring, I see
That love, which was stronger than death,
Flowing out to a sinner like me.

2 Descending from glory on high,
With men thou delightest to dwell,
Contented to die in their stead,
By dying to save them from hell,
Despising the cross and its shame,
I hear thy deep groan from the tree,
And see the rich blood trickling down,
It was shed for a sinner like me.

3 Behold him, all ye that pass by,
This man so acquainted with grief,
Ye desperate, helpless, undone,
This sacrifice brings you relief,
Beneath the dark shade of his corpse,
Sin, death, and the grave we defy,
Since Jesus has suffered for us,
It is gain for believers to die.

NEWTON.] **96.** L. P.

REMEMBER us, we pray thee, Lord,
With those who love thy gracious name
And to our souls that good afford,
Thy promise has prepared for them.

2 To us thy great salvation show,
Give us a taste of love divine;

That we, thy people's joy may know,
And in their holy triumph join.

3 Teach me to do thy holy will,
And lead me to thy heavenly hill;
Let the good Spirit of thy love
Conduct me to thy courts above.

ORDINATION OF MINISTERS.

97. L. M.

People's prayer for their minister.

WITH heavenly power, O Lord, defend
Him, whom we now to thee commend,
His person bless, his soul secure,
And make him to the end endure.

2 Gird him with all-sufficient grace;
Direct his feet in paths of peace;
Thy truth and faithfulness fulfil,
And help him to obey thy will.

3 Before him thy protection send;
O, love him, save him to the end;
Nor let him, as a pilgrim, rove
Without the convoy of thy love.

4 Enlarge, inflame, and fill his heart,
In him thy mighty power exert,
That thousands yet unborn may praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

HAMMOND.] **98.** 7s.

After the charge. Prov. xi. 30.

WOULD you win a soul to God?
Tell him of the Saviour's blood;

Say how Jesus' bowels move;
Tell him of redeeming love.

2 Tell him how the streams did glide
From his hands, his feet, his side;
How his head with thorns was crown'd,
And his heart in sorrow drown'd.

3 Tell him how he suffer'd death,
Freely yielded up his breath,
Died and rose to intercede,
As our advocate and head.

4 Tell him it was sovereign grace
Wrought on you to seek his face;
Made you choose the better part;
Brought salvation to your heart.

5 Tell him of that liberty,
Wherewith Jesus makes us free:
Sweetly speak of sins forgiven,
Earnest of the joys of heaven.

ORDINATION OF DEACONS.

J. B. Cook.] **99.** L. M.

At the choice of a Deacon.

THOU sacred spirit, heavenly dove,
Distil thy dews of joy and love;
O'erspread our souls with rays of light,
And guide our erring judgment right.

2 From our dear brethren taught thy word,
Fain would we choose a Deacon, Lord;
One, who may fill the office well,
And in the faith of Christ excel.

3 In thee we trust, on thee depend,
Our constant never-failing friend;
Assist us, Lord, and bless our choice,
And in thy name we will rejoice.

RECEIVING OF FELLOWSHIP.

100. C. M.

After Baptism.

ETERNAL God, now smile on those,
Who, hoping in thy word,
This day have publicly declar'd
That Jesus is their Lord.

2 With cheerful feet may they advance,
And run the Christian race,
And, through the troubles of the way.
Find all-sufficient grace.

101. L. M.

Admission of new members. Gen. xxiv. 31.

WELCOME, ye well-belov'd of God,
Ye heirs of grace, redeem'd by blood
Welcome, with us your hands to join,
As partners of our lot divine.

2 With us the pilgrim's state embrace;
We're trav'lling to a blissful place;
The Holy Ghost, who knows the way,
Conducts us on from day to day.

3 Embrace the cross and bear it on
It shall be light and not be long;
Soon shall we sit with Jesus down,
And wear an everlasting crown.

BEFORE SERMON.

102. C. M.

Casting the Gospel net. Luke v. 5; John xxi. 6

NOW, while the Gospel net is cast,
Do thou, O Lord, the effort own;

From numerous disappointments past,
Teach us to hope in thee alone.

2 May this be a much-favour'd hour,
To souls in Satan's bondage led;
O, clothe thy word with sovereign power,
To break the rocks and raise the dead.

3 To mourners speak a cheering word,
On seeking souls vouchsafe to shine;
Let poor backsliders be restor'd,
And all thy saints in praises join.

4 [O, hear our prayer, and give us hope,
That when thy voice shall call us home
Thou still wilt raise a people up,
To love and praise thee in our room.]

NEWTON.] **103.** C. M.

NOW, Lord, inspire the preacher's heart
And teach his tongue to speak;
Food to the hungry soul impart,
And cordials to the weak.

2 Furnish us all with light and powers
To walk in wisdom's ways;
So shall the benefit be ours,
And thou shalt have the praise.

HART.] **104.** C. M.

ONCE more we come before our God
Once more his blessing ask;
O, may not duty seem a load,
Nor worship prove a task.

2 Father, thy quick'ning Spirit send
From heaven, in Jesus' name,
To make our waiting minds attend,
And put our souls in frame.

3 May we receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart;
Hoard up the precious treasure there,
And never with it part.

4 To seek thee all our hearts dispose,
To each thy blessings suit;
And let the seed thy servant sows,
Produce a copious fruit.

5 Bid the refreshing north wind, wake;
Say to the south wind, blow;
Let every plant thy power partake,
And all the garden grow.

6 Revive the parch'd with heavenly showers
The cold with warmth divine;
And as the benefit is ours,
Be all the glory thine.

DR. WATTS.] **105.** L. M.

The books of Nature and of Scripture compared or, the glory and success of the Gospel.

THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess;
But the bless'd volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon and stars, convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touch'd and glanc'd on every land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run
Till Christ hath all the nations blest,
That see the light or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renew'd, and sins forgiven;
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

DR. WATTS.] **106.** L. M.

Longing after God; or, the love of God better than life.

GREAT GOD, indulge my humble claim;
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest
The glories that compose thy name,
Stand all engag'd to make me blest.

2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God!
And I am thine by sacred ties;
Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood

3 With heart and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look;
As travellers, in thirsty lands,
Pant for the cooling water brook.

4 With early feet, I love t' appear
Among thy saints, and seek thy face;
Oft have I seen thy glory there,
And felt the power of sovereign grace.

5 Not fruits nor wines that tempt our taste,
Nor all the joys our senses know,
Could make me so divinely blest,
Or raise my cheerful passions so.

6 My life itself, without thy love,
No taste of pleasure could afford;
Twould but a tiresome burden prove,
If I were banish'd from the Lord.

7 Amidst the wakeful hours of night,
When busy cares afflict my head,
One thought of thee gives new delight,
And adds refreshment to my bed.

8 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And spend the remnant of my days.

DR. WATTS.] **107.** L. M.

The enjoyment of Christ; or, delight in worship.

FAR from my thoughts, vain world, be gone,
Let my religious hours alone:
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see;
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire;
Come, my dear Jesus, from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.

3 [The trees of life immortal stand,
In fragrant rows at thy right hand;
And in sweet murmurs, by their side,
Rivers of bliss perpetual glide.

4 Haste then, but with a smiling face,
And spread the table of thy grace;
Bring down a taste of truth divine,
And cheer my heart with sacred wine.]

5 Bless'd Jesus, what delicious fare!
How sweet thy entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above,
Redeeming grace, and dying love.

6 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine;
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest one,
That eyes have seen, or angels known.

NEWTON.] **108.** C. M.

THY promise, Lord, and thy command,
Have brought us here to-day;
And now we humbly waiting stand,
To hear what thou wilt say.

2 Meet us we pray, with words of peace;
And fill our hearts with love;
That from our follies we may cease,
And henceforth faithful prove.

DR. WATTS.] **109.** L. M.

Life, the day of Grace and Hope. Eccles. ix. 4, 6, 10.

LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' insure the great reward
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

2 [Life is the hour that God hath given,
To 'scape from hell, and fly to heaven;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.]

3 The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie;
Their mem'ry and their sense is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

4 [Their hatred and their love is lost,
Their envy buried in the dust;
They have no share in all that 's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.]

5 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands with all your might pursue;
Since no device, nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground

6 There are no acts of pardon pass'd
In the cold grave, to which we haste,
But darkness, death, and long despair,
Reign in eternal silence there.

DR. WATTS.] **110.** C. M.

Breathing after the Holy Spirit; or, fervency of devotion desired.

COME, holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 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!

5 Come holy Spirit, heavenly Dove;
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

BETWEEN PRAYER AND SERMON.

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111. C. M.

The divinity of Christ.

THEE we adore, eternal Word!
The Father's equal son;

By heaven's obedient hosts ador'd,
Ere time its course begun.

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

3 But ransom'd sinners, with delight
Sublimer facts survey;
The all-creating Word unite
Himself to dust and clay.

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

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

---

112. 7s.

A blessing humbly requested.

LORD, we come before thee now
At thy feet we humbly bow:
O, do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 In thy own appointed way
Now we seek thee; here we stay;
Lord, from hence we would not go
Till a blessing thou bestow.

3 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

4 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee, a God supremely kind;
Heal the sick; the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

---

113. 7s.

Love of Jesus.

LOVE divine, how sweet the sound.
May the theme on earth abound;
May the hearts of saints below
With the sacred rapture glow.

2 Love amazing, large and free;
Love unknown, to think on me!
Jesus, of thy love possess'd,
I am now, and shall be blest.

3 Better than this life of mine,
Saviour, is thy love divine;
Drop the veil and let me see
Oceans of this love in thee.

BEDDOME.] **114.** S. M.

He beheld the city, and wept over it. Luke xix. 41.

DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from ev'ry eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
Angels with wonder see,
Be thou astonish'd, O my soul!
These tears were shed for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear:
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there 's no weeping there.

115. L. M.

THOU, who for sinners once wast slain
Once dead, but now alive again;
Give me to know, to taste and prove
The power and sweetness of thy love.

2 Give me to feel my sins forgiven,
And know myself an heir of heaven;
My conscience sprinkle with thy blood,
And fill me with the love of God.

---

116. 8, 7, 4.

Prayer for minister and people.

DEAREST Saviour, help thy servant
To proclaim thy wondrous love,
Pour thy grace upon his people,
That thy truth they may approve:
Bless, O bless them,
From thy shining courts above.

2 Now thy gracious word invites them
To partake the gospel feast
Let thy spirit sweetly draw them,
Ev'ry soul be Jesus' guest!
O, receive us,
Let us find the promis'd rest.

---

117. L. M.

Joy in heaven for a repenting sinner. Luke xv. 7

WHO can describe the joys that rise
Through all the courts of paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born?

2 With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of his eternal love;
The Son with joy looks down and sees
The purchase of his agonies.

3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul he form'd anew;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

WATTS.] **118.** C. M. *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 around.

2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives;
Jesus, our King, for ever reigns,
Our God for ever lives.

---

119. *Forms vain without religion.*

ALMIGHTY Maker, God,
How wondrous is thy name!
Thy glories how diffused abroad
Through the creation's frame!

2 Nature, in every dress,
Her humble homage pays,
And finds a thousand ways t' express
Thine undissembled praise.

3 My soul would rise and sing
To her Creator too;
Fain would my tongue adore my King,
And pay the worship due.

4 Create my soul anew,
Else all my worship's vain,
This wretched heart will ne'er be true,
Until 'tis formed again.

5 Let joy and worship spend
The remnant of my days,
And to my God my soul ascend
In sweet perfumes of praise.

WATTS.] **120.** L. M.

Hope in the Covenant. Heb. vi. 17—19.

HOW oft have sin and Satan strove
To rend my soul from thee, my God!
But everlasting is thy love,
And Jesus seals it with his blood.

2 The oath and promise of the Lord
Join to confirm the wondrous grace;
Eternal power performs the word,
And fills all heaven with endless praise.

3 Amidst temptations sharp and long,
My soul to this dear refuge flies,
Hope is my anchor firm and strong,
While tempests blow and billows rise.

4 The gospel bears my spirit up;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation of my hope
In oaths, in promises and blood.

STEELE.] **121.** C. M.

JESUS! in thy transporting name
What blissful glories rise!
Jesus, the angels' sweetest theme,
The wonder of the skies!

2 Well might the skies with wonder view
A love so strange as thine!
No thought of angels ever knew
Compassion so divine.

3 Jesus, and didst thou leave the sky
For miseries and woes?
And didst thou bleed, and groan, and die,
For vile, rebellious foes?

4 [Victorious love! can language tell
The wonders of thy power,
Which conquer'd all the force of hell
In that tremendous hour?

5 What glad return can I impart
For favours so divine?
O, take my heart, this worthless heart,
And make it only thine.]

---

122. S. M. *Hungry for spiritual food.*

HUNGRY, and faint, and poor,
Behold us, Lord, again
Assembled at thy mercy's door,
Thy bounty to obtain.

2 Thy word invites us nigh,
Or we must starve indeed,
For we no money have to buy,
No righteousness to plead.

3 The food our spirits want
Thy hand alone can give;
O, hear the pray'r of faith, and grant
That we may eat and live.

DOSSEY.] **123.** S. M.
Divine assistance invoked.

ASSIST thy servant, Lord,
The gospel to proclaim;
Let power and love attend the word,
And every breast inflame.

2 Bid unbelief depart;
Banish the fear of man;

Take full possession of his heart,
And glorify thy name.

3 Make stubborn sinners bend
To thy divine control;
Constrain the wand'ring to attend,
And make the wounded whole.

4 Extend thy conqu'ring arm,
With banner wide unfurl'd,
Until thy glorious grace shall charm
And harmonize the world.

WATTS.] **124.** L. M.

THIS life's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world, to which we go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake and find me there?

2 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

3 My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

---

125. L. M.

Desiring communion with God.

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

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

4 For thee I pant, for thee I burn;
Art thou withdrawn? again return;
Nor let me be the first to say
Thou wilt not hear when sinners pray

WATTS.] **126.** L. M.

The love of Christ shed abroad in the heart.

COME dearest Lord, 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.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength;
Make our enlarged souls possess
And learn the height, and breadth, and length,
Of thine immeasurable grace.

3 Now to the God, whose power can do
More than our thoughts and wishes know,
Be everlasting honours done
By all the church through Christ his Son

AFTER SERMON.

NEWTON.] **127.** C. M.

Faith' review and expectation. 1 Chron. xvii. 16, 17.

AMAZING grace! (how sweet the sound!)
That sav'd a wretch like me;
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see!

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears reliev'd;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believ'd!

3 Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;

'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promis'd good to me;
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess within the vail,
A life of joy in peace.

6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who call'd me here below,
Will be for ever mine.

---

128. L. M.

DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy word,
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good
Wash all our souls in Jesus' blood,
Give every fetter'd soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

---

129. S. M.

ONCE more before we part,
We'll bless the Saviour's name,
Record his mercies, every heart,
Sing every tongue the same.

2 Hoard up his sacred word,
And feed thereon, and grow;
Go on, and seek to know the Lord
And practise what you know.

130.

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, O refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy Gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
Ever faithful, ever faithful
To the truth, may we be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal 's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever, may we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

DR. WATTS.] **131.** S. M.

The passion and exaltation of Christ.

COME, all harmonious tongues,
Your noblest music bring;
'Tis Christ the everlasting God,
And Christ the man we sing.

2 Tell how he took our flesh,
To take away our guilt;
Sing the dear drops of sacred blood,
That hellish monsters spilt.

3 [Alas! the cruel spear
Went deep into his side,
And the rich flood of purple gore
Their murd'rous weapons dyed.]

4 [The waves of swelling grief
Did o'er his bosom roll,
And mountains of Almighty wrath
Lay heavy on his soul.]

5 Down to the shades of death
He bow'd his awful head;
Yet he arose to live and reign
When death itself is dead.

6 No more the bloody spear,
The cross and nails no more;
For hell itself shakes at his name,
And all the heavens adore.

7 There the Redeemer sits,
High on the Father's throne:
The Father lays his vengeance by,
And smiles upon his Son.

8 There his full glories shine
With uncreated rays,
And bless his saints' and angels eyes,
To everlasting days.

DODDRIDGE.] **132.** C. M.

The condescending grace of Christ. Mat. xx. 28

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

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

3 For us, mean, wretched, sinful men,
Thou laid'st that glory by,
First, in our mortal flesh to serve;
Then, in that flesh to die

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

WATTS.] **133.** L. M.

SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour God,
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temp'rance, truth and love
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

---

134. 7s.

THANKS for mercies past receive
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view.

2 Bless thy word to old and young;
Grant us, Lord, thy peace and love;
And, when life's short race is run,
Take us to thy house above.

135. *Parting Song.*

NOW brethren, ere we part,
Let's join to praise our God
His love fill every heart,
While we are on the road:
'Tis sweet to feel our Saviour's love,
But sweeter still in heaven above.

2 There we shall meet again,
Should we ne'er meet on earth;
We'll see our Saviour's face,
And sing our heavenly birth;
Our parting end, while we adore
Our blessed God for ever more.

3 But let us ne'er forget
To beg our children dear
To come to Christ, our Lord,
And seek him while he's near:
May we all meet in heaven above,
And join to praise redeeming love.

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136. L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly hosts,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

WATTS.] **137.** C M.

LET God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or Saints to love the Lord.

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138. S. M.

OUR Father God adore,
And praise his equal Son;

The spirit bless for evermore,
Three mysteries in one.

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139. L. M.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in one,
Be honour, praise and glory given
By all on earth, and all in heaven

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140. C. M.

TO praise the Father and the Son
And Spirit, all divine,
The one in three, and three in one,
Let saints and angels join.

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141. L. M.

HAIL, Father! hail, eternal Son!
Hail, sacred Spirit, three in one.
Blessings and thanks, and power divine,
Thrice holy Lord, be ever thine!

THE CHRISTIAN.

COWPER.] **142.** C. M.

The contrite heart. Isaiah lvii. 15.

THE Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow;
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart or no?

I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel;
If aught is felt, 'tis only pain,
To find I cannot feel.

3 I sometimes think myself inclin'd
To love thee, if I could;
But often feel another mind,
Averse to all that's good.

4 My best desires are faint and few,
I fain would strive for more;
But when I cry, 'my strength renew,
Seem weaker than before.

5 Thy saints are comforted I know,
And love thy house of prayer;
I therefore go where others go,
But find no comfort there.

6 O, make this heart rejoice or ache,
Decide this doubt for me;
And if it be not broken, break,
And heal it, if it be.

COWPER.] **143.** C. M.

Jehovah our righteousness. Jer. xxiii. 6.

MY God, how perfect are thy ways!
But mine polluted are;
Sin twines itself about my praise,
And slides into my prayer.

2 If I would speak what thou hast done
To save me from my sin,
I cannot make thy mercies known,
But self-applause creeps in.

3 Divine desire, that holy flame
Thy grace creates in me,
Alas! impatience is its name,
When it returns to thee.

4 This heart, a fountain of vile thoughts,
How does it overflow!
While self upon the surface floats,
Still bubbling from below.

5 Let others in the gaudy dress
Of fancied merit shine;
The Lord shall be my righteousness,
The Lord for ever mine.

DR. DODDRIDGE.] **144.** C. M.

Jesus, precious to them that believe. 1 Peter ii. 7

JESUS, I love thy charming name;
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven might hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honours of thy name,
With my last laboring breath;
And dying, clasp thee in my arms,
The antidote of death.

---

145. C. M.

Self-denial. Mark viii. 34; Luke ix. 23.

AND must I part with all I have,
My dearest Lord, for thee?
It is but right, since thou hast done
Much more than this for me.

2 Yes, let it go; one look from thee
Will more than make amends
For all the losses I sustain,
Of credit, riches, friends.

3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,
How worthless they appear,
Compared with thee, supremely good,
Divinely bright and fair!

4 Saviour of souls, could I from thee
A single smile obtain,
Though destitute of all things else,
I'd glory in my gain.

DR. WATTS' LYRIC POEMS.] **146. S M.**

Confession and Pardon. 1 John i. 9; Prov xxviii. 18.

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

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

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

4 O, shall I never feel
The meltings of thy love?
Am I of such hell-harden'd steel
That mercy cannot move?

5 O'ercome by dying love,
Here at thy cross I lie;

And throw my flesh, my soul, my all,
And weep, and love, and die.

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

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

NEWTON.] **147.** L. M.

Prayer answered by crosses.

I ASK'D the Lord that I might grow
In faith, and love, and every grace;
Might more of his salvation know,
And seek more earnestly his face.

2 'Twas he, who taught me first to pray,
And he, I trust, has answer'd prayer;
But it has been in such a way,
As almost drove me to despair.

3 I hoped that in some favour'd hour,
At once he'd answer my request;
And by his love's constraining power
Subdue my sins and give me rest.

4 Instead of this, he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart,
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in every part.

5 Yes, more; with his own hand he seem'd
Intent to aggravate my woe;
Cross'd all the fair designs I schem'd,
Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.

6 'Lord, why is this?' I trembling cried,
'Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death

'Tis in this way,' the Lord replied,
'I answer prayer for grace and faith.

7 'These inward trials I employ,
'From self and pride to set thee free;
'And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
'That thou may'st seek thy all in me

FAWCETT.] **148.** C M

Inward Religion. James i. 27.

RELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below;
May I its great importance learn,
Its sovereign virtue know.

2 More needful this, than glittering wealth
Or aught the world bestows;
Not reputation, food, or health,
Can give us such repose.

3 *Religion* should our thoughts engage,
Amidst our youthful bloom;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.

4 O, may my heart, by grace renew'd,
Be my Redeemer's throne;
And be my stubborn will subdu'd,
His government to own.

5 Let deep repentance, faith, and love
Be join'd with godly fear;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.

6 Preserve me from the snares of sin,
Through my remaining days;
And in me let each virtue shine
To my Redeemer's praise.

7 Let lively hope my soul inspire;
Let warm affections rise;
And may I wait with strong desire,
To mount above the skies

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149. L. M.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

WESLEY'S COLLECTION.] **150.** S. M

I WANT a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease;
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my suff'rings less.

2 This blessing above all,
Always to pray, I want;
Out on the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint

3 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmov'd by threat'nings or reward,
To thee and thy great name.

4 A jealous, just concern
For thine immortal praise;
A pure desire, that all may learn
And glorify thy grace.

5 I want with all my heart,
Thy pleasure to fulfil;
To know myself, and what thou art,
And what thy perfect will.

6 I want, I know not what;
I want my wants to see;
I want—alas! what want I not
When thou art not in me?

NEWTON.] **151.** S. M.

The good that I would, I do not. Rom vii. 19.

I WOULD, but cannot, sing;
Guilt has untun'd my voice;
The serpent, sin's envenom'd sting,
Has poison'd all my joys.

2 I know the Lord is nigh,
And would, but cannot, pray;

For Satan meets me when I try
And frights my soul away.

3 I would, but can't repent,
Though I endeavour oft;
This stony heart can ne'er relent,
Till Jesus make it soft.

4 I would, but cannot, love,
Though woo'd by love divine;
No arguments have power to move
A soul so base as mine.

5 I would, but cannot, rest
In God's most holy will;
I know what he appoints is best,
Yet murmur at it still.

6 O, could I but believe,
Then all would easy be;
I would, but cannot—LORD, relieve,
My help must come from thee.

7 But if indeed I *would*,
Though I can nothing do;
Yet the *desire* is something good,
For which my praise is due.

8 By nature prone to ill,
Till thine appointed hour,
I was as destitute of will,
As now I am of power.

9 Wilt thou not crown, at length,
The work thou hast begun;
And with a will, afford me strength,
In all thy ways to run?

NEWTON.] **152.** C. M.

O, that I were as in months past! Job xxix. 2.

SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pard'ning blood,

Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God!

2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
His praises tun'd my tongue;
And when the evening shades prevail'd,
His love was all my song.

3 In vain the tempter spread his wiles;
The world no more could charm;
I liv'd upon my Saviour's smiles,
And lean'd upon his arm.

4 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I call'd each promise mine.

5 Then to his saints I often spoke,
Of what his love had done;
But now my heart is almost broke,
For all my joys are gone.

6 Now, when the evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

7 My prayers are now a chatt'ring noise,
For Jesus hides his face;
I read, the promise meets my eyes,
But will not reach my case.

8 Now, Satan threatens to prevail,
And make my soul his prey;
Yet, Lord, thy mercies cannot fail,
O, come without delay.

COWPER.] **153.** C M.

Walking with God. Gen. v. 24.

OH! for a closer walk with God
A calm and heav'nly frame·

A light to shine upon the road,
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When I obey'd the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view,
Of JESUS, and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.

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

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

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road,
That leads me to the Lamb.

DR. WATTS' SERMONS.] **154.** C. M

O that I knew where I might find him. Job xxiii. 3, 4.

O THAT I knew the secret place,
Where I might find my God!
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.

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

He knows what arguments I'd take,
To wrestle with my God;

I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
And for my Saviour's blood.

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

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

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155. C. M. *True happiness.*

HOW happy is the Christian's state!
His sins are all forgiven;
A cheering ray confirms the grace,
And lifts his hopes to heaven.

2 Though in the rugged path of life,
He heaves the pensive sigh;
Yet, trusting in his God, he finds
Delivering grace is nigh.

3 If to prevent his wand'ring steps,
He feels the chast'ning rod,
The gentle stroke shall bring him back
To his forgiving God.

4 And when the welcome message comes
To call his soul away,
His soul in rapture shall ascend
To everlasting day.

NEWTON.] **156.** 7s.
Graces of the Spirit.

'TIS a point I long to know,
(Oft it causes anxious thought,)
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?

2 If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeless frame?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name.

3 Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Every trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?

4 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild;
Fill'd with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child?

5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do;
You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you?

6 Yet, I mourn my stubborn will;
Find my sin a grief and thrall,
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

7 Could I joy his saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorr'd,
Find at times the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord?

8 Lord, decide the doubtful case;
Thou who art thy people's Sun,
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

9 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin to-day.

FAWCETT.] **157.** C. M.

WITH melting heart, and weeping eye
My guilty soul for mercy cries·

What shall I do or whither flee,
T' escape that vengeance due to me?

2 Till now, I saw no danger nigh:
I liv'd at ease, nor fear'd to die;
Wrapt up in self-conceit and pride,
'I shall have peace at last,' I cried.

3 But when, great God, thy light divine
Had shone on this dark soul of mine,
Then I beheld, with trembling awe,
The terrors of thy holy law.

4 How dreadful now my guilt appears,
In childhood, youth, and growing years!
Before thy pure, discerning eye,
Lord, what a filthy wretch am I!

5 Should vengeance still my soul pursue,
Death and destruction are my due;
Yet mercy can my guilt forgive,
And bid a dying sinner live.

6 Does not thy sacred word proclaim
Salvation free, in *Jesus'* name?
To him I look, and humbly cry,
'O save a wretch condemn'd to die!"

DR. S. STENNETT.] **158.** S. M.

Praise for conversion. Psalms lxvi. 16.

COME, ye that fear the Lord,
And listen while I tell,
How narrowly my feet escap'd
The snares of death and hell.

2 The flatt'ring joys of sense
Assail'd my foolish heart,
While Satan, with malicious skill,
Guided the pois'nous dart.

3 I fell beneath the stroke
But fell to rise again;

My anguish rous'd me into life,
And pleasure sprung from pain.

4 Darkness and shame and grief,
Oppress'd my gloomy mind;
I look'd around me for relief,
But no relief could find.

5 At length to God I cried;
He heard my plaintive sigh;
He heard, and instantly he sent
Salvation from on high.

6 My drooping head he raised,
My bleeding wounds he heal'd,
Pardon'd my sins, and with a smile
The gracious pardon seal'd.

7 O, may I ne'er forget
The mercy of my God;
Nor ever want a tongue to spread
His loudest praise abroad.

MYSTERY.] **159.** Deut. xxxiii. 26—29

NONE is like Jeshurun's God!
So great, so strong, so high!
Lo! he spreads his wings abroad,
He rides upon the sky!
Israel is his first-born son:
God, the eternal God is thine;
See him in thy help come down,
The excellence divine.

2 Thee, the great Jehovah deigns
To succour and defend;
Thee, the eternal God sustains,
Thy maker and thy friend:
My soul, what hast thou to dread?
Safe from all impending harms,
Round thee, and beneath are spread
The everlasting arms.

3 God is thine; disdain to fear
The enemy within:
God shall in thy flesh appear,
And make an end of sin;
God, the man of sin shall slay,
Fill thee with triumphant joy;
God shall thrust them out and say,
'Destroy them all, destroy!'

4 All the struggle then is o'er,
And wars and fightings cease;
Israel then shall sin no more,
But dwell in perfect peace.
All his enemies are gone;
Sin shall have in him no part;
Israel now shall dwell alone,
With Jesus in his heart.

5 In a land of corn and wine,
His lot shall be below:
Comforts there and blessings join,
And milk and honey flow.
Jacob's fountain in his soul,
Gracious dews his heaven distil,
Fill his soul, already full,
And shall for ever fill.

THE CHRISTIAN'S CONFLICT.

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160. S. M.

The evils of the heart lamented.

ASTONISH'D and distress'd,
I turn my eyes within;
My heart with guilt oppress'd,
The seat of every sin.

1 What crowds of evil thoughts,
What vile affections there!

Distrust, presumption, artful guile,
Pride, envy, slavish fear.

3 Almighty King of saints,
These tyrant lusts subdue,
Expel the darkness of my mind,
And all my powers renew.

4 This done, my cheerful voice
Shall loud hosannas raise;
My soul shall then rejoice,
My lips proclaim thy praise.

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161. C. M.

A Christian's changes.

STRANGE that so much of heaven and hell
Should in one bosom meet!
Lord, can thy spirit ever dwell
Where Satan has a seat?

2 Now I am all transform'd to love,
And could expire in praise·
Anon, not all the joys above
One cheerful note can raise.

3 By faithless hopes and golden dreams,
I'm tortur'd or betray'd;
Still toss'd between the two extremes,
Too vain, or too dismay'd.

Decide the dubious, awful case,
By some assuring sign:
And O, may thy all-conquering grace,
Demonstrate I am thine

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162. L. M.

Flesh and spirit in struggle.

HOW sad and awful is my state!
The very thing I do, I hate;

When I to God draw near in prayer,
I feel the conflict even there.

2 I mourn because I cannot mourn;
I hate my sin, yet cannot turn;
I grieve because I cannot grieve;
I hear the truth, but can't believe.

3 Yet Lord, the blood, which thou hast spilt,
Can make this rocky heart to melt;
Thy blood can make me clean within,
Thy blood can pardon all my sin.

4 On this rich blood my faith is found,
And on this hope I fix my ground;
Soon shall I reach the eternal shore,
Where doubts and fears prevail no more.

S. STENNETT.] **163.** L. M.

In-dwelling sin lamented.

WITH tears of anguish I lament,
Here at thy feet, my God,
My passion, pride, and discontent,
And vile ingratitude.

2 Sure there was ne'er a heart so base,
So false as mine has been;
So faithless to its promises,
So prone to every sin.

3 My reason tells me thy commands
Are holy, just and true;
Tells me whate'er my God demands,
Is his most righteous due.

4 Reason I hear, her counsels weigh,
And all her words approve;
But still I find it hard t' obey,
And harder yet to love.

5 How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel
These struggles in my breast?

When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,
And give my conscience rest.

6 Break, sovereign grace, O break the chains,
And set the captive free;
Reveal, almighty God, thine arm,
And haste to rescue me.

THE CHURCH.

WATTS.] **164.** L. M.

The Church the garden of Christ. Cant. iv. 12 15

WE are a garden wall'd around,
Chosen, and made peculiar ground
A little spot inclos'd by grace,
Out of the world's wide wilderness.

2 Like trees of myrrh and spice we stand,
Planted by God the Father's hand;
And all his springs in Zion flow
To make the young plantation grow.

3 Awake, O heavenly wind, and come,
Blow on this garden of perfume;
Spirit divine, descend and breathe
A gracious gale on plants beneath.

4 Make our best spices flow abroad
To entertain our Saviour, God;
And faith, and love and joy appear,
And every grace be active here.

WATTS.] **165.** L. M

God the glory and defence of Zion.

HAPPY the church, thou sacred place,
The seat of thy creator's grace;
Thy holy courts are his abode,
Thou earthly palace of our God.

2 Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates
A guard of heavenly warriors waits;
Nor shall thy deep foundations move,
Fix'd on his counsels and his love.

3 Thy foes in vain designs engage;
Against his throne in vain they rage,
Like rising waves, with angry roar,
That dash and die upon the shore.

4 Then let our souls in Zion dwell,
Nor fear the wrath of Earth and hell;
His arms embrace this happy ground,
Like brazen bulwarks built around.

5 God is our shield, and God our sun;
Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us he sheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect his brightest praise.

WATTS.] **166.** C. M.

The safety of the Church. Isa. xxvi. 1—6

HOW firm, how blissful is the place.
Where we adoring stand!
Zion, the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land.

2 Bulwarks of mighty grace defend
The city where we dwell;
The walls, of strong salvation made,
Defy th' assaults of hell.

3 Lift up the everlasting gates;
The doors wide open fling;
Enter, ye nations that obey
The statutes of your King.

4 Here shall you taste unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace;
You that have known Jehovah's name,
And ventur'd on his grace.

5 Trust in the Lord, for ever trust,
And banish all your fears;
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as his years,

167. S. M.

HOW charming is the place,
Where my redeemer, God,
Unveils his beauteous face,
And sheds his love abroad!

2 Not the fair palaces,
To which the great resort,
Can be compared with this,
Where Jesus holds his court.

3 Here, on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crown'd,
Our eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.

4 To him their prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents;
He hears their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants

5 To them his sovereign will
He graciously imparts,
And, in return, accepts
The tribute of their hearts.

6 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

WATTS.] 168. L. M.

HOW pleasant, how divinely fair
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

2 My flesh would rest in thine abode;
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God! my King! why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee!

3 Blest are the saints who sit on high,
Around thy throne above the sky;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

4 Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentle rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise

5 Blest are the men, whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their strength, and through the road,
They lean upon their helper God.

6 Cheerful they walk with growing strength
Till all shall meet in heaven at length,
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

HEARING EXPERIENCES.

J. Bower.] **169.** L. M.

The church waiting to hear experiences.

COME tell us your troubles, ye saints of the Lord,
And tell us what comfort you've found in his word:
Although you're unworthy, in Jesus be bold.
Tell what a kind Saviour has done for your soul.

2 Tell how you discovered the state you were in,
How weary you felt your burden of sin;

Come tell us your sorrows, your doubts and your fea
Your brethren are waiting, and longing to hear.

3 Come, now we'll attend to the glorious news,
Plead not your unworthiness for an excuse;
But speak while we try to assist you by pray'r,
And the angels above will rejoice for to hear.

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170. C. M.

Come in, thou blest of the Lord. Gen. xxiv. 3.

COME in, ye blessed of our God,
And join his children here;
Wash'd in the Saviour's cleansing blood,
For him, your Lord, appear.

2 Stay not within the wilderness,
Nor waiting at the door;
Sweet Jesus will your woes redress,
Were they ten thousand more.

3 Though fearing, trembling, rise and come;
Yield to the Saviour's voice;
For hung'ring, thirsting souls there's room,
O, make the blissful choice.

4 Room in the Saviour's gracious breast,
That breast which glows with love;
Room in the church, his chosen rest,
And room in heaven above.

5 Why will you longer ling'ring stay,
When Jesus says there's room?
Now is the time, th' accepted day:
Arise! he bids you come.

BAPTISM.

J. STENNETT.] **171.** C. M. *Immersion.*

THUS was the Great Redeemer plung'd
In Jordan's swelling flood,

To show he must be soon baptised
In tears, and sweat, and blood.

2 Thus was his sacred body laid
Beneath the yielding wave;
Thus was his sacred body rais'd
Out of the liquid grave.

3 Lord, we thy precepts would obey,
In thy own footsteps tread;
Would die, be buried, rise with thee,
Our ever-living head.

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172. 8, 7.

Buried with Christ in Baptism. Rom. vi. 4.

JESUS, mighty King in Zion,
Thou alone our guide shalt be;
Thy commission we rely on,
We would follow none but thee.

2 As an emblem of thy passion,
And thy victory o'er the grave,
We, who know thy great salvation
Are baptis'd beneath the wave.

3 Fearless of the world's despising,
We the ancient path pursue;
Buried with our Lord, and rising
To a life divinely new.

J. STENNETT.] **173.** L. M.

THE Great Redeemer we adore,
Who came the lost to seek and save,
Went humbly down from Jordan's shore,
To find a tomb beneath its wave!

2 'Thus it becomes us to fulfil
All righteousness,' he meekly said;
Why should we then to do his will,
Or be asham'd, or be afra'd?

3 With thee, into thy watery tomb,
Lord, 'tis our glory to descend;
'Tis wondrous grace that gives us room,
To lie interr'd by such a friend.

4 Yet, as the yielding waves give way,
To let us see the light again;
So, on the resurrection day,
The bands of death prov'd weak and vain.

5 Thus, when thou shalt again appear,
The gates of death shall open wide;
Our dust thy mighty voice shall hear,
And rise and triumph at thy side.

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174. 8s. *Christ baptised in Jordan.*

IN Jordan's tide the Baptist stands,
Immersing the repenting Jews;
The *Son of God* the *rite* demands,
Nor dares the holy man refuse:
Jesus descends beneath the wave,
The emblem of his future grave.

2 Wonder, ye heavens! your Maker lies
In deeps conceal'd from human view;
Ye saints behold him sink and rise,
A fit example thus for you:
The sacred record, while you read,
Calls you to imitate the deed.

3 But lo! from yonder opening skies,
What beams of dazzling glory spread
Dove-like, the *Eternal Spirit* flies,
And lights on the Redeemer's head;
Amaz'd they see the power divine
Around the Saviour's temples shine.

4 But hark, my soul, hark and adore!
What sounds are those that roll along,
Not like loud Sinai's awful roar,

But soft and sweet as Gabriel's song?
'This is my well beloved Son;
'I see, well pleased, what he hath done.

5 Thus the *Eternal Father* spoke,
Who shakes creation with a nod;
Through parting skies the accents broke.
And bid us hear the Son of God:
O, hear the awful word to-day,
Hear, all ye nations, and obey.

FAWCETT.] **175.**

HUMBLE souls, who seek salvation,
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood,
Hear the voice of revelation,
Tread the path that Jesus trod.
Flee to him your only Saviour,
In his mighty name confide;
In the whole of your behaviour,
Own him as your sovereign guide.

2 Hear the blest Redeemer call you,
Listen to his gracious voice:
Dread no ills that can befall you,
While you make his ways your choice.
Jesus says, 'Let each believer
'Be baptised in my name;'
He himself, in Jordan's river,
Was immers'd beneath the stream.

3 Plainly here his footsteps tracing,
Follow him without delay;
Gladly his command embracing,
Lo! your captain leads the way.
View the rite with understanding;
Jesus' grave before you lies;
Be interr'd at his commanding,
After his example rise.

176. L. M.

GO teach the nations, and baptise,
Aloud the ascending Jesus cries;
His glad apostles took the word,
And round the nations preach'd their Lord

2 Commission'd thus, by Zion's King,
We to his holy laver bring
These happy converts, who have known
And trusted in his grace alone.

3 Lord, in thy house they seek thy face,
O, bless them with peculiar grace;
Refresh their souls with love divine;
Let beams of glory round them shine.

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177. L. M.

The Candidates: they were baptised, both men and women. Acts viii. 12.

GREAT GOD! we in thy courts appear
With humble joy and holy fear,
Thy wise injunctions to obey;
Let saints and angels hail the day.

2 Great things, O everlasting Son,
Great things for us thy grace has done,
Constrain'd by thy almighty love,
Our willing feet to meet thee move.

3 In thy assembly, here we stand,
Obedient to thy great command;
The sacred flood is full in view,
And thy sweet voice invites us through.

The Word, the Spirit and the Bride,
Must not invite and be denied;
Was not the Lord who came to save,
Interr d in such a liquid grave?

5 Thus we, dear Saviour, own thy name,
Receive us rising from the stream;
Then to thy table let us come,
And dwell in Zion as our home.

S. W. L.] **178.** C. M.

First Part.

For a young person at a baptism.

OF Jesus Christ I'm not asham'd,
Although I am a child;
My soul through grace he has reclaim'd,
By sin 'twas all defil'd.

Chorus—I am bound for the promis'd land!
O who will come and go with me
I am bound for the promis'd land!

2 Not fourteen years have roll'd away
Since first I drew my breath:
O God! sustain my vows to-day,
And keep me firm till death.

3 Companions dear, it grieves my heart,
To leave you still in sin;
Farewell! farewell! I must depart,
And heavenly glories win.

178. C. M.

Second Part.

WITHIN thy house, O Lord, our God
In glory now appear;
Make this a place of thine abode,
And shed thy blessings here.

2 Here let the blind their sight obtain;
Here give the mourners rest;
Let Jesus here triumphant reign,
Enthroned n every breast.

3 Here let the voice of sacred joy
And humble prayer arise,
Till higher strains our tongues employ,
In realms beyond the skies.

S. W. L.] **178.** C. M.

THIRD PART.

For young persons at a church-meeting.

1 TO Jesus now my youthful heart
I would for ever give;
Would from the world and sin depart,
And to his glory live.

Chorus—I am bound for the promis'd land!

2 My young companions, come along,
And seek the glorious prize;
Thro' life we'll sing the christian's song,
In death, mount up the skies.

---

179. C. M.

1 NOW, to this place I'm come to-day,
Baptized for to be,
In honour of my heavenly King,
Who died on Calvary.

2 This is the way my Lord did go,
His path will I pursue;
His body was interr'd by John,
A pattern saint for you.

3 His cross I'll take, the shame despise,
For he did more for me;
He rais'd my soul from death and sin,
And gain'd the victory.

4 O, for thy spirit's friendly aid,
Whilst I pursue the rite;
When from the liquid grave I rise,
Be with me day and night.

5 I thank thy name, O Lord of hosts,
For such displays of grace,
That taught my heart to love thy ways,
And run the heavenly race.

6 It is a new and living way,
And much delights my heart;
United to my brethren here;
I hope we ne'er shall part.

DR. WATTS.] **180.** L. M

Believers buried with Christ in Baptism. Rom vi. 3, &c.

DO we not know that solemn word,
That we are buried with the Lord?
Baptis'd into his death, and then
Put off the body of our sin.

2 Our souls receive diviner breath,
Rais'd from corruption, guilt and death;
So from the grave did Christ arise,
And lives to God above the skies.

3 No more let sin or Satan reign
Over our mortal flesh again;
The various lusts we serv'd before,
Shall have dominion now no more.

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181. C. M. *After Baptism.*

GAZE on, spectators, and behold
This blest command of God;
And wonder how you can forbear,
To tread this path of love.

2 'Come see the place where Jesus lay,'
An angel said of old;
We say the same—his grave you may
In water, here behold.

3 Buried in Jordan was our Lord,
As well as in the tomb;

And in obedience to his word,
We imitate the Lamb.

1 This ordinance is plainly given;
'Tis left upon record:
Though not to save, or take to heaven,
But show we love the Lord.

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182. 8's. 6's. Matt. iii. 6. 16.

O GLORIOUS God of grace,
Look from thy radiant throne;
And with approving smiles
This institution own:
In streams of rapture may we sing,
While we confess our Lord and King.

2 Jordan we call to mind,
Where Jesus was baptiz'd;
Where the eternal God
Proclaim'd himself well pleas'd
Whose brightest rays of glory shone
Around his own beloved Son.

3 Inspir'd with love and zeal,
The grateful saints pursue
Th' appointed paths of God,
With Jesus in their view!
They own their Saviour strong to save;
They own him in the watery grave.

4 Now while thy saints attend
This ordinance of thine;
O bless their waiting souls,
With comforts all divine;
Give them a soul-refreshing sight
Of the blest realms of heavenly light.

BURNHAM.] **183.** 8's. 6's. Acts ii. 38.

REPENT, and be baptiz'd,
Saith your redeeming Lord;
Ye all are now appriz'd,
That 'tis your Saviour's word;
Arise, arise, without delay,
And his divine command obey.

2 Ye penitential race,
Who fall at Jesus' feet,
Sav'd by his glorious grace,
Come, to his will submit;
And be baptiz'd without delay,
And his divine command obey.

3 Come, ye believing train,
No more this truth withstand;
No longer think it vain
To honour God's command;
But haste, arise without delay,
And be baptiz'd in Jesus' way.

4 Jesus, thou Prince of Peace,
To thy great name we pray;
Make the converted race
Thine ordinance obey:
O may thy love their souls o'ercome,
And draw them to the liquid tomb.

---

184. L. M.

WHATE'ER to thee, our Lord, belongs,
Is always worthy of our songs;
And all thy works, and all thy ways
Demand our wonder and our praise.

1 Hosanna to our Saviour God,
Who suffer'd in our room and stead!
He was immers'd in Jordan's flood,
And then immers'd in sweat and blood.

3 Behold the grave where Jesus lay!
Before he shed his precious blood,
How plain he mark'd the humble way
To sinners through the mystic flood.

4 Come, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Come and obey his holy word;
He died and rose again for you;
What more could the Redeemer do?

5 We to this place are come to show
What we to boundless mercy owe;
The Saviour's footsteps to explore,
And tread the path he trod before.

