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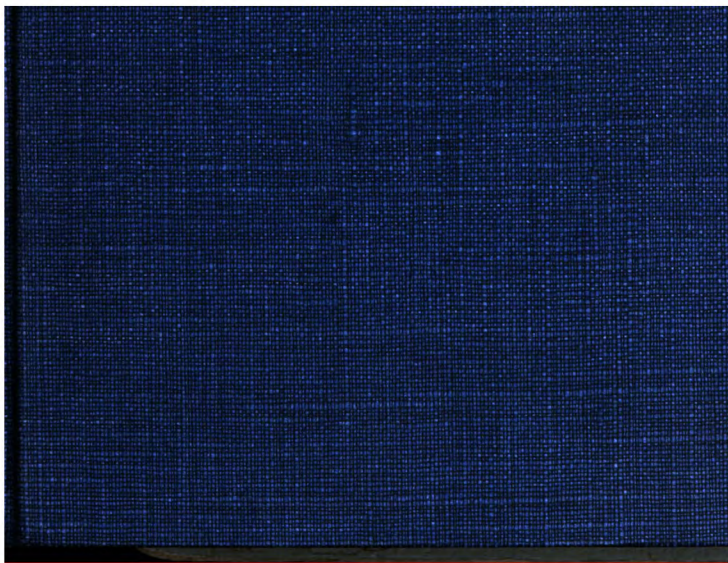
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OR

HYMNS TO THE SAVIOUR:

DESIGNED FOR
THE USE AND COMFORT

OF THOSE
WHO WORSHIP THE LAMB THAT WAS SLAIN.

BY THE

REV. T. HAWEIS, LL.B. & M.D.

*Rector of All Saints, Aldwinckle, Northamptonshire; and Chaplain to the
late Countess of Huntingdon.*

Carmenque Christo quasi Deo dicere secum invicem.

Plin. Epist. ad Tra. xvii.

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

Rev. v. 12, 13.

A new Edition, very considerably enlarged.

LONDON:

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Queen Elizabeth's Injunctions to the Clergy.

[1559.]

FOR the comforting 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 suchlike song, 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.

Spartan Collect. Art. Can. 4to. 1684.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE numerous editions of these **HYMNS** (some with the permission of the Author, but more without it), manifest how welcome an acceptance they have received from the religious public. They are now increased by a great number of others, suited to the various situations of the people of God, and by the addition of the **Parables and Miracles**, particularly adapted to correspond with **Sermons** on those subjects. It is intended henceforward to preserve the copyright; but, unwilling that those who have purchased copies of the former editions should complain, the additional Hymns are so paged, and in the same form with those already published, that they may be had separately, and added with ease to the books which are incomplete.

The many gross typographical errors of the latter editions have been carefully corrected.

A considerable number of new Tunes will be ready to accompany the Hymns, composed for them, and suited to the various metres. The Author hopes these will not be found less acceptable than those already published, which have been adopted into so many Congregations, and incorporated into a variety of Selections of Music. They will in future be more carefully protected, but sold at a rate so very reasonable, as to render the purchase no consideration to any Congregation, or musical individual.

The melodies are easily executed, may be learned with a very little practice, and will tend to make the worship a delightful as well as reasonable service. The Author makes no claim to musical science, content if the sounds shall give any measure of poignancy to the sense, form a pleasing vehicle to the truths they are designed to communicate, and impress them more deeply on the memory and the conscience. 20 MA 59

PREFACE.

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 idolatrous, 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 oftener for the weariness of the rest of the congregation; an absurdity too glaring to be overlooked, and too shocking to be ridiculous!

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 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 conscience we must stand condemned as *idolaters*. 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 spider's 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 are 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 impressions 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, Dr. 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 child-like 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 falsehoods 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.

20 MA 59

T. H.

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CARMINA CHRISTO;

OR,

HYMNS TO THE SAVIOUR.



HYMN I.

NATIVITY.

Luke ii. 11.—Unto you is born this day in the City of David, a Saviour,
which is Christ the Lord.

HARK! the bright seraphic quire
Swell the notes, and strike the lyre.
Born to save! all glory be,
God incarnate, unto thee!

B

2

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 quire
Swell the notes, and strike the lyre.

2 Hail! the promis'd virgin's child,
Holy, harmless, undefil'd,
Peace and pardon, glory, grace,
Brings to you, ye favour'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 quire
Swell the notes, and strike the lyre.

3

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 heav'nly song.
Born to save ! all glory be,
God incarnate, unto thee !
Hark ! the bright seraphic quire
Swell the notes, and strike the lyre.

HYMN II.

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.

THE time is come ; revolving years
Have brought the happy morn ;

4

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 wine-press 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 ;

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

HYMN III.

NATIVITY. Luke xi. 8—16.

BY 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 favour'd shepherds hear.

6

- 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 shalt 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.

HYMN IV.

GOOD FRIDAY.

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

7

Hanging on th' 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 your mansion in the skies,

Happy, happy place!

HYMN V.

John i. 29.—Behold the Lamb of God!

BEHOLD 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.

HYMN VI.

GOOD FRIDAY. Luke xxii. 39—46.

DARK 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.

HYMN VII.

GOOD FRIDAY.

HARK! the loud cry!--O sun! thy golden
 locks

Why dipt in blood? Tell me, ye rending rocks!
 Thou lab'ring 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 flow'd 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! canst 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.

HYMN VIII.

GOOD FRIDAY, OR THE COMMUNION. Isa. liii.

THOU Lamb of God! that on the tree,
Our bitter burdens bore,
And lov'd till death a worm like me!
I bow, admire, adore.

- 2 Thy head the crown of thorns that wears,
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 sinner's 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.

HYMN IX.

EASTER DAY.

Recitative.

THE day-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 pond'rous 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 Conqueror come!
 Sin, death, and hell are captive led!
 The victory is won!

Chorus.

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

15

Earth re-echoes back the sound,
“Ris’n!” the ransom’d shout around.

Semichorus.

He that suffer’d in our stead,
Jesus Christ is ris’n indeed!

Chorus.

Acclamations rend the sky—
“Ris’n!” the universal cry.

Amen! Hallelujah!

HYMN X.

EASTER DAY.

Malachi iv. 2. But unto you that fear my name, shall the Sun of Righteousness arise, with healing in his wings.

THE dark eclipse is past!—the sun
With splendour re-appears,
Again his glorious course to run
Amidst the bright’ning spheres.

16

- 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.

HYMN XI.

EASTER DAY.

THE 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 bless thy sacred word ;
 Before thy throne we bow.
 Captivity, &c.

HYMN XII.

ASCENSION.

THE heav'ns their wide portals unfold ;
 The Saviour ascends to the throne :

19

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 pow'rful 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 ;

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."

- 4 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.

HYMN XIII.

ASCENSION.

THE Saviour to glory is gone ;
 His suff'rings and sorrows are past ;
 His work is completed and done,
 And shall to eternity last,
 For ever he lives to bestow
 The blessings he purchas'd 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.

HYMN XIV.

DAY OF PENTECOST.

GREAT 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.

HYMN XV.

DAY OF PENTECOST.

ENTHRON'D on high, almighty Lord !
 Thy Holy Ghost send down ;

24

Fulfil in us thy faithful word,
And all thy mercies crown.

2 Though on our heads no tongues of fire
Their wondrous pow'rs 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 !

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

HYMN XVI.

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 for truth as blind,
Who to perfection can th’ Almighty find ?
Higher than heaven, 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 Vail'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 !

HYMN XVII.

THE JUDGMENT.

THE 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 deep womb,
 The dead are the living again.

2 Descending from heav'n I behold
 Aloft in the clouds the white throne;
 In fusion as glows the bright gold,
 With radiance transcendent it shone:
 Upon it one clothed with light,
 A form more than human I view;
 His face as the sun in his might,
 His judgments all faithful and true.

3 To his bar ev'ry 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 bus'ness 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.

HYMN XVIII.

THE JUDGMENT.

HARK! the loud trumpet's awful blast!
 " 'Tis done!" th' 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 th' Almighty's piercing sight,
 Their secrets none can hide;
 Ev'ry dark deed in open light,
 His judgment must abide.

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

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 prepar’d 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.

HYMN XIX.

COMMUNION.

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

31

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!

HYMN XX.

COMMUNION.

HIS 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 strength'ning 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.

HYMN XXI.

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 ev'ry grief and sorrow cease—
The Saviour bids you go in peace.

HYMN XXII.

COMMUNION.

TO 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.

HYMN XXIII.

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 pow'rs 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.

HYMN XXIV.

Rom. vii. 19.—For the good that I would, I do not : But the evil which I would not, that I do.

COULD I believe thy promise, Lord !
 And live upon thy faithful word,
 How should I glory in the cross,
 Not shun reproach, nor shrink from loss !

2 But, ah ! my rebel heart repines,
 Reluctantly its gods resigns ;
 At Zion's Mount, and Canaan nigh,
 For Egypt's flesh-pots can I sigh ?

- 3 Oh, 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.

HYMN XXV.

Matt. xi. 9.—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 !

WHEN first the Saviour's spreading fame
 John's expectations fir'd,

His messengers enquiring came;

“ 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 diseased 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.

HYMN XXVI.

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 the 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 “ Conscious of evils many, great,
“ My spirit faints with fear;

- “ Before thy awful judgment-seat,
“ Lord ! how shall I appear ? ” —
- 3 “ Look to my cross,” the Saviour said ;
“ I died, that thou shouldst live ;
“ Thy sins were on my body laid ;
“ I peace and pardon give.
- 4 “ Friend of my heart ! believe, adore,
“ Enter my promis’d rest ;
“ 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.”

HYMN XXVII.

John i. 17.—The law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by
 Jesus Christ.

REDEEMED, 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 dy'd for me,
 I'll live not to myself, but thee,

HYMN XXVIII.

Haggai i. 5.—Consider your ways.

WHEN 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.

HYMN XXIX.

Psalm lv. 6.—Oh that I had the wings of a dove!

SPIRIT 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,
Gro'ling 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, amidst the saints in light.

HYMN XXX,

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 !
- 2 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.

HYMN XXXI.

Psalm xxxii. 7.—Thou art my hiding-place.

WHEN 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 cry'd,
"Behold my wounded form!
"The cleft of my deep-pierced side
"Shall hide thee from the storm."

HYMN XXXII.

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 heed the gulf which yawns before;
 They sink and fall, to rise no more.
- 4 The right hand narrow way pursue,
 Where Jesus leads the chosen few:

E

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.

HYMN XXXIII.

Rev. xxi. 5.—I make all things new.

WHEN 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; ye stars! 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
 Amazing word! before my ravish'd eyes [new."
 A brighter sun, and a new heav'n 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.

HYMN XXXIV.

Rev. i. 12—16.

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

Lost in delight, transported with surprise,
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 lightnings' beams
Eclips'd ; his sacred voice, than mighty streams
More loud, yet more melodious, melts in air ;
And down his shoulders wav'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 chearing 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 quire, for ever dwell with thee?
From me than angels nobler praise is due;
Ye heavenly hosts! he never died for you.

HYMN XXXV.

Zephaniah, ii. 3.—Seek meekness.

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

2. Dispel 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.

HYMN XXXVI.

Psalm lxxiii. 26.—My flesh and my heart faileth; but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.

THOU 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 steep,
 And fall in Jesu's arms asleep.

HYMN XXXVII.

1 Cor. i. 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 darken'd mind, bright Sun ! arise ;
 Make me, great Prophet ! know myself and
 thee !
 Myself how stupid, wilful, 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, and
 Fearless I dare the king of terrors see; [grace,
 And, sure in glory to behold thy face,
 My perfected salvation find in thee.

HYMN XXXVIII.

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

FROM my fond arms my love is fled,
 And leaves me here to mourn;

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 her all earthly comfort dies,
Nor hopes to rise again.
- 4 Pity, dear Lord ! thy grace impart ;
Immod'rate 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.

HYMN XXXIX.

On the same occasion.

IN 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!

HYMN XL.

Cant. ii. 8.—The voice of my Beloved.

“ **A** WAKE, my love ! my fair one ! rise ;
“ 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.

HYMN XLI.

Eph. ii. 8, 9, 10.

YE 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,
Complete 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.

HYMN XLII.

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;
 Oh give me strength, Lord! as my day;
 For good remember me.
- 4 Distress'd with pain, disease, and grief,
 This feeble body see;
 Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
 Hear, and remember me.

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 !

HYMN XLIII.

John xiv. 18.—I will not leave you comfortless ; I will come unto you.

TRAVELLING 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 bless'd 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 pierc'd side:

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

HYMN XLIV.

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.

HYMN XLV.

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.
- 2 "Loose me!" the mighty angel cries,
 "Why dost thou grasp me so?"
 "Until thou bless me," he replies,
 "I will not let thee go."—
- 3 "Israel, not Jacob, be thy name
 "Henceforth, thou shalt prevail:
 "Thy God for ever is the same,
 "Thou shalt not faint nor fail."—
- 4 Ye faithful! hold the promise fast;
 To plead it boldly dare;
 Wrestling with God, to prove at last,
 Th' omnipotence of pray'r.

HYMN XLVI.

Gen. ix. 13—17. Rev. iv. 3. The Rainbow.

BEHOLD 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 cov'nant of grace !

4 When over me hangs the thick cloud,

And darkness with horrors outspread ;

Mighty thund'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, uprear,
 The globe with destruction to sweep.
- 6 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 terrors can meet.
- 7 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.

HYMN XLVII.

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 temptation's waves arise,
 Struggling, half sunk, I cast my eyes
 With eager looks to that blest 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 !

HYMN XLVIII.

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.

BEHOLD 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 look 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.

HYMN XLIX.

ASCENSION.

1 Thess. i. 10.—And to wait for his Son from heaven, whom he raised from the dead; even Jesus, which delivered us from the wrath to come.

HAIL, Son of God! the op'ning grave
 Proclaims thy power divine;
 Thou to the uttermost canst 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, these let us be,
And all thy glory share.

HYMN L.

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

THOU virgin daughter! once so loath'd,
Put off thy filthy robe;
In glory's garb with beauty cloth'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.

HYMN LI.

1 John v. 20, 21.

THE 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.

HYMN LII.

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.

GOD 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.

HYMN LIII.

Jerem. xxiii. 6.—This is his name whereby he shall be called—The Lord
our Righteousness.

MOST 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 fulfill’d I see ;
 “ Thy righteousness, dear Lord ! complete
 “ Hath answer’d all for me.”

HYMN LIV.

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,

Feel 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.

HYMN LV.

2 Thess. iii. 5.—The Lord direct your hearts into the love of God, and into the patient waiting for Christ!

SPIRIT 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.

HYMN LVI.

1 Cor. xvi. 55.—O Death! where is thy sting!

- S**EE 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 dire 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 lake of fire be cast,
 And fall to rise no more.

Hallelujah! Amen.

HYMN LVII.

