

A
COLLECTION
OF
PSALMS and HYMNS,
FROM
VARIOUS AUTHORS:
FOR THE USE OF
SERIOUS AND DEVOUT CHRISTIANS
OF ALL
DENOMINATIONS.

*This is the Record, that God hath given to us eternal
Life, and this Life is in his Son. 1 John v. 11.*

*If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.
John viii. 36.*

*Worship the Lord in the Beauty of Holiness.
Psalm xxix. 2.*

L O N D O N:
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MDCCLXXII.

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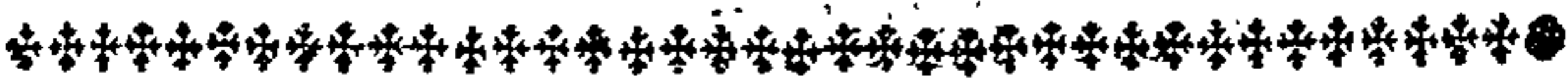
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* * For PLEASURE, read PRESSURE, page 48.



A
COLLECTION
 OF
PSALMS and HYMNS.



HYMN I.

INVITATION.

COME ye finners, poor and wretched,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity, love and 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,
 Every grace that brings us nigh,
 Without money
 Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

C

3 Let

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him.
This he gives you,
'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.

4 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your maker prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him,
Hear him cry before he dies,
"It is finish'd."
Sinner will not this suffice?

5 Lo! th'incarnate God ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture freely,
Let no other trust intrude.
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

6 Saints and angels join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the lamb,
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly eccho with his name.
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may do the same.

H Y M N II.

A N O T H E R.

- 1 **S** Inners obey the gospel-word,
Haste to the supper of your Lord,
Be wise to know your gracious day,
All things are ready, come away.
- 2 Ready the Father is to own,
And kifs his late returning fon;
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, fons 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 finners, to your Lord,
To happiness in Christ restor'd;
His proffer'd benefits embrace,
And taste the fulness of his grace.

H Y M N III.

A N O T H E R.

- 1 **L** E T 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 happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

H Y M N IV.

A N O T H E R.

1 C O M E finners, to the gospel-feast,
Let ev'ry soul be Jesu's guest;
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 "Have me excus'd," why will you say,
From health, and life, and liberty;
From all that is in Jesus giv'n,
From pardon, holiness and heav'n!

3 Come then ye souls by sin oppress'd,
Ye weary wand'ers after rest;
Ye poor and maimed, halt and blind,
In Christ an hearty welcome find.

- 4 See him set forth before your eyes,
Behold the bleeding sacrifice!
His offer'd love let all embrace,
And freely now be sav'd by grace.
- 5 Ye who believe his record true,
Shall sup with him and he with you;
Come to the feast, be sav'd from sin,
For Jesus waits to take you in.
- 6 This is the time, no more delay,
This is the glorious gospel-day;
Come in this moment at his call,
And live to him, who dy'd for all.

H Y M N V.

T H E S A M E.

- 1 **S**inners behold the pierced Lamb,
For you he hung upon the stem;
Behold him by the eye of faith,
For life doth issue from his death.
- 2 Salvation's well wide open stands,
And blood-streams run from feet and hands;
The open'd side doth richly flow,
From whence, with joy, we water draw.

3 Water

- 3 Water to quench our parching thirst,
To cleanse and make us fit for Christ;
T'allay our nature's fire within,
And purify the soul from sin.
- 4 Jesus alone true life imparts,
And med'cine for all wounded hearts;
with balm supplies for ev'ry sore,
And works a speedy, perfect cure.
- 5 One look to him upon the pole,
Revives and heals the sin-stung soul;
Relieves the weary and the faint,
The tempted and each mourner's want.
- 6 Come then thou great high-priest apply
To us this sov'reign remedy;
That we the blessings of thy death
May antedate below by faith.

H Y M N VI.

T H E S A M E.

- 1 Y E weary wanderers draw near,
That know no solid peace or rest,
Lay by each doubt and anxious fear,
And lean upon your Saviour's breast:
All's stolen fruit that can be found
To cheer the soul on nature's ground.

2 Come

2 Come, for the gospel bids you come,
 Jesus for sinners bled and dy'd;
 The sacred word reports there's room,
 The Lamb he wooes you for his bride;
 Your souls shall find a resting place
 In arms of everlasting grace.

3 The day of small things don't despise,
 By poverty encrease your store;
 The happy soul, that's truly wise,
 Can richer grow by being poor:
 To melt in love, to sink in shame,
 This be my wish, be that my flame.

4 Give me a sympathizing soul,
 To bear thy suff'rings on my heart,
 Thy pain, and agonizing toil,
 Nor let me from this vision part;
 Then shall I heartily rejoice,
 And raise to thee my grateful voice.

5 All earthly objects now give way,
 Nature and creature both resign;
 On thee by faith myself I'll stay,
 And taste the pow'r of love divine;
 Redemption in thy blood is found,
 my anchor's cast on sacred ground.

H Y M N VII.

A T T H E O P E N I N G O F W O R S H I P .

1 N O W may the Spirit's holy fire,
 Decending 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.

H Y M N

H Y M N VIII.

A N O T H E R.

1 **O** N C E more we come before our God,
Once more his blessing ask;
O may not duty seem a load,
Nor worship prove a task!

2 Father, thy quick'ning Spirit send
From heav'n in Jesu's name,
To make our waiting minds attend,
And put our souls in frame.

3 May we receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart;
Hoard up the precious treasure there,
And never with it part.

4 To seek thee all our hearts dispose,
To each thy blessing suit;
And let the seed thy servant sows
Produce a plenteous fruit.

5 Bid the refreshing north-wind wake;
Say to the south-wind blow;
Let ev'ry plant the pow'r partake,
And all the garden grow.

6 Revive

6 Revive the parch'd with heav'nly show'rs,
The cold with warmth divine;
And as the benefit is ours,
Be all the glory thine.

H Y M N IX.

A N O T H E R.

1 C O M E; ye finners come to Jesus,
Think upon your gracious Lord;
He has pity'd your condition,
He has sent his gospel-word.
Mercy calls you,
Mercy flows 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.

H Y M N

H Y M N X.

A N O T H E R.

- 1 **L** O R D, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow:
Oh! do not our suit disdain,
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?
- 2 Lord, on thee our souls depend,
In compassion now descend:
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
- 3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord we know not how to go
'Till a blessing thou bestow.
- 4 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.
- 5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down, lift up,
Make them strong in faith and hope!

6 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God gracious and kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all-rejoice in thee!

H Y M N XI.

T H E S A M E.

1 **W**E magnify thy grace, O Lord,
How plent'ously hast thou prepar'd
A supper for thy saints!
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 Darkness 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.

D

4 Let

- 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!

H Y M N XII.

T H E S A M E.

- 1 **C**OME thou Almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise!

Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us

ANTIEN T OF DAYS.

- 2 Jesus, our Lord arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall!

Let thine almighty aid
Our sure defence be made---
Our souls on thee be stay'd---
Lord hear our call!

3 Come

3 Come, thou incarnate word,
Gird on thy mighty sword---

Our pray'r attend!
Come! and thy people bless,
And give thy word success,
Spirit of holiness

On us descend!

4 Come, holy comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear

In this glad hour!
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in ev'ry heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of pow'r!

5 To the great one in three
Eternal praises be,

Hence——evermore!
His sov'reign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

H Y M N XIII.

READING OR HEARING THE
SCRIPTURES.

1 O God of wisdom, God of might,
Great ruler in the realms of light;
Whose truths are hid from prudent eyes,
But make the babe and suckling wise;
Help thy unknowing servants, Lord,
To hear, and understand thy word.

2 Reveal thy scriptures to our mind,
Here let us heav'nly treasures find;
Do thou those sacred leaves unfold,
Let us thy richest grace behold:
O let thy spirit lead us forth,
And teach us all its endless worth.

3 Direct us, lest we judge amiss,
Lest error cloud the hidden bliss;
Th' ingrafted word may we receive,
And back to thee the glory give:
O make us know, O make us hear
The glorious tidings treasur'd there:

HYMN XIV.

UNFRUITFULNESS.

1 **L**ONG have we sat beneath the fount
 Of thy salvation, Lord,
 But still how weak our faith is found,
 And knowledge of thy word!

2 Oft we frequent thy holy place,
 Yet hear almost in vain;
 How small a portion of thy grace
 Do our false hearts retain!

3 How cold and feeble is our love,
 How negligent our fear!
 How low our hope of joys above,
 How few affections there!

4 Great God, thy sov'reign aid impart,
 To give thy word success;
 Write thy salvation on our heart,
 And make us learn thy grace.

5 Shew our forgetful feet the way,
 That leads to joys on high;
 Where knowledge grows without decay,
 And love shall never die.

H Y M N XV.

ANOTHER BEFORE SPEAKING.

1 G LORY to God, who gave the word,
And bid the preachers cry;
Who caus'd his will to be proclaim'd,
And brought salvation nigh.

2 Lord, ever give us of this bread,
And grant us ears to hear;
Hearts to receive the heav'nly feed,
And bring forth fruit with fear.

3 O may thy word direct our path,
And guide our fault'ring feet;
Direct us in the living way,
And to thy mercy-seat.

4 Fountain of everlasting life,
Of blifs, and truth, and good;
Give us (that we may never thirst)
To drink of Jesu's blood.

5 Fill every hungry soul, who cries,
From thine exhaustless store;
And let no one go empty hence,
But taste, and pray for more.

6 Let

6 Let all thy children, Lord, be fed :
With the eternal word;
Be wise, and stronger grow thereby,
Increasing in the Lord.

H Y M N XVI.

A F T E R S P E A K I N G .

1 **W** I T H heart and lips unfeign'd,
We praise thee for thy word;
We bless thee for the joyful news
Of our redeeming Lord.

2 Like as the kindly rain
Returns not back to heav'n,
But cheers, and fruitful makes the earth,
The end for which 'twas giv'n.

3 So let thy present voice
Accomplish thy design;
Distil on all our thirsty souls,
And consecrate us thine.

4 Water thy sacred feed,
And give it great increase;
Let neither fowls, nor rocks, nor thorns,
Hinder the fruits of peace.

5 Then

5 Then tho' we weeping sow,
And tears our hours employ;
We know we shall return again,
And bring our sheaves with joy.

6 Our lives now hid with Christ,
With him shall soon appear;
And we array'd in all his light,
Shall meet him in the air.

H Y M N XVII.

M A L A C H I. IV. 2.

1 **O** Sun of righteousness, arise,
With healing in thy wing:
To my diseas'd my fainting soul
Thy free salvation bring.

2 All clouds of pride and sin dispel
By thine all-piercing beam;
Lighten mine eyes with faith, my heart
With holy hope inflame.

3 My mind, by thy all-quick'ning pow'r,
From vile desires set free,
Unite my scatter'd thoughts, and fix
My love entire on thee.

4 Father

4 Father, thy long-lost child receive,
Saviour thy purchase own;
Blest comforter, with peace and joy
Thy waiting creature crown.

H Y M N XVIII.

PANTING AFTER GOD.

1 **T**Hou hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathom'd no man knows;
I see from far thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for thy repose:
My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At rest, till it finds rest in thee.

2 Is there a thing beneath the sun,
That strives with thee, my heart, to share?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there:
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it has found repose in thee.

3 **O** hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me may live!
My vile affections crucify,
Let not one darling lust survive:
In all things may I nothing see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but thee.

4 Each

- 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.

H Y M N XLX.

A PRAYER FOR FAITH.

- 1 FATHER, I stretch my 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, cou'd I this believe,
I now should feel thy pow'r;
Now my poor soul thou would'st 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!

H Y M N XX.

I S A I A H IX. 2.

1 L I G H T of those whose dreary dwelling
 Borders on the shades of death,
 Come! and by thy love's revealing,
 Dissipate the clouds beneath:
 The new heav'n and earth's creator,
 In our deepest darkness rise!
 Scatt'ring all the night of nature,
 Pouring eye-sight on our eyes!

2 Still we wait for thine appearing
 Life and joy thy beams impart;
 Chasing all our fears, and clearing
 Ev'ry poor benighted heart:
 Come, and manifest the favour
 God hath for our ransom'd race;
 Come, thou universal Saviour,
 Come, and bring thy gospel-grace.

3 Save us in thy great compassion,
 O thou mild pacific prince!
 Give the knowledge of salvation,
 Give the pardon of our sin!
 By thine all-restoring merit,
 Ev'ry burthen'd soul release;
 Ev'ry weary, wand'ring spirit
 Guide into thy perfect peace.

H Y M N

H Y M N XXI.

Z E C H A R I A H XIII. I.

- 1 **H**OW sad our state by nature is,
Our sin how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive souls
Fast in his slavish chains.
- 2 But there's a voice of sov'reign grace
Sounds from God's sacred word;
Ho! ye despairing sinners come
And trust upon the Lord.
- 3 O may we hear th' Almighty call,
"And run to this relief;
We wou'd believe thy promise, Lord,
O help our unbelief!
- 4 To the blest fountain of thy blood,
Teach us O Lord! to fly:
There may we wash our spotted souls!
From crimes of deepest dye!
- 5 Stretch out thine arm, victorious king,
Our reigning sins subdue;
Drive the old dragon from his seat,
And form our souls anew.

6 Poor guilty, weak, and helpless worms,
On thy kind arm we fall;
Be thou our strength and righteousness,
Our Jesus and our all.

H Y M N XXII.

I S A I A H XL. 29.

1. **S**ON of God thy blessing grant,
Still supply my ev'ry want;
Tree of life! thine influ'nce shed,
With thy sap my spirit feed.
- 2 Tend'rest branch, alas! am I,
Wither without thee, and die;
Weak as helpless infancy,
O confirm my soul in thee!
- 3 Unfustain'd by thee, I fall,
Send the strength for which I call!
Weaker than a bruised reed,
Help I ev'ry moment need.
- 4 All my hopes on thee depend,
Love me, save me to the end!
Give me the continuing grace;
Take the everlasting praise!

E

H Y M N

HYMN XXIII.

MIRACLES APPLIED.

- 1 O Lord! to whom for help I call,
 Thy miraeles repeat;
 With pitying eye behold me fall
 A leper at thy feet.
- 2 Loathsome, and foul, and self abhorr'd,
 I sink beneath my sin;
 But, if thou wilt, a gracious word
 Of thine can make me clean.
- 3 Thou see'st me deaf to thy commands,
 Open O Lord! mine ear;
 Bid me stretch out my wither'd hands,
 And lift them up in pray'r.
- 4 Silent (alas! thou know'st how long!)
 My voice I cannot raise;
 But, O! when thou shalt loose my tongue,
 The dumb shall sing thy praise.
- 5 Lame at the pool I still am found,
 Give, and my strength employ;
 Light as an hart I then shall bound,
 The lame shall leap for joy.

6 Blind from my birth to guilt and thee,
And dark I am within;
The love of God I cannot see,
Nor sinfulness of sin.

7 But thou, they say, art passing by,
O let me find thee near!
Jesus, in mercy hear my cry,
Thou son of David, hear!

8 Long have I waited in the way,
For thee, the heavn'ly light;
Command me to be brought, and say,
"Sinner, receive thy sight."

H Y M N XXIV

T H E S A M E.

1 JESU, Redeemer, Saviour, Lord,
The weary sinner's friend;
Come to my help, pronounce the word,
Bid my corruptions end.

2 Thou canst overcome this heart of mine,
Thou canst victorious prove;
For everlasting strength is thine,
And everlasting love.

- 3 Thy pow'rful fpirit can fubdue
Unconquerable fin;
Cleanfe my foul heart, and make it new,
And write thy law within.
- 4 Bound down with twice ten thousand ties,
Yet let me hear thy call;
My foul in confidence fhall rife,
Shall rife and break thro' all.
- 5 Speak, and the deaf fhall hear thy voice,
The blind his fight receive,
The dumb in fongs of praife rejoice,
The heart of ftone believe.
- 6 The Æthiöp then fhall change his fkin,
The dead fhall feel thy pow'r;
The loathfome leper fhall be clean,
And I fhall fin abhor.

H Y M N XXV.

S P I R I T U A L B A R R E N N E S S .

- 1 **M**OST righteous God, my doom I bear,
My load of guilt, my pain and care,
Inflav'd to bafe defires;
Hard toiling for imbitter'd bread,
I mourn my barren foul o'erspread
With curfed thorns and briars.

2 Death's

2 Death's sentence in myself receive,
And dust to dust already cleave,
Exil'd from paradise;
Hast'ning to heliish misery,
Jesus, if unredeem'd by thee,
My soul for ever dies!

3 But Jesus hath my sentence borne,
He did in my affliction mourn,
A man of sorrows made;
A servant and a curse for me,
He bore the utmost penalty,
He suffer'd in my stead.

4 I see him sweat great drops of blood,
I see him faint beneath my load!
The thorns his temples tear,
He bows his bleeding head and dies!
He lives! he mounts above the skies!
He claims my Eden there!

H Y M N XXVI.

THE EXCELLENCY OF THE
SCRIPTURES.

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines?
For ever be thy name ador'd,
For these celestial lines.

2 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yeilds a free repast;
Sublimer sweets than nature knows,
Invite the longing taste.

3 Here springs of consolation rise,
To chear the fainting mind;
And thirsty souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 When guilt and terror, pain and grief,
United rend the heart;
Here finners meet divine relief,
And cool the raging smart.

5 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heav'nly peace around;
And life, and everlasting joys
Attend the blisful sound.

6 O may these heav'nly pages be
My ever dear delight,
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

7 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Sayiour there.

H Y M N

H Y M N XXVII.

F O R A C L E A N H E A R T .

O For an heart to love my God !
An heart from sin set free ;
An heart that always feels the blood,
So freely shed for me !

An heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My dear redeemer's throne ;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true and clean ;
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within.

An heart in every thought renew'd,
And fill'd with love divine :
Perfect and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord ! of thine.

Thy tender heart is still the same,
And melts at human woe ;
Send down thy grace, O blessed Lamb !
That I thy love may know.

- 6 Thy holy nature, Lord ! impart
Come quickly from above ;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new best name of love.

H Y M N XXVIII.

L O N G I N G A F T E R G O D .

- 1 **G**reat God ! indulge my humble claim,
Be thou my joy, my hope, my rest ;
The glories that compose thy name,
Stand all engag'd to make me blest !
- 2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Be thou my father, and my God !
And make me thine by sacred ties,
Thy son, thy servant bought with blood.
- 3 With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look ;
As trav'lers do in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water-brook.
- 4 O may thy love inspire my tongue,
Salvation shall be all my song ;
And all my pow'rs shall join to bless
The Lord my strength and righteousness.

H Y M N XXIX.

THE POOR SINNER.

G O D of my salvation, hear,
 And help me to believe ;
 Simply do I now draw near,
 Thy blessing to receive :
 Full of guilt, alas ! I am,
 But to thy wounds for refuge flee ;
 Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
 Thy blood was shed for me.

2 Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,
 Nor can thy grace procure ;
 Empty send me not away,
 For I, thou know'st am poor ;
 Dust and ashes is my name,
 My all is sin and misery :
 Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
 Thy blood was shed for me.

3 Without money, without price,
 I come thy love to buy ;
 From myself I turn my eyes,
 The chief of sinners, I :
 Take, O take me, as I am,
 And let me lose myself in thee ;
 Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
 Thy blood was shed for me.

H Y M N.

H Y M N XXX.

T H E S A M E.

- 1 J E S U, friend of finners, hear,
 Yet once again, I pray ;
 From my debt of sin set clear,
 For I have nought to pay.
 Speak, O speak the kind release,
 A poor backsliding soul restore ;
 Love me freely, seal my peace,
 And bid me sin no more.
- 2 Sin's deceitfulness hath spread
 An hardness o'er my heart ;
 But if thou thy spirit shed,
 The stony shall depart :
 Shed thy love, thy tenderness,
 And let me feel thy soft'ning pow'r ;
 Love me freely, seal my peace,
 And bid me sin no more.
- 3 For this only thing, I pray,
 And this will I require,
 Take the pow'r of sin away,
 Take ev'ry vain desire:
 Perfect me in holiness,
 Thine image to my soul restore ;
 Love me freely, seal my peace,
 And bid me sin no more.

H Y M N.

H Y M N XXXI.

TO JESUS CHRIST.

- 1 JESU, Jesu, king of faints,
Known to thee are all my wants ;
Self-convicted, self-abhorr'd,
I approach thee, dearest Lord.
- 2 Known to thee, whose eyes are flame,
I thy love and pity claim ;
With an eye of love look down,
Help, Lord, help me very soon.
- 3 Still I feel a fleshly part,
Much corruption in my heart ;
Oh ! I'm very vile indeed,
Of thy blood I fure have need.
- 4 Break, O break this heart of stone,
Form it for thy use alone ;
Bid each vanity depart,
Build thy temple in my heart.
- 5 This be my support in need,
That thou did'st so freely bleed ;
Hence my hopes and joys arise,
From thy bloody sacrifice.

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

7 Saviour to my heart be near,
Exercise the shepherd's care ;
Guard my weakness by thy grace,
Let me feel a constant peace.

H Y M N XXXII.

T H E S A M E.

1 **G**ROUND, O ground me on the Lamb,
Other Saviours I disclaim;
Fix my heart on thee to stay,
Do it, Lord, without delay.

