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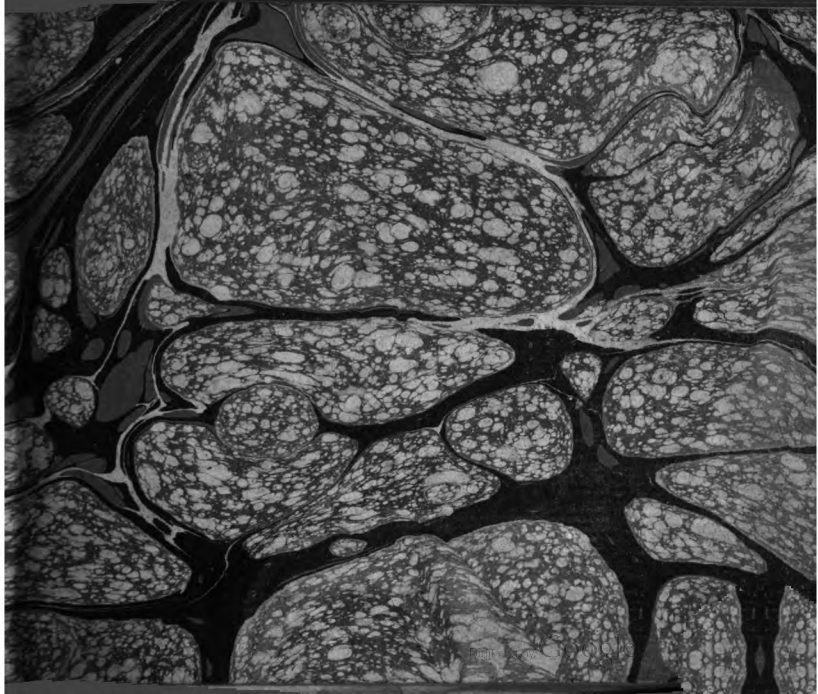
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CARMINA CHRISTO;  
OR  
HYMNS TO THE SAVIOUR.

Designed for the USE and COMFORT of those who  
*WORSHIP THE LAMB THAT WAS SLAIN.*

BY THE REV. T. HAWEIS, L.L.B.

Rector of All Saints, Aldwinkle, Northamptonshire; and Chaplain to  
the late Countess Dowager of Huntingdon. K

*Carmenque Christo quasi Deo dicere secum iuvicem.*

Plin. Epist. ad Tra. xvii.

*Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, &c.*

Rev. v. 12, 13.

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1802.

*Queen Elizabeth's Injunctions to the Clergy.*

[1559.]

FOR the comfort of such as delight in music, it may be permitted, that in the beginning or in the end of Common Prayer, either morning or evening, there may be sung an hymn, or such likesong, to the praise of Almighty God, in the best melody and music that may be conveniently devised, having respect that the sentence of the hymn may be understood and perceived.

Sparrow. Collect. Art. Can. 4to. 1684.

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## P R E F A C E.

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THAT modern Christianity is very different from the primitive, will appear to the most cursory reader of the Acts of the Apostles, and the history of the first ages of the church. Hymns to the Saviour's praise then gladdened the hearts of the faithful, and prepared them for the crown of martyrdom. The glorious subject of their songs was a crucified Jesus.

But our more enlightened modern divines have lately discovered, (astonishing to tell!) that the object of their devotion who sealed their testimony with their blood, was blasphemous, their joy enthusiasm, and their religion delusion. More rational, more manly, more fashionable notions now prevail of one Supreme Being, excluding every participant of human nature from sharing his incommunicable glory; degrading the adorable Jesus, (whom all the angels of God are commanded

to worship, and all the sons of men must honour, even as they honour the Father,) with the absurd idea of *subordinate deity*, or to the more debased form of *mere mortality*. A secret, silent, philosophical admiration of the divine Attributes, now supplies the place of animated devotion—metaphysical reasonings are substituted in the stead of faith, “the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen,”—and cold formality wholly supplies with a book, the want of the fervour of desire, and the expressions of a feeling heart.

Hence prayer, social or private, is become a burden, neglected and almost quite laid aside; and songs of praise are scarce ever heard from the lips of those who yet would be offended not to be esteemed and called Christians.

Even in our public worship the voice of joy and gladness is too commonly silent, unless in that shameful mode of psalmody now almost confined to the wretched solo of a parish clerk, or to a few persons huddled together in one corner of the church, who sing to the praise and glory of themselves, for the entertainment, or ostentation for the weariness of the rest of the congregation: an absurdity too glaring to be overlooked, and too shocking to be ridiculous.

## P R E F A C E.

When I speak against the formality of book devotion, let me not however be misunderstood; as condemning indiscriminately all forms of prayer, far otherwise. There is one book which, next to the blessed book of God, I venerate, the *Book of Common Prayer*.

Many attempts have of late been formed by some who plead peculiar tenderness of conscience; to introduce a *new liturgy*, more conformed to the rational, philosophical, enlightened opinions of modern divinity, and to expunge our antiquated creeds.

Hitherto indeed their efforts have been abortive, and I cannot for Zion's sake but hope and pray, that the the day of such innovations may be far distant: Procul! O procul absit!

Whilst this book occupies our desks, we must make the *confession of a true faith; acknowledge the glory of the eternal Trinity, and in the power of the Divine Majesty worship the Unity. We must pray, at least we must say, repeatedly say, Christ have mercy upon us!* We must read the *Litany*, and pay *distinct and equal* honour and worship to the Father, Son, and Spirit. And, if we



believe not, at the bar of our own conscience, we must stand condemned as *idolators*. In vain are all the mean excuses, and irrational subterfuges, employed to palliate the baseness of such conformity, and to hide the guilt of such hypocrisy. The cobweb coverings can only deceive those, who wish to be deceived. Beautiful, yet awful is the prophetic description of such men: "They hatch cockatrice eggs, and weave the spiders web; he that eateth of their eggs dieth, and that which is crushed breaketh out into a viper."

It is a truth for which I dare appeal to the history of all nations, that the power of vital Christianity, and all its characteristic influences have been found, exclusively found, in those who worshipped the "Lamb slain from the foundation of the world." From these, and these alone, have arisen the faithful Confessors and noble army of Martyrs, in every age, and among every people; whilst the rest were lost in supineness, sunk in corruption—bound with the shackles of superstition—asleep in formality—or carelessly swimming down the stream, in infidel indifference about all religion.

It is a well-known fact and observation, that Hymns, to the Saviour's praise, have constantly revived with every revival of real godliness; and as constantly borne the badge of reproach from the world, as they have marked out the peculiar people of God.

I am persuaded also, that no other method of communicating the knowledge of religious truths hath been attended with happier effects, or serves to leave deeper impression of them on the memory and conscience of the common people, than sacred songs. And for whom should we delight to labour but for these? "To the poor the Gospel is preached."

It is pleasing to remark in our day, a variety of productions in this line, which speak the welcome they have met with. Dr. Watts, Doctor Doddridge, Mr. Charles Wesley, Mr. Newton, Mr. Cowper, Mr. Hart, and others, have counted their labours well employed in thus ministering to the church of God. I come with these offerers to cast my mite into the treasury. With what success or acceptance I know not. But this I may venture to say, whether these Hymns engage the attention, or meet the neglect, suffer the censure, or receive the

approbation of the Christian world, they are such as my heart indited, and they speak the things which I have believed concerning my God and King. They all point to one object, and lead to one end—to a crucified Jesus—That we may cheerfully take up his cross, and after we have suffered with him awhile, may be glorified together.

The *matter* my conscience fully approves, and I publish it with the confidence of truth. As to the *manner* and *expression* I submit them to their proper judge, the public.—I have wished, I fear, rather than attained, to be pathetic without pomp—pointed without affectation—to speak the language of simplicity without meanness—and to be childlike without being childish.

Such as they are, I present these sacred songs to mankind, attended with my fervent prayers for their success, in advancing the Redeemer's glory; and promoting the salvation of his people. And if they serve to render *him*, who is "the chief among ten thousand, and altogether lovely," more precious to one immortal soul—if they tend to kindle but a spark of warm devotion in our hearts towards him, who is "worthy to be praised"—

if they suggest any powerful motives to sooth the sorrows of the afflicted—if they contain subjects of delight sweetly to beguile the way through this vale of our pilgrimage; I shall sit down content with the contempt of the wise—the insults of prejudice—the illiberality of abuse—and the falshoods of calumny. I will bind my Redeemer's shame as the golden bracelet to my arm, and the reproach of his cross as the brightest ornament of my brow: and if this be to be vile, I will be viler still.

T. H

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# H Y M N S.

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1 *Nativity.* Luke ii. 11.

*Unto you is born this day in the City of David,  
a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.*

**H**ARK! the bright seraphic choir  
Swell the notes and strike the lyre.  
Born to save! all glory be,  
God incarnate, unto thee!



Thee, the Infant now of days  
 Our Jehovah, Lord, we praise  
 In the manger laid, we own  
 Depths of love before unknown.  
 Hark! the bright seraphic choir  
 Swell the notes and strike the lyre,

2. Hail! the promis'd virgin's child,  
 Holy, harmless, undefil'd;  
 Peace and pardon, glory, grace,  
 Bring to you, ye favor'd race!  
 Echo back the notes we sing,  
 Join to praise your God and King!  
 Born to save! all glory be,  
 God incarnate, unto thee!  
 Hark the bright seraphic choir  
 Swell the notes and strike the lyre.

3 Shouts of joy ascend on high,  
 Men redeem'd with angels vie;  
 We have greater cause of praise,  
 Louder, saints, your voices raise,  
 Till ye join the shining throng,  
 Echo back the heavenly song.  
 Born to save! all glory be  
 God incarnate, unto thee!  
 Hark! the bright seraphic choir  
 Swell the notes and strike the lyre.

2. *Nativity.* Gal. iv. 4, 5.

*But when the fulness of time was come, God sent forth his Son, made of a woman, made under the Law, to redeem them that were under the Law, that we might receive the adoption of sons.*

**T**HE time is come, revolving years,  
 Have brought the happy morn;

- The long expected day appears,  
The promis'd seed is born.
- 2 Descending from the glorious throne,  
His high and lofty place,  
Incarnate, from the virgin's womb,  
To save our guilty race.
- 3 He, Son of Man, as Son of God,  
For man the law obeys;  
For man, of wrath the winepress trod,  
The penalty he pays.
- 4 Triumphant now, from sin and death,  
From law and curse secure,  
Peaceful I yield my parting breath,  
And know redemption sure.
- 5 A child of grace, bright glory's heir,  
Up to God's throne I soar;

# H Y M N 3.

5

Behold my Jesus seated there,  
Him love, admire, adore.

3 *Nativity.* Luke xi. 8—16.

**B**Y night whilst shepherds on the plain  
Attend their fleecy care,  
Sudden, behold, a shining train  
Appears aloft in air,

2 Effulgence brighter dims their eyes,  
Than the meridian ray;  
Prostrate with fear and vast surprise  
On earth they trembling lay.

3 But hark! what sounds melodious float  
Upon the ravish'd ear;  
The subject sweeter than the note  
The favor'd shepherds hear.

- 4 In David's city born, they cry,  
 The Saviour, Lord, appears;  
 Go see him in a manger lie,—  
 Arise, and cease your fears.
- 5 On earth be peace, aloud they sing,  
 To men good will; Thou Child,  
 To God shall highest glory bring:  
 Hail! sinners reconcil'd!
- 6 Come, brethren, haste to bow before  
 This Infant's sacred feet;  
 With angels worship and adore,  
 Till we in glory meet.

4 *Good Friday.*

SEE, my soul, with wonder see,  
 What the Saviour bears for thee,

Hanging on the accursed tree.  
 Praise him evermore.  
 Gazing on that form divine,  
 Turn to me thy looks benign,  
 Give me, Saviour, love like thine!  
 Joyful I adore.

2 Bought with blood which thou hast shed,  
 Hope revives, despair is fled;  
 Lord, I live, since thou art dead,  
 Saved by thy grace.  
 Finish'd! the Redeemer cries!  
 Vaunting over death, arise.  
 Claim the mansions in the skies,  
 Your prepared place.

B 2

John i. 29. *Behold the Lamb of God.*

**B**EHOLD the Lamb of God, who bore  
Thy burdens on the tree;  
And paid in blood the dreadful score,  
The ransom due for thee.

2 Look to him till the sight endears  
The Saviour to thy heart;  
His pierced feet bedew with tears,  
Nor from his cross depart.

3 Look to him till his dying love  
Thy every thought controul;  
Its vast constraining influence prove  
O'er body, spirit, soul.

4 Look to him, as the race you run,  
Your never-failing friend;

Finish he will the work begun,  
And grace in glory end.

6 *Good Friday.* Luke xxiii. 39—46.

**D**ARK was the night and cold the ground  
Where Jesus prostrate laid:  
His sweat like drops of blood ran down,  
In agony he pray'd:

2 Father, remove this bitter cup,  
If such thy sacred will;  
If not, content to drink it up,  
Thy pleasure I fulfil.

3 Go to the garden, sinner, see  
These precious drops that flow;  
The heavy load he bore for thee,  
For thee he lies so low.



- 4 Then learn of him the cross to bear,  
 Thy Father's will obey,  
 And when temptations sore draw near,  
 Awake to watch and pray.

7 *Good Friday.*

**H**ARK! the loud cry;—O sun, thy gold-  
 en locks

Why dipt in blood? Tell me, ye rending rocks?  
 Thou laboring earth, why so tremendous quake?  
 Ye yawning graves, why thus with horror shake?

- 2 Behold that cross! affrighted nature cries,  
 Expiring there, the God of nature dies;  
 Then ask no more, why the sun hides his head,  
 Earth quakes, rocks rend, the grave gives up  
 her dead.

- 3 I look'd, O sight of woe! the wounds still bled,  
As on his bosom fell his sacred head;  
Upon his brow the crown of thorns he bore,  
And down his body flowed the clotted gore.
- 4 His lifeless corpse low bending forward swung,  
As on his dislocated arms it hung  
The livid stripes his furrow'd shoulders show,  
Wide gapes the side, the blood and water flow.
- 5 Say, heart of stone! can'st thou behold unmov'd  
This scene of sorrow? 'Twas because he lov'd  
Wretches like thee; to save them from the grave,  
Sin, death and hell—himself he cannot save.
- 6 Look to him, sinners, till the sight imparts  
True godly sorrow to your pierced hearts;

Then body, spirit, yield to his controul,  
And let him see the travail of his soul.

8 *Good Friday, or the Communion.* Isa. liii.

**T**HOU Lamb of God that on the tree,  
Our bitter burdens bore,  
And lov'd till death a worm like me;  
I bow, admire, adore.

Thy head the crown of thorns that bears,  
With brightest radiance glows;  
That face, so marr'd with blood and tears,  
Transcendent beauty shows.

3 Those wounded hands, stretch'd out so wide,  
Proclaim the sinners friend:  
And from the cleft of thy pierc'd side  
Life-giving streams descend.

- 4 That furrow'd back, plough'd up so deep,  
 With healing stripes appears;  
 Those feet fast nail'd, sharp irons keep;  
 I'll bathe them with my tears.
- 5 By men despis'd, rejected, scorn'd,  
 No beauty they can see;  
 With grace and glory all adorn'd,  
 The loveliest form to me.