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;

G

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 thicken'd 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 !—Oh 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.

HYMN LVIII.

Luke xxi. 19.—In your patience possess ye your souls.

SINCE 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.

HYMN LIX.

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.

HYMN LX.

Psalm cxix. 25.—My soul cleaveth unto the dust; quicken thou me
according to thy word!

WITH 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 sway;
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 grov'ling heart set free
 From dust and base desire!
 Drawn, Lord! by cords of love to thee,
 Raise my affections higher.
- 5 Quicken'd by grace divine,
 Myself to thee I give;
 When body, spirit, soul are thine,
 I then begin to live.

HYMN LXI.

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,
Prepar'd 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 vict'ry must complete."
- 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.

HYMN LXII.

Psalm xcvi. 2.—Be telling of his salvation from day to day.

TO thee, my God and Saviour!
My heart exulting sings,
Rejoicing in thy favour,
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 ;
 Oh 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 crown before thee,
 Now all my conflicts o'er,
 And day and night adore thee ;
 What can an angel more ?

HYMN LXIII.

2 Tim. xi. 19.—The foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal—
 The Lord knoweth them that are his.

GOD'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,
We shall to the end endure.

HYMN LXIV.

2 Cor. iv. 17, 18.—For our light afflictions, &c.

WHEN 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.

HYMN LXV.

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
 Direct the stroke, inflict the pain,
 And point to rest above ?
- 3 How short are all my sufferings here !
 How needful every cross !

Avaunt, thou unbelieving fear!

Nor call my gain, my loss.

- 4 Then give, dear Lord! or take away,
 I'll bless thy sacred name;
 My Jesus yesterday, to-day,
 For ever is the same.

HYMN LXVI.

Heb. x. 19.—Having therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus.

JEHOVAH Jesus fills the throne,
 The man of grief no more;

The wine-press he hath trod alone;

Ye ransom'd! him adore.

- 2 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.

HYMN LXVII.

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 straight 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 power! almighty King!
Thy quick'ning influence give;
Inspire the word thy preachers bring,
And our dead souls shall live.

HYMN LXVIII.

SWEETLY, softly swell the strain ;
 Jesu's name shall be the theme ;

Through the vast ethereal sky,
 Loud, ye heavenly hosts ! 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 might live,

Love us, save us to the end !*

HYMN LXIX.

Gen. xxi. 9—19.

WHEN 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 Bernice.

- 2 Beneath the shrubs 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 thè handmaid and her seed
Such favour he hath shown ;
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.

HYMN LXX.

Gen. xxx. 1.

- “ **O**H, give me children, or I die !”
 Nor danger fears, 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.

HYMN LXXI.

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 share,
 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.

HYMN LXXII.

1 Chron. iv. 9, 10.—Jabez.

- A** CHILD of sorrow from the womb,
 A man of sorrow to the tomb,
 Conceiv'd 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.

- 4 -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.

HYMN LXXIII.

Gen. xxviii. 10—22.

- W**HEN Jacob Esau's presence fled,
 With weariness opprest :
 His pillow stone, the ground his bed,
 He laid him down to rest.
- 2 Heav'n 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.

HYMN LXXIV.

Heb. xi. 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 Dependant on the faithful word,
His heritage is sure ;
The oath, the promise of his Lord,
The happy land secure.

HYMN LXXV.

Dan. v.—Belshazzar.

PRAISING the gods of wood and stone,
The 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, tekel ! " 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 low in Tophet’s burnings lie,
 How will your hearts endure !

HYMN LXXVI.

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 presence Guilt no more abides ;
All peace and hope are 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, mis'ry 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.

HYMN LXXVII.

Judges vi. 7.—Gideon's victory.

- C**ALL'D from the wine-press to command
Poor Israel's chosen few,
Whilst threat'ning hosts of Midian stand
The mighty Gideon flew.
- 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 show
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.

HYMN LXXVIII.

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 mock'ry 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 !"
" Enthusiast wild !" they scornful cry,
And ridicule his fear.
- 4 But sudden o'er the trembling ground
The heavens tremendous low'r ;
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,
 Oh! where wilt thou appear?

HYMN LXXIX.

Gen. vi. 7.

“MY Spirit shall no longer strive!”
 God’s sacred word declares:
 Fearing, 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 ! fly ;
His pardoning grace secure ;
To-day receive the warning cry,
" Vengeance, tho' slow, is sure."

HYMN LXXX.

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.

HYMN LXXXI.

Job xix. 25.—I know that my Redeemer liveth.

- W**HEN guilty fear my soul assails,
 And Satan tempts, or sin prevails,
 Ah ! whither 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 I 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 !

HYMN LXXXII.

Psalm xl. 12.—Mine iniquities have taken hold upon 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—" Thither 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 !

HYMN LXXXIII.

1 Cor. iii. 18.—xii. 10.—i. 28.

- D**EAR Lord ! since I've learned 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 smile !
 To the bats now my idol is hurl'd ;
 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 !

HYMN LXXXIV.

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 a 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.

WHEN on the giddy cliff I stand,
 Beneath the billows roar;
 And, breaking on the coral strand,
 Whiten with foam the shore:

- 2 Thee in thy works, my God! I see;
 Thou saidst, and it is done;
 Bound by unchangeable decree,
 “Proud waves! no further come.”
- 3 Though tempests rear your curling heads,
 And mingle sea and skies,
 Smooth as the polish'd mirror spread,
 If “Peace! be still!” he cries.
- 4 Shall winds and waves their God obey,
 And I refuse to hear?

Shall he that bounds the flowing sea,
Not bind me with his fear ?

5 O thou ! that rulest seas and skies,
Corruption's flood controul,
Nor 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.

HYMN LXXXV.

Jerem. iv. 3.—Break up your fallow ground.

STRONG 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, burns every weed,
Manures the ground, casts in 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 unto life and glory come,
I shout the joyful harvest-home.

HYMN LXXXVI.

Galatians vi. 16.—The Israel of God.

MY 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 renew,
 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.

HYMN LXXXVII.

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,
 Lord ! pity, save ; dear Lord ! I crave,
 And be my all in all.

HYMN LXXXVIII.

Matt. xi. 27.—Neither knoweth any man the Father, save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal him.

THOUGH on creation vast I see
 The impress deep of deity,
 Yet wisdom's mazy round I trod,
 Weary with feeling after God.

- 2 The deeper my researches go,
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 with garments dipt in blood,
An open volume in his hand ;
“ Here read,” he cried, “ and understand.”
- 5 I read, amaz'd ; the treasur'd 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 ! th' incarnate mystery
 - Of God in Christ so long conceal'd,
 And all the Godhead stood reveal'd.

HYMN LXXXIX.

Rom. iv. 7.—Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose
 sins are covered.

BENEATH the sun supremely blest
 Is he, of pardoning grace possess ;
 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 past ;
 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.

HYMN XC.

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,
 " It bled for such as thee ;
 " In heaven thy peace is sealed,
 " Now to thy heart revealed,
 " Henceforward live for me."

HYMN XCI.

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 you shall find rest unto your souls : for my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.

- " COME 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;
 “ Sunk beneath thy burden quite;
 “ Add my cross—’twill make it light.

4 “ Weary wand’rer! 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.

HYMN XCII.

John ii. 8.—The darkness is past, and the true light shineth.

AWAY, 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 the deep gloom from my heart;

With songs I hie home,
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.

HYMN XCIII.

Luke xxiv. 18—40.—Disciples going to Emmaus.

SUNK 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 heed a stranger near,
 With accents mild—"My friends!" he cries,
 "Why these sad looks, these heaving sighs?"—

"Art thou a stranger," answer'd one,
 "And hast not heard the horrors done,

"Nor dropt the tender tear?"—
 2 "What mean ye?"—Cleophas 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 hop’d to see again :

“ Yea, certain of our friends to-day,

“ By angels told, He’s risen say.”—

But ah ! they saw not him.

3 “ O 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, beguil’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 risen 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 !—Oh come the day,
 When thou shalt ever with me stay,
 And banish all my fears !

HYMN XCIV.

Rev. iii. 12.—Behold I come quickly!—hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown.

“**B**EHOLD, I come!” the Saviour cries;
 ‘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 ensure.
 “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.”

HYMN XCV.

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.

- 3 All human efforts, 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.

HYMN XCVI.

Luke xi. 22.—Lord! now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.

THE 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.
- 4 All that is past, forgive;
 Let love constrain my heart;
 Then shall I in thy favour live,
 And in thy peace depart.

HYMN XCVII.

Hos. iii. 5.—Fear the Lord and his goodness.

COMPASS'D with mercies night and day,
 Our joyful 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.

HYMN XCVIII.

*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 sands 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.

HYMN XCLX.

Eph. iv. 15.—Growing 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.

HYMN C.

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.

KNOW, 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.

HYMN CI.

Philip. ii. 11.—Every tongue shall confess that Jesus Christ is Lord.

THE Son of God adore ;
 Ye ransom'd ! spread his fame ;
 With joy and gladness evermore,
 Loud his great name !

Let every tongue confess
 That Jesus Christ is Lord,
 And every creature join to bless
 Th' 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 ye 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 shown ?
 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 !

HYMN CII.

Gen. xxiii. 4.

THE 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; then 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,

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

HYMN CIII.

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.

HYMN CIV.

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 ev'ry evil way,
 Oh, 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 worldlings' 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.

HYMN CV.

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 delightedst 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 has suffer'd for us,
 It is gain for believers to die.

HYMN CVI.

Psalm lxxiv. 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, (deliv'rance nigh!)

With falt'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 heav'nly day.

HYMN CVII.

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 !”

HYMN CVIII.

Rom. x. 4.—Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth.

FROM Sinai’s top the fiery law
 Its terrors loud proclaim’d ;

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The curse denounc'd 'gainst ev'ry flaw,
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 bearedst on the tree;

Thy blood and thy obedience hath
Completed all for me.

HYMN CIX.

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 wondrous love may we believe,
Quickened 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.

HYMN CX.

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 ?

WITH 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 beneath,
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.

HYMN CXI.

Cant. viii. 7.—Many waters cannot quench love.

LOVE! 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 circling volumes rise;
 Till assimilate to thee,
 Every faculty shall be,
Meet to shine above the skies.

HYMN CXII.

Heb. x. 14.—For by one offering he hath for ever perfected them that are sanctified.

THE 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.

HYMN CXIII.

Eccles. xi. 9.—God will bring thee into judgment.

HEAR, 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.

O 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.

HYMN CXIV.

Ruth iii. 9.—Spread therefore thy skirt over thine handmaid; for thou art a near kinsman.

THE suit with diffidence preferr'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, Oh 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 thine everlasting friend.”

HYMN CXV.

Ezra v. 15.—Take those vessels ; go, carry them to the temple that is in
 Jerusalem.

SO 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 heaven's eternal King,
 Vessels of mercy, richer far,
 He will to glory bring.

HYMN CXVI.

Mal. iv. 2.—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.

HYMN CXVII.

Genesis xxiv. 58.—I will go.

- W**HEN in his bloody vest array'd,
 Expiring on the tree,
 The heav'nly 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."

HYMN CXVIII.

Isa. xlv. 17.—Israel shall be saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation: ye shall not be ashamed nor confounded, world without end.

NO 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.

HYMN CXIX.

Amos iv. 12.—Prepare to meet thy God, O Israel!

ISRAEL! 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.

HYMN CXX.

Lev. ii. 13.—With all thine offerings thou shalt offer salt.

OUR 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.

HYMN CXXI.

Isa. xxvi. 4.—Trust ye in the Lord for ever: for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.

MARCH 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.

HYMN CXXII.

Hab. ii. 4.—The just shall live by faith.

GUILTY, 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.

HYMN CXXIII.

Neh. ix 2.—And the seed of Israel separated themselves from all
 strangers, and stood and confessed their sins.

SEPARATE 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 confest
 A sinner vile, myself detest:
 But love me freely, seal my peace,
 Then shall my ev'ry sorrow cease.

HYMN CXXIV.

Jonah i. 6.—What meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise, call upon thy God!

WHILST Sinai's fearful thunders roll,
 And clouds of wrath, from pole to pole, }
 Hang low'ring 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.

HYMN CXXV.

Gen. xiv. 4.—I am Joseph, your brother, whom ye sold into Egypt.

WITH 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!"

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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 confest, [breast.
And hid my blushing face upon my Saviour's

HYMN CXXVI.

Prov. xvi. 33.—The lot is cast into the lap ; but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord.

DEPENDANT 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.

HYMN CXXVII.

Isa. xxi. 12.—The morning cometh, and also the night : if ye will enquire,
enquire ye ; return, come !

THE 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 :
And should till death unpardon'd guilt remain,
No blood can then efface the stain ;
The soul for ever is undone !

HYMN CXXVIII.

Zech. xiii. 9.—I will say, It is my people ; and they shall say, The Lord
is my God.

THINE 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!"

HYMN CXXIX.

Jos. xvi. 10.—The Canaanites dwell among the Ephraimites unto this day, and serve under tribute.

TWO 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.

HYMN CXXX.

Easter.

DOWN 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;

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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 !”

HYMN CXXXI.

Dismission.

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

- 3 " Spread for thee, the festal board
 " See with richest dainties stor'd ;
 " To thy Father's bosom prest,
 " Yet again a child confest ;
 " 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 !"

HYMN CXXXV.

Rom. vii. 28.

WHEN 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 chast'ning rod,
Nor, proudly murm'ring, dare reply to God.

2 Why should a living man complain
Of sickness, sorrow, loss, or pain ?

Conscious of guilt without, within ;

Whose punishment exceeds his sin ?

Before his Judge, let ev'ry mouth in dust

Adore in silence, own his ways all just.

3 Much more, redeem'd by Jesu's blood,

If ev'ry trouble works for good,

Then sweet the tear which trickles down

Beneath the cross which brings a crown ;

Through tribulation led to rest above,

And every suffering speaks paternal love.

HYMN CXXXVI.

Psalm lv. 6.

HAD 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.

HYMN CXXXVII.

Solomon's Song, v. 10.

SWEET 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 Not all the feather'd quire,
 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.

HYMN CXXXVIII.

Sung on the Thanksgiving Day for the King's Recovery.

TO thee, Most High ! the voice of praise
 This day a grateful people raise ;
 The King of kings deliv'rance 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 deplor'd.
- 3 Compassion mov'd the Saviour's heart;
 His healing balm assuag'd the smart;
 Though pow'r on med'cine 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 !

HYMN CXXXIX,

On the same Occasion.

NOT for the necks of vanquish'd kings,
 A people sav'd from ruin, sings ;

Not for their vict'ries o'er the main,
 Or fields deform'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 deep 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 ev'ry 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 belov'd.

HYMN CXL.

For the Fast Day, February 28, 1794.

BIG 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.

HYMN CXLI.

On the same Occasion.

Recitative.

STILL o'er the deep the cannon's roar
 The dismal accents spread,

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

Air.

