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THE

BIBLE HYMN-BOOK.

“Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King.”

PSALM cxlix. 2.

LONDON :

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P R E F A C E.

THIS HYMN-BOOK is designed both for general use and for Sabbath Schools. In compiling it, both objects have been carefully kept in view, so that "young men and maidens, old men and children," may use it in praising the name of the Lord.

The **HYMNS** have been drawn together from a great variety of sources, both ancient and modern, and no small pains have been taken to render the selection both choice and complete. While all the well-known favourites have been retained, a large number have been added hitherto but little known.

"Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly, in all wisdom, teaching and admonishing one another in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs; singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord."

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THE BIBLE HYMN-BOOK.

- f*
1 GEN. I. 1.—“*In the beginning God created
the heavens and the earth.*”
- 1 IN the beginning was THE WORD ;
The Word was God.
In the beginning was THE WORD ;
And His abode
From everlasting was with God.
His name
I AM,—
Jehovah, God, the Lord,
Ever to be adored :
The eternal Son,—
The ever-blessed One.
From all, to all eternity,
The brightness of the eternal Father's glory He.
- 2 Creator of the heaven and earth,
Their Lord and King.
Creator of the heaven and earth,
The angels sing !
To him all praise and glory bring ;
His power
Adore,

From which all things had birth,
 By which they still stand forth
 In beauty glad,
 With heavnl'y radiance clad.
 Praise, praise His ever flowing love,
 That brightens all below and gladdens all above.

- 3 "Let there be light,"—'twas He that spoke,—
 "And there was light."
 "Let there be light,"—'twas He that spoke,—
 And the long night
 At His divine command took flight.
 The ray
 Of day
 O'er the deep darkness broke ;
 The sleeping world awoke :
 Earth, sea, and sky
 Burst forth in praises high
 To Him who made the light to be :—
 He is the Light of light, and there is none but He!

No. 1111

2

ANOTHER OF THE SAME.

- 1 OUR God is good, and he is great,
 Around His throne the angels wait :
 He made the sun with beams so bright,
 He made the moon which shines by night,—
 The glittering skies that look so fair,
 With every star that sparkles there.
- 2 The mountains and the rocks he made,
 And all the hills he laid :



He poured the water in the seas ;
 He made the grass, the herbs, the trees,—
 The valleys and the fields so fair,
 And every flower that blossoms there.

- 2 The lion and the tiger bold,
 The sheep and cattle of the fold,
 The little birds that sweetly sing,
 The insect with its beauteous wing ;
 The fishes,—all we see that's fair
 Or good,—He made, and placed them there.

3 GEN. I. 31.—“ *Behold it was very good.*”

- 1 How goodly is the earth !
 Look round about and see
 The green and fruitful field,
 The mighty branched tree,
 The little flowers out-spread
 In such variety.
 Behold the lovely things
 That float on airy wings ;
 Behold the radiant isles
 With which old ocean smiles ;
 The clouds that lie at rest
 Upon the noon-day's breast :
 Behold all these and know
 How goodly is the earth !

- 2 How goodly is the earth !
 Its mountain-tops behold ;
 Its rivers broad and strong,
 Its forests dark and old,

Its wealth of flocks and herds.
 Its precious stones and gold.
 Behold the seasons run
 Obedient to the sun ;
 The gracious showers descend,—
 Life springing without end,—
 By day the glorious light,
 The starry pomp by night :
 Behold all these and know
 How goodly is the earth !

3 How goodly is the earth !
 Yet, if this earth be made
 So goodly, wherein all
 That is shall droop and fade,
 Wherein the glorious light
 Hath still its darkening shade ;
 Where trouble dims the eye,
 Where sin hath mastery ;—
 How much more bright and fair
 Will be that region where
 The saints of God shall rest
 With Jesus, and be blest ;
 Where pain is not, nor death,—
 The Paradise of God !

4 GEN. v. 24.—“ *Enoch walked with God.*”

1 OH ! for a closer walk with God,
 A calm and heav'nly frame ;
 A light to shine upon the road
 That leads me to the Lam

Where is the blessedness I knew,
 When first I saw the Lord ?
 Where is the soul-refreshing view
 Of Jesus and His word ?

2 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd,
 How sweet their mem'ry still !
 But they have left an aching void,
 The world can never fill.
 Return, O holy Dove, return !
 Sweet messenger of rest ;
 I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
 And drove thee from my breast.

3 The dearest idol I have known,
 Whate'er that idol be,
 Help me to tear it from thy throne,
 And worship only thee.
 So shall my walk be close with God,
 Calm and serene my frame ;
 So purer light shall mark the road
 That leads me to the Lamb.

W. Cowper

5 GEN. XVII. 1.—“*The Lord appeared to Abram, and said unto him, I am the Almighty God.*”

1 THE God of Abraham praise,
 Who reigns enthroned above ;
 Ancient of everlasting days,
 And God of love

Jehovah, Great I Am !
By earth and heaven confess'd ;
I bow and bless the sacred name,
For ever bless'd.

2 The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise—and seek the joys
At his right hand ;
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power,
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

3 The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days,
In all his ways :
He calls a worm his friend !
He calls Himself my God !
And He shall save me to the end,
Through Jesus' blood.

4 He by Himself hath sworn,
I on His oath depend,
I shall, on eagles' wings up-borne,
To heaven ascend :
I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.

5 Though nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,

- To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
At His command :
The watery deep I pass,
With Jesus in my view ;
And through the howling wilderness
My way pursue.
- 6 The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty bless'd ;
A land of sacred liberty,
And endless rest :
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound ;
And trees of life for ever grow,
With mercy crown'd.
- 7 There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our Righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace :
On Sion's sacred height
His kingdom still maintains ;
And glorious, with his saints in light
For ever reigns.
- 8 He keeps His own secure,
He guards them by His side,
Arrays in garments white and pure,
His spotless bride ;
With streams of sacred bliss,
With groves of living joys,
With all the fruits of paradise,
He still supplies.

- 9 Before the Three in One,
They all exulting stand
And tell the wonders he hath done,
Through all their land.
The listening spheres attend,
And swell the growing fame,
And sing in songs which never end,
The wondrous Name.
- 10 The God who reigns on high,
The great arch-angels sing,
And "Holy, Holy, Holy," cry,
"Almighty King!
Who was, and is the same,
And evermore shall be;
Jchovah—Father—Great I Am!
We worship Thee."
- 11 Before the Saviour's face
The ransomed nations bow;
O'erwhelmed at his Almighty grace,
For ever new:
He shews his prints of love,
They kindle to a flame,
And sound through all the world above,
The slaughter'd Lamb.
- 12 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
They ever cry.
Hail, Abraham's God and mine.
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are thine,
And endless praise.

The Saviour

✓
6 GEN. XIX. 17.—“*Escape for thy life.*”

- 1 HASTEN, O sinner, to be wise,
And stay not for the morrow's sun ;
The longer Wisdom you despise,
The harder is she to be won.
- 2 O hasten, mercy to implore,
And stay not for the morrow's sun,
For fear thy season should be o'er
Before this evening's stage be run.
- 3 O hasten, sinner, to return,
And stay not for the morrow's sun,
For fear thy lamp should fail to burn
Before thy needful work is done.
- 4 O hasten, sinner, to be blest,
And stay not for the morrow's sun,
For fear the curse should thee arrest
Before the morrow is begun.
- 5 O Lord, do thou the sinner turn !
Now rouse him from his senseless state !
O let him not thy counsel spurn,
Nor rue his fatal choice too late !

✓
7 GEN. XIX. 17.—“*Escape to the mountain.*”

- 1 Haste, traveller, haste ! the night comes on,
And many a shining hour is gone ;
The storm is gathering in the west,
And thou art far from home and rest ;
Haste, traveller, haste !

- 2 O, far from home thy footsteps stray ;
Christ is the life, and Christ the way,
And Christ the light.—Yon setting sun
Sinks ere the morn is scarce begun :
Haste, traveller, haste !
- 3 The rising tempest sweeps the sky,
The rains descend, the winds are high ;
The waters swell, and death and fear
Beset thy path,—no refuge near :
Haste, traveller, haste !
- 4 O yes, a shelter you may gain,—
A covert from the wind and rain,—
A hiding-place, a rest, a home,—
A refuge from the wrath to come :
Haste, traveller, haste !
- 5 Then linger not in all the plain,
Flee for thy life, the mountain gain ;
Look not behind, make no delay,
O speed thee, speed thee on thy way :
Haste, traveller, haste !
- 6 Poor, lost, benighted soul, art thou
Willing to find salvation now ?—
There yet is hope,—hear mercy's call,—
Truth, life, light, way, in Christ is all !
Haste to Him, haste !

H. C. Johnson

3 GEN. XXVIII. 15.—“ *I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest.* ”

1 ON mountains and in valleys,
Where'er we go is God ;
The cottage and the palace
Alike are His abode.

2 In sinking and in soaring,
Thought finds him ever near,—
Where angels are adoring,
Where fiends believe and fear.

3 With watchful eye abiding
Upon us with delight ;
Our souls, in Him confiding,
He keeps both day and night.

4 Above me and beside me,
My God is ever near,—
To watch, protect, and guide me,
Whatever ills appear.

5 Tho' other friends may fail me
In sorrow's dark abode,—
Tho' death itself assail me,
I'm ever safe with God.

9 GEN. XXXII. 26.—“ *I will not let thee go except thou bless me.* ”

1 NAY, I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow ;
Do not thou turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.

- 2 Dost thou ask me who I am ?
 Ah, my Lord, thou know'st my name !
 Yet the question gives a plea,
 To support my suit with thee.
- 3 Thou didst once a wretch behold,
 In rebellion blindly bold,
 Scorn thy grace, thy pow'r defy,—
 That poor rebel, Lord, was I.
- 4 Once a sinner near despair
 Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer ;
 Mercy heard and set him free,—
 Lord, that mercy came to me.
- 5 Many years have passed since then,
 Many changes I have seen,
 Yet have been upheld till now ;
 Who could hold me up but thou ?
- 6 Thou hast help'd in every need,
 This emboldens me to plead ;
 After so much mercy past,
 Canst thou let me sink at last ?
- 7 No—I must maintain my hold,
 'Tis thy goodness makes me bold ;
 I can no denial take,
 When I plead for Jesus' sake.

10

ANOTHER OF THE SAME.

- 1 LIKE Jacob here I stand,
 And wrestle with the Lord ;
 With weary heart and hand,
 Waiting some gracious word :

Waiting some gracious word
 To soothe my heavy woe ;—
 Except thou bless me, Lord,
 I will not let thee go.

- 2 The day is breaking fast,
 All night I have been here ;
 To cure my aching breast,
 When shall my Lord appear ?
 When shall my Lord appear,
 And comfort me to flow ?
 Except thou bless me, Lord,
 I will not let thee go.

11 GEN. XLIX. 18.—“ *I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord.*”

- 1 WHAT tho' time on earth were over ?
 Not on time our hopes depend ;
 Lo, beyond it, we discover
 Life that never knows an end.
 'Mid the woes that life attend,
 Still for rest we turn to thee :
 God, a father and a friend,
 Changeless, in his Son we see.
- 2 Father still in all our need,
 Father still in weal or woe ;
 Father even of the dead,
 When into the grave we go.
 Change may toss us to and fro,
 Changeless He in whom we trust :
 Even our dust his care shall know,
 When our bodies turn to dust

- 3 Then let days and years be fleeting,
 Swiftly pass our joys and woes ;
 'Mid the changes we are meeting,
 God, our God, no changes knows.
 Our's be then a life that shows
 That conducted by his hand,
 We shall enter at its close
 Our beloved father-land.
-

EXOD. III. 14.—“*I am.*”

ART thou weak, afflicted soul ?
 I am strong to make thee whole.
 Art thou sick and hast no cure ?
 I am thy physician sure.
 Art thou fainting on thy road ?
 I am near to bear thy load.
 Art thou hungry, thirsty, poor ?
 I am rich to bless thy store.
 Art thou much with grief opprest ?
 I am come to give thee rest.
 Art thou weary of thy sin ?
 I am peace to thee within.
 I am ready at thy side,
 At thy right and left to guide.
 I am life, and love, and peace,—
 I am joy which ne'er shall cease.

13 EXOD. XIV. 15.—*“Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward.”*

- 1 “FORWARD let the people go,”
Israel’s God will have it so :
Though the path be through the sea,
Israel, what is that to thee ?
He who bids thee pass the waters
Will be with his sons and daughters.
- 2 Deep and wide the sea appears :
Israel wonders—Israel fears,—
Yet the word is “Forward” still :
Israel ! ’tis the Master’s will ;
Though no way thou can’st discover,
Not one plank to float thee over.
- 3 Israel, art thou sorely tried ?
Art thou press’d on every side ?
Does it seem as if no power
Could relieve thee in this hour ?
Wherefore art thou thus disheartened,
Is the arm that saves thee shortened ?
- 4 Stand thou still this day, and see
Wonders wrought, and wrought for thee :
Safe thyself on yonder shore,
Thou shalt see thy foes no more.
Thine to see the Saviour’s glory,
Thine to tell the wond’rous story.
- 5 Yes, thy God shall yet be known,
Far and wide, as God alone :
At his feet shall idols fall,
For thy God is Lord of all.

His is strength, and his salvation,—
He shall reign o'er ev'ry nation.

✓
14 EXOD. xv. 2.—“ *My father's God, I will exalt
him.*”

- 1 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come.
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.
Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure,
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.
- 2 Thro' every scene of life and death
Thy promise is our trust,
And this shall be our children's song
When we are cold in dust.
O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come :
Be thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home.

✓
15 EXOD. xv. 26.—“ *I am the Lord that healeth
thee.*”

- 1 HEAL us, Emmanuel, here we are,
Waiting to feel thy touch :
Deep-wounded souls to thee repair,
And, Saviour, we are such.

Our faith is feeble, we confess,
 We faintly trust thy word ;
 But wilt thou pity us the less ?
 Be that far from thee, Lord !

2 Remember him who once applied
 With trembling for relief ;
 " Lord, I believe," with tears he cried,
 " O help my unbelief !"
 She too, who touch'd thee in the press,
 And healing virtue stole,
 Was answer'd, " Daughter, go in peace,
 Thy faith hath made thee whole."

3 Conceal'd amid the gath'ring throng,
 She would have shunn'd thy view ;
 And if her faith was firm and strong,
 Had strong misgivings too.
 Like her, with hopes and fears we come,
 To touch thee if we may ;
 Oh ! send us not despairing home,
 Send none unheal'd away.

✓
 16 EXOD. XVII. 11.—"*It came to pass when
 Moses held up his hand that Israel prevailed.*"

1 WHAT various hind'rances we meet
 In coming to a mercy-seat ?
 Yet who that knows the worth of pray'r,
 But wishes to be often there ?
 Pray'r makes the darken'd cloud withdraw,
 Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
 Gives exercise to faith and love,
 Brings ev'ry blessing from above.

2 Restraining pray'r, we cease to fight ;
 Pray'r makes the Christian's armour bright ;
 And Satan trembles when he sees
 The weakest saint upon his knees.
 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
 Success was found on Israel's side ;
 But when through weariness they fail'd,
 That moment Amalek prevailed.

3 Have you no words? Ah! think again,
 Words flow apace when you complain,
 And fill your fellow-creature's ear
 With the sad tale of all your care.
 Were half the breath thus vainly spent
 To Heav'n in supplication sent,
 Your cheerful song would oft'ner be,
 "Hear what the Lord has done for me."

4. 2. 4.

17 EXOD. XXXIII. 18.—*"I beseech thee shew me thy glory."*

1 THOUSANDS of thousands stand around
 Thy throne, O God most high !
 Ten thousand times ten thousand sound
 Thy praise ;—but who am I ?

2 Thy brightness unto them appears,
 Whilst I thy footsteps trace :
 A sound of God comes to my ears,
 But they behold thy face.

- 3 How great a being, Lord, is thine,
Which doth all beings keep !
Thy knowledge is the only line
To sound so vast a deep.
- 4 How good art Thou, whose goodness is
Our parent nurse and guide !
Whose streams do water Paradise,
And all this earth beside !
- 5 Thine upper and thy nether springs
Make both thy worlds to thrive ;
Under thy warm and sheltering wings,
Thou keep'st two broods alive.
- 6 Thine arm of might, most mighty King,
Both rocks and hearts doth break :
My God, thou canst do everything,
But what should shew thee weak.
- 7 Who should not fear thy searching eye,
Witness to all that's true !
Dark hell, and deep hypocrisy
Lie plain before its view.
- 8 Most pure and holy are thine eyes,
Most holy is thy name ;
Thy saints, and laws, and penalties,
Thy holiness proclaim.
- 9 Mercy, that shining attribute,
The sinner's hope and plea !
Huge hosts of sins in their pursuit
Are drowned in that Red Sea.

- 10 Thy wisdom, which both makes and mends,
 We ever must admire :
 Creation all our wit transcends ;
 Redemption rises higher.
- 11 Great is thy truth, and shall prevail
 To unbelievers' shame ;
 Thy truth and years do never fail,
 Thou ever art the same.
- 12 Unbelief is a raging wave
 Dashing against a rock :
 If God doth not his Israel save,
 Then let the Egyptians mock.
- 13 Thy bright back-parts, O God of grace,
 I humbly here adore ;
 Shew me thy glory and thy face,
 That I may praise thee more.

✓ 18 *LEV. VIII. 8.*—“ *He put the breastplate upon him, also he put in the breastplate the Urim and the Thummim.*”

- 1 SEE Aaron, God's anointed priest,
 Within the veil appear,
 In robes of mystic meaning drest,
 Presenting Israel's prayer.
- 2 The plate of gold which crowns his brows,
 His holiness describes ;
 His breast displays in shining rows
 The names of all the tribes.

- 3 With the atoning blood he stands
Before the mercy-seat ;
And clouds of incense from his hands
Arise with odour sweet.
- 4 Urim and Thummim near his heart,
In rich engravings worn,
The sacred light of truth impart,
To teach and to adorn.
- 5 Through him the eye of faith descries
A greater Priest than he ;
Thus Jesus pleads above the skies,
For you, my friends, and me.
- 6 He bears the names of all his saints
Deep on his heart engrav'd ;
Attentive to the state and wants
Of all his love has sav'd.
- 7 In him a holiness complete,
Light and perfections shine :
And wisdom, grace, and glory meet ;
A Saviour all divine.
- 8 The blood, which as a priest he bears
For sinners, is his own ;
The incense of his pray'rs and tears
Perfumes the holy throne.
- 9 In him my weary soul has rest,
Though I am weak and vile ;
I read my name upon his breast,
And see the Father smile.

John ...

19 ^v LEV. IX. 8.—“*Aaron went unto the altar, and slew the calf of the sin-offering which was for himself.*”

- 1 JESUS, in thee our eyes behold
A thousand glories more
Than the rich gems and polish'd gold,
The sons of Aaron wore.
- 2 They first their own sin-offering brought
To purge themselves from sin :
Thy life was pure without a spot,
And all thy nature clean.
- 3 Fresh blood, as constant as the day,
Was on their altar spilt ;
But thy one offering took away
For ever all our guilt.
- 4 Thou, great Melchizedec ! shalt reign
In peace on Zion's hill,
(Thyself the Lamb that once was slain,)
And bear thy priesthood still.
- 5 Till then, for us to intercede
Before the Father's face,
Be this thy work, and ours to plead
Thy merits, and His grace.

20 LEV. XXV. 9.—“*In the day of atonement shall ye make the trumpet sound.*”

- 1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow !
The gladly solemn sound !

- Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound :
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb ;
Redemption by his blood
Thro' all the lands proclaim.
The year, &c.
- 3 Ye who have sold for nought
The heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love.
The year, &c.
- 4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And bless'd in Jesus live.
The year, &c.
- 5 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pard'ning grace ;
Ye happy souls draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face.
The year, &c.
- 6 Jesus, our great high-priest,
Has full atonement made :
Ye weary spirits rest,
Ye mournful souls be glad.
The year, &c.

Chas. Wesley

21 NUM. XXIII. 23.—“ *It shall be said of Jacob and of Israel, What hath God wrought ?*”

- 1 God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sov'reign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace :
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flow'r.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his worth in vain :
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

W. Cooper

✓
 22 NUM. XXIV. 17.—“ *There shall come a star out of Jacob, and a sceptre out of Israel.*”

- 1 O EARTH, rejoice! from Salem see
 The chosen heralds bear
 Glad tidings to the distant isles,
 That Salem's King is there.
 Lo, Jacob's star, in vision seen
 By Balaam's wond'ring eye!
 It bursts upon the nations now,
 The day-spring from on high.
- 2 A crown, but not a crown of thorn,
 Surrounds the Victor's brow;
 That hand that once was pierced for sin,
 It wields the sceptre now.
 But brighter honours far than those
 Of David's royal Son,
 As Head of his anointed bride,
 The Lord of Life hath won.
- 3 Though grace may shine in all his ways,
 With Israel's chosen race;
 'Tis in his church alone we see,
 The full display of grace.
 'Twas grace divine that made Him love,
 And choose her for His own;
 Grace raised her from her low estate,
 And placed her on the throne.

For Service of the Church.

23 DEUT. VI. 5.—“*Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart.*”

- 1 O Lov'd, but not enough;—tho' dearer far
Than self, and its most lov'd enjoyments are!
None duly loves thee, but who, nobly free
From sensual objects, finds his all in thee.
- 2 Glorious, Almighty, first, and without end!
When wilt thou melt the mountains and descend?
When wilt thou shoot abroad thy conquering
rays,
And teach these atoms thou hast made thy
praise?

24 DEUT. VI. 7.—“*Thou shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house.*”

- 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.

25 DEUT. XXXIII. 29.—“*Happy art thou, O Israel: who is like unto thee.*”

- 1 O ISRAEL, who is like to thee?
 A people sav'd, and call'd to be
 Peculiar to the Lord!
 Thy shield! he guards thee from the foe;
 Thy sword! he fights thy battles too,
 Himself thy great reward.
- 2 Thy toils have almost reached a close,
 Thou soon art destined to repose
 Within the promised land:
 Its rising hills ev'n now are seen
 Enrich'd with everlasting green,
 Where thou so soon shalt stand.

- 3 Sweet hope! it makes the coward brave,
It makes a freeman of the slave,
And bids the sluggard rise;
It lifts a worm of earth on high,
It gives him wings, and bids him fly
To everlasting joys.
-

26 DEUT. XXXIV. 5.—“*So Moses, the servant of the Lord, died there, in the land of Moab.*”

- 1 SWEET was the journey to the sky
The holy prophet tried;
“Climb up the mount,” said God, “and die;”
The prophet climb’d, and died.
- 2 Softly, with fainting head, he lay
Upon his Maker’s breast;
His Maker soothed his soul away,
And laid his flesh to rest.
- 3 In God’s own arms he left the breath
That God’s own Spirit gave;
His was the noblest road to death,
And his the sweetest grave.
-

27 JOS. XXIII. 14.—“*Behold, this day I am going the way of all the earth.*”

- 1 MY span of life will soon be done,
The passing moments say;
As lengthening shadows o’er the plain
Proclaim the close of day.

- Soon will the toilsome strife be o'er
 Of weariness and care ;
 And life's dull vanities no more
 This anxious heart ensnare.
- 2 Courage, my soul ! thy bitter cross,
 In every trial here,
 Shall bear thee to thy heaven above,
 But shall not enter there.
 Courage, my soul ! on God rely,
 Deliverance soon shall come ;
 A thousand ways thy Saviour has
 To bring his people home.

✓
 28 1 SAM. III. 18.—“ *It is the Lord, let him do
 what seemeth him good.*”

- 1 It is the Lord—enthroned in light,
 Whose claims are all divine ;
 Who has an undisputed right
 To govern me and mine.
 It is the Lord—should I distrust
 Or contradict his will,
 Who cannot do but what is just,
 And must be righteous still ?
- 2 It is the Lord—who gives me all,—
 My wealth, my friends, my ease ;
 And of his bounties may recall
 Whatever part He please.
 It is the Lord—who can sustain
 Beneath the heaviest load :
 From whom assistance I obtain,
 To tread the thorny road.

- 3 It is the Lord—whose matchless skill
 Can from afflictions raise
 Blessings, eternity to fill
 With ever-growing praise.
 It is the Lord—my covenant God,
 Thrice blessed be his name,
 Whose gracious promise, seal'd with blood,
 Must ever be the same.

- 29 1 SAM. XX. 42.—*“And Jonathan said to David, Go in peace, forasmuch as we have sworn both of us in the name of the Lord, saying, The Lord be between me and thee.”*

- 1 WHEN friend from friend is parting,
 And in each speaking eye
 The silent tear is starting,
 To tell what words deny,—
 How could we bear the heavy load
 Of such heart-agony,
 Could we not cast it all, our God,
 Our gracious God, on thee ;
 And feel that thou kind watch wilt keep
 When we are far away,—
 That thou wilt soothe us when we weep,
 And hear us when we pray ?
- 2 Yet oft these hearts will whisper—
 That better 'twould betide,
 If we were near the friends we love,
 And watching by their side.
 But sure thou'lt love them dearer, Lord,
 For trusting thee alone,

And sure thou wilt draw nearer, Lord,
 The farther we are gone.
 Then why be sad, since thou wilt keep
 Watch o'er them night and day ;
 Since thou wilt soothe them when they weep,
 And hear us when we pray ?

3 O for that bright and happy land,
 Where, far amid the blest,
 The wicked cease from troubling, and
 The weary are at rest !
 Where friends are never parted,
 Once met around thy throne ;
 And none are broken-hearted,
 Since all with thee are one !
 Yet, Oh, till then, watch o'er us keep,
 When far from them away,
 And soothe us, Lord, oft as we weep,
 And hear us when we pray.

30 2 SAM. XVI. 17.—“ *Is this thy kindness to thy friend ?* ”

1 POOR, weak, and worthless though I am,
 I have a rich Almighty friend ;
 Jesus, the Saviour, is his name,
 He freely loves, and without end.

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

- 3 He cheers my heart, my want supplies,
 And says that I shall shortly be
 Enthron'd with him above the skies:
 Oh! what a friend is Christ to me!
- 4 But ah! my inmost spirit mourns,
 And well my eyes with tears may swim,
 To think of my perverse returns,
 I've been a faithless friend to him.
- 5 Before the world that hates his cause,
 My treach'rous heart has throbb'd with
 shame;
 Loath to forego the world's applause,
 I hardly dare avow his name.
- 6 Sure, were not I most vile and base,
 I could not thus my friend requite!
 And were not he the God of grace,
 He'd frown and spurn me from his sight!

31 2 SAM. XXIII. 4.—“ *He shall be as light of the
 morning when the sun riseth.*”

- 1 LIGHT for the dreary vales
 Of ice-bound Labrador!
 Where the frost-king breathes on the slippery
 sails,
 And the mariner wakes no more;
 Lift high the lamp that never fails,
 To that dark and sterile shore.

2 Light for the forest child !
An outcast though he be
From the haunts where the sun of his child-
hood smil'd,
And the country of the free :
Pour the hope of Heaven o'er his desert wild,
For what home on earth has he ?

3 Light for the hills of Greece !
Light for that trampled clime,
Where the rage of the spoiler refused to cease
Ere it wrecked the boast of time ;
If the Moslem hath dealt the gift of peace,
Can ye grudge your boon sublime ?

4 Light on the Hindoo shed !
On the maddening idol train ;
The flame of the suttee is dire and red,
And the fakir faints with pain ;
And the dying moan on their cheerless bed,
By the Ganges laved in vain.

5 Light for the ancient race
Exil'd from Zion's rest !
Homeless they roam from place to place,
Benighted and oppress'd ;
They shudder at Sinai's fearful base,—
Guide them to Calvary's breast.

32 2 KINGS IV. 26.—“ *It is well.*”

- 1 BELOVED, “ it is well !”
 God’s ways are always right ;
 And love is o’er them all,
 Tho’ far above our sight.
 Beloved, “ it is well !”
 Tho’ deep and sore the smart,
 He wounds, who knows to bind
 And heal the broken heart.
- 2 Beloved, “ it is well !”
 Tho’ sorrow clouds our way,
 ’Twill make the joy more dear
 That ushers in the day.
 Beloved, “ it is well !”
 The path that Jesus trod,
 Tho’ rough and dark it be,
 Leads home to Heaven and God.
-

33 1 CHRON. XXVIII. 9.—“ *And thou Solomon, my son, know thou the God of thy father.*”

- 1 MY son, know thou the Lord,
 Thy Father’s God obey ;
 Seek his protecting care by night,
 His guiding hand by day.
- 2 Call while he may be found,
 And seek him while he’s near ;
 Serve him with all thy heart and mind,
 And worship him in fear.

- 3 If thou wilt seek his face,
 His ear will hear thy cry ;
 Then shalt thou find his mercy sure,
 His grace for ever nigh.
-

34 2 CHRON. XXXIV. 3.—“ *While he was yet young,
 he began to seek after the God of David
 his father.*”

- 1 LORD, look upon a little child,
 By nature sinful, rude, and wild ;
 Oh ! put thy gracious hands on me,
 And make me all I ought to be.
- 2 Make me thy child—a child of God,
 Wash'd in my Saviour's precious blood ;
 And my whole soul from sin set free,
 A little vessel full of thee.
- 3 A star of early dawn, and bright,
 Shining within thy sacred light ;
 A beam of grace to all around,
 A little spot of hallow'd ground.
- 4 O ! Jesus, take me to thy breast,
 And bless me, that I may be blest ;
 Both when I wake, and when I sleep,
 Thy little lamb in safety keep.

John, D. W. H.

35 JOB. III. 17.—“ *There the weary be at rest.*”

1 MY Saviour, be thou near me
 Through life's night ;
 I cry, and thou wilt hear me,—
 Be my light !
 My dim sight aching,
 Gently thou'rt making
 Meet for awaking
 Where all is bright !

2 Oh, through time's swelling ocean
 Be my Guide !
 From tempest's wild commotion
 Hide, O hide !
 Life's crystal river
 Storms ruffle never ;
 Anchor me ever
 On that calm tide !

36 JOB VII. 16.—“ *I would not live always.*”

1 WHAT is this life ? A constant scene
 Of sighs and tears, of care and pain.
 Moments of sin and months of woe
 Here ebb and flow,
 Till we are summoned hence to go.

2 And what is man ? A clod of earth,
 A needy mortal from his birth :
 Brought nothing with him when he came,
 But sin and shame,
 And naked leaves this earthly frame.

