

14th Edition
A new Edition
A
COLLECTION

OF

Psalms and Hymns

Extracted from various AUTHORS:

With SOME never published before.

By the Rev. Mr. MAXFIELD,
Assistant Chaplain to the Rt. Hon. the Countess of Huntingdon.

*Sing aloud unto God our Strength: make a joyful Noise unto
the God of Jacob. Ps. lxxxi. 1.*

*I will praise thee with my whole Heart, before the Gods
will I sing praise unto Thee. Ps. cxxxviii. 1.*

*And they sung a new Song, saying, Thou art worthy to take
the Book, and to open the Seals thereof: for Thou wast
slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy Blood, out
of every Kindred, and Tongue, and People, and Nation.
Rev. v. 9.*

The SECOND EDITION, with ADDITIONS.

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H. 4. 3. 1. 1. 1.



The Letters and Figures before each Hymn shew the Measure; as C. M. stands for Common Measure; L. M. for Long Measure, &c.

The Letters and Figures after each Hymn, as O. B. P. 1. refer to page 1. of the old Hymn-Book, &c.



Handwritten: A ...
COLLECTION

O F

H Y M N S, &c.

C. M. H Y M N I. O. B. P. 1.

1 **T**HE veil of night is now withdrawn
And day salutes our eyes ;
Fatigu'd and spent we laid us down,
Refresh'd and hale we rise ;

2 Safe guarded by th' almighty arm,
Securely we have slept :
Whilst he who never sleeps, from harm
Our senseless bodies kept.

3 Our busy thought in languid dream,
Just liv'd or dy'd in sleep ;
Whilst ev'ry sense, and ev'ry limb,
Lay bound in slumbers deep.

4 Till kindling day reviv'd the flame,
And rous'd our sleeping pow'rs ;
Recov'ring thought shook off this dream,
And marks the passing hours.

5 Then let us early thanks repay
To him who never sleeps ;
He shades the night, he gilds the day ;
Our sleeping dust he keeps.

B

6 We'll

6 We'll live to him whose quick'ning voice
 A dying life prolongs:
 As daily he renews our joys,
 Let us renew our songs.

C. M. H Y M N II. O. B. P. 2.

- 1 **A**ND now my soul the circling sun
 Has all his beams withdrawn;
 Once more his daily race is run,
 And gloomy night comes on.
- 2 Thus one day more of life is gone,
 A doubtful few remain;
 Come then, review what thou hast done
 Eternal life to gain.
- 3 Dost thou get forward in thy race,
 As time still posts away?
 And die to sin, and grow in grace,
 With ev'ry passing day?
- 4 This day what conquest hast thou gain'd?
 What lust is overcome?
 What fresh degree of grace obtain'd,
 To bring thee nearer home?
- 5 Oh! do not pass this life in dreams,
 To be surpriz'd by death;
 And sink unthinking down to flames,
 When I resign my breath.
- 6 No; ev'ry day thy course review,
 Thy real state to learn;
 And with renewed zeal pursue
 Thy great and chief concern.

C. M. H Y M N III. O. B. P. 6.

1 **Y**ES, 'tis enough! I'm safe and blest,
 If God be truly mine;
 To worldlings I can leave the rest,
 Nor at their stores repine.

2 Ally'd to heav'nly minds above,
 I here on earth shall live;
 Kind visits from the God of love,
 Shall frequently receive.

3 And when I pass the vale of death,
 With horrors overspread;
 On all my soul he'll vigour breathe,
 And heav'nly comforts shed.

4 Soon as the bonds of life untie,
 Will full release be giv'n;
 Kind seraphs will be standing by,
 To bear my soul to heav'n.

5 To heav'n, where boundless glories shine,
 And boundless pleasures flow;
 Where blis consummate and divine,
 Will never period know.

6 Lord 'tis enough I'm safe and bless'd,
 If thou be truly mine;
 Nor am I of myself possess'd,
 Till I am wholly thine.

C. M. H Y M N IV. O. B. P. 7.

1 **W**ELL! since my gracious God has laid
 His just resentment by;
 Since he will hear my Saviour plead
 For such a one as I.

2 Since my proud heart, by grace subdu'd,
 Now yields him up his throne;

- The ancient friendship is renew'd,
And I'm again his own.
- 3 He'll banish all my guilty fears,
And still my troubled breast;
He'll stop the torrent of my fears,
And charm my heart to rest.
- 4 'Tis now, my God, the very fount,
Spreads pleasure through my Soul;
With grace he'll compass me around,
And all my foes controul.
- 5 He'll be my helper, and my hope,
My leader, and my guard;
My pow'rful patron, and my prop,
My sure and rich reward.
- 6 No weight can make me sink, whilst He
Puts underneath his arm;
No dangers make me fear or flee,
Whilst he defends from harm.

C. M. H Y M N V. O. B. P. 8.

- 1 **O**H! for thine own, for Jesu's sake,
My many sins forgive;
'Tis grace my rocky heart will break,
My breaking heart relieve.
- 2 'Tis mercy, mercy, I implore,
I would thy bowels move;
Thy grace is an exhaustless store,
And Thou Thyself art love.
- 3 What, tho' my guilt be great, 'tis not
Too great to be forgiv'n;
When Jesu's blood this favor bought,
Who pleads the price in heav'n.

4 With gentle voice I hear him call,
 "Come thou with guilt oppress'd;
 "On me, let all thy burthen fall,
 "I give the weary rest."

5 The door I find is open still,
 Whate'er my guilt has been;
 And since 'tis my Redeemer's will,
 I'll humbly venture in.

C. M. H Y M N VI. O. B. P. 11.

1 **L**ORD, at thy call, I now am come,
 With guilt and want oppress'd;
 Oh! take the foolish vagrant home,
 And give the weary rest.

2 I thirst for thy forgiving grace,
 Free pardon I implore;
 Oh! let thy blood my crimes efface,
 And clear my guilty score.

3 Nor will a pardon, Lord, suffice,
 Or my high thirst allay;
 I'd have my grov'ling spirit rise,
 And cast her clogs away.

4 Oh! by thy Spirit's influence,
 Each heavy passion move;
 On all my soul shed light and sense,
 Shed life and holy love.

5 Let her indeed become divine,
 From dross and filth refin'd;
 With heav'nly lustre make her shine,
 For heav'nly life design'd.

C. M. H Y M N VII. O. B. P. 12.

1 **W**AKE, drowsy soul, from sin awake,
 And run the Christian race;

To this great work thyself betake,
Whilst 'tis a day of grace.

2 The Gospel sounds, the Spirit moves,
God courts thee to be blest'd;
He kindly thy delays reproveth,
And prompts to wiser haste.

3 Oh! wilt thou still God's patience try,
And still keep dreaming on?
Nor to a Saviour's Bosom fly,
Nor fiery vengeance shun?

4 Up, to thy Saviour, haste away,
His needful help implore;
Beg he would bless thy soul to-day,
A better mind restore.

5 Lay ev'ry other business by,
And this great business mind;
Swift thy uncertain moments fly,
And few remain behind.

6 Oh! let th' important work be done,
Done whilst 'tis call'd to day;
Lest thou the time of hope outrun,
And rue the mad delay.

C. M. H Y M N VIII. O. B. P. 14.

1 **D**EAR Jesus, I thy name adore,
The Saviour and the king;
At once I own thy sov'reign pow'r,
And thy salvation sing.

2 Thou hast my gasping hopes restor'd,
Who for my sins was slain;
By Thee redeem'd, to Thee, my Lord,
I wholly now pertain.

- 3 Here to thy gracious influence,
I offer all my soul;
Take each vile inclination thence,
And make it clean and whole.
- 4 Come then, and now within my breast,
Display thy heav'nly love;
My hope, my joy, my life, my rest,
With strong affection move.
- 5 Pour out thy mighty love, dear Lord,
On all my inner frame;
And daily fresh supplies afford,
To keep alive the flame.

6. 8s. H Y M N IX. . O. B. P. 14.

- 1 **O** Thou, whom fain my soul wou'd love,
Whom I wou'd gladly die to know;
This veil of unbelief remove,
And shew me all thy goodness, shew:
Jesu, Thyself in me reveal,
Tell me Thy Name, Thy nature tell.
- 2 Hast Thou been with me, Lord, so long,
Yet Thee, my Lord, have I not known?
I claim Thee with a fault'ring tongue,
I pray Thee, in a feeble groan;
Tell me, O tell me, who Thou art,
And speak Thy name, into my heart.
- 3 If now Thou talkest by the way,
With such an abject worm as me;
Thy mysteries of grace display,
Open mine eyes that I may see:
That I may understand thy word,
And now cry out, It is the Lord!

6. 8s. H Y M N X. O. B. P. 162

- 1 **O** Love, I languish at thy stay,
 I pine for Thee with ling'ring smart;
 Weary and faint through long delay,
 When wilt thou come into my heart:
 From sin and sorrow set me free,
 And swallow up my soul in thee?
- 2 Come, O thou universal Good,
 Balm of the wounded conscience, come;
 The hungry, dying spirit's food,
 The weary, wand'ring pilgrim's home:
 Haven to take the shipwreck'd in;
 My everlasting rest from sin.
- 3 Be Thou, O Love, whatever I want,
 Support my feebleness of mind;
 Revive the thirsty soul, the faint
 Revive, illuminate the blind;
 The mournful cheer, the drooping lead,
 And heal the sick, and raise the dead.
- 4 Come, O my comfort and delight,
 My strength and health, my shield and sun;
 My boast, and confidence, and might,
 My joy, my glory, and my crown;
 My gospel hope, my calling's prize,
 My tree of life, my paradise.
- 5 The secret of the Lord Thou art,
 The mystery so long unknown;
 Christ in a pure believing heart,
 The name inscrib'd in the white stone:
 The life divine, the little leaven,
 My precious pearl, my present heav'n.

6 8s. H Y M N XI. O. B. P. 181

- 1 **N**OW I have found the ground, wherein
 Sure my soul's anchor may remain;
 The wounds of Jesus for my sin,
 Before the world's foundation slain:
 Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
 When heav'n and earth are fled away.
- 2 Father, thine everlasting grace
 Our scanty thought surpasses far:
 Thine heart still melts with tenderness,
 Thine arms of love still open are,
 Returning sinners to receive,
 That mercy they may taste and live.
- 3 O love thou bottomless abyss!
 My sins are swallow'd up in Thee;
 Cover'd is mine unrighteousness,
 Nor spot of guilt remains on me.
 While Jesu's blood, through earth and skies,
 Mercy, free boundless mercy, cries.
- 4 With faith I plunge me in this sea,
 Here is my hope, my joy, my rest!
 Hither when hell assails I flee,
 I look into my Saviour's breast.
 Away sad doubt, and anxious fear!
 Mercy is all that's written there.
- 5 Tho' waves and storms go o'er my head,
 Tho' strength and health, and friends be
 Tho' joys be wither'd all, and dead, [gone;
 Tho' ev'ry comfort be withdrawn;
 On this my stedfast soul relies,
 Father, thy mercy never dies.
- 6 Fix'd on this ground will I remain,
 Tho' my heart fail, and flesh decay;

This

1 This anchor shall my' soul sustain,
 When earth's foundations melt away;
 2 Mercy's full pow'r I then shall prove,
 3 Lov'd with an everlasting love.

C. M. H Y M N XII. O. B. P. 19.

1 **P**RODUC'D at first by pow'r divine,
 The human nature stood;
 A sacred building in design,
 A dwelling-place for God.
 2 God smil'd in friendly visits there,
 And thus his dwelling blest:
 And solemn acts of praise and pray'r,
 The creature's love exprest.
 3 By sin defac'd, by God abhorr'd,
 The place in ruins lay;
 'Till 'twas again by Christ restor'd,
 His glories to display.
 4 Laid deep in love, this building stands
 Cemented with his blood;
 Work'd all with unpolluted hands,
 And fitted up for God.
 5 Here his transforming spirit dwells,
 To beautify the place;
 With kindly influence sin expels,
 And sheds forth life and grace.
 6 Here let thy spirit still reside,
 And still diffuse thy love;
 Nor self, nor sin, nor ought beside,
 Provoke thee to remove.

6 8s. HYMN XIII. O.B.P. 206

1 PEACE, doubting heart, my God's I am;
 Who form'd me man, forbids my fear:
 The Lord hath call'd me by my name;
 The Lord protects, for ever near:
 His blood for me did once atone,
 And still he loves, and guards his own.

2 When passing thro' the wat'ry deep,
 I ask in faith his promis'd aid?
 The waves an awful distance keep,
 And shrink from my devoted head:
 Fearless their violence I dare;
 They cannot harm for God is there!

3 To him my eye of faith I turn,
 And through the fire pursue my way;
 The fire forgets its pow'r to burn,
 The lambent flames around me play:
 I own his pow'r, accept the sign,
 And shout to prove the Saviour mine.

4 Still nigh me, O my Saviour, stand,
 And guard in fierce temptation's hour;
 Hide me in the hollow of thy hand,
 Shew forth in me thy saving power:
 Still be thy arms my sure defence;
 Nor earth nor hell shall pluck me thence.

5 Since Thou hast bid me come to Thee,
 (Good as Thou art and strong to save)
 I'll walk o'er lif's tempestuous sea,
 Upborne by the unyielding wave:
 Dauntless tho' rocks of pride be near,
 And yawning whirlpools of despair.

6 When

6 When darkness intercepts the skies,
 And sorrow's waves around me roll;
 When high the storms of passion rise,
 And half o'erwhelm a sinking soul;
 My soul a sudden pow'r shall feel,
 And hear a whisper, peace, be still!

7 Tho' in affliction's furnace try'd,
 Unhurt, on snares and death I'll tread:
 Tho' sin assail, and hell thrown wide,
 Pour all its flames upon my head;
 Like Moses' bush I'll mount the higher,
 And flourish unconsum'd in fire.

4. 10s. H Y M N 14. O. B. P. 22.

1 **O** Heavenly King, look down from above,
 Assist us to sing thy mercy and love;
 So sweetly o'erflowing, so plenteous the store,
 Thou still art bestowing, and giving us more.

2 O God of our life, we hallow thy name;
 Our business and strife is Thee to proclaim;
 Accept our thanksgiving for creating grace;
 The living, the living shall shew forth thy
 [praise.

3 Our Father, and Lord, Almighty art Thou:
 Preserv'd by thy word, we worship Thee now,
 The bountiful donor of all we enjoy!
 Our tongues to thy honour, and lives we
 [employ.

4 But Oh! above all, thy kindness we praise,
 From sin and from thrall, which saves the lost
 [race;

Thy Son Thou hast giv'n, a world to redeem,
 And bring us to heav'n, whose trust is in him.

5 Wherefore

5 Wherefore of thy love we sing and rejoice,
 With Angels above, we lift up our voice;
 Thy love each believer shall gladly adore,
 For ever and ever, when time is no more.

7. 6. H Y M N XV. O. B. P. 24.

1 **G**OD of unexhausted grace,
 Of everlasting love;
 Overpow'r'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 giv'n thine only Son,
 To bring us back to Thee.

2 Suff'ring, sin-atoning God,
 Thy hallow'd Name I bless;
 Jesus, lavish of thy blood,
 To buy the sinner's peace;
 Gushing from thy sacred veins,
 Let it now my soul o'erflow,
 Purge out all my sinful stains,
 And wash me white as snow.

3 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.

4 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Thy Godhead we adore;
 Join with the triumphant host,
 Who 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.

C. M. H Y M N XVI. O. B. P. 26.

1 **M**Y God, I humbly call Thee mine,
 And will not quit my claim,
 Till all I have be lost in thine,
 And all renew'd I am.

2 I hold Thee with a trembling hand,
 But will not let Thee go?
 Till stedfastly by faith I stand,
 And all thy goodness show.

3 Jesu, thine all victorious love,
 Shed in my heart abroad;
 Then shall my feet no longer rove,
 Rooted and fix'd in God.

4 Love can bow down the stubborn neck,
 The stone to flesh convert;
 Soften, and melt, and pierce, and break
 An adamantine heart.

5 O that it now from heav'n might fall,
 And all my sins consume!
 Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call,
 Spirit of burning, come.

6 Refining fire, go through my heart,
 Illuminate my soul;
 Scatter thy life through ev'ry part,
 And sanctify the whole.

7 Sorrow and sin shall then expire,
 While enter'd into rest;

I only

I only live my God t'admire,
My God for ever blest.

C. M. H Y M N XVII. O.B.P. 27.

1 GREAT God of all! by right supreme,
The universal king;
Thine empire is the constant theme,
The flaming seraphs sing.

2 With list'ning ear, and willing mind,
They hear thy high commands;
Each to perform the task assign'd,
In ready posture stands.

3 Down to our earth they quick descend,
Charg'd with fall'n man's affairs;
With utmost care they here attend,
And serve salvation's heirs.

4 These are the great Examples, Lord,
We wou'd with zeal pursue;
Like them we would regard thy word,
And what thou biddest do.

5 Breathe heav'nly life on all our souls,
And heav'nly love inspire;
Love that each rebel thought controuls,
And warms with holy fire.

6 We too shall then, with list'ning ear,
Attend thy sacred will;
With pleasure each command shall hear,
And with delight fulfil.

L M. H Y M N XVIII. O.B.P. 28.

1 IF now I have acceptance found
With Thee, or favour in thy sight;
C 2 With

- With thy omnipotence surround,
 And arm me with thy Spirit's might;
- 2 O give me faith, and faith's increase,
 Finish the work begun in me;
 Preserve my soul in perfect peace,
 That stays, and waits, and hangs on Thee;
- 3 O let thy gracious Spirit guide,
 And bring me to the promis'd land,
 Where righteousness and peace reside,
 And all submit to love's command.
- 4 A land where milk and honey flow,
 And springs of pure delight arise;
 Delights which I shall shortly know,
 When I regain my paradise.
- 5 I see it now from Pisgah's top,
 Pleasant, and beautiful, and good;
 In all the confidence of hope,
 I claim the purchase of thy blood.
- 6 Of righteousness divine possess't,
 O let me grasp the prize so nigh!
 Enter into the promis'd rest,
 Enjoy thy perfect love, and die.

C. M. H Y M N XIX. O. B. P. 299

- 1 JESUS, my Saviour, and my God,
 My life and sacrifice;
 My hopes, deep founded in thy blood,
 Reach far above the skies.
- 2 Up to the highest heav'ns they soar,
 Where round thy dazzling throne,
 Seraphs lie prostrate and adore,
 And Thee their Sov'reign own.

3 Thou hast those happy seats possess'd,
Both for Thyself and thine;
There all thy follow'rs shall be blest,
And in thy glory shine.

4 Among these follow'rs, Lord, am I;
Thy glorious name I bear;
My hopes lift up my soul on high,
And fix my mansion there.

5 Therefore to Thee I'll subject live,
And all thy laws approve;
The fullest homage freely give,
And proofs of loyal love.

7 6 7 6 7 8 7 6. HYMN XX. O.B.P. 30

1 TO the haven of thy breast,
O Son of man I fly;
Be my refuge. and my rest,
For O the storm is high:
Save me from the furious blast,
A covert from the tempest be;
Hide me, Jesus, till o'erpass
The storm of sin I see.

2 Welcome as the water-spring
To a dry barren place;
O descend on me, and bring
Thy sweet refreshing grace:
O'er a parch'd and weary land,
As a great rock extends its shade;
Hide me, Saviour, with thy hand,
And skreen my naked head.

3 In the time of my distress,
Thou hast my succour been;
In my utter helplessness,
Restraining me from sin.

O how swiftly didst Thou move,
 To save me in the trying hour!
 Still protect me with thy love,
 And shield me with thy pow'r.

4 Never shall I want it less,
 When Thou the gift hast giv'n;
 Fill'd me with thy righteousness,
 And seal'd the heir of heav'n:
 I shall hang upon my God,
 Till I thy perfect glory see;
 Till the sprinkling of thy blood
 Hath spoke me into Thee.

C. M. H Y M N XXI. O. B. P. 320

1 **T**O whom, dear Jesus, should I live?
 To whom but Thee alone?
 Thou didst at first my being give,
 And I am all thine own.

2 To Thee, I'll then my life devote,
 Myself and all my pow'rs;
 Each warm affection, busy thought,
 And all my passing hours.

3 Thus wou'd I live, that I might taste,
 Celestial Joys below;
 Live here, that I may live at last,
 Where glories boundless flow.

4 Thus wou'd I live, that I might dare
 To die at thy command;
 Pass death's dark vale, exempt from fear,
 And reach the promis'd land.

5 Lord all my life I wou'd be thine,
 Thine, till my latest breath;
 Then leave mortality behind,
 And find true life by death.

7676776. HYMN XXII. O.B.P. 33

1 FATHER of our dying Lord,
 Remember us for good;
 O fulfil his faithful word,
 And hear his speaking blood.
 Give us that for which he prays;
 Father, glorify thy Son;
 Shew his truth, and pow'r, and grace,
 And send the promise down.

2 True and faithful witness Thou,
 O Christ, the Spirit give:
 Hast not Thou receiv'd him now,
 That we might now receive?
 Art Thou not our living head?
 Life to all thy limbs impart;
 Shed thy love, thy Spirit shed,
 In ev'ry waiting heart.

3 Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
 The gift of Jesus come:
 Glows our hearts to find Thee near,
 And swells to make Thee room.
 Present with us Thee we feel,
 Come, O come, and in us be;
 With us, in us, live and dwell
 To all eternity.

C. M. HYMN XXIII. O.B.P. 34

1 MY God, my glory, and my love,
 Of all my bliss the spring;
 For Thee I'd part with all above,
 And e'vry earthly thing.

2 Shou'd I this spacious earth possess,
 And all the spreading skies;
 They never wou'd my thirst appease,
 Or yield me full supplies. Without

3 Without my God, with all this store,
I shou'd be pining still;
With thirst insatiate crave for more,
And never have my fill.

4 But when my soul's of God possess'd,
What can I wish for more?
Here it will ever fix its rest,
And give all wand'rings o'er.

5 I'd part with heav'n, and earth, and seas,
Were all at my command;
For the dear vision of his face,
And joys at his right hand.

6 8s. H Y M N XXIV. O. B. P. 35.

1 O God of good, th' unfathom'd sea,
Who would not give his heart to Thee?
Who would not love Thee with his might?
O Jesu lover of mankind,
Who would not his whole soul and mind,
With all his strength to Thee unite?

2 Thou shin'st with everlasting rays;
Before th' unsufferable blaze;
Angels with both wings veil their eyes:
Yet free as air, thy bounty streams
On all thy works; thy mercy's beams
Diffusive as thy sun's arise.

3 High thron'd on heav'n's eternal hill,
In number, weight, and measure, still
Thou sweetly order'st all that is:
And yet Thou deign'st to come to me,
And guide my steps, that I with Thee
Enthron'd may reign in endless bliss.

4 Fountain of good, all blessing flows
From Thee; no want thy fulness knows;
What

- What but Thyself canst Thou desire?
 Yes: self-sufficient as Thou art,
 7 Thou dost desire my worthless heart,
 This, only this Thou dost require.
- 5 Primeval beauty! in thy sight,
 The first-born, fairest sons of light,
 See all their brightest glories fade:
 What then to me thy eyes could turn,
 In sin conceiv'd, of woman born,
 A worm, a leaf, a blast, a shade.
- 6 Hell's armies tremble at thy nod,
 And trembling own th' Almighty God,
 Sov'reign of earth, air, hell and sky:
 But who is this that comes from far,
 Whose garments roll'd in blood appear?
 'Tis God made man, for man to die!

C. M. H Y M N XXV. O. B. P. 37.

- 1 **L**ORD, at how high a rate dost Thou
 My worthless passion prize?
 To what surprising heights allow
 My humble hopes to rise?
- 2 What if I love the Lord! I owe
 Far more than I can pay;
 Shou'd all my soul in rapture flow,
 And melt itself away.
- 3 But wilt Thou with a smiling face,
 My languid flame approve?
 My soul with kind endearments bless,
 And thus requite my love?
- 4 Wilt Thou who sits enthron'd on high,
 And dwell'st in dazzling light:
 Converse with such a one as I,
 And make me thy delight?
- 5 What

- 5 What fit returns, dear Lord, can I
 For such affection make?
 Oh! with new pow'rs my soul supply,
 And all its old awake.
- 6 Fain would I love Thee, Lord, and feed
 The dear, the heav'nly fire;
 Here my devotion can't exceed,
 But ever may aspire.

C. M. HYMN XXVI. O. B. P. 38.

- 1 FATHER, if I have sinn'd, with Thee
 An advocate I have:
 Jesus the just shall plead for me,
 The sinner Christ shall save.
- 2 Pardon and peace in him I find;
 But not for me alone
 The Lamb was slain; for all mankind
 His blood did once atone.
- 3 My soul is on thy promise cast,
 And lo! I claim my part:
 The universal pardon's past;
 O seal it on my heart.
- 4 Thou canst not now thy grace deny;
 Thou canst not but forgive:
 Lord, if thy Justice asks me why—
 In Jesus I believe!

C. M. HYMN XXVII. O. B. P. 38.

- 1 GREAT source of beauty, life and light,
 Of beings first and best;
 I wou'd to Thee direct my flight,
 There to be rich and blest.

2 Thy

2 Thy majesty my mind will awe,
 But give it dear surprize;
 Whilst all thy radiant beauties draw,
 Engage and feast mine eyes.

3 In Thee all beauties fully meet,
 In Thee all fulness is;
 God to enjoy is joy compleat,
 The quintessence of blis.

4 Oh! bear my rising soul away,
 From this inferior clod;
 To her thy glorious form display,
 And draw her to her God.

C. M. HYMN XXVIII. O. B. P. 39.

1 LORD, I believe a rest remains,
 To all thy people known;
 A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
 And Thou art lov'd alone.

2 A rest where all our soul's desire
 Is fixt on Things above;
 Where doubt, and pain, and fear expire,
 Cast out by perfect love.

3 Remove this hardness from my heart,
 This unbelief remove;
 To me the rest of faith impart,
 The sabbath of thy love.

4 I would be thine, thou know'st I wou'd,
 And have Thee all mine own:
 Thee, O mine all sufficient Good,
 I want, and Thee alone.

5 Thy name to me, thy nature grant,
 This only this be giv'n;

Nothing

- Nothing besides my God I want;
Nothing in earth or heav'n.
- 6 Come, O my Saviour, come away,
Into my soul descend;
No longer from thy creature stay,
My author, and my end.
- 7 The blifs Thou hast for me prepar'd,
No longer be delay'd;
Come, my exceeding great reward,
For whom I first was made.
- 10 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
And seal me thine abode;
Let all I am in Thee be lost,
Let all I am be God.

C. M. HYMN XXIX. O. B. P. 42.

- 1 **O** FOR an heart to praise my God,
An heart from sin set free!
An heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me!
- 2 An heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 Thy tender heart is still the same,
And melts at human woe?
Jesu, for Thee, distrest I am,
I want thy love to know.
- 4 My heart 'Thou know'st can never rest,
Till Thou create my peace;
Till of my Eden repossess,
From self and sin I cease.

- 5 Fruit of thy gracious lips, on me
 Bestow that peace unknown;
 The hidden manna, and the tree
 Of life, and the white stone.
- 6 Thy nature, dearest Lord, impart,
 Come quickly from above;
 Write thy new name upon my heart,
 Thy new, best name of love.

7 6 7 6 7 8 7 6. HYMN XXX. O.B.P. 45

- 1 **I**F I have begun once more
 Thy sweet return to feel;
 If ev'n now I find thy pow'r
 Present my soul to heal;
 Still and quiet may I lie,
 Nor struggle out of thy embrace;
 Never more resist or fly
 From thy pursuing grace.
- 2 To thy cross, thy altar, bind
 Me with the cords of love;
 Freedom let me never find
 From my dear Lord to move:
 That I never, never more,
 May with my lov'd master part;
 To the posts of mercy's door,
 O nail my willing heart.
- 3 As the apple of an eye,
 Thy weakest servant keep;
 Help me at thy feet to lie,
 And there for ever weep.
 Tears of joy my eyes o'erflow,
 That I have any hope of heav'n;
 Much of love I ought to know,
 For I have much forgiv'n.

C. M. HYMN XXXI. O. B. P. 48.

- 1 **L**ORD of the shining host on high!
 How pleasant 'tis to say,
 Where drest in smiling majesty,
 Thou dost thy charms display!
- 2 The most delicious hours I spend,
 Are in thy sacred courts;
 Most gladly wou'd I still attend
 There where my God resorts.
- 3 To see thy treasures there display'd,
 Thy pleasing glories shine;
 Meet a kind God, be welcome made,
 And feast on joys divine.
- 4 One friendly look, my God, from Thee,
 One kind forgiving word,
 Is more than all the world to me,
 'Twill greater joy afford.
- 5 Oh! let me have my fixt abode
 Near where Thou chusest thine;
 Dwell much, and much converse with God,
 And taste of love divine.
- 6 Till drest and ready for her flight,
 My soul shall rise to Thee;
 And in thy more immediate sight,
 Eternal light shall see.

76767776. HYMN XXXII.
O. B. P. 49.

- 1 **H**EARKEN to the solemn voice,
 The awful midnight cry;
 Waiting souls, rejoice, rejoice,
 And see the bridegroom nigh:

Lo!

Lo! he comes to keep his word;
 Light and joy, his looks impart;
 Go ye forth to meet your Lord,
 And meet him in your heart.

2 Ye who faint beneath the load
 Of sin, your heads lift up;
 See your dear redeeming God,
 He comes and bids you hope.
 In the Midnight of your grief,
 Jesus doth his mourners cheer;
 Now he brings you sure relief,
 Believe and feel him here.

3 Wait we all in patient hope,
 Till Christ the judge shall come;
 We shall soon be all caught up
 To meet the general doom.
 In an hour to us unknown,
 As a thief in deepest night;
 Christ shall suddenly come down
 With all his saints in light.

4 Happy he, whom Christ shall find
 Watching to see him come;
 Him the judge of all mankind
 Shall bear triumphant home:
 Who can answer to his word?
 Which of you dares meet his day!
 Rise, "and come to judgment:" Lord,
 We rise, and come away!

C. M. HYMN XXXIII. O. B. P. 5th.

1 **T**HRISE happy saints, who dwell above
 In God's immediate sight;
 They glow with everlasting love,
 And shine divinely bright.

- 2 That is the proper world of praise,
 Why must I still keep thence?
 Why, O my soul, so loth to rise,
 And to be gone from hence?
- 3 Increase, O Lord, my faith and hope,
 And fit me to ascend,
 Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
 The sabbath ne'er will end,
- 4 Where I shall breathe in heav'nly air,
 With heav'nly lustre shine;
 For ever feed on heav'nly fare,
 And have the taste divine.
- 5 Where I, in high seraphic strains,
 Shall all my pow'rs employ;
 Delighted, range th' etherial plains,
 And take my fill of joy.
- 7 Where I shall never rest nor tire,
 But sound immortal lays;
 Keep concert with the heav'nly choir,
 And live and breathe in praise.

All 8s. HYMN XXXIV. O. B. P. 52.

- 1 **A**WAY my unbelieving fear!
 Fear shall in me no more have place;
 Tho' Jesus doth not now appear,
 But hides the brightness of his face:
 O! 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.

- 2 Altho' the vine its fruit deny,
 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.
- 3 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 comforts lost,
 My blooming hopes cut off I see;
 Yet will I in my Saviour trust,
 And glory that he dy'd for me.
- 4 In hope, believing against hope,
 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.

L M. HYMN XXXV. O. B. P. 53.

- 1 COME Holy Spirit, heav'nly dove,
 My helplessness of soul remove;
 Be Thou my light, be Thou my guide,
 O'er ev'ry thought and step preside.
- 2 Conduct me safe, conduct me far,
 From ev'ry sin, and hurtful snare;
 Lead me to God, my final rest,
 In his enjoyment to be blest.

- 3 Lead me to Christ, the living way,
Nor let me from his pastures stray:
Lead me to heav'n, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.
- 4 Lead me to holiness, the road,
That I must take to dwell with God:
Lead to thy word, that rules must give,
And sure directions how to live.
- 5 Lead me to means of grace, where I
May own my wants, and seek supply:
Lead to Thyself, the spring from whence
To fetch all quick'ning influence.
- 6 Thus I, conducted still by Thee,
Of God a child belov'd shall be:
Here to his family pertain;
Hereafter with him ever reign.

C. M. HYMN XXXVI. O. B. P. 54.

- 1 **L**ONG have I labour'd in the fire,
And spent my life for nought;
With pride, and anger, and desire,
In nature's strength I fought.
- 2 Jesu, to Thee I now can fly,
On whom my help is laid;
Oppress'd by sins, I lift mine eye,
And see the shadows fade.
- 3 Soon as I find myself forsook,
The grace again is giv'n;
A sigh will reach thy heart, a look
Will bring Thee down from heav'n.
- 4 Whate'er in me seems wise, or good,
Or strong, I here disclaim;
I wash my garments in the blood
Of the atoning Lamb,

5 Jesus my strength, my life, my rest,
 On Thee will I depend;
 Till summon'd to the marriage feast,
 Where faith in sight shall end.

C. M. HYMN XXXVII. O. B. P. 58.

1 I Know that my Redeemer lives,
 And ever prays for me;
 A token of his love he gives,
 A pledge of liberty.

2 He will perform the work begun,
 Jesus the sinner's friend;
 Jesus the lover of his own,
 Will love me to the end.

3 Unto salvation kept I am
 Thro' faith, by pow'r divine;
 Ready his nature, with his name,
 To be reveal'd in mine.

4 He tells me, He will quickly come,
 And seal me his abode;
 He now marks out his future home,
 The temple of my God.

5 The bliss of those that fully dwell
 Fully in Thee believe;
 'Tis more than angel tongues can tell,
 Or angel minds conceive.

6 May I, may all who humbly wait,
 The glorious joy receive;
 Joy above all conception great,
 Worthy of God to give.

7 Lord, I believe, and rest secure,
 In confidence divine;
 Thy promise stands for ever sure,
 And all Thou art is mine.

HYMN

78. HYMN XXXVIII. O. B. P. 61.

1 JESU, let my nature feel
 Thou art God unchangeable:
 JAH, JEHOVAH, Great I am,
 Speak unto my soul thy name.

2 Grant that ev'ry moment I
 May believe, and feel Thee nigh;
 Stedfastly behold thy face,
 Stablish with abiding grace.

3 Plant and root, and fix in me
 All the mind that was in Thee:
 Settled peace I then shall find;
 Jesu's is a quiet mind.

4 I shall suffer, and fulfil
 All my Father's gracious will:
 Be in all alike resign'd,
 Jesu's is a patient mind.

5 I shall nothing know beside:
 Jesus and him crucify'd;
 I shall all to him be join'd;
 Jesu's is a loving mind.

6 Lowly, loving, meek, and pure,
 I shall to the end endure;
 Be no more to sin inclin'd;
 Jesu's is a constant mind.

L. M. HYMN XXXIX. O. B. P. 62.

1 THERE is a land of living joy,
 Pure, endless bliss, without alloy;
 Where God hath fix'd his dwelling place,
 And shews unveil'd his smiling face.

2 Millions around the dazzling feat,
 In pleasing transport humbly wait:

Seraphs

- Seraphs and saints, celestial bands,
 Glad to perform what he commands;
- 3 With eyes made strong to bear the sight,
 They gaze with infinite delight;
 Drink in the excellence divine,
 And with their maker's glories shine.
- 4 Beauty supreme stands full in view,
 And charms at once, and awes them too:
 Here fix'd, their hearts will rove no more,
 But wrapt in blissful trance adore.
- 5 There ev'ry breath is heav'nly praise,
 There light is God's essential blaze;
 There love is life, and work is rest;
 Oh! may I there be ever blest!

76767776. HYMN XL. O. B. P. 63.

- 1 **O** Great mountain, who art Thou?
 Immense, immoveable!
 High as heav'n aspires thy brow,
 Thy foot sinks deep as hell:
 Thee, alas! I long have known,
 Long have felt Thee fix'd within,
 Still beneath thy weight I groan,
 Thou art indwelling sin.
- 2 Thou art darkness in my mind,
 Perverseness in my will;
 Love inordinate and blind,
 Which always cleaves to ill:
 Ev'ry passion's wild excess,
 Anger, lust, and pride Thou art;
 Self, and sin, and sinfulness,
 And unbelief of heart.

- 3 Not by human might, nor pow'r,
 Canst thou be mov'd from hence;
 But thou shalt flow down before
 Divine omnipotence:
 My Zerubbabel is near,
 I have not believ'd in vain;
 Thou, when Jesus doth appear,
 Shall sink into a plain.
- 4 Christ the head, the corner stone,
 Shall be brought forth in me;
 Glory be to Christ alone,
 His grace shall set me free.
 I shall shout my Saviour's name,
 Him I evermore shall praise;
 All the work of grace proclaim,
 Of sanctifying grace.
- 5 Christ hath the foundation laid,
 And Christ shall build me up;
 Surely I shall soon be made
 Partaker of my hope;
 Author of my faith he is,
 He its finisher shall be;
 Perfect love shall seal me his
 To all eternity.

L. M. HYMN XLI. O. B. P. 66.

- 1 YES, Lord, my longing, loyal heart,
 Can give in proof of love to Thee;
 I love thine house, and where Thou art,
 There wou'd I ever wish to be.
- 2 With fervent zeal my longing soul,
 Still thirsts for Thee the living God;
 And sooner wou'd renounce her all,
 Than be excluded thine abode.

- 3 Yes, Lord, the dearest hours I know,
 Are in thy faithful service spent;
 Of all the joys I taste below,
 These yield most exquisite content.
- 4 And, Lord, if here such pleasures be,
 What joys will heav'nly mansions yield?
 When in thy Light I Light shall see,
 And my whole soul with God be fill'd.
- 5 Let time roll on its wheels apace,
 And bring the dear expected hour,
 When I shall see Thee face to face,
 And from thy presence part no more.

L. M. H Y M N XLII. O.B.P. 71.

- 1 **D**EEP on my mind the sense impress
 Of glories wholly, Lord, thine own;
 Such as no creature can possess,
 But must belong to Thee alone.
- 2 And where I may resemble Thee,
 In any excellence divine;
 Thy counterpart, Lord, let me be,
 And bright with thy refulgence shine.
- 3 Like God let me be pure and clean,
 Just, holy, merciful, and true;
 And let the image form'd within,
 Shine out in all I speak and do.
- 4 That men the heav'nly light may see,
 Which my good works diffuse abroad;
 Confess that I am born of Thee,
 And praise my Father and my God.

H Y M N

76767776 HYMN XLIII. O. B. P. 72.

1 **N**ONE is like Jeshuron's God,
 So great, so strong, so high,
 Lo! he spreads his wings abroad,
 He rides upon the sky!

Israel, his first born son,
 God th' eternal God is thine;
 See him in thy help come down,
 The excellence divine.

2 Thee the great Jehovah deigns
 To succour and defend;
 Thee the eternal God sustains,
 Thy maker and thy friend.
 Sinner, what hast Thou to dread?
 Safe from all impending harms;
 God hath underneath thee spread
 His everlasting arms.

3 In a land of corn and wine,
 His lot shall be below;
 Comforts there, and blessings join,
 And milk and honey flow:
 Jacob's well is in his soul,
 Gracious dew his heavens distil,
 Fill his spirit already full,
 And shall for ever fill.

4 Blest, O Israel art thou,
 What people is like thee?
 Sav'd from sin by Jesus now,
 Thou art, and still shall be:
 Jesus is thy seven-fold shield,
 Jesus is thy flaming sword;
 Earth and hell, and sin shall yield
 To God's almighty word.

L. M. HYMN XLIV. O.B.P. 74.

- 1 JESUS! a name of sweetest sound,
 How fast it charms the willing ear!
 It spreads delicious fragrance round,
 At once to gratify and cheer,
- 2 By it the heav'nly host above,
 And each redeemed saint below;
 Are kindled into holy love,
 And feel their hearts in transports flow.
- 3 Who that has known its saving might,
 To rescue from the pow'r of sin;
 Can hear this name without delight,
 Can hear and feel no flame within?
- 4 Sure virgin souls, made white and clean,
 By bleeding love, and quick'ning grace;
 His willing captives must remain,
 His name triumphant ever bless.

L. M. HYMN XLV. O.B.P. 76.

- 1 JESU, my king, to Thee I bow,
 Enlisted under thy command;
 Captain of my salvation, Thou
 Shall lead me to the promis'd land.
- 2 Jesu, my soul takes hold on Thee,
 I arm me with thy spirits might;
 Humbly assur'd of victory,
 I underneath thy banner fight.
- 3 Thy spirit lifts the standard up,
 When as a flood the foe pours in;
 I see the cross, hold fast my hope,
 Believe, and more than conquer sin.

- 4 Wherefore to Thee my soul I raise,
 My soul in Thee securely boasts ;
 Exults, and glories in thy praise,
 And triumphs in the Lord of hosts.
- 5 Wisdom and power, and strength and might,
 Thou, Lord, art worthy to receive ;
 Honour and riches are thy right,
 And blessings more than earth can give.

C. M. HYMN XLVI. O. B. P. 80.

- 1 **W**ILT thou with such endearments treat
 Complying sinners, Lord !
 Vouchsafe thyself with them to eat,
 And feast them at thy board ?
- 2 Wilt Thou their crimson guilt remove,
 And for their crimes atone ?
 Commend them to thy Father's love,
 And bless them with thine own ?
- 3 Wilt Thou thy stores of grace display,
 Before their ravish'd eyes ?
 And bear their rising souls away
 To their own native skies ?
- 4 O'ercome by glorious grace, I now
 My former war give o'er ;
 To thy command I gladly bow,
 And will rebel no more.

C. M. HYMN XLVII. O. B. P. 87.

- 1 **J**ESUS, to Thee I yield mine all,
 Thou my Redeemer art ;
 The best lov'd object of my soul,
 And sov'reign of mine heart.

2 I can't

- 2 I can't resist: Thy love constrains,
 And seizes all my soul;
 Within the mighty passion reigns,
 Nor will it bear controul.
- 3 'Tis love to strong devotion grown;
 Affection all divine;
 Myself no longer am mine own;
 Nor any thing that's mine.
- 4 Vouchsafe but to accept my love,
 And shew it with a smile;
 Ev'n pain will then a pleasure prove,
 And easy all my toil.

All 8s. HYMN XLVIII. O. B. P. 88.

- 1 **H**OW shall I my Saviour set forth?
 How shall I his beauties declare?
 O how shall I speak of his worth?
 Or what his chief dignities are!
 His Angels can never express,
 Nor saints that sit nearest his throne,
 How rich are his treasures of grace:
 No! this is a myst'ry unknown.
- 2 In Him all the fulness of God,
 For ever transcendently shines;
 Tho' once like a mortal He stood
 T' accomplish his glorious designs:
 Tho' once He was nail'd to the cross,
 Poor sinners like me to set free;
 His glory sustained no loss,
 Eternal his kingdom shall be.
- 3 His wisdom, his love, and his pow'r,
 Seem'd then with each other to vie;
 When sinners He stoop'd to restore,
 Poor sinners condemned to die!

He laid all his grandeur aside,
 And dwelt in a cottage of clay;
 Poor sinners He lov'd till He dy'd,
 To wash their pollutions away!

- 4 O sinners, believe, and adore
 This Saviour so rich to redeem!
 No creature cou'd ever explore
 The treasures of riches in Him:
 Come all ye that see yourselves lost.
 And feel yourselves burthen'd with sin;
 Draw near while with terror you're tost,
 Believe, and your peace shall begin.

C. M. HYMN XLIX. O. B. P. 89.

- 1 THIS is surprizing grace, dear Lord,
 'Tis goodness all divine;
 A sinful wretch to be abhorr'd,
 Yet made a child of thine.
- 2 Will God so near relation own,
 To such a one as I?
 Vouchsafe to love me as his son,
 And lay resentment by?
- 3 Lord, what an happy change is this?
 A rebel made a son!
 Sinner, by grace advanc'd to bliss,
 Who was by sin undone.
- 4 Oh! let this love enkindle mine,
 Set all my soul on fire;
 Exalt my voice to strains divine,
 And utmost praise inspire.
- 5 And whilst with tuneful tongue and heart,
 I celebrate this grace;
 Let all mine actions bear a part,
 And my whole life be praise. HYMN

886886. HYMN L. O. B. P. 90.

1 COME on, my partners in distress,
 My comrades thro' the wilderness,
 Who still your bodies feel;
 A while forget your griefs and fears,
 And look beyond the vale of tears,
 To that celestial hill.

2 Beyond the bounds of time and place,
 Look forward to that happy place,
 The saints secure-abode;
 On faith's strong eagle's pinions rise,
 And force your passage to the skies,
 And scale the mount of God.

3 See where the lamb in glory stands,
 Incircled with his radiant bands,
 And joins th' angelic pow'rs:
 For all that height of glorious bliss,
 Our everlasting portion is,
 And all that heav'n is ours.

4 The Father shining on his throne,
 The glorious co-eternal son,
 The Spirit, one, and seven,
 Conspire our rapture to compleat;
 And lo! we fall before his feet,
 And silence heightens heav'n.

5 In hopes of that extatic pause,
 Jesus, we now sustain thy cross,
 And at thy footstool fall;
 Till Thou our hidden life reveal,
 Till Thou our ravish'd spirits fill,
 And God is all in all.

C. M. HYMN LI. O. B. P. 92.

- 1 **M**Y God, my father, and my hope,
Great all in all to me;
My sure protector, and my prop,
My portion Thou shalt be.
- 2 If Thou art mine, I want no more,
I count the rest but dross;
With all thy wealth I can't be poor,
Nor suffer real loss.
- 3 A constant watch my father keeps,
To guard me safe from ill;
He slumbers not, he never sleeps,
His help is ready still.
- 4 I'll to his care myself commend,
And ev'ry thing that's mine;
And with true filial trust depend
On pow'r, and love divine.

C. M. HYMN LII. O. B. P. 93.

- 1 **S**HEPHERD divine, our wants relieve
In this our evil day;
To all thy tempted follow'rs give
The pow'r to watch and pray.
- 2 Long as our fi'ry trials last,
Long as the cross we bear;
O let our souls on Thee be cast
In never-ceasing pray'r.
- 3 I will not let Thee go, unless
Thou tell thy name to me;
With all thy great salvation blefs,
And make me all like Thee.
- 4 Then let me on the mountain top
Behold thy open face;

While

While faith in fight is swallow'd up,
And pray'r in endless praise.