Humanity afflicted sighs
 O'er aged parents' moans,
 Shrill shrieks of widows, orphan's cries
 Mingling with dying groans.

Recitative accompanied.

Fled from the din 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 judgments 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 !
Hallelujah. Amen.

HYMN CXLII.

The happy Change.

WHEN wand'ring from thee, O my Saviour
and God!

The paths of corruption and error I trod,
Insensible under the chastening rod,

Long seeking, but never found rest ;
Still eager pursu'd what I could not obtain,
The pleasures of sin only ended in pain,
Tormented with loss, when I counted on gain,
And a rankling thorn in my breast.

2 But since the sweet savour of thy blessed name
I've known, with my burdens sore laden I
came,

And cast at thy feet, I'm no longer the same,
Created anew from above ;

Now filled with joy, and sweet peace in my
heart,

Believing, from evil I've learn'd to depart,
And longing, dear Saviour! to be where thou
art,

Would never more from thee remove.

HYMN CXLIII.

Mourning after Christ.

IF Jesus withholds the sweet sense of his grace,
And hiding in darkness, conceals his bright
face,

There is not a spot in the regions of space
Can cheer me, remov'd from his sight.

But when o'er the mountains of dark unbelief,
My Lord, as the roe, bounds to bring me relief,
How quickly are fled all my sorrows and grief!
His presence is joy and delight.

2 Ah, come then, dear Lord! to thy mourner
return ;

Laid low at thy footstool, my soul do not spurn,
But speak the kind word, and my spirit shall burn ;

A flame, kindled up from thine own.

Encircle me round with the arms of thy love,

Thy truth and thy faithfulness ever to prove,

Till safe I am lodg'd in thy bosom above,

With thee to sit down on the throne.

HYMN CXLIV.

A Song in the Night.

WHEN evils felt, or evils fear'd,
Assault my troubled breast,
How long the tedious hours appear'd,
Of night devoid of rest ?

I turn, and turn upon my bed,
But oh ! affrighted sleep is fled.

- 2 Where can I find my lost repose
 But on thy bosom, Lord?
 My weary eyelids thou canst close,
 And speak the soothing word.
 To thee I fain would all resign;
 What can I want, if thou art mine?
- 3 Peace then, my foolish heart! be still;
 Look up, defy despair;
 Submissive to his righteous will,
 Cast on him ev'ry care.
 Redeem'd from sin, and death, and hell,
 Sleeping or waking, all is well.

HYMN CXLV.

Baptismal Hymn.

OUR infant offspring to thy grace,
 Great God! we would commend;

And as their angels view thy face,
 Be thou their guardian, friend.

2 Dear Saviour! hold them in thy arm,
 Thy benediction give;

The lambs within thy bosom warm,
 And let our Isaacs live.

3 All that we are, and all we have,
 We would devote to thee;

We know that thou alone canst save
 In age or infancy.

4 Tho' flesh of flesh, to evil prone
 When our first breath we drew;

Thy blood is able to atone,
 Thy Spirit to renew.

HYMN CXLVI.

Infant Baptism.

WHO can discern the time or way,
 When God the Spirit will display

His quick'ning pow'r to raise the soul
From death, and make the fallen whole?

- 2 In faith and hope we would present
The precious gift which thou hast lent,
And holy, as a cov'nant heir,
May the dear infant with us share !
- 3 Number'd with thine elect below,
Thy grace's fulness now bestow,
And with thy ordinance's seal,
Thy blessed self within reveal.
- 4 If long $\left. \begin{array}{c} \text{his} \\ \text{their} \\ \text{her} \end{array} \right\}$ race beneath the sun,
Thy providence ordains to run,
In wisdom, as in stature grown,
Preserve and keep $\left. \begin{array}{c} \text{him} \\ \text{them} \\ \text{her} \end{array} \right\}$ for thine own.

But if thy will reclaims the loan,
 To raise $\left. \begin{array}{c} \text{him} \\ \text{them} \\ \text{her} \end{array} \right\}$ to thy heav'nly throne,
 From sin and sorrow soon to save,
 All's well ! he takes the babe he gave.

HYMN CXLVII.

Baptismal Hymn.

ETERNAL source of life and pow'r !
 Thy waiting servants' Friend !
 Upon thine ordinance this hour,
 Thy benediction send.

2 To thee from everlasting known,
 Are all the chosen seed ;
 Oh take and seal them for thine own,
 In mercy as decreed !

o

- 3 Our infant progeny in pray'r
 We consecrate to thee ;
 May they our cov'nant mercies share,
 To thee united be !
- 4 Once in thine arms thou didst enfold
 Such helpless babes below :
 The same rich blessings as of old,
 On us and our's bestow.
- 5 Lord ! from the earliest days of youth,
 Close keep them at thy side ;
 Lead them in paths of grace and truth,
 Their Ruler and their Guide.

HYMN CXLVIII.

Baptismal Hymn.

LOVELY infant ! to the Saviour
 Offer'd up, we bless his name,

Trusting with him to find favour,

At his bidding since we came :

All the little children bring,

Subjects for your heavenly King.

2 This dear pledge to thee presenting,

To thy keeping, love, and care,

By thy grace the heart preventing,

Lord! preserve from ev'ry snare.

Safe encircled in thy arms,

Bless and save $\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{her} \\ \text{him} \end{array} \right\}$ from all harms.

3 If the sign of circumcision

Was the seal of righteousness,

May we not form this decision,

Baptism will confer no less?

When the Holy from the womb,

To the blood of sprinkling come.

- 4 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
 Into whom baptis'd, we live ;
 Not for our, but Jesu's merit,
 Every blessing gracious give !
 With our infant progeny,
 May we, Lord ! be found in thee !

HYMN CXLIX.

Child-bed Song.

WHEN Nature's sorrows on me seiz'd,
 To thee, my God ! I cried,
 And patient waiting to be eas'd,
 On thy support relied.

- 2 Yet tedious seem'd the hours, and slow,
 When stretch'd upon my bed,
 And shook by each convulsive throe,
 My heart with anguish bled.

- 3 I knew the cause, and humbly bow'd
 Before the just decree,
 Nor was a murm'ring thought allow'd ;
 Thy promise was my plea.
- 4 It is fulfill'd ! I hear the cry ;
 The precious babe's alive ;
 My pains subside, my sorrows fly,
 My hopes, my joys revive.

HYMN CL.

A Mother's Thanksgiving.

IN the day of Nature's sorrow,
 Groaning on my bed I lay,
 Fear'd I should not see to-morrow,
 Scarcely had the pow'r to pray.
 But in time of need, my Lord
 Did his gracious aid afford.

- 2 By his arm beneath supported
 Thro' the agonizing hour,
 When to him my soul resorted,
 In my weakness felt his pow'r;
 To the living mother's breast,
 Glad the living babe I prest.
- 3 Now the pangs no more remember'd,
 All my mercies round me crowd,
 Self and child to him surrender'd,
 Him, my Life, I prais'd aloud.
 Should my fears again beset,
 Never his past love forget.

HYMN CLI.

Lullaby ! a Parent's Song.

LOVELY baby ! sweetly sleeping,
 Rest beneath the guardian wing

Of angelic hosts, who, keeping
 Heirs of glory, watch and sing,
 Lullaby!

2 Live to tell the wondrous story,
 Of the Saviour's dying love,
 Consecrated to his glory,
 Giv'n, as Samuel, from above.
 Lullaby!

3 May it be thy blest employment,
 For the Lord to live alone!
 Then shall I have true enjoyment,
 Else I rather would have none.
 Lullaby!

4 Gracious Lord! what thou hast lent me,
 I consider wholly thine,

Pléas'd embrace the babe that's sent me,

But when call'd for, $\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{her} \\ \text{him} \end{array} \right\}$ resign.

Lullaby!

HYMN CLII.

The Cherub Infant's Hymn.

WITH infant face, and outstretch'd wing,
 Imagination paints,
 Cherubs with ruby lip, who sing
 The glorious King of Saints.

- 2 To realize what Fancy feigns,
 How happy should I be!
 Lord! teach my infant tongue the strains,
 That lift the heart to thee.
- 3 May ev'ry day, and ev'ry year,
 Spent in thy praise and love,

Prepare me, Saviour ! to appear
 Before thy throne above !

- 4 O blessed hope ! I wait the day,
 Nor can the time be long,
 When plum'd my wings, I fly away,
 And join the cherub's song.

HYMN CLIII.

Thanks on Return to the House of God.

WHAT thanks to my Lord can I give
 For all his rich mercies bestow'd ?
 With my infant preserved, I live,
 And return to his holy abode.

- 2 In the days of my sorrow I vow'd,
 Myself and my babe to the Lord
 To devote, on my bed as I bow'd,
 Rememb'ring his covenant word,

3. Then hither, by gratitude led,
 I come, my due tribute to pay:
 He has rais'd up my languishing head,
 In weakness his strength to display.
4. The lives which his providence spar'd,
 May Jesus, the Saviour, prolong;
 Till vessels for glory prepar'd,
 We mix with the heavenly throng.

HYMN CLIV.

Communion.

- “ **D**O this !” express is the command,
 So plain, none can misunderstand
 The Saviour’s solemn word.
- “ Eat of this bread ; drink, all, the cup ;
 “ Ye welcome guests ! who with me sup,
 “ Remember me, your Lord !

- 2 " Behold ! exhibited to view
 " The solemn scene, when I for you
 " The wine-press trod alone.
 " My mangled corpse upon the tree,
 " In agonies expiring see,
 " And hear the dying groan !"
- 3 Upon the offer'd victim feed :
 'Tis his own flesh and blood indeed,
 To ev'ry faithful heart ;
 The seal of pardon, peace, and grace,
 Assurance we shall see his face
 In heav'n, and no more part.
- 4 Begone, unholy and profane !
 Who slight his love, blaspheme his name,
 And wilful turn away :
 The Lord's true body to discern,
 They only from his Spirit learn,
 Who hear him, and obey.

HYMN CLV.

Communion.

COME, sit at the table; the Saviour invites;
 'Tis spread with abundance, and deck'd
 with delights;

Than manna, which fell from the heavenly
 heights,

Far sweeter, and richer the food.

Not oxen and fatlings which cover the board,
 Nor wine well refin'd, such a feast can afford,
 As when the blest Victim, for ever ador'd,

Presents us his flesh and his blood.

2 All those who, by faith realizing the sign,
 See their crucified Lord in the bread and the
 wine, [shine,

And, cloth'd in the robes of his righteousness,
 From Jesus shall welcome receive.

One with him in happy communion, they prove,
 In their hearts, shed abroad by the Spirit, his
 love,
 The source of all comfort below, and above,
 To such as his promise believe.

- 3 Draw near then, and take what his bounty
 provides ;
 All fulness of blessing in Jesus resides ;
 For ever the same, with his Church he abides,
 Unchangeably faithful and true.
 And whilst at his footstool with rev'rence you
 bow,
 Renewing your solemn profession and vow,
 In fullest assurance of hope, you shall know
 He liv'd and he died for you.

HYMN CLVI.

After Communion.

- H**ERE seated with our heav'nly King,
 His favour'd guests, we sit and sing;
 And from the greatest to the least,
 Enjoy the pleasures of the feast.
- 2 In mystic union with our head
 Ingrafted, from his fulness fed,
 Up into him in all things grow,
 And only live his praise to show.
- 3 Lord ! forth as giants cheer'd with wine,
 We go to prove that we are thine;
 The banner of thy cross beneath,
 Resolv'd to conflict unto death.
- 4 Gloriously forth, great Conqueror ! ride,
 Thy vows upon us, at thy side
 Close form'd, from strength to strength we go,
 And tread beneath our feet the foe.

HYMN CLVII.

Mysteries.—The Transformation.

WHAT mysteries in Nature are!
 The caterpillar, rough with hair,
 A chrysalis*, his coffin spins,
 Then bursts, a fly with peacock wings!

2 If in the meanest insect's change,
 We see such transformation strange,
 Why should we doubt the pow'r of God
 To raise an angel from a clod?

3 A sinner loathsome from my birth,
 Like that vile worm, I crawl'd on earth,
 And, but for God's incarnate Son,
 Had ended vile as I begun.

* The caterpillar and silkworm, when they lie torpid, enclosed in a shell, or web, they have spun.

- 4 My soul transformed by his grace,
 Pleas'd I prepare to change my place,
 Commit my body to the grave;
 The chrysalis he died to save.
- 5 There for a while I torpid lay,
 Waiting his Sun's vivific ray ;
 Then cast my slough, a wonder rise,
 In all the radiance of the skies.

HYMN CLVIII.

Song for Youth.

- F**OR refuge, O Father of Mercies ! we fly
 To thee, in the Son of thy Love,
 And low at thy footstool, poor sinners, we lie,
 Thy tend'rest compassions to prove.
- 2 The word of thy promise emboldens our trust,
 Unworthy and vile as we are ;

Our hands on our mouth, and our mouth in
the dust,

We wait for the answer of prayer.

- 3 Thou say'st—"Those who seek me in days of
" My favour assuredly find ; [their youth,
" Never yet hath my faithfulness fail'd, or my
" To such, I'll be loving and kind." [truth ;
- 4 Lift up then upon us, our God and our Lord !
Paternal, the smiles of thy face ;
And with thy dear children, our songs shall
record,
How we have found favour and grace.

HYMN CLIX.

Spring.

THE winter is over and gone,
The thrush whistles sweet on the spray,

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The turtle breathes forth her soft moan,
And the lark mounts and warbles away.

- 2 Shall every creature around,
Their voices in concert unite,
And I, the most favour'd, be found,
In praising to take less delight?
- 3 Awake then, my harp and my lute!
Sweet organs! your notes softly swell;
No longer my lips shall be mute,
The Saviour's high praises to tell.
- 4 His love in *my heart* shed abroad;
My graces shall bloom as the spring;
This temple, his Spirit's abode,
My joy, as my duty, to sing.

HYMN CLX,

Summer and Harvest.

HOW sweet the summer's morn!
The rising sun how bright!

His glowing rays adorn

The sky's meridian height.

With life renew'd, all nature teems

Beneath his warm prolific beams.

2 Diffusing fragrance round,

The flow'rs with beauty glow ;

The trees with foliage crown'd,

Their rip'ning glories show ;

With songs of joy the echoing hills,

The harvest-home inspiring fills.

3 But never morn so sweet,

As when the day of grace

First led my wand'ring feet

To seek the Saviour's face :

Then did a brighter sun arise,

Than summer's radiance on my eyes.

- 4 His quick'ning Spirit giv'n,
 Rich fruits of grace appear,
 And rip'ning fast for heav'n,
 The harvest crowns the year :
 The angel reapers to the throne,
 With shouts convey the faithful home.

HYMN CLXI.

Autumn.

THE summer past; the harvest ended, see,
 The yellow tint has seiz'd on ev'ry tree,
 And Autumn in her sober grey appear,
 Whilst short'ning days announce the closing
 year.

