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75
SONGS

K

FOR THE

(20)
Profession

WILDERNESS.

"I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live; I will sing praise to my God while I have my being. My meditation of him shall be sweet; I will be glad in the Lord."—*Psalms* civ. 33.

"They sung a new song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof: for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation; and hast made us unto our God kings and priests: and we shall reign on the earth."—*Rev.* v. 9, 10.

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SONGS
FOR
THE WILDERNESS.

No. 1. LOST BUT FOUND. 1843

Ye were as sheep going astray ; but are now returned unto
the shepherd and Bishop of your souls.—1 Pet. ii. 25.

I was a wand'ring sheep,
I did not love the fold :
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled.
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

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 !

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 !

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.

I was a wandering sheep,
 I would not be controlled :
 But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
 I love, I love the fold.
 I was a wayward child ;
 I once preferred to roam,
 But now I love my Father's voice,—
 I love, I love his home.

No. 1. Series. 1044

CHILD'S PRAYER.

They that seek me early shall find me.—Prov. viii. 17.

**Holy Father! hear my cry,
Holy Saviour! bend thine ear,
Holy Spirit! come thou nigh,—
Father, Saviour, Spirit, hear.**

**Father, I am dead in sin,
Saviour, I thy mercy crave,
Gracious Spirit, make me clean;
Father, Son, and Spirit save.**

**Father, let me taste thy love,
Saviour, fill my soul with peace,
Spirit, come my heart to move;
Father, Son, and Spirit bless.**

**Father, Son, and Spirit,—thou
One Jehevah, shed abroad
All thy grace within me now;
Be my Father and my God.**

THE FULNESS OF JESUS. *1873*

He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was on him, and with his stripes we are healed.—Isaiah . 5.

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.

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.

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.

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 angel's song.

GOD'S ISRAEL. 1874

Jerusalem which is above is free, which is the mother
 of us all.—Gal. iv. 26.

Happy sons of Israel,
 That in pleasant Canaan dwell ;
 Happy they, but happier we,
 If Jehovah's own we be.

Happy citizens who wait
 Within Salem's hallowed gate ;
 Happy they, but happier we
 Who the heavenly Salem see.

Happy sons of Levi there,
 Who within thy house of prayer
 Always stand ; but happier we,
 Day and night still praising Thee.

For Jerusalem above
 Is the city that we love,—
 Jerusalem our home we call,—
 Heavenly mother of us all.

THE WORD MADE FLESH. 1912

Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that
 though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor,
 that ye through his poverty might be rich.—2 Cor. viii. 9.

The Son of God in mighty love,
 Came down to Bethlehem for me ;
 Forsook his throne of light above,
 An infant upon earth to be.

In love, the Father's sinless child
 Sojourned at Nazareth for me ;
 With sinners dwelt the undefiled,
 The Holy One in Galilee.

Jesus, whom angel-hosts adore,
 Became a man of griefs for me ;
 In love, though rich, becoming poor,
 That I through him enriched might be.

Though Lord of all, above, below,
 He went to Olivet for me ;
 There drank my cup of wrath and woe,
 When bleeding in Gethsemane.

The ever-blessed Son of God
 Went up to Calvary for me ;
 There paid my debt, there bore my load,
 In his own body on the tree.

Jesus, whose dwelling is the skies,
 Went down into the grave for me ;
 There overcame my enemies,
 There won the glorious victory.

In love the whole dark path he trod,
 To consecrate a way for me ;
 Each bitter footstep marked with blood,
 From Bethlehem to Cavalry.

'Tis finished all ; the veil is rent,
 The welcome sure, the access free ;
 Now then we leave our banishment,
 O Father, to return to thee.

CHRIST OUR PEACE.

He is our peace,—Eph. ii. 14.

I thought upon my sins, and I was sad,
 My soul was troubled sore and filled wit
 pain ;

it then I thought on Jesus and was glad,
My heavy grief was turned to joy again.

Thought upon the law, the fiery law,
Holy, and just, and good in its decree;
I looked to Jesus, and in Him I saw
That law fulfilled, its curse endured for me.

