A COLECTION OF HYMNS,

FOR THE USE OF THE PEOPLE CALLED

METHODISTS.

THE SEVENTH EDITION.

LONDON:

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THE PREFACE.

1. FOR many years I have been importuned to publiſh ſuch a HYMN BOOK, as might be generally uſed in all our Congregations throughout *Great-Britain* and *Ireland*. I have hitherto withſtood the importunity, as I believed ſuch a Publication was needleſs, conſidering the various Hymn-Books, which my Brother and I have publiſhed within theſe forty years laſt paſt; ſo that it may be doubted, whether any religious Community in the world has a greater variety of them.

2. But it has been anſwered, "Such a Publication is highly needful upon this very account; for the greater part of the people being poor, are not able to purchaſe ſo many books. And thoſe that have purchaſed them, are as it were bewildered in the immenſe variety. There is therefore ſtill wanting a proper Collection of Hymns for general uſe, carefully made out of all theſe books; and one compriſed in ſo moderate a compaſs, as neither to be cumberſome nor expenſive."

3. It has been replied, "You have ſuch a Collection already (intitled, HYMNS and SPIRITUAL SONGS) which I extracted ſeveral years ago, from a variety of Hymn Books." But it is objected, "This is in the other extreme: it is

abundantly too ſmall. It does not, it cannot in ſo narrow a compaſs, contain variety enough: not ſo much as we want, among whom ſinging makes ſo conſiderable a part of the public ſervice. What we want is, a Collection, neither too large, that it may be cheap and portable, nor too ſmall, that it may contain a ſufficient variety for all ordinary occaſions."

4. Such a *Hymn Book* you have now before you. It is not ſo large as to be either cumberſome, or expenſive. And it is large enough to contain ſuch a variety of hymns, as will not ſoon be worne thread-bare. It is large enough to contain all the important truths of our moſt holy Religion, whether ſpeculative or practical: yea, to illuſtrate them all, and to prove them both by ſcripture and reaſon. And this is done in a regular order. The hymns are not careleſly jumbled together; but carefully ranged under proper heads, according to the experience of real Chriſtians. So that this book is in effect, a little body of experimental and practical divinity.

5. As but a ſmall part of theſe hymns are of my compoſing, I do not think it inconſiſtent with modeſty to declare, that I am perſuaded, no ſuch Hymn Book as this has yet been publiſhed in the *Engliſh* language. In what other publication of the kind have you ſo diſtinct and full an account of ſcriptural Chriſtianity? Such a declaration of the heights and depths of Religion, ſpeculative and practical? So ſtrong cautions againſt the moſt plauſible Errors; particularly thoſe that are now moſt prevalent? And ſo clear directions for making your calling

and

and election ſure; for perfecting holineſs in the fear of God?

6. May I be permitted to add a few words with regard to the poetry? Then I will ſpeak to thoſe who are judges thereof, with all freedom and unreſerve. To theſe I may ſay, without offence, 1. In theſe hymns there is no doggerel; no botches; nothing put in to patch up the rhyme; no feeble expletives. 2. Here is nothing turgid or bombaſt on the one hand, or low and creeping on the other. 3. Here are no *cant* expreſſions; no words without meaning. Thoſe who impute this to us, know not what they ſay. We talk common ſenſe (whether they underſtand it or not) both in verſe and proſe, and uſe no word but in a fixt and determinate ſenſe. 4. Here are (allow me to ſay) both the purity, the ſtrength, and the elegance of the *Engliſh* language: and at the ſame time the utmoſt ſimplicity and plainneſs, ſuited to every capacity. Laſtly, I deſire men of taſte to judge (theſe are the only competent judges) whether there is not in ſome of the following verſes the true Spirit of Poetry: ſuch as cannot be acquired by art and labour; but muſt be the gift of Nature. By labour a man may become a tolerable imitator of SPENCER, SHAKESPEAR, or MILTON, and may heap together pretty compound epithets, as *pale-eyed*, *meek-eyed*, and the like. But unleſs he is *born* a Poet, he will never attain the genuine *Spirit of Poetry*.

7. And here I beg leave to mention a thought, which has been long upon my mind, and which I ſhould long ago have inſerted in the public

papers, had I not been unwilling to ſtir up a neſt of hornets. Many Gentlemen have done my Brother and me (though without naming us) the honour to reprint many of our hymns. Now they are perfectly welcome ſo to do, provided they print them juſt as they are. But I deſire, they would not attempt to *mend* them: for they really are not able. None of them is able to mend either the ſenſe, or the verſe. Therefore I muſt beg of them, one of theſe two favours: either to let them ſtand juſt as they are, to take them for better for worſe: or to add the true reading in the margin, or at the bottom of the page; that we may no longer be accountable either for the nonſenſe, or for the doggerel of other men.

3. But to return. What *is of infinitely* more moment than *the Spirit of Poetry*, is the Spirit of Piety. And I truſt all perſons of real judgment will find this breathing through the whole Collection. It is in this view chiefly, that I would recommend it to every truly pious Reader, as a means of raiſing, or quickening the ſpirit of devotion; of confirming his faith; of enlivening his hope; and of kindling or increaſing his love to God and man. When Poetry thus keeps its place, as the handmaid of Piety, it ſhall attain, not a poor periſhable wreath, but a crown that fadeth not away.

JOHN WESLEY.

London, Oct. 20, 1779.

A

Collection of Hymns.

PART I.

Containing Introductory Hymns.

SECTION I.

Exhorting, and beſeeching to return to God.

HYMN I. [*Birſtal Tune.*

1 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 charms 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 cancell'd ſin,
He ſets the priſoner free:
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood avail'd for me.

5 Hear him, ye deaf: his praiſe, ye dumb,
Your looſen'd tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy!

6 Look unto him, ye nations, own
Your God, ye fallen race;
Look, and be ſav'd through faith alone,
Be juſtifi'd by grace.

7 See all your ſins on Jeſus laid:
The Lamb of God was ſlain,
His ſoul was once an offering made
For every ſoul of man.

8 Awake from guilty nature's ſleep,
And Chriſt ſhall give you light;
Caſt all your ſins into the deep,
And waſh the Æthiop white:

9 With me your chief you then ſhall know,
Shall feel your ſins forgiven;
Anticipate your heaven below,
And own that love is heaven.

HYMN II. [*The Invitation.*

1 COME, ſinners, to the goſpel-feaſt;
Let every ſoul be Jeſu's gueſt;
Ye need not one be left behind;
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all:
Come all the world: come, ſinner, thou;
All things in Chriſt are ready now.

3 Come all ye ſouls by ſin oppreſt,
Ye reſtleſs wanderers after reſt;
Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,
In Chriſt a hearty welcome find.

4 Come, and partake the goſpel-feaſt,
Be ſaved from ſin; in Jeſus reſt;
O taſte the goodneſs of your God,
And eat his fleſh, and drink his blood.

5 Ye vagrant ſouls, on you I call;
(O that my voice could reach you all!)
Ye all are freely juſtifi'd;
Ye all may live: for Chriſt hath died.

6 My meſſage as from God receive:
Ye all may come to Chriſt, and live:
O let his love your hearts conſtrain,
Nor ſuffer him to die in vain!

7 His love is mighty to compel:
His conquering love conſent to feel;
Yield to his love's reſiſtleſs pow'r;
And fight againſt your God no more.

8 See him ſet forth before your eyes,
That precious bleeding ſacrifice!
His offer'd benefits embrace,
And freely now be ſav'd by grace!

9 This is the time: no more delay!
This is the acceptable day,
Come in, this moment, at his call,
And live for him, who died for all!

HYMN III. [*Tallis's.*

1 O All that paſs by, To Jeſus draw near.
He utters a cry; Ye ſinners give ear!
From hell to retrieve you He ſpreads out his hands;
Now, now to receive you, He graciouſly ſtands.

2 If any man thirſt, And happy would be,
The vileſt and worſt May come unto me;
May drink of my Spirit, (Excepted is none,)
Lay claim to my merit, And take for his own.

3 Whoever receives The life-giving word,
In Jeſus believes, His God and his Lord,
In him a pure river Of life ſhall ariſe:
Shall in the believer Spring up to the ſkies.

4 My God, and my Lord! Thy call I obey;
My ſoul on thy word Of promiſe I ſtay:
Thy kind invitation I gladly embrace;
Athirſt for ſalvation, Salvation by grace.

5 O haſten the hour! Send down from above
The ſpirit of power, Of health and of love:
Of filial fear, Of knowledge and grace;
Of wiſdom, of prayer, Of joy, and of praiſe:

6 The ſpirit of faith, Of faith in thy blood;
Which ſaves us from wrath, And brings us to God:
Removes the huge mountain Of indwelling ſin,
And opens a fountain That waſhes us clean.

HYMN IV. [*Angel Hymn.*

1 HO! every one that thirſts, draw nigh;
('Tis God invites the fallen race;)
Mercy and free ſalvation buy;
Buy wine, and milk, and goſpel-grace.

2 Come to the living waters, come!
Sinners, obey your Maker's call;
Return, ye weary wanderers, home,
And find my grace is free for all.

3 See from the Rock a fountain riſe!
For you in healing ſtreams it rolls:
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye labouring, burthen'd, ſin-ſick ſouls.

4 Nothing

4 Nothing ye in exchange ſhall give,
Leave all you have, and are behind;
Frankly the gift of God receive,
Pardon and peace in Jeſus find.

5 Why ſeek ye that which is not bread,
Nor can your hungry ſouls ſuſtain?
On aſhes, huſks, and air ye feed;
Ye ſpend your little all in vain.

6 In ſearch of empty joys below,
Ye toil with unavailing ſtrife;
Whither, ah! whither would ye go?
I have the words of endleſs life.

7 Hearken to me with earneſt care,
And freely eat ſubſtantial food;
The ſweetneſs of my mercy ſhare,
And taſte that I alone am good.

8 I bid you all my goodneſs prove,
My promiſes for all are free:
Come, taſte the manna of my love,
And let your ſoul delight in me.

9 Your willing ear and heart incline,
My words believingly receive;
Quicken'd your ſouls by faith divine,
An everlaſting life ſhall live.

HYMN V. [*Newcaſtle.*

1 THY faithfulneſs, Lord, Each moment we find
So true to thy word, So loving and kind!
Thy mercy ſo tender To all the loſt race:
The fouleſt offender May turn and find grace.

2 The mercy I feel, To others I ſhew;
I ſet to my ſeal, That Jeſus is true:
Ye all may find favour, Who come at his call,
O come to my Saviour: His grace is for all.

3 To ſave what was loſt From heaven he came:
Come, Sinners, and truſt in Jeſus's name!
He offers you pardon; He bids you be free!
If ſin is your burden, O come unto me!

4 O let me commend My Saviour to you;
The publican's friend, And advocate too;
For you he is pleading His merits and death:
With God interceding For ſinners beneath.

5 Then let us ſubmit His grace to receive;
Fall down at his feet, And gladly believe:
We all are forgiven, For Jeſus's ſake:
Our title to heaven His merits we take.

HYMN VI. [*Holham's.*

Why will ye die, O Houſe of Iſrael! Ezek. xviii. 31.

1 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?
God, who did your ſouls retrieve,
Died himſelf that ye might live.
Will ye let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ranſomed ſinners, why,
Will ye ſlight his grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, aſks you why?

He

He, who all your lives hath ſtrove,
Woo'd you to embrace his love.
Will ye not the grace receive?
Will ye ſtill refuſe to live?
Why, ye long-fought ſinners, why
Will ye grieve your God, and die?

4 Dead, already dead within,
Spiritually dead in ſin;
Dead to God, while here ye breath,
Pant ye after ſecond death?
Will ye ſtill in ſin remain,
Greedy of eternal pain?
O ye dying ſinners, why,
Why will ye for ever die?

HYMN VII. [*Hotham.*

1 LET the beaſts their breath reſign,
Strangers to the life divine;
Who their God can never know,
Let their ſpirit downward go.
Ye for higher ends were born:
Ye may all to God return,
Dwell with him above the ſky:
Why will ye for ever die?

2 Ye, on whom he favours ſhowers,
Ye, poſſeſt of nobler powers,
Ye, of reaſon's powers poſſeſt,
Ye, with will and mem'ry bleſt:
Ye, with finer ſenſe endu'd,
Creatures capable of God;
Nobleſt of his creatures, why,
Why will ye for ever die?

3 Ye, whom he ordain'd to be
Tranſcripts of the Trinity:
Ye, whom he in life doth hold,
Ye, for whom himſelf was ſold:

Ye,

Ye, on whom he ſtill doth wait,
Whom he would again create;
Made by him, and purchaſ'd, why
Why will ye for ever die?

4 Ye, who own his record true,
Ye, his choſen people, too,
Ye, who call the Saviour Lord,
Ye, who read his written word;
Ye, who ſee the goſpel light,
Claim a crown in Jeſu's right;
Why will ye, ye Chriſtians, why
Will the houſe of Iſrael die?

HYMN VIII. [*Hotham.*

1 WHAT could your Redeemer do
More than he hath done for you?
To procure your peace with God,
Could he more than ſhed his blood?
After all his waſte of love,
All his drawings from above,
Why will ye your Lord deny?
Why will ye reſolve to die?

2 Turn, he cries, ye ſinners turn:
By his life your God hath ſworn;
He would have you turn and live,
He would all the world receive;
If your death were his delight,
Would he you to life invite?
Would he aſk, obteſt, and cry,
Why will ye reſolve to die?

3 Sinners, turn, while God is near:
Dare not think him inſincere:
Now, ev'n now, your Saviour ſtands,
All day long he ſpreads his hands;
Cries, ye will not happy be;
No, ye will not come to me!

Me,

Me, who life to none deny:
Why will ye reſolve to die?

4 Can ye doubt if God is love?
If to all his bowels move?
Will ye not his word receive?
Will ye not his oath believe?
See, the ſuffering God appears!
Jeſus weeps: believe his tears!
Mingled with his blood they cry,
Why will ye reſolve to die?

HYMN IX. [*The Invitation.*

1 SINNERS, obey the goſpel-word!
Haſte to the ſupper of my Lord;
Be wiſe to know your gracious day!
All things are ready: come away!

2 Ready the Father is to own,
And kiſs his late-returning ſon:
Ready your loving Saviour ſtands,
And ſpreads for you his bleeding hands.

3 Ready the ſpirit of his love,
Juſt now the ſtony to remove:
T' apply, and witneſs with the blood,
And waſh, and ſeal the ſons of God.

4 Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your bleſt eſtate:
Tuning their harps they long to praiſe
The wonders of redeeming grace.

5 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt
Is ready with their ſhining hoſt:
All heaven is ready to reſound,
"The dead's alive! The loſt is found."

6 Come

6 Come then, ye ſinners, to your Lord,
In Chriſt to paradiſe reſtor'd:
His profer'd benefits embrace,
The plenitude of goſpel-grace:

7 A pardon written with his blood,
The favour and the peace of God;
The ſeeing eye, the feeling ſenſe,
The myſtic joys of penitence:

8 The godly fear, the pleaſing ſmart,
The meltings of a broken heart:
The tears that tell your ſins forgiven:
The ſighs that waft your ſouls to heaven:

9 The guiltleſs ſhame, the ſweet diſtreſs,
'Th' unutterable tenderneſs;
The genuine meek humility;
The wonder, "Why ſuch love to me!"

10 Th' o'erwhelming power of ſaving grace,
The ſight that veils the ſeraph's face;
The ſpeechleſs awe that dares not move,
And all the ſilent heaven of love.

HYMN X. [*Newcaſtle.*

1 YE thirſty for God, To Jeſus give ear;
And take through his blood a power to draw near;
His kind invitation Ye ſinners embrace,
The ſenſe of ſalvation, Acceptance through grace.

2 Sent down from above, Who governs the ſkies,
In vehement love To ſinners he cries,
Drink into my ſpirit! Who happy would be,
And all things inherit, by coming to me.

3 O Saviour of all, Thy word we believe,
And come at thy call, Thy grace to receive:

The

The bleſſing is given, Wherever thou art:
The earneſt of heaven Is love in the heart.

4 To us at thy feet The comforter give,
Who gaſp to admit Thy Spirit and live,
The weakeſt believers Acknowledge for thine;
And fill us with rivers Of water divine.

HYMN XI. [*Canon.*

3 GOD, the offended God moſt high,
Ambaſſadors to rebels ſends;
His meſſengers his place ſupply,
And Jeſus begs us to be friends.

2 Us, in the ſtead of Chriſt, they pray;
Us in the ſtead of God intreat,
To caſt our arms, our ſins away,
And find forgiveneſs at his feet.

3 Our God in Chriſt, thine embaſſy,
And proffer'd mercy we embrace:
And gladly reconcil'd to thee,
Thy condeſcending mercy praiſe.

4 Poor debtors, by our Lord's requeſt,
A full acquittance we receive!
And criminals with pardon bleſt,
We, at our Judge's inſtance live.

SECTION II.

1. *Deſcribing the pleaſantneſs of Religion.*

HYMN XII. [*Lampe's.*

3 COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known:
Join in a ſong with ſweet accord,
While ye ſurround his throne;

Let

Let thoſe refuſe to ſing,
Who never knew our God:
But ſervants of the heavenly King
May ſpeak their joys abroad.

2 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth ſurveys,
That rides upon the ſtormy ſky,
And calms the roaring ſeas;
This awful God is ours,
Our father and our love;
He will ſend down his heavenly powers,
To carry us above.

3 There we ſhall ſee his face,
And never, never ſin,
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endleſs pleaſures in:
Yea, and before we riſe,
To that immortal ſtate,
The thoughts of ſuch amazing bliſs
Should conſtant joys create.

4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below:
Celeſtial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow:
Then let our ſongs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

HYMN XIII. [*Arne.*

1 HAPPY ſoul, that free from harms,
Reſts within his Shepherd's arms!
Who his quiet ſhall moleſt?
Who ſhall violate his reſt?
Jeſus doth his ſpirit bear,
Jeſus takes his every care;

He who found the wand'ring ſheep,
Jeſus ſtill delights to keep.

3 Oh that I might ſo believe,
Stedfaſt.y to Jeſus cleave;
On his only love rely,
Smile at the deſtroyer nigh!
Free from ſin and ſervile fear,
Have my Jeſus ever near;
All his care rejoice to prove:
All his paradiſe of love!

3 Jeſu, ſeek thy wand'ring ſheep:
Bring me back, and lead, and keep;
Take on thee my ev'ry care;
Bear me, on thy boſom bear:
Let me know my Shepherd's voice,
More and more in thee rejoice;
More and more of thee receive,
Ever in thy ſpirit live:

4 Live, till all thy life I know,
Perfect through my Lord below:
Gladly then from earth remove,
Gather'd to the fold above;
O that I at laſt may ſtand
With the ſheep at thy right-hand;
Take the crown ſo freely given;
Enter in by thee to heaven!

HYMN XIV. [*Stanton.*

1 HAPPY the man that finds the grace,
The bleſſing of God's choſen race,
The wiſdom coming from above,
The faith that ſweetly works by love.

2 Happy beyond deſcription he,
Who knows the Saviour died for me;
The gift unſpeakable obtains,
And heavenly underſtanding gains.

3 Wifdom divine! Who tells the price
Of wifdom's coftly merchandife?
Wifdom to filver we prefer,
And gold is duft compar'd to her.

4 Her hands are fill'd with length of days,
True riches and immortal praife:
Riches of Chrift on all beftow'd,
And honour, that defcends from God.

5 To pureft joys fhe all invites,
Chafte, holy, fpiritual delights;
Her ways are ways of pleafantnefs,
And all her flow'ry paths are peace.

6 Happy the man, who wifdom gains:
Thrice happy, who his gueft retains;
He owns, and fhall for ever own,
Wifdom, and Chrift, and heaven are one.

HYMN XV. [*Spitalfields.*

1 HAPPY the fouls to Jefus join'd,
And fav'd by grace alone:
Walking in all his ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

2 The church triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know:
They fing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

3 Thee in thy glorious realm they praife,
And bow before thy throne!
We in the kingdom of thy grace:
The kingdoms are but one.

4 The holy to the holieft leads:
From thence our fpirits rife:
And he that in thy fanctuary treads,
Shall meet thee in the fkies.

HYMN XVI. [*Athlone.*

PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANITY.

Part the First.

1 HAPPY the ſouls that firſt believ'd,
To Jeſus and each other cleav'd:
Join'd by the Unction from above,
In myſtic fellowſhip of love.

2 Meek ſimple followers of the Lamb,
They lived, and ſpake, and thought the ſame;
They joyfully conſpired to raiſe
Their ceaſeleſs ſacrifice of praiſe.

3 With grace abundantly endu'd,
A pure, believing multitude:
They all were of one heart and ſoul,
And only love inſpired the whole.

4 O what an age of golden days;
O what a choice, *peculiar* race!
Waſh'd in the Lamb's all-cleanſing blood,
Anointed kings and prieſts to God!

5 Where ſhall I wander now to find
The ſucceſſors they left behind?
The faithful, whom I ſeek in vain,
Are miniſh'd from the ſons of men.

6 Ye different ſects, who all declare,
Lo, here is Chriſt, or Chriſt is there!
Your ſtronger proofs divinely give,
And *ſhew me* where the Chriſtians live.

7 Your claim, alas! ye cannot prove;
Ye want the genuine mark of love:
Thou only, Lord, thine own canſt ſhow,
For ſure thou haſt a church below.

8 The gates of hell cannot prevail;
The church on earth can never fail;

Ah,

Ah, join me to thy ſecret ones!
Ah, gather all thy living ſtones!

9 Scatter'd o'er all the earth they lie,
Till thou collect them with thine eye;
Drawn by the muſic of thy Name,
And charm into a beauteous frame.

10 For this the pleading Spirit groans,
And cries in all thy baniſh'd ones:
Greateſt of gifts, thy love impart,
And make us of one mind and heart.

11 Join every ſoul that looks to thee
In bonds of perfect charity:
Now, Lord, the glorious fulneſs give,
And all in all for ever live.

HYMN XVII. [*Angel Song.*

Part the Second.

1 JESUS, from whom all bleſſings flow,
Great builder of thy Church below,
If now thy ſpirit moves my breaſt;
Hear, and fulfil thine own requeſt!

2 The few that truly call thee Lord,
And wait thy ſanctifying word;
And thee their utmoſt Saviour own,
Unite, and perfect them in one.

3 O let them all thy mind expreſs,
Stand forth thy choſen witneſſes:
Thy power unto ſalvation ſhow,
And perfect holineſs below.

4 In them let all mankind behold,
How Chriſtians liv'd in days of old;
Mighty their envious foes to move,
A proverb of reproach—and love.

5 Call them into thy wondrous light,
Worthy to walk with thee in white!
Make up thy jewels, Lord, and ſhow
The glorious, ſpotleſs church below!

6 From every ſinful wrinkle free,
Redeem'd from all iniquity,
The fellowſhip of ſaints make known!
And, O my God, might I be one!

7 O might my lot be caſt with theſe;
The leaſt of Jeſu's witneſſes!
O that my Lord would count me meet,
To waſh his dear diſciples' feet!

8 This only thing do I require:
Thou know'ſt 'tis all my heart's deſire,
Freely what I receive to give,
The ſervant of thy church to live.

9 After my lowly Lord to go,
And wait upon thy ſaints below;
Enjoy the grace to angels given,
And ſerve the royal heirs of heaven.

10 Lord, if I now thy drawings feel,
And aſk according to thy will;
Confirm the prayer, the ſeal impart,
And ſpeak the anſwer to my heart.

11 Tell me, or thou ſhalt never go,
"Thy prayer his heard; it ſhall be ſo!"
The word hath paſſ'd thy lips, and I
Shall with thy people live, and die.

HYMN XVIII. [*Amſterdam.*

1 MAKER, Saviour of mankind,
Who haſt on me beſtow'd
An Immortal ſoul, deſign'd
To be the houſe of God:

Come,

Come, and now reſide in me,
Never, never to remove;
Make me juſt, and good, like thee,
And full of power, and love!

2 Bid me in thy image riſe,
A ſaint, a creature new:
True, and merciful, and wiſe,
And pure, and happy too:
This thy primitive deſign,
That I ſhould in thee be bleſt;
Should within the arms divine
For ever, ever reſt.

3 Let thy will on me be done;
Fulfil my heart's deſire,
Thee to know, and love alone;
And riſe in raptures higher:
Thee deſcending on a cloud,
Till with raviſh'd eyes I ſee:
Then I ſhall be fill'd with God
To all eternity!

HYMN XIX. [*Tallis.*

1 REJOICE evermore With angels above,
In Jeſus's pow'r, In Jeſus's love;
With glad exultation, Your triumph proclaim,
Aſcribing ſalvation To God and the Lamb.

2 Thou, Lord, our relief In trouble haſt been;
Haſt ſav'd us from grief, Haſt ſav'd us from ſin;
The pow'r of thy Spirit, Hath ſet our hearts free;
And now we inherit All fulneſs in thee.

3 All fulneſs of peace, All fulneſs of joy,
And ſpiritual bliſs, That never ſhall cloy:
To us it is given In Jeſus to know
A kingdom of heaven, A heaven below.

4 No longer we join, While ſinners invite,
Nor envy the ſwine Their brutiſh delight;
Their joy is all ſadneſs, Their mirth is all vain,
Their laughter is madneſs, Their pleaſure is pain!

5 O might they at laſt With ſorrow return!
The pleaſures to taſte, For which they were born;
Our Jeſus receiving, Our happineſs prove,
The joy of believing, The heaven of love.

HYMN XX. [*Dedication.*

1 WEARY ſouls that wander wide
From the central point of bliſs,
Turn to Jeſus crucified,
Fly to thoſe dear wounds of his:
Sink into the purple flood;
Riſe into the life of God!

2 Find in Chriſt the way of peace,
Peace unſpeakable, unknown:
By his pain he gives you eaſe,
Life by his expiring groan;
Riſe exalted by his fall,
Find in Chriſt your all in all.

3 O believe the record true,
God to you his Son hath given!
Ye may now be happy too;
Find on earth the life of heaven;
Live the life of heaven above,
All the life of glorious love.

4 This the univerſal bliſs,
Bliſs for every ſoul deſigned;
God's original promiſe this,
God's great gift to all mankind:
Bleſt in Chriſt this moment be!
Bleſt to all eternity!

HYMN XXI. [*Olney.*

1 YE ſimple ſouls that ſtray
Far from the paths of peace,
(That lonely, unfrequented way
To life and happineſs:)
Why will ye folly love,
And throng the downward road,
And hate the wiſdom from above,
And mock the ſons of God?

2 Madneſs and miſery,
Ye count our life beneath;
And nothing great, or good can ſee,
Or glorious in our death;
As only born to grieve,
Beneath your feet we lie;
And utterly contemn'd we live,
And unlamented die.

3 So wretched and obſcure,
The men whom ye deſpiſe,
So fooliſh, impotent and poor,
Above your ſcorn we riſe;
We, through the Holy Ghoſt,
Can witneſs better things:
For he whoſe blood is all our boaſt,
Hath made us prieſts and kings.

4 Riches unſearchable
In Jeſu's love we know;
And pleaſures, ſpringing from the well
Of life, our ſouls o'erflow;
The ſpirit we receive
Of wiſdom, grace, and power:
And always ſorrowful, we live
Rejoicing evermore.

5 Angels our ſervants are,
And keep in all our ways,

And

And in their careful hands they bear
The sacred sons of grace:
Unto that heavenly bliss
They all our steps attend,
And God himself our father is,
And Jesus is our friend.

6 In him we walk in white;
We in his image shine;
Our robes are robes of glorious light,
Our righteousness divine,
On all the kings of earth
With pity we look down:
And claim, in virtue of our birth,
A never-fading crown.

HYMN XXII. [*Fetter-Lane.*

2. *Describing the goodness of God.*

1 BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nail'd to the shameful tree;
How vast the love that him inclin'd
To bleed and die for thee!

2 Hark, how he groans! while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend!
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid,
"Receive my soul," he cries!
See where he bows his sacred head!
He bows his head and dies.

4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine:
O Lamb of God! was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine!

HYMN XXIII. [*Pudſey.*

1 EXTENDED on a curſed tree,
Beſmear'd with duſt, and ſweat, and blood,
See there, the King of glory ſee!
Sinks, and expires the Son of God.

2 Who, who, my Saviour, this hath done?
Who could thy ſacred body wound?
No guilt thy ſpotleſs heart hath known,
No guile hath in thy lips been found.

3 I, I alone have done the deed!
'Tis I thy ſacred fleſh have tore!
My ſins have cauſed thee, Lord, to bleed;
Pointed the nail, and fixed the thorn.

4 The burden for me to ſuſtain
Too great, on thee, my Lord, was laid;
To heal me, thou haſt borne my pain;
To bleſs me, thou a curſe waſt made.

5 In the devouring lion's teeth,
Torn, and forſook of all I lay:
Thou ſprang'ſt into the jaws of death,
From death to ſave the helpleſs prey.

6 My Saviour, how ſhall I proclaim?
How pay the mighty debt I owe?
Let all I have, and all I am,
Ceaſeleſs to all thy glory ſhow.

7 Too much to thee I cannot give:
Too much I cannot do for thee;
Let all thy love, and all thy grief,
Graven on my heart for ever be!

8 The meek, the ſtill, the lowly mind
O may I learn from thee, my God:
And love, with ſofteſt pity join'd,
For thoſe that trample on thy blood:

9 Still

9 Still let thy tears, thy groans, thy ſighs,
O'erflow my eyes, and heave my breaſt;
Till looſe from fleſh and earth I riſe,
And ever in thy boſom reſt.

HYMN XXIV. [*Dreſden.*

1 YE that paſs by, behold the Man;
The Man of griefs condemn'd for you!
The Lamb of God, for ſinners ſlain,
Weeping to Calvary purſue!

2 See how his back the ſcourges tear,
While to the bloody pillar bound!
The ploughers make long furrows there,
Till all his body is one wound.

3 Nor can he thus their hate aſſuage;
His innocence to death purſued,
Muſt fully glut their utmoſt rage:
Hark! how they clamour for his blood!

4 To us our own Barabbas give!
Away with him, (they loudly cry:)
Away with him, not fit to live,
The vile ſeducer crucify!

5 His ſacred limbs they ſtretch, they tear,
With nails they faſten to the wood
His ſacred limbs—expoſed, and bare,
Or only covered with his blood.

6 See, there! his temples crown'd with thorn;
His bleeding hands extended wide!
His ſtreaming feet tranſfixt, and torn!
The fountain guſhing from his ſide!

7 Where is the King of glory now!
The everlaſting Son of God!
Th' Immortal hangs his languid brow:
Th' Almighty faints beneath his load!

8 Beneath *my* load he faints, and dies:
I fill'd his ſoul with pangs unknown:
I cauſed thoſe mortal groans, and cries:
I kill'd the Father's only ſon!

9 O thou dear ſuffering Son of God!
How doth thy heart to ſinners move!
Help me to catch thy precious blood,
Help me to taſte thy dying love!

10 Give me to feel thy agonies,
One drop of thy ſad cup afford!
I fain with thee would ſympathize.
And ſhare the ſufferings of my Lord.

11 The earth could to her centre quake,
Convulſed, while her Creator died;
O let my inmoſt nature ſhake,
And die with Jeſus crucified!

12 At thy laſt gaſp the graves diſplay'd
Their horrors to the upper ſkies;
O that my ſoul might burſt the ſhade,
And quickened by thy death ariſe!

13 The rocks could feel thy powerful death,
And tremble, and aſunder part:
O rend with thine expiring breath
The harder marble of my heart!

14 My ſtony heart thy voice ſhall rent,
Thou wilt, I truſt, the veil remove:
My inmoſt bowels ſhall reſent
The yearnings of thy dying love.

15 The grace I ſurely ſhall receive;
Thy death hath bought the grace for me;
This is my whole deſire, to live,
To live, and then to die in thee.

HYMN XXV. [*Complaint.*

1 I Thirſt, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To waſh me in thy cleanſing blood;
To dwell within thy wounds: then pain
Is ſweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
For ever cloſed to all but thee!
Seal thou my breaſt, and let me wear
That pledge of love for ever there.

3 How bleſt are they, who ſtill abide
Cloſe ſhelter'd in thy bleeding ſide!
Who life and ſtrength from thence derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live!

4 What are our works but ſin and death,
Till thou thy quickning ſpirit breathe!
Thou giv'ſt the power thy grace to move,
O wondrous grace! O boundleſs love!

5 How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou ſhouldſt us to glory bring?
Make ſlaves the partners of thy throne,
Deck'd with a never-fading crown?

6 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are loſt: nor will we know,
Nor will we think of ought beſide,
"My Lord, My Love is crucified."

7 Ah, Lord! enlarge our ſcanty thought,
To know the wonders thou haſt wrought!
Unlooſe our ſtamm'ring tongues to tell
Thy love immenſe, unſearchable!

8 Firſt-born of many brethren thou!
To thee, lo! all our ſouls we bow:
To thee our hearts and hands we give:
Thine may we die, thine may we live.

HYMN XXVI. [*West-Street.*

SAVIOUR, the world's and mine,
Was ever grief like thine!
Thou my pain, my curſe haſt took,
All my ſins were laid on thee:
Help me, Lord; to thee I look;
Draw me, Saviour, after thee.

2 'Tis done! My God hath died,
My Love is crucified!
Break this ſtony heart of mine,
Pour mine eyes a ceaſeleſs flood;
Feel, my ſoul, the pangs divine,
Catch, my heart, the iſſuing blood!

3 When, O my God! ſhall I
For thee ſubmit to die?
How the mighty debt repay?
Rival of thy paſſion prove?
Lead me in thyſelf the way,
Melt my hardneſs into love.

4 To love is all my wiſh,
I only live for this:
Grant me, Lord, my heart's deſire,
There by faith for ever dwell:
This I always will require,
Thee, and only thee to feel.

5 Thy power I pant to prove,
Rooted and fix'd in love;
Strengthen'd by thy Spirit's might,
Wide to fathom things divine,
What the length, and breadth, and height,
What the depth of love like thine.

6 Ah! give me this to know,
With all thy ſaints below;

Swells

Swells my ſoul to compaſs thee;
Gaſps in thee to live and move;
Fill'd with all the Deity,
All inmerſt and loſt in love!

HYMN XXVII. [112th *Pſalm.*

1 O Love divine! what haſt thou done;
Th' immortal God hath died for me!
The Father's co-eternal Son
Bore all my ſins upon the tree:
Th' immortal God for me hath died,
My Lord, my love is crucified.

2 Behold him, all ye that paſs by,
The bleeding Prince of Life and Peace!
Come, ſee, ye worms, your Maker die,
And ſay was ever grief like his!
Come, feel with me his blood applied:
My Lord, my love is crucified.

3 Is crucified for me and you,
To bring us rebels back to God;
Believe, believe the record true,
Ye all are bought with Jeſu's blood:
Pardon for all flows from his ſide;
My Lord, my Love is crucified.

4 Then let us ſit beneath his croſs,
And gladly catch the healing ſtream;
All things for him account but loſs,
And give up all our hearts to him:
Of nothing think or ſpeak beſide,
"My Lord, my Love is crucified."

HYMN XXVIII. [*Foundery.*

1 COME, ye weary ſinners, come,
All who groan to bear your load:
Jeſus calls his wanderers home;
Haſten to your pardoning God.

Come, ye guilty ſpirits oppreſs'd,
Anſwer to the Saviour's call.
"Come, and I will give you reſt,
"Come, and I will ſave you all."

2 Jeſus, full of truth and love,
We thy kindeſt word obey:
Faithful let thy mercies prove;
Take our load of guilt away:
Fain we would on thee rely,
Caſt on thee our ſin, and care:
To thine arms of mercy fly,
Find our laſting quiet there.

3 Burthen'd with a world of grief,
Burthen'd with our ſinful load,
Burthen'd with this unbelief;
Burthen'd with the wrath of God
Lo! we come to thee for eaſe,
True and gracious as thou art,
Now our groaning ſouls releaſe,
Write forgiveneſs on our heart.

HYMN XXIX. [*Frankfort.*

1 WHERE ſhall my wond'ring ſoul begin?
How ſhall I all to heaven aſpire;
A ſlave redeem'd from death and ſin,
A brand pluck'd from eternal fire:
How ſhall I equal triumphs raiſe,
Or ſing my great Deliverer's praiſe!

2 O how ſhall I the goodneſs tell,
Father, which thou to me haſt ſhow'd?
That I a child of wrath and hell,
I ſhould be call'd a child of God!
Should know, ſhould feel my ſins forgiven,
Bleſt with this antepaſt of heaven!

3 And ſhall I ſlight my Father's love?
Or baſely fear his gifts to own?
Unmindful of his favours prove?
Shall I, the hallow'd croſs to ſhun,
Refuſe his righteouſneſs t' impart,
By hiding it within my heart?

4 No, though the antient dragon rage,
And call forth all his hoſt to war;
Though earth's ſelf-righteous ſons engage,
Them and their god alike I dare:
Jeſus the ſinner's friend proclaim;
Jeſus, to ſinners ſtill the ſame.

5 Outcaſts of men, to you I call,
Harlots, and publicans, and thieves!
He ſpreads his arms t' embrace you all,
Sinners alone his grace receives:
No need of him the righteous have;
He came the loſt to ſeek and ſave.

6 Come, O my guilty brethren, come,
Groaning beneath your load of ſin;
His bleeding heart ſhall make you room,
His open ſide ſhall take you in:
He calls you now, invites you home,
Come, O my guilty brethren, come.

7 For you the purple current flow'd,
In pardon from his wounded ſide;
Languiſh'd for you th' eternal God,
For you the Prince of glory died:
Believe, and all your ſin's forgiv'n,
Only believe, and yours is heaven!

HYMN XXX. [*Frankfort.*

1 SEE, ſinners, in the goſpel-glaſs,
The friend and Saviour of mankind!
Not one of all th' apoſtate race,
But may in him ſalvation find;

His thoughts, and words, and actions prove,
His life and death—that God is love!

2 Behold the Lamb of God, who bears
The ſins of all the world away!
A ſervant's form he meekly wears,
He ſojourns in a houſe of clay;
His glory is no longer ſeen,
But God with God, is man with men.

3 See where the God-incarnate ſtands,
And calls his wand'ring creatures home:
He all day long ſpreads out his hands,
"Come, weary ſouls, to Jeſus come!
"Ye all may hide you in my breaſt;
"Believe, and I will give you reſt.

4 "Ah! do not of my goodneſs doubt,
"My ſaving grace for all is free;
"I will in no wiſe caſt him out,
"That comes a ſinner unto me;
"I can to none myſelf deny.
"Why, ſinners, will ye periſh, why?"

HYMN XXXI. [*Cary's.*

1 SINNERS, believe the goſpel-word,
Jeſus is come your ſouls to ſave!
Jeſus is come, your common Lord:
Pardon ye all in him may have,
May now be ſaved, who ever will;
This man receiveth ſinners ſtill.

2 See where the lame, the halt, the blind,
The deaf, the dumb, the ſick, the poor,
Flock to the Friend of human-kind,
And freely all accept their cure:
To whom did he his help deny?
Whom in his days of fleſh paſs by?

3 Did

3 Did not his word the fiends expel?
The lepers cleanſe, and raiſe the dead?
Did he not all their ſickneſs heal?
And ſatisfy their every need?
Did he reject his helpleſs clay?
Or ſend them ſorrowful away?

4 Nay, but his bowels yearn'd to ſee
The people hungry, ſcatter'd, faint:
Nay, but he utter'd over thee,
Jeruſalem, a true complaint;
Jeruſalem, who ſhedſt his blood,
That with his tears for thee hath flow'd.

HYMN XXXII. [*Mourners.*

1 WOULD Jeſus have the ſinner die?
Why hangs he then on yonder tree?
What means that ſtrange expiring cry?
(Sinners, he prays for you and me;)
"Forgive them, Father, O forgive,
"They know not, that by *me* they live!"

2 Adam deſcended from above,
Our loſs of Eden to retrieve,
Great God of univerſal love,
If all the world through thee may live,
In us a quick'ning ſpirit be,
And witneſs thou haſt died for me.

3 Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb,
Thee, by thy painful agony,
Thy bloody ſweat, thy grief and ſhame,
Thy croſs, and paſſion on the tree,
Thy precious death and life, I pray,
Take all, take all my ſins away!

4 O let me kiſs thy bleeding feet,
And bathe, and waſh them with thy tears,
The ſtory of thy love repeat
In ev'ry drooping ſinner's ears;

That all may hear the quick'ning ſound;
If I, even I have mercy found!

5 O let thy love my heart conſtrain,
Thy love for ev'ry ſinner free,
That ev'ry fallen ſoul of man
May taſte the grace that found out me;
That all mankind with me may prove
Thy ſovreign, everlaſting love.

HYMN XXXIII. [*Trumpet.*

1 LET earth and heaven agree,
Angels and men be join'd,
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of mankind;
T' adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bleſs the ſound of Jeſu's name.

2 Jeſus, tranſporting ſound!
The joy of earth and heaven;
No other help is found:
No other name is given;
By which we can ſalvation have:
But Jeſus came the world to ſave.

3 Jeſus, harmonious name!
It charms the hoſts above;
They evermore proclaim,
And wonder at his love;
'Tis all their happineſs to gaze,
'Tis heaven to ſee our Jeſu's face.

4 His name the ſinner hears,
And is from ſin ſet free:
'Tis muſic in his ears,
'Tis life and victory:
New ſongs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.

5 Stung

5 Stung by the ſcorpion ſin,
My poor expiring ſoul
The balmy ſound drinks in,
And is at once made whole;
See there my Lord upon the tree!
I hear, I feel, he died for me.

6 O unexampled love!
O all-redeeming grace;
How ſwiftly didſt thou move
To ſave a fallen race;
What ſhall I do to make it known,
What thou for all mankind haſt done!

7 O for a trumpet-voice!
On all the world to call;
To bid their hearts rejoice
In him who died for all!
For all my Lord was crucified,
For all, for all my Saviour died!

8 To ſerve thy bleſſed will,
Thy dying love to praiſe,
Thy counſel to fulfil,
And miniſter thy grace,
Freely what I receive to give,
The life of heaven on earth I live.

HYMN XXXIV. [*Birſtal.*

1 JESUS, thou all-redeeming Lord,
Thy bleſſing we implore,
Open the door to preach thy word,
The great, effectual door.

2 Gather the outcaſts in, and ſave
From ſin and Satan's power!
And let them now acceptance have,
And know their gracious hour.

3 Lover of ſouls thou know'ſt to prize
What thou haſt bought ſo dear;
Come then, and in thy people's eyes
With all thy wounds appear!

4 Appear, as when of old confeſt
The ſuff'ring Son of God;
And let them ſee thee in thy veſt
But newly dipt in blood.

5 The ſtony from their hearts remove,
Thou, who for all haſt died;
Shew them the tokens of thy love,
Thy feet, thy hands, thy ſide.

6 Thy feet were nail'd to yonder tree,
To trample down their ſin;
Thy hands ſtretch'd out, that all may ſee,
To take thy murd'rers in.

7 Thy ſide an open fountain is,
Where all may freely go,
And drink the living ſtreams of bliſs,
And waſh them white as ſnow.

8 Ready thou art the blood t' apply,
And prove the record true;
And all thy wounds to ſinners cry,
"I ſuffer'd this for you!"

HYMN XXXV. [*Birſtal.*

1 LOVERS of pleaſure more than God,
For you he ſuffer'd pain:
Swearers, for you he ſpilt his blood;
And ſhall he bleed in vain?

2 Miſers, his life for you he paid,
Your baſeſt crime he bore:
Drunkards, your ſins on him were laid,
That ye might ſin no more.

3 The God of love on earth he came,
That ye might come to heaven;
Believe, believe in Jesu's name,
And all your sin's forgiven.

4 Believe in him that died for thee!
And sure as he hath died,
Thy debt is paid, thy soul is free,
And thou art justified.

HYMN XXXVI. [*Liverpool.*

1 JESUS, the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky:
Angels and men before it fall;
And devils fear and fly.

2 Jesus, the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given!
It scatters all their guilty fear;
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Pow'r into strengthless souls it speaks,
And life into the dead.

4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace!
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace.

5 O that my Jesu's heavenly charms
Might ev'ry bosom move!
Fly, sinners, fly into those arms
Of everlasting love.

6 His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim:
'Tis all my business here below,
To cry "Behold the Lamb!"

7 Happy, if with my lateſt breath
I may but gaſp his name!
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
Behold! behold the Lamb.

HYMN XXXVII. [*Magdalen.*

1 SAVIOUR, if thy precious love
Could be merited by mine,
Faith theſe mountains would remove;
Faith would make me ever thine.
But when all my care and pains
Worth can ne'er create in me,
Nought by me thy fulneſs gains;
Vain the hope to purchaſe thee.

2 Ceaſe, my child, thy worth to weigh,
Give the needleſs conteſt o'er:
Mine thou art: while thus I ſay,
Yield thee up, and aſk no more.
What thy eſtimate may be,
Only can by him be told,
Who to ranſom wretched thee,
Thee to gain, himſelf was ſold.

3 But when all in me is ſin,
How can I thy grace obtain?
How preſume thyſelf to win?
God of love, the doubt explain—
Or if thou the means ſupply,
Lo, to thee I all reſign;
Make me, Lord, (I aſk not why,
How I aſk not) ever thine.

HYMN XXXVIII. [*Triumph.*

1 YE neighbours and friends Of Jeſus draw near:
His love condeſcends, By titles ſo dear,
To call and invite you His triumph to prove,
And freely delight you In Jeſus's love.

2 The

2 The Shepherd who died His ſheep to redeem,
On every ſide Are gather'd to him,
The weary and burthen'd, The reprobate race,
And wait to be pardon'd, Through Jeſus's grace.

3 The blind are reſtor'd Through Jeſus's name;
They ſee their dear Lord, And follow the Lamb;
The halt, they are walking, And running their race;
The dumb, they are talking Of Jeſus's praiſe.

4 The deaf hear his voice And comforting word,
It bids them rejoice In Jeſus their Lord:
"Thy ſins are forgiven, Accepted thou art;"
They liſten, and heaven Springs up in their heart.

5 The lepers from all Their ſpots are made clean,
The dead by his call Are raiſed from their ſin:
In Jeſu's compaſſion The ſick find a cure:
And goſpel-ſalvation Is preach'd to the poor!

6 To us and to them Is publiſh'd the word:
Then let us proclaim Our life-giving Lord,
Who now is reviving His work in our days,
And mightily ſtriving To ſave us by grace.

7 O Jeſus, ride on, Till all are ſubdued;
Thy mercy make known, And ſprinkle thy blood!
Diſplay thy ſalvation, And teach the new ſong
To every nation, And people, and tongue!

HYMN XXXIX. [*Bexley.*

3. *Deſcribing Death.*

1 O God! our help in ages paſt,
Our hope for years to come,
Our ſhelter from the ſtormy blaſt,
And our eternal home;

2 Under

2 Under the ſhadow of thy throne
Still may we dwell ſecure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is ſure.

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

4 A thouſand ages in thy ſight
Are like an evening gone:
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the riſing ſun.

5 The buſy tribes of fleſh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward by the flood,
And loſt in following years.

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

7 O God! our help in ages paſt,
Our hope for years to come;
Be thou our guide while life ſhall laſt,
And our perpetual home.

HYMN XL. [*Chimes.*

1 THEE we adore, eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame!
What dying worms we be!

2 Our waſting lives grow ſhorter ſtill,
As days and months increaſe;
And ev'ry beating pulſe we tell,
Leaves but the number leſs.

3 The year rolls round, and ſteals away
The breath that firſt it gave:
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're trav'lling to the grave.

4 Dangers ſtand thick through all the ground,
To puſh us to the tomb;
And fierce diſeaſes wait around
To hurry mortals home.

5 Great God, on what a ſlender thread
Hang everlaſting things!
Th' eternal ſtates of all the dead
Upon life's feeble ſtrings!

6 Infinite joy and endleſs woe
Depend on ev'ry breath!
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death!

7 Waken, O Lord, our drowſy ſenſe
To walk this dangerous road;
And, if our ſouls be hurried hence,
May they be found with God!

HYMN XLI. [*Lampe.*

1 AND am I born to die?
To lay this body down?
And muſt my trembling ſpirit fly
Into a world unknown?
A land of deepeſt ſhade,
Unpierced by human thought!
The dreary regions of the dead,
Where all things are forgot!

2 Soon as from earth I go,
What will become of me?
Eternal happineſs or woe
Muſt then my portion be!

Wak'd by the trumpet's ſound,
I from my grave ſhall riſe,
And ſee the Judge with glory crown'd,
And ſee the flaming ſkies!

2 How ſhall I leave my tomb?
With triumph or regret?
A fearful, or a joyful doom?
A curſe, or bleſſing meet?
Will angel-bands convey
Their brother to the bar?
Or devils drag my ſoul away
To meet its ſentence there?

4 Who can reſolve the doubt,
That hovers in my breaſt?
Shall I be with the damn'd caſt out;
Or number'd with the bleſt?
I muſt from God be driven,
Or with my Saviour dwell,
Muſt come at his command to heaven,
Or elſe depart to hell.

5 O thou, that wouldſt not have
One wretched ſinner die,
Who diedſt thyſelf my ſoul to ſave
From endleſs miſery!
Shew me the way to ſhun
Thy dreadful wrath ſevere,
That, when thou comeſt on the throne,
I may with joy appear!

6 Thou art thyſelf the way,
Thyſelf in me reveal;
So ſhall I ſpend my life's ſhort day
Obedient to thy will;
So ſhall I love my God,
Becauſe he firſt loved me,
And praiſe thee in thy bright abode,
To all eternity.

HYMN XLII. [*Snowsfields.*

1 AND am I only born to die?
And muſt I ſuddenly comply
With Nature's ſtern decree?
What after death for me remains?
Celeſtial joys or helliſh pains
To all eternity.

2 How then ought I on earth to live,
While God prolongs the kind reprieve,
And props the houſe of clay;
My ſole concern, my ſingle care,
To watch, and tremble, and prepare
Againſt that fatal day!

3 No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope or worldly fear,
If life ſo ſoon is gone;
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind muſt ſtand before
Th' inexorable throne!

4 No matter which my thoughts employ,
A moment's miſery or joy;
But O! when both ſhall end,
Where ſhall I find my deſtined place?
Shall I my everlaſting days
With fiends or angels ſpend?

5 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how I may eſcape the death
That never, never dies!
How make mine own election ſure,
And, when I fail on earth, ſecure
A manſion in the ſkies!

6 Jeſus, vouchſafe a pitying ray,
Be thou my guide, be thou my way
To glorious happineſs!

Ah,

Ah, write the pardon on my heart!
And whenſoe'er I hence depart,
Let me depart in peace!

HYMN XLIII. [*Palmi's.*

1 SHRINKING from the cold hand of Death,
I too ſhall gather up my feet;
Shall ſoon reſign this fleeting breath,
And die my father's God to meet.

2 Number'd among thy people, I
Expect with joy thy face to ſee;
Becauſe thou didſt for ſinners die,
Jeſus, in death remember me!

3 O that without a ling'ring groan
I may the welcome word receive!
My body with my charge lay down,
And ceaſe at once to work and live!

HYMN XLIV. [*Kettleby's.*

1 THE morning flowers diſplay their ſweets,
And gay their ſilken leaves unfold,
As careleſs of the noon-tide heats,
And fearleſs of the evening cold.

2 Nipt by the wind's unkindly blaſt,
Parch'd by the ſun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waſte,
The ſhort-lived beauties die away.

3 So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty ſhows:
Fairer than ſpring the colours ſhine,
And ſweeter than the virgin-roſe.

4 Or worne by ſlowly-rolling years,
Or broke by ſickneſs in a day,
The fading glory diſappears,
The ſhort-lived beauties die away.

5 Yet theſe, new riſing from the tomb,
With luſtre brighter far ſhall ſhine;
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diſeaſes and decline.

6 Let ſickneſs blaſt, let death devour,
If heaven muſt recompenſe our pains;
Periſh the graſs, and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains.

HYMN XLV. [*New-Year's-Day.*

1 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 the view, and eternity's here.

3 O that each in the day Of his coming may ſay,
"I have fought my way through, [do."
I have finiſh'd the work, Thou didſt give me to
O that each from his Lord May receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done:
"Enter into my joy, and ſit down on my throne."

HYMN XLVI. [*Purcell's.*

1 PASS a few ſwiftly fleeting years,
And all that now in bodies live,
Shall quit, like me, the vale of tears,
Their righteous ſentence to receive.

2 But all, before they hence remove,
May manſions for themſelves prepare,
In that eternal houſe above:
And, O my God! ſhall I be there?

HYMN XLVII. [*Funeral.*

1 AH, lovely appearance of death,
What ſight upon earth is ſo fair?
Not all the gay pageants that breathe,
Can with a dead body compare:
With ſolemn delight I ſurvey
The corpſe, when the ſpirit is fled,
In love with the beautiful clay,
And longing to lie in its ſtead.

2 How bleſt is our brother bereft
Of all that could burden his mind;
How eaſy the ſoul that has left
This weariſome body behind!
Of evil incapable thou,
Whoſe relics with envy I ſee,
No longer in miſery now,
No longer a ſinner like me.

3 This earth is affected no more
With ſickneſs, or ſhaken with pain:
The war in the members is o'er,
And never ſhall vex him again:
No anger henceforward or ſhame
Shall redden this innocent clay;
Extinct is the animal flame,
And paſſion is vaniſh'd away.

This languiſhing head is at reſt,
  Its thinking and aching are o'er;
This quiet immoveable breaſt
  Is heav'd by affliction no more:
This heart is no longer the ſeat
  Of trouble and torturing pain;
It ceaſes to flutter and beat,
  It never ſhall flutter again.

The lids he ſo ſeldom could cloſe,
  By ſorrow forbidden to ſleep,
Seal'd up in eternal repoſe,
  Have ſtrangely forgotten to weep;
The fountains can yield no ſupplies;
  Theſe hollows from water are free;
The tears are all wiped from theſe eyes,
  And evil they never ſhall ſee.

To mourn and to ſuffer is mine,
  While bound in a priſon I breathe,
And ſtill for deliverance pine,
  And preſs to the iſſues of death:
What now with my tears I bedew,
  O might I this moment become!
My ſpirit created anew,
  My fleſh be conſign'd to the tomb!

HYMN XLVIII. [*Sion.*

REJOICE for a brother deceaſed,
  Our loſs is his infinite gain;
A ſoul out of priſon releas'd,
  And freed from its bodily chain;
With ſongs let us follow his flight,
  And mount with his ſpirit above,
Eſcap'd to the manſions of light,
  And lodg'd in the Eden of love.

2 Our brother the haven hath gain'd,
Out-flying the tempeſt and wind,
His reſt he hath ſooner obtain'd,
And left his companions behind;
Still toſs'd on a ſea of diſtreſs,
Hard toiling to make the bleſt ſhore,
Where all is aſſurance and peace,
And ſorrow and ſin are no more.

3 There all the ſhip's company meet,
Who ſail'd with the Saviour beneath,
With ſhouting each other they greet,
And triumph o'er trouble and death:
The voyage of life's at an end,
The mortal affliction is paſt,
The age, that in heaven they ſpend,
For ever and ever ſhall laſt.

HYMN XLIX. [*Love-Feaſt.*

1 BLESSING, honour, thanks and praiſe,
Pay we, gracious God, to thee;
Thou, in thine abundant grace,
Giveſt us the victory;
True and faithful to thy word,
Thou haſt glorified thy Son,
Jeſus Chriſt, our dying Lord,
He for us the fight hath won.

2 Lo, the priſoner is releas'd,
Lightned of his fleſhly load;
Where the weary are at reſt,
He is gather'd into God!
Lo! the pain of life is paſt,
All his warfare now is o'er;
Death and hell behind are caſt,
Grief and ſuffering are no more!

Yes, the Chriſtian's courſe is run,
  Ended is the glorious ſtrife;
Fought the fight, the work is done,
  Death is ſwallow'd up in life;
Borne by angels on their wings,
  Far from earth the ſpirit flies:
Finds his God, and ſits, and ſings,
  Triumphing in paradiſe.

Join we then with one accord,
  In the new the joyful ſong;
Abſent from our loving Lord
  We ſhall not continue long:
We ſhall quit the houſe of clay,
  We a better lot ſhall ſhare,
We ſhall ſee the realms of day,
  Meet our happy brother there.

Let the world bewail their dead,
  Fondly of their loſs complain:
Brother, friend, by Jeſus freed,
  Death to thee, to us, is gain;
Thou art enter'd into joy:
  Let the unbelievers mourn:
We in ſongs our lives employ,
  Till we all to God return.

HYMN L. [*Aſcenſion.*

HARK, a voice divides the ſky;
  Happy are the faithful dead,
In the Lord who ſweetly die,
  They from all their toils are freed!
Them the Spirit hath declared
  Bleſt, unutterably bleſt:
Jeſus is their great reward,
  Jeſus is their endleſs reſt.

2 Follow'd by their works they go,
Where their head had gone before,
Reconciled by grace below,
Grace had opened mercy's door:
Juſtified through faith alone,
Here they knew their ſins forgiven;
Here they laid their burden down,
Hallow'd, and made meet for heaven.

3 Who can now lament the lot
Of a ſaint in Chriſt deceaſed?
Let the world, who know us not,
Call us hopeleſs and unbleſt;
When from fleſh the ſpirit freed,
Haſtens homeward to return,
Mortals cry, "A man is dead!"
Angels ſing, "A child is born!"

4 Born into the world above,
They our happy brother greet,
Bear him to the throne of love,
Place him at the Saviour's feet:
Jeſus ſmiles, and ſays, "Well done,
"Good and faithful ſervant thou!
"Enter, and receive thy crown,
"Reign with me triumphant now."

5 Angels catch th' approving ſound,
Bow and bleſs the juſt award;
Hail the heir with glory crown'd,
Now rejoicing with his Lord:
Fuller joys ordain'd to know,
Waiting for the general doom,
When th' archangel's trump ſhall blow,
"Riſe, ye dead, to judgment come."

HYMN LI. [*Irene.*

1 AGAIN we lift our voice,
And ſhout our ſolemn joys!

Cauſe of higheſt raptures this,
Raptures that ſhall never fail:
See a ſoul eſcap'd to bliſs,
Keep the Chriſtian feſtival!

2 Our friend is gone before
To that celeſtial ſhore;
He hath left his mates behind,
He hath all the ſtorms out-rode,
Found the reſt we toil to find,
Landed in the arms of God.

3 And ſhall we mourn to ſee
Our fellow-priſoner free?
Free from doubts, and griefs, and fears,
In the haven of the ſkies!
Can we weep to ſee the tears
Wip'd for ever from his eyes.

4 No, dear companion, no!
We gladly let thee go,
From a ſuffering church beneath,
To a reigning church above:
Thou haſt more than conquer'd death:
Thou art crown'd with life and love.

5 Thou in thy youthful prime,
Haſt leap'd the bounds of time:
Suddenly from earth releas'd,
Lo! we now rejoice for thee,
Taken to an early reſt,
Caught into eternity.

6 Thither may we repair,
That glorious bliſs to ſhare!
We ſhall ſee the welcome day,
We ſhall to the ſummons bow:
Come, Redeemer, come away,
Now prepare, and take us now!

HYMN LII. [*Sion.*

On the death of a Widow.

1 GIVE glory to Jesus our head
With all that encompass his throne!
A widow, a widow indeed,
A mother in *Israel* is gone!
The winter of trouble is past,
The storms of affliction are o'er:
Her struggle is ended at last,
And sorrow and death are no more.

2 The soul hath o'ertaken her mate,
And caught him again in the sky:
Advanced to her happy estate,
And pleasure that never shall die:
Where glorified spirits by sight
Converse in their holy abode,
As stars in the firmament bright,
And pure as the angels of God.

3 Inflam'd with seraphical love,
Combined in a manner unknown,
Not given in marriage above,
Or given to Jesus alone;
The just, who admitted by grace,
That first resurrection attain,
With raptures each other embrace,
And one with the Deity reign.

4 O heaven! what a triumph is there,
Where all in his praises agree,
His beautiful character bear,
And shine with the glory they see!
The glory of God and the Lamb,
(While all in the extasy join,)
Darts into their spiritual frame,
And gives the enjoyment divine.

5 In

5 In loud hallelujahs they ſing,
And harmony echoes his praiſe;
When, lo! the celeſtial King
Pours out the full light of his face;
The joy, neither angel nor ſaint,
Can bear ſo ineffably great,
But lo! the whole company faint,
And heaven is found—at his feet.

HYMN LIII. [*Amſterdam.*

2. *Deſcribing Judgment.*

1 HEARKEN to the ſolemn voice,
The awful midnight cry!
Waiting ſouls, rejoice, rejoice,
And ſee the bridegroom nigh!
Lo! he comes to keep his word,
Light and joy his looks impart;
Go ye forth to meet your Lord,
And meet him in your heart.

2 Ye who faint beneath the load
Of ſin, your heads lift up;
See your dear redeeming God,
He comes and bids you hope;
In the midnight of your grief,
Jeſus doth his mourners cheer;
Lo! he brings you ſure relief!
Believe, and feel him here!

3 Ye whoſe loins are girt, ſtand forth!
Whoſe lamps are burning bright,
Worthy in your Saviour's worth,
To walk with Chriſt in white:

Jeſus bids your hearts be clean,
Bids you all his promiſe prove:
Jeſus comes to caſt out ſin,
And perfect you in love.

4 Wait we all in patient hope,
Till Chriſt the Judge ſhall come;
We ſhall ſoon be all caught up,
To meet the general doom;
In an hour to us unknown,
As a thief in deepeſt night,
Chriſt ſhall ſuddenly come down,
With all his ſaints in light.

5 Happy he whom Chriſt ſhall find
Watching to ſee him come;
Him the Judge of all mankind
Shall bear triumphant home;
Who can anſwer to his word?
Which of you dares meet his day?
"Riſe, and come to Judgment,"—Lord,
We riſe, and come away.

HYMN LIV. [*Olney.*

1 THOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whoſe bar ſevere,
With holy joy, or guilty dread,
We all ſhall ſoon appear:
Our caution'd ſouls prepare,
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care,
And ſtir us up to pray.

2 To pray and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,
When robed in majeſty and power,
Thou ſhalt from heaven come down;

Th' immortal Son of Man,
To judge the human race,
With all thy Father's dazling train,
With all thy glorious grace.

3 To damp our earthly joys,
T' increaſe our gracious fears,
For ever let th' Archangel's voice
Be ſounding in our ears:
The ſolemn midnight cry,
"Ye dead, the Judge is come,
"Ariſe, and meet him in the ſky,
"And meet your inſtant doom!"

4 O may we thus be found
Obedient to his word,
Attentive to the trumpet's ſound,
And looking for our Lord!
O may we thus enſure
A lot among the bleſt,
And watch a moment to ſecure
An everlaſting reſt!

HYMN LV. [*Judgment.*

1 HE comes! he comes! the Judge ſevere!
The ſeventh trumpet ſpeaks him near:
His lightnings flaſh, his thunders roll:
How welcome to the faithful ſoul!

2 From heaven angelic voices ſound.
See the almighty Jeſus crown'd!
Girt with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the Saviour's face!

3 Deſcending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own;
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord!

4 Shout all the people of the ſky,
And all the ſaints of the Moſt High:
Our Lord, who now his right obtains,
For ever and for ever reigns.

HYMN LVI. [*Canon.*

1 THE great Archangel's trump ſhall ſound,
(While twice ten thouſand thunders roar
Tear up the graves, and cleave the ground,
And make the greedy ſea reſtore.

2 The greedy ſea ſhall yield her dead,
The earth no more her ſlain conceal;
Sinners ſhall lift their guilty head,
And ſhrink to ſee a yawning hell.

3 But we who now our Lord confeſs,
And faithful to the end endure;
Shall ſtand in Jeſu's righteouſneſs,
Stand as the Rock of Ages ſure.

4 We, while the ſtars from heaven ſhall fall,
And mountains are on mountains hurl'd,
Shall ſtand unmov'd amidſt them all,
And ſmile to ſee a burning world:

5 See the celeſtial bodies roll
In ſpires of ſmoke beneath our feet!
They ſhrivel as a parchment-ſcroll
The elements melt with fervent heat!

6 The earth, and all the works therein,
Diſſolve, by raging flames deſtroy'd;
While we ſurvey the awful ſcene,
And mount above the fiery void.

7 By faith we now tranſcend the ſkies,
And on that ruin'd world look down;
By love above all height we riſe,
And ſhare the everlaſting throne.

HYMN

HYMN LVII. [*Hamilton's.*

1 JESUS, faithful to his word
Shall with a ſhout deſcend:
All heaven's hoſt their glorious Lord
Shall pompouſly attend.
Chriſt ſhall come with dreadful noiſe,
Lightnings ſwift, and thunders loud,
With the great Archangel's voice,
And with the trump of God.

2 Firſt the dead in Chriſt ſhall riſe:
Then we that yet remain,
Shall be caught up to the ſkies,
And ſee our Lord again.
We ſhall meet him in the air,
All wrapt up to heaven ſhall be,
Find, and love, and praiſe him there,
To all eternity.

3 Who can tell the happineſs,
This glorious hope affords?
Joy unutter'd we poſſeſs
In theſe reviving words.
Happy, while on earth we breathe,
Mightier bliſs ordain'd to know!
Trampling down ſin, hell, and death,
To the third heaven we go!

HYMN LVIII. [*Snowsfields.*

1 THOU God of glorious majeſty,
To thee againſt myſelf to thee,
A worm of earth I cry:
A half awaken'd child of man,
An heir of endleſs bliſs or pain,
A ſinner born to die!

2 Lo on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded ſeas I ſtand,
Secure, inſenſible;
A point of time, a moment's ſpace,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or ſhuts me up in hell.

3 O God mine inmoſt ſoul convert!
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impreſs;
Give me to feel their ſolemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteouſneſs.

4 Before me place in dread array
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds ſhalt come,
To judge the nations at thy bar:
And tell me, Lord, ſhall I be there
To meet a joyful doom?

5 Be this my one great buſineſs here,
With ſerious induſtry and fear
Eternal bliſs to' enſure;
Thine utmoſt counſel to fulfil,
And ſuffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

6 Then, Saviour, then my ſoul receive,
Tranſported from this vale to live
And reign with thee above;
Where faith is ſweetly loſt in ſight,
And hope in full, ſupreme delight,
And everlaſting love.

HYMN LIX. [*Weſtminſter.*

1 RIGHTEOUS God, whoſe vengeful phials
All our fears and thoughts exceed,
Big with woes and fiery trials,
Hanging, burſting o'er our head:

While

While thou viſiteſt the nations,
Thy ſelected people ſpare;
Arm our caution'd ſouls with patience,
Fill our humbled hearts with prayer.

2 If thy dreadful controverſy
With all fleſh is now begun,
In thy wrath remember mercy,
Mercy firſt and laſt be ſhewn:
Plead thy cauſe with ſword and fire,
Shake us, till the curſe remove,
Till thou com'ſt, the world's Deſire,
Conquering all with ſovereign love.

3 Every freſh alarming token
More confirms the faithful word;
Nature, (for its Lord hath ſpoken,)
Muſt be ſuddenly reſtored:
From this national confuſion,
From this ruin'd earth and ſkies,
See the times of reſtitution,
See the new creation riſe!

4 Vaniſh then this world of ſhadows;
Paſs the former things away:
Lord! appear, appear to glad us,
With the dawn of endleſs day:
O conclude this mortal ſtory!
Throw this univerſe aſide!
Come, eternal king of glory,
Now deſcend, and take thy bride.

HYMN LX. [*Kingswood.*

1 STAND th' omnipotent decree!
Jehovah's will be done;
Nature's end we wait to ſee,
And hear her final groan:

Let

Let this earth diſſolve and blend
In death the wicked and the juſt;
Let thoſe pondrous orbs deſcend,
And grind us into duſt.

2 Reſts ſecure the righteous man!
At his Redeemer's beck
Sure to' emerge, and riſe again,
And mount above the wreck.
Lo! the heavenly ſpirit towers,
Like flame, o'er nature's funeral pyre,
Triumph in immortal powers,
And claps his wings of fire!

3 Nothing hath the juſt to loſe
By worlds on worlds deſtroy'd:
Far beneath his feet he views,
With ſmiles, the flaming void:
Sees this univerſe renew'd,
The grand millennial reign begun:
Shouts with all the ſons of God,
Around th' eternal throne!

4 Reſting in this glorious hope
To be at laſt reſtored,
Yield we now our bodies up
To earthquake, plague, or ſword:
Liſtning for the call divine,
The lateſt trumpet of the ſeven:
Soon our ſoul and duſt ſhall join,
And both fly up to heaven.

HYMN LXI. [*Chappel.*

1 HOW happy are the little flock,
Who ſafe beneath their guardian-rock
In all commotions reſt!
When wars and tumult's waves run high,
Unmoved above the ſtorm they lie,
They lodge in Jeſu's breaſt.

2 Such

Such happineſs, O Lord, have we,
By mercy gather'd into thee,
Before the floods deſcend:
And while the burſting cloud comes down,
We mark the vengeful day begun,
And calmly wait the end.

3 The plague, and dearth, and din of war,
Our Saviour's ſwift approach declare,
And bid our hearts ariſe:
Earth's baſis ſhook confirms our hope,
Its cities' fall but lifts us up
To meet thee in the ſkies.

4 Thy tokens we with joy confeſs:
The war proclaims the Prince of Peace,
The earthquake ſpeaks thy power:
The famine all thy fulneſs brings,
The plague preſents thy healing wings,
And Nature's final hour.

5 Whatever ills the world befal,
A pledge of endleſs good we call,
A ſign of Jeſus near:
His chariot will not long delay;
We hear the rumbling wheels, and pray,
"Triumphant Lord, appear!"

6 Appear with clouds on Sion's hill,
The word and myſtery to fulfil,
Thy confeſſors to' approve:
Thy members on thy thone to place,
And ſtamp thy name on every face,
In glorious, heavenly love!

HYMN LXII. [*Brockner.*

Part the Firſt.

1 WOE to the men on earth who dwell;
Nor dread th' Almighty's frown;
When God doth all his wrath reveal,
And ſhower his judgments down.

2 Sinners,

2 Sinners, expect those heaviest showers,
To meet your God prepare!
For lo! the seventh angel pours
His phial on the air.

3 Lo! from their seats the mountains leap,
The mountains are not found,
Transported far into the deep,
And in the ocean drown'd.

4 Who then shall live, and face the throne,
And face the Judge severe?
When heaven and earth are fled and gone,
O where shall I appear?