6 Eternal Spirit, heavenly dove
On these baptismal waters move;
That we, through energy divine,
May have the substance with the sign.

7 All ye, that love Immanuel's name,
And long to feel th' increasing flame;
'Tis you, ye children of the light,
The Spirit and the Bride invite;

8 Ye, who your native vileness mourn,
And to the great Redeemer turn,
Who see your wretched state by sin,
Ye blessed of the Lord, come in.

9 Jesus, my Saviour, and my all,
Methinks I hear thy gentle call;
These are the sounds that chide my stay
Arise, my love, and come away.

10 Amazing grace, and shall I still
Prove disobedient to thy will?
Ah! no; dear Lord, the watery tomb
Belongs to thee, and thee alone.

11 Apostles trod this holy ground;
My Jesus in this way was found;
This is the road believers go;
I charg'd my soul to tread it too.

12 With lowly minds and lofty tongues
Be Christ the burden of our songs,
Let all admire the Saviour's grace,
Th' immortal glory of his face.

13 To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
If, when in great affliction lost,
We humbly dedicate our powers,
Immortal happiness is ours.

DANIEL.] **185.** S. M.

Christ's baptism an example to us.

THE glorious Son of God
To John the Baptist came,
Went meekly into Jordan's stream,
And was immersed by him.

2 Let each believer view
This blest example given,
And prove their love of his commands,
And follow him to heaven.

DANIEL.] **186.** L. M.

Primitive practice perpetuated.

WHAT lovely band is this I see,
All singing in sweet harmony,
Uniting round the water-side,
And praising Jesus crucified!

2 These are the followers of the Lamb;
Here they are come to own his name;
Their humble strains ascend the skies;
In faith they're come to be baptiz'd.

3 This brings to view the ancient days,
When first the gospel church was rais'd
No other mode was then devis'd,
Believing souls were all baptiz'd.

4 Baptiz'd into the Saviour's death,
Giving to Christ, the Lord, the praise,
Arising, liv'd the life of faith
By walking in his humble ways.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

DR. WATTS.] **187.** L. M.

'TWAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose,
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betray'd him to his foes:

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread and bless'd and brake.
What love through all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake.

3 'This is my body, broke for sin,
'Receive and eat the living food;'
Then took the cup and bless'd the wine,
''Tis the new cov'nant in my blood.'

4 For us his flesh with nails was torn,
He bore the scourge, he felt the thorn;
And justice pour'd upon his head,
Its heavy vengeance, in our stead.

5 For us his vital blood was spilt,
To buy the pardon of our guilt;
When for black crimes of biggest size,
He gave his soul a sacrifice.

6 'Do this,' he cried, 'till time shall end,
'In mem'ry of your dying friend;
'Meet at my table, and record
'The love of your departed Lord.'

7 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,
We show thy death, we sing thy name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

DR. WATTS.] **188.** C. M.

HOW condescending, and how kind,
Was God's eternal Son!
Our mis'ry reach'd his heavenly mind,
And pity brought him down.

2 When justice, by our sins provok'd,
Drew forth its dreadful sword,
He gave his soul up to the stroke,
Without a murm'ring word.

3 He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to his throne;
There's ne'er a gift his hand bestows,
But cost his heart a groan.

4 This was compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood
His pity ne'er withdrew.

5 Now, though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great;
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor lets his saints forget.

6 Here we behold his bowels roll
As kind as when he died,
And see the sorrows of his soul
Bleed through his wounded side.

7 Here we received repeated seals
Of Jesus' dying love;
Hard is the wretch that never feels
One soft affection move.

8 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record;
And, with our joy for pardon'd guilt
Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

DR. J. STENNETT.] **189.** C. M.

LORD, at thy table I behold
The wonders of thy grace;
But most of all, admire, that I
Should find a welcome place.

2 I, that am all defil'd with sin,
A rebel to my God;
I, that have crucified his Son,
And trampled on his blood.

3 What strange, surprising grace is this,
That such a soul has room!
My Saviour takes me by the hand,
My Jesus bids me come.

4 'Eat, O my friends,' the Saviour cried,
'The feast was made for you;
'For you I groan'd, and bled, and died,
'And rose and triumph'd too.'

5 With trembling faith, and bleeding hearts,
Lord, we accept thy love;
'Tis a rich banquet we have had,
What will it be above?

6 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,
Join all your praising powers;
No theme is like redeeming love;
No Saviour is like ours.

7 Had I ten thousand hearts, dear Lord,
I'd give them all to thee;
Had I ten thousand tongues, they all
Should join the harmony.

DR. S. STENNETT.] **190.** C. M.

My flesh is meat indeed. John vii. 53–55.

HERE at thy table, Lord, we meet,
To feed on food divine;

Thy body is the bread we eat,
Thy precious blood, the wine.

2 He that prepares this rich repast,
Himself comes down and dies;
And then invites us thus to feast
Upon the sacrifice.

3 The bitter torments he endur'd,
Upon the shameful cross,
For us, his welcome guests, procur'd
These heart-reviving joys.

4 His body, torn with rudest hands,
Becomes the finest bread;
And with the blessings he commands,
Our noblest hopes are fed.

5 His blood, that from each opening vein,
In purple torrents ran,
Hath fill'd this cup with gen'rous wine,
That cheers both God and man.

6 Sure there was never love so free,
Dear Saviour, so divine!
Well thou may'st claim that heart of me
Which owes so much to thine.

7 Yes, thou shalt surely have my heart,
My soul, my strength, my all;
With life itself I'll freely part,
My Jesus, at thy call.

DR. WATTS.] **191.** S. M.

LET all our tongues be one,
To praise our God on high;
Who from his bosom sent his Son,
To fetch us strangers nigh.

2 Nor let our voices cease
To sing the Saviour's name.
Jesus th' Ambassador of peace,
How cheer'fully he came.

3 It cost him cries and tears
To bring us near to God;
Great was our debt, and he appears
To make the payment good.

4 My Saviour's pierced side
Pour'd out a double flood;
By water we are purified,
And pardon'd by the blood.

5 Infinite was our guilt,
But He, our Priest, atones;
On the cold ground his life was spilt,
And offer'd with his groans.

6 Look up, my soul, to him,
Whose death was thy desert,
And humbly view the living stream
Flow from his breaking heart.

7 There, on the accursed tree,
In dying pangs he lies;
Fulfils his Father's great decree,
And all our wants supplies.

8 Thus the Redeemer came,
By water and by blood;
And when the spirit speaks the same,
We feel the witness good.

9 While the eternal Three,
Bear their record above,
Here I believe he died for me,
And seal'd my Saviour's love.

10 Lord, cleanse my soul from sin,
Nor let thy grace depart;
Great Comforter! abide within,
And witness to my heart.

BEDDOME.] **192.** L. M.

Jesus wept—he died; see how he loved us.
John xi. 35.

SO fair a face bedew'd with tears;
What beauty e'en in grief appears!
He wept, he bled, he died for you;
What more, ye saints, could Jesus do?

2 Enthron'd above with equal glow,
His warm affections downward flow;
In our distress he bears a part,
And feels a sympathetic smart.

3 Still, his compassions are the same,
He knows the frailty of our frame;
Our heaviest burdens he sustains,
Shares in our sorrows, and our pains.

STEELE.] **193.** C. M.

AND did the holy and the just,
The Sovereign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty worms might rise?

2 Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,
His radiant throne on high;
(*Surprising mercy! love unknown!*)
To suffer, bleed and die.

3 He took the dying traitor's place,
And suffer'd in his stead,
For man, (O miracle of grace!)
For man, the Saviour bled!

4 Dear Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell
In thy atoning blood!
By this are sinners snatch'd from hell,
And rebels brought to God.

5 Jesus, my soul adoring bends,
To love so full, so free;

And may I hope that love extends
Its sacred power to me?

6 What glad return can I impart,
For favours so divine?
O, take my all—this worthless heart,
And make it only thine.

DR. DODDRIDGE.] **194.** C. M.

Room at the Gospel Feast. Luke xiv. 22.

THE King of Heaven his table spreads,
And dainties crown the board;
Not Paradise, with all its joys,
Could such delight afford.

2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are given,
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed,
To raise the soul to heaven.

3 Ye hungry poor that long have stray'd
In sin's dark mazes, come;
Come from your most obscure retreats,
And grace shall find you room.

4 Millions of souls in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.

5 Yet is his house and heart so large,
That millions more may come;
Nor could the whole assembled world
E'er fill the spacious room.

6 All things are ready, come away,
Nor weak excuses frame;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the founder's name.

STEELE.] **195.** C. M.

Praise to the Redeemer.

TO our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song;
O, may his love (immortal flame!)
Tune every heart and tongue.

2 His love, what mortal thought can reach?
What mortal tongue display?
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 He left his radiant throne on high.
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die!
Was ever love like this?

4 Dear Lord, while we, adoring, pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
'The Saviour died for me.'

5 O, may the sweet, the blissful theme
Fill every heart and tongue,
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

DR. WATTS.] **196.** S. M.

Communion with Christ and with saints. 1 Cor x. 16, 17.

JESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board;
Here pardon'd rebels sit, and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2 [For food he gave his flesh;
He bids us drink his blood;
Amazing favour, matchless grace,
Of our descending God!]

3 This holy bread and wine
Maintains our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And int'rest in his death.

4 Our heavenly father calls
Christ and his members one;
We, the young children of his love,
And he, the first-born Son.

5 We are but several parts
Of the same broken bread;
One body hath its several limbs,
But Jesus is the head.

6 Let all our powers be join'd,
His glorious name to raise;
Pleasure and love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

DR. WATTS.] **197.** L. M.

The memorial of our absent Lord. John xvi. 16 Luke xxii. 19; John xiv. 3.

JESUS is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach him not;
And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.

2 He knows what wand'ring hearts we have
Apt to forget his lovely face;
And, to refresh our minds, he gave
These kind memorials of his grace.

3 The Lord of life this table spread,
With his own flesh and dying blood;
We on the rich provision feed,
And taste the wine and bless the God.

4 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem;

Christ and his love fill every thought,
And faith and hope be fix'd on him.

5 While he is absent from our sight,
'Tis to prepare our souls a place,
That we may dwell in heavenly light,
And live for ever near his face.

6 [Our eyes look upwards to the hills
Whence our returning Lord shall come;
We wait thy chariot's awful wheels,
To fetch our longing spirits home.]

DR. WATTS.] **198.** L. M.

Crucifixion to the World, by the cross of Christ.
Gal. vi. 14.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 [His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.]

5 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.

DR. WATTS.] **199.** C. M.

The agonies of Christ.

NOW, let our pains be all forgot,
Our hearts no more repine;
Our suff'rings are not worth a thought,
When, Lord, compar'd with thine.

2 In lively figures, here we see
The bleeding Prince of love;
Each of us hopes he died for me,
And then our griefs remove.

3 [Our humble faith here takes her rise
While sitting round his board;
And back to Calvary she flies,
To view her groaning Lord.

4 His soul, what agonies it felt
When his own God withdrew!
And the large load of all our guilt
Lay heavy on him too.

5 But the divinity within,
Supported him to bear;
Dying he conquer'd hell and sin,
And made his triumph there.]

6 Grace, wisdom, justice, join'd, and wrought
The wonders of that day;
No mortal tongue, nor mortal thought,
Can equal thanks repay.

7 Our hymns shall sound like those above,
Could we our voices raise;
Yet, Lord, our hearts shall all be love,
And all our lives be praise.

DR. WATTS.] **200.** C. M.

The triumphal feast for Christ's victory over sin, death and hell.

COME, let us lift our voices high,
High as our joys arise;

And join the songs above the sky,
Where pleasure never dies.

2 Jesus, the God that fought and bled,
And conquer'd when he fell;
That rose, and at his chariot wheels
Dragg'd all the powers of hell.

3 [Jesus, the God, invites us here,
To this triumphal feast,
And brings immortal blessings down,
For each redeemed guest.]

4 The Lord, how glorious is his face!
How kind his smiles appear!
And O, what melting words he says
To every humble ear!

5 We give thee, Lord, our highest praise,
The tribute of our tongues;
But themes so infinite as these,
Exceed our noblest songs.

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200. Second Part.

will give to him that is athirst, of the fountain of the water of life freely. Rev. xxi. 6.

A FOUNTAIN of life and of grace,
In Christ our Redeemer we see;
For us who his offers embrace,
For all it is open and free.
Jehovah himself doth invite,
To drink of his pleasures unknown,
The streams of immortal delight,
That flow from his heavenly throne.

2 As soon as in him we believe,
By faith of his spirit partake;
And freely forgiv'n, receive
The mercy for Jesus' sake!
We gain a pure drop of his love,
The life of eternity know,
Angelical happiness prove,
And witness a heaven below.

STEELE.] **201.** C. M. Luke xiv. 22.

YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast!
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
For every humble guest.

2 See, Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come:
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms,
But see, there yet is room—

3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart,
There love and pity meet;
Nor will he bid the soul depart
That trembles at his feet.

4 In him the Father reconciled,
Invites your souls to come:
The rebel shall be call'd a child,
And kindly welcomed home.

5 O come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love;
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

6 There, with united heart and voice,
Before the eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstacies unknown.

Had we a thousand lives to give,
A thousand lives should all be thine.

DR. WATTS.] **202.** C. M.

Divine love making a feast, and calling in the guests. Luke xiv. 17, 22, 23.

HOW sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores!

2 Here every bowel of our God,
With soft compassion rolls;
Here peace and pardon, bought with blood,
Is food for dying souls.

3 [While all our hearts, and all our songs,
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cry, with thankful tongues,
'Lord, why was I a guest?

4 'Why was I made to hear thy voice,
'And enter while there's room;
'When thousands make a wretched choice
'And rather starve than come?']

5 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly forc'd us in;
Else we had still refus'd to taste,
And perish'd in our sin.

6 [Pity the nations, O our God!
Constrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

7 We long to see thy churches full,
That all the chosen race
May with one voice, and heart, and soul,
Sing thy redeeming grace.]

INVITATION.

203. L. M.

SINNERS, obey the gospel word,
Haste to the supper of the Lord,
Be wise to know your gracious day·
All things are ready—come away.

2 Ready the Father is to own,
And kiss his late returning son;
Ready, the loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

3 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.

4 Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your best estate,
Tuning their harps, they long to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

5 Come then, ye sinners, to your Lord,
To happiness in Christ restor'd;
His proffer'd benefits embrace,
The plenitude of gospel grace.

204. C. M.

COME, guilty souls, and flee away
To *Christ*, and heal your wounds
This is the welcome gospel-day,
Wherein free grace abounds.

2 God lov'd the world, and gave his Son
To drink the cup of wrath;
And Jesus says, he'll cast out none
That come to him by faith.

3 Although your sins like mountains rise,
His blood shall cover all;

And blessings from the higher skies,
In gentle streams shall fall.

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205. L. M.

O SINNERS, fly to Jesus' arms
Enjoy his everlasting charms,
He calls you to a heavenly feast,
O come, poor starving souls, and taste.

2 Say, will you be for ever blest,
And with the heavenly Jesus rest?
He'll save you from your guilt and pain
And you shall in full glory reign.

3 Make now the choice, and halt no more,
For Christ is waiting at the door;
Say now, poor soul, what will you do?
Say, will you have this Christ or no?

4 Once more I ask you in his name,
I know his love is still the same;
Will you be sav'd from endless woe?
Say, will you have this Christ or no?

5 *To-day*, if you will hear his voice;
Now is the time to make your choice;
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you have this Christ or no?

DR. WATTS.] **206.** C. M.

The invitation to the Gospel; or spiritual food and clothing. Isa. lv. 1, &c.

LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the Gospel sounds,
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,

And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind.

3 Eternal wisdom has prepar'd
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams
And pine away and die;
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here,
In a rich ocean join:
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

6 [Ye perishing and naked poor,
Who work with mighty pain,
To weave a garment of your own,
That will not hide your sin.

7 Come, naked, and adorn your souls
In robes prepar'd by God,
Wrought by the labours of his Son
And dyed in his own blood.]

8 Dear God! the treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines,
Deep as our helpless mis'ries are
And boundless as our sins.

9 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

DR. WATTS.] **207.** C. M

The promises of the covenant of grace. Isa. lv. 1, 2 Zech. xiii. 17; Mic. vii. 12; Ezek. xxxvi. 25, &

IN vain we lavish out our lives,
To gather empty wind;

The choicest blessings earth can yield,
Will starve a hungry mind.

2 Come, and the lord shall feed our souls
With more substantial meat;
With such as saints in glory love,
With such as angels eat.

3 Our God will every want supply,
And fill our hearts with peace,
He gives by cov'nant and by oath,
The riches of his grace.

4 Come, and he'll cleanse our spotted sou
And wash away our stains,
In the dear fountain that his Son
Pour'd from his dying veins.

5 [Our guilt shall vanish all away,
Though black as hell before;
Our sins shall sink beneath the sea,
And shall be found no more.

6 And lest pollution should o'erspread,
Our inward powers again,
His spirit shall bedew our souls,
Like purifying rain.]

7 Our heart, that flinty, stubborn thing,
That terrors cannot move;
That fears no threat'nings of his wrath,
Shall be dissolv'd by love.

8 Or he can take the flint away,
That would not be refin'd,
And from the treasures of his grace,
Bestow a softer mind.

9 There shall his sacred Spirit dwell,
And deep engrave his law;
And every motion of our souls,
To swift obedience draw.

10 Thus will he pour salvation down,
And we shall render praise;
We, the dear people of his love,
And he our God of grace.

FOR THE CONTRITE.

BEDDOME.] **208. L. M.**

The Prodigal Son; or, the repenting Sinner accepted. Luke xv. 32.

THE mighty God will not despise
The contrite heart for sacrifice;
The deep-fetch'd sigh, the secret groan,
Rises accepted to the throne.

2 He meets, with tokens of his grace;
The trembling lip, the blushing face;
His bowels yearn when sinners pray,
And mercy bears their sins away.

3 When fill'd with grief, o'erwhelm'd with shame,
He, pitying, heals their broken frame!
He hears their sad complaints, and spies
His image in their weeping eyes.

4 Thus, what a rapt'rous joy possess'd
The tender parent's throbbing breast;
To see his spendthrift son return,
And hear him his past follies mourn.

DR. WATTS.] **209. L. M**

Christ's invitation to sinners; or humility and pride. Matt. xi. 28, 30.

'COME hither, all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy-laden sinners, come;
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home.

2 'They shall find rest, that learn of me;
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

3 'Bless'd is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight;
My yoke is easy to his neck,
My grace shall make the burden light.'

4 Jesus, we come at thy command;
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

EDMUND JONES.] **210.** C. M.

I will go unto the King. Esther iv. 18.

COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd,
And make this last resolve.

2 'I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.

4 I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives;
Perhaps he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

5 Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer:
But if I perish I will pray,
And perish only there.

6 I can but perish if I go;
I am resolv'd to try,
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die.'

DR. WATTS.] **211.** L. M.

A penitent pleading for pardon.

SHOW pity, Lord! O Lord, forgive
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes are great, but can't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God! thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

3 O, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean,
Here, on my heart, the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy laws, against thy grace:
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet, save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

NEWTON.] **212.** S. M.

The pool of Bethesda. John v 2—4.

BESIDE the gospel pool,
Appointed for the poor,

From year to year, my helpless soul
Has waited for a cure.

2 How often have I seen
The healing waters move,
And others round me, stepping in,
Their efficacy prove!

3 But my complaints remain,
I feel the very same;
As full of guilt, and fear and pain,
As when at first I came

4 O, would the Lord appear,
My malady to heal;
He knows how long I've languish'd here
And what distress I feel.

5 How often have I thought,
Why should I longer lie?
Surely the mercy I have sought,
Is not for such as I.

6 But whither can I go?
There is no other pool,
Where streams of sov'reign virtue flow,
To make a sinner whole.

7 Here, then, from day to day,
I'll wait, and hope, and try;
Can Jesus hear a sinner pray,
Yet suffer him to die?

8 No, he is full of grace;
He never will permit
A soul that fain would see his face,
To perish at his feet.

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213. L. M.

The grieved Spirit entreated not to depart.

STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay;
Though I have done thee such despite,

Cast not a sinner quite away,
Nor take thy everlasting flight.

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

3 But O! the chief of sinners spare,
In honour of my great High Priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear,
I shall not see thy people's rest.

4 If yet thou canst my sins forgive,
E'en now, O Lord, relieve my woes;
Into thy rest of love, receive
And bless me with a calm repose.

5 E'en now my weary soul release,
And raise me by thy gracious hand;
Guide me into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promis'd land.

HYMNS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

DR. DODDRIDGE.] **214.** C. M.

Lovest thou me?

DO not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart, and see;
And turn each cursed idol out,
That dares to rival thee.

2 Do not I love thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love;
Dead be my heart to every joy,
When Jesus cannot move.

3 Is not thy name melodious still
To my attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
My Saviour's voice to hear?

4 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord;
But O! I long to soar
Far from this sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

WESLEY'S COLLECTION.] **215.** C. M.

The glories of Jesus, and the blessings of his grace.

O FOR a thousand tongues, to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honours of thy name.

3 Jesus, the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and joy, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood avail'd for me.

5 Look unto him, ye nations, own
Your God, ye fallen race;
Look and be sav'd through faith alone,
Be justified by grace.

WESLEY'S COLLECTION.] **216.** S. M.

The anxious inquiry.

AND am I born to die?
To lay this body down?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown—

2 A land of deepest shade,
Unpierc'd by human thought;
The dreary regions of the dead,
Where all things are forgot?

3 Soon as from earth I go,
What will become of me?
Eternal happiness or woe
Must then my portion be.

4 Wak'd by the trumpet's sound,
I from my grave shall rise,
And see the Judge with glory crown'd,
And view the flaming skies.

5 How shall I leave the tomb?
With triumph or regret?
A fearful or a joyful doom,
A curse or blessing meet?

6 Shall angel bands convey
Their brother to the bar?
Or devils drag my soul away,
To meet its sentence there?

7 Lord, teach my soul to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe;
That when thou comest on thy throne,
I may with joy appear.

WHITE.] **217.** L. M. Matt. ii. 10.

WHEN, marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering hosts bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone, the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

3 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd
The wind, that toss'd my foundering bark.

4 Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose—
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

5 It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And, through the storm and dangerous thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

6 Now safely moor'd, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star, the Star of Bethlehem.

WATTS.] **218.** S. M. Psalm 104.

LET every creature join
To praise th' eternal God;
Ye heavenly hosts, the song begin,
And sound his name abroad.

2 Thou sun, with golden beams,
And moon, with paler rays,
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your Maker's praise.

3 He built those worlds above,
And fix'd their wondrous frame;
By his command they stand or move;
And ever speak his name.

4 By all his works above,
His honours be express'd!
But saints that taste his saving love,
Should sing his praises best.

DR. WATTS.] **219.** L. M.

Advice to youth; or, old age and death in an unconverted state. Ecc. xii. 1, 7; Isa. lxv. 20.

NOW in the heat of youthful blood,
Remember your Creator, God;
Behold the months come hast'ning on,
When you shall say, 'My joys are gone.'

2 Behold, the aged sinner goes,
Laden with guilt, and heavy woes,
Down to the regions of the dead,
With endless curses on his head!

3 The dust returns to dust again;
The soul, in agonies of pain,
Ascends to God not there to dwell,
But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.

4 Eternal King, I fear thy name;
Teach me to know how frail I am;
And when my soul must hence remove,
Give me a mansion in thy love.

DR. WATTS.] **220.** L. M.

Believe and be saved. John iii. 16—18.

NOT to condemn the sons of men,
Did Christ the Son of God appear;
No weapons in his hands are seen,
No flaming sword, nor thunder there.

2 Such was the pity of our God,
He lov'd the race of men so well,

He sent his Son to bear our load
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.

3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word,
Trust in his mighty name and live;
A thousand joys his lips afford,
His hands a thousand blessings give.

4 But vengeance and damnation lies
On rebels who refuse the grace,
Who God's eternal Son despise,
The hottest hell shall be their place.

DR. WATTS.] **221.** L. M.

Salvation in the Cross.

HERE, at thy cross, my dying GOD,
I lay my soul beneath thy love,
Beneath the droppings of thy blood,
JESUS! nor shall it e'er remove.

2 Not all that tyrants think or say,
With rage and lightning in their eyes,
Nor hell shall fright my heart away,
Should hell with all its legions rise.

3 Should worlds conspire to drive me thence,
Moveless and firm this heart should lie
Resolv'd (for that's my last defence)
If I must perish, there to die.

4 But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear.
Am I not safe beneath thy shade?
Thy vengeance will not strike me here,
Nor Satan dare my soul invade.

5 Yes, I'm secure beneath thy blood,
And all my foes shall lose their aim;
Hosanna to my dying God,
And my best honours to his name.

DR. WATTS.] **222.** L. M.

Parting with carnal joys.

I SEND the joys of earth away;
Away, ye tempters of the mind,
False as the smooth, deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.

2 Your streams were floating me along,
Down to the gulf of black despair;
And whilst I listen'd to your song,
Your streams had e'en convey'd me there

3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warn'd me of that dark abyss;
That drew me from those treach'rous seas
And bid me seek superior bliss.

4 Now to the shining realms above
I stretch my hands and glance mine eyes
O, for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies!

5 There, from the bosom of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasures roll,
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

DR. WATTS.] **223.** L. M.

Longing to praise Christ better.

LORD, when my thoughts with wonder roll
O'er the sharp sorrows of thy soul,
And read my Maker's broken laws
Repair'd and honour'd by thy cross;

2 When I behold death, hell, and sin,
Vanquish'd by that dear blood of thine;
And see the man that groan'd and died.
Sit glorious by his father's side;

3 My passions rise and soar above;
I'm wing'd with faith and fired with love
Fain would I reach eternal things,
And learn the notes that Gabriel sings.

4 But my heart fails, my tongue complains,
For want of their immortal strains;
And in such humble notes as these,
Must fall below thy victories.

5 Well, the kind minute must appear,
When we shall leave these bodies here,
These clogs of clay; and mount on high
To join the songs above the sky.

NEWTON.] **224.**

The meal and cruse of oil. 1 Kings xvii. 16

BY the poor widow's oil and meal
Elijah was sustain'd;
Though small the stock, it lasted well,
For God the store maintain'd.

2 It seem'd as if, from day to day,
They were to eat and die;
But still, though in a secret way,
He sent a fresh supply.

3 Thus to his poor he still will give
Just for the present hour;
But for to-morrow they must live
Upon his word and power.

4 No barn or store-house they possess,
On which they can depend;
Yet have no cause to fear distress;
For Jesus is their friend.

5 Then let no doubts your mind assail;
Remember, God has said,
'The cruse and barrel shall not fail,
My people shall be fed.'

6 And thus, though faint it often seems,
He keeps their grace alive;
Supplied by his refreshing streams,
Their dying hopes revive.

7 Though in ourselves we have no stock,
The Lord is nigh to save;
His door flies open when we knock,
And 'tis but ask and have.

NEWTON.] **225.** C. M. *Looking at the Cross*

IN evil long I took delight,
Unaw'd by shame or fear;
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopp'd my wild career.

2 I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
He fix'd his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

3 Sure, never to my latest breath,
Can I forget that look;
It seem'd to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

4 My conscience felt, and own'd the guilt,
And plung'd me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And help'd to nail him there.

5 Alas! I knew not what I did,
But now my tears are vain;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?
For I the Lord have slain.

6 A second look he gave, which said,
'I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I'll die, that thou may'st live.'

7 Thus, while his death my sin displays,
In all its blackest hue,

(Such is the mystery of grace,)
It seals my pardon too.

8 With pleasing grief and mournful joy
My spirit now is fill'd,
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by him I kill'd.

HART.] **226.** L. M. *Backsliders.*

BACKSLIDING souls, return to God
Your faithful God is gracious still;
Leave the false ways ye long have trod,
And he will all backslidings heal.

2 Your first espousals call to mind;
'Tis time ye should be now reclaim'd;
What fruit could ever Christians find,
In things whereof they are asham'd?

3 The indignation of the Lord
Awhile endure, for 'tis your due;
But firm and steadfast stands his word;
Though you are faithless, he is true.

4 Poor, famish'd prodigal, come home;
Thy father's house is open yet;
Much greater mercy bids thee come,
Than all thy sins, though these are great

5 The blood of Christ (a precious blood!)
Cleanses from all sin, (doubt it not,)
And reconciles the soul to God,
From every folly, every fault.

HART.] **227.** C. M. *Backsliders.*

DESERTERS, to the camp return;
Resume your former post;
Bewail your crimes, your baseness mourn,
For yet ye are not lost.

2 Your's is a sad, a dangerous case,
Be humble and repent;

Mercy you'll find, though e'er so base,
The moment you relent.

3 Sinners are sav'd by Jesus' blood,
How vile soe'er they be;
Eternal life 's the gift of God
And gifts are always free.

4 'Tis not by works of righteousness,
Which any man has done;
But God has sent his Son to bless;
Return and kiss the Son.

HART.] **228.** L. M. *The stony heart.*

OH! for a glance of heavenly day,
To take this stubborn stone away
And thaw, with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

2 The rocks can rend, the earth can quake,
The seas can roar, the mountains shake,
Of feeling, all things show some sign.
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
Dear Lord, an adamant would melt;
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing move this heart of mine.

4 Thy judgments, too, unmov'd I hear,
(Amazing thought!) which devils fear;
Goodness and wrath in vain combine,
To stir this stupid heart of mine.

5 But something yet can do the deed,
And that *dear* something much I need,
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And move and melt this heart of mine

MONTGOMERY.] **229.** C. M. Psalm vi. 4.

MERCY alone can meet my case,
For mercy, Lord, I cry;

Jesus, Redeemer, show thy face
In mercy, or I die.

2 Save me, for none beside can save;
At thy command I tread,
With failing step, life's stormy wave—
The wave goes o'er my head.

3 I perish, and my doom were just,
But wilt thou leave me?—No:
I hold Thee fast, my hope, my trust;
I will not let Thee go.

4 Still sure to me thy promise stands,
And ever must abide;
Behold it written on thy hands,
And graven in thy side.

5 To this, this only will I cleave;
Thy word is all my plea;
That word is truth, and I believe;—
Have mercy, Lord, on me!

HART.] **230.** L. M. *Good works.*

IN vain men talk of living faith,
When all their works exhibit death;
When they indulge some sinful view,
In all they say, and all they do.

2 The true believer fears the Lord;
Obeys his precepts, keeps his word,
Commits his works to God alone,
And seeks *his* will before his own.

3 A barren tree that bears no fruit,
Brings no great glory to its root;
When on the boughs rich fruit we see,
'Tis then we cry, 'a goodly tree!'

4 Never did men, by faith divine,
To selfishness or sloth incline;

The Christian works with all his power;
And grieves that he can work no more.

HART.] **231.** S. M. *Good Works.*

VAIN man, to boast forbear,
The knowledge in thy head;
The sacred scriptures this declare,
Faith without works is dead.

2 When Christ, the Judge, shall come,
To render each his due,
He'll deal thy deeds their righteous doom,
And set thy works in view.

3 Food to the hungry give;
Give to the thirsty drink;
To follow Christ is to believe;
Dead faith is but to think.

4 The man that loves the Lord,
Will mind whate'er he bid;
Will pay regard to all his word,
And do as Jesus did.

5 The dead professor counts
Good works as legal ties;
His faith to action seldom mounts;
On doctrine he relies.

6 But words engender strife;
Behold the Gospel plan!
Trust in the Lord alone for life,
And do what good you can.

232.

LORD of Hosts, to thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise;
Who walk'd no more, the scriptures say,
With him and with his fold.

2 And will ye go away?
From Christ, his house, his friends,
His table, his delightful day,
And bliss that never ends?

3 And will ye go away?
And whither will ye go?
Will you in sin and bondage stray,
To everlasting wo?

4 Did not your heart once say,
Though others thee deny,
Yea, should a world thy cause betray,
Yet never, Lord, will I.

5 Dear Lord, one bliss impart,
('Tis not for heav'n we pray,)
But—let us not from thee depart,
No, never go away.

NEWTON.] **233.** L. M. *Christ crucified.*

WHEN on the cross my Lord I see,
Bleeding to death for wretched me,
Satan and sin no more can move;
For I am all dissolv'd in love.

2 His thorns and nails pierce thro' my heart
In every groan I bear a part;
I view his wounds with streaming eyes;
But see! he bows his head and dies.

3 Come, sinners, view the Lamb of God,
Wounded and dead, and bath'd in blood
Behold his side, and venture near;
The well of endless life is here.

4 Here I forget my cares and pains;
I drink, yet still my thirst remains;
Only the Fountain-head above,
Can satisfy the thirst of love.

5 Oh, that I thus can always feel!
Lord, more and more thy love reveal!
Then my glad tongue shall loud proclaim
The grace and glory of thy name.

6 Thy name dispels my guilt and fear,
Revives my heart, and charms my ear;
Affords a balm for every wound,
And Satan trembles at the sound.

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234. L. M.

ETERNITY is just at hand;
And shall I waste my ebbing sand,
And careless view departing day,
And throw my inch of time away?

2 Eternity! tremendous sound!
To guilty souls a dreadful wound;
But oh! if Christ and heaven be mine,
How sweet the accents! how divine!

3 Be this my chief, my only care,
My high pursuit, my ardent prayer,
An interest in the Saviour's blood,
My pardon seal'd, and peace with God.

4 But should my brightest hopes be vain—
The rising doubt, how sharp its pain!
My fears, O gracious God, remove;
Confirm my title to thy love.

5 Search, Lord, O search my inmost heart
And light, and hope, and joy impart;
From guilt and error set me free,
And guide me safe to heaven and thee.

DR. WATTS.] **235. L. M.**

Desiring to love Christ.

COME, let me love; or is my mind
Harden'd to stone, or froze to ice?

I see the blessed Fair One bend,
And stoop t' embrace me from the skies.

2 O! 'tis a thought would melt a rock,
And make a heart of iron move;
That those sweet lips, that heavenly look,
Should seek and wish a mortal's love!

3 I was a traitor doom'd to fire,
Bound to sustain eternal pains;
He flew on wings of strong desire,
Assum'd my guilt and took my chains.

4 Infinite grace! Almighty charms!
Stand in amaze, O earth and skies!
Jesus, the God, with naked arms,
Hangs on a cross of love, and dies.

5 Did pity ever stoop so low,
Dress'd in divinity and blood?
Was ever rebel courted so;
With groans of an expiring God?

6 Again he lives, and spreads his hands,
Hands that were nail'd to tort'ring smart;
'By these dear wounds,' says he, and stands,
And prays to clasp me to his heart.

7 Sure, I must love; or are my ears
Still deaf, nor will my passions move?
Then let me melt this heart to tears,
This heart shall yield to death or love

DR. WATTS.] **236.** C. M.

Spiritual and eternal joy; or the beatific sight of Christ.

FROM thee, my God, my joys shall rise,
And run eternal rounds,
Beyond the limits of the skies,
And all created bounds.

2 The holy triumphs of my soul
Shall death itself out-brave,
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.

3 There, where my blessed Jesus reigns
In heaven's unmeasur'd space,
I'll spend a long eternity,
In pleasure and in praise.

4 Millions of years my wond'ring eyes
Shall o'er thy beauties rove,
And endless ages I'll adore
The glories of thy love.

5 [Sweet Jesus! every smile of thine
Shall fresh endearments bring,
And thousand tastes of new delight
From all thy graces spring.

6 Haste, my Beloved, fetch my soul
Up to thy blest abode;
Fly, for my spirit longs to see
My Saviour and my God.]

DR. WATTS.] **237.** C. M.

Christ Jesus, the Lamb of God, worshipped by all the creation. Rev. v. 11, 13.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 'Worthy the Lamb that died,' they cry,
'To be exalted thus;'
'Worthy the Lamb,' our lips reply,
'For he was slain for us.'

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;

And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

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238. L. M.

COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 Conduct us safe, conduct us far
From every sin and hurtful snare;
Lead to thy word, that rules must give,
And teach us lessons how to live.

3 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose the way
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

4 Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his pastures stray.

5 Lead us to God, our final rest,
In his enjoyment to be blest;
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

DR WATTS.] **239.** C. M.

God's presence is light in darkness.

MY GOD! the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!

2 In darkest shades, if he appear,
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's sweet Morning Star,
And he my rising Sun.

3 The opening heavens round me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his heart is mine,
And whispers, 'I am his.'

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word;
Run up with joy the shining way,
T' embrace my dearest Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Should bear me conqu'ror through.

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240. C. M. 1 Cor. vi. 17.

DEAR Father, to thy mercy-seat
My soul for shelter flies;
'Tis here I find a safe retreat
When storms and tempests rise.

2 My cheerful hope can never die,
If thou, my God, art near;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
And banish every fear.

3 My great Protector, and my Lord,
Thy constant aid impart;
Oh! let thy kind, thy gracious word
Sustain my trembling heart.

4 Oh! never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat;
Still let me trust thy power and love,
And dwell beneath thy feet.

WATTS.] **241.** C. M.

Praise to the Redeemer.

PLUNG'D in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.

2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of Grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and (O amazing love!)
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled,
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 He spoil'd the powers of darkness thus,
And broke our iron chains;
Jesus hath freed our captive souls
From everlasting pains.

5 O! for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

241. SECOND PART.

MONTGOMERY.] S. M. Zech. xiv. 8. 9.

NOW living waters flow
To cheer the humble soul,

From sea to sea the rivers go,
And spread from pole to pole.

2 Now righteousness shall spring,
And grow on earth again:
Jesus Jehovah be our king,
And o'er the nations reign.

3 Jesus shall rule alone,
The world shall hear his word;
By one blest name shall He be known,
The Universal Lord.

WATTS.] **242.** S. M. *God all and in all.*

MY God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call;
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

2 [Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell;
'Tis paradise when thou art here;
If thou depart, 'tis hell.

3 The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis Heaven to rest in thine embrace,
And nowhere else but there.

4 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels own their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

5 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.]

6 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford;
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.

7 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

8 [To thee my spirits fly,
With infinite desire;
And yet, how far from thee I lie!
Dear Jesus, raise me higher.]

DR. WATTS.] **243.** C. M.

God my only happiness. Ps. lxxiii. 25.

MY God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting all;
I've none but thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 [What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod!
There 's nothing here deserves my joys,
There 's nothing like my God.

3 In vain the bright, the burning sun,
Scatters his feeble light;
'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon;
If thou withdraw, 'tis night.

4 And whilst upon my restless bed,
Amongst the shades I roll,
If my Redeemer shows his head,
'Tis morning with my soul.]

5 To thee we owe our wealth and friends,
And health and safe abode;
Thanks to thy name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.

6 How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,
If once compar'd to thee!
Or what 's my safety or my health,
Or all my friends to me?

7 Were I possessor of the earth,
And call'd the stars my own,
Without thy graces, and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

8 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore;
Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more.

HART.] **244.** C. M. *Tribulation.*

THE souls that would to Jesus press
Must fix this firm and sure;
That tribulation, more or less,
They must and shall endure.

2 From this there can be none exempt
'Tis God's most wise decree;
Satan the weakest saint will tempt,
Nor is the strongest free.

3 The world opposes from without,
And unbelief within;
We fear, we faint, we grieve, we doubt
And feel the load of sin.

4 Glad frames too often lift us up,
And then how proud we grow!
'Till sad desertion makes us droop,
And down we sink as low.

5 Ten thousand baits the foe prepares,
To catch the wandering heart;
And seldom do we see the snares,
Before we feel the smart.

6 But let not all this terrify;
Pursue the narrow path;
Look to the Lord with steadfast eye,
And fight with hell by faith.

7 Though we are feeble, Christ is strong;
His promises are true;
We shall be conqu'rors all, ere long,
And more than conqu'rors too.

DR. WATTS' LYRIC POEMS.] **245.** L. M.

Love to Christ, present or absent.

OF all the joys we mortals know,
Jesus, thy love exceeds the rest;
Love, the best blessing here below,
The nearest image of the blest.

2 While we are held in thy embrace,
There's not a thought attempts to rove
Each smile upon thy beauteous face,
Fixes, and charms, and fires our love.

3 While of thy absence we complain,
And long, or weep, in all we do,
There's a strange pleasure in the pain,
And tears have their own sweetness too

4 When round thy court by day we rove,
Or ask the watchman of the night,
For some kind tidings of our love,
Thy very name creates delight.

5 Jesus, our God, yet rather come;
Our eyes would dwell upon thy face;
'Tis best to see our Lord at home,
And feel the presence of his grace.

DR. DODDRIDGE.] **246.** C. M.

God hath commanded all men, everywhere, to repent.

REPENT, the voice celestial cries,
Nor longer dare delay;
The wretch that scorns the mandate, dies,
And meets a fiery day.

2 No more the sovereign eye of God
O'erlooks the crimes of men;
His heralds are dispatch'd abroad
To warn the world of sin.

3 The summons reach through all the earth
Let earth attend and fear;
Listen, ye men of royal birth,
And let your vassals hear.

4 Together in his presence bow,
And all your guilt confess;
Embrace the blessed Saviour now,
Nor trifle with his grace.

5 Bow ere the awful trumpet sound,
And call you to his bar;
For mercy knows th' appointed bound,
And turns to vengeance there.

6 Amazing love, that yet will call,
And yet prolong our days!
Our hearts, subdued by goodness, fall,
And weep, and love, and praise.

NEWTON.] **247.** C. M.

Will ye also go away? John vi. 67, 69.

WHEN any turn from Zion's ways,
(Alas! what numbers do!)
Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
'Wilt thou forsake me too?'

2 Ah! Lord, with such a heart as mine,
Unless thou hold me fast,
I feel I must, I shall decline,
And prove like them at last

3 Yet, thou alone hast power, I know,
To save a wretch like me;
To whom, or whither could I go,
If I should turn from thee?

4 Beyond a doubt, I rest assur'd,
Thou art the CHRIST of GOD,
Who hast eternal life secur'd,
By promise and by blood.

5 The help of men by angels join'd,
Could never reach my case;
Nor can I hope release to find,
But in thy boundless grace.

6 No voice but thine can give me rest,
And bid my fears depart;
No love but thine can make me blest,
And satisfy my heart.

7 What anguish has that question stirr'd,
If I will also go?
Yet Lord, relying on thy word,
I humbly answer, No.

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248. C. M. *The Flower.*

LOVE is the sweetest bud that blows;
Its beauty never dies;
On earth, among the saints, it grows,
And ripens in the skies.

2 Pure, glowing red, and spotless white,
Its perfect colours are;
In Jesus all its sweets unite,
And look divinely fair.

3 The finest flower that ever blow'd,
Open'd on Calv'ry's tree,
When Jesus' blood in rivers flow'd,
For love of worthless me.

4 Its deepest hue, its richest smell,
No mortal sense can bear;
Nor can the tongue of angels tell
How bright the colours are.

5 Earth could not hold so rich a flower,
Nor half its beauties show;
Nor could the world and Satan's power
Confine its sweets below.

6 On Canaan's banks, supremely fair,
This flower of wonders blooms,
Transplanted to its native air,
And all the shores perfumes.

7 But not to Canaan's shores confin'd,
The seeds from which it blow,
Take root within the human mind,
And scent the Church below.

8 And soon on yonder banks above,
Shall every blossom here,
Appear, a full, ripe flower of love,
Like Him, transplanted there.

---

249. L. M.

JESUS, my Saviour and my God,
Thou hast redeem'd me with thy blood
By ties both natural and divine,
I am and ever will be thine.

2 But ah! should my inconstant heart,
Ere I'm aware, from thee depart,
What dire reproach would fall on me,
For such ingratitude to thee!

3 The thought I dread, the crime I hate
The guilt, the shame I deprecate;
And yet, so mighty are my foes,
I dare not trust my warmest vows.

4 Pity my frailty, dearest Lord;
Grace in the needful hour afford;
O, steel this tim'rous heart of mine,
With fortitude and love divine.

5 So shall I triumph o'er my fears,
And gather joys from all my tears;
So shall I to the world proclaim,
The honours of the Christian name.

COWPER.] **250.** C. M.

Light shining out of darkness.

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

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

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

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

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

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251. L. M. *Rising to God.*

NOW let our souls on wings sublime
Rise from the vanities of time;
Draw back the parting veil and see
The glories of eternity.

2 Born by a new celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth?

Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?

3 Shall aught beguile us on the road,
When we are walking back to God?
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.

4 Welcome sweet hour of full discharge,
That sets our longing souls at large;
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,
And gives us with our GOD to dwell.

5 To dwell with GOD, to feel his love,
Is the full heaven enjoy'd above;
And the sweet expectation now,
Is the young dawn of heaven below.

WATTS.] **252.** C. M.

Christ's Commission.

COME, happy souls, approach your GOD
With new melodious songs;
Come, tender to almighty grace
The tribute of your tongues.

2 So strange, so boundless was the love
That pitied dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son
To give them life again.

3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not arm'd
With a revenging rod,
No hard commission to perform
The vengeance of a GOD.

4 But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on the kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.

5 Here sinners you may heal your wounds,
And wipe your sorrows dry;

Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
And you shall never die.

6 See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
Accept thine offer'd grace;
We bless the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praise.