2 Empty is created good,
I want more substantial food ;
All is vanity beside
Jesus, and him crucify'd.

3 Fruitless is my search to find
True serenity of mind,
Till I have with Jesus been,
And his smiling face have seen.

- 4 In thy presence may I dwell,
Subject to thy holy will;
Show'r on me thy pow'r divine,
Mortify the man of sin.
- 5 While I traverse here beneath,
Thy kind influ'nce on me breathe;
Reconcil'd to me appear,
And thy righteousness bring near.
- 6 Grant me still in grace to grow
While a pilgrim here below;
Let me by thy spirit move,
And with all my heart thee love.

H Y M N XXXIII.

ABSENCE FROM GOD.

- 1 O Thou, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye.
- 2 See ! low before thy throne of grace
A wretched wand'rer mourn;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?
Hast thou not said, return ?

- 3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet?
O let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.
- 4 Absent from thee, my guide, my light,
Without one cheering ray,
Thro' dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way!
- 5 O shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine;
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.
- 6 Thy presence only can bestow
Delights which never cloy;
Be this my solace, here below,
And my eternal joy.

H Y M N XXXIV.

T H E S A M E.

- 1 **D**EAR Lord, attend my pray'r,
And all my wants relieve;
Come to my heart, and dwell thou there,
That thou in me may'st live.

2 In weakness I draw nigh
Unto the throne of grace :
Answer the sinners 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 Fain would I hate my sin,
And ponder on thy love;
'Till all be sanctify'd within,
And my whole heart's above.

5 If trials vex my mind,
Close to thy wounds I'll flee;
No refuge may I elsewhere find
No refuge but in thee.

6 To thee I recommend
My poor, and trembling soul;
On thee for future grace depend,
Who art my all in all.

H Y M N XXXV.

MEEKNESS AND HUMILITY.

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 wou'd I seek below ;
Aim at nothing great or high,
Lowly both in heart and eye.

3 Simple, teachable, and mild,
Chang'd into a little child ;
Pleas'd with all the Lord provides,
Wean'd from all the world besides.

4 Father, fix my soul on thee,
Ev'ry evil let me flee ;
Nothing want beneath, above,
Happy in thy precious love.

5 O ! that all may seek, and find
Every good in Jesus join'd !
Him let Israel still adore,
Trust him, praise him evermore.

H Y M N XXXVI.

P S A L M V.

1 O N thee, O God of purity,
 I wait for hallowing grace;
 None without holiness shall see
 The glories of thy face :
 In souls unholy, and unclean,
 Thou never canst delight;
 Nor shall they, while unfav'd from sin,
 Appear before thy sight.

2 But as for me, with humble fear,
 I will approach thy gate;
 Though most unworthy to draw near,
 Or in thy courts to wait :
 I trust in thine unbounded grace,
 To all so freely given;
 And worship t'ward thy holy place,
 And lift my soul to heav'n.

3 Lead me in all thy righteous ways,
 Nor suffer me to slide;
 Point out the path before my face,
 My God be thou my guide !
 O may I ne'er to evil yield,
 Defended from above,
 And kept, and cover'd with the shield
 Of thine Almighty love.

H Y M N

H Y M N XXXVII

BREATHING AFTER HOLINESS,

1 O That the Lord wou'd guide my ways,
To keep his Statutes still !

O that my God would give me grace,
To know, and do his will !

2 Lord, send thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart !

Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act a liar's part.

3 From vanity, Lord, turn mine eyes,
Let no corrupt design,
No covetous desires arise
Within this soul of mine.

4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

5 My soul hath gone too far astray,
My feet too often slip;
I would not, Lord ! forget thy way,
Bring back the wand'ring sheep.

6 Make

6 Make me to walk in thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road ;
Nor let my head, my heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

H Y M N XXXVIII.

P R E V E N T I N G G R A C E.

1 O F T' hast thou, Lord, in tender love,
Prevented my request,
And sent thy Spirit from above,
An unexpected guest.

2 O f t' when my pray'r was scarce begun,
Thou did'st 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 can'st thou to a sinner's cry
Incline thy pitying ear ?
Thou hear'st mine advocate on high,
And wilt for ever hear.

H Y M N

HYMN XXXIX.

L U K E X. 39.

- 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 unweary'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 bliss.

- 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.

H Y M N XL.

A SINNER'S PRAYER.

- 1 **W**HEN, gracious Lord, when shall it be,
That I shall find my all in thee ;
The fulness of thy promise prove,
The seal of thine eternal love ?
- 2 Thee, only thee I fain wou'd find,
And cast the world and flesh behind ;
An helpless soul I come to thee,
With only sin and misery.
- 3 Lord I am sick, my sickness cure ;
I want, do thou enrich the poor :
Under thy mighty hand I stoop,
O lift the abject sinner up.
- 4 Lord, I am blind, be thou my sight ;
Lord, I am weak, be thou my might ;
An helper of the helpless be,
And let me find my all in thee.

H Y M N.

H Y M N XLI.

T H E S A M E.

- 1 **O** My Lord, what must I do ?
 Only thou the way canst shew ;
 Thou canst save me in this hour,
 I have neither will nor pow'r :
 God if over all thou art,
 Greater than the sinful heart ;
 Let it now on me be shewn,
 Take away the heart of stone.
- 2 Take away my darling sin,
 Make me willing to be clean ;
 Make me willing to receive
 What thy goodness waits to give :
 Force me, Lord, with all to part,
 Tear all idols from my heart ;
 Let thy pow'r on me be shewn,
 Take away the heart of stone.
- 3 Jesu, mighty to renew,
 Work in me to will and do ;
 Turn my nature's rapid tide,
 Stem the torrent of my pride,
 Stop the whirlwind of my will,
 Bid corruptions, Lord, be still ;
 Now thy love almighty shew,
 Make e'en me a creature new.

4 Arm of God; thy strength put on,
Bow the heavens, and come down ;
All mine unbelief o'erthrow,
Lay th' aspiring mountain low ;
Conquer thy worst foe in me,
Get thyself the victory,
Save the vilest of the race,
Force me to be fav'd by grace.

H Y M N XLII.

D E S I R I N G C H R I S T.

1 C O M E, 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 !

2 Come, O my comfort and delight !
My strength and health, my shield and fun,
My boast, my confidence, and might,
My joy, my glory, and my crown ;
My gospel-hope, my calling's prize,
My tree of life, my paradise.

H Y M N

H Y M N XLIII.

THE PLEASURE OF SIN

- 1 O That my load of sin were gone !
 O that I cou'd at last submit,
 At Jesu's feet to lay it down,
 To lay my soul at Jesu's feet !
- 2 When shall mine eyes behold the Lamb,
 The God of my salvation see !
 Weary, O Lord, thou know'st I am,
 Yet still I cannot come to thee.
- 3 Rest for my soul I long to find,
 Saviour, if mine indeed thou art,
 Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
 And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 4 I wou'd, but thou must give the pow'r,
 My heart from ev'ry sin release ;
 Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
 And fill me with thy heav'nly peace.
- 5 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner hear,
 Let not my Jesus long delay ;
 Appear, in my hard heart appear,
 My God, my Saviour, come away !

H Y M N XLIV.

A N H U M B L E H O P E.

1 O What shall I do my Saviour to praise,
So faithful and true, so plenteous in grace,
So strong to deliver, so good to redeem
The weakest believer, that hangs upon him.

2 How happy the man, whose heart is set free,
The people that can be joyful in thee!
Their joy is to walk in the light of thy face,
And still they are talking of Jesus's grace.

3 Their daily delight shall be in thy name;
They shall as their right thy righteousness
claim,
Thy righteousness wearing, and cleans'd by
thy blood,
Bold shall they appear in the presence of
God.

4 For thou art their boast, their glory and
pow'r,
And I also trust to see the glad hour,
My soul's new creation, a life from the
dead,
The day of salvation, that lifts up my head.

G

5 Yes,

- 5 Yes, Lord; I shall see the blifs of thine own,
Thy mercy to me shall soon be made known;
For sorrow and sadness, I joy shall receive,
And share in the gladness of all that believe.

H Y M N XLV.

THE VOICE OF CHRIST.

- 1 **T**HE voice of my beloved sounds
Over the rocks, and rising grounds ;
O'er hills of guilt, and seas of grief,
He leaps, he flies to my relief.

- 2 Now thro' the veil of flesh I see,
With eyes of love he looks on me ;
Now in the gospel's clearest glass,
He shews the beauties of his face.

- 3 Gently he draws my heart along
Both with his beauties, and his tongue ;
Rise, faith my Lord, and come away,
No mortal joys are worth thy stay.

- 4 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.

H Y M N XLVI.

H U M I L I A T I O N .

- 1 S H E W pity, Lord, O Lord forgive,
Let a repenting-rebel live ;
Are not thy mercies large and free ?
May not a sinner trust in thee ?
- 2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The pow'r and glory of thy grace ;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.
- 3 O wash my soul from ev'ry sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean ;
Here on my heart the burthen lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.
- 4 My lips with shame, my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace ;
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.
- 5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,
Wou'd light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

H Y M N XLVII.

T H E B A M E.

P S A L M LI.

- 1 **O** Thou that hear'st when finners cry,
 Tho' all my crimes before thee lie ;
 Behold me not with angry look,
 But blot their mem'ry from thy book.
- 2 I cannot live without thy light,
 Cast out and banish'd from thy sight ;
 Thy saving-grace, O Lord, restore,
 And guard me that I fall no more.
- 3 Though I have griev'd thy spirit, Lord,
 Its help and comfort still afford ;
 And let a wretch come near thy throne,
 To plead the merits of thy son.
- 4 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
 And owns thy awful sentence just ;
 Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
 And save a soul condemn'd to die.
- 5 Then will I teach the world thy ways,
 Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign grace ;
 I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
 And they shall praise a pard'ning God.

H Y M N

H Y M N XLVIII.

T H E S A M E.

- 1 **L**ORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin,
 And born unholy, and unclean;
 Sprung from the man, whose guilty fall
 Corrupts the race, and taints us all.
- 2 Soon as we draw our infant-breath,
 The seeds of sin grow up for death;
 Thy law demands a perfect heart,
 But we're defil'd in ev'ry part.
- 3 Great God, create my heart anew,
 And form my spirit pure and true;
 O make me wise betimes to spy
 My danger, and my remedy.
- 4 Behold I fall before thy face,
 My only refuge is thy grace;
 No outward forms can make me clean,
 The leprosy lies deep within.
- 5 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone
 Hath pow'r sufficient to atone;
 Thy blood can make me white as snow,
 No other thing can cleanse me so.

G 3

6 While

6 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,
 Nor flesh, nor soul hath rest or ease ;
 Lord let me hear thy pard'ning voice,
 And make my broken heart rejoice.

H Y M N XLIX.

T H E S A M E.

1 **L**ORD, I would spread my fore distress,
 And guilt before thine eyes ;
 Against thy laws, against thy grace.
 How high my crimes arise !

2 I from the stock of Adam came,
 Unholy, and unclean ;
 All my original is shame,
 And all my nature sin.

3 Born in a world of guilt, I drew
 Contagion with my breath ;
 And as my days advanc'd, I grew
 A juster prey for death.

4 Cleanse me, O Lord, and cheer my soul
 With thy forgiving love ;
 O make my broken spirit whole,
 And make my sins remove.

5 Let

5 Let not thy spirit quite depart,
Nor drive me from thy face ;
Create anew my vicious heart,
And fill it with thy grace.

6 Then will I make thy mercy known
Before the sons of men ;
Backsliders shall address thy throne,
And turn to God again.

H Y M N L.

F O R S E R I O U S N E S S.

THOU 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 time, 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 great one bus'ness here,
With serious industry and fear,
My future bliss t'ensure !
Thine utmost council 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.

HYMN LI.

THE VOICE OF CHRIST.

1 HARK ! 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.

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

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 !

H Y M N LII.

THE DAY OF ESPOUSALS.

1 SWEET was the hour, the minutes sweet,
When my beloved me did meet,
His death to evidence :
My heart, which wounded was before,
Kindly he bound ; therein did pour
Love's healing quintessence.

2 Death's heritage he then laid waste,
And calm'd each stormy furious blast,
And cancel'd all my sins ;
Placing his cross before my eyes,
Look to me, and be fav'd, he cries,
From death thy life begins.

3 Sweet was the feast my heart enjoy'd,
I ate, I drank, nor was I cloy'd,
For more I thirsted still :
Here let me stay, I longing pray'd,
Sure this is Achor's vale, I said,
Or holy Tabor's hill.

4 His

5 His left hand under me was plac'd,
And his right hand my soul embrac'd,
His kindness sweet did prove:
Safely I sat beneath his shade,
Quite round my soul he overspread
His canopy of love.

5 I sung assur'd of Jesu's love,
Refresh'd with manna from above,
For flesh no more I cry'd:
Warm'd with the sun's enliv'ning beams,
I laid me down at Shiloh's streams,
Content and satisfy'd.

6 Untouch'd by Satan's envious crew,
Upon my fleece, like drops of dew,
His free grace did descend:
Stranger's in vain attempt to tell
The joy immense, unspeakable,
I found in Christ my friend.

7 Thus free'd from bondage, I did prove
The sweets of his redeeming love,
And bask'd in sunny beams:
In this sweet frame may I rejoice,
Still hearken to my Saviour's voice,
Still drink those living streams!

H Y M N LIII.

T H E P E T I T I O N

- 1 O Dearest Lord, give me an heart,
Inflam'd with love to thee ;
That thro' thy tedious toil and smart,
My soul may happy be.
- 2 I want, O Lord, from sin to flee,
And in thy wounds to rest ;
Bid me by faith come near to thee,
And lean upon thy breast.
- 3 Still let a sense of what thou'st done,
In my hard heart be felt ;
That by the love to me thou'st shewn,
My inmost soul may melt.
- 4 O may I never, never faint,
Refresh'd by streams of love ;
'Till in thy glory as a saint,
I live with those above.
- 5 O may I now my all give up,
To thee, my dearest Lord ;
And wait with all thy saints to sup
Around the festal board.

H Y M N LIV.

CHRIST PRECIOUS TO A BELIEVER.

- 1 JESUS, I love thy charming name,
 'Tis music to my ear ;
 Fain wou'd I found it out so loud,
 That earth and heav'n might hear.
- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
 My transport, and my trust ;
 Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
 And gold is fordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious pow'rs can wish
 In thee most richly meet ;
 Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
 No friendship half so sweet.
- 4 O may thy grace still chear my heart !
 And shed its fragrance there !
 The noblest balm of all its wounds,
 The cordial of its care.
- 5 I'll speak the honours of thy name
 With my last lab'ring breath ;
 When speechless, clasp thee in my arms,
 My joy in life and death !

H Y M N LV.

P R A I S E T O C H R I S T.

- 1 **C O M E** 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 lips 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 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas ;
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.
- 5 Let all creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him, that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

H Y M N LVI.

C H R I S T O U R W I S D O M.

1 **H**OW heavy is the night,
 That hangs upon our eyes ;
 'Till Christ with his reviving light,
 Upon our souls arise ?

2 Our guilty spirits dread
 To meet the wrath of heav'n ;
 But in his righteousness array'd,
 We see our sins forgiv'n.

3 Unholy, and impure
 Are all our thoughts and ways ;
 His hands infected nature cure,
 With sanctifying grace.

4 The pow'rs of hell agree
 To hold our souls in vain ;
 He sets the sons of bondage free,
 And breaks the cursed chain.

5 Lord, we adore thy ways,
 To bring us near to God ;
 Thy sov'reign pow'r, thy healing grace,
 And thine atoning blood.

H Y M N LVII.

CHRIST'S COMPASSION TO
THE TEMPTED.

- 1 **W**ITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our high-priest above ;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.
- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame ;
He knows what fore temptations mean,
For he hath felt the same.
- 3 He in the days of feeble flesh
Pour'd out strong cries and tears ;
And in his measure feels afresh,
What ev'ry member bears.
- 4 He'll never quench the smoaking flax
But raise it to a flame ;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy, and his pow'r ;
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace,
In the distressing hour.

H Y M N

H Y M N LVIII.

L O V E.

1 **H**APPY the heart, where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast ;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And perfects all the rest.

2 Knowledge, alas ! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear ;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

3 'Tis love that makes our chearful feet
In swift obedience move ;
The devils know, and tremble too,
But Satan cannot love.

4 This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease ;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings,
In the sweet realms of bliss.

5 When join'd to that harmonious throng,
That fills the choirs above ;
Then shall we tune our golden harps,
And ev'ry note be love.

H Y M N L I X.

L I G H T I N D A R K N E S S.

- 1 **M**Y God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights ;
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights !
- 2 In darkest shades if thou appear,
My dawning is begun !
Thou art my soul's bright morning-star,
And thou my rising sun.
- 3 The op'ning heav'ns around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
When Jesus shews his mercy's mine,
And whispers, I AM HIS.
- 4 My soul cou'd leave this heavy clay;
At that transporting word ;
Run up with joy the shining way
To meet and praise my Lord.
- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break thro' ev'ry foe ;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Shall bear me conqu'ror through.

H Y M N LX.

CHRIST'S LOVE UNIVERSAL.

1 THE Saviour's love once truly known,
 The man of sin, and self pulls down ;
 Humbles the finner at his feet,
 And makes his wounds and passion sweet.

2 Bow'd down in shame we gladly own
 The work to be the Lord's alone ;
 To him our very all we owe,
 What of ourselves, or God, we know.

3 Our works no longer then we praise,
 Nothing extol but Jesu's grace ;
 Free and unmerited we prove
 The boundless height and depth of love.

4 While thus we learn the needful part,
 Shame fills, love warms the grateful heart ;
 While on his suff'ring form we muse,
 Our cares, and very thoughts we lose.

5 We stand amaz'd, and wonder why
 The Saviour cou'd for finners die ;
 We blush to see him in his blood ;
 Yet here we look, and drop our load.

6 Then

6 Then, O my soul, how canst thou be
So cold to him, who dy'd for thee !
All blessings from the cross proceed,
Look there, my soul, in all thy need.

H Y M N LXI.

P H I L. IV. 4.

1 **R**EJOICE the Lord is king,
Your God and king adore ;
Mortals give thanks, and sing,
And triumph evermore :
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love ;
When he had purg'd our stains,
He took his seat above :
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heav'n ;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus giv'n :
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

4 He

4 He fits at God's right hand,
'Till all his foes submit,
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

5 He all his foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy,
And ev'ry bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

6 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus the judge shall come,
And take his servants up,
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound, rejoice.

H Y M N · LXII.

THE BELIEVER'S REQUEST.

1 J E S U S, the Saviour of my soul,
Be thou my heart's delight;
Remain the same to me always,
My joy by day and night.

2 Hungry

- 2 Hungry and thirsty after thee
May I be found each-hour ;
Humble in heart, and happy kept,
By thy almighty pow'r.
- 3 O may I never once forget
What a poor worm I am ;
From death and hell redeem'd by blood,
The blood of God's dear lamb.
- 4 May thy blest spirit in my heart,
Sweetly diffuse abroad
The love of God, th'incarnate God,
Who bought me with his blood.
- 5 In holy reverence I wou'd
With all my heart retain
Th' atonement made by Jesu's blood,
And all his wounds and pain.
- 6 The myst'ry of redeeming love,
Be ever dear to me ;
And may the flesh and blood of Christ
My choicest dainty be.

H Y M N LXIII.

DESIRING ASSURANCE OF GOD'S
FAVOUR.

- 1 ETERNAL source of joys divine,
To thee my soul aspires :
O could I say, " the Lord is mine,"
'Tis all my soul desires.
- 2 Thy smile can give me real joy,
Unmingled, and refin'd ;
Substantial bliss, without alloy,
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Thy smile can gild the shades of woe,
Bid stormy trouble cease ,
Spread the fair dawn of heav'n below,
And sweeten pain to peace.
- 4 My hope, my trust, my life, my Lord,
Assure me of thy love ;
O speak the kind transporting word,
And bid my fears remove.
- 5 Then shall my thankful powers rejoice,
And triumph in my God,
'Till heav'nly rapture tune my voice,
To spread thy praise abroad.

H M N N

H Y M N LXIV.

THE NEW COVENANT SEALED.

- 1 "T H E promise of my Father's love
 Shall stand for ever good :"
 He said, and gave his soul to death,
 And seal'd the grace with blood.
- 2 To this dear cov'nant of thy word,
 I set my worthless name ;
 I seal th' engagement to my Lord,
 And make my humble claim.
- 3 The light, and strength, and pard'ning grace,
 And glory shall be mine ;
 My life and soul, my heart and flesh,
 And all my pow'rs are thine.
- 4 I call that legacy mine own,
 Which Jesus did bequeath,
 'Twas purchas'd with a dying groan,
 And ratify'd in death.
- 5 Sweet is the mem'ry of his name,
 Who bless'd us in his Will,
 And to his testament of love,
 Made his own life the seal.

HYMN LXV.

CHRIST OUR ONLY REFUGE

1 **H**OW blest are they, whose feet have found
 The way unto Immanuel's ground ;
 And stedfastly do walk therein,
 Far from the crooked paths of sin !

2 Their weary spirits sweetly rest
 Contentedly on Jesu's breast ;
 They so much of his mercy prove,
 As that they cannot help but love.

3 In peace their hearts enjoy the Lamb,
 Who once was wrapt in human frame ;
 They view within his bloody rays,
 The object of eternal praise.

4 His spirit shews their sins forgiv'n,
 And seals them for the heirs of heav'n ;
 And gives them patience here to wait,
 'Till Jesus them to blis translate.