5 Now, only now, against that hour,
We may a place provide;
Beyond the grave, beyond the power
Of hell our spirits hide:

6 Firm in the all-destroying shock,
May view the final scene;
For lo! the everlasting Rock
Is cleft to take us in.

HYMN LXIII. [*Brockmer.*

Part the Second.

1 BY faith we find the place above,
The rock that rent in twain:
Beneath the shade of dying love,
And in the cleft remain.

2 Jesus, to thy dear wounds we flee;
We sink into thy side;
Assured that all who trust in thee,
Shall evermore abide.

3 Then

3 Then let the thundring trumpet ſound,
The lateſt lightning glare:
The mountains melt, the ſolid ground
Diſſolve as liquid air:

4 The huge, celeſtial bodies roll
Amidſt that general fire:
And ſhrival as a parchment ſcroll,
And all in ſmoke expire!

5 Yet ſtill the Lord, the Saviour reigns,
When nature is deſtroy'd;
And no created thing remains
Throughout the flaming void.

6 Sublime upon his azure throne,
He ſpeaks th' almighty word;
His fiat is obey'd! 'tis done,
And paradiſe reſtor'd.

7 So be it! let this ſyſtem end!
This ruinous earth and ſkies!
The New Jeruſalem deſcend,
The new creation riſe!

8 Thy power omnipotent aſſume!
Thy brighteſt majeſty!
And when thou doſt in glory come,
My Lord, remember me!

HYMN LXIV. [*Trumpet.*

1 YE virgin ſouls ariſe,
With all the dead awake!
Unto ſalvation wiſe,
Oil in your veſſels take:
Upſtarting at the midnight cry,
Behold the heavenly bridegroom nigh.

2 He comes, he comes to call
The nations to his bar,
And raiſe to glory all,
Who fit for glory are;
Made ready for your full reward,
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

3 Go meet him in the ſky,
Your everlaſting friend;
Your head to glorify,
With all his ſaints aſcend:
Ye pure in heart obtain the grace,
To ſee without a veil his face.

4 Ye that have here received
The unction from above,
And in his ſpirit lived,
Obedient to his love;
Jeſus ſhall claim you for his bride;
Rejoice with all the ſanctified!

5 The everlaſting doors,
Shall ſoon the ſaints receive,
Above yon angel-powers
In glorious joy to live;
Far from a world of grief and ſin,
With God eternally ſhut in.

6 Then let us wait to hear
The trumpet's welcome ſound;
To ſee our Lord appear,
Watching let us be found:
When Jeſus doth the heavens bow,—
Be found—as Lord, thou find'ſt us now!

HYMN LXV. [*West-Street.*

5. *Describing Heaven.*

1 HOW weak the thoughts and vain
Of self-deluding men!
Men, who fixed on earth alone,
Think their houses shall endure;
Fondly call their lands their own,
To their distant heirs secure!

2 How hapy then are we,
Who build, O Lord, on thee!
What can our foundation shock?
Though the shatter'd earth remove,
Stands our city on a rock,
On the Rock of heavenly love.

3 A house we call our own,
Which cannot be o'erthrown:
In the general ruin sure,
Storms and earthquakes it defies:
Built immoveably secure,
Built eternal in the skies.

4 High on Immanuel's land,
We see the fabric stand,
From a tottering world remove,
To our stedfast mansion there:
Our inheritance above
Cannot pass from heir to heir.

5 Those amaranthine bowers,
Unalienably ours,
Bloom our infinite reward;
Rise our permanent abode:
From the founded world prepared,
Purchased by the blood of God!

6 O! might

6 O! might we quickly find
The place for us deſign'd;
See the long-expected day
Of our full redemption here!
Let the ſhadows flee away!
Let the new-made world appear!

7 High on thy great white throne,
O king of ſaints come down!
In the New Jeruſalem
Now triumphantly deſcend;
Let the final trump proclaim
Joys begun, which ne'er ſhall end!

HYMN LXVI. [*Chappel.*

1 HOW happy is the pilgrim's lot;
How free from every anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear!
Confined to neither court nor cell,
His ſoul diſdains on earth to dwell,
He only ſojourns here.

2 His happineſs in part is mine,
Already ſav'd from low-deſign,
From every creature-love!
Bleſt with the ſcorn of finite good,
My ſoul is lighten'd of its load,
And ſeeks the things above.

3 The things eternal I purſue,
A happineſs beyond the view
Of thoſe that baſely pant
For things by nature felt and ſeen;
Their honours, wealth, and pleaſures mean,
I neither have, nor want.

4 I have no babes to hold me here,
But children more ſecurely dear
For mine I humbly claim;

Better

Better than daughters or than ſons,
Temples divine of living ſtones,
Inſcribed with Jeſu's name.

5 No foot of land do I poſſeſs,
No cottage in the wilderneſs:
A poor way-faring man,
I lodge awhile in tents below,
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Canaan gain.

6 Nothing on earth I call my own:
A ſtranger to the world unknown,
I all their goods deſpiſe:
I trample on their whole delight,
And ſeek a country out of ſight,
A country in the ſkies.

7 There is my houſe and portion fair,
My treaſure, and my heart is there,
And my abiding home;
For me my elder brethren ſtay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jeſus bids me come!

8 I come, thy ſervant, Lord, replies,
I come, to meet thee in the ſkies,
And claim my heavenly reſt!
Now let the pilgrim's journey end,
Now, O my Saviour, brother, friend,
Receive me to thy breaſt!

HYMN LXVII. [*Marienburn.*

1 THOU, Lord, on whom I ſtill depend,
Shalt keep me faithful to the end:
I truſt, thy truth, and love and power,
Shall ſave me till my lateſt hour;

And when I lay this body down,
Reward with an immortal crown.

2 Jeſus, in thy great name I go,
To conquer death, my final foe;
And when I quit this cumbrous clay,
And ſoar on angel's wings away,
My ſoul the ſecond death deſies,
And reigns eternal in the ſkies.

3 Eye hath not ſeen, nor ear hath heard,
What Chriſt hath for his ſaints prepar'd,
Who conquer through their Saviour's might,
Who ſink into perfections height,
And trample death beneath their feet,
And gladly die their Lord to meet.

4 Doſt thou deſire to know, and ſee,
What thy myſterious name ſhall be?
Contending for thy heavenly home,
Thy lateſt foe in death o'ercome;
Till then thou ſearcheſt out in vain,
What only conqueſt can explain.

5 But when the Lord hath cloſed thine eyes,
And open'd them in paradiſe,
Receiving thy new name unknown,
Thou read'ſt it wrote on the white ſtone,
Wrote on thy pure humanity,
God, three in one, and one in three.

HYMN LXVIII. [*Thou Shepherd of Iſrael.*

1 I Long to behold him array'd
With glory and light from above;
The King in his beauty diſplay'd,
His beauty of holieſt love:
I languiſh and ſigh to be there,
Where Jeſus has fixt his abode:
O when ſhall we meet in the air,
And fly to the mountain of God!

2 With

2 With him I on Sion ſhall ſtand,
(For Jeſus hath ſpoken the word,)
The breadth of Immanuel's land
Survey, by the light of my Lord:
But when, on thy boſom reclin'd,
Thy face I am ſtrengthened to ſee,
My fulneſs of rapture I find,
My heaven of heavens in thee.

3 How happy the people that dwell
Secure in the city above!
No pain the inhabitants feel,
No ſickneſs or ſorrow ſhall prove:
Phyſician of ſouls, unto me
Forgiveneſs and holineſs give;
And then from the body ſet free,
And then to the city receive.

HYMN LXIX. [112th *Pſalm Tune.*

1 LEADER of faithful ſouls and guide
Of all that travel to the ſky,
Come, and with us, even us abide,
Who would on thee alone rely;
On thee alone our ſpirits ſtay,
While held in life's uneven way.

2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth we know is not our place;
And haſten through the vale of woe,
And reſtleſs to behold thy face,
Swift to our heavenly country move,
Our everlaſting home above.

3 We have no 'biding city here,
But ſeek a city out of ſight:
Thither our ſteady courſe we ſteer,
Aſpiring to the plains of light;
Jeruſalem, the ſaints' abode,
Whoſe founder is the living God.

4 Patient th' appointed race to run,
This weary world we caſt behind;
From ſtrength to ſtrength we travel on,
The New Jeruſalem to find;
Our labour this, our only aim,
To find the New Jeruſalem.

5 Through thee, who all our ſins haſt borne,
Freely and graciouſly forgiven,
With ſongs to Zion we return,
Contending for our native heaven;
That palace of our glorious king:
We find it nearer while we ſing.

6 Rais'd by the breath of love divine,
We urge our way with ſtrength renew'd,
The church of the firſt-born to join,
We travel to the mount of God;
With joy upon our heads ariſe,
And meet our Captain in the ſkies.

HYMN LXX. [112th *Pſalm Tune.*

1 SAVIOUR, on me thy grace beſtow,
To trample on my mortal foe;
Conqueror of death with thee to riſe,
And claim my ſtation in the ſkies;
Fixt as the throne which ne'er can move,
A pillar in thy church above.

2 As beautiful as uſeful there,
May I that weight of glory bear,
With all who finally o'ercome,
Supporters of the heavenly dome:
Of perfect holineſs poſſeſt,
For ever in thy preſence bleſt.

3 Write upon me the name divine,
And let thy Father's nature ſhine,

His

His image visibly expreſt,
His glory pouring from my breaſt,
O'er all my bright humanity,
Transform'd into the God I ſee!

4 Inſcribing with the city's name,
The heavenly, New Jeruſalem,
To me the victor's title give,
Among thy glorious ſaints to live;
And all their happineſs to know,
A citizen of heaven below.

5 When thou hadſt all thy foes o'ercome,
Returning to thy glorious home,
Thou didſt receive the full reward,
That I might ſhare it with my Lord;
And thus thine own new name obtain,
And one with thee for ever reign.

HYMN LXXI. [*Sion.*

1 AWAY with our ſorrow and fear,
We ſoon ſhall recover our home:
The city of ſaints ſhall appear,
The day of eternity come;
From earth we ſhall quickly remove,
And mount to our native abode,
The houſe of our Father above,
The palace of angels and God.

2 Our mourning is all at an end,
When rais'd by the life-giving word,
We ſee the new city deſcend,
Adorn'd as a bride for her lord;
The city ſo holy and clean,
No ſorrow can breathe in the air:
No gloom of affliction or ſin,
No ſhadow of evil is there!

3 By faith we already behold
That lovely Jeruſalem here,
Her walls are of jaſper and gold,
As cryſtal her buildings are clear;
Immoveably founded in grace,
She ſtands, as ſhe ever hath ſtood,
And brightly her builder diſplays,
And flames with the glory of God.

4 No need of the ſun in that day,
Which never is follow'd by night,
Where Jeſus's beauties diſplay
A pure and a permanent light:
The Lamb is their light and their ſun,
And lo! by reflection they ſhine,
With Jeſus ineffably one,
And bright in effulgence divine!

5 The ſaints in his preſence receive
Their great and eternal reward,
In Jeſus in heaven they live,
They reign in the ſmile of their Lord:
The flame of angelical love
Is kindled at Jeſus's face;
And all the enjoyment above
Conſiſts in the rapturous gaze.

HYMN LXXII. [*Olney.*

1 WE know, by faith we know,
If this vile houſe of clay,
This tabernacle ſink below,
In ruinous decay;
We have a houſe above,
And firm as our Redeemer's love
The heavenly fabric ſtands.

2 It ſtands ſecurely high,
Indiſſolubly ſure;

Our

Our glorious manſion in the ſky
Shall evermore endure;
O were we enter'd there!
To perfect heaven reſtor'd!
O were we all caught up to ſhare
The triumph of our Lord!

3 For this in faith we call,
For this we weep and pray:
O might the tabernacle fall;
O might we 'ſcape away!
Full of immortal hope,
We urge the reſtleſs ſtrife,
And haſten to be ſwallow'd up
Of everlaſting life.

4 Abſent, alas! from God,
We in the body mourn:
And pine to quit this mean abode,
And languiſh to return;
Jeſus, regard our vows,
And change our faith to ſight;
And clothe us with our nobler houſe,
Of empyrean light!

5 O let us put on thee!
In perfect holineſs;
And riſe prepar'd thy face to ſee,
Thy bright, unclouded face;
Thy grace with glory crown,
Who haſt the earneſt given;
And now triumphantly come down,
And take our ſouls to heaven.

HYMN LXXIII. [*Love-Feaſt.*

1 LIFT your eyes of faith, and ſee
Saints and angels join'd in one;
What a countleſs company
Stand before yon dazzling throne!

Each before his Saviour ſtands,
All in milk-white robes array'd;
Palms they carry in their hands,
Crowns of glory on their head.

2 Saints begin the endleſs ſong,
Cry aloud in heavenly lays,
Glory doth to God belong,
God the glorious Saviour praiſe;
All from him ſalvation came,
Him, who reigns enthron'd on high:
Glory to the bleeding Lamb,
Let the morning ſtars reply.

3 Angel-powers the throne ſurround,
Next the ſaints in glory they;
Lull'd with the tranſporting ſound,
They their ſilent homage pay;
Proſtrate on their face before
God and his Meſſiah fall;
Then in hymns of praiſe adore,
Shout the Lamb that died for all.

4 Be it ſo, they all reply;
Him let all our Order praiſe;
Him that did for ſinners die,
Saviour of the favour'd race!
Render we our God his right,
Glory, wiſdom, thanks, and power,
Honour, majeſty, and might,
Praiſe him, praiſe him evermore!

HYMN LXXIV. [*Arne's.*

1 WHAT are theſe array'd in white,
Brighter than the noon-day ſun?
Foremoſt of the ſons of light,
Nearеſt the eternal throne?

Theſe

These are they that bore the croſs,
Nobly for their Maſter ſtood;
Sufferers in his righteous cauſe;
Followers of the dying God.

2 Out of great diſtreſs they came,
Waſh'd their robes by faith below,
In the blood of yonder Lamb,
Blood that waſhes white as ſnow:
Therefore are they next the throne,
Serve their Maker day and night,
God reſides among his own,
God doth in his ſaints delight.

3 More than conquerors at laſt,
Here they find their trials o'er;
They have all their ſufferings paſt,
Hunger now and thirſt no more;
No exceſſive heat they feel
From the ſun's directer ray,
In a milder clime they dwell,
Region of eternal day.

4 He that on the throne doth reign,
Theſe the Lamb ſhall always feed;
With the tree of life ſuſtain,
To the living fountains lead:
He ſhall all their ſorrows chaſe,
All their wants at once remove:
Wipe the tears from every face,
Fill up every ſoul with love.

HYMN LXXV. [*Funeral.*

1 THE Church in her militant ſtate
Is weary, and cannot forbear;
The ſaints in an agony wait,
To ſee him again in the air!
The Spirit invites in the bride,
Her heavenly Lord to deſcend;
And place her, enthron'd at his ſide,
In glory that never ſhall end.

2 The news of his coming I hear,
And join in the catholic cry;
O Jesus, in triumph appear!
Appear on the clouds of the sky!
Whom only I languish to love,
In fulness of majesty come;
And give me a mansion above,
And take to my heavenly home!

HYMN LXXVI. [*Funeral.*

1 THE thirsty are call'd to their Lord,
His glorious appearing to see;
And drawn by the power of his word,
The promise I know is for me:
I thirst for the streams of thy grace,
I gasp for the spirit of love;
I long for a glimpse of thy face,
And then to behold it above.

2 Thy call I exult to obey,
And come in the spirit of prayer,
Thy joy in that happiest day,
Thy kingdom of glory to share;
To drink the pure river of bliss;
With life everlasting o'erflow'd,
Implung'd in the crystal abyss,
And lost in an ocean of God.

HYMN LXXVII. [*Sion.*

1 A Fountain of life and of grace,
In Christ our Redeemer we see;
For us who his offers embrace,
For all it is open and free!
Jehovah himself doth invite
To drink of his pleasures unknown,
The streams of immortal delight,
That flow from his heavenly throne.

2 As ſoon as in him we believe,
By faith of his ſpirit we take;
And freely forgiven, receive
The mercy for Jeſus's ſake;
We gain a pure drop of his love,
The life of eternity know;
Angelical happineſs prove,
And witneſs a heaven below.

HYMN LXXVIII. [*Wenvo.*

6. *Deſcribing Hell.*

1 TERRIBLE thought! ſhall I alone,
Who may be ſav'd, ſhall I,
Of all alas! whom I have known,
Through ſin for ever die?

2 While all my old companions dear,
With whom I once did live,
Joyful at God's right-hand appear,
A bleſſing to receive!

3 Shall I, amidſt a ghaſtly band,
Dragg'd to the judgment-ſeat,
Far on the left with horror ſtand,
My fearful doom to meet?

4 While they enjoy his heavenly love,
Muſt I in torments dwell?
And howl, (while they ſing hymns above,)
And blow the flames of hell?

5 Ah! no; I ſtill may turn and live;
For ſtill his wrath delays:
He now vouchſafes a kind reprieve,
And offers me his grace.

6 I will accept his offers now,
From every ſin depart;
Perform my oft repeated vow,
And render him my heart.

7 I will improve, what I receive,
The grace through Jeſus given;
Sure, if with God on earth I live,
To live with God in heaven.

SECTION III.

Praying for a bleſſing.

HYMN LXXIX. [*Welſh Tune.*

1 FATHER of omnipreſent grace,
We ſeem agreed to ſeek thy face;
But every ſoul aſſembled here,
Doth naked in thy ſight appear:
Thou know'ſt who only bows the knee,
And who in heart approaches thee.

2 Thy ſpirit hath the difference made
Betwixt the living and the dead;
Thou now doſt into ſome inſpire
The pure benevolent deſire:
O that e'en now thy pow'rful call
May quicken and convert us all!

3 The ſinners ſuddenly convince,
O'erwhelm'd beneath their load of ſins;
To-day, while it is call'd to-day,
Awake, and ſtir them up to pray:
Their dire captivity to own,
And from the iron furnace groan.

4 Then, then acknowledge and ſet free
The people bought, O Lord! by thee;
The ſheep for whom their Shepherd bled,
For whom we in thy ſpirit plead;
Let all in thee redemption find,
And not a hoof be left behind.

HYMN

HYMN LXXX. [*Athlone.*

1 SHEPHERD of ſouls, with pitying eye
The thouſands of our Iſrael ſee:
To thee in their behalf we cry,
Ourſelves but newly found in thee.

2 See where o'er deſart waſtes they err,
And neither food nor feeder have;
Nor fold, nor place of refuge near,
For no man cares their ſouls to ſave.

3 Wild as the untaught Indian's brood,
The chriſtian ſavages remain;
Strangers, yea enemies to God,
They make thee ſpill thy blood in vain.

4 Thy people, Lord, are ſold for nought,
Nor know they their Redeemer nigh:
They periſh whom thyſelf haſt bought,
Their ſouls for lack of knowledge die.

5 The pit its mouth hath open'd wide,
To ſwallow up its careleſs prey!
Why ſhould they die, when thou haſt died,
Haſt died to bear their ſins away?

6 Why ſhould the foe thy purchaſe ſeize?
Remember, Lord, thy dying groans:
The meed of all thy ſufferings theſe,
O claim them for thy ranſom'd ones!

7 Extend to theſe thy pard'ning grace,
To theſe be thy ſalvation ſhow'd:
O add them to thy choſen race!
O ſprinkle all their hearts with blood!

8 Still let the publicans draw near,
Open the door of faith and heaven;
And grant their hearts thy word to hear,
And witneſs all their ſins forgiven.

HYMN LXXXI. [*Brook's.*

1 THOU Son of God, whoſe flaming eyes
Our inmoſt thoughts perceive;
Accept the evening ſacrifice,
Which now to thee we give.

2 We bow before thy gracious throne,
And think ourſelves ſincere:
But ſhew us, Lord, is every one
Thy real worſhipper?

3 Is here a ſoul that knows thee not,
Nor feels his want of thee?
A ſtranger to the blood which bought
His pardon on the tree?

4 Convince him now of unbelief,
His deſperate ſtate explain:
And fill his heart with ſacred grief,
And penitential pain.

5 Speak with that voice that wakes the dead,
And bid the ſleeper riſe;
And bid his guilty conſcience dread
The death that never dies.

6 Extort the cry, what muſt be done
To ſave a wretch like me?
How ſhall a trembling ſinner ſhun
That endleſs miſery?

7 I muſt this inſtant now begin
Out of my ſleep to wake;
And turn to God, and every ſin
Continually forſake.

8 I muſt for faith inceſſant cry,
And wreſtle, Lord, with thee;
I muſt be born again, or die
To all eternity.

HYMN LXXXII. [*Leeds.*

1 COME, O thou all-victorious Lord,
Thy power to us make known:
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break these hearts of stone.

2 O that we all might now begin
Our foolishness to mourn;
And turn at once from every sin,
And to our Saviour turn.

3 Give us ourselves and thee to know,
In this our gracious day;
Repentance unto life bestow,
And take our sins away.

4 Conclude us first in unbelief,
And freely then release;
Fill every soul with sacred grief,
And then with sacred peace.

5 Impoverish, Lord, and then relieve,
And then enrich the poor:
The knowledge of our sickness give,
The knowledge of our cure.

6 That blessed sense of guilt impart,
And then remove the load:
Trouble, and wash the troubled heart
In the atoning blood.

7 Our desperate state through sin declare,
And speak our sins forgiven;
By perfect holiness prepare,
And take us up to heaven.

HYMN LXXXIII. [*Lampe's.*

1 SPIRIT of faith, come down,
Reveal the things of God,
And make to us the Godhead known,
And witneſs with the blood:
'Tis thine the blood to' apply,
And give us eyes to ſee,
Who did for every ſinner die,
Hath ſurely died for me.

2 No man can truly ſay,
That Jeſus is the Lord,
Unleſs thou take the veil away,
And breathe the living word:
Then, only then we feel
Our intereſt in his blood;
And cry with joy unſpeakable,
"Thou art my Lord, my God!"

3 O that the world might know
The all-atoning Lamb!
Spirit of faith, deſcend, and ſhow
The virtue of his name;
The grace, which all may find,
The ſaving power impart;
And teſtify to all mankind,
And ſpeak in every heart!

4 Inſpire the living faith,
(Which whoſoe'er receives,
The witneſs in himſelf he hath,
And conſciouſly believes;)
The faith that conquers all,
And doth the mountain move;
And ſaves whoe'er on Jeſus call,
And perfects them in love.

HYMN LXXXIV. [*Irene.*

1 SINNERS, your hearts lift up,
Partakers of your hope!
This is the day of pentecoſt;
Aſk, and ye ſhall all receive;
Surely now the Holy Ghoſt,
God to all that aſk ſhall give.

2 Ye all may freely take
The grace for Jeſu's ſake;
He for every man hath died,
He for all hath roſe again;
Jeſus now is glorified,
Gifts he hath receiv'd for men.

3 He ſends them from the ſkies
On all his enemies;
By his croſs he now hath led
Captive our captivity:
We ſhall all be free indeed,
Chriſt the Son ſhall make us free.

4 Bleſſings on all he pours,
In never-ceaſing ſhowers;
All he waters from above,
Offers all his joy and peace;
Settled comfort, perfect love,
Everlaſting righteouſneſs.

5 All may from him receive
A power to turn and live;
Grace for every ſoul is free:
All may hear th' effectual call;
All the light of life may ſee,
All may feel, he died for all.

6 Drop down in ſhowers of love,
Ye heavens from above,

Righteouſneſs,

Righteouſneſs, ye ſkies, pour down!
Open, earth, and take it in;
Claim the ſpirit for your own,
Sinners, and be ſav'd from ſin!

7 Father, behold we claim
The gift in Jeſu's name!
Him the promis'd Comforter
Into all our ſpirits pour:
Let him fix his manſion here,
Come, and never leave us more!

HYMN LXXXV. [*Aldrich.*

Before reading the Scriptures.

1 COME, Holy Ghoſt, our hearts inſpire,
Let us thine influence prove;
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of life and love.

2 Come, Holy Ghoſt, (for mov'd by thee
The prophets wrote and ſpoke;)
Unlock the truth, thyſelf the Key,
Unſeal the ſacred book.

3 Expand thy wings, celeſtial Dove,
Brood o'er our nature's night;
On our diſorder'd ſpirits move,
And let there now be light.

4 God, through himſelf, we then ſhall know,
If thou within us ſhine;
And ſound, with all thy ſaints below,
The depths of love divine.

HYMN LXXXVI. [*Aldrich.*

1 FATHER of all, in whom alone
We live, and move, and breathe;
One bright celeſtial ray dart down,
And cheer thy ſons beneath.

2 While

2 While in thy word we ſearch for thee,
(We ſearch with trembling awe!)
Open our eyes, and let us ſee
The wonders of thy law.

3 Nor let our darkneſs comprehend
The light, that ſhines ſo clear;
Now the revealing ſpirit ſend,
And give us ears to hear.

4 Before us make thy goodneſs paſs,
Which here by faith we know:
Let us in Jeſus ſee thy face,
And die to all below.

HYMN LXXXVII. [*Frankfort.*

1 INSPIRER of the ancient ſeers,
Who wrote from thee the ſacred page,
The ſame through all ſucceeding years,
To us in our degenerate age;
The ſpirit of thy word impart,
And breathe the life into our heart.

2 While now thine oracles we read,
With earneſt prayer and ſtrong deſire,
O let thy ſpirit from thee proceed,
Our ſouls to waken and inſpire;
Our weakneſs help, our darkneſs chaſe,
And guide us by the light of grace.

3 Whene'er in error's paths we rove,
The living God through ſin forſake,
Our conſcience by thy word reprove,
Convince, and bring the wanderers back;
Deep wounded by thy ſpirit's ſword,
And then by Gilead's balm reſtor'd.

4 The ſecret leſſons of thy grace,
Tranſmitted through thy word, repeat,
And train us up in all thy ways,
To make us in thy will compleat;

Fulfil,

Fulfil thy love's redeeming plan,
And bring us to a perfect man.

5 Furniſh'd out of thy treaſury,
O may we always ready ſtand,
To help the ſouls redeem'd by thee,
In what their various ſtates demand;
To teach, convince, correct, reprove,
And build them up in holieſt love.

PART II.

CONVINCING.

SECTION I.

Deſcribing formal Religion.

HYMN LXXXVIII. [*Fetter-Lane.*

1 LONG have I ſeem'd to ſerve thee, Lord,
With unavailing pain:
Faſted, and pray'd, and read thy word,
And heard it preach'd in vain.

2 Oft did I with th' aſſembly join,
And near thy altar drew:
A form of godlineſs was mine,
The power I never knew.

3 I reſted in the outward law,
Nor knew its deep deſign;
The length and breadth I never ſaw,
And height of love divine.

4 To pleaſe thee thus, at length I ſee,
Vainly I hop'd, and ſtrove:
For what are outward things to thee,
Unleſs they ſpring from love?

5 I ſee the perfect law requires
Truth in the inward parts:
Our full conſent, our whole deſires,
Our undivided hearts.

6 But I of means have made my boaſt,
Of means an idol made!
The ſpirit in the letter loſt,
The ſubſtance in the ſhade!

7 Where am I now, or what my hope?
What can my weakneſs do?
Jeſu, to thee my ſoul looks up:
'Tis thou muſt make it new.

HYMN LXXXIX. [*Wedneſbury.*

1 STILL for thy loving kindneſs, Lord,
I in thy temple wait:
I look to find thee in thy word,
Or at thy table meet.

2 Here in thine own appointed ways
I wait to learn thy will:
Silent I ſtand before thy face,
And hear thee ſay, "Be ſtill!"

3 "Be ſtill, and know that I am God!"
'Tis all I live to know!
To feel the virtue of thy blood,
And ſpread its praiſe below!

4 I wait my vigour to renew,
Thine image to retrieve:
The veil of outward things paſs through,
And gaſp in thee to live.

5 I work;

5 I work; and own the labour vain:
And thus from works I ceaſe:
I ſtrive; and ſee my fruitleſs pain,
Till God create my peace.

6 Fruitleſs, till thou thyſelf impart,
Muſt all my efforts prove;
They cannot change a ſinful heart,
They cannot purchaſe love.

7 I do the thing thy laws enjoin,
And then the ſtrife give o'er;
To thee I then the whole reſign,
I truſt in means no more.

8 I truſt in him who ſtands between
The Father's wrath and me:
Jeſu, thou great eternal Mean,
I look for all from thee!

HYMN XC. [*Brentford.*

2 MY gracious, loving Lord,
To thee what ſhall I ſay?
Well may I tremble at thy word,
And ſcarce preſume to pray!
Ten thouſand wants have I:
Alas! I all things want!
And thou haſt bid me always cry,
And never, never faint.

2 Yet, Lord, well might I fear,
Fear ev'n to aſk thy grace;
So oft, have I, alas! drawn near,
And mock'd thee to thy face;
With all pollutions ſtain'd,
Thy hallow'd courts I trod:
Thy name and temple I profan'd,
And dar'd to call thee God!

3 Nigh with my lips I drew;
My lips were all unclean:
Thee with my heart I never knew;
My heart was full of ſin.
Far from the living Lord,
As far as hell from heaven,
Thy purity I ſtill abhorr'd,
Nor look'd to be forgiven.

4 My nature I obey'd,
My own deſires purſu'd:
And ſtill a den of thieves I made
The hallow'd houſe of God.
The worſhip he approves,
To him I would not pay:
My ſelfiſh ends and creature-loves
Had ſtole my heart away.

5 My ſin and nakedneſs
I ſtudied to diſguiſe;
Spoke to my ſoul a flattering peace,
And put out my own eyes:
In fig-leaves I appear'd
Nor with my form would part:
But ſtill retain'd a conſcience fear'd,
A hard, deceitful heart.

6 A goodly, formal ſaint
I long appear'd in ſight;
By ſelf, and Satan taught to paint
My tomb, my nature white.
The Phariſee within
Stil undiſturb'd remain'd;
The ſtrong man arm'd with guilt of ſin,
Safe in his palace reign'd.

7 But O! the jealous God
In my behalf came down:
Jeſus himſelf the ſtronger ſhow'd,
And claim'd me for his own.

My ſpirit he alarm'd
And brought into diſtreſs:
He ſhook, and bound the ſtrong man arm'd
In his ſelf-righteouſneſs.

8 Faded my virtuous ſhow,
My form without the power:
The ſin-convincing ſpirit blew,
And blaſted every flower.
My mouth was ſtopp'd, and ſhame
Cover'd my guilty face;
I fell on the atoning Lamb,
And I was ſav'd by grace.

HYMN XCI. [*St. Paul's.*

1 THE men who ſlight thy faithful word,
In their own lies confide;
Theſe are the temples of the Lord,
And heathens all beſide!

2 The temple of the Lord are theſe,
The only church and true,
Who live in pomp, and wealth, and eaſe,
And Jeſus never knew.

3 O wouldſt thou, Lord, reveal their ſins!
And turn their joy to grief!
The world, the chriſtian world, convince
Of damning unbelief.

4 The formaliſts confound, convert,
And to thy people join;
And break, and fill the broken heart,
With confidence divine!

SECTION II.

Describing inward Religion.

HYMN XCII. [*Anglesey.*

1 AUTHOR of faith, eternal word,
Whose spirit breathes the active flame;
Faith, like its finisher and Lord,
To-day, as yesterday the same:

2 To thee our humble hearts aspire,
And ask the gift unspeakable:
Increase in us the kindled fire,
In us the work of faith fulfil.

3 By faith we know thee strong to save,
(Save us, a present Saviour thou!)
Whate'er we hope, by faith we have,
Future and past subsisting now.

4 To him that in thy name believes,
Eternal life with thee is given;
Into himself he all receives,
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

5 The things unknown to feeble sense,
Unseen by reason's glimmering ray;
With strong, commanding evidence,
Their heavenly origin display.

6 Faith lends its realizing light,
The clouds disperse, the shadows fly;
Th' Invisible appears in sight,
And God is seen by mortal eye.

HYMN XCIII. [*Brentford.*

1 HOW can a sinner know
His sins on earth forgiven?
How can my gracious Saviour shew
My name inscrib'd in heaven?

What

What we have felt and ſeen;
With confidence we tell;
And publiſh to the ſons of men
The ſigns infallible.

2 We, who in Chriſt believe,
That he for us hath died,
We all his unknown peace receive,
And feel his blood applied;
Exults our riſing ſoul,
Diſburthen'd of her load,
And ſwells unutterably full
Of glory and of God.

3 His love ſurpaſſing far
The love of all beneath,
We find within our hearts, and dare
The pointleſs darts of death.
Stronger than death or hell
The myſtic power we prove;
And conquerors of the world we dwell
In heaven, who dwell in love.

4 We by his ſpirit prove,
And know the things of God;
The things which freely of his love
He hath on us beſtow'd:
His ſpirit to us he gave,
And dwells in us, we know;
The witneſs in ourſelves we have,
And all his fruit we ſhow.

5 The meek and lowly heart,
That in our Saviour was,
To us his ſpirit does impart,
And ſigns us with his croſs:
Our nature's turn'd, our mind
Transform'd in all its powers;
And both the witneſſes are join'd,
The ſpirit of God with ours.

6 Whate'er

Whate'er our pardoning Lord
Commands, we gladly do,
And guided by his ſacred word,
We all his ſteps purſue:
His glory our deſign,
We live our God to pleaſe:
And riſe, with filial fear divine,
To perfect holineſs.

HYMN XCIV. [*Lampe's.*

1 AH, fooliſh world, forbear
Thy unavailing pain!
Nor idly, needleſsly declare
Our hope and labour vain:
Say not, we cannot know
On earth, the heav'nly pow'rs,
Or taſte the glorious bliſs below,
Or feel that God is ours.

2 So ignorant of God,
In ſin brought up and born,
Ye prudent fools, be not ſo proud;
Suſpend your idle ſcorn:
For us who have our ſight,
Ye fain would judges be,
And make us think there is no light,
Becauſe ye cannot ſee.

3 The ſame in your eſteem;
Falſehood and truth we join,
The wild enthuſiaſt's idle dream,
And real work divine;
The ſubſtance or the ſhow,
No difference ye can find:
For colours all, full well we know,
Are equal to the blind.

4 Wherefore from us depart,
And to each other tell,
"No, no, we cannot on our heart
The written pardon feel:"

A ſtranger to that bread
Ye may beguile and cheat;
But us ye never can perſuade
That honey is not ſweet.

HYMN XCV. [*Kingswood.*

1 UPRIGHT both in heart and will,
We by our God were made;
But we turn'd from good to ill,
And o'er the creature ſtray'd:
Multiplied our wandring thought,
Which firſt was fix'd on God alone,
In ten thouſand objects ſought
The bliſs we loſt in one.

2 From our own inventions vain
Of fancied happineſs,
Draw us to thyſelf again,
And bid our wand'rings ceaſe;
Jeſus ſpeak our ſouls reſtor'd,
By love's divine ſimplicity;
Re-united to our Lord,
And wholly loſt in thee!

PART III.

SECTION I.

Praying for Repentance.

HYMN XCVI. [*Mourner's.*

1 FATHER of lights, from whom proceeds
Whate'er thy every creature needs,
Whoſe goodneſs providently nigh,
Feeds the your g ravens when they cry;
To thee I look, my heart prepare:
Suggeſt and hearken to my prayer.

2 Since

2 Since by thy light myſelf I ſee
Naked, and poor, and void of thee;
Thy eyes muſt all my thoughts ſurvey,
Preventing what my lips would ſay;
Thou ſeeſt my wants, for help they call,
And ere I ſpeak, thou know'ſt them all.

3 Thou know'ſt the baſeneſs of my mind,
Wayward, and impotent and blind;
Thou know'ſt how unſubdu'd my will,
Averſe to good and prone to ill:
Thou know'ſt how wide my paſſions rove,
Nor check'd by fear, nor charm'd by love.

4 Fain would I know as known by thee,
And feel the indigence I ſee;
Fain would I all my vileneſs own,
And deep beneath the burden groan:
Abhor the pride that lurks within,
Deteſt and loath myſelf and ſin.

5 Ah give me, Lord, myſelf to feel!
My total miſery reveal;
Ah, give me, Lord (I ſtill would ſay)
A heart to mourn, a heart to pray:
My buſineſs this, my only care,
My life, my every breath be prayer!

HYMN XCVII. [*Smith's.*

1 JESU, my Advocate above,
My friend before the throne of love:
If now for me prevails the prayer,
If now I find thee pleading there:
If thou the ſecret wiſh convey,
And ſweetly prompt my heart to pray:
Hear, and my weak petitions join,
Almighty advocate, to thine.

2 Fain would I know my utmoſt ill,
And groan my nature's weight to feel;

To feel the clouds that round me roll,
The night that hangs upon my ſoul;
The darkneſs of my carnal mind,
My will perverſe, my paſſions blind,
Scatter'd o'er all the earth abroad,
Immeaſurably far from God.

3 Jeſu, my heart's deſire obtain!
My earneſt ſuit preſent and gain:
My fulneſs of corruption ſhow,
The knowledge of myſelf beſtow:
A deeper diſplicence at ſin,
A ſharper ſenſe of hell within;
A ſtronger ſtruggling to get free;
A keener appetite for thee!

4 O ſovreign Love to thee, I cry!
Give me thyſelf, or elſe I die!
Save me from death: from hell ſet free;
Death, hell, are but the want of thee.
Quicken'd by the imparted flame,
Sav'd, when poſſeſt of thee I am:
My life, my only heaven thou art!
O might I feel thee in my heart!

HYMN XCVIII. [*Dedication.*

1 SAVIOUR, Prince of Iſrael's race,
See me from thy lofty throne:
Give the ſweet relenting grace,
Soften this obdurate ſtone!
Stone to fleſh, O God, convert,
Caſt a look and break my heart!

2 By thy ſpirit, Lord, reprove,
All mine inmoſt ſins reveal;
Sins againſt thy light and love,
Let me ſee and let me feel;
Sins that crucified my God,
Spilt again thy precious blood.

3 Jeſu, ſeek thy wand'ring ſheep,
Make me reſtleſs to return;
Bid me look on thee and weep,
Bitterly as Peter mourn;
Till I ſay, by grace reſtor'd,
Now thou know'ſt, I love thee, Lord.

4 Might I in thy ſight appear,
As the Publican diſtreſt,
Stand, not daring to draw near,
Smite on my unworthy breaſt;
Groan the ſinner's only plea,
God, be merciful to me!

5 O remember me for good,
Paſſing through the mortal vale!
Shew me the atoning blood,
When my ſtrength and ſpirit fail;
Give my gaſping ſoul to ſee
Jeſus crucified for me!

HYMN XCIX. [*Olney.*

1 O That I could repent!
With all my idols part;
And to thy gracious eye preſent
An humble contrite heart!
A heart with grief oppreſt,
For having griev'd my God;
A troubled heart, that cannot reſt,
Till ſprinkled with thy blood!

2 Jeſus, on me beſtow,
The penitent deſire;
With true ſincerity of woe
My aching breaſt inſpire;
With ſoftning pity look,
And melt my hardneſs down;
Strike, with thy love's reſiſtleſs ſtroke,
And break this heart of ſtone!

HYMN C. [*Lampe's.*

1 O That I could revere
My much offended God!
O that I could but ſtand in fear
Of thy afflicting rod!
If mercy cannot draw,
Thou, by thy threatnings, move;
And keep an abject ſoul in awe,
That will not yield to love.

2 Shew me the naked ſword,
Impending o'er my head;
O let me tremble at thy word!
And to thy ways take heed:
With ſacred horror fly
From ev'ry ſinful ſnare:
Nor ever, in my Judge's eye,
My Judge's anger dare.

3 Thou great tremendous God,
The conſcious awe impart;
The grace be now on me beſtow'd,
The tender, fleſhly heart;
For Jeſu's ſake alone
The ſtony heart remove;
And melt at laſt, O melt me down
Into the mould of love.

HYMN CI. [*Mitcham.*

1 O For that tenderneſs of heart,
Which bows before the Lord;
Acknowledging how juſt thou art,
And trembles at thy word!

2 O for thoſe humble, contrite tears,
Which from repentance flow;
That conſciouſneſs of guilt, which fears
The long-ſuſpended blow!

3 Saviour, to me in pity give
The ſenſible diſtreſs;
The pledge thou wilt at laſt receive,
And bid me die in peace:

4 Wilt from the dreadful day remove,
Before the evil come;
My ſpirit hide with ſaints above,
My body in the tomb.

HYMN CII. [*Brentford.*

1 O That I could repent!
O that I could believe!
Thou, by thy voice, the marble rent,
The rock in ſunder cleave!
Thou, by thy two-edg'd ſword,
My ſoul and ſpirit part;
Strike, with the hammer of thy word,
And break my ſtubborn heart!

2 Saviour, and prince of peace,
The double grace beſtow;
Unlooſe the bands of wickedneſs,
And let the captive go:
Grant me my ſins to feel,
And then the load remove;
Wound, and pour in, my wounds to heal,
The balm of pardoning love.

3 For thy own mercy's ſake
The curſed thing remove;
And into thy protection take
The priſoner of thy love:
In every trying hour
Stand by my feeble ſoul;
And ſkreen me from my nature's power,
Till thou haſt made me whole.

4 This is thy will, I know,
That I ſhould holy be;
Should let my ſins this moment go,
This moment turn to thee:
O might I now embrace
The all-ſufficient power;
And never more to ſin give place,
And never grieve thee more!

HYMN CIII. [*Calvary.*

1 JESU, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wandring ſheep;
Falſe to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain like Peter weep;
Let me be by grace reſtor'd,
On me be all long-ſuffering ſhown:
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of ſtone.

2 Saviour, Prince enthron'd above,
Repentance to impart;
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart:
Give, what I have long implor'd,
A portion of thy grief unknown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of ſtone.

3 For thine own compaſſion's ſake
The gracious wonder ſhow;
Caſt my ſins behind thy back,
And waſh me white as ſnow:
If thy bowels now are ſtirr'd,
If now I would myſelf bemoan;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of ſtone.

4 See me, Saviour, from above,
Nor ſuffer me to die!
Life, and happineſs, and love,
Drop from thy gracious eye;
Speak the reconciling word,
And let thy mercy melt me down;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of ſtone.

5 Look, as when thine eye purſued
The firſt apoſtate man;
Saw him welt'ring in his blood,
And bade him riſe again;
Speak my paradiſe reſtor'd,
Redeem me by thy grace alone:
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of ſtone.

6 Look, as when thy pity ſaw
Thine own in a ſtrange land;
Forc'd t' obey the tyrant's law,
And feel his heavy hand:
Speak the ſoul-redeeming word,
And out of Egypt call thy ſon:
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of ſtone.

7 Look, as when thy grace beheld
The harlot in diſtreſs;
Dri'd her tears, her pardon ſeal'd,
And bade her go in peace:
Foul like her, and ſelf-abhorr'd,
I at thy feet for mercy groan:
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of ſtone.

8 Look, as when thy languid eye
Was clos'd that we might live:
"Father," (at the point to die,
My Saviour gaſp'd,) "forgive!"

Surely with that dying word,
He turns, and looks, and cries, "'Tis done!"
O my bleeding, loving, Lord,
Thou break'ſt my heart of ſtone!

SECTION II.

For Mourners convinced of Sin.

HYMN CIV. [*Wedneſbury.*

1 ENSLAV'D to ſenſe, to pleaſure prone,
Fond of created good;
Father, our helpleſſneſs we own,
And trembling taſte our food.

2 Trembling we taſte; for ah! no more
To thee the creatures lead:
Change, they exert a baneful power,
And poiſon while they feed.

3 Curs'd for the ſake of wretched man,
They now engroſs him whole;
With pleaſing force on earth detain,
And ſenſualize his ſoul.

4 Grov'ling on earth we ſtill muſt lie,
Till Chriſt, the curſe repeal;
Till Chriſt, deſcending from on high,
Infected nature heal.

5 Come then, our heavenly Adam, come,
Thy healing influence give;
Hallow our food, reverſe our doom,
And bid us eat, and live.

6 The bondage of corruption break;
For this our ſpirits groan:
Thy only will we fain would ſeek,
O ſave us from our own!

7 Turn the full ſtream of nature's tide:
Let all our actions tend
To thee their ſource: thy love the guide,
Thy glory be the end.

8 Earth then a ſcale to heaven ſhall be,
Senſe ſhall point out the road;
The creatures all ſhall lead to thee,
And all we taſte be God.

HYMN CV. [*Kingswood.*

1 WRETCHED, helpleſs, and diſtreſt,
Ah whither ſhall I fly!
Ever gaſping after reſt,
I cannot find it nigh;
Naked, ſick, and poor, and blind,
Faſt bound in ſin and miſery,
Friend of ſinners, let me find
My help, my all in thee!

2 I am all unclean, unclean,
Thy purity I want;
My whole heart is ſick of ſin,
And my whole head is faint!
Full of putrifying ſores,
Of bruiſes, and of wounds, my ſoul
Looks to Jeſus; help implores,
And gaſps to be made whole.

3 In the wilderneſs I ſtray,
My fooliſh heart is blind;
Nothing do I know; the way
Of peace I cannot find;
Jeſus, Lord, reſtore my ſight,
And take, O take the veil away;
Turn my darkneſs into light,
My midnight into day.

4 Naked of thine image, Lord,
Forſaken, and alone,
Unrenew'd and unreſtor'd,
I have not thee put on:
Over me thy mantle ſpread,
Send down thy likeneſs from above,
Let thy goodneſs be diſplay'd,
And wrap me in thy love!

5 Poor, alas! thou know'ſt I am,
And would be poorer ſtill;
See my nakedneſs and ſhame,
And all my vileneſs feel:
No good thing in me reſides,
My ſoul is all an aching void,
Till thy ſpirit here abides,
And I am fill'd with God.

6 Jeſus, full of truth and grace,
In thee is all I want:
Be the wanderer's reſting place,
A cordial to the faint:
Make me rich, for I am poor;
In thee may I my *Eden* find:
To the dying, health reſtore,
And eye-ſight to the blind.

7 Clothe me with thy holineſs,
Thy meek humility;
Put on me thy glorious dreſs,
Endue my ſoul with thee;
Let thine image be reſtor'd,
Thy name and nature let me prove;
With thy fulneſs fill me, Lord,
And perfect me in love.

HYMN CVI. [*Kingswood.*

1 JESU, Friend of ſinners hear,
Yet once again I pray:
From my debt of ſin ſet clear,
For I have nought to pay:
Speak, O ſpeak the kind releaſe,
A poor backſliding ſoul reſtore:
Love me freely, ſeal my peace,
And bid me ſin no more.

2 For my ſelfiſhneſs and pride
Thou haſt withdrawn thy grace;
Left me long to wander wide,
An outcaſt from thy face;
But I now my ſins confeſs,
And mercy, mercy I implore:
Love me freely, ſeal my peace,
And bid me ſin no more.

3 Though my ſins as mountains riſe,
And ſwell, and reach to heaven,
Mercy is above the ſkies,
I may be ſtill forgiven.
Infinite my ſins increaſe,
But greater is thy mercy's ſtore;
Love me freely, ſeal my peace,
And bid me ſin no more.

4 Sin's deceitfulneſs hath ſpread
A hardneſs o'er my heart;
But if thou thy ſpirit ſhed,
The ſtony ſhall depart:
Shed thy love, thy tenderneſs,
And let me feel thy ſoftning power:
Love me freely, ſeal my peace,
And bid me ſin no more.

5 From th' oppreſſive power of ſin
My ſtruggling ſpirit free;
Perfect righteouſneſs bring in,
Unſpotted purity;
Speak, and all this war ſhall ceaſe,
And ſin ſhall give its raging o'er:
Love me freely, ſeal my peace,
And bid me ſin no more.

6 For this only thing I pray,
And this will I require,
Take the power of ſin away,
Fill me with chaſte deſire;
Perfect me in holineſs;
Thine image to my ſoul reſtore:
Love me freely, ſeal my peace,
And bid me ſin no more.

HYMN CVII. [*Foundery.*

1 FRIEND of ſinners, in thy heart,
Tell me, doth there not remain
One unarm'd and tender part,
Capable of human pain?
Lord, I wait for the reply;
Groan an anſwer from within;
Tell me, Comforter, that I,
I ſhall be redeem'd from ſin.

2 Hoping againſt hope, I wait
For redemption in thy blood;
Help me in my loſt eſtate,
Take away my heavy load;
Save me from this tyranny,
O bring near the joyful hour!
From all ſin my ſpirit free,
All the guilt, and all the power.

3 Grant, O grant my laſt requeſt!
Nothing do I aſk beſide;
Only give my ſpirit reſt,
Reſt from anger, luſt, and pride;
Bring into thy perfect peace,
Give me faith to enter in;
Let me with thy people ceaſe
From my own dead works of ſin.

4 Power I want, a conſtant power,
My only evil to eſchew;
Till my heart can ſin no more,
Till I am a creature new;
Let me in thy wounds abide,
Till the perfect grace is given;
Give me this, I aſk beſide
Nothing in earth or heaven.

HYMN CVIII. [*Kingswood.*

The good Samaritan.

1 WOE is me! what tongue can tell
My ſad afflicted ſtate!
Who my anguiſh can reveal,
Or all my woes relate!
Fallen among thieves I am,
And they have robb'd me of my God;
Turn'd my glory into ſhame,
And left me in my blood.

2 O thou good *Samaritan!*
In thee is all my hope:
Only thou canſt ſuccour man,
And raiſe the fallen up:
Hearken to my dying cry,
My wounds compaſſionately ſee;
Me a ſinner paſs not by,
Who gaſp for help to thee.

3 Still thou journey'ſt where I am,
And ſtill thy bowels move:
Pity with thee is ſtill the ſame,
And all thy heart is love!
Stoop, to a poor ſinner ſtoop,
And let thy healing grace abound;
Heal my bruiſes, and bind up
My ſpirit's every wound.

4 Saviour of my ſoul draw nigh,
In mercy haſte to me;
At the point of death I lie,
And cannot come to thee:
Now thy kind relief afford,
The wine and oil of grace pour in;
Good Phyſician, ſpeak the word,
And heal my ſoul of ſin.

5 Pity to my dying cries
Hath drawn thee from above;
Hov'ring over me with eyes
Of tenderneſs and love:
Now, even now I ſee thy face,
The Balm of *Gilead* I receive:
Thou haſt ſav'd me by thy grace,
And bade the ſinner live.

6 Surely now the bitterneſs
Of ſecond death is paſt;
O my life, my righteouſneſs!
On thee my ſoul I caſt;
Thou haſt brought me to thine inn,
And I am of thy promiſe ſure;
Thou ſhalt cleanſe me from all ſin,
And all my ſickneſs cure.

7 Perfect then the work begun,
And make the ſinner whole;
All thy will on me be done,
My body, ſpirit, ſoul;

Still preſerve me ſafe from harms,
And kindly for thy patient care;
Take me, Jeſu, to thine arms,
And keep me ever there.

HYMN CIX. [*Bradford.*

1 O Thou, whom fain my ſoul would love!
Whom I would gladly die to know,
This veil of unbelief remove,
And ſhow me, all thy goodneſs ſhow;
Jeſu, thyſelf in me reveal,
Tell me thy name, thy nature tell.

2 Haſt thou been with me, Lord, ſo long,
Yet thee, my Lord, have I not known?
I claim thee with a faultring tongue,
I pray thee in a feeble groan;
Tell me, O tell me who thou art!
And ſpeak thy name into my heart.

3 If now thou talkeſt by the way
With ſuch an abject worm as me;
Thy myſtery of grace diſplay;
Open thine eyes that I may ſee:
That I may underſtand thy word,
And now cry out, it is the Lord!

HYMN CX. [*112th Pſalm Tune.*

1 JESU, in whom the weary find
Their late, but permanent repoſe;
Phyſician of the ſin-ſick mind,
Relieve my wants, aſſuage my woes;
And let my ſoul on thee be caſt,
Till life's fierce tyranny be paſt.

2 Loos'd from my God, and far remov'd,
Long have I wandred to and fro;
O'er earth in endleſs circles rov'd,
Nor found whereon to reſt below;

Back to my God at laſt I fly:
For O, the waters ſtill are high!

3 Selfiſh purſuits and nature's maze,
The things of earth for thee I leave:
Put forth thine hand, thine hand of grace,
Into the ark of love receive!
Take this poor flutt'ring ſoul to reſt,
And lodge it, Saviour, in thy breaſt!

4 Fill with inviolable peace,
'Stabliſh and keep my ſettled heart:
In thee may all my wandrings ceaſe,
From thee no more may I depart:
Thy utmoſt goodneſs call'd to prove,
Lov'd with an everlaſting love.

HYMN CXI. [*Calvary's.*

1 LET the world their virtue boaſt,
Their works of righteouſneſs;
I, a wretch undone and loſt,
Am freely ſav'd by grace;
Other title I diſclaim,
This, only this is all my plea;
I the chief of ſinners am,
But Jeſus died for me.

2 Happy they whoſe joys abound,
Like *Jordan's* ſwelling ſtream;
Who their heaven in Chriſt have found,
And give the praiſe to him;
Let them triumph in his name,
Enjoy their full felicity;
I the chief of ſinners am,
But Jeſus died for me.

3 Bleſt are they, entirely bleſt,
Who can in him rejoice;
Lean on his beloved breaſt,
And hear the bridegroom's voice;

Meaneſt

Meaneſt follower of the Lamb,
His ſteps I at a diſtance ſee;
I the chief of ſinners am,
But Jeſus died for me.

4 I like *Gideon's* fleece am found,
Unwater'd ſtill, and dry;
While the dew, on all around,
Falls plenteous from the ſky;
Yet my Lord I cannot blame,
The Saviour's grace for all is free;
I the chief of ſinners am,
But Jeſus died for me.

5 Surely he will lift me up
For I of him have need;
I cannot give up my hope,
Though I am cold and dead;
To bring fire on earth he came;
O that it now might kindled be!
I the chief of ſinners am,
But Jeſus died for me.

6 Jeſus, thou for me haſt died,
And thou in me ſhalt live;
I ſhall feel thy death applied,
I ſhall thy life receive;
Yet when melted in the flame
Of love, this ſhall be all my plea;
I the chief of ſinners am,
But Jeſus died for me.

HYMN CXII. [*Foundery.*

1 SAVIOUR caſt a pitying eye,
Bid my ſins and ſorrows end:
Whither ſhould a ſinner fly?
Art not thou the ſinner's friend?
Reſt in thee I gaſp to find,
Wretched I, and poor, and blind.

2 Didſt

2 Didſt thou ever ſee a ſoul
More in need of help than mine?
Then refuſe to make me whole,
Then with-hold the balm divine:
But if I do want thee moſt,
Come, and ſeek, and ſave the loſt.

3 Haſte, O haſte to my relief!
From the iron-furnace take;
Rid me of my ſin and grief,
For thy own ſweet mercy's ſake;
Set my heart at liberty,
Shew forth all thy power in me.

4 Me the vileſt of the race,
Moſt unholy, moſt unclean;
Me the fartheſt from thy face,
Sink of miſery and ſin;
Me with arms of love receive,
Me, of ſinners chief, forgive!

5 Jeſus, on thy only name
For ſalvation I depend;
In thy gracious hands I am,
Save me, ſave me, to the end:
Let the utmoſt grace be given;
Save me quite from hell to heaven.

HYMN CXIII. [*Fetter-Lane.*

1 GOD is in this and every place;
But O how dark and void
To me! 'tis one great wilderneſs,
This earth without my God.

2 Empty of him who all things fill,
Till he his light impart!
Till he his glorious ſelf reveal,
The veil is on my heart!

3 O thou,

3 O thou, who ſeeſt and know'ſt my grief!
Thyſelf unſeen, unknown,
Pity my helpleſs unbelief,
And take away the ſtone.

4 Regard me with a gracious eye,
The long-ſought bleſſing give;
And bid me, at the point to die,
Behold thy face and live.

5 A darker ſoul did never yet
Thy promis'd help implore:
O that I now my Lord might meet,
And never loſe him more!

6 Now, Jeſus, now the Father's love
Shed in my heart abroad;
The middle wall of ſin remove,
And let me into God!

HYMN CXIV. [*Snowsfields.*

1 AUTHOR of faith to thee I cry,
To thee, who wouldſt not have me die,
But know the truth and live:
Open mine eyes to ſee thy face,
Work in my heart the ſaving grace,
The life eternal give.

2 Shut up in unbelief I groan,
And blindly ſerve a God unknown,
Till thou the veil remove;
The gift unſpeakable impart,
And write thy name upon my heart,
And manifeſt thy love.

3 I know the work is only thine,
The gift of faith is all divine;

But

But if on thee we call,
Thou wilt the benefit beſtow,
And give us hearts to feel and know,
That thou haſt died for all.

4 Thou bidſt us knock, and enter in,
Come unto thee, and reſt from ſin;
The bleſſing ſeek and find:
Thou bidſt us aſk thy grace, and have;
Thou canſt, thou wouldſt this moment ſave
Both me and all mankind.

5 Be it according to thy word!
Now let me find my pard'ning Lord;
Let what I aſk be given;
The bar of unbelief remove,
Open the door of faith and love,
And take me into heaven!

HYMN CXV. [*Canterbury.*

1 O Thou of whom I oft have heard,
Heard with the hearing of the ear;
But never truly lov'd or fear'd,
But never found thee preſent here;
Come to my poor, my faithleſs heart,
And kindly tell me who thou art!

2 No ſmalleſt motion can I make
Tow'rd heaven, and happineſs, and thee;
But ſave me for thy mercy's ſake;
Thy mercy moſt divinely free,
Be on this hardened rebel ſhow'd,
In honour of the dying God.

3 Look not on me, a beaſt, a fiend,
All wrath, all paſſion, and all pride;
But ſee thyſelf the ſinner's friend,
The Son of man, the crucified;
The God that left his throne above,
The bleeding Prince of peace and love.

4 Thy only dying love I plead:
Stronger than death thy love to me:
If thou couldſt ſuffer in my ſtead,
Thou canſt from ſin and miſery
My poor expiring ſoul lift up,
And bid the chief of ſinners hope.

HYMN CXVI. [*Cary's.*

1 WHEN my relief will moſt diſplay
Thy glory in thy creature's good:
Then, Jeſus, take the veil away,
Sprinkle me with th' atoning blood:
The power of living faith impart,
And breathe thy love into my heart.

2 Jeſus, the promis'd help ſupply;
Support the feeble, fainting mind:
Nor let me in the winter fly,
But ſeek till I acceptance find;
But aſk till I am ſav'd from ſin,
And knock till mercy takes me in.

HYMN CXVII. [*Cary's.*

1 EXPAND thy wings, celeſtial Dove,
And brooding o'er my nature's night,
Call forth the ray of heavenly love,
Let there in my dark ſoul be light;
And fill th' illuſtrated abyſs
With glorious beams of endleſs bliſs.

2 Let there be light, (again command)
And light there in your hearts ſhall be;
We then through faith ſhall underſtand
Thy great myſterious majeſty;
And by the ſhining of thy grace,
Behold in Chriſt thy glorious face.

3 Father of everlaſting grace,
Be mindful of thy changeleſs word;
We worſhip tow'rd that holy place,
In which thou doſt thy name record:
Doſt make thy gracious nature known,
That living temple of thy Son.

4 Thou doſt with ſweet complacence ſee
The temple fill'd with light divine;
And art thou not well-pleas'd with me,
Who, turning to that heavenly ſhrine,
Through Jeſus to thy throne apply,
Through Jeſus for acceptance cry?

5 With all who for redemption groan,
Father in Jeſu's name I pray!
And ſtill we cry and wreſtle on,
Till mercy takes our ſins away:
Hear from thy dwelling place in heaven,
And now pronounce our ſins forgiven.

HYMN CXVIII. [*Traveller's.*

1 O Thou who haſt our ſorrows borne,
Help us to look on thee and mourn,
On thee whom we have ſlain;
Have pierc'd a thouſand, thouſand times,
And by reiterated crimes
Renew'd thy mortal pain.

2 Vouchſafe us eyes of faith to ſee
The man tranſfixt on Calvary!
To know thee, who thou art,
The one eternal God and true;
And let the ſight affect, ſubdue,
And break my ſtubborn heart.

3 Lover of ſouls, to reſcue mine,
Reveal the charity divine,

That

That ſuffer'd in my ſtead:
That made thy ſoul a ſacrifice,
And quench'd in death thoſe flaming eyes,
And bow'd that ſacred head.

4 The unbelieving veil remove,
And by thy manifeſted love,
And by thy ſprinkled blood,
Deſtroy the love of ſin in me,
And get thyſelf the victory,
And bring me back to God.

5 Now let thy dying love conſtrain
My ſoul to love its God again,
Its God to glorify:
And lo! I come thy croſs to ſhare,
Echo thy ſacrificial prayer,
And with my Saviour die.

HYMN CXIX. [*Aldrich.*

1 LET the redeem'd give thanks and praiſe,
To a forgiving God!
My feeble voice I cannot raiſe,
Till waſh'd in Jeſu's blood:

2 Till at thy coming from above,
My mountain-ſins depart,
And fear gives place to filial love,
And peace o'erflows my heart.

3 Priſoner of hope I ſtill attend
Th' appearance of my Lord,
Theſe endleſs doubts and fears to end,
And ſpeak my ſoul reſtor'd:

4 Reſtor'd by reconciling grace,
With preſent pardon bleſt,
And fitted by true holineſs
For my eternal reſt.

5 The peace which man can ne'er conceive,
The love and joy unknown,
Now, Father, to thy ſervant give,
And claim me for thy own!

6 My God in Jeſus pacifi'd,
My God thyſelf declare,
And draw me to his open ſide,
And plunge the ſinner there.

HYMN CXX. [*Wood's.*

1 O That I firſt of love poſſeſs'd,
With my Redeemer's preſence bleſt,
Might his ſalvation ſee!
Before thou doſt my ſoul require,
Allow me, Lord, my heart's deſire,
And ſhew thyſelf to me!

2 Appear my ſanctuary from ſin,
Open thy arms and take me in;
In thy own preſence hide:
Hide in the place where Moſes ſtood,
And ſhew me now the face of God,
My Father pacifi'd!

3 What but thy manifeſted grace,
Can guilt, and fear, and ſorrow chaſe,
The cauſe of grief deſtroy?
Thy mercy makes ſalvation ſure,
Makes all my heart and nature pure,
And fills with hallow'd joy.

4 Come quickly, Lord, the veil remove!
Paſs as a God of pard'ning love
Before my raviſh'd eyes:
And when I in thy perſon ſee
Jehovah's glorious majeſty,
I find my paradiſe.

HYMN CXXI. [*Brockmer's.*

1 O That I could my Lord receive,
Who did the world redeem!
Who gave his life, that I might live
A life conceal'd in him!

2 O that I could the bleſſing prove,
My heart's extreme deſire!
Live happy in my Saviour's love,
And in his arms expire!

3 Mercy I aſk to ſeal my peace,
That, kept by mercy's power,
I may from every evil ceaſe,
And never grieve thee more!

4 Now, if thy gracious will it be,
Ev'n now my ſins remove;
And ſet my ſoul at liberty
By thy victorious love.

5 In anſwer to ten thouſand prayers,
Thou pard'ning God deſcend!
Number me with ſalvation's heirs,
My ſins and troubles end!

6 Nothing I aſk, or want beſide,
Of all in earth or heaven:
But let me feel thy blood apply'd,
And live, and die forgiven.

HYMN CXXII. [*Welling.*

1 TOO ſtrong I was to conquer ſin,
When 'gainſt it firſt I turn'd my face:
Nor knew my want of power within,
Nor knew th' omnipotence of grace.

2 In nature's ſtreng h I ſought in vain,
For what my God rèfus'd to give;
I could not then the maſt'ry gain,
Or lord of all my paſſions live.

3 But for the glory of thy name,
Vouchſafe me now the victory:
Weakneſs itſelf thou know'ſt I am,
And cannot ſhare the praiſe with thee.

4 Becauſe I now can nothing do,
Jeſus, do all the work alone;
And bring my ſoul triumphant through,
To wave its palm before thy throne.

5 Great God, unknown, inviſible!
Appear, my confidence to' abaſe;
To make me all my vileneſs feel,
And bluſh at my own righteouſneſs.

6 Thy glorious face in Chriſt diſplay,
That ſilenc'd by thy mercy's pow'r,
My mouth I in the duſt may lay,
And never boaſt, or murmur more.

HYMN CXXIII. [*St. Luke's.*

1 WHEREWITH, O God, ſhall I draw near?
And bow myſelf before thy face?
How in thy purer eyes appear?
What ſhall I bring to gain thy grace?

2 Will gifts delight the Lord our God?
Can theſe waſh out my guilty ſtain?
Rivers of oil, and ſeas of blood,
Alas! they all muſt flow in vain.

3 Whoe'er to thee themſelves approve,
Muſt take the path thy word hath ſhow'd:
Juſtice purſue, and mercy love,
And humbly walk by faith with God.

4 But

4 But though my life henceforth be thine,
Preſent for paſt can ne'er atone:
Though I to thee the whole reſign,
I only give thee back thine own.

5 What have I then wherein to truſt?
I nothing have, I nothing am:
Excluded is my every boaſt,
My glory ſwallow'd up in ſhame.

6 Guilty I ſtand before thy face,
On me I feel thy wrath abide:
'Tis juſt the ſentence ſhould take place,
'Tis juſt; but O thy Son hath died!

7 Jeſus the Lamb of God hath bled,
He bore our ſins upon the tree!
Beneath our curſe he bow'd his head:
'Tis finiſh'd! he hath died for me.

8 For me I now believe he died:
He made my every crime his own;
Fully for me he ſatisfied:
Father, well-pleas'd behold thy Son!

9 See where before the throne he ſtands,
And pours the all-prevailing pray'r:
Points to his ſide, and lifts his hands,
And ſhews that I am graven there.

10 He ever lives for me to pray;
He prays that I with him may reign;
Amen, to what my Lord doth ſay!
Jeſus, thou canſt not pray in vain.

SECTION III.

For Mourners brought to the Birth.

HYMN CXXIV. [*St. Paul's.*

1 WITH glorious clouds incompaſt round,
Whom angels dimly ſee,
Will the Unſearchable be found,
Or God appear to me?

2 Will he forſake his throne above,
Himſelf to worms impart?
Anſwer thou Man of grief and love,
And ſpeak it to my heart!

3 In manifeſted love explain
Thy wonderful deſign:
What meant the ſuff'ring Son of man?
The ſtreaming blood divine?

4 Didſt thou not in our fleſh appear,
And live and die below,
That I may now perceive thee near,
And my Redeemer know?

5 Come then, and to my ſoul reveal
The heights and depths of grace;
The wounds which all my ſorrows heal,
That dear diſfigur'd face.

6 Before my eyes of faith confeſt,
Stand forth a ſlaughter'd Lamb:
And wrap me in thy crimſon veſt,
And tell me all thy name.

7 Jehovah in thy perſon ſhow,
Jehovah crucified:
And then the pard'ning God I know,
And feel thy blood applied.

8 I view

8 I view the Lamb in his own light,
Whom angels dimly ſee:
And gaze, tranſported at the ſight,
To all eternity.

HYMN CXXV. [*Guernſey.*

1 ADAM, deſcended from above,
Federal head of all mankind;
The cov'nant of redeeming love
In thee let every ſinner find.

2 Its Surety, thou alone haſt paid
The debt we to thy Father ow'd:
For the whole world atonement made,
And ſeal'd the pardon with thy blood.

3 Thee, the paternal grace divine,
An univerſal bleſſing gave;
A light in every heart to ſhine,
A Saviour every ſoul to ſave.

4 Light of the Gentile world, appear!
Command the blind thy rays to ſee;
Our darkneſs chaſe, our ſorrows cheer,
And ſet the plaintive priſoners free.

5 Me, me who ſtill in darkneſs ſit,
Shut [illegible] ſin and unbelief,
Bring forth out of this helliſh pit,
This dungeon of deſpairing grief.

6 Open mine eyes the Lamb to know,
Who bears the general ſin away!
And to my ranſom'd ſpirit ſhow
The glories of eternal day.

HYMN CXXVI. [*Mourner's.*

1 THOU God unſearchable, unknown,
Who ſtill conceal'ſt thyſelf from me;
Hear an apoſtate ſpirit groan,
Broke off, and baniſh'd far from thee;
But conſcious of my fall, I mourn,
And fain I would to thee return.

2 Send forth one ray of heavenly light,
Of goſpel hope, of humble fear,
To guide me through the gulph of night,
My poor deſponding ſoul to cheer;
Till thou my unbelief remove,
And ſhew me all thy glorious love.

3 A hidden God indeed thou art;
Thy abſence I this moment feel:
Yet muſt I own it from my heart,
Conceal'd thou art a Saviour ſtill;
And though thy face I cannot ſee,
I know thine eye is fixt on me.

4 My Saviour thou, not yet reveal'd,
Yet will I thee my Saviour call:
Adore thy hand, from ſin with-held;
Thy hand ſhall ſave me from my fall:
Now, Lord, throughout my darkneſs ſhine,
And ſhew thyſelf for ever mine!

HYMN CXXVII. [*Wesham.*

1 LORD, I deſpair myſelf to heal,
I ſee my ſin but cannot feel:
I cannot, till thy ſpirit blow,
And bid th' obedient waters flow.

2 'Tis thine a heart of fleſh to give,
Thy gifts I only can receive:

Here

Here then to thee I all reſign,
To draw, redeem, and ſeal is thine.

3 With ſimple faith to thee I call,
My light, my life, my Lord, my all:
I wait the moving of the pool;
I wait the word that ſpeaks me whole.

4 Speak, gracious Lord, my ſickneſs cure,
Make my infected nature pure:
Peace, righteouſneſs and joy impart,
And pour thyſelf into my heart.

HYMN CXXVIII. [*Complaint.*

1 JESU, the ſinner's friend, to thee,
Loſt, and undone for aid I flee;
Weary of earth, myſelf, and ſin;
Open thine arms, and take me in.

2 Pity, and heal my ſin-ſick ſoul;
'Tis thou alone canſt make me whole;
Fall'n, till in me thine image ſhine,
And curſt I am till thou art mine.

3 Awake, the woman's conquering ſeed,
Awake and bruiſe the ſerpent's head;
Tread down thy foes, with power control
The beaſt and devil in my ſoul.

4 The manſion for thyſelf prepare,
Diſpoſe my heart by ent'ring there;
'Tis this alone can make me clean;
'Tis this alone can caſt out ſin.

5 At laſt I own it cannot be,
That I ſhould fit myſelf for thee;
Here then to thee I all reſign;
Thine is the work, and only thine.

6 What ſhall I ſay thy grace to move?
Lord, I am ſin, but thou art love;
I give up every plea beſide,
"Lord, I am damn'd, but thou haſt died."