DR. WATTS.] **253.** L. M.

The almost Christian.

BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there,
But wisdom shows a narrower path;
With here and there a traveller.

2 Deny thyself and take thy cross,
Is the Redeemer's great command:
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain the heavenly land.

3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of GOD no more,
Is but esteem'd almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain,
Create my heart entirely new;
Which hypocrites could ne'er obtain,
Which false apostates never knew.

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254. S. M. *Christian Union.*

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love!
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers:
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain:
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
To all eternity.

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255. L. M. *The good old way.*

INQUIRING souls who long to find
Pardon of sin and peace of mind,
Attend the voice of God to-day,
Who bids you seek the good old way

2 The righteousness, th' atoning blood
Of Jesus, is the way to God:
O may you then no longer stray,
But walk in Christ the good old way.

3 The prophets and apostles too
Pursu'd this path while here below:
Then let not fear your soul dismay,
But come to Christ the good old way

4 With cautious zeal and holy care,
In this dear way I'll persevere,
Nor doubt to meet, another day,
Where Jesus is, the good old way.

256. L. M.

WHEN converts first begin to sing,
Their happy souls are on the wing;
Their theme is all redeeming love,
Fain would they be with Christ above.

2 With admiration they behold
The love of Christ that can't be told:
They view themselves upon the shore,
And think the battle is all o'er.

3 They feel themselves quite free from pain.
And think their enemies are slain;
They make no doubt but all is well,
And Satan is cast down to hell.

4 They wonder why old saints don't sing
And make the heavenly arches ring—
Ring with melodious, joyful sound,
Because a prodigal is found.

5 But 'tis not long before they feel
Their feeble souls begin to reel;
They think their former hopes are vain,
They're fill'd with sorrow, grief and pain.

6 O foolish child, why didst thou boast
In the enlargement of thy coast?
Why didst thou think to fly away
Before thou leav'st this feeble clay?

7 Come take up arms and face the field.
Come gird on harness, sword and shield,
Stand fast in faith, fight for your King,
And soon the victory you shall win.

8 When Satan comes to tempt your minds
Then bravely meet him with these lines
Jesus our Lord hath took the field,
And we're determin'd not to yield.

257. S. M.

Submission under affliction.

DOST thou my profit seek,
And chasten as a friend?
O God, I'll kiss the smarting rod,
There's honey at the end.

2 Dost thou, through death's dark vale,
Conduct to heaven at last?
The future good will make amends,
For all the evils past.

3 Lord, I would not repine
At strokes in mercy sent;
If the chastisement come in love,
My heart shall be content.

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258. C. M.

God is love.

COME, ye that know and fear the Lord,
And lift your souls above;
Let every heart and voice accord
To sing that God is love.

2 This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove;
Jesus, the gift of gifts appears
To show that God is love.

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

4 In all his doctrines and commands,
His councils and designs,
In every work his hands have fram'd,
His love supremely shines.

5 Angels and men the news proclaim
Through earth, and heaven above

The joyful and transporting news,
That God, the Lord, is love.

WESLEY.] **259.** L. M. *Old age.*

IN age and feebleness extreme,
Who shall a helpless worm redeem?
'Tis only Jesus, by his blood,
Can raise a sinking soul to God.

2 Jesus, my only hope thou art;
Strength of my failing flesh and heart;
O, could I catch a smile from thee,
And drop into eternity!

WATTS.] **260.** C. M.

The Messiah's coming and kingdom.

Tune—ROCHESTER.

JOY to the world, the Lord is come,
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ!
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

DR. WATTS.] **261.** S. M.

Dangerous prosperity; or, daily devotion encouraged.

Tune—FLORIDA.

LET sinners take their course,
And choose the road of death;
But in the worship of my God,
I'll spend my daily breath.

2 My thoughts address his throne,
When morning brings the light;
I seek his blessing every noon,
And pay my vows at night.

3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
O my eternal God!
While sinners flourish in surprise,
Beneath thine angry rod.

4 Because they dwell at ease,
And no sad changes feel,
They neither fear nor trust thy name,
Nor learn to do thy will.

5 But I, with all my cares,
Will lean upon the Lord;
I'll cast my burdens on his arm,
And rest upon his word.

6 His arm shall well sustain
The children of his love;
The ground on which their safety stands,
No earthly power can move.

DR. WATTS.] **262.** C. M.

The vanity of man, as mortal.

Tune—SUFFIELD.

TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame;

I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

2 A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time;
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flower and prime.

3 See the vain race of mortals move,
Like shadows o'er the plain;
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all their noise is vain.

4 Some walk in honour's gaudy show;
Some dig for golden ore;
They toil for heirs, they know not whc
And straight are seen no more.

5 What should I wish, or wait for, then,
From creatures, earth and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recall;
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all.

DR. WATTS.] **263.** S. M.

Christ's commission. John iii. 16, 17.

Tune—NINETY-THIRD.

RAISE your triumphant songs,
To an immortal tune;
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace hath done.

2 Sing, how eternal Love
Its chief Beloved chose,
And bid him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.

3 His hand no thunder bears,
Nor terror clothes his brow

No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

4 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
And wrath stood silent by;
When Christ was sent with pardons down,
To rebels doom'd to die.

5 Now, sinners, dry your tears;
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.

6 Lord, we obey thy call;
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

DR. WATTS.] **264.** C. M.

The pilgrimage of the Saints; or, Earth and Heaven

Tune—TRIBULATION.

LORD, what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply;
No cheering fruits no wholesome trees,
Nor streams of living joy?

2 But pricking thorns, thro' all the ground
And mortal poisons grow;
And all the rivers that are found,
With dangerous waters flow.

3 Yet, the dear path to thine abode
Lies through this horrid land;
Lord, we would keep the heavenly road,
And run at thy command.

4 [Our souls shall tread the desert through,
With undiverted feet;

And faith and flaming zeal subdue
The terrors that we meet.

5 A thousand savage beasts of prey
Around the forest roam:
But Judah's Lion guards the way,
And guides the strangers home.

6 Long nights and darkness dwell below,
With scarce a twinkling ray;
But the bright world to which we go
Is everlasting day.

7 By glimm'ring hopes, and gloomy fears,
We trace the sacred road;
Thro' dismal deeps and dangerous snares,
We make our way to God.]

8 Our journey is a thorny maze;
But we march upward still;
Forget these troubles of the ways,
And reach at Zion's hill.

264. S. M. SECOND PART.

'SERVANT of God! well done;
Rest from thy lov'd employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.'

2 The voice at midnight came;
He started up to hear;
A mortal arrow pierced his frame;
He fell—but felt no fear.

3 Tranquil amidst alarms,
It found him in the field,
A veteran, slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red cross shield.

4 Soldier of Christ! well done;
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

DR. WATTS.] **265.** L. M

The enjoyment of Christ; or, delight in worship

Tune—VERNON.

LORD, what a heaven of saving grace
Shines through the beauties of thy face,
And lights our passions to a flame!
Lord, how we love thy charming name!

2 When I can say, my God is mine;
When I can feel thy glories shine,
I tread the world beneath my feet,
And all the earth calls good or great.

3 While such a scene of sacred joys
Our raptur'd eyes and souls employs,
Here we could sit, and gaze away
A long and everlasting day.

4 Well, we shall quickly pass the night,
To the fair coasts of perfect light;
Then shall our joyful senses rove
O'er the dear object of our love.

5 There shall we drink full draughts of bliss,
And pluck new life from heavenly trees.
Yet now and then, dear Lord, bestow
A drop of heaven on worms below.

6 Send comforts down from thy right hand
While we pass through this barren land;
And in thy temple let us see
A glimpse of love, a glimpse of thee.

ROBINSON.] **266.** P. M.

Tune—OLNEY.

COME, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount, O fix me on it,
Mount of God's unchanging love.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by thy grace I've come:
And I hope, by thy good pleasure
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God,
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interpos'd his precious blood.

3 O! to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
Seal 't for thy courts above.

Dr Watts.] **267.** P. M. *God our Preserver*

Tune—Delight.

UPWARD I lift mine eyes;
From God is all my aid;
The God that built the skies,
And earth and nature made
God is the tower
To which I fly;
His grace is nigh
In every hour.

2 My feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears

Those wakeful eyes,
That never sleep,
Shall Israel keep,
When dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there.
Thou art my sun,
And thou my shade,
To guard my head
By night or noon.

4 Hast thou not given thy word,
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord,
To keep my mortal breath.
I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
Till from on high
Thou call me home

DR. WATTS.] **268.** L. M.

Christ's presence makes death easy.

Tune—ALL SAINTS.

WHY should we start, and fear to die?
What tim'rous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 O, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

DR. WATTS.] **269.** S. M.

Triumph over death, in hope of the resurrection.

Tune—AYLESBURY.

AND must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?

2 Corruption, earth and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh.

3 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And often from the skies
Looks down and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

4 Array'd in glorious grace,
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape, and every face,
Look heavenly and divine.

5 These lively hopes, we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.

6 Dear Lord, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sounds we raise,
With our immortal tongues.

DR. WATTS.] **270. S. M**

Heavenly joy on earth.

Tune—AMERICA.

COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from this place;
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.

3 Let those refuse to sing,
That never knew our God;
But fav'rites of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

4 [The God that rules on high,
And thunders when he please;
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas.]

5 This awful God is ours;
Our Father, and our Love;
He shall send down his heavenly powers
To carry us above.

6 There shall we see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

7 Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create,

8 [The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.]

9 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

0 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

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271. First Part. *Come away.*

COME away to the skies,
My beloved, arise,
And rejoice in the day thou wast born:
On this festival day,
Come exulting away,
And with singing to Zion return.

2 We have laid up our love,
And our treasure above,
Though our bodies continue below;
The redeem'd of our Lord,
We remember his word,
And with singing to paradise go.

3 With singing we praise
The original grace,
By our heavenly Father bestow'd:
Our being receive
From his bounty, and live
To the honour and glory of God.

4 For thy glory we are,
Created to share
Both the nature and kingdom divine:
Created again,
That our souls may remain
In time and eternity thine.

5 With thanks we approve
The design of thy love,

Which hath join'd us in Jesus' name;
So united in heart,
That we never can part,
Till we meet at the feast of the Lamb

6 There, there at his feet,
We shall suddenly meet,
And be parted in body no more!
We shall sing to our lyres,
With the heavenly choirs,
And our Saviour in glory adore.

7 Hallelujah, we sing,
To our Father and King,
And his rapturous praises repeat:
To the Lamb that was slain,
Hallelujah again,
Sing all heaven and fall at his feet.

8 In assurance of hope,
We to Jesus look up,
Till his banner unfurl'd in the air
From our graves we shall see,
And cry out, 'It is he!'
And fly up to acknowledge him there.

271. SECOND PART. *Help to the Lord*

YE people away,
Nor talk of delay,
The time for exertion is come;
The summons is given,
The Lord calls from heaven:
Let no man now tarry at home.

2 The Lord in his might
Is gone to the fight;
And if we should shrink from the toil,
The day will be won,
The work will be done,
And others will gather the spoil.

3 And should we decline,
His standard to join;
Our slackness will meet its reward,
A wo they will find,
Who tarry behind,
Nor go to the help of the Lord.

4 Then cast off delay,
'To arms,' and away;
To arms—'tis the Lord gives the word:
With sword and with shield,
Away to the field;
'Away to the help of the Lord.'

---

272. L. M.

I LONG to see the season come
When sinners shall come flocking home,
To taste the sweets of Jesus' love,
And seek the joys that are above.

2 Hark! how the gloricus Gospel sounds,
Inviting sinners all around;
Behold, your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

3 Attend, poor sinners, to his word;
Kiss him, yea, own him as your Lord;
He'll wash you in atoning blood,
And seal you heirs and sons of God.

4 A few more days, and you must go
To realms of joy or endless woe;
In worlds of light, with Christ to dwell,
Or sink beneath his frowns, to hell.

5 Come, then, dear sinners, counsel take,
And all your sinful ways forsake;
The world give o'er, leave friends behind,
In Christ you shall redemption find.

6 Take your companion by the hand,
And all your children in a band,

And give them up at Jesus' call
To pardon, bless and save them all.

7 Thus, when the day of Christ shall come,
And he collect his children home,
On Zion's mount you then shall stand,
And join the bright angelic band.

8 O, what a glorious company!
May I be there, that sight to see,
And join in praise to Jesus' name,
All glorious in Jerusalem.

---

273. P. M.

Tune—Solemn Sound.

FROM whence doth this union arise
That hatred is conquer'd by love?
It fastened our souls in such ties,
As nature and time can't remove.

2 It cannot in Eden be found,
Nor yet in a Paradise lost;
It grows on Immanuel's ground,
And Jesus' rich blood it did cost.

3 My friends are so dear unto me,
Our hearts are united in love;
Where Jesus is gone we shall be,
In yonder bright mansions above.

4 O, why then so loth for to part,
Since there we shall all meet again?
Engrav'd on Immanuel's heart,
At a distance we cannot remain.

5 And when we shall see that bright day,
And join with the angels above,
There, free from these bodies of clay,
We'll dwell with Christ Jesus above.

With Jesus we ever shall reign,
And all his bright glories we'll see,

There sing hallelujah, amen;
Amen, even so let it be.

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274. C. M. *The Mariner's Psalm.*

Tune—Ocean.

THY works of glory, mighty Lord
That rules the boist'rous sea,
The sons of courage shall record,
Who tempt the dang'rous way.

2 At thy command the winds arise,
And swell the towering waves;
The men astonish'd mount the skies,
And sink in gaping graves.

3 'Tis God that brings them safe to land
Let stupid mortals know,
That waves are under his command,
And all the winds that blow.

4 O, that the sons of men would praise
The goodness of the Lord;
And those who see thy wondrous ways
Thy wondrous love record.

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275. P. M. *Christ's ascension.*

Tune—Middletown.

HAIL the day that saw him rise,
Ravish'd from our wistful eyes!
Christ, a while to mortals given,
Reascends his native heaven.
There the pompous triumph waits,
'Lift your heads, ye crystal gates;
Wide unfold the radiant scene,
Take the King of glory in.'

2 Him who highest heaven receives
Still he loves the world he leaves,

Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own,
Still for us he intercedes;
Prevalent, his death he pleads;
Next himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

3 Master, (may we ever say,)
Taken from our head to-day,
See thy faithful servants, see,
Ever gazing upon thee;
Grant, though parted from our sight,
Far above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
And follow thee beyond the skies.

4 Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the wings of love;
Looking when our Lord shall come,
Longing, grasping after home.
There we shall with thee remain,
Partners of thy endless reign;
There thy face unclouded see;
Find our heaven of heavens in thee.

DR. WATTS.] **276.** L. M.

Glory and grace in the person of Christ.

Tune—WILLIAMSTOWN.

NOW to the Lord a noble song;
Awake my soul, awake my tongue
Hosanna to th' eternal Name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

2 See, where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace!
God, in the person of his Son,
Hath all his mightiest works outdone.

3 The spacious earth and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise and powerful God;

And thy rich glories, from afar,
Sparkle in every rolling star;

4 But in his looks a glory stands,
The noblest labour of thine hands;
The pleasing lustre of his eyes,
Outshines the wonders of the skies.

5 Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme,
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name;
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.

6 O, may I live to reach the place,
Where he unveils his lovely face;
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold.

---

277. C. M

Tune—SHERBURN.

WHILE shepherds watch'd their flock by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

2 'Fear not,' said he, (for mighty dread
Had seiz'd their troubled mind,)
'Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

3 'To you, in David's town, this day
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:

4 'The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid.'

5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Address'd their joyful song:

6 'All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will, henceforth, from heaven to men
Begin and never cease.'

DR. WATTS.] **278.** C. M.

The Morning of a Lord's Day.

Tune—MONTGOMERY.

EARLY, my God, without delay
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

3 I've seen thy glory and thy power,
Through all thy temple shine;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour
That vision so divine!

4 Not all the blessings of a feast,
Can please my soul so well,
As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.

5 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

6 Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King:

Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

DR. WATTS.] **279.** P. M.

Praise to God, for his goodness and truth.

Tune—LIVONIA.

I'LL praise my maker with my breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die and turn to dust;
Vain is the help of flesh and blood;
Their breath departs, their pomp, and power,
And thoughts, all vanish in an hour;
Nor can they make their promise good.

3 Happy the man, whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves the oppress'd, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

4 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He sends the labouring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

5 He loves his saints, he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell;
Thy God, O Zion! ever reigns;
Let every tongue, let every age,
In this exalted work engage;
Praise him in everlasting strains.

6 I'll praise him while he lends me breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

DR. WATTS.] **280.** L. M.

The prosperity of sinners cursed.

Tune—GREENWICH.

LORD, what a thoughtless wretch was I,
To mourn and murmur, and repine,
To see the wicked, placed on high,
In pride and robes of honour shine?

2 But, oh! their end, their dreadful end!
Thy sanctuary taught me so;
On slipp'ry rocks I see them stand,
And fiery billows roll below.

3 Now, let them boast how tall they rise;
I'll never envy them again;
There they may stand with haughty eyes,
Till they plunge deep in endless pain.

4 Now, I esteem their mirth and wine
Too dear to purchase with my blood;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine,
My life, my portion, and my God.

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281. P. M.

Tune—NEW MONMOUTH.

LO, he cometh! countless trumpets
Blow, to raise the sleeping dead;
Midst ten thousand saints and angels,
See their great, exalted Head;
Hallelujah,
Welcome, welcome, Son of God.

2 Now his merit, by the harpers,
Through the eternal deep resounds
Now resplendent shine his nail-prints
Every eye shall see his wounds;
They who pierc'd him,
Shall at his appearance wail.

3 Full of joyful expectation,
Saints behold the Judge appear;
Truth and justice go before him;
Now the joyful sentence hear;
Hallelujah,
Welcome, welcome, Judge divine:

4 'Come, ye blessed of my Father,
Enter into life and joy;
Banish all your fears and sorrows.
Endless life be your employ
Hallelujah,
Welcome, welcome to the skies.'

5 Now at once they rise to glory:
Jesus brings them to the King;
There, with all the hosts of heaven,
They eternal anthems sing;
Hallelujah,
Boundless glory to the Lamb.

DR. WATTS.] **282.** C. M.

The sufferings of Christ for our salvation.

Tune—SUTTON.

SAVE me, O God! the swelling floods
Break in upon my soul,
I sink, and sorrows o'er my head
Like mighty waters roll.

2 'I cry till all my voice be gone
In tears I waste the day
My God, behold my longing eyes,
And shorten thy delay.

3 'They hate my soul without a cause,
And still their number grows,
More than the hairs around my head,
And mighty are my foes.

4 '"Twas then I paid the dreadful debt,
That men could never pay;
And gave those honours to thy law,
Which sinners took away.'

5 Thus in the great Messiah's name,
The royal prophet mourns;
Thus he awakes our hearts to grief,
And gives us joy by turns.

6 'Now shall the saints rejoice, and find
Salvation in my name;
For I have borne their heavy load
Of sorrow, pain and shame.

7 'Grief, like a garment, clothed me round
And sackcloth was my dress,
While I procured for naked souls
A robe of righteousness.

8 'Amongst my brethren, and the Jews,
I, like a stranger, stood,
And bore their vile reproach to bring
The Gentiles near to God.

9 'I came in sinful mortals' stead,
To do my Father's will;
Yet when I cleans'd my Father's house,
They scandaliz'd my zeal.

10 'My fastings, and my holy groans,
Were made the drunkard's song;
But God, from his celestial throne,
Heard my complaining tongue.

11 'He sav'd me from the dreadful deep
Where fears beset me round;
He rais'd, and fix'd my sinking feet
On well-established ground.

12 'Twas in a most accepted hour,
My prayers arose on high;
And for my sake my God shall hear
The dying sinner's cry.'

HART.] **283.** P. M.

Put on the whole armour of God. Eph. iv 12.

Tune—CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

GIRD thy loins up, Christian soldier,
Lo! thy Captain calls thee out;
Let the danger make thee bolder,
War in weakness, dare in doubt.
Buckle on thy heavenly armour;
Patch up no inglorious peace;
Let thy courage wax the warmer,
As thy foes and fears increase.

2 Bind thy golden girdle round thee;
Truth to keep thee firm and tight;
Never shall the foe confound thee,
While the truth maintains thy fight.
Righteousness within thee rooted,
May appear to take thy part;
But let righteousness imputed,
Be the breast-plate of thy heart.

3 Shod with Gospel-preparation,
In the paths of promise tread;
Let the hope of free salvation,
As a helmet, guard thy head.
When beset with various evils,
Wield the Spirit's two-edg'd sword;
Cut thy way through hosts of devils,
While they fall before the Word.

4 But when dangers closer threaten,
And thy soul draws near to death;
When assaulted sore by Satan,
Then object the shield of faith.

Fiery darts of fierce temptations,
Intercepted by thy God,
There shall lose their force in patience,
Sheath'd in love, and quench'd in blood

5 Though to speak, thou be not able,
Always pray and never rest;
Prayer's a weapon for the feeble;
Weakest souls can wield it best.
Ever on thy Captain calling,
Make thy worst condition known;
He shall hold thee up when falling,
Or shall lift thee up when down.

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284. P. M.

Longing to see Jesus.

Tune—CONQUERING SOLDIER.

O WHEN shall I see Jesus,
And reign with him above,
And from the flowing fountains
Drink everlasting love?
When shall I be deliver'd
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus,
Drink endless pleasures in?

2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before,
He's given me my orders,
And tells me not to fear;
And as he has prov'd faithful,
A crown of life he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall live.

3 Through grace I am determin'd
To conquer, though I die;
And then, away to Jesus,
On wings of love I'll fly.

Farewell to sin and sorrow;
I bid it all adieu?
And you, my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

4 And if you meet with troubles
And trials on the way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray;
Gird on the heavenly armour,
Of faith, and hope, and love,
And when the battle's ended,
You'll reign with him above.

5 O, do not be discourag'd,
For Jesus is your friend,
And if you lack for knowledge,
He'll not refuse to send;
Neither will he upbraid you,
Though often you request;
He'll give you grace to conquer,
And take you up to rest.

DR. WATTS.] **285.** C. M.

The hopes of heaven our support under trials on earth.

Tune—NINETY-FIFTH.

WHEN I can read my title clear,
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And stones of sorrow fall;

May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all;

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

DR. WATTS.] **286.** C. M.

Not ashamed of the Gospel. 2 Tim. i. 12.

Tune—FIDUCIA.

I'M not asham'd to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the honour of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my God! I know his name;
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne, his promise stands;
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name,
Before his Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

DR. WATTS.] **287.** C. M.

Salvation.

Tune—TWENTY-FOURTH.

SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay,
But we arise by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

POPE.] **288.** P. M.

Tune—CLAREMONT.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame;
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
O the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

2 Hark! they whisper—angels say,
Sister spirit, come away;
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath,
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

3 The world recedes, it disappears,
Heaven opens on my eyes, my ears
With sounds seraphic ring;
Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly
O grave, where is thy victory?
O death, where is thy sting?

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289. L. M.

Tune—SEASONS.

THE name of Christ, how sweet it sounds,
How sweet the mention of his wounds

How good, how excellently good,
Is the dear name of Jesus' blood!

2 What makes it so to me, is this:
All that is Christ's, my portion is;
I'm his, and all I e'er shall be,
And all he has he gives to me.

3 O, what a great estate have I!
A heaven to all eternity;
I'm rich, my Lord hath made me so,
Nor would I greater riches know.

4 What did my Saviour at his death,
To me, unworthy me, bequeath?
All that he had, his merit, blood,
He left me when he went to God.

5 His new eternal testament
I read, and much sweet time is spent
In searching every verse and line,
How much my Jesus' will is mine.

6 My dearest Lord I'll ever bless,
For his most glorious righteousness,
I'll sing how black, how vile I am,
How fair and comely in the Lamb.

7 For black and vile I know I am,
Yet comely through the blessed Lamb;
And hope ere long to mount above,
Ever to praise redeeming love.

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290. *Taking up the Cross.*

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known,

Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own!

2 Let the world despise and leave me;
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me –
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
And whilst thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me;
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure,
Come disaster, scorn and pain,
In thy service pain is pleasure,
With thy favour loss is gain.
I have call'd thee Abba, Father,
I have set my heart on thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

4 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast,
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmix'd with thee.

5 Soul, then know thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee;
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

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291. P. M.

Exceeding great and precious promises. 2 Peter i. 4

Tune—Foundation of Hope.

HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!

What more can he say, than to you he hath said?
You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled.

2 In every condition, in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale or abounding in wealth,
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
'As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.

3 'Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd,
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

4 'When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 'When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply,
The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design
Thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine.

6 'Even down to old age, all my people shall prove,
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

7 'The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake,
I'll never, no *never*, no *never forsake.*'

292. P. M.

Tune—INDIAN PHILOSOPHER.

WHEN thou, my righteous Judge shalt come,
To fetch thy ransom'd people home,
Shall I amongst them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

2 I love to meet among them now,
Before thy gracious feet to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But (can I bear the piercing thought?)
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call!

3 Prevent, prevent it by thy grace;
Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding place,
In this th' accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear;
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Let me among thy saints be found:
Whene'er th archangel's trump shall sound,
To see thy smiling face;
Then, loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

DR. WATTS.] **293.** C. M.

Repentance at the Cross.

Tune—REPENTANCE.

OH! if my soul were formed for woe,
How would I vent my sighs!
Repentance should like rivers flow,
From both my streaming eyes.

2 'Twas for my sins my dearest Lord
Hung on the cursed tree,
And groan'd away a dying life,
For thee, my soul, for thee.

3 O how I hate those lusts of mine,
That crucified my God;
Those sins, that pierc'd and nail'd his flesh
Fast to the fatal wood.

4 Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die;
My heart hath so decreed;
Nor will I spare the guilty things
That made my Saviour bleed.

5 Whilst with a melting, broken heart,
My murder'd Lord I view,
I'll raise revenge against my sins,
And slay the murd'rers too.

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294. P. M.

Tune—Pilgrim's Farewell.

FAREWELL, farewell, farewell, my friends, I must be gone;
I have no home nor stay with you;
I'll take my staff and travel on,
Till I a better world can view,
Farewell, farewell, farewell, my loving friends, farewell.

2 Farewell, &c. my friends, time rolls along,
Nor waits for mortal cares of bliss,
I'll leave you here and travel on,
Till I arrive where Jesus is.
Farewell, &c.

3 Farewell, &c. my brethren in the Lord;
To you I'm bound with cords of love;
Yet we believe his gracious word,
We all, ere long, shall meet above.
Farewell, &c.

4 Farewell, &c. old soldiers of the cross,
You've struggled long and hard for heaven;
You've counted all things here but loss;
March on, the crown shall soon be given.
Farewell, &c.

5 Farewell, &c. ye blooming sons of God;
Sore conflicts yet remain for you;
But dauntless keep the heavenly road,
Till Canaan's happy land you view.
Farewell, &c.

6 Farewell, &c. poor careless sinners too;
It grieves my heart to leave you here;
Eternal vengeance waits for you,
O turn! O turn! O turn! and find salvation near.
Farewell, &c.

DR. WATTS.] **295.** L. M.

Prayer for deliverance answered. Isa. xxvi. 8—20.

Tune—JUDGMENT.

IN thine own ways, O God of Love!
We wait the visits of thy grace;
Our souls' desire is to thy name,
And the remembrance of thy face.

2 My thoughts are searching, Lord, for thee,
'Mongst the black shades of lonesome night;
My earnest cries salute the skies,
Before the dawn restores the light.

3 Look how rebellious men deride
The tender patience of my God!
But they shall see thy lifted hand,
And feel the scourges of thy rod.

4 Hark! the Eternal rends the sky;
A mighty voice before him goes;

A voice of music to his friends,
But threat'ning thunder to his foes.

5 Come, children, to your Father's arms;
Hide in the chambers of my grace,
Till the fierce storms be overblown,
And my revenging fury cease.

6 My sword shall boast its thousands slain,
And drink the blood of haughty kings,
While heavenly peace around my flock
Stretches its soft and shady wings.

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296. L. M.

Tune—DENMARK.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he de-troy.

2 His sovereign power, 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.

3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise,
And earth with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

4 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.

DR. WATTS.] **297.** C. M.

Death and Eternity.

Tune—MORTALITY.

STOOP down, my thoughts, that use to rise,
Converse a while with death;

Think how a grasping mortal lies,
And pants away his breath.

2 His quiv'ring lip hangs feebly down;
His pulse is faint and few;
Then, speechless, with a doleful groan,
He bids the world adieu.

3 But, O! the soul, that never dies,
At once it leaves the clay;
Ye thoughts, pursue it where it flies,
And track its wondrous way.

4 Up to the courts where angels dwell
It mounts triumphing there;
Or justice sends it down to hell,
In infinite despair.

5 And must my body faint and die?
And must this soul remove?
O, for some guardian angel nigh;
To bear it safe above.

6 Jesus, to thy dear, faithful hand,
My naked soul I trust;
And my flesh waits for thy command,
To drop into my dust.

FUNERAL HYMNS.

DR. WATTS.] **298.** C. M.

A funeral thought.

HARK! from the tombs a doleful sound
My ears attend the cry;
'Ye living men come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie.

2 'Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your towers;
The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head,
Must lie as low as ours.

3 Great God! is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward to our tomb,
And yet prepare no more?

4 Grant us the powers of quick'ning grace,
To fit our souls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

STEELE.] **299.** C. M.

WHEN blooming youth is snatch'd away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity may demand.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O, may this truth, impress'd,
With awful power—*I too must die*—
Sink deep in every breast.

3 Let this vain world engage no more;
Behold the gaping tomb!
It bids us seize the present hour;
To-morrow, death may come.

4 The voice of this alarming scene,
May every heart obey;
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

5 O, let us fly, to Jesus fly,
Whose powerful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

6 Great God, thy sovereign grace impart,
With cleansing, healing power;
This only can prepare the heart,
For death's surprising hour.

DR. WATTS.] **300.** C. M.

The death and burial of a Saint.

WHY do we mourn departing friends
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb,
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all his saints he bless'd,
And soften'd every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying head?

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And show'd our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations under ground,
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

DR. WATTS.] **301.** C. M.

Frail life, and succeeding eternity

THEE we adore, eternal Name!
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we!

2 [Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As months and days increase

And every beating pulse we tell,
Leaves but the number less.

3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're trav'ling to the grave.]

4 Dangers stand thick, thro' all the ground
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

5 Good God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
Th' eternal states of all the dead,
Upon life's feeble strings!

6 Infinite joy, or endless woe,
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcern'd we go,
Upon the brink of death!

7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dang'rous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

DR. WATTS.] **302.** C. M.

A thought of death and glory.

MY soul, come meditate the day,
And think how near it stands,
When thou must quit this house of clay
And fly to unknown lands.

2 [And you, mine eyes, look down and view
The hollow gaping tomb,
This gloomy prison waits for you,
Whene'er the summons come.]

3 O! could we die with those that die,
And place us in their stead,

Then would our spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the dead.

4 Then should we see the saints above,
In their own glorious forms,
And wonder why our souls should love
To dwell with mortal worms.

5 [How we should scorn these clothes of flesh
These fetters, and this load;
And long for evening to undress,
That we may rest with God.]

6 We should almost forsake our clay
Before the summons come,
And pray and wish our souls away
To their eternal home.

DEATH.

HART.] **303.** C. M.

VAIN man thy fond pursuits forbear,
Repent, thy end is nigh;
Death, at the farthest, can't be far;
O, think before thou die.

2 Reflect, thou hast a soul to save;
Thy sins, how high they mount!
What are thy hopes beyond the grave?
How stands that dark account?

3 Death enters, and there's no defence;
His time there's none can tell;
He'll in a moment call thee hence,
To heaven, or, to hell.

4 Thy flesh, perhaps thy chiefest care,
Shall crawling worms consume;
But ah! destruction stops not there;
Sin kills beyond the tomb.

5 To-day, the gospel calls to-day;
Sinners, it speaks to you;
Let every one forsake his way,
And *mercy* will ensue.

6 Rich mercy, dearly bought with blood;
How vile soe'er he be,
Abundant pardon, peace with God.
All given entirely free.

Dr. Ryland.] **304.** 7's. Psalm xxxi. 15

SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise!
All my times are in thy hand,
All events at thy command.

2 Thou didst form me in the womb,
Thou wilt guide me to the tomb:
All my times shall ever be
Ordered by thy wise decree:

3 Times of sickness, times of health;
Times of penury and wealth;
Times of trial and of grief;
Times of trial and relief:

4 Times temptation's power to prove,
Times to taste a Saviour's love;
All is fixed—the means and end,
As shall please my heavenly Friend.

5 Plagues and death around me fly;
Till He bids, I cannot die;
Not a single shaft can hit,
Till the God of Love sees fit.

C. Wesley.] **305.** P. M.

Death delightful.

REJOICE for a brother deceas'd,
Our loss is his infinite gain;

A soul out of prison releas'd,
And freed from its bodily chain;
With songs let us follow his flight,
And mount with his spirit above,
Escap'd to the mansions of light,
And lodg'd in the Eden of love.

Our brother the haven hath gain'd,
Outflying the tempest and wind,
His rest he hath sooner obtain'd,
And left his companions behind,
Still toss'd on a sea of distress,
Hard toiling to make the blest shore,
Where all is assurance and peace,
And sorrow and sin are no more

There all the ship's company meet,
Who sail'd with the Saviour beneath,
With shouting each other they greet,
And triumph o'er trouble and death.
The voyage of life's at an end,
The mortal affliction is past:
The age that in heaven they spend,
For ever and ever shall last.

JUDGMENT.

HART.] **306.** L. M.

The day of Judgment.

AWAKE, ye sleeping souls, awake,
And hear the God of Israel speak;
His word is faithful, firm and true;
Sinners, attend, he speaks you.

2 'Mercy and vengeance in me dwell;
One lifts to heaven, one casts to hell;
My favour's more than life, my wrath
Will burn beyond the bounds of death.'

3 Short is the space, and death must come;
And after death, the day of doom;
When quick and dead the Judge shall call
And deal their due deserts to all.

4 Fix'd in their everlasting state,
Could men repent, 'twere then too late;
'Justice has bolted Mercy's door,
And God's long suff'ring is no more.

5 'Tis *now* the gospel message sent,
Commands repentance—*now* repent;
Wisely be warn'd, to refuge run;
Obey the Father, kiss the Son.

6 In Christ, receive the gift of God,
Complete redemption through his blood;
Mercy triumphant, sin forgiven,
And everlasting life in heaven.

HART.] **307.** S. M.

BEHOLD, with awful pomp,
The Judge prepares to come;
Th' archangel sounds the dreadful trumpet,
And wakes the general doom.

2 Nature, in wild amaze,
Her dissolution mourns;
Blushes of blood the moon deface,
The sun to darkness turns.

3 The living look with dread;
The frighted dead arise,
Start from their monumental bed,
And lift their ghastly eyes.

4 Now is th' accepted time;
To Christ for mercy fly;

O, turn, repent, and trust in him,
And you shall never die.

5 Great God, in whom we live,
Prepare us for that day;
Help us in Jesus to believe,
To watch, and wait, and pray.

307. SECOND PART. 8's. & 7's.

HAPPY soul, thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below
Go, by angel-guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus, go.
Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo! the Saviour stands above;
Shows the purchase of his merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.

2 Struggle through thy latest passion,
To thy great Redeemer's breast,
To his uttermost salvation,
To his everlasting rest.
For the joy he sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain;
Die to live a life of glory;
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign

DR. DODDRIDGE.] **308.** S. M.

The final sentence and misery of the wicked.
Matt. xxiv. 41.

AND will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

4 And from his righteous lips,
Shall the dread sentence sound,
And through the numerous guilty throng
Spread black despair around?

3 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

4 So shall that curse remove,
By which the Saviour bled,
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head.

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309. *Judgment Hymn.*

O THERE will be mourning, mourning, mourning, mourning,
O there will be mourning, at the judgment seat of Christ.
Parents and children there will part,
Parents and children there will part,
Parents and children there will part,
Will part to meet no more.

2 O there will be mourning, &c.
Wives and husbands there will part,
Wives and husbands there will part,
Wives and husbands there will part,
Will part to meet no more.

3 O there will be mourning, &c.
Brothers and sisters there will part,
Brothers and sisters there will part,
Brothers and sisters there will part,
Will part to meet no more.

4 O there will be mourning, &c.
Friends and neighbours there will part,
Friends and neighbours there will part,
Friends and neighbours there will part,
Will part to meet no more.

5 O there will be mourning, &c.
Pastors and people there will part,

Pastors and people there will part,
Pastors and people there will part,
Will part to meet no more.

3 O there will be mourning, &c.
Devils and sinners there will meet,
Devils and sinners there will meet,
Devils and sinners there will meet,
Will meet to part no more.

7 O there will be shouting, &c.
Saints and angels there will meet,
Saints and angels there will meet,
Saints and angels there will meet,
Will meet to part no more.

Dr. Watts' Lyric Poems.] **310. L. M.**

Come, Lord Jesus.

WHEN shall thy lovely face be seen?
When shall our eyes behold our God!
What lengths of distance lie between,
And hills of guilt, a heavy load!

2 Our months are ages of delay,
And slowly every minute wears;
Fly, winged time, and roll away
These tedious rounds of sluggish years.

3 Ye heavenly gates, loose all your chains;
Let the eternal pillars bow;
Blest Saviour, cleave the starry plains,
And make the crystal fountains flow.

4 Hark! how thy saints unite their cries,
And pray, and wait the general doom:
Come, Thou, the soul of all our joys,
Thou, the Desire of nations, come.

5 Put thy bright robes of triumph on,
And bless our eyes, and bless our ears

Thou absent Love, thou dear Unknown,
The fairest of ten thousand fairs.

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311. *The Chariot.*

THE chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in fire,
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire;
Lo, self-moving it drives on its pathway of cloud,
And the heavens with the burden of Godhead are bow'd.

2 The glory! the glory! around him are pour'd,
Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the Lord;
And the glorified saints, and the martyrs are there,
And there all who the palm-wreaths of victory wear!

3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard:
Lo! the depths of the stone-cover'd charnel are stirr'd!
From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from the north,
All the vast generations of man are come forth!

4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set,
Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders are met!
There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.

5 O mercy! O mercy! look down from above,
Great Creator, on us, thy sad children, with love!
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driven,
May our justified souls find a welcome in heaven!

WATTS.] **312.** C. M.

The everlasting absence of God, intolerable.

THAT awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

3 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
Thou Sov'reign of my heart,

How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound, 'Depart!'

3 What! to be banish'd for my life,
And yet forbid to die?
To linger in eternal pain,
Yet death for ever fly!

4 O! wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love.

5 Jesus! I throw my arms around,
And hang upon thy breast;
Without a gracious smile from thee,
My spirit cannot rest.

6 O! tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands;
Show me some promise in thy book,
Where my salvation stands.

7 Give me one kind assuring word,
To sink my fears again;
And cheerfully my soul shall wait,
Her threescore years and ten.

Dr. S. Stennett.] **313.** C. M.

The last Judgment.

HE comes! he comes! to judge the world
Aloud the archangel cries;
While thunders roll from pole to pole;
And lightning cleaves the skies.

2 Th' affrighted nations hear the sound,
And upwards lift their eyes;
The slumb'ring tenants of the ground,
In living armies rise.

3 Amid the shouts of numerous friends,
Of hosts divinely bright,

The judge in solemn pomp descends,
Array'd in robes of light.

4 His head and hair are white as snow
His eyes a fiery flame;
A radiant crown adorns his brow,
And JESUS is his name.

5 Writ on his thigh his name appears,
And scars his vict'ries tell;
Lo! in his hand the Conqu'ror bears
The keys of death and hell.

6 So he ascends the judgment-seat,
And at his dread command,
Myriads of creatures round his feet
In solemn silence stand.

7 Princes and peasants here expect
Their last, their righteous doom;
The men who dar'd his grace reject,
And they who dar'd presume.

8 'Depart, ye sons of vice and sin,'
The injur'd JESUS cries;
While the long, kindling wrath within
Flashes from both his eyes.

9 And now, with words divinely sweet,
With rapture in his face,
Aloud his sacred lips repeat
The sentence of his grace:

10 'Well done, my good and faithful sons,
The children of my love;
Receive the *sceptres*, *crowns* and *thrones*
Prepar'd for you above.'

DR. WATTS. **314.** C. M.

The last judgment; or, the Saints rewarded.

THE Lord, the Judge, before his throne
Bids the whole earth draw nigh;
The nations near the rising sun,
And near the western sky.

2 No more shall bold blasphemers say,
'Judgment shall ne'er begin;'
No more abuse his long delay,
To impudence and sin.

3 Thron'd on a cloud, our God shall come;
Bright flames prepare his way;
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm,
Lead on the dreadful day.

4 Heaven from above his call shall hear,
Attending angels come;
And earth and hell shall know and fear,
His justice and their doom.

5 'But gather all my saints,' he cries,
That made their peace with God,
By the Redeemer's sacrifice,
And seal'd it with his blood.

6 Their faith and works, brought forth to light,
Shall make the world confess,
My sentence of reward is right,
And heaven adore my grace.

SPIRITUAL SONGS,

ARRANGED ALPHABETICALLY

1.

The Prodigal Son.

AFFLICTIONS, though they seem severe
Are oft in mercy sent,
They stop the prodigal's career,
And cause him to repent.
Although he no relenting felt,
Till he had spent his store,
His stubborn heart began to melt,
When famine pinch'd him sore.

2 'What have I gain'd by sin,' he said,
'But hunger, shame and fear?
My father's house abounds with bread,
While I am starving here.
I'll go and tell him all I've done,
Fall down before his face;
Unworthy to be call'd a son,
I'll seek a servant's place.'

3 His father saw him coming back;
He saw, and ran, and smil'd,
And threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child.
'Father, I've sinn'd; but O! forgive'—
'Enough,' the father said;
'Rejoice, my house, my son's alive,
For whom I mourn'd as dead.

4 Now let the fatted calf be slain,
And spread the news around;
My son was dead, but lives again,
Was lost, but now is found.'

'Tis thus the Lord his love reveals,
To call poor sinners home;
More than a father's love he feels,
And welcomes all that come.

5 Come, then, poor sinners, come away,
We call you all around;
'Tis the accepted, promis'd day,
When gospel grace abounds.
Come, mourning souls, to Jesus come,
Whose blood for you aton'd;
His heart, his hands, and church, have room
We therefore bid you come.

2.

AH, lovely appearance of death!
What sight upon earth is so fair?
Not all the gay pageants that breathe,
Can with a 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.

2 How blest is our brother, bereft
Of all that could burden his mind!
How easy the soul, that has left
This wearisome body behind!
Of evil incapable, thou
Whose relics with envy I see,
No longer in misery now,
No longer a sinner like me.

3 This earth is affected no more
With sickness, or shaken with pain
The war in the members is o'er,
And never shall vex him again;
No anger, henceforward, or shame,
Shall redden this innocent clay;

Extinct is the animal flame,
And passion is banished away.

4 This languishing head is at rest,
Its thinking and aching are o'er;
This quiet immovable breast
Is heav'd by affliction no more.
This heart is no longer the seat
Of trouble and torturing pain;
It ceases to flutter and beat;
It never shall flutter again.

5 The lids he so seldom could close,
By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
Seal'd up in eternal repose,
Have strangely forgotten to weep
The fountains can yield no supplies;
Those hollows from water are free;
The tears are all wiped from his eyes,
And evil they never shall see.

6 To mourn and to suffer is mine,
While bound in a prison I breathe;
And still for deliverence pine,
And press to the issue of death.
What now with my tears I bedew,
O, might I this moment become;
My spirit created anew,
My flesh be confin'd to the tomb.

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3. *A Revival.*

HARK! hear the sound,
On earth 'tis found;
My soul delights to hear
Of dying love,
Come from above,
And pardon bought so dear.

2 God's ministers,
Like flaming fires,
Are passing through the land

The voice I hear,
'Repent and fear;
King Jesus is at hand.'

3 God's people shine,
With grace divine,
They're sanctified by truth;
The saints, in prayer,
Cry, 'Lord, draw near:
Have mercy on our youth.'

4 Convinced of sin,
Men now begin
To call upon the Lord;
Trembling they pray,
And mourn the day
In which they scorn'd his word.

5 Young converts sing,
And praise their King,
And bless God's holy name;
While older saints,
True penitents,
Rejoice to join the theme.

6 God grant a shower
Of his great power,
On every burden'd heart;
Who earnestly
Do mourn and cry,
That they may have a part.

7 From this glad hour,
Exert thy power,
To melt each stubborn heart;
In those that bleed,
Let love succeed,
And holy joys impart.

8 Come, lovely youth,
Embrace the truth,
And pray with one accord;

Saints, raise your songs,
With joyful tongues,
To hail the approaching Lord.

BEDDOME.] **3.** SECOND PART.

LET Christians all agree,
And peace among them spread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ, their Head.

2 Among the saints on earth
Let fervent love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With common blessings crown'd

3 Let envy, (child of hell!)
Be banish'd far away;
Those should in strictest friendship dwell,
Who the same Lord obey.

4 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above,
Where streams of endless pleasure flow,
And every heart is love.

