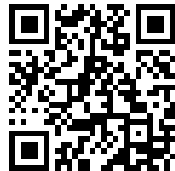

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ANTHEMS,
CANTICLES, AND HYMNS.

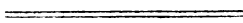
ANTHEMS,
CANTICLES, AND HYMNS.

ANTHEMS, &
CANTICLES, AND HYMNS,

ARRANGED, WITH APPROPRIATE MUSIC,

FOR

Congregational Worship.



LONDON:
BENJAMIN PARDON, PRINTER, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1864.



THIS volume is the result of an experiment in Congregational Psalmody, already tried on a small scale in the manual hitherto used at Heath Street Chapel, Hampstead. It owes its origin to a conviction, long entertained by the compilers, that to have suitable music, appropriated with due care and judgment and permanently associated with particular words, is a method far preferable to the ordinary plan of selection at the time of service.

The pressing needs of the Congregation at Heath Street have induced the compilers to assent to the issue of the present book in a form still somewhat imperfect. It is, however, their intention to proceed at once with the remainder of the work, and to arrive at its completion with as little delay as possible. They postpone till then any further remarks on the principle of arrangement which has been adopted.

In the meantime, grateful acknowledgment is due to JOHN GOSS, Esq., Composer to Her Majesty's Chapels Royal, and Organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, for the great care he has most kindly given in revising and correcting many of the harmonies ; and also to HENRY JOHN GAUNTLETT, Mus. Doc., for his very skilful re-arrangement and revision of the principal portion of the music, and for valuable contributions of some original Tunes, Anthems, &c. These, with other obligations, will be more fully acknowledged by the compilers when the book is finally completed.

All the arrangements, and many of the melodies in this work, are copyright.

September 1864.

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	NO.		NO.
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To God the only wise	5		
To Him that loved the souls of men.....	144		

PART I.

TE DEUMS, ANTHEMS,

Sanctuses, &c.

No. I.

The Ancient Prose Hymn

“TE DEUM LAUDAMUS,”

Arranged as a Chant Service.

Joyful. DANIEL PURCELL.

‘— We ‘praise | Thee, O | God : || *we ac*‘knowledge | Thee to | be the | Lord.
 ‘All —*the* ‘earth · doth | worship | Thee : || The | Father | ever | lasting.
 To ‘Thee · all ‘angels | cry a | loud : || *The* ‘heavens, ‘—*and* | all the | powers ·
 there | in.
 To ‘Thee | Cherubin · and | Seraphin : || con | tin · ual | ly do | cry.

Slow. JOHN JONES.

‘Holy, | ho · ly | holy : || Lord | God of | Sa · ba · oth.
 ‘Heaven · and | earth are | full : || Of the | majes · ty | of Thy | glory.

Joyful. DANIEL PURCELL.

‘—The · glorious ‘company | of the · a | postles : || Pra — — | — ise | Thee.
 The · goodly ‘fellowship | of the | prophets : || Pra | — — | — ise | Thee.
 The ‘noble | army · of | martyrs : || Pra | — — | — ise | Thee.
 The · holy ‘Church · throughout | all the | world : || Doth | — ac | knowledge | Thee.

Moderate.

Gregorian, 6th Tone.



'The Father · of an | in · finite | majesty, || *Thine* 'honour · able | true and |
only | Son.

'Also · the | Holy | Ghost : || *The* 'Holy | Ghost the | Comfort | er.

Bold.

DR. GAUNTLETT.



'Thou · art the 'King · of | Glory, O | Christ. || 'Thou · art the 'ev · er | lasting |
Son of · the | Father.

'When Thou · tookest up'on Thee · to de | liver | man : || 'Thou didst · not
ab | hor the | virgin's | womb.

'When · Thou hadst 'over- · come *the* | sharpness · of | death : || *Thou didst*
'open the · kingdom of | heaven · to | all be | lievers.

Thou 'sittest · at the 'right | hand of | God : || In · *the* | glory | of the | Father.

Slow.

FELTON.



'We · be'lieve · *that* | Thou shalt | come : || Shalt | come to | be our | Judge.

We · therefore 'pray Thee | help Thy | servants : || 'Whom Thou · hast re-
'deemed | with Thy | precious | blood.

'Make them · to be 'number · ed | with Thy | saints : || In | glory | ever | lasting.

Joyful.

JONES.



— O 'Lord, | save Thy | people : || And | bless, yea | bless Thine | heritage.
'Gov— | —ern | them : || And | lift them | up for | ever.

Vivace.

PURCELL.



'Day | —by | day : || We | mag · ni | fy— | Thee.
'And we | worship · Thy name : || Ever | world — | without | end.

Slow.

BLOW.



'Vouch | safe O | Lord : || To 'keep · us | this day | without | sin.
O 'Lord have | mercy · up | on us : || Have | mercy · up | on — | us.

Moderate.

DR. GAUNTLETT.



O 'Lord · let Thy 'mercy | lighten · up | on us : || As our | trust | is in | Thee.

Slower.

DR. GAUNTLETT.

riten.

O 'Lord · —in | Thee · have I | trusted: || Let me | ne- ver | be con | founded.

No. II.

A Congregational Setting

OF THE

“TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.”

Alla Cappella, a tempo ordinario.

We praise Thee, O God: We ac-knowledge Thee to

Organ.

be the Lord. All the earth doth wor-ship Thee: The Fa-ther

e-ver-last-ing. To Thee all an-gels cry a-loud: The Heav'ns and

all the powers there-in. To Thee, Che - ru - bin and Se - raph-

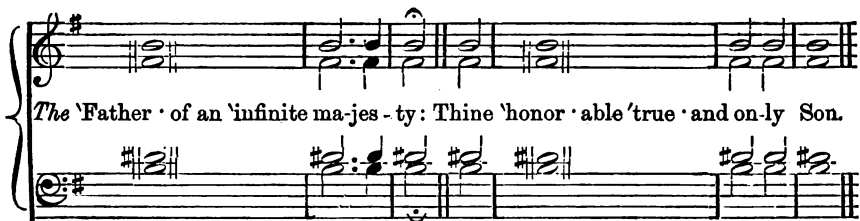
- in : Con - tin - ual - ly do cry. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly :

Lord God of Sa - ba - oth. Heaven and earth are full

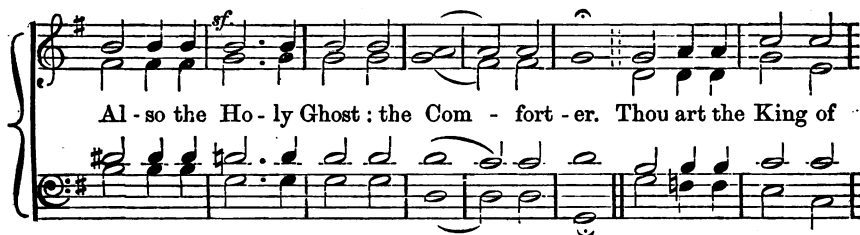
of the ma - jes - ty of Thy glo - - - - ry.

- The - glorious - company - of the - Apostles | praise | Thee.

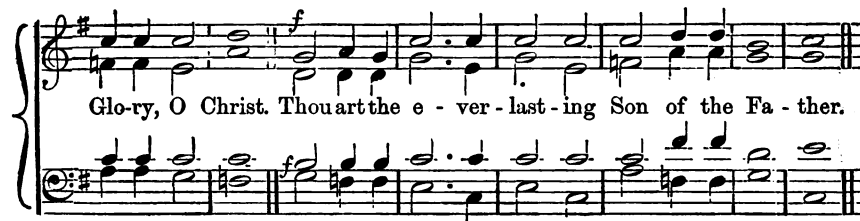
The	goodly	fellowship	of the	prophets	praise	Thee.
The	noble	army	of	martyrs	praise	Thee.
The	{	Holy Church throughout	}	- doth ac	knowledge	Thee.
		all the world				



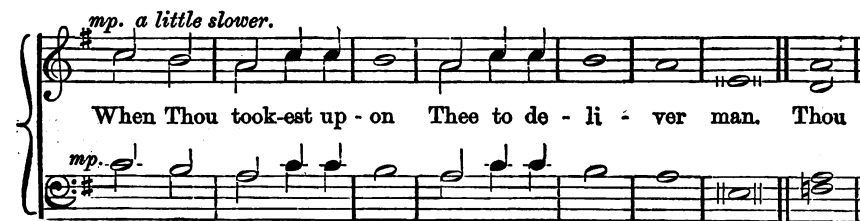
The Father of an infinite ma-jes-ty: Thine honor-able true and on-ly Son.



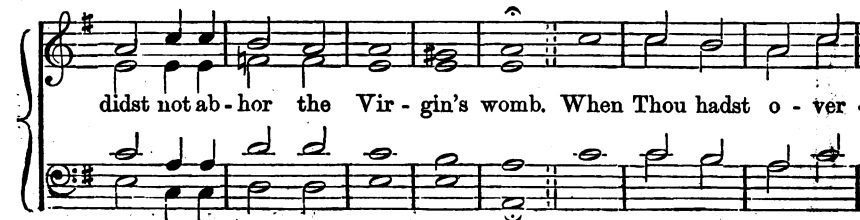
Al- so the Ho- ly Ghost: the Com - fort - er. Thou art the King of



Glo-ry, O Christ. Thou art the e - ver - last - ing Son of the Fa - ther.



mp. a little slower.
When Thou took-est up - on Thee to de - li - ver man. Thou



didst not ab-hor the Vir - gin's womb. When Thou hadst o - ver -

come the sharp-ness of death, Thou didst o - pen the kingdom of

Heav'n to all be - liev - ers. Thou sit - test at the right

ff Slow.
hand of God, In the glo - ry of the Fa - ther. We be -

p *pp*
lieve . . . that Thou shalt come to be our judge.

Moderate.
We · therefore 'pray · Thee 'help · Thy ser - vants : { whom Thou · hast re - }
{ deemed · with Thy }

pre-cious blood. 'Make them to be 'numbered · with Thy saints in glo - ry

e - ver - last - ing : O Lord save Thy peo - ple . . and

bless, and bless Thine he - ri - tage. Go - vern them and lift them up for

ev - er. Day . by day we magni - fy Thee : And we wor -

ritard. *slower.*
- ship Thy name e - ver world with - out end. Vouch-safe, O

Lord, to keep us this day with-out sin O'Lord·have'mercy·up-

- on us, have mer-cy up - on us. { O'Lord·let Thy'mercy· - } \\'lighten·up - }

- on us, as our trust is in Thee. O Lord in Thee

have I trust-ed, Let me ne-ver be con-found-ed.

No. III.

Sanctus.

DR. CAMIDGE.

Moderately slow.

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts; Heav'n and
 earth are full of Thy glo - ry. Glo - ry be to
 Thee, O Lord, O Lord most High. A - men.

No. IV.

Sanctus.

DR. GAUNTLETT.

Moderately slow.

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God, Lord God Al - mighty; Heav'n and earth are
 full of Thy glo - ry, Thy glo - ry. Glory to Thee, Glo - ry to Thee,

cres. *for.* *pp*

Glo-ry to Thee, to Thee, O God, O Lord most High, O Lord most High.

cres. *for.* *pp*

No. V. *Tempo giusto.*

Sanctus.

DR. GAUNTLETT.

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - - ly, . Lord God of Hosts ;

cres. *ff*

cres.

Heav'n and earth, Heav'n and earth are full of Thy glo - ry.

Glo-ry, glo-ry be to Thee, to Thee, O Lord, most . High.

No. VI. *Tempo ordinario.*

Sanctus.

JOHN DAVY.

Ho - ly, Ho - ly Ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts. Heav'n and earth are

p *cres.* *f*

p *cres.* *f*

full of the ma-jes-ty of Thy glo-ry. Glo-ry be to Thee, O

Lord, O Lord most High, O Lord most High. A - men.

No. VII. Sanctus. ORLANDO GIBBONS, *obit* 1625.

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts: Heav'n and earth are full of the

ma - jes - ty of Thy glo - ry. Glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord most High.

No. VIII. Sanctus. KOCHER's "Zionsharfe." Arranged by DR. GAUNTLETT.

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Thou, O Lord, a - lone art ho - - ly:

Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, Heav'n and earth do wor-ship Thee.

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - - ly, On - ly Thou art ho - - ly.

No. IX.

Sanctus.

OLD LATIN, from MARBECKE.

From the "Congregational Psalmist" (by permission of Rev. H. Allon).

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts, Lord

God of Hosts; Heav'n and earth are full of Thy glo - ry.

Glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord . most High

No. X.**Sanctus (IN G MAJOR).**

DR. GAUNTLETT.

p *cres.*

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of Sa - ba - oth. Heaven and

f *sf.*

earth, Heav'n and earth are full of Thy glo - ry. Glo - ry

dim. *p*

be to Thee, Glo - - ry be to Thee, O Lord most High.

dim. *p*

No. XI.**Sanctus (IN E FLAT MAJOR).**

DR. GAUNTLETT.

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of Sa -

- ba - oth. Heav'n and earth are full of the majes-ty of Thy

glo - ry. Glo - ry be to Thee, to Thee, O Lord, O

Lord most High. Glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord most High.

No. XII. Sanctus, Hosanna, and Benedictus.

DR. GAUNTLETT.

Lento. p *for.*

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts, Heav'n and earth,

Heav'n and earth are full of the ma - jes - ty of Thy glo - ry.

cres. *for.* *dim.* *p* *pp*

Glo - ry, glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord, O Lord most High.

Moderato.

Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, in the high - est, the high - est, Ho -

- san - na, Ho - san - na in the High - est, the High - est.

BENEDICTUS.

Adagio. pp

ppp

Bless - ed, Bless - ed is He that com - eth in the

name, the name of the Lord. Bless - ed, Blessed is He that

com - eth in the name, the name of the Lord.

f *A tempo.*

Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na. Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na in the
 Highest, the Highest. Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na in the Highest, the Highest.

Detailed description: This is the first system of a musical score. It consists of two staves, a treble clef on top and a bass clef on the bottom. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/2. The music is marked with a forte 'f' dynamic and 'A tempo.' The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff ends with a double bar line and a fermata over the final note. The second staff continues the melody and accompaniment.

No. XIII.

THE ANCIENT ANGELICAL HYMN OF THE PRIMITIVE CHURCH,

COMMONLY CALLED THE

'Gloria in Excelsis.'

DR. GAUNTLETT.

Moderato.

Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God on High.
 Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God . on High.

ff. *ff.*

ff. *ff.*

Detailed description: This is the second system of the musical score. It also consists of two staves, treble and bass clefs. The key signature remains two flats and the time signature is 3/2. The music is marked 'Moderato.' The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff has a forte 'f' dynamic and an accent (>) over the first note. The second staff has a fortissimo 'ff.' dynamic. The system concludes with a double bar line and a fermata over the final note.

dim. *p* *f* *p*

and on earth peace, peace, peace, good-will, good-will, good-will,

dim. *p* *f* *p*

f *Allegretto.*

good-will to - wards men. We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we

f

wor - ship Thee, we glo - ri - fy Thee, we give thanks to Thee

mp.

for Thy great glo - ry, for Thy great glo - ry, O Lord God, Lord

mp.

God, Heav'n - ly King, Heav'n - ly King, God 'the Fa - ther, the

Fa - ther Al - migh - ty, The Fa - ther Al - migh - - ty . . .

Andante.

mp *cres.*

Ó Lord, Ó Lord, the on - ly be - got - ten Son, Je - sus

mp.

cres. *dim.*

Christ, Je - sus Christ, Ó Lord God, Lamb of God, Lord God,

cres. *dim.*

pp

Son of the Fa - ther. Thou that ta - kest a - way the sins

pp

of the world. Have mer - cy, have mer - cy up - on . . .

us . Thou that tak-est a - way the sins of the world, Have

mer - cy, have mer - cy up - on . us, up - on us. Thou that

tak-est a - way . the sins of the world . re - ceive our

prayer, re - ceive our prayer. Thou that sit - test, Thou that sit - test -

at the right hand of . God, have mer - cy, have mer - cy up - on -

cres. a Tempo Primo.

us, up - on . . . us . . . For Thou on - ly, Thou

cres. a Tempo Primo.

dim. p cres.

on - ly art ho - - ly, . . . Thou on - ly art the Lord, Thou

dim. p cres.

on - ly art Christ, with the Ho - ly Ghost, art most High,

in the glo - ry of God art most High, in the glo -

- ry of God, the glo - ry, the glo - ry of God, of God the Fa - ther, the

Fa - - ther, of God the Fa - - ther. A - men.

No. XIV. Confessional Anthem.

(To be sung as an Introit.)

Alla Cappella, a Tempo ordinario.

Arranged from CECIL by DR. GAUNTLETT.

I will a - rise, I will a - rise, and go to my

Fa - - ther, And will say un - to Him, Fa - - ther,

Fa - - ther, I have sin - ned, I have sin - ned, I have sin - ned,

... a - gainst heaven and be - fore Thee, And am no more wor

- thy to be call - ed Thy son. I will a - rise, I

will a - rise and go to my Fa - ther, my Fa - ther.

No. XV. Anthem.—O PRAISE THE LORD.

Ps. 147th, 1 and 5 ver.

Allegro.

JOHN WELDON.

O praise, O praise the Lord, for it is a good thing to

sing, sing praises, sing praises un - to our God. O praise, O

praise the Lord, yea a joyful and pleasant thing it is to be thankful, it

is to be thankful. Great is the Lord, and great His power, Yea and His

wisdom is in - fi - nite, Yea and His wis-dom, His wis - dom is

in - fi - nite. Great is the Lord, and great is His power, Yea, and His

wis-dom is in - fi - nite, - Yea, and His wis-dom, His wis-dom is

in - fi - nite, Yea, and His wis - dom is in - fi - nite.

No. XVI.

Anthem.—INCLINE THINE EAR.

Andante.

HIMMEL.

In - cline Thine ear, In - cline Thine ear, to me, to me, In -

cline Thine ear to me; O Lord, make haste to de - li - ver me. In - cline Thine

ear, Thine ear un-to me, O Lord, make haste, make haste to de - li-ver me, O

save me, for Thy mercies' sake, O save me, save me, Lord, for Thy mercies' sake, O

save me, for Thy mer-cies' sake, O save me, save me, Lord, for Thy mer-cies' sake.

No. XVII. Anthem.—O LORD, WE TRUST ALONE IN THEE.

HANDEL.

p *cres.*

O Lord, we trust a - lone in Thee, a - lone, a

- lone in Thee, a - lone in Thee.

dim.

- lone in Thee, a - lone in Thee, in Thee we trust, In Thee, O

a - lone in Thee, A - lone in Thee we trust.

p *pp* *f*

Lord, we trust, O Lord, we trust in Thee, O Lord, we

dim.

trust a - lone in Thee . . . we trust a - lone . . . in Thee.

XVIII. Anthem.—LORD, FOR THY TENDER MERCIES' SAKE.

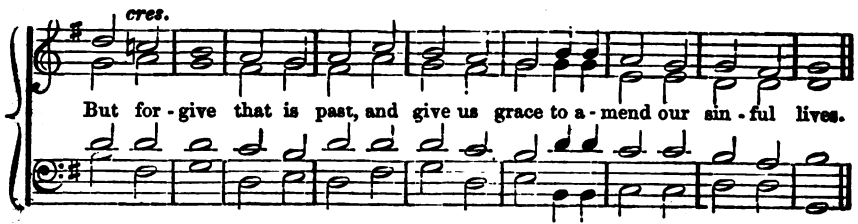
Moderate.

RICHARD FARRANT, 1588.

p

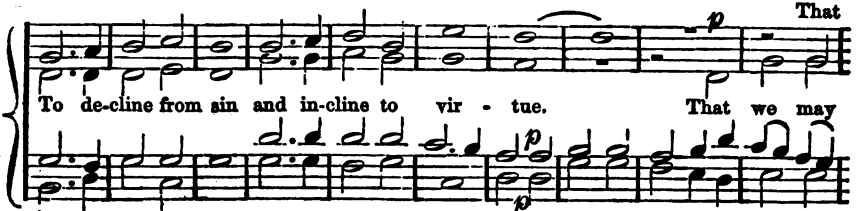
Lord, for Thy ten - der mer - cies' sake, Lay not our sins to our charge.

cres.



But for-give that is past, and give us grace to a-mend our sin-ful lives.

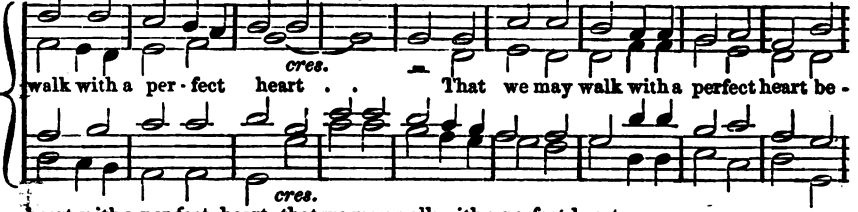
To de-cline from sin and in-cline to vir-tue. *p* That we may



we may walk with a per-fect heart . *p* That we may walk with a per-fect



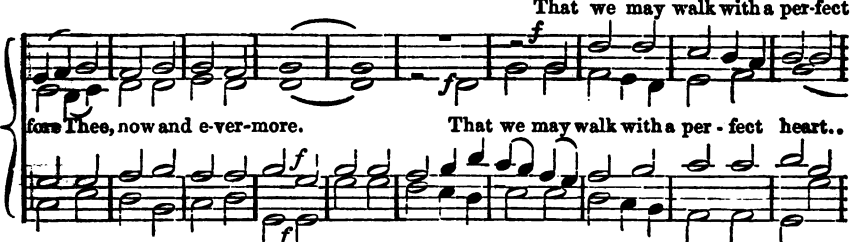
walk with a per-fect heart *cres.* That we may walk with a perfect heart be-



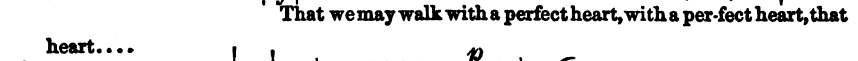
heart, with a per-fect heart, that we may walk with a perfect heart,



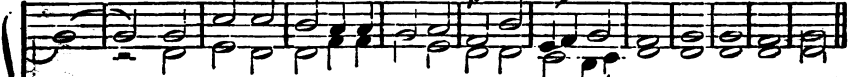
for Thee, now and e-ver-more. *f* That we may walk with a per-fect heart..



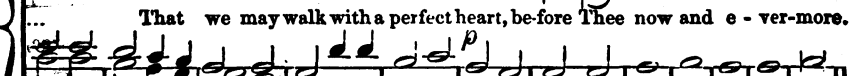
That we may walk with a perfect heart, with a per-fect heart, that



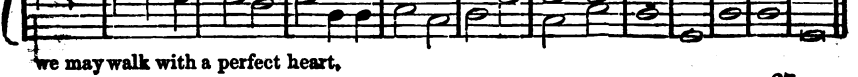
heart.... *p*



That we may walk with a perfect heart, be-fore Thee now and e-ver-more.



we may walk with a perfect heart,



No. XIX. Anthem.—COME, AND LET US RETURN.

Hosea, vi. 1; Ezekiel, xxxvi. 25, 36; Lamentations, iii. and v.

Moderato.

DR. GAUNTLETT.

Come, and let us re - turn un - to the Lord, un - to the Lord,

for He hath torn and He will heal us, for He hath smitten and will

bind us up. Come, let us re - turn un - to the Lord, let us re -

Minor. Largo.

turn un - to the Lord. I, the Lord, hath spo - ken and

I, I will do it, I will sprinkle clean wa - ter, clean wa - ter, up -

Lento. pp

- on you, and ye shall be clean, and ye shall be clean. Turn thou

us un-to Thee, O Lord, and we shall be turn-ed; Look down, O

Lord, and be-hold from heaven. Turn Thou us, and we shall be turn-ed.

Major. Andante.

cres.
The Lord will not cast off for e-ver, for e-ver; His mercies are

cres.

great, His compassions they fail not; new e-very morning. Great is His

faithfulness. Hope thou, and wait quietly; wait, for He will have

mer-cy, will a - bund - ant - ly par - don; seek ye the Lord; Oh

call ye up - on Him, and great, Oh great, shall be thy peace and

great, Oh great shall be thy peace. A - men, A - men.

PART II.

CANTICLES,

Arranged for Chanting,

SELECTED FROM THE

PSALMS

AND OTHER PORTIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

With Appropriate Music.

NOTES ON THE CHANTS AND CANTICLES.

THE word "Canticle" is used to designate certain portions of Scripture, adapted for chanting, and selected principally from the Psalms.

In pointing the Canticle, the aim has been to imitate, as closely as possible, the punctuation observed in correct reading. The same emphasis and speed should be observed in chanting as in reading, and every word pronounced distinctly, without hurrying or drawing.

The Chant is divided into "phrases," by double bars, thus (||); the phrases into "measures" by single bars (|); and these again into rhythmic feet by regularly pulsating beats,—the first, or down beat, immediately following the bar, and conveying the principal accent; the second, or up beat, occurring midway in each measure, and giving the secondary or minor accent.

The verses of the Canticles are also divided into sentences and rhythmic feet, by upright bars, corresponding with those in the music.

The "reciting note" of the Chant constitutes its chief peculiarity; this is the first note in each phrase, and may be extended beyond its legitimate length, of two beats, to as many double beats as may be required for the deliberate utterance of its apportioned words or syllables. These beats are indicated by commas (`) for the down, and dots (·) for the up beats, placed immediately before the syllables to be accented, thus—

`Praise · waiteth for `Thee · O | God in | Zion. ||
 down. up. down. up. down. up. down. up.

The comma and dot are not inserted when the proper division of the words is sufficiently obvious;

The horizontal line (—) at the commencement of a sentence indicates a momentary silence for the voice, but not for the organ, which should continue to play without cessation of sound or variation of time, from end to end of the Psalm, thus—

— · The `Lord | is my | Shepherd ||

or when a word is not to be continued through a whole measure, as

`He · re | storeth my | soul · — ||

But a line repeated beyond a single measure implies that the preceding syllable is to be sounded as far as the lines extend, thus—

O · — | — · — | Lord of | Hosts.

A sentence when in Italics is to be sung in a subdued voice. One or two words *only* in Italics are to be passed over quickly, yet distinctly. An Italic word or words *commencing* a sentence are to be sung in the time of the previous measure.

DR. COOKE.



CANTICLE I.

'ARISE, · O 'Lord, | into thy | rest ||
'thou | and the | ark · of thy | strength.

2 *Let thy* 'priests be | clothed · with |
righteousness || 'And · let thy | säints |
shout for | joy.

3 *For thy* 'servant | David's | sake ||
'turn · not a'way the | face of | thine
a | nointed.

4 *For the* 'Lord hath | chosen | Zion ||
'He · hath de'sired it | for his | habi |
tation.

5 'This is · my | rest for | ever || 'here ·
will I | dwell for | I · have de | sired it.

6 *I will* a'bundantly | bless · her pro |
vision || *I will* 'satis | fy her | poor with |
bread.

7 'I will 'also 'clothe her | priests · with
sal | vation || *And her* 'saints shall | shout
a | loud for | joy.

Glory · be to the 'Father, · — | and ·
to the | Son, || 'and | to the | Holy Ghost ;

As it 'was in the be'ginning · — is
'now, · and | ever | shall be, || 'world | with-
out | end · A | men.

BENNETT.



CANTICLE II.

'BLESSED is the man that 'walk-
eth · not in the 'counsel · of the un'godly ·
nor 'standeth · in the | way of | sinners ||
nor 'sitteth · in the | säat | of the |
scornful :

2 *But his* de'light is · in the | law · of
the | Lord || 'and in · his 'law · doth he |
medi · tate | day and | night.

3 'And he shall · be like a 'tree · —
'planted · by the | rivers · of | water || *that*
'bringeth · forth his | fruit in | düe | season.

4 *His* 'leaf · also | shall not | wither ||

'and · whatso | ever · he | doeth · shall |
prosper.

5 'But the un | godly · are | not so ||
'they are · like the 'chaff · which the |
wind | driveth · a | way.

6 'Therefore the un'godly · shall not |
stand in the | judgment || *nor* sinners ·
in the | congre | gation · of the | righteous.

D. S.

7 *For the* 'Lord · knoweth the | way ·
of the | righteous || 'but the | way · of
th'un | godly · shall | perish.

Glory be, &c.



CANTICLE III.

1 O LORD our Lord || *how* 'excel-
lent is thy name in all the earth !

2 Thou who hast set thy glory — ||
'thy glory a bove the heavens.

3 'Out of the mouth of babes and
sucklings || hast thou or dained |
strength

4 — Be cause of thine enemies ||
'that thou mightest still the ene-
my and the avenger.

5 'When I consider thy 'heavens ·
the work of thy fingers || *the* 'moon ·
and the stars which thou hast or |
dained ;

6 *What is* 'man that thou art | mind-
ful of him || *and the* 'son of · man | that
thou visitest him ?

7 *For thou hast* 'made him a little |
lower · than the | angels || 'and · hast |
crowned · him with | glory · and | honour.

8 *Thou* 'madest him to · have do-
minion · over the | works of · thy | hands ||
'thou hast · put | all things | under · his |
feet :

9 'All | sheep and | oxen, || yēa, | and
the | beasts · of the | field ||

10 — the · fowl of the 'air · and the |
fish · of the | sea, || *and* 'whatso · ever |
passeth · through the | paths · of the | sea.

D. S.

11 O Lord our Lord || *how* 'excel-
lent is thy name in all the earth.

Glory be, &c.

OLD LATIN.



CANTICLE IV.

THE 'heavens de · clare the | glory ·
of God || *and the* 'firma · ment | sheweth
· his | handy | work.

2 'Day · unto 'day | utter · eth |
speech || 'and | night · unto | night
sheweth | knowledge.

3 'There is · no | speech nor | lan-
guage || 'where | their voice | is not |
heard.

4 *Their line is gone* 'out through ·

all the 'earth · and their 'words · to the |
end of · the world. || *In* 'them hath
he · set a | tabernacle | for the | sun,

5 *Which cometh* 'forth · as a 'bride-
groom | out of · his | chamber || 'and *as a* ·
strong 'man re | joiceth to | run a |
race.

6 *His going* 'forth is from the · end
of the 'heaven, and his 'circuit | unto ·
the | ends of it || 'and there is · nothing |
hid · from the | heat there | of.