Thought I saw an angry frowning God
Sitting as Judge upon the great white
throne;

My soul was overwhelmed, — When Jesus
shewed

His gracious face, and all my dread was
gone.

I saw my sad estate, condemned to die,
Then terror seized my heart, and dark
despair;

But when to Calvary I turned my eye,
I saw the cross, and read forgiveness there.

I saw that I was lost, far gone astray,
No hope of safe return there seemed to be;
But then I heard that Jesus was the way,
A new and living way prepared for me.

When in that way, so free, so safe, so sure,
Sprinkled all o'er with reconciling blood,
I'll I abide, and never wander more,
Walking along in fellowship with God.

MORNING HYMN. 1843

He wakeneth morning by morning; He wakeneth mine ear to hear.—Isa. 1. 4.

The morning, the bright and the beautiful morning

Is up, and the sunshine is all on the win
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.

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
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
meet,

And in solemn devotion, the first hours of
morning,

Our freest and freshest we lay at his feet.

en, happy in heart, not a moment delaying,
 In the breeze of the dawning so pleasant
 and cool,
 loitering, no lingering, no trifling, no
 playing,
 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 ;
 Hours are but moments, they fly off so
 lightly,
 When we are so busy, so cheerful, and gay.

en 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.
 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
 altogether,
 And the morn of our youth let us hallow to
 Him.

SABBATH. 1843

My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of
Lord.—Psalm lxxx, 2.

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.

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.

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.

Thou tellest of a rest—
A peaceful happy home,
Where all the good are blest;
O, when will Sabbath come?
Come, come away, &c.

THE HAPPY LAND. *1842*

There shall be no night there.—Rev. xxii. 5.

Oh, know ye that happy land,
 Where care is unknown ?
 Know ye that blessed band,
 There around the throne ?
 There is happiness ;
 There are streams of purest bliss ;
 There are rest and peace,
 There, there alone.

We all know that happy place,
 We all know it well ;
 Eye hath not seen its bliss,
 Tongue cannot tell.
 There are the angels bright,
 The saints in robes of heavenly white,
 All of them clothed in light,
 Ever there to dwell.

We are sad and weary here ;
 Though young, a sinful band,
 Yet soon in glory there,
 We hope all to stand.
 Then let us haste away,
 Speed along this world's dark way,
 To that land of day,—
 That happy land.

Saviour, hasten that sweet day,
 Soon let time be gone,
 Come, Lord, make no delay,
 Place us on thy throne.
 Thy face we seek to see,
 That we may dwell and reign with Thee
 Thine, thine for ever be,
 Thine, thine alone.

THE RESTITUTION OF ALL THINGS.

1874.3
 Thou hast made us unto our God kings and priests, and
 we shall reign on the earth.—Rev. v. 10.

Peace to the world, the Lord is come;
 Its days of conflict now are o'er,
 The Prince of Peace ascends the throne;
 And war has ceased from shore to shore.

Joy to the earth, Messiah reigns,
 Earth's diadems are on his brow;
 Its rebel kingdoms are become
 His everlasting kingdom now.

Rest to the nations, blessed rest,
 The storm is hushed above, below:
 Joy to creation, welcome sound,
 After six hundred years of woe.

The earth again is Paradise,
 The desert blossoms as the rose,
 Far happier place than Eden this,
 Far brighter sweeter days than those.

Oh, long-expected, absent long,
 Star of creation's troubled gloom ;
 Let heaven and earth break forth in song,
 Messiah, Saviour, art thou come ?

For thou hast bought us with thy blood,
 And thou wast slain to set us free ;
 Thou mad'st us kings and priests to God,
 And we shall reign on earth with Thee.

THE LAND OF LIGHT.

The Lamb ¹⁰⁴³ is the light thereof.—Rev. xxi. 23.

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.
 So calm below is like that calm above,
 So 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.

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 these sinless shores;
 For there Jehovah shines with heavenly ray,
 There Jesus reigns dispensing endless day.

These dwellers there are not like those of earth,
 No mortal stain they bear;
 And yet they seem of kindred blood and birth,
 Whence 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.

These robes of theirs are not like those 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 these robes of theirs became,
 And now, all tears wiped off from every eye,
 They wander where the freshest pastures lie,
 Thro' all the nightless day of that unfadingsky.

