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# SCRIPTURAL HYMNS

BY THE

REV. PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D. D.



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NEW AND CORRECTED EDITION, CONTAINING MANY  
HYMNS NEVER BEFORE PRINTED.

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EDITED FROM THE ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS,  
BY THE AUTHOR'S GREAT-GRANDSON,  
JOHN DODDRIDGE HUMPHREYS, ESQ.

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1839.



**C. WHITTINGHAM, TOOKS COURT,  
CHANCERY LANE.**

## PREFACE.

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AMONG the strong consolations that clung around the heart of Doddridge, when under the pressure of a fast consuming disease, was the animating thought of his future usefulness as an Author in the Church of Christ:—but this was not without its alloy. The publication of his “Family Expositor” was not entirely completed,—and the present work, his “Scriptural Hymns,” composed at intervals throughout his life, and written under the immediate impulse of those pious sentiments which they embody, were then in most instances first and unrevised manuscripts in short-hand, so that the task of bringing them before the world, as *he foresaw*, would require much attention.

Under the promptings of a zealous friendship, Mr. Orton had very kindly undertaken the office of editor; and we are informed by him, that, even the last hour which he spent with

Dr. Doddridge,—and that but a few weeks before his death,—was consumed in directions for their transcription and correction,—an incident which sufficiently marks the anxiety of the author. A little afterwards, Mr. Orton with his usual candour proceeds to state, that, “There may, perhaps, be some improprieties, owing to my not being able to read the author’s manuscript in particular places, and being obliged *without a poetic genius*, to supply those deficiencies, whereby the beauty of the stanza may be greatly defaced, though the sense is preserved.” Without going any farther, we have in this extract a sufficient explanation of the extraordinarily incorrect and unsatisfactory manner in which the Hymns of Dr. Doddridge were brought before the world. A consciousness of the want of the necessary qualifications, in a poetical sense, rendered Mr. Orton a far less efficient editor than he would otherwise have been;—matters of the most simple character were overlooked, and the Hymns, as formerly printed, abound with ungrammatical constructions and verbal inelegancies, of which the author was incapable.\*

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\* The subjoined quotation is given as an example of the blunders alluded to; and it will be observed, that although they do not compromise the sense, they are suf-

In another particular, this work was most unfortunate on its appearance in the world. It was printed with so much precipitation, that a considerable number of Hymns, equal in value to any of the others, were met with too late for the press, and consequently omitted. These manuscript Hymns were afterwards bound up with the rest, and presented to the author's widow by Mr. Orton. In the present edition they are for the first time incorporated,

sufficient to render a hymn of much beauty mere doggerel in construction. That errors such as these, and a multitude of others equally signal, should have remained through the many successive editions of a hundred and seventeen years, is a fact that might well be numbered among the "Curiosities of Literature."

Part of the CXIth Hymn of the former editions :

*Fruitful Showers Emblems of the Salutary Effects of the Gospel.* Isaiah lv. 10, 11, 12.

" Mark the soft-falling snow,  
And the diffusive rain ;  
To heav'n from whence it fell  
It turns not back again,  
But waters earth  
Through every pore,  
And calls forth all  
Its secret store.

Array'd in beauteous green  
The hills and valleys shine,  
And man and beast is fed  
By Providence divine ;"

For the due corrections see page 92.

so as to render the work complete ; and, as the reader might feel an interest in being able to recognize them, the headings have an ornamental mark attached to distinguish them from the others.

In a second, and in a still more important sense, it is with diffidence submitted, that this edition has been rendered complete, in accordance with the views of the author, and in those particulars in which the religious world has long had reason to lament that one of his most valuable works has been fast becoming more and more confined in its circulation from accidental imperfections.

The necessary corrections so unfortunately neglected in the first, and in the many succeeding editions up to the present, have been now inserted under feelings of anxious care. Many of the errors had occurred from misconceptions in transcribing the short-hand, and were easily amended ;—some mistakes had arisen from injudicious alterations, which required to be remodelled :—a crowd of others demanded mere verbal changes, often of no more than a syllable, or a letter, but carrying with them correction in construction and euphony, of which every poetical reader of taste and judgment well knows the value It is

almost unnecessary to add, that the author's sense has not, in a single instance, been compromised ; nor has any hymn, or even a verse been suppressed, a practice too common in new editions of established works, but one involving an injustice, which, in the judgment of the editor, cannot be too widely exposed, or too severely condemned.

Having submitted these preliminary explanations to the reader, the more pleasing duty remains of pointing out some of the peculiar claims which the "Scriptural Hymns" of Dr. Doddridge may present to his attention. Of these, one of the most prominent is the fact that they constitute a very complete system of "Bible Divinity ;" comprehending, explaining and enforcing, a chain of the most interesting and signal texts which the enlightened judgment of the author could select, and extending from the first book of the Sacred Records to the last. It is in this sense, that this little volume may prove so valuable to individuals, and to families, for the purposes of private and social worship ; and above all, it is for this reason, that its circulation should be extended among the young, as it presents a solid and systematic view of divine truth, in the most attractive form. In connection with



these practical points the following pertinent observations by Mr. Orton may be read with advantage. "Those young Ministers who are desirous of entering into the spirit and copiousness of Scripture, may find this work greatly useful to them, by directing them to many very suitable Texts, and to some very natural thoughts and useful reflections to be insisted upon in discoursing from them."

Those readers who have had the advantage of becoming familiar with the religious sentiments of Dr. Doddridge as reflected in his writings, and more particularly in that delightful transcript of his private thoughts, his "Devotional Letters," are fully aware of the perfect catholicism of his theological views, and it is pleasing to observe the kindred spirit shown by Mr. Orton, who, if not a poet, was a very sound and able divine, in the following testimony to the excellence of these hymns in this particular: "There is nothing that savours of a Party Spirit, or carries an appearance of designing to confine their use to any of the Sects into which Christians are unhappily divided. The materials are divine, and the Author's soul was never more enlarged, than when he was promoting a Spirit of Piety and Candour in their just connection."

After all, there was a master charm in the character of Doddridge which, imperceptibly to themselves, has often rendered his readers the ready proselytes of his views, and which has thus increased his sphere of usefulness in no ordinary degree. His mind was ardent and affectionate to an unusual extent, and his sympathies are ever involved in the subject before him; in speaking from the heart, he finds a ready response in the bosom of his auditor, and we listen cordially to advice, which unites the warmth with the sincerity of friendship. In his "Scriptural Hymns," this delightful trait is developed to the fullest extent; the divine glow of his faith rekindles our religious hopes, as it were with the light of heaven; and the tender solemnity of his language in allusion to the anxieties and sorrows of mortality, teems with the holy consolations of "that grief which maketh the heart better."

Of this description are the many impressive hymns on Death and the Resurrection, scattered through this volume, and which, in the original copy, have the dates and occasions of their compositions noted, and were generally written on the decease of friends, and for funeral services. In pathos, in fervour of

poetical expression, and in sympathetic feeling, these are certainly the most noble examples extant, and the solace they may afford to the children of suffering and of grief is beyond all value.

In closing these brief remarks, I feel that I cannot do so with more propriety, than by quoting the pious exclamation of Mr. Orton, may they “promote and diffuse a spirit of Devotion, and together with other assistances, human and divine, prepare many to join with their devout Author in the noble, and everlasting Anthems of Heaven.”

JOHN DODDRIDGE HUMPHREYS.

John Street, Pentonville.

# HYMNS

FOUNDED ON VARIOUS TEXTS

IN THE

HOLY SCRIPTURES.

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1. *Enoch's Piety and Translation.* Genesis v. 24.  
Hebrews xi. 5.

- 1 **E**TERNAL God, our wondering souls  
Admire thy matchless grace ;  
That thou wilt walk, that thou wilt dwell  
With Adam's worthless race.
- 2 O lead me to that happy path,  
Where I my God may meet ;  
Though hosts of foes begird it round,  
Though briars wound my feet,
- 3 Cheer'd with thy converse, I can trace  
The desert with delight :  
Through all the gloom one smile of thine  
Can dissipate the night.
- 4 Nor shall I through eternal days  
A restless pilgrim roam :  
Thy hand, that now directs my course,  
Shall soon convey me home.
- 5 I ask not Enoch's rapturous flight  
To realms of heavenly day :  
Nor seek Elijah's fiery steeds,  
To bear this flesh away.

- 6 Joyful my Spirit would consent  
 To drop this mortal clod ;  
 And hail the sharpest pangs of death,  
 That broke its way to God.

II. *God's gracious Approbation of a religious Care of our Families.* Genesis xviii. 19.

- 1 **F**ATHER of men, thy care we trace,  
 That crowns with love our infant race :  
 From thee they sprung, and by thy power  
 Are still sustain'd through every hour.
- 2 To God, most worthy to be praised,  
 Be our domestic altars raised ;  
 Who, Lord of Heaven, scorns not to dwell  
 With saints in their obscurest cell.
- 3 To thee, may each united house,  
 Morning and night, present its vows :  
 Our servants there, and rising race,  
 Be taught thy precepts, and thy grace.
- 4 O may each future age proclaim  
 The honours of thy sacred name ;  
 When pleased, and thankful, for thy love  
 We've join'd the social band above.

III. *Abraham's Intercession for Sodom.* Genesis xviii. 32.

FOR A FAST-DAY.

- 1 **G**REAT God ! did pious Abram pray  
 For Sodom's vile abandon'd race ?  
 And shall not all our souls be roused  
 For Britain to implore thy grace ?
- 2 Base as we are, doth not thine eye  
 Its chosen thousands here survey,  
 Whose souls, deep humbled, mourn the crowds,  
 That walk in sin's destructive way ?

- 3 O Judge supreme, let not thy sword  
The righteous with the wicked smite :  
Nor bury in promiscuous heaps  
Rebels, and saints, thy chief delight.
- 4 For these thy children spare the land ;  
Avert the thunders big with death ;  
Nor let the seeds of latent fire  
Be kindled by thy flaming breath.
- 5 O ! be not angry, mighty God,  
While dust and ashes seek thy face ;  
But, gently bending from thy throne,  
Renew, and still increase thy grace.
- 6 Jesus the Intercessor hear,  
And for his sake that grace impart,  
Which, while it stops the fiery stream,  
Dissolves in grief the hardest heart.
- 7 Sodom shall change to Zion then,  
And heavenly dews be scatter'd round,  
That plants of paradise may spring,  
Where baleful poisons cursed the ground.

IV. *Jacob's Vow.* Genesis xxviii. 20—22.

- 1 O GOD of Jacob, by whose hand  
Thine Israel still is fed,  
Who through this weary pilgrimage  
Hath all our fathers led,
- 2 To thee our humble vows we raise,  
To thee address our prayer,  
And in thy kind and faithful breast  
Deposit all our care.
- 3 If thou, through each perplexing path,  
Wilt be our constant guide ;  
If thou wilt daily bread supply,  
And raiment wilt provide ;

- 4 If thou wilt spread thy shield around,  
Till these our wanderings cease,  
And at our Father's loved abode  
Our souls arrive in peace :
- 5 To thee, as to our Covenant God,  
We will ourselves resign ;  
And count, that not our tenth alone,  
But all we have is thine.

*V. The Hand of the Lord upon the Cattle.*  
*Exodus ix. 3.\**

- 1 **T**HE creatures, Lord, confess thy hand,  
Through earth and sky, through sea and land ;  
And nature's meanest orders share  
Their Maker's pity, and his care.
- 2 O look from thine exalted throne,  
And hear our panting cattle moan ;  
Prone o'er the untasted food they lie,  
Groan out their agonies, and die.
- 3 What have these harmless creatures done  
To draw this sore chastisement down ?  
'Tis human guilt for vengeance calls,  
And heavy on the herd it falls.
- 4 From them to us the stroke might pass,  
And mow down thousands of our race ;  
Till desolation reign'd around,  
Our cities void, untill'd our ground.
- 5 Prevent the ruin by thy grace,  
And melt our hearts to seek thy face :  
Blest fruit of thy correcting rod,  
If by this loss, we find our God.

\* Written 28th September, 1746, when a fatal and contagious disease among the cattle had thrown the country into a state of much alarm.

⊙ VI. *Of awaiting the Salvation of the Lord.*  
Exodus xiv. 13.\*

- 1 **P**RAISE to Jehovah's guardian hand,  
Which saved us from our foes ;  
Nor gave us to the spoiler's rage,  
When in their might they rose.
- 2 His are their hearts, and his their ways,  
To turn them as he will ;—  
And midst the tremblings of his saints,  
Their God regards them still.
- 3 Our peaceful sabbaths we ascribe  
To Providence divine ;  
And in the daily joys of life  
We see his mercy shine.
- 4 Complete the great deliverance, Lord,  
And let the wicked fall,  
As by an earthquake swallow'd up,  
And sunk in ruin all.
- 5 So in the sea's returning waves  
Sunk Egypt's haughty band,  
While Israel march'd triumphant on,  
Protected by thy hand.

VII. *Israel and Amalek.* Exodus xvii. 11.

FOR A FAST-DAY.

- 1 **O**UR banner is Jehovah's name !  
Nor will we yield to fear ;  
Amid ten thousand fierce assaults,  
His mighty aid is near.
- 2 To him the hands of faith we stretch,  
And plead experienced grace ;  
To him the voice of prayer we raise,  
Nor will he hide his face.

\* Written 8th December, 1745, and in allusion to the rebellion of that year.



- 3 Now no proud Amalek shall boast,  
 " God's arm is feeble grown :"  
 His sword shall lop off every hand  
 That dares insult his throne.
- 4 Awake, tremendous Judge, awake,  
 Our nation's cause to plead ;  
 Nor let thine Israel's foes, and thine,  
 By wickedness succeed.
- 5 Our fainting hands, how soon they droop ?  
 But thou the weak canst raise ;  
 And in the mount of prayer erect  
 An altar to thy praise.

VIII. *Against following a Multitude to do evil.*  
 Exodus xxiii. 2.

- 1 **L**ORD, when iniquities abound,  
 And growing crimes appear ;  
 We view the deluge rising round  
 With sorrow and with fear.
- 2 Yet when its waves tumultuous beat,  
 And spread destruction wide,  
 Thy Spirit can a bulwark raise  
 To stem the roaring tide.
- 3 May thy triumphant arm awake  
 Thy sacred cause to plead ;  
 And let the multitude confess,  
 That thou art God indeed !
- 4 Their hearts shall in a moment turn,  
 Like water, by thy hand ;  
 One word shall bow their stubborn necks  
 To own thy high command.
- 5 Our feeble souls at least support,  
 And there thy power display ;  
 Then multitudes shall strive in vain  
 To draw us from thy way.

IX. *Christ's Intercession typified by Aaron's Breast-plate.* Ex. xxviii. 29.

- 1 **N**OW let our cheerful eyes survey  
 Our great High Priest above,  
 And celebrate his constant care,  
 His sympathy and love.
- 2 Though raised to a superior throne,  
 Where angels bow around,  
 And high o'er all the heavenly host,  
 With matchless honours crown'd ;
- 3 The names of all his saints he bears  
 Deep graven on his heart ;  
 Nor shall the meanest christian say,  
 That he hath lost his part.
- 4 Those characters shall fair abide,  
 Our everlasting trust,  
 When gems, and monuments, and crowns  
 Are moulder'd down to dust.
- 5 So, gracious Saviour, on my breast  
 May thy dear name be worn,  
 A sacred ornament and guard,  
 To endless ages borne.

X. *God's Presence desirable.* Ex. xxxiii. 15.

- 1 **V**AST and eternal God !  
 How marvellous thy name !  
 Thy presence shed abroad  
 Pervades all nature's frame ;  
 Heaven, earth, and air,  
 And that dark cell  
 Where demons dwell  
 In long despair.
- 2 Yet hast thou chosen ways  
 To make thy presence known  
 To children of thy grace,

To upright souls alone :  
 This glory, Lord,  
 My soul would see,  
 This grace to me,  
 My God, afford.

3 If thou thy lustre veil,  
 The charms of nature fade ;  
 All wither'd, weak, and pale,  
 They bow their languid head.  
 My Father, shine,  
 For thou canst give  
 The dead to live  
 By beams divine.

4 Even Eden's blissful lands  
 Would in thine absence mourn :  
 But thou wild Afric's sands  
 To paradise canst turn.  
 If God be there,  
 The gloom grows bright ;  
 Rut noon is night,  
 Till thou appear.

5 Come, for my spirit glows  
 With infinite desire !  
 Strong love impatient grows,  
 And sets my heart on fire.  
 My Father, come ;  
 That presence give,  
 On which I live,  
 Or call me home.

XI. *Moses' View of the divine Glory.* Ex. xxxiii. 18.

1 **W**ITH humble pleasure, Lord, we trace  
 The ancient records of thy grace ;  
 And our own consolation draw,  
 From what thy servant Moses saw.

- 2 May we behold thy glory shine,  
With gentle beams of love divine ;  
And hear thy secret voice proclaim  
The various wonders of thy name.
- 3 If feeble nature can't endure  
A voice so sweet, a ray so pure ;  
Its dissolution would delight,  
While Death would wear a form so bright !
- 4 Death shall unveil that world above,  
Where the dear children of thy love,  
Attemper'd all to heavenly day,  
Bear, and reflect the angelic ray.

XII. *Who is on the Lord's Side.* Ex. xxxiii. 26.

- 1 **W**HAT bosom moved with pious zeal  
Doth for its God's dishonour feel ?  
What heart with generous ardor glows  
To plead his cause against his foes ?
- 2 Great God ! what bosom can be cold ?  
What coward must not here grow bold ?—  
While honour, interest, truth, and love  
Concur our inmost souls to move ?
- 3 Around thy standard, Lord, we press,  
Thine injured honour to redress,  
And with determined voice demand  
The signal from thy conquering hand.
- 4 Thou shalt these sacred weapons bless,  
And lead through war to endless peace ;  
Nor death itself our souls shall dread,  
For thine the arm shall raise the dead.

XIII. *The Proclamation of God's Name to Moses ; or,  
divine Mercy and Justice.* Ex. xxxiv. 6—8

- 1 **A**TTEND, my soul, the voice divine,  
And mark what beaming glories shine  
Around thy condescending God !

To us, to us—he still proclaims  
His awful, his endearing names :  
Attend, and sound them all abroad.

2 “ Jehovah ! I, the sovereign Lord,  
The mighty God, by heaven adored,  
Down to the earth my footsteps bend :  
My heart the tenderest pity knows,  
And gentle mercy overflows,  
While grace and truth shall never end.

3 “ My patience long can crimes endure :  
My pardoning love is ever sure :  
When meek the penitent returns ;  
To millions, through unnumber'd years,  
New hope and new delight it bears :  
Yet wrath against the sinner burns.”

4 Haste then, my soul, the vision meet,  
Fall prostrate at the Sovereign's feet,  
And drink the words of pard'ning grace :  
Speak on, my Lord, those accents dear  
Shall dissipate each lingering fear,  
Till heavenly joys shall crown the race.

XIV. *The Form of blessing Israel.* Numbers vi.  
24—27.

1 **G**UARDIAN of Israel, Source of Peace,  
Who givest thy ministers to bless,  
Shine forth as our propitious Lord,  
And verify thy servant's word.

2 Let thine own power defend us still  
Through future years from every ill ;  
And let the splendour of thy face  
Still cheer our path with heavenly grace.

3 Thy countenance our souls would see,  
For all our joys unite in thee !  
And peace still waits at thy command,  
To calm our hearts, and bless our land.

4 Hear while thy priests address their vows,  
 And scatter blessings through thy house ;  
 And when they fall may Israel raise  
 Its pious songs of ardent praise.

XV. *The God of Spirits sought to supply Vacancies in the Congregations of his People. Num. xxvii. 15—17.*

1 **F**ATHER of spirits, from thy hand  
 Our souls immortal came ;  
 And still thine energy divine  
 Supports the ethereal flame.

2 By thee our spirits all are known ;  
 And each remotest thought  
 Lies all expanded to his eye,  
 By whom their powers were wrought.

3 To thee, when mortal comforts fail,  
 Thy flock would ever fly ;  
 And on the eternal Shepherd's care  
 With cheerful hope rely.

4 When o'er thy faithful servant's dust  
 Thy dear assemblies mourn,  
 With speedy tokens of thy grace,  
 O Israel's God, return.

5 The powers of nature all are thine,  
 And thine the aids of grace ;  
 Thine arm hath borne thy churches up  
 Through each succeeding race.

6 Exert thy sacred influence here,  
 And here thy suppliants bless,  
 And change to strains of cheerful praise  
 Their accents of distress.

7 With faithful heart, with skilful hand,  
 May this thy flock be fed ;  
 And with a steady growing pace  
 To Zion's mountain led.

⊙ XVI. *Israel brought back into Egypt.*  
Deuteronomy xxviii.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY God, thy conquering hand,  
Which Israel led from Pharaoh's land,  
Hath loosed thy Briton's galling yoke,  
And Rome's detested fetters broke.
- 2 Our sins might tempt thee yet again  
To rivet on that odious chain ;  
Till, crush'd beneath its ponderous load,  
We knew the vengeance of a God.
- 3 Again, we back that path might tread,  
With throbbing heart, and drooping head,  
Round which thy glory once had shone,  
And made thy great Salvation known.
- 4 Our free-born race, a captive band,  
Might feel a tyrant's fierce command,  
Eager to press their conscience down,  
At idol shrines of wood or stone.
- 5 But O ! avert that fatal shock,  
Though thine own hand should smite thy flock,  
Who in thy chosen land would bleed,  
Rather than live in Egypt's shade.

XVII. *The Lord's People his Portion.* Deut. xxxii. 9.

- 1 **S**OVEREIGN of nature, all is thine,  
The air, the earth, the sea :  
By thee the orbs celestial shine,  
And cherubs live by thee.
- 2 Rich in thine own essential store,  
Thou call'st forth worlds at will,  
Ten thousand, and ten thousand more  
Would hear thy summons still.
- 3 What treasure wilt thou then confess ?  
And thine own portion call ?  
What by peculiar right possess,  
Imperial Lord of all ?

- 4 Thine Israel thou wilt stoop to claim,  
 Wilt mark them out for thine :  
 Ten thousand praises to thy name,  
 For goodness so divine !
- 5 That I am thine, my soul would boast,  
 And boast its hopes in thee :  
 Nor shall God's claim in me be lost,  
 Nor God be torn from me.

XVIII. *The eternal God his People's Refuge and Support.* Deut. xxxiii. 27.

- 1 **B**EHOLD, the great eternal God  
 Spreads everlasting arms abroad,  
 And calls our souls to shelter there ;—  
 Wonders of mingled power and grace  
 To all his Israel he displays,  
 And saves from danger and from fear.
- 2 Thither my feeble soul shall fly,  
 When terrors press, and Death is nigh,  
 And there will I delight to dwell ;  
 That mighty tower shall guard my head,  
 And then my heart shall cease to dread,  
 Amid surrounding hosts of hell.
- 3 The shadow of the Almighty's wing  
 Shall joy serene and comfort bring,  
 While threatening horrors round me crowd ;  
 In vain the storms of rattling hail  
 The walls of this retreat assail,  
 In vain the tempest roars aloud.
- 4 In louder strains my fearless tongue  
 Shall waft aloft its victor'ous song,  
 My Father's graces to proclaim ;  
 He bears his infant offspring on  
 To glory radiant as his throne,  
 And joys eternal, as his name.



XIX. *The Happiness of God's Israel.*  
Deut. xxxiii. 29.

- 1 **O** ISRAEL, blest beyond compare !  
Unrivall'd all thy glories are :  
Jehovah deigns to fill thy throne,  
And calls thine interest all his own.
- 2 He is thy Saviour ; he thy Lord ;  
His shield is thine ; and thine his sword ;—  
Review in ecstasy of thought  
The grand redemption he has wrought.
- 3 From Satan's yoke he sets thee free,  
Opens thy passage through the sea ;  
He through the desart is thy guide,  
And heaven for Canaan will provide.
- 4 Not Jacob's sons of old could boast  
Such favours to their chosen host ;  
Their glories, which through ages shine,  
Are but dim shades, and types of thine.
- 5 Celestial Spirit, teach our tongue  
Sublimier strains than Moses sung,  
Proportion'd to the sweeter name  
Of God the Saviour, and the Lamb.
- XX. *Support in the gracious Presence of God under  
the Loss of Ministers and other useful Friends.*  
Joshua i. 2, 4, 5.

- 1 **N**OW let our mourning hearts revive,  
And all our tears be dry ;  
Why should those eyes be drown'd in grief,  
Which view a Saviour nigh ?
- 2 What though the arm of conquering Death  
Does God's own house invade ;  
What though the Prophet and the Priest  
In the dark grave are laid ;

- 3 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,  
The aged, and the young,  
Each watchful eye in darkness closed,  
And mute the instructive tongue ;
- 4 The eternal Shepherd still survives,  
New comfort to impart ;  
His eye still guides us, and his voice  
Still animates our heart.
- 5 " Lo, I am with you," saith the Lord,  
" My Church shall safe abide ;  
For I will ne'er forsake my own,  
Whose souls in me confide."
- 6 Through every scene of life and death,  
This promise is our trust ;  
And this shall be our children's song,  
When we are cold in dust.

XXI. *God insensibly withdrawn.* Judges xvi. 20.

- 1 **A** PRESENT God is all our strength,  
And all our joy and hope ;  
When he withdraws, our comforts die,  
And every grace must droop.
- 2 But flattering trifles charm our hearts  
To court their false embrace,  
Till justly this neglected friend  
Averts his angry face.
- 3 He leaves us, and we miss him not ;  
But go presumptuous on,  
Till baffled, wounded, and enslaved,  
We learn, that God is gone.
- 4 And what, my soul, can then remain  
One ray of light to give ?  
Sever'd from him, their better life,  
How can his children live ?

5 Hence, all ye painted forms of joy,  
 And leave my heart to mourn ;  
 I would devote these eyes to tears,  
 Till cheer'd by his return.

6 Look back, my Lord, and own the place  
 Where once thy temple stood ;  
 For lo, its ruins bear the mark  
 Of rich atoning blood.

⊕ XXII. *Samuel's Fast at Mizpeh.*\* 1 Samuel vii. 6.

1 **L**OOK down from thy transcendent throne,  
 And view thy suppliant servants, Lord,  
 Who build their hopes on thee alone,  
 Though they might justly be abhorr'd.

2 Vain is the force of armed bands,  
 And the tall navy's thunder vain :—  
 Thy breath with shipwrecks strews our sands,  
 Or sinks our triumph in the main.

3 Our haughty foes exalt their head,  
 And their confederate forces boast ;  
 On conquer'd walls their banners spread,  
 They view with scorn our feeble host.

4 But thou, Almighty God, canst speak,  
 And scatter terror through their hearts,  
 Their best concerted schemes canst break,  
 And overthrow their subtlest arts.

5 Wisdom, and Strength, and Grace, are thine,  
 Exert them in thy Briton's cause ;  
 And while thy glories round us shine,  
 We'll own thy love, and keep thy laws.

\* Written 4th April, 1745.

**XXIII.** *Ebenezer ; or, God's helping Hand reviewed and acknowledged.* 1 Sam. vii. 12.

FOR NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

- 1 **M**Y helper God ! I bless his name ;  
The same his power, his grace the same ;  
The tokens of his friendly care  
Open, and crown, and close the year.
- 2 I 'midst a thousand dangers stand,  
Supported by his guardian hand,  
And see, when I survey my ways,  
Ten thousand monuments of praise.
- 3 Thus far his arm hath led me on ;  
Thus far I make his mercy known ;  
And, while I tread this desert land,  
New mercies still new songs demand.
- 4 My grateful soul, on Jordan's shore,  
Shall raise one sacred pillar more !  
Then bear, to his bright courts above,  
Memorials of immortal love.

**XXIV.** *The Saint encouraging himself in the Lord his God.* 1 Sam. xxx. 6.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH !—'tis a glorious name,  
Still pregnant with delight ;  
It scatters round a cheerful beam,  
To gild the darkest night.
- 2 What though our mortal comforts fade,  
And droop like withering flowers ;  
Nor Time nor Death can break that bond,  
Which makes Jehovah ours.
- 3 My cares, I give you to the wind,  
And shake you off like dust ;—  
Well may I trust my all with him,  
With whom my soul I trust !

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⊕ XXV. *Mephibosheth's Acknowledgment of David's Favours.* 2 Samuel ix. 7, 8.

- 1 **A**TTEND, while David's Lord and Son  
Proclaims his royal grace ;  
What sweetness from his lips distills,  
What smiles adorn his face !
- 2 " Rise, humble soul, and quit thy fears,  
Thy treasons I forgive ;  
Banish those unbelieving tears,  
For thou shalt surely live !
- 3 " The heritage thy father lost,  
To thee I will restore ;  
What blissful Eden e'er could boast,  
Thou shalt possess, and more.
- 4 " Behold my table spread for thee !  
I give thee heavenly food ;  
Behold my wounded breast disclosed,  
That shed for thee its blood.
- 5 " With thee I'll take up my abode,  
Though in thy humble cell ;  
And in my radiant courts above  
Shalt thou for ever dwell."
- 6 In silent rapture, bounteous Lord,  
We bow before thy face,  
Since words can ne'er our thanks express,  
Or tell thy matchless grace.

XXVI. *Support in God's Covenant under domestic Troubles.* 2 Sam. xxiii. 5.

- 1 **M**Y God, the covenant of thy love  
Abides for ever sure,  
And in its matchless grace I feel  
My happiness secure.

- 2 What though my house be not with thee,  
As nature could desire ;  
To nobler joys than nature gives  
Thy servants all aspire.
- 3 Since thou, the everlasting God,  
My Father art become ;  
Jesus my guardian, and my friend,  
And heaven my final home :
- 4 I welcome all thy sovereign will,  
For all that will is love ;—  
And when I know not what thou dost,  
I'll wait the light above.
- 5 Thy covenant in the darkest gloom  
Shall heavenly rays impart ;  
Which, when my eyelids close in death,  
Shall warm my chilling heart.

XXVII. *Support in God's Covenant in the near Views of Death.* 2 Sam. xxiii. 1 and 5 compared.

- 1 'TIS mine, the covenant of his grace,  
And every promise mine !  
All sprung from everlasting love,  
And seal'd by blood divine.
- 2 On my unworthy favour'd head  
Its blessings all unite ;  
Blessings more numerous than the stars,  
More lasting, and more bright.
- 3 Death, thou may'st tear this wreck of flesh,  
And sink my fainting head,  
And lay my ruins in the grave,  
Among my kindred dead :
- 4 But Death and Hell in vain shall strive  
To break that sacred rest,  
Which God's expiring children feel,  
While leaning on his breast.

- 5 The enlarged soul they ne'er shall reach,  
 Nor rend from Christ away ;  
 Though o'er my mouldering dust they boast  
 The triumphs of a day.
- 6 The night is past, the morning dawns ;  
 My covenant God descends,  
 And wakes that dust to join my soul  
 In bliss that never ends.
- 7 That Covenant the last accents claim  
 Of this poor faltering tongue ;  
 And that shall the first notes employ  
 Of my celestial song.

XXVIII. *Jabez' Prayer.* 1 Chronicles iv. 9, 10.

- 1 **T**HOU God of Jabez, hear,  
 While we entreat thy grace,  
 And borrow that expressive prayer,  
 With which he sought thy face.
- 2 " O ! that the Lord indeed  
 Would me his servant bless,  
 From every evil shield my head,  
 And crown my path with peace.
- 3 " Be his Almighty hand  
 My helper, and my guide,  
 Till with his saints in Canaan's land  
 My portion he divide."
- 4 Thus pious Jabez pray'd,  
 While God inclined his ear ;  
 And all by whom this suit is made,  
 Shall find the blessing near.
- 5 Ye youths, your vows combine,  
 With loud united voice :  
 So shall your heads with honour shine,  
 And all your hearts rejoice.

XXIX. *Rejoicing in our Covenant-engagements to God.* 2 Chron. xv. 15.

- 1 **O** HAPPY day, that fix'd my choice  
On thee, my Saviour, and my God !  
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
And tell its raptures all abroad.
- 2 O 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.
- 3 'Tis past ; the great transaction's done :  
I am my Lord's, and he is mine :  
He drew me, and I follow'd on,  
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.
- 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,  
Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest ;  
O who with earth would grudge to part  
When call'd with angels to be bless'd !
- 5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,  
That vow renew'd shall daily hear ;  
Till in life's latest hour I bow,  
And bless in death a bond so dear.

XXX. *Manasseh's Affliction, Penitence, and Restoration.* 2 Chron. xxxiii. 10, 13.

- 1 **G**OD of Manasseh ! wilt thou scorn  
To own that humble name,  
While sinners so remote as we  
Thy grace to him proclaim.
- 2 High raised to Judah's throne he seem'd,  
That bell in him might reign !—  
And taught thy sacred name to know  
Its honours to profane !



- 3 Yet thou the royal wretch didst view,  
 With pity in thine eyes ;  
 How strange a cure thy mercy wrought,  
 How wondrous, yet how wise.
- 4 Caught in the thorns by hostile bands,  
 'The captive learnt to reign,  
 And Babel's fetters set him free  
 From Satan's heavier chain.
- 5 From the dark dungeon where he lay,  
 Thou heardst his doleful cry ;  
 Thou raised the suppliant from the dust,  
 And brought salvation nigh !
- 6 On hearts depraved, and hard as his,  
 May Grace exert its power ;  
 And they shall bless the wholesome smart  
 That works so great a cure.

XXXI. *God stirring up the Spirit of Cyrus to redeem Israel.* Ezra i. 1, compared with Isaiah xlv. 1—4.

- 1 **T**HE eternal God ! his name how great !  
 How deep his counsels ! how complete !  
 The hearts of kings his power can sway ;  
 His word unconscious they obey.
- 2 Summon'd of old in distant days  
 To serve his schemes, and shew his praise,  
 Cyrus, illustrious prince, appear'd,  
 His people freed, his temple rear'd.
- 3 Through legions arm'd he broke his way,  
 And trampled generals down as clay ;  
 The bars of steel he cut in twain,  
 And brazen gates opposed in vain !
- 4 But to Jehovah's accents mild  
 The hero, pliant as a child,  
 Laid the new cares of empire by,  
 'Till Zion rose and shone on high.

5 Thus, mighty God, shall every heart  
 (If thou thine influence there impart,  
 Throw its own fondest schemes aside,  
 And follow where thy hand shall guide.

6 The foremost sons of fame shall boast  
 To raise thy temples from their dust ;  
 Princes shall shout thy name aloud,  
 And new-born Priests thine altars crowd.

XXXII. *A Glance from God bringing us down to the Solitude of the Grave.* Job vii. 8.

1 **S**OVEREIGN of life, beneath thine eye,  
 Lo, mortal men by thousands die !  
 One glance from thee at once brings down  
 The proudest brow that wears a crown.

2 Banish'd at once from human sight  
 To the dark grave's unchanging night,  
 Imprison'd in that dusty bed,  
 We hide our solitary head.

3 The friendly baud no more shall greet  
 The tones familiar once, and sweet :  
 No more the well-known features trace,  
 No more renew the fond embrace.

4 Yet if my Father's faithful hand  
 Conduct me through this gloomy land,  
 My soul with pleasure shall obey,  
 And follow where he leads the way.

5 He nobler friends than here I leave,  
 In brighter surer worlds can give ;  
 Or by the beamings of his eye  
 A lost creation well supply.

XXXIII. *The Impossibility of prospering while Men harden themselves against God.* Job ix. 4.

1 **T**HE great Jehovah ! who shall dare  
 With him attempt unequal war ?  
 What heart of steel shall dare oppose,  
 And league among his harden'd foes ?

- 2 At his command the lightnings dart,  
And swift transfix the rebel heart :  
Earth trembles at his look !—it cleaves,  
And legions sink to living graves.
- 3 Where are the haughty monarchs now,  
Who scorn'd his word with low'ring brow ?—  
Where are the trophies of each reign ?  
Where may their ruins now remain ?
- 4 See Pharaoh sinking in the tide !  
See Babel's tyrant, mad with pride,  
Graze with the beasts !—Hear Herod roar,  
While worms his deity devour !
- 5 See from the turrets of the skies  
Rash Cherubs sink, no more to rise ;  
And trace their rank from thrones of light  
By heavier chains, and darker night !
- 6 Great God ! and shall this soul of mine  
Presume to challenge wrath divine ?—  
Trembling I seek thy mercy seat,  
And lay my weapons at thy feet.

XXXIV. *God's Sentence of Condemnation deprecated.*  
Job x. 2.

- 1 **T**REMENDOUS Judge, before thy bar  
What human creature can be clear ?  
An arm so strong, an eye so pure  
Who can escape, or who endure ?
- 2 Do not condemn us, Lord, we cry,  
As trembling in the dust we lie ;  
But while with tears our guilt we own,  
Let smiling Mercy mount the throne.
- 3 If thou wilt smite, offended God,  
Sheath up thy sword, and take thy rod,  
And 'midst the anguish and the smart,  
Open to penitence our heart.

- 4 By chastening if our souls be taught,  
And cleansed from each deep hidden fault,  
The wise severity we'll bless,  
Nor wish such holy sorrows less.

XXXV. *The Great Journey.* Job xvi. 22.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the path that mortals tread  
Down to the regions of the dead !  
Nor will the fleeting moments stay,  
Nor can we measure back our way.
- 2 Our kindred and our friends are gone ;  
Know, O my soul, this doom thine own ;  
Feeble as theirs my mortal frame,  
'The same my way, my home the same.
- 3 From vital air, from cheerful light,  
To the cold grave's perpetual night,  
From scenes of duty, means of grace,  
Must I to God's tribunal pass !
- 4 Important journey ! Awful view !  
How great the change ! the scenes how new !  
The golden gates of heaven display'd,  
Or hell's fierce flames, and gloomy shade !
- 5 Awake, my soul ; thy way prepare,  
And lose in this each mortal care,  
With steady feet that path be trod,  
Which through the grave conducts to God !
- 6 Jesus, to thee my all I trust,  
And, if thou call me down to dust,  
I know thy voice, I'll bless thy hand,  
And die in smiles at thy command.
- 7 What was my terror, then were joy ;  
These views my brightest hopes employ,  
To go, ere many years are o'er,  
Secure I shall return no more.

XXXVI. *The Penitent brought back from the Pit.*  
 Job xxxiii. 27, 28.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, from his exalted throne,  
 In majesty array'd,  
 Looks with a melting pity down  
 On all that seek his aid.
- 2 When, touch'd with penitent remorse,  
 Our follies past we mourn,  
 With what a tenderness of love  
 He meets our first return!
- 3 From heaven he sent his only Son  
 To ransom us with blood,  
 To snatch us from the burning pit,  
 When on its brink we stood.
- 4 From death and hell he leads us up  
 By a delightful way;  
 And the bright beams of endless life  
 Doth round our path display.
- 5 Great God, we wonder, and adore;  
 And, to exalt such grace,  
 We long to learn the songs of heaven  
 Ere yet we reach the place.

XXXVII. *Communing with our Hearts.* Psalm iv. 4.

- 1 **R**ETURN, my roving heart, return,  
 And chase these shadowy forms no more;  
 Seek out some solitude to mourn,  
 And thy forsaken God implore.
- 2 Wisdom and Pleasure dwell at home;  
 Retired and silent seek them there;  
 True conquest is ourselves to o'ercome,—  
 True strength to break the tempter's snare.
- 3 And thou, my God, whose piercing eye  
 Distinct surveys each deep recess,  
 In these abstracted hours draw nigh,  
 And with thy presence fill the place.

- 4 Through all the mazes of my heart  
 My search let heavenly wisdom guide,  
 And still its radiant beams impart,  
 Till all be search'd, and purified.
- 5 Then, with the visits of thy love,  
 Vouchsafe my trembling soul to cheer ;  
 Till every grace shall join to prove,  
 That God hath fix'd his dwelling there.

XXXVIII. *God's Name, the Encouragement of our Faith.* Psalm ix. 10.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord, who loud proclaims  
 His various, and his saving names ;  
 O may they not be heard alone,  
 But by our sure experience known !
- 2 Let great Jehovah be adored,  
 The eternal, all-sufficient Lord !—  
 He through the world most high confess'd,  
 By whom 'twas form'd ; by whom possess'd.
- 3 Awake our noblest powers, to bless  
 The God of Abram, and of Peace ;  
 Now by a dearer title known,  
 Father and God of Christ his Son.
- 4 Through every age his gracious ear  
 Is open to his servants' prayer ;  
 Nor can one humble soul complain,  
 That it hath sought its God in vain.
- 5 What unbelieving heart shall dare  
 In whispers to suggest a fear,  
 While still he owns his ancient name ?  
 The same his power, his love the same !
- 6 To thee our souls in faith arise,  
 To thee we lift expecting eyes ;  
 And boldly through the desert tread ;  
 For God will guard, where God hath led !

XXXIX. *God the Defence of the Holy Soul.*  
Psalm xviii. 2.

- 1 **T**RIUMPH in Jehovah's name,  
That name is all my trust ;  
Nor shall my hope be put to shame,  
Nor shall my soul be lost.
- 2 My God is my eternal rock,  
The tower of my defence ;  
And all the powers of hell are broke,  
When they would force me thence.
- 3 The Lord of my salvation found,  
He shall disperse my foes ;  
His shield extended wide around  
Shall well ward off their blows.
- 4 Loud shouts of victory complete  
Shall through his temple ring ;  
And fix'd for ever near his seat,  
I'll grateful anthems sing.

XL. *Triumph in God's Protection.* Psalm xviii. 2.

- 1 **L**EGIONS of foes beset me round,  
While marching o'er this hollow ground ;  
Yet in Jehovah's aid I trust,  
And in his power superior boast.
- 2 My buckler he ; that shield once spread  
To cover this defenceless head :  
Then let the fiercest foes assail,  
Their darts I'll count as rattling hail.
- 3 He is my rock, and he my tower ;  
The base how firm ! the walls how sure !  
The battlements how high they rise,  
And hide their summits in the skies.

- 4 Deliverance doth to God belong ;  
He is my strength, and he my song ;  
The horn of my salvation he,  
And all my foes dispersed shall flee.
- 5 Through the long march my lips shall sing  
My great Protector, and my King,  
Till Zion's mount my feet ascend,  
And all my painful warfare end.
- 6 Raised on the shining turrets there,  
Through all the prospect wide and fair,  
A land of peace his hosts survey,  
And bless the grace that led the way.

XLI. *Support in Death.* Psalm xxiii. 4.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the gloomy vale,  
Which thou, my soul, must tread,  
Beset with terrors fierce and pale,  
That leads thee to the dead.
- 2 Ye pleasing scenes, adieu,  
Which I so long have known :  
My friends, a long farewell to you,  
For I must pass alone !—
- 3 And thou, beloved clay,  
Long partner of my cares,  
In this rough path art torn away  
With agony and tears.—
- 4 But see, a ray of light,  
With splendors all divine,  
Breaks through these doleful realms of night,  
And makes its horrors shine.
- 5 Where death with darkness reigns,  
Jehovah is my stay :  
His rod my trembling feet sustains,  
His staff defends my way.



- 6 Dear Shepherd, lead me on ;  
 My soul disdains to fear ;  
 Death's gloomy phantoms all are flown,  
 Now life's great Lord is near.

*XLII. The good Man's Prospect for Time and Eternity.*  
 Psalm xxiii. 6.

- 1 **M**Y soul, triumphant in the Lord,  
 Shall tell its joys abroad ;  
 And march with holy vigour on,  
 Supported by its God.
- 2 Through all the winding maze of life,  
 His hand hath been my guide,  
 And in that long experienced care,  
 My heart shall still confide.
- 3 His grace through all the desert flows,  
 An unexhausted stream :  
 That grace on Zion's sacred mount  
 Shall be my endless theme.
- 4 Beyond the choicest joys of earth  
 These distant courts I love ;  
 But oh ! I burn with strong desire  
 To view thy throne above.
- 5 Mingled with all the shining band,  
 My soul would there adore ;  
 A pillar in thy temple fix'd,  
 To be removed no more.

*XLIII. The Cry of God's Servants under the Hidings  
 of his Face.* Psalm xxvii. 9.

- 1 **O**H ! God of my salvation, hear,  
 Attend thy servant's cry,  
 And bring thy promised mercy near,  
 Lest I should droop and die.

- 2 O ! do not frown my soul away,  
And cast me from thy sight,  
But beams of gentle grace display,  
That I may bless the light.
- 3 Do not desert me, oh my God !  
In weakness, and distress,  
I faint beneath this earthly load,  
Then let thy pity bless.
- 4 Am I not thine by sacred bands ?  
Thy servant bought with blood ?  
Complete the work of thine own hands,  
And make thy promise good.
- 5 Oft hast thou saved me in distress,  
And still I look to thee !  
Thy saving power is now no less,  
Nor less shall Mercy be.