7 *The* law of the Lord is perfect, con-
verting the soul || *the* testimony
of the Lord is sure, making wise
the simple.

8 *The* statutes of the Lord are
right, rejoicing the heart || *the*
commandment of the Lord is pure,
enlightening the eyes.

9 *The* fear of the Lord is clean,
enduring forever || *the* judgments
of the Lord are true and righteous |
altogether.

10 *More to be desired than gold* |—
yea than much fine gold || *sweeter* |

also than | honey · and the | honey |
comb.

11 *More over by them* · is thy |
servant | warned. || *And in keeping of* ·
them | there is | great re | ward.

12 Let the words of my mouth,
and the meditation of my heart ||
· be acceptable · in thy sight · O Lord,
· my strength, and my Redeemer.

Glory be to the Father, — | and ·
to the Son, || and to the Holy Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning · — is
now, · and ever | shall be, || world | with-
out | end · A | men.

FLINTOFF.



CANTICLE V.

^—THE Lord hear thee in the |
day of trouble · — || the name of the |
God of Jacob · de | fend thee ;

2 Send thee | help · from the | sanc-
tuary || and | strengthen · thee | out of |
Zion ;

3 Remember | all thy | offerings || and
accept thy | burnt | sacrifice ;

4 Grant thee · thy | heart's · de | sire ||
and | fulfil | all thy | counsel.

5 *We will rejoice* · in | thy sal | va-
tion || and in the name of · our | God ·
will set | up our | banners :

6 — · The | Lord thy | God || fulfil |
all | thy pe | titions.

7 Now know · I that the Lord |
saveth his A | nointed || he will hear
him from his holy heaven · — with the
sav'ing | strength of | his right | hand.

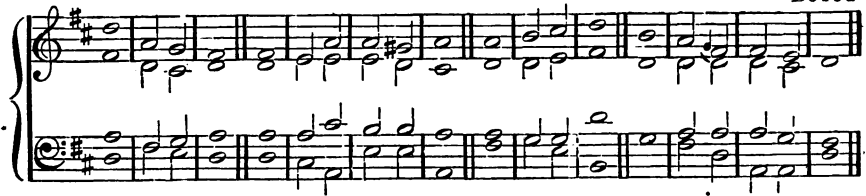
8 Some trust in chariots · and |
some in horses · — || but we will re-
member the | name · of the | Lord our |
God.

9 They are brought | down and |
fallen · — || but we are | risen · and |
stand | upright.

10 Save us O | Lord || let the ·
King | hear us | when we | call.

Glory be to the Father, — | and ·
to the Son, || and to the Holy Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning · — is
now, · and ever | shall be, || world | with-
out | end · A | men.



CANTICLE VI.

THE 'earth · is the 'Lord's, · and
the | fulness · there | of || the 'world · and |
they that | dwell there | in.

2 For · he hath 'founded · it up | on
the | seas || and es'tablished | it up | on ·
the | floods.

3 'Who · shall as'cend · into the |
hill · of the | Lord ? || or 'who · shall | stand
in · His | holy | place ?

4 'He that · hath clean 'hands · and a |
p'ure | heart || who hath · not 'lift up his ·
soul unto 'vanity, · nor | sworn · to de-
ceive · his | neighbour.

5 He shall re · ceive the 'blessing |
from the | Lord || and 'righteous · ness
from the | God of | his sal · vation.

6 'This is the · generation · of | them

that | seek him || 'even of · them that |
seek thy | face, O | Jacob.

7 — Lift · up your 'heads, · O ye
'gates — and · be ye lift up, ye · ever |
lasting | doors || and the · King of |
Glory | shall come | in.

8 'Who · is this | King of | Glory ? ·
— || the 'LORD · STRONG and 'MIGHTY, ·
the | LORD | MIGHTY · in | BATTLE.

9 — Lift · up your 'heads, · O ye
'gates — even · lift them 'up, ye · ever |
lasting | doors || and the · King of | Glory
shall come | in.

10 'Who · is this | King of | Glory ? ||
'the · LORD of 'HOSTS — | HE · is
the | KING of | GLORY.

'Glory · be, &c.



CANTICLE VII.

— THE 'Lord — | is my | Shepherd ||
'there | fore I | shall not | want.

2 He 'maketh me to · lie | down in ·
green | pastures || he 'leadeth · me be |
side the | still | waters.

3 He · re | storeth · my | soul || he
'leadeth me in the · paths of | righteous ·
ness | for his · name's | sake.

4 'Yea though I · walk through the
'valley · of the | shadow · of death || I ·
will | fear · will | fear no | evil.

5 'For — | thou art | with me || thy — |
rod · and thy | staff they | comfort me.

6 Thou pre'parest · a | table · be | fore
me || 'in the | presence | of mine | ene-
mies.

7 Thou a'nointest · my | head with |
oil || 'my | cup, it | run · neth | over.

8 'Surely · goodness and 'mercy ·
shall follow me · all the | days · of my |
life || and · I will 'dwell · in the house ·
of the | Lord for | ever.

'Glory · be, &c.



CANTICLE VIII.

— I WILL 'bless · the | Lord · at | all times · *his* 'praise · shall con | tinually · be | in my | mouth.

2 *My* 'soul shall · make her | boast · in the | Lord || *the* 'humble · shall | hear there | of · and be | glad.

3 O 'magnify the | Lord with | me || and 'let us · ex | alt his | name to | gether.

4 I 'sought the | Lord · and he | heard me · || and *de*'liver · ed | me from | all my | fears.

5 *They* 'looked · unto | Him · and were | lightened : || and their | faces · were | not a | shamed.

6 'This · poor man 'cried · and the | Lōrd | heard him : || and 'saved · him | out of | all his | troubles.

7 *The* 'angel of the 'Lord · — en'campeth · round *about* | them that | fear him : || and | — · *de* | liver · eth | them.

8 O · taste and 'see · that the | Lord is good : || blessed · is the | man that | trust · eth · in | him.

9 O 'fear the 'Lord, | ye his 'saints || for there is no 'want to | them that | fear | him.

10 *The* young 'lions do 'lack · and | suffer | hunger || *but* they that · seek the 'Lord shall | not want · any · good thing.

11 'Come · ye 'children · | hearken · unto | me || I will | teach you · the | fear · of the | Lord.

12 'What · man is 'he · that *de*'sireth | life || and 'loveth · many 'days · that | he may | see | good ?

13 'Keep thy | tongue from | evil || and thy | lips from | speaking | guile.

14 *De*'part from · evil | and do | good || seek | pēace | and pur | sue it.

15 *The* · eyes of the 'Lord · are up | on the | righteous || and his 'ears · are | open | unto · their | cry.

16 *The* · face of the 'Lord is a · gainst | them that do | evil || to · cut 'off · the re | membrance · of them | from the | earth.

17 *The* · righteous 'cry · and the | Lōrd | heareth || and *de*'livereth · them | out of | all their | troubles.

18 *The* 'Lord is · nigh unto 'them that · are of a | broken | heart || and 'saveth · such as | be · of a | contrite | spirit.

19 'Many · are the afflictions | of the | righteous || *but* the 'Lord *de* | livereth · him | out of · them | all.

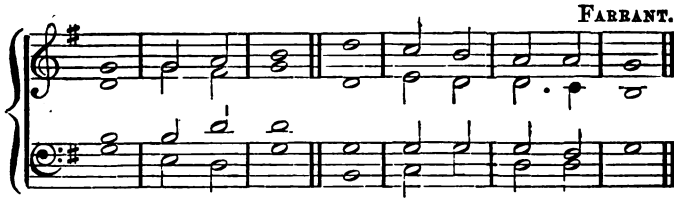
20 *He* 'keepeth | all his | bones || so that · not | one of | them is | broken.

21 'Evil shall | slay the | wicked || and 'they that · hate the | righteous | shall be | desolate.

22 *The* Lord *re*'deemeth · the | soul · of his | servants || and 'none of · them that | trust in | him shall · be | desolate.

'Glory · be to the 'Father · — | and · to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy Ghost.

As *it* 'was · in the be'ginning · — is now · and | ever | shall be, || 'world | with · out | end · A | men.



CANTICLE IX.

0 'COME, let us | sing · unto the | Lord || *let us* 'make a · joyful 'noise · — *to the* | rock of | our sal | vation.

2 *Let us* 'come be · fore his 'presence · — | with thanks | giving || *and* 'shew our · selves | glad in | Him with | psalms.

3 *For the* 'Lord · is a | gr̄eat | God || 'and a · great | King a | bove all | gods.

4 *In his* 'hand are the · deep | places · of the | earth || *The* 'strength · of the | hills is | His | also.

5 *The* 'sea · is 'His | and he | made it || *and his* 'hands | form · ed | the dry | land.

6 *O* 'come, · *let us* 'worship · — | *and bow* down || *let us* 'kneel · be | fore the | Lord our | maker · — · — ||

7 *Be* 'joyful · in the 'Lord | all ye | lands || 'serve the · Lord with 'gladness · and 'come be · fore his | presence | with a | song.

8 'Know · ye *that the* 'Lord | He is | God || *it is* 'He · that hath 'made us · — *and* 'not · we our'selves · — 'we · are his 'people · — | and the | sheep of · his | pasture.

9 'Enter · into his 'gates · with 'thanks · giving · and · into his | courts with | praise || *be* 'thankful · unto | Him and | bless his | name.

10 *For the* 'Lord · is 'good · his 'mercy · is | ever | lasting || *and his* 'truth · en · dureth · to | all gene | rations.

Glory be, &c.

LUTHER'S.



CANTICLE X.

'GOD · is our | refuge · and | strength || a 'very | present | help in | trouble.

2 'Therefore · will not we fear · though the | earth · be re | moved || 'and though the 'mountains · be | carried · into the | midst of · the | sea.

3 *Though the* 'waters there · of | roar · and be | troubled || *though the* 'mountains | shake · with the | swelling · there | of.

4 — *There · is a* 'river · the 'streams *where · of shall make* 'glad the | city · of |

God || *the* 'holy 'place · of the | taber · nacles | of the · Most | High.

5 'God · is in the 'midst of her · she shall | not be | moved || 'God shall | help · her and | that right | early.

6 *The* 'heathen 'raged the | kingdoms · were | moved || *he* 'uttered · his | voice the | earth | melted.

7 *The* 'Lord of | Hosts is | with us · || *the* 'God of | Jacob | is our | refuge.

8 'Come · — be | hold · the | works · of the | Lord || 'what · deso | lations · he hath | made · in the | earth.

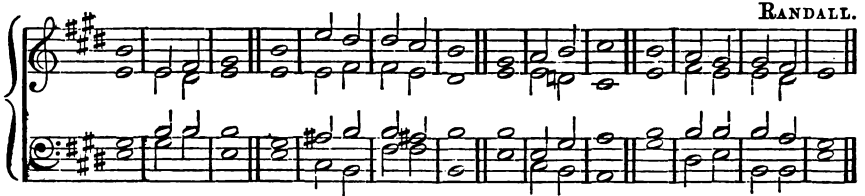
9 *He* maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth || *he* breaketh the bow and cutteth the spear in sunder;

10 *He* burneth the chariot in the fire || — be still and know that I am | God.

11 I will be exalted among the heathen || I will be exalted in the earth.

12 The Lord — of Hosts is with us || the God of Jacob is our refuge. — — ||

Glory be, &c.



RANDALL.

CANTICLE XI.

REJOICE in the Lord — | O ye righteous || for praise — is comely for the upright.

2 Praise — the Lord with harp || sing unto him with the psaltery and an instrument of ten strings.

3 Sing unto the Lord a new song || play skilfully with a loud noise.

4 For the word of the Lord is right || and all his works are done in truth.

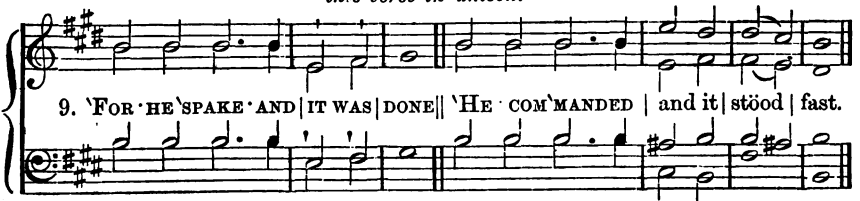
5 He loveth righteousness and judgment || the earth is full of the goodness of the Lord.

6 By the word of the Lord were the heavens made || and all the host of them by the breath of his mouth.

7 He gathereth the waters of the sea together as a heap || he layeth up the depth in store houses.

8 Let all the earth — fear the Lord || let all the inhabitants of the world — stand in awe of him.

this verse in unison.



9. FOR HE SPAKE AND IT WAS DONE || HE COMMANDED and it stood fast.

following verses as before.

10 The Lord bringeth the counsel of the heathen to nought || he maketh the devices of the people of none effect.

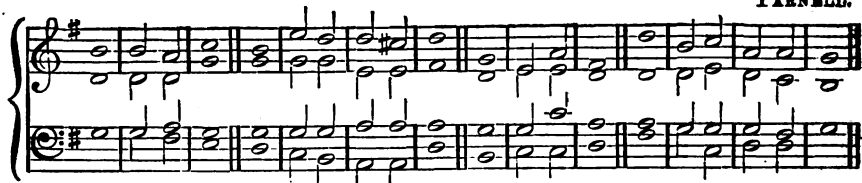
11 The counsel of the Lord standeth for ever || the thoughts of his heart to all generations.

12 Blessed is the nation whose |

God is the Lord || and the people whom he hath chosen for his own inheritance.

Glory be to the Father, — and to the Son, || and to the Holy Ghost.

As it was in the beginning — is now, and ever shall be, || world without end. ^ A | men.



CANTICLE XII.

— I WILL lift up mine eyes
unto the hills || from whence cometh
my help.

2 My help — cometh from the
Lord || who made heaven and earth.

3 He will not suffer thy foot
to be moved || He that keepeth
thee will not slumber.

4 Behold — He that keepeth
Israel || shall neither slumber nor
sleep.

5 The Lord him self is thy keeper
|| the Lord is thy shade upon thy
right hand.

6 The sun shall not smite thee by
day || nor shall the moon by night.

7 The Lord shall preserve thee
from all evil || He shall preserve
thy soul.

8 The Lord shall preserve thy
going out and thy coming in || From
this time forth and even for ever
more.

Glory be to the Father, — and
to the Son, || and to the Holy Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning — is
now, and ever shall be, || world with-
out end . Amen.

DR. DUPUIS.



CANTICLE XIII.

HE that dwelleth in the secret
place of the most High || shall abide
under the shadow of the Almighty.

2 I will say of the Lord he is
my refuge and my fortress || My
God in him will I trust.

3 Surely he shall deliver thee
from the snare of the fowler || and
from the noisome pestilence.

4 He shall cover thee with his
feathers and under his wings shalt
thou trust || His truth shall be thy
shield and buckler.

5 THOU SHALT NOT BE AFRAID for
the terror by night || NOR for the
arrow that flieth by day.

6 NOR for the pestilence that
walketh in darkness || NOR for the
destruction that wasteth at noon
day.

7 A thousand shall fall at thy
side, — and ten thousand at thy
right hand || But — it shall not
come nigh thee.

8 Only with thine eyes shalt thou
behold || and see the reward of
the wicked.

9 'Because thou hast · made the
 'Lord · who | is my | refuge || 'even the ·
 most | High thy | habi | tation.

10 'There shall · no | evil · be | fall
 thee || 'neither shall · any | plague come |
 nigh thy | dwelling.

11 'For he shall · give his | angels ·
 charge | over thee || to 'keep | thee in |
 all thy | ways.

12 'They shall · bear thee | up · in
 their | hands || 'lest thou · dash thy |
 foot a | gainst a | stone.

13 *Thou shalt* 'tread up · on the |
 lion · and | adder || *the* 'young lion ·

and the | dragon · shalt thou | trample ·
 under | foot.

14 'Because he has · set his 'love
 upon · me | therefore will · I de | liver
 him || 'Yea *I will* · set him *on* 'high ·
 be | cause · he hath | known my | name.

15 *He shall* 'call upon · me *and* | I
 will answer him || 'I will be · with him
 in 'trouble — 'I · will de | liver · him
 and | honour | him.

16 *With* 'long · life *will I* satis · fy |
 him, || 'And | shew him | my sal | vation.

Glory be, &c.

J. S. SMITH.



CANTICLE XIV.

— · HOW 'amiable | are thy | taber-
 nacles || O · — | — · h | Lord of | Hosts.

2 *My soul* 'longeth, · yea, even 'faint-
 eth · for the courts · of the | Lord || my
 'heart · and my 'flesh · crieth | out · for
 the | living | God.

3 'Yea, · — the 'sparrow hath · found
 a 'house, · *and the* 'swallow · — a | nest ·
 for her | self || 'where | she may | lay her |
 young.

4 'Even · thine 'altars, · O | Lord of |
 Hosts || my | King | and my | God.

5 'Blessed are · they that | dwell in ·
 thy | house || 'they will | still be | praising |
 thee.

6 'Blessed is the · man whose |
 strength · is in | thee || 'in whose | heart ·
 are the | ways of | them.

7 *Who* 'passing through the · valley
 of 'Baca · — | make it · a | well || *The*
 'rain | also | filleth · the | pools.

8 *They* 'go · from | strength · to |
 strength || *every* 'one of *them* · in 'Zion ·
 — ap | peareth · — be | fore | God.

9 O 'Lord · God of 'Hosts | hear my |
 prayer || Give | ear, O | God of | Jacob.

10 'Behold, · O | God our | shield ||
and 'look upon *the* | face of | thine a |
 nointed.

11 *For a* 'day · in | thy | courts || 'is |
 better | than a | thousand.

12 *I had* 'rather · be a 'doorkeeper ·
 in the | house of · my | God || 'than —
 to | dwell · in the | tents · of the | wicked.

13 'For the · Lord 'God · is a | sun ·
 and | shield || *The* 'Lord | will give | grace
 and | glory.

14 'No good · thing will | he with |
 hold || 'from | them · that | walk up |
 rightly.

D. S.

15 O · — | Lord of | Hosts || 'blessed · is
 the | man · that | trusteth · in | thee.

'Glory · be to the 'Father, — | and ·
 to the | Son, || 'and | to the | Holy Ghost ;
As it 'was · in the be'ginning · — is
 'now, · and | ever | shall be, || 'world | with-
 out | end · — A men.



CANTICLE XV.

'GOD · — be 'merciful · unto | us, and |
bless us || *and* 'cause · his | face to | shine
up | on us.

2 *That thy* 'way · may be | known ·
upon | earth || *thy* 'sav · ing | health a |
mong all | nations.

3 'Let the · people 'praise | thee, O |
God || 'yea · let | all the | people | praise
thee.

4 'O *let the* · nations be 'glad · and |

sing for | joy || *for* · thou shalt 'judge
the · people 'righteously · and 'govern ·
the | nations | upon | earth.

5 'Let the · people 'praise | thee, O |
God || 'let | all the | people | praise thee.

6 'Then · shall the 'earth · — | yield
her | increase || *And* 'God · even | our own |
God shall | bless us.

7 'God shall | bless us || *And* 'all the ·
ends of the | earth · shall | fear | him.

'Glory · be, &c.

E. J. WALLIS.



CANTICLE XVI.

'O GIVE · thanks *unto the* 'Lord ·
and | call up · on his | name || *make*
'known · his | deeds a | mong the | people.

2 'Sing unto · him sing | psalms ·
unto | him || 'talk · ye of | all his | won-
drous | works.

3 'Glory · ye *in his* | holy | name || *let*
the 'heart of · them re | joice · that | seek
the | Lord.

4 'Seek the · Lord | and his | strength ||
'Seek his | face | ever | more.

5 Re'member his · marvellous 'works
· — that | he hath | done || *His* 'wonders ·
and the | judgments | of his | mouth.

6 'He · is the | Lord our | God || *his*
'judgments | are in | all the | earth.

7 'He · hath re'membered · his | cove-

nant · for | ever || *The* 'word which · he
com | manded · to a | thousand · gene |
rations.

8 'Surely · his sal'vation is · nigh |
them that | fear him || 'that | glory · may
| dwell in · our | land.

9 'Mercy and · truth are | met to |
gether || 'righteous · ness and | peace
have | kissed · each | other.

10 'Truth shall · spring | out of · the |
earth || *and* 'righteous · ness shall | look
down from | heaven.

11 'Yea the · Lord shall 'give · — |
that · which is | good || *And* · our | land
shall | yield her | increase.

12 'Righteousness · shall | go be | *fore*
him || 'and · shall | set us · in the | way ·
of his | steps.

'Glory · be, &c.

LOED MORNINGTON.



CANTICLE XVII.

1 'PRAISE waiteth for 'thee · O | God
in | Sion || 'And · unto | thee · shall the |
vow · be per | formed.

2 O 'thou · that | hearest | prayer ||
'un · to | thee shall | all flesh | come.

3 In 'iquities · pre |vail a |gainst me ||
'as for · our trans'gressions · — | thou
shalt | purge · them a | way.

4 'Blessed is the 'man · — | whom thou |
choosest || and 'causest to ap ·proach unto
'thee · — that | he may | dwell in · thy |
courts.

5 'We · shall be 'satisfied · with the |
goodness · of thy | house || 'even | of thy |
holy | temple.

6 By 'terrible · things in 'righteous ·
ness | wilt thou | answer us || 'O · — | God of |
our sal | vation.

7 Who art the 'confidence of · all the |
ends · of the | earth || and of 'them that
are · far | off up | on the | sea.

8 'Who · by his 'strength · setteth |

fast the | mountains || 'being · | gird | ed ·
with | power.

9 Who 'stilleth · the | noise · of the |
sea || the 'noise · of their 'waves · and the |
tumult | of the | people.

10 'They · also that 'dwell in the ·
utmost 'parts · — are a | afraid · at thy |
tokens || thou 'makest the · out 'goings ·
of the | morning · and | evening · to re |
joice.

11 Thou 'visit · est the 'earth · and |
water · est | it || thou · greatly en'richest
it · with the 'river · of | God · which is |
full of | water.

12 'Thou · pre | parest · them | corn ||
'when thou · hast | so pro | vided | for it.

13 Thou 'crownest · — the | year · with
thy | goodness || and thy | paths | drop |
fatness.

14 They 'drop · — upon the | pastures ·
of the | wilderness || and the · little 'hills ·
— re | joyce on | evry | side.

'Glori · be, &c.

J. ROBINSON.



CANTICLE XVIII.

1 'BLESS the · Lord | O my | soul ||
and all that · is with'in me | bless his |
holy | name.

2 'Bless the · Lord | O my | soul || and
for | get not | all his | benefits.

3 Who for · giveth · all thine in | iqui-
ties || who | healeth | all · thy dis | eases.

4 Who re'deemeth thy | life · from de |
struction || who 'crowneth thee with ·
loving | kindness · and | tender | mercies.

5 Who 'satis · fieth thy | mouth with ·
good | things || so that · thy | youth · is
re | newed · like the | eagle's.

6 The 'Lord · executeth | righteous ·



ness and judgment || for — all that are oppressed.

7 He made known his ways unto Moses || his works unto the children of Israel.

8 The Lord is merciful and gracious || slow to anger and plentiful in mercy.

9 He will not always chide || neither will he keep his anger for ever.

10 He hath not dealt with us after our sins || nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

11 For as the heaven is high above the earth || so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

12 As far as the east — is from the west || so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

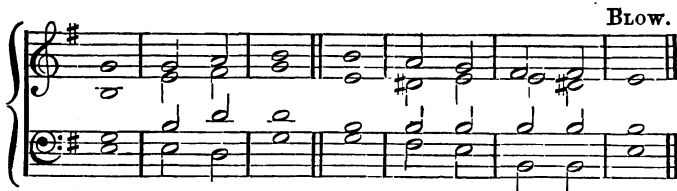
13 Like as a father pitieth his children || so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

14 For he knoweth our frame || He remembereth that we are dust.

15 O bless the Lord all ye his hosts || ye ministers of his that do his pleasure.

16 Bless the Lord all his works in all places of his dominion || Bless the Lord, O my soul.

Glorious be, &c.



CANTICLE XIX.

1 Y — love the Lord because he hath heard my voice — and my supplications.

2 Because he hath inclined his ear unto me || therefore will I call upon him as long as I live.

3 The sorrows of death — compassed me || the pains of hell gat hold upon me — yea I found trouble and sorrow.

4 Then called I upon the name of

the Lord || O Lord I beseech thee deliver my soul.

5 Gracious is the Lord and righteous || Yea — our God is merciful.

6 The Lord preserveth the simple || I was brought low and he helped me.

7 Return unto thy rest — O my soul || for — the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.

8 For thou hast delivered my soul from death || mine eyes from tears — and my feet from falling.

9 'What shall I 'render — | unto the | Lord || *for* all · his | bene · fits | towards | me.

10 *I will* take the | cup of · sal | vation || *and* call · up | on the | name · of the | Lord.

11 *I will* 'pay · my | vows · unto the |

Lord || 'now · in the | presence · of | all his | people.

12 *In the* 'courts · of the | Lörd's | house || *in the* 'midst · of | thee, · O Je | rusa | lem.

Glory be, &c.



CANTICLE XX.

1 'O GIVE · thanks *unto the* 'Lord · for | he is | good || *for his* 'mercy · en | dureth · for | év | er.

2 'O give · thanks *unto the* | 'God of | Gods || *for his* 'mercy · en | dureth · for | év | er.

3 'O give · thanks *unto the* | Lord of | Lords || *for his* 'mercy · en | dureth · for | év | er.

4 *To* 'him who a · lone | doeth · great | wonders || *for his* 'mercy · en | dureth · for | év | er.

5 *To* 'him that · by 'wisdom · — | made the | heavens || *for his* 'mercy, &c.

6 *Who* 'stretched · out the 'earth · a | bove the | waters || *for his* 'mercy, &c.

7 *To* 'him · — that | made great | lights || *for his* 'mercy, &c.

8 *The* 'sun · — to | rule the | day || *for his* 'mercy, &c.

9 *The* 'moon · and 'stars · — to | govern · the | night || *for his* 'mercy, &c.

10 *To* 'him that · smote 'Egypt · — | in their | first born || *for his* 'mercy, &c.

11 *And* 'brought · out 'Israel | from a | among them || *for his* 'mercy, &c.

12 'With a · strong 'hand · and a | stretched · out | arm || *for his* 'mercy, &c.

13 *Who* 'divided the · Red | sea · into | parts || *for his* 'mercy, &c.

14 *And* made 'Israel · to | pass · through the | midst of it || *for his* 'mercy, &c.

15 *But* 'over · threw 'Pharoah · and his | host there | in || *for his* 'mercy, &c.

16 *To* 'him which · led his 'people | through the | wilderness || *for his* 'mercy, &c.

17 *To* 'him · which | smote great | kings || *for his* 'mercy, &c.

18 *And* 'slew · — | famous | kings || *for his* 'mercy &c.

19 *And* 'gave their | land · for an | heritage || *for his* 'mercy, &c.

20 'Even · an 'heritage · unto | Israel his | servant || *for his* 'mercy, &c.

21 'Who re · remembered 'us · in our | low e | state || *for his* 'mercy, &c.

22 'And · hath re'deemed · us | from our | enemies || *for his* 'mercy, &c.

23 *Who* 'giveth · — | food to · all | flesh || *for his* 'mercy, &c.

24 'O give · thanks *unto the* | God of | heaven || *for his* 'mercy, &c.

'Glory · be to the 'Father · — | and · to the | Son, || 'and | to the | Holy Ghost ;

As it 'was · in the be'ginning · — is 'now, · and | ever | shall be, || 'world | with- out | end · A men.



CANTICLE XXI.

1 I WILL ex'tol thee my God, O King || *and* I will 'bless thy name for ever and ever.

2 'Every day | will I | bless thee || *and* I will 'praise thy name for ever and ever.

3 'Great is the 'Lord and greatly to be praised || and his greatness is unsearchable.

4 'One generation shall 'praise thy works to another || and shall declare thy mighty acts.

5 I will 'speak of the glorious honour of thy majesty || and of thy wondrous work.

6 *And* men shall speak of the mighty of thy terrible acts || *and* I will also declare thy greatness.

7 They shall abundantly utter the memory of thy great goodness || and shall sing of thy righteousness.

8 The Lord is gracious and full of compassion || slow to anger — and of great mercy.

9 The Lord is good to all || and his tender mercies are over all his works.

10 The Lord up'holdeth all that fall || *and* raiseth up all those that be bowed down.

11 The eyes of all wait upon thee || *and* thou givest them their meat in due season.

12 Thou openest thine hand || *And* satisfiest the desire of every living thing.

13 All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord || and all thy saints shall bless thee.

14 They shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom || and talk of all thy power.

15 To make known to the sons of men his mighty acts || *and* the glorious majesty of his kingdom.

16 Thy kingdom is ever lasting || *and* thy dominion endureth throughout all generations.

17 The Lord is righteous in all his ways || and holy in all his works.

18 My mouth shall speak the praise of the Lord || *and* let all flesh bless his holy name for ever and ever.

'Glory be, &c.



CANTICLE XXII.

NOW is Christ risen — from the dead || *and* become the first fruits of them that slept.

2 For since by man came death ||

by man came also the resurrection of the dead.

3 For as in Adam — all die || even so in Christ — shall all be made alive.

4 For *if* we believe that Jesus died —and rose a gain || *even so* them also which sleep —in | Jesus will | God bring | with him.

5 Then we which are a live and remain || shall be caught up to gether with | them | in the | clouds.

6 To meet the Lord in the air || and so shall we | ever | be with the | Lord.

7 Then shall be brought to pass — the saying that is written || Death — is | swallow ed | up in | victory.

8 O death — | where is thy | sting || O — | grave where | is thy | victory.

9 Thanks be to God — which giveth us the victory || through our Lord | Jesus | Christ.

Glory be, &c.



CANTICLE XXIII.

PRAISE | ye — *the* | Lord || praise ye *the* Lord from the heavens — | praise him | in the heights.