Ich hab mein each
 1754 1:313.

- 3 Evil and few have been my days,
 Weary and sad my pilgrim-ways.
 When God shall call his servant home,
 I'll seek the tomb,
 In hope of endless joys to come.
- 4 Amen! Thou sovereign God of love
 Grant us thy bliss when we remove;
 That we, redeemed by thy blood,
 May find in God
 Our everlasting sure abode.

✓ 37 **JOB XIX. 25.**—“*I know that my Redeemer liveth.*”

- 1 “I know that my Redeemer lives,”
 What comfort that sweet sentence gives!
 He lives! he lives! who once was dead:
 He lives, my Everlasting Head!
 He lives, triumphant from the grave;
 He lives, eternally to save.
- 2 He lives, all glorious in the sky;
 He lives, exalted there on high;
 He lives, to bless me with his love;
 He lives, to plead my cause above;
 He lives, to upbind and make me whole;
 He lives, to calm my troubled soul.
- 3 He lives, to grant me rich supply;
 He lives, to guard me with his eye;
 He lives, my hungry soul to feed;
 He lives, to help in time of need;
 He lives, that he may in me dwell;
 He lives, to crush the powers of hell.

4 He lives, to silence all my fears ;
 He lives, to stop and dry my tears ;
 He lives, my kind, wise, heav'nly friend ;
 He lives, and loves me to the end ;
 He lives, my Prophet, Priest, and King ;
 He lives, and while he lives, I'll sing.

5 He lives, to grant me daily breath ;
 He lives, and I shall conquer death ;
 He lives, my mansion to prepare ;
 He lives, to bring me safely there.
 O, the sweet joy this sentence gives,—
 "I know that my Redeemer lives!"

38 JOB XXIII. 10.—"*He knoweth the way that
 I take.*"

1 THY ways, O Lord ! with wise design,
 Are framed upon thy throne above ;
 And every dark or bending line
 Meets in the centre of thy love.

2 With feeble light, and half obscure,
 Poor mortals thy arrangements view ;
 Not knowing that the least are sure,
 The most mysterious just and true.

3 My favour'd soul shall meekly learn
 To lay her reason at thy throne :
 Too weak thy secrets to discern,
 I'll trust thee for my guide alone.

✓
39 JOB xxxv. 10.—“ *Where is God, my Maker,
who giveth songs in the night ?*”

- 1 SUN of my soul ! Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou art near ;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
- 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep,
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.
- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live ;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.
- 4 Come near, and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take ;
Till in the ocean of thy love,
We lose ourselves in Heaven above.

40 Ps. xiv. 7.—“ *O that the salvation of Israel
were come out of Zion.*”

- 1 IN ancient times our fathers made
Vain gods of wood and stone,
And all the earth to idols bow'd,
Save Judah's land alone :

Around that blest and happy land
The light of Heaven shone ;
For there the True and Living God
Had made his statutes known.

2 And Israel's sons, a favoured race,
Were chosen by the Lord ;
His own peculiar worshippers,—
The guardians of his word.
The Lord to them his prophets sent,
To them his law was given ;
He would have led them as a flock,
And brought them safe to Heaven.

3 But they rebell'd, and would not fear
Their own Almighty King ;
They spurn'd the blessings of his love—
The shelter of his wing.
His word, whose deep prophetic tone
In solemn warning rose,
Proclaimed in vain the awful truth
Of Judah's coming woes.

4 And now their land is desolate—
Their cities overthrown,
And Israel's wand'ring exil'd sons
'Mong all the nations sown :
The light that led their fathers on,
Shines not around their path ;
For love despis'd and mercy spurn'd,
Have kindled into wrath.

- 5 O Lord, incline our hearts to pray
 For Israel's scatter'd race ;
 Remove the veil that hides from them
 Their own Messiah's face ;
 O banish from their darken'd hearts
 Their unbelief and pride ;
 May they behold their promised King
 In Jesus crucified.
- 6 Thine only is the power, and thine
 The grace that can renew,—
 In mercy do thou look upon
 The lone and outcast Jew ;
 Fulfil the promise of thy word,
 Bring the dispers'd again,
 Nor let the house of Jacob seek
 Their father's God in vain.
- 7 O ! when shall Judah's Christian bands
 To Zion's hills return,
 And prayer arise like incense sweet,
 And contrite spirits mourn ?
 Crown'd with her fairest hope, the Church
 Shall glory in her Lord,
 And earth her jubilee shall keep
 When Israel is restor'd.

41 Ps. xvi. 9.—“ *My flesh shall rest in hope.*”

JESUS, I cast my soul on thee,
 Mighty and merciful to save ;
 Thou wilt to death go down with me,
 And gently lay me in the grave.

D

This body then shall rest in hope,—
 This body which the worms destroy ;
 For surely thou wilt bring me up
 To glorious life and endless joy.

✓
 42 Ps. xvii. 7.—“ *Show thy marvellous loving-kindness.*”

1 TEACH me yet more of thy blest ways,
 Thou Holy Lamb of God ;
 And fix and root me in the grace,
 So dearly bought with blood.
 O tell me often of each wound,
 Of every grief and pain ;
 And let my heart with joy confess,
 From hence comes all my gain.

1754
 2 For this, O may I freely count
 Whate'er I have but loss ;
 And every name, and every thing,
 Compar'd with Thee, but dross.
 Engrave this deeply on my heart
 With an eternal pen ;
 That I may, in some small degree,
 Return Thy love again.

✓
 43 Ps. xvii. 15.—“ *As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness.*”

1 FAR from these narrow scenes of night,
 Unbounded glories rise,
 And realms of infinite delight,
 Unseen by mortal eyes.

There pain and sickness never come,
 And griefs no more complain ;
 And all who reach that peaceful home
 With Jesus ever reign.

2 No cloud these happy regions know,
 For ever bright and fair ;
 For sin, the source of mortal woe,
 Can never enter there.
 There no alternate night is known,
 Nor sun's imperfect ray,
 But glory from the sacred throne
 Spreads everlasting day.

3 Fair distant land, could now our eyes
 But half its charms explore,
 How would our spirits long to rise,
 And dwell on earth no more !
 Oh, may the heav'nly vision fire
 Our hearts with ardent love,
 Till wings of faith and strong desire
 Bear ev'ry thought above.

anne Steele

44 Ps. xviii. 28.—“ *My God will enlighten my
 darkness.*”

1 WHY fear the path of grief to tread ?
 Why, Father, shrink from thy decree ?
 If thus my longing soul be led
 A safer, shorter way to thee ?

2 On wings of faith, o'er fogs of earth,
 Thy servant, Father, teach to rise,
 And view the blessing's native worth,
 Clear'd from affliction's dark disguise.

- 3 Yon clouds, a mass of sable shade
 To mortals gazing from below,
 By angels from above survey'd,
 With universal sunshine glow
-

✓
 45 Ps. xxii. 6.—“*I am a worm, and no man.*”

- 1 ART thou a child of tears,
 Cradled in care and woe,
 And seems it hard thy vernal years
 Few vernal joys can show?
 And fall the sounds of mirth
 Sad on thy lonely heart,
 From all the hopes and charms of earth
 Untimely called to part?

- 2 Look here, and hold thy peace:
 The Giver of all good
 Even from the womb takes no release
 From suffering, tears, and blood.
 If thou wouldst reap in love,
 First sow in holy fear;
 So life a winter's morn may prove
 To a bright endless year.
-

46 Ps. xxii. 31.—“*He hath done this.*”

- 1 GLORY unto Jesus be!
 From the curse he set us free:
 All our guilt on Him was laid,
 He the ransom fully paid.

All his glorious work is done ;
 God's well pleased in his Son ;
 For he rais'd him from the dead :
 Christ now reigns, the Church's Head.

- 2 His redeem'd his praise show forth,
 Ever glorying in his worth ;
 Angels sing around the throne,—
 "Thou art worthy, thou alone!"
 Ye who love him, cease to mourn,
 He will certainly return ;
 All his saints with him shall reign ;
 Come, Lord Jesus, come! Amen.

47 Ps. xxiii. 4.—*"Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, yet will I fear no evil."*

- 1 WHEN the spark of life is waning,
 Weep not for me :
 When the languid eye is straining,
 Weep not for me :
 When the feeble pulse is ceasing,
 Start not at its swift decreasing ;
 'Tis the fetter'd soul's releasing :
 Weep not for me.
- 2 When the pangs of death assail me,
 Weep not for me :
 Christ is mine,—He cannot fail me,
 Weep not for me :
 Yes, though sin and doubt endeavour
 From his love my soul to sever,
 Jesus is my strength for ever !
 Weep not for me.

Thos Lane

✓
48 Ps. xxxi. 15.—“ *My times are in thy hand.*”

1 “ My times are in thy hand,”
My God! I wish them there;
My life, my friends, my soul I leave,
Entirely to thy care.

2 “ My times are in thy hand,”
Whatever they may be;
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee.

3 “ My times are in thy hand,”
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father’s hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

4 “ My times are in thy hand,”—
Jesus the crucified!
The hand my cruel sins had pierced
Is now my guard and guide.

5 “ My times are in thy hand,”—
I’ll always trust in thee;
And after death, at thy right hand
I shall for ever be.

J
49 Ps. xxxiv. 5.—“ *They looked unto Him and were lightened.*”

1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the Cross I spend;
Life and health and peace possessing
From the sinner’s dying friend.

Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
 Mercy's streams, in streams of blood ;
 Precious drops ! my soul bedewing,
 Plead and claim my peace with God.

3 Truly blessed is this station,
 Low before his Cross to lie,
 While I see Divine compassion
 Floating in his languid eye.
 Here it is I find my Heaven,
 While upon the Cross I gaze ;
 Love I much ? I'm more forgiven ;
 I'm a miracle of grace.

3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
 With my tears his feet I'll bathe ;
 Constant still in faith abiding,
 Life deriving from his death.
 May I still enjoy this feeling,
 In all need to Jesus go ;
 Prove his wounds each day more healing,
 And himself more fully know.

J. Allen & H. H. H. H.
 50 Ps. xxxvi. 9.—“*In thy light shall we see
 light.*”

1 CHRIST whose glory fills the skies,
 Christ the true, the only light ;
 Sun of Righteousness arise,
 Triumph o'er the shades of night :
 Day-spring from on high, be near ;
 Day-star in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
 Unaccompanied by thee ;
 Joyless is the day's return,
 'Till thy mercy's beams I see ;
 Till they 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.

Ch. W. H. H. H.

51 Ps. xxxvii. 4.—“*Delight thyself in the Lord.*”

1 O LORD, I would delight in Thee,
 And on thy love depend ;
 To Thee in every trouble flee,
 My best, my only friend.
 No good in creatures can be found,
 But may be found in Thee ;
 I must have all things and abound,
 While God is God to me.

2 He that has made my Heaven secure
 Will here all good provide ;
 While Christ is rich, can I be poor ?
 What can I want beside ?
 O Lord, I cast my care on Thee,
 I triumph and adore ;
 Henceforth my great concern shall be
 To love and praise Thee more

J. W. H. H. H.

52 Ps. XL. 17.—“*I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh on me.*”

- 1 POOR and needy though I be,
God Almighty cares for me;
Gives me clothing, shelter, food,—
Gives me all I have of good.
- 2 He will hear me when I pray,—
He is with me night and day;
When I sleep, and when I wake,
For the Lord my Saviour's sake.
- 3 He who reigns above the sky
Once became as poor as I;
He whose blood for me was shed,
Had not where to lay his head.
- 4 Though I labour here awhile,
Father, bless me with thy smile;
And, when this short life is past,
May I rest with Thee at last.
- 5 Then to Thee I'll tune my song,
Happy as the day is long;
This my joy for ever be,—
God Almighty cares for me.

53 Ps. XLII. 2.—“*My soul thirsteth for God.*”

- 1 I THIRST, but not as once I did,
The vain delights of earth to share;
Thy wounds, Emmanuel, all forbid
That I should seek my pleasures there.

- 2 It was the sight of thy dear Cross
 First wean'd my soul from earthly things!
 And taught me to esteem as dross
 The mirth of fools and pomp of kings.
- 3 I want that grace that springs from thee,
 That quickens all things where it flows,
 And makes a wretched thorn like me
 Bloom as the myrtle, or the rose.

✓
 54 Ps. XLV. 2.—“*Thou art fairer than the children of men.*”

- 1 Jesus, and shall it ever be,
 A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
 Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
 Whose glory shines through endless days!
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
 Let evening blush to own a star!
 He sheds his beams of light divine
 On this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
 Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
 'Tis midnight with my soul, till He,
 Bright morning star, bids darkness flee.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend,
 On whom my hopes of Heaven depend!
 No! when I blush, be this my shame,
 That I no more revere His name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No fears to quell, no good to crave,
And no immortal soul to save.

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

Joseph Suggs

55 Ps. XLVI. 4.—“*There is a river, the streams
whereof make glad the city of God.*”

1 CLEAR Spring of Life! flow on and roll
With growing swell from pole to pole,
Till flowers and fruits of Paradise
Round all thy winding current rise!

2 Still near thy stream may I be found,
Long as I tread this earthly ground!
Cheer with thy wave death's gloomy shade,
Then thro' the fields of Canaan spread.

56 Ps. XLVII. 5.—“*God is gone up with a shout.*”

Go up with shouts of praise!
Go up, High-priest to Heaven,
Who hast the ransom'd race
Upon thy heart engraven;
Though seated on thy throne,
Thou deign'st to hear our pray'r,
Nor art asham'd to own
That we thy brethren are.

Lavinia

1841

✓
57 Ps. LI. 15.—“*Open thou my lips, and my mouth shall show forth thy praise.*”

- 1 COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace :
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come ;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
- 3 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God ;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interpos'd his precious blood.
- 4 Oh! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.
- 5 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it ;
Prone to leave the God of love :
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
Seal it from thy courts above.

58 Ps. LV. 8.—“*I would hasten my escape from the windy storm and tempest.*”

- 1 HERE I find no rest ;
By fierce pain oppress,
And by sin distrest,
I am weary, weary !

- 2 Though this world be fair,
Sin is ever there,
And its guilt I share :
I am weary, weary !
- 3 Soon death's night will come,—
Where is now the gloom
Of the silent tomb ?
I am weary, weary !
- 4 Christ hath died to prove
God's amazing love.
Oh for life above !
I am weary, weary !
- 5 Earth gives me no pleasure ;
Heaven contains my treasure,—
Bliss in boundless measure :
I am weary, weary !
- 6 Why should I complain ?
Jesus suffer'd pain,
And for me was slain :
I am weary, weary !
- 7 Now, from Heaven on high,
Christ hath heard my sigh,
Mark'd my mournful cry :
I am weary, weary !
- 8 He hath given me peace,
Even tho' pains increase,
Soon shall sorrow cease :
I am weary, weary !

9 Dawn thou heav'nly light,
 On my vanished sight ;
 All there's pure and bright !
 I am weary, weary !

✓
 59 Ps. LV. 6.—“ *Oh, that I had wings like a dove : I would fly away and be at rest.*”

- 1 My soul, amid this stormy world,
 Is like some flutter'd dove ;
 And fain would be as swift of wing,
 To flee to Him I love.
 The cords that bound my heart to earth
 Are broken by his hand :
 Before his cross I found myself,
 A stranger in the land.
- 2 That visage marr'd, those sorrows deep,
 The vinegar and gall,
 Where Jesus' golden chains of love
 His captive to enthal !
 My heart is with Him on His throne,
 And ill can brook delay ;
 Each moment list'ning for the voice,—
 “ Rise up and come away.”
- 3 With hope deferr'd, oft sick and faint,
 “ Why tarries he ?” I cry :
 And should my Saviour chide my haste,
 Sure I could make reply.

May not an exile, Lord, desire,
 His own sweet land to see ?
 May not a captive seek release,
 A pris'ner to be free ?

4 A child, when far away may long
 For home and kindred dear ;
 And she that wails her absent Lord
 May sigh till he appear.
 I would, my Lord and Saviour, know,
 That which no measure knows ;
 Would search the mystery of thy love,—
 The depth of all thy woes.

60 PS. LXIII. 8.—“ *My soul followeth hard after
 Thee: Thy right hand upholdeth me.*”

1 WE go with the redeem'd to taste
 Of joy supreme, that never dies ;
 Our feet still press the weary waste,
 Our hearts, our home, are in the skies.

2 And oh ! while on to Zion's hill
 The toilsome path of life we tread,
 Around us, loving Father, still
 Thy circling wings of mercy spread.

3 From day to day, from hour to hour,
 Oh ! let our rising spirits prove
 The strength of thine Almighty pow'r—
 The sweetness of thy saving love.

✓
61 PS. LXXII. 17.—“ *Men shall be blessed in Him: all nations shall call him blessed.*”

- 1 JESUS shall reign wher'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And princes throng to crown his head ;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With ev'ry morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of ev'ry tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
The pris'ner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Where he displays his healing pow'r,
Death and the curse are known no more ;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.
- 6 Let ev'ry creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honours to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

John H. H.

✓
62 Ps. LXXIII. 23.—“*I am continually with thee.*”

- 1 OH Thou, by long experience tried,
Near whom no grief can long abide ;
My Lord, how full of sweet content
I pass my years of banishment !
- 2 All scenes alike engaging prove
To souls impress'd with sacred love !
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in Thee ;
In Heaven, in earth, or on the sea.
- 3 To me remains nor place nor time,
My country is in every clime ;
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.
- 4 While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none ;
But with a God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.
- 5 Could I be cast where Thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot ;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

✓
63 Ps. LXXIII. 24.—“*Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterwards receive me to glory.*”

- 1 WHEN the vale of death appears,
Faint and cold this mortal clay,
Kind Forerunner, soothe my fears,
Light me through the darksome way :
Break the shadows,
Usher in eternal day

- 2 Starting from this dying state,
 Upward bid my soul aspire ;
 Open thou the crystal gate,
 To thy praise attune my lyre :
 Dwell for ever,—
 Dwell on each immortal wire.
- 3 From the sparkling turrets there,
 Oft I'll trace my pilgrim way ;
 Often bless thy guardian care,—
 Fire by night, and cloud by day,—
 While my triumphs
 At my leader's feet I lay.
- 4 And when mighty trumpets blown
 Shall the judgment dawn proclaim,
 From the central burning throne,
 'Mid creation's final flame,
 With the ransom'd,
 Judge and Saviour own my name!

✓
 64 Ps. LXXXIV. 1.—“*How amiable are thy
 tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts.*”

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

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

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

Isaac Watts

✓
 65 PS. LXXXIV. 2.—“*My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord.*”

1 FOR thee we long and pray,
 O blessed Sabbath morn!
 And all the week we say,
 O! when wilt thou return?
 Come, come away,
 Day of glad rest,
 Of days the best,
 Sweet Sabbath day!

- 2 Thou tellest us how Christ
 Arose and left the tomb ;
 And all the week we say,
 O! when will Sabbath come ?
 Come, come away, &c.
- 3 Thou tellest us how we,
 Like Him shall leave the tomb ;
 And all the week we say,
 O! when will Sabbath come ?
 Come, come away, &c.
- 4 Thou tellest of a rest,—
 A peaceful happy home,
 Where all the saints are blest :
 O! when will Sabbath come ?
 Come, come away, &c.

✓

- 66 Ps. LXXXIV. 7.—“ *They go from strength to strength ; every one of them in Zion appeareth before God.*”

- 1 STILL in a world of sin and pain,
 Far from our home, we meet again ;
 Dreary and long our course may be,
 But oh, our God, it leads to thee !
 Thou art the light by which we roam,—
 Thou art our everlasting home.
- 2 Thy hand is still around to bless,
 Thou dost not leave us comfortless ;
 Earth and its pain we still may feel,
 But Thou art ever near to heal ;

Still as our day our strength shall be,
For all our cares are borne by Thee.

- 3 Still, as time's changing current rolls,
Thy comforts, Lord, delight our souls ;
Thy mighty arm to smooth our way,
Thy light to turn our night to day ;
Onward with firmer steps we roam,
On to our everlasting home.

Ps. lxxxiv. 10.

- 67^v Ps. LXXXIV. 10.—“*A day in thy courts is
better than a thousand.*”

- 1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise ;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes !
The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day ;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

- 2 One day amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.
My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

Isaac Watts

68 Ps. LXXXVII. 7.—“*All my springs are in Thee.*”

- 1 Bliss beyond compare,
Which in Christ I share!
He's my only joy and treasure;
Tasteless is all worldly pleasure,
When in Christ I share
Bliss beyond compare.
- 2 Jesus is my joy,
Therefore, blest am I.
O! his mercy is unbounded,
All my hope on him is founded;
Jesus is my joy,
Therefore, blest am I.
- 3 When the Lord appears,
This my spirit cheers;
When, his love to me revealing,
He, the Sun of Grace, with healing
In his beams, appears,—
This my Spirit cheers.
- 4 Then all grief is drown'd;
Pure delight is found.
Joy and peace in his salvation,
Heav'nly bliss and consolation.
Ev'ry grief is drown'd
Where such bliss is found.
-

✓
69 Ps. xc. 2.—“*From everlasting to everlasting
Thou art God.*”

- 1 How long sometimes a day appears,
And weeks, how long are they!
Months move as slow as if the years
Would never pass sway!
- 2 But months and years are passing by,
And soon must all be gone;
For day by day as minutes fly,
Eternity comes on.
- 3 Days, months, and years must have an end,
Eternity has none;
It never can its ages spend,
Even as they ne'er began.
- 4 Great God; an infant cannot tell
How such a thing can be;
I only pray that I may dwell
That long, long time with thee.

✓
70 Ps. xc. 1.—“*He that dwelleth in the secret
place of the Most High shall abide
under the shadow of the Almighty.*”

- 1 CALL Jchovah thy salvation,
Rest beneath the Almighty's shade,
In his secret habitation
Dwell, nor ever be dismay'd;

There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare ;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.

2 From the sword at noon-day wasting,
From the noisome pestilence,
In the depth of midnight blasting,
God shall be thy sure defence.
Fear not thou the deadly quiver,
When a thousand feel the blow,
Mercy shall thy soul deliver,
Though ten thousand be laid low.

3 Thee, though winds and waves be swelling
God, thine hope, shall bear through all,
Plague shall not come near thy dwelling,
Thee no evil shall befall ;
He shall charge his angel-legions,
Watch and guard o'er thee to keep,—
Though thou walk through hostile regions,
Though in desert wilds thou sleep.

4 Since, with pure and true affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of his protection
He will shield thee from above :
Thou shalt call on him in trouble,
He will hearken, he will save ;
Here for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.

John C. Johnson

✓
71 PS. XCIV. 22.—“*My God is the Rock of my refuge.*”

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee ;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy riven side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure ;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labour of my hands
Can fulfil thy law's demands ;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone ;
Thou must save, and thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy Cross I cling ;
Naked, come to thee for dress ;
Helpless, look to thee for grace ;
Foul, I to the fountain fly ;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die !

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-strings break in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on thy judgment throne—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Augustus M. Topliff

72 Ps. xcvi. 11.—“*Let the heavens rejoice and let the earth be glad before the Lord, for He cometh.*”

- 1 Songs of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujah's rang,
When Jehovah's work began,—
When He spake, and it was done.
- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born ;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown the day ;
God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come ?
No ! the Church is called to raise
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.
- 5 Learning thus, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above ;
Soon this holy sweet employ
She in glory shall enjoy.

✓

73 Ps. ciii. 1.—“*Bless the Lord, O my soul.*”

- 1 LET sinners sav'd give thanks and sing
Of mercies past, of joys to come ;
The Lord their Saviour is, and King,
The Cross their hope, and Heav'n their home

Let sinners sav'd give thanks and sing,
 Sweet is the subject of their song ;
 Who made the children of a King
 Expect to sit in Heaven ere long.

- 2 Let sinners sav'd give thanks and sing,—
 The Lord has kept in dangers past ;
 And oh, sweet thought, the Lord will bring
 His people safe to Heav'n at last !
 Let sinners sav'd give thanks and sing,
 Of Jesus sing through all their days ;
 In Heav'n their golden harps they'll string,
 And there for ever sing his praise.

———— Thomas Kelly

- ✓
 74 Ps. cix. 4-5.—“*For my love they are my
 adversaries.*”

- 1 **WHAT** grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
 Around thy steps below ;
 What patient love was seen in all
 Thy life and death of woe !
- 2 For ever on thy burden'd heart
 A weight of sorrow hung,
 Yet no ungentle murm'ring word
 Escaped thy silent tongue.
- 3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,—
 Thy friends unfaithful prove ;
 Unwearied in forgiveness still,
 Thy heart could only love.

4 O give us hearts to love like thee,—
 Like thee, O Lord, to grieve
 Far more for others' sins than all
 The wrongs that we receive.

5 One with thyself, may every eye
 In us, thy brethren, see
 That gentleness and grace that spring
 From union, Lord, with Thee.

75 Ps. cxix. 94.—“*I am thine, save me, for I
 have sought thy precepts.*”

1 To Thee my heart would tell its griefs, O Lord,
 My burning tears into thy bosom flow,
 For thou hast promised in thy faithful Word
 That thou wilt bear the weight of all my woe.

2 And I am thine! O that my life were spent
 In doing only all thy righteous will;
 That I might walk, on holiness intent,
 And every hour delight to love Thee still.

3 Yes, I with joy from every sin would flee,
 Nor for a moment should my heart delay;
 But speak the word, and that one word from
 Thee
 I would with willingness at once obey.

4 When shall the hour of my deliverance be?
 When shall the law of death no more remain?
 When, my dear Saviour, shall I joyful see
 Thy love alone within my bosom reign?

5 Till that blest day, thy aid would I entreat,
 Inspire me as the conflict I renew ;
 My safety is in thee—thy work complete :
 O, be my Rock, and my Redeemer too !

✓ *How precious*
 76 Ps. cxix. 97.—“ O how love I thy law !”

1 HOLY Bible ! book divine !
 Precious treasure ! thou art mine.
 Mine, to tell me whence I came ;
 Mine, to teach me what I am :
 Mine, to chide me when I rove ;
 Mine, to shew a Saviour's love :
 Mine art thou, to guide my feet ;
 Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit :

2 Mine, to comfort in distress,
 If the Holy Spirit bless :
 Mine, to shew, by living faith,
 How to triumph over death !
 Mine, to tell of joys to come,
 And the rebel-sinner's doom :—
 O thou precious book divine !
 Precious treasure ! thou art mine.

———— *John 15: 10*
 77 Ps. cxix. 97.—“ O how love I thy law ; it
 is my meditation all the day.”

PRECIOUS book ! of books the best,
 Dearest gift of God, but one
 That surpasses all the rest,—
 Gift of God's beloved Son.

Gracious Spirit—heavenly Dove,
Thee I'd slight not, Thee I'd love ;
By thy power, and thine alone,
✓ The value of this gift I've known.

78 Ps. cxix. 133.—“ *Order my steps in Thy word, and let not any iniquity have dominion over me.*”

- 1 THOU who didst, for Peter's faith,
Kindly condescend to pray ;
Thou, whose loving-kindness hath
Kept me to the present day :
Kind Conductor '
Still direct my devious way.
- 2 When a tempting world in view
Gains upon my yielding heart,—
When its pleasures I pursue,
Then one look of pity dart ;
Teach me pleasures
Which the world can ne'er impart.
- 3 When, with horrid thoughts profane,
Satan would my soul invade ;
When he calls religion vain,
Mighty Victor ! be my aid !
Send thy Spirit,—
Bid me conflict undismay'd.
- 4 When my unbelieving fear
Makes me think myself too vile,—
When the legal curse I hear,
Cheer me with a gospel smile ;
Or if hiding,
Hide thee only for a while.

- 5 When I sit beneath thy word,
 At thy table cold and dead,
 When I cannot see my Lord,
 All my little day-light fled,—
 Sun of Glory,
 Beam again around my head.
- 6 When thy statutes I forsake,
 When thy graces dimly shine,
 When the covenant I break,
 Jesus, then remember thine !
 Check my wanderings
 By a look of love divine.
- 7 Then, if heavenly dews distil,
 If my hopes are bright and clear,
 While I sit on Zion's hill,
 Temper joy with holy fear ;
 Keep me watchful,—
 Safe alone when Thou art near.
- 8 When afflictions cloud my sky,
 When the tide of sorrow flows,
 When thy rod is lifted high,
 Let me on thy love repose ;
 Stay thy rough wind
 When thy chilling eastern blows.
-
- 79 Ps. cxix. 136.—“ *Rivers of waters run down
 mine eyes, because they keep not thy law.*”
- 1 **ARISE**, my tend'rest thoughts arise ;
 To torrents melt, my streaming eyes ;
 And thou, my heart, with anguish feel
 Those evils which thou canst not heal.

- 2 See human nature sunk in shame ;
 See scandals pour'd on Jesus' name ;
 The Father wounded thro' the Son ;
 The world abus'd, the soul undone.
- 3 See the short course of vain delight
 Closing in everlasting night ;
 In flames that no abatement know,
 Tho' bitter tears for ever flow.
- 4 My God, I feel the mournful scene ;
 My bowels yearn o'er dying men ;
 And fain my pity would reclaim
 And snatch the firebrands from the flame.
- 5 But feeble my compassion proves,
 And can but weep where most it loves :
 Thine own all-saving arm employ,
 And turn these drops of grief to joy.

80 Ps. cxxvii. 2.—“ *So He giveth His beloved
 sleep.*”

- 1 INTERVAL of grateful shade,
 Welcome to my weary head !
 Welcome slumbers to my eyes—
 Tired with glaring vanities !
 My great Master still allows
 Needful periods of repose.
- 2 By my heavenly Father blest,
 Thus I give my powers to rest.
 Heavenly Father ! gracious name !
 Night and day His love the same.
 Far be each suspicious thought,
 Every anxious care forgot.

3 Thou, my ever-bounteous God,
 Crown'st my days with various good ;
 Thy kind eye, that cannot sleep,
 These defenceless hours shall keep.
 Blest vicissitude to me,
 Day and night I'm still with thee !

81 Ps. CXXXI. 2.—*“Surely I have behaved and
 quieted myself as a child that is weaned
 of his mother.”*

1 As a little weaned child,
 Holy Saviour, may I be :
 Humble, teachable, and mild,—
 Altogether like to Thee.

2 While king David was a man,
 Still he prayed to be a child ;
 And king David's Saviour can
 Make me humble, meek, and mild.

3 When king David was a king,
 While he sat on Israel's throne,
 He was not too proud to sing
 Praises to the Lord alone.