PRAYER FOR REVIVAL. 1843

Come from the four winds, O breath! and breathe upon
these slain, that they may live.—Ezek. xxxvii. 7, 9.

Spirit of everlasting grace,
Infinite source of life, come down:
These tombs unlock, these dead upraise,
Thy glorious power and love make known.

Breathe o'er this valley of the dead;
Send forth thy quickening might abroad,
Till, rising from their tombs, they spread,
In full array,—the host of God.

Thine heritage lies desolate,
And all thy pleasant places mourn;
O look upon our low estate,—
In loving kindness, Lord, return.

Now let thy glory be revealed,
Now let thy presence with us rest;
O heal us and we shall be healed:
O bless us and we shall be blest!

LABOUR FOR CHRIST. 1843

I know thy works, and labour, and patience.—Rev. iii.

Go labour on! spend and be spent,—
Thy joy to do thy Father's will;
It is the way the Master went,
Should not the servant tread it still!

Go labour on! 'tis not for nought,
 All earthly loss is heavenly gain;
 Men heed thee not, men praise thee not;
 The Master praises! what are men?

Go labour on! enough, enough,
 If Jesus praise thee, if He deign
 To notice ev'n thy willing mind,
 No toil for him shall be in vain.

Go labour on! thy hands are weak,
 Thy knees are faint, thy soul cast down
 Yet falter not,—the prize is near,
 The throne, the kingdom, and the crown

Go labour on,—while it is day,
 The long dark night is hastening on;
 Speed, speed thy work,—up from thy sloth
 It is not thus that souls are won.

See thousands dying at your side,
 Your brethren, kindred, friends of home
 See millions perishing afar,
 Haste brethren, to the rescue come.

Toil on, toil on; rebuke, exhort,
 Be wise the souls of men to win;
 Go forth into the world's highway,
 Intreat, compel them to come in.

Toil on, toil on; thou soon shalt find
 For labour rest, for exile home;
 Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice
 The midnight peal, "Behold I come."

REST.

1844

There remaineth a rest to the people of God.—Heb. iv. 9.

It cannot long endure! the fitful fever
Of this strange life shall quit each throbbing
vein;
And this wild pulse flow placidly for ever;
And endless peace relieve this burning brain.

Earth's joys are but a dream! its destiny
Is but decay and death. Its fairest form
Sunshine and shadow mixed. Its brightest
day
A rainbow braided on the wreaths of storm.

Yet there is blessedness that changeth not:
A rest with God, a life that cannot die;
A better portion, and a brighter lot;
A home with Christ, a heritage on high.

Hope for the hopeless, for the weary rest
More gentle than the still repose of even!
Joy for the joyless, bliss for the unblest;
Homes for the desolate in yonder heaven!

The tempest makes returning calm more dear;
The darkest midnight makes the brightest
star,
Even so to us when all is ended here,
Shall be the past remembered, from afar.

Then welcome change and death ! Since these
 alone
 Can break life's fetters, and dissolve its
 spell ;
 Welcome all present change, which speeds us on
 So swift to that which is unchangeable.

THE SLEEP OF THE BELOVED.

So he giveth his beloved sleep.—Psalm cxxvii. 2.

The day has vanished, and the weary earth
 Lies resting from a long day's toil and pain
 And, locking for a new day's early birth,
 Seeks strength in slumber for its toil again

We too would rest ; but ere we close the eye
 Upon the consciousness of waking thought
 Would calmly turn it to yon star-bright sky
 And lift the soul to him who slumbers no

Above us is thy hand, with tender care,
 Distilling over us the dew of sleep :
 Darkness seems loaded with oblivious air,
 In deep forgetfulness each sense to steep.

Thou hast provided midnight's hour of peace
 Thou stretchest over us the wing of rest ;
 With more than all a parent's tenderness,
 Foldest us sleeping to thy gentle breast.

Grief flies away; care quits our easy couch,
Till wakened by thy hand, when breaks the
day—

Like the lone prophet by the angel's touch,—
We rise to tread again our pilgrim way.