HYMN CXXIX. [*Iſlington.*

1 JESU, whoſe glory's ſtreaming rays,
Though duteous to thy high command,
Not ſeraphs view with open face,
But veil'd before thy preſence ſtand:

2 How ſhall weak eyes of fleſh weigh'd down
With ſin, and dim with error's night,
Dare to behold thy awful throne,
Or view thy unapproached light?

3 Reſtore my ſight! let thy free grace
An entrance to the holieſt give!
Open mine eyes of faith! thy face
So ſhall I ſee; yet ſeeing live.

4 Thy golden ſceptre from above
Reach forth; ſee, my whole heart I bow;
Say to my ſoul thou art my love,
My choſen 'midſt ten thouſand thou!

5 O Jeſus, full of grace! the ſighs
Of a ſick heart with pity view;
Hark, how my ſilence ſpeaks; and cries,
Mercy, thou God of mercy, ſhew.

6 I know thou canſt not but be good!
How ſhouldſt thou, Lord, thy grace reſtrain?
Thou Lord, whoſe blood ſo largely flow'd
To ſave me from all guilt and pain.

HYMN CXXX. [*Frankfort.*

1 JESU, if ſtill the ſame thou art,
If all thy promiſes are ſure,
Set up thy kingdom in my heart,
And make me rich, for I am poor:
To me be all thy treaſures given,
The kingdom of an inward heaven.

2 Thou haſt pronounc'd the mourners bleſt,
And, lo! for thee I ever mourn:
I cannot; no, I will not reſt,
Till thou my only reſt return;
Till thou, the Prince of Peace, appear,
And I receive the Comforter.

3 Where is the bleſſedneſs beſtow'd
On all that hunger after thee?
I hunger now, I thirſt for God!
See, the poor fainting ſinner ſee,
And ſatisfy with endleſs peace,
And fill me with thy righteouſneſs.

4 Ah, Lord! if thou art in that ſigh,
Then hear thyſelf within me pray:
Hear in my heart thy ſpirit's cry,
Mark what my lab'ring ſoul would ſay;
Anſwer the deep unutter'd groan,
And ſhew that thou and I are one.

5 Shine on thy work, diſperſe the gloom;
Light in thy light I then ſhall ſee:
Say to my ſoul, "Thy light is come,
"Glory divine is riſen on thee:
"Thy warfare's paſt, thy mourning's o'er;
"Look up, for thou ſhalt weep no more."

6 Lord, I believe the promiſe ſure,
And truſt thou wilt not long delay:
Hungry, and ſorrowful, and poor,
Upon thy word myſelf I ſtay;
Into thine hands my all reſign,
And wait till all thou art is mine!

HYMN CXXXI. [*Mitcham.*

Part the Firſt.

1 JESUS, if ſtill thou art to-day
As yeſterday the ſame,
Preſent to heal, in me diſplay
The virtue of thy name!

2 If ſtill thou goeſt about to do
Thy needy creatures good,
On me, that I thy praiſe may ſhew,
Be all thy wonders ſhew'd.

3 Now, Lord, to whom for help I call,
Thy miracles repeat;
With pitying eyes behold me fall
A leper at thy feet.

4 Loathſome, and foul, and ſelf-abhorr'd,
I ſink beneath my ſin;
But if thou wilt, a gracious word
Of thine can make me clean.

5 Thou ſeeſt me deaf to thy command,
Open, O Lord, my ear;
Bid me ſtretch out my wither'd hand,
And lift it up in prayer.

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

7 Lame

7 Lame at the pool I ſtill am found:
Give, and my ſtrength employ;
Light as a hart I then ſhall bound,
The lame ſhall leap for joy.

8 Blind from my birth to guilt and thee,
And dark I am within:
The love of God I cannot ſee,
The ſinfulneſs of ſin.

9 But thou, they ſay, art paſſing by;
O let me find thee near:
Jeſus, in mercy hear my cry,
Thou Son of David hear!

10 Long have I waited in the way
For thee, the heav'nly Light:
Command me to be brought, and ſay,
Sinner, receive thy ſight!

HYMN CXXXII. [*Mitcham.*

Part the Second.

1 WHILE dead in treſpaſſes I lie,
Thy quick'ning ſpirit give:
Call me, thou Son of God, that I
May hear thy voice and live.

2 While full of anguiſh and diſeaſe,
My weak, diſtemper'd ſoul
Thy love compaſſionately ſees,
O let it make me whole!

3 While torn by helliſh pride I lie,
By legion-luſt poſſeſt;
Son of the living God draw nigh,
And ſpeak me into reſt!

4 Caſt out thy foes, and let them ſtill
To Jeſu's name ſubmit:
Clothe with thy righteouſneſs, and heal,
And place me at thy feet.

5 To Jeſu's name if all things now
A trembling homage pay;
O let my ſtubborn ſpirit bow,
My ſtiff-neck'd will obey!

6 Impotent, dumb, and deaf, and blind,
And ſick, and poor I am;
But ſure a remedy to find
For all in Jeſu's name.

7 I know in thee all fulneſs dwells,
And all for wretched man:
Fill every want my ſpirit feels,
And break off every chain.

8 If thou impart thyſelf to me,
No other good I need:
If thou the Son ſhalt make me free,
I ſhall be free indeed.

9 I cannot reſt till in thy blood
I full redemption have:
But thou, through whom I come to God,
Canſt to the utmoſt ſave.

10 From ſin, the guilt, the power, the pain,
Thou wilt redeem my ſoul:
Lord, I believe, and not in vain;
My faith ſhall make me whole.

11 I too with thee ſhall walk in white,
With all thy ſaints ſhall prove,
What is the length, and breadth, and height,
And depth of perfect love.

HYMN CXXXIII. [*Lampe's.*

1 WHEN ſhall thy love conſtrain,
And force me to thy breaſt?
When ſhall my ſoul return again
To her eternal reſt?

Ah!

Ah! what avails my ſtrife,
My wandring to and fro?
Thou haſt the words of endleſs life:
Ah! whither ſhould I go?

2 Thy condeſcending grace
To me did freely move;
It calls me ſtill to ſeek thy face,
And ſtoops to aſk my love.
Lord, at thy feet I fall!
I groan to be ſet free;
I fain would now obey the call,
And give up all for thee!

3 To reſcue me from woe,
Thou didſt with all things part;
Didſt lead a ſuffering life below,
To gain my worthleſs heart.
My worthleſs heart to gain,
The God of all that breathe
Was found in faſhion as a man,
And died a curſed death.

4 And can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my ſoul from earth away,
For Jeſus to receive?
Nay, but I yield, I yield!
I can hold out no more:
I ſink, by dying love compell'd,
And own thee conqueror!

5 Though late, I all forſake,
My friends my all reſign;
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And ſeal me ever thine!
Come, and poſſeſs me whole,
Nor hence again remove:
Settle, and fix my wav'ring ſoul
With all thy weight of love.

6 My one desire be this,
Thy only love to know;
To seek, and taste no other bliss,
No other good below.
My life, my portion thou,
Thou all-sufficient art;
My hope, my heavenly treasure, now
Enter and keep my heart!

HYMN CXXXIV. [*Brockmer's.*

Part the First.

1 O That thou wouldst the heavens rent,
In majesty come down;
Stretch out thine arm Omnipotent,
And seize me for thine own.

2 Descend, and let thy lightning burn
The stubble of thy foe;
My sins o'erturn, o'erturn, o'erturn,
And make the mountains flow!

3 Thou my impetuous spirit guide,
And curb my headstrong will:
Thou only canst drive back the tide,
And bid the sun stand still.

4 What though I cannot break my chain,
Or e'er throw off my load!
The things impossible to men,
Are possible to God.

5 Is there a thing too hard for thee,
Almighty Lord of all?
Whose threatning looks dry up the sea,
And make the mountains fall?

6 Who, who shall in thy presence stand,
And match Omnipotence?
Ungrasp the hold of thy right-hand,
Or pluck the sinner thence?

7 Sworn

7 Sworn to deſtroy, let earth aſſail:
Nearer to ſave thou art,
Stronger than all the powers of hell,
And greater than my heart.

8 Lo! to the hills I lift mine eye;
Thy promis'd aid I claim:
Father of mercies glorify
Thy favourite Jeſu's name!

9 Salvation in that name is found,
Balm of my grief and care;
A med'cine for my every wound,
All, all I want is there!

HYMN CXXXV. [*Brochmer's.*

Part the Second.

1 JESU! Redeemer, Saviour, Lord,
The weary ſinner's friend;
Come to my help, pronounce the word,
And bid my troubles end!

2 Deliverance to my ſoul proclaim:
And life, and liberty!
Shed forth the virtue of thy name,
And Jeſus prove to me!

3 Faith to be heal'd thou knowſt I have,
For thou that faith haſt given:
Thou canſt, thou wilt the ſinner ſave,
And make me meet for heaven.

4 Thou canſt o'ercome this heart of mine;
Thou wilt victorious prove:
For everlaſting ſtrength is thine,
And everlaſting love.

5 Thy powerful ſpirit ſhall ſubdue
Unconquerable ſin;
Cleanſe this foul heart, and make it new,
And write thy law within.

6 Bound down with twice ten thouſand ties,
Yet let me hear thy call;
My ſoul in confidence ſhall riſe,
Shall riſe, and break through all.

7 Speak, and the deaf ſhall hear thy voice,
The blind his ſight receive;
The dumb in ſongs of praiſe rejoice,
The heart of ſtone believe.

8 The Æthiop then ſhall change his ſkin,
The dead ſhall feel thy power;
The loathſome leper ſhall be clean,
And I ſhall ſin no more.

HYMN CXXXVI. [*Traveller's.*

Wreſtling Jacob.

1 COME, O thou Traveller unknown,
Whom ſtill I hold, but cannot ſee!
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee:
With thee all night I mean to ſtay,
And wreſtle till the break of day.

2 I need not tell thee who I am,
My miſery or ſin declare:
Thyſelf haſt call'd me by my name;
Look on thy hands and read it there;
But who, I aſk thee, who art thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

3 In vain thou ſtruggleſt to get free,
I never will unlooſe my hold:
Art thou the Man that died for me?
The ſecret of thy love unfold:
Wreſtling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

4 Wilt

4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I ſtill beſeech thee, tell;
To know it now reſolved I am:
Wreſtling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

5 What though my ſhrinking fleſh complain,
And murmur to contend ſo long?
I riſe ſuperior to my pain:
When I am weak, then I am ſtrong:
And when my all of ſtrength ſhall fail,
I ſhall with the God-man prevail.

6 Yield to me now, for I am weak;
But confident in ſelf-deſpair!
Speak to my heart, in bleſſings ſpeak;
Be conquer'd by my inſtant prayer:
Speak, or thou never hence ſhalt move,
And tell me if thy name is Love.

7 'Tis Love! 'tis Love! thou diedſt for me;
I hear thy whiſper in my heart;
The morning breaks, the ſhadows flee,
Pure, Univerſal Love thou art:
To me, to all thy bowels move,
Thy nature, and thy name is Love.

8 My prayer hath power with God; the grace
Unſpeakable I now receive;
Through faith I ſee thee face to face;
I ſee thee face to face and live;
In vain I have not wept and ſtrove;
Thy nature, and thy name is Love.

9 I know thee, Saviour, who thou art,
Jeſus, the feeble ſinner's friend:
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
But ſtay, and love me to the end:
Thy mercies never ſhall remove,
Thy nature, and thy name is Love.

10 The Sun of Righteouſneſs on me
Hath roſe with healing in his wings;
Wither'd my nature's ſtrength; from thee
My ſoul its life and ſuccour brings;
My help is all laid up above;
Thy nature, and thy name is Love.

11 Contented now upon my thigh
I halt, till life's ſhort journey end;
All helpleſſneſs, all weakneſs I
On thee alone for ſtrength depend:
Nor have I power from thee to move;
Thy nature, and thy name is Love.

12 Lame as I am, I take the prey;
Hell, earth, and ſin with eaſe o'ercome;
I leap for joy, purſue my way,
And as a bounding hart fly home,
Through all eternity to prove
Thy nature, and thy name is Love.

HYMN CXXXVII. [*Foundery.*

1 DROOPING ſoul, ſhake off thy fears,
Fearful ſoul, be ſtrong, be bold;
Tarry till the Lord appears,
Never, never quit thy hold:
Murmur not at his delay,
Dare not ſet thy God a time,
Calmly for his coming ſtay,
Leave it, leave it all to him.

2 Fainting ſoul, be bold, be ſtrong;
Wait the leiſure of thy Lord;
Though it ſeem to tarry long,
True and faithful is his word;
On his word my ſoul I caſt,
(He cannot himſelf deny,)
Surely it ſhall ſpeak at laſt;
It ſhall ſpeak, and ſhall not lie.

3 Every one that ſeeks ſhall find;
Every one that aſks ſhall have;
Chriſt, the Saviour of mankind,
Willing, able all to ſave,
I ſhall his ſalvation ſee,
I in faith on Jeſus call,
I from ſin ſhall be ſet free,
Perfectly ſet free from all.

4 Lord, my time is in thine hand,
Weak and helpleſs as I am,
Surely thou canſt make me ſtand;
I believe in Jeſu's name:
Saviour in temptation thou,
Thou haſt ſav'd me heretofore;
Thou from ſin doſt ſave me now,
Thou ſhalt ſave me evermore.

HYMN CXXXVIII. [*Muſician's.*

1 THEE, Jeſu, thee, the ſinner's friend,
I follow on to apprehend,
Renew the glorious ſtrife;
Divinely confident and bold,
With faith's ſtrong arm on thee lay hold,
Thee my eternal life.

2 Thy heart, I know thy tender heart
Doth in my ſorrows feel its part,
And at my tears relent;
My powerful ſighs thou canſt not bear,
Nor ſtand the violence of my prayer,
My prayer omnipotent.

3 Give me the grace, the love I claim:
Thy ſpirit now demands thy name;
Thou knowſt the Spirit's will;
He helps my ſoul's infirmity,
And ſtrongly intercedes for me
With groans unſpeakable.

4 Anſwer,

4 Anſwer, O Lord, thy Spirit's groan!
O make to me thy nature known,
Thy hidden name impart!
(Thy title is with thee the ſame,)
Tell me thy nature, and thy name,
And write it on my heart.

5 Priſoner of hope to thee I turn,
And calmly confident I mourn,
And pray, and weep for thee:
Tell me thy love, thy ſecret tell,
Thy myſtic name in me reveal,
Reveal thyſelf in me.

6 Deſcend, paſs by me, and proclaim,
O Lord of Hoſts, thy glorious name,
The Lord, the gracious Lord;
Long-ſuffering, merciful and kind,
The God, who always bears in mind,
His everlaſting word.

7 Plenteous he is in truth and grace,
He wills that all the fallen race
Should turn, repent, and live;
His pardoning grace for all is free;
Tranſgreſſion, ſin, iniquity
He freely doth forgive.

8 Mercy he doth for thouſands keep,
He goes and ſeeks the one loſt ſheep,
And brings his wanderer home;
And every ſoul that ſheep might be;
Come, then, my Lord, and gather me,
My Jeſus, quickly come!

9 Take me into thy people's reſt,
O come, and with my ſole requeſt,
My one deſire comply!
Make me partaker of my hope,
Then bid me get me quickly up,
And on thy boſom die.

HYMN CXXXIX. [*Chapel.*

1 O Jesus, let me bless thy name!
All sin alas! thou knowst I am,
But thou all pity art:
Turn into flesh my heart of stone;
Such power belongs to thee alone:
Turn into flesh my heart!

2 A poor, unloving wretch, to thee
For help against myself I flee:
Thou only canst remove
The hindrances out of the way,
And soften my unyielding clay,
And mould it into love.

3 O let thy Spirit shed abroad
The love, the perfect love of God
In this cold heart of mine!
O might he now descend, and rest,
And dwell for ever in my breast,
And make it all divine!

4 What shall I do my suit to gain?
O Lamb of God for sinners slain,
I plead what thou hast done!
Didst thou not die the death for me?
Jesu, remember Calvary,
And break my heart of stone.

5 Take the dear purchase of thy blood,
My friend and advocate with God,
My ransom and my peace;
Surety, who all my debt hast paid,
For all my sins atonement made,
The Lord my righteousness!

HYMN CXL. [*Snowsfields.*

1 STILL, Lord, I languish for thy grace,
Reveal the beauties of thy face,
The middle wall remove:
Appear, and banish my complaint:
Come and supply my only want,
Fill all my soul with love!

2 O! conquer this rebellious will:
Willing thou art and ready still,
Thy help is always nigh:
The stony from my heart remove,
And give me, Lord, O! give me love,
Or at thy feet I die.

3 To thee I lift my mournful eye:
Why am I thus? O! tell me why
I cannot love my God?
The hindrance must be all in me:
It cannot in my Saviour be;
Witness that streaming blood!

4 It cost thy blood my heart to win;
To buy me from the power of sin,
And make me love again:
Come then, my Lord, thy right assert,
Take to thyself my ransom'd heart:
Nor bleed nor die in vain!

HYMN CXLI. [*Chapel.*

1 O Love divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me!

2 Stronger

2 Stronger his love than death and hell;
Its riches are unſearchable:
The firſt-born ſons of light
Deſire in vain its depths to ſee;
They cannot reach the myſtery,
The length, and breadth, and height.

3 God only knows the love of God:
O that it now were ſhed abroad
In this poor ſtony heart!
For love I ſigh, for love I pine:
This only portion, Lord, be mine!
Be mine this better part!

4 O that I could for ever ſit
With *Mary* at the Maſter's feet!
Be this my happy choice:
My only care, delight and bliſs,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the bridegroom's voice!

5 O that I could, with favour'd *John*,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breaſt!
From care, and ſin, and ſorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlaſting reſt!

HYMN CXLII. [*Mourner's.*

1 FATHER of Jeſus Chriſt the juſt,
My Friend and Advocate with thee,
Pity a ſoul that fain would truſt
In Him who lived and died for me:
But only thou canſt make him known,
And in my heart reveal thy Son.

2 If drawn by thine alluring grace,
My want of living faith I feel:
Shew me in Chriſt thy ſmiling face,
What fleſh and blood can ne'er reveal,

Thy co-eternal Son diſplay,
And call my darkneſs into day.

3 The gift unſpeakable impart:
Command the light of faith to ſhine;
To ſhine in my dark, drooping heart,
And fill me with the life divine:
Now bid the new creation be!
O God, let there be faith in me!

HYMN CXLIII. [*112th Pſalm Tune.*

1 JESU, as taught by thee, I pray;
Preſerve me till I ſee thy light:
Still let me for thy coming ſtay;
Stop a poor wav'ring ſinner's flight;
Till thou my full Redeemer art,
O keep, in mercy keep my heart!

2 O might I hear the Turtle's voice,
The cooing of thy gentle dove!
The call that bids my heart rejoice;
"Ariſe, and come away, my love!
"The ſtorm is gone, the winter's o'er:
"Ariſe, for thou ſhalt weep no more!"

3 Give me to bow with thee my head,
And ſink into the ſilent grave;
To reſt among the quiet dead,
Till thou diſplay thy power to ſave:
Thy reſurrection's power exert,
And riſe triumphant in my heart!

HYMN CXLIV. [*Wedneſbury.*

1 THOU hidden God, for whom I groan,
Till thou thyſelf declare;
God inacceſſible, unknown,
Regard a ſinner's prayer.

2 A ſinner

2 A ſinner weltering in his blood,
Unpurg'd, and unforgiven;
Far diſtant from the living God,
As far as hell from heaven.

3 An unregenerate child of man,
To thee for faith I call;
Pity thy fallen creature's pain,
And raiſe me from my fall.

4 The darkneſs which through thee I feel,
Thou only canſt remove:
Thy own eternal power reveal,
Thy Deity of Love.

5 Thou haſt in unbelief ſhut up,
That grace may let me go;
In hope believing againſt hope,
I wait the truth to know.

6 Thou wilt in me reveal thy name,
Thou wilt thy light afford:
Bound and oppreſt, yet thine I am,
The priſoner of the Lord.

7 I would not to thy foe ſubmit;
I hate the tyrant's chain:
Send forth thy priſoner from the pit,
Nor let me cry in vain!

8 Shew me the blood that bought my peace,
The cov'nant blood apply;
And all my griefs at once ſhall ceaſe,
And all my ſins ſhall die.

9 Now, Lord, if thou art power, deſcend!
The mountain ſin remove:
My unbelief and troubles end,
If thou art Truth and Love.

10 Speak, Jeſu, ſpeak into my heart,
What thou for me haſt done!
One grain of living faith impart,
And God is all my own!

HYMN CXLV. [*Weſt-Street.*

1 OUT of the deep I cry,
Juſt at the point to die,
Haſtening to infernal pain,
Jeſus, Lord, I cry to thee;
Help a feeble child of man!
Shew forth all thy power in me.

2 On thee I ever call,
Saviour, and Friend of all!
Well thou know'ſt my deſperate caſe,
Thou my curſe and ſin remove!
Save me by thy richeſt grace!
Save me by thy pardoning love!

3 How ſhall a ſinner find
The Saviour of mankind?
Canſt thou not accept my prayer?
Not beſtow the grace I claim?
Where are thy old mercies? where
All the powers of Jeſu's name?

4 What ſhall I ſay to move
The bowels of thy love?
Are they not already ſtirr'd?
Have I in thy death no part?
Aſk thy own compaſſions, Lord,
Aſk the yearnings of thy heart!

5 I will not let thee go,
Till I thy mercy know,
Let me hear the welcome ſound!
Speak, if ſtill thou canſt forgive:
Speak, and let the loſt be found!
Speak, and let the dying live!

6 Thy

6 Thy love is all my plea:
Thy paſſion ſpeaks for me!
By thy pangs and bloody ſweat,
By thy depth of grief unknown,
Save me gaſping at thy feet!
Save, O ſave thy ranſom'd one!

7 What haſt thou done for me!
O think on Calvary!
By thy mortal groans and ſighs,
By thy precious death I pray,
Hear my dying ſpirit's cries,
Take, O take my ſins away!

HYMN CXLVI. [*Lampe's.*

1 AH! whither ſhould I go,
Burden'd, and ſick, and faint?
To whom ſhould I my troubles ſhow,
And pour out my complaint?
My Saviour bids me come,
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary ſinner home:
And yet from him I ſtay.

2 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part?
Which will not let my Saviour take
Poſſeſſion of my heart?
Some curſed thing unknown
Muſt ſurely lurk within:
Some idol, which I will not own,
Some ſecret boſom-ſin.

3 Jeſu, the hindrance ſhow,
Which I have fear'd to ſee:
Yet let me now conſent to know,
What keeps me out of thee.

Searcher of Hearts, in mine
Thy trying power diſplay:
Into its darkeſt corners ſhine,
And take the veil away.

4 I now believe, in thee
Compaſſion reigns alone:
According to my faith, to me
O let it, Lord, be done!
In me is all the bar,
Which thou wouldſt fain remove:
Remove it, and I ſhall declare,
That God is only love.

HYMN CXLVII. [*Brentford.*

1 LO! in thy hand I lay,
And wait thy will to prove,
My Potter, ſtamp on me thy clay,
Thy only ſtamp of love!
Be this my whole deſire!
I know that it is thine:
Then kindle in my ſoul a fire,
Which ſhall for ever ſhine.

2 Thy gracious readineſs
To ſave mankind aſſert!
Thy image, love, thy name impreſs,
Thy nature on my heart.
Bowels of mercy, hear!
Into my ſoul come down!
Let it throughout my life appear,
That I have Chriſt put on.

3 O plant in me thy mind!
O fix in me thy home!
So ſhall I cry to all mankind,
Come, to the waters come!

Jeſus

Jesus is full of grace;
To all his bowels move;
Behold in me, ye fallen race,
That God is only love!

HYMN CXLVIII. [*Mourner's.*

1 FAIN would I leave the world below,
Of pain and sin the dark abode;
Where shadowy joy or solid woe,
Allures, or tears me from my God;
Doubtful and insecure of bliss,
Since faith alone confirms me his.

2 Till then, to sorrow born, I sigh,
And gasp, and languish after home!
Upward I send my streaming eye,
Expecting, till the Bridegroom come:
Come quickly, Lord! thy own receive!
Now let me see thy face and live!

3 Absent from thee, my exiled soul
Deep in a fleshly dungeon groans:
Around me clouds of darkness roll,
And lab'ring silence speaks my moans:
Come quickly, Lord; thy face display!
And look my darkness into day!

4 Sorrow, and sin, and death are o'er,
If thou reverse the creature's doom:
Sad Rachael weeps her loss no more,
If thou the God, the Saviour come;
Of thee possest, in thee we prove
The light, the life, the heaven of love.

HYMN CXLIX. [*Athlone.*

1 GOD of my life, what just return
Can sinful dust and ashes give?
I only live my sin to mourn;
To love my God I only live.

2 To thee, benign and ſaving Power,
I conſecrate my lengthened days:
While, mark'd with bleſſings, every hour
Shall ſpeak thy co-extended praiſe.

3 Be all my added life employ'd
Thy image in my ſoul to ſee:
Fill with thyſelf the mighty void!
Enlarge my heart to compaſs thee.

4 O give me, Saviour, give me more!
Thy mercies in my ſoul reveal!
Alas, I ſee their endleſs ſtore:
But O I cannot, cannot feel!

5 The bleſſing of thy love beſtow,
For this my cries ſhall never fail:
Wreſtling, I will not let thee go;
I will not, till my ſuit prevail.

6 I'll weary thee with my complaint:
Here at thy feet for ever lie,
With longing, ſick; with groaning, faint:
O give me love or elſe I die.

7 Come then, my hope, my life, my Lord,
And fix in me thy laſting home!
Be mindful of thy gracious word!
Thou with thy promis'd Father come.

8 Prepare, and then poſſeſs my heart!
O take me, ſeize me from above!
Thee may I love; for God thou art!
Thee may I feel; for God is love.

HYMN CL. [*Dedication.*

1 O Diſcloſe thy lovely face!
Quicken all my drooping powers!
Gaſps my fainting ſoul for grace,
As a thirſty land for ſhowers:
Haſte, my Lord, no more delay!
Come, my Saviour, come away!

2 Dark and chearleſs in the morn,
Unaccompanied by thee!
Joyleſs is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I ſee;
Till thou inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart!

3 Viſit then this ſoul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of ſin and grief!
Fill me, radiancy divine!
Scatter all my unbelief:
More and more thyſelf diſplay,
Shining to the perfect day!

HYMN CLI. [*Dreſden.*

1 MY ſufferings all to thee are known,
Tempted in every point like me:
Regard my grief, regard thy own;
Jeſus, remember Calvary!

2 O call to mind thy earneſt prayers!
Thy agony and ſweat of blood!
Thy ſtrong and bitter cries and tears!
Thy mortal groan, "My God, my God!"

3 For whom didſt thou the croſs endure?
Who nail'd thy body to the tree?
Did not thy death my life procure?
O let thy bowels anſwer me!

4 Art thou not touch'd with human woe?
Hath pity left the Son of Man?
Doſt thou not all my ſorrows know,
And claim a ſhare in all my pain?

5 Canſt thou forget the days of fleſh?
Canſt thou my miſeries not feel?
Thy tender heart! it bleeds afreſh!
It bleeds, and thou art Jeſus ſtill.

6 Have I not heard, have I not known,
That thou, the everlaſting Lord,
Whom heaven and earth their Maker own,
Art always faithful to thy word?

7 Thou wilt not break a bruiſed reed,
Or quench the ſmalleſt ſpark of grace,
Till through the ſoul thy power is ſpread,
Thy all victorious righteouſneſs.

8 The day of ſmall and feeble things,
I know thou never wilt deſpiſe:
I know, with healing in his wings
The Sun of Righteouſneſs ſhall riſe.

9 With labour faint thou wilt not fail,
Or wearied give the ſinner o'er,
Till in this earth thy judgments dwell,
And born of God, I ſin no more.

HYMN CLII. [*Bray's.*

1 O My God, what muſt I do?
Thou alone the way canſt ſhew:
Thou canſt ſave me in this hour,
I have neither will nor power.
God if over all thou art,
Greater than the ſinner's heart,
All thy power on me be ſhown,
Take away the heart of ſtone.

2 Take away my darling ſin,
Make me willing to be clean:
Make me willing to receive
All thy goodneſs waits to give.
Force me, Lord, with all to part;
Tear theſe idols from my heart:
Now thy love almighty ſhew,
Make even me a creature new.

3 Jeſus, mighty to renew,
Work in me to will and do:
Turn my nature's rapid tide,
Stem the torrent of my pride;
Stop the whirlwind of my will,
Speak, and bid the ſun ſtand ſtill:
Now thy love almighty ſhew,
Make even me a creature new.

4 Arm of God, thy ſtrength put on;
Bow the heavens, and come down:
All mine unbelief o'erthrow,
Lay th' aſpiring mountain low;
Conquer thy worſt foe in me,
Get thyſelf the victory:
Save the vileſt of the race,
Force me to be ſav'd by grace.

HYMN CLIII. [*Whit-Sunday.*

1 LAY to thy hand, O God of grace!
O God, the work is worthy thee!
See at thy feet, of all the race
The chief, the vileſt ſinner ſee:
And let me all thy mercy prove,
Thine utmoſt miracle of love.

2 Speak, and a holy thing and clean
Shall ſtrangely be brought out of me;
My Æthiop ſoul ſhall change her ſkin,
Redeem'd from all iniquity.

I, even I, ſhall then proclaim
The wonders wrought by Jeſu's name.

2 Thee I ſhall then for ever praiſe,
In ſpirit and in truth adore;
While all I am declares thy grace,
And, born of God, I ſin no more:
The pure and heavenly nature ſhare,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

HYMN CLIV. [*Paſſion.*

1 O Jeſus my hope, For me offer'd up,
Who with clamour purſu'd thee to Calvary's top:
The blood thou haſt ſhed, For me let it plead,
And declare thou haſt died in thy murderer's ſtead.

2 Come then from above, The ſtony remove,
And vanquiſh my heart with the ſenſe of thy love.
Thy love on the tree Diſplay unto me,
And the ſervant of ſin in a moment is free.

3 Neither paſſion nor pride Thy croſs can abide,
But melt in the fountain that ſtreams from thy ſide.
Let the wonderful flood Waſh off all my load,
And purge my foul conſcience, and bring me to God.

4 Now, now let me know Its virtue below!
Let it waſh me, and I ſhall be whiter than ſnow.
Let it hallow my heart, And throughly convert,
And make me, O Lord, in the world as thou art.

5 Each moment applied, My weakneſs to hide,
Thy blood be upon me, and always abide:
My Advocate prove With the Father above:
And ſpeak me at laſt to the throne of thy love.

HYMN

HYMN CLV. [*Welling.*

1 STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite:
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have steel'd my stubborn heart,
And still shook off my guilty fears;
And vex'd, and urg'd thee to depart,
For forty long rebellious years:

3 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all whoe'er thy grace receiv'd;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen;
Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd:

4 Yet O! the chief of sinners spare,
In honour of my great High-Priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
T' exclude me from thy people's rest.

5 This only woe I deprecate,
This only plague I pray remove:
Nor leave me in my lost estate:
Nor curse me with this want of love.

6 From now my weary soul release;
Up-raise me with thy gracious hand;
And guide into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promis'd land.

HYMN CLVI. [*Hamilton's.*

1 GOD of Daniel, hear my prayer,
And let thy power be seen;
Stop the Lion's mouth, and bear
Me safe out of his den.

Save

Save me in this dreadful hour!
Earth and hell and nature join;
All ſtand ready to devour
This helpleſs ſoul of mine.

2 No way to eſcape I ſee
The ſure approaching death:
Vain are all my hopes to flee
Out of the Lion's teeth.
In the mire of ſin I lie,
In the dungeon of deſpair:
Hear my lamentable cry,
O God of Daniel, hear!

3 Thee I ſerve, my Lord, my God!
In me thy power diſplay:
Save me, ſave me and defraud
The lion of his prey.
Angel of the Covenant,
Jeſus, mighty to retrieve,
Let him to my help be ſent:
In Jeſus I believe.

4 Save me for thine own great name,
That all the world may know,
Daniel's God is ſtill the ſame,
And reigns ſupreme below.
Him let all mankind adore!
Spread his glorious name abroad!
Tremble all, and bow before
The great, the living God!

5 Abſolute, unchangeable,
O'er all his works he reigns:
His dominion cannot fail,
But undiſturb'd remains:
His dominion ſtandeth faſt;
Is, when time no more ſhall be:
Still ſhall his dominion laſt
Through all eternity.

HYMN CLVII. [*Complaint.*

1 WHEN, gracious Lord, when ſhall it be,
That I ſhall find my all in thee!
The fulneſs of thy promiſe prove,
The ſeal of thine eternal love?

2 A poor, blind child I wander here,
If haply I may feel thee near;
O dark! dark! dark! I ſtill muſt ſay,
Amid the blaze of goſpel-day.

3 Thee, only thee, I fain would find,
And caſt the world and fleſh behind:
Thou, only thou, to me be given,
Of all thou haſt in earth or heaven.

4 When from the arm of fleſh ſet free,
Jeſus my ſoul ſhall fly to thee:
Jeſus, when I have loſt my all,
I ſhall upon thy boſom fall.

5 Whom man forſakes, thou wilt not leave;
Ready the outcaſts to receive;
Though all my ſimpleneſs I own,
And all my faults to thee are known.

6 Ah, wherefore did I ever doubt;
Thou wilt in no wiſe caſt me out,
A helpleſs ſoul that comes to thee,
With only ſin and miſery.

7 Lord, I am ſick; my ſickneſs cure:
I want; do thou enrich the poor:
Under thy mighty hand I ſtoop;
O lift the abject ſinner up!

8 Lord, I am blind; be thou my ſight;
Lord, I am weak; be thou my might!
A helper of the helpleſs be,
And let me find my all in thee!

HYMN CLVIII. [*Calvary.*

The Woman of Canaan.

1 LORD, regard my earneſt cry,
A potſherd of the earth;
A poor, guilty worm am I,
A Canaanite by birth.
Save me from this tyranny;
From all the power of Satan ſave;
Mercy, mercy upon me,
Thou Son of David, have!

2 To the ſheep of Iſrael's fold
Thou in thy fleſh waſt ſent:
Yet the Gentiles now behold
In thee their covenant,
See me then, with pity ſee,
A ſinner whom thou cam'ſt to ſave:
Mercy, mercy upon me,
Thou Son of David, have!

3 Still I cannot part with thee;
I will not let thee go:
Mercy, mercy upon me,
Thou Son of David ſhow!
Vileſt of the ſinful race,
On thee importunate I call:
Help me, Jeſu, ſhew thy grace;
Thy grace is free for all.

4 Nothing am I in thy ſight,
Nothing have I to plead:
Unto dogs it is not right
To caſt the children's bread.
Yet the dogs the crumbs may eat,
That from the Maſter's table fall:
Let the fragments be my meat;
Thy grace is free for all.

5 Give

5 Give me, Lord, the victory,
My heart's desire fulfil:
Let it now be done to me
According to thy will!
Give me living bread to eat,
And say, in answer to my call,
Canaanite, thy faith is great!
My grace is free for all.

6 If thy grace for all is free,
Thy call now let me hear;
Shew this token upon me,
And bring salvation near.
Now the gracious word repeat,
The word of healing to my soul;
Canaanite thy faith is great!
Thy faith hath made thee whole.

HYMN CLIX. [*Thou Shepherd of Israel.*

1 COME, holy, celestial Dove,
To visit a sorrowful breast!
My burthen of guilt to remove,
And bring me assurance and rest!
Thou only hast power to relieve
A sinner o'erwhelm'd with his load;
The sense of acceptance to give,
And sprinkle his heart with thy blood!

2 With me if of old thou hast strove,
And strangely with-held from my sin,
And tried, by the lure of thy love,
My worthless affections to win:
The work of thy mercy revive;
Thy uttermost mercy exert:
And kindly continue to strive,
And hold, till I yield thee my heart!

3 Thy call if I ever have known,
And ſigh'd from myſelf to get free,
And groan'd the unſpeakable groan,
And long'd to be happy in thee;
Fulfil the imperfect deſire!
Thy peace to my conſcience reveal!
The ſenſe of thy favour inſpire,
And give me my pardon to feel!

4 If when I had put thee to grief,
And madly to folly return'd,
Thy pity hath been my relief,
And lifted me up as I mourn'd:
Moſt pitiful ſpirit of grace,
Relieve me again, and reſtore;
My ſpirit in holineſs raiſe,
To fall and to ſuffer no more!

5 If now I lament after God,
And gaſp for a drop of thy love,
If Jeſus hath bought thee with blood,
For me to receive from above;
Come, heavenly Comforter, come!
True witneſs of mercy divine;
And make me thy permanent home,
And ſeal me eternally thine!

HYMN CLX. [*Kingswood.*

The Pool of Bethesda.

1 JESU, take my ſins away,
And make me know thy Name!
Thou art now, as yeſterday,
And evermore the ſame:
Thou my true Bethesda be;
I know within thine arms is room:
All the world may unto thee,
Their houſe of mercy, come.

2 See me lying at the Pool,
And waiting for thy grace!
O come down into my ſoul,
Diſcloſe thy angel-face!
If to me thy bowels move,
If now thou doſt my ſickneſs feel,
Let the ſpirit of thy love,
The helpleſs ſinner heal.

3 Perſons thou doſt not reſpect;
Whoe'er for mercy call,
Thou in no wiſe wilt reject:
Thy mercy is for all.
Thou wouldſt freely all reſtore,
Would all the gracious ſeaſon find;
Fill with goodneſs, love, and power,
And with a healthful mind.

4 Mercy then there is for me,
(Away with doubts and fears!)
Plagu'd with an infirmity
For more than thirty years.
Jeſus, caſt a pitying eye!
Thou long haſt known my deſperate caſe;
Poor and helpleſs here I lie,
And wait the healing grace.

5 Long hath thy good ſpirit ſtrove
With my diſtemper'd ſoul;
But I ſtill refus'd thy love,
And would not be made whole.
Hardly now at laſt I yield,
I yield with all my ſins to part:
Let my ſoul be fully heal'd,
And throughly cleans'd my heart.

6 Pain and ſickneſs at thy word,
And ſin and ſorrow flies:
Speak to me, almighty Lord,
And bid my ſpirit riſe!

Bid me take my burden up,
The bed on which thyſelf didſt lie,
When on Calvary's ſteep top
My Jeſus deign'd to die.

7 Bid me bear the hallow'd croſs,
Which thou haſt borne before;
Walk in all thy righteous laws,
And go, and ſin no more.
Jeſus, I on thee alone
For perſevering grace depend!
Love me freely; love thine own;
And love me to the end!

HYMN CLXI. [*Kingswood.*

1 LAMB of God for ſinners ſlain,
To thee I feebly pray;
Heal me of my grief and pain,
O take my ſins away!
From this bondage, Lord, releaſe:
No longer let me be oppreſt:
Jeſus, Maſter, ſeal my peace,
And take me to thy breaſt!

2 Wilt thou caſt a ſinner out,
Who humbly comes to thee?
No, my God, I cannot doubt,
Thy mercy is for me.
Let me then obtain the grace,
And be of paradiſe poſſeſt:
Jeſus, Maſter, ſeal my peace,
And take me to thy breaſt!

3 Worldly good I do not want;
Be that to others given:
Only for thy love I pant;
My all in earth and heaven.

This the crown I fain would ſeize,
The good wherewith I would be bleſt:
Jeſus, Maſter, ſeal my peace,
And take me to thy breaſt!

4 This delight I fain would prove,
And then reſign my breath,
Join the happy few whoſe love
Was mightier than death!
Let it not my Lord diſpleaſe,
That I would die to be thy gueſt!
Jeſus, Maſter, ſeal my peace,
And take me to thy breaſt!

SECTION IV.

Convinced of Backſliding.

HYMN CLXII. [*Savannah.*

1 DEPTH of mercy! can there be
Mercy ſtill reſerv'd for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of ſinners ſpare?

2 I have long withſtood his grace;
Long provok'd him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls;
Griev'd him by a thouſand falls.

3 I have ſpilt his precious blood,
Trampled on the Son of God;
Fill'd with pangs unſpeakable!
I, who yet am not in hell!

4 Whence to me this waſte of love?
Aſk my Advocate above!
See the cauſe in Jeſu's face,
Now before the throne of grace.

5 Lo!

5 Lo! I cumber ſtill the ground:
Lo! an Advocate is found!
"Haſten not to cut him down,
"Let this barren ſoul alone."

6 Jeſus ſpeaks and pleads his blood!
He diſarms the wrath of God;
Now my Father's bowels move:
Juſtice lingers into love.

7 Kindled his relentings are,
Me he now delights to ſpare;
Cries, "How ſhall I give thee up?"
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

8 There for me the Saviour ſtands;
Shews his wounds, and ſpreads his hands!
God is love! I know, I feel:
Jeſus weeps and loves me ſtill!

9 Jeſus, anſwer from above:
Is not all thy nature love?
Wilt thou not the wrong forget?
Suffer me to kiſs thy feet?

10 If I rightly read my heart,
If thou all compaſſion art,
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow!
Pardon, and accept me now.

11 Pity from thine eye let fall;
By a look my ſoul recal:
Now the ſtone to fleſh convert;
Caſt a look and break my heart.

12 Now incline me to repent!
Let me now my fall lament:
Now my foul revolt deplore!
Weep, believe, and ſin no more.

HYMN CLXIII. [23d *Pſalm.*

1 O 'Tis enough, my God, my God!
Here let me give my wandrings o'er;
No longer trample on thy blood,
And grieve thy gentleneſs no more:
No more thy lingering anger move,
Or ſin againſt thy light and love.

2 O Lord, if mercy is with thee,
Now let it all on me be ſhown!
On me, the chief of ſinners, me,
Who humbly for thy mercy groan!
Me to thy Father's grace reſtore;
Nor let me ever grieve thee more!

3 Fountain of unexhauſted love,
Of infinite compaſſions, hear;
My Saviour and my Prince above,
Once more in my behalf appear!
Repentance, faith, and pardon give:
O let me turn again and live!

HYMN CLXIV. [112th *Pſalm.*

1 O God, if thou art love indeed!
Let it once more be prov'd in me,
That I thy mercy's praiſe may ſpread,
For every child of Adam free;
O let me now the gift embrace!
O let me now be ſav'd by grace.

2 If all long-ſuffering thou haſt ſhown
On me, that others may believe,
Now make thy loving kindneſs known,
Now th' all-conquering ſpirit give;
Spirit of victory and power,
That I may never grieve thee more.

3 Grant my importunate requeſt;
It is not my deſire but thine;
Since thou wouldſt have the ſinner bleſt,
Now let me in thine image ſhine;
Nor ever from thy footſteps move,
But more than conquer in thy love.

4 Be it according to thy will!
Set my impriſon'd ſpirit free;
The counſel of thy grace fulfil;
Into the glorious liberty
My ſpirit, ſoul, and fleſh reſtore,
And I ſhall never grieve thee more.

HYMN CLXV. [*Olney.*

1 O Unexhauſted grace!
O love unſearchable!
I am not gone to my own place;
I am not yet in hell!
Earth do not open yet
My ſoul to ſwallow up;
And, hanging o'er the burning pit,
I ſtill am forc'd to hope.

2 I hope at laſt to find
The kingdom from above:
The ſettled peace, the conſtant mind,
The everlaſting love:
The ſanctifying grace,
That makes me meet for home:
I hope to ſee thy glorious face,
Where ſin can never come.

3 What ſhall I do to keep
The bleſſed hope I feel!
Still let me pray, and watch, and weep,
And ſerve thy pleaſure ſtill;
O may I never grieve
My kind, long ſuffering Lord,
But ſtedfaſtly to Jeſus cleave,
And anſwer all his word.

4 Lord

5 Lord, if thou haſt beſtow'd
On me this gracious fear,
This horror of offending God,
O keep it always here!
And that I never more
May from thy ways depart,
Enter with all thy mercy's power,
And dwell within my heart.

HYMN CLXVI. [*Dedication.*

1 JESUS, I believe thee near:
Now my fallen ſoul reſtore!
Now my guilty conſcience clear,
Give me back my peace and power:
Stone to fleſh again convert;
Write forgiveneſs on my heart.

2 I believe thy pardoning grace,
As at the beginning, free:
Open are thy arms t' embrace
Me, the worſt of rebels me:
All in me the hindrance lies;
Call'd, I ſtill refuſe to riſe.

3 Yet for thy own mercy's ſake,
Patience with thy rebel have!
Me thy mercy's witneſs make,
Mon'ment of thy power to ſave!
Make me willing to be free:
Reſtleſs to be ſaved by thee.

4 Now the gracious work begin;
Now for good ſome token give:
Give me now to feel my ſin:
Give me now my ſin to leave:
Bid me look on theeand mourn:
Bid me to thy arms return!

5 Take this heart of ſtone away:
Melt me into gracious tears!
Grant me power to watch and pray;
Till thy lovely face appears;
Till thy favour I retrieve,
Till by faith again I live.

HYMN CLXVII. [*Funeral.*

1 HOW ſhall a loſt ſinner in pain
Recover his forfeited peace?
When brought into bondage again,
What hope of a ſecond releaſe?
Will mercy itſelf be ſo kind
To ſpare ſuch a rebel as me?
And O! can I poſſibly find
Such plenteous redemption in thee?

2 O Jeſus, of thee I enquire,
If ſtill thou art able to ſave?
The brand to pluck out of the fire,
And ranſom my ſoul from the grave?
The help of thy ſpirit reſtore,
And ſhew me the life-giving blood;
And pardon a ſinner once more,
And bring me again unto God.

3 O Jeſus, in pity draw near!
Come quickly to help a loſt ſoul!
To comfort a mourner appear;
To make a poor Lazarus whole!
The balm of thy mercy apply,
(Thou ſeeſt the ſore anguiſh I feel;)
Save, Lord, or I periſh, I die!
O ſave, or I ſink into hell!

4 I ſink, if thou longer delay
Thy pardoning mercy to ſhew:
Come quickly, and kindly diſplay
The power of thy paſſion below!

By

By all thou haſt done for my ſake,
One drop of thy blood I implore!
Now, now let it touch me and make
The ſinner a ſinner no more!

HYMN CLXVIII. [*Kingswood.*

1 GOD of my ſalvation, hear,
And help me to believe!
Simply do I now draw near
Thy bleſſing to receive.
Full of guilt, alas! I am;
But to thy wounds for refuge flee:
Friend of ſinners, ſpotleſs Lamb,
Thy blood was ſhed for me.

2 Standing now as newly ſlain,
To thee I lift mine eye!
Balm of all my grief and pain,
Thy blood is always nigh.
Now, as yeſterday the ſame
Thou art, and wilt for ever be:
Friend of ſinners, ſpotleſs Lamb,
Thy blood was ſhed for me.

3 Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,
Nor can thy grace procure;
Empty ſend me not away,
For I, thou know'ſt, am poor.
Duſt and aſhes is my name,
My all is ſin and miſery;
Friend of ſinners, ſpotleſs Lamb,
Thy blood was ſhed for me.

4 No good word, or work, or thought,
Bring I to gain thy grace:
Pardon I accept unbought:
Thy proffer I embrace.

Coming as at firſt I came,
To take, and not beſtow on thee;
Friend of ſinners, ſpotleſs Lamb,
Thy blood was ſhed for me.

5 Saviour, from thy wounded ſide
I never will depart;
Here will I my ſpirit hide,
When I am pure in heart:
Till my place above I claim,
This only ſhall be all my plea,
Friend of ſinners, ſpotleſs Lamb,
Thy blood was ſhed for me.

HYMN CLXIX. [*Mourner's.*

1 O God thy righteouſneſs we own!
Judgment is at thy houſe begun:
With humble awe thy rod we hear,
And guilty in thy ſight appear:
We cannot in thy judgment ſtand;
But ſink beneath thy mighty hand.

2 Our mouth as in the duſt we lay,
And ſtill for mercy, mercy pray!
Unworthy to behold thy face,
Unfaithful ſtewards of thy grace;
Our ſin and wickedneſs we own,
And deeply for acceptance groan.

3 We have not, Lord, thy gifts improved,
But baſely from thy ſtatutes roved;
And done thy loving ſpirit deſpite,
And ſinned againſt the cleareſt light;
Brought back thy agonizing pain,
And nailed thee to thy croſs again.

4 Yet do not drive us from thy face,
A ſtiff-neck'd and hard-hearted race:

But

But O! in tender mercy break
The iron ſinew in our neck:
The ſoftening power of love impart,
And melt the marble of our heart.

HYMN CLXX. [*Bradford.*

1 JESUS, thou know'ſt my ſimpleneſs,
My faults are not concealed from thee:
A ſinner in my laſt diſtreſs,
To thy dear wounds I fain would flee;
And never, never thence depart,
Cloſe ſheltered in thy loving heart.

2 How ſhall I find the living way,
Loſt, and confuſed, and dark, and blind,
Ah, Lord, my ſoul is gone aſtray:
Ah, Shepherd, ſeek my ſoul, and find,
And in thy arms of mercy take;
And bring the weary wanderer back.

3 Weary and ſick of ſin I am;
I hate it, Lord, and yet I love:
When wilt thou rid me of my ſhame?
When wilt thou all my load remove;
Deſtroy the fiend that lurks within,
And ſpeak the word of power, "Be clean?"

4 O Lord, if I at laſt diſcern,
That I am ſin and thou art love;
If now o'er me thy bowels yearn,
Give me a token from above!
And conquer my rebellious will,
And bid my murmuring heart be ſtill.

5 Sin only let me not commit,
(Sin never can advance thy praiſe,)
And lo! I lay me at thy feet,
And wait unwearied all my days,
Till my appointed time ſhall come,
And thou ſhalt call thine exile home.

HYMN CLXXI. [*Cary's.*

1 YES, from this inſtant, now, I will
To my offended Father cry;
My baſe ingratitude I feel,
Vileſt of all thy children, I,
Not worthy to be called thy ſon;
Yet will I thee my Father own.

2 Guide of my life haſt thou not been,
And reſcued me from paſſion's power?
Ten thouſand times preſerv'd from ſin,
Nor let the greedy grave devour?
And wilt thou now thy wrath retain,
Nor ever love thy child again?

3 Ah! canſt thou find it in thy heart
To give me up, ſo long purſued?
Ah! canſt thou finally depart,
And leave thy creature in his blood?
Leave me, out of thy preſence caſt,
To periſh in my ſins at laſt?

4 If thou haſt will'd me to return,
If weeping at thy feet I fall,
The prodigal thou wilt not ſpurn,
But pity, and forgive me all;
In anſwer to my Friend above:
In honour of his bleeding love!

HYMN CLXXII. [*Kingswood.*

1 FATHER, if thou muſt reprove
For all that I have done,
Not in anger, but in love
Chaſtiſe thine humbled ſon.
Uſe the rod, and not the ſword;
Correct with kind ſeverity!
Bring me not to nothing, Lord!
But bring me home to thee.

2 True

2 True and faithful as thou art,
To all thy church and me,
Give a new, believing heart,
That knows, and cleaves to thee.
Freely our backſliding heal:
And by thy balmy blood reſtor'd,
Grant that ev'ry ſoul may feel,
Thou art my pardoning Lord!

3 Might we now with pure deſire
Thine only love requeſt!
Now with willing heart entire,
Return to Chriſt our reſt!
When we our whole heart reſign,
O Jeſus, to be fill'd with thee;
Thou art ours, and we are thine,
Through all eternity.

HYMN CLXXIII. [*Pudſey.*

1 SAVIOUR, I now with ſhame confeſs
My thirſt for creature-happineſs;
By baſe deſires I wronged thy love,
And forced thy mercy to remove.

2 Yet would I not regard thy ſtroke,
Bet when thou didſt thy grace revoke;
And when thou didſt thy face conceal,
Thy abſence I refuſed to feel.

3 I knew not that the Lord was gone,
In my own froward will went on;
I lived to the deſires of men,
And thou haſt all my wandrings ſeen.

4 Yet, O the riches of thy grace!
Thou, who haſt ſeen my evil ways,
Wilt freely my backſlidings heal,
And pardon on my conſcience ſeal.

5 For this I at thy footſtool wait,
Till thou my peace again create:
Fruit of thy gracious lips, reſtore
My peace and bid me ſin no more!

6 Far off, yet at thy feet I lie,
Till thou again thy blood apply:
Till thou repeat my ſins forgiven,
As far from God, as hell from heaven.

7 But for thy truth and mercy's ſake,
My comfort thou wilt give me back;
And lead me on from grace to grace,
In all the paths of righteouſneſs:

8 Till throughly ſaved, my new-born ſoul,
And perfectly by faith made whole,
Doth bright in thy full image riſe,
To ſhare thy glory in the ſkies.

HYMN CLXXIV. [*Palmi's.*

1 THOU Man of griefs remember me,
Who never canſt thyſelf forget!
Thy laſt, myſterious agony,
Thy fainting pangs, and bloody ſweat!

2 When, wreſtling in the ſtrength of prayer,
Thy ſpirit ſunk beneath its load;
Thy feeble fleſh abhorr'd to bear
The wrath of an almighty God.

3 Father, if I may call thee ſo,
Regard my fearful heart's deſire!
Remove this load of guilty woe,
Nor let me in my ſins expire!

4 I tremble, leſt the wrath divine,
Which bruiſes now my wretched ſoul,
Should bruiſe this wretched ſoul of mine,
Long as eternal ages roll.

5 To thee my laſt diſtreſs I bring!
The heightened fear of death I find;
The tyrant, brandiſhing his ſting,
Appears, and hell is cloſe behind.

6 I deprecate that death alone,
That endleſs baniſhment from thee:
O ſave, and give me to thy Son,
Who trembled, wept, and bled for me.

SECTION V.

Recovered.

HYMN CLXXV. [*Amſterdam.*

1 I Will hearken what the Lord
Will ſay concerning me;
Haſt thou not a gracious word
For one that waits on thee?
Speak it to my ſoul, that I
May in thee have peace and power:
Never from my Saviour fly,
And never grieve thee more.

2 How have I thy ſpirit grieved,
Since firſt with me he ſtrove?
Obſtinately diſbelieved,
And trampled on thy love?
I have ſinned againſt the light:
I have broke from thy embrace:
No, I would not, when I might,
Be freely ſaved by grace.

3 After all that I have done,
To drive thee from my heart,
Still thou wilt not leave thine own;
Thou wilt not yet depart:

Wilt not give the ſinner o'er;
  Ready art thou now to ſave,
Bidſt me come, as heretofore,
  That I thy life may have.

4 O thou meek and gentle Lamb!
  Fury is not in thee;
Thou continueſt the ſame;
  And ſtill thy grace is free:
Still thine arms are open wide,
  Wretched ſinners to receive:
Thou haſt once for ſinners died,
  That all may turn and live.

5 Lo! I take thee at thy word,
  My fooliſhneſs I mourn;
Unto thee, my bleeding Lord,
  However late, I turn:
Yes; I yield, I yield at laſt,
  Liſten to thy ſpeaking blood,
Me with all my ſins I caſt
  On my atoning God!

HYMN CLXXVI. [*Foundery.*

1 JESU, Shepherd of the ſheep,
  Pity my unſettled ſoul!
Guide, and nouriſh me, and keep,
  Till thy love ſhall make me whole.
Give me perfect ſoundneſs, give,
Make me ſtedfaſtly believe.

2 I am never at one ſtay:
  Changing every hour I am:
But thou art, as yeſterday,
  Now and evermore the ſame:
Conſtancy to me impart,
'Stabliſh with thy grace my heart.

3 Lay thy weighty croſs on me,
All my unbelief control:
Till the rebel ceaſe to be,
Keep him down within my ſoul:
That he never more may move,
Root and ground me faſt in love.

4 Give me faith to hold me up,
Walking over life's rough ſea;
Holy, purifying hope
Still my ſoul's ſure anchor be:
That I may be always thine,
Perfect me in love divine.

HYMN CLXXVII. [*Wenvo.*

1 MY God, my God, on thee I call;
Thee only would I know:
One drop of blood on me let fall,
And waſh me white as ſnow.

2 Touch me, and make the leper clean,
Purge my iniquity:
Unleſs thou waſh my ſoul from ſin,
I have no part in thee.

3 But art thou not already mine?
Anſwer if mine thou art!
Whiſper within, thou love divine,
And cheer my drooping heart.

4 Tell me again my peace is made,
And bid the ſinner live:
The debt's diſcharged, the ranſom's paid,
My Father muſt forgive.

5 Behold, for me the victim bleeds,
His wounds are opened wide;
For me the Blood of Sprinkling pleads,
And ſpeaks me juſtified.

6 O why did I my Saviour leave!
So ſoon unfaithful prove?
How could I thy good ſpirit grieve,
And ſin againſt thy love?

7 I forced thee firſt to diſappear,
I turned thy face aſide:
Ah, Lord! if thou hadſt ſtill been here,
Thy ſervant had not died.

8 But O how ſoon thy wrath is o'er,
And pardoning love takes place!
Aſſiſt me, Saviour, to adore
The riches of thy grace.

9 O could I loſe myſelf in thee!
Thy depth of mercy prove,
Thou vaſt, unfathomable ſea
Of unexhauſted love!

10 My humbled ſoul, when thou art near,
In duſt and aſhes lies!
How ſhall a ſinful worm appear,
Or meet thy purer eyes?

11 I loathe myſelf when God I ſee,
And into nothing fall;
Content if thou exalted be,
And Chriſt be all in all.

HYMN CLXXVIII. [*Magdalen.*

1 AFTER all that I have done,
Saviour, art thou pacified?
Whither ſhall my vileneſs run?
Hide me, earth, the ſinner hide!
Let me ſink into the duſt,
Full of holy ſhame adore!
Jeſus Chriſt, the good, the juſt,
Bids me go, and ſin no more!

2 O confirm

2 O confirm the gracious word,
Jesus, Son of God and man!
Let me never grieve thee, Lord,
Never turn to sin again!
Till my all in all thou art!
Till thou bring thy nature in,
Keep this feeble, trembling heart!
Save me, save me, Lord from sin!

HYMN CLXXIX. [113th *Psalm*.

1 WEARY of wandring from my God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear, and bow me to the rod:
For thee, not without hope, I mourn;
I have an advocate above,
A friend before the throne of love.

2 O Jesus full of truth and grace!
More full of grace than I of sin,
Yet once again I seek thy face;
Open thine arms and take me in,
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love the faithless sinner still.

3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore;
O! for thy truth and mercy's sake!
Forgive, and bid me sin no more:
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a house of prayer.

4 The stone to flesh again convert!
The veil of sin again remove!
Drop thy warm blood upon my heart,
And melt it by thy dying love!
This rebel heart by love subdue,
And make it soft, and make it new.

5 Give

5 Give to mine eyes refreſhing tears,
And kindle my relentings now:
Fill all my ſoul with filial fears;
To thy ſweet yoke my ſpirit bow!
Bend by thy grace, O bend or break
The iron ſinew in my neck!

6 Ah, give me, Lord, the tender heart,
That trembles at th' approach of ſin!
A godly fear of ſin impart;
Implant, and root it deep within!
That I may dread thy gracious power,
And never dare offend thee more!

HYMN CLXXX. [*Kingswood.*

1 SON of God, if thy free grace
Again hath raiſed me up,
Called me ſtill to ſeek thy face,
And given me back my hope:
Still thy timely help afford,
And all thy loving-kindneſs ſhew:
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go.

2 By me, O my Saviour, ſtand,
In ſore temptation's hour!
Save me with thine out-ſtretched hand,
And ſhew forth all thy power;
O be mindful of thy word!
Thy all-ſufficient grace beſtow;
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go.

3 Give me, Lord, a holy fear,
And fix it in my heart;
That I may from evil near
With timely care depart.

Sin be more than hell abhorr'd,
Till thou deſtroy the tyrant-foe;
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go.

4 Never let me leave thy breaſt,
From thee, my Saviour, ſtray;
Thou art my ſupport and reſt,
My true and living way:
My exceeding great reward,
In heaven above, and earth below:
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go.

HYMN CLXXXI. [*Kingswood.*

1 LORD, and is thine anger gone?
And art thou pacified?
After all that I have done,
Doſt thou no longer chide?
Infinite thy mercies are;
Beneath the weight I cannot move:
O 'tis more than I can bear!
The ſenſe of pardoning love.

2 Let it ſtill my heart conſtrain,
And all my paſſions ſway;
Keep me, leſt I turn again
Out of the narrow way:
Force my violence to be ſtill,
And captivate my every thought;
Charm, and melt, and change my will,
And bring me down to nought.

3 If I have begun once more
Thy ſweet return to feel;
If even now I find thy power
Preſent my ſoul to heal:
Still and quiet may I lie,
Nor ſtruggle out of thine embrace:
Never more reſiſt or fly,
From thy purſuing grace.

4 To the croſs, thine altar, bind
Me with the cords of love;
Freedom let me never find
From my dear Lord to move:
That I never, never more
May with my much-loved Maſter part,
To the poſts of mercy's door
O nail my willing heart!

5 See my utter helpleſſneſs,
And leave me not alone;
O preſerve in perfect peace,
And ſeal me for thine own:
More and more thyſelf reveal,
Thy preſence let me always find;
Comfort, and confirm, and heal,
My feeble, ſin-ſick mind.

6 As the apple of an eye
Thy weakeſt ſervant keep;
Help me at thy feet to lie,
And there for ever weep.
Tears of joy mine eyes o'erflow,
That I have any hope of heaven:
Much of love I ought to know!
For I have much forgiven.

PART IV.

FOR BELIEVERS.

SECTION I.

Rejoicing.

HYMN CLXXXII. [*Norwich.*

1 NOW I have found the ground wherein
Sure my ſoul's anchor may remain;
The wounds of Jeſus for my ſin,
Before the world's foundation ſlain:
Whoſe mercy ſhall unſhaken ſtay,
When heaven and earth are fled away.

2 Father, thine everlaſting grace
Our ſcanty thought ſurpaſſes far:
Thy heart ſtill melts with tenderneſs:
Thy arms of love ſtill open are,
Returning ſinners to receive,
That mercy they may taſte and live!

3 O love, thou bottomleſs abyſs!
My ſins are ſwallowed up in thee;
Covered is my unrighteouſneſs,
Nor ſpot of guilt remains in me;
While Jeſu's blood, through earth and ſkies,
Mercy, free, boundleſs mercy cries!

4 With faith I plunge me in this ſea,
Here is my hope, my joy, my reſt;
Hither when hell aſſails I flee,
I look into my Saviour's breaſt;
Away ſad doubt, and anxious fear!
Mercy is all that's written there.

4 Though waves and ſtorms go o'er my head,
Tho' ſtrength, and health, and friends be gone;
Though joys be wither'd all and dead,
Though every comfort be withdrawn;
On this my ſtedfaſt ſoul relies,
Father, thy mercy never dies.

6 Fixt on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fail and fleſh decay;
This anchor ſhall my ſoul ſuſtain,
Though earth's foundations melt away;
Mercy's full power I then ſhall prove,
Loved with an everlaſting love.

HYMN CLXXXIII. [*Cannon.*

1 JESU, thy blood and righteouſneſs
My beauty are my glorious dreſs:
'Midſt flaming worlds, in theſe array'd,
With joy ſhall I lift up my head.

2 Bold ſhall I ſtand in thy great day;
For who ought to my charge ſhall lay?
Fully abſolved through theſe I am,
From ſin and fear, from guilt and ſhame.

3 The holy, meek, unſpotted Lamb,
Who from the Father's boſom came;
Who died for me, even me to atone,
Now for my Lord and God I own.

4 Lord, I believe, thy precious blood,
Which at the mercy ſeat of God,
For ever doth for ſinners plead,
For me, even for my ſoul was ſhed.

5 Lord I believe, were ſinners more,
Than ſands upon the ocean-ſhore,
Thou haſt for all a ranſom paid,
For all a full atonement made.

6 When

6 When from the duſt of death I riſe,
To claim my manſion in the ſkies,
Even then this ſhall be all my plea,
Jeſus hath lived, hath died for me.

7 Thus Abraham the friend of Gōd,
Thus all heaven's armies bought with blood,
Saviour of ſinners, thee proclaim;
Sinners, of whom the chief I am.

8 Jeſu, be endleſs praiſe to thee,
Whoſe boundleſs mercy hath for me,
For me, and all thy hands have made,
An everlaſting ranſom paid.

9 Ah, give to all, almighty Lord,
With power to ſpeak thy gracious word;
That all who to thy wounds will flee,
May find eternal life in thee.

10 Thou God of power, thou God of love,
Let the whole world thy mercy prove!
Now let thy word o'er all prevail!
Now take the ſpoils of death and hell.

11 O let the dead now hear thy voice!
Now bid thy baniſh'd ones rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dreſs,
Jeſu, thy blood and righteouſneſs.

HYMN CLXXXIV. [*Irene.*

1 THEE, O my God and King,
My Father, thee I ſing!
Hear, well-pleaſed, the joyous ſound,
Praiſe from earth and heaven receive!
Loſt, I now in Chriſt am found,
Dead, by faith in Chriſt I live.

2 Father

2 Father, behold thy ſon,
In Chriſt I am thy own,
Stranger long to thee and reſt,
See, the prodigal is come:
Open wide thine arms and breaſt,
Take the weary wanderer home!

3 Thine eye obſerved from far,
Thy pity look'd me near:
Me thy bowels yearn'd to ſee,
Me thy mercy ran to find,
Empty, poor, and void of thee,
Hungry, ſick, and faint, and blind,

4 Thou on my neck didſt fall,
Thy kiſs forgave me all:
Still the gracious words I hear,
Words that made the Saviour mine,
"Haſte! for him the robe prepare,
His be righteouſneſs divine!"

HYMN CLXXXV. [*Amſterdam.*

1 OFT I in my heart have ſaid,
Who ſhall aſcend on high?
Mount to Chriſt my glorious head,
And bring him from the ſky?
Borne on contemplation's wing,
Surely I ſhould find him there,
Where the angels praiſe their King,
And gain the morning-ſtar.

2 Oft I in my heart have ſaid,
Who to the deep ſhall ſtoop?
Sink with Chriſt among the dead,
From thence to bring him up?
Could I but my heart prepare,
By unfeign'd humility,
Chriſt would quickly enter there,
And ever dwell with me.

3 But

3 But the righteouſneſs of faith
Hath taught me better things:
" Inward turn thine eyes," it ſaith,
(While Chriſt to me it brings,)
" Chriſt is ready to impart
" Life to all, for life who ſigh;
" In thy mou h, and in thy heart,
" The word is ever nigh."

HYMN CLXXXVI. [*Weſt-Street.*

1 O Filial Deity,
Accept my new-born cry!
See the travail of my ſoul,
Saviour, and be ſatisfied;
Take me now, poſſeſs me whole,
Who for me, for me haſt died!

2 Of life thou art the tree,
My immortality!
Feed this tender branch of thine,
Ceaſeleſs influence derive;
Thou the true, the heavenly vine,
Grafted into thee I live.

3 Of life the fountain thou,
I know—I feel it now!
Faint and dead no more I droop:
Thou art in me; thy ſupplies,
Every moment ſpringing up,
Into life eternal riſe.

4 Thou the good Shepherd art,
From thee I ne'er ſhall part:
Thou my keeper and my guide,
Make me ſtill thy tender care;
Gently lead me by thy ſide,
Sweetly in thy boſom bear.

5 Thou art my daily bread;
O Chriſt thou art my head!
Motion, virtue, ſtrength to me,
Me thy living member, flow;
Nouriſhed I, and fed by thee,
Up to thee in all things grow.

6 Prophet to me reveal
Thy Father's perfect will:
Never mortal ſpake like thee,
Human prophet like divine:
Loud and ſtrong their voices be,
Small, and ſtill, and inward thine:

7 On thee, my prieſt, I call,
Thy blood atoned for all;
Still the Lamb as ſlain appears,
Still thou ſtand'ſt before the throne,
Ever offering up my prayers,
Theſe preſenting with thy own.

8 Jeſu, thou art my King,
From thee my ſtrength I bring;
Shadow'd by thy mighty hand,
Saviour who ſhall pluck me thence?
Faith ſupports: by faith I ſtand,
Strong as thy omnipotence.

HYMN CLXXXVII. [*Weſt-Street.*

1 ARISE, my ſoul, ariſe,
Thy Saviour's ſacrifice!
All the names that love could find,
All the forms that love could take,
Jeſus in himſelf has joined,
Thee, my ſoul, his own to make.

2 Equal with God moſt high,
He laid his glory by;

He

He th' eternal God was born,
Man with men he deign'd t' appear,
Object of his creature's ſcorn,
Pleaſed a ſervant's form to wear.

3 Hail everlaſting Lord,
Divine, incarnate word!
Thee let all my powers confeſs,
Thee my lateſt breath proclaim:
Help, ye angel-choirs, to bleſs,
Shout the loved Immanuel's name!

4 Fruit of a virgin's womb,
The promiſed bleſſing's come;
Chriſt, the fathers' hope of old,
Chriſt, the woman's conquering ſeed,
Chriſt, the Saviour, long foretold,
Born to bruiſe the ſerpent's head.

5 Jeſu, to thee I bow!
Th' Almighty's fellow thou!
Thou, the Father's only Son:
Pleaſed he ever is in thee:
Juſt and holy thou alone,
Full of grace and truth for me.

6 High above every name,
Jeſus, the great I AM!
Bows to Jeſus every knee,
Things in heaven, and earth, and hell;
Saints adore him, demons flee,
Fiends, and men, and angels feel.

7 He left his throne above,
Emptied of all but love:
Whom the heavens cannot contain,
God vouchſafed a worm t' appear,
Lord of glory, Son of man,
Poor and vile, and abject here.

8 His own on earth he ſought,
His own received him not;
Him a ſign by all blaſphemed,
Outcaſt and deſpiſed of men;
Him they all a madman deem'd
Bold to ſcoff the Nazarene.

9 Hail Galilean King!
Thy humble ſtate I ſing;
Never ſhall my triumphs end!
Hail, derided majeſty!
Jeſus, hail! the ſinner's friend,
Friend of publicans and me!

HYMN CLXXXVIII. [*St. Luke's.*

1 INTO thy gracious hands I fall,
And with the arms of faith embrace!
O King of glory, hear my call!
O raiſe me, heal me, by thy grace!
Now righteous through thy wounds I am;
No condemnation now I dread!
I taſte ſalvation in thy name,
Alive in thee, my living head!

2 Still let thy wiſdom be my guide,
Nor take thy light from me away;
Still with me let thy grace abide,
That I from thee may never ſtray;
Let thy word richly in me dwell;
Thy peace and love my portion be:
My joy t' endure and do thy will,
Till perfect I am found in thee.

