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Isabella Hamilton

from a friend
December 14th

1819

Isabella

==

03440. 10.36.

A *selection*
COLLECTION.

OF

PSALMS AND HYMNS,

EXTRACTED FROM

VARIOUS AUTHORS.

BY THOMAS KELLY, A.B.

D U B L I N :

1802.

ABBREVIATIONS OF THE MEASURES.

C. M. Common Measure.

C. M. d. Ditto doubled.

S. M. Short Measure.

S. M. d. Ditto doubled.

L. M. Long Measure.

L. M. d. Ditto doubled.

6 L. 8s. Six lines eights.

7s. Four lines sevens.

8 L. 7s. Eight lines all sevens.

6 L. 7s. Six lines all sevens.

10s. Four lines all tens.

11s. Four lines all elevens.

Peculiar Measures are not marked.

CORRECT THESE MISTAKES.

Hymn XIX. line 23, for "Love," "Laud."

—— XLV. line 14, for "affuage" "t'affuage."

—— LVII. line 16, for "then," "thou."

—— CVII. line 17, for "complete," "completes."

—— CXCIX. line 1, for "THE," "THESE."

MEASURES OF THE HYMNS.

Hymn XLVI. for "M. C." "C. M."

—— CXII. for "L. M." "C. M."



H Y M N S.

H Y M N 1. 76.

- 1 **G** LORY be to God on high,
God whose glory fills the sky;
Peace on earth to man is given,
Man, the well-belov'd of heaven.
- 2 Sovereign Father, heav'nly King,
Thee we now presume to sing;
Glad thine attributes confess,
Glorious all and numberless.
- 3 Hail! by all thy works ador'd
Hail! thou everlasting Lord;
Thee with thankful hearts we prove,
Lord of power, and God of love.
- 4 Christ our Lord and God we own;
Christ, the Father's only Son;
Lamb of God for sinners slain,
Saviour of rebellious man!

B

H Y M

H Y M N II. 8 L. 79.

HAPPY soul, that free from harms,
 Rests within his Shepherd's arms!
 Who his quiet shall molest?
 Who shall violate his rest?
 Jesus doth his spirit bear,
 Jesus takes his every care;
 He who found the wand'ring sheep,
 Jesus still delights to keep.

2 Oh that I might so believe,
 Steadfastly to Jesus cleave;
 On his only love rely,
 Smile at the destroyer nigh!
 Free from sin and servile fear,
 Have my Jesus ever near;
 All his safe rejoice to prove:
 All his paradise of love!

3 Jesu, seek thy wand'ring sheep:
 Bring me back, and lead, and keep;
 Take on thee my ev'ry care;
 Bear me, on thy bosom bear:
 Let me know my Shepherd's voice,
 More and more in thee rejoice,
 More and more of thee receive,
 Ever in thy spirit live;

4 Live, till all thy life I know,
 Perfect through my Lord below:
 Gladly then from earth remove,
 Gather'd to the fold above;

O that

O that I at last may stand
 With the sheep at thy right-hand ;
 Take the crown so freely given ;
 Enter in by thee to heaven !

H Y M N III. C. M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the Saviour of mankind
 Nail'd to the shameful tree ;
 How vast the love that him inclin'd
 To bleed and die for thee !
- 2 Hark, how he groans ! while nature shakes,
 And earth's strong pillars bend !
 The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
 The solid marbles rend.
- 3 'Tis donè ! the precious ransom's paid :
 " Receive my soul," he cries ;
 See where he bows his sacred head !
 He bows his head and dies.
- 4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
 And in full glory shine :
 O Lamb of God ! was ever pain,
 Was ever love like thine !

H Y M N IV. L. M.

- 1 **I** Thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God,
 To wash me in thy cleansing blood ;
 To dwell within thy wounds : then pain
 Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

- 2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
For ever clos'd in all but thee!
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love for ever there.
- 3 How blest are they, who still abide
Close shelter'd in thy bleeding side!
Who life and strength from thence derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live!
- 4 What are our works but sin and death,
Till thou thy quick'ning spirit breathe?
Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move,
O wondrous grace! O boundless love!
- 5 How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou should'st us to glory bring?
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Deck'd with a never-fading crown?
- 6 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost: nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside,
"My Lord, My Love is crucified."
- 7 Ah, Lord! enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders thou hast wrought!
Unloose our stammering tongues to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable!
- 8 First-born of many brethren thou!
To thee, lo! all our souls we bow,
To thee our hearts and hands we give,
Thine may we die, thine may we live.

H Y M N

HYMN V. S. M. d.

