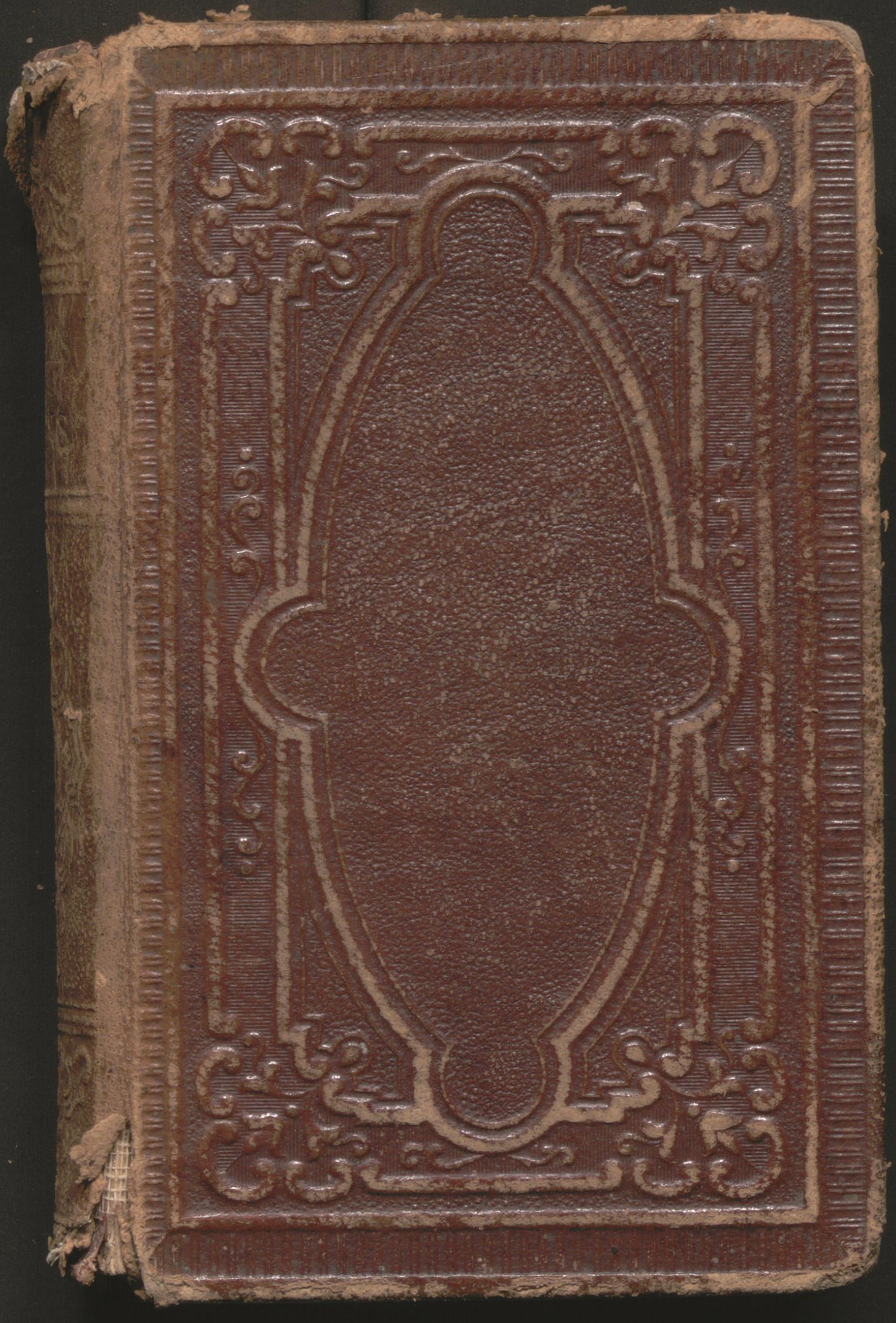

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Belle Canys

PSALMS AND HYMNS

FOR THE

WORSHIP OF GOD.

APPROVED BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES. AT ITS MEETING IN MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE, NOVEMBER, 1866.

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PSALMS.

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1 FIRST PART. C. M.

THAT man hath perfect blessedness
Who walketh not astray
In counsel of ungodly men,
Nor stands in sinners' way;

2 Nor sitteth in the scorner's chair:
But placeth his delight
Upon God's law, and meditates
On His law day and night.

3 He shall be like a tree that grows
Near planted by a river,
Which in his season yields his fruit,
And his leaf fadeth never:

4 And all he doth shall prosper well.
The wicked are not so:
But like they are unto the chaff,
Which wind drives to and fro.

5 In judgment therefore shall not stand
Such as ungodly are;
Nor in th' assembly of the just
Shall wicked men appear.

6 For why? the way of godly men
Unto the Lord is known:
Whereas the way of wicked men
Shall quite be overthrown.

1 SECOND PART. C. M.

BLEST is the man who shuns the place
Where sinners love to meet;
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
And hates the scoffer's seat:

2 But in the statutes of the Lord
Has placed his chief delight;
By day he reads or hears the word,
And meditates by night.

3 He, like a plant of generous kind
By living waters set,
Safe from the storms and blasting wind,
Enjoys a peaceful state.

4 Green as the leaf, and ever fair
Shall his profession shine;
While fruits of holiness appear
Like clusters on the vine.

5 Not so the impious and unjust;
What vain designs they form!
Their hopes are blown away like dust
Or chaff before the storm.

6 Sinners in judgment shall not stand
Among the sons of grace,
When Christ the Judge, at His right hand,
Appoints His saints a place.

2 C. M.

WHY did the nations join to slay
The Lord's anointed Son?
Why did they cast His laws away,
And tread His gospel down?

2 The Lord that sits above the skies,
Derides their rage below;
He speaks with vengeance in His eyes,
And strikes their spirits through.

3 "I call Him My eternal Son,
And raise Him from the dead;
I make My holy hill His throne,
And wide His kingdom spread.

4 "Ask Me, My Son, and then enjoy
The utmost heathen lands;
Thy rod of iron shall destroy
The rebel that withstands."

5 Be wise, ye rulers of the earth,
Obey the anointed Lord;
Adore the King of heavenly birth,
And tremble at His word.

6 With humble love address His throne;
For if He frown, ye die:
Those are secure, and those alone,
Who on His grace rely.

3 L. M.

O LORD, how many are my foes,
In this weak state of flesh and blood!
My peace they daily discompose,
But my defence and hope is God.

2 Tired with the burdens of the day,
To Thee I raised an evening cry;
Thou heardst when I began to pray,
And Thine almighty help was nigh.

3 Supported by Thine heavenly aid
I laid me down and slept secure:
Not death should make my heart afraid,
Though I should wake and rise no more.

4 But God sustained me all the night;
Salvation doth to God belong:
He raised my head to see the light,
And makes His praise my morning song.

4 FIRST PART. C. M.

GIVE ear unto me when I call,
God of my righteousness:
Have mercy, hear my prayer; Thou hast
Enlarged me in distress.

2 O who will show us any good?
Is that which many say:
But of Thy countenance the light,
Lord, lift on us alway.

3 Upon my heart, bestowed by Thee,
More gladness I have found,
Than they, ev'n then, when corn and wine
Did most with them abound.

4 I will both lay me down in peace,
And quiet sleep will take;
Because Thou only me to dwell
In safety, Lord, dost make.

4 SECOND PART. C. M.

LORD, Thou wilt hear me when I pray;
I am for ever Thine:
I fear before Thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.

2 And while I rest my weary head
From cares and business free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart and Thee.

3 I pay this evening sacrifice;
And when my work is done,
Great God, my faith and hope relies
Upon Thy grace alone.

4 Thus with my thoughts composed to peace
I'll give mine eyes to sleep;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

5 FIRST PART. C. M.

GIVE ear unto my words, O Lord,
My meditation weigh:
Hear my loud cry, my King, my God;
For I to Thee will pray.

2 Lord, Thou shalt early hear my voice:
I early will direct
My prayer to Thee; and, looking up,
An answer will expect.

3 For Thou art not a God that doth
In wickedness delight:
Neither shall evil dwell with Thee,
Nor fools stand in Thy sight.

4 All that ill-doers are Thou hat'st;
Cutt'st off that liars be:
The bloody and deceitful man
Abhorred is by Thee.

5 But I into Thy house will come
In Thine abundant grace;
And I will worship in Thy fear
Toward Thy holy place.

5 SECOND PART. C. M.

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 sight
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 every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

6 7s

GENTLY, gently, lay Thy rod
On my sinful head, O God!
Stay Thy wrath, in mercy stay,
Lest I sink beneath its sway.

2 Heal me, for my flesh is weak;
Heal me, for Thy grace I seek;
This my only plea I make,—
Heal me for Thy mercy's sake.

3 Who, within the silent grave,
Shall proclaim Thy power to save?
Lord! my sinking soul reprieve;
Speak, and I shall rise and live.

4 Lo! He comes—He heeds my plea;
Lo! He comes—the shadows flee;
Glory round me dawns once more;
Rise, my spirit! and adore.

7 C. M.

MY trust is in my heavenly Friend,
My hope in Thee, my God;
Rise, and my helpless life defend
From those that seek my blood.

2 If there be malice found in me,
I know Thy piercing eyes;
I should not dare appeal to Thee,
Nor ask my God to rise.

3 Arise, my God, lift up Thy hand,
Their pride and power control;
Awake to judgment, and command
Deliverance for my soul.

4 Let sinners and their wicked rage
Be humbled to the dust;
Shall not the God of truth engage
To vindicate the just?

8 FIRST PART. C. M.

HOW excellent in all the earth,
Lord, our Lord, is Thy name!
Who hast Thy glory far advanced
Above the starry frame.

2 From infants' and from sucklings' mouth
Thou didest strength ordain,
For Thy foes' cause, that so Thou might'st
Th' avenging foe restrain.

3 When I look up unto the heav'ns,
Which Thine own fingers framed,
Unto the moon, and to the stars,
Which were by Thee ordained;

4 Then say I, What is man, that he
Remembered is by Thee?
Or what the son of man that Thou
So kind to him shouldst be?

5 For Thou a little lower hast
Him than the angels made;
With glory and with dignity
Thou crowned hast his head.

8 SECOND PART. C. M

O THOU, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world, how great art Thou!
How glorious is Thy name!

2 When heaven, Thy beauteous work on high,
Employs my wondering sight;
The moon that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feebler light;

3 Lord, what is man, that Thou shouldst deign
To bear him in Thy mind!
Or what his race, that Thou shouldst prove
To them so wondrous kind!

4 O Thou to whom all creatures bow,
Within this earthly frame;
Through all the world, how great art Thou!
How glorious is Thy name!

9 C. M.

WITH my whole heart, I'll raise my song,
Thy wonders I'll proclaim:
Thou, Sovereign Judge of right and wrong
Wilt put Thy foes to shame.

2 I'll sing Thy majesty and grace;
My God prepares His throne
To judge the world in righteousness,
And make His justice known.

3 Then shall the Lord a refuge prove
For all the poor oppressed,
To save the people of His love,
And give the weary rest.

4 The men that know Thy name, will trust
In Thy abundant grace;
For Thou wilt ne'er forsake the just,
Who humbly seek Thy face.

5 Sing praises to the righteous Lord,
Who dwells on Zion's hill,
Who executes His threatening word,
And doth His grace fulfil.

10 C. M.

WHY doth the Lord depart so far,
And why conceal His face,
When great calamities appear,
And times of deep distress?

2 Arise, O God, lift up Thine hand,
Attend our humble cry;
No enemy shall dare to stand
When God ascends on high.

3 Why do the men of malice rage,
And say, with foolish pride,
"The God of heaven will ne'er engage
To fight on Sion's side?"

4 But Thou for ever art our Lord,
And mighty is Thy hand,
As when the heathen felt Thy sword,
And perished from Thy land.

5 Thou wilt prepare our hearts to pray,
And cause Thine ear to hear;
Accept the vows Thy children pay,
And free Thy saints from fear.

11 L. M.

MY refuge is the God of love;
Why do my foes insult and cry,
"Fly, like a timorous trembling dove;
To distant woods or mountains, fly?"

2 The Lord in heaven has fixed His throne,
His eye surveys the world below;
To Him all mortal things are known,
His eyelids search our spirits through.

3 If He afflicts His saints so far,
To prove their love and try their grace,
What may the bold transgressors fear?
His soul abhors their wicked ways.

4 The righteous Lord loves righteous souls,
Whose thoughts and actions are sincere;
And with a gracious eye beholds
The men that His own image bear.

12 C. M.

LORD, when iniquities abound,
And blasphemy grows bold,
When faith is rarely to be found,
And love is waxing cold:

2 Is not Thy chariot hastening on?
Hast Thou not given the sign?
May we not trust and live upon
A promise so divine?

3 "Yes," saith the Lord, "now will I rise,
And make the oppressors flee;
I shall appear to their surprise,
And set My servants free."

4 Thy word, like silver seven times tried,
Through ages shall endure;
The men that in Thy truth confide
Shall find Thy promise sure.

13 C. M.

HOW long wilt Thou forget me, Lord,
Must I for ever mourn?
How long wilt Thou withdraw from me,
Oh! never to return?

2 O hear, and to my longing eyes
Restore Thy wonted light;
Dawn on my spirit, lest I sleep
In death's most gloomy night.

3 Since I have always placed my trust
Beneath Thy mercy's wing,
Thy saving health will come; and then
My heart with joy shall spring.

4 Then shall my song, with praise inspired,
To Thee, my God, ascend,
Who to Thy servant in distress
Such bounty didst extend.

14 C. M

THE Lord from His celestial throne,
Looked down on things below,
To find the man that sought His grace,
Or did His justice know.

2 By nature all are gone astray,
Their practice all the same;
There's none that fears his Maker's hand,
There's none that loves His name.

3 Their tongues are used to speak deceit,
Their slanders never cease;
How swift to mischief are their feet,
Nor know the paths of peace!

4 O! that salvation might proceed
From Sion's sacred place,
Till Israel's captives all are freed,
And sing recovering grace.

15 First Part. C. M.

WHO shall inhabit in Thy hill,
O God of holiness?
Whom will the Lord admit to dwell
So near His throne of grace?

2 The man that walks in pious ways,
And works with righteous hands;
That trusts his Maker's promised grace,
And follows His commands:

3 He speaks the meaning of his heart,
Nor slanders with his tongue;
Will scarce believe an ill report,
Nor do his neighbour wrong:

4 His hands disdain a golden bribe,
And never wrong the poor:
This man shall dwell with God on earth,
And find his heaven secure.

15 SECOND PART. **7s.**

WHO, O Lord, when life is o'er,
Shall to heavenly mansions soar?
Who, an ever-welcome guest,
In Thy holy place shall rest?

2 He whose heart Thy love has warmed,
He whose will to Thine conformed,
Bids his life unsullied run;
He whose words and thoughts are one:

3 He who shuns the sinner's road,
Loving those who love their God;
Who, with hope and faith unfeigned,
Treads the path by Thee ordained:

4 He who trusts in Christ alone,
Not in aught himself hath done;
He, great God, shall be Thy care,
And Thy choicest blessings share.

15 THIRD PART. **C. M.**

WITHIN Thy tabernacle, Lord,
Who shall abide with Thee?
And in Thy high and holy hill
Who shall a dweller be?

2 The man that walketh uprightly,
And worketh righteousness,
And as he thinketh in his heart,
So doth he truth express:

3 Who doth not slander with his tongue,
Nor to his friend doth hurt;
Nor yet against his neighbour doth
Take up an ill report

4 In whose eyes vile men are despised;
But those that God do fear
He honoureth: and changeth not,
Though to his hurt he swear.

16 L. M.

WHEN God is nigh, my faith is strong,
His arm is my almighty prop:
Be glad my heart, rejoice my tongue,
My dying flesh shall rest in hope.

2 Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, Thou wilt not leave
My soul for ever with the dead,
Nor lose Thy children in the grave.

3 My flesh shall Thy first call obey,
Shake off the dust and rise on high;
Then shalt Thou lead the wondrous way,
Up to Thy throne above the sky.

4 There streams of endless pleasure flow;
And full discoveries of Thy grace
(Which we but tasted here below)
Spread heavenly joys through all the place.

17 L. M.

WHAT sinners value, I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that Thou art mine:
I shall behold Thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

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

3 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.

4 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.

18 C. M.

THE Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens most high;
And underneath His feet He cast
The darkness of the sky.

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

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

4 The Lord will give His people strength
Whereby they shall increase;
And He will bless His chosen flock
With everlasting peace.

5 Give glory to His awful name,
And honour Him alone;
Give worship to His majesty
Upon His holy throne.

19 First Part. S. M

BEHOLD, the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is Thy word!
And all Thy judgments just;
For ever sure Thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.

4 I hear Thy word with love,
And I would fain obey:
Send Thy good Spirit from above
To guide me, lest I stray.

5 While with my heart and tongue
I spread Thy praise abroad;
Accept the worship and the song,
My Saviour and my God.

9 SECOND PART. L. M.

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 blest 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 touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall Thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world Thy truth has run;
Till Christ has 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.

19 THIRD PART. C. M.

GOD'S law is perfect, and converts
The soul in sin that lies;
God's testimony is most sure,
And makes the simple wise.

2 The statutes of the Lord are right,
And do rejoice the heart;
The Lord's command is pure, and doth
Light to the eyes impart.

3 Unspotted is the fear of God,
And doth endure for ever:
The judgments of the Lord are true
And righteous altogether.

4 They more than gold, yea, much fine gold,
To be desired are:
Than honey, honey from the comb,
That droppeth, sweeter far.

5 Moreover, they Thy servant warn
How he his life should frame;
A great reward provided is
For them that keep the same.

6 The words which from my mouth proceed,
The thoughts sent from my heart,
Accept, O Lord, for Thou my strength
And my Redeemer art.

20 S. M.

MAY Jacob's God defend
And hear us in distress;
Our succour from His temple send,
Our cause from Sion bless!

2 May He accept our vow,
Our sacrifice receive,
Our heart's devout request allow,
Our holy wishes give!

3 O Lord! Thy saving grace
We joyfully declare;
Our banner in Thy name we raise—
"The Lord fulfil our prayer!"

4 Now know we that the Lord
His chosen will defend:
From heaven will strength divine afford,
And will their prayer attend.

5 Some earthly succour trust,
But we in God's right hand;
Lo! while they fall, so vain their boast,
We rise and upright stand.

6 Still save us, Lord! and still
Thy servants deign to bless;
Hear, King of heaven, in times of ill,
The prayers that we address.

21 C. M.

OUR land, O Lord, with songs of praise
Shall in Thy strength rejoice;
And, blest with Thy salvation, raise
To heaven their cheerful voice.

2 Thy sure defence, through nations round,
Has spread our wondrous name;
And our successful actions crowned
With dignity and fame.

3 Then let our land on God alone
For timely aid rely;
His mercy, which adorns His throne,
Shall all our wants supply.

4 Thus, Lord, Thy wondrous power declare,
And thus exalt Thy fame;
Whilst we glad songs of praise prepare
For Thine almighty name.

22 L. M

NOW let our mournful songs record
The dying sorrows of our Lord,
When He complained in tears and blood,
As one forsaken of His God.

2 The Jews behold Him thus forlorn,
And shake their heads and laugh in scorn
"He rescued others from the grave,
Now let Him try Himself to save."

3 They wound His head, His hands, His feet,
Till streams of blood each other meet;
By lot His garments they divide,
And mock the pangs in which He died.

4 But God His Father heard His cry;
Raised from the dead He reigns on high;
The nations learn His righteousness,
And humble sinners taste His grace.

23 FIRST PART. C. M

THE Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want·
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green: He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

2 My soul He doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Even for His own name's sake.

3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill;
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

4 My table Thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life,
Shall surely follow me:
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

23 SECOND PART. L. P. M.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noon-day walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When on the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant;
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary, wandering steps He leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still
Thy friendly arm shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile.
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden green and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

23 THIRD PART. S. M.

THE Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since He is mine, and I am His,
What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in His own right way,
For His most holy name.

4 While He affords His aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

5 Amid surrounding foes
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of Thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from Thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak Thy praise.

24 C. M.

LIFT up your heads, eternal gates!
Unfold, to entertain
The King of glory; see! He comes,
With His celestial train.

2 Who is this King of glory—who?
The Lord, for strength renowned;
In battle mighty; o'er His foes
Eternal Victor crowned.

3 Lift up your heads, ye gates! unfold,
In state to entertain
The King of glory; see! He comes,
With all His shining train.

4 Who is the King of glory—who?
The Lord of hosts renowned:
Of glory He alone is King,
Who is with glory crowned.

25 FIRST PART. S. M.

TO Thee I lift my soul:
O Lord, I trust in Thee:
My God, let me not be ashamed,
Nor foes triumph o'er me.

2 Show me Thy ways, O Lord,
Thy paths, O teach Thou me:
And do Thou lead me in Thy truth,
Therein my teacher be.

3 For Thou art God that dost
To me salvation send,
And I upon Thee all the day
Expecting do attend.

4 My sins and faults of youth
Do Thou, O Lord, forget;
After Thy mercy think on me,
And for Thy goodness great.

5 God good and upright is:
The way He 'll sinners show.
The meek in judgment He will guide,
And make His path to know.

25 SECOND PART. S. M

I LIFT my soul to God,
My trust is in His name;
Let not the foes that seek my blood
Still triumph in my shame.

2 From the first dawning light
Till evening shades arise,
For Thy salvation, Lord, I wait,
With ever-longing eyes.

3 Remember all Thy grace,
And lead me in Thy truth:
Forgive the sins of riper days,
And follies of my youth.

4 The Lord is just and kind,
The meek shall learn His ways,
And every humble sinner find
The methods of His grace.

5 For His own goodness' sake
He saves my soul from shame;
He pardons, though my guilt be great,
Through my Redeemer's name.

26 FIRST PART. C. M.

EXAMINE me, and do me prove;
Try heart and reins, O God:
For Thy love is before mine eyes,
Thy truth's paths I have trod.

2 With persons vain I have not sat,
Nor with dissemblers gone:
Th' assembly of ill men I hate:
To sit with such I shun.

3 Mine hands in innocence, O Lord,
I'll wash and purify:
So to Thine holy altar go,
And compass it will I:

4 That I, with voice of thanksgiving,
May publish and declare,
And tell of all Thy mighty works,
That great and wondrous are.

5 The habitation of Thy house,
Lord, I have loved well;
Yea, in that place I do delight
Where doth Thine honour dwell.

26 SECOND PART. C. M.

JUDGE me, O Lord, for I the paths
Of righteousness have trod;
I shall not fail, who all my trust
Repose on Thee, my God.

2 I'll wash my hands in innocence,
And round Thine altar go;
Pour the glad hymn of triumph thence,
And thence Thy wonders show.

3 My thanks I'll publish there, and tell
How Thy renown excels;
That seat affords me most delight,
In which Thy honour dwells.

27 FIRST PART. C. M.

O LORD, give ear unto my voice,
When I do cry to Thee;
Upon me also mercy have,
And do Thou answer me.

2 When Thou didst say, Seek ye my face,
Then unto Thee reply
Thus did my heart, Above all things
Thy face, Lord, seek will I.

3 Far from me hide not Thou Thy face;
Put not away from Thee
Thy servant in Thy wrath: Thou hast
An helper been to me.

4 O God of my salvation,
Leave me not, nor forsake:
Tho' me my parents both should leave,
The Lord will me up take.

5 O Lord, instruct me in Thy way,
To me a leader be
In a plain path, because of those
That hatred bear to me.

27 SECOND PART. C. M.

THE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too;
God is my strength; nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

2 One privilege my heart desires;
O! grant me mine abode
Among the churches of Thy saints,
The temples of my God.

3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see Thy beauty still,
Shall hear Thy messages of love,
And there inquire Thy will.

4 When troubles rise and storms appear,
There may His children hide;
God is a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

5 Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around,
And songs of joy and victory
Within Thy temple sound.

28 FIRST PART. C. M

ADORED for ever be the Lord;
His praise I will resound,
From whom the cries of my distress
A gracious answer found.

2 He is my strength and shield; my heart
Has trusted in His name;
And now relieved, my heart with joy,
His praises shall proclaim.

3 The Lord, the everlasting God,
Is my defence and rock;
The saving health, the saving strength,
Of His anointed flock.

4 O save and bless Thy people, Lord,
Thy heritage preserve;
Feed, strengthen, and support their hearts,
That we may never swerve.

28 SECOND PART. C. M.

LORD, I will Thee extol, for Thou
Hast lifted me on high,
And over me Thou to rejoice
Mad'st not mine enemy.

2 O Thou who art the Lord my God,
I in distress to Thee,
With loud cries, lifted up my voice,
And Thou hast healed me.

3 O Lord, my soul Thou hast brought up,
And rescued from the grave;
That I to pit should not go down,
Alive Thou didst me save.

4 O ye that are His holy ones,
Sing praise unto the Lord;
And give unto Him thanks, when ye
His holiness record.

5 For but a moment lasts His wrath;
Life in His favour lies:
Weeping may for a night endure,
At morn doth joy arise.

29 L. M.

GIVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,
Give to the Lord renown and power;
Ascribe due honours to His name,
And His eternal might adore.

2 The Lord proclaims His power aloud
Through every ocean, every land;
His voice divides the watery cloud,
And lightnings blaze at His command.

3 The Lord sits sovereign on the flood,
The Thunderer reigns for ever King;
But makes His church His blest abode,
Where we His awful glories sing.

4 In gentler language, there the Lord
The counsel of His grace imparts:
Amidst the raging storm, His word
Speaks peace and courage to our hearts.

30 S. M

GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope on, be not dismayed:
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou His time: the darkest night
Shall end in brightest day.

3 Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully He the work hath wrought,
That caused thy needless fear.

4 What though thou rulest not!
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
Proclaim—God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

31 S. M

MY spirit on Thy care,
Dear Father, I recline;
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For Thou art love divine.

2 In Thee I place my trust,
On Thee I calmly rest;
I know Thee good, I know Thee just,
And count Thy choice the best.

3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform:
Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me;
Secure in having Thee in all,
And having all in Thee.

32 First Part. S. M

O! BLESSED souls are they
Whose sins are covered o'er;
Divinely blessed, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.

2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care;
Their lips and lives without deceit
Shall prove their faith sincere.

3 While I concealed my guilt,
I felt the painful wound,
Till I confessed my sins to Thee,
And ready pardon found.

4 Let sinners learn to pray,
Let saints keep near the throne;
Our help in times of deep distress
Is found in God alone.

32 Second Part. L. M.

BLEST is the man, for ever blest,
Whose guilt is pardoned by his God;
Whose sins with sorrow are confessed,
And covered with his Saviour's blood.

2 Before His judgment seat, the Lord
No more permits his crimes to rise;
He pleads no merit of reward,
And not on works, but grace, relies.

3 From guile his heart and lips are free;
His humble joy, his holy fear,
With deep repentance well agree,
And join to prove his faith sincere.

4 How glorious is that righteousness
That hides and cancels all his sins!
While a bright evidence of grace
Through all his life appears and shines.

32 THIRD PART. C. M.

O BLESSED is the man to whom
Is freely pardoned
All the transgressions he hath done,
Whose sin is covered.

2 Blest is the man to whom the Lord
Imputeth not his sin,
And in whose spirit there's no guile,
Nor fraud is found therein.

3 I will confess unto the Lord
My trespasses, said I;
And of my sin Thou freely didst
Forgive th' iniquity.

4 For this shall every godly one
His prayer make unto Thee:
In such a time he shall Thee seek,
As found Thou mayest be.

5 Thou art my hiding-place, Thou shalt
From trouble keep me free;
Thou, with songs of deliverance,
About shalt compass me.

33 C. M.

LET all the just, to God with joy
Their cheerful voices raise:
For well the righteous it becomes
To sing glad songs of praise.

2 For faithful is the word of God;
His works with truth abound;
He justice loves, and all the earth
Is with His goodness crowned.

3 Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees
Shall stand for ever sure;
The settled purpose of His heart
To ages shall endure.

4 Our soul on God with patience waits;
Our help and shield is He:
Then, Lord, let still our hearts rejoice,
Because we trust in Thee.

5 The riches of Thy mercy, Lord,
Do Thou to us extend;
Since we, for all we want or wish,
On Thee alone depend.

34 FIRST PART. C. M.

THE angel of the Lord encamps,
And round encompasseth
All those about that do Him fear,
And them delivereth.

2 O taste and see that God is good:
Who trusts in Him is blest.
Fear God, His saints: none that Him fear
Shall be with want oppressed.

3 The lions young may hungry be,
And they may lack their food:
But they that truly seek the Lord
Shall not lack any good.

4 O children, hither do ye come,
And unto me give ear;
I shall you teach to understand
How ye the Lord should fear.

5 What man is he that life desires,
To see good would live long?
Thy lips refrain from speaking guile,
And from ill words thy tongue.

34 SECOND PART. C. M.

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 My soul shall make her boast in Him,
And celebrate His fame;
Come magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His name.

3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who on His succour trust.

4 O! make but trial of His love;
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.

5 Fear Him, ye saints; and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Come, make His service your delight;
He'll make your wants His care.

35 C. M.

NOW plead my cause, Almighty God,
With all the sons of strife;
And fight against the men of blood,
Who fight against my life.

2 Draw out Thy spear, and stop their way,
Lift their avenging rod;
But to my soul in mercy say
"I am Thy Saviour God."

3 They plant their snares to catch my feet,
And nets of mischief spread;
Plunge the destroyers in the pit,
That their own hands have made.

4 Then will I raise my tuneful voice
To make Thy wonders known;
In their salvation I 'll rejoice,
And bless Thee for my own.

36 FIRST PART. C. M.

THY mercy, Lord, is in the heavens;
Thy truth doth reach the clouds:
Thy justice is like mountains great;
Thy judgments deep as floods.

2 Lord, Thou preservest man and beast;
How precious is Thy grace!
Therefore in shadow of Thy wings,
Men's sons their trust shall place.

3 They with the fatness of Thy house
Shall be well satisfied;
From rivers of Thy pleasures Thou
Wilt drink to them provide.

4 Because of life the fountain pure
Remains alone with Thee;
And in that purest light of Thine
We clearly light shall see.

36 SECOND PART. C. M

THY justice, Lord, maintains its throne,
Though mountains melt away;
Thy judgments are a world unknown,
A deep unfathomed sea.

2 Above these heavens' created rounds,
Thy mercies, Lord, extend;
Thy truth outlives the narrow bounds,
Where time and nature end.

3 From Thee, when creature-streams run low,
And mortal comforts die,
Perpetual springs of life shall flow,
And raise our pleasures high.

4 Though all created light decay,
And death close up our eyes,
Thy presence makes eternal day
Where clouds can never rise.

37 C. M.

MY God, the steps of pious men
Are ordered by Thy will:
Though they should fall, they rise again;
Thy hand supports them still.

2 The heavenly heritage is theirs,
Their portion and their home;
He feeds them now, and makes them heirs
Of blessings long to come.

3 Wait on the Lord, ye sons of men,
Nor fear when tyrants frown;
Ye shall confess their pride was vain,
When justice casts them down.

4 The haughty sinner have I seen,
Not fearing man nor God,
Like a tall bay-tree, fair and green,
Spreading his arms abroad.

5 And lo, he vanished from the ground,
Destroyed by hands unseen:
Nor root, nor branch, nor leaf was found,
Where all that pride had been.

6 But mark the man of holy fear,
How blest is his decease!
He spends his days in duty here,
And leaves the world in peace.

38 C. M.

THY chastening wrath, O Lord, restrain,
Though I deserve it all;
Nor let on me the heavy storm
Of Thy displeasure fall.

2 My sins, which to a deluge swell,
My sinking head o'erflow,
And, for my feeble strength to bear,
Too vast a burden grow.

3 But, Lord, before Thy searching eyes,
All my desires appear;
The groanings of my burden'd soul
Have reached Thine open ear.

4 Forsake me not, O Lord, my God,
Nor far from me depart;
Make haste to my relief, O Thou
Who my salvation art.

39 C. M.

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 What should I wish or wait for then,
From creatures, earth, and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

4 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recall;
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all.

40 C. M

I WAITED patient for the Lord,
He bowed to hear me cry;
He saw me resting on His word,
And brought salvation nigh.

2 He raised me from a horrid pit,
Where mourning long I lay,
And from my bonds released my feet—
Deep bonds of miry clay.

3 Firm on a rock He made me stand,
And taught my cheerful tongue
To praise the wonders of His hand,
In a new thankful song

4 I'll spread His works of grace abroad;
The saints with joy shall hear,
And sinners learn to make my God
Their only hope and fear.

5 How many are Thy thoughts of love!
Thy mercies, Lord, how great!
We have not words nor hours enough
Their numbers to repeat.

6 When I'm afflicted, poor and low,
And light and peace depart,
My God beholds my heavy wo,
And bears me on His heart.

41 L. M.

BLEST is the man whose heart can move
And melt with pity to the poor,
Whose soul, by sympathizing love,
Feels what his fellow-saints endure.

2 His heart contrives for their relief
More good than his own hands can do:
He, in the time of general grief,
Shall find the Lord has mercy too.

3 His soul shall live secure on earth,
With secret blessings on his head,
When drought, and pestilence, and dearth,
Around him multiply their dead.

4 Or if he languish on his couch,
God will pronounce his sins forgiven,
Will save him with a healing touch,
Or take his willing soul to heaven.

42 C. M

AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase;
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,
And Thy refreshing grace.

2 For Thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
Oh! when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty divine?

3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God, and He 'll employ
His aid for thee, and change these sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.

4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still; and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

43 FIRST PART. C. M

O SEND Thy light forth and Thy truth;
Let them be guides to me,
And bring me to Thine holy hill,
Even where Thy dwellings be.

2 Then will I to God's altar go,
To God, my chiefest joy;
Yea, God, my God, Thy name to praise
My harp I will employ.

3 Why art thou then cast down, my soul?
What should discourage thee?
And why with vexing thoughts art thou
Disquieted in me?

4 Still trust in God; for Him to praise
Good cause I yet shall have;
He of my countenance is the health,
My God that doth me save.

43 SECOND PART. C. M.

JUDGE me, O God, and plead my cause,
Against a sinful race;
From vile oppression and deceit
Secure me by Thy grace.

2 On Thee my steadfast hope depends,
And am I left to mourn?
To sink in sorrow, and in vain
Implore Thy kind return?

3 O! send Thy light to guide my feet,
And bid Thy truth appear;
Conduct me to Thy holy hill,
To taste Thy mercies there.

4 Then to Thine altar, O my God,
My joyful feet shall rise;
And my triumphant songs shall praise
The God that rules the skies.

5 Sink not, my soul, beneath thy fear,
Nor yield to dark despair;
For I shall live to praise the Lord,
And bless His guardian care.

44 C. M.

LORD, we have heard Thy works of old,
Thy works of power and grace,
When to our ears our fathers told
The wonders of their days

2 They saw the beauteous churches rise,
The spreading gospel run;
While light and glory from the skies
Through all their temples shone.

3 In God they boasted all the day,
And in a cheerful throng
Did thousands meet to praise and pray,
And grace was all their song.

4 But now our souls are seized with shame,
Confusion fills our face,
To hear the enemy blaspheme,
And fools reproach Thy grace.

5 Awake, arise, almighty Lord,
Why sleeps Thy wonted grace?
Why should we seem like men abhorred,
Or banished from Thy face?

6 Redeem us from perpetual shame,
Our Saviour and our God;
We plead the honours of Thy name,
The merits of Thy blood.

45 C. M.

I'LL speak the honours of my King,
His form divinely fair;
None of the sons of mortal race
May with the Lord compare.

2 Sweet is Thy speech, and heavenly grace
Upon Thy lips is shed;
Thy God, with blessings infinite,
Hath crowned Thy sacred head.

3 Gird on Thy sword, victorious Prince,
Ride with majestic sway;
Thy terror shall strike through Thy foes,
And make the world obey.

4 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands;
Thy word of grace shall prove
A peaceful sceptre in Thy hands,
To rule Thy saints by love.

5 Justice and truth attend Thee still,
But mercy is Thy choice:
And God, Thy God, Thy soul shall fill
With most peculiar joys.

46 First Part. C. M.

GOD is our refuge and our strength,
In straits a present aid:
Therefore, although the earth remove,
We will not be afraid;

2 Though hills amidst the seas be cast;
Though waters roaring make,
And troubled be; yea, though the hills
By swelling seas do shake.

3 A river is, whose streams do glad
The city of our God;
The holy place, wherein the Lord
Most high hath His abode.

4 God in the midst of her doth dwell;
Nothing shall her remove:
The Lord to her an helper will,
And that right early, prove.

5 The Lord of hosts upon our side
Doth constantly remain:
The God of Jacob's our refuge,
Us safely to maintain.

46 Second Part. L. M

GOD is the refuge of His saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold Him present with His aid.

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep and buried there;
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

4 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God!
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

5 That sacred stream, Thine holy word,
Supports our faith, our fear controls;
Sweet peace Thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

6 Sion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on His truth, and armed with power.

47 C. M.

O! FOR a shout of sacred joy
To God, the sovereign King!
Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

2 Jesus, our God, ascends on high;
His heavenly guards around
Attend Him, rising through the sky,
With trumpets' joyful sound.

3 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth His honours sing;
O'er all the earth He reigns.

4 Rehearse His praise with awe profound;
Let knowledge guide the song;
Nor mock Him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

5 In Israel stood His ancient throne,
He loved that chosen race;
But now He calls the world His own,
And heathens taste His grace.

6 The Gentile nations are the Lord's,
There Abraham's God is known;
While powers and princes, shields and swords,
Submit before His throne.

48 First Part. S. M.

GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let His praise be great;
He makes His churches His abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 These temples of His grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honours of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.

3 In Sion God is known
A refuge in distress;
How bright has His salvation shone!
How fair His heavenly grace!

4 When kings against her joined,
And saw the Lord was there,
In wild confusion of the mind
They fled with hasty fear.

5 When navies, tall and proud,
Attempt to spoil our peace,
He sends His tempests roaring loud,
And sinks them in the seas.

6 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold,
Where His own flocks have been.

7 In every new distress
We'll to His house repair;
Recall to mind His wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

48 SECOND PART. S. M.

FAR as Thy name is known
The world declares Thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord, before Thy throne
Their songs of honour raise.

2 With joy Thy people stand
On Sion's chosen hill;
Proclaim the wonders of Thy hand,
And counsels of Thy will.

3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view Thy holy ground,
And mark the building well:

4 The orders of Thy house,
The worship of Thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows;
And make a fair report.

5 How decent and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorned with gold.

6 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die;
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

48 THIRD PART. C. M.

GREAT is the Lord, and greatly He
Is to be praised still,
Within the city of our God,
Upon His holy hill.

2 Mount Sion stands most beautiful,
The joy of all the land;
The city of the mighty King
On her north side doth stand.

3 Walk about Sion, and go round;
The high tow'rs thereof tell:
Consider ye her palaces,
And mark her bulwarks well:

4 That ye may tell posterity,
For this God doth abide
Our God for evermore; He will
Ev'n unto death us guide.

49 C. M.

WHY doth the man of riches grow
To insolence and pride,
To see his wealth and honours flow
With every rising tide?

2 Why doth he treat the poor with scorn,
Made of the self-same clay,
And boast as though his flesh were born
Of better dust than they?

3 Not all his treasures can procure
His soul a short reprieve,
Redeem from death one guilty hour,
Or make his brother live.

4 Vain are his thoughts, his hopes are lost;
How soon his memory dies!
His name is buried in the dust,
Where his own body lies.

50 C. M.

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 will ne'er begin;"
No more abuse His long delay
To insolence and sin.

3 Throned 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 sealed 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."

51 First Part. L. M.

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 don't surpass
The power and glory of Thy grace;
Great God, Thy nature hath no bound,
So let Thy pardoning 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 mine eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against Thy law, against Thy grace;
Lord, should Thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemned, 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 hovering round Thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

51 SECOND PART. C. M.

O GOD of mercy, hear my call,
My load of guilt remove;
Break down this separating wall,
That bars me from Thy love.

2 Give me the presence of Thy grace;
Then my rejoicing tongue
Shall speak aloud Thy righteousness,
And make Thy praise my song.

3 No blood of goats nor heifers slain,
For sin could e'er atone;
The death of Christ shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.

4 A soul oppressed with sin's desert
My God will ne'er despise;
An humble groan, a broken heart
Is our best sacrifice.

51 THIRD PART. C. M.

AFTER Thy loving-kindness, Lord,
Have mercy upon me:
For Thy compassions great, blot out
All mine iniquity.

2 Me cleanse from sin, and throughly wash
From mine iniquity:
For my transgressions I confess;
My sin I ever see.

3 'Gainst Thee, Thee only, have I sinned,
In Thy sight done this ill;
That when Thou speak'st Thou may'st be just,
And clear in judging still.

4 Behold, I in iniquity
Was formed the womb within;
My mother also me conceived
In guiltiness and sin.

5 Behold, Thou in the inward parts
With truth delighted art:
And wisdom Thou shalt make me know
Within the hidden part.

6 Do Thou with hyssop sprinkle me,
I shall be cleansed so;
Yea, wash Thou me, and then I shall
Be whiter than the snow.

52 L. M.

WHY do the wicked boast of sin,
And steel their hearts against the Lord?
His goodness shall for ever shine;
For ever stand His holy word.

2 But in Thy courts will I be seen,
Growing in faith and hope and love,
Like olives fair and fresh and green,
And ripening for the world above.

3 There will I learn Thy glory, Lord,
And songs for all Thy goodness raise;
There will I wait to hear Thy word,
While listening saints approve the praise.

53 C. M.

ARE all the foes of Sion fools,
Who thus destroy her saints?
Do they not know her Saviour rules,
And pities her complaints?

2 They shall be seized with sad surprise;
For God's avenging arm
Shall crush the hand that dares arise
To do His children harm.

3 In vain the sons of Satan boast
Of armies in array;
When God on high dismays their host
They fall an easy prey.

4 O! for a word from Sion's King,
Her captives to restore!
The joyful saints Thy praise shall sing,
And Israel weep no more.

54 C. M.

BEHOLD us, Lord, and let our cry
Before Thy throne ascend;
Cast Thou on us a pitying eye,
And still our lives defend.

2 For impious foes insult us round;
Oppressive, proud, and vain;
They cast Thy temples to the ground,
And all our rights profane.

3 Yet Thy forgiving grace we trust,
And in Thy power rejoice;
Thine arm shall bring our foes to dust,
Thy praise inspire our voice.

4 Be Thou with those whose friendly hand
Upheld us in distress,
Extend Thy truth through every land,
And still Thy people bless.

55 S. M.

LET sinners take their course,
And choose the road to 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 perish 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 burden 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.

56 C. M.

IN God, most holy, just, and true,
I have reposed my trust;
Nor will I fear what man can do,
The offspring of the dust.

2 Thy solemn vows are on me, Lord,
Thou shalt receive my praise;
I'll sing how faithful is Thy word,
How righteous all Thy ways.

3 Thou hast secured my soul from death:
O! set Thy prisoner free,
That heart and hand, and life and breath,
May be employed for Thee.

57 FIRST PART. C. M.

BE merciful to me, O God;
Thy mercy unto me
Do Thou extend; because my soul
Doth put her trust in Thee:

2 Yea, in the shadow of Thy wings
My refuge I will place,
Until these sad calamities
Do wholly overpass.

3 My cry I will cause to ascend
Unto the Lord most high;
To God, who doth all things for me
Perform most perfectly.

4 From heaven He shall send down, and me
From his reproach defend
That would devour me: God His truth
And mercy forth shall send.

57 SECOND PART. L. M.

MY God, in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love and grace unknown,
Hide me beneath Thy spreading wings,
Till the dark cloud is overblown.

2 Up to the heavens I send my cry,
The Lord will my desires perform;
He sends His angels from the sky,
And saves me from the threatening storm

3 Be Thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land Thy wonders tell.

4 My heart is fixed; my song shall raise
Immortal honours to Thy name;
Awake, my tongue, to sound His praise,
My tongue, the glory of my frame.

5 High o'er the earth His mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky;
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

6 Be Thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land Thy wonders tell.

58 L. M.

JUDGES, who rule the world by laws,
Will ye despise the righteous cause?
Dare ye condemn the righteous poor,
And let the rich escape secure?

2 Have ye forgot, or never knew,
That God will judge the judges too?
That ye invade the rights of God,
And send your bold decrees abroad.

3 Yet shall the vengeance of the Lord
Safety and joy to saints afford;
"Sure there's a God that rules on high,
A God that hears His children cry."

59 S. M.

FROM foes that round us rise,
O God of heaven defend,
Who brave the vengeance of the skies,
And with Thy saints contend.

2 And will the God of grace,
Regardless of our pain,
Permit, secure, that impious race
To riot in their reign?

3 In vain their secret guile,
Or open force they prove,
His eye can pierce the deepest veil,
His hand their strength remove.

4 Yet save them, Lord, from death,
Subdue them by Thy word,
Confound their counsels with Thy breath,
But pardoning grace afford.

5 Then shall our grateful voice
Proclaim our guardian God:
The nations round the earth rejoice,
And sound Thy praise abroad.

60 C. M.

LORD, Thou hast scourged our guilty land,
Behold Thy people mourn;
Shall vengeance ever guide Thy hand?
Shall mercy ne'er return?

2 Beneath the terrors of Thine eye,
Earth's haughty towers decay;
Thy frowning mantle spreads the sky,
And mortals melt away.

3 Our Sion trembles at the stroke,
And dreads Thy lifted hand;
O! heal the people Thou hast broke,
And save the sinking land.

4 Exalt Thy banner in the field,
For those that fear Thy name;
From barbarous hosts our nation shield,
And put our foes to shame.

5 Attend our armies to the fight,
And be their guardian God;
In vain shall numerous powers unite
Against Thy lifted rod.

6 Our troops beneath Thy guiding hand,
Shall gain a glad renown:
'Tis God who makes the feeble stand,
And treads the mighty down.

61 First Part. C. M.

O GOD, give ear unto my cry;
Unto my prayer attend.
From th' utmost corner of the land
My cry to Thee I 'll send.

2 What time my heart is overwhelmed,
And in perplexity,
Do Thou me lead unto the rock
That higher is than I.

3 For Thou hast for my refuge been
A shelter by Thy power;
And for defence against my foes
Thou hast been a strong tower.

4 Within Thy tabernacle I
For ever will abide;
And under covert of Thy wings
With confidence me hide.

5 For Thou the vows that I did make,
O Lord, my God, didst hear;
Thou hast giv'n me the heritage
Of those Thy name that fear.

61 Second Part. S. M.

WHEN overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

2 O! lead me to the rock
That 's high above my head,
And make the covert of Thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

3 Within Thy presence, Lord,
For ever I 'll abide;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear Thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

62 First Part. C. M.

MY soul, wait thou with patience
Upon thy God alone;
On Him dependeth all my hope
And expectation.

2 He only my salvation is,
And my strong rock is He;
He only is my sure defence;
I shall not moved be.

3 In God my glory placed is,
And my salvation sure:
In God the rock is of my strength,
My refuge most secure.

4 Ye people, place your confidence
In Him continually;
Before Him pour ye out your heart:
God is our refuge high.

62 Second Part. S. M.

IN true and patient hope,
My soul, on God attend;
And calmly confident look up,
Till He salvation send.

2 I shall His goodness see,
While on His name I call;
He will defend and strengthen me,
And I shall never fall.

3 Jesus, to Thee I fly,
My refuge and my tower;
Upon Thy faithful love rely,
And find Thy saving power.

4 Trust in the Lord alone,
Who aids us from above;
In every strait surround His throne,
And hang upon His love.

62 THIRD PART. L. M.

MY spirit looks to God alone;
My rock and refuge is His throne;
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul on His salvation waits.

2 Trust Him, ye saints, in all your ways,
Pour out your hearts before His face;
When helpers fail, and foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient aid.

3 Once has His awful voice declared,
Once and again my ears have heard,
"All power is His eternal due;
He must be feared and trusted too."

4 For sovereign power reigns not alone,
Grace is a partner of the throne;
Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord,
Shall well divide our last reward.

63 FIRST PART. C. M.

EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek Thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without Thy cheering grace.

2 I've seen Thy glory and Thy power
Through all Thy temple shine;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.

3 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.

4 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As Thy forgiving love.

5 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.

63 SECOND PART. C. M.

LORD, Thee my God, I'll early seek:
My soul doth thirst for Thee;
My flesh longs in a dry parched land,
Wherein no waters be:

2 That I Thy power may behold,
And brightness of Thy face,
As I have seen Thee heretofore
Within Thy holy place.

3 Since better is Thy love than life,
My lips Thee praise shall give;
I in Thy name will lift my hands,
And bless Thee while I live.

4 Even as with marrow and with fat
My soul shall filled be;
Then shall my mouth with joyful lips
Sing praises unto Thee:

5 When I do Thee upon my bed
Remember with delight,
And when on Thee I meditate
In watches of the night.

64 L. M.

GREAT God, attend to my complaint,
Nor let my drooping spirit faint;
When foes in secret spread the snare,
Let my salvation be Thy care.

2 Shield me without, and guard within,
From treacherous foes and deadly sin;
May envy, lust, and pride depart,
And heavenly grace expand my heart.

3 Thy justice and Thy power display,
And scatter far Thy foes away;
While listening nations learn Thy word,
And saints triumphant bless the Lord.

4 Then shall Thy church exalt her voice,
And all that love Thy name rejoice;
By faith approach Thine awful throne,
And plead the merits of Thy Son.

65 FIRST PART. C. M.

PRAISE waits in Sion, Lord, for Thee,
There shall our vows be paid;
Thou hast an ear when sinners pray,
All flesh shall seek Thine aid.

2 Lord, our iniquities prevail,
But pardoning grace is Thine,
And Thou wilt grant us power and skill
To conquer every sin.

3 Blest are the men whom Thou wilt choose
To bring them near Thy face,
Give them a dwelling in Thy house,
To feast upon Thy grace.

4 In answering what Thy Church requests,
Thy truth and terror shine,
And works of dreadful righteousness
Fulfil Thy kind design.

5 Thus shall the wondering nations see
The Lord is good and just;
And distant islands fly to Thee,
And make Thy name their trust.

65 SECOND PART. C. M.

'TIS by Thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal power;
The sea grows calm at Thy command,
And tempests cease to roar.

2 Thy morning light and evening shade
Successive comforts bring;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
Thy flowers adorn the spring.

3 Seasons and times, and moons and hours,
Heaven, earth, and air are Thine;
When clouds distil in fruitful showers,
The Author is divine.

4 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear;
Thy ways abound with blessings still,
Thy goodness crowns the year.

65 THIRD PART. C. M.

PRAISE waits for Thee in Zion, Lord:
To Thee vows paid shall be;
O Thou that hearer art of prayer,
All flesh shall come to Thee.

2 Iniquities, I must confess,
Prevail against me do:
But as for our transgressions,
Them purge away shalt Thou.

3 Blest is the man whom Thou dost choose,
And mak'st approach to Thee,
That he within Thy courts, O Lord,
May still a dweller be.

4 We surely shall be satisfied
With Thy abundant grace,
And with the goodness of Thy house,
Even of Thy holy place.

5 O God of our salvation,
Thou, in Thy righteousness,
By fearful works unto our prayers
Thine answer dost express:

6 Therefore the ends of all the earth,
And those afar that be
Upon the sea, their confidence,
O Lord, will place in Thee.

66 FIRST PART. C. M.

NOW shall my solemn vows be paid
To that almighty Power,
That heard the long requests I made
In my distressful hour.

2 My lips and cheerful heart prepare
To make His mercies known;
Come ye that fear my God, and hear
The wonders He has done.

3 When on my head huge sorrows fell,
I sought His heavenly aid;
He saved my sinking soul from hell,
And death's eternal shade.

4 If sin lay covered in my heart
While prayer employed my tongne;
The Lord had shown me no regard,
Nor I His praises sung.

5 But God,—His name be ever blest—
Has set my spirit free;
Nor turned from Him my poor request,
Nor turned His heart from me.

66 SECOND PART. C. M.

ALL lands to God, in joyful sounds,
Aloft your voices raise;
Sing forth the honour of His name,
And glorious make His praise.

2 All that fear God, come, hear, I'll tell
What He did for my soul;
I with my mouth unto Him cried,
My tongue did Him extol.

3 If in my heart I sin regard,
The Lord me will not hear;
But surely God me heard, and to
My prayer's voice did give ear.

4 O let the Lord, our gracious God,
For ever blessed be,
Who turned not my prayer from Him,
Nor yet His grace from me.

67 C. M.

SHINE, mighty God, on Sion shine,
With beams of heavenly grace;
Reveal Thy power through all our coasts,
And show Thy smiling face.

2 When shall Thy name from shore to shore
Sound all the earth abroad;
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God?

3 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Sing loud with solemn voice;
Let every tongue exalt His praise,
And every heart rejoice.

4 He, the great Lord, the sovereign Judge,
That sits enthroned above,
In wisdom rules the worlds He made,
And bids them taste His love.

5 Earth shall obey His high command,
And yield a full increase;
Our God will crown His chosen land
With fruitfulness and peace.

68 First Part. C. M.

THOU hast, O Lord, most glorious,
Ascended up on high;
And in triumph victorious led
Captive captivity.

2 Thou hast received gifts for men,
For such as did rebel;
Yea, even for them, that God the Lord
In midst of them might dwell.

3 Bless'd be the Lord, who is to us
Of our salvation God;
Who daily with His benefits
Us plenteously doth load.

4 He of salvation is the God,
Who is our God most strong;
And unto God the Lord from death
The issues do belong.

68 Second Part. L. M.

LORD, when Thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels filled the sky;
Those heavenly guards 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 pronounced His holy law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

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

4 Raised by His Father to the throne,
He sent His promised Spirit down,
With gifts and grace for sinful men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

69 First Part. C. M.

FATHER, I sing Thy wondrous grace,
I bless my Saviour's name;
He bought salvation for the poor,
And bore the sinner's shame.

2 His deep distress has raised us high,
His duty and His zeal
Fulfilled the law which mortals broke,
And finished all Thy will.