4 Surely, then, a child like me
 Never should be proud in heart :
 Lord, thy grace is rich and free,—
 Grace like his to me impart.

5 Give me, Lord, such heavenly love,
 As Thou didst to Israel's king,
 Then, where David sings above,
 I, ere long, shall also sing.

✓

82

ANOTHER OF THE SAME.

- 1 QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,
 Make me teachable and mild,
 Upright, simple, free from art,
 Make me as a weaned child :
 From distrust and envy free,
 Pleas'd with all that pleases Thee.
- 2 What thou shalt to-day provide,
 Let me as a child receive ;
 What to-morrow may betide,
 Calmly to thy wisdom leave :
 'Tis enough that Thou wilt care,
 Why should I the burden bear ?
- 3 As a little child relies
 On a care beyond his own ;
 Knows he's neither strong nor wise ;
 Fears to stir a step alone ;
 Let me thus with thee abide,
 As my Father, Guard, and Guide.
- 4 Thus preserv'd from Satan's wiles,
 Safe from dangers, free from fears,
 May I live upon thy smiles,
 Till the promis'd hour appears,
 When the sons of God shall prove
 All their Father's boundless love.

And in the time

83 Ps. CXXXI. 2.—“*My soul is even as a weaned child.*”

- 1 Act but the infant's gentle part ;
Give up to love thy willing heart,
No fondest parent's melting breast
Yearns like thy God's to make thee blest.
Taught its dear mother soon to know,
The tenderest babe its love can show ;
Bid thy base slavish fear retire,—
This task no labour will require.
 - 2 Thy heavenly Father, good and kind,
Wants but to have his child resign'd ;
Wants but thy yielded heart,—no more !
With his large gifts of grace to store.
Thy gentle Father, best of friends,
To thee, nor loss, nor harm intends ;
Though tost on a tempestuous main,
No wreck thy vessel shall sustain.
 - 3 On His sure faithful arm divine,
Firm let thy fastening trust recline ;
Sweet light shall from the tranquil skies
Like a fair dawn before thee rise.
Come, backward soul, to God resign !
Peace, his best blessing, shall be thine ;
Boldly reclining on his care,
Cast all thy burdens only there.
-

84 Ps. CXXXVI. 1.—“ O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good, for His mercy endureth for ever.”

1 PRAISE to thee, thou great Creator,
Praise be thine from ev'ry tongue ;
Join, my soul, with ev'ry creature,—
Join the universal song.

2 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the richest gifts bestowed,
Sound His praise through earth and heaven,—
Sound Jehovah's praise abroad.

✓ 85 Ps. CXXXVI. 26.—“ O give thanks unto the God of heaven ; for his mercy endureth for ever.”

1 LET us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind ;
For His mercies shall endure,—
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 He, with all-commanding might,
Fill'd the new-made world with light :
For His mercies shall endure,—
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3 All things living he doth feed :
His full hand supplies their need :
For His mercies shall endure,—
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 He His chosen race did bless
 In the wasteful wilderness ;
 For His mercies shall endure,—
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

5 He hath, with a piteous eye,
 Look'd upon our misery :
 For His mercies shall endure,—
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

✓
 86 Ps. cxxxvii. 3.—“*Sing us one of the songs
 of Zion.*”

- 1 Sing them, my children, sing them still,
 Those sweet and holy songs !—
 Oh, let the psalms of Zion hill
 Be heard from youthful tongues.
 Oh, sing them at the cheerful dawn,
 The rising morn to cheer ;
 And sing them round the evening hearth,
 When fires are blazing clear.
- 2 Sing them when Sabbath schools are met,
 And your young voices raise
 Their Sabbath-evening melodies
 To their Redeemer's praise.
 So shall each unforgotten word,
 When distant far you roam,
 Call back your hearts which once it stirred
 To childhood's blessed home.
- 3 Sing them, my children ; many a saint
 These holy strains has sung !
 These hills of ours have echoed them
 From many a martyr's tongue.

Oh, sing them in a land like this,
 Where martyrs' steps have rov'd;
 My children, sing those melodies,—
 The songs our fathers loved!

87 Ps. CXXXIX. 18.—“*When I awake I am still
 with Thee.*”

1 MY God was with me all this night,
 And gave me sweet repose;
 My God did watch, even while I slept,
 Or I had never rose.
 What ills have I escaped this night,
 Which have on others fell!
 My body might have slept its last,
 My soul have waked in hell.

2 Lord, for the mercies of the night,
 My humble thanks I pay,
 And unto Thee I dedicate
 The first-fruits of the day.
 Let this day praise Thee, O my God,
 And so let all my days;
 And O let mine eternal day
 Be thine eternal praise.

88 Ps. CXLVIII. 12.—“*Praise ye the Lord, both
 young men and maidens, old men and
 children.*”

1 GLORY to the Father give;
 God, in whom we move and live;
 Children's prayers he deigns to hear;
 Children's songs delight his ear.

Glory to the Son we bring,
 Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King;
 Children, raise your sweetest strain
 To the Lamb, for He was slain.

- 2 Glory to the Holy Ghost—
 Be this day a Pentecost—
 Children's minds may He inspire,
 Touch their tongues with holy fire.
 Glory in the highest be
 To the blessed Trinity,
 For the gospel from above,
 For the word that "God is love."

89 Ps. cXLIX. 2.—*"Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King."*

- 1 YE holy angels bright,
 Who stand before God's throne,
 And dwell in glorious light,
 Praise ye the Lord each one!
 You there so nigh,
 Fitter than we
 Dark sinners be
 For things so high.
- 2 You blessed souls at rest.
 Who see your Saviour's face,
 Whose glory, even the least,
 Is far above our grace,
 God's praises sound,
 As in His sight,
 With sweet delight,
 You do abound.

3 All nations of the earth,
 Extol the world's Great King,
 With melody and mirth,
 His glorious praises sing!
 For He still reigns,
 And will bring low
 The proudest foe
 That Him disdains.

4 Sing forth Jehovah's praise,
 Ye saints that on him call;
 Him magnify always,
 His holy churches all!
 In Him rejoice,
 And there proclaim
 His holy name,
 With sounding voice.

✓
 90 Ps. CL. 6.—“*Let every thing that hath breath
 praise the Lord.*”

1 ANGELS holy,
 High and lowly,
 Sing the praises of the Lord!
 Earth and sky, all living nature,
 Man, the stamp of thy Creator,
 Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

2 Sun and moon bright,
 Night and noon light,
 Starry temples, azure-floored;
 Calm and storm, and wild wind's madness,
 Sons of God that shout for gladness,
 Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

- 3 Rolling thunder,
 Voice of wonder,
Deepest bass in heavenly chord :
Vivid lightnings fiercely gleaming,
Bulging clouds with water streaming,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord !
- 4 Ocean hoary,
 Tell his glory,
Cliffs where tumbling seas have roar'd !
Pulse of water blithely beating,
Wave advancing, wave retreating,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord !
- 5 Rock and high land,
 Wood and island,
Crag where eagle's pride hath soar'd ;
Mighty mountain, purple breasted,
Peaks, cloud-cleaving, snowy-crested,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord !
- 6 Rolling river,
 Praise him ever,
From the mountain's deep vein poured ;
Silver fountain clearly gushing,
Troubled torrent madly rushing,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord !
- 7 Birds, whose pinion
 Gives dominion,
In sky-regions deep and broad ;
Flocks, that stray o'er hills unbounded,
Herds, with verdant plains surrounded,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord !

- 8 Youth, whose morning
 Smiles at warning,
Age in counsel deeply stor'd ;
Maids and boys, in chorus blending,
Let your anthem-song, ascending,
Praise high Heaven's eternal Lord !
- 9 Bond and free men,
 Land and seamen,
Earth, with peoples widely stor'd ;
Woodman, lone in prairies ample,
Full-voiced choir in costly temple,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord !
- 10 Kings anointed,
 God-appointed,
Sceptred by the Sovereign Lord ;
Tribes and golden realms possessing,
Throned in grandeur, power, and blessing,
Praise *your* ruler, God the Lord !
- 11 Spread the story
 Of his glory,
Ye who fiercely scorned His word ;
Israel ! once that outcast nation,
Now, illustrious in salvation,
Praise your Kinsman, King, and Lord !
- 12 Praise Him ever,
 Bounteous Giver,
Praise Him, Father, Friend, and Lord ;
Each glad soul its free course winging—
Each blithe voice its free song singing,
Praise the great, the mighty Lord !

J. S. K. M. C.

91 PROV. XIV. 32.—“*The righteous hath hope in his death.*”

- 1 AH! I shall soon be dying,
Time swiftly glides away ;
But on my Lord relying,
I hail the happy day ;—
The day when I shall enter
Upon a world unknown ;
My helpless soul I venture
On Jesus Christ alone.
- 2 He once a spotless victim
Upon Mount Calvary bled !
Jehovah did afflict Him,
And bruise Him in my stead.
Hence all my hope arises,
Unworthy as I am ;
My soul most surely prizes
The sin-atoning Lamb.
- 3 To Him by grace united,
I joy in Him alone ;
And now, by faith, delighted
Behold Him on His throne.
There He is interceding
For all who on Him rest ;
The grace from Him proceeding
Shall waft me to His breast.
- 4 Then, with the saints in glory,
The grateful song I'll raise,
And chaunt my blissful story
In high seraphic lays.

Free grace, redeeming merit,
 And sanctifying love,
 Of Father, Son, and Spirit,
 Shall charm the courts above.

Wm. Keble

✓
92 PROV. XVII. 6.—“*The glory of children are their fathers.*”

- 1 **THERE** was gladness in Zion, her standard was flying,
 Free o'er her battlements, glorious and gay ;
 All fair as the morning shone forth her adorning,
 And fearful to foes was her godly array.

- 2 There is mourning in Zion, her standard is lying
 Defiled in the dust, to the spoiler a prey ;
 And now there is wailing, and sorrow prevailing,
 For the best of their children are weeded away.

- 3 The good have been taken, their place is forsaken,—
 The man and the maiden, the green and the grey ;
 The voice of the weepers wails over the sleepers,—
 The martyrs of Scotland that now are away.

4 The hue of her waters is crimson'd with
slaughters,
And the blood of the martyrs has redden'd
the clay;
And dark desolation broods over the nation,
For the faithful are perished, the good are
away.

5 On the mountains of heather they slumber
together;
On the wastes of the moorland their bodies
decay:
How sound is their sleeping, how safe is their
keeping,
Though far from their kindred they moulder
away!

3 Their blessing shall hover, their children to
cover,
Like the cloud of the desert, by night and by
day:
Oh, never to perish, their names let us cherish,
The martyrs of Scotland that now are away!

✓
93 PROV. XVII. 17.—“*A friend loveth at all
times.*”

1 ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end!
They who once His kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us
 Could or would have shed his blood?
 But our Jesus died to have us
 Reconcil'd in Him to God:
 This was a boundless love indeed!
 Jesus is a friend in need.

3 When He liv'd on earth abased,
 Friend of sinners was His name;
 Now, above all glory raised,
 He rejoices in the same:
 Still He calls them brethren, friends,
 And to all their wants attends.

4 O, for grace our hearts to soften!
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love:
 We, alas, forget too often
 What a friend we have above:
 But when home our souls are brought,
 We will love thee as we ought.

✓
 94 PROV. XVIII. 24.—“*There is a Friend that
 sticketh closer than a brother.*”

1 ONE there is above all others—
 O how He loves!
 His is love beyond a brother's—
 O how He loves!
 Earthly friends may fail or leave us,
 One day soothe, the next day grieve us,
 But this Friend will ne'er deceive us—
 O how He loves!

2 'Tis eternal life to know Him—
 O how He loves!
 Think, O think how much we owe Him—
 O how He loves!
 With His precious blood He bought us,
 In the wilderness He sought us,
 To his fold He safely brought us—
 O how He loves!

3 We have found a friend in Jesus—
 O how He loves!
 'Tis His great delight to bless us—
 O how He loves!
 How our hearts delight to hear Him
 Bid us dwell in safety near him;
 Why should we distrust or fear Him?—
 O how He loves!

4 Through His name we are forgiven—
 O how He loves!
 Backward shall our foes be driven—
 O how He loves!
 Best of blessings He'll provide us,
 Nought but good shall e'er betide us—
 Safe to glory He will guide us—
 O HOW HE LOVES!

Mary Anne Russell

95 PROV. XXVII. 10.—“*Thine own friend, and
 thy father's friend, forsake not.*”

1 THINK not that e'er my heart could dwell
 Contented far from thee;
 How can the fresh-caught nightingale
 Enjoy tranquillity?

- 2 Oh, then, forsake thy friend for nought
That slanderous tongues can say;
The heart that fixes where it ought,
No power can rend away.
-

96 PROV. XXXI. 26.—“*In her tongue is the law
of kindness.*”

- 1 Speak kindly to thy fellow man,
Lest he should die, while yet
Thy bitter accents wring his heart
And make his pale cheek wet.
- 2 Speak to him tenderly; for he
Hath many toils to bear;
And he is weak, and often sighs—
As thou dost—under care.
- 3 Speak to him lovingly; he is
A brother of thine own;
He well may claim thy sympathies
Who's bone of thine own bone.
- 4 Speak to him meekly; he may be
A holier man than thou,
And fitting it may be for thee
To him with reverence bow.
- 5 Speak to him solemnly; for thou
And he must surely meet,
To make account for idle words,
Before the judgment-seat.

6 Speak to him faithfully ; thy word
 May touch him deep within,
 And save his erring soul from death,
 And cover o'er his sin !

97 ECCLES. I. 2.—“ *Vanity of vanities, all is vanity.*”

1 OUR mortal life will soon be done,
 The tomb now warns us to prepare,—
 Our measured course will soon be run,
 We hasten where our fathers are.
 O vanity of vanities !

2 What real good commands our care,
 Our labours, all our numerous ends ?
 At best, but glittering chains we wear,
 Some empty name, some fickle friends.
 O vanity of vanities !

3 Our course of years is speeding fast !
 We touch upon eternity :
 O, Jesus, take our souls at last,
 And let them cloth'd in glory be !
 O wash away our vanities.

Hal. Hymns.— 1845.

+98 SONG OF SOLOMON I. 4.—“ *Draw me, we will run after thee.*”

1 O DRAW me, Saviour, after Thee,
 So shall I run, and never tire ;
 With gracious words still comfort me,
 Be Thou my hope, my sole desire.
 Free me from every weight ; nor fear,
 Nor sin can come, if Thou art here.

- 2 What in thy love possess I not?
 My star by night, my sun by day,
 My spring of life when parch'd with drought,
 My wine to cheer, my bread to stay,
 My strength, my shield, my safe abode,
 My robe before the throne of God.
- 3 From all eternity with love
 Unchangeable Thou hast me view'd ;
 Ere knew this beating heart to move,
 Thy tender mercies me pursued :
 Ever with me may they abide,
 And close me in on every side.
- 4 In suffering, be Thy love my peace,
 In weakness, be Thy love my power :
 And when the storms of life shall cease,
 Jesus, in that important hour,
 In death, in life, be Thou my guide,
 And save me, who for me hast died !

✓
 99 SONG II. 4.—“ *He brought me to the banquet-
 ing house.*”

- 1 WHILE in sweet communion feeding
 On this earthly bread and wine,
 Saviour, may we see Thee bleeding
 On the cross, to make us thine !
 Now, our eyes for ever closing
 To this fleeting world below,
 On thy gentle breast reposing,
 Teach us, Lord, thy grace to know.

- 2 Though unseen, be ever near us,
 With the still small voice of love ;
 Whisp'ring words of peace to cheer us,
 Every doubt and fear remove :
 Bring before us all the story
 Of thy life and death of woe ;
 And with hopes of endless glory,
 Wean our hearts from all below.

_____ *Sir Rowland*

✓
 100 SONG II. 6.—“ *His right hand doth embrace me.*”

- 1 How can I sink, with such a prop
 As the eternal God ;
 Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
 And spreads the heavens abroad ?
- 2 How can I die while Jesus lives,
 Who rose and left the dead ?
 Pardon and grace my soul receives
 From my exalted Head.
- 3 All that I am, all that I have,
 Shall be for ever thine ;
 And all a duteous heart would give,
 My cheerful hands resign.
- 4 Yea, if I might make some reserve,
 And duty did not call ;
 Thou lov'st me, Lord, with such a love,
 That I would give Thee all.

Isaiah

—101 SONG II. 16.—“*My beloved is mine, and I am His.*”

- 1 SWEET Jesus! when I think on Thee,
My heart for joy doth leap in me:
Thy blest remembrance yields delight,
But far more sweet will be thy sight.
- 2 Of Him who did salvation bring,
I could for ever think and sing;
When with His name I'm charm'd in song,
I wish myself all ear and tongue.
- 3 The joy's too great, I must confess;
I feel a bliss I can't express;
Thy love, my Saviour, ne'er can cloy,
Fountain of bliss, and source of joy!
- 4 O let me ever share thy grace,
Still taste thy love, and view thy face!
Still let my tongue resound thy name,
And Jesus be my constant theme.
- 5 Bless'd Jesus, what delicious fare!
How sweet thy entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love!

✓
—
102 SONG III. 4.—“*I held him and would not let Him go.*”

- 1 O, HOLY Saviour, friend unseen,
Since on thine arm thou bid'st us lean,
Help us, throughout life's changing scene,
By faith, to cling to Thee?

- 2 Far from our home, fatigu'd, oppress,
Here we have found our place of rest,
As exiles still, yet not unblest,
While we can cling to Thee!
- 3 Without a murmur, we dismiss
Our former dreams of earthly bliss;
Our joy, our consolation, this—
Each hour to cling to Thee!
- 4 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and hopes remove;
With patient uncomplaining love
Still would we cling to Thee!
- 5 Oft when we seem to tread alone
Some barren waste, with thorns o'ergrown,
Thy voice of love, in gentlest tone,
Whispers, "Still cling to Me!"
- 6 Though faith and hope may oft be tried,
We ask not, need not aught beside,—
So safe, so calm, so satisfied,
The soul that clings to Thee!

Charlotte Elliott

103 SONG IV. 6.—" *Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, I will get me to the mountain of myrrh, and to the hill of frankincense.*"

- 1 To watch the morning's dawn,
I'll get me to the hill;
And, till the shadows flee away,
I'll keep the watch-tower still.

- 2 For morning surely comes,
 With everlasting light :
 ' The heavenly day-star is at hand,
 To chase the dreary night.
- 3 Our journey has been long,
 And dark our desert-day ;
 The promis'd glory yet to come,—
 Chief solace of our way.
- 4 And, though it lingers, yet
 It cheers the failing eye
 To mark, amid surrounding gloom,
 The star of prophecy.
- 5 I'll trim my lamp the while,
 And chaunt a midnight lay,
 Till perfect light and gladness come
 In glory's endless day.
-

104 SONG IV. 16.—“ *Blow upon my garden, that
 the spices thereof may flow out.*”

- 1 LOVE is the sweetest bud that blows ;
 Its beauty never dies :
 On earth among the saints it grows,
 And ripens in the skies.
 Oh, what a garden will be seen
 When all the flowers of grace
 Appear in everlasting green
 Before the Planter's face!

2 No more exposed to burning skies,
 Or winter's piercing cold ;
 What never-dying sweets will rise
 From every opening fold !
 No want of sun or showers above
 To make the flowers decline ;
 Fountains of life and beams of love
 For ever spring and shine.

3 No more they need the quick'ning air,
 Or gently rising dew,
 Unspeakable their beauties are,
 And yet for ever new.
 Christ is their shade, and Christ their sun,
 Among them walks the King,
 Whose presence is eternal noon,—
 Whose smile eternal spring.

105 SONG v. 2.—“ *I sleep, but my heart waketh.*”

1 How sweet's the dream of her that sleeps,
 Even thee, thou happy Bride,
 When choosing for thy rest the place
 Where thy Beloved died !
 The bands that bound thy lover fast
 Unbind thee from thy pain ;
 His piercing cry, that soothes thy soul,
 And sings to sleep again.

2 The nails that fixed him to the cross
 Thy heavenly throne make sure ;
 He bears thee on His heart, thou Him—
 Sleep on and rest secure.

Manuscript 1754 v. 119

Manuscript 1754 v. 119

Hush! stir not up the friend of Christ,
Wake not the lovely Bride;
Some vision causeth her to smile:—
She sees His open side!

+106 SONG VIII. 2.—“ *I would cause thee to drink
of spiced wine of the juice of my
pomegranate.*”

- 1 MAN of sorrows, and acquainted
With our griefs, what shall we say?
Never language yet hath painted
All the woes that on Thee lay.
Had I seen Thee cloth'd in weakness,
Bearing our reproach and sickness,
To attend thee day and night
Would have been my heart's delight.

- 2 O that to this Heav'nly Stranger
I had here my homage paid,
From His first sigh in the manger
Till He cried “’Tis finished!”
That first sigh had consecrated
Me His own, and I had waited
On Him from His infancy,
Serving Him unweariedly.

- 3 Walking, speaking, in devotion,
Far to fields or forests stray'd,
I had watched every motion,
And my Lord my pattern made.

More have angels ne'er desir'd
Than on Him,—or far retir'd,
Or at home, awake, asleep—
Fixed their wondering eyes to keep.

- 4 Tell me, little flock beloved,
Ye on whom shone Jesus' face,
What within your souls then moved
When ye felt His kind embrace?
O, disciple once most blessed,
As a bosom-friend caressed,
Say could e'er into thy mind
Other objects entrance find?
- 5 Oft to prayer by night retreated
See Him from all search withdrawn,
Tearful eyes, and sighs repeated,
Witness'd still the morning dawn.
There, where He made intercession,
I had pour'd forth my confession,
And where for my sins He wept,
Praying, I the watch had kept.
- 6 Should I thus to Thee have cleaved
Midst Thy poverty and woes,
On Thee, as my Lord believed,
Or, perhaps, have joined thy foes?
Ah! Thy mercy I had spurn'd,
But Thyself my heart has turn'd.
Now Thou know'st, beneath, above,
Nought compared with Thee I love.

107 SONG VIII. 6.—“*Set me as a seal upon
thine heart.*”

- 1 BELOVED Saviour! let not me
In Thy kind heart forgotten be!
Of all that deck the field or bower,
Thou art the sweetest, fairest flower!
- 2 Youth's morn has fled, old age comes on;
But sin distracts my soul alone.
Beloved Saviour, let not me
In thy kind heart forgotten be!

✓
108 SONG VIII. 14.—“*Make haste, my beloved.*”

- 1 PASS away earthly joy,
Jesus is mine!
Break every mortal tie,
Jesus is mine!
Dark is the wilderness;
Distant the resting-place;
Jesus alone can bless:—
Jesus is mine!
- 2 Tempt not my soul away,—
Jesus is mine!
Here would I ever stay,
Jesus is mine!
Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away,
Jesus is mine!

3 Fare ye well, dreams of night,
 Jesus is mine !
 Mine is a dawning bright,
 Jesus is mine !
 All that my soul has tried
 Left but a dismal void,
 Jesus has satisfied,
 Jesus is mine !

4 Farewell mortality,
 Jesus is mine !
 Welcome eternity,
 Jesus is mine !
 Welcome ye scenes of rest,
 Welcome ye mansions blest,
 Welcome a Saviour's breast,
 Jesus is mine !

Catherine Bonner

✓
 109 ISA. XII. 1.—“ O Lord, I will praise Thee :
 *though Thou wast angry with me, thine
 anger is turned away.*”

1 I WILL praise Thee every day,
 Now thine anger's turn'd away !
 Comfortable thoughts arise
 From the bleeding sacrifice.

2 Here, in the fair gospel field,
 Wells of free salvation yield
 Streams of life, a plenteous store,
 And my soul shall thirst no more.

- 3 Jesus is become, at length,
My salvation and my strength!
And His praises shall prolong,
While I live, my pleasant song.
- 4 Praise ye, then, His glorious name,
Publish his exalted fame!
Still His worth your praise exceeds,—
Excellent are all His deeds.
- 5 Raise again the joyful sound,
Let the nations roll it round!
Zion shout, for this is He,
God the Saviour dwells in thee.

M. B. H.

110 ISA. XII. 2.—“*The Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song.*”

- 1 I'LL praise thee with my heart and tongue,
O Lord, my soul's delight;
Declaring to the world in song,
Thy glory, praise, and might.
- 2 Who spreads the lofty firmament,
And starry skies around?
Who makes the dew and rain descend
To fructify the ground?
- 3 Who doth preserve our life and health,
Our ease and safe abode?
Who doth secure our peace and wealth?
Our ever-gracious God.

- 4 On Thee, Almighty Lord of Hosts,
Depends our life and all ;
Thou keepest watch around our coasts,
Protectest great and small.
- 6 Thy chastisements are nought but love ;
When we our sins confess,
We thy forgiveness richly prove ;
'Tis thy delight to bless.
- 6 Thou count'st thy children's sighs and tears,
And know'st well why they mourn ;
No tear too mean to Thee appears
To put into Thy urn.

- 7 Then murmur not, but be resign'd
To His most holy will ;
Peace, rest, and comfort thou wilt find,
My soul, in being still.

✓ 111 ISA. XXI. 11.—“ Watchman ! what of the
night ?” *Moran 1841
no 660*

- 1 WATCHMAN ! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are ?
Traveller ! o'er yon mountain's height.
See that glory-beaming star !
Watchman ! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell ?
Traveller ! yes : it brings the day,—
Promised day of Israel !
- 2 Watchman ! tell us of the night ;
Higher yet that star ascends ;
Traveller ! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.

Watchman! will its beams alone
 Gild the spot that gave them birth?
 Traveller! ages are its own,
 And it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman! tell us of the night,
 For the morning seems to dawn:
 Traveller! darkness takes its flight,
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
 Watchman! let thy wanderings cease:
 Hie thee to thy quiet home:
 Traveller! lo! the Prince of Peace,
 Lo! the Son of God is come!

Sun sets bearing

112 ISA. XXVI. 1.—“*We have a strong city;
 salvation will God appoint for walls
 and bulwarks.*”

1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God!
 He, whose word cannot be broken,
 Form'd thee for His own abode:
 On the Rock of Ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose?
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See the streams of living waters,
 Springing from eternal love,
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,
 And all fear of want remove:

Who can faint while such a river
 Ever flows their thirst t'assuage ?
 Grace, which like the Lord the Giver,
 Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hov'ring,
 See the cloud and fire appear !
 For a glory and a covering,
 Shewing that the Lord is near :
 Thus deriving from their banner
 Light by night, and shade by day ;
 Safe they feed upon the manna
 Which He gives them when they pray.

4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
 Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood !
 Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
 Makes them kings and priests to God :
 'Tis His love His people raises
 Over self to reign as kings,
 And, as priests, His solemn praises
 Each for a thank-offering brings.

5 Saviour, if of Zion's city
 I, through grace, a member am ;
 Let the world deride or pity,
 I will glory in Thy name :
 Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
 All his boasted pomp and show ;
 Solid joys and lasting treasure
 None but Zion's children know.

Psalm 124

113 **ISA. XXXIII. 17.**—“ *Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty : they shall behold the land that is very far off.*”

- 1 O, WHAT a lonely path were ours,
 Could we, O Father, see,
 No home of rest beyond it all,
 No guide or help in Thee.
- 2 But thou art near, and with us still,
 To keep us on the way
 That leads along this vale of tears
 To the bright world of day.
- 3 There shall thy glory, O our God !
 Break fully on our view :
 And we, thy saints, rejoice to find
 That all thy word was true.
- 4 There Jesus, on His heav'nly throne,
 Our wond'ring eyes shall see :
 While we, the blest associates there
 Of all His joy shall be.
- 5 Sweet hope ! we leave without a sigh
 A blighted world like this ;
 To bear the cross, despise the shame,
 For all that weight of bliss.
- 6 Yet little do thy saints, at best,
 Endure, O Lord, for Thee,
 Whose suffering soul bore all our sins
 And sorrows on the tree :

- 7 Who faced our fierce and ruthless foe,
 Unaided and alone ;
 To win us for thy crown of joy,
 To raise us to Thy throne.

114 ISA. XL. 11.—“ *He shall feed His flock like a shepherd.*”

- 1 SHEPHERD of thy little flock,
 Lead me to the shadowing rock ;
 Where the richest pasture grows,
 Where the living water flows.
- 2 By that pure and silent stream,
 Shelter'd from the scorching beam ;
 Shepherd, Saviour, Guardian, Guide,
 Keep me ever near thy side.

115 ISA. XL. 11.—“ *He shall gather the lambs with His arm.*”

- 1 JESUS, tender shepherd, hear me !
 Bless thy little lamb to-night !
 Through the darkness be Thou near me,
 Watch my sleep till morning light !
- 2 All this day Thy hand has led me,—
 And I thank Thee for thy care ;
 Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me,
 Listen to my evening prayer !
- 3 Let my sins be all forgiven !
 Bless the friends I love so well !
 Take me, when I die, to Heaven,
 Happy there with thee to dwell !

M. L. Johnson ^H

116 ISA. XLII. 16.—“ *I will lead them in paths they have not known.*”

- 1 LEAD, Saviour, lead, amid the encircling gloom
 Lead thou me on :
 The night is dark, and I am far from home,
 Lead thou me on.
 Keep thou my feet, I do not ask to see
 The distant scene—one step enough for me.
- 2 I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that thou
 Should'st lead me on ;
 I lov'd to choose and see my path, but now
 Lead thou me on.
 I lov'd the glare of day, and spite of fears,
 Pride rul'd my will ; remember not past years.
- 3 So long Thy power hath bless'd me—sure it
 still
 Will lead me on,
 O'er vale and hill, thro' stream and torrent, till
 The night is gone,
 And, with the morn, those angel-faces smile
 Which I have lov'd long since, and lost awhile.

J. H. Freeman

117 ISA. XLIII. 2.—“ *When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee.*”

- 1 BE steady, be steady, O my soul !
 For the sea is come, and the billows roll ;
 With the help of God, and none beside,
 We shall safely pass the roaring tide.

Jesus-Jehovah, be our stay
 Over the dark and troublous way ;
 Embark'd in Him, we shall feel no fear,
 Though the storm, the trial of strength, be near.

- 2 Forget Him not ! oh, my soul remove
 All thoughts that breathe not of Jesu's love ;
 His wondrous love, who freely gave
 His innocent life thy life to save.
 Oh, let the sweet remembrance be
 Laid up in thine inmost treasury ;
 There it shall brighten more and more
 The most precious pearl in that secret shore.

