

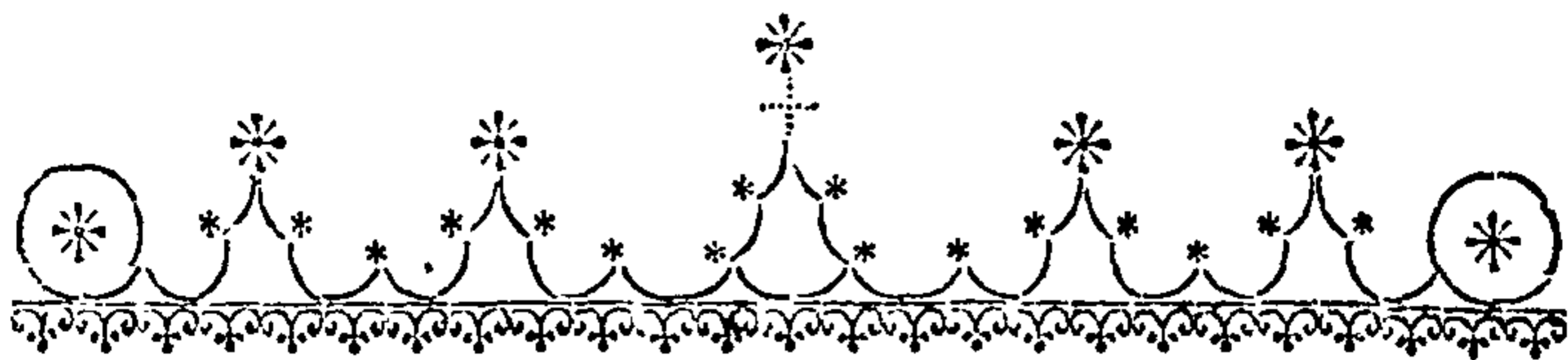
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COLLECTION
OF
HYMNS,

SUNG IN THE
Countess of Huntingdon's Chapels.

The Cross of CHRIST is the Key of Paradise; the weak Man's Staff; the Convert's Convoy; the upright Man's Perfection; the Soul and Body's Health; the Prevention of all Evil, and the Procurer of all Good.

BATH: Printed by W. GYE; for T. MILLS, Bookseller, and Sold at his Shop in WINE-STREET, Bristol; where may be had Bibles, Prayer-Books, &c. at the lowest Prices.

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W. GYE only.



T H E

P R E F A C E.

THE following Collection of Hymns is intended for the Use of those happy People, who, from a devoted Simplicity of Heart, mean to be faithful Followers of the Lord Jesus Christ. And the solid Experience, or Heart-felt Knowledge, of his Truths, is the great Object in their View. They suppose that all notional Faith must lead to

the greatest Superstition on the one Hand, as believing by Report, not united with Proof; or to the greatest Enthusiasm on the other, as warmly following what they only suppose to be true, and fondly mistaking that Warmth for Proof. Whereas plain Truths, brought home to the Mind, and possessed by the Heart, through the Spirit of GOD, conformably to the Word of Promise recorded in Scripture, save alike from the blindfold Ignorance of the one, and the delirious Possession of the other. Whatsoever the Saviour of the World has engaged by his Promises to do for his People, He means actually to perform; and not in one Age of his Church only, but in every Age. A Truth which no one can deny, whilst he acknowledges the Scriptures to be true. Indeed all his Promises of Mercy are so well suited to the miserable State of Man while on Earth,

The P R E F A C E. v.

and so justly adapted to the Condition of his Sin and Ignorance, that they become the only Remedy for both. And his People do find those Promises properly belonging to them, and invariably annexed to the Work of Redemption, and consequently enjoyed by all his faithful Followers. If the Petitions in these Hymns are viewed in this Light, as expressing the greatest Attachment of Heart to their only and eternally best Friend, they will appear not only reasonable, but consistent with the Profession they make of knowing Jesus to be their Lord and their God by the Holy Ghost, and acknowledging all the Truths in the Bible from the Testimony of the same Spirit that wrote it. Such have nothing to do in answering the Infidelities of Heart each Man abounds with, nor with those who more openly evade

the Force of Truth by Contempt or Ridicule. All these want the Love and tenderest Compassion of a Christian; whilst their proper Business consists in following, by a loving and humble Obedience, that Lamb of GOD wheresoever He goes, who was slain for them; and whom, by a Miracle of Mercy to their Souls, they do now know, can therefore trust, and expect all from, in this World and the next. The serious and humble Mind will find nothing to object to in this little Book; on the contrary, may find Comfort and Instruction of Heart from it: Which would greatly add to the Satisfaction of those, who yet may differ from them on Points, which not Choice, but Experience of Truth obliges them to do.

And now, Reader, it is neither your Approbation of these Hymns, nor the Objections you can make to them, that

The P R E F A C E. vii.

is the material Point: You are a Creature of a Day, and your Heart, with trembling, often tells you this Truth: Look well then for a Refuge from the Sins of your Life past, and from the just Fears of Death and Judgment fast approaching. This is the grand Point, which lieth altogether between GOD and thy own Soul. And be assured, that nothing can bring Comfort in Life or Death to thee a Sinner, (and such thou now standest before GOD) but a Saviour so full and complete as Jesus is found to be.

Bring him then thy Heart, miserable and evil as it is. He will make it happy; He will keep it so; and, by a loving Constraint on all thy Actions, make thee delight in his most holy Ways. A Title to the Joys of an eternal World is purchased for thee by his Obedience in Life and Death, and

viii.

The P R E F A C E.

is that Righteousness He will freely give here; which, whilst I am writing this, my Heart importunately prays Him to give thee, Reader, as the inestimable Merit of his Death.





C O L L E C T I O N

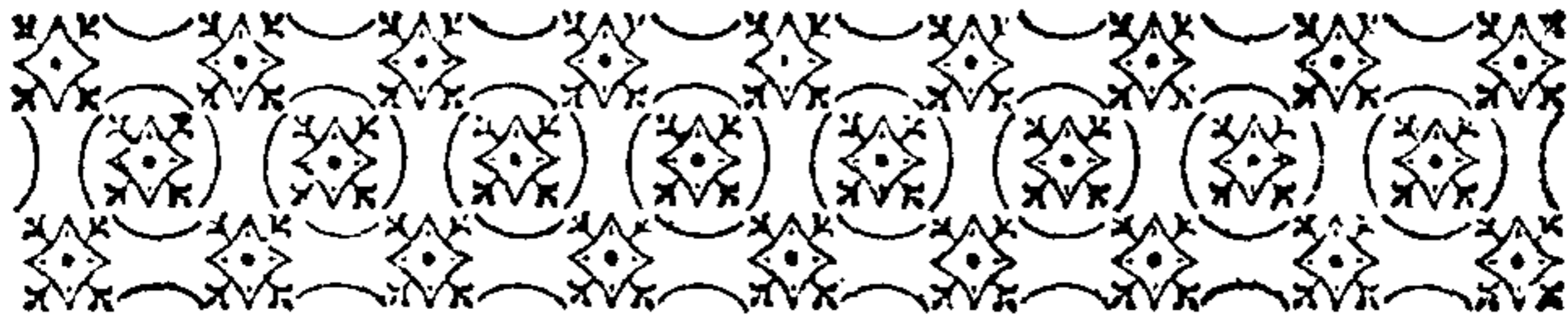
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H Y M N S.



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The Verses included in Crotchets }
 may be sung or omitted.



H Y M N S.

H Y M N 1. C. M.

COMPANIONS of thy little Flock,*
Dear LORD we fain would be;
Our helpless Hearts to Thee look up,
To Thee our Shepherd flee.†

O might we lean upon that Breast,—*John* 13. 23.
Which Love and Pity fill;
And now become those Lambs carest,—*Isa.* 40. 11.
That in thy Bosom dwell.

* Luke 12. 32.—† John 10. 11.

How sweet that Voice, how sweet that Hand,
 Which leads to Pastures fair;
 Shews *Conaan's* Milk and Honey Land,—*Ex.* 3. 8.
 Provided by thy Care.

As one in Heart we all rejoice,
 The Sinner's Friend to praise;
 The Shepherd dy'd, Oh, 'tis his Voice!
 He'll us to Glory raise.

H Y M N 2. C. M.

RICH Grace, free Grace, most sweetly calls,
 Directly come who will;—*Isa.* 55. 1.
 Just as you are, for CHRIST receives
 Poor helpless Sinners still.

'Tis Grace each Day that feeds our Souls,
 Grace keeps us inly poor;
 And O that nothing else but Grace,
 May rule for evermore!

H Y M N 3. C. M.

BELOVED SAVIOUR, Prince of Life,
To us thy Spirit give;— — — — — *Luke 11. 13.*

We long to hear that chearing Voice
Which bids poor Sinners live.

'Tis thy Desire to save the Lost,
To ease them of their Pain!

Therefore we cry to Thee, blest LAMB,
Who for our Sins wast slain.

Open to us those living Springs— — — — — *Isa. 53. 5.*

Thy Wounds have made to flow:
And cleanse us from our Heart-felt Guilt, — — — — — *Pf. 38. 4.*
Thy dying Love to show.

O Thou, who lovest Babes to teach,
Reveal to us thy Will;

And whilst we wait on Thee by Faith, — — — — — *Gal. 5. 5.*
Thy Work in us fulfil.

H Y M N 4. C. M.

O JESU, JESU, gracious LORD,
 How wond'rous is thy Love,
 Thy Patience, Pity, Tendernefs,
 Which I each Moment prove!

For Oh! how faithlefs is my Mind,
 How apt to turn afide,
 And wander in its own Deceits
 Of Reasonings and Pride.

Yet, deareft SAVIOUR, love me ftill,
 Tho' finful, weak, and poor,
 For well I know where Sin abounds,

Thy Grace aboundeth more.———*Rom.* 5. 20.

Yet let me not thy Grace abufe,———*Rom.* 6. 15.

And Sin because thou'rt good;
 But let thy Love fill me with Shame,
 That I this Love withftood.

SAVIOUR of Sinners, keep me near,
 Nor let me turn away
 From thy dear Cross and bleeding Wounds,
 But bind me there to stay.

LORD, speak to me with thy sweet Voice,
 And give me Ears to hear:—————*Prov. 20. 12.*
 For Thou my loving SAVIOUR art,
 And I thy purchas'd Care.

H Y M N 5. C. M.

O GIVE me, SAVIOUR, give me still
 My Poverty to know;
 Increase my Faith, each Day in Grace—*Luke 17. 1.*
 And Knowledge may I grow.
 Open still more the Mystery—————*Eph. 3. 9.*
 Of thy dear bleeding Cross;
 And for this precious Pearl, let me—*Matt. 13. 46.*
 Count all Things else but Dross.—*Phil. 3. 8.*

By thy dear Cross still let me stay,
 Here let me sing each happy Day
 And die to live again.

H Y M N 7. 6 7 8.

WHEN I travail in Distress,—*Psa.* 18. 6.
 Or Grief of any Kind,

Burden'd with Uneasiness,

And Anguish on my Mind;

One sweet Ray of heavenly Light,—*Psa.* 27. 1.

Breaks up the Clouds that come between;

Turns to Day the gloomy Night,

And quite renews the Scene.

My Complaints with Speed remove,

My Sorrows turn to Joy,

Songs of Melody and Love,

Again my Tongue employ;

B

Then I enter into Rest,

Again I call IMMANUEL mine;

And like *John*, upon his Breast,—*John* 13. 23.

My weary Head recline

H Y M N 8. L. M.

O Let me gain my Wedding-Dress,
Prepar'd to cloathe my Nakedness!

That royal Robe my LORD and GOD

Hath purchas'd with his precious Blood.—*Rev.* 7. 14.

Dost Thou reserve it out of Love,

For me to glory in above?

I want it now, without thy Vest

I cannot be a Wedding-Guest.

When CHRIST our Life shall once appear,

'Twill then be manifest and clear,———*Col.* 3. 4.

That JESUS by his sprinkled Blood

Hath wash'd our Robes, and kept them good.

H Y M N 9. 7s.

HAPPY am I, when I feel,
 JESUS near my throbbing Heart;
 When He does Himself reveal,
 And his precious Love impart,

Blessed Fellowship I prove, — *Rom. 5. 1.*
 Peace and Love, and Comfort sweet;
 Then I weep and sing, and love,
 Then I worship at his Feet.

Then with happy *John* I view
 All his Body mark'd with Scars;
 And with *Mary* can bedew
 Both his Feet with melting Tears.

Here, LORD, would I ever stay,
 Free from all the noisy Croud;
 Live with Thee by Night, by Day,
 Live in Fellowship with God.

Feast me with thy dying Love,
 Whilst I run the Christian Race;
 Then my Soul to Heav'n remove,
 There again to sing thy Grace.

H Y M N 10. 6 8.

WHAT Voice is this I hear,
 A kind Salute of Grace,
 Which whispers in my Ear
 The grateful Words of Peace?
 Hail, blessed LORD, 'tis thy sweet Voice
 Which bids me in thy Blood rejoice.

Thou art my chief Delight,
 A lovely Friend indeed,
 Most precious in my Sight,
 My Help in ev'ry Need:
 Hereby I'm strengthen'd in the Way,
 And thank Thee for this Gospel Day.

Unworthy as I am,
 And base in my own Eyes,
 On my Account the LAMB
 Ascends the upper Skies;—*John 14. 2.*
 Assumes at God's Right Hand a Seat,
 And lets me sit beneath his Feet.

My great High Priest is gone—*2 Cor. 3. 14.*
 Into the Holy Place;
 The Curtain is withdrawn,
 Which veil'd his lovely Face;

The Passage now is clear and free,
The Veil is rent for happy me.

H Y M N . 11. L. M.

THIS is my Hope, O precious CHRIST
When Earth's alluring Things appear,
I call, I sigh, for Thee I thirst,
And long to feel Thee only there.

Sometimes I feel my Sky is clear,
And then my Cup with Joy flows o'er,
Then do I lose my ev'ry Fear,
And feel the SAVIOUR'S strength'ning Pow'r.

O JESU, let it still be thus,
This Favour ever let me prove;
Fix me for ever at thy Cross,
And bind me there with Cords of Love.-*Hof.* 11. 4.

H Y M N 12. 118.

STAND fast in the Gospel; * 'tis CHRIST makes
 you free;
 The Author of Faith and the Finisher He;
 He saith to the mourning but diligent Band,
 † “What's water'd with Tears shall be reap'd by
 your Hand.”

All those of the gen'ral Assembly above,
 Who now with the Seraphs are flaming in Love,
 Were once in Distress in this Valley of Tears,
 ‡ And came to their Bliss thro' abundance of Fears.
 Through Patience and Faith after them let us press,
 And trace from their Footsteps § the Highway of
 Grace;

* Gal. 5. 1.—† Psa. 126. 5.—‡ Rev. 7. 14.—§ Isa. 35. 8.

'Tis now called Day, but the Night will soon come,
When Labour must cease, * and the Lab'ers go
Home.

H Y M N 13. 7 6.

O LORD, come, sweetly bind me
Fast to thy pierced Side,—— *John* 19. 34.

And evermore remind me,

That Thou for me hast dy'd.

I wish to hear thy Spirit,

Of that for ever preach,

That thy Love, Blood, and Merit,

May me Obedience teach.

I know that my Salvation,

Is certain through thy Love,—— *2 Tim.* 1. 12.

And Oh! on each Occasion

May I most faithful prove!

* *Matt.* 20. 1.

My Sins Thou hast forgiv'n,
 Shall I forgive them too?
 And let me run to Heaven,
 With only Thee in View.

I feel Thou'lt not forsake me,——*Heb.* 13. 5.
 Though I am fill'd with Shame,
 Then from this Moment take me,
 Poor Sinner as I am.

Thy Love thus freely given,
 My helpless Heart to cheer,
 Be this my only Heaven,
 My JESUS to dwell near!

H Y M N 14. L. M.

ZION, awake, arise, arise,
 The Sun in its Meridian stands;
 The Clouds disperse each Shadow flies;
 Thou'rt call'd to leave thy native Lands.*

* *Psa.* 45. 10:

No more th' uncircumcised Crew

Thy peaceful Borders shall molest;

Prove to thy Husband ever true,——*Isa.* 54. 5.

Then wilt Thou feel his People's Rest.

Loose *Zion's* Captive Daughter, loose

The cursed Chains of Self and Sin;

Thou'rt call'd to be no earthly Spouse,

Thou art all glorious within.——*Psa.* 45. 13.

Get fresh Supplies of Grace each Day,

Stand ready for the Midnight Call:—*Matt.* 25. 6.

Let nothing here engage thy Stay,

Let JESUS be thy All in All.

H Y M N 15. 7s.

HOLY LAMB, and PRINCE of Peace,

Hear my Soul implore thy Grace;

Let it through thy Pow'r divine

In thy Lamb-like Meekness shine.

Grant that faithfully I may,
 As a Lamb, thy Voice obey;
 Soul and Body, bought with Price,
 Be thy living Sacrifice!

Valiant, steadfast may my Love
 In the hardest Trials prove;
 And in all Adversity
 Both a Lamb and Lion be.

Keep Thou me, a feeble Child,
 Sober, Watchful, undefil'd;
 That where'er thy Steps I see,
 Simply I may follow Thee.

H Y M N 16. C. M.

JESUS, each blind and trembling Soul
 Let thy soft Voice persuade
 In all Distress to come to Thee,
 We need not be afraid.

Is Sin our Grief? Whatever Sin,
 No Difference it makes:
 'Tis all forgiven thro' that Blood
 Thou sheddest for our Sakes.

Is Unbelief the Sin we feel?——*John* 16. 9.
 Above all Sin accurst:
 Yet when Thou sufferedst for Sin,
 Thou didst include the worst.

Are we o'erwhelm'd with Thought and Care,
 Hath Sorrow seiz'd our Breast?
 Tho' 'tis a Shame it should be so,
 Yet Thou wilt give us Rest.

Are we uncertain what's the Case,
 But feel we are not Right?
 Our Hearts before Thee we must lay,
 Be Children in thy Sight.

H Y M N 17. C. M.

THOU Friend of Sinners! hear my Cry,
 And grant me my Request;
 That in thy Wounds I now may find
 My everlasting Rest.

There is no Happiness or Peace,
 That can be found elsewhere;
 In them alone my Life I'll seek,
 In them thy Love declare.

May I no more resist thy Love,
 No more thy SPIRIT grieve;
 But as a little Child become,
 And simply Thee believe.

Faith is thy Gift, my dearest LORD,
 Thou'st purchas'd it for me;
 Therefore a Sinner's Right I claim,
 Wholly to trust in Thee.

To trust in Thee who hast redeem'd
 My Soul from endless Pains,
 That they might know no other Theme,
 But that the LAMB was slain.

Impress then deeply on my Breast
 This Truth that Thou hast dy'd,
 That in thy Wounds with Confidence
 I ever may abide.

H Y M N 18. C. M.

THOU SAVIOUR my good Shepherd art,
 Thy Voice, dear LORD, I know;
 When Justice arm'd the Sword at me,
 Thy Heart receiv'd the Blow.
 My Heart was broke with Shame and Grief,
 Thy Pity felt my Pain;
 Bound up my Wounds, my Strength renew'd,
 And gave me Health again.

Thou me dost lead and gently tend,
 And feed in Pastures good,
 And bring me to the living Stream
 Of thy most precious Blood.

Thy Blood! O pleasing Sound to me,
 And all thy helpless Sheep,
 There lies my sure Defence by Day,
 My Shelter when I sleep.

H Y M N 19. 8 8 6.

RISE up, my Spouse, thy Bridegroom waits,*
 Unwearied at thy Temple Gates,
 Thy fainting Soul to cheer;
 Open to me, I come to bless,
 And cloath thee with my Righteousness,
 And banish all thy Fear.

* Cantic. 5. 2.

All reasoning Thoughts I will remove,
 And tell thee of my dying Love,
 Thy Soul to captivate :
 Upon my Head the Dews distil,
 My Locks the Drops of Evening fill,
 While I to blefs thee wait.

What pleasing Voice is this I hear?
 Soul, 'tis the LAMB, thy Master dear,
 'Tis JESUS, none but He :
 Oh! bid me, JESUS, bid me come ;
 And take a weary Traveller Home :
 I long to be set free.——*Phil. 1. 23.*

Let my poor Soul in Thee find Rest,
 And leaning' on thy loving Breast,

Cast all my Grievs away :
 Skreen me beneath the cooling Shade,
 Which is for weary Pilgrims made,
 To chear them by the Way.———*Cant. 2. 3.*

H Y M N 20. S. M.

THE God, whose Smiles we court,———*Psa. 4. 6.*
 From whom we Favour claim ;
 Whose Love alone new Life imparts,
 And gives the heav'nly Flame ;
 Is none but the meek LAMB,
 Our Dear Exalted LORD ;
 Whose Grace and SPIRIT still remain
 To bless us in his Word.
 His Promise is the same
 His Church below to bless,
 When they assemble in his Name———*Matt. 18. 20.*
 To supplicate his Grace :

A Train of Sinners poor
 He will not cast behind;
 But keeps his Word for evermore,
 And bears us on his Mind.

To our Relief He flies,
 He flies from Realms above;
 Answers our Prayers in sweet Replies,
 And Tokens of his Love.
 Shall we not Witnesses bear
 How faithful He hath been;
 And boldly to the World declare,
 Salvation we have seen?—————*Luke 2. 29.*

Yes, if Thou'lt help us, LORD,
 Thy Name, we will confess;
 And speak of CHRIST the living Word,
 The LORD our Righteousness,—————*Jer. 23. 6.*

We'll mention to his Praise,
 The Triumphs of his Death;
 And sing his everlasting Grace
 Ev'n with our latest Breath.

H Y M N 21. 9s.

WE thy Children, claim a special Care,
 Keep our Feet, O LORD, from ev'ry Snare:
 Spotless Virgins let us be,
 Simply loving only Thee,
 Who our Burdens on the Cross did bear.

LORD, assist us in the needful Hour,
 Skreen us by thy promis'd Aid and Pow'r:

We are very weak and frail,
 To our Souls Thyself reveal:—*Matt. 11. 25.*
 Keep us humble and in Spirit poor.

From each Rival our Affections loose;
 Make us willing to take up our Cross:

Save us from our Nature's Fire,

From the Flame of fond Desire;

Seal us, SAVIOR, for thy happy Spouse.-*Eph.* 1. 13.

H Y M N 22. C. M.

MY dearest LORD, I now sink down,
 And bow before thy Feet;

Here is my Heart, most vile and base,

Make it for Thee most meet.

For whither can I go, my LORD,

But only to thy Blood?

More healing far than *Siloam's* Pool,

Or *Jordan's* swelling Flood.

I thank Thee for that Grace and Light
 Which shews me what I am:
 I thank Thee too for all I know
 Of Thee thou blessed LAMB.

True, 'tis but little that I know
 Of Thee and what Thou art;
 But daily teach me more and more,
 'Till Thou dost fill my Heart!

H Y M N 23. C. M.

THE Souls that would to Jesus press,
 Must fix this firm and sure;
 That Tribulation more or less,
 They must and shall endure.—2 *Tim.* 3. 12.

The World opposes from without,

And Unbelief within:

We fear, we faint, we grieve, we doubt;

And feel the Load of Sin.

Glad Frames too often lift us up; ——— *Psa.* 30. 6.

And then how proud we grow!

'Till sad Desertion makes us droop;

And down we sink as low.

Ten thousand Baits the Foe prepares

To catch the wand'ring Heart;

And seldom do we see the Snares,

Before we feel the Smart.

But let not all this terrify;

Pursue the narrow Path; ——— *Matt.* 7. 14.

Look to the LORD with stedfast Eye;

Fight the good Fight of Faith. ——— *1 Tim.* 6. 12.

Tho' we are feeble, CHRIST is strong:
 His Promises are true;
 We shall be Conqu'rors all, e'er long,
 And more than Conqu'rors too.—*Rom. 8. 37.*

H Y M N 24. C. M.

MERCY is welcome News indeed,
 To those that guilty stand:
 Wretches, that feel what help they need,
 Will bless the helping Hand.

Who rightly would his Alms dispose,
 Must give them to the Poor;
 None but the wounded Patient knows
 The Comforts of his Cure.

We all have sinn'd against our God;
 Exception none can boast:
 But he, that feels the heaviest Load,
 Will prize Forgiveness most.

No Reck'ning can we rightly keep,
 For who the Sums can know?
 Some Souls are fifty Pieces deep:———*Luke 7. 41.*
 And some five Hundred owe.

[But let our Debts be what they may,
 However great or small;
 As soon as we have Nought to pay,
 Our LORD forgives us all.]———*Luke 7. 42.*

'Tis perfect Poverty alone
 That sets the Soul at large:
 While we can call one Mite our own,
 We have no full Discharge.

H Y M N 25. 10s.

THE blessed JESUS is my LORD, my Love,
 He is my Choice, from Him I would not move.
 Away then, all ye Objects that divert,
 And seek to draw from my dear LORD my Heart!
 That uncreated Beauty, which hath gain'd
 My ravish'd Heart, has all your Glory stain'd.*
 His Loveliness my Soul hath prepossess'd,
 And left no Room for any other Guest.
 Above's my Home, my Country is above,
 That blessed Land of Life, of Light, and Love:
 There my dear Friends, fled hence, with GOD are blest,
 Thither are swiftly hastening all the rest.
 There lives my LORD, and there I long to live:
 He gave these Longings, and Himself will give.

* Cant. 4. 9.

In the mean Time, LORD, shew Thyself to me,
'Till Thou shalt please to take me up to Thee.

In Thee now let me find so much of Rest,
As may with more Desire inflame my Breast.

So seize on me that we no more may part:
'Till Thou shalt take my Soul, LORD, keep my Heart.
And dwell in me, 'till I with Thee shall dwell:
This Earth with Thee is Heav'n, without Thee Hell.

H Y M N 26, L. M.

MY Soul before Thee prostrate lies,
To Thee her Source my Spirit flies;
O let thy chearing Count'nance shine
On this poor mournful Heart of mine!—*Psa.* 4. 6.
From feeling Mis'ry's Depth I cry,
In thy Death, SAVIOUR, let me die;
May Self in thy excessive Pain
Be swallow'd up, nor rise again!

JESUS! vouchsafe my Heart and Will
 With thy meek Lowliness to fill;
 Break Nature's Bonds, and let me see—*John 8. 36.*
 That whom Thou free'st indeed is free.

My Heart in Thee and in thy Ways,
 Delights, yet from thy Presence strays;
 My Mind would deeper sink in Thee,
 My Foot stand firm, from wand'ring free.

All my own Schemes and Self-Design
 I to thy better Will resign;
 Impress this deeply on my Breast,
 That I'm in Thee already blest.—*John 17. 21.*

When my Desires I fix on Thee,
 And plunge me in thy Mercy's Sea,
 Thy smiling Face my Heart perceives,
 Sweetly refresh'd, in Safety lives.

So ev'n in Storms I Thee shall find
 My sure Support, my Guardian kind;
 And I from Age to Age shall prove
 That GOD in CHRIST is perfect Love.--1 *John* 4. 16.

H Y M N 27. 8s.

O SAVIOUR, could I always keep,
 My Eye on Thee, the living Way,
 I then, though once a wand'ring Sheep,
 Should no more from Thee run astray:
 But wheresoe'er Thou wentest, I
 Should simply go, not asking why.—*Luke* 22. 33.

O that I never could forget,
 One Moment, what Thou, LORD, hast done
 To save my Soul, and make me meet
 To sit with Saints upon a Throne:—*Rev.* 3. 21.

O that thy Off'ring on the Tree
 Might evermore be ey'd by me!

HAPPY we are when Guilt is gone!
 This alters all our Frame;
 Sins and Temptations still come on,
 But we are not the same.

What did afflict us much before,
 And give us anxious Care,
 The faithful Breast it hurts no more;
 For now the LORD is there.

Are we through dang'rous Paths to rove,
 The Shades of Death to pass?
 Our Shield eternal is his Love,
 Our Light his gracious Face.

DEAREST JESUS, come to me,
 And abide eternally;
 Worthy Friend of Sinners, come,
 Fill and make my Heart thy Home.—*John 14. 23.*

Oftentimes for Thee I sigh,
 Nothing else can give me Joy:
 This is still my Cry to Thee,
 Dearest JESUS come to me.

Could I clearly see above,
 What thy Saints possess in Love;
 All would be but Misery,
 Except JESUS was with me.

Son of GOD, my dearest LORD,
 All my Crown and my Reward:
 Thou who freely dy'dst for me,
 Shalt alone my Bridegroom be.—*Isa.* 54. 5.

H Y M N 30. 8 8 6.

LORD make me faithful to my Call,
 In Heart still truly give up all,

Myself to Thee resign:
 When Dangers threaten me around,
 Invincible may I be found,
 Never thy Will decline!

My Feet with holy Oil anoint;
 The destin'd Path, Thou dost appoint,
 Gladly I then will tread;
 Bedew me with a genial Show'r,
 Into my Heart thine Influence pour,
 With living Manna feed.

A single Eye, a faithful Heart,—————*Matt. 6: 22.*
 My JESUS, to thy Child impart,
 In ev'ry trying Hour:
 Reas'ning's tormenting Thoughts prevent,
 Still keep my Eyes on Thee intent,
 'Till Sight my Faith o'erpow'r.

H Y M N 31. C. M.

NO more with trembling Heart I try
 A multitude of Things;
 Still wishing to find out that Point,

From whence Salvation springs.—*Psa.* 37. 39.

My Anchor's cast upon the Rock,
 Where I shall ever rest

From all the Labours of my Thoughts,

And Workings of my Breast.—*Heb.* 6. 19.

What is my Anchor if you ask?

A hungry, helpless Mind;

Diving with Mis'ry from its Weight,

'Till firmest Ground it find.

What is my Rock? 'Tis JESUS CHRIST,

Whom faithless Eyes pass o'er;

Yet there poor Sinners anchor may,

And ne'er be shaken more.

THOU Dear REDEEMER, Dying LAMB!

We love to hear of Thee:

No Music, like thy lovely Name,

Does sound so sweet to me!

O may we ever hear thy Voice

In Mercy to us speak!

And in our PRIEST will we rejoice,

Thou Great MELCHISEDEC!—*Heb. 7. 21.* Hallelujah.

Our JESUS shall be still our Theme,

While in this World we stay;

We'll sing our JESU's lovely Name,

When all Things else decay:

When we appear in yonder Cloud———*Col. 3. 4.*

With all his favour'd Throng,

Then will we sing more sweet more loud,

And JESUS be our Song.

Hallelujah.

H Y M N 33. 8s.

SAY, where's thy Hope? thou Sinner, say,
 Look ev'ry where, and ask around;
 Who all the mighty Debt can pay,

Can a fit Ransom e'er be found?—*Job 33. 24.*
 Yes, LORD, before I drew my Breath,
 The LAMB for me had suffer'd Death!

Far, far away, must Satan fly,

Nor think me Captive to detain:
 For JESUS, when He deign'd to die,
 My Bondage broke, and burst my Chain;*
 And Conqu'ror in the dreadful Fight,
 My Soul from thence becomes his Right.

Take Thou Possession of my Heart,
 JESU, and make me live to Thee;
 With Thee let nothing claim a Part,
But Thou my All for ever be!

* Luke 4. 43.

And give me, with thy Saints above,
All Joy in Thee, Thou God of Love!

H Y M N 34. C. M.

LORD take my Heart just as it is,
Set up therein thy Throne;
So shall I love Thee above all,
And live to Thee alone.

Complete thy Work and crown thy Grace,
O may I faithful prove!

And listen to the SPIRIT'S Voice. ————— *John 10. 4.*
Which manifests thy Love!

Which teaches me what is thy Will,
And tells me what to do;
Which covers me with Shame, when I
Do not thy Will pursue.

This Unction may I ever feel,——— 1 *John* 2. 20.

This Teaching from my LORD,
And learn Obedience to thy Voice,
In thy reviving Word!

H Y M N . 35. C. M.

O Dearest LORD, take Thou my Heart;
Where can such Sweetness be,
As I have tasted in thy Love.——— *Psa.* 34. 8.
As I have found in Thee?

If Zeal, with Knowledge in my Heart,
Thy loving Grace does give;
Safe in the Bush, unhurt, the Whole
Will unconsumed live.——— *Exod.* 3. 2.

If Love, that mildest Flame, can rest
In Hearts so cold as mine;
Come, blessed SAVIOUR, to my Breast,
And warm my Love with Thine.

My LORD hath seiz'd me with sweet Force,

His Prize and Purchase just:

This Soul of mine was never made

For Vanity and Dust.

O 'tis in vain to seek for Blifs,

For Blifs can ne'er be found,

'Till we arrive where JESUS is,

And tread on Grace's Ground.

'Tis Heav'n on Earth to taste his Love,

To feel his quick'ning Grace:

And the blest Heav'n I hope above,

Is there to see his Face.

H Y M N 36. C. M.

GRACE, how exceeding sweet to those

Who *feel* they Sinners are!

Sunk and distrest, they taste and know

Their Heav'n is only there.

Thus Grace, free Grace, most sweetly calls,
 Directly come, who will;
 Just as you are, for CHRIST receives
 Poor helples Sinners still.—*Luke 15. 2.*

[All we, who now are his, were first
 Deeply convinc'd of Sin;
 Each felt the Plague of his own Heart,
 The Leprosy within:
 Then Life and Righteousness divine
 Thro' *Faith* were to us giv'n;
 Thus we a happy People are,
 Coheirs with CHRIST of Heav'n.]—*Rom. 8. 27.*

Now, Dearest LORD! we inly pray
 That in thy Service we
 May active, holy, faithful prove,
 Deriving Strength from Thee!

O let us still in Thee abide,
 For Babes we are most weak;
 Poor Sinners still, who without Thee,
 Can Nought think, act, or speak.—*John* 15. 5.
 We thirst, O LORD; give us, this Day,
 To taste more of this Grace;
 More of that Stream which from the Rock
 Flow'd through the Wilderness.—*Numb.* 20. 8.
 'Tis Grace alone that feeds our Souls,
 Grace keeps us inly poor;
 And, Oh! that nothing else but Grace
 May rule for evermore!

H Y M N 37. 7s.

LORD if with Thee part I bear,
 If I thro' thy Word am clean,—*John* 15. 3.
 In thy Mercy if I share,
 If thy Blood has purg'd my Sin:

To my needy Soul impart
 Thy good SPIRIT from above,
 To enrich my barren Heart
 With *Humility* and *Love!*

LORD, my Heart a Desert vast
 Thy manuring Hand requires;
 Sin has laid my Vineyard waste,
 Overgrown with Weeds and Bri'rs;———*Isa.* 5. 6.
 Thou canst make this Desert bloom,
 Breathe, O breathe, Celestial DOVE,
 Till it blow with rich Perfume
 Of *Humility* and *Love!*

Vanquish in me Self and Pride,
 All my Unbelief subdue;
 Smile upon my Soul, or chide;
 If no gent'ler Means will do.

Ah! compassionate my Case;
 Let the Poor thy Pity move;
 Give me of thy boundless Grace,
 Give *Humility* and *Love!*

H Y M N 38. 7s.

NOW begin the heav'nly Theme,
 Sing aloud in JESU'S Name;
 Ye who JESU'S Kindness prove,
 Triumph in *Redeeming Love!*

[Ye who see the FATHER'S Grace,
 Beaming in the SAVIOUR'S Face;—————2 Cor. 4. 6.
 As to *Canaan* on ye move,
 Praise and blest *Redeeming Love!*]

Mourning Souls dry up your Tears,
 Banish all your guilty Fears;
 See your Guilt and Curse remove,
 Cancell'd by *Redeeming Love!*

[Ye alas! who long have been,
 Willing Slaves of Death and Sin;
 Now from Blifs no longer rove,
 Stop—and taste *Redeeming Love!*]

Welcome all by Sin opprest,
 Welcome to your SAVIOUR'S Breast;—*Matt. 11. 28.*
 Nothing brought Him from above
 Nothing but *Redeeming Love!*

He subdu'd th' infernal Pow'rs,
 His tremendous Foes and ours;
 From their cursed Empire drove
 Mighty in *Redeeming Love!*

Hither then your Music bring,
 Strike aloud each joyful String;
 Mortals join the Hosts above
 Join to praise *Redeeming Love!*

H Y M N 39. 8s.

NOW I have found the blessed Ground
 Where my Soul's Anchor may remain;
 The LAMB of GOD who for my Sin
 Was from the World's Foundation slain:—*Rev. 13. 8.*
 Whose Mercy shall unshaken stay
 When Heav'n and Earth are fled away.
 O Love, Thou bottomless Abyss!—*Eph. 3. 18.*
 My Sins are swallow'd up in Thee;
 Cover'd is my Unrighteousness,
 From Condemnation now I'm free;—*Rom. 8. 1.*
 While JESU'S Blood, through Earth and Skies,
 Mercy, free boundless Mercy! cries.
 With Faith I plunge me in this Sea;—*Matt. 14. 29.*
 Here is my Hope, my Joy, my Rest!
 Hither, when Hell assails, I flee,
 And look unto my SAVIOUR'S Breast:

Away sad Doubt and anxious Fear,
 Mercy is only written there!

Though Waves and Storms go o'er my Head,
 Though Strength and Health and Friends be gone;
 Though Joys be wither'd all, and dead,
 Though ev'ry Comfort be withdrawn;
 Stedfast on this my Soul relies,
 FATHER, thy Mercy never dies.

Fix'd on this Ground will I remain,
 Though my Heart fail, and Flesh decay; *
 This Anchor shall my Soul sustain,
 When Earth's Foundations melt away;
 Mercy's full Power I then shall prove,
Lov'd with an everlasting Love!———Jer. 31. 3.

* Psalm 73. 26.

H Y M N. 40. 8s.

UNFATHOM'D Wisdom of our KING!
 Who gathers in his purchas'd Flock;

Leads on, and will to Glory bring,

And grounds them on Himself, the Rock: *

With little Hurry, Noise, or Show,

He safely guideth ev'ry Soul;

No more the blinded World can do,

Than scorn and ridicule the Whole.

Thy Church, Great SAVIOUR! bought with Blood, †

Outcast of Men, but dear to Thee;

Esteems thy Cross a pleasant Load,

An easy Yoke; thrice happy she,—*Matt. 11. 30.*

When, bearing thy Reproach below,

She still partakes of thy free Grace;

Which from thy Wounds doth sweetly flow,

And all Affliction's Load outweighs!

* 1 Cor. 10. 4. † Acts 20. 28.