*XLIV. The Blessings which God has wrought, and laid up for his People. Psalm xxxi. 19.*

- 1 **O**UR souls with pleasing wonder view  
The bounties of thy grace ;  
How much bestow'd ! How much reserved  
For those that seek thy face !
- 2 Thy liberal hand with worldly bliss  
Oft makes their cup run o'er ;  
And in the covenant of thy love  
They find diviner store.
- 3 Here Mercy hides their numerous sins ;  
Here Grace their soul renews ;  
And here behold thy smiling face  
Doth heavenly beams diffuse.
- 5 But O ! what treasures yet unknown  
Are lodged in worlds to come !  
If such th' enjoyments of the way,  
How happier far that home !

- 5 And what shall mortal worms reply ?  
 Or how such goodness own ?  
 But 'tis our joy that, Lord, to thee  
 Thy servants' hearts are known.
- 6 Thine eyes shall read those grateful thoughts  
 No language can express :  
 Yet, while our liveliest thanks we pay,  
 Our debts then most increase.
- 7 Since time's too short, all gracious God,  
 To utter half thy praise,  
 Loud to the honour of thy name  
 Eternal hymns we'll raise.

XLV. *Relishing the divine Goodness.*

Psalm xxxiv. 8, 9.

- 1 **T**RIUMPHANT, Lord, thy goodness reigns  
 Through all the wide celestial plains ;  
 And its full streams redundant flow  
 Down to the realms of men below.
- 2 Through Nature's works its glories shine ;  
 The cares of Providence are thine :  
 And Grace erects our ruin'd frame  
 A fairer temple to thy name.
- 3 O give to every human heart  
 To taste, and feel how good thou art :  
 With grateful love, and reverend fear,  
 To know, how blest thy children dear.
- 4 Let Nature burst into a song ;  
 The echoing hills her notes prolong :  
 Earth, seas, and stars, their anthems raise,  
 All vocal with their Maker's praise.
- 5 Ye saints, with joy the theme pursue,  
 Its sweetest notes belong to you ;  
 Chosen by your conquering King  
 For ever round his throne to sing.

LVI. *God saying to the Soul, that he is its Salvation.*

Psalm xxxv. 3.

- 1 **S**ALVATION! O melodious sound  
To wretched dying men!  
Salvation, that from God proceeds,  
And leads to God again!
- 2 Rescued from Hell's eternal gloom,  
From fiends, and fires, and chains:  
Raised to a paradise of bliss,  
Where love with glory reigns!
- 3 But O! may a degenerate soul,  
Sinful and weak as mine,  
Presume to raise a trembling eye  
To blessings so divine?
- 4 The lustre of so bright a bliss  
My feeble heart o'erbears;  
And unbelief almost perverts  
The promise into tears.
- 5 My Saviour-God, no voice but thine  
These dying hopes can raise:  
Speak thy salvation to my soul,  
And turn its tears to praise.
- 6 My Saviour-God! this broken voice  
Transported shall proclaim,  
And call on all the angelic harps  
To sound so sweet a name.

LVII. *God's Complacency in the Prosperity of his Servants.* Psalm xxxv. 27.

**T**HE Lord with pleasure views his saints,  
And calls them all his own;  
And low he bows to their complaints,  
And pities every groan.

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- 2 In all the joys they here possess,  
 He takes a tender part ;  
 And, when they soar to heavenly bliss,  
 Complacence fills his heart.
- 3 My God, are all my pleasures thine ?  
 My comforts thy delight ?  
 O be thine attributes divine  
 Most precious in my sight !
- 4 They most in all thy bliss shall share,  
 Whose hearts can love thee most ;  
 O could I vie in ardour here  
 With all the angelic host.

XLVIII. *The Days of the Upright known to God.*  
 Psalm xxxvii. 18.

- 1 **T**O thee, my God, my days are known ;  
 My soul enjoys the thought ;  
 My actions stand before thy face,  
 Nor are my faults forgot.
- 2 Each secret prayer devotion breathes  
 Is vocal to thine ear ;  
 And all my walks of daily life  
 Before thine eye appear.
- 3 The vacant hour, the active scene,  
 Thy mercy shall approve ;  
 And every pang of sympathy,  
 And every care of love.
- 4 Each golden hour of beaming light  
 Is gilded by thy rays ;  
 And dark affliction's midnight gloom  
 A present God surveys.
- 5 Full in thy view through life I pass,  
 And in thy view shall die ;  
 And, when each mortal bond is broke,  
 Still shall my God be nigh.

6 Stripp'd of its little earthly all,  
 My soul in smiles shall go ;  
 And in a heavenly heritage  
 Its Father's bounty know.

Ⓢ XLIX. *On the Care of Providence over good Men  
 and their Children.* Psalm xxxvii. 25.

1 **T**HE Lord his people will support,  
 They shall be richly fed ;  
 What earthly blessing can they want  
 Who live on heavenly bread ?

2 When to the dust he brings them down,  
 His hand can raise them high,  
 Nor will he suffer them to pine,  
 And languish till they die.

3 To parents and their rising race  
 His tender care extends ;  
 He speaks, and in the Orphan's cause  
 Spring up a thousand friends.

4 This have thine aged servants seen,  
 And left on sure record,  
 That generations yet unborn  
 May trust their faithful Lord.

5 My heart adores almighty Grace,  
 That softens all its care,  
 Nor till their Father's stores are spent,  
 Let his own children fear.

L. *The Soul mourning after God when under great  
 Distress.* Psalm xxxviii. 9, 10.

1 **M**Y soul, the awful hour will come,  
 Apace it marcheth on,  
 To bear this body to the tomb,  
 And thee to scenes unknown.

- 2 My heart, long labouring with its woes,  
 Shall pant and sink away ;  
 And soon my eyelids too shall close  
 On day's last glimmering ray.
- 3 Whence in that hour shall I receive  
 A cordial for my pain,  
 When, if earth's monarchs were my friends,  
 Those friends would weep in vain ?
- 4 Great King of nature, and of grace,  
 To thee my spirit flies,  
 And opens all its deep distress  
 Before thy pitying eyes.
- 5 All its desires to thee are known,  
 And every secret fear,  
 The meaning of each broken groan  
 Well-noted by thine ear.
- 6 O fix me by that mighty power,  
 Which to such love belongs,  
 Where darkness veils the eyes no more,  
 And groans are changed to songs.

LI. *God magnified by those that love his Salvation.*  
 Psalm xl. 16.

- 1 **G**OD of salvation, we adore  
 Thy saving love, thy saving power ;  
 And to our utmost stretch of thought  
 Hail the redemption thou hast wrought.
- 2 We love the stroke that breaks our chain,  
 The sword, by which our sins are slain :  
 And, while abased in dust we bow,  
 We sing the grace that lays us low.
- 3 Perish each thought of human pride,  
 Let God alone be magnified :  
 His glory let the heavens resound,  
 Shouted from earth's remotest bound.

- 4 Saints, who his full salvation know,  
 Saints, who but taste it here below,  
 Join with the angelic choir to raise  
 Transporting songs of deathless praise.

LII. *The Triumph of Christ in the Cause of Truth.*  
 Psalm xlv. 3, 4.

- 1 **L** OUD to the Prince of Heaven  
 Your cheerful voices raise ;  
 To him your vows be given,  
 And fill his courts with praise :  
     With conscious might,  
     All cased in arms,  
     All bright in charms,  
     He meets our sight.
- 2 Gird on thy conquering sword,  
 Ascend thy shining car,  
 And march, Almighty Lord,  
 To wage thy holy war :  
     Before his wheels,  
     In glad surprise,  
     Ye valleys, rise,  
     And sink, ye hills.
- 3 Fair Truth, and smiling Love,  
 And injured Righteousness  
 In thy retinue move,  
 And seek from thee redress :  
     Thou in their cause  
     Shalt prosperous ride,  
     And far and wide  
     Dispense thy laws.
- 4 Before thine awful face  
 Millions of foes shall fall,  
 The captives of thy grace,  
 That grace which conquers all :



The world shall know,  
Great King of kings,  
What wondrous things  
Thine arm can do,

- 5 Here to my willing soul  
Bend thy triumphant way ;  
Here every foe control,  
And all thy power display :  
My heart, thy throne,  
Blest Jesus, see,  
Bows low to thee,  
To thee alone.

⊕ LIII. *The Church, the Bride of Christ, and gloriously arrayed.* Psalm xlv. 13, 14.

- 1 **A**LL glory to the Prince of love,  
Who left his radiant throne above,  
And robed in gentleness came down  
To join our nature to his own.
- 2 His Church in dearest bonds allied,  
He calls his sister and his bride ;  
At once he calls and makes her fair,  
And honours with a husband's care.
- 3 Brighter than gems or dazzling gold  
She stands, all glorious to behold ;  
Her Lord prepared and gave the dress,  
The robes of Joy and Righteousness.
- 4 With transports far exceeding thought,  
That bride shall to her king be brought,  
And smile for ever near his seat  
In beauty's lasting charms complete.
- 5 There through the riches of thy grace  
May we, thy servants, find a place ;  
And at thy table be it given  
This day to dress our souls for heaven.

LIV. *Quietness under Affliction, a proper Acknowledgment of God.* Psalm xlvi. 10.

- 1 **P**EACE, 'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand  
That blasts our joys in death ;  
Changes the visage once so dear,  
And gathers back our breath.
- 2 'Tis he, the potentate supreme  
Of all the worlds above,  
Whose steady counsels wisely rule,  
Nor from their purpose move.
- 3 'Tis he, whose justice might demand  
Our souls a sacrifice ;  
Yet scatters with unwearied hand  
A thousand rich supplies.
- 4 Our covenant-God and Father he  
In Christ our bleeding Lord ;  
Whose grace can heal the bursting heart  
With one reviving word.
- 5 Fair garlands of immortal bliss  
He weaves for every brow ;  
And shall tumultuous passions rise,  
If he correct us now ?
- 6 Silent I own Jehovah's name ;  
I kiss thy scourging hand ;  
And yield my comforts, and my life  
To thy supreme command.

LV. *The Year crowned with the divine Goodness.*  
Psalm lxxv. 11.

FOR NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

- 1 **E**TERNAL source of every joy !  
Well may thy praise our lips employ,  
While in thy temple we appear,  
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

- 2 While as the wheels of Nature roll,  
Thy hand supports the steady pole ;  
The sun is taught by thee to rise,  
And darkness, when to veil the skies.
- 3 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.
- 4 Thy hand in Autumn richly pours  
Through all our coasts redundant stores ;  
And winter, softened by thy cares,  
No more a face of horror wears.
- 5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days  
Demand successive songs of praise ;  
Still be the cheerful homage paid  
With opening light, and closing shade.
- 6 Here in thy house shall incense rise,  
As circling sabbaths bless our eyes ;  
And still we make thy mercies known,  
Around thy board, and round our own.
- 7 O may our more harmonious tongues  
In worlds unknown pursue these songs ;  
And in those brighter courts adore,  
Where days and years revolve no more !

LVI. *Rebels against the supreme Sovereign  
admonished. Psalm lxi. 7.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord of glory reigns supremely great,  
O'er heaven's high arches builds his royal seat,  
Through worlds unknown his sovereign sway ex-  
tends,  
Nor space, nor time, his boundless empire ends ;  
His eye beholds the affairs of every nation,  
And reads each thought, through his immense  
creation.

- 2 Lightnings and storms his mighty word obey,  
 And planets roll, where he has mark'd their way ;  
 Unnumber'd Cherubs veil'd before him stand,  
 Then at his smile their radiant wings expand ;  
 His praise gives harmony to all their voices,  
 And every heart through that full choir rejoices.
- 3 Rebellious mortals, cease your tumults vain,  
 Nor longer such unequal war maintain,  
 Let clay with fellow clay in combat strive,  
 But dread to brave the power, by which you live :  
 With contrite hearts fall prostrate and adore him,  
 For, if he frown, ye perish soon before him.

LVII. *God the Happiness of his People, and their Support in extreme Distress.* Psalm lxxiii. 25, 26.

- 1 **M**Y God, whose all-pervading eye  
 Views earth beneath, and heaven above,  
 Witness, if here or there thou seest  
 An object of mine equal love.
- 2 Not the gay scenes, where mortal men  
 Pursue their bliss and find their woe,  
 Detain my rising heart, which springs  
 To nobler joys with heavenly glow.
- 3 Not all the fairest sons of light,  
 That lead the army round thy throne,  
 Can bound its flight ; it presseth on,  
 And seeks its rest in God alone.
- 4 Fix'd near the immortal source of bliss,  
 Dauntless and joyous it surveys  
 Each form of horror and distress,  
 That Earth, combined with Hell, can raise.
- 5 This feeble flesh shall faint and die ;  
 This heart renew its pulse no more ;  
 Even now it views the moment nigh,  
 When life's last struggle shall be o'er.

- 6 But come, thou vanquish'd king of dread,  
 With thy own hand thy power destroy ;  
 'Tis thine to bear my soul to God,  
 My portion, and eternal joy.

LVIII. *The Rage of Enemies restrained, and over-ruled to the divine Glory.* Psalm lxxvi. 10.

THANKSGIVING FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF THE  
 REBELLION, 1746.

- 1 **A**CCCEPT, great God, thy Britain's songs,  
 While grateful joy unites our tongues  
 To own the work thy hand hath done :  
 Thy hand hath crush'd our cruel foes,  
 When in rebellious troops they rose,  
 And swore to tread our glory down.
- 2 With hell confederate on their side,  
 People and Prince, their rage defied,  
 And in proud hope devour'd us all ;  
 Thy hand its banner hath display'd,  
 Beckon'd its hero to our aid,  
 And in one day their legions fall.
- 3 Thus shalt thou still maintain thy throne,  
 And prove that thou art God alone.  
 Though Earth and Hell each effort tries,  
 Midst all the tumult they can raise,  
 Envenom'd wrath exalts thy praise,  
 Till hush'd at thy rebuke it dies.
- 4 So swell the surges of the sea,  
 And roar in their impetuous way,  
 As they would deluge earth again :  
 So strike they on the unshaken rock,  
 And broken by the thundering shock,  
 Foam but to feel their fury vain.

LIX. *God furnishing a Table in the Wilderness.*  
Psalm lxxviii. 19, 20.

- 1 **P**ARENT of universal good,  
We own thy bounteous hand,  
Which doth so rich a table spread  
In this sad desert land.
- 2 Struck by thy power, the flinty rocks  
In gushing torrents flow ;  
The feather'd wanderers of the air  
Thy guiding instinct know.
- 3 The pregnant clouds, at thy command,  
Rain down delicious bread ;  
And by light drops of pearly dew  
Are numerous armies fed.
- 4 Supported thus, thine Israel march'd  
The promised land to gain,  
And shall thy children now begin  
To seek their God in vain ?
- 5 Are all thy stores exhausted now ?  
Or doth thy mercy fail ?  
That faith should languish in our breasts,  
And anxious cares prevail ?
- 6 Ye base unworthy fears, be gone,  
And wide disperse in air ;  
And may I feel my Father's rod,  
When I suspect his care !

⊕ LX. *God's Mercy in reviving his Church.*  
Psalm lxxx. 6.

- 1 **F**OUNTAIN of Life, thy grace impart  
In vital streams to every heart ;  
On every side thy work revive,  
And bid thy dying churches live.

- 2 Scarce can thy garden now be known,  
Its plants dried up, its bowers o'erthrown :  
Our with'ring state with pity view,  
And be thyself thine Israel's dew.
- 3 O ! let thy saints rejoice in thee !  
Let sinners thy salvation see ;  
And let the humble hearts that mourn  
With joy proclaim their Lord's return.

LXI. *God speaking Peace to his People. Ps. lxxxv. 8.*

- 1 **U**NITE, my roving thoughts, unite  
In silence soft and sweet :  
And thou, my soul, sit gently down  
At thy great Sovereign's feet.
- 2 Jehovah's awful voice is heard,  
Yet gladly I attend ;  
For lo ! the everlasting God  
Proclaims himself my friend.
- 3 Harmonious accents to my soul  
The sounds of peace convey ;  
The tempest at his word subsides,  
And winds and seas obey.
- 4 By all its joys, I charge my heart,  
To grieve his love no more ;  
But, charm'd by mercy so divine,  
To give its follies o'er.

LXII. *The Church under the Care of God ; and the Birth-place of the Saints. Psalm lxxxvii. 5,*

ON OPENING A NEW PLACE OF WORSHIP.

- 1 **A**ND will the great eternal God  
On earth establish his abode ?  
And will he from his radiant throne  
Avow our temples for his own ?

- 2 We bring the tribute of our praise,  
And sing that condescending grace,  
Which to our notes will lend an ear,  
And call such sinful mortals near.
- 3 Our Father's watchful care we bless,  
Which guards our churches here in peace,  
That no tumultuous foes invade,  
To make our trembling souls afraid.
- 4 These walls we to thine honour raise ;  
Long may they echo with thy praise ;  
And thou descending fill the place  
With choicest tokens of thy grace !
- 5 Here let the great Redeemer reign  
With all the virtues of his train ;  
While power divine his word attends  
To conquer foes, and cheer his friends !
- 6 And in the great decisive day,  
When God the nations shall survey,  
May it before the world appear,  
That crowds were born to glory here !

LXIII. *The Gospel Jubilee.* Psalm lxxxix. 15, compared with Levit. xxv. and Isaiah lxi. 2.

- 1 **L** OUD let the tuneful trumpet sound,  
And spread the joyful tidings round ;  
Let every soul with transport hear,  
And hail the Lord's accepted year !
- 2 Ye debtors, whom he gives to know,  
That you ten thousand talents owe,  
When humbled at his feet ye fall,  
Your gracious Lord forgives them all.
- 3 Slaves, that have borne the heavy chain  
Of Sin and Hell's tyrannic reign,  
To liberty assert your claim,  
And urge the great Redeemer's name.



- 4 The rich inheritance you lost,  
Restored, improved, you now may boast,  
Fair Salem your arrival waits,  
To golden streets, and pearly gates.
- 5 Her blest inhabitants no more  
Bondage and poverty deplore :  
No claim, but love immensely great,  
Whose joy still rises with the debt.
- 6 O happy souls that know the sound !  
God's light shall all their steps surround ;  
And shew that Jubilee begun,  
Which through eternal years shall run.

LXIV. *God the Dwelling-place of his People.*  
Psalm xc. 1.

- 1 **T**HOU, Lord, through every changing scene  
Hast to thy saints a refuge been :  
Through every age, eternal God,  
Their pleasing home, their safe abode.
- 2 In thee our fathers sought their rest ;  
In thee our fathers still are blest ;  
And, while the tomb confines their dust,  
In thee their souls abide, and trust.
- 3 And lo ! we rise, a feeble race,  
Awhile to fill our father's place :  
Our helpless state with pity view,  
And let us share their refuge too.
- 4 Through all the thorny paths we trace  
In this uncertain wilderness,  
When friends desert, and foes invade,  
Revive our heart, and guard our head.
- 5 So when this pilgrimage is o'er,  
And we may dwell in flesh no more,  
To thee our separate souls shall come,  
And find in thee a surer home.

- 6 To thee our infant race we leave ;  
 Them may their fathers' God receive ;  
 That voices yet unform'd may raise  
 Succeeding hymns of humble praise.

LXV. *Reflections on the Waste of Years.*  
 Psalm xc. 9.

FOR NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

- 1 **R**EMARK, my soul, the narrow bounds  
 Of the revolving year !  
 How swift the weeks complete their rounds !  
 How short the months appear !
- 2 So fast Eternity comes on,  
 And that important day,  
 When all that mortal life has done  
 God's judgment shall survey.
- 3 Yet like an idle tale we pass  
 The swift advancing year ;  
 And try new ways that but increase  
 The speed of its career.
- 4 Waken, O God, my trifling heart  
 Its great concern to see ;  
 That I may act the christian part,  
 And give the year to thee.
- 5 So shall their course more grateful roll,  
 If future years arise ;  
 Or this shall bear my smiling soul  
 To joy that never dies.

LXVI. *Joy and Prosperity from the Presence and  
 Blessing of God.* Psalm xc. 17.

- 1 **S**HINE on our souls, eternal God,  
 With rays of mercy shine ;  
 O let thy favour crown our days,  
 And all their round be thine !

- 2 Did we not raise our hands to thee,  
Our hands might toil in vain ;  
Small joy success itself can give,  
If thou thy love restrain.
- 3 With thee let every week begin,  
With thee each day be spent,  
For thee each fleeting hour improved,  
Since each by thee is lent.
- 4 Thus cheer us through this desert road,  
Till all our labours cease ;  
And heaven refresh our weary souls  
With everlasting peace.

LXVII. *The Mutability of the Creation, and the Immutability of God.* Psalm cii. 25—28.

- 1 GREAT Former of this various frame,  
Our souls adore thine awful name ;  
And bow and tremble, while they praise  
The Ancient of eternal days.
- 2 Thou, Lord, with unsurprised survey,  
Saw'st nature rising yesterday ;  
And thus to-morrow shall thine eye  
See earth and stars in ruin lie.
- 3 Beyond an angel's vision bright,  
Thou dwell'st in self-existent light ;  
Which shines with undiminish'd ray,  
While suns and worlds in smoke decay.
- 4 Our days a transient period run,  
And change with every circling sun ;  
And in the firmest state we boast,  
A moth's not easier crush'd to dust.
- 5 But let the creatures fall around ;  
Let Death consign us to the ground  
Let the last general flame arise,  
And melt the arch that bears the skies.

- 6 Calm as the summer's ocean, we  
Can all the wreck of nature see,  
Secure by grace of an abode,  
Unshaken as the throne of God.

LXVIII. *God's gracious Regard to the Frailty of Human-nature.* Psalm ciii. 14.

- 1 **L**ORD, we adore thy wondrous name,  
And make that name our trust,  
Which raised at first this curious frame,  
From mean and lifeless dust.
- 2 By dust supported, still it stands,  
Wrought up to various forms,  
Prepared by thy creating hands  
To nourish mortal worms.
- 3 Awhile these frail machines endure,  
The fabric of a day ;  
Then know their vital powers no more,  
But moulder back to clay.
- 4 Yet, Lord, whate'er is felt or fear'd,  
This thought is our repose,  
That He, by whom this frame was rear'd,  
Its various weakness knows.
- 5 Thou view'st us with a pitying eye,  
While struggling with our load ;  
In pains and dangers thou art nigh,  
Our Father, and our God.
- 6 Gently supported by thy love,  
We tend to realms of peace ;  
Where every pain shall far remove,  
And frailty shall cease.

LXIX. *God adored for his Goodness, and his wonderful Works to the Children of Men.* Psalm cvii. 31.

- 1 **Y**E 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.
- 2 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.
- 3 Sing Earth in verdant robes array'd,  
Its herbs and flowers, its fruit and shade ;  
Peopled with life of various forms,  
Fishes and fowls, and beasts and worms.
- 4 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.
- 5 But O ! that brighter world above,  
Where lives and reigns incarnate love !  
God's only Son in flesh array'd,  
For man a bleeding victim made.
- 6 Thither, my soul, with rapture soar ;  
There in the land of praise adore ;  
This theme demands an angel's lay,  
Demands an undeclining day.

LXX. *The holy Soul returning to its Rest in a grateful Sense of the divine Bounty.* Psalm cxvi. 7.

- 1 **R**ETURN, my soul, and seek thy rest  
Upon thy heavenly Father's breast :  
Indulge me, Lord, in that repose,  
The soul which loves thee only knows.

- 2 Lodged in thine arms, I fear no more  
The tempest's howl, the billow's roar :  
Those storms must shake the Almighty's seat,  
Which violate the saint's retreat.
- 3 Thy bounties, Lord, to me surmount  
The power of language to recount ;  
From morning's dawn, the setting sun  
Sees but my work of praise begun.
- 4 The mercies all my moments bring,  
Ask an eternity to sing ;  
What thanks those mercies can repay,  
Which last through an eternal day ?
- 5 Rich in ten thousand gifts possess'd,  
In future hopes more richly bless'd,  
I'll sit and sing, till death shall raise  
A note of more proportion'd praise.

LXXI. *Providential Deliverances celebrated.*

Psalm cxvi. 8.

- 1 **L**OOK back, my soul, with grateful love,  
On what thy God hath done ;  
Praise him for his unnumber'd gifts,  
And praise him for his Son.
- 2 How oft hath his indulgent hand  
My flowing eyelids dried,  
And rescued from impending death,  
When I in danger cried !
- 3 When on the bed of pain I lay,  
With sickness sore oppress'd,  
How oft hath he assuaged my grief,  
And lull'd my eyes to rest !
- 4 Back from destruction's yawning pit  
At his command I came ;  
He fed the expiring lamp anew,  
And raised its feeble flame.

- 5 My broken spirit he hath cheer'd,  
 When torn with inward grief ;  
 And, when temptations press'd me sore,  
 He brought me swift relief.
- 6 My soul from everlasting death  
 Is by his mercy brought,  
 To tell in Zion's sacred gates  
 The wonders he hath wrought.
- 7 Still will I walk before his face,  
 While he this life prolongs ;  
 Till grace shall all its work complete,  
 And teach me heavenly songs.

LXXII. *Deliverance celebrated, and good Resolutions formed.* Psalm cxvi. 8, 9.

- G**REAT source of life, our souls confess  
 The various riches of thy grace ;  
 Crown'd with thy mercy, we rejoice,  
 And in thy praise exalt our voice.
- 2 By thee heaven's shining arch was spread ;  
 By thee were earth's foundations laid,  
 And all the charms of men's abode  
 Proclaim the wise, the gracious God.
- 3 Thy tender hand restores our breath,  
 When trembling on the verge of death ;  
 Gently it wipes away our tears,  
 And lengthens life to future years.
- 4 These lives are sacred to the Lord ;  
 Kindled by him, by him restored ;  
 And, while our hours renew their race,  
 Still would we walk before his face.
- 5 So when by him our souls are led  
 Through unknown regions of the dead,  
 With joy triumphant shall they move  
 To seats of nobler life above.

LXXIII. *Of living beyond Death and celebrating  
the Works of God: Psalm cxviii. 17.*

- 1 **N**OTE well, my soul, what joy  
God's promises can give,  
By them expiring Christians cry,  
" We only die to live !"
- 2 To join the songs of Heaven  
By losing mortal breath ;  
O ! 'twere a prospect too divine,  
To bear the name of Death.
- 3 Ye tardy moments, fly !  
Thou dying life, make haste,  
That my expiring soul may know  
Of real life the taste.
- 4 Those mysteries of God,  
That I would fain declare,  
Demand sublimer strains of praise  
Than David's harp might bear !
- 5 Let Gabriel lead the song,  
Let God inspire the lay ;  
That theme will furnish full employ  
For an eternal day.

LXXIV. *Praise for Recovery from Sickness.  
Psalm cxviii. 18, 19.*

- 1 **G**REAT Lord of life, I own thy hand  
In every chastening stroke ;  
And, while I smart beneath thy rod,  
Thy presence I invoke.
- 2 To thee in my distress I cried,  
And thou hast bow'd thine ear ;  
Thy powerful word my life prolong'd,  
And brought salvation near.



- 3 Unfold, ye gates of righteousness,  
That, with the pious throng,  
I may record my solemn vows,  
And tune my grateful song.
- 4 Praise to the Lord, whose gentle hand  
Renews our labouring breath :  
Praise to the Lord, who makes his saints  
Triumphant e'en in death.
- 5 My God, in thine appointed hour  
Those heavenly gates display,  
Where pain and sin, and fear and death  
For ever flee away.
- 6 There, while the nations of the bless'd  
With rapture throng around,  
My anthems to delivering grace  
In sweeter strains shall sound.

LXXV. *A regard to the Scripture pressed upon young Persons.* Psalm cxix. 9.

- 1 **I**NDULGENT God, with pitying eye  
The sons of men survey,  
And see how youthful sinners sport  
In broad destruction's way.
- 2 Ten thousand dangers lurk around  
To bear them to the tomb ;  
Each in an hour may plunge them down,  
Where hope can never come.
- 3 Instruct, O Lord, their wandering minds  
Amused with airy dreams,  
That heavenly wisdom may dispel  
Their visionary schemes.
- 4 With holy caution may they walk,  
And be thy word their guide ;  
Till each, the desert safely pass'd,  
On Zion's Hill abide.

**XXVI.** *Desires of being quickened by the Word of God.* Psalm cxix. 25.

- 1 **W**ITH pity, Lord, thy servant view,  
As in the dust I lie,  
Nor, while I raise my plaintive voice,  
Disdain the broken cry.
- 2 Fain would I mount on eagles' wings,  
And view thy glorious face ;  
But cumbrous burdens drag me down  
From thine adored embrace.
- 3 Thy quickening energy diffuse  
O'er all my inmost frame ;  
And animate these languid lips  
To celebrate thy name.
- 4 Thy living word has wonders wrought ;  
Those wonders here renew ;  
And pour fresh vigour through my soul,  
While I its glories view.
- 5 From thee, great ever flowing spring,  
Let vital streams descend ;  
And cheer me to begin those songs  
Which death shall never end.

**LXXVII.** *Human Perfection no where to be found.*  
Psalm cxix. 96.

- 1 **P**ERFECTION ! 'tis an empty name,  
Nor can repay our cares,  
And he that seeks it here below  
Must end the search with tears.
- 2 Great David on his royal throne,  
The beauteous and the strong,  
Rich in the spoils of conquer'd foes,  
Amidst the applauding throng,

- 3 With all his mind's capacious powers,  
Pursued the shade in vain ;  
Nor heard it his melodious voice,  
Or harp's angelic strain.
- 4 From public to domestic scenes  
The impatient monarch turns ;  
As friend, as husband, and as sire  
In sad succession mourns.
- 5 At length thy law, eternal God,  
He through his tears describes,  
And, wrapt amid those sacred folds,  
He finds the heavenly prize.
- 6 There will I seek perfection too,  
Where David's God is known ;  
Nor envy, with this volume blest,  
His treasures or his throne.

LXXVIII. *Beholding Transgressors with Grief.*  
Psalm cxix. 136, 158.

- 1 **A**RISE, my tenderest thoughts, arise ;  
To torrents melt my streaming eyes ;  
And thou, my heart, with anguish feel  
Those evils, which thou canst not heal.
- 2 See human nature sunk in shame ;  
See scandals pour'd on that dear name ;  
The Father wounded through the Son ;  
The world abused, and souls undone.
- 3 See the short course of vain delight  
Closing in everlasting night ;  
In flames, that no abatement know,  
Though briny tears for ever flow.
- 4 My God, I feel the mournful scene ;  
My bowels yearn o'er dying men ;  
And fain my pity would reclaim,  
And snatch them burning from the flame

5 But feeble my compassion proves,  
 And can but weep, where most it loves :  
 Thine own all-saving arm employ,  
 And turn these floods of grief to joy.

LXXIX. *The wandering Sheep recovered.*  
 Psalm cxix. 176.

- 1 **L**ORD, we have wander'd from thy way ;  
 Like foolish sheep, we've gone astray ;  
 Our pleasant pastures we have left,  
 And of their guard our souls bereft.
- 2 Exposed to want, exposed to harm ;  
 Far from our gentle Shepherd's arm ;  
 Nor will these fatal wanderings cease,  
 Till thou reveal the paths of peace.
- 3 O seek thy thoughtless servants, Lord,  
 Nor let us quite forget thy word ;  
 Our erring souls do thou restore,  
 And keep us, that we stray no more.

LXXX. *The weeping Seed-time and joyful Harvest.*  
 Psalm cxxvi. 5, 6.

- 1 **T**HE darken'd sky, how thick it lowers !  
 Troubled with storms, and big with showers ;  
 No cheerful gleam of light appears,  
 But Nature's all dissolved in tears.
- 2 Yet let the sons of grace revive ;  
 God bids the soul that seeks him live ;  
 And from the gloomiest shade of night  
 Calls forth a morning of delight.
- 3 The seeds of ecstasy unknown  
 Are in these watery furrows sown ;  
 See the green blades, how thick they rise,  
 And with fresh verdure bless our eyes.

- 4 In secret foldings they contain  
 Unnumber'd ears of golden grain ;  
 And heaven shall pour its beams around,  
 Till the ripe harvest load the ground.
- 5 Then shall the trembling mourner come,  
 And find his sheaves, and bear them home :  
 The voice long broke with sighs shall sing,  
 Till heaven with hallelujahs ring.

LXXXI. *Thanks to God for his ever-enduring  
 Goodness. Psalm cxxxvi. 1.*

FOR NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

- 1 **H**OUSE of our God, with cheerful anthems ring,  
 While all our lips and hearts his graces sing !  
 The opening year his favours shall proclaim,  
 And all its days be vocal with his name ;  
 The Lord is good, his mercy never-ending ;  
 His blessings in perpetual showers descending.
- 2 The heaven of heavens ! he with his bounty fills :  
 Ye Seraphs bright on ever blooming hills,  
 His honours sound ; you to whom good alone,  
 Unmingled, ever-growing, has been known.  
 Through your immortal life, with love increasing,  
 Proclaim your Maker's goodness never-ceasing.
- 3 Thou Earth, enlighten'd by his rays divine,  
 Pregnant with grass, and corn, and oil, and wine,  
 Crown'd with his goodness, let thy nations meet,  
 And lay their crowns at his paternal feet :  
 With grateful love that liberal hand confessing,  
 Which through each heart diffuseth every blessing.
- 4 Zion enrich'd with his distinguish'd grace,  
 Blest with the rays of thine Emmanuel's face,  
 Zion, Jehovah's portion, and delight,  
 Graved on his heart, and hourly in his sight,

- 5** **On** sacred strains exalt that grace excelling,  
**Which** makes thy humble hill his chosen dwelling.
- 5** **His** mercy never ends; the dawn, the shade  
**Still** see new bounties through new scenes display'd :  
**Succeeding** ages bless this sure abode,  
**And** children lean upon their fathers' God.  
**The** deathless soul, through its immense duration,  
**Drinks** from this source immortal consolation.
- 6** **Burst** into praise, my soul ; all nature join ;  
**Angels** and men in harmony combine !  
**While** human years are measured by the sun,  
**And** while Eternity its course shall run,  
**His** goodness, in perpetual showers descending,  
**Exalt** in songs, and raptures never-ending !

**LXXXII.** *God strengthening the Souls of his  
 praying People.* Psalm cxxxviii. 3.

- 1** **M**Y soul, review the trembling days,  
 In which my God I sought ;  
 I cried aloud for aid divine,  
 And aid divine he brought.
- 2** **Through** all my weak and fainting heart  
 His secret strength he spread,  
 And clasp'd me in his arms of love,  
 And raised my drooping head.
- 3** **He** call'd himself my covenant-God,  
 His promises he shew'd ;  
 And wide display'd their solemn seal  
 In the great Surety's blood.
- 4** **I** heard his people shout around,  
 And join'd their cheerful song ;  
 And saw from far the shining seats,  
 That to his saints belong.

- 5 My God, what inward strength thou giv'st  
 I to thy service vow ;  
 And in thy strength would upward march,  
 Till at thy throne I bow.

LXXXIII. *Rejoicing in the Ways of God.*  
 Psalm cxxxviii. 5.

- 1 **N**OW let our voices join,  
 'To form one pleasant song :  
 Ye pilgrims in Jehovah's ways,  
 With music pass along.
- 2 How straight the path appears !  
 How open, and how fair !  
 No lurking pits entrap our feet ;  
 No fierce destroyers there.
- 3 But flowers of paradise  
 In rich profusion spring ;  
 The sun of glory gilds the path,  
 And dear companions sing.
- 4 See Salem's golden spires  
 In beauteous prospect rise ;  
 And brighter crowns than mortals wear,  
 Are sparkling through the skies.
- 5 All honour to his name,  
 Who drew the shining trace ;  
 To him, who leads the wanderers on,  
 And cheers them with his grace.
- 6 Reduce the nations, Lord,  
 Teach all their kings thy ways,  
 That earth's full choir the notes may swell,  
 And heaven resound thy praise.

LXXXIV. *The innumerable Mercies of God thankfully acknowledged.* Psalm cxxxix. 17, 18.

- 1 **I**N glad amazement, Lord, I stand,  
Amidst the bounties of thy hand ;  
How numberless those bounties are,  
How rich, how various, and how fair !
- 2 But O ! what poor returns I make,  
What lifeless thanks I pay thee back ;  
Lord, I confess with humble shame,  
My offerings scarce deserve the name.
- 3 Fain would my labouring heart devise  
To bring some nobler sacrifice ;  
It sinks beneath the mighty load :—  
What shall I render to my God ?
- 4 To him I consecrate my praise,  
And vow the remnant of my days ;  
Yet what at best can I pretend  
Worthy such gifts, from such a friend ?
- 5 In deep abasement, Lord, I see  
My emptiness, my poverty :—  
Enrich my soul with grace divine,  
And make it worthier to be thine.
- 6 Give me at length an angel's tongue,  
That heaven may echo with my song ;  
The theme, too great for time, shall be  
The joy of vast eternity.

LXXXV. *Praising God through the Whole of our Existence.* Psalm cxlvi. 2,\*

- 1 **G**OD of my life, through all its days  
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise ;  
The song shall wake with opening light,  
And warble to the silent night.

\* It is interesting to remember, that, when pressed down by the hand of disease and tottering on the brink of eternity, the pious author of this hymn realized the divine consolations its perusal may inspire. See *Life of Dr. Doddridge*.



- 2 When anxious cares would break my rest,  
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,  
Thy tuneful praises raised on high  
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.
- 3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,  
And all the powers of language fail,  
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,  
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.
- 4 But O ! when that last conflict's o'er,  
And I am chain'd to flesh no more,  
With what glad accents shall I rise,  
To join the music of the skies !
- 5 Soon shall I learn the exalted strains,  
Which echo o'er the heavenly plains ;  
And emulate, with joy unknown,  
The glowing Seraphs round thy throne.
- 6 The cheerful tribute will I give,  
Long as a deathless soul can live ;  
A work so sweet, a theme so high,  
Demands, and crowns eternity.

LXXXVI. *The Meek beautified with Salvation.*  
Psalm cxlix. 4.

- 1 **Y**E humble souls, rejoice,  
And cheerful anthems sing ;  
Wake all your harmony of voice,  
For Jesus is your King.
- 2 That meek and lowly Lord,  
Whom here your souls have known,  
Pledges the honour of his word  
To own you for his own.
- 3 He brings salvation near,  
For which his blood was paid :  
How beauteous holy souls appear  
Thus sumptuously array'd !

- 4 Sing, for the day is nigh,  
When near your Leader's seat  
The sons of arrogance shall lie,  
The footstool of your feet.
- 5 Salvation, Lord, is thine!  
Thine, all thy saints may boast  
The royal robes, in which they shine,  
Amid the heavenly host.

LXXXVII. *The Reproofs of Wisdom mingled with Promises, and Threatenings to reclaim wandering Sinners. Proverbs i. 23.*

- 1 **H**ARK! for 'tis wisdom's voice,  
That breaks in gentle sound:  
Listen, ye sons of earth and sin,  
And gather all around.
- 2 What though she may rebuke,  
And the stung soul may smart;  
True love through all her chastening runs,  
By pain to mend the heart.
- 3 "Ye that have hurried on  
In sin's destructive race,  
Turn, turn," the heavenly charmer cries,  
And seize the proffer'd grace.
- 4 "I know your souls are weak,  
And mortal efforts vain  
To grapple with the Prince of hell,  
And break the accursed chain.
- 5 "But I'll my spirit pour  
In torrents from above,  
To arm you with superior strength,  
And melt your hearts in love.
- 6 "Come, while these offers last,  
Ye sinners, and be wise:  
He lives, who hears this friendly call,  
But he that slights it, dies."

LXXXVIII. *The Voice of Christ addressed to the Children of Men.* Proverbs viii. 4.

- 1 **N**OW let the listening world around  
In silent reverence hear ;  
While from on high the Saviour's voice  
Thus strikes the attentive ear :
- 2 " To you, O sons of men, I call,  
And from my lofty throne  
Reclined, in gentle pity bow  
To make salvation known.
- 3 " Ye thoughtless sinners, hear my voice,  
Attend my words and live ;  
My words conduct to solid joys,  
And endless blessings give.
- 4 " Each faithful minister is sent  
This message to proclaim ;  
In every various providence  
The language is the same.
- 5 " And could the pale forgotten dead,  
Though deep in dust they lie,  
Arise in visionary crowds,  
They'd join the solemn cry.
- 6 " Forgetful mortals, yet be wise,  
While o'er the grave ye stand ;  
Lest long neglected love provoke  
The vengeance of my hand.
- 7 " In glad submission bow ye down,  
Nor steel that stubborn heart ;  
Till mine inexorable voice  
Pronounce the word, Depart."
- 8 Blest Jesus, may thy Spirit breathe  
On souls, which else must die ;  
For, till thy grace reflect the sound,  
Thy word in vain will cry.

XXXIX. *The Encouragement young Persons have to seek and love Christ.* Prov. viii. 17.

- 1 **Y**E hearts with youthful vigour warm,  
In smiling crowds draw near,  
And turn from every mortal charm,  
A Saviour's voice to hear.
- 2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,  
Stoops to converse with you ;  
And lays his radiant glories by,  
Your friendship to pursue.
- 3 " The soul that longs to see my face,  
Is sure my love to gain ;  
And those that early seek my grace,  
Shall never seek in vain."
- 4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,  
If once compared with thee ?  
What beauty should command my love,  
Like what in Christ I see ?
- 5 Away, ye false delusive toys,  
Vain tempters of the mind !  
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,  
And here true bliss I find.

XC. *The House and Feast of Wisdom.* Prov. ix. 1—6.

- 1 **S**EE the fair structure Wisdom rears,  
Her messengers attend ;  
And charm'd by her persuasive voice,  
To her your footsteps bend.
- 2 " Hear me, ye simple ones," she cries,  
" That lured by Folly stray,  
And languish to eternal death  
In her detested way.

- 3 " Enter my hospitable gate,  
 And all my banquet share ;  
 For heavenly wine now crowns my board,  
 And angels' food is there.
- 4 " Freely of every dainty taste ;  
 Taste, and for ever live ;  
 And mingle with your joys the hopes  
 Of all a God can give.
- 5 " But if seduced by Folly's arts,  
 Ye seek her poisonous food ;  
 Know, that the dreadful moment hastes,  
 Which pays her feast with blood."

XCI. *The Excellency of the Righteous, with regard to their Temper.* Prov. xii. 26. Part 1st.

- 1 **H**OW glorious, Lord, art thou !  
 How bright thy splendours shine,  
 Whose rays reflected gild thy saints  
 With ornaments divine.
- 2 With lowliness and love,  
 Wisdom and courage meet ;  
 The grateful heart, the cheerful eye,  
 How reverend and how sweet !
- 3 In beauties such as these,  
 Thy children now are drest ;  
 But brighter habits shall they wear  
 In regions of the blest.
- 4 In nature's barren soil,  
 Who could such glories raise ?  
 We own, O God, the work is thine,  
 And thine be all the praise !

**XCII.** *The Excellency of the Righteous, with regard to their Relations, Employments, Pleasures, and Hopes.* Prov. xii. 26. Part 2nd.

- 1 **O** ISRAEL, thou art blest ;  
Who may with thee compare ?  
Thine holiness shall stand confess'd ;  
How bright thy glories are !
- 2 O God of Israel, hear,  
And make this bliss our own ;  
Make us the children of thy care,  
The members of thy Son.
- 3 Thus honour'd, thus employ'd,  
By these great motives fired,  
Be paradise on earth enjoy'd,  
And brighter hopes inspired.
- 4 Thy people, Lord, we love ;  
Their God our souls embrace ;  
So may we find in worlds above  
Among thy saints a place.

**XCIII.** *Walking with God ; or being in his Fear all the Day long.* Prov. xxiii. 17.

- 1 **T**HREE happy souls, who born from heaven,  
While yet they sojourn here,  
Thus all their days with God begin,  
And spend them in his fear !
- 2 So may our eyes with holy zeal  
Anticipate the day ;  
And turn the sacred pages o'er,  
And praise thy name and pray.
- 3 'Midst hourly cares, may love present  
Its incense to thy throne ;  
And, while the world our hands employs,  
Our hearts be thine alone !

- 4 As sanctified to noblest ends  
 Be each refreshment sought ;  
 And by each various providence  
 Some wise instruction brought !
- 5 When to laborious duties call'd,  
 Or by temptations tried,  
 We'll seek the shelter of thy wings,  
 And in thy strength confide.
- 6 As different scenes of life arise,  
 Our grateful hearts would be  
 With thee, amidst the social band ;—  
 In solitude, with thee.
- 7 At night we'll lean our weary heads  
 On thy paternal breast ;  
 And, safely folded in thine arms,  
 Resign our powers to rest.
- 8 In solid pure delights, like these,  
 Let all my days be past ;  
 Nor shall I then impatient wish,  
 Nor shall I fear the last.