118^v ISA. L. 4.—“ *He wakeneth morning by
 morning ; He wakeneth mine ear to
 hear.*”

- 1 THE morning, the bright and the beautiful
 morning
 Is up, and the sunshine is all on the wing,
 With its fresh flush of gladness the landscape
 adorning,—
 A gladness which nothing but morning can
 bring.
 The earth is awaking, the sky and the ocean,
 The river and forest, the mountain and plain ;
 The city is stirring its living commotion,
 And the pulse of the world is reviving again !

- 2 And we, too, awake, for our heavenly Father,
Who soothed us so gently to sleep on His
breast,
And made the soft stillness of evening to
gather
Around us, now calls us again from our rest.
But, ere to our labours and duties returning,
We hasten to give Him the praise that is
meet,
And, in solemn devotion, the first hours of
morning,
Our freest and freshest, we lay at His feet.
- 3 Then, happy in heart, not a moment delaying,
In the breeze of the dawning, so pleasant
and cool,
No loitering, no lingering, no trifling, no play-
ing,
But eager and active, we haste to the school
How sweet are its hours, that shine o'er us so
brightly !
How pleasant its lessons, how short seems
the day !
Its hours are but moments, they fly off so
lightly,
When we are so busy, so cheerful, and gay.
- 4 Then away to the school in the sweet summer
morning,
God's blessing upon us, his light on our road !
And let all the lessons we daily are learning,
Be only to bring us more surely to God !

O now, let us haste to our heavenly Father,
 And, ere the fair skies of life's dawning be
 dim,
 Let us come with glad hearts, let us come all
 together,
 And the morn of our youth let us hallow
 to Him.

Horatius Roman

119 **ISA. LII. 7.**—*“How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings.”*

- 1 **FAIR** are the feet which bring the news
 Of gladness unto me :
 What happy messengers are these
 Which my bless'd eyes do see ?
- 2 These are the stars which God appoints
 For guides unto my way ;
 To lead my feet to Bethlehem,
 Where my dear Saviour lay.
- 3 These are my God's ambassadors,
 By whom His mind I know ;
 God's angels in his lower heaven,—
 God's trumpeters below.
- 4 The trumpet sounds, the dead arise
 Who fell by Adam's hand :
 Again the trumpet sounds, and they
 Set forth for Canaan's land.

- 5 Thy servants speak—but thou, Lord, dost
The hearing ear bestow ;
They smite the rock—but thou, my God,
Dost make the waters flow.
- 6 Lord, thou, by them, dost guide my steps,
That I may never stray ;
The cloud and pillar march before,
To shew me Canaan's way.
- 7 I bless my God, who is my Guide ;
I sing in Zion's ways ;
When shall I sing on Zion's hill
Thine everlasting praise ?

★120 ISA. LII. 14.—“ *His visage was so marred
more than any man.*”

- 1 O HEAD, so full of bruises,
So full of pain and scorn ;
'Mid other sore abuses,
Mock'd with a crown of thorn !
O head, ere now surrounded
With brightest majesty !
In death now bow'd and wounded,
Accept this praise from me.
- 2 Thou countenance transcendant,
From whom all glory shone
To worlds, on thee dependent ;
Now marred and spit upon :
What thee, O Lord, distracted,
Was my soul's sinful load,
I had the debt contracted
Which Thou did'st pay in blood.

121 **ISA. LIII. 1.**—“ *Who hath believed our report ?*”

- 1 **Who hath our report believed ?**
Shiloh come, is not received,
Not received by His own.
Promis'd branch from root of Jesse,
David's offspring sent to bless you,
Comes too lowly to be known.
- 2 **Tell me, O thou favour'd nation,**
What is thy fond expectation,—
Some fair spreading lofty tree ?
Let not worldly pride confound thee ;
'Mong the lowly plants around thee,
Mark the lowest,—that is He.
- 3 **Like a tender plant that's growing**
Where no waters friendly flowing,
No kind rains refresh the ground,—
Drooping, dying, ye shall view him,
See no charms to draw you to him ;
There no beauty will be found.
- 4 **Lo ! Messiah, unrespected,**
Man of griefs—despis'd, rejected,
Wounds His form disfiguring :
Marr'd his visage more than any ;
For He bears the sins of many,
All our sorrows carrying.
- 5 **No deceit His mouth had spoken,**
Blameless, He no law had broken,
Yet was number'd with the worst :

For, because the Lord would grieve Him,
Ye who saw it did believe Him
For His own offences curst.

6 But, while Him your thoughts accused,
He for us alone was bruised ;
Yea, for us the victim bled !
With His stripes our wounds are cured,
By His pains our peace secured,
Purchas'd with the blood He shed.

7 Love amazing, so to mind us,
Shepherd come from Heaven to find us,
Silly sheep, all gone astray ;
Lost, undone by our transgressions,
Worse than stript of all possessions,
Debtors without hope to pay.

8 Death our portion ; slaves in spirit ;
He redeem'd us, by His merit,
To a glorious liberty.
Dearly first His goodness bought us,
Truth and love then sweetly taught us,
Truth and love have made us free.

9 Glory be to Him that gave us—
Freely gave his Son to save us ;
Glory to the Son who came :
Honour, blessing, adoration,
Ever, from the whole creation,
Be to God, and to the Lamb.

✓
122 ISA. LIII. 5.—“*He was wounded for our transgressions.*”

- 1 I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God ;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.
- 2 I lay my wants on Jesus ;—
All fulness dwells in Him.
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares ;
He from them all releases,—
He all my sorrows shares.
- 3 I rest my soul on Jesus,—
This weary soul of mine !
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline.
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord ;
Like fragrance on the breezes
His name abroad is poured.
- 4 I long to be like Jesus—
Meek, loving, lowly, mild ;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child :

I long to be with Jesus,
 Amid the heavenly throng,
 To sing, with saints, His praises,
 To learn the angels' song.

Horatius Bonar

✓
 123 ISA. LIII. 5.—“*With His stripes we are healed.*”

- 1 O GRACE divine! the Saviour shed
 His life-blood on the cursed tree,
 Bowed on the cross His blessed head,
 And died to make His brethren free.
- 2 Through suffering there, beneath His feet
 He trod the fierce avenger down:
 There power itself and weakness meet—
 Emblem of each, yon thorny crown.
- 3 Fruit of the curse, the tangled thorn
 Shewed that He bore its deadly sting;
 The crown, 'mid Israel's cruel scorn,
 Mark'd Him as earth's anointed King.
- 4 O blessed hour! when all the earth
 Its rightful Heir shall yet receive;
 When every tongue shall own His worth,
 And all creation cease to grieve.
- 5 Thou, dearest Saviour! Thou alone
 Can'st give thy weary people rest;
 And, Lord, till Thou art on the throne,
 This groaning earth can ne'er be blest

S. W. Denney

124 ISA. LIV. 5.—“*Thy maker is thy Husband.*”

- 1 **WHAT** earthly thing can thee annoy ?
HE made the earth to be :
 The waters cannot thee destroy,
 Thy Husband made the sea.
- 2 **Fear'st** thou the flaming element
 Will hurt, with burning ire ?
 Or that the scorching heat torment ?—
 Thy Husband made the fire.
- 3 **No** hurtful vapours shall destroy
 While He is pleased to spare ;
 Thou shalt thy vital breath enjoy,—
 Thy Husband made the air.
- 4 **The** sun that guides the golden day,
 The moon that rules the night,
 The starry frame, the milky way,
 Thy Husband made for light.
- 5 **The** grazing herd, the beasts of prey,
 The creatures, great and small,
 For thy behoof their tribute pay,—
 Thy Husband made them all.

✓ 125 ISA. LX. 3.—“*The Gentiles shall come to thy light.*”

- 1 **O'ER** the gloomy hills of darkness,
 Look, my soul, be still and gaze ;
All the promises do travail
 With a glorious day of grace.
 Blessed jubilee !
 Let thy glorious morning dawn.

- 2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
 Let the rude Barbarian see
 That divine and glorious conquest,
 Once obtain'd on Calvary ;
 Let the Gospel
 Loud resound from pole to pole.
- 3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
 Grant them, Lord, the glorious light ;
 And, from eastern coast to western,
 May the morning chase the night,
 And redemption,
 Freely purchas'd, win the day.
- 4 Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel,
 Win and conquer, never cease ;
 May thy lasting wide dominions
 Multiply and still increase ;
 Sway Thy sceptre,
 Saviour, all the world around.
-
- ✓
 126 ISA. LX. 3.—“ *The Gentiles shall come to thy light.*”
- 1 O ZION, when thy Saviour came,
 In grace and love to thee,
 No beauty in thy royal Lord
 Thy faithless eye could see.
 Yet, onward in His path of grace
 The holy Suff'rer went,
 To feel at last that love on thee
 Had all in vain been spent.

- 2 Yet not in vain ;—o'er Israel's land
 The glory yet will shine ;
 And He, thy once rejected King,
 For ever shall be thine.
 Then thou, beneath the peaceful reign
 Of Jesus and His bride,
 Shalt sound his grace and glory forth
 To all the earth beside.✓
- 3 The nations to thy glorious light,
 O Zion ! yet shall throng,
 And all the listening islands wait,
 To catch the joyful song.
 The name of Jesus yet shall ring
 Through earth and heaven above :
 And all His ransom'd people know
 The Sabbath of his love.

✓
 127 ISA. LX. 6.—“ *All they from Sheba shall
 come : they shall bring gold and in-
 cense.*”

- 1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand ;
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

- 2 What, though the spicy breezes
Blow soft on Ceylon's isle,—
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,—
Shall we to man benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! Oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

✓ *Reverend Mr. Heber*
128 ISA. LX. 20.—“*The days of thy mourning
shall be ended.*”

- 1 HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken:
“O, my people, faint and few;
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,—
Fair abodes I build for you:

Thorns of heartfelt tribulation
 Shall no more perplex your ways ;
 You shall name your walls Salvation,
 And your gates shall all be Praise.

- 2 " There, like streams that feed the garden,
 Pleasures without end shall flow ;
 For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
 All His bounty shall bestow :
 Still, in undisturbed possession,
 Peace and righteousness shall reign ;
 Never shall you feel oppression,—
 Hear the voice of war again.

- 3 " Ye, no more your suns descending,
 Waning moons, no more shall see ;
 But your griefs, for ever ending,
 Find eternal noon in me :
 God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
 Change to day the gloom of night ;
 He, the Lord, shall be your glory—
 God, your everlasting light."

Handwritten signature

129 ISA. LXI. 9.—*" They are the seed which the
 Lord hath blessed."*

- 1 I AM a little child, you see,
 My strength is little too,
 But yet I fain would saved be ;
 Lord, teach me what to do.

- 2 My Saviour, hear ; Thou, for my good,
Wert pleas'd a child to be ;
And Thou didst shed Thy precious blood
Upon the cross for me.
- 3 My dearest Saviour, tell me how
My thankfulness to shew,
For all Thy love, before and now,
Else I shall never know.
- 4 I think, since I so often hear
That thou dost want my heart,
As Thy reward and purchase dear,
That Thou in earnest art.
- 5 Come, then, and take this heart of mine—
Come, take me as I am ;
I know that I by right am thine,
Thou loving, gracious Lamb.
- 6 Down at thy feet still may I bow,
Be thine, my Saviour, still ;
In nothing bad myself allow,
Nor ever shew self-will.
- 7 But I am weak, and nothing can
Without thy Spirit do ;
Help me, O thou Almighty One,
Help my companions too.
- 8 Preserve our little hearts secure
From ev'ry hurt and stain ;
First make them, and then keep them, pure
And shut to all that's vain.

9 If early Thou wouldst take me hence,
O, that no harm would be:
Into Thy arms I'll go at once,
And ever live with Thee.

10 If thou wouldst have me longer stay,
In years and stature grow;
Help me to serve thee night and day
While I am here below.

11 Then, after walking in Thy ways,
And serving Thee in love,
Put a blest end to these my days,
And take me hence above.

1754 2:253

130 ISA. LXIII. 7.—“*I will mention the loving-kindnesses of the Lord.*”

1 WE sing to God, whose tender love
Caused Him to leave His throne above,
To dwell with sinful worms below,
And save them from eternal woe.
On fallen men He cast His eye,
In depths of misery saw them lie,
Pitied their state, resolv'd to come,
And suffer freely in their room.

2 Our flesh He took, and died; then laid
Within an earthly tomb His head:
Then rose and took His seat on high,—
Ere long to come in majesty.

To Jesus, our exalted head,
 Immortal honours now be paid ;
 The glory of His saving name
 Our tongues shall evermore proclaim.

— J Harrison

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
 And sing thy Great Redeemer's praise ;
 He justly claims a song from thee ;
 His loving-kindness, O how free !
- 2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
 Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all ;
 He sav'd me from my lost estate ;
 His loving-kindness, O how great !
- 3 Though num'rous host of mighty foes,
 Though earth and hell my way oppose,
 He safely leads my soul along ;
 His loving-kindness, O how strong !
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
 Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,
 He near my soul has always stood ;
 His loving-kindness, O how good !
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart,
 Prone from my Saviour to depart ;
 But though I have Him oft forgot,
 His loving-kindness changes not !

6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
 Soon all my mortal pow'rs must fail ;
 O, may my last expiring breath
 His loving-kindness sing in death !

7 Then let me mount and soar away
 To the bright world of endless day,
 And sing, with rapture and surprise,
 His loving-kindness in the skies !

132 ISA. LXV. 24.—“ *Before they call I will answer.*”

1 “ O God !” was all night long the cry
 Of one oppress'd with care,
 Till softened was his heart, and sweet
 Became his lips with prayer.
 Then near the subtle tempter stole,
 And spake—“ Fond babbler, cease,
 For not one *here am I* has God
 Ere sent to give you peace.”

2 With sorrow sunk the suppliant's heart,
 And all his senses fled ;
 When, lo ! a messenger from God
 Thus gently spake and said :—
 “ What ails thee now, my child, and why
 Art thou afraid to pray ?
 And why thy former love dost thou
 Repent ? Declare, and say.”

3 “ Ah,” cries he, “ never once to me
 Spake God, *here am I, son,*
 Cut off methinks I am, and warned
 Far from His gracious throne.”

To whom the messenger,—“ My son,
The word from God I bear ;
Go tell,” he said, “ yon mourner sunk
In sorrow and despair,—

- 4 “ Each *Lord appear* thy lips pronounce
Contains my *here am I*,
A special messenger I send
Beneath thine every sigh.
Thy love is but a girdle
Of the love I bear to thee,
And sleeping in thy *come*, O *Lord*,
There lies, *here, son*, from me.”

✓
133 JER. IX. 2.—“ *Oh, that I had in the wilder-
ness a lodging-place of wayfaring men.*”

- 1 FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far ;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.
The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree ;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow Thee.
- 2 There, if Thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode ;
Oh, with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God !
There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays ;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

- 3 Author and Guardian of my life,
 Sweet Source of light divine,
 And, (all harmonious names in one,)
 My Saviour, Thou art mine.
 What thanks I owe Thee, and what love—
 A boundless, endless store,
 Shall echo through the realms above
 When time shall be no more.

W. Cowley

- ✓
 134 JER. XXII. 10.—“ *Weep ye not for the
 dead, neither bemoan him.*”

- 1 How blest the righteous when he dies!
 When sinks a weary soul to rest,
 How mildly beam the closing eyes;
 How gently heaves the expiring breast!
- 2 So fades a summer cloud away;
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
 So gently shuts the eye of day;
 So dies a wave along the shore.
- 3 A holy quiet reigns around,
 A calm which life nor death destroys;
 Nothing disturbs that peace profound
 Which his unfetter'd soul enjoys.
- 4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
 Where lights and shades alternate dwell!
 How bright the unchanging morn appears;
 Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

- 5 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
 Light from its load the spirit flies ;
 While heaven and earth combine to say,
 " How blest the righteous when he dies !"

✓
 135 JER. XXIII. 6.—" *The Lord our Righteousness.*"

- 1 I ONCE was a stranger to grace and to God ;
 I knew not my danger, and felt not my load.
 Though friends spoke in rapture of Christ on
 the tree,
 Jehovah Tsidkēnu was nothing to me.
- 2 I oft read with pleasure, to soothe or engage,
 Isaiah's wild measure, and John's simple page,
 But ev'n when they pictured the blood-sprink-
 led tree,
 Jehovah Tsidkēnu seemed nothing to me.
- 3 Like tears from the daughters of Zion that roll,
 I wept when the waters went over His soul ;
 Yet thought not that *my* sins had nailed to
 the tree
 Jehovah Tsidkēnu—'twas nothing to me.
- 4 When free grace awoke me by light from on
 high,
 Then legal fears shook me, I trembled to die ;
 No refuge, no safety, in self could I see—
 Jehovah Tsidkēnu my Saviour must be.

- 5 My terrors all vanish'd before the sweet name;
My guilty fears banish'd, with boldness I came
To drink at the fountain life-giving and free—
Jehovah Tsidkēnu is all things to me.
- 6 Jehováh Tsidkēnu! my treasure and boast—
Jehovah Tsidkēnu! I ne'er can be lost.
In Thee I shall conquer, by flood and by field,
My cable, my anchor, my breastplate and
shield!
- 7 Even treading the valley, the shadow of death,
This watchword shall rally my faltering
breath;
For while from life's fever my God sets me free,
Jehovah Tsidkēnu my death-song shall be.

Am. M. C. G. G. G.

136 EZEK. XVI. 9, 10.—“*Then washed I thee
with water.....I clothed thee also with
broidered work.*”

- 1 HOPELESS and outcast once we lay,
Worthy Thy hate and scorn,
But love like thine could find a way
To rescue and adorn.
Dear Saviour, from Thy bleeding veins
A living fountain flows,
To wash Thy bride from all her stains,
And soothe her deepest woes.
- 2 Cleansed from her sins, renewed by grace,
Thy royal throne above,
Dear Saviour, is her destined place,
Her sweet abode, Thy love.

Thine eye, in that unclouded day,
 Shall, with supreme delight,
 Thy fair and glorious bride survey,
 Unblemish'd in Thy sight.

137 EZEK. XXXIV. 11.—“*Behold I, even I, will both search my sheep and seek them out.*”

- 1 COME, wandering sheep, O come!
 I'll bind thee to my breast;
 I'll bear thee to thy home,
 And lay thee down to rest.
 O come then to my breast,
 This is a blessed home,
 Come, wandering sheep, O come!
- 2 I saw thee stray forlorn,
 And heard thee faintly cry,
 And on the tree of scorn
 For thee I deign'd to die;
 What greater proof could I
 Give than to seek the tomb?
 Come, wandering sheep, O come!
- 3 I shield thee from alarms,
 And wilt not thou be blest?
 I bear Thee in my arms—
 Thou bear me in Thy breast.
 O, this is love, come rest;
 This is a blissful doom,—
 Come, wandering sheep, O come!

138 EZEK. XXXIV. 23.—“*I will set up one Shepherd over them, and He shall feed them.*”

- 1 O GRACIOUS Shepherd! bind us
With cords of love to Thee,
And evermore remind us
How mercy set us free.
O may Thy Holy Spirit
Set this before our eyes,
That we Thy death and merit
Above all else may prize.
 - 2 We are of Thy salvation
Assured, through Thy love:
Yet O, on each occasion,
How faithless do we prove!
Thou hast our sins forgiven,—
Then, leaving all behind,
We would press on to Heaven,
Bearing the prize in mind.
 - 3 Grant us, henceforth, dear Saviour;
While in this vale of tears,
To look to thee, and never
Give way to anxious fears;
Thou, Lord, wilt not forsake us,
Though we are oft to blame;
O, let thy love then make us
Hold fast thy faith and name.
-

✓
139 DAN. VII. 10.—“*The judgment was set, and the books were opened.*”

- 1 DAY of judgment, day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round!
How the summons will the sinner's heart
confound!
- 2 See the Judge our nature wearing,
Cloth'd in majesty divine!
You, who long for His appearing,
Then shall say, “This God is mine!”
Gracious Saviour, own me in that day for
thine!
- 3 At His call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the pow'rs of nature, shaken
By His looks, prepare to flee:
Careless sinner, what will then become of thee?
- 4 Horrors past imagination
Will surprise your trembling heart,
When you hear your condemnation,—
“Hence, accursed wretch, depart!
Thou with Satan and his angels have thy part.”
- 140 MICAH VII. 8.—“*Though I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me.*”
- 1 AH! my dear Lord, whose changeless love
To me, nor earth nor hell can part;
When shall my feet forget to rove?
Ah, what shall fix this faithless heart?

- 2 Why do these cares my soul divide,
If Thou indeed hast set me free?
Why am I thus, if Thou hast died,—
If thou hast died to ransom me?
- 3 Around me clouds of darkness roll,
In deepest night I still walk on;
Heavily moves my fainting soul,
My comfort and my God are gone.
- 4 Oft with Thy saints my voice I raise,
And seem to join the tasteless song:
Faintly ascends the imperfect praise,
Or dies upon my powerless tongue.
- 5 Cold, weary, languid, heartless, dead,
To Thy dread courts I oft repair;
By conscience dragg'd, or custom led,
I come; nor know that God is there!
- 6 Nor yet the earthly Adam dies,
But lives, and moves, and fights again;
Still the fierce gusts of passion rise,
And rebel nature strives to reign.
- 7 O love, Thy sovereign aid impart!
And guard the gifts thyself hast given:
My portion Thou, my treasure art,
And life, and happiness, and heaven.
- 8 Would aught with Thee my wishes share,
Though dear as life the idol be,
The idol from my breast I'll tear,
Resolv'd to seek my all from Thee.

- 9 Whate'er I fondly counted mine,
 To Thee, my Lord, I here restore ;
 Gladly I all for Thee resign ;
 Give me thyself, I ask no more.

✓

141 MICAH VII. 18.—“ *Who is a God like unto
 Thee, that pardoneth iniquity ?*”

- 1 GREAT God of wonders, all thy ways
 Are worthy of Thyself—divine ;
 But the bright glories of Thy grace
 Beyond Thine other wonders shine.
 Who is a pardoning God like Thee ?
 Or who has grace so rich and free ?
- 2 Such deep transgressions to forgive,
 Such guilty daring worms to spare,—
 This is Thy grand prerogative,
 And in this honour none shall share.
 Is there a pardoning God like Thee ?
 Or is there grace so rich and free ?
- 3 Pardon—from an offended God !
 Pardon—for sins of deepest dye !
 Pardon—bestowed through Jesus' blood !
 Pardon—that brings the rebel nigh.
 Where is the pardoning God like Thee ?
 Or where the grace so rich and free ?
- 4 Oh, may this glorious, matchless love—
 This godlike miracle of grace,—
 Teach mortal tongues, like those above,
 To raise this song of lofty praise.
 Who is a pardoning God like Thee ?
 Or who has grace so rich and free ?

Samuel Davis

142 ZECH. I. 5.—“*Your fathers, where are they?*”

- 1 THE ancient days were days of might,
In forms of greatness moulded,
And flowers of heaven grew on the earth,
Within the Church unfolded :
For grace fell fast as summer dew,
And saints to giants' stature grew.
- 2 But one by one the gifts are gone
That in the Church resided,
And gone the Spirit's living light
That on her walls abided,
When by our shrines he came to dwell,
In power and presence visible.
- 3 A blight hath passed upon the Church,
Her summer hath departed ;
The chill of age is on her sons—
The cold and fearful-hearted :
And sad, amid neglect and scorn,
Our mother sits and weeps forlorn.
- 4 Narrower and narrower still each year
The holy circle groweth,
And what the end of all shall be
Nor man nor angel knoweth :
And so we wait and watch in fear,
It may be that the Lord is near.

143 ZECH. II. 10.—“*I will dwell in the midst of thee.*”

- 1 SON of God ; Thy people shield !
Must we still thine absence mourn ?
Let thy promise be fulfill'd,
Thou hast said, “ I will return ! ”
Gracious Leader, now appear,
Shine upon us with Thy light !
Like the spring, when thou art near,
Days and suns are doubly bright.
- 2 As a mother counts the days,
Till her absent son she see,
Longs and watches, weeps and prays,
So our spirits long for Thee.
Come and let us feel Thee nigh,
Then Thy sheep shall feed in peace :
Plenty bless us from on high,
Evil from amongst us cease.
- 3 Thus each day for Thee we'll spend,
While our callings we pursue ;
And the thoughts of such a friend
Shall each night our joy renew.
Let thy light be ne'er withdrawn,
Golden days afford us long !
Thus we pray at early dawn,
This shall be our evening song.
-

144 ZECH. IX. 12.—“*Turn you to the stronghold, ye prisoners of hope.*”

- 1 COME to the ark—come to the ark,
To Jesus come away ;
The pestilence walks forth by night,
The arrow flies by day.
Come to the ark—the waters rise,
The seas their billows rear ;
While darkness gathers o'er the skies,
Behold a refuge near !
- 2 Come to the ark—all, all that weep
Beneath the sense of sin ;
Without, deep calleth unto deep,
But all is peace within.
Come to the ark—ere yet the flood
Your ling'ring steps oppose ;
Come, for the door which open stood
Is now about to close.

145 ZECH. XIII. 1.—“*In that day there shall be a fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness.*”

- 1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day ;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Wash'd all my sins away.

- 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its pow'r,
 Till all the ransom'd Church of God
 Be sav'd, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing Thy power to save ;
 When this poor lisping stamm'ring tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.
- 6 Lord, I believe thou hast prepar'd,
 (Unworthy though I be,)
 For me a blood-bought free reward,
 A golden harp for me!
- 7 'Tis strung and tun'd for endless years,
 And form'd by pow'r divine ;
 To sound in God the Father's ears
 No other name but Thine.

W. Cowley

146 ZECH. XIV. 9.—“ *The Lord shall be King
 over all the earth.*”

- 1 'Tis come, the glad Millennial morn,—
 The Son of David reigns !
 Sing, sing, O earth ! for thou art free
 And Satan is in chains.

Rejoice, for thou shalt fear no more
 The ruthless tyrant's rod ;
 Nor lose again the gracious smile
 Of thine incarnate God.

2 But chiefly thou, O Solyma !
 Thou queen of cities sing ;
 With shouts of triumph welcome now
 Thy Morning Star—thy King.
 He, gracious Saviour, faithful still
 To thee, His faithless dove ;
 Forgives thee all, and bids thee dwell
 Within his breast of love.

3 On Him the happy myriads there
 Unwearied love to gaze ;
 There He, amid His brethren, dwells,
 The leader of their praise.
 O blessed Lord ! we little dream'd
 Of such a morn as this ;
 Such rivers of unmingled joy,
 Such full unbounded bliss.

4 And O ! how sweet the happy thought,
 That all we taste or see,
 We owe it to the dying Lamb—
 We owe it all to Thee !
 Yes, dearest Saviour, one with Thee,
 Sweet source of joy divine ;
 In Thee we live, with Thee we reign,
 And we are wholly Thine.

Sublime K

✓
 147 **MATT. VII. 14.**—“ *Narrow is the way which leadeth unto life.*”

1 **THERE** is a path that leads to God,—
 All others go astray,—
Narrow, but pleasant, is the road ;
 And Christians love the way.
 It leads straight thro' this world of sin ;
 And dangers must be past ;
 But those who boldly walk therein
 Will come to Heav'n at last.

2 Oh ! lest my feeble steps should slide
 Or wander from Thy way,
 Lord, condescend to be my guide,
 And I shall never stray.
 Thus I may safely venture through,
 Beneath my Shepherd's care ;
 And keep the gate of Heav'n in view,
 Till I shall enter there.

148 **MATT. X. 16.**—“ *Be harmless as doves.*”

1 **AND** is the Gospel peace and love ?
 So let our conversation be ;
 The serpent blended with the dove—
 Wisdom and meek simplicity.
 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
 And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife
 To Jesus let us lift our eyes—
 Bright pattern of the Christian life.

- 2 Oh, how benevolent and kind!
 How mild, how ready to forgive!
 Be this the temper of our mind,
 And these the rules by which we live.
 Thy fair example may we trace,
 To teach us what we ought to be;
 Make us, by Thy transforming grace,
 Dear Saviour, daily more like Thee.

✓
 149 **MATT. XI. 28.**—*“Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.”*

- 1 **COME**, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of mercy, joined with power.
 He is able,
 He is willing; doubt no more.
- 2 **HO!** ye needy, come and welcome,
 God's free bounty glorify;
 True belief, and true repentance,
 Every grace that brings us nigh;
 Without money,
 Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.
- 3 **LET** not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream!
 All the fitness He requireth
 Is to feel your need of Him.
 This He gives you,
 'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Lost and ruin'd by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.
- 5 View him prostrate in the garden,
On the ground your Saviour lies,
On the bloody tree behold him ;
Hear him cry before he dies,
"It is finish'd!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?
- 6 Lo! th' incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood,
Venture on him, venture wholly
Let no other trust intrude :
None but Jesus,
Can do helpless sinners good.
- 7 Saints and angels join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb :
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name—
Hallelujah !
Sinners here may sing the same.

Joseph W. Hall

✓
150 **MATT. XI. 29.**—“*Take my yoke upon you
and learn of me.*”

- 1 **COME** ye souls, by sin afflicted,
Bow'd with fruitless sorrow down ;
By the broken law convicted,
Thro' the cross see pardon won.
Look to Jesus !
Mercy flows thro' him alone.
- 2 **TAKE** his easy yoke and wear it ;
Love will make obedience sweet,
Christ will give you strength to bear it,
While his wisdom guides your feet
Safe to glory,
Where his ransom'd captives meet.
- 3 **SWEET** as home to pilgrims weary,
Light to newly-opened eyes,
Or full springs in deserts dreary,
Is the rest the cross supplies :
All who taste it
Shall to life immortal rise.
- 4 **WHILE** the wounds of woe are healing,
When the heart is all resigned,
'Tis the solemn feast of feeling,
'Tis the Sabbath of the mind.
None but Jesus
Can the broken heart unbind.

- 5 Blessed are the eyes that see him,
 Blest the ears that hear his voice ;
 Blessed are the souls that trust him,
 And in him alone rejoice.
 His commandments
 Then become their happy choice.
- 6 But to sing the rest of glory,
 Mortal tongues far short must fall ;
 Tongues celestial strive to reach it,
 But it soars beyond them all.
 Faith believes it—hope expects it—
 Love desires it—
 But it overwhelms them all !
Joseph S. S.
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- 151 **MATT. XI. 29.**—“ *Ye shall find rest unto
 your souls.*”
- 1 **DOES** the gospel-word proclaim
 Rest for those who weary be ?
 Then, my soul, put in thy claim,
 Sure that promise speaks to thee :
 Marks of grace I cannot shew,
 All polluted is my best ;
 Yet I weary am, I know,
 And the weary long for rest.
- 2 **BURDEN'D** with a load of sin,
 Harass'd with tormenting doubt,
 Hourly conflicts from within,
 Hourly crosses from without ;

All my little strength is gone,
Sink I must without supply ;
Sure upon the earth is none,
Can more weary be than I.