2 Praise ye him | all his | angels || praise ye | him | all his | hosts.

3 Praise ye him | sun and | moon || praise him | all ye | stars of | light.

4 Praise him — *ye* | heavens of | heavens || and ye waters — *that* | be a | above the | heavens.

5 Let them praise — *the* | name of the | Lord || *FOR HE COMMANDED — | and they | were cre | ated.

6 He hath also established them for ever and ever || He hath made a decree which shall not pass.

7 Praise — *the* | Lord from the | earth || Ye dragons — | and | all | deeps.

8 Fire — *and* | hail | snow and | vapours || stormy | wind ful | filling his | word.

9 Mountains — *and* | all | hills || fruitful trees and | all | cedars.

10 Beasts — *and* | all | cattle || creeping | things and | flying | fowl.

11 Kings of the earth | and all | people || princes *and* — all | judges | of the earth.

12 Both young men and maidens | old men and | children || let them | praise the | name of the | Lord.

13 For his name alone is excellent || his glory is a | above the | earth and | heaven.

14 He also exalteth the | horn of his | people || — the | praise of | all his | saints.

15 Even of the children of Israel || a people near unto him | praise ye the | Lord.

Glory be to the Father, — | and to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning — is now, — and ever shall be, || world | without | end — A men.

* The words in CAPITALS to be sung in UNISON.



CANTICLE XXIV.

MY · soul doth 'mag·ni|fy the| Lord ||
and my 'spirit · hath re|joiced · in | God
my | Saviour.

2 For 'he | hath re|garded || the 'low
e | state of | his hand | maiden.

3 'For · -be|hold from | henceforth ||
all gene|rations · shall | call me| blessed.

4 For · he that is 'mighty · hath 'done
to · me | greät | things || and | ho·ly | is his |
name.

5 · And his 'mercy · is on | them that |
fear him || 'from gene|ration · to | gene|
ration.

6 · He hath 'shewed | strength with ·
his | arm || · He hath · scatter · ed the
'proud · -'in the i magin | ation | of their
| hearts.

7 He · hath put 'down · -the | mighty ·
from their | seats || and ex'alted · - | them
of | low de|gree.

8 He hath · filled the 'hungry · | with
good | things || · and the 'rich he | hath
sent | empty · a | way.

9 He hath 'holpen · his | servant |
Israel || 'in re|embrance | of his | mercy.

10 'As he | spake to · our | fathers ||
to 'Abraham, | and to · his | seed for | ever.

Glory be, &c.

PART III.

H Y M N S.

Alpha. S.M.



1.

MY soul, with joy attend,
 While Jesus silence breaks ;
 No angel's harp such music yields
 As what my Shepherd speaks.
 'I know my sheep,' He cries,
 My soul approves them well :
 Vain is the treacherous world's disguise,
 And vain the rage of hell.
 I freely feed them now
 With tokens of my love ;
 But richer pastures I prepare,
 And sweeter streams above.
 Unnumbered years of bliss
 I to my sheep will give ;
 And, while my throne unshaken stands,
 Shall all my chosen live
 This tried Almighty hand
 Is raised for their defence : [there,
 Where is the power shall reach them
 Or what shall force them thence ?
 Enough, my gracious Lord,
 Let faith triumphant cry ;
 My heart can on this promise live,
 Can on this promise die !

2.

COME, ye that fear the Lord,
 And love Him while ye fear ;
 Come, and with heart and hand record
 Your vow and covenant here.

f

Vow to be His alone,
 Who bought you with a price ;
 Now render back to God His own,
 By free-will sacrifice.

Here to His altar brought,
 Your covenant renew,
 To be in word, and deed, and thought,
 Faithful to Him and true.

And true and faithful He
 To you will ever prove,
 Though hills were swept into the sea,
 And mountains should remove.

Then be His law our choice,
 The joy of young and old,
 As sheep that hear their shepherd's
 And follow to the fold. [voice,

So shall His staff and rod
 Conduct us and defend ;
 God is a covenant-keeping God,
 And loves unto the end.

3.

LORD, in the strength of grace,
 With a glad heart and free,
 Myself, my residue of days,
 I consecrate to Thee.

Thy ransomed servant, I
 Restore to Thee Thine own :
 And from this moment live or die
 To serve my God alone.

St. Augustine. S.M.



4.

FAR as Thy name is known,
 The world declares Thy praise ;
 Thy saints, O Lord, before Thy throne
 Their songs of honour raise
 With joy let Judah stand
 On Sion's chosen hill ;
 Proclaim the wonders of Thy hand,
 And counsels of Thy will.
 Let strangers walk around
 The city where we dwell ;
 Compass and view Thy holy ground,
 And mark the building well ;
 The orders of Thy house,
 The worship of Thy court,
 The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
 And make a fair report.
 The God we worship now
 Will guide us till we die,
 Will be our God while here below,
 And ours above the sky.

5.

TO God the only wise,
 Our Saviour and our King,
 Let all the saints below the skies
 Their humble praises bring.
 'Tis His almighty love,
 His counsel, and His care,
 Preserve us safe from sin and death,
 And every hurtful snare.
 He will present our souls
 Unblemished and complete,
 Before the glory of His face,
 With joys divinely great.

Then all the chosen seed
 Shall meet around the throne,
 Shall bless the conduct of His grace,
 And make His wonders known.
 To our Redeemer God
 Wisdom and power belong,
 Immortal crowns of majesty,
 And everlasting song.

6.

HOW various and how new
 Are Thy compassions, Lord !
 Each morning shall Thy mercies show,
 Each night Thy truth record.
 Thy goodness, like the sun,
 Dawned on our early days,
 Ere infant reason had begun
 To form our lips to praise.
 But pleasures more refined
 Awaited that blest day,
 When light arose upon our mind,
 And chased our sins away.
 How new Thy mercies, then !
 How sovereign and how free !
 Our souls, that had been dead in sin,
 Were made alive to Thee.
 And we expect a day
 Still brighter far than this,
 When Christ shall bear our souls away
 To realms of light and bliss.
 How various and how new
 Are Thy compassions, Lord !
 Eternity Thy love shall show,
 And all Thy truth record.

Bathford. S.M.



7.

O BLESS the Lord, my soul !
 Let all within me join,
 And aid my tongue to bless His name
 Whose favours are divine.
 O bless the Lord, my soul !
 Nor let His mercies lie
 Forgotten in unthankfulness,
 And without praises die.
 'Tis He forgives thy sins :
 'Tis He relieves thy pain ;
 'Tis He that heals thy sicknesses,
 And makes thee young again.
 He fills the poor with good ;
 He gives the sufferers rest ;
 The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
 And justice for th' oppressed.
 His wondrous works and ways
 He made by Moses known ;
 But sent the world His truth and grace
 By His beloved Son.

8.

YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
 Down from the willows take,
 Loud to the praise of love divine
 Bid every string awake.
 Though in a foreign land,
 We are not far from home ;
 And nearer to our house above
 We every moment come.
 His grace will to the end
 Stronger and brighter shine ;

Nor present things, nor things to come,
 Shall quench the spark divine.
 Soon shall our doubts and fears
 Subside at His control :
 His loving-kindness shall break through
 The midnight of the soul.
 Blest is the man, O God,
 That stays himself on Thee !
 Who waits for Thy salvation, Lord,
 Shall Thy salvation see.

9.

COMMIT thou all thy griefs
 And ways into His hands,
 To His sure truth and tender care,
 Who earth and heaven commands :
 Who points the clouds their course,
 Whom winds and seas obey ;
 He shall direct thy wandering feet,
 He shall prepare thy way.
 Put thou thy trust in God,
 In duty's path go on ;
 Fix on His word thy steadfast eye,
 So shall thy work be done.
 Give to the winds thy fears ;
 Hope, and be undismayed ;
 God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears ;
 God shall lift up thy head.
 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
 He gently clears thy way :
 Wait thou his time—thy darkest night
 Shall end in brightest day.

St. Bride. S.M.



10.

COME, all who truly bear
The name of Christ our Lord ;
His last symbolic supper share,
Regardful of His word.
Hereby your faith approve,
In Jesus crucified,
*"In memory of my dying love,
Do this," He said, and died.*
Thus let us still profess
Our Master's glorious name ;
Stand forth, His faithful witnesses,
True followers of the Lamb.
In proof that such we are,
These emblems we receive,
And thus to all mankind declare
That we in Christ believe.
Lord, in the strength of grace,
With the glad heart and free,
Ourselves, our residue of days,
We consecrate to Thee.

11.

HAVE mercy, Lord, on me !
As Thou wert ever kind,
Let me, opprest with loads of guilt,
Thy wonted mercy find.
Make me to hear with joy
Thy kind forgiving voice ;
That so the bones which Thou hast broke
With strength may all rejoice.
Blot out my crying sins,
Nor me in anger view ;

Create in me a heart that's clean
A spirit right renew.

Withdraw not Thou Thy help,
Nor cast me from Thy sight ;
Nor let Thy Holy Spirit take
Its everlasting flight.

12.

BEHOLD the throne of grace !
The promise calls us near :
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.
My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold ;
Since His own blood for thee He spilt,
What else can He withhold ?

That all-atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round we see,
Provides for those who come to God,
An all-prevailing plea.

Beyond our utmost wants,
His love and power can bless :
To those who seek His face, He grants
More than they can express.

Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and Thy love,
We ask to serve Thee here below,
And reign with Thee above.

Abiding in Thy faith,
Our will conformed to Thine,
May we victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

Cambridge.

S. M.



13.

COME, we that love the Lord,
 And let our joys be known ;
 Join in a song with sweet accord,
 And thus surround the throne.
 The sorrows of the mind
 Be banished from the place !
 Religion never was designed
 To make our pleasures less.
 Let those refuse to sing
 That never knew our God,
 But children of the heavenly King
 May speak their joys abroad.
 The men of grace have found
 Glory begun below,
 Celestial fruits on earthly ground
 From faith and hope may grow.
 The hill of Sion yields
 A thousand sacred sweets,
 Before we reach the heavenly fields,
 Or walk the golden streets.
 Then let our songs abound,
 And every tear be dry ; [ground
 We're marching through Immanuel's
 To fairer worlds on high.

14.

THE Lord my Shepherd is,
 I shall be well supplied ;
 Since He is mine and I am His,
 What can I want beside ?
 He leads me to the place
 Where heavenly pasture grows,
 Where living waters gently pass,
 And full salvation flows.

If e'er I go astray,
 He doth my soul reclaim ;
 And guides me in His own right way,
 For His most holy name.
 While He affords His aid,
 I cannot yield to fear ; [*dark shade,*
Though I should walk through death's
 My Shepherd's with me there.
 In sight of all my foes
 Thou dost my table spread ;
 My cup with blessings overflows,
 And joy exalts my head.
 The bounties of Thy love
 Shall crown my following days :
 Nor from Thy house will I remove,
 Nor cease to speak Thy praise.

15.

WHEN overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.
 O lead me to the rock
 That's high above my head ;
 And make the covert of Thy wings
 My shelter and my shade.
 Within Thy presence, Lord,
 For ever I'll abide ;
 Thou art the tower of my defence,
 The refuge where I hide
 Thou givest me the lot
 Of those that fear Thy name ;
 If endless life be their reward,
 I shall possess the same.

Chilthorn. S.M.



16.

COME, sound His praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing ;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

He formed the deeps unknown ;
He gave the seas their bound ;
The watery worlds are all His own,
And all the solid ground.

Come, worship at His throne ;
Come, bow before the Lord ;
We are His works, and not our own,
He formed us by His word.

To-day attend His voice,
Nor dare provoke His rod ;
Come, like the people of His choice,
And own your gracious God.

17.

GRACE, 'tis a charming sound !
Harmonious to the ear !
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man ;
And all the steps *that* grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

Grace taught my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road ;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days ;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

18.

YE servants of the Lord,
Each in His office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.

Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame ;
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,
For awful is His name

Watch, 'tis your Lord's command,
And, while we speak, He's near ;
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

O happy servant he
In such a posture found ;
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.

Christ shall the banquet spread
With his own royal hand,
And raise that faithful servant's head
Amidst the angelic band.



19.

THE people of the Lord
 Are on their way to heaven ;
 There they obtain their great reward,
 The prize will there be given.
'Tis conflict here below ;
'Tis triumph there, and peace ;
 On earth we wrestle with the foe,
 In heaven our conflicts cease.
'Tis gloom and darkness here ;
'Tis light and joy above :
 There all is pure, and all is clear ;
 There all is peace and love.
 There rest shall follow toil,
 And ease succeed to care :
 The victors there divide the spoil ;
 They sing and triumph there.
 Then let us joyful sing !
 The conflict is not long :
 We hope in heaven to praise our King,
 In one eternal song.

20.

COME, Holy Spirit, come !
 With energy divine ;
 And on this poor benighted soul,
 With beams of mercy shine.
 From the celestial hills,
 Light, life, and joy dispense :
 And may I daily, hourly feel
 Thy quickening influence.

Oh melt this frozen heart,
 This stubborn will subdue ;
 Each evil passion overcome,
 And form me all anew.
 The profit will be mine,
 But Thine shall be the praise ;
 Cheerful to Thee will I devote
 The remnant of my days.

21.

NOT all the blood of beasts,
 On Jewish altars slain,
 Could give the guilty conscience peace,
 Or wash away the stain.
 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
 Takes all our sins away,
 A sacrifice of nobler name,
 And richer blood than they.
 My faith would lay her hand
 On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.
My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
Assured her guilt was there.
 Believing, we rejoice
 To see the curse remove ;
 We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
 And sing His bleeding love.

N.B. The words in *Italics* to be sung softly.



22.

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise !
 And put your armour on ;
 Strong in the strength which God sup-
 Through His eternal Son. [plies
 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
 And in His mighty power ;
 Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
 Is more than conqueror.
 Stand then in His great might,
 With all His strength endued :
 And take to arm you for the fight
 The panoply of God.
 Jesus hath died for you,
 What can His love withstand ?
 Believe, hold fast your shield, and who
 Shall pluck you from His hand ?
 From strength to strength go on,
 Wrestle, and fight, and pray ;
 Tread all the powers of darkness down,
 And win the well-fought day,
 Then having all things done,
 And every conflict past ;
 Accepted each through Christ alone,
 You shall be crowned at last.

23.

GREAT is the Lord our God,
 And let His praise be great ;
 He makes His churches His abode,
 His most delightful seat.
 These temples of His grace,
 How beautiful they stand !
 The honour of our native place,
 And bulwarks of our land.

In Zion God is known,
 A refuge in distress ;
 How bright has His salvation shone
 Through all her palaces !
 Oft have our fathers told,
 Our eyes have often seen,
 How well our God secures the fold
 Where His own sheep have been.
 In every new distress
 We'll to His house repair ;
 We'll think upon His wondrous grace,
 And seek deliverance there.

24.

AWAKE, and sing the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb ;
 Wake, every heart and every tongue,
 To praise the Saviour's name.
 Sing of His dying love ;
 Sing of His rising power ;
 Sing how He intercedes above,
 For those whose sins He bore.
 Ye pilgrims on the road
 To Zion's city, sing ;
 Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,
 In Christ, the Eternal King.
 Soon shall we hear Him say,
 Ye blessed children, come ;
 Soon will He call us hence away,
 And take His wanderers home.
 There shall each raptur'd tongue
 His endless praise proclaim ;
 And sing in sweeter notes the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb.

St. Michael. S.M.



25.

TO bless Thy chosen race,
 In mercy, Lord, incline ;
 And cause the brightness of Thy face
 On all Thy saints to shine ;
 That so Thy wondrous way
 May through the world be known :
 Whilst distant lands their tribute pay,
 And Thy salvation own.
 Let differing nations join,
 To celebrate Thy fame ;
 Let all the world, O Lord, combine
 To praise Thy glorious name.
 Oh, let them shout and sing
 With joy and pious mirth !
 For Thou, the righteous judge and king,
 Shalt govern all the earth.
 Then shall the teeming ground
 A large increase disclose ;
 And we with plenty shall be crowned,
 Which God, our God, bestows.
 Then God upon our land
 Shall constant blessings shower ;
 And all the world in awe shall stand
 Of His resistless power.

26.

OUR heavenly Father calls,
 And Christ invites us near ;
 With both, our friendship shall be sweet,
 And our communion dear.
*God pities all our griefs ;
 He pardons every day ;*
 Almighty to protect our souls,
 And wise to guide our way.

How large His bounties are !
 What various stores of good,
 Diffused from our Redeemer's hand,
 And purchased with His blood !
 Jesus, our living Head,
 We bless Thy faithful care ;
 Our Advocate before the throne,
 And our Forerunner there.

Here fix, my roving heart !
 Here wait, my warmest love !
 Till the communion be complete
 In nobler scenes above.

27.

BEHOLD what wondrous grace
 The Father hath bestowed
 On sinners of a mortal race,
 To call them sons of God !
 Nor doth it yet appear
 How great we must be made ;
 But when we see our Saviour here,
 We shall be like our Head.
 A hope so much divine
 May trials well endure,
 May purge our souls from sense and sin,
 As Christ the Lord is pure.

If in my Father's love
 I share a filial part,
 Send down thy Spirit like a dove
 To rest upon my heart.
 We would no longer lie
 Like slaves beneath the throne ;
 Our faith shall *Abba*, Father, cry,
 And Thou the kindred own.

Prague. S.M.



28.

WHO can forbear to sing,
Who can refuse to praise,
When Zion's high celestial King
His saving power displays ?

When sinners at His feet,
By mercy conquered, fall ;
When grace, and truth, and justice meet,
And peace unites them all ?

When heaven's expanding gates
Invite the pilgrims' feet ;
And Jesus, at their entrance, waits
To place them on His seat ?

Who can forbear to praise
Our high celestial King,
When sovereign, rich, redeeming grace,
Invites our tongues to sing ?

29.

THE Lord, the sovereign King,
Hath fixed His throne on high,
O'er all the heavenly world He rules
And all beneath the sky.

Ye angels, great in might,
And swift to do His will,
Bless ye the Lord, whose voice ye hear,
Whose pleasure ye fulfil.

Let the bright hosts who wait
The orders of their King,
And guard His churches when they pray,
Join in the praise they sing.

While all His wondrous works
Through His vast kingdom show
Their Maker's glory ; thou, my soul,
Shalt sing His graces too.

30.

RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune,
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

Sing how eternal Love
Its chief belovèd chose,
And bade him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.

'Twas mercy filled the throne,
And wrath stood silent by, [down
When Christ was sent with pardons
To rebels doomed to die.

Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease ;
Bow to the sceptre of His love,
And take the offered peace.

Lord, we obey Thy call ;
We lay a humble claim
To the salvation Thou hast wrought,
And love and praise Thy name.



31.

HOW heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes,
Till Christ, with His reviving light,
Over our souls arise !
Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of heaven ;
But, in His righteousness arrayed,
We see our sins forgiven.
Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways ;
His hands infected nature cure
With sanctifying grace.
The powers of hell agree
To hold our souls in vain ;
He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks the cursed chain.
Lord, we adore Thy ways
To bring us near to God ;
Thy sovereign power, Thy healing grace,
And Thine atoning blood.

32.

OPPREST with sin and woe,
A burdened heart I bear ;
Opposed by many a mighty foe,
But I will not despair.
With this polluted heart,
I dare to come to Thee,
Holy and mighty as Thou art
For Thou wilt pardon me.

I feel that I am weak,
And prone to every sin,
But Thou, who giv'st to those who seek,
Wilt give me strength within.

I need not fear my foes,
I need not yield to care,
I need not sink beneath my woes,
For Thou wilt answer prayer.

In my Redeemer's name,
I give myself to Thee ;
Through Him, unworthy as I am,
My God will cherish me.

33.

RETURN, and come to God ;
Cast all your sins away ;
Seek ye the Saviour's cleansing blood ;
Repent, believe, obey.

Say not, ye cannot come :
For Jesus bled and died,
That none who ask in humble faith,
Should ever be denied.

Say not, ye will not come ;
'Tis God vouchsafes to call ;
And fearful will their end be found,
On whom His wrath shall fall.

Come, then, whoever will ;
Come, while 'tis called to-day ;
Seek ye the Saviour's cleansing blood ;
Repent, believe, obey.

Ayton. S.M.



34.

TO-MORROW, Lord, is Thine,
Lodged in Thy sovereign hand ;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by Thy command.

The present moment flies,
And bears our life away ;
Oh make Thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken by Thine almighty power
The aged and the young.

One thing demands our care ;
Oh be it still pursued ;
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

To Jesus may we fly
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beams, should
In sudden, endless night. [die

35.

BEHOLD the morning sun
Begins his glorious way !
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

But, where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light ;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

How perfect is Thy word !
And all Thy judgments just ;
For ever sure Thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.

My gracious God, how plain
Are Thy directions given !
Oh may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven !

36.

FAITH, 'tis a precious grace
Where'er it is bestowed,
It boasts of a celestial birth,
And is the gift of God.

Jesus it owns as king,
And all-atoning priest ;
It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in Christ.

On Him it safely leans,
In time of deep distress ;
Flies to the fountain of His blood,
And trusts His righteousness.

All through the wilderness,
It is our strength and stay ;
Nor can we miss the heavenly road,
While it directs our way.

Lord, 'tis Thy work alone,
And that divinely free,
Send down the Spirit of Thy Son
To work this faith in me.

†
Abbey. C.M.



37.

O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame ;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb !
*Return, O holy Dove ! return,
Sweet messenger of rest !
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.*

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.
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.

38.

O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free !
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me !
*A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne ;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.*
A lowly and believing heart,
Abhorring every sin ;
Which neither life nor death can part,
From Him that dwells within.

A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine ;
Perfect and right, and pure and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above ;
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new best name of Love.

39.

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys ;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

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

Dear Lord ! and shall we ever lie
At this poor dying rate ?
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great ?

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers ;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

Abbridge. C.M.



40.

WHEN I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies,
 I bid farewell to every fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes.
 Should earth against my soul engage,
 And hellish darts be hurled,
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
 And face a frowning world.
 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
 And storms of sorrow fall ;
 May I but safely reach my home,
 My God, my heaven, my all !
*There shall I bathe my weary soul
 In seas of heavenly rest,
 And not a wave of trouble roll
 Across my peaceful breast.*

41.

FROM pole to pole let others roam,
 And search in vain for bliss ;
 My soul is satisfied at home,
 The Lord my portion is.
 Jesus, who on His glorious throne
 Rules heaven, and earth, and sea,
 Is pleased to claim me for His own,
 And give Himself to me.
 His person fixes all my love,
 His blood removes my fear ;
 And, while He pleads for me above,
 His arm preserves me here.

His word of promise is my food,
 His Spirit is my guide ;
 Thus daily is my strength renewed,
 And all my wants supplied.
 For Him I count as gain each loss,
 Disgrace for Him renown ;
 Well may I glory in His cross,
 While He prepares my crown !

42.

BLEST be the everlasting God,
 The Father of our Lord ;
 Be His abounding mercy praised,
 His majesty adored.
 When from the dead He raised His Son
 And called Him to the sky,
 He gave our souls a lively hope
 That they should never die.
*What though our inbred sins require
 Our flesh to see the dust ;*
 Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose,
 So all His followers must.
 There's an inheritance divine
 Reserved against that day ;
 'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,
 And cannot fade away.
 Saints by the power of God are kept
 Till the salvation come ;
 We walk by faith, as strangers here,
 Till Christ shall call us home.

43.

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

Their joy shall bear their spirits up
Through 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.

44.

O HAPPY is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice,
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

For she has treasures greater far
Than East or West unfold,
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their stores of gold.

She guides the young, with innocence,
In pleasure's path to tread ;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

According as her labours rise,
So her rewards increase ;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

45.

THIS sacred day, great God, we close
With gratitude and love,
And bless Thee for the joyful news,
Which hails us from above.

May we retain the glorious truths
Recorded in Thy word,
And, with obedient lives, adorn
The doctrine of the Lord.

Ere long we hope to meet and join
The ransomed throng in bliss ;
With joy Thine earthly courts we'll
To dwell where Jesus is. [leave,

46.

GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform ;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

*Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.*

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace ;
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain ;
God is his own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

47.

ENTHRONED on high, Almighty Lord,
The Holy Ghost send down !
Fulfil in us Thy faithful word,
And all Thy mercies crown.

Though on our heads no tongues of fire
Their wondrous powers impart,
Grant, Saviour, what we more desire,
Thy Spirit in our heart.

Spirit of life, and light, and love,
Thy heavenly influence give !
Quicken our souls, born from above,
In Christ, that we may live.

To our benighted minds reveal
The glories of His grace ;
And bring us where no clouds conceal
The brightness of His face.

His love within us shed abroad
Life's ever-springing well !
Till God in us, and we in God,
In love eternal dwell.

St. Ann. C.M.



48.

OUR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame ;
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

*A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.*

Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home.

49.

JESUS, in Thee our eyes behold
A thousand glories more
Than the rich gems and polished gold
The sons of Aaron wore. [brought,
They first their own burnt-offerings
To purge themselves from sin ;
Thy life was pure without a spot,
And all Thy nature clean.
Once in the circuit of a year
With blood, but not his own,

Aaron within the veil appears,
Before the golden throne ;
But Christ by His own powerful blood
Ascends above the skies ;
And in the presence of our God
Shows His own sacrifice.

Jesus, the King of Glory, reigns
On Sion's heavenly hill,
Looks like a lamb that has been slain,
And wears His priesthood still.

He ever lives to intercede
Before His Father's face ;
Give Him, my soul, thy cause to plead,
Nor doubt the Father's grace.

50.

SAVIOUR of men, and Lord of love,
How sweet Thy gracious name !
With joy that errand we review
On which Thy mercy came.

While all Thy own angelic bands
Stood waiting on the wing,
Charmed with the honour to obey
The word of such a King—

For us mean, wretched, sinful men,
Thou laid'st that glory by,
First in our mortal flesh to serve,
Then in that flesh to die.

Bought with Thy service and Thy blood,
We doubly, Lord, are Thine ;
To Thee our lives we would devote,
To Thee our death resign.

51.

OUR God, how firm His promise stands
E'en when He hides His face !
He trusts in our Redeemer's hands
His glory and His grace.

*Then why, my soul, these sad complaints,
Since Christ and we are one ?*

Thy God is faithful to His saints,
Is faithful to His Son.

Beneath His smiles my heart has lived,
And part of heaven possessed :
I praise His name for grace received,
And trust Him for the rest.

52.

LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice :
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

Eternal Wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

Ho ! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join ;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day :
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

53.

ARISE, my soul, my joyful powers,
And triumph in my God ;
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.

The arms of everlasting love
Beneath my soul He placed,
And on the Rock of Ages set
My slippery footsteps fast.

The city of my blest abode
Is walled around with grace ;
Salvation for a bulwark stands,
To shield the sacred place.

Arise, my soul, awake, my voice,
And songs of gladness sing ;
Loud hallelujahs shall address
My Saviour and my King.

54.

BEHOLD, the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise
On mountain tops above the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.
To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow ;
Up to the hill of God, they'll say,
And to His house we'll go.

The beam that shines from Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land ;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command.
No strife shall rage, nor hostile feuds,
Disturb those peaceful years ;
To ploughshares men shall beat their
swords,

To pruning-hooks their spears.
No longer hosts encountering hosts,
Shall crowds of slain deplore ;
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

Come, then—O come from every land
To worship at His shrine :
And walking in the light of God,
With holy beauty shine.

55.

O GOD of Bethel ! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed ;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led.

Our fervent prayers we now present
Before Thy throne of grace :
God of our fathers ! be the God
Of their succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide ;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

Oh, spread Thy covering wings around
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.



56.

ARISE, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to Thy rest !
Lo! Thy church waits with longing eyes
Thus to be owned and blest.

Enter with all Thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and Thy word ;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
Here let Thy praise be spread :
Bless the provisions of Thy house,
And fill Thy poor with bread.

Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine ;
Justice and truth His courts maintain,
With love and power divine.

Here let Him hold a lasting throne ;
And as His kingdom grows,
Fresh honours shall adorn His crown,
And shame confound His foes.

57.

LET all the just to God with joy
Their cheerful voices raise ;
For well the righteous it becomes
To sing glad songs of praise.

By His almighty word at first
The heavenly arch was reared ;
And all the beauteous hosts of light
At His command appeared.

What'er the mighty Lord decrees
Shall stand for ever sure :
The settled purpose of His heart
To ages shall endure.

How happy then are they to whom
The Lord our God is known ;
Whom He, from all the world besides,
Has chosen for His own

The riches of Thy mercy, Lord,
Do Thou to us extend ;
Since we, for all we want or wish,
On Thee alone depend.

58.

GREAT God, the nations of the earth
Are by creation Thine ;
And in Thy works, by all beheld,
Thy radiant glories shine.

But, Lord, Thy greater love has sent
Thy gospel to mankind,
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasured in Thy mind.

Lord, when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe, and every soul,
Shall hear the joyful sound ?

Smile Thou on each sincere attempt
To spread the gospel rays,
And rear on sin's demolished throne
The temples of Thy praise.

Belgrave. C.M.



59.

FATHER of peace, and God of love !
 We own Thy power to save,
 That power by which our Shepherd rose
 Victorious o'er the grave.
 Him from the dead Thou brought'st again,
 When, by His sacred blood,
 Confirmed and sealed for evermore,
 Th' eternal covenant stood.
 Oh may Thy Spirit seal our souls,
 And mould them to Thy will,
 That our weak hearts no more may stray
 But keep Thy precepts still ;
 That to perfection's loftiest height
 We nearer still may rise,
 Till all we think, and all we do,
 Be pleasing in Thine eyes.

60.

REJOICE, believer, in the Lord,
 Who makes your cause His own ;
 The hope that's built upon His word
 Can ne'er be overthrown.
 Though many foes beset your road,
 And feeble is your arm ;
 Your life is hid with Christ, in God,
 Beyond the reach of harm.
 Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
 Or, fainting, shall not die ;
 Jesus, the strength of every saint,
 Will aid you from on high.
 Though unperceived by mortal sense,
 Faith sees Him always near ;

A Guide, a Glory, a Defence ;
 Then what have you to fear ?
 As surely as He overcame,
 And triumphed once for you ;
 So surely ye that love His name
 Shall triumph in Him too.

61.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
 Uttered or unexpressed ;
 The motion of a hidden fire,
 That trembles in the breast.
 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
 The falling of a tear ;
 The upward glancing of an eye,
 When none but God is near.
 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
 That infant lips can try ;
 Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
 The Majesty on high.
 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
 The Christian's native air ;
 His watch-word at the gates of death ;
 He enters heaven with prayer.
 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
 Returning from his ways ;
 While angels in their songs rejoice,
 And cry, " Behold, he prays !"
 O Thou, by whom we come to God,
 The life, the truth, the way,
 The path of prayer thyself hast trod :
 Lord, teach us how to pray !