XCIV. *The obstinate Sinner alarmed.* Prov. xxix. 1.

- 1 **N**OW let the sons of Belial hear  
 The thunders of the Lord ;  
 Thrill with a soul-dissolving fear,  
 And tremble at his word.
- 2 Now let the iron sinew bow,  
 And take his easy yoke ;  
 Lest sudden vengeance lay it low  
 By one resistless stroke.
- 3 Though yet the great physician wait,  
 And healing balm be found,  
 One hour may seal their endless fate,  
 And fix a deadly wound.

- 4 Swift may thy mercy, Lord, arise,  
 Ere justice stop their breath ;  
 And lighten those deluded eyes,  
 That sleep the sleep of death !

*XCV. God's reasonable Expectations from his Vineyard. Isaiah v. 1—7.*

- 1 **T**HE vineyard of the Lord, how fair !  
 Planted by his peculiar care,  
 Behold its branches spread, and fill  
 The borders of his sacred hill.
- 2 His eye hath mark'd the chosen ground ;  
 His mighty hand hath fenced it round ;  
 His servants by his order wait,  
 To watch and aid its tender state.
- 3 But when the vintage he demands  
 For all the labour of their hands,  
 What clusters doth his vine produce ?  
 The grapes are wild, and sour the juice.
- 4 Well might he tear its fence away,  
 And leave it to the beasts of prey,  
 Might give it to the wild again,  
 And charge his clouds to cease their rain.
- 5 But spare our land, our churches spare,  
 Thy vengeance long provoked forbear ;  
 Let the true vine its influence give,  
 And bid our withering branches live !

*XCVI. Isaiah's Obedience to the heavenly Vision. Isaiah vi. 8.*

- 1 **O**UR God ascends his lofty throne,  
 Array'd in majesty unknown ;  
 His lustre all the temple fills,  
 And spreads o'er all the ethereal hills.



- 2 The holy, holy, holy Lord,  
By all the Seraphim adored,  
And, while they stand beneath his seat,  
They veil their faces, and their feet.
- 3 And can a sinful worm endure  
The presence of a God so pure ?  
Or these polluted lips proclaim  
The honours of so grand a name ?
- 4 O for thine altar's glowing coal  
To touch my lips, to fire my soul,  
To purge the sordid dross away,  
And into crystal turn my clay !
- 5 Then, if a messenger thou ask,  
A labourer for the hardest task,  
Through all my weakness and my fear,  
Love shall reply, " Thy servant's here."
- 6 Nor should my willing soul complain,  
Though all its efforts seem'd in vain ;  
It ample recompense would be,  
But to have wrought, my God, for thee.

XCVII. *The Stupidity of Israel, and of Britain  
lamented.* Isaiah vi. 9—12.

FOR A FAST-DAY.

- 1 **L**ORD, when thine Israel we survey,  
We in their crimes discern our own ;  
And, if thou turn our prayer away,  
Our misery must, like theirs, be known.
- 2 To us thy prophets have been sent  
With words of terror and of love ;  
But not the vengeance, nor the grace  
Ten thousand stubborn hearts will move.

- 3 Our eyes are blind, and deaf our ears ;  
Our hearts are harden'd into stone ;  
As we would bar thy mercy out,  
And leave a way for wrath alone.
- 4 Justly our God might give us up  
To plague, to famine, and the sword ;  
Till towns and cities rich and fair  
Lay desolate without a lord.
- 5 O'er bleeding wounds of slaughter'd friends  
Fountains of helpless grief might flow,  
Till the fierce conquerors' haughty rage  
Dragg'd us to chains and slaughter too.
- 6 But spare a nation long thine own,  
And shew new miracles of grace ;  
'Tis thine to heal the deaf and blind,  
And wake the dead to life and praise !

**XCVIII.** *Confederate Nations defied by those who trust in God.* Isaiah viii. 9—14.

FOR A FAST-DAY.

- 1 **G**REAT God of hosts, attend our prayer,  
And make the British Isles thy care :  
To thee we raise our suppliant cries,  
When angry nations round us rise.
- 2 Fain would they tread our glory down,  
And in the dust defile our crown,  
Deluge our houses with our blood,  
And burn the temples of our God.
- 3 But, midst the thunder of their rage,  
We thy protection would engage :  
O raise thy saving arm on high,  
And bring renew'd deliverance nigh.

- 4 May Britain, as one man, be led  
To make the Lord her fear and dread ;  
Our souls no other fear shall know,  
Though earth were leagued with hell below.
- 5 Give ear, ye countries from afar ;  
Ye proud associate nations, hear ;  
While fix'd on him, who rules the sky,  
Our hearts your threaten'd war defy.
- 6 Ye people, gird yourselves in vain,  
Your scatter'd force unite again ;  
Again shall all that force be broke,  
When God with us shall deal the stroke.
- 7 Now he records our humble tears,  
With ardent vows for future years,  
And destines for approaching days  
Victorious shouts, and songs of praise.
- 8 Emanuel's land shall safe remain,  
Blest with its Saviour's gentle reign ;  
Till every hostile rumour cease  
In the fair realms of perfect peace.

⊕ XCIX. *The Hand of God still stretched out against Israel for continued Impenitence.* Isaiah ix. 12, 13.

WRITTEN FOR THE FAST-DAY OF DEC. 18. 1745.

- 1 **B**EHOLD, Jehovah's lifted hand  
Still waves its terrors o'er our land !  
Repeated wounds his sword hath given,  
That sword unsheathed and steel'd in heaven.
- 2 'Twas by his arms our champions died,  
His wrath hath sunk our naval pride ;  
He gave our hosts to wild affright,  
And changed their boasts to shameful flight.

- 3 His vengeance thunders o'er our isle,  
 And gives our treasures for a spoil ;  
 Rapacious bands our towns invade,  
 And distant valleys quake with dread.
- 4 'Tis thine own work, tremendous God,  
 And speaks thy righteous wrath abroad ;  
 But who that righteous wrath would see,  
 Or who when smitten turn to thee ?
- 5 Great God of Hosts ! should mortals dare  
 Against omnipotence to war ?  
 Will not thy wrath grow fiercer yet,  
 And seven times more the furnace heat ?
- 6 Thy mercy, all our souls intreat,  
 With tears we bathe thy royal feet,  
 Convert our land by grace divine,  
 Then guard and bless it, Lord, as thine.

C. *Christ the Steward of God's Family.* Isai. xxii.  
 22—24, compared with Rev. iii. 7.

- 1 **W**ITH what delight I raise my eyes,  
 And view the court where Jesus dwells !  
 Jesus, who reigns beyond the skies,  
 While here below his grace excels !
- 2 Of David's royal house the key  
 Is borne by that Majestic hand ;  
 Mansions and treasures there I see,  
 Subjected all to his command.
- 3 He shuts, and worlds might strive in vain  
 The mighty obstacle to move ;  
 He looses all their bars again,  
 And who shall close the gates of love ?
- 4 Fix'd in omnipotence he bears  
 The glories of his Father's name ;  
 Sustains his people's weighty cares,  
 Through every changing age the same.

- 5 My little all I there suspend,  
 Where the whole weight of heaven is hung ;  
 Secure I rest on such a friend,  
 And into rapture wake my tongue.

CI. *The rich Provision and happy Effects of the Gospel.* Isaiah xxv. 6—9.

- 1 **B**EHOLD our God, he owns that name ;  
 Jehovah all our songs proclaim  
 With shouts of wonder and of joy :  
 Long have we waited for his grace,  
 No longer now his love delays  
 His arm for Zion to employ.

- 2 We charge our souls that joy to feel ;  
 We charge our tongues his praise to tell :  
 The Almighty Saviour ! Yes, 'tis he !  
 He pours his streams of grace abroad,  
 Let all the earth confess their God,  
 And lands remote his glory see.

- 3 Dainties how rich his stores afford !  
 How pure the wine that crowns his board,  
 While welcome nations flock around !  
 He takes the veil of grief away ;  
 Through thickest shades he darts the day,  
 And not one weeping eye is found.

- 4 All-conquering Death, no longer boast  
 O'er millions humbled in the dust ;  
 Our God with scorn thy triumph sees :  
 And when he aims one shaft at thee,  
 Swallow'd and lost in victory,  
 Thine empire and thy name shall cease.

CII. *The peaceful State of the Soul that trusteth in God.* Isaiah xxvi. 3.

- 1 **W**EARY and weak and faint,  
 I cast mine eyes around ;  
 My joints all tremble, and my feet  
 Sink deep in miry ground.

- 2 Despairing help below,  
To heaven I raise my cries ;  
God hears, and his Almighty arm  
Out-stretches from the skies.
- 3 I on that arm repose,  
And all my fears are o'er ;  
New strength diffused through all my soul  
Attests its vital power.
- 4 My mind in perfect peace  
Thy guardian care shall keep :  
I'll yield to gentle slumbers now,  
For thou canst never sleep.
- 5 Happy the souls alone  
On thee securely stay'd !  
Nor shall they be in life alarm'd,  
Nor be in death dismay'd.

⊕ CIII. *The Inhabitants of the Earth taught Righteousness by the Judgments of God. Isaiah xxvi. 9.*

WRITTEN SEPT. 18, 1747.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the Lord, adore his name,  
And bow with humble dread ;  
His awful judgments walk our streets,  
And strike our comforts dead.
- 2 Our pastures mourn beneath his stroke,  
Our cattle languish round ;  
O'er their untasted food they fall  
Expiring on the ground.
- 3 Our towns he visits with his scourge,  
And sweeps our strength away ;  
Foul spots soft beauty's form deface,  
And youthful charms decay.

- 4 Our foes against our boasted forts  
 With haughty scorn prevail ;  
 Through gates of brass they burst their way,  
 And all our bulwarks fail.
- 5 Oh ! that the Nation thus chastised,  
 Thy Righteousness might learn,  
 And, humbled by thy mighty hand,  
 To him that smites them turn.

*CIV. Israel's Obstinacy under God's lifted Hand.*  
 Isaiah xxvi. 11.

- 1 **L**ORD, when thy hand is lifted up,  
 The wicked will not see ;  
 But they shall burn with glowing shame,  
 Though yet they obdurate be.
- 2 How few the weighty stroke regard,  
 And seek their Maker's face !  
 In vain may providence correct,  
 If not enforced by grace.
- 3 Exert thy mighty influence, Lord,  
 And melt the stony breast ;  
 Then shall thy justice be adored,  
 Thy mercy stand confess'd.
- 4 The scorner then shall mourn in dust,  
 And put his sins away,  
 No more resist his Maker's hands,  
 But lift his own to pray.

*CV. God quickening the Dead.* Isaiah xxvi. 19.

- 1 **T**HE ever-living God  
 His fainting church shall raise ;  
 Our hearts his promises receive,  
 And peal a shout of praise.

- 2 Death shall not ever reign  
Where grace hath fix'd its throne ;  
God's soft compassion views the dust  
That mercy call'd his own.
- 3 " Yes," saith the Lord of truth,  
" My dead shall live again ;  
The foe shall see their leader's breath  
Reanimate the slain !
- 4 " The dew of heaven shall fall  
In rich abundance round,  
And a redundant harvest rise  
To clothe the teeming ground.
- 5 " New life from dust shall wake,  
And burst into a song ;  
Then spurn the earth, and mount the skies  
In a triumphant throng."
- 6 Thy Zion, Lord, believes  
A promise so divine,  
And looks through all her flowing tears  
To see thy glory shine.

*CVI. The godly Man's Ark. Isaiah xxvi. 20.*

- 1 **S**OFT, 'tis my Father's voice ;  
And O ! how sweet the sound !  
It makes my inmost powers rejoice,  
My trembling heart rebound.
- 2 " Mark, the black tempest lowers,  
And gathers round the sky ;  
Retire and shun the sweeping showers  
Of indignation nigh.
- 3 " Come, my dear children, come,  
And seek your Father's arms ;  
There is your shelter, there your home,  
Amid these dire alarms."



- 4 Enter at his command ;  
Close in your ark remain ;  
And wait his guiding hand  
To call you forth again.
- 5 The moments to beguile,  
A cheerful song begin ;  
Though thunder roar the while,  
There's harmony within.
- 6 Ere long the sky shall clear,  
The clouds be chased away,  
And Grace shine forth in radiance fair  
Through an eternal day.

CVII. *Laying hold on God's Strength that we may be at Peace with him.* Isaiah xxvii. 5.

- 1 **T**HUS saith Jehovah from his seat,  
"Who shall presume my wrath to meet?  
What rebel men, or angels dare  
To wage with me unequal war?"
- 2 "Close let the thorny briars stand,  
In thick array on either hand ;  
Forth shall my flaming terrors fly ;—  
At once they kindle, blaze, and die.
- 3 "Presumptuous sinners, yet be wise  
Ere this o'erwhelming ruin rise ;  
Your vain tumultuous efforts cease,  
And seek in suppliant crowds for peace."
- 4 Great God, we bless the gentle sound,  
And bow submissive to the ground ;  
Thy prostrate foes let pity raise,  
And form a people to thy praise !
- 5 His thundering storms are silent now ;  
Calm are the terrors of his brow,  
Since Jesus makes the Father known,  
Our guardian shield, our cheering sun.

VIII. *The divine Goodness in moderating Afflictions.*  
Isaiah xxvii. 8.

- 1 **G**REAT ruler of all nature's frame,  
We own thy power divine ;  
We hear thy breath in every storm,  
For all the winds are thine.
- 2 Wide as they sweep their sounding way  
They work thy sovereign will ;  
And, awed by thy majestic voice,  
Confusion shall be still.
- 3 Thy mercy tempers every blast  
To them that seek thy face :  
And mingles with the tempest's roar  
The whispers of thy grace.
- 4 Those gentle whispers let me hear,  
Till all the tumult cease ;  
And gales of paradise shall lull  
My weary soul to peace.

CIX. *God waiting to be gracious.* Isaiah xxx. 13.

- 1 **W**AIT on the Lord each heir of hope,  
And let his word support your soul :  
Well can he bear your courage up,  
And all your foes and fears control.
- 2 He waits his own well-chosen hour  
His gracious mercy to display ;  
And his paternal bowels move,  
While wisdom dictates the delay.
- 3 With mingled majesty and love  
At length he rises from his throne ;  
And while salvation he commands,  
He makes his people's joy his own.
- 4 Blest are the humble souls, that wait  
With sweet submission to his will ;  
Harmonious all their passions move,  
And in the crash of storms are still.

5 Still, till their Father's well-known voice  
 Awake their silence into songs ;  
 Then earth grows vocal with his praise,  
 And heaven the grateful shout prolongs.

*CX. The different Views of good and bad Men in Times of public Danger. Isaiah xxxiii. 14—17.*

- 1 **A** WAKE ! Destruction has begun !—  
 And heaps of ruin spread the ground ;  
 With hasty strides it marches on,  
 And scatters consternation round.
- 2 Sinners in Zion, take the alarm,  
 Ye hypocrites, astonish'd cry,  
 " Who with devouring flames can dwell ?  
 Who in eternal burnings lie ?"
- 3 God's gracious voice the saint revives :  
 How sweet the heavenly accents sound !  
 " Dwell thou on high, my child," he cries,  
 " And Zion's rocks shall guard thee round.
- 4 " There shall my hand thy wants supply,  
 Thy water and thy bread are sure ;  
 There shall my visits make thee glad,  
 While these alarming scenes endure.
- 5 " Then, led in joyous triumph forth,  
 Thine eyes the distant land shall view ;  
 Shall see thy King in glory drest,  
 And share his royal honours too."
- 6 My soul the oracle receives,  
 And feels its energy to cheer :  
 A promised heaven, a present God  
 Forbids my grief, forbids my fear.

*CXI. God the Defence of his People from invading Enemies. Isaiah xxxiii. 21—23.*

- 1 **T**HE glorious-Lord ! his Israel's hope !  
 How well he bears their courage up !  
 How wide his saving power extends !

His princely titles will we sing,  
 Our judge, our law-giver, our king,  
 He guards his subjects as his friends.

2 Around the mountain where they dwell,  
 Lo, at his word, new waters swell  
 To deluge the invading foe!  
 Open'd by him that rules the skies,  
 Mark the broad rivers how they rise,  
 And with what rapid strength they flow!

3 To gain the well-defended shores,  
 In vain the galley spreads her oars,  
 And the proud ship her sails displays:  
 Her sails are rent, her masts are broke,  
 The shatter'd oars all fail their stroke,  
 And lightnings through the tacklings blaze.

4 Shout your hosannas to the Lord!  
 Thus shall he still his Zion guard,  
 Till the last foe be trampled down:—  
 High as the heavens exalt his praise!  
 High as the heavens his hand shall raise  
 The soul that here his grace hath known.

*CXII. The High-Way to Zion. Isaiah xxxv. 8, 9, 10.*

1 **S**ING, ye redeem'd ones of the Lord,  
 Your great deliverer sing:  
 Pilgrims for Zion's city bound,  
 Be joyful in your king.

2 See the fair way his hand hath raised;  
 How holy and how plain!  
 Nor shall the simplest travellers err,  
 Nor ask the track in vain.

3 No ravening lion shall destroy,  
 Nor lurking serpent wound;  
 Pleasure and safety, peace and praise,  
 Through, all the path are found.

- 4 A hand divine shall lead you on  
Through all the blissful road ;  
Till to the sacred mount you rise,  
And see your smiling God.
- 5 There garlands of immortal joy  
Shall bloom on every head ;  
While sorrow, sighs, and pale distress,  
Like shadows all are fled.
- 6 March on in your Redeemer's strength ;  
Pursue his footsteps still ;  
And let the prospect cheer your eye,  
While labouring up the hill.

*CXIII. The greatness and Majesty of God, and the meanness of the creatures. Isaiah xl. 15, 16, 17.*

- 1 **Y**E weak inhabitants of clay,  
Ye trifling insects of a day,  
Low in your native dust bow down  
Before the Eternal's awful throne.
- 2 With trembling heart, with humble eye,  
Behold Jehovah seated high !  
And search, what worthy sacrifice  
Your hands can give, your thoughts devise.
- 3 Let Lebanon her cedars bring,  
To blaze before her sovereign King ;  
And all the beasts that on it feed,  
As victims at his altar bleed.
- 4 Loud let ten thousand trumpets sound,  
And call remotest nations round,  
Assembled on the crowded plains,  
Princes and people, kings and swains !
- 5 Join'd with the living, let the dead,  
Rising, the face of earth overspread ;  
And, while his praise unites their tongues,  
Let angels echo back their songs.

- 6 The drop, that from the bucket falls,  
The dust, that hangs upon the scales,  
Is more to sky, and earth, and sea,  
Than all this pomp, O God, to thee.

*CXIV. The timid Saint encouraged by the Assurance  
of the divine Presence and Help. Isaiah xli. 10.*

- 1 **A**ND art thou with us, gracious Lord,  
To dissipate our fear?  
Dost thou proclaim thyself our God,  
Our God for ever near?
- 2 Doth thy right hand, which form'd the earth,  
And bears up all the skies,  
Stretch from on high its friendly aid,  
When dangers round us rise?
- 3 Dost thou a Father's bowels feel  
For all thy humble saints?  
And in such tender accents speak  
To soothe their sad complaints!
- 4 On this support my soul shall lean,  
And banish every care;  
The gloomy vale of death must smile,  
If God be with me there.
- 5 While I his gracious succour prove  
Midst all my various ways,  
The darkest shades through which I pass  
Shall echo with his praise.

*CXV. The Humiliation and Exaltation of God's  
Israel. Isaiah xli. 14, 15.*

- 1 **A**MAZING grace of God on high!  
And will the Lord look down  
On sinners, while in dust they lie,  
And dread his awful frown?

- 2 Weaker than worms, O Lord, are we,  
 And viler far than they ;  
 Yet in these reptiles weak and vile  
 Dost thou thy power display.
- 3 Jehovah's sovereign voice is heard,  
 The worm lifts up its head,  
 And mountains, that would crush it down,  
 Before the worm are fled.
- 4 Thou Holy One, thine Israel's king,  
 Thou our Redeemer art ;  
 Nor shall the blessings of thy hand  
 From thy redeem'd depart.
- 5 Thy love shall its own work fulfil,  
 And grace shall rise on grace,  
 Till worms of earth around thy throne  
 With angels find a place.

CXVI. *The Wilderness transformed, or the happy Effects of the Gospel.* Isaiah xli. 18, 19, compared with xxxv. 1, 2. xi. 6—9. lv. 13, &c.

- 1 **A** MAZING beauteous change :  
 A world created new !  
 My thoughts with transport range  
 The lovely scene to view ;  
 In all I trace,  
 Saviour divine,  
 The work is thine,  
 And thine the grace :
- 2 See crystal fountains play  
 Amid the burning sands ;  
 The river's winding way  
 Shines through the thirsty lands :  
 New grass is seen,  
 And o'er the meads  
 A carpet spreads  
 Of living green.

- 3 Where pointed brambles grew  
Entwined with horrid thorn,  
Gay flowers for ever new  
The painted fields adorn ;  
The blushing rose,  
And lily there,  
In union fair  
Their sweets disclose.
- 4 Where the bleak mountain stood,  
All bare and disarray'd,  
See the wide-branching wood  
Diffuse its grateful shade ;  
Tall cedars nod,  
And oaks and pines,  
And elms and vines  
Confess the God.
- 5 The tyrants of the plain  
Their savage chase give o'er :  
No more they rend the slain,  
And thirst for blood no more :  
But infant hands  
Fierce tigers stroke,  
And lions yoke  
In flowery bands.
- 6 O when, Almighty Lord,  
Shall these glad scenes arise  
To verify thy word,  
And bless our wondering eyes ?  
That earth may raise,  
With all its tongues,  
United songs  
Of ardent praise.



*CXVII. The blind and Weak led and supported in  
God's Way. Isaiah xlii. 16.*

- 1 **P**Raise to the radiant source of bliss,  
Who gives the blind their sight,  
And scatters round their wondering eyes  
A flood of sacred light!
- 2 In paths unknown he leads them on  
To his divine abode,  
And shews new miracles of grace  
Through all the heavenly road.
- 3 The ways all rugged and perplex'd  
He renders smooth and straight,  
And strengthens every feeble knee  
To march to Zion's gate.
- 4 Through all the path I'll sing his name,  
Till I the mount ascend,  
Where toils and storms are known no more,  
And anthems never end.

*CXVIII. God calling his Israel by name, and leading  
them through Water and Fire. Isaiah xliii. 1, 2.*

- 1 **L**ET Jacob to his Maker sing,  
And praise his great redeeming king;  
Call'd by a new, a gracious name,  
Let Israel loud his God proclaim!
- 2 He knows our souls in all their fears,  
And gently wipes our falling tears;  
Forms trembling voices to a song,  
And bids the feeble heart be strong.
- 3 Then let the rivers swell around,  
And rising floods o'erflow the ground;  
Rivers and floods and seas divide,  
And homage pay to Israel's guide.

- 4 Then let the fires their rage display,  
 And flaming terrors bar the way ;  
 Unburnt, unsinged, he leads them through,  
 And makes the flames refreshing too.
- 5 The fires but on their bonds shall prey,\*  
 The floods but wash their stains away,  
 And grace divine new trophies raise  
 Amid the deluge and the blaze.

**CXIX.** *The Riches of pardoning Grace celebrated.*  
 Isaiah xlv. 22, 23.

- 1 **L**ET heaven burst forth into a song ;  
 Let earth return the joyful sound ;  
 Ye mountains, with the echo ring,  
 And shout, ye forests, all around !
- 2 The Lord his Israel hath redeem'd,  
 Hath made his mourning people glad,  
 And the rich glories of his name  
 Beam on the humble and the sad.
- 3 Unnumber'd sins, like sable clouds,  
 Veil'd every cheerful ray of joy,  
 Deep thunders mutter'd through the gloom,  
 While lightnings flash'd that might destroy.
- 4 He spake, and all the clouds dispersed,  
 And heaven unveil'd its shining face ;  
 The whole creation smiled anew,  
 Deck'd in the golden beams of grace.
- 5 Israel, return with humble love,  
 Return to thy Redeemer's breast,  
 And, charm'd by his melodious voice,  
 Compose thy weary powers to rest.

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\* An allusion to the passage in Dan. iii. 19, &c.

CXX. *The little Success which attended the personal Ministry of Christ. Isaiah xlix. 4.*

- 1 **A**ND doth the Son of God complain,  
 "Lo, I have spent my strength in vain,  
 And stretch'd my hands whole days and years  
 To those who slight my words and tears!"
- 2 O stubborn hearts, that could withstand  
 Such efforts from a Saviour's hand!  
 O gracious Saviour, who wouldst bleed,  
 When words and tears could not succeed!
- 3 Fall down, my soul, in humble woe,  
 That thou hast wrong'd his mercy so;  
 Now let his grace resistless move  
 To melt the stubborn flint to love?
- 4 All-glorious Lord, march forth and reign,  
 And reap the fruit of all thy pain;  
 And, till a nobler scene appear,  
 Begin the happy conquest here.

CXXI. *God's Captives released; applied to spiritual Deliverances. Isaiah li. 14, 15.*

- 1 **C**APTIVES of Israel, hear,  
 Who now as exiles mourn;  
 See your Almighty God appear  
 To hasten your return.
- 2 Jehovah, holy name,  
 Lord of celestial hosts:  
 Let heaven that saving power proclaim  
 In which his Israel boasts.
- 3 Though helpless now ye lie,  
 As in a dungeon thrown,  
 When parch'd with painful thirst ye cry,  
 And when your bread is gone.

- 4 Deliverance comes apace ;  
Ye shall not there expire ;  
Prepare to sing redeeming grace  
With his triumphant choir.
- 5 He smote the raging sea  
Midst its tumultuous roar,  
And paved his chosen troops a way  
Safe to its distant shore.
- 6 In him let Israel hope,  
At whose supreme command  
Graves yield their breathless captives up,  
And seas become dry land.

CXXII. *The Cup of Fury exchanged for the Cup of Blessings.* Isaiah li. 22.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, our Lord, how rich his grace !  
What stores of Sovereign love  
For humble souls that seek his face,  
And to his footstool move !
- 2 He pleads the cause of all his saints,  
When foes against them rise ;  
He listens to their sad complaints,  
And wipes their streaming eyes.
- 3 He takes away that dreadful cup  
Of fury and of plagues,  
Which justice sentenced them to drink,  
And wring the bitter dregs.
- 4 He gave it to their Saviour's hand,  
And fill'd it to the brim ;  
Their Saviour drank the liquid death,  
That they might live by him.
- 5 " Now take the cup of life," he cries,  
" Where heavenly blessings flow :  
Drink deep, nor fear to drain the spring  
To which the draught ye owe."

- 6 We drink, and feel our life renew'd,  
 And woe, in faith grown sweet :  
 We'll drink, till that transporting hour,  
 When we our Lord shall meet.

CXXIII. *The holy City purified and guarded.*  
 Isaiah lii. 1, 2.

- 1 **T**RIUMPHANT Zion, lift thy head  
 From dust, from darkness, and the dead,  
 Though humbled long, awake at length,  
 And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.
- 2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,  
 And let thy various charms be known ;  
 The world thy glories shall confess,  
 Deck'd in the robes of righteousness.
- 3 No more shall foes unclean invade,  
 And riot in thy hallow'd shade ;  
 No more shall Hell's insulting host  
 Their victory, and thy sorrows boast.
- 4 God from on high thy groans will hear ;  
 His hand thy ruins shall repair ;  
 Rear'd and adorn'd by love divine,  
 Invincible thy towers shall shine.
- 5 Grace shall dispose my heart and voice  
 To share, and echo back her joys ;  
 Nor will her watchful Monarch cease  
 To guard her in eternal peace.

CXXIV. *God's Government, Zion's Joy.* Isai. lii. 7.

- 1 **Y**E subjects of the Lord, proclaim  
 The royal honours of his name ;  
 Jehovah reigns, be all your song :  
 'Tis he, thy God, O Zion, reigns,  
 Prepare thy most harmonious strains  
 Glad hallelujahs to prolong !

- 2 Ye princes, boast no more a crown,  
 But lay the glittering trifle down  
 In lowly honour at his feet ;  
 A span your narrow empire bounds,  
 He reigns beyond created rounds,  
 In self-sufficient glory great.
- 3 Tremble, ye pageants of a day,  
 Form'd like your slaves of brittle clay,  
 Down to the dust your sceptres bend !  
 To everlasting years he reigns,  
 And undiminish'd pomp maintains,  
 When kings, and suns, and time shall end.
- 4 So shall his favour'd Zion live ;  
 In vain, confederate nations strive  
 Her sacred turrets to destroy :  
 Her Sovereign sits enthroned above,  
 And endless power, and endless love  
 Ensure her safety, and her joy.

CXXV. *Divine Mercies and Judgments compared.*  
 Isaiah liv. 7, 8.

- 1 **I**N thy rebukes, all-gracious God,  
 What soft compassion reigns !  
 What gentle accents of thy voice  
 Assuage thy children's pains !
- 2 " When I correct my chosen sons,  
 A father's bowels move :  
 One transient moment bounds my wrath,  
 But endless is my love."
- 3 Our faith shall look through every tear,  
 And view thy smiling face,  
 And hope amidst our sighs shall tune  
 An anthem to thy grace.

- 4 Gather at length my weary soul  
 To join thy saints above ;  
 For I would learn a song of praise,  
 Eternal as thy love.

CXXVI. *Divine Teachings, and their happy Consequences.* Isaiah liv. 13.

- 1 **B**RIGHT source of intellectual rays,  
 Father of spirits, Lord of grace,  
 O dart with energy unknown  
 Celestial beamings from thy throne !
- 2 Thy sacred book we would survey,  
 Enlighten'd with that heavenly day,  
 And ask thy Spirit, with the word,  
 To teach our souls to know their Lord.
- 3 So shall our children learn the road,  
 That leads them to their father's God ;  
 And, form'd by lessons so divine,  
 Shall infant minds with knowledge shine.
- 4 So shall the haughtiest soul submit,  
 With children placed at Jesus' feet :  
 The noisy swell of pride shall cease,  
 And thy sweet voice be heard in peace.

CXXVII. *Fruitful Showers, Emblems of the salutary Effects of the Gospel.* Isaiah lv. 10, 11, 12.

- 1 **M**ARK the soft-falling snow,  
 And the diffusive rain ;  
 To heaven, from whence they fell,  
 They turn not back again ;  
 But water earth  
 Through every pore,  
 And call forth all  
 Her secret store.

- 2 Array'd in beauteous green  
 The hills and valleys shine,  
 And man and beast are fed  
 By providence divine ;  
     The harvest bows  
     Its golden ears,  
     The copious seed  
     Of future years.
- 3 “ So,” saith the God of grace,  
 “ My gospel shall descend,  
 Almighty to effect  
 The purpose I intend ;  
     Millions of souls  
     Shall feel its power,  
     And bear it down  
     To millions more.
- 4 “ Joy shall begin your march,  
 And peace protect your ways,  
 While all the mountains round  
 Re-echo heavenly praise ;  
     The vocal groves  
     Shall sing their God,  
     And every tree  
     Consenting nod.”

XXXVIII. *Comfort for pious Parents, who have been bereaved of their Children.* Isaiah lvi. 4, 5.

- 1 **Y**E mourning saints, whose streaming tears  
 Flow o'er your children dead ;  
 Say not your aching heart despairs,  
 And all your hopes are fled.
- 2 While cleaving to that darling dust,  
 In fond distress ye lie,  
 Rise, and with joy and reverence view  
 A heavenly parent nigh.



- 3 Though, with your branches torn away,  
Like wither'd trunks ye stand ;  
With fairer verdure shall ye bloom,  
Touch'd by his mighty hand.
- 4 " I'll give the mourner," saith the Lord,  
" In my own house a place ;  
No names of daughters and of sons  
Could yield so high a grace."
- 5 " Transient and vain is every hope  
A rising race can give ;  
In endless honour and delight  
My children all shall live."
- 6 We welcome, Lord, those rising tears,  
Through which thy face we see,  
And bless those wounds, which thro' our hearts  
Prepare a way for thee.

CXXIX. *The Stranger entertained in God's House of Prayer.* Isaiah lvi. 6, 7, compared with Mat. xxi. 13, and Eph. ii. 19.

- 1 GREAT Father of mankind,  
We bless that wondrous grace,  
Which could for Gentiles find  
Within thy courts a place.  
How kind the care  
Our God displays,  
For us to raise  
A house of prayer !
- 2 Though once estranged afar,  
We now approach thy throne ;  
For Jesus brings us near,  
And makes our cause his own :  
Strangers no more,  
To thee we come,  
And find our home,  
And there adore.

- 3 To thee our souls we join,  
 And love thy sacred name ;  
 No more our own, but thine,  
 We triumph in thy claim ;  
     Our Father-king,  
     Thy covenant-grace  
     Our souls embrace,  
     Thy titles sing.
- 4 Here in thy house we feast  
 On dainties all divine ;  
 And, while such sweets we taste,  
 With joy our faces shine.  
     Incense shall rise  
     From flames of love,  
     And God approve  
     The sacrifice.
- 5 May all the nations throng  
 To worship in thy house ;  
 And thou attend the song,  
 And smile upon their vows,  
     Indulgent still,  
     Till earth conspire  
     To join the choir  
     On Zion's hill.

CXXX. *Peace proclaimed, and the Fruit of the Lips  
 created by a gracious God. Isaiah lvii. 19.*

- 1 **H**ARK ! for the great Creator speaks ;  
 In silence let the earth attend,  
 And, when his words of grace are heard,  
 In grateful adoration bend !
- 2 " 'Tis I create the fruit of praise,  
 And give the broken heart to sing ;  
 Peace, heavenly peace, my lips proclaim,  
 Pleased with the happy news they bring."

- 3 Receive the tidings with delight,  
Ye Gentile nations from afar ;  
And you, the children of his love,  
Whom grace hath brought already near.
- 4 To these, to those, his sovereign hand  
Its healing energy imparts :  
Peace, peace, be echo'd from your tongues ;  
And echo'd from consenting hearts.
- 5 Enjoy the health which God hath wrought ;  
Nor let the daily tribute cease,  
Till changed for more exalted songs  
In regions of eternal peace.

**CXXXI.** *The Duty of remonstrating against Sin when  
Judgments are threatened.* Isaiah lviii. 1.

- 1 **T**HY judgments cry aloud,  
O ever-righteous God,  
And in the sight of all our land  
Thou liftest up thy rod.
- 2 Aloud thy servants cry,  
Commission'd from thy throne,  
And like a trumpet raise their voice  
To make thy judgments known.
- 3 But who that cry attends,  
Who makes his safety sure ?  
Rock'd by the tempest they should flee !—  
They sleep the more secure.
- 4 Another trumpet, Lord,  
The stupid slumberers need ;  
Nor will they hear a feebler voice  
Than that which wakes the dead.

CXXXII. *Unsuccessful Fasts accounted for.* Isaiah  
lviii. 3. compared with 4—8.

FOR A FAST-DAY.

**O**H ! where is sovereign mercy gone ?  
Whither is Britain's God withdrawn,  
That through long years she should complain,  
She fasts, she mourns, and cries in vain ?  
Hast thou not seen her suppliant bands  
Through all her coasts extend their hands ?  
Or has their oft-repeated prayer  
Escaped thy ever-listening ear ?  
Thine ear hath heard, thine eye hath seen ;  
But guilt hath spread a cloud between ;  
And, rising still before thy face,  
Averts thy long-intreated grace.  
Dispel that cloud by rays divine,  
And cause thy cheering face to shine ;  
Our isle shall shout from shore to shore,  
And dread encroaching foes no more.  
Our light shall like the morning spring ;  
Healing and joy our God shall bring ;  
Justice shall in our front appear,  
And glory gather up our rear.

CXXXIII. *The Standard of the Spirit lifted up.*  
Isaiah lix. 19.

**G**OD of the Ocean, at whose voice  
The threatening floods are heard no more,  
Behold in madness they rejoice,  
And silence their tumultuous roar.  
Here streams of poisonous error swell ;  
There rages vice in every form ;—  
They join their tide, led on by Hell,  
And Zion trembles at the storm.

H

- 3 Almighty Spirit, raise thine arm,  
And lift the Saviour's standard high ;  
Thy people's hearts with vigour warm,  
And call thy chosen legions nigh.
- 4 Waked by thy well-known voice they come,  
And round the sacred banner throng ;  
Zion, prepare the conqueror room,  
While triumph bursts into a song.
- 5 The Lord on high, when billows roar,  
Superior majesty displays,  
And by one breath of sovereign power,  
The elemental war allays.

CXXXIV. *The Glory of the Church in the latter Day*  
Isaiah lx. 1.

- 1 **O** ZION, tune thy voice,  
And raise thy hands on high ;  
Tell all the earth thy joys,  
And boast salvation nigh ;  
Cheerful in God,  
Arise and shine,  
While rays divine  
Stream all abroad.
- 2 He gilds thy mourning face  
With beams that cannot fade ;  
His all-resplendent grace  
He pours around thy head :  
The nations round  
Thy form shall view,  
With lustre new  
Divinely crown'd.
- 3 In honour to his name  
Reflect that sacred light ;  
And loud that grace proclaim  
Which makes thy darkness bright :

Pursue his praise,  
Till sovereign love  
In worlds above  
Thy glory raise.

- 4 There on his holy hill  
A brighter sun shall rise,  
And with his radiance fill  
Those fairer purer skies ;  
While round his throne  
Ten thousand stars  
In nobler spheres  
His influence own.

CXXXV. *God the everlasting Light of the Saints  
above. Isaiah lx. 20.*

- 1 **Y**E golden lamps of heaven, farewell,  
With all your feeble light ;  
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,  
Pale empress of the night.
- 2 And thou, refulgent orb of day,  
In brighter flames array'd ;  
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,  
No more demands thine aid.
- 3 Ye stars are but the shining dust  
Of my divine abode,  
The pavement of those heavenly courts  
Where I shall reign with God.
- 4 The Father of eternal light  
Shall there his beams display,  
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix  
With that unvaried day.
- 5 No more the drops of piercing grief  
Shall swell into mine eyes,  
Nor the meridian sun decline  
Amidst those brighter skies.

- 6 There all the millions of his saints  
 Shall in one song unite,  
 And each the bliss of all shall view.  
 With infinite delight.

CXXXVI. *God intreated for Zion.* Isaiah lxii. 6, 7.

FOR A FAST-DAY ; OR A DAY OF PRAYER FOR  
 THE REVIVAL OF RELIGION.

- 1 **I**NDULGENT Sovereign of the skies,  
 And wilt thou bow thy gracious ear ?  
 While feeble mortals raise their cries,  
 Wilt thou, the great Jehovah, hear ?
- 2 How shall thy servants give thee rest,  
 Till Zion's mouldering walls thou raise ?  
 Till thine own power shall stand confess'd,  
 And thine own church be fill'd with praise ?
- 3 For this, a lowly suppliant crowd  
 Here in thy sacred temple wait :  
 For this, we lift our voices loud,  
 And call, and knock at Mercy's gate.
- 4 Look down, O God, with pitying eye,  
 And view the desolation round ;  
 See what wide realms in darkness lie,  
 And hurl their idols to the ground.
- 5 Loud let the gospel-trumpet blow,  
 And call the nations from afar ;  
 Let all the Isles their Saviour know,  
 And be thy love the leading star.
- 6 Let Babylon's proud altars shake,  
 And light invade her darkest gloom ;  
 The yoke of iron bondage break,  
 The yoke of Satan, and of Rome.
- 7 With gentle beams on Britain shine,  
 And bless her princes and her priests ;  
 And, by thine energy divine,  
 Let sacred love o'erflow their breasts.

- 8 Triumphant here let Jesus reign,  
 And on his vineyard sweetly smile ;  
 While all the virtues of his train  
 Adorn our church, and bless our isle.
- 9 On all our souls let grace descend,  
 Like heavenly dew in copious showers ;  
 That we may call our God our friend,  
 That we may hail salvation ours.
- 10 Then shall each age and rank agree  
 United shouts of joy to raise ;  
 And Zion, made a praise by thee,  
 'To thee shall render back the praise.

XXXVII. *A Nation born in a Day ! or, The rapid  
 Progress of the Gospel desired.* Isaiah lxvi. 8.

- 1 **B**EHOLD with pleasing ecstasy  
 The gospel standard lifted high,  
 That all the nations far and near  
 May in the great salvation share !
- 2 Why then, Almighty Saviour, why  
 Do wretched souls in millions die ?  
 While the infernal tyrant reigns  
 O'er spacious realms in ponderous chains.
- 3 And shall he still go on to boast,  
 Thy cross its energy hath lost ?  
 And shall thy servants still complain,  
 Their labours and their tears are vain ?
- 4 Awake, all-conquering arm, awake,  
 And hell's extensive empire shake !  
 Assert the honours of thy throne,  
 And call this ruin'd world thine own.
- 5 Thy all successful power display ;  
 Produce a nation in a day !—  
 For at thy word this barren earth  
 Shall travail with a general birth.



- 6 Swift let thy spirit's quickening breath  
Arouse these realms of Sin and Death!  
That breath shall bow ten thousand minds,  
Like waving corn before the winds.
- 7 Scarce can our glowing hearts endure  
A world where thou art known no more  
Transform it, Lord, by conquering love;  
Or bear us to thy realms above.

CXXXVIII. *Backsliding Israel invited to return to God.* Jeremiah iii. 12, 13.

- 1 **B**ACKSLIDING Israel, hear the voice  
Of thy forgiving God,  
Nor force such goodness to exert  
The terrors of the rod.
- 2 Thus saith the Lord, "My mercy flows  
An unexhausted stream,  
And, after all the millions saved,  
Its sway is still supreme.
- 3 "One moment's wrath with weighty crush  
Might sink you quick to hell;  
Yet mercy points the happy path  
Where life and glory dwell.
- 4 "Own but the follies thou hast done,  
And mourn thy sins in dust,  
And soon thy trembling heart shall learn  
To hope, and love, and trust."
- 5 All gracious God, thy voice we own,  
And, prostrate at thy feet,  
Our souls in humble silence wait  
A pardon there to meet.

**CXXXIX.** *The Goodness of God acknowledged in giving Pastors after his own Heart.* Jer. iii. 15.

**AT THE SETTLEMENT OF A MINISTER.**

- 1 **S**HEPHERD of Israel, thou dost keep  
With constant care thy humble sheep ;  
By thee, inferior pastors rise  
To feed our souls and bless our eyes.
- 2 To all thy churches such impart,  
Remodell'd by thy gracious heart ;  
Whose courage, watchfulness, and love  
Men may attest, and God approve.
- 3 Fed by their active tender care,  
Healthful may all thy sheep appear,  
And, by their fair example led,  
The way to Zion's pastures tread.
- 4 Here hast thou listen'd to our vows,  
And scatter'd blessings on thy house ;  
Thy saints are succour'd, and no more  
As sheep without a guide deplore.
- 5 Completely heal each former stroke,  
And bless the Shepherd and the flock ;  
Confirm the hopes thy mercies raise,  
And own this tribute of our praise.

**CXL.** *God's gracious Methods of adopting Love*  
Jeremiah iii. 19.

- 1 **A**MAZING plan of sovereign love !  
And doth our God look down  
On rebels, whom his wrath might doom  
To perish at his frown ?
- 2 Doth he project a wonderous scheme  
In such a way to save,  
That Justice, Majesty, and Grace,  
May one joint triumph have ?

- 3 One look the stubborn hearts subdues,  
 And at his feet they fall ;  
 They own their Father with delight,  
 And he receives them all.
- 4 Number'd amongst his dearest sons,  
 The pleasant land they share ;  
 On earth secured by power divine,  
 Till crown'd with glory there.
- 5 Father, in thine embraces lodged,  
 Our heaven begun we know,  
 And wait the hour when thou shalt deign  
 Thy mercy to bestow.

*CXLI. Creatures vain, and God the Salvation of his  
 People. Jeremiah iii. 23.*

- 1 **H**OW long shall dreams of earthly bliss  
 Our flattering hopes employ,  
 And mock our fond deluded eyes  
 With visionary joy ?
- 2 Why from the mountains and the hills  
 Is our salvation sought,  
 While our eternal rock's forsook,  
 And Israel's God forgot ?
- 3 The living spring neglected flows  
 Full in our daily view,  
 Yet we with anxious fruitless toil  
 Our broken cisterns hew.
- 4 These fatal errors, gracious God,  
 With gentle pity see ;  
 To thee our roving eyes direct,  
 And fix our souls on thee.