God of our life! God of each day and night!
Oh, keep us still till life's short race is run!
Until there dawns the long, long day of light,
That knows no night, yet needs no star nor
sun.

THE CARE OF JESUS. ~~1844~~

Casting all your care upon him for he careth for you.—
1 Pet. v. 7.

Yes, for me, for me he careth
With a brother's tender care:
Yes, with me, with me he shareth
Every burden every fear.

Yes, o'er me, o'er me he watcheth—
Ceaseless watcheth, night and day:
Yes, even me, even me, he snatcheth
From the perils of the way.

Yes, for me he standeth pleading,
At the mercy-seat above;
Ever for me interceding,
Constant in untiring love.

Yes, in me abroad he sheddeth
 Joys unearthly,—love and light;
 And to cover me he spreadeth
 His paternal wing of might.

Yes, in me, in me he dwelleth;—
 I in him, and he in me!
 And my empty soul he filleth,
 Here and through eternity.

Thus I wait for his returning,
 Singing all the way to heaven;
 Such the joyful song of morning,
 Such the tranquil song of ev'n.

SONGS OF ZION.

1044
 Sing us one of the Songs of Zion.—Psalm cxxxvii. 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.

O sing them at the cheerful dawn,
 The rising morn to cheer;
 And sing them round the evening hearth,
 When fires are blazing clear.

Sing them when Sabbath schools are met,
 And your young voices raise
 Their Sabbath-evening melodies
 To their Redeemer's praise.

So shall each forgotten word,
 When distant far you roam,
 Call back your hearts which once it stirred,
 To childhood's blessed home.

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 martyr's steps have roved;
 My children, sing those melodies,—
 The songs our fathers loved!

THE VALLEY OF BACA. *وادي بعا*

Who passing through the valley of Baca, make it a well.—
 Psalm lxxxiv. 6.

Deep pilgrim, weep! yet not for the sorrow
 Which follows thy steps in this wilderness-
 way;
 Bid not as the hopeless who darken to-morrow,
 With cares which might well be enough for
 to-day;

The days of thy mourning an end soon shall
see,

There are songs in the valley of Baca for thee

Mourn pilgrim ! sadly and bitterly mourn !

For this is the valley of shadows and tears ;

Yet not for past pleasures which may no
return,

Nor childhood's decay with its young happ.
years.

There are causes of sorrow, more sad and mor
true,

Yet songs in the valley of Baca for you !

Sigh, Christian pilgrim ! for sins deeply sigl

Which crucify Jesus again and again ;

Let rivers of water flow down from your eye,

That He the Belov'd is rejected of men ;

Yet healing is found in the blood of the Tre

There are songs in the valley of Baca for thee

Joy, pilgrim joy ! 'mid thy bosom's deep swe
ling,

Look up ! there are fountains of life by th
way :

There are springs from the rock in the wilder
ness swelling ;

There is comfort for thee, if that Rock be th
stay,—

A sinner forgiven ! a bondsman made free !

Who should sing in the valley of Bacca lik
thee.

g, pilgrim sing! let the theme of thy sing-
 ing
 Jesus the Conqueror, Jesus the Lamb!
 all the wide earth with his glory be ring-
 ing;
 thy praises for ever ascend to His name.
 ' journey is rough, but the way is not long;
 ough the valley of Baca let Christ be thy
 song.

THE WORLD'S EMPTINESS.

For the fashion of this world passeth away.—
 1 Cor. vii. 31.

'Tis not what we fancied it—
 This world, this world of ours;
 We thought its skies were sunshine all,
 And all its fields were flowers.
 But its skies are soon o'erclouded,
 Its flowers they fade away;
 Our youthful hopes are vanishing,
 Our early joys decay.
 But another light is breaking,
 Which beams from heaven on high;
 And other flowers are blossoming,
 Which cannot fade or die.
 There's a brighter land above us,
 To which we seek to come;
 Our sure and quiet resting-place,
 Our everlasting home.

Its fields are ever beautiful,
 Its skies are ever fair,
 Its day is always clear and bright,
 For Christ its sun is there.
 O Sun of Righteousness arise !
 Thy light upon us beam ;
 For all this life is but a sleep,
 And all this world a dream.