3 Arm me with thy whole armour, Lord!
Support my weakneſs with thy might:
Gird on my thigh thy conquering ſword,
And ſhield me in the threatening fight:

From

From faith to faith, from grace grace,
So in thy ſtrength ſhall I go on;
Till heaven and earth flee from thy face,
And glory end what grace begun.

HYMN CLXXXIX. [*Love-Feaſt.*

1 HAPPY ſoul, who ſees the day,
The glad day of goſpel-grace;
Thee, my Lord, (thou then wilt ſay)
Thee will I for ever praiſe.
Though thy wrath againſt me burn'd,
Thou doſt comfort me again;
All thy wrath aſide is turn'd,
Thou haſt blotted out my ſin.

2 Me, behold! thy mercy ſpares,
Jeſus my ſalvation is;
Hence my doubts! away my fears!
Jeſus is become my peace.
Jah, Jehovah is my Lord,
Ever merciful and juſt;
I will lean upon his word,
I will on his promiſe truſt.

3 Strong I am, for he is ſtrong,
Juſt in righteouſneſs divine;
He is my triumphal ſong,
All he has, and is, is mine.
Mine; and your's whoe'er believe
On his name, whoe'er ſhall call,
Freely ſhall his grace rececive;
He is full of grace for all.

4 Therefore ſhall ye draw with joy,
Water from ſalvation's well;
Praiſe ſhall your glad tongues employ,
While his ſtreaming grace ye feel.

Each to each, ye then ſhall ſay,
Sinners, call upon his name;
O rejoice to ſee his day!
See it, and his praiſe proclaim.

5 Glory to his name belongs!
Great, and marvellous, and high!
Sing unto the Lord your ſongs,
Cry, to every nation cry!
Wondrous things the Lord hath done;
Excellent his name we find;
This to all mankind is known;
Be it known to all mankind!

6 Sion, ſhout thy Lord and King,
Iſrael's holy one is he!
Give him thanks, rejoice and ſing,
Great he is, and dwells in thee.
O the grace unſearchable!
While eternal ages roll,
God delights in man to dwell,
Soul of each believing ſoul.

HYMN CXC. [*Walſal.*

1 O What ſhall I do My Saviour to praiſe!
So faithful and true, So plenteous in grace!
So ſtrong to deliver, So good to redeem,
The weakeſt believer That hangs upon him!

2 How happy the man Whoſe heart is ſet free,
The people that can Be joyful in thee!
Their joy is to walk in The light of thy face,
And ſtill they are talking of Jeſus's grace.

3 Their daily delight Shall be in thy name,
They ſhall as their right Thy righteouſneſs claim!
Thy righteouſneſs wearing, And cleans'd by thy blood,
Bold ſhall they appear in The preſence of God.

4 For

4 For thou art their boaſt, Their glory, and power;
And I alſo truſt To ſee the glad hour,
My ſoul's new creation, A life from the dead,
The day of Salvation, That lifts up my head.

5 For, Jeſus my Lord Is now my defence!
I truſt in his word, None plucks me from thence;
Since I have found favour, He all things will do:
My King and my Saviour Shall make me anew.

6 Yes, Lord, I ſhall ſee The bliſs of thine own,
Thy ſecret to me Shall ſoon be made known;
For ſorrow and ſadneſs I joy ſhall receive,
And ſhare in the gladneſs Of all that believe.

HYMN CXCI. [*Triumph.*

1 O Heavenly King, Look down from above!
Aſſiſt us to ſing Thy mercy and love:
So ſweetly o'erflowing, So plenteous the ſtore,
Thou ſtill art beſtowing, And giving us more.

2 O God of our life, We hallow thy name!
Our buſineſs and ſtrife Is thee to proclaim;
Accept our thankſgiving For creating grace;
The living, the living ſhall ſhew forth thy praiſe.

3 Our Father and Lord, Almighty art thou;
Preſerved by thy word, We worſhip thee now,
The bountiful donor Of all we enjoy! [ploy.
Our tongues to thine honour, And lives we em-

4 But O! above all, Thy kindneſs we praiſe,
From ſin and from thrall Which ſaves the loſt race;
Thy Son thou haſt given A world to redeem,
And bring us to heaven, Whoſe truſt is in him.

5 Wherefore of thy love We ſing and rejoice,
With angels above We lift up our voice;
Thy love each believer Shall gladly adore,
For ever and ever, When time is no more.

HYMN CXCII. [*Tallis.*

1 MY Father, my God, I long for thy love!
O ſhed it abroad! Send Chriſt from above;
My heart ever fainting, He only can cheer;
And all things are wanting, Till Jeſus is here.

2 O when ſhall my tongue Be fill'd with thy praiſe!
While all the day long I publiſh thy grace,
Thy honour and glory To ſinners forth ſhew,
Till ſinners adore thee, And own thou art true.

3 Thy ſtrength and thy power I now can proclaim,
Preſerv'd every hour, Through Jeſus's name!
For thou art ſtill by me, And holdeſt my hand,
No ill can come nigh me, By faith while I ſtand.

4 My God is my guide; Thy mercies abound,
On every ſide They compaſs me round;
Thou ſav'ſt me from ſickneſs, from ſin doſt
retrieve,
And ſtrengthen my weakneſs, And bid me
believe.

5 Thou holdeſt my ſoul In ſpiritual life,
My foes doſt control, And quiet their ſtrife;
Thou ruleſt my paſſion, My pride and ſelf-will,
To ſee my ſalvation Thou bidſt me—Stand ſtill!

6 I ſtand and admire Thine out-ſtretched arm,
I walk through the fire, And ſuffer no harm;
Aſſaulted by evil, I ſcorn to ſubmit,
The world and the devil Fall under my feet.

7 I wreſtle not now, But trample on ſin,
For with me art thou, And ſhalt be within;
While ſtronger and ſtronger, In Jeſus's power;
I go on to conquer, Till ſin is no more.

HYMN

HYMN CXCIII. [*Birmingham.*

1 AND can it be that I ſhould gain
An intereſt in the Saviour's blood?
Died he for me, who cauſed his pain;
For me! who him to death purſu'd:
Amazing love! how can it be,
That thou, my God, ſhouldſt die for me?

2 'Tis myſtery all: th' Immortal dies!
Who can explore this ſtrange deſign?
In vain the firſt born ſeraph tries
To ſound the depths of love divine;
'Tis mercy all! let earth adore:
Let angel-minds enquire no more.

3 He left his Father's throne above,
(So free, ſo infinite his grace!)
Emptied himſelf of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpleſs race:
'Tis mercy all, immenſe and free,
For, O my God, it found out me!

4 Long my impriſon'd ſpirit lay,
Faſt bound in ſin and nature's night:
Thine eye diffuſed a quickning ray;
I woke; the dungeon flamed with light!
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I roſe, went forth, and followed thee.

5 No condemnation now I dread,
Jeſus, and all in him, is mine:
Alive in him, my living head,
And clothed in righteouſneſs divine,
Bold I approach th' eternal throne,
And claim the crown through Chriſt my own.

HYMN CXCIV. [*Fonmon.*

1 ARISE, my ſoul, ariſe,
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my ſurety ſtands;
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above
For me to intercede;
His all redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead:
His blood atoned for all our race,
And ſprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Receiv'd on Calvary:
They pour effectual prayers,
They ſtrongly ſpeak for me:
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry!
Nor let that ranſom'd ſinner die.

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The preſence of his Son:
His ſpirit anſwers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconcil'd,
His pardoning voice I hear:
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh
And Father, Abba Father cry!

HYMN CXCV. [*Iſlington.*

1 GLORY to God, whoſe ſovereign grace
Hath animated ſenſeleſs ſtones;
Called us to ſtand before his face:
And raiſed us into Abraham's ſons.

2 The people that in darkneſs lay,
In ſin and error's deadly ſhade,
Have ſeen a glorious goſpel-day,
In Jeſu's lovely face diſplay'd.

3 Thou only, Lord, the work haſt done,
And bared thine arm in all our ſight;
Haſt made the reprobates thine own,
And claim'd the outcaſts as thy right.

4 Thy ſingle arm, almighty Lord,
To us the great ſalvation brought;
Thy word, thy all-creating word,
That ſpake at firſt the world from nought.

5 For this the ſaints lift up their voice,
And ceaſeleſs praiſe to thee is given;
For this the hoſts above rejoice,
We raiſe the happineſs of heaven.

6 For this, (no longer ſons of night)
To thee our thankful hearts we give;
To thee, who call'dſt us into light:
To thee we die, to thee we live.

7 Suffice that for the ſeaſon paſt
Hell's horrid language fill'd our tongues;
We all thy words behind us caſt,
And lewdly ſang the drunkard's ſongs.

8 But, O the power of grace divine!
In hymns we now our voices raiſe!
Loudly in ſtrange hoſannas join,
And blaſphemies are turn'd to praiſe!

HYMN CXCVI. [*Muſician's.*

I will ſing with the Spirit, I will ſing with the Underſtanding alſo. 1 Cor. xiv. 15.

1 JESUS, thou ſoul of all our joys,
For whom we now lift up our voice,
And all our ſtrength exert;

Vouchſafe the grace we humbly claim;
Compoſe into a thankful frame,
And tune thy people's heart.

2 While in the heavenly work we join,
Thy glory be our whole deſign,
Thy glory, not our own;
Still let us keep our end in view,
And ſtill the pleaſing taſk purſue,
To pleaſe our God alone.

3 The ſecret pride, our ſubtle ſin,
O let it never more ſteal in,
T' offend thy glorious eyes!
To defecrate our hallow'd ſtrain,
And make our ſolemn ſervice vain,
And mar our ſacrifice.

4 To magnify thy awful name,
To ſpread the honours of the Lamb,
Let us our voices raiſe;
Our ſouls and bodies' powers unite,
Regardleſs of our own delight,
And dead to human praiſe.

5 Still let us on our guard be found,
And watch againſt the power of ſound,
With ſacred jealouſy;
Leſt, haply, ſenſe ſhould damp our zeal,
And muſic's charms bewitch and ſteal
Our heart away from thee.

6 That hurrying ſtrife far off remove,
That noiſy burſt of ſelfiſh love,
Which ſwells the formal ſong;
The joy from out our heart ariſe,
And ſpeak, and ſparkle in our eyes,
And vibrate on our tongue.

7 Then let us praiſe our common Lord,
And ſweetly join with one accord
Thy goodneſs to proclaim!

Jeſus,

Jeſus, thyſelf in us reveal,
And all our faculties ſhall feel
Thy harmonizing name.

8 With calmly-reverential joy,
O let us all our lives employ
In ſetting forth thy love!
And raiſe in death our triumph higher,
And ſing, with all the heavenly choir,
That endleſs ſong above.

HYMN CXCVII. [*Old German.*

1 MY God, I am thine; What a comfort divine,
What a bleſſing to know that my Jeſus is mine!
In the heavenly Lamb Thrice happy I am,
And my heart it doth dance at the ſound of his name.

2 True pleaſures abound In the rapturous ſound:
And whoever hath found it, hath paradiſe found.
My Jeſus to know, And feel his blood flow,
'Tis life everlaſting, 'tis heaven below!

3 Yet onward I haſte To the heavenly feaſt;
That, that is the fulneſs: but this is the taſte:
And this I ſhall prove, Till with joy I remove
To the heaven of heavens in Jeſus's love.

HYMN CXCVIII. [*Sheffield.*

1 WHAT am I, O thou glorious God!
And what my father's houſe to thee?
That thou ſuch mercies haſt beſtow'd
On me, the vileſt reptile me!
I take the bleſſing from above,
And wonder at thy boundleſs love.

2 Me in thy blood thy love paſs'd by,
And ſtopp'd my ruin to retrieve:
Wept o'er my ſoul thy pitying eye;
Thy bowels yearn'd, and ſounded "Live!"
Dying, I heard the welcome ſound,
And pardon in thy mercy found.

3 Honour, and might, and thanks, and praiſe,
I render to my pardoning God!
Extol the riches of thy grace,
And ſpread thy ſaving name abroad;
That only name to ſinners given,
Which lifts poor, dying worms to heaven.

4 Jeſus, I bleſs thy gracious power,
And all within me ſhouts thy name;
Thy name let every ſoul adore,
Thy power let every tongue proclaim:
Thy grace let every ſinner know,
And find with me their heaven below.

HYMN CXCIX. [*Hotham.*

1 JESUS is our common Lord,
He our loving Saviour is:
By his death to life reſtored,
Mis'ry we exchange for bliſs.

2 Bliſs by carnal minds unknown:
O 'tis more than tongue can tell!
Only to believers ſhewn:
Glorious and unſpeakable!

3 Chriſt our brother and our friend
Shews us his eternal love:
Never ſhall our triumphs end,
Till we take our ſeats above.

4 Let us walk with him in white,
For our bridal-day prepare!
For our partnerſhip in light,
For our glorious meeting there!

HYMN CC. [*Cornish.*

1 COME, let us who in Chriſt believe,
Our common Saviour praiſe:
To him, with joyful voices, give
The glory of his grace.

2 He now ſtands knocking at the door
Of every ſinner's heart:
The worſt need keep him out no more,
Or force him to depart.

3 Through grace we hearken to thy voice,
Yield to be ſaved from ſin:
In ſure and certain hope rejoice,
That thou wilt enter in.

4 Come quickly in, thou heavenly gueſt,
Nor ever hence remove;
But ſup with us, and let the feaſt
Be everlaſting love.

HYMN CCI. [*Birmingham.*

1 THOU hidden ſource of calm repoſe,
Thou all-ſufficient love divine;
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am, if thou art mine:
And lo! from ſin, and grief, and ſhame,
I hide me, Jeſus, in thy name.

2 Thy mighty name ſalvation is,
And keeps my happy ſoul above;
Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,
And joy, and everlaſting love:
To me with thy dear name are given
Pardon, and holineſs, and heaven.

2 Jeſu, my all in all thou art,
My reſt in toil, my eaſe in pain;
The med'cine of my broken heart,
In war, my peace, in loſs, my gain:
My ſmile beneath the tyrant's frown,
In ſhame, my glory and my crown.

4 In want, my plentiful ſupply,
In weakneſs, my almighty power:
In bonds, my perfect liberty,
My light in Satan's darkeſt hour;
In grief, my joy unſpeakable,
My life in death, my heaven in hell.

HYMN CCII. [*Frankfort.*

1 THEE will I love, my ſtrength, my tower,
Thee will I love, my joy, and crown,
Thee will I love with all my power,
In all my works, and thee alone;
Thee will I love, till the pure fire
Fill my whole ſoul with chaſte deſire.

2 Ah! why did I ſo late thee know,
Thee, lovelier than the ſons of men?
Ah! why did I no ſooner go
To thee, the only eaſe in pain?
Aſhamed I ſigh, and inly mourn,
That I ſo late to thee did turn.

3 In darkneſs willingly I ſtrayed;
I ſought thee, yet from thee I roved;
Far wide my wandring thoughts were ſpread,
Thy creatures more than thee I loved;
And now if more at length I ſee,
'Tis through thy light, and comes from thee.

4 I thank thee, uncreated Sun,
That thy bright beams on me have ſhined:
I thank thee, who haſt overthrown
My foes, and heal'd my wounded mind:
I thank

I thank thee whoſe enlivening voice
Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.

5 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor ſuffer me again to ſtray;
Strengthen my feet with ſteady pace,
Still to preſs forward in thy way:
My ſoul and fleſh, O Lord of might!
Fill, ſatiate with thy heavenly light.

6 Give to mine eyes refreſhing tears,
Give to my heart chaſte, hallow'd fires,
Give to my ſoul, with filial fears,
The love that all heaven's hoſt inſpires;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy ſole glory may unite.

7 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God,
Thee will I love beneath thy frown,
Or ſmile, thy ſceptre, or thy rod;
What though my fleſh and heart decay;
Thee ſhall I love in endleſs day!

HYMN CCIII. [*Newcaſtle.*

1 LET all men rejoice, By Jeſus reſtored:
We lift up our voice, And call him our Lord;
His joy is to bleſs us, And free us from thrall,
From all that oppreſs us, He reſcues us all.

2 Him Prophet, and King, And Prieſt we proclaim:
We triumph and ſing Of Jeſus's name:
Poor idiots he teaches To ſhew forth his praiſe,
And tell of the riches Of Jeſus's grace.

3 No matter how dull The ſcholar, whom he
Takes into his ſchool, and gives him to ſee:
A wonderful faſhion Of teaching he hath,
And wiſe to ſalvation He makes us through faith.

4 The

4 The wayfaring men, Though fools ſhall not ſtray:
His method ſo plain, So eaſy the way:
The ſimpleſt believer His promiſe may prove,
And drink of the river Of Jeſus's love.

5 Poor outcaſts of men, Whoſe ſouls were deſpis'd,
And left with diſdain, By Jeſus are priz'd;
His gracious creation, In us he makes known,
And brings us ſalvation, And calls us his own.

HYMN CCIV. [*Triumph.*

1 MY brethren beloved, Your calling ye ſee;
In Jeſus approved, No goodneſs have we:
No riches or merit, No wiſdom or might,
But all things inherit, Through Jeſus's right.

2 Yet not many wiſe His ſummons obey,
Aud great ones deſpiſe So vulgar a way:
And ſtrong ones will never Their helpleſſneſs own,
Or ſtoop to find favour, Through mercy alone.

3 And therefore our God The outcaſts hath choſe,
His righteouſneſs ſhewed To heathens like us:
When wiſe ones rejected His offers of grace,
His goodneſs elected The fooliſh and baſe.

4 To baffle the wiſe, And noble, and ſtrong,
He bade us ariſe, An impotent throng:
Poor ignorant wretches, We gladly embrace
A Prophet that teaches Salvation by grace.

5 The things that were not, His mercy bids live;
His mercy unbought, We freely receive;
His gracious compaſſion We thankfully prove,
And all our ſalvation Aſcribe to his love.

HYMN CCV. [*Liverpool.*

1 TALK with us, Lord, thyſelf reveal,
While here o'er earth we rove:
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindling of thy love.

2 With thee converſing we forget
All time, and toil, and care:
Labour is reſt, and pain is ſweet,
If thou, my God, art here.

3 Here then, my God, vouchſafe to ſtay,
And bid my heart rejoice;
My bounding heart ſhall own thy ſway,
And echo to thy voice.

4 Thou calleſt me to ſeek thy face:
'Tis all I wiſh to ſeek:
T' attend the whiſpers of thy grace,
And hear thee inly ſpeak.

5 Let this my every hour employ,
Till I thy glory ſee!
Enter into my Maſter's joy,
And find my heaven in thee.

HYMN CCVI. [*Amſterdam.*

1 GLORIOUS Saviour of my ſoul,
I lift it up to thee;
Thou haſt made the ſinner whole,
Haſt ſet the captive free:
Thou my debt of death haſt paid;
Thou haſt raiſed me from my fall;
Thou haſt an atonement made:
My Saviour died for all.

2 What could my Redeemer move
To leave his Father's breaſt?
Pity drew him from above,
And would not let him reſt;
Swift to ſuccour ſinking man,
Sinking into endleſs woe,
Jeſus to our reſcue ran,
And God appeared below.

3 God in this dark vale of tears
A man of griefs was ſeen;
Here for three and thirty years
He dwelt with ſinful men.
Did they not know the Deity?
Did they own him, who he was?
See the friend of ſinners, ſee!
He hangs on yonder croſs!

4 Who hath done the direful deed,
Hath crucified my God?
Curſe is on his guilty head,
Who ſpilt that precious blood:
Worthy is the wretch to die;
Self-condemned, alas, is he!—
I have ſold my Saviour; I
Have nailed him to the tree.

5 Yet thy wrath I cannot fear,
Thou gentle, bleeding Lamb!
By thy judgment I am clear;
Healed by thy ſtripes I am:
Thou for me a curſe waſt made,
That I might in thee be bleſt:
Thou haſt my full ranſom paid,
And in thy wounds I reſt.

HYMN CCVII. [*Liverpool.*

1 INFINITE, unexhauſted Love!
Jeſus and love are one:
If ſtill to me thy bowels move,
They are reſtrain'd to none.

2 What ſhall I do my God to love;
My loving God to praiſe?
The length, and breadth, and height to prove,
And depth of ſovereign grace?

3 Thy ſovereign grace to all extends,
Immenſe and unconfin'd:
From age to age it never ends,
It reaches all mankind.

4 Throughout the world its breadth is known:
Wide as infinity!
So wide, it never paſs'd by one,
Or it had paſs'd by me.

5 My treſpaſs was grown up to heav'n:
But far above the ſkies,
In Chriſt abundantly forgiv'n,
I ſee thy mercies riſe!

6 The depth of all-redeeming love,
What angel-tongue can tell?
Oh! may I to the utmoſt prove,
The gift unſpeakable!

7 Deeper than hell it pluck'd me thence,
Deeper than inbred ſin:
Jeſus's love my heart ſhall cleanſe,
When Jeſus enters in.

8 Come quickly, gracious Lord, and take
Poſſeſſion of thine own!
My longing heart vouchſafe to make
Thine everlaſting throne!

9 Aſſert thy claim, maintain thy right,
Come quickly from above;
And ſink me to perfection's height,
The depth of humble love.

HYMN CCVIII. [*Morning-Song.*

1 JESUS, to thee I now can fly,
On whom my help is laid:
Oppreſt by ſins, I lift my eye,
And ſee the ſhadows fade.

2 Soon as I find myſelf forſook,
The grace again is given:
A ſigh can reach thy heart, a look
Can bring thee down from heaven!

3 Believing on my Lord, I find
A ſure and preſent aid:
On thee alone my conſtant mind
Is every moment ſtayed.

4 Whate'er in me ſeems wiſe, or good,
Or ſtrong, I here diſclaim:
I waſh my garments in the blood
Of the atoning Lamb.

5 Jeſus, my ſtrength, my life, my reſt,
On thee will I depend,
Till ſummon'd to the marriage-feaſt,
When faith in ſight ſhall end.

HYMN CCIX. [*Magdalen.*

1 SEE how great a flame aſpires,
Kindled by a ſpark of grace!
Jeſu's love the nations fires,
Sets the kingdoms on a blaze.

To

To bring fire on earth he came;
Kindled in ſome hearts it is;
O that all might catch the flame,
All partake the glorious bliſs!

2 When he firſt the work begun,
Small and feeble was his day:
Now the word doth ſwiftly run,
Now it wins its widening way.
More and more it ſpreads, and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail;
Sin's ſtrong-holds it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

3 Sons of God, your Saviour praiſe!
He the door hath open'd wide;
He hath given the word of grace,
Jeſu's word is glorified.
Jeſus mighty to redeem,
He alone the work hath wrought;
Worthy is the work of him,
Him who ſpake a world from nought.

4 Saw ye not the cloud ariſe,
Little as a human hand?
Now it ſpreads along the ſkies,
Hangs o'er all the thirſty land!
Lo! the promiſe of a ſhower
Drops already from above;
But the Lord will ſhortly pour
All the ſpirit of his love!

HYMN CCX. | *Derby.*

1 ALL thanks be to God,
Who ſcatters abroad,
Throughout every place,
By the leaſt of his ſervants, his ſavour of grace!

Who

Who the victory gave,
The praiſe let him have,
For the work he hath done;
All honour and glory to Jeſus alone!

2 Our conquering Lord
Hath proſper'd his word,
Hath made it prevail;
And mightily ſhaken the kingdom of hell.
His arm he hath bared,
And a people prepared
His glory to ſhew;
And witneſs the power of his paſſion below.

3 He hath open'd a door,
To the penitent poor,
And reſcued from ſin,
And admitted the harlots and publicans in.
They have heard the glad ſound,
They have liberty found,
Through the blood of the Lamb;
And plentiful pardon in Jeſus's name.

4 And ſhall we not ſing
Our Saviour and King?
Thy witneſſes we
With rapture aſcribe our ſalvation to thee.
Thou, Jeſus, haſt bleſs'd,
And believers increas'd,
Who thankfully own,
We are freely forgiven through mercy alone.

5 His ſpirit revives
His work in our lives,
His wonders of grace,
So mightily wrought in the primitive days.
O that all men might know
His tokens below!
Our Saviour confeſs,
And embrace the glad tidings of pardon and peace.

6 Thou Saviour of all,
Effectually call
The ſinners that ſtray:
And O let a nation be born in a day!
Thy ſign let them ſee,
And flow unto thee
For the oil and the wine,
For the bliſsful aſſurance of favour divine.

7 Our heathenish land,
Beneath thy command,
In mercy receive,
And make us a pattern to all that believe:
Then, then let it ſpread
Thy knowledge and dread,
Till the earth is o'erflow'd,
And the univerſe fill'd with the glory of God.

HYMN CCXI. [*Thou Shepherd of Iſrael.*

1 ALL glory to God in the ſky,
And peace upon earth be reſtor'd!
O Jeſus exalted on high,
Appear our omnipotent Lord!
Who meanly in Bethlehem born,
Didſt ſtoop to redeem a loſt race,
Once more to thy creatures return,
And reign in thy kingdom of grace.

2 When thou in our fleſh didſt appear,
All nature acknowledg'd thy birth;
Arole the acceptable year,
And heaven was open'd on earth:
Receiving its Lord from above,
The world was united to bleſs
The giver of concord and love,
The prince and the author of peace.

3 O wouldſt

O wouldſt thou again be made known!
Again in thy ſpirit deſcend;
And ſet up in each of thine own,
A kingdom that never ſhall end.
Thou only art able to bleſs,
And make the glad nations obey,
And bid the dire enmity ceaſe,
And bow the whole world to thy ſway.

4 Come then to thy ſervants again,
Who long thy appearing to know;
Thy quiet and peaceable reign
In mercy eſtabliſh below;
All ſorrow before thee ſhall fly,
And anger and hatred be o'er;
And envy and malice ſhall die,
And diſcord afflict us no more.

5 No horrid alarm of war
Shall break our eternal repoſe:
No ſound of the trumpet is there,
Where Jeſus's ſpirit o'erflows:
Appeas'd by the charms of thy grace,
We all ſhall in amity join;
And kindly each other embrace,
And love with a paſſion like thine.

HYMN CCXII. [*Amſterdam.*

1 MEET and right it is to ſing,
In every time and place,
Glory to our heavenly king,
The God of truth and grace.
Join we then with ſweet accord,
All in one thankſgiving join;
Holy, holy, holy, Lord,
Eternal praiſe be thine!

2 Thee the firſt-born ſons of light,
In choral ſymphonies,
Praiſe by day, day without night,
And never, never ceaſe:
Angels and archangels all
Praiſe the myſtic Three in one;
Sing, and ſtop, and gaze, and fall
O'erwhelmed before thy throne!

3 Vying with that happy choir
Who chaunt thy praiſe above,
We on eagles' wings aſpire,
The wings of faith and love;
Thee they ſing with glory crown'd;
We extol the ſlaughter'd Lamb;
Lower if our voices ſound,
Our ſubject is the ſame.

4 Father, God, thy love we praiſe,
Which gave thy Son to die:
Jeſus, full of truth and grace,
Alike we glorify;
Spirit, Comforter divine,
Praiſe by all to thee be given;
Till we in full chorus join,
And earth is turn'd to heaven.

HYMN CCXIII. [*Snowsfields.*

1 HOW happy, gracious Lord, are we!
Divinely drawn to follow thee;
Whoſe hours divided are
Betwixt the mount and multitude:
Our day is ſpent in doing good;
Our night in praiſe and prayer.

2 With us no melancholy void,
No period lingers unemploy'd,
Or unimprov'd below:
Our wearineſs of life is gone,
Who live to ſerve our God alone,
And only thee to know.

3 The winter's night, and ſummer's day,
Glide imperceptibly away,
Too ſhort to ſing thy praiſe;
Too few we find the happy hours,
And haſte to join thoſe heavenly powers,
In everlaſting lays.

4 With all who chaunt thy name on high,
And holy, holy, holy cry,
A bright harmonious throng,
We long thy praiſes to repeat,
And reſtleſs ſing around thy ſeat
The new, eternal ſong.

HYMN CCXIV. [*Sheffield.*

1 WHEN Iſrael out of Egypt came,
And left the proud oppreſſor's land,
Supported by the great I AM,
Safe in the hollow of his hand;
The Lord in Iſrael reign'd alone,
Aud Judah was his favourite throne.

2 The ſea beheld his power, and fled,
Diſparted by the wondrous rod:
Jordan ran backward to his head,
And Sinai felt th' incumbent God;
The mountains ſkipp'd like frighted rams,
The hills leap'd after them as lambs!

3 What ail'd thee, O thou trembling ſea!
What horror turn'd the river back?
Was nature's God diſpleaſed with thee?
And why ſhould hills or mountains ſhake?
Ye mountains huge, that ſkipp'd like rams!
Ye hills, that leap'd as frighted lambs!

4 Earth, tremble on, with all thy ſons,
In preſence of thy awful Lord!
Whoſe power inverted nature owns,
Her only law his ſovereign word:

He

He ſhakes the centre with his rod,
And heaven bows down to Jacob's God.

5 Creation varied by his hand,
Th' omnipotent Jehovah knows!
The ſea is turn'd to ſolid land,
The rock into a fountain flows:
And all things as they change proclaim
The Lord eternally the ſame.

HYMN CCXV. [113th *Pſalm.*

1 I'LL praiſe my Maker while I've 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 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' oppreſt, he feeds the poor,
And none ſhall find his promiſe vain.

3 The Lord pours eye-ſight on the blind,
The Lord ſupports the fainting mind;
He ſends the labouring conſcience peace:
He helps the ſtranger in diſtreſs,
The widow and the fatherleſs,
And grants the priſoner ſweet releaſe.

4 I'll praiſe him while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is loſt in death,
Praiſe ſhall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praiſe ſhall ne'er be paſt,
While life, and thought, and being laſt,
Or immortality endures.

HYMN CCXVI. [*Kettleby's.*

1 PRAISE ye the Lord! 'tis good to raiſe
Your hearts and voices in his praiſe:
His nature and his works invite,
To make this duty our delight.

2 He form'd the ſtars thoſe heavenly flames:
He counts their numbers, calls their names;
His wiſdom's vaſt, and knows no bound,
A deep, where all our thoughts are drown'd!

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 the young ravens when they cry.

5 What is the creature's ſkill or force,
The ſprightly man, or warlike horſe?
The piercing wit, the active limb?
All are too mean delights for him.

6 But ſaints are lovely in his ſight,
He views his children with delight!
He ſees their hope, he knows their fear,
And looks, and loves his image there.

HYMN CCXVII. [*Hallelujah.*

1 ETERNAL Wiſdom, thee we praiſe,
Thee the creation ſings:
With thy loud name, rocks, hills and ſeas,
And heaven's high palace rings.

2 Thy

2 Thy hand, how wide it ſpreads the ſky;
How glorious to behold!
Ting'd with a blue of heavenly dye,
And ſtarr'd with ſparkling gold.

3 There thou haſt bid the globes of light
Their endleſs circles run:
There the pale planet rules the night;
The day obeys the ſun.

4 If down I turn my wandering eyes,
On clouds and ſtorms below;
Thoſe under-regions of the ſkies
Thy numerous glories ſhew.

5 The noiſy winds ſtand ready there,
Thy orders to obey:
With ſounding wings they ſweep the air,
To make thy chariot way.

6 There like a trumpet, loud and ſtrong,
Thy thunder ſhakes our coaſt:
While the red lightnings wave along,
The banners of thy hoſt.

7 On the thin air, without a prop,
Hang fruitful ſhowers around:
At thy command they ſink, and drop
Their fatneſs on the ground.

8 Lo! here thy wondrous ſkill arrays
The earth in cheerful green;
A thouſand herbs thy art diſplays,
A thouſand flowers between.

There the rough mountains of the deep
Obey thy ſtrong command;
Thy breath can raiſe the billows ſteep,
Or ſink them to the ſand.

10 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And ſtrike the wondring ſight,
Through ſkies, and ſeas, and ſolid ground,
With terror and delight.

11 Infinite ſtrength and equal ſkill
Shine through thy works abroad:
Our ſouls with vaſt amazement fill,
And ſpeak the builder God!

12 But the mild glories of thy grace,
Our ſofter paſſions move:
Pity divine in Jeſu's face,
We ſee, adore, and love!

HYMN CCXVIII. [*Eveſham.*

1 HOW do thy mercies cloſe me round!
For ever be thy name ador'd!
I bluſh in all things to abound:
The ſervant is above his Lord!

2 Inur'd to poverty and pain,
A ſuffering life my Maſter led;
The Son of God, the Son of Man,
He had not where to lay his head.

3 But lo! a place he hath prepar'd,
For me, whom watchful angels keep:
Yea, he himſelf becomes my guard;
He ſmooths my bed, and gives me ſleep.

4 Jeſus protects; my fears be gone!
What can the Rock of Ages move?
Safe in thy arms I lay me down,
Thy everlaſting arms of love.

5 While thou art intimately nigh,
Who, who ſhall violate my reſt?
Sin, earth, and hell I now defy;
I lean upon my Saviour's breaſt.

6 I reſt

6 I reſt beneath th' Almighty's ſhade,
My griefs expire, my troubles ceaſe;
Thou, Lord, on whom my ſoul is ſtaid,
Wilt keep me ſtill in perfect peace.

7 Me for thine own thou lov'ſt to take,
In time and in eternity:
Thou never, never wilt forſake
A helpleſs worm that truſts in thee.

HYMN CCXIX. [*Miſs Edwin's.*

1 GOD of my life, to thee,
My cheerful ſoul I raiſe;
Thy goodneſs bade me be,
And ſtill prolong my days;
I ſee my natal hour return,
And bleſs the day that I was born.

2 A clod of living earth,
I glorify thy name,
From whom alone my birth,
And all my bleſſings came;
Creating and preſerving grace
Let all that is within me praiſe.

3 Long as I live beneath,
To thee O let me live!
To thee my every breath
In thanks and praiſes give!
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am,
Shall magnify my Maker's name.

4 My ſoul, and all its powers,
Thine, wholly thine ſhall be;
All, all my happy hours
I conſecrate to thee;
Me to thine image now reſtore,
And I ſhall praiſe thee evermore.

5 I wait thy will to do,
As angels do in heaven:
In Chriſt a creature new,
Eternally forgiven;
I wait thy perfect will to prove,
All ſanctified by ſinleſs love.

6 Then, when the work is done,
The work of faith with power,
Receive thy favour'd ſon,
In death's triumphant hour;
Like Moſes to thyſelf convey,
And kiſs my raptur'd ſoul away,

HYMN CCXX. [*Whitſunday.*

1 FOUNTAIN of life and all my joy,
Jeſu, thy mercies I embrace;
The breath thou giv'ſt for thee employ,
And wait to taſte thy perfect grace:
No more forſaken and forlorn,
I bleſs the day that I was born!

2 Preſerv'd through faith, by power divine,
A miracle of grace I ſtand!
I prove the ſtrength of Jeſus mine!
Jeſus, upheld by thy right hand:
Though in my fleſh I feel the thorn,
I bleſs the day that I was born!

3 Weary of life through inbred ſin
I was, but now defy its power:
When as a flood the foe comes in,
My ſoul is more than conqueror:
I tread him down with holy ſcorn,
And bleſs the day that I was born.

4 Come, Lord, and make me pure within,
And let me now be fill'd with God!
Live to declare, I cannot ſin:
And if I ſeal the truth with blood,
My ſoul, from out the body torne,
Shall bleſs the day that I was born.

HYMN CCXXI. [*Builth.*

1 AWAY with our fears,
The glad morning appears,
When an heir of salvation was born!
From Jehovah I came,
For his glory I am,
And to him I with singing return.

2 Thee, Jesus, alone,
The fountain I own
Of my life and felicity here:
And cheerfully sing
My Redeemer and King,
Till his sign in the heavens appear.

3 With thanks I rejoice
In thy fatherly choice
Of my state and condition below;
If of parents I came
Who honour'd thy name,
'Twas thy wisdom appointed it so.

4 I sing of thy grace,
From my earliest days,
Ever near to allure and defend;
Hitherto thou hast been
My preserver from sin,
And I trust thou wilt save to the end.

5 O the infinite cares
And temptations and snares
Thy hand hath conducted me through!
O the blessings bestow'd,
By a bountiful God,
And the mercies eternally new!

6 What a mercy is this,
What a heaven of bliss,
How unspeakably happy am I!
Gather'd into the fold,
With thy people inroll'd,
With thy people to live, and to die!

7 O the goodneſs of God,
Employing a clod
His tribute of glory to raiſe!
His ſtandard to bear,
And with triumph declare
His unſpeakable riches of grace!

8 O the fathomleſs love,
That has deign'd to approve,
And proſper the work of my hands!
With my paſtoral crook
I went over the brook,
And behold! I am ſpread into bands!

9 Who, I aſk in amaze,
Hath begotten me theſe!
And enquire, from what quarter they came?
My full heart it replies,
They are born from the ſkies,
And gives glory to God and the Lamb.

10 All honour and praiſe
To the Father of grace,
To the Spirit, and Son I return!
The buſineſs purſue,
He hath made me to do,
And rejoice that I ever was born.

11 In a rapture of joy
My life I employ,
The God of my life to proclaim:
'Tis worth living for this,
To adminiſter bliſs,
And ſalvation in Jeſus's name.

12 My remnant of days
I ſpend in his praiſe,
Who died the whole world to redeem:
Be they many or few,
My days are his due,
And they all are devoted to him!

HYMN CCXXII. [*Trumpet.*

1 YOUNG men and maidens, raiſe
Your tuneful voices high;
Old men and children, praiſe
The Lord of earth and ſky;
Him three in one, and one in three
Extol to all eternity.

2 The univerſal King
Let all the world proclaim!
Let every creature ſing
His attributes and name!
Him three in one, and one in three
Extol to all eternity.

3 In his great name alone
All excellencies meet;
Who ſits upon the throne,
And ſhall for ever ſit:
Him three in one, and one in three
Extol to all eternity.

4 Glory to God belongs,
Glory to God be given,
Above the nobleſt ſongs
Of all in earth or heaven:
Him three in one, and one in three
Extol to all eternity.

HYMN CCXXIII. [*Hotham.*

1 HAPPY man whom God doth aid;
God our ſouls and bodies made:
God on us, in gracious ſhowers,
Bleſſings every moment pours:
Compaſſes with angel-bands,
Bids them bear us in their hands:
Parents, friends, 'twas God beſtow'd,
Life and all deſcends from God.

2 He this flowery carpet ſpread,
Made the earth on which we tread:
God refreſhes in the air;
Covers with the clothes we wear:
Feeds us with the food we eat;
Cheers us by his light and heat:
Makes his ſun on us to ſhine:
All our bleſſings are divine!

3 Give him then, and ever give,
Thanks for all that we receive!
Man we for his kindneſs love:
How much more our God above?
Worthy thou, our heavenly Lord,
To be honour'd, and ador'd:
God of all-creating grace;
Take the everlaſting praiſe!

HYMN CCXXIV. [*Fulham.*

1 LET all that breathe, Jehovah praiſe,
Almighty, all-creating Lord!
Let earth and heaven his power confeſs,
Brought out of nothing by his word.

2 He ſpake the word, and it was done!
The univerſe his word obey'd:
His Word is his eternal Son,
And Chriſt the whole creation made.

3 Jeſus, the Lord and God moſt high,
Maſter of all mankind and me!
Me thou haſt made to glorify,
To know, and love, and live to thee.

4 Wherefore to thee my heart I give,
(But thou muſt firſt beſtow the power,)
And if for thee on earth I live,
Thee I ſhall ſoon in heaven adore.

HYMN CCXXV. [*London.*

Part the Firſt.

1 FATHER of all, whoſe powerful voice
Call'd forth this univerſal frame;
Whoſe mercies over all rejoice,
Through endleſs ages ſtill the ſame;
Thou by thy word upholdeſt all;
Thy bounteous love to all is ſhew'd;
Thou hear'ſt thy every creature's call,
And filleſt every mouth with good.

2 In heaven thou reign'ſt enthron'd in light,
Nature's expanſe beneath thee ſpread:
Earth, air, and ſea, before thy ſight,
And hell's deep gloom, are open laid!
Wiſdom, and might, and love are thine;
Proſtrate before thy face we fall,
Confeſs thine attributes divine,
And hail thee ſovereign Lord of all.

3 Thee ſovereign Lord let all confeſs,
That moves in earth, or air, or ſky,
Revere thy power, thy goodneſs bleſs,
Tremble before thy piercing eye;
All ye, who owe to him your birth,
In praiſe your every hour employ:
Jehovah reigns! be glad, O earth:
And ſhout, ye morning ſtars, for joy.

HYMN CCXXVI. [*London.*

Part the Second.

1 SON of thy Sire's eternal love,
Take to thyſelf thy mighty power;
Let all earth's ſons thy mercy prove,
Let all thy bleeding race adore;

The triumphs of thy love diſplay;
In every heart reign thou alone,
Till all thy foes confeſs thy ſway,
And glory ends what grace begun.

2 Spirit of grace, and health, and power,
Fountain of light and love below,
Abroad thy healing influence ſhower,
O'er all the nations let it flow;
Inflame our hearts with perfect love,
In us the work of faith fulfil;
So not heaven's hoſts ſhall ſwifter move,
Than we on earth, to do thy will.

3 Father, 'tis thine each day to yield
Thy children's wants a freſh ſupply,
Thou cloth'ſt the lillies of the field,
And heareſt the young ravens cry:
On thee we caſt our care; we live
Through thee, who know'ſt our every need;
O feed us with thy grace, and give
Our ſouls this day the living bread!

HYMN CCXXVII. [*Palmi's.*

Part the Third.

1 ETERNAL, ſpotleſs Lamb of God,
Before the world's foundation ſlain,
Sprinkle us ever with thy blood;
O cleanſe, and keep us ever clean!
To every ſoul, (all praiſe to thee,)
Our bowels of compaſſion move:
And all mankind by this may ſee,
God is in us; for God is love.

2 Giver and Lord of life, whoſe power
And guardian care for all are free,
To thee, in fierce temptation's hour,
From ſin and Satan let us flee;

Thine,

Thine, Lord, we are, and ours thou art;
In us be all thy goodneſs ſhew'd,
Renew, enlarge, and fill our heart,
With peace, and joy, and heaven, and God.

3 Bleſſings and honour, praiſe and love,
Co-equal, co-eternal Three,
In earth below, and heaven above,
By all thy works be paid to thee:
Thrice holy, thine the kingdom is,
The power omnipotent is thine;
And when created nature dies,
Thy never-ceaſing glories ſhine.

HYMN CCXXVIII. [*Aſcenſion.*

1 MEET and right it is to praiſe,
God the giver of all grace;
God, whoſe mercies are beſtow'd
On the evil and the good.
He prevents his creature's call,
Kind and merciful to all:
Makes his ſun on ſinners riſe;
Showers his bleſſings from the ſkies.

2 Leaſt of all thy creatures we
Daily thy ſalvation ſee,
As by heavenly manna fed,
Through a world of dangers led;
Through a wilderneſs of cares,
Through ten thouſand, thouſand ſnares;
More than now our hearts conceive,
More than we could know, and live!

3 By our boſom-foe beſet,
Taken in the fowler's net;
Paſſion's unreſiſting prey
Oft within the toils we lay;
Sleeping on the brink of ſin,
Tophet gaped to take us in:

Mercy

Mercy to our refcue flew,
Broke the ſnare, and brought us through.

4 Here, as in a lion's den,
Undevour'd we ſtill remain ;
Paſs ſecure the watry flood,
Hanging on the arm of God ;
Here we raiſe our voices higher,
Shout in the refiner's fire ;
Clap our hands amidſt the flame,
Glory give to Jeſu's name.

5 Jeſu's name, in Satan's hour,
Stands our adamantine tower ;
Jeſus doth his own defend,
Love, and ſave us to the end.
Love ſhall make us perſevere,
Till our conquering Lord appear ;
Bear us to our thrones above,
Crown us with his heavenly love.

HYMN CCXXIX. [*Corniſh.*

1 HAIL, Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
One God in perſons three ;
Of thee we make our joyful boaſt,
Our ſongs we make of thee.

2 Thou neither canſt be felt nor ſeen ;
Thou art a ſpirit pure ;
Thou from eternity haſt been,
And always ſhalt endure.

3 Preſent alike in every place,
Thy Godhead we adore ;
Beyond the bounds of time and ſpace
Thou dwell'ſt for evermore.

4 In wiſdom infinite thou art,
Thine eye doth all things ſee:
And every thought of every heart
Is fully known to thee.

5 Whate'er thou wilt, in earth below
Thou doſt, in heaven above:
But chiefly we rejoice to know
Th' Almighty God of love.

6 Thou lov'ſt whate'er thy hands have made,
Thy goodneſs we rehearſe,
In ſhining characters diſplay'd
Throughout our univerſe.

7 Mercy, with love, and endleſs grace,
O'er all thy works doth reign:
But moſtly thou delight'ſt to bleſs
Thy favourite creature, Man.

8 Wherefore let every creature give
To thee the praiſe deſign'd;
But chiefly, Lord, the thanks receive,
The hearts of all mankind.

HYMN CCXXX. [*Zoar.*

O Lord, our God, we bleſs thee now!
To thee our ſouls and bodies bow:
With humbleſt awe fall down before
Thy throne, and joyfully adore.
God of our anceſtors, we praiſe
Thee Father, Son, and ſpirit of grace!
One glorious God in perſons three!
Our God to all eternity.

HYMN CCXXXI. *Italian.*

The Attributes of God.

Part the First.

1 O God, thou bottomleſs abyſs!
Thee to perfection who can know?
O height immenſe! what words ſuffice
Thy countleſs attributes to ſhew?
Unfathomable depths thou art!
O plunge me in thy mercy's ſea;
Void of true wiſdom is my heart,
With love embrace and cover me!
While thee all-infinite I ſet
By faith before my raviſh'd eye,
My weakneſs bends beneath the weight;
O'erpower'd I ſink, I faint, I die.

2 Eternity thy fountain was,
Which, like thee, no beginning knew;
Thou waſt ere time began his race,
Ere glow'd with ſtars th' ethereal blue:
Greatneſs unſpeakable is thine,
Greatneſs, whoſe undiminiſh'd ray,
When ſhort-liv'd worlds are loſt, ſhall ſhine,
When earth and heaven are fled away:
Unchangeable, all-perfect Lord,
Eſſential life's unbounded ſea,
What lives, and moves, lives by thy word,
It lives, and moves, and is from thee.

3 Thy parent-hand, thy forming ſkill,
Firm fix'd this univerſal chain;
Elſe empty, barren, darkneſs ſtill
Had held his unmoleſted reign:
Whate'er in earth, or ſea, or ſky,
Or ſhuns or meets the wandring thought,

Eſcapes

Eſcapes or ſtrikes the ſearching eye,
By thee was to perfection brought:
High is thy power above all height,
Whate'er thy will decrees, is done;
Thy wiſdom, equal to thy might,
Only to thee, O God is known!

4 Heaven's glory is thy awful throne,
Yet earth partakes thy gracious ſway:
Vain man! thy wiſdom folly own,
Loſt is thy reaſon's feeble ray:
What our dim eye could never ſee,
Is plain and naked to thy ſight;
What thickeſt darkneſs veils, to thee
Shines clearly as the morning-light:
In light thou dwell'ſt; light, that no ſhade,
No variation ever knew;
Heaven, earth, and hell ſtands all diſplay'd,
And open to thy piercing view.

HYMN CCXXXII. [*Italian.*

Part the Second.

1 THOU, true and only God, lead'ſt forth
Th' immortal armies of the ſky:
Thou laugh'ſt to ſcorn the gods of earth,
Thou thundereſt, and amazed they fly!
With down-caſt eye th' angelic choir
Appear before thy awful face;
Trembling they ſtrike the golden lyre,
And through heaven's vault reſound thy praiſe:
In earth, in heaven, in all thou art;
The conſcious creature feels thy nod,
Whoſe forming hand on every part
Impreſs'd the image of its God.

2 Thine, Lord, is wiſdom, thine alone;
Juſtice and truth before thee ſtand;
Yet nearer to thy ſacred throne
Mercy with-holds thy lifted hand.

Each

Each evening ſhews thy tender love,
Each riſing morn thy plenteous grace;
" Thy waken'd wrath doth ſlowly move,
Thy willing mercy flies apace!"
To thy benign, indulgent care,
Father, this light, this breath we owe;
And all we have, and all we are,
From thee, great Source of being, flow.

3 Parent of good, thy bounteous hand
Inceſſant bleſſings down diſtils;
And all in air, or ſea, or land,
With plenteous food and gladneſs fills:
All things in thee live, move, and are,
Thy power infuſed doth all ſuſtain;
Even thoſe thy daily favours ſhare,
Who thankleſs ſpurn thy eaſy reign;
Thy ſun thou bidſt his genial ray
Alike on all impartial pour;
To all, who hate or bleſs thy ſway,
Thou bidſt deſcend the fruitful ſhower.

4 Yet, while at length, who ſcorn'd thy might,
Shall feel thee a conſuming fire;
How ſweet the joys, the crown how bright,
Of thoſe who to thy love aſpire!
All creatures praiſe th' eternal name!
Ye hoſts that to his court belong,
Cherubic choirs, ſeraphic flames,
Awake the everlaſting ſong.
Thrice holy, thine the kingdom is,
The power omnipotent is thine;
And when created nature dies,
Thy never-ceaſing glories ſhine.

HYMN CCXXXIII. [*Hamilton's.*

1 GLORIOUS God, accept a heart
That pants to ſing thy praiſe:
Thou without beginning art,
And without end of days:

Thou

Thou, a ſpirit inviſible,
Doſt to none thy fulneſs ſhew;
None thy majeſty can tell,
Or all thy Godhead know.

2 All thine attributes we own,
Thy wiſdom, power, and might;
Happy in thyſelf alone,
In goodneſs infinite,
Thou thy goodneſs haſt diſplay'd,
On thine every work impreſt;
Lov'ſt whate'er thy hands have made,
But man thou lov'ſt the beſt.

3 Willing thou that all ſhould know
Thy ſaving truth, and live;
Doſt to each or bliſs or woe
With ſtricteſt juſtice give,
Thou, with perfect righteouſneſs,
Rendereſt every man his due:
Faithful in thy promiſes,
And in thy threat'nings too.

4 Thou art merciful to all,
Who truly turn to thee:
Hear me then for pardon call,
And ſhew thy grace to me:
Me through mercy reconcil'd,
Me for Jeſu's ſake forgiven;
Me receive, thy favour'd child,
To ſing thy praiſe in heaven.

HYMN CCXXXIV. [*Amſterdam.*

1 THOU, my God, art good and wiſe,
And infinite in power:
Thee let all in earth and ſkies,
Continually adore!

Give

Give me thy converting grace,
That I may obedient prove;
Serve my Maker all my days,
And my Redeemer love.

2 For my life, and clothes, and food,
And every comfort here,
Thee, my moſt indulgent God,
I thank with heart ſincere;
For the bleſſings numberleſs,
Which thou haſt already given;
For my ſmalleſt ſpark of grace,
And for my hope of heaven.

3 Gracious God my ſins forgive,
And thy good ſpirit impart;
Then I ſhall in thee believe,
With all my loving heart:
Always unto Jeſus look,
Him in heavenly glory ſee,
Who my cauſe hath undertook,
And ever prays for me.

4 Grace, in anſwer to his prayer,
And every grace beſtow;
That I may with zealous care
Perform thy will below:
Rooted in humility,
Still in every ſtate reſign'd,
Plant, almighty Lord, in me
A meek and lowly mind.

5 Poor and vile in my own eyes,
With ſelf-abaſing ſhame,
Still I would myſelf deſpiſe,
And magnify thy name:
Thee let every creature bleſs,
Praiſe to God alone be given;
God alone deſerves the praiſe
Of all in earth or heaven.

HYMN CCXXXV. [*Kingswood.*

1 THOU, the great eternal God,
Art high above our thought!
Worthy to be fear'd, ador'd
By thoſe, thy hands have wrought;
None can with thyſelf compare,
Thy glory fills both earth and ſky:
We and all thy creatures are
As nothing in thine eye.

2 Of thy great, unbounded power
To thee the praiſe we give;
Infinitely great and more
Than heart can e'er conceive;
When thou wilt to work proceed,
None thy purpoſe can withſtand;
Fruſtrate the determin'd deed,
Or ſtay the Almighty hand.

3 Thou, O God art wiſe alone!
Thy counſel doth excel;
Wonderful thy works we own,
Thy ways unſearchable;
Who can ſound the myſtery,
Thy judgments' deep abyſs explain:
Thine, whoſe eyes in darkneſs ſee,
And ſearch the heart of man.

4 Thou, the holy God and pure,
Hateſt iniquity;
Evil thou canſt not endure,
Or let it ſtay with thee:
Who from ſin refuſe to turn,
Sinners with thee ſhall never dwell;
But thy righteous wrath ſhall burn
After their ſouls to hell.

HYMN CCXXXVI. [*Kingswood.*

1 GOOD thou art, and good thou doſt,
Thy mercies reach to all;
Chiefly thoſe who on thee truſt,
And for thy mercy call:
New they every morning are;
As fathers, when their children cry,
Us thou doſt in pity ſpare,
And all our wants ſupply.

2 Mercy o'er thy works preſides:
Thy providence diſplay'd
Still preſerves, and ſtill provides
For all thy hands have made:
Keeps, with moſt diſtinguiſh'd care,
The man who on thy love depends:
Watches every number'd hair,
And all his ſteps attends.

3 Who can ſound the depths unknown
Of thy redeeming grace?
Grace that gave thine only Son,
To ſave a ruin'd race!
Millions of tranſgreſſors poor
Thou haſt for Jeſu's ſake forgiven;
Made them of thy favour ſure,
And ſnatched from hell to heaven.

4 Millions more thou ready art,
To ſave, and to forgive;
Every ſoul, and every heart
Of man, thou would'ſt receive:
Father now accept of mine,
Which now through Chriſt I offer thee:
Tell me, now, in love divine,
That thou haſt pardon'd me!

HYMN CCXXXVII. [*Stanton.*

1 MY ſoul, through my Redeemer's care,
Saved from the ſecond death I feel!
My eyes from tears of dark deſpair,
My feet from falling into hell.

2 Wherefore to him my feet ſhall run;
My eyes on his perfections gaze;
My ſoul ſhall live for God alone,
And all within me ſhout his praiſe.

HYMN CCXXXVIII. [*Palmi's.*

1 HOLY as thou, O Lord, is none!
Thy holineſs is all thy own;
A drop of that unbounded ſea
Is ours, a drop deriv'd from thee.

2 And when thy purity we ſhare,
Thy only glory we declare;
And humbled into nothing own,
Holy and pure is God alone.

3 Sole ſelf-exiſting God and Lord,
By all thy heavenly hoſts ador'd;
Let all on earth bow down to thee,
And own thy peerleſs majeſty.

4 Thy power unparallel'd confeſs,
Eſtabliſh'd on the rock of peace;
The rock that never ſhall remove,
The rock of pure, almighty love!

HYMN CCXXXIX. [*Brook's.*

1 BLEST be our everlaſting Lord,
Our Father, God, and King!
Thy ſovereign goodneſs we record,
Thy glorious power we ſing.

2 By thee the victory is given;
The majeſty divine,
And ſtrength, and might, and earth, and heaven,
And all therein is thine.

3 Thy kingdom, Lord, is thine alone,
Who doſt thy right maintain;
And high on thy eternal throne,
O'er men and angels reign.

4 Riches, as ſeemeth good to thee,
Thou doſt, and honour give;
And kings, their power and dignity
Out of thy hand receive.

5 Thou haſt on us the grace beſtow'd,
Thy greatneſs to proclaim;
And therefore now we thank our God,
And praiſe thy glorious name.

6 Thy glorious name and nature's powers,
Thou doſt to us make known;
And all the Deity is ours,
Through thy incarnate Son.

HYMN CCXL. [*Trinity.*

1 GREAT God to me the ſight afford,
To him of old allow'd;
And let my faith behold its Lord,
Deſcending in a cloud.

2 In that reveaſing ſpirit come down!
Thy attributes proclaim!
And to my inmoſt ſoul make known;
The glories of thy name.

3 Jehovah, Chriſt, I thee adore,
Who gav'ſt my ſoul to be!
Fountain of being, and of power,
And great in majeſty.

4 The

4 The Lord, the mighty God thou art!
But let me rather prove
That name inſpoken to my heart,
That favourite name of love.

5 Merciful God, thyſelf proclaim,
In this polluted breaſt!
Mercy is thy diſtinguiſh'd name,
Which ſuits a ſinner beſt.

6 Our miſery doth for pity call,
Our ſin implores thy grace;
And thou art merciful to all
Our loſt, apoſtate race.

HYMN CCXLI. [*Trinity.*

1 THY ceaſeleſs, unexhauſted love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our miſery.

2 Thou waiteſt to be gracious ſtill:
Thou doſt with ſinners bear,
That ſav'd we may thy goodneſs feel,
And all thy grace declare.

3 Thy goodneſs and thy truth to me,
To every ſoul abound;
A vaſt, unfathomable ſea,
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

4 Its ſtreams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the ſtore;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore!

5 Faithful, O Lord, thy mercies are!
A rock that cannot move:
A thouſand promiſes declare
Thy conſtancy of love.

6 Throughout the univerſe it reigns,
Unalterably ſure:
And while the truth of God remains,
The goodneſs muſt endure.

HYMN CCXLII. [*Spitalfields.*

1 FATHER of me and all mankind,
And all the hoſts above,
Let every underſtanding mind
Unite to praiſe thy love:

2 To know thy nature and thy name,
One God in perſons three;
And glorify the great I AM,
Through all eternity.

3 Thy kingdom come, with power and grace,
To every heart of man:
Thy peace, and joy, and righteouſneſs,
In all our boſoms reign.

4 Thy righteouſneſs our ſins keep down,
Thy peace our paſſions bind;
And let us, in thy joy unknown,
The firſt dominion find.

5 The righteouſneſs that never ends,
But makes an end of ſin;
The joy that human thoughts tranſcends,
Into our ſouls bring in.

6 The kingdom of eſtabliſh'd peace,
Which can no more remove;
The perfect power of godlineſs,
Th' omnipotence of love.

7 When ſhall we hear his trumpet ſound,
The lateſt of the ſeven?
Come, king of ſaints, with glory crown'd,
Th' eternal God of heaven!

8 Judge

8 Judge of the antichriſtian foe,
Appear on earth again!
And then thy thouſand years below
Before thy ancients reign!

HYMN CCXLIII. [*Hallelujah.*

1 COME, Father, Son and Holy Ghoſt,
One God in perſons three!
Bring back the heavenly bleſſing, loſt
By all mankind and me.

2 Thy favour, and thy nature too,
To me, to all reſtore!
Forgive, and after God renew,
And keep us evermore!

3 Eternal Sun of Righteouſneſs,
Diſplay thy beams divine!
And cauſe the glories of thy face
Upon my heart to ſhine.

4 Light in thy light O may I ſee!
Thy grace and mercy prove!
Reviv'd, and cheer'd, and bleſt by thee,
The God of pardoning love.

5 Lift up thy countenance ſerene,
And let thy happy child
Behold, without a cloud between,
The Godhead reconcil'd.

6 Thy all compriſing peace beſtow,
On me, through grace forgiven;
The joy of holineſs below,
And then the joys of heaven!

HYMN CCXLIV. [*Olney.*

1 JESUS, my Lord, my God!
The God ſupreme thou art:
The Lord of hoſts, whoſe precious blood
Is ſprinkled on my heart.

2 Jehovah is thy name;
And, through thy blood applied,
Convinced, and certified I am,
There is no God beſide.

3 Soon as thy ſpirit ſhews
That precious blood of thine,
The happy, pardon'd ſinner knows,
It is the blood divine.

4 But only he who feels
"My Saviour died for me,"
Is ſure that all the Godhead dwells
Eternally in thee.

HYMN CCXLV. [*Welſh.*

1 JESUS, thou art the mighty God,
The Child, and Son, on us beſtow'd:
Jehovah born on earth in thee,
The everlaſting Son we ſee;
And all thy church triumphant ſings
The prince of peace, the king of kings.

2 Thou art the co-eternal Son,
In ſubſtance with thy Father one,
In perſon differing we proclaim,
In power and majeſty the ſame:
For him in thee we magnify,
And thee in him, the Lord moſt high.

3 No vain diſtinction we confeſs,
Betwixt a greater God and leſs;

No

No inequality there is,
But his are thine, and thine are his;
And thee we on thy Father's ſeat,
One glorious God for ever greet.

HYMN CCXLVI. [*Smith's.*

1 THE day of Chriſt, the day of God,
We humbly hope with joy to ſee,
Waſh'd in the ſanctifying blood
Of an expiring Deity.

2 Who did for us his life reſign:
There is no other God but one;
For all the plenitude divine
Reſides in his eternal Son.

3 Spotleſs, ſincere, without offence,
O may we to his day remain!
Who truſt the blood of God to cleanſe
Our ſouls from every ſinful ſtain.

4 Lord, we believe the promiſe ſure;
The purchas'd Comforter impart!
Apply thy blood to make us pure:
To keep us pure in life and heart!

5 Then let us ſee that day ſupreme,
When none thy Godhead ſhall deny!
Thy ſovereign Majeſty blaſpheme,
Or count thee leſs than the Moſt High.

6 When all who on their God believe,
Who here thy laſt appearing love,
Shall thy conſummate joy receive,
And ſee thy glorious face above.

HYMN CCXLVII. [*Norwich.*

1 SPIRIT of truth, eſſential God,
Who didſt thy ancient ſaints inſpire,
Shed in their hearts thy love abroad,
And touch their hallow'd lips with fire;
Our God from all eternity,
World without end we worſhip thee!

2 Still we believe, almighty Lord,
Whoſe preſence fills both earth and heaven,
The meaning of the written word
Is by thy inſpiration given:
Thou only doſt thyſelf explain,
The ſecret mind of God to man.

3 Come then, divine Interpreter,
The ſcriptures to our hearts apply;
And, taught by thee, we God revere,
Him in three perſons magnify:
In each the triune God adore,
Who was, and is for evermore.

HYMN CCXLVIII. [*Trinity.*

1 HAIL, Father, Son, and Spirit great,
Before the birth of time
Enthron'd in everlaſting ſtate,
Jehovah, Elohim!

2 A myſtical plurality
We in the Godhead own,
Adoring one in perſons three,
And three in nature one.

3 From thee our being we receive,
The creatures of thy grace;
And rais'd out of the earth, we live,
To ſing our Maker's praiſe.

4 Thy

4 Thy powerful, wiſe, and loving mind,
Did our creation plan,
And all the glorious perſons join'd
To form thy favourite, man.

5 Again thou didſt, in council met,
Thy ruin'd work reſtore;
Eſtabliſh'd in our firſt eſtate,
To forfeit it no more.

6 And when we riſe in love renew'd,
Our ſouls reſemble thee,
An image of the triune God,
To all eternity.

HYMN CCXLIX. [*Trinity.*

1 THE wiſdom own'd by all thy ſons,
To me, O God, impart!
The knowledge of the holy ones,
The underſtanding heart.

2 Thy name, O holy Father tell,
To one, who could believe!
To me thy holy Son reveal!
Thy holy Spirit give!

3 'Tis life, eternal life to know
The heavenly perſons mine:
Father, and Son, and Spirit beſtow
That precious faith divine!

4 A Trinity in unity,
My ſoul ſhall then adore;
And love, and praiſe, and worſhip thee,
Jehovah, evermore.

HYMN CCL. [*Brook's.*

1 JEHOVAH, God the Father, bleſs,
And thy own work defend!
With mercy's out-ſtretch'd arms embrace,
And keep us to the end!

2 Preſerve the creatures of thy love,
By providential care;
Conducted to the realms above,
To ſing thy goodneſs there.

3 Jehovah, God the Son, reveal
The brightneſs of thy face!
And all thy pardon'd people fill
With plenitude of grace!

4 Shine forth with all the Deity,
Which dwells in thee alone;
And lift us up, thy face to ſee
On thy eternal throne!

5 Jehovah, God the Spirit, ſhine,
Father and Son to ſhew:
With bliſs ineffable, divine,
Our raviſh'd hearts o'erflow.

6 Sure earneſt of that happineſs,
That human hope tranſcends;
Be thou our everlaſting peace,
When grace in glory ends.

7 Thy bleſſing, grace, and peace we claim,
Great God in perſons three;
The incommunicable name
Aſcribing now to thee.

8 We ſoon ſhall join the harping hoſt,
And ſing thy ſaints among,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
The new, eternal ſong.

HYMN

HYMN CCLI. [*Trinity.*

1 HAIL, holy, holy, holy Lord!
Whom one in three we know;
By all thy heavenly hoſt ador'd,
By all thy church below.

2 One undivided Trinity
With triumph we proclaim;
The univerſe is full of thee,
And ſpeaks thy glorious name.

3 Thee, holy Father, we confeſs;
Thee, holy Son, adore:
Thee, Spirit of truth and holineſs,
We worſhip evermore.

4 The incommunicable right,
Almighty God receive!
Which angel-choirs, and ſaints in light,
And ſaints embodied give.

5 Three perſons equally divine
We magnify, and love:
And both the choirs ere long ſhall join
To ſing thy praiſe above.

6 Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord,
(Our heavenly ſong ſhall be,)
Supreme, eſſential One, ador'd
In co-eternal Three!

HYMN CCLII. [*Saliſbury.*

1 HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
God the Father and the Word!
God the Comforter, receive
Bleſſings more than we can give!

2 Mixt with thoſe beyond the ſky,
Chanters to the Lord moſt high,
We our hearts and voices raiſe,
Echoing thy eternal praiſe.

3 One explicably three,
One in ſimpleſt unity:
God, incline thy gracious ear,
Us thy liſping creatures hear!

4 Thee while duſt and aſhes ſings,
Angels ſhrink within their wings:
Proſtrate Seraphim above
Breathe unutterable love.

5 Happy they who never reſt,
With thy heavenly preſence bleſt:
They the heights of glory ſee,
Sound the depths of Deity!

6 Fain with them our ſouls would vie;
Sink as low, and mount as high;
Full, o'erwhelm'd with love, or ſoar;
Shout, or ſilently adore!

HYMN CCLIII. [*Sheffield.*

1 COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
Whom one all-perfect God we own,
Reſtorer of thine image loſt,
Thy various offices make known!
Diſplay, our fallen ſouls to raiſe,
Thy whole œconomy of grace.

Jehovah in three perſons come,
And draw, and ſprinkle us, and ſeal,
Poor, guilty, dying worms, in whom
2 Thou doſt eternal life reveal;
The knowledge of thyſelf beſtow,
And all thy glorious goodneſs ſhew.

3 Soon

3 Soon as our pardon'd hearts believe,
That thou art pure, eſſential love,
The proof we in ourſelves receive,
Of the three witneſſes above;
Sure, as the ſaints around thy throne,
That Father, Word, and Spirit are one.

4 O that we now, in love renew'd!
Might blameleſs in thy ſight appear;
Wake we in thy ſimilitude,
Stamp with the triune character;
Fleſh, ſpirit, ſoul, to thee reſign;
And live and die entirely thine!

HYMN CCLIV. [*Hallelujah.*

1 A Thouſand oracles divine
Their common beams unite;
That ſinners may with angels join
To worſhip God aright:

2 To praiſe a Trinity ador'd
By all the hoſts above;
And one thrice happy God and Lord
Through endleſs ages love.

3 Triumphant hoſt! they never ceaſe
To laud and magnify
The triune God of holineſs,
Whoſe glory fills the ſky.

4 Whoſe glory to this earth extends,
While God himſelf imparts,
And the whole Trinity deſcends
Into our faithful hearts.

5 By faith the upper choir we meet,
And challenge them to ſing
Jehovah on his ſhining ſeat
Our Maker, and our King.

6 But God-made fleſh is wholly ours,
And aſks our nobler ſtrain;
The Father of celeſtial powers,
The friend of earth-born man!

7 Ye Seraphs, neareſt to the throne,
With rapturous amaze
On us, poor ranſom'd worms, look down;
For heaven's ſuperior praiſe!

8 The King, whoſe glorious face ye ſee,
For us his crown reſign'd;
That fulneſs of the Deity,
He died for all mankind!

HYMN CCLV. [*Iſlington.*

1 THEE, Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
Inexplicably one and three,
As worſhipp'd by the heavenly hoſt,
Thy church on earth we worſhip thee:

2 Three uncompounded perſons own,
One undivided God proclaim;
In eſſence, nature, ſubſtance one,
Through all eternity the ſame.

3 One perſon of the Sire we praiſe,
Another of the Son adore;
Another of the Spirit confeſs,
Equal in majeſty and power.

4 To each the glory appertains,
The Godhead of the three in one:
And one Supreme Jehovah reigns,
High on his everlaſting throne.

5 The Father, Son, and Spirit of love,
One uncreated God we hail!
Not fully known by ſaints above,
To us incomprehenſible.

6 The

6 The Father, Son, and Spirit of grace,
All-wiſe, almighty, and moſt high,
One true, eternal God we bleſs,
And ſpread his fame through earth and ſky.

7 The Father is both God and Lord:
Both God and Lord is Chriſt the Son:
The Holy Ghoſt, the glorious Third,
Both God and Lord his people own.

8 Both God and Lord, who him believe,
Each perſon by himſelf we name;
Yet not three Gods or Lords receive,
But one eſſentially the ſame.

HYMN CCLVI. [*Brentford.*

1 O All-creating God,
At whoſe ſupreme decree
Our body roſe, a breathing clod,
Our ſouls ſprang forth from thee:

2 For this thou haſt deſign'd,
And form'd us man for this,
To know, and love thyſelf, and find
In thee our endleſs bliſs.

SECTION II.

For Believers Fighting.

HYMN CCLVII. [*Lampe's.*

O May thy powerful word
Inſpire a feeble worm
To ruſh into thy kingdom, Lord,
And take it as by ſtorm!
O may we all improve
The grace already given!
To ſeize the crown of perfect love,
And ſcale the mount of heaven!

HYMN CCLVIII. [*Handel's March.*

Part the Firſt.

1 SOLDIERS of Chriſt ariſe,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the ſtrength which God ſupplies,
Through his eternal Son;
Strong in the Lord of hoſts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the ſtrength of Jeſus truſts,
Is more than conqueror.

2 Stand then in his great might,
With all his ſtrength endued,
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:
That having all things done,
And all your conflicts paſt,
Ye may o'ercome through Chriſt alone,
And ſtand entire at laſt.

3 Stand then againſt your foes,
In cloſe and firm array!
Legions of wily fiends oppoſe
Throughout the evil day:
But meet the ſons of night,
But mock their vain deſign,
Arm'd in the arms of heavenly light,
Of righteouſneſs divine.