3 In the ark the weary dove
Found a welcome resting-place ;
Thus my spirit longs to prove
Rest in Christ the ark of grace ;
Tempest-toss'd I long have been,
And the flood increases fast ;
Open, Lord, and take me in
Till the storm be overpast.

4 Safely lodg'd within thy breast,
What a wondrous change I find ;
Now I know thy promis'd rest
Can compose a troubled mind :
You that weary are like me,
Hearken to the gospel-call ;
To the ark for refuge flee,
Jesus will receive you all !

152 MATT. XI. 30.—“ *My yoke is easy and my burden is light.*”

1 LIGHT is the yoke that, lined with love,
The willing neck confines ;
When ready feet obedient move
As He who rules inclines.
The burden's light that love lays on,
By willing strength up-borne ;
When true the heart it rests upon,
To a sweet service sworn.

- 2 On me thy yoke, my Saviour, lay,
 And make my spirit meek ;
 That I may love to tread thy way,
 Nor other pathway seek.
 When I on Thee my burden rest,
 Thy burden, Lord, be mine ;
 I of thy love, joy, peace possess,
 My sin and guilt all thine.

✓
 153 MATT. XVI. 24.—“ *If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me.*”

- 1 COME, my fond fluttering heart,
 Come, struggle to be free ;
 Thou and the world must part,
 However hard it be :
 My trembling spirit owns it just,
 But cleaves yet closer to the dust.
- 2 Ye tempting sweets, forbear,
 Ye dearest idols, fall ;
 My love ye must not share,
 Jesus shall have it all ;
 'Tis bitter pain, 'tis cruel smart,
 But ah ! thou must consent, my heart !
- 3 Ye fair enchanting throng !
 Ye golden dreams, farewell !
 Earth has prevail'd too long,
 And now I break the spell :
 Ye cherish'd joys of early years—
 Jesus, forgive these parting tears.

4 **But must I part with all ?**
My heart still fondly pleads :
Yes, Dagon's self must fall,—
It beats, it throbs, it bleeds.
Is there no balm in Gilead found,
To soothe and heal the smarting wound ?

5 **O yes, there is a balm,**
A kind physician there,
My fever'd mind to calm,
To bid me not despair :
Aid me, dear Saviour, set me free,
And I will all resign to Thee.

6 **O may I feel thy worth,**
And let no idol dare,
No vanity of earth,
With Thee, my Lord, compare :
Now bid all worldly joys depart,
And reign supremely in my heart !

154 **MATT. XXV. 5.—“ *While the bridegroom
 tarried they all slumbered and slept.*”**

1 **WHEN a careless world is sleeping,**
Then it is the day will come ;
Mirth shall then be turned to weeping,
Sinners then shall meet their doom.
But the people of the Lord
Shall obtain their bright reward.

- 2 Waiting for our Lord's returning,
 Be it ours his word to keep ;
 Let our lamps be always burning,
 Let us watch while others sleep :
 We're no longer of the night,
 We are children of the light.
- 3 Being of the blessed number,
 Whom the Saviour calls his own,
 'Tis not meet that we should slumber
 When the night is almost gone.
 And from heaven is heard the cry
 Which proclaims the Bridegroom nigh.

✓
 155 **MATT. XXV. 6.**—“ *At midnight there was a cry made, Behold the Bridegroom cometh.*”

- 1 YE virgin souls, arise,
 With all the dead, awake ;
 Unto salvation wise,
 Oil in your vessels take ;
 Up-starting 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.
 Make 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 Rejoice in glorious hope,
 Of that great day unknown,
 When you shall be caught up
 To stand before his throne,
 Called to partake the marriage feast,
 And lean on our Immanuel's breast.
- 6 Then let us wait to hear
 The trumpet's welcome sound ;
 To see our Lord appear,
 May we be watching found ;
 Enrobed in righteousness divine,
 In which the bride shall ever shine.

✓ ————— *Charles Wesley*
 156 MATT. XXV. 6.—“ *Go ye out to meet him.*”

- 1 CHILDREN of light awake ! awake !
 Ye slumbering virgins rise ;
 Go, meet the Royal Bridegroom now
 And shew that ye are wise.

2 Through love the Man of Sorrows oft
 Hath watched and wept for you ;
 Then gave away his life to prove
 That all that love was true.

3 Then wake ! for lo, the midnight cry
 Of warning in the air,
 Bids all his church, to greet him now,
 Their dying lamps prepare.

✓
 157 **MATT. XXVI. 26.**—“*Take, eat, this is my
 body.*”

1 **BREAD** of the world, in mercy broken !
 Wine of the soul, in mercy shed !
 By whom the words of life were spoken,
 And in whose death our sins are dead :

2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken ;
 Look on the tears by sinners shed,
 And be thy feast to us the token,
 That by thy grace our souls are fed.

158 **MATT. XXVIII. 20.**—“*Lo, I am with you
 alway.*”

1 **WHO** but a Christian through all life
 The blessing may prolong ?
 Who through the world's sad day of strife
 Still chaunt his morning song ?

2 **FATHERS** may hate us or forsake,
 God's foundlings then are we ;
 Mother on child no pity take,
 But we shall still have Thee.

- 3 We may look home and seek in vain
 A fond fraternal heart,
 But Christ hath given his promise plain
 To do a brother's part.
- 4 Nor shall dull age, as worldlings say,
 The heavenward flame annoy ;
 The Saviour cannot pass away,
 And with Him lives our joy.
- 5 Such is our banquet, dearest Lord ;
 O give us grace to cast
 Our lot with thine, to trust thy word,
 And keep our best till last.

✓
 159 MARK X. 21.—“ *Come, take up the Cross,
 and follow me.*”

- 1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
 All to leave and follow Thee ;
 Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
 Thou from hence my all shalt be.
 Perish, every fond ambition,
 All I've sought, or hop'd, or known ;
 Yet how rich is my condition,
 God and heaven are still my own !
- 2 Let the world despise and leave me,
 They have left my Saviour too ;
 Human hearts and looks deceive me,
 Thou art not, like them, untrue.
 And whilst Thou shalt smile upon me,
 God of wisdom, love, and might,
 Foes may hate and friends disown me—
 Shew thy face and all is bright.

- 3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure,
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain ;
In thy service pain is pleasure,
With Thy favour loss is gain.
I have called Thee, Abba, Father,
I have set my heart on Thee ;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.
- 4 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast ;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me ;
O, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.
- 5 Soul, then, know thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care ;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what spirit dwells within thee ;
Think what Father's smiles are thine :
Think that Jesus died to win thee ;
Child of heaven, can'st thou repine ?
- 6 Hasten thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer,
Heaven's eternal days before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.

Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
 Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
 Hope shall change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

H. J. Lyt

✓
 160 MARK XV. 33.—“*There was darkness over
 the whole land until the ninth hour.*”

- 1 Lo, at noon, 'tis sudden night!
 Darkness covers all the sky!
 Rocks are rending at the sight!
 Children, can you tell me why?
 What can all these wonders be?
 Jesus dies on Calvary!
- 2 Nail'd upon the cross, behold
 How his tender limbs are torn!
 For a royal crown of gold
 They have made him one of thorn!
 Cruel hands, that dare to bind
 Thorns upon a brow so kind!
- 3 See! the blood is falling fast
 From his forehead and his side!
 Hark! he now has breath'd his last!
 With a mighty groan he died!—
 Children, shall I tell you why
 Jesus condescends to die?
- 4 He who was a king above,
 Left his kingdom for a grave,
 Out of pity and of love,
 That the guilty he might save!

Down to this sad world he flew,
For such little ones as you!

- 5 You were wretched, weak, and vile ;
You deserv'd his holy frown ;
But he saw you with a smile,
And to save you hasten'd down.—
Listen, children :—this is why
Jesus condescends to die.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

- ✓
161 LUKE I. 32.—“ *The Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David.*”

- 1 'TIS He! the mighty Saviour comes,
The victory now is won ;
And lo! the throne of David waits
For David's royal Son.
Thou blessed Heir of all the earth !
Ascend Thine ancient throne,
And bid the willing nations now
Thy peaceful sceptre own.
- 2 Shine forth in all Thy glory, Lord,
That man at length may see
That joy, so long estranged from earth,
Can only spring from Thee.
O happy day! 'tis come at last,
The reign of death is o'er ;
And sin, that marr'd our sweetest joys
Shall grieve our hearts no more.

- 3 Wash'd in Thy blood, the tribes of earth,
 With all the blest above,
 Shall dwell in peace, united now,
 One family of love.
 Fruit of Thy toil, Thou bleeding Lamb!
 These joys we owe to Thee,
 Then take the glory, Lord!—'tis Thine!—
 And shall for ever be.

—●— *See Luke 24. 46*

162 LUKE II. 11.—“*Unto you is born this day
 a Saviour.*”

- 1 Lo, the eventful day, bestowed
 Upon a sinful world by God!
 To Him that made the worlds, this day
 O all ye worlds, your homage pay.
- 2 That life to sinners might be given,
 The great Creator comes from heaven;
 In flesh his glory veils, that He
 The Saviour of the lost may be.
- 3 Saviour! for us a child of days,
 Thee with our hearts and tongues we praise;
 Joyous to Thee we lift the song
 Once sung by Bethlehem's angel-throng.
- 4 Wondrous compassion! for our sake
 Thou didst of flesh and blood partake,
 Our friend, our elder brother, Thou,
 We, God the Father's children now.
- 5 By one man's trespass lost were we,
 But one Redeemer makes us free;
 Behold the chiefest child of wrath,
 Believing, full salvation hath.

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6 New glories, O ye heavens, accord
 This day in honour of your Lord!
 Rejoice, thou nether earth, and bring
 New songs to celebrate your King.

7 Lo, the eventful day bestowed
 Upon a sinful world by God!
 Well may the whole creation pay
 Homage to Jesus on this day!

†163 LUKE II. 12.—“*Ye shall find the babe lying
 in a manger.*”

1 AWAKE, my heart, my soul, my eyes;
 See what in yonder manger lies!
 Whose is that helpless, new-born child!
 'Tis Christ, by whom we're reconcil'd.
 Welcome, thrice welcome, heavenly guest,
 God in our flesh made manifest!
 Descending from thy throne on high,
 For us to live, for us to die.

2 If this one world did thousands hold,
 Adorn'd with precious stones and gold;
 Yet all these worlds on worlds would be
 A cradle far too mean for Thee.
 Yet, Lord, Thou wilt my dwelling share,
 And for Thyself a couch prepare,
 To rest for ever in my heart,
 That I from Thee may never part!

✓
164 LUKE II. 14.—“ *Glory to God in the highest,
and on earth peace.*”

- 1 HARK! the herald angels sing,
“Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconcil'd.”
- 2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace,
Hail the Sun of Righteousness.
- 3 Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more might die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
- 4 “Glory to the new-born King!”
Let us all the anthem sing;
“Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconcil'd.”
- 5 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim,
“Christ is born in Bethlehem.”

✓
165 LUKE X. 5.—“ *Peace be to this house.*”

- 4 PEACE be to this habitation;
Peace to all that dwell therein;
Peace, the earnest of salvation;
Peace, the fruit of pardoned sin;

Peace, that speaks the heavenly Giver ;
 Peace to worldly minds unknown ;
 Peace divine, that lasts for ever,
 Peace, that comes from God alone.

- 2 Prince of Peace, be present near us,
 Fix in all our hearts thy home ;
 With thy gracious presence cheer us ;
 Let thy sacred kingdom come ;
 Raise to heaven our expectation ;
 Give our favoured souls to prove,
 Glorious and complete salvation,
 In the realms of bliss above.

Christendom & by God's Bless

✓
 166 LUKE XXII. 42.—“ *Not my will, but Thine
 be done.*”

- 1 MY God, my Father, while I stray,
 Far from my home, on life's rough way,
 O teach me from my heart to say,
 “Thy will be done !”
- 2 If thou shouldst call me to resign,
 What most I prize—it ne'er was mine ;
 I only yield Thee what is thine ;
 “Thy will be done !”
- 3 Should pining sickness waste away
 My life in premature decay,
 My Father, still I strive to say,
 “Thy will be done !”

If but my fainting heart be blest
 With thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
 My God, to Thee I leave the rest ;—
 “Thy will be done !”

5 Renew my will from day to day ;
 Blend it with thine, and take away
 All that makes it now hard to say
 “Thy will be done !”

6 Then, when on earth I breathe no more
 The prayer oft mix'd with tears before,
 I'll sing, when on a happier shore,
 “Thy will be done !”

167 LUKE XXII. 62.—“ *And Peter went out and wept bitterly.*”

1 FLOW fast, my tears, the cause is great ;
 This tribute claims an injured friend :
 One whom I long pursued with hate,
 And yet He loved me to the end.
 When death his terrors round me spread,
 And aimed his arrows at my head,
 Christ interposed—the wound He bore,
 And bade the monster dare no more.

2 Fast flow my tears, yet faster flow,
 Stream copious as yon purple tide ;
 'Twas I that dealt the deadly blow,
 I urged the hand that pierced his side.
 Keen pangs and agonizing smart
 Oppress his soul and rend his heart ;
 While justice, armed with power divine,
 Pours on his head what's due to mine.

- 3 Fast, and yet faster flow my tears,
 Love breaks the heart, and drowns the eyes ;
 His visage marr'd, towards heaven he rears,
 And, pleading for his murderers, dies !
 My grief nor measure knows nor end,
 Till He appears, the sinner's friend !
 And gives me, in a happy hour,
 To feel the risen Saviour's power.
-

168 LUKE XXIII. 33.—“ *When they were come to a place called Calvary, there they crucified him.*”

- 1 THERE is a sacred, hallow'd spot,
 Oft present to mine eye ;
 By saints it ne'er can be forgot,
 'Tis much-lov'd Calvary.
 Eventful mount ! Oh, what a scene
 Of love and agony
 Was there display'd, when Christ was seen
 Groaning on Calvary !
- 2 'Twas there he vanquish'd hell and de ath,
 And with a conqueror's cry,
 “ 'Tis finish'd,” he resign'd his breath,
 On much-lov'd Calvary.
 Endeared mount, for earthly joys,
 Let others pass thee by ;
 Earth's transient scenes, and fading toys,
 I'll leave for Calvary.

- 3 When fainting under guilt's dread load,
 Then to the cross I'll fly;
 And trust the merit of that blood,
 Which flows from Calvary.
 Whene'er I feel temptation's pow'r,
 On Jesus I'll rely:
 And in the sharp conflicting hour,
 Repair to Calvary.
- 4 And when around the feast of love,
 Then will I fix mine eye
 On Him who intercedes above,
 Who bled on Calvary.
 When the dread scene of death, the last
 Important hour draws nigh;
 Then with my dying eyes I'll cast
 A look on Calvary.

169 LUKE XXIV. 6.—“*He is not here, but risen.*”

- 1 “THE LORD IS RISEN”—O what joy
 These blessed tidings give!
 He died our enemies to destroy;
 He lives, we therefore live.
- 2 “THE LORD IS RISEN”—death and sin,
 And hell all conquered are;
 He's gone the holiest within,
 Our mansion to prepare.
- 3 Our place is with Him on the throne,
 There, with the Lord we love;
 As strangers here ourselves we own,
 Our hearts, our home, above.

1 THE happy morn is come ;
 Triumphant o'er the grave,
 The Saviour leaves the tomb,
 Almighty now to save.
 Captivity is captive led,
 Since Jesus liveth that was dead.

2 Who now accuseth them
 For whom the surety died ?
 Or who shall those condemn
 Whom God has justified ?
 Captivity is captive led, &c.

3 Christ hath the ransom paid,
 The glorious work is done :
 On Him our help is laid,
 The victory is won.
 Captivity is captive led, &c.

4 Hail, the triumphant Lord,
 The resurrection Thou !
 Hail, the incarnate Word,
 Before thy throne we bow.
 Captivity is captive led, &c.

✓
 171 LUKE XXIV. 34.—“ *The Lord is risen indeed.*”

1 CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day !
 Sons of men and angels say ;
 Raise your joys and triumphs high,
 Sing, ye heav'ns—and earth reply.

- 2 Love's redeeming work is done ;
Fought the fight, the battle won ;
Lo ! the sun's eclipse is o'er ;
Lo ! he sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal ;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell ;
Death in vain forbids his rise,
Christ hath open'd Paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King ;
"Where, O death ! is now thy sting ?"
Once He died, our souls to save ;
"Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave ?"
- 6 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted head ;
Made like him, like him we rise ;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

Ch. 1. 3.

172 JOHN I. 3.—*"All things were made by Him."*

- 1 ALL glory to the eternal Word,
Earth's Lord and King ;
All glory to the eternal Word,
Ye angels sing.
Ye sons of earth, your tribute bring.

His name
 Proclaim,—
 Jehovah—God—the Lord ;
 Ever to be adored.
 Maker of all,
 Before Him prostrate fall.
 By every voice, and tribe, and tongue,
 For ever and for ever be his praises sung.

- 2 This green, glad, goodly earth of ours
 His hand did frame.
 This green, glad, goodly earth of ours
 Doth still proclaim
 By day and night his wondrous name.
 These seas
 Are His ;
 Each mountain-peak that towers,
 These clouds with their fresh showers,
 These streams that run,
 Quick-glancing in the sun,
 These tossing woods, these trembling flowers,
 And all that men call bright in this bright
 world of ours.

- 3 All that has life and breath he made,
 In earth, sea, sky.
 All that has life and breath he made
 To swim or fly—
 To creep or bound ; and in his eye
 All good
 They stood,
 In beauty pure arrayed,
 As if they could not fade.

How fair this frame,
How excellent His name,
Who, in the fulness of his love,
Transplanted thus to earth the Paradise above!

173 JOHN I. 16.—*“Of his fulness have all we received, and grace for grace.”*

- 1 RICHES immense are in thy hand,
Thou God in whom I trust ;
In whom I live, by whom I stand,
Most holy, wise, and just.
- 2 O how unbounded is thy grace,
How rich, how full, how free !
The needy thou delight'st to raise ;
I'll tell my wants to Thee.
- 3 I want to fear thy sacred name,
I want to love Thee more ;
I want to feel that heavenly flame
Which I have felt before.
- 4 I want to know myself aright,
To hear what Jesus saith ;
I want repentance in thy sight,
I want a stronger faith.
- 5 I want to have my soul resigned
Submissive to thy will ;
I want a meek and humble mind ;
I want my wants to feel.

- 6 I want a chaste and single eye :
 Thy gracious ear incline !
 From fulness infinite supply
 This empty soul of mine.
- 7 Through Jesus let these blessings flow,
 He bought them with his blood ;
 Now let a worthless sinner know
 Thy promises made good.

✓
 174 JOHN IV. 14.—“ *Whosoever drinketh of
 the water that I shall give him, shall
 never thirst.*”

- 1 SWEET was the hour, O Lord, to Thee,
 At Sychar's lonely well,
 When a poor outcast heard Thee there
 Thy great salvation tell.
- 2 Thither she came ; but O, her heart,
 All filled with earthly care,
 Dream'd not of Thee, nor thought to find
 The Hope of Israel there.
- 3 Lord ! 'twas Thy power unseen that drew
 The stray one to that place,
 In solitude to learn from Thee
 The secrets of Thy grace.
- 4 There Jacob's erring daughter found
 Those streams unknown before,
 The water-brooks of life that make
 The weary thirst no more.

- 5 And, Lord, to us, as vile as she,
 Thy gracious lips have told
 That mystery of love, reveal'd
 At Jacob's well of old.
- 6 In spirit, Lord, we've sat with Thee,
 Beside the springing well
 Of life and peace—and heard Thee there
 Its healing virtues tell.
- 7 Dead to the world, we dream no more
 Of earthly pleasures now ;
 Our deep, divine, unfailing spring
 Of grace and glory, Thou.

✓
 175

————— *S. L. D. 175* —————
 ANOTHER OF THE SAME.

- 1 SWEETER, O Lord, than rest to Thee,
 While seated by the well,
 Was Thine own task of love, to all
 Of grace and peace to tell.
 One thoughtless heart, that never knew
 The pulse of life before,
 There learn'd to love—was taught to sigh
 For earthly joys no more.
- 2 Friend of the lost, O Lord, in Thee
 Samaria's daughter there
 Found One whom love had drawn to earth,
 Her weight of guilt to bear.
 Fair witness of Thy saving grace,
 In her, O Lord, we see
 The wandering soul by love subdued,
 The sinner drawn to Thee.

- 3 Through all that sweet and blessed scene,
 Dear Saviour, by the well,
 More than enough the trembler finds,
 His guilty fears to quell.
 There, in the full repose of faith,
 The soul delights to see,
 Not only one who deeply loves,
 But *Love itself* in Thee.

176 JOHN VI. 37.—“*Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.*”

- 1 Just as I am—without one plea
 But that thy blood was shed for me,
 And that thou bid'st me come to Thee,
 O Lamb of God, I come.
- 2 Just as I am—and waiting not
 To rid my soul of one dark spot—
 To Thee whose blood can cleanse each blot,
 O Lamb of God, I come.
- 3 Just as I am—tho' toss'd about
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 Fightings within and fears without,
 O Lamb of God, I come.
- 4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
 Yea, all I need in Thee to find—
 O Lamb of God, I come.

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve ;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

6 Just as I am—thy love I own
Has broken every barrier down ;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone—
O Lamb of God, I come.

✓

Charlotte Elliott

177 JOHN X. 3.—“ *He calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out.*”

1 JESUS, lead us, by thy power,
Safe into the promised rest ;
Hide our souls within thine arms,
Let us lean upon thy breast.
Nothing can preserve our going,
But salvation full and free ;
Nothing can our souls dishearten
But our absence, Lord, from thee.

2 In thy presence we are happy,
In thy presence we're secure ;
In thy presence all afflictions
We can easily endure.
In thy presence we can conquer,
We can suffer, we can die ;
Far from Thee we faint and languish ;
O, our Saviour, keep us nigh.

W. Williams

178 JOHN X. 29.—“*No man is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand.*”

- 1 THO' twice ten thousand sinners go
Down to the pit of endless woe,
God's choice, from all repentance free,
The guard of his elect shall be.
- 2 To fall from that, if God be true,
No sinner shall whom he foreknew;
Whom God will save to God must rise,
And fill a mansion in the skies.
- 3 Triumphant grace shall ever keep
The weakest of the way-worn sheep;
Salvation's free, and shall be given,
To all who trust the God of heaven.

179

ANOTHER OF THE SAME.

- 1 SAVED from the awful guilt of sin,
By Him who bare the cross;
We'll now a cheerful strain begin,
Where God began with us.
We sing the vast unmeasured grace,
Of height and depth untold,
Which did the saints elect embrace
As sheep within the fold.
- 2 We had not known the blood for sin,
Nor sweets of pardoning love,
Unless our worthless name had been
Enrolled for life above.

Well may we sing, since bought with blood
 Of God's eternal Son ;
 O how secure God's purpose stood,
 Ere time its race begun !

✓
 180 JOHN XIII. 8.—“ *If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me.*”

- 1 FOR ever here my rest shall be,
 Close to thy bleeding side ;
 This all my hope, and all my plea—
 For me the Saviour died.
 My dying Saviour, and my God,
 Fountain for guilt and sin,
 Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
 And cleanse and keep me clean.
- 2 Wash me, and make me thus thine own ;
 Wash me, and mine thou art :
 Wash me, but not my feet alone,
 My hands, my head, my heart.
 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
 Till faith to sight improve ;
 Till hope in full fruition die,
 And all my soul be love.

181 JOHN XIV. 2.—“ *In my Father's house are many mansions.*”

- 1 STAB-gemm'd floor of the land I love,
 Tell me, and tell me now,
 What are the many glittering pearls
 Which hang on thy jewelled brow ?

- 2 Schoolmen write in the lettered page,
That each is a world like ours :
But where sky-birds sing superior songs,
In more delightful bowers.
- 3 Where the wolf and the lamb in concord
meet,
Where the leopard harmless lives,
And where, undewed with the sweat of man,
The field its harvest gives.
- 4 Where sin hath shed no withering blight,
Where death no entrance gains,
Where the men of a thousand years ago,
Still bound across the plains.
- 5 Many, if such ye be, fair worlds,
Would ask no brighter doom,
Than within your gorgeous palaces
To find a lasting home.
- 6 So let them ; more ambitious, I
More towering wishes frame—
I would not dwell in these but with
The Lord of all of them.
- 7 They may be near to the pearly gates,
They may stand close to heaven ;
But who would live in the servant's lodge
If the mansion-house were given ?
-

✓
182 JOHN XIV. 6.—“*I am the way.*”

- 1 JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone
He whom I fix my hopes upon !
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till Him I view.
The way the holy prophets went—
The road that leads from banishment—
The king's highway of holiness,
I'll go ; for all his paths are peace.
- 2 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not ;
My grief and burden long have been
Because I could not cease from sin.
The more I strove against its power,
I sinned and stumbled but the more,
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
“ Come hither, soul, I am the Way.”
- 3 Lo ! glad I come, and Thou, bless'd Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am ;
My sinful self to Thee I give ;
Nothing but love shall I receive.
Then will I tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found ;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, “ Behold the way to God.”

John C. Smith

183 JOHN XIV. 9.—“ *He that hath seen me hath seen the Father.*”

- 1 OUR God proclaims his glorious name
 Upon Mount Calvary,
 Jehovah's secret name of LOVE,
 'Tis there alone we see.
 The Father's bosom who can shew,
 Save his beloved Son?
 Unlock the mystery of God,
 And make his mercy known?
- 2 God is well pleased in Jesus' cross—
 The cross be our delight;
 The saints of God by blood redeem'd,
 Are blameless in his sight.
 At Jesus' cross we learn the song
 Jehovah can approve,
 We cast our crowns before his throne,
 And sing “Our God is love.”

184 JOHN XIV. 21.—“ *I will love him, and will manifest myself to him.*”

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

2 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;
 Leave, O leave me not alone.
 Still support and comfort me :
 All my trust on Thee is stay'd,
 All my help from Thee I bring,
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
 Boundless love in Thee I find :
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is Thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness ;
 Vile and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
 Grace to pardon all my sin ;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within.
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of Thee ;
 Spring Thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

Chas. W. H. G.

185 JOHN XIV. 27.—“ *Peace I leave with you.*”

1 WHILE to Bethlehem we are going,
 Tell me now, to cheer the road,
 Tell me why this lovely Infant
 Quitted his divine abode ?

“From that world to bring to this
Peace ; which of all earthly blisses,
Is the brightest, purest bliss.”

- 2 Wherefore, from his throne exalted,
Came he on this earth to dwell—
All his pomp a humble manger—
All his court a narrow cell ?
“From that world to bring to this
Peace ; which of all earthly blisses,
Is the brightest, purest bliss.”

- 3 Why did he, the Lord eternal,
Mortal pilgrim deign to be ;
He who fashioned for his glory
Boundless immortality ?
“From that world to bring to this
Peace ; which of all earthly blisses,
Is the brightest, purest bliss.”
-

186 JOHN XV. 4.—“*Abide in me and I in you.*”

- 1 BROTHER—would'st thou Jesus see,
And be blest by him in time ?
Blest, too, in eternity ?
Brother, then abide in Him.
- 2 Would'st thou wise and holy be ;
Be what others only seem ?
Kept in sweet security ?
Brother, then abide in Him.

- 3 Brother, would'st thou Jesus see
 In thine heart eternally?
 Then abide in Him, and He,
 Brother, will abide in thee!
- 4 Would'st thou all the sunshine know
 That upon a soul can beam?
 Thou hast but one thing to do,
 Brother, to abide in Him.
- 5 O, abide in Him, my brother,
 Give thy heart up to Him whole,—
 This one thing without another
 Is sufficient for thy soul.
- 6 O, my brother, time is stealing,
 Swiftly, silently along;
 Soon our Lord, His love revealing,
 Shall awake our heavenly song.
- 7 Hallelujah, holy brother!
 Hallelujah we shall sing,
 Hallelujah, and no other,—
 Hallelujah to our King.

187 JOHN XVI. 32.—“*I am not alone, because
 the Father is with me.*”

- 1 QUITE alone, and yet not lonely,
 I'll converse with God, my Friend;
 Now from worldly care receding,
 I my time in pray'r will spend.

John will converse with God, my friend

1754 1: 6 8

- 2 O how blessed are the moments,
 When the Lord Himself draws near ;
 When I feel his gracious presence,
 And He listens to my pray'r.

✓

188 JOHN XVI. 33.—“*Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.*”

- 1 **ARISE**, ye saints, arise,
 The Lord your leader is ;
 The foe before his banner flies,
 For victory is His.
- 2 Lead on, Almighty Lord !
 Lead on to victory ;
 Encouraged by the bright reward,
 With joy we'll follow Thee.
- 3 We wait to see the day,
 When toil and strife shall cease,
 When we shall cast our arms away,
 And dwell in endless peace.
- 4 This hope supports us here,
 It makes our burdens light ;
 It serves our fainting hearts to cheer,
 Till faith shall end in sight.
- 5 Till, of the prize possest,
 We hear of war no more,
 And, O sweet thought ! for ever rest
 On yonder peaceful shore.

W. W. Kelly

189 JOHN XVII. 9.—“*I pray for them.*”

- 1 MERCY, and grace, and peace,
 Descend thro' Thee alone—
 And Thou dost all our services
 Present before the throne.
- 2 On us the Father's love
 Is for thy sake bestowed ;
 Thou art our Advocate above—
 Thou art our way to God.
- 3 Our way to God we trace ;
 And, thro' thy name forgiven,
 From step to step, from grace to grace,
 On Thee we climb to heaven.

190 JOHN XIX. 5.—“*Then came Jesus forth, wearing the crown of thorns and the purple robe.*”

- 1 Is that, is that thy crowning,
 The fathers' hope of old ?
 Is that their children's owning ?
 See, see the Man, behold !
- 2 That robe, put on by scoffers,—
 That reed, that thorny crown,
 And He, my God ! who suffers,—
 Thy well-beloved Son.
- 3 My King ! do I behold Him,
 By men derided so ;
 The scoffer's robe infold Him,
 And thorns his crown of woe !