C. M. HYMN LIII. O. B. P. 96.

- 1 **H**AIL glorious day, when from the dead
My blest Redeemer rose;
Bruis'd the old serpent on his head,
And vanquish'd all his foes.
- 2 God's Temple gates now open stand,
To give me entrance in;
Whilst my Redeemer is at hand,
To answer for my sin.
- 3 There I may hear his saving words
And see his smiling face;
Join in the Triumphs of my Lord,
And praise his saving grace.
- 4 He'll kindle up an heav'nly fire,
And make my devotion glow;
Teach my affection to aspire,
And leave the things below.
- 5 Delicious day! but quickly gone,
Soon are thy pleasures o'er;
When will my sabbath be begun,
And never ended more?

7 6 7 6 7 7 6. HYMN LIV. O. B. P. 99.

- 1 **M**EET and right it is to sing,
At every time and place,
Glory to our heav'nly king,
The God of truth and grace:
Join we then with sweet accord,
All in one thanksgiving join,
Holy, holy, holy, Lord,
Eternal praise be thine!

- 2 Thee the first-born sons of light,
 In choral symphonies,
 Praise by day, day without night,
 And never, never cease;
 Angels and archangels all
 Sing the mystic Three in One,
 Sing, and stop, and gaze, and fall
 O'erwhelm'd before thy throne.
- 3 Vying with that happy choir,
 Who chaunt thy praise above,
 We on eagles wings aspire,
 The wings of faith and love:
 Thee they sing with glory crown'd;
 We extol the slaughter'd lamb,
 Lower if our voices sound,
 Our subject is the same.
- 4 Father, God, thy love we praise,
 Which gave thy son to die,
 Jesus full of truth and grace,
 Alike we glorify:
 Spirit comforter divine,
 Praise by all to Thee be giv'n;
 Till we in full chorus join,
 And earth is turn'd to heav'n.

L. M. HYMN LV. O. B. P. 100.

- 1 MY God will my repentance be
 So pleasing an event to thee?
 Will the glad news be told above,
 And spread thro' all the realms of love
- 2 Will ev'ry blisful spirit there,
 Rejoice such happy news to hear?
 And all thy saints who dwell below,
 Be glad this glorious change to know?

3 Will

3 Will none be pleas'd to see me still,
A rebel to thy righteous will;
But fiends of fierce and boundless spite,
And fools who hate and shun the light?

4 Then with the heart of God rejoice,
Each seraph will exalt his voice;
Each saint the news of triumph tell,
And none be griev'd but heirs of hell.

7s. HYMN LVI. O. B. P. 101.

1 **H**APPY soul, that safe from harms
Rests within his shepherd's arms!
Who his quiet shall molest?
Who shall violate his rest?

2 O that I might so believe,
Stedfastly to Jesus cleave,
On his only love rely,
Smile at the destroyer nigh!

3 Free from sin and servile fear,
Have my Jesus ever near;
All his care rejoice to prove,
All his paradise of love.

4 Let me know my shepherd's voice,
More and more in Thee rejoice;
More and more of Thee receive,
Ever in thy spirit live.

5 O that I at last may stand
With the sheep at thy right hand;
Take the crown so freely giv'n,
Enter in by Thee to heav'n.

HYMN

All 8s. HYMN LVII. O.B.P. 102.

- 1 'TIS the fair dawn of heav'nly day,
 To heav'nly blifs the fhining way;
 When to his temple God descends,
 And there converfes with his Friends:
 With beams of fmiling majesty,
 He awes, and yet invites them nigh;
 His glories and his grace displays,
 And fhines with bright but friendly rays.
- 2 At his right hand our Saviour ftands,
 With golden censors in his hands,
 To lift our fervices on high,
 Perfum'd with his own fragrancy:
 Whilft hov'ring o'er the happy place,
 His fpirit fheds his heav'nly grace;
 To fix our thoughts, our hearts to raife,
 And tune our foul to love and praife.
- 3 There we can learn the blessed skill,
 To know and do our Maker's will;
 And whilft we hear, and fing and pray,
 With heav'nly joys are wrap'd away:
 Thefe are the deareft hours I know,
 The fweeteft joys of all below;
 Here I wou'd chufe my fix'd abode,
 And dwell for ever near my God.

886886. HYMN LVIII. O.B.P. 103.

- 1 JESU, my hope, my joy, my reft,
 Indulge me in this one request;
 Thou know'ft what I wou'd fay;
 My ev'ry want to Thee is known,
 Thou hear'ft th' unutterable groan,
 Thou hear'ft thy fpirit pray.

2 Give

- 2 Give me the thing thou long'st to give,
The thing for which Thou here did'st live
A life of grief and pain;
Give me the dearly purchas'd good,
Bought with thy heart's last drop of blood,
Nor live, nor die in vain.
- 3 I ask not joy, nor life, nor ease,
I ask not earthly happiness,
But purity within :
On others, Lord, those gifts bestow,
But let me cease from sin below,
But let me cease from sin.
- 4 Hasten to grant my sole request,
Take me into that second rest,
Into that liberty ;
And let me then my soul resign,
Receiv'd into the arms divine,
For ever, lost in Thee.

L. M. HYMN LIX. O. B. P. 104.

- 1 **L**ET men of high conceit and zeal,
Their fervour and their faith proclaim ;
If charity be wanting still,
The rest is but a sounding name.
- 2 Knowledge is apt to pride the mind,
And zeal to set the world on fire ;
But charity is calm and kind,
And gentle thoughts will still inspire.
- 3 She's meek and patient, suff'ring long,
But slowly her resentments rise ;
Soon she forgets the greatest wrong,
But rage and all revenge desires,

4 She

- 4 She envies none their better state,
 But makes her neighbour's bliss her own;
 Nor vaunts herself in mind elate,
 But still a modest air puts on.
- 5 Eager she doth not seek her own,
 But flights it oft for others good;
 As Jesus did from heaven come down,
 To die and cleanse us with his blood.
- 6 This is the grace that reigns on high,
 And brightly will for ever burn;
 When hope shall in enjoyment die,
 And faith to intuition turn.

6 8s. HYMN LX. O. B. P. 105.

- 1 **W**HAT tho' a thousand host engage,
 A thousand worlds, my soul to shake;
 I have a shield shall quell their rage,
 Shall drive the alien armies back,
 Portray'd it bears a bleeding lamb:
 I dare believe in Jesu's name.
- 2 Me to retrieve from Satan's hands,
 Me from this evil world to free;
 To purge my sins, and loose my bands,
 And save from all iniquity,
 My Lord and God, from heav'n He came:
 I dare believe in Jesu's name.
- 3 Salvation in his name there is,
 Salvation from sin, death, and hell,
 Salvation into glorious bliss,
 How great salvation who can tell?
 But all he hath for mine I claim:
 I dare believe in Jesu's name.

HYMN

L. M. HYMN LXI. O. B. P. 106.

- 1 **H**EAV'N! 'tis a sound delights the ear;
 Revives and ravishes the heart:
 Oh! may I dwell for ever there,
 And in its pleasures bear a part!
- 2 Each happy soul, with dear surprize,
 Shall there the lovely Jesus see;
 While boundless charms attract his eyes,
 The vision will extatic be.
- 3 The body too will be refin'd,
 And like its Saviour's body shine;
 Fit partner for a heav'nly mind,
 Wrapt high in blifs, and joys divine.
- 4 Oh! happy world! for ever bright,
 With God's own presence ever blest;
 True land of infinite delight,
 Of peaceful mirth, and joyful rest.
- 5 Oh! may I dwell for ever there,
 Its glories see, its pleasures taste;
 Quite cloy'd with all th' enjoyments here,
 I long for that eternal feast.

L. M. HYMN LXII. O. B. P. 107.

- 1 **T**HOU hidden love of God, whose height,
 Whose depth unfathom'd no man knows;
 I see from far thy beaut'ous light,
 Inly I sigh for thy repose:
 My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
 At rest, till it finds rest in Thee.
- 2 'Tis mercy all that Thou hast brought
 My mind to seek her peace in Thee;
 Yet, while I seek, but find Thee not,
 No peace my wand'ring soul shall see:

- O when shall all my wand'rings end,
 And all my steps to Tnee-ward tend?
- 3 O love, thy sov'reign aid impart
 To save me from low thoughted care;
 Chase this self-will thro' all my heart,
 Thro' all its latent mazes there:
 Make me, thy duteous child, that I
 Ceaseless may Abba, Father, cry.
- 4 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.

6 8s. HYMN LXIII. O. B. P. 109.

- 1 JESUS, if still the same Thou art;
 If all thy promises are sure;
 Set up thy kingdom in my heart,
 And make me rich for I am poor;
 To me be all thy treasures giv'n,
 The kingdom of an inward heav'n!
- 2 Thou hast pronounc'd the mourner blest,
 And lo! for Thee I ever mourn;
 I cannot, no, I will not rest,
 Till Thou, my only rest, return:
 Till Thou, the prince of peace, appear,
 And I receive the Comforter.
- 3 Shine on thy work, disperse the gloom,
 Light in thy light I then shall see:
 Say to my soul, "Thy light is come,
 "Glory divine is ris'n on Thee;
 "Thy warfare's past, thy mourning's o'er,
 "Look up, for thou shalt weep no more"
- 4 Lord,

4 Lord, I believe the promise sure,
 And trust Thou wilt not long delay;
 Hungry, and sorrowful, and poor,
 Upon thy word myself I stay:
 Into thine hands my all resign,
 And wait till all Thou art is mine.

7 6 7 6 7 7 6. H Y M N LXIV.
 O. B. P. 110.

1 **R**ISE my soul, the dawn appears
 Of that eternal day;
 Quit in hope the vale of tears,
 And mount and soar away!
 Darting thro' this lower air,
 Quick as a seraphic flame;
 Rise the marriage feast to share,
 The marriage of the lamb.

2 There we shall with transport meet,
 And see our Saviour's face;
 Moses, Jesu's song repeat,
 In extasy of praise:
 Bright as his our bodies are,
 Like the head the members shine;
 All our open foreheads bear
 The glorious stamp divine.

3 With the high and lofty one,
 We dwell in blifs supreme;
 Share the pleasures of his throne,
 And taste the chrystal stream:
 Banquet on angelic food,
 Father, Son, and Spirit know;
 Drink the joys that flow from God,
 And shall for ever flow.

7s. HYMN LXV. O. B. P. 111.

- 1 JESU, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly;
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high;
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 O receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me:
 All my trust on Thee is stay'd,
 All my help from Thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
 More than all in Thee I find;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind:
 Just and holy is thy name,
 Man is all unrighteousness;
 Man by nature's full of sin,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plent'ous grace with Thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within:
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of Thee;
 Spring Thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

76767776. HYMN LXVI.
O. B. P. 112.

1 WHO is this that now comes up
Out of the wilderness,
Leaning on her strength, her hope,
Her darling prince of peace?
On her Lord, and well belov'd,
Sweetly she delights to rest;
Never shall she be remov'd,
Who leans on Jesu's breast.

2 See that happy soul in me,
By faith on Christ reclin'd;
Rest from all my mis'ry
In Jesu's love I find:
I a des'late mourner was,
Wander'd earth's wide desert o'er,
Till I found him on the cross,
And now I weep no more,

3 True and faithful is my Lord,
Infallible my hope;
Lo! I hang upon his word,
'Till Jesus takes me up:
Come, his loving spirit cries,
Hast'ning on the joyful day;
Come, the longing bride replies,
My Jesus come away.

8s. HYMN LXVII. O. B. P. 113.

1 GIVE glory to Jesus our Lord,
Ye saints who partake of his love;
Who've prov'd him full true to his word,
And are longing to praise him above:

- Where glorify'd spirits by sight,
 Converse in their holy abode,
 As stars in the firmament bright,
 And pure as the angels of God.
- 2 Ere long, and the summons shall come,
 An angel dispatch'd from on high,
 Shall bid us our bodies lay down,
 And our spirits ascend to the sky:
 Where all who admitted by grace,
 That first resurrection attain;
 With rapture each other embrace,
 And one with the Deity reign.
- 3 In loud hallelujahs they sing,
 And harmony echoes his praise;
 When lo! the celestial king
 Pours out the full light of his face!
 The joy neither angel nor saint,
 Can bear so ineffably great;
 But see! the whole company faint,
 And heaven is found---at his feet.

666688. HYMN LXVIII. O.B.P. 115.

- 1 COME all, who'er have set
 Your faces Sion-ward;
 In Jesus let us meet,
 And praise our common Lord:
 In Jesus let us still walk on,
 Till all appear before his throne.
- 2 Nearer and nearer still,
 We to our country come;
 To that celestial hill,
 The weary pilgrims home;
 The new Jerusalem above,
 The seat of everlasting love.
- 3 The

- 3 The ransom'd sons of God,
 All earthly Things we scorn;
 And to our high abode,
 With songs of praise return :
 From strength to strength we still proceed,
 With crowns of joy upon our head.
- 4 Our brother, Saviour, head,
 Our all in all is He ;
 And in his steps who tread,
 We soon his face shall see ;
 Shall see him with our glorious friends,
 And then in heav'n our journey ends.

7s. H Y M N LXIX. O. B. P. 117.

- 1 **H**OLY, sanctifying dove,
 God of truth and God of love ;
 Come, and all our wants supply,
 Now the pardon'd sanctify :
 Now our little faith increase,
 Fill us now with perfect peace ;
 On our simple souls descend,
 Guard and save us to the end.
- 2 Lead us Thou, our constant guide,
 Witness in our hearts abide ;
 Earnest of the joys to come,
 Make our souls thy glorious home :
 Ev'ry precious promise seal,
 All the depths of God reveal ;
 Keep us to that happy day,
 Bear us on thy wings away.
- 3 If thou didst the grace impart,
 Mad'st us of one mind and heart ;
 Still our friendly souls unite,
 Partners in the realms of light :

Let us there together soar,
Quickly meet to part no more;
There our ravish'd spirits join,
Mingled, lost in love divine.

7 6 8 6 7 7 8 7. H Y M N LXX.
O. B. P. 118.

- 1 **O**H! that the flaming chariot,
By grace peculiar giv'n,
Might now come down, sent from thy
throne,
To bear us up to heav'n!
Above this gloomy region,
This vale of sin and sadness,
We'd soar away to endless day,
And everlasting gladness.
- 2 Head of thy church triumphant,
We long to see thy glory,
With joy to rise above the skies,
Where all the host adore thee.
We look for thy appearing
With vehement expectation,
And swell the groan, which from thine
own,
Runs thro' the whole creation.
- 3 Oh! woud'st thou now receive us,
The heirs of full salvation;
To our reward, for us prepar'd,
Before the world's foundation.
Now, Lord, assign his mansion,
And crown to each believer;
And let us rest in Thee possess'd
Of joy that blooms for ever.

866. HYMN LXXI. O. B. P. 119.

1 FRIEND of all who seek thy favour,
 Us defend to the end,
 Be our utmost Saviour.

2 Us, who join'd on earth adore thee,
 Guard and love till above
 All appear before Thee.

3 Fix on Thee our whole affection,
 Love divine, keep us thine,
 Safe in thy protection.

4 Christ, of all our conversation,
 Be the scope that lifts us up
 To thy full salvation.

5 Strengthen'd by the cordial blessing,
 Let us haste to the feast,
 Feast of joys unceasing.

6 Drink of life's exhaustless river,
 Take of Thee, life's fair tree,
 Eat, and live for ever.

569569. HYMN LXXII. O. B. P. 120.

1 COME let us ascend,
 My companion and friend,
 To a taste of the banquet above;
 If thy heart be as mine,
 If for Jesus it pine,
 Come up into the chariot of love.

2 Who in Jesus confide,
 We are told to outride
 The storms of affliction beneath;
 With the prophet we soar
 To that heavenly shore,
 And outfly all the arrows of death.

- 3 By faith we are come
 To our permanent home,
 By hope we the rapture improve ;
 By love we still rise,
 And look down on the skies ;
 For the heav'n of heav'ns is love.
- 4 Who on earth can conceive,
 How happy we live
 In the city of God the great king !
 What a concert of praise
 When our Jesus's grace
 The whole heav'nly company sing !
- 5 What a rapturous song,
 When the glorify'd throng
 In the spirit of harmony join !
 Join all the glad choirs,
 Hearts, voices, and lyres,
 And the burthen in mercy divine.
- 6 Hallelujah they cry,
 To the King of the sky,
 To the great everlasting I AM ;
 To the lamb that was slain,
 And liveth again,
 Hallelujah to God and the Lamb.
- 7 The Lamb on the throne,
 Lo ! he dwells with his own,
 And to rivers of pleasure he leads ;
 With his mercy's full blaze,
 With the sight of his face,
 Our beatify'd spirits he feeds.
- 8 Our foreheads proclaim
 His ineffable name,
 Our bodies his glory display ;

A day without night
 We feast in his sight,
 And eternity seems as a day!

TWO 10s. TWO 11s. HYMN LXXIII.

O. B. P. 122.

- 1 **O** FATHER receive our heartiest praise,
 For bidding us live to witness thy grace;
 For bringing us hither thy goodness to prove,
 And triumph together in Jesus's love.
- 2 Our confident trust in him we declare,
 Thro' Jesus the Just accepted we are;
 Redeem'd by his passion, we joyfully join
 T' ascribe our salvation to mercy divine.
- 3 Thee Lord we adore, and dwell on thy praise,
 Preserv'd by the power of Jesus's grace;
 Thee, Jesus, the giver of all we proclaim,
 And publish for ever thy wonderful name.
- 4 Thy name is release from sorrow and sin,
 'Tis pardon and peace, and goodness brought
 in;
 It speaks us forgiven, sinks into the soul,
 And spreads the pure leaven, and hallows the
 whole.

C. M. HYMN LXXIV. O. B. P. 123.

- 1 **J**ESUS, dear Lord, we look to Thee,
 Thy promis'd presence claim;
 Thou in the midst of us shall be
 Assembled in thy name.
- 2 Thy name alone salvation is,
 (Which now we come to prove)
 Thy name is life, and joy, and peace,
 And everlasting love.

3 We

- 3 We only meet the grace to take,
Which Thou hast freely giv'n;
We meet on earth for thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heav'n.
- 4 Present, we know, Thou always art,
But oh! Thyself reveal;
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart,
The mighty comfort feel!
- 5 E'n now, oh! might thy quick'ning voice
The death of sin remove;
And bid our inmost souls rejoice,
In hope of perfect love!

2 10s. 2 11s. H Y M N LXXV.
O. B. P. 124.

- 1 **A**LL thanks to the Lamb, who gives us
to meet!
His love we proclaim, his praises repeat;
We own him our Jesus continually near,
To pardon and bless us, and perfect us here.
- 2 In him we have peace, in him we have pow'r,
Preserv'd by his grace throughout the dark
hour;
In all our temptations He keeps us to prove
His utmost salvation, his fullness of love.
- 3 Come Jesus and loose the stammerer's tongue,
And teach even us the spiritual song;
Let us without ceasing give thanks for thy
grace;
And glory, and blessing, and honour, and
praise.
- 4 Pronounce the glad word, and bid us be free;
Ah! hast thou not, Lord, a blessing for me?
The

The peace thou hast giv'n, this moment im-
part,
And open thy heaven, O love, in my heart.

C. M. HYMN LXXVI. O. B. P. 125.

- 1 SEE, Jesu, thy disciples see,
The promis'd blessing give;
Met in thy name, we look to Thee,
Expecting to receive.
- 2 Breathe on us, Lord, in this our day,
And these dry bones shall live;
Speak peace into our hearts, and say
The Holy Ghost receive.
- 3 Lord, I believe for me, e'en me,
Thy wounds were open'd wide;
I see the prints, I more than see
Thy feet, thy hands, thy side.
- 4 I cannot fear, I cannot doubt,
I feel the sprinkled blood:
Let ev'ry soul with me cry out,
Thou art my Lord, my God!

C. M. HYMN LXXVII. O. B. P. 126.

- 1 NO, 'tis in vain to seek for bliss
True bliss can ne'er be found;
Till we arrive where Jesus is,
And tread on heav'nly ground,
- 2 There's nothing round these painted skies,
Or round this dusty clod;
Nothing, my soul, that's worth thy joys,
Or lovely as thy God.
- 3 'Tis heav'n on earth to taste his love,
To feel his quick'ning grace;

G

And

And all the heav'n I hope above,
Is but to see his face.

- 4 Why move my years in slow delay?
O God of ages, why?
Let the spheres cleave, and mark my way
To the superior sky,
- 5 Thou know'st I languish to be there,
But if it must be so;
I longer must these fetters wear,
Unveil thy face below.

C. M. HYMN LXXVIII. O. B. P. 128.

- 1 SOON shall the Lord of glory come,
With flaming guards around;
The skies divide to make him room,
The trumpets shake the ground.
- 2 The voice be heard, ye dead arise,
And lo! the graves obey;
While waking saints with joyful eyes,
Salute th' expected day.
- 3 They leave the dust, and on the wing,
Rise to the middle air;
In shining garments meet their King,
And low adore Him there.
- 4 O may my humble spirit stand
Among them cloath'd in white!
The meanest place at his right hand
Is infinite delight.
- 5 How will our joy and wonder rise,
When our returning King
Shall bear us homeward thro' the skies!
On love's triumphant wing.

L. M. HYMN LXXIX. O. B. P. 129.

- 1 INFINITE grace! almighty charms!
Stand in amaze, ye whirling skies;
Jesus the God, with naked arms,
Hangs on a cross of love, and dies.
- 2 Did pity ever stoop so low,
Drest in divinity and blood?
Was ever rebel courted so,
In groans of an expiring God?
- 3 Again He lives, and spreads his hands,
Hands that were nail'd to tort'ring smart;
By these dear wounds, says He, and stands,
And prays to clasp me to his heart.
- 4 Sure I must love; or are my ears
Still deaf, nor will my passion move?
Then let me melt this heart to tears;
This heart shall yield to death or love.

C. M. HYMN LXXX. O. B. P. 130.

- 1 IF there are passions in my soul,
(And passions sure there be)
Now they are all at thy controul,
My Jesus, all for Thee.
- 2 If love, that pleasing pow'r, can rest
In hearts so hard as mine;
Come, gentle Saviour, to my breast,
For all my love is thine.
- 3 I feel my warmest passions dead
To all that earth can boast;
This soul of mine was never made
For vanity and dust.
- 4 So Gabriel, at his King's command,
From yon celestial hill,

Walks downward to our worthless land,
His soul points upward still.

- 5 He glides along by mortal things,
Without a thought of love ;
Fulfils his task, and spreads his wings,
To reach the realms above.

L. M. HYMN LXXXI. O. B. P. 131.

- 1 **O**F all the joys we mortals know,
Jesus thy love exceeds the rest ;
Love the best blessing here below,
And nearest image of the blest.
- 2 Sweet are my thoughts, and soft my cares,
When the celestial flame I feel ;
In all my hopes, and all my fears,
There's something kind, and pleasing still.
- 3 While I am held in his embrace,
There's not a thought attempts to rove ;
Each smile he wears upon his face
Fixes, and charms, and fires my love.
- 4 He speaks, and strait immortal joys
Run thro' my ears, and reach my heart ;
My soul all melts at that dear voice,
And pleasure shoots thro' ev'ry part.
- 5 Oh ! still each heighten'd joy increase,
Increase the purer flames of love ;
Till ripe for thine eternal bliss,
Jesus, Thou tak'st my soul above.

L. M. HYMN LXXXII. O. B. P. 132.

- 1 **J**ESUS, I love. Come, dearest name,
Come, and possess this heart of mine :
I love, tho' tis a fainter flame,
And infinitely less than thine.

2 Oh !

- 2 Oh ! if my Lord wou'd leave the skies,
 Drest in the rays of mildest grace ;
 My soul should hasten to my eyes
 To meet the pleasures of his face.
- 3 How would I feast on all his charms,
 Then round his lovely feet entwine !
 Worship and love, in all their forms,
 Should honour beauty so divine.
- 4 In vain the tempter's flatt'ring tongue,
 The world in vain should bid me move ;
 In vain, for I should gaze so long,
 Till I were all transform'd to love.
- 5 I would not ask to climb the sky,
 Nor envy angels their abode ;
 I have a heav'n, as bright as high,
 In the blest vision of my God.

C. M. HYMN LXXXIII. O. B. P. 132.

1 'TIS pure delight, without alloy,
 Jesus, to hear thy name ;
 My spirit leaps with inward joy,
 I feel the sacred flame.

2 My passions hold a pleasing reign,
 While love inspires my breast ;
 Love the divinest of the train,
 The sov'reign of the rest.

3 This is the grace must live and sing,
 When faith and hope shall cease ;
 Must sound from ev'ry joyful string
 In the sweet realms of bliss.

4 Let life immortal seize my clay,
 Let love refine my blood ;
 Her flames can bear my soul away,
 Can bring me near my God.

- 5 Swift I ascend the heav'nly place,
 And hasten to my home;
 I leap to meet thy kind embrace,
 I come, O Lord, I come.
- 6 Sink down, ye seperating hills,
 Let guilt and death remove;
 'Tis love that drives my chariot wheels,
 And death must yield to love.

C. M. HYMN LXXXIV. O. B. P. 133.

- 1 **L**ORD, 'tis an infinite delight
 To see thy lovely face;
 To dwell whole ages in thy sight,
 And feel thy vital rays.
- 2 This Gabriel knows; and sings thy name,
 With rapture on his tongue;
 Moses the faint enjoys the same,
 And heav'n repeats the song.
- 3 Thy love, a sea without a shore,
 Spreads life and joy abroad;
 O! 'tis a heav'n worth dying for,
 To see a smiling God!
- 4 Shew me thy face, and I'll away
 From all inferior things;
 Speak, Lord, and here I quit my clay,
 And stretch my airy wings.
- 5 Sweet was the journey to the sky,
 The wond'rous prophet try'd;
 Climb up the mount (says God) and die:
 The Prophet climb'd and dy'd.
- 6 Softly his fainting head he lay
 Upon his Maker's breast;
 His Maker kist his soul away,
 And laid his flesh to rest.
- 7 In.

7 In God's own arms, he left the breath
 That God's own spirit gave ;
 His was the noblest road to death,
 And his the sweetest grave.

6 8s. HYMN LXXXV. O. B. P. 134.

1 **N**OT the rich world of minds above,
 Can pay the mighty debt of love
 I owe to Christ, my Saviour, God ;
 With pangs, which none but He could feel,
 He brought my guilty soul from hell :
 The purchase was his precious blood.

2 Kindly He seiz'd me in his arms,
 From the false world's pernicious charms ;
 Rescu'd with force divinely sweet :
 Had I ten thousand lives my own,
 I'd pay the vital treasure down
 In hourly tributes at his feet.

6 8s. HYMN LXXXVI. O. B. P. 135.

1 **H**ONOUR to that diviner ray,
 That first allur'd my eyes away
 From ev'ry earth-born mortal fair ;
 All the gay things that held my sight,
 Seem but the twinkling sparks of night,
 Expiring at the morning star.

2 Whatever speaks the Godhead great,
 And worthy of my passion, meet
 Harmonious in my heav'nly Lord :
 A thousand graces ever rise,
 Bloom on his face, dart from his eyes,
 That must for ever be ador'd.

3 In Thee, the passions of the mind,
 With joys, and freedom unconfin'd
 Exult, and spread their pow'rs abroad :

Not

Not all the shining forms above,
Can make my heav'n if Thou remove,
My Lord, my Saviour, and my God.

886886. H Y M N LXXXVII.
O. B. P. 136.

1 **H**OW gracious is the Lord my God!
What tender pity has He shew'd
To such a one as me!

How shall I shew forth all his praise,
Or celebrate in worthy lays
His love and majesty?

2 He form'd me by his mighty hand,
And plac'd me in a fruitful land,
Where milk and honey flow:
While I hung on my mother's breast;
His arm was my support and rest,
His arm taught me to go.

3 He took the veil oft from my eyes,
He spake, He said, sinner, arise,---
Arise, receive thy sight:
The angel of the Lord came down,
His glory in the cavern shone,
And fill'd my soul with light.

4 My chains drop off, my soul is free,
Lord, I come forth, I follow Thee,
Cloath'd with thy righteousness:
Fill'd with the life and pow'r of faith,
I conquer over sin and death,
By all-sufficient grace.

5 Thy banner o'er me thou dost spread,
And on my soul most sweetly shed
Thy fresh anointing oil;

Thy

Thy goodness melts my ravish'd heart,
 I blush to see how good thou art,
 With love Thou dost prevail.

6 All blessings to me freely flow,
 Of heav'n above, and earth below,
 O God of love from Thee !
 He gives me more than I desire,
 His time of love shall ne'er expire,
 But last eternally.

6 8s. HYMN LXXXVIII. O. B. P. 138

1 **H**ELP me, dear lamb of God, to sing
 The pow'r and virtue of thy blood ;
 What great salvation doth it bring
 To those who are the call'd of God !
 The fountain of thy blood was spilt,
 To wash away a world of guilt.

2 If all the sins that men had done,
 In will, in word, in thought, and deed,
 E're since the world, or time begun,
 Were laid on one poor sinner's head ;
 One drop of Jesu's precious blood,
 Would take off all that heavy load.

3 Apostates, who have Christ deny'd,
 And done despite unto his grace,
 Look up ; behold, how near his side
 Revolting Peter takes his place :
 Like Peter weep, and rise again,
 Your faith shall never be in vain.

4 Hear, O my fellow-sinners hear,
 The voice of Jesus Christ, and live ;
 Be strong, be bold, and scorn to fear,
 Throw off your doubts, and now believe :
 Believe

Believe and all your sins are gone;
Believe and heav'n is all your own.

L. M. HYMN LXXXIX. O. B. P. 139.

- 1 **W**HEN I behold the heav'nly state,
The rest that doth the saints await;
What streams of bliss around me roll!
And floods of comfort fill my soul.
- 2 While we enjoy this blissful sight,
Our souls o'erflow with sweet delight:
We long to reach th' eternal shore,
And see this evil world no more.
- 3 But what these antepasts of love,
To those which we shall have above!
A drop of water to the sea,
A moment to eternity!
- 4 Oh! for the beatific day,
When we shall wing our souls away;
When pain and sin for ever cease,
And joys eternally increase!

7676776. HYMN XC. O. B. P. 140.

- 1 **C**HRISTIAN racers, now arise,
Stand forth, prepare to run
T'ward the goal lift up your eyes,
And manfully go on.
For power now to Jesus pray,
Lord direct the erring feet;
Take each weight and sin away,
That does our souls beset.
- 2 True, indeed, the race is sharp,
But then it is not long;

Each

Each will soon take up his harp,
 And warble Sion's song :
 Open now the eye of faith,
 Now behold the crown on high ;
 Break the snares of sin and death,
 To endless glory fly.

- 3 Have you, then, but just begun,
 And enter'd on the race ?
 Gird your loins, and hasten on,
 Be sure to mend your pace :
 Nearer now approaches make,
 Run to the celestial land ;
 Till the conqu'rors prize you take
 In your victorious hand.

7s. H Y M N XCI. O. B. P. 141.

- 1 JESUS, true and living vine,
 Holy, fruitful and divine,
 Graft me in Thyself the root,
 Fill my heart with heav'nly fruit.
- 2 Keeper of the vineyard, plant
 In me ev'ry grace I want ;
 Lop off ev'ry branch of sin,
 Purge my heart, and keep it clean.
- 3 Saviour, hast Thou for me dy'd ?
 Then let me in Thee abide ;
 Fix me in a plent'ous place,
 Water me with show'rs of grace.
- 4 In thy garden here below,
 Water me that I may grow ;
 When all grace to me is giv'n,
 Then transplant my soul to heav'n.

886886. HYMN XCII. O. B. P. 142.

1 **H**OW great the Christian's portion is,
 What heaps of joy, what worlds of bliss,
 Jesus, for them prepares !

Their boundless treasures who can know ?
 For all above and all below,

And Christ, and heav'n are theirs.

2 Jesus, and all in him are ours,
 We are adopted sons and heirs

Through Jesus, grace divine !
 Our sins are pardon'd in his blood,
 And with his righteousness endow'd,
 How glorious do we shine !

3 No more we talk of earthly things,
 The wealth of empires, crowns of kings,
 Of earth or large estate ;
 Can crowns and sceptres be compar'd

Its inestimable worth
 What mortal can declare ?

2 Egypt's wealth and India's store,
 And gold heap'd to the skies ;
 Twenty thousand worlds and more,
 Are far below the prize :
 How immensely rich is he
 Who shall make this pearl his own !
 O might I that merchant be,
 And win Jehovah's son !

3 When this goodly pearl I wear,
 And put this jewel on,
 I shall covet nothing here,
 But tread these trifles down :
 Then my heart will be above,
 All my joy and treasure there ;
 I shall walk in light and love,

Believe and all your sins are gone;
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 Our sins are pardon'd in his blood,
 And with his righteousness endow'd,
 How glorious do we shine !

3 No more we talk of earthly things,
 The wealth of empires, crowns of kings,
 Of earth or large estate ;
 Can crowns and sceptres be compar'd
 To that exceeding great reward,
 Which for God's children wait ?

4 God is our own, and God is love,
 We shall have all in heav'n above,
 What blessing can we more ?
 Or what can true believers want ?
 They can't be discontent or faint ;
 Who have in Christ their store.

7676776. HYMN XCIII. O. B. P. 143.

1 **W**HAT a pearl of glory lies,
 Hid in the gospel field !
 What a jewel of great price
 Is in the world conceal'd !
 Who can set its virtues forth ?
 Tell how rich its glories are ?

Its

- Its inestimable worth
 What mortal can declare?
- 2 Egypt's wealth and India's store,
 And gold heap'd to the skies;
 Twenty thousand worlds and more,
 Are far below the prize:
 How immensely rich is he
 Who shall make this pearl his own!
 O might I that merchant be,
 And win Jehovah's son!
- 3 When this goodly pearl I wear,
 And put this jewel on,
 I shall covet nothing here,
 But tread these trifles down:
 Then my heart will be above,
 All my joy and treasure there;
 I shall walk in light and love,
 And with my Lord appear.

C. M. HYMN XCIV. O. B. P. 145.

- 1 COME, Jesus, master, mighty Lord,
 Now we approach thy throne;
 With pow'r apply th' eternal word,
 And bid our doubts begone.
- 2 Come, speak our every fear away,
 And bid our tears be dry;
 Let ev'ry soul now hear Thee say,
 Be not afraid, 'tis I.
- 3 Present among thy saints we know,
 Thou dost delight to dwell,
 And guard'st thy simple flock below,
 Against the pow'rs of hell.

4 Oh! still as guardian of their peace,
 Thy saving pow'r display;
 Till life's tumultuous storm shall cease,
 Till landed safe with thee.

6 8s. HYMN XCV. O. B. P. 147.

1 **W**HEN I consider all the ways,
 In which the Lord his love hath shown;
 How all my many sinful days,
 He hath preserv'd and led me on:
 Surely my soul might blush and say,
 I slight his love who dy'd for me.

2 Oh! sooner, Lord, from life remove,
 Than let me here ungrateful live;
 Sooner, than once forget thy love,
 The sentence of my death receive;
 Oh! let each breath thy mercy bless,
 Till Thee I see in righteousness.

3 Now show me, Lord, what Thou hast done,
 For me the chief of sinners shew;
 And let me like thy favour'd John,
 Lean on thy bosom here below:
 Such favours will my spirit move,
 And melt my heart to holy love.

6 8s. HYMN XCVI. O. B. P. 148.

1 **A**RT thou the man that dy'd for me,
 Tell me, I still entreat Thee, tell?
 Out of my arms thou shalt not flee,
 Until thou dost thy name reveal:
 Speak, Lord, O speak, nor hence remove,
 But tell me if thy name be love.

2 'Tis love, 'tis love, thou dy'd'st for me,
 I hear thy whisper in my heart;

The

The morning breaks, the shadows flee,

Pure universal love thou art:

To me, to all, thy bowels move,

Thy nature and thy name is love.

3 I know Thee, Saviour, who Thou art,
Jesus the feeble sinners friend;

Nor wilt Thou with the night depart,

But stay and love me to the end:

Thy mercy never shall remove,

Thy nature and thy name is love.

6 8s. HYMN XCVII. O. B. P. 148.

1 **N**OW canst Thou, Lord, with-hold thy
grace,

From sinners hungry, mournful, poor,

Who ask thy love, who seek thy face,

Who ever knock at mercy's door;

At Jesu's feet who humbly lie,

At Jesu's feet resolv'd to die.

2 Therefore of him, I make my boast,

I triumph in his truth and grace;

In His faithful mercies trust,

I shall with joy behold His face:

I shall be soon His fix'd abode,

A temple of the living God.

3 Oh! ye of fearful hearts be strong,

Your downcast hands and eyes lift up;

Ye shall not be forgotten long,

Now then, ev'n now in Jesus hope:

Tell Him ye wait His grace to prove,

Ye cannot fail if God be love.

4 Lord, we believe, and wait the hour,

Which shall thy great salvation bring;

The spirit of love, of health, and pow'r,
 Shall come and make us priests and kings.
 'Thou wilt perform thy faithful word,
 And make the servant as his Lord.

- 5 The promise stands for ever sure,
 And we shall in thine image shine,
 Partakers of a nature pure,
 Holy, angelical, divine:
 In spirit join'd to 'Thee the Son,
 As Thou art with thy father one.

78. HYMN XCVIII. O. B. P. 153.

- 1 JESUS bow thy willing ear,
 Stoop attentive to my pray'r,
 Hear the life, the truth, the way,
 Harken what my lips shall say;
 Of the tree of life now give,
 Bid my soul to eat and live.
- 2 Make me chaste, and pure, and clean,
 Wash me from the root of sin;
 Let me know the hidden stone,
 See my treasure, and my crown;
 Let the sacred snowy vest,
 Cloath me for the marriage feast.
- 3 Daniel's wisdom let me know,
 Stephen's faith and spirit too,
 John's divine communion feel,
 Moses' meekness, Mary's zeal;
 Let me more than conqu'ror prove,
 Rich in thy eternal love.

79. HYMN XCIX. O. B. P. 154.

- 1 COME the heavenly peace divine,
 Enter ev'ry heart and mine;

Come

Come thou everlasting rest,
 Visit ev'ry waiting breast :
 Dwell for ever in each soul,
 Let our social joy be full !

2 What thy grace to us hath lent,
 Lord, we now to Thee present ;
 We whom Thou art pleas'd to own,
 Humbly plead before thy throne :
 Instant ask that we may be,
 One for ever one in Thee.

3 What Thou dost on one confer,
 Let us all delight to share ;
 All the heighten'd blessings taste,
 All to thy embraces haste :
 Sweetly on thy bosom prove,
 All the pleasantness of love.

4 Let us thus with even pace,
 Measure out our quiet days ;
 Calmly thro' the valley glide,
 Led by our celestial guide,
 Lovely in our lives beneath,
 Not divided in our death.

7s. H Y M N C. O. B. P. 155.

1 **S**OV'REIGN Father, Lord of might,
 Source of uncreated light,
 God, whom men and angels praise,
 Ancient of eternal days ;
 Second life in us reveal,
 Stamp us with thy spirit's seal.

2 Holy Ghost, anointing dove,
 Well of life, and God of love :
 Breathe into us strong desire,
 Set our longing souls on fire ;

- Bring the Father's blessing down,
 Thou the heirs of glory crown,
 3 Shed in us thy love abroad,
 Seal, O seal us sons of God;
 Holy, holy, holy, Lord,
 Make us happy thro' thy word;
 All thy truths to us impart,
 Make us after thine own heart.
- 4 Here let all thy fulness shine,
 O create us all divine:
 Let to us thy kingdom come,
 Then receive thy children home.
 With thy heav'nly host adore,
 Fill'd with blifs for evermore.

76767776. HYMN CI. O. B. P. 157.

- 1 **H**APPY Samuel, to God
 In Infancy restor'd;
 In his Maker's house he stood,
 Min'ft'ring before the Lord:
 There he liv'd to God alone,
 Pure from sin's infesting stain;
 Grew in years, and wisdom on,
 Favour'd by God and man.
- 2 Happy soul, who gains a place,
 His heav'nly Lord so near;
 Happier still who finds the grace
 Of Jesu's voice to hear:
 Myft'ry's hidden from the wise,
 From the prudent men conceal'd;
 God, the Lord of earth and skies,
 To simple men reveal'd,

- 3 Lord of earth and skies, again
 Thyself to me make known;
 Chosen from the sons of men,
 To live to Thee alone:
 Thine, O Lord, I surely am,
 Known to me Thou surely art;
 Since Thou call'd me by my name,
 And whisper'd to my heart.
- 4 Enough, my God, I will believe,
 I hear my Saviour's voice;
 Knowledge of his love receive,
 He bids my soul rejoice;
 Now Thou dost Thyself reveal,
 Speak, with pow'r and love divine;
 Peace upon my conscience seal,
 And I am ever Thine.

L. M. H Y M N C II. O. B. P. 159.

- 1 JESUS, thine ear in mercy bow,
 Attend, and hear my feeble cry;
 Redeemer of lost sinners Thou,
 Draw near, and all my wants supply.
- 2 Make clean my heart, thou spotless lamb,
 Wash me in thine atoning blood;
 Give me redemption thro' thy name,
 And reconcile my soul to God.
- 3 Bring forth thy robes of righteousness,
 The garments of salvation bring;
 Cover my shame and nakedness,
 Before the Lord of hosts, my king.
- 4 Help me by faith to Thee to cleave,
 And Thee to my own heart apply;
 And with just confidence believe,
 That Thou for me, for me didst die.
- 5 Scatter

5 Scatter my darkñefs all away,
 And fill my foul with light divine;
 Create in me the gospel day,
 And let thy glory in me fhine.

886886. HYMN CIII. O.B.P. 160.

1 **W**HEN, oh! my Lord, fhall I remove,
 From hence, to yonder worlds of love,
 And reach the heav'nly fhore?
 When fhall I fee Thee face to face,
 And joy and glory in thy grace,
 And sorrow be no more?

2 Since I have tasted love divine,
 I cannot reft till all is mine,
 All Bleffings from above;
 My foul is all athirft for God,
 When fhall I leave this flefhly load,
 For ever loft in love?

3 How little do I know of God,
 While I in flefh have my abode?
 Come, Jesus; come away;
 Then fhall I know as I am known,
 And fee Thee fhining on thy throne,
 With faints in endless day.

4 Snares and temptations round me flow,
 Why are thy chariot wheels fo flow?
 Haffe, Lord, and fet me free;
 Saviour, is not thy coming near?
 In glory, when wilt Thou appear,
 And take my foul to Thee?

HYMN

6 8s. HYMN CIV. O. B. P. 161.

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul, shake off thy dust,
 To Jesus now, at length, look up;
 No longer weep, no more distrust,
 Against all hope believe in hope:
 Strongly reach out thine arm of faith,
 And seize the purchase of his death.
- 2 Is not his gracious promise true?
 Shall not his word for ever stand?
 Will He not all his pleasure do,
 And perfect us in his command?
 That all who do in Him believe,
 Shall sure eternal life receive?
- 3 Dear Lord, I bow beneath thy feet,
 Before Thee now my soul I lay;
 To Thee for ever I submit,
 And firmly purpose to obey:
 For sure, thy promise cannot fail,
 Mercy o'er judgment shall prevail.
- 4 Jesus, once more I lift mine eyes,
 My only hope is in thy blood;
 On Thee alone my soul relies,
 Be Thou my Saviour, and my God:
 The guilt and pow'r of sin remove,
 And fill my soul with heav'nly love.

6 8s. HYMN CV. O. B. P. 163.

- 1 **O** Christ, thou sun of righteousness,
 The darkness of our minds dispel;
 The tyrant Satan dispossess,
 And save us from the pow'rs of hell:
 Finish the long Egyptian night,
 And fill our hearts with noon-day light.

2 Jesus

- 2 Jesus, exert thy gracious pow'r,
 A broken contrite heart bestow ;
 Make this the acceptable hour,
 The trumpet of salvation blow :
 O let thy grace effectual prove,
 To melt our stony hearts to love.
- 3 Fruit worthy Thee, O let us bear,
 Thy full salvation now display ;
 Fill us with love and filial fear,
 And keep us steadfast in thy way :
 By loving faith may we abide,
 For ever, Jesus, at thy side.
- 4 The day draws near, that day of thine,
 Wherein all things shall be restor'd ;
 We long to see that morning shine,
 And live for ever with the Lord :
 T' adore thy mercy, see thy face,
 And join thy saints in endless praise

6 8s. HYMN CVI. O. B. P. 163.

- 1 **E**TERNAL King, O God, most high,
 Thou freely didst vouchsafe to die,
 To purchase our rebellious race :
 Jesus who dy'd lost man to save,
 In triumphs rises from the grave,
 And manifests his truth and grace.
- 2 Saviour, to Thee all pow'r is giv'n,
 All pow'r on earth, all pow'r in heav'n,
 To recompence thy toil and pain ;
 At God's right hand Thou now hast place,
 To plead for Adam's sinful race,
 And give thy purchas'd gifts to men.

3 Wash,

3 Wash us in thy atoning blood;
 And let us daily be renew'd;
 Save us from sin and slavish fear:
 That when thy judgment-seat on high
 We see erected in the sky,
 We may rejoice to see Thee near.

4 As Thou to glory didst ascend,
 So, Lord, again thou wilt descend
 To judge the world in righteousness:
 Then ev'ry faint shall wear a crown,
 And sit with Thee upon thy throne,
 And sing thy everlasting praise.

6 8s. HYMN CVII. O. B. P. 164.

1 ETERNAL glory of the skies,
 Jehovah's everlasting son,
 Delightful hope of mortal eyes,
 Thou lov'dst us ere the world begun:
 Thou didst in time a man become,
 Descending thro' a virgin's womb.

2 Jesus, Thou bright, Thou morning star,
 Spread thy refulgent beams abroad;
 Let thy refreshing light declare
 The presence of our Saviour, God
 Jesus, before thy glorious ray,
 Darkness and shadows flee away.