3. THIRD PART.

MY drowsy pow'rs, why sleep ye so?
Awake, my sluggish soul!
Nothing has half thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.

2 The little ants, for one poor grain
Labour, and tug, and strive;
Yet we, who have a heav'n t' obtain,
How negligent we live!

3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move!
We, for whose guard the angel bands
Come flying from above;

4 We, for whom God the Son came down
And laboured for our good,
How careless to secure that crown
He purchased with his blood!

5 Lord, shall we live so sluggish still,
And never act our parts!
Come, holy Dove, from th' heav'nly hill
And sit and warm our hearts.

4.

ALMIGHTY love inspire
My heart with sacred fire,
And animate desire,
My soul to renew;
I love the blessed Jesus,
On whom each angel gazes,
And sympathy increases
Above the ethereal blue.

2 Thou tender-hearted Jesus,
Thy love my soul amazes,
Who came for to save us,
When lost and undone.
No seraph could retrieve us
No angel could redeem us,
No arm could relieve us,
But Jesus alone.

3 Come, thou, the sinners' friend
My simple prayer attend,
And save me to the end,
From the evil to come;
Afford me the favour,
That issues from the Saviour
And O! forsake me never,
Until I get home.

4 In him I have believed,
He hath my soul received.

From sin he hath redeemed
My soul, which was dead;
And now I love my Saviour,
For I am in his favour,
And I hope with him for ever
The golden streets to tread.

5 Yet here awhile I stay,
In hope of that glad day,
When I am call'd away,
To mansions above;
There to enjoy the pleasures
Of unconsuming treasures,
And shout in highest measures,
Hallelujahs of love.

DR. WATTS' SERMONS.] **5. C. M.**

Holy fortitude. 1 Cor. xvi. 13.

AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb;
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;

They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine,
In robes of victory, through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

---

6. C. M.

Parental submission on the loss of a child

AND is thy lovely shadow fled?
Yet stop those fruitless tears;
He from a thousand pangs is freed,
You from ten thousand fears.

2 Though lost, he's lost to earth alone;
Above he will be found
Amidst the stars, and near the throne,
Which babes like him surround.

3 Look upward, and your child you'll see
Fix'd in his blest abode;
What parent would not childless be
To give a child to God?

7.

AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die;
My soul shall quit this mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high;
Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest,
That only bliss for which it pants,
In the Redeemer's breast.

2 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain,
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain:

I suffer on my threescore years,
Till my deliv'rer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.

3 O, what has Jesus done for me?
Before my ravish'd eyes,
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of paradise;
I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there;
They all are rob'd in spotless white,
And conq'ring palms they bear.

4 O, what are all my suff'rings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptur'd host t' appear,
And worship at thy feet?
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain;
Take life or friends away;
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day.

---

8. 6, 8.

ARISE my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears,
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.

2 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me:
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry
Nor let that ransom'd sinner die.

3 The father hears him pray
His dear anointed one,

He cannot turn away
The presence of his son,
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

4 My God is reconcil'd,
His pard'ning voice I hear;
He owns me for a child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba Father, cry.

DR. S. STENNETT.] **9.** C. M.

The converted Thief. Luke xxiii. 42.

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

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

3 'JESUS, thou Son and Heir of heaven,
Thou spotless Lamb of God,
I see thee bath'd in sweat and tears;
And welt'ring in thy blood;

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

5 'Amid the glories of that world,
Dear Saviour, think on me;
And in the victories of thy death,
Let me a sharer be.'

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

---

10. 8, 8, 6.

AWAKED by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in guilt and thrall I found,
And knew not where to go;
O'erwhelm'd in sin, with anguish slain,
'The sinner must be born again,'
Or sink in endless woe.

2 Amaz'd I stood, but could not tell
Which way to shun the gates of hell:
For death and hell drew near;
I strove indeed, but strove in vain
'The sinner must be born again,'
Still sounded in my ear.

3 When to the law I trembling fled,
It pour'd its curses on my head;
I no relief could find.
This fearful truth increased my pain;
'The sinner must be born again,'
O'erwhelm'd my tortur'd mind.

4 Again did Sinai's thunder roll,
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
A vast, unwieldy load;
Alas! I read, and saw it plain,
'The sinner must be born again,'
Or drink the wrath of God.

5 The saints I heard with rapture tell,
How Jesus conquer'd death and hell,
And broke the fowler's snare;
Yet when I found this truth remain,
'The sinner must be born again,'
I sink in deep despair.

6 But while I thus in anguish lay
Jesus of Naz'reth pass'd that way
And felt his pity move;
The sinner by his *justice* slain,
Now by his *grace* 'is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

7 To heaven the joyful tidings flew;
The angels tuned their harps anew
And lofty notes did raise;
All hail, the Lamb that once was slain,
Unnumber'd millions 'born again,'
Shall shout thine endless praise.

BIGGS' COLLECTION.] **11.**

AWAY, my doubts, begone, my fears
The wonders of the Lord appears;
The wonders that my Saviour wrought,
O how delightful is the thought!
The wonders of redeeming love,
When first my heart was drawn above,
When first I saw my Saviour's face,
And triumph'd in redeeming grace.

2 Pursue, my thoughts, the pleasing theme
'Twas not a fancy, nor a dream;
'Twas grace descending from the skies,
And shall be marv'lous in my eyes.
Long had I mourn'd, like one forgot;
Long had my soul for comfort sought;
Jesus was witness to my tears,
And Jesus sweetly calm'd my fears.

3 He cleans'd my soul, he chang'd my dress
And cloth'd me with his righteousness;
He spake at once my sins forgiven,
And I rejoiced, as if in heaven.
How was I struck with sweet surprise,
While glory shone before mine eyes!

How did I sing, from day to day,
And wish'd to sing my soul away!

4 The world, with all its pomp, withdrew
'Twas less than nothing in my view;
Redeeming love was all my theme,
And life appear'd an idle dream.
I gloried in my Saviour's grace;
I sang my great Redeemer's praise;
My soul then long'd to soar away,
And leave her tenement of clay.

5 The powers of hell in vain combine,
To tempt or interrupt my mind;
I saw, and sang in joyful strains,
The monster, Satan, bound in chains.
These are the wonders I record,
The marv'lous goodness of the Lord;
O, for a tongue to speak his praise!
To tell the triumphs of his grace!

---

12. L. M.

Trust and confidence. Hab. iii. 17, 18.

AWAY, my unbelieving fear!
Let fear in me no more take place
My Saviour doth not yet appear,
He hides the brightness of his face
But shall I therefore let him go,
And basely to the tempter yield?
No; in the strength of Jesus, no!
I never will give up my shield.

2 Although the vine its fruit deny;
Although the olive yield no oil;
The with'ring fig-tree droop and die;
The field elude the tiller's toil;
The empty stall no herd afford,
And perish all the bleating race
Yet will I triumph in the Lord,
The God of my salvation praise.

3 Away, each unbelieving fear!
Let fear to cheering hope give place:
My Saviour will at length appear,
And show the brightness of his face.
Though now my prospects all be cross'd
My blooming hopes cut off I see,
Still will I in my Jesus trust,
Whose boundless love can reach to me

4 In hope, believing against hope,
His promis'd mercy will I claim,
His gracious word shall bear me up,
To seek salvation in his name.
Soon, my dear Saviour, bring it nigh
My soul shall then outstrip the wind,
On wings of love mount up on high,
And leave the world and sin behind.

---

13. C. M.

BACKSLIDERS, who your miseries feel,
Attend your Saviour's call:
Return, he'll your backslidings heal;
O crown him LORD of ALL.

2 Though crimson sin increase your guilt,
And painful is your thrall;
For broken hearts his blood was spilt;
O crown him Lord of All.

3 Take with your words, approach his throne
And low before him fall;
He understands the spirit's groan;
O crown him Lord of All.

4 Whoever comes, he'll not cast out,
Although your faith be small;
His faithfulness you cannot doubt;
O crown him Lord of All.

NEWTON.] **14.** 10, 10, 11, 11.

I will trust and not be afraid. Isa. xii. 2.

BEGONE, unbelief, my Saviour is near,
And for my relief will surely appear;
By prayer let me wrestle and he will perform;
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.

2 Though dark be my way, since he is my guide
'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide:
Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,
The word he has spoken shall surely prevail.

3 His love in times past forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite through.

4 Determin'd to save, he watch'd o'er my path,
When, Satan's blind slave, I sported with death;
And can he have taught me to trust in his name,
And thus far have brought me to put me to shame?

5 Why should I complain of want or distress,
Temptation or pain? he told me no less;
The heirs of salvation, I know from his word,
Through much tribulation must follow the Lord.

6 How bitter that cup, no heart can conceive,
Which he drank quite up that sinners might live!
His way was much rougher and darker than mine;
Did Jesus thus suffer? and shall I repine?

7 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the medicine food;
Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
And then, O, how pleasant the conqueror's song.

---

15. L. M.

BEHOLD the love, the grace of God,
Display'd in Jesus' precious blood!
My soul's on fire, it pants to prove
The fullness of redeeming love.

2 Our God is love; leap, O my soul!
Let loud hosannas gently roll;
Love gave his son to save our race,
And Jesus died, O sovereign grace!

3 What love has done, O! sing around;
Angels, proclaim the eternal sound;
Lord Jesus bleeding on the tree—
There, there, the Love of God I see.

4 O look, and gaze! my rebel heart
Feels its own hardness to depart;
Repentance now begins to roll,
And love in streams runs through my soul.

5 The cross I view, O wondrous love!
My fears expire, my guilt remove,
My native enmity is slain;
I'm reconcil'd and born again.

6 By faith in Jesus' bloody cross,
The devil's kingdom suffers loss;
Crowds on their way from sin to God,
Have overcome through Jesus' blood.

7 O, that the world would turn their eyes,
And view the bleeding sacrifice;

Th' almighty love that 's there display'd,
Would bruise and crush the serpent's head.

8 O, how I long to see that hour,
When sin and death shall lose their power;
When all the world, both great and small,
Shall own him SOVEREIGN LORD OF ALL.

9 Thou bleeding Lamb, thou mighty God,
O, spread thy conquest far abroad;
Thy kingdom come, thou great I AM,
Let every knee bow to thy name.

10 Shout, Christians, shout, the Lord has come;
Prepare, prepare, to make him room;
On earth he reigns, we feel him near,
The signs of glory now appear.

FAWCETT.], **16.** L. M.

The Lamb of God. John i. 29.

BEHOLD the sin-atoning Lamb,
With wonder, gratitude and love;
To take away our guilt and shame,
See him descending from above.

2 Our sins and griefs on him were laid;
He meekly bore the mighty load;
Our ransom price he fully paid
In groans, and tears, and sweat, and blood.

3 To save a guilty world he dies;
Sinners, behold the bleeding Lamb;
To him lift up your longing eyes,
And hope for mercy in his name.

4 Pardon and peace through him abound;
He can the richest blessings give;
Salvation in his name is found,
He bids the dying sinner live.

5 Jesus, my Lord, I look to thee;
Where else can helpless sinners go?
Thy boundless love shall set me free
From all my wretchedness and woe.

---

17. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

The Jubilee.

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

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

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

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

5 The gospel-trumpet hear,
The news of pard'ning grace;
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face.
The year, &c

6 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad!
The year, &c.

---

18. *The love of Jesus.*

[A Welch song from the Christian Lyre.]

THERE'S a friend above all others,
Oh, how he loves!
His is love beyond a brother's,
Oh, how he loves!
Earthly friends may fail and leave us,
This day kind, the next bereave us,
But this friend will ne'er deceive us,
Oh, how he loves!

2 Blessed Jesus! would'st thou know him?
Oh, how he loves!
Give thyself e'en this day to him,
Oh, how he loves!
Is it sin that pains and grives thee,
Unbelief and trials tease thee?
Jesus can from all release thee,
Oh, how he loves!

3 Love this friend who longs to save thee,
Oh, how he loves!
Dost thou love? he will not leave thee,
Oh, how he loves!
Think no more then of to-morrow,
Take his easy yoke and follow,
Jesus carries all thy sorrows,
O how he loves!

4 All thy sins shall be forgiven,
Oh, how he loves!
Backward all thy foes be driven,
Oh, how he loves!

Best of blessings he'll provide thee,
Nought but good shall e'er betide thee,
Safe to glory he will guide thee,
Oh, how he loves!

5 Pause, my soul! adore and wonder,
Oh, how he loves!
Nought can cleave this love asunder,
Oh, how he loves!
Neither trial, nor temptation,
Doubt, nor fear, nor tribulation,
Can bereave us of salvation;
Oh, how he loves!

6 Let us still this love be viewing,
Oh, how he loves!
And though faint keep on pursuing,
Oh, how he loves!
He will strengthen each endeavour,
And when passed o'er Jordan's river,
This shall be our song for ever,
Oh, how he loves!

---

19. *Faithful.*

I'LL try to prove faithful,
I'll try to prove faithful,
I'll try to prove faithful, faithful, faithful,
Till we all shall meet above.

2 O, let us prove faithful,
O, let us prove faithful,
O, let us prove faithful, faithful, faithful,
Till we all shall meet above.

3 We mean to be faithful,
We mean to be faithful,
We mean to be faithful, faithful, faithful,
Till we all shall meet above.

4 There'll be no more sinning,
There'll be no more sinning,
There'll be no more sinning, sinning, sinning,
When we all shall meet above.

5 There'll be no more sorrow,
There'll be no more sorrow,

There'll be no more sorrow, sorrow, sorrow,
When we all shall meet above.

6 There we shall see Jesus,
There we shall see Jesus,
There we shall see Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,
When we all shall meet above.

7 There we shall sing praises,
There we shall sing praises,
There we shall sing praises, praises, praises,
When we all shall meet above.

---

20. 7s. DOUBLE.

BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,
Fight we must, but should not fear
Foes we have, but we've a friend,
One that loves us to the end.
Forward then with courage go;
Long we shall not dwell below;
Soon the joyful news will come,
'Child, your Father calls—come home!'

2 In the way a thousand snares
Lie to take us unawares;
Satan, with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded part;
But from Satan's malice free
Saints shall soon victorious be;
Soon the joyful news will come,
'Child, your Father calls—come home!'

3 But of all the foes we meet,
None so oft mislead our feet,
None betray us into sin,
Like the foes that dwell within:
But let nothing spoil your peace
Christ will also conquer these;
Then the joyful news will come,
'Child, your Father calls—come home!'

JONES.] **21.** 8, 7.

The antepast of heaven

BRIGHT scenes of glory strike my sense,
And all my passions capture;
Eternal beauties round me shine,
Infusing warmest rapture;
I dive in pleasures deep and full,
In swelling waves of glory,
And feel my Saviour in my soul,
And groan to tell my story.

2 I feast on honey, milk and wine;
I drink perpetual sweetness;
Mount Zion's glories through me shine
While Christ unfolds his greatness.
No mortal tongue can show my joys,
Nor can an angel tell them,
Ten thousand times surpassing all
Terrestrial worlds or emblems. 2

3 My captivated spirits fly
Through shining worlds of beauty
Dissolv'd in blushes, loud I cry,
In praises sweet and mighty:
And here I'll sing and swell the strain
Of harmony delighted,
And with the millions, learn the notes
Of saints in Christ united. 3

4 The bliss that rolls through those above
Through those in glory seated,
Which causes them loud songs to sing,
Ten thousand times repeated,
Darts through my soul with radiant beams,
Constraining loudest praises,
O'erwhelming all my powers with joy,
While all within me blazes. 4

5 When earth and seas shall be no more,
And all their glory perish·

When sun and moon shall cease to shine,
And stars at midnight languish;
My joys refin'd shall brighter shine,
Mount heaven's radiant glory,
And tell, through one eternal day,
Love's all-immortal story.

---

22. 7, 6.

BURST, ye emerald gates, and bring
To my raptur'd vision
All th' extatic joys that spring
Round the bright elysium:
Lo! we lift our longing eyes;
Break, ye intervening skies;
Son of righteousness, arise!
Open the gates of paradise!

2 Floods of everlasting light
Freely flash before him;
Myriads, with supreme delight,
Instantly adore him;
Trumps angelic sound his fame;
Lutes of lucid gold proclaim
All the music of his name;
Heaven shall echo with the theme.

3 Four and twenty elders rise
From their princely station,
Shout his glorious victories,
Sing the great salvation,
Cast their crowns before his throne
Cry, in reverential tone,
Glory be to God alone,
Holy, Holy, Holy One!

4 Hark! the thrilling symphonies
Seem, methinks, to seize us;
Join we too the holy lays,
Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!

Sweetest sound in Seraph's song,
Sweetest notes on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus! Jesus!—flows along.

---

23. 7s.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O, ye banish'd seed, be glad,
Christ our advocate is made;
Us to save our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Shout, ye little flock and blest,
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepar'd,
There your kingdom and reward.

5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismay'd go on.

6 Lord! submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

---

24. *To the Blessed Spirit.*

HOLY Ghost, dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of sinful night,
Come, thou source of sweetest gladness,
Breathe thy life, and spread thy light!

Loving Spirit, God of peace,
Great distributor of grace,
Rest upon this congregation!
Hear, O hear our supplication.

2 From that height which knows no measure,
As a gracious shower descend:
Bringing down the richest treasure
Man can wish, or God can send.
O thou Glory, shining down
From the Father and the Son,
Grant us thy illumination!
Rest upon this congregation.

3 Come, thou best of all donations,
God can give, or we implore;
Having thy sweet consolations,
We need wish for nothing more:
Come, with unction and with power,
On our souls thy graces shower;
Author of the new creation,
Make our hearts thy habitation.

4 Manifest thy love for ever,
Fence us in on every side,
In distress be our reliever;
Guard and teach, support and guide.
Let thy kind, effectual grace
Turn our feet from evil ways;
Show thyself our new Creator,
And conform us to thy nature.

5 Be our friend, on each occasion;
God, omnipotent to save!
When we die, be our salvation;
When we're buried, be our grave;
And, when from the grave we rise,
Take us up above the skies;
Seat us with thy saints in glory,
There for ever to adore Thee.

25.

COME, all ye weary pilgrims, who see your need of Christ,
Surrounded by temptations, and by the world despis'd,
Attend to what I tell you, my exercise I'll show,
And then you may inform me if it be so with you.

2 Long time I liv'd in darkness, nor saw my dangerous state,
And when I was awaken'd, I thought it was too late;
A lost and helpless sinner, myself I plainly saw,
Exposed to God's displeasure, condemned by his law.

3 I thought the brute creation were better off than me;
I spent my days in anguish, no pleasure could I see;
Thro' deep distress and sorrow my Saviour led me on,
Reveal'd to me his love, when my hopes were almost gone.

4 When first I was deliver'd, I scarcely could believe
That I, so vile a sinner, such favours should receive;
Although his solemn praises were flowing from my tongue,
Yet fears were oft injected, that still I might be wrong.

5 But soon those fears were banish'd, and tears began to flow,
To think so vile a sinner should be so loved so!

I thought my trials over, and all my troubles
gone;
That joy, and peace, and pleasure, should
be my lot alone.

6 But now I find a warfare, which often
brings me low,
The world, the flesh, and Satan, they do
beset me so,
Can one, who is a Christian, have such a
heart as mine?
I fear I never felt the effects of love divine

7 When I behold young converts, how swift
they travel on;
How shining their examples, their witness
like the sun,
How bold they speak for Jesus, how dear
they love his name;
Though they are my delight, yet they fill
my soul with shame.

8 I often find I am backward to do my Mas
ter's will,
Or else I want the glory of what I do fulfil,
In duty I am weak, and alas! I often find
A hard, deceitful heart, and a wretched
wandering mind.

9 Sure others do not feel what is often felt
by me;
Such trials and temptations perhaps they
never see;
For I'm the chief of sinners, I freely own
with Paul,
Or if I am a saint, I am the least of all.

10 And now I have related what trials I have
seen,
Perhaps my brethren know what such sore
temptations mean;

I've told you of my conflicts, believe, my friend, 'tis true,
And now you may inform me, if it be thus with you.

26.

COME, all you who ever have mercy obtain'd,
The hopes of salvation and pardon regain'd;
Come, and join in an anthem, let praises resound,
And tell all around you, what treasures you've found.

2 When sin, like a mountain of guilt and of weight,
My soul fill'd with horror, to view her sad state;
On the banks of destruction, bewailing my case,
No hopes of obtaining the favours of grace:

3 Alone in the valley I roll'd in despair,
Where no mortal being my sorrows could hear;
Like a wretch in destruction, to horror con sign'd,
No hopes that I ever my Saviour could find:

4 When deeply bewailing, quite lost and undone,
To think what a distance from God I had run,
Whose mercy preserv'd me, and kept me from hell,
Behold, what a wonde· no mortal can tell!

5 When crying for mercy all prostrate in dust
If damn'd, I must own that the sentence is just,

Till a voice bids me hearken, my sorrows
to cease,
'Thy sins are forgiven; arise, go in peace.'

6 Like a captive deliver'd from bondage and
pain,
Who long in a dungeon of darkness had lain;
Whilst the woods and the valleys with praises
did ring,
All glory to Jesus, my Priest and my King.

7 Adieu to the world and its foolish delights;
No longer your pleasure my passion invites;
No, I'll follow my Jesus, who freedom can
give;
I am bound for to praise him as long as I
live.

8 When time rolls around, and eternity's near;
When Gabriel's loud voice like a trumpet
you hear;
When the saints and the angels all join for
to sing,
With loud hallelujahs we'll make heaven ring.

27.

Sweet Home.

AN alien from God, and a stranger to grace,
I wandered through earth, its gay pleasures
to trace,
In the pathway of sin I continued to roam,
Unmindful, alas! that it led me from home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O Saviour! direct me to heaven, my home.

2 The pleasures of earth, I have seen fade away,
They bloom for a season, but soon they decay,
But pleasures more lasting, in Jesus are given,

Salvation on earth, and a mansion in heaven.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home.
The saints in those mansions are ever at home.

2 Allure me no longer, ye false glowing charms!
The Saviour invites me, I'll go to his arms;
At the banquet of mercy, I hear there is room,
O there may I feast with his children at home!
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O Jesus, conduct me to heaven, my home.

4 Farewell vain amusements, my follies adieu,
While Jesus, and heaven, and glory I view;
I feast on the pleasures that flow from his throne,
The foretaste of heaven, sweet heaven, my home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O when shall I share the fruition of home!

5 The days of my exile are passing away,
The time is approaching, when Jesus will say,
'Well done, faithful servant, sit down on my throne,
And dwell in my presence for ever at home.'
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O there I shall rest with the Saviour at home

6 Affliction, and sorrow, and death shall be o'er,
The saints shall unite to be parted no more;
There loud hallelujahs fill heaven's high dome,
They dwell with the Saviour for ever at home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
They dwell with the Saviour for ever at home.

28.

The Saint's Sweet Home.

'MID scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints,
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.

CHORUS.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease!
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee, in glory at home.

3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee;
Though now my temptations like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee at home.

4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission and strength as my day
In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

5 Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face;
Indulge me with patience to wait at thy throne,
And find even now a sweet foretaste of home.

6 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine,
No more as an exile, in sorrow to pine,
And in thy dear image, arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee, at Home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Receive me, dear Saviour, in glory, my home.

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29. 7s.

COME and taste, along with me,
Consolation running free,
From our Father's gracious throne,
Sweeter than the honey-comb.

2 Wherefore should I feast alone?
Mourning souls there yet is room;
Converts ever coming will
Make the banquet sweeter still.

3 Now I go to heaven's door
Asking for a little more;
Jesus gives a double share;
Still I am a gleaner there.

4 My old nature doth its best
To deprive my soul of rest;
But I've treasures coming in,
Which are opposite to sin.

5 Sinful nature, prone to vice,
Cannot stop the force of grace
While there is a God to give,
And poor sinners to receive.

6 Goodness, running like a stream
Through the new Jerusalem

Doth, by constant breaking forth,
Sweeten earth and heaven both.

7 Saints in glory sing aloud
In the praises of their God;
We, who sing in faith below,
Soon to glory too shall go.

8 Heaven 's here, and heaven 's there,
Comforts flowing everywhere;
From our Father's gracious throne
Through the merits of his Son.

9 Now I go rejoicing home,
From the banquet of perfume;
Finding manna on the road,
Dropping from the mount of God.

30.

COME away to the skies,
My beloved arise,
And rejoice in the day thou wast born;
On this festival day,
Come exulting away,
And with singing to Zion return.

2 We have laid up our love,
And treasure above,
Though our bodies continue below;
The redeem'd of the Lord,
We remember his word,
And with singing to Paradise go.

3 For thy glory, we are
Created to share,
Both the nature and kingdom divine;
Created again,
That our souls may remain,
In time and eternity, thine.

4 With thanks we approve
The design of thy love,
Which hath join'd us in Jesus's name
So united in heart,
That we never can part,
Till we meet at the feast of the Lamb.

5 There, there at his feet,
We shall joyfully meet,
And be parted in body no more;
We shall sing to our lyres,
With the heavenly choirs,
And our Saviour in glory adore.

6 Hallelujah we sing,
To our Father and King,
And his rapturous praises repeat;
To the Lamb that was slain,
Hallelujah again;
Sing, all heaven, and fall at his feet.

7 In assurance I hope,
We to Jesus look up,
Till his banner, unfurl'd in the air,
From our graves we shall see,
And cry out, 'it is he,'
And fly up to acknowledge him there.

31.

COME, brethren, and sisters, that love my dear Lord,
I pray give attention and ear to my word;
What a wonder of mercy! behold now, and see
What a tender, kind Saviour has promised to me.

2 I was led by the devil, till lost and distress'd,
I thought that in torment I soon should be cast;

No peace to the wicked, but all misery,
Till by faith I saw Jesus hang bleeding
for me.

3 'O sinners,' said Jesus, 'for you I have died;
All glory to Jesus, my soul then replied;
The guilt was remov'd, my soul did rejoice,
The blood was applied, the witnessing voice

4 On my bended knees, before God I did fall;
All glory to Jesus, for he's all in all!
The heart of this rebel was bursted in twain,
To see my dear Jesus on Calvary slain.

5 There was peace now in heaven, and peace
upon earth;
The angels rejoice at a poor sinner's birth:
'Your sins are forgiven,' my Saviour did say,
O, witness, kind heaven, on this my birth
day.

6 My soul, it was humbled, I fell to the ground;
The time of refreshing, at length I have
found:
O Lord, thou hast ravish'd my soul with
thy charms;
Let me die, like old Simeon, with Christ in
my arms.

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32. *Panting for Heaven.*

YE angels, who stand round the throne,
And view my Immanuel's face,
In rapturous songs make him known,
Tune, tune your soft harps to his praise.
He form'd you the spirits you are,
So happy, so noble, so good;
When others sunk down in despair,
Confirm'd by his power, ye stood.

2 Ye saints, who stand nearer than they,
And cast your bright crowns at his feet,

His grace and his glory display,
And all his rich mercy repeat:
He snatch'd you from hell and the grave—
He ransom'd from death and despair:
For you he was mighty to save,
Almighty to bring you safe there.

3 Oh, when will the period appear,
When I shall unite in your song!
I'm weary of lingering here,
And I to your Saviour belong!
I'm fettered and chain'd up in clay;
I struggle and pant to be free;
I long to be soaring away,
My God and my Saviour to see!

4 I want to put on my attire,
Wash'd white in the blood of the Lamb,
I want to be one of your choir,
And tune my sweet harp to his name;
I want—Oh, I want to be there,
Where sorrow and sin bid adieu—
Your joy and your friendship to share—
To wonder, and worship with you!

ROBINSON.] **32.** SECOND PART. 8's. 7's. 4's

Psalm xlviii. 14.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrim through this barren land:
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 Feed me with the heavenly manna,
In this barren wilderness;
Be my sword, and shield, and banner,
Be my robe of righteousness:
Fight and conquer
All my foes by sovereign grace.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside:
Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

33.

COME children of heaven, and help us to sing
Loud anthems and praises, to Jesus our King;
His life, it was given, our souls to redeem,
And bring us to heaven to dwell there with him.

2 Not angels in glory, nor cherubs above,
Can fathom the fountain of infinite love;
Their wisdom can't search it, they cannot tell why
The sovereign of angels for sinners should die.

3 In the regions of darkness, death, sorrow, and pains,
We all lay in ruin, in prison, and chains;
But Jesus has bought us with his precious blood,
'Tis a ransom provided to bring us to God.

4 Why, then, should we wish to stay here below,
When rivers of pleasure in Paradise flow,
Eternally streaming in exquisite bliss,
And still we are feeling our joy to increase?

5 Then come, my dear brethen, count all things but loss;
Your treasure's in heaven, don't shrink from the cross:
Ye fav'rites of heaven, dear lambs of the fold,
Tho' devils surround you, be faithful and bold.

6 Consider the dangers that lie in your way,
What snares and temptations in this evil day;
But this we must suffer, and patient endure,
Till Jesus shall take us where dangers are o'er.

7 Then with him in glory we shortly shall reign,
Deliver'd from sorrows, temptation and pain;
To join with the angels and spirits divine,
In Jesus' image eternally shine.

8 These thoughts make me happy, his grace makes me sing,
All glory to Jesus, my Saviour and King;
All glory, all glory to Jesus on high,
All glory all glory, let all the saints cry

34.

COME, friends and relations, let's join
heart and hand,
The voice of the turtle is heard in our land;
Let's all walk together and follow the sound,
And march to the place where redemption
is found.

2 The place it is hidden, the place is conceal'd,
The place it is hidden, until 'tis reveal'd;
The place is in Jesus, to Jesus we'll go,
And there find redemption from sorrow and
woe.

3 The place it is hidden, by reason of sin,
Alas, you can't see the sad state you are in,
You're blinded, polluted, in prison and pain,
O, how can such rebels redemption obtain!

4 And as you are wounded and bruised by the
fall,
'Arise and depart ye,' for you he doth call
And if you are tempted to doubt or despair
Then come home to Jesus, redemption is
there.

5 And you my dear brethren, that love my
dear Lord,
Who've witness'd free pardon by faith in his
word,
Let patience attend you, wherever you be;
Your Saviour has purchas'd redemption for
thee.

6 And when the archangel the trumpet shall
sound,
And wake all the dead that sleep under the
ground,
The sound of that trumpet will bid you
arise,
To meet your redemption with love and
surprise.

7 O! then loving Jesus our souls will receive,
From bonds of corruption our bodies relieve
Then we shall be perfect, and we shall be free;
We'll sing of redemption wherever we be.

8 Redeemed from sin, and redeemed from death,
Redeem'd from corruption, redeem'd from the earth,
Redeem'd from damnation, redeem'd from all woe,
We 'll sing of redemption wherever we go.

9 Redeemed from sin, and redeem'd from dis. distress,
The fruits of redemption no tongue can express:
Redemption be ascribed to Jesus's love;
We 'll sing of redemption in the heavens above.

35

COME, Lord, and help us to rejoice,
In hope that we shall hear thy voice,
Shall one day see our God,
Shall cease from all our painful strife,
Handle and taste the Word of Life,
And feel the sprinkled blood.

2 Let us not always make our moan,
Nor worship thee a God unknown;
But let us live to prove
Thy people's rest, thy saints' delight,
The length, and breadth, and depth, and height,
Of thy redeeming love.

Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
We stand, and from the mountain top
See all the land below:

Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of Paradise
In endless plenty grow.

4 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favor'd with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest;
There dwells the Lord, our righteousness,
And keeps his own in perfect peace
And everlasting rest.

5 O, when shall we at once go up,
Nor this side Jordan longer stop,
But the good land possess?
When shall we end our legal years,
Our sorrows, sins, and doubts, and fears,
A howling wilderness?

6 O, dearest Joshua! bring us in:
Display thy grace, forgive our sin,
Our unbelief remove;
The heavenly Canaan, Lord, divide,
And O, with all the sanctified,
Give us a lot above.

NEWTON.] **36.** 7's.

Ask what I shall give thee. 1 Kings iii. 5

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin;
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

5 As the image in the glass
Answers the beholder's face;
Thus unto my heart appear,
Print thine own resemblance there.

6 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

7 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me live thy people's death.

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37. *Prisoners of Hope.*

PRISONERS of hope, lift up your heads
The day of liberty draws near!
Jesus, who on the serpent treads,
Shall soon in your behalf appear:
The Lord will to his temple come;
Prepare your hearts to make him room.

2 Ye all shall find, who in his word
Himself hath caused to put your trust,
The Father of our dying Lord
Is ever to his promise just;
Faithful, if we our sins confess,
To cleanse from all unrighteousness.

3 Yes, Lord, we must believe thee kind,
Thou never canst unfaithful prove:
Surely we shall thy mercy find:
Who ask, shall all receive thy love:
Nor canst thou it to me deny;
I ask, the chief of sinners I!

4 O ye of fearful hearts, be strong!
Your downcast eyes and hands lift up.
Ye shall not be forgotten long:
Hope to the end, in Jesus hope.
Tell him, ye wait his grace to prove;
And cannot fail if God is love!

5 Prisoners of hope, be strong, be bold;
Cast off your doubts, disdain to fear:
Dare to believe! on Christ lay hold!
Wrestle with Christ, in mighty prayer;
Tell him, 'We will not let thee go,
Till we thy name, thy nature know.'

6 Hast thou not died to purge our sin,
And rose, thy death for us to plead?
To write thy law of love within
Our hearts, and make us free indeed?
That we our Eden might regain,
Thou died'st, and could'st not die in vain.

7 Lord, we believe, and wait the hour,
Which all thy great salvation brings;
The Spirit of love, and health, and power,
Shall come, and make us priests and kings;
Thou wilt perform thy faithful word,
The servant shall be as his Lord.'

8 The promise stands for ever sure,
And we shall in thine image shine,
Partakers of a nature pure,
Holy, angelical, divine;
In spirit join'd to thee, the Son,
As thou art with thy Father one.

NEWTON.] **38.** 6's. 5's. Gen. xxii. 8.

THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite—

Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The Scripture assures us, the Lord will provide.

2 The birds, without barn or storehouse, are fed:
From them let us learn to trust for our bread;
His saints, what are fitting, shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written, the Lord will provide.

3 His call we obey, like Abra'm of old,
Not knowing our way, but faith makes us bold:
For though we are strangers, we have a good guide,
And trust, in all dangers, the Lord will provide.

4 When Satan appears, to stop up our path,
And fill us with fears, we triumph by faith;
He cannot take from us, though oft he has tried,
This heart-cheering promise, the Lord will provide.

5 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain:
The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain,
But when such suggestions our spirits have plied,
This answers all questions, the Lord will provide.

WESLEY.] **38.** P. M. Gen. xvii. 7

SECOND PART.

THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love;
Jehovah, great I AM!
By earth and heaven confess'd;
I bow and bless the sacred name,
For ever bless'd.

2 The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise—and seek the joys
At his right hand.

I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power,
And Him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

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

38. THIRD PART. *Divine faithfulness.*

IN the floods of tribulation,
While the billows o'er me roll,
Jesus whispers consolation,
And supports my fainting soul;
Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, praise the Lord.

2 In his darkest dispensations,
Faithful doth the Lord appear,
With his richest [illegible]
To re-animate [illegible]
Sweet affliction
Thus to bring my Saviour near.

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

4 All I meet I find assists me
In my path to heavenly joy,
Where, though trials now attend me,
Trials never more annoy:

Sweet affliction,
Thus to end in ceaseless joy.
5 Blessed with a weight of glory,
Still the path I'll ne'er forget,
But, exulting, cry, it led me
To my blessed Saviour's seat:
Sweet affliction,
Which has brought to Jesus' feet.

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39. 8's. 6's. Matt. xxviii. 6.

YES! the Redeemer rose,
The Saviour left the dead,
And o'er our hellish foes
High raised his conquering head;
In wild dismay, | Fall to the ground,
The guards around | And sink away.

2 Behold th' angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet.
Joyful they come, | From realms of day
And wing their way | To Jesus' tomb.

3 Then back to heaven they fly,
The joyful news to bear—
Hark!—as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!
Their anthems say — | Hath left the dead—
'Jesus, who bled, | He rose to-day.'

4 Ye mortals! catch the sound—
Redeemed by him from hell,
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell;
Transported, cry— | Hath left the dead—
Jesus, who bled. | No more to die.'

D. R. THOMASON.] **39.** SECOND PART.

WORTHY the Lamb of boundless sway,
In earth and heaven the Lord of all;
Ye princes, rulers, powers, obey,
And low before his footstool fall:
Let earth rejoice; the Lamb was slain;
He rose; he lives; he lives to reign.

2 Riches and all that decks the great,
From worlds unnumber'd hither bring;
The tribute pour before his seat,
And hail the triumphs of our King.
Wisdom and strength are his alone,
Honour has built his lofty throne.

3 From heaven, from earth, loud bursts of praise
The mighty blessings shall proclaim,
Blessings that earth to glory raise;
Creation's voice shall hymn the fame;
Higher! still higher swell the strain,
The Lamb shall ever, ever reign.

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40. 8's. 7's. Rev. v. 11.

HARK, the notes of angels singing—
'Glory, glory to the Lamb!'
All in heaven their tribute bringing,
Raising high the Saviour's name.

2 Ye for whom his life was given,
Sacred themes to you belong:
Come assist the choir of heaven;
Join the everlasting song.

3 Saints and angels thus united,
Songs imperfect still must raise;
Though despised on earth and slighted,
Jesus is above all praise.

4 See, the angelic hosts have crowned him,
Jesus fills the throne on high:

Countless myriads, hovering round him,
With his praises rend the sky.

5 See the judge, our nature wearing,
Cloth'd in majesty divine!
You, who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine."

6 Peace and joy to every nation,
Let us sing, with those above:
Sweet the theme—a free salvation!
Fruit of everlasting love.

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40. Second Part.

COME, now, my dear brethren, I bid you farewell,
I'm going to travel to preach the gospel;
I'm going to travel the wilderness through,
Therefore, my dear brethren, I bid you adieu.

2 To think of our parting doth cause me to grieve,
So well I do love you, yet you I must leave;
My Jesus commands me, and I must obey,
Therefore, my dear brethren, don't grieve after me.

3 May heaven protect you—be Jesus your guide;
In the way of our Zion, may you all abide

Though we live at a distance, and you I ne'er see,
On the banks of sweet Canaan acquainted we'll be.

4 There all things are plenty, the leaves growing green,
And the parting of Christians no more will be seen;
No troubles nor trials shall enter that place,
But there we shall join in a song of free grace.

5 Farewell to all sorrow, temptation and pain,
I'm going where Jesus for ever doth reign;
I'm going to Jesus, 'tis him I adore,
With saints and bright angels to dwell evermore.

6 And when we meet Jesus in the mansions above,
Where angels in glory are fill'd with his love
O, then I shall look for these mourners that's here;
How glad we shall be, to meet each other there!

41.

COME on, my partners in distress,
My comrades in the wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel;
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To that celestial hill.

2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saints' secure abode;
On faith's strong, eagle pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

3 Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down;
To patient faith the prize is sure,
And all who to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown

4 Thrice blessed bliss-inspiring hope,
It lifts the fainting spirits up,
It brings to life the dead;
Our conflicts here will soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last,
Triumphant with our head.

5 The Father shining on his throne,
The glorious co-eternal Son,
The Spirit, Three in One,
Conspire our raptures to complete;
And lo! we fall before his feet,
And silence heightens heaven.

6 In hope of that ecstatic pause,
Jesus, we now sustain thy cross,
And at thy footstool fall;
Till thou our hidden life reveal,
Till thou our ravish'd spirits fill,
And God is ALL in ALL.

7 That great, mysterious Deity,
We soon with open face shall see
The beatific sight;
Shall fill the heavenly courts with praise,
And wide diffuse the golden blaze
Of everlasting light.

42.

COME, saints and sinners, hear me tell
The wonders of IMMANUEL;
Who saved me from a burning hell,
And brought my soul with him to dwell,
And gave me heavenly union.

2 When Jesus from his throne on high,
Beheld my soul in ruin lie,
He look'd on me with pitying eye.
And said to me as he pass'd by,
With God you have no union.

3 Then I began to weep and cry;
I look'd this way and that, to fly;
It griev'd me sore that I must die;
I strove salvation for to buy;
But still I had no union.

4 But when I hated all my sins,
My dear Redeemer took me in;
And with his blood he wash'd me clean,
And O, what seasons have I seen,
Oft, since I felt this union!

5 I praised the Lord, both night and day,
And went from house to house to pray,
And if I met one on the way,
I found I'd always something to say,
About this heavenly union.

6 I wonder why the saints don't sing,
And praise the Lord upon the wing,
And make the heavenly arches ring,
With loud hosannas to their King,
Who brought them to this union.

7 Come, O backsliders! come away,
And mind to do, as well as say,
And learn to watch, as well as pray,
And bear your cross, from day to day,
And then you'll feel this union.

8 We soon shall quit all things below,
And leave these climes of pain and woe;
And then we will to glory go,
And there we'll see, and hear, and know,
And feel this perfect union.

9 Come, heaven and earth, unite your lays,
And give to Jesus endless praise;
And, O my soul, look on and gaze,
He bleeds, he dies, your debt he pays,
And gives you heavenly union.

10 O, could I, like an angel, sound
Salvation through the earth around,
The devil's kingdom to confound,
I'd triumph on Immanuel's ground,
And spread this heavenly union.

11 Help us, O Lord, thy name t' adore,
And publish round Columbia's shore,
The hills and valleys to explore,
Till nations, tongues and kindred o'er,
Join in this blessed union.

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43. *Backslider's return.*

I WILL hearken what the Lord
Will say concerning me;
Hast thou not a gracious word
For one who waits on thee?
Speak it to my soul, that I
May in thee have peace and power.
Never from my Saviour fly,
And never grieve thee more.

2 How have I thy Spirit grieved,
Since first with me he strove!
Obstinately disbelieved,
And trampled on thy love!
I have sinn'd against the light;
I have broke from thy embrace:
No, I would not, when I might
Be freely saved by grace.

3 After all that I have done
To drive thee from my heart,

Still thou wilt not leave thine own,
Thou wilt not yet depart;
Wilt not give the sinner o'er;
Ready art thou now to save;
Bidst me come, as heretofore,
That I thy life may have.

4 O thou meek and gentle Lamb
Fury is not in thee;
Thou continuest still the same,
And still thy grace is free;
Still thine arms are open wide,
Wretched sinners to receive;
Thou hast once for sinners died,
That all may turn and live.

5 Lo! I take thee at thy word,
My foolishness I mourn;
Unto thee, my bleeding Lord,
However late, I turn:
Yes; I yield, I yield at last,
Listen to thy speaking blood;
Me, with all my sins, I cast
On my atoning God.

HART.] 44. 8, 7.

COME, ye Christians, sing the praises
Of your condescending God;
Come, and hymn the blessed Jesus,
Who hath wash'd us in his blood.
We are poor, and weak, and silly,
And to every evil prone:
Yet our Jesus loves us freely,
And receives us for his own.

2 Though we're mean in man's opinion,
He hath made us priests and kings;

Power, and glory, and dominion,
To the Lamb, the sinner sings.
Leprous souls, unsound and filthy,
Come before him as you are;
'Tis the sick man, not the healthy,
Needs the good Physician's care.

3 Hear the terms that never vary:
'To repent and to believe,'
Both of these are necessary;
Both from Jesus we receive.
Would-be Christian, duly ponder
These in thine impartial mind;
And let no man put asunder,
What the Lord has wisely join'd.

4 O! beware of fondly thinking
God accepts thee for thy tears;
Are the shipwreck'd sav'd by sinking
Can the ruin'd rise by fears?
O! beware of trust ill-grounded;
Tis but fancied faith at most,
To be cur'd and not be wounded;
To be sav'd before you're lost.

5 No big words of ready talkers,
No dry doctrine will suffice;
Broken hearts, and humble walkers,
These are dear in Jesus' eyes.
Tinkling sounds of disputation,
Naked knowledge, all are vain;
Every soul that gains salvation,
Must and shall be born again.

HART.] **45.**

Come and welcome to Jesus Christ.

COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,

Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity join'd with power;
He is able, he is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.

2 Ho! ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh,
W hout money, without money,
(ome to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Le ot conscience make you linger,
N r of fitness fondly dream;
All e fitness he requireth,
Is) feel your need of him;
This e gives you, this he gives you,
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruis'd and mangled by the fall;
If ye tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all,
Not the righteous, not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

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

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

7 Saints and angels join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb,

While the blissful seats of heaven,
Sweetly echo with his name!
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Sinners here may sing the same.

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46. L. M.

COME ye that know the Lord indeed,
Who are from sin and bondage freed,
Submit to all the ways of God,
And walk the narrow, happy road.

2 Great tribulations you shall meet,
But soon shall walk the golden street
Though hell may rage and vent her spite,
Yet Christ will save his heart's delight.

3 The happy day will soon appear,
When Gabriel's trumpet you shall hear
Sound through the earth, yea, down to hell,
To call the nations great and small.

4 Behold the earth in burning flames!
The judge the sentence now proclaims,
On sinners, who are doom'd to hell,
In everlasting pain to dwell.

5 Behold the righteous marching home,
And all the angels bid them come,
Whilst Christ, the Judge, with joy proclaims,
'Here come my saints, I own their names.