Bloomsbury.

C.M.



62.

HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour
 The Saviour promised long! [comes!
 Let every heart prepare a throne,
 And every voice a song.
 On Him the Spirit, largely poured,
 Exerts its sacred fire;
 Wisdom and might and zeal and love,
 His holy breast inspire.
 He comes the prisoners to release,
 In Satan's bondage held;
 The gates of brass before Him burst,
 The iron fetters yield.
 He comes from thickest films of vice
 To clear the mental ray,
 And on the eyeballs of the blind
 To pour celestial day.
*He comes the broken heart to bind,
 The bleeding soul to cure;
 And with the treasures of His grace
 To enrich the humble poor.*
 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
 Thy welcome shall proclaim;
 And heaven's eternal arches ring
 With Thy beloved name.

63.

LONG as I live I'll bless Thy name,
 My King, my God of love;
 My work and joy shall be the same
 In the bright world above.
 Great is the Lord, His power unknown,
 And let His praise be great;
 I'll sing the honours of Thy throne,
 Thy works of grace repeat.

Fathers to sons shall teach Thy name,
 And children learn Thy ways;
 Ages to come Thy truth proclaim,
 And nations sound Thy praise.
 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date
 Shall through the world be known;
 Thine arm of power, Thy heavenly state
 With public splendour shown.
 The world is managed by Thy hands,
 Thy saints are ruled by love;
 And Thine eternal kingdom stands,
 Though rocks and hills remove.

64.

GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise
 Within the veil, and see
 The saints above, how great their joys,
 How bright their glories be!
*Once they were mourning here below,
 And wet their couch with tears;
 They wrestled hard, as we do now,
 With sins and doubts and fears.*
 I ask them, whence their victory came?
 They, with united breath,
 Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
 Their triumph to His death.
 They marked the footsteps that He trod,
 (His zeal inspired their breast)
 And, following their incarnate God,
 Possess the promised rest.
 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
 For His own pattern given;
 While the long cloud of witnesses
 Show the same path to heaven.

Canterbury. C.M.



65.

HOW sweet and awful is the place
 With Christ within the doors,
 Where everlasting love displays
 The choicest of her stores!
 While every heart and every song
 Now celebrates the feast,
 Each of us cries with thankful tongue,
 "Lord, why was I a guest?
 "Why was I made to hear Thy voice,
 And enter while there's room;
 When thousands make a wretched choice,
 And rather starve than come?"
 Pity the nations, O our God!
 Constrain the earth to come;
 Send Thy victorious word abroad,
 And bring the strangers home.
 We long to see Thy churches full,
 That all the chosen race,
 May with one voice and heart and soul,
 Sing Thy redeeming grace.

66.

THE Lord descending from above,
 Invites His children near,
 While power and truth and boundless
 Display their glories here. [love
 Here in Thy gospel's wondrous frame
 Fresh wisdom we pursue;
 A thousand angels learn Thy name
 Beyond whate'er they knew.
 Thy name is writ in fairest lines,
 Thy wonders here we trace;

Wisdom through all the mystery shines,
 And shines in Jesus' face.
 The law its best obedience owes
 To our incarnate God;
 And Thine avenging justice shows
 Its honours in His blood.
 But still the lustre of Thy grace
 Our warmer thoughts employs,
 Gilds the whole scene with brighter rays,
 And more exalts our joys.

67.

NOT by the terrors of a slave,
 God's children do His will;
 But with the noblest powers they have,
 His sweet commands fulfil.
 They find access at every hour
 To God within the veil;
 Hence they derive a quickening power,
 And joys that never fail.
 O happy souls, O glorious state
 Of overflowing grace;
 To dwell so near their Father's seat,
 And see His lovely face.
 Lord, I address Thy heavenly throne,
 Call me a child of Thine;
 Send down the Spirit of Thy Son,
 To form my heart divine.
 There shed Thy choicest love abroad,
 And make my comforts strong;
 Then shall I say, My Father God,
 With an unwavering tongue.



68.

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
 Name ever dear to me :
 When shall my labours have an end
 In joy and peace and thee ?
 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built
 And pearly gates behold, [walls
 Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
 And streets of shining gold ?
 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
 Nor sin nor sorrow know ;
 Blest seats, through rude and stormy
 I onward press to you. [scenes,
 Why should I shrink from pain and woe,
 Or feel at death dismay ?
 I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
 And realms of endless day.
 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
 Around my Saviour stand ;
 And soon my friends in Christ below,
 Will join the glorious band.
Jerusalem, my happy home,
 My soul still pants for thee ;
 Then shall my labours have an end,
 When I thy joys shall see.

69.

NOW, gracious Lord, Thine arm reveal,
 And make Thy glory known :
 Now let us all Thy presence feel,
 And soften hearts of stone.
 Help us to venture near Thy throne,
 And plead our Saviour's name ;

For all that we can call our own
 Is vanity and shame.
 From all the guilt of former sin
 May mercy set us free ;
 And let the year we now begin,—
 Begin and end with Thee.
 Send down Thy Spirit from above,
 That saints may love Thee more ;
 And sinners now may learn to love,
 Who never loved before.
 And when before Thee we appear
 In our eternal home,
 May growing numbers worship here,
 And praise Thee in our room.

70.

O THOU, who didst with love untold
 Thy doubting servant chide,
 And bade the eye of sense behold
 Thy wounded hands and side ;
 Grant us, like him, with heartfelt awe,
 To own Thee God and Lord,
 And from his hour of darkness draw
 A fuller faith's reward !
 And while that wondrous record now
 Of unbelief we hear,
 O let us only lowlier bow
 In self-distrusting fear :
 And grant that we may never dare
 Thy Spirit so to grieve ;
 But at the last their blessing share
 Who see not, yet believe.

St. David. C.M.



71.

THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
 He calls the hours His own ;
 Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
 And praise surround the throne.
 To-day He rose and left the dead,
 And Satan's empire fell ;
 To-day the saints His triumphs spread,
 And all His wonders tell.
 Hosanna to the anointed King,
 To David's holy Son ;
 Help us, O Lord, descend and bring
 Salvation from Thy throne.
 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
 With messages of grace ;
 Who comes in God His Father's name
 To save our sinful race.
 Hosanna in the highest strains
 The church on earth can raise ;
 The highest heavens, in which He reigns,
 Shall give him nobler praise.

72.

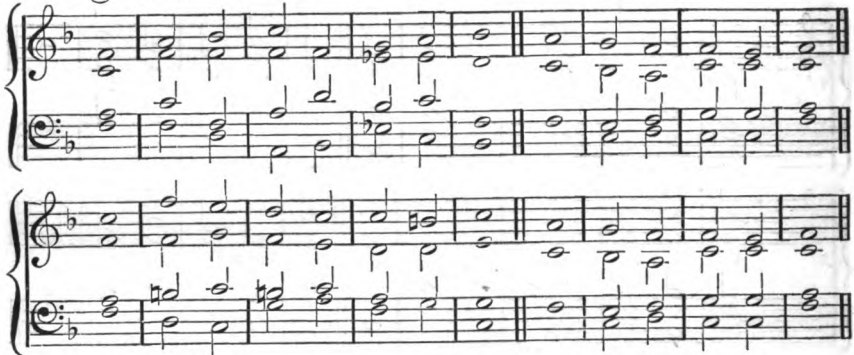
JESUS, Thy blessings are not few,
 Nor is Thy gospel weak ;
 Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew,
 And bow the aspiring Greek.
 Wide as the reach of Satan's rage
 Doth Thy salvation flow ;
 'Tis not confined to sex or age,
 The lofty or the low.
 While grace is offered to the prince,
 The poor may take their share ;
 No mortal has a just pretence
 To perish in despair.

Be wise, ye men of strength and wit,
 Nor boast your native powers ;
 But to His sovereign grace submit,
 And glory shall be yours.
 Come, all ye vilest sinners, come,
 He'll form your souls anew :
 His gospel and His heart have room
 For rebels such as you.

73.

NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
 The tempest, fire, and smoke ;
 Not to the thunder of that word
 Which God on Sinai spoke :
 But we are come to Sion's hill,
 The city of our God,
 Where milder words declare His will,
 And spread His love abroad.
 Behold the innumerable host
 Of angels, clothed in light ;
 Behold the spirits of the just,
 Whose faith is turned to sight !
 Behold the blest assembly there,
 Whose names are writ in heaven !
 And God, the Judge of all, declares
 Their vilest sins forgiven.
 The saints on earth, *and all the dead*,
 But one communion make ;
 All join in Christ their living Head,
 And of His grace partake.
 In such society as this
 My weary soul would rest :
 The man that dwells where Jesus is,
 Must be for ever blest.

Andee. C.M.



74.

LORD, in the morning Thou shalt hear
 My voice ascending high ;
 To Thee will I direct my prayer,
 To Thee lift up mine eye :
 Up to the hills, where Christ is gone
 To plead for all His saints,
 Presenting at His Father's throne
 Our songs and our complaints.
 Thou art a God before whose sight
 The wicked shall not stand ;
 Sinners shall ne'er be Thy delight,
 Nor dwell at Thy right hand.
 O may Thy Spirit guide my feet
 In ways of righteousness !
 Make every path of duty straight
 And plain before my face.

75.

O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
 My dear Redeemer's praise !
 The glories of my God and King,
 The triumphs of His grace.
 My gracious Saviour and my God !
 Assist me to proclaim,
 And spread, through all the earth abroad,
 The honours of Thy name.
 Jesus ! the name that charms our fears,
 That bids our sorrows cease ;
 'Tis music in the sinner's ear,
 'Tis life and health and peace.
 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
 He sets the prisoner free :
 His blood can make the foulest clean,
 His blood availed for me.

76.

I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
 Or to defend His cause :
 Maintain the honour of His word,
 The glory of His cross.
 Jesus, my God ! I know His name,
 His name is all my trust ;
 Nor will He put my soul to shame,
 Nor let my hope be lost.
 Firm as His throne His promise stands :
 And He can well secure
 What I've committed to His hands,
 Till the decisive hour.
 Then will He own my worthless name
 Before His Father's face ;
 And in the new Jerusalem
 Appoint my soul a place.

77.

LORD I have made Thy word my choice,
 My lasting heritage ;
 There shall my noblest powers rejoice
 My warmest thought engage.
 I'll read the histories of Thy love,
 And keep Thy laws in sight,
 While through Thy promises I rove
 With ever-fresh delight.
 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
 Where springs of life arise ;
 Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
 And hidden glory lies.
 The best relief that mourners have,
 It makes our sorrows blest :
 Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
 And our eternal rest.

Farrant.

C.M.



78.

DREAD Sovereign! let my evening
 Like holy incense rise ; [song
 Assist the offerings of my tongue
 To reach the lofty skies.
 Through all the dangers of the day
 Thy hand was still my guard ;
 And still, to drive my wants away,
 Thy mercy stood prepared.
 Perpetual blessings from above
 Encompass me around,
 But Oh how few returns of love
 Hath my Creator found !
 What have I done for Him that died
 To save my wretched soul ?
 How are my follies multiplied,
 Fast as my minutes roll !
 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,
 To Thy dear cross I flee ;
 And to Thy grace my soul resign,
 To be renewed by Thee.

79.

THOU boundless Source of every good,
 Our best desires fulfil :
 Let us adore Thy wondrous grace,
 And mark Thy sovereign will.
 In all Thy mercies may our souls
 Thy bounteous goodness see ;
 Nor let the gifts Thy grace imparts
 Estrange our hearts from Thee.
*Teach us, in time of deep distress,
 To own Thy hand O God !*

*And in submissive silence learn
 The lessons of Thy rod.*

In every changing scene of life,
 Whate'er that scene may be,
*Give us a meek and humble mind,
 A mind at peace with Thee.*
 Do Thou direct our steps aright ;
 Help us Thy name to fear :
 Oh give us grace to watch and pray,
 And strength to persevere !

80.

FATHER, I sing Thy wondrous grace,
 I bless my Saviour's name ;
 He bought salvation for the poor,
 And bore the sinner's shame.
 His deep distress has raised us high,
 His duty and His zeal
 Fulfilled the law which mortals broke,
 And finished all Thy will.
 This shall His humble followers see,
 And set their hearts at rest ;
 They by His death draw near to Thee,
 And live for ever blest.
 Let heaven and all that dwell on high
 To God their voices raise,
 While lands and seas assist the sky
 To celebrate His praise.
 Zion is Thine, most holy God,
 Thy Son shall bless her gates ;
 And glory, purchased by His blood,
 For Thine own Israel waits.

25

Gilead. C.M.



81.

HOW rich Thy favours, God of grace !
 How various and divine !
 Full as the ocean they are poured,
 And bright as heaven they shine.
 Jesus, the herald of His love,
 Displays the radiant prize ;
 And shows the purchase of His blood
 To our admiring eyes.
 He perfects what His hand begins,
 And stone on stone He lays ;
 Till firm and fair the building rise,
 A temple to His praise.
 The songs of everlasting years
 That mercy shall attend,
 Which leads, through sufferings of an
 To joys that never end. [hour,

82.

SO did the Hebrew prophet raise
 The brazen serpent high ;
 The wounded felt immediate ease,
 The camp forbore to die.
 " Look upward in the dying hour,
 And live," the prophet cries :
 But Christ performs a nobler cure
 When faith lifts up her eyes.
 High on the cross the Saviour hung ;
 High in the heavens He reigns :
 Here sinners, by th' old serpent stung,
 Look, and forget their pains.
 When God's own Son is lifted up,
 A dying world revives ;

The Jew beholds the glorious hope,
 Th' expiring Gentile lives.

83.

FATHER ! whate'er of earthly bliss
 Thy sovereign will denies,
 Accepted at Thy throne of grace,
 Let this petition rise :—

" Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
 From every murmur free ;
 The blessings of thy grace impart,
 And make me live to Thee.

" Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
 My life and death attend ;
 Thy presence through my journey shine,
 And crown my journey's end !"

84.

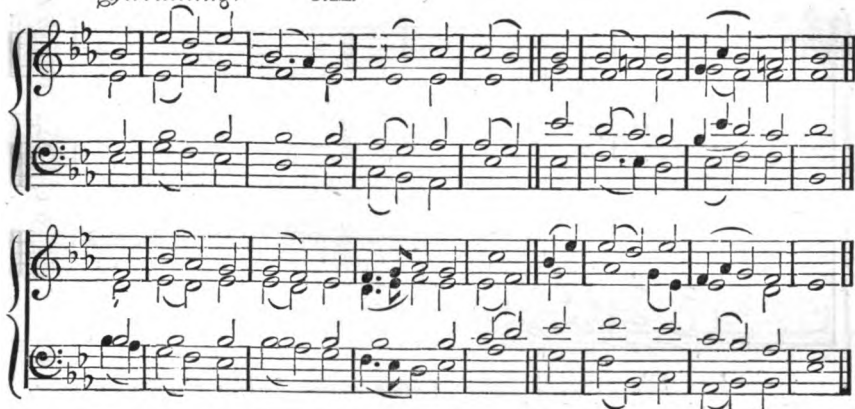
VAIN are the hopes the sons of men
 On their own works have built ;
 Their hearts by nature all unclean,
 And all their actions guilt.

*Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths,
 Without a murmuring word,
 And the whole race of Adam stand
 Guilty before the Lord.*

In vain we ask God's righteous law
 To justify us now ;
 Since to convince and to condemn
 Is all the law can do.

Jesus, how glorious is thy grace !
 When in Thy name we trust,
 Our faith receives a righteousness
 That makes the sinner just.

Habannag. C.M.



85.

MY soul, how lovely is the place
 To which thy God resorts !
 'Tis heaven to see His smiling face,
 Though in His earthly courts.
 Here the great Monarch of the skies
 His saving power displays,
 And light breaks in upon our eyes
 With kind and quickening rays.
 With His rich gifts the heavenly Dove
 Descends and fills the place,
 While Christ reveals His wondrous love,
 And sheds abroad His grace.
 Here, mighty God, thy words declare
 The secrets of Thy will ;
 And still we seek Thy mercy here,
 And sing Thy praises still,

86.

WITH sacred joy we lift our eyes
 To those bright realms above,
 That glorious temple in the skies,
 Where dwells eternal love.
Before the awful throne we bow
Of heaven's almighty King :
Here we present the solemn vow,
 And hymns of praise we sing.
 Thee we adore ; and, Lord, to Thee
 Our filial duty pay ;
 Thy service, unconstrained and free,
 Conducts to endless day.

While in Thy house of prayer we kneel,
With trust and holy fear,
 Thy mercy and Thy truth reveal,
 And lend a gracious ear.

With fervour teach our hearts to pray,
 And tune our lips to sing ;
 Nor from Thy presence cast away
 The sacrifice we bring.

87.

TO our Redeemer's glorious name,
 Awake the sacred song !
 Oh may His love (immortal flame !)
 Tune every heart and tongue.
 His love, what mortal thought can reach ?
 What mortal tongue display ?
 Imagination's utmost stretch
 In wonder dies away.
 Let wonder still with love unite,
 And gratitude and joy ;
 Jesus be our supreme delight,
 His praise our best employ.
 Jesus, who left His throne on high,
 Left the bright realms of bliss,
 And came to earth to bleed and die !—
 Was ever love like this ?
 O may the sweet, the blissful theme,
 Fill every heart and tongue ;
 Till strangers love Thy charming name,
 And join the sacred song.

St. James. C.M.



88.

COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
 And joy to make it known,
 The Sovereign of your hearts proclaim,
And bow before His throne.
 Behold your King, your Saviour, crowned
 With glories all divine ;
 And tell the wondering nations round,
 How bright those glories shine.
 Infinite power, and boundless grace,
 In Him unite their rays :
 You that have e'er beheld His face,
 Can you forbear His praise ?
 When in His earthly courts we view
 The glories of our King,
 We long to love as angels do,
 And wish like them to sing.
 And shall we long and wish in vain ?
 Lord, teach our songs to rise !
 Thy love can animate the strain,
 And bid it reach the skies.

89.

PRAISE waits in Sion, Lord, for Thee ;
 There shall our vows be paid :
 Thou hast an ear when sinners pray ;
 All flesh shall seek Thine aid.
Lord, our iniquities prevail,
 But pardoning grace is Thine ;
 And Thou wilt grant us power and skill
 To conquer every sin.
 Blest are the men whom Thou wilt choose
 To bring them near Thy face,

Give them a dwelling in Thine house,
 To feast upon Thy grace
 In answering what Thy church requests
 Thy truth and terror shine,
 And works of fearful righteousness
 Fulfil Thy kind design.
 Thus shall the wondering nations see
 The Lord is good and just ;
 And distant islands fly to Thee,
 And make Thy name their trust.

90.

THROUGH all the changing scenes of
 In trouble and in joy, [life,
 The praises of my God shall still
 My heart and tongue employ.
 Of His deliverance I will boast,
 Till all who are distressed,
 From my example comfort take,
 And charm their griefs to rest.
 The hosts of God encamp around
 The dwellings of the just,
 Protection He affords to all
 Who make His name their trust.
 Oh make but trial of His love !
 Experience will decide
 How blest are they, and only they,
 Who in His truth confide.
 Fear Him, ye saints ! and you will then
 Have nothing else to fear :
 Make but His service your delight,
 Your wants shall be His care.

Manchester. C.M.



91.

OH that the Lord would guide my ways
 To keep His statutes still !
 Oh that my God would grant me grace
 To know and do His will !
 O send Thy Spirit down to write
 Thy law upon my heart !
 Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
 Nor act the liar's part.
 From vanity turn off my eyes ;
 Let no corrupt design,
 Nor covetous desires arise
 Within this soul of mine.
 Order my footsteps by Thy word,
 And make my heart sincere ;
 Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
 But keep my conscience clear.
 Make me to walk in thy commands,
 'Tis a delightful road ;
 Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
 Offend against my God.

92.

THE Lord of glory is my light,
 And my salvation too ;
 God is my strength, nor will I fear
 What all my foes can do.
 One privilege my heart desires :
 Oh, grant me an abode
 Among the churches of Thy saints,
 The temples of my God !
 Here would I offer my requests
 And see Thy beauty still ;
 Would hear Thy messages of love,
 And ascertain Thy will.

*When troubles rise, and storms appear,
 Here may His children hide ;
 God has a strong pavilion where
 He makes my soul abide.
 Now shall my head be lifted high
 Above my foes around,
 And songs of joy and victory,
 Within Thy temple sound.*

93.

O LORD ! I would delight in Thee,
 And on Thy care depend ;
 To Thee in every trouble flee—
 My best, my only friend.
 When all created streams are dried,
 Thy fulness is the same ;
 May I with this be satisfied,
 And glory in Thy name !
 No good in creatures can be found
 But may be found in Thee ;
 I must have all things and abound
 While God is God to me.
 He that has made my heaven secure,
 Will here all good provide :
 While Christ is rich, can I be poor ?
 What can I want beside ?
 Oh, that I had a stronger faith,
 To look within the veil—
 To credit what my Saviour saith,
 Whose word can never fail
 O Lord ! I cast my care on Thee ;
 I triumph and adore :
 Henceforth my great concern shall be
 To love and please Thee more.

Fitchfield. C.M.



94.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear !
*It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.*

*It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.*

Dear Name ! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place :
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

Jesus ! my shepherd, husband, friend,
My prophet, priest, and king ;
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart.
And languid are my lays ;
But, when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll give Thee nobler praise.

95.

JESUS, I love Thy charming name ;
'Tis music to my ear ;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven should hear.

Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust :
Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

All my capacious powers can wish,
In Thee doth richly meet :
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there ;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

I'll speak the honours of Thy name
With my last labouring breath ;
Then, speechless, clasp Thee in mine
The antidote of death. [arms,

96.

HOW condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son !
Our misery reached His heavenly mind,
And pity brought Him down.

*He sunk beneath our heavy woes.
To raise us to His throne ;
There's ne'er a gift His hand bestows
But cost His heart a groan.*

This was compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was His blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

Now, though He reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great :
Well He remembers Calvary,
Nor let His saints forget.

Liverpool. C.M.



97.

FATHER of mercies ! in Thy word
 What endless glory shines !
 For ever be Thy name adored,
 For these celestial lines.

Here may the wretched sons of want
 Exhaustless riches find ;
 Riches above what earth can grant,
 And lasting as the mind.

Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
 Spreads heavenly peace around :
 And life and everlasting joys
 Attend the blissful sound.

O may these heavenly pages be
 My ever dear delight ;
 And still new beauties may I see,
 And still increasing light.

Divine Instructor, gracious Lord !
 Be Thou for ever near ;
 Teach me to love Thy sacred word,
 And view my Saviour there.

98.

THE Saviour calls—let every ear
 Attend the heavenly sound ;
 Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear ;
 Hope smiles reviving round.

For every thirsty, longing heart,
 Here streams of bounty flow ;
 And life and health and bliss impart,
 To banish mortal woe.

Ye sinners, come, 'tis mercy's voice :
 The gracious call obey ;
 Mercy invites to heavenly joys—
 And can you yet delay ?

Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts ;
 To Thee let sinners fly,
 And take the bliss Thy love imparts,
 And drink and never die.

99.

LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
 I fly to Thee my Lord ;
 And not a glimpse of hope appears,
 But in Thy written word.

This is the field where hidden lies
 The pearl of price unknown ;
 That merchant is divinely wise
 Who makes the pearl his own.

Here consecrated water flows
 To quench my thirst of sin ;
 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
 Nor danger dwells therein.

This is the judge that ends the strife,
 Where wit and reason fail ;
 My guide to everlasting life
 Through all this earthly vale.

O may Thy counsels, mighty God,
 My roving feet command ;
 Nor I forsake the happy road
 That leads to Thy right hand.

London Heto. C.M.



100

BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb
Amidst His Father's throne ;
Prepare new honours for His name,
And songs before unknown.

Let elders worship at His feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odours sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

The odours are the prayers of saints,
The sounds the hymns they raise ;
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.

Now to the Lamb that once was slain
Be endless blessings paid ;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
For ever on Thy head.

Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free ;
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with Thee.

101.

HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast ;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

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

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

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.

102.

MY Saviour, my Almighty Friend,
When I begin Thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of Thy grace ?

Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore ;
And since I knew Thy graces first
I speak Thy glories more.

My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
And march with courage in Thy strength
To see my Father God.

*When I am filled with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead Thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but Thine.*

How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King !
My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,
Shall Thy salvation sing.

Manchester.

C.M.



103.

MY thoughts surmount these lowerskies,
 And look within the veil ;
 There springs of endless pleasure rise,
 The waters never fail.
 There I behold, with sweet delight,
 The blessed Three in One ;
 And strong affections fix my sight
 On God's incarnate Son.
 His promise stands for ever firm,
 His grace shall ne'er depart ;
 He binds my name upon His arm,
 And seals it on His heart.
 Light are the pains that nature brings,
 How short our sorrows are,
 When with eternal future things
 The present we compare !
 I would not be a stranger still
 To that celestial place,
 Where I for ever hope to dwell
 Near my Redeemer's face.

104.

WE love Thee, Lord, yet not alone
 Because Thy bounteous hand
 Showers down its rich and ceaseless gifts
 On ocean and on land :
 'Tis not alone because Thy names
 Of wisdom, power, and love,
 Are written on the earth beneath,
 The glorious skies above.
 We love Thee, Lord, because when we
 Had erred and gone astray,
 Thou didst recall our wandering souls
 Into the heavenward way.

When helpless, hopeless, we were lost
 In sin and sorrow's night,
 Thou didst send forth a guiding ray
 Of Thy benignant light.
 Because, O Lord, Thou lovedst us
 With everlasting love ;
 Because Thy Son came down to die,
 That we might live above ;
 Because, when we were heirs of wrath,
 Thou gavest hopes of heaven :
 Yes, much we love who much have
 And much have been forgiven. [sinned,

105.

SWEET is the memory of Thy grace,
 My God, my heavenly King ;
 Let age to age Thy righteousness
 In sounds of glory sing.
 God reigns on high ; but not confines
 His goodness to the skies ;
 Through the whole earth His bounty
 And every want supplies. [shines,
 With longing eyes Thy creatures wait
 On Thee for daily food ;
 Thy liberal hand provides their meat,
 And fills their mouth with good.
 How kind are Thy compassions, Lord !
 How slow Thine anger moves !
 But soon He sends His pardoning word
 To cheer the souls He loves.
 Creatures, with all their endless race,
 Thy power and praise proclaim ;
 But saints, that taste Thy richer grace,
 Delight to bless Thy name.

Martyrdom. C.M.



106.

DEAR refuge of my weary soul,
On Thee, when sorrows rise,
On Thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

To Thee, I tell each rising grief,
For Thou alone canst heal ;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face,
And shall I seek in vain ?
And can the ear of sovereign grace
Be deaf when I complain ?

No ; still the ear of sovereign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer ;
Oh ! may I ever find access
To breathe my sorrows there.

Thy mercy-seat is open still ;
Here let my soul retreat ;
With humble hope attend Thy will,
And wait beneath Thy feet !

107.

ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee.

Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be ;
The testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

Gethsemane, can I forget ?
Or there Thy conflict see,

Thine agony and bloody sweat,—
And not remember Thee ?

When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice !
I must remember Thee :—

Remember Thee, and all Thy pains
And all Thy love to me ;
Yes, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

108

AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray ;
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours celestial day.

*O what a night was that which wrapt
A sinful world in gloom !*
O what a sun which broke, this day,
Triumphant, from the tomb !

This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung ;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

Ten thousand joyful lips shall join,
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from above,
To nations yet unborn.

Melrose. C.M.



109.

MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
 And chant the solemn lay ;
 Joy, love, and gratitude combine
 To hail the auspicious day.
 In heaven the rapturous song began,
 And sweet seraphic fire
 Through all the shining legions ran,
 And strung and tuned the lyre.
 Down through the portals of the sky
 The impetuous torrent ran ;
 And angels flew with eager joy
 To bear the news to man.
 Hark ! the cherubic armies shout,
 And glory leads the song :
 Good-will and peace are heard throughout
 The harmonious heavenly throng.
 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
 Glory to God on high !
 Good-will and peace are now complete,
 Jesus was born to die !
 Hail, Prince of life ! for ever hail,
 Redeemer, Brother, Friend !
 Though earth, and time, and life should
 Thy praise shall never end. [fal]

110.

HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
 My friends devoutly say,
 'In Zion let us all appear,
 And keep the solemn day !'
 I love her gates, I love the road ;
 The church, adorned with grace,

Stands like a palace built for God,
 To show His milder face.

Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
 The holy tribes repair ;
 The Son of David holds His throne,
 And sits in judgment there.

Peace be within this sacred place,
 And joy a constant guest !
 With holy gifts and heavenly grace
 Be her attendants blessed !

My soul shall pray for Zion still,
 While life or breath remains ;
 There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
 There God my Saviour reigns.

111.

HARK ! for 'tis God's own Son that
 To life and liberty ; [calls
 Transported, fall before His feet
 Who makes the prisoners free.

Into the captive heart He pours
 His Spirit from on high ;
 We lose the terrors of the slave,
 And Abba, Father ! cry.

Shake off your bonds, and sing His grace ;
 The sinner's Friend proclaim ;
 And call on all around to seek
 True freedom by His name.

Walk on at large, till you attain
 Your Father's house above ;
 There shall you wear immortal crowns,
 And sing redeeming love.

Northampton.

C.M.



112.

THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb !
 We love to hear of Thee ;
 No music's 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 we will rejoice,
 Thou great Melchisedec.
 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
 While in this world we stay ;
 We'll sing our Jesus' lovely name,
 When all things else decay.
 When we appear in yonder cloud,
 With all the ransomed throng,
 Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
 And Christ shall be our song.

113.

BAPTIZED into our Saviour's death,
 Our souls to sin must die ;
 With Christ our Lord we live anew,
 With Christ ascend on high.
 There, at His Father's hand He sits,
 Enthroned divinely fair ;
 Yet owns Himself our Brother still,
 And our Forerunner there.
 Rise from these earthly trifles, rise
 On wings of faith and love ;
 Above, our choicest treasure lies,—
 And be our hearts above.
 But earth and sin will drag us down,
 When we attempt to fly ;
 Lord, send Thy strong attractive power,
 To raise and fix us high.

114.