3 Dear Saviour, take us for thy spoil,
 O let our loins with truth be girt;
 Supply our lamps with sacred oil,
 Our fainting spirits, Lord, support;
 Till we our heav'ny country see,
 And sing immortal hymns to Thee.

L. M. HYMN CVIII. O. B. P. 165.

- 1 **O** Lord, how little do we know,
 How little of thy presence feel;
 While we continue here below,
 And in these earthly houses dwell?
- 2 Shew thy Omnipotence to save,
 The characters of sin efface;
 Thine image on our hearts engrave,
 And let us feel thy sweet embrace.
- 3 Dart in our souls a heav'nly ray,
 A ray, which still may shine more bright;
 Increasing to the perfect day,
 Till we awake in endless light
- 4 Then shall each star become a sun,
 Fill'd with a lustre all divine;
 Each shall possess a radiant crown,
 And to eternal Ages shine.

6686. HYMN CIX. O. B. P. 166.

- 1 **J**ESUS, I come to Thee,
 Accept my feeble pray'r;
 Relieve and cure my misery,
 My ruin'd soul repair:
 My sins on Thee were laid,
 Give me thy right'ousness,
 And over me thy mantle spread,
 To hide my nakedness.
- 2 Wash me in thy dear blood,
 From ev'ry spot of sin;
 That I before the face of God,
 May stand entirely clean:
 Reveal in me thy pow'r,
 The hidden life impart;
 Thine image to my soul restore,
 Engrave it on my heart.
- 3 The

3 The man of sin destroy,
 Be Thou my sole delight,
 Lord, turn my sorrow into joy,
 My darkness into light:
 In loss, be Thou my gain,
 My strength; when I am weak;
 My life in death, my ease in pain,
 My health when I am sick.

7 676. HYMN CX. O. B. P. 168.

1 DEAR Lord we crave thy presence,
 We thirst thy grace to prove;
 We cannot bear thy absence,
 Nor live without thy love;
 Come make us all one spirit,
 In Thee our common Lord;
 And let thy blood and merit,
 True gladness here afford.

2 Thy infinite compassion,
 Once mov'd Thee to come down,
 To work out our salvation,
 Thou left thy Father's throne:
 Again repeat the favour,
 Thy presence now bestow;
 And let us taste the favour,
 Of thy perfumes below.

3 O holy blessed Jesus,
 Now specify thy worth;
 And let thy name be precious,
 As ointment poured forth:
 Display thy bloody banner,
 Before the eye of faith;
 And get thyself the honour,
 Both in our life and death.

11s. HYMN CXI. O. B. P. 169.

- 1 **C**OMPASSIONATE 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.
- 2 Still go Thou before me, and guide me
aright,
Thy grace to protect me, be love my delight,
Thy will be my pleasure, thy honour my
aim,
My element only the blood of the lamb.
- 3 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 blessings always.

C. M. HYMN CXII. O. B. P. 170.

- 1 **D**EAR Lord attend my pray'r,
And all my wants relieve;
Come to my heart, and dwell Thou there,
And ever in me live.
- 2 In weakness I draw nigh,
Unto the throne of grace;
Answer the sinner's mournful cry,
And fill me with thy peace.
- 3 Thou read'st my naked breast,
For liberty I groan;
I sigh in Thee, my Lord, to rest,
And worship Thee alone.

- 4 If trials vex my mind,
 Close to thy wounds I'll flee ;
 No refuge may I elsewhere find,
 No refuge but in Thee.
- 5 To Thee I recommend
 My poor and helpless soul ;
 On Thee for future grace depend,
 Who art my all in all.

87 87. HYMN CXIII. O. B. P. 172.

1 **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, oh ! bid us, Jesus, come :
 Let our fainty hearts be broken,
 Falling on the corner stone.

2 Here for ever let us center,
 Steady tho' assail'd by sin ;
 Forward may we boldly venture,
 Till eternal life we win :
 Banish ev'ry reas'ning scruple,
 Scatter ev'ry gathering cloud ;
 All our hearts, O Jesus sprinkle,
 With thy cleansing precious blood.

3 Arm us from thy heav'nly storehouse,
 Still display thy banner high ;
 March victorious on before us,
 Make the world and satan fly :
 When thy messenger arraigns us,
 To close up our weary eyes ;
 In that needy hour sustain us,
 Till we grasp the heav'nly prize.

C. M. HYMN CXIV. O. B. P. 173.

- 1 **A** Thousand foes prepare to war,
 Against a feeble faint;
 Jesus, in my behalf appear,
 And cheer me lest I faint.
- 2 Give me a heart divorc'd from sin,
 Shut up from worldly care;
 Constant, sincere, and fervent in
 The exercise of pray'r.
- 3 Fill'd with a godly filial fear,
 A constant jealous care;
 Lest I from the right path shou'd err,
 Or fall into a snare.
- 4 Grant me a serious, sober mind,
 From levity set free;
 That I may shew to all mankind,
 Thy image, Lord, in me,
- 5 O fix in me thy dwelling place,
 Thy temple and thy throne;
 Then stubborn self shall bend to grace,
 And Antichrist fall down.

C. M. HYMN CXV. O. B. P. 174.

- 1 **L**OOK up my soul, no more be sad,
 Thy fighting now is o'er;
 Rejoice in Jesus, and be glad,
 Rejoice for evermore.
- 2 Who can have greater cause to bless,
 Our Saviour and our God;
 Than we who are redeem'd by grace,
 And wash'd in Jesu's blood.
- 3 How do the saints of God disgrace
 The gospel of his Son;

By putting on a gloomy face,
And always looking down?

4 No more will we hang down our heads,
Like men that have no hope;
Jesus, who on the serpent treads,
Commands us to look up.

5 Dear Lord to thee we lift our hearts,
And feel our sins forgiven;
Boldly repel the devil's darts,
And fight our way to heaven.

6 What then my soul hast thou to fear,
To doubt or to repine?
Look up and see redemption near,
Rejoice for heav'n is thine.

C. M. HYMN CXVI. O. B. P. 175.

1 **O**H! had my soul ten thousand tongues,
They all shou'd shout one theme;
The subject of my endless songs,
Shou'd be my Jesu's name.

2 Yes, Jesus, I will sing to Thee,
I'll sing and never rest;
So long as I'm indulg'd by Thee,
To lean upon thy breast.

3 While deeper in thy love I pry,
And see thy myst'ry clear;
Hosanna louder will I cry,
Thy love and grace declare.

4 My friends and enemies may join,
To make me hold my tongue;
But Jesus bless this soul of mine,
And thou shalt be my song.

C. M. HYMN CXVII. O. B. P. 176.

- 1 **A**ND will the world's great ruler stoop
 To visit our abode ;
 Make us who viler are than dust,
 Companions for a God ?
- 2 Amazing grace ! O may my soul
 Its vital influence prove ;
 Turn from the dang'rous way of sin,
 To paths of heav'nly love.
- 3 Bright cherubs fill the shining road ;
 There walks my Jesus too,
 To guard and chear me in the way,
 And safe conduct me through.
- 4 On his dear hand all day I'll lean,
 And take my nightly rest ;
 Beneath the shadow of his wings,
 I'm both secure and blest.
- 5 Ev'n in death's darkest dreary wilds,
 With joyous steps I'll move ;
 Chear'd by the all-enliv'ning smiles,
 Shed from the throne above.

C. M. HYMN CXVIII. O. B. P. 177.

- 1 **A**SSEMBLE ye, who love the Lord,
 Who seek a rest above ;
 Come now draw near with one accord,
 And sing a Saviour's love.
- 2 No longer are we sons of carth,
 Redeem'd we higher rise ;
 Partakers of a second birth,
 We live beyond the skies.
- 3 There is our Saviour, there our names
 Are written with his blood ;

There

There love and joy, in ceaseless streams,
Compose the crystal flood.

4 The gate of heav'n wide open stands,
From far we see our home;
Where Jesus spreads his bleeding hands,
To shew that there is room.

5 We'll strive till we possess the crown,
The righteous God shall give;
Nor will we lay our weapons down,
Till we the prize receive.

6 The saints, and all the host of light,
With songs exulting stand;
To welcome us within their sight,
And near that promis'd land.

7 With all the bright celestial host,
Shall fall before the throne;
Of Jesus sing, and make our boast,
Of him, and him alone.

6 8s. HYMN CXIX. O. B. P. 179.

1 **H**O! ye despairing mortals here,
Ye thirsty, sin-sick souls, repair
To waters, whose all-pow'rful stream
Shall quench your thirst, and wash you clean;
Whose healing pow'rs have always wrought,
Beyond the reach of human thought.

2 Bethesda's pool is not like this,
Nor heals, nor cures such leprogies;
Nor Siloam's waves, nor Jordan's flood,
Tho' put together's half so good:
'Twas nam'd by him who made it flow,
And well it's depth and virtue knew.

Let I from the right path mov'd be,
Or fall into a snare.

- 4 Grant me a serious, sober mind,
From levity set free;
That I may shew to all mankind,
Thy image, Lord, in me,
- 5 O fix in me thy dwelling place,
Thy temple and thy throne;
Then stubborn self shall bend to grace,
And Antichrist fall down.

C. M. HYMN CXV. O. B. P. 174.

- 1 **L**OOK up my soul, no more be sad,
Thy fighting now is o'er;
Rejoice in Jesus, and be glad,
Rejoice for evermore.
- 2 Who can have greater cause to bless,
Our Saviour and our God;
Than we who are redeem'd by grace,
And wash'd in Jesu's blood.
- 3 How do the saints of God disgrace
The gospel of his Son;

Look up and see redemption near,
Rejoice for heav'n is thine.

C. M. HYMN CXXVI. O. B. P. 175.

- 1 **O**H! had my soul ten thousand tongues,
They all shou'd shout one theme;
The subject of my endless songs,
Shou'd be my Jesu's name.
- 2 Yes, Jesus, I will sing to Thee,
I'll sing and never rest;
So long as I'm indulg'd by Thee,
To lean upon thy breast.
- 3 While deeper in thy love I pry,
And see thy myst'ry clear;
Hosanna louder will I cry,
Thy love and grace declare.
- 4 My friends and enemies may join,
To make me hold my tongue;
But Jesus bless this soul of mine,
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 And sing a Saviour's love.
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 Partakers of a second birth,
 We live beyond the skies.
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To shew that there is room.

5 We'll strive till we possess the crown,
The righteous God shall give;
Nor will we lay our weapons down,
Till we the prize receive.

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Nor heals, nor cures such leprogies;
Nor Siloam's waves, nor Jordan's flood,
Tho' put together's half so good:
'Twas nam'd by him who made it flow,
And well it's depth and virtue knew.

- 3 A fountain : here ye souls descry,
 And wond'ring own the mystery;
 Rivers and pools in summer dry,
 But fountains never want supply:
 So this blest font from Jesu's side,
 Flows with a never-ceasing tide.
- 4 Long as my soul's permitted here,
 To bear it's load of human care,
 I'll keep my station near its side,
 And wash, and drink, and there abide:
 Nor from the sacred streams remove,
 Till taken to their source above.

6 8s. HYMN CXX. O. B. P. 180.

- 1 JESUS, thy true disciples long
 To join the church triumphant throng;
 T'adore, and see Thee face to face,
 And bless the riches of thy grace:
 Their voices join with angel tongues,
 And sing aloud the heav'nly songs.
- 2 E'er since thou hast espoused me,
 Give earnest I thy courts shall see:
 I hungry and have thirsty been,
 And wanted much to enter in,
 To taste those joys Thou dost prepare
 For all who here thy suff'rings share.
- 3 Yet if thy wisdom deem'd it fit,
 And 'twill be with thy glory meet,
 A pilgrim longer here to rove,
 The goodly fruits of faith to prove:
 Patient I bow before thy throne,
 And wait thy pleasure for my crown.

HYMN

6 8s. HYMN CXXI. O. B. P. 181.

1 WAY-FARING Men, and sojourners,
 Are we, who seek the heav'nly spheres,
 Nor longer here our Souls permit
 In careless ease reclin'd to sit;
 But lean upon our staves, as do
 Poor travellers who their home pursue.

2 Dry up your tears, ye weeping host,
 For yonder see is Salem's coast:
 The army of our brethren there,
 Join earnest in our feeble pray'r:
 There waits our Saviour's happy troop,
 Who cry, Lord, fill the number up.

3 And lo, we join their constant cry,
 Fill up the number, we reply;
 Within our spirits silent groan,
 And sigh, Lord, when wilt thou return?
 Oh! haste, no longer make delay,
 Arise, dear Lord, and come away.

7s. HYMN CXXII. O. B. P. 182.

1 OH! how happy am I here,
 How beyond expression blest;
 Now I feel my Jesus near,
 Now in Jesu's love I rest:
 Peace, and joy, and heav'n I prove,
 Heav'n on earth in Jesu's love.

2 Thou my faithful friend, and true,
 Reacheft out thy gracious hand;
 What can men or devils do,
 While by faith in Thee I stand;
 Stand immoveably secure,
 Love hath made my footsteps sure.

- 3 Satan stirs a tempest up,
 Calm I wait till all is past;
 See the anchor of my hope,
 On the rock of ages cast;
 Never can that anchor fail,
 Enter'd now within the veil.
- 4 Light of life, to Thee I haste,
 Glad to quit this dark abode;
 On thy truth and mercy cast,
 Longing to be lost in God:
 Ready at thy call to say,
 Lo, I come, I come away.
- 5 Ministerial spirits come,
 Spread your golden wings for me;
 Waft me to my heav'nly home,
 Land me in eternity:
 Bear me to my glorious rest,
 Take me to my Saviour's breast.

7s. HYMN CXXIII. O. B. P. 184.

- 1 **B**RETHREN 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:
 We thro' him regain the place
 Where the Lord unveils his face.
- 2 Thee the angels ceaseless sing,
 Thee we praise our priest and king;
 Worthy is thy name of praise,
 Full of glory, full of grace:
 We thy little flock adore,
 Thee, the Lord, for evermore.
- 3 Thou hast the glad tidings brought,
 Of salvation by Thee wrought;

Wrought

Wrought for all thy church, and we
 Worship in their company :
 Ever with us shew thy love,
 'Till we join with those above.

76767776. H Y M N CXXIV.
 O. B. P. 185.

- 1 JESUS master, Thee we bless,
 Who giv'st us daily bread ;
 Giv'st a place wherein to rest,
 And lay our weary heads ;
 Doſt our table richly ſpread,
 Daily on thy bounty feed ;
 Feed'st our ſouls with living bread,
 We have whate'er we need.
- 2 True the vine, and olive too,
 Are nourish'd by thy care ;
 All we eat, or drink, or do,
 Theſe all thy mercies are :
 Jeſu's mercies ever laſt,
 Thou haſt kept me all my days ;
 Let my tongue forget to taſte,
 When it forgets thy praiſe.
- 3 Ev'ry day thy grace ſurrounds,
 The paths wherein I tread ;
 When 'tis night, I lay me down,
 Thou art about my bed :
 What am I that Thou ſhould'st ſhew
 So much favour unto me !
 Who thy depth of love can know,
 Lord, who is like to Thee !

HYMN

L. M. HYMN CXXV. O. B. P. 187.

- 1 **T**HRI**C**E happy they whose souls are built
 On that foundation which is sure;
 They are discharged from all their guilt,
 And stand eternally secure.
- 2 Their doubts and fears are fled away,
 They live in constant joy and light;
 They walk with God throughout the day,
 And sleep at peace with him at night.
- 3 Corruption reigns in them no more,
 They have no place, nor love for sin;
 Absolv'd its guilt, subdu'd its pow'r,
 And Jesu's kingdom is within.
- 4 Satan may all his host unite,
 And strive to vex their peaceful state;
 Nor Men, nor fiends, nor depth, nor height,
 Shall them from Jesus separate.
- 5 Death may put on his terrors now,
 And come with all his ghastly train;
 They scorn to dread so mean a foe,
 To live is Christ, to die is gain.

6 8s. HYMN CXXVI. O. B. P. 188.

- 1 **S**TRANGERS, and sojourners below,
 We travel thro' the wilderness;
 Seeking the promis'd rest to know,
 In Christ the fountain of true bliss:
 We seek a place beyond the skies,
 An everlasting paradise.
- 2 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,
Onward unto his home above.

3 'Tis here we fix the eye of faith,
And giant-like our course we run ;
With steadiness pursue the path,
With courage to the mark press on :
Till we obtain the wish'd-for prize,
And take our place above the skies.

4 The new Jerufalem appears,
Her citizens resplendent shine ;
For God hath wip'd away their tears,
And fill'd them with the life divine :
With them we shall his glory see,
And praise him thro' eternity.

55, 11. H Y M N CXXXVII.
O. B. P. 189.

1 O Jesus our Lord,
Thy name be ador'd,
For all the rich blessings convey'd thro' thy
word.

2 The ancient of days,
His glory displays ;
And shines on his chosen with cherishing rays.

3 The trumpet of God,
Is founding abroad

The language of mercy, salvation thro' blood.

4 The people are blest,
Who lean on his breast,
And share in the foretaste the promised rest.

5 This blessing is mine,
Thro' favour divine ;
But, O! my Redeemer, the glory be thine.

6 The work is of grace,
Thine, thine, be the praise;
And mine to adore Thee, and tell of thy ways.

6 8s. H Y M N CXXVIII.
O. B. P. 191.

1 **H**OW gracious is thy promise, Lord,
How full of truth and tenderneſs!
What ſolid joy doth it afford
To thoſe who know thy ſaving grace?
All things conſpire to work for good,
To thoſe who love the Lord their God.

2 When various trials me aſſail,
Many in number as the ſand;
Enforc'd by all the pow'rs of hell,
My God upholds me in his hand:
My inward weakneſs I perceive,
And cloſe to my Redeemer cleave.

3 Come tribulation and diſtreſs,
Poverty, loſs, contempt and pain,
Reproach, affliction and diſgrace;
All theſe for Chriſt I count but gain:
For life and death and all agree,
To work for endleſs good to me.

4 Faith is an antidote divine,
Converting evil into good;
It changes water into wine,
And poiſon into wholeſome food:
Believe, and you ſhall ſoon proclaim
The wonders wrought by Jeſu's name,

6 8s. HYMN CXXIX. O. B. P. 192.

1 **J**ESUS, we claim Thee for our own;
Our kinsman, near ally'd in blood;
Fleſh

Flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone,
 The son of man, the son of God:
 And lo! we lay us at thy feet,
 Our sentence from thy mouth to meet.

2 Partaker of my flesh below,
 To Thee, O Jesus, I apply;
 Thou wilt thy poor relations know,
 Thou never canst thyself deny,
 Exclude me from thy guardian care,
 Or slight a sinful beggar's pray'r.

3 Thee, Saviour, at my greatest need,
 I trust my greatest friend to prove;
 Now o'er thy meanest servant spread,
 The skirt of thy redeeming love:
 Under thy wings of mercy take,
 And save me for thy nature's sake.

6 8s. HYMN . CXXX. O. B. P. 193.

1 STRAITEN'D in God, we cannot be,
 No bounds his pow'r and bounty know;
 His grace is an exhaustless sea,
 Which flows, and shall for ever flow:
 And if its course suspended seem,
 The hind'rance is in us, not him.

2 Above what we can ask or hope,
 The God of grace delights to give,
 To fill the empty vessels up;
 And when we grace for grace receive,
 Enough in Christ remains behind,
 To fill the souls of all mankind.

3 Long as our faith's capacity
 Is stretch'd t' admit the blessing giv'n;

We drink the streaming deity,
 And gasp for larger draughts of heav'n:
 But when we lose our emptiness,
 The oil of joy the Spirit stays.

4 Empty us then, most gracious Lord,
 And keep us always empty here;
 Till Thee, according to thy word,
 We see upon the clouds appear.
 Thy glorious fullness to reveal,
 And all thy saints for ever fill.

6 8s. HYMN CXXXI. O. B. P. 194.

1 I Call the world's Redeemer mine,
 He lives who dy'd for me I know;
 Who bought my soul with blood divine,
 Jesus shall re-appear below;
 Stand in that awful day unknown,
 And fix on earth his heav'nly throne.

2 Then the last judgment day shall come,
 And tho' the worms this skin devour,
 The judge shall call me from my tomb,
 Shall bid the greedy grave restore:
 And raise this individual me,
 God in the flesh, my God to see.

3 In this identic body, I,
 With eyes of flesh, refin'd, restor'd,
 Shall see that self-same Saviour nigh;
 See for myself my smiling Lord:
 See with ineffable delight,
 Nor faint to bear the glorious sight:

4 Then let the worms demand their prey,
 The greedy grave my reins consume;
 With joy I drop my mould'ring clay,
 And rest till my Redeemer come:

On Christ, my life, in death rely,
Secure that I can never die.

L. M. HYMN CXXXII. O. B. P. 196.

- 1 I Will not give Thee any rest,
I Will I am of that state possess,
Which Abram, Job, and Enoch knew,
Who humbly walk'd with God below.
- 2 Jesus I want to walk with Thee,
In peace and in simplicity;
In Thee I more and more wou'd shine,
Till all the heav'n of heav'ns is mine.
- 3 All I would know on earth, or have
Is Christ the mighty one, to save:
O! grant me this, I'll ceaseless praise,
And bless my God for happy days.

C. M. H Y M N CXXXIII.

O. B. P. 197.

- 1 PREPARE me, O my God, that I
With saints may have my share;
And when the trump proclaims Thee nigh,
Let me with them appear.
- 2 Take me to that immortal place,
Where reigns the conqu'ring few;
Where rest the new-born sons of grace,
And Christ in glory view.
- 3 Among them, Lord, I long to join
Partaker in their blifs;
I long to feel their glory mine,
And all their happiness.
- 4 We know we soon shall follow them,
To Sion's peaceful shore;

To drink of life's eternal stream,
To be disjoin'd no more.

- 5 How blest are they, whose work is done,
Who hear their Saviour's word?
Enter my joy, and share my throne,
And banquet with the Lord.

L. M. H Y M N CXXXIV.
O. B. P. 197.

- 1 **H**ARK! from the Lamb a pray'r ascends,
For his afflicted, banish'd friends;
He prays that they may share his feast,
And me remembers with the rest.
- 2 See by his father's side he stands,
Spreads interceding wide his hands;
Wherein are wrote with blood the names
Of all his sheep, of all his lambs.
- 3 Arm me with patience, such as dwelt
In holy Job midst his distress;
Such love as John and Daniel felt,
Let me from hour to hour possess.

886886. H Y M N CXXXV.
O. B. P. 198.

- 1 **W**HAT language is this that I hear,
Which whispers sweetly in my ear,
This kind salute of grace;
Hail blessed Lord 'tis thy sweet voice,
Which bids me in thy love rejoice,
And fill my soul with peace.

2 My great high priest before is gone,
The veil is rent, 'tis now withdrawn,
Which hides his lovely face;
The passage now is clear and free,
The veil is mov'd for all, for me,
From the most holy place.

3 Before his father there he stands,
And lifts his glorious priestly hands,
With incense of his own ;
Pours out his soul for me in pray'r,
An object of his special care,
Before his father's throne.

4 He points unto his bleeding side,
And thus he's constantly employ'd,
Wrestling in pray'r he's found ;
Wrestling for me the suit he gains,
Pardon and peace, and heav'n obtains,
At last with glory crown'd.

76767776. H Y M N CXXXVI.
O. B. P. 200.

1 **R**ISE, my soul, to praise the care
Of Jesus true and good ;
Sing to him whose robes appear
As newly dipt in blood :
By his pow'r I live to see,
The dawning of another day ;
Farther favour'd I shall be,
When I am call'd away.

2 O that Thou wouldst me array
In purest righteousness ;
Other cov'ring take away,
But the white linen dress :

That,

That, O Jesus, that alone,
 Over all my folly cast ;
 Hiding all that I have done,
 Amiss in time that's past.

- 3 Then I shall in righteousness,
 In Jesu's arms awake ;
 All the joys that saints possess,
 For my own then shall take :
 I shall with my father sit,
 In his heav'nly kingdom praise ;
 Bowing down before his feet,
 And share his glorious grace.

L. M. H Y M N CXXXVII.

O. B. P. 201.

- 1 **N**OW, Jesus, now, one pow'rful glance,
 Give me, dear Saviour, from thy face ;
 Then shall my heart no more withstand,
 But sink beneath thy saving grace.
- 2 Rise, saith the prince of mercy, rise,
 (With joy and pity in his eyes)
 Rise, and behold my wounded veins,
 Here flows the blood to wash my stains.
- 3 See my great father reconcil'd,
 He said, and lo ! the father smil'd ;
 The joyful cherubs, clapp'd their wings,
 And sounded grace on all their strings.
- 4 O yes, he smiles, my father, God,
 I'm reconcil'd thro' Jesu's blood ;
 No condemnation now I see,
 For I'm in Christ, and Christ in me.
- 5 O Jesus, if this blessing be
 So pleasing an event to Thee ;

Will the glad news be told above,
And spread thro' all the realms of love?

L. M. H Y M N CXXXVIII.
O. B. P. 202.

- 1 GO worship at Immanuel's feet,
See in his face what wonders meet,
Earth is too narrow to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace.
- 2 The whole creation can afford
But some faint shadows of my Lord;
Nature to make her beauties known,
Must mingle colours not his own.
- 3 Is he compar'd to wine or bread?
Dear Lord, our souls would thus be fed:
That flesh, that dying blood of thine,
Is bread of life, is heavenly wine.
- 4 Is he a tree? the world receives
Salvation from his healing leaves:
That right'ous branch, that fruitful bough,
Is David's root, and offspring too.
- 5 Is he a rose? not Sharon yields
Such fragrancy in all her fields:
Or if the lilly he assume,
The vallies bless the rich perfume.
- 6 Is he a vine? his heav'nly root
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit:
O let a lasting union join
My soul to Christ, the living vine.
- 7 Is he the head? each member lives,
And owns the vital pow'r he gives:
The faints below, and faints above,
Join'd by his spirit, and his love.

- 8 Is he a fountain? there I bathe,
 And heal the plague of sin and death:
 These waters all my soul renew,
 And cleanse my spotted garments too.
- 9 Is he a fire? he'll purge my dross;
 But the true gold sustains no loss:
 Like a refiner shall he sit,
 And tread the refuse with his feet.
- 10 Is he a rock? how firm he proves!
 The rock of ages never moves:
 Yet the sweet streams that from him flow,
 Attend us all the desert thro'.
- 11 Is he a tower? when trouble's nigh,
 For refuge to his name I fly
 Whilst threat'ning hosts in vain appear,
 My sanctuary still is here.
- 12 Is he a way? he leads to God;
 The path is drawn in lines of blood:
 There wou'd I walk with hope and zeal,
 Till I arrive at Sion's hill.
- 13 Is he a door? I'll enter in;
 Behold the pasture's large and green:
 A paradise divinely fair,
 None but the sheep have freedom there.
- 14 Is he design'd a corner stone,
 For men to build their heaven upon?
 I'll make him my foundation too,
 Nor fear the plots of hell below.
- 15 Is he a temple? I adore
 Th' indwelling majesty and pow'r:
 And still to his most holy place,
 Whene'er I pray, I turn my face.
- 16 Is he a star? he breaks the night;
 Piercing the shades with dawning light:
I know

I know his glories from afar ;
I know the bright, the morning star.

17 Is he a sun? his beams are grace ;
His course is joy and righteousness :
Nations rejoice when he appears,
To chase their clouds, and dry their tears.

18 O let me climb those higher skies,
Where storms and darknesses never rise :
There he displays his pow'rs abroad,
And shines and reigns th' incarnate God.

19 Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heav'n his full resemblance bears :
His beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold him face to face.

7s. HYMN CXXXIX. O. B. P. 206.

1 JESU, soft harmonious name,
Ev'ry faithful heart's desire ;
See thy followers, O lamb,
All at once to Thee aspire :
Drawn by thy uniting grace,
After Thee we swiftly run ;
Hand in hand we seek thy face,
Come, and perfect us in one.

2 Mollify our harsher will,
Each to each our tempers suit ;
By thy modulating skill,
Heart to heart, as lute to lute :
Sweetly on our spirits move,
Gently touch the trembling strings ;
Make the harmony of love,
Music for the king of kings.

3 Jesu's praise is all our song ;
While we Jesu's praise repeat,

Glide

Glide our happy days along,
 Glide with down upon their feet:
 Far from sorrow, sin, and fear,
 Till we take our seats above;
 Live we all as angels here,
 Only sing, and praise, and love.

6 8s. HYMN CXL. O. B. P. 206.

- 1 **W**ELCOME sweet day of days the blest,
 The time of holy mirth and rest;
 When to God's house the saints repair
 To hear his word, and see his face,
 To learn his will, to sing his grace,
 And vent their hearts in pray'r and praise.
- 2 This is employment all divine,
 My soul the blest assembly join,
 And from the world this day retire:
 Go bow before thy maker's throne,
 Thy risen Saviour's glories own,
 And feed thy love, and fan the fire.
- 3 This day was by our Lord ordain'd,
 That thus his servants might be train'd
 For heav'nly work, and heav'nly joys:
 My soul be this thy day of rest,
 And thus prepare Thee to be blest,
 Thus all thy holy hours employ.
- 4 Then will the happy day be spent
 To thine advantage and content,
 In joys exceeding all on earth:
 'Twill be a pledge of heav'nly joy,
 All pure, without the least alloy,
 Divine and everlasting mirth.

HYMN

6 8s. HYMN CXLI. O. B. P. 207.

- 1 JESU, thy boundless love to me,
 No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
 O knit my thankful heart to Thee,
 And reign without a rival there:
 Thine, wholly thine, alone I am;
 Be Thou alone my constant flame.
- 2 O love, how cheering is thy ray?
 All pain before thy presence flies!
 Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
 Where'er thy healing streams arise:
 O Jesu, nothing may I see,
 Nothing hear, feel, or think but Thee!
- 3 Unweary'd may I this pursue,
 Dauntless to the high prize aspire;
 Hourly within my breast renew
 This holy flame, this heav'nly fire;
 And day and night be all my care,
 To guard this sacred treasure there.
- 4 My health, my light, my life, my crown,
 My portion, and my treasure Thou?
 O take me, seal me for thine own;
 To Thee alone my soul I bow:
 In death as life be Thou my guide,
 And save me, who for me hast dy'd.

886 886. H Y M N CXLII.
 O. B. P. 210.

- 1 AND did thy grace, O Jesus dear,
 When I was dead in sin, my ear
 Incline to hear thy voice?
 Have I forgiveness thro' thy grace?
 Have I regain'd my native place?
 And in thy name rejoice?
- L
- 2 O yes,

- 2 O yes, I feel I am forgiv'n,
 I've got the antepast of heav'n ;
 Thy spirit makes it clear :
 Thy royal rayment clothes me round,
 Redemption thro' thy blood I've found,
 No torment now I fear.
- 3 May I be faithful to my call,
 In heart still freely give up all,
 Myself to Thee resign :
 When dangers threaten me around,
 Invincible may I be found,
 And ne'er from Thee decline.
- 4 My feet with holy oil anoint,
 That I may walk and never faint,
 In Jesu's footsteps tread :
 Bedew me with a genial show'r,
 Into my soul thy graces pour,
 And me with manna feed.
- 5 A single eye, a faithful heart.
 O Jesus, to my soul impart,
 And strength in ev'ry hour :
 Reason's tormenting thoughts prevent,
 Still keep my eye on Thee intent,
 Till sight my faith o'erpow'r.

8s. HYMN CXLIII. O. B. P. 212.

- 1 **T**HOU shepherd of Israel, and mine,
 The joy and desire of my heart,
 For closer communion I pine,
 I long to reside where Thou art :
 The pasture I languish to find,
 Where all who their shepherd obey,
 Are fed, on thy bosom reclin'd,
 Are skreen'd from the heat of the day.

2 Ah,

- 2 Ah, shew me that happiest place,
 That place of thy people's abode,
 Where saints in an extaiv gaze,
 And hang on a crucify'd God :
 Thy love for a sinner declare,
 Thy passion and death on the tree,
 My spirit to Calvary bear,
 To suffer, and triumph, with Thee.
- 3 'Tis there with the lambs of thy flock,
 There only I covet to rest,
 To lie at the foot of the rock,
 Or rise to be hid in thy breast :
 'Tis there I would always abide,
 And never a moment depart,
 Conceal'd in the cleft of thy side,
 Eternally held in thy heart.

8s. HYMN CXLIV. O. B. P. 215.

- 1 I Long to behold Him array'd
 With glory and light from above,
 The king in his beauty display'd,
 His beauty of holiest love :
 I languish and die to be there,
 Where Jesus hath fix'd his abode ;
 O when shall we meet in the air,
 And fly to the mountain of God.
- 2 With him I on Sion shall stand,
 (For Jesus hath spoken the word,)
 The breadth of Immanuel's land,
 Survey by the light of my Lord :
 But when on thy bosom reclin'd
 Thy face I am strengthen'd to see,
 My fulness of rapture I find,
 My heaven of heavens in Thee.

3 How happy the people that dwell
 Secure in the city above !
 No pain the inhabitants feel,
 No sickness or sorrow shall prove :
 Physician of souls unto me
 Forgiveness and holiness give,
 And then from the body set free,
 And then to the city receive.

8s. HYMN CXLV. O. B. P. 215.

1 I Thirst for a life-giving God,
 A God that on Calvary dy'd,
 A fountain of water and blood,
 Which gush'd from Immanuel's side.
 I gasp for the stream of his love,
 The spirit of rapture unknown,
 And then to re-drink it above,
 Eternally fresh from the throne.

2 What now is my object and aim ?
 What now is my hope and desire ?
 To follow the heavenly Lamb,
 And after his image aspire :
 My hope is all center'd in Thee ;
 I trust to recover thy love,
 On earth thy salvation to see,
 And then to enjoy it above.

3 Confin'd in a dungeon of clay,
 Exil'd from my Saviour I love,
 I long to be summon'd away,
 I groan for a speedy remove :
 O when shall I come to appear,
 With joy in the presence divine,
 To find him essentially near,
 To know him eternally mine.

- 4 This God is the God we adore,
 Our faithful unchangeable friend,
 Whose love is as great as his powr,
 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.

886 886. H Y M N CXLVI.
 O. B. P. 217.

- 1 **T**HOU God of harmony and love,
 Whose name transports the saints above,
 And lulls the ravish'd spheres ;
 On Thee in feeble strains I call,
 And mix my humble voice with all
 Thy heav'nly choristers.
- 2 O might I with thy saints aspire,
 The meanest of that dazzling quire,
 Who chaunt thy praise above :
 Mixt with the bright musician band,
 May I an heav'nly harper stand,
 And sing the song of love.
- 3 What extacy of bliss is there,
 While all th' angelic concert share,
 And drink the floating joys !
 What more than extacy, when all
 Stuck to the golden pavement fall,
 At Jesu's glorious voice.
- 4 Jesus ! the heav'n of heav'ns he is,
 The soul of harmony and bliss !
 And while on him we gaze,

And while his glorious voice we hear,
Our spirits are all eye, all ear,
And silence speaks his praise.

- 5 O might I die that awe to prove,
That prostrate awe which dares not move,
Before the great Three-One:
To shout by turns the bursting joy,
And all eternity employ,
In songs around the throne.

L. M. HYMN CXLVII. O. B. P. 218.

- 1 **L**ORD Jesus come, by love constrain'd,
Come visit such a one as me;
Now hearken to my suit unfeign'd,
Open my eyes, and let me see.
- 2 No one can save me but the Lord,
Nothing but Jesus would I have:
Say, Master, say the gracious word,
Stretch out thy hand, and touch, and save.
- 3 Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou able art
To make me white as Salmon's snow:
At once remove the evil heart,
And make me holy here below.
- 4 This, only this, my Jesus grant,
Now write my name with Thee above:
Nothing on earth, or heav'n I want,
But only to be fill'd with love.
- 5 I know the Saviour dy'd for me,
For me the holy lamb was slain:
Thro' faith I claim a part in Thee,
Thou canst not shed thy blood in vain.

76767776. HYMN CXLVIII.

O. B. P. 219.

1 PRAISE the Lord, ye blessed Ones,
 Your glorious Lord and ours;
 Principalities and thrones,
 And all the heav'nly pow'rs:
 Angels that in strength excel,
 Here your utmost strength employ;
 Let your ravish'd spirits swell
 With endless praise and joy.

2 Worms of earth, on God we call,
 And challenge you to sing;
 Sing the sov'reign cause of all,
 The universal king:
 While eternal ages last,
 The transporting theme repeat:
 Shout, and gaze, and fall, and cast
 Your crowns before his seat.

3 There with you we trust to lie,
 With you to rise again;
 Nearest him that rules the sky,
 And foremost of his train:
 We shall lead the heav'nly quire,
 We shall give the key to you;
 Singing to our golden lyre,
 The song for ever new.

569. HYMN CXLIX. O. B. P. 221.

1 NO longer can earth
 Find a subject for mirth,
 Neither shew them whereat to rejoice:
 Who the Saviour hath known,
 His pure image put on,
 And attentive are led by his voice.

2 Still

2 Still on with their Lord,
 In each thought, deed, and word,
 With their hopes ever center'd above;
 But one point is the end,
 To which they all tend,
 To fulfil the commandment of love.

3 When met in his name,
 Oh! how bright burns the flame,
 And how sweet they their spirits possess:
 For no troubles they know,
 Jesus guards off the foe,
 And permits them to lean on his breast.

4 O Lord, do they wait,
 E'er in vain at thy gate?
 No; they testify ever the same:
 That they find Thee still near;
 Come then, Saviour, appear,
 And reveal to our souls thy whole name.

5 'Tis done; we rejoice;
 For thy ravishing voice
 Has reveal'd the whole secret of love:
 Thou Thyself's made a curse,
 For to purchase for us
 Life divine, and a kingdom above.

886 886. HYMN CL. O. B. P. 222.

1 O Love divine, how sweet thou art!
 When shall I find my willing heart
 All taken up by thee?
 I thirst, and faint, and die to prove
 The greatness of redeeming love;
 The love of Christ to me.

- 2 O that I cou'd for ever sit
 With Mary at the master's feet !
 Be this my happy choice ;
 My only care, delight, and blifs,
 My joy, my heav'n on earth be this,
 To hear the bridegroom's voice.
- 3 O that with humbled Peter, I
 Cou'd weep, believe, and thrice reply,
 My faithfulness to prove :
 Thou know'st, (for all to Thee is known)
 Thou know'st, O Lord, and Thou alone,
 Thou know'st that Thee I love.
- 4 O that I cou'd, with favour'd John,
 Recline my weary'd head upon
 The dear Redeemer's breast !
 From care, and sin, and sorrow, free,
 Give me, O Lord, to find in Thee,
 My everlasting rest.
- 5 Thy only love do I require,
 Nothing in earth beneath desire,
 Nothing in heav'n above :
 Let earth, and heav'n, and all things go,
 Give me thy only love to know,
 Give me thy only love.

87 87. HYMN CLI. O. B. P. 225.

- 1 **P**ILGRIMS and companions, tending
 Strait your path to Sion's rest ;
 To the heav'n of heav'ns ascending,
 Leaning upon Jesu's breast.
- 2 From the spicy trees and flow'rs,
 Pleasant fruits of heav'nly taste ;
 Water'd with continual show'rs,
 In the realms of light and blifs.

- 3 Zephyrs balmy odours bearing
 To us as we pass the vale;
 Round to all the truth declaring,
 What enrich'd their fragrant gale.
- 4 Sharon's rose most sweetly breathing
 All its richest essence forth;
 Dying soul's with life retrieving,
 Speaks it's high transcendent worth.
- 5 Hasten on the marks before ye,
 Higher ev'ry moment rise;
 Press, and enter into glory,
 Take the crown above the skies.

559 669. HYMN CLII. O. B. P. 226.

- 1 COME, partners of hope,
 Your voices lift up,
 To our prophet, our priest, and our king:
 With our hearts full of praise,
 Let our triumph be grace,
 And his love the whole theme we shall sing.
- 2 Come, loudly proclaim
 That ineffable name,
 That is chanted by angels on high:
 Tho' far meaner our lays,
 Yet in Jesus's praise,
 All our voices shall reach to the sky.
- 3 The raptures we feel,
 There's no tongue that can tell;
 Nor there's nought that our joys can improve:
 With our heav'nly guest,
 When permitted to feast,
 And to share the sweet banquet of love.

Oh!

4 Oh ! where shall we place
The first dawn of this grace ?
Let's turn back the long record of days :
We are lost, 'tis not there,
Where then will it appear ?
In eternity ;—see where it lays.

5 How bright the work shines ?
Lo, how strong are the lines !
Not impair'd by the ages that's past :
Yea, so strong, we are sure,
It will longer endure,
Far longer than ages can last.

87 87. HYMN CLIII. O. B. P. 227.

1 JESUS, God of my salvation,
Send the promis'd help I claim ;
Bring me thro' my sore temptation,
Manifest thy saving name :
Art Thou not the same for ever ?
Do not I on Thee depend ?
O continue to deliver,
Save me, save me to the end.

2 From thy feeble helpless creature,
Never, never, Lord, depart ;
Shew Thyself than Satan greater,
Greater than my evil heart :
If the fiend must vex me longer,
Buffet still my trembling soul ;
Jesu, shew Thyself the stronger,
Keep me, till Thou mak'st me whole.

3 Let me, while my faith is trying,
Rest in thy atoning blood ;
Always bear about the dying
Of my dear redeeming God :

Till

Till I all thy life inherit,
 Let me in thy wounds abide;
 Shelter there my weary spirit,
 Save me, who for me hast dy'd.

6 8s. HYMN CLIV. O. B. P. 228.

1 **W**HAT am I, O thou glorious God!
 Or what my father's house to Thee!
 That Thou such blessings hast bestow'd
 On me, the vilest reptile, me!
 I take the blessings from above,
 And wonder at thy causeless love.

2 Me in my blood thy love pass'd by,
 And stopp'd, my ruin to retrieve;
 Wept o'er my soul thy pitying eye,
 Thy bowels yearn'd, and founded, live!
 Dying, I heard the welcome sound,
 And pardon in thy mercy found.

3 Honour, and might, and thanks, and praise,
 I render to my pard'ning God;
 Extol the riches of thy grace,
 And spread thy saving name abroad:
 That only name to sinners giv'n,
 Which lifts poor, dying worms to heav'n,

4 Jesu, I bless thy gracious pow'r,
 And all within me shouts thy name;
 Thy name let ev'ry soul adore,
 Thy pow'r let ev'ry tongue proclaim:
 Thy grace let ev'ry sinner know,
 And find with me their heav'n below.

HYMN

76767776. H Y M N CLV.

O. B. P. 232.

- 1 **W**HERE shall Christ's disciples go,
 When from the flesh they fly?
 Glorious bliss ordain'd to know,
 They mount above the sky:
 To that bright celestial place,
 Where they shall in raptures live;
 More than tongue can e'er express,
 Or heart can e'er conceive.
- 2 When they once are enter'd there,
 Their mournings all are o'er;
 Pain, and sin, and want, and care,
 And sighing is no more:
 Subject there to no decay,
 Heav'nly bodies they put on;
 Swifter than the lightning's ray,
 And brighter than the sun.
- 3 But their greatest happiness,
 Their highest bliss shall be;
 God their Saviour to possess,
 To know, and love, and see:
 With that beatific sight,
 Glorious extacy is giv'n;
 This is their supreme delight,
 And makes an heav'n of heav'ns.
- 4 Him beholding face to face,
 To him they glory give;
 Bless his name, and sing his praise,
 As long as God shall live:
 While eternal ages roll,
 Thus employ'd in heav'n they are;
 Lord, receive my happy soul,
 With all thy children there.

56 12. HYMM CLVI. O. B. P. 233.

1 O Jesus, my rest,
How unspeakably blest,
Is that sinner that comes to be hid in thy
breast!

2 I comé at thy call,
At thy feet do I fall,
And believe, and confes Thee my God,
and my all.

3 Thou art Mary's good part,
The thing needful Thou art,
The desire of my eyes, and the joy of my
heart.

4 My comfort and stay,
My life, and my way,
My crown of rejoicing in that happy day.

5 Health, pardon, and peace.
In Thee I possess; [less
I can have nothing more, I will have nothing

6 I stand in thy might,
I walk in thy light,
And all heaven I claim in thy God-giving
right.

55 10. HYMN CLVII. O. B. P. 234

1 O God of all grace,
Thy goodness we praise;
Thy Son Thou hast giv'n to die in our
place.

2 With joy we approve,
The design of thy Love;
'Tis a wonder on earth, and a wonder above.

3 He came from above,
Our cause to remove;
He hath lov'd, he hath lov'd us, because
he wou'd love.

4 He hath ransom'd our race;
O how shall we praise,
Or worthily sing thy unpeakable grace!

5 Thy wonders of grace,
The angels shall praise!
Yet ever come short in their loftiest lays.

6 When time is no more,
We still shall adore
That Ocean of love, without bottom, or
shore.

7 He soon shall appear,
He more than draws near;
Our Jesus is come, and eternity's here.

6 8s. HYMN CLVIII. O. B. P. 236

1 **W**HEN first my trembling soul receiv'd
The gracious message, and believ'd
A pardon thro' th' atoning blood
Of Jesus slain and crucify'd;
Triumphantly I then reply'd
I know, I know Thou art my God.

2 If gloomy horrors do display
Their shades, and veil the face of day,
The spring, the source of human fears:
Thou art my God, I instant cry,
The shades disperse immediately,
And light divine thro' all appears.

3 Oh! let it be my daily song,
 For ever flowing from my tongue,
 For ever on it sweetly rest:
 Thou art my God; transporting theme!
 My waking thoughts, and midnight dream,
 My present and eternal peace.

C. M. HYMN CLIX. O. B. P. 237

1 JESU, great shepherd of the sheep,
 To Thee for help we fly;
 Thy little flock in safety keep,
 For, oh! the Wolf is nigh.

2 Oh! do not suffer him to part
 The souls that here agree;
 But make us of one mind and heart,
 And keep us one in Thee.