4 Leave no unguarded place,
No weakneſs of the ſoul;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole:
Indiſſolubly join'd,
To battle all proceed:
But arm yourſelves with all the mind,
That was in Chriſt your head.

HYMN

HYMN CCLIX. [*Handel's March.*

Part the Second.

1 BUT above all, lay hold
On faith's victorious ſhield;
Arm'd with that adamant and gold,
Be ſure to win the field:
If faith ſurround your heart,
Satan ſhall be ſubdu'd;
Repell'd his every fiery dart,
And quench'd with Jeſu's blood.

2 Jeſus hath died for you!
What can his love withſtand?
Believe! hold faſt your ſhield, and who
Shall pluck you from his hand?
Believe that Jeſus reigns,
All power to him is given:
Believe, till freed from ſin's remains,
Believe yourſelves to heaven!

3 To keep your armour bright,
Attend with conſtant care:
Still walking in your Captain's ſight,
And watching unto prayer.
Ready for all alarms,
Stedfaſtly ſet your face,
And always exerciſe your arms,
And uſe your every grace.

4 Pray, without ceaſing pray,
(Your Captain gives the word,)
His ſummons cheerfully obey,
And call upon the Lord:
To God your every want
In inſtant prayer diſplay:
Pray always: pray, and never faint:
Pray, without ceaſing pray.

HYMN CCLX. [*Handel's March.*

Part the Third.

1 IN fellowſhip, alone,
To God with faith draw near:
Approach his courts, beſiege his throne,
With all the powers of prayer:
Go to his temple, go,
Nor from his altar move;
Let every houſe his worſhip know,
And every heart his love.

2 To God your ſpirits dart;
Your ſouls in words declare;
Or groan to him, who reads the heart,
Th' unutterable prayer:
His mercy now implore,
And now ſhew forth thy praiſe;
In ſhouts, or ſilent awe adore
His miracles of grace.

3 Pour out your ſouls to God,
And bow them with your knees;
And ſpread your hearts and hands abroad,
And pray for Sion's peace:
Your guides and brethren bear
For ever on your mind;
Extend the arms of mighty prayer
In graſping all mankind.

4 From ſtrength to ſtrength go on,
Wreſtle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkneſs down,
And win the well-fought day:
Still let the ſpirit cry
In all his ſoldiers, "Come"
'Till Chriſt the Lord deſcends from high,
And takes the conquerors home.

HYMN

HYMN CCLXI. [*Norwich.*

1 SURROUNDED by a hoſt of foes,
Storm'd by a hoſt of foes within,
Nor ſwift to fly, nor ſtrong t' oppoſe,
Single againſt hell, earth and ſin;
Single, yet undiſmay'd I am,
I dare believe in Jeſu's name.

2 What though a thouſand hoſts engage,
A thouſand worlds my ſoul to ſhake?
I have a ſhield ſhall quell their rage,
And drive the Alien-armies back;
Pourtray'd it bears a bleeding Lamb:
I dare believe in Jeſu's name.

3 Me to retrieve from Satan's hands,
Me from this evil world to free,
To purge my ſins, and looſe my bands,
And ſave from all iniquity,
My Lord and God, from heaven he came;
I dare believe in Jeſu's name.

4 Salvation in his name there is,
Salvation from ſin, death, and hell,
Salvation into glorious bliſs;
How great ſalvation who can tell!
But all he hath for mine I claim;
I dare believe in Jeſu's name.

HYMN CCLXII. [*Olney.*

1 EQUIP me for the war,
And teach my hands to fight;
My ſimple, upright heart prepare,
And guide my words aright.
Control my every thought:
My whole of ſin remove:
Let all my works in thee be wrought:
Let all be wrought in love.

2 O arm

2 O arm me with the mind,
Meek Lamb, that was in thee!
And let my knowing zeal be join'd
With perfect charity:
With calm and temper'd zeal
Let me enforce thy call;
And vindicate thy gracious will,
Which offers life to all.

3 O do not let me truſt
In any arm but thine!
Humble, O humble to the duſt!
This ſtubborn ſoul of mine.
A feeble thing of nought,
With lowly ſhame I own,
The help which upon earth is wrought,
Thou doſt it all alone.

4 O may I move like thee!
In all thy footſteps tread!
Thou hateſt all iniquity,
But nothing thou haſt made.
O may I learn the art,
With meekneſs to reprove!
To hate the ſin with all my heart,
But ſtill the ſinner love.

HYMN CCLXIII. [*Amſterdam.*

1 O Almighty God of love,
Thy holy arm diſplay;
Send me ſuccour from above,
In this my evil day:
Arm my weakneſs with thy power,
Woman's ſeed appear within!
Be my ſafeguard and my tower,
Againſt the face of ſin.

2 Could

2 Could I of thy ſtrength take hold,
And always feel thee near,
Confident, divinely bold,
My ſoul would ſcorn to fear:
Nothing ſhould my firmneſs ſhock;
Should the gates of hell aſſail,
Were I built upon the rock,
They never could prevail.

3 Rock of my ſalvation, haſte,
Extend thy ample ſhade,
Let it over me be caſt;
And ſcreen my naked head:
Save me from the trying hour;
Thou my ſure protection be;
Shelter me from Satan's power,
Till I am fix'd on thee.

4 Set upon thyſelf my feet,
And make me ſurely ſtand;
From temptation's rage and heat
Cover me with thy hand:
Let me in the cleft be plac'd;
Never from my fence remove;
In thine arms of love embrac'd,
Of everlaſting love.

HYMN CCLXIV. [23d *Pſalm.*

1 PEACE, doubting heart, my God's I am:
Who form'd me man, forbids my fear:
The Lord hath call'd me by my name;
The Lord protects for ever near:
His blood for me did once atone,
And ſtill he loves and guards his own.

2 When paſſing through the watry deep,
I aſk in faith his promis'd aid;
The waves an awful diſtance keep,
And ſhrink from my devoted head:

Fearleſs

Fearleſs their violence I dare;
They cannot harm; for God is there!

3 To him my eye of faith I turn,
And through the fire purſue my way;
The fire forgets its power to burn,
The lambent flames around me play:
I own his power, accept the ſign,
And ſhout to prove the Saviour mine.

4 Still nigh me, O my Saviour ſtand!
And guard in fierce temptation's hour;
Hide in the hollow of thy hand;
Shew forth in me thy ſaving power:
Still be thy arms my ſure defence;
Nor earth nor hell ſhall pluck me thence.

5 Since thou haſt bid me come to thee,
(Good as thou art, and ſtrong to ſave,)
I'll walk o'er life's tempeſtuous ſea,
Upborne upon the yielding wave!
Dauntleſs, though rocks of pride be near,
And yawning whirlpools of deſpair.

6 When darkneſs intercepts the ſkies,
And ſorrow's waves around me roll,
When high the ſtorms of paſſion riſe,
And half o'erwhelm my ſinking ſoul;
My ſoul a ſudden calm ſhall feel,
And hear a whiſper, "Peace: be ſtill!"

7 Though in affliction's furnace tried,
Unhurt, on ſnares and deaths I'll tread;
Though ſin aſſail, and hell thrown wide
Pour all its flames upon my head;
Like Moſes' buſh I'll mount the higher,
And flouriſh unconſum'd in fire.

HYMN CCLXV. [*Triumph.*

1 OMnipotent Lord, My Saviour and King,
Thy ſuccour afford, Thy righteouſneſs bring;
Thy promiſes bind thee Compaſſion to have,
Now, now let me find thee Almighty to ſave.

2 Rejoicing in hope, And patient in grief,
To thee I look up For certain relief;
I fear no denial, No danger I fear,
Nor ſtart from the trial, While Jeſus is near.

3 I every hour In jeopardy ſtand;
But thou art my power, and holdeſt my hand;
While yet I am calling, Thy ſuccour I feel,
It ſaves me from falling, Or plucks me from hell.

4 O who can explain This ſtruggle for life!
This travail and pain, This trembling and ſtrife!
Plague, earthquake, and famine, And tumult, and war,
The wonderful coming Of Jeſus declare.

5 For every fight Is dreadful and loud!
The warrior's delight Is ſlaughter and blood,
His foes overturning, Till all ſhall expire;
But this is with burning And fewel of fire.

6 Yet God is above Men, devils and ſin,
My Jeſus's love The battle ſhall win;
So terribly glorious His coming ſhall be,
His love all-victorious Shall conquer for me.

7 He all ſhall break through, His truth and his grace
Shall bring me into The plentiful place; [fire,
Through much tribulation, Through water and
Through floods of temptation And flames of deſire.

8 On

8 On Jeſus my power, Till then I rely:
All evil before His preſence ſhall fly:
When I have my Saviour, My ſin ſhall depart,
And Jeſus for ever Shall reign in my heart.

HYMN CCLXVI. [*Amſterdam.*

1 O My old, my boſom-foe,
Rejoice not over me!
Oft-times thou haſt laid me low,
And wounded mortally;
Yet thy prey thou couldſt not keep;
Jeſus, when I loweſt fell,
Heard my cry out of the deep,
And brought me up from hell.

2 Fooliſh world, thy ſhouts forbear,
Till thou haſt won the day;
Could thy wiſdom keep me there,
When in thy hands I lay?
If my heart to thee incline,
Chriſt again ſhall ſet it free!
I am his, and he is mine
To all eternity.

3 Satan, ceaſe thine empty boaſt,
And give thy triumphs o'er;
Still thou ſeeſt I am not loſt,
While Jeſus can reſtore:
Though through thy deceit I fall,
Surely I ſhall riſe again;
Chriſt my king is over all,
And I with him ſhall reign.

4 O my three-fold enemy!
To whom I long did bow,
See, your lawful captive ſee,
No more your captive now:

Now

Now before my face ye fly;
More than conqueror now I am;
Sin, the world, and hell defy,
In Jesu's powerful name.

HYMN CCLXVII. [*Liverpool.*

1 THE Lord unto my Lord hath said,
Sit thou, in glory sit,
Till I thine enemies have made
To bow beneath thy feet.

2 Jesu' my Lord, mighty to save,
What can my hopes withstand,
While thee my advocate I have
Enthron'd at God's right hand?

3 I fear not earth, nor sin, nor hell,
And death hath lost his sting;
In vain awhile thy foes rebel,
Thou, Jesus, art my king.

4 Nature is subject to thy word,
All power to thee is given,
The uncontroll'd, almighty Lord
Of hell, and earth, and heaven.

5 And shall my sins thy will oppose?
Master, thy right maintain;
O let not thine usurping foes
In me thy servant reign!

6 Come then, and claim me for thine own,
Saviour, thy right assert;
Come, gracious Lord, set up thy throne,
And reign within my heart!

7 Thine enemies destroy in mine,
Pronounce their speedy doom:
In vengeance speak, in brightness shine,
The man of sin consume.

8 So ſhall I bleſs thy pleaſing ſway,
And, ſitting at thy feet,
Thy laws with all my heart obey:
With all my ſoul ſubmit.

9 So ſhall I do thy will below,
As angels do above;
The virtue of thy paſſion ſhew,
The triumphs of thy love.

10 Thy love the conqueſt more than gains:
To all I ſhall proclaim,
Jeſus the king, the conqueror reigns:
Bow down to Jeſu's name.

11 To thee ſhall earth and hell ſubmit,
And every foe ſhall fall,
Till death expires beneath thy feet,
And God is all in all.

HYMN CCLXVIII. [*Handel's March.*

Part the Firſt.

1 JESUS, the conqueror reigns,
In glorious ſtrength array'd:
His kingdom over all maintains,
And bids the earth be glad:
Ye ſons of men rejoice
In Jeſu's mighty love:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
To him who rules above.

2 Extol his kindly power,
Kiſs the exalted Son,
Who died, and lives to die no more,
High on his Father's throne:
Our advocate with God,
He undertakes our cauſe!
And ſpreads through all the earth abroad
The vict'ry of his croſs.

Part

Part the Second.

3 THAT bloody banner ſee,
And in your Captain's ſight,
Fight the good fight of faith with me,
My fellow-ſoldiers fight:
In mighty phalanx join'd,
To battle all proceed;
Arm'd with th' unconquerable mind,
Which was in Chriſt your head.

4 Urge on your rapid courſe,
Ye blood-beſprinkled bands;
The heavenly kingdom ſuffers force;
'Tis ſeized by violent hands:
See there the ſtarry crown,
That glitters through the ſkies,
Satan, the world, and ſin tread down,
And take the glorious prize!

Part the Third.

5 THROUGH much diſtreſs and pain,
Through many a conflict here,
Through blood ye muſt the entrance gain;
Yet O diſdain to fear!
Courage, your Captain cries,
Who all your toil foreknew;
Toil ye ſhall have, yet all deſpiſe,
I have o'ercome for you.

6 The world cannot withſtand
Its ancient conqueror;
The world muſt ſink beneath the hand,
Which arms us for the war:
This is the victory!
Before our faith they fall:
Jeſus hath died for you and me;
Believe, and conquer all!

HYMN CCLXIX. [*Amſterdam.*

David and Goliah.

1 WHO is this gigantic foe,
That proudly ſtalks along?
Over-looks the crowd below,
In brazen armour ſtrong?
Loudly of his ſtrength he boaſts;
On his ſword and ſpear relies:
Meets the God of Iſrael's hoſts,
And all their force defies.

2 Talleſt of the earth-born race,
They tremble at his power;
Fly before the monſter's face,
And own him conqueror:
Who this mighty champion is,
Nature anſwers from within:
He is my own wickedneſs,
My own beſetting ſin,

3 In the ſtrength of Jeſu's name,
I with the monſter fight;
Feeble and unarm'd I am,
But Jeſus is my might:
Mindful of his mercies paſt,
Still I truſt the ſame to prove,
Still my helpleſs ſoul I caſt
On his redeeming love.

4 From the bear and lion's paws
He hath deliver'd me!
He ſhall ſtill maintain my cauſe,
And ſtill my helper be;
God in my defence ſhall ſtand,
Jeſus on my ſide I have;
From the proud Goliah's hand
He now my ſoul ſhall ſave.

5 With my ſling and ſtone I go
To fight the Philiſtine;
God hath ſaid, it ſhall be ſo,
And I ſhall conquer ſin:

On

On his promiſe I rely,
Truſt in an almighty Lord,
Sure to win the victory;
For he hath ſpoke the word.

6 In the ſtrength of God I riſe,
I run to meet my foe;
Faith the word of power applies,
And lays the giant low:
Faith in Jeſu's conquering name
Slings the ſin-deſtroying ſtone;
Points the word's unerring aim,
And brings the monſter down.

7 Riſe, ye men of Iſrael, riſe!
Your routed foe purſue:
Shout his praiſes to the ſkies,
Who conquers ſin for you:
Jeſus doth for you appear,
He his conquering grace affords;
Saves you, not with ſword and ſpear:
The battle is the Lord's.

8 Every day the Lord of hoſts
His mighty power diſplays;
Stills the proud Philiſtine's boaſt,
The threatning Gittite ſlays:
Iſrael's God let all below
Conqueror over ſin proclaim;
O that all the earth might know
The power of Jeſu's name!

HYMN CCLXX. [*Canon.*

SHALL I for fear of feeble man,
The Spirit's courſe in me reſtrain?
Or, undiſmay'd in deed and word,
Be a true witneſs to my Lord?

Aw'd by a mortal's frown, ſhall I
Conceal the word of God moſt high?
How then before thee ſhall I dare
To ſtand, or how thine anger bear?

3 Shall I to ſooth th' unholy throng,
Soften thy truths, and ſmooth my tongue?
To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee
The croſs, endured, my God, by thee?

4 What then is he whoſe ſcorn I dread?
Whoſe wrath or hate makes me afraid?
A man! an heir of death! a ſlave
To ſin! a bubble on the wave!

5 Yea, let me rage; ſince thou wilt ſpread
Thy ſhadowing wings around my head:
Since in all pain thy tender love
Will ſtill my ſure refreſhment prove.

6 Saviour of men, thy ſearching eye
Doth all mine inmoſt thoughts deſcry:
Doth ought on earth my wiſhes raiſe,
Or the world's pleaſures, or its praiſe!

7 The love of Chriſt doth me conſtrain
To ſeek the wandring ſouls of men;
With cries, intreaties, tears to ſave,
To ſnatch them from the gaping grave.

8 For this let men revile my name,
No croſs I ſhun, I fear no ſhame:
All hail, reproach, and welcome pain!
Only thy terrors, Lord, reſtrain.

9 My life, my blood I here preſent,
If for thy truth they may be ſpent,
Fulfil thy ſovereign council, Lord!
Thy will be done, thy name ador'd!

10 Give me thy ſtrength, O God of power;
Then let winds blow, or thunders roar,
Thy faithful witneſs will I be:
'Tis fixt: I can do all through thee!

HYMN CCLXXI. [*Zoar.*

1 THE Lord is king, and earth ſubmits,
Howe'er impatient, to his ſway;
Between the Cherubim he ſits,
And makes his wreſtleſs foes obey.

2 All

2 All power is to our Jeſus given;
O'er earth's rebellious ſons he reigns;
He mildly rules the hoſts of heaven;
And holds the powers of hell in chains.

3 In vain doth Satan rage his hour,
Beyond his chain he cannot go;
Our Jeſus ſhall ſtir up his power,
And ſoon avenge us of our foe.

4 Jeſus ſhall his great arm reveal;
Jeſus, the woman's conquering ſeed;
(Though now the Serpent bruiſe his heel,)
Jeſus ſhall bruiſe the Serpent's head.

5 The enemy his tares hath ſown,
But Chriſt ſhall ſhortly root them up;
Shall caſt the dire accuſer down,
And diſappoint his children's hope:

6 Shall ſtill the proud Philiſtine's noiſe
Baffle the ſons of unbelief;
Nor long permit them to rejoice,
But turn their triumph into grief.

7 Come, glorious Lord, the rebels ſpurn,
Scatter thy foes, victorious king;
And Gath and Aſkelon ſhall mourn,
And all the ſons of God ſhall ſing:

8 Shall magnify the ſovereign grace
Of him that ſits upon the throne;
And earth and heaven conſpire to praiſe
Jehovah and his conquering Son.

HYMN CCLXXII. [*Snowsfields.*

1 ARE there not in the labourer's day
Twelve hours, wherein he ſafely may
His calling's work purſue?
Though ſin and Satan ſtill are near,
Nor ſin, nor Satan can I fear,
With Jeſus in my view.

2 Not all the powers of hell can fright
A ſoul that walks with Chriſt in light;
He walks and cannot fall:
Clearly he ſees, and wins his way,
Shining unto the perfect day,
And more than conquers all.

3 Light of the world, thy beams I bleſs:
On thee, bright Sun of Righteouſneſs,
My faith hath fixt it's eye;
Guided by thee, through all I go,
Nor fear the ruin ſpread below,
For thou art always nigh.

4 Ten thouſand ſnares my path beſet,
Yet will I, Lord, the work compleat,
Which thou to me haſt given;
Regardleſs of the pains I feel,
Cloſe by the gates of death and hell,
I urge my way to heaven.

5 Still will I ſtrive, and labour ſtill,
With humble zeal to do thy will,
And truſt in thy defence;
My ſoul into thy hands I give,
And, if he can obtain thy leave,
Let Satan pluck me thence.

HYMN CCLXXIII. [*Chappel.*

1 BUT can it be, that I ſhould prove
For ever faithful to thy love,
From ſin for ever ceaſe?
I thank thee for the bleſſed hope;
It lifts my drooping ſpirits up,
It gives me back my peace.

2 In thee, O Lord, I put my truſt!
Mighty and merciful, and juſt,

Thy

Thy ſacred worſt is paſt:
Aud I, who dare thy word receive,
Without committing ſin ſhall live,
Shall live to God at laſt.

3 I reſt in thine almighty power;
The name of Jeſus is a tower
That hides my life above!
Thou canſt, thou wilt my helper be;
My confidence is all in thee,
The faithful God of love.

4 While ſtill to thee for help I call,
Thou wilt not ſuffer me to fall,
Thou canſt not let me ſin;
And thou ſhalt give me power to pray,
Till all my ſins are purg'd away,
And all my mind brought in.

5 Wherefore, in never-ceaſing prayer
My ſoul to thy continual care
I faithfully commend;
Aſſured that thou through life ſhalt ſave,
And ſhew thyſelf beyond the grave
My everlaſting friend.

HYMN CCLXXIV. [*Marienburn.*

1 O God, my hope, my heavenly reſt!
My all of happineſs below,
Grant my importunate requeſt,
To me, to me, thy goodneſs ſhew;
Thy beatific face diſplay,
The brightneſs of eternal day.

2 Before my faith's enlightened eyes,
Make all thy gracious goodneſs paſs!
Thy goodneſs is the ſight I prize:
O may I ſee thy ſmiling face!
Thy nature in my ſoul proclaim!
Reveal thy love, thy glorious name!

3 There in the place beſide thy throne,
Where all that find acceptance ſtand,
Receive me up into thy Son;
Cover me with thy mighty hand:
Set me upon the rock, and hide
My ſoul in Jeſu's wounded ſide.

4 O put me in the cleft; impower
My ſoul the glorious ſight to bear!
Deſcend in this accepted hour;
Paſs by me, and thy name declare:
Thy wrath withdraw, thy hand remove,
And ſhew thyſelf the God of love.

HYMN CCLXXV. [*Cary's.*

1 TO thee, great God of love, I bow!
And proſtrate in thy ſight adore:
By faith I ſee thee paſſing now;
I have, but ſtill I aſk for more;
A glimpſe of love cannot ſuffice!
My ſoul for all thy preſence cries.

2 I cannot ſee thy face and live!
Then let me ſee thy face and die!
Now, Lord, my gaſping ſpirit receive!
Give me on eagles' wings to fly:
With eagles' eyes on thee to gaze,
And plunge into the glorious blaze.

3 The fulneſs of my vaſt reward,
A bleſt eternity ſhall be:
But haſt thou not on earth prepar'd
Some better thing than this for me?
What, but one drop! one tranſient ſight!
I want a ſun, a ſea of light.

4 Moſes thy backward parts might view,
But not a perfect ſight obtain:
The goſpel doth thy fulneſs ſhew
To us by the commandment ſlain:

The

The dead to ſin ſhall find the grace;
The pure in heart ſhall ſee thy face.

5 More favour'd than the ſaints of old,
Who now by faith approach to thee,
Shall all with open face behold
In Chriſt the glorious Deity;
Shall ſee, and put the Godhead on,
The nature of thy ſinleſs Son.

6 This, this is our high calling's prize!
Thine image in thy Son I claim:
And ſtill to higher glories riſe,
Till all transform'd I know thy name;
And glide to all my heaven above,
My higheſt heaven of Jeſu's love.

HYMN CCLXXVI. [*Angel Song.*

1 COME, Saviour, Jeſu, from above!
Aſſiſt me with thy heavenly grace!
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for thyſelf prepare the place.

2 O let thy ſacred preſence fill,
And ſet my longing ſpirit free!
Which pants to have no other will,
But day and night to feaſt on thee.

3 While in this region here below,
No other good will I purſue:
I'll bid this world of noiſe and ſhow,
With all its glittering ſnares adieu.

4 That path with humble ſpeed I'll ſeek,
In which my Saviour's footſteps ſhine;
Nor will I hear, nor will I ſpeak
Of any other love but thine.

5 Henceforth may no profane delight
Divide this conſecrated ſoul:
Poſſeſs it thou, who haſt the right,
As Lord and Maſter of the whole.

6 Wealth, honour, pleaſure, and what elſe,
This ſhort-enduring world can give,
Tempt as ye will, my ſoul repels,
To Chriſt alone reſolv'd to live.

7 Thee I can love, and thee alone,
With pure delight and inward bliſs;
To know thou tak'ſt me for thy own,
O what a happineſs is this!

8 Nothing on earth do I deſire,
But thy pure love within my breaſt;
This, only this will I require,
And freely give up all the reſt.

HYMN CCLXXVII. [*Complaint.*

1 ABRAHAM when ſeverely tried,
His faith by his obedience ſhew'd;
He with the harſh command complied,
And gave his Iſaac back to God.

2 His ſon the Father offered up,
Son of his age, his only ſon:
Object of all his joy and hope,
And leſs belov'd than God alone.

3 O for a faith like his, that we
The bright example may purſue!
May gladly give up all to thee,
To whom our more than all is due.

4 Now, Lord, to thee our all we leave,
Our willing ſoul thy call obeys;
Pleaſure, and wealth, and fame we give,
Freedom, and life, to win thy grace.

5 Is there a thing than life more dear?
A thing, from which we cannot part?
We can: we now rejoice to tear
The idol from our bleeding heart.

6 Jesus, accept our sacrifice:
All things for thee we count but loss;
Lo! at thy word our Isaac dies,
Dies on the altar of thy cross.

7 Now to thyself the victim take!
Nature's last agony is o'er:
Freely thy own we render back:
We grieve to part with all no more.

8 For what to thee, O Lord, we give!
A hundred fold we here obtain;
And soon with thee shall all receive,
And loss shall be eternal gain.

HYMN CCLXXVIII. [*Magdalen.*

1 OMNIPRESENT God, whose aid,
No one ever ask'd in vain,
Be this night about my bed,
Every evil thought restrain:
Lay thy hand upon my soul,
God of my unguarded hours:
All my enemies control,
Hell and earth and nature's powers.

2 O thou jealous God! come down,
God of spotless purity;
Claim, and seize me for thy own,
Consecrate my heart to thee!
Under thy protection take;
Songs in the night-season give!
Let me sleep to thee, and wake:
Let me die to thee, and live.

3 Only tell me I am thine,
And thou wilt not quit thy right:
Anſwer me in dreams divine,
Dreams and viſions of the night.
Bid me even in ſleep go on,
Reſtleſsly my God deſire:
Mourn for God in every groan,
God in every thought require.

4 Looſe me from the chains of ſenſe,
Set me from the body free;
Draw with ſtronger influence
My unfetter'd ſoul to thee!
In me, Lord, thyſelf reveal,
Fill me with a ſweet ſurpriſe:
Let me thee when waking feel;
Let me in thine image riſe.

5 Let me of thy life partake,
Thy own holineſs impart:
O that I might ſweetly wake
With my Saviour in my heart!
O that I might know thee mine!
O that I might thee receive!
Only live the life divine!
Only to thy glory live!

HYMN CCLXXIX. [*Wood's.*

1 O God, thy faithfulneſs I plead;
My preſent help in time of need,
My great Deliverer thou!
Haſte to my aid! thy ear incline,
And reſcue this poor ſoul of mine:
I claim the promiſe now!

2 Where is the way? Ah, ſhew me where?
That I thy mercy may declare,

The

The power that ſets me free:
How can I my deſtruction ſhun?
How can I from my nature run?
Anſwer, O God, for me!

3 One only way the erring mind,
Of man, ſhort-ſighted man can find,
From inbred ſin to fly:
Stronger than love, I fondly thought,
Death, only death can cut the knot,
Which love cannot untie.

4 But thou, O Lord, art full of grace!
Thy love can find a thouſand ways
To fooliſh man unknown;
My ſoul upon thy love I caſt:
I reſt me till the ſtorm is paſt,
Upon thy love alone.

5 Thy faithful, wiſe, and mighty love,
Shall every ſtumbling-block remove,
And make an open way:
Thy love ſhall burſt the ſhades of death,
And bear me from the gulph beneath,
To everlaſting day.

HYMN CCLXXX. [*Invitation.*

1 GOD of my life, whoſe gracious power,
Through varied deaths my ſoul hath led,
Or turn'd aſide the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my ſinking head!

2 In all my ways thy hand I own,
Thy ruling providence I ſee;
Aſſiſt me ſtill my courſe to run,
And ſtill direct my paths to thee.

3 Oft hath the ſea confeſt thy power,
And given me back to thy command:
It could not, Lord, my life devour,
Safe in the hollow of thine hand.

4 Oft from the margin of the grave,
Thou, Lord, haſt lifted up my head;
Sudden, I found thee near to ſave;
The fever own'd thy touch, and fled.

5 Whither, O whither ſhould I fly!
But to my loving Saviour's breaſt:
Secure within thine arms to lie,
And ſafe beneath thy wings to reſt?

6 I have no ſkill the ſnare to ſhun,
But thou, O Chriſt, my wiſdom art;
I ever into ruin run;
But thou art greater than my heart.

7 Fooliſh, and impotent, and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known;
Bring me where I my heaven may find,
The heaven of loving thee alone.

8 Enlarge my heart to make thee room:
Enter, and in me ever ſtay;
The crooked then ſhall ſtraight become;
The darkneſs ſhall be loſt in day!

HYMN CCLXXXI. [*Pudſey.*

1 MY God, if I may call thee mine,
From heaven and thee remov'd ſo far;
Draw nigh; thy pitying ear incline,
And caſt not out my languid prayer.

2 Gently the weak thou lov'ſt to lead,
Thou lov'ſt to prop the feeble knee:
O break not then a bruiſed reed!
Nor quench the ſmoaking flax in me.

3 Buried

3 Buried in ſin, thy voice I hear,
And burſt the barriers of my tomb:
In all the marks of death appear,
Forth at thy call, though bound I come.

4 Give me, O give me fully, Lord!
Thy reſurrection's power to know;
Free me indeed; repeat the word,
And looſe my bands, and let me go.

5 Fain would I go to thee, my God,
Thy mercies and my wants to tell:
I feel my pardon ſeal'd in blood;
Saviour, thy love I wait to feel.

6 Freed from the power of cancel'd ſin,
When ſhall my ſoul triumphant prove?
Why breaks not out the fire within,
In flames of joy, and praiſe, and love?

7 Jeſus, to thee my ſoul aſpires;
Jeſus, to thee I plight my vows:
Keep me from earthly, baſe deſires,
My God, my Saviour, and my Spouſe.

8 Fountain of all-ſufficient bliſs,
Thou art the good I ſeek below;
Fulneſs of joys in thee there is;
Without 'tis miſery all, and woe.

HYMN CCLXXXII. [*Athlone.*

1 FONDLY my fooliſh heart eſſays
T' augment the ſource of perfect bliſs;
Love's all-ſufficient ſea to raiſe,
With drops of creature happineſs.

2. O Love,

2 O Love, thy ſovereign aid impart!
And guard the gift thyſelf haſt given:
My portion, thou my treaſure art,
And life, and happineſs, and heaven.

3 Would ought on earth thy wiſhes ſhare,
Though dear as life the idol be;
The idol from my breaſt I'll tear,
Reſolv'd to ſeek my all in thee.

4 Whate'er I fondly counted mine,
To thee, my Lord, I here reſtore:
Gladly I all to thee reſign:
Give me thyſelf; I aſk no more.

HYMN CCLXXXIII. [*Kingswood.*

1 TO the haven of thy breaſt,
O Son of Man, I fly!
Be my refuge, and my reſt,
For O the ſtorm is high!
Save me from the furious blaſt,
A covert from the tempeſt be!
Hide me, Jeſu, till o'erpaſt
The ſtorm of ſin I ſee.

2 Welcome as the water-ſpring
To a dry, barren place;
O deſcend on me, and bring
Thy ſweet refreſhing grace!
O'er a parch'd and weary land
As a great rock extends its ſhade,
Hide me, Saviour, with thine hand,
And ſcreen my naked head.

3 In the time of my diſtreſs,
Thou haſt my ſuccour been;
In my utter helpleſſneſs,
Reſtraining me from ſin:

O how

O how ſwiftly didſt thou move,
To ſave me in the trying hour!
Still protect me with thy love,
And ſhield me with thy power.

4 Firſt and laſt in me perform
The work thou haſt begun:
Be my ſhelter from the ſtorm,
My ſhadow from the ſun:
Sprinkle ſtill the mercy-ſeat,
And bring thy Father's anger down;
Screen me, Jeſu, from the heat
And terror of his frown!

5 Let thy merit as a cloud
Still interpoſe between:
Plead th' atonement of thy blood;
Till I am cleanſed from ſin:
Weary, parch'd with thirſt, and faint,
Till thou th' abiding ſpirit breathe,
Every moment, Lord, I want
The merit of thy death.

6 Never ſhall I want it leſs,
When thou the gift haſt given,
Fill'd me with thy righteouſneſs,
And ſeal'd the heir of heaven;
I ſhall hang upon my God,
Till I thy perfect glory ſee,
Till the ſprinkling of thy blood
Shall ſpeak me up to thee.

HYMN CCLXXXIV. [*Italian.*

1 JESUS, my king, to thee I bow,
Enliſted under thy command;
Captain of my ſalvation, thou
Shalt lead me to the promis'd land.

2 Thou

2 Thou haſt a great deliverance wrought,
The ſtaff from off my ſhoulder broke;
Out of the houſe of bondage brought,
And freed me from th' Egyptian yoke.

3 O'er the vaſt howling wilderneſs,
To Canaan's bounds thou haſt me led;
Thou bidſt me now the land poſſeſs,
And on thy milk and honey feed.

4 I ſee an open door of hope,
Legions of ſins in vain oppoſe;
Bold I with thee, my Head, march up,
And triumph o'er a world of foes.

5 Gigantic luſts come forth to fight,
I mark, diſdain, and all break through;
I tread them down in Jeſu's might,
Through Jeſus I can all things do.

6 Lo! the tall ſons of Anak riſe!
Who can the ſons of Anak meet?
Captain, to thee I lift mine eyes,
And lo! they fall beneath my feet.

7 Paſſion, and appetite, and pride,
(Pride, my old, dreadful, tyrant-foe,)
I ſee caſt down on every ſide,
And conquering, I to conquer go.

8 My Lord in my behalf appears:
Captain, thy ſtrength-inſpiring eye
Scatters my doubts, diſpels my fears,
And makes the hoſt of Aliens fly.

9 Who can before my captain ſtand?
Who is ſo great a King as mine?
High over all is thy right hand,
And might and majeſty are thine.

SECTION

SECTION III.

For Believers Praying.

HYMN CCLXXXV. [*Mourners.*

1 JESU, thou ſovereign Lord of all,
The ſame through one eternal day,
Attend thy feebleſt followers call,
And O inſtruct us how to pray!
Pour out the ſupplicating grace,
And ſtir us up to ſeek thy face!

2 We cannot think a gracious thought,
We cannot feel a good deſire,
Till thou who call'dſt a world from nought,
The power into our hearts inſpire;
And then we in thy ſpirit groan,
And then we give thee back thy own.

3 Jeſus, regard the joint complaint
Of all thy tempted followers here!
And now ſupply the common want,
And ſend us down the Comforter:
The ſpirit of ceaſeleſs prayer impart,
And fix thy agent in our heart.

4 To help our ſoul's infirmity,
To heal thy ſin-ſick people's care,
To urge our God-commanding plea,
And make our heart a houſe of prayer;
The promiſed Interceſſor give,
And let us now thyſelf receive.

5 Come in thy pleading ſpirit down,
To us who for thy coming ſtay:
Of all thy gifts we aſk but one,
We aſk the conſtant power to pray:
Indulge us, Lord, in this requeſt!
Thou canſt not then deny the reſt.

HYMN

HYMN CCLXXXVI. [*Kingswood.*

Luke viii. 1.

1 COME, ye followers of the Lord,
In Jesu's service join:
Jesus gives the sacred word,
The ordinance divine:
Let us his command obey,
And ask, and have, whate'er we want,
Pray we, every moment pray,
And never, never faint.

2 Place no longer let us give
To the old Tempter's will;
Never more our duty leave,
While Satan cries, "Be still:"
Stand we in the ancient way,
And here with God ourselves acquaint;
Pray we, every moment pray,
And never, never faint.

3 Be it weariness and pain
To slothful flesh and blood;
Yet we will the cross sustain
And bless the welcome load:
All our griefs to God display,
And humbly pour out our complaint;
Pray we, every moment pray,
And never, never faint.

4 Let us patiently endure,
And still our wants declare;
All the promises are sure
To persevering prayer:
Till we see the perfect day,
And each wakes up a sinless saint;
Pray we, every moment pray,
And never, never faint.

5 Pray,

5 Pray we on when all renew'd,
And perfected in love,
Till we ſee the Saviour God,
Deſcending from above;
All his heavenly charms ſurvey,
Beyond what angel-minds can paint,
Pray we, every moment pray,
And never, never faint.

HYMN CCLXXXVII. [*Olney.*

1 THE praying ſpirit breathe,
The watching power impart:
From all entanglements beneath,
Call of my peaceful heart:
My feeble mind ſuſtain,
By worldly thoughts oppreſt:
Appear and bid me turn again
To my eternal reſt.

2 Swift to my reſcue come;
Thy own this moment ſeize:
Gather my wandering ſpirit home,
And keep in perfect peace:
Suffer'd no more to rove,
O'er all the earth abroad,
Arreſt the priſoner of thy love,
And ſhut me up in God.

HYMN CCLXXXVIII. [*Aldrich.*

1 SHEPHERD divine, our wants relieve,
In this our evil day:
To all thy tempted followers give
The power to watch and pray.

2 Long as our fiery trials laſt,
Long as the croſs we bear;
O let our ſouls on thee be caſt,
In never ceaſing prayer!

3 The ſpirit of interceding grace
Give us in faith to claim;
To wreſtle till we ſee thy face,
And know thy hidden name.

4 Till thou thy perfect love impart,
Till thou thyſelf beſtow:
Be this the cry of every heart,
I will not let thee go.

5 I will not let thee go unleſs
Thou tell thy name to me;
With all thy great ſalvation bleſs,
And make me all like thee.

6 Then let me on the mountain-top
Behold thy open face;
Where faith in ſight is ſwallow'd up,
And prayer in endleſs praiſe.

HYMN CCLXXXIX. [*Canterbury.*

1 O Wondrous power of faithful prayer!
What tongue can tell th' almighty grace?
God's hands or bound or open are,
As Moſes or Elijah prays:
Let Moſes in the ſpirit groan,
And God cries out, "Let me alone!

2 "Let me alone, that all my wrath
May riſe the wicked to conſume!
While juſtice hears thy praying faith,
It cannot ſeal the ſinner's doom:
My Son is in my ſervant's prayer,
And Jeſus forces me to ſpare."

3 O bleſſed word of goſpel-grace!
Which now we for our Iſrael plead;
A faithleſs and backſliding race,
Whom thou haſt out of Egypt freed:

O do

O do not then in wrath chaſtiſe,
Nor let thy whole diſpleaſure riſe.

4 Father, we aſk in Jeſu's name;
In Jeſu's power and ſpirit pray;
Divert thy vengeful thunder's aim!
O turn thy threatning wrath away!
Our guilt and puniſhment remove,
And magnify thy pardoning love!

5 Father, regard thy pleading Son,
Accept his all-availing prayer,
And ſend a peaceful anſwer down,
In honour of our Spokeſman there;
Whoſe blood proclaims our ſins forgiven,
And ſpeaks thy rebels up to heaven.

HYMN CCXC. [*Kingswood.*

1 JESU, thou haſt bid us pray,
Pray always, and not faint;
With the word a power convey,
To utter our complaint;
Quiet ſhall we never know,
Till we from ſin are fully freed:
O avenge us of our foe,
And bruiſe the Serpent's head!

2 We have now begun to cry,
And we will never end,
Till we find ſalvation nigh,
And gaſp the ſinner's friend:
Day and night we'll ſpeak our woe,
With thee importunately plead;
O avenge us of our foe,
And bruiſe the Serpent's head!

3 Speak the word, and we ſhall be
From all our bands releas'd;
Only thou canſt ſet us free,
By Satan long oppreſt.

Now

Now thy power almighty ſhew,
Ariſe the woman's conquering ſeed!
O avenge us of our foe,
And bruiſe the Serpent's head!

4 To deſtroy his work of ſin,
Thyſelf in us reveal;
Manifeſt thyſelf within
Our fleſh and fully dwell,
With us, in us here below;
Enter and make us free indeed:
O avenge us of our foe,
And bruiſe the Serpent's head!

5 Stronger than the ſtrong-man thou
His fury canſt control:
Caſt him out, by entring now,
And keep our ranſom'd ſoul;
Satan's kingdom overthrow,
On all the powers of darkneſs tread;
O avenge us of our foe,
And bruiſe the Serpent's head!

6 To the never ceaſing cries
Of thine elect attend;
Send deliverance from the ſkies,
The mighty ſpirit ſend;
Though to man thou ſeemeſt ſlow,
Our cries thou ſeemeſt not to heed:
O avenge us of our foe,
And bruiſe the Serpent's head!

7 Come, O come, all-glorious Lord!
No longer now delay,
With thy ſpirits two-edged ſword
The crooked Serpent ſlay;
Bare thine arm, and give the blow,
Root out, and kill the helliſh ſeed:
O avenge us of our foe,
And bruiſe the Serpent's head!

8 Jeſu, hear thy ſpirit's call,
Thy bride, who bids thee come:
Come, thou righteous Judge of all,
Pronounce the Tempter's doom;
Doom him to eternal woe,
For him and for his angels made:
Now avenge us of our foe,
For ever bruiſe his head.

HYMN CCXCI. [*Lampe's.*

1 JESUS, I fain would find
Thy zeal for God in me:
Thy yearning pity for mankind,
Thy burning charity.

2 In me thy ſpirit dwell!
In me thy bowels move!
So ſhall the fervor of my zeal,
Be the pure flame of love.

HYMN CCXCII. [*Lampe's.*

1 JESU, my ſtrength, my hope,
On thee I caſt my care;
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'ſt my prayer.
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do,
On thee almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

2 I want a ſober mind,
A ſelf-renouncing will,
That tramples down and caſts behind
The baits of pleaſing ill;
A ſoul inured to pain,
To hardſhip, grief, and loſs;
Bold to take up, firm to ſuſtain
The conſecrated croſs.

3 I want a godly fear,
A quick-diſcerning eye,
That looks to thee when ſin is near
And ſees the Tempter fly;
A ſpirit ſtill prepar'd,
And arm'd with jealous care,
For ever ſtanding on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

4 I want a heart to pray,
To pray and never ceaſe,
Never to murmur at thy ſtay,
Or wiſh my ſufferings leſs.
This bleſſing above all,
Always to pray I want,
Out of the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint.

5 I want a true regard,
A ſingle, ſteady aim,
Unmov'd by threatning or reward,
To thee and thy great name:
A jealous, juſt concern
For thine immortal praiſe;
A pure deſire that all may learn
And glorify thy grace.

6 I reſt upon thy word;
The promiſe is for me;
My ſuccour, and ſalvation, Lord,
Shall ſurely come from thee:
But let me ſtill abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient ſpirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

HYMN CCXCIII. [*Minories.*

1 LORD, that I may learn of thee,
Give me true ſimplicity:
Wean my ſoul, and keep it low,
Willing thee alone to know.

2 Let me caſt my reeds aſide,
All that feeds my knowing pride:
Not to man, but God ſubmit,
Lay my reaſonings at thy feet.

3 Of my boaſted wiſdom ſpoil'd,
Docile, helpleſs as a child;
Only ſeeing in thy light,
Only walking in thy might.

4 Then infuſe the teaching grace,
Spirit of truth and righteouſneſs;
Knowledge, love divine, impart
Life eternal to my heart.

HYMN CCXCIV. [*Lampe's.*

1 AH, when ſhall I awake
From ſin's ſoft-ſoothing power!
The ſlumber from my ſpirit ſhake,
And riſe to fall no more?

2 Awake, no more to ſleep,
But ſtand with conſtant care,
Looking for God my ſoul to keep,
And watching unto prayer?

3 O could I always pray!
And never, never faint;
But ſimply to my God diſplay
My every care and want!

4 I know

4 I know that thou wouldſt give
More than I can requeſt;
Thou ſtill art ready to receive
My ſoul to perfect reſt.

5 I feel thee willing, Lord,
A ſinful world to ſave;
All may obey thy gracious word,
May peace and pardon have.

6 Not one of all the race,
But may return to thee:
But at the throne of ſovereign grace
May fall and weep like me.

7 Here will I ever lie,
And tell thee all my care;
And Father, Abba, Father, cry,
And pour a ceaſeleſs prayer:

8 Till thou my ſins ſubdue,
Till thou my ſins deſtroy;
My ſpirit after God renew,
And fill with peace and joy.

9 Meſſiah, Prince of Peace,
Into my ſoul bring in
The everlaſting righteouſneſs,
And make an end of ſin.

10 Into all thoſe that ſeek
Redemption in thy blood,
The ſanctifying ſpirit ſpeak,
The plenitude of God.

11 Let us in patience wait,
Till faith ſhall make us whole;
Till thou ſhalt all things new create,
In each believing ſoul.

12 Who

12 Who can reſiſt thy will?
Speak, and it ſhall be done!
Thou ſhalt the work of faith fulfil,
And perfect us in one.

HYMN CCXCV. [*Traveller.*

1 SAVIOUR, on me the want beſtow,
Which all that feel ſhall ſurely know
Their ſins on earth forgiven;
Give me to prove the kingdom mine,
And taſte, in holineſs divine,
The happineſs of heaven.

2 Meeken my ſoul, thou heavenly Lamb,
That I in the new earth may claim
My hundred-fold reward;
My rich inheritance poſſeſs,
Co-heir with the great Prince of Peace,
Co-partner with my Lord.

3 Me with that reſtleſs thirſt inſpire,
That ſacred, infinite deſire,
And feaſt my hungry heart:
Leſs than thyſelf cannot ſuffice:
My ſoul for all thy fulneſs cries,
For all thou haſt, and art.

4 Mercy who ſhew, ſhall mercy find:
Thy pitiful and tender mind
Be, Lord, on me beſtow'd;
So ſhall I ſtill the bleſſing gain,
And to eternal life retain
The mercy of my God.

5 Jeſu, the crowning grace impart!
Bleſs me with purity of heart,
That now beholding thee,
I ſoon may view thine open face,
On all thy glorious beauties gaze,
And God for ever ſee.

6 Not for my fault, or folly's ſake,
The name, or mode, or form I take,
But for true holineſs
Let me be wrong'd, revil'd, abhorr'd,
And thee, my ſanctifying Lord,
In life and death confeſs.

7 Call'd to ſuſtain the hallow'd croſs,
And ſuffer for thy righteous cauſe,
Pronounce me doubly bleſt;
And let thy glorious ſpirit, Lord,
Aſſure me of my great reward,
In heaven's eternal feaſt.

SECTION IV.

For Believers Watching.

HYMN CCXCVI. [*Olney.*

1 GRACIOUS Redeemer, ſhake
This ſlumber from my ſoul!
Say to me now, awake, awake!
And Chriſt ſhall make thee whole.
Lay to thy mighty hand!
Alarm me in this hour:
And make me fully underſtand
The thunder of thy power!

2 Give me on thee to call,
Always to watch and pray,
Leſt I into temptation fall,
And caſt my ſhield away.
For each aſſault prepar'd,
And ready may I be,
For ever ſtanding on my guard,
And looking up to thee.

3 O do thou always warn
My ſoul of evil near!
When to the right or left I turn,
The voice ſtill let me hear;
"Come back! this is the way!
Come back, and walk herein!"
O may I hearken and obey,
And ſhun the paths of ſin!

4 Thou ſeeſt my feebleneſs;
Jeſu, be thou my power,
My help and refuge in diſtreſs,
My fortreſs and my tower.
Give me to truſt in thee;
Be thou my ſure abode:
My horn, and rock, and buckler be,
My Saviour and my God.

5 Myſelf I cannot ſave,
Myſelf I cannot keep;
But ſtrength in thee I ſurely have,
Whoſe eye-lids never ſleep.
My ſoul to thee alone,
Now therefore I commend:
Thou, Jeſus, love me as thy own,
And love me to the end!

HYMN CCXCVII. [112th *Pſalm.*

1 FATHER, to thee I lift mine eyes,
My longing eyes and reſtleſs heart:
Before the morning-watch I riſe,
And wait to taſte how good thou art;
T' obtain the grace I humbly claim,
The ſaving power of Jeſu's name.

2 The ſlumber from my ſoul O ſhake!
Warn by thy ſpirit's inward call:
Let me to righteouſneſs awake,
And pray that I no more may fall:

Or give to ſin or Satan place,
But walk in all thy righteous ways.

3 O wouldſt thou, Lord, thy ſervant guard,
'Gainſt every known or ſecret foe!
A mind for all aſſaults prepar'd,
A ſober, vig'lant mind beſtow,
Ever appriſed of danger nigh,
And when to fight, and when to fly!

4 O never ſuffer me to ſleep
Secure within the verge of hell!
But ſtill my watchful ſpirit keep
In lowly awe and loving zeal;
And bleſs me with a godly fear,
And plant that guardian-angel here!

5 Attended by the ſacred dread,
And wiſe from evil to depart,
Let me from ſtrength to ſtrength proceed,
And riſe to purity of heart;
Through all the paths of duty move,
From humble faith to perfect love.

HYMN CCXCVIII. [*Wenvo.*

1 GOD of all grace and majeſty,
Supremely great and good,
If I have mercy found with thee,
Through the atoning blood;
The guard of all thy mercies give,
And to my pardon join
A fear, leſt I ſhould ever grieve
The gracious Spirit divine.

2 If mercy is indeed with thee,
May I obedient prove;
Nor e'er abuſe my liberty,
Or ſin againſt thy love;

This

This choiceſt fruit of faith beſtow
On a poor ſojourner;
And let me paſs my days below
In humbleneſs and fear.

3 Rather I would in darkneſs mourn
The abſence of thy peace,
Than e'er by light irreverence turn
Thy grace to wantonneſs:
Rather I would in painful awe
Beneath thine anger move,
Than ſin againſt the goſpel-law
Of liberty and love.

4 But O thou wouldſt not have me live
In bondage, grief, or pain!
Thou doſt not take delight to grieve
The helpleſs ſons of men:
Thy will is my ſalvation, Lord;
And let it now take place;
And let me tremble at the word
Of reconciling grace.

5 Still may I walk as in thy ſight,
My ſtrict obſerver ſee;
And thou by reverent love unite
My childlike heart to thee:
Still let me, till my days are paſt,
At Jeſu's feet abide;
So ſhall he lift me up at laſt,
And ſeat me by his ſide.

HYMN CCXCIX. [Wenvo.

1 I Want a principle within
Of jealous godly fear;
A ſenſibility of ſin,
A pain to feel it near.

2 That I from thee no more may part,
No more thy goodneſs grieve;
The filial awe, the fleſhly heart,
The tender conſcience give.

3 Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God my conſcience make!
Awake my ſoul when ſin is nigh,
And keep it ſtill awake.

4 If to the right or left I ſtray,
That moment, Lord, reprove;
And let me weep my life away,
For having griev'd thy love.

5 O may the leaſt omiſſion pain
My well-inſtructed ſoul!
And drive me to the blood again,
Which makes the wounded whole.

HYMN CCC. [*Muſician's.*

1 HELP, Lord, to whom for help I fly,
And ſtill my tempted ſoul ſtand by,
Throughout the evil day!
The ſacred watchfulneſs impart,
And keep the iſſues of my heart,
And ſtir me up to pray.

2 My ſoul with thy whole armour arm;
In each approach of ſin alarm,
And ſhew the danger near!
Surround, ſuſtain, and ſtrengthen me,
And fill with godly jealouſy,
And ſanctifying fear.

3 Whene'er my careleſs hands hang down,
O let me ſee thy gathering frown,

And

And feel thy warning eye:
And ſtarting cry, from ruin's brink,
Save, Jeſus, or I yield, I ſink!
O ſave me, or I die!

4 If near the pit I raſhly ſtray,
Before I wholly fall away
The keen conviction dart!
Recall me by that pitying look,
That kind, upbraiding glance which broke
Unfaithful Peter's heart.

5 In me thine utmoſt mercy ſhew,
And make me like thyſelf below,
Unblameable in grace;
Ready prepar'd and fitted here,
By perfect holineſs t' appear
Before thy glorious face.

HYMN CCCI. [*St. Paul's.*

1 INTO a world of ruffians ſent,
I walk on hoſtile ground;
Wild human-bears on ſlaughter bent,
And ravening wolves ſurround.

2 The lion ſeeks my ſoul to ſlay,
In ſome unguarded hour;
And waits to tear his ſleeping prey,
And watches to devour.

3 But worſe than all my foes I find
The enemy within;
The evil heart, the carnal mind,
Mine own inſidious ſin.

4 My nature every moment waits
To render me ſecure;
And all my paths with eaſe beſets,
To make my ruin ſure.

5 But thou haſt given a loud alarm,
And thou ſhalt ſtill prepare
My ſoul for all aſſaults, and arm
With never-ceaſing prayer.

6 O do not ſuffer me to ſleep,
Who on thy love depend!
But ſtill thy faithful ſervant keep,
And ſave me to the end.

HYMN CCCII. [*Olney.*

1 BID me of men beware,
And to my ways take heed;
Diſcern their every ſecret ſnare,
And circumſpectly tread:
O may I calmly wait
Thy ſuccours from above!
And ſtand againſt their open hate,
A well-diſſembled love.

2 My ſpirit, Lord, alarm,
When men and devils join:
'Gainſt all the powers of Satan arm,
In panoply divine.
O may I ſet my face
His onſets to repel!
Quench all his fiery darts, and chaſe
The fiend to his own hell.

3 But above all, afraid
Of my own boſom-foe,
Still let me ſeek to thee for aid,
To thee my weakneſs ſhew;
Hang on thy arm alone,
With ſelf-diſtruſting care,
And deeply in the ſpirit groan
The never-ceaſing prayer.

4 Give

4 Give me a ſober mind,
A quick-diſcerning eye,
The firſt approach of ſin to find,
And all occaſions fly.
Still may I cleave to thee,
And never more depart;
But watch with godly jealouſy
Over my evil heart.

5 Thus may I paſs my days
Of ſojourning beneath,
And languiſh to conclude my race,
And render up my breath;
In humble love and fear,
Thine image to regain,
And ſee thee in the clouds appear,
And riſe with thee to reign.

HYMN CCCIII. [*Purcell's.*

1 JESU, my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
On whom I caſt my every care;
On whom for all things I depend,
Inſpire, and then accept my prayer.

2 If I have taſted of thy grace,
The grace that ſure ſalvation brings;
If with me now thy ſpirit ſtays,
And hov'ring hides me in his wings:

3 Still let him with my weakneſs ſtay,
Nor for a moment's ſpace depart;
Evil and danger turn away,
And keep, till he renews my heart.

4 When to the right or left I ſtray,
His voice behind me may I hear;
"Return, and walk in Chriſt thy way,
Fly back to Chriſt; for ſin is near."

5 His ſacred unction from above,
Be ſtill my comforter and guide;
Till all the ſtony he remove,
And in my loving heart reſide.

6 Jeſus, I fain would walk in thee,
From nature's every path retreat;
Thou art my way, my leader be,
And ſet upon the rock my feet.

7 Uphold me, Saviour, or I fall;
O reach me out thy gracious hand!
Only on thee for help I call;
Only by faith in thee I ſtand.

HYMN CCCIV. [*Purcell's.*

1 PIERCE, fill me with an humble fear;
My utter helpleſſneſs reveal:
Satan and ſin are always near,
Thee may I always nearer feel.

2 O that to thee my conſtant mind
Might with an even flame aſpire!
Pride in its earlieſt motions find,
And mark the riſings of deſire.

3 O that my tender ſoul might fly
The firſt abhorr'd approach of ill!
Quick as the apple of an eye,
The ſlighteſt touch of ſin to feel!

4 Till thou anew my ſoul create,
Still may I ſtrive, and watch, and pray;
Humbly and confidently wait,
And long to ſee the perfect day.

HYMN

HYMN CCCV. [*Handel's March.*

Part the First.

1 HARK how the watchmen cry!
Attend the trumpet's ſound;
Stand to your arms, the foe is nigh!
The powers of hell ſurround:
Who bow to Chriſt's command,
Your arms and hearts prepare;
The day of battle is at hand!
Go forth to glorious war!

2 See on the mountain-top,
The ſtandard of your God!
In Jeſu's name I lift it up,
All ſtain'd with hallow'd blood.
His ſtandard bearer I
To all the nations call:
Let all to Jeſu's croſs draw nigh!
He bore the croſs for all.

3 Go up with Chriſt your head,
Your Captain's footſteps ſee:
Follow your Captain, and be led
To certain victory.
All power to him is given:
He ever reigns the ſame:
Salvation, happineſs, and heaven,
Are all in Jeſu's name.

4 Only have faith in God:
In faith your foes aſſail;
Not wreſtling againſt fleſh and blood,
But all the powers of hell:
From thrones of glory driven,
By flaming vengeance hurl'd,
They throng the air and darken heaven,
And rule the lower world.

HYMN CCCVI. [*Handel's March.*

Part the Second.

1 ANGELS your march oppoſe,
Who ſtill in ſtrength excel,
Your ſecret, ſworn, eternal foes,
Countleſs, inviſible:
With rage that never ends,
Their helliſh arts they try:
Legions of dire, malicious fiends,
And ſpirits enthron'd on high.

2 On earth th' uſurpers reign,
Exert their baneful power;
O'er the poor fallen ſons of men,
They tyrannize their hour.
But ſhall believers fear?
But ſhall believers fly?
Or ſee the bloody croſs appear,
And all their powers defy.

3 Jeſu's tremendous name
Puts all our foes to flight!
Jeſus, the meek, the angry Lamb,
A lion is in fight.
By all hell's hoſt withſtood,
We all hell's hoſt o'erthrow;
And conquering them through Jeſu's blood,
We ſtill to conquer go.

4 Our Captain leads us on:
He beckons from the ſkies,
And reaches out a ſtarry crown,
And bids us take the prize.
Be faithful unto death;
Partake my victory:
And thou ſhalt wear this glorious wreath,
And thou ſhalt reign with me.

HYMN

HYMN CCCVII. [*Palmi's.*

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

2 Thee while the firſt archangel ſings,
He hides his face behind his wings:
And ranks of ſhining thrones around
Fall worſhipping, and ſpread the ground.

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

4 Earth from afar hath heard thy fame,
And worms have learnt to liſp thy name;
But O the glories of thy mind
Leave all our ſoaring thoughts behind!

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

HYMN CCCVIII. [*Welling.*

1 AH, Lord, with trembling I confeſs,
A gracious ſoul may fall from grace!
The ſalt may loſe its ſeaſoning power,
And never, never find it more!

2 Leſt that my fearful caſe ſhould be,
Each moment knit my ſoul to thee:
And lead me to the mount above,
Through the low vale of humble love.

HYMN CCCIX. [*Olney.*

1 A Charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying ſoul to ſave,
And fit it for the ſky;
To ſerve the preſent age,
My calling to fulfil:
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Maſter's will!

2 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy ſight to live;
And O thy ſervant, Lord, prepare
A ſtrict account to give!
Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyſelf rely;
Aſſured, if I my truſt betray,
I ſhall for ever die.

HYMN CCCX. [*Welch.*

1 WATCH'D by the world's malignant eye,
Who load us with reproach and ſhame;
As ſervants of the Lord moſt high,
As zealous for his glorious name:
We ought in all his paths to move,
With holy fear and humble love.

2 That wiſdom, Lord, on us beſtow,
From every evil to depart;
To ſtop the mouth of every foe,
While upright both in life and heart:
The proofs of godly fear we give,
And ſhew them how the Chriſtians live.

HYMN CCCXI. [*Chappel.*

1 BE it my only wisdom here,
To serve the Lord with filial fear,
With loving gratitude:
Superior sense may I display,
By shunning every evil way,
And walking in the good.

2 O may I still from sin depart!
A wise and understanding heart,
Jesus, to me be given!
And let me through thy spirit know,
To glorify my God below,
And find my way to heaven.

SECTION V.

For Believers Working.

HYMN CCCXII. [*Mitcham.*

1 SUMMON'D my labour to renew,
And glad to act my part;
Lord in thy name my work I do,
And with a single heart.

2 End of my every action thou,
In all things thee I see;
Accept my hallow'd labour now;
I do it unto thee.

3 Whate'er the Father views as thine,
He views with gracious eyes:
Jesu, this mean oblation join
To thy great sacrifice.

4 Stampt with an infinite desert,
My work he then shall own:
Well pleas'd with me, when mine thou art,
And I his favourite son.

HYMN CCCXIII. [*Bexley.*

1 SERVANT of all, to toil for man
Thou didst not, Lord, refuse:
Thy majesty did not disdain
To be employ'd for us!

2 Thy bright example I pursue;
To thee in all things rise:
And all I think, or speak, or do,
Is one great sacrifice.

3 Careless through outward cares I go,
From all distraction free;
My hands are but engag'd below,
My heart is still with thee.

HYMN CCCXIV. [*Lampe's.*

1 GOD of almighty love,
By whose sufficient grace,
I lift my heart to things above,
And humbly seek thy face;
Through Jesus Christ the just,
My faint desires receive!
And let me in thy goodness trust,
And to thy glory live.

2 Whate'er I say or do,
Thy glory be my aim;
My offerings all be offer'd through
The ever-blessed Name!

Jesu,

Jeſu, my ſingle eye
Be fixt on thee alone:
Thy name be prais'd on earth, on high;
Thy will by all be done!

3 Spirit of faith inſpire
My conſecrated heart;
Fill me with pure celeſtial fire,
With all thou haſt and art:
My feeble mind transform,
And, perfectly renew'd,
Into a ſaint exalt a worm;
A worm exalt to God!

HYMN CCCXV. [*Angel's Song.*

1 FORTH in thy name, O Lord I go,
My daily labour to purſue;
Thee, only thee reſolv'd to know,
In all I think, or ſpeak, or do.

2 The taſk thy wiſdom has aſſign'd,
O let me cheerfully fulfil!
In all my works thy preſence find,
And prove thy acceptable will.

3 Thee may I ſet at my right-hand,
Whoſe eyes my inmoſt ſubſtance ſee;
And labour on at thy command,
And offer all my works to thee.

4 Give me to bear thy eaſy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And ſtill to things eternal look,
And haſten to thy glorious day:

5 For thee delightfully employ
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given:
And run my courſe with even joy,
And cloſely walk with thee to heaven.

HYMN CCCXVI. [*Kingswood.*

1 LO! I come with joy to do
The Maſter's bleſſed will;
Him in outward works purſue,
And ſerve his pleaſure ſtill.
Faithful to my Lord's commands,
I ſtill would chuſe the better part:
Serve with careful Martha's hands,
And loving Mary's heart.

2 Careful without care I am,
Nor feel my happy toil;
Kept in peace by Jeſu's name,
Supported by his ſmile;
Joyful thus my faith to ſhew,
I find his ſervice my reward:
Every work I do below,
I do it to the Lord.

3 Thou, O Lord, in tender love,
Doſt all my burdens bear!
Lift my heart to things above,
And fix it ever there.
Calm on tumult's wheel I ſit,
'Midſt buſy multitudes alone
Sweetly waiting at thy feet,
Till all thy will be done.

4 Thou, O Lord, my portion art,
Before I hence remove!
Now my treaſure and my heart
Are all laid up above:
Far above all earthly things,
While yet my hands are here employ'd,
Sees my ſoul the King of Kings,
And freely talks with God.

5 O that

5 O that all the art might know
Of living thus to thee!
Find their heaven begun below,
And here thy glory see!
Walk in all the works prepar'd
By thee to exercise their grace;
Till they gain their full reward,
And see thy glorious face!

HYMN CCCXVII. [*Norwich.*

1 CAPTAIN of Israel's host and guide
Of all who seek the land above,
Beneath thy shadow we abide,
The cloud of thy protecting love:
Our strength thy grace, our rule thy word,
Our end, the glory of the Lord.

2 By thy unerring spirit led,
We shall not in the desart stray;
We shall not full direction need,
Or miss our providential way;
As far from danger as from fear,
While love, almighty love is near.

HYMN CCCXVIII. [*Palmi's.*

1 O Thou who camest from above!
The pure celestial fire t' impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love,
On the mean altar of my heart!

2 There let it for thy glory burn,
With unextinguishable blaze;
And trembling to its source return,
In humble love, and fervent praise.

3 Jesu,

3 Jeſu, confirm my heart's deſire,
To work, and ſpeak, and think for thee:
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And ſtill ſtir up thy gift in me:

4 Ready for all thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat;
Till death thy endleſs mercies ſeal,
And make the ſacrifice compleat.

HYMN CCCXIX. [*Canterbury.*

1 WHEN quiet in my houſe I ſit,
Thy book be my companion ſtill:
My joy, thy ſayings to repeat,
Talk o'er the records of thy will:
And ſearch the oracles divine,
Till every heart-felt word be mine.

2 O may the gracious words divine!
Subject of all my converſe be:
So will the Lord his follower join,
And walk, and talk himſelf with me:
So ſhall my heart his preſence prove,
And burn with everlaſting love.

3 Oft as I lay me down to reſt,
O may the reconciling word
Sweetly compoſe my weary breaſt!
While on the boſom of my Lord,
I ſink in bliſsful dreams away,
And viſions of eternal day.

4 Riſing to ſing my Saviour's praiſe,
Thee may I publiſh all day long;
And let thy precious word of grace
Flow from my heart, and fill my tongue:
Fill all my life with pureſt love,
And join me to the church above.

SECTION

SECTION VI.

For Believers Suffering.

HYMN CCCXX. [*Wednesbury.*

1 THEE, Jesus, full of truth and grace,
Thee, Saviour, we adore;
Thee in affliction's furnace praise,
And magnify thy power.

2 Thy power, in human weakness shewn,
Shall make us all entire:
We now thy guardian-presence own,
And walk unburnt in fire.

3 Thee, Son of man, by faith we see,
And glory in our guide;
Surrounded and upheld by thee,
The fiery test abide.

4 The fire our graces shall refine,
Till moulded from above,
We bear the character divine,
The stamp of perfect love.

HYMN CCCXXI. [23*d Psalm.*

1 SAVIOUR of all, what hast thou done,
What hast thou suffered on the tree?
Why didst thou groan thy mortal groan,
Obedient unto death for me?
The mystery of thy passion shew,
The end of all thy griefs below.

2 Thy soul, for sin an offering made,
Hath clear'd this guilty soul of mine:
Thou hast for me a ransom paid,
To change my human to divine;

To cleanſe from all iniquity,
And make the ſinner all like thee.

3 Pardon, and grace, and heaven to buy,
My bleeding ſacrifice expir'd:
But didſt thou not my pattern die,
That by thy glorious ſpirit fir'd,
Faithful to death I might endure,
And make the crown by ſuffering ſure!

4 Thou didſt the meek example leave,
That I might in thy footſteps tread;
Might like the man of ſorrows grieve,
And groan, and bow with thee my head;
Thy dying in my body bear,
And all thy ſtate of ſuffering ſhare.

5 Thy every ſuffering ſervant, Lord,
Shall as his perfect Maſter be;
To all thy inward life reſtor'd,
And outwardly conform'd to thee:
Out of thy grave the ſaint ſhall riſe,
And gaſp, through death, the glorious prize!

6 This is the ſtrait, the royal way,
That leads us to the courts above:
Here let me ever, ever ſtay,
Till, on the wings of perfect love,
I take my laſt triumphant flight,
From Calvary's to Sion's height.

HYMN CCCXXII. [*Leeds.*

1 THOU Lord haſt bleſt my going out,
O bleſs my coming in!
Compaſs my weakneſs round about,
And keep me ſafe from ſin.

2 Still

2 Still hide me in thy ſecret place,
Thy tabernacle ſpread;
Shelter me with preſerving grace,
And ſcreen my naked head.

3 To thee for refuge may I run,
From ſin's alluring ſnare;
Ready its firſt approach to ſhun,
And watching unto prayer.

4 O that I never, never more
Might from thy ways depart!
Here let me give my wand'rings o'er,
By giving thee my heart.

5 Fix my new heart on things above,
And then from earth releaſe;
I aſk not life; but let me love,
And lay me down in peace.

HYMN CCCXXIII. [*Marienburn.*

1 MASTER, I own thy lawful claim,
Thine, wholly thine, I long to be!
Thou ſeeſt, at laſt I willing am,
Where'er thou go'ſt to follow thee;
Myſelf in all things to deny;
Thine, wholly thine, to live and die.

2 Whate'er my ſinful fleſh requires,
For thee I cheerfully forego;
My covetous and vain deſires,
My hopes of happineſs below;
My ſenſes' and my paſſions' food,
And all my thirſt for creature-good.

3 Pleaſure, and wealth, and praiſe, no more
Shall lead my captive ſoul aſtray:
My fond purſuits I all give o'er,
Thee, only thee, reſolved t' obey;

My own in all things to reſign,
And know no other will but thine.

4 All power is thine in earth and heaven;
All fulneſs dwells in thee alone;
Whate'er I have was freely given;
Nothing but ſin I call my own:
Other propriety diſclaim;
Thou only art the great I AM.

5 Wherefore to thee I all reſign;
Being thou art, and love, and power:
Thy only will be done, not mine!
Thee, Lord, let earth and heaven adore!
Flow back the rivers to the ſea,
And let our all be loſt in thee!

HYMN CCCXXIV. [*Snowsfields.*

1 COME on, my partners in diſtreſs,
My comrades through the wilderneſs,
Who ſtill your bodies feel;
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears
To that celeſtial hill.

2 Beyond the bounds of time and ſpace
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The ſaints' ſecure abode:
On faith's ſtrong eagle-pinions riſe,
And force your paſſage to the ſkies,
And ſcale the mount of God.

3 Who ſuffer with our Maſter here,
We ſhall before his face appear,
And by his ſide ſit down:
To patient faith the prize is ſure;
And all that to the end endure
The croſs, ſhall wear the crown.

4 Thrice-

4 Thrice-bleſſed bliſs, inſpiring hope:
It lifts the fainting ſpirits up;
It brings to life the dead:
Our conflicts here ſhall ſoon be paſt,
And you and I aſcend at laſt,
Triumphant with our head.

5 That great myſterious Deity
We ſoon with open face ſhall ſee:
The beatific ſight
Shall fill heaven's ſounding courts with praiſe,
And wide diffuſe the golden blaze
Of everlaſting light.

6 The Father ſhining on his throne,
The glorious, co-eternal Son,
The Spirit, one and ſeven,
Conſpire our rapture to complete:
And lo! we fall before his feet,
And ſilence heightens heaven.

7 In hope of that extatic pauſe,
Jeſu, we now ſuſtain the croſs,
And at thy footſtool fall;
Till thou our hidden life reveal,
Till thou our raviſh'd ſpirits fill,
And God is all in all.

HYMN CCCXXV. [*Snowsfields.*

LORD, I adore thy gracious will,
Through every inſtrument of ill
My Father's goodneſs ſee;
Accept the complicated wrong
Of Shimei's hand and Shimei's tongue,
As kind rebukes from thee.

HYMN CCCXXVI. [*Kingswood.*

1 CAST on the fidelity
Of my redeeming Lord,
I ſhall his ſalvation ſee,
According to his word:
Credence to his word I give,
My Saviour, in diſtreſſes paſt,
Will not now his ſervant leave,
But bring me through at laſt.