- 1 **A**ND am I born to die?
 To lay this body down?
 And must my trembling spirit fly
 Into a world unknown?
 A land of deepest shade,
 Unpierc'd by human thought!
 The dreary regions of the dead,
 Where all things are forgot.
- 2 Soon as from earth I go,
 What will become of me?
 Eternal happiness or woe
 Must then my portion be!
 Wak'd by the trumpet's sound,
 I from my grave shall rise,
 And see the Judge with glory crown'd,
 And see the flaming skies!
- 3 **H**ow shall I leave my tomb?
 With triumph or regret?
 A fearful or a joyful doom?
 A curse or blessing meet?
 Will angel-bands convey
 Their rother to the bar?
 Or devils drag my soul away
 To meet its sentence there?
- 4 **W**ho can resolve the doubt,
 That tears my anxious breast?
 Shall I be with the damn'd cast out;
 Or number'd with the blest?

I must

I must from God be driven,
Or with my Saviour dwell,
Must come at his command to heaven,
Or else depart to hell.

5 O thou, that wouldst not have
One wretched sinner die,
Who diedst thyself my soul to save
From endless misery!
Shew me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe,
That when thou comest on the throne,
I may with joy appear!

6 Thou art thyself the way,
Thyself in me reveal;
So shall I spend my life's short day
Obedient to thy will;
So shall I love my God;
Because he first lov'd me,
And praise thee in thy bright abode,
To all eternity.

H Y M N VI. S. M. d.

1 **T**HOU Judge of quick and dead.
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy, or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear;
Our caution'd souls prepare,
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray.

- 2 To pray and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,
When rob'd in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come down ;
Th' immortal Son of Man,
To judge the human race,
With all thy Father's dazzling train,
With all thy glorious grace.
- 3 To damp our earthly joys,
T' increase our gracious fears,
For ever let th' Archangel's voice
Be sounding in our ears :
The solemn midnight cry,
" Ye dead, the Judge is come,
" Arise, and meet him in the sky,
" And meet your instant doom !"
- 4 O may we thus be found
Obedient to his word,
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord !
O may we thus ensure
A lot among the blest,
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest !

H Y M N VII. L. M.

- 1 **H**E comes ! he comes ! the Judge severe !
The seventh trumpet speaks him near ;
His lightnings flash, his thunders roll ;
How welcome to the faithful soul !

11

B 4

2 Fr

- 2 From heaven angelic voices sound,
See the almighty Jesus crown'd!
Girt with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the Saviour's face!
- 3 Descending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own;
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord!
- 4 Shout all the people of the sky,
And all the saints of the Most High:
Our Lord, who now his right obtains,
For ever and for ever reigns.

H Y M N VIII. 6 L. 8s.

- 1 **L** EADER of faithful souls and Guide
Of all that travel to the sky,
Come, and with us, e'en us abide,
Who would on thee alone rely;
On thee alone our spirits stay,
While held in life's uneven way.
- 2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth we know is not our place;
And hasten through the vale of woe,
And restless to behold thy face,
Swift to our heav'nly country move,
Our everlasting home above.
- 3 We've no abiding city here,
But seek a city out of sight:

Thither

Thither our steady course we steer,
 Aspiring to the plains of light;
 Jerusalem, the saint's abode,
 Whose founder is the living God.

- 4 Patient th' appointed race to run,
 This weary world we cast behind;
 From strength to strength we travel on,
 The new Jerusalem to find;
 Our labour this, our only aim,
 To find the new Jerusalem.
- 5 Through thee, who all our sins hast borne,
 Freely and graciously forgiven,
 With songs to Zion we return,
 Contending for our native heaven;
 That palace of our glorious king:
 We find it nearer while we sing.
- 6 Rais'd by the breath of love divine,
 We urge our way with strength renew'd,
 The church of the first-born to join,
 We travel to the mount of God;
 With joy upon our heads arise,
 And meet our Captain in the skies.

H Y M N IX. 6 L. 8s.

- 1 **F**ATHER of lights, from whom proceeds
 What'er thy every creature needs,
 Whose goodness providently nigh,
 Feeds the young ravens when they cry;
 To thee I look, my heart prepare:
 Suggest and hearken to my pray'r.

2 Since

- 2 Since by thy light myself I see
Naked and poor, and void of thee ;
Thine eyes must all my thoughts survey,
Preventing what my lips would say ;
Thou seest my wants, for help they call,
And ere I speak, thou know'st them all,
- 3 Thou know'st the baseness of my mind,
Wayward, and impotent and blind ;
Thou know'st how unsubstid my will,
Averse to good and prone to ill :
Thou know'st how wide my passions rove,
Nor check'd by fear, nor charm'd by love.
- 4 Fain would I know as known by thee,
And feel the indigence I see ;
Fain would I all my vileness own,
And deep beneath the burden groan ;
Abhor the pride that lurks within,
Detest and loath myself and sin.
- 5 Ah give me, Lord, myself to feel !
My total misery reveal ;
Ah, give me, Lord (I still would say)
A heart to mourn, a heart to pray :
My business this, my only care,
My life, my ev'ry breath be pray'r !