3 This shall His humble followers see,
And set their hearts at rest;
They by His death draw near to Thee,
And live for ever blest.

4 Let heaven and all that dwell on high,
To God their voices raise,
While lands and seas assist the sky,
And join t' advance His praise.

5 Sion is Thine, most holy God,
Thy Son shall bless her gates;
And glory, purchased by His blood,
For Thine own Israel waits.

69 Second Part. L. M.

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
Have made the curse a blessing prove;
Those dreadful sufferings of Thy Son
Atoned for crimes which we had done.

4 The pangs of our expiring Lord
The honours of Thy law restored:
His sorrows made Thy justice known,
And paid for follies not His own.

5 O! 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 turned to shame.

70 C. M.

IN haste, O, God, attend my call,
Nor hear my cries in vain;
O let Thy speed prevent my fall,
And still my hope sustain.

2 Let all that love Thy name rejoice,
And glory in Thy word;
In Thy salvation raise their voice,
And magnify the Lord.

3 O Thou, my help in time of need,
Behold my sore dismay;
In pity hasten to my aid,
Nor let Thy grace delay.

71 FIRST PART. C. M.

O LORD, my hope and confidence
Is placed in Thee alone;
Then let Thy servant never be
Put to confusion.

2 For even from my youth, O God,
By Thee I have been taught;
And hitherto I have declared
The wonders Thou hast wrought.

3 And now, Lord, leave me not, when I
Old and gray-headed grow:
Till to this age Thy strength and power
To all to come I show.

4 And Thy most perfect righteousness,
O Lord, is very high.
Who hast so great things done: O God,
Who is like unto Thee?

5 Thou Lord, who great adversities
And sore to me didst show,
Shalt quicken, and bring me again
From depths of earth below.

71 SECOND PART. C. M

MY Saviour, my almighty Friend,
When I begin Thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of Thy grace?

2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore;
And since I knew Thy graces first,
I speak Thy glories more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
And march, with courage, in Thy strength,
To see my Father, God.

4 When I am filled with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead Thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but Thine.

5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King;
My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,
Shall Thy salvation sing.

6 Awake, awake, my tuneful powers;
With this delightful song
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

72 FIRST PART. L. M.

GREAT God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdom to Thy Son,
Extend His power, exalt His throne.

2 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall He send His influence down;
His grace on fainting souls distils,
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.

3 The heathen lands, that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at His first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

4 The saints shall flourish in His days,
Drest in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace, like a river from His throne,
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

72 SECOND PART. L. M.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown His head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns,
The joyful prisoner bursts his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud amen.

72 THIRD PART. C. M

O LORD, Thy judgments give the King,
His Son Thy righteousness.
With right He shall Thy people judge,
Thy poor with uprightness.

2 The just shall flourish in His days,
And prosper in His reign:
He shall, while doth the moon endure,
Abundant peace maintain.

3 His large and great dominion shall
From sea to sea extend:
It from the river shall reach forth
Unto earth's utmost end.

4 His name for ever shall endure;
Last like the sun it shall:
Men shall be blest in Him, and blest
All nations shall Him call.

5 Now blessed be the Lord our God,
The God of Israel,
For He alone doth wondrous works,
In glory that excel.

6 And blessed be His glorious name
To all eternity:
The whole earth let His glory fill.
Amen, so let it be.

73 First Part. C. M.

GOD, my supporter and my hope,
My help for ever near,
Thine arm of mercy held me up,
When sinking in despair.

2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet,
Through life's dark wilderness;
Thine hand conduct me near Thy seat,
To dwell before Thy face.

3 Were I in heaven without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;
And whilst this earth is my abode,
I long for none but Thee.

4 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint,
God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of every saint.

5 Behold! the sinners that remove
Far from Thy presence, die;
Not all the idol-gods they love
Can save them when they cry.

6 But to draw near to Thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My tongue shall sound Thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

73 Second Part. L. M.

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 O, their end, their dreadful end!
Thy sanctuary taught me so:
On slippery 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 Their fancied joys how fast they flee
Like dreams, as fleeting and as vain;
Their songs of softest harmony
Are but a prelude to their pain.

5 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.

74 C. M.

HOW long, eternal God, how long
Shall men of pride blaspheme?
Shall saints be made their endless song,
And bear immortal shame?

2 What strange deliverance hast Thou shown
In ages long before?
And now no other God we own,
No other God adore.

3 Thou didst divide the raging sea
By Thy resistless might,
To make Thy tribes a wondrous way,
And then secure their flight.

4 Is not the world of nature Thine,
The darkness and the day?
Didst Thou not bid the morning shine,
And mark the sun his way?

5 Think on the covenant Thou hast made,
And all Thy words of love;
Nor let the birds of prey invade
And vex the trembling dove.

75 L. M.

TO Thee, most high and holy God,
To Thee our thankful hearts we raise;
Thy works declare Thy name abroad,
Thy wondrous works demand our praise.

2 To bondage doomed, Thy chosen sons
Beheld their foes triumphant rise;
And sore oppressed by earthly thrones,
They sought the Sovereign of the skies.

3 'Twas then, great God, with equal power,
Arose Thy vengeance and Thy grace,
To scourge their legions from the shore,
And save the remnant of Thy race.

4 Let haughty sinners sink their pride,
Nor lift so high their scornful head;
But lay their impious thoughts aside,
And own the empire-God hath made.

76 C. M.

IN Judah, God of old was known;
His name in Israel great;
In Salem stood His holy throne,
And Sion was His seat.

2 At Thy rebuke, O Jacob's God,
Both horse and chariot fell:
Who knows the terrors of Thy rod?
Thy vengeance who can tell?

3 What power can stand before Thy sight,
When once Thy wrath appears? [light,
When heaven shines round with dreadful
The earth adores and fears.

4 When God, in His own sovereign ways,
Comes down to save the oppressed,
The wrath of man shall work His praise,
And He'll restrain the rest.

77 C. M.

TO God I cried with mournful voice,
I sought His gracious ear,
In the sad hour when trouble rose,
And filled my heart with fear.

2 Sad were my days, and dark my nights,
My soul refused relief;
I thought on God the just and wise;
But thoughts increased my grief.

3 Will He for ever cast me off?
His promise ever fail?
Has He forgot His tender love?
Shall anger still prevail?

4 I'll think again of all Thy ways,
And talk Thy wonders o'er,
Thy wonders of recovering grace,
When flesh could hope no more.

5 Grace dwells with justice on the throne;
And men that love Thy word
Have in Thy sanctuary known
The counsels of the Lord.

78 FIRST PART. C. M.

THE praises of the Lord our God,
And His almighty strength,
The wondrous works that He hath done,
We will show forth at length.

2 His testimony and His law
In Israel He did place,
And charged our fathers it to show
To their succeeding race;

3 That so the race which was to come
Might well them learn and know;
And sons unborn, who should arise,
Might to their sons them show;

4 That they might set their hope in God,
And suffer not to fall
His mighty works out of their mind,
But keep His precepts all.

78 SECOND PART. C. M.

LET children hear the mighty deeds
Which God performed of old;
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.

2 He bids us make His glories known,
His works of power and grace;
And we'll convey His wonders down
Through every rising race.

3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs,
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

4 Thus shall they learn, in God alone
Their hope securely stands,
That they may ne'er forget His works,
But practise His commands.

79 L. M.

BEHOLD, O God, what cruel foes
Thy peaceful heritage invade;
Thy holy temple stands defiled,
In dust Thy sacred walls are laid.

2 The insulting foes, with impious rage,
Reproach Thy children to their face;
"Where is your God of boasted power,
And where the promise of His grace?"

3 Deep from the prison's horrid glooms,
O hear the mourning captive sigh,
And let Thy sovereign power reprieve
The trembling souls condemned to die.

4 So shall Thy children, freed from death,
Eternal songs of honour raise,
And every future age shall tell
Thy sovereign power and pardoning grace.

80 FIRST PART. C. M.

O GOD of hosts, we Thee beseech,
Return now unto Thine;
Look down from heaven in love, behold,
And visit this Thy vine:

2 This vineyard, which Thine own right hand
Hath planted us among;
And that same branch which for Thyself
Thou hast made to be strong.

3 Burnt up it is with flaming fire,
It also is cut down:
They utterly are perished,
When e'er Thy face doth frown.

4 O let Thy hand be still upon
The man of Thy right hand,
The Son of man, whom for Thyself
Thou madest strong to stand.

5 So henceforth we will not go back,
Nor turn from Thee at all;
O do Thou quicken us, and we
Upon Thy name will call.

6 Turn us again, Lord God of hosts,
And upon us vouchsafe
To make Thy countenance to shine,
And so we shall be safe.

80 SECOND PART. L. M.

GREAT Shepherd of Thine Israel,
Who didst between the cherubs dwell,
And lead the tribes, Thy chosen sheep,
Safe through the desert and the deep:

2 Thy church is in the desert now:
Shine from on high, and guide us through;
Turn us to Thee, Thy love restore,
We shall be saved and sigh no more.

3 Great God, whom heavenly hosts obey,
How long shall we lament and pray,
And wait in vain Thy kind return?
How long shall Thy fierce anger burn?

4 Instead of wine and cheerful bread,
Thy saints with their own tears are fed;
Turn us to Thee, Thy love restore,
We shall be saved and sigh no more.

81 C. M.

TO God, our strength, your voice, aloud,
In strains of glory raise;
High to Jehovah, Jacob's God,
Exalt the notes of praise.

2 With psalms of honour and of joy,
Let all His temples ring;
Your various instruments employ,
And songs of triumph sing.

3 Now let the gospel trumpet blow,
On His appointed feast,
And teach His waiting church to know
The Sabbath's sacred rest.

4 This was the statute of the Lord,
To Israel's favoured race;
And yet His courts preserve His word,
And there we wait His grace.

82 L. M.

AMONG the assemblies of the great,
A greater Ruler takes His seat;
The God of heaven, as Judge, surveys
Those gods on earth, and all their ways.

2 Why will ye frame oppressive laws?
Or why support the unrighteous cause?
When will ye once defend the poor,
That foes may vex the saints no more?

3 They know not, Lord, nor will they know;
Dark are the ways in which they go;
Their name of earthly gods is vain,
For they shall fall and die like men.

4 Arise, O Lord, and let Thy Son
Possess His universal throne,
And rule the nations with His rod;
He is our Judge, and He our God.

83 C. M.

AND will the God of grace
Perpetual silence keep?
The God of justice hold His peace,
And let His vengeance sleep?

2 Behold what cruel snares
The men of mischief spread;
The men that hate Thy saints and Thee,
Lift up their threatening head.

3 Convince their madness, Lord,
And make them seek Thy name,
Or else their impious rage confound,
And turn their pride to shame.

4 Then shall the nations know
Thy glorious, dreadful word;
Jehovah is Thy name alone,
And Thou the sovereign Lord.

84 FIRST PART. 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 saints who find a place
Within the temple of Thy grace;
There they behold Thy gentler rays,
And seek Thy face, and learn Thy praise.

5 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Sion'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.

84 SECOND PART. L. M.

GREAT God, attend while Sion sings
The joy that from Thy presence springs
To spend one day with Thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within Thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave Thy door.

3 God is our sun, He makes our day;
God is our shield, He guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too:
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

5 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at Thy presence flee;
Blest is the man that trusts in Thee.

84 THIRD PART. H. M

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thine earthly temples are!
To Thine abode
My heart aspires, with warm desires,
To see my God.

2 O happy souls that pray,
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise Thee still;
And happy they, that love the way
To Sion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears;
O glorious seat,
When God our King shall thither bring
Our willing feet!

4 To spend one sacred day
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside;
Where God resorts,
I love it more to keep the door,
Than shine in courts.

5 God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence;
With gifts His hands are filled;
We draw our blessings thence;
He shall bestow
On Jacob's race peculiar grace
And glory too.

6 The Lord His people loves;
His hand no good withholds
From those His heart approves,
From pure and pious souls:
Thrice happy he,
O God of hosts, whose spirit trusts
Alone in Thee.

84 Fourth Part. C. M.

HOW lovely is Thy dwelling-place,
O Lord of hosts, to me!
The tabernacles of Thy grace,
How pleasant, Lord, they be!

2 For in Thy courts one day excels
A thousand; rather in
My God's house will I keep a door,
Than dwell in tents of sin.

3 For God the Lord's a sun and shield:
He'll grace and glory give:
And will withhold no good from them
That uprightly do live.

4 O Thou that art the Lord of hosts,
That man is truly blest,
Who, by assured confidence,
On Thee alone doth rest.

85 L. M.

SALVATION is for ever nigh
The souls that fear and trust the Lord:
And grace descending from on high
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.

2 Mercy and truth on earth are met,
Since Christ the Lord came down from heaven;
By His obedience, so complete,
Justice is pleased, and peace is given.

3 Now truth and honour shall abound,
Religion dwell on earth again,
And heavenly influence bless the ground,
In our Redeemer's gentle reign.

4 His righteousness is gone before,
To give us free access to God;
Our wandering feet shall stray no more,
But mark His steps and keep the road.

86 First Part. C. M.

HEAR, Lord, my prayer; unto the voice
Of my request attend:
In troublous times I'll call on Thee;
For Thou wilt answer send.

2 Lord, there is none among the gods
That may with Thee compare;
And like the works which Thou hast done,
Not any work is there.

3 All nations whom Thou mad'st shall come
And worship reverently
Before Thy face: and they, O Lord,
Thy name shall glorify.

4 Because Thou art exceeding great,
And works by Thee are done
Which are to be admired; and Thou
Art God Thyself alone.

5 Teach me Thy way, and in Thy truth,
O Lord, then walk will I;
Unite my heart, that I Thy name
May fear continually.

6 O Lord my God, with all my heart
To Thee I will give praise;
And I the glory will ascribe
Unto Thy name always.

86 SECOND PART. S. M.

MY God, my prayer attend!
Oh bow Thine ear to me,
Without a hope—without a friend,
Without a help—but Thee!

2 Oh guard my soul around,
Which loves and trusts Thy grace;
Nor let the powers of hell confound
The hopes on Thee I place!

3 Oh bid my heart rejoice,
And every fear control;
Since at Thy feet, with suppliant voice,
To Thee I lift my soul.

87 L. M

GOD in His earthly temple lays
Foundations for His heavenly praise;
He likes the tents of Jacob well,
But still in Sion loves to dwell.

2 His mercy visits every house
That pay their night and morning vows;
But makes a more delightful stay
Where churches meet to praise and pray.

3 What glories were described of old!
What wonders are of Sion told!
Thou city of our God below,
Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.

4 Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew,
Shall there begin their lives anew:
Angels and men shall join to sing
The hill where living waters spring.

5 When God makes up His last account
Of natives in His holy mount,
'Twill be an honour to appear
As one new-born and nourished there.

88 First Part. L. M.

SHALL man, O God of light and life,
For ever moulder in the grave?
Canst Thou forget Thy glorious work,
Thy promise, and Thy power to save?

2 Shall spring the faded world revive?
Shall waning moons their light return?
Again shall setting suns ascend,
And the lost day anew be born?

3 Shall life revisit dying worms,
And spread the joyful insect's wing?
And O! shall man awake no more
To see Thy face, Thy name to sing?

4 Cease, cease, ye vain desponding fears;
When Christ, our Lord, from darkness sprung
Death, the last foe, was captive led,
And heaven with praise and wonder rung.

5 Faith sees the bright, eternal doors
Unfold, to make His children way;
They shall be clothed with endless life,
And shine in everlasting day.

88 SECOND PART. L. M.

WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given;
But soon, ah soon! approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
"Come, sinners, haste, O! haste away,
While yet a pardoning God He's found.

3 "Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave;
Before His bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear, or save.

4 "In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise;
No God regard your bitter prayer,
Nor Saviour call you to the skies."

5 Silence, and solitude, and gloom,
In those forgetful realms appear,
Deep sorrows fill the dismal tomb,
And hope shall never enter there.

89 FIRST PART. C. M.

WITH reverence let the saints appear,
And bow before the Lord;
His high commands devoutly hear,
And tremble at His word.

2 How terrible Thy glories rise!
How bright Thine armies shine!
Where is the power with Thee that vies,
Or truth compared with Thine!

3 The northern pole and southern rest
On Thy supporting hand;
Darkness and day, from east to west,
Move round at Thy command.

4 Thy words the raging winds control,
And rule the boisterous deep;
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows sleep.

5 Justice and judgment are Thy throne,
Yet wondrous is Thy grace;
While truth and mercy joined in one,
Invite us near Thy face.

89 SECOND PART. C. M.

BLEST are the souls who hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound:
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.

2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
And fills their foes with shame.

3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives;
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

89 THIRD PART. L. M.

REMEMBER, Lord, our mortal state,
How frail our life, how short its date!
Where is the man that draws his breath,
Safe from disease, secure from death?

2 Lord, while we see whole nations die,
Our flesh and strength repine and cry,
"Must death for ever rage and reign?
Or hast Thou made mankind in vain?

3 "Where is Thy promise to the just?
Are not Thy servants turned to dust?"
But faith forbids these mournful sighs,
And sees the sleeping dust arise.

4 That glorious hour, that dreadful day,
Wipes the reproach of saints away,
And clears the honour of Thy word:
Awake, our souls, and bless the Lord.

89 FOURTH PART. C. M.

GREAT fear in meeting of the saints
Is due unto the Lord;
And He of all about Him should
With reverence be adored.

2 O greatly blest the people are
The joyful sound that know;
In brightness of Thy face, O Lord,
They ever on shall go.

3 They in Thy name shall all the day
Rejoice exceedingly;
And in Thy righteousness shall they
Exalted be on high.

4 Because the glory of their strength
Doth only stand in Thee;
And in Thy favour shall our horn
And power exalted be.

5 For God is our defence; and He
To us doth safety bring:
The Holy One of Israel
Is our almighty King.

90 FIRST PART. C. M.

OUR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

2 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

3 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising dawn.

4 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

5 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

90 SECOND PART. C. M.

LIFE, like a vain amusement, flies,
A fable or a song;
By swift degrees our nature dies,
Nor can our joys be long.

2 'Tis but a few whose days amount
To threescore years and ten;
And all beyond that short account,
Is sorrow, toil, and pain.

3 Almighty God, reveal Thy love,
And not Thy wrath alone;
O! let our sweet experience prove
The mercies of Thy throne.

4 Our souls would learn the heavenly art
T' improve the hours we have,
That we may act the wiser part
And live beyond the grave.

90 THIRD PART. C. M.

RETURN, O God of love, return;
Earth is a tiresome place;
How long shall we, Thy children, mourn
Our absence from Thy face.

2 Let heaven succeed our painful years:
Let sin and sorrow cease;
And in proportion to our tears,
So make our joys increase.

3 Thy wonders to Thy servants show,
Make Thine own works complete:
Then shall our souls Thy glory know,
And own Thy love was great.

4 Then shall we shine before Thy throne
In all Thy beauty, Lord;
And the poor service we have done
Meet a divine reward.

90 Fourth Part. S. M.

LORD, what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame!
Our life, how poor a trifle 'tis,
That scarce deserves the name!

2 Alas, the brittle clay
That built our body first!
And every month, and every day,
'Tis mouldering back to dust.

3 Our moments fly apace,
Our feeble powers decay;
Swift as a flood our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.

4 Yet, if our days must fly,
We'll keep their end in sight,
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.

5 They'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea;
Soon shall we reach the peaceful shore
Of blest eternity.

90 FIFTH PART. C. M.

LORD, Thou hast been our dwelling-place
In generations all,
Before Thou ever hadst brought forth
The mountains great or small.

2 Ere ever Thou hadst formed the earth,
And all the world abroad;
Even Thou from everlasting art
To everlasting God.

3 Thou dost unto destruction
Man that is mortal turn;
And unto them Thou say'st, Again,
Ye sons of men, return.

4 As with an overflowing flood
Thou carriest them away:
They like a sleep are, like the grass
That grows at morn, are they.

5 At morn it flourishes and grows,
Cut down at even doth fade.
For by Thine anger we're consumed,
Thy wrath makes us afraid.

6 Our sins Thou and iniquities
Dost in Thy presence place,
And sett'st our secret faults before
The brightness of Thy face.

91 FIRST PART. C. M.

HE that doth in the secret place
Of the Most High reside,
Under the shade of Him that is
The Almighty shall abide.

2 I of the Lord my God will say,
He is my refuge still,
He is my fortress, and my God,
And in Him trust I will.

3 Thou shalt not need to be afraid
For terrors of the night;
Nor for the arrow that doth fly
By day, while it is light:

4 Nor for the pestilence, that walks
In darkness secretly;
Nor for destruction, that doth waste
At noon-day openly.

5 A thousand at thy side shall fall,
On thy right hand shall lie
Ten thousand dead; yet unto thee
It shall not once come nigh.

6 Only thou with thine eyes shalt look
And a beholder be;
And thou therein the just reward
Of wicked men shalt see.

91 SECOND PART. L. M.

HE that hath made his refuge God,
Shall find a most secure abode;
Shall walk all day beneath His shade,
And there at night shall rest his head.

2 Then will I say, "My God, Thy power
Shall be my fortress and my tower;
I that am formed of feeble dust
Make Thine almighty arm my trust."

3 Thrice happy man! thy Maker's care
Shall keep thee from the fowler's snare;
From Satan's wiles, who still betrays
Unguarded souls, a thousand ways.

4 What though a thousand at thy side,
Around thy path ten thousand died,
Thy God His chosen people saves
Amongst the dead, amidst the graves.

5 The sword, the pestilence, or fire
Shall but fulfil their best desire;
From sins and sorrows set them free,
And bring Thy children, Lord, to Thee.

92 First Part. L. M.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy name, give thanks and sing;
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal care shall seize my breast;
O! may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless His works and bless His word;
Thy works of grace how bright they shine!
How deep Thy counsels! how divine!

4 Then I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

5 Sin, my worst enemy before,
Shall vex mine eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

6 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

92 Second Part. L. M.

LORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand
In gardens planted by Thy hand;
Let me within Thy courts be seen,
Like a young cedar, fresh and green.

2 There grow Thy saints in faith and love,
Blest with Thine influence from above;
Not Lebanon, with all its trees,
Yields such a comely sight as these.

3 The plants of grace shall ever live;
(Nature decays, but grace must thrive;)
Time, that doth all things else impair,
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.

4 Laden with fruits of age, they show
The Lord is holy, just and true;
None that attend His gates shall find
A God unfaithful or unkind.

93 FIRST PART. L. M.

JEHOVAH reigns: He dwells in light,
Girded with majesty and might;
The world, created by His hands,
Still on its first foundation stands.

2 But ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundation laid,
Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Thyself the ever living God.

3 Like floods the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies;
Vain floods that aim their rage so high!
At Thy rebuke the billows die.

4 For ever shall Thy throne endure;
Thy promise stands for ever sure;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of Thy grace.

93 SECOND PART. C. M.

THE Lord doth reign, and cloth'd is He
With majesty most bright:
His works do show Him cloth'd to be
And girt about with might:

2 The world is also 'stablished
That it cannot depart.
Thy throne is fixed of old, and Thou
From everlasting art.

3 The floods, O Lord, have lifted up,
They lifted up their voice;
The floods have lifted up their waves,
And made a mighty noise.

4 But yet the Lord, that is on high,
Is more of might by far
Than noise of many waters is,
Or great sea-billows are.

5 Thy testimonies every one
In faithfulness excel;
And holiness for ever, Lord,
Thine house becometh well.

94 C. M.

LORD, if Thy saints deserve rebuke,
Thou hast a gentle rod;
Thy providence, Thy sacred book
Shall make them know their God.

2 Blest is the man Thy hands chastise,
And to his duty draw;
Thy scourges make Thy children wise,
When they forget Thy law.

3 But God will ne'er cast off His saints,
Nor His own promise break;
He pardons His inheritance,
For their Redeemer's sake.

95 First Part. S. M.

COME, sound His praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all His own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at His throne,
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are His works, and not our own;
He formed us by His word.

4 To-day attend His voice,
Nor dare provoke His rod!
Come, like the people of His choice,
And own your gracious God.

5 But, if your ears refuse
The message of His love;
And hearts grow hard and will not choose
The blessings from above;

6 The Lord, in vengeance drest,
Will lift His hand and swear,
"You that despise My promised rest
Shall have no portion there."

95 SECOND PART. L. M.

COME, let our voices join to raise
A sacred song of solemn praise:
God is a sovereign King; rehearse
His honour in exalted verse.

2 Come, let our souls address the Lord,
Who framed our nature with His word:
He is our Shepherd; we the sheep
His mercy chose, His pastures keep.

3 Come, let us hear His voice to-day,
The counsels of His love obey;
Nor let our hardened hearts renew
The sins and plagues that Israel knew.

4 Seize the kind promise while it waits,
And march to Sion's heavenly gates;
Believe, and take the promised rest;
Obey, and be for ever blest.

95 THIRD PART. C. M.

O COME, let us sing to the Lord:
Come, let us every one
A joyful noise make to the Rock
Of our salvation.

2 Let us before His presence come
With praise and thankful voice;
Let us sing psalms to Him with grace,
And make a joyful noise.

3 For God, a great God, and great King
Above all gods, He is.
Depths of the earth are in His hand,
The strength of hills is His.

4 To Him the spacious sea belongs,
For He the same did make;
The dry land also from His hands
Its form at first did take.

5 O come, and let us worship Him,
Let us bow down withal,
And on our knees before the Lord
Our Maker, let us fall.

96 FIRST PART. C. M.

O SING a new song to the Lord:
Sing all the earth to God;
To God sing, bless His name, show still
His saving health abroad.

2 For great's the Lord, and greatly He
Is to be magnified;
Yea, worthy to be feared is He
Above all gods beside.

3 For all the gods are idols dumb,
Which blinded nations fear;
But our God is the Lord, by whom
The heavens created were.

4 Great honour is before His face,
And majesty divine;
Strength is within His holy place,
And there doth beauty shine.

5 Do ye ascribe unto the Lord,
Of people every tribe,
Glory do ye unto the Lord,
And mighty power ascribe.

6 Give ye the glory to the Lord
That to His name is due;
Come ye into His courts, and bring
An offering with you.

96 SECOND PART. C. M.

SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of every tongue;
His new discovered grace demands
A new and nobler song.

2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
God's own almighty Son;
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds His throne.

3 Let heaven proclaim the joyful day,
Joy through the earth be seen:
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.

4 The joyous earth, the bending skies,
His glorious train display;
Ye mountains sink, ye valleys rise,
Prepare the Lord His way.

5 Behold He comes, He comes to bless
The nations as their God;
To show the world His righteousness,
And send His truth abroad.

97 L. M.

HE reigns; the Lord, the Saviour reigns!
Praise Him in evangelic strains:
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
And distant islands join their voice.

2 Deep are His counsels and unknown:
But grace and truth support His throne;
Though gloomy clouds His ways surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.

3 In robes of judgment, lo! He comes,
Shakes the wide earth and cleaves the tombs;
Before Him burns devouring fire,
The mountains melt, the seas retire.

4 His enemies, with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight and shun the day;
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

98 First Part. C. M.

O SING a new song to the Lord,
For wonders He hath done;
His right hand and His holy arm
Him victory hath won.

2 The Lord God His salvation
Hath caused to be known;
His justice in the heathen's sight
He openly hath shown.

3 He mindful of His grace and truth
To Israel's house hath been;
And the salvation of our God
All ends of the earth have seen.

4 Let all the earth unto the Lord
Send forth a joyful noise;
Lift up your voice aloud to Him,
Sing praises, and rejoice.

98 SECOND PART. C. M.

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.

99 FIRST PART. S. M.

THE God Jehovah reigns,
Let all the nations fear;
Let sinners tremble at His throne,
And saints be humble there.

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
Let earth adore its Lord;
Bright cherubs His attendants stand,
Swift to fulfil His word.

3 In Sion stands His throne,
His honours are divine;
His church shall make His wonders known,
For there His glories shine.

4 How holy is His name!
How terrible His praise!
Justice, and truth, and judgment join
In all His works of grace.

99 SECOND PART. S. M.

EXALT the Lord our God,
And worship at His feet;
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is His seat.

2 When Israel was His church,
When Aaron was His priest,
When Moses cried, when Samuel prayed,
He gave His people rest.

3 Oft He forgave their sins,
Nor would destroy their race;
And oft He made His justice known,
When they abused His grace.

4 Exalt the Lord our God,
Whose grace is still the same;
Still He's a God of holiness,
And jealous for His name.

100 FIRST PART. L. M.

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell;
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

2 Know that the Lord is God indeed,
Without our aid He did us make:
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 Because the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure:
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

100 SECOND PART. L. M.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy:
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and He destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

3 We are His people, we His care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy name!

4 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.

5 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.

101 C. M.

TO Thee, my righteous King and Lord,
My grateful soul I'll raise;
From day to day Thy works record,
And ever sing Thy praise.

2 Thy wondrous acts, Thy power, and might
My constant theme shall be;
That song shall be my soul's delight,
Which breathes in praise to Thee.

3 From all Thy works, O Lord, shall spring
The sound of joy and praise;
Thy saints shall of Thy glory sing,
And show the world Thy ways.

102 First Part. L. M.

THOU shalt arise, and mercy yet
Thou to Mount Sion shalt extend:
Her time for favour which was set,
Behold, is now come to an end.

2 Thy saints take pleasure in her stones,
Her very dust to them is dear.
All heathen lands and kingly thrones
On earth Thy glorious name shall fear.

3 God in His glory shall appear,
When Sion He builds and repairs.
He shall regard and lend His ear
Unto the needy's humble prayers.

4 The afflicted's prayer He will not scorn:
All times this shall be on record;
And generations yet unborn
Shall praise and magnify the Lord.

5 He from His holy place looked down,
The earth He viewed from heaven on high;
To hear the prisoner's mourning groan,
And free them that are doomed to die.

102 Second Part. C. M

LET Sion and her sons rejoice;
Behold the promised hour:
For God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes t' exalt His power.

2 Her dust and ruins that remain
Are precious in our eyes;
Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.

3 The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there;
Nations shall bow before His name,
And kings attend with fear.

4 He sits a sovereign on His throne,
With pity in His eyes;
He hears the dying prisoners' groan,
And sees their sighs arise.

5 He frees the souls condemned to death;
And, when His saints complain,
It sha'n't be said that praying breath
Was ever spent in vain.

6 This shall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record;
That ages yet unborn may read,
And trust and praise the Lord.

103 First Part. S. M.

O! BLESS the Lord my soul;
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless His name,
Whose favours are divine.

2 O! bless the Lord, my soul;
Nor let His mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'Tis He forgives thy sins,
'Tis He relieves thy pain,
'Tis He that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He that redeemed my soul from hell
Hath sovereign power to save.

5 He fills the poor with good;
He gives the sufferers rest;
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for th' oppressed.

6 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known;
But sent the world His truth and grace
By His beloved Son.

103 SECOND PART. S. M.

MY soul, repeat His praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 God will not always chide;
And when His strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.

3 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of His grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

4 His power subdues our sins;
And His forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

103 THIRD PART. S. M.

THE pity of the Lord,
To those that fear His name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

2 He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with every breath:
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

3 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower:
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field
It withers in an hour.

4 But Thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

M. **103** FOURTH PART. C. M

SUCH pity as a father hath
Unto his children dear,
Like pity shows the Lord to such
As worship Him in fear.

2 For He remembers we are dust,
And He our frame well knows.
Frail man, his days are like the grass,
As flower in field he grows:

3 For over it the wind doth pass,
And it away is gone;
And of the place where once it was
It shall no more be known.

4 But unto them that do Him fear
God's mercy never ends;
And to their children's children still
His righteousness extends:

M. 5 To such as keep His covenant,
And mindful are alway
Of His commandments just and true,
That they may them obey.

104 L. M.

MY soul, thy great Creator praise;
When clothed in His celestial rays,
He in full majesty appears,
And like a robe His glory wears.

2 The heavens are for His curtains spread;
Th' unfathomed deep He makes His bed;
Clouds are His chariot, when He flies
On winged storms across the skies.

3 Angels, whom His own breath inspires,
His ministers, are flaming fires;
And swift as thought their armies move,
To bear His vengeance or His love.

4 How strange Thy works! how great Thy skill!
While every land Thy riches fill;
Thy wisdom round the world we see:
This spacious earth is full of Thee.

105 C. M.

GIVE thanks to God, invoke His name,
And tell the world His grace;
Sound through the earth His deeds of fame,
That all may seek His face.

2 His covenant, which He kept in mind
For numerous ages past,
To numerous ages yet behind
In equal force shall last.

3 He sware to Abraham and his seed,
And made the blessing sure:
Gentiles the ancient promise read,
And find His truth endure.

4 "Thy seed shall make all nations blest,"
Said the Almighty voice;
"And Canaan's land shall be their rest,
The type of heavenly joys."

106 L. M.

TO God the great, the ever blest,
Let songs of honour be addressed;
His mercy firm for ever stands;
Give Him the thanks His love demands.

2 Who knows the wonders of Thy ways?
Who shall fulfil Thy boundless praise?
Blest are the souls that fear Thee still,
And pay their duty to Thy will.

3 Remember what Thy mercy did
For Jacob's race, Thy chosen seed;
And with the same salvation bless
The meanest suppliant of Thy grace.

4 O! may I see Thy tribes rejoice,
And aid their triumphs with my voice!
This is my glory, Lord, to be
Joined to Thy saints, and near to Thee.

107 C. M.

HOW are Thy servants blest, O Lord;
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide;
Their help,—omnipotence.

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

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

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

5 Our life, while Thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death,—when death shall be our lot,—
Shall join our souls to Thee.

108 C. M.

AWAKE, my soul, to sound His praise,
Awake my harp to sing;
Join all my powers the song to raise,
And morning incense bring.

2 Among the people of His care,
And through the nations round,
Glad songs of praise will I prepare,
And there His name resound.

3 Be Thou exalted, O my God,
Above the starry train;
Diffuse Thy heavenly grace abroad,
And teach the world Thy reign.

4 So shall Thy chosen sons rejoice,
And throng Thy courts above;
While sinners hear Thy pardoning voice,
And taste redeeming love.

109 C. M.

GOD of my mercy and my praise,
Thy glory is my song;
Though sinners speak against Thy grace
With a blaspheming tongue.

2 When in the form of mortal man
Thy Son on earth was found;
With cruel slanders, false and vain,
They compassed Him around.

3 Their miseries His compassion move,
Their peace He still pursued;
They render hatred for His love,
And evil for His good.

4 Their malice raged without a cause,
Yet with His dying breath
He prayed for murderers on His cross
And blessed His foes in death.

5 Lord, shall Thy bright example shine
In vain before my eyes?
Give me a soul akin to Thine,
To love mine enemies.

6 The Lord shall on my side engage,
And in my Saviour's name
I shall defeat their pride and rage,
Who slander and condemn.

110 First Part. L. M

THUS God th' eternal Father spake
To Christ the Son: "Ascend and sit
At My right hand, till I shall make
Thy foes submissive at Thy feet.

2 "From Sion shall Thy word proceed:
Thy word, the sceptre in Thy hand,
Shall make the hearts of rebels bleed,
And bow their wills to Thy command.

3 "That day will show Thy power is great,
When saints shall flock with willing minds,
And sinners crowd Thy temple gate,
Where holiness in beauty shines."

4 O blessed power! O glorious day!
What a large victory shall ensue!
And converts, who Thy grace obey,
Exceed the drops of morning dew.

110 Second Part. C. M.

JESUS, our Lord, ascend Thy throne,
And near Thy Father sit;
In Sion shall Thy power be known,
And make Thy foes submit.

2 What wonders shall Thy gospel do?
Thy converts shall surpass
The numerous drops of morning dew,
And own Thy sovereign grace.

3 Jesus our Priest for ever lives
To plead for us above;
Jesus our King for ever gives
The blessings of His love.

5 God shall exalt His glorious head,
And His high throne maintain,
Shall strike the powers and princes dead,
Who dare oppose His reign.

111 C. M.

GREAT is the Lord; His works of might
Demand our noblest songs;
Let His assembled saints unite
Their harmony of tongues.

2 Great is the mercy of the Lord,
He gives His children food;
And, ever mindful of His word,
He makes His promise good.

3 His Son, the great Redeemer, came
To seal His covenant sure;
Holy and reverend is His name,
His ways are just and pure.

4 They that would grow divinely wise,
Must with His fear begin;
Our fairest proof of knowledge lies
In hating every sin.

112 C. M.

HAPPY is he that fears the Lord,
And follows His commands,
Who lends the poor without reward,
Or gives with liberal hands.

2 As pity dwells within his breast
To all the sons of need;
So God shall answer his request
With blessings on his seed.

3 No evil tidings shall surprise
His well established mind;
His soul to God, his refuge, flies,
And leaves his fears behind.

4 In times of danger and distress
Some beams of light shall shine,
To show the world his righteousness,
And give him peace divine.

3 His works of piety and love
Remain before the Lord;
Honour on earth, and joys above,
Shall be his sure reward.

113 L. M.

YE servants of th'-Almighty King,
In every age His praises sing:
Where'er the sun shall rise or set,
The nations shall His praise repeat.

2 Above the earth, beyond the sky,
His throne of glory stands on high;
Nor time, nor place, His power restrain,
Nor bound His universal reign.

3 Which of the sons of Adam dare,
Or angels with their God compare?
His glories, how divinely bright,
Who dwells in uncreated light!

4 Behold His love! He stoops to view
What saints above and angels do;
And condescends yet more to know
The mean affairs of men below.

5 From dust and cottages obscure
His grace exalts the humble poor!
Gives them the honour of His sons,
And fits them for their heavenly thrones.

114 L. M.

WHEN Israel, freed from Pharaoh's hand,
Left the proud tyrant and his land,
The tribes with cheerful homage own
Their King, and Judah was His throne.

2 Across the deep their journey lay;
The deep divides to make them way;
Jordan beheld their march, and fled
With backward current to his head.

3 Let every mountain, every flood
Retire and know th' approaching God,
The King of Israel: see Him here;
Tremble, thou earth; adore and fear.

4 He thunders, and all nature mourns,
The rock to standing pools He turns;
Flints spring with fountains at His word,
And fires and seas confess the Lord.

115 C. M

LORD, not to us, we claim no share,
But to Thy sacred Name,
Give glory for Thy mercy's sake,
And truth's eternal fame.

2 O Israel, make the Lord your trust,
Who is your help and shield;
Priests, Levites, trust in Him alone,
Who only help can yield.

3 Let all who truly fear the Lord
On Him they fear rely;
Who them in danger can defend,
And all their wants supply.

4 They who in death and silence sleep,
To Him no praise afford;
But we will bless for evermore
Our ever-living Lord.

116 First Part. C. M.

I LOVE the Lord; He heard my cries,
And pitied every groan;
Long as I live, when troubles rise,
I'll hasten to His throne.

2 I love the Lord: He bowed His ear,
And chased my griefs away:
O! let my heart no more despair
While I have breath to pray.

3 My flesh declined, my spirits fell,
And I drew near the dead,
While inward pangs and fears of hell
Perplexed my wakeful head.

4 "My God," I cried, "Thy servant save,
Thou ever good and just;
Thy power can rescue from the grave,
Thy power is all my trust."

5 The Lord beheld me sore distressed,
He bade my pains remove;
Return, my soul, to God thy rest,
For thou hast known His love.

6 My God hath saved my soul from death,
And dried my falling tears;
Now to His praise I'll spend my breath,
And my remaining years.

116 Second Part. C. M.

WHAT shall I render to my God
For all His kindness shown?
My feet shall visit Thine abode,
My songs address Thy throne.

2 Among the saints that fill Thy house,
My offerings shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.

3 How much is mercy Thy delight,
Thou ever blessed God!
How dear Thy servants in Thy sight!
How precious is their blood!

4 How happy all Thy servants are!
How great Thy grace to me!
My life which Thou hast made Thy care,
Lord, I devote to Thee.

5 Now I am Thine, for ever Thine,
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand has loosed my bonds of pain,
And bound me with Thy love.

6 Here in Thy courts I leave my vow,
And Thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

116 THIRD PART. C. M.

I LOVE the Lord, because my voice
And prayers He did hear.
I, while I live, will call on Him,
Who bowed to me His ear.

2 Of death the cords and sorrows did
About me compass round;
The pains of hell took hold on me:
I grief and trouble found.

3 Upon the name of God the Lord
Then did I call, and say,
Deliver Thou my soul, O Lord,
I do Thee humbly pray.

4 God merciful and righteous is,
Yea, gracious is our Lord.
God saves the meek: I was brought low;
He did me help afford.

5 O thou, my soul, do thou return
Unto thy quiet rest:
For largely, lo, the Lord to thee
His bounty hath expressed.

6 For my distressed soul from death
Delivered was by Thee:
Thou didst my mourning eyes from tears
My feet from falling free.

116 FOURTH PART. C M

I IN the land of those that live
Will walk the Lord before.
I did believe, therefore I spake:
I was afflicted sore.

2 I said, when I was in my haste,
That all men liars be.
What shall I render to the Lord
For all His gifts to me?

3 I'll of salvation take the cup,
On God's name will I call:
I'll pay my vows now to the Lord
Before His people all.

4 Dear in God's sight is His saints' death.
Thy servant, Lord, am I;
Thy servant sure, Thine handmaid's son:
My bands Thou didst untie.

5 Thank-offerings I to Thee will give,
And on God's name will call.
I'll pay my vows now to the Lord
Before His people all;

6 Within the courts of God's own house,
Within the midst of thee,
O city of Jerusalem.
Praise to the Lord give ye.

117 First Part. L. M.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise:
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are Thy mercies Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall set and rise no more.

117 Second Part. S. M.

THY name, almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands:
Great is Thy grace and sure Thy word:
Thy truth for ever stands.

4 Far be Thine honour spread,
And long Thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

118 First Part. C. M.

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 triumph 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 is 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 Him nobler praise.

118 SECOND PART. L. M

LO! what a glorious corner-stone
The Jewish builders did refuse!
But God hath built His church thereon,
In spite of envy and the Jews.

2 Great God, the work is all divine,
The joy and wonder of our eyes;
This is the day that proves it Thine,
The day that saw our Saviour rise.

3 Sinners rejoice, and saints be glad;
Hosanna, let His name be blest;
A thousand honours on His head,
With peace, and light, and glory rest!

4 In God's own name He comes to bring
Salvation to our dying race;
Let the whole church address their King,
With hearts of joy, and songs of praise.

119 FIRST PART. C. M.

BLEST are the undefiled in heart,
Whose ways are right and clean;
Who never from Thy law depart,
But flee from every sin.

2 Blest are the men that keep Thy word,
And practise Thy commands;
With their whole heart they seek the Lord,
And serve Thee with their hands.

3 Great is their peace who love Thy law;
How firm their souls abide!
Nor can a bold temptation draw
Their steady feet aside.

4 Then shall my heart have inward joy,
And keep my face from shame,
When all Thy statutes I obey,
And honour all Thy name.

119 Second Part. C. M.

TO Thee, before the dawning light,
My gracious God, I pray;
I meditate Thy name by night,
And keep Thy law by day.

2 My spirit faints to see Thy grace;
Thy promise bears me up;
And while salvation long delays,
Thy word supports my hope.

3 Seven times a day I lift my hands,
And pay my thanks to Thee;
Thy righteous providence demands
Repeated praise from me.

4 When midnight darkness veils the skies,
I call Thy works to mind;
My thoughts in warm devotion rise,
And sweet acceptance find.

119 Third Part. C. M.

THOU art my portion, O my God;
Soon as I know Thy way,
My heart makes haste t' obey Thy word,
And suffers no delay.

2 I choose the path of heavenly truth,
And glory in my choice;
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.

3 Now I am Thine, for ever Thine,
O save Thy servant, Lord;
Thou art my Shield, my Hiding-place,
My hope is in Thy word.

4 Thou hast inclined this heart of mine
Thy statutes to fulfil;
And thus till mortal life shall end
Would I perform Thy will.

119 Fourth Part. C. M.

HOW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

3 'Tis, like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

4 The men that keep Thy law with care,
And meditate Thy word,
Grow wiser than their teachers are,
And better know the Lord.

5 Thy word is everlasting truth,
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

119 Fifth Part. C. M.

O! HOW I love Thy holy law!
'Tis daily my delight:
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.

2 My waking eyes prevent the day
To meditate Thy word:
My soul with longing melts away
To hear Thy gospel, Lord.

3 Thy heavenly words my heart engage,
And well employ my tongue;
And in my tiresome pilgrimage
Yield me a heavenly song.

4 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope;
And there I write Thy praise.

119 Sixth Part. C. M.

LORD, I esteem Thy judgments right,
And all Thy statutes just;
Thence I maintain a constant fight
With every flattering lust.

2 Thy precepts often I survey;
I keep Thy law in sight,
Through all the business of the day,
To form my actions right.

3 My heart in midnight silence cries,
"How sweet Thy comforts be!"
My thoughts in holy wonder rise,
And bring their thanks to Thee.

4 And when my spirit drinks her fill,
At some good word of Thine,
Not mighty men, that share the spoil,
Have joys compared to mine.

119 Seventh Part. C. M.

LET all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book;
Great God, if once compared with Thine,
How mean their writings look!

2 Not the most perfect rules they gave
Could show one sin forgiven,
Nor lead a step beyond the grave;
But Thine conduct to heaven.

3 I've seen an end to what we call
Perfection here below;
How short the powers of nature fall,
And can no further go.

4 Yet men would fain be just with God,
By works their hands have wrought;
But Thy commands, exceeding broad,
Extend to every thought.

5 Our faith, and love, and every grace,
Fall far below Thy word;
But perfect truth and righteousness
Dwell only with the Lord.

119 EIGHTH PART. C. M.

LORD, I have made Thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

2 I'll read the histories of Thy love,
And keep Thy laws in sight,
While through the promises I rove,
With ever fresh delight.

3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise;
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

4 The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blest;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

119 NINTH PART. C. M.

THY mercies fill the earth, O Lord,
How good Thy works appear!
Open my eyes to read Thy word,
And see Thy wonders there.

2 My heart was fashioned by Thy hand,
My service is Thy due;
O! make Thy servant understand
The duties he must do.

3 Since I'm a stranger here below,
Thy path O! do not hide,
But mark the road my feet should go,
And be my constant guide.

4 When I have learned my Father's will,
I'll teach the world His ways;
My thankful lips, inspired with zeal,
Shall sing aloud His praise.

119 TENTH PART. C. M.

BEHOLD Thy waiting servant, Lord,
Devoted to Thy fear;
Remember and confirm Thy word,
For all my hopes are there.

2 Hast Thou not sent salvation down,
And promised quickening grace?
Doth not my heart address Thy throne?
And yet Thy love delays.

3 Mine eyes for Thy salvation fail;
O bear Thy servant up;
Nor let the scoffing lips prevail,
Who dare reproach my hope.

4 Didst Thou not raise my faith, O Lord?
Then let Thy truth appear:
Saints shall rejoice in my reward,
And trust as well as fear.

119 ELEVENTH PART. C. M.

O! that the Lord would guide my ways
To keep His statutes still!
O! that my God would grant me grace
To know and do His will!

2 O! send Thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart;
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

3 From vanity turn off my eyes;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires arise
Within this soul of mine.

4 Order my footsteps by Thy word,
And make my heart sincere:
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

5 My soul hath gone too far astray,
My feet too often slip;
Yet, since I 've not forgot Thy way,
Restore Thy wandering sheep.

6 Make me to walk in Thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands
Offend against my God.

119 TWELFTH PART. C. M

MY God, consider my distress,
Let mercy plead my cause;
Though I have sinned against Thy grace,
I can't forget Thy laws.

2 Forbid, forbid the sharp reproach,
Which I so justly fear;
Uphold my life, uphold my hopes,
Nor let my shame appear.

3 Be Thou a surety, Lord, for me,
Nor let the proud oppress;
But make Thy waiting servant see
The shinings of Thy face.

4 My eyes with expectation fail;
My heart within me cries,
"When will the Lord His truth fulfil,
And bid my comforts rise?"

5 Look down upon my sorrows, Lord,
And show Thy grace the same;
Thy tender mercies still afford
To those that love Thy name.

119 THIRTEENTH PART. C. M.

WITH my whole heart I've sought Thy face,
O! let me never stray
From Thy commands, O God of grace,
Nor tread the sinner's way.

2 Thy word I've hid within my heart,
To keep my conscience clean,
To be an everlasting guard
From every rising sin.

3 I'm a companion of the saints,
Who fear and love the Lord;
My sorrows rise, my nature faints,
When men transgress Thy word.

4 My God, I long, I hope, I wait
For Thy salvation still;
While Thy whole law is my delight,
And I obey Thy will.

119 FOURTEENTH PART. C. M.

CONSIDER all my sorrows, Lord,
And Thy deliverance send;
My soul for Thy salvation faints,
When will my troubles end?

2 Yet I have found 'tis good for me
To bear my Father's rod;
Afflictions make me learn Thy law,
And live upon my God.

3 This is the comfort I enjoy
When new distress begins:
I read Thy word, I run Thy way,
And hate my former sins.

4 Had not Thy word been my delight
When earthly joys were fled,
My soul, oppressed with sorrow's weight,
Had sunk amongst the dead.

5 I know Thy judgments, Lord, are right,
Though they may seem severe;
The sharpest sufferings I endure
Flow from Thy faithful care.

6 Before I knew Thy chastening rod,
My feet were apt to stray;
But now I learn to keep Thy word,
Nor wander from Thy way.

119 FIFTEENTH PART. C. M

O! THAT Thy statutes every hour
Might dwell upon my mind!
Thence I derive a quickening power,
And daily peace I find.

2 To meditate Thy precepts, Lord,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My soul shall ne'er forget Thy word,
Thy word is all my joy.

3 How would I run in Thy commands,
If Thou my heart discharge
From sin and Satan's hateful chains,
And set my feet at large?

119 SIXTEENTH PART. C. M.

MY soul lies cleaving to the dust;
Lord, give me life divine:
From vain desires and every lust
Turn off these eyes of mine.

2 When sore afflictions press me down,
I need Thy quickening powers;
Thy word that I have rested on,
Shall help my heaviest hours.

3 Are not Thy mercies sovereign still,
And Thou a faithful God?
Wilt Thou not grant me warmer zeal,
To run the heavenly road?

4 Does not my heart Thy precepts love,
And long to see Thy face?
And yet how slow my spirits move,
Without enlivening grace!

5 Then shall I love Thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget Thy word,
When I have felt its quickening power
To draw me near the Lord.

119 SEVENTEENTH PART. C. M.

O LET my earnest prayer and cry
Come near before Thee, Lord;
Give understanding unto me,
According to Thy word.

2 Let my request before Thee come;
After Thy word me free.
My lips shall utter praise, when Thou
Hast taught Thy laws to me.

3 Let Thy strong hand make help to me;
Thy precepts are my choice:
I longed for Thy salvation, Lord,
And in Thy law rejoice.

4 O let my soul live, and it shall
Give praises unto Thee;
And let Thy judgments gracious
Be helpful unto me.

5 I, like a lost sheep, went astray;
Thy servant seek, and find:
For Thy commands I suffered not
To slip out of my mind.

120 C. M

THOU God of love, Thou ever blest,
Pity my suffering state;
When wilt Thou set my soul at rest,
From lips that love deceit?

2 Peace is the blessing that I seek,
How lovely are its charms!
I am for peace; but when I speak,
They all declare for arms.

3 New passions still their souls engage,
And keep their malice strong:
What shall be done to curb thy rage,
O thou devouring tongue!

4 Should burning arrows smite thee through,
Strict justice would approve;
But I would rather spare my foe,
And melt his heart with love.

121 First Part. L. M.

UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,
Th' eternal hills beyond the skies;
Thence all her help my soul derives;
There my almighty Refuge lives.

2 He lives; the everlasting God,
That built the world, that spread the flood;
The heavens, with all their hosts He made,
And the dark regions of the dead.

3 He guides our feet, He guards our way;
His morning smiles adorn the day:
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.

4 Israel, a name divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest;
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber nor surprise.

5 Should earth and hell with malice burn,
Still thou shalt go, and still return,
Safe in the Lord; His heavenly care
Defends thy life from every snare.

121 SECOND PART. H. M.

UPWARD I lift mine eyes,
From God is all mine 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.

121 THIRD PART. C. M.

I TO the hills will lift mine eyes,
From whence doth come mine aid.
My safety cometh from the Lord
Who heav'n and earth hath made.

2 Thy foot, He'll not let slide, nor will
He slumber that thee keeps.
Behold, He that keeps Israel,
He slumbers not, nor sleeps.

3 The Lord thee keeps; the Lord thy shade
On thy right hand doth stay:
The moon by night thee shall not smite,
Nor yet the sun by day.

4 The Lord shall keep thy soul; He shall
Preserve thee from all ill.
Henceforth thy going out and in
God keep for ever will.

122 FIRST PART. C. M.

HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
In Sion let us all appear
And keep the solemn day.

2 I love her gates, I love the road;
The church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show His milder face.

3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds His throne,
And sits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praises and complaints;
And while His awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest;
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blest.

6 My soul shall pray for Sion still,
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred dwell;
There God, my Saviour, reigns.

122 SECOND PART. 6s. 8s.

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 haste to Sion's hill,
And there our vows and honours pay.

2 Sion, thrice happy place,
Adorned 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 fixed His royal throne;
He sits for grace and judgment there:
He bids the saints be glad,
He makes the sinners 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.

122 THIRD PART. C. M.

I JOYED when to the house of God,
Go up, they said to me.
Jerusalem, within thy gates
Our feet shall standing be.

2 To Israel's testimony, there
To God's name thanks to pay.
For thrones of judgment, even the thrones
Of David's house there stay.

3 Pray that Jerusalem may have
Peace and felicity:
Let them that love thee and thy peace
Have still prosperity.

4 Therefore I wish that peace may still
Within thy walls remain,
And ever may thy palaces
Prosperity retain.

5 Now, for my friends' and brethren's sakes,
Peace be in thee, I 'll say:
And for the house of God our Lord,
I 'll seek thy good alway.