5 He arms them for the evil day ;
 And while in heart with him they stay,
 He guides them with his mighty pow'r,
 And brings them thro' the trying hour.

6 Then rest, my soul, upon thy Lord,
Ev'n Jesus Christ, the living word ;
And then thy joy shall ne'er decay,
'Till it break out in endless day.

H Y M N LXVI.

E P H E S I A N S. II. 13.

1 **O**F him, who did salvation bring,
I cou'd for ever think and sing !
Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive ;
Arise, ye poor, he will relieve.

2 Eternal Lord, almighty king,
All heav'n doth with thy triumphs ring !
Thou conquer'st all, beneath, above,
Devils with force, and men with love !

3 Ask but his grace, and lo ! 'tis giv'n,
Ask, and he turns your hell to heav'n ;
Tho' sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesu, thy balm can make it whole.

4 Guide thou, O Lord, guide thou my course,
And draw me on with thy sweet force ;
Still make me walk, still make me tend,
By thee my way, to God my end.

H Y M N

H Y M N LXVII.

T O J E S U S C H R I S T .

1 O Thou, in whom the Gentiles trust,
 Thou only holy, only just ;
 O tune our souls to praise thy name,
 Jesus ! unchangeable, the same !

2 If angels, whilst to thee they sing,
 Wrap up their faces in their wing ;
 How shall we sinful dust draw nigh,
 Thy great, and awful majesty ?

3 Glory to thee, auspicious Lamb !
 Thou holy Lord, thou great I AM !
 With all our pow'r thy grace we bless,
 Our joy, our peace, our righteousness !

4 Live, ever glorious Jesus ! live,
 Worthy all blessings to receive !
 Worthy on high enthron'd to sit,
 With ev'ry pow'r beneath thy feet !

5 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
 Who bore the curse for sinful man ;
 Let angels sound the sacred name,
 And ev'ry creature say AMEN.

H Y M N LXVIII.

T H E S A M E.

- 1 **H**A I L 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 born our sin and shame,
 By whose merits we find favour,
 Life is given thro' thy name !
- 2 Pascal 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 heav'nly hosts adore thee,
 Seated at thy father's side :
 There for finners 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 Christ Jesu's merits,
Help to chaunt Immanuel's praise.

H Y M N LXIX.

T H E S A M E.

1 C O M E, let us all unite to praise
The Saviour of mankind,
Our thankful hearts in solemn lays,
Be with our voices join'd.

2 But how shall dust his worth declare,
When angels try in vain ;
Their faces veil when they appear
Before the son of man.

3 O Lord, we cannot silent be,
By love we are constrain'd
To offer our best thanks to thee,--
Our Saviour, and our friend !

- 4 Tho' feeble are our best essays,
 Thy love will not despise ;
 Our grateful songs of humble praise,
 Our well-meant sacrifice.
- 5 Let ev'ry tongue thy goodness show,
 And spread abroad thy fame ;
 Let ev'ry heart with praise o'erflow,
 And bless thy sacred name !
- 6 Worship and honour, thanks and love,
 Be to our Jesus giv'n !
 By men below,---by hosts above---
 By all in earth and heav'n !

H Y M N LXX.

R E D E E M I N G L O V E.

- 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 bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning

3 Mourning souls dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears ;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.

4 Ye, alas ! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin ;
Now from blifs 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 then your music bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string ;
Mortals join the hosts above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

H Y M N LXXII.

A P R A Y E R.

- 1 **B**E with me, Lord, where'er I go,
Learn me what thou wou'd'st have me do;
Suggest whate'er I think or say,
Direct me in the narrow way.
- 2 Prevent me lest I harbour pride,
Lest I in my own strength confide;
Shew me my weakness, let me see
I have my pow'r, my all from thee.
- 3 Enrich me alway with thy love,
My kind protection ever prove;
Thy signet put upon my breast,
And let thy spirit on me rest.
- 4 Assist, and teach me how to pray,
Incline my nature to obey;
What thou abhorr'st, that let me flee,
And only love what pleases thee.
- 5 O may I never do my will,
But thine, and only thine fulfil;
Let all my time, and all my ways
Be spent, and ended to thy praise.

HYMN LXXII.

P S A L M XCIII.

YE servants of God,
 Your master proclaim ;
 And publish abroad
 His wonderful name :
 The name all-victorious
 Of Jesus extol ;
 His kingdom is glorious,
 And rules over all.

God ruleth on high,
 Almighty to save ;
 And still he is nigh,
 His presence we have :
 The great congregation
 His triumph shall sing,
 Ascribing salvation
 To Jesus our king.

Salvation to God,
 Who sits on the throne ;
 Let all cry aloud,
 And honour the son :
 Our Jesus's praises
 The angels proclaim,
 Fall down on their faces,
 And worship the Lamb,

4 Then

- 4 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.

H Y M N LXXIII.

T E D E U M.

- 1 **H**O W 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

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.

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 every believer
To God might return.

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 kingd om of God !

H Y M N LXXIV.

U N D E R T E M P T A T I O N.

1 J E S U, 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,
I am all unrighteousness !
Vile, and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon 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 !

H Y M N LXXV.

CHRIST OUR GREAT MELCHISEDEC.

1 T H O U dear Redeemer, dying Lamb !
We love to hear of thee ;
No music like thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be !
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, and loud,
And Christ shall be our song.

H Y M N LXXVI.

CHRIST OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

- 1 J E S U, 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 death I rise,
To claim my mansion in the skies ;
E'en then shall this be all my plea,
" Jesus hath LIV'D, hath DY'D for me."
- 3 Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who ought to my charge shall lay ?
Fully thro' these 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 finners 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.

H Y M N LXXVII.

THE GREATNESS AND GOODNESS OF
GOD.

1 JEHOVAH reigns, his throne is high,
His robes are light and majesty :
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the fight.

2 His terrors keep the world in awe,
His justice guards his holy law ;
His love reveals his smiling face,
His truth and promise seal the grace.

3 Thro' all his works his wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs ;
His pow'r is sov'reign to fulfil
The noblest counsels of his will.

4 And will JEHOVAH condescend
To be my Father, and my friend !
Then let my songs with Angels join ;
Heav'n is secure, if God be mine.

HYMN LXXVIII.

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 bus'ness 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 thine honour,
 And lives we'll employ.

4 But O ! above all
Thy kindness we praise,
From sin and from thrall
Which saves a 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 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.

H Y M N LXXIX.

S A L V A T I O N .

1 **S**alvation ! O the joyful sound !
What pleasure to our ears !
A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Salvation ! let the eccho fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky,
Conspire to raise the sound !

- 3 Salvation ! O thou bleeding Lamb !
To thee the praise belongs :
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

H Y M N LXXX.

DESIRING PERSEVERANCE.

- 1 HAIL, Alpha and Omega, hail !
Author of all our faith,
The finisher of all our hopes,
The truth, the life, the path.

- 2 Hail, first and last, the morning star,
In whom we live and move ;
Increase our little spark of faith,
And purify our love.

- 3 Let that belief, which Jesus taught,
Be treasur'd in our breast ;
The evidence of unseen joys,
The substance of our rest.

- 4 O let us go from strength to strength,
From grace to greater grace,
From one degree of faith to more,
'Till we behold thy face.

H Y M N LXXXI.

STRIVING TO PRAISE CHRIST.

- 1 **L**ET us, the sheep by Jesus nam'd,
 Our shepherd's mercy bless ;
 Let us, whom Jesus hath redeem'd,
 Shew forth our thankfulness.
- 2 Not unto us, to thee alone,
 Be praise and glory giv'n ;
 Here shall thy praises be begun,
 But carry'd on in heav'n.
- 3 The hosts of spirits now with thee,
 Eternal anthems sing ;
 To imitate them here, lo ! we
 Our hallelujahs bring.
- 4 Had we our tongues like them inspir'd,
 Like theirs our songs shou'd rise ;
 Like them we never shou'd be tir'd,
 But love the sacrifice.
- 5 'Till we this veil of flesh lay down,
 Accept our weaker lays ;
 And when, O Lord, we reach thy throne,
 We'll join in nobler praise.

H Y M N

H Y M N LXXXII.

RESTING UNDER THE CROSS.

- 1 **C**Hildren of Israel see what shade
The cross does us afford ;
It was for weary trav'lers made,
We thank thee for it, Lord.
- 2 Here let us sit, and all prepare
To sing his worthy fame ;
Who to redeem us sojourn'd here,
Christ Jesus is his name.
- 3 We sing thy suff'rings, wounds and blood,
The virtue of thy pain :
We sing thy griefs, thou dying God,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain.
- 4 We hail thee, thou by Jews revil'd,
To thee we bow the knee ;
Hail ! very God, the promis'd child,
The prophets sang of thee.
- 5 While others praise an unknown God.
We each will sing of thee ;
Jesus has wash'd me in his blood,
And liv'd, and dy'd for me.

H Y M N LXXXIII.

PRIVILEGES OF GOD'S CHILDREN.

1 BLESSED are the fons of God,
 They are bought with Christ's own blood;
 They are ransom'd from the grave,
 Life eternal they shall have :
 God did love them in his son,
 Long before the world begun ;
 With them number'd may we be,
 Here, and in eternity !

2 They the seal of this receive,
 When on Jesus they believe ;
 They are justify'd by grace,
 They enjoy a solid peace :
 All their fins are wash'd away,
 They shall stand in God's great day,
 With them number'd may we be,
 Here, and in eternity !

3 They produce the fruits of grace,
 In the works of righteousness ;
 They are harmless, meek and mild,
 Holy, humble, undefil'd :
 They are lights upon the earth,
 Children of an heav'nly birth :
 With them number'd may we be,
 Here, and in eternity !

4 Born

4 Born of God, they hate all sin,
God's pure seed remains within ;
They have fellowship with God,
Thro' the mediator's blood :
One with God, with Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun ;
With them number'd may we be,
Here, and in eternity !

5 Tho' they suffer much on earth,
Strangers quite to this world's mirth ;
Yet they have an inward joy,
Pleasures that can never cloy ;
They alone are truly blest,
Heirs of God, joint-heirs with Christ ;
With them number'd may we be,
Here, and in eternity !

H Y M N LXXXIV.

1 **O** Come, thou wounded Lamb of God !
Come, wash us in thy cleansing blood ;
Give us to know thy love, then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take our poor hearts, and let them be
For ever clos'd to all but thee ;
Seal thou our breasts, and let us wear
That pledge of love for ever there.

3 How

How can it be thou heav'nly king,
That thou shou'd'st man to glory bring !
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
And give them an immortal crown !

Ah, Lord ! enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders thou hast wrought ;
Unloose our stamm'ring tongues to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable.

First-born of many brethren, thou,
To thee both earth and heav'n must bow ;
Help us to thee our all to give,
Thine may we die, thine may we live !

H Y M N LXXXV.

1 O Jesu, Jesu, dearest Lord,
How wond'rous is thy love !
Thy patience, pity, tenderness,
Which I each moment prove !

2 O Lord, how faithless is my heart,
How apt to turn aside ;
And wander in its own deceits,
Of reasoning and pride !

3 Yet dearest Saviour, love me still,
The poorest, and the worst ;
For well I know where sin abounds,
Thy grace aboundeth most.

4 Yet

- 4 Yet let me not thy grace abuse,
And sin because thou'rt good ;
But let thy love fill me with shame,
That I thy love withstood.
- 5 Saviour of sinners now do this,
Let me not turn away ;
From thy dear cross, and bleeding wounds,
But bind me there to stay !
- 6 On me, my king, exert thy pow'r,
Make old things pass away ;
Create all new, and draw me still,
Still nearer ev'ry day.
- 7 I thank and praise thee, dearest Lord,
For all that thou hast done,
O take me to thee as I am,
For thy redeemed one.

H Y M N LXXXVI.

- 1 **D**isciples of Christ,
Ye friends of the Lamb ;
Attend, and assist
In singing his fame :
Eternal thanksgiving
The faithful shou'd pay,
The living, the living,
As we do this day.

A body of clay
 He humbly put on,
 And then took away
 The sin we had done ;
 And in it endured
 The wrath to us due,
 The curse we incurred,
 Our stripes and our woe.

Not only he dy'd,
 But also arose ;
 Laid weakness aside,
 And over his foes,
 (Sin, death and the devil,)
 He triumphed o'er,
 And every evil
 Dominion and pow'r.

O merciful Lamb,
 Who sits on the throne,
 We bow at thy name,
 We count thee alone
 Deserving our blessing,
 And blessing we'll give,
 Without ever ceasing,
 So long as we live.

H Y M N LXXXVII.

R E J O I C I N G I N H O P E.

- 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 has brought my foes to shame,
And drown'd them in his blood.

Awake, awake my tuneful pow'rs,
With this delightful song ;
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

H Y M N LXXXVIII.

T R U E F A I T H.

O Love, thou bottomless abyfs !
My fins are swallow'd up in thee ;
Cover'd is my unrighteousness,
From condemnation I am free ;
Whilst Jesu's blood thro' earth and skies,
Mercy, free boundless mercy ! cries.

With faith I plunge me in that sea ;
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest !
Hither when hell assaults, I flee,
I look into my Saviour's breast ;
Away sad doubts, and 'anxious fear,
Mercy is all that's written there.

Tho' waves and storms go o'er my head,
Tho' strength, and health, and friends be
gone ;
Tho' joys be wither'd all and dead,
Tho' ev'ry comfort be withdrawn :
Stedfast on this my soul relies,
Father thy mercy never dies !

- 4 Fixt on this ground wou'd I remain,
Tho' my heart fail, and flesh decay ;
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away :
Mercy's full pow'r I then shall prove,
Lov'd with an everlasting love.

H Y M N LXXXIX.

FOR THE SPIRIT OF ADOPTION.

- 1 FATHER, (if thou my father art)
Send forth the Spirit of thy son ;
Breathe him into my panting heart,
And make me know as I am known ;
Make me thy conscious child, that I
May Father, Abba, Father, cry !

- 2 O that the comforter wou'd come,
Nor visit as a transient guest ;
But fix in me his constant home,
And keep possession of my breast ;
And make my soul his lov'd abode,
The temple of in-dwelling God !

- 3 Come, holy Ghost, my soul inspire,
Attest that I am born again ;
Come and baptize me, Lord, with fire,
Nor let thy former gifts be vain :
O grant the sense of sin forgiv'n,
O grant the earnest of my heav'n.

4 O give th' indisputable seal,
That ascertains the kingdom mine !
That pow'riful stamp I long to feel,
The signature of love divine :
O shed it in my heart abroad,
Fulness of love, of heav'n, of God!

H Y M N XC.

A PRAYER FOR GRACE..

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 carets'd !

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 I'd 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.

H Y M N XCI.

CREATION AND REDEMPTION.

- 1 **G**IVE to our God immortal praise !
Mercy and truth are all his ways ;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his 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.

H Y M N XCII.

A N H A P P Y M O M E N T.

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 whosoe'er believeth,
 He will never cast behind.

3 Now

- 3 Now our advocate is pleading
With his Father, and our God ;
Now for us he's interceeding,
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.

H Y M N X C I I I .

- 1 **T**Hroughout the Saviour's life we trace,
Nothing, but shame and deep disgrace ;
No period else is seen ;
'Till he a spotless victim fell,
Tasting in soul a painful hell,
Caus'd by the creature's sin.

- 2 On the cold ground methinks I see
My Jesus kneel, and pray for me ;
For this I him adore :
Seiz'd with a chilly sweat throughout,
Blood-drops did force their passage out,
Thro' ev'ry open'd pore.

- 3 A pricking thorn his temples bore,
His back with lashes all was tore,
'Till one the bones might see ;
Mocking they push'd him here and there,
Marking his way with blood and tear,
Press'd by the heavy tree. 4 Thus

4 Thus up the hill he painful came,
Round him they mock, and make their game,
At length his cross they rear ;
And can you see the mighty God
Cry out beneath sin's heavy load,
Without one thankful tear ?

5 Thus veiled in humanity,
He dies in anguish on the tree ;
What tongue his griefs can tell ?
The shudd'ring rocks their heads recline,
The mourning sun refus'd to shine,
When the creator fell.

6 Shout, brethren, shout in songs divine ;
He drank the gall to give us wine,
To quench our parching thirst :
Seraphs advance your voices higher ;
Bride of the Lamb unite the choir,
And laud thy precious Christ.

H Y M N XCIV.

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 thine arms in mercy open,
Bid, O bid us Jesus, come ;
Let our flinty hearts be broken,
Falling on the corner-stone.

2 Here

- 2 Here for ever let us center
Steady, tho' assail'd by sin ;
Forward may we stoutly venture,
'Till eternal life we win :
Banish ev'ry reas'ning scruple,
Scatter every gathering cloud ;
Our poor hearts, O Jesus, sprinkle,
Sprinkle with thy precious blood.
- 3 When our chearing feelings sicken,
And a veil our souls o'erspreads ;
Then with grace our spirits quicken,
And raise up our drooping heads ;
When our foolish hearts would wander
From the source of real joy ;
Call us back, but not in anger,
Lest thy fury us destroy.
- 4 Arm us from thy heav'nly store-house,
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.

H Y M N XCV.

A D O R I N G C H R I S T.

- 1 O For a thousand tongues to sing,
My dear Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and king,
The triumphs of his grace.
- 2 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 3 He breaks the pow'r of cancel'd sin,
He sets the pris'ners free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood avail'd for me.
- 4 He speaks, and list'ning to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.
- 5 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loos'n'd tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

H Y M N XCVI.

C O N F I D E N C E.

- 1 **W**ith all my pow'rs of heart and tongue,
I'll praise my maker in my song :
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.
- 2 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord,
I'll sing the wonders of thy word ;
Not all thy works, and names below,
So much thy pow'r and glory shew.
- 3 To God I cry'd when trouble rose,
He heard me, and subdu'd my foes ;
He did my rising fears controul,
And strength diffus'd thro' all my soul.
- 4 Amidst a thousand snares I stand
Upheld, and guarded by thy hand ;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.
- 5 Grace will compleat what grace begins,
To save from sorrows, or from sins ;
The work that wisdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

H Y M N XCVII.

LIFE AND SAFETY IN CHRIST ALONE.

- 1 **T**HOU only Sov'reign of my heart,
 My refuge, my almighty friend ;
 And can my soul from thee depart,
 On whom alone my hopes depend ?
- 2 Whither, ah ! whither shall I go,
 A wretched wanderer from my Lord ?
 Can this dark world of sin and woe,
 One glimpse of happiness afford ?
- 3 Eternal life thy words impart ;
 On these my fainting spirit lives ;
 Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,
 Than all the round of nature gives,
- 4 Let earth's alluring joys combine,
 While thou art near, in vain they call ;
 One smile, one blissful smile of thine,
 My dearest Lord outweighs them all.
- 5 Thy name my inmost powers adore,
 Thou art my life, my joy, my care :
 Depart from thee--- 'tis death--- 'tis more,
 'Tis endless ruin, deep despair.

- 6 Low at thy feet my soul wou'd lie,
Here safety dwells, and peace divine ;
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life, eternal life is thine.

H Y M N XCVIII.

T H E S A M E.

- 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.

(III)

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.

H Y M N XCIX.

U N I V E R S A L P R A I S E .

1 **T**H E 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.

- 3 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 unwearied 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.

H Y M N C.

A DIVINE RAPTURE.

- 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,

3 There, where my blessed Jesus reigns,
In heav'n's 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 bless'd abode ;
Fly, for my spirit longs to see
My Saviour, and my God.

H Y M N C I.

G O D A L L I N A L L.

1 **M**Y God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee, I call ;
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

- 2 Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell ;
'Tis paradise when thou art here,
If thou depart 'tis hell.
- 3 The smilings of thy face,
How lovely, Lord, they are !
'Tis heav'n to rest in thine embrace,
And no where else but there.
- 4 To thee, and thee alone
The angels owe their blifs ;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.
- 5 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford ;
No not one drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.
- 6 Be thou the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll ;
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.
- 7 To thee my spirits fly,
With fullness of desire ;
Yet very far from thee I lie,
Lord Jesus, raise me higher.

HYMN CII.

PRAISE TO THE REDEEMER.

1 Plung'd in a gulph of dark despair,
 We wretched sinners lay,
 Without one cheering 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 ran 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.

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H Y M N C I I I

PROTECTION FROM ENEMIES.

- 1 **A** R I S E, 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 he plac'd ;
And on the rock of ages set
My slippery 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.

H Y M N C I V.

G O D O U R O N L Y H A P P I N E S S.

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 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.

H Y M N C V.

F A I T H ' s C L A I M.

1 **A** L L ye that pass by,
To Jesus draw nigh,
To you is it nothing that Jesus shou'd die ?
Your ransom and peace,
Your surety he is,
Come see if there ever was sorrow like his.

2 For what you have done
His blood must atone ;
The father hath punish'd for you his dear son ;
He answer'd for all,
O come at his call,
And low at his cross with astonishment fall.

3 For you and for me
He pray'd on the tree ;
The prayer is accepted, the sinner is free ;
That sinner am I,
Who on Jesus rely
And come for the pardon God cannot deny.

4 My pardon I claim,
For a sinner I am,
A sinner believing in Jesus's name :
He purchas'd the grace,
Which now I embrace,
O Father thou know'st he hath dy'd in my
place.

5 His death is my plea,
My advocate see,
And hear the blood speak, that hath answer'd
for me ;
Acquitted I was,
When he bled on the cross,
And by losing his life he hath carry'd my
cause.