- 2 The hoar frost crisps the dew-bespangled ground,
 And leaves deciduous scatter all around ;
 Nature grows torpid, cold the murky air,
 And bids for Winter's frozen reign prepare.

- 3 My summer days of youth and manhood past,
 My sun's short circle now declining fast,
 My flowing hair is thinn'd, and on my head
 Autumnal months their hoary honours shed.
- 4 Safe lodg'd my fruits, at evening tide I rest ;
 My work near done, I lean on Jesu's breast,
 Wait, without fear, death's winter drawing nigh,
 Preparing for my mansion in the sky.

HYMN CLXII.

Winter.

- I**N Winter's icy fetters bound,
 Tir'd Nature seeks repose
 Amidst the roaring tempest's sound,
 And deep surrounding snows.
- 2 Not dead, but sleeping, to renew
 Her vegetative pow'rs,

Earth waits in hope the vernal dew,
 Warm suns, and genial show'rs.

3 Thus when the frozen hand of Death
 My sleeping eyes shall close,
 And icy cold congeal my breath,
 On Jesus I repose.

4 Haste, Sun of Righteousness ! arise !
 Death's wintry blasts dispel ;
 Thy beams shall ope my closed eyes,
 My tongue thy glory tell.

HYMN CLXIII.

Morning.

WITH gratitude my opening eyes
 Behold the morning light,
 Acknowledging, as I arise,
 The mercies of the night :

In peace I laid me down, and took my rest ;
Awake refresh'd. Thy name be ever blest !

- 2 Low at thy footstool now I fall,
Commence the day with pray'r :
Oh, hear me, Saviour ! when I call ;
On thee I cast my care.

Preserve my goings out, my comings in,
My life from danger, and my soul from sin.

- 3 The place and station God decrees,
With diligence to fill,
I hasten, earnest him to please,
To know and do his will.
So may I this and every day employ,
That the last day may close in endless joy !

HYMN CLXIV.

Noon.

HOW swift the hours are fled ! how soon
The morning dawn leads on to noon !

- While it is day, improve the light :
 What's to be done, do with thy might.
- 2 Sweet is the toil, the wages sweet,
 When choice and duty willing meet ;
 'Tis pleasant to behold the sun ;
 With him the race of labour run.
- 3 Many, a portion to secure
 Of meat which perisheth, endure
 The toil and heat of noontide rays,
 Unwearied thro' the longest days.
- 4 And shall I faint, or weary grow,
 Less pains employ, less care bestow,
 The meat enduring to obtain,
 Of life eternal, glorious gain !
- 5 Ah no, dear Lord ! whilst in my prime,
 Let active zeal improve my time ;
 My labour finish'd, with the blest,
 At evening find eternal rest.

HYMN CLXV.

Night.

TIS night! around the glowing pole,
 Ten thousand fires celestial roll;
 The moon full orb'd, in silver light
 Sheds her mild radiance on my sight.
 To the bright arch I lift my wond'ring eyes;
 In love and praise my warm devotions rise.
 2 These are thy works, Jehovah, Lord!
 By all in heav'n and earth ador'd!
 If such *without* the wondrous scene,
 What must the glory be *within*?
 Where sun, nor moon, nor radiant stars appear,
 Eclips'd by the transcendent brightness there.
 3 These feeble fires by day, by night,
 Needed no more by saints in light;

The throne of God and of the Lamb,
 The glories of the great I AM,
 Eternal beaming, dart transforming rays,
 And fill with adoration, love, and praise.

HYMN CLXVI.

Christ's Commission.—Acts xxvi. 17, 18.

- C**OMMISSION'D from our Lord,
 We hasten to proclaim
 The sacred truths of his blest word,
 And in his holy name.
- 2 But who the heart can turn?—
 He who first being gave.
 What quench the brand ready to burn?—
 The blood he shed to save.
- 3 Speak then, thy pow'r display,
 Bid darkness change to light,

And pour a flood of heav'nly day
Upon our blinded sight.

- 4 From Satan's bondage free,
To our liege Lord restor'd ;
For pardon, life, and liberty,
Be his great name ador'd.
- 5 Heirs of salvation now,
Thro' his eternal love,
Who lowly at his footstool bow,
Shall reign with him above.

HYMN CLXVII.

The dark and cloudy Day.

WHEN hoary winter drawing nigh,
The stormy blasts obscure the sky ;
No sun emits a cheering ray ;
All dark and cloudy is the day :

- 2 But when afflictions thicken round,
And grief and pain my bosom wound ;
Losses and crosses hedge my way,
Darker and cloudier grows the day.
- 3 To fights without, if fears within,
Corruption, unbelief, and sin,
Prevailing, make my heart to bleed ;
Ah, dark and cloudy 'tis indeed !
- 4 My flutt'ring pulse and falt'ring breath
Announce the near approach of death ;
" How can I meet, dear Saviour ! say,
" The last dark, dismal, cloudiest day."
- 5 " Look to my cross, the sovereign cure
" For all the ills thou canst endure ;
" Thence dart the beams of endless day,
" And clouds and darkness flee away."

HYMN CLXVIII.

Crumbs of Comfort.—Isaiah xl.

“**C**OMFORT my people,” saith the Lord ;
 “ My gracious promises record ;
 “ Cry to the trembling heart—“ Be still !
 “ Fear not ! He’s faithful to fulfil.”

- 2 Sharp arrows pierce thy sinful heart,
 Bitter the anguish, deep the smart :
 Hear what the Saviour speaks from heav’n,
 “ Thy sins, tho’ many, are forgiv’n.
- 3 “ Thine enemies with malice, might,
 “ Against thy feeble soul unite ;
 “ But in thy weakness I’ll display
 “ My strength, and low the mighty lay.
- 4 “ If comfortless, thy sorrows rise,
 “ And tears run down thy weary eyes,

- “I’ll wipe away the falling tear,
 “Sooth ev’ry pang you feel, or fear.”
- 5 Be of good cheer then, O my soul !
 The hand that wounds, shall make thee whole ;
 Thou shalt not die, but live to prove
 Thy Jesu’s everlasting love.

HYMN CLXIX.

He must needs go through Samaria.

- W**HY thro’ Samaria must he go ?
 Because the Lord had work to do.
 For whom his calling he ordains,
 His providence secures the means.
- 2 Water from Jacob’s well to draw,
 The woman came, the stranger saw,
 And wond’ring, heard a Jew demand
 A draught from a Samaritan’s hand,

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- 3 The lost, unsought he comes to find,
Tells her, the Saviour of mankind,
There present, gracious deigns to show
Where streams of living waters flow.
- 4 The mystery solv'd, her heart receives
Messiah Lord, her pitcher leaves,
Eager that every soul be brought
To learn the truth his Spirit taught.
- 5 My soul ! with her the wonders trace,
Which led thee to the Saviour's face,
And all importunately woo,
To come, and see, and love him too.

HYMN CLXX.

Cure of Afflictions.—2 Cor. iv. 17, 18.

WHY should a living man complain
Of loss or cross, disease or pain,
And murmur against God ?

- Who can the righteous Judge accuse,
Or dare impeach his wisdom's views,
Who guides the chast'ning rod ?
- 2 Compar'd with what our sins provoke,
How light is each affliction's stroke,
If in the balance weigh'd ?
What have the saints and martyrs borne ?
What grief and anguish, shame and scorn,
Were on the Saviour laid ?
- 3 How short and momentary here
Must all our sufferings appear,
Eternity in view !
Not one ordain'd without intent,
All needful, for our good are sent,
His pow'r and grace to shew :
- 4 Then to thy providential will
Make me, dear Lord ! submissive still,
Since I am out of hell ;

But when I add to the account
 Eternal glory's vast amount,
 Thus working, all is well !

HYMN CLXXI.

Death vanquished.

- I** HASTEN to the grave,
 Swift as an eagle flies,
 And but for him who died to save,
 What prospects meet my eyes ?
- 2 A sinful, guilty soul,
 Deserving wrath and hell,
 Condemn'd, corrupt from Adam's fall,
 My nature to rebel.
- 3 Offending ev'ry day,
 By Passion's tempest tost,
 If thou, Lord ! to my charge should lay
 Iniquity—I'm lost !

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- 4 Upon my mouth, my hand,
 In self-despair I lay,
 Trembling before thy presence stand,
 Nor dare advance a plea.
- 5 But hark ! the voice I hear
 Of Jesus from the tree—
 “ Look to my cross, and no more fear ;
 “ I liv'd and died for thee.”
- 6 Bold I lift up my head,
 Death and the grave defy :
 Since Jesus lives, my fears are fled ;
 I live, and shall not die.

HYMN CLXXII.

Noah's Flood.

FROM his high throne the Lord look'd down,
 Beheld the sons of Adam grown
 To wickedness extreme.

Justly incens'd, his wrath awoke,
 And to consume them at a stroke,
 Prepares the floods of rain.

2 In vain the prophet's voice was heard;
 Their disobedient conscience sear'd,
 Rejects his pray'rs and tears.

The rising ark the mockers scout,
 Till God's long-suffering wearied out,
 The awful day appears.

3 The door was shut. The few within
 Beneath the Saviour's shelt'ring wing,
 His love and care adore.
Without, the millions who withstood,
 The warning voice, beneath the flood
 Sink down, to rise no more.

4 Be warn'd, ye dying sinners! hear!
 These awful judgments see, and fear!
 Who can his wrath endure!

Repent, return, while yet there's room ;
 The wrath denounc'd must quickly come :
 Vengeance, tho' slow, is sure !

HYMN CLXXIII.

Full Salvation.

SAVIOUR ! all my sins confessing,
 Gracious hear me, when I cry ;
 Give, thro' faith, the promis'd blessing,
 Freely, fully justify.

Justify.

2 By thy Holy Spirit's leading,
 Bring me to thy bosom nigh,
 In thy blessed footsteps treading,
 Soul and body sanctify.

Sanctify.

3 So the days of conflict ended,
 Into mansions of the sky ;

Whither, Lord ! thou art ascended,
With thyself, me glorify.

Glorify.

HYMN CLXXIV.

Darkness turned to Day.

DEEP musing on the sacred word,
To that bless'd day my thoughts recurr'd,
When first I heard the joyful sound,
In Jesus peace and pardon found,
Then did my heart with pleasure bound,
And glow with zeal.

2 But now beset with doubts and fears,
Why heaves the sigh, why flow my tears ?
Are not his promises secure,
To-day as yesterday endure,
To all the seed for ever sure,
And cannot fail ?

- 3 Rise, Sun of Righteousness! arise!
 Dispel the clouds, and clear the skies;
 Revive me with thy quick'ning voice,
 And make the broken bones rejoice,
 Confirm the everlasting choice
 Of sovereign grace.
- 4 Then shall my spirit heavenward soar,
 Press to the mark, and doubt no more:
 Kept by the power of God, to prove,
 Thro' faith, unchangeable his love,
 And him, with all his saints above,
 See face to face.

HYMN CLXXV.

For Help in Travail.

JESUS! my Saviour! Bridegroom! Friend!
 My God! on thee I call:

Support the feeble to the end,
And be my all in all.

- 2 Strength for my day, as heretofore,
In mercy, Lord ! bestow,
And painful doubts and fears no more
Let my poor spirit know !
- 3 The days of mercy lengthen still,
And add the living seed ;
The work of faith with pow'r fulfil,
And hear in time of need.
- 4 Rock of my Hope ! my Refuge ! Tow'r !
Come, to my succour come ;
My present help in trouble's hour,
And my eternal home.

HYMN CLXXVI.

Trinity in Unity.

THOU self-existent One in Three,
 Jehovah, God alone !

Invisible, whom none can see,
 By revelation known !

2 Most high ! most holy ! low we bow,
 Thy name in faith adore,
 Nor dare proud reasoning's claims allow,
 To heights forbidden soar.

3 Incomprehensible thou art,
 And all researches vain ;
 Unable is the wise in heart
 The myst'ry to explain.

4 Contented with thy written word,
 No wiser would we be ;
 Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord !
 All glory be to thee !

HYMN CLXXVII.

Fast Day.—1 Pet. iv.

THE time is come ! God's judgments in the
world,

Awaken mortals' fear ;

His bloody banner over us unfurl'd,

Speaks desolation near ;

His kindled wrath what creature can abide ?

What darkness or death's shadow from him hide ?

2 At his own house his chastening begins ;

They need correction's rod ;

And all their sufferings own, less than their

Justly deserve from God, [sins,

Cast down, but not destroy'd, before their King

They bow ; of judgment, as of mercy, sing,

3 If over us the threat'ning sword is wav'd,

And causes deep alarm ;

If ev'n the righteous scarcely can be sav'd
 From the avenger's arm;
 Where, sinner ! can thy guilty soul appear ?
 How will his Gospel's foes his vengeance bear ?

- 4 Is there a moment granted of delay,
 Nor past the hour of grace ?
 Can pray'r and penitence the judgment stay,
 Thro' blood before his face,
 Atoning pleaded ? Not an instant dare
 Defer the work ; the next may bring despair !

HYMN CLXXVIII.

On a Minister parting.

SAVIOUR ! by thy almighty grace
 Quicken'd, to thee we live,
 And fill once more this holy place ;
 A parting blessing give.

- 2 Thy precious word so often heard,
 Ingraft in every heart,
 And teach us, Lord! beloved, fear'd,
 From evil to depart.
- 3 Spirit of pray'r! from heav'n above
 Thy sweetest influence shed;
 To glory, home, celestial Dove!
 By thee may we be led!
- 4 There, safe from every fatal blast,
 We reach the happy shore,
 Where all life's storms and tempests past,
 We meet to part no more.

HYMN CLXXIX.

A Missionary embarking.

FAREWELL, ye scenes of sweet delight!
 Vanish'd as visions of the night:

- Onward by duty urg'd, I go,
My course to finish here below.
- 2 The cloud and pillar mark the road
Which leads to glory's bright abode ;
And every step on him I lean,
Whose strength is in my weakness seen.
- 3 I know my habitation's bound,
Predestin'd, love encircles round ;
The desart smiles, the darkness flies ;
His presence makes it Paradise.
- 4 Glory to God ! in every place,
Who by us manifests his grace ;
And from the earthen vessel's store
His excellence displays the more.
- 5 Oh, make me faithful unto death,
Thy witness with my latest breath,
To tell the glories of the Lamb,
Him whom I serve, and whose I am !

HYMN CLXXX.

Aged Minister's Hymn.

THE Lord in his mercy hath lengthen'd my
span,

And though I approach to the full age of man,
Continue with vigour to run ;

My youth, as the eagle's, renewed, I soar,
And the shorter the time, wish to labour the
more,

And finish the course I've begun.

2 Then strengthen me, Lord ! for the work that
remains,

And give a rich harvest of souls for my pains ;
The glory shall all be thine own :

And when the blest service is ended and done,
With the days of my pilgrimage under the sun,
Then take me, Lord ! up to thy throne.