6 Ye everlasting doors, fly wide!
Make room for to receive my bride;
Ye harps in heaven sound aloud,
Here comes the purchase of my blood.'

7 In grandeur, see the royal line,
In glitt'ring robes, the sun outshine!
See saints and angels join in one,
And march in splendour to the throne!

8 They stand with wonder and look on,
They join in one eternal song,
Their great Redeemer to admire,
While raptures set their souls on fire.

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47. 8, 7.

DARK and thorny is the desert,
Through which pilgrims make their way
But beyond this vale of sorrow,
See the realms of endless day.
Dear young soldiers, do not murmur
At the troubles of the way;
Meet the tempest; fight with courage;
Never faint; you'll win the day.

2 He, whose thunder shakes creation;
He that made the planets roll;
He that rides upon the tempest,
And whose sceptre sways the whole
Jesus, Jesus will defend you;
Trust in him, and him alone;
He has shed his blood to save you.
And will bring you to his throne

3 There, on flow'ry fields of pleasure.
And the hills of endless rest,
Joy, and peace, and love shall ever
Reign and triumph in your breast.
There a million flaming seraphs
Fly across the heavenly plain.
There they sing immortal praises;
Glory, glory is their theme.

4 But, methinks, a sweeter concert
Makes the crystal arches ring:
And a song is heard in Zion,
Which the angels cannot sing.
Who can paint those sons of glory,
Ransom'd souls that dwell on high

Who, with golden harps, for ever
Sound redemption through the sky

5 See the heavenly hosts, in rapture,
Gazing on this shining band,
Wond'ring at their costly garments,
And the laurels in their hand:
There, upon the golden pavement,
See the ransom'd march along,
While the splendid courts of glory
Sweetly echo with their song.

6 Here I see the under-shepherds,
And their flocks they fed below;
Here, with joy they dwell together,
Jesus is their shepherd now.
Hail! ye happy, happy spirits!
Welcome to the blissful plain!
Glory, honour, and salvatoin!
Reign, sweet Shepherd, ever reign.

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48. *Sabbath Morning.*

HAIL, thou happy morn so glorious!
Come, ye saints, your griefs give o
Sing, how Jesus rose victorious,
By his own almighty power:
Hallelujah,
To the glorious Son of God.

2 Tell us, seraphs, ye that wonder,
When ye saw the Lord arise,
When ye saw him soaring yonder,
What were then your heavenly joys?
Then 'twas 'Glory
To the conquering King of kings.'

3 Countless bands of angels glorious,
Clothed in bright ethereal blue;
Straight the sound of Christ victorious,

From their silver trumpets flew.
Christ triumphant
Rises conqueror o'er the tomb.

4 See, my friends, is that the Saviour,
Who was crown'd with cruel thorns
Glorious majesty and power,
Now his sacred head adorns.
Hallelujah;
That dear head no more shall bleed.

5 Is that he, who died on Calvary,
Who was pierced with many a spear?
Clad with countless suns of glory,
See, he rises through the air.
Hallelujah;
Zion's mourner, now rejoice.

6 Was the person, then, so glorious,
Which the Jews so marr'd and spoil'd!
Yes, ye saints, we own his Godhead,
Though by some he is reviled;
All creation
Soon shall own him Lord of all.

7 Tremble, ye who him rejected,
Lo! he breaks through yonder cloud;
Rise, ye saints, and shout triumphant,
Victory! through Jesus' blood.
Hark! the trumpet
Sounds the resurrection morn.

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49. 8's. 6. Luke ii. 13.

HARK—hark—the notes of joy
Roll o'er the heavenly plains.
And seraphs find employ,
For their sublimest strains.
Some new delight in heaven is known,
Loud ring the harps around the throne.

2 Hark—hark—the sounds draw nigh,
The joyful hosts descend;
Jesus forsakes the sky,
To earth his footsteps bend.
He comes to bless our fallen race,
He comes with messages of grace.

3 Bear—bear the tidings round,
Let every mortal know
What love in God is found,
What pity he can show.—
Ye winds that blow—ye waves that roll,
Bear the glad news from pole to pole!

4 Strike—strike the harps again,
The great Immanuel's name;
Arise, ye sons of men,
And loud his grace proclaim.
Angels and men, wake every string,
'Tis God the Saviour's praise we sing!

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50. *Divine love.*

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

2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit,
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promised rest;
Take away the love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be,
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

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

4 Finish then thy new creation,
Happy, holy may we be:
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by thee!
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

50. SECOND PART. *The Penitent.*

SAVIOUR, canst thou love a traitor?
Canst thou love a child of wrath?
Can a hell-deserving creature
Be the purchase of thy death?
Is thy blood so efficacious,
As to make my nature clean?
Is thy sacrifice so precious,
As to free me from my sin?

2 Sin on every side surrounds me;
No acquittance can I hear;
Pangs of unbelief confound me,
Help me, Lord, my grief to bear.
Here, then, is my resolution,
At thy dearest feet to fall;
Here I'll meet my condemnation,
Or a freedom from my thrall.

3 Now deny thy grace and mercy,
If thou canst, to wretched me;

Lay aside thy love and pity,
If thou canst, and let me die!
If I meet with condemnation,
Justly I deserve the same;
If I meet with free salvation,
I will magnify thy name.

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51. 7, 6.

DROOPING souls no longer grieve
Heaven is propitious;
If on Christ you do believe,
You will find him precious.

2 Now the Saviour passing by,
Calls the mourner to him:
He has died for you and me;
Now look up and view him.

3 From his hands, his feet, his side,
Runs a healing fountain
See the consolating tide,
Boundless as the ocean.

4 See the living waters move
For the sick and dying;
Now resolve to know his love,
Or to perish trying.

5 The store of grace is always free
Drooping souls to gladden;
Jesus calls, 'Come unto me,
'Weary, heavy-laden.'

6 Though your sins, like mountains high
Rise and reach to heaven;
Soon as you on him rely,
All shall be forgiven.

7 Now, methinks, I hear one say,
I will go unto him;

May he wash my sins away;
Oh! that I could love him.

8 Streaming mercy, how it flows!
Now I know; I feel it;
Half has never yet been told,
Yet I want to tell it.

9 Jesus' blood has heal'd my wounds;
Oh! the wondrous story!
I was lost, but now I'm found;
Glory! glory! glory!

10 Glory to my Saviour's name!
Saints are bound to love him.
Sinners, you may do the same,
Only come and prove him.

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52. C. M.

EARTH has engross'd my love too long
'Tis time I lift mine eyes
Upward, dear Father, to thy throne,
And to my native skies.

2 There the blest MAN, my Saviour, sits,
The GOD; how bright he shines!
And scatters infinite delights
On all the happy minds.

3 Seraphs, with elevated strains,
Circle the throne around,
And move, and charm the starry plains
With an immortal sound.

4 Jesus, the Lord, their harps employs;
Jesus, my love, they sing;
Jesus, the life of all our joys,
Sounds sweet from every string.

5 [Hark! how beyond the narrow bounds
Of time and space they run,

And echo, in majestic sounds,
The Godhead of the Son.

6 And now they sink the lofty tune,
And gentler notes they play;
And bring the Father's equal down
To dwell in humble clay.

7 O, sacred beauties of the Man!
(The God resides within;)
His flesh all pure, without a stain,
His soul without a sin.

8 But when to Calvary they turn,
Silent their harps abide;
Suspended songs a moment mourn
The God that liv'd and died.

9 Then all at once, to living strains
They summon ev'ry chord;
Tell how he triumph'd o'er his pains,
And chant the rising Lord.]

10 Now let me mount and join their song,
And be an angel too;
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
Here's joyful work for you.

11 I would begin the music here;
And to my soul should rise,
O, for some heavenly notes to bear
My passions to the skies!

12 There ye, that love my Saviour, sit;
There I would fain have place,
Among your thrones, or at your feet,
So I might see his face.

---

53. 8s.

ENCOMPASS'D with clouds of distress,
Just ready all hope to resign,
I pant for the light of thy face,
And fear it will never be mine;

Disheartenʼd with waiting so long,
I sink at thy feet with my load;
All plaintive, I pour out my song,
And stretch forth my hands unto God.

2 Shine, Lord, and my terror shall cease,
The blood of atonement apply;
And lead me to Jesus for peace,
The rock that is higher than I.
Speak, Saviour, for sweet is thy voice;
Thy presence is fair to behold;
Attend to my sorrows and sighs,
My groanings that cannot be told.

3 If sometimes I strive, as I mourn,
My hold of thy promise to keep,
The billows more fiercely return,
And plunge me again in the deep.
While harrassʼd and cast from thy sight,
The tempter suggests with a roar,
'The Lord has forsaken thee quite;
Thy God will be gracious no more.'

4 Yet, Lord, if thy love hath designʼd
No covenant blessing for me,
Ah, tell me, how is it I find
Some pleasure in waiting for thee?
Almighty to rescue thou art;
Thy grace is my shield and my tower;
Come, succour and gladden my heart;
Let this be the day of thy power

NEWTON.] **54.**

The Beggar. Matt. vii. 7, 8.

ENCOURAGʼD by thy word
Of promise to the poor,
Behold a beggar, Lord,
Waits at thy mercyʼs door
No hand, no heart, O Lord! but thine,
Can help or pity wants like mine.

2 The beggar's usual plea,
Relief from men to gain,
If offer'd unto thee,
I know thou wouldst disdain;
And pleas which move thy gracious ear
Are such as men would scorn to hear.

3 I have no right to say,
That though I now am poor,
Yet once there was a day,
When I possessed more;
Thou know'st that from my very birth,
I've been the poorest wretch on earth.

4 Nor can I dare profess,
As beggars often do,
Though great is my distress,
My wants have been but few;
If thou should'st leave my soul to starve,
It would be what I well deserve.

5 'Twere folly to pretend,
I never begg'd before;
Or, if thou now befriend,
I'll trouble thee no more;
Thou often hast reliev'd my pain,
And often I must come again.

6 Though crumbs are much too good
For such a dog as I,
No less than children's food
My soul can satisfy;
O, do not frown, and bid me go,
I must have all thou canst bestow

7 Nor can I willing be,
Thy bounty to conceal
From others, who, like me,
Their wants and hunger feel;
I'll tell them of thy mercy's store,
And try to send a thousand more.

8 Thy thoughts, thou Only Wise!
Our thoughts and ways transcend,
Far as the arched skies,
Above the earth extend:*
Such pleas as mine, men would not bear,
But God receives a beggar's prayer

C. Wesley.] **55.** 8, 7.

ENLISTED in the cause of sin,
Why should a good be evil?
Music, alas! too long has been
Press'd to obey the devil:
Drunken, or lewd, or light, the lay
Flows to the soul's undoing,
Widens, and strews with flowers the way
Down to eternal ruin.

2 Who, on the part of God, will rise,
Innocent mirth recover,
Fly on the prey, and take the prize,
Plunder the carnal lover,
Strip him of every moving strain,
Of every melting measure,
Music in virtue's cause regain,
Revive the holy pleasure.

3 Come let us try if Jesus' love
Will not as well inspire us;
This is the theme of those above,
This upon earth should fire us.
Say, are your hearts in tune to sing?
Is there a subject greater?
Melody all her strains may bring,
Jesus' name is sweeter.

4 Jesus the soul of music is;
His is the noblest passion;
Jesus' name gives life and peace,
Happiness and salvation.

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*. Isaiah lv. 8 9

Jesus' name the dead can raise,
And show our sins forgiven,
Fill us with all the life of grace,
And bear us up to heaven.

5 Who has a right like us to sing,
Us whom his mercy raises?
Glad be our hearts, for Christ is King,
And merry all our voices
Who of his love does once partake,
He in his God rejoices;
Melody in our hearts we make,
Melody with our voices.

6 He that a sprinkled conscience hath,
He that in God is merry,
Let him sing psalms, the spirit saith,
Joyful, and never weary;
Offer the sacrifice of praise,
Hearty and never ceasing,
Spiritual songs and anthems raise,
Worship and thanks, and blessing

Come, let us in his praises join,
Triumph in his salvation,
Glory ascribe to love divine,
Worship and adoration.
Heaven already is begun,
Open'd in each believer;
Only believe, and then sing on;
Heaven is ours for ever.

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56. *The Saviour crowned.*

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

4 Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre,
And as they tune it fall

Before his face, who tunes their choir,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fix'd this floating ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown him Lord of all.

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

5 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransom'd from the fall;
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

6 Hail him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David, Lord, did call;
The God incarnate! Man divine!
And crown him Lord of all.

7 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

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

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

WATTS.] **56.** C. M. Rev. v. 6.

SECOND PART.

BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
Amidst his father's throne:
Prepare new honours for his name,
And songs before unknown.

2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around;
With vials full of odour sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

3 These are the prayers of all the saints,
And those the hymns they raise:
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.

4 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid:
Salvation, glory, joy remain
Forever on thy head.

57.

FAREWELL, my brethren in the Lord
The Gospel sounds a jubilee;
My stamm'ring tongue shall sound aloud,
From land to land, from sea to sea;
And as I preach from place to place,
I'll trust alone in God's free grace.

2 Farewell, in bonds, and union dear,
Like strings, you twine about my heart
I only ask your earnest prayer,
Till we shall meet, no more to part;
Till we shall meet, in worlds above,
Encircled in eternal love.

3 Farewell, my earthly friends below,
Though all so kind and dear to me
My Jesus calls, and I must go,
To sound the Gospel jubilee·
To sound the joys and bear the news,
To Gentile worlds and royal Jews.

4 Farewell, young people, one and all
While God shall grant me breath to breathe;
I'll pray to the eternal All,
That your dear souls in Christ may live;
That your dear souls prepar'd may be,
To reign in bliss eternally.

5 Farewell to all below the sun;
And as I pass in tears below,
The path is straight, my feet shall run,
And God will keep me as I go;
And God will keep me in his hand,
And bring me to the promis'd land

6 Farewell, farewell, I look above;
Jesus, my guide, to thee I call;
My joy, my crown, and only love,
My safe-guard here, my heavenly all;
My theme to preach, my song to sing,
My only joy in death—Amen.

58.

FAREWELL, vain world, I'm going home, hallelujah,
My Saviour smiles and bids me come, hallelujah,
Bright angels beckon me away, hallelujah,
To sing God's praise in endless day, hallelujah.

4 I'm glad that I am born to die,
From grief and woe my soul shall fly,
Bright angels shall convey me home,
Away to New Jerusalem.

3 And when to that new world I rise
And join the anthems in the skies,
This note above the rest shall swell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

4 I hope to meet my brethren there,
Who once did join with me in prayer
Our time of mourning will be o'er,
When we do reach that happy shore.

5 Complete in holiness, ere long,
Our souls shall join the heavenly throng
The blessed angels round the throne,
Are looking out for us to come.

6 I'll praise my God while I have breath,
I hope to praise him after death,
I hope to praise him when I die,
And shout salvation as I fly.

7 We soon shall hear the solemn sound,
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Arise, and drop your dusty shrouds,
And meet King Jesus in the clouds.

8 There shall I see my glorious God,
And praise him in his high abode;
My theme, through all eternity,
Shall glory, glory, glory, be.

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59. C. M.

FROM all that 's mortal, all that 's vain,
And from this earthly clod,
Arise, my soul, and strive to gain
Sweet fellowship with God.

2 Say, what is there beneath the skies,
In all the paths thou 'st trod,
Can suit thy wishes or thy joys,
Like fellowship with God?

Not life, nor all the toys of art,
Nor pleasure's flow'ry road

Can to my soul such bliss impart,
As fellowship with God.

4 Not health nor friendship here below,
Nor wealth, that golden load,
Can such delight or comfort show,
As fellowship with God.

5 When I am made in love to bear
Affliction's needful rod,
Light, sweet and kind the stripes appear
Through fellowship with God.

6 In fierce temptation's fiery blast,
Or dark desertion's road,
I'm happy if I can but taste
Some fellowship with God.

7 And when the icy hand of death
Shall chill my flowing blood,
With joy I'll yield my latest breath
In fellowship with God.

8 When I at last to heaven ascend
And gain my blest abode,
Then an eternity I'll spend
In fellowship with God.

60.

FROM the regions of love, lo! an ange descended,
And told the strange news, how the Babe was attended;
'Go, shepherds, and visit this wonderful stranger;
See yonder bright star, there 's your Lord in a manger.'
Hallelujah to the Lord, who has purchas'd our pardon:
We will praise him again, when we pass over Jordan.

2 'Glad tidings I bring unto you and each nation,
Glad tidings of joy, now behold your salvation!'
Then suddenly multitudes raise their glad voices,
And shout the Redeemer, while heaven rejoices.
Hallelujah, &c.

3 Now glory to God in the highest is given,
Now glory to God is re-echo'd thro' heaven;
Around the whole world let us tell the glad story,
And sing of his love, his salvation, and glory
Hallelujah, &c.

4 Enraptur'd, I burn with delight and desire;
Such love, so divine, sets my soul all on fire:
Around the bright throne hosannas are ringing,
O, when shall I join them, and ever be singing?
Hallelujah, &c.

5 Triumphantly ride in thy chariot victorious
And conquer with love, O Jesus! all glorious;
Thy banners unfurl, let the nations surrender,
And own thee their Saviour, their God and defender.
Hallelujah, &c.

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61. 8, 7.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He whose word cannot be broken,
Form'd thee for his own abode:
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?

With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 [See the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Will supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?
Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hov'ring,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a cov'ring,
Showing that the Lord is near:
Thus, deriving from their banner
Light by night and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna,
Which he gives them when they pray.]

4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God:
'Tis his love his people raises
Over self to reign as kings;
And as priests his solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings.

5 Saviour, if of Zion's city
I, through grace, a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy name.
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know

62.

GOD of my salvation, hear,
And help me to believe;
Simply do 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.

2 Standing now as newly slain,
To thee I lift mine eye;
Balm of all my grief and pain,
Thy blood is always nigh;
Now, as yesterday, the same,
Thou art and wilt for ever be
Friend of sinners, &c.

3 Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,
Nor can thy grace procure;
Empty send me not away,
For I, thou know'st, am poor;
Dust and ashes is my name,
My all is sin and misery.
Friend of sinners, &c.

4 No good word, or work, or thought
Bring I, to buy thy grace;
Pardon I accept unbought,
Thy proffer I embrace;
Coming as at first I came,
To take, and not bestow on thee.
Friend of sinners, &c.

5 Saviour, from thy wounded side
I never will depart:
Here will I my spirit hide,
When I am pure in heart;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

63. 7s.

GRACIOUS LORD, incline thine ear,
My requests vouchsafe to hear;
Hear my never-ceasing cry,
Give me Christ, or else I die.

2 Wealth and honour I disdain,
Earthly comforts, Lord, are vain:
These can never satisfy;
Give me Christ, or else I die.

3 Lord, deny me what thou wilt,
Only ease me of my guilt;
Suppliant, at thy feet I lie,
Give me Christ, or else I die.

4 All unholy and unclean,
I am nothing else but sin;
On thy mercy I rely,
Give me Christ, or else I die.

5 Thou dost freely save the lost,
In thy grace alone I trust;
With my earnest suit comply,
Give me Christ, or else I die.

6 Thou dost promise to forgive
All who in thy Son believe;
Lord, I know thou canst not lie,
Give me Christ, or else I die.

7 Father, dost thou seem to frown?
Let me shelter in thy Son;
Jesus, to thy arms I fly,
Come and save me, or I die.

---

64. L. M.

HAIL! sovereign love that first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man:
Hail! matchless, free, eternal grace,
Which gave my soul a hiding place.

2 Against the God who rules the sky
I fought with hands uplifted high,
Despis'd the mention of his grace,
Too proud to seek a hiding place.

3 Enrapt in thick Egyptian night,
Fonder of darkness than of light,
Madly I ran the sinful race,
Scarce without a hiding place.

4 But thus eternal counsel ran,
'Almighty power, arrest the man;
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no hiding place.

5 Indignant justice stood in view;
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew;
But justice cried with frowning face,
'This mountain is no resting place.'

6 At length a heavenly voice I heard,
And mercy for my soul appear'd;
She led me on, with smiling face,
To Jesus, as my hiding place.

7 A few more rolling scenes at most,
Will land my soul on Canaan's coast,
Where I shall sing my song of grace,
And see my glorious hiding place.

65.

Star in the East. Mat. ii. 2.

HAIL the blest morn, when the great Mediator
Did from the regions of glory descend;
Shepherds, go worship the babe in the manger;
Lo! for his guard the bright angels attend.
Brightest and best of the Sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us your aid:

Star in the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall:
Angels, adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker and monarch and saviour of all.
Brightest and best, &c.

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odours from Eden, in off'rings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine.
Brightest and best, &c.

4 Vainly we offer each costly oblation;
Vainly with gold would his favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor
Brightest and best, &c.

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66. 8, 7. *Autumn.*

HAIL! ye sighing sons of sorrow;
View with me th' autumnal gloom,
Learn from thence your fate to-morrow,
Dead! perhaps, laid in the tomb.
See all nature fading, dying,
Silent; all things seem to mourn;
Life, from vegetation flying,
Brings to mind my mouldering urn.

2 Lo! I hear the air resounding
With expiring insects' cries;
Ah! their moans, to me how wounding!
Emblem of my aged sighs.
While the annual frosts are cropping
Leaves and tendrils from the trees,

So our friends are yearly dropping,
We are like to one of these.

3 Hollow winds about are roaring,
Noisy waters round me rise,
While I sit, my fate deploring,
Tears fast streaming from my eyes;
What to me are autumn's treasures,
Since I know no earthly joy?
Long I've lost all youthful pleasures;
Time will health and youth destroy.

4 Former friends, how oft I've sought them
Just to cheer a troubled mind;
Now they're gone like leaves of autumn,
Driv'n before the dreary wind.
When a few more days are wasted,
And a few more scenes are o'er,
When a few more griefs I've tasted,
I shall fall to bloom no more.

5 Fast my sun of life 's declining,
Soon 'twill set in dismal night;
But my hopes, pure and reviving,
Rise to fairer worlds of light.
Cease this trembling, mourning, sighing,
Death shall burst this sullen gloom;
Then my spirit, flutt'ring, flying,
Shall be borne beyond the tomb.

---

67. *Christian Comfort.*

TEMPTED, tossed, troubled spirit,
Dost thou groan beneath thy load!
Fearing thou shalt not inherit
In the kingdom of thy God?
View thy Saviour on the mountain,
In temptation's painful hour:
Though of grace himself the fountain,
And the Lord of boundless power.

2 Do thy blooming prospects languish?
Say'st thou still, 'I'm not his child?'
View thy Saviour's dreadful anguish,
Famish'd in the gloomy wild.
Not a step in all thy journey,
Through this gloomy vale of tears,
But thy Lord hath trod before thee,
And thy way to glory clears.

3 Though through seas of tribulation
Jesus calls thee here to go,
He hath wrought thy great salvation
In far deeper seas of wo.
Jesus, though by God anointed,
Christ, the co-eternal Son,
As by love divine appointed,
Treads the wine-press all alone.

4 Sinks thy soul in waves of sorrow?
Pass o'er Kedron's rolling flood,
Witness there the doleful horror
Of the suffering Son of God.
There the victim groaning, weeping,
Bears the wrath of God alone,
While his senseless followers sleeping,
Scarce regard a single groan.

5 On the chilly ground extended,
Lo, he takes the bitter cup!
With Almighty vengeance blended,
Drinks the dreadful contents up;
Now the avenging sword pursues him
Up to Calvary's rugged brow:
There the wrath of God doth bruise him,
But *my soul* escapes the blow.

6 Glory, honour, power, and blessing,
Be unto the Father given:
Sing his praises without ceasing,
Sons of earth, and hosts of heaven.

Glory be to Christ the Saviour,
Who hath bought us with his blood;
Glory to the blessed Spirit,
Glory to the mighty God.

68.

HARK! how the Gospel trumpet sounds
Through all the world the echo bounds
And Jesus, by redeeming blood,
Is bringing sinners home to God;
And guides them safely, by his word,
To endless day.

2 Hail, all-victorious, conqu'ring Lord,
By all the heavenly hosts ador'd!
Who undertook for fallen man,
And brought salvation through thy name,
That we with thee might live and reign,
In endless day.

3 Fight on, ye conqu'ring saints, fight on,
And when the conquest you have won,
Then palms of victory you shall bear,
And in his kingdom have a share,
And crowns of glory you shall wear,
In endless day.

4 Thy blood, dear Jesus, once was spilt,
To save our souls from sin and guilt;
And sinners now may come to God,
And find salvation through thy blood,
And sail by faith upon that flood,
To endless day.

5 Through storms and calms by faith we steer
By feeble hope and gloomy fear;
Till we arrive at Canaan's shore,
Where sin and sorrow are no more,
We 'll shout, our trials are all o'er,
To endless day.

6 There we shall in sweet chorus join,
With saints and angels all combine,
To sing of his redeeming love,
When rolling years shall cease to move,
And this shall be our theme above,
In endless day.

W. C. Tillou.] **69.** *The Eden of Love.*

HOW sweet to reflect on those joys that await me,
In yon blissful region, the haven of rest,
Where glorified spirits with welcome shall greet me,
And lead me to mansions prepared for the blest;
Encircled in light, and with glory enshrouded,
My happiness perfect, my mind's sky unclouded,
I'll bathe in the ocean of pleasure unbounded,
And range with delight through the Eden of Love.

2 While angelic legions, with harps tuned celestial,
Harmoniously join in the concert of praise,
The saints, as they flock from the regions terrestrial,
In loud hallelujahs their voices will raise:
Then songs to the Lamb shall re-echo through heaven,
My soul will respond, To Immanuel be given
All glory, all honour, all might and dominion,
Who brought us through grace to the Eden of Love.

3 Then hail, blessed state! hail, ye songsters of glory!
Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above!
And join your full choir in rehearsing the story,

'Salvation from sorrow, through Jesus's love!
Though 'prison'd in earth, yet by anticipation,
Already my soul feels a sweet prelibation,
Of joys that await me, when freed from probation;
My heart's now in Heaven, the Eden of Love.

---

70. *An interest in Christ.*

AND can it be that I should gain
An interest in the Saviour's blood?
Died he for me, who caused his pain?
For me, who him to death pursued?
Amazing love, how can it be,
That thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me!

2 'Tis mystery all! The Immortal dies!
Who can explore his strange design!
In vain the first-born seraph tries
To sound the depths of love divine!
'Tis mercy all! let earth adore:
Let angel-minds inquire no more.

3 He left his Father's throne above;
(So free, so infinite his grace!)
Emptied himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race:
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For, O my God, it found out *me!*

4 Long my imprison'd spirit lay,
Fast bound in sin and nature's night:
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray;
I woke; the dungeon flamed with light
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and follow'd thee.

5 No condemnation now I dread,
Jesus, and all in him, is mine!
Alive in him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach the eternal throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ my own.

70. Second Part.

Wait on the Lord: be of good courage.

THOUGH clouds arise, and dim the sight'
And darkest storms impend,
Our God will yet restore the light;
He'll make the rising moment bright,
And show himself our friend.

2 What though a thousand foes invade,
And aim to break our peace;
Let but our prayers to him be made,
He'll swiftly bring resistless aid,
And make the tumult cease.

3 Then let us yield no more to grief;
A gracious God will rise;
On wings of love he'll bring relief,
Exceed our hopes, assuage our grief,
And dry our weeping eyes.

Cowper.] **71.** 7's.

Lovest thou me? John xxi. 16.

HARK, my soul, it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
'Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

2 'I deliver'd thee when bound,
And when wounded, heal'd thy wound;

Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light.

3 'Can a woman's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 'Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath;
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 'Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be—
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?'

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee, and adore;
O, for grace to love thee more!

---

72. 8, 7.

HARK! the Gospel trumpet's sounding;
Sinners, hear the call, and come;
Christ, in pard'ning love abounding,
Now invites the weary home.
Turn to the Lord, and seek salvation;
Sound the praise of his dear name;
Glory! honour! adoration!
Jesus Christ to save us came.

2 Though your crimes have reach'd to heaven,
And of deepest dye appear;
Ask, and they shall be forgiven,
Seek, and you shall find him near.

3 Cast your load of guilt behind you;
To the Lord for mercy flee;
Though the strongest fetters bind you,
Jesus Christ can set you free.

Turn, dear sinners, turn to Jesus,
Bow your hearts unto his call;
See your loving, bleeding Saviour,
Waiting to receive you all.

4 Free from hell's eternal prison;
Unbelief's tormenting chain;
Free from endless woe, perdition;
Free from everlasting pain!

5 Broken hearts, with sin distrest,
Come to Jesus, come to-day;
Poor and needy, lost and wretched;
Come, you need not stay away.

6 Hark! ye blind, the Saviour calls you,
Wait no longer; there is room;
Cast your rags of sin behind you;
Rise! the Saviour bids you come.

7 Angels, join with saints forgiven;
Sound the praise of Jesus' name!
Let the world, the church, and heaven
Sweetly echo with the theme.
Glory! honour! and salvation!
To the Lamb that once was slain!
Honour! praise! and adoration!
Reign, sweet Jesus! ever reign!

73.

HARK! the jubilee is sounding
O, the joyful news is come;
Free salvation is proclaimed,
In and through God's only Son;
Now we have an invitation
To the meek and lowly Lamb;
Glory, honour, and salvation,
Christ, the Lord, is come to reign.

2 Come, dear friends, and don't neglect it,
Come to Jesus in your prime;

Great salvation, don't reject it,
O, receive it, now's your time;
Now the Saviour is beginning
To revive his works again.
Glory, honour, &c.

3 Now let each one cease from sinning,
Come and follow Christ, the way;
We shall all receive a blessing,
If from him we do not stray.
Golden moments we've neglected,
O, the time we've spent in vain!
Glory, honour, &c.

4 Come, let us run our race with patience,
Looking unto Christ, the Lord,
Who doth live and reign for ever,
With his Father and our God;
He is worthy to be praised,
He is our exalted King
Glory, honour, &c.

5 Come, dear children, praise your Jesus,
Praise him, praise him ever more;
May his great love now constrain us,
His great name for to adore;
O, then let us join together,
Crowns of glory to obtain.
Glory, honour, &c.

74.

HE comes, he comes, his kingdom he
The seventh trumpet speaks him n
The lightnings flash, his thunders roll,
He's welcome to the faithful soul.
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
He's welcome to the faithful soul.

1 From heaven angelic voices sound,
See the almighty Jesus crown'd,

Girt with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the Saviour's face.
Glory, glory, &c.

3 Descending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdom for his own;
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord.
Hail him, hail him, &c.

4 Shout, all ye people or the sky,
And all the saints of the Most High
Our God, who now his right obtains,
For ever and for ever, reigns;
Ever, ever, ever, ever,
For ever and for ever reigns.

5 The Father bless, the Son adore,
The Spirit praise for evermore;
Salvation's glorious work is done,
We welcome the great Three in One;
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
We welcome the great Three in One.

WATTS.] **75.** L. M.

HE dies! the friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground:
Come, saints, and drop a tear or two,
For him who groan'd beneath your load
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood.

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree;
The Lord of glory dies for men;
But lo! what sudden joys we see,
Jesus, the dead, revives again!
The rising God forsakes the tomb,
Up to his Father's court he flies;

Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome through the skies.

3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster, Death, in chains;
Say, 'Live for ever, wondrous King,
Born to redeem, and strong to save;'
Then ask the monster, 'Where's thy sting!
And where's thy victory, boasting grave!'

---

76. *Christ a Refuge.*

TO the haven of thy breast,
O Son of Man, I fly!
Be my refuge and my rest,
For O! the storm is high!
Save me from the furious blast:
A covert from the tempest be!
Hide me, Jesus, till o'erpast
The storm of sin I see.

2 Welcome as the water-spring
To a dry, barren place;
O descend on me, and bring
Thy sweet refreshing grace!
O'er a parch'd and weary land,
As a great rock extends its shade,
Hide me, Saviour, with thy hand,
And screen my naked head.

3 In the time of my distress,
Thou hast my succour been,
In my utter helplessness
Restraining me from sin;
O how swiftly didst thou move
To save me in the trying hour!
Still protect me with thy love,
And shield me with thy power

4 First and last in me perform
The work thou hast begun:
Be my shelter from the storm,
My shadow from the sun:
Weary, parch'd with thirst, and faint,
Till thou the abiding Spirit breathe,
Every moment, Lord, I want
The merit of thy death.

5 Never shall I want it less,
When thou the gift hast given,
Fill'd me with thy righteousness,
And seal'd the heir of heaven;
I shall hang upon my God,
Till I thy perfect glory see;
Till the sprinkling of thy blood
Shall speak me up to thee.

---

77. *The Banquet above.*

COME, let us ascend,
My companion and friend,
To a taste of the banquet above!
If thy heart be as mine,
If for Jesus it pine,
Come up into the chariot of love.

2 Who in Jesus confide,
We are bold to outride
The storms of affliction beneath;
With the prophet we soar
To the heavenly shore,
And outfly all the arrows of death

3 By faith we are come
To our permanent home,
By hope we the rapture improve;
By love we still rise,
And look down on the skies,
For the heaven of heavens is love

4 Who on earth can conceive
How happy we live
In the palace of God the great King!
What a concert of praise,
When our Jesus's grace,
The whole heavenly company sing!
5 What a rapturous song,
When the glorified throng
In the spirit of harmony join;
Join all the glad choirs,
Hearts voices, and lyres,
And the burden is mercy divine.
6 Hallelujah, they cry,
To the King of the sky,
To the great everlasting I AM;
To the Lamb that was slain,
And that liveth again,
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb.
7 Our foreheads proclaim
His ineffable name;
Our bodies his glory display;
A day without night,
We feast in his sight;
And eternity seems as a day.

---

77. Second Part.

ALL hail, thou great Immanuel,
Thy love, thy glory, who can tell?
Angels, and all the heavenly host,
Are in the boundless prospect lost.
2 Among a thousand forms of love,
In which he shines and smiles above,
This with peculiar joy we view,
He's David's root and offspring too.
3 There Jesus, in the glorious plan,
Shines, the great God, the wondrous man
As God, the root of all our bliss,
As man, the branch of righteousness.

4 All hail, thou dear redeeming Lord!
All hail, thou co-essential word!
All hail, thou root and branch divine!
All hail, and be the glory thine!

---

78. C. M.

HOW glorious is our heavenly King
Who reigns above the sky!
How shall a child presume to sing
His dreadful majesty!

2 How great his power is, none can tell,
Nor think how large his grace;
Not men below nor saints that dwell
On high, before his face;

3 Not angels, that stand round the Lord.
Can search his secret will;
But they perform his heavenly word,
And sing his praises still.

4 Then let me join this holy train,
And my first off'ring bring;
Th' eternal God will not disdain
To hear an infant sing.

5 My heart resolves, my tongue obeys,
And angels shall rejoice,
To hear their mighty Maker's praise
Sound from a feeble voice.

79.

HOW happy are they,
Who their Saviour obey,
Who have laid up their treasure above!
Tongue cannot express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That comfort was mine,
When the favour divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb
When first I believ'd,
O, what a joy I receiv'd!
What a heaven in Jesus's name!

3 'Twas a heaven below,
My Jesus to know;
The angels could do nothing more,
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Saviour of sinners adore.

4 Jesus, all the day long,
Was my joy and my song;
'O, that all his salvation may see!
He hath lov'd me,' I cried,
'He hath suffer'd and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me.'

5 On the wings of his love,
I was carried above
All sin and temptation and pain;
I could not believe,
That I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.

6 But where am I now?
When was it, or how,
That I fell from a sense of his grace?
I am brought into thrall,
As if stript of my all,
And have lost the sweet smiles of his face

7 Hardly yet do I know
How I let my Lord go,
So insensibly starting aside,
When the tempter came in,
With his own subtle sin,
And infected my spirit with pride.

8 To the fountain I'll go,
Which so freely did flow
From the heart of my Lord when he died,
O, my Lord and my God,
Let the water and blood
Be again to my conscience applied.

9 Never more would I stray
From my Jesus, my Way,
But follow the Lamb till I die;
Let me take up my cross,
And count all things as dross,
Till I meet with my God in the sky.

---

80. *Heir of Salvation.*

AWAY with our fears!
The glad morning appears,
When an heir of salvation was born!
From Jehovah I came,
For his glory I am,
And to him I with singing return.

2 Thee, Jesus, alone,
The Fountain I own,
Of my life and felicity here:
And cheerfully sing,
My Redeemer and King,
Till his sign in the heavens appear.

3 With thanks I rejoice
In thy fatherly choice
Of my state and condition below:
If of parents I came,
Who honour'd thy name,
'Twas thy wisdom appointed it so.

4 I sing of thy grace,
From my earliest days,
Ever near to allure and defend;

Hitherto hast thou been
My preserver from sin,
And I trust thou wilt save to the end.

5 O the infinite cares,
And temptations and snares,
Thy hand hath conducted me through.
O the blessings bestowed
By a bountiful God,
And the mercies eternally new.

6 What a mercy is this,
What a heaven of bliss,
How unspeakably happy am I!
Gather'd into thy fold,
With thy people enroll'd,
With thy people to live and to die.

7 O the goodness of God,
In employing a clod,
His tribute of glory to raise;
His standard to bear,
And with triumph declare
His unspeakable riches of grace!

8 O the fathomless love,
That has deign'd to approve,
And prosper the work of my hands!
With my pastoral crook
I went over the brook,
And behold I am spread into bands!

9 Who, I ask in amaze,
Hath begotten me these?
And inquire from what quarter they came
My full heart it replies,
They are born from the skies,
And gives glory to God and the Lamb.

10 All honour and praise
To the Father of grace,
To the Spirit and Son, I return

The business pursue
He hath made me to do,
And rejoice that I ever was born.

11 My remnant of days
I spend in his praise,
Who died the whole world to redeem:
Be they many or few,
My days are his due,
And they all are devoted to him.

---

81. *Christ's comfort for the church.*

O ZION! afflicted with wave upon wave,
Whom no man can comfort, whom no man can save;
With darkness surrounded, by terrors dismay'd,
In toiling and rowing thy strength is decay'd.

2 Loud roaring, the billows now nigh overwhelm,
But skilful's the Pilot, who sits at the helm;
His wisdom conducts thee, his power thee defends,
In safety and quiet thy warfare he ends.

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

4 'Forget thee, I will not, I cannot;—thy name
Engraved on my heart doth for ever remain!
The palms of my hands while I look on, I see
The wounds I received, when suffering for thee.

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

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

82.

HOW happy's every child of grace,
Who feels his sins forgiven!
This world, he cries, is not my place,
I seek a place in heaven;
A country far from mortal sight,
Yet, O! by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
A heaven prepar'd for me.

2 A stranger in this world below,
I calmly sojourn here;
Nor can its happiness or woe
Provoke my hope or fear.
Its evils in a moment end,
Its joys as soon are past:
But, O! the bliss to which I tend,
Eternally shall last.

3 To that Jerusalem above,
With singing, I'll repair;
While in the flesh, by hope and love
My heart and soul are there.
There my exalted Saviour stands,
My merciful High Priest,
And still extends his wounded hands,
To take me to his breast.

4 What is there here to court my stay,
And keep me back from home,
When angels beckon me away
And Jesus bids me come?
Shall I regret my parted friends,
Here in this vale confin'd?

Nay, but whene'er my soul ascends,
They will not stay behind.

5 The race we all are running now,
And if I first attain,
They too their willing heads shall bow
They too the prize shall gain.
Now on the brink of death I stand,
And if I pass before,
They too shall all escape to land,
And hail me on that shore.

6 Then let me suddenly remove,
That hidden life to share;
I shall not lose my friends above,
But more enjoy them there.
There we in Jesus' praise shall join,
His boundless love proclaim,
And solemnize, in songs divine,
The marriage of the Lamb.

7 O, what a blessed hope is ours,
While here on earth we stay!
We more than taste the heavenly powers
And antedate that day;
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ conceal'd,
And with his glorious presence here,
Our earthen vessel's fill'd.

8 O, would he more of heaven bestow,
Then let this vessel break,
And let my ransom'd spirit go,
To grasp the God I seek;
In rapturous awe on him to gaze,
Who bought that sight for me,
And shout, and wonder at his grace,
Through all eternity.

NEWTON.] 83.

The good Physician.

HOW lost was my condition,
Till Jesus made me whole!
There is but one Physician
Can cure a sin-sick soul.
Next door to death he found me,
And snatched me from the grave,
To tell to all around me,
His wondrous power to save.

2 The worst of all diseases,
Is light, compar'd with sin;
On every part it seizes,
But rages most within.
'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
And madness all combin'd;
And none but a believer,
The least relief can find.

3 From men great skill professing
I thought a cure to gain;
But this proved more distressing,
And added to my pain.
Some said that nothing ail'd me,
Some gave me up for lost;
Thus every refuge fail'd me,
And all my hopes were cross'd.

4 At length this great Physician,
(How matchless is his grace!)
Beheld my lost condition,
And undertook my case.
First gave me sight to view him
For sin my eyes had seal'd:
Then bade me look unto him—
I look'd, and I was heal'd.

5 A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith,

At once from danger frees us,
And saves the soul from death.
Come, then, to this Physician,
His help he'll freely give;
He makes no hard condition,
'Tis only, look and live.

---

84. C. M.

The inspired word a system of knowledge and joy. Psalms cxix. 105.

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

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

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

NEWTON.] **85. L. M.**

None upon earth I desire beside thee. Ps. lxxiii. 25.

HOW tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,
Have lost all their sweetness with me.
The mid-summer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in Him,
December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;

His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice.
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
Nor mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign'd,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind
While bless'd with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear,
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long?
O, drive these dark clouds from my sky
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me unto thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more

86.

HOW vain are the pleasures of time!
How fond are vain mortals of life;
There's naught but the heavens sublime,
There s naught but confusion and strife
My wife, the dear bride of my youth,
Lies panting and gasping for breath,
More pleas'd with the beauties of truth,
And blest in th' embraces of death.

2 Her struggles are long and severe,
While struggling and cooing she smiles,
Saying, 'Jesus hath made me his care,
I soon shall forget all my toils.'

She calls for the chariots of Christ--
How slowly they move on their way!
How long, my Lord Jesus, she cries,
How long have I here yet to stay?

3 Still Jesus is faithful to me,
He pities the pains now I feel;
I shall not stay out his decree,
He gives me his love as a seal.
Farewell, my dear husband, said she;
Now from your kind bosom I leap,
With Jesus, my Bridegroom, to be;
My flesh in the tomb then shall sleep.

4 And thus she continued to cry
For patience to wait for the word,
Till at length she did leap and did fly,
For ever to dwell with the Lord.
Now, like a disconsolate dove,
I'm left all alone here to mourn;
O, may the kind powers above,
Show pity to me while alone.

5 I look through the rooms of my house,
Each door on its hinges doth mourn;
In searching I find not my spouse,
Nor will she to me e'er return.
How lonesome my table to me!
How empty the place where she sat!
What lonesome devotion I pay,
Where once we so sweetly did meet!

6 But, oh! what still heightens my grief
My sons a kind mother have lost;
They can't go to her for relief;
O, may they in God put their trust.
My passion will lead me too far;
My grief I will leave with the Lord
I trust I will shortly go where
Vain passion can't flee from his word.

87. S. M.

HOW various and how new,
Are thy compassions, Lord?
Each morning shall thy mercy show
Each night thy truth record.

2 Thy goodness, like the sun,
Dawn'd on our early days,
Ere infant reason had begun
To form our lips to praise.

3 Each object we beheld
Gave pleasure to our eyes;
And nature all our senses held,
In bands of sweet surprise.

4 But pleasures more refin'd
Awaited that bless'd day,
When light arose upon our mind,
And chas'd our fears away.

5 How new thy mercies then!
How sovereign and how free!
Our souls that had been dead in sin,
Were made alive to thee.

PAUSE.

6 Now we expect a day
Still brighter far than this,
When death shall bear our souls away
To realms of light and bliss

7 There rapturous scenes of joy,
Shall burst upon our sight;
And every pain, and tear, and sigh,
Be drown'd in endless night.

8 Beneath thy balmy wing,
O, Son of righteousness,
Our happy souls shall sit and sing
The wonders of thy grace.

9 Nor shall that radiant day
So joyfully begun,
In evening shadows die away
Beneath the setting sun.

10 How various and how new
Are thy compassions, Lord!
Eternity thy love shall shew,
And all thy truth record.

88.

Christ ever lives our intercessor.

'I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,'
What comforts this sweet sentence gives'
He lives, he lives, who once was dead,
He lives, my ever-living head!

2 He lives, triumphantly and brave,
He lives, eternally to save,
He lives, all glorious in the sky,
He lives, exalted far on high!

3 He lives, to bless me with his love,
He lives, to plead my cause above,
He lives, my hungry soul to feed,
He lives, to help in time of need.

4 He lives, to give me full supplies,
He lives, to bless me with his eyes,
He lives, to comfort me when faint,
He lives, to hear my soul's complaint.

5 He lives, to crush the fiends of hell,
He lives, and doth within me dwell,
He lives, to heal, and keep me whole,
He lives, to guide my feeble soul.

6 He lives, to banish all my fears,
He lives, to wipe away my tears,
He lives, to calm my troubled heart,
He lives, all blessings to impart.