Thou many, with thy winning Charms,

Hast melted touch'd by Fire divine;

And many with paternal Arms

Embrac'd, and seal'd for ever thine: 2. *Cor.* 1. 22.

And, since they so unite in Love,

Thy very Soul's Delight are they:

And thou securely from above

Dost guide them in the narrow Way.

H Y M N 41. 8 10.

THOU Soul's best *Friend*, Thou tender Heart,
Who full of Love by Nature art!

Who ever can presume to say

He lov'd, e'er Thou hadst shewn the Way?*

Whoe'er could boast his Heart was in a Flame.

Before the *Bridegroom* woo'd and overcame?

* 1 John 4. 19.

[Well we may wonder at such Love;
 And ev'ry Angel gaze above,
 To think how One so good and great,
 So holy, happy, and complete,
 Should pant and burn to save lost Men from Hell,
 Who only know to hate him and rebel!

What coldest Hearts can chuse but burn,
 When to thy Love's strong Fire they turn?
 Yes, they must feel a kindling Ray,
 Dissolve in Tears, and melt away.
 Dear LORD! thy Love is such an endless Store,
 'The Wit of Man must silently adore.]

See! we fall down (but not through Fear,
 As if the Wrath of GOD was near:)
 No, through thy Love's attracting Flame
 We sink, quite melted into Shame,

Before the Throne, where Thou, Dear bleeding Love
In Glory sitt'st, ador'd by all above.

Reach out thy Scepter, KING of Love!

Let us thy Royal Favour prove:

It's Point to us-ward ever turn,

Grant us a Touch and make us burn:—*Isa.* 6. 6.

The Heart thus warm'd, the Mouth to speak will know

The' obedient Eye will learn to overflow.

H Y M N 42. 8 8 6.

THAT "I am thine, my LORD and GOD!
"Sprinkled and ransom'd by thy Blood,"

Repeat that Word once more!

With such an Energy and Light,

That this World's Flattery nor Spite

To shake me may have Pow'r.

From various Cares my Heart retires;
 Though deep and boundless it's Desires,
 I'm now to please but one:
 He, before whom the Elders bow,
 With Him is all my Business now,
 And those that are his own.

This is my Joy (which ne'er can fail)
 To see my SAVIOUR'S Arm prevail;
 To mark the Steps of Grace;
 How new-born Souls convinc'd of Sin
 His Blood reveal'd to them within,
 Praise Him in ev'ry Place.

See! the dear Sheep by Jesus drawn,
 In blest Simplicity move on,
 They trust his Shepherd's Crook;

Beholders many Faults will find,
 But they can guess at JESU'S Mind,
 If written in his Book.

[O all ye Rich, ye Just, ye Wise,
 Who hate the bleeding Sacrifice,
 And judge it weak and slight;
 Grant that I may (the rest's your own)
 In Shame and Poverty sit down
 At this Spring of Delight!

Indeed if JESUS ne'er was slain,
 Or ought can make his Ransom vain,
 That now it heals no more;
 If his Heart's Tendernefs is fled;
 If of a Church He is not HEAD,
 Nor LORD as heretofore:

Then helpless sure my State may seem,
Unwarranted I must esteem

And wretched all I do:

Oh, my Heart throbs! and seizes fast
That Cov'nant which will ever last;

It knows these Things are true.

No, my dear LORD, in following Thee,
Not in the Dark, uncertainly,

This Foot obedient moves;

'Tis with a BROTHER and a KING,
Who many to his Yoke will bring,

Who ever lives and loves.

Now then, my Way, my Truth, my Life!
Henceforth let Sorrow, Doubt, and Strife,

Drop off like Autumn Leaves:

Henceforth as priviledg'd by Thee,
 Simple and undistracted be
 My Soul which to Thee cleaves !]

LORD let my weary Mind recline
 On that eternal Love of thine
 And human Thoughts forget:
 Childlike attend what Thou wilt say;
 Go forth and do it while 'tis Day
 Nor leave my sweet Retreat.

At all Times to my Spirit bear
 An inward Witness, soft and clear,
 Of thy Redecming Pow'r:
 This will instruct thy Child and fit,
 Will sparkle forth whate'er is right
 For ev'ry trying Hour.

Thus all the Sequel is well weigh'd!
I cast myself upon thy Aid,

A Sea where none can sink;
Yea, in that Sphere I stand, poor Worm,
Where Thou wilt for thy Name perform
More than I ask or think.

H Y M N 43. L. M.

JESUS, my All to Heav'n is gone;
He whom I fix my Hopes upon;
His Track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow Way, till Him I view.

The Way the holy Prophets went;
The Way that leads from Banishment;
The KING'S Highway of Holiness—*Isa. 35. 8.*
I'll go, for all his Paths are Peace.

No Stranger may proceed therein,
 No Lover of the World and Sin;
 No Lion, no devouring Care,
 No, Sin, nor Sorrow shall be there.

No, nothing may go up thereon
 But trav'ling Souls, and I am one;
 Wayfaring Men to *Canaan* bound,
 Shall only in the Way be found,

This is the Way I long had sought,
 And mourn'd because I found it not;
 My Grief a Burden long had been,
 Opprest with Unbelief and Sin.

The more I strove against their Pow'r,
 I sinn'd and stumbled but the more,
 Till late I heard my SAVIOUR say,
 "Come hither, Soul, I am the Way."—*John 14: 6.*

Lo! glad I come, and Thou, blest LAMB,
 Shalt take me to Thee as I am;
 Nothing but Sin I Thee can give,
 Nothing but Love shall I receive.
 Then will I tell to Sinners round,
 What a Dear SAVIOUR I have found;
 I'll point to thy Redeeming Blood,
 And say, Behold the Way to God!

H Y M N 44. Lt. M.

O TELL me no more of this World's vain Store;
 The Time for such Trifles with me is now o'er.
 A *Canaan* I've found, where true Joys abound;
 To dwell I'm determin'd on that happy Ground.
 The Souls that believe, in Paradise live, - *Rom.* 14. 17.
 And me in that Number will JESUS receive.

My Soul don't delay, He calls Thee away:
 Rise, follow thy SAVIOUR, and bless the glad Day,
 No Mortal doth know what He can bestow,
 What Light, Strength and Comfort: Go after Him, go.
 And when I'm to die, receive me, I'll cry, *Acts 7. 59.*
 My SAVIOUR hath lov'd me, I cannot say why,*
 And now I'm in Care my Neighbours may share,
 Those Blessings: to seek them will none of you dare?
 In Bondage, O why! and Death, will you lie,
 When CHRIST will assure you free Grace is so nigh?

H Y M N, 45. L. M.

HOW sweet a Thing it is to see——*Psa. 133.*
 The chosen People of the LORD
 Dwelling in Love and Unity,
 Abiding steadfast in the Word!

* Deut. 7. 8.

His Praises do each Tongue command,
 His Love's convey'd from Heart to Heart,
 All, willingly with Heart and Hand,
 Reciprocally act their Part.

All love to hear their SHEPHERD'S Voice,
 While He gives Pasture to his Sheep;
 With those that joy they do rejoice,
 And weep in Heart with those that weep.*

Their Burdens mutually they bear,
 Alleviate each other's Grief;
 And when appriz'd of Dangers near,
 Jointly they supplicate Relief.

H Y M N 46. 8 8 6.

I THANK Thee, HIGH and MIGHTY ONE,
 That Thou didst give thy only SON
 To travail in my Stead;

* Rom. 12. 15.

I thank Thee for that Love divine,
Through which Redemption's Grace was mine,
Before the World was made.

I thank Thee, JESUS, holy LAMB,
For all thy Sufferings and Pain,
To purchase my Relief;
I thank Thee with unfeigned Praise,
For all thy bounteous Acts of Grace,
The Purchase of thy Grief.

I thank Thee, SPIRIT, for thy Care;
Thou found'st the roving Wanderer
Amidst the Ways of Sin:
And gently call'dst me to embrace,
Full Absolution, perfect Peace,
Fixing thy Rest within.

Continue still thy gracious Aid,
My Soul to living Waters lead,—— *John 7. 38.*

My Thirst to satisfy:
Conduct me through this World of Strife,
Be with me on the Verge of Life,
And bless me when I die.

H Y M N 47. 8 8 6.

O WICKED Heart, Thou Enemy!
Why dost thou vex and trouble me?

Dear LAMB, what shall I do?
I find I must at thy pierc'd Feet
A helpless Sinner ever sit,
And Thou the Way shalt shew.

Sometimes I think, no more I'll doubt,
And half espy the Passae out
Unto my Resting-Place;

66.

There would my Soul unshaken rest,
Peaceful on my dear SAVOUR'S Breast,
And live in his Embrace

Sometimes I think I faintly see
His Wounds inflicted were for me,
For me the Streams flow'd down;
Sweet Liberty from thence doth flow;—*John 8. 36.*
With ardent Love my Heart doth glow
To GOD'S beloved SON.

Apply thy Merits closer still,
That I more sensibly may feel
That I am thine alone;
Oh may I henceforth bid adieu
To every Idol here below,
And truly say, Be gone.—*Isa. 2. 18.*

H Y M N 48.

6 7 8.

JESUS, let me taste thy Grace,
 And feel thy purest Love;
 Guard me in this Wilderness,
 And all my Foes remove!
 Ev'ry help, O LORD, bestow
 And let me reach the promis'd Land;
 While I sojourn here below,
 Protect me with thy Hand.
 Worldly Pleasures all are vain,
 Yet I the Trifles lov'd;
 Now I do their Charms disdain,
 Their Emptiness I've prov'd:
 Only in thy Grace I trust,
 And feel the Pleasures of thy Love;
 Only in thy Merits boast,
 And in Thee live and move.

I was Satan's willing Slave, — — — 2 *Tim.* 2, 26.

Till CHRIST, my Heavenly KING,
Pleased was my Soul to save

From all the Guilt of Sin :

Me He rais'd from deep Despair,

And shew'd to me his smiling Face ;

Heard my Sighs and mournful Pray'r,

And deck'd me with his Grace.

H Y M N 49. 8 7.

O MY LORD! I've often mused
On thy wond'rous Love to me ;
How I have the same abused,

Slighted, disregarded Thee!

To thy Church and Thee a Stranger,

Pleas'd with what displeas'd Thee :

Loft, yet could perceive no Danger ;

Wounded, yet no Wound could see.

But unwearied Thou pursu'dst me,
 Still thy Calls repeated came;
 Till on *Calvary's* Mount I view'd Thee,
 Bearing my Reproach and Blame:
 Then o'erwhelm'd with Shame and Sorrow
 Whilst I view each pierced Limb,
 Tears bedew the Scourges Furrow
 Mingling with the purple Stream.

I no more at *Mary* wonder
 Dropping Tears upon the Grave;
 Earnest asking all around her,
 Where is He who dy'd to save?
 Dying Love her Heart attracted;
 Soon she felt his rising Pow'r:
 He, who *Mary* thus affected,
 Bids his Mourners weep no more.

H Y M N 50. L. M.

HOW, my Belov'd, shall I express
 The present Happiness I share?
 With Joy my Heart can now confess,
 That JESU'S Name is written there.—*Rev. 2. 17.*

Yet still I inly thirst, while here,
 The happy Life of Faith to live;
 More choice and riper Fruit to bear;
 Till I on *Sion's* Shore arrive.

Let me pursue the Path begun,
 Gladly therein my Days to spend,
 Till all my Pilgrimage is done,
 And Faith and Hope in Glory end.

H Y M N 51. L. M.

WHAT can a Sinner do like me,
 When struck by an Almighty Pow'r,
 And sunk in deepest Misery?
 Nothing but wait at Mercy's Door.

[What Eye can see, what Heart can love,
 What Hand relieve my Misery?
 None but the SAVIOUR'S from above,
 Who for my Sins did bleed and die.]

Surely in Mercy He'll pass by,
 And view a wretched Slave of Sin;
 Pity will move Him to come nigh,
 And wash a filthy Creature clean.—Zech. 13. 1.

In Mercy, LORD, thy Creature see,
 And spread thy Skirt my Shame to hide;—*Ez. 16. 8*
 O speak the Word, and I shall be
 Cloath'd with thy Robe and justify'd.
 Then shall my happy Soul enjoy
 A lasting Peace, in Thee, my God;
 Then my whole Business and Employ
 Shall be to speak of JESU'S Blood.

H Y M N 52. C. M.

O DEAR REDEEMER, who alone
 Canst give me Ease in Pain:
 Whose Blood did once for Sin atone,
 And Pardon for me gain.

I once was wholly dead in Sin,———*Eph. 2. 1.*
 And ignorant of Thee;
 And walk'd contentedly therein,
 Nor knew thy Love to me.

But thine all-seeing Eye then view'd
 And mark'd my ev'ry Way;
 And still in tender Love purfu'd
 Nor let me further stray.

Thy Name is now through Grace, become-*Cant.* 1. 3.
 More precious to my Soul
 Than sweetest Smell of rich Perfume,
 Or *Aaron's* precious Oil.

Without thy Favor, though I live,
 Life but a Burden is;
 Nought else can Satisfaction give
 Experience shews me this.

My faithless Heart, O SAVIOUR Dear
 Correct with gentle Hand;
 In ev'ry Danger be thou near,
 Alone I cannot stand.

H Y M N 53. 6 7 8.

COME my Father's Family,
 Ye ransom'd of the LORD;
 Come, ye Sinners, who with me,
 Are ev'ry where abhor'd;——— *Acts 28. 22.*
 Let us gladly trace his Steps
 Who suffer'd Death among the *Jews*;
 Who the friendless Soul accepts,
 Whom all beside refuse.

JESUS, the despis'd and mean,
 Our Master let us own;
 He the Sacrifice for Sin,
 The SAVIOUR He alone.
 Let us take and bear his Cross,
 Despis'd Disciples let us be;
 Mock'd and slighted, as He was
 For you, my Friends, and me.

None but JESUS will we sing,

None else will we adore;

He our PROPHET, PRIEST, and KING

Shall be for evermore:

None among the Heav'nly Pow'rs,

Nor one on Earth our Praise may claim;

None but JESUS call we ours,

None but the bleeding LAMB!

JESUS ever will we sing

His sacred Name adore;

He our PROPHET, PRIEST, and KING

Shall be for evermore.

To Him equal on the Throne

With the FATHER ever blest,

And the SPIRIT Three in One

Be endless Praise address.

H Y M N 54. L. M.

HOW blest are they whose Feet have found
 The Way unto IMMANUEL'S Ground;
 And stedfast walk the blissful Road
 Far from the Paths by Sinners trod.

Their weary Spirits sweetly rest,
 Contentedly on JESU'S Breast;
 They so much of his Mercy prove,
 As wins their grateful Souls to love.

His SPIRIT shews their Sins forgiv'n,—*Luke 1. 77.*
 And seals them for the Heirs of Heav'n;
 And gives them Patience here to wait,
 'Till JESUS them to Bliss translate.

He arms them for the evil Day;
 That they in Heart with Him may stay;
 He girds them with his Mighty Pow'r,
 And brings them through the trying Hour.

Then rest, my Soul, upon thy LORD,
 Ev'n JESUS CHRIST, the *Living Word*,—*John 1. 1.*
 And then thy Joy shall ne'er decay,
 'Till it break out in endless Day.

H Y M N 55. C. M.

GOD of all Grace and Majesty,
 Supremely Great and Good;
 If I have Favour found with Thee,
 Thro' the atoning Blood.

The Guard of all thy Mercies give;
 And to my Pardon join
 A Fear, lest I should ever grieve
 Thy SPIRIT most Divine.

Since Mercy is indeed with Thee,
 Make me obedient prove:
 Nor e'er abuse my Liberty,
 Or sin against thy Love:—*Rom. 6. 1.*
 This choicest Fruit of *Faith* bestow,
 On a poor Sojourner:
 And let me pass my Days below,
 In Humbleness and Fear!

Still may I walk as in thy Sight,
 My strict Observer see;
 And Thou, by rev'rent Love, unite
 My childlike Heart to Thee.

Still let me, till my Days are past,
 At JESU'S Feet abide;
 So shall He lift me up at last,
 And seat me by his Side!

H Y M N 56. 7s.

BRETHREN, let us join to bless
 JESUS CHRIST, our Joy and Peace:
 Let our Praise to Him be giv'n,
 High at God's Right-Hand in Heav'n!
 Master, see, to Thee we bow.
 Thou art LORD, and only Thou:
 Thou, the blessed Virgin's Seed,
 Glory of thy Church and HEAD.
 Thee the Angels ceaseless sing,
 Thee we praise our PRIEST and KING:
 Worthy is thy Name of Praise,
 Full of Glory, full of Grace!

Thou hast the glad Tidings brought
 Of Salvation by Thee wrought;
 Wrought for all thy Church; and we
 Worship in their Company.

We, thy little Flock, adore———*Luke 12. 32.*
 Thee, the LORD, for evermore:
 Ever with us shew thy Love,
 Till we join with those above!

H Y M N 57. C. M.

HOW sad our State by Nature is,
 Our Sin how deep it stains?
 And Satan binds our captive Souls———*2 Tim. 2. 26.*
 Fast in his slavish Chains.

But there's a Voice of sov'reign Grace———*Isa. 55. 1.*
 Sounds from God's sacred Word;
 Ho! ye despairing Sinners, come,
 And trust upon the LORD.

O may we hear th' Almighty Call,
And run to this Relief!

We would believe thy Promise, LORD,
O help our Unbelief!—*Mark* 9. 24.

To the blest Fountain of thy Blood,—*Zech.* 13. 1.
Teach us, O LORD, to fly;
There may we wash our spotted Souls
From Crimes of deepest Dye!

Stretch out thine Arm Victorious KING
Our reigning Sins subdue;
Drive the old Dragon from his Seat
With his infernal Crew!—*Rev.* 12. 9.

Poor, guilty, weak, and helpless Worms,
Into thine Hands we fall;
Be Thou our Strength and Righteousness,
Our JESUS and our All!—*Isa.* 45. 24.

H Y M N 58. 8s.

THOU hidden Love of God, whose Height,
 Whose Depth unfathom'd no Man knows;
 I see from far thy beauteous Light,
 Inly I sigh for thy Repose:
 My Heart is pain'd, nor can it be
 At Rest, till it find Rest in Thee.—*Matt. 11. 28.*
 Is there a Thing beneath the Sun,
 That strives with Thee my Heart to share?
 Oh! tear it thence, and reign alone,
 The LORD of ev'ry Motion there:
 Then shall my Heart from Earth be free,
 When it has found Repose in Thee!
 O hide this Self from me, that I
 No more, but CHRIST in me, may live!—*Gal. 2. 20.*
 My vile Affections crucify,
 Nor let one darling Lust survive:

In all Things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee!

O LOVE! thy sov'reign Aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted Care;
Chace this Self-Will through all my Heart,
Through all its latent Mazes there:
Make me thy duteous Child, that I
Ceaseless may *Abba, Father cry.*—Rom. 8. 15.

Each Moment draw from Earth away
My Heart that lowly waits thy Call;
Speak, to my inmost Soul, and say,
I am thy Love, thy God, thy All!
To feel thy Pow'r, to hear thy Voice,
To taste thy Love, be all my Choice!

H Y M N 59. 8 7 4.

LO! He comes with Clouds descending, — *Rev. 1: 7.*

Once for favor'd Sinners slain!
 Thousand thousand Saints attending,
 Swell the Triumph of his Train
 Hallelujah!

Hallelujah! Amen.

Ev'ry Eye shall now behold Him,
 Rob'd in dreadful Majesty;
 Those who set at nought and sold Him,
 Pierc'd and nail'd Him to the Tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true MESSIAH see.

Ev'ry Island, Sea, and Mountain, — *Rev. 6. 14.*

Heav'n and Earth shall flee away;
 All who hate Him must, confounded,
 Hear the Trump proclaim the Day,

Come to Judgment!
 Come to Judgment! come away!

Now Redemption, long expected,
 See! in solemn Pomp appear!
 All his Saints by Man rejected,
 Now shall meet Him in the Air!—1 *Thes.* 4. 17.
 Hallelujah!
 See the Day of God appear!

Answer thine own *Bride* and SPIRIT,—*Rev.* 22. 17.
 Hasten, LORD, the gen'ral Doom!
 The new Heav'n and Earth t'inherit,
 Take thy pining Exiles home;
 All Creation
 Travails, groans, and bids Thee come!

H Y M N 60. 8 7 8.

HE comes! He comes! the SAVIOUR Dear
 The seventh Trumpet speaks Him near:
 His Lightnings flash, his Thunders roll,
 He's welcome to the *faithful* Soul,

Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,

Welcome to the *faithful* Soul.

From Heav'n Angelic Voices sound——*Rev.* 22. 20.

See the Almighty JESUS crown'd!

Girt with Omnipotence and Grace,

And Glory decks the SAVIOUR'S Face!

Glory, Glory, Glory, Glory,

Glory decks the SAVIOUR'S Face.

Descending on his Azure Throne,

He claims the Kingdoms for his own:

The Kingdoms all obey his Word,

And hail Him their Triumphant LORD!

Hail Him, hail Him, hail Him, hail Him,
 Hail Him, their triumphant LORD!

Shout all the People of the Sky,
 And all the Saints of the most High:
 Our God, who now his Right obtains,
 For ever and for ever reigns:

Ever, ever, ever, ever,
 Ever, and for ever reigns.

The FATHER praise, the Son adore,
 The SPIRIT blest for evermore:
 Salvation's glorious Work is done,
 We welcome Thee GREAT THREE in ONE!

Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
 Welcome Thee. GREAT THREE in ONE.*

¹ John 5. 7.

H Y M N . . . 61. 8 8 6.

BRIDE of the LAMB, up to the Skies,
 Let daily Praise like Incense, rise,
 To join with theirs above.
 Worthy is He, that once was slain,
 A Race of Rebels to regain,——— *Isa.* 1. 2.
 To have our choicest Love.

Into this *Ark* with great Amaze,
 The winged Seraphs, wond'ring, gaze,
 Redeeming Love to trace:——— *Pet.* 1. 12.
 Should Mortals, who in Part have found
 Redemption through the SAVIOUR'S Wounds,
 Refuse to shout free Grace?

Cry then to our REDEEMER Dear,
 He loves his People's Voice to hear,
 They are his Joy and Crown;

E'er long we Him in Clouds shall see,
 Cloathed in Pomp and Majesty,
 His ransom'd Flock to own.

Show'r down thy Grace, O JESU, now;
 Through ev'ry Vessel let it flow,
 Each sick'ning Plant to chear:
 Rooted in Thee, O may we stand,
 Unshaken, waiting thy Command,
 And love thy Voice to hear!

Shall Bondage still our Souls detain?
 Assert the Glories of thy Reign,
 And set the Pris'ners free:
 Now, LORD, relieve each burden'd Mind,
 And give us all with Joy to find
 Eternal Life in Thee.

H Y M N · 62. · St. Stephen's.

HEAD of the Church triumphant!—*Eph.* 5. 23.

We joyfully adore Thee;
 Till Thou appear, thy Members here
 Shall sing like those in Glory:
 We lift our Hearts and Voices
 With blest Anticipation,
 And cry aloud, and give to God
 The Praise of our Salvation.

While in Affliction's Furnace,———*Isa.* 43. 2.
 And passing through the Fire,
 Thy Love we praise; which tries our Ways,
 And ever brings us nigher.
 We clap our Hands, exulting
 In thine Almighty Favor;
 The Love Divine which made us Thine,
 Shall keep us Thine for ever.———*Rom.* 8. 38.

Thou dost conduct thy People

Through Torrents of Temptation,

Nor will we fear whilst Thou art near,
The Fire of Tribulation.

The World, with Sin and Satan,

In vain our March opposes;

By Thee we shall break through them all,
And *sing the Song of Moses*.——*Rev. 15. 3.*

By Faith we see the Glory,

To which Thou shalt restore us;

The World despise for that high Prize,——*Phil. 3. 14.*

Which Thou hast set before us.

And if Thou count us worthy,

We each, as dying *Stephen*,

Shall see Thee stand at God's Right Hand,
To take us up to Heaven.——*Acts 7. 55.*

H Y M N 63. 8s.

OH! that my Heart this very Hour
 Might be enamour'd with thy Love;
 That heav'nly Sweetness, Joy, and Pow'r,
 I beg, Dear LORD, this Day to prove:
O send it, that I may abide
 Faithful, and walk close by thy Side.

Send Love into my sinful Heart,

That I my Pardon clear may feel:—*Luke 1. 77.*
 May feel the Virtue of thy Smart,

Sin's deadly Wounds to cure and heal;
 Hear, JESUS, hear my feeble Cry,
 I fainting at thy Footstool lie!

H Y M N 64. 10. 5.

OJESU, my God, come make thine Abode
 Within my poor Heart:—*John 14. 23.*

OJESU, come quickly, a SAVIOUR Thou art. *

* Rev. 22. 20.

Salvation I need, I want to be freed
 From all my Distress,
 And feel in my Heart the rich Blessings of Peace.*

I thirst to be Thine, to feel Thee within
 Diffusing Abroad——*Rom. 5. 5.*
 Thy Love, that my Heart may ascend unto God.

This, LORD, Thou canst do, and give me to know
 My Sins are forgiv'n,———*Luke 1. 77.*
 My Treasure laid up in the Kingdom of Heaven.

Take me as I am, Thy Property claim;
 My Nature refine,
 And form my Affections and Tempers divine.

No more would I breathe for Objects beneath;
 But live to thy Praise,
 Advancing in Knowledge, and growing in Grace.

* Luke 7. 50.

H Y M N · 65. C. M.

A Thousand Foes prepare to war
 Against a feeble Saint;
 JESUS, in my Behalf appear,
 And cheer me lest I faint.

Give me a Heart divorc'd from Sin,
 Shut up from worldly Care;
 Constant, sincere, and fervent in
 The Exercise of Pray'r:

Watchful in ev'ry Work and Word,
 Ready to speak thy Praise;
 Arm'd with thy SPIRIT's two-edg'd Sword, - *Heb. 4. 12.*
 And cloath'd with ev'ry Grace:

Fill'd with a Godly filial Fear,
 A constant jealous Care;
 Lest I from the right Path should err,
 Or fall into a Snare.

To ev'ry earthly Object dead,
 Alive to Things above;
 Conform'd unto my *Living* HEAD,
 And fill'd with ardent Love.

H Y M N 66. 8s.

I Grieve, nor can my Grief e'er cease,
 'Till I my SAVIOUR truly love;
 'Till He with Blood signs my Release,
 And sweetly draws my Thoughts above!
 For this I languish, mourn and pine
 To prove the Dear REDEEMER mine.
 But oh! how backward is my Mind,
 How widely my Affections rove;
 Yet no true Peace on Earth I find,
 No Trace of Bliss where'er I move!
 Objects of Sense can ne'er impart
 Felicity unto my Heart.

No: Nothing now can satisfy,

Or true Contentment here afford,
Till I by Faith can humbly cry,

JESUS is now become *my* LORD:

JESUS, the Man of deepest Grief, ————— *Isa. 53. 3.*
Alone can send me kind Relief.

On Him my All I fain would stay,

And sweetly on his Bosom rest;
Till all my Grievs shall die away,

And Love divine possess my Breast:

When shall it be my dearest LAMB,
That I shall feel this holy Flame?

Thy Saints can triumph in thy Bliss,

And all thy wond'rous Works declare;
Oh! how I long to feel their Peace,

And all their Banquetings to share! — *Cant. 2. 4.*

Come quickly to my longing Heart,
And all thy Heav'n of Love impart!

H Y M N 67. 8s.

OH! LORD, how faithless is my Heart,
How very apt from Thee to stray!
Just like a broken Bow I start———*Psa. 78. 57.*

And Nature strives to bear the Sway:
Was ever one so vile, yet blest'd;
So foul, yet by the LORD carest'd!

Forbid, my LORD, each vain Desire,
And bind my Passions to thy Cross;
Quench all the Sparks of Nature's Fire,
And bid me count my Gain but loss;—*Phil. 3. 8.*
LORD JESUS tear each Idol down,
And stablish in my Heart thy Throne!

Grace, Grace shall wipe away my Tears,
 And speak the Tempest to a Calm;
 Shall warm my Heart, and charm my Fears,
 And prove a never-failing Balm:
 The Maladies of Sin remove,
 And fill my Soul with holy Love.
 Henceforth I'd serve Thee, if Thou'lt please
 To gird me with a heav'nly Pow'r;
 I'd sing the Glories of thy Grace,
 Till all my Pilgrimage be o'er;
 With hallow'd Fire inspire my Tongue,
 And Love shall be my endless Song!

H Y M N 68. 7 6.

OLORD, how great's the Favour
 That we, such Sinners poor,
 Can, through thy Death's sweet Savour
 Approach thy Mercy's Door.—*Eph. 5. 2.*

And find an open Passage

Unto the Throne of Grace; ————— *Heb. 10. 19.*

There wait the welcome Message
Which bids us go in Peace!

LORD, we are helpless Creatures,

Full of the deepest Need,

Throughout defil'd by Nature, ————— *Eph. 2. 1. 2. 3.*

Stupid and inly dead;

Our Strength is perfect Weakness,

And all we have is Sin;

Our Hearts are all Uncleannefs, ————— *Mat. 15. 19.*

A Den of Thieves within,

In this forlorn Condition,

Who shall afford us Aid?

Where shall we find Compassion,

But in the Church's HEAD? ————— *Eph. 5. 23.*

JESUS, Thou art all Pity,
 Oh take us to thine Arms; ————— *Isa. 40. 11.*
 And exercise thy Mercy,
 To save us from all Harms.

[We'll never cease repeating
 Our numberless Complaints;
 But ever be intreating
 The Glorious KING of Saints: ————— *Rev. 15. 3.*
 Till we attain the Image
 Of Him we inly love;
 And pay our grateful Homage
 With all the Saints above.

Then we, with all in Glory,
 Shall thankfully relate
 Th' amazing, pleasing Story
 Of JESU'S Love so great:

In this blest Contemplation
 We shall for ever dwell;
 And prove such Consolation

As none below can tell.]——1 Cor. 2. 9.

H Y M N 69. 6 7 8.

NOTHING in this World I want,
 No Treasure here beneath;
 Only for Thee, LORD I pant,
 For Thee alone I breathe:
 Wipe away my Nature's Sin,
 Thy Image to my Breast restore;
 Thou alone canst make me clean,
 And bid me sin no more.

Thou invitest me to come
 To share thy People's Rest;
 Poor in Spirit, I presume
 To press unto the Feast:

Saving Faith to me impart,
 And cloath me with thy Righteousness;
 In the Fountain dip my Heart,
 And sign my glad Release.

Fill me with thy perfect Love,
 And answer each Complaint
 Unbelieving Thoughts remove,
 And banish all my Want:
 LORD, enable me by Grace
 My ev'ry Weight to lay aside:
 Patiently to run my Race,
 Till Thou dost take thy Bride.

H Y M N 70. L. M.

THE one Thing needful, that good Part,
 Which *Mary* chose with all her Heart
 I would pursue with anxious Mind,
 And seek unwearied till I find.———*Luke 11. 42.*

My Mind enlighten with thy Light,
 That I may understand aright
 The glorious gospel Myſtery,
 Which ſhews the Way to Heav'n and Thee.*

Hidden in CHRIST the Treasure lies,
 That goodly Pearl of ſuch great Price:-*Mat. 13. 46.*
 No other Way but CHRIST there is
 To endless Happineſs and Blifs.

O JESU CHRIST, my LORD and GOD,
 Who haſt redeem'd me by thy Blood;
 Unite my Heart ſo faſt to Thee,
 That we may never parted be!

Give me a new and contrite Heart:
 The Faith which works by Love impart:—*Gal. 5. 6.*
 Waſh me from all the Stains of Sin,
 And give abiding Peace within!

* John 14. 6.

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H Y M N 71. 8 7.

O THOU Tender, Loving JESUS,
 Now thy saving Grace impart;
 From the World and Satan save us,
 Save us from our evil Heart!
 Throw thy Arms in Mercy open,
 Bid, O bid us, JESU, come;
 Let our flinty Hearts be broken,———*Ez. 36. 26.*
 Falling on the Corner-Stone!

Here for ever let us center,
 Steady, though assail'd by Sin;
 Forward may we boldly venture,
 Till eternal Life we win:
 Banish ev'ry reas'ning Scruple,
 Scatter ev'ry gath'ring Cloud;
 Our poor Hearts, O JESU, sprinkle
 With thy precious, precious Blood,--*1 Pet. 1. 19.*

When our chearing Feelings sicken,
 And a Veil our Souls o'erspread;
 Then with Grace our Spirits quicken
 To raise up our drooping Heads:
 Would our foolish Hearts e'er wander
 From the Source of real Joy?
 Call us back, but not in Anger,
 Lest thy Frowns should us destroy!

Arm us from thy heav'nly Storehouse,
 Still display thy Banner high!
 March victorious on before us,
 Make the World and Satan fly:
 When the Angel drawing near us
 Seals in Peace the Pilgrim's Eyes;
 In that trying Moment bear us
 Safe into thy Paradise!—————*Luke 23. 43.*

H Y M N 72. 7s.

JESU, Lover of my Soul,
 Let me to thy Bosom fly,
 While the Billows near me roll,
 While the Tempest still is high:
 Hide me O my SAVIOUR, hide,
 Till the Storm of Life is past;—————*Isa.* 32. 2.
 Safe into the Haven guide,
 O receive my Soul at last!

Other Refuge have I none,—————*Psa.* 46. 1.
 Hangs my helpless Soul on Thee;
 Leave, Oh! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me:
 All my Trust on Thee is stay'd,
 All mine Help from Thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless Head
 With the Shadow of thy Wing!—————*Mal.* 4. 2.

Thou, O CHRIST, art all I want,
 Boundless Love in Thee I find:
 Raise the Fallen, cheer the Faint,
 Heal the Sick and lead the Blind.
 Just and holy is thy Name,
 I am all Unrighteousness!
 Vile and full of Sin I am,
 Thou art full of Truth and Grace.

Plenteous Grace with Thee is found,
 Grace to pardon all my Sin;
 Let the healing Streams abound,——*Isa.* 35. 6.
 Make and keep me pure within:
 Thou of Life the Fountain art,
 Freely let me take of Thee;
 Spring thou up within my Heart,——*Psa.* 36. 9.
 Rise to all Eternity.

H Y M N 73. 6 8.

JOIN all the glorious Names
Of Wisdom, Love, and Pow'r,
That Mortals ever knew,

That Angels ever bore:

All is too mean to speak his Worth,
Too mean to set our SAVIOUR forth.

What kind endearing Words,

What condescending Ways,

Doth our REDEEMER use,

To teach his Heav'nly Grace!

My Soul with Joy and Wonder see

What Forms of Love He bears for Thee!

Great PROPHEET of our GOD,——*Acts 3. 22, 23.*

Our Tongues would bless thy Name!

By Thee the joyful News——*Luke 2. 10.*

Of our Salvation came:

The joyful News of Sins forgiv'n—*Luke* 1. 77.
Of Hell subdu'd and Peace with Heav'n.

JESUS, our great HIGH-PRIEST—*Heb.* 3. 1.

Offer'd his Blood and dy'd;

Thou guilty Sinner, seek

No Sacrifice beside:

His pow'rful Blood did once atone,

And now it pleads before the Throne.--*Heb.* 12. 24.

My dear Almighty LORD!

My Conqu'ror and my KING!

Thy matchless Pow'r and Love,

Thy saving Grace, we sing:

Thine is the Pow'r; O may we fit,

In willing Bonds beneath thy Feet!—*Psa.* 110. 3.

H Y M N 74. C. M.

IS there a Thing that moves and breaks
 A Heart as hard as Stone,
 Or warms a Heart as cold as Ice?

'Tis JESU'S Blood alone.

One Drop of this can truly cheer
 And heal the wounded Soul;

What Multitude of broken Hearts

This living Stream makes whole!——*Psa.* 46. 4.

Hark O my Soul! what sing the Choirs
 Around the glorious Throne?

Hark! the slain LAMB for evermore——*Rev.* 5. 12.

Sounds in the sweetest Tone!

The Elders there cast down their Crowns,

And all both Night and Day,

Sing Praise to Him, who shed his Blood,

And wash'd their Guilt away.

And this, while here, will we proclaim,
 Cheerful in our Degree;
 That, through the Blood of God's Dear LAMB,
 Each Soul may happy be.
 But Thou, O LORD! make ev'ry Day,
 Thy Grace to us more sweet;
 Till we behold thy wounded Side,—————*Rev. 7. 10.*
 And worship at thy Feet.

H Y M N 75. 7s.

JESU, JESU, King of Saints,
 Known to Thee are all my Wants;
 Self-convicted, Self-abhorr'd,
 I approach Thee Dearest LORD.
 Known to Thee whose Eyes are Flame,
 I thy Love and Pity claim;
 With an Eye of Love look down;
 Help me LORD, and help me soon,

Still I feel a fleshly Part,
Much Corruption in my Heart;
Oh! I'm vile, thy Blood I need,
Vile in Thought, and vile in Deed.

Break, O break this Heart of Stone,
Form it for thy Use alone;
Bid each Vanity depart,
Build thy Temple in my Heart.

This be my Support in Need,
That Thou didst so freely bleed;
All my Hopes and Joys arise
From thy bloody Sacrifice.

This confirms me when I'm weak,
Comforts me when I am sick;
Gives me Courage when I faint,
Well supplies my ev'ry Want.

SAVIOUR, to my Heart be near,
 Exercise the Shepherd's Care;
 Guard my Weakness by thy Grace,
 Let me feel a constant Peace!

H Y M N 76. 8 7.

COME, thou Fount of ev'ry Blessing!
 Tune mine Heart to sing thy Grace!

Streams of Mercy never ceasing,

Call for Songs of loudest Praise.

Teach me some melodious Sonnet,

Sung by flaming Tongues above;—*Heb. 1. 7.*

Praise the Mount—Oh fix us on it,—*Heb. 12. 22.*

Mount of God's *unchanging* Love!—*Mal. 3. 6.*

Here I raise my *Ebenezer*;—*1 Sam. 7. 12.*

Hither by thine Help I'm come;

And I hope, by thy good Pleasure,

Safely to arrive at Home.

JESUS, fought me when a Stranger,
 Wand'ring from the Fold of GOD;
 He, to rescue me from Danger,
 Interpos'd his precious Blood.

O! to Grace how great a Debtor
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be!

Let that Grace now, like a Fetter,
 Bind my wand'ring Heart to Thee!