4 Yet ah! 'twas I that made Him
 Thus abject and forlorn;
 My sins they thus array'd Him,
 And gave Him thus to scorn.

5 Thou man of sorrows, Jesus!
 Thy woes can we forget?
 Justice was armed to seize us,
 But these,—they paid our debt.

✓

191 JOHN XIX. 5.—“*Behold the man.*”

- 1 BEHOLD the Man! how glorious He!
 Before His foes He stands unawed,
 And without wrong or blasphemy,
 He claims equality with God.
- 2 Behold the Man! by all condemn'd,
 Assaulted by a host of foes;
 His person and His claims contemn'd,
 A man of sufferings and of woes.
- 3 Behold the Man! He stands alone,
 His foes are ready to devour;
 Not one of all his friends will own
 Their Master in this trying hour.
- 4 Behold the Man! so weak He seems,
 His awful word inspires no fear;
 But soon must he, who now blasphemes,
 Before His judgment-seat appear.

- 5 Behold the Man! though scorn'd below,
 He bears the greatest name above;
 The angels at his footstool bow,
 And all His royal claims approve.

✓

———— Thomas Kelly

- 192 JOHN XIX. 25.—“ *There stood by the cross of Jesus, His mother, and His mother's sister, Mary, the wife of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene.*”

- 1 DEAR Lord, amid the throng that press'd
 Around Thee on the cursed tree,
 Some loyal, loving hearts were there,
 Some pitying eyes that wept for Thee.
- 2 Like them, may we rejoice to own
 Our dying Lord, though crown'd with thorn;
 Like Thee, Thy blessed self, endure
 The cross, with all its joy or scorn.
- 3 Thy cross, Thy lonely path below,
 Shew what thy brethren all should be;
 Pilgrims on earth, disown'd by those
 Who see no beauty, Lord, in thee.

- 193 JOHN XIX. 30.—“ *It is finished.*”

- 1 “‘Tis finished,” the Redeemer said,
 And meekly bowed his dying head,
 For guilty rebels slain.
 With joy we dwell upon the word,
 And view thy love, victorious Lord,
 Thy wondrous love supreme.

- 2 Finished our righteousness and peace—
 Finished our pardon and release ;
 The mighty debt is paid.
 By virtue of redeeming blood,
 Our sins against a holy God
 Are in oblivion laid.
- 3 While Jesus' dying words we hear,
 Blind unbelief and doubting fear
 Have nothing to reply.
 Where'er their accusations fall,
 " 'Tis finished" still may answer all,
 And silence every cry.
-

194 JOHN XXI. 16.—“ *Lovest thou me ?*”

- 1 HARK, my soul ! it is the Lord,
 'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word
 Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee
 “ Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me !”
 I deliver'd thee when bound,
 And, when bleeding, heal'd thy wound ;
 Sought thee, wand'ring, set thee right,
 Turn'd thy darkness into light.
- 2 Can a woman's tender care
 Cease toward the child she bare ?
 Yes, she may forgetful be,
 Yet will I remember Thee.
 Mine is an unchanging love,
 Higher than the heights above ;
 Deeper than the depths beneath,
 Free and faithful, strong as death.

3 Thou shalt see my glory soon,
 When the work of grace is done ;
 Partner of my throne shalt be,
 Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?
 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
 That my love is weak and faint,
 Yet I love Thee and adore ;
 O for grace to love Thee more !

195 JOHN XXI. 17.—“ *Lord, thou knowest all things ; thou knowest that I love Thee.*”

- 1 I love the Lord, who died for me,
 I love his grace divine and free ;
 I love the Scriptures ; there I read
 Christ loved me and for me bled.
 I love His tears and suff'rings great,
 I love His precious bloody sweat ;
 I love His blood,—were that not spilt
 I could not have been freed from guilt.
- 2 I love to hear that He was slain,
 I love His every grief and pain ;
 I love to meditate by faith
 Upon His meritorious death.
 I love Mount Calv'ry, where His love,
 Stronger than death itself did prove ;
 I love to walk His mournful way,
 I love the grave where Jesus lay.
- 3 I love His people and their ways,
 I love with them to pray and praise ;
 I love the Father and the Son,
 I love the Spirit He sent down.

I love to think the time will come,
 When I shall be with Him at home :
 And praise him in eternity,
 Then shall my love completed be.

196 ACTS II. 46.—“*They did eat their meat with gladness, and singleness of heart.*”

1 O GOD, thy bounteous hand hath spread,
 With earthly food our humble board ;
 And feeds our soul with sweeter bread,
 The bread of life—our dying Lord.
 Thy grace in all things soars above
 The sweetest song Thy saints can raise ;
 Yet Lord, for this, and all Thy love,
 Accept our weak unworthy praise.

197 ANOTHER OF THE SAME.

1 O GRACIOUS Lord, be with us now,
 Supply thy children's need ;
 On Christ the bread of life, may we
 In sweet communion feed.
 With water from the smitten rock,
 Our thirsty spirits cheer,
 And make us all rejoice to feel
 Thy blessed presence here.

198 ACTS IV. 11.—“*This is the stone which was set at nought of you builders.*”

1 HAIL, thou once despised Jesus !
 Hail, thou Galilean King ;
 Thou didst suffer to release us ;
 Thou didst free salvation bring !

- Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,
 Bearer of our sin and shame!
 By thy merits we find favour,
 Life is giv'n us through thy name.
- 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
 All our sins on Thee were laid!
 By Almighty love anointed,
 Thou hast full atonement made.
 All Thy people are forgiven,
 Through the virtue of Thy blood;
 Opened is the gate of Heaven;
 Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
- 3 Jesus, hail, enthroned in glory,
 There for ever to abide!
 All the Heavenly hosts adore Thee,
 Seated at Thy Father's side!
 There for sinners Thou art pleading,
 There Thou dost our place prepare;
 Ever for us interceding,
 'Till in glory we appear.
- 4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
 Thou art worthy to receive;
 Loudest praises, without ceasing,
 Meet it is for us to give.
 Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays!
 Help to sing a Saviour's merits;
 Help to chaunt Immanuel's praise.

John B. ...

199 ACTS XIV. 22.—“ *We must, through much tribulation, enter into the kingdom of God.*”

- 1 DEAR Lord! though bitter is the cup
 Thy gracious hand deals out to me,
 I cheerfully would drink it up;
 That cannot hurt which comes from Thee.
- 2 Mix it with Thy unchanging love,
 Let not a drop of wrath be there!
 The saints, for ever blest above,
 Were often most afflicted here.
- 3 From Jesus, thy incarnate Son,
 I'll learn obedience to thy will;
 And humbly kiss the chastening rod,
 When its severest strokes I feel.

— Benjamin Beddome

200

ANOTHER OF THE SAME.

- 1 'Tis my happiness below
 Not to live without the cross,
 But the Saviour's power to know
 Sanctifying ev'ry loss:
 Trials must and will befall;
 But with humble faith to see
 Love inscrib'd upon them all,
 This is happiness to me.
- 2 God, in Israel, sows the seeds
 Of affliction, pain, and toil;
 These spring up, and choke the weeds
 Which would else o'erspread the soil:

Trials make the promise sweet,
 Trials give new life to pray'r ;
 Trials bring me to his feet,
 Lay me low, and keep me there.

✓
 201

ROM. I. 14.—“*I am debtor.*”

- 1 WHEN this passing world is done,
 When has sunk yon glaring sun,
 When we stand with Christ in glory,
 Looking o'er life's finished story,
 Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
 Not till then—how much I owe.
- 2 When I hear the wicked call
 On the rocks and hills to fall,
 When I see them start and shrink
 On the fiery deluge-brink,
 'Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
 Not till then—how much I owe.
- 3 When I stand before the throne,
 Dressed in beauty not my own ;
 When I see thee as Thou art,
 Love Thee with unsinning heart,
 Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
 Not till then—how much I owe.
- 4 When the praise of Heaven I hear,
 Loud as thunders to the ear,
 Loud as many waters' noise,
 Sweet as harp's melodious voice,
 'Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
 Not till then—how much I owe.

N

- 5 Even on earth, as through a glass
Darkly, let thy glory pass,
Make forgiveness feel so sweet,
Make thy Spirit's help so meet ;
Even on earth, Lord, make me know
Something of how much I owe.
- 6 Chosen not for good in me,
Wakened up from wrath to flee,
Hidden in the Saviour's side,
By the Spirit sanctified ;
Teach me, Lord, on earth to shew,
By my love, how much I owe.
- 7 Oft I walk beneath the cloud,
Dark as midnight's gloomy shroud ;
But, when fear is at the height,
Jesus comes, and all is light ;
Blessed Jesus ! bid me shew
Doubting saints how much I owe.
- 8 When in flowery paths I tread,
Oft by sin I'm captive led ;
Oft I fall—but still arise—
The Spirit comes—the tempter flies ;
Blessed Spirit ! bid me shew
Weary sinners all I owe.
- 9 Oft the nights of sorrow reign,—
Weeping, sickness, sighing, pain ;
But a night Thine anger burns,—
Morning comes and joy returns ;
God of comforts ! bid me shew
To thy poor how much I owe.

J. M. McKim

✓
202 ROM. v. 1.—“*Justified by faith, we have peace with God.*”

1 LORD JESUS, we believing
In Thee have peace with God ;
Eternal life receiving,
The purchase of Thy blood.
Our curse and condemnation,
Thou bearest in our stead ;
Secure is our salvation,
In Thee our risen Head.

2 The Holy Ghost, revealing
Thy love, hath made us blest ;
Thy stripes have given us healing ;
Upon thy love we rest.
In thee the Father sees us
Accepted and complete ;
The blood from sin which frees us
For glory makes us meet.

J. J. Duggan

✓
203 ROM. VIII. 1.—“*There is now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus.*”

1 No condemnation ! O my soul,
’Tis God that speaks the word ;
Perfect in comeliness art thou,
In Christ thy glorious Lord.
In heaven His blood for ever speaks
In God the Father’s ear ;
His Church, the jewels, on His heart
Jesus will ever bear.

- 2 No condemnation! precious word!
 Consider it, my soul;
 Thy sins were all on Jesus laid,
 His stripes have made me whole.
 Teach us, O God, to fix our eyes
 On Christ the spotless Lamb;
 So shall we love Thy gracious will,
 And glorify thy name.
-

204 ROM. VIII. 22.—“*The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together.*”

- 1 O WHAT a bright and blessed world
 This groaning earth of ours will be,
 When from its throne the tempter hurl'd
 Shall leave it all, O Lord, to Thee!
- 2 O blessed Lord! with weeping eyes,
 That blissful hour we wait to see;
 While every worm or leaf that dies
 Tells of the curse, and calls for Thee.
- 3 Come, Saviour, then, o'er all below
 Shine brightly from Thy throne above:
 Bid heaven and earth Thy glory know,
 And all creation feel Thy love.
-

205 ROM. VIII. 28.—“ *All things work together for good to them that love God.*”

1 WHEN heaves with sighs my anxious breast,
 In doubt if grace have made me free,
 A still small voice yet whispers rest,—
 And this is happiness for me!
 When earth and hell, and this vile heart,
 To wound, destroy my soul, agree,
 Through grace I act the conqueror's part,—
 And this is happiness for me!

2 Wounded, perplex'd, hardly bestead,
 While from temptation's force I flee,
 God in the battle shields my head,—
 And this is happiness for me!
 When the cold damps of death bedew
 This body, wrung with agony,
 Christ shall my fainting soul renew,—
 This will be happiness for me.

Thomas Puck

+206 ROM. VIII. 31.—“ *If God be for us, who can be against us?*”

1 Is God for me, what is it
 That man can do to me?
 Oft as my God I visit,
 All woes give way and flee.
 If God be my salvation,
 My refuge in distress,
 What earthly tribulation
 Can shake my stedfast peace?

- 2 The ground of my profession
Is Jesus and His blood,
Which gives me the possession
Of everlasting good.
In me and in my doing
Is nothing on this earth;
What Jesus is bestowing
Alone is truly worth.
- 3 My Jesus and His merit
Is all for which I care;
Were He not with my spirit,
Ah, I should soon despair.
I know no condemnation,
No law that speaks despair,
And Satan's accusation
I cast into the air.
- 4 For me there is provided
A city fair and new,
To it I shall be guided,—
Jerusalem the true!
My portion there is lying,
A destined Canaan-lot;
Tho' I am daily dying,
My Canaan withers not.
- 5 My heart within me leapeth,
And cannot down be cast,
In sunshine bright it keepeth
A never-ending feast.

The sun that smiling lights me,
Is Jesus Christ alone ;
And what to sing invites me,
Is heaven on earth begun.

207 ROM. VIII. 34.—“ *Who is he that condemneth ?*”

1 I REST in Christ the Son of God,
Who took the servant's form ;
By faith I flee to Jesus' cross,
My covert from the storm.
At peace with God, no ills I dread,
The cup of blessing mine ;
The Lord is risen ! his precious blood
Is new and living wine.

2 Jesus put all my sins away,
When bruis'd to make me whole ;
Who shall accuse, or who condemn,
My blameless ransom'd soul ?
O thou destroyer, see the blood
That makes the guilty clean ;
No prey of thine, the soul on which
This token once is seen.

208 ROM. VIII. 35.—“ *Who shall separate us from the love of Christ ?*”

1 LORD of our hearts, beloved of Thee,
Weary of earth, we sigh to rest,
Supremely happy, safe and free,
For ever on Thy tender breast :

To see Thee, love Thee, feel Thee, near,
 Nor dread, as now, Thy transient stay,
 To dwell beyond the reach of fear,
 Lest joy should wane, or pass away.

- 2 Children of hope, beloved Lord !
 In Thee we live, we glory now,
 Our joy, our rest, our great reward,
 Our diadem of beauty, Thou !
 And when exalted, Lord, with Thee,
 Thy royal throne at last we share,
 To everlasting, Thou shalt be
 Our diadem, our glory, there.

✓
 209 ROM. XIII. 11.—“*Now it is high time to
 awake out of sleep.*”

- 1 BRIDE of the Lamb ! awake, awake ;
 Why sleep for sorrow now ?
 The hope of glory, Christ is thine,
 A child of glory thou.
- 2 Thy spirit through the lonely night,
 From earthly joy apart,
 Hath sigh'd for one that's far away,
 The Bridegroom of thy heart.
- 3 But see, the night is waning fast,
 The breaking morn is near ;
 And Jesus comes with voice of love,
 Thy drooping heart to cheer.

- 4 He comes, for O His yearning heart
 No more can bear delay ;
 To scenes of full unmingled joy
 To call his Bride away.
- 5 This earth, the scene of all His woe,
 A homeless wild to thee,
 Full soon upon His heav'nly throne,
 Its rightful King shall see.
- 6 Thou too shalt reign—He will not wear
 His crown of joy alone ;
 And earth, His royal Bride shall see
 Beside Him on the throne.
- 7 Then weep no more, 'tis all thine own,
 His crown, His joy divine ;
 And sweeter far than all beside,
 He, He Himself is thine.

S. A. G. 1877

210

ANOTHER OF THE SAME.

- 1 GLOOMY and dark the night has been,
 And long the way and dreary,
 And sad each faithful saint is seen,
 And faint, and worn, and weary.
- 2 Ye mourning pilgrims ! dry your tears,
 And hush each sign of sorrow ;
 The light of that bright morn appears,
 The long Sabbatic morrow.

- 3 Lift up your heads, behold from far
A flood of splendour streaming ;
It is the bright and morning star,
In living lustre beaming.
- 4 And see that star-like host around,
Of angel-bands attending ;
Hark, hark, the trumpet's gladdening sound,
With shouts triumphant blending.
- 5 O weeping Spouse, arise, rejoice,
Put off thy weeds of mourning.
And hail the Bridegroom's welcome voice,
In triumph now returning.

211 **ROM. XIV. 7.**—*“None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself.”*

- 1 I WILL a little pilgrim be,
Resolv'd alone to follow Thee,
Thou Lamb of God, who now art gone
Up to the everlasting throne.
- 2 I will my heart to Thee resign,
Thine only be, O be Thou mine !
The world I leave and foolish play,
To happiness to find the way.
- 3 My lips shall be employ'd to bless
The Lord, who is my righteousness ;
My joy to serve, and praise, and love,
And then to reign with Him above.

8-11-1841

21 993

212 1 COR. V. 7.—“*Christ our passover is sacrificed for us.*”

- 1 **WHY** did the paschal beast
Of old for Israel bleed ?
To be their safe-guard and their feast,
To sprinkle and to feed.
- 2 **Dwell** not my searching soul,
On ritual shadows now ;
Christ is the Lamb all pure and whole,
The ransom'd first-born Thou.
- 3 **Now** get thy house within,
Slay, eat, anoint thy door ;
The dread avenger comes not in
To smite, but passeth o'er.
- 4 **He** looks and calls from high,
Art thou to die or live ?
He hears the posts and lintels cry
Forgive, forgive, forgive.
- 5 **I** hear the accuser roar,
Of ills that I have done ;
I know them well, and thousands more ;
Jehovah findeth none.
- 6 **Sin, Satan, death, press** near,
To harass and appal ;
Let but my Advocate appear,
Backward they go, and fall.

- 7 Before, behind, around,
They set their fierce array,
To fight and force me from my ground,
Along Emmanuel's way.
- 8 I meet them face to face,
Through Jesus' conquest blest ;
March in the triumph of His grace,
Right onward to my rest.
- 9 There in His book I bear,
A more than conqueror's name,—
A soldier, son, and fellow-heir,
Who fought and overcame,
- 10 His be the victor's name,
Who fought our fight alone ;
Triumphant saints no honour claim,
Their conquest was His own.
- 11 By weakness and defeat,
He won the meed and crown ;
Trode all our foes beneath His feet,
By being trodden down.
- 12 He, hell, in hell laid low ;
Made sin, He sin o'erthrew ;
Bow'd to the grave, destroyed it so,
And death, by dying, slew.
- 13 Bless, bless the conqueror slain,
Slain in His victory ;
Who lived, who died, who lives again
For thee, His Church, for thee.

✓
213 1 COR. V. 8.—“*Let us keep the feast.*”

- 1 SWEET feast of love divine !
 'Tis grace that makes us free,
 To feed upon this bread and wine,
 In memory, Lord, of Thee.
 Here every welcome guest
 Waits, Lord, from Thee to learn
 The secrets of Thy Father's breast !
 And all Thy grace discern.
- 2 Here conscience ends its strife,
 And faith delights to prove
 The sweetness of the bread of life,
 The fulness of Thy love.
 That blood that flow'd for sin,
 In symbol here we see ;
 And feel the blessed pledge within,
 That we are loved of Thee.
- 3 O, if this glimpse of love
 Is so divinely sweet,
 What will it be, O Lord, above
 Thy gladd'ning smile to meet !
 To see Thee face to face,
 Thy perfect likeness wear ;
 And all Thy ways of wondrous grace,
 Through endless years declare.

214

————— *In Edw. D. Conway*
 ANOTHER OF THE SAME.

- 1 JESUS invites His saints
 To meet around His board ;
 Here pardon'd sinners sit and hold
 Communion with their Lord.

2 Our heavenly Father calls
 Christ and His members one;
 We are the children of His love,
 And He the first-born Son.

3 We are but several parts
 Of the same broken bread;
 The body hath its many limbs,
 But Jesus is the Head.

✓
 215

ANOTHER OF THE SAME.

Love strong as death, nay stronger,
 Love mightier than the grave;
 Broad as the earth, and longer
 Than ocean's widest wave.
 This is the love that sought us,
 This is the love that bought us,
 This is the love that brought us
 To gladdest day from saddest night,
 From deepest shame to glory bright,
 From depths of death to life's fair height,
 From darkness to the joy of light.
 This is the love that leadeth
 Us to his table here,
 This is the love that spreadeth
 For us this royal cheer.

16 1 COR. XI. 24.—“ *This do in remembrance
of me.*”

HERE, in the broken bread and wine,
We hear him say “ Remember me ;
I gave my life to ransom thine,
I bore thy curse upon the tree.”
Lord, we are Thine, we praise Thy love ;—
One with thy saints, all one with Thee,
We would, until we meet above,
In all our ways remember Thee.

217

ANOTHER OF THE SAME.

- 1 WHILE we remember Thee,
Lord, in our midst appear :
Let each by faith Thy body see,
While we assemble here.
 - 2 We never would forget
Thy rich, Thy precious love,—
Our theme of joy and wonder here,
Our endless song above.
 - 3 O let Thy love constrain
Our souls to cleave to Thee ;
And ever in our hearts remain
That word, “ Remember me.”
-

✓
 218 1 COR. XI. 26.—“ *For as often as ye eat this bread and drink this cup, ye do shew the Lord's death till He come.*”

- 1 MEETING in the Saviour's name,
 “Breaking bread,” by His command,
 To the world we thus proclaim,
 On what ground we hope to stand,
 When the Lord shall come with clouds,
 Join'd by heaven's exulting crowds.
- 2 From the cross our hope we draw,
 'Tis the sinner's blest resource ;
 Jesus magnified the law,
 Jesus bore its awful curse ;
 This the joyful truth we own,
 This our ground of hope alone.
- 3 Jesus died and then arose,
 Yes, He rose, He lives, He reigns ;
 Jesus vanquished all His foes,
 Jesus led them all in chains ;
 His the triumph and the crown,
 His the glory and renown.
- 4 Sing we then of Him who died,
 Sing of Him who rose again ;
 By His blood we're justified,
 And with Him we hope to reign ;
 Yes, we hope to see our Lord,
 And to share His bright reward.

Thomas Kelly

✓
 219 1 COR. XV. 6.—“*Some are fallen asleep.*”

- 1 **ASLEEP** in Jesus! Blessed sleep!
 From which none ever wakes to weep;
 A calm and undisturbed repose,
 Unbroken by the last of foes!
 Asleep in Jesus! Oh! how sweet
 To be for such a slumber meet;
 With holy confidence to sing,
 That death has lost his venom'd sting!
- 2 **Asleep** in Jesus! Peaceful rest!
 Whose waking is supremely blest:
 No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
 That manifests the Saviour's power.
 Asleep in Jesus! Oh! for me
 May such a blissful refuge be:
 Securely shall my ashes lie,
 Waiting the summons from on high.
- 3 **Asleep** in Jesus! Time nor space
 Debars this precious “hiding-place;”
 On Indian plains or Lapland snows
 Believers find the same repose.
 Asleep in Jesus! Far from thee
 Thy kindred, and their graves may be;
 But thine is still a blessed sleep,
 From which none ever wakes to weep.

Margaret ...

✓
220 1 COR. XV. 10.—“ *By the grace of God I am what I am.*”

- 1 ALL that I *was*,—my sin, my guilt,
My death was all my own :
All that I *am*, I owe to Thee,
My gracious God alone.
- 2 The evil of my former state,
Was mine and only mine ;
The good in which I now rejoice
Is thine, and only Thine.
- 3 The darkness of my former state,
The bondage all was mine ;
The light of life in which I walk,
The liberty is Thine.
- 4 Thy grace first made me feel my sin,
It taught me to believe,
Then, in believing, peace I found,
And now I live, I live.
- 5 All that I am, even here on earth,
All that I hope to be,
When Jesus comes and glory dawns,
I owe it, Lord, to Thee.

✓

221 2 COR. V. 14.—“ *The love of Christ constraineth us.*”

- 1 My blessed Saviour, is Thy love
So great, so full, so free ?
Behold ! I give my love, my heart,
My life, my all, to Thee.

- 2 I love Thee for the glorious worth
In Thy great self I see :
I love Thee for that shameful cross
Thou hast endured for me.
- 3 No man of greater love can boast,
Than for his friend to die ;
But for Thy enemies Thou wast slain ;
What love with Thine can vie ?
- 4 Though in the very form of God,
With heavenly glory crown'd,
Thou wouldst partake of human flesh,
Beset with troubles round.
- 5 Thou would'st like wretched man be made
In every thing but sin ;
That we as like Thee might become,
As we unlike have been.
- 6 O Lord, I'll treasure in my soul
The memory of Thy love ;
And Thy dear name shall still to me
A grateful odour prove.
- 7 Where Thou dost pitch Thy tent, and where
Thy honour deigns to dwell,
There I'll fix mine, and there reside,
There Thy love's wonders tell.
-

222 2 COR. VIII. 9.—“*Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ ; that, though he was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor.*”

- 1 THE SON of God, who fram'd the skies,
 Now humbly in a manger lies ;
 He, who the earth's foundations laid,
 A helpless infant now is made.
 Th' eternal and Almighty God,
 Assumes our feeble flesh and blood ;
 He deigns with sinful men to dwell,
 Is God with us, Immanuel.
- 2 Though rich, He poor on earth became,
 That we might all His riches claim,
 And open'd thro' Himself, the way
 To life and everlasting day.
 For us these wonders hath He wrought,
 To shew His love, surpassing thought :
 Then let us all unite to sing
 Praise to our Saviour, God, and King.

✓
 223 GAL. II. 20.—“*I am crucified with Christ.*”

- 1 THAT “I am Thine, my Lord and God !
 Sprinkled and ransomed by Thy blood,”—
 Repeat that word once more,
 With such an energy and light,
 That this world's flattery and spite,
 To shake me never may have power.
- 2 From various cares my heart retires ;
 Though deep and boundless its desires,
 I'm now to please but One ;

Him, before whom the elders bow,
With Him is all my business now,
And with the souls that are His own.

- 3 See! the dear flock by Jesus drawn,
In bless'd simplicity move on ;
They trust His shepherd's crook :
Beholders many faults will find,
But they can tell their Saviour's mind,
Content, if written in His book.
- 4 O all ye just, ye rich, ye wise,
Who deem the atoning sacrifice,
A doctrine vain and slight ;
Grant but I may (the rest's your own)
In shame and poverty sit down
At this one well-spring of delight.
- 5 Indeed, if Jesus was not slain,
Or aught can make His ransom vain,
That now it heals no more ;
If His heart's tenderness is fled ;
Were He no more the Church's head,
Nor Lord of all, as heretofore ;
- 6 Then (so refers my state to Him)
Unwarranted I must esteem,
And wretched all I do ;
Ah, my heart throbs! and seizes fast
That covenant which will ever last ;
It knows, it knows, these things are true.
- 7 No, my dear Lord, in following Thee,
Not in the dark, uncertainly,
This foot obedient moves

'Tis with a Brother and a King,
Who many to His yoke will bring,
Who ever lives and ever loves.

8 Now then, my way, my truth, my life!
Henceforth let sorrow, doubt, and strife,
Drop off like autumn leaves;
Henceforth, as privileged by Thee,
Simple and undistracted be
My soul which to Thy sceptre cleaves.

9 Let me my weary head recline
On that eternal love of Thine,
And human thoughts forget;
Child-like attend what Thou wilt say;
Go forth and do it while 'tis day,
Yet never leave my sweet retreat.

John Sambold

224 GAL. III. 13.—“*Made a curse for us.*”

1 BLESSED be God, for ever blest!
And glorious be His name!
His Son He gave, our souls to save
From everlasting shame.
Nothing was precious in God's sight,
But God's own precious blood;
Were that not shed, my guilty head
Must bear wrath's awful load.

2 Had I worn sackcloth, and in dust
Cast myself humbly down,
Covered my miserable head
With ashes for a crown;

These could not save me from the curse,
 Nor end the endless pain,
 Nor quench the fire ; nor ease the heart,
 Nor wipe away one stain.

3 The Eternal Life His life laid down,—
 Such was the wondrous plan,—
 And God, the blessed God, was made
 A curse for cursed man.
 Our flesh He took, our sins He bore,
 Himself for us He gave ;
 His cross was ours, and we with Him
 Were buried in one grave.

4 With Him we rose, with Him we live,
 With Him we sit above ;
 With Him for ever we shall share
 The Father's boundless love.
 Bless, then, Jehovah's blessed name ;
 And bless our blessed King !
 And songs of glad deliverance,
 For ever, ever sing !

✓
 225 GAL. VI. 14.—“ *God forbid that I should
 glory, save in the cross of our Lord
 Jesus Christ.*”

1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
 On which the Prince of Glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.

- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in the death of Christ my God :
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to His blood.
- 3 See from His head, His hands, his feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down !
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
- 4 His dying crimson like a robe,
 Spreads o'er his body on the tree ;
 Then am I dead to all the globe,
 And all the globe is dead to me.
- 5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were a present far too small ;
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

226 EPH. IV. 25.—“ *We are members one of another.*”

- 1 KINDRED in Christ, for His dear sake
 A hearty welcome here receive ;
 May we together now partake
 The joys which only he can give !
- 2 To you and us by grace 'tis giv'n
 To know the Saviour's precious name ;
 And shortly we shall meet in heav'n,
 Our hope, our way our end, the same.

- 2 May He, by whose kind care we meet,
 Send His good Spirit from above ;
 Make our communications sweet,
 And cause our hearts to burn with love !
 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
 When Christians see each other thus :
 We only wish to speak of Him
 Who lived, and died, and reigns, for us.
- 3 We'll talk of all He did and said,
 And suffered for us here below ;
 The path he marked for us to tread,
 And what he's doing for us now.
 Thus, as the moments pass away,
 We'll love, and wonder, and adore
 And hasten on the glorious day,
 When we shall meet to part no more.

✓
 227 EPH. v. 30.—“ *For we are members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones.*”

- 1 LORD JESUS, are we one with thee?
 O height, O depth of love !
 One with us on the cursed tree,—
 We one with Thee above ?
 Such was thy grace, that, for our sake,
 Thou didst from heav'n come down ;
 Our mortal flesh and blood partake—
 In all our misery one.
- 2 Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,
 Confess'd and borne by Thee ;
 The gall, the curse, the wrath were thine,
 To set Thy members free.

Ascended now, in glory bright,
 Still one with us Thou art ;
 Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height,
 Thy saints and Thee can part.

- 3 O teach us, Lord, to know and own
 This wondrous mystery,
 That Thou with us art truly one,
 And we are one with Thee.
 Soon, soon shall come that glorious day,
 When, seated on Thy throne,
 Thou shalt to wond'ring worlds display,
 That Thou with us art one.

J. G. Deek

✓
 228 PHIL. I. 21.—“ *To me to live is Christ
 and to die is gain.*”

- 1 LORD, it belongs not to my care
 Whether I die or live ;
 To love and serve Thee is my share,
 And this Thy grace must give.
 If life be long, I will be glad,
 That I may long obey ;
 If short, yet why should I be sad
 To soar to endless day ?
- 2 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
 Than He went through before ;
 He that unto God's kingdom comes
 Must enter by His door.
 Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet
 Thy blessed face to see ;
 For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
 What will Thy glory be ?