2 Better than my boding fears
To me thou oft haſt prov'd;
Oft obſerv'd my ſilent tears,
And challeng'd thy belov'd:
Mercy to my reſcue flew,
And death ungraſp'd his fainting prey:
Pain before thy face withdrew,
And ſorrow fled away.

3 Now as yeſterday the ſame,
In all my troubles nigh,
Jeſus, on thy word and name
I ſtedfaſtly rely.
Sure as now the grief I feel,
The promis'd joy I ſoon ſhall have;
Saved again, to ſinners tell
Thy power and will to ſave.

4 To thy bleſſed will reſign'd,
And ſtaid on that alone,
I thy perfect ſtrength ſhall find,
Thy faithful mercies own:
Compaſs'd round with ſongs of praiſe,
My all to my Redeemer give;
Spread thy miracles of grace,
And for thy glory live.

HYMN

HYMN CCCXXVII. [*Kingswood.*

1 FATHER in the name I pray
Of thy incarnate Love;
Humbly aſk, that as my day
My ſuffering ſtrength may prove:
When my ſorrows moſt increaſe,
Let thy ſtrongeſt joys be given!
Jeſu, come with my diſtreſs,
And agony is heaven.

2 Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
For good remember me!
Me, whom thou haſt caus'd to truſt,
For more than life on thee:
With me in the fire remain,
Till like the burniſh'd gold I ſhine;
Meet, through conſecrated pain,
To ſee the face divine.

HYMN CCCXXVIII. [*Welling.*

1 ETERNAL Beam of light divine,
Fountain of unexhauſted love;
In whom the Father's glories ſhine,
Through earth beneath, and heaven above:

2 Jeſu, the weary wanderer's reſt,
Give me thy eaſy yoke to bear;
With ſtedfaſt patience arm my breaſt,
With ſpotleſs love, and lowly fear.

3 Thankful I take the cup from thee,
Prepar'd and mingled by thy ſkill;
Though bitter to the taſte it be,
Powerful the wounded ſoul to heal.

4 Be thou, O Rock of Ages nigh!
So ſhall each murmuring thought be gone;
And grief, and fear, and care ſhall fly
As clouds before the mid-day ſun.

5 Speak to my warring paſſions, "Peace;"
Say to my trembling heart, "Be ſtill:"
Thy power my ſtrength and fortreſs is,
For all things ſerve thy ſovereign will.

6 O death! where is thy ſting? Where now
Thy boaſted victory, O grave?
Who ſhall contend with God? Or who
Can hurt, whom God delights to ſave?

HYMN CCCXXIX. [*Purcell's.*

1 THOU Lamb of God, thou Prince of Peace,
For thee my thirſty ſoul doth pine!
My longing heart implores thy grace,
O make me in thy likeneſs ſhine!

2 With fraudleſs, even, humble mind,
Thy will in all things may I ſee;
In love be every wiſh reſign'd,
And hallow'd my whole heart to thee.

3 When pain o'er my weak fleſh prevails,
With lamb-like patience arm my breaſt;
When grief my wounded ſoul aſſails,
In lowly meekneſs may I reſt.

4 Cloſe by thy ſide ſtill may I keep,
Howe'er life's various current flow!
With ſtedfaſt eye mark every ſtep,
And follow thee where'er thou go.

5 Thou, Lord, the dreadful fight haſt won;
Alone thou haſt the wine-preſs trod:
In me thy ſtrengthening grace be ſhewn,
O may I conquer through thy blood!

6 So

6 So when on Sion thou ſhalt ſtand,
And all heaven's hoſt adore their King;
Shall I be found at thy right-hand,
And free from pain thy glories ſing.

HYMN CCCXXX. [*Pudſey.*

1 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 Waſh out its ſtains, refine its droſs,
Nail my affections to the croſs;
Hallow each thought! let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.

3 If in this darkſome wild I ſtray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.

4 When riſing floods my ſoul o'erflow,
When ſinks my heart in waves of woe;
Jeſu, thy timely aid impart,
And raiſe my head, and cheer my heart.

5 Saviour, where'er thy ſteps I ſee,
Dauntleſs, untired I follow thee;
O let thy hand ſupport me ſtill,
And lead me to thy holy hill!

6 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.

SECTION VII.

Groaning for full Redemption.

HYMN CCCXXXI. [*Lampe's.*

1 THE thing my God doth hate,
That I no more may do,
Thy creature, Lord, again create,
And all my ſoul renew:
My ſoul ſhall then, like thine,
Abhor the thing unclean;
And ſanctified by love divine,
For ever ceaſe from ſin.

2 That bleſſed law of thine,
Jeſu, to me impart:
Thy ſpirit's law of life divine,
O write it in my heart!
Implant it deep within,
Whence it may ne'er remove;
The law of liberty from ſin,
The perfect law of love.

3 Thy nature be my law,
Thy ſpotleſs ſanctity;
And ſweetly every moment draw
My happy ſoul to thee!
Soul of my ſoul remain!
Who didſt for all fulfil,
In me, O Lord, fulfil again,
Thy heavenly Father's will!

HYMN CCCXXXII. [*Palmi's.*

1 O Jeſu, let thy dying cry
Pierce to the bottom of my heart!
Its evil cure, its wants ſupply,
And bid my unbelief depart.

2 Slay

2 Slay the dire root and ſeed of ſin!
Prepare for thee the holieſt place:
Then, O eſſential Love, come in!
And fill thy houſe with endleſs praiſe.

3 Let me, according to thy word,
A tender, contrite heart receive,
Which grieves at having griev'd its Lord,
And never can itſelf forgive.

4 A heart, thy joys and griefs to feel,
A heart, that cannot faithleſs prove;
A heart, where Chriſt alone may dwell,
All praiſe, all meekneſs, and all love.

HYMN CCCXXXIII. [*Mitcham.*

1 GOD of eternal truth and grace,
Thy faithful promiſe ſeal!
Thy word, thy oath, to Abraham's race,
In us, even us fulfil.

2 Let us, to perfect love reſtor'd,
Thy image here receive;
And in the preſence of our Lord
The life of angels live.

3 That mighty faith on me beſtow,
Which cannot aſk in vain;
Which holds and will not let thee go,
Till I my ſuit obtain.

4 Till thou into my ſoul inſpire
The perfect love unknown;
And tell my infinite deſire,
Whate'er thou wilt, be done.

5 But is it poſſible that I
Should live, and ſin no more?
Lord, if on thee I dare rely,
The faith ſhall bring the power.

9 On me that faith divine beſtow,
Which doth the mountain move;
And all my ſpotleſs life ſhall ſhew
Th' omnipotence of love.

HYMN CCCXXXIV. [*St. Paul's.*

1 O For a heart to praiſe my God,
A heart from ſin ſet free!
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely ſpilt for me!

2 A heart reſign'd, ſubmiſſive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Chriſt is heard to ſpeak,
Where Jeſus reigns alone.

3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean!
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within:

4 A heart in every thought renew'd,
And full of love divine:
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine!

5 Thy tender heart is ſtill the ſame,
And melts at human woe;
Jeſu, for thee diſtreſt I am:
I want thy love to know.

6 My heart, thou know'ſt, can never reſt,
Till thou create my peace;
Till of my Eden repoſſeſt,
From every ſin I ceaſe.

7 Fruit of thy gracious lips, on me
Beſtow that peace unknown;
The hidden manna, and the tree
Of life, and the white ſtone.

8 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, beſt name of love!

HYMN CCCXXXV. [*Cary's.*

1 THOU hidden love of God, whoſe height,
Whoſe depth unfathom'd, no man knows;
I ſee from far thy beauteous light,
Inly I ſigh for thy repoſe:
My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At reſt, till it finds reſt in thee.

2 Thy ſecret voice invites me ſtill
The ſweetneſs of thy yoke to prove;
And fain I would: but though my will
Seem fixt, yet wide my paſſions rove;
Yet hindrances ſtrew all the way;
I aim at thee, yet from thee ſtray.

3 'Tis mercy all, that thou haſt brought
My mind to ſeek her peace in thee!
Yet while I ſeek, but find thee not,
No peace my wandring ſoul ſhall ſee:
O when ſhall all my wandrings end,
And all my ſteps to thee-ward tend!

4 Is there a thing beneath the ſun,
That ſtrives with thee my heart to ſhare?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there!
Then ſhall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repoſe in thee.

5 O hide this ſelf from me, that I
No more, but Chriſt in me may live!
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling luſt ſurvive:

In

In all things nothing may I ſee,
Nothing deſire, or ſeek but thee.

6 O Love, thy ſovereign aid impart,
To ſave me from low-thoughted care!
Chaſe this ſelf will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there;
Make me thy dutcous child, that I
Ceaſeleſs may Abba, Father, cry.

7 Ah, no! ne'er will I backward turn:
Thine wholly, thine alone I am!
Thrice happy he who views with ſcorn
Earth's toys, for thée his conſtant flame!
O help, that I may never move
From the bleſt footſteps of thy love!

8 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart that lowly waits thy call;
Speak to my inmoſt ſoul and ſay,
"I am thy love, thy God, thy all!"
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To taſte thy love, be all my choice.

HYMN CCCLXXX. [*Reſurrection.*

1 YE happy ſinners hear
The priſoner of the Lord;
And wait till Chriſt appear,
According to his word;
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We ſhall from all our ſins be free.

2 The Lord our Righteouſneſs
We have long ſince receiv'd:
Salvation nearer is,
Than when we firſt believ'd;
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We ſhall from all our ſins be free.

3 Let others hug their chains,
For ſin and Satan plead;
And ſay, from ſins remains
They never can be freed:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We ſhall from all our ſins be free.

4 In God we put our truſt;
If we our ſins confeſs,
Faithful he is, and juſt,
From all unrighteouſneſs
To cleanſe us all, both you and me:
We ſhall from all our ſins be free.

5 Surely in us the hope
Of glory ſhall appear;
Sinners your heads lift up,
And ſee redemption near;
Again I ſay, rejoice with me,
We ſhall from all our ſins be free.

6 Who Jeſu's ſufferings ſhare,
My fellow-priſoners now,
Ye ſoon the wreath ſhall wear
On your triumphant brow;
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We ſhall from all our ſins be free.

7 The word of God is ſure,
And never can remove;
We ſhall in heart be pure,
And perfected in love;
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We ſhall from all our ſins be free.

8 Then let us gladly bring
Our ſacrifice of praiſe:
Let us give thanks and ſing,
And glory in his grace;
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We ſhall from all our ſins be free.

HYMN CCCXXXVII. [*Wednesbury.*

1 FOREVER here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died!

2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse, and keep me clean.

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.

4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve:
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

HYMN CCCXXXVIII. [*Aldrich.*

1 JESU, my life, thyself apply,
Thy holy spirit breathe;
My vile affections crucify,
Conform me to thy death.

2 Conqueror of hell, and earth, and sin,
Still with thy rebel strive;
Enter my soul, and work within,
And kill, and make alive!

3 More of thy life, and more I have,
As the old Adam dies:
Bury me, Saviour, in thy grave,
That I with thee may rise.

4 Reign in me, Lord, thy foes control,
Who would not own thy ſway;
Diffuſe thine image through my ſoul,
Shine to the perfect day.

5 Scatter the laſt remains of ſin,
And ſeal me thine abode;
O make me glorious all within,
A temple built by God!

HYMN CCCXXXIX. [*Hotham.*

Iſaiah xxxv.

1 HEAVENLY Father, ſovereign Lord,
Ever faithful to thy word,
Humbly we our ſeal ſet to,
Teſtify that thou art true.

2 Lo! for us the wilds are glad,
All in cheerful green array'd;
Opening ſweets they all diſcloſe,
Bud and bloſſom as the roſe.

3 Hark! the waſtes have found a voice!
Lonely deſarts now rejoice;
Gladſome hallelujahs ſing;
All around with praiſes ring.

4 Lo! abundantly they bloom,
Lebanon is hither come;
Carmel's ſtores the heavens diſpenſe,
Sharon's fertile excellence.

5 See, theſe barren ſouls of ours
Bloom, and put forth fruits and flowers;
Flowers of Eden, fruits of grace,
Peace, and joy, and righteouſneſs.

6 We behold, (the abjects we.)
Chriſt th' incarnate Deity;
Chriſt, in whom thy glories ſhine,
Excellence of ſtrength divine.

7 Ye that tremble at his frown,
He ſhall lift your hands caſt down:
Chriſt, who all your weakneſs ſees,
He ſhall prop your feeble knees.

8 Ye of fearful hearts be ſtrong,
Jeſus will not tarry long;
Fear not leſt his truth ſhould fail,
Jeſus is unchangeable.

9 God, your God ſhall ſurely come,
Quell your foes, and ſeal their doom;
He ſhall come, and ſave you too:
We, O Lord, have found thee true!

10 Blind we were; but now we ſee:
Deaf; we hearken now to thee:
Dumb; for thee our tongues employ:
Lame; and lo! we leap for joy.

11 Faint we were and parch'd with drought;
Water at thy word guſh'd out:
Streams of grace our thirſt refreſh,
Starting from the wilderneſs.

12 Still we gaſp thy grace to know!
Here for ever let it flow;
Make the thirſty land a pool,
Fix the ſpirit in our ſoul.

13 Where the ancient dragon lay,
Open for thyſelf a way!
There let holy tempers riſe,
All the fruits of paradiſe.

14 Lead us in the way of peace,
In the path of righteouſneſs;
Never by the ſinner trod,
Till he feels the cleanſing blood.

15 There the ſimple cannot ſtray,
Babes, though blind, may find the way;
Find, nor ever thence depart,
Safe in lowlineſs of heart.

16 Far from fear, from danger far;
No devouring beaſt is there;
There the humble walk ſecure,
God hath made their footſteps ſure.

17 Jeſu, mighty to redeem,
Let our lot be caſt with them;
Far from earth our ſouls remove,
Ranſom'd by thy dying love.

18 Leave us not below to mourn,
Fain we would to thee return;
Crown'd with righteouſneſs, ariſe
Far above theſe nether ſkies.

19 Come, and all our ſorrows chaſe,
Wipe the tears from every face;
Gladneſs let us now obtain,
Partners of thine endleſs reign.

20 Death, the lateſt foe, deſtroy;
Sorrow then ſhall yield to joy;
Gloomy grief ſhall flee away,
Swallow'd up in endleſs day.

HYMN CCCXL. [*Savannah.*

1 HOLY Lamb, who thee receive.
Who in thee begin to live,
Day and night thy cry to thee,
As thou art, ſo let us be!

2 Jeſu, ſee my panting breaſt:
See I pant in thee to reſt!
Gladly would I now be clean:
Cleanſe me now from every ſin.

3 Fix,

3 Fix, O fix my wavering mind!
To thy croſs my ſpirit bind:
Earthly paſſions far remove:
Swallow up my ſoul in love.

4 Duſt and aſhes though we be,
Full of ſin and miſery,
Thine we are, thou Son of God:
Take the purchaſe of thy blood!

5 Who in heart on thee believes,
He th' atonement now receives;
He with joy beholds thy face,
Triumphs in thy pardoning grace.

6 See, ye ſinners, ſee the flame,
Riſing from the ſlaughter'd Lamb,
Marks the new, the living way,
Leading to eternal day!

7 Jeſus, when this light we ſee,
All our ſoul's athirſt for thee:
When thy quickning power we prove,
All our heart diſſolves in love.

8 Boundleſs wiſdom, power divine,
Love unſpeakable are thine!
Praiſe by all to thee be given,
Sons of earth, and hoſts of heaven.

HYMN CCCXLI. [*York.*

1 COME, Holy Ghoſt, all-quickning fire,
Come, and my hallow'd heart inſpire,
Sprinkled with atoning blood:
Now to my ſoul thyſelf reveal,
Thy mighty working let me feel,
And know that I am born of God.

Thy

Thy witneſs with my ſpirit bear,
That God, my God inhabits there:
Thou with the Father and the Son,
Eternal light's coeval beam;
Be Chriſt in me, and I in him,
Till perfect we are made in one.

2 When wilt thou my whole heart ſubdue,
Come, Lord, and form my ſoul anew,
Emptied of pride, and wrath, and hell;
Leſs than the leaſt of all thy ſtore
Of mercies I myſelf abhor;
All, all my vileneſs may I feel.

Humble, and teachable, and mild,
O may I, as a little child,
My lowly Maſter's ſteps purſue!
Be anger to my ſoul unknown;
Hate, envy, jealouſy be gone;
In love create thou all things new.

3 Let earth no more my heart divide;
With Chriſt may I be crucified;
To thee with my whole ſoul aſpire;
Dead to the world and all its toys,
Its idle pomp, and fading joys,
Be thou alone my one deſire.

Be thou my joy, be thou my dread;
In battle cover thou my head,
Nor earth, nor hell I then ſhall fear;
I then ſhall turn my ſteady face;
Want, pain defy, enjoy diſgrace,
Glory in diſſolution near.

4 My will be ſwallow'd up in thee;
Light in thy light ſtill may I ſee,
Beholding thee with open face:
Called the full power of faith to prove,
Let all my hallow'd heart be love,
And all my ſpotleſs life be praiſe

Come,

Come, Holy Ghoſt, all-quickning fire,
My conſecrated heart inſpire,
Sprinkled with the atoning blood:
Still to my ſoul thyſelf reveal;
Thy mighty working may I feel,
And know that I am one with God!

HYMN CCCXLII. [*Irene.*

1 JESU, thou art our king,
To me thy ſuccour bring;
Chriſt, the mighty one art thou,
Help for all on thee is laid;
This the word; I claim it now,
Send me down the promis'd aid.

2 High on thy Father's throne,
O look with pity down!
Help, O help! attend my call,
Captive lead captivity:
King of glory, Lord of all,
Chriſt, be Lord, be King to me!

3 I pant to feel thy ſway,
And only thee t' obey:
Thee my ſpirit gaſps to meet;
This my one my ceaſeleſs prayer,
Make, O make my heart thy ſeat!
O ſet up thy kingdom there!

4 Triumph and reign in me,
And ſpread thy victory:
Hell, and death, and ſin control,
Pride, and wrath, and every foe,
All ſubdue: through all my ſoul
Conquering and to conquer go!

HYMN

HYMN CCCXLIII. [113th *Pſalm.*

1 O Jeſu, fource of calm repoſe,
Thy like nor man, nor angel knows,
Faireſt among ten thouſand fair!
Ev'n thoſe whom death's ſad fetter's bound,
Whom thickeſt darkneſs compaſſed round,
Find light and life, if thou appear.

2 Effulgence of the light divine,
Ere rolling planets knew to ſhine,
Ere time its ceaſeleſs courſe began:
Thou when th' appointed time was come,
Didſt not abhor the virgin's womb,
But God with God, wert man with man.

3 The world, ſin, death, oppoſe in vain,
Thou by thy dying, death haſt ſlain,
My great Deliverer, and my God!
In vain does the old dragon rage,
In vain all hell its powers engage;
None can withſtand thy conquering blood.

4 Lord over all, ſent to fulfil
Thy gracious Father's ſovereign will,
To thy dread ſceptre will I bow;
With duteous reverence at thy feet,
Like humble Mary, lo! I ſit;
Speak, Lord, thy ſervant heareth now.

5 Renew thine image, Lord, in me,
Lowly and gentle may I be;
No charms but theſe to thee are dear:
No anger mayſt thou ever find,
No pride in my unruffled mind,
But faith, and heaven-born peace be there.

6 A patient, a victorious mind,
That life and all things caſt behind,

Springs

Springs forth obedient to thy call:
A heart that no desire can move,
But still t' adore, believe, and love,
Give me, my Lord, my life, my all.

HYMN CCCXLIV. [*Kingswood.*

1 EVER fainting with desire,
For thee, O Christ, I call!
Thee I restlessly require,
I want my God, my all.
Jesu, dear redeeming Lord,
I wait thy coming from above:
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.

2 Wilt thou suffer me to gō
Lamenting all my days?
Shall I never, never know
Thy sanctifying grace?
Wilt thou not the light afford:
The darkness from my soul remove?
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.

3 Lord, if I on thee believe,
The second gift impart;
With th' indwelling spirit give
A new, a contrite heart;
If with love thy heart is stor'd,
If now o'er me thy bowels move,
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.

4 Let me gain my calling's hope,
O make the sinner clean!
Dry corruption's fountain up,
Cut off th' intail of sin:
Take me into thee, my Lord,
And I shall then no longer rove:
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.

5 Thou

5 Thou, my life, my treaſure be,
My portion here below!
Nothing would I ſeek but thee,
Thee only would I know:
My exceeding great reward,
My heaven on earth, my heaven above:
Help me, Saviour, ſpeak the word,
And perfect me in love.

6 Grant me now the bliſs to feel
Of thoſe that are in thee:
Son of God, thyſelf reveal,
Engrave thy name on me;
As in heaven be here ador'd,
And let me now the promiſe prove;
Help me, Saviour, ſpeak the word,
And perfect me in love.

HYMN CCCXLV. [*Plymouth.*

Phil. iii. 5.

1 JESU, ſhall I never be
Firmly grounded upon thee?
Never by thy work abide,
Never in thy wounds reſide!

2 O how wavering is my mind!
Toſſed about with every wind!
O how quickly doth my heart
From the living God depart!

3 Jeſu, let my nature feel,
Thou art God unchangeable:
Jah, Jehovah, great I AM!
Speak into my ſoul thy name.

4 Grant that every moment I
May believe, and feel thee nigh;
Stedfaſtly behold thy face,
'Stabliſh'd with abiding grace.

5 Plant and root, and fix in me
All the mind that was in thee:
Settled peace I then ſhall find:
Jeſu's is a quiet mind.

6 Anger, I no more ſhall feel,
Always even, always ſtill:
Meekly on my God reclin'd;
Jeſu's is a gentle mind.

7 I ſhall ſuffer and fulfil,
All my Father's gracious will;
Be in all alike reſign'd,
Jeſu's is a patient mind.

8 When 'tis deeply rooted here,
Perfect love ſhall caſt out fear;
Fear doth ſervile ſpirits bind,
Jeſu's is a noble mind.

9 When I feel it fixt within,
I ſhall have no power to ſin;
How ſhall ſin an entrance find?
Jeſu's is a ſpotleſs mind.

10 I ſhall nothing know beſide
Jeſus, and him crucified:
I ſhall all to him be join'd;
Jeſu's is a loving mind.

11 I ſhall triumph evermore,
Gratefully my God adore;
God ſo good, ſo true, ſo kind,
Jeſu's is a thankful mind.

12 Lowly, loving, meek, and pure,
I ſhall to the end endure;
Be no more to ſin inclin'd;
Jeſu's is a conſtant mind.

13 I ſhall fully be reſtor'd
To the image of my Lord,
Witneſſing to all mankind
Jeſu's is a perfect mind.

HYMN CCCXLVI. [*Wenvo.*

1 LORD, I believe thy every word,
Thy every promiſe true:
And lo! I wait on thee, my Lord,
Till I my ſtrength renew.

2 If in this feeble fleſh I may
Awhile ſhew forth thy praiſe,
Jeſu, ſupport the tottering clay,
And lengthen out my days.

3 If ſuch a worm as I can ſpread
The common Saviour's name;
Let him who rais'd thee from the dead,
Quicken my mortal frame.

4 Still let me live thy blood to ſhew,
Which purges every ſtain;
And gladly linger out below
A few more years in pain.

5 Spare me, till I my ſtrength of ſoul,
Till I thy love retrieve;
Till faith ſhall make my ſpirit whole,
And perfect ſoundneſs give.

6 Faith to be heal'd thou knowſt I have,
From ſin to be made clean:
Able thou art from ſin to ſave,
From all indwelling ſin.

7 Surely thou canſt, I do not doubt,
Thou wilt thyſelf impart;
The bond-woman's baſe ſon caſt out,
And take up all my heart.

8 I ſhall my ancient ſtrength renew:
The excellence divine,
(If thou art good, if thou art true,)
Throughout my ſoul ſhall ſhine.

9 I ſhall, a weak and helpleſs worm,
Through Jeſus ſtrengthning me,
Impoſſibilities perform,
And live from ſinning free.

10 For this in ſtedfaſt hope I wait,
Now, Lord, my ſoul reſtore;
Now the new heavens and earth create,
And I ſhall ſin no more.

HYMN CCCXLVII. [*Brook's.*

Matt. vi. 10.

1 JESU, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
In whom I now believe,
As taught by thee, in faith I pray,
Expecting to receive.

2 Thy will by me on earth be done,
As by the choirs above,
Who always ſee thee on thy throne,
And glory in thy love.

3 I aſk in confidence the grace,
That I may do thy will,
As angels who behold thy face,
And all thy words fulfil.

4 Surely I ſhall, the ſinner I
Shall ſerve thee without fear;
My heart no longer gives the lie
To my deceitful prayer.

5 When thou the work of faith haſt wrought,
I ſhall be pure within;
Nor ſin in deed, or word, or thought;
For angels never ſin.

6 From

6 From thee no more ſhall I depart,
No more unfaithful prove;
But love thee with a conſtant heart;
For angels always love.

7 I all thy holy will ſhall prove;
I, a weak, ſinful worm:
When thee with all my heart I love,
Shall all thy law perform.

8 The graces of my ſecond birth,
To me ſhall all be given;
And I ſhall do thy will on earth,
As angels do in heaven.

HYMN CCCXLVIII. [*Amſterdam.*

1 OPEN, Lord, my inward ear,
And bid my heart rejoice!
Bid my quiet ſpirit hear
Thy comfortable voice:
Never in the whirlwind found,
Or where earthquakes rock the place;
Still and ſilent is the ſound,
The whiſper of thy grace.

2 From the world of ſin, and noiſe,
And hurry, I withdraw;
For the ſmall and inward voice
I wait, with humble awe:
Silent am I now, and ſtill,
Dare not in thy preſence move;
To my waiting ſoul reveal
The ſecret of thy love.

3 Thou haſt undertook for me,
For me to death waſt ſold;
Wiſdom in a myſtery
Of bleeding love unfold;

Teach the leſſon of thy croſs,
Let me die with thee to reign:
All things let me count but loſs,
So I may thee regain.

4 Shew me, as my ſoul can bear,
The depth of inbred ſin;
All the unbelief declare,
The pride that lurks within;
Take me, whom thyſelf haſt bought,
Bring into captivity
Every high, aſpiring thought,
That would not ſtoop to thee.

5 Lord, my time is in thy hand,
My ſoul to thee convert;
Thou canſt make me underſtand,
Though I am ſlow of heart:
Thine, in whom I live and move,
Thine the work, the praiſe is thine,
Thou art wiſdom, power, and love,
And all thou art is mine.

HYMN CCCXLIX. [*Amſterdam.*

Daniel, chap. iii.

1 GOD of Iſrael's faithful three,
Who brav'd a tyrant's ire,
Nobly ſcorn'd to bow the knee,
And walk'd unhurt in fire;
Breathe their faith into my breaſt,
Arm me in this fiery hour:
Stand, O Son of man, confeſt
In all thy ſaving power!

2 Lo! on dangers, deaths, and ſnares,
I every moment tread;
Hell without a veil appears,
And flames around my head;

Sin

Sin increaſes more and more,
Sin in all its ſtrength returns:
Seven times hotter than before
The fiery furnace burns.

3 But while thou, my Lord, art nigh,
My ſoul diſdains to fear;
Sin and Satan I defy,
Still impotently near;
Earth and hell their wars may wage;
Calm I mark their vain deſign;
Smile to ſee them idly rage
Againſt a child of thine.

4 Unto thee, my help, my hope,
My ſafeguard and my tower,
Confident I ſtill look up,
And ſtill receive thy power;
All the Alien's hoſts I chaſe,
Blaſt, and ſcatter with mine eyes;
Satan comes; I turn my face;
And lo! the Tempter flies!

5 Sin in me, the inbred foe,
Awhile ſubſiſts in chains;
But thou all thy power ſhalt ſhew,
And ſlay its laſt remains;
Thou haſt conquer'd my deſire,
Thou ſhalt quench it with thy blood;
Fill me with a purer fire,
And make me all like God.

HYMN CCCL. [*Bexley.*

1 FATHER of Jeſus Chriſt my Lord,
My Saviour, and my head,
I truſt in thee, whoſe powerful word
Hath rais'd him from the dead.

2 Thou know'ſt, for my offence he died,
And roſe again for me;
Fully and freely juſtified,
That I might live to thee.

3 Eternal life to all mankind
Thou haſt in Jeſus given:
And all, who ſeek, in him ſhall nnd
The happineſs of heaven.

4 O God! thy record I believe,
In Abraham's footſteps tread;
And wait, expecting to receive
The Chriſt, the promis'd ſeed.

5 Faith in thy power thou ſeeſt I have,
For thou this faith haſt wrought;
Dead ſouls thou calleſt from their grave,
And ſpeakeſt worlds from nought.

6 Things that are not, as though they were,
Thou calleſt by their name;
Preſent with thee the future are,
With thee, the great I AM.

7 In hope, againſt all human hope,
Self-deſperate I believe;
Thy quickning word ſhall raiſe me up,
Thou ſhalt thy ſpirit give.

8 The thing ſurpaſſes all my thought;
But faithful is my Lord;
Through unbelief I ſtagger not,
For God hath ſpoke the word.

9 Faith, mighty faith, the promiſe ſees,
And looks to that alone;
Laughs at impoſſibilities,
And cries, it ſhall be done!

10 To thee the glory of thy power
And faithfulneſs I give;
I ſhall in Chriſt, at that glad hour,
And Chriſt in me ſhall live.

11 Obedient faith that waits on thee,
Thou never wilt reprove;
But thou wilt form thy Son in me,
And perfect me in love.

HYMN CCCLI. [*Mitcham.*

Rom. iv. 13, *&c.*

1 MY God! I know, I feel thee mine,
And will not quit my claim;
Till all I have is loſt in thine,
And all renew'd I am.

2 I hold thee with a trembling hand,
But will not let thee go,
Till ſtedfaſtly by faith I ſtand,
And all thy goodneſs know.

3 When ſhall I ſee the welcome hour,
That plants my God in me!
Spirit of health, and life and power,
And perfect liberty!

4 Jeſu, thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad!
Then ſhall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixt in God.

5 Love only can the conqueſt win,
The ſtrength of ſin ſubdue,
(Mine own unconquerable ſin,)
And form my ſoul anew.

6 Love can bow down the ſtubborn neck,
The ſtone to fleſh convert;
Soften, and melt, and pierce, and break,
An adamantine heart.

7 O that in me the ſacred fire
Might now begin to glow!
Burn up the droſs of baſe deſire,
And make the mountains flow!

8 O that I now from heaven might fall,
And all my ſins conſume!
Come, Holy Ghoſt, for thee I call,
Spirit of burning come.

9 Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my ſoul;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And ſanctify the whole.

10 Sorrow and ſin ſhall then expire,
While enter'd into reſt,
I only live my God t' admire,
My God for ever bleſt.

11 No longer then my heart ſhall mourn,
While purified by grace,
I only for his glory burn,
And always ſee his face.

12 My ſtedfaſt ſoul from falling free,
Shall then no longer move;
But Chriſt be all the world to me,
And all my heart be love.

HYMN CCCLII. [*St. Paul's.*

1 BE it according to thy word!
This moment let it be!
O that I now, my gracious Lord,
Might loſe my life for thee!

2 Now,

2 Now, Jeſu, let thy powerful death
Into my being come;
Slay the old Adam with thy breath,
The man of ſin conſume.

3 With-hold whate'er my fleſh requires,
Poiſon my pleaſant food;
Spoil my delights, my vain deſires,
My all of creature-good.

4 My old affections mortify,
Nail to the croſs my will;
Daily and hourly bid me die,
Or altogether kill.

5 Paſſion and appetite deſtroy,
Tear, tear this pride away!
And all my boaſt and idle joy,
And all my nature ſlay.

6 Jeſu, my life, appear within,
And bruiſe the Serpent's head;
Enter my ſoul, extirpate ſin,
Caſt out the curſed ſeed.

7 Haſt thou not made me willing, Lord?
Would I not die this hour?
Then ſpeak the killing, quickning word;
Slay, raiſe me by thy power.

8 Slay me, and I in thee ſhall truſt,
With thy dead men ariſe;
Awake, and ſing from out the duſt,
Soon as this nature dies.

9 O let it now make haſte to die,
The mortal wound receive!
So ſhall I live! and yet not I,
But Chriſt in me ſhall live.

10 Be it according to thy word,
This moment let it be!
The life I lose for thee, my Lord,
I find again in thee.

HYMN CCCLIII. [*Evesham.*

1 WHAT! never speak one evil word!
Or rash, or idle, or unkind?
O how shall I, most gracious Lord!
This mark of true perfection find?

2 Thy sinless mind in me reveal;
Thy spirit's plenitude impart:
And all my spotless life shall tell
Th' abundance of thy loving heart.

3 Saviour, I long to testify
The fulness of thy gracious power:
O might thy spirit the blood apply,
Which bought for me the peace—and more!

4 Forgive, and make my nature whole:
My inbred malady remove;
To perfect health restore my soul,
To perfect holiness and love.

HYMN CCCLIV. [123*d Psalm.*

1 JESUS, the gift divine I know,
The gift divine I ask of thee:
That living water now bestow,
Thy spirit and thyself on me:
Thou, Lord, of life the fountain art;
Now let me find thee in my heart!

2 Then let me drink, and thirſt no more
For drops of finite happineſs:
Spring up, O well, in heavenly power,
In ſtreams of pure, perennial peace;
In joy, that none can take away,
In life, which ſhall for ever ſtay.

3 Father on me the grace beſtow,
Unblameable before thy ſight,
Whence all the ſtreams of mercy flow:
Mercy, thy own ſupreme delight,
To me, for Jeſu's ſake impart,
And plant thy nature in my heart.

4 Thy mind throughout my life be ſhewn,
While liſt'ning to the wretch's cry,
The widow's and the orphan's groan,
On mercy's wings I ſwiftly fly;
The poor and helpleſs to relieve,
My life, my all for them to give.

5 Thus may I ſhew the ſpirit within,
Which purges me from every ſtain;
Unſpotted from the world and ſin,
My faith's integrity maintain;
The truth of my religion prove
By perfect purity and love.

HYMN CCCLV. [*York.*

1 O God of my ſalvation, hear;
And help a ſinner to draw near
With boldneſs to the throne of grace;
Help me thy benefits to ſing,
And ſmile to ſee me feebly bring
My humble ſacrifice of praiſe.

I cannot praiſe thee as I would;
But thou art merciful and good,

I know

I know thou never wilt deſpiſe
The day of ſmall and feeble things,
But bear me, till on eagles' wings
To all the heights of love I riſe.

2 I thank thee for that gracious taſte,
(Which pride would not permit to laſt,)
That touch of love, that pledge of heaven;
Surely on me my Father ſmiled,
And once I knew him reconciled,
And once I felt my ſins forgiven.

My Lord and God I then could ſee,
My Saviour, who had died for me,
To bring the rebel near to God:
Thou didſt, thou didſt thy peace impart,
Pardon was written on my heart,
In largeſt characters of blood.

3 Vileſt of all the ſons of men,
When I to folly turn'd again,
And ſinn'd againſt thy light and love;
Grace did much more than ſin abound,
Amazed I ſtill forgiveneſs found,
And thank'd my Advocate above.

Saviour, for this I thank thee now,
My Saviour to the utmoſt, thou
Haſt ſnatch'd me from the gates of hell,
That I to all mankind may prove
Thy free, thine everlaſting love,
Which all mankind with me may feel.

4 The boundleſs love that found out me,
For every ſoul of man is free,
None of thy mercy need deſpair;
Patient, and pitiful, and kind,
Thee every ſoul of man may find,
And, freely ſaved, thy grace declare.

A vile backſliding ſinner I,
Ten thouſand deaths deſerved to die,
Yet ſtill by ſovereign grace I live!
Saviour, to thee I ſtill look up;
I ſee an open door of hope,
And wait thy fulneſs to receive.

5 How ſhall I thank thee for the grace,
The truſt I have to ſee thy face,
When ſin ſhall all be purged away!
The night of doubts and fears is paſt,
The Morning-Star appears at laſt,
And I ſhall ſee the perfect day.

I ſoon ſhall hear thy quickning voice,
Shall always pray, give thanks, rejoice,
(This is thy will, and faithful word,)
My ſpirit meek, my will reſigned,
Lowly as thine ſhall be my mind,
The ſervant ſhall be as his Lord.

6 Already, Lord, I feel thy power,
Preſerved from evil every hour,
My great Preſerver I proclaim;
Safety and ſtrength in thee I have,
I find, I find thee ſtrong to ſave,
And know that Jeſus is thy name.

By faith I every moment ſtand,
Strangely upheld by thy right-hand,
I my own wickedneſs eſchew;
A ſinner, I am kept from ſin;
And thou ſhalt make me pure within,
And thou ſhalt form my ſoul anew.

7 Come then, and looſe my ſtammering tongue,
Teach me the new, the joyful ſong,
And perfect in a babe thy praiſe:
I want a thouſand lives t' employ,
In publiſhing the ſounds of joy,
The goſpel of thy general grace.

Come, Lord, thy Spirit bids thee come,
Give me thyſelf, and take me home,
Be now the glorious earneſt given!
The counſel of thy grace fulfil,
Thy kingdom come, thy perfect will
Be done on earth, as 'tis in heaven.

HYMN CCCLVI. [*Olney.*

1 O Come, and dwell in me,
Spirit of power within!
And bring the glorious liberty
From ſorrow, fear, and ſin,
The ſeed of ſin's diſeaſe,
Spirit of health remove,
Spirit of finiſhed holineſs,
Spirit of perfect love.

2 Haſten the joyful day,
Which ſhall my ſins conſume;
When old things ſhall be paſt away,
And all things new become.
Th' original offence
Out of my ſoul eraſe;
Enter thyſelf, and drive it hence,
And take up all the place.

3 I want the witneſs, Lord,
That all I do is right,
According to thy will and word,
Well-pleaſing in thy ſight.
I aſk no higher ſtate;
Indulge me but in this:
And ſoon or later then tranſlate
To my eternal bliſs.

HYMN CCCLVII. [*Kingswood.*

1 FATHER, ſee this living clod,
This ſpark of heavenly fire!
See my ſoul, the breath of God,
Doth after God aſpire:
Let it ſtill to heaven aſcend,
Till I my principle rejoin,
Blended with my glorious end,
And loſt in love divine!

2 Lord, if thou from me haſt broke,
The power of outward ſin;
Burſt this Babyloniſh yoke,
And make me free within:
Bid my inbred ſin depart,
And I thy utmoſt word ſhall prove,
Upright both in life and heart,
And perfected in love.

3 God of all-ſufficient grace,
My God in Chriſt thou art:
Bid me walk before thy face,
Till I am pure in heart:
Till, transform'd by faith divine,
I gain that perfect love unknown,
Bright in all thy image ſhine,
By putting on thy Son.

4 Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
In council join again,
To reſtore thine image, loſt
By frail, apoſtate man;
O might I thy form expreſs!
Through faith begotten from above,
Stampt with real holineſs,
And filled with perfect love!

HYMN CCCLVIII. [*Athlone.*

1 O God moſt merciful and true!
Thy nature to my ſoul impart;
'Stabliſh with me the cov'nant new,
And write perfection on my heart.

2 To real holineſs reſtor'd,
O let me gain my Saviour's mind!
And in the knowledge of my Lord,
Fulneſs of life eternal find.

3 Remember, Lord, my ſins no more,
That them I may no more forget;
But ſunk in guiltleſs ſhame adore,
With ſpeechleſs wonder at thy feet.

4 O'erwhelm'd with thy ſtupendous grace,
I ſhall not in thy preſence move;
But breathe unutterable praiſe,
And rapturous awe, and ſilent love.

5 Then every murmuring thought and vain
Expires in ſweet confuſion loſt:
I cannot of my croſs complain,
I cannot of my goodneſs boaſt.

6 Pardon'd for all that I have done,
My mouth as in the duſt I hide;
And glory give to God alone,
My God, for ever pacified!

HYMN CCCLIX. [*Brockmer's.*

1 DEEPEN the wound thy hands have made
In this weak, helpleſs ſoul;
Till mercy, with its balmy aid,
Deſcends to make me whole.

2 The

2 The ſharpneſs of thy two-edged ſword
Enable me t' endure;
Till bold to ſay, my hallowing Lord
Hath wrought a perfect cure.

3 I ſee th' exceeding broad command,
Which all contains in one;
Enlarge my heart to underſtand
The myſtery unknown.

4 O that with all thy ſaints I might
By ſweet experience prove,
What is the length, and breadth, and height,
And depth of perfect love!

HYMN CCCLX. [*Thou Shepherd of Iſrael.*

WHAT now is my object and aim?
What now is my hope and deſire?
To follow the heavenly Lamb,
And after his image aſpire.
My hope is all center'd in thee:
I truſt to recover thy love;
On earth thy ſalvation to ſee,
And then to enjoy it above.

2 I thirſt for a life-giving God,
A God that on Calvary died;
A fountain of water and blood,
Which guſh'd from Immanuel's ſide!
I gaſp for the ſtream of thy love,
The ſpirit of rapture unknown;
And then to re-drink it above,
Eternally freſh from the throne.

HYMN

HYMN CCCLXI. [*Amſterdam.*

GIVE me the enlarged deſire,
And open, Lord, my ſoul,
Thy own fulneſs to require,
And comprehend the whole:
Stretch my faith's capacity,
Wider and yet wider ſtill:
Then, with all that is in thee,
My ſoul for ever fill!

HYMN CCCLXII. [*Cary's.*

1 JESU, thy boundleſs love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
O knit my thankful heart to thee,
And reign without a rival there!
Thine wholly, thine alone I am;
Be thou alone my conſtant flame!

2 O grant that nothing in my ſoul
May dwell, but thy pure love alone!
O may thy love poſſeſs me whole,
My joy, my treaſure, and my crown;
Strange flames far from my heart remove;
My every act, word, thought, be love.

3 O Love, how cheering is thy ray!
All pain before thy preſence flies!
Care, anguiſh, ſorrow, melt away,
Where'er thy healing beams ariſe;
O Jeſu, nothing may I ſee,
Nothing deſire or ſeek but thee!

4 Unwearied may I this purſue,
Dauntleſs to the high prize aſpire:
Hourly within my ſoul renew
This holy flame, this heavenly fire:
And day, and night, be all my care
To guard this ſacred treaſure there.

5 My

5 My Saviour, thou thy love to me
In ſhame, in want, in pain haſt ſhew'd;
For me, on the accurſed tree,
Thou pouredſt forth thy guiltleſs blood;
Thy wounds upon my heart impreſs,
Nor ought ſhall the loved ſtamp efface.

6 More hard than marble is my heart,
And foul with ſins of deepeſt ſtain:
But thou the mighty Saviour art;
Nor flowed thy cleanſing blood in vain:
Ah, ſoften, melt this rock, and may
Thy blood waſh all theſe ſtains away!

7 O that I as a little child
May follow thee and never reſt!
Till ſweetly thou haſt breath'd thy mild
And lowly mind into my breaſt!
Nor ever may we parted be,
Till I become one ſpirit with thee.

8 Still let thy love point out my way:
How wondrous things thy love hath wrought!
Still lead me, leſt I go aſtray:
Direct my word, inſpire my thought:
And if I fall, ſoon may I hear
Thy voice, and know that love is near.

9 In ſuffering be thy love my peace,
In weakneſs be thy love my power;
And, when the ſtorms of life ſhall ceaſe,
Jeſu, in that important hour,
In death as life be thou my guide,
And ſave me, who for me haſt died.

HYMN CCCLXIII. [*Mourner's.*

1 COME, Holy-Ghoſt, all-quickning fire
Come, and in me delight to reſt:
Drawn by the lure of ſtrong deſire,
O come, and conſecrate my breaſt!
The temple of my ſoul prepare,
And fix thy ſacred preſence there!

2 If now thy influence I feel,
If now in thee begin to live,
Still to my heart thyſelf reveal:
Give me thyſelf, for ever give:
A point my good, a drop my ſtore,
Eager I aſk, I pant for more.

3 Eager for thee I aſk and pant,
So ſtrong the principle divine
Carries me out with ſweet conſtraint,
Till all my hallow'd ſoul is thine;
Plung'd in the Godhead's deepeſt ſea,
And loſt in thy immenſity.

4 My peace, my life, my comfort thou,
My treaſure and my all thou art!
True witneſs of my ſon-ſhip, now
Engraving pardon on my heart,
Seal of my ſins in Chriſt forgiven,
Earneſt of love, and pledge of heaven.

5 Come then, my God, mark out thine heir,
Of heaven a larger earneſt give!
With clearer light thy witneſs bear;
More ſenſibly within me live:
Let all my powers thine entrance feel,
And deeper ſtamp thyſelf the ſeal!

6 Come,

6 Come, Holy Ghoſt, all-quickning fire,
Come, and in me delight to reſt;
Drawn by the lure of ſtrong deſire,
O come, and conſecrate my breaſt;
The temple of my ſoul prepare,
And fix thy ſacred preſence there!

HYMN CCCLXIV. [112th *Pſalm.*

1 SAVIOUR from ſin, I wait to prove
That Jeſus is thy healing name;
To loſe, when perfected in love,
Whate'er I have, or can, or am:
I ſtay me on thy faithful word,
The ſervant ſhall be as his Lord.

2 Anſwer that gracious end in me,
For which thy precious life was given:
Redeem from all iniquity,
Reſtore, and make me meet for heaven:
Unleſs thou purge my every ſtain,
Thy ſuffering and my faith are vain.

3 Didſt thou not in the fleſh appear
Sin to condemn and man to ſave?
That perfect love might caſt out fear?
That I thy mind in me might have,
In holineſs ſhew forth thy praiſe,
And ſerve thee all my ſpotleſs days?

4 Didſt thou not die that I might live
No longer to myſelf, but thee?
Might body, ſoul, and ſpirit give
To him, who gave himſelf for me?
Come then, my Maſter, and my God!
Take the dear purchaſe of thy blood.

5 Thy

5 Thy own peculiar ſervant claim,
For thy own truth and mercy's ſake:
Hallow in me thy glorious name;
Me for thine own this moment take,
And change, and throughly purify:
Thine only may I live and die.

HYMN CCCLXV. [*Bradford.*

1 I Want the ſpirit of power within,
Of love, and of a healthful mind;
Of power to conquer inbred ſin,
Of love to thee and all mankind:
Of health, that pain and death defies,
Moſt vigorous when the body dies.

2 When ſhall I hear the inward voice,
Which only faithful ſouls can hear?
Pardon, and peace, and heavenly joys,
Attend the promiſed Comforter:
O come, and righteouſneſs divine,
And Chriſt, and all with Chriſt are mine!

3 O that the Comforter would come!
Nor viſit as a tranſient gueſt,
But fix in me his conſtant home,
And take poſſeſſion of my breaſt;
And fix in me his lov'd abode,
The temple of indwelling God!

4 Come, Holy Ghoſt, my heart inſpire!
Atteſt that I am born again:
Come, and baptize me now with fire,
Nor let thy former gifts be vain:
I cannot reſt in ſins forgiven;
Where is the earneſt of my heaven?

5 Where the indubitable ſeal,
That aſcertains the kingdom mine?
The powerful ſtamp I long to feel,
The ſignature of love divine!
O ſhed it in my heart abroad,
Fulneſs of love, of heaven, of God!

HYMN

HYMN CCCLXVI. [113th *Pſalm.*

1 FATHER of everlaſting grace,
Thy goodneſs and thy truth we praiſe,
Thy goodneſs and thy truth we prove;
Thou haſt in honour of thy Son,
The gift unſpeakable ſent down,
The ſpirit of life, and power, and love.

2 Send us the ſpirit of thy Son,
To make the depths of Godhead known,
To make us ſhare the life divine:
Send him the ſprinkled blood t' apply,
Send him our ſouls to ſanctify,
And ſhew, and ſeal us ever thine.

3 So ſhall we pray, and never ceaſe,
So ſhall we thankfully confeſs
Thy wiſdom, truth, and power, and love:
With joy unſpeakable adore,
And bleſs, and praiſe thee evermore,
And ſerve thee as thy hoſts above.

4 Till added to that heavenly choir,
We raiſe our ſongs of triumph higher,
And praiſe thee in a bolder ſtrain;
Out-ſoar the firſt-born Seraph's flight,
And ſing, with all our friends in light,
Thy everlaſting love to man.

HYMN CCCLXVII. [*Canterbury.*

1 WHAT ſhall I do my God to love?
My Saviour and the world's to praiſe?
Whoſe bowels of compaſſion move
To me and all the fallen race?
Whoſe mercy is divinely free,
For all the fallen race, and me!

2 I long to know, and to make known,
The heights and depths of love divine!
The kindneſs thou to me haſt ſhewn,
Whoſe every ſin was counted thine!
My God for me reſign'd his breath!
He died to ſave my ſoul from death!

3 How ſhall I thank thee for the grace
On me and all mankind beſtow'd?
O that my every breath were praiſe!
O that my heart were fill'd with God!
My heart would then with love o'erflow,
And all my life thy glory ſhew.

4 See me, O Lord, athirſt and faint;
Me, weary of forbearing, ſee!
And let me feel thy love's conſtraint,
And freely give up all for thee!
True in the fiery trial prove,
And pay thee back thy dying love.

HYMN CCCLXVIII. [112*th Pſalm.*

1 O Love, I languiſh at thy ſtay!
I pine for thee with lingring ſmart!
Weary and faint through long delay:
When wilt thou come into my heart?
From ſin and ſorrow ſet me free,
And ſwallow up my ſoul in thee!

2 Come, O thou univerſal Good!
Balm of the wounded conſcience, come!
The hungry, dying ſpirit's food,
The weary, wandring pilgrim's home;
Haven to take the ſhipwreck'd in,
My everlaſting reſt from ſin!

3 Be thou, O Love, whate'er I want;
Support my feebleneſs of mind:
Relieve the thirſty ſoul, the faint
Revive, illuminate the blind:
The mournful cheer, the drooping lead,
And heal the ſick, and raiſe the dead.

4 Come, O my comfort and delight!
My ſtrength, and health, my ſhield and ſun!
My boaſt, and confidence, and might,
My joy, my glory, and my crown!
My goſpel-hope, my calling's prize;
My tree of life, my paradiſe.

6 The ſecret of the Lord thou art,
The myſtery ſo long unknown,
Chriſt in a pure and perfect heart;
The name inſcribed in the white ſtone:
The life divine, the little leaven,
My precious pearl, my preſent heaven.

HYMN CCCLXIX. [*Frankfort.*

2 PRISONERS of hope, lift up your heads!
The day of liberty draws near!
Jeſus, who on the Serpent treads,
Shall ſoon in your behalf appear:
The Lord will to his temple come;
Prepare your hearts to make him room.

2 Ye all ſhall find, whom in his word
Himſelf hath cauſed to put your truſt,
The Father of our dying Lord
Is ever to his promiſe juſt;
Faithful, if we our ſins confeſs,
To cleanſe from all unrighteouſneſs.

3 Yes, Lord, we muſt believe thee kind;
Thou never canſt unfaithful prove:
Surely we ſhall thy mercy find!
Who aſk, ſhall all receive thy love:
Nor canſt thou it to me deny:
I aſk, the chief of ſinners I!

4 O ye of fearful hearts be ſtrong!
Your down-caſt eyes and hands lift up!
Ye ſhall not be forgotten long:
Hope to the end, in Jeſus hope!
Tell him, ye wait his grace to prove;
And cannot fail, if God is love.

5 Priſoners of hope, be ſtrong, be bold!
Caſt off your doubts, diſdain to fear!
Dare to believe! on Chriſt lay hold!
Wreſtle with Chriſt in mighty prayer:
Tell him, "We will not let thee go,
Till we thy name, thy nature know."

6 Haſt thou not died to purge our ſin;
And roſe, thy death for us to plead?
To write thy law of love within
Our hearts, and make us free indeed?
That we our Eden might regain,
Thou diedſt, and couldſt not die in vain.

7 Lord, we believe, and wait the hour,
Which all thy great ſalvation brings;
The ſpirit of love, and health, and power,
Shall come, and make us prieſts and kings,
Thou wilt perform thy faithful word,
"The ſervant ſhall be as his Lord."

8 The promiſe ſtands for ever ſure,
And we ſhall in thine image ſhine,
Partakers of a nature pure,
Holy, angelical, divine;
In ſpirit join'd to thee the Son,
As thou art with thy Father one.

9. Faithful

9 Faithful and true, we now receive
The promiſe ratified by thee:
To thee, the when and how we leave,
In time and in eternity:
We only hang upon thy word,
"The ſervant ſhall be as his Lord."

HYMN CCCLXX. [*Paris.*

1 WHEN, my Saviour, ſhall I be
Perfectly reſign'd to thee;
Poor and vile in my own eyes,
Only in thy wiſdom wiſe!

2 Only thee content to know,
Ignorant of all below:
Only guided by thy light,
Only mighty in thy might!

3 So I may thy Spirit know,
Let him as he liſteth blow:
Let the manner be unknown,
So I may with thee be one.

4 Fully in my life expreſs
All the heights of holineſs;
Sweetly let my ſpirit prove
All the depths of humble love.

HYMN CCCLXXI. [*Amſterdam.*

Zachariah, chap. iv. ver. 7.

1 O Great mountain, who art thou
Immenſe, immoveable?
High as heaven aſpires thy brow,
Thy foot ſinks deep as hell.

Thee, alas, I long have known,
Long have felt thee fixt within;
Still beneath thy weight I groan:
Thou art indwelling ſin.

2 Thou art darkneſs in my mind,
Perverſeneſs in my will!
Love inordinate and blind,
That always cleaves to ill:
Every paſſion's wild exceſs;
Anger, luſt, and pride thou art:
Thou art ſin and ſinfulneſs,
And unbelief of heart.

3 Not by human might or power
Canſt thou be mov'd from hence:
But thou ſhalt flow down before
Divine Omnipotence;
My Zerubbabel is near;
I have not believ'd in vain;
Thou, when Jeſus doth appear,
Shalt ſink into a plain.

4 Chriſt the head, the corner-ſtone,
Shall be brought forth in me:
Glory be to Chriſt alone!
His grace ſhall ſet me free.
I ſhall ſhout my Saviour's name;
Him I evermore ſhall praiſe:
All the work of grace proclaim,
Of ſanctifying grace.

5 Chriſt hath the foundation laid,
And Chriſt ſhall build me up:
Surely I ſhall ſoon be made
Partaker of my hope;
Author of my faith he is,
He its finiſher ſhall be:
Perfect love ſhall ſeal me his
To all eternity.

HYMN CCCLXXII. [*Amsterdam.*

1 WHO hath slighted or contemn'd
The day of feeble things?
I shall be by grace redeem'd;
'Tis grace salvation brings;
Ready now my Saviour stands!
Him I now rejoice to see
With the plummet in his hands,
To build and finish me.

2 I right early shall awake
And see the perfect day;
Soon the Lamb of God shall take
My inbred-sin away:
When to me my Lord shall come,
Sin for ever shall depart;
Jesus takes up all the room
In a believing heart.

3 Son of God, arise, arise,
And to thy temple come!
Look, and with thy flaming eyes,
The man of sin consume;
Slay him with thy spirit, Lord!
Reign thou in my heart alone!
Speak the sanctifying word,
And seal me all thy own.

HYMN CCCLXXIII. [*Liverpool.*

1 I Know that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me:
A token of his love he gives,
A pledge of liberty.

2 I find him lifting up my head,
He brings salvation near;
His presence makes me free indeed;
And he will soon appear.

3 He wills that I ſhould holy be;
What can withſtand his will?
The counſel of his grace to me
He ſurely ſhall fulfil.

4 Jeſus, I hang upon thy word;
I ſtedfaſtly believe,
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to thyſelf receive.

5 Joyful in hope my ſpirit ſoars
To meet thee from above;
Thy goodneſs thankfully adores:
And ſure I taſte thy love.

6 Thy love I ſoon expect to find
In all its depth and height;
To comprehend th' Eternal Mind,
And graſp the Infinite.

7 When God is mine, and I am his,
Of paradiſe poſſeſt,
I taſte unutterable bliſs,
And everlaſting reſt.

8 The bliſs of thoſe that fully dwell,
Fully in thee believe;
'Tis more than angel-tongues can tell,
Or angel minds conceive.

9 Thou only know'ſt, who didſt obtain,
And die to make it known;
The great ſalvation now explain,
And perfect us in one.

HYMN CCCLXXIV. [*Weſtminſter.*

1 LOVE divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown!

Jeſu,

Jeſu, thou art all compaſſion!
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Viſit us with thy ſalvation!
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always bleſſing;
Serve thee as thy hoſts above;
Pray, and praiſe thee without ceaſing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

3 Finiſh then thy new creation,
Pure and ſpotleſs let us be:
Let us ſee thy great ſalvation,
Perfectly reſtored in 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.

HYMN CCCLXXV. [*St. Luke's.*

1 ARM of the Lord awake, away,
Thine own immortal ſtrength put on!
With terror clothed, hell's kingdom ſhake,
And caſt thy foes with fury down!

2 As in the ancient days appear!
The ſacred annals ſpeak thy fame:
Be now omnipotently near,
To endleſs ages ſtill the ſame.

3 Thy arm, Lord, is not ſhortened now;
It wants not now the power to ſave:
Still preſent with thy people, thou
Bear'ſt them through life's diſparted wave.

4 By death and hell purſued in vain,
To thee the ranſom'd ſeed ſhall come;
Shouting their heavenly Sion gain,
And paſs through death triumphant home.

5 The pain of life ſhall there be o'er,
The anguiſh and diſtracting care;
There ſighing grief ſhall weep no more,
And ſin ſhall never enter there.

6 Where pure, eſſential joy is found,
The Lord's redeem'd their heads ſhall raiſe,
With everlaſting gladneſs crowned,
And filled with love, and loſt in praiſe.

HYMN CCCLXXVI. [*Olney.*

1 PRISONERS of hope, ariſe,
And ſee your Lord appear!
Lo! on the wings of love he flies,
And brings redemption near.
Redemption in his blood
He calls you to receive:
Look unto me, the pardoning God!
Believe, he cries, believe!

2 The reconciling word,
We thankfully embrace:
Rejoice in our redeeming Lord,
A blood-beſprinkled race.
We yield to be ſet free:
Thy counſel we approve;
Salvation, praiſe aſcribe to thee,
And glory in thy love.

3 Jeſu, to thee we look,
Till ſav'd from ſin's remains:
Reject the inbred tyrant's yoke,
And caſt away his chains.

Our

Our nature ſhall no more
O'er us dominion have:
By faith we apprehend the power,
Which ſhall for ever ſave.

HYMN CCCLXXVII. [*Purcell's.*

1 O That my load of ſin were gone!
O that I could at laſt ſubmit!
At Jeſu's feet to lay it down,
To lay my ſoul at Jeſu's feet!

2 Reſt for my ſoul I long to find,
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And ſtamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred ſin,
And fully ſet my ſpirit free:
I cannot reſt, till pure within,
Till I am wholly loſt in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee my God,
Thy light and eaſy burden prove;
The croſs all ſtain'd with hallow'd blood,
The labour of thy dying love.

5 I would; but thou muſt give the power,
My heart from every ſin releaſe:
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

6 Come, Lord! the drooping ſinner cheer,
Nor let thy chariot-wheels delay!
Appear, in my poor heart appear!
My God, my Saviour, come away!

HYMN CCCLXXVIII. [*Trinity.*

1 O Jeſus, at thy feet we wait,
Till thou ſhalt bid us riſe,
Reſtored to our unſinning ſtate,
To love's ſweet paradiſe.

2 Saviour from ſin we thee receive,
From all indwelling ſin;
Thy blood, we ſtedfaſtly believe,
Shall make us throughly clean.

3 Since thou wouldſt have us free from ſin,
And pure as thoſe above;
Make haſte to bring thy nature in,
And perfect us in love.

4 The counſel of thy love fulfil:
Come quickly, gracious Lord!
Be it according to thy will,
According to thy word.

5 According to our faith in thee
Let it to us be done:
O that we all thy face might ſee,
And know, as we are known!

6 O that the perfect grace were given,
The love diffuſed abroad!
O that our hearts were all a heaven,
For ever fill'd with God!

HYMN CCCLXXIX. [*Dedication.*

1 SINCE the Son hath made me free,
Let me taſte my liberty;
Thee behold with open face,
Triumph in thy ſaving grace!

Thy

Thy great will delight to prove,
Glory in thy perfect love.

2 Abba, Father! hear thy child,
Late in Jeſus reconcil'd:
Hear, and all the graces ſhower,
All the joy, and peace, and power;
All my Saviour aſks above,
All the life, and heaven of love.

3 Lord, I will not let thee go,
Till the bleſſing thou beſtow;
Hear my Advocate divine!
Lo! to his my ſuit I join:
Join'd to his, it cannot fail:
Bleſs me; for I *will* prevail.

4 Heavenly Father, Life divine,
Change my nature into thine!
Move, and ſpread throughout my ſoul;
Actuate, and fill the whole!
Be it I no longer now
Living in the fleſh, but Thou.

5 Holy Ghoſt, no more delay!
Come, and in thy temple ſtay!
Now thine inward witneſs bear,
Strong, and permanent, and clear:
Spring of life thyſelf impart:
Riſe eternal in my heart!

SECTION

SECTION VIII.

For Believers brought to the Birth.

HYMN CCCLXXX. [*Zoar.*

Ezekiel, chap. xxxvi. 26, &c.

Part the First.

1 GOD of all power, and truth, and grace,
Which ſhall from age to age endure;
Whoſe word, when heaven and earth ſhall paſs,
Remains and ſtands for ever ſure:

2 That I thy mercy may proclaim,
That all mankind thy truth may ſee;
Hallow thy great and glorious name,
And perfect holineſs in me.

3 Thy ſanctifying ſpirit pour,
To quench my thirſt, and make me clean;
Now, Father, let the gracious ſhower
Deſcend, and make me pure from ſin.

4 O take this heart of ſtone away!
Thy ſway it doth not, cannot own:
In me no longer let it ſtay;
O take away this heart of ſtone!

5 O that I now, from ſin releas'd,
Thy word may to the utmoſt prove:
Enter into the promis'd reſt,
The Canaan of thy perfect love.

6 Father, ſupply my every need!
Suſtain the life thyſelf haſt given;
Call for the never-failing bread,
The manna that comes down from heaven.

7 The

7 The gracious fruits of righteouſneſs,
Thy bleſſing's unexhauſted ſtore,
In me abundantly increaſe,
Nor let me ever hunger more!

8 Let me no more in deep complaint
"My leanneſs, O my leanneſs" cry!
Alone conſum'd with pining want,
Of all my Father's children I.

9 The painful thirſt, the fond deſire,
Thy joyous preſence ſhall remove!
But my full ſoul ſhall ſtill require
A whole eternity of love.

HYMN CCCLXXXI. [*Zoar.*

Part the Second.

1 HOLY, and true, and righteous Lord,
I wait to prove thy perfect will;
Be mindful of thy gracious word,
And ſtamp me with thy ſpirit's ſeal.

2 Open my faith's interior eye:
Diſplay thy glory from above;
And all I am ſhall ſink and die,
Loſt in aſtoniſhment and love!

3 Confound, o'erpower me by thy grace;
I would be by myſelf abhorr'd:
All might, all majeſty, all praiſe,
All glory be to Chriſt my Lord!

4 Now let me gain perfection's height;
Now let me into nothing fall;
As leſs than nothing in thy ſight,
And feel that Chriſt is all in all!

HYMN CCCLXXXII. [*Marienburn.*

1 O God of our forefathers, hear!
And make thy faithful mercies known;
To thee, through Jeſus we draw near,
Thy ſuffering, well-beloved Son;
In whom thy ſmiling face we ſee,
In whom thou art well-pleaſed with me.

2 With ſolemn faith we offer up,
And ſpread before thy glorious eyes,
That only ground of all our hope,
That precious, bleeding ſacrifice,
Which brings thy grace on ſinners down,
And perfects all our ſouls in one.

3 Acceptance through his only name,
Forgiveneſs in his blood we have:
But more abundant life we claim,
Through him who died our ſouls to ſave,
To ſanctify us by his blood,
And fill with all the life of God.

4 Father, behold thy dying Son,
And hear the blood that ſpeaks above!
On us let all thy grace be ſhewn:
Peace, righteouſneſs, and joy, and love;
Thy kingdom come to every heart,
And all thou haſt, and all thou art!

HYMN CCCLXXXIII. [*Invitation.*

1 O God, to whom in fleſh reveal'd,
The helpleſs all for ſuccour came;
The ſick to be reliev'd and heal'd,
And found ſalvation in thy name:

2 With publicans and harlots I,
In theſe thy ſpirit's goſpel-days,
To thee the ſinner's friend draw nigh,
And humbly ſue for ſaving grace.

3 Thou

3 Thou ſeeſt me helpleſs and diſtreſt,
Feeble, and faint, and blind, and poor:
Weary, I come to thee for reſt,
And ſick of ſin, implore a cure.

4 My ſin's incurable diſeaſe,
Thou, Jeſus, thou alone canſt heal:
Inſpire me with thy power and peace,
And pardon on my conſcience ſeal.

5 A touch, a word, a look from thee,
Can turn my heart, and make it clean;
Purge the foul inbred leproſy,
And ſave me from my boſom-ſin.

6 Lord, if thou wilt, I do believe,
Thou canſt the ſaving grace impart;
Thou canſt this inſtant now forgive,
And ſtamp thine image on my heart.

7 My heart, which now to thee I raiſe,
I know thou canſt this moment cleanſe;
The deepeſt ſtains of ſin efface,
And drive the evil ſpirit hence.

8 Be it according to thy word!
Accompliſh now thy work in me;
And let my ſoul, to health reſtor'd,
Devote its little all to thee!

HYMN CCCLXXXIV. [*Eveſham.*

1 O Thou whom once they flock'd to hear!
Thy words to hear, thy power to feel;
Suffer the ſinners to draw near,
And graciouſly receive us ſtill.

2 They that be whole, thyſelf haſt ſaid,
No need of a phyſician have;
But I am ſick, and want thine aid,
And want thy utmoſt power to ſave.

3 Thy

3 Thy power, and truth, and love divine,
The ſame from age to age endure:
A word, a gracious word of thine,
The moſt inveterate plague can cure.

4 Helpleſs howe'er my ſpirit lies,
(And long hath languiſh'd) at the pool,
A word of thine ſhall make me riſe,
And ſpeak me in a moment whole.

5 Eighteen, or eight and thirty years,
Or thouſands are alike to thee:
Soon as thy ſaving grace appears,
My plague is gone; my heart is free.

6 Make this the acceptable hour!
Come, O my ſoul's phyſician, thou!
Diſplay thy ſanctifying power,
And ſhew me thy ſalvation now.

HYMN CCCLXXXV. [*Dreſden.*

1 JESU, thy far extended fame
My drooping ſoul exults to hear:
Thy name, thy all reſtoring name,
Is muſic in a ſinner's ear.

2 Sinners of old thou didſt receive,
With comfortable words and kind;
Their ſorrows cheer, their wants relieve,
Heal the diſeaſed, and cure the blind.

3 And art thou not the Saviour ſtill,
In every place and age the ſame?
Haſt thou forgot thy gracious ſkill,
Or loſt the virtue of thy name?

4 Faith in thy changeleſs name I have;
The good, the kind phyſician thou
Art able now our ſouls to ſave,
Art willing to reſtore them now.

5 Though

5 Though ſeventeen hundred years are paſt,
Since thou didſt in the fleſh appear,
Thy tender mercies ever laſt;
And ſtill thy healing power is here.

6 Wouldſt thou the body's health reſtore,
And not regard the ſin-ſick ſoul?
The ſin-ſick ſoul thou lov'ſt much more,
And ſurely thou ſhalt make it whole.

7 All my diſeaſe, my every ſin,
To thee, O Jeſus, I confeſs:
In pardon, Lord, my cure begin,
And perfect it in holineſs.

8 That token of thine utmoſt good
Now, Saviour, now on me beſtow;
And purge my conſcience with thy blood,
And waſh my nature white as ſnow.

HYMN CCCLXXXVI. [*Bray's.*

1 SAVIOUR of the ſin-ſick ſoul,
Give me faith to make me whole!
Finiſh thy great work of grace!
Cut it ſhort in righteouſneſs.

2 Speak the ſecond time, "Be clean!"
Take away my inbred ſin:
Every ſtumbling-block remove;
Caſt it out by perfect love.

3 Nothing leſs will I require;
Nothing more can I deſire:
None but Chriſt to me be given!
None but Chriſt in earth or heaven.

4 O that I might now decreaſe!
O that all I am might ceaſe!
Let me into nothing fall!
Let my Lord be all in all!

HYMN CCCLXXXVII. [*Weſtminſter.*

1 LIGHT of life, ſeraphic fire,
Love divine, thyſelf impart ;
Every fainting ſoul inſpire :
Shine in every drooping heart !
Every mournful ſinner cheer :
Scatter all our guilty gloom !
Son of God, appear, appear ;
To thy human temples come !

2 Come in this accepted hour ;
Bring thy heavenly kingdom in !
Fill us with the glorious power,
Rooting out the ſeeds of ſin :
Nothing more can we require ;
We will covet nothing leſs :
Be thou all our heart's deſire,
All our joy, and all our peace !

HYMN CCCLXXXVIII. [*Cookham.*

1 JESUS comes with all his grace,
Comes to ſave a fallen race ;
Object of our glorious hope,
Jeſus comes to lift us up !

2 Let the living-ſtones cry out !
Let the ſons of Abraham ſhout :
Praiſe we all our lowly King :
Give him thanks ; rejoice and ſing.

3 He hath our ſalvation wrought ;
He our captive ſouls hath bought :
He hath reconcil'd to God :
He hath waſh'd us in his blood.

4 We are now his lawful right :
Walk as children of the light,

We ſhall ſoon obtain the grace,
Pure in heart to ſee his face.

5 We ſhall gain our calling's prize;
After God we all ſhall riſe,
Fill'd with joy, and love, and peace,
Perfected in holineſs.

6 Let us then rejoice in hope,
Steadily to Chriſt look up;
Truſt to be redeem'd from ſin,
Wait, till he appears within.

7 Fools and madmen let us be,
Yet is our ſure truſt in thee:
Faithful is the promis'd word,
We ſhall all be as our Lord!

8 Haſten, Lord, the perfect day!
Let thy every ſervant ſay,
I have now obtain'd the power,
Born of God, to ſin no more.

HYMN CCCLXXXIX. [*Norwich.*

All things are poſſible to him that believeth, Mark ix. 23.

1 ALL things are poſſible to him
That can in Jeſu's name believe:
Lord, I no more thy truth blaſpheme,
Thy truth I lovingly receive;
I can, I do believe in thee,
All things are poſſible to me.