123 C. M.

O THOU, whose grace and justice reign
Enthroned above the skies,
To Thee our hearts would tell their pain,
To Thee we lift our eyes.

2 As servants watch their master's hand,
And fear the angry stroke;
Or maids before their mistress stand,
And wait a peaceful look:

3 So, for our sins, we justly feel
Thy discipline, O God;
Yet wait the gracious moment still,
Till Thou remove the rod.

4 Those that in wealth and pleasure live,
Our daily groans deride;
And Thy delays of mercy give
Fresh courage to their pride.

5 Our foes insult us, but our hope
In Thy compassion lies;
This thought shall bear our spirits up,
That God will not despise.

124 C. M.

HAD not the God of truth and love,
When hosts against us rose,
Displayed His vengeance from above,
And crushed the conquering foes;

2 Their armies, like a raging flood,
Had swept the guardless land;
Destroyed on earth His blest abode,
And whelmed our feeble band.

3 But safe beneath His spreading shield
His sons securely rest;
Defy the dangers of the field,
And bare the fearless breast.

4 And now our souls shall bless the Lord,
Who broke the deadly snare;
Who saved us from the murdering sword,
And made our lives His care.

5 Our help is in Jehovah's name,
Who formed the heavens above;
He that supports their wondrous frame
Can guard His church by love.

125 First Part. C. M.

UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,
And firm as mountains stand,
Firm as a rock the soul shall rest,
That trusts th' Almighty hand.

2 Not walls nor hills could guard so well
Old Salem's happy ground,
As those eternal arms of love,
That every saint surround.

3 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,
And lead them safely on
To the bright gates of paradise,
Where Christ their Lord is gone.

125 Second Part. S. M.

FIRM and unmoved are they
That rest their souls on God;
Firm as the mount where David dwelt,
Or where the ark abode.

2 As mountains stood to guard
The city's sacred ground,
So God and His almighty love
Embrace His saints around.

3 What though the Father's rod
Drop a chastising stroke;
Yet, lest it wound their souls too deep,
Its fury shall be broke.

4 Deal gently, Lord, with those
Whose faith and pious fear,
Whose hope and love, and every grace,
Proclaim their hearts sincere.

5 Nor shall the tyrant's rage
Too long oppress the saint;
The God of Israel will support
His children, lest they faint.

126 C. M.

WHEN God revealed His gracious name,
And changed my mournful state,
My rapture seemed a pleasing dream,
The grace appeared so great.

2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did Thy hand confess;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace.

3 "Great is the work," my neighbours cried,
And owned the power divine;
"Great is the work," my heart replied,
"And be the glory Thine."

4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

5 Let those that sow in sadness, wait
Till the fair harvest come;
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home.

127 L. M.

EXCEPT the Lord our labours bless,
In vain shall we desire success;
Except His guardian power restrain,
The watchman waketh but in vain.

2 'Tis useless toil our stores to keep,—
Early to rise, and late to sleep,—
Unless the Lord, who reigns on high,
His providential care supply.

3 Grant, Lord, that we may ever flee
For guidance and for help to Thee;
Thy blessing ask, whate'er we do,
And in Thy strength our work pursue.

128 C. M.

O HAPPY man, whose soul is filled
With zeal and reverend awe;
His lips to God their honours yield,
His life adorns the law.

2 A careful providence shall stand,
And ever guard thy head;
Shall on the labours of thy hand
Its kindly blessings shed.

3 Thy wife shall be a fruitful vine;
Thy children, 'round thy board,
Each like a plant of honour shine,
And learn to fear the Lord.

4 The Lord shall thy best hopes fulfil,
For months and years to come:
The Lord, who dwells on Sion's hill,
Shall send thee blessings home.

5 This is the man whose happy eyes
Shall see his house increase;
Shall see the sinking church arise,
Then leave the world in peace.

129 C. M.

UP from my youth, may Israel say,
Have I been nursed in tears;
My griefs were constant as the day,
And tedious as the years.

2 Up from my youth I bore the rage
Of all the sons of strife;
Oft they assailed my riper age,
But God preserved my life.

3 The Lord in anger, on His throne,
With an impartial eye,
Measured the mischiefs they had done,
Then let His arrows fly.

4 Thus shall the men that hate the saints
Be blasted from the sky;
Their glory fades, their courage faints,
And all their prospects die.

130 First Part. C. M.

I WAIT for Thy salvation, Lord,
With strong desires I wait;
My soul, invited by Thy word,
Stands watching at Thy gate.

2 Just as the guards that keep the night
Long for the morning skies,
Watch the first beams of breaking light,
And meet them with their eyes:

3 So waits my soul to see Thy grace;
And more intent than they,
Meets the first openings of Thy face,
And finds a brighter day.

4 Then in the Lord let Israel trust,
Let Israel seek His face;
The Lord is good, as well as just,
And plenteous is His grace.

130 Second Part. L. M.

FROM deep distress and troubled thoughts,
To Thee, my God, I raised my cries:
If Thou severely mark our faults,
No flesh can stand before Thine eyes.

2 But Thou hast built Thy throne of grace,
Free to dispense Thy pardons there,
That sinners may approach Thy face,
And hope, and love, as well as fear.

3 As the benighted pilgrims wait,
And long, and wish for breaking day;
So waits my soul before Thy gate.
When will my God His face display?

4 My trust is fixed upon Thy word,
Nor shall I trust Thy word in vain;
Let mourning souls address the Lord,
And find relief from all their pain.

5 Great is His love, and large His grace,
Through the redemption of His Son:
He turns our feet from sinful ways,
And pardons what our hands have done.

130 THIRD PART. C. M

LORD, from the depths to Thee I cried,
My voice, Lord, do Thou hear:
Unto my supplication's voice
Give an attentive ear.

2 Lord, who shall stand, if Thou, O Lord,
Shouldst mark inquity?
But yet with Thee forgiveness is,
That feared Thou mayest be.

3 I wait for God, my soul doth wait,
My hope is in His word.
More than they that for morning watch,
My soul waits for the Lord;

4 I say, more than they that do watch
The morning light to see.
Let Israel hope in the Lord,
For with Him mercies be;

5 And plenteous redemption
Is ever found with Him.
And from all his iniquities
He Israel shall redeem.

131 C. M.

IS there ambition in my heart?
Search, gracious God, and see:
Or do I act a haughty part?
Lord, I appeal to Thee.

2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
And all my carriage mild;
Content, my Father, with Thy will,
And peaceful as a child.

3 The patient soul, the lowly mind,
Shall have a large reward;
Let saints in sorrow lie resigned,
And trust a faithful Lord.

132 C. M.

ARISE, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to Thy rest:
Lo! Thy church waits with longing eyes,
Thus to be owned and blest.

Enter, with all Thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and Thy word;
All that the ark did once contain,
Could no such grace afford.

3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows;
Here let Thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of Thy house,
And fill Thy poor with bread.

4 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine;
Justice and truth His court maintain,
With love and power divine.

5 Here let Him hold a lasting throne;
And, as His kingdom grows,
Fresh honours shall adorn His crown,
And shame confound His foes.

133 First Part. S. M.

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, when on Aaron's head
They poured the rich perfume,
The oil down to his raiment spread,
And pleasure filled the room.

4 Thus, on the heavenly hills,
The saints are blest above,
Where joy, like morning dew, distils,
And all the air is love.

133 Second Part. C. M.

BEHOLD, how good a thing it is,
And how becoming well,
Together such as brethren are
In unity to dwell!

2 Like precious ointment on the head,
That down the beard did flow,
Ev'n Aaron's beard, and to the skirts
Did of his garments go.

3 As Hermon's dew, the dew that doth
On Sion hill descend;
For there the blessing God commands,
Life that shall never end.

134 C. M.

YE that obey th' immortal King,
Attend His holy place;
Bow to the glories of His power,
And bless His wondrous grace.

2 Lift up your hands by morning light,
And send your souls on high;
Raise your admiring thoughts by night
Above the starry sky.

3 The God of Sion cheers our hearts
With rays of quickening grace;
The God that spreads the heavens abroad,
And rules the swelling seas.

135 C. M.

AWAKE, ye saints, to praise your King,
Your sweetest passions raise;
Your pious pleasure, while you sing,
Increasing with the praise.

2 Great is the Lord, and works unknown
Are His divine employ;
But still His saints are near His throne,
His treasure, and His joy.

3 Heaven, earth, and sea, confess His hand;
He bids the vapours rise;
Lightning and storm, at His command,
Sweep through the sounding skies.

4 Ye nations, know the living God,
Serve Him with faith and fear;
He makes the churches His abode,
And claims your honours there.

136 L. M.

GIVE to our God immortal praise;
Mercy and truth are all His ways;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.

2 He built the earth, He spread the sky,
And fixed the starry lights on high:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.

3 He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When suns and moons shall shine no more.

4 He sent His Son with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.

5 Through this vain world He guides our feet,
And leads us to His heavenly seat:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

137 First Part. L. M.

WHEN we, our weary limbs to rest,
Sat down by proud Euphrates' stream,
We wept, with doleful thoughts oppress'd,
And Sion was our mournful theme.

2 Our harps, that, when with joy we sung,
Were wont their tuneful parts to bear,
With silent strings neglected hung
On willow trees that wither'd there.

3 O Salem, our once happy seat,
When I of thee forgetful prove,
Let then my trembling hand forget
The speaking strings with art to move!

4 If I to mention thee forbear,
Perpetual silence be my doom:
Or if my chiefest joy compare
With thee, Jerusalem, my home!

137 SECOND PART. S. M.

I LOVE Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode;
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.

2 I love Thy church, O God!
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3 If e'er to bless Thy sons
My voice or hands deny,
These hands let useful skill forsake,
This voice in silence die.

4 If e'er my heart forget
Her welfare, or her wo,
Let every joy this heart forsake,
And every grief o'erflow.

5 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend:
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

6 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

7 Jesus, Thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour, and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

8 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Sion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

138 L. M.

WITH all my powers of heart and tongue
I'll praise my Maker in my song;
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.

2 I'll sing Thy truth and mercy, Lord;
I'll sing the wonders of Thy word;
Not all the works and names below,
So much Thy power and glory show.

3 To God I cried when troubles rose;
He heard me and subdued my foes;
He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffused through all my soul.

4 The God of heaven maintains His state,
Frowns on the proud and scorns the great;
But from His throne descends to bless
The humble souls that trust His grace.

5 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by Thy hand;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

6 Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrows and from sins;
The work that wisdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

139 FIRST PART. L. M.

LORD, Thou hast searched and seen me through;
Thine eye commands with piercing view
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.

3 Within Thy circling power I stand,
On every side I find Thy hand:
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5 O! may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

139 SECOND PART. C. M.

IN all my vast concerns with Thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun Thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of Thine eye.

2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they 're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high,
Where can a creature hide;
Within Thy circling arms I lie,
Enclosed on every side.

5 So let Thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

139 THIRD PART. C. M.

LORD, when I count Thy mercies o'er,
They strike me with surprise;
Not all the sands that spread the shore,
To equal numbers rise.

2 My flesh with fear and wonder stands,
The product of Thy skill;
And hourly blessings from Thy hands
Thy thoughts of love reveal.

3 These on my heart by night I keep:
How kind, how dear to me!
O may the hour that ends my sleep
Still find my thoughts with Thee.

139 FOURTH PART. C. M.

O LORD, Thou hast me searched and known,
Thou know'st my sitting down,
And rising up; yea, all my thoughts
Afar to Thee are known.

2 For in my tongue before I speak,
Not any word can be,
But altogether, lo! O Lord,
It is well known to Thee.

3 Behind, before, Thou hast beset,
And laid on me Thine hand.
Such knowledge is too strange for me,
Too high to understand.

4 From Thy Spirit whither shall I go,
Or from Thy presence fly?
Ascend I heaven, lo! Thou art there;
There, if in hell I lie.

5 Take I the morning wings and dwell
In utmost parts of sea;
Even there, Lord, shall Thy hand me lead,
Thy right hand hold shall me.

6 If I do say that darkness shall
Me cover from Thy sight,
Then surely shall the very night
About me be as light.

140 L. M.

O THOU Preserver of mankind,
Our hope, our shield, our strength, our [God!
Thou hast an ear to prayer inclined;
Our cries have reached Thy dread abode.

2 Our cause Thy justice will maintain,
Avenge th' oppressed and guard the poor:
Ne'er shall Thy children ask in vain,
And our proud foes shall boast no more.

3 Their banded hosts shall fly, or fall;
A shaking leaf their thousands chase;
Our God shall hear our nation's call,
We shall be saved, and sing His praise.

141 L. M.

MY God, accept my early vows,
Like morning incense, in Thine house;
And let my nightly worship rise
Sweet as the evening sacrifice.

2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,
From every rash and heedless word;
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty path where sinners lead.

3 O may the righteous, when I stray,
Smite and reprove my wandering way;
Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.

4 When I behold them pressed with grief,
I'll cry to heaven for their relief;
And by my warm petitions prove
How much I prize their faithful love.

142 C. M.

TO God I made my sorrows known,
From God I sought relief;
In long complaints before His throne
I poured out all my grief.

2 My soul was overwhelmed with woes,
My heart began to break;
My God, who all my burdens knows,
Beholds the way I take.

3 On every side I cast mine eye,
And found my helpers gone,
While friends and strangers passed me by
Neglected or unknown.

4 Then did I raise a louder cry,
And called Thy mercy near:
"Thou art my portion when I die,
Be Thou my refuge here."

5 Lord, I am brought exceeding low;
Now let Thine ear attend,
And make my foes, who vex me, know,
I've an almighty Friend.

6 From my sad prison set me free:
Then shall I praise Thy name;
And holy men shall join with me,
Thy kindness to proclaim.

143 L. M.

MY righteous Judge, my gracious God,
Hear when I spread my hands abroad,
And cry for succour from Thy throne:
O make Thy truth and mercy known.

2 For Thee I thirst, I pray, I mourn;
When will Thy smiling face return?
Shall all my joys on earth remove,
And God for ever hide His love?

3 Break off my fetters, Lord, and show
The path in which my feet should go;
If snares and foes beset the road,
I flee to hide me near my God.

4 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.

144 First Part. C. M.

FOR ever blessed be the Lord,
My Saviour and my Shield;
He sends His Spirit with His word,
To arm me for the field.

2 When sin and hell their force unite,
He makes my soul His care;
Instructs me in the heavenly fight,
And guards me through the war.

3 A Friend and Helper so divine
My fainting hope shall raise;
He makes the glorious victory mine,
And His shall be the praise.

144 Second Part. C. M

LORD, what is man, poor feeble man,
Born of the earth at first!
His life a shadow, light and vain,
Still hastening to the dust.

2 O what is feeble dying man,
Or all His sinful race,
That God should make it His concern
To visit him with grace!

3 That God who darts His lightnings down,
Who shakes the worlds above!
What terrors wait His awful frown!
How wondrous is His love!

145 First Part. C. M.

LONG as I live I'll bless Thy name,
My King, my God of love;
My work and joy shall be the same,
In the bright world above.

2 Great is the Lord, His power unknown,
And let His praise be great:
I'll sing the honours of Thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.

3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue;
And, while my lips rejoice,
The men that hear my sacred song
Shall join their cheerful voice.

4 Fathers to sons shall teach Thy name,
And children learn Thy ways;
Ages to come Thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound Thy praise.

5 The world is managed by Thy hands,
Thy saints are ruled by love;
And Thine eternal kingdom stands,
Though rocks and hills remove.

145 Second Part. C. M.

SWEET is the memory of Thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King;
Let age to age Thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.

2 God reigns on high, but ne'er confines
His goodness to the skies;
Through the whole earth His bounty shines,
And every want supplies.

3 With longing eyes Thy creatures wait
On Thee for daily food;
Thy liberal hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

4 How kind are Thy compassions, Lord!
How slow Thine anger moves!
But soon He sends His pardoning word
To cheer the souls He loves.

5 Creatures with all their endless race
Thy power and praise proclaim;
But saints, that taste Thy richer grace,
Delight to bless Thy name.

145 THIRD PART. L. M.

O LORD, Thou art my God and King;
Thee will I magnify and praise:
I will Thee bless, and gladly sing
Unto Thy holy name always.

2 Each day I rise I will Thee bless,
And praise Thy name time without end.
Much to be praised, and great God is;
His greatness none can comprehend.

3 Race shall Thy works praise unto race,
The mighty acts show done by Thee.
I will speak of the glorious grace
And honour of Thy majesty.

4 Thy wondrous works I will record;
By men the might shall be extolled
Of all Thy dreadful acts, O Lord:
And I Thy greatness will unfold.

5 They utter shall abundantly
The memory of Thy goodness great;
And shall sing praises cheerfully,
Whilst they Thy righteousness relate.

146 FIRST PART. C. M.

OH happy is that man and blest,
Whom Jacob's God doth aid;
Whose hope upon the Lord doth rest,
And on his God is stayed:

2 Who made the earth and heavens high,
Who made the swelling deep,
And all that is within the same;
Who truth doth ever keep:

3 Who righteous judgment executes
For those oppressed that be,
Who to the hungry giveth food;
God sets the prisoners free.

4 The Lord doth give the blind their sight,
The bowed-down doth raise:
The Lord doth dearly love all those
That walk in upright ways.

5 The stranger's shield, the widow's stay,
The orphan's help, is He:
But yet by Him the wicked's way
Turned upside down shall be.

6 The Lord shall reign for evermore:
Thy God, O Zion, He
Reigns to all generations:
Praise to the Lord give ye.

146 SECOND PART. L. P. M.

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 th' oppressed, 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 prisoner sweet release.

5 He loves His saints, He knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell;
Thy God, O Sion, ever reigns:
Let every tongue, let every age,
In this exalted work engage;
Praise Him in everlasting strains.

147 L. M.

PRAISE ye the Lord: 'tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in His praise:
His nature and His works invite
To make this duty our delight.

2 Great is our Lord, and great His might,
And all His glories infinite;
He crowns the meek, rewards the just,
And treads the wicked to the dust.

3 Sing to the Lord, exalt Him high,
Who spreads His clouds around the sky;
There He prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

4 He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn;
The beasts with food His hands supply,
And feed the ravens when they cry.

5 His saints are lovely in His sight;
He views His children with delight;
He sees their hope, He knows their fear,
And finds and loves His image there.

148 First Part. H. M

YE tribes of Adam, join
With heaven, and earth, and seas,
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praise.
Ye holy throng
Of angels bright,
In worlds of light,
Begin the song.

2 Thou sun with dazzling rays,
And moon that rules the night,
Shine to your Maker's praise,
With stars of twinkling light.
His power declare,
Ye floods on high,
And clouds that fly
In empty air.

3 The shining worlds above
In glorious order stand,
Or in swift courses move,
By His supreme command.
He spake the word,
And all their frame
From nothing came
To praise the Lord.

4 He moved their mighty wheels
In unknown ages past,
And each His word fulfils,
While time and nature lasts.

In different ways
His works proclaim
His wondrous name,
And speak His praise.

148 SECOND PART. S. M.

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 fixed their wondrous frame;
By His command they stand or move,
And ever speak His name.

4 Ye vapours, when ye rise,
Or fall in showers or snow,
Ye thunders, murmuring 'round the skies,
His power and glory show.

5 Wind, hail, and flaming fire,
Agree to praise the Lord,
When ye in dreadful storms conspire
To execute His word.

6 By all His works above
His honours be expressed;
But saints that taste His saving love,
Should sing His praises best.

148 THIRD PART. H. M.

THE Lord of heav'n confess,
On high His glory raise.
Him let all angels bless;
Him all His armies praise.

Him glorify,
Sun, moon, and stars;
Ye higher spheres,
And cloudy sky.

2 From God your beings are,
Him therefore famous make;
You all created were,
When He the word but spake.
And from that place,
Where fix'd you be
By His decree,
You cannot pass.

4 O let God's name be prais'd
Above both earth and sky:
For He His saints hath rais'd,
And set their horn on high;
Ev'n those that be
Of Isr'el's race,
Near to His grace,
The Lord praise ye.

148 FOURTH PART. 8s. 7s.

PRAISE the Lord! ye heavens adore Him;
Praise Him, angels in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him;
Praise Him, all ye stars of light!
Hallelujah, Amen.

2 Praise the Lord—for He hath spoken;
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed;
Laws which never can be broken,
For their guidance He hath made.
Hallelujah, Amen.

3 Praise the Lord—for He is glorious;
Never shall His promise fail;
God hath made His saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.
Hallelujah, Amen.

4 Praise the God of our salvation,
Hosts on high His power proclaim;
Heaven, and earth, and all creation,
Praise and magnify His name!
Hallelujah, Amen.

149 C. M.

ALL ye that love the Lord, rejoice,
And let your songs be new;
Amidst the church, with cheerful voice
His later wonders show.

2 The Jews, the people of His grace,
Shall their Redeemer sing;
And Gentile nations join the praise,
While Sion owns her King.

3 The Lord takes pleasure in the just,
Whom sinners treat with scorn;
The meek, that lie despised in dust,
Salvation shall adorn.

4 Saints shall be joyful in their King,
E'en on a dying bed;
And like the souls in glory sing,
For God shall raise the dead.

5 Then His high praise shall fill their tongues,
Their hand shall wield the sword:
And vengeance shall attend their songs,
The vengeance of the Lord.

6 When Christ His judgment-seat ascends,
And bids the world appear,
Thrones are prepared for all His friends,
Who humbly loved Him here.

7 Then shall they rule with iron rod,
Nations that dared rebel,
And join the sentence of their God,
On tyrants doomed to hell.

8 The royal sinners, bound in chains,
New triumph shall afford:
Such honour for the saints remains;
Praise ye, and love the Lord.

150 First Part. C. M.

IN God's own house pronounce His praise,
His grace He there reveals;
To heaven your joy and wonder raise,
For there His glory dwells.

2 Let all your sacred passions move,
While you rehearse His deeds;
But the great work of saving love
Your highest praise exceeds.

3 All that have motion, life, and breath,
Proclaim your Maker blest;
Yet when my voice expires in death,
My soul shall praise Him best.

150 Second Part. L. M.

PRAISE ye the Lord; all nature join
In work and worship so divine;
Let heaven and earth unite, and raise
High hallelujahs to His praise.

2 While realms of joy, and worlds around,
Their hallelujahs high resound,
Let saints below and saints above,
Exulting sing redeeming love.

3 As instruments well tuned and strung,
We'll praise the Lord with heart and tongue;
While life remains we'll loud proclaim
High hallelujahs to His name.

4 Beyond the grave, in nobler strains,
When freed from sorrow, sin, and pains,
Eternally the church will raise
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HYMNS

FOR THE

WORSHIP OF GOD

IN THE

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

IN THE

UNITED STATES.

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GOD.

BEING AND PERFECTIONS.

1 DIVINE ATTRIBUTES. H. M.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high;
The garments He assumes
Are light and majesty.
His glories shine with beams so bright,
No mortal eye can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of His hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard His holy law;
And where His love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.

3 Through all His ancient works,
Surprising wisdom shines;
Confounds the powers of hell,
And breaks their cursed designs.
Strong is His arm, and shall fulfil
His great decrees, His sovereign will.

4 And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend,
And will He write His name,
My Father and my Friend?
I love His name, I love His word;
Join all my powers and praise the Lord.

2 THE DIVINE PERFECTIONS. C. M.

HOW shall I praise the eternal God,
That Infinite Unknown?
Who can ascend His high abode,
Or venture near His throne?

2 Those watchful eyes, that never sleep,
Survey the world around;
His wisdom is a boundless deep,
Where all our thoughts are drowned.

3 He knows no shadow of a change,
Nor alters His decrees;
Firm as a rock His truth remains,
To guard His promises.

3 GOD'S SOVEREIGNTY. C. M.

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

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

3 His providence unfolds His book,
And makes His counsels shine;
Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
Fulfil some deep design.

4 In Thy fair book of life and grace,
Oh! may I find my name
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord the Lamb.

4 INFINITY OF GOD. C. M.

GREAT God! how infinite art Thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to Thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the ever living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in Thy view;
To Thee, there 's nothing old appears;
Great God! there 's nothing new.

4 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares,
While Thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

5 Great God! how infinite art Thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to Thee.

5 Majesty and Dominion of God. C. M.

THE Lord, how fearful is His name!
How wide is His command!
Nature, with all her moving frame,
Rests on His mighty hand!

2 Immortal glory forms His throne,
And light His awful robe:
While with a smile, or with a frown,
He manages the globe.

3 A word of His almighty breath
Can swell or sink the seas;
Build the vast empires of the earth,
Or break them, if He please!

4 Adoring angels round Him fall,
In all their shining forms;
His sovereign eye looks through them all,
And pities mortal worms.

6 THE GOODNESS OF GOD. C. M.

GOD, in the high and holy place,
Looks down upon the spheres;
Yet in His providence and grace,
To every eye appears.

2 He bows the heavens; the mountains stand
A highway for our God:
He walks amid the desert land;
'Tis Eden where He trod.

3 In every stream His bounty flows,
Diffusing joy and wealth;
In every breeze His Spirit blows
The breath of life and health.

4 His blessings fall in plenteous showers,
Upon the lap of earth,
That teems with foliage, fruits, and flowers,
And rings with infant mirth.

5 If God hath made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound;
How beautiful, beyond compare,
Will paradise be found!

7 GLORY AND CONDESCENSION OF GOD. L. M

JEHOVAH reigns, His throne is high,
His robes are light and majesty;
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.

2 His terrors keep the world in awe;
His justice guards His holy law;
His love reveals a smiling face,
His truth and promise seal the grace.

3 Through all His works His wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs;
His power is sovereign to fulfil
The noblest counsels of His will.

4 And will this glorious Lord descend
To be my Father and my Friend?
Then let my songs with angels join;
Heaven is secure, if God be mine.

8 Faithfulness of God. C. M.

BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
And speak some boundless thing,
The mighty works, or mightier name,
Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of His wondrous faithfulness,
And sound His powers abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of His grace,
And the performing God.

3 Proclaim "Salvation from the Lord,
For wretched dying men;"
His hand has writ the sacred word,
With an immortal pen.

4 His very word of grace is strong,
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

5 O might I hear Thy heavenly tongue
But whisper, "Thou art mine?"
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

6 How would my leaping heart rejoice,
And think my heaven secure!
I trust the all-creating voice,
And faith desires no more.

9 God's unbounded Love. L. M.

LORD, what is man that he should prove
The object of Thy boundless love?
Say, why should he so largely share
Thy favour, and Thy tender care?

2 While these my lips draw vital breath,
Or till I close mine eyes in death,
I'll ne'er forget Thy wondrous love,
Nor thoughtless of Thy kindness prove.

3 Beneath Thy shadowing wings' defence
I'll place my only confidence:
In every danger and distress,
To Thee will I my prayer address.

4 Should all my hopes on earth be lost,
In Thee I'll make my constant boast:
I'll spread the glories of Thy name,
And Thy unbounded love proclaim.

10 God's Faithfulness. L. M.

PRAISE, everlasting praise, be paid
To Him that earth's foundation laid!
Praise to the God, whose strong decrees
Sway the creation as He please.

2 Praise to the goodness of the Lord,
Who rules His people by His word;
And there, as strong as His decrees,
He sets His kindest promises.

3 Firm are the words His prophets give,
Sweet words, on which His children live;
Each of them is the voice of God,
Who spoke, and spread the skies abroad.

3 Each of them powerful as that sound,
That bid the new-made world go round;
And stronger than the solid poles,
On which the wheel of nature rolls.

5 Whence then should doubts and fears arise?
Why trickling sorrows drown our eyes?
Slowly, alas! our mind receives
The comforts that our Maker gives.

6 O! for a strong and lasting faith
To credit what th' Almighty saith!
T' embrace the message of His Son,
And call the joys of heaven our own.

11 God's Condescension to the Humble. L. M.

THUS saith the high and lofty One,
"I sit upon My holy throne;
My name is God; I dwell on high;
Dwell in My own eternity.

2 "But I descend to worlds below;
On earth I have a mansion too;
The humble spirit and contrite
Is an abode of My delight.

3 "The humble souls My words revive,
I bid the mourning sinner live:
Heal all the broken hearts I find,
And ease the sorrows of the mind.

4 "When I contend against their sin,
I make them know how vile they've been,
But should My wrath for ever smoke,
Their souls would sink beneath My stroke."

6 O! may Thy pardoning grace be nigh,
Lest we should faint, despair, and die.
Thus shall our better thoughts approve
The methods of Thy chastening love.

12 God all, and in all. S. M.

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 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God His residence remove,
Or but conceal His face.

3 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford;
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without Thy presence, Lord.

4 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll;
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

13 God is Love. 11s, 3s, 8s.

WHAT sound is this?
A song through heaven resounding,
God is love!
And now from earth,
I hear the sound rebounding,
God is love!
Yes, while adoring hosts proclaim,
Love is His nature, Love His name,
My soul in rapture cries the same,
God is love!

2 This song repeat,
Repeat, ye saints in glory,
God is love!
And saints on earth,
Shout back the pleasing story,
God is love!
In this let earth and heaven agree,
To sound His love, so full and free;
And let the theme for ever be,
God is love!

14 Sincerity in Worship. C. M.

GOD is a Spirit, just and wise,
He sees our inmost mind;
In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
And leave our souls behind.

2 Nothing but truth before His throne
With honour can appear;
The painted hypocrites are known
Through the disguise they wear.

3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bending knees the ground;
But God abhors the sacrifice,
Where not the heart is found.

4 Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways,
And make my soul sincere;
Then shall I stand before Thy face,
And find acceptance there.

15 PRAISE TO GOD. 8s & 7s.

PRAISE to Thee, Thou great Creator,
Praise to Thee from every tongue:
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.

2 Father, source of all compassion,
Pure, unbounded grace is Thine:
Hail the God of our salvation!
Praise Him for His love divine.

3 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound His praise through earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

4 Joyfully on earth adore Him,
Till in heaven our song we raise;
There, enraptured, fall before Him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

16 GOD'S GOODNESS. C. M.

THY goodness, Lord, our souls confess;
Thy goodness we adore;
A spring, whose blessings never fail—
A sea without a shore!

2 Sun, moon, and stars, Thy love declare
In every golden ray;
Love draws the curtain of the night,
And love brings back the day.

3 Thy bounty every season crowns,
With all the bliss it yields;
With joyful clusters loads the vines,
With strengthening grain, the fields.

4 But chiefly Thy compassion, Lord,
Is in the gospel seen;
There, like a sun, Thy mercy shines,
Without a cloud between.

5 There pardon, peace, and holy joy,
Through Jesus' name are given;
He on the cross was lifted high,
That we might reign in heaven.

DECREES.

17 DISTINGUISHING GRACE. 11s & 8s.

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

2 His love, from eternity fixed upon us,
Broke forth and discovered its flame,
When each with the cords of His kindness He drew,
And brought us to love His great name.

3 O! had He not pitied the state we were in,
Our bosom His love had ne'er felt;
We all would have lived, would have died too in sin,
And sunk with the load of our guilt.

4 What was there in us that could merit esteem,
Or give the Creator delight?
'Twas "even so, Father!" we ever must sing,
"Because it seemed good in Thy sight."

5 'Twas all of Thy grace we were brought to obey,
While others were suffered to go
The road, which by nature we chose as our way,
That leads to the regions of wo.

6 Then give all the glory to His holy name,
To Him all the glory belongs;
Be ours the high joy still to sound forth His fame,
And crown Him in each of our songs.

18 ELECTING LOVE. C. M.

HOW vast the benefits divine,
Which we in Christ possess!
We're saved from guilt and every sin,
And called to holiness.

2 'Tis not for works which we have done,
Or shall hereafter do,
But He of His abounding love,
Salvation does bestow.

3 The glory, Lord, from first to last,
Is due to Thee alone;
Aught to ourselves we dare not take,
Or rob Thee of Thy crown.

4 Our glorious Surety undertook
Redemption's wondrous plan;
And grace was given us in Him,
Before the world began.

5 Safe in the arms of sovereign love,
We ever shall remain;
Nor shall the rage of earth or hell
Make Thy wise counsels vain.

6 Not one of all the chosen race,
But shall to heaven attain;
Partake on earth the purposed grace,
And then with Jesus reign.

19 The book of God's Decrees. C. M.

LET the whole race of creatures lie
Abased before their God;
Whate'er His sovereign voice has formed,
He governs with a nod.

2 Ten thousand ages ere the skies
Were into motion brought;
All the long years and worlds to come,
Stood present to His thought

3 There 's not a sparrow, or a worm,
But 's found in His decrees;
He raises monarchs to their throne,
And sinks them as He please.

4 If light attend the course I run,
'Tis He provides those rays;
And 'tis His hand that hides my sun,
If darkness cloud my days.

5 Yet I would not be much concerned,
Nor vainly long to see,
In volumes of His deep decrees,
What months are writ for me.

6 When He reveals the book of life,
O! may I read my name
Amongst the chosen of His love,
The followers of the Lamb.

20 God first chose me. 7s & 6s.

'TIS not that I did choose Thee,
For Lord that could not be;
This heart would still refuse Thee;
But Thou hast chosen me:

Thou from the sin that stained me
Hast cleansed and set me free;
Of old Thou hast ordained me,
That I should live to Thee.

2 'Twas sovereign mercy called me,
And taught my opening mind;
The world had else enthralled me,
To heavenly glories blind;
My heart owns none before Thee;
For Thy rich grace I thirst,
This knowing, if I love Thee,
Thou must have loved me first.

CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

21 God celebrated in his works of Creation. C. M.

I SING the almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at His command,
And all the stars obey.

3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures with His word,
And then pronounced them good.

4 Lord, how Thy wonders are displayed,
Where'er I turn mine eye!
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky.

5 There 's not a plant or flower below,
But makes Thy glories known;
And clouds arise and tempests blow,
By order from Thy throne.

6 Creatures as numerous as they be,
Are subject to Thy care;
There 's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.

22 DEPENDENCE ON DIVINE PROVIDENCE. C. M.

LET others boast how strong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear;
But we 'll confess, O Lord, to Thee,
What feeble things we are.

2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay;
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.

3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one be gone:
Strange! that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.

4 But 'tis our God supports our frame,
The God that made us first;
Salvation to the almighty Name
That reared us from the dust.

23 THE LORD WILL PROVIDE. 10s & 11s.

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 store-house, are fed;
From them let us learn to trust for our bread:
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied;
So long as 'tis written, the Lord will provide.

3 We may, like the ships, by tempests be tossed
On perilous deeps, but cannot be lost·

Though Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
The promise engages, the Lord will provide.

4 His call we obey, like Abram 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.

5 When Satan appears to stop up our path,
And fills 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.

6 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.

7 No strength of our own, or goodness we claim,
Yet since we have known the Saviour's great name,
In this our strong tower for safety we hide;
The Lord is our power, the Lord will provide.

8 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
This word of His grace shall comfort us through:
No fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting, the Lord will provide.

24 Goodness of Divine Providence. C. M.

WHILST Thee I seek, protecting Power!
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed,
To Thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see;
Each blessing to my soul most dear,
Because conferred by Thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings the favoured hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet Thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see,
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on Thee.

25 Gratitude for Providential Care. C. M.

O THOU, my light, my life, my joy,
My glory, and my all;
Unsent by Thee, no good can come,
Nor evil can befall.

2 Such are Thy schemes of providence,
And methods of Thy grace,
That I may safely trust in Thee,
Through all the wilderness.

3 'Tis Thine outstretched and powerful arm
Upholds me in the way;
And Thy rich bounty well supplies
The wants of every day.

4 For such compassions, O my God!
Ten thousand thanks are due;
For such compassions, I esteem
Ten thousand thanks too few.

26 MYSTERIES OF PROVIDENCE. C. M.

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

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

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

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face.

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

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

27 MYSTERIES OF PROVIDENCE. L. M.

LORD, how mysterious are Thy ways!
How blind are we, how mean our praise!
Thy steps no mortal eyes explore;
'Tis ours to wonder and adore.

2 Thy purposes from creature sight
Are hid in shades of awful night;
Amid the lines, with curious eye,
Not angel minds presume to pry.

3 Great God! I do not ask to see
What in futurity shall be;
Let light and bliss attend my days,
And then my future hours be praise.

4 Are darkness and distress my share?
Give me to trust Thy guardian care;
Enough for me, if love divine
At length through every cloud shall shine.

5 Yet this my soul desires to know,
Be this my only wish below;
That Christ is mine!—this great request,
Grant, bounteous God, and I am blest.

28 Darkness of Providence. C M.

THY way, O God! is in the sea,
Thy paths I cannot trace;
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of Thy unbounded grace.

2 Here the dark veils of flesh and sense
My captive soul surround;
Mysterious deeps of Providence
My wondering thoughts confound.

3 As through a glass, I dimly see
The wonders of Thy love:
How little do I know of Thee,
Or of the joys above!

4 'Tis but in part, I know Thy will;
I bless Thee for the sight:
When will Thy love the rest reveal,
In glory's clearer light?

5 With rapture shall I then survey
Thy providence and grace;
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love and praise.

29 SUBMISSION TO PROVIDENCE. S. M.

THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me, O God, by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

2 I dare not choose my lot,
I would not, if I might;
Choose Thou for me, O Lord, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

3 The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine; so let the way
That leads to it, O Lord, be Thine,—
Else I must surely stray.

4 Take Thou my cup and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee, O Lord, may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

5 Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou, O Lord, my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all.

30 SOVEREIGNTY OF GOD. S. M.

OUR times are in Thy hand:
O God, we wish them there;
Our life, our friends, our souls we leave
Entirely to Thy care.

2 Our times are in Thy hand,
Whatever they may be,
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee.

3 Our times are in Thy hand,
Why should we doubt or fear?
A Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

4 Our times are in Thy hand,
Jesus, the crucified;
The hand our many sins have pierced
Is now our guard and guide.

THE TRINITY.

31 Address to the Trinity. S. M.

O LORD our God, arise,
The cause of truth maintain;
And wide o'er all the peopled world
Extend her blessed reign.

2 Thou Prince of Life, arise,
Nor let Thy glory cease;
Far spread the conquests of Thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.

3 Thou Holy Ghost, arise,
Expand Thy quickening wing,
And o'er a dark and ruined world,
Let light and order spring.

4 All on the earth, arise,
To God the Saviour sing;
From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring.

32 Address to the Trinity. L. M.

FATHER of all, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy pardoning love extend.

2 Almighty Son, incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy quickening power extend.

4 Jehovah! Father, Spirit, Son,
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One!
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life to us extend.

33 THE TRINITY. L. M

THERE is one God, and only one,
No rivals can His essence share:
He is Jehovah, He alone,
And with the Lord, none can compare.

2 Angels and men may strive to raise,
Harmonious, their adoring songs;
But who can fully speak His praise,
From human or angelic tongues!

3 Yet would I lift my trembling voice,
The eternal Three in One to sing;
And mingling faith, while I rejoice,
My humble, grateful tribute bring.

4 All glory to the eternal Three,
The sacred, undivided One:
To Father, Son, and Spirit be
Co-equal praise and honours done.

34 THE TRINITY. 7s.

HOLY Father, hear our cry,
Holy Saviour, bend Thine ear,
Holy Spirit, come Thou nigh;
Father, Saviour, Spirit, hear.

2 Father, save us from our sin,
Saviour, we Thy mercy crave,
Gracious Spirit, make us clean;
Father, Son, and Spirit, save.

3 Father, let us taste Thy love,
Saviour, fill our souls with peace,
Spirit, come our hearts to move;
Father, Son, and Spirit, bless.

4 Father, Son, and Spirit, Thou
One Jehovah, shed abroad
All Thy grace within us now:
Be our Father and our God.

35 PRAISE TO THE TRINITY. S. M.

TO God the only wise,
Who keeps us by His word,
Be glory now and evermore,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

2 Hosanna to the Word,
Who from the Father came;
Ascribe salvation to the Lord,
And ever bless His name.

3 The grace of Christ our Lord,
The Father's boundless love,
The Spirit's blest communion too,
Be with us from above.

THE SAVIOUR.

PERSON AND CHARACTER.

36 GOD RECONCILED IN CHRIST. C. M.

DEAREST of all the names above,
My Jesus and my God,
Who can resist Thy heavenly love,
Or trifle with Thy blood?

2 'Tis by the merits of Thy death
The Father smiles again;
'Tis by Thine interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with men.

3 Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find;
The holy, just and sacred Three
Are terrors to my mind.

4 But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy begins;
His name forbids my slavish fear,
His grace removes my sins.

5 While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast,
I love the incarnate mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

37 INCARNATION OF THE SON OF GOD. 7s.

GOD with us! O glorious name!
Let it shine in endless fame:
God and man in Christ unite;
O mysterious depth and height!

2 God with us! the eternal Son
Took our soul, our flesh, and bone:
Now, ye saints, His grace admire,
Swell the song with holy fire.

3 God with us! but tainted not
With the first transgressor's blot;
Yet did He our sins sustain,
Bear the guilt, the curse, the pain.

4 God with us! O wondrous grace!
Let us see Him face to face:
That we may Immanuel sing,
As we ought, our God and King.

38 THE DEITY AND GLORY OF CHRIST. 8s & 7s

LORD of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days,
Sounded through the wide creation,
Be Thy just and awful praise.

2 For the grandeur of Thy nature,
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
For created works of power,
Works with skill and kindness wrought.

3 For Thy providence, that governs
Through Thine empire's wide domain;
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow;
Blessed be Thy gentle reign.

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

5 Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall Thy praise unuttered lie?
Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence;
Sing, the Lord, who came to die.

6 Did the angels sing Thy coming?
Did the shepherds learn their lays?
Shame would cover me ungrateful,
Should my tongue refuse to praise.

7 From the highest throne in glory!
To the cross of deepest wo!
All to ransom guilty captives!
Flow, my praise, for ever flow.

8 Go, return, immortal Saviour,
Leave Thy footstool, take Thy throne;
Thence return, and reign for ever!
Be the kingdom all Thy own.

39 BEHOLD THE MAN. L. M.

BEHOLD the Man! how glorious He!
Before His foes He stands unawed;
And, without wrong or blasphemy,
He claims equality with God.

2 Behold the Man! by all condemned;
Assaulted by a host of foes;
His person and His claims contemned,
A man of sufferings and of woes.

3 Behold the Man! He stands alone,
His foes are ready to devour;
Not one of all His friends will own
Their Master in this trying hour.

4 Behold the Man! He knew no sin,
Yet justice smites Him with her sword;
He bears the stroke that else had been
The sinner's portion from the Lord.

5 Behold the Man! so weak He seems,
His awful word inspires no fear;
But soon must he, who now blasphemes,
Before His judgment-seat appear.

6 Behold the Man! though scorned below,
He bears the greatest name above;
The angels at His footstool bow,
And all His royal claims approve.

40 Character of the Redeemer. L. C. M.

O! COULD I speak the matchless worth,
O! could I sound the glories forth
Which in my Saviour shine.
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings,
In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine:
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne,
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.

4 Soon the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will call me home,
And I shall see His face:
Then, with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

41 CHRIST THE DESIRE OF ALL NATIONS. 8s & 7s.

COME, Thou long expected Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in Thee:
Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the saints Thou art;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

2 Born, Thy people to deliver;
Born a child, and yet a King;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now Thy precious kingdom bring:
By Thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

42 CONSTANCY OF CHRIST'S LOVE. 7s.

HARK, my soul, it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:
"Say, poor sinner, lovest thou Me?

2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And, when wounded, healed thy wound,
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned 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, lovest 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.

43 CONDESCENSION OF CHRIST. C. M.

THE Saviour! O what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.

2 Here pardon, life, and joys divine,
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels lost in sin,
And doomed to endless woe.

3 The almighty Former of the skies
Stooped to our vile abode;
While angels viewed with wondering eyes,
And hailed the incarnate God.

4 O! the rich depths of love divine!
Of bliss a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call Thee mine;
I cannot wish for more.

5 On Thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath Thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my All!

44 CONDESCENSION AND LOVE OF H. M. CHRIST.

COME, every pious heart,
That loves the Saviour's name,
Your noblest powers exert,
To celebrate His fame:
Tell all above, and all below,
The debt of love to Him you owe.

2 Such was His zeal for God,
And such His love for you,
He freely undertook
What angels could not do:
His mighty deeds of love and grace,
All words exceed, and thoughts surpass.

3 He left His starry crown,
And laid His robes aside;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died:
What He endured O! who can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell!

4 From the dark grave He rose,
The mansions 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.

5 Jesus, we ne'er can pay
The debt we owe Thy love,

Yet tell us how we may
Our gratitude approve:
Our hearts, our all, to Thee we give:
The gift, though small, Thou wilt receive.

45 GLORY AND GRACE IN THE PERSON OF CHRIST. L. M.

NOW to the Lord a noble song;
Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue;
Hosanna to the 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,
Has 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.

46 TITLES OF CHRIST. H. M.

JESUS, my great High-Priest,
Offered His blood and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside.

His powerful blood did once atone;
And now it pleads before the throne.

2 To this dear Surety's hand
Will I commit my cause;
He answers and fulfils
His Father's broken laws.
Behold my soul at freedom set;
My Surety paid the dreadful debt.

3 My Advocate appears
For my defence on high;
The Father bows His ears,
And lays His thunder by.
Not all that hell or sin can say,
Shall turn His heart, His love away.

4 My great and glorious Lord,
My Conqueror and my King,
Thy sceptre and Thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing.
Thine is the power; behold I sit
In willing bonds beneath Thy feet.

47 CHRIST THE ROCK OF AGES. 7s.

ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labour of my hands
Can fulfil the law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;

Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Vile, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my heart-strings break in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

48 CHRIST THE FRIEND OF SINNERS. 8s & 7s.

ONE there is, above all others
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But this Saviour died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God.

3 When He lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was His name;
Now above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same.

4 O! for grace our hearts to soften;
Teach us, Lord, at length to love:
We, alas! forget too often,
What a Friend we have above.

49 JESUS THE ONLY SAVIOUR. L. M

JESUS, the spring of joys divine,
Whence all our hopes and comforts flow;
Jesus, no other name but Thine,
Can save us from eternal woe.

2 In vain would boasting reason find
The way to happiness and God;
Her weak directions leave the mind
Bewildered in a dubious road.

3 No other name will heaven approve;
Thou art the true, the living way,
Ordained by everlasting love,
To the bright realms of endless day.

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

50 CHRIST THE WAY. L. M.

JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,
He, whom I fix my hopes upon,
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till Him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness
I'll go, for all His paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief and burden long have been,
Because I could not cease from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
I sinned 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:
Nothing but sin I Thee can give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,
And say—"Behold the way to God!"

51 Christ the Priest, King and Judge. L. M.

NOW to the Lord that makes us know
The wonders of His dying love,
Be humble honours paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.

2 'Twas He that cleansed our foulest sins,
And washed us in His richest blood;
'Tis He that makes us priests and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.

3 To Jesus our atoning Priest,
To Jesus our exalted King,
Be everlasting power confessed,
And every tongue His glory sing.

4 Behold on flying clouds He comes,
And every eye shall see Him move;
Though with our sins we pierced Him once,
Still He displays His pardoning love.

5 The unbelieving world shall wail,
While we rejoice to see the day;
Come, Lord, nor let Thy promise fail,
Nor let Thy chariots long delay.

52 Christ our Wisdom and Righteousness. L. M.

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 drowned in tears,
Till His atoning blood appears:
Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing "The Lord our righteousness."

3 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.

53 CHRIST OUR WISDOM AND RIGHTEOUSNESS. S. M.

HOW heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes,
Till Christ, with His reviving light,
Over our souls arise!

2 Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of heaven;
But, in His righteousness arrayed,
We see our sins forgiven.

3 Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways;
His hands infected nature cure,
With sanctifying grace.

4 The powers of hell agree
To hold our souls in vain;
He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks the accursed chain.

5 Lord, we adore Thy ways,
To bring us near to God;
Thy sovereign power, Thy healing grace,
And Thy atoning blood.

54 CHRIST A SAVIOUR. L. M.

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 loved 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.

55 EFFICACY OF THE BLOOD OF CHRIST. C. M.

JESUS, in Thee our eyes behold
A thousand glories more
Than the rich gems and polished gold
The sons of Aaron wore.

2 Once, in the circuit of a year,
With blood, but not his own,
Aaron within the veil appears,
Before the golden throne.

3 But Christ, by His own powerful blood,
Ascends above the skies;
And, in the presence of our God,
Shows His own sacrifice.

4 Jesus, the King of glory, reigns
On Sion's heavenly hill;
Looks like a Lamb that has been slain,
And wears His priesthood still.

5 He ever lives to intercede
Before His Father's face;
Give Him, my soul, thy cause to plead,
Nor doubt the Father's grace.

56 CHRIST THE PROPHET AND SHEPHERD. H. M

JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore:
All are too mean to speak His worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

2 But O! what gentle terms,
What condescending ways,

Doth our Redeemer use,
To teach His heavenly grace!
My eyes with joy and wonder see
What forms of love He bears for me.

3 Arrayed in mortal flesh,
He like an angel stands,
And holds the promises
And pardons in His hands;
Commissioned from His Father's throne,
To make His grace to mortals known.

4 Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless Thy name:
By Thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came;
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

5 Be Thou my Counsellor,
My Pattern and my Guide:
And through this desert land,
Still keep me near Thy side;
O! let my feet ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek the crooked way.

6 I love my Shepherd's voice;
His watchful eyes shall keep
My wandering soul among
The thousands of His sheep:
He feeds His flock, He calls their names,
His bosom bears the tender lambs.

57 CHRIST OUR GUIDE. 8s 7s & 4s.

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 now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside:
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

58 CHRIST THE SHEPHERD. C. M.

FATHER of peace, and God of love,
We own Thy power to save;
That power by which our Shepherd rose
Victorious o'er the grave.

2 We triumph in that Shepherd's name,
Still watchful for our good,
Who brought the eternal covenant down,
And sealed it with His blood.

3 So may Thy Spirit seal my soul,
And mould it to Thy will;
That my fond heart no more may stray,
But keep Thy covenant still.

4 Still may we gain superior strength,
And press with vigour on,
Till full perfection crown our hopes,
And fix us near Thy throne.

59 CHRIST OUR STRENGTH. L. M.

LET me but hear my Saviour say,
"Strength shall be equal to thy day;"
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.

2 I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own power may rest on me;
When I am weak, then am I strong,
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

3 I can do all things, or can bear
All sufferings, if my Lord be there;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While His own hand my head sustains.

60 CHRIST THE HOPE OF THE DISCONSOLATE. L. P. M.

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly virtue's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do;
Still He who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And sore dismayed my spirit dies,
Yet He, who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

4 When, sorrowing, o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me, for a little while,
Thou, Saviour, seest the tears I shed,
For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

5 And O when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed, for Thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

61 CHRIST, THE WAY, TRUTH, AND LIFE. C. M.

THOU art the way,—to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he, who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, in Thee.

2 Thou art the truth—Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst instruct the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the life,—the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm;
And those, who put their trust in Thee,
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the way, the truth, the life;
Grant us to know that way,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Which lead to endless day.

62 CHRIST OUR HIDING-PLACE. C. M.

THOU art my hiding-place, O Lord:
In Thee I put my trust,
Encouraged by Thy holy word,
A feeble child of dust.

2 I have no argument beside,
I urge no other plea:
And 'tis enough the Saviour died,
The Saviour died for me.

3 And when Thine awful voice commands
This body to decay,
And life, in its last ling'ring sands,
Is ebbing fast away,—

4 Then, though it be in accents weak,
My voice shall call on Thee,
And ask for strength in death to speak,
"My Saviour died for me."

63 GLORY OF CHRIST. C. M.

MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 No mortal can with Him compare
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is He than all the fair,
Who fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 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.

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

6 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be Thine.

64 CHRIST OUR SUBSTITUTE. 5s & 11s.

ALL ye who 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 His.

2 The Lord in the day
Of His anger did lay
Our sins on the Lamb, and He bore them away:
He died to atone
For guilt not His own;
The Father afflicted for you His dear Son.

3 For sinners like me
He died on the tree;
His death is accepted; the sinner goes free;
My pardon I claim;
A sinner I am,
A sinner believing in Jesus' dear name.

4 He purchased the grace
That now I embrace;
O Father! Thou knowest He died in my place:
His death is my plea,
My Advocate see,
And hear the blood speak that has answered for me.

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.

65 CHRIST'S MEEKNESS. L. M.

HOW beauteous were the marks divine
That in Thy meekness seen to shine,
Did light Thy lonely pathway, trod
In wondrous love, O Son of God!

2 Oh! who like Thee so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before?
So meek, forgiving, Godlike, high,
So glorious in humility?

3 E'en death, which sets the prisoner free,
Was pang, and scorn, and scoff to Thee;
Yet love through all Thy torture glowed,
And mercy with Thy life-blood flowed.

4 Oh! in Thy light be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe!
And give me ever on the road
To trace Thy footsteps, Son of God.

66 CHRIST OUR TEACHER. L. M.

HOW sweetly flowed the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When list'ning thousands gather'd round,
And joy and rev'rence filled the place.

2 From heav'n He came, of heav'n He spoke,
To heav'n He led His followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night He broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 "Come, wanderers, to My Father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest!"
Yes! sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey Thee, love Thee, and be blest!

67 JESUS, LEAD ME! S. M.

O THOU who wouldst not have
One wretched sinner die;
Who diedst Thyself, my soul to save
From endless misery!

2 Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe;
That when Thou comest on Thy throne,
I may with joy appear.

3 Thou art Thyself the way,
Thyself in me reveal;
So shall I spend my life's short day
Obedient to Thy will:

4 So shall I love my God,
Because He first loved me;
And praise Thee in Thy bright abode
To all eternity.

ADVENT.

68 Nativity of Christ. C. M.

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks
All seated on the ground, [by night,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

2 "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seized 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 displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swaddling bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
Addressed 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."

69 BIRTH OF CHRIST. 11s & 10s.

HAIL the blest morn! see the great Mediator,
Down from the regions of glory descend;
Shepherds, go worship the Babe in the manger.
Lo! for His guard, the bright angels attend.