9 *Easter Day.*

## RECITATIVE.

**T**HE days spring dawns, the awful hour is come,  
 Big with the fate of all the sons of men;  
 Eternity depends—say, silent tomb,  
 Can this cold corpse of Jesus rise again?

## SYMPHONY. STROPHE.

Hark! what sounds of joy I hear!  
 Lo! from heav'n the herald near;  
 Bright his face as mid-day sun,  
 How the guards affrighted run!  
 Back the ponderous rock he roll'd,  
 Wide the gates of death unfold,  
 To their victor Lord the way,  
 Up to life and endless day.

## ANTISTROPHE.

He comes! all hail! see, from the dead  
 The mighty Conqu'ror come!  
 Sin, death, and hell, are captive led;  
 The victory is won!

## CHORUS.

Acclamations rend the sky,  
 Ris'n indeed! the Angels cry;

Earth re-echoes back the sound,  
Ris'n, the ransom'd shout around.

SEMICHORUS.

He that suffered in our stead,  
Jesus Christ is ris'n indeed.

CHORUS.

Acclamations rend the sky—  
Ris'n, the universal cry.

Amen, Hallelujah.

10 *Easter Day.* Malachi iv. 2.

*But unto you that fear my name, shall the Sun of Righteousness  
arise with healing in his wings.*

**T**HE dark eclipse is past, the sun  
With splendor re-appears,  
Again his glorious course to run  
Amidst the brightening spheres.

- 2 But see, from deeper darkness rise  
The Sun of Righteousness;  
With healing in his wings he flies  
The chosen race to bless.
- 3 Hail, Light of Life! arise and shine,  
Bid fear and sorrow cease;  
Darkness dispel, our feet incline  
To run the paths of peace.
- 4 Warm'd by thy quick'ning beams of love,  
Our living souls aspire,  
As flames ascend, to thee above;  
Lord Jesus, raise them higher.
- 5 There on us, with the heavenly host,  
Thy brighter beams display,  
Where darkness, death, and night are lost  
In everlasting day.

*Easter Day.*

**T**HE happy morn is come,  
 The Saviour leaves the grave;  
 His glorious work is done,  
 Almighty now to save.  
 Captivity is captive led  
 Since Jesus liveth, that was dead.

2 Who to our charge shall lay  
 Iniquity and guilt?  
 All Sin is done away,  
 Since his rich blood was spilt,  
 Captivity, &c.

3 Now the ungodly dares  
 The holy God draw near;



Justice itself declares  
No cause remains for fear.  
Captivity, &c.

4 Christ hath the ransom paid,  
The glorious work is done;  
On him our help is laid,  
The victory is won.  
Captivity, &c.

5 Hail the triumphant Lord,  
The resurrection Thou!  
We believe thy sacred word,  
Before thy throne we bow.  
Captivity, &c.

12 *Ascension.*

**T**HE heav'ns their wide portals unfold,  
The Saviour ascends to the throne:

Him seated in glory behold,  
The kingdoms he claims for his own.  
His followers with joy and surprise,  
All eagerness, gaze on his flight,  
In a cloud, as he mounts to the skies,  
Till hid with effulgence of light.

2 But faith can pierce through the bright veil,  
And enter the holiest place;  
No cloud can the Saviour conceal;  
We view him as face unto face.  
Our Advocate powerful he stands,  
Who dares his elect to accuse?  
We read in the palms of his hands  
The pardon God cannot refuse.

3 Our King all our foes shall subdue,  
Beneath are omnipotent arms, Google

Though satan, sin, death may pursue,  
Our souls are secure from all harms.  
I will! the unchangeable word!  
That all who my sacrifice plead,  
Caught up to the throne of their God,  
In glory shall reign with their head.

\* Forerunner now enter'd for me,  
The mansions of bliss to prepare,  
Raise up my affections to thee,  
Take me into thy keeping and care.  
Prepare me for this blest abode,  
Still looking to thee as I run;  
Teach my feet to ascend the bright road,  
And finish what thou hast begun.



*Ascension.*

**T**HE Saviour to glory is gone,  
His sufferings and sorrows are past,

His work is completed and done,  
And shall to eternity last.

For ever he lives to bestow  
The blessings he purchased so dear,  
Our bosoms with gratitude glow,  
Whilst to him by faith we draw near.

2 Expecting from him to receive

All fulness of glory and grace ;

Rejoicing in hope, we believe ;

His promises thankful embrace.

Our King shall protect us from harms,

Our Advocate make our plea good,

Our shepherd will bear in his arms  
The sheep which he bought with his blood.

3 Our Prophet will point out the way,  
Which leads to the mansions above;  
Our Priest all our ransom shall pay,  
Our Friend of unchangeable love;  
But whilst to the lamb on his throne,  
Our hearts and our voices we raise,  
His glory exalted we own  
Above all our blessing and praise.

14 Day of Pentecost.

**G**REAT Spirit, by whose mighty power  
All creatures live and move,  
On us thy benediction shower,  
Inspire our souls with love.

- 2 Hail source of light! arise and shine,  
 Darkness and doubt dispel;  
 Give peace and joy, for we are thine,  
 In us for ever dwell.
- 3 From death to life our spirits raise,  
 Complete redemption bring;  
 New tongues impart to speak the praise  
 Of Christ our God and King.
- 4 Thine inward witness bear, unknown  
 To all the World beside,  
 Exulting then we feel, and own  
 Our Jesus glorified.

15. *Day of Pentecost.*

**E**NTHRON'D on high, almighty Lord,  
 Thy Holy Ghost send down  
 For ever on our souls  
 Thy grace and peace to dwell.

- Fulfil in us thy faithful word,  
And all thy mercies crown.
- 2 Though on our heads no tongues of fire  
Their wondrous powers impart,  
Grant, Saviour, what we more desire,  
Thy Spirit in our heart.
- 3 Spirit of life, and light, and love,  
Thy heav'nly influence give!  
Quicken our souls, born from above,  
In Christ, that we may live.
- 4 To our benighted minds reveal  
The glories of his grace,  
And bring us where no clouds conceal  
The brightness of his face.
- 5 His love, within us shed abroad,  
Life's ever springing well!

Thou God in us, and we in God,  
In love eternal dwell.

16 *Trinity Sunday.*

**T**HE triune God, the mighty Elohim thou!  
In one Jehovah! every knee must bow,  
And every voice on earth, and hosts on high,  
Hail, holy, holy, holy, ceaseless cry.

2 Transcendent brightness circles round thy  
throne.

Dwelling in light approachable by none,  
Presumptuous man beware, nor dare to gaze,  
No creature bears th' insufferable blaze.

3 Ye reasoners vain, groping the wall as blind,  
Who to perfection can the Almighty find?  
Higher than heav'n, what can your wisdom teach?  
Deeper than hell, where can researches reach?



4 Learn to be fools, ye wise, your ignorance own,  
 God unreveal'd, must be a God unknown;  
 Him, as the sun in his own light we see,  
 His image, Saviour, manifest in thee.

5 Veil'd in thy flesh approachable, we near  
 Gaze on his mighty glory without fear;  
 All his perfections beam with radiance mild,  
 View'd in the face of Jesus reconcil'd.

6 All hail, thou holy, holy, holy Lord,  
 By faith made known in thy revealed word;  
 Ye little children, every idol flee,  
 And find, Jehovah Jesus, life in thee!

17 *The Judgment.*

**T**HE trumpet's loud blast through the sky  
 Tremendous proclaims the Judge near;

The shouts of archangels on high,  
 Call up all the dead to appear,  
 See, teeming with life, the dark tomb  
 No longer can cover the slain;  
 And bursting from nature's soft womb,  
 The dead are the living again.

2 Descending from heaven I behold,  
 Aloft in the clouds the white throne  
 In fusion, as glows the bright gold,  
 With radiance transcendent it shows  
 Upon it One, clothed with light,  
 A form more than human I view;  
 His face as the sun in its might,  
 His judgments all faithful and true.

3 To his bar every creature must come,  
 His lips shall the sentence proclaim;

As speaks the Great Judge: **it is done,**  
 And flight, as resistance is vain.  
 The angels, the faithful convey,  
 Delighted, in glory to dwell;  
 Thrust down, without rest, night or day,  
 The wicked are cast into hell.

- 4 Remember, my soul, this great day,  
 To meet God in judgment prepare;  
 The business admits no delay,  
 This object demands thy first care.  
 Thy conscience, thy conduct, be sure  
 Try well at the bar of his word;  
 Who judge themselves now are secure,  
 Nor then shall be judg'd of the Lord.

## The Judgment

**H**ARK! the loud trumpet's awful blast!  
 'Tis done! the archangel cries;  
 Time's period shall no longer last,  
 Ye dead to judgment rise.

2 Chang'd in the twinkling of an eye,  
 The living live again;  
 Death swallow'd up in victory,  
 Immortal all remain.

3 Before the Almighty's piercing sight,  
 Their secrets none can hide;  
 Every dark deed in open light,  
 His judgment must abide.

4 In glory bright at his right hand,  
 The faithful few I see;



# HYMN 19.

Trembling with shame the guilty band,  
Await their dire decree

5 Sinner, with devils thou must lie,  
In flames, the vengeance due,  
Up to my throne, ye blessed, fly,  
The place prepared for you.

6 To-day thy voice of pardoning grace  
Lord, let me joyful hear;  
Then shall I bold approach thy face,  
Nor the last judgment fear.

## 19. The Communion.

**J**JOIN'D in the bonds of sacred love  
With saints below, and saints above,  
One spirit with our Lord;

In happy union here we meet,  
 And sitting at the Saviour's feet,  
 Surround the social board.

2 Come, with thy presence grace the feast,  
 And deign with us the last and least,  
 Dear Jesus to appear.

Approaching thee within the veil,  
 With open face, thyself reveal  
 Among thy chosen here.

3 Blest Saviour, with thy people stay,  
 Not as a passing guest, a day,  
 But love us to the end.

The desert through the table spread,  
 Till we sit down with thee our Head,  
 Eternity to spend.

*Communion.*

**H**IS friends the kind Saviour invites,  
 With plenty his table is spread;  
 Profusion of joys and delights  
 Is hid in the wine and the bread.

Ye faithful, feast on the rich food,  
 Drink joyful the cup which we bless;  
 Discerning his flesh and his blood,  
 No fear apprehend of excess.

2. His love, like the streams from the rock,  
 The deeper, the sweeter they flow;  
 Refreshing and strengthening the flock,  
 While on through the desert they go.

His peace, as the river of God,  
 The waters abundantly fill;

By faith in our hearts shed abroad,  
 Increases our blessedness still.

- 3 All fulness of glory and grace,  
 Prepared for you that believe;  
 Come boldly approaching his face,  
 More than all you can ask to receive.  
 Lord, give us this bread evermore;  
 Fill the cup with the wine of thy love;  
 In ecstasy till we adore,  
 And feast in thy presence above.

20. *Communion.*

- R**EDEEM'D by blood, a sinner poor,  
 Behold me, Lord, at mercy's door;  
 I come invited by thy grace,  
 Nor dare I else behold thy face.
- 2 But thou art good and gracious, Lord,  
 My hope depends upon thy word;  
 The sinner vile, thou dost receive,  
 Nor comfortless the wretched leave.



- 3 Furnish'd his board with richest fare,  
 Come, welcome, eat and drink, nor spare;  
 Enough for all, for all there's room,  
 Ye maim'd, blind, halt, to Jesus come.
- 4 Behold for you the table spread,  
 The purple wine, the broken bread;  
 The bread, his body broke for you,  
 The wine, his blood of richer hue.
- 5 These pledges of redeeming love  
 Receive, the seal of joys above;  
 Let every grief and sorrow cease,  
 The Saviour bids you go in peace.

21. *Communion.*

**T**O the table of thy grace  
 An unworthy guest I come;  
 Seated in the lowest place,  
 But the wedding garment on;

Else, great King, I dare not there

In my beggar's rags appear.

2 Hungry, destitute and poor

I must perish without bread,

If thy mercy's open door

Did not shew the table spread;

Where not empty sent away.

Freely feast the hungry may.

3 But not, Lord, by bread alone,

Can the fainting spirit live;

Speak the word, and it is done,

Pardon, peace, and comfort give:

Hungry, thirsty, then no more,

Thee in heav'n shall I adore.

Psalm xxiii.—Isaiah xl. 2.

- R**EDEEM'D by blood, which thou hast shed,  
 Great Shepherd, glorious cov'nant head;  
 Safe in thy care from evil keep,  
 Preserve, protect, thy helpless sheep.
- 2 The leopard's mount, the lion's den,  
 The powers of hell, the wiles of men,  
 Against thy feeble flock combine,  
 But vain their rage, since we are thine.
- 3 Us to the living fountains lead,  
 In ordinances verdant mead;  
 Refresh'd and strengthen'd day by day,  
 We hear thy voice, and pleas'd obey.
- 4 The feeble gently guide, restore,  
 The wand'ring, bid them stray no more;  
 The lambs within thy bosom warm,  
 Cherish, and bear, secure from harm.

5 The same for ever, tender, kind,  
 Dear Shepherd, leave no hoof behind;  
 Till drawn with everlasting love,  
 We join the better fold above.

23 Rom. vii. 19.

*For the good that I would, I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do.*

**C**OULD I believe thy promise, Lord,  
 And live upon thy faithful word,  
 How should I glory in the cross  
 Nor shun reproach, nor shrink from loss,  
 2 But ah! my rebel heart repines,  
 Reluctantly its gods resigns:  
 As Zion's Mount, and Canaan nigh,  
 For Egypt's flesh-pots still I sigh.

- 3 O what a contradiction strange!  
 When conscious of the blessed change;  
 Once blind, I cannot doubt I see,  
 And can I aught desire but thee!
- 4 Chief of ten thousand, to my heart,  
 Thy light, thy life, thy love impart;  
 Until thou say, Depart in peace,  
 And flesh, and spirit's conflicts cease.

24 Matt. xi. 3: *And thou, Lord, have mercy on me, thy servant.*

*Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another? Jesus answered and said unto them, Go and shew John again those things which ye do hear and see. The blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear; the dead are raised up; and the poor have the Gospel preached unto them: and blessed is he, whosoever shall not be offended in me.*

**W**HEN first the Saviour's spreading fame,  
 John's expectations find,

His messengers enquiring come,  
Art thou the Christ desir'd?

2 Go tell your master, he replies,  
What ye have heard and seen ;  
The lame man walks, the blinded eyes  
Are open'd, lepers clean.

3 The dead arise, the gospel's sound  
The poor delighted bless ;  
Happy the man, that in me found,  
Shall dare my name confess.

4 Such power on earth was once display'd  
To make men's bodies whole ;  
Saviour, in glory now array'd,  
Heal the diseas'd soul.

5 Upon our minds, benighted, shine,  
Cause the dumb lips to pray.

Our paralytic powers incline  
To run the narrow way.

6 Make our deaf ears to hear thy word,  
From sin and death releas'd;  
Our living souls a proof afford,  
Miracles are not ceas'd.

25 Heb. ix. 27, 28.

*It is appointed unto men once to die; but after this the judgment.  
So Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many; and unto  
them that look for him, shall he appear a second time, without  
sin, unto salvation.*

**P**AST is the dire decree to die  
Appointed, man, thou art;  
And after death for judgment nigh,  
Sinner prepare thy heart.