JESUS, the name high over all,
 In hell, or earth, or sky,—
 Angels and men before it fall,
 And devils fear and fly.
 Jesus, the name to sinners dear,
 The name to sinners given ;
 It scatters all their guilty fear ;
 It turns their hell to heaven.
 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
 Bruises the serpent's head ;
 Power into strengthless souls He speaks,
 And life into the dead.
 O that the world might taste and see
 The riches of His grace !
 The arms of love that compass me,
 Would all mankind embrace.

115.

REMEMBER Thee ! remember Christ !
 While memory holds her place,
 Can we forget the Lord of Life,
 Who saves us by His grace ?
 His glory now, no tongue of man,
 Or seraph bright, can tell ;
 Yet still the chief of all His joys,
 That souls are saved from hell.
 For this He came and dwelt on earth,
 For this His life was given ;
 For this He fought and vanquished death,
 For this He pleads in heaven.
 Join, all ye saints below the sky,
 Your grateful praise to give ;
 Sing loud hosannas to the Lord,
 Who died that you might live.

Nottingham.

C.M.



116.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name,
 Let angels prostrate fall ;
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown Him Lord of all.
 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
 Who from His altar call ;
 Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
 And crown Him Lord of all.
 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
 A remnant weak and small,
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
 And crown Him Lord of all.
 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall ;
 Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
 And crown Him Lord of all.
 Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To Him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown Him Lord of all.
 O that with yonder sacred throng
 We at His feet may fall,
 Join in the everlasting song,
 And crown Him Lord of all !

117.

SALVATION ! O the joyful sound !
 'Tis pleasure to our ears ;
 A sovereign balm for every wound,
 A cordial for our fears.

*Buried in sorrow and in sin,
 At hell's dark door we lay ;
 But we arise by grace divine
 To see a heavenly day.*

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

118.

O FOR a shout of sacred joy,
 To God the sovereign King,
 Let every land their tongues employ,
 And hymns of triumph sing.

Jesus our God ascends on high,
 His heavenly guards around
 Attend him rising through the sky,
 With trumpets' joyful sound.

While angels shout and praise their
 King,

Let mortals learn their strains ;
 Let all the earth His honours sing ;
 O'er all the earth He reigns.

*Rehearse His praise with awe profound,
 Let knowledge lead the song ;
 Nor mock Him with a solemn sound
 Upon a thoughtless tongue.*

In Israel stood His ancient throne ;
 He loved that chosen race ;
 But now He calls the world His own,
 And heathens taste His grace.



119.

HOW great the wisdom, power, and
Which in redemption shine! [grace,
Angels and men with joy confess
The work is all divine

Myriads of spirits round the throne
Behold, with wondering eyes,
God's holy undefiled One
Once made a sacrifice.

In rapturous strains they celebrate
The mysteries of His love ;
Redemption does new joys create
Amongst the hosts above.

*Beneath His feet they cast their crowns,
Those crowns which Jesus gave ;
And with ten thousand thousand tongues
Proclaim His power to save.*

They tell the triumphs of His cross,
The sufferings which He bore ;
How low He stooped, how high He rose,
And rose to stoop no more.

Oh ! let them still their voices raise,
And still their songs renew ;
Salvation well deserves the praise
Of men and angels too.

120.

LET saints below in concert sing
With those to glory gone ;
For all the servants of our King
In earth and heaven, are one.
One family, we dwell in Him ;
One church, above, beneath :

Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

One army of the living God,
To His command we bow :
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

O Jesus, be our constant Guide !
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And land us safe in heaven !

121.

SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in His strength rejoice ;
When His salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

With thanks approach His awful sight ;
And psalms of honour sing ;
The Lord's a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's King.

Let princes hear, let angels know,
How mean their natures seem,
Those gods on high and gods below,
When once compared with Him.

Earth, with its caverns dark and deep,
Lies in His spacious hand ;
He fixed the seas what bounds to keep,
And where the hills must stand.

*Come, and with humble souls adore,
Come, kneel before His face ;
Oh may the creatures of His power
Be children of His grace !*

Palermo. C.M.



122.

THY goodness, Lord, our souls confess,
 Thy goodness we adore ;
 A spring whose blessings never fail,
 A sea without a shore !
 Sun, moon, and stars, Thy love attest,
 In every golden ray ;
 Love draws the curtains of the night,
 And love brings back the day.
 Thy bounty every season crowns,
 With all the bliss it yields ;
 With joyful clusters loads the vines,
 With strengthening grain the fields.
 But chiefly Thy compassion, Lord,
 Is in the gospel seen ;
 There, like a sun, Thy mercy shines
 Without a cloud between.
 Pardon, acceptance, peace, and joy,
 Through Jesus' name are given ;
 He on the cross was lifted high,
 That we might reign in heaven.

123.

THE Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want,
 He makes me down to lie
 In pastures green : He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.
 My soul He doth restore again ;
 And me to walk doth make
 Within the paths of righteousness,
 E'en for His own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
 Yet will I fear none ill ;
 For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
 And staff me comfort still.
 My table Thou hast furnished
 In presence of my foes ;
 My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
 And my cup overflows.
 Goodness and mercy all my life
 Shall surely follow me ;
 And in God's house for evermore
 My dwelling-place shall be.

124.

GREAT God, Thine unexhausted love
 Unmerited and free,
 Delights our evil to remove,
 And help our misery.
 Thou waitest to be gracious still,
 Thou dost with sinners bear ;
 That, saved, we may Thy goodness feel,
 And all Thy grace declare.
 Thy goodness and Thy truth to me,
 To every soul, abound ;
 A vast, unfathomable sea,
 Where all our thoughts are drowned.
 Its streams the whole creation reach,
 So plenteous is the store ;
 Enough for all, enough for each,
 Enough for evermore.

Philippi.

C.M.



125.

THERE is a fountain filled with blood
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;
 And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day ;
 And there have I, though vile as he,
 Washed all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransomed church of God
 Be saved to sin no more.

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

Then in a nobler, sweeter song
 I'll sing Thy power to save ;
 When this poor lisping, stammering
 Lies silent in the grave. [tongue]

126.

*HOW sad our state by nature is !
 Our sin, how deep it stains !
 And Satan binds our captive minds
 Fast in his slavish chains.*

But there's a voice of sovereign grace
 Sounds from the sacred word :
 " Ho ! ye despairing sinners, come,
 And trust upon the Lord."

My soul obeys the almighty call,
 And runs to this relief ;
 I would believe Thy promise, Lord,
 O help my unbelief !

*A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
 On Thy kind arms I fall ;
 Be Thou my strength and righteousness,
 My Saviour, and my all.*

127.

WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God !
 My rising soul surveys :
 Transported with the view, I'm lost
 In wonder, love, and praise.

*To all my weak complaints and cries
 Thy mercy lent an ear,
 Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
 To form themselves in prayer.*

When in the slippery paths of youth
 With heedless steps I ran,
 Thine arm unseen conveyed me safe,
 And led me up to man.

*When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
 With health renewed my face ;
 And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
 Revived my soul with grace.*

Through every period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
 And after death, in distant worlds,
 The glorious theme renew.

St. Stephen's. C.M.



128.

LORD! at Thy table I behold
 The wonders of Thy grace,
 But most of all admire that I
 Should find a welcome place :
 What strange, surprising grace is this,
 That such a soul has room !
 My Saviour takes me by the hand,
 My Jesus bids me come.
 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,
 Join all your praising powers ;
 No theme is like redeeming love,
 No Saviour is like ours.
 Had I ten thousand hearts, dear Lord,
 I'd give them all to Thee ;
 Had I ten thousand tongues, they all
 Should join the harmony.

129.

FOR ever here my rest shall be,
 Close to Thy bleeding side ;
 This all my hope and all my plea,
 " For me the Saviour died !"
 My dying Saviour, and my God,
 Fountain for guilt and sin,
 Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,
 And cleanse and keep me clean.
 Wash me and make me all Thine own,
 Wash me, and mine Thou art ;
 Wash me, but not my feet alone,
 My hands, my head, my heart.
 The atonement of Thy blood apply,
 Till faith to sight improve ;
 Till hope in full fruition die,
 And all my soul be love.

130.

FATHER, behold, with gracious eyes,
 Those who through Christ draw near
 To pay their living sacrifice,
 And worship in Thy fear.
 On each, on all, some gift bestow ;
 Some blessing now impart,
 The seed of life eternal sow
 In every waiting heart.
 O Father, glorify Thy Son,
 And grant what we require :
 For Jesus' sake, the gift send down,
 And answer us by fire.
 Kindle the flame of love within,
 Which may to heaven ascend ;
 And now the work of grace begin,
 Which shall in glory end.

131.

HAPPY the souls to Jesus joined,
 And saved by grace alone :
 Walking in all his ways, they find
 Their heaven on earth begun.
 The church triumphant in Thy love,
 Their mighty joys we know :
 They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
 And we in hymns below.
 Thee in Thy glorious realm they praise,
 And bow before Thy throne !
 We in the kingdom of Thy grace—
 The kingdoms are but one.
 The holy to the holiest leads ;
 From thence our spirits rise ;
 And he that in Thy statutes treads,
 Shall meet Thee in the skies.

Tottenham.

C.M.



132.

COME let us join our cheerful songs
 With angels round the throne ;
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
 But all their joys are one.
 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
 "To be exalted thus ;"
 "Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
 "For he was slain for us."
 Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honour and power divine :
 And blessings more than we can give,
 Be, Lord, for ever Thine !
 Let all that dwell above the sky,
 And air, and earth, and seas,
 Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
 And speak Thine endless praise.
 The whole creation join in one
 To bless the sacred name
 Of Him that sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.

133.

JOY to the world ; the Lord is come !
 Let earth receive her King :
 Let every heart prepare Him room,
 And heaven and nature sing.
 Joy to the earth ; the Saviour reigns !
 Let men their songs employ ;
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and
 Repeat the sounding joy. [plains,
 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
 Nor thorns infest the ground ;

He comes to make His blessings flow
 Far as the curse is found.

He rules the world with truth and grace,
 And makes the nations prove
 The glories of His righteousness,
 And wonders of His love.

134.

SHINE, mighty God, on Britain shine
 With beams of heavenly grace ;
 Reveal Thy power through all our coasts,
 And show Thy smiling face.
 Amidst our isle, exalted high,
 Do Thou our glory stand,
 And like a wall of guardian fire
 Surround the favoured land.
 When shall Thy name, from shore to
 Sound all the earth abroad, [shore,
 And distant nations know and love
 Their Saviour and their God ?
 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
 Sing loud with solemn voice ;
 While British tongues exalt His praise,
 And British hearts rejoice.
 He, the great Lord, the Sovereign Judge,
 That sits enthroned above,
 Wisely commands the worlds He made
 In justice and in love.
 Earth shall obey her Maker's will,
 And yield a full increase ;
 Our God will crown His chosen isle
 With fruitfulness and peace.

Winchester, Old. C.M.



135.

A WAKE, my soul! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honours down.

136.

BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
And speak some boundless thing,—
The mighty works, or mightier name,
Of our eternal King.

Declare His wondrous faithfulness,
And sound His power abroad;
Your song—the promise of His grace,
And the performing God.

Proclaim "salvation from the Lord
For wretched dying men;"
His hand has writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.

Engraved as in eternal brass
The mighty promise shines;
Nor can the powers of darkness raise
Those everlasting lines.

His very word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

137.

YE trembling souls dismiss your fears,
Be mercy all your theme;
For mercy, like a river, flows
In one perpetual stream.

"Fear not" the powers of earth and hell;
God will those powers restrain;
His arm shall all their rage repel,
And make their efforts vain.

"Fear not" the want of outward good;
He will for His provide,
Grant them supplies of daily food,
And all they need beside.

"Fear not" that He will e'er forsake,
Or leave His work undone;
He's faithful to His promises,
And faithful to His Son.

"Fear not" the terrors of the grave,
Or death's tremendous sting;
He will from endless wrath preserve,
To endless glory bring.

Windsor. C.M.



138.

PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair

We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

With pitying eyes the Prince of Grace

Beheld our helpless grief ;
He saw, and (O amazing love !)
He ran to our relief.

Down from the shining seats above

With joyful haste He fled ;
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

He spoiled the powers of darkness thus,

And broke our iron chains :

Jesus hath freed our captive souls
From everlasting pains.

O for this love let rocks and hills

Their lasting silence break ;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

139.

GREAT God, how infinite art Thou !

What worthless worms are we !
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to Thee.

Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made ;

Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in Thy view ;

To Thee there's nothing old appears ;
Great God, there's nothing new.

Our lives through various scenes are
And vexed with trifling cares ; [drawn,
While Thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

Great God, how infinite art Thou !

What worthless worms are we !
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to Thee.

140.

HEAR what the voice from heaven pro-
For all the pious dead— [claims

Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

They die in Jesus and are blessed ;
How kind their slumbers are !

From sufferings and from sins released,
And freed from every snare.

Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord ;

The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

141.

THOU art the Way ! by Thee alone
From sin and death we flee ;

And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

Thou art the Truth ! Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart ;

Thou only canst instruct the mind,
And purify the heart.

Thou art the Life ! the empty tomb
 Proclaims Thy conquering arm ;
 And those who put their trust in Thee,
 Nor death, nor hell shall harm.

Jesus, the Way, the Truth, the Life !
 To us that wisdom give,
 By Thee to seek the Father's face,
 In Thee alone to live.

Hark. C.M.



142.

FREQUENT the day of God returns
 To shed its quickening beams :
 And yet how slow devotion burns !
 How languid are its flames !
 Accept our faint attempts to love,
 Our frailties, Lord, forgive ;
 We would be like Thy saints above,
 And praise Thee while we live.
 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
 And fit us to ascend
 Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
 The Sabbath ne'er shall end :
 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,
 With heavenly lustre shine ;
Before the throne of God appear,
 And feast on love divine :
 Where we, in high seraphic strains,
 Shall all our powers employ ;
 Delighted range the ethereal plains
 And take our fill of joy.

143.

DO not I love Thee, O my Lord ?
 Behold my heart and see :
 And turn each cherished idol out,
 That dares to rival Thee.
 Do not I love Thee from my soul ?
 Then let me nothing love ;

Dead be my heart to every joy,
 When Jesus cannot move.
 Is not Thy name melodious still
 To mine attentive ear ?
 Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
 My Saviour's voice to hear ?
 Hast Thou a lamb in all Thy flock
 I would disdain to feed ?
 Hast Thou a foe before whose face
 I fear Thy cause to plead ?
 Would not my ardent spirit vie,
 With angels round the throne,
 To execute Thy sacred will,
 And make Thy glory known ?
 Thou know'st I love Thee, O my Lord :
 But oh ! I long to soar
 Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
 And learn to love Thee more.

144.

TO Him that loved the souls of men
 And washed us in His blood,
 To royal honours raised our heads,
 And made us priests to God.
 To Him let every tongue be praise,
 And every heart be love !
 All grateful honours paid on earth,
 And nobler songs above !

St. Asaph. C.M.D.

145

HOW bright those glorious sprits shine!
 Whence all their white array ?
 How came they to the blissful seats
 Of everlasting day ?
 Lo, these are they from sufferings great
 Who came to realms of light,
 And in the blood of Christ have washed
 Those robes, which shine so bright.

Now, with triumphant palms they stand
 Before the throne on high,
 And serve the God they love amidst
 The glories of the sky.
 His presence fills each heart with joy,
 Tunes every mouth to sing,
 By day, by night, the sacred courts
 With glad hosannas ring.

146.

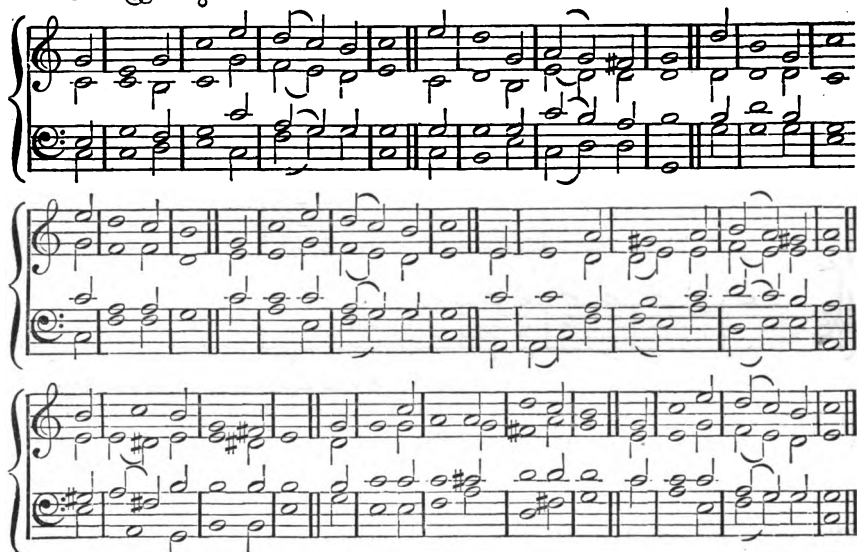
THERE is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign ;

Infinite day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.
 There everlasting spring abides,
 And never-withering flowers :
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
 Stand dressed in living green :
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
 While Jordan roll'd between.
*But timorous mortals start and shrink
 To cross this narrow sea ;
 And linger shivering on the brink,
 And fear to launch away.*

O! could we make our doubts remove,
 Those gloomy doubts that rise,
 And see the Canaan that we love
 With unbeckoned eyes—
 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er, [flood
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
 Should fright us from the shore.

St. Matthew. D.C.M.



147.

WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above :
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.
*Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame :*
*He knows what sore temptations mean
For He has felt the same.*

But spotless, innocent, and pure,
The great Redeemer stood,
While Satan's fiery darts He bore,
And did resist to blood.
*He in the days of feeble flesh
Poured out His cries and tears ;*
And in His measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

He'll never quench the smoking flax
But raise it to a flame :
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.
Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and His power,
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.

47

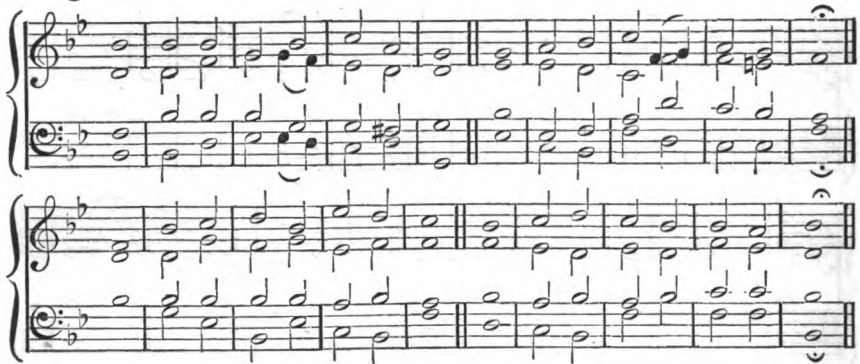
148.

*Lord, when before Thy righteous throne
Confessing guilt, we kneel,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And shun the sins we feel :*
*The contrite spirit pitying see ;
True penitence impart ;*
Then let a kindling glance from Thee
Shed comfort on the heart.

When our responding lips essay
The grateful hymn to raise,
Grant that our souls may join the lay,
And mount to Thee in praise ;
Oft from Thy glory may we turn,
Thy mercy to review,
And in our righteous God discern
Our gracious Father too.

When we disclose our wants in prayer,
All choice may we resign,
May no desire our bosom share,
That is not wholly Thine.
*In meek obedience to Thy will
Let each petition rise ;*
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it, or denies.

E



149.

JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days.

Ashamed of Jesus!—Sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

Ashamed of Jesus!—that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend;
No! when I blush—be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

Ashamed of Jesus!—Yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then—I boast a Saviour slain!
And oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

150.

NOW to the Lord a noble song!
Awake, my soul, awake my tongue;
Hosanna to th' Eternal Name.
And all His boundless love proclaim.

The spacious earth and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise, the powerful God;
And Thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star.

See where they shine in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of His grace:
God, in the person of His Son,
Has all His mightiest works outdone.
Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name:
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound!
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground!
Oh, may I live to reach the place
Where He unveils His lovely face;
Where all His beauties you behold,
And sing His name to harps of gold!

151.

GREAT God, attend while Sion sings
The joy that from Thy presence springs;
To spend one day with Thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within Thy house, O God of grace!
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave Thy door.

God is our sun; He makes our day;
God is our shield; He guards our way,
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without and foes within.

All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at Thy presence flee;
Blest is the man that trusts in Thee.

Angels'. L.M.



152.

AWAY from every mortal care,
 Away from earth our souls retreat ;
 We leave this worthless world afar,
 And wait and worship near Thy feet.

Lord, in the temple of Thy grace
 We see, we love, and we adore ;
 We gaze upon Thy lovely face,
 And learn the wonders of Thy power.

While here our various wants we mourn,
 United prayers ascend on high ;
 And faith obtains a quick return
 Of blessings in variety.

If Satan rage, and sin grow strong,
 Here we receive some cheering word ;
 We gird the gospel armour on,
 To fight the battles of the Lord.

Father ! my soul would still abide
 Within Thy temple, near Thy side ;
 But, since my feet must hence depart,
 Still keep Thy dwelling in my heart.

153.

LORD of the Sabbath, hear our vows,
 On this Thy day, in this Thy house,
 And own, as grateful sacrifice,
 The songs which from the desert rise.

Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love,
 But there's a nobler rest above ;
 To that our labouring souls aspire
 With ardent pangs of strong desire.

No more fatigue, no more distress ;
 Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place ;
 No groans to mingle with the songs
 Which warble from immortal tongues.

No rude alarms of raging foes ;
 No cares to break the long repose ;
 No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
 But sacred, high, eternal noon.

154.

WITH all my powers 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.

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 power and glory show.

Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
 Upheld and guarded by Thy hand ;
 Thy words my fainting soul revive,
 And keep my dying faith alive.

Grace will complete what grace begins,
 To save from sorrows or from sins ;
 The work that wisdom undertakes,
 Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

Jugsburg. L.M.



155.

THE heavens declare Thy glory, Lord,
In every star Thy wisdom shines ;
But when our eyes behold Thy word,
We read Thy name in fairer lines.

The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days, Thy power confess ;
But the blest volume Thou hast writ
Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.

Sun, moon, and stars convey Thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand ;
So when Thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

Nor shall Thy spreading gospel rest
Till through the world Thy truth has run ;
Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light, or feel the sun.

156

TO God, the great, the ever-blessed,
Let songs of honour be addressed ;
His mercy firm for ever stands ;
Give Him the thanks His love demands.

Who knows the wonders of Thy ways ?
Who shall fulfil Thy boundless praise ?
Blest are the souls that fear Thee still,
And pay their duty to Thy will.

Remember what Thy mercy did
For Jacob's race, Thy chosen seed ;
And with the same salvation bless
The meanest suppliant of Thy grace.

O may I see Thy tribes rejoice,
And aid their triumphs with my voice !
This is my glory, Lord, to be
Joined to Thy saints, and near to Thee.

157.

WHAT equal honour shall we bring,
To Thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to Thy name ?

Worthy is He that once was slain,
The Prince of peace, that groaned and
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign [died,
At His Almighty Father's side.

Power and dominion are His due
Who stood condemned at Pilate's bar ;
Wisdom belongs to Jesus too, [here.
Though He was charged with madness

All riches are His native right ;
Yet He sustained amazing loss :
To Him ascribe eternal might,
Who left His weakness on the cross.

Honour immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn ;
While glory shines around His head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.

Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men :
Let angels sound His sacred name,
And every creature say, Amen.

Babylon Streams. L.M.



158.

O THOU, the contrite sinner's Friend,
 Who, loving, lovest to the end,
 On this alone my hopes depend,
 Jesus, that Thou wilt plead for me !
 When, weary in the Christian race,
 Far off appears my resting-place,
 And, fainting, I mistrust Thy grace,
 Then, Jesus, Saviour, plead for me !
 When I have erred and gone astray,
 Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,
 And see no glimmering, guiding ray,
 Still, Jesus, Saviour, plead for me !
 When Satan, by my sins made bold,
 Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,
 Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,
 And plead, O Jesus, plead for me !

159.

NO more, my God, I boast no more
 Of all the duties I have done ;
 I quit the hopes I held before,
 To trust the merits of Thy Son.
 Now, for the love I bear His name,
 What was my gain I count my loss ;
 My former pride I call my shame,
 And nail my glory to His cross.
 Yes, and I must and will esteem
 All things but loss for Jesus' sake :
 O may my soul be found in Him,
 And of His righteousness partake !
 The best obedience of my hands
 Dares not appear before Thy throne !

But faith can answer Thy demands
 By pleading what my Lord has done.

160.

NOT to condemn the sons of men
 Did Christ, the Son of God, appear ;
 No weapons in His hands are seen,
 No flaming sword, nor thunder there.
 Such was the pity of our God,
 He loved the race of man so well,
 He sent His Son to bear our load
 Of sins, and save our souls from hell.
 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word,
 Trust in His mighty name and live ;
 A thousand joys His lips afford,
 His hands a thousand blessings give.

161.

BEHOLD the sin-atoning Lamb,
 With wonder, gratitude, and love :
 To take away our guilt and shame,
 See Him descending from above.
 To save a guilty world, He dies ;
 Sinners, behold the bleeding Lamb !
 To Him lift up your longing eyes,
 And hope for mercy in His name .
 Pardon and peace through him abound ;
 He can the richest blessings give ;
 Salvation in His name is found,
 He bids the dying sinner live.
 Jesus, my Lord, I look to Thee—
 Where else can helpless sinners go ?
 Thy boundless love shall set me free
 From all my wretchedness and woe.



162.

COME, weary souls, with sin distressed,
Come and accept the promised rest;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

*Oppressed with guilt, a painful load,
O come and spread your woes abroad;
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.*

Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt, and heal your
woes;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace;
How rich the gift, how free the grace!

Lord, we accept with thankful heart,
The hope Thy gracious words impart;
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice.

Dear Saviour! let Thy powerful love
Confirm our faith, our fear remove,
And sweetly influence every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

163.

"COME unto Me, ye weary, come!
Ye heavy-laden, cease to roam!
I will refresh the weary breast,
And give the labouring spirit rest."

*Sweet word! it calms my troubled soul,
It bids my sorrows cease to roll;
Smiles like the rainbow on the deep,
And hushes all my woes to sleep.*

Here at Thy feet, 'tis good to be,
Thy word to hear, Thy face to see;
Thy freedom's easy yoke to wear;
The burden of Thy love to bear.

Saviour, Thy promise I believe,
Nor ever would Thy presence leave,
But seek upon Thy gentle breast
The foretaste of eternal rest.

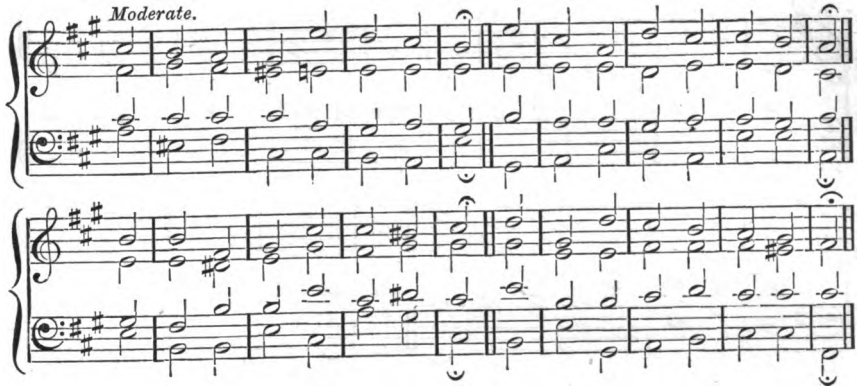
164

HO! every one that thirsts, draw nigh,
(Tis God invites the fallen race),
Mercy and free salvation buy;
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.

Come to the living waters, come;
Sinners, obey your Maker's voice;
Return, ye weary wanderers, home,
And in my saving grace rejoice!

See from the Rock a fountain rise!
For you in healing streams it rolls:
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye labouring, burdened, sin-sick souls.

Nothing ye in exchange shall give,
Leave all you have and are behind;
Frankly the gift of God receive,
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.



165.

JESUS, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress ;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

When from the dust of death, I rise
To take my mansion in the skies ;
E'en then shall this be all my plea,
Jesus hath lived and died for me.

Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay,
While, thro' Thy blood, absolved I am
From sin's tremendous curse and shame.

This spotless robe the same appears
When ruined nature sinks in years ;
No age can change its glorious hue ;
The robe of Christ is ever new.

O let the dead now hear Thy voice !
Bid, Lord, Thy banished ones rejoice ;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord our Righteousness.

166.

[our ears
SWEET were the sounds that reached
When mercy raised her heavenly voice ;
'Twas mercy that dispelled our fears,
And bade our souls in hope rejoice.

All other sounds discordant seem,
Compared with mercy's heavenly song,
So sweet and joyful is the theme,
It bears our willing souls along.

O may we never cease to hear
The voice that gives our conscience rest ;
That dissipates our guilty fear,
And tells us we are truly blest.

May mercy still remove our fear,
And bind our souls with cords of love !
Mercy that soothes our sorrows here,
And gives us hope of joys above.

167.

FORGIVENESS ! 'tis a joyful sound
To rebel sinners doomed to die :
Publish the bliss the world around ;—
Ye seraphs, shout it from the sky.

'Tis the rich gift of love divine :
'Tis full, out-measuring every crime :
Unclouded shall its glories shine,
And feel no change by changing time.

O'er sins, unnumbered as the sand,
And like the mountains for their size,
The seas of sovereign grace expand,
The seas of sovereign grace arise.

For this stupendous love of heaven,
What grateful honour shall we show ?
Where much transgression is forgiven
Let love with equal ardour glow.

By this inspired, let all our days
With various holiness be crowned ;
Let truth and goodness, prayer and
In all abide, in all abound. [praise,

Constance. L.M.



168.

O SPIRIT of the living God,
In all Thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
To preach the reconciling word ;
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

Be darkness, at Thy coming, light ;
Confusion, order in Thy path ; [might ;
Souls without strength inspire with
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

Baptize the nations ; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record ;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord.

God from eternity hath willed
All flesh shall His salvation see ;
So be the Father's love fulfilled, [Thee.
The Saviour's sufferings crowned through

169.

[Dove,
DESCEND from heaven, immortal
Stoop down and take us on Thy wings,
And mount and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things :

Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll,
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.

O for a sight, a pleasing sight
Of our almighty Father's throne ! [light,
There sits our Saviour crowned with
Clothed in a body like our own.