- 3 Then shall I end my sad complaints
 And weary sinful days,
 And join with the triumphant saints
 That sing Jehovah's praise.
 My knowledge of that life is small,
 The eye of faith is dim ;
 But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
 And I shall be with him.

229 PHIL. I. 23.—“ *Having a desire to depart
 and to be with Christ ; which is far
 better.*”

- 1 WHAT must it be to dwell above,
 At God's right hand, where Jesus reigns,
 Since the sweet earnest of His love
 O'erwhelms us on these dreary plains?
 No heart can think, no tongue explain,
 What bliss it is with Christ to reign !
- 2 When sin no more obscures the sight,
 And sorrow pains the heart no more,
 How shall we view the Prince of Light,
 And all His works of grace explore?
 What heights, what depths of love divine
 Shall there through endless ages shine !
- 3 This is the Heaven I long to know,
 For this I would with patience wait ;
 Till, wean'd from earth and all below,
 I mount to my celestial seat,—
 And wave my palm, and wear my crown,
 And with the elders cast it down.

230

ANOTHER OF THE SAME.

- 1 IN yon blest plains, where Jesus reigns,
And lasting joys abound,
I long to be, that I may see
My Lord with glory crowned.
- 2 Then shall I rest upon His breast,
And ever see His face ;
With ceaseless joy my powers employ
In singing forth His praise.
- 3 O Jesus, now one smile bestow,
To cheer me on my way ;
In Thee I hope, hold thou me up,
Lest I should go astray.

231 PHIL. II. 8.—“ *He humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death.*”

- 1 JESUS, who lived above the sky,
Came down to be a man and die ;
And in the Bible we may see
How very good He used to be.
- 2 He went about, He was so kind,
To cure poor people who were blind ;
And many who were sick and lame,
He pitied them, and did the same.
- 3 And more than that, He told them too
The things that God would have them do ;
And was so gentle and so mild,
He would have listened to a child.

- 4 But such a cruel death He died!
 He was hung up and crucified!
 And those kind hands that did such good,
 They nailed them to a cross of wood!
- 5 And so He died!—and this is why
 He came to be a man and die:
 The Bible says He came from Heaven,
 That we might have our sins forgiven.

_____ Mrs. S. S. S. S.

232 PHIL. III. 7.—“*What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ.*”

- 1 Cross, reproach, and tribulation,
 Ye to me are welcome guests,
 When I have this consolation,
 That my soul in Jesus rests.
- 2 The reproach of Christ is glorious;
 Those who here his burden bear,
 In the end shall prove victorious,
 And eternal glory share.
- 3 Christ, our ever-blessed Saviour,
 Bore for us reproach and shame;
 Now, as Conqueror, lives for ever,
 And we conquer in His name.
- 4 Bearing the reproach of Jesus,
 Follow Him without the gate
 Singing joyful songs and praises,
 While ye for His glory wait.

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- 5 Bonds, and stripes, and tribulation,
 Are our honourable crowns ;
 Shame for Him is exaltation,
 Gloomy dungeons are as thrones.
-

†233 PHIL. III. 9.—“ *And be found in Him, not having mine own righteousness.*”

- 1 JESUS, Thy blood and righteousness
 My beauty are, my glorious dress ;
 'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
 With joy shall I lift up my head.
 When, from the dust of death I rise,
 To claim my mansion in the skies,
 Ev'n then shall this be all my plea,—
 “ Jesus hath liv'd—hath died for me.”
- 2 Bold shall I stand in that great day ;
 For who aught to my charge shall lay,
 If through thy blood absolv'd I am,
 From sin's tremendous curse and shame ?
 This spotless robe the same appears,
 When ruin'd nature sinks in years ;
 No age can change its glorious hue ;
 The robe of Christ is ever new.
-

†234 PHIL. IV. 6.—“ *Be careful for nothing.*”

- 1 COMMIT thou all thy griefs
 And ways into his hands,
 To His most sure and tender care,
 Who earth and heaven commands ;

- Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,—
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.
- 2 Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on ;
Fix on His word thy stedfast eye,
So shall thy work be done :
No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care ;
To Him commit thy cause ; His ear
Attends the softest prayer.
- 3 Thy wisdom infinite,
Father, Thy ceaseless love,
Sees all thy children's wants, and knows
What best for each will prove ;
And whatsoe'er Thou will'st
Thou dost, O King of kings ;
What thine unerring wisdom chose,
Thy power to being brings.
- 4 Thou everywhere hast sway,
And all things serve Thy might,—
Thy every act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied light.
When Thou arisest, Lord,
What shall Thy word withstand ?
When all Thy children want Thou giv'st ;
Who, who shall stay Thy hand ?
-

†235 PHIL. IV. 6.—“*Make your requests known unto God.*”

- 1 GIVE to the winds thy fears,
Hope and be undismay'd ;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.
Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears the way ;
Wait thou His time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.
- 2 Still heavy is thy heart ?
Still sink thy spirits down ?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
And every care be gone ;
What though thou rulest not ?
Yet Heav'n, and earth, and hell,
Proclaim God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.
- 3 Leave to His sov'reign sway
To choose and to command ;
So shalt thou, wond'ring, own His sway,—
How wise, how strong His hand !
Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully He the work hath wrought,
That caus'd thy needless fear.
- 4 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to Thee ;
O, lift thou up the sinking haud,
Confirm the feeble knee .

Let us in life, in death,
 Thy stedfast truth declare,
 And publish with our latest breath
 Thy love and guardian care.

236 COL. I. 20.—“*Having made peace through
 the blood of His cross.*”

- 1 THE cross, the cross, O that's my gain!
 Because on that the Lamb was slain;
 'Twas there my Lord was crucified,
 'Twas there my Saviour for me died.
- 2 See what a deep-dyed red it bears,—
 Look how that nail my Saviour tears!
 All over stained with blood divine,
 There hangs the King from David's line!
- 3 The stony heart dissolves in tears
 When to our view the cross appears;
 Christ's dying love, when truly felt,
 The vilest, hardest heart doth melt.
- 4 Here I will stay, and gaze awhile
 Upon the Friend of sinners vile;
 Abased, I view what I have done
 To God's eternal, gracious Son.
- 5 Here I behold, as in a glass,
 God's glory with unveiled face;
 And, by beholding, I shall be
 Made like to Him who loved me.

P

237 COL. III. 3.—“ *Ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God.*”

1 WITH sweet contentment now we bid
Farewell to pleasures here ;
With Christ in God our life is hid,
And all its springs are there.

2 'Tis now concealed and lodged secure
In God's eternal Son :
From age to age it shall endure,
Though to the world unknown.

3 Then, Lord, remove whate'er divides
Our lingering souls from Thee ;
'Tis fit that where the Head resides
The members too should be.

✓
238 COL. III. 11.—“ *Christ is all in all.*”

1 I'VE found the pearl of greatest price,
My heart doth sing for joy ;
And sing I must, a Christ I have,—
O what a Christ have I !

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

3 My Christ, He is the Lord of lords,
He is the King of kings ;
He is the Sun of Righteousness,
With healing in His wings.

- 4 My Christ, He is the tree of life,
 Who in God's garden grows,
 Whose fruit does feed, whose leaves do heal;
 My Christ is Sharon's rose.
- 5 Christ is my meat, Christ is my drink,
 My med'cine, and my health,
 My peace, my strength, my joy, my crown,
 My glory, and my wealth.
- 6 Christ is my father and my friend,
 My brother, and my love,
 My head, my hope, my counsellor,
 My advocate above.
- 7 My Christ, He is the heaven of heaven,
 My Christ, what shall I call!
 My Christ is first, my Christ is last,
 My Christ is ALL in ALL.

✓
 239

 ANOTHER OF THE SAME.

- 1 JESUS is the chiefest good;
 He hath sav'd us by His blood;
 Let us value nought but Him,
 Nothing else deserves esteem.
- 2 Jesus gives us life and peace,
 Faith, and love, and holiness;
 Ev'ry blessing, great or small,
 Jesus for us purchas'd all.

3 Jesus, therefore, let us own,
 Jesus we'll exalt alone ;
 Jesus has our sins forgiv'n ;
 Jesus' blood has bought us Heaven.

240 1 THESS. IV. 13.—“ *Ye sorrow not, even as others that have no hope.*”

1 MET around the sacred tomb,
 Friends of Jesus, why those tears ?
 'Midst this sad sepulchral gloom
 Shall your faith give way to fears ?
 He will soon, ev'n as He said,
 Rise triumphant from the dead.

2 Hidden from all ages past
 Was the cross's mystery,
 Doubts awhile a veil had cast
 O'er that first dear family,
 Till they saw Him and believ'd,
 And as Lord and God receiv'd.

3 Now, with tears of love and joy,
 We remember all His pain,—
 Sighs, and groans, and dying cry ;
 For the Lamb for us was slain,
 And, from death our souls to save,
 Once for us lay in the grave.

4 Hither sinners, all repair,
 And with Jesus Christ be dead,
 All are safe from Satan's snare,
 Who to Jesus' tomb have fled ;
 Here the weary and opprest
 Find a never-ending rest.

5 Wounded Saviour, full of grace,
 Hast thou suffered thus for me ?
 Ah! I hide my blushing face ;
 How have I requited Thee ?
 Should not I with ardour burn
 Some love's token to return ?

6 But, alas, the spark how small !
 Scarcely seen at all to glow ;
 Lord, Thou know'st how short I fall,
 And my growth in grace how slow,
 Yet, when to Thy cross I fly,
 Soon all strange affections die.

7 In thy death is all my trust,
 I have Thee my refuge made ;
 And, when once consign'd to dust,
 In the tomb my body's laid,
 Then with saved souls above
 I will praise Thy dying love.

8 But while here I'm left behind,
 Burden'd with infirmity,
 May I help and comfort find
 Visiting Gethsemane,
 Calvary and Joseph's tomb,
 Till my Sabbath's also come.

241 1 THESS. IV. 14.—“ *Them who sleep in
 Jesus will God bring with Him.*”

1 THERE in peace his dust is laid,
 Jesus watches o'er his bed ;
 There in certain hope to lie
 Till the trumpet shakes the sky.

- 2 One more safe ;—the race is run !
Bright and brighter was the sun,
Till the shining noon-day glowed
O'er the pilgrim's heavenward road.
- 3 Yet a few more changing days,
Winter's cold, and sun's bright rays ;
Yet a few more flowers to dress
Earth's prolific wilderness ;
- 4 Then round the believer's tomb
Light from Heav'n shall cheer the gloom,
While the prison-house shall shake ;—
First the dead in Christ shall wake.
- 5 Glorious hour ! though sons of men
Know not how, and know not when,
Lord ! 'tis thine to choose the day,—
Theirs to watch, and wait, and pray.

242 1 THESS. IV. 17.—“ *So shall we ever be
with the Lord.*”

- 1 “FOR ever with the Lord ;”
Amen, so let it be !
Life from the dead is in that word—
’Tis immortality.
- 2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam ;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

- 3 My Father's house on high,—
Home of my soul, how near,
At times to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear!
- 4 Ah, then, my spirit faints
To reach the land I love;
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.
- 5 How shall I meet his eye?
Mine on the cross I cast,
And own my life a Saviour's prize,—
Mercy from first to last.
- 6 "Knowing as I am known,"—
How shall I love that word!
And oft repeat before the throne,
"For ever with the Lord."
- 7 The trump of final doom
Shall speak the self-same word;
And Heav'n's voice thunder thro' the tomb,
"For ever with the Lord."
- 8 The tomb shall echo deep
That death-awakening sound;
The saints shall hear it in their sleep,
And answer from the ground.
- 9 Then, when they upward fly,
That Resurrection-word
Shall be their shout of victory,—
"For ever with the Lord."

- 10 That Resurrection-word,
That shout of victory,
Once more, "for ever with the Lord,"—
Amen, so let it be!

Das Morgengruß

- 243 1 THESS. V. 10.—"Whether we wake or
sleep, we shall live together with Him."

1 YES, the Christian's course is run,
Ended is the glorious strife;
Fought the fight, the work is done,
Death is swallowed up of life!

2 Join we then with one accord
In the new, the joyful song;
Absent from our loving Lord
We shall not continue long.

3 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.

4 Let the world bewail their dead,
Fondly of their loss complain;
Brother, friend, by Jesus freed,
Death to thee, to us, is gain!

5 Thou art enter'd into joy,
Let the unbelievers mourn;
We in songs our lives employ,
Till we all to God return.

Christ's Victory

244 2 TIM. IV. 6.—“ *I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand.*”

- 1 I'm going to leave all my sadness,
I'm going to change earth for Heaven ;
There, there all is peace, all is gladness,
There pureness and glory are given.
Come quickly then, Jesus! Amen!
- 2 Friends; weep not in sorrow of spirit,
But joy that my time here is o'er ;
I go the good part to inherit,
Where sorrow and sin are no more.
Come quickly then, Jesus! Amen!
- 3 The shadows of evening are fleeing,
Morn breaks from the city of light ;
This moment day starts into being,
Eternity bursts on my sight.
Come quickly then, Jesus! Amen!
- 4 The first-born redeemed from all trouble,
(The Lamb that was slain in the throng,)
Their ardour in praising redouble ;—
Breaks not on the ear the new song ?
Come quickly then, Jesus! Amen!
- 5 I'm going to tell their glad story,
To share in their transports of praise ;
I'm going in garments of glory,
My voice to unite with their lays.
Come quickly then, Jesus! Amen!

- 6 Ye fetters corrupted, then leave me ;
 Thou body of sin, droop and die ;
 Pains of earth, cease ye ever to grieve me ;
 From you 'tis for ever I fly.
 Come quickly then, Jesus ! Amen !

14. a. c. M. a. l. a. 1825

245 2 TIM. IV. 12.—*“If we suffer we shall also
 reign with him.”*

- 1 JESUS, our head, once crowned with thorns,
 Is crowned with glory now ;
 Heaven's royal diadem adorns
 The mighty victor's brow.
- 2 Delight of all who dwell above,
 The joy of saints below ;
 To us still manifest thy love,
 That we its depths may know.
- 3 To us thy cross, with all its shame,
 With all its grace, be given !
 Though earth disowns thy lowly name,
 All worship it in heaven.
- 4 Who suffer with thee, Lord, below,
 Will reign with thee above ;
 Then let it be our joy to know
 This way of peace and love.
- 5 To us thy cross is life and health,
 Though shame and death to thee,
 Our present glory, joy, and wealth,
 Our everlasting stay.

John Kelly

✓
246 HEB. IV. 9.—“*There remaineth a rest for the people of God.*”

WE seek a rest beyond the skies,
In everlasting day ;
Thro' floods and flames the passage lies,
But Jesus guards the way.
The swelling flood and raging flame
Hear and obey his word ;
Then let us triumph in his name,
Our Saviour is the Lord.

247 HEB. IV. 15.—“*We have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities.*”

- 1 JESUS, my sorrow lies too deep
For human ministry ;
It knows not how to tell itself
To any but to Thee.
- 2 Thou dost remember still, amid
The glories of God's throne,
The sorrows of mortality,
For they were once thine own.
- 3 Yes : for, as if thou wouldst be God,
Even in Thy misery,
There's been no sorrow but thine own,
Untouched by sympathy.
- 4 Jesus, my fainting spirit brings
Its fearfulness to thee ;
Thine eye, at least, can penetrate
The clouded mystery.

- 5 And is it not, O Lord, enough,
 This holy sympathy?
 There is no sorrow e'er so deep
 But I may bring to Thee.
- 6 It is enough, my precious Lord,
 Thy tender sympathy!
 My every sin and sorrow can
 Devolve itself on Thee.
- 7 As God, thou graspedst e'en the whole
 Of human misery;—
 Thine own alone lay desolate,
 That thou mightst pitied be.
- 8 Thy risen life but fits Thee more
 For kindly sympathy;
 Thy love unhindered rests upon
 Each bruised branch in Thee.
- 9 Jesus! Thou hast availed to search
 My deepest malady;
 It freely flows—more freely finds
 The gracious remedy.

248 HEB. IX. 12.—“*Having obtained eternal redemption for us.*”

- 1 THE atoning work is done,
 The victim's blood is shed,
 And Jesus now is gone
 His people's cause to plead;
 He stands in Heaven, their great High-priest,
 And bears their names upon His breast.

2 He sprinkles with His blood
 The mercy-seat above ;
 For justice had withstood
 The purposes of love ;
 But justice now objects no more,
 And mercy yields its boundless store.

3 No temple made with hands
 His place of service is,
 In Heaven itself He stands,
 A Heavenly Priesthood his :
 In Him the shadows of the law
 Are all fulfilled, and now withdraw.

4 And though awhile He be
 Hid from the eyes of men,
 His people look to see
 Their great High-priest again :
 In brightest glory He will come,
 And take His waiting people home.

John Kelly

✓
 49 HEB. X. 1.—“ *The law having a shadow
 of good things to come.*”

1 ISRAEL, in ancient days,
 Not only had a view
 Of Sinai in a blaze,
 But learned the gospel too :
 The types and figures were a glass
 In which they saw a Saviour's face.

- 2 The paschal sacrifice
And blood-besprinkled door,
Seen with enlighten'd eyes,
And once applied with power,
Would teach the need of other blood
To reconcile an angry God.
- 3 The Lamb, the Dove, set forth
His perfect innocence,
Whose blood of matchless worth
Should be the soul's defence ;
For he who can for sin atone
Must have no failings of His own.
- 4 The scape-goat on his head
The people's trespass bore,
And to the desert led,
Was to be seen no more :
In him our Surety seemed to say,
"Behold I bear your sins away."
- 5 Dipt in his fellow's blood,
The living bird went free ;
The type well understood
Expressed the sinner's plea,—
Described a guilty soul enlarged,
And by a Saviour's death discharged.
- 6 Jesus, I love to trace,
Throughout the sacred page,
The footsteps of Thy grace,
The same in every age :
Oh, grant that I may faithful be
To clearer light vouchsafed to me.

H. Cooper

✓
250 **HEB. x. 2.**—*“No more conscience of sins.”*

- 1 **NOTHING** but thy blood, O Jesus,
 Can relieve us from our smart ;
 Nothing else from guilt release us,
 Nothing else can melt the heart.
 Law and terrors do but harden,
 All the while they work alone ;
 But a sense of blood-bought pardon
 Soon dissolves a heart of stone.
- 2 **Jesus**, all our consolations
 Flow from Thee, the sovereign good ;
 Love, and faith, and hope, and patience,
 All are purchas'd by Thy blood.
 From thy fulness we receive them,
 We have nothing of our own ;
 Freely Thou delight'st to give them
 To the needy, who have none.
- 3 **Teach us**, by thy Holy Spirit,
 How to mourn and not despair ;
 Let us, leaning on thy merit,
 Wrestle hard with God in prayer.
 Whatsoe'er afflictions seize us,
 They shall profit, if not please :
 But defend, defend us, Jesus,
 From security and ease.

Jan 1 1887

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251 **HEB. x. 4.**—*“It is not possible that the blood of bulls and of goats should take away sins.”*

- 1 Not all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ, the Heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our guilt away ;
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While as a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear,
When hanging on the accursed tree,
And knows her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove ;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love.

251

✓
252 **HEB. X. 19—22.**—“*Having boldness to enter into the holiest, by the blood of Jesus, let us draw near.*”

- 1 **CHEER** up, my soul, there is a mercy-seat
 Sprinkled with blood, where Jesus answers
 pray'r ;
 There humbly cast thyself beneath His feet,
 For never needy sinner perish'd there.
- 2 **Lord**, I am come ! Thy promise is my plea,
 Without Thy word I durst not venture nigh ;
 But Thou hast called the burden'd soul to
 Thee,
 A weary burden'd soul, O Lord, am I !
- 3 **Bow'd down** beneath a heavy load of sin,
 By Satan's fierce temptations sorely prest,
 Beset without, and full of fears within,
 Trembling and faint, I come to Thee for rest.
- 4 **Be thou** my refuge, Lord, my hiding-place,
 I know no force can tear me from thy side ;
 Unmov'd, I then may all accusers face,
 And answer ev'ry charge, with “Jesus died.”
- 5 **Yes**, Thou didst weep, and bleed, and groan,
 and die,
 Well hast Thou known what fierce tempta-
 tions mean ;
 Such was Thy love ; and now, enthron'd on
 high,
 The same compassions in Thy bosom reign.

6 Lord, give me faith : He hears—what grace is
this !

Dry up thy tears, my soul, and cease to
grieve :

He shews me what He did, and who He is ;
I must, I will, I can, I do believe.

✓
253 HEB. XI. 16.—“*Now they desire a better
country, that is, an Heavenly.*”

1 WITH Heaven in view, we tread the path
The saints of former ages trod ;
Like them, the children once of wrath,
But now, like Christ, the sons of God.
No room for any boast have we ;
Upon another's wealth we live :
The pardon we enjoy is free,
The praise to God alone we give.

2 We seek a city far from this,
A distant city, out of sight ;
Our God himself its builder is,—
The Lamb its everlasting light.
And sad to us the way appears,
Till we our Lord and God shall see ;
Yet though while here we sow in tears,
Our harvest hence e'er long shall be.

— Thomas Kelly



✓
254 HEB. XI. 16.—“ *He hath prepared for them a city.*”

- 1 JERUSALEM, my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labours have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?
- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls,
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?
- 3 O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?
- 4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
Bless'd seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes,
I onward press to you.
- 5 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.
- 6 Apostles, Martyrs, Prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand,
And soon my friends in Christ below,
Will join the glorious band.

- 7 Jerusalem ! my happy home,
 My soul still pants for thee ;
 Then shall my sorrows have an end,
 When I thy joys shall see.

✓
255— J. B. P.
ANOTHER OF THE SAME.

- 1 I'M but a stranger here—
 Heaven is my home.
 Earth is a desert drear—
 Heaven is my home.
 Danger and sorrow stand
 Round me on every hand ;
 Heaven is my Fatherland—
 Heaven is my home.
- 2 What though the tempests rage—
 Heaven is my home.
 Short is my pilgrimage—
 Heaven is my home.
 And time's wild wintry blast
 Soon shall be overpast ;
 I shall reach home at last—
 Heaven is my home.
- 3 There, at my Saviour's side—
 Heaven is my home ;
 I shall be glorified—
 Heaven is my home.
 There are the good and blest,
 Those I loved most and best,
 And there I too shall rest—
 Heaven is my home.

- 4 Therefore I murmur not—
 Heaven is my home,
 Whate'er my earthly lot—
 Heaven is my home.
 And I shall surely stand
 There at my Lord's right hand ;
 Heaven is my Fatherland—
 Heaven is my home.

J. Q. Taylor

256 **HEB. XI. 40.**—“ *God having provided better things for us.*”

- 1 I SOJOURN in a vale of tears,
 Alas, how can I sing ?
 My harp doth on the willows hang
 Distuned in every string.
 My music is a captive's chain,
 Harsh sounds my ears do fill ;
 How shall I sing sweet Sion's song
 On this side Sion hill ?
- 2 What have I here ? my thoughts and joys
 Are all packed up and gone ;
 My eager soul would follow them
 To thine eternal throne.
 The world which I have loved too long
 Hath mocked me with its lies ;
 How gladly could I leave behind
 Its vexing vanities ?

- 3 My dearest friends they dwell above,
 Them will I go to see ;
 And all my friends in Christ below
 Will soon come after me.
 Fear not the trump's earth-rending sound,
 Dread not the day of doom,
 For he that is to be thy Judge
 Thy Saviour is become.

✓
 257 HEB. XII. 1.—*“Let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us.”*

- 1 RISE, my soul, thy God directs thee,
 Stranger hands no more impede ;
 Pass thou on, His strength protects thee,
 Strength that has the captive freed.
- 2 Is the wilderness before thee—
 Desert lands where drought abides ?
 Heavenly springs shall there restore thee,
 Fresh from God's exhaustless tides.
- 3 Light divine surrounds thy going,
 God himself shall mark thy way ;
 Secret blessings, richly flowing,
 Lead to everlasting day.
- 4 God, thine everlasting portion,
 Feeds thee with the mighty's meat ;
 Sav'd from Egypt's hard extortion,
 Egypt's food no more to eat.

- 5 Art thou wean'd from Egypt's pleasures ?
God, in secret, shall thee keep ;
There unfold his hidden treasures,—
There his love's exhaustless deep.
- 6 In the desert God will teach thee
What the God that thou hast found,—
Patient, gracious, powerful, holy ;—
All his grace shall there abound.
- 7 On to Canaan's rest still wending,
E'en thy wants and woes shall bring
Suited grace from high descending,—
Thou shalt taste of mercy's spring.
- 8 Though thy way be long and dreary,
Eagle strength He'll still renew ;
Garments fresh, and feet unwearied,
Tell how God hath brought thee through.
- 9 When to Canaan's long-loved dwelling
Love divine thy foot shall bring,
There, with shouts of triumph swelling,
Zion's songs in rest to sing.
- 10 There no stranger-God shall meet thee ;—
Stranger thou in courts above !
He who to his rest shall greet thee,
Greets thee with a well-known love.
-

258 HEB. XII. 23.—“ *The spirits of just men made perfect.*”

1 THE blood of Christ for thee hath done
Its everlasting work of love ;
For thee, thy dying Lord hath won
A crown of life—a throne above.
Then, fare thee well !—we part to meet
On yonder bright celestial shore ;
Where union will indeed be sweet,
For we shall meet to part no more.

2 By living streams in worlds above,
We'll bless the God who brought us there,
That glorious God, whose name is love,
And all that love for ever share.
Till then, the thought that thou are blest
Shall smooth and gladden all my way,
To yonder land of bliss and rest,
Yon clime of everlasting day.

✓
259 HEB. XIII. 13.—“ *Let us go forth unto him without the camp, bearing his reproach.*”

1 FAREWELL, ye fleeting joys of earth,
We've seen the Saviour's face ;
Behold Him with the eye of faith,
And know His love and grace.

- 2 Forth from His Father's loving breast,
To bear our sin and shame,
To face a cold unfeeling world,
The Heavenly stranger came.
- 3 This earth to Him, the Lord of all,
No kindly welcome gave ;
In Judah's land the Saviour found
No shelter but the grave.
- 4 Then fare thee well, thou faithless world ,
Thine evil eye could see
No grace in Him, whose dying love
Hath weaned our hearts from Thee.
- 5 The cross was His ; and O, 'tis ours
Its weight on earth to bear,
And glory in the thought that He
Was once a sufferer there.

See Heb. xiii. 14. Dictionary

✓
260 **HEB. XIII. 14.**—“ *We seek one to come.*”

- 1 **THIS** is not my place of resting ;
Mine's a city yet to come ;
Onwards to it I am hasting,—
On to my eternal home.
In it all is light and glory,
O'er it shines a nightless day ;
Every trace of sin's sad story,—
All the curse has pass'd away.

- 2 There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us
 By the streams of life along ;
 On the freshest pastures feeds us,
 Turns our sighing into song.
 Soon we pass this desert dreary,
 Soon we bid farewell to pain ;
 Never more be sad or weary,
 Never, never sin again.

H. A. T. B. B. B.

261 JAMES I. 4.—“*Let patience have her perfect work.*”

- 1 Tho' the heart that sorrow chideth
 Sink in anguish and in care ;
 Yet, if patience still abideth,
 Hope shall paint her rainbow there.
 Faith's bright lamp her light shall borrow
 From religion's blessed ray,
 And from every coming morrow
 Charm the clouds of grief away.
- 2 Wherefore should we sigh and languish,
 When our cares so soon shall cease,
 And the heart that sows in anguish
 Shall hereafter reap in peace ?
 This is not a scene of pleasure,
 These are not the shores of bliss ;
 We shall gain a brighter treasure,
 Find a dearer land than this.

✓
262 JAMES IV. 14.—“ *What is your life? It is even a vapour.*”

- 1 **LIKE** mist on the mountain, like ships on the
 sea,
 So swiftly the years of our pilgrimage flee ;
 In the grave of our fathers how soon we shall
 lie!
 Dear children, to-day to a Saviour fly.
- 2 **How** sweet are the flow'rets of April and
 May!
 But often the frost makes them wither away ;
 Like flowers you may fade!—are you ready
 to die?—
 While yet there is room, to a Saviour fly.
- 3 **When** Samuel was young, he first knew the
 Lord,—
 He slept in His smile and rejoiced in His
 word ;
 So most of God's children are early brought
 nigh ;
 Oh, seek Him in youth,—to a Saviour fly!
- 4 **Do** you ask me for pleasure? Then lean on
 his breast,
 For there the sin-laden and weary find rest ·
 In the valley of death you will triumphing
 cry,
 If this be called dying, 'tis pleasant to die.

R. M. J. Chryse

263 1 PET. I. 11.—“*The sufferings of Christ and the glory that should follow.*”

- 1 To Calv'ry, Lord, in spirit now
Our weary souls repair ;
To dwell upon Thy dying love,
And taste its sweetness there.
- 2 Sweet resting-place of every heart
That feels the plague of sin,
Yet knows the deep mysterious joy
Of peace with God within.
- 3 There, through thine hour of deepest woe,
Thy suffering spirit pass'd,
Grace there its wondrous victory gain'd,
And love endured its last.
- 4 Dear suffering Lamb ! Thy bleeding wounds,
With cords of love divine,
Have drawn our willing hearts to Thee,
And link'd our life with thine.
- 5 Thy sympathies and hopes are ours ;
Dear Lord ! we wait to see
Creation, all below, above,
Redeem'd and blest by Thee.
- 6 Our longing eyes would fain behold
That bright and blessed brow,
Once wrung with bitterest anguish, wear
Its crown of glory now.
- 7 Why linger then ? Come, Saviour, come,
Responsive to our call :
Come, claim thine ancient power, and reign,
The heir and Lord of all.

✓
264 1 Pet. II. 21.—“ *Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example that we should follow His steps.*”

- 1 O LORD, when we the path retrace,
Which Thou on earth hast trod ;
To man thy wondrous love and grace,
Thy faithfulness to God :
Thy love, by man so sorely tried,
Proved stronger than the grave ;
The very spear that pierc'd Thy side
Drew forth the blood to save.
- 2 Faithful amidst unfaithfulness,
'Midst darkness only light,
Thou didst Thy Father's name confess,
And in His will delight.
Unmoved by Satan's subtle wiles,
Or suffering, shame, and loss :
Thy path, uncheer'd by earthly smiles,
Led only to the cross.
- 3 O Lord, with sorrow and with shame,
Before Thee we confess
How little we, who bear Thy name,
Thy mind, Thy ways, express.
Give us Thy meek, Thy lowly mind :
We would obedient be,
And all our rest and pleasure find,
In learning, Lord, of Thee.