2 Conscience of evils many, great,  
2 G My spirit faints with fear;

## HYMN 25.

41

Before thy awful judgment-seat,  
 Lord, how shall I appear?

3 Look to my cross, the Saviour said,  
 I died, that thou should'st live,  
 Thy sins were on my body laid;  
 I peace and pardon give.

4 Friend of my heart, believe, adore,  
 Enter my promises a test;  
 And let dark guilt and fears no more  
 Disturb that throbbing breast.

5 On my bright throne I soon shall come,  
 Complete salvation bring;  
 And take my ransom'd people home;  
 Prepare to meet your King.

6 Come quickly, Lord, all praise to thee!  
 I've nought to apprehend;



Since in the Judge himself I see  
My Saviour and my friend.

26 John i. 17.

*The law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ.*

**R**EDEEMED Saviour, by thy blood,  
Dead to the law, I live to God;  
Loos'd from its iron bondage, rise,  
To better hopes and brighter skies.

- 2 What can it for a sinner do,  
But strong expose his crimes to view;  
With aspect stern his doom pronounce,  
And curse the soul that sins but once.
- 3 No partial service it receives,  
No promise for repentance leaves,  
Impotent frets the galling sore,  
And irritates corruption more.

- 4 But beaming from the Saviour's face,  
See the bright lines of gospel grace;  
Sweet from his lips the tidings spread  
Hope to the lost, life to the dead.
- 5 He freely, fully, grace proclaims,  
Removes the curse, and breaks my chains,  
From legal bondage sets me free,  
Restor'd to life, to liberty.
- 6 Henceforth, dear Lord, for ever thine,  
That love constrains which made thee mine;  
Since thou hast liv'd and died for me,  
I'll live not to myself, but thee.

27 Haggai i. 5. *Consider your ways.*

**W**HEN all my past days to review,  
And ponder my ways I begin,

- The farther the search I pursue,  
I trace but corruption and sin.
- 2 Soon as from the womb I was brought  
My race was in evil begun,  
My spirit with frowardness fraught,  
And falsehood beguiled my tongue.
- 3 To manhood from youth as I grew,  
My reason to passion the slave,  
As custom, as fashion still drew,  
I rush'd down the steep to the grave.
- 4 My conscience, that monitor true,  
Remonstrates, but little avails,  
The good, which I would I can't do,  
The evil I would not, prevails.
- 5 Then take me, Lord, such as I am,  
And make me just what I should be,

I'll take to myself all the shame,  
And give all the glory to thee.

28 Psalm lv. 6.

*O that I had the wings of a dove!*

**S**PIRIT of faith, this grace impart,  
And help my unbelieving heart;  
My God forgot, so cold my love,  
So faint my hopes of rest above.

2 When I should pant for joys on high,  
Groveling in sense and earth I lie:  
Unruly passions vex my breast,  
And anxious cares disturb my rest.

3 If now and then a gleam of light  
Bursts on my soul, dispels the night,  
Short as a winter's day, how soon  
My sun goes down, almost at noon.

- 4 Sometimes I stretch my wings to rise,  
 Above the earth to reach the skies,  
 But fetter'd by corruption's chain,  
 I flutter, faint, and fall again.
- 5 Dear Saviour, the bright evidence give  
 Of things unseen, that I may live  
 For thee alone; till faith in sight  
 Is lost, amid the saints in light.

29 John x. 28.

*And I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish,  
 neither shall any pluck them out of my hand.*

**S**INCE ever sure thy promise stands,  
 That none shall pluck me from thy hands,  
 I live upon thy faithful word,  
 And wait for thy salvation, Lord.

• My all into thy keeping take,  
 Nor helpless leave me, nor forsake;

Thine everlasting arms beneath,  
I lean on thee, and walk by faith.

3 Call'd, Saviour, by thy grace to prove  
Eternal wisdom, pow'r and love,  
Content thy pleasure to fulfil,  
I bow submissive to thy will.

4 Redeemed from corruption's bands,  
I run the way of thy commands;  
And persevering unto death,  
I'll bless thee with my latest breath.

30 Psalm. xxxii. 7. *Thou art my hiding place.*

**W**HEN low'ring clouds deform the sky,  
And darkness thickens round,  
Sudden the forked lightnings fly,  
Loud thunders rock the ground.

- 2 The howling blasts impetuous sweep  
The desolated plain,  
The frightened beasts to covert creep,  
Home flies the trembling swain.
- 3 But louder thunders o'er my head,  
My heart with terrors fill,  
And storms of wrath divine I dread,  
Which soul and body kill.
- 4 See on the whirlwind's rapid wings,  
The King of terrors ride,  
And with him desolation brings,  
Myself where can I hide?
- 5 Haste, sinner, haste, the Saviour cried,  
Behold my wounded form,  
The cleft of my deep wounded side,  
Shall hide thee from the storm.

# HYMN, 31.

49

Matt. vii. 13, 14.

*Wide is the gate, and broad is the way, &c.*

**A**RISE my soul, the path survey,  
Which guides thee to eternal day;  
The beaten track avoid, the road  
That leads to death and hell is broad.

- 2 The many there at large are found,  
Where pride, lust, avarice abound,  
Display their banners wide, invite  
With flattering hope and false delight,
- 3 See how they rush to seize the prize,  
Midst envy, wrath, revenge and lies,  
Nor heeds the gulph which yawns before;  
They sink and fall to rise no more.
- 4 The right hand narrow way pursue,  
Where Jesus leads the chosen few,



Behold that sign, a bloody cross,  
 Count all for this but dung and loss.

- 5 Boldly advance, till vanquish'd all,  
 Satan, the world, corruption fall:  
 Conqu'rors thro' grace we reach the skies,  
 And to eternal glory rise.

32 Rev. xxi, 5. *I make all things new.*

**W**HEN first the radiant orbs from darkness  
 sprung,

By the creative word; together sung  
 The morning stars, the spheres their music bring  
 With shouts of joy, God's sons adore their King.

- 2 These are thy works, they cry, utter his praise,  
 Thou glorious sun, far as thy piercing rays  
 Fill the vast bounds of space; yestars that shine  
 On worlds unnumber'd, praise the work divine.

3 But see, alas!, a darker chaos reign,  
 Where sin and death their empire wide maintain,  
 O'er souls immortal, each in value far  
 Above ten thousand worlds, or brightest star.

4 Jesus beheld, and to our rescue flew,  
 He spake, 'tis done, Lo! I make all things new;  
 Amazing word! before my ravish'd eyes,  
 A brighter sun, and a new heaven arise.

5 No more shall sin and death resume the reins;  
 Through righteousness to life eternal reigns  
 His grace; ye seraphs spread creation's fame,  
 'Tis mine to bless my great Redeemer's name.

33 Rev. i. 12, 16.

**W**HEN on the wings of faith I soar on high  
 Leave earth behind, and pierce the azure  
 sky,

- Lost in delight, transported with surprize,  
 The bright effulgence dims my dazzled eyes.
- 2 Sublime before me rose a radiant throne,  
 Around an emerald bow translucent shone;  
 Beneath cherubic wheels instinctive ran,  
 And on it sat one like the Son of Man.
- 3 His face the sun, his eyes the lightning's beams  
 Eclips'd—his sacred voice, that mighty streams  
 More loud, yet more melodious, melts in air;  
 And down his shoulders way'd his snowy hair.
- 4 Bound with a golden zone, behind him flow'd  
 His vest: his feet, like brass in fusion glow'd:  
 In his right hand, with coruscations bright,  
 Seven glittering stars emit their cheering light.
- 5 Forth from his lips a sharp two-edged sword  
 Proceeds; his piercing, powerful, quick'ning word

Before him thrones, dominions, princely powers,  
In love and praise employ their happy hours.

6 Seraphic voices join the golden lyre,  
Devotion pure, ecstatic bliss inspire,  
With hymns divine the vault of heav'n resounds,  
The joyful notes the echoing roof rebounds.

7 Lord, when shall I, from this vile body free,  
Join the glad choir, for ever dwell with thee?  
From me than angels nobler praise is due,  
Ye heavenly hosts, he never died for you.

34 Zephan. ii. 3. *Seek meekness.*

**T**O meekness, Saviour, such as thine  
Gracious my froward heart incline!  
Each passion turbulent controul,  
That wars within my troubled soul.

- 2 Dispell the rising storm within:  
 Though angry, yet restrain'd from sin:  
 Nor let my visage glow with ire,  
 My tongue dart stings, my eyes flash fire.
- 3 To others tender, patient, kind,  
 Be soft compassion still combin'd  
 With just offence, nor let me dare  
 My wrongs avenge, but bear, forbear.
- 4 Against myself, if wrath awake,  
 Let me, whilst due revenge I take;  
 My own infirmities endure,  
 Humbled, not vex'd, attempt their cure.
- 5 Her perfect work till patience taught,  
 By Jesu's blood my spirit bought,  
 In his bright image shall arise,  
 Meet for the throne, and mount the skies

## Psalm lxxiii. 26.

*My flesh and my heart faileth, but God is the strength of my heart  
and my portion for ever.*

- T**HOU precious Lord, the sinner's friend,  
 Whose love no measure knows, nor end,  
 Supported by thy powerful arm,  
 I dread no foe, I fear no harm.
- 2 With thee I pass life's dangerous road,  
 And hasten to that bright abode,  
 Where thy redeemed find their rest,  
 Safe leaning on the Saviour's breast.
- 3 Though tribulations sore surround,  
 Temptations manifold abound,  
 Corruption struggles, flesh invites,  
 To sinful pleasure's false delights.
- 4 My voice to thee I lift in pray'r,  
 On thee alone I cast my care.

To thee salvation doth belong,

When I am weak then am I strong.

5 Yea, when my heart and strength shall fail,

And death my tottering frame assail,

Unmov'd I'll tread the dreadful step,

And fall in Jesu's arms asleep.

36. 1 Cor. 1:30.

*Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.*

**J**ESUS, as yesterday, to-day, the same.

For ever, hear a wretched sinner call;

Nothing, and less than nothing, Lord, I am.

I come to thee, be thou my all in all.

2 Upon my dark'ned mind, bright Sun arise,

Make me, great Prophet, know myself, and

thee,

Myself how stupid, foolish, weak, unwise,

And thou my light, my guide, my wisdom be.

3 In my vile nature, Lord, there dwells no good,  
 Perverse my ways, I own; corrupt my heart,  
 The fountain open, wash me in thy blood,  
 Thy work I plead, my righteousness thou art.

4 To walk with God, his holy law obey,  
 Unable; thou, my Sanctifier, give  
 Thy quick'ning Spirit, then thy perfect way  
 I'll run, not I, but Christ in me shall live.

5 Thus fraught with wisdom, righteousness & grace  
 Fearless I dare the king of terrors see,  
 And sure in glory to behold thy face,  
 My perfected salvation find in thee.

37

*The afflicted feelings of the heart on the loss of the dearest of relations.*

**F**ROM my fond arms my love is fled,  
 And leaves me here to mourn; E 3



- Snatch'd to the mansions of the dead,  
 From whence there's no return.
- 2 My solitary bed forlorn,  
 At night my tears bedew,  
 And with the sun I wake at morn,  
 My sorrows to renew.
- 3 Where'er I turn my weary eyes,  
 Sad desolations reign;  
 In ~~but~~ all earthly comfort dies,  
 Nor hopes to rise again.
- 4 Pity, dear Lord; thy grace impart,  
 Immediate grief subdue!  
 Compassion fills thy tender heart,  
 Which mortals never knew.
- 5 In death, when the lov'd Lazarus slept,  
 How pierc'd with human woe!

Over his tomb my Jesus wept,

With his, my tears may flow.

6 I would not murmur, though I mourn;

He gave and takes away;

My comforts fled shall yet return

At the eternal day.

7 Cease, my fond foolish heart, to long

That she should come to me;

Enthron'd the heavenly hosts among,

Dear love, I'll fly to thee.

38 On the same occasion.

**I**N conjugal bonds of delight,

Which nothing but death could destroy,

As Jesus our hearts did unite,

To love was our duty and joy.

2 But short is the moment below,

And shorter the date of our bliss;

As sovereign to take, as bestow,  
Our spirits and bodies are his.

3 But long as my mem'ry shall last,  
Thy name on my heart shall remain,  
I'll think with delight on the past,  
And hope a blest meeting again:

4 Then welcome the mandate divine,  
That bids my soul quit the dull clod,  
To dwell in sweet union with thine,  
For ever in love and in God !

39 Cant. ii. 8. *The voice of my Beloved!*

**A**WAKE, my love, my fair one rise,  
I leave vanities below;  
Come to my throne, the Saviour cries:  
To thee, dear Lord, I'll go.

- 2 Awaken'd by thy gracious call,  
 I hear, and pleas'd, obey;  
 Lowly before thy footstool fall,  
 And wait the wish'd for day.
- 3 Weary of wand'ring round and round  
 This vale of sin and woe;  
 I long to leave th' unhallow'd ground,  
 Where peace nor rest I know.
- 4 Speak then, almighty Lord to save,  
 Say, from the dust arise;  
 Then shall I quit the dreary grave,  
 To meet thee in the skies.

40. Eph. ii. 8, 9, 10.

**Y**E sons of ignorance and pride,  
 Who mock at God's elect,  
 Who impious faith and grace deride,  
 Yet holiness affect.

- 2 Deceived, and deceiving, know,  
The works on which you trust,  
So short of what to him you owe,  
Must leave you still unjust.
- 3 But sav'd by grace, thro' faith in him,  
Compleat, before the throne,  
Presented without spot of sin,  
Christ will his people own.
- 4 To glory call'd, in virtue's way,  
The chosen faithful run,  
Beneath the Saviour's gracious sway,  
Finish the race begun.
- 5 His grace in them by faith display'd,  
All glorious they appear;  
In holiness of truth array'd,  
The stamp of heaven bear.

Neh. xiii. 31. *Remember me, O God, for good.*

- O** THOU, from whom all goodness flows,  
 I lift my heart to thee;  
 In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,  
 Dear Lord, remember me.
- 2 When groaning on my burden'd heart,  
 My sins lie heavily;  
 My pardon speak, new peace impart,  
 In love remember me.
- 3 Temptations sore obstruct my way,  
 And ills I cannot flee;  
 O give me strength, Lord, as my day,  
 For good remember me.
- 4 Distrest with pain, disease and grief,  
 This feeble body see,  
 Grant patience, rest, and kind relief,  
 Hear! and remember me.

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HYMN 421

5 If on my face, for thy dear name,  
Shame and reproaches be;  
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,  
If thou remember me!

6 The hour is near, consign'd to death,  
I own the just decree;  
Saviour, with my last parting breath,  
I'll cry, Remember me.

42 John xiv. 18.

*I will not leave you comfortless, I will come unto you.*

**T**RAVELLING thro' this vale of tears,  
Beset with foes around;  
Within by unbelieving fears,  
My conflicts sore abound.  
What comfort, Saviour, can I know,  
Unless thy presence with me go.

2 Come, dear companion, sinner's friend,  
 My heart to thee I yield;  
 Love me, and save me to the end,  
 Be thou my sun and shield.  
 My sorrows, fears and conflicts cease,  
 When thy blest Spirit whispers peace.