Prone to wander, LORD, I feel it,
 Prone to leave the God I love.

Here's mine Heart, O take and seal it!-2 *Cor.* 1. 22.
 Seal it from thy Courts above!

H Y M N 77. C. M.

HAPPY the Heart, where Graces reign,
 Where Love inspires the Breast!
 Love is the brightest of the Train,
 And perfects all the Rest.

Knowledge, alas 'tis all in vain,

And all in vain our Fear:

Our stubborn Sins will fight and reign,

If Love be absent there.

This is the Grace that lives and sings,

When Faith and Hope shall cease:

'Tis this shall strike our joyful Strings

In the sweet Realms of Bliss.

When join'd to that harmonious Throng

That fills the Choirs above,

Then shall we tune our golden Harps,—*Rev. 14. 2.*

And ev'ry Note be Love.

H Y M N 78. L. M.

BURY'D in Shadows of the Night

We lie, 'till CHRIST restores the Light;

Wisdom descends to heal the Blind,

And chase the Darknes of the Mind.

Lost guilty Souls are drown'd in Tears,—*Luke 7. 38.*

'Till the atoning Blood appears;

Then they awake from deep Distress.—*Psa. 40. 12.*

And sing the LORD our *Righteousness*.

JESUS beholds where Satan reigns,

Binding his Slaves in heavy Chains;

He sets the Pris'ners free and breaks

The Iron Bondage from our Necks.—*Luke 4. 18.*

Poor helpless Worms in thee possess

Grace, Wisdom, Pow'r, and Righteousness;

Thou art our Mighty ALL; may we

Give our whole selves, O LORD, to Thee!

H Y M N 79. C. M.

FATHER, I stretch mine Hands to thee,

No other Help I know:

If Thou withdraw Thyself from me,

Ah! whither shall I go?

What did thine only SON endure,
 Before I drew my Breath!

What Pain, what Labour, to secure
 My Soul from endless Death!

O JESU! could I this believe,
 I now should feel thy Pow'r;
 Now my poor Soul Thou wouldst retrieve,
 Nor let me wait one Hour.

AUTHOR of *Faith!* to Thee I lift—————*Heb.* 12. 2.
 My weary longing Eyes;
 O let me now receive that *Gift!*
 My Soul without it dies.

H Y M N 80. 7 6.

PRAISE the LORD, who reigns above,
 And keeps his Courts below;—————*Zech.* 3. 7.
 Praise the Holy God of Love,
 And all his Greatness shew.

Praise Him for his noble Deeds,
Praise Him for his matchless Pow'r:
Him from whom all Good proceeds,
Let Earth and Heav'n adore.

Publish, spread to all around
The great IMMANUEL'S Name:
Let the Trumpet's martial Sound,
Him LORD of Hosts proclaim:
Praise Him, ev'ry tuneful String,
All the Reach of heav'nly Art:
All the Pow'rs of Music bring,
The Music of the Heart.

Him in whom they move and live
Let ev'ry Creature sing:
Glory to their MAKER give,
And Homage to their KING.

Hallow'd be his Name beneath,
 As in Heav'n on Earth ador'd;
 Praise the LORD in ev'ry Breath;
 Let all Things praise the LORD!

H Y M N 81. 6 8.

LET Earth and Heav'n agree,
 Angels and Men be join'd,
 To celebrate with me,
 The SAVIOUR of Mankind!
 T'adore the Great atoning LAMB,
 And bless the Sound of JESU'S Name.

JESUS! transporting Sound!
 The Joy of Earth and Heav'n:
 No other Help is found,
 No other Name is giv'n——*Acts 4. 12.*

By which we can Salvation have,
 But JESUS came the World to save,

JESUS! harmonious Name!

It charms the Hosts above;

They evermore proclaim

And wonder at his Love:

'Tis all their Happiness to gaze;———1 *Pet.* 1. 12.

'Tis Heav'n to see our JESU'S Face.

His Name the Sinner hears,———*Ex.* 34. 6.

And is from Guilt set free:

'Tis Music in his Ears,

'Tis Life and Victory,

New Songs do now his Lips employ,

And dances his glad Heart for Joy.

H Y M N 82. C. M.

IN Thee, O CHRIST, is all my Hope,
 My Comfort all in Thee;
 Whilst here I feel thy Mercy nigh,
 I know thou guardest me.

I feel the Load of Sin so vast,———*Psa.* 38. 4.

It sinks me to the Grave:

But let thy Blood wash out my Sins,—*Zech.* 13. 1.

Mine whom Thou can'st to save.

Cloath'd in thy Righteousness, again—*Isa.* 61. 10.

O may I see thy Face!

Receive the Promise from above,

And live restor'd by Grace.

On me, thy helpless Worm, O LORD,

A living Faith bestow ;

That I thy Nature's hidden Sweets

May taste, and see, and know.

Triumphant let me live, by Love

Shed in my Heart abroad ;

And faithfully to JESUS give

The Life which he bestow'd!

H Y M N 83. C. M.

O Dearest LORD, give me a Heart

Inflam'd with Love to Thee ;

That through thy tedious Toil and Smart

My Soul may happy be.

I want, O LORD, from Sin to flee,

And in thine Arms to rest :—*Mat.* 11. 28.

Bid me *by Faith* come near to Thee,

And lean upon thy Breast.—*John* 13. 25.

Still let a Sense of what Thou'lt done
 In my hard Heart be felt,
 That by this Love which Thou hast shewn
 My inmost Soul may melt.—*Ez. 36. 26.*

Oh! may I never, never faint,
 But soar on Wings of Love,
 Till in thy Glory, as a Saint,
 I sing with Saints above.

LORD, I would now my All give up,
 To Thee, whom I adore;
 And humbly falling at thy Feet,
 Proclaim thy Love and Pow'r.

H Y M N 84. C. M.

THE LORD first empties whom He fills,
 Casts down whom he would raise;
 And quickens whom the Letter kills,—*Deut. 32. 39.*
 Exalting thus his Praise.

IMMANUEL for Sinners slain

Includes such Stores of Grace,
As narrow Hearts can ne'er contain,
Nor Angel's Tongues express.

He's full of Grace and Truth indeed,
Of Peace, of Life, and Light:
To all that his Redeemed need
He gives their Souls a Right.

A Right to claim their full Release,
For He their Debt has paid;
And he who dearly bought their Peace,
The Purchase bids them plead.

H^Y M N 85. 8s.

O Thou whose Mercy knows no Bound,
(Else hadst Thou ne'er redeem'd thy Foe;)
Whose Love's a fathomless Profound
Which known we wish still more to know;

That Mercy, LORD, that Love reveal,
 And let thy SPIRIT stamp the Seal.—2 Cor. 1. 22.

From wav'ring Doubts, from chilling Fear,
 Save us Thou God of Truth and Light!
 Thy Word is sure; O bring it near,
 Nor let us mourn in endless Night!
 Let the Day dawn, the Day-star rise,
 And pour all Heav'n upon our Eyes.—2 Pet. 1. 19.

Far off thy Cross we dimly view,
 Nor know our Int'rest in thy Blood;
 Whilst thus our Hearts thy Grace pursue,
 O let us feel the *present* God.
 Come, come like Lightning from the East,
 Warm, animate each drooping Breast.

Behold, like Wax before the Fire,

Our melting Hearts dissolve with Grief:
To Thee, O LORD, is our Desire;

From thee alone we hope Relief.
Thy Mercy and thy Love reveal;
And let thy SPIRIT stamp the Seal.

H Y M N 86. 8s.

SWEET as the Shepherd's tuneful Reed
From *Sion's* Mount I heard the Sound:
Gay sprang the Flowrets of the Mead,
And gladden'd Nature smil'd around.

The Voice of Peace salutes mine Ear;—*John 15. 27.*
CHRIST'S lovely Voice perfumes the Air.

Peace troubl'd Soul, whose plaintive Moan
Hath taught these Rocks the Note of Woe;
Cease thy Complaint, suppress thy Groan,
And let thy Tears forget to flow.

Behold, the *Precious Balm* is found,
Which lulls thy Pain, which heals thy Wound.

Come, freely come; by Sin oppress
Unburthen here the weighty Load;--*Mat. 11. 28.*
Here find thy Refuge, and thy Rest,
Safe on the Bosom of thy God.
Thy God's thy SAVIOUR; glorious Word!--*Isa. 54. 5.*
That sheaths th' Avenger's glitt'ring Sword.

As Spring the Winter, Day the Night,
Peace Sorrow's Gloom shall chace away;
And smiling Joy a Seraph bright
Shall tend thy Steps and near Thee stay,
Whilst Glory weaves th' immortal Crown,
And waits to claim Thee for her own.

HYMN, 87. C. M.

HAIL, ALPHA and OMEGA, hail,
AUTHOR of all our Faith;
The FINISHER of all our Hopes
The Truth, the Life, the Path!
Hail FIRST and LAST, the *Morning-Star*,
In whom we live and move:
Increase our little Spark of Faith,
And purify our Love!
Let that Belief which JESUS taught
Be treasur'd in our Breast;
The Evidence of unseen Joys,
The Substance of our Rest!
O let us go from Strength to Strength,
From Grace to greater Grace;
From one Degree of Faith to more,
Till we behold thy Face!

H Y M N 88. S. M.

TH' Extent of JESU'S Love——*Eph.* 3. 19.

What Heart can comprehend?

A Breadth whose Distance none can prove,

A Length without an End :

The first-born Seraphs try

The Myst'ry to explore;

Yet cannot trace it out; for why?

The Curse they never bore.

The Grace unsearchable,

Transcending human Thought,

Who, who in Earth or Heav'n can tell,

Or find the Wonder out?

All the Angelic Choir

Unite to give Him Praise:

And Saints *Redeeming Love* admire,

And loud Hosannas raise.

To CHRIST we lift our Voice,
 Who have Redemption found:
 And in his Name alone rejoice,
 Whence all our Joys abound.
 This cures the burden'd Mind,
 This calms the troubled Heart:
 This manifests the SAVIOUR kind,
 And bids our Fears depart.

H. Y M N 89. C. M.

FATHER, how wide thy Glory shines!
 How high thy Wonders rise!
 Known through the Earth, by thousand Signs,
 By thousand through the Skies.
 Those mighty Orbs proclaim thy Power,
 Those Motions speak thy Skill:
 And on the Wings of ev'ry Hour,
 We read thy Patience still.

But when we view thy great Design,
 To save rebellious Worms;
 Where Vengeance and Compassion join,
 In their divinest Forms:

Here the Whole DEITY is known;
 Nor dares a Creature guess
 Which of the Glories brightest shone,
 The Justice, or the Grace.

Now the full Glories of the LAMB,
 Adorn the Heav'nly Plains:
 Bright *Seraphs* learn IMMANUEL'S Name,
 And try their choicest Strains.

O may I bear some humble Part,
 In that immortal Song!
 Wonder and Joy shall tune my Heart,
 And Love command my Tongue.

O WHAT shall I do, my SAVIOUR to praise;
 So faithful and true, so plenteous in Grace;
 So strong to deliver, so good to redeem,
 The *weakest Believer* that hangs upon Him!
 How happy the Man whose Heart is set free;
 The People that can be joyful in Thee;
 Their Joy is to walk in the Light of thy Face;
 And still they are talking of JESUS'S Grace.
 Their daily Delight shall be in thy Name,
 They shall as their Right, thy *Righteousness* claim,
 Thy *Righteousness* wearing, and cleans'd by thy Blood,
 Bold shall they appear in the Presence of GOD.
 For Thou art their Boast, their Glory and Pow'r,
 And I also trust to see the glad Hour,
 My Soul's *new Creation*, a Life from the Dead,
 The Day of Salvation that lifts up my Head.

Yes, LORD, I shall see the Bliss of thine own,
 Thy Secret to me shall soon be made known;
 For Sorrow and Sadness I Joy shall receive,
 And share in the Gladness of all that *believe*.

H Y M N 91. C. M.

JESUS, the all restoring Word,
 Our fallen Spirit's hope;
 After thy lovely Likeness, LORD,
 O when shall we wake up?

Thou, O our God, Thou only art
 The Life, the Truth, the Way;
 Quicken our Souls, instruct our Hearts,
 Nor let our Footsteps stray.

Of all Thou hast to give below,
 Or give in Heav'n above;
 Give us, O LORD, Thyself to know;
 Give us thy precious Love.

Bid our Affections no more rove!

Preserve us wholly Thine;

And let us daily taste and prove

Sweet Fellowship divine.

The holy Intercourse begun

Between our Souls and Thee,

Enlarge, O LORD, and carry on

Through all Eternity!

H Y M N 92. S. M.

A WAKE, and sing the Song
Of *Moses* and the LAMB;

Wake ev'ry Heart, and ev'ry Tongue,

To praise the SAVIOUR'S Name.

Sing of his dying Love,

Sing of his rising Pow'r;

Sing how He intercedes above

For those whose Sins He bore.

Sing, till we feel our Hearts
 Ascending with our Tongues:
 Sing, till the Love of Sin departs,
 And Grace inspires our Songs.

Sing on your heav'nly Way,
 Ye ransom'd Sinners sing:
 Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry Day,
 In CHRIST th' Eternal KING.

Soon shall ye hear Him say———*Mat. 25. 34.*
Ye blessed Children come,
 Soon will He call you hence away,
 To take his Wand'ers Home.

H Y M N 93. 8 8 6.

WITH fiery Serpents greatly pain'd,
 When *Israel's* mourning Tribes complain'd,
 And sigh'd to be reliev'd;
 K

A Serpent straight the Prophet made,
 Of molten Brass to View display'd:
 The Patients look'd and liv'd.

But Oh! what healing to the Heart,
 Doth JESU's greater Cross impart,
 To those who seek a Cure!

Isr'el of old, and we no less,
 The same indulgent Grace confess,
 Whilst Life and Breath endure.

To Reason's View, so strange Effect
 Self-righteous Souls will still reject,
 And perish in their Pride!

Not so the Stung with Sin and Law,
 These all their rich Salvation draw,
 From JESU's bleeding Side!

May we then view the matchless Cross
 And other Objects count but Loss,
 No other Gain explore!
 Here still be fix'd our feasted Eyes,
 Teeming with Tears of glad Surprise,
 And thankfully adore!

Hail, great IMMANUEL, balmy Name!
 Thy Praise the ransom'd will proclaim,
 Thee we *Physician* call;
 We own no other Cure but Thine,
 Thou the *Deliverer* Divine,
 Our *Health*, our *Life*, our *All*.

HYMN 94. 8 7.

GUIDE me O Thou Great JEHOVAH,
 Pilgrim thro' this barren Land;—*Heb.* 11. 13.
 I am weak, but Thou art MIGHTY,
 Hold me with thy POWERFUL HAND:
 Bread of Heaven! Bread of Heaven!—*John* 6. 32.
 Feed me now and evermore.

Open now the crystal Fountain———*Zech.* 13. 1.
 Whence the healing Streams do flow;
 Let the fiery cloudy Pillar———*Exod.* 13. 21.
 Lead me all my Journey through;
 Strong *Deliv'rer!* Strong *Deliv'rer!*
 Be Thou still my *Strength* and *Shield*.
 When I tread the Verge of *Jordan*,———*Jer.* 12. 5.
 Bid my anxious Fears subside;
 Death of Deaths, and Hell's Destruction,*
 Land me safe on CANAAN'S Side.

* 1 Cor. 15. 54.

Songs of Praises, Songs of Praises,
I will ever give to Thee.

Musing on my Habitation,

Musing on my heav'nly Home,———*Heb.* 11. 16.
Fills my Soul with Holy Longing,

Come, my JESUS, quickly come.—*Rev.* 22. 20.
Vanity is all I see, •

LORD, I long to be with Thee!———*Phil.* 1. 23.

H Y M N 95. 8s.

THE LORD my Pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a Shepherd's Care;
His Presence shall my Wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful Eye;
My Noon-day Walks He shall attend,]
And all my Midnight Hours defend.

When in the sultry Glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty Mountain pant,
 To fertile Vales and dewy Meads
 My weary wand'ring Steps He leads;
 Where peaceful Rivers, soft and slow,
 Amid the verdant Landkip flow.

Though in the Path of Death I tread,
 With gloomy Horrors overspread,
 My stedfast Heart shall fear no Ill,
 For Thou, O LORD, art with me still;
 Thy friendly Crook shall give me Aid,
 And guide me through the dreadful Shade.

Tho' in a bare and rugged Way,
 Thro' devious lonely Wilds I stray,
 Thy Bounty shall my Pains beguile,
 The barren Wilderness shall smile,

With sudden Greens and Herbage crown'd,
And Streams shall murmur all around.

H Y M N 96. C. M.

PLUNG'D in a Gulph of dark Despair,
We wretched Sinners lay,
Without one chearful Beam of Hope,
Or Spark of glimm'ring Day.

With pitying Eyes, the PRINCE of Grace,
Beheld our helpless Grief;
He saw, and (O amazing Love!)
He came to our Relief.

Down from the shining Seats above,
With joyful Haste He fled;
Enter'd the Grave in mortal Flesh,
And dwelt among the Dead.

Oh! for this Love let Rocks and Hills

Their lasting Silence break:

And all harmonious human Tongues,

The SAVOUR'S Praises speak!

Angels assist our mighty Joys,

Strike all your Harps of Gold:

But when you raise your highest Notes

His Love can ne'er be told!

H Y M N 97. C. M.

SWEET is the Memory of thy Grace,

My God, my Heav'nly KING!

Let Age to Age thy Righteousness

In Sounds of Glory sing.

God reigns on High, but not confines

His Goodness to the Skies;

Thro' the whole Earth his Goodness shines,

And ev'ry Want supplies.

With longing Eyes thy Creatures wait
 On Thee for daily Food ;
 Thy lib'ral Hand provides them Meat,
 And fills their Mouths with Good.
 How kind are thy Compassions, LORD!
 How slow thine Anger moves!
 But soon He sends his *pard'ning* Word,
 To cheer the Soul He loves.
 Creatures, with all their endless Race,
 Thy Pow'r and Praise-proclaim:
 May we, who taste thy richer Grace,
 Delight to blefs thy Name.

H Y M N 98. S. M.

TO God the only wise,
 Our SAVIOUR and our KING,
 Let all the Saints below the Skies
 Their humble Praises bring.

'Tis his Almighty Love,
 His Counsel and his Care,
 Preserves us safe from Sin and Death,
 And ev'ry hurtful Snare.

He will present his Saints
 Unblemish'd and compleat.——*Eph. 5. 27.*
 Before the Glory of his Face,
 With Joys divinely great.

Then all the *chosen* Seed
 Shall meet around the Throne,
 Shall bless the Conduct of his Grace,
 And make his Wonders known.

To our *Redeeming* GOD,
 Wisdom and Pow'r belongs;
 Immortal Crowns of Majesty,
 And everlasting Songs!

H Y M N 99. C. M.

HE is a God of *Sov'reign* Love
 That promis'd Heav'n to me;
 And taught my Thoughts to soar above—*Col. 3. 1. 2.*
 Where happy Spirits be.—*Heb. 12. 23.*

Preparē me, LORD, for thy Right Hand,
 Then come the joyful Day!
 Come Death, and some Cœlestial Band,—*Luke 16. 22.*
 And bear my Soul away.

Then, my *Beloved*, take my Soul—*Cant. 11. 16.*
 Up to thy blest Abode,
 That, Face to Face, I may behold—*Job 19. 27.*
 My SAVIOUR and my GOD.

MY hiding Place, my Refuge, Tow'r,
 And Shield, art Thou, O LORD;
 I firmly anchor all my Hopes
 On thy unerring Word.

Engrav'd, as in Eternal Brass,
 The mighty Promise shines:
 Nor can the Pow'rs of Darkness 'raze
 Those Everlasting Lines.

The sacred Word of Grace is strong
 As that which built the Skies;
 The Voice which rolls the Stars along,
 Spake all the Promises.

H Y M N 101. C. M.

O God our Help in Ages past,
 Our Hope for Years to come;
 Our Shelter from the stormy Blast,——*Isa.* 32. 2.
 And our eternal Home.

Before the Hills in Order stood,
 Or Earth receiv'd its Frame;
 From everlasting Thou art God,
 To endless Years the same.

A thousand Ages in thy Sight
 Are as an Ev'ning gone;
 Short as the Watch that ends the Night
 Before the rising Sun.

The busy Tribes of Flesh and Blood,
 With all their Cares and Fears,
 Are carry'd downward by the Flood,
 And lost in foll'wing Years.

Time, like an over-rolling Stream,
 Bears all it's Sons away;
 They fly forgotten as a Dream
 Dies at the op'ning Day.

O God our Help in Ages past,
 Our Hope for Years to come:
 Be Thou our Guard while Life shall last,
 And our perpetual Home!

HYMN 102. 8s.

THOU *Shepherd* of *Isr'el* Divine,—*John* 10. 14.
 The Joy of the upright in Heart;
 For closer Communion they pine,
 Still, still to reside where Thou art;
 The Pasture, Oh! when shall we find,
 Where all, who their *Shepherd* obey,
 Are fed on thy Bosom reclin'd,
 Are screen'd from the Heat of the Day.—*Cant.* 1. 7.

Ah! shew us that happiest Place,
 That Place of thy People's Abode,
 Where Saints in an Extasy gaze,
 And hang on a crucify'd God!
 Thy Love for lost Sinners declare,
 Thy Passion and Death on the Tree,
 Our Spirits to *Calvary* bear
 To suffer and triumph with Thee.

'Tis there with the Lambs of thy Flock,
 There only we'd covet to rest,
 To lie at the Foot of the Rock,
 Or rise to be hid in thy Breast;
 'Tis there we would always abide,
 And never a Moment depart;
 Conceal'd in the Cleft of thy Side,
 Eternally held in thy Heart.

O Dearest SAVIOUR, please to look on me,
 And draw my heart with cords of love to Thee;*
O save me from the World's ensnaring Bait,
 And grant that I may humbly on Thee wait.
 Thou know'st how apt I am, O LORD, to change,
 How oft my Thoughts on worldly Objects range:
 Keep them, My GOD, My SAVIOUR, let them be
 Steady, unshaken, ever fix'd on Thee!
 Sometimes I taste of thy refreshing Grace,
 And then for other Things there is no Place;
 My Heart doth sweetly flow with Love to Thee:
 I prove the Grace for ev'ry Comer free.
 Oh! that I was but always in this Frame;
 How could I love and praise my SAVIOUR's Name!
 Thus, thus, O JESUS, let it ever be,
 Then will I sing thy Praise eternally.

* Hosea 11. 14.

H Y M N 104. 8s.

DEAR Object of our strong Desire!
 How long protracted is the Day,
 When bursting forth in vivid Fire

Thy teeming Glories Thou'lt display?
 With various Ills encompass'd round,
 Maintaining still disputed Ground,
 Lo! Patience waits, a silent Maid,
 By Hope, in azure Robe, array'd.
 She waits; for sure not distant far

The Day that all our Mis'ry heals;
 Methinks I hear thy rattling Car,

The Thunder of thy burning Wheels!
 The Trumpet sounds—the Dead arise—
 JESUS, triumphant thro' the Skies,
 Descends his Kingdom to maintain,
 And pour the Glories of his Reign.

HYMN 105. 8s.

GOD spake the Word, let Light appear! *
 And Light came glitt'ring thro' the Air:
 Creation then in Order rose,
 And Man adorn'd the Glorious Close.
 Th' Angelic Host God's Praises sang;
 With Shouts the wide Emphyrean rang.

God speaks the Word; obedient Light
 Beams on our fallen Nature's Light
 And Man, by Grace, thro' CHRIST, restor'd.
 Lives by the same commanding Word.
 Behold! the *New-Creation* rise;
 It mounts, and challenges the Skies!

Speak, speak again O Potent Voice!
 That all thy Children may rejoice,

* Gen. 1. 14.

The Earth and Heav'n create anew,
 And there let us thy Person view;
 With Thee in Bliss for ever dwell,
 And of thy Great Redemption tell.

H Y M N 106. L. M.

BEFORE JEHOVAH'S awful Throne,
 Ye Nation's bow with sacred Joy;
 Know that the LORD is GOD alone;
 He can create, and He destroy.

His SOV'REIGN POW'R without our Aid
 Made us of Clay, and form'd us Men;
 And when like wand'ring Sheep we stray'd
 He brought us to his Fold again.

L 2

We'll crowd thy Gates with thankful Songs,
 High as the Heav'ns our Voices raise;
 And Earth with her ten thousand Tongues
 Shall fill thy Courts with founding Praise.

Wide as the World is thy Command,
 Vast as Eternity thy Love;
 Firm as a Rock thy Truth *must* stand
 When rolling Years shall cease to move.

H Y M N 107. C. M.

THE Sinner that, by precious Faith,
 Has felt his Sins forgiv'n,——1 *John* 2. 12.
 Is, from that Moment, pass'd from Death,
 And seal'd an Heir of Heav'n.——*Rom.* 8. 17.

Tho' thousand Snares enclose his Feet,
 Not one shall hold Him fast,
 Whatever Dangers he may meet,
 He shall get safe at last.

Not as the World the SAVIOUR gives,
 He is no fickle Friend:

Whom once He loves, He never leaves; ————— Heb. 13. 5.
But loves him to the End.

JESUS in ev'ry Age has prov'd
 His Purchase firm and true.

If this Foundation be remov'd,
 What shall the Righteous do? ————— Isa. 28. 16.

O LORD, by this our Claim abides
 This Title to our Blifs:

Whatever Loss we bear besides,
 We'll never give up this.

LET me, my SAVIOUR and my GOD,
 On Sov'reign Grace rely;
 And own 'tis free, because bestow'd
 On one so vile as I.

Election! 'Tis a Word divine:—————*Rom.* 11. 8.

For, LORD, I plainly see,
 Had not thy Choice prevented mine,—2 *Thef.* 2. 13.
 I ne'er had *chosen Thee.*

For *Perseverance* Strength I've none:

But would on this depend;
 That *Jesus* having lov'd his own,
 He lov'd them to the End.—————*Jer.* 31. 3.

Empty and bare I come to Thee,
 For Righteousness divine.

O may thy matchless Merits be,
 By *Imputation* mine!—————*Rom.* 4. 24.

H Y M N 109. 8 7.

LUKEWARM Souls, the Foe grows stronger,
 See what Hosts your Camp surround,
 Arm to Battle; lag no longer,

Hark! the Silver Trumpet found.

Wake, ye Sleepers; wake, What mean you?

Sin besets you round about,

Up. and search—The World's within you:

Slay, or chase the Traitor out.

What enchants you; Self, or Pleasure?

Pluck right Eyes; with right Hands part,
 Ask your Conscience, where's your Treasure?

For, be certain, there's your Heart.

Give the fawning Foe no Credit,

Lo! the bloody Flag's unfurl'd.

That base Heart (the Word has said it)

Loves not God, that loves the World.

God and Mammon? Oh! be wiser.

Serve them both? It cannot be.

Ease in Warfare, Saint and Miser,

These will never well agree.

Shun the Shame of foully falling

Cumber'd Captives clogg'd with Clay.

Prove your Faith. Make sure your Calling.

Wield the Sword; and win the Day.

H Y M N 110. 118.

COMPASSIONATE *Bridegroom, my Shepherd*
and *Friend,*

Thy Child from the Fury of Satan defend;

Thy Presence continue, thy Blessing convey,

And grant me a Spirit to praise and to pray.

Prevent and assist me, and so shall I run,
 And further within me the Work Thou'st begun;
 And then let the World reject or despise,
 Thy Grace for my Wants, LORD, shall ever suffice.
 Still go Thou before me, and guide me aright,
 Thy Peace be my Comfort, Thyself my Delight:
 Thy Will be my Pleasure, thy Honour my Aim,
 And this be my Glory, the Blood of the LAMB.
 This, this be my Portion, thy Beauty my Song,
 Thy Name and thy Praises still dwell on my Tongue:
 Direct by thy SPIRIT my Actions and Ways,
 So shall I inherit thy Blessing always.

H Y M N 111. L. M.

HE lives! He lives! and sits above,
 For ever interceding there;
 Who shall divide us from CHRIST'S Love?
 Or what shall tempt us to despair?

Faith has an overcoming Pow'r;
 It triumphs in the dying Hour:
 CHRIST is our Life, our Joy, our Hope;
 Nor can we sink with such a Prop.
 My Peace and Safety lies in this,
 My *Creditor* my *Surety* is;
 The Judgment-day I dread the less:
 My *Judge* is made my *Righteousness*.

H Y M N 112. L. M.

SALVATION is for ever nigh
 The Souls that fear and trust the LORD:
 And Grace, descending from on high,
 Fresh Hopes of Glory shall afford.
 Mercy and Truth on Earth are met,
 Since CHRIST the LORD came down from Heav'n,
 By his Obedience so complete,
 Justice is pleas'd, and Peace is giv'n.

Now Truth and Honour shall abound,
 Religion dwell on Earth again,
 And Heav'nly Influence bless the Ground,
 In our REDEEMER'S gentle Reign.

His *Righteousness* is gone before,
 To give us free Access to God;
 Our wand'ring Feet shall stray no more,
 But mark his Steps, and keep the Road.

H Y M N 113. L. M.

AWAKE our Souls, (away our Fears,
 Let ev'ry trembling Thought be gone)
 Awake, and run the Heav'nly Race,
 And put a chearful Courage on.
 True, 'tis a strait and thorny Road,
 And mortal Spirits tire and faint;
 But they forget the Mighty God,
 That feeds the Strength of ev'ry Saint.

The Mighty God, whose matchless Pow'r
 Is ever new and ever young,
 And firm endures while endless Years
 Their everlasting Circles run.

From Thee, the overflowing Spring,
 Our Souls shall drink a fresh Supply,
 While such as trust their native Strength
 Shall melt away and droop and die.

Swift as an Eagle cuts the Air,
 We'll mount aloft to thine Abode;
 On Wings of Love our Souls shall fly,
 Nor tire amidst the Heav'nly Road.

H Y M N 114. L. M.

WHAT equal Honours shall we bring,
 To Thee, O LORD our God, the LAMB,
 When all the Notes that Angels sing
 Are far inferior to thy Name?

Worthy is He that once was slain,
 The PRINCE of *Peace* that groan'd and dy'd,
 Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
 At his Almighty FATHER'S Side.

[Pow'r and Dominion are his Due,
 Who stood condemn'd at *Pilate's* Bar,
 Wisdom belongs to JESUS too,
 Tho' He was charg'd with Madness here.

All Riches are his native Right,
 Yet he sustain'd amazing Loss;
 To Him ascribe eternal Might,
 Who left his Weakness on the Cross.]

Honour immortal must be paid,
 Instead of Scandal and of Scorn;
 While Glory shines around his Head,
 And a bright Crown without a Thorn.

Blessings for ever on the LAMB,

Who bore the Curse for wretched Men:

Let *Angels* sound his sacred Name,

And ev'ry Creature say, *Amen.*

H Y M N 115. C. M.

I'VE found the Pearl of greatest Price,

My Heart doth sing for Joy;

And sing I must, a CHRIST I have:

O, what a CHRIST have I!

CHRIST is the *Life*, the *Truth*, the *Way*,

To Glory and to God;

Life to the Dead, the Truth of Types

The Way the Saints have trod.

CHRIST is a PROPHET, PRIEST, and KING;

A PROPHET full of Light;

A PRIEST, that stands 'twixt GOD and Man,

A KING, that rules with Might.

CHRIST'S Manhood is a Temple, where
 The Altar, GOD, doth rest;
 MY CHRIST, He is the Sacrifice;
 My CHRIST, He is the PRIEST.

My CHRIST, He is the LORD of LORDS;
 He is the KING of KINGS:
 He is the SUN of *Righteousness*,
 With healing in his Wings.
 My CHRIST, He is the Tree of Life,
 Which in GOD'S garden grows;
 Whose Fruit does feed whole Leaves do heal:
 My CHRIST is *Sharon's Rose*.

CHRIST is my *Father*, and my *Friend*,
 My *Brother*, and my *Love*;
 My *Head*, my *Hope*, my *Counsellor*,
 My *Advocate* above:

My CHRIST, He is the Heav'n of Heav'ns;

My CHRIST, what shall I call?

My CHRIST is *First*, my CHRIST is *Last*,

My CHRIST is ALL in ALL.

H Y M N 116. 8 7.

SAVIOUR, canst Thou love a Traitor?

Canst thou Love a Child of Wrath?

Can a Hell-deserving Creature

Be the Purchase of thy Death?

Is thy Blood so efficacious,

As to make my Nature clean?

Is thy Sacrifice so precious

As to free me from my Sin?

Sin on every Hand furrounds me,

No Acquittance can I hear;

Pangs of Unbelief confound me,

Oh! my Grief I cannot bear:

Here then is my Resolution,
 At thy dearest Feet to fall;
 Here I'll meet with Condemnation,
 Or a Freedom from my Thrall.
 Now deny thy Grace and Mercy,
 If Thou canst, to wretched me;
 Lay aside thy Love and Pity,
 If Thou canst, and let me die:
 If I meet with Condemnation,
 Justly I deserve the same;
 If I meet with free Salvation,
 I will magnify thy Name.

H Y M N 117. 7s.

GRACIOUS LORD, incline thine Ear,
 My Complaint vouchsafe to hear;
 Sore distressed with Guilt am I.
Give me CHRIST, or else I die.

M

Wealth and Honour I disdain,
 Earthly Comforts all are vain;
 They can never satisfy:
Give me CHRIST, &c.

LORD, deny me what Thou wilt;
 Only take away my Guilt:
 Mourning at thy Feet I lie;
Give me CHRIST, &c.

All unholy, all unclean,
 Nothing am I else but Sin;
 I to Thee for Mercy fly,
Give me CHRIST, &c.

Thou dost freely save the *Lost*;
 In thy Grace alone I trust;
 Unto Thee lift up my cry,
Give me CHRIST, &c.

O my God, what shall I say?
 Take, O take my Sins away!
 JESU'S Blood to me apply;
Give me CHRIST, &c.

Does the FATHER seem to frown?
 I take Shelter in the SON:
 JESUS, to thine Arms I fly;
Save me LORD, or else I die.

H Y M N 118. S. M.

HOW heavy is the Night
 That hangs upon our Eyes,
 Till CHRIST with his reviving Light
 Over our Souls arise?

Our guilty Spirits dread
 To meet the Wrath of Heav'n;
 But in his Righteousness array'd,
 We see our Sins forgiv'n.

Unholy and impure
 Are all our Thoughts and Ways,
 His Hands infected Nature cure
 With sanctifying Grace.

The Powers of Hell agree
 To hold our Souls in vain;
 He sets the Sons of Bondage free,
 And breaks the cursed Chain.

LORD, we adore thy Ways,
 To bring us near to GOD;
 Thy *Sov'reign* Pow'r, thy healing Grace,
 And thine atoning Blood.

H Y M N 119. C. M.

COME, let us all unite to praise
 The SAVIOUR of Mankind,
 Our thankful Hearts in solemn Lays,
 Be with our Voices join'd.

But how shall Dust his Worth declare,
 When Angels try in vain;
 Their Faces veil when they appear
 Before the SON of MAN.

O LORD, we cannot silent be,
 By Love we are constrain'd
 To offer our best Thanks to Thee,—
 Our SAVIOUR, and our FRIEND!
 Tho' feeble are our best Essays,
 Thy Love will not despise;
 Our grateful Songs of humble Praise,
 Our well meant Sacrifice.

Let ev'ry Tongue thy Goodness show,
 And spread abroad thy Fame;
 Let ev'ry Heart with Praise o'erflow,
 And bless thy sacred Name!

Worship and Honour, Thanks and Love,
 Be to our JESUS giv'n!
 By Men below,—by Hosts above—
 By all in Earth and Heav'n!

H Y M N 120. 7s.

WORLD, adieu! thou real Cheat,
 Oft have thy deceitful Charms
 Fill'd my Heart with fond Conceit,
 Foolish Hopes, and false Alarms;
 Now I see as clear as Day
 How thy Follies pass away.
 Vain thy entertaining Sights;
 False thy Promises renew'd,
 All the Pomp of thy Delights
 Does but flatter and delude:
 Thee I quit for Heav'n above,
 Objects of the noblest Love.

Farewel Honour's empty Pride,
 Thy own nice uncertain Gust,
 If the least Mischance betide,
 Lays thee lower than the Dust:
 Worldly Honours end in Gall,
 Rise To-day—To-morrow fall.

Foolish Vanity—farewel—
 More inconstant than the Wave,
 Where thy soothing Fancies dwell,
 Purest Tempers they deprave:
 He, to whom I fly from thee,
 JESUS CHRIST shall set me free.

Let not, LORD, my wand'ring Mind
 Follow after fleeting Toys,
 Since in Thee alone I find
 Solid and substantial Joys:

Joys that never over past,
Thro' Eternity shall last.

LoRD, how happy is the Heart
After Thee while it aspires!
True and faithful as Thou art,
Thou shalt answer it's Desires;
It shall see the glorious Scene
Of thine everlasting Reign.

H Y M N 121. 7s.

HOLY LAMB, who Thee receive,
Who in thee begin to live;
Day and Night they cry to thee
As thou art, so let us be.

Fix, O fix my wav'ring Mind,
To thy Cross my Spirit bind;
Earthly Passions far remove,
Perfect all our Souls in Love.

Dust and Ashes tho' we be,
 Full of Guilt and Misery ;
 Thine we are, Thou SON of GOD,
 Take the Purchase of thy Blood.

Boundless Wisdom, Pow'r Divine
 Love unspeakable, are Thine ;
 Praise by all to Thee be giv'n,
 Sons of Earth, and Hosts of Heav'n!

H Y M N 122. 6s.

RISE, my Soul, and stretch thy Wings,
 Thy better Portion trace ;
 Rise from transitory Things.
 Tow'rds Heav'n, thy native Place :

Sun, and Moon, and Stars decay,
 Time shall soon this Earth remove;
 Rise, my Soul, and haste away,
 To Seats prepar'd above.

Rivers to the Ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their Course:
 Fire ascending seeks the Sun,
 Both speed them to their Source:
 So a Soul that's born of God———*John* 1. 13.
 Pants to view his Glorious Face,—*Psa.* 27. 8.
 Upward tends to his Abode,
 To rest in his Embrace.

Cease, ye Pilgrims, cease to mourn,
 Press onward to the Prize;
 Soon our SAVIOUR will return,
 Triumphant in the Skies:

Yet a Season, and you know
 Happy Entrance will be giv'n;
 All our Sorrows left below,
 And Earth exchange'd for Heav'n.