3 Together let us sweetly live,
 Together let us die;
 And each a starry crown receive,
 And reign above the sky.

4 Keep us till then in perfect peace,
 And call us each to prove;
 An endless age of heav'nly bliss,
 An endless age of love.

L. M. HYMN CLX. O. B. P. 238

1 SCREEN'D from the world in this retreat
 Come let us now the world forget:
 As one great blank let all appear,
 While Jesu's presence meets us here.

2 Let ev'ry pow'r attentive sit,
 In willing bonds beneath his feet;
 While faith's mysterious pow'r rolls,
 Celestial pleasures o'er our souls.

3 While

- 3 While hov'ring angels mark the place,
 Distinguish'd by peculiar grace;
 Where seated with our heav'nly guest,
 Love's sacred cup, lo! crowns the feast.
- 4 Till wrapt in Thee, and full of love
 No greater blessings we can prove:
 Then let my years, my hours decay,
 The trumpet sounds the final day.
- 5 Still I am blest, that awful morn,
 Which justice, love, and vengeance crown,
 Shall but compleat my happiness,
 Safe in the arms of God at peace.

L. M. HYMN CLXI. O. B. P. 239.

- 1 JOIN all in earth, and all in heav'n,
 The saving sov'reign name t' adore;
 The name to dying sinners giv'n,
 That all might live, and sin no more.
- 2 Bow ev'ry soul at Jesu's name,
 At Jesu's name ye angels bow;
 Extol the great Supreme, I am,
 Praise Him thro' one eternal now.
- 3 Praise Him ye first-born sons of light,
 With shouts your glorious monarch own;
 We have in Him a nearer right,
 For Jesus is our flesh and bone.
- 4 Wherefore on you we ever call,
 T'adore the name to sinners giv'n;
 To praise the Lamb, who dy'd for all,
 Join all in earth, and all in heav'n.

6 8s. HYMN CLXII. O. B. P. 240.

- 1 YE simple few, ye chosen race,
 That blest with the peculiar grace,
 Th'assurance of your sins forgiv'n;
 Press to the mark above the skies,
 In Jesu's fullest Image rise,
 Press to the crown that waits in Heav'n.
- 2 Ye that with Stephen's spirit full,
 One single aim runs through the soul,
 No other passion feel but love;
 Fully determin'd here below,
 To bear, to suffer. or to do,
 Till call'd to lasting joys above.
- 3 Jesus the Son of God confess,
 In all his Father's glories dress,
 High rais'd in bliss, and sov'reign pow'r:
 Myriads of angels round Him wait
 His high behests; or at his feet
 Fall prostrate, and their Lord adore.
- 4 While nearer to th'eternal throne,
 The saints with snowy vestures on,
 Drink the pure stream of light divine:
 Till fill'd with those superior rays,
 They round reflect the glorious blaze,
 And in the Saviour's Image shine.
- 5 How great their bliss! how sweet the strains!
 That fill those bright, those happy plains,
 Each heighten'd rapture to improve:
 Now bear, dear Lord, our spirits home.
 Burst ev'ry bar, and let us come
 To see thy face, and praise thy love,

68s. HYMN CLXIII. O. B. P. 241.

- 1 **T**HOU hidden source of calm repose,
 Thou all-sufficient love divine;
 My help, and refuge from my foes,
 Secure I am, if Thou art mine.
 And lo! from sin, and grief, and shame,
 I hide me, Jesus, in thy Name.
- 2 Thy mighty Name salvation is,
 And keeps my happy soul above;
 Comfort it brings, and pow'r, and peace,
 And joy, and everlasting love:
 To me with thy dear Name are giv'n,
 Pardon, and holiness, and heav'n.
- 3 Jesu, my all in all Thou art,
 My rest in toil, my ease in pain;
 The med'cine of my broken heart,
 In war my peace, in loss my gain:
 My smile beneath the tyrant's frown,
 In shame, my glory, and my crown.
- 4 In want, my plentiful supply,
 In weakness, my almighty pow'r;
 In bonds, my perfect liberty,
 My light in Satan's darkest hour;
 In grief, my joy unspeakable,
 My life in death, my heav'n in hell.

L. M. HYMN CLXIV. O. B. P. 242.

- 1 **H**OW happy, Lord, the Christian's mind,
 Divest of ev'ry sensual care;
 The world forgetting, and resign'd
 To ev'ry dispensation here.
- 2 No fearful terrors, that await
 The period of this mortal scene,

His

His thoughts perplex; no gloomy weight
Hangs o'er his soul, but all serene.

3 While fairer worlds of pure delight,
Where life's eternal rivers flow;
His more than happy soul invite,
To leave these passing scenes below.

4 Number'd with these the happy few,
Who thus thy tender mercies prove;
Thy children, Lord, thy fav'rites too,
And kept by ever watchful love.

5 Oh! mark my lot, my fate with these,
And take and keep me for thine own;
Till ripe for thine eternal bliss,
I mount the skies, and take the crown.

C M. HYMN CLXV. O. B. P. 243.

1 **O**N Jordan's banks when Israel stood,
And view'd the beautiful scene;
Prevented only by the flood,
That roll'd its waves between;

2 What raptures then must fill their breast,
To see the place so near,
Where they should find the promis'd rest,
And banish ev'ry fear.

3 But oh! than theirs how wond'rous far,
Are these which now we taste;
Since theirs in prospect only were,
But ours are joys possess'd.

4 Pardon and peace thro' Jesus here,
Are to our souls apply'd;
And seats hereafter giv'n to share
Among the sanctify'd.

HYMN

886 886. H Y M N CLXVI.

O. B. P. 243.

1 **W**HAT energy, and pow'r divine,
Come from these bleeding wounds of
thine,

Thou sin-subduing Lord :
Whene'er I stedfast look to Thee,
No fiend or storm can injure me,
Thou dost such help afford.

2 The mark still shines as clear as day,
The drops of blood pave all the way
Where Jesus bore his cross ;
Erected there he hangs aloft,
Look up my heart till all be soft,
And melted from the dross.

3 When I behold his bleeding wounds,
What inward peace and life abounds,
And solid happiness !
I see him there made sin for me,
His righteousness he gives most free
The naked soul to dress.

4 I will know nothing else beside ;
The lamb of God, once crucify'd,
Hath took away my guilt :
His precious and atoning blood,
He offer'd up for me to God,
For me his blood he spilt.

886 886. H Y M N CLXVII.

O. B. P. 245.

1 **L**AMB, lovely lamb, for sinners slain,
In weakness, weariness, and pain,
Thy tender care I prove :

Continue

Continue still thy tender care,
My spirit for 'thyself prepare,
And perfect me in love.

2 In steadfast faith on Thee I call,
Saviour, and sov'reign Lord of all,
My brother and my friend ;
Lead me my few remaining days,
And finish thy great work of grace,
And love me to the end.

3 Till I from all my sins am fre'd,
O may I lean my languid head
On thy dear loving breast !
Thou, Jesu, catch my parting breath,
And let me smoothly glide thro' death
To my eternal rest !

4 Saviour, bring near the joyful hour,
The fulness of thy spirit pour,
And while I here remain ;
Christ let it be that lives, not I,
Or now permit me now to die ;
To die is greatest gain.

6 8s. H Y M N CLXVIII.
O. B. P. 247.

1 O God, my hope, my heav'nly rest,
My all of happiness below ;
Grant my importunate request,
To me, to me thy goodness shew :
Thy beatific face display,
The brightness of eternal day.

2 Before my faith's enlighten'd eyes,
Make all thy gracious goodness pass ;
Thy goodness is the sight I prize,
O might I see thy smiling face !

Thy

Thy nature in my soul proclaim,
Reveal thy love, thy glorious Name.

3 There in the place beside thy throne,
Where all that find acceptance stand;
Receive me up into thy Son,

Cover me with thy mighty hand:
Set me upon the rock, and hide
My soul in Jesu's wounded side.

4 O put me in the cleft, impow'r
My soul the glorious fight to bear;
Descend in this accepted hour,
Pass by me, and thy Name declare:
Thy wrath withdraw, thy hand remove,
And shew Thyself the God of Love!

886 886. HYMN CLXIX. O. B. P. 249.

1 O Lamb of God for sinners slain,
What shall I do my suit to gain?
I plead what Thou hast done:
Didst Thou not die the death for me?
Jesu remember Calvary,
And break this heart of stone.

2 Why didst Thou leave thy throne above,
But that the secret of thy love
Might to my soul be known?
Hast Thou not giv'n Thyself for me,
That I might only live to Thee,
Might die to Thee alone?

3 Be it according to thy will,
In me the mystic love reveal;
And all in earth and heav'n
Shall own that I their love outvie:
There's none can love so much as I,
None hath so much forgiv'n.

886 886. HYMN CLXX. O. B. P. 251

- 1 SAVIOUR, and sov'reign Lord of all,
 In stedfast faith on Thee I call,
 My brother and my friend ;
 Lead me my few remaining days,
 And finish thy great work of grace,
 And love me to the end.
- 2 Cut short at once thy work of grace,
 And perfect in a babe thy praise,
 And strength for me ordain ;
 Thy blood shall make me thoroughly clean,
 And not one spot of inbred sin
 Shall in my soul remain.
- 3 Dear lamb, if Thou for me cou'dst die,
 Thy love shall wholly sanctify,
 Thy love shall seal me thine :
 Thou wilt from me no more depart,
 My all in life and death Thou art,
 Thou art for ever mine.

886 886. HYMN CLXXI. O. B. P. 252

- 1 JESU, my hope in life and death,
 For Thee I spend my latest breath,
 Till join'd to those above :
 Thy faithful mercies I proclaim,
 I sing the glories of the Lamb,
 And gasp thy dying love.
- 2 Out of the dust of death I rise,
 I feel a life that never dies,
 An hidden life divine :
 The earnest of my glorious blifs,
 And this is heav'n, and only this,
 To know my Jesus mine.

- 3 Divinely confident I am,
 And more than conquer in thy Name,
 Whate'er my hope withstands :
 Upheld by Thee, I all break thro',
 For who can loose thy grasp ? For who
 Can pluck me from thy hands ?
- 4 Nor death, nor life can now disjoin,
 Nor fiends shall tear my spirit from thine,
 Nor height, nor depth shall move :
 Nor this, nor any future hour,
 Nor all the creature's utmost pow'r
 Can part me from thy love.

C M. HYMN CLXXII. O. B. P. 253.

- 1 **H**OW meanly dwells th' immortal mind,
 How vile these bodies are !
 Why was a clod of earth design'd
 T' inclose a heav'nly star ?
- 2 Weak cottage, where our souls reside ;
 This flesh a tott'ring wall ;
 With frightful breaches gaping wide,
 The building bends to fall.
- 3 All round it storms of trouble blow,
 And waves of sorrow roll ;
 Cold winds, and winter storms beat thro',
 And pain the tenant soul.
- 4 Alas, how frail our state ! said I,
 And thus went mourning on ;
 Till sudden from the cleaving sky,
 A gleam of glory shone.
- 5 My soul all felt the glory come,
 And breath'd her native air ;
 Then she remember'd heav'n her home,
 And she a Pris'ner here.

- 6 Strait she began to change her key,
 And joyful in her pains ;
 She sung the frailty of her clay,
 In pleasurable strains.
- 7 How weak the prison where I dwell,
 Flesh but a tott'ring wall !
 The breaches chearfully foretell,
 The house must shortly fall.
- 8 No more my friends shall I complain,
 Tho' all my heart-strings ake ;
 Welcome disease, and every pain,
 That makes the cottage shake.



A
COLLECTION
OF
PSALMS.

7s. PSALM III. O. B. P. 256.

1 SEE, O Lord, my foes increase,
Mark the troubles of my peace,
Fiercely 'gainst my soul they rise.

“Heav'n, they say, its help denies,
“Help he seeks from God in vain,
“God hath giv'n him up to man.”

2 But Thou art a shield for me,
Succour still I find in Thee;
Now Thou liftest up my head,
Now I glory in thine aid;
Confident in thy defence,
Strong in Thine Omnipotence.

3 To the Lord I cry'd; the cry
Brought my helper from the sky;
By my kind protector kept,
Safe I laid me down and slept,
Slept within his arms and rose;
Blest Him for the calm repose.

4 Thine it is, O Lord, to save,
 Strength in Thee thy people have,
 Safe from sin in Thee they rest,
 With the gospel-bleſſing bleſt ;
 Wait to ſee the perfect grace,
 Heav'n on earth in Jeſu's face.

C. M. P S A L M V. O. B. P. 257.

1 O Lord, incline thy gracious ear,
 My plaintive ſorrows weigh,
 To Thee for ſuccour I draw near,
 To Thee I humbly pray.
 Still will I call with lifted eyes,
 Come, O my God, and king,
 Till Thou regard my ceafeleſs cries,
 And full deliv'rance bring.

2 Lead me in all thy right'ous ways,
 Nor ſuffer me to ſlide ;
 Point out the path before my face,
 My God be Thou my guide.
 I'll put my truſt alone in Thee,
 Thy mercy I'll proclaim ;
 And ſing with chearful melody,
 The dear Redeemer's Name.

3 Whoe'er are fav'd by Jeſu's grace,
 They ſhall extol thy pow'r ;
 Rejoice, give thanks, and ſhout thy praiſe,
 And triumph evermore.
 They never ſhall to evil yield,
 Defended from above ;
 And kept, and cover'd with the ſhield
 Of thine Almighty love.

886 886. PSALM VI. O. B. P. 259.

1 **L**ORD, in thy wrath no more chastise,
 Nor let thy whole displeasure rise
 Against a child of man :
 Have mercy, Lord, for I am weak,
 And heal my soul diseas'd and sick,
 And full of sin and pain.

2 Here, only here thy love must save ;
 I cannot thank Thee in the grave,
 Or tell thy pard'ning grace :
 Who dies unpurg'd, for ever dies,
 The sinner, as he falls, he lies.
 Shut up in his own place.

3 The Lord hath heard my groans and tears,
 The Lord shall still accept my pray'rs,
 And all my foes o'erthrow ;
 Shall conquer and destroy them too,
 And make ev'n me a creature new,
 A sinless saint below.

6 8s. PSALM XXIII. O. B. P. 261.

1 **T**HE 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.

2 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,
 Amidst the verdant landscape flow.

3 Tho' in the paths 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 thro' the dreadful shade.

L. M. PSALM XXIV. O. B. P. 262.

1 **T**HE earth and all her fulness owns
 Jehovah for her sov'reign Lord;
 The countless myriads of her sons
 Rose into being at his word.

2 Thou the true wrestling Jacob art,
 Whose pray'rs and tears, and blood inclin'd
 Thy Father's majesty t' impart
 His Name, his love to all mankind.

3 Our Lord is risen from the dead,
 Our Jesus is gone up on high;
 The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
 Drag'd to the portals of the sky.

4 There his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay;
 Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,
 Ye everlasting doors give way.

5 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.

6 Who is this 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'ror's name.

7 Who is the king of glory, who?
 The Lord of glorious pow'r possess,
 The king of faints and angels too,
 God over all, for ever blest.

6 8s. PSALM XXXVI. O. B. P. 265.

1 **T**HOU, Lord, art full of truth and grace,
 Above the clouds thy mercies rise;
 Stedfast thy truth and faithfulnes,
 Thy word of promise never dies;
 Nor earth can shake, nor hell remove
 The base of thine eternal love.

2 Unsearchable thy mercies are,
 A boundless bottomless abyfs;
 But lo! thy providential care
 O'er all thy works extended is;
 In Thee the creatures live and move,
 And are:—all glory to thy love!

3 Thy love sustains the world it made,
 Thy love preserves both man and beast;
 Beneath thy wing's almighty shade
 The sons of men securely rest;
 And those who haunt the hallow'd place,
 Shall banquet on the richest grace.

4 Their souls shall drink the crystal stream,
 Which ever issues from thy throne;
 Fountain of joy and blifs supreme,
 Eternal life and Thou art one:
 To us, to all so freely giv'n,
 The light of life, the heav'n of heav'n!

5 Stay then with those that know thy peace,
 The simple men of heart sincere;
 From all their foes and sins release,
 From pride and lust redeem them here;

Thine

Thine utmost saving grace extend,
And love, O love them to the end.

6 8s. PSALM XLV. O. B. P. 266

- 1 **M**Y heart is full of Christ, and longs
Its glorious matter to declare |
Of Him I make my loftier songs,
I cannot from his praise forbear :
My ready tongue makes haste to sing
The beauties of my heavenly king.
- 2 O God of love, thy sway we own,
Thy dying love doth all controul ;
Justice and grace support thy throne,
Set up in ev'ry faithful soul :
Stedfast it stands in them, and sure,
When pure as Thou our God art pure.
- 3 Are not his servants kings ? and rule
They not o'er hell and earth, and sin ?
His daughter is divinely full
Of Christ, and glorious all within ;
All-glorious inwardly she reigns,
And not one spot of sin remains.
- 4 Cloath'd with humility and love,
With ev'ry dazzling virtue bright,
With faith which God vouchsafes t' approve,
Precious in her great father's sight ;
The royal maid with joy shall come,
Triumphant to her heav'nly home.
- 5 Brought by his sweet attracting grace,
She first shall in his sight appear ;
In holiness behold his face,
Made perfect with her fellows here ;
Spotless, and pure, a virgin train,
They all shall in his palace reign.

6 Thee Jesus, king of kings, and Lord
 Of Lords, I glory to proclaim;
 From age to age thy praise record,
 That all the world may learn thy Name:
 And all shall soon thy grace adore,
 When time and sin shall be no more.

886 886. PSALM LI. O. B. P. 270

1 **G**OD of unfathomable love,
 Whose bowels of compassion move
 Tow'rd's Adam's helpless race;
 See, at thy feet, a sinner see,
 In tender mercy look on me,
 And all my sins efface.

2 The comfort of thy help restore,
 Assist me now as heretofore,
 O lift Thou up my head:
 The Spirit of thy pow'r impart,
 Stablish, 'aud keep my faithful heart,
 And make me free indeed.

3 Then shall I teach the world thy ways,
 Thy mercy mild and pard'ning grace
 For ev'ry sinner free;
 Till sinners to thy grace submit,
 And fall at their Redeemer's feet,
 And weep, and love like me.

4 O might I weep, and love Thee now,
 God of my health, my Saviour Thou,
 Thou only canst release
 My soul from all iniquity:
 O speak the word, and set me free,
 And bid me go in peace.

L. M. PSALM LVII. O. B. P. 271.

- 1 **B**E merciful, O God, to me,
 To me who in thy love confide;
 To thy protecting love I flee,
 Beneath thy wings my soul I hide,
 Till Satan's tyranny is o'er,
 And cruel sin subsists no more.
- 2 My heart is fix'd, O God my heart
 Is fix'd to triumph in thy grace;
 Awake my lute, and bear thy part,
 My glory is to sing thy praise,
 Till of thy nature I partake,
 And bright in all thine image wake.
- 3 Thee will I praise among thine own;
 Thee will I to the world extol.
 And make thy truth and goodness known,
 Thy goodness, Lord, is over all:
 Thy truth and grace the heav'ns transcend,
 Thy faithful mercies never end.
- 4 Be Thou exalted Lord, above
 The highest names in earth or heav'n;
 Let angels sing thy glorious love,
 And bless the Name to sinners giv'n,
 All earth and heav'n their king proclaim;
 Bow ev'ry knee to Jesu's name!

C. M. PSALM XC. O. B. P. 273.

- 1 **O** God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come;
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,
 And our eternal home.
- 2 A thousand ages in thy sight,
 Are like an ev'ning gone;

Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

3 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears;
Are carried downward by the flood,
And lost in following years.

4 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten as a dream
Dies at the op'ning day.

7 6 7 6. PSALM CXXI. O. B. P. 274.

1 **T**O the hills I lift mine eyes
The everlasting hills;
Streaming thence in fresh supplies,
My soul the spirit feels:
Will He not his help afford?
Help, while yet I ask, is giv'n:
God comes down: the God and Lord
That made both earth and heav'n.

2 Faithful souls, pray always; pray,
And still in God confide;
He thy feeble steps shall stay,
Nor suffer thee to slide.
Lean on the Redeemer's breast,
He thy quiet spirit keeps;
Rest in Him, securely rest,
Thy watchman never sleeps.

3 See the Lord thy keeper stand
Omnipotently near;
Lo! he holds thee by the hand,
And banishes thy fear;

Shadows with his wings thy head,
 Guards from all impending harms ;
 Round thee and beneath are spread
 The everlasting arms.

- 4 Christ shall bless thy going out,
 Shall bless thy coming in ;
 Kindly compass thee about,
 Till thou art sav'd from sin :
 Like thy spotless master thou,
 Fill'd with wisdom, love, and pow'r ;
 Holy, pure, and perfect now,
 Henceforth, and evermore.

C. M. *The same.* O. B. P. 276.

- 1 **T**O heav'n I lift my waiting eyes,
 There all my hopes are laid ;
 The Lord that built the earth and skies
 Is my perpetual aid.
- 2 Their feet, O Lord, shall never fall,
 Whom thou vouchsaf'st to keep ;
 Thy ear attends the softest call,
 Thy eyes can never sleep.
- 3 Thou wilt sustain our feeble pow'rs
 With thy almighty arm :
 Thou watchest our unguarded hours
 Against invading harm.
- 4 He guards our souls, he keeps our breath,
 Where thickest dangers come ;
 Go and return, secure from death,
 Till God commands thee home.

7s. PSALM CXXXI. O. B. P. 278.

1 **L**ORD, if thou the grace impart,
 Poor in spirit, meek in heart;
 I shall as my master be,
 Rooted in Humility.

2 From the time that Thee I know,
 Nothing shall I seek below;
 Aim at nothing great or high,
 Lowly both my heart and eye,

3 Hangs my new-born soul on Thee,
 Kept from all idolatry;
 Nothing wants-beneath, above,
 Happy, happy in Thy love.

4 O that all might seek and find,
 Ev'ry good in Jesus join'd;
 Him let Isr'el still adore,
 Trust Him, praise Him evermore!

2 10s, 2 11s PSALM CXXXIV.

O. B. P. 278.

1 **Y**E servants of God, whose diligent care,
 Is ever employ'd in watching & pray'r,
 With praises unceasing your Jesus proclaim,
 Rejoicing and blessing his excellent Name.

2 'Tis Jesus commands, come all to his house,
 And lift up your hands and pay him your vows;
 And while y'are giving your Maker his due,
 The Lord out of heav'n shall sanctify you.

7676. PSALM CL. O. B. P. 279.

1 **P**RAISE the Lord who reigns above,
 And keeps his court below;

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.

2 Publish, spread to all around
 The great Jehovah's Name;
 Let the trumpet's martial sound
 The Lord of hosts proclaim:
 Praise Him in the sacred dance,
 Harmony's full concert raise;
 Let the virgin-choir advance,
 And move but to his praise.

3 Celebrate th' eternal God,
 With harp and psaltery;
 Timbrels soft, and cymbals loud,
 In his high praise agree:
 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.

4 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 S

FOR THE

NATIVITY.

L. M. HYMN I. O. B. P. 281.

- 1 **H**ARK, the best news that ever came!
To sinful men, condemn'd, forlorn!
Aloud celestial hosts proclaim,
"A Saviour, Christ the Lord is born.
- 2 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.
- 3 In fleshly robes He's here confin'd,
Whom yet no limits comprehend;
And hardly can a lodging find,
Tho' monarchs at his footstool bend.
- 4 How many wonders here combine,
To draw and fix believing eyes;
And fill all heav'n with joy divine,
With awful mirth, and sweet surprize?
- 5 The angels crowd in shining bands,
To wait on this auspicious birth;
And loud proclaim their God's commands,
His praise on high, his peace on earth.

6 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.

7 6 7 6. H Y M N II. O. B. P. 282.

1 G L O R Y be to God on high,
 And peace on earth descend;
 God came down, He bows the sky,
 He shews Himself our friend!
 God the invisible appears,
 God the blest, the great I AM,
 Sojourns in this vale of tears,
 And Jesus is his Name.

2 Him the angels all ador'd,
 Their Maker and their King;
 Tidings of their humbled Lord
 They now to mortals bring:
 Emptied of his majesty,
 Of his dazzling glories shorn;
 Being's source begins to be,
 And God Himself is born!

3 See th' eternal Son of God,
 A mortal son of man,
 Dwelling in an earthly clod
 Whom heav'n cannot contain!
 Stand amaz'd ye heav'ns at this!
 See the Lord of earth and skies
 Humbled to the Dust He is,
 And in a manger lies!

4 We the Sons of men rejoice,
 The Prince of peace proclaim;
 With heav'ns host lift up your voice,
 And shout Immanuel's Name;

5 Knces

Knees and hearts to Him we bow ;
 Of our flesh and of our bone,
 Jesus is our Brother now,
 And God is all our own !

7786 H Y M N III. O. B. P. 287

- 1 **J** OIN all ye joyful nations
 Th'acclaiming hosts of heaven!
 This happy morn
 A Child is born,
 To us a Son is given.
- 2 The messenger and token
 Of God's eternal favour,
 God hath sent down
 To us his Son,
 An universal Saviour!
- 3 The wonderful Messias,
 The joy of ev'ry nation:
 Jesus his Name,
 With God the same,
 The Lord of all creation:
- 4 The Counsellor of Sinners,
 Almighty to deliver,
 The Prince of peace,
 Whose Love's increase,
 Shall reign in man for ever.
- 5 Go see the King of Glory,
 Discern the heav'nly Stranger,
 So poor and mean,
 His court and inn,
 His cradle is a manger:
- 6 Who from his Father's bosom
 But now for us descended,

- Who built the Skies,
 On earth He lies,
 With only beasts attended,
- 7 Whom all the angels worship,
 Lies hid in human nature;
 Incarnate see,
 The Deity,
 The infinite Creator!
- 8 See the stupendous blessing,
 Which God to us has given!
 A Child of man,
 In length a span,
 Who fills both earth and heav'n.
- 9 Gaze on that helpless Object
 Of endless adoration!
 Those infant-hands
 Shall burst our bands,
 And work out our Salvation:
- 10 Strangle the crooked serpent,
 Destroy his works for ever,
 And open set
 The heav'nly gate,
 To ev'ry true believer.
- 11 Till then Thou holy Jesus,
 We humbly bow before Thee,
 Our treasures bring,
 To serve our King,
 And joyfully adore Thee.
- 12 To Thee we gladly render
 Whate'er thy grace has given,
 Till Thou appear,
 In glory here,
 And take us up to heaven.

555 11. HYMN IV. O. B. P. 285.

- 1 **A**WAY with our fears,
 The Godhead appears
 In Christ reconcil'd
 The Father of mercies in Jesus the Child.
- 2 He comes from above,
 In manifest love,
 The desire of our eyes,
 The meek Lamb of God in a manger He lies.
- 3 At Immanuel's birth
 What a triumph on earth!
 Yet could it afford
 No better a place for its heavenly Lord?
- 4 The Ancient of days,
 To redeem a lost race,
 From his glory comes down,
 Self-humbled to carry us up to a crown.
- 5 Made flesh for our sake,
 That we might partake
 The nature divine,
 And again in his Image, his holiness shine.
- 6 An heavenly birth,
 Experience on earth,
 And rise to his throne,
 And live with our Jesus eternally one.
- 7 Then let us believe,
 And gladly receive
 The tidings they bring,
 Who publish to sinners their Savior and King.
- 8 And while we are here,
 Our King shall appear,
 His Spirit impart,
 And form his full Image of love in our heart.

6686 HYMN V. O. B. P. 286.

1 FATHER, our hearts we lift
 Up to thy gracious throne;
 And bless Thee for the precious gift
 Of thine incarnate Son:
 The gift unspeakable
 We thankfully receive,
 And to the world thy goodness tell,
 And to thy glory live.

2 Jesus, the holy Child.
 Doth by his birth declare,
 That God and man are reconcil'd
 And one in Him we are.
 Salvation thro' his Name
 To all mankind is giv'n;
 And loud his infant cries proclaim
 A Peace 'twixt earth and heav'n.

3 A Peace on earth He brings,
 Which never more shall end:
 The Lord of hosts, the King of Kings,
 Declares Himself our Friend,
 Assumes our flesh and blood,
 That we his Spirit may gain,
 The everlasting Son of God,
 The mortal son of man.

4 His Kingdom from above
 He doth to us impart,
 And pure benevolence and love
 O'erflow the faithful heart:
 Chang'd in a moment we
 The sweet attraction find,
 With open arms of charity
 Embracing all mankind.

5 O might

5 O might they all receive
 The new-born Prince of Peace
 And meekly in his Spirit live,
 And in his Love increase!
 Till He convey us home,
 Cry ev'ry soul aloud,
 Come Thou Desire of nations, come,
 And take us all to God.

8s. HYMN VI. O. B. P. 287.

1 ALL glory to God in the sky,
 And peace be restor'd!
 O Jesus, exalted on high,
 Appear, our Omnipotent Lord:
 Who meanly in Bethlehem born,
 Didst stoop to redeem a lost race,
 Once more to thy creatures return,
 And reign in thy Kingdom of grace.

2 When Thou in our flesh didst appear,
 All nature acknowledg'd thy birth;
 Arose the acceptable year,
 And heaven was open on earth:
 Receiving it's Lord from above,
 The world was united to bless
 The giver of concord and love,
 The Prince and the Author of peace.

3 O wouldst Thou again be made known,
 Again in thy Spirit descend,
 And set up in each of thine own
 A kingdom that never shall end!
 Thou only art able to bless,
 And make the glad nations obey,
 And bid the dire enmity cease,
 And bow the whole world to thy sway.

4 Come

- 4 Come to thy servants again,
 Who long thy appearing to know ;
 Thy quiet and peaceable reign
 In mercy establish below :
 All sorrow before Thee shall fly,
 And anger and hatred be o'er,
 And envy and malice shall die,
 And discord afflict us no more:
- 5 No horrid alarm then of war
 Shall break our eternal repose:
 No sound of the trumpet is there,
 Where Jesus's Spirit o'erflows:
 Appeas'd by the charms of thy grace
 We all shall in amity join ;
 And kindly each other embrace,
 And love with a passion like mine.

H Y M N S

F O R

NEW-YEAR'S-DAY.

2 10s, 2 11s. HYMN I. O. B. P. 289.

1 **A**LL praise to the Lord,
 Whose trumpet we hear,
 Which speaks in his word
 The festival year:
 The loud proclamation
 Of freedom from thrall,
 And Gospel-Salvation
 Is publish'd to all.

2 The year of release
 Ev'n now is begun,
 And pardon and peace
 With Jesus sent down
 Eternal Redemption
 Thro' Him we obtain,
 And present exemption
 From passionate pain.

3 Ye spirits enslav'd
 Your liberty claim,
 Believe, and be sav'd
 Thro' Jesus's Name:
 That infinite lover
 Of sinners embrace,
 And gladly recover
 His forfeited grace.

4 With joyfullest news
 Your prisons resound,
 Your fetters are loose,
 Your souls are unbound:
 Resume the possession
 For which we are born,
 From satan's oppression
 To heaven return.

555, 11 H Y M N II. O. B. P. 290.

1 COME, let us anew
 Our journey pursue,
 Roll round with the year,
 And never stand still till the Master appear;
 His adorable will
 Let us gladly fulfil,
 And our talents improve
 By the patience of hope and the labour of love.

2 Our life is a dream,
 Our time as a stream
 Glides swiftly away,
 And the fugitive moment refuses to stay:
 The arrow is flown
 The moment is gone,
 The milennial year
 Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here!

3 O! that

3 O! that each in the day
 Of his coming might say,
 "I've fought my way thro'
 "I have finish'd the work Thou didst give me
 "to do!"

O! that each from his Lord
 May receive the glad word,
 "Well and faithfully done,
 "Enter into my joy, and sit down on my
 "throne."

666688. HYMN III. O. B. P. 291.

1 **T**HE Lord of earth and sky,
 The Lord of ages praise;
 Who reigns' enthron'd on high,
 Antient of endless days;
 Who lengthens out our trial here,
 And spares us yet another year.

2 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.

3 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.

4 Jesus, thy speaking blood
 From God obtain'd the grace,

Who therefore has bestow'd
 On us a longer space ;
 Thou didst in our behalf appear,
 And lo, we see another year !

5 Then dig about our root,
 Break up our fallow ground ;
 And let our gracious fruit
 To thy great praise abound :
 O let us all thy praise declare,
 And fruit unto perfection bear !

C. M. HYMN IV. O. B. P. 292.

1 SING to the great Jehovah's praise !
 All praise to Him belongs ;
 Who kindly lengthens out our days,
 Demands our choicest songs :
 Whose providence has brought us thro',
 Another various year ;
 We all with vows and anthems now
 Before our God appear.

2 Father, thy mercies past we own,
 Thy still-continu'd care ;
 To Thee presenting thro' thy Son
 Whate'er we have, or are ;
 Our lips and lives shall gladly show
 The wonders of thy Love ;
 While on in Jesu's steps we go
 To see thy face above.

3 Our residue of days or hours,
 Thine, wholly Thine shall be ;
 And all our consecrated pow'rs
 A sacrifice to Thee :
 Till Jesus in the clouds appear,
 To saints on earth forgiven ;
 And bring the grand sabbatic year,
 The jubilee of heav'n,

H Y M N S

FOR THE

RESURRECTION.

6 8s. H Y M N I. O. B. P. 293.

- 1 SEE, Jesus, our Deliv'rer great,
Rising to victory compleat,
In vain's the bolt, the seal, the stone,
O grave where is thy victory?
Here, here thy mighty conqu'ror see,
Rising He leaves the guarded tomb.
- 2 Awhile He with his fav'rites stay'd,
Strength to their feeble faith convey'd,
Jesus then mounts the starry sky:
The heav'ns with acclamations ring,
To welcome their victorious King,
And shout aloud his victory.
- 3 Be mindful of thy favours now,
In gratitude we prostrate bow,
Before the lovely Jesu's face;
Give all who are assembled here,
To feel thy resurrection's pow'r,
And sweetly sing redeeming grace.
- 4 Clearly to ev'ry heart display
Thy love, thy cleansing blood apply;
Now ev'ry drooping heart inflame:
Refresh'd we'll then unweari'd go,
Along this wilderness below,
And spread abroad thy right'ous fame:

5 Jesus, dear Lord, this hour appear,
 That we thy pow'rful voice may hear,
 And humbly at thy feet attend ;
 Prepare us, Lord, to see thy face,
 And in seraphic songs of praise,
 A blest'd eternity to spend.

886 886. HYMN II. O. B. P. 294.

1 JESUS, who dy'd a world to save,
 Revives and rises from the grave ;
 By his almighty pow'r :
 From sin, and death, and hell set free,
 He captive leads captivity,
 And lives to die no more.

2 His angel rolls away the stone,
 And sits in shining robes thereon,
 Diffusing heav'nly rays :
 The keeper's prostrate lie through fear,
 They shake, they fall, they cannot bear
 To see his glorious face.

3 The Lord who spoke the world from nought,
 Hath for poor sinners dearly bought
 Salvation by his blood :
 Lo ! how He bursts the bonds of death,
 And re-assumes his vital breath,
 To make our title good.

4 Oh ! may we all from sin awake,
 In paradise our places take ;
 Near Christ our glorious Head :
 May all our souls to heav'n aspire,
 In thought, in will, in strong desire,
 To ev'ry pleasure dead.

5 Children of God, look up and see,
 Your Saviour cloath'd with majesty,
 Triumphant o'er the tomb :
 Yet though our Lord is honour'd thus,
 Still all his thoughts are fix'd on us.
 He'll take you to his home.

6 His church is all his Joy and crown,
 He looks with love and pity down
 On her He did redeem :
 He tastes her joys, He feels her woes,
 And prays that she may spoil her foes,
 And ever reign with Him.

6 8s. H Y M N III. O. B. P. 295.

1 **O**BJECT of all our knowledge here,
 Our one desire, and hope below,
 Jesus, the crucify'd draw near,
 And with thy sad disciples go :
 Our thoughts and words to Thee are known,
 We cominune Lord of Thee alone.

2 How can it be, our reason cries,
 That God should leave his throne above ?
 It is for man th' immortal dies !
 For man who tramples on his love !
 For man who nail'd Him to the tree !
 O love ! O God ! He dies for me !

3 Thee, the great prophet sent from God,
 Mighty in deed and word we own ;
 Thou hast on some the grace bestow'd,
 Thy rising in their hearts made known :
 They publish Thee to life restor'd,
 Attesting they have seen the Lord.

4 Ah! Lord, if Thou indeed art ours,
 If Thou for us hast burst the tomb,
 Visit us with thy quick'ning pow'rs,
 Come to thy mournful follow'rs come;
 Thyself to thy weak members join,
 And fill us with the life divine!

5 Fools as we are, and slow of heart,
 So backward to believe the word?
 The prophets only aim Thou art;
 They sang the suff'rings of their Lord,
 Thy life for ours a ransom giv'n,
 Thy rising to insure our heav'n.

6 Ought not our Lord the death to die,
 And then the glorious life to live!
 To stoop, and then go up on high?
 The pain, and then the joy receive?
 His blood, the purchase-price lay down,
 Endure the cross, and claim the crown?

7 Ought not the members all to pass
 The way their Head had pass'd before;
 Thro' sufferings perfected He was,
 The garment dipt in blood He wore;
 That we with Him might die, and rise,
 And bare his Nature to the skies!

555, 11 HYMN IV. O. B. P. 300.

1. **O** Jesus, our King,
 Thy glory we sing,
 Thy rising declare,
 And join in the pomp, and the benefit share.
 Thy conquest we feel
 O'er death and o'er hell,

Redeem'd

Redeem'd from the grave,
We are bold to proclaim Thee Almighty to
save.

2 We know that our Head
Is risen indeed,
Thy record receive,
And rais'd by the power of thy Spirit we live.
Thy Spirit attests
The truth in our breasts,
Thy witness imparts
The first resurrection of faith to our hearts.

3 Thou hast conquer'd beneath
The sharpness of death,
Our souls to retrieve,
And open the kingdom to all that believe.
Believing on Thee
We rise from the tree,
And heavenward move,
And fly to thy throne on the wings of thy love,

5 Thy love that o'ercome
Our sorrow and shame,
And ransom'd our race,
And sent Thee to God to prepare us a place.
Follow after, it cries;
To your place in the skies,
By Immanuel led,
Follow after, and suffer, and reign with your
Head.

6686 HYMN V. O. B. P. 301.

1 COME ye that seek the Lord,
Him that was crucifi'd;
Come listen to the Gospel-word,
And feel it now appli'd.

- 2 To ev'ry soul of man
The joyful news we shew;
Jesus for ev'ry sinner slain,
Is ris'n again for you.
- 3 Rais'd from the dead we are
The members with their Lord,
And boldly in his Name declare
The soul-reviving word.
- 4 Salvation we proclaim
Which ev'ry soul may find,
Pardon and peace in Jesu's Name,
And life for all mankind.
- 5 O might they all receive
The bleeding Prince of Peace!
Sinners, the glad report believe
Of Jesu's witnesses.
- 6 He lives, who spilt his blood;
Believe our record true,
The arm, the pow'r, the Son of God
Shall be reveal'd in you.

2 10s, 2 11s HYMN VI. O. B. P. 302.

- 1 **B**REAK forth into praise!
Our Surety and Head,
His members to raise,
Hath rose from the dead:
The pow'r of his Spirit
Hath quicken'd our Lord,
That we by his merit
May all be restor'd.
- 2 Our Captain and King
With shouts we proclaim;
And joyfully sing
The wonderful Name;

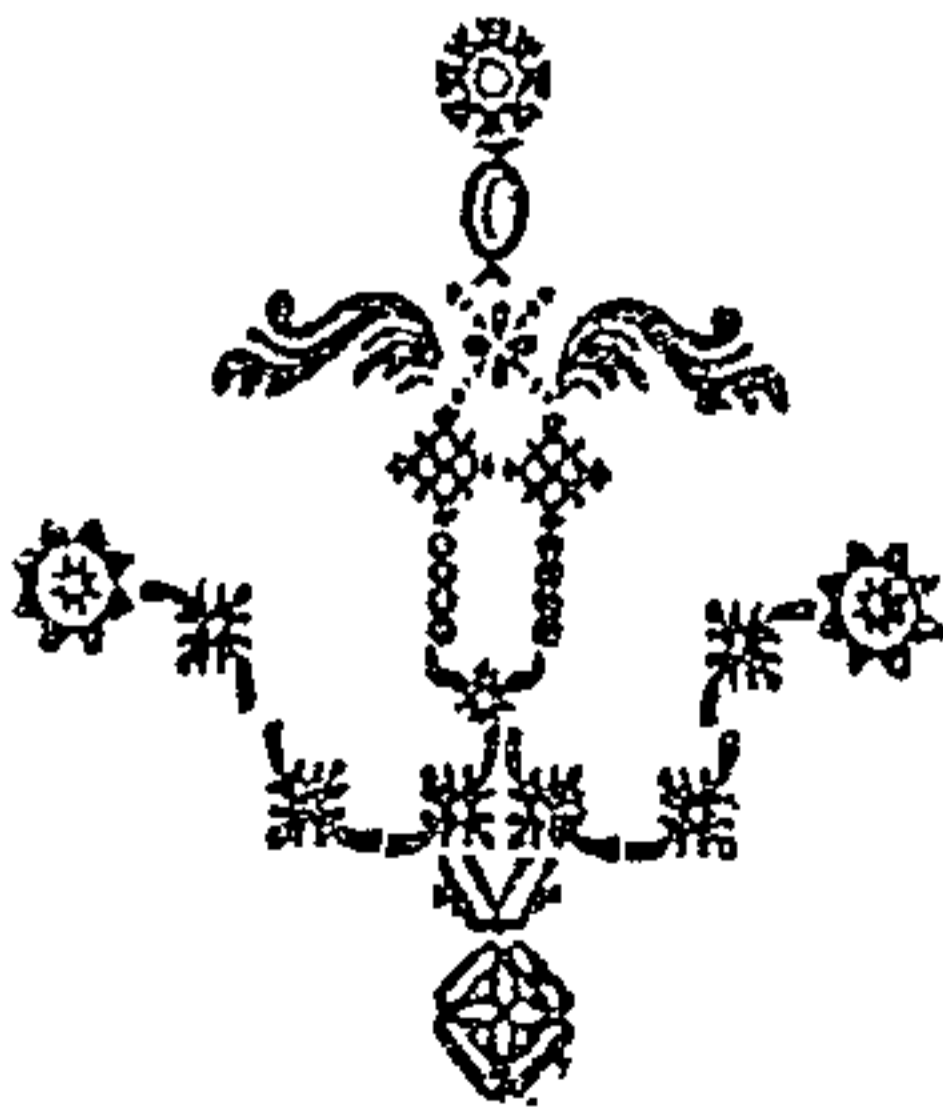
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The Name all-victorious
 We publish, and *feel*,
 Triumphantly glorious
 O'er sin, earth, and hell.

3 The pow'r of his rise
 We know and declare!
 And rapt to the skies,
 His happiness share:
 In heav'nly places
 With Jesus we sit;
 And Jesus's praises
 With angels repeat.

4 We sing of his love
 While sojourning here,
 Till Christ from above
 Our Saviour appear;
 The Heirs of salvation
 With triumph receive,
 In full consummation
 Of glory to live.

H Y M N S



H Y M N S

F O R

ASCENSION-DAY.

555 11. HYMN I. O. B. P. 303.

- 1 **A**ND is He remov'd
 Our Master belov'd,
 Our heavenly Lord?
Is Jesus again to his heaven restor'd?
 He is gone, He is gone
 To his dearly-bought throne;
 Vanish'd out of our sight
To his mansion of pure inaccessible light.
- 2 We also shall share
 His happiness there,
 The valley pass through,
And our Lord to his heaven of heavens pursue;
 In assurance of hope
 The members look up,
 Where Jesus hath led
We follow, to reign with our glorious Head.
- 3 O God of all love,
 Who art seated above,
 To thy throne in the sky,
Assist us in all our affections to fly:

No longer inclin'd
 To the flesh-pots behind,
 The world we forego,
 Not a wish, or a passion shall wander below.

4 Yet patiently wait,
 Till thy work is compleat,
 And our spirit's made fit
 To attend on Thee Lord, in thy glorify'd state:
 When in clouds Thou shalt come,
 And take thy bride home,
 To thy banquet above,
 To thy heav'nly fulness of glory and love.

886 886. HYMN II. O. B. P. 304.

1 JESUS, we long to know thy Name;
 To-day, as yesterday the same
 Our Lord and Saviour be:
 That comfort of the troubled heart
 The gift unspeakable impart,
 That faith which is in Thee.

2 Surely we do in God believe;
 Yet O! we still must fear and grieve
 Till Thou the secret tell;
 The end of thy departure show,
 The heav'n insuring faith bestow,
 And all thy love reveal.

3 Us by thy spirit certify,
 That we, e'en we, shall in the sky
 Our happy mansions find;
 There in thy Father's house above,
 Celestial thrones of glorious love
 For us, and all mankind.

- 4 Art Thou not our Forerunner gone
 To claim the kingdom for Thine own,
 Thro' Thee to all men giv'n?
 To challenge and prepare a place
 For us, and ev'ry child of grace,
 And write our names in heav'n?
- 5 Yes, Thou art surely gone before,
 We see Thee, Lord, on earth no more,
 And for thy absence mourn;
 But lo! we on thy word depend;
 Our griefs and miseries to end,
 Thou wilt at last return!
- 6 Soon as Thou hast our place prepar'd,
 And made us meet for our reward,
 Thou wilt come back again;
 Wilt to Thyself our souls receive
 With Thee eternally to live,
 Eternally to reign.