2 Bright in the East, lo! the sun of the morning
Dawns on our darkness, and lends us his aid,
While his pure light, the horizon adorning,
Guides where our infant Redeemer is laid.

3 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.

4 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

5 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

70 ADVENT OF CHRIST. C. M.

HARK the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long:
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 On Him the Spirit, largely poured,
Exerts His sacred fire;
Wisdom, and might, and zeal, and love
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held,
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes from thickest films of vice,
To clear the inward sight;
And on the eyes obscured by sin,
To pour celestial light.

5 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the treasures of His grace,
To enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved name.

71 Blessings of Christ's Advent. S. M.

RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune,
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

2 Sing how eternal Love
Its chief Beloved chose,
And bade 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 filled the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons down
To sinners doomed to die.

5 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the sceptre of His love,
And take the offered peace.

6 Lord, we obey Thy call;
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation Thou hast brought,
And love and praise Thy name.

72 To us a Child is Born. C. M.

TO us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heaven.

2 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.

3 His power, increasing, still shall spread,
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard His throne above,
And peace abound below.

4 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The mighty Lord of heaven.

73 Song of Angels at the Nativity of Christ. C. M.

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

2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.

3 Down through the portals of the sky
The impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.

4 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song:
Good will and peace are heard throughout
The harmonious, angel throng.

5 O! for a glance of heavenly love,
Our hearts and songs to raise;
Sweetly to bear our souls above,
And mingle with their lays.

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

74 SONG OF THE ANGELS. 8s & 7s.

HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies!
Lo! the angelic host rejoices,
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

2 Listen to the wondrous story
Which they chant in hymns of joy;
Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!

3 Peace on earth, good will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 Christ is born, the great Anointed,
Heaven and earth His praises sing;
O! receive, whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

5 Hasten mortals to adore Him,
Learn His name and taste His joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
Glory be to God most high!

6 Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth,
Spread the brightness of His glory,
Till it covers all the earth.

EXAMPLE.

75 Christ our Pattern. L. M.

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

2 Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view
Thy pattern, and Thy steps pursue;
Let alms bestowed, let kindness done,
Be witnessed by each rolling sun.

3 The man 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.

76 Christ our Example in suffering. 7s.

GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye who feel the tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see;
Watch with Him one bitter hour;
Turn not from His griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraigned:
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame or loss;
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb:
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finished," hear Him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid His breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom;
Who hath taken Him away?
Christ has risen, He meets our eyes;
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

77 CHRIST OUR PATTERN. L. M.

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 deference 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
Witnessed the fervour of Thy prayer;
The desert Thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and Thy victory too.

4 Be Thou my pattern; make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here;
Then God the Judge shall own my name,
Among the followers of the Lamb.

78 CHRIST OUR EXAMPLE. L. M.

AND is the gospel peace and love?
So let our conversation be;
The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
On Jesus let us fix our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life.

3 O! how benevolent and kind!
How mild, how ready to forgive;
Be His the temper of our mind,
And His the rule by which we live.

4 To do His heavenly Father's will,
Was His employment and delight;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through His life divinely bright.

5 Dispensing good where'er He came,
The labours of His life were love:
If then we love our Saviour's name,
Let His divine example move.

6 But ah! how blind, how weak we are,
How frail, how apt to turn aside;
Lord, we depend upon Thy care,
And ask Thy Spirit for our guide.

79 CONFORMITY TO CHRIST. L. M.

JESUS, my Saviour, let me be
More perfectly conformed to Thee;
Implant each grace, each sin dethrone,
And form my temper like Thine own.

2 My foe, when hungry, let me feed,
Share in his grief, supply his need;
The haughty frown may I not fear,
But with a lowly meekness bear.

3 To others let me always give,
What I from others would receive;
Good deeds for evil ones return,
Nor when provoked, with anger burn.

4 This will proclaim how bright and fair
The precepts of the gospel are;
And God Himself, the God of love,
His own resemblance will approve.

SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

80 The Work Finished. L. M.

'TIS finished! so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed His head and died;
'Tis finished—yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.

2 'Tis finished—all that heaven decreed,
And all the ancient prophets said,
Is now fulfilled, as was designed,
In Me the Saviour of mankind.

3 'Tis finished—heaven is reconciled,
And all the powers of darkness spoiled:
Peace, love, and happiness again
Return and dwell with sinful men.

4 'Tis finished—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round:
'Tis finished—let the echo fly [sky.
Through heaven and hell, through earth and

81 Atonement Accomplished. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See, it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth and veils the sky.
"It is finished!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

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

3 Finished—all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finished—all that God had promised;
Death and hell no more shall awe:
It is finished!
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

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

82 PASCHAL LAMB. 8s & 7s.

HAIL, Thou once despised Jesus!
Hail, Thou Galilean King!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring.

2 Hail, Thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By Thy merits we find favour,
Life is given through Thy name.

3 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.

4 All Thy people are forgiven,
Through the virtue of Thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

83 THE LAMB OF GOD. C. M.

SINNERS, behold the Lamb of God
Who takes away our guilt:
Look to the precious, priceless blood,
That Jews and Gentiles spilt.

2 From heaven He came to seek and save,
Leaving His blest abode;
To ransom us Himself He gave;
"Behold the Lamb of God."

3 He came to take the sinner's place,
And shed His precious blood;
Let Adam's guilty, ruined race,
"Behold the Lamb of God."

4 Sinners, to Jesus then draw near,
Invited by His word;
The chief of sinners need not fear;
"Behold the Lamb of God."

5 Backsliders, too, the Saviour calls,
And washes in His blood;
Arise, return from grievous falls;
"Behold the Lamb of God."

6 Spirit of grace, to us apply
Immanuel's precious blood;
That we may, with Thy saints on high,
"Behold the Lamb of God."

84 SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST. S. M.

LIKE sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God;
Each wandering in a different way,
But all the downward road.

2 How dreadful was the hour,
When God our wanderings laid,
And did at once His vengeance pour
Upon the Shepherd's head!

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

4 His honour and His breath
Were taken both away;
Joined with the wicked in His death
And made as vile as they.

5 But God shall raise His head
O'er all the sons of men,
And make Him see a numerous seed,
To recompense His pain.

6 "I'll give Him," saith the Lord,
"A portion with the strong;
He shall possess a large reward,
And hold His honours long."

85 Sufferings of the Redeemer. L. M.

STRETCHED on the cross, the Saviour dies,
Hark! His expiring groans arise;
See, how the sacred crimson tide
Flows from His hands, His feet, His side.

2 To suffer in the traitor's place,
To die for man—surprising grace!
Yet pass rebellious angels by—
O why for man, dear Saviour, why?

3 And didst Thou bleed? for sinners bleed?
And could the sun behold the deed?
No! he withdrew his sickening ray,
And darkness veiled the mourning day.

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

5 Come, dearest Lord, Thy grace impart,
To warm this cold, this stupid heart:
Till all its powers and passions move,
In melting grief, and ardent love.

86 SUFFERING SAVIOUR. S. M.

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

2 The Son of God in tears
Angels with wonder see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee.

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

87 CHRIST'S AGONY IN THE GARDEN. C. M.

DARK was the night, and cold the ground,
On which the Lord was laid;
His sweat as drops of blood ran down,
In agony He prayed.

2 "Father, remove this bitter cup,
If such Thy sacred will;
If not, content to drink it up,
Thy pleasure I fulfil."

3 Go to the garden, sinner, see
Those precious drops that flow;
The heavy load He bore for thee—
For thee, He lies so low.

4 Then learn of Him the cross to bear,
Thy Father's will obey;
And when temptations press thee near,
Awake to watch and pray.

88 CRUCIFIXION OF CHRIST. C. M.

BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nailed to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that Him inclined
To bleed and die for me.

2 Hark! how He groans, while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend!
The temple's veil asunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis finished! now the ransom 's paid,
"Receive my soul!" He cries:
See—how He bows His sacred head!
He bows His head and dies!

4 But soon He 'll break death's iron chain
And in full glory shine;
O Lamb of God! was ever pain—
Was ever love like Thine?

89 SACRED HEAD. 7s & 6s.

O SACRED Head once wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down;
How scornfully surrounded
With thorns Thy only crown!
O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss till now was Thine;
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call Thee mine.

2 How art Thou pale with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn;
How does that visage languish
That once was bright as morn!
What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?

3 Oh! make me Thine for ever;
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to Thee.

Be near when I am dying;
  Oh! show Thy cross to me;
And, for my succour flying,
  Come, Lord, and set me free.

RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION.

90 Resurrection of Christ. H. M.

YES, the Redeemer rose,
  The Saviour left the dead;
And o'er our hellish foes
  High raised His conquering head;
In wild dismay, the guards around
Fall to the ground, and sink away.

2 Lo! the angelic bands
  In full assembly meet,
To wait His high commands,
  And worship at His feet;
Joyful they come, and wing their way,
From realms of day to Jesus' tomb.

3 Then back to heaven they fly,
  The joyful news to bear:
Hark! as they soar on high,
  What music fills the air!
Their anthems say, "Jesus, who bled,
Has left the dead; 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, "Jesus who bled,
Hath left the dead, no more to die."

5 All hail, triumphant Lord,
  Who savest us with Thy blood!

Wide be Thy name adored,
Thou rising, reigning God;
With Thee we rise, with Thee we reign,
And empires gain, beyond the skies.

91 Resurrection and Ascension of Christ. 7s.

HARK! the herald angels say,
Christ the Lord is risen to-day;
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Let the glorious tidings fly.

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

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ has burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids Him rise,
Christ has opened paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once He died our souls to save;
Where's thy victory, boasting grave?

5 What though once we perished all,
Partners of our parents' fall?
Second life we now receive,
And in Christ for ever live.

6 Hail! Thou dear almighty Lord,
Hail! Thou great incarnate Word,
Hail! Thou suffering Son of God,
Take the trophies of Thy blood.

92 Mary at the Tomb. 7s.

MARY to the Saviour's tomb,
Hasten'd at the early dawn,
Spice she brought, and sweet perfume,
But the Lord she loved had gone.

For awhile she lingering stood,
Filled with sorrow and surprise,
Trembling, while a crystal flood
Issued from her weeping eyes.

2 But her sorrows quickly fled
When she heard His welcome voice:
Christ had risen from the dead,
Now He bids her heart rejoice;
What a change His word can make,
Turning darkness into day!
Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

93 Christ's Ascension for us. C. M.

TH' eternal gates lift up their heads,
The doors are opened wide;
The King of Glory is gone up
Unto His Father's side.

2 For us Thou hast ascended, Lord,
Thou hast prepared a place,
That we may be where now Thou art,
And look upon Thy face.

3 And ever on Thine earthly path
A gleam of glory lies;
A light still breaks behind the cloud
That veils Thee from our eyes.

4 Lift up our thoughts, lift up our songs,
And let Thy grace be given,
That, while we linger here below,
Our hearts may be in heaven.

5 That, where Thou art at God's right hand,
Our hope, our love may be;
Dwell in us now, that we may dwell
For evermore in Thee.

94 Christ Enthroned. C. M.

HE who on earth as man was known,
And bore our sins and pains,
Now, seated on th' eternal throne,
The God of glory reigns.

2 While harps unnumbered sound His praise,
In yonder world above,
His saints on earth admire His ways,
And glory in His love.

3 When troubles, like a burning sun,
Beat heavy on their head,
To this almighty Rock they run,
And find a pleasing shade.

4 How glorious He! how happy they,
In such a glorious Friend!
Whose love secures them all the way,
And crowns them at the end.

95 Praise to the Risen Saviour. 7s.

LO! the stone is rolled away,
Death yields up his mighty prey;
Jesus, rising from the tomb,
Scatters all its fearful gloom.

2 Praise Him, ye celestial choirs,
Praise and sweep your golden lyres:
Praise Him in the noblest songs,
From ten thousand thousand tongues.

3 Every note with rapture swell,
And the Saviour's triumph tell;
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Where thy terrors, vanquished king?

4 Let Immanuel be adored,
Ransom, Mediator, Lord!
To creation's utmost bound,
Let the eternal praise resound.

96 RESURRECTION OF CHRIST. C. L. M.

HOW calm and beautiful the morn
That gilds the sacred tomb,
Where once the Crucified was born,
And veiled in midnight gloom!
O! weep no more the Saviour slain;
The Lord is risen—He lives again.

2 Ye mourning saints, dry every tear
For your departed Lord.
"Behold the place—He is not here,"
The tomb is all unbarred;
The gates of death were closed in vain;
The Lord is risen—He lives again.

3 Now cheerful to the house of prayer,
Your early footsteps bend;
The Saviour will Himself be there,
Your Advocate and Friend:
Once by the law your hopes were slain,
But now in Christ ye live again.

4 How tranquil now the rising day!
'Tis Jesus still appears,
A risen Lord, to chase away
Your unbelieving fears:
O! weep no more your comforts slain;
The Lord is risen—He lives again.

5 And when the shades of evening fall
When life's last hour draws nigh,
If Jesus shines upon the soul,
How blissful then to die!
Since He has risen who once was slain,
Ye die in Christ to live again.

INTERCESSION.

97 CHRIST'S INTERCESSION. L. M.

O THOU, the contrite sinner's Friend,
Who loving, lovest him to the end,
On this alone my hopes depend,
That Thou wilt plead for me, [for me.]

2 When weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting-place,
And, fainting, I mistrust Thy grace,
Then, Saviour, plead for me, [for me.]

3 When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, Oh! plead for me, [for me.]

4 And when my dying hour draws near,
Darkness with anguish, guilt, and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in heaven for me, [for me.]

98 CHRIST'S SYMPATHY AND INTERCESSION. C. M.

WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness
And all His soul is love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For He has felt the same.

3 But spotless, innocent and pure,
The great Redeemer stood,
While Satan's fiery darts He bore,
And did resist to blood.

4 He in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out His cries and tears;
And in His measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

5 He 'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed He never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

6 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and His power:
We shall obtain delivering grace,
In the distressing hour.

99 SYMPATHY OF CHRIST. L. M.

WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The Advocate of saints appears.

2 He, who for men in mercy stood,
And poured on earth His precious blood,
Pursues in heaven His plan of grace,
The Saviour of the chosen race.

3 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

4 Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers in the skies,
His tears, and agonies and cries.

5 In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of sorrows had a part;
He sympathizes in our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

6 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known;
And ask the aids of heavenly power,
To help us in the evil hour.

100 Christ our Advocate. S. M.

THE great Redeemer 's gone,
To appear before our God,
To sprinkle o'er the flaming throne
With His atoning blood.

2 No fiery vengeance now,
No burning wrath comes down:
If justice calls for sinners' blood,
The Saviour shows His own.

3 Before His Father's eye
Our humble suit He moves:
The Father lays His thunder by,
And looks, and smiles and loves.

4 Now may our joyful tongues
Our Maker's honour sing;
Jesus, the Priest, receives our songs,
And bears them to the King.

5 On earth Thy mercy reigns,
And triumphs all above:
But, Lord, how weak are mortal strains,
To speak immortal love!

6 How jarring and how low
Are all the notes we sing!
Blest Saviour, tune our songs anew,
And they shall please the King.

101 Christ Interceding above. C. M.

NOW let our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High Priest above;
And celebrate His constant care,
And sympathetic love.

2 Though raised to a superior throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the shining train,
With matchless honours crowned;

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

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

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

102 CHRIST'S INTERCESSION. C. M.

AWAKE, sweet gratitude, and sing
The ascended Saviour's love:
Sing how He lives to carry on
His people's cause above.

2 With cries and tears, He offered up
His humble suit below;
But with authority He asks,
Enthroned in glory now.

3 For all that come to God by Him,
Salvation He demands:
Points to their names upon His breast,
And spreads His wounded hands.

4 His sweet atoning sacrifice
Gives sanction to His claim;
"Father, I will that all My saints
Be with me where I am.

5 "By their salvation, recompense
The sorrows I endured;
Just to the merits of Thy Son,
And faithful to Thy word."

6 Eternal life, at His request,
To every saint is given:
Safety on earth, and, after death,
The plenitude of heaven.

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

103 The Redeeming Saviour. C. M.

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 odours sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

3 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy remain
For ever on Thy head.

4 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with Thee.

104 Glory of Redemption. C. M.

FATHER, how wide Thy glory shines!
How high Thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands through the skies

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

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

4 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains:
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

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

105 OFFICES OF CHRIST. C. M.

WE bless the Prophet of the Lord,
Who comes with truth and grace;
Jesus, Thy Spirit, and Thy word,
Shall lead us in Thy ways.

2 We reverence our High Priest above,
Who offered up His blood,
And lives to carry on His love,
By pleading with our God.

3 We honour our exalted King;
How sweet are His commands:
He guards our souls from hell and sin,
By His almighty hands.

4 Hosanna to His glorious name,
Who saves by different ways;
His mercies lay a sovereign claim
To our immortal praise.

106 Christ Crucified, the Wisdom and Power of God. L. M.

NATURE with open volume stands,
To spread her Maker's praise abroad;
And every labour of His hands
Shows something worthy of a God.

2 But in the grace that rescued man,
His brightest form of glory shines;
Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn,
In precious blood and crimson lines.

3 O! the sweet wonders of that cross,
Where God the Saviour loved and died;
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From His dear wounds and bleeding side.

4 I would for ever speak His name,
In sounds to mortal ears unknown;
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at His Father's throne.

107 Lamb of God to be Worshipped. C. M.

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 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise.

4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

108 Lamb of God to be Worshipped. L. M.

WHAT equal honours shall we bring
To Thee, O Lord, our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to Thy name!

2 Worthy is He that once was slain,
The Prince of Peace, that groaned and died,
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign,
At His almighty Father's side.

3 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men:
Let angels sound His sacred name,
And every creature say—Amen.

109 Exaltation of Christ. S. M

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

2 Down to the shades of death,
He bowed His awful head;
Yet He arose to live and reign,
When death itself is dead.

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

4 There the Redeemer sits,
High on the Father's throne;
The Father lays His vengeance by
And smiles upon His Son.

5 There His full glories shine
With uncreated rays,
And bless His saints and angels there,
To everlasting days.

110 The Triumphs of Christ. L. M. D.

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 groaned 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 risen God forsakes the tomb,
Up to His Father's court He flies,
Cherubic legions guard Him home,
And shout Him welcome to the skies.

3 Dry up your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great Deliverer reigns:
Sing how He spoiled 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?"

111 Rejoicing in the Triumph of H. M. Christ.

REJOICE, the Lord is King,
Your God and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

2 Rejoice, the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love;

When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

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

5 Rejoice in glorious hope;
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice.

112 Victory and Dominion of Christ. C. M.

I SING my Saviour's wondrous death;
He conquered when He fell;
"'Tis finished," said His dying breath,
And shook the gates of hell.

2 His cross a sure foundation laid
For glory and renown,
When through the regions of the dead
He passed, to reach the crown.

3 Exalted at His Father's side,
Sits our victorious Lord;
To heaven and hell His hands divide
The vengeance or reward.

4 The saints from His propitious eye
Await their several crowns;
And all the sons of darkness fly
The terror of His frowns.

113 CHRIST EXALTED AND INTERCEDING. 8s & 7s.

JESUS hail, enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side.

2 There for sinners Thou art pleading,
There Thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

3 Worship, honour, power and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive:
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.

114 PRAISE FOR REDEMPTION. L. M.

BLEST Jesus, when Thy cross I view,
That mystery to th' angelic host,
I gaze with grief and rapture too,
And all my soul's in wonder lost.

2 What strange compassion filled Thy breast,
That brought Thee from Thy throne on high,
To woes that cannot be expressed,
To be despised, to groan and die!

3 Was it for man, rebellious man,
Sunk by his crimes below the grave,
Who, justly doomed to endless pain,
Found none to pity or to save?

4 For man didst Thou forsake the sky,
To bleed upon the accursed tree?
And didst Thou taste of death, to buy
Immortal life and bliss for me?

5 Had I a voice to praise Thy name,
Loud as the trump that wakes the dead,
Had I the raptured seraph's flame,
My debt of love could ne'er be paid.

6 Yet, Lord, a sinner's heart receive,
This burdened contrite heart of mine;
Thou knowest I've nought beside to give;
And let it be for ever Thine.

115 PRAISE TO THE REDEEMER. S. M.

AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake every heart, and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of His dying love,
Sing of His rising power;
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore.

3 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day,
In Christ the eternal King.

4 Soon shall we hear Him say,
"Ye blessed children, come!"
Soon will He call us hence away,
And take His wanderers home.

116 PRAISE TO THE MOST HIGH. 10s & 11s.

YE servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad His wonderful name;
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious, He rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still He is nigh—His presence we have:
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

3 Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud, and honour the Son:
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give Him His right,
All glory and power, and wisdom and might,
All honour and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, for infinite love.

117 Grateful Recollections. 8s & 7s.

COME, Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—O fix me on it,
Mount of God's unchanging love.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed with precious blood.

3 O! to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be;
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
Seal it from Thy courts above.

118 Exhortation to Praise Christ. C. M.

COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known;
The sovereign of your heart proclaim,
And bow before His throne.

2 Behold your King, your Saviour, crowned
With glories all divine;
And tell the wondering nations 'round,
How bright these glories shine.

3 Infinite power and boundless grace
In Him unite their rays:
Ye that have e'er beheld His face,
Can ye forbear His praise?

4 When in His earthly courts we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

5 And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise:
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

6 O happy period! glorious day!
When heaven and earth shall raise,
With all their powers, the raptured lay,
To celebrate Thy praise.

119 Jesus, Lord of All. C. M.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall;
Hail Him, who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 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.

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

5 O! that with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

120 Gratitude for Redeeming Grace. C. M.

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

2 'Tis He adorned 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 excels
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 arrayed
By the great sacred Three;
In sweetest harmony of praise,
Let all thy powers agree.

121 Praise for Loving-Kindness. L. M.

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

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

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

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood;
His loving-kindness, O! how good!

5 Often I feel my sinful heart,
Prone from my Saviour to depart;
But though I oft have Him 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.

122 Praise for the Love of Christ. C. M.

COME, let our hearts and voices join,
To praise the Saviour's name;
Whose truth and kindness are divine,
Whose love 's a constant flame.

2 When most we need His gracious hand,
This Friend is always near;
With heaven and earth at His command,
He waits to answer prayer.

3 His love no end nor measure knows,
No change can turn its course;
Immutably the same it flows,
From one eternal source.

4 When frowns appear to veil His face,
And clouds surround His throne;
He hides the purpose of His grace,
To make it better known.

5 And when our dearest comforts fall,
Before His sovereign will,
He never takes away our all;
Himself He gives us still.

123 Triumph in Christ. C. M.

IN every trouble, sharp and strong,
My soul to Jesus flies;
My anchor-hold is firm in Him,
When swelling billows rise.

2 His comforts bear my spirits up,
I trust a faithful God;
The sure foundation of my hope
Is in a Saviour's blood.

3 Loud hallelujahs sing, my soul,
To thy Redeemer's name:
In joy, in sorrow, life and death,
His love is still the same.

124 THE GLORY OF CHRIST. C. M.

THE Head, that once was crowned with thorns,
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is Thine, is Thine by right,—
Thou King of kings, and Lord of lords,
And heaven's eternal light.

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom Thou dost reveal Thy love,
And grant Thy name to know.

4 To whom the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name, an everlasting name,
Their joy, the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with Thee, Lord, below,
They reign with Thee above,
Their everlasting joy to know
The mystery of Thy love.

6 Thy cross, dear Lord, is life and health,
Though shame and death to Thee;
Thy people's hope, Thy people's wealth,
Their song eternally.

125 PRAISE TO THE LAMB. L. M

COME, let us sing the song of songs—
The saints in heaven began the strain—
The homage which to Christ belongs:
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain."

2 Slain to redeem us by His blood,
To cleanse from every sinful stain,
And make us kings and priests to God—
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain."

3 To Him who suffered on the tree,
Our souls, at His soul's price, to gain,
Blessing, and praise, and glory be:
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain."

4 To Him, enthroned by filial right,
All power in heaven and earth proclaim,
Honour, and majesty, and might:
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain."

5 Long as we live, and when we die,
And while in heaven with Him we reign,
This song our song of songs shall be,
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain."

126 Praise to the Trinity. C. M. D.

TO God be glory, peace on earth,
To all mankind good will;
We bless, we praise, we worship Thee,
And glorify Thee still;
And thanks for Thy great glory give,
That fills our souls with light;
O Lord, our heavenly King, the God
And Father of all might!

2 And Thou, begotten Son of God,
Before all time begun,
O Jesus Christ, Thou Lamb of God,
The Father's only Son;
Thou who the sins of all the world
Dost fully take away,
Have mercy, Saviour of mankind,
And hear us when we pray!

3 O Thou, who art at God's right hand,
Upon the Father's throne,
Have mercy on us, Thou, O Christ,
Who art the Holy One!

Thou, only, with the Holy Ghost,
Whom earth and heaven adore,
In glory of the Father art,
Most high for evermore!

127 THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM. L. M. D.

WHEN marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
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.

2 Once on the raging seas I rode:
The storm was loud, the night was dark:
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
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.

3 It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And thro' the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem!

128 PRAISE TO CHRIST. L. M.

THOU only Sovereign of my heart,
My Refuge, my almighty Friend;—
And can my soul from Thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?

2 Eternal life Thy words impart.
On Thee my fainting spirit lives,
Here sweeter comfort cheers my heart
Than all the round of nature gives.

3 Let earth's alluring joys combine;
While Thou art near, in vain they call:
One smile, one blissful smile of Thine,
My dearest Lord, outweighs them all.

4 Thy name, my inmost powers adore;
Thou art my life, my joy, my care;
Depart from Thee?—'tis death—'tis more!
'Tis endless ruin—deep despair!

5 Low at Thy feet my soul would lie;
Here safety dwells, and peace divine;
Still let me live beneath Thine eye,
For life, eternal life is Thine.

HOLY SPIRIT.

CHARACTER AND OFFICES.

129 THE SPIRIT ETERNAL AND ALMIGHTY. L. M.

ETERNAL Spirit, we confess
And sing the wonders of Thy grace:
Thy power conveys our blessings down,
From God the Father, and the Son.

2 Enlightened by Thy heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger, and our refuge too.

3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin;
Do our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.

4 The troubled conscience knows Thy voice,
Thy cheering words awake our joys;

Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

130 THE SPIRIT THE SOURCE OF LIFE AND LIGHT. L. M

FATHER of mercies, God of love,
Send down Thy Spirit from above;
Let me His sacred influence feel,
To quicken, purify, and heal.

2 May He these stubborn lusts subdue,
And form my nature all anew;
To Thee my grovelling spirit raise,
Excite to humble prayer and praise.

3 He is the source of every grace,
Of light, and life, and holiness;
By Him alone may I be taught,
And all my works in Him be wrought.

4 O! let Thy Holy Spirit come,
And make my heart His constant home;
There His abundant grace display,
And lead me in a perfect way.

131 THE SPIRIT ILLUMINATING. C. M

THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

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

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

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

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

132 GRIEVING THE SPIRIT. S. M.

AND canst thou, sinner, slight
The call of love divine?
Shall God with tenderness invite,
And gain no thought of thine?

2 Wilt thou not cease to grieve
The Spirit from thy breast,
Till He thy wretched soul shall leave,
With all thy sins oppressed?

3 To-day a pardoning God
Will hear the suppliant pray;
To-day, a Saviour's cleansing blood
Will wash thy guilt away.

4 But grace so dearly bought,
If yet thou wilt despise,
Thy fearful doom with vengeance fraught,
Will fill thee with surprise.

133 GRIEVED SPIRIT BESOUGHT. L. M.

STAY, Thou insulted Spirit, stay;
Though I have done Thee such despite,
Cast not the sinner quite away,
Nor take Thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all, who e'er Thy grace received,
Ten thousand times Thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times Thy goodness grieved:

3 Yet 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 promised land.

134 The Striving of the Spirit. L. M

SAY, sinner, hath a voice within,
Oft whispered to thy secret soul;
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control?

2 Hath something met thee in the path
Of worldliness and vanity,
And pointed to the coming wrath,
And warned thee from that wrath to flee?

3 Sinner, it was a heavenly voice,
It was the Spirit's gracious call;
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

4 Spurn not the call to life and light;
Regard in time the warning kind;
That call thou may'st not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.

5 God's Spirit will not always strive
With hardened, self-destroying man;
Ye who persist His love to grieve,
May never hear His voice again.

6 Sinner, perhaps this very day,
Thy last accepted time may be:
O! should'st thou grieve Him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee.

135 The Comforter. S. M.

BLEST Comforter Divine,
Whose rays of heavenly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
And point our souls above;

2 Thou, who with "still small voice"
Dost stop the sinner's way,
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay.

3 Thou whose inspiring breath
Can make the cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear;

4 Thou, who dost fill the heart
With love to all our race,
Blest Comforter! to us impart
The blessings of Thy grace.

136 The Spirit's Influences. S. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, come;
Let Thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the darkness from our minds,
And open Thou our eyes.

2 Revive our drooping faith;
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

3 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our wondering view reveal
The gracious love of God.

4 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on every part,
And new create the whole.

5 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son and Thee.

137 PRAYER FOR THE DESCENT OF THE SPIRIT. C. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening 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 quickening powers.
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

138 PRAYER FOR THE SPIRIT'S INFLUENCES. 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 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy way:
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may not depart.

3 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 precepts stray.

4 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.

139 PRAYER TO THE SPIRIT. 7s.

GRACIOUS Spirit, love divine,
Let Thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me full of heaven and love.

2 Speak Thy pardoning grace to me,
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in His precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart,
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe Thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from Thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord, for ever Thine.

140 INVOCATION OF THE SPIRIT. L. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, calm my mind,
And fit me to approach my God;
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,
And lead me to Thy blest abode.

2 Hast Thou imparted to my soul
A living spark of holy fire?
O! kindle now the sacred flame,
Make me to burn with pure desire.

3 A brighter hope and faith impart,
And let me now my Saviour see:
O! sooth and cheer my burdened heart,
And bid my spirit rest in Thee.

141 INVOCATION TO THE HOLY GHOST. 7s.

HOLY Ghost, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn the darkness into day.

2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long has sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine,
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

SALVATION NEEDED.

MAN'S RUINED CONDITION.

142 TOTAL DEPRAVITY. C. M

SIN, like a venomous disease,
Infects our vital blood:
The only balm is sovereign grace,
And the physician God.

2 Our beauty and our strength are fled,
And we draw near to death;
But Christ, the Lord, recalls the dead,
With His almighty breath.

3 Madness by nature reigns within,
The passions burn and rage;
Till God's own Son, with skill divine,
The inward fire assuage.

143 Guilt and Helplessness of Man. S. M.

AH! how shall fallen man
Be just before his God?
If He contend in righteousness,
We fall beneath His rod.

2 If He our ways should mark
With strict inquiring eyes,
Could we for one of thousand faults,
A just excuse devise?

3 All-seeing, powerful God,
Who can with Thee contend?
Or who that tries the unequal strife,
Shall prosper in the end?

4 The mountains, in Thy wrath,
Their ancient seats forsake;
The trembling earth deserts her place,
Her rooted pillars shake.

5 Ah! how shall guilty man,
Contend with such a God?
None, none can meet Him and escape,
But through the Saviour's blood.

144 Deceitfulness of Sin. C. M

SIN has a thousand treacherous arts
To practise on the mind;
With flattering looks she tempts our hearts,
But leaves a sting behind.

2 With names of virtue she deceives
The aged and the young;
And while the heedless wretch believes,
She makes his fetters strong.

3 She pleads for all the joys she brings,
And gives a fair pretence;
But cheats the soul of heavenly things,
And chains it down to sense.

IMPORTANCE OF RELIGION.

145 Excellence of Religion. C. M

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;
Nor reputation, food nor 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 renewed,
Be my Redeemer's throne;
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His government to own.

5 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
Be joined with godly fear;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.

VALUE OF THE SOUL.

146 VALUE OF THE SOUL. C. M.

WHAT is the thing of greatest price,
The whole creation round:
That which was lost in paradise,
That which in Christ was found?

2 The soul of man, Jehovah's breath,
That keeps two worlds at strife;
Hell moves beneath to work its death,
Heaven stoops to give it life.

3 God to redeem it, did not spare
His well-beloved Son;
Jesus, to save it, deigned to bear
The sins of all in one.

4 And is this treasure borne below,
In earthen vessels frail?
Can none its utmost value know,
Till flesh and spirit fail?

5 Then let us gather round the cross,
That knowledge to obtain;
Not by the soul's eternal loss,
But everlasting gain.

SALVATION REVEALED.

THE SCRIPTURES.

147 THE EXCELLENCE OF THE SCRIPTURES. C. M.

LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to Thee, my Lord;
And not a glimpse of hope appears,
But in Thy written word.

2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief assuage:
Here I behold my Saviour's face,
Almost in every page.

3 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown;
That merchant is divinely wise
Who makes the pearl his own.

4 Here consecrated water flows
To quench my thirst of sin;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.

5 O may Thy counsels, mighty God,
My roving feet command:
Nor I forsake the happy road
That leads to Thy right hand.

148 Christ's Glory unveiled in the Scriptures. C. M.

THOU lovely Source of true delight,
Whom I unseen adore;
Unveil Thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love Thee more.

2 Thy glory o'er creation shines;
But in Thy sacred word,
I read in fairer, brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.

3 'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,
And sins and sorrows rise,
Thy love with cheerful beams of hope,
My fainting heart supplies.

4 Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light,
O! come with blissful ray;
Break radiant through the shades of night,
And chase my fears away.

5 Then shall my soul with rapture trace
The wonders of Thy love;
But the full glories of Thy face
Are only known above.

149 Richness of the Scriptures. C. M.

FATHER of mercies, in Thy word,
What endless glory shines!
For ever be Thy name adored,
For these celestial lines.

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

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

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

5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be Thou for ever near!
Teach me to love Thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

150 The Bible Precious. C. M.

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

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

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

THE GOSPEL.

151 THE GOSPEL, A SOURCE OF BLESSEDNESS. C. M

NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire and smoke;
Not to the thunder of that word,
Which God on Sinai spoke;

2 But we are come to Sion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare His will,
And spread His love abroad.

3 Behold the innumerable host
Of angels clothed in light;
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turned to sight.

4 Behold the blest assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heaven;
And God, the Judge of all, declares
Their vilest sins forgiven.

5 The saints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make;
All join in Christ, their living Head,
And of His grace partake.

6 In such society as this
My weary soul would rest:
The man that dwells where Jesus is,
Must be for ever blest.

152 FULNESS OF THE GOSPEL. L. M

GOD, in the gospel of His Son,
Makes His eternal counsels known;
Where love in all its glory shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Here sinners, of an humble frame,
May taste His grace, and learn His name
May read, in characters of blood,
The wisdom, power and grace of God.

3 The prisoner here may break his chains;
The weary rest from all his pains;
The captive feel his bondage cease;
The mourner find the way of peace.

4 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies:
Here shines the light which guides our way,
From earth to realms of endless day.

5 O grant us grace, almighty Lord,
To read and mark Thy holy word;
Its truths with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

153 GOSPEL'S JOYFUL SOUND. L. M.

COME, dearest Lord, who reignest above,
And draw me with the cords of love,
And while the gospel does abound,
O! may I know the joyful sound!

2 Sweet are the tidings, free the grace,
It brings to our apostate race:
It spreads a heavenly light around;
O! may I know the joyful sound!

3 The gospel bids the sin-sick soul
Look up to Jesus and be whole;
In Him are peace and pardon found;
O! may I know the joyful sound!

4 It stems the tide of swelling grief;
Affords the needy sure relief;
Releases those by Satan bound;
O! may I know the joyful sound!

154 THE GOSPEL'S WELCOME. 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,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears;
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancelled 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 oppressed,
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 fulness prove
Of our Lord's redeeming love.

155 The Gospel is the Power of God to Salvation. L. M.

WHAT shall the dying sinner do,
That seeks relief for all his wo?
Where shall the guilty conscience find
Ease for the torment of the mind?

2 How shall we get our crimes forgiven,
Or form our nature fit for heaven?
Can souls, all o'er defiled with sin,
Make their own powers and passions clean?

3 In vain we search, in vain we try,
Till Jesus brings His gospel nigh;
'Tis there the power and glory dwell,
That save rebellious souls from hell.

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

156 THE EXCELLENCY OF THE CHRIS- L. M.
TIAN RELIGION.

LET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour, and my Lord;
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessings in Thy word.

2 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon:
With long despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.

3 How well Thy blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy Thy commands!
Thy promises, how firm they be!
How firm our hope and comfort stands!

4 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I'll call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

157 EXCELLENCY OF THE GOSPEL. C. M.

O! HAPPY is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice,
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

2 For she has treasures greater far
Than eastern climes unfold;
More precious are her bright rewards
Than gems or stores of gold.

3 Her right hand offers to the just
Immortal, happy days;
Her left, imperishable wealth
And heavenly crowns displays.

4 And, as her holy labours rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

THE LAW AND GOSPEL.

158 The Law and Gospel Contrasted. S. M

THE law by Moses came,
But peace, and truth, and love
Were brought by Christ, a nobler name,
Descending from above.

2 Amidst the house of God,
Their different works were done;
Moses a faithful servant stood,
But Christ, a faithful Son.

3 Then to His new commands
Be strict obedience paid;
O'er all His Father's house He stands
The Sovereign and the Head.

159 The Law and Gospel Contrasted. L. M.

THE law commands and makes us know
What duties to our God we owe;
But 'tis the gospel must reveal
Where lies our strength to do His will.

2 The law discovers guilt and sin,
And shows how vile our hearts have been:
Only the gospel can express
Forgiving love and cleansing grace.

3 What curses does the law denounce
Against the man that fails but once!
But in the gospel Christ appears,
Pardoning the guilt of numerous years.

4 My soul, no more attempt to draw
Thy life and comfort from the law:
Fly to the hope the gospel gives:
The man that trusts the promise, lives.

160 THE LAW AND GOSPEL JOINED IN SCRIPTURE. S. M.

THE Lord declares His will,
And keeps the world in awe;
Amidst the smoke on Sinai's hill,
Breaks out His fiery law.

2 The Lord reveals His face,
And smiling from above
Sends down the gospel of His grace,
The epistles of His love.

3 We read the heavenly word,
We take the offered grace,
Obey the statutes of the Lord,
And trust His promises.

SALVATION PROVIDED.

GRACE AND ITS SOURCE.

161 EFFICACY OF GRACE. S. M.

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

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

3 Grace first inscribed my name
In God's eternal book;
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.

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

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

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

162 Wonders of Redemption. C. M.

PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering 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,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 He spoiled the powers of darkness thus,
And brake our iron chains;
Jesus has 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.

163 TRIUMPHANT GRACE. C. M

AMAZING grace! how sweet the sound,
That saved 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 relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!

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 promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

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

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

ATONEMENT.

164 FAITH IN THE SACRIFICE OF CHRIST. S. M.

NOT all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away:
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love.

165 SALVATION BY THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB. C. M.

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins:
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

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

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

166 CHRIST THE LAMB SLAIN. L. M.

BEHOLD the sin-atoning Lamb,
With wonder, gratitude and love;
To take away our guilt and shame,
See Him descending from above!

2 Our sins and griefs on Him were laid;
He meekly bore the mighty load;
Our ransom-price He fully paid,
In groans and tears, in sweat and blood

3 To save a guilty world, He dies;
Sinners, behold the bleeding Lamb!
To Him lift up your longing eyes,
And hope for mercy in His name.

4 Pardon and peace through Him abound;
He can the richest blessings give;
Salvation in His name is found,
He bids the dying sinner live.

5 Jesus, my Lord, I look to Thee;
Where else can helpless sinners go?
Thy boundless love shall set me free
From all my wretchedness and woe.

THE GOSPEL CALL.

INVITATIONS.

167 SINNERS EXHORTED. 7s.

YE that in His courts are found,
Listening to the joyful sound,
Lost and helpless as ye are,
Full of sorrow, sin and care,

Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the gospel brings.

2 Turn to Christ your longing eyes,
View His bleeding sacrifice,
See in Him your sins forgiven,
Pardon, holiness, and heaven;
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the gospel brings.

168 Invitation. S. M.

THE Lord on high proclaims
His Godhead from His throne;
"Mercy and justice are the names
By which I will be known.

2 "Ye dying souls that sit
In darkness and distress,
Look from the borders of the pit
To my recovering grace."

3 Sinners shall hear the sound;
Their thankful tongues shall own,
"Our righteousness and strength is found
In Thee, the Lord, alone."

4 In Thee shall Israel trust,
And see their guilt forgiven;
God will pronounce the sinners just,
And take the saints to heaven.

169 Universal Invitation. C. M.

LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds,
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst,
With springs that never dry.

3 Rivers of love and mercy here,
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

4 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

170 Invitation to the Heavy-Laden. L. M.

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 Blest 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.

171 Sinners invited and entreated. C. M.

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

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

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

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

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

6 Bow to the sceptre of His word,
Renouncing every sin:
Submit to Him, your sovereign Lord,
And learn His will divine.

7 His love exceeds your highest thoughts;
He pardons like a God;
He will forgive your numerous faults,
Through a Redeemer's blood.

172 THE PRODIGAL. C. M.

YE erring souls, that wildly roam
From heaven and bliss astray,
Your Father's voice invites you home,
He makes a feast to-day.

Chorus—Oh! I'll not die here, with want severe,
And starve in foreign lands;
In my Father's house are rich supplies,
And bounteous are His hands.

2 And thou art bidden, weary one,
With wants and woes oppressed;
And every far-off wandering son,
May be a welcome guest.

3 Return, thou prodigal, return,
Thy Father bids thee come;
He doth thy needless absence mourn,
Thou erring child, come home.

4 Come, for the feast already waits,
The fatlings all are slain;
Go, seek with haste His palace gates;
Nor shalt thou seek in vain.

5 The Father stands and waits to greet
His late returning son;
Go, haste thee, child, He runs to meet
And clasp thee as His own.

173 INVITATION TO THE FEAST. C. M.

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 O! come, and with His children, taste
The blessings of His love:
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

5 There, with united heart and voice,
Before the eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstasies unknown.

6 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come;
Ye longing souls, the grace adore
Approach, there yet is room.

174 Gospel Invitation. C. M.

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

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

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

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

5 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts;
To Thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss Thy love imparts,
And drink and never die.

175 The Voice of Mercy. L. M

I HEAR a voice that comes from far;
From Calvary it sounds abroad;
It soothes my soul, and calms my fear;
It speaks of pardon bought with blood.

2 And is it true, that many fly
The sound that bids my soul rejoice;
And rather choose in sin to die,
Than turn an ear to mercy's voice!

3 Alas for those!—the day is near,
When mercy will be heard no more;
Then will they ask in vain to hear
The voice they would not hear before.

4 With such, I own, I once appeared,
But now I know how great their loss;
For sweeter sounds were never heard,
Than mercy utters from the cross.

5 But let me not forget to own,
That if I differ aught from those,
'Tis due to sovereign grace alone,
That oft selects its proudest foes.

176 Invitation to Wanderers. L. M.

RETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires that in thee burn
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart;
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His hand shall heal thine inward smart.

3 Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;
Go to His bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe away the falling tear;
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn,"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

177 Come and Welcome. 8s, 7s & 4s.

COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power:

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,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linge
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is, to feel your need of Him;
This He gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall;
If you tarry, till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold Him;
Hear Him cry, before He dies;
"It is finished!"
Sinner, will not this suffice?

6 Lo! the incarnate God ascended
Pleads the merits of His blood;
Venture on Him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels joined in concert
Sing the praises of the Lamb;

While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with His name;
Hallelujah!
Sinners, here may sing the same.

178 THE HARVEST PAST. 11s.

LO! Jesus, the Saviour, in mercy draws near,
Salvation He brings unto all who believe;
Ye mourners, dismiss all your doubting and fear,
The gracious Redeemer with gladness receive.

2 The day-star of promise illumines the sky,
And souls long benighted now welcome the dawn;
Embrace the glad season, or soon you may cry,
"The harvest is past, and the summer is gone."

3 The Spirit is striving with sinners to-day,
He graciously knocks at the door of your heart;
He comes the compassion of God to display,
Your sins to remove, and His love to impart.

4 Oh! welcome the Spirit, and grieve Him no more,
Nor wait till His offers of life are withdrawn,
Lest then you may cry, as your doom you deplore,
"The harvest is past, and the summer is gone."

179 THE GOSPEL CALL. S. M

THE Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, "Sinner, come;"
The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims
To all His children, "Come!"

2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, "Come;"

Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the Fountain, come!

3 Yes, whosoever will,
Oh, let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come:"
Lord, even so; we wait Thine hour;
O blest Redeemer, come!

180 THE GOSPEL WARNING. L. M.

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

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

EXPOSTULATIONS.

181 COME AND SEE. L. M.

JESUS, dear name, how sweet the sound!
Replete with balm for every wound!
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 the tree;
Come, careless sinner, come and see.

3 Our sins have pierced His bleeding heart;
Lo! death has done its dreadful part;
Yet His dear love still burns to thee:
Come, anxious sinner, come and see.

4 His blood can cleanse the foulest stain,
And make the filthy leper clean;
His blood at once availed for me:
Come, guilty sinner, come and see.

182 RETURN! C. M.

RETURN, O wanderer, to Thy home,
Thy Father calls for thee;
No longer now an exile roam
In guilt and misery.
Return, return!

2 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
'Tis Jesus calls for thee;
The Spirit and the Bride say, Come!
Oh! now for refuge flee.
Return, return!

3 Return, O wanderer, to thy home;
'Tis madness to delay;
There are no pardons in the tomb,
And brief is mercy's day.
Return, return!

183 "STRIVE TO ENTER IN." 7s.

PILGRIM, burdened with thy sin,
Haste to Sion's gate to-day;
There, till mercy let thee in,
Knock, and weep, and watch, and pray.

2 Knock, for mercy lends an ear;
Weep, she marks the sinner's sigh;
Watch, till heavenly light appear;
Pray, she hears the mourner's cry.

3 Mourning pilgrim, what for thee
In this world can now remain?
Seek that world from which shall flee
Sorrow, shame, and tears, and pain.

4 Sorrow shall for ever fly;
Shame shall never enter there;
Tears be wiped from every eye;
Pain in endless bliss expire.

184 EXPOSTULATION WITH SINNERS. 8s, 7s & 4s

SINNERS, will ye 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 Sion'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 False professors, grovelling worldlings,
Callous hearers of the word,
While the messengers address you,
Take the warnings they afford;
We entreat you,
Take the warnings they afford.

5 Who hath our report believed?
Who received the joyful word?
Who embraced the news of pardon
Offered to you by the Lord?
Can you slight it,
Offered to you by the Lord?

185 SINNERS ADMONISHED. 7s.

SINNER, art thou still secure?
Wilt thou still refuse to pray?
Can thy heart or hand endure,
In the Lord's avenging day?

2 See, His mighty arm is bared,
Awful terrors clothe His brow;
For His judgments stand prepared;
Thou must either break or bow.

3 At His presence nature shakes,
Earth, affrighted, hastes to flee;
Solid mountains melt like wax,
What will then become of thee?

4 Who His coming may abide?
You that glory in your shame,
Will you find a place to hide,
When the world is wrapped in flame?

5 Lord, prepare us by Thy grace;
Soon we must resign our breath,
And our souls be called to pass
Through the iron gate of death.

186 SINNERS URGED TO RELIGION. L. M.

WHY will ye waste on trifling cares,
That life which God's compassion spares;
While, in the various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot?

2 Shall God invite you from above?
Shall Jesus urge His dying love?
Shall troubled conscience give you pain?
And all these pleas be urged in vain?

3 Not so your eyes will always view
Those objects which you now pursue;
Not so will heaven and hell appear,
When death's decisive hour is near.

4 Almighty God, Thy grace impart;
Fix deep conviction on each heart,
Nor let us waste, on trifling cares,
That life which Thy compassion spares.

187 Expostulation with Sinners. L. M.

PRISONERS of sin and Satan too,
The Saviour calls—He calls for you,
Ye who have sold yourselves for nought,
Jesus your liberty has bought.

2 The great Redeemer lived and died,
The Prince of Life was crucified,
He shed His own most precious blood,
To ransom guilty souls for God.

3 He came to set the captive free;
He came to publish liberty;
To bind the broken-hearted up,
And give despairing sinners hope.

4 Prisoners of hope, why will you die?
Why from the only refuge fly?
Jesus, our hiding-place and tower,
Invites the guilty and the poor.

5 He came to comfort those that mourn,
He sweetly says to sinners, Turn!
Prisoners of hope, his voice attend,
Nor slight the calls of such a friend.

188 Danger of Delay. L. M

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

2 O! hasten mercy to implore,
And stay not for to-morrow's sun;
For fear thy season should be o'er,
Before this evening's course be run.

3 Hasten, O sinner, to return,
And stay not for to-morrow's sun;
For fear thy lamp should fail to burn,
Before the needful work is done.

4 Hasten, O sinner, to be blest,
And stay not for to-morrow's sun;
For fear the curse should thee arrest,
Before the morrow is begun.

189 Expostulation with Sinners. 7s.

SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?
God your Maker asks you why;
God who did your being give,
Made you with Himself to live,
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of His own hands;
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross His love and die?

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God your Saviour asks you why;
He who did your soul retrieve,
Died Himself that ye might live,
Will ye let Him die in vain,
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye rebel sinners, why
Will ye slight His grace and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God the Spirit asks you why;
Many a time with you He strove,
Wooed you to embrace His love;
Will ye not His grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Why will ye for ever die,
O ye guilty sinners, why?

190 EXPOSTULATION. 7s.

HEARTS of stone, relent, relent,
Break, by Jesus' cross subdued;
See His body mangled, rent,
Covered with His flowing blood.
Sinful soul, what hast thou done?
Crucified the incarnate Son!

2 Yes, our sins have done the deed,
Driven the nails that fixed Him there;
Crowned 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 the Lord;
Open tear His wounds again,
Trample on His precious blood?
No, with all my sins I 'll part,
Saviour, take my broken heart.

191 CHRIST KNOCKING AT THE DOOR. L. M

BEHOLD a Stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before,
Has waited long—is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 O lovely attitude, He stands
With melting heart and bleeding hands;
O matchless kindness, and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes!

3 But will He prove a friend indeed?
He will; the very friend you need;
The Friend of sinners—yes, 'tis He,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine;
Turn out His enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster sin,
And let the heavenly stranger in.

5 Admit Him, ere His anger burn;
His feet departed ne'er return;
Admit Him, or the hour 's at hand,
You 'll at His door rejected stand.

192 Dangers of Delay. 11s.

DELAY not, delay not, O sinner, draw near;
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here,
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus thy God?
A fountain is opened, how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in His pardoning blood?

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner to come,
For mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-day:
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message unheeded will soon pass away.

4 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of Grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take its sad flight;
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

5 Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand;
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade;
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand;
What power then, O sinner, shall lend thee its aid?

193 COME TO JESUS. L. M.

WITH tearful eyes I look around,
Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
Yet, 'mid the gloom, I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, "Come to me."

2 It tells me of a place of rest,
It tells me where my soul may flee;
Oh! to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to me!"

3 Oh voice of mercy! voice of love!
In conflict, grief, and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above!
And gently whisper, "Come to me."

4 I come; all else must fail and die;
Earth has no resting-place for me;
To Christ I lift my weeping eye,
Thou art my hope; I come to Thee.

194 BLIND BARTIMEUS. 8s & 7s.

"MERCY, O Thou Son of David,"
Thus blind Bartimeus prayed,—
"Others by Thy word are saved,
Now to me afford Thine aid."

2 Many for his crying chid him,
But he calls the louder still,—
Till the gracious Saviour bid him
Come, and ask Me what you will.

3 Money was not what he wanted,
Though by begging used to live;
But he asked, and Jesus granted
Alms which none but He could give.

4 "Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
Let mine eyes behold the day!"
Straight he saw, and, won by kindness,
Followed Jesus in the way.

5 Oh, methinks I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around,
"Friends, is not my case amazing?
What a Saviour I have found!

6 "Oh that all the blind but knew Him,
And would be advised by me,
Surely they would hasten to Him,
He would cause them all to see."

195 SINNERS INVITED. 8s, 7s & 4s.

SINNERS, we are sent to bid you
To the gospel-feast to-day;
Will you slight the invitation?
Will you, can you, yet delay?
Jesus calls you;
Come, poor sinners, come away.

2 Come, O! come, all things are ready,
Bread to strengthen, wine to cheer:
If you spurn this blood-bought banquet,
Sinners, can your souls appear
Guests in heaven,
Scorning heaven's rich bounty here?

3 Come, O! come, leave father, mother;
To your Saviour's bosom fly:
Leave the worthless world behind you,
Seek for pardon, or you die:
"Pardon, Saviour!"
Hear the sinking sinner cry.

4 Even now the Holy Spirit
Moves upon some melting heart,
Pleads a bleeding Saviour's merit;
Sinner, will you say, "Depart?"
Wretched sinner,
Can you bid your God depart?

5 What are all earth's dearest pleasures,
Were they more than tongue could tell?
What are all its boasted treasures,
To a soul once sunk in hell?
Treasure! pleasure!
No such sounds are heard in hell.

6 Fly, O! fly ye to the mountain,
Linger not in all the plain;
Leave this Sodom of corruption,
Turn not, look not back again;
Fly to Jesus,
Linger not in all the plain.

196 TO-DAY. L. M

TO-DAY, if ye will hear His voice,
Now is the time to make your choice;
Say, will you to Mount Sion go?
Say, will you have this Christ, or no?

2 Ye wand'ring souls, who find no rest,
Say, will you be for ever blest?
Will you be saved from sin and hell?
Will you with Christ in glory dwell?

3 Come now, dear youth, for ruin bound,
Obey the gospel's cheerful sound;
Come, go with us, and you shall prove
The joy of Christ's redeeming love.

4 Once more we ask you in His name—
For yet His love remains the same—
Say, will you to Mount Sion go?
Say, will you have this Christ, or no?

5 Leave all your sports and glittering toys,
Come, share with us eternal joys:
Or must we leave you bound to hell—
Then, dear young friends, a long farewell.