**CXLII.** *Invitation to return to the Lord, and put away Abominations. Jeremiah iv. 1, 2.*

- 1 **L**O! 'tis the Lord of glory calls,  
And let his Israel hear :  
" Stop, ye revolvers, in your course,  
Oh ! hearken, and come near.
- 2 " What though in sin's delusive paths  
Ye from your youth have stray'd ;  
What though my messages of love  
Ye have with scorn repay'd ;
- 3 " At last return, and grace divine  
Your coming yet shall greet ;  
If loyal zeal and love dethrone  
Each idol from its seat.
- 4 " Return, and dwell secure on earth,  
As in your Lord's embrace,  
Till in the land of perfect joy  
Ye find a nobler place."
- 5 Father of mercies, we would come,  
Subdued by such a call :  
O let the hand of grace divine  
Reduce and bless us all.
- 6 So will we teach the world that love  
Which we are made to see,  
And wanderers shall with us return,  
And bless themselves in thee.

⊕ **CXLIII.** *God's Expectations of Repentance not answered. Jeremiah viii. 6.*

- 1 **L**ORD, shalt thou still in vain,  
From thine exalted throne,  
Look down, and warn rebellious men,  
And make thy judgments known ?

- 2 In vain shalt thou attend,  
 With pity in thine eye,  
 While none their actions will amend,  
 And none for mercy cry ?
- 3 Who smites his aching breast,  
 And says " what have I done ? "   
 Or hath his wand'ring ways confest,  
 With penitential moan ?
- 4 Presumptuous, they defy  
 The terrors of the Lord !—  
 So the proud charger prances high,  
 And rushes on the sword.
- 5 Plunged in his beating heart,  
 The weapon drinks his gore,  
 He falls in agonizing smart,  
 And tempts the war no more.

CXLIV. *Misimproved Privileges, and disappointed Hopes.* Jeremiah viii. 20.

- 1 **A**LAS, how fast our moments fly !  
 How short our months appear !  
 How swift through various seasons speeds  
 The still-revolving year !
- 2 Seasons of grace, and days of hope,  
 While Jesus waiting stands,  
 And spreads the blessings of his love  
 With wide-extended hands.
- 3 But oh ! how slow our stupid souls  
 These blessings to secure !  
 Blessings, which through eternal years  
 Unwithering shall endure.
- 4 Beneath the word of life we die ;  
 We starve amidst our store ;  
 And what salvation should impart,  
 Heightens our ruin more.

- 5 Pity this madness, God of love,  
 And make us truly wise :  
 So from the pregnant seeds of grace  
 Shall glorious harvests rise.

CXLV. *Glorying in God alone.* Jeremiah ix. 23, 24.

- 1 **T**HE righteous Lord, supremely great,  
 Maintains his universal state ;  
 O'er all the earth his power extends,  
 All heaven before his footstool bends.
- 2 Yet justice still with power presides,  
 And mercy all his empire guides ;  
 Such works are pleasing in his sight,  
 And such the men of his delight.
- 3 No more, ye wise, your wisdom boast :  
 No more, ye strong, your valour trust :  
 Nor let the rich survey his store,  
 Elate with heaps of shining ore.
- 4 Glory, my soul, in this alone,  
 That God, thy God, to thee is known,  
 That thou hast own'd his sovereign sway,  
 That thou hast felt his cheering ray.
- 5 My wisdom, wealth, and power I find  
 In one Jehovah all combined ;  
 On him I'll fix my roving eyes,  
 On him my humble soul relies.
- 6 All else which I my treasure call  
 May in one fatal moment fall ;  
 But what his happiness can move,  
 Whom God hath bless'd and deigns to love ?

CXLVI. *Jeremiah's Tears over the captive Flock.*  
 Jeremiah xiii. 15—17.

- 1 **F**LOW on, my tears ; in rising streams,  
 Ye briny fountains, flow ;  
 While haughty sinners steel their hearts,  
 Nor will Jehovah know !

- 2 The flock of God is captive led  
 In Satan's heavy chains ;  
 Led to the borders of the pit,  
 Where endless horror reigns.
- 3 Look back, ye captives, and invoke  
 Jehovah's saving aid ;  
 Give him the glory of that name,  
 Whose hand your nature made.
- 4 O turn, ere yet your erring feet  
 In Death's dark valley fall ;  
 Cry and your gentle Shepherd's ear  
 Will hearken to your call.
- 5 Then shall those hearts with pleasure spring,  
 Which now in sorrow melt ;  
 And deep repentance yield a joy  
 Proud guilt hath never felt.
- 6 Almighty Grace, exert thy power,  
 And turn these slaves of sin ;  
 And, when they bring the tribute due,  
 Then shall their bliss begin.

CXLVII. *Giving Glory to God, before Darkness comes upon us. Jeremiah xiii. 16.*

- 1 **T**HE swift-declining day,  
 How fast its moments fly !  
 While evening's broad and gloomy shade  
 Gains on the western sky.
- 2 Ye mortals, mark its pace,  
 And use the hours of light ;  
 For know, your Maker can command  
 An instantaneous night !
- 3 His word blots out the sun  
 In its meridian blaze ;  
 And cuts from smiling vigorous youth  
 The remnant of its days.

- 4 On the dark mountain's brow  
Your feet may quickly slide ;  
And from its airy summit dash  
Your momentary pride.
- 5 Give glory to the Lord,  
Who rules the whirling sphere ;  
Submissive at his footstool bow,  
And seek salvation there.
- 6 Then shall new lustre break  
In darkest horror born  
And lead you to unchanging light,  
And a celestial morn.

⊕ CXLVIII. *God's continued Providence intrusted.*  
Jeremiah xiv. 8.

- 1 SAVIOUR of Israel, hear,  
And be thy servant's hope,  
Our light in darkness still appear,  
While yet with sin we cope.
- 2 When new distress begins  
We to thy shelter fly,  
And while we moan our many sins,  
Oh bring thy mercy nigh.
- 3 Do not a Stranger seem,  
That sojourns for a night,  
But own our Churches as thy home,  
And make them thy delight.
- 4 The honours of thy name,  
We're still indulged to hear,  
O ! be our heritage the same  
As that thy children share.

CXLIX. *The fatal Consequences of forsaking the Hope  
of Israel.* Jeremiah xvii. 13, 14.

- 1 GREAT object of thine Israel's hope,  
Its Saviour and its praise,  
Attend, while we to thee devote  
The remnant of our days.



- 2 How wretched they that leave the Lord,  
 And from his word withdraw,  
 That lose his gospel from their sight,  
 And wander from his law !
- 3 O thou eternal spring of good,  
 Whence living waters flow,  
 Let not our thirsty erring souls  
 To broken cisterns go !
- 4 Like characters inscribed in dust  
 Are sinners borne away ;  
 And all the treasures they can boast,  
 The portion of a day.
- 5 But, Lord, to thee my heart shall turn  
 To heal it and to save ;  
 The joys that from thy favour flow  
 Shall bloom beyond the grave.

CL. *Christ, the Lord our Righteousness.*  
 Jeremiah xxiii. 6.

- 1 SAVIOUR divine, we know thy name,  
 And in that name we boast ;  
 Thou art the Lord our righteousness,  
 And Israel is thine host.
- 2 Guilty we plead before thy throne,  
 And low in dust we lie,  
 Till Jesus stretch his gracious arm  
 To bring the guilty nigh.
- 3 The sins of one most righteous day  
 Might plunge in fatal fear,  
 Yet all the crimes of numerous years  
 Shall our Redeemer clear.
- 4 That spotless robe, which he hath wrought,  
 Shall deck us all around ;  
 Nor by the piercing eye of God  
 One blemish shall be found.

5 Pardon, and peace, and lively hope  
 To sinners now are given ;  
 Israel and Judah soon shall change  
 Their wilderness for heaven.

6 With joy we taste that manna now,  
 Thy mercy scatters down ;  
 We seal our humble vows to thee,  
 And wait the promised crown.

CLL. *The Efficacy of God's Word.* Jeremiah xxiii. 29.

1 **W**ITH reverend awe, tremendous Lord,  
 We hear the thunders of thy word ;  
 The pride of Lebanon it breaks :  
 Swift the celestial fire descends,  
 The flinty rock in pieces rends,  
 And earth to its deep centre shakes.

2 Array'd in majesty divine,  
 Here sanctity and justice shine,  
 And horror strikes the rebel through ;  
 While loud thy awful voice makes known  
 The wonders which thy sword hath done,  
 The awful vengeance of thy throne.

3 So spread the honours of thy name ;  
 The terrors of a God proclaim ;  
 Thick let the pointed arrows fly ;  
 Till sinners humbled in the dust,  
 Shall own the execution just,  
 And bless the hand by which they die.

4 Then clear the dark tempestuous day,  
 And radiant beams of love display ;  
 Each prostrate soul let mercy raise :  
 So shall the bleeding captives feel,  
 Thy word, which gave the wound, can heal,  
 And change their groans to songs of praise.

CLII. *The Possibility of dying this Year.* Jeremiah  
xxviii. 16.

FOR NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

- 1 **G**OD of my life, thy constant care  
With blessings crowns each opening year;  
This guilty life dost thou prolong,  
And wake anew mine annual song.
- 2 How many precious souls are fled  
To the vast regions of the dead,  
Since from this day the changing sun  
Through his last yearly course hath run!
- 3 We yet survive; but who can say?  
Or through the year, or month, or day,  
"I will retain this vital breath!"  
Thus far at least in league with Death.
- 4 That breath is thine, eternal God;  
'Tis thine to fix my soul's abode;  
It holds its life from thee alone,  
On earth, or in the world unknown.
- 5 To thee our spirits we resign;  
Mould them, and own them still as thine;  
So shall they smile secure from fear,  
Though Death should blast the rising year.
- 6 Thy children, eager to be gone,  
Shall bid Time's rapid tide roll on,  
And land them on that blooming shore,  
Where Time and Death are known no more.

CLIII. *God's Complacency in his Thoughts of Peace  
towards his People.* Jeremiah xxix. 11.

- 1 **V**ILER than dust, O Lord, are we;  
And doth thine anger cease?  
And doth thy gracious heart o'erflow  
With purposes of peace?

- 2 And dost thou with delight reflect  
On what thy grace shall do ?  
And with complacency of soul  
Enjoy the distant view ?
- 3 And can thy often-injured love  
So kind a message send,  
That thou to all our lengthen'd woes  
Wilt give a blessed end ?
- 4 Why droop our hearts ? Why flow our eyes,  
While such a voice we hear ?  
Why rise our sorrows and our fears,  
While such a friend is near ?
- 5 To all thy other favours add  
A heart to trust thy word,  
And death itself shall hear us sing,  
While resting on the Lord.

CLIV. *The rash Rebellion of the Jewish Refugees  
at Pathros. Jeremiah xlv. 16, 17, 28.*

- WHOSE words against the Lord are stout ?  
Or who presumes to say,  
“That sovereign law, which God proclaims,  
I dare to disobey ?”
- Ten thousand actions every where  
The impious language speak :  
Yet power omnipotent stands by,  
Nor do its thunders break.
- But Oh ! the dreadful day draws near,  
When God's avenging hand  
Shall show, if feeble mortal breath,  
Or God's own word shall stand.
- My soul, with prostrate reverence fall  
Before the voice divine ;  
And all thine interest and thy powers  
To its command resign.

5 Speak, mighty Lord ; thy servant waits  
 The purport of thy will :  
 My heart with secret ardour glows  
 Its mandates to fulfil.

6 Let the vain sons of Belial boast  
 Their tongues and thoughts are free ;  
 My noblest liberty I own,  
 When subject most to thee.

CLV. *Asking the Way to Zion, in Order to joining in  
 Covenant with God.* Jeremiah 1. 5.

1 **I**NQUIRE, ye pilgrims, for the way  
 That leads to Zion's hill,  
 And thither set your steady face  
 With a determined will.

2 Invite the strangers all around  
 Your pious march to join ;  
 And spread the sentiments you feel  
 Of faith and love divine.

3 Come, let us to his temple haste,  
 And seek his favour there,  
 Before his footstool humbly bow,  
 And pour out fervent prayer.

4 Come, let us join our souls to God  
 In everlasting bands,  
 And seize the blessings he bestows  
 With eager hearts and hands.

5 Come, let us seal without delay  
 The covenant of his grace ;  
 Nor shall the years of distant life  
 Its memory efface.

6 Thus may our rising offspring haste  
 To seek their father's God,  
 Nor e'er forsake the happy path  
 Their youthful feet have trod.

**CLVI.** *Searching and trying our ways.* Lamentations iii. 40.

- 1 **T**HY piercing eye, O God, surveys  
The various windings of our ways ;  
Teach us their tendency to know,  
And judge the paths in which we go.
- 2 How wild, how crooked have they been ;  
A maze of folly and of sin !  
With all the light we vainly boast,  
Leaving our guide, our souls are lost.
- 3 Had not thy mercy been our aid,  
So fatally our feet had stray'd,  
Stern Justice had her prisoners led  
Down to the chambers of the dead.
- 4 O turn us back to thee again,  
Or we shall search our ways in vain ;  
Shine, and the path of life reveal,  
And bear us on to Zion's hill.
- 5 Roll on, ye swift-revolving years,  
And end this round of sin and tears.  
No more a wanderer would I roam,  
But share at once my Father's home.

**CLVII.** *The breath of our Nostrils taken in the Pits of the enemy ; applied to Christ.* Lamentations iv. 20.

- 1 **B**LEST Saviour, to my heart more dear  
Than balmy gales of vital air,—  
O ! were thy cheering presence gone,  
What use of breath unless to groan ?
- 2 Thy Father's royal hand hath shed,  
In rich profusion on thy head  
Ten thousand graces ; Thou alone  
Canst share, and canst adorn his throne.

- 3 But see the Sovereign captive led,  
Snared in the pit which traitors made,  
Fetter'd with ignominious bands,  
And murder'd by rebellious hands.
- 4 Ye saints, to your expiring King,  
Your tributary sorrows bring :  
In loyal crouds assemble round,  
And bathe in tears each precious wound.
- 5 But from the caverns of the grave  
He springs, Omnipotent to save !  
The Captive-King ascends and reigns,  
And drags his conquer'd foes in chains.
- 6 Beneath his shade our souls shall live,  
In all the rapture heaven can give ;  
There Zion never shall deplore,  
And heathens vex his church no more.

CLVIII. *Of lamenting national Sins.* Ezekiel ix. 4—6.

FOR A FAST-DAY.

- 1 **O** RIGHTEOUS God, thou Judge supreme,  
We tremble at thy dreadful name,  
And all our crying guilt we own  
In dust and tears before thy throne.
- 2 So manifold our crimes have been,  
Such crimson tincture dyes our sin,  
That, could we all its horrors know,  
Our streaming eyes with blood might flow.
- 3 Britain, the land thine arm hath saved,  
That arm most impiously hath braved ;  
Britain, the Isle its God hath loved,  
A rebel to that love hath proved.
- 4 Estranged from reverential awe,  
We trample on thy sacred law ;  
And though such wonders grace hath done,  
Anew we crucify thy Son.

- 5 Justly might this polluted land  
 Prove all the vengeance of thy hand ;  
 And bathed in heaven,\* thy sword might come  
 To drink our blood, and seal our doom.
- 3 Yet hast thou not a remnant here,  
 Whose souls are fill'd with pious fear ?  
 O bring thy wonted mercy nigh,  
 While prostrate at thy feet they lie.
- 7 Behold their tears, attend their moan,  
 Nor turn away their secret groan :  
 With these we join our humble prayer ;  
 Our nation shield, our country spare.
- 3 But if the sentence be decreed,  
 And our dear native land must bleed,  
 By thy sure mark may we be known,  
 And safe in life or death thy own.

CLIX. *The Iniquity of sacrificing God's Children ;  
 or the Evil of a bad or neglected Education.*  
 Ezekiel xvi. 20, 21.†

- 1 **B**EHOLD, O Israel's God,  
 From thine exalted throne,  
 And view the desolate abode,  
 That once was call'd thine own.
- 2 The children of thy flock,  
 By early covenant thine,  
 See how they pour their bleeding souls  
 On every idol's shrine !
- 3 To indolence and pride  
 What piteous victims made !  
 Crush'd in their parents' fond embrace,  
 And by their care betray'd.

\* Isaiah xxxiv. 5.

† Alluding to the cruel custom among some heathens of sacrificing their children to their gods, to which there are frequent references in scripture.



- 4 By pleasure's polish'd dart  
 What numbers here are slain !  
 What numbers there for slaughter bound  
 In Mammon's golden chain !
- 5 O let thine arm awake,  
 And dash the idols down :  
 O call the captives of their power,  
 Thy treasure and thy crown.
- 6 Thee let the fathers own,  
 And thee the sons adore,  
 Join'd to the Lord by solemn vows,  
 To be forgot no more.

CLX. *The Humility and Submission of a Penitent.*  
 Ezekiel xvi. 63.

- 1 **O** INJURED Majesty of heaven,  
 Look from thine holy throne,  
 While prostrate rebels view with grief  
 The treasons they must own.
- 2 Thy grace, when sin abounds the most,  
 Reigns with superior sway ;  
 And pardons, bought with Jesus' blood,  
 To rebels doth display.
- 3 While love its grateful anthem tunes,  
 Tears mingle with the song ;—  
 My heart with tender anguish bleeds,  
 That I such grace should wrong.
- 4 How shall I lift these guilty eyes  
 To mine offended Lord ?  
 Or how, beneath his heaviest strokes,  
 Pronounce one murmuring word ?
- 5 Remorse and shame my lips have seal'd ;  
 But O ! my Father, speak ;  
 And all the harmony of heaven  
 Shall through that silence break.

CLXI. *God bringing his People into the Covenant under the Rod. Ezekiel xx. 37.*

- 1 **H**OW gracious and how wise  
Is our chastising God !  
And O ! how rich the blessings are,  
Which blossom from his rod !
- 2 He lifts it up on high  
With pity in his heart,  
That every stroke his children feel  
May grace and peace impart.
- 3 Instructed thus they bow,  
And own his sovereign sway ;  
They turn their erring footsteps back  
To his forsaken way.
- 4 His covenant-love they seek,  
And seek the happy bands,  
That closer still engage their hearts  
To honour his commands.
- 5 Dear Father, we consent  
To discipline divine ;  
And bless the pains that make our souls  
Still more completely thine.

CLXII. *God's Condescension in becoming the Shepherd of Men. Ezekiel xxxiv. 31.*

- 1 **A**ND will the Majesty of heaven  
Accept us for his sheep ?  
And with a shepherd's tender care  
Such worthless creatures keep ?
- 2 And will he spread his guardian-arms  
Round our defenceless head ?  
And cause us gently to lie down,  
Relieved from every dread.

- 3 And will he lead our weary souls  
To that delightful scene,  
Where rivers of salvation flow  
Through pastures ever green ?
- 4 What thanks can mortal men repay  
For favours great as thine ?  
Or how can tongues of feeble clay  
Proclaim such love divine ?
- 5 Eternal God, how mean are we !  
How richly gracious thou !  
Our souls, o'erwhelm'd with humble joy,  
In silent transports bow.

CLXIII. *Seeking to God for the Communication of his Spirit.* Ezekiel xxxvi. 37.

- 1 **H**EAR, gracious Sovereign, from thy throne,  
And make thy various blessings known :  
While by thine Israel thou art sought,  
Attend the prayer thy word hath taught.
- 2 Come, sacred Spirit, from above,  
And fill the coldest heart with love ;  
Soften to flesh the rugged stone,  
And let thy god-like power be known.
- 3 Speak ! and from the haughtiest eyes  
Shall floods of pious sorrow rise ;  
While all their glowing souls are borne  
To seek that grace which now they scorn.
- 4 O let a holy flock await,  
Numerous around thy temple gate,  
Each pressing on with zeal to be  
A living sacrifice to thee.
- 5 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.

CLXIV. *Ezekiel's Vision of the dry Bones.*  
Ezekiel xxxvii. 3.

- 1 **L**OOK down, O Lord, with pitying eye ;  
See Adam's race in ruin lie ;  
Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,  
And scatters slaughter'd heaps around.
- 2 And can these mouldering corpses live ?  
And can these perish'd bones revive ?  
That, mighty God, to thee is known ;  
That wondrous work is all thy own.
- 3 Thy ministers are sent in vain  
To prophesy upon the slain ;  
In vain they call, in vain they cry,  
Till thine Almighty aid is nigh.
- 4 But if thy Spirit deign to breathe,  
Life spreads through all the realms of Death ,  
Dry bones obey thy powerful voice ;  
They move, they waken, they rejoice :
- 5 So when thy trumpet's awful sound  
Shall shake the heavens, and rend the ground,  
Dead saints shall from their tombs arise,  
And spring to life beyond the skies.

CLXV. *The Waters of the Sanctuary healing the dead*  
*Sea.* Ezekiel xlvii. 8, 9.

- 1 **G**REAT source of being and of love,  
Thou waterest all the world above,  
And all the joys that mortals know  
From thine exhaustless fountain flow.
- 2 A sacred spring at thy command,  
From Zion's mount, in Canaan's land,  
Beside thy temple, cleaves the ground,  
And pours its limpid stream around.

- 3 The limpid stream with sudden force  
 Swells to a river in its course ;  
 Through desert realms its windings play,  
 And scatter blessings all the way.
- 4 Close by its bank in order fair,  
 The blooming trees of life appear ;  
 Their blossoms fragrant odours give,  
 And on their fruit the nations live.
- 5 To the dead sea the waters flow,  
 And carry healing as they go ;  
 Its poisonous dregs their power confess,  
 And all its shores the fountain bless.
- 6 Flow, wondrous stream, with glory crown'd,  
 Flow on to earth's remotest bound ;  
 And bear us on thy gentle wave  
 To him who all thy virtues gave.

CLXVI. *Tekel ; or, The Sinner weighed in God's  
 Balances, and found wanting. Daniel v. 27.*

- 1 **R**AISE, thoughtless sinner, raise thine eye ;  
 Behold God's balance lifted high ;  
 There shall his justice be display'd,  
 And there thy hope and life be weigh'd !
- 2 See in one scale his perfect law ;  
 Mark with what force its precepts draw :  
 Wouldst thou that awful test sustain,  
 Thy works how light ! thy thoughts how vain !
- 3 Behold the hand of God appear  
 Inscribing swift those words of fear ;  
 " Tekel, thy soul is wanting found,  
 And wrath shall smite thee to the ground."
- 4 That sudden fear thy heart may freeze ;  
 Let horror shake thy tottering knees ;  
 Through all thy thoughts let anguish roll,  
 And deep repentance melt thy soul.

- 5 One only hope may yet prevail ;  
 Christ hath a weight to turn the scale ;  
 Still doth his gospel publish peace,  
 And seal the sinner's sure release.
- 6 Great God, exert thy power to save ;  
 Deep on the heart these truths engrave ;  
 The ponderous load of guilt remove,  
 That trembling lips may sing thy love.

⊕ CLXVII. *Daniel's Confession and Prayer.*  
 Dan. ix. 37.

1. **O**H Lord our great and dreadful God,  
 To thee we lift our face,  
 Humbled with fasting, bow'd in dust,  
 We supplicate thy grace.
- 2 Thy power is great, and great thy love !  
 And great our guilt hath been,  
 And mercy vast beyond our thought,  
 But aggravates our sin.
- 3 Thy Law and Gospel in our ears,  
 Thy messengers proclaim,  
 But who hath learnt to trust thy love,  
 Or fear thine awful name ?
- 4 Behold the sorrows of our heart,  
 While o'er our guilt we mourn,  
 And for the great Redeemer's sake  
 In mercy yet return.

CLXVIII. *The Backslider recollecting himself in his Afflictions.* Hosea ii. 6, 7.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, how kind are all his ways,  
 When most they seem severe !  
 He frowns, he scourges, and rebukes,  
 That we may learn his fear.

- 2 With thorns he fences up our path,  
And builds a wall around,  
To guard us from the death that lurks  
In sin's forbidden ground.
- 3 When other friends are sought in vain,  
And all our hopes despise,  
He opens his indulgent arms  
With pity in his eyes.
- 4 Return, ye wandering souls, return,  
While Mercy thrills his breast ;  
Call back the memory of the days  
When there you found your rest.
- 5 Behold, O Lord, we fly to thee,  
Though blushes stain our face,  
Constrain'd our last retreat to seek  
In thy long-injured grace.

CLXIX. *The Advantages of seeking the Knowledge of  
God.* Hosea vi. 3.

- 1 SHINE forth, Eternal Source of Light,  
And make thy glories known ;  
Fill our enlarged adoring sight  
With lustre all thine own.
- 2 Vain are the charms, and faint the rays  
The brightest creatures boast ;  
And all their grandeur, all their praise  
Is in thy presence lost.
- 3 To know the author of our frame  
Is our sublimest skill ;  
True science is to read thy name,  
True life to wait thy will.
- 4 For this I long, for this I pray,  
And following on pursue,  
Till visions of eternal day  
In heaven complete the view.

CLXX. *Inconstancy in Religion.* Hosea vi. 4.

1 **P**ERPETUAL source of light and grace,  
 We hail thy sacred name :  
 Through every year's revolving round  
 Thy goodness beams the same.

2 On us, all worthless as we are,  
 Its wondrous mercy pours ;  
 Sure as the heaven's establish'd course,  
 And plenteous as the showers.

3 Inconstant service we repay,  
 And treacherous vows renew ;  
 False as Morning's radiant cloud,  
 And transient as her dew.

4 In flowing tears our guilt we mourn,  
 And loud implore thy grace,  
 To bear our feeble footsteps on  
 In that celestial race.

5 Arm'd with thine energy divine,  
 Our souls shall stedfast move ;  
 And with increasing transport press  
 On to thy courts above.

6 So by thy power the morning sun  
 Pursues his radiant way,  
 Brightens each moment in his race,  
 And shines to perfect day.

CLXXI. *Gratitude the Spring of true Religion.*  
 Hosea xi. 4.

1 **M**Y God, what silken cords are thine !  
 How soft and yet how strong !  
 While power, and truth, and love combine  
 To draw our souls along.



- 2 Thou saw'st us crush'd beneath the yoke  
Of Satan and of sin :  
Thy hand the iron bondage broke  
Our worthless hearts to win.
- 3 The guilt of twice ten thousand sins  
One moment takes away ;  
And grace, when first the war begins,  
Secures the crowning day.
- 4 Comfort through all this vale of tears  
In rich profusion flows,  
And glory through unnumber'd years  
Eternity bestows.
- 5 Drawn by such cords we onward move,  
Till round thy throne we meet ;  
And, captives in the chains of love,  
Embrace our victor's feet.

CLXXII. *The Relentings of God's Heart over his  
backsliding People.* Hosea xi. 7, 8, 9.

- 1 **Y**E sinners, on back-sliding bent,  
God's gracious call attend ;  
Shall not compassion so divine  
Each stubborn spirit bend ?
- 2 " How shall I give mine Israel up  
To ruin and despair ?  
How shower down consuming wrath,  
And make a Sodom there ?
- 3 " My bowels strong relentings feel ;  
My heart is pain'd within :  
I will not all my wrath exert,  
Nor visit all their sin.
- 4 " The mercy of a God restrains  
The thunders of his hand :  
Come, seek protection from that power,  
Which you can ne'er withstand."

5 With trembling haste, Oh God, to thee  
 Let sinners wing their flight ;  
 As doves, when birds of prey pursue,  
 Down on our windows light.

6 Father, we seek thy gracious arm,  
 All melted at thy voice :  
 O may thy heart, that feels our woes,  
 In our return rejoice.

⊕ CLXXIII. *The Advantages of seeking the Knowledge of the Lord.* Hosea xi. 14, 15.

1 O H that the Lord my soul would draw  
 With his resistless grace ;  
 Gladly in deserts would I dwell,  
 So I might view his face.

2 His comfort in my trembling soul  
 Would scatter every fear ;  
 And all the waste with hope would bloom,  
 If thou, my God, wert near.

3 My lingering sins I would forego,  
 And drive them far away :  
 So, Lord, may Achor's gloomy vale  
 A path to peace display.

⊕ CLXXIV. *Of the Providence of God, as shown in a fatal Disease among the Horses.* Amos iv. 10.

1 G REAT God ! what creature's strength can bear  
 With thine Omnipotence to war ?  
 And at the terrors of thy frown  
 Who shall not fall submissive down.

2 Beneath the pressure of thy hand  
 Convulsive tremblings shake our land,  
 And blasted with thine angry breath  
 Our pastures feed the herds with death.

- 3 And now a new distress begins,  
 Thy judgments growing with our sins ;  
 The generous steed beneath thy stroke  
 Feels all his strength and courage broke.
- 4 His firmest sinews strive in vain  
 His sinking fabric to sustain ;  
 Extended on the earth he lies,  
 And panting droops, and groans, and dies.
- 5 Oh may we to our God return,  
 And timely our offences mourn ;  
 In tears assembled round thy feet,  
 Thy pity and thy love intreat.
- 6 Avert, O God ! the lifted stroke,  
 Nor let thy wrath against us smoke ;  
 In mercy let thine anger cease,  
 And grant our trembling souls thy peace.

CLXXV. *God's Controversy by Fire.* Amos iv. 11.

WRITTEN NOVEMBER, 1738, ON OCCASION OF A  
 DREADFUL FIRE.

- 1 **E**TERNAL God, our humbled souls  
 Before thy presence bow :  
 With all thy magazines of wrath,  
 How terrible art thou !
- 2 Fann'd by thy breath, whole sheets of flame  
 Swift like a deluge pour ;  
 And all our confidence of wealth  
 Lies moulder'd in an hour.
- 3 Led on by thee in horrid pomp,  
 Destruction rears her head ;  
 And blacken'd walls, and smoking heaps,  
 Through all our streets are spread.

- 4 Lord, in the dust we lay us down,  
And mourn thy righteous ire ;  
Yet bless the hand of guardian-love,  
That snatch'd us from the fire.
- 5 O that the hateful dregs of sin  
Like dross had perish'd there ;  
That in fair lines our purged souls  
Might thy bright image bear.
- 6 So shall we view with dauntless eyes  
The last tremendous day,  
When earth and seas, and stars and skies,  
In flames shall melt away.

CLXXVI. *Britain unreformed by remarkable Deliverances.* Amos iv. 11.

FOR A FAST-DAY.

- 1 **Y**ES, Britain seem'd to ruin doom'd,  
A lost, a burning brand ;  
Till snatch'd from fierce surrounding flames  
By God's indulgent hand.
- 2 " Once more," he cries, " I will suppress  
The wrath that sin would wake ;  
Once more my patience shall attend,  
For gentle mercy's sake."
- 3 But who this clemency reveres ?  
Or feels this melting grace ?  
Who stirs his languid spirit up  
To seek thine awful face ?
- 4 On days like these we pour our cries,  
And at thy feet we mourn ;  
Then rise to tempt thy wrath again,  
And to our sins return.

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- 5 Our nation far from God remains,  
Far, as in distant years ;  
And the small remnant that is found,  
A dying aspect wears.
- 6 Chasten'd and rescued thus in vain,  
Thy righteous hand severe  
Into the flames might hurl us back,  
And quite consume us there.
- 7 So, by the light our burning gave,  
Might neighbouring nations read,  
How terrible thy sword can wave,  
When judgments are decreed.
- 8 Yet midst the cry of sins like ours,  
Incline thy gracious ear ;  
And thy own children's feeble moan  
With soft compassion hear.
- 9 Oh ! by thy sacred spirit's breath  
Kindle a holy flame ;  
Refine the land thou mightst destroy,  
And magnify thy name.

CLXXVII. *Preparing to meet God.* Amos iv. 12, 13.

- 1 **H**E comes :—thy God, O Israel, comes ;  
Prepare thy God to meet :—  
Meet him in battle's force array'd,  
Or humbled at his feet.
- 2 He form'd the mountains by his strength ;  
He makes the winds to blow ;  
And all the secret thoughts of man  
Must his Creator know.
- 3 He shades the morning's opening rays  
He shakes the solid world ;  
And stars and angels from their seats  
Are by his thunder hurl'd.

- 4 Eternal Sovereign of the skies !  
 And shall thine Israel dare  
 In mad rebellion to arise,  
 And tempt the unequal war ?
- 5 Lo, nations tremble at thy frown,  
 And faint beneath thy rod ;  
 Crush'd by its gentlest movement down,  
 They fall, tremendous God !
- 6 Avert the terrors of thy wrath,  
 And let thy mercy shine ;  
 While humble penitence and prayer  
 Approve us truly thine.

CLXXVIII. *Jonah's faith recommended.* Jonah ii. 4.

- 1 **L**ORD, we have broke thy holy laws,  
 And slighted all thy grace ;  
 And justly thy avenging wrath  
 Might cast us from thy face.
- 2 Yet while such precedents appear  
 Mark'd by the sacred book,  
 We from these depths of guilt and fear  
 Will to thy temple look.
- 3 To thee, in our Redeemer's name,  
 We'll raise our humble cries ;  
 May these our prayers, perfumed by him,  
 Like grateful incense rise.
- 4 O never may our hopeless eyes  
 An absent God deplore,  
 Where the dear temples of thy love  
 Shall stand reveal'd no more.
- 5 Far from those regions of despair  
 Appoint our souls a place,  
 Where not a frown through endless years  
 Shall veil thy gracious face.

CLXXIX. *God's Controversy with Britain stated and pleaded.* Micah vi. 1, 2, 3.

FOR A FAST-DAY.

- 1 **L**ISTEN, ye hills ; ye mountains, hear ;  
 Jehovah vindicates his laws :  
 Trembling in silence at his bar,  
 Thou earth, attend thy Maker's cause.
- 2 Israel, appear ; present thy plea ;  
 And charge the Almighty to his face ;  
 Say, if his rules oppressive be ;  
 Say, if defective be his grace.
- 3 Eternal Judge, the action cease ;  
 Our lips are seal'd in conscious shame ;  
 'Tis ours, in sackcloth to confess,  
 And thine, the sentence to proclaim.
- 4 Ten thousand witnesses arise ;  
 Thy mercies, and our crimes appear,  
 More than the stars that deck the skies,  
 And all our dreadful guilt declare.
- 5 How shall we come before thy face,  
 And in thine awful presence bow ?  
 What offers can secure thy grace,  
 Or calm the terrors of thy brow ?
- 6 Thousands of rams in vain might bleed ;  
 Rivers of oil might blaze in vain ;  
 Or the first-born's devoted head  
 With horrid gore thine altar stain.
- 7 But thy own Lamb, all-gracious God,  
 Whom impious sinners dared to slay,  
 Hath sovereign virtue in his blood  
 To purge the nation's guilt away.
- 8 With humble faith to that we fly ;  
 With that be Britain sprinkled o'er ;  
 Trembling no more in dust we lie,  
 And dread thy hand and bar no more.

CLXXX. *Hearing the Voice of God's Rod.*  
Micah vi. 9.

- 1 **A**TTEND, my soul, with reverend awe,  
The dictates of thy God ;  
Silent and trembling hear the voice  
Of his appointed rod.
- 2 Now let me search and try my ways,  
And prostrate seek his face,  
Conscious of guilt before his throne  
In dust my soul abase.
- 3 Teach me, my God, what's yet unknown,  
And all my crimes forgive ;  
Those crimes would I no more repeat,  
But to thy honour live.
- 4 My wither'd joys too plainly shew,  
That all on earth is vain ;  
In God my wounded heart confides  
True rest and bliss to gain.
- 5 Father, I wait thy gracious call,  
To leave this mournful land,  
And bathe in rivers of delight,  
That flow at thy right hand.

CLXXXI. *God's incomparable Mercy admired.*  
Micah vii. 18, 19, 20.

- 1 **S**UPREME in mercy, who shall dare  
With thy compassion to compare ?  
For thy own sake wilt thou forgive,  
And bid the trembling sinner live.
- 2 Millions of our transgressions past,  
Cancell'd, behind thy throne are cast ;  
Thy grace, a sea without a shore,  
O'erflows them, and they rise no more.



- 3 And lest new legions should invade,  
And make the pardon'd soul afraid,  
Our inbred lusts thou wilt subdue,  
And form degenerate hearts anew.
- 4 Our leader-God, our songs proclaim ;  
We lift our banners in his name ;  
With songs of triumph forth we go,  
And level the gigantic foe.
- 5 His truth to Jacob shall prevail ;  
His oath to Abram cannot fail ;  
The hope of saints in ancient days,  
Which ages yet unborn shall praise.

CLXXXII. *The impoverished Saint rejoicing in God.*  
Habakkuk iii. 17, 18.

- 1 **S**O firm the saint's foundations stand,  
Nor can his hopes remove ;  
Sustain'd by God's Almighty hand,  
And shelter'd in his love.
- 2 Fig-trees and olive-plants may fail,  
And vines their fruit deny,  
Famine may through his fields prevail,  
And flocks and herds may die.
- 3 God is the treasure of his soul,  
A source of sacred joy ;  
Which no afflictions can control,  
Nor Death itself destroy.
- 4 Lord, may we feel thy cheering beams,  
And taste the saint's repose.  
We will not mourn the perish'd streams,  
While such a fountain flows.

CLXXXIII. *God's afflicted Poor trusting in his Name.*  
Zephaniah iii. 12.

- 1 **P**RAISE to the Sovereign of the sky,  
Who from his lofty throne  
Looks down on all that humble lie,  
And calls such souls his own !

- 2 The haughty sinner he disdains,  
 Though gems his temples crown ;  
 And from the seat of pomp and pride  
 His vengeance hurls him down.
- 3 On his afflicted pious poor  
 He makes his face to shine ;  
 He fills their cottages of clay  
 With lustre all divine.
- 4 Among the meanest of thy flock  
 There let my dwelling be,  
 Rather than under gilded roofs,  
 If absent, Lord, from thee.
- 5 Poor and afflicted though we are,  
 In thy strong name we trust ;  
 And bless the hand of sovereign love,  
 Which lifts us from the dust.

CLXXXIV. *God comforting and rejoicing over Zion.*  
 Zephaniah iii. 16, 17.

- 1 **Y**ES, 'tis the voice of Love divine !  
 And O ! how sweet those accents sound !  
 Afflicted Zion, rise, and shine,  
 Fair mourner, prostrate on the ground.
- 2 The mighty God, thy glorious king,  
 Tender to pity, strong to save,  
 Hath sworn he will salvation bring,  
 Though sorrow press thee to the grave.
- 3 He all a father's pleasure knows  
 To fold thee in his dear embrace ;  
 His heart with secret joy o'erflows,  
 And cheerful smiles adorn his face.
- 4 At length the inward ecstasy  
 In holy music breaks its way ;  
 Heaven exults in harmony,  
 And angels teach their harps the lay.

- 5 Fain would my lips the chorus swell  
 But mortal tongues are faint and weak,  
 The grateful thoughts that with me dwell,  
 Would ask eternity to speak.

CLXXXV. *Practical Reflections on the State of our  
 Fathers. Zechariah i. 2.*

- 1 **H**OW swift the torrent rolls,  
 That bears us to the sea !  
 The tide, that bears our thoughtless souls  
 To vast eternity !
- 2 Our fathers, where are they,  
 From all their children torn ?  
 From joys and griefs, and hopes and cares,  
 And wealth and honour borne.
- 3 But joy or grief succeeds  
 To this our mortal lot,  
 While the poor remnant of their dust  
 Lies in the grave forgot.
- 4 There, where the fathers lie,  
 Must all the children dwell ;  
 Nor other heritage possess,  
 But such a gloomy cell.
- 5 God of our fathers, hear,  
 Thou everlasting friend !  
 While we, as on life's utmost verge,  
 Our souls to thee commend.
- 6 Of all the pious dead  
 May we the footsteps trace,  
 Till with them in the land of light  
 We dwell before thy face,

CLXXXVI. *Joshua the High Priest's Change of Raiment, applied to Christian Privileges. Zechariah iii. 4.*

- 1 **E**TERNAL King, thy robes are white!—  
In spotless rays of heavenly light ;  
Adoring angels round are seen,  
Yet in thy presence are not clean.
- 2 What then are we, the sons of earth,  
That draw pollution from our birth ?  
Our fleshly garments, Lord, how mean !  
O'erspread with hateful spots of sin.
- 3 Hail to that condescending grace,  
Shown in a Saviour's righteousness !  
Eternal honours to that name,  
Which covers all our guilt and shame !
- 4 His blood, an overflowing sea,  
Shall purge our deepest stains away :  
Our souls, renew'd by grace divine,  
Shall in their Lord's resemblance shine.
- 5 Yet, while these vests of flesh we wear,  
Pollution will again appear :  
Come, Death, and ease me of the load ;  
For thou shalt bear my soul to God !
- 6 The King of Heaven will there bestow  
A richer robe than monarchs know ;  
Resplendent all in radiant white ;  
Not Joshua's mitre shone so bright.
- 7 The grave its trophies shall resign ;  
Christ will the mouldering dust refine ;  
And Death, the last of foes, shall be  
Swallow'd and lost in victory.
- 8 My faith, on towering pinions borne,  
Anticipates that glorious morn ;  
And with celestial raptures strong,  
Gives mortal lips the immortal song.

CLXXXVII. *Joshu the High Priest's Zeal and Fidelity rewarded with a Station among the Angels. Zechariah iii. 6, 7.*

FOR THE ORDINATION OF A MINISTER.

- 1 **G**REAT Lord of angels, we adore  
The grace that builds thy courts below ;  
And through ten thousand sons of light  
Stoops to regard what mortals do.
- 2 Amidst the wastes of Time and Death,  
Successive pastors thou dost raise  
Thy charge to keep, thy house to guide,  
And form a people for thy praise.
- 3 Angelic forms with heavenly songs  
Hover around the sacred place ;  
Nor scorn to learn from mortal tongues  
The wonders of redeeming grace.
- 4 At length, dismiss'd from feeble clay,  
Thy servants join the exalted band ;  
With them through distant worlds they fly,  
With them before thy presence stand.
- 5 O glorious hope ! O blest employ !  
Sweet lenitive of grief and care !  
When shall we reach those radiant courts,  
And all their joys and honours share !
- 6 Yet while these labours we pursue,  
Thus distant from thy heavenly throne,  
Give us but zeal and love like theirs,  
And half their heaven shall here be known.

CLXXXVIII. *The completing of the Spiritual Temple. Zechariah iv. 7.*

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord above,  
Who deigns on earth to raise  
A temple to his love,  
A monument of praise.

Ye saints around,  
Through all its frame,  
The builder's name  
Harmonious sound.

2 He form'd the glorious plan,  
And its foundation laid,  
That God might dwell with man,  
And mercy be display'd ;  
His Son he sent,  
Who, great and good,  
Made his own blood  
The sweet cement.

3 Beneath his eye and care  
The edifice shall rise  
Majestic strong and fair,  
And shine above the skies.  
There shall he place  
The polish'd stone,  
Ordain'd to crown  
This work of grace.

CLXXXIX. *The Error of despising the Day of small Things. Zechariah iv. 10.*

1 " **W**HAT haughty scorner," saith the Lord,  
" Shall humble things despise,  
When he beholds them with delight,  
Who reigns beyond the skies ?

2 I from a chaos dark and wild  
Made heaven's bright host appear :  
I from the small unnoticed seeds  
The loftiest cedars rear.

3 From Eden's dust I Adam form'd,  
The noblest human frame,  
And in his humble sons display  
The honours of my name.

- 4 From fishermen, in number few,  
 In human arts untaught,  
 All the wide realms my church can boast,  
 My potent hand hath brought.
- 5 The pious poor, by men despised,  
 In dearest bonds are mine ;  
 Once meanly drest in humble weeds,  
 They now like angels shine."
- 6 Lord, if such trophies raised from dust  
 Thy sovereign glory be,  
 Here in my heart thy power may find  
 Materials fit for thee.

*CXC. Prisoners delivered from the Pit by the Blood  
 of the Covenant. Zechariah ix. 11.*

- 1 **Y**E prisoners, who in bondage lie,  
 In darkness and the pit,  
 Behold the grace that sets us free,  
 And to that grace submit.
- 2 The tidings of deliverance hear,  
 Confess the covenant good,  
 And bless the ransom God hath found  
 In our Emanuel's blood.
- 3 Justice no more asserts its claim  
 Your forfeit lives to take ;  
 But smiling mercy quick descends  
 Your heavy chains to break.
- 4 We walk at large, and sing the hand  
 To which we freedom owe ;  
 And drink those rivers with delight,  
 Which through this desert flow.
- 5 He, that hath liberty bestow'd,  
 Will give a kingdom too ;  
 He, that hath loosed the bonds of death,  
 The path of life will show.

CXCI. *The Fountain of Life.* Zechariah xiii. 1.

1 **H**AIL, everlasting spring !  
 Celestial fountain, hail !

Thy streams salvation bring,  
 The waters never fail :

Still they endure,

And still they flow

For all our woe

A sovereign cure.

2 Blest be his wounded side,  
 And blest his bleeding heart,  
 Who all in anguish died  
 Such favours to impart.

His sacred blood

Shall make us clean

From every sin,

And fit for God.