7787. HYMN III. O. B. P. 305.

- 1 ALL hail the true Elijah,
 The Lord our God and Saviour!
 Who leaves behind,
 For all mankind,
 The token of his favour.
- 2 The never-dying Prophet,
 A while to mortals given,
 This solemn day
 Is rapt away
 By flaming steeds to heaven.
- 3 Come see the rising triumph,
 And prostrate fall before Him:
 He mounts, He dies,
 Above the skies,
 Where all his hosts adore Him. 4 Borne

- 4 Borne on his fiery chariot,
 With joyful acclamation
 Pursue the Lord,
 To heaven restor'd,
 The God of our Salvation.
- 5 Who see their Lord at parting,
 They shall on earth inherit,
 A double pow'r,
 A larger show'r
 Of his descending Spirit.
- 6 The Spirit of our Master
 Shall rest on each believer,
 And surely we
 Our Master see,
 Who lives and reigns for ever.
- 7 Yes, our exalted Jesus,
 By faith we now adore Thee,
 And still we sit
 Before thy feet,
 And triumph in thy glory.
- 8 In vain the flaming chariot
 Hath parted us afunder,
 We still thro' grace
 Behold thy face,
 And shout our loving wonder.
- 9 By faith we catch thy mantle,
 The covering of thy Spirit;
 By faith we wear,
 And gladly share
 Thine all-involving merit.
- 10 We rest beneath thy shadow,
 Till by the whirlwind driven,
 From earth we rise,
 And mount the skies,
 And grasp our Lord in heaven.

H Y M N S

F O R

WHITSUNDAY.

6686. HYMN I. O. B. P. 308.

1 **H**EAR all the Saviour's cry
 On this great festal day:
"The man that would on Me rely,
"That would be happy, may:
"If any of all mankind
"Is now athirst for God,
"Now let him come to Me, and find,
"And drink the living flood.

2 "He that believes on Me,
 "The word of truth shall feel;
"The wilderness a pool shall be,
 "The heath a springing well;
 "Forth from that faithful soul
 Rivers of life shall flow;
"And streams of grace eternal roll
 "O'er all the earth below."

3 Lord, we with joy embrace
 (What all may find fulfill'd,)
The promise made to all our race,
 And to believers seal'd:
 Who in thy merit trust,
 Thy Spirit still receive,
And temples of the Holy Ghost,
 And fill'd with God they live.

4 The

4 The Spirit of their God
 Doth in the saints abide,
 He is, He is by Thee bestow'd,
 For Thou art glorify'd;
 Thy blood's unceasing pray'r
 And strong prevailing plea,
 Hath now obtain'd the Comforter
 For all mankind, and me.

5 Lord, I believe the sure
 Irrevocable word,
 And come to Thee distressed and poor,
 'To Thee my faithful Lord;
 I come athirst and faint
 Thy Spirit to receive;
 Give me the gift for which I pant,
 Thyself the Giver give.

6 In this accepted hour
 The promis'd God impart,
 Open a spring of life and pow'r
 Eternal in my heart:
 To all the world below
 So shall my bowels move,
 So shall my heart like Thine o'erflow
 With everlasting love.

68s. H Y M N II. O. B. P. 309.

1 JESU, we hang upon the word
 Our faithful souls have heard from Thee,
 Be mindful of thy promise, Lord,
 Thy promise made to all, and me;
 Thy follow'rs who thy steps pursue,
 And dare believe that God is true.

- 2 Thou saidst, I will the Father pray,
 And He the Paraclete shall give,
 Shall give Him in your hearts to stay,
 And never more his temple leave;
 Myself will to my orphans come,
 And make you my eternal home.
- 3 Come then, 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.
- 4 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.
- 5 Hasten Him, Lord, into our heart,
 Our sure inseparable Guide;
 O might we meet and never part,
 O might He in our heart abide;
 And keep his House of praise and pray'r,
 And rest and reign for ever there!

6686 HYMN III. O. B. P. 310.

- 1 SAVIOUR, and prince of peace,
 Thy saying we receive;
 Thou wilt not leave us comfortless,
 Thine own Thou wilt not leave:
 Poor helpless orphans we
 Awhile thine absence mourn,
 But we thy face again shall see,
 But Thou wilt soon return.

2 No longer visible
 To eyes of flesh and blood,
 Come, Lord, to us Thyself reveal,
 O come, and shew us God :
 Because Thou liv'st above
 Let us thy Spirit know,
 And in the glorious knowledge prove
 Eternal life below.

3 Hasten the day, when we
 Shall surely know and feel
 Thou art in God, and God in Thee,
 And Thou in us dost dwell :
 To us, who keep thy word
 Thou with thy Father come,
 And love, and make us, dearest Lord,
 Thine everlasting home.

8s. HYMN IV. O. B. P. 313.

1 COME, holy celestial Dove,
 To visit a sorrowful breast,
 My burthen of guilt to remove,
 And bring me assurance and rest :
 'Thou only hast pow'r to relieve
 A sinner o'erwhelm'd with his load,
 'The sense of acceptance to give,
 And sprinkle his heart with thy blood.

2 If when I had put Thee to grief,
 And madly to folly return'd,
 Thy pity hath been my relief,
 And lifted me up as I mourn'd ;
 Most pitiful Spirit of grace,
 Relieve me again, and restore,
 My spirit in holiness raise,
 To fall, and to suffer no more.

4 If now I lament after God,
 And grasp for a drop of thy love;
 If Jesus hath bought Thee with blood,
 For me to receive from above;
 Come heavenly Comforter, come,
 True witness of mercy divine,
 And make me thy permanent home,
 And seal me eternally thine.

6686. HYMN V. O. B. P. 314.

1 SPIRIT of faith, come down,
 Reveal the things of God,
 And make to us the Godhead known,
 And witness with the blood:
 'Tis thine the blood t'apply,
 And give us eyes to see
 Who did for ev'ry sinner die
 Hath surely died for *me*.

2 I know my Saviour lives,
 He lives, who dy'd for me,
 My inmost soul his voice receives
 Who hangs on yonder tree:
 Set forth before my eyes
 Ev'n now I see Him bleed,
 And hear his mortal groans, and cries,
 While suffering in my stead.

3 O that the world might know
 My dear atoning Lamb!
 Spirit of faith, descend, and show
 The virtue of his Name;
 The grace which all may find,
 The saving pow'r impart,
 And testify to all mankind,
 And speak in every heart.

4 Inspire

4 Inspire the living faith,
 (Which whoso'er receives
 The witness in himself he hath,
 And consciously believes)
 The faith that conquers all,
 And doth the mountain move,
 And saves who'er on Jesus call,
 And perfects them in love,

6 8s. H Y M N VI. O. B. P. 315.

1 S P I R I T of pow'r, 'tis Thine alone
 To finish what Thyself begun,
 And crown thy work with full success:
 To them that groan beneath their sin,
 Thou bring'st the sweet refreshment in,
 The everlasting righteousness.

2 Thou that revealing Spirit art,
 Who dost the hearing ear impart,
 The clear illuminated sight;
 Spirit of wisdom from on high,
 Of knowledge that shall never die,
 Of holy, true, eternal light.

3 Thou art the end of doubtful care,
 The antidote of sad despair
 We feel in that sweet pow'r of thine:
 Thro' Thee, who lift'st the fall'n up,
 We rise, rejoice, abound in hope,
 And bless thine Energy divine.

4 Spirit of pure and holy love,
 We feel Thee streaming from above
 In calm unutterable peace;
 The love by Thee diffus'd abroad,
 Unites our happy hearts to God,
 And seals our everlasting bliss.

555 11. HYMN VII. O. B. P. 316.

- 1 **A**WAY with our fears,
 Our troubles and tears!
 The Spirit is come,
 The witness of Jesus return'd to his home:
 The pledge of our Lord
 To his heav'n restor'd,
 Is sent from the sky,
 And tells us our Head is exalted on high.
- 2 Our Advocate there,
 By his blood and his pray'r
 The gift hath obtain'd,
 For us He hath pray'd, and the Comforter gain'd:
 Our glorify'd Head
 His Spirit hath shed,
 With his people to stay,
 And never again will He take Him away.
- 3 Our heavenly Guide
 With us shall abide;
 His comfort impart,
 And set up his kingdom of love in the heart:
 The heart that believes,
 His kingdom receives,
 His pow'r and his peace,
 His life, and his joy's everlasting increase.
- 4 Then let us rejoice
 In heart and in voice,
 Our Leader pursue,
 And shout as we travel the wilderness thro';
 With the Spirit remove
 To Sion above,
 Triumphant arise,
 And walk in our God, till we fly to the skies.

FUNERAL

F U N E R A L

H Y M N S.

565, 12 H Y M N I. O. B. P. 317.

1 HOSANNAH to God
In his highest abode;
All heaven be join'd,
To extol the Redeemer and Friend of mankind!
He claims all our praise,
Who in infinite grace
Again hath stoop'd down,
And caught up a worm to inherit a crown.

2 Our Friend is restor'd
To the joy of his Lord,
With triumph departs,
But speaks by his death to our echoing hearts:
Follow after, he cries,
As he mounts to the skies,
Follow after your friend,
To the blissful enjoyments that never shall end.

3 And shall we not press,
To that harbour of peace,
That heavenly shore,
Where sorrow, and parting, and death are no
more:
Our brother pursue,
And fight our way thro',
In the strength of our Lord,
Follow on, till we seize the eternal reward?

4 Thro'

4 Thro' Jesus's Name
 Our comrade o'ercame,
 And Jesus is ours,
 And arms us with all his invincible pow'rs:
 He looks from the skies,
 He shews us the prize,
 And gives us a sign,
 That we shall o'ercome by the mercy divine.

5 For us is prepar'd
 Th' angelical guard
 The convoy attends,
 A ministring host of invisible friends:
 Ready wing'd for their flight,
 To the regions of light
 The horses are come,
 The chariot of Israel to carry us home.

8s. H Y M N II. O. B. P. 319.

1 **A**H! sister in Jesus adieu,
 Thy warfare is happily o'er
 Thy Spirit hath fought it's way thro',
 And pitch'd on the heav'nly shore:
 Thy course upon earth is all run,
 The days of thy mourning are past;
 The joys that above thou hast won
 For ever and ever shall last.

2 O! when shall the Saviour extend
 The arms' of his mercy to me!
 The days of my pilgrimage end,
 My soul from it's prison set free?
 When will the dear moment arrive,
 Which long I have pin'd for in vain;
 And still I would die to revive,
 And suffer with Jesus to reign.

3 Ah! give me to bow my faint head,
 My sorrowful soul to resign;
 From pain everlastingly free'd,
 To sink on the bosom divine:
 My Saviour, why dost Thou delay
 To call a poor wanderer home!
 Come quickly, and bear me away;
 The Bride and the Spirit say come.

C. M. HYMN III. O. B. P. 320.

1 LORD, when we see a faint of thine
 Lye gasping out his breath,
 With longing eyes and looks divine,
 Smiling and pleas'd in death.

2 How we could e'en contend to lay
 Our limbs upon that bed!
 We ask thine envoy to convey
 Our Spirit in his stead.

3 Our souls are rising on the wing,
 To venture in his place:
 For when grim death has lost his sting,
 He has an angel's face.

4 Jesus, then purge my sins away,
 'Tis guilt creates my fears;
 'Tis guilt gives death it's fierce array,
 And all the arms it bears.

5 Wipe off the score, without a groan
 I'll leave this lifeless clay;
 With pleasure lay my body down,
 And stretch and soar away.

L. M. HYMN IV. O. B. P. 321.

- 1 I Cannot shun the stroke of death,
 Lord, help me to surmount the fear;
 That when I must resign my breath,
 Serene I may my summons hear.
- 2 'Tis sin gives venom to the dart,
 In me let ev'ry sin be slain;
 From secret faults; Lord, cleanse my heart,
 From wilful sins my hands restrain.
- 3 Grant that I may with holy zeal,
 The ends of living close pursue;
 Seek thy whole pleasure to fulfil,
 And honour Thee in all I do.
- 4 To my Redeemer lift mine eyes,
 Once dead, but now enthron'd on high;
 Glorious, I hope, with Him to rise;
 Why should I fear with Him to die?
- 5 Let all my bliss and treasure lye,
 Where in thy sight I light shall see;
 The soul may freely dare to die,
 That longs to be possess'd of Thee.
- 6 Say thou art mine, and chase the gloom,
 Thick hanging o'er the vale of death;
 Then shall I fearless meet my doom,
 And as a victor yield my breath.

C. M. HYMN V. O. B. P. 322.

- 1 COME let us join our friends above
 That have obtain'd the prize,
 And on the eagle-wings of love
 To joy celestial rise;

Let all the fain'ts terrestrial sing
 With those to glory gone,
 For all the servants of our King
 In earth and heaven are one.

2 One family we dwell in Him,
 One church above, beneath,
 Tho' now divided by the stream,
 The narrow stream of death:
 One army of the living God,
 To his command we bow;
 Part of his host hath cross'd the flood,
 And part is crossing now.

3 Ten thousand to their endless home
 This solemn moment fly,
 And we are to the margin come,
 And we expect to die:
 His militant, embodied host,
 With wishful looks we stand,
 And long to see that happy coast,
 And reach that heav'nly land.

4 Our spirits too shall quickly join,
 Like theirs, with glory crown'd,
 And shout to see our Captain's sign,
 To hear his trumpet found:
 O that we now might grasp our Guide,
 O that the word were given!
 Come Lord of hosts the waves divide,
 And land us all in heaven.

C. M. HYMN VI. O. B. P. 323.

1 **H**OW happy every child of grace
 Who knows his sins forgiv'n;
 This earth, he cries, is not my place,
 I seek my place in heav'n:

R

A country

A country far from mortal fight;
 Yet, O! by faith I see
 The land of rest, the saints delight,
 The heav'n prepar'd for me.

2 To that Jerusalem above,
 With singing I repair,
 While in the flesh, my hope and love,
 My heart and soul are there:
 There my exalted Saviour stands,
 My merciful High-priest,
 And still extends his wounded hands
 To take me to his breast.

3 What is there here to court my stay,
 To hold me back from home,
 While angels beckon me away,
 And Jesus bids me come!
 Shall I regret my parted friends
 Still in the vale confin'd?
 Nay, but whene'er my soul ascends,
 They will not stay behind.

4 O what a blessed hope is ours!
 While here on earth we stay,
 We more than taste the heav'nly pow'rs,
 And antedate that day:
 We feel the resurrection near,
 Our life in Christ conceal'd,
 And with his glorious presence here
 Our earthen vessels fill'd.

5 O wou'd He more of heav'n bestow,
 And let the vessel break,
 And let our ransom'd spirits go
 To grasp the God we seek:

In rapturous awe on Him to gaze
 Who bought the fight for me,
 And shout and wonder at his grace,
 Thro' all eternity.

C. M. HYMN VII. O. B. P. 325.

1 **A**ND let this feeble body fail,
 And let it droop or die,
 My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
 And soar to worlds on high :
 Shall join the disembodied saints,
 And find it's long fought rest,
 (That only bliss for which it pants)
 In my Redeemer's breast.

2 In hope of that immortal crown,
 I now the cross sustain,
 And gladly wander up and down,
 And smile at toil and pain :
 I suffer out my threescore years,
 Till my Deliverer come,
 And wipe away his servant's tears,
 And take his exile home.

3 Surely He will not long delay,
 I hear his Spirit cry ;
 " Arise, my love, make haste away,
 " Go, get thee up, and die :
 " O'er death, who now has lost his sting,
 " I give the victory,
 " And with me my reward I bring,
 " I bring my heav'n for thee."

4 Lord, I the welcome word receive,
 Thee on the mount adore,
 For thy dear sake content to live
 Some painful moments more :

I live in holy grief and joy,
 On Pisgah's top I stand,
 And life's important point employ,
 To view the promis'd land.

5 O what hath Jesus bought for me !
 Before my ravish'd eyes
 Rivers of life divine I see,
 And trees of paradise :
 They flourish in perpetual bloom,
 Fruit ev'ry month they give ;
 And to the healing leaves who come,
 Eternally shall live.

6 I see a world of spirits bright,
 Who reap the pleasures there ;
 They all are rob'd in purest white,
 And conqu'ring palms they bear ;
 Adorn'd by their Redeemer's grace
 They close pursue the Lamb,
 And ev'ry shining front displays
 Th' unutterable Name.

7 They drink the deifying stream,
 They pluck the ambrosial fruit ;
 And each records the praise of Him
 Who tun'd his golden lute :
 At once they strike the harmonious wire,
 And hymn the great Three-One ;
 He hears, He smiles, and all the choir
 Fall down before his throne.

8 O what an heav'n of heav'ns is this,
 This swoon of silent love !
 How poor the world's sublimest bliss
 Compar'd with joys above !

With

With joys above may I be blest,
 And earthly blifs I scorn ;
 Or sing triumphantly diftrest
 Till I to God return.

9 O what are all my fuff'rings here,
 If, Lord, Thou count me meet
 With that inraptur'd hoft t' appear,
 And worship at thy feet !
 Give joy or grief, give eafe or pain,
 Take life or friends away,
 I come to find them all again
 In that eternal day.

L. M. HYMN VIII. O. B. P. 328.

1 **E**'RE long the knot must be unty'd,
 My mind undrest must quit her clay ;
 In flesh no longer must reside,
 But to some unknown region stray.

2 Thanks be to God, her Saviour then
 Some better mansion will provide ;
 She'll mount and join his heav'nly train,
 And in his presence blest abide.

3 When will the happy moment come,
 When I shall rise to this abode ;
 Change earth for my celestial home,
 And leave my flesh to be with God ?

4 Oh ! how I long to be undrest,
 Or rather to be cloath'd upon ;
 In my Redeemer's arms to rest,
 And have my heav'nly house put on.

5 I shall obtain this happiness,
 (My soul can hope, can wish no more,)
 Soon stript shall try the unknown seas,
 And land on that celestial shore,

L. M. HYMN IX. O. B. P. 329.

- 1 **H**OSANNAH to Jesus on high!
 Another is enter'd his rest;
 Another is scap'd to the sky,
 And lodg'd in Immanuel's breast:
 The soul of our sister is gone
 To heighten the triumph above,
 Exalted to Jesus's throne,
 And clasp'd in the arms of his love.
- 2 What fulness of rapture is there,
 While Jesus his glory displays;
 And purples the heavenly air,
 And scatters the odours of grace?
 He looks—and his servants in light
 The blessing ineffable meet;
 He smiles—and they faint at the sight,
 And fall overwhelm'd at his feet!
- 3 How happy the angels that fall,
 Transported at Jesus's Name!
 The saints, whom he soonest shall call
 To share in the feast of the lamb!
 No longer imprison'd in clay,
 Who next from his dungeon shall fly,
 Who first shall be summon'd away?
 My merciful God—is it I!
- 4 O Jesus, if this be thy will
 That suddenly I should depart,
 Thy council of mercy reveal,
 And whisper the call to my heart:
 O give me a signal to know
 If soon Thou wouldst have me remove,
 And leave the dull body below,
 And fly to the regions of love.

5 Come then to my rescue (I pray
 For this, and for nothing beside)
 Make ready, and bear me away,
 Thy weary disconsolate bride:
 The days of my mourning and pain
 Cut short, and in pity set free;
 And give me to rest, and to reign
 For ever and ever in Thee.

L. M. HYMN X. O. B. P. 330.

1 **O** Sister in Jesus, arise,
 And joyful his summons obey;
 He beckons Thee up to the skies,
 In mercy He calls Thee away:
 His pity hath sign'd thy release,
 Return to thy native abode,
 Make haste to the mansions of bliss,
 - And fly to the bosom of God.

2 Escape to a country above,
 Where only enjoyment is found;
 And springs of extatical love,
 And rivers of pleasure abound;
 No dreadful alarms of war,
 No famine, or sorrows, or pains,
 No sound of the trumpet is there,
 But Jesus eternally reigns.

3 He reigns in the holiest place,
 He dwells in the midst of his own,
 And fully discovers his face,
 And fills them with raptures unknown:
 With bliss inexpressibly great
 Their glorify'd spirits o'erflow—
 Go, Sister, and share their estate,
 To Jesus in paradise go.

O Saviour,

4 O Saviour, her spirit receive,
 Which into thy hands we resign;
 And us from our sorrows retrieve,
 And us to our company join:
 Our number and glory compleat,
 With all that are landed before,
 With Thee let us joyfully meet,
 To part and to suffer no more.

L. M H Y M N XI. O. B. P. 332.

1 A H! 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 it's stead.

2 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 relics with envy I see,
 No longer in misery now,
 No longer a sinner like me.

3 This earth is affected no more
 With sickness, or shaken with pain,
 The war in the members is o'er;
 And never shall vex him a pain:
 No anger henceforward, or shame,
 Shall redden this innocent clay;
 Extinct is the animal flame,
 And passion is vanish'd away.

- 4 The languishing head is at rest,
 It's 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.
- 5 The lids he so seldom could close,
 By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
 Seal'd up in eternal repose,
 Have strangely forgotten to weep:
 The fountains 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.
- 6 To mourn and to suffer is mine,
 While bound in a prison I breathe,
 And still for deliverance pine,
 And press to the issues of death:
 What now with my tears I bedew,
 O might I this moment become;
 My spirit created a-new,
 My flesh be consign'd to the tomb.

2 10s, 2 11s. HYMN XII. O. B. P. 333.

- 1 **T**HIS finish'd! 'tis done!
 The spirit is fled,
 The pris'ner is gone,
 The Christian is dead!
 The Christian is living
 In Jesus his love,
 And gladly receiving
 A kingdom above.

2 All honour and praise
 Are Jesus's due ;
 Supported by grace
 He fought his way thro' :
 Triumphantly glorious
 Thro' Jesus's zeal,
 And more than victorious
 O'er sin, death and hell.

3 Then let us record
 The conquering Name,
 Our Captain and Lord
 With shoutings proclaim :
 Who trust in his passion
 And follow our Head,
 To certain salvation
 We all shall be led.

4 O Jesus, lead on
 The militant care,
 And give us the crown
 Of righteousness there :
 Where dazzled with glory
 The seraphim gaze,
 Or prostrate adore Thee
 In silence of praise.

5 Come, Lord, and display
 Thy sign in the sky,
 And bear us away
 To mansions on high ;
 The kingdom be giv'n,
 The purchase divine,
 And crown us in heav'n
 Eternally Thine.

L. M. HYMN XIII. O. B. P. 336.

1 **A**WAY with our sorrow and fear!
 We soon shall recover our home!
 The city of saints shall appear,
 The day of eternity come:
 From earth we shall quickly remove,
 And mount to our native abodes,
 The house of our Father above,
 The palace of angels and God.

2 By faith we already behold
 That lovely Jerusalem here!
 Her walls are of jasper and gold,
 As chrystal her buildings are clear:
 Immoveably founded in grace
 She stands, as she ever hath stood;
 And brighter her Builder displays,
 And flames with the glory of God.

3 The saints in his presence receive
 Their great and eternal reward;
 In Jesus, in heaven, they live,
 They reign in the smile of their Lord:
 The flame of angelical love
 Is kindled at Jesus's face;
 And all their enjoyment above
 Consists in the rapturous gaze.

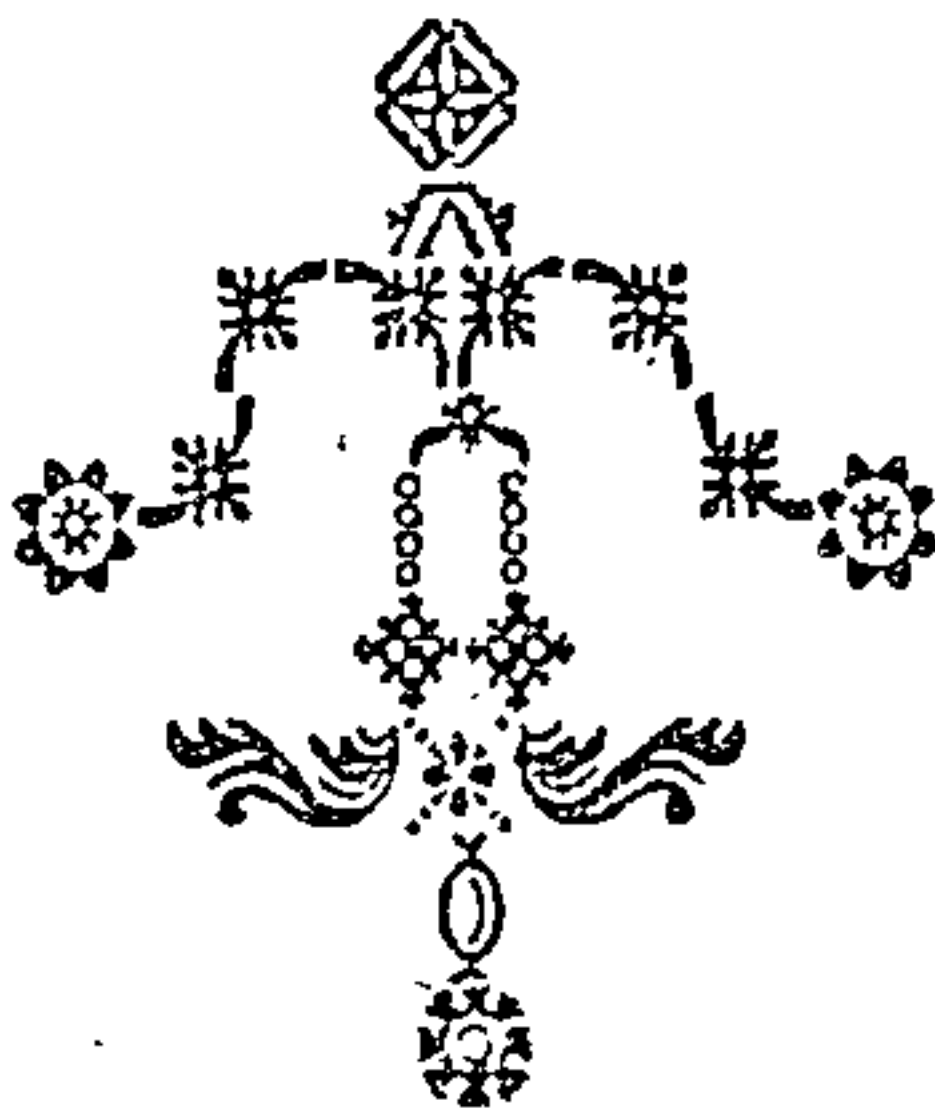
76767776. HYMN XIV. O. B. P. 338.

1 **H**APPY who in Jesus live,
 But happier still are they
 Who to God their spirits give,
 And 'scape from earth away:
 Lord, Thou read'st the panting heart,
 Lord, Thou hear'st the praying sigh;
 O 'tis better to depart,
 'Tis better far to die!

2 Yet

- 2 Yet if so thy will ordain,
 For our companion's good;
 Let us in the flesh remain,
 And meekly bear the load:
 When we have our grief fill'd up,
 When we all our work have done;
 Late partakers of our hope,
 And sharers of thy throne.
- 3 To thy wise and gracious will
 We quietly submit;
 Waiting for redemption still,
 But waiting at thy feet:
 When thou wilt the blessing give
 Call us up thy face to see;
 Only let thy servants live,
 And let us die to Thee.

H Y M N S



H Y M N S

T O T H E

T R I N I T Y.

6686 HYMN I. O. B. P. 339.

- 1 L E T heaven and earth agree,
The Father's praise to sing,
Who draws us to the Son, that He
May us to glory bring.
- 2 Honour and endless love,
Let God the Son receive ;
Who saves us here, and prays above,
That we with Him may live.
- 3 Be everlasting praise
To God the Spirit giv'n ;
Who now attests us sons of grace,
And seals us heirs of heav'n.
- 4 Drawn, and redeem'd and seal'd,
We'll sing the One and Three ;
With Father, Son, and Spirit fill'd,
To all eternity.

565 11. HYMN II. O. B. P. 340.

- 1 A L L glory and praise,
To the God of all grace,
The Father of Him,
Who dièd on a cross, the whole world to
redeem :

S

All

All honour and love
 To the Saviour above,
 The glorified Son,
 Who remembers and sends us the Comforter
 down.

- 2 The Spirit adore,
 Till time is no more,
 And then the One-Three,
 Our matter of endless rejoicing shall be :
 We then in the sky
 Hallelujah shall cry,
 And the praise of our King
 Thro' the days of an happy eternity sing.

6666 88. HYMN III. O. B. P. 340.

- 1 **L**IVE our great God on high .
 Eternally ador'd,
 Who gave his Son to die,
 Our dear Redeeming Lord :
 He from his throne and bosom gave,
 A world, a sinful world to save.
- 2 Worship and praise and pow'r
 Ascribe we to the Lamb,
 His bleeding wounds adore,
 And kiss his precious Name ;
 Jesus ! the Name to sinners giv'n,
 The Name that lifts us up to heav'n.
- 3 That blessed spirit praise
 Who shews th' atoning blood,
 Applies the Saviour's grace,
 And seals the sons of God ;
 Spirit of grace and glory too
 He claims eternal praise his due.

68s. HYMN IV. O. B. P. 341.

1 TO God, who reigns enthron'd on high,
 To his dear Son who deign'd to die
 Our guilt and misery to remove ;
 To that blest Spirit who life imparts,
 Who rules in all believing hearts,
 Be endless glory, praise and love !

2 10s, 2 11s. HYMN V. O. B. P. 341.

1 THEE Father of men
 And angels we praise ;
 Whose wonders are seen
 In nature and grace :
 Throughout thy creation,
 Whose goodness we prove,
 And boundless compassion
 And infinite love.

2 Thee, Jesus, the Son
 Of God we confess,
 Whose passion alone
 Hath purchas'd our peace ;
 With cherubs before Thee
 And seraphs we fall,
 And prostrate adore Thee
 The Saviour of all.

3 O Spirit of might,
 Of joy, and of love,
 Who guidest us right
 To mansions above :
 Whose hallowing graces
 For heaven prepare ;
 We pay Thee our praises
 'Till glorify'd there.

4 There, there we shall see
 The substance divine,
 And fashion'd like Thee,
 Transcendently shine :
 Thy personal essence
 Be bold to explain ;
 And wrapt in thy presence
 Eternally reign.

6 8s. HYMN VI. O. B. P. 342.

SHOUT to the great Jehovah's praise !
 Ye sons of glory and of grace,
 One God in Persons Three adore,
 The same in majesty and pow'r ;
 Ye suff'ring and triumphant host,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

GRACES before Meat.

6 6 8 6 I. O. B. P. 343.

FATHER of earth and heaven,
 Thy hungry children feed,
 Thy grace be to our spirits giv'n,
 That true immortal bread :
 Grant us, and all our race,
 In Jesus Christ to prove
 The sweetness of thy pard'ning grace,
 The manna of thy love.

L. M. II. O. B. P. 343.

'TIS God provides for all our need,
 He hath the present table spread ;
 In ev'ry thing by faith I see
 My Saviour lov'd and dy'd for me.

III.

6 8s. III. O. B. P. 344.

THOU sov'reign author of all good,
 Giver of life, of health, of food;
 Be present with thy children here,
 That while we prove thy temp'ral care,
 Our ransom'd souls may sweetly feed,
 By living faith, on living bread.

2 10s. 2 11s. IV. O. B. P. 344.

THOU Saviour divine, most graciously blest
 These mercies of thine, with wonderful
 grace;
 That while we are feeding, on temporal food,
 Our souls may be praising and blessing of God.

GRACES after Meat.

6 6 8 6. I. O. B. P. 345.

SURE, God is present here,
 And loud demands our praise,
 The present instance of his care,
 Speaks him a God of grace.
 In Him we live and move,
 And all our mercies have;
 We thank thee, Jesus, source of love,
 Who cam'st our souls to save.

6 8s. II. O. B. P. 346.

O May our glad thanksgivings rise!
 And reach the ruler of the skies;
 He feeds us with the present food,
 The present mercies speak Him good;
 We pray Thee, all thy goodness show,
 And let us inward mercies know.

L. M. III. O. B. P. 346.

THY ev'ry mercy calls for praise,
 We thank Thee for thy present grace;
 And earnestly, dear Lord, entreat,
 To keep us ever at thy feet.

7 7 8 7. IV. O. B. P. 346.

- 1 **A**WAY with all trouble
 And caring for the morrow,
 The God of Love
 Shall still remove
 Our every want and sorrow.
- 2 Still Lord with joy we bless Thee
 Of all good gifts the giver,
 For Christ our Lord
 Hath spoke the Word
 Which seals Thee ours for ever.

C. M. AN EVENING HYMN.
 O. B. P. 347.

- 1 **T**HE hour of sleep, my God's at hand,
 My spirit calls for rest;
 Oh that my pillow may be found
 The dear Redeemer's breast.
- 2 This night my longing soul with Christ
 Wou'd take up her abode;
 I wou'd be happily divest
 Of ev'ry thing but God.
- 3 The nightly watches wou'd I spend
 In fellowship above;
 And hold communion with my Lord,
 And feast upon his love.

4 While

4 Whilst in the hours of deep repose,
 My spirit seeks to fly;
 Where Jesus keeps his heav'nly feast,
 And banquet in the sky.

5 When dead unto the world I am,
 I'd be alive to God:
 And rest my soul in his embrace,
 Who bought me with his blood.

6 Oh may I then of Christ this night,
 Be happily possess'd;
 Have angel-troops surround my bed,
 And Jesus for my guest.

8787, 12, 7. CHRIST COMING TO
 JUDGMENT. O. B. P. 348.

1 **L**O! He comes with clouds descending,
 Once for helpless sinners slain;
 Thousand, thousand saints attending,
 Swell the triumph of his train!
 Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah,
 Christ appears on earth to reign!

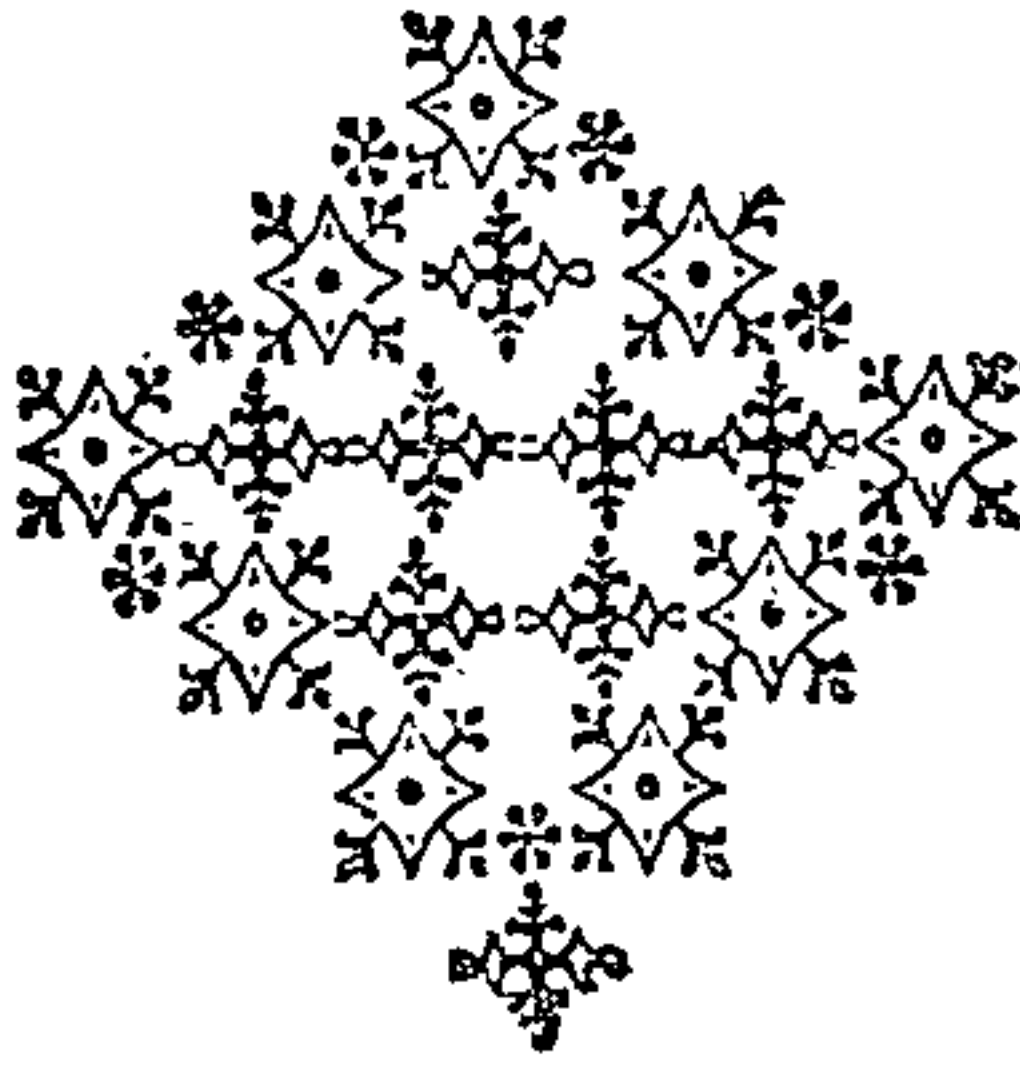
2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold Him
 Rob'd in dreadful majesty;
 Those who set at nought and sold Him,
 Pierc'd and nail'd Him to the tree;
 Deeply wailing, &c. &c.
 Shall be forc'd the judge to see.

3 See the tokens of his passion,
 Still his heav'nly body bears;
 Cause of endless exultation
 To his ransom'd worshippers;
 With what raptures, &c. &c.
 When in glory He appears.

4 Yes,

4 Yes, Amen, let all adore Thee
High on Thine eternal throne!
Jesus take the pow'r and glory,
Claim the kingdom for thine own.
Thou art worthy, &c. &c.
Worthy Thou to wear the crown.

HYMNS



H Y M N S

O N T H E

LORD'S SUPPER.

C. M. H Y M N I. O. B. P. 3.

1 COME, gentle shepherd, fairest forms,
In earth or heav'n above;
Bound to my soul by all the names,
And all the pow'rs of love.

2 Come lead us to the happy shade,
Where thy lov'd flock recline;
And where they feast on heav'nly bread,
And drink immortal wine.

3 How dear thy Name thy faints among,
It fills their hearts with joy;
To Thee archangels tune their songs,
For Thee their harps employ.

4 To Thee I now my vows renew,
To Thee myself resign;
Come, dearest Jesus, come and shew,
That Thou art ever mine.

C. M. H Y M N II. O. B. P. 4.

1 LOOK here; my soul, and now regard
The wonders of this feast;
The strange provisions here prepar'd,
Thyself as strange a guest.

2 Here,

- 2 Here, 'tis thy Saviour may be view'd,
 Nail'd to the curf'd tree ;
 In dying pangs, with blood imbru'd,
 And fuff'ring all for thee.
- 3 Look and relent ; with hearty grief,
 Thy crimfon fins deplore :
 For all thy wounds here fetch relief,
 And go and fin no more.

6 8s. H Y M N III. O. B. P. 4.

- 1 **I**N that fad memorable night,
 When Jefus was for us betray'd,
 He left his death-recording rite,
 He took and blefs'd, and brake the bread ;
 And gave his own their laft bequeft,
 And thus his love's intent exprefst :
- 2 He took into his hands the cup,
 To crown the sacramental feaft,
 And full of kind concern look'd up,
 And gave what He to them had blest ;
 And drink ye all of this, He faid,
 In folemn memory of the dead.
- 3 This is my blood which feals the New
 Eternal covenant of my grace,
 My blood fo freely fhed for you,
 For you and all the finful race ;
 My blood that fpeaks your fins forgiv'n,
 And juftifies your claim to heav'n.

C. M. H Y M N IV. O. B. P. 5.

- 1 **C**OME, let us tune each heart and tongue
 To praife redeeming grace ;
 And join in one harmonious fong,
 Our Saviour's Name to praife.

2 With

- 2 With gracious look, and smiling face,
 He bids his guests draw near ;
 Such soft and friendly words He says,
 'Twill melt the heart to hear.
- 3 For you, He cries, my dearest friends,
 For you I bled and dy'd ;
 See here my wounded feet and hands,
 My bleeding heart and side.
- 4 These are the tokens of my love,
 Marks of the pangs I felt,
 Of what I suffer'd to remove
 Your dreadful load of guilt.
- 5 With joyful hearts, and tuneful tongues,
 Thy conquest Lord we'll sing ;
 Till angels listen to our songs,
 And help to praise our King.

886 886. HYMN V. O. B. P. 6.

- 1 **I**N this expressive bread I see
 The wheat by man cut down for me,
 And beat, and bruis'd, and ground :
 The heavy plagues and pains and blows
 Which Jesus suffer'd from his foes,
 Are in this emblem found.
- 2 The bread dry'd up, and burnt with fire,
 Presents the Father's vengeful ire,
 Which my Redeemer bore :
 Into his bones the fire he sent,
 Till all the flaming darts were spent,
 And justice ask'd no more.
- 3 He suffers both from man and God,
 He bears the universal load
 Of guilt and misery ;

He suffers to reverse our doom ;
 And lo ! my Lord is here become
 The bread of life to me.

C. M. H Y M N VI. O. B. P. 6.

- 1 **L**ET faints with joyful hearts appear,
 The holy table round ;
 See love divine triumphing here,
 And Jesu's praise resound.
- 2 'Twas Jesu's blood the pardon bought,
 And set the vassals free ;
 Jesus from heav'n redemption brought,
 Our year of jubilee.
- 3 Let faith behold the healing flood,
 And at the sight revive ;
 Let faints applaud atoning blood,
 Whence all our hopes derive.

6 6 8 6. H Y M N VII. O. B. P. 7.

- 1 **L**ET all who truly bear
 The bleeding Saviour's Name,
 Their faithful hearts with us prepare,
 And eat the Paschal Lamb :
 Our passover was slain
 At Salem's hallow'd place,
 Yet we who in our tents remain,
 Shall gain his largest grace.
- 2 Who thus our faith employ
 His suff'rings to record,
 Ev'n now we mournfully enjoy
 Communion with our Lord ;

As tho' we ev'ry one
 Bencath His cross had stood,
 And seen Him heave, and heard Him groan,
 And felt his gushing blood.

3 O God! 'tis finish'd now!
 The mortal pang is past!
 By faith his head we see Him bow,
 And hear Him breathe his last!
 We too with Him are dead,
 And shall with Him arise,
 The cross on which He bows his head,
 Shall lift us to the skies.

6 8s. HYMN VIII. O. B. P. 9.

1 A H! give me, Lord, my sins to mourn,
 My sins which have Thy body torn,
 Give me with broken heart to see
 Thy last tremendous agony,
 To weep o'er an expiring God,
 And mix my sorrows with thy blood.

2 O cou'd I gain the mountain's height,
 And look upon that piteous sight!
 O that with Salem's daughters I
 Might stand and see my Saviour die,
 Smite on my breast, and inly mourn,
 But never from thy cross return!

8 7 8 7. HYMN IX. O. B. P. 10.

1 FATHER, hear the blood of Jesus,
 Speaking in thine ears above!
 From thy wrath and curse release us,
 Manifest thy pard'ning love:

T

O receive

O receive us to thy favour,
 For his only sake receive ;
 Give us to our bleeding Saviour,
 Let us by thy dying live.

2 “ To thy pard’ning grace receive them,”
 Once He pray’d upon the tree !
 Still his blood cries out “ Forgive them,
 All their sins were purg’d by me,”
 Still our Advocate in heav’n
 Prays the pray’r on earth begun,
 “ Father, shew their sins forgiv’n,
 “ Father glorify thy Son !”

L. M. HYMN X. O. B. P. 10.

1 **L** ORD, what a spectacle is here,
 To move my grief, to move my fear ?
 My dear Redeemer here I see,
 Pierc’d thro’ the heart, nail’d to the tree.

2 How hard that unrelenting heart
 That hears his cries, beholds his smart ;
 Yet bears no part in all his pain,
 Nor grieves to see a Saviour slain.

3 Can senseless things his torture feel,
 The earth be shock, the mountains reel ;
 The dead awake ! and shall not I
 Be mov’d to see my Saviour die ?

4 Yes, break my heart, melt both mine eyes,
 Echo my voice to all his cries ;
 And thus lament a Saviour slain,
 Lament my sins that gave him pain.

8787. HYMN XI. O. B. P. 11.

- 1 COME, Thou everlasting Spirit,
 Bring to every thankful mind
 All the Saviour's dying merit,
 All his sufferings for mankind;
 True recorder of his passion,
 Now the living faith impart;
 Now reveal his great salvation,
 Preach his gospel to our heart.
- 2 Come thou Witness of his dying,
 Come, Remembrancer divine;
 Let us feel thy pow'r applying,
 Christ to ev'ry soul and mine:
 Let us groan thine inward groaning,
 Look on Him we pierc'd and grieve;
 All receive the grace-atoning,
 All the sprinkled blood receive.

7777. HYMN XII. O. B. P. 12.

- 1 WHO is this that comes from far
 Clad in garments dipt in blood!
 Strong triumphant traveller,
 Is he man, or is he God?
 I that speak in Righteousness
 Son of God and man I am;
 Mighty to redeem your race,
 Jesus is your Saviour's Name.
- 3 Wherefore are the garments red,
 Dy'd as in a crimson sea?
 They that in the wine-fat tread,
 Are not stain'd so much as Thee.

4 I the Father's fav'rite Son,
 Have the dreadful wine-press trod ;
 Borne the vengeful wrath alone,
 All the fiercest wrath of God.

L. M. HYMN XIII. O. B. P. 13.

1 **L**ORD, to thy temple we repair,
 To taste the entertainments there ;
 About thy table humbly wait,
 With our Redeeming Lord to eat.

2 Surely thou hast it richly spread,
 With heav'nly wine, with heav'nly bread ;
 Oh, what a waste of love is here !
 How strange and costly is the fare !

3 Israel was in the desert fed
 With manna, which was angel's bread ;
 Celestial food, from clouds distill'd,
 But ours is such no clouds can yield.

4 Their's was the type, but ours the true,
 Of heav'nly growth and substance too ;
 Our bread will constant life supply,
 And those who eat it never die.

7s. HYMN XIV. O. B. P. 14.

1 **L**IFT your eyes of faith, and look
 On the signs He did ordain !
 Thus the Bread of Life was broke,
 Thus the Lamb of God was slain,
 Thus was shed on Calvary
 His last drop of blood for me !

2 See the slaughter'd sacrifice,
 See the altar stain'd with blood!
 Crucify'd before our eyes
 Faith discerns the dying God,
 Dying that our souls might live,
 Gasping at his death, forgive!

76767876. HYMN XV. O.B.P. 15.

1 LAMB of God, whose bleeding love
 We thus recall to mind,
 Send the answer from above,
 And let us mercy find;
 Think on us, who think on Thee,
 And ev'ry struggling soul release:
 O remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace.