H Y M N 123. C. M.

LET worldly Minds the World pursue,
 It has no Charms for me;
 Once I admir'd it's Trifles too,
 But Grace has set me free.

It's Pleasures now no longer please,
 No more Content afford;
 Far from my Heart be Joys like these,
 Now I have *known* the LORD.——1 *John* 2. 3.

As by the Light of op'ning Day
 The Stars are all conceal'd;
 So earthly Pleasures fade away
 When JESUS is reveal'd.

Creatures no more divide my Choice,
 I bid them all depart;
 His *Name* and *Love*, and *Gracious Voice*
 Have fix'd my roving Heart.

Now, LORD, I would be thine alone,
 And wholly live to Thee;
 But may I hope that Thou wilt own
 A worthless Worm like me!

Yes, tho' of Sinners I'm the Worst,
 I cannot doubt thy Will;
 For if Thou hadst not lov'd me *first*,--1 *John* 4. 19.
 I had refus'd Thee still.

H Y M N 124. L. M.

WHEN Darknefs long has veil'd my Mind,
 And fmiling Day once more appears,
 Then, *my* REDEEMER, then I find,
 The Folly of my Doubts and Fears.

Strait I upbraid my wand'ring Heart,
 And blush that I shou'd ever be
 So prone to act so base a Part,
 And harbour one hard Thought of Thee.

O let me then at Length be taught,
 What still I am so slow to learn,
 That GOD is *Love*, and *changes not*,——*Mal. 3. 6.*
 Nor knows the *Shadow* of a Turn.

Sweet Truth, and easy to repeat,
 But when my Faith is sharply try'd,
 I find myself a Learner yet,
 Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

But Oh! my LORD, one Look from Thee
 Subdues the disobedient Will,——*Luke* 22. 61.
 Drives Doubt, and Discontent away,
 And thy rebellious Worm is still.
 Thou art as willing to forgive,
 As I am ready to repine;
 Thou therefore all the Praise receive,
 Be Shame, and Self-abhorrence mine.

H Y M N 125. C. M.

WHEN I can read my Title clear,——*Rom.* 5. 1. 2.
 To Mansions in the Skies;
 I bid Farewel to ev'ry Fear,
 And dry my weeping Eyes.
 Shou'd Death against my Soul engage,
 And hellish Darts be hurl'd;
 Then I can smile at Satan's Rage,——*1 Cor.* 15. 55.
 And face a frowning World.

Shou'd Cares like a wild Deluge come,
 And Storms of Sorrow fall;
 May I but safely reach my Home,
 My God, my *Heav'n*, my ALL.

There shall I bathe my weary Soul,
 In Seas of Heav'nly Rest;
 And not a Wave of Trouble roll
 Across my peaceful Breast.

H Y M N 126. C. M.

LORD what a wretched Land is this,
 That yields us no Supply,
 No chearing Fruits, no wholesome Trees,
 Nor Streams of living Joy?

But pricking Thorns thro' all the Ground,
 And mortal Poison's grow;
 And all the Rivers that are found,
 With dang'rous Waters flow.

Yet the dear Path to thine Abode
 Lies thro' this horrid Land:
 LORD! we would keep that Heav'nly Road,
 And run at thy Command.

[Our Souls shall tread the Defart thro'
 With undiverted Feet:
 And *Faith* and flaming Zeal subdued—*Heb.* 11. 33.
 The Terrors that we meet.]

[A thousand savage Beasts of Prey—*Psa.* 80. 13.
 Around the Forest roam;
 But *Judah's* Lion guards the Way,——*Rev.* 5. 5.
 And guides the Strangers Home.]

[Long Nights and Darknes dwell below,
 With scarce a twinkling Ray;
 But the bright World to which we go
 Is Everlasting Day.]

[By glimm'ring Hopes and gloomy Fears
 We trace the sacred Road,
 Thro' dismal Deeps and dang'rous Snares
 We make our Way to God.]

Our Journey is a thorny Maze,
 But we march upward still;
 Forget these Troubles of the Ways,
 And reach at *Zion's Hill*.

[See the kind Angels at the Gates
 Inviting us to come!
 There *JESUS* the *Fore-runner* waits, ——— *Heb. 6. 20.*
 To welcome Trav'lers Home!]

There on a green and flow'ry Mount
 Our weary Souls shall fit,
 And with transporting Joys recount
 The Labours of our Feet.

[No vain Discourse shall fill our Tongue,
 Nor Trifles vex our Ear;
 Infinite Grace shall be our Song,——*Rev. 5. 9.*
 And God rejoice to hear.]

Eternal Glories to the KING
 That brought us safely through;
 Our Tongues shall never cease to sing,
 And endless Praise renew.

H Y M N 127. L. M.

NOT diff'rent Food nor diff'rent Drefs,
 Compose the Kingdom of our LORD;
 But Peace and Joy and Righteousness,
 Faith, and Obedience to his Word.

When weaker Christians we despise,
 We do the Gospel mighty Wrong:
 For God the Gracious and the Wise,
 Receives the Feeble with the Strong.
 Let Pride and Wrath be banish'd hence,
 Meekness and Love our Souls pursue;
 Nor shall our Practice give Offence
 To Saints, the Gentile or the Jew.

H Y M N 128. L. M.

NO more, *my* God, I boast no more,
 Of all the Duties I have done;
 I quit the Hopes I held before,
 To trust the Merits of thy Son.
 Now for the Love I bear his Name,
 What was my Gain. I count my Loss:
 My former Pride I call my Shame,
 And nail my Glory to his Cross.

Yes, and I must and will esteem,
 All Things but Loss for JESU'S Sake;
 O may my Soul be found in Him,
 And of his Righteousness partake!

The best Obedience of my Hands
 Dares not appear before thy Throne;
 But *Faith* can answer thy Demands,
 By pleading what my LORD has done.

H Y M N 129. C. M.

WITH Joy we meditate the Grace
 Of our HIGH PRIEST above;—*Heb. 4. 15.*
 His Heart is made of Tendernefs,
 His Bowels melt with Love.
 Touch'd with a Sympathy within,
 He knows our feeble Frame;
 He knows what fore Temptations mean,
 For He has felt the same.

But spotless, innocent and pure,
 The Great REDEEMER stood,
 While Satan's fiery Darts He bore,
 And did resist to Blood.

He'in the Days of feeble Flesh
 Pour'd out his Cries and Tears,
 And in his Measure feels afresh
 What ev'ry Member bears.

[He'll never quench the smoking Flax, - *Mat: 12. 20.*
 But raise it to a Flame;
 The bruised Reed He never breaks,
 Nor scorns the meanest Name.]

Then let our humble Faith address
 His Mercy and his Pow'r;
 We shall obtain deliv'ring Grace
 In the distressing Hour.

HYMN 130. C. M.

WHY should the Children of a King
Go mourning all their Days?

GREAT COMFORTER! descend and bring
Some Tokens of thy Grace.

Dost Thou not dwell in all the Saints,
And seal the Heirs of Heav'n?—*Eph.* 1. 13.

When wilt Thou banish my Complaints,
And shew my Sins forgiv'n?

Affure my Conscience of her Part
In the REDEEMER'S Blood;
And bear thy Witness with my Heart,
That I am born of God.

Thou art the Earnest of his Love,——*2 Cor.* 1. 22.
The Pledge of Joys to come;
And thy soft Wings, CELESTIAL DOVE,
Will safe convey me Home.

LADEN with Guilt and full of Fears,
 I fly to Thee my LORD;
 And not a Glimpse of Hope appears,
 But in thy written Word.

The Volume of my FATHER'S Grace
 Does all my Grief assuage:
 Here I behold my SAVIOUR'S Face——*Rev. 1. 8.*
 Almost in ev'ry Page.

This is the Field where hidden lies
 The Pearl of Price unknown;
 That Merchant is divinely wise
 Who makes that Pearl his own.

Here consecrated Water flows
 To quench my Thirst of Sin;
 Here the fair Tree of Knowledge grows,
 Nor Danger dwells therein.

This is the *Judge* that Ends the Strife,
 Where Wit and Reason fail;
 My *Guide* to everlasting Life
 Thro' all this gloomy Vale.

Oh! may thy Counsels, MIGHTY GOD!
 My roving Feet command;
 Nor I forsake the happy Road,
 That leads to thy Right Hand.

H Y M N 132. C. M.

WE bless the PROPHEET of the LORD, - *Acts* 3. 22.
 That comes with Truth and Grace;
 JESUS, thy SPIRIT and thy Word
 Shall lead us in thy Ways.

We rev'ence our HIGH PRIEST above,
 Who offer'd up his Blood,
 And lives to carry on his Love,
 By pleading with our GOD.

We honour our exalted KING ;
 How sweet are his Commands!
 He guards our Souls from Hell and Sin
 By his Almighty Hands.

Hosanna to his Glorious Name,
 Who saves by diff'rent Ways;
 His Mercies lay a sov'reign Claim
 To our immortal Praise.

H Y M N 133. L. M.

ETERNAL SPIRIT! we confess
 And sing the Wonders of thy Grace;
 Thy Pow'r conveys our Blessings down*
 From GOD the FATHER and the SON.

* John 16. 15.

Enlighten'd by thine Heav'nly Ray,
 Our Shades and Darknefs turn to Day;
 Thine inward Teachings make us know
 Our Danger, and our Refuge too.

Thy Pow'r and Glory works within,
 And breaks the Clouds of reigning Sin;
 Doth our imperious Lufts subdue,
 And forms our wretched Hearts anew.

The troubled Conscience knows thy Voice;
 Thy chearing Words awake our Joys;
 Thy Words allay the stormy Wind,
 And calm the Surges of the Mind.

H Y M N 134. C. M.

DEAREST of all the Names above,
 My JESUS, and my GOD,
 Who can resist thy Heav'nly Love,
 Or trifle with thy Blood?

'Tis by the Merits of thy Death
 The FATHER smiles again;
 'Tis by thine interceeding Breath——Rom. 8. 26.
 The SPIRIT dwells with Men.

'Till God in human Flesh I see,
 My Thoughts no Comfort find;
 The Holy, Just, and Sacred THREE,
 Are Terrors to my Mind.——Heb. 12. 29.

But if IMMANUEL'S Face appear,
 My Hope, my Joy begins:
 His Name forbids my slavish Fear,
 His Grace removes my Sins.

While some on their own Works rely,
 And some of Wisdom boast,
 I love th' *Incaruate Mystery*,
 And there I fix my Trust.

H Y M N 135. C. M.

COME, happy Souls, approach your God
 With new melodious Songs;

Come, tender to Almighty Grace

The Tribute of your Tongues.

So strange, so boundless was the Love

That pity'd dying Men,

The FATHER sent his *Equal* SON———*John 10. 30.*

To give them Life again.

Thy Hands, Dear JESUS, were not arm'd

With a revenging Rod,

No hard Commission to perform

The Veng'ance of a GOD;

But all was Mercy, all was mild,

And Wrath forsook the Throne,

When CHRIST on the kind Errand came,

And brought Salvation down.

Here, Sinners, you may heal your Wounds,
 And wipe your Sorrows dry;
 Trust in the Mighty SAVIOUR'S Name,
 And you shall never die.— *John 11. 26.*

See, Dearest LORD, our willing Souls
 Accept thine offer'd Grace;
 We bless the Great REDEEMER'S Love,
 And give the FATHER Praise.

H Y M N 136. 6 8.

JESU at thy Command
 I launch into the Deep;
 And leave my native Land
 Where Sin lulls all asleep.
 For Thee I fain would all resign
 And sail to Heav'n with Thee and Thine.

What though the Seas are broad,
 What though the Waves are strong,
 What though tempestuous Winds
 Distress me all along.

Yet what are Seas or stormy Winds
 Compar'd to CHRIST, the Sinner's *Friend*?

CHRIST is my *Pilot* wise,
 My Compass in his Word:
 My Soul each Storm defies
 While I have such a LORD.

I trust his Faithfulness and Pow'r
 To save me in the trying Hour.

Though Rocks and Quickfands deep
 Through all my Passage lie:
 Yet CHRIST shall safely keep
 And guide me with his Eye.

How can I sink with such a Prop
That bears the World and all Things up?

By *Faith* I see the Land,
The Hav'n of endless Rest;
My Soul thy Wings expand
And fly to JESU'S Breast!

O may I reach the Heav'nly Shore,
Where Winds and Seas distress no more!

Whene'er becalm'd I lie,
And all my Storms subside;
Then to my Succour fly
And keep me near thy Side.

For more the treach'rous Calm I dread
Than Tempests bursting o'er my Head.

Come HEAV'NLY WIND and blow
 A prosperous Gale of Grace,
 To waft from all below
 To Heav'n my *destin'd* Place.
 Then in full Sail my Port I'll find
 And leave the World and Sin behind.

H Y M N 137. L. M.

A Debtor to Mercy alone,
 Of *Covenant-Mercy* I sing;
 Nor fear with thy *Righteousness* on
 My Person and Off'ring to bring.
 The Terrors of *Law* and of *GOD*——*Col. 2, 14.*
 With me can have nothing to do;
 My SAVIOUR'S Obedience and Blood
 Hide all my Transgressions from View.

The Work which his Goodness began

The Arm of his Strength will complete;
His Promise is *Yea* and *Amen*

And never was forfeited yet.

Things future, nor Things that are now

Not all Things below nor above
Can make Him his Purpose forego,

Or sever my Soul from his Love.——*Rom.* 8. 39.

My Name from the Palms of his Hands

Eternity will not erase;——*Isa.* 49. 16.

Imprest on his Heart it remains

In Marks of indelible Grace.

Yes, I to the End shall endure

As sure as the Earnest is given;

More happy, but not more secure

The glorify'd Spirits in Heav'n.——*John* 14. 3.

H Y M N 138. 115.

O Zion afflicted with Wave upon Wave
Whom no Man can comfort, whom no Man
can save,

With Darknes surrounded, by Terrors dismay'd;
In toiling and rowing thy Strength is decay'd.

Loud roaring the Billows now nigh overwhelm,
But skilful's the Pilot who sits at the Helm,
His Wisdom conducts thee, his Pow'r thee defends,
In Safety and Quiet thy Warfare He ends.

O fearful! O faithless! in Mercy He cries;
My Promise, my Truth, are they Light in thine
Eyes?

Still, still I am with thee, my Promise shall stand;
Through tempest and tossing I'll bring thee to Land.

Forget thee I will not, I cannot, thy Name
 Engrav'd on my Heart doth for ever remain:
 The Palms of my Hands whilst I look on, I see
 The Wounds I received, when suff'ring for thee.
 I feel at my Heart all thy Sighs and thy Groans,
 For thou art most near me, my Flesh and my Bones,
 In all thy Distresses thy Head feels the Pain,
 Yet all are most needful, not one is in vain.
 Then trust me and fear not; thy Life is secure;
 My Wisdom is perfect, Supreme is my Pow'r;
 In Love I correct thee thy Soul to refine,
 To make thee at length in my Likeness to shine.
 The Foolish, the Fearful, the Weak are my Care,
 The Helpless, the Hopeless, I hear their sad Pray'r.
 From all their Afflictions my Glory shall spring;
 And the deeper their Sorrows, the louder they'll sing.

H Y M N 139. L. M.

STAND and adore! how Glorious He
 That dwells in bright Eternity!
 We gaze and we confound our Sight
 Plung'd in th' Abyfs of dazzling Light.
 Thou sacred **ONE** Almighty **THREE**,
 Great Everlasting **MYSTERY**;
 What Numbers fhall we frame
 Equal to thy tremendous Name?
Seraphs, the neareft to the Throne,
 Begin, and fpeak the Great **UNKNOWN**;
 Attempt the Song, wind up the Strings
 To Notes untry'd, and boundlefs Things.
 You whose capacious Powers furvey
 Largely beyond our Eyes of Clay;
 Yet what a narrow Portion too
 Is feen, or known, or thought by you!

How flat your highest Praises fall
 Below the Immense ORIGINAL!
 Weak Creatures we that strive in vain
 To reach an uncreated Strain.

Great God forgive our feeble Lays,
 Sound out Thine own Eternal Praise;
 A Song so vast, a Theme so high
 Calls for the Voice that tun'd the Sky.

H Y M N 140. 7s.

COME ye humble Sinner-Train,
 Souls for whom the LAMB was slain;
 Cheerful let us raise our Voice,
 We have Reason to rejoice.

Let us sing with Saints in Heav'n,
 Life restor'd and Sins forgiv'n,
 Glory and Eternal Laud
 Be to our Incarnate God.

Now look up with Faith, and see
 Him that bled for you and me,
 Seated on his Glorious Throne
 Interceding for his own.

What can Christians have to fear
 When they view their SAVIOUR there?
 Hell is vanquish'd, Heav'n appeas'd,
 God is reconcil'd and pleas'd.

Snare and Dangers may beset
 For we are but Trav'lers yet.

As the Way indeed is hard
 Let us keep a constant Guard;
 Neither lifted up with Air,
 Nor dejected to Despair.

Always keeping CHRIST in View, ~~————~~ *Heb. 12. 2.*
 He will bring us safely through.

H Y M N 141. 6 7 8.

BLESS the LORD, my Soul, and raise
 A glad and grateful Song
 To my Dear REDEEMER'S Praise

For I to Him belong.——*Cant.* 2. 16.

He my *Goodness*. *Strength* and GOD,
 In whom I live and move and am;
 Paid my Ransom with his Blood:

My Portion is the LAMB.

Though Temptations seldom cease;

Tho' frequent Grievs I feel;

Yet his SPIRIT whispers Peace;———*John* 14. 27.

And He is with me still:

Weak of Body, sick in Soul,

Deprest at Heart, and faint with Fears,

His Dear Presence makes me Whole,

And with sweet Comfort cheers.

O *my* JESUS, Thou art *mine*,
 With all thy Grace and Pow'r;
 I am *now* and shall be *Thine*
 When Time shall be no more.
 Thou reviv'st me by thy Death;
 Thy Blood from Guilt has set me free;
 My fresh Springs of Hope and Faith,
 And Love, are all in THEE. ————— *Psa.* 87: 7.

H Y M N 142. 7 7 6.

WHOM have I in Heav'n but Thee
 That can thy Creature bless;
 What were all the Earth to me
 If a Stranger to thy Peace?
 All is Vanity but CHRIST,
 Pain and Darknefs and Despair
 Rankling in a Sinner's Breast
 'Till Thou art present there.

If my LORD his Love reveal,———*Rom. 5. 5.*

No other Bliss I want;
 He my ev'ry Wound can heal,
 And silence each Complaint;
 He that suffer'd in my stead
 Must the Great *Physician* be:
 I cannot be comforted,
 'Till comforted by Thee.

Thee Thou know'st I wish to love,
 For which thy Name I bless;
 Pour thy SPIRIT from above

Upon my waiting Fleece!———*Judges 6. 37.*
 Gentle as descending Dew,

Welcome as reviving Show'rs;———*1 Thes. 1. 4.*
 Let Him my *Election* shew
 And gild my gloomy Hours.

Yet if so Thou see-est fit

'Tis best for me to mourn;
 Still my Hold I cannot quit,
 Nor from my Refuge turn;
 This, thro' Grace, my Song shall be,
 As I to thy Kingdom go;
 Whom have I in Heav'n but Thee,
 And whom but Thee below?

H Y M N 143. 7s.

'TIS my Happiness below———*Heb. 12. 8.*
 Not to live without the Cross;
 But the SAVIOUR'S Pow'r to know,
 Sanctifying every Loss.
 Troubles will and *must* befall,
 But with humble Faith to see
 Love inscrib'd upon them all,
 This is Happiness to me!

GOD in *Israel* sows the Seeds
 Of Affliction, Pain and Toil;
 These spring up and choak the Weeds
 Which wou'd else o'erspread the Soil;
 Trials make the Promise sweet;
 Trials give new Life to Pray'r;
 Trials lay me at his Feet,
 Lay me low and keep me there.

Did I meet no Trial here,
 No Chastisement by the Way,
 Might I not with Reason fear
 I shou'd prove a Cast-away?
 Bastards may escape the Rod
 Sunk in Earthly vain Delight;
 But the true-born Child of GOD
 Must not, wou'd not, if he might.

GOD moves in a mysterious Way
His Wonders to perform;
He plants his Footsteps in the Sea
And rides upon the Storm!

In deep unfathomable Mines
Of never-failing Skill
He treasures up his bright Designs
And works his *Sov'reign* Will.

Ye fearful Saints, fresh Courage take,
The Clouds you so much dread
Are big with Mercy, and will break
With Blessings on your Head.

Judge not the LORD by feeble Sense,
But trust Him for his Grace:
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling Face.

His Purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding ev'ry Hour;
 The Bud may have a bitter Taste,
 But sweet will be the Flow'r.

Blind Unbelief is sure to err
 And scan his Work in vain;
 God is his own Interpreter
 And He will make it plain.

H Y M N 145. L. M.

JESUS, and shall it ever be
 A mortal Man *asham'd* of Thee?
 Scorn'd be the Thought by Rich and Poor,
 Oh may I scorn it more and more!

Asham'd of JESUS? of that *Friend*
 On whom for Heav'n my Hopes depend:
 It must not be,—be this my *Shame*,
 That I no more revere his Name.

Asham'd of JESUS? yes I may
 When I've no Crimes to wash away;
 No Tear to wipe, no Joy to crave,
 No Fears to quell, nor Soul to save.

Till then, (nor is the Boasting vain,)
 Till then, I boast a SAVIOUR slain;
 And Oh! may this my Portion be,
 That SAVIOUR *not asham'd* of me!

H Y M N 146. 8 8 6.

WE soon shall hear the Midnight Cry,
 And *Gabriel's* Trump shall shake the Sky,
 And cleave the Starry Plains:

The *Angel-Herald* shall proclaim
Redemption through the slaughter'd LAMB,
And break Death's pow'rful Chain.

Then shall the JUDGE descend in Clouds
Circl'd around with countless Crouds
Of the Celestial Choir;
Before whose rapid Giorious Ray,
The frightened Heav'ns shall flee away,
And hide themselves in Fire.

How, how shall Sinners venture nigh
Before the LAMB in yonder Sky?

Yet Oh they must draw near!
To hear the dreadful Word, *Depart*,
Which like some deadly pointed Dart,
Their Hearts will wound and tear.

While vengeful, fi'ry Tempests hurl'd
 Shall chase them downward to the World
 Of everlasting Pain;
 Then they their helpless Grief shall mourn,
 Who to the LAMB would never turn,
 The LAMB for *Sinners* slain.

Dear LORD I sink at thy pierc'd Feet,
 Oh let me by Experience sweet
 Taste thy forgiving Love;
 And when Thou dost to Judgment come
 Take me with Thee to thy blest Home
 In *Salem's* Land above!

H Y M N 147. 8 8 6.

OH! when my Righteous JUDGE shall come
 To fetch his ransom'd People Home,
 Shall I among them stand!

Shall such a worthless Worm as I,
 So sinful and unfit to die,
 Be found at thy Right Hand ?

I love to meet among them now
 Before JEHOVAH'S Feet to bow
 Tho' viler than them all:
 But who can bear the piercing Thought ?
 What if my Name should be left out
 When He for them shall call!

Dear LORD prevent it by thy Grace,
 Oh! let me see thy smiling Face
 In this my gracious Day:
 Thy pard'ning Voice Oh! let me hear
 To still my unbelieving Fear
 Nor let me fall away!

P

Among thy Saints let me be found
 Whene'er th' *Archangel's* Trump shall sound,
 To see thy smiling Face:
 Then loudest of the Croud I'll sing,
 Till Heav'n's refounding Mansions ring
 The Riches of thy Grace.

H Y M N 148. 8s.

AWAY my unbelieving Fear!
 Fear shall in me no more take Place;
 My SAVIOUR doth not yet appear,
 He hides the Brightness of his Face:
 But shall I therefore let Him go,
 And basely to the Tempter yield?
 No, in the Strength of JESUS, no!
 I never will give up my Shield.

Altho' the Vine it's Fruit deny, ————— *Hab. 3. 13.*

Altho' the Olive yield no Oil,
 The with'ring Fig-Tree droop and die,
 The Field illude the Tiller's Toil:
 The empty Stall no Herd afford,
 And perish all the bleating Race;
 Yet will I triumph in the LORD,
 The God of my Salvation praise.

Barren altho' my Soul remain,
 And not one Bud of Grace *appear*,
 No Fruit of all my Toil and Pain,
 But Sin and only Sin is here;
 Altho' my Gifts and Comfort lost,
 My blooming Hopes cut off I see,
 Yet will I in my SAVIOUR trust,
 And Glory, that He died for me.

In Hope believing against Hope,——*Rom. 4. 18.*

JESUS my LORD and GOD I claim,
 JESUS my Strength shall lift me up,
 Salvation is in JESU'S Name:
 To me He soon shall bring it nigh,
 My Soul shall then outstrip the Wind
 On Wings of Love mount up on high,
 And leave the World and Sin behind.

H Y M N 149. C. M.

FREE-GRACE to ev'ry Heav'n-born Soul,
 Will be their constant Theme;
 Long as eternal Ages roll,
 They'll still adore the LAMB.
Free-Grace alone can wipe the Tears
 From our lamenting Eyes;
 Can raise our Souls from guilty Fears
 To Joy that never dies.

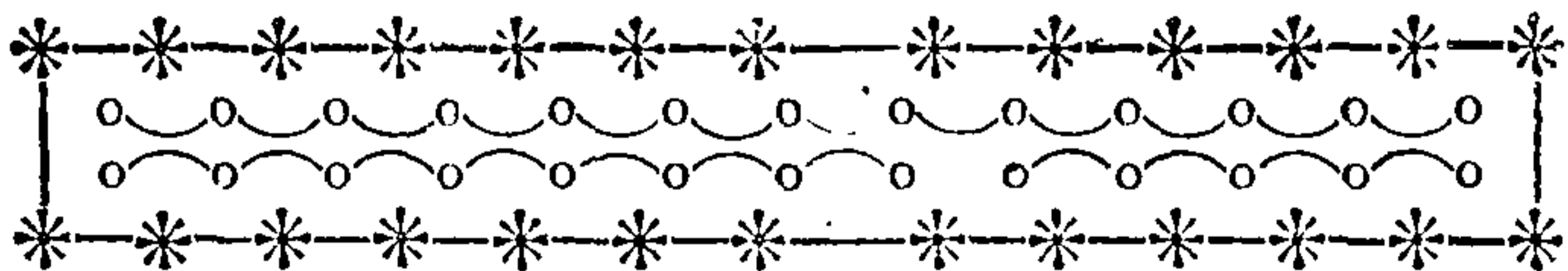
Free-Grace can Death itself out-brave
 And take it's Sting away:
 Can Souls unto the utmost save,
 And then to Heav'n convey.

Our SAVIOUR by *Free Grace* alone
 His Building shall on us raise
 With Shouting bring forth the Dead-Stone
 Crying, *Grace, Grace* to it.

May I be found a *Living Stone*
 In *Salem's* Streets above,
 And help to sing before the Throne,
Free-Grace and *Dying Love*.

P 3





H Y M N S

Before S E R M O N.

H Y M N 1. C. M.

SING to the LORD, JEHOVAH's Name,
 And in his Strength rejoice;
 When his Salvation is our Theme,
 Exalted be our Voice.

With Thanks approach his awful Sight,
 And Psalms of Honour sing;
 The LORD's a GOD of boundless Might,
 The whole Creation's KING.

Earth with it's Caverns dark and deep,
 Lies in his spacious Hand;
 He fix'd the Seas what Bounds to keep,
 And where the Hills must stand.

Come, and with humble Souls adore,
 Come kneel before his Face;
 O may the Creatures of his Pow'r
 Be Children of his Grace!

H Y M N 2. St. M.

O JESU, our LORD,
 Thy Name be ador'd
 For all the rich Blessings convey'd thro' thy Word!

In Spirit we trace
 Thy Wonders of Grace,
 And chearfully join in a Concert of Praise.

The Trumpet of GOD
 Is sounding Abroad
 The Language of Mercy—Salvation thro' Blood.

Thrice happy are they
 Who hear and obey,
 And share in the Blessings of this Gospel-Day.

The People who know
 The SAVIOUR below,
 With burning Affection to worship Him glow.

[Their Anguish and Smart
 And Sorrows depart,
 Who find his Salvation inscrib'd on the Heart.]

The People are blest
 Who lean on his Breast,
 And have a rich Foretaste of his promis'd Rest.

[This Blessing is mine
 Through Favour divine:
 But, O my REDEEMER, the Glory be Thine!]

The Work is of Grace;
 Thine, thine be the Praise!
 And mine to adore Thee, and tell of thy Ways.

H Y M N 3. S. M.

THE God, whose Smiles we court,—*Psa.* 4. 6.
 From whom we Favour claim;
 Whose Love alone new Life imparts,
 And gives the heav'nly Flame;
 Is none but the meek LAMB,
 Our Dear Exalted LORD;
 Whose Grace and SPIRIT still remain
 To bless us in his Word.

His Promise is the same
 His Church below to bless,
 When they assemble in his Name———*Mat.* 18. 20.
 To supplicate his Grace:
 A Train of Sinners poor
 He will not cast behind;
 But keeps his Word for evermore,
 And bears us on his Mind.

To our Relief He flies,
 He flies from Realms above;
 Answers our Pray'rs in sweet Replies,
 And Tokens of his Love.
 Shall we not Witnesses bear
 How faithful He hath been;
 And boldly to the World declare,
 Salvation we have seen?———*Luke* 2. 29.

Yes, if Thou'lt help us, LORD,
 Thy Name we will confess;
 And speak of CHRIST the living Word,
 The LORD our Righteousness, ——— *Jer.* 23. 6.
 We'll mention to his Praise
 The Triumphs of his Death;
 And sing his everlasting Grace
 Ev'n with our latest Breath.

H Y M N 4. 8 7 4.

COME, ye Sinners, poor and wretched,
 God's free Bounty glorify!
 True Belief, and true Repentance,
 Ev'ry Grace that brings us nigh,
 Without Money, without Money, without Money,*
 Come to JESUS CHRIST, and buy.

* *Isa.* 55. 1.

Let not Conscience make you linger;
 Nor of Fitness fondly dream,
 All the Fitness He requireth
 Is, to feel your Want of Him:
 This He gives you, this He gives you, this He gives you
 'Tis the SPIRIT'S rising Beam.

Come, ye weary, heavy laden,——*Mat. 11. 28.*
 Lost and ruin'd by the Fall;
 If you tarry 'till you're better,
 You will never come at all. [teous;
 Not the Righteous, not the Righteous, not the Right-
Sinners JESUS came to call.

View Him grov'ling in the Garden;
 Lo! your MAKER prostrate lies,
 On the bloody Tree behold Him.
 Hear Him cry, before He dies;

“ It is finish'd; it is finish'd; it is finish'd.”

Sinner, will not this suffice?—*John* 19. 30.

Lo! th' Incarnate God ascended,

Pleads the Merit of his Blood.—*Eph.* 4. 8.

Venture on Him, venture wholly;

Let no other Trust intrude.

None but JESUS, none but JESUS, none but JESUS,

Can do helpless Sinners good.

Saints and Angels join'd in Concert,

Sing the Praises of the LAMB;

While the blissful Seats of Heaven

Sweetly echo with his Name.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

Sinners here may sing the same.

H Y M N 5. 8 8 6.

ZION, arise, thy Garments shake,
 Of thy Dear SAVIOUR'S Worth partake;
 Oh! call his Blessings down!
 Thy Wants are great—but JESUS dy'd,
 He loves to see them well supply'd,
 He makes thy Case his own.

Strangers in Heart we lately were,——*Eph.* 2. 12.
 Till our REDEEMER brought us near
 By his attracting Pow'r;
 Break out all ye in Songs aloud,
 Who feel Redemption through his Blood,
 And our HIGH-PRIEST adore,

O JESUS, LORD, we humbly pray,
 Be gracious to thy Church To-day,
 Thy saving Health impart!

The Dew of Heav'n on us distil,
 With Love each empty Vessel fill,
 And cheer the drooping Heart!

H Y M N 6. 10 5.

O *J E S U*, we pray, be with us To-day,
 Thy Blessing bestow,
 And make all our Hearts with pure Joy overflow!
 A right simple Heart to each one impart;
 And a list'ning Ear;—————*Prov. 20. 12.*
 Which may thy still small Voice attentively hear!
 Unite us in Love, and then let us prove
 How faithful Thou art
 To bless those who are of one Mind and one Heart!
 We earnestly crave a Blessing to have,
 That we may rejoice, [Voice!
 And bless Thee and praise Thee with Heart and with

Now kindle that Fire by purest Desire
 To follow the LAMB,
 And yield Him our Hearts in Love's filial Flame!

H Y M N 7. C. M.

SINNERS attend, attend I pray,
 And hear the Gospel Word;
 Regard your Visitation Day,
 And entertain your LORD.

He calls unto the Sons of Men,
 His offer'd Grace to prove,
 That they in seeking may attain
 Repentance, Faith, and Love.

Give me thy Heart, the SAVIOUR cries,
 Justly He doth it claim;
 Oh! do not then his Call despise,
 But give it to the LAMB.

His Arms are open to receive
 Whoever to Him flies;
 Pardon and *present* Peace to give,
 And Love that never dies.

JESUS, OUR PROPHEET, PRIEST, and KING,
 Thou Friend of Sinners, come;
 Descend, Kind COMFORTER, and bring
 The great Salvation down.

H Y M N 8. 7s.

SOURCE of Light and Pow'r divine,
 Deign upon thy Truth to shine,
 LORD, behold thy Servant stands;
 Lo! to Thee he lifts his Hands:
 Satisfy his Soul's Desire;
 Touch his Lip with holy Fire.———*Isa. 6. 7.*

Softly fall the healing Sound,——*Deut.* 32. 2.

Like the Dew-drop on the Ground.

Drooping Plants shall soon revive;

Faith in Bud begin to live:

And enlarg'd shall soon disclose

Beauties of the full-blown Rose.

In thy pure and Holy Way,

Heights and greater Heights display;

So that whilst our Race we run,

We may think it but begun;

Nor the past contemplate more,

Urgent still on what's before.——*Phil.* 3. 13.

Ope thy Treasures! so shall fall

Unction sweet on him, on All.—1 *John* 2. 20.

Till by Odours scatter'd round,

CHRIST Himself be trac'd and found,

Then shall ev'ry raptur'd Heart,
Rich in Peace and Joy depart.

H Y M N 9. 8s.

MAY He, supreme essential Love,
Rich Source whence all our Blessings flow,
Bless us with Favour from above,
And smile upon his Church below;
Thy Pity, Gracious LORD, display,
And turn our Darknefs into Day.

Behold our Desolations, LORD,
Give all to hear the joyful Sound,—*Psa.* 89. 15.
Be Honours to thy Grace restor'd,
It's fragrant Odours flow around,
Send Pastors ready to fulfil— — *Jer.* 23. 4.
The Dictates of thy gracious Will.

Thy Foes have laid thy Vineyard waste, - *Mat.* 23. 35.

Her scatter'd Fences lie o'erthrown,
Her Fruits how bitter to the Taste!

And all her pristine Beauty's gone;
A Host combin'd against her join,
And ev'ry Beast devours thy Vine. — *Psa.* 80. 13.

Thine Eyes from Heav'n's high Seat incline,

Behold the Offspring of thy Hand,
And visit, LORD, thy once-lov'd Vine;

May Lab'ers at thy high Command
Go forth, whose ceaseless Work, 'twill be
To dress thy Vineyard own'd by Thee. - *Psa.* 80. 14.

H Y M N 10. 8 7.

WELCOME, welcome, blessed Servant,
Messenger of JESU'S Grace!

O how beautiful the Feet of ——— *Rom.* 10. 15.

Him that brings good News of Peace.

All hail Herald! all hail Herald! &c.
 Priest of God, thy People's Joy!

SAVIOUR, bless his Message to us,——*Judges 3. 20.*

Give us Hearts to hear the Sound
 Of Redemption, dearly purchas'd
 By thy Death and precious Wounds.
 O reveal it! O reveal it! &c.
 To our poor and helpless Souls!

Give Reward of Grace and Glory,
 To thy faithful Labourer Dear,
 Let the Incense of our Hearts be
 Offer'd up in Faith and Pray'r.
 Bless, O bless him; bless, O bless him, &c.
 Now, henceforth, for evermore.

H Y M N 11. L. M.

HO! ev'ry one that thirsts draw nigh, - *Isa. 55. 1.*
 ('Tis GOD invites the fallen Race,)

Mercy and free Salvation buy,

Buy Wine, and Milk, and Gospel Grace.

Come, to the living Waters, come,

Sinners obey your MAKER'S Voice;

Return, ye weary Wand'ers, Home,

And in *Redeeming Love* rejoice.

See, from the Rock, a Fountain rise! - *1 Cor. 10. 4.*

For you in healing Streams it rolls:

Money ye need not bring, nor Price,

Ye lab'ring, burthen'd, sin-sick Souls.

Nothing ye in Exchange shall give;

Leave all you have, and are, behind;

Frankly the Gift of GOD receive,

Pardon and Peace in JESUS find.

BELIEVERS hear the Gospel-Word,
 Haste to the Supper of our LORD;
 Be wise to know your glorious Day,
 All Things are ready, come away.

Ready the FATHER is to own,——*Luke 15. 20.*

And kifs his late returning SON:
 Ready the Loving SAVIOUR stands,
 And spreads for you his bleeding Hands.

Ready the SPIRIT of his Love,
 The stony Heart to melt and move;
 T' apply and witness with the Blood,
 And wash and seal you Sons of GOD.

Ready for you the Angels wait,——*Luke 15. 10.*

To triumph in your blest Estate:
 Tuning their Harps they long to praise
 The Wonders of *Redeeming Grace.*

Come then, Believers, to your LORD,
 To Happiness in CHRIST restor'd:
 The Blessings of his Love embrace,
 The Plenitude of Gospel-Grace.

H Y M N 13. 6 8.

BLOW ye the Trumpet, blow
 The gladly solemn Sound,
 Let all the Nations know
 To Earth's remotest Bound,
 The Year of Jubilee is come;
 Return ye ransom'd Sinners Home!
 Extol the LAMB of GOD,
 The Great-atoning LAMB!
 Redemption in his Blood,
 Throughout the World proclaim:
 The Year of Jubilee is come;
 Return ye ransom'd Sinners Home!

Ye who have sold for Nought
 Your Heritage above;
 Shall have it back unbought
 The *Gift* of JESU'S Love.
 The Year of Jubilee is come;
 Return ye ransom'd Sinners Home!