3 To that dear source of love  
 Our souls this day would come ;  
 And thither from above,  
 Lord, call the nations home ;

That Jew and Greek

With rapturous songs

In all their tongues

Thy praise may speak.

CXCII. *God's Name profaned, when his Table is treated with Contempt.* Malachi i. 12.

**M**Y God, and is thy table spread ?  
 And does thy cup with love o'erflow ?

Thither be all thy children led,

And let them all its sweetness know.

Hail sacred feast, which Jesus makes !

Rich banquet of his flesh and blood !

Thrice happy he who here partakes

That sacred stream, that heavenly food !



- 3 Why are its dainties all in vain  
 Before unwilling hearts display'd ?  
 Was not for you the victim slain ?  
 Are you forbid the children's bread ?
- 4 O let thy table honour'd be,  
 And furnish'd well with joyful guests ;  
 And may each soul salvation see,  
 That here its sacred pledges tastes.
- 5 Let crowds approach with hearts prepared ;  
 With hearts inflamed let all attend ;  
 Nor, when we leave our Father's board,  
 The pleasure or the profit end.
- 6 Revive thy dying churches, Lord,  
 And bid our drooping graces live ;  
 And more that energy afford,  
 A Saviour's blood alone can give.

CXCIII. *God's gracious Regard to active Attempts to revive Religion. Malachi iii. 16, 17.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord on mortal worms looks down,  
 From his celestial throne ;  
 And when the wicked swarm around,  
 He well discerns his own.
- 2 He sees the tender hearts, that mourn  
 The scandal of the times ;  
 And join their efforts to oppose  
 The wide-prevailing crimes.
- 3 Low to the social band he bows  
 His still-attentive ear ;  
 And, while his angels sing around,  
 Delights their voice to hear.
- 4 The chronicles of heaven shall keep  
 Their words in transcripts fair ;  
 In the Redeemer's book of life  
 Their names recorded are.

5 " Yes," saith the Lord, " the world shall know  
 These humble souls are mine :  
 These, when my jewels I produce,  
 Shall in full lustre shine.

6 When deluges of fiery wrath  
 My foes away shall bear,  
 That hand which strikes the wicked through,  
 Shall all my children spare."

CXCIV. *Christ the Sun of Righteousness.* Mal. iv. 2.

1 **T**O thee, O God, we homage pay,  
 Source of the light that rules the day ;  
 Who, while he gilds all nature's frame,  
 Reflects thy rays, and speaks thy name.

2 In louder strains we sing that grace  
 Which gives the sun of righteousness ;  
 Whose nobler light salvation brings,  
 And scatters healing from his wings.

3 Still on our hearts may Jesus shine  
 With beams of light and love divine ;  
 Quicken'd by him our souls shall live,  
 And cheer'd by him shall grow and thrive.

4 O may his glories stand confess'd  
 From north to south, from east to west :  
 Successful may his gospel run  
 Wide as the circuit of the sun.

When shall that radiant scene arise,  
 When, fix'd on high in purer skies,  
 Christ all his lustre shall display  
 On all his saints through endless day ?

**HYMNS**  
**FOUNDED ON VARIOUS TEXTS**  
**IN THE**  
**NEW TESTAMENT.**

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**HYMN CXCIV.**

*The Axe laid to the Root of unfruitful Trees.*  
Matthew iii. 10.

- 1 **T**HE Lord into his vineyard comes  
Our various fruit to see ;  
His eye, more piercing than the light,  
Deep searches every tree.
- 2 Tremble, ye sinners, at his frown,  
If barren still ye stand ;  
And fear that keenly-wounding axe,  
Which arms his awful hand.
- 3 Close to the root behold it laid,  
To make destruction sure :  
Who can resist the mighty stroke ;  
Or who the fire endure ?
- 4 Lord, we adore thy sparing love,  
Thy long forbearing grace :  
Else had we low in ruin fallen,  
And known no more our place.
- 5 Succeeding years shall mercy wait ;  
Nor let it wait in vain ;  
But form in us abundant fruit,  
And still this fruit maintain.

CXCVI. *The Light of good Examples, the most effectual Way to glorify God. Matthew v. 16.*

- 1 **G**REAT Teacher of thy church, we own  
Thy precepts all divinely wise :  
O may thy mighty power be shown  
To fix them still before our eyes.
- 2 Deep on our hearts thy will engrave,  
And fill our breasts with heavenly awe,  
That, while we trust thy power to save,  
We may fulfil thy sacred law.
- 3 Adorn'd with every heavenly grace,  
May our example brightly shine,  
And the sweet lustre of thy face  
Reflected beam from each of thine.
- 4 These lineaments divinely fair,  
Our heavenly Father shall proclaim ;  
And men, that view his image there,  
Shall join to glorify his name.

CXCVII. *Providential Bounties surveyed and improved. Matthew v. 45.*

- 1 **F**ATHER of light, we sing thy name,  
That kindled up the lamp of day ;  
Wide as he spreads his golden flame,  
His beams thy power, thy love display.
- 2 Fountain of good, from thee proceed  
The copious drops of genial rain ;  
Which on the hills, and verdant meads,  
Revive the grass and swell the grain.
- 3 Through the wide world thy bounties spread ;  
Yet millions of our guilty race,  
Though by thy daily bounty fed,  
Offend thy law, and spurn thy grace.

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- 4 Not so may our forgetful hearts  
O'erlook the tokens of thy care ;  
But, what thy liberal hand imparts,  
Still own in praise, still ask in prayer.
- 5 So shall our suns more grateful shine,  
And showers in sweeter drops shall fall,  
While still our hearts and lives are thine,  
And thou, our God, enjoy'd in all.
- 6 Jesus, our brighter sun, arise,  
In plenteous showers thy Spirit send ;  
Earth then shall bloom a paradise,  
And in the heavenly Eden end.

CXCVIII. *Secret Prayer.* Matthew vi. 6.

- 1 **F**ATHER divine, thy piercing eye  
Shoots through the darkest night ;  
In deep retirement thou art nigh,  
With heart-discerning sight.
- 2 There shall that piercing eye survey  
My duteous homage paid,  
With every morning's dawning ray,  
And every evening's shade.
- 3 O may thy own celestial fire  
The incense still inflame ;  
While my warm vows to thee aspire,  
Through my Redeemer's name.
- 4 So shall the visits of thy love  
My soul with joy confess ;  
So shalt thou deign in worlds above  
Thy suppliant still to bless.

CXCIX. *Of Seeking first the Kingdom of God.*  
Matthew vi. 33.

- 1 **N**OW let a true ambition rise,  
And ardour fire our breast,  
To reign in worlds above the skies  
In heavenly glories drest !
- 2 Behold Jehovah's royal hand  
A radiant crown display,  
Whose gems with vivid lustre shine  
While stars and suns decay.
- 3 Away, each grovelling anxious care,  
Beneath a christian's thought ;  
I spring to seize immortal joys  
Which my Redeemer bought.
- 4 Ye hearts with youthful vigour warm,  
The glorious prize pursue ;  
Nor shall ye want the goods of earth,  
While heaven is kept in view.

CC. *Words of Pardon spoken by Christ.*  
Matthew ix. 2.

- 1 **M**Y Saviour, let me hear thy voice,  
Pronounce those words of peace ;  
And all my warmest powers shall join  
To celebrate thy grace.
- 2 With gentle smiles call me thy child,  
And speak my sins forgiven ;  
Those accents mild shall charm mine ear,  
Sweet as the harps of heaven.
- 3 Cheerful, where'er thy hand shall lead,  
The darkest path I'll tread ;  
Or cheerful quit these mortal shores,  
And mingle with the dead.

- 4 When dreadful guilt is done away,  
No other fears we know ;  
That hand which scatters pardons down  
Shall crowns of life bestow.

CCI. *The relapsing Demoniac.* Matthew xii. 43—45.

- 1 **S**OVEREIGN of heaven, thine empire spreads  
O'er all the worlds on high :  
And at thy frown the infernal powers  
In wild confusion fly.
- 2 Like lightning from his glittering throne  
The great Arch-Traitor fell,  
Driven with consuming ruin down  
To infamy and hell.
- 3 Permitted now to range at large,  
And traverse earth and air ;  
O'er captive human souls he reigns,  
And boasts his kingdom there.
- 4 Yet thence thy grace can drive him out  
With one Almighty word ;  
O send thy potent sceptre forth,  
And reign victorious, Lord.
- 5 Let wretched prisoners be released  
The smiling light to view ;  
Nor let the vanquish'd foe return  
Their bondage to renew.
- 6 May grace complete that wondrous work,  
Which thine own power begun,  
And fill, from Satan's gloomy realms,  
The kingdom of thy Son.

CCII. *The Faith of the Syrophœnician Woman recommended.* Matthew xv. 26, 27.

- 1 **A**LL conquering faith, how high it rose,  
 Though heaven itself seem'd to oppose!  
 All-gracious Lord, who didst appear  
 Most merciful, when most severe!
- 2 Thus at thy feet our souls would fall,  
 And loudly thus for mercy call;  
 "Thou Son of David, pity show,  
 And save us from the infernal foe."
- 3 Though viler than the brutes we be,  
 Our longing eyes would wait on thee,  
 Who dost to dogs this grace afford,  
 To taste the crumbs beneath thy board.
- 4 But thou the humble soul wilt raise,  
 And all its sorrows turn to praise;  
 Each self-abasing broken heart  
 Shall with thy children share a part.

CCIII. *The Church built on a Rock, and secured against the Gates of Hell.* Matthew xvi. 18.

- 1 **N**OW from the gates of Zion sing,  
 And challenge all her bitterest foes:  
 She triumphs in her Saviour-king,  
 In him who from the dead arose.
- 2 He is the rock on whom we rest,  
 And firm on that foundation stand;  
 Divine compassion fills his breast,  
 His word is sure, and strong his hand.
- 3 Hell and its hosts may rage in vain:  
 Vain are their counsels, weak their power;  
 Grim Death may marshal all his train,  
 And boast the conquest of an hour.



- 4 Breathless and pale his servants lie,  
 And know their former place no more ;  
 Their children raise his praises high,  
 And o'er their fathers' dust adore.
- 5 Their fathers' dust the Lord shall raise,  
 And burst the barriers of the grave ;  
 Parents and children join his praise,  
 Who through eternity can save !

CCIV. *Christ's Transfiguration.* Matthew xvii. 4.

- 1 **W**HEN at this distance, Lord, we trace  
 The various glories of thy face,  
 What transports then may fire our breast,  
 To charm our cares and woes to rest !
- 2 With thee in the obscurest cell  
 Of some bleak mountain would I dwell,  
 Rather than pompous courts behold,  
 And share their grandeur and their gold.
- 3 Away, ye dreams of mortal joy !  
 Raptures divine my thoughts employ :  
 I see the King of Glory shine ;  
 And feel his love, and call him mine !
- 4 On Tabor thus his servants view'd  
 His lustre, then from heaven renewed,  
 And, bidding earthly scenes farewell,  
 Cried, " Lord, 'tis pleasant here to dwell."
- 5 Yet still our love-enraptured eyes  
 To nobler visions long to rise ;  
 To that assembly Lord of thine  
 Where all thy saints around thee shine.
- 6 That mount how bright ! those forms how fair !  
 'Tis good to dwell for ever there :  
 Come, Death, sure envoy of my God,  
 And bear me to that blest abode.

**CCV.** *The Grace of Christ in ministering to Men,  
and dying for them. Matthew xx. 28.*

- 1 **S**AVIOUR of men, and Lord of Love,  
How sweet thy gracious name !  
With joy that errand we review,  
On which thy mercy came.
- 2 While all thy own angelic bands  
Stood waiting on the wing,  
Charm'd with the honour to obey  
The word of such a king ;
- 3 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.
- 4 Bought with thy service and thy blood,  
We doubly, Lord, are thine ;  
To thee our lives we would devote,  
To thee our death resign.
- 5 Blest man, who in thy cause consumes  
His vigorous days with zeal !  
Then with the last slow ebb of blood  
Is call'd thy truth to seal !

**CCVI.** *Christ's compassionate Readiness to gather  
Souls. Matthew xxiii. 37, 38.*

- 1 **S**EE how the Lord of mercy spreads  
His gentle hands abroad ;  
And warns us of the circling foes  
That thirst to drink our blood !
- 2 “ Fly to the shelter of mine arms,  
And dwell secure from fear ;  
Nor Earth nor Hell shall pluck you thence,  
Or reach or wound you there.

- 3 With anxious heart the parent-bird  
 Thus calls her offspring round,  
 When horrid vultures beat the air,  
 And slaughter stains the ground.
- 4 The trembling brood, by nature taught,  
 Fly to the known retreat ;  
 Beneath her downy wings are safe,  
 And find the shelter sweet.
- 5 But men, alas ! more thoughtless men,  
 Refuse to leud an ear ;  
 Their only refuge madly fly  
 And rather die than hear.
- 6 They spurn the Saviour's offer'd grace,  
 Till they his wrath inflame ;  
 And Desolation lays them low  
 In agony and shame.

CCVII. *The Abounding of Iniquity, and Coldness  
 of Christian Love.* Matthew xxiv. 12.

FOR A FAST-DAY.

- 1 **A**LAS for Britain and her sons !  
 What hath she not to fear ?  
 The sins that ruined Salem once,  
 O how triumphant here !
- 2 Alas the strong o'erflowing tide !  
 How fiercely doth it rage !  
 And each foreboding symptom joins,  
 In terrible presage.
- 3 Yet who hath eyes that can discern,  
 Or who an ear to hear ?  
 Whose heart is trembling for the ark,  
 Or for his country dear ?
- 4 Cold is the love of christian breasts,  
 If christian breasts remain ;  
 And dying the last sparks of zeal,  
 Or its last efforts vain.

- 5 Of Britain, oft chastised and saved,  
 What shall the end be found ?  
 Shall not the sword, that waves so long,  
 Inflict the deeper wound ?
- 6 O stay thine arm, all-gracious God ;  
 Thy Spirit largely pour !  
 That can the streams of guilt restrain,  
 And dying love restore.

CCVIII. *The final Sentence and Happiness of the  
 Righteous.* Matthew xxv. 34.

- 1 **A**TTEND, mine ear ; my heart, rejoice ;  
 While Jesus from his throne,  
 Begirt with all the angelic host,  
 Makes his last sentence known !
- 2 When sinners, fleeing from his face,  
 To raging flames are driven,  
 His voice, with melody divine,  
 Thus calls his saints to heaven.
- 3 “ Blest of my Father, draw ye near,  
 Receive the large reward ;  
 And rise with raptures to possess  
 The kingdom Love prepared.
- 4 “ Ere earth’s foundations first were laid,  
 This sovereign purpose wrought,  
 And rear’d those palaces divine,  
 To which you now are brought.
- 5 “ There shall you reign unnumber’d years,  
 Protected by my power,  
 While sin and hell, and pains and cares  
 Shall vex your souls no more.
- 6 Come, dear majestic Saviour, come,  
 This jubilee proclaim,  
 And teach us accents fit to praise  
 So great, so dear a name.

CCIX. *Relieving Christ in his poor Saints.*  
Matthew xxv. 40.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my Lord, how rich thy grace!  
Thy bounties how complete!  
How shall I count the matchless sum?  
How pay the mighty debt?
- 2 High on a throne of radiant light  
Dost thou exalted shine;  
What can my poverty bestow,  
When countless worlds are thine?
- 3 But thou hast brethren here below,  
The partners of thy grace,  
And wilt confess their humble names  
Before thy Father's face.
- 4 In them thou mayst be clothed, and fed,  
And visited, and cheer'd;  
And in their accents of distress  
My Saviour's voice is heard.
- 5 Thy face with reverence and with love  
I in thy poor would see;  
O let me rather beg my bread,  
Than hold it back from thee!

CCX. *The final Sentence and Misery of the Wicked.*  
Matthew xxv. 41.

- 1 **A**ND will the Judge descend?  
And must the dead arise?  
And not one single soul escape  
His all-discerning eyes?
- 2 And from his righteous lips  
Shall such a sentence sound?  
And through the millions of the damn'd  
Spread black despair around?

- 3 " Depart from me, accursed,  
To everlasting flame,  
For rebel-angels first prepared,  
Where mercy never came."
- 4 How will my heart endure  
The terrors of that day,  
When earth and heaven before his face  
Astonish'd shrink away ?
- 5 But ere that trumpet shakes  
The mansions of the dead,  
Hark from the Gospel's gentle voice  
What joyful tidings spread !
- 6 " Ye sinners, seek his grace,  
Whose wrath ye cannot bear ;  
Fly to the shelter of his cross,  
And find salvation there.
- 7 " So shall that curse remove  
By which the Saviour bled,  
And the last awful day shall pour  
His blessings on your head."

⊙ CCXI. *The Sorrow of the Disciples on hearing that Christ would be betrayed.* Mat. xxvi. 21, 22.

- 1 **A** WAKE our sorrows, flow our tears  
While such a source of woe appears !  
Behold our Lord a victim made,  
And to his foes by friends betrayed.
- 2 Our hearts with indignation burn  
While we a bleeding Saviour mourn :  
'Traitor accurst ! and cruel Jews,  
That could the Lamb of God abuse.
- 3 But do we not ourselves condemn,  
And curse ourselves, in cursing them ?  
Doom'd for our sins our Saviour died ;  
By us betrayed—by us denied ?

- 4 Are we the guilty men, oh Lord ?  
 Are we then sinners so abhorr'd ?  
 Oh ! that our hearts their stripes might know  
 And penitential sorrows flow.
- 5 May sov'reign love our faith restore  
 That we may wound thy Son no more,  
 But, to our last expiring breath,  
 Confess him Lord of Life and Death !

CCXII. *Christ's Submission to his Father's Will.*  
 Matthew xxvi. 42.

- 1 " **F**ATHER divine," the Saviour cried,  
 While horrors press'd on every side,  
 And prostrate on the ground he lay,  
 " Remove this bitter cup away.
- 2 " But if these pangs must still be borne,  
 Or helpless man be left forlorn,  
 I bow my soul before thy throne,  
 And say, *Thy will*, not mine, be done."
- 3 Thus would our souls submissive bow,  
 And, taught by Jesus, lie as low ;  
 Our hearts and not our lips alone,  
 Would say, *Thy will*, not ours, be done.
- 4 Then, though like him in dust we lie,  
 We'll view the blissful moment nigh,  
 Which, from our portion in his pains,  
 Shall call to joys in which he reigns.

CCXIII. *Reflections on the Disciples forsaking Christ,*  
*when he was betrayed.* Matthew xxvi. 56.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the Son of God's delight ;  
 His smiles how sweet ! his rays how bright !  
 A friend of tenderness unknown :  
 To the last breath he loved his own.

- 2 But lo, his friends, his brethren dear,  
Flee when they see his danger near ;  
And not one generous heart remains  
To shield his life or share his pains.
- 3 So frail is man ; so frail are we,  
When unsupported, Lord, by thee ;—  
Thus shrinks our faith ; thus droops our love,  
And thus our vows abortive prove.
- 4 Blest Jesus, thine own power impart,  
And bind in cords of love my heart :  
The fugitive no more shall flee,  
But keep through death a hold on thee.

*CCXIV. Christ's Complaint of his Father's forsaking  
him on the Cross. Matthew xxvii. 46.*

- 1 **W**HAT doleful accents do I hear ?  
What piercing cry invades mine ear ;  
Loaded with shame, and bathed in blood,  
Who calls on a forsaking God ?
- 2 Amazing strange heart-rending sight !  
'Tis his own darling and delight,  
Who once in his embraces lay,  
Dearer than all the sons of day !
- 3 Yet when this Jesus died for me,  
Extended on the cursed tree,  
God stood afar, nor would afford  
One pitying look, one cheering word.
- 4 What then, my soul, must thou have felt,  
If press'd with all thy load of guilt,  
Beneath whose weight the Saviour cries,  
Who form'd the earth and built the skies !
- 5 But in that dark tremendous hour  
Unconquer'd Faith exerts its power ;  
" My God, my Father," cried aloud,  
And heaven the endearing name avow'd.



- 6 From death, from earth, he raised his Son,  
 And gave him for his cross a throne ;  
 Triumphant there the sufferer reigns,  
 And reaps the harvest of his pains.
- 7 Eternal raptures there are known ;  
 Nor flows the joy on him alone,  
 But for his sake Jehovah swore  
 To leave the meanest saint no more.

CCXV. *The same.* Matthew xxvii. 46.

- 1 **M**Y Saviour, didst thou bleed for me ?  
 For me send forth that bitter cry ?  
 With aching heart thy wounds I see,  
 Prepared at thy command to die.
- 2 By all thine anguish on the cross,  
 When God thy Father stood afar,  
 Rich in thy temporary loss,  
 Thy church is brought for ever near.
- 3 From far the beamings of thy throne  
 Revived my sympathizing heart ;  
 As love made sinner's grief thine own,  
 Mine in thy joys must take its part.
- 4 Midst all the splendours of thy reign,  
 Think on the sorrows thou hast felt ;  
 Nor let a mourner weep in vain,  
 For whom thy precious blood was spilt.
- 5 While through earth's darkest gloom I tread,  
 Dart to my soul a cheering ray ;  
 And on the confines of the dead,  
 Thy power, as Lord of Life, display.

CCXVI. *The Angel's reply to the Women, that sought Christ.* Matthew xxviii. 5, 6.

- 1 **Y**E humble souls, that seek the Lord,  
 Chase all your fears away :  
 And bow with pleasure down to see  
 The place where Jesus lay.

- 2 Thus low the Lord of Life was brought ;  
Such wonders love can do ;  
Thus cold in death that bosom lay,  
Which throb'd and bled for you.
- 3 A moment give a loose to grief,  
Let grateful sorrows rise,  
And wash the bloody stains away  
With torrents from your eyes.
- 4 Then raise your hopes, and tune your songs,  
The Saviour lives again !  
Not all the bolts and bars of Death  
The Conqueror could detain.
- 5 High o'er the angelic bands he rears  
His once dishonour'd head ;  
And through unnumber'd years he reigns,  
Who dwelt among the dead,
- 6 With joy like his shall every saint  
His empty tomb survey ;  
Then rise with his ascending Lord  
To heaven's eternal day.

CCXVII. *Christ ever present with his Ministers and Churches.* Matthew xxviii. 20.

- 1 **W**IDE o'er all worlds our Saviour reigns ;  
Unmoved his power and love remains ;  
While on his arm his Church shall rest,  
And Zion, joyful in her King,  
Through every changing age shall sing,  
With his perpetual presence blest.
- 2 Tyrannic Death, in vain thy rage,  
Or triumphs won in every age,  
O'er the first heroes of his host !—  
Conscious of more than mortal aid,  
Our bleeding hearts are not dismay'd,  
But an Immortal Leader boast.

- 3 Though buried deep in dust they lie,  
 Whose tuneful voices raised on high  
 Once led sweet anthems to his name ;  
 The children learn their father's song,  
 And unform'd tongues shall still prolong  
 The ever-present Saviour's fame.
- 4 The Present Saviour, he shall give  
 Millions of future saints to live,  
 And crowd the temples they shall raise :  
 The Present Saviour ! lo, he comes  
 To call whole legions from their tombs,  
 And teach their dust sublimer praise.

⊕ CCXVIII. *The Leper cleansed.* Mark i. 40, 42.

- 1 **B**LEST Jesus, to thy feet we flee,  
 Our leprous souls would cry to thee !  
 We mourn to see how vile we've been,  
 We veil our face and cry 'unclean.'
- 2 Though mortal aid in vain would cure,  
 One touch of Thine can make us pure !  
 That sovereign energy display  
 And purge those stains of sin away.
- 3 So shall our grateful souls proclaim  
 The honours of thy healing name,  
 'Till heavenly songs our lips employ,  
 In perfect purity and joy.

CCXIX. *Departed Saints asleep.* Mark v. 39.

- 1 " **W**HY flow these torrents of distress ?"  
 The gentle Saviour cries,  
 Why are my sleeping saints survey'd  
 With unbelieving eyes ?
- 2 Death, feeble Death, shall never boast,  
 A friend of Christ is slain ;  
 Nor o'er their meaner part in dust  
 A lasting power retain.

- } "I come, on wings of love I come,  
 The slumberers to awake ;  
 My voice shall reach the deepest tomb,  
 And all its bonds shall break.
- } "Touch'd by my hand in smiles they rise ;  
 They rise to sleep no more ;  
 But robed with light, and crown'd with joy,  
 To endless day they soar."
- } Jesus, our faith receives thy word,  
 And, though fond Nature weep,  
 Grace learns to hail the pious dead,  
 And emulate their sleep.
- } Our willing souls thy summons wait  
 With them to rest and praise ;  
 So let thy much-loved presence cheer  
 These separating days.

CCXX. *The Struggle between Faith and Unbelief.*  
 Mark ix. 24.

- J**ESUS, our soul's delightful choice !  
 In thee believing we rejoice ;  
 Yet still our joy is mix'd with grief,  
 While Faith contends with unbelief.
- } Thy promises our hearts revive,  
 And keep our fainting hopes alive ;  
 But guilt, and fears, and sorrows rise,  
 And hide the promise from our eyes.
- } O let not Sin and Satan boast,  
 While saints lie mourning in the dust ;  
 Nor see that faith to ruin brought,  
 Which thy own gracious hand hath wrought.
- } Do thou the dying spark inflame ;  
 Reveal the glories of thy name ;  
 And put all anxious doubts to flight,  
 As shades dispersed by opening light.

CCXXI. *Christ's condescending Regard to little Children.* Mark x. 14.

- 1 **S**EE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand  
With all-engaging charms;  
Hark how he calls the tender lambs,  
And folds them in his arms!
- 2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,  
"Nor scorn their humble name;  
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,  
The Lord of angels came."
- 3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,  
And yield them up to thee;  
Joyful, that we ourselves are thine,  
Thine let our offspring be.
- 4 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear:  
Ye children, seek his face;  
And fly with transport to receive  
The blessings of his grace.
- 5 If orphans they are left behind,  
Thy guardian-care we trust:  
That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,  
If weeping o'er their dust.

CCXXII. *Christian Watchfulness.* Mark xiii. 37.

- 1 **A**WAKE, my drowsy soul, awake,  
And view the threatening scene:  
Legions of foes encamp around,  
And treachery lurks within.
- 2 'Tis not this mortal life alone  
These enemies assail;  
All thine eternal hopes are lost,  
If their attempts prevail.

- 3 Now to the work of God awake ;  
Behold thy Master near ;  
The various arduous task pursue  
With vigour and with fear.
- 4 The awful register goes on,  
The account will surely come,  
And opening day, or closing night  
May bear me to my doom.
- 5 Tremendous thought ! How deep it strikes,—  
Yet like a dream it flies,  
Till God's own voice the slumbers chase  
From these deluded eyes.

CCXXIII. *The Nativity of Christ.* Luke ii. 10—12.

- 1 **H**AIL, progeny divine !  
Hail, virgin's wondrous Son !  
Who, for that humble shrine,  
Didst quit the Almighty's throne :  
The Infant-Lord  
Our voices sing,  
And be the King  
Of Grace adored !
- 2 Ye princes, disappear,  
And boast your crowns no more ;  
Lay down your sceptres here,  
And in the dust adore :  
Where Jesus dwells,  
The manger bare  
In lustre far  
Your pomp excels.
- 3 With Bethlehem's shepherds mild  
The angels bow their head ;  
And round the sacred child  
Their guardian-wings they spread ;

They know that where  
 Their sovereign lies  
 In low disguise,  
 Heaven's court is there !

- 4 Thither, my soul, repair,  
 And early homage pay  
 To thy Redeemer fair,  
 As on his natal day :  
     I kiss thy feet ;  
     And, Lord, would be  
     A child like thee,  
     Whom thus I greet.

CCXXIV. *The Angel's Song at the Birth of Christ.*  
 Luke ii. 13, 14.

- 1 **H**IGH let us swell our tuneful notes,  
 And join the angelic throng ;  
 For angels no such love have known  
 To 'wake a grateful song.
- 2 Good-will to sinful men is shewn,  
 And peace on earth is given ;  
 For lo, the incarnate Saviour comes  
 With messages from heaven !
- 3 Justice and grace with sweet accord  
 His rising beams adorn ;  
 Let heaven and earth in concert join,  
 Now such a child is born.
- 4 Glory to God in highest strains  
 In highest worlds be paid ;  
 His glory by our lips proclaim'd,  
 And by our lives display'd.
- 5 When shall we reach those blissful realms,  
 Where Christ exalted reigns,  
 And learn of the celestial choir,  
 Their own immortal strains ?

CCXXV. *Simeon's Song and Declaration to the Virgin Mary.* Luke ii. 30—35.

- 1 **O**UR eyes salvation see,  
Prepared by grace divine ;  
How wide its splendors are diffused ;  
How bright its glories shine !
- 2 Through distant Heathen lands  
It darts a vivid ray,  
And to the realms where Satan reign'd,  
Imparts celestial day.
- 3 The Israel of the Lord  
In Christ their glory boast,  
And on the honours of his name  
Their whole salvation trust.
- 4 By him shall millions rise  
To an immortal crown,  
And millions, that his grace despise,  
Shall sink in ruin down.
- 5 Our reckoning is begun,  
And on the account will go,  
Till closed in everlasting joy,  
Or never-ending woe.

CCXXVI. *Christ's Message.* Luke iv. 18, 19.

- 1 **H**ARK the glad sound ! the Saviour comes !  
The Saviour promised long !  
Let every heart prepare a throne,  
And every voice a song.
- 2 On him the spirit largely pour'd  
Exerts its sacred fire ;  
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love  
His holy breast inspire.



- 3 He comes the prisoners to release,  
 In Satan's bondage held ;  
 The gates of brass before him burst,  
 The iron fetters yield.
- 4 He comes from thickest films of vice  
 To clear the mental ray,  
 And on the eye-balls of the blind,  
 To pour celestial day.
- 5 He comes the broken heart to bind,  
 The bleeding soul to cure,  
 And with the treasures of his grace  
 To enrich the humble poor.
- 6 His silver trumpets publish loud  
 The Lord's high jubilee ;  
 Our debts are all remitted now,  
 Our heritage is free.
- 7 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,  
 Thy welcome shall proclaim ;  
 And heaven's eternal arches ring  
 With thy beloved name.

CCXXVII. *The recovered Dæmoniac, an Emblem of a converted Sinner.* Luke viii. 35.

- 1 **J**ESUS, we own thy saving power,  
 And thy victorious hand ;  
 Hell's legions tremble at thy feet,  
 And fly at thy command.
- 2 O'er souls, by passion's uproar fill'd  
 With anarchy unknown,  
 The nobler powers, restored by thee,  
 Ascend their peaceful throne.
- 3 No more they rend their clothing off ;  
 No more their wounds repeat ;  
 But gentle and composed they wait  
 Attentive at thy feet.

- 4 O'er thousands more, where Satan rules,  
 May we such triumphs see ;  
 And be their rescued souls and ours  
 Devoted, Lord, to thee.

CCXXVIII. *The good Samaritan.* Luke x. 30, 37.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, send thy grace  
 All-powerful from above,  
 To form in our obedient souls  
 The image of thy love.
- 2 O may our sympathising breasts  
 That generous pleasure know  
 Kindly to share in others joy,  
 And weep for others woe !
- 3 When the poor helpless sons of grief  
 In low distress are laid,  
 Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,  
 And swift our hands to aid.
- 4 So Jesus look'd on dying men,  
 When throned above the skies,  
 And, midst the embraces of his God,  
 Felt soft compassion rise.
- 5 On wings of love the Saviour flew  
 To raise us from the ground,  
 And made the richest of his blood  
 A balm for every wound.

CCXXIX. *The Care of the Soul, the one Thing  
 needful.* Luke x. 42.

- 1 **W**HYY will ye lavish out your years  
 Amid a thousand trifling cares ?  
 While in this various range of thought  
 The one thing needful is forgot ?

- 2 Why will ye chase the fleeting wind,  
And famish an immortal mind ;  
While angels with regret look down  
To see you spurn a heavenly crown ?
- 3 The eternal God calls from above,  
And Jesus pleads his bleeding love ;  
Awaken'd Conscience gives you pain ;  
And shall they join their pleas in vain ?
- 4 Not so your dying eyes shall view  
Those objects, which ye now pursue ;  
Not so shall heaven and hell appear,  
When Death's decisive hour is near.
- 5 Almighty God, thy power impart  
To fix convictions on the heart ;  
Thy power unveils the blindest eyes,  
And makes the haughtiest scorner wise.

CCXXX. *Mary's Choice of the better Part.*  
Luke x. 42.

- 1 **B** ESET with snares on every hand,  
In life's uncertain path I stand :  
Saviour divine, diffuse thy light  
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.
- 2 Engage this roving treacherous heart  
To fix on Mary's better part ;  
To scorn the trifles of a day  
For joys that none can take away.
- 3 Then let the wildest storms arise :  
Let tempests mingle earth and skies,  
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,  
But all my treasures with me bear.
- 4 If thou, my Jesus, still be nigh,  
Cheerful I'll live, and joyful die :  
Secure when mortal comforts flee,  
To find ten thousand worlds in thee !

⊕ CCXXXI. *God giving his Spirit to them that ask him. Luke xi. 13.*

- 1 **C**OME, holy Spirit, we entreat,  
And fill our hearts with Love ;  
Almighty Father, send him down  
Swift flying from above.
- 2 Hath not our gracious Master said,  
Ask and ye shall receive ?  
We put that promise into plea,  
For Jesus we believe.
- 3 O ! send Him in a copious stream  
To deluge every breast,  
To lead us to a Saviour's cross  
The sinner's only rest.
- 4 Send him to every stubborn heart  
To take the stone away,—  
And send Him to the straiten'd soul,  
To teach his lips to pray !
- 5 O ! send Him to the mourning saint  
That weeps his gloomy days,  
And thus the heir of heavenly songs  
On earth shall warble praise.
- 6 O ! pour his mighty influence down  
On us and all our seed,  
For with this Heavenly rain bedew'd  
Thy Church is bless'd indeed.

CCXXXII. *Christ's little Flock comforted with the Views of a Kingdom. Luke xii. 32.*

- 1 **Y**E little flock, whom Jesus feeds,  
Dismiss your anxious cares ;  
Look to the Shepherd of your souls,  
And smile away your fears.

- 2 Though wolves and lions prowl around,  
His staff is your defence :  
Midst sands and rocks your shepherd's voice  
Calls streams and pastures thence.
- 3 Your Father will a kingdom give,  
And give it with delight ;  
His feeblest child his love shall call  
To triumph in his sight.
- 4 Ten thousand praises, Lord, we bring  
For sure supports like these :  
And o'er the pious dead we sing  
Thy living promises.
- 5 For all we hope, and they enjoy,  
We bless a Saviour's name ;  
Nor shall that stroke disturb the song,  
Which breaks our mortal frame.

CCXXXIII. *Providing Bags that wax not old.*  
Luke xii. 33.

- 1 **T**Hese mortal joys, how soon they fade !  
How swift they pass away !  
The dying flower reclines its head,  
The beauty of a day !
- 2 The bags are rent, the treasures lost,  
We fondly call'd our own :  
And scarce we could possession boast,  
When strait we found it gone.
- 3 But there are joys that cannot die,  
Which God laid up in store ;  
Treasure beyond the changing sky,  
Brighter than golden ore.
- 4 To that my rising heart aspires,  
Secure to find its rest,  
And glories in such wide desires,  
For all shall be possess'd.

- 5 The seeds, which Piety and Love  
Have scatter'd here below,  
In the fair fertile fields above  
To ample harvests grow.
- 5 The mite my willing hands can give,  
At Jesus' feet I lay ;  
Grace shall the humble gift receive,  
And heaven at large repay.

CCXXXIV. *The active Christian.* Luke xii. 35—38.

- 1 **Y**E servants of the Lord,  
Each in his office wait,  
Observant of his heavenly word,  
And watchful at his gate.
- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,  
And trim the golden flame ;  
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,  
For awful is his name.
- 3 Watch, 'tis your Lord's command ;  
And while we speak he's near :  
Mark the first signal of his hand,  
And ready all appear.
- 4 O happy servant he  
In such a posture found !  
He shall his Lord with rapture see,  
And be with honour crown'd.
- 5 Christ shall the banquet spread  
With his own royal hand,  
And raise that favourite servant's head  
Amid the angelic band.

CCXXXV. *Room at the Gospel-Feast.* Luke xiv 22.

- 1 **T**HE King of heaven his table spreads,  
And dainties crown the board ;  
Not paradise with all its joys  
Could such delight afford.

- 2 Pardon and Peace to dying men,  
 And Endless Life are given,  
 And the rich blood, that Jesus shed  
 To raise the soul to heaven !
- 3 Ye hungry poor, that long have stray'd  
 In Sin's dark mazes, come :  
 Come from the hedges and highways,  
 And grace shall find you room.
- 4 Millions of souls in glory now  
 Were fed and feasted here ;  
 And millions more, still on the way,  
 Around the board appear.
- 5 Yet is his house and heart so large,  
 That millions more may come ;  
 Nor could the wide assembling world  
 O'er-fill the spacious room.
- 6 All things are ready : come away,  
 Nor weak excuses frame ;  
 Crowd to your places at the feast,  
 And bless the founder's name.

CCXXXVI. *The present and future State of the Saint  
 and Sinner compared.* Luke xvi. 25.

- 1 **I**N what confusion earth appears,  
 God's dearest children bathed in tears !  
 While they, who heaven itself deride,  
 Riot in luxury and pride.
- 2 But patient let my soul attend,  
 And, ere I censure, view the end :  
 That end how different,—who can tell  
 The wide extremes of heaven and hell ?
- 3 See the red flames around him twine,  
 Who did in gold and purple shine !  
 Nor can his tongue one drop obtain  
 That may assuage the scorching pain.

1 While round the saint, so poor below,  
Full rivers of salvation flow ;  
On Abraham's breast he leans his head,  
And banquets on celestial bread.

2 Jesus, my Saviour, let me share  
The meanest of thy servants' fare ;  
So I at last approach to taste  
The blessings of thy marriage-feast.

CCXXXVII. *Rebels against Christ executed.*  
Luke xix. 27.

1 **H**E comes ; the royal conqueror comes ;  
His legions fill the sky ;  
Angelic trumpets rend the tombs,  
And loud proclaim him nigh.

2 Ye rebel hosts, how vain your rage  
Against this sovereign Lord !  
What madness fires you to engage  
The terrors of his sword ?

3 "Bring forth," he cries, "those sons of pride,  
That scorn'd my gentle sway,  
To prove the arm they once defied  
Omnipotent to slay."

4 Tremendous scene of wrath divine !  
How wide the vengeance spreads ;  
His pointed darts of lightning shine  
Round their defenceless heads.

5 Now let the rebels seek that face,  
From which they cannot flee !  
And thou, my soul, adore the grace,  
That sweetly conquer'd thee.



CCXXXVIII. *The Redeemer's Tears wept over lost Souls.* Luke xix. 41, 42.

- 1 **W**HAT venerable sight appears ?  
The Son of God dissolved in tears !  
Trace, O my soul, with sad surprise,  
The sorrow of a Saviour's eyes.
- 2 For whom, blest Jesus, we would know,  
Doth such a sacred fountain flow ?  
What brother, or what friend of thine,  
Is graced and mourn'd with drops divine ?
- 3 Nor brother there, nor friend I see,  
But sons of pride and cruelty ;  
Who like rapacious tigers stood  
Insatiate panting for thy blood.
- 4 Dear Lord, and did thy gushing eyes  
Thus stream o'er dying enemies ?  
And can thy tenderness forget  
The sinner humbled at thy feet ?
- 5 With deep remorse our bowels move,  
That we have wrong'd such matchless love ;  
Thy gentle pity, Lord, display,  
And smile these trembling fears away.
- 6 Give us to shine before thy face,  
Eternal trophies of thy grace ;  
Where songs of praise thy saints employ,  
And mingle with a Saviour's joy.

CCXXXIX. *Departed Saints living to God.*  
Luke xx. 38.

- 1 **T**HREE happy state, where saints shall live  
Around their Father's throne,  
In every joy, that heaven can give,  
And live to God alone !

Unnumber'd bands of kindred minds,  
That dwelt in feeble clay,  
Their earthly woes have left behind  
To reign in endless day.

Immortal vigour now they breathe,  
Where all the air is peace ;  
And chide our tears, that mourn the death  
Which brought their souls release.

Thus shall the grace of Christ prevail,  
Till all his chosen meet ;  
And not the meanest servant fail  
His household to complete.

To that blest goal with ardent haste  
Our active souls would tend ;  
Nor feel their sorrows as they pass'd  
To such a blissful end.

CXL. *Christ's Admonition to, and Care of Peter under approaching Trials.* Luke xxii. 31, 32.

1 **H**OW keen the Tempter's malice is !  
How artful, and how great !  
Though not one grain shall be destroy'd,  
Yet will he sift the wheat.

2 But God can all his power control,  
And gather in his chain ;  
And, where he seems to triumph most,  
The captive soul regain.

3 There is a Shepherd kind and strong,  
Still watchful for his sheep ;  
Nor shall the infernal lion rend  
Whom he vouchsafes to keep.

4 Blest Jesus, intercede for us,  
That we may fall no more ;  
O raise us, when we prostrate lie,  
And comfort lost restore.

- 5 Thy secret energy impart,  
That Faith may never fail ;  
But, under showers of fiery darts,  
That temper'd shield prevail.
- 6 Secured ourselves by grace divine,  
We'll guard our brethren too ;  
And, taught their frailty by our own,  
Our care of them renew.

CCXLI. *The Prayer of Christ for his Enemies.*  
Luke xxiii. 34.

- 1 **A** LOUD I sing the wonderous grace,  
Christ to his murderers bore ;  
Which made the torturing cross its throne,  
And angels still adore.
- 2 Father, forgive, his mercy cried  
With his expiring breath,  
And drew eternal blessings down  
On those who wrought his death.
- 3 Then may I hope for pardon too,  
Though I have pierced the Lord ;  
Blest Jesus, in my favour speak  
That all-prevailing word.
- 4 I knew not what my madness did,  
While I remain'd thy foe ;  
Soon as I saw those wounds were thine,  
My tears began to flow.
- 5 Melted by goodness so divine,  
I would its footsteps trace ;  
And, while beneath thy cross I stand,  
My fiercest foes embrace.

CCXLII. *The Resurrection of Christ.* Luke xxiv. 34.

- 1 **Y**ES, the Redeemer rose ;  
The Saviour left the dead ;  
And o'er our hellish foes  
High raised his conquering head :

In wild dismay  
The guards around  
Fell to the ground,  
And sunk away.

- 2 Lo ! the angelic bands  
In full assembly meet,  
To wait his high commands,  
And worship at his feet :  
    Joyful they come,  
    And wing their way  
    From realms of day  
    To such a tomb.
- 3 Then back to heaven they fly,  
And the glad tidings bear :  
Hark ! as they soar on high,  
What music fills the air !  
    Their anthems say,  
    “ Jesus who bled  
    Hath left the dead !  
    He rose to-day.”
- 4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,  
Redeem'd by him from hell ;  
And send the echo round  
The globe on which you dwell ;  
    Transported cry,  
    “ Jesus who bled  
    Hath left the dead  
    No more to die.”
- 5 All-hail, triumphant Lord,  
Who sav'st us with thy blood !  
Wide be thy name adored,  
Thou rising, reigning God !  
    With thee we rise,  
    With thee we reign,  
    And empires gain  
    Beyond the skies.

CCXLIII. *The Gospel first preached at Jerusalem.*  
 Luke xxiv. 47.

- 1 "G O," saith the Lord, "proclaim my grace  
 To all the sons of Adam's race,  
 Pardon for every crimson sin,  
 And at Jerusalem begin.
- 2 "There where my blood, not fully dry,  
 Stands warm upon mount Calvary;  
 That blood shall purge away their guilt,  
 By whom so lately it was spilt.
- 3 "Now let the daring rebels turn,  
 And o'er their bleeding Sovereign mourn:  
 Their bleeding Sovereign shall forgive,  
 And bid the rebels look and live."
- 4 Is this thy voice, all-gracious Lord?  
 And did the rebels hear thy word?  
 And did they fall beneath thy feet,  
 And on their knees forgiveness meet?
- 5 Then may I hope for mercy too;  
 Such love may well my heart subdue,  
 Oh! give this guilty soul a place  
 Among the captives of thy grace.
- 6 Here be it daily mine employ  
 To bathe thy wounds with tears of joy,  
 Till midst the new Jerusalem  
 In one full choir we sing thy name.

CCXLIV. *God's Love to the World in sending Christ  
 for its Redemption.* John iii. 16.

- 1 SING to the Lord a new melodious song:  
 Assist the choir, ye tribes of every tongue:  
 Wide as the world his sovereign mercy reigns;  
 Wide as the world resound the rapturous strains!  
 Ye angels, join the joyful acclamation,  
 And sing the love that brings to men salvation.