2 By thine agonizing pain,
 And bloody sweat, we pray,
 By thy dying love to man,
 Take all our sins away;
 Burst our bonds, and set us free,
 From all iniquity release:
 O remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace.

3 Never will we hence depart,
 Till Thou our wants relieve;
 Write forgiveness on our heart,
 And all thy Image give:
 Still our souls shall cry to Thee,
 Till perfected in holiness:
 O remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace.

L. M. HYMN XVI. O. B. P. 16.

- 1 **T**HAT night, in which our Saviour dear,
 Did to Gethsemane retreat,
 To vent his woes and gloomy fear,
 In cries and groans and bloody sweat.
- 2 “ My body broken here you see,
 “ For your transgressions pierc’d and torn,
 “ Take, eat it, and remember Me,
 “ And all your vile offences mourn.”
- 3 He also took and bless’d the wine,
 And then with gracious voice He said ;
 “ Take and drink all, the draught’s divine,
 “ ’Tis blood for your salvation shed.”
- 4 We’ll often at this feast attend,
 Shew forth thy death, thy grace proclaim,
 Make humbe boasts of such a Friend,
 And on our hearts impress thy Name.

76767776. H Y M N XVII.
 O. B. P. 17.

- 1 **E**NDLESS scenes of wonder rise,
 With that mysterious tree,
 Crucified before our eyes,
 Where we our Maker see :
 Jesus, Lord, what hast Thou done !
 Publish we the death divine,
 Stop, and gaze, and fall, and own
 Was ever love like thine !
- 2 Never love nor sorrow was,
 Like that my Jesus shew’d ;
 See Him stretch’d on yonder cross,
 And crush’d beneath our load !

Now

- Now discern the deity,
 Now his heav'nly birth declare!
 Faith cries out, 'Tis He, 'tis He,
 My God that suffers there!
- 3 Jesus drinks the bitter cup;
 The wine-press treads alone,
 Tears the graves and mountains up
 By his expiring groan:
 Lo! the pow'rs of heav'n He shakes:
 Nature in convulsions lies,
 Earth's profoundest centre quakes,
 The great Jehovah dies!
- 4 Well may heav'n be cloath'd with black,
 And solemn sackcloth wear,
 Jesu's agony partake,
 The hour of darkness share:
 Mourn th' astonish'd hosts above,
 Silence saddens all the skies,
 Kindler of seraphic love
 The God of angels dies.
- 5 O, my God, He dies for me,
 I feel the mortal smart!
 See Him hanging on the tree——
 A sight that breaks my heart!
 O that all to Thee might turn!
 Sinners ye may love Him too;
 Look on him ye pierc'd, and mourn
 For one who bled for you.
- 6 Weep o'er your desire and hope
 With tears of humblest love;
 Sing, for Jesus is gone up,
 And reigns enthron'd above!

Lives our Head to die no more ;
 Pow'r is all to Jesus giv'n,
 Worship'd as He was before
 Th' immortal King of heav'n.

7 Lord, we bless Thee for thy grace,
 And truth which never fail,
 Hast'ning to behold thy face
 Without a dimming veil :
 We shall see our heav'nly King,
 All thy glorious love proclaim,
 Help the angel-choirs to sing
 Our dear triumphant lamb.

7s. H Y M N XVIII. O. B. P. 20.

1 **P** RINCE of life for sinners slain,
 Grant us fellowship with Thee,
 Fain we would partake thy pain,
 Share thy mortal agony :
 Give us now the dreadful pow'r,
 Now bring back thy dying hour.

2 Place us near th' accursed wood
 Where Thou didst thy life resign ;
 Near as once thy mother stood,
 Partners of the pangs divine :
 Bid us feel her sacred smart,
 Feel the sword that pierc'd her heart.

3 Surely now the pray'r He hears ;
 Faith presents the crucify'd !
 Lo ! the wounded Lamb appears !
 Pierc'd his feet, his hands, his side :
 Hangs our hope on yonder tree,
 Hangs, and bleeds to death for me.

68s. HYMN XIX. O. B. P. 21.

1 'TIS done! th' atoning work is done:
 Jesus the world's Redeemer dies!
 All nature feels th' important groan
 Loud ecchoing thro' the earth and skies:
 The earth doth to her centre quake,
 And heav'n as hell's deep gloom is black!

2 The temple's veil is rent in twain,
 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,
 Reviving as their Saviour dies.

3 And shall not we his death partake,
 In sympathetic anguish groan?
 O Saviour let thy passion shake
 Our earth, and rent our hearts of stone;
 To second life our souls restore,
 And wake us that we sleep no more.

76767776. HYMN XX. O. B. P. 23.

1 ROCK of Israël, cleft for me,
 For us, for all mankind;
 See thy feeblest followers see,
 Who call thy death to mind:
 Sion is the weary land,
 Us beneath thy shade receive,
 Grant us in the cleft to stand,
 And by thy death to live.

2 In this howling wilderness,
 On Calvary's steep top;
 Made a curse our souls to bless
 Thou once was lifted up:

Stricken.

Stricken there by Moses' rod,
 Wounded with a deadly blow;
 Gushing streams of life o'erflow'd
 The thirsty world below.

3 Rivers of salvation still
 Along the desert roll,
 Rivers to refresh and heal
 The fainting sin-sick soul;
 Still the fountain of thy blood
 Stands for sinners open'd wide;
 Now, e'en now, my Lord and God,
 I wash me in thy side.

4 Now, e'en now, we all plunge in,
 And drink the purple wave;
 This the antidote of sin,
 'Tis this our Souls shall save:
 With the life of Jesus fed,
 Lo! from strength to strength we rise,
 Follow'd by our rock, and led
 To meet Him in the skies.

68s. HYMN XXI. O. B. P. 24.

1 **O**NCE more our God, the God of grace,
 Has made a friendly visit here;
 Shed balmy dews around the place,
 Our spirits to revive and cheer:
 And with soft voice and aspect mild,
 Has shewn that He is reconcil'd.

2 The holy angels ne'er did taste.
 Such food as He doth here provide,
 Such wine as streams for our repast,
 Fresh from a bleeding Saviour's side;
 Those happy minds ne'er had above,
 Such glorious proofs of tender love.

HYMN

68s. HYMN XXII. O. B. P. 24.

- 1 NOT heav'n so rich a grace can show
 As this He did on worms bestow;
 Those darlings of th' incarnate God;
 Less favour'd were th' angel-pow'rs;
 Their crowns are cheaper far than ours,
 Nor ever cost the Lamb his blood.
- 2 Our souls eternally to save
 More than ten thousand worlds He gave;
 That we might know our sins forgiv'n;
 That we might in thy glory shine,
 The purchase-price was blood divine,
 And bought the aceldema of heav'n.
- 3 Jesu, we bless thy saving Name,
 And trusting in thy merits claim
 Our rich inheritance above;
 Thou shalt thy ransom'd servants own,
 And raise and seat us on thy throne,
 Dear objects of thy dying love.

7676. HYMN XXIII. O. B. P. 26.

- 1 GOD incomprehensible,
 Shall man presume to know,
 Fully search Him out, or tell
 His wond'rous ways below?
 Him in all his ways we find;
 How the means transmit the pow'r,
 Here He leaves our thoughts behind,
 And faith enquires no more.
- 2 How did He these creatures raise,
 And make this bread and wine,
 Organs to convey his grace
 To this poor soul of mine:

I cannot

I cannot the way discern,
 Need not know the myst'ry ;
 Only this I know that I
 Was blind, but now I see.

- 3 Now mine eyes are open'd wide,
 To see his pard'ning love,
 Here I view the God that dy'd
 My ruin to remove :
 Clay upon mine eyes He laid,
 (I at once my sight receiv'd)
 Bless'd and bid me eat the bread,
 And lo ! my soul believ'd.

6686. HYMN XXIV. O. B. P. 25.

- 1 **T**HIS, this is He that came
 By water and by blood :
 Jesus is our atoning Lamb,
 Our sanctifying God.
- 2 See from his wounded side
 The mingled current flow !
 The water and the blood apply'd,
 Shall wash us white as snow.
- 3 They both in Jesus join,
 They speak our sins forgiv'n,
 And give the purity divine
 That makes us meet for heav'n.

L. M. HYMN XXV. O. B. P. 28.

- 1 **W**HAT 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.

- 2 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.
- 3 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.
- 4 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 ?

7676. HYMN XXVI. O. B. P. 29.

- 1 CHRIST our passover for us
 Is offer'd up and slain !
 Let Him be rememb'ed thus
 By ev'ry soul of man :
 We are bound above the rest
 His oblation to proclaim,
 Keep we then the solemn feast
 And banquet on the Lamb.
- 2 Jesus, master of the feast,
 The Feast itself 'Thou art,
 Now receive thy meanest guest,
 And comfort ev'ry heart :
 Give us living bread to eat,
 Manna that from heav'n comes down ;
 Fill us with immortal meat,
 And make thy nature known.
- 3 In this barren wilderness
 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 servants strength repair,
 Till we reach the courts above,
 And feast for ever there.

6 8s. HYMN XXVII. O. B. P. 30.

- 1 **Y**E faithful souls, who thus record
 The passion of that Lamb divine,
 Is the memorial of your Lord
 An useless form, an empty sign?
 Or doth He here his life impart?
 What faith the witness in your heart?
- 2 Who Thee remember in thy ways,
 Come, Lord, and meet, and bless us here;
 In confidence we ask the grace,
 Faithful and true appear, appear;
 Let all perceive thy blood apply'd,
 Let all discern The Crucify'd.
- 3 'Tis done; the Lord sets to his seal,
 The pray'r is heard, the grace is giv'n;
 With joy unspeakable we feel
 The Holy Ghost sent down from heav'n;
 The altar streams with sacred blood,
 And all the temple flames with God!

C. M. HYMN XXVIII. O. B. P. 31.

- 1 **S**EE here the Lord nail'd on the tree,
 And crush'd with guilt and shame;
 Thro' faith the suff'ring Jesus see,
 And praise his glorious Name.
- 2 But when his Father's face He hid
 Then from the bloody tree,
 O why, my God, my God, He cry'd,
 Hast Thou forsaken me?

3 When

3 When death struck the dividing pang,
 Aloud again He cry'd ;
 'Tis finish'd, said the Son of man,
 And bow'd his head and dy'd.

4 Ye contrite finners now revive,
 Your sins were on Him laid ;
 Jesus once dead is now alive,
 And lives your glorious Head.

2 10s, 2 11s. H Y M N XXIX.
 O. B. P. 32.

1 **I**N Jesus we live, in Jesus we rest,
 And thankful receive his dying bequest ;
 The cup of salvation his mercy bestows,
 And all from his passion our happiness flows.

2 With mystical wine He comforts us here,
 And gladly we join till Jesus appear ;
 With hearty thanksgiving his death to record,
 The living, the living shou'd sing of their Lord.

3 He hallow'd the cup which now we receive
 The pledge of our hope with Jesus to live ;
 (Where sorrow and sadness shall never be
 found)

With glory and gladness eternally crown'd.

4 The fruit of the vine (the joy it implies)
 Again we shall join to drink in the skies ;
 Exult in his favour, our triumph renew ;
 And I, saith the Saviour, will drink it with
 You.

L. M. HYMN XXX. O. B. P. 34.

- 1 **H**OW glorious is the life above
Which in this ordinance we taste;
That fulness of celestial love,
That joy which shall for ever last!
- 2 That heav'nly life in Christ conceal'd
These earthen vessels could not bear;
The part which now we find reveal'd
No tongue of angels can declare.
- 3 The light of life eternal darts
Into our souls a dazzling ray;
A drop of heav'n o'erflows our hearts,
And deluges the house of clay.
- 4 Sure pledge of extasies unknown
Shall this divine communion be;
The ray shall rise into a sun,
The drop shall swell into a sea.

7s. HYMN XXXI. O. B. P. 35.

- 1 **L**IFT your eyes of faith and see
Saints and angels join'd in one,
What a countless company
Stands before yon dazzling throne!
Each before his Saviour stands
All in milk-white robes array'd,
Palms they carry in their hands,
Crowns of glory on their head.
- 2 Angel-pow'rs the throne surround,
Next the saints in glory they,
Lull'd with the transporting sound
They their silent homage pay:

Prostrate

Prostrate on their face before
 God and his Messiah fall,
 Then in hymns of praise adore,
 Shout the Lamb that dy'd for all.

3 Be it so, they all reply,
 Him let all our orders praise,
 Him that did for sinners die,
 Saviour of the favour'd race:
 Render we our God his right,
 Glory, wisdom, thanks and pow'r,
 Honour, majesty and might,
 Praise Him, praise Him evermore!

78. HYMN XXXII. O. B. P. 36.

1 **W**HAT are these array'd in white,
 Brighter than the noon-day sun,
 Foremost of the sons of light,
 Nearest the eternal throne?
 These are they that bore the cross,
 Nobly for their master stood,
 Suff'ers in his right'ous cause,
 Follow'rs of the dying God.

2 Out of great distress they came,
 Wash'd their robes by faith below
 In the blood of yonder Lamb,
 Blood that washes white as snow;
 Therefore are they next the throne,
 Serve their Maker day and night;
 God resides among his own,
 God doth in his saints delight.

L. M. HYMN XXXIII. O. B. P. 37.

- 1 **Y**E faints, behold the spotless Lamb,
 Stretch'd on the curst tree;
 From heav'n to suffer death he came,
 From death our souls to free.
- 2 No earthly treasures could redeem
 Our guilty souls from hell;
 This Lamb, of infinite esteem,
 For our transgressions fell.
- 3 Thine, Lord, we are, no more our own;
 Redeem'd from satan's hands;
 Thy love, thro' thine own blood made known,
 Our hearts and lives demands.

666688. HYMN XXXIV. O. B. P. 38.

- 1 **J**ESU, on Thee we feed
 Along the desert way,
 Thou art the living bread,
 Which doth our spirits stay;
 And all who in this banquet join
 Lean on the staff of life divine.
- 2 While to thy upper courts
 We take our joyful flight,
 The blessed cross supports
 Each feeble Israelite;
 Like hoary dying Jacob we
 Lean on our staff and worship Thee.
- 3 O may we still abide
 In Thee our pard'ning God,
 Thy Spirit be our guide,
 Thy body be our food:
 Till Thou who hast the token giv'n
 Shall bear us on Thyself to heav'n.

C. M. HYMN XXXV. O. B. P. 38.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the condescending grace
 Of the eternal word ;
 The glory of his Father's face,
 In heav'n and earth ador'd.
- 2 Equal with God He flesh was made,
 And on the cross was slain ;
 His precious blood was spilt, and paid
 The ransom price for man.
- 3 Lo ! how He stoop'd ! O matchless love,
 Dear Jesus, to thy praise
 Let saints below, let saints above,
 Loud hallelujahs raise.

76767776. HYMN XXXVI.
 O. B. P. 39.

- 1 **F**ATHER, let the sinner go,
 The Lamb did once atone ;
 Lo, we to thy justice shew
 The passion of thy Son :
 Thus to Thee we set it forth,
 He the dying precept gave,
 He that hath sufficient worth
 A thousand worlds to save.
- 2 Can thy justice ought reply
 To our prevailing plea ?
 Jesus dy'd thy grace to buy
 For all mankind, and me :
 Still before thy right'ous throne
 Stands the Lamb as newly slain ;
 Canst Thou turn away thy Son,
 Or let Him bleed in vain ?

H Y M N

C. M. HYMN XXXVII. O. B. P. 40.

- 1 **J**ESU, we know that Thou hast dy'd,
 And share the death we shew;
 If the first fruits be sanctify'd,
 The lump is holy too.
- 2 The sheaf was wav'd before the Lord,
 When Jesus bow'd his head;
 And we who thus his death record
 One with Himself are made.
- 3 The sheaf and harvest is but one
 Accepted sacrifice;
 And we who have thy suff'rings known
 Shall in thy life arise.
- 4 Still all-involv'd in God we are,
 And offer'd with the Lamb;
 Till all in heav'n with Christ appear
 Eternally the same.

C. M. HYMN XXXVIII. O. B. P. 41.

- 1 **H**OW gen'rous is Immanuel's feast,
 Prepar'd by love divine!
 How happy each believing guest,
 To taste the bread and wine!
- 2 We see as on this table laid
 The Lamb that once was slain;
 His blood for wine, his flesh for bread,
 Broken and shed for man.
- 3 Here Jesus gives his saints a treat
 Of choicest heav'nly food;
 And says, my body take and eat,
 And drink my precious blood.

4 Come eat and drink abundantly ;
 Be chearful and be free ;
 He that believes shall never die,
 But ever live with me.

7s. HYMN XXXIX. O. B. P. 42.

1 FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One in Three, and Three in One,
 As by the celestial host,
 Let thy will on earth be done ;
 Praise by all to Thee be giv'n,
 Glorious Lord of earth and heav'n.

2 Take my soul and body's pow'rs
 Take my mem'ry, mind and will,
 All my goods, and all my hours,
 All I know, and all I feel ;
 All I think, and speak, and do,
 Take my heart—but make it new.

3 Now, O God, thine own I am,
 Now I give Thee back thy own,
 Freedom, friends, and health, and fame,
 Consecrate to Thee alone :
 Thine I live, thrice happy I
 Happier still for thine I die.

68s. HYMN XL. O. B. P. 43.

1 I Had forgot my heav'nly birth,
 My soul degen'rate cleaves to earth
 In sense and sin's base pleasures drown'd ;
 When God assum'd humanity,
 And spilt his sacred blood for me,
 To wash, and lift me from the ground.

2 Soon

- 2 Soon as his love had rais'd me up,
 He mingles blessings in a cup,
 And sweetly meets my ravish'd taste;
 Joyous I now throw off my load,
 I cast my sins and care on God,
 And wine becomes a wing at last.
- 3 Upborne on this, I mount, I fly,
 Regaining swift my native sky!
 I wipe my streaming eyes, and see
 Him whom I seek, for whom I sue;
 My God, my Saviour, there I view,
 And live with him who dy'd for me.

77447. HYMN XLI. O. B. P. 44.

- 1 **H**OSANNAH in the highest,
 To our exalted Saviour,
 Who left behind
 For all mankind
 These tokens of his favour.
 His bleeding love and mercy,
 His all redeeming passion,
 Who here displays
 And gives the grace
 Which brings us our salvation.
- 2 Louder than gather'd waters,
 Or bursting peals of thunder,
 We lift our voice,
 And speak our joys,
 And shout our loving wonder!
 Shout all our elder brethren,
 While we record the story
 Of Him that came,
 And suffer'd shame,
 To carry us to glory.

3 Angels in fixt amazement
 Around our altars hover,
 With eager gaze
 Adore the grace
 Of our eternal lover.

Himself, and all his fulness,
 Who gives to the believer,
 And by his bread
 Whoe'er are fed,
 Shall live with God for ever.

68s. HYMN XLII. O. B. P. 45.

1 JESUS our-great high-priest on high,
 Who reigns enthron'd above the sky,
 Where heav'nly pow'rs confess his Name;
 There all th' angelic armies sing,
 And prostrate fall, adore their King,
 And sing and love the bleeding Lamb.

2 While heav'n resounds with praising Him
 Who took our nature to redeem
 Our fallen race from guilt and woe;
 We'll join with them to bless his love,
 Till call'd the marriage-feast to prove,
 Where we shall all his glory know.

68s. HYMN XLIII. O. B. P. 45.

1 O Thou eternal victim slain,
 A sacrifice for guilty man,
 By the eternal Spirit made
 An off'ring in the sinner's stead,
 Our everlasting Priest art Thou,
 And plead'st thy death for sinners now.

2 Thy

2 Thy off'ring still continues new,
 Thy vesture keeps it's bloody hue ;
 Thou stand'st the ever slaughter'd Lamb,
 Thy priesthood still remains the same ;
 Thy years, O God, can never fail,
 Thy goodness is unchangeable.

3 O that our faith may never move,
 But stand unshaken as thy love,
 Sure evidence of things unseen ;
 Now let it pass the years between,
 And view Thee bleeding on the tree,
 My God who dies for me, for me !

8s. HYMN XLIV. O. B. P. 46.

1 **H**OSANNAH to Jesus our Lord,
 Who calls us to banquet with Him,
 His tokens of love to record,
 And share in the feast of the Lamb ;
 He bids us remember Him thus,
 Till call'd to his kingdom above,
 And there be inroll'd with the just,
 To dwell in his glory and love.

2 And while his dear Will shall ordain
 That we on our trial shall stay ;
 We'll follow through hardship and pain,
 Till he shall command us away :
 He soon will be seen in the skies,
 His banner unfurl'd in the air,
 And bid us to glory arise,
 His heaven of heavens to share.

3 There, there, we shall see with delight
 Our Jesus who dy'd for our sin ;
 And while we behold Him in light,
 The rivers of life shall drink in ;

Enkindled

Enkindled in Jesu's face,
 And rais'd by his life-giving word,
 Caught up in the heav'nly blaze,
 For ever to reign with our Lord.

C. M. HYMN XLV. O. B. P. 47.

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost, set to thy seal,
 Thine inward witness give;
 To all our waiting souls reveal
 The death by which we live.
- 2 Spectators of the pangs divine
 O that we now may be;
 Discerning in the sacred sign
 His passion on the tree!
- 3 Give us to hear the dreadful sound
 Which told his mortal pain;
 Tore up the graves, and shook the ground,
 And rent the rocks in twain.
- 4 Repeat the Saviour's dying cry
 In ev'ry heart so loud;
 That ev'ry heart may now reply,
 This was the Son of God!

66 7777. HYMN XLVI. O. B. P. 47.

- 1 SAVIOUR, and can it be
 That thou should dwell with me?
 From thy high and lofty throne,
 Throne of everlasting bliss,
 Will thy Majesty stoop down
 To so mean an house as this?
- 2 I am not worthy, Lord,
 So foul, so self-abhor'd,
 W Thee,

Thee, my God, to entertain
 In this poor polluted heart:
 I am a frail sinful man,
 All my nature cries depart!

3 Yet come, Thou heav'nly Guest,
 And purify my breast:
 Come, Thou great and glorious King,
 While before thy cross I bow,
 With Thyself salvation bring,
 Cleanse the house by ent'ring now.

6686. HYMN XLVII. O. B. P. 48.

1 JESU, we thus obey
 Thy last and kindest word;
 Here in thine own appointed way
 We come to meet our Lord;
 The way Thou hast enjoin'd
 Thou wilt therein appear:
 We come with confidence to find
 Thy special Presence here.

2 Our hearts we open wide
 To make the Saviour room:
 And lo! the Lamb, the crucify'd,
 The sinner's Friend is come!
 His Presence makes the feast,
 And now our bosoms feel
 The glory not to be express'd,
 The joy unspeakable.

3 With pure celestial bliss
 He doth our spirits cheer;
 His house of banqueting is this,
 And He hath brought us here;
 He doth his servants feed
 His banner over us is spread,
 His everlasting love.
 With manna from above.

HYMN

76767776. H Y M N XLVIII.

O. B. P. 49.

1 **O** The length, and breadth, and height,
And depth of dying love!

Love that turns our faith to fight,

And wafts to heav'n above!

Pledge of our possession this,

This which nature faints to bear;

Who shall then support the bliss,

The joy, the rapture there!

2 Flesh and blood shall not receive

The vast inheritance;

God we cannot see, and live

The life of feeble sense:

In our weakest nonage, here,

Up into our Head we grow;

Saints before our Lord appear,

And ripe for heav'n below.

3 We his Image shall regain,

And to his stature rise;

Rise unto a perfect man,

And then ascend the skies:

Find our happy mansions there,

Strong to bear the joys above;

All the glorious weight to bear

Of everlasting love.

68s. H Y M N XLIX. O. B. P. 50.

1 **A** H give us, Saviour, to partake

The suff'rings, which this emblem shows

Thy flesh our food immortal make,

Thy blood, which in this channel flows,

In all its benefits impart,

And sanctify our sprinkl'd heart.

2 For all that joy which now we taste,
 Our happy hallow'd souls prepare;
 O let us hold the earnest fast,
 This pledge that we thy heav'n shall share:
 Shall drink it new with Thee above
 The wine of thy eternal love.

6686. HYMN L. O. B. P. 50.

1 FATHER of mercies hear
 Thro' thine atoning son,
 Who doth for us in heav'n appear,
 And prays before thy throne:
 2 By that great sacrifice
 Which He for us doth plead;
 Into our Saviour's death baptize,
 And make us like our Head.
 3 Into the fellowship
 Of Jesu's sufferings take;
 Us who desire with Him to sleep,
 That we with Him may wake:
 4 Plant us into his death
 That we his life may prove;
 Partakers of his cross beneath,
 And of his crown above.

2108. 2118. HYMN LI. O. B. P. 50.

1 ALL glory and praise to Jesus our Lord!
 His ransoming grace we gladly record;
 His bloody oblation, and death on the tree,
 Hath purchas'd salvation and heav'n for me.
 2 The Saviour hath died for me and for you,
 The blood is apply'd, the record is true;
 The Spirit bears witness and speaks in the blood
 And gives us the fitness for living with God.

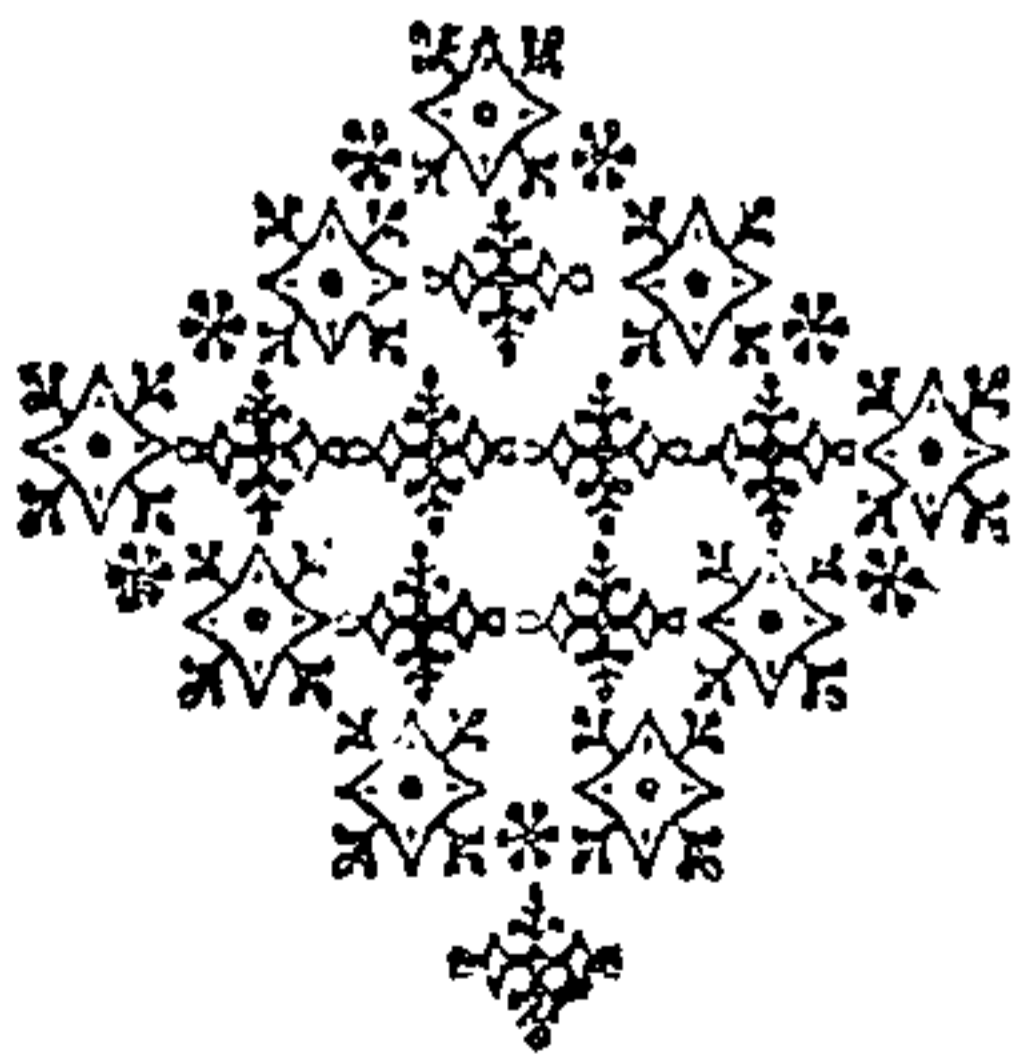
HYMN

2 10s, 2 11s. H Y M N · LII.
O. B. P. 50.

- 1 **A**LL praise to the Lord, all praise is his due
To day is his word of promise found true
We, we are the nations presented to God,
Well-pleasing oblations thro' Jesus's blood.
- 2 Poor heathens from far to Jesus we came,
And offer'd we are to God thro' his name;
To God thro' the Spirit ourselves do we give,
And sav'd by the merit of Jesus we live.

W 3

APPENDIX.



APPENDIX.

886. HYMN I. O. B. P. 51.

- 1 **W**HAT solid sweetness they possess
 Who trust in Christ the prince of
 peace,
 And feel his precious blood :
 Let me of this bless'd number be,
 This one thing needful give to me,
 The life and pow'r of God.
- 2 Come quickly for thy mercy's sake,
 To heav'n my helpless spirit take,
 Then shall my trials end :
 Lord, how I long to see thy face,
 And all eternity to praise
 My Saviour and my Friend.
- 3 Thou, Lord, wilt soon my soul receive,
 In glory I shall soon arrive,
 And share the marriage feast :
 Thou didst my ruin'd soul redeem,
 Thy love shall be my joyful theme,
 While endless ages last.
- 4 How happy shall I live above,
 With Jesus Christ whom now I love,
 And all his glory see :
 I soon shall wake with Thee in light,
 Enjoy the beatific sight,
 And live and reign with Thee.

HYMN

3 10s. & 11. HYMN II. O. B. P. 53.

1 THE Saviour hath dy'd for all and for me;
His blood is apply'd, He cries from the
tree;

Forgive them, O Father, for what they have
done,

And let them find favour thro' mercy alone.

2 The prayer is hear'd, and seal'd from above,
And we are restor'd by Jesus's love,

To life ne'er ceasing, and pardon and peace,
And heav'nly blessings that always increase.

3 Poor sinners we were, and posting to death,
Till call'd from afar to life by his breath;

And drawn by his spirit to hear and receive,
Rely on his merit, and by Him to live.

4 All glory to God, and honour and might,
Redeem'd by his blood we'll give Him his
right;

In blessing and praising his wonderful name,
Till call'd to the kingdom of God and the
Lamb.

8 7 8 7. HYMN III. O. B. P. 52.

1 COME, Thou fount of ev'ry blessing!
Tune mine heart to sing thy grace!

Streams of mercy never ceasing,

Call for songs of endless praise:

Teach me some melodious sonnet,

Sung by flaming tongues above;

Praise the mount, I'm fix'd upon it,

Mount of God's unchanging love.

2 Here I raise my Eben-ezer,

Hither by thy grace I'm come,

And

And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
 Shortly 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 with precious blood.

3 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 soul to Thee :
 Prone to wander, Lord, thou know'st it,
 Prone to leave the God I love ;
 Take my heart, O take and seal it,
 Seal it from thy courts above.

88 6. HYMN IV. O. B. P. 53.

1 **I** Hear thy voice, O God of might,
 I hear Thee call my soul to light,
 But whither shall I fly ?
 Will trees, or rocks, or mountains screen,
 Or heav'n, or earth, with all therein,
 From thine all-seeing eye ?

2 Will length, or breadth, or height, or depth,
 Guard me from that eternal death,
 That thou hast join'd to sin ?
 No, Lord, all other help is vain
 Unless Thou turn my friend again,
 And speak thy peace within.

3 But yet this voice that summons me,
 Seems mix'd with wrath and melody,
 It's mild and yet severe !
 It casteth down, and raiseth up,
 And fills my trembling soul with hope
 That Thou wilt hear my pray'r.

4 Why dost Thou call me to thy bar?
 But while thy justice holds me there,
 Thy mercy may proclaim,
 The woman's seed, thine only Son
 Shall bruise his head, and cast him down,
 That did my soul defame.

5 Thro' Jesus now thy voice is love,
 I hear the whisper from above,
 That Thou wilt all forgive:
 Thou speakest now unto my heart,
 Sinner return, where'er thou art,
 And thou again shalt live.

6 Lord I receive thy welcome word,
 Upon the mount to meet my Lord
 I joyfully return:
 Return from all my follies past,
 Behind my back my sins I cast,
 And mine offences mourn.

7 I soon shall see the Lord most high,
 And wrapp'd in all the majesty
 Of his redeeming grace:
 Shall hear Him call my spirit up,
 And hail Him on the mountain top,
 And meet his smiling face.

L. M. H Y M N V. O. B. P. 55.

1 **N**OW, Lord, my helpless soul revive,
 And from this time O let me live
 On Christ the Son of God by faith,
 And pant for God with ev'ry breath.

2 Come breath of life; inspire my soul,
 On me let streams of mercy roll;
 I know one tender glance from Thee
 Will set my burthen'd spirit free.

- 3 Peter's experience tells me so,
Tells me what Jesu's look can do ;
An harden'd heart at once it turns,
The icy soul it melts and burns.
- 4 Lord, kindly reach this heart of mine,
I pant to be intirely thine ;
To have thy spirit rule in me,
Till I thy face in glory see.

2 10s. 2 11s. H Y M N VI.
O. B. P. 55.

- 1 **I**N Moses's song the Lamb we proclaim,
The praise doth belong to Jesus's Name!
Triumphantly glorious our Jesus hath been,
And more than victorious o'er hell, earth and
fin.
- 2 The world and its prince no longer are found
Our tyrannous sins are buried and drown'd ;
O'erwhelm'd by a motion of Moses's rod,
And plung'd in the ocean of Jesus's blood !
- 3 The Lord is my might, redeem'd by his grace,
I pay Him his right, I sing of his praise ;
Our Lord's habitation, in us He doth dwell,
And all his salvation to sinners reveal.
- 4 Our sins are o'erthrown, which rose against
Thee,
They sank as a stone into the red-sea ;
Thou Lord has forgot 'em, as hid from thine
eyes,
And sunk to the bottom, they never shall rise.

HYMN

8787. HYMN VII. O. B. P. 56.

1 **T**O know that my Jesus is mine
 And I'm his beloved abode,
 My head on his bosom recline,
 And live by the smiles of my God;
 Not heaven or earth is so great,
 No treasure like this to be found;
 It speaketh my pardon compleat,
 And heals my deplorable wound.

2 And if his unchangeable mind
 Be ever towards me for good,
 He'll teach me to seek and to find
 The path that will bring me to God:
 He'll lead me thro' trouble and pain,
 And dangers that lie in the road,
 Till I shall behold Him again
 In his everlasting abode.

3 Will Jesus his mercy declare
 To such a poor sinner as me?
 And give me in heav'n to share
 The price of his death on the tree?
 I hear Him proclaim with delight,
 That I am his friend and his bride!
 And He will enrobe me in light,
 And give me a seat by his side.

7s. HYMN VIII. O. B. P. 57.

1 **T**H Y favour, dear Lord, doth supply
 The place of all other relief,
 The pity that drops from thine eye
 Can only remove all my grief:
 Now, Saviour, thy friendship I prove,
 I soon shall forget my distress,
 And calmly rejoice in thy love,
 And sweetly recover my peace.

2 O Jesus my spirit receive,
 Resolv'd upon Thee to depend,
 And wholly to Thee let me live,
 My only unchangeable Friend:
 Preserve me a christian indeed,
 'Till call'd to my lasting abode,
 From sorrow eternally freed,
 And laid in the bosom of God.

68s. HYMN IX. O. B. P. 57.

1 JESUS Thou dost not sue in vain
 Or ask what I can never give,
 Thyself has plac'd the pow'r in man,
 The profer'd Saviour to receive:
 While knocking at the door thou art
 And cries, my son, give Me thy heart.

2 Give holy love, and let me rise
 To worship spiritual and true;
 On eagle's wings my spirit flies
 Whate'er my Lord commands to do:
 To answer all my Saviour's will,
 And perfectly his laws fulfil.

6686. PSALM IX. O. B. P. 58.

1 MY shepherd is the Lamb,
 The living Lord that dy'd,
 With all that's really good I am
 Most plent'ously supply'd,

2 He daily feeds my soul
 With manna from above;
 He leads me where the streams do roll
 With Jesu's dying love.

3 I tread

3 I tread by faith alone
 The path of righteousness,
 And soon shall reach the blessed throne
 Where reigns the Prince of peace.

4 He now forbids my fear
 Of ev'ry ill to come,
 At death's approach He will be near
 To guard my spirit home.

5 My cup He gladly fills,
 And me anoints with oil;
 My heart receives what He distils,
 The fruit of Jesu's toil.

6 And when my faith shall cease,
 And hope be swallow'd up,
 I then shall see his smiling face
 Upon mount Sion's top.

7 There I, my Shepherd's care,
 Shall praise and Him adore;
 And in his heav'nly mansion share
 His blifs for evermore.

2 105. 2 115. P S A L M XCIII.

O. B. P. 59.

1 **Y**E servants of God, your Master pro-
 claim,

And publish abroad his wonderful name;

The name all-victorious of Jesus extol,

His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.

2 The waves of the sea have lift up their voice,

Sore troubled that we in Jesus rejoice:

The floods they are roaring, but Jesus is
 here,

While we are adoring He always is near.

X

3 God

- 3 God ruleth on high, almighty to save,
And still He is nigh, his presence we have;
The great congregation his triumphs shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.
- 4 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.
- 5 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, and infinite love.

*The following Nineteen Hymns are not inserted
in the Index.*

8s. H Y M N X.

M O R N I N G.

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul, and with the sun,
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Redeem the mispent time that's past,
Live this day as if 'twere thy last;
T'improve thy talents take due care,
'Gainst the great day thyself prepare.
- 3 Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear;
Think how th' all-seeing God thy ways,
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.
- 4 Glory to God, who safe has kept,
And hath refresh'd me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

§ Direct, controul, suggest this day,
 All I design, or do, or say ;
 That all my powers, with all their might;
 In thy sole glory may unite.

8s. H Y M N XI.

E V E N I N G.

1 **G**LORY to thee, my God, this night,
 For all the blessings of the light,
 Keep me, O keep me, Kings of kings,
 Under thine own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
 Whatever ills this day I've done ;
 That with the world, myself, and thee ;
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
 The grave as little as my bed ;
 Teach me to die, that so I may
 Triumphant rise at the last day.

4 O may my soul on thee repose,
 And with sweet sleep my eye-lids close,
 Sleep that may me more vig'rous make,
 To serve my God when I awake.

5 Let my blest guardian while I sleep,
 Close to my bed his vigils keep,
 Let no vain dreams disturb my rest,
 No pow'rs of darkness me molest,

8s. H Y M N XII.

1 **H**APPY the company that's gone,
 From cross to crown, from thrall to throne ;
 How sweet they sing upon the shore
 They never saw, tho' fought before ?

- 2 Bless'd are the dead ; yea, faith the Word,
That die in Christ the living Lord.
Whilst thus beyond the grave they raise
In heav'nly tunes their happy praise.
- 3 Death from all death hath set us free,
And will our gain for ever be.
'Tis this hath loos'd our band of woe,
And let the groaning captives go.
- 4 The Lamb does heav'n to us afford,
We are for ever with the Lord :
We want no more, for all is giv'n.
His presence is our life, our heav'n.

8s. H Y M N XIII.

- 1 **S**TRANGE and mysterious is my case,
'Twixt grief and joy, nature and grace :
In me are contraries, yet such,
That each believer feels as much.
- 2 I dwell in safety, much oppress'd,
Have constant trouble, yet have rest ;
My pleasure issues from my pain,
My losses but increase my gain.
- 3 I have good reason to be sad,
And yet more reason to be glad ;
I'm both deliver'd, and involv'd,
By law condemn'd, by law absolv'd.
- 4 My comfort rises from despair,
My pardon'd sins my burden are ;
Mercy removes my pains and fears,
And yet dissolves my heart in tears.

5 The work is great I'm call'd unto,
 Yet nothing's left for me to do ;
 Hence for my work heav'n has prepar'd
 No wages, yet a great reward.

6 Faith in my Lord doth this secure,
 And the same faith hath made me poor ;
 Poor in myself, and nothing less,
 Nothing I have, yet all possess.

8s. H Y M N XIV.

1 I'LL sing my Jesus and his fame
 That fought with hell and overcame,
 Whom all the hosts of saints adore,
 And angels praise for evermore.

2 Suffice, he in our nature stood
 To save us by his streaming blood,
 And every foe is vanquish'd, yields
 A captive to his chariot wheels.

3 A thousand crowns for every grace,
 The Saviour of the human race !
 And all the pow'rs on earth, and all
 The heav'nly thrones before him fall !

4 Shout sons of men in highest lays
 To Jesus never-ceasing praise,
 His mighty arm broke off your chains,
 His endless life your cause maintains.

886. H Y M N XV.

1 MY soul awaken all thy pow'rs,
 And sing away the happy hours
 Like those that reign above ;

The vict'ry of thy bleeding king,
Bids thee my soul awake and sing
His everlasting love.

2 Jesus for our redemption bled,
On Calvary he bow'd his head,
And bore our curse and hell ;
And O by Jesu's dying groans
The vail was rent, and all the thrones
Of our accusors fell !

3 Deep in the shades of ghastly gloom
The Saviour sank beneath our doom,
For death the law must have ;
He paid the debt, and then our king
Arose, and took from death his sting
And victory from the grave.

4 O death where is thy sting ? now tell,
O grave where does thy victory dwell ?
Or sin, where is thy reign ?
The broken law (thanks be to God)
Is answer'd now by Jesu's blood,
And all our foes are slain.

7744777447. H Y M N XVI.

1 H EAVENLY springs are open'd,
And crown us with their favour,
The holy dove,
Reveals the love
And merit of a Saviour ;
He shews the things of Jesus
To us by inspiration,
And charms our tongues,
And hearts, with songs
Of victory and salvation.

2 In Jesu's gospel-chariot
 We ride along victorious,
 Our circles move
 By peace and love,
 No earthly state so glorious :
 In all the pomp, and grandeur,
 Of gospel-exaltation,
 We ride along,
 And chant a song
 Of victory and salvation.

3 But O! we'll e'er acknowledge
 That we are void of merit,
 By that alone
 Which Christ has done
 We all this bliss inherit ;
 His deep humiliation
 Wrought out our exaltation,
 His prayers, and cries,
 And sacrifice,
 Wrought victory and salvation.

66866686. H Y M N XVII.

1 C EASE all our doubts and fears,
 And heav'nly joys take place,
 Jesus in our behalf appears
 Upon a throne of grace,
 Fair in the Father's view
 The Mediator stands,
 God's justice and our pardon too,
 Are graven in his hands.

2 Exalted far above
 The reach of toil or pains,
 In God the Father's power and love,
 Eternally he reigns ;

X 4

And

And O, our great high priest,
 And everlasting friend,
 Bears us upon his faithful breast,
 With love that knows no end.

- 3 Cease all our doubts and fears,
 And heavenly joys take place,
 Jesus in our behalf appears
 Upon a throne of grace:
 He ever reigns in heaven,
 Thus ends our care and strife,
 For in our Jesus, God has given
 To us eternal life.

666688. H Y M N XVIII.

1 **S**HOULD earth, and heav'n, and sea,
 Make all their beauties one,
 'Twould but a shadow be
 Of what's in God's dear Son,
 Eternal love, and truth, and grace,
 Sits smiling on my Saviour's face.

2 Creation's noble frame,
 (In all its beauty seen)
 Compared to God's dear Lamb
 Appears but vain and mean;
 For in my Saviour's presence shine
 All that is heavenly and divine.

3 Time swiftly flees along
 And bears me on his wings,
 I soon shall reach the throng
 That never-ceasing sings,
 The glories of redeeming grace,
 And see my Saviour face to face.

H Y M N

3686. H Y M N XIX.

1 THE beauteous morn in gilded white,
 Or silver'd blue array'd,
 To my beloved (in my sight)
 Is as a gloomy shade.

2 No blemish in my love there lies,
 Comely is every part,
 Kindness is seated in his eyes,
 And grace around his heart.

3 Peace, endless life, and joys divine,
 All center in my love;
 He tells me he's for ever mine,
 O, whither should I rove?

4 To Jew and Gentile I proclaim,
 Yea solemnly protest;
 Jesus is my beloved's name,
 The man in whom I'm blest.

55, 11. H Y M N XX.

1 HOW long shall it be
 Before I shall see
 The dear Nazarene that has died for me?
 Flee moments apace,
 That I may embrace
 My crucify'd Jesus and gaze on his face.

2 In heavenly light
 He's wrapt from my sight,
 Oh when shall my spirit take thither her flight?
 My heart and my eyes,
 Shall watch with the wise,
 Till Jesus shall beckon me up to the skies.

3 O when shall I move
 To the mansions above,
 And join the sweet harpers of Jesus's love?
 Where shadow or scene,
 Shall ne'er intervene,
 To sever my eyes from the dear Nazarene.

4 To join with that choir
 My Lord to admire,
 'Tis the heaven of heavens, 'tis all I desire;
 Flee moments apace
 That I may embrace
 The lips that are faithful and dropping with grace.

8s. H Y M N XXI.

1 **A**WAKE my soul in heav'nly lays,
 Lift up the voice of peace and praise,
 Jesus thy prophet, priest, and king,
 In sweet melodious sonnets sing.

2 True marks of love he shew'd to me
 When crucify'd on Calvary,
 In shame, in grief, in death and gore,
 He hung till all my curse he bore.

3 O heavenly love! O heavenly grace!
 For me for Adam's fallen race
 Our Saviour by his streaming blood
 Has reconciled us to to God.

4 He in our nature, name and stead,
 Enter'd the regions of the dead,
 By dying vanquish'd all our foes,
 And then to life eternal rose.

5 Ascended

5 Ascended to the God of love
He fills the highest throne above,
And heavenly mansions he'll provide
For us for whom he freely dy'd.

6 He bears me in his faithful breast,
Then why should I forget my priest?
My pardon deep engraven stands
In Jesu's side, and feet, and hands.