HYMN CLXXXI.

Gloria in excelsis.

- O** FATHER ! thou Fountain of Love,
 Flowing out to lost sinners below ;
 Thy Son thou hast sent from above,
 All blessings in him to bestow.
- 2 Dear Saviour ! our eyes are to thee,
 That, bowing the heav'ns, art come down,
 To bear all our sins on the tree,
 By purchase to make us thy own.
- 3 Blest Spirit of Glory and God !
 Proceeding from Father and Son,
 Take up in our hearts thine abode,
 Complete the salvation begun.
- 4 Jehovah ! the great One in Three !
 Our covenant God we adore ;
 All glory and praise be to thee !
 An angel can offer no more.

HYMN CLXXXII.

Christ all.—1 Cor. i. 30.

ONE in Christ by faith united,
Members of his flesh and bone,
Unto him our vows are plighted,
Him to love, and him alone ;
From his fulness grace receiving,
Lowly at his feet we fall,
Find true peace and joy, believing
Jesus Christ is all in all.

2 Here is wisdom worth the learning,
No vain science, learned strife,
But the Saviour God discerning ;
Him to know is endless life.
In his righteousness accepted,
God to us imputes no sin,

Faithful, called, as elected,
 We are found complete in him.
 By his Holy Spirit sealed,
 Sanctified in body, soul,
 All the love of God revealed,
 Jesus Christ will make us whole.
 Vessels now of honour formed,
 Our redemption draweth nigh ;
 Soon our flesh shall rise, adorned,
 Like his own, and mount the sky.

HYMN CLXXXIII.

Charity Sermon.—2 Tim. iii. 15.

HOLY Bible ! blessed book !
 Oh, for grace therein to look !
 Open, Lord ! thy children's eyes,
 Make us to salvation wise.

- 2 Bought with blood which thou hast shed,
Thee we bless, our cov'nant head ;
Wait thy mercy's store to prove,
Thee to know, and thee to love.
- 3 Holy Spirit ! shed abroad
In our hearts the love of God,
Set on us redemption's seal ;
Then we shall not faint or fail.
- 4 Faith, thy heavenly gift, impart !
Form Christ's image in each heart !
From the earliest days of youth,
Taught to love, and speak the truth.
- 5 Thus, if lengthen'd out our span,
From the child we grow to man,
We shall not have liv'd in vain,
But each talent others gain :

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- 6 Till the hour appointed come;
 When on earth our work is done,
 Borne on angels' wings on high,
 Home to Jesu's arms we'll fly.

HYMN CLXXXIV.

Jesus wept.

- W**HY down the Saviour's face
 In torrents flow the tears,
 When Lazarus from Death's embrace
 To rescue, he appears?
- 2 Not for the friend he lov'd,
 Whom thus entomb'd he found;
 Sorrow his sacred bosom mov'd,
 For those who stood around,
- 3 The malice of their thought
 He saw, tho' secret kept,

That Lazarus rais'd to kill they sought,
And therefore Jesus wept.

4 He knew his Gospel heard,
Harden'd, they would reject,
Nor all the threaten'd judgments fear'd,
And therefore Jesus wept.

5 Over their fatal state,
Insensible who slept,
And dead in sin awake too late,
'Twas therefore Jesus wept.

6 But tears have ceas'd to flow,
Man's misery to deplore;
Jesus, his sorrows left below,
In glory weeps no more.

HYMN CLXXXV.

The Challenge.

WHO to the charge of God's elect,
 Guilt or aught else can lay ?
 The cross on Calvary erect,
 The mighty debt can pay.

- 2 Who dares accuse the chosen seed
 Whom Jesus came to save ?
 For whom his pierced heart did bleed,
 For whom he burst the grave ?
- 3 He lives, and now before the throne
 He intercession makes,
 Claims his dear people for his own,
 Them up to glory takes.
- 4 Can God, the righteous Judge, condemn
 The just by faith approv'd ?

Who from his arms can sep'rate them,
In Jesus Christ belov'd?

- 5 Avaunt, ye unbelieving fears !
Which my poor heart assail ;
Since for my succour Christ appears,
I know I shall prevail.

HYMN CLXXXVI.

The Children's Song.

THE lisplings of his children's praise
The Lord will not despise ;
Amidst the highest angels' lays
Their songs, as incense, rise.

- 2 Before his footstool low we bow,
In faith approach his throne,
Our God and Father him avow ;
May he the kindred own !

- 3 In that dear name, which can prevail,
 We make our humble plea;
 Set on our hearts thy Spirit's seal;
 Adopted may we be!
- 4 Lowly and poor, if God bestow
 On us his tender love,
 Then is our portion blest below,
 And heav'n our home above.

HYMN CLXXXVII.

For Sunday Schools.

- D**EAR Saviour! the lambs of thy flock,
 To thee, their good Shepherd, draw near;
 If thou art our refuge and rock,
 What then upon earth should we fear?
- 2 Tho' feeble and weak is our arm,
 Thy strength is in weakness made known;

- Thy bosom shall hide us from harm,
 Thy care shall be over thy own.
- 3 Tho' nothing we know as we ought,
 By nature all ignorant, blind,
 We sit at thy feet to be taught ;
 Thy word can illumine the mind.
- 4 Too thoughtless and truant in youth,
 Instruction how long did we slight !
 Inspire us with love of thy truth,
 And learning will be our delight.
- 5 Thus sav'd from corruption and sin,
 Taught always to watch, and to pray,
 Too soon we can never begin,
 The Saviour to love and obey.

HYMN CLXXXVIII.

Children's School.

LORD ! behold thy children here,
 Meeting in thy holy fear,

Wait at Wisdom's posts to know
How to walk, and heav'nward go.

- 2 Thou hast promis'd that, when sought,
We shall all of God be taught,
Sun of righteousness! arise;
Make us to salvation wise.
- 3 Open clear thy sacred word,
Faith bestow in this record;
Fill'd with all the fruits of love,
Life eternal there to prove.
- 4 Humble, teachable, and mild,
As the milk, the little child,
Let us draw from Wisdom's breast,
Grow in grace, and daily blest.
- 5 If to manhood spar'd, to thee
Let our strength devoted be:

If with age grey-headed grown,
Our last days with glory crown.

- 6 When our race beneath the Sun
Finished shall be, and run ;
Take us up to thine abode
There to live, and reign with God.

HYMN CLXXXIX.

Hymn for Youth.

TO thee, my kind Saviour ! what praise,
And grateful returns do I owe !
Who call'd me from earliest days,
And taught me the way I should go.

- 2 By nature, as others, defil'd,
To evil continually prone,
By Folly's seductions beguil'd,
My manifold failings I own.

- 3 But soften'd, thro' mercy, my heart,
 No rest could in evil be found,
 The rod, which inflicted the smart,
 Brought healing from him that did wound.
- 4 Then turning to Jesus, my rest,
 He stretch'd out the arms of his love,
 And, clasping me close to his breast,
 He bid me thence never remove.
- 5 There safe by his power preserv'd,
 Abidingly under his eye,
 No more from his bosom I've swerv'd,
 Resolv'd there to live, and to die.

HYMN CXC.

Another for Youth.

SAVIOUR ! before thy feet I fall,
 And humbly for thy mercy call,
 Lament my past abuse.

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Tho' few my days of life have been,
My many sins and follies seen,
Leave me without excuse.

2 But thou art gracious, good, and kind,
And they who early seek thee, find
Forgiveness is with thee.
That cleft deep pierced in thy side,
Can all my past transgressions hide,
When to thy wounds I flee.

3 Receive then, Lord ! my youthful vow,
Resolv'd, henceforth I'll never bow,
To other god or king ;
But all I have, my body, soul,
To thee I consecrate the whole,
My grateful tribute bring.

4 Yet conscious that from thee alone,
The pow'r must come, and of thine own
I only to thee give ;

Grant the abundance of thy grace,
 To guide me to that happy place,
 Where with thee I may live.

HYMN CXCI.

Life preserv'd, anew devoted.

HOW tedious the hours of the night,
 When sleep from my eyelids was fled,
 And restless I long'd for the light,
 And turn'd, and still turn'd on my bed.

- 2 Perspiring at every pore,
 Alternately parched with heat,
 My temples with fever throb'd sore,
 Convulsive I felt my heart beat.
- 3 My life, as the shadows depart,
 Seem'd ready to vanish away,
 And Death shook his terrible dart,
 Refusing to spare or delay.

- 4 To Jesus in anguish I cried—
 “ Yet spare me a moment below !”
 He heard me, and gracious replied—
 “ Poor sinner ! that boon I bestow.”
- 5 The life by thy providence spar'd,
 Henceforth then for thee I'll employ ;
 My strength in my journey repair'd,
 My course till I finish with joy.

HYMN CXCH.

Under heavy Trials.

WHEN underneath affliction's stroke,
 I bow my knees to God,
 My neck submitting to the yoke,
 And hear the chast'ning rod,
 Whatever, Lord ! thy holy will ordains,
 Not my destruction, but correction, means.

- 2 Tho' disappointments bitter vex,
 Tho' faithless friends betray,
 Difficult lines my mind perplex,
 And thorns hedge up my way ;
 Wrestling in pray'r, I to thy promise cleave,
 Never wilt thou forsake me, never leave.
- 3 Afflicted with disease and pain,
 Life's current feebly flows ;
 My fainting spirits scarce sustain
 Th' accumulated woes.
 But tho' thou slay me, Lord ! unto the end
 I'll hope, and trust my never-failing Friend.

HYMN CXCIH.

Recovery from Sickness.

DEATH-SICK my heart, and faint my head,
 Long languishing on sorrow's bed

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I lay ; beheld the opening grave,
The healing art prov'd vain to save.
To Christ, the great Physician, then I cried ;
He heard my prayer, his sovereign balm applied.

2 Back from the pit my soul he brought,
Gave the relief my spirit sought,
The raging fever's heat subdued
Lost rest restor'd, life's powers renew'd.
Glad to his welcome courts return'd once more
I come ; ye living ! him with me adore.

3 The moments which remain, I seize,
Devote to him my future days,
Faith's work, love's labours to fulfil,
Obedient to his holy will.
I hasten heav'nward on my course to run,
Sure of my wages when my work is done.

HYMN CXCIV.

All is well.

- W**HILST thro' this vale of sin and woe,
 A weary pilgrim, Lord! I go;
 Whate'er betides, while out of hell,
 I'm bound to own that all is well.
- 2 When deep afflictions pierc'd my heart,
 My substance lost, my friends depart,
 My darling child Death's victim fell,
 So God ordain'd—and all is well.
- 3 Hated, revil'd, beneath the cross,
 Suff'ring for Christ reproach and loss;
 Every false charge tho' malice swell,
 If Jesus loves me, all is well.
- 4 Beset with fears and unbelief,
 My burden'd heart finds no relief;
 Impatient, ready to rebel,
 Say—"Peace! be still!" and all is well.

- 5 The conflict's sharp, but short, I know ;
 Such my appointed lot below ;
 But when I come in heav'n to dwell,
 There it will be for ever well.

HYMN CXCIV.

Balm in Gilead.

- I**S there no balm in Gilead ? Where
 Is the Physician found but there ?
 Ready to perish, Lord ! apply
 Thy healing balm, or else I die,
- 2 Guilt's poison'd arrows pierce my heart ;
 I groan beneath the poignant smart.
 Oh, what can stanch the purple flood ?
 Nought but the balm of Jesu's blood,
- 3 My sin-sick soul feels deep decay,
 Pines in iniquity away ;

What can relieve my desperate case?
Nought but the balm of Jesu's grace.

4 As thro' life's dreary vale I go,
Of suffering, sorrow, cross, and woe,
What can sooth pain, give hope above?
Nought but the balm of Jesu's love.

5 Then cast on him thy every care,
Nor harbour doubt, nor dread despair.
All thy complaints of body, soul,
The great Physician can make whole.

HYMN CXCVI.

Redeem the Time.

REDEEM the time! the word of God
In mercy calls aloud.
Redeem the time! the chast'ning rod
Speaks from the ghastly shroud.

- 2 Redeem the time ! the dying saint
 Warns with his falt'ring tongue.
 Redeem the time ! the sinner faint,
 Expiring, cries, " Undone !"
- 8 Redeem the time ! hear from the sky,
 The last dread thunder's roar ;
 The angel lifts his hand on high,
 Swears time shall be no more.
- 4 Ah, Lord ! unless thy Spirit move,
 And give these dry bones breath,
 All other means abortive prove ;
 We sleep the sleep of death.
- 5 God ! Holy Ghost ! display thy pow'r,
 My quick'ning spirit be ;
 Then come, and welcome time's last hour,
 Merg'd in eternity.

HYMN CXCVII.

Christ's Commission.

- I** SEND thee ; go ! haste, spread around
Thro' all the world the joyful sound.
To ev'ry creature under heav'n,
Preach peace, good-will, and sins forgiv'n.
- 2** I know my sheep, and they shall hear
My voice ; by love constrain'd, draw near,
Believe the record, turn, and live :
The power to will, and do, I give.
- 3** My Spirit shall attend the word
Sharper than any two-edg'd sword ;
Deep it shall pierce the sinner's heart :
I wound, to heal the painful smart.
- 4** Conviction's salutary rod
Shall scourge the sinner back to God,

And where abounding sin shall reign,
Abounding grace shall triumphs gain.

HYMN CXCVIII.

*Fletes, si scires unum tua tempora mensem
Rides, cum non sit forsitan una dies!*

TRANSLATION.

KNEW you a *month* would end in death,
What *bitter tears* would flow!
A *day* may stop your flitting breath,
Yet *laughing* on you go!

HYMN CXCVIX.

Longing after Home.

AH! when shall I pass thro' this valley of
tears, [appears,
And reach the bright world, where my Jesus

Enthron'd amidst angels, and spirits of fire,
There taste the pure bliss after which I aspire?

2 " Wait thou the Lord's leisure, and be not in
haste ;

" My coheirs in glory are destin'd to taste

" The cup of affliction. Thro sufferings below,

" All heirs of salvation to reign with me, go."

3 So spake the kind Saviour ; then hold on thy
way,

My soul ! on his love and his faithfulness stay ;

A little while longer endure. The sure Friend

Who chose thee, and called, will keep to the
end.

HYMN CC.

* Nativity.

WITH songs of praise awake the day ;
And hail the new-born King ;

To emulate the angels' lay
 Your sweetest music bring.
 To God be highest glory giv'n !
 Peace and good-will descend from heav'n.

2 The Son of God in Bethlehem born,
 The promis'd seed is come ;
 Time's fulness brings the happy morn,
 The miracle is done.
 Taking the manhood into God,
 The Word in human flesh abode.

3 Beneath a stable's lowly shed,
 The King of Glory lies ;
 A manger forms the humble bed
 Of him who spread the skies :
 The hosts of heaven stoop down to gaze,
 All lost in wonder and amaze.