H Y M N

H Y M N C V I.

T H E W A Y T O C A N A A N.

- 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 road that leads from banishment
The kings highway of holiness
I'll go' for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have fought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I could not cease from sin
- 4 The more I strove against its pow'r,
I sinn'd, and stumbl'd but the more
'Till late I heard my Saviour say,
Come hither soul, "I AM THE WAY."
- 5 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.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found ;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, " Behold THE WAY TO GOD."

H Y M N C V I I .

P R A I S E Y E T H E L O R D .

1 L Ord and God of heav'nly pow'rs, Hallelujah
Theirs, and O benignly ours ; Hallelujah
Glorious king, let earth proclaim, Hallelujah
Worms attempt to sing thy name. Hallelujah

2 Bow thine ear, in mercy bow, Hallelujah
Hear, the world's atonement thou ; Hallelujah
Jesus, in thy name we pray, Hallelujah
Take, O take our sins away. Hallelujah

3 Thee to laud in songs divine, Hallelujah
Angels and archangels join ; Hallelujah
We with them our voices raise, Hallelujah
Echoing thine eternal praise. Hallelujah

4 Holy, holy, holy Lord ! Hallelujah
Live, by heav'n and earth ador'd : Hallelujah
Full of thee they ever cry, Hallelujah
" Glory be to God on high." Hallelujah

H Y M N C V I I I .

1. O Jesus, everlasting God,
 Who once for sinners shed'st thy blood
 Upon mount Calvary ;
 And finish'd there redemption's toil,
 And mad'st 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 the same my heart remove,
 'Till all thy heav'n I find.

3. Content and glad I'll ever be
 To have 'salvation, Lord, from thee,
 E'en as a sinner poor ;
 I nothing have, I nothing am ;
 My treasure's in the bleeding Lamb ;
 Both now and evermore.

4. The more thro' grace myself I know,
 The more content I am to bow,
 And sink beneath thy cross :
 And live by faith upon thy blood,
 Waiting on thee for ev'ry good,
 And count my gain but loss.

H Y M N C I X.

CHRIST THE BELIEVER'S ALL.

1 Lamb of God, we fall before thee,
L Humbly trusting in thy cross,
That alone be all our glory ;
All things else are dung and dross.
Thee we own a perfect Saviour,
Only source of all that's good :
Ev'ry grace, and ev'ry favour
Come to us thro' Jesu's blood.

2 Jesus gives us true repentance,
By his Spirit sent from heav'n ;
Jesus whispers this sweet sentence,
" Son, thy sins are all forgiv'n. ;"
Faith he gives us to believe it ;
Grateful hearts his love to prize ;
Want we wisdom ? he must give it ;
Hearing ears, and seeing eyes.

3 Jesus gives us pure affections ;
Wills to do what he requires ;
Makes us follow his directions ;
And what he commands, inspires.
All our pray'rs, and all our praises
Rightly offer'd in his name,
He that dictates them is Jesus ;
He that answers, is the same.

4 When

- 4 When we live on Jesu's merit,
Then we worship God aright :
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Then we savorily unite.
This the whole conclusion of it ;
Great or good whate'er we call ;
God, or King, or Priest, or Prophet,
Jesus Christ is All in All.

H Y M N CX.

HUMAN WEAKNESS OWNED.

- 1 **M**Y Lord, how great's the favour !
That I a sinner poor,
Can thro' thy blood's sweet favour
Approach thy mercy's door :
And find an open passage
Unto the throne of grace ;
There wait the welcome message,
That bids me go in peace.

- 2 Lord, I'm an helpless creature,
Full of the deepest need,
Throughout defil'd by nature,
Stupid, and inly dead :
My strength is perfect weakness,
And all I have is sin ;
My heart is all uncleanness,
A den of thieves within.

3 In this forlorn condition,
Who shall afford me aid ?
Where shall I find compassion
But in the church's head ?
Jesus, thou art all pity,
O take me to thine arms,
And exercise thy mercy,
To save me from all harms.

4 I'll never cease repeating
My numberless complaints ;
But ever be entreating
The glorious king of saints,
'Till I attain the image
Of him I inly love ;
And pay my grateful homage
With all the saints above.

5 Then I, with all in glory,
Will thankfully relate
Th' amazing, pleasing story
Of Jesu's love so great ;
In this blest contemplation
I ever shall be well ;
And prove such consolation,
As none below can tell.

H Y M N C X I.

EXULTING IN CHRIST.

1 **T** H E despised Nazarene,
Who is chief in my esteem ;
Mark'd with scourges, nails and spear,
Hung an ensign in the air.

2 None among the sons of men,
None among the heav'nly train,
Can with my belov'd compare,
Who to me is ever dear.

3 Had I Gabriel's heav'nly tongue,
He shou'd ever be my song ;
Object of my present bliss,
Subject of my future praise.

4 Ravish'd I'm beyond degree,
While I view him on the tree ;
All his wounds and bruises are
To my soul exceeding fair.

5 Other lovers I despise ;
Mine is gone beyond the skies :
Earthly things are far too mean
To divert me from the Lamb.

6 How my Lord shall I set forth
All thy dignity and worth !
Human words cannot express
Half thy love, or half thy peace.

7 From thy fulness me supply
Of thy grace to testify,
Let my fellow creatures prove
What is tasted in thy love.

8 Soul and body sink with shame,
While I thee, my Saviour, name ;
Soul and body Lord set free
In the gospel-liberty.

H Y M N CXII.

H E B R E W S VI. 17---19.

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 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.

H Y M N CXIII.

L O V E.

- i **O** Love divine, how sweet thou art !
When shall we find our longing heart
All taken up by thee ?
Oh ! may we pant and thirst to prove,
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ so free.

- 2 God only knows the love of God,
O that it now were shed abroad
In each poor longing heart !
For love I'd sigh, for love I'd pine,
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.

- 3 O that we cou'd for ever sit
With Mary, at the master's feet,
Be this our happy choice !
Our only care, delight, and bliss,
Our joy, our heav'n on earth be this,
To hear the bridegroom's voice.

4 Thy only love may we require,
Nothing on earth beneath desire,
Nothing in heaven above:
Let earth and all its trifles go,
Give us, O Lord! thy love to know,
Give us thy precious love.

H Y M N. CXVI.

1 JOHN IV. 16. LATTER PART.

1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heav'n to earth come down!
Fix in us thine humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown:
Jesus! thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter ev'ry longing heart!

2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving spirit,
Into ev'ry troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promis'd rest:
Take away the love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be,
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come,

3 Come, almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy life receive !
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more thy temples leave !
 Thee we wou'd be always blessing,
 Serve thee as thine hosts above,
 Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
 Glory in thy precious love.

4 Finish then thy new creation,
 Pure, unspotted may we be,
 Let us see thy great salvation,
 Perfectly restor'd by thee !
 Chang'd from glory into glory,
 'Till in heav'n we take our place,
 'Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

H Y M N CXV.

GOD THE ONLY REFUGE IN TROUBLE.

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,
Eor 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, 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.

H Y M N CXVI.

T H A N K S G I V I N G.

- 1 **M**EET and right it is to sing,
Glory to our God and king ;
Meet in ev'ry time and place,
To rehearse his solemn praise.
- 2 Join, ye faints, the song around,
Angels, help the solemn sound ;
Publish thro' the world abroad
Glory to th' eternal God.
- 3 Praises here to thee we give,
Gracious thou our thanks receive ;
Holy father, sov'reign Lord,
Ev'ry where be thou ador'd !
- 4 Tho' th' injurious world exclaim,
Sing we still in Jesu's name ;
Saviour thee we ever bless,
Thee, our Lord and God confess.

H Y M N CXVII.

HEAVENLY JOY ON EARTH.

1 C O M E ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known ;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround the throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from the place ;
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.

3 Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God ;
But children of the heav'nly king
Will speak their joys abroad.

4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below ;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.

5 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

- 6 Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry ;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

H Y M N CXVIII.

OFFICES OF CHRIST.

- 1 J O I N all the glorious names,
Of wisdom, love, and pow'r,
That mortals ever knew,
That angels ever bore :
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set our Saviour forth.
- 2 But O ! what gentle terms,
What condescending ways,
Doth our Redeemer use
To teach his heav'nly grace !
My soul, with joy, and wonder, see
What forms of love he bears for thee.
- 3 Great prophet of our God,
Our tongues wou'd bless thy name !
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came :
The joyful news of sins forgiv'n,
Of hell subdu'd, and peace with heav'n.

Jesus, our great high-priest,
Offer'd his blood, and dy'd ;
Thou guilty sinner seek
No sacrifice beside :

His pow'rful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

Thou dear almighty Lord !
Our conqu'ror, and our king !
Thy scepter, and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace we sing :

Thine is the pow'r ; O may we fit
In willing bonds, beneath thy feet !

H Y M N CXIX.

T H E S A M E.

A Ray'd in mortal flesh,
Lo the great angel stands !
And holds the promises
And pardons in his hands :
Commission'd from his father's throne,
To make his grace to mortals known.

Be thou our counsellor,
Our pattern, and our guide !
And thro' 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
For 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 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,
Tho' death and hell obstruct the way.

H Y M N CXX.

1 **L**ORD avenge thy tempted saints,
For thou canst supply our wants ;
Satan and a sinful heart,
Cause us many hours of smart :
We sail on a troubled sea,
Harrafs'd by the enemy
Foes without, and foes within,
Tempting daily unto sin,

2 Satan

2 Satan uses all his craft,
 On the right hand; and the left;
 World and flesh, and hell combine,
 Jesus, send thy help divine:
 God his little remnant tries,
 Salts with fire each sacrifice;
 But tho' tempests rise afresh---
 Christ is in the burning bush.

3 Lord, thy dealings we admire,
 Thou'lt us save, yet as by fire;
 Purge the dross the gold refine,
 Stamp the same for current coin:
 Jesu, we can find no rest,
 But when leaning on thy breast;
 Onward then we sweetly move,
 When we suck the breasts of love.

4 We shall surely find at length
 Weakness perfected in strength;
 Tho' we're tost with doubts and fears,
 Thou wilt wipe away our tears:
 Lord bring on the joyful day,
 Make our sorrows flee away;
 Gather all thy saints in one,
 Thee to praise around the throne.

H Y M N CXXI.

- 1 **G**LORY be to God on high, Hallelujah
 God, whose glory fills the sky, Hallelujah
 Peace on earth to man forgiv'n, Hallelujah
 Man the well-belov'd of heav'n. Hallelujah
- 2 Sov'reign father, heav'nly king, Hallelujah
 Thee we now presume to sing, Hallelujah
 Glad thine attributes confess, Hallelujah
 Glorious all, and numberless. Hallelujah
- 3 Hail by all thy works ador'd, Hallelujah
 Hail the everlasting Lord; Hallelujah
 Thee with thankful hearts we prove Hallelujah
 Lord of pow'r, and God of love! Hallelujah

H Y M N CXXII.

THE SINNER CONVERTED.

- 1 **W**HEN with my mind devoutly prest,
 Dear Saviour, my revolving breast,
 Wou'd past offences trace;
 Trembling I make the black review,
 Yet pleas'd behold, admiring too,
 The pow'r of changing grace.

2 This tongue with blasphemies defil'd,
 These feet to erring paths beguil'd,
 In heav'nly league agree;
 Who cou'd believe such lips cou'd praise,
 Or think my dark and winding ways
 Shou'd ever lead to thee?

3 These eyes, that once abus'd their sight,
 Now lift to thee their watry light,
 And weep a silent flood;
 These hands ascend in ceaseless pray'r;
 O wash away the stains they wear,
 In pure redeeming blood!

4 These ears, that pleas'd cou'd entertain
 The midnight oath, the lustful strain,
 When round the festal board;
 Now deaf to all th'enchanted noise,
 Avoid the throng, detest the joys,
 And press to hear thy word.

5 Thus art thou serv'd in ev'ry part;
 And now thou dost transform my heart,
 That drossy thing refine:
 Now grace doth nature's strength controul,
 And a new creature---body---soul---
 Are, Lord, for ever thine.

H. Y. M. N.

HYMN CXXIII.

THE SAME.

- 1 **O**FT I reflect upon the grace,
 With tears of thankfulness ;
 Which call'd me from my native place,
 The world's wide wilderness.
- 2 My precious time I vainly spent,
 Subject to nature's sway ;
 My corrupt carnal will was bent,
 Its motions to obey.
- 3 Thick darkness overspread my mind,
 I stumbled in the night ;
 All my affections were inclin'd
 To creaturely delight.
- 4 God saw me in this wretched case,
 A slave to base desire ;
 And by an act of special grace,
 The brand pluck'd from the fire.
- 5 **O** may a sense of mercies past,
 Stir up my soul to praise ;
 And whet my appetite to taste
 Thy larger draughts of grace.

HYMN

H Y M N CXXIV.

THE BELIEVER'S HOPE.

- H**E is a God of sov'reign love,
That promis'd heav'n to me ;
And taught my thoughts to soar above,
Where happy spirits be,
- 2 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand,
Then come the joyful day !
Come death, and some celestial hand,
To bear my soul away.
- 3 Then, my beloved, take my soul,
Up to thy blest abode ;
That face to face I may behold
My Saviour, and my God.
- 4 God has laid up in heav'n for me,
A crown which cannot fade ;
The righteous judge at the great day
Shall place it on my head.
- 5 Nor hath the king of grace decreed
This prize for me alone ;
But all that love and long to see
Th' appearance of his Son.

H Y M N

HYMN CXXV.

PSALM CXIX. VERSE CLVIII.

- 1 **A**RISE, my tend'rest thoughts, arise,
 To torrents melt my streaming eyes !
 And thou, my heart, with anguish feel
 Those evils, which thou canst not heal !
- 2 See human nature sunk in shame !
 See scandals pour'd on Jesu's name !
 The Father wounded thro' the son !
 The world abus'd, the soul undone !
- 3 See the short course of vain delight
 Closing in everlasting night !
 In flames, that no abatement know,
 The briny tears for ever flow,
- 4 My God, I feel the mournful scene ;
 My bowels yearn o'er dying men ;
 And fain my pity wou'd reclaim,
 And snatch the firebrands from the flame !
- 5 But feeble my compassion proves,
 And can but weep where most it loves ;
 Thine own all-saving arm employ,
 And turn those drops of grief to joy.

HYMN

H Y M N CXXVI.

THE CHRISTIAN'S CHARGE.

1 A Charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify ;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill ;
O may it all my pow'rs engage,
To do my master's will !

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy fight to live ;
And O ! thy servant, Lord prepare,
A good account to give !

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely ;
And let me ne'er my trust betray,
Lest I for ever die.

H Y M N CXXVII.

FAITH IN CHRIST OUR SACRIFICE.

1. **N**OT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain ;
Cou'd give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away one 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 its hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.
4. My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed 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.

H Y M N CXXVIII.

A S O N N E T

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 interceeds above,
For those, whose sins he bore.

3 Sing 'till we feel our hearts
Ascending with our tongue,
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 you hence away,
And take his wand'ers home.

H Y M N CXXIX.

E B E N - E Z E R. I S A M. VII. 12.

1 COME, thou fount of ev'ry blessing!
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace!
 Streams of mercy never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise:
 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above;
 Praise the mount — I'm fixt upon it,
 Mount of God's unchanging love!

2 Here I raise mine Eben-ezer,
 Hither by thy help I'm come;
 And I hope by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesus fought me, when a stranger
 Wand'ring from the fold of God;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interpos'd with precious blood.

3 Oh! to grace how great a debtor,
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
 Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
 Bind my wand'ring heart to thee!
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
 Prone to leave the God I love —
 Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it;
 Seal it from thy courts above!

HYMN CXXX.

LONGING AFTER CHRIST.

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 screen'd from the heat of the day.

2 Ah ! shew me that happiest place,
 That place of thy people's abode ;
 Where saints in an extacy 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 wou'd always abide,
 And never a moment depart,
 Conceal'd in the cleft of thy side,
 Eternally held in thine heart.

HYMN

H Y M N CXXXI.

CHRIST WITHDRAWN.

1 O: What shall I do to retrieve
 The love for a season bestow'd;
 'Tis better to die than to live
 Exil'd from the presence of God:
 With sorrow distracted and doubt,
 With palpable horror oppress'd,
 The city I wander about,
 And seek my repose in his breast.

2 Ye watchmen of Israel, declare
 If ye my beloved have seen,
 And point to that heav'nly fair,
 Surpassing the children of men:
 My lover and lord from above,
 Who only can quiet my pain,
 Whom only I languish to love,
 O where shall I find him again?

3 The joy and desire of mine eyes,
 The end of my sorrow and woe;
 My hope, and my heav'nly prize,
 My height of ambition below:
 Once more if he shew me his face,
 He never again shall depart,
 Detain'd in my closest embrace,
 Conceal'd in the depth of my heart.

H Y M N CXXXII.

THE PILGRIM'S SONG.

1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace ;
Rise from transitory things,
Tow'rds heaven, thy native place :
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove ;
Rise, my soul, and haste away,
To seats prepar'd above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course ;
Fire ascending seeks the sun,
Both speed them to their source :
So a soul that's born of God
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize ;
Soon our Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies :
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be giv'n,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth chang'd for heav'n.

H Y M N CXXXIII.

A N O T H E R.

1 **C**Hildren of the heav'nly king,
As ye journey sweetly sing ;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways !

2 Ye are trav'ling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod :
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O ye banish'd need be glad !
Christ our advocate is made ;
Us to save our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Shout ye lit'le flock and blest,
You on Jesu's throne shall rest ;
There your seat is now prepar'd,
There your kingdom, and reward.

5 Fear not brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land ;
Jesus Christ, your father's son,
Bids you undismay'd go on.

6 Lord!

6 Lord! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee !

H Y M N CXXXIV.

F L E S H A N D S P I R I T.

1 **W**HAT diff'rent pow'rs of grace and sin,
Attend our mortal state ?
I hate the thoughts that work within,
And do the works I hate.

2 Now I complain, and groan and die,
While sin and Satan reign ;
Now raise my songs of triumph high,
For grace prevails again.

3 So darkness struggles with the light,
'Till perfect day arise ;
Water and fire maintain the fight,
Until the weaker dies.

4 Thus will the flesh and spirit strive,
And vex, and break my peace ;
But I shall quit this mortal life,
And sin for ever cease.

H Y M N

H Y M N CXXXV.

THE BEATIFIC VISION.

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 Zion 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.

H Y M N CXXXVI.

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

2 In spirit we trace
Thy wonders of grace,
And cheerfully join in a concert of praise.

3 The antient of days
His glory displays,
And shines on his chosen with cherishing
rays.

4 The trumpet of God
Is sounding abroad,
The language of mercy ---- salvation thro'
blood.

5 Thrice happy are they,
Who hear and obey,
And share in the blessings of this gospel-
day.

6 The people who know
The Saviour below,
With burning affection to worship him glow.

7 Their

7 Their anguish and smart,
And sorrows depart,
Who find his salvation inscrib'd on their
heart.

8 This blessing be mine,
Thro' favour divine,
But O, my redeemer, the glory be thine!

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

H Y M N CXXXVII.

CRUCIFIXION TO THE WORLD.

1 **W**HEN I survey the wondrous cross;
On which the prince of glory dy'd,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the cross of Christ my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingling down !
Did e'er such love, such sorrow meet ?
Or thorns compose so bright a crown ?

4 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.

H Y M N CXXXVIII.

FAREWEL TO THE WORLD.

1 **W**ORLD, adieu ! thou real cheat,
Oft have thy deceitful charms
Fill'd my heart with fond conceit,
Foolish hopes, and false alarms :
Now I see as clear as day,
How thy follies pass away.

2 Vain thy entertaining sights,
False thy promises renew'd,
All the pomp of thy delights
Does but flatter and delude :
Thee I quit for heav'n above,
Object of the noblest love.

3 Farewel

- 3 Farewel honour's empty pride,
Thy own nice, uncertain gust,
If the least mischance betide,
Lays thee lower than the dust :
Worldly honours end in gall,
Rise to-day --- to-morrow fall.
- 4 Foolish vanity --- farewell ---
More inconstant than the wave,
Where thy soothing fancies dwell,
Purest tempers they deprave :
He, to whom I fly from thee,
Jesus Christ shall set me free.
- 5 Let not, Lord, my wand'ring mind
Follow after fleeting toys,
Since in thee alone I find
Solid and substantial joys :
Joys that never over past,
Thro' eternity shall last.
- 6 Lord, how happy is the heart
After thee while it aspires !
True and faithful as thou art,
Thou shalt answer its desires ;
It shall see the glorious scene
Of thine everlasting reign.

H Y M N CXXXIX.

G R A T I T U D E.

1 **W**HEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

3 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant-heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.

4 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran ;
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me on to man.

5 When worn by sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face ;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

Q

6 Thy

6 Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss,
Has made my cup run o'er ;
And in a kind and faithful friend,
Has doubled all my store.

7 Thro' ev'ry period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And after death in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

8 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more ;
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

9 Thro' all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise ;
For oh ! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

H Y M N CXL.

1 **W**HAT shall we render unto thee,
Thou glorious Lord of life and pow'r !
Teach us to bow the humble knee ;
Teach us with thankfulness t'adore ;
To praise thee as thy saints above,
To praise thee for thy wondrous love.