7 In this salvation I'll rejoice,
And often lift a thankful voice,
Until my prophet, priest and king,
Calls me above to praise and sing.

4 6s. 2 8s. H Y M N XXII.

1 **F**AIR as an ensign spread
Waving in open air,
The gospel lifts its head,
Its beauties now appear;
O gracious sound! sent down from heaven
To manifest our sins forgiven.

2 In shame, in grief and gore,
Upon the cross he dy'd,
Thus all our curse he bore,
And justice satisfy'd;
O Jesus thou hast set us free,
By bleeding upon Calvary!

8s. H Y M N XXIII.

1 **T**HE wanton eye and carnal mind,
No happiness in Jesus find,

Not

Nor on him their affection place,
Because they never knew his grace.

2 But O! if Jesus please to shew
His bleeding beauties, then they know
That all that's noble, all that's sweet,
And fair, and friendly in him meet.

3 If we should search the nations round
A friend like Jesus can't be found,
Nor in the heavens is such another,
As our dear Saviour, king and brother.

4 O, that my Lord would manifest
His bleeding love to every breast:
'Twould all the stony deadness move,
And fill the soul with peace and love.

4 6s. 2 8s. H Y M N XXIV.

1 JESUS thou art our head
And everlasting rest,
Yea all we want or need
To make us truly blest,
Oh let us have a glimpse of thee!
In spirit our companion be.

2 Oh give a faithful eye
Whilst in this world we stay!
To pierce the heavenly sky
To watch admire and pray;
Reign in our hearts by faith and love,
'Till we behold thy face above.

88 6. H Y M N XXV.

1 A Little time and I shall be
With him that has redeemed me

From

From sin, and death, and hell;
On friendly time I ride apace,
And soon shall see him face to face,
And ever with him dwell.

2 Dear man! how often do I prove
Fresh tokens of his constant love!
And hear his Spirit's voice;
Some secret glance comes from his face,
Beside a settled gospel-peace
To make my heart rejoice.

3 Oh that my soul could take her flight
And lodge in yonder world of light!
There Jesus shews his charms;
Freely I'd part from all below,
And through the vale of death I'd go
Triumphant to his arms.

4 Up to the fair interior skies
By faith I often lift my eyes,
And wish his coming near;
Fain would I see him in the clouds
Amidst the heavenly multitudes
In majesty appear.

5 Come, O my Jesus come away!
Thy banner in the skies display
Amidst the heavenly throng;
Tho' all the world a burning flame
I'll sing salvation in thy name
And never end my song.

88 6. H Y M N XXVI.

1 **A** MAZING scene! O wondrous sight!
Jesus descends from worlds of light,
Appears

Appears in human clay,
 In humble infancy on earth
 Within a stable had his birth
 And in the manger lay.

- 2 To worship him there came from far
 Wise men, led by an eastern star
 The Saviour to behold ;
 Treasure they from their country bring,
 Humbly present the infant king
 Frankincense, myrrh, and gold.
- 3 Whilst shepherds watch'd their flocks by night
 To them there came an angel bright
 Which struck their hearts with fear ;
 Fear not, said he, I unto you
 Bring tidings joyful, good and true,
 Which to all people are.
- 4 A Saviour's born, he said to them,
 To you, this day, in Bethlehem,
 He who is Christ the Lord ;
 In swaddling bands you shall him spy,
 He does within a manger lie,
 And true they found his word.
- 5 Then suddenly a multitude
 With him was heard a praising God
 Glory to God they sang,
 And on earth peace, good-will to men,
 So to the heavens return'd again,
 The sky an echo rang.

88 6. H Y M N · XXVII.

- 1 O Jesus full of truth and grace,
 Who call'st me now to seek thy face,
 And

And taste thy pard'ning love :
 Thy open arms and wounded hands
 Are stretched out to lose my bands,
 And fix my soul above.

2 Thou bid'st me come to thee and live,
 And all thy powerful grace receive,
 To live thy life below ;
 To live like one that's born to die,
 And live with thee eternally,
 And all thy glory know.

3 Jesus thou dear, thou bleeding Lamb,
 Thou soul transporting lovely name,
 That set's my heart on fire :
 Thou kindlest all my ravish'd breast
 With thy dear presence, and my rest
 Is only thee to admire.

4 Thou man of sorrows, broke with grief
 Thy tender heart, to buy relief
 For such a wretch as I :
 O let my heart melt down before
 This man abhorr'd, this God of pow'r
 Plunge into him and die.

5 Die here to every sensual good,
 That all the life and pow'r of God
 My Jesus may make known ;
 That I might his blest'd image gain,
 And with him in his glory reign,
 And love him on his throne.

6 There shall my soul with transport see
 And bless and sing eternally

The

The suffering, glorious God :
 The God that put my nature on,
 And died and rose for me, to atone
 And cleanse me with his blood.

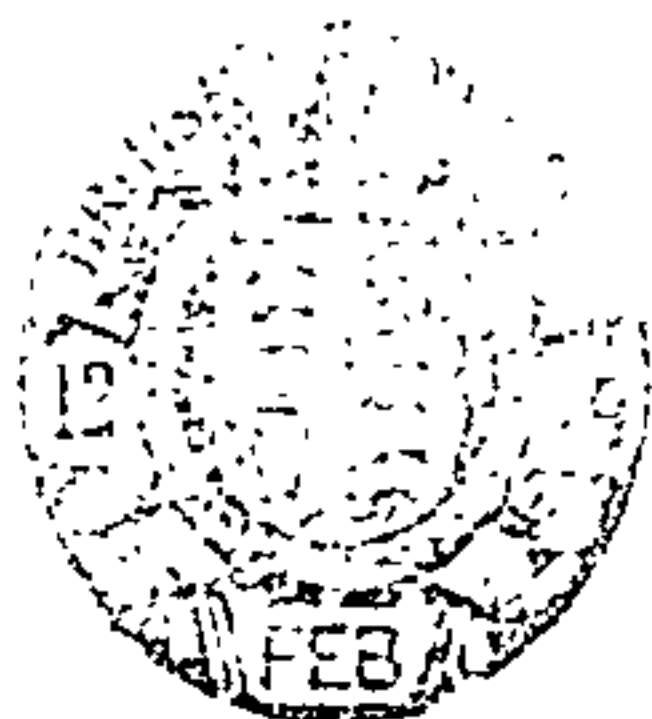
8s. H Y M N XXVIII.

1 **O**H ! when shall my spirit take flight,
 And reach the calm regions above,
 View all the redeemed in white,
 And dwell in the bosom of love ?
 There ! there ! I shall see his sweet face,
 Who once cover'd over with blood,
 Hung nail'd to the cross in my place,
 And dy'd and redeem'd me to God.

2 There Jesus my leader shall be,
 To fountains of heavenly peace,
 Mine eyes no more trouble shall see,
 For sorrow and sighing shall cease ;
 Salvation with seraphick fire,
 As I follow my Lord I'll proclaim,
 For ever and ever admire,
 The face and the scars of the Lamb.

3 'Till join'd to the heavenly throng,
 Sereneness inhabit my soul,
 It cannot, it cannot be long,
 Since time never ceases to roll ;
 O Lamb ! 'till I see thee above,
 This blessing of blessings impart,
 Thy presence, and Calvary—love,
 Be ever impress'd on my heart.

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NEW APPENDIX.

6686. H Y M N I.

- 1 SEE on the Gospel pole
Th' up-lifted Sacrifice!
That Sacrifice shall save my Soul,
Shall drown my miseries.
- 2 Wounded was Christ to heal
The sin-sick broken heart;
Come near and you his love shall feel,
Come helpless as thou art.
- 3 'Tis from the bleeding Lamb
My ev'ry comfort flow'd;
From hence my soul's salvation came,
Came streaming thro' his blood.
- 4 But a few years ago
I saw no comeliness
In Christ, in whom, I now do know
Centers my happiness.
- 5 How marvellous the light
The Gospel rays afford!
While they reveal so plain in sight,
The love of Christ my Lord.
- 6 Shine, ever shine on me,
'Till all my darkness flies;
'Till I my Lord in glory see
Enthron'd above the skies.

6686. HYMN II.

- 1 **H**OW awful is the scene
To view a dying God!
To view the spotless Nazarene
Expiring in his blood!
- 2 The hardest heart would melt
To hear Jehovah groan;
To see the world's desert and guilt
Upon the Holy one.
- 3 The sun withdrew it's light,
The grave threw up her dead:
Behold the rocks are rent, are split
When dy'd our Sov'reign Head.
- 4 How can we senseless be,
And unaffected hear
Of Jesu's death, and Calvary,
And scarcely shed a tear?
- 5 Smile ev'ry flinty soul,
And bid a fountain rise:
'Till penitential streams shall roll
Down from our willing eyes.
- 6 Grace shows the pond'rous load,
Th' intolerable sin
Was laid upon th' incarnate God,
That we with Him might reign.
- 7 Let this now melt my heart,
And cause my tears to flow;
And tell me I shall ne'er depart,
But live a saint below.

C. M. H Y M N III.

- 1 **W**HEN I can read my title clear,
 To mansions in the skies :
 I bid farewell to ev'ry tear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
 And hellish darts be hurld ;
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
 And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let 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.
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
 In seas of heavenly rest ;
 And not a wave of trouble roll
 Across my peaceful breast.

C. M. H Y M N IV.

- 1 **F**EAR not faith Christ, I am thy God ;
 Fear not, be not dismay'd :
 Since I for thee have shed my blood,
 Since I thy ransom paid.
- 2 Be not dismay'd, be not cast down,
 Since I am with thee here :
 Tho' men and wicked spirits frown,
 Thou hast no need to fear.
- 3 Fear not, thy sins they're blotted out,
 Ne'er to appear again :
 And still believe, and do not doubt,
 And you with Me shall reign.

- 4 Fear not reproach, nor chastisement,
They all shall work for good:
Since I have cleans'd thee from thy sins
In my atoning blood.
- 5 And canst thou think I'll not regard
When I have cleans'd thee thus?
Now thou art mine, my great reward,
The purchase of my cross.
- 6 Come hide therein my bleeding wounds,
There rest secure and calm:
Thy Christ is near, you need not fear,
I'll keep thee from all harm.

6686. H Y M N V.

- 1 **I**S there no balm in Gilead now,
Is no physician there?
O yes there's Christ my Saviour Thou,
None can with Thee compare.
- 2 Christ the physician to his sheep,
And the true shepherd too:
He heals, He feeds and safely keeps,
'Till we are form'd anew.
- 3 Under thy skilful hand, O Christ,
There let me passive lie;
And train me up for paradise,
To live beyond the sky.
- 4 To walk with God while here below,
And view his smiling face;
And like the Lamb-like Jesus grow,
Adorn'd with ev'ry grace.
- 5 O come Lord Jesus, quickly come,
We thus thy children cry;

Haste

Haste, dear Lord, and take us home
To glorious worlds on high.

6 There we shall see Him as He is,
Our Saviour, and our King:
Be clothed with a glorious dress
And we shall be like Him.

L. M. H Y M N VI.

1 **T**HE cross, the cross! O that's my gain,
Because on that the Lamb was slain:
'Twas there my Lord was crucify'd,
'Twas there my Saviour for me dy'd.

2 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!

3 The cause was love, I sink with shame
Before the sacred Jesu's Name:
That thou should'st bleed, and slaughter'd be,
Because, because thou lovest me!

4 Ye weary souls, here's blessed news,
The vilest Christ will not refuse:
He graciously will you receive,
Turn, and believe, and you shall live.

L. M. H Y M N VII.

1 **H**OW shall I speak my Saviour's worth,
Or tell the love he bears to me?
Shall I begin to sing his birth,
Or follow Him to Calvary?
Yes, this I'll tell my brethren dear,
And call them to receive his Grace;

For now his Righteousness is near,
And free for all the fallen race.

- 2 His tender arms are open still
Returning sinners to receive;
Steady his mind, and fix'd his will,
To save whoever shall believe,
He waits with pardon in his hand,
And longs that you the same might share;
Come sinners at his mild command,
His Name forbids your heart to fear.

6686. H Y M N VIII.

- 1 **A**ND doth the tempter say
Your pray'rs will not avail?
So that you now may cease to pray,
And be content with hell?
- 2 But when the sinner sighs
And mourns with broken heart,
The tender Jesus hears his cries
And instant takes his part.
- 3 For when we mercy seek,
The pray'r is not our own;
God's Spirit gives us thus to speak,
Yes, 'tis the Spirit's groan.
- 4 The wicked's pray'r is thus,
I so and so have done;
Deserves eternal happiness,
Reward me with mine own.
- 5 And pray is this your pray'r?
'Tis mercy that you seek:
The Lord doth all your groanings hear,
Will soon deliv'rance speak.

6 Thus ceaseless cry to God
 'Till He salvation brings ;
 'Till you shall feel th' atoning blood,
 And learn Free-Grace to sing.

7s. H Y M N IX.

1 **N**OW let us confess and sing
 Hymns of praise to Christ, our King?
 Tell of Jesu's boundless love,
 How exceeding kind He proves.
 Shall my soul be silent found
 When I feel his love abound?
 Rouze my pow'rs, my Soul awake ;
 Sinful silence now forsake.

2 Who'd his Righteousness despise,
 Other ragged garments prize:
 Come ye naked take his dress,
 Come in Faith the Lamb possess.
 Here the depth of wisdom see,
 Look my soul to Calvary :
 There I view Him on the cross,
 Raptur'd souls He dy'd for us.

8s H Y M N X.

1 **T**HE moment a sinner believes
 And trusts in a crucify'd God,
 His pardon at once he receives,
 Redemption thro' Jesus's blood.
 Tho' thousands and thousands of foes
 Against him in malice unite ;
 Their rage he thro' Christ can oppose,
 Led forth by the Spirit to fight.

- 2 The faith that unites to the Lamb,
 And brings such salvation as this :
 Is more than mere notion or name,
 The work of God's Spirit it is :
 A principle active and young,
 That lives under pressure and load ;
 That makes out of weakness more strong,
 And draws the soul upwards to God.
- 3 It treads on the world and on hell,
 It vanquishes death, and despair :
 And what is still stranger to tell,
 It overcomes Heaven by pray'r :
 Permits a poor worm of the dust
 With God to commune as a friend,
 To hope his forgiveness is just,
 And always on Jesus depend.
- 4 It says to the mountain depart,
 That stands betwixt God and the soul ;
 It binds up the broken in heart,
 The wounded makes perfectly whole :
 Bids sins of a crimson-like dye
 Be spotless as snow and as white :
 And makes such a sinner as I,
 As pure as an angel of light.

8787. H Y M N XI.

- 1 COME descend, O heav'nly Spirit,
 Fan each spark into a flame ;
 Let us blessings Lord inherit,
 Blessings that we cannot name.
 Whilst hosannas we are singing,
 May our hearts in raptures move ;
 Feel fresh graces in us springing,
 Breathe the air of purest love.

- 2 Let us swim in graces ocean,
 Float on that unbounded sea,
 Guided into pure devotion,
 Kept from paths of error free.
 On thy heav'nly manna feeding,
 Skreen'd from ev'ry envious foe ;
 Love, O love for sinners bleeding,
 Whither from Thee should I go ?
- 3 Keep us Lord still in communion,
 Daily nearer draw to Thee :
 Sinking in the mystic union,
 Of the churches mystery.
 Keep us safe from each delusion,
 Well protected from all harm ;
 Free from sin, and all confusion,
 Circle us within thine arms.
- 4 View by faith thy body broken
 For us worms upon the tree :
 Shed thy blood as a sure token
 That my God hath loved me.
 Let us now partake thy Off'ring
 May our souls the blessing prove ;
 Melt us when we sing thy suff'rings,
 Then our souls shall praise thy love.

8787. H Y M N XII.

- 1 **W**HEN by faith I see the garden,
 Jesus sweating for my soul,
 Bearing on his heart my burthen,
 He who tasted death for all.
 Likewise when I see Him bearing
 Up the hill the heavy load ;
 View the marks where whip did tear Him,
 While He patient lamb-like stood.
- 2 When

2 When I read this doleful story,
 May it give me great concern!
 Thus to bruise the Lord of glory,
 Let my inmost bowels yearn!
 Sinners come look at Him yonder,
 Then then thou'lt surely love like me:
 Him whose love than death was stronger,
 Dearer than his liberty.

3 May I love Him and adore Him,
 While in life I am confin'd;
 I will lay my wants before Him,
 For I find Him ever kind.
 Like us was He found in fashion,
 With us for to sympathize;
 Oh! his Heart is all compassion,
 Broken hearts he'll ne'er despise.

4 Still O Lord I wou'd like Mary
 Lie in peace at thy dear feet:
 Free'd from Life's perplexing hurry,
 Silently my Saviour meet.
 Here I can in safety harbour,
 Here at leisure I recount
 All the toil, and all the labour
 Thou sustaind'st on my account.

L. M. H Y M N XIII.

1 **S**TUPENDOUS Grace see Jesus bleeds
 So ransom rebels doom'd to hell
 Well might heav'n's lamps put on the weeds,
 And hide their faces in a veil.

2 Transcendent Love, it was for me.
 For me, among the sinking race,
 He bled and dy'd upon the tree,
 Where shall I hide my blushing face?

3 Melt

- 3 Melt, melt my heart into a flood
 Of pious grief and holy shame;
 Could I weep crimson tears of blood,
 Far lovelier was the bleeding Lamb.
- 4 With sweet delight Oh! let me trace
 The wonders of Redeeming Love!
 'Till I behold the Saviour's face
 On Sion's happy mount above.

886886. H Y M N XIV.

- 1 **H**ERE Lord, in thy great Name we meet
 We come to worship at thy feet,
 How dreadful is this place!
 Since Thou hast promis'd to be here,
 With confidence we now draw near
 To see thy smiling face.
- 2 O give us all a pure desire
 Kindle in us the holy fire,
 Which glow'd in antient saints!
 Give us to feel our helplessness,
 And sink into a sweet distress,
 And find out all our wants.
- 3 Help like saints of old to pray,
 And harken what the Lord shall say,
 For He is present now;
 And let thy sweet redeeming love
 Descending from thy Throne above,
 Sweetly among us flow.
- 4 Now let us hear thy heav'nly voice,
 And bid us all in Thee rejoice
 With all our Sins to part;
 Help us to make our Saviour room
 Come O desire of nations come,
 And dwell in ev'ry heart. HYMN

C. M. H Y M N XV.

- 1 **D**EATH may dissolve my body now,
 And bear my spirit home,
 Why do my minutes move so slow!
 O Jesus quickly come!
- 2 God has laid in Heav'n, for me,
 A crown which cannot fade;
 The Righteous Judge, at that great day,
 Shall place it on my head.
- 3 Nor hath th' King of Grace prepar'd
 This prize for me alone;
 But all, who love and long to see
 Th' appearing of his Son.
- 4 Jesus the Lord shall guard me safe
 From ev'ry ill design;
 And to his heav'nly kingdom take
 This feeble soul of mine.
- 5 On Jesus Christ my sin was laid,
 Now Hell may rage in vain;
 To Him be highest glory paid,
 And endless praise, Amen.

7s. H Y M N XVI.

- 1 **P**OOR and naked as I am
 I approach the bleeding Lamb;
 Tho' I am ashamed to see
 How I have displeas'd Thee.
 Peter said, and I say too,
 Jesus whether can we go?
- 2 Whether can the sinner fly?
 Thou hast endless life in Thee:

If another

If another Saviour was,
 Other refuge than the cross,
 Surely I have it pursu'd,
 I have trampled on thy blood?

3 But, alas! whene'er I try'd
 Here' or there my sin to hide;
 Guilt encreas'd on me so fast
 I was forc'd to Thee at last:
 By experiencé I can tell
 Out of Christ is nether hell.

4 In my Lord I only find
 Ease for my distemper'd mind;
 May I never leave Thee more,
 O Thou lover of the poor!
 May I in thy love abide,
 Never leave my Saviour's side!

7s. H Y M N XVII.

1 **L**ORD avenge thy tempted saints,
 For Thou canst supply our wants:
 Satan and a sinful heart
 Is the cause of all our smart;
 We sail on a troubled sea,
 Harrass'd by the Enemy;
 Foes without and foes within,
 Tempting daily unto sin.

2 Satan uses all his craft
 On the right hand, and the left;
 World and flesh and hell combine,
 Jesus send us help divine!
 God his little remnant tries,
 Salts with si'ry sacrifice;
 But the tempted rise afresh,
 Christ is in the burning bush.

3. Lord thy dealings we admire,
 Thou dost save us as by fire ;
 Purge the dross, the gold refine,
 Stamp it Lord for current coin.
 Jesus let us find no rest,
 But when leaning on thy breast.
 Onward then we sweetly move
 When we taste thy dying Love.

4. We shall surely find, at length,
 Weakness perfected in strength !
 Tho' we're lost with doubts and fears,
 Thou wilt wipe away our tears.
 Lord bring on th' joyful day,
 Make our sorrows fly away :
 Gather all thy saints in one,
 Thee to praise around thy throne.

C. M. H Y M N XVIII.

1. **L**OOK up my soul, and see thy Christ
 Bleeding on yonder tree ;
 Admire his love, proclaim his grace,
 He suffer'd there for thee.

2. Here, by the cross, then will I stay,
 Since this was done for me ;
 I'll look and look, and look again,
 Till I believe in Thee.

3. Tho' I am poor and helpless too,
 I know that I am thine :
 'Tis wond'rous love that God doth show
 To this poor soul of mine.

4. Thy blessed promises are good,
 And Christ is now my friend :
 And I can say my Lord, my God,
 He will my soul defend.

5 Now

5 Now thou art mine, so I am thine ;
 Thy love shall guard my heart :
 Thy heart with me, my love with thee,
 My child how safe thou art ?

7676776. H Y M N XIX.

1 FATHER, Son and Holy Ghost,
 In solemn pow'r come down :
 Present with thy heav'nly host,
 Thine ordinance to crown.
 See a sinful worm of earth,
 Bless for him the laving flood :
 Plunge him, by a second birth,
 Into the life of God.

2 Let the promis'd inward grace
 Accompany the sign ;
 On his new-born soul impress
 The glorious Name divine !
 Father all thy love reveal,
 Jesus all thy mind impart,
 Holy Ghost renew and dwell
 For ever in his heart.

8s. H Y M N XX.

1 W H E N I survey the wond'rous cross
 On which the prince of glory dy'd,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.
 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in the death of Christ, my God :
 All the vain things that charm me most
 I sacrifice them to his blood.

2 See from his head, his hands, his side,
 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,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.
- 3 He dies as man, for us He dies,
 That all-sufficient sacrifice!
 Here's love and grief beyond degree!
 Give me with broken heart to see.
 Come, faint, and drop a tear or two,
 On the dear bosom of your God:
 He shed a thousand drops for you,
 A thousand drops of precious blood.
- 4 'Tis done th' atoning work is done,
 The Lord of glory dies for man:
 But lo! what sudden joys I see,
 Jesus the dead revives again:
 The rising God forsakes the tomb,
 Unto his Father's court He flies;
 Cherubick legions guard Him home,
 And shout him welcome to the skies.
- 5 Break off your tears ye saints and tell
 Your high your great deliv'rer reigns;
 Sing how He spoil'd the host of hell,
 And laid the monster death in chains;
 Say, live for ever glorious King,
 Born to redeem and strong to save;
 Then ask the monster where's his sting,
 And where's thy vict'ry boasting grave?

C. M. H Y M N XXI.

1 LORD JESUS, who shall give us wings
Of faith and perfect love?

That we may mount from earthly things,
And rest with Thee above.

2 Where there are joys both firm and fast;
There no one can lament;
But here are toys which, first or last,
Make mortal man repent.

3 For sin and sorrow overflow,
This no one can deny:
Lord, I can find no rest below,
But up to Thee I'll fly.

4 But, Lord, the weight of flesh and blood
Doth so my flight restrain;
I wish and long, but O my God,
I mount and fall again!

5 Lo! thus, sweet Christ, I fly about
I'm weak and want more grace;
Much like the dove Noah sent out,
Which found no resting place.

6 My weary wings, Lord Jesus, mark,
And when Thou see'st it best;
Stretch out thy hand out of the ark
And take me to thy rest.

886886. H Y M N XXII.

1 AS Jesus in this world was seen,
No one appear'd so poor and mean,
Hear what Himself doth say:

The foxes in their dens have rest,
The birds, they also have their nests,
But I no where to lay.

- 2 O sinner see what I have done
 When you was from my Father run,
 After your hearts device :
 I seeing you in this sad state,
 And knowing what was now your fate,
 My blood hath paid your price.
- 3 Behold my hand, aud see my feet,
 The pain I bore thy soul to get
 My head with thorns is crown'd ;
 The plowers also plow'd my back,
 Bruised I was made blue and black,
 My hands with cords was bound.
- 4 The scoffers at a distance stand,
 Their sport and ridicule I am,
 And satan's scorn I'm made ;
 My friends amaz'd and 'sham'd to see,
 Their cruelties thus laid on me,
 On whom their guilt was laid.
- 5 O sinner, come and sit you down,
 And view each stripe and ev'ry wound
 From whence his blood did run :
 Here is a shelt'ring place so good,
 Our Father's wrath is drown'd in blood,
 Now sinners to Him turn.

C. M. H Y M N XXIII.

- 1 OH ! could I sing like the bright train
 In yonder world on high,
 I'd praise the Lamb, who once was slain,
 And never cease to cry.
- 2 Methinks ! I hear the melody
 That fills the realms above !
 Th' archangels sweetly sing for joy,
 To the great God of love.
- 3 Oh !

3 Oh! what transporting shouts they raise
Round the eternal hills!

Christ the sweet subject of their praise,
Their hearts with pleasure fills.

4 How fain would my admiring tongue
Join to adore the lamb,
Sweetly reply to Gabriel's song
Glory to Jesu's Name!

5 Glory to Thee O Lamb of God,
Fain would I love thee more!
Because thou bought me with thy blood,
Thy Name I'll still adore.

6 Thus while I'm wand'ring on my way
To my dear home above;
Singing I'll pass my time away
To Jesus and his love.

7 But when to yonder world I go
My Saviour to behold,
Where streams of endless pleasure flow,
I'll sing to harps of gold.

8 My Saviour's Love shall be my song
'Till heaven with ecchoes ring:
With a new-born immortal tongue
I'll never cease to sing.

C. M. H Y M N XXIV.

1 **H**OW happy are the faints above,
Who once were mourning here?
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joys without a tear.

2 From tribulation great they came,
And sorrows dark as night;
And in thy blood Thou Holy Lamb
They wash'd their garments white.

- 3 Not for their joy or for their pain,
 Are they before the throne ;
 But for their sins the Lamb was slain,
 And they his grace have known.
- 4 The weary pilgrims there shall rest
 Nor thirst, nor hunger more :
 Eternal peace shall fill their breast
 Their storms are all blown o'er.
- 5 The Lamb shall feed, and lead them there
 Where living fountains rise ;
 And wipe away each mournful tear
 From their lamenting eyes.
- 6 Oh ! how amazing is their bliss
 In that sweet world above !
 Prepare me Lord, by sov'reign grace,
 To dwell with them in love.

8s. H Y M N XXV.

- 1 O Lord my God assist me now
 According to thy promis'd word,
 Thou faithful art, and ever true,
 Assist me O my loving Lord
 I'm weak and often like to faint
 Lord help me I'm a tender plant.
- 2 O may I ever stand in awe
 And fear my Saviour to offend !
 Dear Lord never from me withdraw
 But love and keep me to the end.
 Lord let this warfare soon be o'er
 And tell me I shall sin no more !
- 3 Dear Jesus lead me by the hand
 While here I'm in this glorious strife ;
 Thro' faith in Thee I sure shall stand,
 And gain the crown of endless life.

Glory

Glory to Thee O Christ be giv'n
Thou art my joy, my crown, my heav'n.

- 4 My heav'n below, my heav'n above
My dear Redeemer is to me;
And when I feel his pard'ning love,
I think in heav'n I soon shall be;
All thanks and praise to God be giv'n
Who is my joy, my crown, my heav'n.

C. M. H Y M N XXVI.

1 O teach me more of thy blest ways
Thou slaughter'd Lamb of God!
And fix and root me in thy grace
So dearly bought with blood.

2 O tell me often of thy wounds,
And of thy smart and pain;
And let thy heart with joys abound,
For thou wast for me slain.

3 For this O may I freely count
Whate'er I have but loss!
And ev'ry name but Christ the Lamb
Compar'd with Him but dross.

4 Answer me tender gracious God
Why didst thou die for me?
Me, full of sin, and void of good,
The cause was all in Thee.

5 Thy tender heart could never bear
To see me bleeding lie:
Than I the second death should share
Thyself hadst rather die.

6 Engrave this deeply in my heart
With an eternal pen;
And grant I may, in a degree,
Return thy love again.

- 7 But who can pay that mighty debt,
 Or equal love like thine?
 Thou wounded wast upon the cross,
 To save this soul of mine.
- 8 O Jesus give me daily more,
 More ev'ry hour to see,
 'Tis Thou that sav'st me, and I'm sure
 I must a debtor be.

886. H Y M N XXVII.

- 1 **A**H! give me Lord, a melting heart,
 And with my idols all to part,
 And only serve my God:
 Give me, dear Lord, to hate my sins,
 Which caus'd my Saviour so much pain,
 And shed his precious blood.
- 2 For me He cry'd, on yonder tree,
 My God why! why! forsak'st thou me?
 He bow'd his head and dy'd:
 For me He bore the wrath divine,
 'Twas for these cursed sins of mine
 My Lord was crucify'd.
- 3 Oh! that I could with Mary sit
 For ever weeping at his feet
 Who bled to death for me!
 In mingled tears of grief and joy
 I would my days on earth employ,
 'Till I thy face shall see.

L. M. H Y M N XXVIII.

- 1 **T**HANKS to our God He doth us keep
 While we on beds of ease do sleep;
 Preserves us thro' the lonesome night,
 And brings us to the morning light.
- 2 Thou

- 2 Thou Lord our early voice shalt hear,
Our voice of praise, and voice of pray'r,
For mercies past Thee we adore,
And now we come to ask for more.
- 3 Glory to God for He has rais'd
Us from our beds refresh'd and eas'd ;
Lord Jesus bid our souls arise,
Burst ev'ry shade, mount thro' the skies.
- 4 As we put on our morning-dress,
So clothe our souls with Righteousness ;
Now cleanse us from the filth of sin,
With blood and water make us clean.
- 5 We thank Thee, O Thou God of might,
Whose pow'r restores the morning light ;
O Sun of Righteousness appear,
Shine Lord our helpless hearts to cheer.
- 6 Arise thou Sun of Righteousness,
And let thy Glory fill the place :
Thy light and heat, and quick'ning pow'rs
Diffuse throughout these hearts of ours.

886. H Y M N XXIX.

- 1 **W**HAT ails this foolish heart of mine
That still to earthly things inclines ?
I want to love my God :
Come Lord this careless frame remove,
And fill me with thy Love,
And wash me in thy blood.
- 2 None, Jesus none, but Thee I want,
'Tis for thy Love dear Lord I pant,
Lord Jesus grant it now ;
Now shed it in my heart abroad,
Now let the virtue of thy blood
Sweetly within me flow.

- 3 Point out to me that peaceful road,
 And lead me to the mount of God,
 Where weary pilgrims rest ;
 Let Canaan's grapes Lord cheer me now,
 And bring me home to drink it new
 At heav'ns triumphant feast !

886. H Y M N XXX.

- 1 **W**E soon shall hear the midnight cry,
 And Gabriel's trump shall shake the sky,
 And cleave the starry plain :
 The Angel-Herald shall proclaim
 Redemption thro' the slaughter'd Lamb,
 And break death's pow'rful chain.
- 2 Then shall the Judge descend in clouds
 Circl'd around with countless crouds
 Of the celestial choir ;
 Before whose rapid glorious ray
 The frighted heav'ns shall flee away,
 And hide themselves in fire.
- 3 Oh ! how shall finners venture nigh,
 Before the Lamb in yonder sky ?
 Yet Oh ! they must draw near
 To hear the dreadful word depart,
 Which like some dreadful, pointed dart
 Their hearts will wound and tear.
- 4 I bow, dear Jesus, at thy feet,
 And now I, by experience sweet,
 Taste thy forgiving Love :
 And when Thou dost to judgment come,
 Then take me to thy heavenly home,
 To Salem's land above.

C. M. H Y M N XXXI.

- 1 **L**ORD Jesus come, and help Thou me
 In fore temptation's hour,
 To cast my care always on Thee,
 And save me by thy pow'r.
- 2 Thou know'st my weakness, O my God,
 But Thou most pow'rful art;
 Help me to conquer thro' thy blood,
 My own deceitful heart.
- 3 Grant, Lord, I never more may yield
 Unto the tempter's snare;
 March with my Lord into the field,
 And then I will not, will not fear.
- 4 O stand by me, each moment stand,
 'Till fighting all be o'er;
 Lord bid me fight at thy command,
 'Till sin shall be no more.
- 5 Then to thy Holy Name I'll live
 When all my pride is slain;
 All glory to my God I'll give,
 My soul say thou, amen.
- 6 Amen, my God, so let it be,
 And I shall give Thee praise;
 With all thy saints Thou hast set free
 Thus in the former days.

6686. H Y M N XXXII.

- 1 **L**IFT up your hearts and sing
 Ye children of God,
 Sing praises unto Christ our King,
 Who bought us with his blood.
- 2 Admire his dying love,
 Which doth so sweetly flow;

C

Let

Let our affections be above,
While we do live below.

3 Let us take up the cross,
And He will us sustain :
And for his sake count all things loss,
And this shall be your gain.

4 Who suffer with Him here,
Shall reign with Him above ;
In the mean time Lord Jesus chear
Us with Redeeming Love.

5 Believe, and watch, and pray,
This is his mild command ;
And we shall find his pow'r alway,
And we shall surely stand.

6 His praises let us sound,
Wherever we do go ;
Because his mercy doth abound
To us and all below.

87877. H Y M N XXXIII.

1 COME ye finners poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore ;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, join'd with pow'r ;
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.

2 Ho ! ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify :
True belief and true repentance,
Ev'ry grace that brings us nigh ;
Without money
Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

3 Come

3 Come ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruis'd and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry 'till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous,
Jesus finners came to save.

4 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.
Sinners will not this suffice?

5 Lo! th'incarnate God ascending,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on Him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude.
None but Jesus
Can do helpless finners good.

6 Saints and angels join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blisful seats in heav'n
Sweetly eccho with his Name.
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may do the same.

87877. H Y M N XXXIV.

1 SHOUT ye heirs of sure salvation,
Love's accomplish'd sacrifice;
All our partners in temptation
Shall, thro' Christ, to glory rise;
Join the Convoy,
Swell the triumphs of the skies.

- 2 Christ hath set his love upon us,
 Will for his beloved send;
 Crowns us with immortal honour,
 Glorious joys that never end.
 Saints and angels
 Praise our Everlasting Friend.
- 3 Christ, the friend of sinners bought us,
 Us and all our ruin'd race;
 Soon He up to heav'n will call us,
 Where his glory He displays:
 All his goodnes, &c. &c. &c.
 All the beauties of his face.
- 4 God, our soul's eternal lover,
 Calls us to his courts above,
 Round us now our angels hover,
 Us our guards shall soon remove:
 There to banquet, &c. &c. &c.
 On his Everlasting love.
- 5 Haste ye ministerial spirits,
 Thither bear us on your wings,
 Where our friends their crowns inherit,
 Where our old companions sing:
 Bows to Jesus &c. &c. &c.
 King of all the heav'nly Kings.
- 6 Jesus now assume thy power,
 Alpha and Omega be;
 Now let ev'ry heart adore,
 Ev'ry eye thy Kingdom see:
 With thine ancients &c. &c. &c.
 Reign thro' all eternity.

C. M. . . H Y M N . . . XXXV.

- 1 **B**E glad ye righteous, ye are right,
Your souls are guided well;
Rejoice again, for you have light
To shun the paths of hell.
- 2 But when you do with gladness sing,
And joy with one accord;
Be sure you always mind this thing,
To joy in Christ the Lord.
- 3 Triumphant songs belong to you,
For God is your God still;
He calls himself your portion now,
And so He ever will.
- 4 The promises are all your own,
How can you then be poor?
And Christ in them to you is shown,
What can you wish for more?
- 5 The world itself is changed too,
And alter'd for the best,
And God doth make a way for you,
To your Redeemer's breast.
- 6 Affliction is a thorny way,
And oft beset with fears;
But Christ is with us in that day,
And does not leave us there.
- 7 We have a little glory here,
Grace is a drop of it;
But when our Jesus doth appear
We shall in glory sit.

8s. H Y M N XXXVI.

- 1 FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's Name be sung
Thro' ev'ry land by ev'ry tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truths attend thy word ;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
'Till sun shall rise and set no more.

C. M. H Y M N XXXVII.

- 1 MY Shepherd will supply my need,
Jehovah is his Name ;
In pastures fresh He makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.
- 2 He brings my wand'ring spirit back
When I forsake his ways,
And leads me for his mercies sake,
In paths of truth, and grace.
- 3 When I walk thro' the shades of death
Thy presence is my stay ;
A word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.
- 4 Thy hand in fight of all my foes
Doth still my table spread ;
My cup with blessings ever flows,
Thine oil anoints my head.
- 5 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days ;
O may thy house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise !

6 There would I find a settled rest,
 While others go and come;
 No more a stranger or a guest,
 But like a child at home.

8s. H Y M N XXXVIII.

1 **H**O! ev'ry one that thirsts draw nigh,
 'Tis God invites the fallen race,
 Mercy and free salvation buy,
 Buy wine, and milk, and Gospel Grace.

2 Come to the living waters come,
 Sinners obey your Maker's call;
 Return ye weary wand'ers home,
 And find his Grace is free for all.

3 See from the rock a fountain rise,
 For you in healing streams it rolls;
 Money ye need not bring, nor price,
 Ye lab'ring, burthen'd, sin-sick souls.

4 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.

8787. H Y M N XXXIX.

1 **G**REAT High Priest we view Thee
 stooping

With our names upon Thy breast;
 In the garden groaning, drooping,
 To the ground with horror prest;
 Weeping angels stood confounded
 To behold their Maker thus;
 And can we remain unwounded,
 When we know 'twas all for us?

- 2 On the cross thy body broken,
 Cancell'd ev'ry penalty;
 Tempted souls produce this token,
 All demands to satisfy;
 All is finish'd, do not doubt it,
 But believe your dying Lord;
 Never reason more about it,
 Only take him at his word.
- 3 Lord we fain would trust Thee solely,
 'Twas for us thy blood was shed;
 Bruised Bridegroom take us wholly,
 Take and make us what Thou wilt
 Thou hast borne the bitter sentence
 Past on man's devoted race;
 True belief and true repentance
 Are thy gifts, Thou God of grace.

2 10s. 2 11s. H Y M N XL.

- 1 **Y**E souls that are weak, and helpless, and
 poor,
 Whoknow not to speak, much less to do more
 Lo! here's a foundation for comfort and
 peace,
 In Christ is Salvation, the kingdom is his.
- 2 Then be not afraid all power is giv'n
 To Jesus our Head, in earth and in heav'n;
 Through Him we shall conquer the migh-
 tiest foes,
 Our Captain is stronger than all that oppose.
- 3 His pow'r from above He'll kindly impart,
 So free is his love, so tender his heart;
 Redeem'd in his merit we're wash'd in his
 blood,
 Renew'd by his spirit we've power with God.
- 4 Thy

- 4 Thy grace we adore, Director Divine,
The kingdom, and pow'r, and glory are
thine;
Preserve us from running on rocks and on
shelves,
From foes strong and cunning, and most
from ourselves.
- 5 Reign o'er us as King, accomplish thy will,
And pow'rfully bring us forth from all ill,
Till falling before thee we bless thy dear name,
Ascribing the glory to Christ, and the Lamb.

886. H Y M N XLI.

- 1 **R**ISE up, my spouse thy Bridegroom waits
Unwearied at thy temple gates,
Thy fainting soul to cheer;
Open to Me I will thee bless,
And cloath thee with my Righteousness,
And banish all thy fear.
- 2 All reasoning thoughts I will remove,
And tell thee of my dying Love
Thy soul to captivate;
Upon my head the dews distill,
The evening drops my locks do fill
While I to bless thee wait.
- 3 What pleasing voice is this I hear?
Soul, 'tis the Lamb, thy Master dear
'Tis Jesus none but He,
O bid me Jesus, bid me come,
And take a weary traveller home,
I long to be set free.
- 4 Let my poor soul in Thee find rest,
And leaning on thy loving breast,
Cast all my griefs away;

Skreen me beneath the cooling shade,
Which is for weary pilgrims made,
To chear them by the way.

C. M. H Y M N XLII.

1 O Could I always Jesus trust
With this poor soul of mine !
Then should I ever be at rest
From all the pow'rs of sin.

2 But O ! I have a feeble mind,
Which soon would start aside ;
If my Redeemer were not kind
I never could abide.

3 But Jesus is a Friend indeed
To such a worm as me ;
For He doth help in time of need,
His kindness still I see.

4 O that I might more faithful prove,
And thankful to my God !
To praise Him with returns of love,
For grace on me bestow'd !

5 O may my heart now open'd be
And ready to receive
What God is pleas'd to give to me
While I on earth do live !

6 O give me Lord a thankful heart
That I may praise thy Name !
For all the grace Thou dost impart
To me through Christ the Lamb.

6686. H Y M N XLIII.

1 Y E tempted souls, reflect
Whose Name 'tis you profess ;
Your Master's lot you must expect,
Temptations more or less. 2 Dream

- 2 Dream not of faith so clear,
 To shut old doubtings out :
 Remember satan once could dare
 To tempt ev'n Christ to doubt.
- 3 " If thou'rt the Son of God
 " (O what an IF was there),
 " These stones here speak them into food."
 And make that Son-ship clear.
- 4 That impious IF he thus
 At God incarnate threw ;
 No wonder if he cast at us,
 And make us feel it too.
- 5 To cause despair's the scope
 Of satan and his pow'rs ;
 Against hope to believe in hope,
 My brethren, must be ours.
- 6 *Buts, Ifs and Hows* are hurl'd
 To sink us with the gloom ;
 Of all that's dismal in this world,
 And in the world to come.
- 7 But here's our point of rest,
 Tho' hard the battle seem :
 Our Captain stood the fiery test,
 And we shall stand thro' Him.

C. M. H Y M N XLIV.

- 1 **A** DIEU thou foolish World, adieu !
 I am a stranger here ;
 I can no more abide with you
 My old companions dear.
- 2 I enter in a narrow way,
 Ne'er from it to depart ;
 To follow Christ the Son of God,
 For He hath won my Heart.

3 I know that God will soon destroy.
The city whence I came ;
The pomp thereof shall be consum'd,
All by a mighty flame.

4 Therefore in haste I do resolve
From hence for to depart ;
To follow Christ the Son of God,
For He hath won my heart.

5 From time to time He follow'd me,
By love to win my soul :
But I a foolish wicked wretch,
Would not obey his call.

6 At last He mov'd my stubborn will,
With ev'ry sin to part ;
To follow Christ the Son of God
For He hath won my heart.

7 He promis'd He would carry on
The work that He begun :
That He would always guide me in
The way that I should run.

8 And now I truly do resolve
With Him no more to part ;
I'll follow Christ the Son of God,
For He hath won my heart

C. M. H Y M N XLV.

1 JESUS to me He did reveal
That I was dead and lost,
No secret from me did conceal,
He made me count the cost.

2 He tells me, that his faithfulness
From me shou'd ne'er depart ;
He clothes me in his righteousness,
Oh ! He hath won my heart.

3 My

- 3 My guilty conscience He appeas'd,
 And makes me one with God ;
 And that the Father now is pleas'd
 Thro' his atoning blood.
- 4 He bids me close by Him abide,
 To fly from satan's dart ;
 Secures me in his wounded side,
 Oh ! He hath won my heart.
- 5 He doth chastise me with his rod
 When from Him I backslide ;
 For me He pleads before my God,
 He is my constant Guide.
- 6 I am resolved, by his grace,
 With Him no more to part :
 'Till I in heav'n behold his face,
 For He hath won my heart.
- 7 And then my highest notes I'll raise
 Among the heav'nly host :
 To God, the Father of all praise,
 The Son and Holy Ghost.
- 8 Then shall my helpless soul be free
 From sin and satan's darts :
 For ever praise the One in Three,
 Whose grace hath won my heart.

C. M. H Y M N XLVI.

- 1 **M**Y Jesus, He is all to me,
 Whate'er my soul can crave ;
 A fountain free is Christ to me,
 That I no want can have.
- 2 My Jesus He is strength to me,
 When I do fainting lie ;
 He's health in sickness, life in death,
 In combat vict'ry.

- 3 In famine He is food to me,
 In thirst He's royal wine :
 No want can be attending me,
 Since Jesus Christ is mine.
- 4 My Jesus, He is light to me,
 When I in darkness move :
 The kindness of his helpful arm,
 I in the desert prove.
- 5 My Jesus, He is liberty,
 When bondage would oppress :
 Tho' I by law condemn'd have been,
 My Christ is Righteousness.
- 6 When sorrows compass me about,
 My Christ is peace, and joy :
 When wrath and sin do rage within,
 He gives me vict'ry.
- 7 When satan throws his fi'ry darts
 Christ is my Refuge strong :
 A Tower He is still to me,
 Salvation and my song.

C. M. H Y M N XLVII.

- 1 **A**RISE, my Lord, against the strong,
 In me thy right display :
 Subdue whate'er offends and chase
 The rebel sin away.
- 2 Saviour, thy enemies are mine,
 Erect thy throne within :
 From conquering and to conquer go,
 And clear my heart of sin.
- 3 The stubborn foe contemns my pow'r,
 I bring him Lord to Thee :
 Myself I bring, avenge my cause,
 And set the injur'd free.

- 4 No sin would I except, not one
Of all the loathsome race;
Examine, search O Christ, subdue
By thy victorious grace!
- 5 Purge secret faults and bosom-vice,
Take a right-hand, or eye:
Spare not an Agag, let him fall,
And hewn before Thee die.
- 6 Bring forth the kings that hide in caves
That in my heart are bred;
Let me on ev'ry tyrant's neck,
With feet triumphant, tread.
- 7 Saviour, in Thee, my vict'ry lies,
On Thee alone I call:
Grant Thou supplies, give strength'ning grace
And I shall conquer all.