J. B. Deek

265 1 PET. II. 21.—“*Leaving us an example, that ye should follow His steps.*”

1 LAMB of God, I look to Thee,
Thou shalt my example be ;
When Thou wast a little child,
Thou wast gentle, meek, and mild.

2 Due obedience Thou didst shew ;
O, make me obedient too ;
Thou wast merciful and kind,
Grant me, Lord, Thy loving mind.

3 Let me, above all, fulfil
God, my heav'nly Father's will ;
Never His good Spirit grieve,—
Only to His glory live.

4 Loving Jesus, holy Lamb,
In Thy hands secure I am ;
Fix Thy temple in my heart ;
Never from Thy child depart.

5 Teach me to shew forth Thy praise,
Love and serve Thee all my days :
Oh, might all around me see
Christ, the Holy Child, in me!

1841
1842

W. W. W.

✓
 266 1 PET. II. 25.—“ *Ye were as sheep going astray ; but are now returned unto the Shepherd and Bishop of your souls.*”

- 1 I WAS a wand'ring sheep,
 I did not love the fold :
 I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
 I would not be controll'd.
 I was a wayward child,
 I did not love my home ;
 I did not love my Father's voice,
 I loved afar to roam.
- 2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
 The Father sought His child ;
 They followed me o'er vale and hill,
 O'er deserts waste and wild.
 They found me nigh to death,
 Famished, and faint, and lone ;
 They bound me with the bands of love ;
 They saved the wandering one !
- 3 They spoke in tender love,
 They raised my drooping head :
 They gently closed my bleeding wounds,
 My fainting soul they fed.
 They washed my filth away
 They made me clean and fair ;
 They brought me to my home in peace,—
 The long-sought wanderer !
- 4 Jesus my Shepherd is,
 'Twas He that loved my soul,
 'Twas He that washed me in His blood,
 'Twas He that made me whole.

'Twas He that sought the lost,
 That found the wandering sheep,
 'Twas He that brought me to the fold,—
 'Tis He that still doth keep.

- 5 I was a wandering sheep,
 I would not be controll'd :
 But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
 I love, I love the fold !
 I was a wayward child ;
 I once preferr'd to roam ;
 But now I love my Father's voice,—
 I love, I love His home !

Herbert Boyer

267 2 PET. III. 18.—“ *To Him be glory, both
 now and for ever.*”

- 1 WE sing the praise of Jesus, the holy Lamb
 of God,
 Who came from Heaven to bless us, and shed
 for us His blood :
 Who died in awful anguish, upon the cross,
 that we
 Might live to sing His praises throughout
 eternity.
- 2 We sing the praise of Jesus, tho' once on
 earth He taught,
 He's now in Heaven and sees us, and knows
 our every thought :
 He will not frown upon us, altho' to Him we
 raise
 Our sinful hearts and voices, in one sweet
 song of praise.

- 3 We sing the praise of Jesus, who did our souls
redeem,
Who welcomed little children when they were
brought to Him :
He kindly spoke, and told them that they for
Him had charms,
And then He did enfold them, and bless'd
them, in His arms.
-

268 1 JOHN I. 7.—*“If we walk in the light,
as He is in the light, we have fellowship
one with another.”*

- 1 WALK in the light ! so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love,
His Spirit only can bestow
Who reigns in light above.
Walk in the light ! and sin abhorred
Shall ne'er defile again ;
The blood of Jesus Christ, the Lord,
Shall cleanse from every stain.
- 2 Walk in the light ! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.
Walk in the light ! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that light hath on thee shone,
In which is perfect day.

R

- 3 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb
 No fearful shade shall wear;
 Glory shall chase away its gloom,
 For Christ hath conquer'd there!
 Walk in the light! and thou shalt see
 A path, tho' thorny, bright;
 For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
 And God himself is light.

Annals of the Church

269 1 JOHN II. 8.—“*The darkness is past.*”

- 1 'Tis past,—the dark and dreary night,
 And, Lord, we hail Thee now,
 Our Morning Star, without a cloud
 Of sadness on Thy brow.
 Thy path on earth, the cross, the grave,
 Thy sorrows all are o'er;
 And oh! sweet thought! thy eye shall weep,
 Thy heart shall break no more.
- 2 Deep were those sorrows—deeper still
 The love that brought thee low;
 That bade the streams of life from Thee,
 A willing victim, flow.
 The soldier, as he pierc'd Thee, prov'd
 Man's hatred, Lord, to Thee;
 While in the blood that stain'd the spear,
 Love, only love, we see.
- 3 Drawn from thy pierc'd and bleeding side,
 That pure and cleansing flood,
 Speaks peace to every heart that knows
 The virtues of thy blood.

Yet, 'tis not that we know the joy
 Of cancell'd sin alone,
 But, happier far, Thy saints are call'd
 To share Thy glorious throne.

- 4 So closely are we link'd in love,
 So wholly one with Thee,
 That all *Thy* bliss and glory then
 Our bright reward shall be.
 Yes, when the storm of life is calm'd—
 The weary desert pass'd,
 Our way-worn hearts shall find in Thee
 Their full repose at last.

✓
 270 1 JOHN II. 28.—“*Abide in Him.*”

- 1 CLING to the Crucified!
 His death is life to thee,—
 Life for eternity.
 His pains thy pardon seal;
 His stripes thy bruises heal;
 His cross proclaims thy peace,
 Bids every sorrow cease.
 His blood is all to thee;
 It purges thee from sin;
 It sets thy spirit free,
 It keeps thy conscience clean
 Cling to the Crucified!
- 2 Cling to the Crucified!
 His is a heart of love,
 Full as the hearts above;
 Its depths of sympathy
 Are all awake for thee.

His countenance is light,
 Even in the darkest night.
 That love shall never change,
 That light shall ne'er grow dim,
 Charge thou thy faithless heart
 To find its all in Him.
 Cling to the Crucified!

Walter B...

271 1 JOHN III. 2.—“*We shall see him as He is.*”

- 1 For ever to behold Him shine,
 For evermore to call Him mine,
 And see Him still before me!
 For ever on His face to gaze,
 And meet His full assembled rays,
 While all the Father He displays
 To all the saints in glory!
- 2 Not all things else are half so dear
 As His delightful presence here,—
 What must it be in Heaven!
 'Tis Heav'n on earth to hear Him say,
 As now we journey day by day,
 “Poor sinner, cast thy fears away,
 Thy sins are all forgiven.”
- 3 But how will His celestial voice
 Make our enraptur'd hearts rejoice,
 When we in glory hear Him!
 While we, no longer at the gate,
 But in His blessed presence wait,
 And Jesus, on His throne of state,
 Invites us to come near Him.

272 1 JOHN IV. 10.—“ *Herein is love.*”

1 O BLESSED love! wert thou but known,
Men would enjoy a calm repose;
But, seeking merit of their own,
They toil, and none thy sweetness knows.

2 O love! would all submit to give
To Thee the honour of the whole;
How gladly wouldst Thou all forgive,
Be all in all to every soul.

273 1 JOHN IV. 17.—“ *As He is, so are we in
this world.*”

1 A PILGRIM through this lonely world
The blessed Saviour pass'd;
A mourner all His life was He,
A dying Lamb at last.
That tender heart that felt for all,
For us its life-blood gave;
It found on earth no resting-place,
Save only in the grave.

2 Such was our Lord,—and shall we fear
The cross, with all its scorn?
Or love a faithless evil world
That wreathed his brow with thorn?
No,—facing all its frowns or smiles,
Like Him obedient still,
We homeward press, thro' storm or calm,
To Zion's blessed hill.

3 In tents we dwell, amid the waste,
 Nor turn aside to roam
 In folly's paths, nor seek our rest
 Where Jesus had no home.
 Dead to the world, with Him who died
 To win our hearts—our love,
 We, risen with our risen Head,
 In spirit dwell above.

4 By faith, His boundless glories there
 Our wond'ring eyes behold,
 Those glories which eternal years
 Shall never all unfold.
 This fills our hearts with deep desire
 To lose ourselves in love;
 Bears all our hopes from earth away,
 And fixes them above.

in the presence

✓
 274 1 JOHN IV. 19.—“ *We love Him, because
 He first loved us.*”

1 If human kindness meets return,
 And owns the grateful tie;
 If tender thoughts within us burn,
 To feel a friend is nigh,—
 O! shall not warmer accents tell
 The gratitude we owe
 To Him who died, our fears to quell,—
 Our more than orphan's woe?

- 2 While yet his anguish'd soul survey'd
 Those pangs He would not flee;
 What love His latest words display'd,
 "Meet and remember Me!"
 Remember Thee, thy death, thy shame,
 Our sinful hearts to share!
 O memory, leave no other name,
 But His recorded there.

General S. H. C.

- ✓
 275 REV. I. 5, 6.—*"Unto Him that loved us,
 and washed us from our sins in His
 own blood, to Him be glory and do-
 minion."*

- 1 Now, let us join with heart and tongues,
 To imitate the angels' songs;
 Yea, sinners may address their King
 In songs that angels cannot sing.
They praise the Lamb that once was slain,
 But *we* can add a higher strain,
 Not only say "He suffered thus,"
 But, "that He suffered all for us!"
- 2 Jesus, who pass'd the angels by,
 Assum'd our flesh to bleed and die;
 And still he makes it His abode,—
 As man He fills the throne of God.
 Our next of kin, our Brother now,
 Is He to whom the angels bow;
 They join with us to praise His name,
 But we the nearest interest claim.

3 But, ah! how faint our praises rise!
 Sure, 'tis the wonder of the skies,
 That we who share His richest love,
 So cold and unconcern'd should prove.
 O glorious hour! it comes with speed!
 When we, from sin and darkness freed,
 Shall see that God who died for man,
 And praise Him more than angels can!

276

ANOTHER OF THE SAME.

1 ON earth the song begins,
 In Heav'n more sweet and loud,
 "To Him that cleans'd our sins
 By His atoning blood,
 To Him," they sing in joyful strain,
 "Be honour, pow'r, and praise. Amen."

2 Believers now repeat
 What Heav'n with gladness owns,
 And while before His feet
 The elders cast their crowns,
 Go, imitate the choirs above,
 And sing aloud the Saviour's love.

3 Alone He bore the cross,
 Alone its grief sustain'd;
 His was the shame and loss,
 And He the victory gain'd.
 The mighty work was all His own,
 And He shall ever wear the crown.

✓
277 REV. I. 7.—“ *Behold, He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see Him.*”

- 1 Lo! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain!
Thousand, thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of His train,
Hallelujah!
Jesus comes on earth to reign!
- 2 Every eye shall now behold Him,
Rob'd in dreadful majesty;
'Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierc'd and nail'd Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.
- 3 When the solemn trump has sounded,
Heaven and earth shall flee away,
All who hate Him must, confounded,
Hear the summons of that day;
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment! come away!
- 4 Now Redemption long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear!
All His saints, by man rejected,
Rise to meet Him in the air:
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!

5 Answer thine own Bride and Spirit,
 Hasten, Lord, the general doom ;
 The new Heaven and earth t'inherit,
 Take thy pining exiles home ;
 All creation
 Travails, groans, and bids thee come !

6 Yea, amen ! let all adore Thee,
 High on thine eternal throne !
 Saviour ! take the power and glory,
 Make thy righteous sentence known ;
 O, come quickly,
 Claim the kingdoms for Thine own !

278 REV. L. 18.—*"I am He that liveth, and
 was dead."*

- 1 SWEET is the savour of His name
 Who suffer'd in His people's stead ;
 His portion here, reproach and shame :
 He liveth now ; He once was dead.
- 2 *He once was dead* ; the very same
 Who sits on yonder throne above ;
 Who bears in Heaven the greatest name—
 Whom angels serve, whom angels love.
- 3 *He once was dead* ; the very same
 Who made the worlds—a work of power ;
 Who now upholds the mighty frame,
 And keeps it to the final hour

- 4 *He once was dead* ; but now He lives,
His glory fills all Heaven above ;
Its blessedness to Heaven He gives,—
The fountain He of joy and love.
- 5 His people shall His triumph share,
With Him shall live, with Him shall reign,
In Heaven their joy is full, for there,
They see **THE LAMB** for sinners slain.

Thomas Kelly

✓
279 **REV. II. 4.**—“ *Thou hast left thy first love.*”

- 1 **O WHERE** is now that glowing love
That mark'd our union with the Lord ?
Our hearts were fixed on things above,
Nor could the world a joy afford.
Where is the zeal that led us then
To make our Saviour's glory known ;
That freed us from the fear of men,
And kept our eye on Him alone ?
- 2 Where are the happy seasons spent
In fellowship with Him we loved ?
The sacred joy, the sweet content,
The blessedness that then we proved ?
Behold, again we turn to Thee,
O cast us not away, though vile !
No peace we have, no joy we see,
O Lord our God, but in Thy smile.

Thomas Kelly

no 637

✓
280 REV. II. 28.—“ *I will give Him the morning Star.*”

1 THERE is a Morning Star, my soul,
 There is a Morning Star ;
 ’Twill soon be near and bright, tho’ now
 It seems so dim and far.
 And when time’s stars have come and gone,
 And every mist of earth has flown,
 That better Star shall rise
 On this world’s clouded skies,
 To shine for ever.

2 The night is well-nigh spent, my soul,
 The night is well-nigh spent,
 And soon above our heads shall shine
 A glorious firmament,
 Unutterably pure and bright,
 The Lamb once slain its perfect light,—
 A light unchanging and divine,
 A Star that shall unclouded shine,
 Descending never !

Harriet Beecher

✓
281 REV. III. 19.—“ *As many as I love I rebuke and chasten.*”

1 OFTEN the clouds of deepest woe
 So sweet a message bear,
 Dark tho’ they seem, ’twere hard to find
 A frown of anger there.

- 2 Kind, loving is the hand that strikes,
 However keen the smart,
 If sorrow's discipline can chase
 One evil from the heart.
- 3 He was a man of sorrows,—He
 Who lov'd and sav'd us thus ;
 And shall the world, that frown'd on Him,
 Wear only smiles for us ?
- 4 No ; we must follow in the path
 Our Lord and Saviour run ;
 We must not find a resting-place,
 Where He we love had none.

Quoted in Rev. III. 20.

✓
 282 REV. III. 20.—“ *Behold, I stand at the door
 and knock.*”

- I How long the time since Christ began
 To call in vain on me !
 Deaf to His warning voice, I ran
 Through paths of vanity.
 He called me when my thoughtless prime
 Was early ripe to ill ;
 I passed from folly on to crime,
 And yet He called me still.
- 2 He called me in the time of dread,
 When death was full in view ;
 I trembled on my feverish bed,
 Yet rose to sin anew.

Yet, could I hear Him once again,
 As I have heard of old,
 Methinks He should not call in vain
 His wanderer to the fold!

3 O Thou that every thought dost know,
 And answerest every prayer,
 Try me with sickness, want, and woe,
 But snatch me from despair!
 My struggling will by grace control,
 Renew my broken vow,—
 What blessed light breaks on my soul,—
 My God! I hear thee now!

Rep. and Ver.

283 REV. IV. 11.—“*Thou art worthy, O Lord,
 to receive glory, and honour, and
 power.*”

1 GLORY, glory everlasting,
 Be to Him who bore the cross,
 Who redeem'd our souls by tasting
 Death—the death deserved by us;
 Spread His glory,
 Who redeem'd His people thus.

2 His is love—'tis love unbounded,
 Without measure, without end;
 Human thought is here confounded,
 'Tis too vast to comprehend;
 Praise the Saviour!
 Magnify the sinner's friend!

- 3 While we hear the wondrous story
Of the Saviour's cross and shame,
Sing we "Everlasting glory
Be to God and to the Lamb;"
Saints and angels,
Give ye glory to His name.
-

284 ANOTHER OF THE SAME.

- 1 THOU great Redeemer, dying Lamb!
We love to hear of Thee,
No music's like Thy precious name,
Nor half so sweet can be.
- 2 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
While in this world we stay:
We'll sing our Jesus' blessed name,
When all things else decay.
- 3 When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all Thy favour'd throng,
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our song.
-

✓
285 REV. v. 6.—*"In the midst of the throne,
stood a Lamb as it had been slain."*

- 1 BEHOLD the Lamb, with glory crown'd!
To him all power is given;
No place too high for Him is found,
Even in the highest heaven.

- 2 This song be ours, and this alone,
That celebrates the name
Of Him who sitteth on the throne,
And that exalts the Lamb.
- 3 To Him whom men despise and slight,
To him be glory given:
The crown is His; and His by right
The highest place in Heaven.

Thomas Kelly

286 REV. V. 13.—“*Blessing, and honour, and glory, be unto the Lamb for ever and ever.*”

- 1 AWAKE, and sing the song,
Of Moses and the Lamb,
Wake every heart, and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.
Sing of His dying love,
Sing of His rising pow'r,
Sing how He intercedes above,
For those whose sins He bore.
- 2 Soon shall we hear him say,
“Ye ransomed sinners, Come;”
Soon will he call us hence away,
And take his pilgrims home.
There shall each raptured tongue
His nobler praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

Thomas Kelly

287 REV. XI. 12.—“*They ascended up to Heaven in a cloud.*”

FAR from home, I feel a longing ;
 Earth is but a barren clod ;
 While the storms are round me thronging,
 Take, oh take me home to God.
 Part, ye clouds of earth, asunder,
 Now I rise from this dull sod ;
 Jesus, Lord, receive me yonder—
 Take, oh take me home to God.

288 REV. XIV. 4.—“*These are they that follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth.*”

- 1 YE blest domestics of the slaughter'd Lamb ;
 Ye joint partakers of illustrious shame ;
 Ye twigs and branches of that standard wood ;
 Ye stout asserters that the Lamb is God !
- 2 Ye who by nature cursed sinners were,
 But now of sons and heirs the glory share :
 Ye who have found sweet rest in Jesus' smart,
 More or less happy as ye know His heart !
- 3 Ye who would rather live, and fight awhile,
 Than be dismiss'd, as yet, from glorious toil ;
 Who from the world's bewitching lusts are fled,
 And burn to advance the glory of your Head !

S

See also, Rev. 12:1-5

- 4 Before the Lamb once slain, come bow the
knee,
First-born of all the first-born family ;
Learn from His lips your path on earth below,
And then, in this your strength, go, warriors,
go !
- 5 At thy command we go, or here or there,—
Many commands, as many conquests are !
Speak but the word, all obstacles must flee,
Here moves a mountain—there divides a sea !
-

289 REV. XIV. 5.—“ *They are without fault
before the throne of God.*”

- 1 HAD I a throne above the rest,
Where angels and archangels dwell ;
One sin, unslain, within my breast,
Would make that heaven as dark as hell.
- 2 The pris'ner sent to breathe fresh air,
And bless'd with liberty again,
Would mourn were he condemned to wear
One link of all his former chain.
- 3 But oh ! no foe invades the bliss
When glory crowns the Christian's head
One view of Jesus as He is,
Will strike all sin for ever dead.
-

✓
290 REV. XIV. 13.—“*Blessed are the dead
which die in the Lord.*”

- 1 IN vain our fancy strives to paint
The moment after death,
The glories that surround the saint,
When he resigns his breath.
- 2 One gentle sigh his fetters breaks ;
We scarce can say, “He’s gone,”
Before the willing spirit takes
Her mansion near the throne.
- 3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail
To trace her heavenward flight ;
No eye can pierce within the veil,
Which hides that world of light.
- 4 Thus much (and this is all) we know,
They are supremely blest ;
Have done with sin, and care, and woe,
And with their Saviour rest.
- 5 On harps of gold His name they praise,
His presence always view ;
And if we *here* their footsteps trace,
There we shall praise him too.

✓
291 REV. XIX. 12.—“*On his head were many
crowns.*”

- 1 ALL hail the power of Jesus’ name !
Let angels prostrate fall :
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,
 Who from His altar call ;
 Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
 A remnant weak and small,
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
 And crown Him Lord of all.
 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall ;
 Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To Him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown Him Lord of all.
 O that, with yonder sacred throng,
 We at His feet may fall ;
 There join the everlasting song,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

Adm. Perroux

292 REV. XIX. 14.—“ *And the armies which
 were in Heaven followed Him.*”

1 Lo, 'tis the Heavenly army,
 The Lord of Hosts attending,
 'Tis He—the Lamb,
 The great I AM,
 With all His saints descending.

To you, ye kings and nations,
Ye foes of Christ, assembling;
The hosts of light,
Prepared for fight,
Come with the cup of trembling.

- 2 Joy to His ancient people!
Your bonds He comes to sever,—
And now, 'tis done!
The Lord hath won,
And ye are free for ever.
Joy to the ransom'd nations!
The foe, the rav'ning lion,
Is bound in chains,
While Jesus reigns,
King of the earth, in Zion.
- 3 Joy to the Church triumphant,
The Saviour's throne surrounding!
They see His face,
Adore His grace,
O'er all their sin abounding:
Crowned with the mighty victor,
His royal glory sharing;
Each fills a throne,
His name alone
To heaven and earth declaring
- 4 Praise to the Lamb for ever!
Bruised for our sin, and gory,
Behold his brow,
Encircled now
With all His crowns of glory:

Beneath his love reposing,
 The whole redeemed creation
 Is now at rest,
 For ever blest,
 And sings His great salvation.

- 5 Break forth, O earth, in praises!
 Dwell on His wondrous story;
 The Saviour's name
 And love proclaim,—
 The King who reigns in glory:
 See on the throne beside him,
 O'er all her foes victorious,
 His royal bride,
 For whom He died,
 Like Him for ever glorious.

293 *REV. XX. 6.*—*“Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the First Resurrection.”*

- 1 My life's a shade, my days
 Apace to death decline;
 My Lord is life, he'll raise
 My flesh again, even mine.
 Sweet truth to me,
 I shall arise,
 And with these eyes
 My Saviour see.
- 2 My peaceful grave shall keep
 My bones till that sweet day
 I wake from my long sleep,
 And leave my bed of clay.
 Sweet truth to me, &c.

- 3 My Lord His angels shall
 Their golden trumpets sound,
 At whose most welcome call
 My grave shall be unbound,
 Sweet truth to me, &c.
- 4 What means my beating heart
 To be afraid of death?
 My life and I shan't part,
 Tho' I resign my breath.
 Sweet truth to me, &c.
- 5 I said sometimes with tears,
 Ah, me! I'm loath to die;
 Lord, silence thou these fears,
 My life's with Thee on high.
 Sweet truth to me, &c.
- 6 Then welcome, harmless grave,
 By thee to Heaven I'll go;
 My Lord His death shall save
 Me from the flames below.
 Sweet truth to me, &c.

✓
 294 REV. XXI. 3.—“*Behold, the tabernacle of
 God is with men.*”

- 1 HARK! the song of Jubilee,
 Loud as mighty thunders roar,
 Or the fulness of the sea,
 When it breaks upon the shore.
 Hallelujah! for the Lord
 God Omnipotent shall reign;
 Hallelujah! let the word
 Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah ! hark the sound
 From the centre to the skies,
 Wakes above, beneath, around,
 All creation's harmonies.
 See ! Jehovah's banners furled,
 Sheath'd His sword—He speaks, 'tis done,
 And the kingdoms of this world
 Are the kingdom of His Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole,
 With illimitable sway ;
 He shall reign, when like a scroll,
 Yonder Heavens have passed away ;
 Then, the end ;—beneath His rod
 Man's last enemy shall fall.
 Hallelujah ! Christ in God,
 God in Christ is all in all.

✓
 295 *REV. XXI. 6.*—“ *He said unto me, It is done ! I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely.*”

1 TIME's sun is fast setting,
 Its twilight is nigh ;
 Its evening is falling
 In cloud o'er the sky ;
 Its shadows are stretching
 In ominous gloom ;
 Its midnight approaches,—
 The midnight of doom ;
 Then haste, sinner, haste, there is mercy for thee.
 And wrath is preparing,—flee, lingerer, flee !

2 Rides forth the fierce tempest
 On the wing of the cloud ;
 The moan of the night-blast
 Is fitful and loud ;
 The mountains are heaving,
 The forests are bow'd,
 The ocean is surging,
 Earth gathers its shroud :
 Then haste, sinner, haste, there is mercy for thee
 And wrath is preparing,—flee, lingerer, flee !

3 The vision is nearing—
 The Judge and the throne!—
 The voice of the Angel
 Proclaims “ it is done.”
 On the whirl of the tempest
 Its Ruler shall come,
 And the blaze of His glory
 Flash out from its gloom ;
 Then haste, sinner, haste, there is mercy for thee,
 And wrath is preparing,—flee, lingerer, flee !

4 With clouds He is coming !
 His people shall sing ;
 With gladness they hail Him
 Redeemer and king.
 The iron rod wielding,
 The rod of His ire,
 He cometh to kindle
 Earth's last fatal fire !
 Then haste, sinner, haste, there is mercy for thee,
 And wrath is preparing,—flee, lingerer, flee !

Horatius Bonar

296 [✓] REV. XXI. 23.—“ *The city had no need of the sun.*”

- 1 **THERE** is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers ;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green ;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5 O, could we but our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unclouded eyes !
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

Dear Matt

✓
 297 REV. XXI. 23.—“*The Lamb is the light thereof.*”

- 1 THAT clime is not like this dull clime of ours ;
 All, all is brightness there ;
 A sweeter influence breathes around its
 flowers,
 And a far milder air.
 No calm below is like that calm above,
 No region here is like that realm of love ;
 Earth's softest spring ne'er shed so soft a light,
 Earth's brightest summer never shone so bright.
- 2 That sky is not like this sad sky of ours,
 Tinged with earth's change and care :
 No shadow dims it, and no rain-cloud lowers,
 No broken sunshine there !
 One everlasting stretch of azure pours
 Its stainless splendour o'er those sinless shores ;
 For there Jehovah shines with Heavenly ray,
 There Jesus reigns, dispensing endless day.
- 3 Those dwellers there are not like these of earth ;
 No mortal stain they bear,
 And yet they seem of kindred blood and birth ;
 When and how came they there ?
 Earth was their native soil ; from sin and
 shame,
 Through tribulation they to glory came ;
 Bond-slaves delivered from sin's crushing load,
 Brands plucked from burning by the hand of
 God.

- 4 Those robes of theirs are not like these below,
 No angel's half so bright!
 Whence came that beauty, whence that living
 glow,
 Whence came that radiant white?
 Washed in the blood of the atoning Lamb,
 Fair as the light those robes of theirs became;
 And now, all tears wiped off from every eye,
 They wander where the freshest pastures lie,
 Through all the nightless day of that unfad-
 ing sky.

Wandering Stream

- ✓
 298 REV. XXII. 1.—“*He shewed me a pure
 river of water of Life, clear as crystal,
 proceeding out of the throne of God and
 of the Lamb.*”

- 1 THERE is a stream, which issues forth
 From God's eternal throne,
 And from the Lamb, a living stream,
 Clear as the crystal stone.
 This stream doth water Paradise,
 It makes the angels sing:
 One cordial drop revives my heart,—
 Hence all my joys do spring.
- 2 Such joys as are unspeakable,
 And full of glory too:
 Such hidden manna, hidden pearls,
 As worldlings do not know:

Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
 From fancy 'tis conceal'd,
 What Thou, Lord, hast laid up for thine,
 And hast to me reveal'd.

- 3 I see Thy face, I hear thy voice,
 I taste Thy richest love ;
 My soul doth leap ; but, O for wings,
 The wings of Noah's dove :
 Then would I flee far hence away,
 Leaving this world of sin :
 Then would my Lord put forth his hand,
 And kindly take me in.

————— *John 1:18*

✓
 299 REV. XXII. 4.—“ *They shall see His face ;
 and His name shall be in their fore-
 heads.*”

- 1 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.
- 2 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 !

3 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.

4 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!

Charles Wesley

300 REV. XXII. 20.—“*Surely I come quickly.*”

1 HOPE of our hearts! O Lord, appear,
 Thou glorious Star of day!
 Shine forth and chase the dreary night,
 With all our tears away.

Strangers on earth, we wait for Thee:
 O, leave the Father's throne;
 Come with a shout of victory, Lord,
 And claim us as Thine own.

2 O bid the bright archangel then
 The trump of God prepare,
 To call Thy saints, the quick, the dead,
 To meet Thee in the air.

No resting-place we seek on earth,
 No loveliness we see;
 Our eye is on the royal crown
 Prepared for us and Thee.

- 3 But O, the thought of sharing, Lord,
 Thy glorious throne above.
 What is it to the brighter hope
 Of dwelling in Thy love ?
 There, near Thy heart, upon Thy throne,
 Thy ransom'd Bride shall see
 What grace was in the bleeding Lamb,
 Who died to make her free.

— In Eden's Garden —

✓
 301 REV. XXII. 20.—“*Even so, come, Lord Jesus.*”

- 1 THE Church has waited long
 Her absent Lord to see ;
 And still in loneliness she waits,
 A friendless stranger she.
 Age after age has gone,
 Sun after sun has set,
 And still, in weeds of widowhood,
 She weeps a mourner yet.
 Come then, Lord Jesus, come !

- 2 Saint after saint on earth
 Has lived, and loved and died,
 And as they left us, one by one,
 We laid them side by side.
 We laid them down to sleep,
 But not in hope forlorn,—
 We laid them but to ripen there
 Till the last glorious morn.
 Come then, Lord Jesus, come !

- 3 The serpent's brood increase,
 The powers of hell grow bold,
 The conflict thickens, faith is low
 And love is waxing cold.
 How long, O Lord our God,
 Holy, and true, and good,
 Wilt Thou not judge Thy suffering Church,
 Her sighs, and tears, and blood!
 Come then, Lord Jesus, come!
- 4 We long to hear Thy voice,
 To see Thee face to face,
 To share thy crown and glory then,
 As now we share Thy grace.
 Should not the loving Bride
 The absent Bridegroom mourn,
 Should she not wear the weeds of grief
 Until her Lord return?
 Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!
- 5 The whole creation groans,
 And waits to hear that voice,
 That shall restore her comeliness,
 And make her wastes rejoice.
 Come, Lord, and wipe away
 The curse, the sin, the stain,
 And make this blighted world of ours
 Thine own fair world again.
 Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!



from the German

233.234.235 120.163.308.98.

106.

138.

from the Latin

101.