2 His gracious eye beheld in full survey  
 Where Adam's race in mingled ruin lay :  
 No human aid the danger could avert :  
 No angel's hand could soothe that mortal hurt :  
 In his own breast divine compassion grew,  
 And heaven's bright host stood wond'ring at the view.

3 God's only Son with peerless glories bright,  
 His Father's fairest image and delight,  
 Justice and Grace the victim have decreed  
 To wear our flesh, and in that flesh to bleed !  
 Prostrate in dust, ye sinners, all adore him,  
 And tremble, while your hearts rejoice before him.

4 The wondrous work is done ; the covenant's past,  
 And Jesus expiates human guilt at last,  
 Nail'd to the tree he bows his sacred head ;  
 A mangled corpse he sojourns with the dead ;  
 Rising, the gospel sends through every nation ;  
 Sinners, believe, and gain complete salvation.

5 Father of Grace, accept our humble praise ;  
 O let it run through everlasting days !  
 And thou, blest Saviour, spotless Lamb of God,  
 Accept the souls so ransom'd with thy blood ;  
 And to those songs, form all our feeble voices,  
 In which the choir around thy throne rejoices.

*CCXLV. The Influence of the Spirit compared to  
 living Water. John iv. 10.*

1 **B**LEST Jesus, source of grace divine,  
 What soul-refreshing streams are thine !  
 O bring these healing waters nigh,  
 Or we must droop, and fall, and die.

2 No traveller in a desert land,  
 With scorching sun, and burning sand,  
 More eager longs for cooling rain,  
 Or pants the fountain to obtain.

- 3 Our longing souls aloud would sing,—  
Spring up, celestial fountain, spring ;  
To a redundant river flow,  
And cheer this thirsty land below.
- 4 May this blest torrent near my side  
Through all the desert gently glide ;  
Then in Emanuel's land above  
Spread to a sea of joy and love.

CCXLVI. *The Christian's secret Feast.* John iv. 32.

- 1 **W**E praise the Lord for heavenly bread,  
With which immortal souls are fed :  
We praise him for that heavenly feast,  
Which Jesus with delight might taste.
- 2 He, while he sojourn'd here below,  
Had meat, which strangers could not know :  
That meat he to his people gives,  
And he that tastes the banquet lives !—
- 3 So let me live, sustain'd by grace,  
Regaled with fruits of righteousness :  
Enter my heart, all-gracious Lord,  
And sup with me, and deck thy board.
- 4 Devotion, faith, and zealous love,  
And hope, that bears the soul above,  
Be these my dainties, till I rise,  
And taste the joys of paradise.

CCXLVII. *The Paralytic at Bethesda.* John v. 6.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the great physician stands,  
Whose skill is ever sure ;  
And loud he calls to dying men,  
And freely offers cure.
- 2 And will ye hear his gracious voice,  
While sore diseased ye lie ?  
Or will ye all his grace despise,  
And trifle till ye die ?

- 3 Blest Jesus, speak the healing word,  
 And inward vigour give ;  
 Then, raised by energy divine,  
 Shall helpless mortals live.
- 4 With cheerful pace our trembling feet  
 In thy blest paths shall run,  
 Till Zion's healthful hill they gain,  
 Where no complaint is known.

CCXLVIII. *God's Purposes effectual, and Christ's  
 Invitations sincere.* John vi. 37.

- 1 **I**S there a sight in earth or heaven  
 Can such delight impart,  
 As Jesus with extended arms  
 And softly-melting heart ?
- 2 " All that my heavenly Father gives  
 Shall come," the Saviour cries,  
 " And e'en the weakest soul, that comes,  
 Find favour in mine eyes.
- 3 " I'll not reject him with disdain,  
 Nor hurl him down to hell ;  
 But, folded in my kind embrace,  
 He safe and blest shall dwell."
- 4 Harken, ye dying sinners all ;  
 And hasten, while ye hear ;  
 For crowds of wretched souls at once  
 May find a refuge there.
- 5 I hear thy voice, and I obey ;  
 Low at thy feet I fall ;  
 Nor shall the Tempter's voice prevail  
 Against my Saviour's call.



CCXLIX. *Christ's Invitation to thirsty Souls.*  
John vii. 37.

- 1 **T**HE Lord of life exalted stands,  
Aloud he cries, and spreads his hands :  
He calls ten thousand sinners round,  
And sends a voice from every wound.
- 2 " Attend, ye thirsty souls, draw near,  
And satiate all your wishes here :  
Behold the living fountain flows  
In streams as various as your woes.
- 3 " An ample pardon here I give,  
And bid the sentenced rebel live,  
Shew him my Father's smiling face,  
And lodge him in his dear embrace.
- 4 I purge from sin's detested stain,  
And make the crimson white again,  
Lead to celestial joys refined,  
And lasting as the deathless mind.
- 5 " Must I anew my pity prove ?  
Witness the words of melting love,  
The gushing tear, the labouring breath,  
And all these scars of bleeding death."
- 6 Blest Saviour, I can doubt no more ;  
I hear, I wonder, and adore :  
Panting I seek that fountain-head,  
Whence waters so divine proceed.
- 7 Clear spring of life, flow on, and roll  
With growing swell from pole to pole,  
Till flowers and fruits of paradise  
Around thy winding current rise.
- 8 Still near that stream may I be found,  
Long as I tread this earthly ground :—  
Cheer with its wave Death's gloomy shade,  
Then lead to Canaan's flow'ry glade.

CCL. *True Liberty given by Christ.* John viii. 36.

- 1 **H**ARK! for 'tis God's own Son that calls  
To life and liberty ;  
Transported fall before his feet,  
Who makes the prisoners free.
- 2 The cursed bond of sin he breaks,  
And breaks old Satan's chain,  
Smiling he deals those pardons round,  
Which free from endless pain.
- 3 Into the captive's heart he pours  
His Spirit from on high ;  
We lose the terrors of the slave,  
And Abba, Father, cry.
- 4 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.
- 5 Walk on at large, till you attain  
Your Father's house above ;  
There shall you wear immortal crowns,  
And sing redeeming love.

CCLI. *The same.* John viii. 36.

- 1 **A**ND shall we still be slaves,  
And in our fetters lie,  
When summon'd by a voice divine  
To claim heaven's liberty ?
- 2 Did the great Saviour bleed  
Our freedom to obtain,  
That we should trample on his blood,  
And glory in our chain ?

- 3 Alas, the sordid mind !  
 How all its powers are broke !  
 Proud of a tyrant's haughty sway,  
 And practised to the yoke !
- 4 Divine Redeemer, hear,  
 Thy sovereign power impart,  
 And let thy generous spirit wake  
 True ardour in our heart.
- 5 Then shall the slaves of Death,  
 That in the dungeon lie,  
 Spring to the throne of pardoning Grace,  
 And Abba, father, cry.

CCLII. *Christ the Door.* John x. 9.

- 1 **A** WAKE, our souls, and bless his name,  
 Whose mercies never fail ;  
 Who opens wide a door of hope  
 In Achor's gloomy vale.
- 2 Behold the portal wide display'd,  
 The bulwarks strong and fair :  
 Within are pastures fresh and green,  
 And living streams are there.
- 3 Enter, my soul, with cheerful haste,  
 For Jesus is the door ;  
 Nor fear the serpent's wily arts,  
 Nor fear the lion's roar.
- 4 O ! may thy grace the nations lead,  
 And Jews and Gentiles come,  
 All travelling through one beauteous gate  
 To one eternal home.

CCLIII. *Abundant Life by Christ our Shepherd.*  
John x. 10.

- 1 **P**RAISE to our Shepherd's gentle name,  
Who on so kind an errand came ;  
Came, that by him his flock might live  
And claim the hope his Grace can give.
- 2 Hail, great Emanuel from above,  
High seated on thy throne of love !  
O pour the vital torrent down,  
Thy people's joy, their Lord's renown.
- 3 Scarce half alive we sigh and cry ;  
Scarce raise to thee our languid eye ;  
Kind Saviour, let our dying state  
Compassion in thy heart create.
- 4 The Shepherd's blood the sheep must heal ;  
O may we all its influence feel ;  
Till inward deep experience show,  
Christ can begin a heaven below.

CCLIV. *The Sheep of Christ described.* John x. 27.

- 1 **T**HY flock, with what a tender care,  
Blest Jesus, dost thou keep ?  
Fain would my weak, my wandering soul  
Be number'd with thy sheep.
- 2 Gentle and tractable and still  
My heart would ever be,  
Averse to harm, propense to help,  
And faithful still to thee.
- 3 The gentle accents of thy voice  
My listening soul would hear ;  
And, by the signals of thy will,  
I all my course would steer.

- 4 I follow where my Shepherd leads,  
 And mark the path he drew ;  
 My Shepherd's feet mount Zion tread,  
 And I shall reach it too.

CCLV. *The Happiness and Security of Christ's Sheep.*  
 John x. 28.

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

CCLVI. *Christ's Sheep given by the Father, and guarded by Omnipotence.* John x. 29, 30.

- 1 **I**N one harmonious, cheerful song,  
Ye happy saints, combine ;  
Loud, let it sound from every tongue,  
The Saviour is divine !
- 2 The least, the feeblest of the sheep  
Of those the Father gave ;  
Kind is his heart that charge to keep,  
And strong his arm to save.
- 3 In Christ the almighty Father dwells,  
And Christ and he are one ;  
The rebel power, which Christ repels,  
Attacks the eternal throne.
- 4 That hand, which heaven and earth sustains,  
And bars the gates of hell,  
And rivets Satan down in chains,  
Shall guard his chosen well.
- 5 Let Hell's dread lion roar and lower,  
How vain his threats appear !  
When he can match Jehovah's power,  
Then will I learn to fear.

CCLVII. *The attractive Influence of a crucified Saviour.* John xii. 32.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the soul-amazing sight,  
The Saviour lifted high !  
Behold the Son of God's delight  
Expire in agony !
- 2 For whom, ah then ! for whom, my heart,  
Were all these sorrows borne ?  
Why did he feel that piercing smart,  
And meet that various scorn ?

- 3 For love of us the Saviour bled,  
And all in torture died ;  
'Twas love that bow'd his fainting head,  
And pierced his gushing side.
- 4 I see, and gazing I adore !  
In sympathy of love,  
I feel the strong attractive power  
To lift my soul above.
- 5 Drawn by such gentle cords as these,  
Let all the earth combine  
With cheerful ardour to confess  
The energy divine.
- 6 In thee, O Lord, our hearts unite,  
Nor share thy griefs alone,  
But from thy cross pursue their flight  
To thy triumphant throne.

CCLVIII. *Christ's mysterious Conduct to be unfolded hereafter.* John xiii. 7.

- 1 **J**ESUS, we own thy Sovereign hand,  
Thy faithful care we own ;  
Wisdom and Love are all thy ways,  
When most to us unknown.
- 2 By Thee, the springs of life were form'd,  
And by thy breath are broke,  
And good is every awful word,  
Our gracious Lord hath spoke.
- 3 To Thee we yield our comforts up,  
To thee our lives resign ;  
In straits and dangers, rich and safe,  
If we and ours are thine.
- 4 Thy saints in earlier life removed,  
In sweeter accents sing ;  
And bless the swiftness of their flight,  
That bore them to their King.

- 5 The burdens of a lengthen'd day  
 With patience we would bear ;  
 Till evening's welcome hour shall shew  
 We were our Master's care.

CCLIX. *Christ's Pity and Consolation for his troubled Disciples.* John xiv. 1—3.

- 1 **P**EACE, all ye sorrows of the heart,  
 And all my tears be dry ;  
 That christian ne'er can be forlorn,  
 That views his Jesus nigh.
- 2 " Let not your bosoms throb," he cries,  
 " Nor be your souls afraid :  
 Trust in your God's Almighty name,  
 And trust your Saviour's aid.
- 3 " Fair mansions in my Father's house  
 For all his children wait ;  
 And I, your elder brother, go  
 To open wide the gate.
- 4 " And if I thither go before,  
 A dwelling to prepare,  
 I surely shall return again,  
 That I may fix you there.
- 5 " United in eternal love,  
 My chosen shall remain,  
 And with rejoicing hearts shall share  
 The honours of my reign."
- 6 Yes, Lord ; thy gracious words we hear,  
 And cordial joys they bring :  
 Frail nature may extort a groan,  
 But Faith shall triumph sing.



CCLX. *The Christian's Life connected with that of Christ.* John xiv. 19.

- 1 **T**HE covenant of a Saviour's love  
Shall stand for ever good,  
And thus his life shall guard the souls  
He purchased with his blood.
- 2 "I live for ever," saith the Lord,  
"And you shall therefore live;  
Receive with pleasure every pledge  
My power and love can give."
- 3 We own the promise, Prince of Grace,  
Though earthly helpers die;  
It animates our fainting hearts,  
That Christ our friend is nigh.
- 4 The King of Fears can do no more  
Than stop our mortal breath;  
But Jesus gives a nobler life,  
That cannot yield to death.

CCLXI. *Abiding in Christ necessary to our Fruitfulness.* John xv. 4.

- 1 **L**ORD of the vineyard, we adore  
That power and grace divine,  
Which plants our wild, our barren souls  
In Christ the living vine.
- 2 For ever may they there abide,  
And, from that vital root,  
Be influence spread through every branch,  
To form and feed the fruit.
- 3 Shine forth, my God, the clusters warm  
With rays of sacred love;  
Till Eden's soil, and Zion's streams  
The generous plant improve.

CCLXII. *Our Prayers effectual when we abide in Christ, and his Word abideth in us. John xv. 7.*

- 1 **H**AIL, gracious Saviour, all-divine !  
Mysterious, ever-living vine !  
To thee united may we live,  
Rich in the influence thou canst give.
- 2 Still may our souls in thee abide,  
Torn by no tempests from thy side ;  
Nor from its place within our heart  
Thy promise, or thy law depart.
- 3 Then shall our prayers accepted rise,  
Through thee a grateful sacrifice ;  
And all our sighs before thy throne  
Descend in ample blessings down.
- 4 In silent hope our souls shall wait  
Their pension from thy mercy's gate ;  
Nor can our lips or wishes trace  
A boon beyond thy heavenly grace.

CLXIII. *Continuing in Christ's Love. John xv. 9.*

- 1 **T**O all his flock, what wondrous love  
Doth our kind Shepherd bear !  
As he to his great Father's heart,  
So we to his are dear.
- 2 So sure, so constant, and so strong  
Do his endearments prove :  
O may their energy prevail  
To fix us in his love.
- 3 No more let my divided heart  
From this blest centre turn !  
But, fired by such all-potent rays,  
With flames immortal burn.

- 4 Descend, and all thy power display,  
 And all thy love reveal ;  
 That the warm streams of Jesus' blood  
 This frozen heart may feel.

CCLXIV. *The Apostles and Christians chosen by  
 Christ to bring forth permanent Fruit.*  
 John xv. 16.

- 1 **I** OWN, my God, thy sovereign grace,  
 And bring the praise to thee ;  
 If thou my chosen portion art,  
 Thou first hast chosen me.
- 2 My gracious Counsellor and Guide  
 Will hear me when I pray ;  
 Nor, while I urge a Saviour's name,  
 Will frown my soul away.
- 3 Blest Jesus, animate my heart  
 With beams of heavenly love,  
 And in that cold unthankful soil  
 The heavenly seed improve.
- 4 In copious showers thy Spirit send  
 To water all the ground ;  
 So to the honour of thy name  
 Shall lasting fruit be found.

CCLXV. *Peace in Christ amidst Tribulations.*  
 John xvi. 33.

- 1 **H**ENCEFORTH let each believing heart  
 From anxious sorrows cease : —  
 Though storms of trouble rage around,  
 In Jesus we have peace.
- 2 His blood from future wrath redeems,  
 And in his mighty Grace,  
 Through bitterest draughts of deep distress,  
 A healing power we trace.

Jesus, our captain, march'd before  
 To lead us to the fight ;  
 And now he wears a victor's crown  
 With heavenly glories bright.

Lord, 'tis enough, thy voice we hear ;  
 That crown'd by Faith we see :  
 No sorrows shall o'erwhelm our souls,  
 Since none divides from thee.

**CLXVI.** *Christ sanctifying himself, that his People  
 may be sanctified. John xvii. 19.*

1 **B**EHOLD the bleeding Lamb of God,  
 Our spotless sacrifice !  
 By hands of barbarous sinners seized,  
 Nail'd to the cross he dies.

2 Blest Jesus, whence this streaming blood ?  
 And whence this foul disgrace ?  
 Whence all these pointed thorns, that rend  
 Thy venerable face ?

3 " I sanctify myself," he cries,  
 " That thou mayst holy be ;  
 Come trace my life ; come, view my death,  
 And learn to copy me."

4 Dear Lord, we pant for holiness,  
 And inbred sin we mourn :  
 To the bright path of thy commands  
 Our wandering footsteps turn.

5 Not more sincerely would we wish  
 To climb the heavenly hill,  
 Than here with all our utmost power  
 Thy wishes to fulfil.

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CCLXVII. *Meditations on the Sepulchre in the Garden.*  
John xix. 41.

- 1 **T**HE sepulchres, how thick they stand  
Through all the road on either hand !  
And burst upon our starting sight  
In every garden of delight !
- 2 Thither the winding alleys tend ;  
There all the flowery borders end ;  
And forms, that charm'd our eyes before,  
Fragrance and beauty are no more.
- 3 Deep in the grave's damp silent cell  
My fathers and my brethren dwell ;  
Beneath its deep and gloomy shade  
My kindred and my friends are laid.
- 4 But, while I tread the solemn way,  
My faith that Saviour would survey,  
Who deign'd to sojourn in the tomb,  
And left behind a rich perfume.
- 5 My thoughts with ecstasy unknown,  
While from his grave they view his throne,  
Through my own sepulchre can see  
A paradise reserved for me.

CCLXVIII. *Christ ascending to his Father and God,  
and ours.* John xx. 17.

- 1 **I**N raptures let our hearts ascend  
Our heavenly hopes to view,  
And grateful trace that shining path  
Our rising Saviour drew.
- 2 “ Up to my Father and my God,  
I go ;” the conqueror cries,—  
“ Up to your Father and your God,  
My brethren, lift your eyes.”

- 3 And doth the Lord of Glory call  
Such worms his brethren dear?—  
And doth he point to heaven's high throne,  
And shew our Father there?
- 4 And doth he teach my sinful lips  
That holy name,—“my God?”—  
And breathe his Spirit on my heart  
To shed his grace abroad?
- 5 O World, produce a good like this,  
And thou shalt have my love;  
Till then, my Father claims it all,  
And Christ, who dwells above.
- 6 Dear Jesus, call this willing soul,  
That struggles with its clay;  
And fain would leave this weary load  
To wing its airy way.

CCLXIX. *The Joy of the Disciples at the Appearance of Christ to them after his Resurrection.* John xx. 19, 20.

- 1 **C**OME, our indulgent Saviour, come,  
Illustrious conqueror o'er the tomb:  
Here thine assembled servants bless,  
And fill our hearts with holiness.
- 2 O come thyself, most gracious Lord,  
With all the joy thy smiles afford;  
Reveal the lustre of thy face,  
And make us feel thy vital grace.
- 3 With rapture kneeling round we greet  
Thy pierced hands, thy wounded feet;  
And from the scar, that marks thy side,  
We see our life's warm current glide.

- 4 Enter our hearts, Redeemer blest ;  
 Enter, thou ever-honour'd guest,  
 Not for one transient hour alone,  
 But there to fix thy lasting throne.
- 5 Own this mean dwelling as thy home ;  
 And, when our life's last hour is come,  
 Let us but die, as in thy sight,  
 And death shall vanish in delight !

CCLXX. *Appeal to Christ for the Sincerity of Love to him.* John xxi. 15.

- 1 **D**O not I love thee, O my Lord ?  
 Behold my heart and see ;  
 And turn each odious idol out,  
 That dares to rival thee.
- 2 Do not I love thee from my soul ?  
 Then let me nothing love !—  
 Dead be my heart to every joy,  
 When Jesus cannot move.
- 3 Is not thy name melodious still  
 To mine attentive ear ?  
 Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound  
 My Saviour's voice to hear ?
- 4 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 ?
- 5 Would not mine ardent spirit vie  
 With angels round the throne,  
 To execute thy sacred will,  
 And make thy glory known.
- 6 Would not my heart pour forth its blood  
 In honour of thy name,  
 And challenge the cold hand of Death  
 To damp the immortal flame ?

- 7 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord ;  
 But O ! I long to soar  
 Far from the sphere of mortal joys,  
 And learn to love thee more.

*CCLXXI. Zeal for the Cause of Christ ; or Peter and John following their Muster. John xxi. 18—20.\**

- 1 **B**LEST men, who stretch their willing hands,  
 Submissive to their Lord's commands,  
 And yield their liberty and breath  
 To him that loved their souls in death !
- 2 Lead me to suffer, and to die,  
 If thou, my gracious Lord, art nigh :  
 One smile from thee my heart shall fire,  
 And teach me smiling to expire.
- 3 If feeble Nature quail and shake,  
 To share the cross or martyr's stake,  
 Grace can her drooping courage raise,  
 And turn our tremblings into praise.
- 4 While scarce I dare, with Peter, say,  
 " I'll boldly tread the bleeding way ;"  
 Yet in thy steps, like John, I'd move  
 With humble hope and silent love.

⊕ *CCLXXII. Christ sent to bless them by turning them from Iniquity. Acts iii. 26.*

- 1 **W**E praise, O God ! that wondrous love  
 That raised thy Son from death !  
 We sing those blessings large and free,  
 He scatters with his breath.
- 2 To Jews yet reeking with his blood  
 He sent the promise fair,  
 And Britain with her crimson crimes  
 Doth that salvation share.

\* See Family Expositor in Loc.



- 3 Thus may the purpose of his grace  
 On every soul succeed,  
 And turn'd from all iniquity,  
 We shall be bless'd indeed !

CCLXXIII. *Christ exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour.*  
 Acts v. 31.

- 1 **E**XALTED Prince of Life, we own  
 The royal honours of thy throne :  
 'Tis fix'd by God's Almighty hand,  
 And Seraphs bow at thy command.
- 2 Exalted Saviour, we confess  
 The sovereign triumphs of thy grace ;  
 Where beams of gentle radiance shine,  
 And temper majesty divine.
- 3 Wide thy resistless sceptre sway,  
 Till all thine enemies obey :  
 Wide may thy cross its virtue prove,  
 And conquer millions by its love.
- 4 Mighty to vanquish, and forgive !  
 Thine Israel shall repent and live ;  
 And loud proclaim thy healing breath,  
 Which works their life, who wrought thy death.

CCLXXIV. *The Believer committing his departing  
 Spirit to Jesus.* Acts vii. 59.

- 1 **O** THOU, that hast Redemption wrought,  
 Great Lord of souls, thy blood hath bought,  
 To thee our spirits we commit,  
 For thou canst rescue from the pit.
- 2 Millions of blissful souls above,  
 In realms of purity and love,  
 With praise of endless songs proclaim  
 The honours of thy faithful name.

- 3 When all the powers of Nature fail'd,  
Thy ever-constant care prevail'd ;  
Courage and joy thy friendship spoke,  
When every mortal bond was broke.
- 4 We on that friendship, Lord, repose,  
The healing balm of all our woes ;  
And we, when sinking in the grave,  
Trust thine omnipotence to save.
- 5 O ! may our spirits by thy hand  
Be gather'd to that happy band,  
Who, mid the blessings of thy reign,  
Lose all remembrance of their pain !
- 6 In raptures there divinely sweet  
Give us our kindred souls to meet,  
And wait with them that brighter day,  
Which all thy triumph shall display.

CCLXXV. *Peter's Admonition to Simon Magus.*  
Acts viii. 21—24.

- 1 **S** EARCHER of hearts, before thy face  
I all my soul display ;  
And, conscious of its innate arts,  
Intreat thy strict survey.
- 2 If lurking in its inmost folds  
I any sin conceal,  
O let a ray of light divine  
That secret guile reveal.
- 3 If tinctured with that odious gall  
Unknowing I remain,  
Let Grace, like a dissolvent stream,  
Wash out the accursed stain.
- 4 If in these fatal fetters bound  
A wretched slave I lie,  
Smite off my chains, and wake my soul  
To light and liberty.

- 5 To humble penitence and prayer  
 Be gentle pity given ;  
 Speak ample pardon to my heart,  
 And seal its claim to heaven.

CCLXXVI. *The Descent of the Spirit ; or his  
 Influences desired. Acts x. 44.*

- 1 **G**REAT Father of each perfect gift,  
 Behold thy servants wait ;  
 With longing eyes and lifted hands,  
 We flock around thy gate.
- 2 O shed abroad that heavenly gift,  
 Thy Spirit from above,  
 To bless our eyes with sacred light,  
 And fire our hearts with love.
- 3 With speedy flight may He descend,  
 And solid comfort bring,  
 And o'er our languid souls extend  
 His all-reviving wing.
- 4 Blest earnest of eternal joy,  
 Declare our sins forgiven ;  
 And bear with energy divine  
 Our raptured thoughts to heaven.
- 5 Diffuse, O God, these copious showers,  
 That earth its fruit may yield,  
 And change this barren wilderness  
 To Carmel's flowery field.\*

CCLXXVII. *The Word of Salvation sent to us.  
 Acts xiii. 26.*

- 1 **A**ND why doth our admiring eye  
 These Gospel-glories see ?  
 And whence, doth every heart reply,  
 Salvation's sent to me ?

\* Isaiah xxxv. 1, 2.

- 2 In fatal shades of midnight gloom  
 Ten thousand wretches stray ;  
 And Satan blinds ten thousand more  
 Amid the blaze of day.
- 3 Millions of raging souls beneath,  
 In endless anguish hear  
 Harmonious sounds of grace transform'd  
 To echoes of despair.
- 4 And dost thou, Lord, subdue my heart,  
 And shew my sins forgiven,  
 And bear thy witness to my part  
 Amongst the heirs of heaven ?
- 5 As the redeem'd ones of the Lord,  
 We sing the Saviour's name ;  
 And while the long salvation lasts,  
 Its sovereign grace proclaim.

CCLXXVIII. *The unknown God.* Acts xvii. 23.

- 1 **T**HOU, mighty Lord, art God alone,  
 A King of Majesty unknown ;  
 And all thy dazzling glories rise  
 Beyond the reach of angels' eyes.
- 2 Yet through this earth thy works proclaim  
 Some notice of thy reverend name ;  
 And where thy gracious Gospel shines,  
 We read it in the fairest lines.
- 3 But O ! how few of Adam's race  
 Have learn'd thy nature and thy grace !  
 While thousands, e'en in lands of light,  
 Are buried in Egyptian night.
- 4 They tread thy courts, thy word they hear,  
 And to thy solemn rites draw near ;  
 Yet, though Salvation seems so nigh,  
 Because they know not God, they die.

- 5 Send thy victorious Gospel forth  
Wide from these regions of the north !  
And through thy churches grace impart  
To write thy name on every heart.

CCLXXIX. *God's Command to all Men to repent.*  
Acts xvii. 30.

- 1 **R**EPENT, the voice celestial cries,  
Nor longer dare delay :  
The wretch that scorns the mandate dies  
In Judgment's fiery day.
- 2 No more the sovereign eye of God  
O'erlooks the crimes of men !  
His heralds are dispatch'd abroad  
To warn the world of sin.
- 3 The summons reaches through the earth !  
Let all attend and fear :  
Listen ye men of royal birth,  
And ye their vassals hear.
- 4 Together in His presence bow,  
And all your guilt confess ;  
Accept the offer'd Saviour now,  
Nor trifle with his grace.
- 5 Bow, ere the awful trumpet sound,  
And call you to his bar :  
For Mercy knows the appointed bound,  
And turns to vengeance there.
- 6 Amazing love, that yet will call,  
And yet prolong our days !  
Our hearts subdued by goodness fall,  
And weep, and love, and praise.

CCLXXX. *Paul's Solicitude to finish his Course with Joy.* Acts xx. 24.

- 1 **A**SSIST us, Lord, thy name to praise  
For this rich Gospel of thy grace ;  
And, that our hearts may love it more,  
Teach them to feel its vital power.
- 2 With joy may we our course pursue,  
And keep the crown of life in view ;  
That crown, which in one hour repays  
The labour of ten thousand days.
- 3 Should bonds, or death, obstruct our way,  
Unmoved their terrors we'll survey ;  
And the last hour improve for thee,  
The last of life, or liberty !
- 4 Welcome those bonds, which may unite  
Our souls to their supreme delight !  
Welcome that death, whose painful strife  
Bears us to Christ our better life !

CCLXXXI. *Paul preaching and Felix trembling.*  
Acts xxiv. 25.

- 1 **G**REAT Sovereign of the human heart,  
Thy mighty energy impart,  
Which darts at once through breasts of steel,  
And makes the nether millstone feel.
- 2 Let sinners tremble at thy word,  
Struck by the terrors of the Lord ;  
And, while they tremble, let them flee,  
And seek their help, their life from thee.
- 3 O ! let them seize the present day,  
Nor risk salvation by delay :  
To-morrow, Lord, to thee belongs ;  
This night may vindicate thy wrongs !

- 4 This night may stop their fleeting breath,  
 And seal them to eternal death,—  
 May veil redemption from their sight,  
 And give them flames instead of light.
- 5 Or should succeeding years remain,  
 Years, with their sabbaths, all in vain  
 Before their darken'd eyes may roll,  
 And more obdurate leave the soul.
- 6 Great Saviour, let thy pity rise,  
 And make the wretched triflers wise :  
 Lest pangs and trembling felt in vain  
 Hasten and feed immortal pain.

CCLXXXII. *Help obtained of God.* Acts xxvi. 22.

FOR NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

- 1 GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand,  
 By which supported still we stand :  
 The opening year thy mercy shews ;  
 And Mercy crowns its ling'ring close.
- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,  
 Still are we guarded by our God ;  
 By his incessant bounty fed,  
 By his unerring counsel led.
- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own ;  
 The future, all to us unknown,  
 We to thy guardian-care commit,  
 And peaceful leave before thy feet.
- 4 In scenes exalted or depress'd  
 Thou art our joy, and thou our rest :  
 Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,  
 Adored through all our changing days.
- 5 When Death shall interrupt these songs,  
 And seal in silence mortal tongues,  
 Our Helper-God, in whom we trust,  
 To better worlds shall raise our dust.

CCLXXXIII. *Treasuring up Wrath by despising Mercy.* Romans ii. 4, 5.

- 1 **U**NGRATEFUL sinners, whence this scorn  
Of long-extended grace?  
And whence this madness, that insults  
The Almighty to his face?
- 2 Is it because his patience waits,  
And pitying bowels move,  
You multiply audacious crimes,  
And spurn his richest love?
- 3 Is all the treasured wrath so small,  
You labour still for more,  
Though not eternal rolling years  
Can e'er exhaust the store?
- 4 Swift doth the day of vengeance come,  
That must your sentence seal;  
And righteous judgment now unknown  
In all its pomp reveal.
- 5 Alarm'd and melted at thy voice,  
Our conquer'd hearts would bow;  
And, to escape the thunderer then,  
Embrace the Saviour now.

CCLXXXIV. *The Love of God shed abroad in the Heart by the Spirit.* Romans v. 5.

- 1 **D**ESCEND, immortal dove;  
Spread thy kind wings abroad,  
And, wrapt in flames of holy love,  
Bear all my soul to God.
- 2 Jesus my Lord reveal  
In charms of grace divine,  
And be thyself the sacred seal,  
That pearl of price is mine.



- 3 Behold my heart expands  
 To catch the heavenly fire ;  
 It longs to feel the gentle bands,  
 And groans with strong desire.
- 4 Thy love, my God, appears,  
 And brings salvation down,  
 My cordial through this vale of tears,  
 In paradise my crown.

CCLXXXV. *Christians quickened and raised by the Spirit.* Romans viii. 11.

- 1 **W**HY should our mourning thoughts delight  
 To grovel in the dust ?  
 Or why should streams of tears unite  
 Around the expiring just ?
- 2 Did not the Lord our Saviour die,  
 And triumph o'er the grave ;  
 Did not our Lord ascend on high,  
 And prove his power to save ?
- 3 Doth not the sacred Spirit come,  
 And dwell in all the saints ?  
 And should the temples of his grace  
 Resound with long complaints ?
- 4 Awake, my soul, and like the sun  
 Burst through each sable cloud ;  
 And thou, my voice, though broke with sighs,  
 Tune forth thy songs aloud.
- 5 The Spirit raised my Saviour up,  
 When he had bled for me ;  
 And spite of Death and Hell shall raise  
 Thy pious friends and thee.
- 6 Awake, ye saints, that dwell in dust,  
 Your hymns of victory sing ;  
 And let his dying servants trust  
 Their ever-living King.

CCLXXXVI. *'God's Readiness to give all Things, argued from the Gift of his Son. Romans viii. 32.*

- 1 **N**OW let my soul with transport rise,  
Range through the earth, and mount the skies,  
And view each various form of good,  
Where angels hold their high abode.
- 2 I give my thoughts unbounded scope ;  
On equal pinions soars my hope ;  
My faith at noblest objects aims,  
And what she sees, she humbly claims.
- 3 Hath not the bounteous King of heaven,  
From his embrace already given  
That Son of his eternal love,  
Who fill'd the brightest throne above !
- 4 Behold his hand on Jesus laid !  
Behold that Lamb a victim made !  
And what shall mercy hold too good  
For Sinners, ransom'd with his blood ?
- 5 My soul, with heavenly faith embrace  
The sacred covenant of his grace ;  
Then in delightful silence wait  
The issues of a love so great.

CCLXXXVII. *Believing with the Heart, and confessing with the Mouth, necessary to Salvation. Romans x. 6—10.*

- 1 **A**ND is salvation brought so near,  
Where sinful men expiring lie ?  
Triumph, my soul, that sound to hear,  
And shout it joyous to the sky !
- 2 I ask not, who to heaven shall scale,  
That Christ the Saviour thence may come ;  
Or who earth's inmost depth assail,  
To bring him from the dreary tomb.

- 3 From heaven on wings of love he flew,  
A conqueror from the tomb he sprung :  
My heart believes the witness true,  
And dictates to my faithful tongue.
- 4 I sing salvation brought so near,  
No more on earth expiring lie ;  
But teach the world my joys to hear,  
And shout them to the echoing sky.

CCLXXXVIII. *The living Sacrifice.* Romans xii. 1.

- 1 **A**ND will the eternal King  
So mean a gift reward ?  
That offering, Lord, with joy we bring,  
Which thine own hand prepared.
- 2 We own thy various claim,  
And to thine altar move,  
The willing victims of thy grace,  
And bound with cords of love.
- 3 Descend, celestial fire,  
The sacrifice inflame ;  
So shall a grateful odour rise  
Through our Redeemer's name.

CCLXXXIX. *The near Approach of Salvation, an  
Engagement to Diligence and Love.* Romans  
xiii. 11.

- 1 **A**WAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,  
And lift your voices high ;  
Awake, and praise that Sovereign Love,  
That shows salvation nigh.
- 2 On all the wings of Time it flies :  
Each moment brings it near ;  
Then welcome each declining day !  
Welcome each closing year !

- 3 Not many years their round shall run,  
Nor many mornings rise,  
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd  
To our admiring eyes.
- 1 Ye wheels of Nature, speed your course ;  
Ye mortal powers decay ;  
Fast as ye bring the night of Death,  
Ye bring eternal day.

CCXC. *The God of Peace bruising Satan.*  
Rom. xxi. 20.

- 1 **Y**E armies of the living God,  
In his all-conquering name,  
Lift up your banners, and aloud  
Your Leader's grace proclaim !
- 2 What though the Prince of Hell invade  
With showers of fiery darts,  
And join, to the lion's fearful roar,  
The serpent's wily arts ?
- 3 Jesus, who leads his hosts to war,  
Shall tread the monster down,  
And every faithful soldier share  
The triumph and the crown.
- 4 So Israel on the haughty necks  
Of Canaan's tyrants trod,  
And sung their Joshua's conquering sword,  
And sung their faithful God.

CXCI. *Christ our Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctification, and Redemption.* 1 Corinthians i. 30, 31.

**M**Y God, assist me, while I raise  
An anthem of harmonious praise ;  
My heart thy wonders shall proclaim,  
And spread its banners in thy name.

- 2 In Christ I view a store divine :  
 My Father, all that store is thine ;  
 By thee prepared, by thee bestow'd ;  
 Hail to the Saviour, and the God !
- 3 When gloomy shades my soul o'erspread,  
 " Let there be light," the Almighty said—  
 And Christ, my sun, his beams display'd,  
 And there a day celestial made.
- 4 Condemn'd thy criminal I stood,  
 And awful Justice ask'd my blood :  
 That welcome Saviour from thy throne  
 Brought righteousness and pardon down.
- 5 My soul was all o'erspread with sin,  
 And lo, his Grace hath made me clean :  
 He rescues from the infernal foe,  
 And full redemption will bestow.
- 6 Ye saints, assist my grateful tongue :  
 Ye angels, warble back my song :  
 For love like this demands the praise  
 Of heavenly harps, and endless days.

CCXCII. *Being joined to Christ and one Spirit with him.* 1 Corinthians vi. 17.

- 1 **M**Y Saviour, I am thine,  
 By everlasting bands ;  
 My name, my heart, I would resign,  
 My soul is in thy hands.
- 2 To thee I still would cleave  
 With ever-growing zeal ;  
 Let millions tempt me Christ to leave,  
 They never shall prevail.
- 3 His Spirit shall unite  
 My soul to him, my head ;  
 Shall form me to his image bright,  
 And teach his path to tread.

4 Death may my soul divide  
From this abode of clay ;  
But love shall keep me near his side  
Through all the gloomy way.

5 Since Christ and we are one,  
What should remain to fear ?  
If he in heaven hath fix'd his throne,  
He'll fix his members there.

CXCIII *The transitory Nature of the World an  
Argument for Christian Moderation. 1 Cor.  
vii. 29—31.*

**S**PRING up, my soul, with ardent flight,  
Nor let this earth delude thy sight  
With glittering trifles gay and vain :  
Wisdom divine directs thy view  
To objects ever grand and new,  
And Faith displays the shining train.

Be dead, my hopes, to all below ;  
Nor let unbounded torrents flow,  
When mourning o'er my wither'd joys :  
Soon this deceitful world is known ;  
Possess'd I call it not my own ;  
Nor glory in its painted toys.

The empty pageant rolls along ;  
The giddy unexperienced throng  
Pursue it with enchanted eyes ;  
It passeth in swift march away,  
Still more and more its charms decay,  
Till the last gaudy colour dies.

My God, to thee my soul shall turn ;  
For thee my noblest passions burn,  
And drink in bliss from thee alone :  
Fix on that unchanging home,  
Where never-fading pleasures bloom,  
Fresh springing round thy radiant throne.

CCXCIV. *God's Fidelity in moderating Temptations.*  
1 Corinthians x. 13.

- 1 **N**OW 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 ?
- 2 What though the hosts of Hell engage  
With mingled cruelty and rage !  
A faithful God restrains their hands,  
And chains them down in iron bands.
- 3 Bound by his word, he will display  
A strength proportion'd to our day ;  
And, when united trials meet,  
Will shew a path of safe retreat.
- 4 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.

CCXCV. *Bearing the Image of the Earthly and the  
Heavenly Adam.* 1 Corinthians xv. 49.

- 1 **W**ITH flowing eyes and bleeding hearts  
A blasted world survey !  
See the wide ruin Sin hath wrought  
In one unhappy day !
- 2 Adam, in God's own image form'd,  
From God and bliss estranged,  
And all the joys of paradise  
For guilt and horror changed !
- 3 Ages of labour and of grief  
He mourn'd his glory lost ;  
At length the goodliest work of heaven  
Sunk down to common dust.

- 4 O fatal heritage bequeath'd  
 To all his helpless race !  
 Through the thick maze of sin and woe  
 Thus to the grave we pass.
- 5 But, O my soul ! with rapture hear  
 The second Adam's name ;  
 And the celestial gifts he brings  
 To all his seed proclaim.
- 6 In holiness and joy complete  
 He reigns to endless years,  
 And each adopted chosen child  
 His splendid image wears.
- 7 What though in mortal life they mourn !  
 What though by death they fall !  
 Jesus in one triumphant day  
 Transforms and crowns them all.
- 8 Praise to his rich mysterious grace !  
 E'en by our fall we rise ;  
 And gain, for earthly Eden lost,  
 A heavenly paradise.

CCXCVI. *Ministers comforted that they may comfort others.* 2 Corinthians i. 4.

- 1 **F**OUNTAIN of comfort, source of love,  
 Thy streams, how free they flow !  
 First water all the world above,  
 Then visit us below !
- 2 From Christ, the head, what grace descends  
 To cherish every part !  
 He shares his joys with all his friends,  
 For all have shared his heart.
- 3 What though the sorrows here they feel  
 Are manifold and great !  
 He brings new consolations still,  
 As various and as sweet.



- 4 He shows our numerous sins forgiven,  
 And shews our Covenant-God ;  
 He witnesseth our right to heaven,  
 The purchase of his blood.
- 5 Though Earth and Hell against us join,  
 In him we are secure ;  
 Our diadems shall brighter shine,  
 For all we now endure.
- 6 On every faithful shepherd's breast,  
 Lord, send these comforts down ;  
 That they may lead thy flock to rest,  
 Which their own souls have known.

CCXCVII. *God's delivering Goodness acknowledged  
 and trusted.* 2 Corinthians i. 10.

A SONG FOR THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.

- 1 **P**RAISE to the Lord, whose mighty hand  
 So oft reveal'd hath saved our land ;  
 And, when united nations rose,  
 Hath shamed and scourged our haughtiest foes.
- 2 When mighty navies from afar  
 To Britain wafted floating war,  
 His breath dispersed them all with ease,  
 And sunk their terrors in the seas.\*
- 3 While for our princes they prepare  
 In caverns deep a burning snare ;  
 He shot from heaven a piercing ray,  
 And the dark treachery brought to day.†
- 4 Princes and priests again combine  
 New chains to forge, new snares to twine ;  
 Again our gracious God appears,  
 And breaks their chains, and cuts their snares.

\* Referring to the defeat of the Spanish armada, 1588.

† Gunpowder plot.

- 5 Obedient winds at his command  
 Convey his hero to our land ;  
 The sons of Rome with terror view,  
 And speed their flight, when none pursue. †
- 6 Such great deliverance God hath wrought,  
 And down to us salvation brought ;  
 And still the care of guardian-heaven  
 Secures the bliss itself hath given.
- 7 In thee we trust, Almighty Lord,  
 Continued rescue to afford :  
 Still be thy powerful arm made bare,  
 For all thy servants' hopes are there.

CCXCVIII. *Ministers a sweet Savour, whether of Life  
 or Death.* 2 Corinthians ii. 15, 16.

1 **P**RAISE to the Lord on high,  
 Who spreads his triumphs wide !  
 While Jesus' fragrant name  
 Is breathed on every side :  
 Balmy and rich  
 The odours rise,  
 And fill the earth  
 And reach the skies.

2 Ten thousand dying souls  
 Its influence feel, and live ;  
 Sweeter than vital air  
 The incense they receive :  
 They breathe anew,  
 And rise and sing  
 Jesus the Lord,  
 Their conquering king.

3 But sinners scorn the grace,  
 That brings salvation nigh ;  
 They turn their face away,  
 They faint, and fall, and die.

† Revolution by king William, 1688.

So sad a doom,  
 Ye saints, deplore,  
 For O! they fall  
 To rise no more.

- 4 Yet, wise and mighty God,  
 Shall all thy servants be,  
 In those, who live or die,  
 A savour sweet to thee :  
     Supremely bright  
     Thy grace shall shine,  
     Guarded with flames  
     Of wrath divine.

CCXCIX. *God shining into the Heart.* 2 Cor. iv. 6.

- 1 **P**RAISE to the Lord of boundless might,  
 With uncreated glories bright !  
 Whose presence gilds the worlds above ;  
 Unchanging source of light and love.
- 2 Our rising earth his eye beheld,  
 When in substantial darkness veil'd,  
 And shapeless chaos, Nature's womb,  
 Lay buried in eternal gloom.\*
- 3 *Let there be light!* Jehovah said,  
 And kindling light o'er all was spread ;  
 Nature array'd in charms unknown,  
 Gay with a new-born lustre shone.
- 4 He views the mind, when lost it lies,  
 And shades of ignorance round it rise ;  
 He darts from heaven a vivid ray,  
 And changes midnight into day.
- 5 Shine, mighty God, with vigour shine  
 On this benighted heart of mine ;  
 And let thy glories stand reveal'd,  
 As in the Saviour's face beheld.

\* Genesis i. 2, 3.

- 6 My soul, revived by heaven-born day,  
 Thy radiant image shall display,  
 While all my faculties unite  
 To praise the Lord who gives me light.