Ye Slaves of Sin and Hell
 Your Liberty receive;
 And safe in JESUS dwell
 And blest in JESUS live.
 The Year of Jubilee is come;
 Return ye ransom'd Sinners home!

The Gospel Trumpet hear:
 The News of Heav'nly Grace,
 Ye happy Souls draw near,
 Behold your SAVIOUR'S Face.

The Year of Jubilee is come;
Return to your eternal Home.

H Y M N 14. L. M.

CAPTAIN of thine enlisted Host,
Display thy glorious Banner high;—*Isa.* 13. 2.
The Summons send from Coast to Coast,
And call a num'rous Army nigh.

A solemn Jubilee proclaim,———*Lev.* 25. 10.
Proclaim the great Sabbatic Day;
Assert the Glories of thy Name,
Spoil Satan of his wish'd for Prey!

Bid, bid thy Heralds publish loud
The peaceful Blessings of thy Reign:
And when they speak of sprinkling Blood,
The Myst'ry to the Heart explain.

LORD shed thy Light, make plain the Way,
 That leads to *Sion's* lofty Tow'r;
 Pierc'd by thy Beams let Night be Day;
 So shall we see and praise thy Pow'r!

H Y M N 15. 8 7.

COME, descend, O heav'nly SPIRIT,
 Fan each Spark into a Flame;—*Isa.* 42. 3.
 Blessings let us now inherit,
 Blessings that we cannot name.
 Whilst Hosannas we are singing,
 May our Hearts with Rapture move;
 Feel fresh Grace, in them still springing,
 Breathe the Air of purest Love.

Let us sail in Grace's Ocean,
Float on that unbounded Sea;
Guided into pure Devotion,
Kept from Paths of Error free:
On thy heav'nly Manna feeding,
Screen'd from every envious Foe:
Love, O Love for Sinners bleeding,
All for Thee I would forego.

Keep us, LORD, still in Communion,
Daily nearer drawn to Thee;
Sinking in the sweetest Union
Of that Heart-felt Mystery.
Keep us safe from each Delusion
Well protected from all Harms;
Free from Sin and all Confusion:
Circle us within thine Arms!

H Y M N 16. L. M.

BELOVED SAVIOUR, faithful Friend,
 The Joy of all thy Cross's Train;
 In Mercy to our Aid descend,

Or else we worship Thee in vain!—*Mat.* 18. 20.

In vain we meet to sing and pray,

If CHRIST his Influence withhold;

Our Hearts remain as cold as Clay,

Till we our God by Faith behold.

Then let us feel thy healing Beams,

And view thy reconciled Face;

Yea, prove thy Presence in these Means

To bless a vile and helpless Race.

Here manifest Thyself in Peace;

Thy faithful Mercies now make known:

Oh! breathe on us a Gale of Grace;

And send the shearing Blessing down!

We gladly for thy coming wait,
 Seeking to know Thee as Thou art;
 We bow as Sinners at thy Feet,
 And bid Thee welcome to our Heart.

H Y M N 17. S. M.

DEAR LORD, attend our Pray'r,
 . And all our Wants relieve;
 Come to our Hearts, and dwell Thou there,
 That Thou in us may'st live!——*Eph. 3. 17.*
 In Weakness we draw nigh,
 Unto the Throne of Grace;
 Answer a Sinner's mournful Cry,
 And fill us with thy Peace.
 Thou read'st the naked Breast;
 For Liberty we groan;
 We sigh in Thee, our LORD, to rest,
 And worship Thee alone.

If Trials vex our Mind,
 Close to thy Wounds we'll flee;
 No Refuge may we elsewhere find,
 But what we find in Thee.

To Thee we come, our FRIEND,
 As Sinners poor indeed;
 On Thee for future Grace depend,
 Our Help in ev'ry Need.

H Y M N 18. L. M.

HARK! in the Wilderness a Cry!——*Isa.* 40. 3.
 It shakes the Mountains, rends the Earth;
 The KING appears, behold Him nigh
 The God by Nature, Man by Birth.

Run to and fro, ye Heralds run,
 Proclaim aloud, prepare the Way!
 Redemption's glorious Work's begun,
 And who his potent Arm shall stay?

Make strait the Paths before his Feet,
 And ev'ry Obstacle remove;
 Drop down, ye Hills, your cumb'rous Weight,
 And bow before *Redeeming Love*.

Then shall the lowly Valley rise,
 Its budding Honours spring to view;
 Swift the *Creating Fiat* flies,
 And all is blisful, all is new.

Know'st Thou the Meaning, Nature's Child?
 Know'st thou the import of the Cry?
 Thy Heart's the Desert waste and wild;
 But lo! the kind *Reclaimer's* nigh,

Mountains of Unbelief and Sin
 Before Him crumble into Dust;
 Thy humbl'd Heart shall then begin
 His all-restoring Hand to trust.

By Him exalted, know thy State,
 A Garden rich in Fruit and Flow'r;---*Cant.* 4. 12.
 Thy Gracious MASTER's lov'd Retreat.
 The Wonder of *Redeeming Pow'r*.

H Y M N 19. 8 7.

HOLY GHOST, inspire our Praises,
 Touch our Hearts, and tune our Tongues!
 Laud we now thy Name. O JESUS,
 Heav'n shall echo with our Songs.

Ev'ry State, howe'er distressing,
 Shall be Profit in the End;
 Ev'ry Ordinance a Blessing;
 Ev'ry Providence a Friend,

R

Blessed LORD be Thou our Teacher,—*John 14. 26.*

Helper, Counsellor, and Guide;
 Speak the Promise thro' the Preacher,
 And the hearing Ear provide.

Vain is Learning, Parts, or Merit,
 Vain the native Pow'rs of Man.
 JESUS! send thy HOLY SPIRIT,
 So display the Gospel-Plan.

H Y M N 20. 8 7 4.

COME, ye Sinners, poor and wretched,
 Bring your humble grateful Lays;
 Help to sing our JESU'S Merits,
 Help to chaunt IMMANUEL'S Praise:
Friend of Sinners!
 Thee we laud for richest Grace.

O what Grace hast Thou vouchsafed!

O what Mercy hast Thou shown!

When, - to die for vilest Rebels, ———— *Psa.* 68. 18.

Thou didst leave thy blisful Throne!

Bleeding SAVIOUR!

Melt, O melt our Hearts of Stone.

Come, ye Sinners, come to JESUS,

Think upon your Gracious LORD:

He has pity'd your Condition,

He has sent his Gospel-Word:

Mercy calls you

Mercy flows from JESU'S Blood.

Dearest SAVIOUR, help thy Servant

To proclaim thy wond'rous Love;

Pour thy Grace upon this People,

That thy Truth they may approve:

Bless, O bless them,
From thy shining Courts above.

Now thy gracious Word invites them
To partake the Gospel-Feast;
Let thy SPIRIT sweetly draw them,
Ev'ry Soul be JESU'S Guest:

O receive us,
Let us find thy promis'd Rest.





H Y M N S

After S E R M O N.

H Y M N 1. C. M.

SALVATION! O the joyful Sound!

What Pleasure to our Ears!

A sov'reign Balm for ev'ry Wound,—1 *John* 1. 7.

A Cordial for our Fears.

Blessing, Honour, Praise and Power, &c.

Salvation! let the Echo fly

The spacious Earth around;

While all the Armies of the Sky

Conspire to raise the Sound!

Blessing, Honour, Praise and Power, &c.

Salvation! O Thou bleeding LAMB,

To Thee the Praise belongs;

Salvation shall inspire our Hearts,

And dwell upon our Tongues.

Blessing, Honour, Praise and Power, &c.

H Y M N 2. L. M.

GLORY and Honour be to Thee,
Thou SELF-EXISTENT DEITY;

Thee we revere, and Thee adore,

In Mercy infinite, and Pow'r.

To Thee our joyful Hearts we raise,

To Thee we bring our Songs of Praise,

Whose bounteous Care and Love imparts

Celestial Blessings to our Hearts.

Unto the HOLY TRIUNE GOD,
 Who hath on us, poor Worms, bestow'd
 Such Favours, such amazing Grace,
 We pay our Homage, Thanks, and Praise.

H Y M N 3. 6 4.

COME, Thou Almighty KING,—*Rev. 19. 6.*

Help us thy Name to sing,

Help us to praise!

Father, all glorious,

O'er all victorious,

Come, and reign over us,

ANTIENT of DAYS!

JESUS, our LORD, arise,

Scatter our Enemies,

And make them fall!

R 4

Let thine Almighty Aid
 Our sure Defence be made,———*Psa.* 18. 2.
 Our Souls on Thee be stay'd,
 LORD, hear our Call!

Come, Thou INCARNATE WORD,———*John* 1. 14.
 Gird on thy mighty Sword———*Psa.* 45. 3.
 Our Pray'rs attend!

Come! and thy People blefs,
 And give thy Word Succes,
 SPIRIT of Holinefs
 On us descend!

Come, Holy COMFORTER,———*John* 14. 16.
 Thy sacred Witness bear———*John* 16. 14.
 In this glad Hour!

Thou, who Almighty art,
 Now rule in ev'ry Heart,
 And ne'er from us depart,
 SPIRIT of Pow'r!

To the GREAT ONE in THREE
Eternal Praises be

Hence evermore!

His SOV'REIGN MAJESTY

May we in Glory see,

And to Eternity

Love and adore!

H Y M N 4. L. M.

THIS God is the God we adore,——*Heb.: 13. 8.*

Our faithful *Unchangeable Friend*:

Whose Love is as great as his Pow'r,

And neither knows Measure nor End.

'Tis JESUS, the *First*, and the *Last*,

Whose SPIRIT shall guide us safe Home;

We'll praise Him for all that is past,

And trust Him for all that's to come.

H Y M N 5. L. M.

FROM all that dwell below the Skies-*Psa.* 150. 6

Let the CREATOR'S Praise arise!
 Let the REDEEMER'S Name be sung,
 Thro' ev'ry Land, by ev'ry Tongue.

Eternal are thy Mercies, LORD,
 Eternal Truths attend thy Word:
 Thy Praise shall sound from Shore to Shore,
 Till Suns shall rise and set no more!

H Y M N 6. 7s.

YE that in his Courts are found,
 List'ning to the joyful Sound,
 Lost and helpless as ye are,
 Sons of Sorrow, Sin, and Care,
 Glorify the KING of KINGS,
 Take the Peace the Gospel brings.

Turn to CHRIST your longing Eyes,
 View his bloody Sacrifice;
 See in Him your Sins forgiv'n,
 Pardon, Holiness, and Heav'n:
 Glorify the KING of KINGS,
 Take the Peace the Gospel brings.

H Y M N 7. C. M.

BLEST be the dear uniting Love
 That will not let us part;
 Our Bodies may far off remove,
 We still are join'd in Heart.

Join'd in one Spirit to our HEAD,
 Where He appoints we go;
 And still in JESU'S Footsteps tread,
 And do his Work below.

O let us ever walk in Him,

And nothing know beside!

Nothing desire nor ought esteem

But JESUS crucify'd.—1 *Cor.* 2: 2.

Clofer and clofer let us cleave

To his belov'd Embrace:

Out of his Fullness still receive,

And plenteous Grace for Grace.—*John* 1. 16.

But let us hasten to the Day

Which shall our Flesh restore:

When vanquish'd Death shall shrink away,

And Bodies part no more.

H Y M N 8. S. M.

MY Soul repeat his Praise,

Whose Mercies are so great:

Whose Anger is so slow to rise,

So ready to abate.

High as the Heav'ns are raised
 Above the Ground we tread;
 So far the Riches of his Grace;
 Our highest Thoughts exceed.

The Pity of the LORD,
 To those that fear his Name,
 Is such as tender Parents feel;
 He knows our feeble Frame.

Our Days are as the Grass,—————*Psa.* 90. 5.
 Or like the Morning Flow'r;
 If one sharp Blast sweep o'er the Field
 It withers in an Hour.

But thy Compassion, LORD,
 To endless Years endure;
 And Children's Children ever find—————*Ex.* 20. 6.
 Thy Word of Promise sure.

YE Servants of God, your MASTER proclaim,
 And publish Abroad his wonderful Name;*
 The Name all victorious of JESUS extol;
 His Kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.
 God ruleth on high, Almighty to save;
 And still He is nigh, his Presence we have:
 The great Congregation his Triumph shall sing,
 Ascribing Salvation to JESUS our KING.
 Salvation to God, who sits on the Throne;
 Let all cry aloud, and honour the Son:
 Our JESUS's Praises the Angels proclaim,
 Fall down on their Faces, and worship the LAMB.
 Then let us adore and give Him his Right,
 All Glory and Pow'r, and Wisdom and Might;
 All Honour and Blessing, with Angels above,
 And Thanks never ceasing, for infinite Love.

* Isa. 9. 6.

H Y M N 10. C. M.

THROUGH CHRIST when we together came,
 In Singleness of Heart,
 We met, O JESU, in thy Name,
 And in thy Name we part.

We part in Body, not in Mind,
 Our Minds continue one;
 And each to each in JESUS join'd,
 We happily go on.

Present we still in Spirit are,
 And intimately nigh;
 While on the Wings of Faith and Pray'r,
 We, ABBA, FATHER, cry.

O! may thy SPIRIT, Dearest LORD,
 In all our Travels, still
 Direct, and be our constant Guard,
 To *Zion's* Holy Hill.

O, what a joyful Meeting there,
 Beyond these changing Shades!
 White are the Robes we all shall wear,
 And Crowns upon our Heads.

Haste, LORD, and bring us to the Day
 When we shall dwell at Home:
 Come, O REDEEMER, come away;
 O, JESUS, quickly come.

H Y M N 11. S. M.

RAISE your triumphant Songs
 To an immortal Tune;
 Let the wide Earth resound the Deeds,
 Celestial Grace has done.

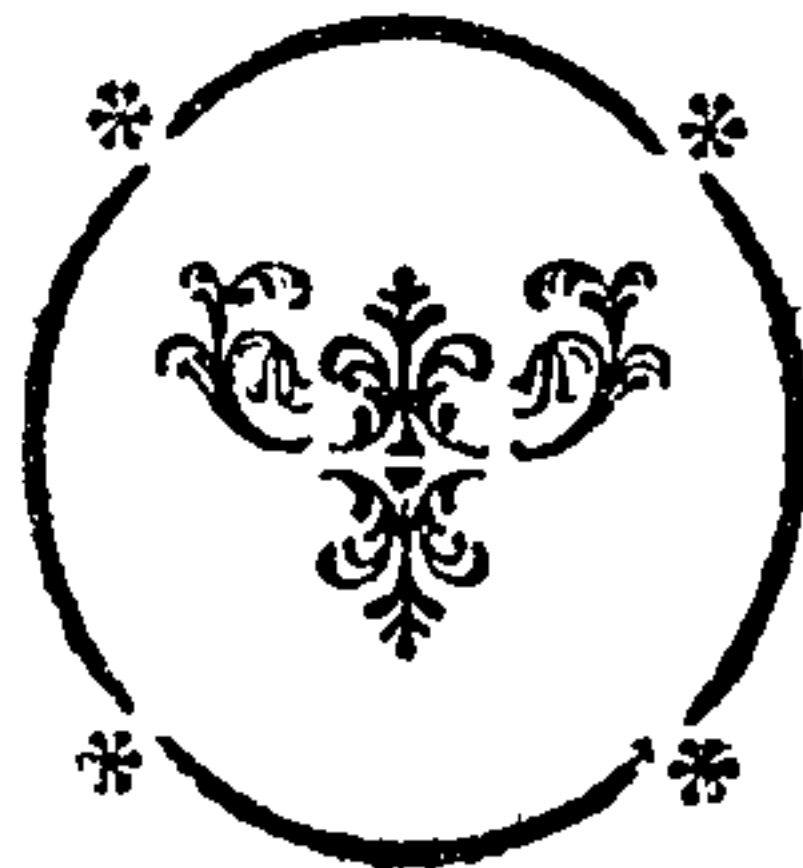
Sing how eternal Love
 Its Chief BELOVED chose,
 And bid Him raise our wretched Race
 From their Abyfs of Woes.

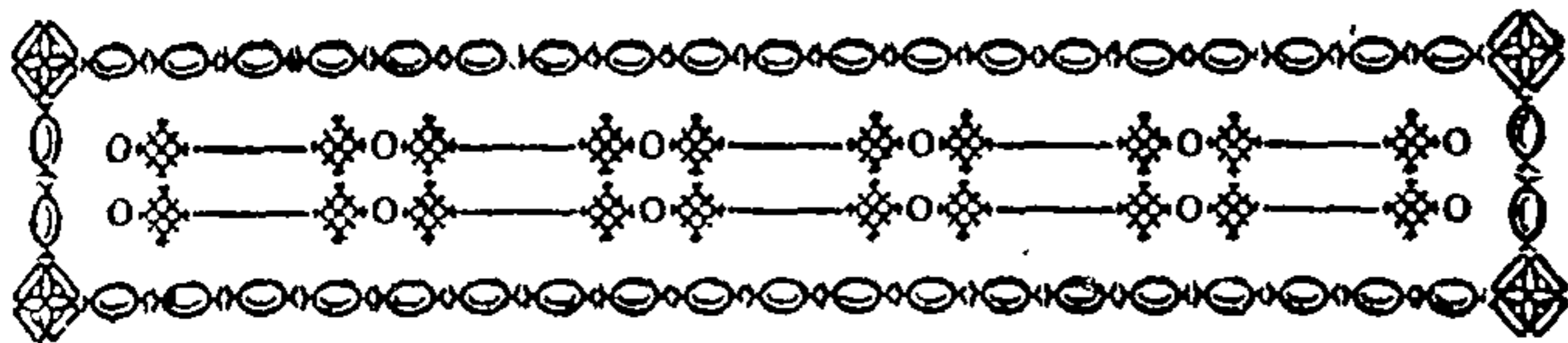
His Hand no Thunder bears,
 No Terror cloathes his Brow;
 No Bolts to drive our guilty Souls
 To fiercer Flames below.

'Twas Mercy fill'd the Throne,
 And Wrath flood silent by,
 When CHRIST was sent with Pardons down
 To Rebels doom'd to die.

Now, Sinners, dry your Tears,
 Let hopelefs Sorrow cease;
 Bow to the Scepter of his Love,
 And take the offer'd Peace.

May we obey the Call
And lay an humble Claim
To the Salvation He hath brought,
And love and praise his Name!





H Y M N S

For CHRISTMAS-DAY.

H Y M N 1. 118.

O JESUS my SAVIOUR, I fain would embrace
 Thy Name & thy Nature, thy SPIRIT & Grace,
 And trace the dear Footsteps of JESUS my LORD,*
 And glory in Him whom the Nations abhorr'd.

Heb. 13. 13.

O Wonder of Wonders! astonish'd I gaze,
 To see in the Manger the ANTIENT of Days;
 And Angels proclaiming the *Stranger* forlorn,
 And telling the Shepherds that JESUS is born!

My GOD, my CREATOR, the Heavens did bow
 To ransom Offenders, and stoop'd very low;
 The Body prepar'd by his FATHER assumes,*
 And on the kind Errand most joyfully comes.

For Thousands of Sinners the LORD bow'd his Head,
 For Thousands of Sinners He groan'd and He bled,
 My Spirit rejoices, the Work it is done;
 My Soul is redeem'd, Salvation is won.

My GOD is returned to Glory on High;
 When Death makes a Passage, then to Him I'll fly;
 And gladly will leave all my Brethren behind,
 Expecting in Glory we all shall be join'd.

* Heb. 10. 5.

JESUS, all Praise is due to Thee,
 That Thou wast pleas'd a Man to be!
 A Virgin's Womb Thou didst not scorn,
 And Angels shout to see Thee born. Hallelujah.

The blessed FATHER'S only SON
 Chuseth a *Manger* for his Throne;
 And tho' the High and Mighty GOD,
 Assumes our feeble Flesh and Blood. Hallelujah.

Whom Earth could not contain nor Skies,
 In low Estate the SAVIOUR lies;
 And who the World's Foundation laid,— *John 1. 3.*
 Is now a little *Infant* made. Hallelujah.

The FATHER'S Brightness comes in Sight,— *Heb. 1. 3.*
 Gives to the World it's saving Light;
 And drives the Clouds of Sin away,
 To make us Children of the Day. Hallelujah.

The Son the Almighty God confes'd,
 In his own World became a Guest;
 And open'd through Himself the Way,
 A Passage to eternal Day. Hallelujah.

For us these Wonders He hath wrought,
 To shew his Love, surpassing Thought!-*Eph.* 3. 19.
 Then let us all unite to sing
 Praise to our Loving God and KING. Hallelujah.

H Y M N 3. 8s.

YE simple Men of Heart sincere,
 Shepherds who watch their Flocks by Night,
 Start not to see an Angel near,
 Nor tremble at this glorious Light.
 An Herald from the Heavenly KING
 I come your every Fear to chace;
 Good Tidings of great Joy I bring,
 Great Joy unto the fallen Race!

For you is born on this glad Day,
 A SAVIOUR by our Host ador'd,
 Our GOD in *Bethlehem* survey,
 Make Haste to worship CHRIST the LORD.
 By this the SAVIOUR of Mankind,
 The *Incarnate* GOD shall be display'd,
 In Swaths the *Infant* ye shall find,
 And humbly in a *Manger* laid.

H Y M N 4. 8 7.

SHEPHERDS on their Flocks attending,
 Shepherds that in Night-time watch'd,
 Saw the Messenger descending,
 From the Court of Heav'n dispatch'd.
 Beams of Glory deck'd his Mission,
 Bursting thro' the Veil of Night.
 Fear possess'd them at the Vision:
 Sinners tremble at the Light.

Dove-like Meekness grac'd his Visage;

Joy and Love shone round his Head.

Soon He cheer'd them with his Message:

Comfort flow'd from all He said.

“ Fear not, Fav'rites of th' ALMIGHTY,

“ Joyful News to you I bring:

“ You have now, in *David's* City,

“ Born, a SAVIOUR, CHRIST the KING.

“ Go and find the Royal *Stranger*

“ By these Signs. A Babe you'll see,

“ Weak, and lying in a Manger,

“ Wrapt and swaddled; that is He.”

Strait a Host of Angels Glorious

Round the Heav'nly HERALD Throng;

Utt'ring in harmonious Chorus,

Airs Divine; and this the Song:

" Glory to our God be given
 " By the radiant Hosts above;
 " Peace on Earth to Men forgiven,
 " Objects of Redeeming Love."

Thus they sang with Rapture kindling
 In the Shepherd's Hearts a Flame,
 Joy and Wonder sweetly mingling:
 All Believers feel the same.

Lo, sweet Babe! we fall before Thee,
 JESU! Thee we all adore.

Thine's the Kingdom, Pow'r, and Glory,
 We'll proclaim it evermore.

" Glory to our God be given
 " By the radiant Hosts above;
 " Peace on Earth to Men forgiven,
 " Objects of Redeeming Love."

H Y M N 5. St. Stephen's.

JOIN all ye joyful Nations
 Th' acclaiming Hosts of Heaven,
 This happy Morn a *Child* is born,
 To us a SON is given.
 The wonderful MESSIAS,
 The Joy of ev'ry Nation,
 JESUS his Name, with GOD the same,
 The LORD of all Creation:

Go see the KING of Glory,
 Discern the Heavenly *Stranger*,
 So poor and mean his Court an Inn,
 His Cradle is a *Manger*.

Whom all the Angels worship,
 Lies hid in human Nature;

Incaruate see the DEITY, — — — 1 *Tim.* 3. 16.

The *Infinite* CREATOR.

Gaze on the lovely Object
 Of endless Adoration!
 Those infant Hands shall burst our Bands,
 And work out our Salvation:
 Strangle the crooked Serpent,
 Destroy his Works for ever,
 And open set the Heavenly Gate
 To every true *Believer*.

H Y M N 6. 8 7.

COME, Thou long expected JESUS,
 Born to set thy People free;
 From our Fears and Sins release us,
 Let us find our Rest in Thee!
Israel's Strength and Consolation,
 Hope of all the Earth Thou art;
 Dear Desire of ev'ry Nation,——*Hag.* 2. 7.
 Joy of ev'ry longing Heart.

Born thy People to deliver,

Born a *Child*, and yet a KING,——*Isa.* 9. 6.

Born to reign *in us* for ever,

Now thy gracious Kingdom bring!

By 'Thine own Eternal SPIRIT,

Rule in all our Hearts alone;

By thine all-sufficient Merit

Raise us to thy glorious Throne!

H Y M N 7. 8 8 6.

ALL Glory be to God on high,
Ye Sons of *Adam* fill the Sky,

With Praise and Thankfulness;

God, from an *everlasting Love*——*Jer.* 31. 3.

Decreed with his Dear SON above——*Rev.* 13. 8.

A sinful World to bless!

Stand still, and see what GOD hath done,
 He had but one *Beloved* SON,

And Him He freely gave:
 For whom was this; but for a Race
 Of cursed Sinners, vile and base?
 Yet these He came to save.

All Glory to th' Eternal SON,
 That He most freely did put on
 Our Flesh and Misery:
 That He, our GOD, a *Man* was made,
 And bore our Curse, our Ransom paid,
 By bleeding on the Tree!

He as a poor mean *Child* was born,
 His Birth no Palace did adorn,
 A *Manger* was his Bed:

Look, look upon this rising Sun,
 Till Tears of Love the Eyes o'er-run,
 This Babe is CHRIST OUR HEAD.

H Y M N 8. 6 8.

ARRAY'D in mortal Flesh,
 Lo! the Great ANGEL stands!—*Mal. 3. 1.*
 He holds the Promises
 And Pardons in his Hands.
 Commission'd from his FATHER'S Throne,
 To make his Grace to Mortals known.

Be Thou our *Counsellor*,
 Our *Pattern* and our *Guide!*
 And through this defart Land
 Still keep us near thy Side!
 O let our Feet ne'er run astray,——*1 Sam. 2. 9.*
 Nor rove, nor seek the crooked Way.

We'd hear our *Shepherd's* Voice,
 Whose watchful Eye doth keep
 Poor wand'ring Souls among
 The Thousands of his Sheep :
 He feeds his Flock, He calls their Names,
 His Bosom bears the tender Lambs.———*Isa.* 40. 11.

To this dear *Surety's* Hands,———*Heb.* 7. 22.
 My Soul commend thy Cause,
 He answers and fulfils
 His FATHER'S broken Laws :
Believing Souls now free are set,
 For CHRIST hath paid their dreadful Debt.*

Then let our Souls arise,
 And tread the Tempter down ;
 Our *Captain* leads us forth———*Heb.* 2. 10.
 To conquest and a Crown :

* Rom, 10. 4.

March on, nor fear to win the Day,
Though Death and Hell obstruct the Way.

H Y M N 9. L. M.

HARK! the best News that ever came
To sinful Men, condemn'd, forlorn!
Aloud, Celestial Hosts proclaim,
“ A SAVIOUR, CHRIST the LORD is born.”

Their SOV'REIGN throws his Beams aside,
And steps from his Imperial Throne;
In human Form the GOD to hide,
And our frail Flesh to make his own.

In fleshy Robes He's here confin'd,—1 *Tim.* 3. 16.
Whom yet no Limits comprehend;
And hardly can a Lodging find,
Tho' Monarchs at his Footstool bend.

How many Wonders here combine,
 To draw and fix believing Eyes;
 And fill all Heav'n with Joy divine,
 With awful Mirth and sweet Surprise.
 The Angels croud, in shining Bands,
 To wait on this auspicious Birth;
 And loud proclaim their God's Commands,
 His Praise on High, his Peace on Earth.
 Let us too try our utmost Skill,
 And loud, with thankful Hearts, reply;
 On Earth be Peace, to Men good Will,
 And highest Praise to God on High.

H Y M N 10. 7s.

HARK! The Herald-Angels sing,
 Glory to the new-born KING!
 Peace on Earth and Mercy mild,
 God and Sinners reconcil'd.

T

Joyful all ye Nations rise,
 Join the Triumphs of the Skies;
 With th' Angelic Host proclaim,
 "CHRIST is born in *Bethlehem!*——*Luke 2. 10, 11.*

CHRIST, by highest Heav'n ador'd,
 CHRIST the everlasting LORD;
 Late in Time behold Him come,
 Offspring of a Virgin's Womb.

Veil'd in Flesh the GODHEAD see,
 Hail th' INCARNATE DEITY!
 Pleas'd as Man with Men t'appear,
 JESUS OUR IMMANUEL here.

Hail the Heav'n-born PRINCE of Peace!
 Hail the SUN of Righteousness!
 Light and Life to all He brings,
 Ris'n with healing in his Wings.

Mild He lays his Glory by,
 Born, that Man no more may die;
 Born to raise the Sons of Earth,
 Born to give them second Birth. ————— *John 3. 3.*

Come, Desire of Nations, come,
 Fix in us thy humble Home;
 Rise, the Woman's conqu'ring Seed,
 Bruise in us the Serpent's Head.

Adam's Likeness now efface,
 Stamp Thine Image in its Place;
 Second *Adam* from above,
 Re-instate us in thy Love!

H Y M N 11. 8 5 8.

LIFT up your Heads in joyful Hope,
 Salute the happy Morn;
 Each Heavenly Pow'r
 Proclaims the glad Hour,
 Lo JESUS the SAVIOUR is born!

All Glory be to GOD on High,
 To Him all Praise is due;
 The Promise is seal'd,
 The SAVIOUR'S reveal'd, ————— *Isa. 40. 5.*
 And proves that the Record is true.

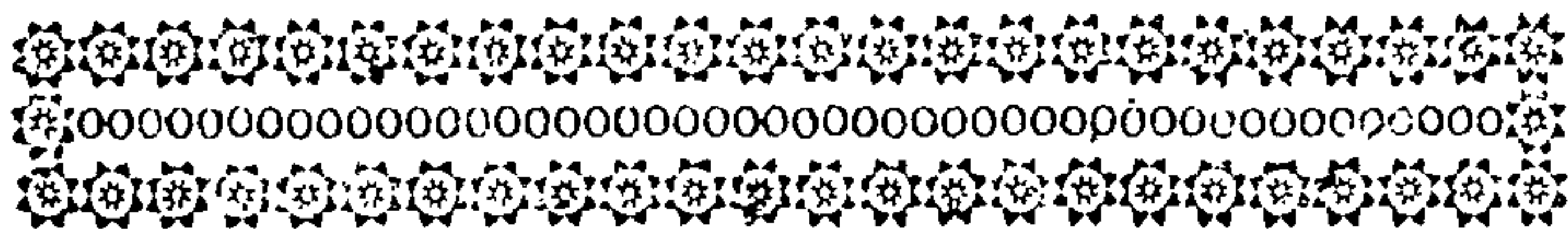
Let Joy around like Rivers flow,
 Flow on, and still increase;
 Spread o'er the glad Earth
 At JESUS his Birth,
 For Heaven and Earth are at Peace.

Now the Good Will of Heaven is shewn
 Tow'rds *Adam's* helpless Race;
 MESSIAH is come
 To ransom his Own,
 To save them by infinite Grace.

Then let us join the Heavens above
 Where hymning Seraphs sing
 Join all the glad Pow'rs,
 For their LORD is *Ours*
 OUR PROPHET, our PRIEST, and our KING.

T 3





H Y M N S

For NEW YEAR'S-DAY.

H Y M N 1. 7s.

SEE, my Soul, with Wonder see
 The *Incaruate* DEITY;
 Human Nature He assumes,
 He to ransom Sinners comes.
 He was not conceiv'd in Sin,
 He was infinitely clean;—*Heb. 9. 14.*
 Him no sinful Spot disguis'd,
 Yet, lo! He was circumcis'd.

He fulfill'd all Righteousness,
 Standing in our legal Place,
 From the Cradle to the Cross,
 All He did He did for us.
 He did all our Woes retrieve,
 He expir'd that we might live;
 By his Stripes our Wounds are heal'd, — *Isa.* 53. 5.
 By his Blood our Peace is seal'd.

JESU'S Pain procures our Ease,
 JESU'S Death is our Release;
 JESU'S Cross obtains our Crown,
 JESU'S Sepulchre our Throne.
 LORD, conform us to thy Death,
 Bid our Sins yield up their Breath;
 By thy Resurrection's Power,
 Make our Souls to Glory soar.

Circumcise our filthy Hearts,
 Purify our inward Parts;
 LORD, destroy the carnal Mind
 That in Thee we Peace may find:
 In thy Righteousness array'd,
 Let us triumph and be glad;
 Let us walk with Thee in White,———*Rev. 3. 4.*
 'Till we see thy Face in Light.

H Y M N . 2. C. M..

AND are we Wretches yet alive?
 And do we yet rebel?
 'Tis boundless, 'tis amazing Love,
 That bears us up from Hell.
 The Burden of our weighty Guilt
 Would sink us down to Flames,
 And threat'ning Vengeance rolls above,
 To crush our feeble Frames.

Almighty Goodness cries forbear,
And strait the Thunder stays:
And dare we now provoke his Wrath,
And weary out his Grace?

LORD, we have long abus'd thy Love,
Too long indulg'd our Sin;
Oh that our Hearts may bleed to see
What Rebels we have been!

No more, our Lusts, may ye command,
No more may we obey!
Stretch out, O GOD, thy conqu'ring Hand,
And drive thy Foes away.

H Y M N 3. 6 8.

THE LORD of Earth and Sky,
 The GOD of Ages praise,
 Who reigns enthron'd on high
 ANCIENT of endless Days;
 Who lengthens out our Trial here,
 And spares us yet *another Year*.

Barren and wither'd Trees,
 We cumber'd long the Ground,
 No Fruit of Holiness
 On our dead Souls was found;
 Yet doth He us in Mercy spare,
 Another, and *another Year*.

When Justice bar'd the Sword
 To cut the Fig-Tree down,
 The Pity of our LORD
 Cry'd, let it still alone.

The FATHER mild inclines his Ear,
And spares us yet *another Year*.

JESUS, thy speaking Blood
From God obtain'd the Grace,
Who therefore hath bestow'd
On us a longer Space:
Thou didst in our Behalf appear,
And lo, we see *another Year!*

Then dig about our Root,
Break up our fallow Ground, ——— *Jer. 4. 3.*
And let our gracious Fruit
To thy great Praise abound:
O let us all thy Praise declare,
And Fruit unto Perfection bear!



H Y M N S

F O R

G O O D F R I D A Y.

H Y M N 1. 8 8 6.

“ ’TIS finish’d,” the REDEEMER said,
 And meekly bow’d his dying Head;
 O wond’rous loving Pain:— *John* 19. 30.
 Come Sinners, and mark well the Word;
 There view the Conquests of our LORD,
 Complete for helpless Man.

Finish'd the Righteousness of Grace,
Finish'd the Pain that bought our Peace;
 The Sinner's Debt is paid:
 Accusing Law cancell'd by Blood,
 And Wrath of an offended God
 In sweet Oblivion laid.—*Jer.* 31. 34.

Who now shall urge a second Claim?
 The Law no longer can condemn,
Faith a Release can shew:—*Rom.* 8. 34.
 Justice itself a Friend appears,
 The Prison-House a Whisper hears,
Loose him, and let him go.—*John* 11. 44.

○ Unbelief, injurious Bar!
 Source of tormenting Fruitless Fear,
 Why dost thou yet reply?

Where'er thy loud Objections fall,
 'Tis finish'd, still may answer all,
 And silence every Cry.

H Y M N 2. L. M.

YE that pass by, *behold the MAN!*
 The MAN of Grievs condemn'd for you!
 The LAMB of GOD for Sinners slain
 Weeping to *Calvary* pursue.—*John 19. 5.*

See how his Back the Scourges tear,
 While to the bloody Pillar bound!
 The Ploughers make long Furrows there,
 'Till his whole Body is a Wound.—*Psa. 129. 3.*

His sacred Limbs they stretch, they tear,
 With Nails they fasten to the Wood
 His sacred Limbs—expos'd and bare,
 Or only cover'd with his Blood!

See there! his Temples crown'd with Thorn!

His bleeding Hands extended wide!

His streaming Feet transfix'd and torn!

The Fountain gushing from his Side!—*John* 19. 34.

Where is the KING of Glory now?

The everlasting SON of GOD?

Th' IMMORTAL hangs his languid Brow,

Th' ALMIGHTY faints beneath his Load!

Beneath our Load of Sins, He dies!—*1 Pet.* 2. 24.

We fill'd his Soul with Pangs unknown,

We caus'd those mortal Groans, and Cries,

We kill'd the FATHER'S only SON.

H Y M N 3. 8s.

FLOW fast my Tears; the Cause is great;
 This Tribute claims an injur'd Friend:
 One whom I long pursu'd with Hate,
 And yet He lov'd me to the End.
 When Death his Terrors round me spread,
 And aim'd his Arrows at my Head.
 CHRIST interpos'd, the Wound He bore,
 And bade the Monster dare no more.

Fast flow my Tears, yet faster flow,
 Stream copious as yon purple Tide,
 'Twas I that dealt the deadly Blow,
 I urg'd the Hand that pierc'd his Side.
 Keen Pangs and agonizing Smart
 Oppress his Soul, and rend his Heart;
 While Justice, arm'd with POW'R DIVINE,
 Pours on his Head what's due to mine.

Fast and yet faster flow my Tears,
 Love breaks the Heart and drains the Eyes;
 His Visage marr'd, tow'rd's Heav'n He rears,
 And, pleading for his Murd'rer, dies!
 My Grief nor Measure knows nor End,
 'Till He appears the Sinner's Friend;
 And gives me in an happy Hour,
 To feel the risen SAVIOUR'S POW'r.

H Y M N 4. 8 8 7.

WHO hath our Report believed?
Shiloh come is not received,
 Not received by his own,
 Promis'd *Branch* from Root of *Jesse*
David's Offspring sent to bless ye,
 Comes too meekly to be known.

Tell me, O thou favour'd Nation,
 What is thy fond Expectation?

Some fair, spreading lofty Tree?
 Let not worldly Pride confound Thee,
 'Mong the lowly Plants around Thee,
 Mark the *Lowest*—that is HE.

[Like a tender Plant that's growing
 Where no Waters, friendly flowing,
 No kind Rains refresh the Ground:
 Drooping, dying, we shall view Him,
 See no Charm to draw us to Him,
 There no Beauty will be found.]

Lo! MESSIAH unrespected!
 MAN of Grievs, despis'd, rejected!
 Wounds his Form disfiguring,

Marr'd his Visage more than any
 For He bears the Sins of many,
 All our Sorrows carrying.