EFFECTUAL CALLING.

197 Oh! for True Repentance! S. M.

OH! that I could repent,
With every idol part,
And to Thy gracious eye present
An humble, contrite heart.

2 A heart with grief oppressed,
For having grieved my God;
A troubled heart that cannot rest,
Till sprinkled with Thy blood.

3 Jesus, on me bestow
The penitent desire;
With true sincerity of woe
My aching breast inspire.

4 With softening pity look,
And melt my hardness down;
Strike with Thy love's resistless stroke,
And break this heart of stone.

CONVICTION.

198 Conviction of Sin by the Law. C. M.

LORD, how secure my conscience was,
And felt no inward dread;
I was alive without the law,
And thought my sins were dead.

2 My hopes of heaven were firm and bright,
But since the precept came
With a convincing power and light,
I find how vile I am.

3 My guilt appeared but small before,
Till terribly I saw
How perfect, holy, just and pure,
Was Thine eternal law.

4 Then felt my soul the heavy load.
My sins revived again;
I had provoked a dreadful God,
And all my hopes were slain.

5 I'm like a helpless captive, sold
Under the power of sin;
I cannot do the good I would,
Nor keep my conscience clean.

6 My God, I cry with every breath,
For some kind power to save,
To break the yoke of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave.

199 NECESSITY OF REGENERATION. L. C. M.

AWAKED by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
And knew not where to go;
Eternal truth did loud proclaim,
"The sinner must be born again,
Or sink to endless wo."

2 When to the law I trembling fled,
It poured its curses on my head,
I no relief could find;
This fearful truth increased my pain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
And whelmed my tortured mind.

3 Again did Sinai's thunders roll,
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
A vast oppressive load;
Alas, I read and saw it plain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
Or drink the wrath of God.

4 The saints I heard with rapture tell,
How Jesus conquered death and hell,

And broke the fowler's snare;
Yet, when I found this truth remain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
I sunk in deep despair.

5 But while I thus in anguish lay,
The gracious Saviour passed this way,
And felt His pity move;
The sinner, by His justice slain,
Now by His grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

PENITENCE.

200 Sins acknowledged. C. M.

GREAT God, before Thy mercy seat
Abashed, in dust I fall;
My crimes of complicated guilt,
Aloud for judgment call.

2 I own my ways to be corrupt,
My duties stained with sin:
Make Thou my broken spirit whole,
My burdened conscience clean.

3 Lord, send Thy Spirit from above,
Implant a holy fear;
And through Thine all abounding grace,
Bring Thy salvation near.

4 On my distressed, benighted soul,
O! cause Thy face to shine;
Make me to hear Thy pardoning voice,
And tell me I am Thine.

201 The Penitent. C. M.

PROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at Thy feet,
A guilty rebel lies;
And upwards to Thy mercy seat,
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.

3 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears but those which Thou hast shed;
No blood, but Thou hast spilt.

4 Think of Thy sorrows, dearest Lord,
And all my sins forgive:
Justice will well approve the word,
That bids the sinner live.

202 REPENTANCE. L. M.

O! 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 sea 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, unmoved I hear,
(Amazing thought!) which devils fear;
Goodness and wrath in vain combine,
To stir this stupid heart of mine.

5 But power divine can do the deed,
And much to feel that power I need;
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And move and melt this heart of mine.

203 The Contrite Heart. C. M.

THE Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow;
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart, or no?

2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel:
If aught is felt, 'tis only pain,
To find I cannot feel.

3 My best desires are faint and few,
I fain would strive for more;
But, when I cry "My strength renew,"
Seem weaker than before.

4 I see Thy saints with comfort filled,
When in Thy house of prayer;
But still in bondage I am held,
And find no comfort there.

5 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.

204 Repentance at the Cross. C. M

IN evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear;
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopped my wild career.

2 I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood;
Who fixed His languid eyes on me,
As near His cross I stood.

3 Sure, never to my latest breath,
Can I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with His death,
Though not a word He spoke.

4 My conscience felt and owned the guilt,
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins His blood had spilt,
And helped 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 die that thou mayst 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 filled;
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by Him I killed.

205 REPENTANCE AT THE CROSS. C. M

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, dear Jesus, Thine,
And bathed in its own blood,
While all exposed to wrath divine,
The glorious Sufferer stood.

3 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groaned 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 God, the mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature's sin.

5 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While His dear cross appears;
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.

Chorus.—Oh the Lamb! the bleeding Lamb!
The Lamb of Calvary,
The Lamb that was slain,
And liveth again,
To intercede for me.

206 Repentance at the Cross. C. M

'TWAS for my sins, my dearest Lord
Hung on the cursed tree,
And groaned away a dying life,
For thee, my soul, for thee.

2 O! how I hate those lusts of mine
That crucified my God;
Those sins that pierced and nailed His flesh
Fast to the fatal wood.

3 Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die,
My heart has so decreed:
Nor will I spare the guilty things
That made my Saviour bleed.

4 Whilst with a melting broken heart,
My murdered Lord I view,
I'll raise revenge against my sins,
And slay the murderers too.

207 REPENTANCE AT THE CROSS. 8s & 7s.

JESUS, full of all compassion,
Hear Thy humble suppliant's cry;
Let me know Thy great salvation:
See, I languish, faint, and die.

2 Guilty, but with heart relenting,
Overwhelmed with helpless grief,
Prostrate at Thy feet repenting,
Send, O! send me quick relief.

3 Whither should a wretch be flying,
But to Him who comfort gives?
Whither, from the dread of dying,
But to Him who ever lives?

4 While I view Thee, wounded, grieving,
Breathless, on the cursed tree,
Fain, I 'd feel my heart believing
That Thou sufferedst thus for me.

5 With Thy righteousness and Spirit,
I am more than angels blest;
Heir with Thee, all things inherit,
Peace, and joy, and endless rest.

6 Saved!—the deed shall spread new glory
Through the shining realms above;
Angels sing the pleasing story,
All enraptured with Thy love,

208 THE REPENTING SINNER RETURNING. C. M.

COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve:

2 "I 'll go to Jesus, though my sin
High as 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 resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die."

209 Ingratitude Deplored. S. M.

IS this the kind return,
And these the thanks we owe?
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow!

2 To what a stubborn frame
Has sin reduced our mind;
What strange rebellious wretches we,
And God as strangely kind.

3 On us He bids the sun
Shed his reviving rays;
For us the skies their circles run,
To lengthen out our days.

4 The brutes obey their God,
And bow their necks to men;
But we, more base, more brutish things,
Reject His easy reign.

5 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh;
Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.

6 Let past ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes,
And hourly as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

210 Backslider Returning. C. M.

HOW oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of His word!

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

3 And canst Thou, wilt Thou, yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardoned rebel live
To speak Thy wondrous love?

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

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

211 Cry for Penitence. 7s.

DEPTH of mercy, can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Canst Thou still Thy wrath forbear,
And the chief of sinners spare?

2 We have long withstood Thy grace,
Long provoked Thee to Thy face,
Would not hear Thy gracious calls,
Grieved Thee by a thousand falls.

3 Jesus, answer from above,
Is not all Thy nature love?
Wilt Thou not our crimes forget?
Lo, we fall before Thy feet.

4 Lord, incline us to repent,
Help us now our fall lament,
Deeply our revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

212 LONGING FOR HOLINESS. L. M.

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, Thy 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 stained with hallowed 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.

213 Pleading for Mercy. L. M.

WITH broken heart and contrite sigh,
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry;
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free:
O God, be merciful to me!

2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed;
Christ and His cross my only plea:
O God, be merciful to me!

3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
But Thou dost all my anguish see:
O God, be merciful to me!

4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee:
O God, be merciful to me!

5 And when redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be,
God has been merciful to me!

214 Cry of Faith. 7s.

JESUS, save my dying soul,
Make the broken spirit whole;
Humble in the dust I lie,—
Saviour, leave me not to die.

2 Jesus, full of every grace,
Now reveal Thy smiling face;
Grant the joys of sins forgiv'n,
Foretaste of the bliss of heav'n.

3 All my guilt to Thee is known,
Thou art righteous, Thou alone;
All my help is from Thy cross,
All beside I count but loss.

4 Lord, in Thee I now believe,
Wilt Thou, wilt Thou not forgive?
Helpless at Thy feet I lie,
Saviour, leave me not to die.

215 RETURN TO GOD. C. M.

COME, let us to the Lord our God,
With contrite hearts return;
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.

2 His voice commands the tempest forth,
And stills the stormy wave;
And though His arm be strong to smite,
'Tis also strong to save.

3 Long hath the night of sorrow reigned;
The dawn shall bring us light:
God shall appear, and we shall rise
With gladness in His sight.

4 Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know Him, and rejoice;
His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs His voice.

5 As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round;
As showers that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground.

6 So shall His presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light;
That hallowed morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night.

RECEIVING CHRIST.

216 The Converted Thief. C. M.

AS on the cross the Saviour hung,
And wept, and bled, and died,
He poured salvation on a wretch,
That languished at His side.

2 His crimes, with inward grief, and shame,
The penitent confessed;
Then turned his dying eyes to Christ,
And thus his prayer addressed:

3 "Jesus, Thou Son and Heir of heaven,
Thou spotless Lamb of God,
I see Thee bathed in sweat and tears,
And weltering in Thy blood.

4 "Yet quickly from these scenes of wo,
In triumph shalt Thou 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."

217 The Sinner's Recovery from Ruin. C. M.

HOW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word;
"Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord."

3 My soul obeys the almighty call,
And runs to this relief:
I would believe Thy promise, Lord,
O help my unbelief.

4 To the dear fountain of Thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul,
From crimes of deepest dye.

5 Stretch out Thine arm, victorious King,
My reigning sins subdue;
Drive the old dragon from his seat,
With all his hellish crew.

6 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On Thy kind arms I fall:
Be Thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus and my all.

218 JUST AS I AM. 8s & 6s

JUST as I am, without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,—
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

6 Just as I am, for love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, and Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

219 THE WEARY COME TO CHRIST. 7s.

COME, ye weary sinners, come,
All who feel your heavy load;
Jesus calls the wanderers home;
Hasten to your pardoning God.

2 Jesus, full of truth and love,
We Thy kindest call obey;
Faithful let Thy mercies prove,
Take our load of guilt away.

3 Weary of this war within,
Weary of the endless strife,
Weary of ourselves and sin,
Weary of a wretched life.

4 Burdened with a world of grief,
Burdened with our sinful load,
Burdened with this unbelief,
Burdened with the wrath of God;

5 Lo! we come to Thee for peace,
True and gracious as Thou art;
Now our weary souls release,
Write forgiveness on our heart.

220 I DO BELIEVE. C. M

FOR ever here my rest shall be,
Close to Thy bleeding side;
This all my hope and all my plea--
For me the Saviour died.

Chorus.—I do believe, I now believe,
That Jesus died for me; [blood,
And through His blood, His precious
I shall from sin be free.

2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean. [*Cho.*

3 Wash me, and make me thus Thine own;
Wash me, and mine Thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone—
My hands, my head, my heart. [*Cho.*

221 WELCOME TO CHRIST. 8s 7s 4s.

WELCOME, welcome, dear Redeemer,
Welcome to this heart of mine;
Lord, I make a full surrender,
Ev'ry power and thought be Thine;
Thine entirely,
Through eternal ages Thine.

222 "REMEMBER ME." C. M.

JESUS! Thou art the sinner's Friend;
As such I look to Thee;
Now, in the fulness of Thy love,
O Lord! remember me.

2 Remember Thy 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 Lord! I am guilty, I am vile,
But Thy salvation's free;
Then, in Thine all-abounding grace,
Dear Lord! remember me.

5 And, when I close my eyes in death,
When creature-helps all flee,
Then, O my dear Redeemer-God!
I pray, remember me.

NEW BIRTH.

223 Regeneration by the Spirit. C. M.

NOT all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has given,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heaven.

2 The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace:
Born in the image of His Son,
A new, peculiar race.

3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Blows on the sons of flesh;
New models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.

4 Our quickened souls awake and rise
From the long sleep of death;
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

224 Regeneration by the Spirit. L. M

LOOK down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
See Adam's race in ruin lie;
Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,
And scatters slaughtered heaps around.

2 And can these mouldering corpses live?
And can these perished bones revive?

That mighty God, to Thee is known:
That wondrous work is all Thine own.

3 Thy ministers are sent in vain,
To prophesy upon the slain;
In vain they call, in vain they cry,
Till Thine almighty aid is nigh.

4 But if Thy Spirit deign to breathe,
Life spreads through all the realms of death,
Dry bones obey Thy powerful voice;
They move, they waken, they rejoice.

5 So when Thy trumpet's awful sound
Shall shake the heavens and rend the ground,
Dead saints shall from their tombs arise,
And spring to life beyond the skies.

REJOICING UPON CONVERSION.

225 WHOM IN HEAVEN OR EARTH BUT THEE? 7s.

LORD of earth, Thy forming hand
Well this beauteous frame hath planned;
Woods that wave, and hills that tower,
Ocean rolling in His power;
Yet amid this scene so fair,
Should I cease Thy smile to share,
What were all its joys to me?
Whom have I on earth but Thee?

2 Lord of heaven, beyond our sight
Shines a world of purer light;
Here, in love's unclouded reign,
Severed friends shall meet again:
Oh! that world is passing fair!
Yet, if Thou wert absent there,
What were all its joys to me?
Whom have I in heaven but Thee?

3 Lord of earth and heaven, my breast
Seeks in Thee its only rest;
I was lost,—Thy accents mild
Homeward lured Thy wandering child.
Oh! if once Thy smile divine
Ceased upon my soul to shine,
What were earth or heaven to me?
Whom have I in each but Thee?

226 JOY IN HEAVEN OVER REPENTING SINNERS. L. M.

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 formed anew;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

227 JOY OVER THE SINNER THAT REPENTETH. C. M.

O! HOW divine, how sweet the joy,
When but one sinner turns,
And with an humble, broken heart,
His sins and errors mourns!

2 Pleased with the news the saints below
In songs their tongues employ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is filled with joy.

3 Well pleased the Father sees and hears
The conscious sinner's moan:
Jesus receives him in His arms,
And claims him for His own.

4 Nor angels can their joys contain,
But kindle with new fire;
"The sinner lost is found," they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

228 PRAISE FOR CONVERSION. 8s & 7s.

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'm much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

3 Once with Adam's race in ruin,
Unconcerned in sin I lay;
Swift destruction still pursuing,
Till my Saviour passed that way.

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

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

6 That blest moment I received Him,
Filled my soul with joy and peace;
Love I much? I'm much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

229 GOD RECONCILED. H. M.

ARISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears;
A 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 speak for me:
Forgive him, Oh! forgive they cry,
Nor let that ransomed sinner die.

3 The Father hears Him pray,
His dear Anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The presence of His Son;
The Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

4 My God is reconciled,
His pardoning 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.

BENEFITS OF THE CALLED.

JUSTIFICATION.

230 RELIANCE ON CHRIST'S RIGHTEOUSNESS. L. M.

NO more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of Thy Son.

2 Now for the love I bear His name,
What was my gain, I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to His cross.

3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake;

O! may my soul be found in Him,
And of His righteousness partake.

4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before Thy throne;
But faith can answer Thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

231 JUSTIFICATION THROUGH FAITH. C. M.

VAIN are the hopes the sons of men
On their own works have built;
Their hearts by nature all unclean,
And all their actions guilt.

2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths,
Without a murmuring word,
And the whole race of Adam stand
Guilty before the Lord.

3 In vain we ask God's righteous law
To justify us now;
Since to convince and to condemn
Is all the law can do.

4 Jesus, how glorious is Thy grace!
When in Thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness
That makes the sinner just.

ADOPTION.

232 ADOPTION. S. M.

BEHOLD, what wondrous grace
The Father has bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God.

2 'Tis no surprising thing,
That we should be unknown;
The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son

3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

4 A hope so much divine,
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

5 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down Thy Spirit like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

6 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
My faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And Thou the kindred own.

233 SPIRIT OF ADOPTION. C. M.

SOVEREIGN of all the worlds on high,
Allow my humble claim;
Nor while poor worms would raise their heads,
Disdain a Father's name.

2 Our Father God! how sweet the sound!
How tender and how dear!
Not all the melody of heaven,
Could so delight the ear.

3 Come, sacred Spirit, seal Thy name
On my expanding heart;
And show, that in Jehovah's grace
I share a filial part.

4 Cheered by a signal so divine,
Unwavering I believe:
Thou knowest I, Abba, Father, cry,
Nor can Thy word deceive.

SANCTIFICATION.

234 Necessity of Sanctification. C. M.

NOR eye has seen, nor ear has heard,
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys the Father has prepared
For those that love the Son.

2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come;
The beams of glory in His word
Allure and guide us home.

3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace;
No wanton lips nor envious eye
Can see or taste the bliss.

4 Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame;
None shall obtain admittance there,
But followers of the Lamb.

5 He keeps the Father's book of life,
There all their names are found;
The hypocrite in vain shall strive
To tread the heavenly ground.

PROMISES.

235 The Promises Precious. 11s.

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 dismayed,
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.

4 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee, thy deepest distress.

5 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6 "E'en down to old age, all My people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be borne.

7 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned 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."

236 CONFIDENCE IN THE PROMISES. C. M.

OUR God, how firm His promise stands!
E'en when He hides His face,
He trusts in our Redeemer's hands
His glory and His grace.

2 Then why, my soul, these sad complaints,
Since Christ and we are one?
Thy God is faithful to His saints,
Is faithful to His Son.

3 Beneath His smiles my heart has lived,
And part of heaven possessed;
I praise His name for grace received,
And trust Him for the rest.

PRIVILEGES.

237 PRESERVING GRACE. S. M.

TO God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis His almighty love,
His counsel and His care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of His face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne;
Shall bless the conduct of His grace,
And make His wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer God,
Wisdom and power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

238 SAFETY OF THE RIGHTEOUS. C. M.

FIRM as the earth Thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust;
If I am found in Jesus' hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost.

2 His honour is engaged to save
The meanest of His sheep;
All that His heavenly Father gave,
His hands securely keep.

3 Nor death nor hell shall e'er remove
His favourites from His breast;
In the dear bosom of His love,
They must for ever rest.

239 SECURITY OF THE BELIEVER. L. M

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 His 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 spirits up;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation for my hope,
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

240 GRACE. S. M

MAN'S wisdom is to seek
His strength in God alone;
And e'en an angel would be weak,
Who trusted in his own.

2 Retreat beneath His wings,
And in His grace confide;
This more exalts the King of kings,
Than all your works beside.

3 In Jesus is our store;
Grace issues from His throne;
Whoever says, "I want no more,"
Confesses he has none.

241 Union with Christ. S. M.

DEAR Saviour, we are Thine,
By everlasting bands;
Our names, our hearts, we would resign,
And souls, into Thy hands.

2 Accepted for Thy sake,
And justified by faith,
We of Thy righteousness partake,
And find in Thee our life.

3 To Thee we still would cleave,
With ever growing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
O! let them ne'er prevail.

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

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

6 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear?
Since He in heaven has fixed His throne,
He'll fix His members there.

242 Access to God by Christ. C. M.

COME, let us lift our joyful eyes,
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there,
Upon a throne of love.

2 Once 'twas a seat of dreadful wrath,
And shot devouring flame;
Our God appeared consuming fire,
And Vengeance was His name.

3 Rich were the drops of Jesus' blood
That calmed His frowning face,
That sprinkled o'er the burning throne,
And turned the wrath to grace.

4 Now we may bow before His feet,
And venture near the Lord:
No fiery cherub guards His seat,
Nor double flaming sword.

5 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss,
Are opened by the Son;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach the eternal throne.

6 To Thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high;
And glory to the almighty King,
That lays His fury by.

243 COMMUNION WITH CHRIST. C. M.

JESUS, my Saviour, bind me fast,
In cords of heavenly love;
Then sweetly draw me to Thy breast,
Nor let me thence remove.

2 Draw me from all created good,
From self, the world and sin;
To the dear fountain of Thy blood,
And make me pure within.

3 O lead me to Thy mercy seat,
Attract me nearer still;
Draw me, like Mary, to Thy feet,
To sit and learn Thy will.

4 O draw me by Thy providence,
Thy Spirit and Thy word,
From all the things of time and sense,
To Thee, my gracious Lord.

244 CHRISTIANS HAVE ALL IN CHRIST. 7s.

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 staid,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
All in all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind:
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.

Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

245 GOD THE BELIEVER'S HAPPINESS. C. M.

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 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.

5 Were I possessor of the earth,
And called the stars my own;
Without Thy graces and Thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

6 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.

246 DIVINE LIGHT BREAKING INTO THE SOUL. 7s & 6s

SOMETIMES a light surprises,
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord who rises,
With healing in 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 w[illegible]ed fruit should 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.

247 CHRISTIAN CONFIDENCE AND GRATITUDE. C. M.

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 my exalted Head.

3 All that I am, and all I have,
Shall be for ever Thine;
Whate'er my duty bids me give,
My cheerful hands resign.

248 Strength Equal to the Day. L. M.

AFFLICTED saint, to Christ draw near,
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear;
His faithful word declares to thee,
That "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

2 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong;
And if the conflict should be long,
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee;
For "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

3 Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name:
In fiery trials thou shalt see,
That "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

4 When called by Him to bear the cross,
Reproach, affliction, pain, or loss,
Or deep distress and poverty;
Still "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

5 When death at length appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue:
He comes to set thy spirit free;
And "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

249 Blessedness of the Righteous. C. M.

THERE is a safe and secret place
Beneath the wings divine,
Reserved for all the heirs of grace:
Oh! be that refuge mine!

2 The least and feeblest there may bide
Uninjured and unawed;
While thousands fall on every side,
He rests secure in God.

3 He feeds in pastures large and fair,
Of love and truth divine;
O child of God, O glory's heir,
How rich a lot is thine!

4 A hand almighty to defend,
An ear for every call,
An honoured life, a peaceful end,
And heaven to crown it all.

250 DEATH IS GAIN. C. M. D

AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint and die;
My soul shall quit this mournful vale,
And soar away on high;
Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest,
That only bliss for which it pants,
On the Redeemer's breast.

2 Oh! what has Jesus done for me!
Before my ravished eyes
Rivers of love divine I see,
And trees of paradise;
I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there;
They all are robed in spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear.

3 Oh! what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, Thou count me meet
With that enraptured host to appear,
And worship at Thy feet?

Give joy or grief, give ease or pain;
Take life or friends away;
But let me meet those friends again,
In that eternal day.

251 Fears Dismissed. C. M.

YE trembling souls, dismiss your fears,
Be mercy all your theme;
Mercy, which like a river flows
In one perpetual stream.

2 Fear not the powers of earth and hell;
God will those powers restrain;
His arm shall all their rage repel,
And make their efforts vain.

3 Fear not the want of outward good;
For His He will provide;
Grant them supplies of daily food,
And give them heaven beside.

4 Fear not that He will e'er forsake,
Or leave His work undone;
He's faithful to His promises,
And faithful to His Son.

5 Fear not the terrors of the grave,
Or death's tremendous sting;
He will from endless wrath preserve,
To endless glory bring.

252 The Mourner Comforted. S. M.

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.

4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame;
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon His name.

5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at His control:
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

6 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on Thee;
Who waits for Thy salvation, Lord,
Shall Thy salvation see.

253 THE DISCONSOLATE COMFORTED. **11s & 10s.**

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, Light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, in mercy saying,
Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot cure.

3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, boundless in love;
Come to the feast prepared; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrows, but heaven can remove.

254 THE VOICE OF JESUS. L. M.

WHEN power divine in mortal form,
Hushed with a word the raging storm,
In soothing accents Jesus said,—
"Lo! it is I! be not afraid."

2 Blessed be the voice that breathes from heaven
To every heart in sunder riven,
When love, and joy, and hope are fled,—
"Lo! it is I; be not afraid."

3 And when the last dread hour is come,
While shuddering nature waits her doom,
This voice shall call the pious dead,—
"Lo! it is I; be not afraid."

255 REST FOR THE WEARY. P. M.

IN the Christian's home in glory
There remains a land of rest,
There my Saviour 's gone before me,
To fulfil my soul's request.
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you;
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you.

2 This is not my place of resting,
Mine 's a city yet to come;
Onward to it I am hasting,
On to my eternal home:
There is rest, etc.

3 In it all is light and glory,
O'er it shines a nightless day;
Ev'ry trace of sin's sad story,
All the curse hath passed away:
There is rest, etc.

4 There the Lamb our Shepherd leads us
By the streams of life along,
On the freshest pastures feeds us,
Turns our sighing into song:
There is rest, etc.

256 JESUS OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS. L. M.

JESUS, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

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

3 Lord, I believe Thy precious blood,
Which at the mercy-seat of God
For ever doth for sinners plead,
For me, e'en for my soul, was shed.

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

5 Oh, let the dead now hear Thy voice,
Now bid Thy banished ones rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord our Righteousness!

257 THE LAMB OF GOD. 7s.

JESUS, Lamb of God for me,
Thou, the Lord of life, didst die;
Whither,—whither but to Thee,
Can a trembling sinner fly?
Death's dark waters o'er me roll,
Save, Oh save, my sinking soul.

2 Never bowed a martyred head
Weighed with equal sorrow down,
Never blood so rich was shed,
Never king wore such a crown!
To Thy cross and sacrifice
Faith now lifts her tearful eyes.

3 All my soul, by love subdued,
Melts in deep contrition there;
By Thy mighty grace renewed,
New-born hope forbids despair;
Lord, Thou canst my guilt forgive,
Thou hast bid me look and live.

4 While with broken heart I kneel,
Sinks the inward storm to rest;
Life,—immortal life I feel
Kindled in my throbbing breast;
Thine,—for ever Thine I am,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

258 PEACE IN JESUS. 7s.

PRINCE of Peace, control my will,
Bid this struggling heart be still;
Bid my fears and doubtings cease,
Hush my spirit into peace.

2 Thou hast bought me with Thy blood,
Opened wide the gate to God;
Peace I ask,—but peace must be,
Lord, in being one with Thee.

3 May Thy will, not mine, be done,—
May Thy will and mine be one;
Chase these doubtings from my heart,
Now Thy perfect peace impart.

4 Saviour, at Thy feet I fall,
Thou my life, my God, my all!
Let Thy happy servant be
One for evermore with Thee.

GRACES.

FAITH.

259 FAITH IN CHRIST. L. M.

WHEN sins and fears prevailing rise,
And fainting hope almost expires;
Jesus, to Thee I lift mine eyes,
To Thee I breathe my soul's desires.

2 Art Thou not mine, my living Lord?
And can my hope, my comfort die,
Fixed on Thy everlasting word,
That word which built the earth and sky?

3 If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure;
His word a firm foundation gives,
Here let me build and rest secure.

4 Here let my faith unshaken dwell,
Immovable the promise stands;
Not all the powers of earth, or hell,
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.

5 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose;
Since Jesus is for ever mine,
Not death itself, that last of foes,
Shall break a union so divine.

260 LIVING FAITH. C. M.

MISTAKEN souls, that dream of heaven,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,
While they are slaves to lust.

2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead:
None but a living power unites
To Christ the living Head.

3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart;
'Tis faith that works by love,
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell,
By a celestial power;
This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.

5 Faith must obey the Father's will,
As well as trust His grace;
A pardoning God is jealous still
For His own holiness.

6 When from the curse He sets us free,
He makes our nature clean;
Nor would He send His Son to be
The minister of sin.

261 CHRISTIAN WALKING BY FAITH. L. M.

'TIS by the faith of joys to come,
We walk through deserts dark as night,
Till we arrive at heaven our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies;
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray,
Though lions roar and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

4 So Abraham, by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God;
His faith beheld the promised land,
And fired his zeal along the road.

262 Efficacy of Faith. C. M.

FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves me from its snares;
Its aid in every duty brings,
And softens all my cares:

2 Extinguishes the thirst of sin,
And lights the sacred fire
Of love to God, and heavenly things,
And feeds the pure desire.

3 The wounded conscience knows its power,
The healing balm to give;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

4 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign;
And bids me seek my portion there,
Nor bids me seek in vain:

5 Shows me the precious promise sealed
With the Redeemer's blood;
And helps my feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.

6 There, there unshaken would I rest,
Till this vile body dies;
And then on faith's triumphant wings,
At once to glory rise.

263 Sustaining Faith. C. M

'TIS faith supports my feeble soul,
In times of deep distress;
When storms arise and billows roll,
Great God, I trust Thy grace.

2 Thy powerful arm still bears me up,
Whatever griefs befall;
Thou art my life, my joy, my hope,
And Thou my all in all.

3 Bereft of friends, beset with foes,
With dangers all around,
To Thee I all my fears disclose,
In Thee my help is found.

4 In every want, in every strait,
To Thee alone I fly;
When other comforters depart,
Thou art for ever nigh.

264 FAITH IN TIME OF DECLENSION. C. M.

WHEN any turn from Sion's way,
Alas, what numbers do!
Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
"Wilt thou forsake Me too?"

2 Ah, Lord! with such a heart as mine,
Unless Thou hold me fast,
I feel I must, I shall decline,
And prove like them at last.

3 Yet Thou alone hast power, I know,
To save a wretch like me;
To whom, or whither could I go,
If I should turn from Thee?

4 Beyond a doubt I rest assured,
Thou art the Christ of God;
Who hast eternal life secured,
By promise and by blood.

5 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.

6 What anguish has this question stirred,
"And wilt thou also go?"
Dear Lord, relying on Thy word,
I humbly answer—no!

265 PEACE IN BELIEVING. 5s, 6s & 9s.

HOW happy are they
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasures above!
O what tongue can express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love?

2 'Twas heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more,
Than to fall at His feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

3 O the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possessed,
I was perfectly blest,
As if filled with the fulness of God.

3 Then, all the day long,
Was my Jesus my song,
And redemption through faith in His name;
O that all might believe,
And salvation receive,
And their song and their joy be the same.

266 FLEEING TO CHRIST AS A REFUGE. L. C. M.

O THOU, that hearest the prayer of faith,
Wilt Thou not save a soul from death,
That casts itself on Thee?
I have no refuge of my own,
But fly to what my Lord has done,
And suffered, once for me.

2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
His spotless righteousness I plead,

And His atoning blood:
Thy righteousness my robe shall be,
Thy merit shall avail for me,
And bring me near to God.

3 Then snatch me from eternal death,
The Spirit of adoption breathe,
His consolation send:
By Him some word of life impart,
And sweetly whisper to my heart,
"Thy Maker is thy Friend."

4 The king of terrors then would be
A welcome messenger to me,
To bid me come away:
Unclogged by earth, or earthly things,
I'd mount, I'd fly with eager wings,
To everlasting day.

267 APPROPRIATING FAITH. S. M.

FAITH is a precious grace,
Where'er it is bestowed;
It boasts of a celestial birth,
And is the gift of God.

2 Jesus it owns as King,
And all-atoning Priest;
It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in Christ.

3 On Him it safely leans,
In times of deep distress;
Flies to the fountain of His blood,
And trusts His righteousness.

4 All through the wilderness,
It is our strength and stay;
Nor can we miss the heavenly road,
While it directs our way.

5 Lord, 'tis Thy work alone,
And that divinely free;
Send down the Spirit of Thy Son,
To work this faith in me.

268 Faith's Struggle. C. M. D.

LORD, I believe; Thy power I own;
Thy truth I would obey;
I wander comfortless and lone,
When from Thy paths I stray.
Lord, I believe; but gloomy fears,
Sometimes bedim my sight;
I look to Thee with prayers and tears,
And cry for strength and light.

2 Lord, I believe; yet Thou dost know,
My faith is cold and weak:
Pity my frailty, and bestow
The confidence I seek:
Yes, I believe; and only Thou,
Canst give my doubts relief;
Lord, to Thy truth my spirit bow,
Help Thou, my unbelief.

269 Confidence in God. C. M.

WHENCE do our mournful thoughts arise?
Where is our courage fled?
Have restless sin, and raging hell,
Struck all our comforts dead?

2 Have we forgot the almighty Name,
That formed the earth and sea?
And can an all-creating Arm,
Grow weary or decay?

3 Treasures of everlasting might,
In our Jehovah dwell;
He gives the conquest to the weak,
And treads their foes to hell.

4 Mere mortal power shall fade and die,
And youthful vigour cease;
But we that wait upon the Lord,
Shall feel our strength increase.

5 The saints shall mount on eagles' wings,
And taste the promised bliss,
Till their unwearied feet arrive
Where perfect pleasure is.

270 THE TRIUMPH OF FAITH. 10s & 11s.

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 Why should I complain of want and distress,
Temptation or pain? He told me no less.
The heirs of salvation, I know from His word,
Through much tribulation must follow their Lord.

5 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!

271 FAITH PREVAILING IN TROUBLE. S. M.

IF, through unruffled seas,
Toward heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God, to Thee,
We 'll own the prospering gale.

2 But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow—kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.

3 Teach us, in every state,
To make Thy will our own;
And when the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone.

272 PRAYER FOR FAITH. C. M.

OH! for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe;
That will not tremble, on the brink
Of any earthly woe.

2 That will not murmur nor complain,
Beneath the chastening rod;
But in the hour of grief or pain,
Can lean upon its God.

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear,
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt:

4 That bears unmoved the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That sin's wild ocean cannot drown,
Nor its soft arts beguile.

5 A faith that keeps the narrow way,
By truth restrained and led,
And with a pure and heavenly ray,
Lights up a dying bed.

273 THE VOICE OF JESUS. C. M. D.

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast.
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad,
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Behold, I freely give
The living water: thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live.
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
I am this dark world's light,—
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright:
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till travelling days are done.

4 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
My Father's house above
Has many mansions: I've a place
Prepared for you in love.
I trust in Jesus:—in that house,
According to His word,
Redeemed by grace, my soul shall live
For ever with the Lord.

274 FAITH IN CHRIST. 6s & 4s.

MY faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away;
Oh let me, from this day,
Be wholly Thine.

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,—
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,—
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tear away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then in love
Fear and distress remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,—
A ransomed soul.

275 POWER OF FAITH. C. M.

WHEN musing sorrow weeps the past
And mourns the present pain,
'Tis sweet to think of peace at last,
And feel that death is gain.

2 'Tis not that murmuring thoughts arise,
And dread a Father's will;
'Tis not that meek submission flies,
And would not suffer still:

3 It is that heaven-born faith surveys
The path that leads to light,
And longs her eagle plumes to raise,
And lose herself in sight.

4 Oh, let me wing my hallowed flight
From earth-born woe and care,
And soar above these clouds of night,
My Saviour's bliss to share!

276 FAITH IN JESUS. 7s & 6s.

I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load:
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus,—
All fullness dwells in Him;
He healeth my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem:
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrow shares.

4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy Child:

I long to be with Jesus
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
And learn the angels' song.

277 AN UNSEEN SAVIOUR. C. M.

JESUS, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of Thine;
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessed face and mine.

2 I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
Yet art Thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot,
As where I meet with Thee.

3 Like some bright dream that comes unsought,
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

4 Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone;
I love Thee, dearest Lord, and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.

5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall Thee reveal,
All glorious as Thou art.

278 COMMUNION WITH GOD. C. M.

FATHER, I stretch my hands to Thee,
No other help I know;
If Thou withdraw Thyself from me,
Ah! whither shall I go?

2 What did Thine only Son endure,
Before I drew my breath!
What pain, what labour, to secure
My soul from endless death!

3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel Thy power!
Now my poor soul Thou wouldst retrieve,
Nor let me wait one hour.

4 Author of faith, to Thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes:
O, let me now receive that gift,
My soul without it dies!

5 Surely Thou canst not let me die;
O speak, and I shall live;
And here I will unwearied lie,
Till Thou Thy Spirit give.

6 The worst of sinners would rejoice,
Could they but see Thy face:
O, let me hear Thy quickening voice,
And taste Thy pardoning grace.

HOPE.

279 The Father's House for Me! L. M.

THY Father's house! Thine own bright home!
And Thou hast there a place for me!
Though yet an exile here I roam,
That distant home by faith I see.

2 I see its domes resplendent glow,
Where beams of God's own glory fall,
And trees of life immortal grow,
Whose fruits o'erhang the sapphire wall.

3 I know that Thou, who on the tree
Didst deign our mortal guilt to bear,
Wilt bring Thine own to dwell with Thee,
And waitest to receive them there.

4 Thy love will there array my soul
In Thine own robe of spotless hue;
And I shall gaze, while ages roll,
On Thee, with raptures ever new.

5 O welcome day, when Thou my feet
Shalt bring the shining threshold o'er,
A Father's warm embrace to meet,
And dwell at home for evermore.

280 Hope in God. L. M.

THE God of my salvation lives;
My nobler life He will sustain;
His word immortal vigour gives,
Nor shall my glorious hopes be vain.

2 Thy presence, Lord, can cheer my heart,
Though every earthly comfort die;
Thy smile can bid my pains depart,
And raise my sacred pleasures high.

3 O let me hear Thy blissful voice,
Inspiring life and joy divine;
The barren desert shall rejoice;
'Tis paradise, if Thou art mine.

281 Confident Hope. C. M.

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 bright morning star,
And He my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around 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,
To 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 conqueror through.

282 JOY OF HOPE. C. M.

HOW happy every child of grace
Who knows his sins forgiven!
This earth, he cries, is not my place;
I seek my place in heaven.

2 A country far from mortal sight,
Yet O, by faith I see
The land of rest, the saint's delight—
The heaven prepared for me.

3 A stranger in the world below,
I calmly sojourn here;
Nor can its happiness or woe
Provoke my hope or fear:

4 Its evils in a moment end;
Its joys as soon are past;
But O, the bliss to which I tend,
Eternally shall last.

283 AT EVE IT SHALL BE LIGHT. C. M.

WE journey through a vale of tears,
By many a cloud o'ercast;
And worldly cares and worldly fears
Go with us to the last.

2 Not, to the last: God's word hath said,—
Could we but read aright,—
Poor pilgrim, lift in hope thy head,
At eve it shall be light.

3 When tempest clouds are dark on high,
His bow of love and peace
Shines sweetly on the vaulted sky,
A pledge that storms shall cease.

4 Hold on thy way, with hope unchilled,
By faith and not by sight,
And thou shalt own His word fulfilled;
At eve it shall be light.

LOVE.

284 SOON AND FOR EVER. 11s.

SOON—soon and for ever our union shall be
Made perfect, our glorious Redeemer, in Thee;
The sins and the sorrows of time shall be o'er,
Its pangs and its partings remembered no more,
When life cannot fail, and when death cannot sever,
Then Christians with Christ shall be—soon and for ever.

2 Yes, soon and for ever, we'll see as we're seen,
And learn the deep meaning of things that have been;
Then droop not in sorrow, despond not in fear—
A glorious to-morrow is bright'ning and near;
When—blessed reward of each faithful endeavour!
True Christians with Christ shall be—soon and for ever.

285 HOPE ENCOURAGED. 8s, 7s & 4s.

O MY soul! what means this sadness?
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy grief be turned to gladness,
Bid thy restless fear begone;
Look to Jesus,
And rejoice in His dear name.

2 Though ten thousand ills beset thee,
Though thy heart is stained with sin,

Jesus lives, He 'll ne'er forget thee,
He will make thee pure within;
He is faithful
To perform His gracious word.

3 Though distresses now attend thee,
And thou tread'st the thorny road;
His right hand shall still defend thee,
Soon He 'll bring thee home to God;
Thou shalt praise Him,—
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

286 LOVE TO CHRIST. C. M.

DO not I love Thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart, and see;
And turn each hateful 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
Which Thou dost not approve.

3 Hast Thou a lamb in all Thy flock,
I would disdain to feed?
Hast Thou a foe, before whose face,
I fear Thy cause to plead?

4 Thou knowest I love Thee, dearest Lord!
But Oh! I long to soar,
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
That I may love Thee more.

287 BROTHERLY LOVE. C. M.

HOW sweet and heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfil His word!

2 Oh! may we feel each brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;

May sorrows flow from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.

3 Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow;
Let union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action, glow.

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.

288 SEEKING CHRIST'S PRESENCE. 11s, 8s.

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.

2 Where dost Thou at noontide resort with Thy sheep,
To feed on the pastures of love?
Say, why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove?

3 Oh! 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.

4 Restore, my dear Saviour, the light of Thy face,
Thy soul-cheering favour impart;
And let Thy sweet tokens of pardoning grace
Bring joy to my desolate heart.

289 CHIEF OBJECT OF A BELIEVER'S LOVE. 8s.

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 midsummer 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;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding His face,
My all to His pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind.
While blessed 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.

290 LOVE TO CHRIST. C. M.

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, filled
With boundless stores of grace!

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 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.

6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

291 The Wandering Sheep. S. M. D

I WAS a wandering sheep;
I did not love the fold;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled:
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child;
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er desert, waste, and wild:

They found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is;
'Twas He that loved my soul,
'Twas He that washed me in His blood,
'Twas He that made me whole;
'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep;
'Twas He that brought me to the fold;
'Tis He that still doth keep.

4 No more a wandering sheep,
I love to be controlled:
I love my tender Shepherd's voice,
I love the peaceful fold:
No more a wayward child,
I seek no more to roam;
I love my heavenly Father's voice;
I love, I love His home.

292 Love to an Unseen Saviour. S. M.

NOT with our mortal eyes,
Have we beheld the Lord;
Yet we rejoice to hear His name,
And love Him in His word.

2 On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face;
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon Thy grace.

3 And when we taste Thy love,
Our joys divinely grow,
Unspeakable, like those above,
And heaven begins below.

293 CHRISTIAN LOVE. C. M.

HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move;
The devils know and tremble too,
But devils cannot love.

4 This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings,
In the sweet realms of bliss.

5 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away,
To see our smiling God.

294 LOVE ESSENTIAL TO RELIGION. L. M.

HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found,
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

2 Were I inspired to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell;
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.

3 Should I distribute all my store,
To feed the bowels of the poor,
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name:

4 If love to God, and love to men,
Be absent, all my hopes are vain:
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

295 JESUS, ABIDE WITH ME. L. M.

SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near:
Oh! may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

2 When soft the dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought—how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 Be near to bless me when I wake,
Ere through the world my way I take;
Abide with me till, in Thy love,
I lose myself in heaven above.

296 CHRISTIANS DRAWN WITH CORDS OF LOVE. C. M.

MY God, what gentle cords are Thine,
How soft, and yet how strong!
While power, and truth, and love combine
To draw our souls along.

2 Thou saw'st us crushed beneath the yoke
Of Satan and of sin;
Thy hand the iron bondage broke,
Our worthless hearts to win.

3 The guilt of twice ten thousand sins
One offering takes away;
And grace, when first the war begins,
Secures the crowning day.

4 Comfort through all this vale of tears,
In rich profusion flows;
And glory of unnumbered years
Eternity bestows.

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

297 Christ the Object of Love C. M.

JESUS, I love Thy charming name,
'Tis music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven should hear.

2 Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,
My joy, my hope, my trust;
Jewels, to Thee, are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In Thee most richly meet;
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honours of Thy name,
With my last labouring breath;
Then speechless clasp Thee in mine arms,
The antidote of death.

298 Christian Fellowship. S. M.

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 joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign,
Through all eternity.

299 LOVE TO CHRIST'S DISCIPLES. C. M.

LORD, Thou on earth didst love Thine own;
Didst love them to the end;
Oh! still from Thy celestial throne,
Let gifts of love descend.

2 As Thou for us didst stoop so low,
Warmed by love's holy flame,
So let our deeds of kindness flow
To all who bear Thy name.

3 One blessed fellowship in love
Thy living church should stand,
Till, faultless, she at last above
Shall shine at Thy right hand.

4 Oh! glorious day when she the bride,
With her dear Lord appears;
When robed in beauty at His side,
She shall forget her tears.

300 Fellowship with the Saints. C. M

COME, let us join our friends above
That have obtained the prize;
And, on the eagle wings of love,
To joy celestial rise.

2 Let saints below His praises sing,
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King,
In heaven and earth, are one.

3 One family, we dwell in Him,
One church, above, beneath:
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

4 One army of the living God,
To His commands we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

5 How many to their endless home,
This solemn moment, fly!
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die.

6 Dear Saviour, be our constant guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid the cold waves of death divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

301 Christian Fellowship. C. M.

OUR souls, by love together knit,
Cemented, mixed in one;
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
'Tis heaven on earth begun.

2 Our hearts have often burned within,
And glowed with sacred fire,
While Jesus spoke, and fed, and blessed,
And filled the enlarged desire.

3 The little cloud increases still,
The heavens are big with rain;
We haste to catch the teeming shower,
And all its moisture drain.

4 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows;
But pour a mighty flood;
O! sweep the nations, shake the earth,
Till all proclaim Thee God.

5 And when Thou mak'st Thy jewels up,
And sett'st Thy starry crown;
When all Thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaimed by Thee Thine own;

6 May we, a little band of love,
We sinners, saved by grace,
From glory unto glory changed,
Behold Thee face to face.

302 BROTHERLY LOVE. L. M.

NOW by the mercies of my God,
His sharp distress, His sore complaints,
By His last groans, His dying blood,
I charge my soul to love the saints.

2 Clamour, and wrath, and war begone;
Envy and spite for ever cease;
Let bitter words no more be known
Amongst the saints, the sons of peace.

3 The Spirit, like a peaceful dove,
Flies from the realms of noise and strife;
Why should we vex and grieve His love,
Who seals our souls to heavenly life?

4 Tender and kind be all our thoughts,
Through all our lives let mercy run:
So God forgives our numerous faults,
For the dear sake of Christ His Son.

303 "A Little While." P. M.

AND is it so? "A little while,"
And then the life undying,
The light of God's unclouded smile,
The singing for the sighing?
"A little while!"—Oh! glorious word,
Sweet solace of our sorrow:
And then "for ever with the Lord,"
The everlasting morrow.

2 Then be it ours to journey on
In paths that He decrees us,
Where His own feet before have gone,
Our strength, our hope, our Jesus;
In lowly fellowship with Him
The cross appointed bearing;
For oh! a crown no grief can dim
One day we shall be wearing.

3 Oh! 'twill be passing sweet to gaze
On Him in all His glory;
And lost in love and glad amaze
To shout redemption's story;
Till angels bend to catch the strain
Our human lips are swelling,
And "worthy is the Lamb once slain,"
Resounds through heaven's high dwelling.

304 Looking to Jesus. 11s.

O EYES that are weary, and hearts that are sore!
Look off unto Jesus, and sorrow no more;
The light of His countenance shineth so bright,
That here, as in heaven, there need be no night.

2 When looking to Jesus, I go not astray,
My eyes are upon Him, He shows me the way;
The path may seem dark, as He leads me along,
But following Jesus, I cannot go wrong.

3 Still looking to Jesus, oh! may I be found,
When Jordan's dark waters encompass me round;
They 'll bear me away in His presence to be,
And see Him still nearer whom always I see.

4 Then, then I shall know the full beauty and grace
Of Jesus my Lord, when I stand face to face—
Shall know how His love went before me each day,
And wonder that ever my eyes turned away.

JOY.

305 JOY IN CHRIST. C. M.

JESUS, the very thought of Thee
With gladness fills my breast;
But dearer far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind Thou art,
How good to those who seek!

4 And they who find Thee, find a bliss
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus!—what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

306 REJOICING IN CHRIST. C. M.

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 health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of reigning sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

5 Let us obey: we then shall know,
Shall feel our sins forgiven:
Anticipate our heaven below,
And own that love is heaven.

307 REJOICING IN THE LIGHT. 7s.

BOUNDLESS glory, Lord, be Thine;
Thou hast made the darkness shine;
Thou hast sent a cheering ray;
Thou hast turned our night to day.

2 Darkness long involved us round,
Till we knew the joyful sound:
Then our darkness fled away,
Chased by truth's effulgent ray.

They are blest, and none beside,
They, who in the truth abide;
Clear the light that marks their way
Leading to eternal day.

4 Guide us, Saviour, through the road,
Till we reach the saints' abode;
Till we see Thee throned above,
As Thou art, the God of love.

308 THE BELIEVER'S JOY IN LIFE AND DEATH. C. M.

JOY is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil;
All we can boast, till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.

2 But where the Lord has planted grace,
And made His glories known,
There fruits of heavenly joy and peace
Are found, and there alone.

3 A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,
A sense of pardoning love,
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like those above.

4 To take a glimpse within the veil;
To know that God is mine;
Are springs of joy, that never fail,
Unspeakable, divine.

5 These are the joys which satisfy
And sanctify the mind;
Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

6 No more, believers, mourn your lot;
But since you are the Lord's,
Resign to them, that know Him not,
Such joys as earth affords.

PEACE.

309 LIGHT GILDS THE CLOUDS. P. M.

THIS world is not my home I know,
For sin and sorrow wound me;
But mercy tempers every blow,
And goodness smiles around me.

Chorus.—Then let my lot be what it may,
Come gladness or come sorrow,
I 'm nearer to my home to day,
And may be there to-morrow.

2 The tear may fall, the heart may bleed,
And all look dark and dreary;
But love divine supplies my need,
And cheers the spirit weary.

3 As falls the leaf when touched by frost,
So loved ones fall around me;
But 'tis by mercy's hand are loosed
The ties that fondly bound me.

4 With heart resigned, I bid adieu
To those who love, but leave me;
My home, my heavenly home 's in view,
Where death shall ne'er bereave me.

5 My heavenly home, where Jesus reigns!
When I behold Thy glory,
I 'll walk Thy ever verdant plains,
And sing redemption's story.

310 ALL THINGS IN CHRIST. S. M.

THOU very-present Aid
In suffering and distress!
The mind, which still on Thee is stayed,
Is kept in perfect peace.

2 The soul, by faith reclined
On the Redeemer's breast,
Mid raging storms, exults to find
An everlasting rest.

3 Sorrow and fear are gone,
Whene'er Thy face appears;
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
And dries the widow's tears.

4 It hallows every cross,
It sweetly comforts me;
It makes me now forget my loss,
And lose myself in Thee.

5 Jesus, to whom I fly,
Will all my wishes fill;
What though created streams are dry,
I have the fountain still.

311 Rest only Found in God. S. M.

O WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
O what eternal horrors hang
Around "the second death!"

5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from Thy face
And evermore undone.

6 Here would we end our quest;
Alone are found in Thee,
The life of perfect love, the rest
Of immortality.

312 THE PLEASURES OF A GOOD CONSCIENCE. L. M.

LORD, how secure and blest are they
Who feel the joys of pardoned sin;
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have heaven and peace within.

2 The day glides swiftly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love;
And soft and silent as the shades,
Their nightly minutes gently move.

3 Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
But fly not half so swift away;
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.

4 How oft they look to th' heavenly hills
Where groves of living pleasure grow,
And longing hopes and cheerful smiles
Sit undisturbed upon their brow.

5 They scorn to seek our golden toys,
But spend the day and share the night,
In numbering o'er the richer joys,
That heaven prepares for their delight.

6 While wretched we, like worms and moles,
Lie grovelling in the dust below:
Almighty grace, renew our souls,
And we 'll aspire to glory too.

HOLY DESIRES.

313 PRAYER FOR INCREASING HOLINESS. C. M.

O! FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that always feels Thy blood,
So freely shed for me:

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak;
Where Jesus reigns alone:

3 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Holy, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

314 PRAYER FOR ASSURANCE. C. M.

WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend and bring
Some tokens of Thy grace.

2 Dost Thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt Thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear Thy witness with my heart
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of His love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And Thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

315 PRAYER FOR THE GRACES OF THE SPIRIT. 8s & 7s.

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 longing 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 now Thy life receive,
Suddenly return, and never,
Nevermore Thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thine hosts above;
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy precious love.

4 Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure, unspotted 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.

316 A Thankful Heart. C. M.

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.

317 PRAYER FOR THE RETURN OF THE SPIRIT. C. M.

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

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed,
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.

318 THE PILGRIM. 8s & 7s.

GENTLY, Lord, O! gently lead us,
Through this lonely vale of tears;
Through the changes Thou 'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears.
When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let Thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in Thy perfect way.

2 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear;
And when mortal life is ended,
Bid us in Thine arms to rest,
Till by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

319 In Distress Pleading with God. C. M.

O! THAT I knew the secret place,
Where I might find my God!
I'd spread my wants before His face,
And pour my woes abroad.

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

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

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

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

320 Nearness to God. 6s & 4s

NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,

Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

2 Though like a wanderer,
Daylight all gone,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams, I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

3 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

4 Or if, on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

321 Jesus My Strength and Hope. S. M.

JESUS, my strength, my hope,
On Thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know Thou hear'st my prayer;

2 Give me on Thee to wait,
Till I can all things do,
On Thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

3 I want a godly fear,
A quick discerning eye,
That looks to Thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly.

4 A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

5 I rest upon Thy word,
Thy promise is for me;
My succour and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from Thee.

6 But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till Thou my patient spirit guide
Into Thy perfect love.

322 CHRIST'S PRESENCE DESIRED. C. M.

OH! could I find, from day to day,
A nearness to my God!
Then should my hours glide sweet away
While leaning on His word.

2 Lord, I desire with Thee to live
Anew from day to day;
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.

3 Blest Jesus, come, and rule my heart,
And make me wholly Thine,
That I may nevermore depart,
Nor grieve Thy love divine.

4 Thus, till my last, expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And when my frame dissolves in death,
My soul shall love Thee more.

323 CALMNESS FROM GOD. C. M.

CALM me, my God, and keep me calm:
Let Thy outstretched wing,
Be like the shade of Elim's palm,
Beside her desert spring.

2 Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet;
Calm in the closet's solitude;
Calm in the busy street.

3 Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
And in the hour of pain,
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
And in my loss or gain.

4 Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like Him who bore my shame,
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng,
Who hate Thy holy name.

5 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on Thy breast;
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

324 LEANING UPON JESUS. 7s.

JESUS, merciful and mild,
Lead me as a helpless child;
On no other arm than Thine,
Would my weary soul recline:
Thou art ready to forgive,
Thou canst bid the sinner live;
Guide the wanderer, day by day,
In the straight and narrow way.