3 Guide me safe down life's dangerous road,  
 Shine on the path I tread,  
 And pointing to thy blest abode,  
 Lift up my drooping head:  
 Midst every cross, the crown in view,  
 Though faint, like Gideon, I pursue.

4 Thy everlasting arms beneath,  
 My tottering steps shall guide,  
 And kept by never-failing faith,  
 I'll cleave to thy pierced side.



Come, Lord, and ever with me be,  
Till thou shalt take me home to thee.

43 *Funeral*\*

SAY, dreary grave,  
How long wilt thou conceal me;  
Mighty to save  
When will my Jesus come,  
Fainting, dying, now mine eyes I close,  
My weary head upon thy bosom, Lord, repose;  
Thou wilt not leave nor fail me,  
Till my short race is run,  
Glory to God,  
The victory is won.  
Dying, I can sing,  
Where, O death's thy sting?  
Salvation's perfect work is done.

\* For the dirge movement in Dr. Boyce's Fourth Sonata.

Gen. xxxii. 24—32. *Jacob wrestling.*

**W**RESTLING until the break of day,  
 Firm stood the Patriarch bold;  
 His halting thigh, his strength's decay,  
 Nor heeds, nor quits his hold.

Loose me, the mighty angel cries,  
 Why dost thou grasp me so?  
 Until thou bless me he replies,  
 I will not let thee go.

Israel; not Jacob, be thy name,  
 Henceforth, thou shalt prevail,  
 Thy God for ever is the same,  
 Thou shall not faint, nor fail.

Ye faithful, hold the promise fast,  
 To plead it boldly dare;  
 Wrestling with God, to prove at last,  
 Th' omnipotence of pray'r.

Gen. ix. 13.—17. Rev. iv. 3. *The rainbow.*

**B**EHOLD the gay bow in the sky,  
How vivid the colours are seen,  
Its glories extended on high

With orange, and purple and green.

2 Thro' the drops, as they fall, the sun's beams  
Refracted, reflected, we view,

As it glows, as it fades, the sweet scenes  
Our wonder, our pleasure renew.

3 But oh! with what heighten'd delight,  
In heaven the bright object I trace,

When by faith I contemplate the sight,  
As the sign of a covenant of grace.

4 When over me hangs the thick cloud,  
And darkness with horrors outspread;

Mighty thund'ring rings with lightnings, aloud,  
Roll terribly over my head;

- 5 No deluge of wrath shall I fear,  
 No more can the floods of the deep;  
 Their billows affrighted appear,  
 The globe with destruction to sweep.
- 46 Though the heavens all on fire be dissolv'd,  
 The elements melting with heat,  
 The earth with fierce flames be involv'd,  
 Unmov'd, I these terroils can meet,  
 That emerald bow round the throne;  
 The pledge of his favour, I see;  
 Come, welcome, dear Lord, to thine own,  
 I long to be ever with thee.

46. *The Pilgrim.*

**W**ITH his long travel faint, opprest,  
 The weary pilgrim sighs for rest,  
 Around his bark when billows roar,  
 The toiling rower pants for shore.

Gen. ix. 13.—17. Rev. iv. 3. *The rainbow.*

**B**EHOLD the gay bow in the sky,  
How vivid the colours are seen,  
Its glories extended on high

With orange, and purple and green.

2 Thro' the drops, as they fall, the sun's beams  
Refracted, reflected, we view,

As it glows, as it fades, the sweet scenes  
Our wonder, our pleasure renew.

3 But oh! with what heighten'd delight,  
In heaven the bright object I trace,

When by faith I contemplate the sight,  
As the sign of a covenant of grace.

4 When over me hangs the thick cloud,  
And darkness with horrors outspread;

Mighty thund'ring with lightnings, aloud,  
Roll terribly over my head;

- 5 No deluge of wrath shall I fear,  
 No more can the floods of the deep  
 Their billows affrighted appear,  
 The globe with destruction to sweep.
- 16 Though the heavens all on fire be dissolv'd,  
 The elements melting with heat,  
 The earth with fierce flames be involv'd,  
 Unmov'd, I these terroirs can meet,  
 That emerald bow round the throne,  
 The pledge of his favour, I see;  
 Come, welcome, dear Lord, to thine own,  
 I long to be ever with thee.

46. *The Pilgrim.*

WITH his long travel faint, opprest,  
 The weary pilgrim sighs for rest,  
 Around his bark when billows roar,  
 The toiling rower pants for shore.

- 2 Thus when temptations waves a rise,  
 Struggling, half sunk, I cast my eyes  
 With eager looks to that blis't shore,  
 Where storms and tempests rage no more.
- 3 Faint as the pilgrim, yet pursue  
 The rugged path, my home in view,  
 My tottering steps the staff of grace  
 Supporting still, I urge my race.
- 4 Leave me not, Saviour, nor forsake,  
 My soul to thy dear bosom take:  
 When safe to that fair haven come,  
 All hail sweet rest and happy home.

47 Heb. xii. 1, 2.

*Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race set before us: looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith.*

**B**EHOLD the glorious crown in view,  
Nor faint, nor weary, still pursue,  
To Jesus look, the sinner's friend,  
And patient hope unto the end.

2 Cast away every weight of sin,  
With the besetting lust begin,  
And run the race, till in the skies,  
Thou reach the goal, and win the prize.

3 The field the vast spectators crown,  
Saints, angels, God himself looks down,  
The spectacle with high delight,  
Enjoy, approve, applaud the sight.

4 Author and Finisher of faith  
Establish, strengthen unto death,  
Then shall the prize indeed be mine,  
But all the glory, Lord, be thine.



1 Thess. i. 10. *Ascension.*

*And to wait for his Son from heaven, whom he raised from the dead, even Jesus, which delivered us from the wrath to come.*

**H**AIL Son of God! the op'ning grave  
 Proclaims thy power divine;  
 Thou to the uttermost can'st save,  
 We know, for we are thine.  
 Rescued by thee from wrath to come,  
 The ransom thou hast paid;  
 The battle fought, the victory won,  
 On thee our help is laid.

2 The work completed, up on high  
 The Conqueror ascends,  
 To claim his mansions in the sky,  
 Prepare them for his friends.  
 Our eyes, dear Lord, are unto thee,  
 Us for our house prepare;

Come! where thou art, there let us be,  
And all thy glory share.

49 Isaiah lii. 2, Rev. xxx. 7, 8.

**T**HOU virgin daughter, once so loath'd;  
Put off thy filthy robe,  
In glory's garb with beauty cloath'd,  
Come from thy dark abode.

2 Shake thyself from the bands of dust,  
Rise, captive daughter, rise;  
Thy God corruption's chains hath burst,  
He calls thee to the skies.

3 Thy King behold, adorn'd with grace,  
He woos thee for his bride,  
Nor conscious shame thy blushing face  
Needs from his presence hide.

- 4 With robes of righteousness array'd  
 They're woven by his hand;  
 Bright, without spot, no more dismay'd,  
 Before him joyful stand,
- 5 Thy garments fragrance shed around,  
 Hephzibah thy new name;  
 Now all perfection, in him found,  
 As he is, thou'rt the same.
- 6 In union, nature, covenant one,  
 My husband I am thine;  
 Thy work, thy cross, thy crown, thy throne,  
 And all thou hast are mine.

50. 1 John v. 20, 21.

**T**HE Son of God is come,  
 In human flesh reveal'd,  
 The mystery made known,  
 From ages past conceal'd.

- 2 All things to reconcile,  
 Restor'd in Christ their head,  
 And satan's malice foil,  
 He rais'd him from the dead.
- 3 By light divine we see,  
 Him, God and Man in one,  
 To him our refuge flee,  
 In him abide alone.
- 4 Faithful and true, his name,  
 His promises all sure,  
 Unchangeably the same,  
 Eternally endure.
- 5 Him the true God we own,  
 Renounce each idol sin;  
 And knowing, as we're known,  
 Shall live and reign with him.

1 Pet. v. 10, 11.

*But the God of all grace, who hath called us to his eternal glory by Jesus Christ, after that ye have suffered awhile, make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you. To him be glory and dominion, for ever and ever. Amen.*

**G**OD of all grace, by whose blest word;  
 Call'd to the knowledge of our Lord,  
 We seek and find redemption nigh,  
 Bought by his blood, to thee we fly.

- 2** In him accepted, bring us near,  
 Pardon our guilt, dispel our fear;  
 Establish, strengthen, comfort, keep,  
 And, for the shepherd, love the sheep.
- 3** Conducted by thy gracious care,  
 We safely pass through every snare,  
 Finish our course, then reach the skies,  
 And to eternal glory rise.

Jerem, xxiii. 6. *the Lord our*

*[This is his name whereby he shall be called, The Lord our  
Righteousness.]*

**M**OST High, most Holy, who can stand  
Before thy perfect law?  
If justice, arm'd with wrath, demand,  
Wretch, pay me what you owe.

2 I promise, strive, and strive in vain,  
To gain my conscience ease;  
My efforts impotent remain,  
To placate or to please.

3 Desperate, guilty, helpless, lost,  
I feel destruction nigh;  
Nor earth can save, nor all heav'n's host,  
A sinner doom'd to die.

4 But hark! I hear a voice proclaim  
(Your great Deliv'rer bless!)

I come to save, this is my name,

The Lord, your Righteousness.

5 Amen, I cry! salvation great!

The law fulfilled I see;

Thy righteousness, dear Lord, complete,

Hath answer'd all for me.

53. Rev. iv.

**I**N perfect blessedness above,

The hosts seraphic sing and love;

In praise their happy hours employ,

God's presence their ecstatic joy.

2 Design'd their blessedness to share,

Dear Jesus now my heart prepare,

Beaming with glory, and with grace,

Arise! unvail thy radiant face.

3 On the bright vision let me gaze,

Till all my spirit in a blaze,

Feels the collected rays of love,  
Its full transforming power prove.

- 4 Then shall I here delighted raise  
My voice to spread my Saviour's praise,  
On this side heav'n my bliss begin,  
And like the angels, love and sing.

54 2 Thess. iii. 5.

*The Lord direct your hearts into the love of God, and into the patient waiting for Christ,*

**S**PIRIT of God and glory, send  
Thine influence from above;  
Reveal in us the sinner's Friend,  
And shed abroad his love.

- 2 Direct our hearts with pow'r divine,  
To know the Father's grace,  
And open all his great design  
To save our wretched race.



3 Of things unseen the evidence give;  
 Rejoicing in thy light,  
 May we in hope's assurance live,  
 By faith, and not by sight.

4 To suffer, or to serve our Lord  
 With patience persevere,  
 Till we, according to his word,  
 With him in heav'n appear.

55 1 Cor. xv. 35. *O Death, where is thy sting?*

SEE from his dark and dismal cave  
 The King of terrors ride  
 O'er heaps of vanquish'd slain; the grave  
 Wide yawns on every side

2 The sons of men in dute dismay,  
 Behold destruction nigh;  
 Vain is resistance, vain delay,  
 None from the grave can fly.

- 3 Who to the desperate, lost, undone,  
 Can hope or succour bring?  
 Glory to God for his dear Son,  
 O death, where is thy sting?
- 4 Thy mischief, tyrant, cease to boast,  
 Nor vaunt it o'er the slain?  
 Know, maugre thee, and all hell's host,  
 I fall to rise again.
- 5 But thou the spoils of ages past,  
 Must, vanquish'd, soon restore,  
 Into the lakes of fire be cast,  
 And fall to rise no more.

## 56. Psalm lxii. 7.

*Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy water-spouts: all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.*

**O**'ERWHELM'D with sharp afflictions,  
 To thee, my God, I cry:

Bow'd down with strong convictions

Deep in the dust I lie:

Confessing thou art holy,

And I a sinner vile,

Upon me, poor and lowly,

Deign, Lord, a gracious smile.

2 Thy storms have thick'ned round me,

Thy hand hath press'd me sore,

In misery's fetters bound me,

Lord, I can bear no more.

My sorrows are enlarged,

Wave follows upon wave,

With burdens overcharged,

I sink, O save me, Save!

3 Jesus beheld my anguish,

Soft pity mov'd his breast,

Nor suffer'd me to languish,  
 But spake my soul to rest;  
 He pardon'd my transgressions,  
 Bid all my sorrows cease,  
 And in his rich compassions,  
 Restor'd my heart to peace.

57 Luke xxi. 19.

*In your patience possess ye your souls.*

**S**INCE thou my strength, my refuge art,  
 In every sore distress!  
 Teach me, dear Lord, my froward heart,  
 In patience to possess.

2 If from thy hand afflictions come,  
 However sharp the rod,  
 Before thee let my lips be dumb,  
 Nor dare reply to God.

- 3 From men perverse in heart and word,  
 When I endure the cross,  
 Thy meekness give me, gracious Lord,  
 To suffer shame and loss.
- 4 My brethren, still to evil prone,  
 Offending let me spare;  
 And learn (the harder task) my own  
 Infirmities to bear.
- 5 Till self and sin, their conflicts cease,  
 I patiently endure,  
 And entering into perfect peace,  
 The victory secure.

58 John xiii. 35.

*By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye love one another.*

**A**SCENDING to his native throne,  
 The Saviour left the grave,

Claiming the kingdoms for his own,  
The promis'd Spirit gave.

- 2 The spreading flame from breast to breast,  
The chosen faithful prove,  
The world, the wondrous power confest,  
"See how these christians love."
- 3 But now the enemy his tares  
Among the wheat hath spread,  
And pride, and self, and earthly cares,  
Their baleful influence shed.
- 4 From lust of power and gain, arise  
Rancour, deceit, debate;  
The taunting world malignant cries,  
"See how these christians hate."
- 5 Almighty Lord, we turn to thee,  
This foul reproach remove;

And let our one contention be,  
For meekness, peace and love.

Psalm cix. 25.

*My soul cleaveth unto the dust, quicken thou me according to thy word.*

**W**ITH chains of flesh and sense,  
My fallen spirit bound,  
To earthly joys and care propense,  
Still cleaveth to the ground.

- 2 My appetites incline,  
To base corruption's way,  
My eyes, my ears, my lips combine,  
My spirit to betray.
- 3 More than I use, I have,  
Yet ever craving live;  
My thirst unslacken'd as the grave,  
Importunate cries; Give.

- 4 My grow'ling heart set free  
 From dust and base desire!  
 Drawn, Lord, by cords of love to thee,  
 Raise my affection higher.
- 5 Quick'ned by grace divine,  
 Myself to thee I give;  
 When body, spirit, soul are thine,  
 I then begin to live.

## 60 Psalm xcvi. 1.

*His right hand and his holy arm, hath gotten him the victory.*

- T**HE Captain of Salvation rears  
 His bloody banner high,  
 The trumpet's blast the warrior hears,  
 All to the standard fly.
- 2 The deep'ning ranks bear faith's broad shield,  
 With golden sandals shod;



The Spirit's two-edg'd sword they wield,  
The panoply of God.

3 Before their King in silence all,  
Await his sovereign will,  
Prepared obedient to his call,  
His pleasure to fulfil.

4 Stand still, he cried, this day alone  
I all your foes defeat:  
No other arm I need, my own  
The victory must complet.