2 When

- 2 When like lost sheep we wander'd wide,
And left the watchful shepherd's eye ;
When borne along th' impetuous tide
Of this world's sin and vanity ;
Our Jesus from the heav'ns came down,
To save us by his grace alone.
- 3 He bore our sins upon the tree,
(To seek and save the lost he came)
There was he bound to set us free,
From death, and everlasting shame :
The captive flock from hell was freed,
And ransom'd when their shepherd bled.
- 4 Before the father's awful throne,
Our merciful high-priest he stands,
And interceding for his own,
The purchas'd remnant now demands ;
His people's everlasting friend,
Who loving--loves them to the end.
- 5 May we his banish'd ones rejoice,
Him for our Lord and God to own ;
To take him as our only choice,
And cleave to him in love alone ;
Be growing up in holiness,
Then meet him in the realms of bliss.

H Y M N C X L I.

J O H N X I I I. I.

- 1 **T**HIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful unchangeable friend ;
Whose love is as great as his pow'r,
And neither knows measure nor end.
- 2 'Tis Jesus, the **F**IRST and the **L**AST,
Whose spirit shall guide us safe home ;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

H Y M N C X L I I.

- A** Thousand foes prepare to war
Against a feeble faint ;
Jesus, in my behalf appear,
And cheer me, lest I faint.
- 2 Give me an heart divorc'd from sin,
Shut up from worldly care ;
Constant, sincere, and fervent in
The exercise of pray'r.

3 Watchful

- 3 Watchful in ev'ry work and word,
Ready to speak thy praise ;
Arm'd with thy Spirit's two-edg'd sword,
And cloath'd with ev'ry grace.
- 4 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.
- 5 To ev'ry earthly object dead ;
Alive to things above ;
Conform'd unto my living head,
And fill'd with burning love.
- 6 Let furious heats no more molest,
Nor passions chafe my mind ;
Quench all ill tempers in my breast,
And make me meek and kind.
- 7 Grant me a serious, sober mind,
From levity set free ;
That I may shew to all mankind,
Thine image, Lord, in me.
- 8 Assume in me thy dwelling place,
Thy temple, and thy throne,
Then stubborn self shall bend to grace,
And antichrist fall down.

H Y M N

H Y M N CXLIII.

A D O R I N G C H R I S T.

- 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 !
- 2 Master see ! to thee we bow,
Thou art Lord, and only thou ;
Thou the blessed virgin's seed,
Glory of thy church, and head.
- 3 Thee the angels ceaseless sing;
Thee we praise, our priest and king ;
Worthy is thy name of praise,
Full of glory, full of grace.
- 4 Thou hast the glad tidings brought,
Of salvation by thee wrought ;
Wrought for all thy church ! and we
Worship in their company.
- 5 We thy little flock adore
Thee, the Lord for evermore !
Ever with us shew thy love,
'Till we join with those above !

H Y M N CXLIV.

TO THE HOLY GHOST.

- 1 STAY, thou insulted spirit, stay,
 Tho' I have done thee such despite
 Cast not a sinner quite away,
 Nor take thine everlasting flight.
- 2 Tho' I have most unfaithful been,
 Of all, whoe'er thy grace receiv'd,
 Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
 Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd.
- 3 But O! the chief of sinners spare,
 In honour of my great high-priest;
 Nor in thy righteous anger swear
 T'exclude me from thy people's rest.
- 4 If yet thou canst my sins forgive,
 E'en now, O Lord, relieve my woes;
 Into thy rest of love receive,
 And bless me with the calm repose.
- 5 E'en now my weary soul release,
 And raise me by thy gracious hand;
 Guide me into thy perfect peace,
 And bring me to the promis'd land.

H Y M N

H Y M N CXLV.

THE CHRISTIAN'S EXPECTATION.

- 1 **G**OD of all consolation, take
 The glory of thy grace ;
 Thy gifts to thee we render back
 In ceaseless songs of praise.
- 2 Not unto us, but thee, O Lord,
 Glory to thee be giv'n,
 For ev'ry gracious thought and word,
 That brought us nearer heav'n.
- 3 Our souls are in his mighty hand,
 And he will keep them still ;
 And you and I shall surely stand
 With him on Zion's hill.
- 4 Him eye to eye we there shall see,
 Our face, like his, shall shine ;
 O what a glorious company,
 When saints and angels join !
- 5 O what a joyful meeting there,
 In robes of white array'd,
 Palms in our hands we all shall bear,
 And crowns upon our head !

6 Then let us earnestly contend,
And fight our passage thro' ;
Bear in our faithful mind the end,
And keep the prize in view.

7 Then let us hasten to the day,
When all shall be brought home ;
Come, O redeemer, come away,
Lord Jesu, quickly come !

H Y M N CXLVI.

A B L E S S E D G O S P E L.

BLEST are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound ;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.

Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Thro' their redeemer's name ;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

The Lord our glory and defence,
Strength, and salvation gives ;
Israel, thy king for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

H Y M N

H Y M N CXLVII.

A D O R I N G J E S U S.

1 O Come let us join,
Together combine,
To praise our dear Saviour, our master
divine.

2 Him let us adore,
Who cover'd with gore,
Late hanged on Calvary, both wounded
and poor.

3 He worthy is blest
By spirits at rest,
Who once in this desert his godhead con-
fess'd.

4 The prophets who told
His suff'rings of old,
Sing now sweet thanksgivings on psalteries
of gold.

5 The fathers to whom
He shew'd he would come,
Now in his pavilion take up their long
home.

- 6 The spirits of men,
Who for him were slain,
From Abel the righteous share now in his
reign.
- 7 The apostles who stood,
Resisting to blood,
For Jesus's gospel rejoice in their God.
- 8 O church of the Lamb,
Here met do the same,
With saints and with angels bless Jesus's name.
- 9 My soul bear a part,
For ransom'd thou art,
By Jesu's blood-shedding, his burial and
smart.
- 10 To him that was slain,
The scorn'd Nazarene,
Be glory and honour; let all say "Amen."

H Y M N CXLVIII.

- 1 O Thou holy Lamb divine,
How canst thou and sinners join?
God of spotless purity,
How shall man concur with thee?

- 2 Offer up one sacrifice
Acceptable to the skies ;
What shall wretched sinners bring
Pleasing to the glorious king ?
- 3 Only sin we call our own,
But thou art the darling son,
Thine it is our God t'appease,
Him thou dost for ever please.
- 4 We on thee alone depend,
With thy sacrifice ascend,
Render what thy grace hath giv'n,
Lift our souls with thee to heav'n.

H Y M N CXLIX.

HUMAN WEAKNESS AND CHRIST'S
STRENGTH.

- 1 **L**ET me but hear my Saviour say,
Strength shall be equal to thy day ;
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all sufficient grace.
- 2 I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own pow'r may rest on me ;
When I am weak, then am I strong,
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

H Y M N

H Y M N C L.

GOD GLORIOUS AND SINNERS
SAVED.

1 FATHER, how wide thy glory shines !
How high thy wonders rise !
Known thro' the earth by thousand signs,
By thousand thro' the skies.

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy pow'r,
Their 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 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.

H Y M N C L I.

T H Y W O R D I S T R U T H.

- 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 in 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,
Spoke 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.

H Y M N CLII.

P R O V. XXVIII. 14.

1 **G**OD of all grace and majesty!
Supremely great and good!
If I have favour found with thee,
Thro' th' atoning blood:
The guard of all thy mercies give,
And to my pardon join
A fear, lest I shou'd ever grieve
The gracious spirit divine.

2 If 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 thy sojourner here;
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 child-like heart to thee:
Still let me, till my days are past,
At Jesu's feet abide:
So shall he lift me up at last,
And seat me by his side.

H Y M N CLIII.

J O H N XIII. 9.

1 JESUS, thou art my righteousness,
For all my sins were thine ;
Thy death hath bought of God my peace,
Thy life hath made him mine :
My dying Saviour, and my God !
Fountain for guilt and sin ;
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse, and keep me clean.

2 Wash me, and make me thus thine own,
Wash me, and mine thou art ;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, and heart !
Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
'Till faith to fight improve ;
'Till hope in full enjoyment die,
And all my soul be love !

H Y M N CLIV.

I N C O N S T A N C Y.

1 LORD Jesu, when, when shall it be,
That I no more shall break with thee ?
When will this war of passion cease,
And my free soul enjoy thy peace ?

2 Here

- 2 Here I repent, and sin again ;
Now I revive, and now am slain ;
Slain by the same unhappy dart,
Which oh ! too often wounds my heart.
- 3 O Saviour, when, when shall I be,
A garden seal'd to all but thee ?
No more expos'd, no more undone,
But live and grow to thee alone.
- 4 Guide thou, O Lord, guide thou my course,
And draw me on with thy sweet force ;
Still make me walk, still make me tend,
By thee my way, to God my end.

H Y M N CLV.

T O J E S U S C H R I S T.

- 1 **H**OLY Lamb, who thee receive.
Who in thee begin to live ;
Day and night they cry to thee,
As thou art, so let us be.
- 2 Fix, O fix my wav'ring mind,
To thy cross my spirit bind ;
Earthly passions far remove,
Perfect all our souls in love.

R 3

3 Dust

- 3 Dust and ashes tho' we be,
Full of guilt and misery ;
Thine we are, thou son of God,
Take the purchase of thy blood.
- 4 Boundless wisdom, pow'r divine,
Love unspeakable, are thine ;
Praise by all to thee be giv'n,
Sons of earth, and hosts of heav'n !

H Y M N CLVI.

COMPLEATNESS IN CHRIST.

- 1 **K**IND is the speech of Christ our Lord,
Affection sounds in ev'ry word ;
“ Thou art my chosen one, he cries,
Bound to my heart by various ties.”
- 2 Sweet is thy voice, dear Lord, to me,
“ I will behold no spot in thee ;”
What mighty wonders love performs,
That puts a comeliness on worms !
- 3 Defil'd and loathsome as we are,
Thou mak'st us white, and call'st us fair !
Adorn'st us with thy heav'nly drefs,
Thy graces, and thy righteousness.

O may my spirit daily rise
On wings of faith above the skies ;
'Till death shall make my last remove,
To dwell for ever in thy love !

H Y M N CLVII.

P R E S E R V I N G G R A C E .

TO God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our king,
Let all the faints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful snare.

He will present our souls
Unblemish'd, and compleat,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne ;
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

- 5 To our redeeming God
Wisdom and pow'r belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

H Y M N CLVIII.

PLEADING THE COVENANT.

- 1 **O** Lord my God, whose sov'reign love
Is still the same, nor e'er can move ;
Look to the covenant, and see
For once thy love was shewn to me :
Remember, O my dearest friend,
And love me alway to the end.

- 2 Be with me still, as heretofore,
And help me forward more and more,
My strong, my stubborn will incline
To be obedient still to thine :
O lead me by thy gracious hand,
And guide me safe to Canaan's land.

- 3 I need not say, for well thou know'st
How I, without thy help am lost ;
Thou know'st how apt I am to err,
But thou canst make me persevere :
Be then my light, and let me see
That I have yet my lot in thee.

4 O take

O take me up above the skies,
Translate me to thy paradise ;
Then shall I rest from ev'ry woe,
From all the troubles here below :
Grant this, my Lord, and kindly say,
Come, my redeemed, come away.

H Y M N CLIX.

J O B V. 19.

1 **W**HY should I doubt his love at last,
With anxious thoughts perplex?
Who sav'd me in the troubles past,
Will save me in the next :
Will save, 'till at my latest hour,
With more than conquest blest,
I soar beyond temptations pow'r,
To my redeemer's breast.

H Y M N CLX.

G O D'S OMNIPRESCIENCE.

1 **L**ORD, all I am is known to thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, or to flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thy

- 2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
The secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lie open to thee, Lord,
Before they're form'd within,
And e're my lips pronounce the word,
Thou know'st the sense I mean.
- 4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on ev'ry side.
- 5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from ev'ry ill,
Secur'd by sov'reign love.

H Y M N CLXI.

T H A N K S G I V I N G.

- 3 **B**LESS, O my soul, the living God,
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad,
Let all the pow'rs within me join,
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace,
His favours claim thy highest praise ;
Why should the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence, and forgot ?

3 'Twas he, my soul, that sent his son
To die for crimes which thou hast done ;
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 Our youth decay'd, his pow'r repairs,
His mercy crowns our growing years ;
He satisfies our soul with good,
And fills our mouth with heav'nly food.

5 Let the whole earth his pow'r confess,
Let the whole earth adore his grace,
May all our pow'rs within us 'join,
In work and worship so divine !

H Y M N CLXII.

SIGHT OF GOD AND CHRIST IN HEAVEN

1 **D**Escend from heav'n, immortal dove,
Stoop down and take us on thy wings
And mount, and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things.

- 2 O for a fight, a pleasing fight !
Of our almighty father's throne !
There sits our Saviour, crown'd with light,
Cloath'd in a body like our own.
- 3 Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and pow'rs before him fall,
The God shines gracious thro' the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.
- 4 When shall the day, dear Lord appear,
That we shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow amongst them there,
And view thy face, and sing thy love.

H Y M N. CLXIII.

LOOKING TO JESUS.

- 1 **H**OW glorious the Lamb
Is seen on the throne !
His labours are o'er,
His conquests are won,
A kingdom is given
Into the Lamb's hand,
In earth and in heaven,
For ever to stand.

2 Ye sinners below.

Then trust in the Lord,
Look up to his arm,
His honour, his word :
Athirst for his favour,
His Godhead adore,
Look up to your Saviour,
And joy evermore !

H Y M N CLXIV.

T H E B E G G A R.

1 **E**Ncourag'd by thy word
Of promise to the poor,
Behold a Beggar, Lord,
Waits at thy mercies door !
No hand, no heart, O Lord, but thine
Can help or pity wants like mine.

2 The beggar's usual pleas,
Relief from men to gain,
If offer'd unto thee,
I know thou would'st disdain :
And those which move thy gracious ear,
Are such as men wou'd seem to hear.

3 I have no right to say,
That tho' I now am poor,
Yet once there was a day,
When I possessed more.
Thou know'st that from my very birth,
I've been the poorest wretch on earth.

4 Nor can I dare profess,
As beggars often do,
Tho' great is my distress,
My faults have been but few.
If thou should'st leave my soul to starve,
It wou'd be what I well deserve.

5 'Twere folly to pretend,
I never begg'd before,
Or if thou now befriend,
I'll trouble thee no more.
Thou often hast reliev'd my pain,
And often I must come again.

6 Tho' crumbs are much too good,
For such a dog as I,
No less than children's food,
My soul can satisfy.
O! do not frown and bid me go,
I must have ALL thou canst bestow.

7 Nor can I willing be,
Thy bounty to conceal
From others who like me,
Their wants and hunger feel.
I'll tell them of thy mercies store,
And try to send a thousand more.

8 Thy thoughts, thou only wise,
Our thoughts and ways transcend
Far as the arched skies
Above the earth extend.
Such pleas as mine, men wou'd not bear,
But God receives a beggar's pray'r.

H Y M N CLXV.

G R A C E.

1 RICH grace, free grace most sweetly calls,
R 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 Oh! that nothing else but grace
May rule for evermore.

H Y M N . CLXVI.

- 1 J E S U, we thy promise claim,
 We are met in thy dear name;
 In the midst do thou appear,
 Manifest thy presence here :
 Sanctify us, Lord, and bless,
 Breathe thy spirit, give thy peace,
 Come, descend, celestial dove,
 Make this time, a time of love.
- 2 Let the fruits of grace abound,
 Let us in thy bowels found ;
 Faith, and love, and joy increase,
 Temperance, and gentleness :
 Plant in us thy humble mind,
 Patient pitiful and kind,
 Meek and lowly let us be.
 Full of goodness, full of thee.
- 3 Make us all in thee compleat,
 Make us all for glory meet ;
 Meet t'appear before thy sight,
 Partners with the saints in light :
 Call, O call us each by name,
 'To the marriage of the Lamb ;
 Let us lean upon thy breast,
 Love be there our endless feast.

H Y M N CLXVII.

GOD OUR CREATOR AND
BENEFACTOR.

1 **M**Y Maker and my King,
To thee my all I owe ;
Thy sov'reign bounty is the spring,
From whence my blessings flow.

2 Thou ever good and kind,
A thousand reasons move,
A thousand obligations bind
My heart to grateful love.

3 The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live ;
My God, thy benefits demand
More praise than life can give.

4 Oh ! what can I impart
When all is thine before ?
Thy love demands a thankful heart,
The gift, alas ! how poor !

5 Shall I withhold thy due ?
And shall my passions rove ?
Lord form this wretched heart anew,
And fill it with thy love.

- 6 O let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine;
Let all my pow'rs to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine.

H Y M N CLXVIII.

E P H E S. II. 5.

- 1 **G**RACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear!
Heav'n with the eccho shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

- 2 Grace first contriv'd a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps, that grace display,
Which drew the wond'rous plan.

- 3 Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heav'nly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Thro' everlasting days,
It lays in heav'n the topmost stone;
And well deserves the praise.

H Y M N

H Y M N CLXIX.

1 THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
 Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
 And sinners plung'd beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see
 That fountain in his day,
 And there have I, as vile as he,
 Wash'd all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood,
 Shall never lose its pow'r,
 'Till all the ransom'd church of God,
 Be sav'd to sin no more.

4 'Ere since by faith I saw the stream,
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be 'till I die.

5 Then in a nobler sweeter song,
 I'll sing thy pow'r to save,
 When this poor lisping stammering tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.

- 6 Lord I believe thou hast prepar'd
(Unworthy tho' I be)
For me a blood bought free reward,
A golden harp for me.
- 7 'Tis strung and tun'd for endless years,
And form'd by pow'r divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears,
No other name but thine.

H Y M N CLXX.

2 COR. V. I. 5. 8.

1 **T**HERE is a house not made with hands,
Eternal, and on high,
And here my spirit waiting stands
Till God shall bid it fly.

2 Shortly this prison of my clay,
Must be dissolv'd and fall ;
Then, O my soul, with joy obey,
Thy heav'nly Father's call.

3 'Tis he, by his almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heav'n,
And, as an earnest of the place,
Has his own spirit giv'n.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come,
Faith lives upon his word,
But while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.

5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace ;
But we had rather see ;
We wou'd be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

H Y M N CLXXI.

I. S A M. VII. 12.

1 Tho' strait be the way,
With dangers beset,
And we thro' delay
Are no farther yet ;
Our good God and Saviour,
Hath help'd us thus far ;
And 'tis by his favour,
We are what we are.

2 A favour so great,
We highly shou'd prize ;
Nor murmur, nor fret,
Nor small things despise.
But what call we small things ?
Sin's whole cancell'd sum ?
'Tis greater than all things ----
Except those to come.

- 3 O ! let us reflect
On what we have been ;
How God had respect
To us under sin:
When lower and lower
We ev'ry day fell,
He stretch'd forth his power,
And snatch'd us from hell.
- 4 Then let us rejoice,
And chearfully sing,
With heart and with voice,
To Jesus our King ;
Who thus far has brought us
From evil to good ;
The ransom that bought us,
No less than his blood.
- 5 For blessings like these,
So bounteously giv'n,
For prospects of peace,
And foretastes of heav'n,
'Tis grateful, 'tis pleasant,
To sing and adore ;
Be thankful for present,
And then ask for more.

H Y M N CLXXII.

BREATHING AFTER HEAVENLY
THINGS.

1 **T**O thee my God, I hourly sigh,
But not for golden stores ;
Nor covet I the brightest gems,
On the rich eastern shores.

2 Nor that deluding empty joy,
Men call a mighty name ;
Nor greatness in its gayest forms,
My restless thoughts enflame.

3 Nor pleasure's soft enticing charms,
My fond desires allure ;
Far greater things than earth can yield,
My wishes wou'd secure.

4 Those blissful, those transporting smiles,
That brighten heaven above,
The boundless riches of thy grace,
And treasures of thy love.

6 These are the mighty things I crave ;
O ! make these blessings mine ;
And all the glories of the world
I gladly will resign.

H Y M N

H Y M N CLXXIII.

1: COME, descend, O heavenly Spirit,
Fan each spark into a flame,
Blessings let us now inherit,
Blessings that we cannot name ::
Whilst hosannas we are singing,
May our hearts in rapture move,
Feel new grace in them still springing,
Breathe the air of purest love.

2: Let us sail in grace's ocean
Float on that unbounded sea,
Guided into pure devotion,
Kept from paths of error free ::
On thy heav'nly manna feeding,
Screen'd from ev'ry envious foe;
Love, O love for sinners bleeding,
All for thee we wou'd forego.

3: Keep us, Lord still in communion,
Daily nearer drawn to thee;
Sinking in the sweetest union
Of that heart-felt mystery :
Keep us safe from each delusion,
Well protected from all harms ::
Free from sin, and all confusion,
Circle us within thine arms.

H Y M N · CLXXIV.

THE STONY HEART.

- 1 O H! for a glance of heav'nly day,
To take this stubborn stone away;
And thaw with beams of love divine
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.
- 2 The rocks can rent; the earth can quake,
The seas can roar; the mountains shake;
Of feeling all things shew some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.
- 3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
Dear Lord, an adamant would melt:
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing move this heart of mine.
- 4 Thy judgments too unmov'd I hear,
(Amazing thought!) which devils fear:
Goodness and wrath in vain combine,
To stir this stupid heart of mine.
- 5 But something yet can do the deed,
And that dear something much I need:
Oh! may thy Spirit now refine
From dross, and melt this heart of mine.

H Y M N CLXXV.