2 Thou canst fit me by Thy grace
For the heavenly dwelling-place;
All Thy promises are sure,
Ever shall Thy love endure;

Then what more could I desire,
How to greater bliss aspire?
All I need, in Thee I see;
Thou art all in all to me.

SUBMISSION IN AFFLICTION.

325 "Thy Will be Done." C. M.

HOW sweet to be allowed to pray
To God, the Holy One,
With filial love and trust to say,
"O God, Thy will be done."

2 Here in these sacred words we find
A cure for every ill;
They calm and soothe the troubled mind,
And bid all care be still.

3 Oh! could my heart thus ever pray,
Thus imitate Thy Son!
Teach me, O God, with truth to say,
"Thy will, not mine, be done."

326 Prayer for Resignation. C. M.

THOU boundless Source of every good,
Our best desires fulfil;
Help us adore Thy wondrous grace,
And mark Thy sovereign will.

2 Teach us, in time of deep distress,
To own Thy hand, O God;
And in submissive silence learn
The lessons of Thy rod.

3 In every changing scene of life,
Whate'er that scene may be,
Give us a meek and humble mind,
A mind at peace with Thee.

4 Then shall we close our eyes in death,
Free from distracting care,
For death is life—and labour rest,
If Thou art with us there.

327 GOD'S WILL MINE. C. M.

ONE prayer I have, all prayers in one,
When I am wholly Thine:—
Thy will, my God, Thy will be done,
And let that will be mine.

2 May I remember, that to Thee,
Whate'er I have, I owe;
And back in gratitude from me,
May all Thy bounties flow.

3 And though Thy wisdom takes away,
Shall I arraign Thy will?
No, let me bless Thy name, and say,
"The Lord is gracious still."

4 A pilgrim through the earth I roam,
Of nothing long possessed,
And all must fail when I go home,
For this is not my rest.

5 Write but my name upon the roll,
Of Thy redeemed above;
Then heart, and mind, and strength, and soul,
I'll love Thee for Thy love.

328 ASKING MERCY IN AFFLICTION. C. M.

O THOU whose mercy guides my way!
Though now it seems severe,
Forbid my unbelief to say
There is no mercy here.

2 Oh! grant me to desire the pain
That comes in kindness down,
More than the world's alluring gain
Succeeded by a frown.

3 Then, though Thou bend my spirit low,
Love only shall I see;
The very hand, that strikes the blow,
Was wounded once for me.

329 NO TEARS IN HEAVEN. C. M.

WHAT if our bark, o'er life's rough wave,
By adverse winds be driven—
And howling tempests round us rave—
There are no tears in heaven.

2 What though affliction be our lot,
Our hearts with anguish riven,
Still let it never be forgot—
There are no tears in heaven.

3 Our sweetest joys here vanish all,
And fade like hues at even;
Our fairest hopes like flowers fall—
There are no tears in heaven.

4 Thou, God, our joy and rest shalt be,
And sorrow far be driven;
And sin and death for ever flee—
There are no tears in heaven.

330 WELCOME TO THE CROSS. 7s.

'TIS my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross;
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.
Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,
This is happiness to me.

2 God, in Israel, sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain and toil;
These spring up and choke the weeds
Which would else o'erspread the soil.

Trials make the promise sweet,
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to His feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

3 Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisement by the way;
Might I not, with reason, fear
I should prove a cast-away?
Aliens may escape the rod,
Sunk in earthly, vain delight;
But the true-born child of God,
Must not, would not, if he might.

331 SUBMISSION UNDER VARIOUS ILLS OF LIFE. C. M.

THROUGH all the downward tracts of time,
God's watchful eye surveys;
O who so wise to choose our lot,
And regulate our ways?

2 I cannot doubt His bounteous love,
Unmeasurably kind;
To His unerring, gracious will,
Be every wish resigned.

3 Good when He gives, supremely good,
Nor less, when He denies;
E'en crosses, from His sovereign hand,
Are blessings in disguise.

332 SUBMISSION AND HOPE OF HEAVEN. C. M.

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

2 To Thee, in my distress, I cried,
And Thou hast bowed Thine ear;
Thy powerful word my life prolonged,
And brought salvation near.

3 Unfold, ye gates of righteousness,
That, with the pious throng,
I may record my solemn vows,
And tune my grateful song.

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

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

6 There, while the nations of the blest,
With raptures bow around,
My anthems to delivering grace
In sweeter strains shall sound.

333 Submission under dark Dispensations. L. M.

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

2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs His work, the cause conceals;
And though His footsteps are unknown,
Judgment and truth support His throne.

3 In heaven and earth, in air and seas,
He executes His wise decrees;
And by His saints it stands confessed,
That what He does is ever best.

4 Then, O my soul, submissive wait,
With reverence bow before His seat:
And midst the terrors of His rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

334 CHRISTIAN SUBMISSION. C. M.

O LORD, I would delight in Thee,
And on Thy care depend;
To Thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only friend.

2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in Thy name.

3 Why should the soul a drop bemoan,
Who has a fountain near,
A fountain which shall ever run,
With waters sweet and clear?

4 No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in Thee:
I must have all things, and abound,
While God is God to me.

5 Oh! that I had a stronger faith
To look within the veil,
To credit what my Saviour saith,
Whose word can never fail.

6 He who has made my heaven secure,
Will here all good provide:
While Christ is rich can I be poor?
What can I want beside?

7 O Lord, I cast my care on Thee,
I triumph and adore;
Henceforth my great concern shall be,
To love and praise Thee more.

335 SUBMISSION UNDER AFFLICTION. C. M.

MY times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God are in Thy hand;
All my enjoyments come from Thee,
And go at Thy command.

2 O Lord, shouldst Thou withhold them all,
Yet would I not repine;
Before they were by me possessed,
They were entirely Thine.

3 Nor would I drop a murmuring word,
If all the world were gone,
But seek substantial happiness,
In Thee and Thee alone.

336 Prayer for Submission. C. M.

O LORD, my best desires fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to Thy will,
And make Thy pleasure mine.

2 Why should I shrink at Thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand,
That wipes away my tears?

3 No, rather let me freely yield,
What most I prize to Thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.

4 Wisdom and mercy guide my way,
Shall I resist them both?
A poor blind creature of a day,
And crushed before the moth!

5 But ah! my inward spirit cries,
Still bind me to Thy sway;
Else the next cloud that veils my skies
Drives all these thoughts away.

337 Consolations in Sickness. C. M.

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 on 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 Sweet in the confidence of faith,
To trust His firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in His hands,
And know no will but His.

8 If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from Thee.

338 IT IS WELL. C. M.

IT shall be well, let sinners know,
With those who love the Lord;
His saints have always found it so,
When resting on His word.

2 Peace, then, ye chastened sons of God,
Why let your sorrows swell?
Wisdom directs your Father's rod,
His word says, it is well.

3 Though you may trials sharp endure,
From sin, or death, or hell;
Your heavenly Father's love is sure,
And therefore, it is well.

4 Soon will your sorrows all be o'er,
And you shall sweetly tell,
On Canaan's calm and pleasant shore,
That all at last is well.

339 THY WILL BE DONE. 8s & 4s.

MY God and Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will be done!

2 Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
Thy will be done!

3 Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine; and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done!

4 Then, when on earth I breathe no more,
The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done!

340 PRAYER FOR SUBMISSION. 8s, 7s.

STEP by step, my Father, lead me
Through this dark and dreary day;
Hour by hour, my Saviour, feed me,
Fainting, drooping, by the way.

2 One by one, my joys declining,
Bear! O bear! my spirit up;
May Thy grace prevent repining,
Fill Thou now my empty cup.

3 Day by day, my Father, measure
All my changes yet to be,—
And may each in Thy good pleasure
Bring me nearer unto Thee.

341 SUBMISSION IN TRIALS. C. M.

WHEN I can trust my all with God,
In trial's fearful hour,—
I bow resigned beneath His rod,
And bless His sparing power.

2 Oh! to be brought to Jesus' feet,
Though trials fix me there,
Is still a privilege most sweet;
For He will hear my prayer.

3 Then, blessed be the hand that gave,
Still blessed when it takes;
Blessed be He who smites to save,
Who heals the heart He breaks.

DUTIES.

RENUNCIATION OF THE WORLD.

342 NONE BUT JESUS CRUCIFIED. P. M

VAIN, delusive world, adieu!
With all of creature good;
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with His blood.
All thy pleasures I forego:
All thy wealth, and all thy pride;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

2 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,
In His favour to abide:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

343 Renouncing the World. L. M

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 listened to your song,
Your streams had e'en conveyed me there.

3 Lord, I adore Thy matchless grace,
That warned me of that dark abyss,
That drew me from those treacherous seas,
And bade me seek superior bliss.

4 Now to the shining realms above,
I stretch my hands, and glance my 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 pleasure roll;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

344 Renunciation of the World. C. M.

HOW vain are all things here below!
How false and yet how fair!
Each pleasure has its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flattering light;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wavering minds,
And leave but half for God!

4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

5 Dear Saviour, let Thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

345 A SIGHT OF GOD MORTIFIES US TO THE WORLD. L. M.

UP to the fields where angels lie,
And living waters gently roll,
Fain would my thoughts leap out and fly,
But sin hangs heavy on my soul.

2 Thy wondrous blood, dear dying Christ,
Can make this world of guilt remove;
And Thou canst bear me where Thou fliest,
On Thy kind wings, celestial Dove!

3 O! might I once mount up and see
The glory of the eternal skies,
What little things these worlds would be,
How despicable to my eyes!

4 Had I a glance of Thee, my God,
Kingdoms and men would vanish soon;
Vanish, as though I saw them not,
As a dim candle dies at noon.

5 Then they might fight, and rage and rave,
I should perceive the noise no more
Than we can hear a shaking leaf,
Whilst rattling thunders round us roar.

6 Great All-in All, Eternal King,
Let me but view Thy lovely face,
And all my powers shall bow and sing
Thine endless grandeur and Thy grace.

346 WORLD RENOUNCED. 8s & 7s.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my All shalt be:
Let the world neglect and leave me;
They have left my Saviour too:
Human hopes have oft deceived me;
Thou art faithful, Thou art true.

2 Perish, earthly fame and treasure,
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain:
In Thy service, pain is pleasure;
With Thy favour, loss is gain:
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy bleeding love I see;
O 'tis not in joy to charm me,
When that love is hid from me.

347 THE WORLD'S THREE CHIEF TEMPTATIONS. C. M.

WHEN in the light of faith divine
We look on things below,
Honour, and gold and sensual joy,
How vain and dangerous too!

2 Honour 's a puff of noisy breath;
Yet men expose their blood,
And venture everlasting death,
To gain that airy good.

3 Whilst others starve the nobler mind,
And feed on shining dust,
They rob the serpent of his food,
To indulge a sordid lust.

4 The pleasures that allure our sense
Are dangerous snares to souls;
There's but a drop of flattering sweet,
And dashed with bitter bowls.

5 God is my all-sufficient good,
My portion and my choice;
In Him my vast desires are filled,
And all my powers rejoice.

6 In vain the world accosts my ear,
And tempts my heart anew;
I cannot buy your bliss so dear,
Nor part with heaven for you.

348 RENOUNCING THE WORLD. C. M

LET worldly minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me;
Once I admired its follies too,
But grace has set me free.

2 Those follies now no longer please,
No more delight afford:
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have known the Lord.

3 As by the light of op'ning day
The stars are all concealed,
So earthly pleasures fade away
When Jesus is revealed.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice,
I bid them all depart;
His name, and love, and gracious voice,
Shall fix my roving heart.

5 Now, Lord, I would be Thine alone,
And wholly live to Thee;
Yet worthless still, myself I own,
Thy worth is all my plea.

SELF-DEDICATION.

349 Surrendering to Christ. 7s.

PEOPLE of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort no where found:
Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns a fugitive unblest;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
O! receive me into rest.

2 Lonely, I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave:
Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more,
Every idol I resign.

3 Tell me not of gain or loss,
Ease, enjoyment, pomp and power,
Welcome poverty and cross,
Shame, reproach, affliction's hour:
"Follow me;" I know Thy voice;
Jesus, Lord, Thy steps I see;
Now I take Thy yoke by choice;
Light Thy burden now to me.

350 Devotion to Christ. L. M

AH wretched souls who strive in vain,
Slaves to the world, and slaves to sin,
A nobler toil may I sustain;
A nobler satisfaction win.

2 May I resolve with all my heart,
With all my powers to serve the Lord;
Nor from His precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.

3 O! be His service all my joy!
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labours so divine.

4 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined choice,
To yield to His supreme control,
And in His kind commands rejoice.

5 O! may I never faint nor tire,
Nor wandering leave His sacred ways:
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live Thy praise.

351 DETERMINATION. L. M.

AWAKE our souls, away our fears,
Let every trembling thought be gone;
Awake and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint.

3 The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From Thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We 'll mount aloft to Thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

352 CRUCIFIXION BY THE CROSS. L. M.

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.

353 SITTING AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS. 8s & 7s.

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 my peace with God.

3 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before His cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Floating in His languid eye.

4 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the cross I gaze;
Love I much? I 'm much forgiven,
I 'm a miracle of grace.

5 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears, His feet I bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His death.

354 UNION WITH THE CHURCH. L. M.

O HAPPY day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour, and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

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

3 'Tis done:—the great transaction 's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine:
He drew me—and I followed on—
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angels' bread to feast?

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

CONFESSING CHRIST.

355 Not Ashamed of Christ. C. M.

I 'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Nor 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.

356 Not Ashamed of Christ. L. M.

JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days!

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine,
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul, till He,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!

No, when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

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

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

357 JESUS THE ONE THING NEEDFUL. 7s.

JESUS let me cleave to Thee,
Thou my one thing needful be,
Let me choose the better part,
Let me give Thee all my heart.

2 Whom have I on earth below?
Thee, and only Thee, I know:
Whom have I in heav'n but Thee?
Thou art all in all to me.

358 CLEAVING TO CHRIST. C. M.

TO whom, my Saviour, shall I go
If I depart from Thee;
My guide through all this vale of woe,
And more than all to me?

2 For I have felt Thy dying love,
Breathe gently through my heart,
To whisper hope of joys above;—
And can we ever part?

3 Ah, no! with Thee I'll walk below,
My journey to the grave:
To whom, my Saviour, shall I go
When only Thou canst save?

359 CONFESSING CHRIST. C. M.

DIDST Thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame,
And bear the cross for me?
And shall I fear to own Thy name,
Or Thy disciple be?

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should dread
To suffer shame or loss;
O! let me in Thy footsteps tread,
And glory in Thy cross.

3 Inspire my soul with life divine,
And holy courage bold;
Let knowledge, faith, and meekness shine,
Nor love nor zeal grow cold.

4 Say to my soul, "Why dost thou fear
The face of feeble clay?
Behold thy Saviour ever near,
Will guard thee in the way."

5 O! how my soul would rise and run,
At this reviving word;
Nor any painful sufferings shun
To follow Thee, my Lord.

6 Let sinful men reproach, defame,
And call me what they will,
If I may glorify Thy name,
And be Thy servant still.

UNION WITH GOD'S PEOPLE.

360 CHRISTIAN AND MINISTERIAL FELLOWSHIP. C. M.

JOINED in one Spirit to one Head,
Where He appoints we go;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show His praise below.

2 Oh! may we ever walk in Him,
And nothing know beside;
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified.

3 Closer and closer let us cleave
To His beloved embrace;
Expect His fulness to receive,
And grace to add to grace.

4 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death can part.

361 Believer's Safety in the Church. S. M.

O! CEASE, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All the wide world to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

2 Behold the ark of God,
Behold the open door;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

3 There, safe thou shalt abide,
There, sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

362 Uniting with the Church. C. M

WITNESS, ye men, and angels, now;
Before the Lord we speak;
To Him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break:

2 That long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from His cause will we depart,
Nor ever quit the field.

3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on His grace rely,
That, with returning wants, the Lord
Will all our need supply.

4 Lord, guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in Thy ways;
And, while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn Thou our prayers to praise.

363 Welcome to the Church. L. M.

COME in, thou blessed of the Lord,
Enter in Jesus' precious name,
We welcome thee with one accord,
And trust the Saviour does the same.

2 Those joys which earth cannot afford,
We 'll seek in fellowship to prove,
Joined in one spirit to our Lord,
Together bound by mutual love.

3 And while we pass this vale of tears,
We 'll make our joys and sorrows known;
We 'll share each other's hopes and fears,
And count a brother's cares our own.

4 Once more our welcome we repeat,
Receive assurance of our love:
O may we all together meet
Around the throne of God above!

PRAYER.

364 Nature of Prayer. C. M.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or expressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;

The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say—"Behold, he prays."

5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gate of death:
He enters heaven with prayer.

365 INVOKING THE PRESENCE OF CHRIST. H. M.

COME, my Redeemer, come,
And deign to dwell with me;
Come, and Thy right assume,
And bid Thy rivals flee:
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart Thy lasting home.

2 Exert Thy mighty power,
And banish all my sin;
In this auspicious hour,
Bring all Thy graces in:
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart Thy lasting home.

3 Rule Thou in every thought
And passion of my soul,
Till all my powers are brought
Beneath Thy full control:
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart Thy lasting home.

4 Then shall my days be Thine,
And all my heart be love,
And joy and peace be mine,
Such as are known above:
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart Thy lasting home.

366 PRAYER FOR QUICKENING GRACE. L. M.

O SUN of Righteousness divine,
On us with beams of mercy shine;
Chase the dark clouds of guilt away,
And turn our darkness into day.

2 While mourning o'er our guilt and shame,
And asking mercy in Thy name,
Dear Saviour, cleanse us with Thy blood,
And be our advocate with God.

3 Sustain, when sinking in distress,
And guide us through this wilderness;
Teach our low thoughts from earth to rise,
And lead us onward to the skies.

367 PRAYER FOR THE DIVINE PRESENCE. L. M.

O THOU to whose all-searching sight,
The darkness shineth as the light;
Search, prove my heart, it pants for Thee;
O! burst these bonds, and set it free.

2 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Way;
No foes, nor violence I fear,
Nor fraud, while Thou, my God, art near.

3 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe;
Jesus, Thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

4 Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee;
Oh! let Thy hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy hill.

5 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

368 PRAYER FOR THE DIVINE PRESENCE. C. M.

PERMIT me, Lord, to seek Thy face,
Obedient to Thy call;
To seek the presence of Thy grace,
My Strength, my Life, my All.

2 All I can wish is Thine to give;
My God, I ask Thy love,
That greatest bliss I can receive,
That bliss of heaven above.

3 To heaven my restless heart aspires;
O for a quickening ray,
To wake and warm my faint desires,
And cheer the tiresome way.

4 The path to Thy divine abode,
Through a wild desert lies;
A thousand snares beset the road,
A thousand terrors rise.

5 Satan and sin unite their art,
To keep me from my Lord;
Dear Saviour, guard my trembling heart,
And guide me by Thy word.

6 My Guardian, my almighty Friend,
On Thee my soul would rest;
On Thee alone my hopes depend,
Be near, and I am blest.

369 Hindrances to Prayer. L. M.

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

2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

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 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.

5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

370 Wrestling in Prayer. 7s

LORD, I cannot let Thee go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow;
Do not turn away Thy face,
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.

2 Dost Thou ask me who I am?
Ah! my Lord, Thou knowest my name,
Yet the question gives a plea,
To support my suit with Thee.

3 Thou didst once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold,
Scorn Thy grace, Thy power defy;
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.

4 Once a sinner near despair,
Sought Thy mercy seat by prayer;
Mercy heard, and set him free;
Lord, that mercy came to me.

5 Many days have passed since then,
Many changes I have seen;
Yet have been upheld till now;
Who could hold me up but Thou?

6 Thou hast helped in every need;
This emboldens me to plead;
After so much mercy past,
Canst Thou let me sink at last?

7 No, I must maintain my hold,
'Tis Thy goodness makes me bold,
I can no denial take,
When I plead for Jesus' sake.

371 IMPORTUNATE PRAYER. S. M.

JESUS, who knows full well
The heart of every saint;
Invites us all our griefs to tell,
To pray and never faint.

2 He bows His gracious ear,
We never plead in vain;
Yet we must wait till He appear,
And pray, and pray again.

3 Though unbelief suggest,
Why should we longer wait?
He bids us never give Him rest,
But be importunate.

4 Jesus, the Lord, will hear
His chosen when they cry,
Yes, though He may a while forbear,
He 'll help them from on high.

5 His nature, truth and love,
Engage Him on their side;
When they are grieved, His mercies move,
And can they be denied?

6 Then let us earnest be,
And never faint in prayer;
He loves our importunity,
And makes our cause His care.

372 CONSTANCY IN PRAYER. L. M.

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 If pains afflict, or wrongs oppress,
If cares distract, or fears dismay;
If guilt deject, if sin distress,
The remedy 's before thee—pray.

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

373 GOD ANSWERS PRAYER. L. M.

FRIEND of the friendless and the faint,
Where shall I lodge my deep complaint?
Where, but with Thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor.

2 Did ever mourner plead with Thee,
And Thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not the word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek Thy face in vain?

3 That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst Thou not hear and answer prayer:
Thou, prayer-hearing, answering God,
Take from my heart this painful load.

374 GOD EVERYWHERE. 7s.

THEY who seek the throne of grace,
Find that throne in every place;
If we live a life of prayer,
God is present everywhere.

2 In our sickness or our health,
In our want or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present everywhere.

3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When our foes and fears prevail,
'Tis the time for earnest prayer:
God is present everywhere.

4 Then, my soul, in every strait,
To thy Father come and wait;
He will answer every prayer;
God is present everywhere.

375 ENCOURAGEMENT TO PRAYER. 7s.

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 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.

6 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die Thy people's death.

376 LORD'S PRAYER. C. M.

OUR Father, God, who art in heaven,
All hallowed be Thy name!
Thy kingdom come: Thy will be done,
In earth and heaven the same!

2 Give us, this day, our daily bread;
And, as we those forgive
Who sin against us, so may we
Forgiving grace receive.

3 Into temptation lead us not:
From evil set us free;
And Thine the kingdom, Thine the power
And glory, ever be.

377 SEEKING GOD. C. M.

AUTHOR of good! to Thee we turn;
Thine ever-wakeful eye
Alone can all our wants discern,—
Thy hand alone supply.

2 Oh! let Thy love within us dwell,
Thy fear our footsteps guide;
That love shall vainer loves expel,—
That fear, all fears beside.

3 Not what we wish—but what we want,
Let mercy still supply;
The good we ask not, Father! grant;
The ill we ask—deny.

378 THE MERCY SEAT. C. M.

THERE is a heavenly mercy seat,
To calm the sinner's fears;
There is a Saviour, at whose feet
The mourner dries his tears.

2 When friends depart, and hopes are riven,
And gathering storms I see,
My soul is but the sooner driven,
Eternal Rock, to Thee.

379 CALL TO PRAYER. C. M.

APPROACH, my soul, the mercy seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before His feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By war without, and fear within,
I come to Thee for rest.

4 Be Thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, "Thou hast died."

5 O, wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious name.

380 LITANY. 7s.

SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee,
Low we bow th' adoring knee,—
When, repentant to the skies
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes,
Oh, by all Thy pains and woe,
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear our supplicating cry.

2 By Thy birth and early years,
By Thy human griefs and fears,
By Thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness,
By Thy vict'ry in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power,—
Jesus, look with pitying eye,
Hear our deep, imploring cry.

3 By Thine hour of dark despair,
By Thine agony of prayer,
By the purple robe of scorn,
By Thy wounds, Thy crown of thorn,
By Thy cross, Thy pangs, and cries,
By Thy perfect sacrifice,—
Jesus, look with pitying eye,
Hear our sad, beseeching cry.

4 By Thy deep expiring groan,
By the sealed sepulchral stone,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
By Thy power from death to save,—
Mighty God, ascended Lord,
To Thy throne in heaven restored,—
Saviour, Prince exalted high,
Hear our solemn litany.

381 THE HOUR OF PRAYER. 8s & 4s.

MY God, is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to Thy feet;
The hour of prayer?

2 Blest is that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that hour of solemn eve,
When on the wings of prayer up-borne,
The world I leave.

3 Then is my strength by Thee renewed;
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven;
Then dost Thou cheer my longing soul
With hopes of heaven.

4 No words can tell what sweet relief
There for my every want I find?
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind.

5 Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear;
My spirit seems in heaven to stay;
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away.

6 Lord, till I reach that blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be,
As this my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to Thee.

WATCHFULNESS.

382 WATCHFULNESS AND PRAYER. L. M.

OUR Saviour's words are, "Watch and pray;"
Lord, make us willing to obey,
Able Thy counsel to fulfil;
From Thee must come both power and will.

2 The wisdom from above impart,
To keep our hand, our tongue, our heart,
In thought, word, deed—that so we may
Pray, while we watch; watch, while we pray.

3 Our strength be His omnipotence;
His truth our sole and sure defence;
His grace can help the feeblest saint
To watch and pray, and never faint.

4 For He who hath commanded thus,
Oft watched and prayed on earth for us;
And still, with interceding love,
Watches and prays for us above.

383 WATCHFULNESS AND PRAYER. C. M.

ALAS! what hourly dangers rise,
What snares beset my way;
To heaven I fain would lift my eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.

2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears!
Striving against my foes in vain,
I sink amid my fears.

3 O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid:
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Nor let me be dismayed.

4 Do Thou increase my faith and hope,
When fears and foes prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

5 O keep me in Thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee:
And never, never let me stray
From happiness and Thee.

384 WATCH AND PRAY. S. M.

MY soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
And hosts of sins are pressing hard,
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thy arduous work will not be done,
Till thou hast got the crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He 'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to His blest abode.

385 A CHARGE TO KEEP. S. M.

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 From youth to hoary 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.

SELF-DENIAL.

386 SELF-DENIAL. C. M.

STRAIT is the way, the door is strait,
That leads to joys on high;
'Tis but a few that find the gate,
While crowds mistake and die.

2 Beloved self must be denied,
The mind and will renewed,
Passions suppressed and patience tried,
And vain desires subdued.

3 Flesh is a dangerous foe to grace,
Where it prevails and rules;
Flesh must be humbled, pride abased,
Lest they destroy our souls.

4 The love of gold be banished hence,
That vile idolatry;
And every member, every sense,
In sweet subjection lie.

5 The tongue, that most unruly power,
Requires a strong restraint;
We must be watchful every hour,
And pray but never faint.

6 Lord, can a feeble, helpless worm
Fulfil a task so hard?
Thy grace must all my work perform,
And give a free reward.

387 BROAD AND NARROW WAYS. L. M

BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow 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 this heavenly land.

3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed 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 attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

388 BEARING THE CROSS. C. M.

MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

2 That consecrated cross I'll bear
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home, my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

SELF-EXAMINATION.

389 AN ANXIOUS INQUIRY. 7s.

'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;
Filled with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child?

5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mixed with all I do;
You who 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 abhorred,
Find at times the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord?

8 Lord, decide the doubtful case,
Thou who art Thy people's Sun:
Shine upon Thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

9 Let me love Thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.

390 SELF-EXAMINATION. L. M.

WHAT strange perplexities arise,
What anxious fears and jealousies,
What crowds in doubtful light appear,
How few, alas, approved and clear!

2 And what am I?—My soul awake,
And an impartial survey take;
Does no dark sign, no ground of fear,
In practice or in heart appear?

3 What image does my spirit bear?
Is Jesus formed, and living there?
Say, do His lineaments divine
In thought, and word, and action shine?

4 Searcher of hearts, O! search me still;
The secrets of my soul reveal;
My fears remove; let me appear
To God and my own conscience clear.

5 May I, consistent with Thy word,
Approach Thy table, O my Lord?
May I among Thy saints appear?
Shall I a welcome guest be there?

6 Have I the wedding-garment on?
Or do I naked, stand alone?
O! quicken, clothe and feed my soul;
Forgive my sins, and make me whole.

ACTIVITY.

391 CHRISTIAN CONSISTENCY. 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 His 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, temperance, 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.

392 ACCESS TO GOD. C. M.

WE find access at every hour
To God within the veil;
Hence we derive a quickening power,
And joys that never fail.

2 O happy souls, O glorious state
Of overflowing grace;
To dwell so near our Father's seat,
And see His lovely face.

3 Lord, I address Thy heavenly throne;
Call me a child of Thine;
Send down the Spirit of Thy Son,
To form my heart divine.

4 There shed Thy choicest love abroad,
And make my comforts strong:
Then shall I say, "My Father, God,"
With an unwavering tongue.

393 SLOTHFULNESS LAMENTED. C. M.

MY drowsy powers, 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 toil, and strive;
Yet we, who have a heaven to 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 lie so sluggish still,
And never act our parts?
Come, Holy Spirit, come and fill,
And wake and warm our hearts.

6 Then shall our active spirits move,
Upward our souls shall rise;
With hands of faith and wings of love,
We'll fly and take the prize.

394 CHRISTIAN WARFARE. L. M.

STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armour on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus, thy great Captain's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when He rose.

3 What though the prince of darkness rage,
And waste the fury of his spite:
Eternal chains confine him down
To fiery deeps and endless night.

4 What though thy inward lusts rebel;
'Tis but a struggling gasp for life:
The weapons of victorious grace
Shall slay thy sins and end the strife.

5 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

6 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

395 "Sow Beside all Waters." S. M.

SOW in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

2 The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there;
O'er hill and dale, by plots, 'tis found:
Go forth, then, everywhere.

3 Thou knowest not which may thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germs alive,
When and wherever strown.

4 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain,
For garners in the sky.

5 Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God, is come,
The angel reapers shall descend,
And heaven sing "Harvest-home."

396 The Christian Soldier. C. M.

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 dark 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,
With faith's discerning eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thine armies shine,
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

397 CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY. C. M.

AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine uplifted eye.

4 Then wake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

CONFLICTS.

398 INDWELLING SIN LAMENTED. C. M.

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 How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel
These struggles in my breast?
When wilt Thou bow my stubborn will
And give my conscience rest?

4 Break, sovereign grace, O break the charm,
And set the captive free:
Reveal, almighty God, Thine arm,
And haste to rescue me.

399 Repentance for Backsliding. C. M.

O THOU, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye.

2 See, low before Thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn;
Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face?
Hast Thou not said—return?

3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from Thy feet?
O! let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.

4 Absent from Thee, my Guide, my Light,
Without one cheering ray;
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way!

5 O! shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine!
And let Thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

400 PRAYER ANSWERED BY CROSSES. L. M.

I ASKED the Lord, that I might grow
In faith, and love and every grace;
Might more of His salvation know,
And seek more earnestly His face.

2 'Twas He who taught me thus to pray,
And He, I trust, has answered prayer,
But it has been in such a way,
As almost drove me to despair.

3 I hoped that in some favoured hour,
At once He 'd answer my request;
And by His love's constraining power,
Subdue my sins and give me rest.

4 Instead of this He made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart,
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in every part.

5 Yea, more; with His own hand He seemed
Intent to aggravate my woe;
Crossed all the fair designs I schemed,
Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.

6 "Lord, why is this?" I trembling cried,
"Wilt Thou pursue Thy worm to death?"
"'Tis in this way," the Lord replied,
"I answer prayer for grace and faith.

7 "These inward trials I employ
From self and pride to set thee free,
And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
That thou may'st seek thine all in me."

401 HOMEWARD BOUND. 10s & 7s.

OUT on an ocean all boundless we ride,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Tossed on the waves of a rough, restless tide,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

Far from the safe quiet harbour we 've rode,
Seeking our Father's celestial abode,
Promise of which on us each He bestowed;
We 're homeward bound, homeward bound.

2 Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars,
We 're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Look, yonder lie the bright heavenly shores,
We 're homeward bound, homeward bound.
Steady, O pilot, stand firm at the wheel;
Steady, we soon shall outweather the gale;
Oh! how we fly 'neath the loud creaking sail;
We 're homeward bound, homeward bound.

3 Into the harbour of heaven we glide,
We 're home at last, home at last;
Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,
We 're home at last, home at last.
Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er;
We stand secure on the glorified shore;
Glory to God! we will shout evermore;
We 're home at last, home at last.

402 "STRIVE TO ENTER." C. M.

OH! speed thee, Christian, on thy way,
And to thy armour cling;
With girded loins the call obey
That grace and mercy bring.

2 There is a battle to be fought,
An upward race to run,
A crown of glory to be sought,
A victory to be won.

3 Oh! faint not, Christian, for thy sighs
Are heard before His throne;
The race must come before the prize,
The cross before the crown.

403 LONGING FOR HEAVEN. 8. M.

MY thirsty spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

2 Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.

3 Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease,
While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
Expands the bow of peace.

404 LOOKING TO GOD IN TROUBLE. 8. M.

DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,
On Thee, when sorrows rise,
On Thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To Thee I tell each rising grief,
For Thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief,
For every pain I feel.

3 But O! when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call Thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to Thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

5 Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face?
And shall I seek in vain?
And can the ear of sovereign grace
Be deaf when I complain?

6 No, still the ear of sovereign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer:
O! may I ever find access,
To breathe my sorrows there.

7 Thy mercy-seat is open still,
Here let my soul retreat:
With humble hope attend Thy will,
And wait beneath Thy feet.

405 Inconstancy Lamented. C. M.

ETERNAL Source of light and grace,
We hail Thy sacred name;
Through every year's revolving round,
Thy goodness is the same.

2 On us, all worthless as we are,
It wondrous mercy pours;
Sure as the heavens' established course,
And plenteous as the showers.

3 Inconstant service we repay,
And treacherous vows renew,
False as the morning's fleeting cloud,
And transient as the dew.

4 In flowing tears our guilt we mourn,
And loud implore Thy grace,
To bear our feeble footsteps on,
In all Thy righteous ways.

5 Armed with this energy divine,
Our souls shall steadfast move;
And with increasing transports press
On to Thy courts above.

6 So by Thy power the morning sun
Pursues his radiant way;
Brightens each moment in his race,
And shines to perfect day.

406 SPIRITUAL DECLENSION LAMENTED. C. M

SWEET was the time, when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood,
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And when the evening shades prevailed,
His love was all my song.

3 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw His glory shine;
And when I read His holy word,
I called each promise mine.

4 But now, when evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns:
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

5 Rise, Lord, and help me to prevail,
O! make my soul Thy care;
I know Thy mercy cannot fail,
Let me that mercy share.

407 TRIALS OF THE CHRISTIAN. L. M

THUS far my God has led me on,
And made His truth and mercy known
My hopes and fears alternate rise,
And comforts mingle with my sighs.

2 Through this wide wilderness I roam,
Far distant from my blissful home;
Lord, let Thy presence be my stay,
And guard me in this dangerous way.

3 Temptations everywhere annoy,
And sins and snares my peace destroy;
My earthly joys are from me torn,
And oft an absent God I mourn.

4 My soul with various tempests tossed,
Her hopes o'erturned, her projects crossed,
Sees every day new straits attend,
And wonders where the scene will end.

5 Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road,
Which leads us to the mount of God?
Are these the toils Thy people know,
While in this wilderness below?

6 'Tis even so; Thy faithful love
Does all Thy children's graces prove;
'Tis thus our pride and self must fall,
That Jesus may be all in all.

408 Light in Darkness. C. M.

O THOU who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, pierced by sins and sorrows here,
We could not fly to Thee!

2 The friends, who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.

3 But Thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

4 When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimmed and vanished too;

5 O who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not Thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom
Our peace-branch from above?

6 Then sorrow, touched by Thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light,
We never saw by day.

409 LIGHT SHINING IN DARKNESS. 8s & 7s.

SAVIOUR, hast Thou fled for ever,
From my tempest-riven breast?
Will Thy gracious Spirit never
Come and cheer and make me blest?
Long, dear Lord, in silent sorrow,
I have sighed to taste Thy love;
Hoping, on some sweet to-morrow,
Thou wouldst all my guilt remove.

2 Peace, my soul, the Saviour hears thee,
He will chase thy fears away;
'Tis His gracious presence cheers thee,
Turning darkness into day.
Precious Saviour, have I found Thee?
Wilt Thou then my portion be?
Spread Thy sheltering arm around me,
Let me lean alone on Thee.

3 Through this world, so dark and dreary,
Be my constant friend and guide;
Hungry, thirsty, faint and weary,
Keep me ever near Thy side.
Blessed be His name for ever,
For His pardoning grace to me;
Sinners, doubt His promise never,
Jesus' love is full and free.

410 MOURNING OVER SPIRITUAL DECLENSION. C. M.

WHY is my heart so far from Thee,
My God, my chief delight?
Why are my thoughts no more by day
With Thee—no more by night?

2 Why should my foolish passions rove?
Where can such sweetness be,
As I have tasted in Thy love,
As I have found in Thee?

3 When my forgetful soul renews
The savour of Thy grace,
My heart presumes I cannot lose
The relish all my days.

4 But ere one fleeting hour is past,
The flattering world employs
Some sensual bait to seize my taste,
And to pollute my joys.

5 Wretch that I am, to wander thus
In chase of false delight!
Let me be fastened to Thy cross,
Rather than lose Thy sight.

411 HOPE FOR THE SUFFERING. L. M

OH, deem not they are blest alone,
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
For God, who pities man, has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

2 The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

3 There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

4 Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny;
Though with a pierced and broken heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

5 For God has marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear,
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all His children suffer here.

412 CHEER UP THE FAINTING. 7s & 6s.

O FAINT and feeble-hearted,
Why thus cast down with fear?
Fresh aid shall be imparted;
Thy God unseen is near.

2 His eye can never slumber,
He marks thy cruel foes;
Observes their strength, their number,
And all thy weakness knows.

3 Though heavy clouds of sorrow
Make dark thy path to-day,
There may shine forth to-morrow
Once more a cheering ray.

4 Though doubts and griefs assailing
Conceal heaven's fair abode;
Yet now faith's power prevailing
Should stay thy mind on God.

413 LOOKING TO JESUS. 7s.

WHEN, along life's thorny road,
Faints the soul beneath the load
By its cares and sins oppressed,
Finds on earth no peace or rest:
When the wily tempter's near,
Filling us with doubts and fear,
Jesus, to Thy feet we flee;
Jesus, we will look to Thee.

2 Thou, our Saviour, from the throne
Listening to Thy people's moan:
Thou, the living Head, dost share
Every pang Thy members bear;

Full of tenderness Thou art,
Thou wilt heal the broken heart;
Full of power, Thine arms shall quell
All the rage and might of hell.

3 Mighty to redeem and save,
Thou hast overcome the grave:
Thou the bars of death hast riven,
Opened wide the gate of heaven:
Soon in glory Thou shalt come,
Taking Thy poor pilgrims home:
Jesus, then we all shall be
Ever, ever, Lord, with Thee!

414 PEACE IN BELIEVING. L. M. 6 lines.

PEACE, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan
Hath taught each scene the note of wo;
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,
And let thy tears forget to flow:
Behold the precious balm is found,
To lull thy pain, and heal thy wound.

2 Come, freely come, by sin opprest,
On Jesus cast thy weighty load;
In Him thy refuge find, thy rest,
Safe in the mercy of thy God:-
Thy God's thy Saviour, glorious word!
O hear, believe, and bless the Lord.

415 BREVITY OF THE CONFLICT. S. M.

A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest,
Asleep within the tomb.

2 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.

3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild, rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more.

4 A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way,
And we shall reach the endless rest,
Th' eternal Sabbath day.

5 'Tis but a little while
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with Him may reign.

6 Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day;
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

416 SOLDIERS OF CHRIST. S. M

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
But take to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:—

4 That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

5 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

6 Still let the Spirit cry
In all His soldiers, "Come,"
Till Christ the Lord descend from high,
And take the conquerors home.

417 REMEMBER ME. C. M

O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to Thee;
In all my trials, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me.

2 When groaning, on my burdened heart
My sins lie heavily;
My pardon speak, new peace impart,
In love, remember me.

3 If on my face, for Thy dear name,
Shame and reproaches be;
I'll hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If Thou remember me.

4 The hour is near—consigned to death,
I own the just decree;
Saviour, with my last parting breath,
I'll cry—Remember me.

418 VOICE OF JESUS. C. M

WHEN waves of sorrow round me swell
My soul is not dismayed;
I hear a voice I know full well—
"'Tis I—be not afraid."

2 When black the threatening clouds appear,
And storms my path invade,
That voice shall calm each rising fear—
"'Tis I—be not afraid."

3 There is a gulf that must be crossed—
Saviour, be near to aid!
Whisper, when my frail bark is tossed,
"'Tis I—be not afraid."

4 There is a dark and fearful vale,
Death hides within its shade;
O say, when flesh and heart shall fail,
"'Tis I—be not afraid."

419 THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIM. 9s,10s&11s.

I'M a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger;
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night;
Do not detain me, for I am going
To where the fountains are ever flowing.—
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.

2 There the sunbeams are ever shining,
I am longing, I am longing for the sight.
Within a country, unknown and dreary,
I have been wandering forlorn and weary.
I'm a pilgrim, etc.

3 Of that country, to which I'm going,
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light;
There are no sorrows, nor any sighing,
Nor any sin there, nor any dying.
I'm a pilgrim, etc.

PERSEVERANCE.

420 PERSEVERANCE. 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 mourning souls be glad;
Christ our Advocate is made;
Us to save, our flesh assumes,
Brother to our soul becomes.

4 Shout ye little flock, and blest,
Soon you 'll enter into rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.

6 Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below,
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

421 FAINT YET PURSUING. 11s.

THOUGH faint yet pursuing, we go on our way,—
The Lord is our Leader, His word is our stay:
Though suff'ring, and sorrow, and trial be near,
The Lord is our Refuge, and whom can we fear?

2 And to His green pastures our footsteps He leads,
His flock in the desert how kindly He feeds;
The lambs in His bosom He tenderly bears,
And brings back the wand'rers all safe from the snares.

3 Though clouds may surround us, our God is our light,—
Though storms rage around us, our God is our might,—

So faint, yet pursuing, still onward we come;
The Lord is our Leader, and heaven our home.

PRAISE.

422 Praise for Salvation. C. M.

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.

423 Praise for Mercies. C. M.

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

2 Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived,
From whom those comforts flowed.

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

4 When worn by sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renewed my face;
And when in sin and sorrow sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

5 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

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

7 Through all eternity to Thee,
A joyful song I'll raise:
But O! eternity 's too short,
To utter all Thy praise.

424 GRATITUDE FOR PROVIDENTIAL CARE. C. M.

ALMIGHTY Father, gracious Lord,
Kind Guardian of my days,
Thy mercies let my heart record,
In songs of grateful praise.

2 In life's first dawn my tender frame
Was Thy indulgent care;
Long ere I could pronounce Thy name,
Or breathe the infant prayer.

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

4 How many blessings round me shone,
Where'er I turned mine eye!
How many passed almost unknown,
Or unregarded, by!

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

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

7 Yes, I adore Thee, gracious Lord,
For favours more divine;
That I have known Thy sacred word,
Where all Thy glories shine.

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

M.

425 PRAISE TO GOD. L. M.

THEE we adore, eternal Lord!
We praise Thy name with one accord;
Thy saints, who here Thy goodness see,
Through all the world do worship Thee.

2 To Thee aloud all angels cry,
The heavens and all the powers on high:
Thee, holy, holy, holy, King,
Lord God of hosts, they ever sing.

3 Th' apostles join the glorious throng;
The prophets swell th' immortal song:
The martyrs' noble army raise
Eternal anthems to Thy praise.

4 From day to day, O Lord, do we
Highly exalt and honour Thee!
Thy name we worship and adore,
World without end, for evermore!

5 Vouchsafe, O Lord, we humbly pray,
To keep us safe from sin this day:
Have mercy, Lord! we trust in Thee;
Oh, let us ne'er confounded be!

426 Call to Praise. C. M.

LIFT up to God the voice of praise,
Whose breath our souls inspired:
Loud and more loud the anthems raise,
With grateful ardour fired.

2 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose goodness, passing thought,
Loads every moment, as it flies,
With benefits unsought!

3 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
From whom salvation flows,
Who sent His Son our souls to save
From everlasting woes.

4 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
For hope's transporting ray,
Which lights through darkest shades of death,
To realms of endless day.

427 Perpetual Praise. C. M.

YES, I will bless Thee, O my God,
Through all my mortal days;
And to eternity prolong
Thy vast, Thy boundless praise.

2 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honours of my God;
My life, with all its active powers,
Shall spread Thy praise abroad.

3 Not death itself shall stop my song,
Though death will close my eyes;
My thoughts shall then to nobler heights,
And sweeter raptures rise.

4 There shall my lips in endless praise,
Their grateful tribute pay;
The theme demands an angel's tongue,
And an eternal day.

428 MAGNIFICAT. 6s 12s & 8s.

O HOLY, holy Lord,
Creation's sovereign King,
Thy majesty adored, let all Thy creatures sing,
Who wast, and art, and art to be,
Nor time shall see Thy sway depart.

2 Great are Thy works of praise,
O God of boundless might!
All just and true Thy ways, Thou King of saints in light!
Let all above, and all below,
Conspire to show Thy power and love.

3 Who shall not fear Thee, Lord,
And magnify Thy name?
Thy judgments sent abroad Thy holiness proclaim:
Nations shall throng from every shore,
And Thee adore in holy song.

4 While all the powers on high
Their swelling chorus raise,
We here on earth reply, and echo back Thy praise;
Thy glory own, first, last, and best,
God ever blest, and God alone!

429 GOD'S NAME HALLOWED. 7s.

HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
In the highest heavens adored,
Author of all nature's frame,
Father! hallowed be Thy name.

2 Though estranged from Thee in heart,
Doubtless Thou our Father art,
From Thy hand our spirits came;
Father! hallowed be Thy name.

3 Nor by nature's tie alone
Thou art as our Father known;
Nearer now in Christ our claim,
Father! hallowed be Thy name.

4 Born anew, oh may we feel
Filial love, the Spirit's seal,
Cleansed from guilt, redeemed from shame;
Father! hallowed be Thy name.

430 THE GLORIOUS KING. 11s

OH! worship the King all-glorious above;
Oh! gratefully sing His power and His love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendour and girded with praise.

2 We sing of Thy might, we sing of Thy grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space,
Thy chariots of wrath the thunder-clouds form,
And dark is Thy path on the wings of the storm.

3 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer and Friend!

4 O measureless Might, ineffable Love,
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
Thy ransomed creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall sing to Thy praise.

431 PRAISE IN AFFLICTION. 7s.

LORD, should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the ripening ear;
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green untimely fruit:

2 Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store;
Though the sickening flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall:

3 Should Thy chastening hand restrain
The early and the latter rain;

Blast each opening bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy:

4 Yet to Thee my soul should raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise;
And, when every blessing 's flown,
Love Thee for Thyself alone.

432 The God of Abraham. P. M

THE God of Abram praise,
Whose all sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days
In all His ways:
He calls a worm His friend;
He calls Himself my God:
And He shall save me to the end,
Through Jesus' blood.

2 Though nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way
At His command:
The watery deep I pass
With Jesus in my view;
And through the howling wilderness,
My way pursue.

3 He keeps His own secure,
He guards them by His side;
Arrays in garments white and pure
His spotless bride:
With streams of sacred bliss,
With groves of living joys,
With all the fruits of paradise
He still supplies.

4 He by Himself hath sworn,
I on His oath depend;
I shall on eagles' wings be borne,
To heaven ascend:

I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.

WORSHIP.

PRIVATE AND FAMILY.

433 MORNING HYMN. L. M.

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

2 From the fair chambers of the east
The circuit of his race begins;
And, without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.

3 O! like the sun, may I fulfil
The appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind and active will,
March on, and keep my heavenly way.

4 But I shall rove and lose the race,
If God, my sun, should disappear,
And leave me in this world's wild maze,
To follow every wandering star.

5 Lord, Thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes;
Thy threatenings just, Thy promise sure,
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

6 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.

434 EVENING HYMN. L. M.

THUS far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far His power prolongs my days,
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of His grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But He forgives my follies past;
He gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep,
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait Thy voice to rouse the tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

435 MORNING HYMN. C. M.

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 crushed me dead,
But mercy held Thy hand.

5 How many wretched souls are fled
Since the last setting sun;
And yet Thou lengthenest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.

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

436 RETIREMENT. C. M.

FAR from the world, O Lord! I flee,—
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes, where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem, by Thy sweet bounty, made
For those who follow Thee.

3 There, if Thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh! with what peace, and joy, and love
She then communes with God.

4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

5 Author and guardian of my life,—
Sweet source of light divine,—
And—all harmonious names in one—
Blest Saviour!—Thou art mine.

437 EVENING HYMN. C. M.

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,
Encompassed me around;
But O! how few returns of love
Has my Creator found!

4 What have I done for Him who 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 renewed by Thee.

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

438 MORNING HYMN. L. M

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

2 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew,
Scatter my sins as morning dew:
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

3 Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design or do or say;
That all my powers with all my might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

4 All praise to Thee who safe hast kept
And hast refreshed me while I slept:
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

439 AN EVENING SONG. C. M.

NOW from the altar of our hearts
Let flames of love arise;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.

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

3 New time, new favour, and new joys,
Do a new song require:
Till we shall praise Thee as we would,
Accept our heart's desire.

4 Lord of our days whose hand hath set
New time upon our score:
Thee may we praise for all our time,
When time shall be no more.

440 GOD'S SERVICE IN ALL THINGS. L. M.

NEW every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

2 New mercies each returning day
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

3 If on our daily course our mind
Be set, to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

4 The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

5 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us this, and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

441 Morning Hymn. C. M

GOD of my life, my morning song
To Thee I cheerful raise;
Thy acts of love 'tis good to sing,
And pleasant 'tis to praise.

2 Preserved by Thy almighty arm,
I passed the shades of night,
Serene and safe from every harm,
To see the morning light.

3 While numbers spent the night in sighs,
And restless pains and woes;
In gentle sleep I closed my eyes,
And rose from sweet repose.

4 When sleep, death's image, o'er me spread,
And I unconscious lay,
Thy watchful care was round my bed,
To guard my feeble clay.

5 O! let the same almighty care
Through all this day attend:
From every danger, every snare,
My heedless steps defend.

6 Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days;
And let Thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

442 EVENING WORSHIP. C. M.

O LORD, another day is flown,
And we, a little 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 deign to hear
The song that 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 Oh! let Thy grace perform its part;
Let sin's dominion cease;
And shed abroad in every heart
Thine everlasting peace.

443 ON GOING TO REST. S. M.

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

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what is here possessed.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us, while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

4 And when we early rise,
And view the 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.

444 EVENING HYMN. 7s.

NOW from labour and from care
Evening shades have set me free;
In the work of praise and prayer,
Lord, I would converse with Thee:
Oh! behold me from above,
Fill me with a Saviour's love.

2 Sin and sorrow, guilt and woe,
Wither all my earthly joys;
Naught can charm me here below
But my Saviour's loving voice:
Lord, forgive; Thy grace restore;
Make me Thine for evermore.

3 For the blessings of this day,
For the mercies of this hour,
For the gospel's cheering ray,
For the Spirit's quickening power,
Grateful notes to Thee I raise,
Oh! accept my song of praise.

445 A MORNING HYMN. 8 M.

SEE how the rising sun
Pursues his shining way;
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
With every brightening ray.

2 Thus would my rising soul
Its heavenly Parent sing:
And to its great Original
The humble tribute bring.

3 Serene I laid me down,
Beneath His guardian care,
I slept, and I awoke and found
My kind Preserver near.

4 My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to Thee;
And in Thy service I would spend
A long eternity.

446 Evening Song. 8s & 7s.

SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal:
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save and Thou canst heal;
Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow near us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us,
We are safe if Thou art nigh.

2 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.
Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb;
May the morn, in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

447 Morning or Evening Hymn. C. M.

HOSANNA with a cheerful sound,
To God's upholding hand;
Ten thousand snares attend us round
And yet secure we stand.

2 That was a most amazing Power,
That raised us with a word;
And every day, and every hour,
We lean upon the Lord.

3 The evening rests our weary head,
And angels guard the room;
We wake, and we admire the bed,
That was not made our tomb.

4 The rising morning can't assure
That we shall end the day;
For death stands ready at the door,
To take our lives away.

5 God is our Sun, whose daily light
Our joy and safety brings;
Our feeble flesh lies safe at night,
Beneath His spreading wings.

448 CHILDREN'S EVENING HYMN. C. M. D.

NOW condescend, almighty King,
To bless this little throng;
And kindly listen, while we sing
Our pleasant evening song.
Brothers and sisters, hand-in-hand,
Our lips together move:
Oh! smile upon this little band;
Unite our hearts in love.

2 May we in safety sleep to-night,
From every danger free;
For, Lord, the darkness and the light
Are both alike to Thee.
And when the rising sun displays
His cheering beams abroad,
Then may our grateful morning lays
Declare the love of God.

449 MORNING OR EVENING HYMN. L. M.

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 spreadest the curtain 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.

450 Retirement and Meditation. L. M.

MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and Thee;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
One sovereign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone;
In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

451 Twilight Meditation. C. M.

I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care;
And spend the hours of setting day,
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all His promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect does my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

452 MORNING HYMN. L. M.

O CHRIST! with each returning morn
Thine image to our heart be borne;
And may we ever clearly see
Our God and Saviour, Lord, in Thee!

2 All hallowed be our walk this day;
May meekness form our early ray,
And faithful love our noontide light,
And hope our sunset, calm and bright.

3 May grace each idle thought control,
And sanctify our wayward soul;
May guile depart, and malice cease,
And all within be joy and peace.

4 Our daily course, O Jesus, bless;
Make plain the way of holiness:
From sudden falls our feet defend,
And cheer at last our journey's end.

453 EVENING HYMN. 7s.

SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labour free,
Lord, I would commune with Thee.

2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Nought escapes without, within;
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall for ever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then, from Thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

454 AN EVENING HYMN. L. M.

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 ills 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 eyelids close:
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make,
To serve my God, when I awake.

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

6 O! when shall I, in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away;
And hymns divine with angels sing!
Glory to Thee, eternal King.