5 On his cherubic car, array'd  
With vengeance, forth he rode;  
Beneath his burning wheels dismay'd,  
Sin, death and hell he trod.

6 With songs of praise we welcome back  
The conqu'ror from his toil,

And marking his victorious track,  
We follow, but to spoil.

61. Psalm xcvi. 2.

*Be telling of his salvation from day to day.*

**T**O thee, my God and Saviour,  
My heart exulting sings,  
Rejoicing in thy favor,  
Almighty King of kings.  
I'll celebrate thy glory,  
With all thy saints above,  
And tell the joyful story,  
Of thy redeeming love.

2 Soon as the morn with roses,  
Bedecks the dewy east,  
And when the sun reposes  
Upon the ocean's breast;

My voice in supplication,  
 Well pleased thou shalt hear,  
 O grant me thy salvation,  
 And to my soul draw near.

3 By thee through life supported,  
 I pass the dangerous road,  
 With heavenly hosts escorted,  
 Up to their bright abode.  
 There cast my throne before thee,  
 Now all my conflicts o'er,  
 And day and night adore thee;  
 What can an angel more?

62 2 Tim. xi. 19.

*The foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are his.*

**G**OD'S foundation standeth sure,  
 We shall to the end endure,

- Safely will the Shepherd keep,  
 Those he purchas'd for his sheep.  
 God's foundation, &c.
- 2 Known to him before the sun,  
 First began his course to run,  
 Chosen, called, from above,  
 Objects of eternal love.  
 God's foundation, &c.
- 3 Put thy seal upon each heart,  
 Thy blest image, Lord, impart;  
 All thyself in us reveal,  
 We the clay, and thou the seal.  
 God's foundation, &c.
- 4 Every evil, Lord, subdue,  
 By thy grace, our souls renew,  
 Then from base affection free,  
 Dead to sin, we'll live to thee.

God's foundation standeth sure; How shall we  
We shall to the end endure.

63 2 Cor. iv. 17, 18.

*For our light afflictions, &c.*

**W**HEN in affliction's furnace tried,  
We suffer pain or grief,  
The sacred word of grace applied,  
Affords our hearts relief.

2 With our demerits, if compar'd,  
How light our burden lies,  
The faithful Martyrs harder far'd,  
Jesus in torments dies.

3 Our sorrows pass swift as the wind,  
And scarce a moment stay,  
But leave their blest effects behind,  
Prepare for glory's day!

- 4 Then walk by faith, and not by sight,  
 Possess your souls in peace;  
 Soon shall ye join the saints in light,  
 And all your sorrows cease.

64 Job. i. 21.

*The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name  
 of the Lord...*

- S**UBMISSIVE to thy will, my God,  
 I all to thee resign,  
 And bow before thy chast'ning rod;  
 I mourn, but not repine.
- 2 Why should my foolish heart complain,  
 Where wisdom, truth and love  
 Directs the stroke, inflicts the pain,  
 And points to rest above.
- 3 How short are all my sufferings here,  
 How needful ev'ry cross,

Avaunt thou unbelieving fear,  
 Nor call my gain, my loss;  
 † Then give, dear Lord, or take away,  
 I'll bless thy sacred name,  
 My Jesus yesterday, to-day,  
 For ever is the same.

## 65 Heb. x. 19,

*Having therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by  
 the blood of Jesus.*

**J**EHOVAH Jesus fills the throne,  
 The man of grief no more;  
 The winepress he hath trod alone,  
 Ye ransom'd him adore.  
 † Ten thousand thousand angels stand,  
 Before their God and King;  
 Ye blood-bought people, chosen band,  
 Your welcome-offering bring.

3 In him all fulness dwells for you  
 Of glory and of grace,  
 Bold, his transcendent brightness view,  
 Ye need not veil your face.

4 The manhood into God to take,  
 Since he from heav'n came down,  
 Now man his godhead shall partake,  
 And share his glorious crown,

66 Ezek. xxxvii. 3. *Can these dry bones live?*

**W**HEN the enraptur'd Prophet's eye,  
 Beheld the valley wide,  
 Whiten'd, with human bones, all dry,  
 Scatter'd on every side:

2 A voice, loud as the foaming sea  
 The rapid whirlwinds drive,  
 I heard, amaz'd! Son of man, say  
 Can these dry bones revive?



- 3 Thou knowest, Lord, and only thou,  
My trembling lips reply'd!  
Command the quick'ning winds to blow,  
Upon these slain, he cried!
- 4 Breathe, O ye winds, (I strait proclaim  
As order'd) on these slain!  
Sudden a mighty shaking came,  
Bone joins to bone again.
- 5 With flesh and sinews cloth'd they stand,  
Their vital powers restor'd,  
An army numerous as the sand,  
Before the living Lord.
- 6 Spirit of pow'r, almighty King,  
Thy quick'ning influence give;  
Inspire thy word, thy preachers bring,  
And our dead souls shall live.

**S**WEETLY, softly swell the strain,  
 Jesu's name shall be the theme,  
 Through the vast ætherial sky,  
 Loud, ye heavenly host reply.

- 2 Hail, thou blest incarnate Saviour,  
 Pardon, peace, salvation give,  
     All glory be,  
     O Lord to thee,  
 Thy people's everlasting friend;  
 Thou hast died that we may live.  
 Love us, save us to the end.\*

68 Gen. 21. 9—19.

**W**HEN wretched Hagar with her son,  
 From Sarah's presence fled,  
 The water in her bottle gone,  
 Exhausted quite her bread,

For the adagio movement in the overture of Berlioz.

- 2 Upon the ground the famish'd child  
Casting from her fond breast,  
Maternal love in accents wild  
Her anguish loud exprest.
- 3 God gracious saw the scene of woe,  
He heard poor Ishmael's cry;  
Behold, he saith, the waters flow,  
Fear not, ye shall not die.
- 4 If to the handmaid and her seed  
Such favour he hath shewn;  
In soul or body's deepest need,  
Will God forsake his own;
- 5 By faith ye free-born children live,  
Nor let base fear prevail;  
He through the desert bread will give,  
Your waters cannot fail.

Gen. xxx. 16, 17, 18, 19.

**O** GIVE me children, or I die,  
 Nor dangers fear, nor pains;  
 Impatient Rachel's fretful cry,  
 The wish'd-for boon obtains.

**2** Joseph is born, the darling boy!  
 Behold a second son!  
 Just at the summit of her joy,  
 Death in the gift is come.

**3** Thus, coveting what God denies,  
 We only misery gain;  
 The shadow grasp'd, the substance flies,  
 The pleasure ends in pain.

**4** Then let me, Lord, nor wish, nor will,  
 Nor murmur, nor repine;  
 Content thy pleasure to fulfil,  
 And all to thee resign.

Judges xvi. 19, 21. *Sampson.*

- B**Y fatal dalliance Sampson won,  
 His sacred locks reposed upon  
 The harlot's lap: His naked head,  
 Nor heeds, nor wists God's Spirit fled.
- 2 But now the false Philistine host,  
 Soon make him know his strength is lost;  
 His feet in brazen fetters bind,  
 Chain'd in the prison-house to grind.
- 3 Thou gracious soul, behold! beware!  
 When sinful pleasure spreads the snare;  
 Nor ever let thy Nazarite's head  
 Repose upon the harlot's bed.
- 4 Nor drunk with wine, nor drunk with care,  
 The fallen Sampson's mis'ry share;  
 Of vice the first approaches shun,  
 To parley is to be undone.

- 5 My conscience tender as my eye,  
 Dear Saviour keep, that I may fly  
 The wiles of sin, nor evermore  
 Its hateful servitude deplore.

71 1 Chron. iv. 9, 10. *Jabez*

**A** Child of sorrow from the womb,  
 A man of sorrow to the tomb;  
 Conceived in sin, and born to grief,  
 Like Jabez, Lord, I seek relief.

- 2 Thine Israel's God, who hearest prayer,  
 On thee alone I cast my care:  
 Saviour, if thou thy blessing grant,  
 I all possess, I nothing want.
- 3 My heart enlarged by thy love,  
 To thee its faithfulness shall prove;  
 Supported by thy mighty hand,  
 I all my fears and foes withstand.

- Keep me from evil to the end,  
 From sin, from suffering, Lord, defend;  
 Nor let impatience add to pain,  
 And faster bind the galling chain.
- 5 He heard, he granted my request,  
 On his dear bosom safe I rest;  
 Ye sons of sorrow learn of me,  
 And to the same blest refuge flee.

72 Gen. 28: 10—22.

- W**HEN Jacob Esau's presence fled,  
 With weariness oppress'd,  
 His pillow stone, the ground his bed,  
 He laid him down to rest.
- 2 Heaven in his heart, he dream'd, and lo!  
 A ladder vast and high,  
 With angels moving to and fro,  
 Descending from the sky.

- 3 This land, saith God, shall sure to thee,  
 And to thy seed remain;  
 In all thy ways I'll with thee be,  
 And bring thee back again.
- 4 Pleas'd he awoke, an altar rears,  
 His pillow late of stone;  
 Himself to God devoted swears  
 To live and die his own.
- 5 Me to thy care, dear Saviour take;  
 I all to thee resign;  
 In life, in death, asleep, awake,  
 Like Jacob, I am thine.

73 Heb. vi. 22.

*By faith, Joseph when he died, made mention of the departing of the children of Israel, and gave commandment concerning his bones.*

**M**Y bones unburied shall remain,  
 Nor be in Egypt laid;



- By faith the sacred pledge retain,  
The dying Patriarch said.
- 2 With you, my brethren, they must go  
To Canaan's promis'd land;  
Triumphant there o'er every foe,  
I know your seed shall stand.
- 3 With brighter hopes the christian saint,  
The heavenly Canaan eyes;  
Tho' flesh may fail, and spirit faint,  
This corpse again shall rise.
- 4 Dependent on the faithful word,  
His heritage is sure;  
The oath, the promise of his Lord,  
The happy land secure.

74 Dan. v. *Belshazzar.*

**P**RAISING the gods of wood and stone,  
Th' Assyrian monarch on his throne,  
His nobles all around;

- The impious feast all night prolongs,  
 With sparkling wine, and jovial songs,  
 The echoing roofs rebound.
- 2 Sacred to Zion's God and King,  
 The temple's vessels forth they bring  
 To crown the joy profane;  
 But sudden, lo! a dreadful hand!  
 With horror struck, aghast they stand,  
 As to the wall it came.
- 3 The fingers mark God's just decrees!  
 Their visage pale, their trembling knees,  
 Express their guilty fear.  
 The words mysterious on the wall,  
 None can divine. In haste they call  
 Daniel, the sacred seer.
- 4 He, mene, mene, tekem, read,  
 Gives the interpretation dread:  
 O king, ye nobles hear:

Weigh'd and found wanting, thy just doom  
 Of pride, profaneness now is come,  
 Thy desolation's near.

5 Behold and fear; ye sons of pride,  
 Impious; God's judgments who deride,  
 Debauch'd, profane, impure;  
 Weigh'd and found wanting, if ye die,  
 And bow in Tophet's burning lie,  
 How will your hearts endure!

75 Gen. iii. 10.

*I was afraid because I was naked, and I hid myself.*

**I**N Eden's amaranthine bow'rs,  
 With innocence and love,  
 Blest Adam spent his happy hours,  
 In joys like those above.

2 But see, seduc'd by sin, he hides  
 In thickest shades his head,

God's face his joy no more abides,  
His hope, his peace is fled.

3 By Jesu's kind compassion sought,  
(Be his dear name ador'd!)  
Our souls from nature's gloom are brought,  
To peace and hope restor'd.

4 Ye sons of Adam, bought with blood,  
Know your rich mercies store;  
Your privilege now to walk with God,  
And live in sin no more.

5 Guilt, as its shadow, misery brings,  
Avoid the fatal snare;  
Temptation fly with eagle's wings,  
For death and hell are there.

6 But should the serpent's hated lore,  
Seduce from paths of grace;

Thy bosom, Saviour, shunn'd no more,  
 Shall hide my blushing face,

76 Judg. vi. 7. *Gideon's victory.*

**C**ALL'D from the winepress to command  
 Podr Israel's chosen few,  
 Whilst threat'ning hosts of Midian stand,  
 The mighty Gideon slew.

2 Though strong his arm, and sharp his sword,  
 Conscious his strength was vain;  
 Not Gideon's sword, but of the Lord,  
 The victory must gain.

3 Reduc'd his numbers, God will shew  
 His pow'r; no worm may boast:  
 The barley cake shall overthrow  
 The alien's battled host.

4 Ye warriors high your trumpets rear,  
 Ye need not spear nor shield;

The burning lamps your pitchers bear,  
Shall win the bloody field.

5 They blow, they shout, the blazing light  
The Midianites confounds;  
They tremble, flee, each other fight,  
And fall by mutual wounds.

6 Great Captain! power and light bestow,  
We know the vict'ry sure;  
Though faint, pursue the vanquish'd foe,  
And to the end endure.

77 Gen. xix. Lot.

WITH radiant beams the sun arose  
On Sodom's fated tow'rs;  
In pleasure's round, and false repose,  
They spend the jocund hours.

- 2 Lot's warning voice with mockery heard,  
 Their hearts elate with pride;  
 No joy withheld, no danger fear'd,  
 The prophet they deride.
- 3 In vain he pleads, Fly, children, fly,  
 Behold destruction near;  
 Empty enthusiast, they cry,  
 And ridicule his fear.
- 4 But sudden o'er the trembling ground  
 The heaven's tremendous lour;  
 Thick flash the flames, the clouds around  
 A fiery deluge pour.
- 5 They scream, they fly, no hope remains,  
 Blaspheme, in flames expire;  
 Lot safe in Zoar refuge gains,  
 A brand snatch'd from the fire.

- 6 Sinner behold, the warning take,  
 This moment hear and fear;  
 For if the righteous scarce escape,  
 O where wilt thou appear!

78 Gen. vi. 7.

**M**Y spirit shall no longer strive,  
 God's sacred word declares:  
 With fear, ere the sad hour arrive,  
 Noah the ark prepares.

- 2 An hundred years and more, are spent,  
 Each day the prophet cries,  
 Ye sinful sons of men, repent;  
 The warning all despise.

- 3 They plant, they wed, their mansions rear,  
 In feasts and wine rejoice;  
 Away they turn their deafen'd ear,  
 Nor heed the charmer's voice.



- 4 The builders toil, the mockers jeer,  
Run their career of sin,  
And ridicule his foolish fear,  
Till God hath shut him in.
- 5 Torrents of rain pour'd from the skies,  
O'er mountains tops prevail;  
Burst from the deep, new floods arise,  
Men's hearts with terror fail.
- 6 Aloud they cry; the hour is past,  
Louder the billows roar;  
Struggling with death they breathe their last,  
And sink to rise no more.
- 7 To Christ, thy ark, poor sinner flee,  
His pardoning grace secure;  
To-day receive the warning cry,  
"Vengeance, tho' slow is sure."

1 Cor. iii. 11—13.

*For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid which is Jesus Christ: now if any man build upon this foundation gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, stubble, every man's work shall be made manifest, because it shall be revealed by fire, and the fire shall try every man's work, of what sort it is.*

**O**N Jesus Christ the corner stone,  
I fix my confidence alone;  
On this firm base my house I rear,  
Nor the last conflagration fear.