FOR THINE IS THE KINGDOM.

1 Y E souls that are weak,
 And helpless, and poor,
 Who know 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 With power he rules,
 And wonders performs ;
 Gives conduct to fools,
 And courage to worms,
 Beset by fore evils
 without, and within,
 By legions of devils,
 And mountains of sin.

3 Then be not afraid,
 All power is given
 To Jesus our head,
 In earth and in heav'n ;
 Thro' him we shall conquer
 The mightiest foes ;
 Our Captain is stronger
 Than all that oppose.

4 His pow'r from above
He'll kindly impart ;
So free is his love,
So tender his heart :
Redeem'd with his merit,
We 're wash'd in his blood ;
Renew'd by his spirit,
We've power with God.

5 Thy grace we adore,
Director divine ;
The kingdom and pow'r,
And glory, are thine :
Preserve us from running,
On rocks, or on shelves ;
From foes strong and cunning,
And most from ourselves.

6 Reign o'er us as king,
Accomplish thy will ;
And pow'rfully bring
Us forth from all ill ;
'Till falling before thee
We laud thy lov'd name,
Ascribing the glory
To God, and the Lamb.

H Y M N CLXXVI.

S A T A N R E P U L S E D,

- 1 'TIS false; thou vile accuser; go,
 I see thro' all the thin disguise---
 Back to thy native realms below,
 Thou parent of deceit and lies!
- 2 Think not to drive my trembling soul,
 Laden with guilt, to black despair;
 Hast thou survey'd the sacred roll,
 And found my name not written there?
- 3 Presumptuous thought! to fix the bound,
 To limit mercy's sov'reign reign?
 What other happy souls have found,
 I'll seek, nor shall I seek in vain.
- 4 I own my guilt, thy charge confess,
 Nor can thy malice make it more;
 Of crimes already numberless,
 Vain the attempt to swell the score.
- 5 Set the black list before my fight;
 While I remember Jesus dy'd,
 'Twill only urge my speedier flight,
 To seek salvation at his side.

6 Low at his feet I'll cast me down,
To him reveal my grief and fear ;
And if he spurns me from his throne,
I'll be the first who perish'd there.

H Y M N CLXXVII.

1 FAR from our thoughts, vain world, begone,
Let our religious hours alone ;
May we by faith the Saviour see,
We wait a visit, Lord, from thee !

2 O warm our hearts with holy fire !
And kindle there a pure desire ;
Come, dearest Saviour, from above,
And feed our souls with heav'n'y love.

3 Bless'd Jesus, what delicious fare ?
How sweet thy entertainments are ?
Never did Angels taste above,
Redeeming grace, and dying love.

4 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine,
In thee thy Father's glories shine !
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest one,
That eyes have seen or Angels known.

HYMN CLXXVIII.

- 1 O for a closer walk with God,
A calm, and heav'nly frame,
A light to shine upon the road,
That leads me to the Lamb!
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul refreshing view
Of Jesus, and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd,
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins which made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest Idol I have known,
Whate'er that Idol be;
Help me to bear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm, and serene my frame ;
So purer light shall mark the road,
That leads me to the Lamb.

H Y M N CLXXIX.

DESIRING TO KNOW AND LOVE
CHRIST MORE.

1 **T**HOU lovely source of true delight,
Whom I unseen adore !
Unveil thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love thee more.

2 Thy glory o'er creation shines ;
But in thy sacred word
I read in fairer, brighter lines,
My bleeding, - dying Lord.

3 'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,
And sins, and sorrows rise,
Thy love with chearful beams of hope,
My fainting heart supplies.

4 But ah ! too soon the pleasing scene
Is clouded o'er with pain ;
My gloomy fears rise dark between,
And I again complain.

5 Jesus

5 Jesus, my Lord, my Life, my Light,
 O come with blissful ray ;
 Break radiant thro' the shades of night,
 And chase my fears away.

6 Then shall my soul with rapture trace,
 The wonders of thy love ;
 But the full glories of thy face
 Are only known above.

H Y M N CLXXX.

1 **S**TILL, O Lord, our faith increase,
 Cleanse from all unrighteousness ;
 Thee th' unholy cannot see,
 Make, O make us meet for thee !
 Ev'ry vile affection kill ;
 Free our souls from ev'ry ill ;
 Conquer ev'ry reigning sin,
 Write thy law of love within.

2 Hence may all our actions flow,
 Love the proof that Christ we know,
 Mutual, love the token be,
 Lord, that we belong to thee !
 Love, thine image, love impart,
 Stamp it on each face and heart ;
 Only love to us be giv'n,
 Lord, we ask no other heav'n.

H Y M N

H Y M N CLXXXL

REJOICE EVERMORE.

1 **R**EJOICE evermore
With Angels above,
In Jesus's power,
In Jesus's love;
With glad exultation
Your triumph proclaim,
Ascribing salvation
To God, and the Lamb.

2 Thou, Lord, our relief
In trouble hast been,
Hast sav'd us from grief,
Hast sav'd us from sin,
The pow'r of thy spirit
Can set our hearts free;
And we shall inherit
All fulness in thee.

3 All fulness of peace,
All fulness of joy,
And spiritual bliss
That never can cloy,
To us it is given
In Jesus to know,
A kingdom of heaven,
A heaven below.

4 No longer-we join
Where sinners invite,
Nor envy the swine
Their brutish delight ;
Their joy is all sadness,
Their mirth is all vain,
Their laughter is madness,
Their pleasure is pain.

5 O may they at last
With sorrow return,
The pleasure to taste,
For which they were born !
Our Jesus receiving,
Our happiness prove,
The joy of believing,
The heaven of love.

H Y M N CLXXXII.

1 **L**O! to the hills I lift my eyes,
Thy promis'd help I claim ;
Father of mercies, glorify
The holy Jesu's name.

2 Salvation in that name is found,
Balm of my grief and care ;
A med'cine for my ev'ry wound ;
All, all I want is there.

H Y M N

H Y M N CLXXXIII.

GLORY AND GRACE IN CHRIST.

1 NOW to the Lord, a noble song!
 Awake my soul; awake my tongue,
 Hosanna to th' eternal name,
 And all his boundless love proclaim.

2 See where it shines in Jesu's face,
 The brightest image of his grace;
 God in the person of his son,
 Has all his mightiest works out done.

3 The spacious earth, and spreading flood,
 Proclaim the wise and pow'ful God,
 And thy rich glories from afar,
 Sparkle in ev'ry rolling star.

4 But in his looks a glory stands,
 The noblest labour of thine hands;
 The pleasing lustre of his eyes
 Outshines the wonders of the skies.

5 Grace! 'tis a sweet, & charming theme,
 My thoughts rejoice at Jesu's name!
 Ye Angels dwell upon the sound,
 Ye heav'ns reflect it to the ground!

6 Oh,

6 Oh, may I live to reach the place;
 Where he unveils his lovely face!
 Where all his beauties you behold,
 And sing his name on harps of gold!!!

H Y M N CLXXXIV.

P H I L. Id. 7, 8, 9.

1 **N**O more, my God, I boast no more,
 Of all the duties I have done;
 I quit the hopes I held before,
 To trust the merits of thy son.

2 Now for the love I bear his name,
 What was my gain, I count my loss;
 My former pride I call my shame,
 And nail my glory to his cross.

3 Yes, Lord, I must and will esteem,
 All things but loss for Jesu's sake;
 O may my soul be found in him,
 And of his righteousness partake!

4 The best obedience of my hands
 Dares not appear before thy throne;
 But faith can answer thy demands.
 By pleading what my Lord has done.

HYMN CLXXXV.

THE HEAVENLY SHEPHERD.

1 THE Lord my shepherd; and my guide,
 Will all my wants supply;
 In safety I shall still abide,
 Beneath his watchful eye.

2 Amidst the verdant flow'ry meads
 He makes my sweet repose,
 When pain'd with thirst, he gently leads,
 Where living water flows.

3 If from his fold I thoughtless stray,
 He leads the wand'rer home,
 And shews my erring feet the way,
 Where dangers cannot come.

4 Tho' hast'ning to the silent tomb,
 And death's dark shades appear;
 Thy presence, Lord, shall cheer the gloom,
 And banish ev'ry fear.

5 No evil can my soul dismay,
 While I am near my God;
 My comfort, my support and stay,
 Thy staff and guiding rod.

U

6 Thy

- 6 Thy constant bounties me surround,
Amidst my envious foes ;
My favour'd head with gladness crown'd,
My cup with blessings flows.
- 7 Thus shall thy goodness, love and care
Attend my future days ;
And I shall dwell for ever near
My God, and sing his praise.

H Y M N CLXXXVI.

TO THE HOLY GHOST.

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Ghost, set to thy seal,
Thy inward witness give,
And to my inmost soul reveal
The death, by which I live.
- 2 Give me to understand that sound,
Which told his mortal pain,
Tore up the graves, and rent the ground,
And broke the rocks in twain.
- 3 Repeat my dying Saviour's cry
Unto my heart so loud,
That my whole soul may now reply,
This was the Son of God.

H Y M N CLXXXVII.
THE RELATIVE DUTIES.

1 CHRISTIANS in your sev'ral stations,
Dutiful to all relations,
Give to each his proper due.

Let not their unkind behaviour
Make you disobey your Saviour,
His command's the rule for you.

2 Parents, be to children tender,
Children, full obedience render
To your parents, in the Lord:
Never slight, nor disrespect them;
Nor, thro' pride, when old, reject them;
'Tis the precept of the word.

3 Wives, to husbands yield subjection,
Husbands, with a kind affection,
Cherish, as yourselves, your wives.
Masters, rule with moderation,
Sway'd by justice, not by passion,
To the scriptures square your lives.

4 Servants, serve your masters truly,
Not unfaithful, nor unruly,
To the good---nor to the bad;
Not refusing what you're bidden;
Nor replying, when you're chidden;
'Tis the ordinance of God.

- 5 This shall solve th' important question,
Whether thou'rt a real christian,
Better than each golden dream :
Better far than lip-expression,
Tow'ring notions, great profession,
This shall shew your love to him.

H Y M N CLXXXVIII.

P S A L M C.

- 1 **B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men !
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We'll crow'd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heav'ns our voices raise ;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love ;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

H Y M N

H Y M N CLXXXIX.

REDEEMING LOVE.

1 COME heavenly love, inspire my song,
With thy immortal flame ;
And teach my heart, and teach my tongue,
The Saviour's lovely name.

2 The Saviour ! O what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound !
Its influence ev'ry fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.

3 Here pardon, life, and joys divine
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels lost in sin,
And doom'd to endless woe.

4 God's only son, (stupendous grace !)
Forsook his throne above ;
And swift to save our wretched race,
He flew on wings of love.

5 Th' almighty Former of the skies
Stoop'd to our vile abode ;
While angels view'd with wond'ring eyes,
And hail'd th' incarnate God.

6 O the rich depths of love divine!
Of bliss, a boundless store:
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine,
I cannot wish for more.

7 On thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath thy cross I fall,
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my all.

H Y M N CXC.

DESIRING COMMUNION WITH GOD.

1 **M**Y rising soul with strong desires,
To perfect happiness aspires;
With steady steps wou'd tread the road,
That leads to heav'n, that leads to God.

2 I thirst to drink unmingled love
From the pure fountain-head above:
My dearest Lord, I long to be
Empty'd of sin, and full of thee.

3 For thee I pant, for thee I burn,
Art thou withdrawn? again return,
Nor let me be the first to say,
Thou wilt not hear when sinners pray.

H Y M N

H Y M N CXCI.

1 **L**ET worldly minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me ;
Once I admir'd its trifles too,
But grace has set me free.

3 Its pleasures now no longer please,
No more content afford ;
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have known the Lord.

3 As by the light of op'ning day,
The stars are all conceal'd ;
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is reveal'd.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice,
I bid them all depart ;
His name, and love, and gracious voice
Have fix'd my roving heart.

5 Now Lord, I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee ;
But may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthless worm like me !

6 Yes,

- 6 Yes, tho' of sinners I'm the worst,
I cannot doubt thy will ;
For if thou hadst not lov'd me first,
I had refus'd thee still.

H Y M N CXCII.

CHRISTIAN LOVE.

- 1 **L**ET party names no more
The christian world o'erspread ;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free
Are one in Christ their head.

- 2 Among the saints on earth,
Let mutual love be found ;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.

- 3 Let envy and ill-will
Be banish'd far away ;
Those shou'd in strictest friendship dwell,
Who the same Lord obey.

- 4 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above,
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And ev'ry heart is love.

H Y M N CXCIIL.

T H E S A M E.

1 JESU, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree ;
Shew thyself the Prince of peace,
Bid all jars for ever cease.

2 By thy reconciling love
Ev'ry stumbling block remove
Each to each unite, endear,
Come, and spread thy banner here.

3 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,
Lowly, meek in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.

4 Let us each for other care,
Each another's burden bear ;
To thy church the pattern give,
Shew how true believers live.

5 Let us then with joy remove,
To thy family above,
On the wings of angels fly,
Shew how true believers die.

H Y M N

H Y M N CXCIV.

THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

- 1 SWEET is the men'ry of thy grace,
 My God, my heav'nly King!
 Let age to age thy righteousness
 In sounds of glory sing.
- 2 God reigns on high, but not confines
 His goodness to the skies;
 Thro' the whole earth his goodness shines,
 And ev'ry want supplies.
- 3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
 On thee for daily food;
 Thy lib'ral hand provides them meat,
 And fills their mouths with good.
- 4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord,
 How slow thine anger moves!
 But soon he sends his pard'ning word
 To cheer the soul he loves.
- 5 Creatures, with all their endless race,
 Thy pow'r, and praise proclaim:
 May we, who taste thy richer grace,
 Delight to bless thy name.

H Y M N CXCIV.

T R I B U L A T I O N.

1 THE souls that would to Jesus press,
Must fix this firm and sure,
That tribulation more or less,
They must and shall endure.

2 From this there can be none exempt,
'Tis God's own wise decree :
Satan the weakest saint will tempt,
Nor is the strongest free.

3 The world opposes from without,
And unbelief within :
We fear, we faint, we grieve, we doubt,
And feel the load of sin.

4 Glad frames too often lift us up,
And then how proud we grow ;
'Till sad desertion makes us droop,
And down we sink as low.

5 Ten thousand baits the foe prepares
To catch the wand'ring heart ;
And seldom do we see the snares,
Before we feel the smart.

6 But

- 6 But let not all this terrify ;
Pursue the narrow path ;
Look to the Lord with steadfast eye,
And fight with hell by faith.
- 7 Tho' we are feeble, Christ is strong ;
His promises are true ;
We shall be conqu'rors all, e'er long,
And more than conqu'rors too.

H Y M N CXCVI.

S E L F - E X A M I N A T I O N .

- 1 **T**H Y piercing eye, O God, surveys
The various windings of our ways ;
Teach us their tendency to know,
And try the paths in which we go.
- 2 How wild, how crooked have they been !
A maze of foolishness and sin !
With all the light we vainly boast,
Leaving our guide, our souls are lost.
- 3 O turn us back to thee again,
Or we shall search our ways in vain ;
Shine, and the path of life reveal,
And lead us up to Zion's hill.

H Y M N CXC VII.

- 1 **W**HEN darkness long has veil'd my
mind,
And smiling day once more appears,
Then, my Redeemer, then I find,
The folly of my doubts and fears.
- 2 Strait I upbraid my wand'ring heart,
And blush that I shou'd ever be
So prone to act so base a part,
And harbour one hard thought of thee.
- 3 O let me then at length be taught,
What still I am so slow to learn,
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.
- 4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat,
But when my faith is sharply try'd.
I find myself a learner yet,
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.
- 5 But Oh! my Lord, one look from thee
Subdues the disobedient will,
Drives doubt, and discontent away,
And thy rebellious worm is still.

- 6 Thou art as willing to forgive,
As I am ready to repine ;
Thou therefore all the praise receive,
Be shame, and self-abhorrence mine.

H Y M N CXCVIII.

TRIALS OVERCOME BY HOPE.

- 1 **W**HEN I can read my title clear,
To mansions in the skies ;
I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
And dry my weeping eyes.

- 2 Shou'd death against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd ;
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

- 3 Shou'd cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall ;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all.

- 4 There shalt I bathe my weary soul,
In seas of heav'nly rest ;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

H Y M N CXCIX.

Z E C H. XIII. I.

1 **T**H E fountain of Christ
Assist me to sing,
The blood of our priest,
Our crucify'd king ;
Which perfectly cleanses
From sin and from filth,
And richly dispenses
Salvation and health.

2 This fountain so dear
He'll freely impart,
Unlock'd by the spear,
It gush'd from his heart,
With blood and with water,
The first to atone,
To cleanse us the latter ;
The fountain's but one.

3 This fountain from guilt
Not only makes pure,
And gives, soon as felt,
Infallible cure ;
But if guilt removed
Return, and remain,
Its pow'r may be proved
Again, and again.

X 2

4 This

4 This fountain'd unseal'd
Stands open for all,
That long to be heal'd,
The great and the small ;
Here's strength for the weakly
That hither are led ;
Here's health for the sickly ;
Here's life for the dead.

5 This fountain, tho' rich,
From charge is quite clear ;
The poorer the wretch
The welcomer here.
Come needy, come guilty,
Come loathsome, and bare ;
You can't come too filthy---
Come just as you are.

6 This fountain in vain
Has never been try'd,
It takes out all stain,
Whenever apply'd :
The water flows sweetly
With virtue divine,
To cleanse souls completely,
Tho' leprous as mine,

H Y M N C C.

SUBMISSION TO PROVIDENCE.

1 **N**AKED as from the earth we came,
And crept to life at first,
So to the earth we soon return,
And mingle with our dust.

2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but short favours borrow'd now,
To be repaid anon.

3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave;
He gives, and, blessed be his name!
He takes but what he gave.

4 Peace all our angry passions then,
Let each rebellious sigh,
Be silent at his sov'reign will,
And ev'ry murmur die.

5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praises shall be spread;
And we'll adore the justice too,
That strikes our comforts dead.

H Y M N C C I.

THE MYSTERIES OF PROVIDENCE.

- 1 **L**ORD, how mysterious are thy ways !
 How blind are we, how mean our praise !
 Thy steps can mortal eyes explore ?
 'Tis ours to wonder, and adore.
- 2 Thy deep decrees from creature sight,
 Are hid in shades of awful night ;
 Amid the lines, with curious eye,
 Not angel minds presume to pry.
- 3 Great God, I wou'd not ask to see,
 What in futurity shall be ;
 If light and bliss attend my days,
 Then let my future hours be praise.
- 4 Is darkness and distress my share ?
 Then let me trust thy guardian care ;
 Enough for me, if love divine
 At length thro' ev'ry cloud shall shine.
- 5 Yet this my soul desires to know,
 Be this my only wish below ;
 " That Christ is mine ! " -- this great request
 Grant, bounteous God -- and I am blest.

H Y M N

H Y M N . CCII.

W I N T E R.

1 SEE how rude winter's icy hand
 Has stript the trees, and seal'd the ground;
 But spring shall soon his rage withstand,
 And spread new beauties all around.

2 My soul a sharper winter mourns,
 Barren and lifeless I remain,
 When will the gentle spring return,
 And bid my graces grow again!

3 Jesus, my glorious sun, arise,
 'Tis thine the frozen heart to move;
 Oh! hush these storms, and clear my skies,
 And let me feel thy vital love.

4 Dear Lord, regard my feeble cry,
 I faint and droop 'till thou appear;
 Wilt thou permit thy plant to die?
 Must it be winter all the year?

5 Be still, my soul, and wait his hour,
 With humble pray'r, and patient faith,
 'Till he reveals his gracious pow'r,
 Repose on what his promise saith.

6 He, by whose all commanding words,
Seasons their changing course maintain;
In ev'ry change a pledge affords,
That none shall seek his face in vain.

H Y M N C C I I I .

T R U E H A P P I N E S S .

- 1 **H**OW happy is the christian's state!
His sins are all forgiv'n ;
A cheering ray confirms the grace,
And lifts his hopes to heav'n.
- 2 Tho' in the rugged path of life,
He heaves the pensive sigh ;
Yet, trusting in his God, he finds
Deliv'ring grace is nigh.
- 3 If, to prevent his wand'ring steps,
He feels the chast'ning rod ;
The gentle stroke shall bring him back
To his forgiving God.
- 4 And when the welcome message comes
To call his soul away ;
His soul, in raptures, shall ascend
To everlasting day.

H Y M N CCIV.

B A C K S L I D E R S.

1 **D**ESERTERS, to the camp return,
Resume your former post ;
Bewail your crimes, your baseness mourn,
For yet ye are not lost.

2 Yours is a sad, a dangerous case,
Be humble, and repent ;
Mercy, you'll find, tho' e'er so base,
The moment ye relent.

3 Sinners are fav'd by Jesu's blood,
How vile so'er they be ;
Eternal life's the gift of God ;
And gifts are always free.

4 'Tis not by works of righteousness,
Which any man has done ;
But God has sent the Son to bless ;
Return, and kiss the Son.

H Y M N CCV.

1 **C**OME guilty souls, and flee away,
Like doves to Jesu's wounds ;
This is the welcome gospel-day,
Wherein free grace abounds.

2 God

- 2 God lov'd the world, and gave his Son,
To drink the cup of wrath ;
And Jesus says he'll cast out none,
That come to him by faith.

H Y M N CCVI.