- 4 Shall angels sing, and I be mixt,
 When God incarnate comes?
 This love shall waken harp and lute,
 And all our grateful tongues:
 Whilst in the highest they adore,
 Sure we are bound to praise him more.

HYMN CCI.

I am thine.

- J**ESUS all I am, and have,
 Fain I would to thee consign;
 Thy effectual grace I crave;
 Save me, Lord! for I am thine.
- 2 Wealth, and Pomp, and Pleasure's lure
 Would around my heart entwine,
 Fast in Folly's bands secure;
 Keep me, Lord! for I am thine.

- 3 Earth and Hell against me rise,
 Their united force combine :
 Feeble, fainting, hear my cries,
 Strengthen me, for I am thine.
- 4 Should beneath affliction's rod,
 My poor tempted heart repine,
 'As forsaken of my God ;
 Comfort me, for I am thine.
- 6 When my few and evil days
 To their utmost verge decline,
 Thee my parting breath shall praise ;
 Living, dying, I am thine.

HYMN CCII.

Praise for Redemption.

MY Saviour and God ! of thy glory to tell,
 How sweet and delightful the theme !

- On all the great wonders of grace would I dwell,
 Thy love to lost sinners proclaim.
- 2 With guilt overwhelm'd, by corruption en-
 Just ready to sink in despair ; [slav'd,
 The brand from the burning he pluck'd out, and
 And bid me repose on his care. [sav'd,
- 3 " Look up to my cross, chief of sinners ! " he
 cried ;
 " The blood there pour'd forth was for you ;
 " To rescue thy soul, I have liv'd, I have died ;
 " The ransom I've paid, that was due.
- 4 " Arise from the dust ; thou art loos'd from
 thy bands,
 " To life, peace, and favour restor'd ;
 " Thy liberty freely receive at my hands. "
 Thy name, Lord ! be ever ador'd !
- 5 My life from destruction since thou hast re-
 And borne all my sins on the tree ; [deem'd,

By ev'ry strong tie of affection, I've deem'd
My soul bound to live unto thee.

HYMN CCHII.

Assurance of Hope.

- P**ASSING thro' life's dreary vale,
Sin and grief in ev'ry part,
Quickly must I faint and fail,
Lord! unless thou with me art.
- 2 But thy gracious arm beneath
Sooths my every pain and smart,
Bids me hope, and live by faith,
Since thou ever with me art.
- 3 Saviour! to thy tender care
I commend a helpless heart;
Satan tempts me to despair,
But thou ever with me art.
- 4 Never to my latest breath,
From thee shall the worm depart;

And the conflict clos'd in death,
I shall see thee as thou art.

- 3 In thy blest abode above
On me beams of glory dart,
There to dwell in God, and love;
Ever with thee, where thou art.

HYMN CCIV.

Morning Hymn.

THE day-spring dawns; with ruddy streaks,
The rosy-finger'd morn
Upon my opening eyelids breaks;
Another sun is-born.

Death's lesser mysteries past, I rise
To pay my morning sacrifice.

- 2 Blest be the Saviour's guardian care,
Which watch'd my sleeping hours,

Gave rest refreshing to repair
 Nature's exhausted pow'rs :
 To thy lov'd bosom, Lord ! I flee ;
 When I awake, I'm still with thee.

3 The life preserv'd, I would devote
 To thee, and thee alone,
 And know the hour is not remote
 When all my labours done,
 Up to thy temple I shall soar,
 Where night and sleep are known no more.

HYMN CCV.

Evening Hymn.

ONE day more is past,
 And the nearer my last,
 To the close of my life and my labours I haste.

My strength as my day,
Renewed, I stay

On Jesus my hope, and still hold on my way.

2 Myself and all mine,
Unto thee I resign

For this night ; since asleep or awake, I am
If lock'd in repose, [thine.

Thou my eyelids dost close,

Dear Saviour ! thy angels around me dispose.

3 And when my work done,
My full course I have run,

And my pilgrimage finished under the sun ;
To heav'n I shall soar,

Where the night is no more,

And, awake to thy praise, thee for ever adore.

HYMN CCVI.

Sure Promises.—From a Rock in Cornwall.

- S**EATED upon a rock, around,
 I cast my wond'ring eyes ;
 The mighty sea's appointed bound.
 The feeble sand supplies.
- 2 The tow'ring billows lift their head,
 And break, and roar, and foam,
 But cannot pass ; for God hath said—
 " Proud waves ! no farther come !"
- 3 But surer fix'd is his decree
 To those, for whom he bled ;
 Nor can they perish, while they flee
 To Christ, their cov'nant Head.
- 4 Then trust, my soul ! upon the Lord,
 Tho' feeble, helpless, frail ;
 Against the promise of his word,
 Hell's waves shall not prevail.

HYMN CCVII.

Going to daily Labour.

MY strength renew'd, I rise to run
 My destin'd course below.
 How pleasant to behold the sun,
 And yet a brighter know !

- 2 Arise, and shine, and answer pray'r !
 To thee all praise is due !
 My all committing to thy care,
 I duty's path pursue.
- 3 Lord ! guide my goings in thy way,
 Defend me from all ill,
 Be ever near, my strength and stay,
 Conform me to thy will.
- 4 My heart with faithfulness prepare
 To suffer, or to serve ;

Thy people's weal and woe to share,
And never from thee swerve.

- 5 To run my race, and reach the crown,
Each day be my employ,
In Death's kind arms till I lie down,
And end my course with joy.

HYMN CCVIII.

Praise for Mercies.

HOW sweet to tell how much I owe
To him who bought me with his blood,
And whilst a sojourner below,
Hath fill'd my cup with ev'ry good !

- 2 In rich abundance on my head,
His providential gifts he pours ;
Safe thro' the wilderness I'm led,
And mercies crown my happy hours.

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- 3 With health of body, peace of mind,
 Plenty to use, and much to give,
 Endear'd relations, friends so kind,
 Blessing, and blest, I daily live.
- 4 But more than all, the hope I prize,
 Deriv'd from him who died to save,
 Unveil'd the scene above the skies,
 And bid me look beyond the grave.
- 5 Ah, Lord! by every tie I'm bound
 To live, not to myself, but thee;
 Faithful to death I would be found,
 That where thou art, there I may be.

HYMN, CCIX.

Jesus glorified.

SAVIOUR! thee the angels praising,
 Seated on a throne of love,

Ceaseless cry, hosannahs raising,
 "Live and reign in heav'n above!"

2 In affection upwards soaring,
 Conscious what to thee we owe,
 All thy ransom'd cry adoring,
 "Live and reign on earth below!"

3 With this favour'd throng united,
 Fain would I enjoy a part;
 For to thee my faith is plighted—
 Live and reign within my heart!

4 Safe by thee from ills defended,
 Lord! I to thy bosom flee;
 All my fears and conflicts ended,
 I shall live and reign with thee.

HYMN CCX.

Social Worship.

BEFORE thy throne behold a few,
 Whom sov'reign grace to Jesus drew;

Of pray'r and praise their tribute bring
To thee, Almighty God and King!

2 Thy presence, Lord! vouchsafe us here,
Who bow with reverential fear,
Glad the blest privilege embrace,
To seek thy reconciled face.

3 On ev'ry heart redemption's seal
Impress; thy Son in us reveal!
Give us his dying love to know,
And closely walk with him below.

4 Thus finishing the course begun,
Unwearied to the goal we'll run,
Receive the prize, bright glory's crown,
And at his footstool lay it down.

HYMN CCXI.

Under Temptation.

WHEN in temptation's dreary hour,
 I felt corruption's hateful pow'r,
 And agoniz'd with pain;
 Cast down beneath the load I lay,
 Fearing I should be cast away,
 And never rise again.

- 2 Out of the depths to God I cried—
 "Thy face wilt thou for ever hide?
 "Wilt thou cast out my pray'r?
 "Pardon and peace wilt thou no more
 "Bestow, to health my soul restore—
 "But leave me to despair?"
- 3 Silent I paus'd! my mouth in dust!
 Compell'd to own that thou art just,
 Tho' I rejected be.

But thou art God ; and greater far
 Than all my sins, thy mercies are ;
 Lord ! who is like to thee ?

- 4 Pard'ning iniquity and sin,
 Thou to the wounded heart within
 Canst healing balm apply.
 Lift up thy reconciled face ;
 Then I, a monument of grace,
 Shall live, and shall not die.

HYMN CCXII.

The Parent.

- W**HEN the first dawn of reason broke,
 And words articulate bespoke
 The efforts of the infant tongue,
 What music on the accents hung !
 2 Parental names, endearing sound !
 With little circling arms around ;

The joyous crow of pure delight,
When the lov'd object comes in sight.

3 What every look and motion meant,
Their wants deciphering, we prevent ;
Their pettish, froward humours bear ;
Infirmities but more endear.

4 My Father, God ! behold a child,
To thee in Jesus reconcil'd ;
Accept the lispings of my pray'r,
Watch me with thy paternal care.

5 From every fear and danger nigh,
Swift to thy bosom, Lord ! I fly ;
Such patience, kindness, pity shew,
As earthly parent never knew.

HYMN GCXIII.

The Voyage.

BRIGHT shone the sun ; the belying sails
Swell'd with the south's propitious gales ;

- The foaming prow the wave divides,
 Along our bark majestic glides.
- 2 But soon thick clouds obscur'd the sky ;
 Forth burst the storm ! the billows high
 Mount to the skies ! a watery grave
 Yawn'd wide beneath ! " Oh save, Lord ! save ! "
- 3 I cried ! the helm my Saviour seiz'd,
 His word the raging winds appeas'd,
 And all the tumult of my breast,
 His gracious presence lull'd to rest.
- 4 His Spirit breathes a gale of grace ;
 I see the port, my destin'd place ;
 And safe to the fair havens come,
 I land in heav'n, my happy home.

HYMN CCXIV.

Fast Hymn.

MOST high ! most holy ! from thy throne
 Incline thy gracious ear ;

The sinner's cry, the contrite moan,
In tender pity hear.

2 Thy heavy judgments on our land
Are righteous, Lord ! and just ;
And low, beneath thy chastening hand,
We lay our mouths in dust.

3 But thou art God ! thy mercy great,
Seen in the Saviour's face ;
There, the tremendous judgment-seat
Becomes a throne of grace.

4 Rise to our help, dear Lord ! arise,
Avert the threaten'd ill ;
Disperse the clouds, and clear the skies,
Say to the storm—" Be still !"

5 Every destructive weapon burn,
Defiled with human gore ;

The sword into the ploughshare turn,
 Bid us learn war no more.

- 6 Tasting the riches of thy grace,
 Corrected by thy rod ;
 Then shall the sons of Britain's race
 Confess a pard'ning God.

HYMN · CCXV.

Fast Hymn.—2 Sam. xxiv. 16.

- W**HEN bath'd in blood, the flaming sword
 The mighty angel way'd on high,
 And desolations from the Lord
 Approach'd the gates of Zion nigh ;
 The fatal cause the Monarch knew too well,
 And at th' avenger's feet he prostrate fell.
- 2 Aloud he cries, " Thy vengeance stay,
 " And hear, Oh hear my mournful prayer !

" Me, me, the willing victim, slay,
 " But, ah! my helpless people, spare!"
 Compassion heard! pronounc'd the gracious
 word— [t'ring sword!]"
 " Draw back thine arm, and sheathe the glit-

- 3 Will God be mov'd for Zion's hill,
 And their transgressions great pass by?
 In wrath rememb'ring mercy still,
 Will he reject the sinner's cry?
 And shall not England's humbled voice be
 heard,
 And prove in mercy, thou art to be fear'd?
- 4 Arrest the scourge of war! no more
 Let o'er the deep the cannon roar;
 Ambition, pride, and lawless sway,
 The madness of the nations, stay!

Thy people pray ; Lord ! hear their suppliant
 Let mercy over judgment yet rejoice. [voice ;

HYMN CCXVI.

Marriage Feast.—John ii.

BLEST is the marriage feast, where Jesus
 deigns

- His presence as a guest ;
 There chasten'd joy with liberal plenty reigns,
 And those who share it, blest.
- 2 The vessel destin'd to supply the feast,
 At Cana's marriage fail'd ;
 By her Son's numerous followers increast,
 Mary, the want bewail'd.
- 3 To him who could supply her ev'ry want,
 She hints the urgent need ;
 But Jesus, tho' resolv'd the boon to grant,
 Seems not her wish to heed.

- 4 “ Do as he bids,” she saith ; “ Why ! ask not
The servants ready stand. [him.”
“ These vessels fill with water to the brim !”
'Tis done at his command.
- 5 The virgin water saw his face divine,
And blush'd. The ruling guest
Tastes wond'ring, as he serv'd the sparkling
And cries—“ The last is best !” [wine,
- 6 Thy love, best wine, dear Lord ! as travelling
Give me without alloy ; [home,
And when the marriage of the Lamb is come,
Fill up my cup with joy.

HYMN CCXVII.

Nobleman's Son cured.—Matt. viii. 5.

WHEN death approaching nigh
His darling son, he fears ;

- The noble father's anxious cry,
 The Saviour gracious hears.
- 2 "Go down without delay,
 "Embrace thy living son!"
 In faith he hastens to obey;
 Assur'd the work is done.
- 3 Lord! I with equal care,
 Am come thy pow'r to prove,
 To save from sin, and Satan's snare,
 The infant whom I love.
- 4 Avert disease and death,
 Lengthen his days below;
 And whilst possessing life and breath,
 Give him thy love to know.
- 5 But, Lord! I ask for more—
 Forgive the bold request—
 That I with him may thee adore
 For ever, with the blest.

HYMN CCXVIII.

The Pool of Bethesda.

HERE, Lord ! a sin-diseased soul,
 Long at the pool I lie,
 And impotent to walk, or crawl,
 Must paralytic die.

2 Others the healing powers can find,
 When Mercy moves the pool ;
 The halt, the lame, the wither'd, blind,
 Step in, and are made whole.

3 But I, the same from day to day,
 My burdens still endure !
 The wonders of thy grace display ;
 Lord ! help me to a cure.

4 " Rise up, and walk ! " He spake the word ;
 I felt its quick'ning pow'r,

To strength from weakness now restor'd,
 And bless the happy hour.

- 5 Wait at the pool, nor cease to pray,
 Till Jesus passing by,
 "Wilt thou be whole?" shall gracious say,
 And prove his pow'r, as I.

HYMN CCXIX.

Loaves and Fishes.—Matt. xiv. 12—21.

TWO fishes and five barley loaves
 The thousands fully fed;
 And dealt from hand to hand, still grows
 The consecrated bread.

Fragments above and over, food afford,
 Twelve baskets full, for future seasons stor'd.

- 2 Then coarse and scanty if my fare,
 Let me be thankful, Lord!