[No Deceit his Mouth had spoken,
 Blameless, He no Law had broken,
 Yet was number'd with the worst:
 For, because the LORD would grieve Him,
 We who saw it, did believe Him,
 For his own Offences curst.

But while Him our Thoughts accused,
 He for us alone was bruised,
 Stricken, smitten for our Guilt:
 With his Stripes, our Wounds are cured,
 By his Pains, our Peace assured,——*Rom. 5. 1.*
 Purchas'd with the Blood He spilt.

Love amazing! so to mind us,
 SHEPHERD come from Heav'n to find us
 Silly Sheep all gone astray,
 Lost, undone by our Transgressions,
 Worse than stript of all Possessions,
 Debtors without Hope to pay.]

Fear our Portion, Slaves in Spirit,—
 He redeem'd us by his Merit
 To a glorious Liberty:
 Dearly bought his Goodness bought us,
 Truth and Love then sweetly taught us,
 Truth and Love have made us free.

Blessed be the Pow'r who gave us,
 Freely gave his SON to save us,
 Bless'd the SON who freely came:

Honour, Blessing, Adoration,
 Ever, from the whole Creation;
 Be to GOD and to the LAMB.

H Y M N 5. St. M.

ALL ye that pass by! to JESUS draw nigh,*
 To you is it nothing that JESUS should die?

Our Ransom, and Peace, our Surety He is,
 Come, see, if there ever was Sorrow like his!

For what you have done his Blood did atone;
 The FATHER hath punish'd for you his dear SON;

The LORD, in the Day of his Anger, did lay†
 Our Sins on the LAMB, and He bore them away.

He answer'd for all, who come at his Call,
 And low at his Cross with Astonishment fall.

* Lam. 1. 12. † Isa. 53. 10.

H Y M N 6. Lt. M.

FOR you, and for me, CHRIST pray'd on the Tree:
The Pray'r is accepted, the Sinner is free,*

The Sinner am I, who on JESUS rely.

And am come for the Pardon GOD cannot deny.†

My Pardon I claim, for a Sinner I am ;

A Sinner believing in JESUS's Name.

He purchas'd the Grace which now I embrace ;

O FATHER ! Thou know'st He hath dy'd in my Place.

H Y M N 7. 7s.

SONS of GOD, triumphant rise.

Shout th' accomplish'd Sacrifice ;

Shout your Sins in CHRIST forgiv'n,

Sons of GOD, and Heirs of Heaven.

* Luke 23. 34.

† John 14. 14.

Saints that now to CHRIST belong,
 List'ning Angels join the Song;
 Sing with us, ye Heavenly Powers,
 Pardon, Grace and Glory ours!

Love's mysterious Work is done;
 Greet we now th' atoning SON,
 Heal'd and quicken'd by his Blood,
 Join'd to CHRIST and one with GOD.—*Rom. 8. 17:*

CHRIST, of all our Hopes the Seal,
 Peace Divine in CHRIST we feel,
 Pardon to our Souls applied,
 Dead for you, for me He died.

CHRIST *by Faith* we taste below,
 Mightier Joys ordain'd to know,
 When his utmost Grace we prove,
 Rise to Heaven in perfect Love.



H Y M N S

F O R

E A S T E R.

H Y M N 1. 8 8 6.

WELCOME blest Day of sweet Repose,
 Whereon the SON of GOD arose,
 And chac'd away our Fear:—*Mark* 16. 6.
 The Day that God hath set apart,
 To gladden every troubled Heart:
 And dry up every Tear.—*Rev.* 1. 10.

Welcome blest Day of solemn Joy
 And Pleasure that will never cloy,
 Eternal! Life begun:

Let all in Earth and Heav'n record,
 The Glories of their risen LORD;
 The Wonders He hath done!

This is the Day the LORD hath made,
 Rejoice and be exceeding glad,——*Psa.* 118. 24.

Ye dear peculiar Race;
 Exalt Him with a Heart sincere,
 His boundless Power and Sway revere,
 And triumph in his Grace.

Your every Action, Word, and Thought,
 Your Life, your All, to Him devote,
 Who bought you with his Blood;

Let Him your great Exemplar be,
 And loudly shout, 'tis He!—tis He!—
 Redeem'd us unto God!—*Rev. 5. 9.* Hallelujah.

H Y M N 2. 8 7 8.

UPRISING from the darksome Tomb
 See the victorious JESUS come!
 Th' ALMIGHTY PRIS'NER quits the Pris'n:
 And Angels tell, the LORD is ris'n.
 Angels, Angels, Angels, Angels, Angels, tell the
 LORD is ris'n.

Ye guilty Souls that groan and grieve,
 Hear the glad Tidings; hear, and live,
 God's righteous Law is satisfied:
 And Justice now is on your Side.
 Justice, Justice, &c.

Your Surety, thus releas'd by God,
 Pleads the rich Ransom of his Blood.
 No new Demand, no Bar remains;
 But Mercy now triumphant reigns.
 Mercy, Mercy, &c.

Believers, hail your Rising HEAD,
 The *First-begotten* from the Dead,
 Your Resurrection's sure, thro' *His*,
 'T^o endless Life, and boundless Bliss.
 Endless, endless, &c.

H Y M N 3. 8 8 6.

SEE JESUS, our *Deliv'rer* Great,
 Rising, his Vict'ry to complete;
 In vain's the Seal and Stone!
O Grave, where is thy Victory? — 1 Cor. 15. 55.
 Here, here, thy Mighty Conqu'ror see,
 Rising, He leaves the Tomb.

A While he with his Fav'rites stay'd,
Strength to their feeble Faith convey'd

Then mounts the Starry Sky:—*John 20. 20.*
The Heav'ns with Acclamations ring,
To welcome their Triumphant KING,
And shout his Victory.—*Psa. 68. 18.*

Mindful of all thy Favours, now
In Gratitude we prostrate bow
Before thy loving Face:

Give all, assembled in this Hour,
To feel thy Resurrection's Pow'r, — *John 11. 25.*
And sing Redeeming Grace.

Clearly to ev'ry Heart display
The Virtue of thy Cross: This Day
Each drooping Heart inflame:

Refresh'd, we'll then unwearied go
 Along this Wilderneys below,
 And spread thy glorious Fame.

JESUS, when will the Hour appear,
 That we thy pow'rful Call shall hear,
 And round thy Throne attend?
 When shall we see Thee Face to Face, - 1 *Cor.* 13. 12.
 And join above to sing thy Praise,
 Eternity to spend?

H Y M N 4. 7s.

CHRIST the LORD is ris'n To-day!
 Sons of Men and Angels say;
 Raife your Joys and Triumphs high,
 Sing ye Heav'ns, and Earth reply.

Love's *Redeeming* Work is done,
 Fought the Fight, the Battle won:
 Lo! our Sun's Eclipse is o'er,
 Lo! He sets in Blood no more.

Vain the Stone, the Watch, the Seal,
 CHRIST hath burst the Gates of Hell:
 Death in vain forbids his Rise,
 CHRIST hath open'd Paradise.

Lives again our glorious KING,
Where O Death is now thy Sting?
 Once He died our Souls to save,
Where thy Victory, O Grave?———1 Cor. 15. 55.

Soar we now where CHRIST has led,
 Following our exalted HEAD;
 Made like Him, like Him we rise,
 Ours the Cross, the Grave, the Skies.

What tho' once we perish'd all,
 Partners of our *Parent's* Fall;
 Second Life we all receive,
 In our Heav'nly *Adam* live.

Hail! the LORD of Earth and Heav'n,
 Praise to Thee by both be giv'n;
 Thee we greet triumphant now,
 Hail the RESURRECTION—THOU!—*John 11. 25.*

KING of Glory! Soul of Blifs!
 Everlasting Life is this—
 Thee to know, thy Pow'r to prove,——*John 17. 3.*
 Thus to sing and thus to love.

H Y M N 5. 8s.

HE dies! the FRIEND of Sinners dies!

H Lo! *Salem's* Daughters weep around!*

A solemn Darknefs veils the Skies!

A sudden trembling shakes the Ground!

Come Saints and Drop a Tear or two,

For Him who groan'd beneath your Load!

He shed a thousand Drops for you,

A thousand Drops of richer Blood!

Here's Love and Grief beyond Degree,

The LORD of Glory dies for Men!

But lo! what sudden Joys we see!

JESUS the Dead revives again!

* Luke 23. 27. 28.

The Rising God forsakes the Tomb!
 (The Tomb in vain forbids his Rise!)
 Cherubic Legions guard Him Home,
 And shout Him welcome to the Skies!

Break off your Tears ye Saints! and tell
 How high our Great *Deliv'rer* reigns!
 Sing how He spoil'd the Hosts of Hell,
 And led the Monster Death in Chains;
 Say "Live for ever Wond'rous KING!
 "Born to redeem! and strong to save!"
 Then ask the Monster—"where's thy Sting?
 "And where's thy Vict'ry, boasting Grave?"*

* 1 Cor. 15. 55.

X

H Y M N 6. 10 8.

FROM Heav'n the loud, th' Angelic Song began,*
 It took the Skies, and reach'd astonish'd Man;
 By Man re-echo'd, it shall mount again;
 Whilst fragrant Odours fill the blissful Plain.

Worthy the LAMB of boundless Sway;
 In Earth or Heav'n the LORD of All;
 Ye Princes, Rulers, Pow'rs, obey,
 And low before his Foot-stool fall.

The Deed was done; the LAMB was slain;
 The groaning Earth the Burthen bore:
 He rose, He lives; He lives to reign,
 Nor Time shall shake his endless Pow'r.

* Rev. 5: 12.

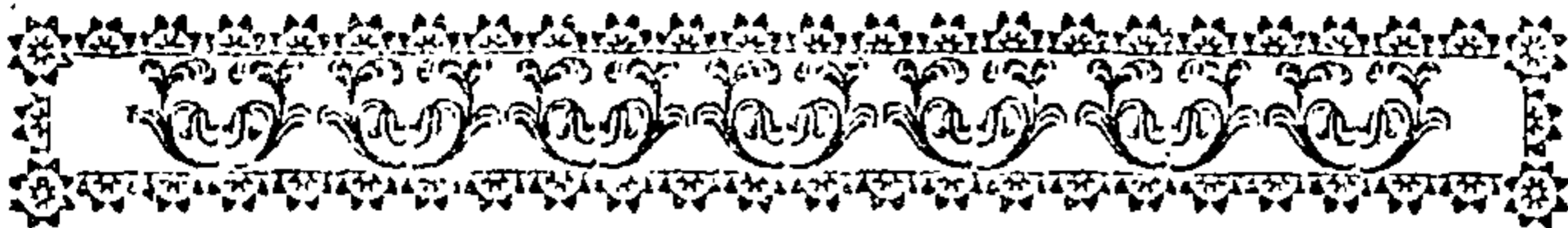
Riches and All that decks the Great,
 From World's unnumber'd hither bring;
 The Tribute pour before his Seat,
 And hail the Triumphs of our KING.

Wisdom and Strength are his alone,
 He rais'd the Top-stone, shouting Grace;
 Honour has built his lofty Throne,
 And Glory shines upon his Face.

From Heav'n, from Earth, loud Bursts of Praise
 The mighty Blessings shall proclaim;
 Blessings that Earth to Glory raise;
 The Purchase of the wounded LAMB.

Higher, still higher, swell the Strain;
 Creation's Voice the Note prolong;
 The LAMB shall ever, ever reign:
 Let *Hallelujahs* crown the Song.

Hallelujah.



H Y M N S

On the S P R I N G.

H Y M N 1. 7s.

HARK, dull Soul, how ev'ry Thing
 Strives t' adore our Bounteous KING!
 Each a double Tribute pays;
 Sings its Part and then obeys.

Nature's sprightliest sweetest Choir,
 Him with chearful Notes admire;
 Ev'ry Day they chaunt their Lauds,
 While the Grove their Song applauds.

Tho' their Voices lower be,
Streams too have their Melody!
Night and Day they warb'ling run,
Never pause but still sing on.

All the Flow'rs that paint the Spring
Hither their still Music bring;
If Heav'n blefs them, thankful they
Smell more sweet, and look more gay.

Wake for Shame, my sluggish Heart,
Wake, and gladly sing thy Part;
Learn of Birds, and Springs, and Flow'rs,
How t' employ thy Nobler Pow'rs.

Call whole Nature to thine Aid,
Since 'twas He whole Nature made;
Join in one eternal Song,
Who to one GOD all belong.

Live for ever, glorious LORD,
 Live, by all thy Works ador'd,
 ONE in THREE, and THREE in ONE,
 All Things bow to Thee alone!

H Y M N 2. 8s.

IN dreary Wastes, where Horror dwells,
 Where Satan holds his gloomy Reign;
 And each returning Day but tells

The Tale renew'd of Grief and Pain:
 Me, gracious LORD, Thine Eye beheld,

Wand'ring in Labyrinths of Woe;
 Thy chearing Ray the Night dispell'd,
 And gave thy saving Truth to know.

“ And is there Hope?” (amaz'd I said,)

“ And is there Mercy from my God?”

“ Shall Justice spare my guilty Head?”

“ And all be wash'd away in Blood?”

“ Shall CHRIST Himself that Blood supply,”

“ Atonement just, because Divine?”

Thy Word affords the sweet Reply ;

Thy SPIRIT tells me all is mine.

How blest my State! how chang'd the Scene!

What Wonders open to my View!

The Desert smiles in vernal Green,

With Flow'rs adorn'd of various Hue.

But chief the Lilly and the Rose,

(Of CHRIST the fragrant Emblems fair)

GOD's saving Mystery disclose,

And breathe it's Sweetness thro' the Air.

The Raven's boading Voice no more,

Or Owlet's Screech offend mine Ear:

Nor Dragon's cry, nor Lion's roar:

Nor doleful Creature shall appear,

But Birds melodious strain the Throat,
 And Turtles coo throughout the Land:
 Whilst Man exalts the swelling Note,
 The Leader of the grateful Band.

H Y M N 3. 14 all 8s.

HAIL, Hail reviv'd, reviving Spring,
 Fair Type of Heav'n's Eternal Year!
 While Nature's Works thy Praises sing,
 Lo! Gratitude salutes thee here.
 Swell, gently swell the solemn Song:
 Now pour the bounding Notes along;

Teach Choirs below to Choirs above,
 To echo back the common Lay;
 And as they praise unbounded Love,
 To join in Bounty's Holiday.

To God the Universal KING,
Be sacred ev'ry grateful Choir:
In endless Hymns all Praises sing,
That endless Bounty can inspire:

All lost beneath stern Winter's Reign
Creation's genial Powers appear'd;
Spring call'd them into Life again,
See! budding Verdure shews they heard.
Bless, bless, O Man, the kind Design,
Whose Nobler Counterpart is Thine:

Thy Powers a gloomier Winter froze,
Till thy MESSIAH'S chearing Ray
Prolific of fair Truth arose,
And shed the Blaze of mental Day.
To God, &c.

All spotless as the Truth He taught,
Free, as the Mercy He display'd,
He shew'd what Human Duty ought,
He did what Heav'nly Goodness bade.
Enforc'd each just Command He gave,
Nor liv'd, nor dy'd in vain to save :

His Realms on high, his Worlds below,
All witness'd his unwearied Care;
The Victim here of gen'ral Woe,
The Captain of Salvation there.
To GOD, &c.





H Y M N S

F O R

A S C E N S I O N D A Y.

H Y M N 1. 7s.

JESUS our Triumphant HEAD, Hallelujah.
 Ris'n victorious from the Dead,
 To the Realms of Glory's gone,
 To ascend his rightful Throne.

Cherubs on the *Conqu'ror* gaze.
 Seraphs glow with brighter Blaze.
 Each bright Order of the Sky
 Hail Him, as He passes by.

Saints the glorious Triumph meet;
 See their En'mies at his Feet.
 By his Scars his Toils are view'd,
 And his Garments roll'd in Blood.

Heav'n it's KING congratulates;
 Opens wide her golden Gates.
 Angels Songs of Vict'ry sing;
 All the blisful Regions ring.

Brethren, join the heav'nly Pow'rs:
 Since Redemption all is ours.
 None but pardon'd Sinners prove
 Th' Height and Depth of JESU'S Love.

Hail, Thou Dear, Thou Worthy LORD;
 Holy LAMB, *Incaruate Word!*
 Hail, Thou suff'ring SON of GOD!
 Take the Trophies of thy Blood.

H Y M N 2. 6 8.

REJOICE, the LORD is KING!—*Phil. 4. 4.*
 Your LORD and KING adore,
Believers praise and sing,
 And triumph evermore!
 Lift up your Heart, lift up your Voice,
Rejoice, again, I say, rejoice.

JESUS the SAVIOUR reigns,
 The God of Truth and Love,
 When he had purg'd our Stains,
 He took his Seat above:

Lift up your Heart, lift up your Voice,
Rejoice, again, I say, rejoice.

His Kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er Earth and Heav'n,
The Keys of Death and Hell
Are to our JESUS given:

Lift up your Heart, lift up your Voice,
Rejoice, again, I say, rejoice.

He all his Foes shall quell,
Shall Satan's Works destroy,
And every Bosom swell
With pure Seraphic Joy;

Lift up your Heart, lift up your Voice,
Rejoice, again, I say, rejoice.

Rejoice, in Glorious Hope,
 JESUS the *Judge* shall come;
 To take his Servants up
 To their Eternal Home:

We soon shall hear th' Archangel's Voice,
 The Trump of GOD shall sound, *rejoice.*

H Y M N 3. 7s.

HAIL the Day that sees Him rise,
 Ravish'd from our wishful Eyes
 CHRIST awhile to Mortals giv'n,
 Re-ascends his native Heav'n.

There the pompous triumph waits:

“Lift your Heads, Eternal Gates!

“Wide unfold the radiant Scene,

“Take the KING of Glory in!”

Him tho' Highest Heav'n receives,
 Still He loves the Earth He leaves;
 Tho' returning to his Throne,
 Still he calls Mankind his own,
 Still for us He interceeds,
 Prevalent his Death He pleads;
 Next Himself prepares our Place,———*John* 14. 2.
 Harbinger of Human Race!———*Heb.* 6. 20.

Master (will we ever say)
 Taken from our HEAD To-day,———*2 Kings* 2. 3.
 See thy faithful Servants see,
 Ever gazing up to Thee!———*Acts.* 1. 9. 10. 11.
 Grant, tho' parted from our Sight,
 High above yon azure Height,
 Grant, our Hearts may hither rise,
 Following Thee beyond the Skies!

Ever upward let us move,
 Wasted on the Wings of Love,
 Looking when our LORD shall come:
 Longing, gasping after Home.—1 *Thef.* 4. 17.
 There we shall with Thee remain,
 Partners of Thine endless Reign;
 There thy Face unclouded see,
 Find our Heav'n of Heav'ns in Thee.

H Y M N 4. L. M.

OUR LORD is risen from the Dead,
 Our JESUS is gone up on High;
 The Pow'rs of Hell are captive led,
 Dragg'd to the Portals of the Sky.
 There his triumphal Chariot waits,
 And Angels chaunt the solemn Lay;
Lift up your Heads, ye Heav'nly Gates,
Ye everlasting Doors give Way!

Loose all your Bars of massy Light,
 And wide unfold th' Etherial Scene;
 He claims these Mansions as his Right,
 Receive the KING of Glory in!

Who is the KING of Glory, who?
 The LORD, that all his Foes o'ercame;
 The World, Sin, Death, and Hell o'erthrew,
 And JESUS is the *Conqu'rer's* Name.

Lo! his triumphal Chariot waits,
 And Angels chaunt the solemn Lay;
Lift up your Heads, ye Heav'nly Gates,
Ye everlasting Doors give Way!

Who is the KING of Glory, who?
 The LORD of glorious Pow'r possesst;
 The KING of Saints and Angels too,
 GOD over All, for ever blest!

A WAKE O slothful Spirit, rouse, awake;
 The LORD Himself is ris'n; and where art thou?
 The Night is past; the Morn begins to break;
 The Day-star glitters on yon Mountain's Brow.

Renew thy Labour; and thy Work beguile
 With Social Melody, with Hymns of Praise;
 Thy Gracious LORD's at Hand, to sweeten Toil:
 Th' *Inspirer* and the subject of thy Lays.

Oh! whilst we sing our LORD's *Redeeming Love*,
 Let each in Life set forth Redemption's Pow'r:
 That Tongue's a Babler, whose Heart fails to move:
 And empty Sounds fill up the vacant Hour.

Shame brands the Past; but while 'tis called to-day
 Let all with Strength renew'd redeem the Time;
 Unwearied let us walk the destin'd Way,
 Nor faint, if under a more, saltry Clime.

JESUS, our Refuge from the burning Sun.—*Isa.* 25. 4.

Yields the refreshing Stream and cooling Shade;
 To JESUS looking whilst our Race we run,
 We feel his Strength in Weakness perfect made.

With Zion's Songs each other's Hearts we cheer,
 Till all our painful Pilgrimage is o'er;
 Then shall the SAVIOUR wipe the falling Tear,
 And Sighs and Sorrowing shall be no more.*

* *Isa.* 35. 10.





H Y M N S

F O R

W H I T S U N D A Y.

H Y M N 1. 8 8 6.

DESCEND from Heav'n, Celestial Dove:*
 With Flames of pure Seraphic Love
 Our ravish'd Breasts inspire:
 Fountain of Joy, blest PARACLETE,
 Warm our cold Hearts with Heav'nly Heat,
 And set our Souls on Fire!

* Acts 2. 3.

Y 3

Breathe on these Bones so dry and dead,--*Ezek.* 37. 7.

Thy sweetest softest Influence shed

In all our Hearts abroad!

Point out the Place, where Grace abounds:

Direct us to the bleeding Wounds

Of our Incarnate GOD.

Conduct, blest GUIDE, thy Sinner-Train

To *Calv'ry*, where the LAMB was slain;

And with us there abide!

Let us our lov'd REDEEMER meet,

Weep o'er his pierced Hands and Feet,-*Psa.* 22. 16.

And view his wounded Side!

From which pure Fountain if thou draw

Blood that shall quench the fiery Law,

And wash away our Sin,

We'll tell the FATHER, in that Day,
 (And thou shalt witness what we say)

We're clean, just GOD, we're clean.—*John 15. 3.*

[Teach us for what to pray; and how!—*Luke 11. 1.*

And since, Kind GOD, 'tis only Thou

The Throne of Grace can move;

Pray Thou for us; that we thro' Faith

May feel th' Effects of JESU'S Death,

Thro' Faith that works by Love.]——*Gal. 5. 6.*

Thou with the FATHER and the SON

Art that mysterious THREE in ONE,—*1 John 5. 7.*

GOD blest for evermore:

Whom, tho' we cannot comprehend,

Feeling Thou art the Sinner's FRIEND,

We love Thee, and adore.

H Y M N 2. S. M.

COME, HOLY SPIRIT, come;—*Acts 2. 3.*
 Let thy bright Beams arise,
 Dispel the Darkneſs from our Minds;
 And open all our Eyes!—*Luke 4. 18.*
 Chear our deſponding Hearts,
 Thou Heav'nly PARACLETE;
 Give us to lie with humble Hope,
 At our REDEEMER'S Feet!
 Revive our drooping Faith;
 Our Doubts and Fears remove;
 And kindle in our Breſt the Flames
 Of never-dying Love!
 Convince us more of Sin;
 Then point to JESU'S Blood:
 And to our wond'ring View reveal
 'Th' amazing Love of GOD!

H Y M N 3. C. M.

COME, Holy SPIRIT, Heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning Pow'rs;

Kindle a Flame of sacred Love

In these cold Hearts of ours.

Look how we grovel here below,

Fond of these earthly Toys;

Our Souls, how heavily they go,

To reach Eternal Joys!

In vain we tune our formal Songs,

In vain we strive to rise;

Hofannas languish on our Tongues,

And our Devotion dies.

Dear LORD! and shall we ever live,

At this poor dying Rate?

Our Love so faint, so cold to Thee,

And Thine to us so great?

Come, HOLY SPIRIT, Heav'nly DOVE,
 With all thy quick'ning Pow'rs,
 Come, shed abroad a SAVIOUR'S Love;
 And that shall kindle ours.

H Y M N 4. 7s.

GRANTED is the SAVIOUR'S Prayer,
 Now descends the COMFORTER;—*Acts 2. 4.*
 Brings his Sayings to our Mind:
 Heavenly TEACHER of Mankind!
 Come, Divine and peaceful *Guest*,
 Enter now our waiting Breast;
 HOLY GHOST, each Heart inspire,
 Kindle there the Gospel Fire.
 Crown the agonizing Strife,
 Principle, and LORD of Life;
 Life Divine in us renew,
 Thou the Gift and Giver too!

Now descend and shake the Earth,
Wake us into Second Birth;
Now thy quick'ning Influence give,
Breathe; and these dry Bones shall live!*

Brood Thou o'er our Nature's Night,
Darkness kindles into Light;
Spread Thine overshadowing Wings,
Order from Confusion springs.

Pain and Sin, and Sorrow cease,
Thee we taste and all is Peace;
Joy Divine in Thee we prove,
Light of Truth and Fire of Love.

* Ezek. 37. 9. 10.

HYMN 5. L. M.

REJOICE, rejoice ye fallen Race,
 The Day of Pentecost is come!—*Acts* 2. 1,
 Expect the sure descending Grace,

Open your Hearts to make Him Room.

Our JESUS is gone up on High,—*Psa.* 68. 18.

For us the Blessing to receive:

It now comes streaming from the Sky,

The SPIRIT comes and Sinners live.

Assembled here with one Accord,

Calmly we wait the promis'd Grace,

The Purchase of our dying LORD;

Come, HOLY GHOST, and fill this Place!

Behold to Thee our Souls aspire,

And long the blest Descent to feel;

Kindle in each thy living Fire,

And stamp on every Heart thy Seal.

Wisdom and Strength to Thee belongs,
 Sweetly within our Bosoms move,
 Now let us speak with other Tongues
 The new strange Language of thy Love.-*Acts 2. 4.*

H Y M N 6. 8s.

COME now, dear LORD! Thyself reveal,
 And let the Promise now take Place!
 Be it according to thy Will,
 According to thy Word of Grace!
 Thy sorrowful Disciples cheer,
 And send us down the COMFORTER.

He visits now the troubled Breast,
 And oft relieves our sad Complaint,
 But soon we lose the transient GUEST,
 But soon we droop again, and faint.

Repeat the melancholy Moan—

“ Our Joy is fled, our Comfort gone !”

Hasten Him, LORD, into each Heart,

Our sure inseparable Guide—

O might we meet and never part!

O might He in our Hearts abide!

And keep his House of Praise and Pray'r,

And rest, and reign for ever there!





H Y M N S

O N T H E

T R I N I T Y.

H Y M N 1. C. M.

HAIL Holy, Holy, Holy LORD!

Be endless Praise to Thee!

Supreme, Essential ONE, ador'd

In Co-eternal THREE.

Enthron'd in everlasting State,
 E'er Time its Round began,
 Who join'd in Council to create
 The Dignity of Man.———*Gen.* 1. 26. 27.

To whom *Isaiah's* Vision shew'd,——*Isa.* 6. 2. 3.
 The Seraphs veil their Wings,
 While Thee JEHOVAH, LORD and GOD,
 Th' Angelic Army sings.

To Thee by mystic Pow'rs on High
 Were humble Praises given,
 When *John* beheld with favour'd Eye—*Rev.* 4. 1. &c.
 Th' Inhabitants of Heaven.

All that the Name of Creature owns,
 To Thee in Hymns aspire;
 May we as Angels on our Thrones
 For ever join the Choir.

Hail Holy, Holy, Holy LORD!

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Be endless Praise to Thee;
Supreme, essential ONE, ador'd
In co-eternal THREE.

H Y M N 2. 6s.

GOD of unexhausted Grace,
Of *Everlasting* Love,
O'erpower'd before thy Face
I fall, and dare not move;
What hast Thou for Sinners done,
For so poor a Worm as me?
Thou hast given Thine only SON,
To bring us back to Thee!
Suff'ring, Sin-atonig GOD,
Thy hallow'd Name I blefs;
JESUS, lavish of thy Blood,
To buy the Sinner's Peace!

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Gushing from thy sacred Veins,
 Let it now my Soul o'erflow,
 Purge out all my sinful Stains,
 And wash me white as Snow.

HOLY GHOST, set to thy Seal,
 The Life of JESUS breathe,
 The deep Things of GOD reveal,
 Apply my SAVIOUR'S Death:
 With the FATHER and the SON,
 Soon as one in Thee I am,
 All my Nature shall make known
 The Glories of the LAMB.

FATHER, SON and HOLY GHOST,
 Thy GODHEAD we adore,
 Join with the triumphant Host
 To praise Thee evermore:

Live by Heaven and Earth ador'd,
 THREE in ONE, and ONE in THREE,
 Holy, Holy, Holy LORD,
 All Glory be to Thee!

H Y M N 3. L. M.

BLEST be the FATHER and his Love,
 To whose Celestial Source we owe
 Rivers of endless Joys above,
 And Streams of Comfort here below!
 Glory to Thee, Great SON of GOD!
 Forth from thy wounded Body rolls
 A precious Stream of vital Blood,
 Pardon and Life for dying Souls.
 We give the Sacred SPIRIT praise,
 Who, in our Hearts of Sin and Woe,
 Makes living Springs of Grace arise,
 And into boundless Glory flow.

Thus GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
 And GOD the SPIRIT, we adore,
 That Sea of Life and Love unknown,
 Without a Bottom or a Shore.

H Y M N 5. 7s.

FATHER, SON and HOLY GHOST,
 ONE in THREE and THREE in ONE!
 As by the Cœlestial Host,
 Let thy Will on Earth be done!
 Praise by all to Thee be giv'n,
 Glorious LORD of Earth and Heav'n!
 If so poor a Worm as I
 May to thy great Glory live;
 All mine Actions sanctify,
 All my Thoughts and Words receive!
 Claim me for thy Service—claim
 All I have, and all I am!

Take my Soul and Body's Pow'rs,
 Take my Mem'ry, Mind and Will;
 All my Goods, and all mine Hours,
 All I know, and all I feel;
 All I think, and speak, and do,
 Take mine Heart—but make it new!

H Y M N 6. 6 8.

WE give immortal Praise,
 To God the FATHER'S Love;
 For all our Comforts here,
 And better Hopes above.
 He sent his own
 Eternal SON,
 To die for Sins
 That Man had done.

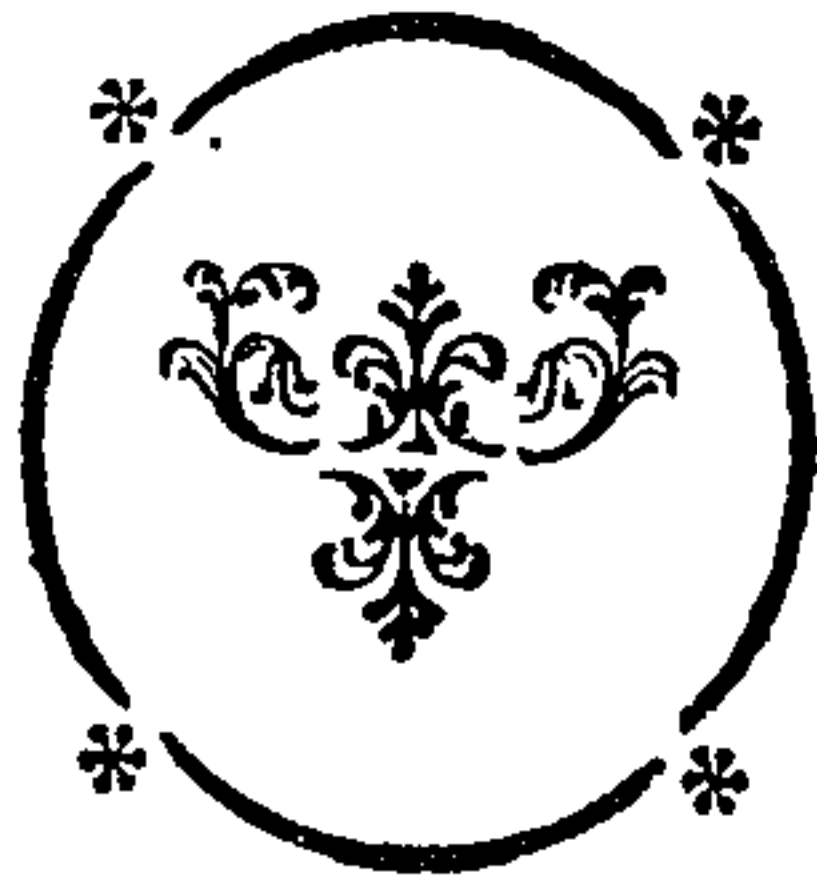
To GOD the SON belongs
Immortal Glory too,
Who bought us with his Blood,
From everlasting Woe.

And now He lives,
And now He reigns,
And sees the Fruit
Of all his Pains.

To GOD the SPIRIT'S Name,
Immortal Worship give ;
Whose new creating Pow'r
Makes the dead Sinner live,
His Work compleats
The great Design,
And fills the Soul
With Joy divine.

Almighty God, to Thee
Be endless Honours done :
The undivided THREE,
And the mysterious ONE!
Where Reason fails,
With all her Pow'rs,
There *Faith* prevails
And Love adores.

Z 4





H Y M N S

F O R T H E

S A C R A M E N T.

H Y M N 1. L. M.

THE Cross! the Cross! O that's my Gain,*
 Because on that the LAMB was slain;
 'Twas there my LORD was crucified;
 'Twas there my SAVIOUR for me died.

* Col. 1. 20.

What wond'rous Cause could move thy Heart,
 To take on Thee my Curse and Smart;
 Well knowing that my Soul would be
 So cold, so negligent of Thee?

The Cause was Love, I sink with Shame,
 Before my sacred JESU'S Name;
 That Thou shouldst bleed and slaughter'd be;
 Because—because Thou lovedst me!

H Y M N 2. L. M.

LADEN with Guilt, Sinners, arise,
 And view the bleeding Sacrifice;
 Each purple Drop proclaims there's Room,
 And bids the Poor and Needy come.—*Luke 14. 22.*

Beneath his People's Crimes He stood,
 Sign'd their Acquittances in Blood;
 Herein God's Justice is appeas'd;
 Sinners look up and be releas'd.

Mercy, Truth, Peace, and Righteousness,*
 Beam from the *Reconciler's* Face;
 Here look till Love dissolve your Heart,
 And bid your slavish Fears depart,

Oh! quit the World's delusive Charms,
 And quickly fly to JESU'S Arms:
 Wrestle until your GOD is known,
 Till you can call the LORD your own.—*Gen. 32. 26.*

H Y M N 3. 8 8 6.

O JESUS, Everlasting God,
 Who once for Sinners shed thy Blood
 Upon Mount *Calvary*;

* Psa. 85. 10.

And finish'd there Redemption's Toil,
 And made lost Man thy happy Spoil:
 All Glory be to Thee!

Fain would I think upon thy Pain,
 And find therein my Life and Gain,
 And fix my Heart and Mind
 Upon thy Wounds and dying Love;
 Nor from that Point my Heart remove,
 There Rest and Safety find!

Content and glad I'll ever be
 To have Salvation, LORD, from Thee,
 Ev'n as a Sinner poor;
 I nothing have, I nothing am;
 My Treasure's in the Bleeding LAMB,—*Mat. 6. 21.*
 Both now and evermore.

The more, through Grace, myself I know
 The more content I am to bow,
 And sink beneath thy Cross:
 And live by Faith upon thy Blood,
 Waiting on Thee for ev'ry Good,
 And count my Gain but Loss.

H Y M N 4. 6 7.

THOU LAMB of GOD once slain,
 Think now upon thy Pain,
 And before the Mercy-Seat
 Let thy Merits intercede,
 Plead for us thy bloody Sweat,
 Pour down Blessings on our Head.
 Our Souls, with inmost Shame,
 Address thy holy Name,

Here to find Thee inly near,
Present to each waiting Soul!
Ev'ry drooping Sinner cheer,
Breathe thy SPIRIT through the Whole!

Each Hind'rance, LORD, remove,
By pouring in thy Love;
Let those bleeding Wounds of Thine
Precious to our Heals appear;
With peculiar Lustre thine,
Gladden ev'ry Sinner here!

From thy Majestic Throne
In Mercy, LORD, look down;
View the Souls athirst for Thee,
Take them to thy kind Embrace;
Each adores with bended Knee,
All the Glories of thy Grace.

H Y M N 5. 7 6.

FAITHFUL BRIDEGROOM, Holy LAMB,

By thy Church beloved ;
 Manifest thy sweetest Name,
 To each Heart approved.

Crown this Ordinance of Thine

With a solemn Blessing ;
 Let our Feast be all divine,

Each Thyself possessing. — *John 14. 23.*

Cause that bleeding Sacrifice,

Once for Sinners given ;
 To appear before our Eyes,
 Earnest of our Heaven.

We partake the Bread and Wine,

Seals of our Profession ;
 Of the inward Grace the Sign,
Symbols of thy Passion.

We commemorate thy Death,
 While we are receiving,
 Feeding in our Hearts by *Faith*,
 With unfeign'd Thanksgiving.

H Y M N 6. C. M.

A LAS! and did my SAVIOUR bleed?
 And did my SOV'REIGN die?
 Would He devote that sacred Head
 For such a Worm as I?

Was it for Crimes that I had done
 He groan'd upon the Tree?
 Amazing Pity! Grace unknown!
 And Love beyond Degree.

Well might the Sun in Darknefs hide,—*Mat. 27. 45.*

And shut his Glories in,

When GOD the Mighty MAKER dy'd———*Heb. 1. 2.*

For Man his Creature's Sin.

Thus might I hide my blushing Face,

While thy dear Crofs appears;

Dissolve my Heart in Thankfulness,

And melt my Eyes to Tears.

But Drops of Grief can ne'er repay

That Debt of Love I owe;

Here, LORD, I give myself away,

Ⓞ help me so to do!

H Y M N 7. 8s.

ENCOURAG'D by the Word of Grace,

We meet Thee at thy Table, LORD,

O let us see thy smiling Face———*2 Cor. 4. 6.*

And one reviving Look afford:

To us the Bread of Life be giv'n,—— *John 6. 35.*
 The Bread which cometh down from Heav'n.