CCC. *The Gospel Treasure in earthen Vessels.*  
 2 Corinthians iv. 7.

- 1 **H**OW rich thy bounty, King of kings!  
 Thy favours how divine!  
 The blessings, which thy Gospel brings,  
 How splendidly they shine!
- 2 Gold is but dross, and gems but toys;  
 Should gold and gems compare,  
 How mean, when set against those joys,  
 Thy poorest servant's share.
- 3 Yet all these treasures of thy grace  
 Are lodged in urns of clay;  
 And the weak sons of mortal race  
 The immortal gifts convey.
- 4 Feebly they lisp thy glories forth;  
 Yet grace the victory gives:  
 Quickly they moulder back to earth;  
 Yet still thy Gospel lives.
- 5 Such wonders power divine effects;  
 Such trophies God can raise;  
 His hand from crumbling dust erects  
 Long monuments of praise.

CCCI. *Living to Him, who died for us.* 2 Cor. v. 14, 15.

- 1 **M**Y Lord, didst thou endure such smart,  
 My life, when forfeited, to save?—  
 And didst thou bear upon thy heart  
 My name, when rising from the grave?

- 2 Am I in thy remembrance still,  
Amid the glories of thy throne,  
To form thy servant to thy will,  
And fix my dwelling near thy own ?
- 3 What can a feeble worm repay  
For love so infinite as thine ?  
The torrent bears my soul away,  
The impetuous stream of grace divine.\*
- 4 To thee, my Lord, it bears me on ;  
Self shall be deified no more ;  
By self betray'd, by self undone ;  
I live by thy redeeming power.
- 5 Accept a soul so dearly bought,  
Bought by thy life upon the tree ;  
A soul, which by thy Spirit taught,  
Knows no delight but serving thee.

⊕ CCCII. *The acceptable Time and the Day of Salvation.* 2 Corinthians vi. 2.

- 1 **T**HE Lord sends forth his word  
With saving power and grace,  
Oh! could I echo back the sound  
To all the human race.
- 2 " Though injured and provoked,  
By all that Sin can do ;  
Yet I restrain insulted Wrath  
And send salvation too."
- 3 Though through succeeding years  
Your hearts have harden'd been :  
Fond of each fleeting vanity,  
And willing slaves to Sin !

\* Referring to the emphasis of the original word, viz. us away like a strong torrent.

4 To-day Salvation waits,  
Your God inclines his ear;  
At length ye dear immortal souls,  
Oh! wake his voice to hear.

5 This day, this instant, now!—  
To seek his grace prepare,  
Lest to these hours of hope succeed  
Long ages of despair.

CCCIII. *God the Author of Consolation.* 2 Cor. vii. 6.

1 **T**HE Lord, how rich his comforts are,  
How wide they spread, how high they rise!  
He pours in balm to bleeding hearts,  
And wipes the tears from flowing eyes.

2 “I have no hope,” my spirit cried,  
Just trembling on the brink of Hell;—  
“I am thy hope,” the Lord replied,  
“My love secures its favourites well.”

3 My grateful soul shall speak his praise  
Who turns its tremblings into songs;  
And those that mourn shall learn from me,  
Salvation to our God belongs.

CCCIV. *Satan's Strong-holds cast down by the Gospel.* 2 Cor. x. 4, 5.

1 **S**HOUT, for the battlements are fall'n,  
Which heaven itself defied;  
The aspiring towers, dismantled all,  
Now spread their ruins wide!

2 Thy wondrous trumpets, Prince of Peace,  
Sent forth their mighty sound;  
The strength of Jericho was struck,  
And tottering strewed the ground.

- 3 No more proud Reason shall dispute  
 What Truth Divine declares ;  
 No more Self-righteousness to plead  
 Her own perfections dares.
- 4 No strength our ruin'd powers can boast  
 Thy precepts to fulfil ;  
 No liberty we ask or wish  
 For our rebellious will.
- 5 The gates we open to admit  
 The Saviour's gentle sway :  
 Blest Jesus, 'tis thy right to reign,  
 Our pleasure to obey.
- 6 Each thought in sweet subjection held,  
 Thy sovereign power shall own ;  
 And every traitor shall be slain,  
 That dares dispute the throne.

CCCV. *The Christian Farewell.* 2 Cor. xiii. 11.

- 1 **T**HY presence, everlasting God,  
 Wide o'er all nature spreads abroad ;  
 Thy watchful eyes, which cannot sleep,  
 In every place thy children keep.
- 2 While near each other we remain,  
 Thou dost our lives and souls sustain ;  
 When absent, happy if we share  
 Thy smiles, thy counsels, and thy care.
- 3 To thee we all our ways commit,  
 And seek our comforts near thy feet ;  
 Still on our souls vouchsafe to shine,  
 And guard and guide us still as thine.
- 4 Give us in thy beloved house,  
 Again to pay our grateful vows ;  
 Or if that joy no more be known,  
 Give us to meet around thy throne.

CCCVI. *Living while in the Flesh by Faith in Christ who loved us, &c. Galatians ii. 20.*

- 1 **M**Y Jesus, while in mortal flesh  
I hold my frail abode,  
Still would my spirit rest on thee,  
Its Saviour and its God.
- 2 By hourly faith in thee I live  
Midst all my griefs and snares ;  
And Death, encounter'd in thy sight,  
No form of horror wears.
- 3 Yes, thou hast loved this sinful worm,  
Hast given thyself for me ;  
Hast brought me from eternal death,  
Nail'd to the bloody tree.
- 4 On thy dear cross I fix mine eyes,  
Then raise them to thy seat ;  
Till love dissolves my inmost soul,  
At its Redeemer's feet.
- 5 Be dead, my heart, to wordly charms ;  
Be dead to every sin ;  
And tell the boldest foes without,  
That Jesus reigns within.
- 6 My life with his connected stands,  
Nor asks a surer ground ;  
He keeps me in his gracious arms,  
Where heaven itself is found.

CCCVII. *A filial Temper, the Work of the Spirit, and a Proof of Adoption. Galatians iv. 6.*

- 1 **S**OVEREIGN of all the worlds on high,  
Allow my humble claim ;  
Nor, while a worm would raise its head,  
Disdain a Father's name.



- 2 My Father-God! How sweet the sound,  
 How tender and how dear!  
 Not all the melody of heaven  
 Could so delight the ear.
- 3 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name  
 On mine expanding heart;  
 And shew, that in Jehovah's grace  
 I share a filial part.
- 4 Cheer'd by a signal so divine,  
 Unwavering I believe;  
 And thus, I Abba, Father, cry,  
 Nor can the sign deceive.
- 5 On wings of everlasting love  
 The Comforter is come;  
 All terrors at his voice disperse,  
 And endless pleasures bloom.

CCCVIII. *Christian Sympathy.* Galatians vi. 2.

- 1 **H**AIL, everlasting Prince of Peace,  
 Hail, Sovereign divine!  
 How gracious is thy sceptre's sway,  
 What gentle laws are thine.
- 2 His tender heart with love o'erflow'd,  
 Love spoke in every breath;  
 Vigorous it reign'd through all his life,  
 And triumph'd in his death.
- 3 All these united charms he shews  
 Our frozen souls to move;  
 This proof of love to him demands,  
 That we each other love.
- 4 O be that sacred law fulfill'd  
 In every act and thought;  
 Each angry passion far removed,  
 Each selfish view forgot.

5 Be thou, my heart, dilated wide  
 By thy Redeemer's grace ;  
 And, in one grasp of fervent love,  
 All Earth and Heaven embrace.

CCCIX. *Blessing God for spiritual Blessings in  
 Christ. Ephesians i. 3.*

1 **L** OUD be thy name adored,  
 Thy titles spread abroad,  
 Of Christ, our glorious Lord,  
 The Father and the God !  
 Through such a Son,  
 Thy church's head  
 Thine honours spread  
 O'er worlds unknown.

2 Ten thousand gifts of love  
 From thee through him descend ;  
 And bear our souls above  
 To joys that never end :  
 To heaven they soar,  
 Sustain'd by God,  
 And through the road  
 His arm adore.

3 Ten thousand songs of praise  
 Shall by the Saviour rise,  
 And through eternal days  
 Shall echo round the skies.  
 New shouts we'll give,  
 And loud proclaim  
 The honour'd name,  
 By which we live.

CCCX. *The grand Scheme of the Gospel.*  
Ephesians i. 9—11.

- 1 **W**E sing the deep mysterious plan,  
Which God devised ere time began ;  
At length disclosed in all its light,  
We bless the wondrous birth of love,  
Which beams around us from above,  
With grace so free and hope so bright.
- 2 Here has the wise Eternal Mind  
In Christ, their common head, conjoin'd  
Gentiles and Jews, and earth and heaven :  
Through him, from the great Father's throne,  
Rivers of bliss come rolling down,  
And endless peace and life are given.
- 3 No more the awful cherubs guard  
The tree of life with flaming sword,  
To drive afar man's trembling race ;  
At Salem's pearly gates they stand,  
And smiling wait, a friendly band !  
To welcome strangers to the place.
- 4 While we expect the glorious sight,  
Love shall our hearts with theirs unite,  
And ardent hope our bosoms raise,  
From earth's dark vale, and tongues of clay,  
To those resplendent realms of day,  
We'll try to send the sounding praise.

CCCXI. *The heavenly Inheritance made known by the Spirit.* Ephesians i. 18.

- 1 **C**OME, thou celestial Spirit, come,  
And call my roving passions home ;  
To mine enlighten'd eyes display  
The heritage of heavenly day.

- 2 My God, that heritage is thine :  
 How rich, how glorious, how divine !  
 How far above all mortal things,  
 The little pride of courts and kings !
- 3 Of endless joy the unbounded store,  
 Why is its lustre known no more ?  
 Away, ye mists of envious night,  
 That veil salvation from my sight !
- 4 Shine forth, Almighty Saviour, shine !  
 Shew the bright world, and shew it mine ;  
 Then paradise on earth shall spring,  
 And mortal worms like angels sing.

CCCXII. *Salvation by Grace.* Ephesians ii. 5.

- 1 **G**RACE ! 'tis a charming sound,  
 Harmonious to mine ear ;  
 Heaven with the echo shall resound,  
 And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived a way  
 To save rebellious man,  
 And all the steps that Grace display,  
 Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace taught my wandering feet  
 To tread the heavenly road,  
 And new supplies each hour I meet,  
 While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown  
 Through everlasting days ;  
 It lays in heaven the topmost stone,  
 And well deserves the praise.

CCCXIII. *Christians risen and exalted with Christ to heavenly Places.* Ephesians ii. 5, 6.

- 1 **S**TUPENDOUS grace ! and can it be  
Design'd for rebels such as we ?  
O let our ardent praises rise,  
High as our hopes beyond the skies !
- 2 This flesh, by righteous vengeance slain,  
Might ever in the dust remain ;  
These guilty spirits sent to dwell  
Midst all the flames and fiends of hell.
- 3 But lo ! incarnate Love descends ;  
Down to the sepulchre it bends ;  
Rising, it tears the bars away,  
And springs to claim its native day.
- 4 Then was our sepulchre unbarr'd ;  
Then was our path to glory clear'd !  
Then, if that Saviour be our own,  
Did we ascend a heavenly throne.
- 5 A moment shall our joy complete,  
And fix us in that shining seat,  
Bought by the pangs our Lord endured,  
And by unchanging truth secured.
- 6 O may that love, in strains sublime,  
Be sung to the last hour of time !  
And let eternity confess,  
Through all its rounds, that matchless grace.

CCCXIV. *Nearness to God through Christ.*  
Ephesians ii. 13.

- 1 **A**ND are we now brought near to God,  
Who once at distance stood ?  
And, to effect this glorious change,  
Did Jesus shed his blood ?

- 2 O for a song of ardent praise  
 To bear our souls above !  
 What should allay our lively hope,  
 Or damp our flaming love ?
- 3 Draw us, O Lord, with quickening grace,  
 And bring us yet more near ;  
 Here may we see thy glories shine,  
 And taste thy mercies here.
- 4 O may that love, which spread thy board,  
 Dispose us for the feast ;  
 May faith behold a smiling God  
 Through Jesus' bleeding breast.
- 5 Fired with the view, our souls shall rise  
 In such a scene as this,  
 And view the happy moment near,  
 That shall complete our bliss.

CCCXV. *The Institution of a Gospel-Ministry from Christ.* Ephesians iv. 7, 8.

FOR THE ORDINATION OR SETTLEMENT OF A MINISTER.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, in thy house  
 Smile on our homage and our vows ;  
 While with a grateful heart we share  
 These pledges of our Saviour's care.
- 2 The Saviour, when to heaven he rose  
 In splendid triumph o'er his foes,  
 Scatter'd his gifts on men below,  
 And wide his royal bounties flow.
- 3 Hence sprung the apostles' honour'd name,  
 Sacred beyond heroic fame ;  
 Hence dictates the prophetic sage ;  
 And hence the evangelic page.

- 4 In lowlier forms, to bless our eyes,  
Pastors from hence, and teachers rise ;  
Who, though with feebler rays they shine,  
Still gild a long-extended line.
- 5 From Christ their varied gifts derive,  
Fed too by Christ their graces thrive :  
While, guarded by his potent hand,  
Amid the rage of Hell they stand.
- 6 So shall the bright succession run  
Long as the courses of the sun ;  
While unborn churches by their care  
Shall rise and flourish large and fair.
- 7 Jesus our Lord their hearts shall know,  
The spring, whence all these blessings flow :  
Pastors and People shout his praise  
Through the long round of endless days.

CCCXVI. *Christ the Head of the Church.*  
Ephesians iv. 15, 16.

- 1 **J**ESUS, I sing thy matchless grace,  
That calls a worm thine own ;  
Gives me among thy saints a place  
To make thy glories known.
- 2 Allied to thee our vital head,  
We act, and grow, and thrive :  
From thee divided, each is dead  
When most he seems alive.
- 3 Thy saints on earth, and those above,  
Here join in sweet accord ;  
One body all in mutual love,  
And thou, our common Lord.
- 4 O may my faith each hour derive  
Thy spirit with delight ;  
While Death and Hell in vain shall strive  
This bond to disunite.

- 5 Thou the whole body wilt present  
 Before thy Father's face ;  
 Nor shall a wrinkle or a spot  
 Its beauteous form disgrace.

CCCXVII. *Love to others urged from Christ's Love,  
 in giving himself as a Sacrifice.* Ephesians v. 2.

- 1 **N**OW be that sacrifice survey'd,  
 That ransom which the Saviour paid ;  
 That sight familiar to my view,  
 Yet always wondrous, always new.
- 2 The Lamb of God, that groan'd and bled,  
 And gently bow'd his dying head ;  
 While love to sinners fired his heart,  
 And conquer'd all the killing smart.
- 3 Blest Jesus, while thy grace I sing,  
 What grateful tribute shall I bring,  
 That earth and heaven and thou mayst see  
 My love to him who died for me ?
- 4 That offering, Lord, thy word hath taught,  
 Nor be thy new command forgot,  
 That, if their Master's death can move,  
 Thy servants should each other love.
- 5 When to thy sacred cross we fly,  
 There let each savage passion die ;  
 While the warm streams of blood divine  
 Melt our cold hearts to love like thine.

CCCXVIII. *The Wisdom of redeeming Time.*  
 Ephesians v. 15, 16.

- 1 **G**OD of Eternity, from thee  
 Did infant Time his being draw ;  
 Moments and days, and months and years,  
 Revolve by thine unvaried law.



- 2 Silent and slow they glide away ;  
Steady and strong the current flows,  
Lost in eternity's wild sea,  
The boundless gulf, from whence it rose.
- 3 With it the thoughtless sons of men  
Before the rapid tide are borne  
On to that everlasting home,  
Whence not one soul can e'er return.
- 4 Yet while the shore on either side  
Presents a gaudy flattering shew,  
We gaze, in fond amusement lost,  
Nor think to what a world we go.
- 5 Great Source of Wisdom, teach my heart  
To know the price of every hour ;  
That Time may bear me on to joys  
Beyond its measure, and its power.

CCCXIX. *Christ's Love to the Church in giving himself for it, &c. Ephes. v. 25—27.*

- 1 **B**RIDEGROOM of souls, how rich thy love!  
How generous, how divine !  
Our inmost hearts it well may move,  
While thus our voices join.
- 2 Deform'd and wretched once we lay,  
Worthy thy hate and scorn ;  
Yet love like thine could find a way  
To rescue and adorn.
- 3 Thou art our ransom ; from thy veins  
A wondrous fountain flows,  
To wash thy bride from all her stains,  
And heal our deepest woes.
- 4 Transform'd by thee, e'en here below  
Thy church is bright and fair :  
But O ! how glorious shall she shew,  
When Jesus shall appear !

- 5 Thine eye shall all her form survey  
 With infinite delight,  
 Confess'd, in that illustrious day,  
 Unblemish'd in thy sight.

CCCXX. *Christ's Service, the Fruit of our Labours  
 on Earth.* Philippians i. 22.

- 1 **M**Y gracious Lord, I own thy right  
 To every service I can pay ;  
 And call it my supreme delight  
 To hear thy dictates and obey.
- 2 What is my being, but for thee,  
 Its sure support, its noblest end ?  
 Thy ever-smiling face to see,  
 And serve the cause of such a friend ?
- 3 I would not breathe for worldly joy,  
 Or to increase my worldly good ;  
 Nor future days, or powers employ  
 To spread a sounding name abroad.
- 4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live ;  
 To him, who for my ransom died,  
 Nor could untainted Eden give  
 Such bliss as blossoms at his side.
- 5 His work my hoary head shall bless,  
 When youthful vigour is no more :  
 And life's last fleeting hour confess  
 His love hath animating power.

CCCXXI. *The Happiness of departing, and being with  
 Christ.* Philippians i. 23.

- 1 **W**HILE on the verge of life I stand,  
 And view the scene on either hand,  
 My spirit struggles with its clay,  
 And longs to wing its flight away.

- 2 Where Jesus dwells my soul would be ;  
It faints my much-loved Lord to see :  
Earth, twine no more about my heart,  
For oh ! 'twere better to depart.
- 3 Come, ye angelic envoys, come,  
And lead the willing pilgrim home :  
Ye know the way to that bright throne,  
Source of my joys, and of your own.
- 4 That interview, how bless'd and sweet !  
To fall transported at his feet !  
Raised in his arms to view his face,  
Through the full beamings of his grace !
- 5 To see the heavenly courtiers round,  
Each with immortal glories crown'd !  
And, while his form in each I trace,  
With that fraternal band embrace !
- 6 As with a Seraph's voice to sing,  
To fly as on a Cherub's wing !  
Performing with unwearied hands  
A present Saviour's high commands.
- 7 Yet, with these prospects full in sight,  
I'll wait thy signal for my flight ;  
And in thy service here below,  
Confess that heavenly joys may grow.

CCCXXII. *Pressing on in the Christian Race.*  
Philippians iii. 12—14.

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,  
And press with vigour on :  
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,  
And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around,  
Hold thee in full survey :  
Forget the steps already trod,  
And onward urge thy way.

- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice,  
That calls thee from on high ;  
'Tis his own hand presents the prize  
To thine aspiring eye.
- 4 That prize with peerless glories bright,  
Which shall new lustre boast,  
When victors' wreaths, and monarchs' gems  
Shall blend in common dust.
- 5 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,  
Have I my race begun ;  
And crown'd with victory at thy feet  
I'll lay my honours down.

CCCXXIII. *God supplying the Necessities of his People.* Philippians iv. 19, 20.

- 1 **M**Y God, how cheerful is the sound !  
How pleasant to repeat !  
Well may that heart with pleasure bound,  
Where God hath fix'd his seat.
- 2 What want shall not our God supply  
From his redundant stores ?  
What streams of mercy from on high  
An arm Almighty pours !
- 3 From Christ, the ever-living-spring,  
These ample blessings flow :  
Prepare, my lips, his name to sing,  
Whose heart hath loved us so.
- 4 Now to our Father and our God  
Be endless glory given,  
Through all the realms of man's abode,  
And through the highest heaven.

CCCXXIV. *Thankfulness for being made meet for the heavenly Inheritance. Colossians i. 12.*

- 1 **A**LL-Glorious God, what hymns of praise  
Shall our transported voices raise?  
What flaming love and zeal is due,  
While heaven stands open to our view!
- 2 Once we were fall'n, and O! how low!  
Just on the brink of endless woe;  
Doom'd to a heritage in Hell,  
Where sinners all in darkness dwell.
- 3 But lo, a ray of cheerful light  
Scatters the horrid shades of night!  
And lo, triumphant grace is shewn  
To souls impoverish'd and undone!
- 4 Far, far beyond these mortal shores  
A bright inheritance is ours;  
Where saints in light our coming wait,  
To share their holy blissful state.
- 5 If ready deck'd for heaven we shine,  
Thine are the robes, the crown is thine:  
May endless years their course prolong,  
While "Thine the praise," is all our song.

CCCXXV. *Angels and Christians united in Christ, as their common Head. Colossians ii. 10.*

- 1 **H**AIL to Emanuel's ever-honour'd name!  
Spread it, ye Angels, through heaven's sacred  
fane.  
Ye sceptred Cherubim, before his throne,  
And flaming Seraphim, bow humbly down,  
He is your head; with prostrate awe adore him,  
And lay with joy your radiant crowns before him.

- 2 Array'd in his refulgent beams ye shine,  
 And draw existence from his source divine ;  
 Grateful ye wait the signal of his hand,  
 Honour'd too highly by his least command :  
 In him the in-dwelling Deity admiring,  
 And to his brighter image still aspiring.
- 3 Mortals with you in cheerful homage join,  
 And bring their anthems to Emanuel's shrine ;  
 Mean as we are, with sins and griefs beset,  
 We glory, that in him we are complete.  
 He is our head, and we with you adore him,  
 And pour our wants, our joys, our hearts before him.
- 4 We sing the blood, that ransom'd us from Hell ;  
 We sing the graces, that in Jesus dwell ;  
 Led by his Spirit, guarded by his hand,  
 Our hopes anticipate your goodly land ;  
 Still his incarnate Deity admiring,  
 And with heaven's hierarchy in praise conspiring.

CCCXXVI. *Christians, as risen with Christ, exhorted to seek Things above. Colossians iii. 1.*

- 1 **H**EARKEN, ye children of your God ;  
 Ye heirs of glory, hear ;  
 For accents so divine as these  
 Might charm the dullest ear.
- 2 Baptized into your Saviour's death,  
 Your souls to sin must die ;  
 With Christ our Lord ye live anew,  
 With Christ ascend on high.
- 3 There at his Father's hand he sits  
 Enthroned divinely fair ;  
 Yet owns himself your brother still,  
 And your forerunner there.

- 4 Rise from these earthly trifles, rise,  
 On wings of Faith and Love ;  
 With Christ your greatest treasure lies,  
 And be your hearts, above.
- 5 But earth and sin would drag us down,  
 When we attempt to fly ;  
 Lord, send thy strong attractive force  
 To raise and fix us high.

CCCXXVII. *The Prosperity of the Church, the Life of a faithful Minister.* 1 Thessalonians iii. 8.

- 1 **B**LEST Jesus, bow thine ear,  
 While we intreat thy love ;  
 O! come and all our hearts possess,  
 And our best passions move.
- 2 May we stand fast in thee,  
 Though storms and tempests beat ;  
 And in thy guardian-arms obtain  
 A calm and safe retreat.
- 3 Still be thy truth maintain'd,  
 And still thy word obey'd,  
 And to the merits of thy blood  
 A constant homage paid.
- 4 So shall thy shepherds live,  
 And raise their cheerful head,  
 And, in such blessings on their flock,  
 Confess their toils repaid.

CCCXXVIII. *Comfort on the Death of pious Friends.*  
 1 Thessalonians iv. 17, 18.

- 1 **T**RANSPORTING tidings which we hear!  
 What music to the pious ear !  
 Christ loves each humble saint so well,  
 He with his Lord shall ever dwell

- 2 Blest Jesus, source of every grace,  
From far to view thy smiling face,  
While absent thus by faith we live,  
Exceeds all joys, that earth can give.
- 3 But O! what ecstasy unknown  
Fills the wide circle round thy throne,  
Where every rapturous hour appears  
Nobler than millions of our years!
- 4 Millions by millions multiplied  
Shall ne'er thy saints from thee divide;  
But the bright legions live and praise  
Through all thy own immortal days.
- 5 O happy dead, in thee that sleep,  
While o'er their mouldering dust we weep!  
O faithful Saviour, who shall come  
That dust to ransom from the tomb!
- 6 While thine unerring word imparts  
So rich a cordial to our hearts,  
Through tears our triumphs shall be shown,  
Though round their graves, and near our own.

CCCXXIX. *Christ glorified and admired in his Saints at the great Day.* 2 Thess. i. 10.

**Y**E heavens, with sounds of triumph ring;  
Ye angels, burst into a song;  
Jesus descends, victorious King,  
And leads his shining train along.

Ye saints that sleep in dust, arise;  
Let joy re-animate your clay;  
Spring to your Saviour through the skies,  
And round his throne your homage pay.

Then let the sons of heaven draw nigh,  
While to the astonish'd hosts you tell,  
How feeble mortals rose so high  
From graves and worms, from sin and hell.



- 4 Tell them, in accents like their own,  
 What an incarnate God could do ;  
 Then point to Jesus on the throne,  
 And boast, that Jesus died for you.
- 5 Transported, they no more can hear ;  
 Their voices catch the sacred name ;  
 Harmonious to his Father's ear,  
 Jesus the God, their harps proclaim !
- 6 Sin hath its dire incursions made,  
 That thou mightst prove thy power to save ;  
 And Death its ensigns wide display'd,  
 That thou mightst triumph o'er the grave.

CCCXXX. *Christ seen of Angels.* 1 Timothy iii. 16.

- 1 **Y**E bright immortal throug  
 Of angels round the throne,  
 Join with our feeble song  
 To make the Saviour known :  
     On earth ye knew  
     His wondrous grace,  
     His beauteous face  
     In heaven ye view.
- 2 Ye saw the heaven-born child  
 In human flesh array'd,  
 Benevolent and mild,  
 While in the manger laid :  
     And praise to God,  
     And peace on earth,  
     For such a birth,  
     Proclaim'd aloud.
- 3 Ye in the wilderness  
 Behold the tempter spoil'd,  
 Well known in every dress,  
 In every combat foil'd ;

And joy'd to crown  
The victor's head,  
When Satan fled  
Before his frown.

- 4 Around the bloody tree  
Ye press'd with strong desire,  
That wondrous sight to see,  
The Lord of life expire ;  
And, could your eyes  
Have known a tear,  
Had dropp'd it there  
In sad surprise.
- 5 Around his sacred tomb  
A willing watch ye kept ;  
Till the blest moment came  
To awaken him that slept :  
Then roll'd the stone,  
And all adored  
Your rising Lord  
With joy unknown.
- 6 When all array'd in light  
The shining conquerer rode,  
Ye hail'd his rapturous flight  
Up to the throne of God ;  
And waved around  
Your golden wings,  
And struck your strings  
Of sweetest sound.
- 7 The warbling notes pursue,  
And louder anthems raise ;  
While mortals sing with you  
Their own Redeemer's praise,  
And thou, my heart,  
With equal flame,  
And joy the same,  
Perform thy part.

CCCXXXI. *The Stability of the divine Foundation, and its double Inscription.* 2 Timothy ii. 19.

- 1 **T**O thee, Great Architect on high,  
Immortal thanks be paid,  
Who, to support thy sinking saints,  
This firm foundation laid!
- 2 Fix'd on a rock thy Gospel stands,  
And braves the rage of Hell;  
And, while the Saviour's hand protects,  
His blood cements it well.
- 3 Here will I build my final hope;  
Here rest my weary soul;  
Majestic shall the fabric rise,  
Till glory crowns the whole.
- 4 Deep on my heart, all-gracious Lord,  
Engrave that double seal;  
Which, while it speaks thy honour'd name,  
Gives it thy grace to feel.
- 5 Held by a thousand tender bonds,  
Thy saints to thee are dear;  
And, conscious what a name they bear,  
Iniquity they fear.

CCCXXXII. *Persecution to be expected by every true Christian.* 2 Timothy iii. 12.

- 1 **G**REAT Leader of thine Israel's host,  
We shout thy conquering name;  
Legions of foes beset thee round,  
And legions fled with shame.
- 2 A victory glorious and complete  
Thou by thy death didst gain;  
So in thy cause may we contend,  
And death itself sustain!

- 3 By our illustrious general fired,  
 We no extremes would fear ;  
 Prepared to struggle and to bleed,  
 If thou, our Lord, be near.
- 4 We'll trace the footsteps thou hast trod  
 To triumph and renown ;  
 Nor shun thy combat and thy cross,  
 May we but share thy crown.

CCCXXXIII. *The Christian Scheme of Salvation  
 worthy of God.* Hebrews ii. 10.

- 1 **I**MMORTAL God, on thee we call,  
 The great original of all ;  
 Through thee we are, to thee we tend,  
 Our sure support, our glorious end.
- 2 We praise that wise mysterious grace,  
 That pitied our revolted race,  
 And Jesus, our victorious head,  
 The captain of salvation made.
- 3 He, thine eternal love decreed,  
 Should many sons to glory lead ;  
 And sinful worms to him are given,  
 A colony to people heaven.
- 4 Jesus for us, O gracious name !  
 Encounter'd agony and shame :  
 Jesus, the glorious and the great,  
 Was by suffering made complete.
- 5 A scene of wonders here we see,  
 Worthy thy Son, and worthy Thee :  
 And, while this theme employs our tongues,  
 All heaven unites its sweetest songs.

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CCCXXXIV. *Satan and Death conquered by the Death of Christ.* Hebrews ii. 14, 15.

- 1 **S**ATAN, the dire invader came  
Our new-made world to annoy ;  
And Death march'd dreadful in his rear,  
His captives to destroy.
- 2 Caught with his snares our father sunk ;  
With him his children fell ;  
And Death his fatal shaft prepared  
To smite them down to hell.
- 3 Jesus with pitying eye beheld,  
And left his starry crown ;  
Turn'd his own weapons on the foe,  
And mow'd his legions down.
- 4 By Death, the Saviour Death disarm'd,  
That we in light may shine ;  
And fix'd this great mysterious law,  
That dust should dust refine.
- 5 No more the pointed shaft we fear,  
Nor dread the monster's boast ;  
No more the pious dead we mourn,  
As friends for ever lost.
- 6 Their tongues, great Prince of life, shall join  
With our recover'd breath,  
And all the immortal host ascribe  
Our victory to thy death.

CCCXXXV. *An immediate Attention to God's Voice required.* Hebrews iii. 15.

- 1 **T**HE Lord Jehovah calls,  
Be every ear inclined ;  
May such a voice awake each heart,  
And captivate the mind.

- 2 If He in thunder speaks,  
 Earth trembles at his nod ;  
 But gentle accents here proclaim  
 The condescending God.
- 3 O harden not your hearts,  
 But hear his voice to-day ;  
 Lest, ere to-morrow's earliest dawn,  
 He call your souls away.
- 4 Almighty God, pronounce  
 The word of conquering grace ;  
 So shall the flint dissolve to tears,  
 And scorners seek thy face.

CCCXXXVI. *The eternal Sabbath.* Hebrews iv. 9.

- 1 **L**ORD 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.
- 2 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.
- 3 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.
- 4 No rude alarms of raging foes ;  
 No cares to break the long repose ;  
 No midnight shade, no clouded sun,  
 But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 5 O long-expected day begin !  
 Dawn on these realms of woe and sin ;  
 Fain would we leave this weary road,  
 And sleep in death to rest with God.

CCCXXXVII. *Christ our Forerunner, and the Foundation of our Hope.* Heb. vi. 19, 20.

- 1 **J**ESUS, the Lord our souls adore,  
A painful sufferer now no more ;  
High on his Father's throne he reigns  
O'er earth, and heaven's extensive plains.
- 2 His race for ever is complete ;  
For ever undisturb'd his seat ;  
Myriads of angels round him fly,  
And sing his well-gain'd victory.
- 3 Yet, midst the honours of his throne,  
He joys not for himself alone ;  
His meanest servants share their part ;  
Share in that royal tender heart.
- 4 Raise, raise, my soul, thy raptur'd sight  
With sacred wonder and delight ;  
Jesus thy own forerunner see  
Enter'd beyond the veil for thee.
- 5 Loud let the howling tempest yell,  
And foaming waves to mountains swell,  
No shipwreck can my vessel fear,  
Since Hope hath fix'd her anchor here.

CCCXXXVIII. *The evil Conscience purified by the Blood of Jesus.* Hebrews ix. 13, 14.

- 1 **B**LEST be the Lamb, whose blood was spilt  
To sprinkle conscience from its guilt ;  
To ease its pains, to calm its fears,  
And purchase grace for future years.
- 2 Cleansed by this all-atoning blood,  
We joy in free access to God,  
The living God, before whose face  
Sinners in vain shall seek a place.

- 3 Rouse thee, my soul, to serve him still  
 With cordial love, with active zeal :  
 Serve him as doth his Son divine,  
 Who made his life the price of thine.
- 4 Blest Jesus, introduced by thee,  
 The Father's smiling face I see ;  
 And, strengthen'd by thy grace alone,  
 These grateful services are done.
- 5 Then must my debt from day to day  
 Grow with each service that I pay ;  
 So grows my joy, dear Lord, to be  
 Thus more and more in debt to thee.

CCCXXXIX. *Death and Judgment appointed to all.*  
 Hebrews ix. 27.

- 1 **H**EAVEN has confirm'd the great decree,  
 That Adam's race must die :  
 One general-ruin sweeps them down,  
 And low in dust they lie.
- 2 Ye living men, the tomb survey,  
 Where you must quickly dwell ;  
 Hark how the awful summons sounds  
 In every funeral knell !
- 3 Once you must die, and once for all  
 The solemn purport weigh ;  
 For know, that Heaven and Hell are hung  
 On that important day.
- 4 Those eyes, so long in darkness veil'd,  
 Must wake the Judge to see,  
 And every word and every thought  
 Must pass his scrutiny.
- 5 O may I in the Judge behold  
 My Saviour and my friend,  
 And far beyond the reach of death  
 With all his saints ascend !



CCCXL. *Christ's Second Appearance, &c.*  
Hebrews ix. 28.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the Son of God appears,  
And in his flesh our sins he bears ;  
The victim at God's holy throne  
To expiate guilt by many a groan.
- 2 But lo! a second time he comes  
To shake the earth and rend the tombs ;  
The Heavens before him melt away,  
And sun and stars in smoke decay!—
- 3 Yet midst this general wreck and dread,  
Ye saints, with triumph lift the head ;  
With glad surprise your Saviour meet,  
Who comes to make your bliss complete.
- 4 My soul, a happiness so great  
With pleasing expectation wait ;  
And, while I dwell upon the thought,  
Be earth and all its toys forgot !
- 5 My Saviour-God, what grace is thine,  
Which gives a prospect so divine ;  
Come blessed day, and teach our tongues  
How angels warble forth their songs.

CCCXLI. *Liberty to enter through the Veil by the  
blood of Christ.* Hebrews x. 19—22.

- 1 **A**PPROACH, ye children of your God ;  
Favourites of heaven, draw near ;  
Enter the holiest with delight,  
Though his own ark be there.
- 2 Pass through the veil, the Saviour's flesh,  
That new and living way ;  
And Majesty enshrined in love  
Shall gentle beams display.

- 3 Jesus with sin-atonng blood  
 The throne hath sprinkled o'er ;  
 His fragrant incense spreads its cloud,  
 And Justice flames no more.
- 4 Approach with boldness and with joy,  
 But spotless all draw near ;  
 Pure be your lives from every stain,  
 And every conscience clear.
- 5 So shall the blessings of his grace  
 On all your souls distil,  
 Till each a royal priest appears  
 On his celestial hill.

CCCXLII. *God's Fidelity to his Promises.*  
 Hebrews x. 23.

- 1 **T**HE promises I sing,  
 Which sovereign love hath spoke ;  
 Nor will the eternal King  
 His words of grace revoke ;  
 They stand secure,  
 And stedfast still ;  
 Not Zion's hill  
 Abides so sure.
- 2 The mountains melt away  
 When once the Judge appears,  
 And sun and moon decay,  
 That measure mortals' years ;  
 But still the same  
 In radiant lines  
 The promise shines  
 Through all the flame.
- 3 Their harmony shall sound  
 Through mine attentive ears,  
 When thunders cleave the ground,  
 And dissipate the spheres :

Midst all the shock  
Of that dread scene,  
I'll stand serene,  
Thy word my rock.

CCCXLIII. *The Judgment Day approaching, a Motive to love and worship.* Heb. x. 24, 25.

- 1 **T**HE day approacheth, O my soul,  
The great decisive day,  
Which from the verge of mortal life  
Shall bear thee far away.
- 2 Another day more awful dawns ;  
And lo! the Judge appears ;  
Ye heavens, retire before his face,  
And sink, ye darken'd spheres.
- 3 Yet doth one short preparing hour,  
One precious hour remain ;—  
Rouse thee, my soul, with all thy power,  
Nor let it pass in vain.
- 4 With me my brethren soon must die,  
And at that bar appear ;  
Now be our intercourse improved  
To mutual comfort here.
- 5 For this thy temple, Lord, we throng ;  
For this, thy board surround ;  
Here may our service be approved,  
And in thy presenee crown'd.

CCCXLIV. *Abraham's Faith in leaving his Country at the divine Command.* Hebrews xi. 8.

- 1 **N**OW let our songs proclaim abroad  
The changeless name of Abram's God.  
In him let Abram's children view,  
Their Father's ever-living Lord,  
His Shield, his Friend, his great Reward,  
The rock of ages, firm and true.

- 2 Call'd by thy voice, with joyful speed  
 He went, where thou wast pleased to lead,  
 Though all unknown the path he trod ;  
 His land, his kindred, strove in vain  
 The pious pilgrim to detain,  
 Propt on the promise of his God.
- 3 So at thy word the saint foregoes  
 Each tender tie, which nature knows,  
 And hears no other voice but thine ;  
 Marches where thou shalt point the way,  
 Where thou shalt pitch his tent, will stay,  
 And learns his Isaac to resign.
- 4 At length, still faithful to thy own,  
 Thou call'st him to a world unknown,  
 Through paths untrod by mortal feet ;  
 Smiling he owns thy voice in death,  
 Gives to the air his fleeting breath,  
 And finds the road to Abram's seat.

CCCXLV. *The God of the Patriarchs preparing them a City.* Hebrews xi. 16.

- 1 I AM thy God, Jehovah said,  
 To Abram, and his chosen seed ;  
 And still the same relation owns  
 To each of Abram's faithful sons.
- 2 Sovereign of Heaven, what works of love  
 So grand a title shall approve ?  
 What splendid gifts will God bestow,  
 That all its high import may know ?
- 3 Not the rich flocks and herds that feed  
 Round Abram's tents in Mamre's mead ;  
 Not Joseph's chariot, nor the throne,  
 Ivory and gold of Solomon.

- 4 Not Canaan's plains a lot can prove  
 Proportion'd to Jehovah's love ;  
 Not Zion's sacred mountain, where  
 His temple glitter'd like a star.
- 5 O'er Zion's mount, o'er Canaan's plains,  
 Oppression now, with horror reigns ;  
 And, where the throne of David stood,  
 His ruin'd sepulchre is view'd,
- 6 'Tis in the Heaven of Heavens alone  
 Thou mak'st thy wondrous friendship known ;  
 A city there thy hand prepares,  
 Fix'd as thy own eternal years.
- 7 Long as they reign before thy face,  
 The blissful nations shall confess,  
 Thy sovereign love hath there bestow'd  
 Salvation worthy of a God.

CCCXLVI. *Moses' wise Choice.* Hebrews xi. 26

- 1 **M**Y soul, with all thy waken'd powers  
 Survey the heavenly prize ;  
 Nor let these glittering toys of earth  
 Allure thy wandering eyes.
- 2 The splendid crown, which Moses sought,  
 Still beams around his brow ;  
 Though soon great Pharaoh's sceptred pride,  
 Was taught by death to bow.
- 3 The joys and treasures of a day  
 I cheerfully resign ;  
 Rich in that large immortal store,  
 Secured by grace divine.
- 4 Let fools my better choice deride,  
 Angels and God approve ;  
 Nor scorn of men, nor rage of hell  
 My stedfast soul shall move.

With ardent eye that bright reward  
 I daily will survey ;  
 And in the blooming prospect lose  
 The sorrows of the way.

CCCXLVII. *Acting, as seeing him who is invisible.*  
 Hebrews xi. 27.

**E**TERNAL and immortal King,  
 Thy peerless splendors none can bear,  
 But darkness veils seraphic eyes,  
 When God with all his lustre's there.

Yet Faith can pierce the awful gloom,  
 The great Invisible can see ;  
 And with its tremblings mingle joy  
 In fix'd regards, great God, to thee.

Then every tempting form of sin,  
 Shamed in thy presence, disappears ;  
 And all the glowing raptured soul  
 The likeness it contemplates, wears.

O ! ever-conscious to my heart,  
 Witness to its supreme desire,  
 Behold it presseth on to thee,  
 For it hath caught the heaveuly fire.

This one petition would it urge,  
 To bear Thee ever in its sight ;  
 In life, in death, in worlds unknown,  
 Its only portion and delight.

CCCXLVIII. *Subjection to God, the Father of our Spirit.* Hebrews xii. 9.

**E**TERNAL source of life and thought,  
 Be all beneath thyself forgot !  
 Whilst thee, great parent-mind, we own  
 In prostrate homage round thy throne.

- 2 Whilst in themselves our souls survey  
Of thee some faint reflected ray,  
They wondering to their Father rise ;  
His power how vast ! His thoughts how wise !
- 3 Behold us as thine offspring, Lord,  
And do not cast us off abhorr'd ;  
Nor let thy hand, so long our joy,  
Be raised in vengeance to destroy.
- 4 O may we live before thy face,  
The willing subjects of thy grace ;  
And through each path of duty move  
With filial awe, and filial love !

CCCXLIX. *The Immutability of Christ.*  
Hebrews xiii. 3.

- 1 **W**ITH transport, Lord, our souls proclaim  
The deathless honours of thy name :  
Assembled round our Saviour's throne,  
We make his ceaseless glories known.
- 2 High on his Father's royal seat  
Our Jesus shone divinely great,  
Ere Adam's clay with life was warm'd,  
Or Gabriel's nobler spirit form'd.
- 3 Through all succeeding ages he  
As he hath been, the same shall be ;  
Immortal beams shall round him shine,  
While stars and suns with age decline.
- 4 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.
- 5 Let Nature change and sink and die ;  
Jesus shall raise his chosen high,  
And fix them near his stable throne,  
In glory changeless as his own.

CCL. *Watching for Souls in the View of the great Account.* Hebrews xiii. 17.

FOR THE ORDINATION OF A MINISTER.

- 1 **L**ET Zion's watchmen all awake,  
And take the alarm they give ;  
Now let them from the mouth of God  
Their solemn charge receive.
- 2 'Tis not a cause of small import  
The Pastor's care demands ;  
But what might fill an angel's heart,  
And fill'd a Saviour's hands.
- 3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord  
Did heavenly bliss forego ;  
For souls, which must for ever live  
In raptures, or in woe !
- 4 All to the great tribunal haste,  
The account to render there ;  
And shouldst thou strictly mark our faults,  
Lord, how should we appear ?
- 5 May they that Jesus, whom they preach,  
Their own Redeemer see ;  
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,  
That they may watch for thee.

CCCLI. *The Christian perfected by divine Grace through Christ.* Hebrews xiii. 20, 21.

- 1 **F**ATHER of Peace, and God of Love,  
We own thy power to save ;  
That power, by which our Shepherd rose,  
Victorious o'er the grave.
- 2 We triumph in that Shepherd's name,  
Still watchful for our good ;  
Who brought the eternal covenant down,  
And seal'd it with his blood.



- 3 So may thy Spirit seal my soul,  
 And mould it to thy will ;  
 That my fond heart no more may stray,  
 But keep thy covenant still.
- 4 Still may we gain superior strength,  
 And press with vigour on,  
 Till full perfection crown our hopes,  
 And fix us near thy throne.

CCCLII. *Christians begotten to God as the First-Fruits  
 of his Creatures. James i. 18.*

- 1 **N**OW to that sovereign grace,  
 Whence all our comforts spring,  
 Let the whole new begotten race  
 Their cheerful praises bring.
- 2 His will first made the choice ;  
 His word the change hath wrought ;  
 In him, our Father, we rejoice,  
 Nor be that name forgot.
- 3 Lord, may this matchless love,  
 Which thy own children see,  
 Make us from all thy creatures prove  
 As the first-fruits to thee.
- 4 Sacred to thee alone  
 Be all these powers of mine,  
 Then in the noblest sense my own,  
 When most entirely thine.