And willingly my morsel share
 With those who hear thy word.
 And if thy Providence increase my seed,
 Let me not waste the crumbs which others
 need.

3 But not alone the bread bestow,
 My body's needful food ;
 As thro' the wilderness I go,
 Lord ! fill my soul with good.
 That miracle, the living bread, supply,
 Of which a man may eat, and never die.

HYMN CCXX.

Matt. viii. 1—4.—The Leper cleansed.

A LEPER foul in ev'ry part,
 And worst of all, a leprous heart ;
 In vain all human help I try,
 At death's dark door despairing lie.

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- 2 But, Lord ! I've heard thy wondrous fame,
That thou the halt, the blind, the lame,
Canst with a word to health restore,
And I, a wretch ! thy grace implore.
- 3 Low in the dust my mouth is laid ;
Perish I must without thy aid.
None ever sought thy face in vain ;
Thou, if thou wilt, canst make *me* clean.
- 4 " I will," the gracious Lord replies ;
" Be clean ; up from the dust arise."
He spoke ! the wondrous change ensued,
My guilt is cleans'd, my heart renew'd.
- 5 Thy pow'r and grace, Lord ! still display ;
Here at thy feet my all I lay ;
To thee, since thou hast made me whole,
I'll offer body, spirit, soul.

HYMN CCXXI.

Matt. viii. 5—13.—Centurion's Servant.

TORMENTED with disease and pain,
 The paralytic lay ;
 The kind Centurion sought in vain,
 His sufferings to allay ;
 All other help despair'd, his servant's case
 He spreads before the Lord, implores his grace.

- 2 " I'll come and heal him," said the Lord.
 Unworthy such a guest,
 He cries—" If thou but speak the word,
 " Fulfill'd is my request ;
 " For thy controul all Nature must obey,
 " As I and mine own our superior's sway."

- 3 Well pleas'd, the Saviour on his own
 With wonder look'd around ;

“ Such faith as Israel hath not shown,
 “ Is in this Gentile found. [reign,

“ From east to west with Abram such shall
 “ Whilst faithless Israel groans in endless pain.”

4. Lord ! the unworthiest of the name,
 Me graciously receive !

For thou for ever art the same,

To save those who believe.

Lord ! I believe ; grant me a blest abode,
 Where Abram, Isaac, Jacob dwell with God.

HYMN CCXXII.

Matt. viii. 25—27.—The Storm appeased.

WHITHER the Saviour leads, by land or
 sea,

His chosen followers cheerfully obey :

Yet now amidst the ragings of the deep,

Their danger overlook'd, he seems asleep.

- 2 The face of heav'n grew dark with murky
 clouds, [shrouds,
 The wind tremendous whistled thro' the
 Over their bark the foaming billows fly ;
 " Save, Lord ! we perish ! " the disciples cry.
- 3 Serene he rises,— " Oh of little faith !
 " Why thus so fearful ?— Winds and waves ! "
 he saith,
 " Be still ! "—Subsiding as the gentlest rill,
 The winds are hush'd, the raging waves are
 still.
- 4 Thro' all the storms of life, without, within,
 His tender care will of his own be seen ;
 Then wake him with your pray'rs, ye tempest-
 tost !
 Jesus still hears—ye never shall be lost !

HYMN CCXXIII.

Matt. viii. 23—34.—The two Demoniacs.

- T**O meet the Saviour as he comes,
 Two fierce demoniacs from the tombs
 Rush forth, the dread of all around ;
 Their chains all burst, tho' often bound.
- 2 They knew the Son of God, to save
 Was come ; a moment's respite crave,
 In swine or in the deep to dwell,
 Rather than back be driv'n to hell.
- 3 " Go ! punish underneath the flood,
 " These feeders of forbidden food !"
 Then rushing furious down the steep,
 The herd is buried in the deep.
- 4 Thus miserable men possess,
 Legions of evils fill their breast ;

Ev'ry bond broke, wild passions rave,
 Driv'n headlong downward to the grave.

- 5 Who can cast out the fiends within,
 And save us from the pow'r of sin ?
 Only the same almighty grace
 Display'd in this afflictive case.

HYMN CCXXIV.

Matt. ix. 2—8.—The Paralytic.

HELPLESS upon his bed convey'd,
 They at the Saviour's footstool laid
 A paralytic poor,
 He saw their faith, nor can deny,
 Whene'er believing, we draw nigh,
 To knock at mercy's door.

- 9 “ Be of good cheer ! ” the Saviour said ;
 “ Arise and walk, take up thy bed ;

“ Such pow’r on earth I claim,
 “ Thy sins are pardon’d !” Who can dare,
 Whose works th’ incarnate God declare,
 To say he doth blaspheme ?

3 Like him, before thee, Lord ! I lie ;
 Helpless and hopeless, here must die,
 Without thy healing grace.
 But speak the word, and I shall live ;
 For thou wilt peace and pardon give
 To such as seek thy face.

4 Thy face I seek. Oh, let me prove
 The same almighty power and love !
 Thy name I’ll ever bless.
 To health and strength my soul restore,
 In earth and heav’n I’ll thee adore,
 My Saviour God confess.

HYMN CCXXV.

Matt. x. 18—21.—The Ruler's Daughter raised.

JUST at the point of death,
 His darling daughter lay :
 Who can the parting breath,
 And flitting spirit stay ? [ing give ;
 “ Lord ! thou,” the Ruler cries, “ canst heal-
 “ Touch but her hand ; I know that she shall
 live.”

2 He went ; but mournful cries
 Bespoke the spirit fled ;
 Extended there she lies,
 And number'd with the dead. [spise,
 They mock at hope, the Saviour's word de-
 Confounded, see the sleeping damsel rise !

3 By nature dead in sin,
 Our infant offspring lie ;

Thy quick'ning grace within,
 Saviour! with pow'r apply.
 All other help or hope we know is vain,
 Else dead eternally they must remain.

4 But speak the word—"Arise!"

The miracle is done:
 They ope their closed eyes,
 Behold the rising sun.

To us and ours with healing in his wings,
 The Son of God life and salvation brings.

HYMN CCXXVI.

Matt. ix. 22—31.—The two blind Men receive their Sight.

POOR and blind, to thee we cry,
 Jesus! as thou passest by;
 Mercy, mercy, Lord! we crave;
 Only thou hast pow'r to save,

- 2 Pity mov'd the Saviour's breast,
Gracious favours their request.
" Think ye that my power is such,
" I can heal you with a touch ?"
- 3 " Yes, dear Lord ! so we believe,
" Sight from thee we shall receive." —
" As your faith, then be it done !
" See, look up, behold the sun !"
- 4 Greater wonders, Lord ! display,
Turn my darkness into day ;
On my sightless spirit shine,
Fill my soul with light divine.
- 5 Thee I'll follow here beneath,
Till my eyes shall close in death ;
Then the brighter vision see,
Chang'd to thy blest image be,

HYMN CCXXVII.

The Draught of Fishes.

- T**OILING all night, their labour vain,
 At Jesu's word they launch again
 Their barks into the lake ;
 And now the draught of fish so great,
 That tho' their nets o'erloaded break,
 Enough remained to take.
- 2 Their sudden wealth becomes a snare,
 Their boats the burden cannot bear,
 Too full, begin to sink.
- “ Ah sinful man !” sad Peter cries.
 “ Fear not,” the Saviour kind replies,
 “ On nobler objects think.”
- 3 “ Fishers of men henceforth become !”
 As he commands, 'tis instant done ;
 All left, to follow him.

Saviour ! with these I fain would go,
 And, leaving earth and all below,
 The blessed work begin.

- 4 Should I not meet the wish'd success,
 Let me not faint or labour less,
 But patient watch and pray.
 He that commands the net to cast,
 Will bring the fishes in at last,
 And all the toil repay.

HYMN CCXXVIII.

Mary Magdalen.

“ **L** ORD ! I'm a sinner wretched,
 “ Low at thy feet I lie ;
 “ Unless thy arm outstretched,
 “ Lift up my soul, I die.

“ Great is my debt ; I’ve nought to pay ;

“ My misery is my only plea.”

2 When Mary stood, lost seeming,
 Her heart with anguish wrung,
 Her eyes a fountain streaming,
 And every tear a tongue,

The Saviour bid her sorrows cease—

“ Thy sins are pardon’d! go in peace !”

3 That voice of mercy speaking,
 Tho’ viler, let me hear ;
 When guilt my heart is breaking,
 Dispel my deadly fear :

My pardon ratified in heaven,
 And know my many sins forgiven.

4 Let the proud, blind, unhumbled,
 My faith presumption deem,

They at his word have stumbled,
It foolishness esteem.

With Mary at the Master's feet,
May I a like acceptance meet!

HYMN CCXXIX.

The Widow's Son raised.

AFFLICTIVE scenes of human woe!
How oft the tears of sorrow flow!

Whilst Death at every turn we meet,
And mourners slow move thro' the street;

A widow's agonizing groans we hear,
Her son, her only son, stretch'd on a bier!

2 He that was form'd of tenderest mould,
Cannot unmov'd the sight behold:

At his approach the bearers rest.

“Young man, arise!” his will express.

- The mother, lost in wonder, love, and praise,
 Her living son from Jêsu's hand receives.
- 3 Death's conqueror ! exert thy power ;
 In hope we wait the happy hour,
 When the dear relatives we mourn,
 Shall rise, and unto life return :
 Together round the throne shall thee adore,
 And death, and sin, and sorrow know no
 more.

HYMN CCXXX.

The lowest Room.

- A** BHORRED Pride ! first-born of hell !
 Far from my bosom flee ;
 And in its place descend and dwell,
 Meek-eyed Humility.
- 2 Invited to the Gospel feast,
 My proper place I know ;

Number'd among the last and least,
I'll to the lowest go.

- 3 But if acceptance I shall meet,
O Lord! before thy face,
And thou point to a higher seat,
Advanc'd in gifts and grace ;
- 4 Conscious from whence my all I drew,
Let me the lower lie ;
Ascribe the glory where 'tis due,
Still less than nothing I.

HYMN CCXXXI.

The barren Fig-tree.

THREE years, dear Lord! yea, many more
I in the vineyard stood ;
No fruits of righteousness I bore,
Nothing but barren wood.

x

- 2 "Go, cut it down!" just doom I hear,
"This cumberer of the ground!"
To spare it yet another year,
An Advocate is found.
- 3 The dresser dug around my heart,
Sharpen'd his word and rod;
His living waters pow'r impart,
To bring forth fruit to God.
- 4 'Tis well! adored be his name,
Who in my desperate case,
The burning brand pluck'd from the flame,
A monument of grace.
- 5 But if with barrenness accurst,
In vain are all the means;
Cut down, the cumberers perish must;
No respite more remains.

HYMN CCXXXII.

The rich Man.

- O**F avarice takę heed, beware,
Engag'd by more important care!
For no abundance here below
Can real happiness bestow.
- 2 A rich man's grounds, so amply stor'd,
Brought forth more than his barns could
hoard;
Perplex'd and harass'd, hear his cry,
"What can I do to lay all by?"
- 3 Resolv'd! my larger barns shall bear
My increas'd goods for many a year:
There stor'd, unto my soul I'll say—
"Eat, drink, be merry all the day!"

x 2

- 4 God heard, and mock'd the purpose vain :
 " That soul I gave, requir'd again [be,
 " This night ! then whose shall these things
 " Thou fool ! and what become of thee ?"
- 5 Taught by example, let my wealth
 Centre in God, and not myself ;
 Devoted to his glory be,
 Enrich me to eternity.

HYMN CCXXXIII.

The lost Sheep found.

SINNERS of every class ! draw near,
 Nor pharisaic murmurs fear,
 Such Jesus will receive.
 Where sin abounding hath been found,
 His sovereign grace shall more abound ;
 Repent ye, and believe !

- 2 What man of you, one sheep perceives,
 Stray'd from the fold, but instant leaves
 The rest to search around ?
 And finding, to the flock he bears,
 His joy whilst every neighbour shares,
 Because the lost is found.
- 3 With more delight the heavenly host,
 Rejoicing hail one sinner lost,
 Repentant, as redeem'd,
 Than ninety-nine left in the fold,
 Who need of no repentance hold,
 Themselves just persons deem'd.

HYMN CCXXXIV.

The prodigal Son.

FATHER of mercies ! at thy feet
 A poor, lost, guilty wretch I come,

x 3

With conscious shame thine eye to meet,
Unworthy to be call'd a son.

But thy paternal heart can strangely shew
Compassions such as mortals never knew.

2 Thus like the prodigal, I cry ;

A like reception let me find ;

Graciously to my soul draw nigh,

Tho' most unworthy of my kind.

Ungrateful, base, rebellious ! let me prove

How much thou canst forgive, a rebel love.

3 Give robes, my nakedness to hide ;

Food, till my ravening hunger cease ;

The ring to bind me to thy side ;

And seal it with the kiss of peace.

To hope, and life, and joy once more restor'd,

For ever be thy glorious name ador'd !

HYMN CCXXXV.

The unjust Steward.

FROM every source 'tis wise to learn :
 In wicked men we oft discern
 Strong traits of wisdom, which afford
 Instructive lessons from the Lord.

- 2 The unjust steward he commends,
 Not *well*, but *wisely* seeking friends.
 For this world's children in their way,
 Than those of light more sense display.
- 3 With greater objects in our view,
 With greater zeal should we pursue ;
 Of Mammon's store ourselves avail,
 Resources make, which never fail.
- 4 To steal, but not to beg, asham'd ;
 Reduc'd to want, if sick or lam'd ;

x 4

Too proud to work I'll never be,
If brought to such necessity.

- 5 At least to emulate I'll try,
With wisdom coming from on high,
How best a mansion to secure,
Which will eternally endure.

HYMN CCXXXVI.

Dives and Lazarus,

THE veil drawn back, we look within,
Here see the end of faith and sin ;
Hell's horrors view in dread array,
And heaven its glories all display.

- 2 How grievous seems the beggar's fate !
How splendid is the rich man's state !
Till Death their several dooms decide,
In flames, or glory to abide,

- 3 The gulf once fix'd, too late to cry!
 As the tree falls, so must it lie.
 Nor if God's word and warnings fail,
 Would visits from the dead avail.
- 4 Then let me not with worldlings share
 Their splendid robes, their sumptuous fare,
 My good things these : but to the cross
 Submit ; for Christ count all things loss.
- 5 God's word may I attentive hear,
 Him, above all, love, serve, and fear ;
 With Lazarus ascend on high,
 With him on Abram's bosom lie.

HYMN CCXXXVII.

The unjust Judge.

THAT men should pray, and never faint,
 The duty is of every saint.

God's Spirit never fails to bear
Answers to persevering pray'r.

- 2 When to the judge the widow ran,
Who neither feared God nor man,
Unable to procure redress,
She ceased not her suit to press.
- 3 The more repuls'd, she cried the more,
Importunate besieg'd his door ;
Till wearied with her clamorous cries,
He must to judge her cause arise.
- 4 The fervent prayers of his elect,
By day, by night, will God reject ?
Tho' long he seems to slight their cry,
He will avenge them speedily.