A PILGRIM'S SONG. 844

The night is far spent, the day is at hand.—Rom. xiii. 12

A few more years shall roll,
 A few more seasons come ;
 And we shall be with those that rest,
 Asleep within the tomb.

Then, O my Lord prepare
 My soul for that great day ;
 O Wash me in thy precious blood,
 And take my sins away.

A few more suns shall set
 O'er these dark hills of time ;
 And we shall be where suns are not,
 A far serener clime.

Then, O my Lord prepare
 My soul for that calm day ;
 O wash, &c.

A few more storms shall beat
 On this wild rocky shore ;
 And we shall be where tempests cease,
 And surges swell no more.

Then, O my Lord prepare
 My soul for that calm day :
 O wash, &c.

A few more struggles here,
 A few more partings o'er,
 A few more toils, a few more tears,
 And we shall weep no more.

Then, O my Lord prepare
 My soul for that calm day :
 O wash, &c.

A few more Sabbaths here
 Shall cheer us on our way ;
 And we shall reach the endless rest,
 The eternal Sabbath-day.

Then, O my Lord prepare
 My soul for that sweet day :
 O wash, &c.

'Tis but a little while
 And He shall come again,

Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with him may reign.

Then, O my Lord prepare
My soul for that glad day :
O wash, &c.

THE NIGHT COMETH.

The day of the Lord cometh, it is nigh at hand, a day of darkness and of gloominess, a day of clouds and of thick darkness, as the morning spread upon the mountains.—
Joel ii. 1. 2.

1844

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 !

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!

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!

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!

1844 MARTYR'S HYMN.

They overcame him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony; and they loved not their lives unto the death.—Rev. xii. 11.

The glory of children are their fathers.—Prov. xvii 6.

There was gladness in Zion, her standard waving,
 flying,

Free o'er her battlements, glorious and gay;
 All fair as the morning shone forth her adorning,
 ing,

And fearful to foes was her godly array.
 There is mourning in Zion, her standard
 lying

Defiled in the dust, to the spoiler a prey;
 And now there is wailing, and sorrow prevailing,
 vailing,

For the best of her children are weed
 away.

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

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

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

JESUS IS MINE. 1844

Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, I will
 praise thee to the mountain of myrrh, and to the hill of frank-
 incense.—Song. iv. 6.

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.

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 !

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 !

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!

THE INVITATION. *1844*

Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.—
 Rev. xxii. 17.

Ho ye thirsty! parch'd and fainting,
 Here are waters, turn and see!
 To the thirstiest, poorest, vilest,
 Without money, all is free—
 Thirsty sinner!
 Drink and stay not, 'tis for thee.

Ho ye weary! toiling, burden'd,
 With a world of woes opprest;
 Come!—it is thy Lord invites thee,
 Lay thy head upon my breast.
 Weary sinner!
 Come to Jesus, come and rest.

Ho ye wounded! bruised, broken,
 Come, and health divine receive;
 Look to him who heals the wounded,
 He alone can healing give.
 Wounded sinner!
 Look to Jesus, look and live.

THE BELOVED SON. 1274

This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.—
Matt. iii. 17.

It is the Father's voice that cries
'Mid the deep silence of the skies;
"This, this is my beloved Son,
In Him I joy, in Him alone."

In Him my equal see revealed,
In Him all righteousness fulfilled,
In Him, the Lamb, the victim see,
Bound, bleeding, dying on the tree.

And can you fail to love again,
Far fairer he than sons of men?
His very name is fragrance poured,
Immanuel, Jesus, Saviour, Lord!

He died, and in his dying, proved
How much, how faithfully he loved:
At my right hand, his glories shine,
Is my beloved, sinner, *thine*?

O full of glory, full of grace,
Redeemer of a ruined race,
Beloved of the Father, come,
Make in these sinful hearts a home!

Beloved of the Father, thou,
 To whom the saints and angels bow ;
 Immanuel, Jesus, Saviour, come,
 Make in these sinful hearts thy home.

*Ms. D. 14
 75 leaves 1052*
 HYMN.

Ye were sometimes darkness, but now are ye light in the Lord.—Eph. v. 8.