**2** No prop of philosophic dream,  
Nor human merit's failing beam!  
Of vain formality, no hay,  
No stubble of false hope I lay.

**3** But golden stones, faith's work around  
With love's bright silver cement bound;  
And precious gems of grace divine,  
Shall in the polish'd corners shine.

- 4 The gems, the silver, gold, are thine,  
 Thy grace alone hath made them mine;  
 Not to myself, but unto thee,  
 For ever, Lord, the glory be.

80 Job. xix. 25.

*I know that my Redeemer liveth.*

- W**HEN guilty fear my soul assails,  
 And satan tempts, or sin prevails,  
 Ah, whicher shall I go?  
 One only hope, my heart relieves,  
 That my divine Redeemer lives,  
 Glory to God, I know,  
 He lives and intercedes above,  
 And in the blest effects shall prove.  
 2 My guilt he pardons, heals my wounds,  
 And as my sin, his grace abounds,  
 Mine enemies in vain

Attempt to pluck me from his hands,  
 For sure the blest foundation stands;  
 He lives, and I with him shall live and reign.

## 81 Psalm xl. 12.

*Mine iniquities have taken hold of me, so that I am not able to look up; they are more than the hairs of my head; therefore my heart faileth me.*

**A** Sinner vile, in self-despair  
 I bow me in the dust,  
 At mercy's gate to perish there,  
 If perish, Lord, I must.

2 My Judge, I own thy righteous doom,  
 For great is my offence;  
 Born a transgressor from the womb,  
 A rebel ever since,

3 More multiplied my sins appear  
 Than sands on ocean's bed;

My wounded spirit faints with fear,  
Where can I hide my head?

4 In yonder rock a cleft I spy,  
A covert from the storm!  
And mercy whispers, hither fly,  
Thou guilty helpless worm.

5 Ah, refuge blest! 'tis He, 'tis He,  
That on the cross hath died;  
And to receive a wretch like me,  
Opens his pierced side.

82 1 Cor. iii. 18.—xii. 10.—1. 28.

**D**EAR Lord, since I've learn'd of thee,  
How different my aims, and my views;  
The objects I lov'd, I now flee,  
My heart, what it dreaded, pursues.

2 Once deep in philosophy's school,  
That wisdom no longer I prize;

- Content to be reckon'd a fool,  
 Since thus I can only be wise.
- 3 By proud self-exertions I thought  
 The bonds of corruption to break;  
 I tried, and despairing am taught,  
 To be strong, I must know myself weak.
- 4 The taunts and reproach of the world,  
 How dreaded! how courted her smiles  
 To the bats now my idol is hild,  
 For thee, I am pleas'd to be vile.
- 5 My wisdom, my glory art thou,  
 My strength and my portion alone;  
 To thee, foolish, weak, vile, I bow,  
 Oh raise me to sit on thy throne.

88. Jerem. v. 22.

*Fear ye not me, saith the Lord: will ye not tremble at my presence,  
 which have placed the sand for the bound of the sea, by the*

*perpetual decree that it cannot pass it: and though the waves thereof toss themselves, yet can they not prevail: though they roar, yet can they not pass over it.*

- W**HEN on the giddy cliff I stand,  
 Beneath the billows roar;  
 And breaking on the coral strand,  
 Whiten with foam the shore:
- 2 **T**hen in thy works, my God I see,  
 Thou saidst, and it is done;  
 Bound by unchangeable decree,  
 "Proud waves no further come."
- 3 **T**hough tempests rear your curling heads,  
 And mingle sea and skies,  
 Smooth as the polish'd mirror spread,  
 If Peace, be still, he cries.
- 4 **S**hall winds and waves their God obey,  
 And I refuse to hear;



- Shall he that bounds the flowing seas,  
 Not bind me with his fears;  
 5 O thou, that rulest seas and skies,  
 Corruption's flood controul;  
 Non let the waves of passion rise,  
 Within my troubled soul.  
 6 Then I within thy sacred mound,  
 In due obedience blest,  
 Calm, gently flowing, kiss the bound,  
 And wait eternal rest.

84. Jerem. iv. 8.

*Break up your fallow ground.*

**S**TRONG to subdue the stubborn soil,  
 The labouring hind with ceaseless toil,  
 Drives through the clods the shining share,  
 The furrow rears to sun and air.



- 2 Removes the thorns, banishes every weed,  
 Manures the ground, casts out the seed,  
 And waits with hope that happy day,  
 When harvest shall his pains repay.
- 3 Then let me learn the ploughman's art,  
 Thus fallow deep my barren heart;  
 Grub up the rooted thorns of sin,  
 With every noxious weed within.
- 4 Saviour, my Sun, arise and shine,  
 Shed on me influence benign;  
 Ye heavens of grace, drop down the dew,  
 And fertilize my soul anew.
- 5 So from the clod the precious seed,  
 Shall to maturity proceed,  
 Till until life and glory come,  
 I shout the joyful harvest home.

Gal. vi. 16. *The Israel of God.*

**M**Y heart's best friend, Redeemer, Lord,  
 I feed upon thy precious word,

That manna from above;  
 As through the wilderness I go,  
 The living streams around me flow,  
 The streams of grace and love.

2 I drink, refresh'd, renew my way,  
 Thy cloud my guide, I cannot stray,  
 Safe led by power divine.

Though dangers thick my path surround,  
 My feet shall stand on holy ground  
 Secure, for I am thine.

3 Preserv'd by thee from Midian's wiles,  
 When pleasure tempts, or flesh beguiles,  
 Dissolve the fatal charm;

The dearest bosom-sin subdued,  
Thine image in my soul renewed,  
And save me from all harm.

- 4 Thus trav'ling on the heavenly road,  
To Zion's temple, blest abode!  
I reach the promis'd rest;  
And Jordan's swellings past in death,  
Triumphant yield my parting breath,  
Reclin'd on Jesu's breast.

86 Rom. vii, 24. *Wretched man that I am.*

**B**OUND to this earthly clod,  
Struggling to burst my chain!

I strive to rise, and mount the skies,  
But fluttering, skim the plain.

- 2 The glowing fire of love,  
As from the cross it came

To my cold heart, does scarce impart

A momentary flame.

3 My lips attempt to tell

Of thy transcendent praise,

But on my tongue the accents hung,

Unworthy thee, the lays.

4 Confounded, griev'd, abas'd,

Before thy feet I fall,

Love, pity, save, dear Lord, I crave,

And be my all in all.

87. Matt. xi. 27.

*Neither knoweth any man the Father, save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal him.*

**T**HOUGH on creation vast I see,

The impress deep of deity,

Yet wisdom's mazy round I tread,

Weary with feeling after God,

- 2 The deeper my researchs grow,  
The more I find I nothing know;  
Still groping for the wall, as blind,  
Pursuing him, I cannot find.
- 3 I ransack all the learned lore,  
Poets, philosophers of yore;  
But all the sages blushing own,  
The God they taught, a God unknown!
- 4 Despairing! lo, before me stood  
One cloth'd in garments dipt with blood,  
An open volume in his hand,  
Here read (he cried,) and understand.
- 5 I read, amazed, the treasure's store  
Of wisdom's depths unknown before;  
God's nature, name, perfections rise,  
Beaming upon my ravish'd eyes.

- 6 The Father, Son, and Spirit, three  
 In one; the incarnate mystery,  
 Of God in Christ so long conceal'd,  
 And all the Godhead stood reveal'd.

*Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered.*

**B**ENEATH the sun supremely blest  
 Is he, of pardoning grace possess'd,  
 His guilty fears for ever fled,  
 And hope's bright beams around him spread.

- 2 Now, Abba Father, cries the child,  
 To God, in Jesus reconcil'd,  
 Boldly appears before the throne,  
 And claims the blessings as his own.
- 3 Though in himself a sinner poor,  
 He knows no condemnation more;

The blood once shed for ever pleads,  
 The Friend of sinners intercedes.  
 4 In peace with God his days are pass'd,  
 By faith upheld he meets his last,  
 Quits the dull clod to mount the skies,  
 And in the Saviour's image rise.

5 Ah! Lord, I long with these to prove,  
 The glories of redeeming love;  
 Increase my faith, arise and shine,  
 And all these blessings shall be mine.

## 89 Psalm vi.

**I**'M weary of my groaning,  
 Lord hear my bitter moaning,  
 Out of the depths I cry;  
 Thine arrows pierce my spirit,  
 I feel my deep demerit,  
 Hard at death's door I lie.

- 2 Darkness my path surrounding,  
 Iniquities abounding;  
 Ah whither can I go?  
 Who from thy wrath can hide me,  
 What friendly hand can guide me,  
 To peace and hope below?
- 3 My strength and heart are failing,  
 In sorrows unavailing,  
 Beneath me sackcloth spread,  
 The past I view with anguish,  
 With present sufferings languish,  
 Yet more the future dread.
- 4 His face for ever hiding,  
 His anger still abiding,  
 Will he shew grace no more?  
 So spake I, unbelieving,  
 Fool, to my own deceiving,  
 Nor knew his mercy's store.



5 He cried, Thou self-confounded,  
 Come to my bosom wounded,  
 I'm bled for such as thee;  
 In heaven thy peace is sealed,  
 Now to my heart revealed,  
 Henceforward live for me.

90 Matt. xi. 28, 29, 30.

*Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.*

**C**OME to me, the Saviour cries;  
 Lord I come, my heart replies;  
 Speak the word, and it is done,  
 Draw me, Lord, and I shall run.

2 Come ye, foolish, learn of me,  
 Lord, I will; my teacher be;



But the will and wisdom too,  
Dearest Lord, I owe to you.

3 Heavy laden, sore oppress'd,  
Guilt torments thy throbbing breast,  
Sunken beneath thy burden quite,  
Add my cross, 'twill make it light.

4 Weary wand'ring, whither gone,  
Seeking rest and finding none;  
Slave to passion cease to be,  
Take my yoke, and thou art free.

5 Thus the Saviour gracious spoke:  
Welcome cross, and welcome yoke!  
Since, dear Lord, I've learn'd of thee,  
Now I'm happy, blest and free.

*The darkness is past, and the true light at last.*

**A**WAY my sad fears,  
 See the Saviour appears;  
 Why, sinner, hangs drooping thy head?  
 Arise at his call,  
 He hath answer'd for all  
 Who shall plead the rich blood he hath shed.  
 2 The ransom is paid,  
 On his body 'twas laid,  
 When he bore all our sins on the tree;  
 What, Satan, then say,  
 To my charge wilt thou lay,  
 Since he liv'd, since he died for me?  
 3 The darkness is past,  
 And the true light at last  
 Dispels that dark gloom from my heart;

With songs I praise him,  
 Till to Zion I come,  
 And my sorrows for ever depart.

4 Thus when the dark moon  
 Interposing at noon,  
 Hides the face of the bright lamp of day;  
 The warblers in dread,  
 Spread their wings o'er their head,  
 All sadness and silent the lay.

5 But when the deep shades  
 In his course he pervades,  
 And bursts forth with effulgence of light;  
 Their throats swell and sing,  
 With their notes the woods ring,  
 All harmony, joy, and delight.

Luke xxiv. 13 to 40. *Disciples going to Emmaus.*

**S**UNK in despair, lo! the third day!  
No Jesus seen. They slunk away.

The late sad scenes in mournful talk  
Revolving, as they slowly walk.

    Nor heard a stranger near,  
With accents mild, My friends, he cries,  
Why these sad looks, these heaving sighs?  
Art thou a stranger answered one,  
And hast not heard the horror done,

    Nor dropt the tender tear?

2 What mean ye?—Cleopas replied,  
Concerning him, that lately died,  
The Prophet great in word and deed,  
Jesus, who should his Israel freed,  
From all their foes redeem.

Him, by our priests and rulers slain,  
 We fondly hoped to see again:  
 Yea, certain of our friends to day,  
 By angels told, He's risen, say;  
 But ah! they saw not him.

3 Oh fools, of heart slow to believe,  
 When will you God's blest truth receive?  
 The stranger saith. The cross to bear,  
 Before in glory he appear,  
 Ought not the suffering Lord?  
 The law, the prophets, each in turn  
 He opens, all their bosoms burn;  
 The glowing truths with power divine,  
 On their dark minds illumin'd shine,  
 They feel the living word.

4 As on his lips they hung, the day  
 Declin'd, begun'd the tedious way;

They urge the stranger as their guest,  
 The evening there with them to rest;  
 Their eyes being holden still.

But now the social board is spread,  
 His benediction on the bread  
 Reveals him; known his voice, his face,  
 Fain would they rush to his embrace;  
 He's gone! invisible!

5 Eager the news to bear, they rise,  
 Return; their friends with joyful cries  
 Prevent their tale; He's ris'n indeed,  
 No greater evidence they need,  
 Jesus himself appears.

His hands, his feet, he bids them see,  
 Believe, and no more faithless be.  
 Lord, I believe, O come the day  
 When thou shalt ever with me stay,  
 And banish all my fears.

Rev. iii. 11.

*Behold I come quickly; hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown.*

**B**EHOLD I come, the Saviour cries, I  
The gracious heart with joy replies,  
Dear Jesus come:

We wait for thy salvation, Lord,  
Fulfil in us thy faithful word,  
And take us home.

2 Hear him! In my rich grace stand fast,  
Till I return, hold that thou hast;  
The crown insure,

Faithful to death, thyself approve,  
Beneath my cross abide in love,  
Patient endure.



- 3 Amen! the bride and spirit say,  
 Come quickly, Saviour, come away,  
 From heaven come down,  
 Let every soul that hears, say, Come,  
 In glory end what grace begun,  
 And bring the crown.

94. 1 Cor. iii. 11.

*For other foundation, &c.*

- J**ESUS, the Rock of Ages, stands,  
 On him my hope is built;  
 His grace can burst corruption's bands,  
 His blood redeem from guilt.
- 2 Other foundation, who will dare  
 To lay, but this alone:  
 Try if the bruised reed can bear  
 The obelisk of stone.

- 5 All human effort, merit, power,  
Are impotent and vain;  
We only raise the Babel tower  
To see it fall again.
- 4 Our duties, like the crumbling sand,  
No sure foundation lay;  
No more the storms of wrath withstand  
Than floods, the mould'ring clay.
- 5 But firm on Christ, my house no more  
Shall fear the tempest's shock,  
Though rains descend, and torrents roar,  
'Tis founded on a rock.

95 Luke xi. 22.

*Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace,*

**T**HE creature of a day,  
Abidance here below.

- How short, uncertain ! no delay  
 Time's rapid flight can know.
- 2 Each moment to the grave,  
 Swift as the arrows fly  
 I hasten, who can help or save  
 A sinner doom'd to die?
- 3 Mine eyes are unto thee,  
 To thee I lift my prayer,  
 A worm of dust behold and see;  
 My cry most gracious hear.
- 2 All that is past forgive,  
 Let love constrain my heart;  
 Then shall I in thy favour live,  
 And in thy peace depart.
- 96 Hos. iii. 5. *Fear the Lord and his goodness.*

COMPASS'D with mercies night and day,  
 Our jovful songs we raise;

But who can thy rich grace display,  
Or shew forth all thy praise?

2 Objects of everlasting love,  
Before the days of yore ;  
Design'd thy endless grace to prove,  
When time shall be no more !