7 He lives, my kind and gracious friend,
He lives, and loves me to the end;
He lives, and while he lives I'll sing,
He lives, my Prophet, Priest and King.

8 He lives, all glory to his name,
He lives, my Jesus still the same;
O the sweet joy this sentence gives,
'I know that my Redeemer lives.'

89.

I'LL sing my Saviour's grace,
And his dear name I'll praise,
While in this land of sorrow I remain
My troubles soon will end,
Then will my soul ascend,
Where I shall hunger, thirst, nor mourn again.

2 A pilgrim here below,
In this vain world I go;
I live an exile, mourning like the dove;
My days with sorrow roll,
And my poor weary soul,
With earnest longing, pants to mount above.

3 Though few my days have been,
Much trouble I have seen,
And deep affliction I have waded through
For thorny is the way
To everlasting day;
Yet forward do I press, my God to know.

4 Another day is gone,
And the declining sun
Has veil'd its radiant beams in silent shade.
While gloomy darkness reigns
O'er the extensive plains,
And awful silence close the solemn scene.

5 Then rapid flies away
The next succeeding day,

And life's declining light draws to a close,
This life's short, setting sun,
Will soon in death go down,
And lay my weary limbs in sweet repose.

6 On eagles' wings of love
I shall then mount above,
And find my passage safe to endless day
Then happy, sweet surprise,
What wonders will arise,
When free from this dull clog of cumbrous clay!

7 O, what a glorious sight,
Mix'd with extreme delight,
Will strike my ravish'd eye, when I behold
Fair Salem's gates appear,
And I a drawing near
To those bright streets of pure, transparent gold!

8 In raptures I shall blaze,
While on my King I gaze,
The man who suffer'd, groan'd and died for me;
Who bore my load of sin,
My sorrow, grief and pain,
To make me happy and to set me free.

9 To living fountains then,
And richest pastures green,
To trees of Paradise he'll lead his lambs;
While millions falling down,
Prostrated all around,
And at his footstool cast their glitt'ring crowns.

10 The heavenly arches ring,
Sing Hallelujah! sing;
Hail, holy, holy, holy, bleeding Lamb,

Once we were dead in sin,
But now we live again,
And glory, glory, glory to his name.

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90. *Affliction sweetened.*

WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pains,
And long to fly away.

2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love;
Sweet to look upward, to the place
Where Jesus pleads above.

3 Sweet to look back and see my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own.

4 Sweet to reflect how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid;
Sweet to remember that his blood
My debt of suffering paid.

5 Sweet in his righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second death;
Sweet to experience, day by day,
His Spirit's quickening breath.

6 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on his covenant of grace,
For all things to depend.

7 If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from thee!

SWAIN.] **90.** C. M. SECOND PART.

HOW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfil his word:—

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part:
When sorrows flow from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart:—

3 When free from envy, scorn and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love.

4 Love is the golden chain, that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven, who finds
His bosom glow with love.

DR. WATTS.] **91.**

Converse with Christ.

I'M tir'd of visits, modes, and forms,
And flatt'ries paid to fellow worms,
Their conversation cloys,
Their vain amours and empty stuff;
But I can ne'er enjoy enough
Of thy sweet company, my Lord, thou life of all my joys.

2 When he begins to tell his love,
Through every view my passions move,
The captives of his tongue;
In midnight shades, on frosty ground
I could attend the pleasing sound,
Nor should I feel December cold, nor think the darkness long.

3 There, while I hear my Saviour, God,
Count o'er my sins (a heavy load)
He bore upon the tree,
Inward I blush with secret shame,
And weep, and love, and bless the name
That knew not guilt nor grief his own
but bore it all for me.

4 Next, he describes the thorns he wore,
And talks his bloody passion o'er,
Till I am drown'd in tears;
Yet, with a sympathetic smart,
There 's a strange joy beats round my heart.
The cursed tree has blessings in 't, my
sweetest balm it bears.

5 I hear the glorious Suff'rer tell,
How on the cross he vanquish'd hell,
And all the powers beneath;
Transported and inspir'd, my tongue
Attempts his triumph in a song,
How hath the serpent lost his sting! and
where 's thy victory, death?

6 But when he shows his hands, his heart,
And those dear prints of dying smart,
He sets my soul on fire;
Not the beloved John could rest
With more delight upon that breast,
Nor Thomas pry into those wounds with
more intense desire.

7 Kindly he opes to me his ear,
And bids me pour my sorrows there,
And tell him all my pains;
Thus, while I ease my burden'd heart,
In every woe he bears a part;
His arms embrace me, and his hand my
drooping head sustains.

RYLAND.] **92.** C. M.

IN all my Lord's appointed ways
My journey I'll pursue:
Hinder me not, ye much-lov'd saints,
For I must go with you.

2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where he goes;
Hinder me not, shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.

3 Through duty, and through trials too,
I'll go at his command;
Hinder me not, for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.

4 And when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be,
Hinder me not! come, welcome death!
I'll gladly go with thee.

---

93. *A lively hope.*

SWEET to rejoice in lively hope,
That when my change shall come,
Angels will hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.

2 There shall my disembodied soul
View Jesus and adore:
Be with his likeness satisfied,
And grieve and sin no more.

3 Shall see him wear that very flesh
On which my guilt was lain;
His love intense, his merit fresh,
As though but newly slain.

4 Soon too my slumbering dust shall hear
The trumpet's quickening sound,

And by my Saviour's power rebuilt,
At his right hand be found.
If such the views which grace unfolds,
Weak as it is below;
What raptures must the church above
In Jesus' presence know!

94.

IN the house of king David a fountain did spring,
For sin and uncleanness, from Jesus our King;
This fountain proves healing whenever applied;
It sprang from the bowels of Christ when he died.

2 If you are polluted, this water makes clean;
This blood, it will pardon, and free from all sin;
And Christ, the Physician, hath balm to apply,
A balsam for healing; come, venture and try.

3 If you are o'erwhelm'd with mountains of guilt,
Come, bathe in this fountain, for sinners 'twas spilt;
Here 's peace for your conscience, your guilt to remove,
And rivers of love, your affections to soothe.

4 If you are distressed, and weary of sin,
This fountain stands open, come now venture in;
Here 's everything needed for sinners undone,
And you are invited and welcome to come.

5 If you are bemoaning your weakness in grace,
This fountain stands ready, 'twill answer your case;

Come, draw when you're weary, and drink
when you're dry;
It was for the needy that Jesus did die.

6 Come, you who have bath'd in this fountain
of love,
And felt all the burden of guilt to remove,
Let's join to praise Jesus as long as we've
breath,
And, after we're laid in the dust of the earth

7 Then, there we shall sleep, but not always
remain;
We look for the coming of Jesus again;
And when we behold him, we'll lay by our
shrouds,
And rise to meet Jesus, our Lord, in the
clouds.

8 How we shall be fashion'd it doth not appear
But we shall be like him approved and clear
And that blessed hour we're longing to see,
When we shall be perfectly holy as he.

9 O, then he'll receive us with joy and great
mirth,
Saying, 'Welcome my jewels, redeem'd from
the earth!'
He'll not be asham'd to call us his bride,
More precious to him than the silver that 's
tried.

---

95. L. M.

I THIRST, but not as once I did
The vain delights of earth to share;
Thy wounds, Immanuel, all forbid
That I should seek my pleasures there.

2 It was the sight of thy dear cross,
First wean'd my soul from earthly things.

And taught me to esteem as dross
The mirth of fools and pomp of kings

3 I want that grace that springs from thee,
That quickens all things when it flows,
And makes a wretched thorn like me
Bloom like the myrtle or the rose.

4 For sure, of all the plants that share
The notice of thy Father's eye,
None prove less grateful to his care,
Or yield him meaner fruit than I.

---

96. *Public Worship.*

HOW pleased and blest was I,
To hear the people cry,
'Come, let us seek our God to-day!'
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We'll haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honours pay.

2 Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorn'd with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round.
In thee our tribes appear,
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 There David's greater Son
Has fix'd his royal throne;
He sits for grace and judgment there
He bids the saint be glad,
He makes the sinner sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest:
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest

5 My tongue repeats her vows,
'Peace to this sacred house!
For here my friends and kindred dwell;'
And since my glorious God
Makes thee his blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

---

97. L. M.

I'VE listed in the holy war,
Content with suff'ring soldier's fare;
The banner o'er my head is love,
I draw my rations from above.

2 I've fought through many a battle sore,
And I must fight through many more;
I take my breast-plate, sword and shield,
And boldly march into the field.

3 The world, the flesh, and Satan too,
Unite and strive what they can do,
On thee, O Lord, I humbly call;
Uphold me or my soul must fall.

4 I've listed, and I mean to fight,
Till all my foes are put to flight;
And when the victory I have won,
I'll give the praise to God alone.

5 Come, Fellow-Christians, join with me;
Come, face the foe, and never flee;
The heavenly battle is begun,
Come, take the field and win the crown.

6 With listing orders I have come;
Come rich, come poor, come old or young
Here's grace's bounty, Christ has given,
And glorious crowns laid up in heaven.

7 Our Gen'ral, he is gone before,
And you may draw on grace's store;
But, if you will not list and fight,
You'll sink into eternal night.

98.

Zion's prosperity.

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

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

3 In honour to his name
Reflect that sacred light;
And loud that grace proclaim,
Which makes thy darkness bright;
Pursue his praise,
Till sovereign love,
In worlds above,
The glory raise.

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

98. Second Part.

Zion's increase prayed for.

GIRD thy sword, O mighty Saviour.
Make the word of truth thy car·
Prosper in thy course triumphant,
All success attend thy war;
Gracious victor,
Bring thy trophies from afar.

2 Blest are they that touch thy sceptre,
Blest are all that own thy reign;
Freed from sin, that worst of tyrants,
Rescued from its galling chain:
Saints and angels,
All who know thee, bless thy reign.

99.

Jerusalem, my happy home.

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
O, how I long for thee!
When will my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys, when shall I see?

2 Thy walls are all of precious stone,
Most glorious to behold;
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
Thy streets are pav'd with gold.

3 Thy garden and thy pleasant green,
My study long have been;
Such sparkling light, by human sight
Has never yet been seen.

4 If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,
Why should I stay from thence?
What folly 'tis, that I should dread
To die and go from hence.

5 Reach down, reach down thine arm of grace,
And cause me to ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end.

6 Jesus, my love, to glory 's gone;
Him will I go and see;
And all my brethren here below
Will soon come after me.

7 My friends, I bid you all adieu
I leave you in God's care,
And if I never more see you,
Go on, I'll meet you there.

8 There we shall meet and no more part,
And heaven shall ring with praise,
While Jesus' love in every heart
Shall tune the song Free Grace.

9 Millions of years around may run,
Our song shall still go on,
To praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, Three in One.

10 When we've been there ten thousand years
Bright, shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise,
Than when we first begun.

100.

JESUS, at thy command
I launch into the deep,
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep.
For thee I would the world resign,
And sail to heaven with thee and thine.

2 Thou art my pilot, wise;
My compass is thy word;
My soul each storm defies
While I have such a Lord.

I trust thy faithfulness and power
To save me in the trying hour.

3 Though rocks and quicksands deep
Through all my passage lie,
Yet Christ will safely keep
And guide me with his eye.
My anchor, hope, shall firm abide,
And every boisterous storm outride.

4 By faith I see the land,
The port of endless rest;
My soul, thy sails expand,
And fly to Jesus' breast!
O, may I reach the heavenly shore,
Where winds and waves distress no more

5 Whene'er becalm'd I lie,
And storms forbear to toss;
Be thou, dear Lord, still nigh,
Lest I should suffer loss;
For more the treach'rous calm I dread
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

6 Come, Holy Ghost, and blow
A prosp'rous gale of grace;
Waft me from all below
To heaven, my destin'd place.
Then, in full sail, my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind.

101.

JESUS drinks the bitter cup,
The wine-press treads alone;
Tears the graves and mountains up,
With his expiring groan.
Lo! the power of heaven he shakes,
Nature in convulsion lies;
Earth's profoundest centre quakes,
The great Jehovah dies!

2 Dies the glorious Cause of All,
The true eternal Plan
Falls, to raise us from our fall,
To ransom sinful man.
Well may Sol withdraw his light
With the sufferer sympathize,
Leave the world in sudden night,
While his Creator dies.

3 O, my God, he dies for me,
I feel the mortal smart;
See him hanging on the tree,
A sight that breaks my heart.
O, that all to thee would turn!
Sinners, you may love him too;
Look on him, ye pierc'd, and mourn
For one who bled for you.

4 Weep o'er your Desire and Hope,
With tears of humblest love;
Sing, for Jesus is gone up,
And reigns enthron'd above,
Lives, our Head, to die no more;
Power is all to Jesus given,
Worshipp'd as he was before,
The eternal King of heaven.

102.

JESUS, grant us all a blessing,
Send it down, Lord, from above;
May we all go home a praying,
And rejoicing in thy love.
Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,
Till we all shall meet again.

2 Jesus, pardon all our follies,
Since together we have been;
Make us humble, make us holy,
Cleanse us all from every sin.

Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,
Till we shall meet again.

3 May thy blessing, Lord, go with us,
To each one's respective home,
And the presence of our Jesus
Rest upon us every one.
Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,
Till we all shall meet at home.

103.

JESUS, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wandering sheep;
False to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain like Peter weep.
Let me be by grace restor'd,
On me be all its fullness shown
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

2 Saviour, Prince enthron'd above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart;
Give, what I have long implor'd,
A portion of thy love unknown.
Turn, &c.

3 See me, Saviour, from above,
Nor suffer me to die;
Life, and happiness, and love,
Smile in thy gracious eye;
Speak the reconciling word,
And let thy mercy melt me down.
Turn, &c.

4 Look, as when thy pitying eye
Was clos'd, that we might live;
'Father,' (at the point to die,
My Saviour gasp'd,) 'forgive.'

Surely, with that dying word,
He turns and looks, and cries 'tis done
O, my loving, bleeding Lord,
This breaks my heart of stone.

104.

JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.

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

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

4 The more I strove against its power,
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more,
'Till late I heard my Saviour say,
'Come, hither, soul, I am the way.'

5 Lo! glad I come, and thou blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am;
My sinful self to thee I give;
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then I will 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.'

---

105. 7s.

JESUS' precious name excels
Jordan's streams and Salem's wells;
Thirsty sinners, come and draw;
Quench the flames of Sinai's law

2 Fearful sinners, come and try;
Draw, and drink with inward joy;
Christ is fresh, and full, and free:
Sinners, come, whoe'er you be.

3 See the waters springing up,
To revive your languid hope;
Fill your vessels as it rolls,
And refresh your weary souls.

4 Lo! the Spirit now invites;
Lo! the happy Bride unites;
Jesus calls, be nor afraid;
Lo! for you the will was made.

5 Justice made it in the Lamb,
Mercy grants it through his name;
Faith receives a full supply;
Those who drink it cannot die.

6 Haste you to the Lamb of God,
Seek salvation in his blood;
In it there is boundless store
For ten thousand thousand more.

7 Constant tribute let us bring
For this soul-refreshing spring;
Constant let our praises rise,
Till we drink above the skies.

---

106. L. M. *Bridegroom.*

JESUS, the heavenly lover, gave
His life my wretched soul to save;
Resolv'd to make his mercy known,
He kindly claims me for his own.

2 Rebellious, I against him strove,
Till melted and constrain'd by love;
With sin and self I freely part;
The heavenly Bridegroom wins my heart.

3 My guilt, my wretchedness he knows,
Yet takes and owns me for his spouse;
My debt he pays, and sets me free,
And makes his riches o'er to me.

4 My filthy rags are laid aside;
He clothes me as becomes his bride;
Himself bestows my wedding-dress,
His robe of perfect righteousness.

5 Lost in astonishment, I see,
Jesus, thy boundless love for me;
With angels, I thy grace adore,
And long to love and praise thee more.

6 Since thou wilt take me for thy bride,
Keep me, O Saviour, near thy side;
I fain would give thee all my heart,
Nor ever from my Lord depart.

---

107. C. M.

JESUS, thou art the sinner's friend,
As such, I look to thee;
Now, in the bowels of thy love,
O Lord, remember me.

2 Remember the pure word of grace;
Remember Calvary;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then, remember me.

3 Thou wondrous advocate with God,
I yield myself to thee;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
Dear Lord, remember me.

4 I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,
Yet thy salvation's free;
Then in thy all-abounding grace,
Dear Lord, remember me.

5 Howe'er forsaken or distress'd,
Howe'er oppress'd I be,
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
Do thou remember me.

6 And when I close my eyes in death,
And creature-helps all flee,
Then, O my dear Redeemer, God,
I pray, remember me.

NEWTON.] **108.**

LET me dwell on Golgotha,
Weep and love my life away,
While I see Him on the tree,
Weep, and bleed, and die for me.

2 That dear blood, for sinners spilt,
Shows my sin in all its guilt;
Ah, my soul, he bore the load;
Thou hast slain the Lamb of God.

3 Hark! his dying word 'forgive,'
Father, let the sinner live;
Sinner, wipe thy tears away,
I thy ransom freely pay.

4 While I hear thy grace reveal'd,
And obtain a pardon seal'd,
All my soft affections move,
Waken'd by the force of love.

5 Farewell, world! thy gold is dross,
Now I see the bleeding cross;
Jesus died to set me free
From the law, and sin, and thee.

6 He has dearly bought my soul;
Lord, accept and claim the whole

To thy will I all resign,
Now no more my own, but thine.

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109. 8, 7.

LET thy kingdom, blessed Saviour
Come and bid our jarrings cease
Come, oh! come and reign for ever,
God of love, and Prince of peace;
Visit now thy precious Zion,
See thy people mourn and weep,
Day and night thy lambs are crying,
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep

2 Some are following men's inventions,
And reject the Saviour's laws;
Hence divisions and contentions
Sully the Redeemer's cause;
Hence we suffer persecution;
Foolish virgins soundly sleep;
All is uproar and confusion;
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

3 Saviour God, with courage arm us,
Help us still to persevere;
Nothing, we are sure, can harm us
While our loving Shepherd's near
Glory, glory be to Jesus!
At his name our hearts do leap;
He both comforts us and frees us;
The good Shepherd feeds his sheep

4 Lord, in us there is no merit;
We've been sinners from our youth
Guide, O guide us by thy Spirit,
Help us to embrace the truth;
Help us on thy word to venture
Till in death's cold arms we sleep,
Love our Lord, adore our Saviour;
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep

5 Hear the Prince of your Salvation
Saying, 'Fear not, little flock;
'I myself am your foundation,
'You are built upon this Rock;
'Shun the paths of vice and folly,
'Near your Shepherd constant keep,
'Look to me and be ye holy;
'I delight to feed my sheep.'

6 Christ alone our souls shall rest on;
Taught by him, we'll own his name;
Sweetest of all names is Jesus;
How it doth our hearts inflame!
Now we'll rush thro' what encumbers,
Ev'ry hindrance overleap,
Undismay'd by force or numbers;—
The good Shepherd feeds his sheep

HART.] **110.** 8, 7.

What it is to be a Christian.

LET us ask th' important question,
(Brethren be not too secure,)
What is it to be a Christian?
How may we our hearts assure?
Vain is all our best devotion,
If on false foundation built:
True religion's more than notion;
Something must be *known* and *felt.*

2 'Tis to trust our well-beloved
In his blood has wash'd us clean:
'Tis to hope our guilt's removed,
Though we feel it rise within
To believe that all is finish'd,
Though so much remains t' endure
Find the dangers undiminish'd,
Yet to hold deliv'rance ure.

3 'Tis to credit contradictions,
Talk with him one never sees,
Cry and groan beneath afflictions,
Yet to dread the thoughts of ease;
'Tis to feel the fight against us,
Yet the victory hope to gain,
To believe that Christ has cleans'd us,
Though the leprosy remain.

4 'Tis to hear the Holy Spirit
Prompting us to secret prayer;
To rejoice in Jesus' merit,
Yet continual sorrow bear;
To receive a full remission
Of our sins for evermore,
Yet to sigh with sore contrition,
Begging mercy every hour.

5 To be steadfast in believing,
Yet to tremble, fear, and quake,
Every moment be receiving
Strength, and yet be always weak;
To be fighting, fleeing, turning;
Ever sinking, yet to swim;
To converse with Jesus, mourning
For ourselves, or else for him.

111.

Judgment. Rev. i. 7; vi. 14, 17; xxiii. 17, 20

LO! he comes with clouds descending
Once for favour'd sinners slain;
Thousand, thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train
Hallelujah,
Jesus now shall ever reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;

Those who set at naught and sold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the great Messiah see.

3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven, and earth, shall flee away;
All who hate him, must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day;
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment! come away!

4 Now, redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear;
All his saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air;
Hallelujah,
See the day of God appear.

5 Answer thine own bride and spirit,
Hasten, Lord, the general doom;
The new heaven and earth t' inherit,
Take thy pining exiles home;
All creation
Travails, groans, and bids thee come.

6 Yea, amen, let all adore thee,
High on thine exalted throne
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdom for thy own;
O, come quickly,
Hallelujah, come, Lord, come.

112.

Parting.

LORD, when together here we meet,
And taste thy heavenly grace,
Thy smiles are so divinely sweet,
We're loth to leave the place.

2 Yet, Father, since it is thy will,
That we must part again,
O, let thy precious presence still
With every one remain.

3 Thus let us all in Christ be one,
Bound with the cords of love,
Till we around the glorious throne
Shall joyous meet above,

4 Where sin and sorrow, from each heart,
Shall then for ever fly;
And not one thought, that we shall part
Once intercept our joy.

5 Where, void of all distracting pains,
Our spirits ne'er shall tire;
But in seraphic, heavenly strains,
Redeeming love admire.

6 And thus through all eternity,
Upon the heavenly shore,
The great, mysterious One in Three,
Jehovah, we'll adore.

HART.] **113.**

LUKEWARM souls, the foe grows stronger
See what hosts your camp surround;
Arm to battle, lag no longer,
Hark! the silver trumpets sound.
Wake, ye sleepers; wake, what mean you?
Sin besets you round about,
Up and search, the world's within you;
Slay or chase the traitor out.

2 What enchants you? pelf or pleasure?
Pluck right eyes, with right hands part,
Ask your conscience, where 's your treasure;
For be certain there 's your heart.
Give the fawning foe no credit;
Lo! the bloody flag 's unfurl'd;

That base heart, (the word has said it;)
Loves not God, that loves the world.

3 God and Mammon? O, be wiser;
Serve them both? It cannot be;
Ease in warfare, saint and miser?
These will never well agree.
Shun the shame of foully falling,
Cumber'd captives clogg'd with clay;
Prove your faith, make sure your calling,
Wield the sword and win the day.

4 Forward press, toward perfection·
Watch and pray, and all things prove·
Seek to know your God's election,
Search his everlasting love.
Dread backsliding, scorn dissembling;
Now salvation 's near in view,
Work it out with fear and trembling;
'Tis your God that works in you.

114.

Gethsemane.

MANY woes had Christ endur'd,
Many sore temptations met,
Patient, and to pains inur'd;
But the sorest trial yet
Was to be sustain'd in thee,
Gloomy, sad, Gethsemane!

2 Came at length the dreadful night,
Vengeance, with its iron rod,
Stood, and with collected might
Bruis'd the harmless Lamb of God:
See, my soul, the Saviour see,
Grov'ling in Gethsemane.

3 There my God bore all my guilt;
This thro' grace can be believed;

But the torments which he felt,
Are too vast to be conceiv'd;
None can penetrate thro' thee,
Doleful, dark, Gethsemane.

4 All my sins against my God,
All my sins against his laws,
All my sins against his blood,
All my sins against his cause,
Sins as boundless as the sea,
Hide me, O Gethsemane.

5 Here 's my claim, and here alone,
None a Saviour more can need,
Deeds of righteousness I've none,
Nor a work that I can plead;
Not a glimpse of hope for me,
Only in Gethsemane.

6 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One Almighty God of love,
Prais'd by all the heavenly host,
In thy shining courts above;
We poor sinners, gracious Three,
Bless thee for Gethsemane.

H. Stowell.] **115.**

The Mercy Seat.

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat,
'Tis found beneath the Mercy Seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet—
It is the blood-bought Mercy Seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend

Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet
Around one common Mercy Seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd—
Or how the host of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no Mercy Seat.

5 There! *there*, on eagle wing we soar,
And sin and sense seem all no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the Mercy Seat.

6 Oh, let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the Mercy Seat.

115. Second Part.

The River of God.

THERE is a pure and peaceful wave,
That rolls around the throne of love;
Whose waters gladden as they lave
The bright and heavenly shores above.

2 While streams which on that tide depend,
Steal from those heavenly shores away,
And on this desert world descend,
Over our barren land to stray.

3 The pilgrim faint, and near to sink,
Beneath his load of earthly wo,
Refresh'd beneath its verdant brink,
Rejoices in its gentle flow.

4 There, O my soul, do thou repose,
And hover o'er the hallow'd spring;
To drink the crystal wave, and there
To lave thy wounded, weary wing.

5 It may be, that the waft of love
Some leaves on that pure tide hath driven
Which passing from the shores above,
Have floated down to us from heaven.

6 So shall thy wants and woes be heal'd,
By the blest influence they bring;
So thy parch'd lips shall be unseal'd,
Thy Saviour's worthy name to sing.

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116. 8, 8, 6.

MY days, my weeks, my months, my years
Fly rapid as the whirling spheres
Around their steady pole;
Time, like the tide, its motion keeps,
Till I am launch'd through boundless deeps
Where endless ages roll.

2 The grave is near the cradle seen,
How swift the moments pass between!
And whisper as they fly,
'Unthinking man, remember this,
Though fond of sublunary bliss,
That thou must groan and die.'

3 My soul, attend the solemn call;
Thine earthly tent must shortly fall,
And thou must take thy flight
Beyond the vast expansive blue,
To sing above, as angels do,
Or sink in endless night.

4 How great the bliss, how great the woe
Hangs on this inch of time below,
On this precarious breath!
The Lord of nature only knows,
Whether another year shall close,
Ere I expire in death.

5 Long ere the sun shall run its round,
I may be buried under ground,

And there in silence rot.
Alas! one hour may close the scene,
And ere twelve months shall roll between,
My name be quite forgot.

6 But will my soul be then extinct,
Or cease to live, or cease to think?
It cannot, cannot be;
Though my immortal cannot die,
What wilt thou do, or whither fly
When death shall set thee free?

7 Will Mercy then her arms extend?
Will Jesus be thy guardian friend,
And heaven thy dwelling-place?
Or shall insulting fiends appear,
And drag thee down to dark despair,
Below the reach of grace?

8 A heaven or hell, and these alone,
Beyond the present life are known;
There is no middle state;
My soul, attend the call divine,
To-morrow may be none of thine,
Or, it may be too late.

9 O, do not pass this day in dreams;
Vast is the change, whate'er it seems
To poor unthinking man;
Lord, at thy footstool I would bow,
Bid conscience tell me plainly now,
What it would tell me then.

10 If in destruction's road I stray,
Help me to choose the better way,
That leads to joys on high;
Thy grace impart, my guilt forgive,
Nor let me ever dare to live,
Such as I dare not die.

117. *The Harvest, or the end of the world.*

THE fields are all white, the harvest is near,
The reapers now with their sharp sickles appear,
To reap down the wheat and gather in barns,
While wild plants of nature are suffer'd to burn.

2 Come, then, O my soul, meditate on that day,
When all things in nature shall cease and decay;
When the trumpet shall sound, and the angels appear,
To reap down the earth, both the wheat and the tare.

3 But hear the sad cry that ascends to the sky,
Of those in distress and have no where to fly;
But will call on the rocks and the mountains to fall
On their naked souls, to conceal them withal.

4 But 'twill be in vain, for the mountains must flee,
The rocks fly like hailstones and shall no more be;
The earth too shall quake, and the seas shall retire,
And this solid world shall then be on fire.

5 Then, O wretched mortals, look up and espy
The glorious Redeemer descend from the sky,
On a chariot of fire to the earth he is bound,
With a guard of bright angels attending around.

6 'Come hither, ye nations, your sentence receive,
No more shall my Spirit now strive and be grieved;
My judgment is right, and my sentence is just,
Come hither, ye bless'd; but depart, all ye cursed.'

117. SECOND PART. *Brotherly love*

HOW pleasant 'tis to see
Kindred and friends agree;
Each in his proper station move,
And each fulfil his part,
With sympathizing heart,
In all the cares of life and love!

2 'Tis like the ointment shed
On Aaron's sacred head,
Divinely rich, divinely sweet:
The oil through all the room
Diffused a choice perfume,
Ran through his robes, and blest his feet.

3 Like fruitful showers of rain,
That water all the plain,
Descending from the neighbouring hills;
Such streams of pleasure roll
Through every friendly soul,
Where love like heavenly dew distills.

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118. 8s. *Supreme love to Christ.*

MY gracious Redeemer I love,
His praises aloud I'll proclaim,
And join with the armies above,
To shout his adorable name;
To gaze on his glories divine,
Shall be my eternal employ,
And feel them incessantly shine,
My boundless, ineffable joy.

2 He freely redeem'd with his blood,
My soul from the confines of hell,
To live in the smiles of my God,
And in his sweet presence to dwell
To shine with the angels of light,
With saints, and with seraphs to sing
To view, with eternal delight,
My Jesus, my Saviour, and King.

3 My glorious Redeemer, I long
To see thee descend on the cloud,
Amid the bright, numberless throng,
And mix with the triumphing crowd.
O, when wilt thou bid me ascend,
To join in thy praises above,

To gaze on thee, world without end,
And feast on thy ravishing love.

4 No sorrows, no sickness, nor pain,
No sins, no temptations, nor fear,
Shall ever molest me again—
Perfection of glory reigns there;
This soul and this body shall shine,
In robes of salvation and praise,
And banquet on pleasures divine,
Where God all his beauty displays.

5 Soon, soon shall my spirit exchange
This cell of corruptible clay,
For mansions celestial, and range
Through realms of ineffable day;
The crown that my Saviour bestows,
Your permanent sun shall outshine:
My joy everlastingly flows,
My God, my Redeemer, is mine.

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119. *The New Year.*

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 love.

2 Our life as 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 here.

3 O that each in the day
Of his coming may say,
'I have fought my way through,
I have finish'd the work thou didst give me to do!'
O that each from his Lord
May receive the glad word,
'Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne!'

120.

Look on him and mourn.

MY Lord, my Saviour, died,
For guilty sinners' sake;
The tokens of his love
Oft keep mine eyes awake.
I cannot choose but mourn,
That he should suffer so;
And yet it is the source
Whence all my comforts flow.

2 I cannot choose but mourn,
Whose sins made him to bleed,
And yet such sacrifice
My soul from death hath freed.
'Twas not the treach'rous Jews
That did my Lord betray:
It was my heinous sins,
More treach'rous far than they

3 'Twas not the soldier's spear,
That pierc'd my Saviour's side
'Twas my ingratitude,
My unbelief, my pride.
These were the bloody thorns
That did his temples wound,

And caused these sacred drops
That did bedew the ground.

4 And when his Father's wrath
Drew forth that bitter cry,
He yielded up his life
For rebels such as I.
And can I choose but mourn,
When skies and rocks did rend,
And nature veil'd her face
At sight of such an end?

5 But haste my soul to view
Thy happiness restor'd,
And death and hell subdu'd,
By thy triumphant Lord;
Put off thy mourning weed,
Thy Jesus reigns on high,
Receiving gifts for men,
For rebels—such as I.

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121. *Looking to God.*

WHEN shall thy love constrain,
And force me to thy breast?
When shall my soul return again
To her eternal rest?

2 Ah! what avails my strife,
My wandering to and fro?
Thou hast the words of endless life
Ah! whither should I go?

3 Thy condescending grace
To me did freely move;
It calls me still to seek thy face,
And stoops to ask my love.

4 Lord, at thy feet I fall,
I groan to be set free;
I fain would now obey the call
And give up all for thee.

5 To rescue me from wo,
Thou didst with all things part,
Didst lead a suffering life below,
To gain my worthless heart.

6 My worthless heart to gain,
The God of all that breathe
Was found in fashion as a man,
And died a cursed death.

7 And can I yet delay,
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away,
My Jesus to receive?

8 Nay, but I yield, I yield!
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compell'd,
And own Thee conqueror!

9 Though late, I all forsake,
My friends, my all resign;
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take
And seal me ever thine!

SECOND PART. *The inward conflict.*

AND wilt thou yet be found,
And may I still draw near?
Then listen to the plaintive sound
Of a poor sinner's prayer.

2 Jesus, thine aid afford,
If still the same thou art,
To thee I look, to thee, my Lord!
Lift up a helpless heart.

3 Thou seest my troubled breast,
The struggles of my will,
The foes that interrupt my rest,
The agonies I feel.

4 The daily death I prove,
Saviour, to thee is known;
'Tis worse than death my God to love
And not my God alone.

5 O my offended Lord,
Restore my inward peace,
I know thou canst; pronounce the word
And bid the tempest cease!

6 I long to see thy face,
Thy Spirit I implore,
The living water of thy grace,
That I may thirst no more.

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122. C. M

MY soul doth magnify the Lord,
My spirit doth rejoice,
In God, my Saviour and my King;
I hear his joyful voice.

2 I need not go abroad for joys,
I have a feast at home;
My sighs are turned into songs,
The Comforter is come.

3 Down from above, the blessed Dove
Is come into my breast,
To witness God's eternal love;
This is my joyful feast.

4 This makes me Abba Father cry,
With confidence of soul;
This makes me cry, my Lord, my God,
And that without control.

5 There is a stream, which issues forth
From God's eternal throne,
And from the Lamb, a living stream,
As clear as crystal stone:

6 This stream doth water Paradise
It makes the angels sing·

One cordial drop revives my soul,
Whence all my joys do spring.

7 Such joys as are unspeakable,
And full of glory too;
Such hidden manna, hidden pearls,
As worldlings do not know.

8 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
From fancy 'tis conceal'd,
What thou, Lord, hast laid up for thine,
And hast to me reveal'd.

9 I see thy face, I hear thy voice,
I taste thy sweetest love;
My soul doth leap; but O! for wings,
The wings of Noah's dove!

10 Then would I fly far hence away,
Leaving this world of sin;
Then would my Lord reach forth his hand,
And kindly take me in.

11 Then would my soul with angels feast,
On joys that ever last;
Blest be my God, the God of joys,
Who gives me here a taste

123.

God's dealings to his children are all for the best.

MY soul, now arise; my passions, take wing;
Look up to the skies, and cheerfully sing
Let God be the object, in praises address'd,
And this be my subject, ''tis for all the best.'

2 Search all the world through; examine and see;
And what canst thou view more suited to thee,

Than this declaration, in scripture express'd,
That God, thy salvation, 'does all for the best.'

3 Though here day by day his love shall see good
Upon me to lay his fatherly rod,
Yet be not dejected, however oppress'd;
Though sorely afflicted, ''tis all for the best.'

4 On creatures below I'll not set my heart,
For surely I know we shortly must part;
For though when God gives them his name 's to be bless'd,
Yet when he removes them ''tis all for the best.'

5 But O the bless'd day! (and soon 'twill arise,)
When freed from my clay, I'll mount to the skies;
And when I do enter my heavenly rest,
I'll there sing for ever ''twas all for the best.

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124. 11s.

The dying Christian.

MY soul 's full of glory, inspiring my tongue;
Could I meet with angels, I'd sing them a song,
I'd sing of my Jesus, and tell of his charms,
And beg them to bear me to his loving arms

2 Methinks they're descending to hear while I sing,
Well pleas'd to hear mortals a praising thei. King;
O angels! O angels! my soul 's in a flame,
I faint in sweet raptures at Jesus's name.

3 O Jesus! O Jesus! thou balm of my soul,
'Twas thou, my dear Jesus, that made m heart whole;

O, bring me to view thee, thou precious sweet King,
In oceans of glory thy praises to sing.

4 O heaven! sweet heaven! I long to be there,
To meet all my brethren, and Jesus, my dear;
Come angels, come angels, I'm ready to fly;
Come quickly, convey me to God in the sky.

5 Sweet Spirits attend me, till Jesus shall come;
Protect and defend me, till I am call'd home;
Tho' worms my poor body may claim as their prey,
'Twill outshine, when rising, the sun at noon day.

6 The sun shall be darken'd, the moon turn'd to blood,
The mountains all melt at the presence of God;
Red lightnings may flash, loud thunders may roar—
All this cannot daunt me, on Canaan's blest shore.

7 A glimpse of bright glory surprises my soul,
I sink in sweet raptures to view the bright goal;
My soul, while I'm singing, is leaping to go,
This moment for heaven I'd leave all below

8 Farewell, my dear brethren, my Lord bids me come;
Farewell, my dear sisters, I'm now going home,
Bright angels, now whispering so sweet in my ear,
Away to my Saviour, my spirit will bear

9 I'm going, I'm going, but what do I see.
'Tis Jesus in glory appears unto me!
I'm going, I'm going, I'm going, I'm gone
O glory! O glory! 'tis done, it is done.

---

125. 7s.

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

2 Ye who see the Father's grace,
Beaming in the Saviour's face;
As to Canaan on ye move,
Bless and praise redeeming love.

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

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

5 Welcome all by sin oppress'd,
Welcome to his sacred rest;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

6 When his spirit leads us home,
When we to his glory come,
We shall all the fullness prove
Of our Lord's redeeming love.

7 He subdu'd the infernal powers;
Those tremendous foes of ours,
From their cursed empire drove
Mighty in redeeming love.

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

---

126. L. M.

NOW we are met in holy fear,
To hear the happy saints declare
The rich compassions of a God,
The virtues of a Saviour's blood.

2 Jesus, assist them now to tell
What they have felt, and *now* they feel,
O Saviour! help them to express
The wonders of triumphant grace.

3 While to the church they freely own
What for their souls the Lord hath done,
We'd join to praise eternal love,
And heighten all the joys above.

127.

O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness
Look, my soul, be still and gaze;
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace.
Blessed Jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn!

2 Let the Indian, let the negro,
Let the rude barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest,
Once obtain'd on Calvary;
Let the Gospel
Loud resound from shore to shore.

3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;

And from eastern coast to western
May the morning chase the night,
And Redemption,
Freely purchas'd, win the day.

4 Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply and still increase;
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.

---

128. L. M.

Desiring Repentance.

O GIVE me, Lord, my sins to mourn,
My sins which have thy body torn.
Give me with broken heart to see
Thy last tremendous agony.

2 O, could I gain the mountain's height,
And gaze upon the bleeding sight!
Ah! that, with Salem's daughters, I
Could stand and see my Saviour die!

3 I'd smite my breast, and weep and mourn,
And never from the cross return;
I'd weep o'er an expiring God,
And mix my tears with Jesus' blood.

4 I'd hang around his feet and cry,
'Lord, save my soul, condemn'd to die!'
O, let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

5 Father of mercies, drop thy frown,
And give me shelter in thy Son,
And with my broken heart comply·
O, give me Jesus, or I die.

6 O Lord, deny me what thou wilt,
Only relieve me of my guilt;

Good Lord, in mercy hear me cry,
And give me Jesus, or I die.

7 O, save my soul from gaping hell,
Or else with devils I must dwell;
O, might I enter, now I'm come·
Lord Jesus, save me, or I'm gone.

129.

O GLORIOUS hope of perfect love!
It lifts me up to things above,
It bears on eagles' wings,
It gives my ravish'd soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesus, Priest and King.

2 The things eternal I pursue,
A happiness beyond the view
Of those who vainly pant
For things by nature felt and seen
Their honour, wealth, and pleasures mean
I neither have nor want.

3 Nothing on earth I call my own,
A stranger, to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise;
I trample on their whole delight,
I seek a country out of sight,
A country in the skies:

4 There is my house and portion fair,
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come.

5 I come, my Lord, thy servant cries,
I come to meet thee in the skies
And claim my heavenly rest,

Now let the pilgrim's journey end,
Now O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Receive me to thy breast.

130.

O HAPPY time, long waited for,
The comfort of my heart;
Since I have met the saints once more
O, may we never part!
Temptations cease to break my peace
And all my sorrows die;
When I with you my love renew,
O, what a heaven have I!

2 My sorrow's past, and I at last
Have heavenly comforts found;
My heart to Jesus I have given,
And I'm for Canaan bound.
If fellowship with saints below,
Is to our souls so sweet,
What heavenly comforts shall we know
When round his throne we meet!

3 While here we sit and sing his love,
With rapture so divine,
With patience more like those above,
While in these songs we join,
Our hearts are fill'd with holy zeal,
We long to see the King;
We long to reach those heavenly hills,
Where saints and angels sing.

4 Sinners, come try, you that stand by,
You may be happy too;
Christ died for all, that on him call,
Sinners, he died for you.
If I could know which of you'd go,
I'd take you by the hand,
And lead you on the way Christ 's gone
Toward the heavenly land.

5 On the other hand, if you will stand
Just on the brink of hell,
I'll first you warn, then my back turn,
And bid you all farewell;
For I must go to Christ, I know,
I long with him to dwell;
The saints, also, will bid you adieu;
Poor sinners all farewell.

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131. 11s.

O HOW I have long'd for the coming of God,
And sought him by praying and searching his word!
By watching and mourning my soul was oppress'd,
Nor could I give over till sinners were bless'd.

2 The tokens of mercy at length do appear;
According to promise he answer'd my prayer,
The prospects now open'd do gladden my soul;
Salvation from Zion's beginning to roll.

3 The good news of mercy is spreading abroad,
And sinners are crying and turning to God;
The tears of contrition now pour like a flood,
And many find favour in Jesus's blood.

4 Here's more, my dear Saviour, that fall at thy feet,
Oppress'd by a burden enormously great;
O, raise them, dear Jesus, to tell of thy love,
And sing of thy glory like angels above.

5 Shout, all the creation, below and above,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus's love;
Break forth into singing, ye trees of the wood,
For Jesus is bringing lost sinners to God

6 Let all who have being rejoice now and sing,
O God, make the nations with praises to
ring
With loud acclamations of Jesus's love,
And carry us up to the city above.

7 We'll wait for thy chariot, it seems to draw
near;
O come, my dear Saviour, let glory appear
I long to be singing and shouting above,
With angels o'erwhelm'd in the ocean of love.

BIGGS' COLLECTION.] **132.**

The Soul in triumph.

O JESUS, my Saviour, I know thou art
mine,
For thee all the pleasures of life I'd resign;
Of objects most pleasing, I love thee the best,
Without thee I'm wretched, but with thee
I'm blest.

2 Thou art my rich treasure, my joy and my
crown
Indeed, are the angels above;
For thee all the pleasures of sense I'd forego,
And wander a pilgrim distressed below.

3 Thy Spirit first taught me to know I was
blind,
Then taught me the way of salvation to find
And when I was sinking into black despair,
My Saviour reliev'd me, and bid me not fear.

4 In vain I attempt to describe what I feel,
The language of mortals for ever must fail;
My Jesus is precious, my soul's all on flame,
I'm rais'd in sweet raptures while praising
his name.

6 Though poor and despised, by faith I now stand,
Upheld and supported by heaven's kind hand·
In Jesus supported, I'll praise his dear name,
Regardless of censure, of praise, or of blame.

6 I find him in singing, I find him in prayer,
In sweet meditation he always is near;
My constant companion, O may we not part!
All glory to Jesus, he dwells in my heart!

7 If ever I lov'd, sure I love thee, my Lord;
I love thy dear people, thy ways and thy word;
I love all creation, I love sinners too,
Since Jesus has died to redeem them from woe

8 I'm happy in Christ, I regard not the proud,
Though sinners despise me for singing so loud;
For death will soon call me, and then I shall fly,
To praise my dear Jesus, in mansions on high.

9 When millions of ages my soul shall employ,
In praising my Saviour, my Life, and my Joy;
The glorified spirits and angels around,
Will all be delighted to join the glad sound.

133.

The Happy Man.

HAPPY the man of heavenly birth,
Beyond the proudest boast of earth,
Whom grace divine sustains;

To scenes of living verdure led,
Plenty and peace their blessings spread,
And not a thought complains.

2 Conducted by a gracious guide,
Where streams of sweet refreshment glide,
And fed with food divine;
God is the guardian of his rest,
Beneath his smile, serenely blest,
He bids his soul recline.

3 The constant bounty of his Lord,
With rich provision spreads his board,
Amid repining foes:
While peace and gladness on his head
Their sweetest odours hourly shed,
His cup with bliss o'erflows:

4 O happy portion! lot divine!
Thus shall indulgent goodness shine
On all his future days;
Forever near his guardian God,
Shall mercy fix his blest abode,
And tune his soul to praise.

134.

O LORD of hosts, my God and King
Thou maker of my frame,
O, teach my youthful lips to sing
In praise of thy great name.
They say I am a sinner born,
The stain lies deep within;
O, may thy grace my base heart turn,
And cleanse my soul from sin.

2 Lord, Satan will my soul destroy,
Unless thou interfere;
With cruel rage, malicious joy,
He will my body tear.
Prevent it, Lord, for Jesus' sake,
Who bled, and groan'd, and died;
O, may I shelter in him take,
And in him safely hide.

3 Lord Jesus, teach me what I am,
And give me grace to learn,
In all thy ways to praise thy name;
O, keep me safe from harm;
And then thy goodness I shall know,
And praise thee more sincere,
And look on all things here below
With views as light as they are.