Adoring saints around Him stand,
And thrones and powers before him fall ;
The God shines gracious thro' the Man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.

O what amazing joys they feel
While to their golden harps they sing,
And sit on every heavenly hill,
And spread the triumphs of their King !
When shall the day, dear Lord, appear
That I shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow amongst them there,
And view Thy face, and sing, and love !

170.

SO let our lips and lives express

The holy gospel we profess,
So let our works and virtues shine
To prove the doctrine all divine.

Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour God ;
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride ; [love
While justice, temperance, truth and
Our inward piety approve.

Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on His word.



171.

THUS far the Lord hath led me on,
 Thus far His power prolongs my days ;
 And every evening shall make known
 Some fresh memorial of His grace.

*Much of my time has run to waste,
 And I perhaps am near my home ;
 But he forgives my follies past,
 He gives me strength for days to come.*

I lay my body down to sleep,
 Peace is the pillow for my head ;
 While well-appointed angels keep
 Their watchful stations round my bed.

Faith in His name forbids my fear ;
 Oh may Thy presence ne'er depart !
 And in the morning make me hear,
 The love and kindness of Thy heart.

*Thus, when the night of death shall come,
 My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
 And wait Thy voice to rouse my tomb,
 With sweet salvation in the sound.*

172.

HOW 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.

The oath and promise of the Lord
 Join to confirm the wondrous grace ;
 Eternal power performs the word,
 And fills all heaven with endless praise.

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.

The gospel bears my spirit up ;
 A faithful and unchanging God
 Lays the foundation of my hope
 In oaths, and promises, and blood.

173.

AFFLICTED saint, to Christ draw near,
 Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear ;
 His faithful word declares to thee
 That, as thy day, thy strength shall be.

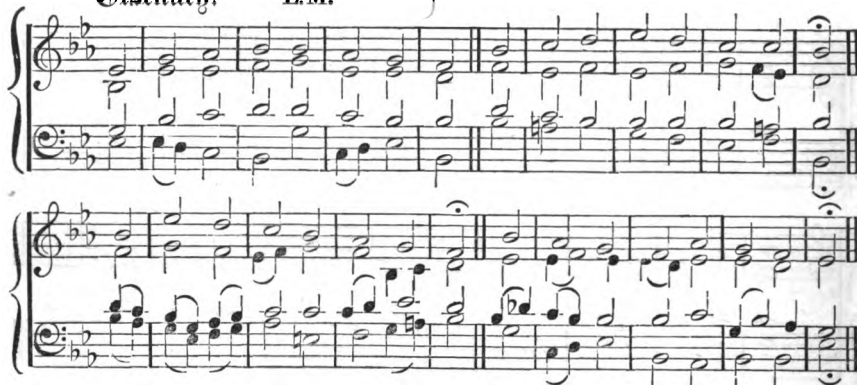
Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong,
 And if the conflict should be long,
 The Lord will make the tempter flee ;
 For, as thy day, thy strength shall be.

Should persecution rage and flame,
 Still trust in thy Redeemer's name ;
 In fiery trials thou shalt see
 That, as thy day, thy strength shall be.

When called to bear the weighty cross
 Of sore affliction, pain, or loss,
 Or deep distress or poverty—
 Still, as thy day, thy strength shall be.

When death at last appears in view,
 Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue ;
 He comes to set thy spirit free,
 And, as thy day, thy strength shall be.

Eisenach. L.M.



174.

OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Saviour is gone up on high ;
The powers of hell are captive led,—
Dragged to the portals of the sky.

There his triumphal chariot waits ;
And angels chant the solemn lay :—
“ Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way !”

Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene ;
He claims those mansions as his right ;
Receive the King of glory in.

“ Who is the King of glory, who ?”
The Lord that all our foes o’ercame ;
The world, sin, death, and hell o’erthrew,
And Jesus is the conqueror’s name.

Lo His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay :
“ Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way !”

“ Who is the King of glory, who ?”—
The Lord of boundless power possesset :
The King of saints, and angels too !
God over all, for ever blest !

175.

HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines ;
Thy truth shall break thro’ every cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.

For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep ;
Wise are the wonders of Thy hands ;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

Thy providence is kind and large ;
Both man and beast Thy bounty share ;
The whole creation is Thy charge ;
But saints are Thy peculiar care.

My God ! how excellent Thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort
The sons of Adam in distress [springs !
Fly to the shadow of Thy wings

Life, like a fountain, rich and free,
Springs from the presence of the Lord ;
And in Thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in Thy word

176.

NOW let the feeble all be strong,
And make Jehovah’s arm their song ;
His shield is spread o’er every saint,
And, thus supported, who shall faint ?

Bound by His word, He will display
A strength proportioned to our day :
And, when united trials meet,
Will show a path of safe retreat.

Thus far we prove that promise good,
Which Jesus ratified with blood :
Still is He gracious, wise, and just ;
And still, in Him, let Israel trust.



177.

AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
 And sing thy great Redeemer's praise ;
 He justly claims a song from me,
 His lovingkindness, oh how free !
 He saw me ruined in the fall,
 Yet loved me notwithstanding all ;
 He saved me from my lost estate,
 His lovingkindness, oh how great !
 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
 Though earth and hell my way oppose,
 He safely leads my soul along,
 His lovingkindness, oh how strong !
 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
 Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
 He near my soul has always stood,
 His lovingkindness, oh how good !
*Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
 Soon all my mortal powers must fail ;
 Oh may my last expiring breath
 His lovingkindness sing in death.*
 Then let me mount and soar away
 To the bright world of endless day ;
 And sing, with rapture and surprise,
 His lovingkindness in the skies.

178.

GIVE thanks to God ; He reigns above ;
 Kind are His thoughts, His name is
 His mercy ages past have known, [Love ;
 And ages long to come shall own.
 From age to age exalt His name ;
 God and His grace are still the same ;

He fills the hungry soul with food,
 And feeds the poor with every good.
 He feeds and clothes us all the way,
 He guides our footsteps lest we stray,
 He guards us with a powerful hand,
 And brings us to the heavenly land.
 O let the saints with joy record
 The truth and goodness of the Lord ;
 How great His works ! how kind His
 ways !
 Let every tongue pronounce His praise.

179.

UP to the Lord, that reigns on high,
 And views the nations from afar,
 Let everlasting praises fly,
 And tell how large his bounties are.
 He overrules all mortal things,
 And manages our mean affairs ;
 On humble souls the King of kings
 Bestows His counsels and His cares.
*Our sorrows and our tears we pour
 Into the bosom of our God ;
 He hears us in the mournful hour,
 And helps us bear the heavy load.*
 In vain might lofty princes try
 Such condescension to perform ;
 For worms were never raised so high
 Above their meanest fellow-worm.
 O could our thankful hearts devise
 A tribute equal to Thy grace, [rise,
 To the third heaven our songs should
 And teach the golden harps Thy praise.

festus. L.M.



180.

HOW vast the treasure we possess !
 How rich Thy bounty, King of grace !
 This world is ours, and worlds to come ;
 Earth is our lodge, and heaven our home.

All things are ours ; the gifts of God ;
 The purchase of a Saviour's blood ;
 While the good Spirit shows us how
 To use, and to improve them too.

If peace and plenty crown my days,
 They help me, Lord, to speak Thy praise :
*If bread of sorrows be my food,
 Those sorrows work my lasting good.*

I would not change my blest estate
 For all the world calls good or great ;
 And, while my faith can keep her hold,
 I envy not the sinner's gold.

Father, I wait Thy daily will ;
 Thou shalt divide my portion still ;
 Grant me on earth what seems Thee best,
 Till death and heaven reveal the rest.

181.

HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
 O Lord of hosts, Thy dwellings are !
 With long desire my spirit faints
 To meet the assemblies of Thy saints.

Blest are the souls that find a place
 Within the temple of Thy grace ;
 Here they behold Thy gentler rays,
 And seek Thy face, and learn Thy praise.

Blest are the men whose hearts are set
 To find the way to Zion's gate ; [road
 God is their strength, and through the
 They lean upon their helper, God.

Cheerful they walk with growing
 strength,
 Till all shall meet in heaven at length,
 Till all before Thy face appear,
 And join in nobler worship there.

182.

ANOTHER six days' work is done,
 Another Sabbath is begun ;
 Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
 Improve the day thy God hath blest.

Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
 So sweet a rest to wearied minds ;
 Provides an antepast of heaven,
 And gives this day the food of seven.

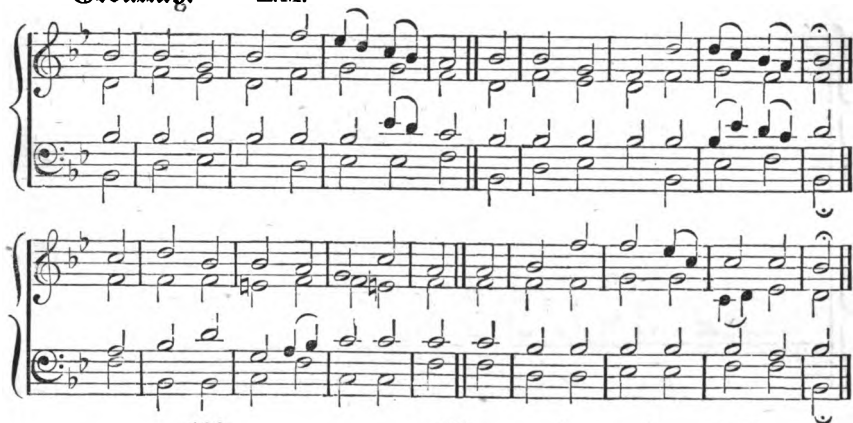
Oh, that our thoughts and thanks may
 As grateful incense to the skies ; [rise,
 And draw from heaven that sweet repose
 Which none but he that feels it knows.

This heavenly calm, within the breast,
 Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
 Which for the church of God remains,
 The end of cares, the end of pains

In holy duties let the day,
 In holy pleasures pass away ;
 How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
 In hope of one that ne'er shall end !

Gedaliah.

L.M.



183.

JEHOVAH reigns, exalted high
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky ; [feet,
Though clouds and darkness veil His
His dwelling is the mercy-seat.

O ye that love His holy name,
Hate every work of sin and shame :
He guards the souls of all His friends,
And from the snares of hell defends.

Immortal light, and joys unknown,
Are for the saints in darkness sown :
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest cheer their eyes.

Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The sacred honours of your Lord :
Come, magnify His glorious grace,
And triumph in His holiness.

184.

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

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

Through all His works His wisdom
And baffles Satan's deep designs ; [shines,

His power is sovereign to fulfil
The noblest counsels of His will.

And will this glorious Lord descend
To be my Father and my Friend ?
Then let my songs with angels join ;
Heaven is secure, if God be mine.

185.

THE Lord is King ; lift up the voice,
O earth, and all ye heavens, rejoice !
From world to world the joy shall ring,
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

The Lord is King ; child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just
Holy and true are all His ways ;
Let every creature speak His praise.

He reigns : ye saints, exalt your strains ;
Your God is King, your Father reigns ;
And He is at the Father's side,
The Man of Love, the crucified.

Come, make your wants, your burdens
known,
He will present them at the throne ;
And angel-bands are waiting there,
His messages of love to bear.

Oh, when His wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, His love forsake,
Then may His children cease to sing,
The Lord Omnipotent is King !

Gloucester. L.M.



186.

NOW for a song of lofty praise
 To great Jehovah's equal Son!
 Awake, my voice, in heavenly lays
 Tell loud the wonders He hath done.
 Sing how He left the worlds of light,
 And the bright robes he wore above;
 How swift and joyful was His flight,
 On wings of everlasting love.
 Down to this fallen world He came,
 Our nature took, our surety stood,
 Endured the cross, despised the shame,
 And bought our ransom with His blood.

Deep in the shades of gloomy death,
 The Almighty Captive prisoner lay;
 The Almighty Captive left the earth,
 And rose to everlasting day.

Amongst a thousand harps and songs,
 Jesus, the Lord, exalted reigns;
 His sacred name fills all their tongues,
 And echoes thro' the heavenly plains.

187.

WE praise, we worship Thee, O God;
 Thy sovereign power we sound abroad;
 All nations bow before Thy throne,
 And Thee the great Jehovah own.

Loud hallelujahs to Thy name
 Angels and seraphin proclaim:
 By all the powers and thrones in heaven,
 Eternal praise to Thee is given.

O holy, holy, holy Lord!
 Thou God of Hosts, by all adored!
 Earth and the heavens are full of Thee,
 Thy light, Thy power, Thy majesty.

Apostles join the glorious throng,
 And swell the loud triumphant song:
 Prophets and martyrs hear the sound,
 And spread the hallelujah round.

Glory to Thee, O God Most High:
 Father, we praise Thy majesty;
 The Son, the Spirit, we adore;
 One Godhead, bless'd for evermore.

188.

NOW in a song of grateful praise,
 To Jesus we our voices raise;
 Jesus, who deigned on earth to dwell,
 Who while on earth did all things well.

Wisdom, and power, and love divine
 In all His works unrivalled shine,
 And force the wondering world to tell
 That He alone did all things well.

Howe'er mysterious are His ways,
 Or dark and sorrowful our days;
 And though our spirits oft rebel,
 We know He still does all things well.

And when we stand before His throne,
 And all His ways are fully known,
 This note in sweetest strains shall swell,
 That Jesus has done all things well.

St. Gregory. L.M.



189.

THEE we adore, Eternal Lord !
 We praise Thy name with one accord ;
 Thy saints, who here Thy goodness see,
 Through all the world do worship Thee.
 To Thee, aloud all angels cry,
 Raising their ceaseless songs on high ;
 Both Cherubin and Seraphin
 The heavens and all the powers therein.
 Th' Apostles join the glorious throng ;
 The Prophets swell th' immortal song ;
 The Martyrs' noble army raise
 Eternal anthems to Thy praise.
 Thee, Holy, Holy, Holy King !
 Lord God of hosts, Thyself, they sing ;
 Thus earth below, and heaven above,
 Resound Thy glory and Thy love.

190.

[claim
 WITH transport, Lord, our souls pro-
 The immortal honours of Thy name ;
 Assembled round our Saviour's throne,
 We make His ceaseless glories known.
 Through all succeeding ages, He
 The same hath been, the same shall be :
 Immortal radiance gilds His head,
 While stars and suns wax old and fade.
 The same His power His flock to guard ;
 The same His bounty to reward ;
 The same His faithfulness and love
 To saints on earth, and saints above.
Let nature change, and sink, and die,
 Jesus shall raise His chosen high,

And fix them near His stedfast throne,
 In glories changeless as His own.

191.

COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell
 By faith and love in every breast ;
 Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
 The joys that cannot be exprest.
 Come fill our hearts with inward
 strength,
 Make our enlarged souls possess, [length
 And learn the height, and breadth, and
 Of thine unmeasurable grace.
 Now to the God whose power can do
 More than our thoughts or wishes know,
 Be everlasting honours done [Son.
 By all the church, through Christ His

192.

MY dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
 I read my duty in Thy word ;
 But in Thy life the law appears
 Drawn out in living characters.
 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
 Such deference to Thy Father's will,
 Such love, and meekness so divine,
 I would transcribe and make them mine.
*Cold mountains and the midnight air
 Witnessed the fervour of Thy prayer ;
 The desert Thy temptations knew,
 Thy conflict and Thy victory too.*
 Be Thou my Pattern ; make me bear
 More of Thy gracious image here ;
 Then God the Judge shall own my name
 Amongst the followers of the Lamb.



193.

JESUS, where'er Thy people meet
There they behold Thy mercy seat ;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

For Thou within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind ;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And, going, take Thee to their home.

Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few !
Thy former mercies here renew ;
Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving name.

Here may we prove the power of prayer,
To strengthen faith and sweeten care :
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

Lord, we are few, but Thou art near ;
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear :
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make our waiting hearts Thine own.

194.

WHERE two or three with sweet [accord,
Obedient to their Sovereign Lord,
Meet to recount His acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise :

There, says the Saviour, will I be,
Amid this little company ;
To them unveil my smiling face,
And shed my glories round the place.

We meet at Thy command, dear Lord,
Relying on Thy faithful word ;
Now send Thy Spirit from above,
And fill our hearts with heavenly love.
Then shall we praise the God of grace,
Who brought our footsteps to this place ;
For prayer and praise, with sins
forgiven,
Bring down to earth the bliss of heaven.

195.

WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat !
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer
But wishes to be often there ?

Prayer makes the darkened cloud
withdraw ;

Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

Restraining prayer, we cease to fight ;
Prayer makes the Christian's armour
bright :

And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

*Have you no words? ah! think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.*

Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oftener be,
Hear what the Lord has done for me !



196.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
He can create and He destroy.

His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men ;
And, when like wandering sheep we
He brought us to His fold again. [strayed,

We are His people, we His care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame ;
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy name ?

[songs ;
We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful
High as the heavens our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand
tongues, [praise.
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding

Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love ;
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

197.

*God in His temple let us meet ;
Low on our knees before Him bend,
Here hath He fixed His mercy-seat ;
Here on His Sabbath we attend.*

Arise into Thy resting-place,
Thou and Thine ark of strength, O Lord !
Shine thro' the veil ; we seek Thy face ;
Speak, for we hearken to Thy word.

With righteousness Thy priests array ;
Joyful Thy chosen people be ;
Let those who teach, and those who pray,
Let all be holiness to Thee.

198.

GREAT God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdom to Thy Son,
Extend His power, exalt His throne.

Thy sceptre well becomes His hands :
All heaven submits to His commands :
His worship and His fear shall last
Till hours, and years, and time be past.

As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall He send His influence down :
His grace on fainting souls distils,
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.

The heathen lands, that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at His first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

The saints shall flourish in His days,
Drest in the robes of joy and praise ;
Peace, like a river, from His throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.



199.

LORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand,
 In gardens planted by Thine hand :
 Let me within Thy courts be seen,
 Like a young cedar, fresh and green.
 There grow Thy saints in faith and love,
 Blest with Thine influence from above :
 Not Lebanon with all its trees
 Yields such a comely sight as these.
 The plants of grace shall ever live ;
Nature decays, but grace must thrive ;
Time, that doth all things else impair,
 Still makes them flourish strong and fair.
 Laden with fruits of age, they show
 The Lord is holy, just, and true :
 None that attend His gates shall find
 A God unfaithful or unkind.

200.

HOW welcome to the saints, when prest
 With six days' noise, and care, and toil,
 Is the returning day of rest,
 Which hides them from the world awhile !
 Now, from the throng withdrawn away,
 They seem to breathe a different air ;
 Composed and softened by the day,
 All things another aspect wear.
 With joy they hasten to the place
 Where they the Saviour oft have met ;
 And, while they feast upon His grace,
 Their burdens and their griefs forget.

This highly favoured lot is ours—
 May we the privilege improve ;
 And find these consecrated hours
 Sweet earnest of the joys above !
 We thank Thee for Thy day, O Lord :
 Here we Thy promised presence seek ;
 Open Thy hand, with blessings stored,
 And give us manna for the week.

201.

WHERE high the heavenly temple
 stands,
 The house of God not made with hands,
 A great High Priest our nature wears,
 The Guardian of mankind appears.
 He who for men their Surety stood,
 And poured on earth His precious blood,
 Pursues in heaven His mighty plan,
 The Saviour and the Friend of man.
 Though now ascended up on high,
 He bends on earth a Brother's eye ;
 Partaker of the human name,
 He knows the frailty of our frame.
In every pang that rends the heart
The Man of sorrows bears a part ;
He sympathizes in our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.
 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
 Let us make all our sorrows known,
 And ask the aids of heavenly power
 To help us in the evil hour.

203.

HOW sweetly flowed the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace, [round,
When listening thousands gathered
And joy and reverence filled the place.
From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke:
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

"Come, wanderers, to my Father's home:
Come all ye weary ones and rest."
Yes! sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest!

204.

DO we not know that solemn word,
That we are buried with the Lord,
Baptized into His death, and then
Put off the body of our sin?
Our souls receive diviner breath,
Raised from corruption, guilt, and death;
So from the grave did Christ arise,
And lives to God above the skies.

No more let sin or Satan reign
Over our mortal flesh again:
The various lusts we served before
Shall have dominion now no more.

205.

HE lives! the great Redeemer lives!
(What joy the blest assurance gives!)
And now, before His Father God,
Pleads the full merit of His blood.

Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And Justice armed with frowns appears;
But in the Saviour's lovely face
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

Hence, then, ye black despairing thoughts!
Above our fears, above our faults
His powerful intercessions rise;
And guilt recedes and terror dies.

In every dark, distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on His heart.

Great Advocate, almighty Friend—
On Him our humble hopes depend:
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

206.

GOD is the refuge of His saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold Him present with His aid!
Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep and buried there;
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

*There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;*
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

That sacred stream, Thine holy Word,
That all our raging fears controls;
Sweet peace Thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.
Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on His truth, and armed with power.

207.

WHO can describe the joys that rise
Through all the courts of paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born?

With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of His eternal love;
The Son with joy looks down and sees
The purchase of His agonies.

The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul He formed anew;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

208.

COME, Christian Brethren, ere we part,
Join every voice and every heart,
One solemn hymn to God we raise,
One final song of grateful praise.

*Brethren, we here may meet no more,
But there is yet a happier shore;*
And there, released from toil and pain,
Brethren, we all shall meet again.

Now to our God, the Three in One,
Be everlasting glory done;
Rehearse, ye saints, the sound again—
Let every voice repeat Amen!

65

Morning Hymn. L.M.



209.

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.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who, all night long, unwearied sing
High praises to the Eternal King.

May I like them in God delight ;
Have all day long my God in sight ;
Perform, like them, my Maker's will,
And celebrate His glories still.

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew,
Disperse my sins as morning dew ; [will,
Guard my first springs of thought and
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, 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.

Glory to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refresh'd me while I slept ;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall
I may of endless life partake. [wake,

210.

MY God, how endless is Thy love !
Thy gifts are every evening new ;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil, like early dew.

Thou spreadst the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours ;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

I yield my powers to Thy command ;
To Thee I consecrate my days :
Perpetual blessings from Thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

211.

O TIMELY happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise ;
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new.

New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove ;
Through sleep and darkness safely
brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiv'n, [heav'n.
New thoughts of God, new hopes of
If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above ;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

Heriah. L.M.



212.

ASCEND Thy throne, Almighty king !
 And spread Thy glories all abroad ;
 Let Thine own arm salvation bring,
 And be Thou known the gracious God.

Let millions bow before Thy seat,
 Let humble mourners see Thy face,
 Bring daring rebels to Thy feet,
 Subdued by Thy victorious grace.

O let the kingdoms of the world
 Become the kingdoms of the Lord ;
 Let saints and angels praise Thy name,
 Be Thou through heaven and earth
 [adored.

213.

BRIGHT as the sun's meridian blaze,
 Vast as the blessings he conveys,
 Wide as his reign from pole to pole,
 And permanent as his control

So, Jesus, let Thy kingdom come ;
 Then sin and hell's terrific gloom
 Shall at its brightness flee away,
 The dawn of an eternal day.

Then shall the heathen, filled with awe,
 Learn the blest knowledge of Thy law,
 And antichrists on every shore
 Fall from their thrones to rise no more.

Then shall the Jew and Gentile meet
 In pure devotion at Thy feet ;

And earth shall yield Thee as Thy due,
 Her fulness and her glory too.

O that from Britain now might shine
 This heavenly light, this truth divine !
 Till the whole universe shall be
 But one great temple, Lord, for Thee.

214.

COMMAND Thy blessing from above,
 O God ! on all assembled here ;
 Behold us with a Father's love,
 While we look up with filial fear.

Command Thy blessing, Jesus, Lord !
 May we Thy true disciples be ;
 Speak to each heart the mighty word,
 Say to the weakest,—Follow me.

Command Thy blessing in this hour,
 Spirit of truth ! and fill the place
 With wounding and with healing power,
 With quickening and confirming grace.

O Thou, our Maker, Saviour, Guide,
 One true eternal God confessed,
 Whom Thou hast joined may none
 divide,— [blessed.
 None dare to curse whom Thou hast

With Thee and these for ever found,
 May all the souls who here unite,
 With harps and songs Thy throne
 surround,
 Rest in Thy love, and reign in light.

Old Hundredth. L. M.



215.

PRAISE ye the Lord; 'tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in His praise;
His nature and His works invite
To make this duty our delight.

He formed the stars, those heavenly
flames, [names;
He counts their numbers, calls their
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound;
A deep where all our thoughts are
drowned.

Sing to the Lord, exalt Him high,
Who spreads His clouds around the sky;
There He prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn:
The beasts with food His hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.
But saints are lovely in His sight;
He views His children with delight:
He sees their hope, He knows their fear;
And looks, and loves His image there.

216.

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth
Come ye before Him and rejoice. [tell;
The Lord, ye know, is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make;
We are his flock, He doth us feed;
And for his sheep He doth us take.
O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;

Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

217.

SING to the Lord with joyful voice;
Let every land His name adore;
The British Isles shall send the noise
Across the ocean to the shore.

Nations, attend before His throne
With solemn fear, with sacred joy:
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create and He destroy.

His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And, when like wandering sheep we
strayed,

He brought us to His fold again.

We are His people, we His care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy name? [songs;
We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful
High as the heaven our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand
tongues, [praise.

Shall fill Thy courts with sounding
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.

218.

WITH heavenly power, O Lord, defend
 Him whom we now to Thee commend;
 His person bless, his soul secure,
 And make him to the end endure.
 Gird him with all-sufficient grace,
 Direct his feet in paths of peace;
 Thy truth and faithfulness fulfil,
 And help him to obey Thy will.
 Before him Thy protection send;
 O love him, save him to the end;
 Nor let him, as Thy pilgrim, rove
 Without the convoy of Thy love.
 Enlarge, inflame, and fill his heart,
 In him Thy mighty power exert;
 That thousands yet unborn may praise
 The wonders of redeeming grace.

219.

YE sons of men, with joy record
 The various wonders of the Lord;
 And let His power and goodness sound
 Through all your tribes the earth around.
 Let the high heavens your songs invite,
 Those spacious fields of brilliant light;
 Where sun, and moon, and planets roll,
 And stars that glow from pole to pole.
 View the broad sea's majestic plains,
 And think how wide its Maker reigns;
 That band remotest nations joins,
 And on each wave His goodness shines.
 But O that brighter world above,
 Where lives and reigns Incarnate Love!
 God's only Son, in flesh arrayed,
 For man a bleeding victim made:
 Thither, my soul, with rapture soar;
 There in the land of praise adore:
 This theme demands an angel's lay,
 Demands an undeclining day.

220.

YE nations round the earth, rejoice
 Before the Lord, your sovereign King;
 Serve Him with cheerful heart and voice,
 With all your tongues His glory sing.
 The Lord is God: 'tis He alone
 Doth life, and breath, and being give;
 We are His work and not our own,
 The sheep that on His pastures live.

Enter His gates with songs of joy,
 With praises to His courts repair;
 And make it your divine employ
 To pay your thanks and honours there.
 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind;
 Great is His grace, His mercy sure;
 And the whole race of man shall find
 His truth from age to age endure.

221.

WITH one consent let all the earth
 To God their cheerful voices raise;
 Glad homage pay with pious mirth,
 And sing before Him songs of praise;
 Convinced that He is God alone,
 From whom both we and all proceed;
 We, whom He chooses for His own,
 The flock that He vouchsafes to feed.
 O enter then His temple gate,
 Thence to His courts devoutly press,
 And still your grateful hymns repeat,
 And still His name with praises bless.
 For He's the Lord, supremely good;
 His mercy is for ever sure;
 His truth which always firmly stood,
 To endless ages shall endure.

222.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
 Let the Creator's praise arise;
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung
 Through every land, by every tongue.
 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
 Eternal truth attends Thy word:
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

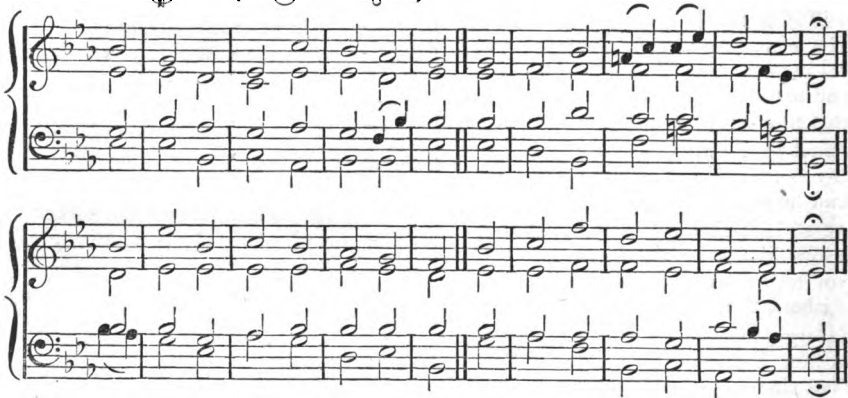
223.

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.
 Though we are guilty, thou art good;
 Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
 Give every fettered soul release,
 And bid us all depart in peace.

224.

PRaise God, from whom all blessings [flow;
 Praise Him, all creatures here below:
 Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

St. Paul (or Devonshire). L.M.



225.

ETERNAL Source of every joy,
Well may Thy praise our lips employ,
While in Thy temple we appear
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole!
The sun is taught by Thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

The flowery spring, at Thy command,
Embalms the air and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigour shine
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores;
And winters, softened by Thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.

Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
Still be the cheerful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.

Here in Thy house let incense rise,
And circling sabbaths bless our eyes,
Till to those lofty heights we soar
Where days and years revolve no more.

226.

JESUS, the spring of joys divine,
Whence all our hopes and comforts flow—

Jesus, no other name but Thine
Can save us from eternal woe.

No other name will heaven approve:
Thou art the true, the living Way,
Ordained by everlasting love,
To the bright realms of endless day.

Here let our constant feet abide,
Nor from the heavenly path depart:
O let Thy Spirit, gracious guide!
Direct our steps, and cheer our heart.

Safe lead us through this world of night,
And bring us to the blissful plains—
The regions of unclouded light,
Where perfect joy for ever reigns.

227.

HAIL, peaceful day of hallowed rest!
Sweet harbinger of joys above;
Thine hours are all by Jesus blest,
And shine on man with beams of love.

'Twas mercy first ordained the day,
In kind compassion to our woes;
That we might learn the heavenly way,
And find in Christ our true repose.