3 Thy mercy's streams for ever flow,  
The wilderness along ;  
From strength to strength thy people go,  
And thou their joy and song.

4 Beneath them everlasting arms !  
By thee, securely led,  
In peace repose from all alarms,  
Nor death, nor torment dread.

5 Kept by thy power, through faith we see  
The great salvation near ;

Nor can we, Lord, ungrateful be,  
 Since we thy goodness fear.

## 97 Psalm xix. 12.

*Who can understand his errors? Cleanse thou me from secret faults.*

- I**N thy pure eyes can man be just,  
 His inmost secrets seen?  
 Of woman born, a worm of dust,  
 Lord, how should he be clean?
- 2** Wandering, in endless mazes lost  
 Of folly, sin and woe,  
 Corruption's slave, by passion tost,  
 What peace, Lord, can he know?
- 3** No one day past, but to our sight  
 Presents transgressions more  
 Than all the stars that gild the night,  
 Or stands on ocean's shore.

- 4 Yet much forgot, and more unseen,  
Lord, who the sum can count?  
What of my secret faults have been  
The numberless amount?
- 5 Saviour, that blood once shed for me,  
Can cleanse, can pardon give;  
In self-despair I fly to thee,  
I shall not die, but live.

## 98 Eph. iv. 15.

*Grow up into him in all things, which is the head, even Christ.*

**S**PIRIT of power descend,  
And dwell in every breast;  
Reveal in us the sinner's Friend,  
And bring the promis'd rest.

- 2 His blest new name impart,  
Which the world cannot know

And stamp his image on our heart;  
That like him we may grow.

3 His tender love inspire,  
His lowliness of mind;  
His patience, truth, and holy fire  
Of zeal, with meekness join'd.

4 Thus, still from grace to grace  
Advancing as we go,  
Bring us to see the Saviour's face,  
And share his glory too.

99 Rom. xiii. 11—12.

*And that knowing the time, that now it is high time to awake out of sleep: for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed. The night is far spent: the day is at hand.*

**K**NOW, sinner! mercy's precious day,  
Whilst hope its cheering beams display,  
Ere yet thou die.

Thy wisdom this, The moment seize,  
 To things above thy spirit raise,  
 Nor grovelling lie.

2 Awake, dull soul! awake! how long  
 Amidst earth's stupid slumbering throng  
 Wilt thou be found?

Shake off the bands of dust, arise  
 To nobler views and brighter skies,  
 And leave the ground.

3 Salvation near, the Lord at hand,  
 No longer, labourer, idle stand,  
 Haste to the field;  
 Let fruits of faith, and works of love,  
 To Jesus thy obedience prove,  
 Their harvest yield.

4 Of life's dark hours how few remain,  
 This gloomy night of grief and pain,  
 Must quickly end.



The day appears! the joyful day,  
 When Christ his glory shall display,  
 The sinner's friend.

- 5 Come then, dear Lord, our hearts prepare,  
 Caught up to meet thee in the air,  
 Transporting sight!  
 The darkness past, and night no more;  
 Thee in thy temple we adore,  
 And dwell in light.

100 Philip. ii. 11.

*Every tongue shall confess that Jesus Christ is Lord.*

**T**HE Son of God adore,  
 Ye ransom'd, spread his fame;  
 With joy and gladness evermore,  
 Laud his great name.

Let every tongue confess  
That Jesus Christ is Lord,  
And every creature join to bless  
The incarnate word

2 All glory, honour, praise,  
Saviour, to thee belong,  
With hosts seraphic sweetly raise,  
The sacred song ;  
Worthy the Lamb, they cry,  
That on the cross was slain,  
But now gone up to reign on high ;  
He lives again.

3 He lives to bless and save  
The souls redeem'd by grace ;  
To rescue from the dreary grave  
His chosen race.

Till him you meet above,  
 Your grateful tribute bring;  
 As saints and angels, sing and love  
 Your God and King.

4 But who can thanks express,  
 Due to the mercies shewn:  
 Dear Jesus, than the least far less  
 Ourselves we own.

Then finish thy design,  
 Till grace in glory end;  
 Saviour, the praise shall all be thine,  
 Thou sinner's Friend.

101 Gen. xxiii. 4.

**T**HE time is come, the Patriarch must  
 His beauteous Sarah in the dust  
 Afflicted hide,

In Macphelah prepares the cave,  
 Resolv'd to lie, in the same grave,  
 At her dear side.

2 When thus the dearest friend of God,  
 Submissive bears the chast'ning rod,  
 Dare I complain?

If the blest gift his hand bestow'd,  
 Prepared for his bright abode,  
 He shall reclaim.

3 His ways all just, all good I own,  
 In silence bow before his throne;

But whilst I've breath,  
 Cherish her memory dear; thou prove;  
 Mingling my dust with her I love,  
 Friendship in death.

4 Sweetly awhile in thee we rest;

The bridal bed not half so blest;

Till at the door, Digitized by Google

Saviour, by thy soft call awake,  
 Us to thy bosom thou shalt take,  
 To die no more.

## 102 Cant. v. 10.

*My Beloved is white and ruddy, the chiefest among ten thousand.*

- W**HEN round I cast my wondering eyes,  
 Behold creation's beauties rise,  
 One object bright above the rest,  
 Chief of ten thousand stands confest.
- 2 The blushing rose in Sharon's fields,  
 To him, in glow, in fragrance yields,  
 No lily of the vale so fair  
 With him in whiteness can compare.
- 3 The beams of morn in drops of dew  
 Impearl'd, his brilliance faintly shew,  
 His countenance than noontide rays  
 Brighter effulgence far displays.

- 4 All excellencies, Lord, adorn  
 Thy altogether lovely form;  
 Thy beauty's fulness let me see,  
 And, Saviour, nothing love but thee.

103 Psalm cxix., 94. *I am thine, save me!*

**T**HY benediction, Lord, bestow  
 Upon a worm of dust below;  
 Drawn by the cords of love to thee,  
 Devoted wholly let me be.

- 2 The offering of a willing heart  
 Accept, for thou my portion art;  
 Near to thy bosom let me lie,  
 And in thy favour live and die.

- 3 Renouncing every evil way,  
 O, from thee never let me stray;  
 But number'd with thy chosen sheep,  
 Safe in thy fold, great Shepherd, keep.

- 4 Thy strength in weakness magnified,  
 Thy cross my glory, all beside  
 Counting but loss, I then am wise  
 When most a fool in workings eyes.
- 5 Content with all thy will ordains,  
 Its happy empire grace maintains;  
 Nor dare I doubt, the faithful Friend  
 Who loves, will love me to the end.

104 Luke xv. 2. *He receiveth sinners.*

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

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

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



Psalm lxxxiv. 11.

*For the Lord God is a sun and shield.*

**O** Lord, my sun and shield,  
Direct me in thy way,  
For unreservedly I yield  
My spirit to thy sway.

2 Shine on the path I tread,  
Darkness and doubt dispel;  
And cover my defenceless head  
From sin, from death and hell.

3 My weary footsteps cheer  
With thy bright beams of love;  
Nor let me faint, nor let me fear,  
Protected from above.

4 When near the gates of death  
I wait, (deliverance nigh!) Google

With fault'ring tongue, and panting breath,  
The last expiring sigh.

5 Then, O my sun, arise!  
Thy glories all display;  
And pour upon my closing eyes  
A flood of heavenly day.

106 Heb. viii. 13.

*Let us go forth unto him, without the camp, bearing his reproach.*

**T**AKE up my cross, the Saviour cries,  
I will, dear Lord, my heart replies;  
Content without the camp to go,  
With thee to share thy weal and woe.

2 Prepar'd to meet abuse, or loss,  
I glory only in thy cross;  
And cry, confessing thy dear name,  
All hail reproach, and welcome shame.

- 3 If to acknowledge, I'm undone,  
That good in me there dwelleth none,  
If other righteousness as mine  
I claim not, satisfied in thine.
- 4 If wean'd from earth's vain joy and care,  
And to be singular I dare;  
If with the poor, the mean, and base  
I sit, and take the lowest place.
- 5 Then call me fool, ye worldly wise,  
Let mockers jest, the proud despise,  
If this be to be vile, thy will  
Be done, I will be viler still.

107 Rom. x. 4.

*Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth.*

**F**ROM Sinai's top the fiery law  
Its terrors loud proclaim'd,

- The curse denounc'd against every law,  
And death for sin ordain'd.
- 2 Involv'd alike in guilt, we rue  
The first dire fatal fall,  
In sin conceiv'd, the vengeance due,  
Death passes upon all.
- 3 My guilt to cleanse in vain I try  
The Æthiop's tints remain;  
To efforts of obedience fly,  
Yet fall and fall again.
- 4 Helpless, undone, in self-despair,  
To thee, dear Lord, I cry;  
If thou refuse to hear my prayer,  
I perish, droop and die.
- 5 The law thou hast fulfill'd, the wrath  
Thou bearest on the tree;

Thy blood and thy obedience hath  
Completed all for me.

108 Rom. xv. 13.

*Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing,  
that ye may abound in hope, through the power of the Holy  
Ghost.*

**T**HOU God of hope, that in thy Son,  
Hast rais'd us from despair;  
Of richest grace the glory won,  
Suggest and hear our prayer.

2 Thy wond'rous love may we believe,  
Quick'ned by power divine;  
And let thy Holy Spirit give  
Love, Saviour, such as thine.

3 Bring peace and joy, and every grace,  
Our hearts with blessings fill;

Increase our strength to run the race,  
In hope abounding still.

- 4 Where faith and hope are lost in sight,  
Us to thy presence raise;  
And prayer exchang'd for vast delight,  
And everlasting praise.

109 Heb. xiii. 5.

*Let your conversation be without covetousness: and be content with such things as ye have. Matt. xvi. 26. For what is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul,*

**W**ITH eager care and ceaseless toil  
The worldling thirsts for gain,  
He traffics, lends, or tills the soil,  
Or ploughs the stormy main:

- 2 Increasing wealth but whets desire;  
He that hath much, wants more;

Consum'd by the unhallow'd fire,  
And e'en in plenty poor.

3 Let things above, not things below,  
Thy first affections claim ;  
Immortal soul? live thou by faith,  
Be godliness thy gain.

4 One thing is needful; this secure,  
With all beside content :  
What profit can a world ensure,  
When these short hours are spent?

5 From covetous desires set free,  
On Jesus cast thy care ;  
In heaven thy better portion see,  
Thy heart, thy treasure there.

Cant. vii. 7.

*Many waters cannot quench love*

**L**OVE, thou strange mysterious thing!  
 Spirit of burning, come!  
 All thy sacred influence bring,  
     Make my heart thy home.  
 Kindle thy devouring flame,  
 Bright, unchangeably the same.  
 Then amidst the floods of sin,  
 Wars without, and fears within,  
 Shall the circ'ling volumes rise,  
     Till assimilate to thee  
     Every faculty shall be,  
 Meet to shine above the skies.

111 Heb. x. 14.

*For by one offering he hath for ever perfected them that are sanctified.*



**T**HE work was done,  
 When God the Son  
 Expiring on the tree,  
 Finish'd that righteousness divine,  
 In which his saints for ever shine,  
 Chos'n from eternity:  
 In the bridegroom is the bride  
 Now completely sanctified.

## 112 Eccles. xi. 9.

*God will bring thee into judgment.*

**H**EAR, my soul, this admonition;  
 Ere the awful day arrive,  
 Judge thyself, thy lost condition  
 Know, lament; and thou shalt live.  
 Through his blood for mercy crave,  
 To the utmost he will save.

2 God thy Judge is yet thy Saviour,  
 Seated on a throne of grace;  
 Freely he dispenses favour  
 To the vilest of our race.  
 Through his blood for mercy crave,  
 To the utmost he will save.

## 113 Ruth iii. 9.

*Spread therefore thy skirt over thine handmaid, for thou art a  
 near kinsman.*

**T**HE suit with diffidence prefer'd,  
 Well pleas'd, the faithful Patriarch heard;  
 Admits the claim, grants the request,  
 And bids her sweetly take her rest;  
 For soon shall all her sorrows end:  
 In tenderest love.  
 He means to prove  
 Her kinsman, father, husband, friend.

Thus at thy feet, dear Jesus I,  
 Like Ruth, distrest, afflicted lie ;  
     To thee address my pray'r.  
 Bone of my bone, O condescend  
 To own the kindred, be my friend ;  
     On thee I cast my care.  
 Welcome, he cries, spread over thee  
 Poor soul, my righteous robe shall be ;  
 Loving, I'll love thee to the end,  
 And prove thy everlasting friend.

## 114. Ezra v. 15.

*Take those vessels, go carry them to the temple, that is in Jerusalem.*

**S**O spake the King, his will supreme,  
 With joy the priest obey'd ;  
 The sacred vessels brought again,  
 Are in the temple laid.

2 Committed to our Jesu's care,  
 By heav'n's eternal King,  
 Vessels of mercy richer far,  
 He will to glory bring.

115 Mal. iv. 3.

*But unto you that fear my name, shall the Sun of Righteousness  
 arise with healing in his wings.*

**O**N my diseased, sin-sick heart,  
 Arise, my Sun, arise;  
 Thy healing beams benignly dart,  
 And ope my closing eyes.  
 Sudden I felt the answer'd prayer;  
 I look'd, and lo my God was there:  
 His grace did healing pow'r impart,  
 Sooth'd the sharp anguish of my heart;  
 And his bright beams of love display  
 A flood of everlasting day.

Gen. xxiv. 58. *I will go.*

**W**HEN in his bloody vest array'd,  
 Expiring on the tree;  
 The heavenly bridegroom bow'd his head,  
 And cried, Look unto me.

- 2 Drawn by my Love, my Sister, Spouse,  
 Be like the bounding roe;  
 Follow me to my Father's house:  
 Content, dear Lord, I go.

117. Isaiah xlv. 17.

*Israel shall be saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation: ye shall not be ashamed nor confounded world without end.*

**N**O shame nor confusion belongs  
 To those who to Jesus have fled,  
 His blood was the price of our wrongs,  
 His righteousness lifts up our head.

2 Then triumph, ye saved by grace,  
 The work is completed and done,  
 And cheerfully finish your race,  
 In faith looking up to the Son.

118 Amos iv. 12.

*Prepare to meet thy God, O Israel.*

**I**SRAEL, to meet thy God prepare,  
 Be this thy one peculiar care,  
 From all earth's empty trifles cease.  
 Seek to be found of him in peace.

119 Lev. ii. 13.

*With all thine offerings thou shalt offer salt.*

**O**UR nature polluted with sin,  
 Our offerings, the best, are impure,  
 And nothing of all we can bring,  
 The test of the law can endure.

2 But sprinkle the salt of thy grace,  
 Dear Saviour, and pure shall I be;  
 No spot in my offering appear,  
 Because 'tis accepted in thee,

120 Isa. xxvi. 4.

*Trust ye in the Lord for ever: for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.*

**M**ARCH on my soul, the heavenly way,  
 No more, ye guilty fears, dismay,  
 My Jesus ever reigns;  
 Defy the world, sin, Satan, death,  
 His everlasting arm beneath,  
 The victory obtains.

121 Heb. ii. 4. *The just shall live by faith.*

**G**UILTY, lost, and doom'd to die,  
 Jesus, as thou passest by,  
 Look upon me, bid me live,  
 Grace out of thy fulness give.