2 The moſt impoſſible of all
Is that I e'er from ſin ſhould ceaſe;
Yet ſhall it be, I know it ſhall;
Jeſus, look to thy faithfulneſs!
If nothing is too hard for thee,
All things are poſſible to me.

3 Though

3 Thou earth and hell the word gain-ſay,
The word of God can never fail:
The Lamb ſhall take my ſins away,
'Tis certain though impoſſible:
The thing impoſſible ſhall be:
All things are poſſible to me.

4 When thou the work of faith haſt wrought,
I here ſhall in thine image ſhine,
Nor ſin in deed, or word, or thought:
Let men exclaim, and fiends repine,
They cannot break the firm decree;
All things are poſſible to me.

5 Thy mouth, O Lord, hath ſpoke, hath ſworn,
That I ſhall ſerve thee without fear;
Shall find the pearl, which others ſpurn,
Holy, and pure, and perfect here;
The ſervant as his Lord ſhall be:
All things are poſſible to me.

6 All things are poſſible to God,
To Chriſt the power of God in man,
To me, when I am all renew'd,
When I in Chriſt am form'd again,
And witneſs, from all ſin ſet free,
All things are poſſible to me.

HYMN CCCXC. [*Amſterdam.*

1 O Might I this moment ceaſe
From every work of mine!
Find the perfect holineſs,
The righteouſneſs divine!
Let me thy ſalvation ſee:
Let me do thy perfect will;
Live in glorious liberty,
And all thy fulneſs feel,

2 O cut ſhort the work, and make
Me now a creature new!
For thy truth and mercy's ſake
The gracious wonder ſhew;
Call me forth thy witneſs, Lord!
Let my life declare thy power:
To thy perfect love reſtor'd,
O let me ſin no more!

3 Fain would I the truth proclaim,
That makes me free indeed:
Glorify my Saviour's name,
And all its virtues ſpread:
Jeſus all our wants relieves:
Jeſus mighty to redeem,
Saves, and to the utmoſt ſaves,
All thoſe that come to him.

4 Perfect then thy mighty power
In a weak, ſinful worm!
All my ſins deſtroy, devour,
And all my ſoul transform!
Now apply thy ſpirit's ſeal!
O come quickly from above!
Empty me of ſin, and fill
With all the life of love!

HYMN CCCXCI. [*Wedneſbury.*

1 LORD, I believe a reſt remains
To all thy people known;
A reſt, where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art loved alone.

2 A reſt, where all our ſoul's deſire
Is fixt on things above;
Where fear, and ſin, and grief expire,
Caſt out by perfect love.

3 O that I now the reſt might know,
Believe, and enter in!
Now, Saviour, now the power beſtow,
And let me ceaſe from ſin!

4 Remove this hardneſs from my heart,
This unbelief remove:
To me the reſt of faith impart,
The ſabbath of thy love.

5 I would be thine, thou know'ſt I would,
And have thee all my own;
Thee, O my all ſufficient good!
I want, and thee alone.

6 Thy name to me, thy nature grant!
This, only this, be given:
Nothing beſide my God I want,
Nothing in earth or heaven.

7 Come, O my Saviour, come away!
Into my ſoul deſcend!
No longer from thy creature ſtay,
My author, and my end!

8 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
And ſeal me thine abode!
Let all I am in thee be loſt,
Let all be loſt in God!

HYMN CCCXCII. [*Muſician's.*

1 O Glorious hope of perfect love!
It lifts me up to things above;
It bears on Eagles' wings:
It gives my raviſh'd ſoul a taſte,
And makes me for ſome moments feaſt
With Jeſu's prieſts and kings.

2 Rejoicing now in earneſt hope,
I ſtand, and from the mountain-top
See all the land below:
Rivers of milk and honey riſe,
And all the fruits of paradiſe
In endleſs plenty grow.

3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favour'd with God's peculiar ſmile,
With every bleſſing bleſt;
There dwells the Lord our Righteouſneſs,
And keeps his own in perfect peace,
And everlaſting reſt.

4 O that I might at once go up!
No more on this ſide Jordan ſtop,
But now the land poſſeſs!
This moment end my legal years;
Sorrows, and ſins, and doubts, and fears
A howling wilderneſs.

5 Now, O my Joſhua, bring me in!
Caſt out thy foes; the inbred ſin,
The carnal mind remove:
The purchaſe of thy death divide;
And O, with all the ſanctified!
Give me a lot of love.

HYMN CCCXCIII. [*Benley.*

1 O Joyful ſound of goſpel-grace!
Chriſt ſhall in me appear!
I, even I, ſhall ſee his face;
I ſhall be holy here!

2 The glorious crown of righteouſneſs
To me reach'd out I view:
Conqueror through him, I ſoon ſhall ſeize,
And wear it as my due.

3 The promis'd land from Pisgah's top
I now exult to see:
My hope is full (O glorious hope!)
Of immortality.

4 He visits now the house of clay:
He shakes his future home:
O wouldst thou, Lord, on this glad day,
Into thy temple come!

5 With me I know, I feel thou art;
But this cannot suffice,
Unless thou plantest in my heart
A constant paradise.

6 My earth thou water'st from on high:
But make it all a pool:
Spring up, O well, I ever cry,
Spring up within my soul!

7 Come, O my God, thyself reveal!
Fill all this mighty void:
Thou only canst my spirit fill:
Come, O my God, my God!

8 Fulfil, fulfil my large desires!
Large as infinity:
Give, give me all my soul requires!
All, all that is in thee!

HYMN CCCXCIV. [*Aldrich.*

1 WHAT is our calling's glorious hope,
But inward holiness?
For this to Jesus I look up,
I calmly wait for this.

2 I wait, till he shall touch me clean,
Shall life and power impart,
Give me the faith that casts out sin,
And purifies the heart.

3 This is the dear redeeming grace,
For every ſinner free:
Surely it ſhall on me take place,
The chief of ſinners, me.

4 From all iniquity, from all
He ſhall my ſoul redeem:
In Jeſus I believe, and ſhall
Believe myſelf to him.

5 When Jeſus makes my heart his home,
My ſin ſhall all depart:
And lo! he ſaith, I quickly come,
To fill and rule thy heart!

6 Be it according to thy word!
Redeem me from all ſin;
My heart would now receive thee, Lord:
Come in, my Lord, come in!

HYMN CCCXCV. [*Amſterdam.*

1 NONE is like Jeſhurun's God!
So great, ſo ſtrong, ſo high!
Lo! he ſpreads his wings abroad,
He rides upon the ſky!
Iſrael is his firſt-born ſon;
God, th' almighty God, is thine,
See him to thy help come down,
The excellence divine.

2 Thee the great Jehovah deigns
To ſuccour and defend:
Thee th' eternal God ſuſtains,
Thy Maker and thy Friend:
Sinner, what haſt thou to dread?
Safe from all impending harms,
Round thee, and beneath are ſpread
The everlaſting arms.

3 God is thine; diſdain to fear
The enemy within:
God ſhall in thy fleſh appear,
And make an end of ſin;
God the man of ſin ſhall ſlay,
Fill thee with triumphant joy:
God ſhall thruſt him out, and ſay,
Deſtroy them all, deſtroy!

4 All the ſtruggle then is o'er,
And wars and fightings ceaſe;
Iſrael then ſhall ſin no more,
But dwell in perfect peace.
All his enemies are gone:
Sin ſhall have in him no part:
Iſrael now ſhall dwell alone,
With Jeſus in his heart.

5 In a land of corn and wine
His lot ſhall be below:
Comforts there and bleſſings join,
And milk and honey flow.
Jacob's well is in his ſoul:
Gracious dew his heavens diſtil;
Fill his ſoul, already full,
And ſhall for ever fill.

6 Bleſt, O Iſrael, art thou!
What people is like thee?
Sav'd from ſin by Jeſus now
Thou art, and ſtill ſhalt be.
Jeſus is thy ſeven-fold ſhield,
Jeſus is thy flaming ſword:
Earth, and hell, and ſin ſhall yield
To God's almighty word.

HYMN CCCXCVI. [*Athlone.*

1 HE wills that I ſhould holy be;
That holineſs I long to feel;
That full divine conformity
To all my Saviour's righteous will.

2 See, Lord, the travail of thy ſoul
Accompliſh'd in the change of mine;
And plunge me, every whit made whole,
In all the depths of love divine!

3 On thee, O God, my ſoul is ſtay'd,
And wait to prove thine utmoſt will;
The promiſe, by thy mercy made,
Thou canſt, thou wilt in me fulfil.

4 No more I ſtagger at thy power,
Or doubt thy truth which cannot move:
Haſten the long-expected hour,
And bleſs me with thy perfect love.

5 Jeſus, thy loving ſpirit alone
Can lead me forth, and make me free;
Burſt every bond through which I groan,
And ſet my heart at liberty.

6 Now let thy ſpirit bring me in,
And give thy ſervant to poſſeſs
The land of reſt from inbred ſin,
The land of perfect holineſs.

7 Lord, I believe thy power the ſame,
The ſame thy truth and grace endure;
And in thy bleſſed hands I am,
And truſt thee for a perfect cure.

8 Come, Saviour, come, and make me whole!
Entirely all my ſins remove:
To perfect health reſtore my ſoul,
To perfect holineſs and love.

HYMN CCCXCVII. [*Leeds.*

1 JESUS, my Lord, I cry to thee,
Againſt the ſpirit unclean:
I want a conſtant liberty,
A perfect reſt from ſin.

2 Expel the fiend out of my heart,
By love's almighty power;
Now, now command him to depart,
And never enter more.

3 Thy killing and thy quickning power,
Jeſus, in me diſplay;
The life of nature, from this hour,
My pride and paſſion ſlay.

4 Then, then, my utmoſt Saviour, raiſe
My ſoul with ſaints above,
To ſerve thy will, and ſpread thy praiſe,
And ſing thy perfect love.

5 This moment I thy truth confeſs;
This moment I receive
The heavenly gift, the dew of grace,
And by thy mercy live.

6 The next, and every moment, Lord,
On me thy ſpirit pour;
And bleſs me, who believe thy word,
With that laſt glorious ſhower!

HYMN CCCXCVIII. [*Brentford.*

1 FATHER, I dare believe
Thee merciful and true:
Thou wilt my guilty ſoul forgive,
My fallen ſoul renew.

2 Come

2 Come then for Jeſu's ſake,
And bid my heart be clean;
An end of all my troubles make,
An end of all my ſin.

3 I will, through grace I will,
I do return to thee:
Take, empty it, O Lord, and fill
My heart with purity!

4 For power I feebly pray:
Thy kingdom now reſtore!
To-day, while it is call'd to-day!
And I ſhall ſin no more.

5 I cannot waſh my heart,
But by believing thee;
And waiting for thy blood t' impart
The ſpotleſs purity.

6 While at thy croſs I lie,
Jeſu thy grace beſtow:
Now thy all-cleanſing blood apply,
And I am white as ſnow.

HYMN CCCXCIX. [*Dedication.*

1 WHY not now, my God, my God!
Ready if thou always art,
Make in me thy mean abode,
Take poſſeſſion of my heart:
If thou canſt ſo greatly bow,
Friend of ſinners, why not now?

2 God of love, in this my day,
For thyſelf to thee I cry;
Dying if thou ſtill delay,
Muſt I not for ever die?
Enter now the pooreſt home:
Now, my utmoſt Saviour, come!

HYMN CCCC. [*Smith's.*

1 Kings, chap. xviii.

1 THOU God that anſwereſt by fire,
On thee in Jeſu's name we call;
Fulfil our faithful heart's deſire,
And let on us thy ſpirit fall.

2 Bound on the altar of thy croſs,
My old, offending nature lies;
Now for the honour of thy cauſe,
Come, and conſume the ſacrifice!

3 Conſume our luſts as rotten wood,
Conſume our ſtony heart within;
Conſume the duſt, the ſerpent's food,
And lick up all the ſtreams of ſin.

4 Its body totally deſtroy!
Thyſelf the Lord, the God approve!
And fill our hearts with holy joy,
And fervent zeal, and perfect love.

5 O that the fire from heaven might fall!
Our ſins its ready victims find:
Seize on our ſins, and burn up all,
Nor leave the leaſt remains behind.

6 Then ſhall our proſtrate ſouls adore;
The Lord, he is the God, confeſs:
He is the God of ſaving power!
He is the God of hallowing grace!

HYMN CCCCI. [*Kingswood.*

1 ONCE thou didſt on earth appear,
For all mankind to atone;
Now be manifeſted here,
And bid our ſin be gone!

Come,

Come, and by thy presence chase
  Its nature, with its guilt and power!
Jesu, shew thy open face,
  And sin shall be no more.

2 Thou, who didst so greatly stoop
  To a poor virgin's womb,
Here thy mean abode take up:
  To me, my Saviour, come!
Come, and Satan's works destroy,
  And let me all thy Godhead prove,
Fill'd with peace, and heavenly joy,
  And pure, eternal love.

3 Then my soul with strange delight
  Shall comprehend and feel,
What the length and breadth, and height,
  Of love unspeakable.
Then I shall the secret know,
  Which angels would search out in vain;
God was man, and serv'd below,
  That man with God might reign.

4 Father, Son, and Spirit, come,
  And with thine own abide!
Holy Ghost, to make thee room,
  Our hearts we open wide;
Thee, and only thee request,
  To every asking sinner given;
Come, our life, and peace, and rest,
  Our all in earth and heaven!

HYMN CCCCII. [*Hamilton's.*

1 NOW, even now, I yield, I yield,
  With all my sins to part:
Jesus, speak my pardon seal'd,
  And purify my heart!

Purge the love of ſin away,
  Then I into nothing fall:
Then I ſee the perfect day,
  And Chriſt is all in all.

2 Jeſu, now our hearts inſpire
  With that pure love of thine;
Kindle now the heavenly fire,
  To brighten and refine;
Purify our faith like gold;
  All the droſs of ſin remove:
Melt our ſpirits down, and mould
  Into thy perfect love.

HYMN CCCCIII. [*Liverpool.*

1 JESUS hath died, that I might live,
  Might live to God alone;
In him eternal life receive,
  And be in ſpirit one.

2 Saviour, I thank thee for the grace,
  The gift unſpeakable;
And wait with arms of faith t' embrace,
  And all thy love to feel.

3 My ſoul breaks out in ſtrong deſire,
  The perfect bliſs to prove:
My longing heart is all on fire
  To be diſſolv'd in love.

4 Give me thyſelf: from every boaſt,
  From every wiſh ſet free;
Let all I am in thee be loſt:
  But give thyſelf to me!

5 Thy gifts, alas! cannot ſuffice,
  Unleſs thyſelf be given:
Thy preſence makes my paradiſe,
  And where thou art is heaven!

HYMN

HYMN CCCCIV. [*Brockmer's.*

1 I Aſk the gift of righteouſneſs,
The ſin-ſubduing power;
Power to believe, and go in peace,
And never grieve thee more.

2 I aſk the blood-bought pardon ſeal'd,
The liberty from ſin;
The grace infus'd, the love reveal'd,
The kindom fixt within.

3 Thou hear'ſt me for ſalvation pray;
Thou ſeeſt my heart's deſire;
Made ready in thy powerful day,
Thy fulneſs I require.

4 My vehement ſoul cries out oppreſt,
Impatient to be freed!
Nor can I, Lord, nor will I reſt,
Till I am ſav'd indeed.

5 Art thou not able to convert,
Art thou not willing too?
To change this old rebellious heart,
To conquer and renew?

6 Thou canſt, thou wilt, I dare believe,
So arm me with thy power;
So I to ſin ſhall never cleave,
Shall never feel it more.

HYMN CCCCV. [*Chimes.*

1 COME, O my God, the promiſe ſeal,
This mountain, ſin, remove!
Now in my gaſping ſoul reveal
The virtue of thy love.

2 I want thy life, thy purity,
Thy righteouſneſs brought in:
I aſk, deſire, and truſt in thee
To be redeem'd from ſin.

3 For this as taught by thee I pray,
And can no longer doubt!
Remove from hence, to ſin I ſay,
Be caſt this moment out!

4 Anger, and ſloth, deſire, and pride,
This moment be ſubdu'd!
Be caſt into the crimſon tide
Of my Redeemer's blood!

5 Saviour, to thee my ſoul looks up,
My preſent Saviour thou!
In all the confidence of hope
I claim the bleſſing now!

6 'Tis done! thou doſt this moment ſave,
With full ſalvation bleſs;
Redemption through thy blood I have,
And ſpotleſs love and peace.

SECTION IX.

For Believers ſaved.

HYMN CCCCVI. *Kingswood.*

1 GOD who didſt ſo dearly buy
These wretched ſouls of ours,
Help us thee to glorify
With all our ranſom'd powers:
Ours they are not, Lord, but thine:
O! let the veſſels of thy grace,
Body, ſoul, and ſpirit, join
In our Redeemer's praiſe!

2 True;

2 True, and faithful witneſs, thee,
O Jeſus, we receive!
Fulneſs of the Deity,
In all thy people live!
Firſt-begotten from the dead,
Call forth thy living witneſſes!
King of ſaints, thine empire ſpread,
O'er all the ranſom'd race.

3 Grace, the fountain of all good,
Ye happy ſaints receive,
With the ſtreams of peace o'erflow'd,
With all that God can give:
He, who is and was, in peace,
And grace, and plenitude of power,
Come your favour'd ſouls to bleſs,
And never leave you more.

4 Let the ſpirit before his throne,
Myſterious one and ſeven,
In his various gifts ſent down,
Be to the churches given:
Let the pure, ſeraphic joy,
From Jeſus Chriſt the juſt deſcend;
Holineſs without alloy,
And bliſs that ne'er ſhall end.

HYMN CCCCVII. [*Palmi's.*

1 QUICKEN'D with our immortal head,
Who daily, Lord, aſcend with thee,
Redeem'd from ſin and free indeed,
We taſte our glorious liberty.

2 Sav'd from the fear of hell and death,
With joy we ſeek the things above:
And all thy ſaints the ſpirit breathe,
Of power, ſobriety, and love.

3 Power

3 Power o'er the world, the fiend, and ſin,
We through thy gracious ſpirit feel;
Full power the victory to win,
And anſwer all thy righteous will.

4 Pure love to God thy members find,
Pure love to every ſoul of man;
And in thy ſober, ſpotleſs mind,
Saviour, our heaven on earth we gain.

HYMN CCCCVIII. [*Palmi's.*

1 YE faithful ſouls, who Jeſus know,
If riſen indeed, with him ye are,
Superior to the joys below,
His reſurrection's power declare.

2 Your faith by holy tempers prove:
By actions ſhew your ſins forgiven!
And ſeek the glorious things above,
And follow Chriſt your head to heaven!

3 There your exalted Saviour ſee,
Seated at God's right-hand again,
In all his Father's majeſty,
In everlaſting pomp to reign.

4 To him continually aſpire,
Contending for your native place:
And emulate the angel-choir,
And only live to love and praiſe.

5 For who by faith your Lord receive,
Ye nothing ſeek or want beſide:
Dead to the world and ſin ye live;
Your creature-love is crucified.

6 Your real life with Chriſt conceal'd,
Deep in the Father's boſom lies;
And glorious as your head reveal'd,
Ye ſoon ſhall meet him in the ſkies.

HYMN CCCCIX. [*Brantford.*

2 Tim. iv. 7.

1 "I The good fight have fought!"
O when shall I declare!
The vict'ry by my Saviour got,
I long with Paul to share.

2 O may I triumph so,
When all my warfare's past!
And dying find my lateſt foe
Under my feet at last!

3 This bleſſed word be mine,
Juſt as the port is gain'd;
"Kept by the power of grace divine,
I have the faith maintain'd."

4 Th' apoſtles of my Lord,
To whom it firſt was given,
They could not ſpeak a greater word,
Nor all the ſaints in heaven.

HYMN CCCCX. [*Angel-Song.*

1 LET not the wiſe his wiſdom boaſt;
The mighty glory in his might!
The rich in flattering riches truſt,
Which take their everlaſting flight.

2 The ruſh of numerous years bears down
The moſt gigantic ſtrength of man:
And where is all his wiſdom gone,
When duſt he turns to duſt again?

3 One only gift can juſtify
The boaſting ſoul that knows his God:
When Jeſus doth his blood apply,
I glory in his ſprinkled blood.

4 The Lord my righteouſneſs I praiſe:
I triumph in the love divine:
The wiſdom, wealth, and ſtrength of grace,
In Chriſt to endleſs ages mine.

HYMN CCCCXI. [*Kingswood.*

1 WHO can worthily commend
Thy love unſearchable!
Love, that made thee condeſcend,
Our curſe and death to feel:
Thou, the great, eternal God,
Who didſt thyſelf our ranſom pay,
Haſt, with thy own precious blood,
Waſh'd all our ſins away.

2 By the ſpirit of our head,
Anointed prieſts and kings,
Conquerors of the world, we tread
On all created things;
Sit in heavenly places down,
While yet we in the fleſh remain;
Now partakers of thy throne,
Before thy Father reign.

3 In thy members here beneath,
The interceſſor prays:
Here we in the ſpirit breathe
The quinteſſence of praiſe;
Offer up our all to God:
And God beholds, with gracious eyes,
Firſt the purchaſe of thy blood,
And then our ſacrifice.

4 Jeſus, let thy kingdom come!
(Inſpired by thee we pray,)
Previous to the general doom,
The everlaſting day:
Take poſſeſſion of thine own,
And let us then our Saviour ſee,
Glorious on thy heavenly throne,
To all eternity.

HYMN CCCCXII. [*Kingswood.*

1 US who climb thy holy hill,
A general bleſſing make:
Let the world our influence feel,
Our goſpel-grace partake:
Grace to help in time of need,
Pour out on ſinners from above;
All thy ſpirit's fulneſs ſhed,
In ſhowers of heavenly love.

2 Make our earthly ſouls a field,
Which God delights to bleſs:
Let us in due ſeaſon yield
The fruits of righteouſneſs:
Make us trees of paradiſe,
Which more and more thy praiſe may ſhew,
Deeper ſink, and higher riſe,
And to perfection grow.

HYMN CCCCXIII. [*Palmi's.*

1 THE voice that ſpeaks Jehovah near,
The ſtill, ſmall voice I long to hear;
O might it now my Lord proclaim,
And fill my ſoul with holy ſhame!

2 Aſhamed I muſt for ever be;
Afraid the God of love to ſee,
If ſaints and prophets hide their face,
And angels tremble while they gaze!

HYMN CCCCXIV. [*Lampe's.*

1 LORD, in the ſtrength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myſelf, my reſidue of days,
I conſecrate to thee.

2 Thy

2 Thy ranſom'd ſervant I
Reſtore to thee thy own;
And from this moment live or die
To ſerve my God alone.

HYMN CCCCXV. [*Foundery.*

1 GOD of all-redeeming grace,
By thy pardoning love compell'd,
Up to thee our ſouls we raiſe,
Up to thee our bodies yield;
Thou our ſacrifice receive,
Acceptable through thy Son,
While to thee alone we live,
While we die to thee alone.

2 Meet it is, and juſt, and right,
That we ſhould be wholly thine;
In thy only will delight,
In thy bleſſed ſervice join:
O that every work and word
Might proclaim how good thou art:
Holineſs unto the Lord
Still be wrote upon our heart

HYMN CCCCXVI. [*Spitalfields.*

1 LET him to whom we now belong,
His ſovereign right aſſert;
And take up every thankful ſong,
And ever loving heart.

2 He juſtly claims us for his own,
Who bought us with a price:
The Chriſtian lives to Chriſt alone,
To Chriſt alone he dies.

3 Jeſus, thine own at laſt receive!
Fulfil our heart's deſire!
And let us to thy glory live,
And in thy cauſe expire.

4 Our

4 Our ſouls and bodies we reſign:
With joy we render thee
Our all, no longer ours, but thine,
To all eternity.

HYMN CCCCXVII. [*Whitſunday.*

1 BEHOLD the ſervant of the Lord!
I wait thy guiding eye to feel,
To hear and keep thy every word,
To prove and do thy perfect will:
Joyful from my own works to ceaſe,
Glad to fulfil all righteouſneſs.

2 Me if thy grace vouchſafe to uſe,
Meaneſt of all thy creatures, me,
The deed, the time, the manner chuſe,
Let all my fruit be found of thee:
Let all my works in thee be wrought,
By thee to full perfection brought.

3 My every weak, though good deſign,
O'er-rule, or change as ſeems thee meet;
Jeſu, let all my work be thine!
Thy work, O Lord, is all compleat,
And pleaſing in thy Father's ſight;
Thou only haſt done all things right.

4 Here then to thee thy own I leave;
Mould as thou wilt thy paſſive clay:
But let me all thy ſtamp receive;
But let me all thy words obey:
Serve with a ſingle heart and eye,
And to thy glory live and die.

HYMN CCCCXVIII. [*Dedication.*

1 FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celeſtial hoſt
Let thy will on earth be done:
Praiſe by all to thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven!

2 Vileſt of the ſinful race,
Lo! I anſwer to thy call:
Meaneſt veſſel of thy grace,
Grace divinely free for all;
Lo! I come to do thy will,
All thy counſel to fulfil.

3 If ſo poor a worm as I
May to thy great glory live,
All my actions ſanctify,
All my words and thoughts receive:
Claim me for thy ſervice, claim
All I have, and all I am.

4 Take my ſoul and body's powers:
Take my memory, mind, and will;
All my goods, and all my hours,
All I know, and all I feel!
All I think, or ſpeak, or do:
Take my heart: but make it new!

5 Now, O God, thy own I am!
Now I give thee back thy own:
Freedom, friends, and health, and fame,
Conſecrate to thee alone;
Thine I live, thrice happy I!
Happier ſtill if thine I die.

6 Father,

6 Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celeſtial hoſt,
Let thy will on earth be done:
Praiſe by all to thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven!

HYMN CCCCXIX. [*Bradford.*

1 O God, what offering ſhall I give
To thee, the Lord of earth and ſkies!
My ſpirit, ſoul, and fleſh receive,
A holy, living ſacrifice!
Small as it is, 'tis all my ſtore:
More ſhouldſt thou have, if I had more.

2 Now then, my God, thou haſt my ſoul:
No longer mine, but thine I am:
Guard thou thy own, poſſeſs it whole!
Cheer it with hope, with love inflame!
Thou haſt my ſpirit; there diſplay
Thy glory to the perfect day.

3 Thou haſt my fleſh, thy hallowed ſhrine,
Devoted ſolely to thy will,
Here let thy light for ever ſhine:
This houſe ſtill let thy preſence fill:
O ſource of life, live, dwell, and move
In me, till all my life be love.

4 O never in theſe veils of ſhame,
(Sad fruits of ſin) my glorying be:
Clothe with ſalvation, through thy name,
My ſoul, and let me put on thee!
Be living faith my coſtly dreſs,
And my beſt robe thy righteouſneſs.

5 Send down thy likeneſs from above,
And let this my adorning be:
Clothe me with wiſdom, patience, love,
With lowlineſs and purity,

Than

Than gold and pearls more precious far,
And brighter than the morning ſtar.

6 Lord, arm me with thy ſpirit's might,
Since I am called by thy great name,
In thee let all my thoughts unite,
Of all my works be thou my aim:
Thy love attend me all my days,
And my ſole buſineſs be thy praiſe.

HYMN CCCCXX. [*Liverpool.*

1 FATHER, into thy hands alone
I have my all reſtored:
My all, thy property I own,
The ſteward of the Lord.

2 Hereafter none can take away
My life, or goods, or fame;
Ready at that demand to lay
Them down I always am.

3 Confiding in thy only love,
Through Jeſus ſtrengthening me,
I wait thy faithfulneſs to prove,
And give back all to thee.

4 Take when thou wilt into thy hands,
And as thou wilt require:
Reſume by the Chaldean bands,
Or the devouring fire.

5 Determined all thy will t' obey,
Thy bleſſings I reſtore:
Give, Lord, or take thy gifts away,
I praiſe thee evermore!

HYMN CCCCXXXI. [*Welsh.*

1 GIVE me the faith which can remove
And sink the mountain to a plain!
Give me the child-like, praying love,
Which longs to build thy house again:
Thy love let it my heart o'erpower,
And all my simple soul devour.

2 I want an even, strong desire,
I want a calmly-fervent zeal,
To save poor souls out of the fire,
To snatch them from the verge of hell;
And turn them to a pardoning God,
And quench the brands in Jesu's blood.

3 I would the precious time redeem,
And longer live for this alone,
To spend and to be spent for them,
Who have not yet my Saviour known:
Fully on these my mission prove,
And only breathe, to breathe thy love.

4 My talents, gifts, and graces, Lord,
Into thy blessed hands receive;
And let me live to preach thy word;
And let me to thy glory live:
My every sacred moment spend
In publishing the sinner's friend.

5 Enlarge, inflame, and fill my heart,
With boundless charity divine!
So shall I all my strength exert,
And love them with a zeal like thine;
And lead them to thy open side,
The sheep for whom their Shepherd died.

HYMN CCCCXXII. [*Savannah.*

1 JESUS, all-atoning Lamb,
Thine, and only thine I am:
Take my body, ſpirit, ſoul:
Only thou poſſeſs the whole!

2 Thou my one thing needful be;
Let me ever cleave to thee:
Let me chuſe the better part;
Let me give thee all my heart.

3 Fairer than the ſons of men,
Do not let me turn again:
Leave the fountain-head of bliſs,
Stoop to creature-happineſs.

4 Whom have I on earth below?
Thee, and only thee I know;
Whom have I in heaven but thee?
Thou art all in all to me.

5 All my treaſure is above;
All my riches is thy love,
Who the worth of love can tell?
Infinite, unſearchable!

6 Thou, O love, my portion art:
Lord, thou knowſt my ſimple heart:
Other comforts I deſpiſe:
Love be all my paradiſe.

7 Nothing elſe can I require:
Love fills up my whole deſire:
All thy other gifts remove,
Still thou giv'ſt me all in love.

HYMN CCCCXXIII. [*Mitcham.*

1 FATHER, to thee my ſoul I lift,
My ſoul on thee depends;
Convinced that every perfect gift
From thee alone deſcends.

2 Mercy and grace are thine alone,
And power and wiſdom too:
Without the ſpirit of thy Son
We nothing good can do.

3 We cannot ſpeak one uſeful word,
One holy thought conceive;
Unleſs, in anſwer to our Lord,
Thyſelf the bleſſing give.

4 His blood demands the purchas'd grace:
His blood's availing plea
Obtain'd the help for all our race,
And ſends it down to me.

5 Thou all our works in us haſt wrought;
Our good is all divine:
The praiſe of every virtuous thought,
And righteous word is thine.

6 From thee, through Jeſus, we receive
The power on thee to call,
In whom we are, and move, and live:
Our God is all in all!

HYMN CCCCXXIV. [*Olney.*

1 JESU, my truth, my way,
My ſure, unerring light,
On thee my feeble ſteps I ſtay,
Which thou wilt guide aright.

2 My wiſdom and my guide,
My counſellor thou art:
O never let me leave thy ſide,
Or from thy paths depart!

3 I lift my eyes to thee,
Thou gracious, bleeding Lamb;
That I may now enlighten'd be,
And never put to ſhame.

4 Never will I remove
Out of thy hands my cauſe;
But reſt in thy redeeming love,
And hang upon thy croſs.

5 Teach me the happy art
In all things to depend
On thee! O never, Lord, depart,
But love me to the end!

6 Still ſtir me up to ſtrive
With thee in ſtrength divine;
And every moment, Lord, revive
This fainting ſoul of mine.

7 Perſiſt to ſave my ſoul,
Throughout the fiery hour,
Till I am every whit made whole,
And ſhew forth all thy power.

8 Through fire and water bring
Into the wealthy place;
And teach me the new ſong to ſing,
When perfected in grace!

9 O make me all like thee,
Before I hence remove!
Settle, confirm, and ſtabliſh me,
And build me up in love.

10 Let me thy witneſs live,
When ſin is all deſtroy'd:
And then my ſpotleſs ſoul receive,
And take me home to God.

HYMN CCCCXXV. [*Italian.*

1 O God, my God, my all thou art!
Ere ſhines the dawn of riſing day,
Thy ſovereign light within my heart,
Thy all-enlivening power diſplay.

2 For thee my thirſty ſoul doth pant,
While in this deſart land I live;
And hungry as I am and faint,
Thy love alone can comfort give.

3 In a dry land behold I place
My whole deſire on thee, O Lord;
And more I joy to gain thy grace,
Than all earth's treaſures can afford.

4 More dear than life itſelf, thy love
My heart and tongue ſhall ſtill employ;
And to declare thy praiſe will prove
My peace, my glory, and my joy.

5 In bleſſing thee with grateful ſongs,
My happy life ſhall glide away;
The praiſe that to thy name belongs,
Hourly with lifted hands I'll pay.

6 Abundant ſweetneſs, while I ſing
Thy love, my raviſh'd ſoul o'erflows;
Secure in thee, my God, and King
Of glory, that no period knows.

7 Thy name, O God, upon my bed,
Dwells on my lips, and fires my thought;
With trembling awe, in midnight ſhade,
I muſe on all thy hands have wrought.

8 In all I do I feel thy aid:
Therefore thy greatneſs will I ſing,
O God, who bidſt my heart be glad,
Beneath the ſhadow of thy wing!

9 My ſoul draws nigh and cleaves to thee:
Then let or earth or hell aſſail,
Thy mighty hand ſhall ſet me free;
For whom thou ſav'ſt, he ne'er ſhall fail.

HYMN CCCCXXVI. [*York.*

1 O God of peace and pardoning love,
Whoſe bowels of compaſſion move
To every ſinful child of man:
Jeſus, our Shepherd, great and good,
Who dying bought us with his blood,
Thou haſt brought back to life again.
His blood to all our ſouls apply:
(His blood alone can ſanctify,
Which firſt did for our ſins atone:)
The covenant of redemption ſeal;
The depth of love, of God reveal,
And ſpeak us perfected in one.

2 O might our every work and word
Expreſs the tempers of our Lord,
The nature of our head above:
His ſpirit ſend into our hearts,
Engraving on our inmoſt parts
The living law of holieſt love.
Then ſhall we do, with pure delight,
Whate'er is pleaſing in thy ſight,
As veſſels of thy richeſt grace;
And having thy whole counſel done,
To thee, and thy co-equal Son,
Aſcribe the everlaſting praiſe.

HYMN CCCCXXVII. [*York.*

1 THY power and ſaving truth to ſhew,
A warfare at thy charge I go;
Strong in the Lord and thy great might:
Gladly take up the hallowed croſs,
And ſuffering all things for thy cauſe
Beneath that bloody banner fight.
A ſpectacle to fiends and men,
To all their fierce or cool diſdain
With calmeſt pity I ſubmit:
Determined nought to know beſide
My Jeſus and him crucified,
I tread the world beneath my feet.

2 Superior to their ſmile or frown,
On all their goods my ſoul looks down,
Their pleaſures, wealth, and power, and ſtate:
The man that dares their god deſpiſe,
The Chriſtian he alone is wiſe:
The Chriſtian he alone is great:
O God, let all my life declare,
How happy all thy ſervants are:
How far above theſe earthly things;
How pure, when waſh'd in Jeſu's blood,
How intimately one with God,
A heaven-born race of prieſts and kings.

3 For this alone I live below,
The power of godlineſs to ſhew,
The wonders wrought by Jeſu's name;
O that I might but faithful prove!
Witneſs to all thy pardoning love,
And point them to th' atoning Lamb!
Let me to every creature cry,
The poor and rich, the low and high,
Believe, and feel thy ſins forgiven!
Damn'd, till by Jeſus ſav'd thou art:
Till Jeſu's blood hath waſh'd thy heart,
Thou canſt not find the gate of heaven.

HYMN CCCCXXVIII. [113th *Pſalm.*

1 THOU, Jeſu, thou my breaſt inſpire,
And touch my lips with hallow'd fire,
And looſe a ſtammering infant's tongue:
Prepare the veſſel of thy grace;
Adorn me with the robes of praiſe,
And mercy ſhall be all my ſong:
Mercy for all who know not God;
Mercy for all in Jeſu's blood;
Mercy, that earth and heaven tranſcends;
Love, that o'erwhelms the ſaints in light;
The length, and breadth, and depth, and height
Of love divine, which never ends.

2 A faithful witneſs of thy grace,
Well may I fill th' allotted ſpace,
And anſwer all thy great deſign;
Walk in the works by thee prepar'd,
And find annex'd the vaſt reward,
The crown of righteouſneſs divine.
When I have liv'd to thee alone,
Pronounce the welcome word, "Well done!"
And let me take my place above;
Enter into my Maſter's joy,
And all eternity employ
In praiſe, and extaſy, and love.

SECTION X.

For Believers Interceding.

HYMN CCCCXXIX. [*Canterbury.*

1 LET God, who comforts the diſtreſt,
Let Iſrael's conſolation hear;
Hear, Holy Ghoſt, our joint requeſt,
And ſhew thyſelf the Comforter;
And ſwell th' inexplicable groan,
And breath our wiſhes to the throne!

2 We

2 We weep for thoſe that weep below,
And burden'd for th' afflicted ſigh;
The various forms of human woe
Excite our ſofteſt ſympathy;
Fill every heart with mournful care,
And draw out all our ſouls in prayer.

3 We wreſtle for the ruin'd race,
By ſin eternally undone;
Unleſs thou magnify thy grace,
And make thy richeſt mercy known:
And make thy vanquiſh'd rebels find
Pardon in Chriſt for all mankind.

4 Father of everlaſting love,
To every ſoul thy Son reveal,
Our guilt and ſuffering to remove,
Our deep, original wound to heal;
And bid the fallen race ariſe,
And turn our earth to paradiſe.

HYMN CCCCXXX. [*Canterbury.*

1 OUR earth we now lament to ſee
With floods of wickedneſs o'erflow'd;
With violence, wrong, and cruelty,
One wide-extended field of blood;
Where men like fiends each other tear,
In all the helliſh rage of war.

2 As liſted on Abaddon's ſide,
They mangle their own fleſh and ſlay:
Tophet is mov'd, and opens wide
Its mouth for its enormous prey;
And myriads ſink beneath the grave,
And plunge into the flaming wave.

3 O might the univerſal friend
This havock of his creatures ſee!
Bid our unnatural diſcord end;
Declare us reconcil'd in thee!

Write kindneſs on our inward parts,
And chaſe the murderer from our hearts!

4 Who now againſt each other riſe,
The nations of the earth conſtrain
To follow after peace, and prize
The bleſſings of thy righteous reign;
The joys of unity to prove,
The paradiſe of perfect love!

HYMN CCCCXXXI. [*Marienburn.*

For the Mahometans.

1 SUN of unclouded righteouſneſs,
With healing in thy wings ariſe,
A ſad, benighted world to bleſs,
Which now in ſin and error lies,
Wrapt in Egyptian night profound,
With chains of helliſh darkneſs bound.

2 The ſmoke of the infernal cave,
Which half the chriſtian world o'erſpread,
Diſperſe, thou heavenly light, and ſave
The ſouls by that impoſtor led,
That Arab-thief, as Satan bold,
Who quite deſtroy'd thy Aſian fold.

3 O might the blood of ſprinkling cry,
For thoſe who ſpurn the ſprinkled blood;
Aſſert thy glorious Deity!
Stretch out thy arm, thou triune God;
The Unitarian fiend expel,
And chaſe his doctrine back to hell!

4 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
Thou Three in One, and One in Three,
Reſume thy own for ages loſt,
Finiſh the dire apoſtaſy;
Thy univerſal claim maintain,
And Lord of the creation reign!

HYMN CCCCXXXII. [*Welſh.*

For the Heathens.

1 LORD over all, if thou haſt made,
Haſt ranſomed every ſoul of man,
Why is the grace ſo long delay'd?
Why unfulfill'd the ſaving plan?
The bliſs for Adam's race deſign'd,
When will it reach to all mankind?

2 Art thou the God of Jews alone,
And not the God of Gentiles too;
To Gentiles make thy goodneſs known:
Thy judgments to the nations ſhew;
Awake them by the goſpel-call:
Light of the world, illumine all!

3 The ſervile progeny of Ham
Seize as the purchaſe of thy blood;
Let all the heathens know thy name:
From idols to the living God
The dark Americans convert,
And ſhine in every Pagan-heart!

4 As lightning launch'd from Eaſt to Weſt,
The coming of thy kingdom be;
To thee, by angel-hoſts confeſt,
Bow every ſoul and every knee:
Thy glory let all fleſh behold,
And then fill up thy heavenly fold.

HYMN CCCCXXXIII. [*Bradford.*

1 O Come, thou radiant Morning-Star,
Again in human darkneſs ſhine!
Ariſe reſplendent from afar:
Aſſert thy royalty divine:
Thy ſway o'er all the earth maintain,
And now begin thy glorious reign.

2 Thy kingdom, Lord, we long to ſee:
Thy ſceptre o'er the nations ſhake;
T' erect that final monarchy,
Edom for thy poſſeſſion take;
Take, (for thou didſt their ranſom find,)
The purchaſed ſouls of all mankind.

3 Now let thy choſen ones appear,
And valiantly the truth maintain:
Diſpread thy gracious kingdom here;
Fly on the rebel ſons of men:
Seize them with faith divinely bold,
And force the world into thy fold!

HYMN CCCCXXXIV. [*Corniſh.*

1 JESU, the word of mercy give,
And let it ſwiftly run;
And let the prieſts themſelves believe,
And put ſalvation on.

2 Cloth'd with the ſpirit of holineſs,
May all thy people prove
The plenitude of goſpel-grace,
The joy of perfect love.

3 Jeſus, let all thy lovers ſhine,
Illuſtrious as the ſun;
And bright with borrow'd rays divine,
Their glorious circuit run.

4 Beyond the reach of mortals ſpread
Their light where'er they go;
And heavenly influences ſhed
On all the world below.

5 As giants may they run their race,
Exulting in their might:
As burning luminaries chaſe
The gloom of helliſh night.

6 As the bright Sun of Righteouſneſs
Their healing wings diſplay;
And let their luſtre ſtill increaſe
Unto the perfect day.

HYMN CCCCXXXV. [*Olney.*

1 MESSIAH, Prince of Peace,
Where men each other tear,
Where war is learn'd, they muſt confeſs,
Thy kingdom is not there:
Who prompted by thy foe,
Delight in human blood,
Apollyon is their king we know,
And Satan is their god.

2 But ſhall he ſtill devour
The ſouls redeem'd by thee?
Jeſus, ſtir up thy glorious power,
And end th' apoſtaſy!
Come, Saviour, from above,
O'er all our hearts to reign;
And plant the kingdom of thy love,
In every heart of man.

3 Then ſhall we exerciſe
The helliſh art no more;
While thou our long-loſt paradiſe
Doſt with thyſelf reſtore.
Fightings and wars ſhall ceaſe,
And, in thy ſpirit given,
Pure joy and everlaſting peace
Shall turn our earth to heaven.

HYMN CCCCXXXVI. [*Kingswood.*

1 PRINCE of univerſal peace,
Deſtroy the enmity:
Bid our jars and diſcords ceaſe:
Unite us all in thee:
Cruel as wild beaſts we are,
Till vanquiſh'd by thy mercy's power,
Men like wolves each other tear,
And their own fleſh devour.

2 But if thou pronounce the word
That forms our ſouls again;
Love and harmony reſtored
Throughout our earth ſhall reign:
When thy wondrous love they feel,
The human ſavages are tame:
Ravenous wolves and leopards dwell
And ſtable with the lamb.

3 O that now, with pardon bleſt,
We each might each embrace!
Quietly together reſt,
And feed upon thy grace!
Like our ſinleſs parents live!
Great Shepherd, make thy goodneſs known:
All into thy fold receive,
And keep us ever one.

HYMN CCCCXXXVII. [*Kingswood.*

1 HAPPY day of union ſweet!
O when ſhall I appear!
When ſhall all thy people meet
In amity ſincere!
Tear each other's fleſh no more,
But kindly think and ſpeak the ſame;
All expreſs the meek'ning power
And ſpirit of the Lamb!

2 Viſit

2 Visit us, bright Morning-Star,
And bring the perfect day!
Urg'd by faith's inceſſant prayer,
No longer, Lord, delay:
Now deſtroy the envious root!
The ground of nature's feuds remove!
Fill the earth with golden fruit,
With ripe, millennial love.

HYMN CCCCXXXVIII. [*Brentford.*

For the Jews.

1 MESSIAH, full of grace,
Redeem'd by thee we plead
The promiſe made to Abraham's race,
To ſouls for ages dead.

2 Their bones are quite dried up,
Throughout the vale appear;
Cut off and loſt their laſt faint hope,
To ſee thy kingdom here.

3 Open their graves and bring
The out-caſts forth to own,
Thou art their Lord, their God and King,
Their true Anointed One.

4 To ſave the race forlorn,
Thy glorious arm diſplay;
And ſhew the world a nation born,
A nation in a day!

HYMN CCCCXXXIX. [*Mourner's.*

1 FATHER of faithful Abraham, hear
Our earneſt ſuit for Abraham's ſeed!
Juſtly they claim the ſofteſt prayer
From us adopted in their ſtead:

Who

Who mercy through their fall obtain,
And Chriſt by their rejection gain.

2 Out-caſts from thee, and ſcatter'd wide,
Through every nation under heaven,
Blaſpheming whom they crucified,
Unſav'd, unpitied, unforgiven;
Branded like Cain, they bear their load,
Abhorr'd of men, and curs'd of God.

3 But haſt thou finally forſook?
For ever caſt thy own away?
Wilt thou not bid the murderers look
On him they pierc'd, and weep, and pray?
Yes, gracious Lord, thy word is paſt:
All Iſrael ſhall be ſav'd at laſt.

4 Come then, thou great Deliverer come!
The veil from Jacob's heart remove:
Receive thy ancient people home:
That, quicken'd by thy dying love,
The world may their reception find,
Life from the dead for all mankind.

HYMN CCCCXL. [*Olney.*

1 ALMIGHTY God of love,
Set up th' attracting ſign,
And ſummon whom thou doſt approve
For meſſengers divine:
From favour'd Abraham's ſeed
The new Apoſtles chuſe,
In iſles and continents to ſpread
The dead-reviving news.

2 Then, ſnatch'd out of the flame,
Through every nation ſend,
The true Meſſiah to proclaim,
The univerſal Friend;

That

That all, the God unknown,
May learn of Jews t' adore,
And ſee thy glory in thy Son,
Till time ſhall be no more.

3 O that the choſen band
Might now their brethren bring:
And gather'd out of every land,
Preſent to Sion's king!
Of all the ancient race
Not one be left behind;
But each, impell'd by ſecret grace,
His way to Canaan find.

4 We know it muſt be done,
For God hath ſpoke the word;
All Iſrael ſhall the Saviour own,
To their firſt ſtate reſtor'd:
Rebuilt by his command,
Jeruſalem ſhall riſe:
Her temple on Moriah ſtand
Again, and touch the ſkies.

5 Send then thy ſervants forth,
To call the Hebrews home:
From Eaſt, and Weſt, and South, and North,
Let all the wanderers come:
Where'er in lands unknown
The fugitives remain,
Bid every creature help them on,
Thy holy mount to gain.

6 An offering to their Lord,
There let them all be ſeen,
Sprinkled with water and with blood,
In ſoul and body clean:
With Iſrael's myriads ſeal'd,
Let all the nations meet,
And ſhew the myſtery fulfill'd,
Thy family compleat.

HYMN CCCCXLI. [*Lampe's.*

For England.

1 SINNERS, the call obey,
The lateſt call of grace;
The day is come, the vengeful day
Of a devoted race:
Devils and men combine,
To plague the faithleſs ſeed;
And phials full of wrath divine
Are burſting on your head.

2 Enter into the Rock,
Ye trembling ſlaves of ſin,
The Rock of your ſalvation ſtruck,
And cleft to take you in:
To ſhelter the diſtreſt
He did the croſs endure;
Enter into the clefts, and reſt
In Jeſu's wounds ſecure.

3 Jeſus, to thee we fly,
From the devouring ſword:
Our city of defence is nigh;
Our help is in the Lord:
Or if the ſcourge o'erflow,
And laugh at innocence;
Thine everlaſting arms we know
Shall be our ſoul's defence.

4 We in thy word believe,
And on thy promiſe ſtay;
Our life, which ſtill to thee we give,
Shall be to us a prey:
Our life with thee we hide,
Above the furious blaſt;
And ſhelter'd in thy wounds abide,
Till all the ſtorms are paſt.

5 Believing

5 Believing againſt hope,
We hang upon thy grace;
Through every low'ring cloud look up,
And wait for happy days:
The days when all ſhall know
Their ſins in Chriſt forgiven;
Aud walk awhile with God below,
And then fly up to heaven.

HYMN CCCCXLII. [*Athlone.*

1 GOD of unſpotted purity!
Us and our works canſt thou behold?
Juſtly we are abhorr'd by thee,
For we are neither hot nor cold.

2 We call thee Lord, thy faith profeſs,
But do not from our hearts obey;
In ſoft Laodicean eaſe
We ſleep our uſeleſs lives away.

3 We live in pleaſure, and are dead;
In ſearch of fame and wealth we live;
Commanded in thy ſteps to tread,
We ſeek ſometimes, but never ſtrive.

4 A lifeleſs form we ſtill retain,
Of this we make our empty boaſt,
Nor know the name we take in vain;
The power of godlineſs is loſt.

5 How long, great God, have we appear'd
Abominable in thy ſight!
Better that we had never heard
Thy word, or ſeen the goſpel-light.

6 Better that we had never known
The way to heaven, through ſaving grace;
Than baſely in our lives diſown,
And ſlight, and mock thee to thy face.

7 Thou

7 Thou rather wouldſt that we were cold,
Than ſeem to ſerve thee without zeal;
Leſs guilty, if with thoſe of old
We worſhipp'd Thor and Woden ſtill.

8 Leſs grievous will the judgment-day
To Sodom and Gomorrah prove,
Than us, who caſt our faith away,
And trample on thy richer love.

HYMN CCCCXLIII. [*Complaint.*

1 O Let us our own works forſake,
Ourſelves and all we have deny;
Thy condeſcending counſel take,
And come to thee, pure gold to buy!

2 O might we through thy grace attain
The faith thou never wilt reprove!
The faith that purges every ſtain,
The faith that always works by love!

3 O might we ſee, in this our day,
The things belonging to our peace:
And timely meet thee in thy way
Of judgments, and our ſins confeſs!

4 Thy fatherly chaſtiſements own
With filial awe revere thy rod;
And turn with zealous haſte, and run
Into the outſtretch'd arms of God.

HYMN CCCCXLIV. [*Fulham.*

Part the Firſt.

1 FATHER, if juſtly ſtill we claim
To us and ours the promiſe made,
To us be graciouſly the ſame,
And crown with living fire our head.

2 Our claim admit, and from above
Of holineſs the ſpirit ſhower;
Of wiſe diſcernment, humble love,
And zeal, and unity, and power.

3 The ſpirit of convincing ſpeech,
Of power demonſtrative impart:
Such as may every conſcience reach,
And ſound the unbelieving heart:

4 The ſpirit of refining fire,
Searching the inmoſt of the mind,
To purge all fierce and foul deſire,
And kindle life more pure and kind:

5 The ſpirit of faith, in this thy day,
To break the power of cancell'd ſin;
Tread down its ſtrength, o'erturn its ſway,
And ſtill the conqueſt more than win.

6 The ſpirit breathe of inward life,
Which in our hearts thy laws may write;
Then grief expires, and pain, and ſtrife:
'Tis nature all, and all delight.

HYMN CCCCXLV. [*Fulham.*

Part the Second.

1 ON all the earth thy ſpirit ſhower,
The earth in righteouſneſs renew;
Thy kingdom come, and hell's o'erpower,
And to thy ſceptre all ſubdue.

2 Like mighty wind or torrent fierce,
Let it oppoſers all o'er-run;
And every law of ſin reverſe,
That faith and love may make all one.

3 Yea, let thy ſpirit in every place
Its richer energy declare;
While lovely tempers, fruits of grace,
The kingdom of thy Chriſt prepare.

4 Grant this, O holy God, and true;
The ancient ſeers thou didſt inſpire!
To us perform the promiſe due,
Deſcend, and crown us now with fire!

HYMN

HYMN CCCCXLVI. [*Smith's.*

1 AUTHOR of faith, we ſeek thy face
For all who feel thy work begun:
Confirm, and ſtrengthen them in grace,
And bring thy feebleſt children on.

2 Thou ſeeſt their wants, thou know'ſt their names:
Be mindful of thy youngeſt care!
Be tender of thy new-born lambs,
And gently in thy boſom bear.

3 The lion roaring for his prey,
With ravening wolves on every ſide,
Watch over them to tear, and ſlay,
If found one moment from their guide.

4 Satan his thouſand arts aſſays,
His agents all their powers employ,
To blaſt the blooming work of grace,
The heavenly offspring to deſtroy.

5 Baffle the crooked Serpent's ſkill,
And turn his ſharpeſt dart aſide;
Hide from their eyes the deviliſh ill,
O ſave them from the demon, Pride!

6 In ſafety lead thy little flock
From hell, the world, and ſin ſecure;
And ſet their feet upon the rock,
And make in thee their going ſure.

HYMN CCCCXLVII. [*Brentford.*

For the Fallen.

1 SHEPHERD of Iſrael, hear
Our ſupplicating cry;
And gather in the ſouls ſincere,
That from their brethren fly.

2 Scatter'd

2 Scatter'd through devious ways,
Collect thy feeble flock;
And join by thine atoning grace,
And hide them in the rock.

3 O wouldst thou end the storm,
That keeps us still apart!
The thing impossible perform,
And make us of one heart.

4 One spirit, and one mind,
The same that was in thee:
O might we all again be join'd
In perfect harmony!

5 Jesu, at thy command
We know it shall be done;
Take the two sticks into thy hand,
The two shall then be one.

6 One body, and one fold,
We then shall sweetly prove;
And live in thee, like them of old,
The life of spotless love.

HYMN CCCCXLVIII. [*Olney.*

1 GOD of all power and grace,
Set up the bloody sign;
And gather those that seek thy face,
And by thy spirit join.

2 The few remaining sheep,
In Britain's pasture bred,
United to each other keep,
United to their head.

3 The soul-transforming word
In us, even us fulfil:
Join to thyself, our common Lord,
And all thy servants seal.

4 Confer the grace unknown,
The myſtic charity;
As thou art with thy Father one,
Unite us all in thee.

5 So ſhall the world believe
Our record, Lord, and thine;
And all with thankful hearts receive
The Meſſenger divine.

6 Sent from his throne above,
To Adam's offspring given,
To join and perfect us in love,
And take us up to heaven.

HYMN CCCCXLIX. [*Mourner's.*

1 SAVIOUR, to thee we humbly cry,
The brethren we have loſt reſtore;
Recal them by thy pitying eye,
Retrieve them from the Tempter's power;
By thy victorious blood caſt down,
Nor ſuffer him to take their crown.

2 Beguiled, alas, by Satan's art,
We ſee them now far off remov'd;
The burden of our bleeding heart,
The ſouls whom once in thee we loved:
Whom ſtill we love with grief and pain,
And weep for their return in vain.

3 In vain, till thou the power beſtow,
The double power of quickning grace!
And make the happy ſinners know
Their Tempter, with his angel-face;
Who leads them captive at his will,
Captive—but happy ſinners ſtill!

4 O wouldſt thou break the fatal ſnare
Of carnal ſelf-ſecurity;
And let them feel the wrath they bear,
And let them groan their want of thee;

Robb'd

Robb'd of their falſe, pernicious peace,
Stripp'd of their fancied righteouſneſs.

5 The men of careleſs lives, who deem
Thy righteouſneſs accounted theirs,
Awake out of the ſoothing dream:
Alarm their ſouls with humble fears:
Thou jealous God, ſtir up thy power,
And let them ſleep in ſin no more.

6 Long as the guilt of ſin ſhall laſt,
Them in its miſery detain;
Hold their licentious ſpirits faſt,
Bind them with their own nature's chain:
Nor ever let the wanderers reſt,
Till lodged again in Jeſu's breaſt.

HYMN CCCCL. [*Eveſham.*

1 O Let the priſoner's mournful cries
As incenſe in thy ſight appear!
Their humble wailings pierce the ſkies,
If haply they may feel thee near.

2 The captive exiles make their moans,
From ſin impatient to be free:
Call home, call home, thy baniſh'd ones!
Lead captive their captivity!

3 Shew them the blood that bought their peace,
The anchor of their ſtedfaſt hope;
And bid their guilty terrors ceaſe,
And bring the ranſomed priſoners up.

4 Out of the deep regard their cries,
The fallen raiſe, the mourners cheer;
O Sun of Righteouſneſs, ariſe,
And ſcatter all their doubt and fear!

5 Pity the day of feeble things:
O gather every halting ſoul!
And drop ſalvation from thy wings,
And make the contrite ſinner whole.

6 Stand by them in the fiery hour,
Their feebleneſs of mind defend:
And in their weakneſs ſhew thy power,
And make them patient to the end.

7 O ſatisfy their ſoul in drought:
Give them thy ſaving health to ſee,
And let thy mercy find them out;
And let thy mercy reach to me.

8 Haſt thou the work of grace begun,
And brought them to the birth in vain!
O let thy children ſee the ſun!
Let all their ſouls be born again.

9 Relieve the ſouls whoſe croſs we bear,
For whom thy ſuff'ring members mourn;
Anſwer our faith's effectual pray'r;
Bid every ſtruggling child be born!

HYMN CCCCLI. [*Dedication.*

1 LAMB of God, who bear'ſt away
All the ſins of all mankind;
Bow a nation to thy ſway:
While we may acceptance find,
Let us thankfully embrace,
The laſt offers of thy grace.

2 Thou thy meſſengers haſt ſent
Joyful tidings to proclaim,
Willing we ſhould all repent,
Know ſalvation in thy name;
Feel our ſins by grace forgiv'n,
Find in thee the way to heaven.

3 Jeſu, roll away the ſtone;
Good Phyſician, ſhew thy art!
Make thy healing virtue known;
Break the unbelieving heart:

By

By thy bloody croſs ſubdue!
Tell them, "I have died for you."

4 Let thy dying love conſtrain
Thoſe who diſregard thy frown!
Sink the mountain to a plain:
Bring the pride of ſinners down:
Soften the obdurate crowd:
Melt the rebels with thy blood!

HYMN CCCCLII. [*Kingswood.*

1 JESU from thy heavenly place,
Thy dwelling in the ſky,
Fill our Church with righteouſneſs,
Our want of faith ſupply:
Faith our ſtrong protection be,
And godlineſs with all its power,
'Stabliſh our poſterity,
Till time ſhall be no more.

2 Let the ſpirit of grace o'erflow
Our reconverted land:
Let the leaſt and greateſt know,
And bow to thy command;
Wiſdom, pure religious fear,
Our King's peculiar treaſure prove;
Bleſt with piety ſincere,
Inſpir'd with humble love.

HYMN CCCCLIII. [*Brockmer's.*

For the King.

1 SOVEREIGN of all; whoſe will ordains
The powers on earth that be;
By whom our rightful Monarch reigns,
Subject to none but thee:

2 Stir up thy power, appear, appear!
And for thy ſervant fight:
Support thy great Vicegerent here,
And vindicate his right.

3 Lo! in the arms of faith and prayer
We bear him to thy throne:
Receive thy own peculiar care,
The Lord's anointed one.

4 With favour look upon his face;
Thy love's pavilion ſpread;
And watchful troops of angels place
Around his ſacred head.

5 Guard him from all who dare oppoſe
Thy delegate and thee;
From open and from ſecret foes,
From force and perfidy!

6 Confound whoe'er his ruin ſeek,
Or into friends convert:
Give him his adverſaries' neck:
Give him his people's heart.

7 Let us for conſcience-ſake revere
The man of thy right-hand;
Honour and love thine image here,
And bleſs his mild command.

8 Thou only didſt the bleſſing give:
The glory, Lord, be thine!
Let all with thankful joy receive
The benefit divine.

9 To thoſe, who thee in him obey,
The ſpirit of grace impart!
His dear, his ſacred burden lay
On every loyal heart!

10 Still let us pray, and never ceaſe,
"Defend him, Lord, defend!
Stabliſh his throne in glorious peace,
And ſave him to the end!"

HYMN CCCCLIV. [*Snowsfields.*

1 A Nation God delights to bleſs,
Can all our raging foes diſtreſs?
Or hurt whom they ſurround?
Hid from the general ſcourge we are,
Nor ſee the bloody waſte of war,
Nor hear the trumpet's ſound.

2 O might we, Lord, the grace improve!
By labouring for the reſt of love,
The ſoul-compoſing power!
Bleſs us with that internal peace,
And all the fruits of righteouſneſs,
Till time ſhall be no more.

HYMN CCCCLV. [*Iſlington.*

For Parents.

1 FATHER of all, by whom we are,
For whom was made whatever is;
Who haſt intruſted to our care
A candidate for glorious bliſs:

2 Poor worms of earth, for help we cry,
For grace to guide, what grace hath given:
We aſk for wiſdom from on high,
To train our infant up for heaven.

3 We tremble at the danger near,
And crowds of wretched parents ſee,
Who, blindly fond, their children rear
In tempers, far as hell from thee.

4 Themſelves the ſlaves of ſenſe and praiſe,
Their babes who pamper and admire:
And make the helpleſs infants paſs
To murderer-Molock, through the fire!

5 O let us not the demon pleaſe!
Our offspring to deſtruction doom!
Strengthen a ſin-ſick ſoul's diſeaſe,
Or damn him from his mother's womb!

6 Rather this hour reſume his breath,
From ſelfiſhneſs and pride to ſave:
By death prevent the ſecond death,
And hide him in the ſilent grave!

7 Or if thou grant a longer date,
With reſolute wiſdom us endue,
To point him out his loſt eſtate,
His dire apoſtaſy to ſhew:

8 To time our every ſmile or frown,
To mark the bounds of good and ill:
And beat the pride of nature down,
And bend or break his riſing will.

9 Him let us tend ſeverely kind,
As guardians of his giddy youth;
As let to form his tender mind,
By principles of virtuous truth:

10 To fit his ſoul for heavenly grace;
Diſcharge the Chriſtian-parents' part;
And keep him, till thy love take place,
And Jeſus riſes in his heart.

HYMN CCCCLVI. [*Mitcham.*]

1 GOD only wiſe, almighty, good,
Send forth thy truth and light,
To point us out the narrow road,
And guide our ſteps aright:

2 To ſteer our dangerous courſe between
The rocks on either hand;
And fix us in the golden mean,
And bring our charge to land.

3 Made

3 Made apt, by thy ſufficient grace,
To teach as taught by thee,
We come to train in all thy ways
Our riſing progeny:

4 Their ſelfiſh will in time ſubdue,
And mortify their pride;
And lend their youth a ſacred clew
To find the Crucified.

5 We would in every ſtep look up,
By thy example taught,
T' alarm their fear, excite their hope,
And rectify their thought.

6 We would perſuade their heart t' obey,
With mildeſt zeal proceed;
And never take the harſher way,
When love will do the deed.

7 For this we aſk, in faith ſincere,
The wiſdom from above;
To touch their hearts with filial fear,
And pure, ingenuous love:

8 To watch their will to ſenſe inclin'd,
With-hold the hurtful food;
And gently bend their tender mind,
And draw their ſouls to God.

HYMN CCCCLVII. [*St. Paul's.*

1 FATHER of lights, thy needful aid
To us that aſk impart;
Miſtruſtful of ourſelves, afraid
Of our own treach'rous heart.

2 O'erwhelm'd with juſteſt fear, again
To thee for help we call:
Where many mightier have been ſlain,
By thee unſav'd, we fall.

3 Unleſs

3 Unleſs reſtrain'd by grace we are,
In vain the ſnare we ſee;
We ſee, and ruſh into the ſnare
Of blind idolatry.

4 We plunge ourſelves in endleſs woes,
Our helpleſs infant ſell:
Reſiſt the light, and ſide with thoſe
Who ſend their babes to hell.

5 Ah, what avails ſuperior light,
Without ſuperior love?
We ſee the truth, we judge aright,
And wiſdom's ways approve.

6 We mark the idolizing throng,
Their cruel fondneſs blame:
Their children's ſouls we know they wrong,
And we ſhall do the ſame.

7 In ſpite of our reſolves, we fear
Our own infirmity;
And tremble at the trial near,
And cry, O God, to thee!

8 We ſoon ſhall do what we condemn,
And, down the torrent borne,
With ſhame confeſs our nature's ſtream
Too ſtrong for us to turn.

9 Our only help in danger's hour,
Our only ſtrength thou art!
Above the world and Satan's power,
And greater than our heart.

10 Us from ourſelves thou canſt ſecure,
In nature's ſlippery ways;
And make our feeble footſteps ſure,
By thy ſufficient grace.

11 If on thy promiſed grace alone
We faithfully depend,
Thou ſurely wilt preſerve thy own,
And keep them to the end:

12 Wilt make us tenderly diſcreet,
To guard what thou haſt given;
And bring our child, with us to meet
At thy right-hand in heaven.

HYMN CCCCLVIII. | *Angels Song.*

For Maſters.

1 MASTER ſupreme, I look to thee
For grace and wiſdom from above
Veſted with thy authority,
Endue me with thy patient love.

2 That, taught according to thy will
To rule my family aright,
I may th' appointed charge fulfil,
With all my heart and all my might.

3 Inferiors, as a ſacred truſt,
I from the ſovereign Lord receive,
That what is ſuitable and juſt,
Impartial I to all may give:

4 O'erlook them with a guardian eye:
From vice and wickedneſs reſtrain:
Miſtakes and leſſer faults paſs by,
And govern with a looſer rein.

5 The ſervant faithfully diſcreet,
Gentle to him, and good, and mild;
Him I would tenderly intreat,
And ſcarce diſtinguiſh from a child.

6 Yet let me not my place forſake.
Th' occaſion of his ſtumbling prove:
The ſervant to my boſom take,
Or mar him by familiar love.

7 Order if ſome invert, confound,
Their Lord's authority betray,
I hearken to the goſpel-ſound,
And trace the providential way.

8 As far from abjectneſs as pride,
With condeſcending dignity,
Jeſus, I make thy word my guide,
And keep the poſt aſſign'd by thee.

9 O could I emulate the zeal
Thou doſt to thy poor ſervants bear!
The troubles, griefs, and burdens feel
Of ſouls intruſted to my care:

10 In daily prayer to God commend
The ſouls whom God expired to ſave;
And think how ſoon my ſway may end,
And all be equal in the grave!

HYMN CCCCLIX. [*Snowsfields.*

1 HOW ſhall I walk my God to pleaſe,
And ſpread content and happineſs,
O'er all beneath my care?
A pattern to my houſhold give,
And as a guardian angel live,
As Jeſu's meſſenger?

2 The oppoſite extremes I ſee!
Remiſſneſs and ſeverity,
And know not how to ſhun
The precipice on either hand,
While in the narrow path I ſtand,
And dread to venture on.

3 Shall

3 Shall I through indolence ſupine,
Neglect, betray, my charge divine,
My delegated power?
The ſouls I from my Lord receive,
Of whom I an account muſt give,
At that tremendous hour!

4 Lord over all, and God moſt high!
Jeſu, to thee for help I fly:
For conſtant power and grace;
That, taught by thy good ſpirit and led,
I may with confidence proceed,
And all thy footſteps trace.

5 O teach me my firſt leſſon now!
And, while to thy ſweet yoke I bow,
Thy eaſy ſervice prove,
Lowly and meek in heart, I ſee
The art of governing like thee,
Is governing by love.

HYMN CCCCLX. [*Traveller's.*

1 And my houſe will ſerve the Lord;
But firſt obedient to his word
I muſt myſelf appear:
By actions, words, and tempers ſhew,
That I my heavenly Maſter know,
And ſerve with heart ſincere.

2 I muſt the fair example ſet;
From thoſe that on my pleaſure wait
The ſtumbling-block remove;
Their duty by my life explain,
And ſtill in all my works maintain
The dignity of love.

3 Eaſy to be entreated, mild,
Quickly appeaſed and reconciled,
A follower of my God:
A ſaint indeed I long to be,
And lead my faithful family
In the celeſtial road.

4 Lord, if thou didſt the wiſh infuſe,
A veſſel fitted for thy uſe
Into thy hands receive;
Work in me both to will and do:
And ſhew them how Believers true
And real Chriſtians live.

5 With all-ſufficient grace ſupply,
And lo! I come to teſtify
The wonders of thy name!
Which ſaves from ſin, the world, and hell,
Whoſe virtue every heart may feel,
And every tongue proclaim.

6 A ſinner ſaved myſelf from ſin,
I come my relatives to win,
To preach their ſins forgiven:
Children, and wife, and ſervants ſeize,
And through the paths of pleaſantneſs,
Conduct them all to heaven.

HYMN CCCCLXI. [*Marienburn.*

For Children.

1 COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
To whom we for our children cry:
The good, deſired and wanted moſt,
Out of thy richeſt grace ſupply!
The ſacred diſcipline be given,
To train and bring them up for heaven.

2 Anſwer on them the end of all
Our cares, and pains, and ſtudies here;
On them, recover'd from their fall,
Stamp'd with the humble character!
Raiſed by the nurture of the Lord,
To all their paradiſe reſtored.

3 Error and ignorance remove,
Their blindneſs both of heart and mind;
Give them the wiſdom from above,
Spotleſs, and peaceable, and kind;
In knowledge pure, their minds renew,
And ſtore with thoughts divinely true.

4 Learning's redundant part and vain
Be here cut off, and caſt aſide:
But let them, Lord, the ſubſtance gain,
In every ſolid truth abide;
Swiftly acquire, and ne'er forego
The knowledge fit for man to know.

5 Unite the pair ſo long disjoin'd,
Knowledge and vital piety:
Learning and holineſs combined,
And truth and love let all men ſee
In thoſe, whom up to thee we give,
Thine, wholly thine, to die and live.

6 Father, accept them through thy Son,
And ever by thy ſpirit guide!
Thy wiſdom in their lives be ſhewn,
Thy name confeſt and glorified;
Thy power and love diffuſed abroad,
Till all the earth is fill'd with God.

HYMN CCCCLXII. [*Frankfort.*

1 CAPTAIN of our ſalvation, take
The ſouls we here preſent to thee,
And fit for thy great ſervice make
Theſe heirs of immortality:
And let them in thine image riſe,
And then tranſplant to paradiſe.

2 Unſpotted from the world and pure,
Preſerve them for thy glorious cauſe,
Accuſtom'd daily to endure
The welcome burden of thy croſs,
Inur'd to toil and patient pain,
Till all thy perfect mind they gain.