6686. H Y M N XLVIII.

- 1 **D**EATH is a dart of love,
A messenger of grace;
'Tis only sent the soul to move,
To see Emmanuel's face.
- 2 'Tis vain and mean to fear,
And dread from earth to move;
Tho' pale and ghastly death appear
He's harmless as a dove.
- 3 Once terrible indeed!
When in our sins we lay:
But O the Lamb in love did bleed,
And took our sins away.
- 4 Jesus our Head and King
Has suffer'd all our doom;
Has took from death his hurtful sting,
And vict'ry from the tomb.
- D 2
- 5 Where

- 5 Where our dear Lord has been,
 We need not fear to go :
 The deepest gulph, the darkeſt ſcene
 Is ſafe to travel thro'.
- 6 Come death in all thy might,
 Thou'rt welcome unto me :
 For fain my ſoul wou'd take her flight
 Dear Lord to reign with Thee.

C. M. H Y M N XLIX.

- 1 **L**ET ev'ry mortal ear attend,
 And ev'ry heart rejoice,
 The trumpet of the goſpel ſounds,
 With an inviting voice.
- 2 Come all ye hungry ſtarving ſouls,
 That feed upon the wind,
 And vainly ſtrive, with earthly toys,
 To fill an empty mind.
- 3 Eternal wiſdom has prepar'd
 A ſoul-reviving feaſt ;
 And bids your longing appetites
 The rich proviſion taſte.
- 4 Ho ! ye that pant for living ſtreams,
 And pine away and die ;
 Here you may quench your raging thirſt
 With ſprings that never dry.
- 5 Rivers of love and mercy here
 In a rich ocean join ;
 Salvation in abundance flows,
 Like floods of milk and wine.
- 6 Dear God ! the treasures of thy love
 Are everlaſting mines ;
 Deep as our boundleſs miſeries are,
 And boundleſs as our ſins.
- 7 The

- 7 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

C. M. H Y M N L.

- 1 **N**OW may the Spirit's holy fire,
Descending from above,
His waiting family inspire
With joy, and peace, and love!
- 2 Thee we the Comforter confess;
Unless thou'rt present here;
Our songs of praise are vain address,
We utter heartless pray'r.
- 3 Wake heav'nly wind, arise, and come,
Blow on the drooping field;
Our spices then shall breathe perfume,
And fragrant incense yield.
- 4 Touch, with a living coal, the lip
That shall proclaim thy word;
And bid each awful hearer keep
Attention to the Lord.
- 5 Hasten the restitution-day,
Which now corruption shrouds;
New heav'ns, and new earth display,
With Jesus in the clouds.

87877. H Y M N LI.

- 1 **C**OME, ye finners come to Jesus,
Think upon your gracious Lord;
He has pity'd your condition,
He has sent his gospel-word.
Mercy calls for you,
Mercy flows on Jesu's blood.

- 2 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.
- 3 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.

L. M. H Y M N LII.

- 1 SINNERS, obey the Gospel-Word,
 Hasten to the supper of our Lord;
 Be wise to know your gracious day,
 All things are ready, come away.
- 2 Ready the Father is to own,
 And kiss his late returning Son;
 Ready the loving Saviour stands,
 And spreads for you his bleeding hands.
- 3 Ready the spirit of his love,
 Just now the stony heart to move;
 T' apply and witness with the blood,
 And wash and seal you sons of God.
- 4 Ready for you the angels wait,
 To triumph in your blest estate;
 Tuning their harps they long to praise
 The wonders of redeeming grace.
- 5 Come then, ye sinners, to your Lord,
 To happiness in Christ restor'd;
 His proffer'd benefits embrace,
 The plenitude of gospel-grace.

87878887. H Y M N LIII.

- 1 **H**AIL Thou once despised Jesus!
 Hail Thou Galilean King,
 Who didst suffer to release us,
 Who didst free salvation bring:
 Hail! Thou universal Saviour,
 Who hast borne our sin and shame:
 By whose merit we find favour,
 Life is giv'n thro' thy Name.
- 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
 All our sins were on Thee laid:
 By almighty Love anointed,
 Thou hast full atonement made.
 Ev'ry sin may be forgiv'n,
 Thro' the virtue of thy blood:
 Open'd is the gate of heav'n,
 Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
- 3 Jesus hail! enthron'd in glory,
 There for ever to abide,
 All the heavn'ly hosts adore Thee,
 Seated at thy Father's side:
 There for sinners Thou art pleading,
 "Spare them yet another year;"
 Thou for saints art interceeding,
 'Till in glory they appear.
- 4 Worship, honour, pow'r and blessing
 Christ is worthy to receive;
 Loudest praises without ceasing,
 Meet it is for us to give:
 Help, ye bright angelic Spirits,
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
 Help to sing our Jesu's merits,
 Help to chaunt Immanuel's praise!

886. H Y M N LIV.

1 **W**E magnify thy grace, O Lord,
 How plent'ously hast thou prepar'd
 A supper for thy faints !
 All things are ready, thou hast said,
 A table thou hast richly spread,
 To answer all our wants.

2 Now, Lord, allure our souls to Thee,
 O kindly bid us come and see,
 And taste how good thou art ;
 Knock with the hammer of thy word,
 Knock by thy pow'rful Spirit, Lord,
 Lord, break into each heart !

3 Darknes and unbelief remove,
 Replenish all our souls with love,
 Cast out the power of sin ;
 Jesus, attend our feeble pray'r,
 And for Thyself our hearts prepare,
 Come in, dear Lord, come in.

4 Let comfort, love, and joy, and peace,
 Like rivers flow, and still increase,
 Unto the ocean driv'n :
 Lord condescend to sup with me,
 And grant I now may sup with Thee,
 And sup at last in heav'n !

76767776. H Y M N LV.

1 **O** LORD, how great's the favour
 That we such finners poor,
 Can, thro' thy death's sweet favour,
 Approach thy mercy's door!

And find an open passage

Unto the throne of grace ;

There wait the welcome message

Which bids us go in peace.

2 Lord,

2 Lord, we are helpless creatures,
 Full of the deepest need;
 Throughout defil'd by nature,
 Stupid and inly dead;
 Our strength is perfect weakness,
 And all we have is sin;
 Our hearts are all uncleanness,
 A den of thieves within.

3 In this forlorn condition,
 Who shall afford us aid?
 Where shall we find compassion,
 But in the church's Head?
 Jesus, Thou art all pity,
 Oh take us to thine arms,
 And exercise thy mercy,
 To save us from all harms.

4 We'll never cease repeating
 Our numberless complaints;
 But ever be intreating
 The glorious King of saints:
 Till we attain the image
 Of Him we inly love,
 And pay our grateful homage
 With all the saints above.

5 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.

C. M. H Y M N LVI.

- 1 **O**FT' hast Thou, Lord, in tender love,
Prevented my request,
And sent thy Spirit from above,
An unexpected guest.
- 2 Oft' when my pray'r was scarce begun,
Thou didst thy grace impart,
And make thy pard'ning mercy known,
And seal it on my heart.
- 3 Why this profusion of thy grace
On such a worm as me?
Father, I ask, in fixt amaze,
Explain the mystery.
- 4 How canst thou to a sinner's cry
Incline thy pitying ear?
Thou hear'st mine Advocate on high,
And wilt for ever hear.

L. M. H Y M N LVII.

- 1 **T**HE one thing needful, that good part,
Which Mary chose with all her heart,
I wou'd pursue with heart and mind,
And seek unweari'd till I find.
- 2 But, oh! I'm blind and ignorant,
The Spirit of the Lord I want;
To guide me in the narrow road,
That leads to happiness and God.
- 3 O Lord, my God, to Thee I pray,
Teach me to know, and find the way
How I may have my sins forgiv'n,
And safe, and surely get to heav'n.

- 4 My mind enlighten with thy light,
That I may understand aright
The glorious gospel-mystery,
Which shews the way to heav'n and Thee.
- 5 Hidden in Christ the treasure lies,
That goodly pearl of so great price;
No other way but Christ, there is
To endless happiness and blifs.
- 6 O Jesus 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.

C. M. H Y M N LVIII.

- 1 **M**Y hiding place, my refuge, tow'r,
And shield, art Thou, O Lord;
I firmly anchor all my hopes
On thy unerring Word.
- 2 Engrav'd, as on eternal brass,
The mighty promise shines;
Nor can the pow'rs of darkness raze
Those everlasting lines.
- 3 The sacred Word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;
The voice which rolls the stars along,
Spake all the promises.
- 4 My hiding place, my refuge, tow'r,
And shield art Thou, O Lord;
I firmly anchor all my hopes
On thy unerring Word.

HYMN

C. M. H Y M N L I X.

- 1 **P**LUNG'D in a gulph of dark despair,
 We wretched finners lay;
 Without one chearful beam of hope,
 Or spark of glimm'ring day.
- 2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of grace,
 Beheld our helpless grief;
 He saw, and (O amazing love!)
 He came to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above,
 With joyful haste He fled;
 Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
 And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 Oh! for this Love let rocks and hills
 Their lasting silence break!
 And all harmonious human tongues,
 The Saviour's praises speak!
- 5 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.

886. H Y M N L X.

- 1 " 'TIS finish'd," the Redeemer said,
 And meekly bow'd his dying head;
 O wond'rous loving pain:
 Come Sinners, and mark well the word;
 There view the conquests of our Lord,
 Complete for helpless man.
- 2 Finish'd the righteousness of grace,
 Finish'd the pain that bought our peace;
 The sinner's debt is paid:

Accusing

Accusing law cancell'd by blood,
And wrath of an offended God
In sweet oblivion laid.

3 Who now shall urge a second claim?
The law no longer can condemn,
Faith a release can show:
Justice itself a Friend appears,
The prison-house a whisper hears,
“Loose him, and let him go.”

4 O unbelief, injurious bar!
Source of tormenting fruitless fear,
Why doth Thou yet reply?
Where'er thy loud objections fail,
“'Tis finish'd,” still may answer all,
And silence ev'ry cry.

7s. H Y M N LXI.

1 **H**ARK! my soul, it is the Lord!
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me!

2 I deliver'd thee, when bound,
And when wounded, heal'd thy wound;
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light.

3 Can a woman's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

E

5 Thou

5 Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done,
Partner of my throne shalt be,
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

6 Lord it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee, and adore,
O for grace to love Thee more!

7s. H Y M N LXII.

1 **N**OW begin the heav'nly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesu's name;
Ye, who Jesu's kindness prove,
Triumph in Redeeming Love.

2 Ye, who see the Father's grace,
Beaming in the Saviour's face;
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and blest Redeeming Love.

3 Mourning souls dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancel'd by Redeeming Love.

4 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin:
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop—and taste Redeeming Love.

5 Welcome all by sin oppress'd,
Welcome all to Jesus Christ:
Nothing brought Him from above,
Nothing but Redeeming Love.

6 He subdu'd th' infernal pow'rs,
His tremendous foes and ours,
From their cursed empire drove.
Mighty in Redeeming Love.

7 Hither

7 Hither then your music bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string:
Mortals join the hosts above,
Join to praise Redeeming Love.

2 10s. 2 11s. H Y M N LXIII.

1 **H**OW can we adore,
Or worthily praise,
Thy goodness and pow'r,
Thou God of all grace!
With honour and blessing
Before Thee we fall,
Most gladly confessing
Thee Father of all.

2 The heav'ns and earth,
And water and air,
To Thee owe their birth,
Subsist by thy care;
While angels are singing
Thy praises above,
We mortals are bringing
Our tribute of love.

3 Thou, Saviour, art One
With God the supreme,
His eternal Son,
And equal with Him:
Invested with glory,
On high dost Thou sit,
While angels adore Thee,
And bow at thy feet.

4 How great was thy Love!
How wond'rous thy grace!
Thou cam'st from above
To save a lost race;

And man to deliver
 Of woman was born ;
 That ev'ry believer
 To God might return.

5 How soon will thy seat
 Of Judgment appear !
 Prepare us to meet,
 And welcome Thee there ;
 Thy witnessing Spirit
 In us shed abroad,
 And bid us inherit
 The kingdom of God.

C. M. H Y M N LXIV.

1 **M**Y Saviour, my almighty Friend,
 When I begin to praise,
 Where will the growing numbers end,
 The numbers of thy grace ?

2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
 Thy goodness I adore !
 Send down thy grace, O blessed Lord,
 That I may love Thee more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length
 Of the celestial road ;
 And march with courage, in thy strength,
 To see the Lord my God.

4 How will my lips rejoice to tell
 The victories of my King !
 My soul, redeem'd from sin and hell,
 Shall thy salvation sing.

5 My tongue shall all the day proclaim
 My Saviour and my God ;
 His death hath brought my foes to shame,
 And drown'd them in his blood.

6 Awake,

6 Awake, awake my tuneful pow'rs,
 With this delightful song;
 I'll entertain the darkest hours,
 Nor think the season long.

C. M. H Y M N LXV.

1 **R**ICH grace, free grace, most sweetly calls,
 Directly come who will,
 Just as you are, for Christ receives
 Poor helpless sinners still.

2 'Tis grace each day that feeds our souls,
 Grace keeps us inly poor;
 And O! that nothing else but grace
 May rule for evermore.

6686. H Y M N LXVI.

1 **O** Patient spotless lamb,
 My heart in patience keep,
 To bear the cross so easy made,
 By wounding Thee so deep.

2 Bring me, my Shepherd, where
 Thy choicest flocks abide,
 From wand'ring save my foolish heart,
 And keep it near thy side.

3 My Friend, thou hast enough
 My Misery to relieve:
 Tho' sin and guilt oppress me fore,
 The balm is thine to give.

4 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.

6686. H Y M N LXVII.

- 1 **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.
- 2 Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising pow'r,
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore.
- 3 Sing till we feel our hearts
Ascending with our tongues,
Sing till the love of sin departs,
And grace inspires our songs.
- 4 Sing on your heav'nly way,
Ye ransom'd sinners sing,
Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry day
In Christ th' eternal King.
- 5 Soon shall ye hear him say,
"Ye blessed children come;"
Soon will He call ye hence away,
And take his wand'ers home.

666688. H Y M N LXVIII.

- 1 **W**HAT 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.
- 2 Thou art my chief delight,
A lovely Friend indeed,
Most precious in my sight,
My help in ev'ry need:

Hereby

Hereby I'm strengthen'd in the way,
And thank Thee for this gospel day.

3 Unworthy as I am,
And base in my own eyes,
On my account the Lamb
Ascends the upper skies;
Assumes at God's right hand a seat,
And lets me sit beneath his feet.

4 My great High-Priest is gone
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.

6 8s. H Y M N LXIX.

1 **A**H! Lord, how faithless is my heart,
How very apt from thee to stray!
Just like a broken bow I start,

And nature strives to bear the sway:
Was ever one so vile, so blest!
So foul, yet by the Lamb carest!

2 Forbid, O 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:
Lord Jesus, tear each idol down,
And 'stablish in my heart thy throne.

3 O let thy grace wipe off my tears,
And speak the tempest to a calm;
O warm my heart, and charm my fears,
Be thou a never failing balm;
The maladies of sin remove,
And fill my soul with heav'nly love.

4 Henceforth

4 Henceforth I'll serve thee, if thou'lt please
 To gird me with an 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.

L. M. H Y M N LXX.

- 1 **G**IVE to our God immortal praise !
 Mercy and truth are all his ways ;
 Wonders of grace to God belong,
 Repeat your mercies in your song.
- 2 Give to the Lord of Lords renown,
 The king of kings with glory crown ;
 His mercies ever shall endure,
 When lords and kings are known no more.
- 3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
 And fixt the starry lights on high :
 Wonders of grace to God belong,
 Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 4 He fills the sun with morning light,
 He bids the moon direct the night :
 His mercies ever shall endure,
 When suns and moons shall shine no more.
- 5 He sent his son with pow'r to save
 From guilt, and darkness, and the grave ;
 Wonders of grace to God belong,
 Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 6 Thro' this vain world he guides our feet,
 And leads us to his heav'nly seat ;
 His mercies ever shall endure,
 When this vain world shall be no more.

8686. HYMN LXXI.

- 1 **T**HOU 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!
- 2 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,
 With all his favour'd throng;
 Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
 And Jesus be our song.

C. M. HYMN LXXII.

- 1 **T**AKE my poor heart just as it is,
 Set up therein thy throne;
 So shall I love Thee above all,
 And live to Thee alone.
- 2 Compleat thy work, and crown thy grace,
 That I may faithful prove,
 And listen to that small still voice,
 Which only whispers love.
- 3 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.
- 4 This unction may I ever feel,
 This teaching from my Lord:
 And learn obedience to thy voice,
 Thy soft reviving word.

HYMN

8787. H Y M N LXXIII.

1 SAVIOUR, I do feel thy merit,
 Sprinkled with redeeming blood ;
 And my weary, troubled spirit
 Now finds rest in Thee, my God :
 I am safe and I am happy,
 Whilst in thy dear arms I lie ;
 Sin and Satan cannot hurt me,
 Whilst the Saviour is so nigh.

2 Now I'll sing of Jesu's merit,
 Tell the world of his dear Name ;
 That if any want his spirit,
 He is still the very same :
 He that asketh, soon receiveth,
 He that seeks is sure to find ;
 Come, for whofo'er believeth,
 He will never cast behind

3 Now our Advocate is pleading
 With his Father, and our God ;
 Now for us He's interceding,
 As the purchase of his blood :
 Now methinks I hear Him praying,
 Father, save them, I have dy'd ;
 And the Father, answers, saying,
 They are freely justify'd.

886. H Y M N LXXIV.

1 ZION, arise, thy garments shake,
 Of thy dear Husband'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.

2 Strangers

- 2 Strangers in heart we lately were,
 'Till our Redeemer brought us near
 By his attracting pow'r;
 Break out, all ye, in songs aloud,
 Who feel redemption thro' his blood,
 And our High-Priest adore.
- 3 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.
- 4 Cut ev'ry cord that binds us here,
 Us from our ev'ry hindrance tear,
 Give each a single heart:
 Give grace to tread down self and sin,
 Give grace eternal life to win,
 E'er we from hence depart.

L. M. H Y M N LXXV.

- 1 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.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went,
 The way that leads from banishment,
 The King's highway of holiness
 I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 3 No stranger may proceed therein,
 No lover of the world and sin;
 No lion, no devouring care,
 No sin, nor sorrow shall be there.
- 4 No, nothing may go up thereon
 But trav'ling souls, and I am one;
 Wayfaring

Wayfaring men to Canaan bound,
Shall only in the way be found.

5 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I could not cease from sin.

6 The more I strove against it's pow'r,
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."

7 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.

8 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."

886888. H Y M N LXXVI.

1 I THANK Thee, high and mighty One,
That Thou didst give thine only Son
To travail in my stead;
I thank Thee for that Love divine,
Thro' which Redemption's grace was mine,
In Christ, before the world was made.

2 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 purchas'd blessings of thy grief.

3 I thank Thee, Spirit, for thy care,
Thou found'st the roving wanderer
Amidst the ways of sin: And

And gently call'st me to embrace
 Full absolution, perfect peace,
 And fix thy residence within.

- 4 Continue still thy gracious aid,
 My soul to living waters lead,
 My thirst to satisfy;
 Conduct me through this world of strife,
 Be with me on the verge of life,
 And bless me, Saviour, when I die.

C. M. H Y M N LXXVII.

- 1 **O** Dear Redeemer, who alone
 Canst give me ease in pain;
 Whose blood did once for sin atone,
 And pardon for me gain.
- 2 I once was wholly dead in sin,
 And ignorant of Thee;
 And walk'd contentedly therein,
 Nor knew thy love to me.
- 3 But thine all-seeing eye then view'd,
 And mark'd my ev'ry way,
 And still in tender love pursu'd
 Me, who from Thee did stray.
- 4 Thy Name is now thro' grace become
 More precious to my soul
 Than sweetest smell of rich perfume,
 Or Aaron's precious oil.
- 5 Without thy favour tho' I live,
 Life but a burden is;
 Nought else can satisfaction give,
 Experience shews me this.

6 My faithless heart, O Saviour dear,
 Correct with gentle hand:
 In every danger be thou near,
 Alone I cannot stand.

L. M. H Y M N LXXVIII.

1 **H**OW, 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.

2 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.

3 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.

8787. H Y M N LXXIX.

1 **O** MY Lord! I've often mus'd
 On thy wondrous 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:
 Lost, yet could perceive no danger;
 Wounded, yet no wound could see.

2 But unwearied Thou pursu'd me,
 Still thy call repeated came;
 'Till on Calvary's mount I view'd Thee,
 Bearing my reproach and blame:

Then

Then o'erwhelm'd with shame and sorrow,
 Whilst I view each mangled limb,
 Tears bedew the scourge's furrow,
 Mingling with the purple stream.

- 3 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 members weep no more.

878777. H Y M N LXXX.

- 1 **L**ORD, thine Image thou hast lent me,
 In thy never fading love;
 When I fell yet Thou hast sent me,
 Full redemption from above:
 Sacred love! I long to be
 Thine to all eternity.
- 2 Love! to bliss Thou hast ordained
 Me, e'er I began to be;
 God of Love! Thou'ft not disdained
 To become a man like me:
 Love almighty and divine!
 I would be for ever thine.
- 3 Love! who hast for me endured
 All the pains of death and hell:
 Love! whose suff'rings have procured
 More for me than tongue can tell;
 Sacred love! I long to be
 Thine to all eternity.

- 4 Love! my life, and my salvation,
 Light and truth eternal word!
 Thou alone dost consolation
 To my sinking soul afford:
 Love almighty and divine!
 I would be for ever thine.
- 5 To thy blessed yoke Thou'rt tying
 Me with cords of grace and love;
 While my heart is ever crying,
 May I true and faithful prove!
 Sacred love! I long to be
 Thine to all eternity.
- 6 Love who wilt for ever love me,
 Intercessor for my soul!
 Who sustain'st me, light or heavy,
 On thy priestly breast enroll'd:
 Love almighty and divine!
 I would be for ever thine.
- 7 Love, who wilt hereafter raise me
 From the grave and bed of dust;
 Love! whose final zeal arrays me
 With a garland 'mong the just:
 Sacred love! I long to be
 Thine to all eternity.

8787. H Y M N LXXXI.

- 1 SWEET the moments rich in blessing
 Which before the cross I spend;
 Life and health, and peace possessing,
 From the Sinner's dying friend.
 Here I'll sit for ever viewing
 Mercy's streams in streams of blood;
 Precious drops my soul bedewing
 Plead and claim my peace with God.

2 Truly

- 2 Truly blessed is this station
 Low before his cross to lye ;
 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.
- 3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
 With my tears his feet I'll bathe ;
 Constant still in faith abiding,
 Life deriving from his death.
 May I still enjoy this feeling,
 In all need to Jesus go:
 Prove his wounds each day more healing,
 And himself more deeply know.

886. H Y M N LXXXII.

- 1 **B**RIDE 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,
 To have our choicest love.
- 2 Into this ark with great amaze,
 The winged seraphs, wond'ring, gaze,
 Redeeming Love to trace :
 Should mortals, who in part have found
 Redemption through the Saviour's wounds,
 Refuse to shout free grace.
- 3 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.

4 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.

5 Shall bondage still our souls detain?
Assert the glories of his 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.

C. M. H Y M N LXXXIII.

1 **T**HE glories of my Maker, God,
My joyful voice shall sing,
And call the nations to adore
Their Former and their King.

2 'Twas his right-hand that shap'd our clay,
And wrought this human frame;
But from his own immediate breath
Our nobler spirits came.

3 We bring our mortal pow'rs to God,
And worship with our tongues;
We claim some kindred with the skies,
And join th' angelic songs.

4 Let grov'ling beasts of ev'ry shape,
And fowls of ev'ry wing,
And rocks, and trees, and fires, and seas,
Their various tribute bring.

5 Ye planets to his honour shine,
 And wheels of nature roll ;
 Praise Him in your unweary'd course,
 Around the steady pole.

6 The brightness of our Maker's Name
 The wide creation fills,
 And his unbounded grandeur flies
 Beyond the heav'nly hills !

C. M. H Y M N LXXXIV.

1 FROM thee, my God, my joys shall rise,
 And run eternal rounds,
 Beyond the limits of the skies,
 And all created bounds.

2 The holy triumphs of my soul
 Shall death itself out-brave,
 Leave dull mortality behind,
 And fly beyond the grave.

3 There, where my blessed Jesus reigns,
 In heav'ns unmeasur'd space,
 I'll spend a long eternity,
 In pleasure and in praise.

4 Millions of years my wond'ring eyes
 Shall o'er thy beauties rove,
 And endless ages I'll adore
 The glories of thy love.

5 Sweet Jesus, ev'ry smile of thine
 Shall fresh endearments bring,
 And thousand tastes of new delight,
 From all thy graces spring.

6 Haste, my beloved, fetch my soul
 Up to thy blest'd abode ;
 Fly, for my spirit longs to see
 My Saviour, and my God.

HYMNE

C. M. H Y M N LXXXV.

- 1 **A**RISE my soul, my joyful pow'rs,
And triumph in thy God;
Awake my voice, and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.
- 2 He rais'd me from the deeps of sin,
The gates of gaping hell;
And fix'd my standing more secure
Than 'twas before I fell.
- 3 The arms of everlasting Love
Beneath my soul be plac'd;
And on the rock of ages set
My slipp'ry footsteps fast.
- 4 The city of my blest abode
Is wall'd around with grace;
Salvation for a bulwark stands,
To shield the sacred place.
- 5 Satan may vent his sharpest spite,
And all his legions roar;
Almighty mercy guards my life,
And bounds his raging pow'r.
- 6 Arise my soul, awake my voice,
And songs of praises sing;
Loud hallelujahs shall address
My Saviour, and my King.

C. M. H Y M N LXXXVI.

- 1 **M**Y God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting all;
I've none but thee in heav'n above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 What

- 2 What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod !
There's nothing here deserves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.
- 3 In vain the bright the burning sun,
Scatters his feeble light :
'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon,
If thou withdraw 'tis night.
- 4 And whilst upon my restless bed,
Amidst the shades I roll ;
If my Redeemer raise my head,
'Tis morning with my soul.
- 5 To thee we owe our wealth and friends,
And health and safe abode ;
We praise thy name for all these things,
But they are not my God.
- 6 How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,
If once compar'd to thee ?
And what's my safety, or my health,
Or all my friends to me ?
- 7 Were I possessor of the earth,
And call'd the stars my own ;
Without thy graces, and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.
- 8 Let other stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore ;
Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more.

L. M. H Y M N LXXXVII.

- 1 **H**OW oft have sin and satan strove
To rend my soul from thee, my God?
But everlasting is thy Love,
And Jesus seals it with his blood.

2 Amidst

2 Amidst temptations sharp and long,
 My soul to this dear refuge flies;
 Hope is my anchor firm and strong,
 While tempests blow, and billows rise.

3 The gospel bears my spirits up;
 A faithful and unchanging God
 Lays the foundation for my hope,
 In oaths, and promises, and blood.

C. M. H Y M N LXXXVIII.

1 **D**EAR refuge of my weary soul,
 On thee when sorrows rise;
 On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
 My fainting hope relies.

2 While hope revives, tho' press'd with fears,
 And I can say, "My God,"
 Beneath thy feet I spread my cares,
 And pour my woes abroad.

3 To Thee I tell each rising grief,
 For Thou alone canst heal;
 Thy word can bring a sweet relief,
 For ev'ry pain I feel.

4 But oh! when gloomy doubts prevail
 I fear to call Thee mine;
 The springs of comfort seem to fail,
 And all my hopes decline.

5 Yet gracious God, where shall I flee?
 Thou art my only trust;
 And still my soul wou'd cleave to Thee,
 Tho' prostrate in the dust.

6 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
 And shall I seek in vain?
 And can the ear of sov'reign grace
 Be deaf when I complain!

7 No,

7 No, still the ear of sov'reign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer;
O may I ever find access,
To breathe my sorrows there!

8 Thy mercy-seat is open still;
Here let my soul retreat,
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

C. M. H Y M N LXXXIX.

1 THE Lord, how glorious is his face?
How kind his smiles appear!
And oh! what melting words He says,
To ev'ry humble ear!

2 For you, the children of my love,
It was for you I dy'd;
Behold my bleeding hands and feet,
And look into my side.

3 These are the wounds for you I bore,
The tokens of my pains,
When I came down to free your souls,
From misery and chains.

4 Justice unsheath'd its fi'ry sword,
And plung'd it in my heart;
Infinite pangs for you I bore,
And most tormenting smart.

5 When hell and all its spiteful pow'rs
Stood dreadful in my way;
To rescue those dear lives of yours,
I gave my own away.

6 But while I bled, and groan'd, and dy'd,
I ruin'd Satan's throne;
High on my cross I hung, and spy'd
The monster tumbling down.

7 Victorious God, what can we pay
 For favours so divine?
 Here, Lord, we give our souls away,
 To be for ever thine.

87877. H Y M N X C.

1 **L**O! he cometh, countless trumpets
 Blow before the bloody sign;
 'Midst ten thousand saints and angels,
 See the crucified shine.

Hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah!
 Welcome, welcome, bleeding Lamb!

2 Now his merit, by the harpers,
 Thro' th' eternal deep resounds;
 Now resplendent shine his nail-prints,
 Ev'ry eye shall see his wounds:

They who pierc'd him, they who
 pierc'd him, they who pierc'd him,
 Shall at his appearance wail.

3 Ev'ry island, sea, and mountain,
 Heav'n and earth shall flee away;
 All who hate Him, must, ashamed,
 Hear the trump proclaim the day:

Come to judgment, come to judg-
 ment, come to judgment,
 Stand before the Son of man.

Saints who love Him, view his glory
 Shining in his bruised face,

His dear person on the rainbow,
 Now his people's head shall raise:

Happy mourners, happy mourners,
 happy mourners,

Lo! in clouds He comes, He comes!

5 Now

- 5 Now redemption, long expected,
 See in solemn pomp appear;
 All his people once rejected,
 Now shall meet him in the air:
 Hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah!
 Now the promis'd kingdom's come.
- 6 View him smiling, now determin'd
 Ev'ry evil to destroy;
 All the nations now shall sing him
 Songs of everlasting joy:
 O come quickly, O come quickly,
 O come quickly,
 Hallelujah! come, Lord, come.

C. M. H Y M N XCI.

- 1 **G**OD 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,
 The gracious sp'rit divine.
- 2 Since mercy is indeed with Thee,
 May I obedient prove:
 Nor e'er abuse my liberty,
 Or sin against thy love:
 This choicest fruit of faith bestow
 On a poor sojourner:
 And let me pass my days below,
 In humbleness and fear.
- 3 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.

666688. H Y M N XCII.

- 1 **A**RRAY'D in mortal flesh,
 Lo! the great angel stands !
 He holds the promises
 And pardons in his hands.
 Commission'd from his Father's throne,
 To make his grace to mortals known.
- 2 Be Thou our counsellor,
 Our pattern and our guide !
 And through this desert land
 Still keep us near thy side !
 O let our feet ne'er run astray,
 Nor rove, nor seek the crooked way.
- 3 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.
- 4 To this dear surety's hands,
 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.

5 Then

5 Then let our souls arise,
 And tread the tempter down;
 Our Captain leads us forth
 To conquest and a crown:
 March on, nor fear to win the day,
 'Though death and hell obstruct the way.

886. H Y M N XCIII.

1 **O** JESUS, everlasting God,
 Who once for sinners shed thy blood
 Upon Mount Calvary;
 And finish'd there redemption's toil,
 And made lost man thy happy spoil;
 All glory be to Thee.

2 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,
 But all my heav'n there find.

3 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,
 Both now and evermore.

4 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.

C. M. H Y M N XCIV.

- 1 **C**OME, let us join our chearful songs,
 With angels round the throne;
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues;
 But all their joys are one.
- 2 Worthy the Lamb that dy'd they cry,
 To be exalted thus;
 Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
 For he was slain for us.
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honour and pow'r divine;
 And blessings more than we can give,
 Be, Lord, for ever thine.
- 4 The whole creation join in one,
 To bless the sacred Name
 Of Him that sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.

C. M. H Y M N XCV.

- 1 **I**S 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!
- 2 Hark, O my soul! what sing the choirs
 Around the glorious throne?
 Hark! the slain Lamb for evermore
 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.
- 3 And this, while here, will we proclaim,
 Cheerful in our degree,
 That, thro' 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,
 And worship at thy feet.

C. M. H Y M N XCVI.

- 1 FATHER, I stretch mine hands to Thee,
 No other help I know:
 If Thou withdraw thyself from me,
 Ah! whither shall I go?
- 2 What did thine only Son endure,
 Before I drew my breath!
 What pain, what labour to secure
 My soul from endless death!
- 3 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.
- 4 Author of faith! to Thee I lift
 My weary longing eyes;
 O let me now receive that gift!
 My soul without it dies.

666688. H Y M N XCVII.

1 **L**ET earth and heav'n agree,
 Angels and men be join'd,
 To celebrate with me
 The Saviour of mankind;
 T'adore the all-atoning Lamb,
 And blefs the fount of Jesu's Name.

2 Jesus! transporting fount!
 The joy of earth and heav'n:
 No other help is found,
 No other name is giv'n,
 By which we can salvation have,
 But Jesus came the world to fave.

3 Jesus! harmonious Name!
 It charms the hofts above;
 They evermore proclaim
 And wonder at his love:
 'Tis all their happiness to gaze.
 'Tis heav'n to fee our Jesu's face.

4 His name the finner hears,
 And is from fin fet free:
 'Tis mufic in his ears,
 'Tis life and victory,
 New fongs do now his lips employ,
 And dances his glad heart for joy.

6 8s H Y M N XCVIII.

1 **M**AY He, fupreme eſſential love,
 Rich fource, when all bleſſings flow,
 Bleſs us with favour from above,
 And ſmile upon his church below;
 Thy pity, gracious Lord, diſplay,
 And turn our darkneſs into day.

2 Behold

- 2 Behold our desolations, Lord,
 Give all to hear the joyful sound,
 Be honours to thy grace restor'd.
 It's fragrant odours flow around.
 Send pastors ready to fulfil
 The Dictates of thy gracious will.
- 3 Thy foes have laid thy vineyard waste,
 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.
- 4 Thine eyes from heav'en' 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.

88887. H Y M N XCIX.

- 1 **H**E comes? He come; ! the Judge severe!
 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.
- 2 From heav'n angelic voices sound,
 See the almighty Jesus crow'd!
 Girt with Omnipotence and grace,
 And glory decks the Saviour's face,
 Glory &c.
 Glory decks the Saviour's face.

3 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, &c.

Hail Him their triumphant Lord.

4 Shout all the people of the sky,
 And all the faints of the most High,
 Our God, who now his right obtains,
 For ever and for ever reigns :
 Ever &c.

Ever, and for ever reigns.

5 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 &c.

Welcome Thee great Three in One.

886. H Y M N C.

1 **T**HOU God of glorious majesty,
 To Thee against myself, to Thee
 A worm of earth I cry :
 An half awaken'd child of man,
 An heir of endless bliss or pain,
 A Sinner born to die.

2 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
 'Twixt two unbounded Seas I stand.
 Secure, insensible :
 A point of life, a moment's Space
 Removes me to that heav'nly place,
 Or shuts me up in hell,

3 O God

- 3 O God, mine inmost soul convert,
 And deeply on my thoughtful heart
 Eternal things impress:
 Give me to feel their solemn weight,
 And tremble on the brink of fate,
 And wake to righteousness.
- 4 Before me place in dread array
 The pomp of that tremendous day,
 When Thou with clouds shalt come
 To judge the nations at thy bar:
 And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
 To meet a joyful doom?
- 5 Be this my one great business here,
 With serious industry and fear,
 My future bliss t'insure:
 Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
 And suffer all thy righteous will
 And to the end endure.
- 6 Then. Saviour, then my soul receive,
 Transported from the vale to live,
 And reign with Thee above,
 Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
 And hope in full supreme delight,
 And everlasting Love.

6 8s. H Y M N C I.

- 1 **E**NCOURAG'D by the word of grace,
 We meet Thee at thy table Lord,
 Unveil thy lovely smiling Face,
 And one reviving look afford:
 To us the bread of life be giv'n,
 The bread which cometh down from heav'n.

2 We

- 2 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.
- 3 With heav'nly food our souls refresh,
 To us be known in breaking bread:
 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,
- 4 While we behold thy pain and smart,
 Thy ghastly wounds for us receiv'd;
 Let humble praises fill each heart,
 And ev'ry suppliant be reliev'd:
 Let love through ev'ry vessel flow,
 And cause our inmost souls to glow.

6686. H Y M N CII.

- 1 **N**OT all the blood of beasts
 On Jewish altars slain,
 Could give the guilty conscience peace,
 Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ, the heav'nly Lamb,
 Takes all our sins away:
 A sacrifice of nobler name,
 And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay it's hand
 On that dear head of thine:
 While like a penitent I stand,
 And there confess my sin.

4 My

- 4 My soul looks back to see
 The burden thou didst bear,
 When hanging on th' accursed tree
 And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice
 To see the curse remove;
 We bless the Lamb with chearful voice,
 And sing his bleeding love.

7s. H Y M N CIII.

- 1 JESUS our triumphant head,
 Ris'n victorious from the dead,
 To the realms of glory's gone,
 To ascend his rightful throne.
- 2 Cherubs on the conqu'ror gaze.
 Seraphs glow with brighter blaze;
 Each bright order of the sky
 Hail Him, as he passes by.
- 3 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.
- 4 Heav'n its King congratulates;
 Opens wide her golden gates.
 Angels songs of vict'ry sing;
 All the blissful regions ring.
- 5 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.
- 6 Hail, thou dear, thou worthy Lord;
 Holy Lamb, incarnate Word!
 Hail! Thou suff'ring Son of God!
 Take the trophies of thy blood. HYMN

L. M. H Y M N C I V.

- 1 ALL praise to Thee; in light array'd,
Who light thy dwelling place hast made :
A boundless ocean of bright beams
From thy all-glorious Godhead streams.
- 2 The sun in its meridian height,
Is very darkness in thy sight :
My soul O lighten and inflame
With thought and love of thy great Name.
- 3 Blest Jesu, Thou, on heav'n intent,
Whole nights hast in devotion spent ;
But I, frail creature, soon am tir'd,
And all my zeal is soon expir'd.
- 4 My soul, how can'st thou weary grow
Of antedating blifs below,
In sacred Hymus and heav'nly love,
Which will eternal be above ?
- 5 Shine on me, Lord, new life impart,
Fresh ardours kindle in my heart ;
One ray of thy all-quick'ning light
Dispel the sloth and clouds of night.
- 6 Lord, lest the tempter me surprife,
Watch over thine own sacrifice ;
All loose, all idle thoughts cast out,
And make my very dreams devout.
- 7 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.

HYMN

L. M. H Y M N CV.

- 1 JESU, thy blood and righteousness
 My beauty are, my glorious dress,
 'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
 With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 When from the dust of earth I rise,
 To claim my mansions in the skies;
 Ev'n then shall this be all my plea,
 "Jesus hath liv'd, and dy'd for me."
- 3 Bold shall I stand in that great day,
 For who ought to my charge shall lay?
 Fully thro' Thee absolv'd I am,
 From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.
- 4 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.
- 5 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.
- 6 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!

C. M. H Y M N CVI.

- 1 FATHER, how wide thy glory shines!
 How high thy wonders rise!
 Known through the earth, by thousand signs,
 By thousand through the skies.

- 2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy pow'r,
 Those motions speak thy skill:
 And on the wings of ev'ry hour
 We read thy patience still.
- 3 But when we view thy great design,
 To save rebellious worms;
 Where vengeance and compassion join,
 In their divinest forms:
- 4 Here the whole Deity is known;
 Nor dares a creature guess
 Which of the glories brightest shone,
 The justice, or the grace.
- 5 Now the full of glories of the Lamb
 Adorn the heav'nly plains:
 Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's Name,
 And try their choicest strains.
- 6 O may I bear some humble part,
 In that immortal song!
 Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
 And love command my tongue.

C. M. H Y M N C V I I.

- 1 **J**ESUS the all-restoring word,
 Our fallen spirit's hope;
 After thy lovely likeness, Lord,
 When shall we wake up?
- 2 Thou, O our God, Thou only art
 The life, the truth, the way;
 Quicken our souls, instruct our hearts,
 Our sinking footsteps stay.
- 3 All that Thou dost on earth bestow
 Of heaven, vouchsafe to give:
 Give us, O Lord, Thyself to know,
 In Thee to walk and live.
- 4 Fill

- 4 Fill us with all the life of love,
 In mystic union join
 Us to Thyself, and let us prove
 The fellowship divine.
- 5 Open the intercourse between
 Our longing souls and Thee,
 Never to be broke off again,
 Thro' all eternity.
- 6 Grant this, O Lord, for Thou hast died,
 That we might be forgiv'n:
 Thou hast the righteousness supply'd,
 By which we merit heav'n.

L. M. H Y M N CVIII.

- 1 **A** WAKE, lift up Thyself, my heart,
 And with the angels bear thy part,
 Who all night long, unwearied sing
 High praise to the eternal King.
- 2 Awake, awake, ye heav'nly choir,
 May your devotion me inspire,
 That I, like you, my age may spend,
 Like you may on my God attend.
- 3 May I, like you, in God delight,
 Have all day long my God in sight;
 Perform, like you, my Maker's will,
 Like you his lovely presence feel.
- 4 Had I your wings, to heav'n I'd fly;
 But God shall that defect supply,
 And my soul, wing'd with warm desire,
 Shall all day long to heav'n aspire.

886. H Y M N C I X.

- 1 **W**ITH fiery serpents greatly pain'd,
 When Israel's mourning tribes
 complain'd,
 And sigh'd to be reliev'd;
 A serpent straight the prophet made,
 Of molten brass to view display'd:
 The patients look'd and liv'd.
- 2 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.
- 3 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!
- 4 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 surprize,
 And thankfully adore!
- 5 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

666688. H Y M N CX.

- 1 **B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow
 The gladly solemn sound,
 Let all the nations know
 To earth's remotest bound,
 The year of Jubilee is come;
 Return ye ransom'd sinners home!
- 2 Extol the Lamb of God,
 The all-atoning Lamb!
 Redemption in his blood,
 Throughout the world proclaim:
 The year of Jubilee is come;
 Return ye ransom'd sinners home!
- 3 The gospel trumpet hear;
 The news of heavenly grace,
 Ye happy souls draw near,
 Behold your Saviour's face;
 The year of Jubilee is come;
 Return to your eternal home!

75 H Y M N CXI.

- 1 **Y**E 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.
- 2 Turn to Christ your longing Eyes,
 View his bloody sacrifice;
 See in Him your sins forgiv'n,
 Pardon, and holiness, and heav'n:
 Glorify the King of Kings,
 Take the Peace the gospel brings.

DISMISSIONS.

6686

1 **O**NCE more before we part
 We'll bless the Saviour's Name;
 Record his mercies ev'ry heart,
 Sing ev'ry tongue the same.

2 Lay up his blessed word,
 And feed on Christ and grace:
 Go on to seek to know the Lord;
 And practise what you know.

886

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.

76767876

I WILL lay me down to sleep,
 And safely take my rest;
 Me commend to Jesu's grace,
 And as upon his breast,
 So, if Jesus please, I'll sleep,
 While troops of angels are my guard:
 O, my Shepherd! love and keep,
 And be my great reward!



O that

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.

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!

76767776.

FATHER, God, before we part,
 O pour thy spirit down,
 Stay and live in ev'ry heart,
 And bless the seed that's sown:
 Fountain of eternal love,
 Thou that gav'st thy Son to die,
 Send thy spirit from above
 To quicken and apply.

C. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, help us on thy word to feed,
 In peace dismiss us hence:
 Be Thou in ev'ry time of need,
 Our refuge and defence.
- 2 We now desire to bless thy Name,
 And in our hearts record,
 And with our thankful tongues proclaim
 The goodness of the Lord.

DOXOLOGIES.

DOXOLOGIES.

L. M.

- 1 **G**IVE glory, give worship and praise
 To God both the Father and Son:
 And to the sweet Spirit of grace
 The same equal honour be done.
- 2 Adore the bright mys'try divine
 The glorious, co-equal, Three-one
 Who did from eternity join
 To rescue poor sinners undone.

886

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.

76767776.

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.



GIVE

6686

GIVE to the Father praise,
 Give glory to the Son,
 And to the Spirit of his grace
 Be equal honour done.

886

YE sons of men, your voices raise;
 And sing th' eternal Father's praise;
 And glorify the Son;
 Give glory to the Holy Ghost:
 And join with all th' angelic host
 T' adore the Three in One.

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.

6 8s.

TO God who reigns enthron'd on high,
 To his dear Son, who deign'd to die,
 Our guilt and Mis'ry to remove,
 To that 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.

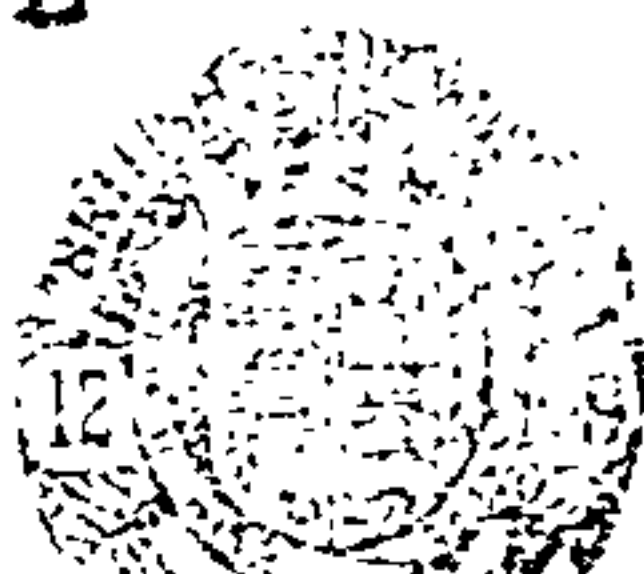
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