2 Then in spirit join'd to thee,  
 As thou art so shall I be;  
 Just by faith, sin, death, defy,  
 Claim my mansion in the sky.

122 Neh. ix. 2.

*And the seed of Israel separated themselves from all strangers,  
 and stood and confessed their sins.*

**S**EPARATE from the stranger's bed,  
 To thee, dear Lord, I come;  
 By thy tender mercies led,  
 To make thy arms my home.  
 With shame and grief I stand confess  
 A sinner vile, myself detest;  
 But love me freely, seal my peace,  
 Then shall my every sorrow cease.



## Jonah i. 6.

*What meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise, call upon thy God.*

**W**HILST Sinai's fearful thunders roll,  
 And clouds of wrath from pole to pole,  
 Hang louting o'er the guilty soul,  
 Sleepest thou sinner? Haste, arise,  
 Lest death eternal close thine eyes.  
 God yet can hear the voice of pray'r,  
 This moment lost, the next may bring despair.

## 124 Gen. xlv. 4.

*I am Joseph, your brother, whom ye sold into Egypt.*

**W**ITH conscious guilt, distress'd, perplex'd  
 When my poor soul, dear Lord, was vex'd  
 Thy voice amaz'd I hear,  
 I am thy Jesus, Brother, Friend,  
 Loving I'll love thee to the end,  
 With confidence draw near.

Then stooping from his throne above,  
 He round me threw his arms of love;  
 Whilst I through shame scarce dare behold  
 Him whom ungratefully I sold.  
 With silent tears my sin confess, {breast.  
 And hid my blushing face upon my Saviour's

125. Prov. xvi. 33.

*The roll is cast into the lap, but the whole disposing thereof is of  
 the Lord.*

**D**EPENDENT on thy holy will,  
 Content thy counsels to fulfil,  
 At all events I rest;  
 On thee alone I cast my care  
 Thy love, my Jesus, let me share,  
 And then my lot is blest.

Isa. xxi. 12.

*The morning cometh, and also the night: if ye will enquire,  
enquire ye: return, come.*

**T**HE morn appears, the day of grace,  
Come quickly seek the Saviour's face;  
Return ye wand'ers, ask the road  
Which leads you to the pardoning God;  
For soon life's sun  
His course will run; [main,  
And should till death unpardon'd guilt re-  
No blood can then efface the stain,  
The soul for ever is undone.

127. Zech. xiii. 9.

*I will say, it is my people; and they shall say, the Lord is my  
God.*

**T**HINE are we, Jesus, ever thine,  
Thro' sovereign grace and love divine,  
Effectual is thy word;

Since thou hast said, My people be,  
 We bow before thy blest decree,  
 And cry, My God, my Lord.

128 Jos. xvi. 10.

*The Canaanites dwell among the Ephraimites unto this day,  
 and serve under tribute.*

**T**WO different nations share my heart,  
 As Israel's land of old;  
 Corruption holds, like Canaan, part,  
 But grace as Ephraim bold;  
 Her conquests spreads, victorious reigns,  
 And binds her vanquish'd foes in chains.

129 *Easter.*

**D**OWN from his throne above,  
 Stooping his grace to prove,  
 Such power of mighty love  
 Jesus displays.

God in our flesh array'd,  
For us the ransom paid,  
Low in a manger laid,  
Infant of days.

2 In him, though found no blame,  
When for vile worms he came,  
Bearing our sin and shame,  
Sorrow and grief,  
Humbling himself to death,  
With his expiring breath,  
Finish'd the work, he saith,  
See your relief.

3 For not amongst the slain  
Can that blest corpse remain;  
Soon he to life again

Bursts from the grave.

Satan as lightning fell,  
 Vanquish'd sin, death and hell,  
 Angels his triumph tell,  
 Mighty to save.

4 High on his radiant throne,  
 Claiming of right his own,  
 Bright as the sun he shone,  
 Risen again.

Father, I will, he cries,  
 With me above the skies,  
 All my redeemed rise,  
 Ever to reign.

130. *Dismission.*

SOME sweet savour  
 Of thy favour  
 Shed abroad in every heart,

Heavenward as to thee we go,  
Leaving guilt and fear below,  
    Blessing, praising,  
    Without ceasing,  
Bid us, Lord, depart.

131 *After Sermon.*

**S**WEETLY on my Saviour's breast  
Shall my wearied spirit rest,  
Till I wing my happy flight  
To the realms of endless night.

132 *Another.*

**M**AY thy word, gracious Lord,  
Sweet as heavenly manna,  
To each heart, grace impart,  
Loud to sing Hosanna.

- 2 Ye blest throng, join the song,  
 Tell the wondrous story  
 Of his love, till above  
 You we meet in glory.

133 John vii. 37.

- F**ROM the cross uplifted high,  
 Where the Saviour deigns to die,  
 What melodious sounds I hear!  
 Bursting on my ravish'd ear  
 Love's redeeming work is done,  
 Come and welcome, sinner come
- 2 Sprinkled now with blood the throne,  
 Why beneath thy burdens groan?  
 On my pierced body laid,  
 Justice owns the ransom paid.  
 Bow the knee, and kiss the Son,  
 Come and welcome, sinner come.



- 3 Spread for thee the festal board,  
 See with richest dainties stor'd:  
 To thy Father's bosom prest,  
 Yet again a child confess;  
 Never from his house to roam,  
 Come and welcome, sinner come.
- 4 Soon the days of life shall end,  
 Lo, I come, your Saviour, Friend,  
 Safe your spirits to convey  
 To the realms of endless day.  
 Up to my eternal home,  
 Come and welcome, sinner come.

134 Rom. viii. 24.

**W**HEN musing in my pensive heart,  
 Beneath affliction's needful smart,  
 I trace the dealings of my Lord,  
 And hear the teachings of his word!

I bow submissive to the chastening rod,  
Nor proudly murmuring dare reply to God.

2 Why should a living man complain,  
Of sickness, sorrow, loss or pain?  
Conscious of guilt, without, within;  
Who's punishment exceeds his sin?  
Before his Judge, let every mouth in dust,  
Adore in silence, own his ways all just.

3 Much more, redeem'd by Jesu's blood,  
If every trouble works for good,  
Then sweet the tear that trickles down  
Beneath the cross, which brings a crown;  
Through tribulation, led to rest above,  
And every suffering speaks paternal love.

135. Psalm, lv. 6.

**H**AD I the wings of doves,  
To thee, dear Lord, I'd fly

For thee my spirit loves,  
For thee I'll live and die ;  
No earthly joy or care,  
No idol passion more  
My heart shall ever share,  
With him whom I adore.

2 Awake, my harp and lute,  
Wake every tuneful string ;  
Nor thou, my tongue, be mute,  
The grateful tribute bring.

As incense to the skies,  
Let the glad sounds ascend,  
Sing how he lives and dies,  
For me, my Saviour, Friend.

3 Faint, yet pursuing, still  
The heavenly race I run,  
Obedient to thy will,  
Complete the work begun !

Then loose the silver cord,  
 And bring me safely home  
 To thy lov'd bosom, Lord,  
 I come, dear Lord, I come.

136 Solomon's Song, v. 10.

**S**WEET is the breath of morn,  
 When flowers of various hues,  
 The gay parterre adorn,  
 Their fragrance wide diffuse.  
 But sweeter Christ, beyond compare,  
 Than lily, rose, or violet are.

- 2 Bright are the gems of night,  
 Brighter the full orb'd moon,  
 Brightest the globe of light,  
 Cloudless, at summer's noon;  
 But if my Lord, my Sun arise,  
 All nature's glory fades and dies.

3 Nor all the feather'd choir,  
 Nor human voice divine,  
 Nor flute, nor dulcet lyre,  
 Can utter sounds like thine:  
 When from the dust I hear thee say,  
 Awake, my love, and come away.

4 To pleasure's perfum'd bed,  
 To mammon's sordid store,  
 By pride, by folly led,  
 I tread these paths no more.  
 Set up within my heart thy throne,  
 There reign for ever, Lord, alone.

137

*Song on the thanksgiving day for the King's recovery.*

**T**O thee, most high, the voice of praise,  
 This day, a grateful people raise,  
 The King of kings deliverance gives,  
 The father of his people lives.

- 2 Our harps were late on willows hung,  
 And every heart with grief unstrung,  
 In mournful accents thee ador'd,  
 A Sovereign's pain and grief deplo'r'd.
- 3 Compassion mov'd the Saviour's heart,  
 His healing balm assuag'd the smart,  
 Though pow'r on medicine he bestows,  
 Still from himself all virtue flows.
- 4 Thou Lord of life, accept the song,  
 The health confirm, the life prolong;  
 Stablish the pillars of his throne,  
 And in *his* heart erect *thine own*

138 *On the same occasion.*

**N**OT for the necks of vanquish'd kings,  
 A people sav'd from ruin sings;

Not for their victories o'er the main,  
 Or fields reform'd with thousands slain:  
 'Midst triumphs, Pity eyes the purple flood  
 And vict'ry sighs o'er garments roll'd in blood.

2 A purer joy awakes the song,  
 A nobler theme the notes prolong,  
 The darling Monarch, long deplor'd,  
 From worse than death, to health restor'd;  
 Our prayer is heard! see on the throne again  
 He sits! He lives! Long may he live to reign.

3 Show'r on his head, almighty Lord,  
 The richest blessings of thy word,  
 Then every pang, and every tear,  
 Shall present mercies more endear,  
 Though in affliction's fiery furnace prov'd,  
 'Twas but to know how much he was lov'd.

*For the Fast-Day, February 28, 1794.*

- B**IG with events, another year  
 Of horrid war begins,  
 And conscious guilt awakens fear,  
 Great as the nation's sins.
- 2 'Midst fire and smoke loud thunders roar,  
 Bright steel terrific gleams,  
 From gaping wounds red torrents pour,  
 Affrighted nature screams.
- 3 How long shall brethren's hands, imbru'd  
 With blood, each other slay!  
 The fields with ghastly corpses strew'd  
 Of man to man a prey!



- 4 To punish crimes though justly due,  
 Shall vengeance ever burn?  
 Back to the scabbard, whence it flew,  
 Sword of the Lord, return!
- 5 Thou God of Hosts, whose sovereign will,  
 Controuls the swelling flood,  
 The madness of the people still,  
 And bring from evil good.
- 6 Bid wars to cease! The gospel day  
 Let the great trumpet sound,  
 And tol'rance, truth, and virtue sway  
 Th' enlighten'd world around.

140 *On the same occasion.*

RECITATIVE.

**S**TILL o'er the deep the cannons roar,  
 The dismal accents spread,

Of desolated plains: with gore,  
Sad drench'd of mighty dead,

Humanity afflicted sights,  
O'er-aged parents' moans,  
Shrill shrieks of widows, orphans' cries  
Mingling with dying groans.

RECITATIVE *accompanied.*

Fled from the ill of war, sweet peace!  
Thine absence sore we mourn.

CHORUS.  
Speak, mighty Lord, the gracious word,  
Affrighted peace return!

AIR.  
See at thy footstool bending low,  
We lay our lips in dust,

Confessing thou'rt to anger slow,  
 And all thy judgements just.  
 Heal then our breaches, peace restore,  
 Remove thy chast'ning rod,  
 So shall thy ransom'd seed adore,  
 And praise a pard'ning God.

## CHORUS.

Speak, mighty Lord, the gracious word,  
 Affrighted peace return!

3 AU 59. *Hallelujah! Amen!*

**P I N Y S.**

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T. Plummer, Printer, Seething-Lane.

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Contrasting the  
 And the  
 First  
 Second  
 Third  
 Fourth

Fifth  
 Sixth  
 Seventh  
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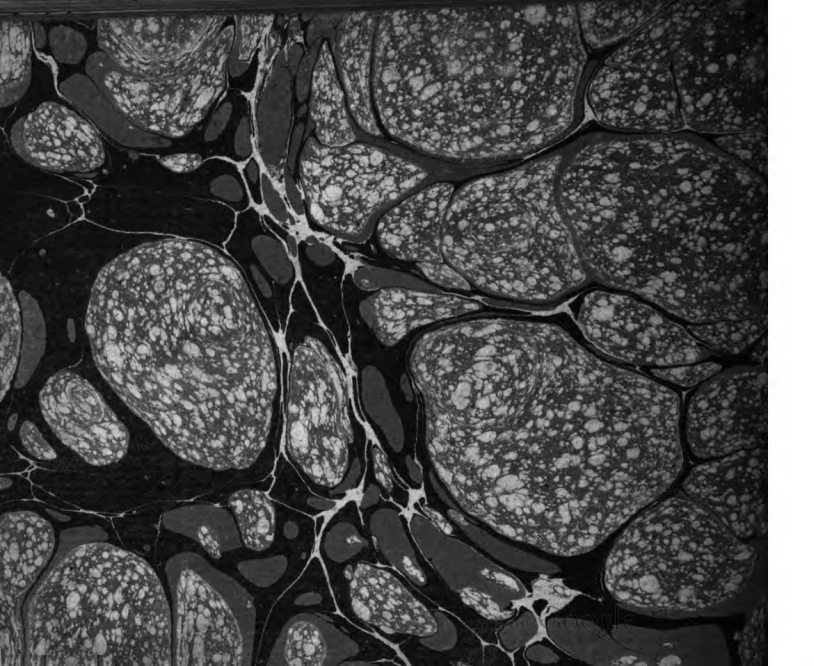


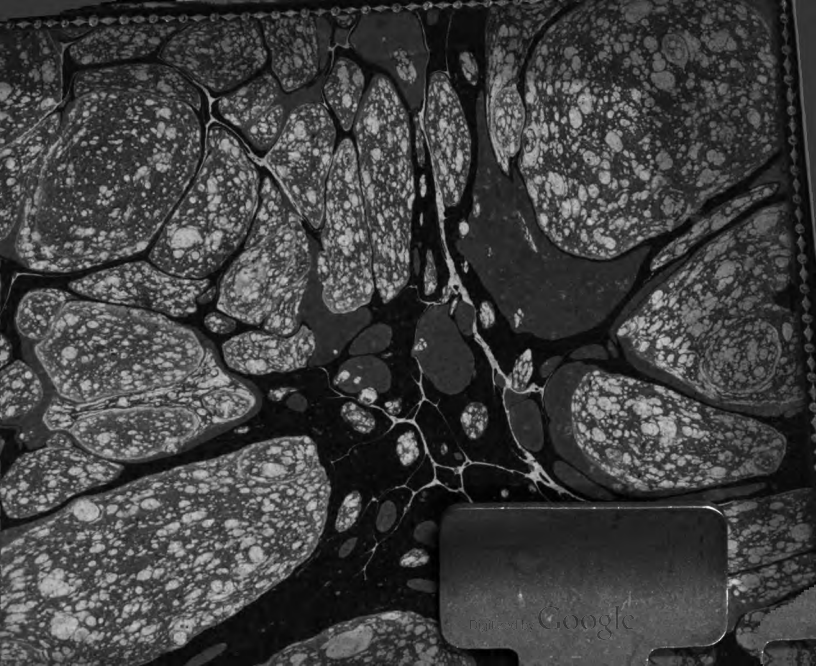












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