We are unworthy we confess

One Crumb of Children's Bread to taste;*
 But cloathed in thy Righteousness

We humbly venture to the Feast:
 Amidst thy Saints, dear LORD, appear,
 And manifest thy Presence here!—— *Mat. 18. 20*

With heav'nly Food our Souls refresh,

To us be known in breaking Bread:— *Luke 24. 35.*
 Tasting the Symbol of thy Flesh,

May we on purchas'd Mercy Feed:
 Remind us how thy precious Blood
 Was shed, to seal our Peace with God.

* Mark 7. 28.

HYMN 8. L. M.

O Come, Thou wounded LAMB of GOD!
 Come wash us in thy cleansing Blood;—*Rev.* 1. 5.
 Give us to know thy Love, then Pain
 Is sweet, and Life or Death is Gain.—*Phil.* 1. 21.
 Take our poor Hearts, and let them be
 For ever clos'd to all but Thee:
Seal Thou our Breasts and let us wear
 That Pledge of Love for ever there.
 How can it be Thou Heav'nly KING,
 That Thou shouldst Man to Glory bring,
 Make Slaves the Partners of thy Throne!
 Deck'd with a never-fading Crown!
 O LORD, enlarge our scanty Thought,
 To know the Wonders Thou hast wrought:
 Unloose our stamm'ring Tongue to tell—*Isa.* 32. 4.
 Thy Love immense, unsearchable!

First-born of many Brethren, Thou,—*Rom.* 8. 29.
 To Thee both Earth and Heav'n must bow:
 Help us to Thee our All to give,
 Thine may we die, Thine may we live!

H Y M N 9. S. M.

NOT all the Blood of Beasts
 On *Jewish* Altars slain,
 Could give the guilty Conscience Peace,
 Or wash away the Stain.

But CHRIST, the Heav'nly LAMB,
 Takes all our Sins away:
 A Sacrifice of nobler Name,
 And richer Blood than they.

My Faith would lay its Hand——*Lev.* 1: 4.
 On that dear Head of Thine;
 While like a Penitent I stand,
 And there confess my Sin.

My Soul looks back to see,

The Burden thou didst bear.—*1 Pet. 2. 24.*

When hanging on th' accursed Tree;

And hopes her Guilt was there.

Believing, we rejoice

To see the Curse remove;—*Gal. 3. 13.*

We bless the LAMB with chearful Voice,

And sing his bleeding Love.

H Y M N 10. L. M.

COME Sinners to the Gospel-Feast,—*Luke 14. 17.*

JESUS invites you for his Guest;

O taste the Goodness of your God,

And eat his Flesh, and drink his Blood.—*Isa. 6. 53.*

See Him set forth before your Eyes,—*Gal. 3. 1.*

Behold the bleeding Sacrifice!

His offer'd Love make haste, embrace,

And freely now be sav'd by Grace.

Ye, who believe his Record true,
 Shall sup with Him, and He with you,—*Rev. 3. 20.*
 Come to the Feast, be sav'd from Sin;
 For JESUS waits to take you in.

H Y M N 11. L. M.

PITY a helpless Sinner, LORD.—*Mark 9. 24.*
 Who would believe thy gracious Word;
 But own my Heart with Shame and Grief,
 A Sink of Sin and Unbelief.

LORD, in thy House I read there's room:—*Luke 14. 2.*
 And vent'ring hard behold I come.
 But can there, tell me, can there be,
 Amongst thy Children Room for me?
 I eat the Bread and drink the Wine:
 But oh! my Soul wants more than Sign,
 I faint; unless I feed on Thee,
 And drink thy Blood as shed for me.

For Sinners, LORD, Thou cam'st to bleed:
 And I'm a Sinner vile indeed!
 LORD, I believe thy Grace is free:
 O, magnify it now in me.

H Y M N 12. 7s.

HEARTS of Stone, relent, relent, - *Ezek. 36. 26.*
 Break by JESU'S Cross subdu'd!
 See his Body mangled, rent,
 Cover'd with a Gore of Blood!
 Sinful Soul, what hast Thou done?
 Murder'd GOD'S Eternal SON!
 Yes, our Sins have done the Deed,
 Drove the Nails that fix Him here;
 Crown'd with Thorns his sacred Head,
 Pierc'd Him with a Soldier's Spear;
 Made his Soul a Sacrifice,
 For a sinful World He dies!

Shall I let Him die in vain?

Still to Death pursue my God?

Open tear his Wounds again,—————*Heb.* 6. 6.

Trample on his precious Blood?

No; with all my Sins I'll part:

JESU'S Love hath broke my Heart.——*Psa.* 51. 17.

H Y M N 13. 7 6.

JESUS, Master of the Feast,
The Feast itself Thou art,
Now receive the meanest Guest,
And comfort ev'ry Heart!

Give us Living Bread to eat,—————*John* 6. 35.

Manna that from Heav'n comes down,
Fill us with immortal Meat,
And make thy Nature known!

In this barren Wilderness.— — *Psa.* 78. 19.

Thou hast a Table spread,
 Furnish'd out with richest Grace,
 Whate'er our Souls can need.
 Still sustain us by thy Love,
 Still thy Servant's Strength repair,
 Till we reach the Courts above,
 And feast for ever there.

H Y M N 14. C. M.

THAT doleful Night before his Death,
 The LAMB for Sinners slain
 Did almost with his latest Breath

This solemn Feast ordain.— — *1 Cor.* 11. 23.
 To keep thy Feast, LORD, are we met;
 And to remember Thee.

Help each poor Trembler to repeat,

For me, He died, for me! — — — — — *Gal.* 2. 20.

Thy Suff'rings, LORD each sacred Sign
 To our Remembrance brings:
 We eat the Bread and drink the Wine;
 But think on nobler Things.
 O, tune our Tongues, and set in Frame
 Each Heart that pants to Thee,
 To sing, Hosanna to the LAMB,
 The LAMB that died for me!

H Y M N 15. C. M.

COME, let us join our cheerful Songs,
 With Angels round the Throne;
 Ten thousand thousand are their Tongues,
 But all their Joys are one.

Worthy the LAMB that dy'd, they cry,
To be exalted thus!

Worthy the LAMB, our Hearts reply,
For He was slain for us!

JESUS is worthy to receive
Honour and Pow'r divine:
And Blessings more than we can give,
Be, LORD, for ever thine!

The whole Creation join in one,
To bless the sacred Name
Of Him that sits upon the Throne,
And to adore the LAMB.

H Y M N 16. S. M.

GO forth Believer, go
To *Calvary's* holy Mount!—*Luke 23. 33.*
See there thy FRIEND, between two Thieves,
Suff'ring on thy Account.

Fall at his Cross's Foot.

And say my GOD and LORD;————— *John* 20. 28.
 Here let me dwell, and view those Wounds
 Which Life for me procur'd!

Fix on that Face thine Eye;

Why shrinks thy trembling Heart?
 Thy great, thy many crimson Sins
 Shame, Grief, and Fear impart.

Fear not; for this is He

Who always loves us first,—————1 *John* 4. 19.
 And with white Robes of Righteousness
 Deigns e'en to deck the worst,—————*Isa.* 61. 10.

Or art thou at a Loss

What thou to Him shalt say?
 Be but sincere, and all thy Case
 Just as it is display.

That Heart our SAVIOUR loves
 Which does not strive to weave
 Pretences fair to sooth itself,
 And his sharp Eyes deceive.

H Y M N 17. 7s.

GLORY be to GOD on high,
 GOD whose Glory fills the Sky:
 Peace on Earth to Man forgiv'n,
 Man the well-belov'd of Heav'n, ————— *Luke 2. 14.*

CHRIST our LORD and GOD we own,
 CHRIST, the FATHER'S only SON. — *John 1. 18.*
 LAMB of GOD for Sinner's slain;
 SAVIOUR of offending Man.

Bow Thine Ear, in Mercy bow:
 Hear, the *Great Atonement* Thou, ————— *1 John 2. 2.*
 JESU! in thy Name we pray,
 Take, O take our Sins away!

Pow'rful *Advocate* with God, ————— 1 *John* 2. 1.

Justify us by thy Blood;
Bow Thine Ear, in Mercy bow:
Hear, the *Great Atonement* Thou!

H Y M N 18. Lt. M.

O FATHER of Heaven! be ever ador'd:
Thy Mercy we find in sending our LORD
To ransom and bless us; thy Goodness we praise
For sending in JESUS, Salvation by Grace.

O SON of his Love! who deignedst to die,
Our Curse to remove, our Pardon to buy;
Accept our Thanksgiving, Almighty to save,
Who openest Heaven to all that believe.

O SPIRIT of Love, of Health, and of Pow'r!
 Thy Working we prove, thy Grace we adore;
 Whole inward revealing applies our LORD's Blood,
Attesting and sealing us Children of God.-*Eph. 1. 13.*

H Y M N 19. L. M.

SINNERS, the pierc'd RĒDĒEMER see;
 For you He hung upon the Tree:
 Behold Him by the Eye of Faith,
 For Life flows sweetly from his Death.

Salvation's unexhausted Well—————*Isa. 12. 3.*
 Still pours the placid Streams to heal;
 Profuse the Spring incessant flows,
 Nor Measure nor Cessation knows.

Here may we quench our parching Thirst,
 (The Mountain-head a *Living* CHRIST)
 T' allay proud Nature's Fire within,
 And calm the boist'rous Waves of Sin.

'Tis JESU'S Grace, true Life imparts,
 A Cordial for desponding Hearts,
 A Med'cine for each Sin-sick Soul,
 A balm to make the Wounded whole.—*Jer.* 8. 22.

Here may the wearied Spirit rest,
 Reclin'd upon the SAVIOUR'S Breast;
 The Mournful have each Want supply'd
 The Faint a Remedy apply'd.

For each a Cure by JESU'S Death,
 For all that feel a quick'ning Faith;
 That Gift, Thou COMFORTER Divine,
 Bestow, and all we have be Thine.

HAIL Thou once despised JESUS!—*Isa.* 53. 3.
Hail Thou *Galilean* KING,

Who didst suffer to release us,
Who didst free Salvation bring:

Hail Thou precious precious SAVIOUR,
Who hast borne our Sin and Shame;

By whose Merit we find Favour,
Life is given through thy Name!

Paschal LAMB, by GOD appointed,———1 *Cor.* 5. 7.

All our Sins were on Thee laid:

By Almighty Love anointed,
Thou hast full Atonement made.

Ev'ry Sin may be forgiven,

Thro' the Virtue of thy Blood!

Open'd is the Gate of Heaven,———*Mic.* 2. 13.

Peace is made 'twixt Man and God.

JESUS hail! enthron'd in Glory,
 There for ever to abide,
 All the Heav'nly Hosts adore Thee,
 Seated at thy FATHER'S Side:
 There for Sinners Thou art pleading,
 " Spare them yet another Year;"
 Thou for Saints art interceding,
 Till in Glory they appear.

Worship, Honour, Pow'r and Blessing
 CHRIST is worthy to receive,
 Loudest Praïses, without ceasing,
 Meet it is for us to give:
 Help, ye bright Angelic Spirits,
 Bring your sweetest, noblest Lays:
 Help to sing our JESU'S Merits,
 Help to chaunt IMMANUEL'S Praise!

GOD of my Salvation hear,
And help me to believe;

Simply do I now draw near,

Thy Blessing to receive:

Full of Guilt alas! I am;

But to thy Wounds for Refuge flee:

Friend of Sinners spotless LAMB,

Thy Blood was shed for me!

Nothing have I, LORD, to pay,

Nor can thy Grace procure;

Empty send me not away,

For I, Thou know'st, am poor;

Dust and Ashes is my Name,

My all is Sin and Misery;

Friend of Sinners, spotless LAMB!

Thy Blood was shed for me!

Without Money, without Price,

I come thy Love to buy;

From myself I turn my Eyes

The chief of Sinners I.

Take, O take me as I am,

And let me lose myself in Thee:

Friend of Sinners, spotless LAMB,

Thy Blood was shed for me.

H Y M N 22. L. M.

OH! that our flinty Hearts would melt,
While to Remembrance, LORD, we call
Part of that Weight which Thou hast felt,

For who can comprehend it all?

Ye Sinners, while these Symbols dear

Present your suff'ring LORD to View,

Drop the soft Tribute of a Tear:

For He shed many a Tear for you.

In the sad Garden, on the Wood,
 His Body bruis'd, from ev'ry Part,
 Pour'd on the Ground a purple Flood;
 Till Sorrow broke his tender Heart.

LORD, while we thus show forth thy Death,
 O send thy SPIRIT from above.
 Help us to feed on Thee by *Faith*;
 And sigh, and sing, and mourn, and love.

H Y M N 23. 8s.

'TIS done! th' atoning Work is done:
 JESUS, the World's REDEEMER, dies!
 All Nature feels th' important Groan
 Loud-ecchoing thro' Earth and Skies;
 The Earth doth to her Centre quake,
 And Heav'n as Hell's deep Gloom is black!

The Temple's Veil is rent in twain,

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While JESUS meekly bows his Head;
The Rocks resent his mortal Pain;

The yawning Graves give up their Dead.
The Bodies of the Saints arise,———*Mat. 27. 52,*
Reviving as their SAVIOUR *dies.*

And shall not we his Death partake,

In sympathetic Anguish groan?
O SAVIOUR, let thy Passions shake
Our Earth, and rent our Hearts of Stone:*

To second Life our Souls restore,
And wake us that we sleep no more.

H Y M N 24. S. M.

THEY pierc'd Him to the Heart.
O let me view the Wound;
And count the precious, precious Drops
That stain the thirsty Ground.

* Ezek. 11. 19.

B b 3

Ah! Who cou'd marr Thee thus,
 That never didst offend?
 How cou'd a sinful World combine
 Agianst the Sinner's Friend?
 There needed not the Spear
 To shed my SAVIOUR'S Blood:
 Love would have burst his tender Heart,
 Whilst Mercy pour'd the Flood.
 O copious, healing Stream!
 Tho' urg'd by hostile Hand:
 From evil springs the MIGHTY GOOD
 That cleanses *Judah's* Land.

H Y M N 25. 8 7.

NOTHING but thy Blood, O JESUS,
 Can relieve us from our Smart;
 Nothing else from Guilt release us,
 Nothing else can melt the Heart.

Law and Terrors do but harden,——*Rom.* 4. 15.

All the while they work alone;
But a Sense of Blood-bought Pardon
Soon dissolves a Heart of Stone.

JESUS, all our Consolations
Flow from THEE the SOV'REIGN GOOD.
Love, and Faith, and Hope, and Patience,
All are purchas'd by thy Blood.

From thy Fulness we receive them;
We have Nothing of our own:
Freely Thou delight'st to give them;
To the Needy, who have none.

Teach us, by thy patient SPIRIT,
How to mourn, and not despair.
Let us, leaning on thy Merit,
Wrestle hard with God in Pray'r.

Whatsoever Afflictions seize us,

They shall profit, if not please:—*Rom.* 8. 28.

But defend, defend us, JESUS,

From Security and Ease.—*Amos* 6. 1.

H Y M N 26. S. M.

JESUS invites his Saints,
To meet around his Board!

Here pardon'd Rebels sit, and hold:—*Rom.* 5. 1.

Communion with their LORD.

For Food, He gives his Flesh;—*John* 6. 55.

He bids us drink his Blood;

Amazing Favour! matchless Grace!

Of our redeeming GOD;

Let all our Pow'rs be join'd

His glorious Name to raise;

Pleasure and Love fill ev'ry Mind,

And ev'ry Voice be Praise.

H Y M N 27. C. M.

YE wretched, hungry, starving Poor,
Behold a Royal Feast!

Where Mercy spreads her bounteous Store
For ev'ry welcome Guest.

See, JESUS, stands with open Arms;

He calls, He bids you come:

Guilt holds you back, and Fear alarms;

But see, there yet is Room.—*Luke 14. 22.*

Room in the SAVIOUR'S bleeding Heart,

There Love and Pity meet;

Nor will He bid the Soul depart,

That trembles at his Feet.

In Him the FATHER, reconcil'd,

Invites the Souls to come;

The Rebel shall be call'd a Child,

And kindly welcom'd Home.

O come, and with his Children taste
 The Blessings of his Love;
 While Hope attends the sweet repast
 Of nobler Joys above.

There, with united Heart and Voice,
 Before th' Eternal Throne,
 Ten thousand, thousand Souls rejoice,
 In Extasies unknown.

Ten thousand times; ten thousand more
 Are welcome still to come;
 Ye longing Souls the Grace adore;
 Approach, there yet is Room.

H Y M N 28. C. M.

THERE is a Fountain fill'd with Blood,
 Drawn from IMMANUEL'S Veins;
 And Sinners plung'd beneath that Flood,
 Loose all their guilty Stains.

The dying Thief rejoic'd to see
 That Fountain in his Day,
 And there have I, as vile as he,
 Wash'd all my Sins away.

Dear dying LAMB, thy precious Blood,
 Shall never lose its Pow'r,
 'Till all the ransom'd Church of God,
 Be sav'd to sin no more.

E'er since by Faith I saw the Stream,
 Thy flowing Wounds supply,
 Redeeming Love has been my Theme,
 And shall be 'till I die.

Then in a nobler sweeter Song,
 I'll sing thy Pow'r to save,
 When this poor hisping stammering Tongue
 Lies silent in the Grave.

LORD I believe Thou hast prepar'd

(Unworthy tho' I be)

For me a Blood-bought free Reward,

A golden Harp for me.—*Rev.* 5. 8.

'Tis strung and tun'd for endless Years,

And form'd by Pow'r Divine,

To sound in GOD the FATHER's Ears,

No other Name but Thine.

H Y M N 29. 104th.

THE Fountain of CHRIST—*Zec.* 13. 1.

Assist me to sing,
The Blood of our PRIEST,

Our crucify'd KING;

Which perfectly cleanses

From Sin, and from Filth;

And richly dispenses

Salvation and Health.

This Fountain so dear
 He'll freely impart;
 Unlock'd by the Spear,
 It gush'd from his Heart,
 With Blood, and with Water,
 The first to atone,
 To cleanse us the latter;
 The Fountain's but One.

[This Fountain is such
 (As Thousands can tell)
 The Moment we touch
 It's Streams, we are well,
 All Waters beside them
 Are full of the Curse;
 For all that have try'd them
 Swell, rot, and grow worse.]—*Mark 5. 25.*

This Fountain, sick Soul,
Recovers thee quite;
Bathe here, and be whole;
Wash here, and be white:
Whatever Diseases
Or Dangers befall,
The Fountain of JESUS
Will rid thee of all.

[This Fountain from Guilt
Not only makes pure,
And gives, soon as felt,
Infallible Cure;
But if Guilt removed
Return, and remain,
Its Pow'r may be proved
Again; and again.]

[This Fountain unfeal'd
 Stands open for all,
 That long to be heal'd,
 The great and the small;
 Here's Strength for the Weakly,
 That hither are led;
 Here's Health for the Sickly;
 Here's Life for the Dead.]

This Fountain, tho' rich,
 From Charge is quite clear;
 The poorer the Wretch
 The welcomer here.
 Come needy, come guilty,
 Come loathsome and bare;
 You can't come too filthy *— John 1. 7,*
 Come just as you are.

This Fountain in vain
 Has never been try'd
 It takes out all stain
 Whenever apply'd.
 The Water flows sweetly
 With Virtue divine,
 To cleanse Souls completely,
 Tho' leprous as mine.

H Y M N 30. L. M.

WHAT Heav'nly MAN; or Lovely GOD,
 Comes marching downward from the Skies,
 Array'd in Garments roll'd in Blood,
 With Joy and Pity in his Eyes?
 The LORD! the SAVIOUR! yes 'tis He,
 I know Him by the Smiles He wears;
 Dear Glorious MAN that dy'd for me,
 Drench'd deep in Agonies and Tears.

Lo! He reveals his shining Breast,
 I own those Wounds, and I adore;
 Lo! He prepares a Royal Feast,
 Sweet Fruit of the sharp Pangs He bore!
 Whence flow these Favours so divine!
 LORD! why so lavish of thy Blood?
 Why for such earthly Souls as mine,
 This Heav'nly Flesh, this sacred Food?
 'Twas his own Love that made Him bleed,
 That nail'd Him to the cursed Tree;
 'Twas his own Love this Table spread
 For such unworthy Worms as we,
 Then let us taste the SAVIOUR'S Love,
 Come, *Faith*, and feed upon the LORD:
 With glad Consent our Lips shall move
 And sweet *Hosannas* crown the Board,

H Y M N 31. 8 8 6.

JESUS, Thou lovely bleeding LAMB,
 Who underwent our Grief and Shame,
 To save our Souls from Hell;
 While here we sit around thy Board,
 Thy Pain, and Suff'rings to record,
 Thy Praise aloud we'll tell.

We'll shout and sing thy lovely Name,
 Loud *Hallelujahs* to the LAMB,
 We'll sing thy *Sov'reign* Grace;
 Why didst Thou leave thy Throne above
 To come and bleed to Death for Love,
 To save our guilty Race.

O matchless Grace! O boundless Love!
 Help us ye glorious Hosts above,
 To sound his Praise abroad;

Hosanna, blessed be his Name,
 He fought and bled and overcame
 And bought our Peace with God.

Thus will we crown thy Feast with Songs,
 And join with Heav'n's triumphant Throng,
 To sing thy bleeding Heart:
 Let ev'ry Soul that mourning came
 Break forth, and loud with us proclaim
 Thy Love before we part.

Thus strengthen'd in our Heav'nly Road
 We'll travel to the Mount of God,
 To join in *Gabriel's* Song;
 There while we banquet on thy Love,
 Our Songs shall fill the Orbs above,
 'Mong the *Seraphic* Throng.

BEHOLD the LAMB immaculate,
 With Thoughts of Love and Tendernefs,
 He came and left Heav'n's glorious State
 Into this howling Wildernefs;
 He could not reft in Heav'n, and fee
 Us doom'd to endless Mifery.

While wand'ring thro' this Vale of Tears,

He mourned like a Turtle Dove;
 He fpent his three and thirty Years

In Sorrow, and then dy'd for Love:—*Rom. 5. 8.*
 For Love to fuch poor Worms as me,
 Sure this was Love beyond Degree.

Why, O my Kind REDEEMER, why

Why didft Thou love my Soul fo well?
 That Thou wouldft bleed and groan and die
 To fave my Soul from gnawing Hell?

This is the dazzling Mystery;
At which I'll gaze eternally.

Come all ye weary, wand'ring Souls
Who long for cooling Streams of Bliss;
No *Siloam* or *Bethesda's* Pools
Are like the Streams of *Paradise*;
In our sweet SAVIOUR'S wounded Side,
A precious Fountain's open'd wide.

JESUS Thou bleeding PRINCE of Love.
Our longing Souls to Thee draw near;
If now o'er us thy Bowels move,
Our fainting Souls with Cordials cheer;
With Shouts of Praise we'll then proclaim,
Loud *Hallelujahs* to the LAMB.

H Y M N 33. 9s.

OH! how glorious is that Mystery,
 Into which the Angels look and pry!
 Who can tell the Height and Depth
 Know the utmost Length and Breadth,
Of that Love which forc'd the LAMB to die?

We are Learners in the School of Grace;
 Feeling something of the Blood-bought Peace;
 Though 'tis little that we know
 Of the SAVIOUR here below,
 Yet we soon shall see Him Face to Face,

Oh! what Raptures then shall fill each Tongue,
 When our Hearts with Gladness join in one,
 To sing Glory to the Name
 Of the worthy slaughter'd LAMB;
 And his Grace with Thankfulness to own!

Then the SAVIOUR shall Himself display,
 And his Person shall such Pow'r convey,
 That our poor Souls must leave their Dross,
 Purg'd by Virtue of his Cross,
 And spring forth into eternal Day.

H Y M N 34. L. M.

'T WAS on that dark, that doleful Night,
 When Pow'rs of Earth and Hell arose
 Against the SON of God's Delight,
 And Friends betray'd Him to his Foes:

Before the mournful Scene began,
 He took the Bread, and bless'd, and brake:
 What Love thro' all his Actions ran!
 What wond'rous Words of Grace He spake!

This is my Body broke for Sin,

Receive and eat the living Food:

Then took the Cup, and bless'd the Wine;

'Tis the new Cov'nant in my Blood.

“ Do this, (He cry'd) 'till Time shall end,

“ In Mem'ry of your dying FRIEND;

“ Meet at my Table and record

“ The Love of your departed LORD.

JESUS, thy Feast we celebrate,

We shew thy Death. we sing thy Name,

'Till Thou return, and we shall eat

The Marriage-Supper of the LAMB.

H Y M N 35. C. M.

LORD how divine thy Comforts are!

How Heav'nly is the Place

Where JESUS spreads the sacred Feast

Of his Redeeming Grace!

There the rich Bounties of our GOD,
 And sweetest Glories shine;

There JESUS says, "That I am his,
 "And my BELOVED'S mine."

"Here (says the kind Redeeming LORD,
 "And shews his wounded Side)

"See here the Spring of all your Joys,
 "That open'd when I dy'd!"

What shall we pay our Heav'nly KING
 For Grace so vast as this?

He brings our Pardon to our Eyes,
 And seals it with a Kiss.

To Him that wash'd us in his Blood
 Be everlasting Praise,

Salvation, Honour, Glory, Pow'r,
 Eternal as his Days.

H Y M N 36. L. M.

AT thy Command, our Dearest LORD,
Here we attend thy dying Feast;
Thy Blood, like Wine, adorns thy Board,
And thy own Flesh feeds every Guest.

Our Faith adores thy bleeding Love
And trusts for Life in one that dy'd;
We hope for Heav'nly Crowns above,
From a REDEEMER crucify'd.

Let the vain World pronounce it Shame,
And fling their Scandals on the Cause;
We come to boast our SAVIOR'S Name,
And make our Triumphs in his Cross.

With Joy we tell the scoffing Age
He that was dead has left the Tomb,
He lives above their utmost Rage,
And we are waiting till He come.

H Y M N 37. 8s.

EXPECTANT at *Bethesda* lie—— *John 5. 2.*

The Lame, the Wither'd and the Blind,
These Sons of Pain and Misery

Wait the propitious Hour to find,
When the kind Angel from above
Shall the Health-giving Water move.

Those Sons of Misery and Woe

In us, O gracious SAVIOUR, see,
Halting, nor have we Strength to go

In strict Conformity to Thee,
Sightless, in vain our Eye-balls roll,
And all Infirmity, the Soul.

Yes, 'tis our better Part that lies

Expos'd to all these mortal Ills,

The Soul, th' immortal Spirit dies,

And Tophet's ceaseless Torments feels,

Unless a sov'reign Balm we know,
And Life from blest *Bethesda* flow.

Here, LORD, we wait, now move the Wave

The true *Bethesda*; let us prove
Present a mighty Pow'r to save,

The Force of JESU'S dying Love;

Now let us bathe in Mercy's Sea

And find our Health, Life, All from Thee.

H Y M N 38. S. M.

MY SAVIOR, Thou didst shed
Thy precious Blood for me;
O dwell within my worthless Heart,
And let me live to Thee.

Thou callest me, O LORD,

To come to Thee and live;

I therefore come with all my Sins,

I know Thou canst forgive.

My LORD and SAVIOUR, dear!
 I long to see thy Face;
 To know Thee more and more by Faith,
 And daily grow in Grace.

And when this Life is o'er,
 O may I dwell with Thee,
 Still worshipping the blessed LAMB,
 Who liv'd and dy'd for me.

H Y M N 39. S. M.

O Patient, spotless LAMB,
 My Heart in Patience keep,
 To bear the Cross so easy made,
 By wounding Thee so deep.

Bring me, my SHEPHERD, where
 Thy choicest Flocks abide:
 From wand'ring save my foolish Heart,
 And keep it near thy Side.

My FRIEND Thou hast enough
 My Misery to relieve:
 Tho' Sin and Guilt opprefs me fore,
 The Balm is Thine to give.

Do Thou, my All, unite
 My Heart so firm to Thee,
 That ev'ry where, and at all Times
 Thy Love my All may be

H Y M N 40. 8 8 6.

THE LORD hath fworn, and cannot lye,
 With Corn and Wine He will supply
 His *Chosen* in their Need;

The Paschal LAMB is their Repast,
 A Stranger thereof cannot taste,
 Nor on the Manna feed.

Renew'd in Strength, we never tire,
 But still his boundless Love admire,
 And his Example trace:
 The Gospel-Lamp shall light us on,
 Until our Warfare here be done,
 And finish'd by his Grace.

H Y M N 41. C. M.

JESUS, the SAVIOUR of my Soul,
 Be Thou my Heart's Delight;
 Ever to me the same remain,
 My Joy by Day and Night!

Hungry and thirsty after Thee,
May I be found each Hour;
Humble in Heart, and happy kept
By Thine Almighty Pow'r!

Oh! may I never once forget
What a poor Worm I am;
From Death and Hell redeem'd by Blood,
The Blood of God's dear LAMB!

May thy Blest SPIRIT, in my Heart,
Most sweetly shed abroad
The Love of my Incarnate God,
Who bought me with his Blood!

The Mystery of Redeeming Love
Be ever dear to me!
And may the Flesh and Blood of CHRIST
My daily Manna be!

H Y M N 42. C. M.

COME HOLY GHOST, Thine Influence shed,
 And realize the Sign,
 Thy Life infuse into the Bread,
 Thy Pow'r into the Wine.

Effectual let the Tokens prove,
 And made by Heav'nly Art
 Fit Channels to convey thy Love
 To each believing Heart.

H Y M N 43. C. M.

THIS was Compassion like a God
 That when the SAVIOR knew
 The Price of Pardon was his Blood,
 His Pity ne'er withdrew!

He sunk beneath our heavy Woes,
 To raise us to his Throne:
 There's not a Gift his Hand bestows
 But cost his Heart a Groan.

Now tho' He reigns exalted high,
 His Love is still as great:
 Well He remembers *Calvary*,
 Nor will his Saints forget.

Here we receive repeated Seals
 Of JESU'S dying Love:
 Hard is the Wretch that never feels
 One soft Affection move.

Here let our Hearts begin to melt,
 While we his Death record;
 And with our Joy for pardon'd Guilt,—*Rom. 5. 2.*
 Mourn that we pierc'd the LORD.

MY blessed SAVIOR, is thy Love
 So great, so full, so free?
 Oh let me give my Love, my Heart,
 My Life, my All to Thee!

I love Thee for that glorious Worth
 In thy Great Self I see:

I love Thee for that shameful Cross
 Thou hast endur'd for me.

No Man of greater Love can boast——*Rom.* 5. 8.

Than for his FRIEND to die:

But for thy *Foes*, LORD, Thou wast slain;

What Love with Thine can vie?

Tho' in the very Form of GOD,———*Col.* 2. 9.

With Heav'nly Glory crown'd,

Thou wouldst partake of Human Flesh,

Belet with Troubles round.

Like Thee in Faith, in Meekness, Love,

In every beauteous Grace;

From Glory into Glory chang'd,———2 *Cor.* 3. 18.

May we behold thy Face!

Thy Friends the excellent on Earth,——*John* 15. 15.

Shall be my chief Delight:

And when alone, I'll make thy Law

My Study Day and Night.

Where Thou dost pitch thy Tent, and where

Thy Honour deigns to dwell,

Let me fix mine, and there reside,

Thy wond'rous Love to tell.

H Y M N 45. L. M.

WHEN I survey the wond'rous Cross

On which the PRINCE of Glory dy'd,

My richest Gain I count but Loss,———*Phil.* 3. 8.

And pour Contempt on all my Pride.

Forbid it, LORD, that I should boast—*Gal. 6. 14.*

Save in the Death of CHRIST my God:
All the vain Things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his Blood.

See from his Head, his Hands and Feet,
Sorrow and Love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such Love and Sorrow meet,
Or Thorns compose so rich a Crown?

Were the whole Realm of Nature mine,
That were a Present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,———*Rom. 12. 1.*
Demands my Soul, my Life my All.

H Y M N 46. C. M.

WHAT Object's this that meets my Eyes
From out *Jerusalem's* Gate:
Which fills my Mind with such Surprize,
As Wonders to create.

What can it be that groans beneath
 A pond'rous Cross of Wood;
 Whose Soul's o'erwhelm'd in Pains of Death,
 And Body's bath'd in Blood?

Is this the MAN, can this be He?
 The Prophets have foretold,
 Should with Transgressors number'd be,
 And for their Crimes be sold?—————*Isa.* 53. 12.

Yes, now I know 'tis He, 'tis He,
 E'en JESUS, GOD'S Dear SON;
 Wrapt in Mortality to die
 For Crimes that I had done.

O! blessed Sight, O! lovely Form,
 To sinful Souls like me!
 I'll creep beside Him as a Worm
 And see Him die for me.

I'll hear his Groans and view his Wounds

Until with happy *John*,

I on his Breast a Place have found

Sweetly to lean upon.————— *John* 13. 23.

H Y M N 47. 8s.

JESUS, we claim Thee for our own:

Our Kinsman, near ally'd in Blood:

Flesh of our Flesh, Bone of our Bone,

The SON of Man, the SON of GOD:—*Eph.* 5. 30.

And lo! we lay us at thy Feet,

Our Sentence from thy Mouth to meet.

Partaker of my Flesh below,

To Thee, O JESUS, I apply;

Thou wilt thy poor Relations know,

Thou never can'st Thyself deny,—2 *Tim.* 2. 13.

Exclude me from thy guardian Care,

Or slight a sinful Beggar's Pray'r!

Thee, SAVIOUR, in my greatest Need,

I trust my greatest FRIEND to prove:

Now o'er thy meanest Servant spread,

The Skirt of thy Redeeming Love.—*Ez.* 16. 8.

Under thy Wings protecting take,

And save me for thy Mercies Sake.

Hast Thou not undertook my Cause,

LORD over all, to Worms ally'd?

Answer me from that bleeding Cross,

Demand thy dearly ransom'd-Bride:—*Rev.* 21. 9.

And let my Soul betroth'd to Thee,——*Hof.* 2. 20.

Thine, *wholly* Thine for ever be!

H Y M N 48. . 8 7.

SWEET the Moments rich in Blessing

Which before the Cross I spend;

Life and Health, and Peace possessing

From the Sinner's dying FRIEND.

Here I'll sit for ever viewing
 Mercy's Streams in Streams of Blood;
 Precious Drops my Soul bedewing
 Plead and claim my Peace with God.

Truly blessed is this Station
 Low before his Cross to lie;
 While I see divine Compassion
 Floating in his languid Eye,
 Here it is I find my Heaven,
 While upon the LAMB I gaze;
 Love I much? I've much forgiven,
 I'm a Miracle of Grace.—————*Luke 7. 47.*

Love and Grief my Heart dividing,
 With my Tears his Feet I'll bathe:
 Constant still in Faith abiding,
 Life deriving from his Death.

May I still enjoy this Feeling,
 In all Need to JESUS go ;
 Prove his Wounds each Day more healing,
 And Himself more deeply know !

H Y M N 49. 8s.

HAIL JESUS hail, our Great HIGH PRIEST,
 Enter'd into thy Glorious Rest,
 That holy, blisful Place above :
 The Conquest Thou hast more than gain'd,
 The Heav'nly Happiness obtain'd,
 For all that trust thy dying Love.

The Blood of Goats and Bullocks slain
 Could never purge our guilty Stain,
 Could never for our Sins atone:

But Thou Thine own most precious Blood
Has spilt to quench the Wrath of GOD,
Has fav'd us by thy Blood alone.

That we the Promise might receive,
Might soon with Thee in Glory live,
Thou stand'st before thy FATHER now!
For us Thou dost in Heaven appear,
Our Surety, Head, and Harbinger,
Our SAVIOUR to the utmost Thou.

Not without Blood—Thou pray'st above;
The Marks of thy expiring Love
God on thy Hands engraven sees!

He hears thy Blood for Mercy cry,
 And sends his SPIRIT from the Sky,
 And seals our Everlasting Peace.

Thankful we now the Earnest take,
 The Pledge Thou wilt at last come back
 And openly thy Servants own;
 To us, who long to see Thee here,
 Thou shalt a second Time appear,
 And bear us to thy Glorious Throne.

H Y M N 50. C. M.

I WAIT the Visits of thy Grace,
 My SAVIOR and my God;
 O come, and show thy smiling Face,
 And wash me in thy Blood.

Oh! whither can I go, to get
A Pardon for my Sin?
But only to my SAVIOUR'S Feet,
And wait and call on Him.

Oh! that I could but once, by Faith,
Behold Him on the Tree;
And see Him languish there to Death,
And shed his Blood for me.

Oh! that I might but once be found,
In that blest *Wedding-Dress*;
Which in my Ears doth often sound,
His Blood and Righteousness!

'Tis this alone can give me Ease,
And heal my wounded Heart;
My SAVIOUR'S Blood and Righteousness,
His Sufferings and Smart.

H Y M N 51. L. M.

JESU, thy Blood and Righteousness—*Isa.* 61. 10.
 My Beauty are, my glorious Drefs;
 'Midst flaming Worlds, in these array'd,
 With Joy shall I lift up my Head.
 When from the Dust of Earth I rise
 To claim my Mansion in the Skies;
 Ev'n then shall this be all my Plea,
 "JESUS hath liv'd, hath dy'd for me."
 Bold shall I stand in that great Day,
 For who ought to my Charge shall lay?—*Rom.* 8. 33.
 Fully thro' Thee absolv'd I am,
 From Sin and Fear, from Guilt and Shame.
 Thus *Abraham* the Friend of God,
 Thus all the Armies bought with Blood,
 SAVIOUR of Sinners Thee proclaim,
 Sinners, of whom the Chief I am.

This spotless Robe the same appears,
When ruin'd Nature sinks in Years,
No Age can change its glorious Hue,
The Grace of CHRIST is ever new.

O let the Dead now hear thy Voice,
Now bid thy banish'd ones rejoice!
Their Beauty this, their glorious Dress,
JESUS the LORD our *Righteousness!*





FUNERAL HYMNS.

H Y M N 1. C. M.

NAKED as from the Earth we came
 And crept to Life at first,
 We to the Earth return again,
 And mingle with our Dust.

The dear Delights we here enjoy
 And fondly call our own,
 Are but short Favors borrow'd now,
 To be repaid anon.

'Tis GOD that lifts our Comforts high
 Or sinks them to the Grave,
 He gives, and (blessed be his Name!)
 He takes but what He gave.

Peace all our angry Passions then,
 Let each rebellious Sigh
 Be silent at his *Sou'reign* Will,
 And ev'ry Murmur die.

If smiling Mercy crown our Lives,
 Its Praises shall be spread,
 And we'll adore the Justice too
 That strikes our Comforts dead.