H Y M N X. S. M. d.

- 1 **O** That I could repent !
O that I could believe !
Thou, by thy voice, the marble rent,
The rock in sunder cleave !

Thou

- Thou, by thy two-edg'd sword,
 My soul and spirit part ;
 Strike with the hammer of thy word,
 And break my stubborn heart !
- 2 Saviour, and Prince of Peace,
 The double grace bestow ;
 Unloose the bands of wickedness,
 And let the captive go ;
 Grant me my sins to feel,
 And then the load remove ;
 Wound, and pour in, my wounds to heal,
 The balm of pardoning love.
- 3 For thy own mercy's sake
 The cursed thing remove ;
 And into thy protection take
 The prisoner of thy love ;
 In every trying hour
 Stand by my feeble soul ;
 O ikreen me from my nature's power,
 And make thy servant whole.
- 4 This is thy will, I know,
 That I should holy be ;
 Should let my sins this moment go,
 This moment turn to thee :
 O might I now embrace
 The all-sufficient power ;
 And never more to sin give place,
 And never grieve thee more !

HYMN

H Y M N XI. C. M.

- 1 **J**ESU, if still thou art to-day
As yesterday the same,
Present to heal, in me display
The virtue of thy name!
- 2 If still thou go'st about to do
Thy needy creatures good,
On me, that I thy praise may shew,
Be all thy wonders shew'd,
- 3 **N**ow, Lord, to whom for help I call,
Thy miracles repeat ;
With pitying eyes behold me fall
A leper at thy feet.
- 4 Loathsome, and foul, and self-abhorr'd
I sink beneath my sin ;
But if thou wilt, a gracious word
Of thine can make me clean,
- 5 Thou see'st me deaf to thy command,
Open, O Lord, my ear :
Bid me stretch out my wither'd hand,
And lift it up in prayer.
- 6 Silent, (alas ! thou know'st how long)
My voice I cannot raise ;
But O ! when thou shalt loose my tongue,
The dumb shall sing thy praise.
- 7 Lame at the pool I still am found ;
Give, and my strength employ ;
Light as a hart I then shall bound,
The lame shall leap for joy.

8 Blind

- 8 Blind from my birth to guilt and thee,
 And dark I am within :
 The love of God I cannot see,
 The sinfulness of sin.
- 9 But thou they say, art passing by ;
 O let me find thee near :
 Jesus in mercy hear my cry,
 Thou Son of David hear !
- 10 Long have I waited in the way
 For thee, the heav'nly Light :
 Command me to be brought, and say,
 Sinner, receive thy fight !

H Y M N XII. 6 L. 8s.

- 1 COME, O thou traveller unknown,
 Whom still I hold, but cannot see !
 My company before is gone,
 And I am left alone with thee :
 With thee all night I mean to stay,
 And wrestle till the break of day.
- 2 I need not tell thee who I am,
 My misery and sin declare :
 Thyself hast call'd me by my name ;
 Look on thy hands and read it there ?
 But who, I ask thee, who art thou ?
 Tell me thy name, and tell me now.
- 3 In vain thou strugglest to get free,
 I never will unloose my hold :
 Art thou the Man that died for me ?
 The secret of thy love unfold :

Wrestling

- Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.
- 4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell;
To know it now resolv'd I am:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.
- 5 What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long?
I rise superior to my pain:
When I am weak, then I am strong:
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-man prevail.
- 6 Yield to me now, for I am weak;
But confident in self-despair!
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak;
Be conquer'd by my instant prayer,
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if thy name be Love.
- 7 'Tis Love, 'tis Love! thou didst for me;
I hear thy whisper in my heart;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
Pure, Universal Love thou art:
To me, to all thy bowels move,
Thy nature, and thy name is Love.
- 8 My pray'r hath power with God; the grace
Unspeakable I now receive:
Through faith I see thee face to face;
I see thee face to face and live;

- In vain I have not wept and strove ;
 Thy nature, and thy name is Love,
- 9 I know thee, Saviour, who thou art,
 Jesus, the feeble sinner's friend ;
 Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
 But stay, and love me to the end ;
 Thy mercies never shall remove,
 Thy nature, and thy name is Love.
- 20 The Sun of Righteousness on me
 Hath ris'n with healing in his wings ;
 Wither'd my nature's strength ; from thee
 My soul its life and succour brings ;
 My help is all laid up above ;
 Thy nature, and thy name is Love.
- 11 Contented now upon my thigh
 I halt, till life's short journey end ;
 All helplessness, all weakness, I
 On thee alone for strength depend ;
 Nor have I power from thee to move ;
 Thy nature, and thy name is Love.
- 12 Lame as I am, I take the prey ;
 Hell, earth, and sin with ease o'creome ;
 I leap for joy, pursue my way,
 And as a bounding hart fly home,
 Through all eternity to prove
 Thy nature, and thy name is Love.