It comes this dreary waste to cheer,
And shed celestial peace abroad;
With sacred truth to bless the ear,
And raise the undying soul to God.



228.

GO, messenger of peace and love,
 To nations plunged in shades of night,
 Like angels sent from fields above,
 Be thine to shed celestial light.
 On barren rock and desert isle,
 Go, bid the Rose of Sharon bloom,
 Till arid wastes around thee smile,
 Rich as the dews from morning's womb.
 Go, bid the bright and morning Star
 From Bethlehem's plains resplendent
 shine,
 And, piercing through the gloom afar,
 Shed heavenly light and love divine.
 From North to South, from East to West,
 Messiah yet shall reign supreme :
 His name by every tongue confessed ;
 His praise, the universal theme.
 Then faint not in the day of toil,
 When harvest waits the reaper's hand,
 Go, gather in the glorious spoil,
 And joyous in His presence stand.
 Thy love a rich reward shall find,
 From Him who sits enthroned on high ;
 For they who turn the wandering mind
 Shall shine like stars above the sky.

229.

JESUS, Thy sovereign grace we bless,
 That crowns Thy gospel with success ;
 Subjecting rebels to Thy throne,
 And gathering to Thy fold Thine own.

Those who have now Thy truth confessed,
 As their own faith, and hope, and rest,
 We, in Thy name, with joy embrace,
 As fellow-heirs of heavenly grace.

As living members, may they share
 The joys and griefs which others bear ;
 And active in their stations prove,
 In all the offices of love.

From all temptations them defend,
 And keep them steadfast to the end ;
 Ever abiding in Thy love,
 Until they join the church above.

230.

THE law commands, and makes us know,
 What duties to our God we owe ;
 But 'tis the gospel must reveal
 Where lies our strength to do His will.

The law discovers guilt and sin,
 And shewsh how vile our hearts have been ;
 Only the gospel can express
 Forgiving love and cleansing grace.

What curses doth the law denounce
 Against the man that fails but once ;
 But in the gospel Christ appears
 Pardoning the guilt of numerous years.

My soul, no more attempt to draw
 Thy life and comfort from the law ;
 Fly to the hope the gospel gives,
 The man that trusts the promise lives.

Pentecost. L.M.



231.

COME, Holy Spirit, raise our songs,
To reach the wonders of the day,
When with the fiery cloven tongues
Thou didst those glorious scenes display.

By this the blest disciples knew
Their risen Head had entered heaven;
Had now obtained the promise due,
Fully by God the Father given.

Lord, we believe to us and ours
The apostolic promise given:
We wait the Pentecostal powers,
The Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.

Assembled here with one accord,
Calmly we wait the promised grace,
The purchase of our dying Lord:
Come, Holy Ghost, and fill the place.

If every one that asks may find,
If still Thou dost on sinners fall,
Come as a mighty rushing wind:
Great grace be now upon us all.

232.

THOU Son of God and Son of man,
Beloved, adored Immanuel,
Who didst, before all time began,
In glory with Thy Father dwell;

We sing Thy love, who didst in time
For us humanity assume;

To answer for the sinner's crime,
To suffer in the sinner's room.

The ransomed church Thy glory sings;
The hosts of heaven Thy will obey;
Thou Lord of lords, and King of kings,
We celebrate Thy blessed sway.

A servant's form didst Thou sustain,
And with delight the law obey;
And then endure amazing pain,
While all our sorrows on Thee lay.

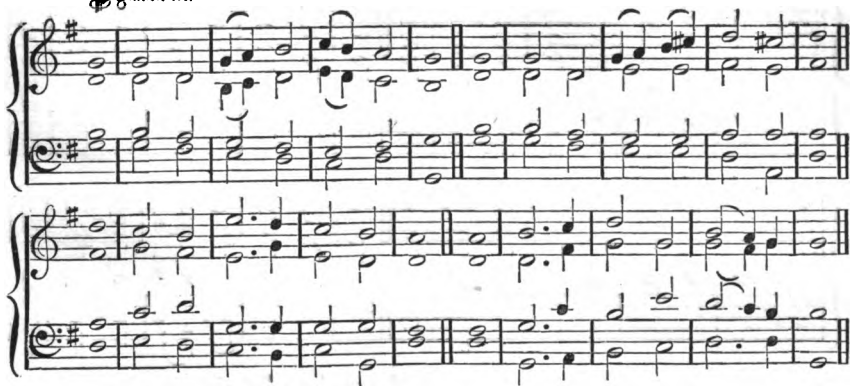
Blest Saviour! we are wholly Thine,
So freely loved, so dearly bought;
Our souls to Thee would we resign,
To Thee subject our every thought.

233.

THE God of truth His church has bless'd,
And loved with an eternal love;
Hence we are drawn to Christ our rest,
And from His grace shall ne'er remove.

This love in every trying hour,
Saviour, shall cheer the trembling saint;
O draw us with increasing power,
That we may run and never faint.

Here would we dwell while others rove,
Here we are safe from all alarms;
Our hope is everlasting love,
Our rest the everlasting arms.



234.

JESUS, thou everlasting King,
 Accept the tribute which we bring,
 Accept the well-deserved renown,
 And wear our praises as Thy crown.
 Let every act of worship be
 Like our espousals, Lord, to Thee ;
 Like the dear hour when from above
 We first received Thy pledge of love.
 The gladness of that happy day,
 Our hearts would wish it long to stay,
 Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
 Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold.
 Each following minute as it flies,
 Increase Thy praise, improve our joys,
 Till we are raised to sing Thy name
 At the great supper of the Lamb.

235.

WHAT sinners value I resign ;
 Lord, 'tis enough that Thou art mine :
 I shall behold Thy blissful face,
 And stand complete in righteousness.
 This life's a dream, an empty show !
 But the bright world to which I go,
 Hath joys substantial and sincere ;
 When shall I wake, and find me there ?
 O glorious hour ! O blest abode !
 I shall be near and like my God ;
 And flesh and sin no more control
 The sacred pleasures of my soul.
*My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
 Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;*

Then burst the chains, with glad surprise,
 And in my Saviour's image rise.

236.

BLESS, O my soul, the living God,
 Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad ;
 Let all the powers within me join
 In work and worship so divine.
 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace ;
 His favours claim thy highest praise ;
 Why should the wonders He hath
 Be lost in silence and forgot ? [wrought
 'Tis 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.
 He sees the oppressor and the opprest,
 And often gives the sufferers rest ;
 But will His justice more display
 In the last great rewarding day.
 Let the whole earth His power confess,
 Let the whole earth adore His grace ;
 The Gentile with the Jew shall join
 In work and worship so divine.

237.

SING to the Lord, ye saints of His,
 And tell how large His goodness is :
 Let all your powers rejoice and bless
 While you record His holiness.
 His anger but a moment stays,
 His love is life and length of days ;
 Though grief and tears the night employ,
 The morning star restores the joy.

Raphael. L.M.



238.

SPRINKLED with reconciling blood,
I venture near Thy throne, O God ;
Thy face no frowning aspect wears,
Thy hand no vengeful thunder bears.

The encircling rainbow, peaceful sign !
Doth with a softened lustre shine,
And, while my faith beholds it near,
I bid farewell to every fear.

Let me my grateful homage pay ;
With courage sing, with fervour pray,
And, though a sinner, quite undone,
Hope for acceptance through thy Son—

Thy Son, who on the shameful tree,
Expired to set the vilest free ;
On this I build my only claim,
And all I ask is in His name.

239.

HEAR, gracious God, a sinner cry,
A sinner who deserves to die ;
My only hope is found in Thee,
O God, be merciful to me.

To Thee I come, a sinner poor,
And wait for mercy at Thy door,
For I have nowhere else to flee :
O God, be merciful to me.

To Thee I come, a sinner vile,
Upon me, Lord, vouchsafe to smile ;

Mercy alone I make my plea :
O God, be merciful to me.

To Thee I come, a sinner lost,
Nor have I aught wherein to trust ;
Yet full forgiveness is with Thee :
O God, be merciful to me.

240.

OH wretched souls who strive in vain,
Slaves to the world, and slaves to sin !
A nobler toil may I sustain,
A nobler satisfaction win.

May I resolve with all my heart,
With all my powers to serve the Lord ;
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward

O be His service all my joy ;
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labours so divine.

Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined choice,
To yield to His supreme control,
And in His kind commands rejoice.

O may I never faint or tire,
Nor wandering leave His sacred ways !
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live Thy praise.



241.

MY God, in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love, and grace unknown,
Hide me beneath Thy spreading wings,
Till the dark cloud is overblown.

Up to the heavens I send my cry,
The Lord will my desires perform ;
He sends His angel from the sky,
And saves me from the threatening storm.

Be Thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens, where angels dwell ;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land Thy wonders tell.

My heart is fixed, my song shall raise
Immortal honours to Thy name ;
Awake, my tongue, to sound His praise—
My tongue, the glory of my frame.

High o'er the earth His mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky ;
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

242.

OH, happy day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God !
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

Oh, happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love !
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

'Tis done, the great transaction's done ;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine ;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

Now rest, my long-divided heart ;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest.
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angels' bread to feast ?

High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear ;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

243.

BEHOLD the sin-atoning Lamb,
With wonder, gratitude, and love !
To take away our guilt and shame,
See Him descending from above.

To save a guilty world He dies ;
Sinners, behold the bleeding Lamb !
To Him lift up your longing eyes,
And hope for pardon in His name.

Pardon and peace through Him abound ;
He can the richest blessings give ;
Salvation in His name is found ;
He bids the dying sinner live.

Jesus, our Lord, we look to Thee ;
Where else can helpless sinners go ?
Thy boundless love shall set us free
From all our wretchedness and woe.

Samson. L.M.



244.

STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armour on ;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where thy great Captain-Saviour's gone.

Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquished foes ;
Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose

What though thine inward lusts rebel,
'Tis but a struggling gasp for life ;
The weapons of victorious grace
Shall slay thy sins, and end the strife.

Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate ;
There peace and joy eternal reign, [wait.
And glittering robes for conquerors

There I shall wear a starry crown,
And triumph in Almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

245.

AWAKE our souls, away our fears,
Let every trembling thought be gone ;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

*True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint ;*

But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint.

Thee, mighty God ! whose matchless
Is ever new and ever young, [power
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

From Thee, the overflowing Spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength
Shall faint away, and droop, and die.

Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to Thine abode :
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

246.

ARM of the Lord, awake ! awake !
Put on Thy strength, the nations shake,
And let the world adoring see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee.

O send ten thousand heralds forth,
From east to west, from south to north,
To blow the trump of jubilee,
And peace proclaim from sea to sea !

Thus may the gospel's joyful sound
Reach to the earth's remotest bound,
Until Messiah's kingdom come,
And the elect be gathered home.



247.

[reigns

TRIUMPHANT, Lord, Thy goodness
Through all the wide celestial plains ;
And its full streams redundant flow
Down to the abodes of men below.

Through nature's works its glories shine ;
The cares of providence are Thine :
And grace erects our ruined frame
A fairer temple to Thy name.

O give to every human heart,
To taste and feel how good Thou art ;
With grateful love, and reverent fear,
To know how blest Thy children are !

Let nature burst into a song :
Ye echoing hills, the notes prolong :
Earth, seas, and stars, your anthems raise,
All vocal with your Maker's praise.

Ye saints, with joy the theme pursue ;
Its sweetest notes belong to you ;
Called by your condescending King,
For ever round His throne to sing.

248.

LET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord :
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessings in Thy word.

What if we trace the globe around,
And search from Britain to Japan,
There shall be no religion found
So just to God, so safe for man.

In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon ;

With long despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.

How well Thy blessed truths agree !
How wise and holy Thy commands.
Thy promises, how firm they be !
How firm our hope and comfort stands !

Should all the forms that men devise
Assail my faith with treacherous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

249.

NOW to the power of God supreme
Be everlasting honours given ;
He saves from hell, we bless his name,
He calls our wandering feet to heaven.

Not for our duties or deserts,
But of His own abounding grace
He works salvation in our hearts,
And forms a people for His praise.

'Twas His own purpose that begun
To rescue rebels doomed to die ;
He gave us grace in Christ His Son
Before He spread the starry sky.

Jesus, the Lord, appears at last,
And makes his Father's counsels known ;
Declares the great transactions past,
And brings immortal blessings down.

He dies, and in that dreadful night
Did all the powers of hell destroy :
Rising, he brought our heaven to light,
And took possession of the joy.

Callis' Canon, or Magdalen. L.M.



250.

GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath the shadow of Thy wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done,
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

*Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.*

O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep my eyelids close,
Sleep that may me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

251.

LORD, Thou hast searched and seen
me through ;

Thine eye commands with piercing view
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.

My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known ;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.

Within Thy circling power I stand ;
On every side I find Thy hand ;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

If, mounted on a morning ray,
I fly beyond the western sea ;
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest Thy fugitive.

Or, should I try to shun Thy sight,
Beneath the spreading veil of night,
One glance of Thine, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.

O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest !
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there !

252.

MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and Thee !
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

Why should my soul be chained to earth,
And thus debase its heavenly birth ?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go ?

Call me away from flesh and sense ;
One sovereign word can draw me thence ;
I would obey the voice Divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

*Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn :
Let noise and vanity be gone :
In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven, and there my God I find.*

Tutti.

L.M.



253.

KINDRED in Christ, for His dear
A hearty welcome here receive ; [sake,
May we together now partake
The joys which only He can give.

To you and us by grace 'tis given
To know the Saviour's precious name ;
And shortly we shall meet in heaven,
Our hope, our way, our end the same.

May He, by whose kind care we meet,
Send His good Spirit from above,
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.

Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians meet together thus ;
We only wish to speak of Him
Who lived, and died, and reigns for us.

Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore ;
And hasten on the glorious day,
When we shall meet to part no more.

254.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy name, give thanks and
To show Thy love by morning light [sing,
And talk of all Thy truth at night.

*Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal care shall seize my breast ;*

79

*O may my heart in tune be found
Like David's harp of solemn sound !*

My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His
word ; [shine !
Thy works of grace, how bright they
How deep Thy counsels ! how divine !

Grant me in heaven to hear and know
All I desired or wished below ;
Till every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

255.

LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship Thee !
At once they sing, at once they pray ;
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.

I have been there, and still would go,
'Tis like a little heaven below :
Not all that scorners think or say,
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

O write upon my memory, Lord,
The texts and doctrines of Thy word ;
That I may break Thy laws no more,
But love Thee better than before.

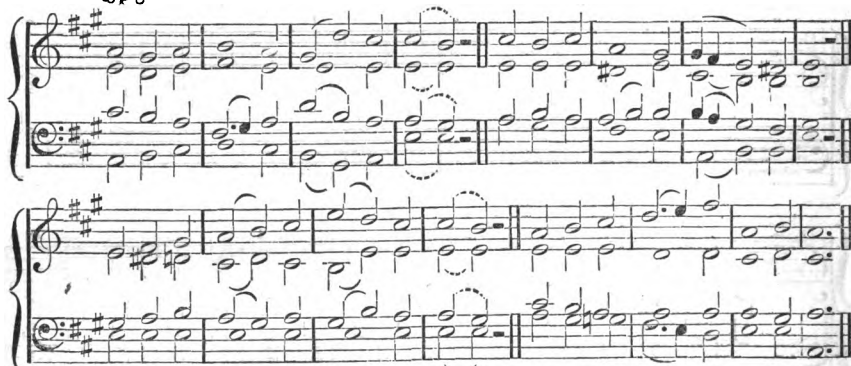
With thoughts of Christ and things
Fill up this foolish heart of mine ; [divine
That, hoping pardon through His blood,
I may lie down, and wake with God.

G

Tryphosa.

L.M.

Or 9.8.9.8. by omitting the dotted slurs.



256.

SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
 It is not night if Thou be near :
 O may no earth-born cloud arise,
 To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
 My wearied eyelids gently steep,
 Be my last thought,—How sweet to rest
 For ever on my Saviour's breast !
 Abide with me from morn till eve,
 For without Thee I cannot live :
 Abide with me when night is nigh,
 For without Thee I dare not die.
 If some poor wandering child of Thine
 Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
 Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;
 Let him no more lie down in sin.
 Come near and bless us when we wake,
 Ere through the world our way we take ;
 Till in the ocean of Thy love
 We lose ourselves in heaven above.

257.

LET me be with Thee where Thou art,
 My Saviour, my eternal Rest !
 Then only will this longing heart
 Be fully and for ever blest !
 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
 Thy unveiled glory to behold ;
 Then only will this wandering heart
 Cease to be treacherous, faithless, cold !
 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
 Where ransomed saints Thy name adore ;

Then only will this sinful heart
 Be evil and defiled no more !

Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
 Wherenone can die, whence none remove ;
 There neither death nor life shall part
 Or from Thy presence or Thy love !

258.

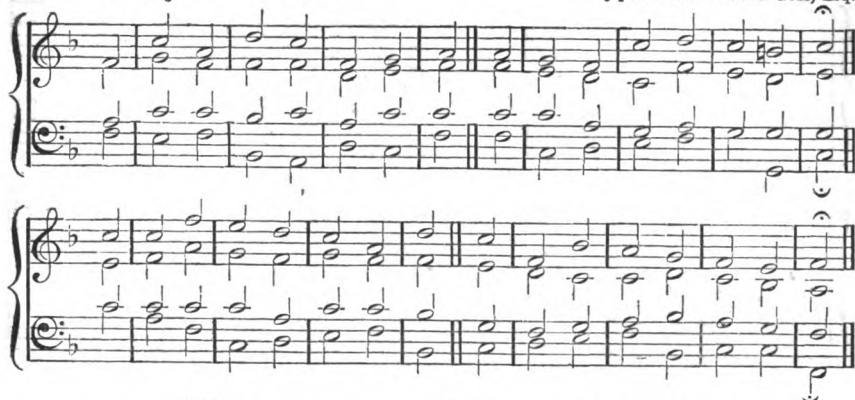
AS through this wilderness I stray,
 Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Way ;
 No foe, no evil, need I fear,
 If Thou, my gracious Lord, art near.
 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
 When sinks my strength in waves of woe,
 Saviour, Thy timely aid impart,
 And raise my head, and cheer my heart.
 Teach me, where'er Thy steps I see,
 Dauntless, untired, to follow Thee ;
 O let Thy hand support me still,
 And lead me to Thy holy hill.
 If rough and thorny be the way,
 My strength proportion to my day ;
 Till toil and grief and pain shall cease,
 Midst heav'nly calm and joy and peace.

259.

BREAD of the world, in mercy broken,
 Wine of the soul, in mercy shed !
 By whom the words of life were spoken,
 And in whose death our sins are dead,
 Look on the hearts by sorrow broken,
 Look on the tears by sinners shed ;
 And be Thy feast to us the token,
 That by Thy grace our souls are fed !

Undershaft. L.M.

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260.

MY God, my King, Thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days :
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise my song.

The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to Thine ear ;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for Thee.

Thy works with sovereign glory shine,
And speak Thy majesty divine ;
Let Britain round her shores proclaim
The sound and honour of Thy name.

Let distant times and nations raise,
The long succession of Thy praise ;
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and labour of their tongue.

But who can speak Thy wondrous deeds ?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds !
Vast and unsearchable Thy ways,
Vast and immortal be Thy praise.

261.

HEAR, gracious Sovereign, from Thy
throne,
And send Thy various blessings down :
While by Thine Israel Thou art sought,
Attend the prayer Thy word hath taught.

Come, sacred Spirit ! from above,
And fill the coldest heart with love ;
Soften to flesh the rugged stone,
And let Thy godlike power be known.

O let a holy flock await,
Numerous around Thy temple-gate,
Each pressing on with zeal to be
A living sacrifice to Thee !

In answer to our fervent cries,
Give us to see Thy church arise ;
Or if that blessing seem too great
Give us to mourn its low estate.

262.

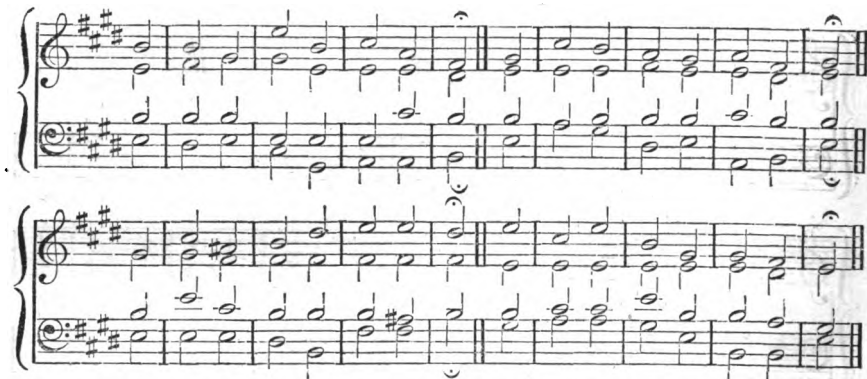
ETERNAL Spirit ! we confess
And sing the wonders of Thy grace ;
Thy power conveys our blessings down
From God the Father and the Son.

Enlightened by Thy heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day ;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger, and our refuge too.

Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin ;
Do our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.

The troubled conscience knows Thy
voice,
Thy cheering words awake our joys ;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

Via Vita. L.M.



263.

JESUS, my All, to heaven is gone ;
He whom I fix my hopes upon :
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till Him I view.

The way the holy prophets went—
The road that leads from banishment—
The king's highway of holiness—
I'll go ; for all His paths are peace.

This is the way I long had sought,
And mourned because I found it not ;
My grief and burden long had been
Because I could not cease from sin.

The more I strove against its power,
I sinned and stumbled but the more,
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
Come hither, soul, I am the Way.

Lo! glad I come! and Thou, blest Lamb
Wilt now receive me as I am !
My sinful self to Thee I give :
Nothing but love shall I receive.

Then will I tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found :
I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,
And say—Behold the Way to God.

264.

COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above ;
Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide ;
O'er every thought and step preside.

Conduct us safe, conduct us far
From every sin and hurtful snare ;
Lead to Thy word that rules must give,
And teach us lessons how to live.

The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy way.
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

Lead us to holiness—the road
That we must take to dwell with God :
Lead us to Christ—the living way,
Nor let us from His pasture stray.

Lead us to God, our final rest,
In His enjoyment to be blest ;
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

265.

JESUS, our Lord, our chief delight,
Our hope, our portion, and our stay ;
Our light in darkest shades of night,
Our glory in the brightest day.

Unspeakable Thy glories shine ;
Thy wondrous love all praise exceeds ;
Angels and men in vain combine
To reach Thy all-transcendent deeds.

Thou art the richest gift of God,
To sinners burdened and distressed ;
The first of all His gifts bestowed,
The certain pledge of all the rest.

Winchester New. L.M.



266.

SHOUT, for the great Redeemer reigns,
Through distant lands His triumphs
spread ;

And sinners, freed from Satan's chains,
Own Him their Saviour and their Head.

God's sons and daughters, from afar,
Daily at Zion's gates arrive ;
Those who were dead in sin before,
By sovereign grace are made alive.

O may His conquests still increase,
And every foe His power subdue ;
While angels celebrate His praise,
And saints His growing glories show.

Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb,
From all below and all above ;
In lofty songs exalt His name,
In songs as lofty as His love.

267.

PRAISE, everlasting praise, be paid
To Him, that earth's foundation laid ;
Praise to the God whose strong decrees
Sway the creation as He please.

Firm are the words His prophets give,
Sweet words, on which His children live !
Each of them is the voice of God,
Who spoke and spread the skies abroad.

Each of them powerful as that sound
That bade the new-made world go round ;

And stronger than the solid poles
On which the wheel of nature rolls.

Whence then should doubts and fears
arise ?

Why trickling sorrows drown our eyes ?
Slowly, alas ! our mind receives
The comfort that our Maker gives.

Oh, for a strong and lasting faith,
To credit what th' Almighty saith ;
To embrace the message of His Son,
And call the joys of heaven our own !

268.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does His successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And princes throng to crown His head ;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

Blessings abound where'er He reigns,
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.



269.

HAIL, morning known among the blest,
Morning of hope, and joy, and love,
Of heavenly peace, and holy rest,
Pledge of the endless rest above.

Blest be the Father of our Lord, [Son ;
Who from the dead hath brought His
Hope to the lost was then restored,
And everlasting glory won.

*Scarce morning twilight had begun
To chase the shades of night away,
When Christ arose, unsetting sun !
The dawn of joy's eternal day !*

Mercy looked down with gracious eye,
When our Immanuel left the dead ;
Faith marked His bright ascent on high,
And Hope with gladness raised her head.

Thy goodness, Lord, we bear in mind,
Who to Thy saints this day hast given ;
For rest and holy joy designed,
To fit our souls for death and heaven.

Descend, O Spirit of the Lord,
Thy power to every bosom bring ;
Then shall our ardent hearts accord,
And tune our lips His praise to sing.

270.

THOU glorious Sun of Righteousness,
Risen on high to set no more,
Shine on us now, to heal and bless
With brighter beams than e'er before.
Shine on Thy work of grace within,
On each celestial blossom there ;

Destroy each bitter root of sin,
And make Thy garden fresh and fair.
Shine on Thy pure eternal word,
Its mysteries to our souls reveal ;
And whether read, remembered, heard,
O let it quicken, strengthen, heal.

Shine on the temples of Thy grace,
In holy robes Thy priests be clad ;
Unveil the brightness of Thy face,
And make Thy chosen people glad.

Shine on, shine on, Eternal Sun !
Pour richer floods of life and light,
Till that bright Sabbath be begun,
That glorious day which knows no night.

271.

BEHOLD, the expected time draw near,
The shades disperse, the dawn appear,
Behold the wilderness assume
The beauteous tints of Eden's bloom !

Events with prophecies conspire
To raise our faith, our zeal to fire :
The ripening fields, already white,
Present a harvest to our sight

The untaught heathen waits to know
The joy the gospel will bestow,
The exiled slave waits to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.

Come, let us, with a grateful heart,
In the blest labour share a part,
Our prayers and offerings gladly bring
To aid the triumphs of our King.



272.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbidden it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the death of Christ my God !
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

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

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

273.

WE sing the praise of Him who died,
Of Him who died upon the cross ;
The sinner's hope let men deride,
For this we count the world but loss.

Inscribed upon the cross we see
In shining letters, " God is love."
He bears our sins upon the tree,
He brings us mercy from above.

The Cross ! it takes our guilt away,
It holds the fainting spirit up ;

It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight ;
*It takes the terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.*

The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love ;
'Tis all that sinners want below,
'Tis all the ransomed know above.

274.

FATHER of heaven ! whose love pro
found
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us Thy pardoning love extend.

Almighty Son ! Incarnate Word !
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord !
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us Thy saving grace extend.

Eternal Spirit ! by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us Thy quickening power extend.

Jehovah, Father, Spirit, Son !
Mysterious Godhead ! Three in One !
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

Ariel. D.L.M.

275.

THE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim.
 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
 Does his Creator's power display;
 And publishes to every land
 The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
 And nightly to the listening earth
 Repeats the story of her birth:
 While all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
 Move round this dark terrestrial ball?
 What though no real voice, nor sound,
 Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice;
 For ever singing, as they shine,
 "The hand that made us is divine."

276.

THE starry firmament on high,
 And all the glories of the sky,
 Yet shine not to Thy praise, O Lord,
 So brightly as Thy written word;
 The hope that holy word supplies,
 Its truth divine, and precepts wise,
 In each a heavenly beam I see,
 And every beam conducts to Thee.

When taught by painful proof to know
 That all is vanity below,
 The sinner roams, from comfort far
 And looks in vain for sun or star;
 Soft gleaming then those lights divine
 Thro' all the cheerless darkness shine,
 And sweetly to the ravished eye
 Disclose the day-spring from on high.

The heart in iron fetters bound,
 And barren as the wintry ground,
 Confesseth, Lord, Thy quickening ray;
 Thy word can charm the spell away;
 With genial influence can beguile
 The frozen wilderness to smile;
 Bid living waters o'er it flow,
 And all be paradise below.

Almighty Lord! the sun shall fail,
 The moon forget her nightly tale,
 And deepest silence hush on high
 The radiant chorus of the sky ;
 But, fixed for everlasting years,
 Unmoved amid the wreck of spheres,
 Thy word shall shine in cloudless day,
 When heaven and earth have passed
 away.

277.

[love,
 FATHER and Friend! Thy light, Thy
 Beaming through all Thy works we see,
 Thy glory gilds the heavens above,
 And all the earth is full of Thee.

Thy voice we hear—Thy presence feel,
 Whilst Thou, too pure for mortal sight,
 Involved in clouds—invisible,
 Reignest the Lord of life and light.

We know not in what hallowed part
 Of the wide heavens Thy throne may be:
 But this we know, that where Thou art ;
 Strength, wisdom, goodness, dwell with
 Thee.

Thy children shall not faint nor fear,
 Sustained by this delightful thought,
 Since Thou their God art everywhere,
 They cannot be where Thou art not.

Arnon.

7's.

DR. GAUNTLETT.

278.

GLORY be to God on high,
 God, whose glory fills the sky ;
 Peace on earth, and man forgiven,
 Man, the well-beloved of Heaven.

Hail, by all Thy works adored !
 Hail, the everlasting Lord !
 All Thy glories we confess,
 Infinite and numberless.

Holy Spirit, Thee we own ;
 Thee, O Christ, the only Son !
 Lamb of God for sinners slain,
 Saviour of offending men.

Praise the Name of God Most High ;
 Praise Him, all below the sky ;
 Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

279.

JESUS is gone up on high ;
 But His promise still is here,
 "I will all your wants supply ;
 I will send the Comforter."

Let us now His promise plead,
 Let us to His throne draw nigh ;
 Jesus knows His people's need—
 Jesus hears His people cry.

Send us, Lord, the Comforter ;
 Pledge and witness of Thy love ;
 Dwelling with Thy people here,
 Leading them to joys above.

Till we reach the promised rest ;
 Till Thy face unveiled we see,
 Of this blessed hope possessed,
 Teach us, Lord, to live to Thee.



280.

NOW begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name :
Ye who His salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.
Ye who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.
Mourning souls ! dry up your tears ;
Banish all your guilty fears ;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancelled by redeeming love.
Ye, alas ! who long have been
Willing slaves to death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop, and taste redeeming love.
Welcome all, by sin oppressed,
Welcome to the Saviour's breast ;
Nothing brought Him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.
Hither, then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each tuneful string ;
Mortals join the host above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

281.