H Y M N 2. S. M.

THE Spirits of the Just,
 Confin'd in Bodies, groan;
 Till Death consigns the Corpse to Dust,
 And then the Conflict's done.

E e

JESUS, who came to save,
 The LAMB for Sinners slain,
 Perfum'd the Chambers of the Grave;
 And made ev'n Death our Gain.

Why fear we then to trust
 The Place where JESUS lay?
 In Quiet rests our Brother's Dust:
 And thus it seems to say:

“ Forbear, my Friends, to weep;
 “ Since Death has lost its Sting:
 “ Those Christians, that in JESUS sleep,
 “ Our God will with Him bring.”

H Y M N 3. 8s.

STRANGERS and Sojourners below,
 We travel through this Wilderness;
 Seeking the promis'd Rest to know
 In CHRIST the *Fountain* of true Blifs;

We seek a Place beyond the Skies,
An everlasting Paradise.

In this Pursuit we stand in Need
Of daily fresh Supplies of Grace,
Our Souls with Manna CHRIST must feed,
While we his leading Footsteps trace:
So shall each Pilgrim gladly move——*Heb. 11. 13.*
Onward unto his Home above.

No earthly Bliss is worth our Stay,
Or Struggle for another Breath;
These Comforts vanish and decay,
And yield no solid Joy in Death:
While others vain Delights pursue,
We taste God's Love for ever new.——*Rom. 5. 5.*

His Cross inflicts the deadly Blow,
 And crucifies each rebel Sin;
 Peace, Love, and Joy, hence richly flow,
 And cause sweet Melody within:
 Dependent on the God of Pow'r,
 We glory in a suff'ring Hour.

The new *Jerusalem* appears,
 Her Citizens resplendent shine,———*Rev. 7. 9.*
 For God hath wip'd away her Tears,
 And fill'd them with the Life Divine:
 With them we shall his Glory see,
 And praise Him thro' Eternity.

H Y M N 4. C. M.

WHY do we mourn departing Friends,
 Or shake at Death's Alarms?
 'Tis but the Voice that JESUS sends
 To call them to his Arms.

Are we not tending upwards too,
As fast as Time can move?
Why should we wish the Hours more slow
That keep us from our Love?
Why should we tremble to convey
Their Bodies to the Tomb?
There the dear Flesh of JESUS lay,
And left a sweet Perfume!
The Grave of all his Saints He blest,
And soften'd every Bed;
Where should the dying Members rest,
But with their dying HEAD.
Thence He arose, ascending high,
And shew'd our Feet the Way;
Up to the LORD our Flesh shall fly
At the great rising Day.

HYMN 5. C. M.

GREAT God, I own thy Sentence Just,
And Nature must decay;
I yield my Body to the Dust,
To dwell with fellow Clay.

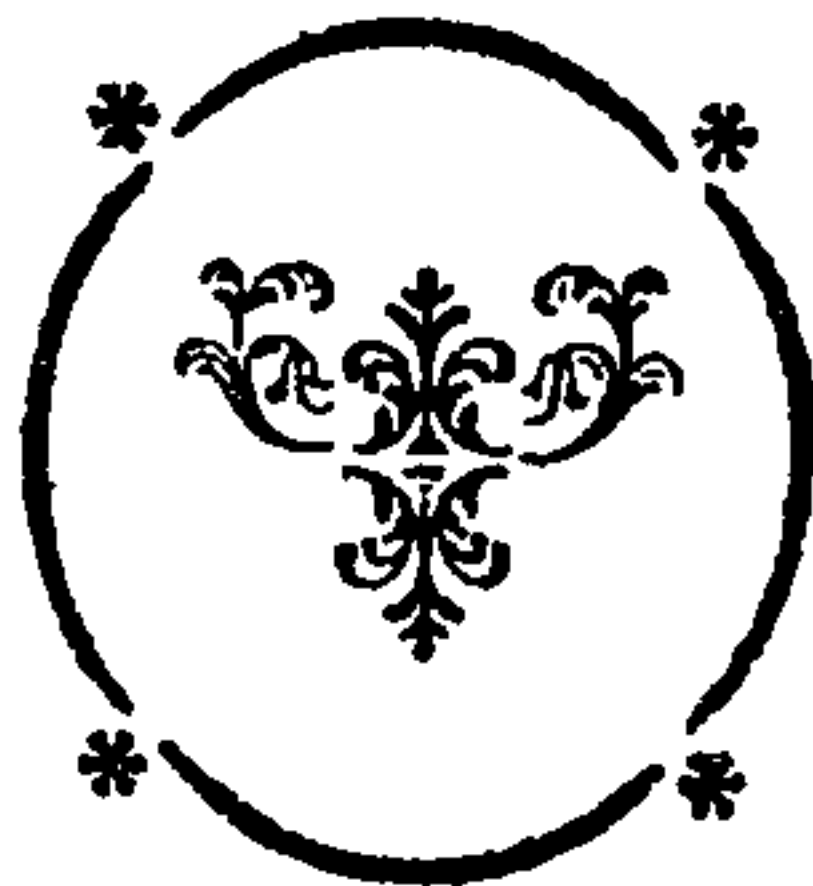
Yet Faith may triumph o'er the Grave,
And trample on the Tombs;
My JESUS, my REDEEMER lives,
My GOD, my SAVIOUR comes.

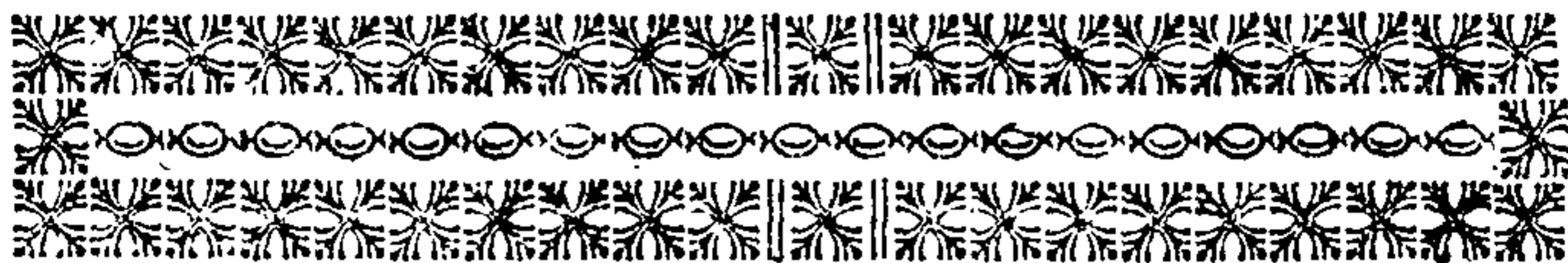
The Mighty Conqu'ror shall appear
High on a royal Seat;
And Death the last of all his Foes,
Lie vanquish'd at his Feet.

Tho' greedy Worms devour my Skin
And gnaw my wasting Flesh;
When God shall build my Bones again,
He cloathes them all afresh.

Then shall I see thy lovely Face
With strong immortal Eyes,
And feast upon thy unknown Grace
With Pleasure and Surprize.

E e 4





MORNING HYMNS.

H Y M N 1. S. M.

TO Thee my LORD I give
 Myself this Day anew.
 As thy own Ransom dearly bought,
 Thy Spoil and Purchase due;
 That with me Thou may'st do
 What's pleasing in thy Sight;
 And from me take whate'er Thou wilt,
 Whate'er Thou see'st not right.

How very weak I am,
 My SAVIOUR well can see ;
 Ah ! how exceeding short is Man
 Of Glory and of Thee !
 Compassionate HIGH-PRIEST,
 To Thee I must appeal ;
 My numberless Infirmities
 O kindly haste to heal.

It is his daily Care
 His helpless Sheep to feed ;
 To purify their spotted Souls,
 And tend and gently lead :
 This makes me firmly trust
 Thou'lt lead me farther still ;
 And guard me safe throughout the Way
 That leads to *Sion's* Hill.

Thou hast me, Sinner, poor,
 Snatch'd to thy Heart in Haste,
 With tend'rest Mercy fetch'd me Home,
 And grav'd me on thy Breast.
 My Business then is this,
 O may I it fulfil!
 Thee to exalt with all my Strength,
 And eye Thee only still.

H Y M N 2. 8 6 6.

RISE my Soul, adore thy MAKER,
 Angels praise, join thy Lays,
 With them be Partaker.
 Sov'reign LORD of ev'ry Spirit,
 In thy Light lead me right,
 Through my SAVIOUR'S Merit.

Thou this Night wast my *Protector*,—*Psa.* 3. 5.
 With me stay all the Day,
 Ever my *Director*.

Holy, Holy, Holy, *Giver* ————— *Isa.* 6. 3.
 Of all Good, Life and Food,
 Reign ador'd for ever!

Glory, Honour, Thanks, and Blessing,
 ONE in THREE, give we Thee,
 Never, never, ceasing.

H Y M N 3: 8 8 6.

OH! how delightful 'tis to see,
 Great Numbers walk in Company,
 And throng the Temple's Gate!
 To see the Holy Tribes appear,
 To see the pious Race draw near
 Upon the LORD to wait.

Blest are the Souls who find their Place
 Among the Saints the Sons of Grace;
 Praise their glad Tougues employ:
 Their GOD doth feed the hungry Poor
 With Bread, and makes their Cup run o'er,
 And fills their Heart with Joy.

Among them, LORD, I love t' appear
 And humbly worship at thy Feet
 And bow with sacred Joy:
 For in thy House, one Day has been,
 Better than Thousands spent in Sin,
 'Tis such divine Employ.

'Tis sweet, tho' I unworthy be
 To meet among thy Saints and Thee,
 Yet let me tho' with Shame,

Presume to mingle my Complaints
With the Distresses of thy Saints,
Thou Dear Long-suff'ring LAMB.

Now fill the hungry Souls with Food
Now satisfy their Mouths with Good;
And grant a Crumb to me.
For this I'd say, if lost I were,
I lov'd the Place and People where
Thy Dwelling us'd to be.

But Oh! my God, blefs me also
For Oh! with them I long to go;
Give me the meanest Place:
And here I'll wait and worship still
Below them all on *Sion's* Hill
I bow before thy Face.

H Y M N 4. L. M.

THANKS to thy Name, O LORD that we
 One glorious Sabbath more behold;
 Dear *Shepherd* let us meet with Thee
 Among thy Sheep in this thy Fold.
 Now, LORD among thy Tribes appear,
 And let thy Presence fill the Throng;
 Thy awful Voice let Sinners hear,
 And bid the feeble Heart be strong.
 Gather the Lambs into Thine Arms
 And satisfy their ev'ry Want,
 And those with Young defend from Harms,
 And gently lead them lest they faint.
 Put forth thy *Shepherd's* Crook and stay
 Thy wand'ring Sheep and bring them back,
 Oh! bring the wand'ring Home to Day
 And save them for thy Mercy's Sake.

Let ev'ry Soul before Thee here
Thro' Thee the Door now enter in,
Find Pasture with our SAVIOUR Dear,
Sav'd from the Guilt and Pow'r of Sin.

Dear tender-hearted *Shepherd* look
And let our Wants thy Bowels move;
And kindly lead thy little Flock,
To the sweet Pastures of thy Love.

There sweetly feed our hungry Souls
In flow'ry Fields near the sweet Stream,
Where living Water gently rolls
Towards the NEW JERUSALEM.



EVENING HYMNS.

H Y M N 1. 8 6 6.

ERE I sleep, for ev'ry Favour
 This Day shew'd by my God,
 I will bless my SAVIOUR.

O my LORD, what shall I render
 To thy Name, still the same,
 Gracious, good, and tender!

Leave me not, but ever love me;
 Let thy Peace be my Bliss,
 Till Thou hence remove me.

Visit me with thy Salvation; ———— *Psa.* 106. 4.

Let thy Care now be near,
Round my Habitation.

Thou, my Rock, my Guard, my Tower,*

Safely keep while I sleep,
Me with all thy Power.

So, whene'er in Death I slumber,

Let me rise with the Wise, ———— *Dan.* 12. 2.
Counted in their Number!

H Y M N 2. 8 8 6.

NO farther go To-night, but stay,
Dear SAVIOUR, till the Break of Day:

Turn in, Dear LORD, with me;
And in the Morning when I wake,
Me in Thine Arms, my JESUS, take,
And I'll go on with Thee.

* *Psa.* 18. 1.

F f

H Y M N 3. 6 7 8.

I WILL lay me down to sleep, ————— *Psa.* 3. 5.
 And safely take my Rest;
 Me commend to JESU'S Grace,
 And as upon his Breast,
 So, if JESUS please, I'll sleep,
 While He vouchsafes to be my Guard:
 O, my *Shepherd!* love and keep,
 And be my great Reward!





SHORT HYMNS.

H Y M N 1. S. M.

HOSANNA to the SON
 Of *David* and of GOD!
 Who brought the News of Pardon down,
 And bought it with his Blood.

To CHRIST, th' anointed KING,
 Be endless Blessings giv'n!
 Let the whole Earth his Glory sing,
 Who made our Peace with Heav'n.

Then let our Songs abound,
 And ev'ry Tear be dry;
 We're marching thro' IMMANUEL'S Ground,
 To fairer Worlds on high.

H Y M N 2. L. M.

LONG did I seek with troubled Mind,
 A thousand Ways, the LORD to find;
 At length I came to *Calvary*,
 And found Him bleeding there for me.

O precious Blood! O Blood divine!
 Which, by God's Gift, is freely mine!
 By Faith receiv'd, O joyful Day!
 It took my Guilt and Fears away.

H Y M N 3. C. M.

O GREAT REDEEMER of Mankind,
 We praise thy holy Name:
 Thy tender Care while Life shall last,
 We'll to the World proclaim.

To Heav'n we raise a longing Thought;
 And want thy Face to see;
 To quit this Tenement of Clay,
 And dwell, Dear LORD, with Thee.

H Y M N 4. C. M.

JESUS, knit all our Hearts to Thee
 And join us all in one;
 And in our Meetings every where
 Be Thou our Aim alone;

Reign Thou sole MONARCH of our Hearts,
Without a Rival reign;
Till we with Angels join above,
To praise the LAMB once slain.

H Y M N 5. C. M.

THE God of Mercy be ador'd,
Who calls our Souls from Death;
Who saves by his redeeming Word,
And new-creating Breath.

To praise the FATHER and the SON,
And SPIRIT, all divine,
The ONE in THREE, and THREE in ONE,
Let Saints and Angels join.

H Y M N 6. S. M.

NOT with our mortal Eyes
Have we beheld the LORD,
Yet we rejoice to hear his Name,
And love Him in his Word.

On Earth we want the Sight
Of our REDEEMER'S Face,
Yet, LORD, our inmost Thoughts delight,
To dwell upon thy Grace.

And when we taste thy Love,
Our Joys divinely grow
Unspeakable, like those above,
And Heav'n begins below.

H Y M N 7. C. M.

FIRM as the Earth thy Gospel stands,
My LORD, my Hope, my Trust:
If I am found in JESU'S Hands,
My Soul can ne'er be lost.

His Honour is engag'd to save
The meanest of his Sheep;
All that his Heav'nly FATHER gave
His Hands securely keep.

Nor Death nor Hell shall e'er remove,
His Fav'rites from his Breast;
In the dear Bosom of his Love
They *must* for ever rest.

H Y M N 8. C. M.

OUR GOD, how firm his Promise stands!
 Ev'n when he hides his Face;
 He trusts in our REDEEMER'S HANDS
 His Glory, and his Grace!

Then, why, my Soul, these sad Complaints,
 Since CHRIST and thou art one?
 Thy GOD is faithful to his Saints,
 Is faithful to his SON.

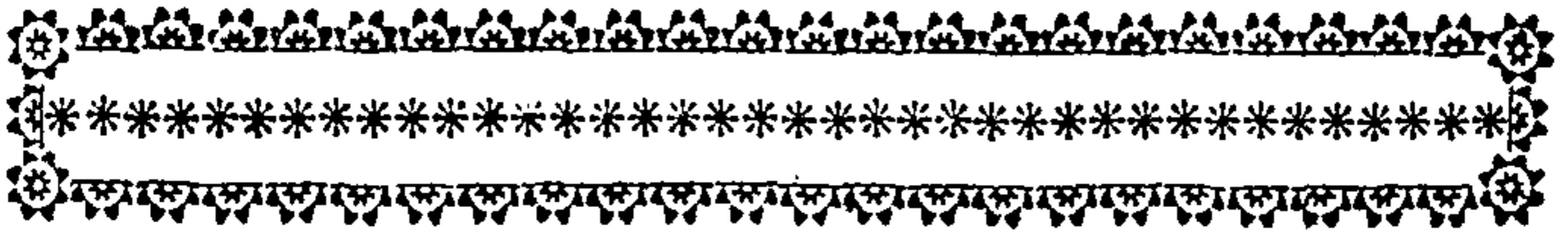
Beneath his Smiles my Heart has liv'd,
 And part of Heav'n possess'd;
 I praise his Name for Grace receiv'd,
 And trust Him for the rest.

H Y M N 9. L. M.

JESU! my SAVIOUR, in thy Face
 The *Essence* lives of ev'ry Grace:
 All Things beside which charm the Sight
 Are Shadows tip't with Glow-Worm Light.

Thy Beauty LORD th' enraptur'd Eye
 Which fully views it first must die;
 Then let me die through Death to know
 That Joy I seek in vain below!





DISMISSIONS.

H Y M N . 1. 104th.

IF JESUS is yours
You have a true *Friend*,
His Goodness endures
The same to the End.
Your Tempers may vary,
Your Comforts decline,
You cannot miscarry,
Your Aid is Divine.

H Y M N 2. L. M.

JESUS, Thou Flower of Paradise,
 Thy Love did ne'er its equal meet;
 Teach me thy Loveliness to prize,
 Thou spotless Fair, Thou Heav'nly Sweet!

With sweet Delight, Oh! let me trace
 The Wonders of *Redeeming Love*:
 Till I behold my SAVIOUR'S Face
 On *Zion's* happy Mount above.

H Y M N 3. L. M.

HOW long, O LORD, how long shall I
 At such a Distance from Thee lie?
 Oh bring me nigh, by JESU'S Blood,
 And let me praise a *pard'ning* GOD.

H Y M N 4. 8 8 6.

WHAT ails this wretched Heart of Stone
 That will not let me make my Moan
 For Sin, nor love my God!
 Come, LORD, this stupid Frame remove
 And fill me with thy Heav'nly Love,
 And wash me in thy Blood.

H Y M N 5. C. M.

IN ev'ry Trouble sharp and strong,
 True Faith to JESUS flies,
 Its Anchor-hold is firm in Him,
 When swelling Billows rise.
 His Comforts bear our Spirits up
 We'd trust a faithful God
 The sure Foundation of our Hope,
 Is in a SAVIOUR'S Blood.

Loud Hallelujahs sing each Soul
 To thy REDEEMER'S Name;
 In Joy, in Sorrow, Life and Death,
 His Love is still the same.

H Y M N 6. 8 8 6.

NOW, LORD, the dreadful Veil remove
 And shine with thy forgiving Love
 Into my darksome Breast:
 Now loose my stamm'ring Tongue to sing
 Thy Heav'nly Love, my GOD, my KING,
 And taste thy People's Rest.

H Y M N 7. C. M.

MERCY, good LORD, Mercy I ask,
 This is the total Sum;
 For Mercy, LORD, is all my suit,
 LORD, let thy Mercy come.

H Y M N 8. 104th.

OUR SHEPHERD alone,
 The LORD, let us blefs:
 Who reigns on the Throne,
 The PRINCE of our Peace:
 Who evermore faves us,
 By shedding his Blood;
 All hail, Holy JESUS,
 Our LORD and our GOD.

H Y M N 9. L. M.

BLESSINGS for ever on the LAMB,
 Who bore the Curse for wretched Man;
 Let Angels sound his facred Name,
 And every Creature fay, Amen.

H. Y. M. N. 10. S. M.

ONCE more before we part,
 We'll bless the SAVIOUR'S Name.
 Record his Mercies ev'ry Heart;
 Sing, ev'ry Tongue, the same:

Lay up his sacred Word;
 To feed thereon; and grow.
 Go on to seek to know the LORD;
 And practise what you know.

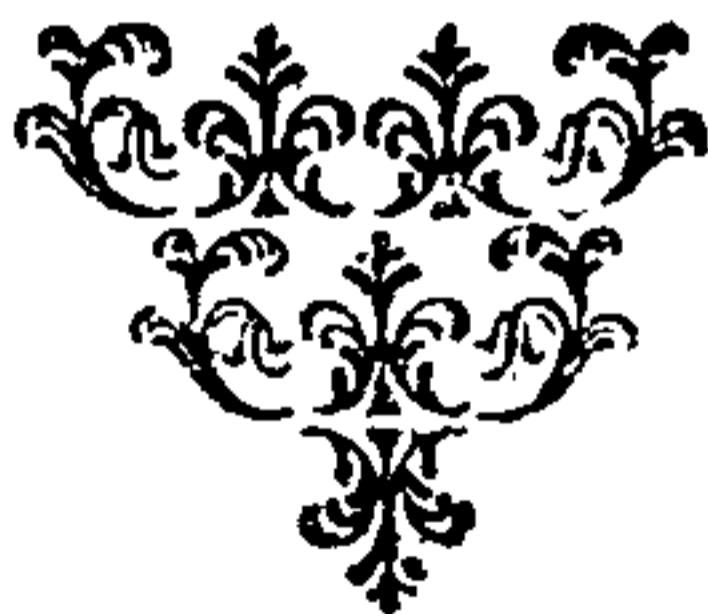
H Y M N 11. 7s.

O! That all may seek and find
 Ev'ry Good in JESUS join'd!
 Him let *Israel* still adore,
 Trust Him, praise Him evermore.

H Y M N 12. L. M.

DISMISS us with thy Blessing, LORD,
Help us to feed upon thy Word;
What Thou hast seen amiss forgive:
May CHRIST the Truth within us live!

G g





DOXOLOGIES.

S. M.

GIVE to the FATHER Praise,
 Give Glory to the SON,
 And to the SPIRIT of his Grace
 Be equal Honour done.

L. M.

PRAISE GOD, from whom all Blessings flow,
 Praise Him all Creatures here below;
 Praise Him above, ye Heav'nly Host,
 Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

8 8 6.

TO FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
 Be Praise amidst the Heav'nly Host,
 And in the Church below;
 From whom all Creatures draw their Birth,
 By whom Redemption blest the Earth;
 From whom all Comforts flow.

6s.

FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
 One GOD, whom we adore;
 Join we with the Heav'nly Host
 To praise Thee evermore:
 Live, by Heav'n and Earth ador'd,
 THREE in ONE, and ONE in THREE;
 Holy, Holy, Holy LORD,
 All Glory be to Thee.

G g 2

8s.

TO God who reigns enthron'd on high,
 To his dear SON, who deign'd to die
 Our Guilt and Misery to remove,
 To the blest SPIR'T who Life imparts,
 Who rules in all *believing* Hearts,
 Be endless Glory, Praise and Love.

C. M.

TO FATHER, SON and HOLY GHOST,
 One GOD whom we adore;
 Be Glory as it was, is now
 And shall be evermore.

7s.

SING we to our God above
 Praise Eternal as his Love:
 Praise Him all ye Heav'nly Host
FATHER, SON and HOLY GHOST.

6 8.

TO GOD the FATHER'S Throne
 Perpetual Honours raise;
 Glory to GOD the SON,
 To GOD the SPIRIT Praise
 With all our Powers Eternal KING
 Thy Name we sing, while Faith adores.

7s.

FATHER SON and HOLY GHOST
 ONE in THREE, and THREE in ONE
 As by the Cœlestial Host
 Let thy Will on Earth be done:
 Praise by all to Thee be giv'n
 Glorious LORD of Earth and Heav'n!

G g 3

104th.

GIVE Glory to God, ye Children of Men
And publish abroad again and again
The SON'S Glorious Merit,
The FATHER'S *Free Grace*,
The Gift of the SPIRIT
To *Adam's* lost Race.





AND the Glory of the LORD shall be revealed,
and all Flesh shall see it together: For the
Mouth of the LORD hath spoken it. *Isa. xl. 5.*

AND He shall purify the Sons of Levi, that they
may offer unto the LORD an Offering in Right-
teousness. *Mal. iii. 3.*

OTHOU that tellest good Tidings to Zion, arise,
say unto the Cities of Judah, behold your
God, the Glory of the LORD is risen upon Thee.
Isa. lx. 1.

FOR unto us a CHILD is born, unto us a SON is given, and the Government shall be upon his Shoulder: And his Name shall be called WONDERFUL, COUNSELLOR, the MIGHTY GOD, the EVERLASTING FATHER, the PRINCE OF PEACE. *Isa. ix. 6.*

GLORY to GOD in the Highest, good Will towards Men, and Peace on Earth. *Luke ii. 14.*

HE shall feed his Flock like a Shepherd, and he shall gather the Lambs with his Arm, and carry them in his Bosom, and gently lead those that are with young. Come unto Him all ye that labour, come unto Him ye that are heavy laden, and He will give you Rest; take his Yoke upon you and learn of Him, for He is meek and lowly of Heart, and ye shall find Rest unto your Souls.

HIS Yoke is easy, and his Burthen is light,
Mat. ii. 30.

BEHOLD, the LAMB of GOD that taketh away
the Sin of the World! *John i. 29.*

SURELY He hath borne our Grievs, and carried
our Sorrows. *Isa. liii. 4.*

He was wounded for our Transgressions, He was
bruised for our Iniquities: The Chastisement of our
Peace was upon Him; and with his Stripes we are
healed. *Isa. liii. 5.*

ALL we like Sheep have gone astray; we have
turned every one to his own Way: And the
LORD hath laid on Him the Iniquity of us all.
Isa. liii. 6.

HE trusted in God that He might deliver Him,
 let Him deliver Him, if He delight in Him,
Mat. xxvii. 43.

LIFT up your Heads, O ye Gates; and be ye
 lift up ye everlasting Doors; and the KING
 of Glory shall come in.

Who is the King of Glory? the LORD strong and
 mighty, the LORD mighty in Battle. *Psa. xxiv. 7. 8.*

LET all the Angels of God worship Him.
-Heb. i. 6.

GREAT was the Company of the Preachers:
 The LORD gave the Word. *Psa. lxxviii. 11.*

THEIR Sound is gone out into all Lands, and
 their Words unto the Ends of the World.
Rom. x. 18.

BREAK forth in to Joy, glad Tidings; thy God reigneth. How beautiful are the Feet of Him that bringeth Tidings of Salvation; that saith unto Zion, thy God reigneth! *Isa. lii. 7. 9.*

LET us break their Bonds afunder, and cast away their Yokes from us. *Psa. ii. 3.*

HALLELUJAH! For the LORD GOD OMNIPOTENT reigneth. *Rev. xix. 6.*

The Kingdom of this World is become the Kingdoms of our LORD and of his CHRIST; and He shall reign for ever and ever. *Rev. xi. 15.*

KING of **KINGS** and **LORD** of **LORDS.**
Rev. xix. 16. HALLELUJAH!

SINCE by Man came Death, by Man came also the Resurrection of the Dead. For as in Adam all die, even so in CHRIST shall all be made alive.
1 Cor. xv. 21. 22.

BUT Thanks be to GOD, who giveth us the Victory, through our LORD JESUS CHRIST.
1 Cor. xv. 57.

WORTHY is the LAMB that was slain, and hath redeemed us to GOD, by his Blood, to receive Power, and Riches, and Wisdom, and Strength, and Honour, and Glory, and Blessing.

Blessing, Honour, Glory and Power be unto Him that sitteth upon the Throne, and unto the LAMB, for ever and ever, AMEN. *Rev. v. 12. 13.*



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F I N I S.

A P P E N D I X.

H Y M N 1: 6 8 4.

THE GOD of *Abr'ham* praise,—*Exod.* 3. 6.

Who reigns enthron'd above;

ANTIENT of everlasting Days,———*Dan.* 7. 22.

And GOD of Love:———*2 Cor.* 13. 11.

Jehovah, GREAT I AM!—*Exod.* 6. 3. iii. 14.

By Earth and Heav'n confest;—*Rev.* 4. 8—11.

I bow and bless the sacred Name,

For ever bless'd,—*Rom.* 1. 25.

The GOD of *Abr'ham* praise,

At whose supreme Command

From Earth I rise—and seek the Joys

At his right Hand:

A.

I all on Earth forsake,
 Its Wisdom, Fame and Power;
 And Him my only Portion make
 My Shield and Tow'r.—*Psal.* 18. 2.

The God of *Abr'ham* praise,
 Whose All-sufficient Grace
 Shall guide me all my happy Days,—*Gen.* 28. 15.
 In all his Ways:

He calls a Worm his Friend!—*James* 2. 23.

He calls Himself my GOD!—*Exod.* 3. 6.

And He shall save me to the End,—*1 Pet.* 1. 5.

Through JESU'S Blood.

He by HIMSELF hath sworn,—*Heb.* 6. 13.

I on his Oath depend,—*Rom.* 4. 20, 21.

I shall, on Eagle's Wings up-borne,—*Exod.* 19. 4.

To Heav'n ascend:

I shall behold his Face,——*John* 17. 24.
 I shall his Pow'r adore,
 And sing the Wonders of his Grace—*Psa.* 145. 1.
 For evermore.

Tho' Nature's Strength decay,—*Rom.* 4. 19.
 And Earth and Hell withstand,
 To *Canaan's* Bounds I urge my Way,
 At his Command:
 The wat'ry Deep I pass,——*Exod.* 14. 22.
 With *JESUS* in my View:——*Exod.* 13. 21.
 And thro' the howling Wilderneys
 My Way pursue.
 The Goodly Land I see,——*Exod.* 3. 8.
 With Peace and Plenty blest;—*Deut.* 8. 7, 9.
 A Land of sacred Liberty,——*Lev.* 25. 42.
 And endless Rest:——*Exod.* 33. 14.

There Milk and Honey flow:—*Exod.* 3. 8.

And Oil and Wine abound;—*Deut.* 32. 13, 14.

And Trees of Life *for ever* grow, — *Isa.* 61. 3.

With Mercy crown'd.

There dwells the LORD *our* KING, — *Heb.* 7. 1, 2.

The LORD *our* RIGHTEOUSNESS, — *Jer.* 33. 16.

Triumphant o'er the World and Sin, — *Eph.* 4. 8.

The Prince of Peace: — *Isa.* 9. 6.

On Sion's sacred Height

His Kingdom still maintains;

And Glorious with his Saints in Light, — *Isa.* 24. 23.

For ever reigns.

He keeps his own secure, — *Psa.* 12. 7.

He guards them by his Side,

Arrays in Garments white and pure — *Rev.* 4. 4.

His spotless Bride: — *Eph.* 5. 27.

With Streams of sacred Blifs,—*Rev.* 7. 17. 22. 1.
 With Groves of living Joys,
 With all the Fruits of Paradise,—*Rev.* 2. 7. *C.* 22. 2.
 He still supplies.

Before the GREAT THREE ONE—*Rev.* 7. 9, 10.
 They all exulting stand;
 And tell the Wonders He hath done,
 Thro' all their Land:
 The list'ning Spheres attend,
 And swell the growing Fame,
 And sing, in Songs which never end,
 The Wond'rous NAME.

The God who reigns on High
 The Great Arch-Angels sing,
 And "HOLY, HOLY, HOLY," cry,
 ALMIGHTY KING!

With Streams of sacred Bliss,—*Rev.* 7. 17. 22. 1.
 With Groves of living Joys,
 With all the Fruits of Paradise,—*Rev.* 2. 7. *C.* 22. 2.
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 And "HOLY, HOLY, HOLY," cry,
 ALMIGHTY KING!

“ Who was, and is, the same ;

“ And evermore shall be ;

“ JEHOVAH—FATHER—GREAT I AM!

“ We worship THEE.”

Before the SAVIOUR'S Face

The ransom'd Nations bow ;

O'erwhelm'd at his Almighty Grace,

For ever new :

He shews his Prints of Love

They kindle to a Flame !

And found, thro' all the Worlds above,

The slaughter'd LAMB.

The whole triumphant Host

Give Thanks to GOD on high ;

“ Hail, FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,”

They ever cry :

Hail, *Abr'ham's* God and *mine!*
 I join the Heavenly Lays,
 All Might and Majesty are Thine,--*Rev. iv. 11.*
 And endless Praise.

H Y M N 2. L. M.

O God, how endless is thy Love!—*Jer. 31. 3.*
 Thy Gifts are ev'ry Ev'ning new;
 And Morning Mercies from above,
 Gently distil like early Dew!

Thou spread'st the Curtain of the Night,
 Great Guardian of our sleeping Hours;
 Thy *Sov'reign* Word restores the Sight,
 And quickens all our drowsy Pow'rs.

We yield our Pow'rs to thy Command,
 To Thee we consecrate our Days!
Perpetual Blessings from thy Hand,
 Demand *perpetual* Songs of Praise!

H Y M N 3: 8 7.

LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
 Borders on the Shades of Death,———*Isa.* 9. 2.
 Come! and by thy Love's Revealing
 Dissipate the Clouds beneath:
 The new Heav'n, and Earth's Creator, —*Rev.* 21. 1. 5.
 In our deepest Darkness rise!
 Scatt'ring all the Night of Nature,
 Pouring Eye-Sight on our Eyes!———*Isa.* 35. 5.
 Still we wait for Thine Appearing,
 Life and Joy thy Beams impart,
 Chasing all our Fears, and chearing
 Ev'ry poor benighted Heart:

Come, and manifest the Favour
 God hath for our ransom'd Race;
 Come! Thou Universal SAVIOUR!
 Come! and bring the Gospel-Grace!
 Save us in thy Great Compassion,
 O Thou mild pacific PRINCE!—*Isa. 9. 6.*
 Give the Knowledge of Salvation,—*Luke 1. 77.*
 Give the Pardon of our Sins,
 By Thine All-restoring Merit,
 Ev'ry burden'd Soul release,—*Mat. 11. 28.*
 Ev'ry weary, wand'ring Spirit
 Guide into thy perfect Peace,—*Psa. 119. 176.*

H Y M N 4. L. M.

HITHER ye Poor, ye Sick, ye Blind,
 A Sin-disorder'd humbling Throng;
 To you the Gospel calls, to you
 MESSIAH'S Blessings all belong.—*Luke 14. 21.*

Reason's and Virtue's boasting Sons—*Mat.* 9. 12.

Derive no Blessings from his Tree:—*Acts.* 5. 30.

For *Sinners* only JESUS dy'd,——*1 Pet.* ii. 24.

Then sure I hear He dy'd for me!

'Twas with our Grievs MESSIAH groan'd—*Isa.* 53. 4. 5.

'Twas with our Guilt His Soul was try'd—

Our Punishment He took, He bore,

And Sinners lived when JESUS dy'd!—

Awake each Heart, arise each Soul,

And join the blissful Choirs above,

May nothing tune our future Song,

But Heav'nly Wisdom, Heav'nly Love!

H Y M N 5. all 8s.

AH lovely Appearance of Death!

No Sight upon Earth is so fair;

Not all the gay Pageants that breathe

Can with a dead Body compare:

With solemn Delight I survey
 The Corpse when the Spirit is fled,
 In love with the beautiful Clay,
 And longing to lie in its Stead.

How blest is our Brother, bereft
 Of all that could burthen his Mind,
 How easy the Soul that hath left
 This wearisome Body behind!
 Of Evil incapable Thou,
 Whose Relicks with Envy I see,
 No longer in Misery now,
 No longer a Sinner like me.

This Earth is affected no more
 With Sicknes, and shaken with Pain,
 The War in the Members is o'er,
 And never shall vex him again:

No Anger henceforward, or Shame,
 Shall redden this innocent Clay,
 Extinct is the animal Flame,
 And Passion is vanish'd away.

The languishing Head is at rest,
 Its Thinking and Aching are o'er
 The quiet immoveable Breast
 Is heav'd by Affliction no more:
 The Heart is no longer the Seat
 Of Trouble and torturing Pain,
 It ceases to flutter and beat,
 It never shall flutter again.

The Lids he so seldom could close,
 By Sorrow forbidden to sleep,
 Seal'd up in eternal Repose,
 Have strangely forgotten to weep:

The Fountain can yield no Supplies,
 These Hollows from Water are free,
 The Tears are all wip'd from these Eyes,
 And Evil they never shall see.

H Y M N 6. C. M.

THUS saith the Mercy of the LORD,
 " I'll be a GOD to thee ;

I'll bless thy num'rous Race, and they

Shall be a Seed to me. ——— Gen. 17. 7. 10.

Abr'ham believ'd the promis'd Grace,

And gave his Sons to GOD ;

And *Water* seals the Blessing now,

That once was sealed with *Blood*."

Thus *Lydia* sanctify'd her House

When she receiv'd the Word ; ——— Acts 16. 14.

Thus the believing *Taylor* gave

His Household to the LORD.

Thus later Saints, Eternal KING,
 Thine ancient Truth embrace;
 To Thee their Infant-Offspring bring,
 And humbly claim the Grace.—*Mark* 10. 13 14.

H Y M N 7. 7 6.

DESCEND, Celestial DOVE,
 In ev'ry Bosom dwell;
 Upon the present Water move
 While we the Influence feel.
 Anoint with Holy Fire,
 Baptize with purging Flames—*Mat.* 3. 11.
 This Soul, and with thy Grace inspire
 In ceaseless living Streams.
 Thy Heav'nly Unction give,
 Thy Promise LORD fulfil;
 Give Pow'r thy SPIRIT to receive
 And Strength to do thy Will.

Thine Ord'nance we obey,
 O meet us in the same;
 And with this Water now convey
 The Virtues of thy NAME!

Witness to this thy Sign;
 And grant the *inward* Grace;
 Let this thy Servant seal'd for Thine,
 From hence depart in Peace!

H Y M N 8. C. M.

WHILE Shepherds watch'd their Flocks by
 All seated on the Ground; [Night,
 The *Angel* of the LORD came down,
 And Glory shone around.

Fear not, said He, for mighty Dread
 Had seiz'd their troubled Minds,
 Glad Tidings of Great Joy, I bring
 To You and all Mankind.

Behold! in *David's* Town, this Day,
According to GOD'S Word;
To You is born of *David's* Line
A SAVIOUR, CHRIST the LORD!

All Glory be to GOD on High,
And to the Earth be Peace;
Good Will henceforth to Man from Heav'n
Begin, and never cease!

HALLELUJAH, AMEN!