455 Morning Hymn. 7s.

NOW the shades of night are gone;
Now the morning light is come;
Lord, may we be Thine to-day,
Drive the shades of sin away.

2 Fill our souls with heavenly light,
Banish doubt and clear our sight;
In Thy service, Lord, to-day,
May we labour, watch, and pray.

3 Keep our haughty passions bound,
Save us from our foes around;
Going out and coming in
Keep us safe from ev'ry sin.

4 When our work of life is past,
O receive us then at last;
Night and sin will be no more,
When we reach the heavenly shore.

456 Evening-Prayer and Praise. C. M.

INDULGENT Father; by whose care,
I've passed another day,—
Let me, this night, Thy mercy share;
Oh! teach me how to pray.

2 Show me my sins, and how to mourn
My guilt before Thy face;
Direct me, Lord, to Christ alone,
And save me by Thy grace.

3 Let each returning night declare
The tokens of Thy love;
And, every hour, Thy grace prepare
My soul for joys above.

4 And when on earth, I close mine eyes,
To sleep in death's embrace,
Let me, to heaven and glory, rise,
To see Thy smiling face.

SOCIAL AND PUBLIC.

457 INVOCATION. 7s.

GREAT Jehovah!—Father, Son,
Holy Spirit—Three in one,
Let the blessing come from Thee,
Thine shall all the glory be!

458 INVOCATION. 7s.

FATHER, let Thy smiling face
Here within this holy place,
Sweetly shining on my heart,
Bid all sinful thoughts depart.

2 Jesus, Thou whose ceaseless love
Intercedes for us above,
Bend to me Thy listening ear,
Make my wayward heart sincere.

3 Comforter of all the saints,
Gently heal my soul's complaints;
May a foretaste now be given
Of the Sabbath day of heaven.

459 INVOCATION OF THE TRINITY. 6s & 4s.

COME, Thou almighty King,
Help us Thy name to sing,
Help us to praise:
Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

2 Jesus our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall:
Let Thine almighty aid,
Our sure defence be made;
Our souls on Thee be staid;
Lord, hear our call.

3 Come, Thou incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend.
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

4 Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour.
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

5 To the great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore.
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity,
Love and adore.

460 SABBATH WORSHIP. 7s.

SAFELY, through another week,
God has brought us on our way:
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in His courts to-day;
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show Thy reconciling face,
Take away our sin and shame:
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.

3 Here we 're come Thy name to praise;
Let us feel Thy presence near;
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints:
Such let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

461 DELIGHT IN ORDINANCES. L. M

FAR from my thoughts, vain world, begone;
Let my religious hours alone;
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see;
I wait a visit, Lord, from Thee.

2 O warm my heart with holy fire,
And kindle there a pure desire:
Come, my dear Jesus, from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.

3 Blest Jesus, what delicious fare,
How sweet Thy entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

462 PRAYER FOR THE DIVINE PRESENCE. L. M.

COME, gracious Lord, descend and dwell,
By faith and love in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys that cannot be expressed.

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 or wishes know,
Be everlasting honours done,
By all the church, through Christ His Son.

463 INVITATION TO SION. C. M.

INQUIRE, ye pilgrims, for the way
That leads to Sion's hill,
And thither set your steady face,
With a determined will.

2 Invite the strangers all around,
Your pious march to join;
And spread the sentiments you feel,
Of faith and love divine.

3 O come, and to His temple haste,
And seek His favour there;
Before His footstool humbly bow,
And pour your fervent prayer.

4 O come, and join your souls to God,
In everlasting bands;
Accept the blessings He bestows,
With thankful hearts and hands.

464 DELIGHTS OF PUBLIC WORSHIP. 7s.

LORD of hosts, how lovely fair,
E'en on earth Thy temples are;
Here Thy waiting people see
Much of heaven, and much of Thee.

2 From Thy gracious presence flows
Bliss that softens all our woes;
While Thy Spirit's holy fire
Warms our hearts with pure desire.

3 Here we supplicate Thy throne,
Here Thou mak'st Thy glories known,
Here we learn Thy righteous ways,
Taste Thy love and sing Thy praise.

4 Thus with sacred songs of joy,
We our happy lives employ;
Love, and long to love Thee more,
Till from earth to heaven we soar.

465 Prayer for Divine Instruction. L. M.

COME, Jesus, heavenly Teacher, come,
Convey Thine own instructions home;
While men Thy sacred truth impart,
'Tis Thine alone to reach the heart.

2 Whene'er I read or hear Thy word,
Thine inward teachings, Lord, afford:
To me Thy holy will reveal,
Unfold the book, and loose the seal.

3 Call me, O! call me to Thy feet,
And there transported may I sit;
With joy Thy heavenly features trace,
And feast upon Thy richest grace.

466 Divine Presence in Worship. C. M

NOW, gracious Lord, Thine arm reveal,
And make Thy glory known;
Now let us all Thy presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone.

2 Help us to venture near Thy throne,
And plead a Saviour's name;
For all that we can call our own
Is vanity and shame.

3 Send down Thy Spirit from above,
That saints may love Thee more;
That sinners now may learn to love,
Who never loved before.

4 And when before Thee we appear,
In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worship here,
And praise Thee in our room.

467 PRAYER FOR SINCERITY IN WORSHIP. C. M.

LORD, when we bend before Thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
O! may we feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

2 Our contrite spirits pitying see;
True penitence impart:
And let a healing ray from Thee
Beam hope on every heart.

3 Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies;
And teach our hearts, 'tis goodness still
That grants it or denies.

468 CHRIST'S PRESENCE INVOKED. C. M.

COME, Thou Desire of all Thy saints,
Our humble strains attend;
While with our praises and complaints,
Low at Thy feet we bend.

2 Come, Lord, Thy love alone can raise
In us the heavenly flame;
Then shall our lips resound Thy praise,
Our hearts adore Thy name.

3 Dear Saviour, let Thy glory shine,
And fill Thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love and joy divine,
And heaven on earth appear.

469 UNFRUITFULNESS LAMENTED. C. M.

LONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of Thy salvation, Lord;
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of Thy word!

2 Oft I frequent Thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain:
How small a portion of Thy grace
Can my false heart retain!

3 How cold and feeble is my love!
How negligent my fear!
How low my hope of joys above!
How few affections there!

4 Great God, Thy sovereign power impart,
To give Thy word success;
Write Thy salvation in my heart,
And make me learn Thy grace.

5 Show my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high;
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

470 REASONS FOR PRAISE. S. M.

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 God that rules on high,
And thunders when He please,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas:

3 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love;
He shall send down His heavenly powers
To carry us above.

4 There shall we see His face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of His grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

5 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below:
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

6 The hill of Sion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

7 Then let our songs abound
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

471 EXHORTATION TO PRAISE. C. M.

COME, happy souls, approach your God,
With new melodious songs;
Come, render 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 armed
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.

472 PRAYER FOR PROTECTION. C. M.

O GOD of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led;

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

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

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

5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

473 BLESSING ON PUBLIC WORSHIP. C. M.

O LORD, our languid souls inspire,
For here, we trust Thou art:
Kindle a flame of heavenly fire,
In every waiting heart.

2 Dear Shepherd of Thy people, hear;
Thy presence now display;
As Thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

3 Show us some token of Thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour Thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.

4 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

5 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humbled mind bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

6 May we in faith receive Thy word,
In faith present our prayers;
And, in the presence of our Lord,
Unbosom all our cares.

7 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforced by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round
To come and fill the place.

474 CHRIST IN THE MIDST. S. M.

JESUS, we look to Thee,
Thy promised presence claim;
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in Thy name.

2 Thy name salvation is,
Which here we come to prove;
Thy name is life, and health, and peace,
And everlasting love.

3 Present we know Thou art,
But, oh! Thyself reveal;
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart
The mighty comfort feel.

4 Oh! may Thy quickening voice
The death of sin remove;
And bid our inmost souls rejoice,
In hope of perfect love.

475 THE MERCY SEAT. L. M.

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 sundered far, by faith they meet,
Around one common mercy seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy seat?

5 There, there on eagles' wings 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 O let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget Thy mercy seat.

476 BEFORE SERMON. L. M.

THY presence, gracious God, afford;
Prepare us to receive Thy word;
Now let Thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mixed with what we hear.

2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts, and hopes above;
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.

3 To us Thy sacred word apply,
With sovereign power and energy;
And may we in true faith and fear
Reduce to practice what we hear.

477 BEFORE SERMON. 7s

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 Lord, on Thee our souls depend;
In compassion, now descend;
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace;
Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.

3 In Thine own appointed way,
Now we seek Thee, here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow.

4 Send some message from Thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let Thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Those who are cast down, lift up,
Make them strong in faith and hope.

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

478 A Hymn Before Sermon. C. M.

IN Thy great name, O Lord, we come
To worship at Thy feet;
O pour Thy Holy Spirit down
On all that now shall meet.

2 We come to hear Jehovah speak,
To hear the Saviour's voice;
Thy face and favour, Lord, we seek;
Now make our hearts rejoice.

3 Teach us to pray, and praise—to hear,
And understand Thy word;
To feel Thy blissful presence near,
And trust our living Lord.

4 Let sinners now Thy goodness prove,
And saints rejoice in Thee;
Let rebels be subdued by love,
And to the Saviour flee.

479 Before Sermon. C. M.

ALMIGHTY God, eternal Lord,
Thy gracious power make known;
Touch, by the virtue of Thy word,
And melt the heart of stone.

2 Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,
And bid the sleeper rise;
And let his guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies.

480 Before or After Sermon. 8s, 7s & 4s.

COME, Thou soul-transforming Spirit,
Bless the sower and the seed:
Let each heart Thy grace inherit,
Raise the weak, the hungry feed:
From the Gospel
Now supply Thy people's need.

2 Oh! may all enjoy the blessing,
Which Thy word's designed to give;
Let us all, Thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive;
And for ever
To Thy praise and glory live.

481 BEFORE OR AFTER SERMON. C. M.

ALMIGHTY God, Thy word is cast,
Like seed into the ground;
Now let the dew of heaven descend,
And righteous fruits abound.

2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove;
But give it root in every heart,
To bring forth fruits of love.

3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy;
But let it yield, a hundred-fold,
The fruits of peace and joy.

4 Oft as the precious seed is sown,
Thy quickening grace bestow,
That all, whose souls the truth receive,
Its saving power may know.

482 PRAYER FOR DIVINE INFLUENCE. 7s

WHILE the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love! to mine attend;
Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads,
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

2 While I hearken to Thy law
Fill my soul with humble awe,
Till Thy gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.

3 From Thine house when I return
May my heart within me burn,
And at evening let me say,
"I have walked with God to-day."

483 BEFORE PREACHING. 6s & 4s.

O HOLY Lord, our God,
By heavenly hosts adored,
Hear us, we pray;
To Thee the Cherubim,
Angels and Seraphim,
Unceasing praises hymn—
Their homage pay.

2 Here give Thy word success,
And this Thy servant bless,
His labours own;
And while the sinner's Friend
His life and words commend,
Thy Holy Spirit send,
And make him known.

3 May every passing year
More happy still appear
Than this glad day;
With numbers fill the place,
Adorn Thy saints with grace,
Thy truth may all embrace,
O Lord, we pray.

484 A BLESSING IMPLORED. L. M.

COMMAND Thy blessing from above,
O God! on all assembled here;
Behold us with a Father's love,
While we look up with filial fear.

2 Command Thy blessing, Jesus, Lord!
May we Thy true disciples be:
Speak to each heart the mighty word,
Say to the weakest, "Follow Me."

3 Command Thy blessing in this hour,
Spirit of Truth! and fill this place
With humbling and exalted power,
With quickening and confirming grace.

4 O Thou, our Maker, Saviour, Guide,
One true eternal God confest;
May nought in life or death divide
The saints of Thy communion blest.

485 SOCIAL WORSHIP. L. M.

MAY He, by whose kind care we meet,
Send His good Spirit from above;
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.

2 Forgotten be each earthly theme,
When Christians see each other thus;
We only wish to speak of Him
Who lived—and died—and reigns—for us.

3 We'll talk of all He did and said,
And suffered for us here below;
The path He marked for us to tread,
And what He's doing for us now.

4 Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore;
And hasten on the glorious day,
When we shall meet—to part no more.

486 CLOSE OF WORSHIP. 8s, 7s & 4s.

LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O! refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give and adoration,
For Thy gospel's joyful sound;

May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal 's given,
Us from earth to call away;
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,
May we, ready,
Rise and reign in endless day.

487 CLOSE OF WORSHIP. 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 works in Jesus' blood:
Give every fettered soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

488 BENEDICTION. 7s.

NOW may He who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep.

2 May He teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in His sight;
Make us perfect in His will,
And preserve us day and night.

3 To that great Redeemer's praise,
Who the covenant sealed with blood,
Let our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgivings to our God.

489 CLOSE OF WORSHIP. S. M.

LORD, at this closing hour,
Establish every heart
Upon Thy word of truth and power,
To keep us when we part.

2 Peace to our brethren give,
Fill all our hearts with love,
In faith and patience may we live,
And seek our rest above.

3 Through changes, bright or drear,
We would Thy will pursue,
And toil to spread Thy kingdom here,
Till we its glory view.

4 To God, the Only Wise,
In every age adored,
Let glory from the church arise
Through Jesus Christ our Lord!

490 CLOSE OF WORSHIP. 8s & 7s.

HEAVENLY Father, grant Thy blessing
On the teaching of this day;
That our hearts, Thy fear possessing,
May from sin be turned away.

2 Have we wandered? O forgive us;
Have we wished from truth to rove?
Turn, O turn us, and receive us,
And incline us Thee to love.

491 PARTING. L. M.

COME, Christian brethren, ere we part,
Join every voice and every heart:
One solemn hymn to God we raise,
One final song of grateful praise.

2 Christians, we here may meet no more;
But there is yet a happier shore;
And there, released from toil and pain,
Dear brethren, we shall meet again.

PARTICULAR SEASONS.

THE LORD'S DAY.

492 SABBATH MORNING. L. M.

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 blessed,
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 ransomed we shall spend
A Sabbath which shall never end.

493 THE SABBATH A DELIGHT. S. M.

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

494 ENJOYMENT OF THE SABBATH. L. M.

ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God hath blessed.

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 In holy duties let the day
In holy pleasures, pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

495 THE ETERNAL SABBATH. L. M.

THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire
With ardent love and strong desire.

2 In Thy blest kingdom we shall be
From every mortal trouble free;
No groans shall mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose,
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4 O! long expected day, begin;
Dawn on this world of woe and sin:
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, and rest in God.

496 RESURRECTION OF CHRIST ON THE SABBATH. S. M.

TO-DAY the Saviour rose,
Our Jesus left the dead;
He conquered our malignant foes,
And Satan captive led.

2 He left His glorious throne,
To make our peace with God;
Blessings for ever on His name,
He bought us with His blood.

3 For us, His life He paid,
For us the law fulfilled;
On Him our load of guilt was laid;
We by His stripes are healed.

4 Ye saints adore His name,
Who hath such mercy shown;
Ye sinners, love the bleeding Lamb,
And make His praises known.

497 LORD'S DAY EVENING. C. M.

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 Sabbaths 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.

498 SABBATH EVENING. 7s.

SOFTLY fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day;
Gently as life's setting sun,
When the Christian's course is run.

2 Peace is on the world abroad;
'Tis the holy peace of God;
Symbol of the peace within,
When the spirit rests from sin.

3 Still the Spirit lingers near,
Where the evening worshipper
Seeks communion with the skies,
Pressing onward to the prize.

4 Saviour, may our Sabbaths be
Days of peace and joy in Thee!
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

499 THE LORD'S DAY MORNING. H. M.

WELCOME, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest!
We hail thy kind return,
Lord, make these moments blessed;
From the low train of mortal toys
We soar to reach immortal joys.

2 Now may the King descend,
And fill His throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address Thy face;
Let sinners feel Thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours;
Then shall our souls new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be bestowed in vain.

500 CAPTIVITY CAPTIVE. H. M.

THE happy morn is come;
Triumphant o'er the grave,
The Saviour leaves the tomb,
Almighty now to save:
Captivity is captive led,
For Jesus liveth, who was dead.

2 Who now accuseth them
For whom the Surety died?
Or who shall those condemn
Whom God hath justified?
Captivity is captive led,
For Jesus liveth, who was dead.

3 The ransom Christ hath paid—
The glorious work is done;
On Him our help is laid,
By Him our victory won;
Captivity is captive led,
For Jesus liveth, who was dead.

4 All hail, triumphant Lord!
The resurrection, Thou!
All hail, incarnate Lord!
Before Thy throne we bow:
Captivity is captive led,
For Jesus liveth, who was dead.

501 SABBATIC BLESSING. C. M.

BLEST day! thine hours too soon will cease,
Yet, while they gently roll,
Breathe, heavenly Spirit, source of peace,
A Sabbath o'er my soul.

2 When will my pilgrimage be done,
The world's long week be o'er,
That Sabbath dawn which needs no sun,
That day which fades no more?

502 "THERE REMAINETH A REST." C. M.

COME, let us join with one accord
In hymns around the throne:
This is the day our rising Lord
Hath made, and called His own.

2 This is the day that God hath blessed,
The brightest of the seven,
Type of that everlasting rest
The saints enjoy in heaven.

3 Then let us in His name sing on,
And hasten to that day
When our Redeemer shall come down,
And shadows pass away.

4 Not one, but all our days below,
Let us in hymns employ;
And in our Lord rejoicing, go
To His eternal joy.

THANKSGIVING.

503 NATIONAL THANKSGIVING. L. M.

GOD of the passing year, to Thee
Our hymn of gratitude we raise;
With swelling heart and bending knee,
We offer Thee our song of praise.

2 We bless Thy name, almighty God,
For all the kindness Thou hast shown
To this fair land our fathers trod,
This land we fondly call our own.

3 Here freedom spreads her banner wide,
And casts her soft and hallowed ray;
For Thou our country's arms didst guide,
And lead them on their conquering way.

4 We praise Thee, that the gospel light,
Through all our land its radiance sheds;

Scatters the shades of error's night,
And heavenly blessings round us spreads.

5 When foes without, and foes within,
With threatening ills our land have pressed,
Thou hast our nation's bulwark been,
And, smiling, sent us peaceful rest.

6 O God, preserve us in Thy fear,
In troublous times our helper be;
Diffuse Thy truth's bright precepts here,
And may we worship only Thee.

504 Praise for National Blessings. 7s

SWELL the anthem, raise the song;
Praises to our God belong;
Saints and angels join to sing
Praise to heaven's almighty King.

2 Blessings from His liberal hand
Pour around this happy land;
Let our hearts, beneath His sway,
Hail the bright triumphant day.

3 Now to Thee our joys ascend,
Thou hast been our heavenly Friend:
Guarded by Thy mighty power,
Peace and freedom bless our shore.

4 Here, beneath a virtuous sway,
May we cheerfully obey;
Never feel a tyrant's rod,
Ever own and worship God.

5 Hark! the voice of nature sings
Praises, to the King of kings;
Let us join the choral song,
And the heavenly notes prolong.

HUMILIATION.

505 HUMILIATION FOR NATIONAL SINS. C. M.

SEE, gracious God, before Thy throne,
Thy mourning people bend;
'Tis on Thy sovereign grace alone
Our humble hopes depend.

2 Tremendous judgments from Thy hand
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

3 What numerous crimes increasing rise,
Through this apostate land!
What land so favoured of the skies,
Yet thoughtless of Thy hand?

4 How changed, alas! are truths divine
For error, guilt and shame!
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name!

5 Regardless of Thy smile or frown,
Their pleasures they require;
And sink with gay indifference down
To everlasting fire.

6 O! turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
By rich and sovereign grace:
Then shall our hearts obey Thy word,
And humbly seek Thy face.

7 Then should insulting foes invade,
We shall not sink in fear;
Secure of never-failing aid,
If God, our God is near

506 PRAYER FOR COUNTRY. L. M.

ON Thee, O Lord, our God, we call;
Before Thy throne devoutly fall;
Oh, whither should the helpless fly?
To whom but Thee direct their cry?

2 Lord, we repent, we weep, we mourn,
To our forsaken God we turn;
Oh, spare our guilty country, spare
The Church Thine hand hath planted here!

3 We plead Thy grace, indulgent God!
We plead Thy Son's atoning blood;
We plead Thy gracious promises,
And are they unavailing pleas?

4 These pleas, presented at Thy throne,
Have brought ten thousand blessings down
On guilty lands in helpless woe;
Let them prevail to save us, too.

507 HUMILIATION. C. M.

GREAT King of nations, hear our prayer,
While at Thy feet we fall,
And humbly with united cry
To Thee for mercy call.

2 The guilt is ours, but grace is Thine;
Oh turn us not away;
But hear us from Thy lofty throne,
And help us when we pray.

3 With one consent we meekly bow
Beneath Thy chast'ning hand,
And, pouring forth confession meet,
Mourn with our mourning land.

4 With pitying eye behold our need,
As thus we lift our prayer;
"Correct us in Thy judgment, Lord,
But in Thy mercy spare."

NEW YEAR.

508 THE NEW YEAR. 7s.

WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here;
Fixed in their 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;
Upward, 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.

509 THE NEW YEAR. C. M.

GOD of our life, Thy various praise
Let mortal voices sound;
Thy hand revolves our fleeting days,
And brings the seasons round.

2 To Thee, shall annual incense rise,
Our Father and our Friend;
While annual mercies from the skies
In genial showers descend.

3 In every scene of life, Thy care,
In every age, we see;
And constant as Thy favours are,
So let our praises be,

4 Still may Thy love, in every scene,
To every age appear:
And let the same compassion deign
To bless the opening year.

5 O! keep this foolish heart of mine
From anxious passions free,
Teach me each comfort to resign,
And trust my all to Thee.

6 If mercy smile, let mercy bring
My wandering soul to God;
And in affliction I shall sing,
If Thou wilt bless the rod.

510 THE NEW YEAR. L. M.

GREAT God, we sing Thy mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand:
The opening year Thy mercy shows;
Let mercy crown it till it close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsels led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before Thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be Thou our joy and Thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

5 When death shall interrupt our songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our helper, God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

511 NEW YEAR. 5s, 6s & 11s.

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 is a dream;
Our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,—
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay:
The arrow is flown,
The moment is gone,
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

3 Oh, that each in the day
Of Thy coming, may say,
"I have fought my way through, [do!"
I have finished the work Thou didst give me to
Oh, that each from Thee, Lord,
May receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done;
Enter into My joy and sit down on My throne!'

SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

512 THE SEASONS. L. M

ETERNAL Source of every joy,
Well may Thy praise our lips employ,
While in Thy temple we appear,
To hail Thee, Sovereign of the year.

2 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.

3 Here in Thy house let incense rise,
And circling Sabbaths bless our eyes,
Till to those lofty heights we soar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

CHARITABLE OCCASIONS.

513 Collections for the Poor. C. M.

BRIGHT Source of everlasting love!
To Thee our souls we raise;
And to Thy sovereign bounty rear
A monument of praise.

2 Thy mercy gilds the path of life,
With every cheering ray:
Kindly restrains the rising tear,
Or wipes that tear away.

3 When sunk in guilt, our souls approached
The borders of despair,
Thy grace, through Jesus' blood, proclaimed
A free salvation near.

4 What shall we render, bounteous Lord!
For all the grace we see?
Alas! the goodness, we can yield,
Extendeth not to Thee.

5 To tents of woe, to beds of pain,
Our cheerful feet repair;
And, with the gifts Thy hand bestows,
Relieve the mourner's care.

6 The widow's heart shall sing for joy,
The orphan shall be fed;
The hungering soul, we 'll gladly point
To Christ, the living bread.

514 BIBLE AND TRACT DISTRIBUTION. C. M.

GO to the heart with sin oppressed,
And dry the sorrowing tear;
Extract the thorn that wounds the breast,
The drooping spirit cheer.

2 Go, spread the page of truth divine
Before the sinner's eyes;
Go, tender him the word of life,
Descending from the skies.

3 Portray the joys that thrill through heaven,
When sinners turn to God;
And humbly seek eternal life,
Through Christ's atoning blood.

515 CHRISTIAN LIBERALITY. C. M.

RICH are the joys that cannot die,
With God laid up in store;
Treasures beyond the changing sky,
Brighter than golden ore.

2 The seeds which piety and love
Have scattered here below,
In the fair, fertile fields above,
To ample harvests grow.

3 The mite my willing hands can give,
At Jesus' feet I lay;
Grace shall the humble gift receive,
Abounding grace repay.

516 LOVE TO OUR NEIGHBOUR. C. M.

FATHER of mercies, send Thy grace
All-powerful from above,
To form, in our obedient souls,
The image of Thy love.

2 Oh! may our sympathizing breasts
That generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe.

3 So Jesus looked on dying men,
When throned above the skies:
And mid th' embraces of Thy love,
He felt compassion rise.

4 On wings of love the Saviour flew,
To raise us from the ground;
And gave His own most precious blood,
A balm for every wound.

517 THE LIBERAL SOUL. C. M.

BLEST is the man whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Is never raised in vain.

2 He spreads his kind, supporting arms
To every child of grief:
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unasked relief.

3 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow:
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.

4 His breast expands with generous warmth,
A stranger's woes to feel;
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.

PARTICULAR CLASSES.

THE YOUNG.

518 CHRIST PRECIOUS. 11s.

HOW loving is Jesus, who came from the sky,
In tenderest pity, for sinners to die;
His hands and His feet were nailed to the tree,
And all this He suffered for you and for me.

2 How precious is Jesus to all who believe;
And out of His fulness what grace they receive;
When weak He supports them, when erring
He guides;
And every thing needful He kindly provides.

3 Oh! give then to Jesus your earliest days;
They only are blessed who walk in His ways;
In life and in death He will still be your friend,
For whom Jesus loveth He loves to the end.

519 IMPORTANCE OF EARLY RELIGION. L. M.

NOW, in the heat of youthful blood,
Remember your Creator, God:
Behold, the months come hastening on,
When you shall say, "My joys are gone."

2 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.

520 PRAYER FOR YOUTH. C. M.

BESTOW, dear Lord, upon our youth,
The gift of saving grace;
And let the seed of sacred truth
Fall in a fruitful place.

2 Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,
Of pure and heavenly root:
But fairest in the youngest shows,
And yields the sweetest fruit.

3 Ye careless ones, O hear betimes
The voice of sovereign love;
Your youth is stained with many crimes,
But mercy reigns above.

4 True, you are young, but there 's a stone
Within the youngest breast;
Or half the crimes which you have done
Would rob you of your rest.

5 For you the public prayer is made,
O join the public prayer;
For you the secret tear is shed,
O shed yourselves a tear.

6 We pray that you may early prove
The Spirit's power to teach;
You cannot be too young to love
That Jesus whom we preach.

521 YOUTH THE BEST TIME TO SERVE THE LORD. C. M

AMIDST the cheerful bloom of youth,
With ardent zeal pursue
The ways of piety and truth,
With death and heaven in view.

2 Fair wisdom's paths with sweets are strewed,
And pleasures all refined;
There joys divine are shed abroad,
That suit the immortal mind.

3 Youth is the most accepted time,
To love and serve the Lord;
A flower presented in its prime
Will much delight afford.

4 He 'll crown with peace your rising years,
And make your fruit increase;
Will guide you through this vale of tears,
And bid your sorrows cease.

5 Give Him the morning of your days,
And be for ever blest;
'Tis none but those in wisdom's ways
Enjoy substantial rest.

522 EARLY PIETY. C. M.

BY cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows;
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose.

2 And such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age,
May shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

5 O Thou, whose infancy was found
With heavenly ray to shine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine.

6 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, and in death,
To keep us still Thy own.

523 PRAYER OF YOUTH. S. M.

WITH humble heart and tongue,
Our God, to Thee we pray;
O make us learn while we are young,
How we may cleanse our way.

2 Make us, unguarded youth,
The objects of Thy care;
Help us to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare.

3 Our hearts to folly prone,
Renew by power divine:
Unite them to Thyself alone,
And make us wholly Thine.

4 O let Thy word of grace
Our warmest thoughts employ;
Be this, through all our following days,
Our treasure and our joy.

5 To what Thy laws impart,
Be our whole soul inclined;
O let them dwell within our heart,
And sanctify our mind.

6 Make Thy young servants learn,
By these to cleanse their way;
And may we here the path discern
That leads to endless day.

524 PRAYER FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE CHURCH. L. M.

DEAR Saviour, if these lambs should stray
From Thy secure inclosure's bound,
And lured by worldly joys away,
Among the thoughtless crowd be found;

2 Remember still that they are Thine,
That Thy dear sacred name they bear;
Think that the seal of love divine,
The sign of covenant grace, they wear.

3 In all their erring, sinful years,
O let them ne'er forgotten be;
Remember all the prayers and tears,
Which made them consecrate to Thee.

4 And when these lips no more can pray,
These eyes can weep for them no more,
Turn Thou their feet from folly's way,
The wanderers to Thy fold restore.

525 DEATH OF A YOUTH. C. M.

WHEN blooming youth is snatched away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth, impressed
With awful power—I too must die—
Sink deep in every breast.

3 Let this vain world delude 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,
Let every heart obey;
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

SEAMEN.

526 FAR AT SEA. P. M.

STAR of peace to wanderers weary,
Bright the beams that smile on me;
Cheer the pilot's vision dreary,
Far, far at sea.

2 Star of hope, gleam o'er the billow,
Bless the soul that sighs for Thee,
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
Far, far at sea.

3 Star of faith, when winds are mocking
All his toil, he flies to Thee;
Save him, on the billows rocking,
Far, far at sea.

4 Star divine, Oh! safely guide him,
Bring the wanderer home to Thee;
Sore temptations long have tried him,
Far, far at sea.

527 AT SEA. 8s, 7s.

TOSSED upon the raging billow,
Sweet it is, O Lord, to know,
Thou didst press a sailor's pillow,
And canst feel a sailor's woe.

2 Never slumbering, never sleeping,
Though the night be dark and drear,
Thou the faithful watch art keeping,
"All, all 's well," Thy constant cheer.

3 Thou canst calm the raging ocean,
All its noise and tumult still;
Hush the tempest's wild commotion
At the bidding of Thy will.

4 Thus my heart the hope will cherish,
While to Thee I lift my eye,
Thou wilt save me ere I perish,
Thou wilt hear the sailor's cry.

528 PRAYER FOR SEAMEN. C. M.

WE come, O Lord, before Thy throne,
And with united plea,
We meet and pray for those who roam
Far off upon the sea.

2 Oh may the Holy Spirit bow
The sailor's heart to Thee,
Till tears of deep repentance flow
Like rain-drops on the sea.

3 Then may a Saviour's dying love
Pour peace into his breast,
And waft him to the port above,
Of everlasting rest.

SABBATH SCHOOLS.

529 HAPPY LAND. 6s, 4s

THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day;
Oh, how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King,
Loud let His praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye.

2 Come to that happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand,
Why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with Thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

3 Bright, in that happy land,
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
Oh then to glory run,
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright above the sun,
We reign for aye.

530 CHILDREN IN HEAVEN. C. P. M.

AROUND the throne of God in heav'n
Thousands of children stand,
Children whose sins are all forgiv'n,
A holy, happy band,
Singing glory, glory, glory be to
God on high.

2 In flowing robes of spotless white
See every one arrayed;
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade,
Singing, &c.

3 What brought them to that world above?
That heav'n so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love;—
How came those children there?
Singing, &c.

4 Because the Saviour shed His blood,
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean!
Singing, &c.

5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His name;
So now they see His blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing, &c.

531 WITH JESUS. 7s, 6s.

I WANT to be with Jesus,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand;
There, right before my Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,
I'd wake the sweetest music,
And praise Him day and night.

2 I never would be weary,
Nor ever shed a tear,
Nor ever know a sorrow,
Nor ever feel a fear;
But blessed, pure, and holy,
I'd dwell in Jesus' sight,
And with ten thousand thousands
Praise Him both day and night.

3 I know I'm weak and sinful,
But Jesus will forgive;
For many little children
Have gone to heav'n to live:
Dear Saviour, when I languish,
And lay me down to die,
Oh send a shining angel,
And bear me to the sky.

4 Oh, there I'll be with Jesus,
Among the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand;
And there, before Thee, Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,
I'll join the heavenly music,
And praise Thee day and night.

532 STORY OF THE LAMB. 8s, 7s & 4s.

CHILDREN, hear the melting story
Of the Lamb that once was slain;
'Tis the Lord of life and glory;
Shall He plead with you in vain?
O, receive Him,
And salvation now obtain.

2 All your sins to Him confessing
Who is ready to forgive,
Seek the Saviour's richest blessing;
On His precious name believe;
He is waiting;
Will you not His grace receive?

533 CHILDREN WORSHIPPING. L. M.

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 earth and sin can say,
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

3 O write upon my mem'ry, Lord,
The text and doctrine of Thy word;
That I may break Thy laws no more,
But love Thee better than before.

4 With thoughts of Christ and things divine,
Fill up this sinful heart of mine;
That, hoping pardon through His blood,
I may lie down and wake with God.

534 THE GOOD SHEPHERD. 11s & 8s.

I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with them then.

2 I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look, when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto Me."

3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above,--

4 In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare,
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

5 I long for the joys of that glorious time,
The sweetest, and brightest, and best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.

535 JOYFULLY, JOYFULLY. 10s.

JOYFULLY, joyfully onward we move,
Bound to the land of bright spirits above;
Angelic choristers sing as we come,
"Joyfully, joyfully haste to your home:"
Soon with our pilgrimage ended below,
Home to the land of bright spirits we go;
Pilgrims and strangers no more shall we roam,
Joyfully, joyfully resting at home.

2 Friends, fondly cherished, have passed on before,
Waiting, they watch us approaching the shore;
Singing to cheer us thro' death's chilling gloom,
"Joyfully, joyfully haste to your home:"
Sounds of sweet melody fall on the ear,
Harps of the blessed your voices we hear;
Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome,—
"Joyfully, joyfully haste to your home."

3 Death with his weapon may soon lay us low,
Safe in our Saviour, we fear not the blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb,
Joyfully, joyfully will we go home:
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be conquered, his sceptre be gone;
Over the plains of blest Canaan we'll roam,
Joyfully, joyfully with Christ at home.

SACRAMENTS.

BAPTISM.

536 CHILDREN INCLUDED IN THE COVENANT OF GRACE. C. M.

HOW large the promise, how divine,
To Abraham and his seed!
"I'll be a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need."

2 The words of His extensive love,
From age to age endure;
The Angel of the covenant proves
And seals the blessing sure.

3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms
To our great father given;
He takes young children to His arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

4 Our God! how faithful are His ways!
His love endures the same;
Nor from the promise of His grace,
Blots out the children's name.

537 CHILDREN DEDICATED. C. M.

NOW let the children of the saints
Be dedicate to God;
Pour out Thy Spirit on them, Lord,
And wash them in Thy blood.

2 Thus to the parents and their seed
Shall Thy salvation come;
And numerous households meet at last
In one eternal home.

538 GOD'S BLESSING INVOKED ON BAPTIZED CHILDREN. S. M.

GREAT God, now condescend
To bless our rising race;
Soon may their willing spirits bend,
The subjects of Thy grace.

2 O what a pure delight
Their happiness to see!
Our warmest wishes all unite
To lead their souls to Thee.

3 Now bless, Thou God of love,
This ordinance divine;
Send Thy good Spirit from above,
And make these children Thine.

539 PRAYER FOR BAPTIZED CHILDREN. L. M.

GREAT Saviour who didst condescend
Young children in Thine arms to embrace,
Still prove Thyself the infants' Friend,
Baptize them with Thy cleansing grace.

2 Whilst in the slippery paths of youth,
Be Thou their Guardian and their Guide,
That they, directed by Thy truth,
May never from Thy precepts slide.

3 To love Thy word their hearts incline,
To understand it, light impart:
O Saviour consecrate them Thine,
Take full possession of their heart.

540 JESUS RECEIVING LITTLE CHILDREN. C. M.

BEHOLD, what condescending love,
Jesus on earth displays;
To babes and sucklings, He extends
The riches of His grace.

2 He still the ancient promise keeps,
To our forefathers given;
Young children in His arms He takes,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

3 "Permit them to approach," He cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came."

4 We bring them, Lord, with thankful hearts,
And yield them up to Thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are Thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

5 Thus to the parents and their seed,
Let Thy salvation come;
And numerous households meet at last,
In one eternal home.

541 CHILDREN BROUGHT TO JESUS. C. M.

SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand
With all-engaging charms;
Hark, how He calls the tender lambs
And folds them in His arms!

2 "Permit them to approach," He cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to Thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are Thine,—
Thine let our offspring be.

542 CHILDREN DEVOTED TO GOD. C. M.

THUS saith the mercy of the Lord,
"I 'll be a God to thee!
I 'll bless thy numerous race, and they
Shall be a seed for Me."

2 Abraham believed the promised grace,
And gave his son to God;
But water seals the blessing now,
That once was sealed with blood.

3 Thus later saints, eternal King,
Thine ancient truths embrace:
To Thee their infant offspring bring,
And humbly claim Thy grace.

LORD'S SUPPER.

543 CHRIST'S DYING LOVE. C. M.

HOW condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
Our misery reached His heavenly mind,
And pity brought Him down.

2 When justice by our sins provoked,
Drew forth its dreadful sword,
He gave His soul up to the stroke,
Without a murmuring 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 though 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 let our hearts begin to melt,
While we His death record,
And, with our joy for pardoned guilt,
Mourn that we pierced the Lord.

544 SELF-DEDICATION TO GOD. L. M.

LORD, I am Thine, entirely Thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine.
With full consent Thine I would be,
And own Thy sovereign right in me.

2 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of Thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

3 Thine would I live, Thine would I die,
Be Thine through all eternity:
The vow is past beyond repeal;
Now will I set the solemn seal.

4 Here at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God;
Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to Thee my all.

5 Do Thou assist a feeble worm
The great engagement to perform;
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

545 COME AND WELCOME. 7s.

FROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds I hear,
Bursting on my ravished ear!
Love's redeeming work is done,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

2 Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On My pierced body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid;
Bow the knee and kiss the Son,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

3 Spread for thee the festal board,
See with richest dainties stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Yet again a child confessed,
Never from His house to roam,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

4 Soon the days of life shall end,
Lo! I come, your Saviour, Friend!
Safe your spirits to convey
To the realms of endless day:
Up to My eternal home,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

546 CHRISTIAN DEDICATION. L. M.

HERE at Thy cross, incarnate God,
I lay my soul beneath Thy love,
Beneath the droppings of Thy blood;
Jesus, nor shall it e'er remove.

2 Should worlds conspire to drive me thence,
Moveless and firm this heart should lie;
Resolved, for that 's my last defence,
If I must perish, there to die.

3 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.

4 Yes, I 'm secure beneath Thy blood,
And all my foes shall lose their aim;
Hosanna to my Saviour God,
And my best honours to His name.

547 PRAISE FOR REDEEMING LOVE. C. M.

JESUS, with all Thy saints above,
My tongue would bear her part;
Would sound aloud Thy saving love,
And sing Thy bleeding heart.

2 Blest be the Lamb, my dearest Lord,
Who bought me with His blood,
And quenched His Father's flaming sword
In His own vital flood.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb,
And never-ceasing praise;
While angels live to know His name;
Or saints, to feel His grace.

548 LORD'S SUPPER INSTITUTED. 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 betrayed Him to His foes.

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blessed 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 blest the wine;
"'Tis the new covenant in My blood."

4 "Do this, (He cried,) till time shall end,
In memory of your dying Friend;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord."

5 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.

549 MEMORIAL OF OUR ABSENT LORD. L. M.

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 wandering hearts we have,
Apt to forget His glorious 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,
We taste the wine, and bless our 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 fixed 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.

550 COVENANT SEALED WITH CHRIST'S BLOOD. C. M

THE promise of my Father's love
Shall stand for ever good:
He said and gave His soul to death,
And sealed the grace with blood.

2 To this dear covenant of Thy word,
I set my worthless name;
I seal the engagement to my Lord,
And make my humble claim.

3 Thy light, and strength, and pardoning grace,
And glory shall be mine;
My life and soul, my heart and flesh,
And all my powers are Thine.

4 I call that legacy my own,
Which Jesus did bequeath;
'Twas purchased with a dying groan,
And ratified in death.

5 Sweet is the memory of His name,
Who blessed us in His will,
And to His testament of love
Made His own blood the seal.

551 THE HEAVENLY FEAST. C. M.

HOW sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores!

2 While all our hearts, in this our song,
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries with thankful tongue,
"Lord, why was I a guest?"

3 "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?"

4 'Twas the same love that spread the feast
That sweetly forced us in:
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.

5 Pity the nations, O our God,
Constrain the earth to come;
Send Thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

6 We long to see Thy churches full,
That all the chosen race
May, with one voice, and heart, and soul,
Sing Thy redeeming grace.

552 NOT ASHAMED OF CHRIST. L. M

AT Thy command, our dearest Lord,
Here we attend Thy dying feast;
Thy love has spread the sacred board,
To feed the faith of every guest.

2 Our faith adores Thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in One that died;
We hope for heavenly crowns above,
From a Redeemer crucified.

3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame;
And cast contempt upon Thy cause;
We glory in our Saviour's name,
And make our triumphs in His cross.

4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,
He that was dead has left His tomb;
He lives above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till He come.

553 REMEMBERING CHRIST. C. M.

ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember Thee:

5 Remember Thee and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me:
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

554 SACRAMENTAL MEDITATION. 7s.

JESUS, Master, hear me now,
While I would renew my vow,
And record Thy dying love;
Hear, and help me from above.

2 Feed me, Saviour, with this bread,
Broken in Thy body's stead;
Cheer my spirit with this wine,
Streaming like that blood of Thine.

3 And as now I eat and drink,
Let me truly, sweetly think,
Thou didst hang upon the tree,
Broken, bleeding, there—for me.

555 LOVE OF JESUS. C. M.

WITH all His sufferings full in view,
And woes, to us unknown,
Forth to His task the Saviour flew—
'Twas love that urged Him on.

2 Lord, we return Thee—what we can!
Our hearts shall sound abroad
Salvation to the dying man,
And to the rising God!

3 And while Thy bleeding glories here
Engage our wondering eyes;
We learn our lighter cross to bear,
And hasten to the skies.

556 Communion with Christ and with Saints. S. M.

JESUS invites His saints
To meet around His board;
Here pardoned rebels sit, and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2 For food He gives 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 interest 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 joined
His glorious name to raise:
Pleasure and love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

557 GRATITUDE UNTO JESUS. C. M.

IF human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie;
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a Friend is nigh:

2 O shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To Him who died, our fears to quell,
Our more than orphan's woe!

3 While yet His anguish'd soul survey'd
Those pangs He would not flee;
What love His latest words display'd,
"Meet and remember Me!"

4 Remember Thee! Thy death, Thy shame,
Our sinful hearts to share!
O memory, leave no other name
But His recorded there.

CHRIST'S KINGDOM.

GLORY AND SAFETY OF THE CHURCH.

558 "FAIR AS THE SUN." C. M

SAY, who is she that looks abroad
Like the sweet blushing dawn;
When with her living light she paints
The dew-drops of the lawn.

2 Fair as the moon when in the skies
Serene her throne she guides,
And o'er the twinkling stars supreme
In full-orbed glory rides?

3 Clear as the sun, when from the East
Without a cloud he springs,
And scatters boundless light and heat
From his resplendent wings.

4 Tremendous as a host that moves
Majestically slow,
With banners wide displayed, all armed,
All ardent for the foe?

5 This is the Church, by heaven arrayed
With strength and grace divine;
Thus shall she strike her foes with dread,
And thus her glories shine.

559 THE GOD OF SION. 8s, 7s & 4s.

SION stands with hills surrounded,—
Sion, kept by power divine;
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine:—
Happy Sion!
What a favoured lot is thine.

2 Every human tie may perish,
Friend to friend unfaithful prove,
Mothers cease their own to cherish,
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright;
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in His sight:
God is with thee:—
God, thine everlasting light.

560 GLORY AND SAFETY OF THE CHURCH. C. M.

HOW glorious is the sacred place,
Where we adoring stand;
Sion, the joy of all the earth,
The beauty of the land.

2 Bulwarks of mighty grace defend
The city where we dwell;
The walls of strong salvation made
Defy the assaults of hell.

3 Lift up the everlasting gates,
The doors wide open fling;
Enter, ye nations that obey
The statutes of our King.

4 Here shall you taste unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace;
You that have known Jehovah's name,
And ventured 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.

561 GLORY OF CHRIST'S KINGDOM. C. M.

LO! what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are passed away,
And the old rolling skies.

2 From the third heaven where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The new Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.

3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing;
"Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King.

4 "The God of glory down to men
Removes His blessed abode;
Men, the dear objects of His grace,
And He the loving God.

5 "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself shall die."

6 How long, dear Saviour, O! how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

562 GLORY AND SAFETY OF THE CHURCH. C. M.

DAUGHTER of Sion, from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head;
Again in thy Redeemer trust,
He calls thee from the dead.

2 Awake, awake, put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array;
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.

3 They come, they come:—thine exiled bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.

4 Thus, though the universe shall burn,
And God His works destroy,
With songs thy ransomed shall return,
And everlasting joy.

563 GOD THE DEFENCE OF THE CHURCH. L. M.

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,
Fixed 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 Sion 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.

564 SION'S SECURITY. 8s & 7s.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Sion, city of our God;
He whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for His own abode:
On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.

2 See the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove;
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage;
Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
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.

565 THE CHURCH VICTORIOUS. 11s.

DAUGHTER of Sion, awake from thy sadness;
Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more;
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness;
Arise, for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

2 Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdued them,
And scattered their legions, was mightier far;
They fled, like the chaff, from the scourge that pursued them;
Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.

3 Daughter of Sion, the Power that hath saved thee
Extolled with the harp and the timbrel should be;
Shout, for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee,
The oppressor is vanquished, and Sion is free.

DEDICATION OF THE HOUSE OF WORSHIP.

566 DEDICATION HYMN. L. M.

LORD! Thou hast said where two or three
Together come to worship Thee,
Thy presence, fraught with richest grace,
Shall ever fill and bless the place.

2 Then let us feel, as here we raise
A temple to Thy matchless praise,
The blest assurance of Thy love
As it is felt in realms above.

3 Lord! here upon Thy sacred day
Teach us devoutly how to pray,
Our weakness let Thy strength supply,
Nor to our darkness light deny.

4 Here teach our faltering tongues to sing
The glories of the Heavenly King,
And let our aspirations rise
To seek the Saviour in the skies.

5 And when at last in life's decline
This earthly temple we resign,
May we, oh Lord! enjoy with Thee
The Sabbaths of eternity!

567 ON OPENING A NEW PLACE OF WORSHIP. C. M.

DEAR Shepherd of Thy people, hear;
Thy presence now display;
As Thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

2 Show us some token of Thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour Thy blessings from above,
That we may render praise.

3 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

4 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforced by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round,
To come and fill the place.

568 ON OPENING A HOUSE OF WORSHIP. L. M.

HERE, in Thy name, eternal God,
We build This earthly house for Thee:
O! make it now Thy fixed abode,
And guard it long from error free.

2 Here, when Thy people seek Thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live;
Hear Thou in heaven, Thy dwelling-place,
And when Thou hearest, Lord, forgive.

3 Here, when Thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of Thy Son;
Still by the power of His great name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

4 When children's voices raise the song,
Hosanna to their heavenly King;
Let heaven, with earth, the strain prolong,
Hosanna let the angels sing.

5 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest?
Here will our great Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest?

6 Thy glory never hence depart:
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;
Thy kingdom come in every heart,
In every bosom fix Thy throne.

569 DEDICATION HYMN. C. M.

THOU whose unmeasured temple stands,
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised, O God, to Thee.

2 And let the Comforter and Friend,
Thy Holy Spirit, meet
With those who here in worship bend
Before Thy mercy seat.

3 May those who err be guided here
To find the better way,
And they who mourn and they who fear
Be strengthened as they pray.

OFFICE BEARERS.

570 The Great Commission. L. M.

"GO, preach My gospel," saith the Lord,
"Bid the whole earth My grace receive:
He shall be saved who trusts My word;
He shall be damned that won't believe.

2 "I'll make your great commission known,
And ye shall prove My gospel true,
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.

3 "Go, heal the sick, go, raise the dead,
Go, cast out devils in My name:
Nor let My prophets be afraid,
Though Greeks reproach, and Jews blaspheme.

4 "Teach all the nations My commands;
I'm with you till the world shall end;
All power is trusted to My hands,
I can destroy, and can defend."

5 He spake, and light shone round His head;
On a bright cloud to heaven He rode;
They to the farthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended God.

571 At the Settlement of a Minister. L. M.

SHEPHERD of Israel, Thou dost keep,
With constant care, Thy humble sheep;
By Thee inferior pastors rise,
To feed our souls, and bless our eyes.

2 To all Thy churches such impart,
Resembling Thy own gracious heart;
Whose courage, watchfulness and love,
Men may attest, and God approve.

3 Fed by their active, tender care,
Healthful may all Thy sheep appear;
And, by their fair example led,
The way to Sion's pasture tread.

4 Here hast Thou listened to our vows,
And scattered blessings on Thy house:
Thy saints are succoured, and no more
As sheep without a guide deplore.

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

6 When Thou chief Shepherd shalt appear,
When all the flock assembling here,
And small and great before Thee stand,
May they be found on Thy right hand.

572 THE PEOPLE'S PRAYER FOR THEIR PASTOR. L. M.

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.

573 THE PASTORAL OFFICE. C. M.

LET Sion's watchmen all awake,
And take the alarm they give;
Now let them from the mouth of God,
Their solemn charge receive.

2 'Tis not a cause of small import,
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.

3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego;
For souls, which must for ever live
In raptures, or in woe.

4 All to the great tribunal haste,
The account to render there;
And shouldst Thou strictly mark our faults,
Lord, how should we appear?

5 May they that Jesus, whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see;
And watch Thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for Thee.

574 BLESSEDNESS OF THE GOSPEL MINISTRY. S. M.

HOW beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Sion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet their tidings are!
"Sion, behold Thy Saviour King,
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare His arm
Through all the earth abroad:
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour, and their God.

575 ON THE DEATH OF A PASTOR. C. M.

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

2 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged, and the young,
The watchful eye, in darkness closed,
And mute the instructive tongue;

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

4 "Lo, I am with you!" saith the Lord;
"My church shall safe abide:
For I will ne'er forsake My own,
Whose souls in Me confide."

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

576 ON THE DEATH OF MINISTERS. C. M.

WHY should our tears in sorrow flow
When God recalls His own;
And bids them leave a world of woe
For an immortal crown?

2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
Whose life to God was given?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
To open them in heaven.

3 Their toils are past, their work is done,
And they are fully blessed:
They fought the fight, the victory won,
And entered into rest.

4 The flock must feel the shepherd's loss,
And miss his tender care;
But they who bear with joy the cross,
The crown shall soonest wear.

5 And is not He who called them home,
Still to His church most nigh;
To bid yet other labourers come,
And all her need supply?

6 Then let our sorrows cease to flow!
God has recalled His own;
But let our hearts, in every woe,
Still say, "Thy will be done!"

577 PRAYER FOR LABOURERS. L. M.

LORD of the harvest, bend Thine ear,
In Sion's heritage appear;
O send forth labourers filled with zeal,
Swift to obey their Master's will.

2 Our lifted eyes, O Lord, behold
The ripening harvest tinged with gold;
Wide fields are opening to our view,
The work is great, the labourers few.

3 Led by Thine own Almighty hand,
Let Sion's sons, in many a band,
Arise to bless the dying race,
As heralds of redeeming grace.

4 Lord of the harvest, bid them rise,
Trained by the influence of the skies,
In wisdom, knowledge, grace to shine
Till every kingdom shall be Thine.

REVIVAL.

578 JOY TO SION. 8s, 7s & 4s.

ON the mountain top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands;
Welcome news to Sion bearing,
Sion long in hostile lands.

Mourning captive!
God Himself will loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful?
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning,
Sion still is well beloved.

3 Lo! thy sun is risen in glory!
God Himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasted triumphs end:
Great deliverance
S'on's King will surely send.

4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee,
All thy warfare now is past;
God, thy Saviour, will defend thee,
Victory is thine at last;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

579 WRESTLING FOR A GRACIOUS VISITATION. L. M.

WHILE filled with sadness and dismay
To see the work of God decline,
Methought I heard the Saviour say,
"Dismiss thy fear, the ark is Mine.

2 "Though for a time I hid My face,
Rely upon My love and power;
Still wrestle at the throne of grace,
And wait for a reviving hour.

3 "Take down thy long neglected harp,
I've seen thy tears, and heard thy prayer;
The winter season has been sharp,
But spring shall all its wastes repair."

4 Lord, I obey, my hopes revive:
Come, join with me, ye saints, and sing;
Our foes in vain against us strive,
For God will help and triumph bring.

580 PRAYER FOR REVIVAL. 8s, 7s & 4s.

SAVIOUR, visit Thy plantation,
Grant us, Lord; a gracious rain;
All will come to desolation,
Unless Thou return again:
Lord, revive us;
All our help must come from Thee.

2 Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of Thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die:
Lord, revive us;
All our help must come from Thee.

3 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one esteemed Thy servant
Shun the world's bewitching snares.
Lord, revive us;
All our help must come from Thee.

4 Break the tempter's fatal power;
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin, from this good hour,
To revive Thy work afresh:
Lord, revive us;
All our help must come from Thee,

581 PRAYER FOR REVIVING INFLUENCES OF THE SPIRIT. L. M

COME, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill the coldest heart with love;
Soften to flesh the flinty stone,
And let Thy Godlike power be known.

2 Speak Thou, and from the haughtiest eyes
Shall floods of pious sorrow rise;
While all their glowing souls are borne,
To seek that grace which now they scorn.

3 O let a holy flock await,
Numerous, around Thy temple gate;
Each pressing on, with zeal, to be
A living sacrifice to Thee.

4 In answer to our fervent cries,
Give us to see Thy church arise;
Or, if that blessing seem too great,
Give us to mourn its low estate.