- 1 JESUS, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring ;
Accept thy well-deserv'd renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.
- 2 Let ev'ry act of worship be,
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee ;
Like the blest hour, when from above
We first receiv'd thy pledge of love.
- 3 The gladness of that happy day,
O may it ever, ever stay !
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Our hope decline, nor love grow cold.
- 4 Each foll'wing minute as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
'Till we are rais'd to sing thy name,
At the great supper of the Lamb.

H Y M N CCVII.

A T D I S M I S S I O N .

DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy word ;
All that has been amiss, forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

Tho' we are guilty, thou art good ;
Wash all our works in Jesu's blood ;
Give ev'ry fetter'd soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

H Y M N CCVIII

A N O T H E R .

JESUS, knit all our hearts to thee,
And join us all in one ;
In our assemblies ev'ry where,
Be thou our aim alone.

Reign thou sole monarch of our hearts,
And we, as sinners lie
Before the feet of thee, our Lord,
To all eternity.

H Y M N

H Y M N CCIX.

A N O T H E R.

1 **F**ATHER, before we hence depart,
 Send thy good spirit down;
 Let him reside in ev'ry heart,
 And bless the seed that's sown.

2 Thou fountain of eternal love,
 Who gav'st thy Son to die;
 O let thy spirit from above,
 Enlighten, and apply.

H Y M N CCX.

A N O T H E R.

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 Hoard up his sacred word,
 And feed thereon, and grow;
 Go on to seek to know the Lord,
 And practise what you know.

H Y M N

H Y M N . CCXI.

AT THE SACRAMENT.

1 **T**HIS day the Lord of hosts invites
Unto a costly feast ;
I wou'd take care, and well prepare
To be a welcome guest.

2 Awake repentance, faith, and love,
Awake O ev'ry grace ;
To meet your Lord, with one accord,
In his most holy place.

3 Worldly distraction, stay behind,
Below the mount abide ;
Cause no disturbance in my mind,
To make my Saviour chide.

4 O come, my Lord, the time draws nigh,
That I am to receive ;
Stand with my pardon sealed by,
Persuade me to believe.

5 Let not my Jesus now be strange,
Nor hide himself from me ;
But cause thy face to shine upon
The soul that longs for thee.

Y

6 Come,

6 Come, bleſſed ſpirit, from above;
My ſoul do thou inſpire,
T' approach the table of the Lord,
With fulneſs of deſire.

7 O let our entertainment now
Be ſo exceeding ſweet,
That we may long to come again,
And at thine altar meet.

H Y M N. CCXII.

FOR THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

1 COME, deareſt Lord, deſcend and dwell,
By faith and love in ev'ry breaſt!
Then ſhall we know, and taſte, and feel,
The joys that cannot be expreſs'd.

2 Come fill our hearts with inward ſtrength,
Make our enlarged ſouls poſſeſs,
And learn the height, and breadth, and
length
Of thine unmeaſurable grace.

3 Now to the God, whoſe pow'r can do,
More than our thoughts and wiſhes know;
Be everlaſting honours done,
By all the church, thro' Chriſt the Son.

H Y M N

H Y M N CCXIII.

P L E A D I N G C H R I S T.

1 FATHER, God, who see'st in me
Only sin and misery,
See thine own anointed One,
Look on thy beloved Son.

2 Turn from me thy glorious eyes,
To that bloody sacrifice;
To that full atonement made,
To that utmost ransom paid.

3 To the blood that speaks above,
Calls for thy forgiving love;
To the tokens of his death,
Here exhibited beneath.

4 Hear his blood's prevailing cry,
Let thy bowels then reply;
Then thro' him the sinner see;
Then in Jesus look on me!

Y e

H Y M N

H Y M N CCXIV.

T O C H R I S T.

- 1 **L**AMB of God, for whom we languish,
Make thy grief
Our relief,
Ease us by thine anguish.
- 2 O our agonizing Saviour!
By thy pain
Let us gain
God's eternal favour!
- 3 In thine own appointment bless us,
Meet us here
Now appear
Our almighty Jesus!
- 4 Let the ordinance be sealing,
Enter now,
Claim us thou,
For thy constant dwelling.
- 5 Fill the heart of each believer;
We are thine,
Love divine,
Reign in us for ever.

H Y M N CCXV.

ASSURANCE OF PARDON.

1 LORD, how divine thy comforts are !
 How heav'nly is the place,
 Where Jesus spreads the sacred feast
 Of his redeeming grace !

2 Here (says the kind redeeming Lord,
 And shews his wounded side)
 See here the spring of all your joys,
 That open'd when I dy'd !

3 He smiles, and chears my mournful heart,
 And tells of all his pain ;
 All this, says he, I bore for thee,
 And then he smiles again.

4 What shall we pay our heav'nly king,
 For grace so vast as this ?
 He brings our pardon to our eyes,
 And seals it with a kiss.

5 Let such amazing loves as these
 Be founded all abroad,
 Such favours are beyond degrees,
 And worthy of a God.

6 To him, that wash'd us in his blood,
 Be everlasting praise,
 Salvation, honour, glory, pow'r,
 Eternal as his days.

H Y M N CCXVI.

1 JESU, dear redeeming Lord,
 Magnify thy dying word,
 In thine ordinance appear,
 Come and meet thy foll'wers here.

2 In the rite thou hast enjoin'd,
 Let us now our Saviour find,
 Drink thy blood for sinners shed,
 Taste thee in the broken bread.

3 Thou our faithful hearts prepare,
 Thou thy pard'ning grace declare,
 Thou that hast for sinners dy'd,
 Shew thyself the crucify'd!

4 All the guilt of sin remove,
 Fill us with thy heav'nly love,
 Stamp us with the stamp divine,
 Seal us, Lord, for ever thine.

H Y M N

H Y M N CCXVII.

THE TRIUMPHAL FEAST.

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 fiery 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

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 favour's so divine ?
 Here, Lord, we give our souls away,
 To be for ever thine.

H Y M N CCXVIII.

I S A I A H LIII. 6.

1 **A**RISE, my soul, with wonder see,
 What love divine for thee hath done ;
 Behold thy sorrow, sin, and grief,
 Are laid on God's eternal Son.

2 See ! from his head, his hands, his feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingling down,
 Did e'er such love with sorrow meet,
 Or thorns compose so bright a crown ?

3 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.

H Y M N

H Y M N CCXIX.

1 **G**OD of all-redeeming grace,
By thy pard'ning love compell'd,
Up to thee our souls we raise,
Up to thee our bodies yield.

2 Thou our sacrifice receive,
Acceptable thro' thy son ;
While to thee alone we live,
While we die to thee alone.

3 Just it is, and good and right,
That we shou'd be wholly thine,
In thine only will delight,
In thy blessed service join.

4 O that ev'ry thought and word
Might proclaim how good thou art ;
Holiness unto the Lord,
Still be written on our heart !

H Y M N CCXX.

1 **T**Ogether with these symbols, Lord,
Thy blessed self impart ;
And let thy very flesh and blood
Feed the believing heart.

2 Let

2 Let us from all our sins be wash'd
In thy redeeming blood ;
And let thy spirit be the seal,
That we are sons of God.

3 Come holy Ghost with Jesu's love,
Prepare us for this feast ;
And let us banquet with our Lord,
And lean upon his breast.

H Y M N CCXXI.

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 Gentiles 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.

H Y M N

H Y M N CCXXII.

1 OUR shepherd alone,
The Lord let us bless,
Who sits on the throne,
The prince of our peace ;
Who evermore saves us
By shedding his blood ;
All hail, holy Jesus,
Our Lord, and our God !

2 We daily will sing
Thy merits and praise,
Thou merciful spring
Of pity and grace :
Thy kindness for ever
To men we will tell,
And say our dear Saviour
Redeems us from hell.

3 Preserve us in love
While here we abide,
Nor ever remove,
Nor cover, nor hide
Thy glorious salvation,
'Till joyful we see
The beautiful vision
Completed in thee !

H Y M N CCXXIII.

CHRIST OUR PASSOVER.

- 1 **T**HOU very paschal Lamb,
Whose blood for us was shed,
Thro' whom we out of Egypt came,
Thy ransom'd people lead!
- 2 Angel of gospel-grace,
Fulfil thy character;
To guard and feed thy chosen race,
In Israel's camp appear.
- 3 Throughout the desert-way
Conduct us by thy light!
Be thou a cooling cloud by day,
A chearing fire by night.
- 4 Our fainting souls sustain
With blessings from above;
And ever on thy people rain
The manna of thy love.

HYMN CCXXIV.

1 JESUS invites his saints
 To meet around his board ;
 Here pardon'd rebels sit and hold
 Communion with their Lord.

2 For food he gives his flesh,
 He bids us drink his blood ;
 Amazing favour ! matchless grace
 Of our descending God !

3 Let all our pow'rs be join'd,
 His glorious name to raise ;
 Pleasure and love fill ev'ry mind,
 And ev'ry voice be praise.

HYMN CCXXV.

1 O Jesus, my hope,
 For me offer'd up,
 Who with clamour pursu'd thee
 To Calvary's top.

2 The blood thou hast shed,
 For me let it plead,
 And declare thou hast dy'd
 In thy murd'rer's stead.

3

3

Thy

- 3 Thy blood, which alone
For sin cou'd atone,
For the infinite evil
I madly have done.
- 4 That only can seal
My pardon, and fill
My heart with a pow'r
Of obeying thy will.
- 5 Now, now let me know
It's virtue below,
Let it wash me, and I
Shall be whiter than snow.
- 6 Let it hallow my heart;
And throughly convert,
And make me, O Lord;
In this world as thou art.
- 7 Each moment apply'd:
My weakness to hide,
Thy blood be upon me,
And always abide.
- 8 My advocate prove
With the father above;
And speak me at last
To the throue of thy love.

H Y M N CCXXVI.

DEDICATION TO GOD.

1 **A**LL glory and praise
To th' ancient of days,
Who was born and was slain
To redeem a lost race.

2 Salvation to God,
Who carry'd our load,
And purchas'd our peace
With the price of his blood.

3 And shall he not have
The lives which he gave
Such an infinite ransom
For ever to save?

4 Yes, Lord, we are thine,
And gladly resign
Our souls to be fill'd
With the fulness divine.

5 We yield thee thine own,
We'd serve thee alone,
Thy will upon earth
As in heav'n be done.

- 6 How, when it shall be
We cannot foresee ;
But oh ! let us live,
Let us die unto thee !

H Y M N CCXXVII.

- 1 **T**HANKFUL for our ev'ry blessing,
Let us sing
Christ the spring,
Never, never ceasing !

- 2 Source of all our gifts and graces,
Christ we own,
Christ alone
Calls for all our praises.

- 3 He dispels our sin and sadness,
Life imparts,
Cheers our hearts,
* Fills with food and gladness.

- 4 He himself for us hath given,
Us he feeds,
Us he leads
To a feast in heaven.

H Y M N CCXXVIII.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mankind,
 Be ever ador'd ;
 Thy mercy we find
 In sending our Lord,
 To ransom and bless us ;
 Thy goodness we praise
 For sending in Jesus
 Salvation by grace.
- 2 **O** son of his love,
 Who deignedst to die,
 Our curse to remove,
 Our pardon to buy ;
 Accept our thanksgiving,
 Almighty to save,
 Who openest heaven
 To all that believe.
- 3 **O** spirit of love,
 Of health and of pow'r,
 Thy working we prove,
 Thy grace we adore :
 Whose inward revealing
 Applies our Lord's blood,
 Attesting and sealing
 Us children of God.

H Y M N CCXXIX.

- 1 **O** Let thy love our hearts constrain,
 Jesus, the crucify'd!
 What hast thou done our hearts to gain,
 Languish'd, and groan'd, and dy'd!
- 2 Us into closest union draw,
 And in our inward parts
 Let kindness sweetly write her law,
 Let love command our hearts.
- 3 Who wou'd not now pursue the way,
 Where Jesu's footsteps shine?
 Who wou'd not own the pleasing sway
 Of charity divine?
- 4 **O** let us find the ancient way,
 Our wond'ring foes to move,
 And force a frowning world to say,
 " See how these christians love!"

H Y M N CCXXX.

- 1 **L**ORD help us on thy love to feed;
 In peace dismiss us hence;
 Be thou, in ev'ry time of need,
 Our refuge, and defence.

2 We

2 We now desire to bless thy name,
And in our hearts record,
And with our thankful tongues proclaim
The goodness of the Lord.

H Y M N CCXXXI

1 COME, O my soul, and sing
How Jesus hath thee fed ;
How Jesus gave himself for thee,
The true and living bread.

2 I love my Saviour Christ ;
His grace did freely move,
And justly my affections claim,
I cannot help but love.

3 I love thee, O my Lord,
I gladly thee adore ;
O may I never turn again !
But love thee more and more.

4 O raise my feeble flame,
My little stock improve ;
Increase my ardour day by day,
And change me all to love.

H Y M N

H Y M N CCXXXII.

- 1 **O**UR lives, our blood we here present,
If for thy sake they may be spent ;
Fulfil thy sov'reign council, Lord,
Thy will be done, thy name ador'd.
- 2 Give us thy strength, thou God of pow'r,
Then let men scorn, and Satan roar ;
Thy faithful witnesses we'll be :
'Tis fix'd---we can do all thro' thee.

H Y M N CCXXXIII.

- 1 **H**ELP us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's crosses to bear ;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel another's care.
- 2 Help us to build each other up,
Our little stock improve ;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.
- 3 Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive thy ready bride ;
Give us in heav'n a happy lot,
With all the sanctify'd.

H Y M N CCXXXIV.

M O R N I N G.

- 1 **R**ISE, my soul, adore thy maker,
Angels praise, join thy lays,
With them be partaker,
- 2 Sov'reign Lord of ev'ry spirit,
In thy light lead me right,
Thro' my Saviour's merit.
- 3 Thou this night wast my protector,
With me stay, all this day,
Ever my director.
- 4 Leave me not, but ever love me,
Let thy peace be my bliss,
Till thou hence remove me.
- 5 Holy, holy, holy giver
Of all good, life and food,
Reign ador'd for ever.
- 6 Glory, honour, thanks, and blessing,
One in Three, give we thee,
Never, never ceasing.

H Y M N

H Y M N C C X X X V .

E V E N I N G .

- 1 **E**RE I sleep for ev'ry favour,
 This day shew'd by my God,
I will bless my Saviour.
- 2 O my Lord ! what shall I render
 To thy name, still the same,
Gracious good and tender.
- 3 Leave me not, but ever love me,
 Let thy peace be my bliss,
Till thou hence remove me.
- 4 Visit me with thy salvation,
 Let thy care now be near,
Round my habitation.
- 5 Thou, my rock, my guard, my tow'r,
 Safely keep, while I sleep,
Me, with all thy pow'r.
- 6 And, whene'er in death I slumber,
 Let me rise with the wise,
Counted in their number.

H Y M N CCXXXVI.

T H E S A M E.

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.

H Y M N CCXXXVII.

M O R N I N G.

AWAKE, 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 thy mis-spent 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 thought surveys.

4 Glory

- 4 Glory to God, who safe hath kept,
And hath refresh'd me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.
- 5 Direct, controul, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my pow'rs, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.
- 6 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.

H Y M N CCXXXVIII.

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, King 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,
Ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3. Teach

- 3 Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Triumphing 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.
- 6 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.

H Y M N CCXXXIX.

LORD'S DAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**O-DAY God bids the faithful rest,
To-day he show'rs his grace ;
" Seek ye my face," the Lord hath said,
Lord, we will seek thy face.

A 3

2 Come,

- 2 Come, let us leave the things of earth,
With God's assembly join ;
Lo ! heaven descends to welcome man,
To taste the things divine !
- 3 We come, dear Saviour, lo ! we come,
Lord of our life and soul ;
We come diseas'd, and faint, and sick,
Be pleas'd to make us whole.
- 4 We thirst, and fly to thee, O Lord,
Thou fountain-head of good ;
Filthy we come, and all unclean,
O cleanse us in thy blood.
- 5 O may we please our God to-day,
May that be all our care !
Give, Lord, thy grace, lest evil thoughts
Should mingle in our pray'r.
- 6 Amidst th' assembly of thy saints
Let us be faithful found ;
And let us join in humble pray'r,
And in thy praise abound.
- 7 Let thy good spirit help our souls,
With faith thy word to hear ;
Be with us in thy temple, Lord,
And let us find thee near.

H Y M N CCXL.

LORD'S DAY EVENING.

- 1 **W**HEN, O dear Jesus, when shall I
Behold thee all serene?
Blest in perpetual sabbath-day,
Without a veil between?
- 2 Assist me while I wander here,
Amidst a world of cares;
Incline my heart to pray with love,
And then accept my pray'rs.
- 3 Release my soul from ev'ry chain,
No more hell's captive led;
And pardon a repenting child,
For whom the Saviour bled.
- 4 Spare me, O God, O spare the soul,
That gives itself to thee;
Take all that I possess below,
And give thyself to me.
- 5 Thy spirit, O my father, give,
To be my guide and friend,
To light my way to ceaseless joys,
Where sabbaths never end.

H Y M N CCXLI,

FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY.

- 1 **A**ND now my soul, another year
Of thy short life is past ;
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my last.
- 2 Much of my dubious life is gone,
Nor will return again ;
And swift my passing moments run,
The few that yet remain.
- 3 Awake, my soul, with utmost care
Thy true condition learn ;
What are thy hopes, how sure, how fair,
And what thy great concern ?
- 4 Now a new scene of time begins,
Set out afresh for heaven ;
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
In Christ so freely given.
- 5 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his grace depend ;
With zeal pursue the heav'nly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

H Y M N

H Y M N CCXLII.

A N O T H E R.

- 1 THE Lord of earth and sky,
The God of ages praise!
Who reigns enthron'd on high,
Ancient of endless days,
Who lengthens out our trial here,
And spares us yet another year.
- 2 Barren and wither'd trees,
We cumber'd long the ground;
No fruit of holiness
On our dead souls was found;
Yet did he us in mercy spare,
Another, and another year.
- 3 When justice barr'd the sword,
To cut the fig-tree down,
The pity of our Lord
Cry'd---"Let it still alone:"
The father mild inclin'd his ear,
And spar'd us yet another year.
- 4 Jesus, thy speaking blood
From God obtain'd the grace,
Who therefore hath bestow'd
On us a longer space:
Thou didst in our behalf appear,
And lo! we see another year.

A a 3

5

Then

- 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.

H Y M N CCXLIII.

C I R C U M C I S I O N .

- 1 SEE, my soul, with wonder see,
The incarnate Deity ;
Human nature he assumes,
He to ransom sinners comes :
He was not conceiv'd in sin,
He was infinitely clean ;
Him no sinful spot disguis'd,
Yet lo ! he was circumcis'd.
- 2 He fulfill'd all righteousness,
Standing in our legal place ;
From the manger to the cross,
All he did he did for us :
He did all our woes retrieve,
He expir'd that we might live ;
By his stripes our wounds are heal'd,
By his blood our peace is seal'd.

3 Jesu's pain procures our ease,
Jesu's death is our release ;
Jesu's cross obtains our crown,
Jesu's sepulchre our throne :
Lord, conform us to thy death,
Bid our sins yield up their breath ;
By thy resurrection's pow'r,
Make our souls to glory soar.

4 Circumcise our filthy hearts,
Purify our inward parts ;
Lord, destroy the carnal mind,
That in thee we peace may find :
In thy righteousness array'd,
Let us triumph, and be glad ;
Let us walk with thee in white,
Let us see thy face in light.

H Y M N CCXLIV.

E P I P H A N Y.

1 SONS of men, behold from far,
Hail the long-expected star ;
Jacob's star, that gilds the night,
Guides bewilder'd nature right.

2 Fear

- 2 Fear not hence that there shall flow
Wars, or pestilence below ;
Wars it bids, and tumults cease,
Ush'ring in the prince of peace.
- 3 Mild he shines on all beneath,
Piercing thro' the shades of death ;
Scatt'ring error's wide-spread night,
Kindling darkness into light.
- 4 Nations all far off and near,
Haste to see your God appear ;
Haste, for him your hearts prepare,
Meet him manifested there.
- 5 There behold the day-spring rise,
Pouring eye-sight on your eyes ;
God in his own light survey,
Shining to the perfect day.
- 6 Sing, ye morning stars, again,
God descends on earth to reign !
Deigns for man his life t' employ,
Shout, ye sons of God, for joy.

H Y M N CCXLV.

G O O D - F R I D A Y.

1 **A** LAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my sov'reign die?
Wou'd he devote that sacred head,
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in;
When Christ the mighty maker dy'd,
For man the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

H Y M N CCXLVI.

REPENTANCE AT THE CROSS.

- 1 **O**H! if my soul was form'd for woe,
How wou'd I vent my sighs!
Repentance should like rivers flow
From both my streaming eyes.
- 2 'Twas for my sins, my dearest Lord
Hung on the cursed tree,
And groan'd away a dying life,
For thee, my soul, for thee.
- 3 O how I hate those lusts of mine,
That crucify'd my God;
Those sins that pierc'd and nail'd his flesh
Fast, to the fatal wood.
- 4 Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die,
My heart hath so decreed;
Nor will I spare those guilty things
That made my Saviour bleed.
- 5 Whilst with a melting broken heart,
My murder'd Lord I view,
I'll raise revenge against my sins,
And slay the murd'ers too.

H Y M N CCXLVII.

I T I S F I N I S H E D.