CCCLIII. *Looking into the perfect Law of Liberty,  
 and Continuing in it. James i. 25.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD the glass the Gospel lends,  
 That men themselves may view,  
 How free from stain its surface shines,  
 How polish'd, and how true !

- 2 Behold that wise, that perfect law,  
Which noblest freedom gives!—  
O may it all our souls refine,  
And sanctify our lives!
- 3 Not with a transient glance survey'd,  
And in an hour forgot,  
But deep inscribed on every heart,  
To reign o'er every thought.
- 4 Great Author of each perfect gift,  
Thy sovereign Grace display,  
That these rebellious roving powers  
May hearken and obey.
- 5 Inspired by thee, our feeble souls  
Shall pass victorious on;  
As day's faint dawning light improves  
To all the blaze of noon.

CCLIV. *James's Advice to Sinners.* James iv. 7, 8.

- 1 **Y**E sinners, bend your stubborn necks  
Beneath the yoke divine;  
In low submission bow ye down  
Before his sacred shrine.
- 2 In pious strains your follies mourn,  
And seek his injured grace;  
And wait with broken bleeding hearts  
The openings of his face.
- 3 Resist the tempter's fierce attacks,  
And he shall speed his flight:  
Draw near to God, and his embrace  
Shall fold you with delight.
- 4 Ye sinners, cleanse your spotted hands,  
And purge your hearts from sin;  
Here fix your long-divided views,  
And peace shall reign within.

- 5 Blest Saviour, draw us by thy love,  
 And fix us by thy power ;  
 When we have felt these sweet constraints,  
 Our souls shall rove no more.

CCCLV. *The Vanity of worldly Schemes inferred from  
 the Uncertainty of Life.* James iv. 13—15.

- 1 **T**O-MORROW, Lord, is thine,  
 Lodged in thy sovereign hand ;  
 And, if its sun arise and shine,  
 It shines by thy command.
- 2 The present moment flies,  
 And bears our life away ;  
 O ! make thy servants truly wise,  
 That they may live to-day.
- 3 Since on this winged hour  
 Eternity is hung,  
 Waken by thine Almighty power  
 The aged and the young.
- 4 One thing demands our care ;  
 O be it still pursued !  
 Lest, slighted once, the season fair  
 Should never be renew'd.
- 5 To Jesus may we fly  
 Swift as the morning light,  
 Lest life's young golden beams should die  
 In sudden endless night !

CCCLVI. *Rejoicing in an unseen Saviour.*  
 1 Peter i. 8.

- 1 **M**INE inward joys, suppress'd too long,  
 Ecstatic burst into a song :  
 From Christ, though now unseen, they rise  
 And reach his throne beyond the skies.

- 2 His glories strike the wondering sight  
Of all the first-born sons of light ;  
Beyond the Seraphim they shine,  
Unrivall'd all, and all divine.
- 3 Yet mortal worms his friendship boast,  
And make his saving name their trust :  
Jesus, my Lord, I know him well ;  
He rescued me from Death and Hell.
- 4 This sinful heart from God estranged  
His new-creating power hath changed ;  
And, mingling with each secret thought,  
Maintains the work, which first it wrought.
- 5 He gives to see his Father's face ;  
He gives my soul to thrive in grace ;  
And brings the views of glory down,  
The beamings of my heavenly crown.
- 6 Thus entertain'd, while here below  
Unspeakable my transports grow ;  
New joys in swift succession roll,  
And glory fills my silent soul.

CCCLVII. *The Heart purified to Love unfeigned by  
the Spirit.* 1 Peter i. 22.

- 1 GREAT Spirit of immortal love,  
Vouchsafe our frozen hearts to move ;  
With ardour strong these breasts inflame  
To all that own a Saviour's name.
- 2 Still let the heavenly fire endure  
Fervent, vigorous, true and pure :  
Let every heart and every hand  
Join in the dear fraternal band.
- 3 Celestial Dove, descend and bring  
The smiling blessings on thy wing,  
And make us taste those sweets below,  
Which in the blissful mansions grow.

CCCLVIII. *Tasting that the Lord is gracious.*  
1 Peter ii. 3.

- 1 **Y**ES, it is sweet to taste his grace,  
Who bought us with his blood ;  
My soul prefers the relish still  
To all created good.
- 2 O ! how I love that vital word,  
Which taught me first to live ;  
Thirst for that uncorrupted milk,  
That I may grow and thrive !
- 3 All-gracious Lord, instruct us more  
Thy saving gifts to know :  
And let our inmost hearts rejoice,  
That thou hast loved us so.
- 4 Open thy stores with liberal hand,  
That we may daily feast ;  
And let each dying soul around  
Thy sweet salvation taste.

CCCLIX. *Coming to Christ as to a living Stone.*  
1 Peter ii. 4, 5.

- 1 **W**ITH ecstasy of joy  
Extol his glorious name,  
Who raised the spacious earth,  
And raised our ruined frame :  
He built the church  
Who built the sky,  
Shout and exalt  
His glories high.
- 2 See the foundation laid  
By power and love divine ;  
Jesus, his first-born Son,  
How bright his glories shine !

Low he descends,  
 In dust He lies,  
 That from his tomb  
 His church may rise.

- 3 But He for ever lives,  
 Not for himself alone;  
 Each saint new life derives  
 From this mysterious stone;  
 His influence darts  
 Through every soul,  
 And in one house  
 Unites the whole.
- 4 To him with joy we move;  
 In him cemented stand;  
 The living temple grows,  
 And owns the founder's hand:  
 That structure, Lord,  
 Still higher raise,  
 Louder to sound  
 Its builder's praise.
- 5 Descend, and shed abroad  
 The tokens of thy grace,  
 And with more radiant beams  
 Let glory fill the place;  
 Our joyful souls  
 Shall prostrate fall,  
 And own, our God  
 Is all in all.

CCCLX. *Christ the Corner Stone.* 1 Peter ii. 6,  
 compared with Isaiah xxviii. 16, 17.

- 1 **L**ORD, dost thou shew a corner-stone  
 For us to build our hopes upon,  
 That the fair edifice may rise  
 Sublime in light beyond the skies?

- 2 We own the work of Sovereign Love :  
Nor Death nor Hell those hopes shall move,  
Which fix'd on this foundation stand,  
Laid by thine own Almighty hand.
- 3 Thy people long this stone have tried,  
And all the powers of Hell defied ;  
Floods of temptation beat in vain ;  
Well doth this rock the house sustain.
- 4 When storms of wrath around prevail,  
Whirlwind and thunder, fire and hail !  
'Tis here our trembling souls would hide,  
And here securely shall abide.
- 5 While they that scorn this precious Stone,  
Fond of some quicksand of their own,  
Borne down by weighty vengeance die,  
And buried deep in ruin lie.

CCCLXI. *Christ precious to the Believer.* 1 Peter ii. 7.

- 1 **J**ESUS, I love thy charming name ;  
'Tis music to mine ear ;  
Fain would I sound it out so loud,  
That Earth and Heaven should hear.
- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,  
My transport, and my trust :  
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,  
And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish  
In thee doth richly meet :  
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,  
Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,  
And sheds its fragrance there ;  
The noblest balm of all its wounds,  
The cordial of its care.

- 5 I'll speak the honours of thy name  
 With my last labouring breath ;  
 Then speechless clasp thee in mine arms,  
 The antidote of death.

CCCLXII. *Noah preserved in the Ark, and the Believer in Christ.* 1 Peter iii. 20, 21.

- 1 **T**HE deluge, at the Almighty's call,  
 In what impetuous streams it fell !  
 Swallow'd the mountains in its rage,  
 And swept a guilty world to hell.
- 2 In vain the tallest sons of pride  
 Fled from the close-pursuing wave ;  
 Nor could their mightiest towers defend,  
 Nor swiftness 'scape, nor courage save.
- 3 How dire the wreck ! how loud the roar !  
 How shrill the agonizing cry  
 Of millions in their last despair,  
 Re-echoed from the lowring sky !
- 4 Yet Noah, humble happy saint,  
 Surrounded with the chosen few,  
 Sat in his ark, secure from fear,  
 And sang the Grace that steer'd him through.
- 5 So I may sing, in Jesus safe,  
 While storms of vengeance round me fall,  
 Conscious how high my hopes are fix'd,  
 Beyond what shakes this earthly ball.
- 6 Enter thine ark, while Mercy waits,  
 Nor ever quit that sure retreat ;  
 Then the wide flood, which buries earth,  
 Shall waft thee to a fairer seat.
- 7 Nor wreck nor ruin there is seen :  
 There not a wave of trouble rolls ;  
 But the bright rainbow round the throne  
 Seals endless life to happy souls.



CCCLXIII. *The Ungodly warned of their final Appearance.* 1 Peter iv. 13.

- 1 **B**EHOLD God's great incarnate Son  
In majesty comes flying down :  
Hark ! for his trumpet's awful sound  
Awakes the dead, and cleaves the ground.
- 2 So solemn shall that judgment be,  
And so severe that scrutiny,  
That, by his merit tried alone,  
The saint himself would be undone.
- 3 Where then, ye sons of Belial, where  
Will your astonish'd souls appear ?—  
How will ye shun his piercing sight,  
Or how resist his matchless might ?
- 4 Up to the pointed mountains fly,  
And gain the confines of the sky ;  
There shall ye meet celestial fire,  
While mountains melt before his ire.
- 5 Call on the rending earth to save,  
And at its centre search a grave ;  
The Judge shall well discern thee there,  
And drag thee trembling to his bar.
- 6 Deck thee around with fraud and lies,  
And put on every fair disguise ;  
Soon shall thy painted form be known  
Amidst ten thousand of his own.
- 7 Gird thee in arms, his wrath oppose,  
And league with millions of his foes ;  
Soon would the rebel-band expire,  
Like crackling thorns amid the fire.
- 8 One only way may yet be found ;  
Submissive bow ye to the ground ;  
His cross a refuge will afford  
From all the terrors of his sword.

CCCLXIV. *Humbling ourselves under God's mighty Hand.* 1 Peter v. 6.

- 1 **B**ENEATH thy mighty hand, O God,  
Our souls we prostrate low ;  
Shine forth with gentle radiant beams,  
That we thy name may know.
- 2 Thy hand this various frame produced,  
And still supports it well ;  
That hand, with justice and with ease,  
Might smite our souls to hell.
- 3 Conscious of meanness and of guilt,  
We in the dust would lie ;  
Stretch forth thy condescending arm,  
And lift the humble high.
- 4 So in the temples of thy grace  
We'll sovereign mercy own,  
And, when we shine above the stars,  
Extol thy grace alone.
- 5 The more thou raisest sinful dust,  
The lower would it fall ;  
For less than nothing, Lord, are we,  
And thou art all in all.

CCCLXV. *The same.*

FOR A FAST DAY.

- 1 **O**UR souls with reverence, Lord, bow down,  
Struck by the splendors of thy throne ;  
Humbled, while in thy house we stand,  
Beneath thy all tremendous hand.
- 2 That hand, which bears the steady pole,  
While Nature's wheels unwearied roll ;  
That hand, which gives each creature food,  
And fills the world with various good.

- 3 That hand, which pierced thy darling Son  
To expiate crimes that we had done :  
That hand, which scatters grace abroad  
To turn thy foes to sons of God.
- 4 But O ! with what distracted rage  
Have we presumed Hell's war to wage !  
And, while long patience hath been shewn,  
Struggled to force thy vengeance down !
- 5 Here might thy wrath begin to flame,  
And vindicate thine injured name ;  
Till the red thunders of thy hand  
Had dealt destruction round our land.
- 6 With humble hearts our God we meet -  
O raise the suppliants at thy feet !  
And let that glorious arm this day  
Embrace the rebels it might slay !

CCCLXVI. *God's Care, a Remedy for ours.*  
1 Peter v. 7.

- 1 **H**OW gentle God's commands !  
How kind his precepts are !  
" Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,  
And trust his constant care."
- 2 While Providence supports,  
Let saints securely dwell ;  
That hand, which bears all nature up,  
Shall guide his children well.
- 3 Why should this anxious load  
Press down your weary mind ?  
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,  
And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 His goodness stands approved  
Down to the present day ;  
I'll drop my burden at his feet,  
And bear a song away.

CCCLXVII. *Establishment in Religion from the God of all Grace.* 1 Peter v. 10, 11.

1 **H**OW rich thy favours, God of grace !

How various, how divine !  
Full as the ocean are they pour'd,  
And bright as heaven they shine.

2 He to eternal glory calls,  
And leads the wondrous way  
To his own palace, where he reigns  
In uncreated day.

3 Jesus, the herald of his love,  
Displays the radiant prize,  
And shews the purchase of his blood  
To our admiring eyes.

4 He perfects what his hand begins,  
And stone on stone he lays ;  
Till firm and fair the building rise,  
A temple to his praise.

5 The songs of everlasting years  
That mercy shall attend,  
Which leads, through sufferings of an hour,  
To joys, that never end.

CCCLXVIII. *The Circumstances of Christ's second Appearing.* 2 Peter iii. 11, 12.

1 **M**Y soul, awake ! extend thy wings  
Beyond the verge of mortal things ;  
See this vain world in smoke decay,  
And rocks and mountains melt away.

2 Behold the fiery deluge roll  
Through heaven's wide arch from pole to pole !—  
Pale sun, no more thy lustre boast ;  
Tremble and fall, ye starry host.

- 3 The wreck of nature all around,  
The angel's shout, the trumpet's sound,  
Loud the descending Judge proclaim,  
And echo his tremendous name.
- 4 Children of Adam, all appear  
With reverence round his awful bar ;  
For, as his lips pronounce, ye go  
To endless bliss, or endless woe.
- 5 Lord, to mine eyes this scene display  
Frequent through each revolving day,  
And let thy grace my soul prepare  
To meet its full redemption there.

CCCLXIX. *The Importance of being prepared for  
Christ's second Appearing.* 2 Peter iii. 14.

- 1 " **B**EHOLD I come !" the Saviour cries,  
" With winged speed I come ;  
My voice shall call your souls away  
To their eternal home.
- 2 " Awake, ye sons of sloth, awake ;  
Your vain amusements cease,  
And strive with your united powers,  
That ye be found in peace.
- 3 " Seize the blest hour with ardent haste,  
Nor slight this peaceful word,  
Lest your affrighted souls in vain  
Fly from my flaming sword."
- 4 " Happy the man, whose ready heart  
Obeys the sacred call ;  
And shelters in my covenant grace  
His everlasting all."
- 5 Blest Jesus, whose all-searching eye  
My inmost powers can see,  
Dost thou not know my willing soul  
Hath lodged that all with thee ?

- 6 These eager eyes thy signal wait ;  
 My dear Redeemer, come :  
 I rove a weary pilgrim here,  
 And long to be at home.

CCCLXX. *Growing in Grace, &c.* 2 Peter iii. 18.

- 1 **P**RAISE to thy name, eternal God,  
 For all the grace thou shed'st abroad ;  
 For all thine influence from above  
 To warm our souls with sacred love.
- 2 Blest be thy hand, which from the skies  
 Brought down this plant of paradise,  
 And gave its heavenly glories birth,  
 To deck this wilderness of earth.
- 3 But why does that celestial flower  
 Open and thrive, and shine no more ?  
 Where are its balmy odours fled ?  
 And why reclines its beauteous head ?
- 4 Too plain, alas ! that langour shews  
 The sterile soil in which it grows ?  
 Where the black frost and beating storm  
 Wither and rend its tender form.
- 5 Unchanging sun ! thy beams display  
 To drive the frosts and storms away ;  
 Make all thy potent virtues known  
 To cheer a plant so much thy own.
- 6 And thou, blest Spirit ! deign to blow  
 Fresh gales of heaven on shrubs below ;  
 So shall they grow, and breathe abroad  
 A fragrance grateful to our God.

CCCLXXI. *Experimental Knowledge communicated.*  
1 John i. 1—3.

- 1 **J**ESUS, mine advocate above,  
Let me not hear of thee alone,  
But make the wonders of thy love  
By deep experience sweetly known.
- 2 On thee my soul would fix her eye ;  
My lips would taste thy heavenly grace ;  
Then would I raise thine honours high,  
And teach a thousand tongues thy praise.
- 3 The sacred flame from heart to heart  
Should with a rapid progress run ;  
Till each in God could boast his part,  
Through sweet communion with his Son.
- 4 Thus may the servants of the Lord  
Feel the salvation they proclaim ;  
And thus may crowds receive the word,  
And echo back the Saviour's name !

CCCLXXII. *Communion with God and Christ.*  
1 John i. 3.

- 1 **O**UR heavenly Father calls,  
And Christ invites us near ;  
With both our friendship shall be sweet,  
And our communion dear.
- 2 God pities all my griefs ;  
He pardons every day ;  
Almighty to protect my soul,  
And wise to guide my way.
- 3 How large his bounties are !  
What various stores of good,  
Diffused from my Redeemer's hand,  
And purchased with his blood !

4 Jesus, my living head,  
I bless thy faithful care ;  
Mine advocate before the throne,  
And my forerunner there.

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

CCCLXXIII. *The Privileges of Saints by the Blood  
of Jesus.* 1 John i. 7.

1 **M**Y various powers, awake  
To sound redeeming grace ;  
To him, that wash'd us in his blood,  
Ascribe eternal praise.

2 What though our guilt appears  
Died in a crimson grain ?  
The stream that flows from Jesus' side,  
Shall purge away the stain.

3 Midst all our various forms  
We in this centre meet ;  
Our hearts cemented by his blood  
Shall taste communion sweet.

1 Then let us walk in light,  
Like Christ, whose name we wear ;  
And, as the pledge of endless bliss,  
Our Father's image bear.

CCCLXXIV. *The Blood of Christ cleansing from  
all Sin.* 1 John i. 7.

1 **M**Y sins, alas ! how foul the stains !  
How deep, and O ! how wide !  
O'er my polluted soul they spread,  
In double crimson died.



- 2 How shall I stand before that God,  
 In whose all-piercing sight,  
 Some shades of darkness seem to veil  
 The purest sons 'of light ?
- 3 Where shall I wash these spots away,  
 And make my nature clean,  
 Since drops of penitential grief  
 Are tintured still with sin ?
- 4 Behold a torrent all divine  
 Flows from the Saviour's side,  
 And strangely bears a crystal stream  
 Amidst the purple tide.\*
- 5 Here will I bathe my spotted soul,  
 And make it pure and fair ;  
 Till not the eye of God discern  
 One foul pollution there.
- 6 Then, drest in robes of snowy white,  
 I'll join the shining band,  
 And learn new anthems to the Lamb,  
 While round his throne we stand.

CCCLXXV. *Having the Son, and having Life in him.* 1 John v. 12.

- 1 **O** HAPPY christian, who can boast,  
 "The Son of God is mine !"  
 Happy though humbled in the dust ;  
 Rich in this gift divine ;
- 2 He lives the life of Heaven below,  
 And shall for ever live ;  
 Eternal streams from Christ shall flow,  
 And endless vigour give.

\* Referring to the blood and water, that came out of the wounded side of Christ. John xix. 34.

- 3 That life we ask with bended knee,  
 Nor will the Lord deny ;  
 Nor will celestial Mercy see  
 Its humble suppliants die.
- 4 That life obtain'd, for praise alone  
 We wish continued breath ;  
 And, taught by blest experience, own  
 That praise can live in death.

CCCLXXVI. *Christ the First and the Last, humbled to Death, and exalted to an eternal Triumph over it. Revelation i. 17. 18.*

- 1 **W**HAT mysteries, Lord, in thee combine !  
 Jesus, once mortal, yet divine ;  
 The first, the last ; the end, the head ;  
 The source of life among the dead !
- 2 O love, beyond the stretch of thought,  
 What matchless wonders hath it wrought !  
 My faith, while she thy grace declares,  
 Trembles beneath the load she bears.
- 3 Hail royal conqueror o'er the grave,  
 Tender to pity, strong to save !  
 For ever live, for ever reign,  
 And prosperous may thy throne remain !
- 4 Thy saints, obedient to thy word,  
 With humble joy surround thy board ;  
 And, long as time pursues its race,  
 Proclaim thy death, and shout thy grace.
- 5 In the full choir, where angels join  
 Their harps of melody divine,  
 Thy death inspires a song of praise,  
 New through thy life's eternal days.

CCCLXXVII. *The Keys of Death and the unseen World in the Hand of Christ.* Rev. i. 18.

- 1 **H**AIL to the Prince of Life and Peace,  
Who holds the keys of Death and Hell!  
The spacious world unseen is his,  
And sovereign power becomes him well.
- 2 In shame and torment once he died;  
But now he lives for evermore:  
Bow down, ye saints, around his throne,  
And all ye angel-bands, adore.
- 3 So live for ever, glorious Lord,  
To crush thy foes and guard thy friends,  
While all thy chosen tribes rejoice,  
That thy dominion never ends.
- 4 Worthy thy hand to hold the keys,  
Guided by wisdom, and by love;  
Worthy to rule o'er mortal life,  
O'er worlds below, and worlds above.
- 5 When Death thy servants shall invade,  
When powers of hell thy church annoy,  
Control'd by thee, their rage shall help  
The cause they labour'd to destroy.
- 6 For ever reign, victorious King!  
Wide through the earth thy name be known;  
And call my longing soul to sing  
Sublimer anthems near thy throne?

CCCLXXVIII. *The care of Christ over Ministers and Churches.* Revelation ii. 1.

- 1 **W**E bless the eternal source of light,  
Who makes the stars to shine;  
And, through this dark be-clouded world,  
Diffuseth rays divine.

- 2 We bless the churches, Sovereign King !  
 Whose golden lamps we are ;  
 Fix'd in the temples of his love  
 To shine with radiance fair.
- 3 Still be our purity preserved ;  
 Still fed with oil and flame ;  
 And in deep characters inscribed  
 Our heavenly Master's name.
- 4 Then, while between our ranks he walks,  
 And all our state surveys,  
 His smiles shall with new lustre deck  
 The people of his praise.

CCCLXXIX. *The Christian Warrior animated and crowned.* Revelation ii. 1.

- 1 **H**ARK ! 'tis our heavenly Leader's voice  
 From his triumphant seat :  
 Amid the war's tumultuous storm,  
 How powerful and how sweet !
- 2 " Fight on, my faithful band," he cries,  
 " Nor fear the mortal blow :  
 Who first in such a warfare dies  
 Shall speediest victory know.
- 3 " I have my days of combat known,  
 And in the dust was laid ;  
 But thence I mounted to my throne,  
 And glory crowns my head.
- 4 " That throne, that glory, you shall share ;  
 My hands the crown shall give ;  
 And you the sparkling honours wear,  
 While God himself shall live."

5 Lord, 'tis enough ; our bosoms glow  
 With courage and with love ;  
 Thy hand shall bear thy soldiers through,  
 And lift their heads above.

My soul while death besets me round,  
 Shall raise her ardent eyes,  
 And long through some illustrious wound,  
 To rush and seize the prize.

CCCLXXX. *The Pillar in God's heavenly Temple,  
 with its Inscription.* Revelation iii. 12.

1 **A**LL-HAIL, victorious Saviour, hail !  
 I bow to thy command ;  
 And own that David's royal key  
 Well fits thy sovereign hand.

2 Open the treasures of thy love,  
 And shed thy gifts abroad ;  
 Unveil to my rejoicing eyes  
 The temple of my God.

3 There as a pillar let me stand  
 On an eternal base ;  
 Up-rear'd by thine Almighty hand,  
 And polish'd by thy grace.

4 There deep engraven let me bear  
 The title of my God ;  
 And mark the new Jerusalem,  
 As my secure abode.

5 In lasting characters inscribe  
 Thy own beloved name ;  
 That endless ages there may read  
 The great Emanuel's claim.

- 6 Lead on, my general ; I defy  
 What Earth or Hell can do ;  
 Thy conduct, and this glorious hope,  
 Shall bear thy soldier through.

CCCLXXXI. *God's Covenant unchangeable ; or, The Rainbow round about the Throne.* Revelation iv. 3, compared with Genesis ix. 13—17.

- 1 SUPREME of Beings, with delight  
 Our eyes survey this heavenly sight ;  
 And trace with admiration sweet  
 The beaming splendours of thy feet.
- 2 Jasper and sapphire strive in vain  
 To paint the glories of thy train ;  
 Thy robes beam forth eternal light,  
 Too radiant for a cherub's sight.
- 3 Yet round thy throne the rainbow shines,  
 Fair emblem of thy kind designs ;  
 Bright pledge, that speaks thy covenant sure  
 Long as thy kingdom shall endure.
- 4 No more shall deluges of woe  
 Thy new-created world o'erflow ;  
 Jesus, our Sun, his beams displays,  
 And gilds the clouds with beauteous rays.
- 5 No gems so bright, no forms so fair ;  
 Mercy and Truth still triumph there :  
 Thy saints shall bless the peaceful sign,  
 When stars and suns have ceased to shine.
- 6 E'en here, while storms and gloomy shade  
 And horrors all the scene invade,  
 Faith views thy throne with piercing eye,  
 And boasts, the rainbow still is nigh.

CCCLXXXII. *Victory over Satan by the Blood of the Lamb, and the Word of the Testimony of his Servants. Revelation xii. 11.*

- 1 **S**EE the old Dragon from his throne  
Sink with enormous ruin down !  
Banish'd from heaven, and doom'd to dwell  
Deep in the fiery gloom of hell !
- 2 Ye heavens with all your hosts, rejoice ;  
Ye saints, in consort lend your voice :  
Approach your Lord's victorious seat,  
And tread the foe beneath your feet.
- 3 But whence a conquest so divine  
Gain'd by such feeble hands as mine ?  
Or whence can sinful mortals boast  
O'er Satan and his rebel-host ?
- 4 'Twas from thy blood, thou slaughter'd Lamb,  
That all our palms and triumphs came ;  
Thy cross, thy spear, inflicts the stroke,  
By which the monster's head is broke.
- 5 Thy faithful word our hope maintains  
Through all our combat and our pains ;  
The accents of thy heavenly breath  
Thy soldiers bear through wounds and death.
- 6 Triumphant Lamb, in worlds unknown,  
With transport round thy radiant throne,  
Thy happy legions, all complete,  
Shall lay their laurels at thy feet.

CCCLXXXIII. *The Song of Moses and the Lamb. Revelation xv. 3.*

- 1 **I**SRAEL, the tribute bring  
To God's victorious name ;  
The song of Moses sing,  
Of Moses and the Lamb.

- Improve his lays ;  
The theme exceeds,  
And nobler deeds  
Demand our praise.
- 2 The Prince of Hell arose  
With impious rage and pride,  
And midst our numerous foes  
Our feeble power defied ;  
“ I will o’ertake,  
And I destroy,  
My hand with joy  
Shall force thee back.”
- 3 Thy hand, Almighty Lord,  
Thy trembling Israel saves ;  
Thine unresisted word  
Divides the threatening waves .  
Thy hosts pass o’er ;  
The foe o’erthrown  
Sinks like a stone  
To rise no more.
- 4 Our triumphs we prepare,  
And cheerful anthems raise :  
Jehovah’s arm made bare  
Demands immortal praise ;  
And while we sing,  
Ye shores, proclaim  
His wondrous name,  
Ye desarts, ring !
- 5 Through all the wilderness  
Thy presence, Lord, shall lead ;  
And bring us to the place,  
Thy sovereign love decreed :  
Those blissful plains,  
Where all around,  
Hosannas sound,  
And transport reigns.



⊕ CCCLXXXIV. *The First Resurrection.*  
Revelation xx. 6.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the Spirit, "Blest are they  
Of whom it may be said,  
They share in the triumphant day  
Of the first rising dead!"
- 2 Blest are the men, whom Grace revives  
From the dead sleep of sin;  
Religion reigns o'er all their lives,  
And holy joys begin.
- 3 Blest are the men, whose sleeping dust  
By God's own power restored,  
Shall join with all the wak'ning just,  
And fly to meet their Lord!
- 4 Distinguish'd blessings wait on those  
Who with the first shall rise,  
The Champions of a Saviour's cause,  
The darlings of his eyes!
- 5 Lord, we confess ten thousand faults;  
Ten thousand just complaints  
Sink us beneath thy gracious thoughts,  
As less than all thy saints.
- 6 Yet in some rank amongst thine own  
Assign our souls a place;  
That in the kingdom of thy Son  
We may behold thy face.

CCCLXXXV. *The Conquest over Death and Grief by*  
*Views of the Heavenly State.* Rev. xxi. 4.

- 1 **L**IFT up, ye saints, your weeping eyes,  
Suspend your sorrows and your sighs;  
Turn all your groans to joyful songs,  
Which Jesus dictates to your tongues.

- 2 Thus saith the Saviour from his throne :  
 " Behold all former things are gone,  
 Past like an anxious dream away,  
 Chased by the golden beams of day !
- 3 " See, in celestial pomp array'd,  
 A new-created world display'd ;  
 Mark with what light its prospects shine !  
 How grand, how various, how divine !
- 4 " There my own gentle hand shall dry  
 Each tear from each o'erflowing eye,  
 And open wide my friendly breast  
 To lull the weary soul to rest.
- 5 " No more shall grief assail your heart,  
 No boding fear, no piercing smart ;  
 For ever there my people dwell  
 Beyond the range of Death and Hell."
- 6 Vain King of Terrors, boast no more  
 Thine ancient wide-extended power ;  
 Each saint in life with Christ his head  
 Shall reign, when thou thyself art dead.

CCCLXXXVI. *Christ, the Root and Offspring of David, and the Morning Star.* Rev. xxii. 16.

- 1 **A**LL hail, mysterious king !  
 Hail, David's ancient root !  
 Thou Holy Branch, which thence did spring  
 To give the nations fruit.
- 2 Our weary souls shall rest  
 Beneath thy grateful shade ;  
 Our thirsting lips salvation taste ;  
 Our fainting hearts grow glad.
- 3 Fair Morning-Star, arise,  
 With living glories bright,  
 And pour on these awakening eyes  
 A flood of sacred light.

- 4 The horrid gloom has fled,  
Pierced by thy beauteous ray ;  
Shine, and our wandering footsteps lead  
To everlasting day.

CCCLXXXVII. *Christ's Invitations echoed back, &c.*  
Revelation xxii. 17.

- 1 **H**OW free the fountain flows  
Of endless life and joy !  
That spring, which no confinement knows,  
Whose waters never cloy !
- 2 How sweet the accents sound  
From the Redeemer's tongue !  
" Assemble, all ye nations round,  
In one obedient throng.
- 3 " The Spirit bears the call  
To all the distant lands ;  
The Church, the Bride, reflect it back,  
While Jesus waiting stands.
- 4 " Haste every thirsty soul,  
Approach the sacred spring ;  
Drink, and your fainting spirits cheer ;  
Renew the draught, and sing.
- 5 " Let all, that will, approach ;  
The water freely take ;  
Free from my opening heart it flows  
Your raging thirst to slake."
- 6 With thankful hearts we come  
To taste the offer'd grace ;  
And call on all that hear to join  
The trial, and the praise.

CCCLXXXVIII. *The Christian rejoicing in the Views of Death and Judgment.* Rev. xxii. 20.

1 " **B**EHOLD I come," the Saviour cries,  
" On wings of love I fly."  
" So come, dear Lord," my soul replies,  
" And bring salvation nigh."

2 Come, loose these bonds of flesh and sin :  
Come, end my pains and cares ;  
Bear me to thy serene abode  
Beyond the clouds and stars.

3 I greet the messengers of Death,  
By which thou call'st me home ;  
But doubly greet that joyful hour,  
When thou thyself shalt come.

4 Come, plead thy Father's injured cause,  
And make thy glory shine ;  
Come, rouse thy servants' mouldering dust,  
And their whole frame refine.

5 O! come amidst the angelic hosts  
Their humble name to own ;  
And bear the full assembly back  
To dwell around thy throne.

6 With winged speed, Redeemer dear,  
Bring on the illustrious day :  
Come, lest our spirits droop and faint  
Beneath thy long delay.

**HYMNS**  
**ON PARTICULAR OCCASIONS**  
**AND**  
**IN UNUSUAL MEASURES.**

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CCCLXXXIX. *A Morning Hymn, to be used when awaking and arising from Sleep.*

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul, to meet the day ;  
Unfold thy drowsy eyes,  
And burst the ponderous chain that loads  
Thine active faculties.
- 2 God's guardian-shield was round me spread  
In my defenceless sleep:  
Let him have all my waking hours,  
Who doth my slumbers keep.
- 3 (The work of each immortal soul  
Attentive care demands ;  
Think then what painful labours wait  
The faithful pastor's hands.)
- 4 My moments fly with winged pace,  
And swift my hours are hurl'd ;  
And Death with rapid march comes on  
To unveil the eternal world.
- 5 I for this hour must give account  
Before God's awful throne :  
Then let it not neglected pass,  
As thousands oft have done.

- 6 Pardon, O God ! my former sloth,  
 And arm my soul with grace ;  
 As, rising now, I seal my vows  
 To prosecute thy ways.
- 7 Bright Sun of Righteousness, arise ;  
 Thy radiant beams display,  
 And guide my dark bewilder'd soul  
 To everlasting day.

CCCXC. *An Evening Hymn, to be used when composing one's self to Sleep.*

- 1 **I** NTERVAL of grateful shade,  
 Welcome to my weary head ;  
 Welcome slumbers to mine eyes,  
 Tired with glaring vanities !  
 My great Master still allows  
 Needful periods of repose.  
 By my heavenly Father blest,  
 Thus I give my powers to rest :—  
 Heavenly Father ! gracious name !  
 Night and day, his love the same :  
 Far be each suspicious thought,  
 Every anxious care forgot :—  
 Thou, my ever-bounteous God,  
 Crown'st my days with various good :  
 Thy kind eye, that cannot sleep,  
 These defenceless hours shall keep :  
 Blest vicissitude to me !  
 Day and night, I'm still with thee.
- 2 What though downy slumbers flee,  
 Strangers to my couch and me ?  
 Sleepless well I know to rest,  
 Lodged within my Father's breast.  
 While the empress of the night  
 Scatters mild her silver light ;

While the vivid planets stray  
 Various through their mystic way ;  
 While the stars unnumber'd roll  
 Round the ever-constant pole :—  
 Far above these spangled skies  
 All my soul to God shall rise ;  
 Midst the silence of the night  
 Mingling with those angels bright,  
 Whose harmonious voices raise  
 Ceaseless love and ceaseless praise :—  
 Through the throng his gentle ear  
 Shall my tuneless accents hear :  
 From on high doth He impart  
 Secret comfort to my heart.  
 He in these serenest hours  
 Guides my intellectual powers,  
 And his Spirit doth diffuse,  
 Sweeter far than midnight dews ;  
 Lifting all my thoughts above  
 On the wings of Faith and Love.  
 Blest alternative to me,  
 Thus to sleep, or wake, with Thee !

- 3 What if Death my sleep invade !  
 Should I be of Death afraid ?  
 Whilst encircled by thine arm,  
 Death may strike, but cannot harm.  
 What if beams of opening day  
 Shine around my breathless clay !  
 Brighter visions from on high  
 Shall regale my mental eye.  
 Tender friends awhile may mourn  
 Me from their embraces torn ;  
 Dearer better friends I have  
 In the realms beyond the grave.  
 See the guardian-angels nigh  
 Wait to waft my soul on high !

See the golden gates display'd !  
 See the crown to grace my head !  
 See a flood of sacred light,  
 Which no more shall yield to night !—  
 Transitory world, farewell !  
 Jesus calls with him to dwell.  
 With thy heavenly presence blest,  
 Death is life, and labour rest.  
 Welcome sleep, or death to me,  
 Still secure, for still with Thee.

CCXCI. *On a Recovery from Sickness, during which much of the divine Favour had been experienced.*

- 1 **M**Y God, thy service well demands  
 The remnant of my days ;  
 Why was this fleeting breath renew'd,  
 But to renew thy praise ?
- 2 Thine arms of everlasting love  
 Did this weak frame sustain,  
 When life was hovering o'er the grave,  
 And nature sunk with pain.
- 3 Thou, when the pains of death were felt,  
 Didst chase the fears of hell ;  
 And teach my pale and quivering lips  
 Thy matchless grace to tell.
- 4 Calmly I bow'd my fainting head  
 On thy dear faithful breast ;  
 Pleased to obey my Father's call  
 To his eternal rest.
- 5 Into thy hands, my Saviour-God,  
 Did I my soul resign,  
 In firm dependence on that truth,  
 Which made salvation mine.



6 Back from the borders of the grave  
 At thy command I come.  
 Nor would I urge a speedier flight  
 To my celestial home.

7 Where thou determin'st mine abode,  
 There would I choose to be ;  
 For in thy presence death is life,  
 And earth is heaven with thee !

CCCXCII. *The last Words of David.* 2 Samuel  
 xxiii. 1—8.\*

1 **T**HUS then the son of Jesse said,  
 When Israel's God had raised his head  
 To high imperial sway :  
 Struck with his last poetic fire,  
 Zion's sweet Psalmist tuned his lyre  
 To this harmonious lay.

2 " Thus dictates Israel's sacred rock :  
 Thus hath the God of Jacob spoke  
 By my responsive tongue :  
 Behold the Just One over men  
 Commencing his religious reign,  
 Great subject of my song !

3 " So gently shines with genial ray  
 The cloudless lamp of rising day,  
 And cheers the tender flowers,  
 When midnight's soft diffusive rain  
 Hath bless'd the gardens and the plain  
 With kind refreshing showers.

4 " Shall not my house this honour boast ?  
 My soul the eternal covenant trust,  
 Well-order'd still and sure ?  
 There all my hopes and wishes meet :  
 In death I'll call its blessings sweet,  
 And feel its bond secure.

Written in accordance to the ingenious metrical version  
 learned Dr. Richard Grey.

“ The sons of Belial shall not spring,  
 Who spurn at heaven’s anointed King,  
 And scorn his high command :  
 Though wide the briars infest the ground,  
 And the sharp-pointed thorns around  
 Defy a tender hand ;

“ A dreadful warrior shall appear  
 With iron arms, and massy spear,  
 And tear them from their place :  
 Touch’d with the lightning of his ire,  
 At once they kindle into fire,  
 And vanish in the blaze.”

CCCXCIII. *A Military Ode.* Psalm cxlix.

*This Psalm was probably composed by David to be sung when his army was marching out to war against the Remnant of the devoted Nations of Canaan, and as they first went up in solemn procession to the House of God at Jerusalem, to consecrate the Arms which he put into their Hands.*

**P**RAISE ye the Lord, prepare a new song,  
 And let all his saints in full concert join :  
 Ye tribes all assemble the chant to prolong,  
 In solemn procession with music divine.

O Israel, in him that made thee rejoice ;  
 Let all Zion’s sons exult in their King ;  
 While to martial dances you join a glad voice,  
 Your lutes, harps and timbrels in harmony bring.

The Lord in his saints still finds his delight ;  
 Salvation from him the meek shall adorn ;  
 They well may be joyful, sustain’d by his might,  
 And crown’d by his favour may lift up their horn.

Let carpets be spread, and banquets prepared  
 Those altars around, whence incense ascends ;  
 Whilst anthems of glory through Salem are heard,  
 And God, whom we worship, indulgent attends.

- 5 Then as your hearts bound with music and wine,  
 Inspired by the God who reigns in the place :  
 Unsheath all your weapons, and bright let them  
     shine,  
 And brandish your falchions, while chanting his  
     praise.
- 6 Then march to the field ; the heathen defy ;  
 And scatter his wrath on the nations around :  
 Like angels of vengeance your swords lift on high,  
 And boast that Jehovah commissions the wound.
- 7 Their chieftains subdued your triumphs shall grace,  
 And loaded with chains their kings shall be  
     brought ;  
 On the necks shall ye trample of Canaan's proud  
     race,  
 And all their last remnant for slaughter be sought.
- 8 No rage of your own such rigour demands ;  
 A sentence divine your arms must fulfil :  
 Of old He this vengeance consign'd to your hands.  
 And in sacred volumes recorded his will.
- 9 This honour, ye saints, appointed for you,  
 All-grateful receive, and faithful obey ;  
 And, while his dread pleasure resistless ye do,  
 Still make his high praises the song of the day.

CCCXCIV. *For the Thanksgiving-Day for the Peace.*  
 April 25, 1749.

- 1 **N**OW let our songs address the God of peace.  
 Who bids the tumult of the battle cease :  
 The pointed spears to pruning hooks he bends,  
 And the broad falchion in the plough-share ends.  
 His powerful word unites contending nations  
 In kind embrace, and friendly salutations.

Britain, adore the guardian of thy state ;  
Who, high on his celestial throne elate,  
Still watchful o'er thy safety and repose,  
Frown'd on the counsels of thy haughtiest foes ;  
Thy coast secured from every dire invasion  
Of fire and sword and spreading desolation.

When rebel-bands with desperate madness join'd,  
He wafted o'er deliverance with his wind ;  
Drove back the tide, that deluged half our land,  
And curb'd their fury with his mightier hand :  
Till dreadful slaughter, and the last confusion  
Taught those audacious sinners their delusion.

He gave our fleets to triumph o'er the main,  
And scatter terrors 'cross wide ocean's plain :  
Opposing leaders trembled at the sight,  
Nor found their safety in the attempted flight ;  
Taught by their bonds, how vainly they pretended  
Those to distress, whom Israel's God defended.

Fierce storms were summon'd up in Britain's aid,  
And meagre famine hostile lands o'erspread ;  
By sufferings bow'd their conquests they release,  
Nor scorn the overtures of equal peace :  
Contending powers congratulate the blessing,  
Joint hymns of gratitude to heaven addressing.

While we beneath our vines and fig-trees sit,  
Or thus within thy sacred temple meet,  
Accept, great God, the tribute of our song,  
And all the mercies of this day prolong.  
Then spread thy peaceful word through every nation,  
That all the earth may hail thy great salvation.

CCCXCV. *A Hymn for a Fast-Day in Time of War.*  
Deuteronomy xxiii. 9.

- 1 **G**REAT God of heaven and nature, rise,  
And hear our loud united cries:  
See Britain bow before thy face  
Through all her coasts, to seek thy grace.
- 2 No arm of flesh we make our trust;  
Nor sword, nor horse, nor ships we boast:  
Thine is the land, and thine the main,  
And human force and skill are vain.
- 3 Our guilt might draw thy vengeance down  
On every shore, on every town;  
But view us, Lord, with pitying eye,  
And lay thy ready thunder by.
- 4 Forgive the follies of our times,  
And purge our land from all its crimes;  
Reform'd and deck'd with grace divine,  
Let princes, priests, and people shine.
- 5 O! may no God-provoking sin  
Through all our camps and navies reign;  
No foul reproach, to drive from thence  
Our surest glory and defence.
- 6 So shall our God delight to bless,  
And crown our arms with wide success:  
Our foes shall dread Jehovah's sword,  
And conquering Britain shout the Lord.

CCCXCVI. *A Church seeking Direction from God in  
the Choice of a Pastor.* Ezra viii. 21.

- 1 **S**HEPHERD of Israel, bend thine ear,  
Thy servants' groans indulgent hear!  
Perplex'd, distress'd, to thee we cry,  
And seek the guidance of thine eye.

- 2 Thy comprehensive view surveys  
Our wandering paths, our trackless ways ;  
Send forth, O Lord, thy truth and light,  
To guide our doubtful footsteps right.
- 3 With longing eyes, behold, we wait  
In suppliant crowds at Mercy's gate :  
Our drooping hearts, O God, sustain !  
Shall Israel seek thy face in vain ?
- 4 O Lord, in ways of peace return,  
Nor let thy flock neglected mourn ;  
May our blest eyes a shepherd see,  
Dear to our souls and dear to thee !
- 5 Fed by his care, our tongues shall raise  
A cheerful tribute to thy praise ;  
Our children learn the grateful song,  
And theirs the cheerful notes prolong.

CCCXCVII. *Thanksgiving for National Deliverance,  
and Improvement of it.* Luke i. 74, 75.

- 1 **S**ALVATION doth to God belong,  
His power and grace shall be our song :  
His hand hath dealt a secret blow,  
And terror shakes the haughty foe.
- 2 The Lord's avenging sword is nigh ;  
In uproar wild their legions fly :  
And stores, so late their boast and joy,  
Their own despairing hands destroy.
- 3 Praise to the Lord, who bows his ear,  
Propitious to his people's prayer ;  
Who tho' deliverance he delay,  
Yet answers in his chosen day.
- 4 Oh may thy grace our land engage,  
Rescued from fierce barbarian rage,  
The tribute of its love to bring  
To thee, our Saviour and our King !

- 5 Our temples guarded from the flame,  
Shall echo thy triumphant name ;  
And every peaceful private home  
To thee a temple shall become.
- 6 Still be it our supreme delight,  
To walk as in thine honour'd sight ;  
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