3 Our ſons henceforth be wholly thine,
And ſerve, and love thee all their days;
Infuſe the principle divine
In all who here expect thy grace:
Let each improve the grace beſtow'd:
Riſe every child a man of God!

4 Train up thy hardy ſoldiers, Lord,
In all their Captain's ſteps to tread!
Or ſend them to proclaim thy word,
Thy goſpel through the world to ſpread;
Freely as they receive to give,
And preach the death by which we live!

HYMN CCCCLXIII. [*Frankfort.*

1 BUT who ſufficient is to lead,
And execute the vaſt deſign;
How can our arduous toil ſucceed,
When earth and hell their forces join;
The meaneſt inſtruments o'erthrow,
Which thou haſt ever uſed below?

2 Mountains,

2 Mountains, alas! on mountains riſe,
To make our utmoſt efforts vain:
The work our feeble ſtrength defies,
And all the helps and hopes of man:
Our utter impotence we ſee;
But nothing is too hard for thee!

3 The things impoſſible to men,
Thou canſt for thy own people do:
Thy ſtrength be in our weakneſs ſeen;
Thy wiſdom in our folly ſhew!
Prevent, accompany, and bleſs,
And crown the whole with full ſucceſs.

4 Unleſs the power of heavenly grace,
The wiſdom of the Deity,
Direct and govern all our ways,
And all our works be wrought in thee;
Our blaſted works we know ſhall fail,
And earth and hell at laſt prevail.

5 But, O almighty God of love,
Into thy hands the matter take:
The mountain-obſtacles remove,
For thy own truth and mercy's ſake!
Fulfil in ours thy own deſign,
And prove the work entirely thine.

HYMN CCCCLXIV. [*Palmi's.*

At the Baptiſm of Adults.

1 COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
Honour the means ordain'd by thee!
Make good our apoſtolic boaſt,
And own thy glorious miniſtry.

2 We now thy promis'd preſence claim,
Sent to diſciple all mankind;
Sent to baptize into thy name,
We now thy promis'd preſence find.

3 Father,

3 Father, in theſe reveal thy Son:
In theſe for whom we ſeek thy face,
The hidden myſtery make known,
The inward, pure, baptizing grace.

4 Jeſus, with us thou always art;
Effectuate now the ſacred ſign:
The gift unſpeakable impart,
And bleſs the ordinance divine.

5 Eternal Spirit, deſcend from high,
Baptizer of our ſpirits, thou!
The ſacramental ſeal apply,
And witneſs with the water now!

6 O that the ſouls baptized therein
May now thy truth and mercy feel!
May riſe, and waſh away their ſin:
Come, Holy Ghoſt, their pardon ſeal!

HYMN CCCCLXV. [*Hamilton's.*

1 FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
In ſolemn power come down!
Preſent with thy heavenly hoſt,
Thine ordinance to crown:
See a ſinful worm of earth!
Bleſs to him the cleanſing flood!
Plunge him, by a ſecond birth,
Into the depths of God.

2 Let the promiſed, inward grace,
Accompany the ſign:
On his new-born ſoul impreſs
The character divine!
Father, all thy love reveal!
Jeſus, all thy name impart!
Holy Ghoſt, renew and dwell
For ever in his heart!

PART V.

FOR THE SOCIETY.

SECTION I.

At Meeting.

HYMN CCCCLXVI. [*Lampe's.*

1 AND are we yet alive?
And ſee each other's face?
Glory and praiſe to Jeſus give,
For his redeeming grace!
Preſerv'd by power divine,
To full ſalvation here,
Again in Jeſu's praiſe we join,
And in his ſight appear.

2 What troubles have we ſeen!
What conflicts have we paſt!
Fightings without, and fears within,
Since we aſſembled laſt.
But out of all the Lord
Hath brought us by his love;
And ſtill he doth his help afford,
And hide our life above.

3 Then let us make our boaſt
Of his redeeming power;
Which ſaves us to the uttermoſt,
Till we can ſin no more:
Let us take up the croſs,
Till we the crown obtain;
And gladly reckon all things loſs,
So we may Jeſus gain.

HYMN

HYMN CCCCLXVII. [*Foundery.*

1 PEACE be on this houſe beſtow'd,
Peace on all that here reſide:
Let the unknown peace of God
With the man of peace abide!
Let the ſpirit now come down:
Let the bleſſing now take place!
Son of peace, receive thy crown,
Fulneſs of the goſpel grace.

2 Chriſt, my Maſter and my Lord,
Let me thy forerunner be:
O be mindful of thy word!
Viſit them and viſit me!
To this houſe and all herein,
Now let thy ſalvation come!
Save our ſouls from inbred-ſin:
Make us thy eternal home!

3 Let us never, never reſt,
Till the promiſe is fulfill'd;
Till we are of thee poſſeſt,
Pardon'd, ſanctified, and ſeal'd:
Till we all, in love renew'd,
Find the pearl that Adam loſt;
Temples of the living God,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt.

HYMN CCCCLXVIII. [*Foundery.*

1 GLORY be to God above,
God from whom all bleſſings flow:
Make we mention of his love,
Publiſh we his praiſe below:
Call'd together by his grace,
We are met in Jeſu's name;
See with joy each other's face,
Followers of the bleeding Lamb.

2 Let

2 Let us then ſweet counſel take,
How to make our calling ſure;
Our election how to make
Paſt the reach of hell ſecure:
Build we each the other up;
Pray we for our faith's increaſe:
Solid comfort, ſettled hope,
Conſtant joy, and laſting peace.

3 More and more let love abound:
Let us never, never reſt,
Till we are in Jeſus found,
Of our paradiſe poſſeſt:
He removes the flaming ſword,
Calls us back from Eden driven:
To his image here reſtored,
Soon he takes us up to heaven!

HYMN CCCCLXIX. [*Newcaſtle.*

1 ALL thanks to the Lamb, Who gives us to meet;
His love we proclaim, His praiſes repeat:
We own him our Jeſus, Continually near
To pardon, and bleſs us, And perfect us here.

2 In him we have peace, In him we have power,
Preſerved by his grace Throughout the dark hour:
In all our temptation, He keeps us to prove
His utmoſt ſalvation, His fulneſs of love.

3 Through pride and deſire Unhurt we have gone,
Through water and fire In him we went on;
The world and the devil Through him we o'er-
Our Jeſus from evil, For ever the ſame. [came,

4 When we would have ſpurn'd His mercy and grace,
To Egypt return'd, And fled from his face;
He hinder'd our flying (His goodneſs to ſhew,)
And ſtopt us by crying, "Will ye alſo go?"

5 O what

5 O what ſhall I do My Saviour to love?
To make us anew, Come Lord from above!
The fruit of thy paſſion, Thy holineſs give;
Give us the ſalvation Of all that believe.

6 Come, Jeſus, and looſe The ſtammerer's tongue,
And teach even us The ſpiritual ſong:
Let us without ceaſing Give thanks for thy grace,
And glory, and bleſſing, And honour, and praiſe.

7 Pronounce the glad word, And bid us be free:
Ah! haſt thou not, Lord, a bleſſing for me?
The peace thou haſt given, This moment impart,
And open thy heaven, O Love, in my heart!

HYMN CCCCLXX. [*Lampe's.*

1 SAVIOUR of ſinful men,
Thy goodneſs we proclaim,
Which brings us here to meet again,
And triumph in thy name:
Thy mighty name hath been
Our ſafeguard and our tower;
Hath ſaved us from the world and ſin,
And all th' accuſer's power.

2 Jeſu, take all the praiſe,
That ſtill on earth we live;
Unſpotted in ſo foul a place,
And innocently grieve!
We ſhall from Sodom flee,
When perfected in love;
And haſte to better company,
Who wait for us above.

3 Awhile in fleſh disjoin'd,
Our friends that went before,
We ſoon in paradiſe ſhall find,
And meet, to part no more:

In

In yon thrice happy ſeat,
Waiting for us they are:
And thou ſhalt there a huſband meet!
And I a parent there!

4 O what a mighty change
Shall Jeſu's ſufferers know!
While o'er the happy plains they range,
Incapable of woe!
No ill-requited love
Shall there our ſpirits wound:
No baſe ingratitude above;
No ſin in heaven is found.

5 There all our griefs are ſpent:
There all our ſorrows end:
We cannot there the fall lament
Of a departed friend!
A brother dead to God,
By ſin, alas! undone:
No father there, in paſſion loud,
Cries, O my ſon, my ſon!

6 Nor ſlighteſt touch of pain,
Nor ſorrow's leaſt alloy,
Can violate our reſt, or ſtain
Our purity of joy:
In that eternal day
No clouds or tempeſts riſe:
Theſe guſhing tears are wip'd away
For ever from our eyes.

HYMN CCCCLXXI. [*Norwich.*

1 JESU, to thee our hearts we lift:
May all our hearts with love o'erflow!
With thanks for thy continued gift,
That ſtill thy precious name we know;
Retain our ſenſe of ſin forgiven,
And wait for all our inward heaven.

2 What

2 What mighty troubles haſt thou ſhewn
Thy feeble tempted followers here!
We have through fire and water gone;
But ſaw thee on the floods appear;
But felt thee preſent in the flame,
And ſhouted our Deliverer's name.

3 When ſtronger ſouls their faith forſook,
And lull'd in worldly, helliſh peace,
Leap'd deſperate from their guardian-rock,
And headlong plung'd in ſin's abyſs;
Thy ſtrength was in our weakneſs ſhewn,
And ſtill it guards and keeps thine own.

4 All are not loſt, or wander'd back:
All have not left thy church and thee:
There are who ſuffer for thy ſake,
Enjoy thy glorious infamy;
Eſteem the ſcandal of the croſs,
And only ſeek divine applauſe.

5 Thou, who haſt kept us to this hour,
O keep us faithful to the end!
When, rob'd with majeſty and power,
Our Jeſus ſhall from heaven deſcend,
His friends and confeſſors to own,
And ſeat us on his glorious throne.

HYMN CCCCLXXII. [*Tallis's.*

1 APpointed by thee, We meet in thy name,
And meekly agree To follow the Lamb;
To trace thy example, The world to diſdain,
And conſtantly trample On pleaſure and pain.

2 Rejoicing in hope We humbly go on;
And daily take up The pledge of our crown:
In doing and bearing The will of our Lord,
We ſtill are preparing To meet our reward.

3 O Jeſus,

3 O Jesus, appear! No longer delay,
To sanctify here, and bear us away;
The end of our meeting On earth let us see,
Triumphantly sitting In glory with thee!

HYMN CCCCLXXIII. [*Brentford.*

1 JESU, 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 Not in the name of pride
Or selfishness we meet:
From nature's paths we turn aside,
And worldly thoughts forget.

4 We meet the grace to take,
Which thou hast freely given:
We meet on earth for thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heaven.

5 Present we know thou art;
But O thyself reveal!
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart
The mighty comfort feel!

6 O may thy quickning voice
The death of sin remove!
And bid our inmost souls rejoice,
In hope of perfect love!

HYMN CCCCLXXIV. [*Swanling-Bar.*

1 SEE, Jesu, thy disciples see,
The promised blessing give!
Met in thy name, we look to thee,
Expecting to receive.

2 Thee we expect, our faithful Lord,
Who in thy name are join'd:
We wait according to thy word,
Thee in the midst to find.

3 With us thou art assembled here;
But O thyself reveal!
Son of the living God, appear!
Let us thy presence feel.

4 Breathe on us, Lord, in this our day,
And these dry bones shall live:
Speak peace into our hearts, and say,
"The Holy Ghost receive!"

5 Whom now we seek, O may we meet!
Jesus, the crucified,
Shew us thy bleeding hands and feet,
Thou, who for us hast died.

6 Cause us the record to receive!
Speak, and the tokens shew,
"O be not faithless, but believe
In me who died for you!"

HYMN CCCCLXXV. [*Amsterdam.*

1 TWO are better far than one,
For counsel or for fight;
How can one be warm alone,
Or serve his God aright?
Join we then our hearts and hands;
Each to love provoke his friend:
Run the way of his commands,
And keep it to the end.

2 Woe to him whoſe ſpirits droop!
To him who falls alone!
He has none to lift him up,
To help his weakneſs on:
Happier we each other keep;
We each other's burdens bear;
Never need our footſteps ſlip,
Upheld by mutual prayer.

3 Who of twain has made us one,
Maintains our unity:
Jeſus is the corner-ſtone,
In whom we all agree:
Servants of one common Lord,
Sweetly of one heart and mind;
Who can break a threefold cord,
Or part whom God hath join'd?

4 O that all with us might prove
The fellowſhip of ſaints!
Find ſupplied, in Jeſu's love,
What every member wants!
Graſp we our high-calling's prize!
Feel our ſins on earth forgiven
Riſe, in his whole image riſe,
And meet our Head in heaven!

SECTION II.

Giving Thanks.

HYMN CCCCLXXVI. *Builth.*

1 HOW happy are we,
Who in Jeſus agree
To expect his return from above?
We ſit under his vine,
And delightfully join
In the praiſe of his excellent love.

2 How pleaſant and ſweet,
In his name when we meet,
Is his fruit to our ſpiritual taſte!
We are banqueting here,
On angelical cheer,
And the joys that eternally laſt.

3 Invited by him,
We drink of the ſtream
Ever flowing in bliſs from the throne;
Who in Jeſus believe,
We the ſpirit receive
That proceeds from the Father and Son.

4 The unſpeakable grace
He obtain'd for our race,
And the ſpirit of faith he imparts;
Then, then we conceive
How in heaven they live
By the kingdom of God in our hearts.

5 True believers have ſeen
The Saviour of men,
As his head he on Calvary bow'd:
We ſhall ſee him again,
When, with all his bright train,
He deſcends on the luminous cloud.

6 We remember the word
Of our crucified Lord,
When he went to prepare us a place;
"I will come in that day,
And tranſport you away,
And admit to a ſight of my face."

7 With earneſt deſire,
After thee we aſpire,
And long thy appearing to ſee;
Till our ſouls thou receive,
In thy preſence to live,
And be perfectly happy in thee.

8 Come,

8 Come, Lord from the ſkies,
And command us to riſe,
Ready made for the manſions above;
With our Head to aſcend,
And eternity ſpend
In a rapture of heavenly love.

HYMN CCCCLXXVII. [*York.*

1 HOW good and pleaſant 'tis to ſee,
When brethren cordially agree,
And kindly think and ſpeak the ſame!
A family of faith and love,
Combined to ſeek the things above,
And ſpread the common Saviour's fame.
The God of grace, who all invites,
Who in our unity delights,
Vouchſafes our intercourſe to bleſs;
Revives us with refreſhing ſhowers,
The fulneſs of his bleſſings pours,
And keeps our minds in perfect peace.

2 Jeſu, thou precious corner-ſtone,
Preſerve inſeparably one,
Whom thou didſt by thy ſpirit join:
Still let us in thy ſpirit live,
And to thy church the pattern give
Of unanimity divine.
Still let us to each other cleave,
And from thy plenitude receive
Conſtant ſupplies of hallowing grace;
Till to a perfect man we riſe,
O'ertake our kindred in the ſkies,
And find prepared our heavenly place.

HYMN CCCCLXXVIII. [*Builth.*

COME away to the ſkies!
My beloved ariſe;
And rejoice in the day thou waſt born:

On this feſtival day,
Come exulting away,
And with ſinging to Sion return :

2 We have laid up our love
And treaſure above,
Though our bodies continue below :
The redeem'd of the Lord,
We remember his word,
And with ſinging to paradiſe go.

3 With ſinging we praiſe
The original grace,
By our heavenly Father beſtow'd ;
Our being receive
From his bounty, and live
To the honour and glory of God.

4 For thy glory we are,
Created to ſhare
Both the nature and kingdom divine:
Created again,
That our ſouls may remain
In time and eternity thine.

5 With thanks we approve
The deſign of thy love,
Which hath join'd us in Jeſus's name ;
So united in heart,
That we never can part,
Till we meet at the feaſt of the Lamb.

6 There, there at his feet,
We ſhall ſuddenly meet,
And be parted in body no more!
We ſhall ſing to our lyres,
With the heavenly choirs,
And our Saviour in glory adore.

7 Hallelujah we ſing,
To our Father and King,
And his rapturous praiſes repeat :

To

To the Lamb that was ſlain,
Hallelujah again,
Sing all heaven, and fall at his feet!

8 In aſſurance of hope,
We to Jeſus look up,
Till his banner unfurl'd in the air
From our graves we ſhall ſee,
And cry out, "It is he,"
And fly up to acknowledge him there.

HYMN CCCCLXXIX. [*Eveſham.*

1 WHAT ſhall we offer our good Lord,
Poor nothings! for his boundleſs grace?
Fain would we his great name record,
And worthily ſet forth his praiſe.

2 Great object of our growing love,
To whom our more than all we owe;
Open the fountain from above,
And let it our full ſouls o'erflow.

3 So ſhall our lives thy power proclaim,
Thy grace for every ſinner free;
Till all mankind ſhall learn thy name,
Shall all ſtretch out their hands to thee!

4 Open a door, which earth and hell
May ſtrive to ſhut, but ſtrive in vain;
Let thy word richly in us dwell,
And let our gracious fruit remain!

5 O multiply thy ſower's ſeed!
And fruit we every hour ſhall bear:
Throughout the world, thy goſpel ſpread;
Thy everlaſting truth declare.

6 We all, in perfect love renew'd,
Shall know the greatneſs of thy power;
Stand in the temple of our God,
As pillars, and go out no more!

HYMN CCCCLXXX. [*Norwich.*

1 THE people that in darkneſs lay,
The confines of eternal night;
We, we have ſeen a goſpel-day,
The glorious beams of heavenly light;
His ſpirit in our hearts hath ſhone,
And ſhew'd the Father in the Son.

2 Father of everlaſting grace,
Thou haſt in us thy arm reveal'd:
Haſt multiplied the faithful race,
Who, conſcious of their pardon ſeal'd,
Of joy unſpeakable poſſeſt,
Anticipate their heavenly reſt.

3 In tears who ſow'd, in joy we reap,
And praiſe thy goodneſs all day long:
Him in our eye of faith we keep,
Who gives us our triumphal ſong;
And doth his ſpoils to all divide,
A lot among the ſanctified.

4 Thou haſt our bonds in ſunder broke,
Took all our load of guilt away!
From ſin, the world, and Satan's yoke,
(Like Iſrael ſaved in Midian's day,)
Redeem'd us by our conquering Lord,
Our Gideon, and his ſpirit's ſword.

5 Not like the warring ſons of men,
With ſhouts and garments roll'd in blood,
Our Captain doth the fight maintain:
But lo! the burning Spirit of God
Kindles in each a ſecret fire;
And all our ſins as ſmoke expire!

HYMN CCCCLXXXI. [*Sheffield.*

Gen. xxviii. 16, 17.

1 LO! God is here, let us adore,
And own, how dreadful is this place!
Let all within us feel his power,
And silent bow before his face!
Who know his power, his grace who prove,
Serve him with awe, with reverence, love.

2 Lo, God is here! him day and night
Th' united choirs of angels sing:
To him enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring:
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
Who praise thee with a stammering tongue.

3 Gladly the toys of earth we leave,
Wealth, pleasure, fame, for thee alone:
To thee our will, soul, flesh we give!
O take! O seal them for thine own!
Thou art the God: thou art the Lord:
Be thou by all thy works adored!

4 Being of beings, may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will:
To thee may all our thoughts arise,
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice!

5 In thee we move: all things of thee
Are full, thou source and life of all;
Thou vast, unfathomable sea;
Fall prostrate, lost in wonder fall,
Ye sons of men; for God is man;
All may we lose, so thee we gain!

6 As flowers their opening leaves display,
And glad drink in the solar fire,
So may we catch thy every ray,
So may thy influence us inspire;
Thou beam of the eternal beam!
Thou purging fire, thou quick'ning flame!

HYMN CCCCLXXXII. [*New-Year's-Day.*

1 COME let us ariſe,
And preſs to the ſkies:
The ſummons obey;
My friends, my beloved, and haſten away!
The Maſter of all,
For our ſervice doth call,
And deigns to approve,
With ſmiles of acceptance our labour of love.

2 His burden who bear
Who alone can declare,
How eaſy his yoke, [provoke;
While to love and good works we each other
By word and by deed,
The bodies in need,
The ſouls to relieve,
And freely as Jeſus hath given to give.

3 Then let us attend
Our heavenly friend,
In his members diſtreſt,
By want, or affliction, or ſickneſs oppreſt:
The priſoner relieve,
The ſtranger receive;
Supply all their wants,
And ſpend and be ſpent in aſſiſting his ſaints.

4 Thus while we beſtow
Our moments below,
Ourſelves we forſake,
And refuge in Jeſus's righteouſneſs take:
His paſſion alone
The foundation we own:
And pardon we claim,
And eternal redemption in Jeſus's name.

HYMN CCCCLXXXIII. [*Triumph.*

1 THE earth is the Lord's, And all it contains:
The truth of his words For ever remains.
The ſaints have a mountain Of bleſſings in him:
His grace is the fountain, His peace is the ſtream.

2 To him our requeſt We now have made known,
Who ſees what is beſt For each of his own,
Our heatheniſh care, We caſt it aſide;
He heareth the prayer, And he will provide.

3 The modeſt and meek The earth ſhall poſſeſs:
The kingdom who ſeek Of Jeſus's grace,
The power of his Spirit Shall joyfully own,
And all things inherit, In virtue of one.

HYMN CCCCLXXXIV. [*Cardiff.*

1 COME all whoe'er have ſet
Your faces Sion-ward,
In Jeſus let us meet,
And praiſe our common Lord;
In Jeſus let us ſtill go on,
Till all appear before his throne.

2 Nearer and nearer ſtill
We to our country come;
To that celeſtial hill,
The weary pilgrim's home;
The new Jeruſalem above,
The ſeat of everlaſting love.

3 The ranſom'd ſons of God,
All earthly things we ſcorn;
And to our high abode
With ſongs of praiſe return;
From ſtrength to ſtrength we ſtill proceed,
With crowns of joy upon our head.

4 The peace and joy of faith
Each moment may we feel;
Redeem'd from ſin and wrath,
From earth, and death, and hell,
We to our Father's houſe repair,
To meet our elder Brother there.

5 Our Brother, Saviour, Head,
Our all in all is he;
And in his ſteps who tread,
We ſoon his face ſhall ſee;
Shall ſee him with our glorious friends,
And then in heaven our journey ends.

HYMN CCCCLXXXV. [*Derby.*

1 COME, let us anew
Our journey purſue,
With vigour ariſe,
And preſs to our permanent place in the ſkies.
Of heavenly birth,
Though wandring on earth,
This is not our place,
But ſtrangers and pilgrims ourſelves we confeſs.

2 At Jeſus's call
We gave up our all:
And ſtill we forego,
For Jeſus's ſake our enjoyments below.
No longing we find
For the country behind;
But onward we move,
And ſtill we are ſeeking a country above:

3 A country of joy
Without any alloy,
We thither repair,
Our heart and our treaſure already are there.

We

We march hand in hand
To Immanuel's land;
No matter what cheer
We meet with on earth; for eternity's near.

4 The rougher our way,
The ſhorter our ſtay:
The tempeſts that riſe
Shall glorioufly hurry our ſouls to the ſkies.
The fiercer the blaſt,
The ſooner 'tis paſt:
The troubles that come,
Shall come to our reſcue, and haſten us home.

HYMN CCCCLXXXVI. [*Builth.*

1 COME, let us aſcend,
My companion and friend,
To a taſte of the banquet above:
If thy heart be as mine,
If for Jeſus it pine,
Come up into the chariot of love.

2 Who in Jeſus confide,
We are bold to outride
The ſtorms of affliction beneath!
With the prophet we ſoar,
To the heavenly ſhore,
And out-fly all the arrows of death.

3 By faith we are come
To our permanent home:
By hope we the rapture improve:
By love we ſtill riſe,
And look down on the ſkies,
For the heaven of heaven is love.

4 Who on earth can conceive,
How happy we live
In the preſence of God, the great King
What a concert of praiſe,
When our Jeſus's grace
The whole heavenly company ſing?

5 What a rapturous ſong,
When the glorified throng,
In the ſpirit of harmony join?
Join all the glad choirs,
Hearts, voices, and lyres,
And the burden is mercy divine.

6 Hallelujah they cry
To the king of the ſky,
To the great everlaſting I AM;
To the Lamb that was ſlain,
And liveth again,
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb.

7 The Lamb on the throne,
Lo! he dwells with his own,
And to rivers of pleaſure he leads:
With his mercy's full blaze,
With the ſight of his face,
Our beatified ſpirits he feeds.

8 Our foreheads proclaim
His ineffable name:
Our bodies his glory diſplay:
A day without night
We feaſt in his ſight,
And eternity ſeems as a day!

SECTION III.

Praying.

HYMN CCCCLXXXVII. [*Wedneſbury.*

1 JESU, great Shepherd of the ſheep,
To thee for help we fly:
Thy little flock in ſafety keep!
For O the wolf is nigh!

2 He comes, of helliſh malice full,
To ſcatter, tear and ſlay:
He ſeizes every ſtraggling ſoul,
As his own lawful prey.

3 Us into thy protection take
And gather with thy arm!
Unleſs the fold we firſt forſake,
The wolf can never harm.

4 We laugh to ſcorn his cruel power,
While by our ſhepherd's ſide:
The ſheep he never can devour,
Unleſs he firſt divide.

5 O do not ſuffer him to part
The ſouls that here agree!
But make us of one mind and heart,
And keep us one in thee!

6 Together let us ſweetly live!
Together let us die;
And each a ſtarry crown receive,
And reign above the ſky.

HYMN CCCCLXXXVIII. [*Fetter-Lane.*

1 COME, thou omniſcient Son of man,
Diſplay thy ſifting power:
Come with thy winnowing ſpirit's fan,
And throughly purge thy floor.

2 The chaff of ſin, th' accurſed thing,
Far from our ſouls be driven!
The wheat into thy garner bring,
And lay us up for heaven.

3 Look through us with thy eyes of flame;
The clouds and darkneſs chaſe:
And tell me what by ſin I am,
And what I am by grace.

4 Whate'er offends thy glorious eyes,
Far from our hearts remove!
As duſt before the whirlwind flies,
Diſperſe it by thy love.

5 Then let us all thy fulneſs know,
From every ſin ſet free:
Sav'd, to the utmoſt ſav'd below,
And perfectly like thee.

HYMN CCCCLXXXIX. [*Brooks's.*

1 TRY us, O God, and ſearch the ground
Of every ſinful heart!
Whate'er of ſin in us is found,
O bid it all depart!

2 When to the right or left we ſtray,
Leave us not comfortleſs;
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlaſting peace.

3 Help us to help each other Lord,
Each other's croſs to bear:
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

4 Help us to build each other up,
Our little ſtock improve;
Increaſe our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

5 Up into thee, our living head,
Let us in all things grow,
Till thou haſt made us free indeed,
And ſpotleſs here below.

6 Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive thy ready bride;
Give us in heaven a happy lot
With all the ſanctified.

HYMN CCCCXC. [*Aldrich.*

1 JESU, united by thy grace,
And each to each endear'd,
With confidence we ſeek thy face,
And know our prayer is heard.

2 Still let us own our common Lord,
And bear thine eaſy yoke;
A band of love, a three-fold cord,
Which never can be broke.

3 Make us into one ſpirit drink;
Baptize into thy name;
And let us always kindly think,
And ſweetly ſpeak the ſame.

4 Touch'd by the loadſtone of thy love,
Let all our hearts agree;
And ever tow'rds each other move,
And ever more tow'rds thee.

5 To thee inſeparably join'd,
Let all our ſpirits cleave;
O may we all the loving mind
That was in thee receive!

6 This is the bond of perfectneſs,
Thy ſpotleſs charity;
O let us (ſtill we pray) poſſeſs
The mind that was in thee!

7 Grant this, and then from all below
Inſenſibly remove:
Our ſouls their change ſhall ſcarcely know,
Made perfect firſt in love!

8 With eaſe our ſouls through death ſhall glide
Into their paradiſe;
And thence on wings of angels ride
Triumphant through the ſkies.

9 Yet when the fulleſt joy is given,
The ſame delight we prove,
In earth, in paradiſe, in heaven
Our all in all is love.

HYMN CCCCXCI. [*Zoar.*

1 UNCHANGEABLE, almighty Lord,
Our ſouls upon thy truth we ſtay:
Accompliſh now thy faithful word,
And give, O give us all one way!

2 O let us all join hand in hand;
Who ſeek redemption in thy blood;
Faſt in one mind and ſpirit ſtand,
And build the temple of our God.

3 Thou only canſt our wills control,
Our wild, unruly paſſions bind;
Tame the old Adam in our ſoul,
And make us of one heart and mind.

4 Speak

4 Speak but the reconciling word,
The winds ſhall ceaſe, the waves ſubſide;
We all ſhall praiſe our common Lord,
Our Jeſus, and him crucified.

5 Giver of peace and unity,
Send down thy mild, pacific Dove;
We all ſhall then in one agree,
And breathe the ſpirit of thy love.

6 We all ſhall think and ſpeak the ſame
Delightful leſſon of thy grace;
One undivided Chriſt proclaim,
And jointly glory in thy praiſe.

7 O let us take a ſofter mould!
Blended and gathered into thee;
Under one ſhepherd make one fold,
Where all is love and harmony.

8 Regard thine own eternal prayer,
And ſend a peaceful anſwer down;
To us thy Father's name declare;
Unite and perfect us in one!

9 So ſhall the world believe and know,
That God hath ſent thee from above;
When thou art ſeen in us below,
And every ſoul diſplays thy love.

HYMN CCCCXCII. [*Amſterdam.*

John xiv. 16, 17.

1 FATHER of our dying Lord,
Remember us for good;
O fulfil his faithful word,
And hear his ſpeaking blood:
Give us That for which he prays;
Father, glorify thy Son!
Shew his truth, and power, and grace,
And ſend the promiſe down.

2 True

2 True and faithful Witneſs, thou,
O Chriſt thy Spirit give:
Haſt thou not received him now,
That we might now receive?
Art thou not our living Head?
Life to all thy limbs impart:
Shed thy love, thy Spirit ſhed,
In every waiting heart.

3 Holy Ghoſt, the Comforter,
The gift of Jeſus, come:
Glows our heart to find thee near,
And ſwells to make thee room;
Preſent with us thee we feel,
Come, O come, and in us be!
With us, in us, live and dwell,
To all eternity.

HYMN CCCCXCIII. [*Invitation.*

1 SAVIOUR of all, to thee we bow,
And own thee faithful to thy word;
We hear thy voice, and open now
Our hearts, to entertain our Lord.

2 Come in, come in thou heavenly gueſt,
Delight in what thyſelf haſt given:
On thy own gifts and graces feaſt,
And make the contrite heart thy heaven.

3 Smell the ſweet odour of our prayers,
Our ſacrifice of praiſe approve;
And treaſure up our gracious tears,
Who reſt in thy redeeming love.

4 Beneath thy ſhadow let us ſit,
Call us thy friends, and love, and bride;
And bid us freely drink and eat
Thy dainties, and be ſatisfied.

5 O let

5 O let us on thy fulneſs feed!
And eat thy fleſh, and drink thy blood;
Jeſu, thy blood is drink indeed,
Jeſu, thy fleſh is angel's food.

6 The heavenly manna faith imparts:
Faith makes thy fulneſs all our own:
We feed upon thee in our hearts,
And find that heaven and thou art one.

HYMN CCCCXCIV. [*Foundery.*

1 GOD of love, that hear'ſt the prayer,
Kindly for thy people care:
Who on thee alone depend:
Love us, ſave us to the end.

2 Save us in the proſperous hour,
From the flattering tempter's power;
From his unſuſpected wiles,
From the world's pernicious ſmiles.

3 Cut off our dependance vain,
On the help of feeble man;
Every arm of fleſh remove;
Stay us on thy only love!

4 Men of worldly, low deſign,
Let not theſe thy people join;
Poiſon our ſimplicity,
Drag us from our truſt in thee.

5 Save us from the great and wiſe,
Till they ſink in their own eyes;
Tamely to thy yoke ſubmit,
Lay their honour at thy feet.

6 Never let the world break in,
Fix a mighty gulph between;

Keep

Keep us little and unknown,
Priz'd and lov'd by God alone.

7 Let us ſtill to thee look up,
Thee, thy Iſrael's ſtrength and hope;
Nothing know or ſeek beſide
Jeſus, and him crucified.

8 Far above all earthly things,
Look we down on earthly kings!
Taſte our glorious liberty;
Find our happy all in thee!

HYMN CCCCXCV. [*Hotham.*

1 JESU, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree:
Shew thyſelf the Prince of peace;
Bid our jars for ever ceaſe.

2 By thy reconciling love,
Every ſtumbling-block remove:
Each to each unite, endear:
Come, and ſpread thy banner here!

3 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind;
Lowly, meek in thought, and word,
Altogether like our Lord.

4 Let us each for other care,
Each the other's burden bear;
To thy church the pattern give;
Shew how true believers live.

5 Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide;
All the depths of love expreſs
All the heights of holineſs!

6 Let

6 Let us then with joy remove
To the family above:
On the wings of angels fly;
Shew how true believers die.

HYMN CCCCXCVI. [*Fanmon.*

1 THOU God of truth and love,
We ſeek thy perfect way,
Ready thy choice t' approve,
Thy providence t' obey;
Enter into thy wiſe deſign,
And ſweetly loſe our will in thine.

2 Why haſt thou caſt our lot
In the ſame age and place?
And why together brought
To ſee each other's face;
To join with ſofteſt ſympathy,
And mix our friendly ſouls in thee?

3 Didſt thou not make us one,
That we might one remain,
Together travel on,
And bear each other's pain;
Till all thy utmoſt goodneſs prove,
And riſe renew'd in perfect love?

4 Surely thou didſt unite
Our kindred ſpirits here,
That all hereafter might
Before thy throne appear;
Meet at the marriage of the Lamb,
And all thy glorious love proclaim.

5 Then let us ever bear
The bleſſed end in view,
And join in mutual care,
To fight our paſſage through;

And kindly help each other on,
Till all receive the ſtarry crown.

6 O may thy Spirit ſeal
Our ſouls unto that day!
With all thy fulneſs fill,
And then tranſport away!
Away to our eternal reſt,
Away to our Redeemer's breaſt!

HYMN CCCCXCVII. [*Canterbury.*

1 FORGIVE us for thy mercy's ſake,
Our multitude of ſins forgive!
And for thy own poſſeſſion take,
And bid us to thy glory live;
Live in thy ſight, and gladly prove
Our faith, by our obedient love.

2 The cov'nant of forgiveneſs ſeal,
And all thy mighty wonders ſhew!
Our inbred enemies expel,
And conquering them to conquer go;
Till all of pride and wrath be ſlain,
And not one evil thought remain!

3 O put it in our inward parts,
The living law of perfect love!
Write the new precept on our hearts;
We ſhall not then from thee remove,
Who in thy glorious image ſhine,
Thy people, and for ever thine!

HYMN CCCCXCVIII. [*Dedication.*

1 CENTRE of our hopes thou art,
End of our enlarg'd deſires:
Stamp thy Image on our hearts;
Fill us now with heavenly fires;

Cemented

Cemented by love divine,
Seal our ſouls for ever thine!

2 All our works in thee be wrought,
Level'd at one common aim:
Every word, and every thought,
Purge in the refining flame;
Lead us through the paths of peace,
On to perfect holineſs.

3 Let us all together riſe,
To thy glorious life reſtor'd;
Here regain our paradiſe,
Here prepare to meet our Lord:
Here enjoy the earneſt given:
Travel hand in hand to heaven!

HYMN CCCCXCIX. [*Marienburn.*

1 JESU, with kindeſt pity ſee,
The ſouls that would be one in thee!
If now accepted in thy ſight,
Thou doſt our upright hearts unite,
Allow us, ev'n on earth to prove
The nobleſt joys of heavenly love!

2 Before thy glorious eyes we ſpread
The wiſh which doth from thee proceed;
Our love from earthly droſs refine:
Holy, angelical divine,
Thee let it its great Author ſhew,
And back to the pure fountain flow.

3 A drop of that unbounded ſea,
O Lord, reſorb it into thee!
While all our ſouls, with reſtleſs ſtrife,
Spring up into eternal life:
And loſt in endleſs raptures, prove
Thy whole immenſity of love!

4 A ſpark

4 A ſpark of that ethereal fire,
Still let it to its ſource aſpire:
To thee in every wiſh return,
Intenſely for thy glory burn:
While all our ſouls fly up to thee,
And blaze through all eternity!

HYMN D. | *Plymouth.*

1 FATHER, at thy footſtool ſee
Thoſe who now are one in thee!
Draw us by thy grace alone:
Give, O give us to thy Son!

Jeſus, friend of human-kind,
Let us in thy name be join'd;
Each to each unite and bleſs,
Keep us ſtill in perfect peace.

3 Heavenly, all-alluring Dove,
Shed thy over-ſhadowing love:
Love, the ſealing grace, impart;
Dwell within our ſingle heart.

4 Father, Son and Holy Ghoſt,
Be to us what Adam loſt:
Let us in thine image riſe;
Give us back our paradiſe!

HYMN DI. [*Love-feaſt.*

The Communion of Saints.

Part the Firſt.

1 FATHER, Son, and Spirit hear
Faith's effectual, fervent prayer!
Hear, and our petitions ſeal,
Let us now the anſwer feel.

2 Still

2 Still our fellowſhip increaſe;
Knit us in the bond of peace:
Join our new-born ſpirits, join
Each to each, and all to thine!

3 Build us in one body up,
Call'd in one high calling's hope:
One the ſpirit whom we claim,
One the pure, baptiſmal flame:

4 One the faith and common Lord:
One the Father lives ador'd,
Over, through, and in us all,
God incomprehenſible.

5 One with God, the ſource of bliſs,
Ground of our communion this:
Life of all that live below,
Let thine emanations flow!

6 Riſe eternal in our heart!
Thou our long-ſought Eden art:
Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
Be to us what Adam loſt!

HYMN DII. [*Saliſbury.*

Part the Second.

1 OTHER ground can no man lay,
Jeſus take our ſins away:
Jeſus the foundation is,
This ſhall ſtand and only this:
Fitly fram'd in him we are,
All the building riſes fair:
Let it to a temple riſe,
Worthy him who fills the ſkies.

2 Huſband of thy church below,
Chriſt, if thee our Lord we know,

Unto

Unto thee betroth'd in love,
Always let us faithful prove!
Never rob thee of our heart,
Never give the creature part:
Only thou poſſeſs the whole;
Take our body, ſpirit, ſoul.

3 Stedfaſt let us cleave to thee;
Love the myſtic union be;
Union to the world unknown,
Join'd to God in ſpirit one;
Wait we till the Spouſe ſhall come,
Till the Lamb ſhall take us home;
For his heaven the bride prepare,
Solemnize our nuptials there!

HYMN DIII. [*Saliſbury.*

Part the Third.

1 CHRIST, our Head, gone up on high,
Be thou in thy ſpirit nigh!
Advocate with God, give ear
To thine own effectual prayer!

2 One the Father is with thee:
Knit us in like unity?
Make us, O uniting Son!
One as thou and he are one.

3 Still, O Lord! (for thine we are,)
Still to us his name declare:
Thy revealing ſpirit give,
Whom the world cannot receive.

4 Fill us with the Father's love:
Never from our ſouls remove:
Dwell in us, and we ſhall be
Thine through all eternity.

HYMN DIV. [*Aſcenſion.*

Part the Fourth.

1 CHRIST, from whom all bleſſings flow,
Perfecting the ſaints below,
Hear us, who thy nature ſhare,
Who thy myſtic body are.

2 Join us, in one ſpirit join,
Let us ſtill receive of thine:
Still for more on thee we call,
Thee who filleſt all in all!

3 Cloſer knit to thee our Head:
Nouriſh us, O Chriſt, and feed!
Let us daily growth receive,
More and more in Jeſus live.

4 Jeſus, we thy members are:
Cheriſh us with kindeſt care;
Of thy fleſh and of thy bone;
Love, for ever love thy own!

5 Move, and actuate, and guide:
Divers gifts to each divide:
Placed according to thy will,
Let us all our work fulfil.

6 Never from our office move:
Needful to each other prove:
Uſe the grace on earth beſtow'd,
Temper'd by the heart of God.

7 Sweetly may we all agree,
Touched with ſofteſt ſympathy:
Kindly for each other care;
Every member feel its ſhare.

8 Wounded by the grief of one,
Now let all the members groan;
Honour'd if one member is,
All partake the common bliſs.

9 Many are we now and one,
We, who Jeſus have put on:
There is neither bond nor free,
Male nor female, Lord, in thee!

10 Love, like death, hath all deſtroy'd,
Render'd our diſtinctions void!
Names, and ſects, and parties fall:
Thou, O Chriſt, art all in all!

HYMN DV. [*Love-Feaſt.*

THE LOVE-FEAST.

Part the Firſt.

1 COME, and let us ſweetly join,
Chriſt to praiſe in hymns divine!
Give we all with one accord,
Glory to our common Lord;
Hands, and hearts, and voices raiſe:
Sing as in the ancient days;
Antedate the joys above,
Celebrate the feaſt of love.

2 Strive we, in affection ſtrive:
Let the purer flame revive;
Such as in the martyrs glow'd,
Dying champions for their God:
We like them may live and love;
Call'd we are their joys to prove;
Saved with them from future wrath;
Partners of like precious faith.

3 Sing we then in Jesu's name,
Now as yesterday the same;
One in every time and place,
Full for all of truth and grace:
We for Christ our master stand,
Lights in a benighted land:
We our dying Lord confess:
We are Jesu's witnesses.

4 Witnesses that Christ hath died;
We with him are crucified:
Christ hath burst the bands of death
We his quickning Spirit breathe:
Christ is now gone up on high;
Thither all our wishes fly:
Sits at God's right-hand above;
There with him we reign in love.

HYMN DVI. [*Love-Feast.*

Part the Second.

1 COME, thou high and lofty Lord;
Lowly, meek, incarnate Word:
Humbly stoop to earth again;
Come, and visit abject man!
Jesu, dear expected guest,
Thou art bidden to the feast:
For thyself our hearts prepare:
Come, and sit, and banquet there.

2 Jesu, we thy promise claim:
We are met in thy great name;
In the midst do thou appear,
Manifest thy presence here!
Sanctify us, Lord, and bless!
Breathe thy Spirit, give thy peace:
Thou thyself within us move;
Make our feast a feast of love.

3 Let the fruits of grace abound;
Let in us thy bowels ſound,
Faith, and love and joy increaſe,
Temperance and gentleneſs;
Plant in us thy humble mind,
Patient, pitiful and kind:
Meek and lowly let us be,
Full of goodneſs, full of thee.

4 Make us all in thee complete;
Make us all for glory meet;
Meet t' appear before thy ſight,
Partners with the ſaints in light:
Call, O call us each by name!
To the marriage of the Lamb:
Let us lean upon thy breaſt!
Love be there our endleſs feaſt!

HYMN DVII. [*Cookham.*

Part the Third.

1 LET us join, ('tis God commands,)
Let us join our hearts and hands;
Help to gain our calling's hope,
Build we each the other up:
God his bleſſing ſhall diſpenſe;
God ſhall crown his ordinance;
Meet in his appointed ways,
Nouriſh us with ſocial grace.

2 Let us then as brethren love,
Faithfully his gifts improve;
Carry on the earneſt ſtrife,
Walk in holineſs of life:
Still forget the things behind,
Follow Chriſt in heart and mind;
Toward the mark unwearied preſs,
Seize the crown of righteouſneſs!

3 Plead we thus for faith alone, 7
Faith which by our works are ſhewn:
God it is who juſtifies!
Only faith the grace applies;
Active faith that lives within,
Conquers earth, and hell, and ſin;
Sanctifies, and makes us whole,
Forms the Saviour in the ſoul.

4 Let us for this faith contend:
Sure ſalvation is its end:
Heaven already is begun,
Everlaſting life is won.
Only let us perſevere,
Till we ſee our Lord appear;
Never from the rock remove,
Saved by faith, which works by love.

HYMN DVIII. [*Foundery.*

Part the Fourth.

1 PARTNERS of a glorious hope,
Lift your hearts and voices up:
Jointly let us riſe and ſing,
Chriſt our Prophet, Prieſt, and King:
Monuments of Jeſu's grace,
Speak we by our lives his praiſe:
Walk in him, we have received:
Shew, we not in vain believed.

2 While we walk with God in light,
God our hearts doth ſtill unite:
Deareſt fellowſhip we prove,
Fellowſhip in Jeſu's love:
Sweetly each with each combined,
In the bonds of duty joined,
Feels the cleanſing blood applied,
Daily feels that Chriſt hath died.

3 Still, O Lord, our faith increaſe!
Cleanſe from all unrighteouſneſs:
Thee th' unholy cannot ſee:
Make, O make us meet for thee:
Every vile affection kill;
Root out every ſeed of ill:
Utterly aboliſh ſin:
Write thy law of love within.

4 Hence may all our actions flow,
Love, the proof that Chriſt we know:
Mutual love the token be,
Lord, that we belong to thee:
Love, thine image, love impart!
Stamp it on our face and heart!
Only love to us be given;
Lord we aſk no other heaven.

HYMN DIX. [*Purcell.*

1 O Thou, our Huſband, Brother, Friend,
Behold a cloud of incenſe riſe!
The prayers of ſaints to heaven aſcend,
Grateful, accepted ſacrifice!

2 Regard our prayers for Sion's peace!
Shed in our hearts thy love abroad:
Thy gifts abundantly increaſe:
Inlarge, and fill us all with God.

3 Before thy ſheep great Shepherd go,
And guide into thy perfect will!
Cauſe us thy hallowed name to know,
The work of faith in us fulfil.

4 Help us to make our calling ſure;
O let us all be ſaints indeed!
And pure as thou thyſelf art pure;
Conformed in all things to our head.

5 Take the dear purchaſe of thy blood!
Thy blood ſhall waſh us white as ſnow;
Preſent us ſanctified to God,
And perfected in love below.

6 That blood which cleanſes from all ſin,
That efficacious blood apply;
And waſh, and make us wholly clean,
And change, and throughly ſanctify.

7 From all iniquity redeem,
Cleanſe by the water and the word;
And free from every ſpot of blame,
And make the ſervant as his Lord!

HYMN DX. [113th *Pſalm.*

1 OUR friendſhip ſanctify and guide,
Unmixt with ſelfiſhneſs and pride,
Thy glory be our ſingle aim!
In all our intercourſe below,
Still let us in thy footſteps go,
And never meet but in thy name.
Fix on thyſelf our ſingle eye!
Still let us on thyſelf rely,
For all the help, that each conveys;
The help as from thy hand receive,
And ſtill to thee all glory give,
All thanks, all might, all love, all praiſe.

2 Whate'er thou doſt on one beſtow,
Let each the doubled bleſſing know,
Let each the common burden bear;
In comforts and in griefs agree,
And wreſtle for his friends with thee,
In all th' omnipotence of prayer.
Our mutual prayer accept and ſeal!
In all, thy glorious ſelf reveal;
All with the fire of love baptize!
The kingdom in our ſouls reſtore;
And keep till we can ſin no more,
Till all in thy whole image riſe.

3 Witneſſes of the all-cleanſing blood,
Long may we work the works of God,
And do thy will like thoſe above!
Together ſpread the goſpel-ſound,
And ſcatter peace on all around,
And joy, and happineſs, and love.
True yoke-fellows by love compelled
To labour in the goſpel-field,
Our all let us delight to ſpend,
In gathering in thy lambs and ſheep,
Aſſured that thou our ſouls wilt keep,
Wilt keep us faithful to the end.

HYMN DXI. [112th *Pſalm.*

1 JESU, thou great redeeming Lord,
The kingdom of thy peace reſtored
Let all thy followers perceive,
And happy in thy ſpirit live:
Retain the grace through thee beſtowed,
The favour and the peace of God.

2 Give all thy ſaints to find in thee
The fulneſs of the Deity:
His nature, life, and mind to prove,
In perfect holineſs and love:
Fountain of grace, thyſelf make known,
With God and man for ever one.

3 Still with and in thy people dwell;
Thy gracious plenitude reveal:
Till coming with thy heavenly train,
We eye to eye behold the man,
And ſhare thy majeſty divine,
And mount our thrones encircling thine.

HYMN DXII. [*Muſician's.*

1 EXCEPT the Lord conduct the plan,
The beſt concerted ſchemes are vain,
And never can ſucceed;
We ſpend our wretched ſtrength for nought;
But if our works in thee are wrought,
They ſhall be bleſt indeed.

2 Lord, if thou didſt thyſelf inſpire
Our ſouls with this intenſe deſire,
Thy goodneſs to proclaim;
Thy glory if we now intend,
O let our deed begin and end
Complete in Jeſu's name!

3 In Jeſu's name behold we meet,
Far from an evil world retreat,
And all its frantic ways;
One only thing reſolved to know,
And ſquare our uſeful lives below,
By reaſon and by grace.

4 Not in the tombs we pine to dwell,
Not in the dark, monaſtic cell,
By vows and grates confined;
Freely to all ourſelves we give,
Conſtrain'd by Jeſu's love to live
The ſervants of mankind.

5 Now, Jeſu, now thy love impart,
To govern each devoted heart,
And fit us for thy will!
Deep founded in the truth of grace,
Build up thy riſing church, and place
The city on the hill.

6 O let our faith and love abound
O let our lives to all around
With pureſt luſtre ſhine!
That all around our works may ſee,
And give the glory, Lord, to thee,
The heavenly light divine!

HYMN DXIII. [*Snowsfields.*

1 COME, wiſdom, power, and grace divine!
Come, Jeſus, in thy name to join
A happy, choſen band;
Who fain would prove thine utmoſt will,
And all thy righteous laws fulfil,
In love's benign command.

2 If pure, eſſential love thou art,
Thy nature into every heart,
Thy loving ſelf inſpire:
Bid all our ſimple ſouls be one,
United in a bond unknown,
Baptized with heavenly fire.

3 Still may we to our centre tend,
To ſpread thy praiſe our common end,
To help each other on;
Companions through the wilderneſs;
To ſhare a moment's pain, and ſeize
An everlaſting crown.

4 Jeſus our tender'd ſouls prepare!
Infuſe the ſofteſt, ſocial care,
The warmeſt charity;
The bowels of our bleeding Lamb,
The virtues of thy wonderous name,
The heart that was in thee.

5 Supply what every member wants;
To found the fellowſhip of ſaints,
Thy ſpirit, Lord, ſupply;
So ſhall we all thy love receive,
Together to thy glory live,
And to thy glory die.

HYMN DXIV. [*Chappel.*

1 O Saviour, caſt a gracious ſmile!
Our gloomy guilt, and ſelfiſh guile,
And ſhy diſtruſt remove:
The true ſimplicity impart,
To faſhion every paſſive heart,
And mould it into love.

2 Our naked hearts to thee we raiſe;
Whate'er obſtructs thy work of grace,
For ever drive it hence:
Exert thy all-ſubduing power,
And each regenerate ſoul reſtore
To child-like innocence.

3 Soon as in thee we gain a part,
Our ſpirit purged from nature's art
Appears, by grace forgiven:
We then purſue our ſole deſign,
To loſe our melting will in thine,
And want no other heaven.

4 O that we now the power might feel,
To do on earth thy bleſſed will,
As angels do above!
In thee, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
To walk, and perfectly t' obey
Thy ſweet conſtraining love!

5 Jeſu, fulfil our one deſire,
And ſpread the ſpark of living fire
Through every hallow'd breaſt:
Bleſs with divine conformity,
And give us now to find in thee
Our everlaſting reſt.

HYMN DXV. [*Hotham.*

1 HOLY Lamb, who thee confeſs,
Followers of thy holineſs,
Thee they ever keep in view.
Ever aſk, "What ſhall we od?"

2 Govern'd by thy only will,
All thy words we would fulfill,
Would in all thy footſteps go,
Walk as Jeſus walk'd below.

3 While thou didſt on earth appear,
Servant to thy ſervants here;
Mindful of thy place above,
All thy life was prayer and love.

4 Such our whole employment be,
Works of faith and charity;
Works of love on man beſtow'd,
Secret intercourſe with God.

5 Early in the temple meet,
Let us ſtill our Saviour greet;
Nightly to the mount repair,
Join our praying Pattern there.

6 There by wreſtling faith obtain
Power to work for God again;
Power his image to retrieve,
Power like thee, our Lord, to live.

7 Veſſels,

7 Veſſels, inſtruments of grace,
Paſs we thus our happy days,
'Twixt the mount and multitude,
Doing or receiving good:

8 Glad to pray and labour on,
Till our earthly courſe is run:
Till we on the ſacred tree,
Bow the head and die like thee.

HYMN DXVI. [*Weſtminſter.*

1 COME, thou all-inſpiring Spirit,
Into every longing heart!
Bought for us by Jeſu's merit,
Now thy bliſsful ſelf impart;
Sign our unconteſted pardon,
Waſh us in th' atoning blood!
Make our hearts a water'd garden,
Fill our ſpotleſs ſouls with God.

2 If thou gav'ſt th' enlarg'd deſire,
Which for thee we ever feel,
Now our panting ſouls inſpire,
Now our cancell'd ſin reveal:
Claim us for thy habitation;
Dwell within our hallow'd breaſt:
Seal us heirs of full ſalvation,
Fitted for our heavenly reſt.

3 Give us quietly to tarry,
Till for all thy glory meet;
Waiting like attentive Mary,
Happy at the Saviour's feet:
Keep us by the world unſpotted,
From all earthy paſſions free;
Wholly to thyſelf devoted;
Fixt to live and die for thee.

4 Wreſtling

4 Wreſtling on in mighty prayer,
Lord, we will not let thee go,
Till thou all thy mind declare,
All thy grace on us beſtow:
Peace, the ſeal of ſin forgiven,
Joy and perfect love impart,
Preſent, everlaſting heaven;
All thou haſt, and all thou art!

HYMN DXVII. [*Kingswood.*

1 CHRIST, whoſe glory fills the ſkies,
That famous Plant thou art!
Tree of Life eternal, riſe
In every longing heart!
Bid us find the food in thee,
For which our deathleſs ſpirits pine,
Fed with immortality,
And fill'd with love divine.

2 Long we have our burden borne,
Our own unfaithfulneſs,
Object of the heathen's ſcorn,
Who mock'd our ſcanty grace:
Jeſus, our reproach remove;
Let ſin no more thy people ſhame!
Shew us rooted in thy love,
In life and death the ſame.

3 In thy ſpotleſs people ſhew
Thy power and conſtancy:
Give us thus to feel and know
Our fellowſhip with thee:
Give us all thy mind t' expreſs,
And blameleſs in our Lord t' abide,
Tranſcripts of thy holineſs,
Thy fair, unſpotted bride!

HYMN DXVIII. [*Brockmer's.*

1. COME, let us uſe the grace divine,
And all with one accord,
In a perpetual covenant join
Ourſelves to Chriſt the Lord:

2 Give up ourſelves, through Jeſu's power,
His name to glorify;
And promiſe in this ſacred hour
For God to live and die.

3 The covenant, we this moment make,
Be ever kept in mind:
We will no more our God forſake,
Or caſt his words behind.

4 We never will throw off his fear,
Who hears our ſolemn vow:
And if thou art well pleas'd to hear,
Come down, and meet us now!

5 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
Let all our hearts receive!
Preſent with the celeſtial hoſt,
The peaceful anſwer give!

6 To each the cov'nant-blood apply,
Which takes our ſins away;
And regiſter our names on high,
And keep us to that day!

SECTION IV.

At Parting.

HYMN DXIX. [*Trumpet.*

1 LORD, we thy will obey,
And in thy pleaſure reſt:
We, only we, can ſay,
"Whatever is, is beſt;"
Joyful to meet, willing to part,
Convinced we ſtill are one in heart.

2 Hereby we ſweetly know,
Our love proceeds from thee,
We let each other go,
From every creature free;
And cry in anſwer to thy call,
"Thou art, O Chriſt, our all in all!"

3 Our Huſband, Brother, Friend,
Our Counſellor divine!
Thy choſen ones depend
On no ſupport but thine:
Our everlaſting Comforter!
We cannot want, if thou art here.

4 Still let us, gracious Lord,
Sit looſe to all below:
And, to thy love reſtor'd,
No other portion know:
Stand faſt in glorious liberty,
And live and die wrapt up in thee!

HYMN DXX. [*Aldrich.*

1 BLEST be the dear, uniting love,
That will not let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove;
We ſtill are one in heart.

2 Join'd

2 Join'd in one ſpirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go:
And ſtill in Jeſu's footſteps tread,
And ſhew his praiſe below.

3 O may we ever walk in him!
And nothing know beſide,
Nothing deſire, nothing eſteem,
But Jeſus crucified!

4 Cloſer and cloſer let us cleave
To his belov'd embrace:
Expect his fulneſs to receive,
And grace to anſwer grace.

5 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.

6 But let us haſten to the day,
Which ſhall our fleſh reſtore:
When death ſhall all be done away,
And bodies part no more!

HYMN DXXI. [*Lampe's.*

1 AND let our bodies part,
To different climes repair!
Inſeparably join'd in heart
The friends of Jeſus are!

2 Jeſus the corner ſtone
Did firſt our hearts unite!
And ſtill he keeps our ſpirits one,
Who walk with him in white.

3 O let us ſtill proceed
In Jeſu's work below!
And, following our triumphant Head,
To farther conqueſts go.

4 The vineyard of their Lord
Before his labourers lies;
And lo! we ſee the vaſt reward
Which waits us in the ſkies.

5 O let our heart and mind
Continually aſcend,
That haven of repoſe to find,
Where all our labours end!

6 Where all our toils are o'er;
Our ſuffering and our pain!
Who meet on that eternal ſhore,
Shall never part again.

7 O happy, happy place,
Where ſaints and angels meet!
There we ſhall ſee each other's face,
And all our brethren greet.

8 The church of the firſt-born,
We ſhall with them be bleſt,
And crown'd with endleſs joy return
To our eternal reſt.

9 With joy we ſhall behold,
In yonder bleſt abode,
The patriarchs and prophets old,
And all the ſaints of God.

10 Abraham and Iſaac there,
And Jacob ſhall receive
The followers of their faith and prayer,
Who now in bodies live.

11 We ſhall our time beneath
Live out in cheerful hope,
And fearleſs paſs the vale of death,
And gain the mountain-top.

12 To gather home his own
God ſhall his angels ſend,
And bid our bliſs on earth begun,
In deathleſs triumph end.

HYMN DXXII. [*Trumpet.*

1 JESUS, accept the praiſe
That to thy name belongs!
Matter of all our praiſe
Subject of all our ſongs;
Through thee we now together came,
And part exulting in thy name.

2 In fleſh we part awhile,
But ſtill in ſpirit join'd,
T' embrace the happy toil,
Thou haſt to each aſſign'd:
And, while we do thy bleſſed will,
We bear our heaven about us ſtill.

3 O let us thus go on
In all thy pleaſant ways!
And arm'd with patience run
With joy th' appointed race!
Keep us and every ſeeking ſoul,
Till all attain the heavenly goal.

4 There we ſhall meet again,
When all our toils are o'er,
And death, and grief, and pain,
And parting are no more:
We ſhall with all our brethren riſe,
And graſp thee in the flaming ſkies.

5 O happy, happy day,
That calls thy exiles home!
The heavens ſhall paſs away;
The earth receive its doom:
Earth we ſhall view and heaven deſtroy'd,
And ſhout above the fiery void!

6 Theſe

6 Theſe eyes ſhall ſee them fall,
Mountains, and ſtars, and ſkies!
Theſe eyes ſhall ſee them all
Out of their aſhes riſe!
Theſe lips his praiſes ſhall rehearſe,
Whoſe nod reſtores the univerſe!

7 According to his word,
His oath to ſinners given,
We look to ſee reſtor'd
The ruin'd earth and heaven!
In a new world his truth to prove,
A world of righteouſneſs and love.

8 Then let us wait the ſound,
That ſhall our ſouls releaſe,
And labour to be found
Of him in ſpotleſs peace;
In perfect holineſs renew'd,
Adorn'd with Chriſt, and meet for God!

HYMN DXXIII. [*Liverpool.*

1 GOD of all conſolation take
The glory of thy grace!
Thy gifts to thee we render back,
In ceaſeleſs ſongs of praiſe.

2 Through thee we now together came,
In ſingleneſs of heart:
We met, O Jeſus, in thy name,
And in thy name we part.

3 We part in body, not in mind;
Our minds continue one;
And each to each in Jeſus join'd,
We hand in hand go on.

4 Subſiſts as in us all one ſoul;
No power can make us twain;
And mountains riſe, and oceans roll,
To ſever us in vain.

5 Preſent

5 Preſent we ſtill in ſpirit are,
And intimately nigh,
While on the wings of faith and prayer,
We each to other fly.

6 In Jeſus Chriſt together we
In heavenly places ſit:
Cloth'd with the ſun, we ſmile to ſee
The moon beneath our feet.

7 Our life is hid with Chriſt in God:
Our life ſhall ſoon appear,
And ſhed his glory all abroad,
In all his members here.

8 The heavenly treaſure now we have
In a vile houſe of clay:
But he ſhall to the utmoſt ſave,
And keep it to that day.

9 Our ſouls are in his mighty hand,
And he ſhall keep them ſtill;
And you and I ſhall ſurely ſtand
With him on Sion's hill!

10 Him eye to eye we there ſhall ſee:
Our face like his ſhall ſhine:
O what a glorious company
When ſaints and angels join!

11 O what a joyful meeting there!
In robes of white array'd,
Palms in our hands we all ſhall bear,
And crowns upon our head.

12 Then let us lawfully contend,
And fight our paſſage through:
Bear in our faithful minds the end,
And keep the prize in view.

3 Then let us haſten to the day,
When all ſhall be brought home!
Come, O Redeemer, come away!
O Jeſus, quickly come!

HYMN DXXIV. [*Hotham.*

1 JESUS, ſoft harmonious name,
Every faithful heart's deſire!
See thy followers, O Lamb!
All at once to thee aſpire:
Drawn by thy uniting grace,
After thee we ſwiftly run:
Hand in hand we ſeek thy face:
Come and perfect us in one!

2 Molify our harſher will:
Each to each our tempers ſuit,
By thy modulating ſkill,
Heart to heart, as lute to lute;
Sweetly on our ſpirits move:
Gently touch the trembling ſtrings:
Make the harmony of love
Muſic for the King of kings!

3 See the ſouls that hang on thee;
Sever'd though in fleſh we are,
Join'd in ſpirit all agree:
All thy only love declare.
Spread thy love to all around;
Hark! we now our voices raiſe!
Joyful, conſentaneous ſound,
Sweeteſt ſymphony of praiſe!

4 Jeſu's praiſe be all our ſong:
While we Jeſu's praiſe repeat,
Glide our happy hours along,
Glide with down upon their feet:

Far from ſorrow, ſin, and fear,
Till we take our ſeats above,
Live we all as angels here,
Only ſing, and praiſe, and love!

HYMN DXXV. [*Wedneſbury.*

1 LIFT up your hearts to things above,
Ye followers of the Lamb,
And join with us to praiſe his love,
And glorify his name:
To Jeſu's name give thanks and ſing,
Whoſe mercies never end:
Rejoice! rejoice! the Lord is King!
The King is now our Friend!

2 We for his ſake count all things loſs,
On earthly good look down;
And joyfully ſuſtain the croſs,
Till we receive the crown:
O let us ſtir each other up,
Our faith by works t' approve,
By holy, purifying hope,
And the ſweet taſk of love!

3 Love us, though far in fleſh disjoin'd,
Ye lovers of the Lamb;
And ever bear us on your mind,
Who think and ſpeak the ſame:
You on our minds we ever bear,
Whoe'er to Jeſus how;
Stretch out the arms of faith and prayer,
And lo! we reach you now.

4 The bleſſings all on you be ſhed,
Which God in Chriſt imparts:
We pray the ſpirit of our Head
Into your faithful hearts:

Mercy

Mercy and peace your portion be,
To carnal minds unknown;
The hidden manna, and the tree
Of life, and the white ſtone.

Let all who for the promiſe wait,
The Holy Ghoſt receive;
And rais'd to our unſinning ſtate,
With God in Eden live!
Live till the Lord in glory come,
And wait his heaven to ſhare!
He now is fitting up our home:
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Saviour, caſt a pitying eye, —	115	112
Saviour from ſin, I wait to prove, —	359	364
Saviour, if thy precious love —	42	87
Saviour, I now with ſhame confeſs —	175	173
Saviour of all, to thee we bow, —	472	493
Saviour of all, what haſt thou done? —	313	321
Saviour of ſinful men —	450	470
Saviour of the ſin-ſick ſoul, —	379	386

	P.	H.
Saviour on me the want beſtow, —	293	295
Saviour on me thy grace beſtow, —	74	70
Saviour, Prince of Iſrael's race, —	100	98
Saviour, the world's and mine, —	32	26
Saviour, to thee we humbly cry, —	430	449
See, how great a flame aſpires, —	210	209
See, Jeſu, thy diſciples ſee, —	454	474
See, ſinners, in the goſpel-glaſs —	35	30
Servant of all, to toil for man —	308	313
Shall I for fear of feeble man —	267	270
Shepherd divine, our wants relieve, —	285	283
Shepherd of Iſrael, hear, —	428	447
Shepherd of ſouls, with pitying eye —	83	80
Shrinking from the cold hand of death, —	48	43
Since the Son hath made me free, —	372	379
Sinners, believe the goſpel-word, —	36	31
Sinners obey the goſpel-word! —	15	9
Sinners, the call obey —	424	441
Sinners, turn, why will you die? —	12	9
Sinners, your hearts lift up, —	87	84
Soldiers of Chriſt ariſe, —	254	251
Son of God, if thy free grace —	182	180
Son of thy Sire's eternal love, —	227	226
Sovereign of all, whoſe will ordains —	433	453
Spirit of faith, come down, —	86	83
Spirit of truth, eſſential God, —	246	247
Stand the omnipotent decree! —	93	60
Stay thou inſulted Spirit, ſtay, —	157	155
Still for thy loving kindneſs, Lord, —	91	89
Still Lord, I languiſh for thy grace, —	144	140
Summon'd my labour to renew; —	307	312
Sun of unclounded righteouſneſs, —	416	431
Surrounded by a hoſt of foes, —	257	261
T		
Talk with us, Lord, thyſelf reveal, —	207	205
Terrible thought! ſhall I alone, —	81	78
The church in her militant ſtate —	79	75
The day of Chriſt, the day of God —	245	246
The earth is the Lord's, &c —	463	483
Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt, —	252	255
Thee, Jeſus, full of truth and grace, —	313	320
Thee, Jeſu, thee, the ſinner's friend, —	141	138
Thee, O my God and king; —	187	184
Thee we adore, eternal Name, —	44	40
Thee will I love, my ſtrength, my tower,	204	202
The great Archangel's trump ſhall ſound,	60	56
The Lord is King, and earth ſubmits, —	268	271

	P.	H.
The Lord unto my Lord hath ſaid —	263	267
The men, who ſlight thy faithful word,	94	91
The morning flowers diſplay their ſweets,	48	44
The people that in darkneſs lay, —	460	480
The praying ſpirit breathe, —	285	287
The thing my God doth hate, —	322	331
The thirſty are called to their Lord —	80	76
The voice that ſpeaks Jehovah near, —	401	413
The wiſdom own'd by all thy ſons, —	247	246
Thou God of glorious majeſty, —	61	58
Thou God of truth and love, —	475	496
Thou God that anſwereſt by fire, —	392	400
Thou God unſearchable, unknown, —	128	126
Thou hidden God, for whom I groan, —	146	144
Thou hidden love of God whoſe height, —	325	335
Thou hidden ſource of calm repoſe, —	203	201
Thou Jeſu, thou my breaſt inſpire, —	414	428
Thou Judge of quick and dead, —	58	54
Thou Lamb of God, thou Prince of Peace,	320	329
Thou, Lord haſt bleſt my going out, —	314	352
Thou, Lord, on whom I ſtill depend, —	71	67
Thou Man of griefs, remember me, —	176	174
Thou, my God art good and wiſe, —	235	234
Thou Son of God, whoſe flaming eyes —	84	81
Thou, the great, eternal God, —	237	235
Thou, true and only God, leadſt forth —	233	232
Thy ceaſeleſs, unexhauſted love, —	241	241
Thy faithfulneſs Lord, &c. —	11	5
Thy power and ſaving truth to ſhew —	413	427
Too ſtrong I was to conquer ſin, —	123	122
To thee, great God of love I bow, —	272	273
To the haven of thy breaſt, —	290	289
Try us, O God and ſearch the ground —	468	489
Two are better far than one —	454	475
U		
Unchangeable, almighty Lord, —	470	491
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W		
Watch'd by the world's malignant eye, —	306	310
Weary of wandering from my God, —	181	179
Weary ſouls that wander wide, —	25	20
We know, by faith we know, —	76	78
What am I, O thou glorious God! —	201	198
What are theſe arrayed in white? —	78	74
What could your Redeemer do? —	14	8
What is our callings glorious hope? —	386	394

	P.	H.
What! never ſpeak one evil word! —	348	353
What now is my object again? ——	355	360
What ſhall I do my God to love? —	361	367
What ſhall we offer our good Lord? ——	459	479
When, gracious Lord, when ſhall it be, —	150	157
When Iſrael out of Egypt came ——	216	214
When my relief will moſt diſplay ——	119	116
When, my Saviour, ſhall it be ——	365	370
When quiet in my houſe I ſit, ——	312	319
When ſhall thy love conſtrain, ——	134	133
Where ſhall my wond'ring ſoul begin? ——	34	20
Wherewith, O God, ſhall I draw near? —	124	133
While dead in treſpaſſes I lie, ——	133	132
Who can worthily commend ——	400	411
Who hath ſlighted or contemned —	367	372
Who is this gigantic foe? ——	266	269
Why not now, my God, my God? —	391	399
With glorious clouds encompaſt round,	126	124
Woe is me; what tongue can tell ——	111	108
Woe to the men, on earth who dwell, —	65	62
Would Jeſus have the ſinner die? ——	37	32
Wretched, helpleſs, and diſtreſt, ——	107	105
Ye faithful ſouls, who Jeſus know, —	398	408
Ye happy ſinners, hear ——	326	339
Ye neighbours and friends, &c. ——	42	38
Yes, from this inſtant now, I will —	174	171
Ye ſimple ſouls, that ſtray ——	26	21
Ye that paſs by, behold the man! ——	29	24
Ye thirſty for God, &c. ——	16	10
Ye virgin ſouls, ariſe, ——	67	64
Young men and maidens, raiſe ——	225	222