HYMN CCXXXVIII.

The Publican and Pharisee.

- T**O guard against the fatal plea,
 Of pharisaic pride,
 The Lord the contrast to display,
 This parable applied:
- 2 Two men up to the temple went,
 With greatly different mind ;
 Tho' both to pray profess'd, intent
 Favour with God to find.
- 3 The Pharisee—" I thank thee," cried,
 " From grosser vices free,
 " In every holy duty tried,
 " How few are like to me !"
- 4 A Publican with downcast eye,
 Smote on his guilty breast—

“ Be merciful !” his only cry,
 “ A sinner vile confest !”

5 Justified, home he pardon'd goes,
 His many sins forgot ;
 The other no forgiveness knows,
 Nor felt his want, nor sought.

6 T' abase the proud, the humble raise,
 Such is God's just decree :
 Publican sinners give him praise,
 And make no other plea.

HYMN CCXXXIX.

The young Ruler.

DECEITFUL is the human heart :
 Its evil who can know ?
 How oft in Christ have they no part,
 Who make the fairest show !

- 2 A noble youth salvation sought,
But sought it from the law ;
To men in all relations thought
His claim without a flaw.
- 3 So faultless, good, can he lack more ?
One test, his truth to prove.
“ Sell all thou hast, give to the poor,
“ Thy treasure place above.”
- 4 Griev'd, he departs. His worldly mind
Must such a test refuse ;
Salvation thus requir'd to find,
His wealth is his excuse.
- 5 How hard to lift the soul on high,
From riches here below !
The camel thro' the needle's eye,
More easily can go.

- 6 Lord ! save me from this earth's deep den,
 And break my ev'ry clog ;
 For things impossible with men,
 Are possible with God.

HYMN CCXL.

Zaccheus.

- N**OT many noble, rich, or wise,
 God's heavenly call obey ;
 A few find favour in his eyes,
 His glory to display.
- 2 A Publican, and rich, the last
 Zaccheus seem'd for heav'n :
 Like those of his own trade and cast,
 Of Sadducean leaven.
- 3 Led by curiosity to see
 Him whom such crowds attend,

Of stature short, he climbs a tree,
Unconscious of the end.

- 4 "Come down!" the Saviour cries. 'Tis done.
"To-day be thou my host:
"Salvation to thy house is come;
"I seek and save the lost."
- 5 Once more speak with effectual power;
This word to me and mine;
Myself, and all I have, this hour,
Shall, Lord! be wholly thine.

HYMN CCXLI.

Christ's Tears over Jerusalem.—For a Fast Day.

O'ER Solyma's devoted towers,
The tender-hearted Saviour pours
A flood of tears!

“ Hadst thou but known thy mercy’s day !

“ Now judgment sends without delay

“ Wrath, as thy fears.”

2 Yet thy compassions still o’erflow

Toward poor sinners here below,

Ready to die.

Oh, might they hear thy warning word,

Repentant seek the pardoning Lord,

Whilst hope is nigh !

3 This day behold us at thy feet ;

Earnestly to thy mercy-seat,

Direct our pray’r :

Stay the destroying angel’s arm,

Deliver from the dread alarm,

Spare us, Lord ! spare !

4 Warn’d by Jerusalem’s sad fate,

To thee we cry ere ’tis too late,

Avert our doom.

A nation's voice united hear,
 To save us from our foes and fear,
 Come quickly, come !

HYMN CCXLII.

Matt. ix. 32, 33.—The Dumb spake.

MARVELLOUS it must appear,
 Sounds articulate to hear
 From the tongue that never spoke—
 Lips, which never silence broke.

- 2 Yet am I a wonder less ?
 No. I'm bound the Lord to bless :
 I, who from my birth was dumb,
 Speak, for he hath loos'd my tongue.
- 3 In my house, my closet, where
 Never breath'd the voice of pray'r,

Y

Daily now my ories ascend,
Ceaseless to the sinner's Friend.

4 To his name the notes of praise
Never was I known to raise ;
Now my grateful tribute bring ;
With delight the dumb can sing.

5 In my lips no gracious word
Spread the glories of my Lord ;
Now on him I love to dwell,
Of his great salvation tell.

6 " Miracles are ceas'd," they cry ;
Who can facts like these deny ?
Not confin'd to times of old ;
Me, a miracle, behold !

HYMN CCXLIII.

The withered Hand.

" **S**TRETCH out thy wither'd hand !"
So spake the gracious Lord.

'Tis done at his command,
 For pow'r attends his word.

His impotence the patient knows,
 Faith the ability bestows.

2 Let not vain reasoners say,

“ How can the dead arise ?

“ How can the dumb man pray ?

“ The blind lift up their eyes ?”

To will and do, are from the Son,
 And both of his good pleasure come.

3 Preventing grace from him

Communicates the pow'r ;

We stretch the wither'd limb,

And hail the happy hour :

Conscious from whom we all receive,

To him we all the glory give.

HYMN CCXLIV.

Matt. xiii. 8—90.—Parable of the Sower.

GREAT Husbandman! protect the field,
That the seed sown may produce yield.
Far from it the devourer fray,
Nor let him pick the word away.

- 2 Let not our hearts, as stony ground,
Give hasty promise, and be found
Wither'd and scorch'd; but deeply prove
The spreading roots of faith and love.
- 3 The noxious weeds, the briars, thorns,
Cares, pleasures, wealth, whate'er deforms
The soul, root out—they choke the word;
With these, no fruit it could afford.
- 4 Water the seed with heavenly dew,
Its ripening glories till it shew,

And, fit for the great Master's use,
A plenteous harvest it produce,

HYMN CCXLV.

Matt. xiii. 24—50.—The Tares and the Wheat.

WITHIN the Gospel field, the wheat
The faithful labourers sow'd;
Satan, the produce to defeat,
His tares abundant strow'd.

2 To weed it out while in the blade,
'Twas dangerous to try;
Wait till it can be safely made;
The harvest-day is nigh.

3 Then to the reapers he will say—
“ Bind up and burn the tares;
“ The wheat into my garner lay,
“ The fruit of all my cares!”

- 4 Thus shall the wicked, from the just
 By angels sever'd, wait
 Their doom. *Those* down to hell be thrust ;
These, reach the mercy-seat.
- 5 The real characters of men
 How hard on earth to know !
 But when the Lord shall come again,
 God, who are his, will show.

HYMN CCXLVI.

Matt. xiii. 31, 32.—The Mustard-seed.

WHO could have thought that yonder
 tree,
 With branches widely spread,
 Sprang from a seed we scarce could see,
 When cast into the bed ?

- 2 If thus in Nature's works around,
God's pow'r appears display'd,
Shall not the same in grace be found ?
Why should we be afraid ?
- 3 Feeble and few, we'll not despair,
But cry, and never cease ;
Small as the first beginnings are,
There shall be great increase.
- 4 The cloud no bigger than a hand
Portends abundant rain.
The Gospel word thro' every land
Must spread its wide domain.
- 5 Take courage, and go forward then ;
Smite as with Moses' rod :
The things impossible with men,
Are possible with God.

HYMN CCXLVII.

Matt. xiii. 33.—The Leaven.

IN parables many we trace,
 Shadow'd forth, the true kingdom of heav'n;
 The sweet operations of grace
 Compar'd to the workings of leaven,

- 2 My heart with contrition prepare,
 As here the three measures of meal,
 And fashion and mould me with care,
 Thy Spirit within me reveal.
- 3 Around every particle spread,
 Renew me in body and soul,
 Till on me abundantly shed,
 He perfectly leaven the whole.

HYMN CCXLVIII.

Matt. xiii. 45, 46.—The Pearl of great Price.

- A** MERCHANT roam'd the world around,
 As goodly pearls he sought ;
 One of great price at last he found,
 Sold all he had, and bought.
- 2 A greater object in my view,
 True happiness to find :
 The search I eagerly pursue,
 But long halt far behind.
- 3 What earth can give, I've tried, and know
 How empty, poor, and vain ;
 Wealth, pomp, and pleasure's splendid show
 Lead but to grief and pain.
- 4 Return then to thy rest, my soul !
 The vain pursuit give o'er ;

Take Jesus for thy all in all,
And seek for nothing more.

- 5 Pearl of inestimable price!
Since thou my portion art,
I've found what fully can suffice
The longings of my heart.

HYMN CCXLIX.

Matt. xv. 22—28.—The Woman of Canaan.

“**L**ORD! Son of David! mercy show!”
Th’ afflicted mother cries;
“For under Satan’s malice low,
“Sore vex’d my daughter lies.”

- 2 Importunately troublesome,
Repuls’d, she cries the more,
Intruding will, tho’ heathen, come,
Him prostrate to adore.

- 3 "It is not fit the children's meat,
 "To cast to dogs unclean!"—
 "True, Lord!" she saith, "yet the dogs
 "The falling crumbs to glean." [wait
- 4 "Great is thy faith; my saving pow'r,
 "O woman! thou shalt know;
 "Thy daughter healed from this hour,
 "And thou art blessed too."
- 5 Such faith victorious must prevail,
 Such prayer ascend the skies.
 Who thus the throne of grace assail,
 Will surely win the prize.

HYMN CCL.

Matt. xvii. 1—8 —The Transfiguration.

UPON the mount a glimpse of glory see,
 What Jesus is, and will for ever be.

Oh may my eyes behold the glorious sight,
Transforming vision ! midst the saints in light !

- 2 The midday sun can a faint image trace,
Of the transcendent brightness of his face ;
His whiten'd robes with dazzling radiance
shine,
The Father's express image, all divine !
- 3 His favour'd followers in vast amaze,
View the bright scene, and on their Master
gaze ;
There would erect their tents, fix their abode,
Go down no more, for ever dwell with God.
- 4 But mortals may not this enjoy below ;
For that blest world reserv'd, to which we go,
In the full blaze of glory there to see,
And face to face, th' incarnate Deity.

HYMN CCLI.

Matt. xvii. 14—18.—The lunatic Child healed.

- T**HE parent's heart with anguish wrung,
 The suffering child bemoans ;
 Sudden, as by a serpent stung,
 Convuls'd, he falls, and foams !
- 2 No other could relief afford,
 The Saviour's aid he sought ;
 His lips pronounc'd the healing word,
 The cure is instant wrought !
- 3 Thou great Physician ! unto thee,
 In every desperate case
 Of body, soul, distress we flee,
 Turn not away thy face.
- 4 When coming, if sore tempted, tried,
 More hopeless seems the cure,

Faith shall the conflict still abide,
And Patience yet endure.

- 6 In our extremity display
Thy pity, power, and love;
Midst fears, and doubt, and deep dismay,
Thy healing virtue prove.

HYMN CCLII.

Matt. xviii. 28—35.—The Debtors.

- “**F**ORGIVE, and ye shall be forgiv’n !”
So spake the Lord of earth and heav’n ;
Ten thousand talents him we owe ;
A mite is all we can forego.
- 2 Our rigid claims enforc’d by law
Inexorable, dare we draw
Our brother to a gloomy cell,
When we have been preserv’d from hell ?

- 3 What injuries can I pass by,
Like those for which "Forgive!" I cry?
Of what ingratitude complain,
When mine is of a deeper grain?
- 4 Whose provocations have I known,
Lord! comparable with my own?
How can I rash and froward be,
When thy long-suffering's such with me?
- 5 Impress my heart with holy fear,
How I in judgment can appear;
And those compassions I entreat,
Oh may my fellows from me meet!

HYMN CCLIII.

Matt. xx. 1—16.—Labourers in the Vineyard.

WHO shall God's righteousness impeach
For the like wages giv'n to each?

His sovereignty he here makes known,
And what he will, doth with his own.

- 2 Those who began at early morn,
Had all the heat and burden borne ;
Those in succeeding hours who came,
E'en to the last receiv'd the same.
- 3 All who the call of God receive,
In youth, or age, on him believe,
Find never they too soon begin,
Never too late, 'tis to come in.
- 4 None ever serv'd the Lord for nought ;
His work its wages ever brought.
Yet not of debt, but grace, 'tis giv'n,
Whether receiv'd in earth or heav'n.
- 5 Ye called to the vineyard ! come,
And labour till your work is done ;

To doubt or murmur, never dare ;
 Let none presume, let none despair.

HYMN CCLIV.

Matt. xxii. 1—14.—Marriage Supper.

- E**XCUSES vain ! shall earthly cares
 Engross the heart, and Satan's snares
 Beguile us from the table spread,
 Make us despise the living bread ?
- 2 No marvel, if the Lord reject
 Those who his marriage-feast neglect,
 And in his wrath provoked swear,
 Not one of them shall enter there.
- 3 Ye poor, halt, blind, and maimed ! come ;
 He sends, invites, for you there's room
 With robes prepared, white and clean,
 Fit in his presence to be seen.

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- 4 The Master comes, discovers one
 The wedding garment has not on ;
 In his own righteousness adorn'd,
 A filthy garb ; the Saviour scorn'd.
- 5 Interrogated, he is dumb ;
 His fearful doom he cannot shun !
 Cast out, to prove the record true,
 Many are call'd—the chosen few !

HYMN CCLV.

Matt. xxv. 1—13.—The ten Virgins.

HARK, my soul ! the midnight cry
 Loud proclaims the Saviour nigh ;
 With the foolish, or the wise,
 Number'd, shall I then arise ?
 Is my lamp with oil of grace
 Fill'd ? prepar'd in ev'ry case ?

Steady, burning, does it shine ;
Sleeping, waking, am I thine ?

- 2 Many foolish, with a name
Satisfied, abide the same ;
Dead in trespasses and sin,
Light nor life possess within ;
Cherishing their dream of heav'n,
Till from Jesu's presence driv'n,
Shut for ever is the door ;
Vain to knock ! it opes no more !
- 3 Be it, Lord ! my constant care,
For thy coming to prepare ;
Knowing not the awful day,
May I ceaseless watch and pray !
When the hour approaching near,
Pleas'd, the Bridegroom's feet I hear,

Give me just my lamp to trim,
Enter, closely following him.

HYMN CCLVI.

* Matt. xxv. 14—30.—The Talents.

- T**HE gifts of providence and grace
Are only talents lent,
To be improv'd in life's short space,
Not idly hid or spent.
- 2 But whether ten, or five, or one,
Accountable we stand ;
Rewarded when the work is done,
As diligent the hand.
- 3 All sloth and negligence, excuse
In vain attempt to plead ;
God's vengeance for the foul abuse
Falls on the guilty head.

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- 4 Then what my hand finds to be done,
I'll do it with my might.
Oh may I, when the Lord shall come,
Find favour in his sight!
- 5 Ye wicked, slothful servants! hear
The awful sentence past.
Into the outer darkness, fear
For ever to be cast!

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