“ Let there be light,” Jehovah said,
 The beam awoke, the light obey'd ;
 Bursting on chaos dark and wild
 Till the glad earth and ocean smiled.

Formless and void, and dark as night,
 My heart remain'd, till heavenly light,
 Obedient to the world divine,
 On my dark soul began to shine.

Light broke upon my rayless tomb,
 The day-star rose upon my gloom ;
 And with its gentle new-born ray
 Brighten'd my darkness into day.

Glory to Thee, by all be given ;—
 Of light the light, in earth and heaven ;
 Of joys the joy, of suns the sun,
 Jesus the Father's chosen One.

PRAISE. *1374*

O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good, for his mercy endureth for ever.—Psalm cxxxvi. 1.

Praise, praise ye the name of Jehovah our God,
 Declare, O declare ye his glories abroad ;
 Proclaim ye his mercy from nation to nation,
 Till the uttermost islands have heard his
 salvation !

For his love floweth on, free and full as a
 river,
 And his mercy endureth for ever and ever.

Praise, praise ye the Lamb who for sinners
 was slain,
 Who went down to the grave and ascended
 again ;
 And who soon shall return, when these dark
 days are o'er,
 To set up his kingdom in glory and power.

For his love floweth on free and full as a
 river,
 And his mercy endureth for ever and ever.

Then the heavens and the earth, and the sea
 shall rejoice,
 The field and the forest shall lift the glad
 voice,

The sands of the desert shall flourish in green
 And Lebanon's glory be shed o'er the scene.

For his love floweth on, free and full as a
 river,

And his mercy endureth for ever and ever

Her bridal attire and her festal array,
 All nature shall wear in that glorious day.

For her King cometh down with his people to
 reign,

And his presence shall bless her with Eden
 again.

For his love floweth on, free and full as a
 river,

And his mercy endureth for ever and ever.

HYMN.

We seek one to come.—Heb. xiii. 14.

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.

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.

HYMN.

Even so, come, Lord Jesus.—Rev. xxii. 20.

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 !

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 !

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 !

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 !

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!

LIFE A SPAN.

Vanity of vanities, all is vanity.—Eccles. i. 2.

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!

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!

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.

HYMN.

If God be for us, who can be against us?—Rom. viii. 31.

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 steadfast peace?

The ground of my profession
Is Jesus and his blood,
He 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.

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.

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;
 Though I am daily dying,
 My Canaan withers not.

My heart within me leapeth,
 And cannot down be cast,
 In sunshine bright it keepeth
 A never-ending feast.

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

REST FOR THE WEARY.

Ye shall find rest unto your souls.—Matt. xi. 29.

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 show,
 All polluted is my best;
 Yet I weary am, I know,
 And the weary long for rest.

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.

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.

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,
 Harken to the gospel-call ;
 To the ark for refuge flee,
 Jesus will receive you all ;

JUST AS I AM

Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.—
 Jehn vi. 37.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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

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.

THE SURETY.

Made a curse for us.—Gal. iii. 13.

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 ;

Till that be shed, my guilty head

Must bear wrath's awful load !

Had I worn sackcloth, and in dust

Cast myself humbly down,

Cover'd 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 !

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 woes were ours, and we with Him

Were buried in one grave.

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 !

RESURRECTION.

So shall we ever be with the Lord.—1 Thess. iv. 17.

“ For ever with the Lord ;”

Amen, so let it be !

Life from the dead is in that word,—
 'Tis immortality.

Here, in the body pent,
 Absent from Him I roam ;
 Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
 A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high ;—
 Home of my soul how near,—
 At times to faith's forseeing eye
 Thy golden gates appear !

Ah, then, my spirit faints
 To reach the land I love ;
 The bright inheritance of saints,
 Jerusalem above.

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.

“Knowing as I am known,”—
 How shall I love that word!
 And oft repeat before the throne,
 “For ever with the Lord.”

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.”

The tomb shall echo deep
 That death-awakening sound;
 The saints shall hear it in their sleep,
 And answer from the ground.

Then, when they upward fly,
 That Resurrection-word
 Shall be their shout of victory,—
 “For ever with the Lord.”

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

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