4 Prepare me in this world below,
For brighter worlds above,
Where sin and sorrow never go,
But all are fill'd with love.
O, may I praise the Lord on high,
In strong, immortal strains,
Where heavenly pleasures never die,
But God in glory reigns.

135.

O MAY I worthy prove, to see
The saints in full prosperity;
To see the bright, the glittering Bride
Close seated by her Saviour's side,
Hallelujah.

2 O, may I find some humble seat,
Beneath my dear Redeemer's feet;
A servant, as before I've been,
And sing salvation to my King,
Hallelujah.

3 I'm glad that I am born to die:
From grief and woe my soul shall fly;
Bright angels shall convey me home,
Away to new Jerusalem,
Hallelujah.

4 I'll praise my Maker while I've breath;
I hope to praise him after death;
I hope to praise him when I die,
And shout salvation as I fly,
Hallelujah.

5 Farewell, vain world, I'm going home.
My Saviour smiles, and bids me come
Sweet angels beckon me away,
To sing God's praise in endless day,
Hallelujah.

6 I soon shall pass the vale of death,
And in his arms I'll lose my breath
And then my happy soul shall tell,
My Jesus hath done all things well,
Hallelujah.

7 I soon shall hear the awful sound,
'Awake, ye nations under ground;
Arise and drop your dying shrouds,
And meet King Jesus in the clouds
Hallelujah.'

8 When to that blessed world I rise,
And join the anthems in the skies,
This note above the rest shall swell,
'My Jesus hath done all things well,
Hallelujah.'

9 Then shall I see my blessed God,
And praise him in his bright abode;
My theme to all eternity,
Shall 'Glory, glory, glory' be,
Hallelujah.

136.

The Inquiry.

TELL me, ye winged winds,
That round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some valley in the West,
Where, free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest?
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered "No!"

2 Tell me, thou mighty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favoured spot,
Some island far away,
Where weary man may find
The bliss for which he sighs,
Where sorrow never lives,
And friendship never dies?
The loud waves rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopped for a while, and sighed to answer "No!"

3 And thou, serenest moon,
That with such holy face,
Dost look upon the earth
Asleep in night's embrace;
Tell me, in all thy round,
Hast thou not seen some spot,
Where miserable man
Might find a happier lot?
Behind a cloud the moon wihdrew in wo,
And a voice sweet, but sad, responded "No!"

4 Tell me, my sacred soul,
Oh! tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting place
From sorrow, sin, and death?
Is there no happy spot
Where mortals may be blest,
Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest?
Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons to mortals given,
Wav'd their bright wings, and whispered "Yes, in Heaven."

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137. P. M.

ONE spark, O God, of heavenly fire,
Awakes my heart with warm desire
To reach the realms above;
Immortal glories round me shine,
I drink the streams of joy divine,
And sing redeeming love.

2 O could I wing my way in haste,
Soon with bright seraphs would I feast,
And join their sweet employ;
I'd glide along the heavenly stream,
And join their most exalted theme
Of everlasting joy.

3 Too mean this little globe for me,
Nor will I e'er contented be
With things that are so vain;

Its greatest treasures are but dross,
Its grandeur short, its pleasures cross'd,
Its joys all mix'd with pain.

4 But resting in my Saviour's arms,
My soul enjoys transporting charms
Of everlasting love,
There 's life, there 's joy, there 's settled peace,
And friendship that will never cease,
A rock that cannot move.

5 Soar, then, my soul, stretch every thought
To meet within the heavenly court,
Above this mortal orb;
There with the angels let me rise,
And find my seat above the skies,
Where sins no more disturb.

6 There, with an everlasting band
Of kindred saints, at God's right hand,
My thirsty spirit move,
To soar, to shout, to reign, to rest,
For ever and for ever blest,
In realms of endless love.

138.

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wistful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
O, the transporting, rapt'rous scene
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields, array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight.

2 There gen'rous fruits, that never fail,
On trees immortal grow;
There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales,
With milk and honey flow.

All o'er those wide extended plains,
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the Son, for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.

3 No chilling winds or poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.
When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever bless'd?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

4 Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul
Can here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.
There on those high and flowery plains,
Our spirits ne'er shall tire;
But in perpetual, joyful strains,
Redeeming love admire.

J. STRAPHAN.] **139.**

Heaven.

ON wings of faith mount up, my soul and rise;
View thine inheritance beyond the skies;
Nor heart can think, nor mortal tongue can tell
What endless pleasures in those mansions dwell;
Here our Redeemer lives, all bright and glorious,
O'er sin, and death, and hell he reigns victorious.

2 No gnawing grief, no sad, heart-rending pain
In that blest country can admission gain.

No sorrow there, no soul-tormenting fear,
For God's own hand shall wipe the falling tear.
Here our Redeemer lives, &c.

3 Before the throne a crystal river glides;
Immortal verdure decks its cheerful sides;
Here the fair Tree of Life majestic rears
Its blooming head, and sovereign virtue bears.
Here our Redeemer lives, &c.

4 No rising sun his needless beams displays;
No sickly moon emits her feeble rays:
The Godhead here celestial glory sheds,
Th' exalted Lamb eternal radiance spreads.
Here our Redeemer lives, &c.

5 One distant glimpse my eager passion fires
Jesus, to thee my longing soul aspires!
When shall I at my heavenly home arrive?
When leave this earth, and when begin to live?
For here my Saviour is all bright and glorious,
O'er sin, and death, and hell he reigns victorious.

140.

O TELL me no more of this vain world's store,
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er;
A country I've found, where true joys abound,
To dwell I'm determin'd, on that happy ground.

2 The souls that believe, in Paradise live
And me in that number will Jesus receive

My soul don't delay, he calls thee away,
Rise, follow the Saviour, and bless the glad day.

3 No mortal doth know what he can bestow,
What light, strength and comfort—go after him, go,
Lo! onward I move to a country above,
None guesses how wondrous my journey will prove.

4 Great spoils I shall win, from death, hell and sin;
'Midst outward affliction, shall feel Christ within;
And when I'm to die, 'Receive me,' I'll cry,
For Jesus has lov'd me, I cannot tell why.

5 But still I do find, we two are so join'd,
He'll not live in glory, and leave me behind.
So, this is the race I'm running thro' grace,
Henceforth, till admitted to see my Lord's face.

6 And now I'm in care, my neighbours may share
Those blessings; to seek them will none of you dare?
In bondage, O why, and death, will you lie,
When one here assures you free grace is so nigh?

141.

Influences of the Spirit.

WHO but thou, Almighty Spirit,
Can the heathen world reclaim?
Men may preach, but, till Thou favour,

Heathens still will be the same:
Mighty Spirit!
Witness to the Saviour's name.

2 Thou hast promised by the prophets,
Glorious light in latter days:
Come, and bless bewilder'd nations,
Change our prayers and tears to praise:
Promised Spirit!
Round the world diffuse thy rays.

3 All our hopes, and prayers, and labours
Must be vain without thine aid:
But thou wilt not disappoint us,
All is true that thou hast said;
Gracious Spirit!
O'er the world thy influence shed.

STENNETT.] **141.** SECOND PART. L. M.

Our bodies the temple of the Holy Ghost.

AND will the offended God again
Return, and dwell with sinful men?
Will he within this bosom raise
A living temple to his praise?

2 The joyful news transports my breast;
All hail! I cry, thou heavenly Guest!
Lift up your heads, ye powers within,
And let the King of Glory in.

3 Enter, with all thy heavenly train,
Here live, and here forever reign;
Thy sceptre o'er my passions sway,
Let love command, and I'll obey.

4 Reason and conscience shall submit,
And pay their homage at thy feet;
To thee I'll consecrate my heart,
And bid each rival thence depart.

142.

O THOU God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin;
Mov'd to this by great compassion,
Yearning bowels from within;
I would praise thee,
Where shall I thy praise begin?

2 While the angels choirs are crying,
'Glory to the great I AM,'
I with them would still be vying,
'Glory, glory to the Lamb;'
O, how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name!

3 Now I see with joy and wonder,
Whence those healing streams arose
Angels' minds are lost, to ponder
Dying love's mysterious cause;
Yet the blessing,
Down in love to me it flows.

4 Though unseen, I love the Saviour;
He almighty grace has shown;
Pardon'd guilt and purchas'd favour
This to mortals he makes known
Give him glory,
Glory, glory is his own.

5 Angels now are hov'ring round us,
Unperceiv'd they mix the throng,
Wond'ring at the grace that crown us,
Glad to join our holy song;
Hallelujah,
Love and praise to Christ belong.

143. P. M.

O THOU, in whose presence my soul takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call;
My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all;
Where dost thou at noontide resort with thy sheep,
To feed on the pastures of love?
For why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove?

2 O, why should I wander an alien from thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.
Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen
The star that on Israel shone?
Say, if in your tents my Beloved has been,
And where with his flock he has gone?

3 This is my Beloved: His form is divine,
His vestment sheds odours around;
The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine,
When autumn with plenty is crown'd.
The roses of Sharon, the lilies that grow
In the vales on the banks of the streams,
His cheeks in the beauty of excellence glow
And his eyes are as quivers of beams.

4 His voice, as the sound of a dulcimer sweet,
Is heard through the shadows of death;
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
And the air is perfum'd by his breath.
His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,
That waters the garden of grace;

From whence their salvation the Gentiles shall know,
And bask in the smiles of his face.

5 Love sits in his eye-lids, and scatters delight
Through all the bright mansions on high;
Their faces the cherubim veil in his sight,
And tremble with fullness of joy.
He looks, and ten thousand of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word;
He speaks, and eternity, fill'd with his voice
Re-echoes the praise of her Lord.

6 His vestment of righteousness, who shall describe?
Its purity words would defile;
The heavens from his presence fresh beauty imbibe,
And earth is made rich by his smile.
Such is my Beloved, in excellence bright,
When pleas'd he looks down from above;
Like the morn, when he breathes from the chambers of light,
And comforts his people with love.

7 But when armed with vengeance, with terror he comes,
The nations rebellious to tame,
The reins of omnipotent power he assumes,
And rides on a chariot of flame;
A two-edged sword from his mouth issues forth,
Bright quivers of fire are his eyes;
He speaks, the black tempests are seen in the north,
And storms from their caverns arise.

8 Ten thousand destructions, that wait for his word,
And ride on the wings of his breath,

Fly swift as the wind, at the nod of their Lord,
And deal out the arrows of death;
His cloud-bursting thunders, their voices resound
Through all the vast regions on high
Till from the deep centre loud echoes rebound,
To meet the quick flames in the sky.

9 The portals of heaven at his bidding obey,
And expand, ere his banners appear,
Earth trembles beneath, till her mountains give way,
And hell shakes her fetters with fear.
When he treads on the clouds at the dust of his feet,
And grasps the big storms in his hand;
What eye the fierce glance of his anger can meet,
Or who in his presence shall stand?

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144. 10s.

Praise for salvation through the blood of Christ.

OUR Saviour alone, the Lord, let us bless,
Who reigns on his throne the Prince of our peace;
Who evermore saves us by shedding his blood,
All hail! holy Jesus, our Lord and our God.

2 We thankfully sing thy glory and praise,
Thou merciful spring of pity and grace,
Thy kindness for ever to men we will tell,
And say our dear Saviour redeems us from hell.

3 Preserve us in love while here we abide,
O never remove thy presence, nor hide
Thy glorious salvation till each of us see
With joy the blest vision completed in thee

145.

O YE immortal throng
Of angels round the throne,
Join with our feeble song
To make our Saviour known,
On earth ye knew his wondrous grace,
His beauteous face in heaven ye view.

2 Ye saw the heaven-born child
In human flesh array'd,
Benevolent and mild,
While in the manger laid;
And praise to God, and peace on earth,
For such a birth, proclaim aloud.

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

4 Around the bloody tree
Ye press'd with strong desire,
That wondrous sight to see,
The LORD of life expire;
And could your eyes have known a tear
Had dropt it there in sad surprise.

5 Around his sacred tomb,
A willing watch you keep;
Till the blest moment come
To rouse him from his sleep:
Then roll'd the stone, and all ador'd
Your rising Lord with joy unknown

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

7 The warbling notes pursue,
And louder anthems raise;
While mortals sing with you,
Their *own* Redeemer's praise:
And thou my heart with equal flame,
And joy the same, perform thy part.

NEWTON.] **146.**

PRECIOUS Bible! what a treasure
Does the word of God afford!
All I want for life or pleasure,
Food and med'cine, shield and sword,
Let the world account me poor,
Having this I need no more.

2 Food to which the world's a stranger,
Here my hungry soul enjoys;
Of excess there is no danger,
Tho' it fills, it never cloys;
On a dying Christ I feed,
He is meat and drink indeed!

3 When my faith is weak and sickly,
Or when Satan wounds my mind;
Cordials to revive me quickly,
Healing med'cines here I find;
To the promises I flee,
Each affords a remedy.

4 In the hour of dark temptation,
Satan cannot make me yield;
For the word of consolation
Is to me a mighty shield;

While the scripture truths are sure,
From his malice I'm secure.

5 Vain his threats to overcome me
When I take the Spirit's sword;
Then with ease I drive him from me,
Satan trembles at the word.
'Tis a sword for conquest made,
Keen the edge and strong the blade.

6 Shall I envy then the miser,
Doting on his golden store:
Sure I am, or should be wiser,
I am rich, 'tis he is poor;
Jesus gives me in his word,
Food and med'cine, shield and sword.

147.

QUITE weary, near to faint,
I my sad state deplore;
I would myself with God acquaint,
But 'tis not in my power.
I know my dangerous state,
Still carnal, sold to sin:
Corrupt, impure, degenerate,
Have all my doings been.

2 How many gracious days
Have I misspent and lost,
Lov'd to frequent unholy ways,
And made of sin my boast!
Alas! those days are gone,
Those golden days are o'er;
The Gospel here, that lately shone,
Perhaps may shine no more.

3 O, whither shall I fly,
If God has me forsook?
To whom may I for mercy cry
Or where for refuge look?

How shall I meet the Lord,
Or how his anger bear,
When I shall see his flaming sword
And banner in the air?

4 When, by the trumpet's sound,
The dead to life shall come,
And all who slumber under ground
Shall rise to know their doom;
When time shall have an end,
When Jesus, on a cloud,
Shall with his angel host descend,
And with the trump of God.

5 O Lord, my crimes forgive,
If I may be forgiven;
And with thy chosen, me receive,
When thou shalt come from heaven.
Spare me, in mercy spare;
O, wash and make me clean,
And fit me for the time when here
I shall no more be seen.

148.

Tune—KNOXVILLE.

REJOICE, my friends, the Lord is King;
Let all prepare to take him in;
Let Jacob rise, and Zion sing,
And all the world in praises ring
And give to Jesus glory.

2 O may the saints of every name
Unite to serve the bleeding Lamb;
May jars and discord cease to flame,
And all the Saviour's love proclaim,
And give, &c.

3 I long to see all Christians join
In union sweet and love divine,

When ev'ry church with grace shall shine,
And grow in Christ, the living vine,
And give, &c.

4 O may the desert lands rejoice,
And mourners hear the bridegroom's voice
While songs of praise each tongue employs
And all obtain immortal joys,
And give, &c.

5 Come, parents, children, bond and free
Come, will you go to heaven with me,
That glorious land of rest to see,
And shout with God eternally,
And give, &c.

6 Come, who will march to win the prize,
And take the kingdom in the skies?
There love and union never dies,
But always flows through paradise,
And give, &c.

7 My soul grows happy while I sing,
I feel that I am on the wing;
I'll shout Salvation to my King,
Till I to heaven my trophies bring,
And give, &c.

8 A few more days of pain and woe,
A few more suff'ring scenes below,
And then to Jesus we will go,
Where everlasting pleasures flow,
And give, &c.

9 That awful trumpet soon will sound,
And shake the vast creation round;
And all the nations under ground,
And all the saints shall there be crown'd,
And give, &c

149. L. M.

Love to Christ.

COME, every pious heart
That loves the Saviour's name,
Your noblest power exert
To celebrate his fame:
Tell all above,
And all below,
The debt of love
To him you owe.

2 He left his starry crown,
And laid his robes aside:
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died:
What he endured,
Oh, who can tell?
To save our souls
From death and hell.

3 From the dark grave he rose,
The mansion of the dead;
And thence his mighty foes
In glorious triumph led:
Up through the sky
The conqueror rode,
And reigns on high,
The Saviour God.

4 Jesus, we ne'er can pay
The debt we owe thy love;
Yet tell us how we may
Our gratitude approve:
Our hearts—our all
To thee we give:
The gift, though small,
Do thou receive.

150. *The Monthly Concert.*

SOVEREIGN of worlds above,
And Lord of all below,
Thy faithfulness and love,
Thy power and mercy show:
Fulfil thy word;
Thy Spirit give;
Let heathens live
And praise the Lord.

2 On lands that lie beneath
Foul superstition's sway,
Whose horrid shades of death
Admit no heavenly ray,
Blest Spirit! shine,
Their hearts illume;
Dispel the gloom
With light divine.

3 Father, who to thy Son
Thy steadfast word hast given,
That through the earth shall run
The news of peace with heaven;
Extend his fame;
Thy grace diffuse,
And let the news
The world reclaim.

4 Few be the years that roll,
Ere all shall worship thee;
The travail of his soul,
Soon let the Saviour see;
O God of grace!
Thy power employ,
Fill earth with joy,
And heaven with praise.

150. SECOND PART. C. M. *The Request.*

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,

Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free:
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

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151. L. M.

RENEW'D by grace, we love the word
And yield our souls to Christ the Lord
Then to the Church ourselves we give,
In holy fellowship to live.

2 Lord, may we feel that we are thine,
And sweetly on thy breast recline,
Thy name revere, thy word obey,
And never cease to watch and pray.

3 May we continue in thy ways,
Delight to pray, delight to praise,
Among thy saints abide in love
Till call'd to shine in realms above.

HART.] 152.

The Gospel.

REPENT, ye sons of men, repent,
Hear the good tidings God hath sent,
Of sinners sav'd and sins forgiven,
And beggars rais'd to reign in heaven,
Beggars, beggars, beggars, beggars, beggars,
rais'd to reign in heaven.

2 God sent his Son to die for us,
Die to redeem us from the curse:

He took our weakness, bare our load,
And dearly bought us with his blood.
Dearly, dearly, &c.

3 In guilt's dark dungeon, where we lay
Mercy cried '*spare*,' and Justice '*slay*'
But Jesus answer'd, 'set them free;
And pardon *them*, and punish *me*.'
Pardon, pardon, &c.

4 Salvation is of God alone,
Life everlasting, in his Son;
And he that gave his Son to bleed,
Will freely give us all we need.
Freely, freely, &c.

5 Believe the Gospel and rejoice,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
His goodness praise, his wonders tell,
Who ransom'd all our souls from hell.
Ransom'd, ransom'd, &c.

153.

The Pilgrim's Song.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Tow'rd heaven, thy native place.
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away,
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source.
Thus a soul that 's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face,

Upward tends, to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize,
Soon the Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies;
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All your sorrows left below,
And earth exchang'd for heaven

154.

On Baptism.

SALEM'S bright king, Jesus by name,
In ancient time to Jordan came
All righteousness to fill;
'Twas there the ancient Baptist stood,
Whose name was John, a man of God,
To do his master's will.

2 The holy Jesus did demand
His right to be baptised then,
The Baptist gave consent;
On Jordan's banks they did appear,
The Baptist and his master dear,
Then down the bank they went.

3 Down in old Jordan's rolling stream,
The Baptist led the holy Lamb,
And there did him baptise;
Jehovah saw his darling Son,
And was well pleas'd in what he'd done
And own'd him from the skies.

4 The opening heaven now complies,
The Holy Ghost like lightning flies,
Down from the courts above;
And on the holy heavenly Lamb,

The Spirit lights and does remain,
In shape like a fair dove.

5 This is my Son, Jehovah cries,
The echoing voice from glory flies,
O children, hear ye him;
Hark! 'tis his voice, behold he cries,
Repent, believe, and be baptis'd,
And wash away your sin.

6 Come children, come, his voice obey,
Salem's bright *King has mark'd the way*
And has a crown prepar'd;
O then arise and give consent,
Walk in the way that Jesus went,
And have the great reward.

7 Believing children gather round,
And let your joyful songs abound,
With cheerful hearts arise;
See here is water, here is room,
A loving Saviour calling, Come,
O children be baptis'd.

8 Behold his servant waiting stands,
With willing heart and ready hands
To wait upon the Bride;
Ye candidates your hearts prepare,
And let us join in solemn prayer,
Down by the water side.

155.

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

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

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

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

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

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156. C. M.

SALVATION! what a glorious plan,
How suited to our need!
The grace that raises fallen man,
Is wonderful indeed.

2 'Twas Wisdom form'd the vast design,
To ransom us when lost;
And love's unfathomable mine
Provided all the cost.

3 Strict Justice, with approving look,
The holy cov'nant seal'd;
And Truth and Power undertook
The whole should be fulfill'd.

4 Truth, Wisdom, Justice, Power and Love
In all their glory shone,
When Jesus left the courts above,
And died to save his own.

5 Truth, Wisdom, Justice, Power, and Love
Are equally display'd,
Now Jesus reigns enthron'd above,
Our Advocate and Head.

6 Now sin appears deserving death,
Most hateful and abhorr'd;
And yet the sinner lives by faith,
And dares approach the Lord.

NEWTON.] **157.** 7s.

Hear what he has done for my soul.

SAVED by grace, I live to tell
What the love of Christ hath done,
He redeem'd my soul from hell,
Of a rebel made a son.
Oh! I tremble still to think
How secure I liv'd in sin,
Sporting on destruction's brink,
Yet preserv'd from falling in.

2 In a kind, propitious hour,
To my heart the Saviour spoke,
Touch'd me by his spirit's power,
And my dangerous slumber broke
Then I saw and own'd my guilt;
Soon my gracious Lord replied,
'Fear not, I my blood have spilt,
'Twas for such as thee I died.'

3 Shame and wonder, joy and love,
All at once possess'd my heart;
Can I hope thy grace to prove,
After acting such a part?
'Thou hast greatly sinn'd,' he said,
'But I freely all forgive;
I myself the debt have paid,
Now I bid thee rise and live.'

4 Come my fellow-sinners, try;
Jesus' heart is full of love;
O, that you, as well as I,
May his wondrous mercy prove.

As he has sent me to declare,
All is ready, all is free:
Why should any soul despair,
When he sav'd a wretch like me?

158.

SAVIOUR, I do feel thy merit,
Sprinkled with redeeming blood,
And my troubled, weary spirit
Now finds rest in thee, my God.
I am safe, and I am happy,
While in thy dear arms I lie;
Sin nor Satan cannot hurt me,
While my Saviour is so nigh.
Glory, &c.

2 Now I'll sing of Jesus' merit,
Tell the world of his dear name
And if any want his spirit,
He is still the very same.
He that asketh soon receiveth,
He that seeks is sure to find
Come, for whosoe'er believeth,
He will never cast behind.
Glory, &c.

3 Now our Advocate is pleading,
With his Father, and our God
Now for us he's interceding,
As the purchase of his blood.
Now, methinks, I hear him praying,
'Father, spare them, I have died;'
And the Father answers, saying,
'They are freely justified.'
Glory &c.

159. 8, 7.

Prayer for a Revival.

SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation,
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again.

2 Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high;
Lest for want of thy assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.

3 Surely, once thy garden flourish'd,
Every plant look'd gay and green;
Then thy word our spirits nourish'd;
Happy seasons we have seen.

4 But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee.

5 Where are those we counted leaders,
Fill'd with zeal, and love, and truth
Old professors, tall as cedars,
Bright examples to our youth.

6 Some, in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below;
Some, alas! we fear are blighted;
Scarce a single leaf they show.

7 Younger plants—the sight how pleasant
Cover'd thick with blossoms, stood;
But they cause us grief at present,
Frost has nipp'd them in the bud!

8 Nearest Saviour, hasten hither,
Thou canst make them bloom again
Oh! permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain.

9 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one esteem'd thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares.

10 Break the tempter's fatal pow'r,
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin from this good hour,
To revive thy work afresh.

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160. *The sufferings of Christ.*

ALL ye that pass by,
To Jesus draw nigh;
To you is it nothing that Jesus should die?
Our ransom and peace,
Our surety he is;
Come, see if there ever was sorrow like this.

2 The Lord, in the day
Of his anger, did lay
Our sins on the Lamb, and he bore them away:
He dies to atone
For sins not his own,
The Father hath punished for us his dear Son.

3 For sinners, like me,
He died on the tree;
His death is accepted, the sinner is free;
My pardon I claim,
A sinner I am,
A sinner believing in Jesus's name.

4 Love mov'd him to die,
On this I rely,
My Saviour hath loved me, I cannot tell why

But this I can find,
We two are so join'd,
He'll not be in glory, and leave me behind

5 With joy we approve
The plan of his love;
A wonder to all, both below and above!
When time is no more,
We still shall adore
That ocean of love, without bottom or shore

161.

SEE the fountain open'd wide,
That from pollution frees us,
Flowing from the precious side
Of our Immanuel Jesus,

CHORUS.

Ho, every one that thirsteth!
Come ye to the waters;
Freely drink and quench your thirst,
With Zion's sons and daughters.

2 Sinners, hear the Saviour's call;
Consider what you're doing;
Jesus Christ can cleanse you all;
Will you not come unto him?

3 Dying sinners, come and try;
These waters will relieve you;
Without money come and buy,
For Christ will freely give you.

4 He who drinks shall never die;
These waters fail him never;

Sinners, come and now apply,
And drink, and live for ever

5 Weeping Mary, full of grief,
Applied unto these waters;
Jesus gave her full relief
With Zion's sons and daughters.

6 See the woman at the well,
Disputing with the Saviour;
Soon she found that he could tell
Her all her past behaviour.

7 When she ask'd, and when she got
A drink, her heart was flaming;
She forgot her water-pot,
And ran to town proclaiming.

8 The thief had only time to drink,
And tell his doleful story;
Jesus gave him leave to drink;
He drank, and fled to glory.

9 Christians, you can fully tell
The virtues of these waters.
You were once the heirs of hell.
Now Zion's sons and daughters.

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162. C. M.

'SHEPHERDS, rejoice! lift up your eyes,
'And send your fears away;
'News from the regions of the skies;
'Salvation's born, to-day!

2 'Jesus, the God, whom angels fear,
'Comes down to dwell with you;
'To-day he makes his entrance here,
But not as monarchs do.

3 'No gold, nor purple swaddling-bands,
'Nor royal shining things:

'A manger for his cradle stands,
'And holds the King of kings.

4 'Go, Shepherds, where the infant lies,
'And see his humble throne;
'With tears of joy in all your eyes,
'Go, Shepherds, kiss the Son.'

5 Thus Gabriel sang, and strait around
The heavenly armies throng;
They tune their harps to lofty sound,
And thus conclude the song:

6 'Glory to God, that reigns above!
'Let peace surround the earth;
'Mortals shall know their Maker's love,
'At their Redeemer's birth.'

7 Lord, and shall Angels have their songs,
And men no tunes to raise?
O, may we lose our useless tongues,
When we forget to praise!

8 Glory to God that reigns above,
That pitied us forlorn;
We join to sing our Maker's love,
For there 's a Saviour born.

NEWTON.] **163.** 7s. ●

Prepare to meet God.

SINNER, art thou still secure?
Wilt thou still refuse to pray?
Can thy heart or hands endure,
In the Lord's avenging day?
See, his mighty arm is barb'd;
Awful terrors clothe his brow;
For his judgment stand prepar'd,
Thou must either break or bow

2 At his presence nature shakes,
Earth, affrighted, hastes to flee:

Solid mountains melt like wax—
What will then become of thee?
Who his advent may abide?
You that glory in your shame,
Will you find a place to hide,
When the world is wrapt in flame?

3 Then the rich, the great, the wise,
Trembling, guilty, self-condemn'd,
Must behold the wrathful eyes,
Of the Judge they once blasphem'd
Where are now their haughty looks?
O! their horror and despair,
When they see the open'd books,
And their dreadful sentence hear!

4 Lord, prepare us by thy grace;
Soon we must resign our breath,
And our souls be call'd to pass
Through the iron gate of death.
Let us now our day improve,
Listen to the Gospel voice;
Seek the things that are above,
Scorn the world's pretended joys.

5 Oh! when flesh and heart shall fail,
Let thy love our spirits cheer;
Strengthen'd thus, we shall prevail
Over Satan, sin, and fear.
Trusting in thy precious name,
May we thus our journey end;
Then our foes shall lose their aim,
And the Judge will be our friend

NEWTON.] **164.**

SINNER, hear the Saviour's call,
He now is passing by;
He has seen thy grievous thrall,
And heard thy mournful cry.

He has pardons to impart.
Grace to save thee from thy fears;
See the love that fills his heart,
And wipes away thy tears.

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

3 Think, how on the cross he hung,
Pierc'd with a thousand wounds;
Hark! from each, as with a tongue,
The voice of pardon sounds!
See, from all his bursting veins,
Blood of wondrous virtue flow;
Shed to wash away thy stains,
And ransom thee from woe.

4 Though his majesty be great,
His mercy is no less;
Though he thy transgressions hate,
He feels for thy distress.
By himself the Lord has sworn
He delights not in thy death;*
But invites thee to return,
That thou may'st live by faith.

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

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* Ezekiel xxiii 11.

165

SINNERS, lift up your hearts
The promise to receive;
Jesus himself imparts,
He comes in man to live;
The Holy Ghost to man is given,
Rejoice in God sent down from heaven.

2 Jesus is glorified,
And gives the Comforter,
His Spirit, to reside
In all his members here.
The Holy Ghost, &c.

3 To make an end of sin,
And Satan's work destroy,
He brings his kingdom in,
Peace, Righteousness and Joy.
The Holy Ghost, &c.

4 The cleansing blood t' apply,
The heavenly life display,
And wholly sanctify,
And seal us to that day,
The Holy Ghost, &c.

5 Sent down to make us meet
To see his glorious face,
And grant us each a seat
In that thrice happy place,
The Holy Ghost, &c.

6 From heaven he shall once more
Triumphantly descend,
And all his saints restore
To joys that never end;
Then, then, when all our joys are given,
Rejoice in God, rejoice in heaven.

NEWTON.] **166.**

The two Malefactors.

SOVEREIGN Grace has power alone
To subdue a heart of stone;
And the moment grace is felt,
Then the hardest heart will melt

2 When the LORD was crucified,
Two transgressors with him died;
One, with vile blaspheming tongue,
Scoff'd at Jesus as he hung.

3 Thus he spent his wicked breath,
In the very jaws of death;
Perish'd, as too many do,
With the Saviour in his view.

4 But the other, touch'd with grace,
Saw the danger of his case,
Faith receiv'd, to own the Lord,
Whom the scribes and priests abhorr'd

5 'Lord, (he pray'd,) remember me,
When in glory thou shalt be;'
'Soon with me, (the Lord replies,)
Thou shalt rest in Paradise.'

6 This was wondrous grace indeed,
Grace vouchsaf'd in time of need:
Sinners, trust in Jesus' name,
You shall find him still the same.

7 But beware of unbelief,
Think upon the harden'd thief;
If the Gospel you disdain,
Christ, to you, will die in vain.

167.

STILL, out of the deepest abyss
Of trouble, I mournfully cry,
And pine to recover my peace,
And see my Redeemer, and die.

I cannot, I cannot forbear
These passionate longings for home
O, when will my spirit be there;
O, when will the messenger come?

2 Thy nature I long to put on,
Thine image on earth to regain
And then in the grave to lay down
This burden of body and pain.
O Jesus, in pity draw near,
And lull me to sleep on thy breast;
Appear to my rescue, appear,
And gather me into thy rest.

3 To take a poor fugitive in,
The arms of thy mercy display,
And give me to rest from all sin,
And bear me triumphant away;
Away from a world of distress,
Away to the mansions above;
A heaven of seeing thy face,
A heaven of feeling thy love.

NEWTON.] **168.**

An alarm to Sinners.

STOP, poor sinner, stop and think,
Before you farther go;
Will you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting woe?
Once again, I charge you, stop;
For unless you warning take,
Ere you are aware, you drop
Into the burning lake.

2 Say, have you an arm like GOD,
That you his will oppose?
Fear you not that iron rod,
With which he breaks his foes?

Can you stand in that dread day,
When he judgment shall proclaim,
When the earth shall melt away,
Like wax before the flame?

3 Pale-faced Death will quickly come,
To drag you to his bar;
Then to hear your awful doom,
Will fill you with despair.
All your sins will round you crowd,
Sins of a blood-crimson dye;
Each for vengeance crying loud,
And what can you reply?

4 Though your heart be made of steel,
Your forehead lin'd with brass,
God at length will make you feel,
He will not let you pass.
Sinners then in vain will call,
(Though they now despise his grace,)
Rocks and mountains on us fall,*
And hide us from his face.

5 But as yet there is a hope,
You may his mercy know;
Though his arm is lifted up,
He still forbears the blow.
'Twas for sinners Jesus died,
Sinners he invites to come;
None who come shall be denied,
He says, 'There still is room.'†

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169. 8s.

STRANGE and mysterious is my life
What opposites I feel within!
A stable peace, a constant strife,
The rule of grace, the power of sin,

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* Rev. vi. 16. † Luke xiv. 22

Too often I am captive led,
And daily triumph in my Head.

2 I prize the privilege of prayer,
But Oh! what backwardness to pray
Though on the Lord I cast my care,
I feel its burden every day;
I seek *his* will in all I do,
Yet find my own is working too.

3 I call the promises my own,
And prize them more than mines of gold
Yet though their sweetness I have known,
They leave me unimpress'd and cold;
One hour upon the truth I feed,
The next I know not what I read.

4 I love the holy day of rest,
When Jesus meets his gather'd saints,
Sweet day, of all the week the best!
For its return my spirit pants;
Yet often, through my unbelief,
It proves a day of guilt and grief.

5 While on my Saviour I rely,
I know my foes shall lose their aim,
And therefore dare their power defy,
Assur'd of conquest through his name;
But soon my confidence is slain,
And all my fears return again.

6 Thus diff'rent powers within me strive,
And grace and sin by turns prevail;
I grieve, rejoice, decline, revive,
And vict'ry hangs in doubtful scale;
But Jesus has his promise pass'd,
That grace shall overcome at last.

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170. *The mercy of God.* Ps. lxxxix. 1.

THY mercy, my God, is the theme of my song,
The joy of my heart, and the boast of my tongue

Thy free grace alone, from the first to the last,
Hath won my affections, and bound my soul fast

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

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

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

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

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

171.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend!
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying friend.

2 Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
Mercy flow in streams of blood;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim thy peace with God.

3 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze,

Here I see my sins forgiven,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise,

4 May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go;
Prove his blood each day more healing,
And himself more deeply know.

---

172. C. M.

The universal spread of the Gospel.

THAT glorious day is drawing nigh,
When Zion's light shall come;
She shall arise and shine on high,
Bright as the rising sun.
The north and south their sons resign,
And earth's foundations bend,
When, like a bride, Jerusalem
All glorious, shall descend.

2 The King who wears that glorious crown,
The azure flaming bow,
The holy city shall bring down
To bless the church below;
When Zion's bleeding, conqu'ring King
Shall sin and death destroy;
The morning stars together sing,
And Zion shout for joy.

3 The holy, bright, musician band,
Who hold the harps of God,
On Zion's holy mountain stand,
In garments ting'd with blood;
Descending with most melting strains,
Jehovah they'll adore:
Such shouts, through earth's extensive plains,
Were never heard before.

4 Let Satan rage, and boast no more,
Nor think his reign is long;

Though saints are feeble, weak and poor,
Their great Redeemer's strong;
He is their shield and hiding place,
A covert from the wind:
A stream of life from Christ, the Rock,
Runs through this weary land.

5 This crystal stream runs down from heaven
It issues from the throne;
The sons of strife away are driven,
The Church becomes but one.
This peaceful union she shall know,
And live upon his love,
And sing and shout his name below,
As angels do above.

C. F. Smith.] **173.** P. M.

Missionary hymn.

YES, my native land, I love thee,
All thy scenes, I love them well,
Friends, connexions, happy country!
Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

2 *Home!* thy joys are passing lovely;
Joys no stranger-heart can tell!
Happy home! 'tis sure I love thee!
Can I—can I say—*Farewell?*
Can I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days and Sabbath-bell,

Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure!
Can I say a last farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

4 Yes! I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I loved so well!
Far away, ye billows, bear me;
Lovely, native land, farewell!
Pleased I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

5 In the deserts let me labour,
On the mountains let me tell,
How he died—the blessed Saviour—
To redeem a world from hell!
Let me hasten,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

6 Bear me on, thou restless ocean;
Let the winds my canvas swell—
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell.
Glad I bid thee,
Native land!—*Farewell—Farewell!*

173. C. M. Second Part.

Prayer for missionaries, and the success of missionary undertakings.

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

2 Whene'er they preach the Saviour's word
Beneath the cooling shade,

Let the poor heathen feel its power,
And grace their souls pervade.

3 From sea to sea, from shore to shore.
May Jesus be ador'd;
And earth, with all her millions, shout
Hosannas to the Lord.

174.

THE Gospel's joyful sound
Is music to my ears,
In Jesus I have found
Relief from all my fears;
Darkness to light does now give place,
And all things wear another face.

2 To God I'm reconcil'd,
I fear no dire alarms;
He owns me for a child,
And clasps me in his arms;
Reliev'd from doubts and every sigh,
I boldly Abba Father cry.

3 I cannot fear the law,
Its thunders loud may roar;
Since I am sav'd from sin,
It can demand no more.
On wings of love I mount and fly,
And Father, Abba Father, cry.

4 Death, too, has lost his sting,
And wears a comely face;
I hope to shout and sing,
E'en in his cold embrace.
He'll close my eyes and stop my ears,
But cannot rouse my guilty fears.

5 When thro' the flaming sky
I see the Judge descend,

I'll Abba Father cry,
And hail him as my friend.
While standing in the Gospel light,
There's nothing can my soul affright.

6 Now let my joyful eyes
Flow down in grateful tears,
Since free adopting grace
Has banish'd all my fears;
The cross I'll bear, myself deny,
And Father, Abba Father, cry.

175.

'TIS finish'd, 'tis done! the spirit is fled,
Our brother is gone, the Christian is dead;
The Christian is living in Jesus's love,
And gladly receiving a kingdom above.

2 All honour and praise are Jesus's due;
Supported by grace, he fought his way through,
Triumphantly glorious through Jesus's zeal,
And more than victorious o'er sin, death, and hell.

3 Then let us record the conquering name,
Our Captain and Lord with shoutings proclaim,
Who trust in his passion, and follow their head,
To certain salvation shall surely be led.

4 Jesus, lead on thy militant care,
And give us the crown of righteousness there
Where, dazzled with glory, the seraphim gaze,
Or prostrate, adore thee in silence of praise.

5 Within us display thy love, when we die,
And bear us away to mansions on high;
The kingdom be given, of glory divine,
And crown us in heaven, eternally thine.

176.

THE great tremendous day 's approaching,
That awful scene is drawing nigh,
Was long foretold by ancient prophets,
Decreed from all eternity;
But, O my soul! reflect and wonder,
That awful scene is drawing near,
When you shall see that great transaction,
When Christ in judgment shall appear

2 See nature stand, all in amazement,
To hear the last loud trumpet sound:
'Arise, ye dead, and come to judgment,
'Ye nations of this world around.'
Loud thunder rumbling through the concave,
Bright forked lightning parts the skies;
The heavens a shaking, the earth a quaking
The gloomy sight attracts my eyes.

3 The orbit lamps all veil'd in sackcloth,
No more their shining circuits run;
The wheel of time stopp'd in a moment,
Eternal things are now begun;
Huge massy rocks and tow'ring mountains
Over their tumbling bases roar;
The raging ocean, all in commotion,
Is hov'ring round her frighted shore.

4 Green, turfy grave-yards, and tombs of marble,
Give up their dead, both small and great;
See the whole world, both saint and sinner
Are coming to the judgment seat;
See Jesus, on a throne of justice,
Come thundering down the parted sky,
While countless armies of shining angels,
With hallelujah shout for joy.

5 Bright shining streams from his awful presence,
His face ten thousand suns outshines;
Behold him coming in power and glory,
To meet him all his saints combine.
'Go forth, ye heralds, with speed like lightning,
Call in my saints, from distant land,
Those that my blood from hell has ransom'd,
Whose name in life's fair book doth stand.

6 O come, ye blessed of my Father,
The purchase of my dying love,
Receive the crowns of life and glory,
Which are laid up for you above.
For your dear souls, which have continued
With me, and my temptations bore;
I have provided for you a kingdom,
To reign with me for evermore.'

7 There 's flowing fountains of living water,
No sickness, pain, nor death, to fear;
No sorrow, sighing, nor tears, nor weeping
Shall ever have admittance there.
But how will sinners stand and tremble,
When Justice calls them to the bar!
Those that reject his offer'd mercy,
Their everlasting doom to hear.

8 See Justice now, with indignation,
Calling aloud for sinners' blood;
Those that have slighted offer'd mercy
And crucified the Son of God;
Depart from me, ye cursed sinners,
My face you never more shall see;
Be banish'd from my peaceful presence,
To endless woe and misery.

9 Each guilty soul, then, struck with horror,
And anguish throbbing in their breast,

For ever doom'd to endless sorrow,
And never more to hope for rest.
Come, sinners, here's a faithful warning
Return to Jesus whilst you may,
And he is ready to receive you,
Or else you must depart away.

177.

THE Lord into his garden's come,
The spices yield a rich perfume,
The lilies grow and thrive;
Refreshing showers of grace divine,
From Jesus flow on every vine,
And make the dead alive.

2 Behold, this dry and barren ground
With springs of water doth abound
A fruitful soil become;
The desert blossoms like the rose,
Believers do the church compose,
When party zeal is gone.

3 The glorious day is rolling on,
The gracious work is now begun,
Your sins he will forgive;
O, taste and see that grace is free
For all mankind, who willing be
To come to Christ and live.

4 The worst of sinners here may find
A Saviour piteous and kind;
Who will them all receive;
None are too bad, who do repent;
Out of one sinner legions went,
The Lord did him relieve.

5 If sinners only knew the Lord,
And were acquainted with his word,
His sweet forgiving love,
They'd rush through storms of every kind
And leave all earthly things behind,
To gain a crown above.

178. L. M.

Christ is eternal life

'TIS life to know the dying Lamb;
Eternal life is in his name;
O may I in this knowledge grow,
And daily more of Jesus know!

2 Know him to wash me in his blood;
Know him to make my peace with God;
Know him for strength and righteousness,
And know him for renewing grace.

3 Know him as my exceeding joy,
Know him my praises to employ;
Know him as all my heart can wish,
And know him for eternal bliss.

COWPER.] **179.** 7s.

Welcome Cross.

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

2 God in Israel sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain, and toil;
These spring up and choke the weeds,
Which would else o'erspread the soil.
Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there

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

180.

VAIN, delusive world, adieu,
With all of creature-good;
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood.
All thy pleasures I forego,
I trample on thy wealth and pride;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

2 Other knowledge I disdain,
'Tis all but vanity:
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
He tasted death for me;
Me to save from endless woe,
The sin-atoning Jesus died.
Only Jesus, &c.

3 Here will I set up my rest;
My fluctuating heart,
From the haven of thy breast,
Shall never more dapart.
Whither should a sinner go?
His wounds for me stand open wide
Only Jesus, &c.

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* Heb. xii. 8.

4 Him to know is life and peace,
And pleasure without end;
This is all my happiness,
On Jesus to depend;
Daily in his grace to grow,
And ever in his faith abide.
Only Jesus, &c.

5 O that I could all invite,
This saving truth to prove;
Show the length, the breadth, and height,
And depth of Jesus' love!
Fain I would to sinners show
The blood by faith alone applied.
Only Jesus, &c.

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181. C. M. Col. ii. 2.

OUR souls by love together knit,
Cemented, mixed in one;
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
'Tis heaven on earth begun;
Our hearts have burn'd while Jesus spake,
And glow'd with sacred fire;
He stopp'd, and talk'd, and fed, and bless'd
And fill'd the enlarged desire.

CHORUS.

A Saviour! let creation sing,
A Saviour! let all heaven ring;
He's God with us, we feel him ours,
His fullness in our souls he pours;
'Tis almost done, 'tis almost o'er,
We're joining them who're gone before:
We soon shall meet to part no more.

2 The little cloud increases still,
The heavens are big with rain;
We haste to catch the teeming show'rs,
And all its moisture drain:
A rill, a stream, a torrent flows,
But pour a mighty flood:
Oh! sweep the nations, shake the earth,
Till all proclaim thee God.

3 And when thou makest thy jewels up,
And sett'st thy starry crown;
When thy all sparkling gems shall shi
Proclaim'd by thee thy own;
May we, a little band of love,
Be sinners sav'd by grace;
From glory into glory chang'd,
Behold thee face to face.

182.

WAND'RING pilgrims, mourning Christians,
Weak and tempted lambs of Christ,
Who endure great tribulation,
And with sins are much distress'd,
Christ hath sent me to invite you
To a rich and costly feast;
Let not shame nor pride prevent you,
Come, the rich provision taste.