BRETHREN, let us join to bless
Christ, our Peace and Righteousness :
Let our praise to Him be given,
High at God's right hand in heaven.
Son of God, to Thee we bow :
Thou art Lord, and only Thou,

Thou the woman's promised Seed,
Thou who didst for sinners bleed !
Thee the angels ceaseless sing :
Thee we praise, our Priest and King,
Worthy is Thy name of praise,
Full of glory, full of grace !
Thou hast the glad tidings brought
Of salvation by Thee wrought ;
Wrought to set Thy people free,
Wrought to bring our souls to Thee.
Thee, our Lord, whom we adore,
May we follow more and more,
Guide and bless us with Thy love,
Till we join Thy saints above.

282.

BOUNDLESS glory, Lord, be Thine !
Thou hast made the darkness shine ;
Thou hast sent a cheering ray ;
Thou hast turned our night to day.
Darkness long involved us round,
Till we knew the joyful sound :
Then our darkness fled away,
Chased by truth's effulgent ray.
They are blest, and none beside,
They who in the truth abide :
Clear the light that marks their way,
Leading to eternal day.
Guide us, Saviour, through the road,
Till we reach the saints' abode ;
Till we see Thee throned above,
As Thou art, the God of love.



283.

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 ?
 I delivered thee when bound,
 And, when wounded, healed thy wound ;
 Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
 Turned thy darkness into light.
 Can a woman's tender care
 Cease towards the child she bare ?
 Yes, she may forgetful be,
 Yet will I remember thee.
 Mine is an unchanging love,
 Higher than the heights above,
 Deeper than the depths beneath,
 Free and faithful, strong as death.
 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 ?"
 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
 That my love is weak and faint ;
 Yet, I love Thee and adore ;
 Oh for grace to love Thee more !

284.

LORD, we come before Thee now,
 At Thy feet we humbly bow ;
 O do not our suit disdain ;
 Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain ?
 Lord, on Thee our souls depend,
 In compassion now descend ;

Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace,
 Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.

In Thine own appointed way,
 Now we seek Thee, here we stay ;
 Lord, from hence we would not go,
 Till a blessing Thou bestow.

Send some message from Thy word
 That may joy and peace afford ;
 Let Thy Spirit now impart
 Full salvation to each heart.

Grant that all may seek and find
 Thee a God supremely kind ;
 Heal the sick, the captive free ,
 Let us all rejoice in Thee.

285.

MET again in Jesus' name,
 At His feet we humbly bow :
 He is evermore the same,
 Lo, He waits to meet us now !
 In His name, if two or three
 Meet, and for His mercy call,
 There, the Saviour says, "I'll be
 In the midst to bless you all.

You shall never ask in vain,
 Though your number be but few ;
 Firm the promise doth remain,
 Lo, I always am with you."

Saviour, we believe Thy word,
 Calmly wait the promised grace :
 Spirit of our risen Lord,
 Holy Spirit, fill the place.



286.

OFT in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go !
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the bread of life.

Onward, Christians, onward go !
Join the war, and face the foe ;
Will ye flee in danger's hour ?—
Know ye not your Captain's power ?
Let your drooping hearts be glad ;
March, in heavenly armour clad ;
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Soon shall victory tune your song.

Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry ;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

Onward, then, in battle move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove ;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go !

287.

JESUS, Saviour ! Thou dost know
All the depth of human woe ;
Thou hast shed the bitter tear,
Thou hast felt the withering fear.

For the iron of our sin
To Thy heart hath entered in ;
All its festering anguish keen,
Holy Saviour, Thine hath been.

Thou our Brother art, and we
With our sorrows come to Thee :
Thou wilt not, for us who died,
From our misery turn aside.

Jesus, save ! the floods are nigh ;
To Thine open arms we fly ;
Sure the waters will not dare
Overwhelm our spirits there,

No ! the raging waves subside,
Thou hast checked the rising tide,
All our woes obey Thy will,
While Thou whisperest, " Peace, be
still !"

288.

HOLY Father ! hear my cry ;
Holy Saviour ! bend Thine ear ;
Holy Spirit ! come Thou nigh—
Father, Saviour, Spirit, hear !

Father, save me from my sin ;
Saviour, I Thy mercy crave,
Gracious Spirit, make me clean—
Father, Son, and Spirit, save !

Father, let me taste Thy love ;
Saviour, fill my soul with peace ;
Spirit, come my heart to move—
Father, Son, and Spirit, bless !

Father, Son, and Spirit, Thou
One Jehovah, shed abroad
All Thy grace within me now—
Be my Father and my God !

Fubeck. 7's.



289.

ALL ye Gentiles, praise the Lord,
All ye lands, your voices raise ;
Heaven and earth, with loud accord, -
Praise the Lord, for ever praise.

For His truth and mercy stand,
Past, and present, and to be,
Like the years of His right hand,
Like His own eternity.

Praise Him, ye who know His love ;
Praise Him from the depths beneath ;
Praise Him in the heights above ;
Praise your Maker, all that breathe.

290.

SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of peace was born ;
Songs of praise arose, when He
Captive led captivity.

Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day :
God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

And will man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come ?
No :—the church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice ;
Learning here by faith and love
Songs of praise to sing above.

Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death ;
Then amidst eternal joy
Songs of praise their powers employ.

291.

CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say :
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heavens ! and earth reply !

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

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ has burst the gates of hell ;
Death in vain forbids his rise,
Christ hath opened Paradise.

Lives again our glorious King ;
Where, O Death, is now thy sting ?
Once he died, our souls to save ;
Where's thy victory, boasting grave ?

Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted head ;
Made like him, like him we rise
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

Milan. 7's.



292.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing!
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

*Lord! submissive may we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our leader be,
And we still will follow Thee!*

293.

'TIS my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross,
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.

Trials must and will befall;
But, with humble faith, to see
Love inscribed upon them all,—
This is happiness to me.

God, in Israel, sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain, and toil;

These spring up and choke the weeds
Which would else o'erspread the soil.

Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to His feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

294.

SHEPHERD of the ransomed flock,
Lead us to the shadowing rock,
Where the cooling waters flow,
Where the freshening pastures grow.

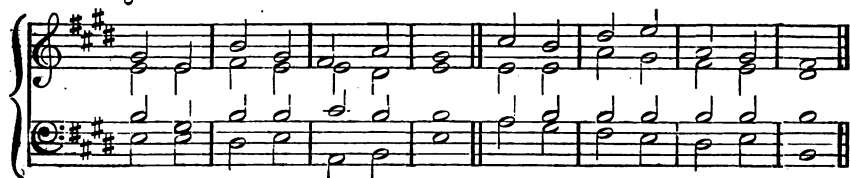
Grant, O Lord, that we may be
Ever glad to follow Thee;
And with thankful hearts rejoice,
When we hear Thy gracious voice.

Saviour, when Thy loved ones stray
From the new and living way;
Gently call Thine own by name;
All our wandering steps reclaim.

Through the hours of darksome night
Keep us in Thy watchful sight;
O'er each deadly foe prevail,
Let no harm Thy fold assail.

Jesus, who Thy life didst give,
Dying that Thy sheep might live:
Let us in Thy presence rest
With eternal comfort blest.

Sharon. 7's.



295.

WELCOME, welcome ! sinner, hear !
 Hang not back through shame or fear :
 Doubt not, nor distrust the call ;
 Mercy is proclaimed to all.

Welcome to the offered peace ;
 Welcome, prisoner, to release :
 Burst thy bonds ; be saved ; be free :
 Rise and come—He calleth thee.

Welcome, weeping penitent ;
 Grace has made thy heart relent :
 Welcome, long estranged child ;
 God in Christ is reconciled.

Welcome to the cleansing fount,
 Springing from the sacred mount ;
 Welcome to the feast divine,
 Bread of life, and living wine.

All ye weary and distressed,
 Welcome to relief and rest :
 All is ready ; hear the call ;
 There is ample room for all.

296.

SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies,
 Ever gracious, ever wise,
 All my times are in Thy hand,
 All events at Thy command.

Times of sickness, times of health ;
 Times of penury and wealth ;

Times of trial and of grief ;
 Times of triumph and relief ;

Times the tempter's power to prove ;
 Times to taste a Saviour's love :
 All must come, and last, and end,
 As shall please my heavenly Friend.

O Thou Gracious, Wise, and Just,
 In Thy hands my life I trust ;
 Have I somewhat dearer still,
 I resign it to Thy will.

Thee at all times will I bless ;
 Having Thee, I all possess :
 How can I bereaved be,
 Since I cannot part with Thee !

297.

NOW may He, who from the dead
 Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
 Jesus Christ, our king and head,
 All our souls in safety keep.

May He teach us to fulfil
 What is pleasing in His sight ;
 Perfect us in all His will,
 And preserve us day and night !

To that dear Redeemer's praise,
 Who the covenant sealed with blood,
 Let our hearts and voices raise
 Loud thanksgivings to our God.

Cirzah. 7's.



298.

LET us with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind :
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light :
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

All things living He doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need :
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

He His chosen race did bless
In the wasteful wilderness :
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

*He hath with a piteous eye
Looked upon our misery :*
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us then with gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind :
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

299.

SWEETER sounds than music knows
Charm me in Immanuel's name :
All her hopes my spirit owes
To His birth, and cross, and shame.

When He came, the angels sung,
Glory be to God on high !

Lord, unloose my stammering tongue ;
Who should louder sing than I ?

Did the Lord, a man become,
That He might the law fulfil,
Bleed and suffer in my room,—
And canst thou, my tongue, be still ?

No ; I must my praises bring,
Though they worthless are, and weak ;
For, should I refuse to sing,
Sure the very stones would speak !

O my Saviour, Shield, and Sun,
Shepherd, Brother, Guardian, Friend,
Every precious name in one,—
I will love Thee without end !

300.

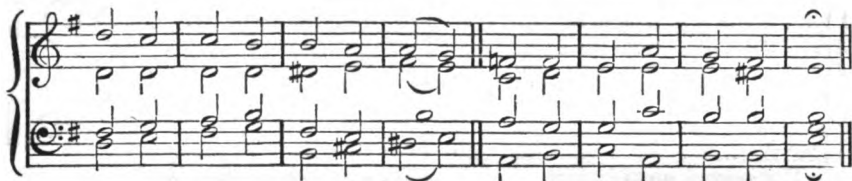
'TIS religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live ;

'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die
After death its joys will be,
Lasting as eternity !

Be the living God my friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

301.

LORD of all, to Thee we pray,
Mindful of our only stay ;
God of love, to Thee we raise
Solemn hymns of grateful praise.
Hear our prayer, Almighty King,
Hear our praises while we sing ;
Hymning with the heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.



302.

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee !
 Let the water and the blood,
 From Thy wounded side which flowed,
 Be of sin the double cure,
 Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labour of my hands
 Can fulfil Thy law's demands ;
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears for ever flow,
 All for sin could not atone :
 Thou must save, and Thou alone !

Nothing in my hand I bring ;
 Simply to Thy cross I cling ;
 Naked, come to Thee for dress ;
 Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;
 Vile, I to the fountain fly ;
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

*While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eye-lids close in death,
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See Thee on Thy judgment throne—*

Rock of Ages, shelter me !
 Let me hide myself in Thee !

303.

SAVED ourselves by Jesus' blood,
 Let us now draw nigh to God :
 Many round us blindly stray
 Moved with pity, let us pray,
 Pray that they who now are blind
 Soon the way of truth may find.

Lord, awaken all around,
 Let them know the joyful sound ;
 Slaves to Satan heretofore,
 Let them now be slaves no more ;
 Lord, we turn our eyes to Thee,
 Set the captive sinner free !

Glorious things of Thee are told,
 What Thine arm has wrought of old ;
 Thousands once its power confessed ;
 Oh, for seasons like the past !
 Lord, revive the former days—
 Thine the power, and Thine the praise.

Lucerne.

6 lines 7's.



304.

GOD of mercy, God of grace,
 Show the brightness of Thy face,
 Shine upon us, Saviour, shine ;
 Fill Thy church with light divine ;
 And Thy saving health extend,
 Unto earth's remotest end.

Let the people praise Thee, Lord ;
 Be by all that live adored.
 Let the nations shout and sing
 Glory to their Saviour King ;
 At Thy feet their tribute pay,
 And Thy holy will obey.

Let the people praise Thee, Lord ;
 Earth shall then her fruits afford ;
 God to man His blessing give ;
 Man to God devoted live ;
 All below, and all above,
 One in joy and light and love.

305.

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
 Christ, the true, the only light ;
 Sun of Righteousness, arise,
 Triumph o'er the shades of night ;
 Day-spring from on high, be near ;
 Day-star, in our hearts appear.

Dark and cheerless is the morn,
 Unaccompanied by Thee ;
 Joyless is the day's return
 Till Thy mercy's beams we see ;
 Lord, Thy inward light impart,
 Cheering each benighted heart.

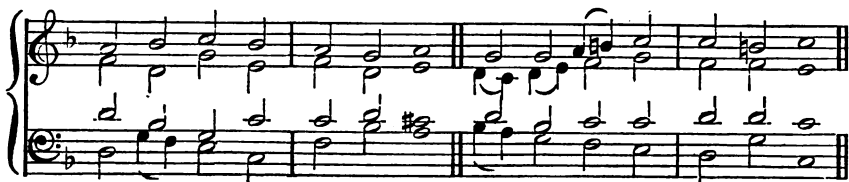
Visit every soul of Thine,
 Pierce the gloom of sin and grief ;
 Fill us, Lord, with light divine,
 Scatter all our unbelief ;
 More and more Thyself display,
 Shining to the perfect day.

306.

NOW with angels round the throne,
 Cherubim and seraphim,
 And the church, which still is one,
 Let us swell the solemn hymn :
 Glory to the great I AM :
 Glory to the Victim Lamb.

Blessing, honour, glory, might,
 And dominion infinite,
 To the Father of our Lord,
 To the Spirit and the Word ;
 As it was all worlds before,
 Is, and shall be evermore.

Weimar. 8 lines, 7's.



307.

JESUS, lover of my soul,
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,
 While the nether 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 !

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 stayed,
 All my help from Thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

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 !



308.

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed ;
Great David's greater Son !
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun !

He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth ;
Love, joy, and hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth :

Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go ;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring ;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing :

For Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend ;
His kingdom still increasing,—
A kingdom without end.

O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest ;
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all blest.

The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove ;
His name shall stand for ever :
That name to us is LOVE.

309.

LORD of the vast creation,
Support of worlds unknown,
Desire of every nation,
Behold us at Thy throne.

We come for mercy crying,
Through Thine atoning blood ;
And, on Thy grace relying,
We seek each promised good.

We bless that condescension
Which brought Thee down to earth,
Of which the seers made mention,
Who prophesied Thy birth.

We celebrate the glory
That marked Thy wondrous way,
And own the joyful story
Which claims this hallowed day.

Oh, when shall Thy salvation
Be known through every land,
And men in every station
Obey Thy great command !

In God's own Son believing,
From sin may they be free ;
And gospel-grace receiving,
Find life and peace in Thee !

Arefi.

8 lines of 7. 6.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Arefi'. It consists of three systems of music, each with a treble and bass clef staff. The music is written in a simple, homophonic style with a 7/6 time signature. The first system has 8 measures, the second has 8 measures, and the third has 8 measures. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with the bass clef providing a simple harmonic accompaniment.

310.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand :
 From mǎny ān ancient river,
 From mǎny ā palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.
 What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle ;
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile ;
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strown ;—
 The heathen, in his blindness,
 Bows down to wood and stone.
 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high—
 Shall we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny ?
 Salvation ! oh, salvation !
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learnt Messiah's name !
 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole :

Till o'er our ransomed nature
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

311.

SOMETIMES a light surprises
 The Christian while he sings !
 It is the Lord, who rises
 With healing in his wings :
 When comforts are declining,
 He grants the soul again
 A season of clear shining,
 To cheer it after rain.
 In holy contemplation,
 We sweetly then pursue
 The theme of God's salvation,
 And find it ever new ;
 Set free from present sorrow,
 We cheerfully can say,
 E'en let the unknown to-morrow
 Bring with it what it may.
 Though vine nor fig-tree neither
 Their wonted fruit shall bear,
 Though all the fields should wither,
 Nor flocks nor herds be there :
 Yet God the same abiding,
 His praise shall tune my voice ;
 For while in Him confiding,
 I cannot but rejoice.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Olympas'. It consists of two systems of music, each with a treble and bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 8/7. The music is written in a style typical of 19th-century hymnals, with a focus on harmonic accompaniment.

312.

HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies!

Lo! the angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy;

“Glory, in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!”

Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;

Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven:
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth His praises sing!

O receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
Learn His name and taste His joy;

Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
“Glory be to God most high!”

313:

HARK, the notes of angels singing—
“Glory, glory to the Lamb!”

All in heaven their tribute bringing,
Raising high the Saviour's name.

Ye for whom His life was given,
Sacred themes to you belong:

Come, assist the choir of heaven;
Join the everlasting song.

Saints and angels thus united,
Songs imperfect still must raise;
Though despised on earth and slighted,
Jesus is above all praise.

See, the angelic hosts have crowned Him;
Jesus fills the throne on high:
Countless myriads hovering round Him,
With His praises rend the sky.

Filled with holy emulation,
Let us vie with those above;
Sweet the theme—a free salvation!
Fruit of everlasting love.

Endless life in Him possessing,
Let us praise His precious name:
Glory, honour, power, and blessing,
Be for ever to the Lamb.

314.

GRACIOUS God, on Thee reposing,
Sweetly sinks the mind to rest;
Thus, now Sabbath hours are closing,
May we trust Thee and be blest.

If Thou guard the hours of slumber,
Safe and tranquil shall we be;
Care need not the mind encumber,
While reposing watched by Thee.

Ever to Thy service living,
May our years all pass away;
Thee our time, our talents giving,
Making life one Sabbath day.

So, when death appears before us,
And the day of life we leave,
May the eventide come o'er us
Like a holy Sabbath eve.

Peace and trust that hour adorning,
As it gently sinks in night,
Waking up to heaven's bright morning,
Immortality and Light.

315.

AT Thy feet our God and Father,
 Who hast blest us all our days,
 We with grateful hearts would gather,
 To begin the year with praise.
 Praise for light so brightly shining
 On our steps from heaven above,
 Praise for mercies daily twining
 Round us golden cords of love.

Jesus, for Thy love most tender
On the cross for sinners shown,
 We would praise Thee, and surrender
 All our hearts to be thine own.
 With so blest a friend provided,
 We upon our way would go,
 Sure of being safely guided,
 Guarded well from every foe.

Every day will be the brighter
 When Thy gracious face we see,
 Every burden will be lighter
 When we know it comes from Thee.
 Spread Thy love's broad banner o'er us,
 Give us strength to serve and wait,
 'Till Thy glory breaks before us,
 Through the city's open gate.

316.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
 And the Father's boundless love,
 With the Holy Spirit's favour,
 Rest upon us from above.
 Thus may we abide in union
 With each other and the Lord;
 And possess in sweet communion,
 Joys which earth can not afford.

Salzburg.

8 lines 8.7's.



317.

HAIL! Thou once despised Jesus,
 Hail, Thou Galilean king!
 Thou didst suffer to release us;
 Thou didst free salvation bring:
Hail, Thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
 By Thy merits we find favour;
 Life is given through Thy name.

Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
 All our sins on Thee were laid:
 By Almighty love anointed,
 Thou hast full atonement made:
 All Thy people are forgiven
 Through the virtue of Thy blood;
 Opened is the gate of heaven;
 Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
 There for ever to abide!
 All the heavenly host adore Thee,
 Seated at Thy Father's side:
 There for sinners Thou art pleading;
 There Thou dost our place prepare;
 Ever for us interceding,
 Till in glory we appear.

318.

FRIENDS I love may die or leave me,
Friends I trust may treacherous prove;
 But Thou never will deceive me,
 O my Saviour! in Thy love.
 Change can ne'er this union sever,
 Death its links may never part;
 Yesterday, to day, for ever,
 Thou the same Redeemer art.

*On the cross love made Thee bearer
Of transgressions not Thine own ;
And that love still makes Thee sharer
In our sorrows on the throne.
From Thy glory thou art bending,
Still on earth a pitying eye,
And 'mid angels sours ascending,
Hearst every mourner's cry.*

*Though the cup I drink be bitter,
Yet since Thou hast made it mine,
This Thy love will make it sweeter
Than the world's best mingled wine.
Darker days may yet betide me,
Sharper sorrows I may prove ;
But the worst will ne'er divide me,
O my Saviour ! from Thy love.*

319.

COME, thou Fount of every 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—Oh, fix me on it,
Mount of God's unchanging love !

Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come ;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God ;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be ;
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee !
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love :
Here's my heart—O take and seal it !
Seal it from Thy courts above.

320.

COME, Thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free ;
From our fears and sins release us :
Let us find our rest in Thee.
Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art :
Blest desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

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.

321.

HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken :
O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you :
Thorns of heart-felt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways ;
You shall name your walls Salvation,
And your gates shall all be Praise.

There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow ;
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All His bounty shall bestow :
Still in undisturbed possession
Peace and righteousness shall reign ;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again.

Ye, no more your suns descending,
Waning moons no more shall see ;
But, your griefs for ever ending,
Find eternal noon in Me :
God shall rise, and, shining o'er you,
Change to-day the gloom of night :
He, the Lord, shall be your Glory,
God your everlasting Light.

Vienna. . . 8 lines 8. 7's.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Vienna'. It consists of four systems of music, each with a treble and bass clef staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 8/7. The music is written in a style typical of 19th-century hymnals, with block chords and simple melodic lines. The first system has a '1 903' stamp in the right margin.

322.

PRAISE to Thee, Thou great Creator!

Praise be Thine from every tongue ;

Join, my soul, with every creature,

Join the universal song.

Father ! source of all compassion !

Pure, unbounded grace is Thine ;

Hail the God of our salvation !

Praise Him for His love divine !

For ten thousand blessings given,

For the hope of future joy, [heaven,

Sound His praise through earth and

Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

Joyfully on earth adore Him,

Till in heaven our song we raise ;

There, enraptured, fall before Him,

Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

323.

MIGHTY God! while angels bless thee

May an infant lisp thy name ;

Lord of men as well as angels,

Thou art every creature's theme !

Lord of every land and nation,

Ancient of eternal days !

Sounded through the wide creation

Be Thy just and lawful praise.

For the grandeur of Thy nature,

Grand beyond a seraph's thought ;

For created works of power, [wrought ;

Works with skill and kindness

For Thy providence, that governs

Through Thine empire's wide domain ;

Wings an angel, guides a sparrow ;

Blessed be Thy gentle reign.

But Thy rich, Thy free redemption,
 Dark through brightness all along—
 Thought is poor, and poor expression :
 Who can sing that awful song !
 Brightness of the Father's glory,
 Shall Thy praise unuttered lie ?
 Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence !
 Sing the Lord who came to die ;

From the highest throne in glory,
 To the cross of deepest woe ;
 All to ransom guilty captives :
 Flow, my praise, for ever flow.
 Go, return, immortal Saviour !
 Leave Thy footstool, take Thy throne
 Thence return, and reign for ever :
 Be the kingdom all Thine own.

Siphion. 8 lines 8. 7's. S. MART.

324.

SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
 Ere repose our spirits seal ;
 Sin and want we come confessing—
 Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.
 Though destruction walk around us,
 Though the arrow past us fly,
 Angel-guards from Thee surround us,
 We are safe, if Thou art nigh.

Though the night be dark and dreary,
 Darkness cannot hide from Thee ;
 Thou art He who, never weary,
 Watchest where Thy people be.
 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
 And our couch become our tomb ;
 May the morn in heaven awake us,
 Clad in light and deathless bloom.

326.

BEGONE, unbelief !
My Saviour is near,
And for my relief
Will surely appear :
By prayer let me wrestle,
And he will perform :
With Christ in the vessel
I smile at the storm.

*Though dark be my way,
Since He is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey,
'Tis His to provide :
Though cisterns be broken,
And creatures all fail,
The word He hath spoken
Shall surely prevail.*

His love, in time past,
Forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last
In trouble to sink ;
Each sweet Ebenezer
I have in review,
Confirms his good pleasure
To help me quite through.

Why should I complain
Of want or distress,
Temptation or pain ?—
He told me no less :
The heirs of salvation,
I know from His word,
Through much tribulation
Must follow their Lord.

*How bitter that cup,
No heart can conceive,
Which he drank quite up,
That sinners might live !
His way was much rougher,
And darker than mine ;
Did Christ my Lord suffer,
And shall I repine*

Since all that I meet
Shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet,
The medicine is food ;
Though painful at present,
'Twill cease before long,
And then, O how pleasant
The conqueror's song !



327.

A FULNESS resides
 In Jesus our Head,
 And ever abides
 To answer our need :
 The Father's good pleasure
 Has laid up in store
 A plentiful treasure,
 To give to the poor.
 What'er be our wants,
 We need not to fear ;
 Our numerous complaints
 His mercy will hear :
 His fulness shall yield us
 Abundant supplies ;
 His power shall shield us,
 When dangers arise.
 Whatever distress
 Awaits us below,
 Such plentiful grace
 Will Jesus bestow,
 As still shall support us
 And silence our fear,
 For nothing can hurt us
 While Jesus is near.
 When troubles attend,
 Or danger or strife,
 His love will defend
 And guard us through life ;
 And when we are fainting,
 And ready to die,
 Whatever is wanting
 His hand will supply.

328.

O WORSHIP the King,
 All glorious above ;
 O gratefully sing
 His power and His love ;
 Our Shield and Defender,
 The Ancient of days,
 Pavilioned in splendour,
 And girded with praise.
 O tell of His might,
 O sing of His grace,
 Whose robe is the light,
 Whose canopy space ;
 His chariots of wrath
 The thunder clouds form,
 And dark is His path
 On the wings of the storm.
Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
 In Thee do we trust,
 Nor find Thee to fail.
 Thy mercies how tender !
 How firm to the end !
 Our Maker, Defender,
 Redeemer and Friend.
 O measureless Might,
 Ineffable love !
 While angels delight
 To hymn Thee above,
 Thy ransomed creation,
 Though feeble their lays,
 With true adoration
 Shall sing to Thy praise.



329.

OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.
He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,

While He can find one humble heart,
Wherein to rest.

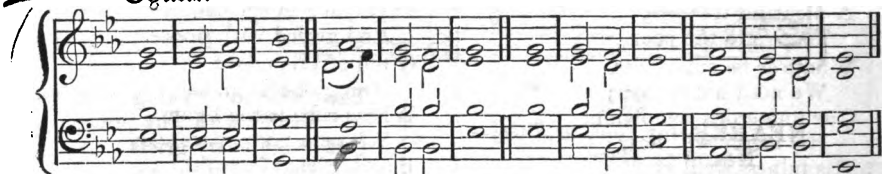
And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even, [fear,
That checks each fault, that calms each
And speaks of heaven.

And every virtue we possess,
And every conquest won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

SPiRiT of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see :
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And meet for Thee.

Chant.

8.8.8.4. or 7.7.7.5.



330.

MY · God, my 'Father, while I stray,
'Far · from my 'home, on life's rough way,
Oh ! 'teach me · *from my* heart to say,
'Thy will be done.

Though · dark my 'path, or sad my lot,
'Let me · be 'still, and murmur not,
But · breathe the 'prayer divinely taught,
'Thy will be done.

'If · Thou shouldst 'call me to resign
'What · most I 'prize,—it ne'er was mine;
I · only 'yield Thee what was thine ;
'Thy will be done.

Con · trol my 'will from day to day,
'Blend it · with 'Thine, and take away
'All that · now 'makes it hard to say,
'Thy will be done.

And · when on 'earth I breathe no more
The 'prayer ; oft mixt with tears before
I'll 'sing up · on a happier shore,
'THY WILL BE DONE.

331.

'GOD · of 'pity, God of grace,
'When · we 'humbly seek Thy face,
'Bend · from 'heaven, Thy dwelling-place
'Hear, forgive, and save.

'When · we 'in Thy temple meet,
'Spread · our 'wants before Thy feet,
'Plead · ing 'at the mercy-seat :
'Look from heaven and save.

'When · Thy 'love our hearts shall fill,
'And · we 'long to do Thy will,
'Turn · ing 'to Thy holy hill :
'Lord, accept and save.

108

'Should · we · wander from Thy fold,
 'And · our · love to Thee grow cold,
 'With · a · pitying eye behold :
 'Lord, forgive and save.

'Should · the · hand of sorrow press,
 'Earth · ly · care and want distress,
 'May · our · souls Thy peace possess :
 'Jesus, hear and save.

Gospen.

6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 4. 4.

DR. GAUNTLETT.

332.

NEARER, my God, to Thee,—
 Nearer to Thee,
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me :
 Still all my song would be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee.

Though like the wanderer,
 Daylight all gone,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone ;
 Yet in my dreams, I'd be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee.

There let the way appear
 Steps up to heaven ;
 All that Thou sendest me,
 In mercy given ;
 Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to Thee
 Nearer to Thee.

Then with my waking thoughts
 Bright with Thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs
 Bethel I'll raise ;
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee.

Or if on joyful wing,
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
 Upwards I fly ;
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee.

Christ alone beareth me
 Where Thou dost shine :
 Joint-heir He maketh me
 Of the Divine !
 In Christ my soul shall be
 Nearest, my God, to Thee,
 Nearest to Thee.



333.

ABIDE with me, fast falls the eventide ;
 The darkness thickens : Lord, with me
 abide ; [flee,
 When other helpers fail, and comforts
 Help of the helpless, O abide with me !
 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little
 day ; [away ;
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass
 Change and decay in all around I see ;
 O Thou who changest not, abide with
 me !

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
 But as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples,
 Lord,—

Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
 Come not to sojourn, but abide with me ;

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
 But kind and good, with healing in Thy
 wings ;

Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea ;
 Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with
 me.

I need Thy presence every passing
 hour,— [er's power ?
 What but Thy grace can foil the tempt-
 Who like Thyself my guide and stay can
 be ? [with me !
 Through cloud and sunshine, O abide

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless :
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitter-
 ness.

Where is death's sting ? where, grave,
 thy victory ?
 I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

*Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing
 eyes, [to the skies :
 Shine through the gloom, and point me
 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's
 vain shadows flee ;
 In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me !*

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