1 “ ’TIS finish’d,” the Redeemer said,
And meekly bow’d his dying head,
Whilst we this sentence scan,
Come, sinners, and observe the word,
Behold the conquests of the Lord,
Compleat for helpless man.

2 Finish’d the righteousness of grace,
Finish’d for sinners pard’ning peace ;
Their mighty debt is paid :
Accusing law cancell’d by blood,
And wrath of an offending God
In sweet oblivion laid.

3 Who now shall urge a second claim,
The law no longer can condemn,
Faith a release can shew :
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 dost thou yet reply ?
Where’er thy loud objections fall,
“ ’Tis finish’d,” still may answer all
And silence ev’ry cry.

- 5 His toil divinely finish'd stands,
 But ah ! the praise his work demands,
 Careful may we attend !
 Conclusion to our souls be this,
 Because salvation finish'd is,
 Our thanks shall never end.

H Y M N CCXLVIII.
 CHRIST PIERCED.

- 1 **I**S there a thing beneath the sky,
 Can comfort bring, or satisfy,
 But our dear Saviour's wounds ?
 Here is a sweet and constant peace,
 A treasure full of richest grace,
 All else are empty sounds.
- 2 Attend, my soul, sink down with shame,
 Before his face, who only came
 To suffer, bleed, and die :
 O think upon thy sin and guilt,
 For which his precious blood was spilt,
 Thou didst him crucify.
- 3 See thou vile peace of sinful dust,
 Thy dearest Lord sweat for thy lust,
 Till drops of blood fall down !
 See how he yonder prostrate lies !
 Observe his mournful pray'r and cries,
 Mark ev'ry tear and groan !

4 See thy dear Lord dragg'd like a thief,
Amidst contempt, and stripes, and grief,
For thee a sacrifice:
Fasten'd unto the shameful wood,
Despis'd by men, and bath'd in blood,
So dear thy ransom price!

5 Lord dost thou suffer thus for me,
Dost thou feel all this misery,
To give me life and peace?
Then let me bear it on my heart,
My all is purchas'd with thy smart,
Thy blood signs my release.

H Y M N CCLXIX.

I S A I A H LIFE, C H A P.

1 **W**H O hath our report believed?
Shiloh come is not received,
Not received by his own;
Promis'd Branch from root of Jesse;
David's offspring sent to bless ye,
Come too meekly to be known.

2 Like a tender plant that's growing
Where no waters, friendly flowing,
No kind rain refresh the ground:
Drooping, dying we shall view him,
See no charm to draw us to him,
There no beauty will be found.

3 Lo! the Messiah unrespected,
Man of griefs, despis'd, rejected ;
Wounds his form disfiguring,
Marr'd his visage more than any,
For he bears the sins of many,
All our sorrows carrying.

4 No deceit his mouth had spoken,
Blameless he no law had broken,
Yet was number'd with the worst :
For, because the Lord wou'd grieve him,
We, who saw it, did believe him,
For his own offences curst.

5 But while him our thoughts accused,
He for us alone was bruised,
Stricken, smitten for our guilt :
With his stripes, our wounds are cured,
By his pains, our peace assured,
Purchas'd with the blood he spilt.

6 Love amazing, so to mind us,
Shepherd come from heaven to find us,
Silly sheep all gone astray ;
Lost, undone by our transgressions,
Worse than stript of all possessions,
Debtors without hope to pay.

Hear

7 Fear our portion, slaves in spirit,---
He redeem'd us by his merit,
To a glorious liberty :
Dearly first his goodness bought us,
Truth and love then sweetly taught us,
Truth and love have made us free.

8 Blessed be the pow'r who gave us,
Freely gave his Son to save us,
Bless'd the Son, who freely came ;
Honour, blessing, adoration,
Ever, from the whole creation,
Be to God, and to the Lamb.

H Y M N CCL.

E A S T E R - D A Y.

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 Children of God, look up and see,
Your Saviour cloath'd with majesty,
Triumphant o'er the tomb :
Give o'er your griefs, cast off your fears,
In heav'n your mansions he prepares,
And soon will take you home.

3 His church is still 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.

4 O may we all from sin awake,
May all in heav'n our places take,
Near our exalted Head !
May all our souls to heav'n aspire,
In thought, in will, in strong desire,
To carnal pleasures dead !

H Y M N C C L I .

A N O T H E R .

1 CHRIST the Lord is ris'n to-day,
Sons of men and angels say !
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won ;
Lo ! our sun's eclipse is o'er,
Lo ! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain

- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids his rise,
Christ hath open'd paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King,
Where, O death, is now thy sting!
Once he dy'd our souls to save,
Where thy victory, O grave?
- 5 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Foll'wing our exalted Head;
Made like him, like him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies,
- 6 What tho' once we perish'd all,
Partners of our parents fall;
Second life we all receive,
In our heav'nly Adam live.
- 7 Hail the Lord of earth and heav'n!
Praise to thee by both be giv'n!
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail the resurrection---thou!
- 8 King of glory! soul of bliss!
Everlasting life is this---
Thee to know---thy pow'r to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love.

H Y M N CCLII.

A N O T H E R.

- 1 **T**HE Sun of righteousness appears,
 To set in blood no more!
 Adore the scatt'rer of your fears,
 Your rising sun adore.
- 2 The saints, when he resign'd his breath,
 Unclos'd their sleeping eyes;
 He breaks again the bands of death,
 Again the dead arise.
- 3 Alone the dreadful race he ran,
 Alone the wine-press trod;
 He dy'd, and suffer'd as a man,
 He rises as a God.
- 4 In vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
 Forbid an early rise,
 To him who breaks the gates of hell,
 And opens paradise.

H Y M N

H Y M N CCLIII.

THE RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION OF CHRIST.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to the Prince of light,
That cloath'd himself in clay ;
Enter'd the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.
- 2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Immanuel rose ;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoil'd our hellish foes.
- 3 See how the conqu'ror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies ;
With scars of honour in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.
- 4 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his blest abode ;
Sweet be the accents of our songs,
To our incarnate God.
- 5 Bright angels strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise ;
Let heav'n, and all created things,
Sound our Immanuel's praise.

H Y M N

H Y M N CCLIV.

THE RESURRECTION.

1 PLEAS'D we read in sacred story,
 How our Lord resum'd his breath;
 Where, O grave's, thy conqu'ring glory?
 Where's thy sting, thou phantom death?
 Soon thy jaws restrain'd from chewing,
 Must disgorge their ransom'd prey:
 Man first gave thee pow'r to ruin,
 Man too takes that pow'r away.

2 I am Alpha, says the Saviour,
 I Omega likewise am;
 I was dead, and live for ever,
 God Almighty, and the Lamb.
 In the Lord is our perfection,
 And in him our boast we'll make;
 We shall share his resurrection,
 If we of his death partake.

3 Ye that die without repentance,
 Ye must rise when Christ appears;
 Rise to hear your dreadful sentence,
 While the saints rejoice in theirs.
 You to dwell with fiends infernal,
 They with Jesus Christ to reign:
 They go into life eternal,
 You to everlasting pain.

4 Bold rebellion, base backsliding,
Stop your course, reflect with dread ;
In destruction there's no hiding ;
Death and hell give up their dead ;
Ev'ry sea, and lake, and river,
Shall restore their dead to view :
Shout for gladness, O believer,
Christ is ris'n, and so shall you.

H Y M N CCLV.

A S C E N S I O N.

1 **H**AIL the day, that sees him rise,
Ravish'd from our wishful eyes !
Christ awhile to mortals giv'n,
Re-ascends his native heav'n :
There the pompous triumph waits,
Lift your heads eternal gates !
Wide unfold the radiant scene,
Take the King of glory in !

2 Him, tho' highest heaven receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves ;
Tho' returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own :
Still for us he intercedes,
Prevalent his death he pleads ;
Next himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

3 Master

3 Master (may we ever say)
 Taken from our head to-day ;
 See thy faithful servants, see,
 Ever gazing up to thee !
 Grant, tho' parted from our sight,
 High above yon azure height :
 Grant our hearts may thither rise,
 Foll'wing thee beyond the skies.

4 Ever upward let us move,
 Wafted on the wings of love ;
 Looking when our Lord shall come,
 Longing, gasping after home :
 There we shall with thee remain
 Partners of thine endless reign ;
 There thy face unclouded see,
 Find our heav'n of heav'n in thee.

H Y M N CCLVI.

W H I T S U N D A Y.

1 JESU, we hang upon the word,
 Our longing souls have heard from thee ;
 Be mindful of thy promise, Lord,
 Thy promise made to all, and me :
 Thy foll'wers, who thy steps pursue,
 And dare believe that God is true.

2 Thou

- 2 Thou saidst, I will the Father pray,
And he the Holy Ghost shall give,
Shall give him in your hearts to stay,
And never more his temples leave :
Myself will to my children come,
And make them mine eternal home.
- 3 Come then, dear Lord, thyself reveal,
And let thy 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 Send him, O Lord, into each heart,
Our sure, inseparable guide :
O might we meet, and never part ;
O might he in our hearts abide,
And keep his house of praise and pray'r,
And rest, and reign for ever there.

H Y M N CCLVII.

BREATHING AFTER THE SPIRIT.

1 COME, holy Spirit, heav'nly dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs ;
Kindle a flame of sacred love,
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 See how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys ;
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise ;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

3 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate ?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great ?

5 Come, holy Spirit, heav'nly dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs ;
Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

H Y M N CCLVIII.

J O H N XVII. 24.

- 1 **O** For a sweet inspiring ray,
To animate our feeble strains,
From the bright realms of endless day,
The blissful realms, where Jesus reigns!
- 2 There low before his glorious throne,
Adoring saints and angels fall,
And with delightful worship own
His smile their bliss, their heav'n, their all.
- 3 Immortal glories crown his head,
While tuneful hallelujahs rise,
And love, and joy, and triumph spread
Thro' all th' assemblies of the skies.
- 4 He smiles, and seraphs tune their songs,
To boundless rapture while they gaze;
Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues
Resound his everlasting praise.
- 5 There all the ransom'd of the Lamb
Shall join at last the heav'nly choir;
O may the joy-inspiring theme
Awake our faith, and warm desire!

- 6 Dear Saviour, let thy spirit seal
Our interest in that blissful place;
'Till death remove this mortal veil,
And we behold thy lovely face.

H Y M N C C C I X .

T O T H E T R I N I T Y .

- 1 PRAISE be to the Father giv'n,
Christ he gave, us to save,
Now the heirs of heav'n.
- 2 Pay we equal adoration
To the Son, he alone
Wrought out our salvation.
- 3 Glory to th' eternal Spirit,
Us he seals, Christ reveals,
And applies his merit.
- 4 Worship, honour, thanks and blessing,
One in Three, give we thee,
Never, never ceasing.

H Y M N CCLX.

T H E N A T I V I T Y.

1 **H**ARK the glad found! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promis'd long!
Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
And ev'ry voice a song.

2 On him the Spirit largely pour'd,
Exerts its sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal, and love,
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes the pris'ners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eye-balls of the blind,
To pour celestial day.

5 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the riches of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
And heav'n's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

H Y M N CCLXI.

A N O T H E R.

1 HARK! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King ;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconcil'd.
Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumphs of the skies,
With th' angelic host proclaim,
" Christ is born in Bethlehem."

2 Christ, by highest heav'n ador'd,
Christ the everlasting Lord ;
Late in time, behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb :
Veil'd in flesh, the Godhead see,
Hail th' incarnate Deity !
Pleas'd as man, with men t' appear,
Jesus, our Immanuel here.

3 Hail

3 Hail the heav'n-born Prince of peace,
Hail the Sun of righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Ris'n with healing in his wings:
Mild he lays his glory by,
Born, that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give the second birth.

4 Come, desire of nations, come,
Fix in us thy humble home;
Rise, the woman's conqu'ring seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head:
Adam's likeness now efface,
Stamp thine image in its place;
Second Adam from above,
Re-instate us in thy love.

H Y M N CCLXII.

T H E S A M E.

1 **W**HAT good news the angels bring!
What glad tidings of our king!
Christ the Lord is born to-day,
Christ who takes our sins away:
Him who rules in heav'n and earth,
Hath in Bethlehem his birth;
Him shall all his people see,
And rejoice eternally.

2 Lift your hearts and voices high,
 With hosannas fill the sky ;
 Glory be to God above,
 God is infinite in love :
 Peace on earth, good-will to men !
 Now with us our God is seen :
 Angels join with us in praise !
 Help to sing redeeming grace.

3 Now the wall is broken down,
 Now the gospel is made known ;
 Now the door is open wide,
 Christ for Jew and Gentile dy'd.
 All who feel the weight of sin,
 All who languish to be clean ;
 All who for redemption groan,
 May be sav'd by faith alone.

Jesus is the lovely name,
 This the angel doth proclaim ;
 He shall all his people save,
 They in him remission have :
 When they see themselves undone,
 They take refuge in the Son ;
 They shall all be born again,
 And with him in glory reign.

5 Shout

5 Shout, ye nations of the earth,
 Sing the triumphs of his birth;
 All the world by him is blest,
 Sound his praise from east to west:
 Jews and Gentiles jointly sing,
 Christ our common Lord and King;
 Christ our life, our joy, our song,
 To eternity prolong.

H Y M N CCLXIII.

T H E S A M E.

1 **C**OME, thou long expected Jesus!
 Born to set thy people free;
 From our fears and sins release us,
 Let us find our rest in thee!
 Israel's strength and consolation,
 Hope of all the earth thou art;
 Dear desire of ev'ry nation,
 Joy of ev'ry longing heart!

2 Born thy people to deliver,
 Born a child, and yet a king;
 Born to reign in us for ever,
 Now thy gracious kingdom bring!
 By thine own eternal Spirit,
 Rule in all our hearts alone;
 By thine all-sufficient merit,
 Raise us to thy glorious throne.

H Y M N

H Y M N CCLXIV.

SICKNESS, OR DIVINE CORRECTION.

1 **H**OW happy the sorrowful man,
 Whose sorrow is sent from above!
 Indulg'd with a visit of pain,
 Chastis'd by omnipotent love:
 The author of all his distress,
 He comes by affliction to know;
 And God he in heaven shall bless,
 That ever he suffer'd below.

2 Thus, thus may I happily grieve,
 And hear the intent of his rod,
 The marks of adoption receive,
 The strokes of a merciful God;
 With nearer access to his throne,
 My burthen of folly confess,
 The cause of my miseries own,
 And cry for an answer of peace.

3 O Father of mercies on me,
 On me in affliction bestow
 A pow'r of applying to thee,
 A sanctify'd use of my woe:
 I would in a spirit of prayer,
 To all thy appointments submit;
 The pledge of my happiness bear,
 And joyfully die at thy feet.

4 Then,

4 Then, father, and never till then,
I all the felicity prove,
Of living a moment in pain,
Of dying in Jesus's love :
A sufferer here with my Lord,
With Jesus above I sit down,
Receive an eternal reward,
And glory obtain in a crown.

H Y M N CCLXV.

A F U N E R A L H Y M N.

1 **A**H! lovely appearance of death,
No fight upon earth is so fair ;
Not all the gay pageants that breathe,
Can with a dead body compare ;
With solemn delight I survey
The corpse when the spirit is fled,
In love with the beautiful clay,
And longing to lie in its stead.

2 How blest is our brother, bereft
Of all that could burthen his mind ;
How easy the soul that hath left
The wearisome body behind !
Of evil incapable thou,
Whose relicks with envy I see ;
No longer in misery now,
No longer a sinner like me.

3 This

- 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 again :
 No anger henceforward, or shame,
 Shall redden this innocent clay,
 Extinct is the animal flame,
 And passion is vanish'd away.
- 4 This languishing head is at rest,
 Its thinking and aching are o'er ;
 This quiet immoveable breast
 Is heav'd by affliction no more ;
 This 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 could 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

What now with my tears I bedew,
O might I this moment become;
My spirit created anew,
My flesh be consign'd to the tomb!

H Y M N CCLXVI.

A N O T H E R.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to Jesus on high!
Another has enter'd his rest;
Another has 'scap'd to the sky,
And lodg'd in Immanuel's breast:
The soul of our brother is gone
To heighten the triumph above;
Exalted to Jesus's throne!
Exalted by Jesus's love!
- 2 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 this dungeon shall fly?
Who first shall be summon'd away?
My merciful God --- Is it I?
- 3 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 wou'd'st have me remove,
And leave the dull body below,
And fly to the regions of love.

H Y M N CCLXVII.

A N O T H E R.

1 **A**ND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die!
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high:
Shall join the disembod' d faints,
And find its long-sought rest,
That only bliss for which it pants,
In the 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 on my threescore years,
Till my deliv' rer come,
And wipes away his servant's tears,
And takes his exile home.

3 O what hath Jesus bought for me,
Before my ravish'd eyes!
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of paradise:

I see

I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there ;
They all are rob'd in spotless white,
And conq'ring palms they bear.

4 O what are all my suff'rings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet,
With that enraptur'd host t' appear,
And worship at thy feet !
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life and friends away !
But let me find them all again,
In that eternal day !

H Y M N CCLXVIII.

L I F E A N D E T E R N I T Y .

1 **T**HEE, we adore, eternal name,
And humbly own to thee
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms we be !

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As months and days increase,
And every beating pulse we tell,
Leaves one the number less.

D d

3 The

- 3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave ;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're trav'ling to the grave.
- 4 Dangers stand thick thro' all the ground;
To push us to the tomb ;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.
- 5 Great God ! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things ;
Th' eternal states of all the dead,
Upon life's feeble strings.
- 6 Infinite joy, or endless woe
Attend on ev'ry breath ;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death !
- 7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dang'rous road ;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

H Y M N CCLXIX.

DEATH AND GLORY.

- 1 **M**Y soul, come meditate the day,
And think how near it stands,
When thou must quit this house of clay,
And fly to unknown lands.
- 2 And you, mine eyes, look down and view
The hollow gaping tomb ;
This gloomy prison waits for you,
Whene'er the summons come.
- 3 Oh ! could we die with those that die,
And place us in their stead ;
Then would our spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the dead.
- 4 Then shou'd we see the faints above,
In their own glorious forms,
And wonder why our souls shou'd love,
To dwell with mortal worms.
- 5 How shou'd we scorn these cloaths of flesh,
These fetters, and this load ;
And long for ev'ning to undress,
That we may rest with God.

6 We shou'd almost forsake our clay,
Before the summons come,
And pray, and wish our souls away
To their eternal home.

H Y M N CCLXX.

A N O T H E R.

1 **I**N a world of sin and sorrow,
Compass'd round with many a care,
From eternity we borrow
Hope, that can exclude despair :
Thee triumphant God and Saviour !
In the glass of faith we see ;
O assist each faint endeavour !
Raise our earth-born souls to thee.

2 Place that awful scene before us,
Of the last tremendous day ;
When to life thou shalt restore us,
Ling'ring ages hast away !
Then this vile and sinful nature
Incorruption shall put on ;
Life renewing, glorious Saviour !
Let thy gracious will be done.

H Y M N

H Y M N CCLXXI.

ON THE DEATH OF A BELIEVER.

1 ,TIS finish'd, 'tis done!
 The spirit is fled,
 The pris'ner is gone,
 The christian is dead:
 The christian is living
 Thro' Jesus his love,
 And gladly receiving
 A kingdom above,

2 All honour and praise
 Is 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
Thy 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 he giv'n,
The purchase divine,
And crown us in heav'n
Eternally thine.

H Y M N CCLXXII.

THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST.

1 **H**E comes! he comes! 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

- 2 From heav'n angelic voices found,
See th' almighty Jesus crown'd!
Girt with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the Saviour's face,
Glory, glory, glory; glory, glory decks
the Saviour's face,
- 3 Descending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms as his own ;
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord,
Hail him, hail him, hail him, hail him,
hail him their triumphant Lord.
- 4 Shout, all the people of the sky,
And all the fairs of the most high :
Our God, who now his right obtains,
For ever, and for ever reigns,
Ever, ever, ever, ever, ever, and for
ever reigns.
- 5 The Father praise, the Son adore,
The Spirit bless for evermore :
Salvation's glorious work is done,
We welcome the great Three in One,
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
welcome the great Three in One.

H Y M N CCLXXIII.

J U D G M E N T.

- 1 **L**O! he cometh, countless trumpets
Blow before the bloody-sign;
'Midst ten thousand faints 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.

4 Saints who love him, view his glory
Shining in his bruised face,
His dear person on the rainbow,
Now his peoples head shall raise :
Happy mourners, happy mourners,
happy mourners,
Lo ! in clouds he comes, he comes !

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.

H Y M N

H Y M N CCLXXIV.
T H E J U B I L E E.

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 Exalt the Son of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood,
To all the world proclaim.
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

3 Ye, who have sold for nought,
Your heritage above;
Come, take it back unbought,
The gift of Jesu's love.
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

4 The gospel trumpet sounds,
Let all the nations hear,
And earth's remotest bounds
Before the throne appear.
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

D O X O.

D O X O L O G I E S.

I.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Thanks, praise, and glory be,
As was, and is, and shall be still,
To all eternity.

II.

To God in persons three,
All glory be therefore,
As in beginning was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

III.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be praise amidst the heav'nly host,
And in the church below ;
From whom all creatures drew their breath,
By whom redemption bless'd the earth,
From whom all comforts flow.

IV. Praise

IV.

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.

V.

Sing we to our God above,
Praise eternal as his love :
Praise him, all ye heav'nly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

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F I N I S.