582 PRAYER FOR REVIVAL. L. M.

O SUN of Righteousness arise,
With gentle beams on Sion shine;
Dispel the darkness from our eyes,
And souls awake to life divine.

2 On all around, let grace descend,
Like heavenly dew, or copious showers;
That we may call our God our friend;
That we may hail salvation ours.

583 PRAYER FOR REVIVING. C. M.

COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
Inspire each lifeless tongue;
And let the joys of heaven impart
Their influence to our song.

2 Come, Lord, Thy love alone can raise
In us the heavenly flame;
Then shall our lips resound Thy praise,
Our hearts adore Thy name.

3 Dear Saviour, let Thy glory shine,
And fill Thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine,
A heaven on earth appear.

584 REVIVAL PRAYED FOR. C. M.

BLEST Jesus, come Thou gently down,
And fill this hallowed place;
O! make Thy glorious goings known,
Diffuse around Thy grace.

2 Behold, and pity from above,
Our cold and languid frame;
O! shed abroad Thy quick'ning love,
And we'll adore Thy name.

3 All glorious Saviour, Source of grace,
To Thee we raise our cry;
Unveil the beauties of Thy face,
To every waiting eye.

4 Revive, O God, desponding saints,
Who languish, droop and sigh;
Refresh the soul that tires and faints,
Fill mourning hearts with joy.

585 PRAYER FOR REVIVAL. L. M.

GREAT Lord of all Thy churches, hear
Thy ministers' and people's prayer;
Perfumed by Thee, O may it rise
Like fragrant incense to the skies.

2 May every pastor, from above
Be new inspired with zeal and love,
To watch Thy flock, Thy flock to feed,
And sow with care the precious seed.

3 Revive the churches with Thy grace,
Heal all our breaches, grant us peace;
Rouse us from sloth, our hearts inflame
With ardent zeal for Jesus' name.

4 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.

5 May aged saints, matured with grace,
Abound in fruits of holiness;
And when transplanted to the skies,
May younger in their stead arise.

6 Thus we our suppliant voices raise,
And weeping sow the seed of praise,
In humble hope that Thou wilt hear
Thy ministers' and people's prayer.

586 Rejoicing in a General Revival. H. M.

O SION, tune thy voice,
And lift thy hands on high;
Tell all the world thy joys,
And shout salvation nigh;
Cheerful in God,
Arise and shine;
While rays divine
Stream all abroad.

2 He gilds the 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 crowned.

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
Thy glory raise.

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

587 PRAYER FOR BLESSING. 8s & 7s.

LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free;
Showers the thirsty land refreshing—
Let some droppings fall on me,
Even *me.*

2 Pass me not, O God our Father!
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy light on me,
Even *me.*

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour!
Let me live and cling to Thee;
Oh! I'm longing for Thy favour—
While thou 'rt calling, oh call me!
Even *me.*

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak some word of power to me,
Even *me.*

5 Pass me not! Thy lost one bringing,
Bind, O bind my heart to Thee;
While the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others—O bless me!
Even *me.*

MISSIONS.

588 PRAYER FOR THE JEWS. L. M.

DISOWNED of Heaven, by man oppressed,
Outcasts from Sion's hallowed ground,
O! why should Israel's sons, once blessed,
Still roam the scorning world around?

2 Lord, visit Thy forsaken race,
Back to Thy fold the wanderers bring;
Teach them to seek Thy slighted grace,
And hail in Christ their promised King.

3 The veil of darkness rend in twain,
Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light;
The severed olive branch again
Firm to its parent stock unite.

4 Hail, glorious day, expected long,
When Jew and Greek one prayer shall pour,
With eager feet one temple throng,
With grateful praise one God adore.

589 THE LATTER DAY GLORY. C. M.

BEHOLD, the mountain of the Lord,
In latter days, shall rise
Above the mountains and the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow;
"Up to the hill of God," they say,
"And to His courts we 'll go."

3 The beams that shine on Sion's hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Sion's towers
Shall all the world command.

4 No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
Or mar the peaceful years;
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning hooks their spears.

5 Come then—O come from every land,
To worship at His shrine;
And walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

590 SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL. C. M.

SING to the Lord in joyful strains;
Let earth His praise resound;
Ye who upon the ocean dwell,
And fill the isles around.

2 O city of the Lord begin
The universal song;
And let the scattered villages
The cheerful notes prolong.

3 Let Kedar's wilderness afar
Lift up its lonely voice,
And let the tenants of the rock
With accents rude rejoice.

4 Till midst the streams of distant lands,
The islands sound His praise;
And all combined with one accord,
Jehovah's glories raise.

591 "THE MORNING COMETH." 8s & 7s.

"LIFT your heads" with faith; the morrow
Dawneth brighter than to-day;
Angel hands will lift the shadows,
Chase the gathering gloom away.
Chorus.—"Lift your heads," the day is breaking,
Soon the morning will appear;
See the earth from slumber waking;
"Lift your heads," the day draws near.

2 Does the night seem long and weary,
Dangers threatening all the way?
Joy will soon return to bless thee,
Soon will dawn a brighter day.—*Chorus.*

3 What though wars and dire commotions
Try your faith and cause dismay;
God your Father rules the nations;
He will send a brighter day.—*Chorus.*

592 VARIOUS SUCCESS OF THE GOSPEL. C. M.

CHRIST and His cross is all our theme:
The mysteries that we speak
Are scandal in the Jew's esteem,
And folly to the Greek.

2 But souls enlightened from above,
With joy receive the word;
They see what wisdom, power and love,
Shine in their dying Lord.

3 The vital savour of His name
Restores their fainting breath;
But unbelief perverts the same
To guilt, despair and death.

4 Till God diffuse His graces down,
Like showers of heavenly rain,
In vain Apollos sows the ground,
And Paul may plant in vain.

593 PRAYER FOR SION'S INCREASE. L. M.

ARM of the Lord, awake, awake,
Put on Thy strength, the nations shake,
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee.

2 Say to the heathen, from Thy throne,
"I am Jehovah—God alone:"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 No more let human blood be spilt,
Vain sacrifice for human guilt;
But to each conscience be applied
The blood that flowed from Jesus' side.

4 Almighty God, Thy grace proclaim,
In every land, declare Thy name,
Let adverse powers before Thee fall,
And crown the Saviour—LORD OF ALL.

594 PRAYER FOR THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL. C. M.

GREAT God, the nations of the earth
Are by creation Thine;
And in Thy works, by all beheld,
Thy radiant glory shines.

2 But, Lord, Thy greater love has sent
Thy gospel to mankind;
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasured in Thy mind.

3 Lord, when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe, and every soul,
Shall hear the joyful sound?

4 Smile, Lord, on each sincere attempt
To spread the gospel's rays,
And build, on sin's demolished throne,
The temple of Thy praise.

595 THE HEATHEN CRYING FOR HELP. 8s & 7s.

HARK! what mean those lamentations,
Rolling sadly through the sky?
'Tis the cry of heathen nations,—
"Come and help us or we die!"

2 Hear the heathen's sad complaining,
Christians! hear their dying cry;
And, the love of Christ constraining,
Haste to help them, ere they die.

596 THE GOSPEL JUBILEE. H. M.

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 ransomed sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Son of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb:
Redemption in His blood
To all the world proclaim:
The year, etc.

3 Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Come, take it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year, etc.

4 The gospel trumpet sounds,
Let all the nations hear,
And earth's remotest bounds
Before the throne appear:
The year, etc.

597 PRAYER FOR THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL. 8s, 7s & 4s.

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 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 purchased, win the day.

3 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.

598 PRAYER FOR THE GENERAL EFFUSION OF THE SPIRIT. L. M

O SPIRIT of the living God,
In all Thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

2 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light;
Confusion, order, in Thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might,
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

3 Baptize the nations; far and nigh,
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord.

4 God from eternity hath willed,
All flesh shall His salvation see;
So be the Father's love fulfilled,
The Saviour's sufferings crowned through Thee.

599 PRAYER FOR THE TRIUMPHS OF THE GOSPEL. L. M.

O JESUS, let Thy kingdom come;
Then sin and hell's terrific gloom
Shall, at Thy brightness, flee away,
The dawn of an eternal day,

2 Then shall the heathen, filled with awe,
Learn the blest knowledge of Thy law,
And Antichrist on every shore,
Fall from his throne, to rise no more.

3 Then shall the Jew and Gentile meet,
In pure devotion, at Thy feet;
And earth shall yield Thee, as Thy due,
Her fulness, and her glory too.

4 O that from Sion now might shine
This heavenly light, this truth divine;
Till the whole universe shall be
But one great temple, Lord, for Thee.

600 SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL. L. M.

ASCEND Thy throne, almighty King,
And spread Thy glories all abroad:
Let Thine own arm salvation bring,
And be Thou known the gracious God.

2 Let millions bow before Thy seat,
Let humble mourners seek Thy face;
Bring daring rebels to Thy feet,
Subdued by Thy victorious grace.

3 O let the kingdoms of the world
Become the kingdoms of the Lord;
Let saints and angels praise Thy name,
Be Thou through heaven and earth adored.

601 APPROACHING MILLENNIUM. L. M.

BEHOLD the expected time draw near,
The shades disperse, the dawn appear;
Behold the wilderness assume
The beauteous tints of Eden's bloom

2 The untaught heathen waits to know
The joy the gospel will bestow;
The exiled captive, to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.

3 Come, let us with a grateful heart,
In the blest labour share a part;
Our prayers and offerings gladly bring
To aid the triumphs of our King.

4 Invite the world to come and prove
A Saviour's condescending love;
And humbly fall before His feet,
Assured they shall acceptance meet.

602 PRAYER FOR THE TRIUMPH OF THE GOSPEL. L. M.

SOVEREIGN of worlds, display Thy power,
Be this Thy Sion's favoured hour;
Bid the bright morning star arise,
And point the nations to the skies.

2 Set up Thy throne where Satan reigns,
On western wilds, and heathen plains;
Far let the gospel's sound be known,
And be the universe Thine own.

3 Speak—and the world shall hear Thy voice,
Speak—and the nations shall rejoice;
Scatter the shades of moral night,
With the blest beams of heavenly light,

603 MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What, though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er 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
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned 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,
In bliss returns to reign.

604 Prayer for the Success of Missions. L. M.

THY people, Lord, who trust Thy word,
And wait the smilings of Thy face,
Assemble round Thy mercy seat,
And plead the promise of Thy grace.

2 We consecrate these hours to Thee,
Thy sovereign mercy to entreat;
And feel some animating hope,
We shall divine acceptance meet.

3 Hast Thou not sworn to give Thy Son
To be a light to Gentile lands;
To open the benighted eye,
And loose the wretched prisoner's bands?

4 Hast Thou not said, from sea to sea,
His vast dominion shall extend;
That every tongue shall call Him Lord,
And every knee before Him bend?

5 Now let the happy time appear,
The time to favour Sion come;
Send forth Thy heralds far and near,
To call Thy banished children home.

605 THE VOICE OF FREE GRACE. P. M.

THE voice of free grace cries, escape to the mountain;
For Adam's lost race Christ hath opened a fountain:
For sin and transgression and every pollution,
His blood flows most freely in streams of salvation.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, who has purchased our pardon:
We will praise Him again when we pass over Jordan.

2 Now glory to God in the highest is given,
Now glory to God is re-echoed in heaven;
Around the whole earth let us tell the glad story,
And sing of His love, His salvation and glory.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, etc.

3 O Jesus, ride on, Thy kingdom is glorious,
O'er sin, death and hell, Thou wilt make us victorious:
Thy name shall be praised in the great congregation,
And saints shall delight in ascribing salvation.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, etc.

4 When on Sion we stand, having gained the blest shore,
With our harps in our hands, we will praise evermore;

We 'll range the blest fields on the banks of
the river,
And sing hallelujah for ever and ever.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, etc.

606 Watchman Tell Us of the Night. 7s.

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.

607 The Gospel Banner. 7s & 6s.

NOW be the gospel banner
In every land unfurled;
And be the shout, hosanna!
Re-echoed through the world:

Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

2 What though the embattled legions
Of earth and hell combine?
His arm throughout their regions,
Shall soon resplendent shine;
Ride on, O Lord, victorious;
Immanuel, Prince of peace,
Thy triumph shall be glorious;
Thy empire still increase.

3 Yes, Thou shalt reign for ever,
O Jesus, King of kings;
Thy light, Thy love, Thy favour,
Each ransomed captive sings:
The isles for Thee are waiting,
The deserts learn Thy praise;
The hills and valleys greeting,
The song responsive raise.

608 THE SONG OF JUBILEE. 7s.

HARK! the Song of Jubilee,
Loud—as mighty thunders roar:
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore—

2 Hallelujah! for the Lord,
God Omnipotent, shall reign:
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

3 Hallelujah! hark! the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes, above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies!

4 See Jehovah's banners furled,
Sheathed His sword! He speaks—'tis done,
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdom of His Son.

5 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway:
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away!

6 Then the end—beneath His rod,
Man's last enemy shall fall:
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is All in All.

609 Missionary Farewell. 8s 7s & 4s.

YES, my native land! I love thee;
All thy scenes, I love them well:
Home and friends that smile around me,
Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

2 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days and Sabbath bell,
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure,
Can I—can I say "Farewell?"
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

3 Yes! I hasten from you gladly:
To the strangers let me tell
How He died—the blessed Saviour—
To redeem a world from hell:
Let me hasten,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

4 Bear me on, thou restless ocean;
Let the winds my canvass swell:
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell.
Glad I bid thee,
Native land, farewell, farewell!

610 CHRIST'S KINGDOM. 8s & 7s.

HARK! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above;
Jesus reigns and heav'n rejoices,
Jesus reigns, the God of love:
See, He sits on yonder throne,—
Jesus rules the world alone.

2 Saviour, hasten Thine appearing—
Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,
When the awful summons hearing,
Heav'n and earth shall pass away;
Then with angel choirs, we'll sing
"Glory, glory to our King."

611 LATTER-DAY GLORY. L. M.

THOUGH now the nations sit beneath
The darkness of o'erspreading death,
God will arise with light divine,
On Sion's holy towers shine.

2 That light shall glance on distant lands,
And heathen tribes, in joyful bands,
Come with exulting haste to prove
The power and greatness of His love.

3 Lord, may the triumphs of Thy grace
Abound, while righteousness and peace,
In mild and lovely forms, display
The glories of the latter day.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

PRESENT LIFE.

612 BREVITY OF LIFE. C. M.

OUR days, alas! our mortal days
Are short and wretched too;
"Evil and few," the patriarch says,
And well the patriarch knew.

2 'Tis but at best a narrow bound
That heaven allows to men,
And pains and sins run through the round
Of threescore years and ten.

3 Well, if ye must be sad and few,
Run on, my days, in haste;
Moments of sin, and months of woe,
Ye cannot fly too fast.

4 Let heavenly love prepare my soul,
And call her to the skies,
Where years of long salvation roll,
And glory never dies.

613 SHORTNESS OF HUMAN LIFE. C. M

HOW short and hasty is our life!
How vast our souls' affairs!
Yet senseless mortals vainly strive
To lavish out their years.

2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a moment's stay;
Just like a story or a song,
We pass our lives away.

3 God from on high invites us home,
But we march heedless on,
And ever hastening to the tomb,
Stoop downward as we run.

How we deserve the deepest hell,
Who slight the joys above!
What chains of vengeance should we feel,
Who break such cords of love!

5 Draw us, O God, with sovereign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race,
And see salvation nigh.

614 BREVITY AND UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE. C. M.

THEE, we adore, eternal Name,
And humbly own to Thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame:
What dying worms are we!

2 The year rolls round and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.

3 Great God, on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
The eternal states of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings.

4 Infinite joy or endless wo
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death!

5 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

615 UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE AND ITS COMFORTS. C. M.

'TIS God that lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave;
He gives, and blessed be His name,
He takes but what He gave.

2 Peace, all our angry passions then,
Let each rebellious sigh
Be silent at His sovereign will,
And every murmur die.

3 If smiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praises shall be spread;
And we'll adore the justice too,
That strikes our comforts dead.

616 MAN'S FRAILTY AND GOD'S GOODNESS. C. M.

OUR life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh;
The moment when our lives begin,
We all begin to die.

2 Yet, mighty God, our fleeting days
Thy lasting favours share;
Yet, with the bounties of Thy grace,
Thou load'st the rolling year.

3 'Tis sovereign mercy finds us food,
And we are clothed with love;
While grace stands pointing out the road
That leads our souls above.

4 His goodness runs an endless round;
All glory to the Lord!
His mercy never knows a bound;
And be His name adored.

5 Thus we begin the lasting song;
And when we close our eyes,
Let future ages praise prolong,
Till time and nature dies.

617 VALUE OF PRESENT TIME. S. M.

TO-MORROW, Lord, is Thine,
Lodged in Thy sovereign hand;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by Thy command

2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
O make Thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

3 Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken by Thy almighty power
The aged and the young.

4 One thing demands our care;
O be it still pursued,
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beam should die
In sudden, endless night.

618 TIME IS SHORT. C. M.

"THE time is short!" the season near,
When death will us remove,
To leave our friends, however dear,
And all we fondly love.

2 "The time is short!" sinners, beware,
Nor trifle time away;
The word of great salvation hear,
While it is called to-day.

3 "The time is short!" ye rebels, now
To Christ the Lord submit,
To mercy's golden sceptre bow,
And fall at Jesus' feet.

4 "The time is short!" ye saints, rejoice,
The Lord will quickly come;
Soon shall you hear the Bridegroom's voice,
To call you to your home.

5 "The time is short!" it swiftly flies,
The hour is just at hand
When we shall mount above the skies,
And reach the wished-for land.

6 "The time is short!" the moment near,
When we shall dwell above,
And be for ever happy there,
With Jesus, whom we love.

619 LIFE THE TIME TO SERVE THE LORD. L. M.

LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time to insure the great reward,
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

2 Life is the hour that God has given
To escape 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 memory and their sense are gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

4 Their hatred and their love are 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 past
In the cold grave to which we haste;
But darkness, death, and long despair
Reign in eternal silence there.

620 Life the Time to Serve God. L. M.

THERE is a God who reigns above,
Lord of the heaven and earth and seas,
I fear His wrath, I ask His love,
And with my lips I sing His praise.

2 There is a law which He has made,
To teach us all that we must do;
My soul, be His commands obeyed,
For they are holy, just and true.

3 There is a gospel rich in grace,
Whence sinners all their comforts draw;
Lord, I repent and seek Thy face,
For I have often broke Thy law.

4 There is an hour when I must die;
Nor do I know how soon 'twill come;
How many younger much than I,
Have passed by death to hear their doom!

5 Let me improve the hours I have,
Before the day of grace is fled;
There's no repentance in the grave,
Nor pardon offered to the dead.

621 Time and Eternity. L. C. M.

LO! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Yet how insensible!
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to yon heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

2 O God, my inmost soul convert,
And deeply, on my thoughtless heart,
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me ere it be too late;
Wake me to righteousness.

3 Before me place in bright array
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When Thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at Thy bar:
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?

4 Be this my one great business here,
With holy trembling, holy fear,
To make my calling sure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all Thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

5 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with Thee above;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope, in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

622 THE SWIFTNESS OF TIME. L. C. M.

MY days, my weeks, my months, my years,
Fly rapid as the whirling spheres
Around the steady pole:
Time, like the tide, its motion keeps,
Till I must launch through boundless deeps,
Where endless ages roll.

2 The grave is near the cradle seen;
The moments swiftly pass between,
And whisper as they fly,
Unthinking man, remember this,
Though fond of sublunary bliss,
Thou soon must gasp and die.

3 My soul, attend the solemn call;
Thine earthly tent must quickly fall,
And thou must take thy flight,

Beyond the vast expansive blue,
To sing and love as angels do,
Or sink in endless night.

623 SHINING SHORE. P. M.

MY days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,—
Those hours of toil and danger:

For now we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over;
And, just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

2 Our absent King the watchword gave,—
"Let every lamp be burning;"
We look afar, across the wave,
Our distant home discerning:
For now, etc.

3 Should coming days be dark and cold,
We will not yield to sorrow,
For hope will sing, with courage bold,
"There 's glory on the morrow:"
For now, etc.

4 Let storms of woe in whirlwinds rise,
Each cord on earth to sever,—
There—bright and joyous in the skies—
There—is our home for ever:
For now we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over;
And, just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

624 NEARING THE END. S. M.

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,
Nearer my parting hour am I
Than e'er I was before.

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer the throne where Jesus reigns,—
Nearer the crystal sea;

3 Nearer my going home,
Laying my burden down,
Leaving my cross of heavy grief,
Wearing my starry crown;

4 Nearer that hidden stream,
Winding through shades of night,
Rolling its cold, dark waves between
Me and the world of light.

5 Jesus! to Thee I cling:
Strengthen my arm of faith;
Stay near me while my way-worn feet
Press through the stream of death.

625 SEPARATIONS IN TIME. 6s & 8s.

FRIEND after friend departs;
Who has not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end.
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying none were blest.

2 Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond the reign of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath;
Nor life's affections, transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward and expire.

3 There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A long eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here,
Translated to that glorious sphere.

4 Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

626 Happiness in Death. C. M.

HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead;
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2 They die in Jesus, and are blessed;
How calm their slumbers are!
From suffering and from sin released,
And freed from every snare.

3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They 're present with the Lord;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

627 Dying in God's Embrace. C. M.

DEATH cannot make our souls afraid,
If God be with us there;
We may walk through its darkest shade,
And never yield to fear.

2 I could renounce my all below,
If my Creator bid;
And run, if I were called to go,
And die as Moses did.

3 Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,
And view the promised land,
My flesh itself would long to drop,
And pray for the command.

4 Clasped in my heavenly Father's arms,
I would forget my breath,
And lose my life among the charms
Of so divine a death.

628 FEARS OF DEATH REMOVED. L. M.

WHY should we start and fear to die?
What timorous 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 would stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

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.

629 DEATH MADE DESIRABLE. C. M.

JESUS! the vision of Thy face
Hath overpowering charms!
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms.

2 Then, while ye hear my heart-strings break,
How sweet my minutes roll!
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
And glory in my soul.

630 DEATH DISARMED. C. M.

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 our hours more slow
To keep us from our love.

3 The graves of all the saints He blest,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

4 Thence He arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.

631 PREPARATION FOR DEATH. C. M.

HE is a God of sovereign love,
Who promised heaven to me,
And taught my thoughts to soar above,
Where happy spirits be.

2 Prepare me, Lord, for Thy right hand;
Then come the joyful day;
Come death, and some celestial band,
To bear my soul away.

632 DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS. L. M.

HOW blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest;
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er:
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
Nothing disturbs that peace profound,
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell;
How bright the unchanging morn appears,
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

5 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

633 PEACEFUL DEATH. S. M.

O! FOR the death of those,
Who slumber in the Lord!
O be, like theirs, my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward!

2 Their bodies in the ground
In silent hope may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.

3 Their ransomed spirits soar,
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with Him above.

4 With us their names shall live
Through long succeeding years,
Embalmed with all our hearts can give,
Our praises and our tears.

5 O for the death of those,
Who slumber in the Lord!
O be, like theirs, my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward!

634 DYING CHRISTIAN. 8s & 7s

WHY lament the Christian dying?
Why indulge in tears or gloom?
Calmly on the Lord relying,
He can greet the opening tomb.

2 Scenes seraphic, high and glorious,
Now forbid his longer stay;
See him rise o'er death victorious,
Angels beckon him away.

3 Hark! the golden harps are ringing,
Sounds unearthly fill his ear;
Millions now in heaven singing,
Greet his joyful entrance there.

635 DEATH WELCOME TO THE BELIEVER. 11s.

I WOULD not live alway: I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here,
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin;
Temptation without and corruption within:
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3 I would not live alway; no—welcome the tomb;
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There, sweet be my rest, till He bid me arise,
To hail Him in triumph descending the skies.

4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns:

5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren, transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

636 TRIUMPH OVER DEATH. C. M.

O! FOR an overcoming faith
To cheer my dying hours,
To triumph o'er the monster, Death,
And all his frightful powers!

2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quivering lips should sing,
"Where is thy boasted victory, grave,
And where the monster's sting?"

3 If sin be pardoned, I'm secure;
Death has no sting beside;
The law gives sin its damning power;
But Christ, my ransom, died.

4 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conquerors while we die,
Through Christ our living Head.

637 DEATH OF THE SAINT AND SINNER CONTRASTED. L. M.

WHAT scenes of horror and of dread
Await the sinner's dying bed?
Death's terrors all appear in sight,
Presages of eternal night.

2 His sins in dreadful order rise,
And fill his soul with sad surprise;
Mount Sinai's thunder stuns his ears,
And not one ray of hope appears.

3 Not so the heir of heavenly bliss;
His soul is filled with conscious peace;
A steady faith subdues his fear;
He sees the happy Canaan near.

4 His mind is tranquil and serene;
No terror in his looks are seen;
His Saviour's smile dispels the gloom,
And smooths his passage to the tomb.

5 Lord, make my faith and love sincere;
My judgment sound, my conscience clear;
And when the toils of life are past,
May I be found in peace at last.

638 DEATH AND GLORY. C. M.

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.

2 Then should we see the saints above,
In their own glorious forms;
And wonder why our souls should love
To dwell with mortal worms.

3 We should almost forsake our clay
Before the summons come,
And pray and wish our souls away
To their eternal home.

639 FAITH IN DYING. C. M.

O FOR the eye of faith divine,
To pierce beyond the grave;
To see that Friend, and call Him mine,
Whose arm is strong to save.

2 Lord, I commit my soul to Thee,
Accept the sacred trust;
Receive this nobler part of me,
And watch my sleeping dust.

3 Till that illustrious morning come,
When all Thy saints shall rise,
And, clothed in full, immortal bloom,
Attend Thee to the skies.

640 TRIUMPH OVER DEATH AND THE GRAVE. P. M.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame;
Trembling, hoping, lingering, 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 spirit, 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?

641 FUNERAL HYMN. 12s & 11s.

THOU art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee;
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb,
The Saviour has passed through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave, we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, since the Sinless hath died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave, and its mansions forsaking,
Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt lingered long;
But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy waking,
And the song that thou heardst was the Seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave, but 'twere wrong to deplore thee;
When God was thy ransom, thy guardian and guide;
He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore thee,
Where death has no sting, since the Saviour has died.

642 FUNERAL HYMN. C. M.

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 reverend head
Must lie as low as ours."

3 Great God, is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure?

Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepare no more!

4 Grant us the power of quickening grace,
To fit our souls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We 'll rise above the sky.

643 FUNERAL HYMN. C. M.

BENEATH our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given:
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven.

2 Their names are graven on the stone,
Their bones are in the clay;
And ere another day is gone,
Ourselves may be as they.

3 Death rides on every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.

4 Turn, mortal, turn, thy soul apply
To truths divinely given:
The bones which underneath thee lie
Shall live for hell or heaven.

644 THE HOUSE APPOINTED FOR ALL LIVING. C. M.

HOW still and peaceful is the grave,
Where, life's vain tumults past,
The appointed house, by heaven's decree,
Receives us all at last.

2 The wicked there from troubling cease,
Their passions rage no more;
And there the weary pilgrim rests
From all the toils he bore.

3 There servants, masters, poor and rich,
Partake the same repose;
And there, in peace, the ashes mix
Of those who once were foes.

4 All levelled by the hand of death,
Lie sleeping in the tomb,
Till God in judgment call them forth,
To meet their final doom.

645 DEATH AND BURIAL OF A CHRISTIAN. L. M.

UNVEIL thy bosom faithful tomb,
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room,
To slumber in the silent dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invades thy bounds—no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch his soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept, God's dying Son,
Passed through the grave, and blessed the bed;
Rest here, blest saint, till from His throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

4 Break from His throne, illustrious morn,
Attend, O earth, His sovereign word;
Restore thy trust—a glorious form
Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

646 ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD. C. M.

LIFE is a span, a fleeting hour,
How soon the vapour flies!
Man is a tender, transient flower,
That e'en in blooming dies.

2 Death spreads his withering, wintry arms,
And beauty smiles no more;
Ah! where are now those rising charms,
Which pleased our eyes before!

3 That once loved form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs:
We weep, our earthly comforts fled,
And withered all our joys.

4 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When, what we now deplore,
Shall rise in full, immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.

5 Cease, then, fond nature, cease thy tears;
The Saviour dwells on high:
There everlasting spring appears,
There joys shall never die.

647 DEATH OF A YOUNG CHILD. C. M.

ALAS! how changed that lovely flower,
Which bloomed and cheered my heart;
Fair, fleeting comfort of an hour,
How soon we're called to part!

2 And shall my bleeding heart arraign
That God whose ways are love?
Or vainly cherish anxious pain
For *her* who rests above?

3 No!—let me rather humbly pay
Obedience to His will,
And with my inmost spirit say,
"The Lord is righteous still."

4 From adverse blasts, and lowering storms,
Her favoured soul He bore;
And with yon bright, angelic forms,
She lives, to die no more.

5 Why should I vex my heart, or fast?
No more *she'll* visit me;
My soul will mount to *her* at last,
And there my child I'll see.

6 Prepare me, blessed Lord, to share
The bliss Thy people prove;
Who round Thy glorious throne appear,
And dwell in perfect love.

648 JOY IN VIEW OF THE RESURRECTION. S. M.

AND must this body die,
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?

2 God my Redeemer lives,
And often from the skies
Looks down and watches all my dust,
Till He shall bid it rise.

3 Arrayed in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape and every face
Look heavenly and divine.

4 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love:
We would adore His grace below,
And sing His power above.

5 Dear Lord, accept the praise
Of these, our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

649 DEATH AND RESURRECTION. C. M

THRO' sorrow's night and danger's path,
Amid the deepening gloom,
We, soldiers of an injured King,
Are marching to the tomb.

2 There, when the turmoil is no more,
And all our powers decay,
Our cold remains, in solitude,
Shall sleep the years away.

3 Our labours done, securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded, o'er our silent dust,
The storms of life shall beat.

4 Then love's soft light o'er every eye
Shall shed its mildest rays,
And the long silent dust shall burst:
With shouts of endless praise.

650 ASLEEP IN JESUS. L. M.

ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wakes to weep!
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes!

2 Asleep in Jesus! oh! how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet:
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its venomed sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest:
No fear—no woe, shall dim that hour,
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be:
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
Debars this precious "hiding-place;"
On Indian plains, or Lapland snows,
Believers find the same repose.

6 Asleep in Jesus! far from Thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But there is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

651 THE SOLDIER'S DISCHARGE. S. M.

SERVANT of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved 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 At midnight came the cry,
"To meet thy God prepare!"
He woke,—and caught his Captain's eye,
Then, strong in faith and prayer,

4 His spirit with a bound
Left its encumbering clay:
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground
A darkened ruin lay.

5 The pains of death are past;
Labour and sorrow cease;
And life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

6 Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

652 WARNINGS OF DEATH. L. M.

WHERE are the living?—On the ground
Where prayer is heard and mercy found:
Where, in the compass of a span,
The mortal makes the immortal man.

2 Who are the living?—They whose breath
Draws every moment nigh to death;
Of endless bliss or woe the heirs;
O what an awful lot is theirs!

3 Then, timely warned, let us begin
To follow Christ and flee from sin;
Daily grow up in Him our Head,
Lord of the living and the dead.

653 WEEP NOT FOR ME. 8s & 4s.

WHEN the spark of life is waning,
Weep not for me;
When the languid eye is straining,
Weep not for me;
When the feeble pulse is ceasing,
Start not at its swift decreasing;
'Tis the fettered soul's releasing;
Weep not for me.

2 When the pangs of death assail me,
Weep not for me;
Christ is mine—He cannot fail me;
Weep not for me;
Yes, though sin and doubt endeavour
From His love my soul to sever,
Jesus is my strength for ever:
Weep not for me.

654 CERTAINTY OF DEATH. S. M.

AND am I born to die?
To lay this body down?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown?

2 How shall I leave my tomb?
With triumph or regret!
A fearful or a joyful doom,
A curse or blessing, meet?

655 THE MOMENT AFTER DEATH. C. M

IN vain the fancy strives to paint
The moment after death,—
The glories that surround a saint,
When yielding up his breath.

2 One gentle sigh the fetter breaks;
We scarce can say,—He 's gone!
Before the willing spirit takes
Its mansion near the throne.

3 Faith strives—but all its efforts fail,
To trace the spirit's flight;
No eye can pierce within the veil
That hides the world of light.

4 We know—and 'tis enough to know—
Saints are completely blest;
Have done with sin, and care, and woe,
And with their Saviour rest.

5 On harps of gold, they praise His name,
And see Him face to face:
Oh! let us catch the sacred flame,
And run the heavenly race.

THE JUDGMENT.

656 THE SINNER WARNED. S. M.

AND will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven, before His face,
Astonished shrink away.

3 But ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark, from the gospel's cheering sound,
What joyful tidings spread!

4 Ye sinners seek His grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear!
Fly to the shelter of His cross,
And find salvation there.

5 So shall that curse remove
By which the Saviour bled;
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessing on your head.

657 JUDGMENT ANTICIPATED. C. M.

WHEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
O! how shall I appear?

2 If yet while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought,

3 When Thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed,
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O! how shall I appear?

4 Yet never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows Thine only Son has died,
To make her pardon sure.

658 APPREHENSION OF JUDGMENT. L. C. M.

WHEN Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
To take Thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at Thy right hand?

2 I love to meet among them now,
Before Thy gracious feet to bow,
Though vilest of them all:
But can I bear the piercing thought,
What if my name should be left out,
When Thou for them shalt call?

3 Prevent, prevent it by Thy grace;
Be Thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place,
In this the accepted day;
Thy 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 the 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.

659 PREPARATION TO MEET GOD. S. M.

PREPARE me, gracious God,
To stand before Thy face;
Thy Spirit must the work perform,
For it is all of grace.

2 In Christ's obedience clothe,
And wash me in His blood:
So shall I lift my head with joy,
Among the sons of God.

3 Do Thou my sins subdue,
Thy sovereign love make known;
The spirit of my mind renew,
And save me in Thy Son.

4 Let me attest Thy power,
Let me Thy goodness prove,
Till my full soul can hold no more
Of everlasting love.

660 CHRIST DESCENDING TO JUDGMENT. 8s, 7s & 4s.

SEE the eternal Judge descending,
View Him seated on His throne:
Now, poor sinner, now lamenting,
Stand and hear Thy awful doom;

Trumpets call thee,
Stand and hear thy awful doom.

2 Hear the cries he now is venting,
Filled with dread of fiercer pain,
While in anguish thus lamenting,
That he ne'er was born again:
Greatly mourning,
That he ne'er was born again.

3 "Yonder sits the slighted Saviour,
With the marks of dying love;
O that I had sought His favour,
When I felt His Spirit move;
Golden moments,
When I felt His Spirit move."

4 Now, despisers, look and wonder;
Hope and sinners here must part:
Louder than a peal of thunder,
Hear the dreadful sound, "Depart!"
Lost for ever,
Hear the dreadful sound, "Depart!"

661 The Day of Wrath. L. M.

THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away!
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

2 When, shrivelling, like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead;

3 O on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

662 THE DAY OF JUDGMENT. 8s 7s & 4s.

DAY of judgment, day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round!
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 At His call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature shaken
By His looks prepare to flee:
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?

3 See the Judge our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine;
You who long for His appearing,
Then shall say, This God is mine!
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for Thine.

663 CHRIST COMING TO JUDGMENT. 8s 7s & 4s.

LO! He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of His train:
Hallelujah!
Jesus comes, and comes to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught, and sold Him,
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

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 Mighty King, let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdom for Thine own!
O come quickly,
Hallelujah! come, Lord, come.

94 Consolation in Christ in View of the Judgment. C. M.

1 THAT awful day will surely come,
The appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
Thou Sovereign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear Thy voice
Pronounce the word, "Depart!"

3 O! wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station, where
I must not taste His love.

4 Jesus, I throw my arms around,
And hang upon Thy breast;
Without a gracious smile from Thee,
My spirit cannot rest.

5 O! tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on Thy hands;
Show me some promise in Thy book,
Where my salvation stands.

6 Give me one kind, assuring word,
To sink my fears again;
And cheerfully my soul shall wait
Her threescore years and ten.

665 COMING OF THE LORD. L. M

THE Lord shall come! the earth shall quake,
The mountains to their centre shake,
And, withering from the vault of night,
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

2 The Lord shall come! but not the same
As once in lowly form He came;
A silent Lamb before His foes,
A weary man, and full of woes.

3 The Lord shall come! a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human kind.

4 Can this be He, who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
By power oppressed, and mocked by pride,
The Nazarene, the Crucified?

5 While sinners in despair shall call,
"Rocks, hide us! mountains, on us fall!"
The saints, ascending from the tomb,
Shall sing for joy, "The Lord is come!"

666 COMING OF THE JUDGE. S. M.

I SAW, beyond the tomb,
The awful Judge appear!
Prepared to scan, with strict account,
The blessings wasted here.

2 Ye sinners, fear the Lord,
While yet 'tis called to-day:
Soon will the awful voice of death
Command your souls away.

3 Soon will the harvest close,
The summer soon be o'er;
And soon, your injured, angry God
Will hear your prayers no more.

ETERNITY.

667 Nearness to Eternity. 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 without a bound,
To guilty souls a dreadful sound!
But O if Christ and heaven be mine,
How sweet the accents! how divine!

3 Be this my chief, my only care,
My high pursuit, my ardent prayer,
An interest in the Saviour's blood,
My pardon sealed, and peace with God.

4 But should my highest hopes be vain,
The rising doubt, how sharp the 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.

HEAVEN.

668 The New Jerusalem. C. M.

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labours have an end,
In joy and peace and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls,
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 O! when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats, through rude and stormy scenes,
I onward press to you.

5 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

6 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

7 Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

669 Mother dear, Jerusalem. C. M

OH mother dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

2 Oh happy harbour of the saints!
Oh sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil,

3 No dimly cloud o'ershadows thee,
No gloom, nor darksome night;
But every soul shines as the sun,
For God Himself gives light.

4 Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
Continually are green,
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.

5 Quite through the streets, with silver sound,
The flood of Life doth flow;
Upon whose banks on every side
The wood of Life doth grow.

6 There trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring;
There evermore the angels sit,
And evermore do sing.

7 Oh mother dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

670 PROSPECT OF HEAVEN. C. M

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye,
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight;
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight

3 There generous fruits, that never fail,
On trees immortal grow;
There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales,
With milk and honey flow.

4 On all those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.

5 No chilling winds nor poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore:
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

671 Aspiring after Heaven. 7s & 6s.

RISE my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Towards heaven, thy native place;
Sun and moon and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove:
Rise, my soul, and haste away,
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So 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 our Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies.

Yet a season, and you know,
Happy entrance will be given;
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

672 JOYFUL ANTICIPATIONS OF HEAVEN. C. M.

WHEN I can read my title clear,
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms 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.

673 REST IN HEAVEN. C. M.

O LAND of rest, for thee I sigh;
When will the moment come,
That I shall lay my armour by,
And dwell in peace at home?

2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
No peaceful sheltering dome;
This world 's a wilderness of woe,
This world is not my home.

3 To Jesus Christ I flee for rest;
He bids me cease to roam,
And lean for succour on His breast,
And He 'll conduct me home.

4 Weary of wandering round and round
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to quit th' unhallowed ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.

674 THE UNSEEN AND BLESSED WORLD. C. M.

FAR from these narrow scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of joy and pure delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 Fair distant land! could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!

3 No cloud those blissful regions know,—
Realms ever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

4 Oh! may the heavenly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith and strong desire
Bear every thought above.

5 Prepare us, Lord! by grace divine,
For Thy bright courts on high;
Then bid our spirits rise and join
The chorus of the sky.

675 THE PEACE AND REPOSE OF HEAVEN. C. M.

THERE is an hour of hallowed peace
For those with cares oppressed,
When sighs and sorr'wing tears shall cease,
And all be hushed to rest.

2 'Tis then the soul is freed from fears
And doubts, which here annoy;
Then they, who oft have sown in tears,
Shall reap again in joy.

3 There is a home of sweet repose,
Where storms assail no more;
The stream of endless pleasure flows,
On that celestial shore.

4 There, purity with love appears,
And bliss without alloy:
There, they, who oft had sown in tears,
Shall reap again in joy.

676 NO ABIDING CITY HERE. L. M.

WE'VE no abiding city here;
We seek a land beyond our sight;
Sion its name—the Lord is there;
It shines with everlasting light.

2 Oh! sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims, freed from toil, are blest!
Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd fly to Thee—and be at rest.

3 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine!
The time my God appoints is best:
While here, to do His will be mine,
And His to fix my time of rest.

677 WHENCE CAME THEY? 7s.

WHO are these in bright array?
This innumerable throng,
Round the Altar night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song:
"Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, honour, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches to obtain,
New dominion every hour."

2 These through fiery trials trod,
These from great affliction came;
Now before the throne of God,
Sealed with His Almighty name,

Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb amid the throne
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs,
Perfect love dispels all fears,
And for ever from their eyes,
God shall wipe away the tears.

678 LONGING AFTER HEAVEN. 8s.

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 formed you the spirits you are,
So happy, so noble, so good;
While others sunk down in despair,
Confirmed 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 snatched you from hell and the grave
He ransomed from death and despair;
For you He was mighty to save,
Almighty to bring you safe there.

3 O! 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 chained 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,
Washed 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—O! I want to be there,
Where sorrow and sin bid adieu,
Your joy and your friendship to share,
To wonder and worship with you.

679 CONTEMPLATION OF HEAVEN. C. M.

RAISE thee, my soul, fly up and run
Through every heavenly street,
And say, there's nought below the sun
That's worthy of thy feet.

2 There, on a high majestic throne,
The almighty Father reigns,
And sheds His glorious goodness down
On all the blissful plains.

3 Bright like the sun, the Saviour sits,
And spreads eternal noon;
No evenings there, nor gloomy nights,
To want the feeble moon.

4 Amidst those ever shining skies,
Behold the sacred Dove,
While banished sin and sorrow flies
From all the realms of love.

5 The glorious tenants of the place
Stand bending round the throne;
And saints and seraphs sing and praise
The infinite Three-One.

6 Jesus! O when shall that blest day,
That joyful hour appear,
When I shall leave this house of clay,
To dwell amongst them there.

680 LONGING FOR HEAVEN. L. M.

DESCEND from heaven, immortal Dove,
Stoop down and take us on Thy wings,
And mount and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things.

2 Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll,
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.

3 O for a sight, a pleasing sight
Of our almighty Father's throne!
There sits our Saviour, crowned with light,
Clothed in a body like our own.

4 Adoring saints around Him stand,
And thrones and powers before Him fall;
The God shines gracious through the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.

5 O what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they sing,
And sit on every heavenly hill,
And spread the triumphs of their King.

6 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow amongst them there,
And view Thy face, and sing, and love?

681 FAITH CONTEMPLATING HEAVEN. C. M.

THERE is a house not made with hands,
Eternal and on high;
And here my spirit, waiting, stands,
Till God shall bid it fly.

2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolved and fall;
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.

3 'Tis He, by His almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heaven;
And, as an earnest of the place,
Has His own Spirit given.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come;
Faith lives upon His word;
But while the body is our home,
We 're absent from the Lord.

5 'Tis pleasant to believe Thy grace,
But we had rather see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with Thee.

682 ASSURANCE OF HEAVEN. C. M.

DEATH may dissolve my body now,
And bear my spirit home:
Why do my minutes move so slow,
Nor my salvation come?

2 With heavenly weapons I have fought
The battles of the Lord,
Finished my course, and kept the faith,
And wait the sure reward.

3 God has laid up in heaven for me
A crown which cannot fade;
The righteous Judge, at that great day,
Shall place it on my head.

4 Nor hath the King of grace decreed
This prize for me alone;
But all that love, and long to see
The appearance of His Son.

683 HOPE OF HEAVEN. C. M.

BLESSED be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord;
Be His abounding mercy praised,
His majesty adored.

2 When from the dead He raised His Son,
And called Him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope,
That they should never die.

3 What though our inbred sins require
Our flesh to see the dust;
Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose,
So all His followers must.

4 There's an inheritance divine,
Reserved against that day;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,
And cannot fade away.

5 Saints by the power of God are kept,
Till that salvation come;
We walk by faith as strangers here,
Till Christ shall call us home.

684 HEAVEN TRACED THROUGH SORROW. C. M.

LORD, what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply,
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,
Nor streams of living joy.

2 Our journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upward still;
Forget these troubles of the ways,
And reach at Sion's hill.

3 See the kind angels, at the gates,
Inviting us to come;
There Jesus, the Forerunner, waits
To welcome travellers home.

4 There on a green and flowery mount,
Our weary souls shall sit,
And, with transporting joys, recount
The labours of our feet.

5 Eternal glory to the King,
Who brought us safely through;
Our tongues shall never cease to sing,
And endless praise renew.

685 DEATH WELCOME IN PROSPECT OF HEAVEN. C. M.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes:

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Shall fright us from the shore.

686 THE CHRISTIAN LONGING FOR HEAVEN. C. M.

FATHER, I long, I faint to see
The place of Thine abode:
I'd leave Thine earthly courts, and flee
Up to Thy seat, my God.

2 I'd part with all the joys of sense,
To gaze upon Thy throne:
Pleasure springs fresh for ever thence,
Unspeakable, unknown.

3 There all the heavenly hosts are seen;
In shining ranks they move,
And drink immortal vigour in,
With wonder and with love.

4 The more Thy glories strike my eyes,
The humbler I shall lie;
Thus while I sink, my joys shall rise
Immeasurably high.

687 HOME IN HEAVEN. L. M.

AS when the weary traveller gains
The height of some o'erlooking hill,
His heart revives, if 'cross the plains
He eyes his home, though distant still.

2 While he surveys the much loved spot,
He slights the space that lies between;
His past fatigues are now forgot,
Because his journey's end is seen.

3 Thus when the Christian pilgrim views,
By faith, his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

4 The thought of home his spirit cheers,
No more he grieves for troubles past;

Nor any future trial fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.

5 'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell
With Jesus, in the realms of day;
Then I shall bid my cares farewell,
And He will wipe my tears away.

6 Jesus, on Thee our hope depends
To lead us on to Thine abode;
Assured our home will make amends
For all our toil while on the road.

688 LONGING FOR HEAVEN. L. M.

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 chain, 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 enjoyed above;
And the sweet expectation now
Is the young dawn of heaven below.

689 HEAVEN THE CHRISTIAN'S HOME. 11s.

'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!

2 Sweet bonds, that unite all the children peace;
And thrice blessed Jesus, whose love can ot 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;
Inspire 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 nome

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Prepare me dear Saviour,
For heaven, my home.

690 REJOICING IN PROSPECT OF HEAVEN. C. M.

SING, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Your great Deliverer sing:
Pilgrims for Sion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King.

2 A Hand divine shall lead you on,
Through all the blissful road:
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your smiling God.

3 The garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head;
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows, all are fled.

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

691 HEAVEN ATTAINED BY FOLLOWING CHRIST. C. M.

GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them, whence their victory came?
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.

4 They marked the footsteps that He trod,
His zeal inspired their breast:
And following their incarnate God,
Possessed the promised rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For His own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

692 PRAISES OF HEAVEN. L. M.

HARK! how the choral song of heaven
Swells full of peace and joy above;
Hark! how they strike their golden harps,
And raise the tuneful notes of love.

2 No anxious care nor thrilling grief,
No deep despair, nor gloomy woe
They feel, when high their lofty strains
In noblest, sweetest concord flow.

3 When shall we join the heavenly host,
Who sing Immanuel's praise on high,
And leave behind our doubts and fears
To swell the chorus of the sky?

4 O! come thou rapture-bringing morn,
And usher in the joyful day;
We long to see thy rising sun
Drive all these clouds of grief away.

693 FREEDOM FROM SIN AND MISERY IN HEAVEN. C. M.

OUR sins, alas! how strong they be!
And like a raging sea,
They break our duty, Lord, to Thee,
And hurry us away.

2 The waves of trouble how they rise!
How loud the tempests roar!
But death shall land our weary souls
Safe on the heavenly shore.

3 There to fulfil His sweet commands
Our speedy feet shall move;
No sin shall clog our winged zeal,
Or cool our burning love.

4 There shall we sit, and sing, and tell
The wonders of His grace,
Till heavenly raptures fire our hearts,
And smile in every face.

5 For ever His dear, sacred name
Shall dwell upon our tongue,
And Jesus and salvation be
The close of every song.

694 Praise of the Redeemed in Heaven. 7s.

HIGH, in yonder realms of light,
Dwell the raptured saints above;
Far beyond our feeble sight,
Happy in Immanuel's love:
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Once they knew, like us below,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,
Torturing pain, and heavy woe.

2 Oft the big unbidden tear,
Stealing down the furrowed cheek,
Told, in eloquence sincere,
Tales of woe they could not speak.
But these days of weeping o'er,
Past this scene of toil and pain,
They shall feel distress no more,
Never, never weep again.

3 'Mid the chorus of the skies,
'Mid the angelic lyres above,
Hark! their songs melodious rise,
Songs of praise to Jesus' love.

Happy spirits, ye are fled,
Where no grief can entrance find;
Lulled to rest the aching head,
Soothed the anguish of the mind.

4 All is tranquil and serene,
Calm and undisturbed repose;
There no cloud can intervene,
There no angry tempest blows.
Every tear is wiped away,
Sighs no more shall heave the breast;
Night is lost in endless day,
Sorrow, in eternal rest.

695 FOR EVER WITH THE LORD. S. M.

"FOR ever with the Lord!"
Amen; so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's far-seeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!

4 "For ever with the Lord!"
—Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word,
Even here to me fulfil.

5 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

6 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"For ever with the Lord!"

696 THE REST OF HEAVEN. C. P. M.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distrest,
A balm for every wounded breast,
'Tis found above—in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.

3 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.

4 There, fragrant flowers, immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There, rays divine disperse the gloom—
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

697 HEAVEN THE CHRISTIAN'S HOME. 6s & 4s.

I'M but a stranger here,
Heav'n is my home;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heav'n is my home;
Dangers and sorrows stand
Round me on every hand,
Heav'n is my Father-land,
Heav'n is my home.

2 What though the tempests rage,
Heav'n is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heav'n is my home;
And time's wild wintry blast
Soon will be over past,
I shall reach home at last,—
Heav'n is my home.

3 Therefore I murmur not,
Heav'n is my home;
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heav'n is my home;
And I shall surely stand
There at my Lord's right hand;
Heav'n is my Father-land,—
Heav'n is my home.

4 There, at my Saviour's side,
Heav'n is my home;
I shall be glorified,
Heav'n is my home;
There are the good and blest:
Those I love most and best;
There too I soon shall rest,
Heav'n is my home.

DOXOLOGIES.

C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

C. M.

LET God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be adored,
Where there are works to make Him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

C. M. D.

THE God of mercy be adored,
Who calls our souls from death:
Who saves by His redeeming Word,
And new creating breath.

2 To praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, all divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let saints and angels join.

L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

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.

L. M. D.

GLORY to God the Trinity,
Whose name has mysteries unknown;
In essence One, in persons Three;
A social nature, yet alone.

2 When all our noblest powers are joined,
The honours of Thy name to raise:
Thy glories overmatch our mind,
And angels faint beneath the praise.

S. M.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, love the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

S. M.

GIVE to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of His grace
Be equal honours done.

S. M. D.

WE bless the Father's name,
Who chose us in His love:
To God the Son, we give the same,
Our Advocate above.

2 The Spirit too we bless,
And raise His honours high;
Who conquers by His sovereign grace,
And brings us strangers nigh.

H. M.

TO God the Father's throne,
Perpetual honours raise;
Glory to God the Son;
To God the Spirit praise:
With all our powers, eternal King,
Thy name we sing, while faith adores.

L. C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be praise amid the heavenly host,
And in the church below;
From whom all creatures draw their breath,
By whom redemption blessed the earth,
From whom all comforts flow.

L. P. M.

NOW to the great, and sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal power and glory given,
Through all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heaven.

5s & 6s.

BY angels in heaven
Of every degree,
And saints upon earth,
All praise be addressed
To God in three Persons,
One God ever blest:
As it has been, now is,
And always shall be.

7s.

SING we to our God above,
Praise eternal as His love;
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

7s.

HOLY Father, holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One!
Glory as of old to Thee
Now and evermore shall be.

7s.

PRAISE the name of God most high,
Praise Him, all below the sky,
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost:
As through countless ages past,
Evermore His praise shall last.

7s & 6s.

TO the Father, to the Son,
And Spirit ever blessed,
Everlasting Three in One,
All worship be addressed.
Praise from all above, below,
As throughout the ages past,
Now is given, and shall be so,
While endless ages last.

8s.

ALL praise to the Father, the Son,
And Spirit, thrice holy and blessed,
The eternal, supreme Three in One,
Was, is, and shall still be addressed.

8s & 7s.

PRAISE the Father, earth, and heaven;
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise;
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days.

8s & 7s.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above.
Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

8s, 7s & 4s.

GLORY be to God the Father,
Glory to the eternal Son;
Sound aloud the Spirit's praises;
Join the elders round the throne;
Hallelujah,
Hail the glorious Three in One.

11s.

O FATHER Almighty, To Thee be addressed,
With Christ and the Spirit, one God, ever blest,
All glory and worship from earth, and from heaven,
As was, and is now, and shall ever be given.

11s & 8s.

ALL praise to the Father, all praise to the Son,
All praise to the Spirit, thrice blest.
The Holy, Eternal, Supreme Three in One,
Was, is, and shall still be addressed.

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GLORY, honour, praise and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever;
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer:
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546 Here at Thy cross incarnate God.....*Anon.*
568 Here in Thy name eternal God.....*Anon.*
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694 High in yonder realms of light.....*Raffles.*
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34 Holy Father hear our cry.....*Bonar.*
447 Hosanna with a cheerful sound.....*Watts.*
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265 How happy are they.....*Wesley.*
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536 How large the promise, how divine.....*Watts.*
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