2 If you have a heart lamenting,
And bemourn your wretched case,
Come to Jesus Christ repenting,
He will give you gospel grace.
If you want a heart to fear him,
Love and serve him all your days
Only come to Christ and ask him,
He will guide your feet always.

3 If, like poor Bartemius blinded,
You bewail the want of sight,

Cry to Jesus, son of David.
He will give you gospel light;
If, like Mary, you've been keeping
Seven devils in your embrace,
Fly, like her, to Jesus, weeping,
He will bid you go in peace.

4 If your heart is unbelieving,
Doubting Jesus' pardoning love,
Lie hard by Bethesda, waiting
Till the troubled waters move;
If no one appear to help you,
All their efforts prove but talk,
Jesus, Jesus, he will cleanse you;
Rise, take up your bed, and walk.

5 If, like Peter, you are sinking
In the sea of unbelief,
Wait with patience, constant praying,
Christ will grant you sweet relief;
He will give you grace and glory,
All your wants shall be supplied;
Canaan, Canaan lies before you,
Rise and cross the swelling tide.

6 Death shall not destroy your comfort,
Christ will guide you through the gloom;
Down he'll send a heavenly concert,
To convey you to his home.
There you'll spend your days in pleasure,
Free from every want and care:
Come, O come, my blessed Saviour,
Fain my spirit would be there.

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183. C. M.

Who are these, and whence are they?

WHAT poor despised company
Of travellers are these,
Walking through yonder narrow way,
Along that rugged maze?

2 They all are of a royal line;
They are children of a king;
Heirs of immortal crowns divine,
And loud for joy they sing.

3 Why do they then appear so mean,
And why so much despis'd?
Because of their rich robes unseen
The world are not apprized.

4 Why, some of them seem poor, distress'd,
And lacking daily bread;
Heirs of immortal wealth possess'd,
With hidden manna fed.

5 Why do they shun that pleasant path,
Which worldlings love so well?
Because it is the road to death,
The certain way to hell.

6 Why do they walk the narrow road,
Along that rugged maze?
Because this way their Leader trod;
They love and keep his ways.

7 What! is there then no other road
To Salem's happy ground?
Christ is the only way to God;
No other can be found.

184.

The Christian encouraged.

GIVE to the winds thy fears,
Hope, and be undismay'd;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
He shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears the way;
Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 Still heavy is thy heart?
Still sink thy spirits down?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
And every care begone.

4 What though thou rulest not,
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell,
Proclaim God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

5 Leave to his sovereign sway
To choose and to command:
So shalt thou, wondering, own his way
How wise, how strong his hand!

6 Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear.

7 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to thee:
O, lift thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee!

8 Let us, in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare;
And publish, with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care.

MARY S. B. DANA.] **185.**

"The bow in the clouds."

WHEN I gaze on the rainbow that spans the wide heaven,
I think of his mercy who ruleth on high;
'Tis a beautiful token Our Father has given,
The bright bow of promise that glows on the sky.

I fear not the cloud that is gathering o'er me,
Nor low muttered thunder that sounds on mine ear;
The clear tinted rainbow is spreading before me,
'Tis a silent reprover to trembling and fear.

There's a bow in the clouds when the Saviour is near us,
More beautiful far, and eternally bright,
'Tis a bow uncreated, that ever will cheer us,
Thro' clouds and thro' sunshine, thro' darkness and light.
Like the dews of the morning, or gentle spring showers,
He waters the soul with his plentiful grace;
And sure the rapt spirit may welcome the hours,
When beauty celestial beams bright from his face.

APPENDIX.

MISCELLANEOUS HYMNS

FOR

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

BY J. M. PECK.

H. F. Gould.] HYMN I. Particular Metre

Pilgrim's Way Song.

1 I'M bound to the house of my Father;
O draw not my feet from the way,
Nor stop me these wild flowers to gather,
They droop at my touch and decay!
I think of the flowers that are blooming
In beauty unfading above,
The wings of kind angels perfuming,
Who fly down on errands of love.

2 Of earth's shallow waters the drinking
Is powerless my thirst to allay;
Their taste is of tears, while we're sinking
Beside them where quicksands betray.
I long for the fount ever living,
That flows by my Father's own door,
With water so sweet and life-giving,
To drink and to thirst never more.

3 The gold of this bright happy dwelling,
Makes all lower gold to look dim;
Its treasures all treasures excelling,
Shine forth and allure me to Him.

The gems of this world I am treading
In dust, where as pebbles they lie;
To win the rich pearl that is shedding
Its lustre so pure from on high.

4 For pains a torn spirit is feeling,
No balsam from earth it receives;
I go to the tree that is healing,
To drop in my wounds from its leaves
A child that is weary with roaming,
Returning in gladness to see
Its home, and its parents, I'm coming—
My Father, I hasten to thee!

HYMN II. P. M.

Patriotic.

MY NATIVE LAND.

FIRMLY stand, my native land!
True in heart and true in hand,
All that's holy cherish.
Thus shall God remain thy friend,
Thus shall heaven thy walls defend:
Freedom shall not perish!

2 Safely dwell, my native land!
May thy sons united stand,
Firm and true for ever:—
God forbid the day should rise,
When 'tis said our freedom dies!
Freedom die? O, never.

3 Sing for joy, my native land!
In thee dwells a noble band,
All thy weal to cherish:
God with might will guard thee round,
While thy steps in truth are found,
Freedom shall not perish.

HYMN III. L. M.

Sabbath.

1 'SOON as the light of morning broke
O'er island, continent, and deep,
Thy far-spread family awoke,
Sabbath all round the world to keep.

2 From east to west the sun survey'd,
From north to south, the adoring throngs,
And still when evening spread her shade,
The stars came forth to hear their songs.

3 Melodious as the winds and seas,
In halcyon hours, when storms are flown,
Arose earth's Babel languages,
In pure accordance to thy throne.'

HYMN IV. L. M.

The Sabbath.

1 ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest;
Improve the day that God hath bless'd.

2 O, that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense to the skies,
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows.

3 This heavenly calm, within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 With joy, great God, thy works we view,
In various scenes, both old and new;
With praise, we think on mercies past;
With hope, we future pleasures taste.

5 In holy duties let the
In holy pleasures, pass away:
How sweet a sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

HYMN V. C. M.

A hymn for the evening of the Lord's day.

1 FREQUENT the day of God returns,
To shed its quickening beams;
And yet how slow devotion burns!
How languid are its flames!

2 Accept our faint attempts to love,
Our frailties, Lord, forgive;
We would be like thy saints above,
And praise thee while we live.

3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend,
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The sabbath ne'er shall end;

4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,
With heavenly lustre shine;
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine.

HYMN VI. P. M.

Lord's day evening.

1 LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee;
At once they sing, at once they pray;
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.

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

3 O, write upon my memory, Lord,
The texts and doctrine of thy word,
That I may break thy law no more,
But love and fear thee all before.

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

HYMN VII. S. M.

The pleasures of social worship.

1 HOW charming is the place
Where my Redeemer God
Unveils the beauties of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!

2 To him their prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents:
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.

3 To them his sovereign will
He graciously imparts;
And in return accepts, with smiles,
The tribute of their hearts.

4 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy bless'd abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

HYMN VIII. P. M.

On opening a place of worship.

1 GREAT King of glory, come,
And with thy favour crown
This temple as thy dome,
This people as thy own:
Beneath this roof, O, deign to show
How God can dwell with men below!

2 Here may thine ears attend
Our interceding cries,
And grateful praise ascend,
All fragrant, to the skies:
Here may thy word melodious sound,
And spread celestial joys around!

3 Here may th' attentive throng
Imbibe thy truth and love,
And converts join the song
Of seraphim above,

And willing crowds surround thy board,
With sacred joy and sweet accord.

HYMN IX. L. M.

Paraphrase of the Lord's prayer.

1 FATHER, adored in worlds above,
Thy glorious name be hallowed still;
Thy kingdom come with power and love,
And earth like heaven obey thy will.

2 Lord, make our daily wants thy care;
Forgive the sins which we forsake;
And let us in thy kindness share,
As fellow-men of ours partake.

3 Evils beset us every hour!
Thy kind protection we implore:
Thine is the kingdom, thine the power;
Be thine the glory evermore!

HYMN X.

Home.

THERE is one bright enchanting spot, where love and beauty glow,
Which oft the glorious grace of God hath made a heaven below,
And in that covenant sheltered spot, there is a radiant gem,
More precious far than ocean pearls, or empire's diadem!
Oh keep that gem, ye plighted ones, nor from that spot depart—
That spot is HOME—delightful home—that gem the FAITHFUL HEART.

HYMN XI. C. M.

The friend that died for me.

1 WHEN blind with sin, my Father's will
I reckless disobeyed,

One pitying friend bore with me still,
And interceding, prayed:
With sobs and tears he bent him down,
A suppliant on the knee—
Oh! shall my thankless heart disown
The Friend that wept for me?

2 When sore beset with deadly foes,
Forlorn, about to yield,
His guardian arm would interpose,
To succour, and to shield:
His wounds secured me from distress—
His sufferings set me free—
Oh! grateful, let me ever bless
The Friend that bled for me!

3 And, when insulted Justice claimed
A victim for His shrine,
This faithful Friend, unsought, unblamed,
Laid down his life for mine:
The tortures I deserved, he bore,
And perished on the tree—
Oh! let my prostrate soul adore
The Friend that died for me!

HYMN XII. P. M.

BY J. S. SIDDALL.

"*The prayers of David, the son of Jesse, are ended.*"—David.

THEY'RE ended, the prayers thou hast offered in sorrow,
The praises once sung in thy hours of delight;
On thy brow has time set his indelible furrow—
Earth's visions of beauty have passed from my sight.

2 In youth's early years, when thy gentle flocks watching,
The hours of the night have oft witnessed with joy—

From nature around thee, the holy theme catching,
Thy harp thou hast tuned in thy Maker's employ.

3 And when thy young pow'rs into manhood had glided,
As each coming year added strength to thy muse,
To loftier measures that muse was still guided,
Inspired by the Spirit, but love could infuse.

4 E'en age, the dark shadows of death casting o'er thee,
Could not dampen the ardor of piety's glow;
But the bright path of glory then op'ning before thee,
In yet higher strains led thy numbers to flow.

5 And now are they ended—the soul-stirring praises,
All hushed in the silence that waits round the grave?
Ah, no! for thy spirit on high, ever raises
The glory of Him who is 'mighty to save.'

6 And though in oblivion, long ages have vanished,
Since the psalt'ry was tuned to thy heavenly mirth—
Yet never shall aught of thy mem'ry be banished
Whilst the word of the Highest, shall dwell upon earth.

7 To thee, now, O Father, Thou Being most holy,
We offer the prayer of thy servant of old,
Create in us, Saviour, a heart pure and lowly,'
That we too in glory, thy face may behold.

HYMN XIII. 7's. C. M.

The new year.

1 WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here;
Fix'd in an eternal state,

They have done with all below,
We a little longer wait,
But how little, none can know.

2 As the winged arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew:
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view:
Bless thy word to young and old,
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

HYMN XIV. C. M.

1 AND now, my soul, another year
Of thy short life is past;
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my last.

2 Much of my dubious life is gone,
Nor will return again;
And swift my passing moments run,
The few that yet remain.

3 Awake, my soul, with utmost care
Thy true condition learn;
What are thy hopes, how sure, how fair,
And what thy great concern?

4 Now a new scene of time begins.
Set on afresh for heaven;
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
In Christ so freely given.

5 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his grace depend;
With zeal pursue the heavenly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

HYMN XV. P. M.

Fourth of July hymn.

BY S. F. SMITH.

1 AUSPICIOUS morning hail!
Voices from hill and dale
Thy welcome sing.
Joy on thy dawning breaks;
Each heart that joy partakes,
While cheerful music wakes
Its praise to bring.

2 When on the tyrant's rod
Our patriot fathers trod,
And dared be free;
'Twas not in burning zeal,
Firm nerves and hearts of steel,
Our country's joy to seal,
But, Lord, in thee!

3 Thou, as a shield of power,
In battle's awful hour,
Didst round us stand;
Our hopes were in thy throne,
Strong in thy might alone,
By thee our banners shone,
God of our land.

4 Long o'er our native hills,
Long by our shaded rills
May freedom rest;
Long may our shores have peace,
Our flag grace every breeze,
Our ships, the distant seas,
From east to west.

5 Peace on this day abide,
From morn till even-tide;

Wake, tuneful song;
Melodious accents raise,
Let the heart thrill with praise,
Bring high and grateful lays,
Rich, full and strong.

6 Onward the echo floats;
Sublime and swelling notes
On the air sail;
From fearless hearts and free
The lofty minstrelsy
Rises, O God, to thee—
Hail, freedom, hail.

HYMN XVI.

Independence. BY M. BRAYMAN.

Tune—SICILIAN HYMN.

1 HARK! the rising anthem stealing,
O'er the land from sea to sea;
Louder still its notes are pealing—
Hark! the cry—'a world is free!'
Let the chorus
Join in FREEDOM'S JUBILEE!

2 When our fathers tried the ocean—
Dared the terrors of its waves—
When in battle's dread commotion,
Thousands sank in hallowed graves;
Then they bade us,
FREEMEN die—but ne'er LIVE slaves!

3 Oft with savage hosts contending,
See your noblest sons expire—
Altars, rights, and homes defending
From the spoiler's dreaded ire;
See your dwellings
Girt by foemen—wrapt in fire!

4 Now when heaven, her gifts bestowing,
Hails Columbia, great and free—
While with peace and plenty flowing,
All thy children joyous be;

Let the stranger
Find a pilgrim's home in thee!

5 Let the trumpet, swelling loudly,
Earlier scenes recall again—
Let the eagle, floating proudly
O'er Columbia's verdant plain,
Bear a blessing
O'er the graves of freedom's slain!

6 Freemen, take the boon—preserve it—
Bend to none but GOD, the knee!
Wear this badge—still more—deserve it,
'Worthy sons of Liberty;'
Shouting welcome
To the NATION'S JUBILEE!

HYMN XVII. C. M.

Thanksgiving for victory.

1 TO thee, who reign'st supreme above,
And reign'st supreme below,
Thou God of wisdom, power and love,
We our successes owe.

2 Thy mighty arm, unseen, was nigh,
When we our foes assailed;
'Tis thou hast raised our honours high,
And o'er their hosts prevailed.

3 To our young race will we proclaim
The mercies God has shown,
That they may learn to bless his name,
And choose him for their own.

4 Thus, while we sleep in silent dust,
When threatening dangers come,
Their fathers' God shall be their Trust,
Their Refuge, and their Home.

HYMN XVIII. P. M.

Thanksgiving for national prosperity.

1 HOW rich thy gifts, almighty King!
From thee our public blessings spring;

The extended trade, the fruitful skies,
The treasures liberty bestows,
The eternal joys the gospel shows,—
All from thy boundless goodness rise.

2 Here commerce spreads the wealthy store,
Which pours from every foreign shore;
Science and art their charms display;
Religion teaches us to raise
Our voices to our Maker's praise,
As truth and conscience point the way.

3 With grateful hearts, with joyful tongues,
To God we raise united songs;
Here still may God in mercy reign;
Crown our just counsels with success,
With peace and joy our borders bless,
And all our sacred rights maintain.

HYMN XIX.

Christmas Hymn.

1 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;
Dear desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

2 Born thy people to deliver;
Born a child, and yet a King,
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.
By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone,
By thine all sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

THE SEASONS.

HYMN XX. 7's.

Spring.

1 PLEASING Spring again is here!
Trees and fields in bloom appear.
Hark! the birds, with artless lays,
Warble their Creator's praise!

2 Lord, afford a spring to me!
Let me feel like what I see:
Ah! my winter has been long;
Chill'd my hopes, and mute my song.

3 On thy garden deign to smile;
Raise the plants, enrich the soil:
Soon thy presence will restore
Life to what seem'd dead before,

4 Speak, and by thy gracious voice,
Make my drooping soul rejoice:
O! beloved Saviour, haste—
Tell me all the storms are past.

HYMN XXI. C. M.

Spring.

1 WHEN verdure clothes the fertile vale,
And blossoms deck the spray,
And fragrance breathes in every gale,
How sweet the vernal day.

2 Hark! how the feathered warblers sing;
'Tis nature's cheerful voice;
Soft music hails the lovely spring,
And woods and fields rejoice.

3 How kind the influence of the skies!
The showers, with blessings fraught,
Bid virtue, beauty, fragrance rise,
And fix the roving thought.

4 Then let my wondering heart confess,
With gratitude and love,
The bounteous hand that deigns to bless
The garden, field and grove.

5 O God of nature and of grace,
Thy heavenly gifts impart;
Then shall my meditation trace
Spring, blooming in my heart.

HYMN XXII. C. M.

Summer.—A harvest hymn.

1 TO praise the ever-bounteous Lord.
My soul, wake all thy powers:
He calls, and at his voice come forth
The smiling harvest hours.

2 His covenant with the earth he keeps;
My tongue, his goodness sing;
Summer and winter know their time;
His harvest crowns the spring.

3 Well pleased, the toiling swains behold
The waving yellow crop;
With joy they bear the sheaves away,
And sow again in hope.

4 Thus teach me, gracious God, to sow
The seeds of righteousness;
Smile on my soul, and with thy beams
The ripening harvest bless.

5 Then, in the last great harvest, I
Shall reap a glorious crop:
The harvest shall by far exceed
What I have sown in hope.

HYMN XXIII. 8, 7.

Autumn. MONTGOMERY.

1 SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and wither'd to the ground;
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound:—

2 'Sons of Adam, (once in Eden,)
Where, like us, he blighted fell,
Hear the lesson we are reading;
Mark the awful truth we tell:

3 'Youth, on length of days presuming,
Who the paths of pleasure tread,
View us, late in beauty blooming,
Number'd now among the dead.

4 'What though yet no losses grieve you,
Gay with health and many a grace,
Let not cloudless skies deceive you:
Summer gives to autumn place.

5 'Yearly in our course returning,
Messengers of shortest stay,
Thus we preach this truth concerning,
Heaven and earth shall pass away.'

HYMN XXIV. C. M.

Winter.

1 WITH songs and honours sounding loud,
Address the Lord on high;
Over the heavens he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.

2 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.

3 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend, and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

4 He sends his word, and melts the snow;
The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

5 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word:

With songs and honours sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

HYMN XXV. P. M.

The Seasons.

1 LORD of the worlds below,
On earth thy glories shine;
The changing seasons show
Thy skill and power divine.
In all we see | The rolling years
A God appears; | Are full of thee.

2 Forth in the flowery spring
We see thy beauty move;
The birds on branches sing
Thy tenderness and love;
Wide flush the hills; | Devotion's calm
The air is balm; | Our bosom fills

3 Then come, in robes of light,
The summer's flaming days;
The sun, thine image bright,
Thy majesty displays;
And oft thy voice | But still our souls
In thunder rolls; | In thee rejoice.

4 In autumn, a rich feast
Thy common bounty gives
To man, and bird, and beast,
And every thing that lives.
Thy liberal care, | And harvest moon,
At morn, and noon, | Our lips declare.

5 In winter, awful thou,
With storms around thee cast,
The leafless forests bow
Beneath thy northern blast.
While tempests lower, | We homage bring,
To thee, dread King, | And own thy power.

HYMN XXVI. 7's.

Christian Fellowship.

1 JESUS, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree;
Show thyself the Prince of Peace:
Bid our jars for ever cease.

2 By thy reconciling love,
Every stumbling-block remove;
Each to each unite, endear;
Come, and spread thy banner here.

3 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind;
Lowly, meek in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.

4 Let us for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear:
To thy church the pattern give;
Show how true believers live.

5 Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide;
All the depths of love express,
All the heights of holiness.

6 Let us then with joy remove
To the family above:
On the wings of angels fly;
Show how true believers die.

HYMN XXVII. S. M.

1 BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one;
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.

2 Blest is the pious house,
Where zeal, and friendship meet,
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above,

Where joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

HYMN XXVIII.

Nothing true but Heaven.

1 THIS world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given,
The smiles of joy, the tears of wo,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow;
There's nothing true but heaven!

2 And false the light on glory's plume,
As fading hues of heaven;
And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb;
There's nothing bright but heaven!

3 Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driven;
And fancy's flash, and reason's ray,
Serve but to light the troubled way;
There's nothing calm but heaven!

HYMN XXIX.

Heaven on earth.

1 THIS world's not 'all a fleeting show,
For man's ILLUSION given;'
He that hath soothed a widow's wo,
Or wiped an orphan's tear, doth know
There's something here of heaven.

2 And he that walks life's thorny way
With feelings calm and even;
Whose path is lit from day to day
By virtue's bright and steady ray;
Hath something felt of heaven.

3 He, that the Christian's course has run,
And all his foes forgiven;
Who measures out life's little span,
In love to God, and love to man,
On earth has tasted heaven.

HYMN XXX.

The Heavenly Rest.

1 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distress'd,
A balm for every wounded breast·
'Tis found above—in heaven.

2 There is a soft, a downy bed,
'Tis fair as breath of even;
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest the aching head,
And find repose—in heaven.

3 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven;
When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heaven.

4 There, faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene—in heaven.

5 There, fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given:
There joys divine disperse the gloom:—
Beyond the confines of the tomb,
Appears the dawn of heaven.

HYMN XXXI. S. M.

Watchfulness.

1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil;
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give!

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

PROTRACTED MEETINGS.

HYMN XXXII.

Sinners, will you. 8. 7. 4.

1 SINNERS, will you scorn the message,
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence—O, how tender!
Every line is full of love;
Listen to it—
Every line is full of love.

2 Hear the heralds of the Gospel,
News from Zion's king proclaim,
To each rebel sinner—'Pardon,
Free forgiveness in his name?'
How important!
Free forgiveness in his name!

3 Tempted souls, they bring you succour;
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears;
And with news of consolation,
Chase away the falling tears:
Tender heralds—
Chase away the falling tears.

4 Who hath our report believed?
Who received the joyful word?
Who embraced the news of pardon,
Offer'd to you by the Lord?
Can you slight it—
Offer'd to you by the Lord!

5 O, ye angels, hovering round us,
Waiting spirits, speed your way,
Hasten to the court of heaven,
Tidings bear without delay:
Rebel sinners
Glad the message will obey.

HYMN XXXIII.

Weak believers encouraged.

1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take:
Loud to the praise of love divine,
Bid every string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come
Shall quench the love divine.

HYMN XXXIV.

Hasten, sinner.

1 HASTEN, sinner, to be wise;
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Wisdom, if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

2 Hasten, mercy to implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn,
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten sinner, to be blest:
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

HYMN XXXV.

O turn ye.

1 O TURN ye, O turn ye, for why will you die,
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, come,
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2 How vain the delusion, that while you delay,
Your hearts may grow better by staying away,
Come wretched, come starving, come just as you be,
While streams of salvation are flowing so free.

3 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
O how can you question, if you will believe?
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'Tis you he bids welcome; he bids you come home.

4 In riches, in pleasures, what can you obtain,
To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain?
To bear up your spirit when summon'd to die,
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high?

5 Why will you be starving and feeding on air?
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;
If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
And prove that his mercy is boundless and free.

6 Come, give us your hand, and the Saviour your heart,
And trusting in Heaven, we never shall part;
O how can we leave you! why will you not come?
We'll journey together, and soon be at home.

HYMN XXXVI.

Weary sinners.

1 COME ye weary sinners, come,
All, who feel your heavy load
Jesus calls the wanderers home;
Hasten to your pardoning God.

2 Come, ye guilty souls, opprest,
Answer to the Saviour's call:
'Come, and I will give you rest;
Come, and I will save you all.'

3 Jesus,—full of truth and love,
We thy kindest call obey,
Faithful let thy mercies prove,
Take our load of guilt away.

4 Weary of this war within,
Weary of this endless strife,
Weary of ourselves and sin,
Weary of a wretched life.

HYMN XXXVII. S. M.

On receiving members.

1 WHO can forbear to sing,
Who can refuse to praise,
When Zion's high celestial King
His saving power displays?

2 When sinners at his feet,
By mercy conquer'd, fall;
When grace, and truth, and justice meet,
And peace unites them all.

3 Who can forbear to praise
Our high celestial King,
When sovereign, rich, redeeming grace
Invites our tongues to sing?

HYMN XXXVIII. L. M.

Prayer for the increase of the church.

1 HEAR, gracious Sovereign, from thy throne,
And send thy various blessings down:

While by thy children thou art sought,
Attend the prayer thy word hath taught.

2 Come, sacred Spirit! from above,
And fill the coldest heart with love;
Soften to flesh the flinty stone,
And let thy gracious power be known.

3 O, let the joyful converts wait
Numerous around thy temple gate!
Each pressing on with zeal to be
A living sacrifice to Thee.

HYMN XXXIX.

Zion's increase prayed for.

1 REVIVE thy churches, Lord, with grace
Forgive our sins and grant us peace;
Rouse us from sloth, our hearts inflame;
Kindle our zeal for Jesus' name.

2 May young and old thy word receive,
Dead sinners hear thy voice and live,
The wounded conscience healing find,
And joy refresh each drooping mind.

HYMN XL.

Feed thy sheep.

1 LET thy kingdom, blessed Saviour,
Come, and bid our jarring cease;
Come, oh come! and reign for ever,
God of love and Prince of peace;
Visit now poor bleeding Zion,
Hear thy people mourn and weep;
Day and night thy lambs are crying,
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

2 Lord, in us there is no merit,
We've been sinners from our youth.
Guide us, Lord, by thy good Spirit,
Which shall teach us all the truth.
On thy gospel word we'll venture,
Till in death's cold arms we sleep.

Love our Lord, and Christ our Saviour,
Oh! good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

3 Hear the Prince of our salvation
Saying, 'Fear not, little flock;
I, myself, am your Foundation,
You are built upon this Rock:
Shun the paths of vice and folly,
Scale the mount, although it's steep;
Look to me, and be ye holy;
I delight to feed my sheep.'

4 Christ alone, whose merit saves us,
Taught by him, we'll own his name;
Sweetest of all names is Jesus!
How it doth our souls inflame!
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Give him glory, he will keep,
He will clear our way before us,
The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.

HYMN XLI. 8, 8, 6.

Probation.

1 LO! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand
Yet how insensible;
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

2 O God, my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress:
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And make me, ere it be too late,
Awake to righteousness.

3 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?

4 Be this my one great business here
With serious industry and fear
To make my calling sure:
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

HYMN XLII. L. M.

The burden of sin.

1 O THAT my load of sin were gone,
O that I could at last submit,
At Jesus' feet to lay me down!
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!

2 Rest for my soul I long to find:
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
The labour of thy dying love.

5 I would: but thou must give the power;
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

6 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay;
Appear in my poor heart, appear;
My God, my Saviour, come away!

HYMN XLIII.

[From the Christian Lyre.]

Voice of Conscience.

1 SINNER, is thy heart at rest?
Is thy bosom void of fear?
Art thou not by guilt oppress'd?
Speaks not conscience in thine ear?

2 Can this world afford thee bliss?
Can it chase away thy gloom?
Flattering, false, and vain it is;—
Tremble at the worldling's doom.

3 Long the gospel thou hast spurn'd,
Long delay'd to seek thy God;
Stifled conscience, nor hast turn'd,
Woo'd though, by a Saviour's blood,

4 Think, O sinner, on thy end;
See the judgment day appear!
Thither must thy spirit wend;
There thy righteous sentence hear.

5 Wretched, ruin'd, helpless soul,
To a Saviour's blood apply;
He alone can make thee whole;
Fly to Jesus,—sinner, fly!

HYMN XLIV.

Light and Joy.

1 SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord who rises,
With healing on his wings:
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new:

Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing,
But he will bear us through;—
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And he who feeds the ravens,
Will give his children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither,
Their wonted fruit shall bear,
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

HYMN XLV.

MONTGOMERY.] *The Cross.*

1 THE cross, the cross, O that 's my gain,
Because on that the lamb was slain;
'Twas there my Lord was crucified,
'Twas there my Saviour for me died.

2 The stony heart dissolves in tears,
When to our view the cross appears;
Christ's dying love, when truly felt,
The vilest, hardest heart doth melt.

3 Here will I stay, and gaze awhile
Upon the Friend of sinners vile;
Abased, I view what I have done
To God's eternal, gracious Son.

4 Here I behold, as in a glass,
God's glory with unveiled face;
And by beholding, I shall be
Made like to him who loved me

HYMN XLVI.

Faith conquering.

1 THE moment a sinner believes,
And trusts in his crucified God,
His pardon at once he receives,—
Redemption in full through his blood:
Though thousands and thousands of foes
Against him in malice unite,
Their rage he through Christ can oppose
Led forth by the Spirit to fight.

2 The faith, that unites to the Lamb,
And brings such salvation as this,
Is more than mere notion or name;
The work of God's Spirit it is;
A principle, active and young,
That lives under pressure and load,
That makes out of weakness more strong,
And draws the soul upward to God.

3 It treads on the world and on hell;
It vanquishes death and despair;
And oh! let us wonder to tell,
It overcomes heaven by prayer;
Permits a vile worm of the dust,
With God to commune as a friend;
To hope his forgiveness as just,
And look for his love to the end.

4 It says to the mountains, 'Depart,'
That stand betwixt God and the soul;
It binds up the broken in heart,
And makes wounded consciences whole;
Bids sins of a crimsom-like dye
Be spotless as snow, and as white;
And raises the sinner on high,
To dwell with the angels of light.

HYMN XLVII.

Social Worship.

HOW lovely the place where the Saviour appears,

To those who believe in his word;
His presence disperses my sorrows and fears,
And bids me rejoice in my Lord.

2 A day in his courts, than a thousand beside,
Is better and lovelier far—
My soul hates the tents where the wicked reside,
And all their delights I abhor.

3 Lord! give me a place with the humblest of saints,
For low at thy feet I would lie;
I know that thou hearest my feeble complaints
Thou hearest the young raven's cry.

4 Give strength to the souls that now wait upon thee,
O! come, in thy chariot of love;
From earth's vain enchantments, O! help us to flee,
And to set our affections above

MISCELLANEOUS SUBJECTS.

HYMN XLVIII.

WATTS.] *Entire consecration.*

1 HOW can I sink with such a prop
As my eternal God,
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up
And spreads the heavens abroad?

2 How can I die while Jesus lives,
Who rose and left the dead?
Pardon and grace my soul receives
From thine exalted head.

3 All that I am, and all I have,
Shall be forever thine;
Whate'er my duty bids me give,
My cheerful hands resign.

4 Yet, if I might make some reserve,
And duty did not call,
I love my God with zeal so great
That I should give him all.

HYMN XLIX.

My hope.

1 MY hope, my all, my Saviour thou,
To thee, my soul I humbly bow
I feel the bliss thy wounds impart,
I find thee, Saviour, in my heart.

2 Be thou my strength, be thou my way
Protect me through my life's short day
In all my acts by wisdom guide,
And keep me, Saviour, near thy side.

3 Correct, reprove, and comfort me!
As I have need, my Saviour be:
And if I would from thee depart,
Then clasp me, Saviour, to thy heart.

4 In fierce temptation's darkest hour,
Save me from sin and satan's power;
Tear every idol from thy throne,
And reign, my Saviour, reign alone.

5 My suffering time shall soon be o'er,
Then shall I sigh and weep no more;
My ransom'd soul shall soar away,
To sing thy praise in endless day.

HYMN L.

Universal Praise.

1 PRAISE to God, the great Creator,
Bounteous source of all our joy,
He whose hand upholds all nature,
He whose nod can all destroy.
Saints, with pious zeal attending,
Now the grateful tribute raise;
Solemn songs to heaven ascending,
Join the universal praise.

2 Round his awful footstool kneeling,
Lowly bend with contrite souls;
Here, his milder grace revealing,
Here, his wrath no thunder rolls:

Lo, the eternal page before us,
Bears the covenant of his love;
Full of mercy to restore us,
Mercy beaming from above.

3 Every secret fault confessing,
Deeds unrighteous, thoughts of sin;
Seize, O seize the proffer'd blessing.
Grace from God, and peace within:
Heart and voice with rapture swelling,
Still the song of glory raise;
On the theme immortal dwelling,
Join the universal praise.

HYMN LI.

Child's hymn.

1 BRIGHT little star! on evening's breast,
How beams thy golden light?
How fast thou'rt sinking in the west—
Sweet little star, good night!

2 And I, when I have bent my knee
And said my evening prayer
To him who made both thee and me,
Shall to my rest repair.

3 And thinking on that brighter star
Which once o'er Bethlehem rose,
And eastern sages led from far,
I'll sink to sweet repose.

4 And oh! when I at last shall lie
In death's cold slumber down,
May then my spirit shine on high,
A star in Jesus' crown!

HYMN LII

Farewell.

1 FAREWELL, dear friends, I must be gone
I have no home or stay with you;
I'll take my staff and travel on,
Till I a better world do view.

I'll march to Canaan's land,
I'll land on Canaan's shore,
Where pleasures never end,
Where troubles come no more.
Farewell, farewell, farewell,
My loving friends, farewell.

2 Farewell, my friends, time rolls along,
Nor waits for mortals' care or bliss;
I leave you here, and travel on,
Till I arrive where Jesus is.
I'll march, &c.

3 Farewell, my brethren in the Lord,
To you I'm bound in cords of love;
Yet we believe his gracious word,
That soon we all shall meet above.
I'll march, &c.

4 Farewell, old soldiers of the cross,
You've struggled long and hard for heaven
You've counted all things here but dross,
Fight on, the crown shall soon be given.
I'll march, &c.
Fight on, &c.

5 Farewell, poor careless sinners, too.
It grieves my heart to leave you here;
Eternal vengeance waits for you;
O turn, and find salvation near.
I'll march, &c.
O turn, &c.

HYMN LIII.

HEBER.] 7's. 9's. Acts xvi. 9.

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
The land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle—
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?—
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high—
Shall we to man benighted
The lamp of life deny?—
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

4 Waft—waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
Returns in bliss to reign.

HYMN LIV.

Missionary.

Composed by W. B. Tappan, and sung on the wharf, in New Haven, at the embarkation of the missionaries for the Sandwich Islands, in 1822.

1 WAKE, Isles of the South!
Your redemption is near,
No longer repose
In the borders of gloom;
The strength of his chosen
In love will appear,
And light shall arise
On the verge of the tomb.

2 The billows that girt ye,

The wild waves that roar,
The zephyrs that play
Where the ocean storms cease,
Shall bear the rich freight
To your desolate shore,
Shall waft the glad tidings
Of pardon and peace.

3 On the islands that sit
In the regions of night,
The lands of despair,
To oblivion a prey,
The morning will open
With healing and light;
The young Star of Bethlehem
Will ripen to day.

4 The altar and idol,
In dust overthrown,
The incense forbade
That was hallowed with blood,
The Priest of Melchizedec,
There shall atone,
And the shrines of Atooi
Be sacred to God.

5 The heathen will hasten
To welcome the time,
The day-spring, the prophet
In vision once saw,
When the beams of Messiah
Will 'lumine each clime,
And the isles of the ocean
Shall wait for his law.

HYMN LV.

Christ's reign.

WHEN shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along,
When hill and valley ringing
With one triumphant song,

Proclaim the contest ended.
And him who once was slain.
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign.

HYMN LVI.

BOWRING.] *Millennial dawn.*

1 WATCHMAN! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star!
Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveller! yes; it brings the day
Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman! tell us of the night,
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveller! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller! ages are its own,
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveller! darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman! let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveller! lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come!

HYMN LVII.

Rejoicing in the progress of Christ's kingdom.

1 YES, we trust the day is breaking,
Joyful times are near at hand;
God, the mighty God, is speaking,
By his word in every land,

When he chooses,
Darkness flies at his command.

2 Let us hail the joyful season;
Let us hail the rising ray;
When the Lord appears, with reason
We expect a glorious day:
At his presence
Gloom and darkness fly away.

HYMN LVIII. *A Blessing sought.*

O GRACIOUS Saviour, deign
To smile upon thy word;
Let sinners now obtain
Salvation from the Lord,
Nor let his growing conquests stay,
Till earth exult to own its sway.

HYMN LIX.

Prayer for the spread of the Gospel.

1 RISE, triumphant Saviour, rise!
Now display thy boundless power;
Bid the earth, and seas, and skies,
Thy all-glorious name adore.

2 Now thine ancient word fulfil,
Through the earth extend thy sway;
Let the nations know thy will,
Let them all thy Son obey.

3 O! that heathen lands may know
Thee, their Saviour, God, and Friend;
All to Thee for succour flow,
All on Thee for help depend.

HYMN LX. *Missionary Collection.*

1 BE thy kingdom, Lord, promoted;
Let the earth her Monarch know;
Be my all to thee devoted;
To my Lord my all I owe.

2 With my substance will I honour
My Redeemer and my Lord;
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
All were nothing to his word.

3 While the heralds of salvation
His abounding grace proclaim,
Let his friends of every nation
Gladly join to spread his fame.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

HYMN LXI.

Sabbath School anniversary.

1 AID, O Lord, our youthful voices,
In a song of joyful praise;
Th' ransom'd soul in heaven rejoices,
Saved from sin by thy rich grace.

2 Thou from error's ways hast brought us,
To the light that shines from heaven;
Wandering far, the Saviour sought us,
And has kind instruction given.

3 Friends and teachers are around us,
Kindly urging thy commands;
Many blessings now attend us,
Freely given from thy hands.

4 Lord, accept our feeble offerings,
For these mercies freely given;
Thy rich grace to us continue;
Bring us safely home to heaven.

HYMN LXII.

The importance of educating youth.

CONGREGATION.

1 NOW let our hearts conspire to raise
A cheerful anthem to His praise,
Who reigns enthroned above:
Let music, sweet as incense, rise

With grateful odours to the skies,
The work of joy and love.

CHILDREN.

2 Teach us to bow before thy face;
Nor let our hearts forget thy grace,
Or slight thy providence;
When lost in ignorance we lay,
To vice and death an easy prey,
Thy goodness snatch'd us thence.

CONGREGATION.

3 We feel a sympathizing heart;
Lord, 'tis a pleasure to impart
To thee thine own we give:
Hear thou our cry, and pitying see,
O let these children live to thee,
O let these children live.

CHILDREN.

4 Grant, Lord, each liberal soul may prove
The joys of thine exhaustless love;
And while thy praise we sing,
May we the sacred Scriptures know,
And like the blessed Jesus grow,
That earth and heaven may ring.

HYMN LXIII.

Prayer for the ministers of Christ.

1 CHIEF Shepherd of thy chosen sheep,
From death and sorrow free,
May all thine under-shepherds keep
Their eyes intent on Thee!

2 With plenteous grace their hearts prepar
To execute thy will;
Give them compassion, love, and care,
And faithfulness, and skill.

3 Inflame their minds with holy zeal,
Their flocks to feed and teach;
And, gracious Lord, O let them feel
The sacred truths they preach.

BAPTISM.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.] HYMN LXIV.

The example of Christ.

1 SAVIOUR, thy law we love,
Thy pure example bless,
And with a firm, unwavering zeal
Would in thy footsteps press.

2 Not to the fiery pains
By which the martyrs bled,
Not to the scourge, the thorn, the cross,
Our favour'd feet are led.

3 But at this peaceful tide,
Assembled in thy fear,
The homage of obedient hearts
We humbly offer here.

S. F. SMITH.] HYMN LXV.

Joy in obedience.

1 JESUS, thou hast freely saved us;
Cleansed us in thy precious blood;
And the sins that once enslaved us,
Thou hast by thy might subdued;
From our rovings
Thou hast brought us home to God.

2 Saviour, thy commands fulfilling,
Yielding all that once we prized,
Lo! we come, with joyful feeling,
Like our Lord to be baptized;
Round our Jordan
Let thy grace be exercised.

3 Sacred Spirit, breathing o'er us,
Thy sweet influence may we know;
Open paths of light before us,
And thy peace on us bestow
By thee guided,
Up to glory may we go.

A. JUDSON.] HYMN LXVI.

Christ's example.

1 OUR Saviour bow'd beneath the wave,
And meekly sought a watery grave.
Come see the sacred path he trod,
A path well pleasing to our God.

2 His voice we hear, his footsteps trace,
And hither come to seek his face,
To do his will, to feel his love,
And join our songs with songs above.

3 Hosanna to the Lamb divine!
Let endless glories round him shine.
High o'er the heavens for ever reign,
O Lamb of God! for sinners slain!

HYMN LXVII.

Christian profession.

1 GRACIOUS Saviour! we adore thee
Purchased by thy precious blood,
We present ourselves before thee,
Now to walk the narrow road.
Saviour, guide us,
Guide us to our heavenly home.

2 Thou didst mark our path of duty;
Thou wast laid beneath the wave;
Thou didst rise in glorious beauty
From the semblance of the grave;
May we follow
In the same delightful way.

S. F. SMITH. HYMN LXVIII.

The baptism of Christ.

1 DOWN to the sacred wave
The Lord of life was led
And He, who came our souls to save,
In Jordan bow'd his head.

2 He taught the solemn way,
He fix'd the holy rite;
He bade his ransom'd ones obey,
And keep the path of light.

HYMN LXIX.

An address to the Holy Spirit.

1 DESCEND, celestial Dove,
And make thy presence known
Reveal our Saviour's love,
And seal us for thine own!
Unblest by thee, our works are vain;
Nor can we e'er acceptance gain.

2 When our incarnate God,
The sovereign Prince of light,
In Jordan's swelling flood
Received the holy rite,
In open view thy form came down,
And, dove-like, flew the King to crown.

3 Continue still to shine,
And fill us with thy fire:
This ordinance is thine,
Do thou our souls inspire!
Thou wilt attend on all thy sons,
'Till time shall end' thy promise runs.

HYMN LXX.

The Christian Hope.

By AMOS SUTTON, Missionary to Orissa.

AIR—*Auld Lang Syne.*

1 HAIL, sweetest, dearest tie that binds
Our growing hearts in one—
Hail sacred hope, that tunes our minds
To harmony divine.

CHORUS.

'Tis the hope, the blissful hope.
Which Jesus' grace has given,

The hope when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven;—
We all shall meet in heaven at last,
We all shall meet in heaven;—
The hope when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.

2 What though the northern wintry blast
May howl around thy cot,
What though beneath a southern sun
Be cast thy distant lot;

CHORUS.

Yet still we share the blissful hope, &c.

3 From Burmah's shore—from Afric's strand—
From India's burning plain—
From Europe—from Columbia's land—
We hope to meet again.

CHORUS.

O glorious hope, the blisstul hope, &c.

4 No lingering look, no parting sigh,
Our future meeting knows,
Then friendship beams from every eye,
And hope immortal grows.

CHORUS.

O glorious hope, the blissful hope, &c.

HYMN LXXI.

'All is well.'

The late Bishop M'Kendree, while dying, frequently and joyfully exclaimed, 'All is well.' The following hymn was composed in reference to the occasion. The author's name is unknown to the compiler.—J. M. P.

1 WHAT, what is this that steals upon my frame?—
Is it death? is it death?—
Which soon will quench, will quench this vital flame?—
Is it death? is it death?

If this be death, I soon shall be
From every pain and sorrow free,
I shall the King of glory see—
All is well! all is well.

2 Weep not, my friends, my friends, weep not for me—
All is well! all is well!—
My sins are pardoned, pardoned; I am free—
All is well! all is well!—
There's not a cloud that doth arise
To hide my Jesus from my eyes;
I soon shall mount the upper skies!—
All is well! all is well!

3 Tune, tune your harps, your harps, ye saints in glory—
All is well! all is well!
I will rehearse, rehearse the pleasing story—
All is well! all is well!
Bright angels are from glory come,
They're round my bed, they're in my room,
They wait to waft my spirit home—
All is well! all is well!

4 Hark! hark! my Lord and Master calls me—
All is well! all is well!—
I soon shall see, shall see his face in glory—
All is well! all is well!—
Farewell, my friends, adieu, adieu,
I can no longer stay with you;
My glittering crown appears in view—
All is well! all is well!

5 Hail, hail, all hail, all hail, ye blood-wash'd throng—
Saved by grace, saved by grace;—
I come to join, to join your rapturous song—
Saved by grace, saved by grace;—
All, all is peace and joy divine,
And heaven and glory now are mine;
O hallelujah to the Lamb!—
All is well! all is well!

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DUPUY'S HYMNS AN

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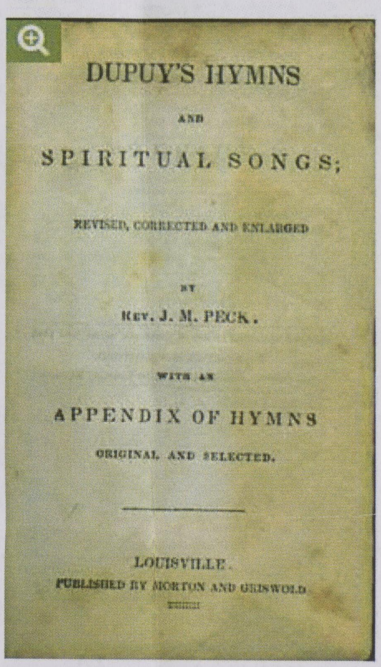
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