H Y M N XIII. 8 L. 7s.

- 1 **D**ROOPING soul, shake off thy fears,
 Fearful soul, be strong, be bold ;

Tarry

- Tarry till the Lord appears,
 Never, never quit thy hold :
 Murrur not at his delay,
 Dare not set thy God a time,
 Calmly for his coming stay,
 Leave it, leave it all to him.
- 2 Fainting soul, be bold, be strong ;
 Wait the leisure of thy Lord ;
 Though it seem to tarry long,
 True and faithful is his word ;
 On his word my soul I cast,
 (He cannot himself deny,)
 Surely it shall speak at last ;
 It shall speak, and shall not lie,
- 3 Every one that seeks shall find ;
 Every one that asks shall have ;
 Christ's the Saviour of mankind,
 Willing, all who come to save,
 I shall his salvation see,
 I in faith on Jesus call,
 I from sin shall be set free,
 Finally set free from all.
- 4 Lord, my time is in thine hand,
 Weak and helpless as I am,
 Surely thou canst make me stand ;
 I believe in Jesu's name :
 Saviour in temptation thou,
 Thou hast sav'd me heretofore ;
 Thou from sin dost save me now,
 Thou shalt save me evermore.

H Y M N

H Y M N XIV. S. M. d.

- 1 **A**H! whither should I go,
 Burden'd, and sick, and faint?
 To whom should I my trouble shew,
 And pour out my complaint?
 My Saviour bids me come,
 Ah! why do I delay?
 He calls the weary sinner home
 And yet from him I stay.
- 2 **W**hat is it keeps me back,
 From which I cannot part?
 Which will not let my Saviour take
 Possession of my heart?
 Some cursed thing unknown
 Must surely lurk within:
 Some idol, which I will not own,
 Some secret bosom-sin.
- 3 **J**esu, the hindrance show,
 Which I have fear'd to see:
 And let me now consent to know,
 What keeps me out of thee.
 Searcher of Hearts, in mine
 Thy trying power display:
 Into its darkest corners shine,
 And take the veil away.
- 4 **I** now believe, in thee
 Compassion reigns alone:

According

According to my faith, to me y' ill

O let it, Lord, be done!

In me is all the bar,

Which thou wouldst fair remove;

Remove it, and I shall declare,

That God is only love.

H Y M N XV, L. M.

- 1 **S**TAY, thou insat'd Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite:
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.
- 2 Though I have steel'd my stubborn heart,
And still shook off my guilty fears;
And vex'd, and urg'd thee to depart,
For forty long rebellious years:
- 3 Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all whoe'er thy grace receiv'd;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen;
Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd:
- 4 Yet O! the chief of sinners spare,
In honour of my great High-Priest!
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
T'exclude me from thy people's rest.
- 5 This only woe I deprecate,
This only plague I pray remove:
Nor leave me in my lost estate:
Nor curse me with this want of love.

- 6 From now my weary foul release;
 Up-raise me with thy gracious hand;
 And guide into thy perfect peace,
 And bring me to the promis'd land,

H Y M N. XVI. 6 L. 8s.

- 1 **W**EARY of wand'ring from my God,
 And now made willing to return,
 I hear, and bow me to the rod;
 For thee, not without hope, I mourn;
 I have an advocate above,
 A friend before the throne of love.

- 2 O Jesus full of truth and grace!
 More full of grace than I of sin,
 Yet once again I seek thy face;
 Open thine arms and take me in,
 And freely my backslidings heal,
 And love the faithless sinner still.

- 3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
 My fallen spirit to restore;
 O! for thy truth and mercy's sake!
 Forgive, and bid me sin no more;
 The ruins of my soul repair,
 And make my heart a house of pray'r.

- 4 The stone to flesh again convert!
 The veil of sin again remove!
 Drop thy warm blood upon my heart,
 And melt it by thy dying love!

- This rebel heart by love subdued,
 And make it soft, and make it new!
- 5 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears,
 And kindle my relentings now;
 Fill all my soul with filial fears;
 To thy sweet yoke my spirit bow!
- Bend by thy grace, O bend or break
 The iron sinew in my neck!
- 6 Ah, give me, Lord, the tender heart,
 That trembles at an approach of sin!
 A godly fear of sin impart;
 Implant, and root it deep within
 That I may dread thy gracious pow'r,
 And never dare offend thee more!

H Y M N X V I I

- 1 **T**HOU God of glorious majesty,
 To thee against myself, to thee
 A worm of earth I cry, a worm of dust,
 A half-awaken'd child of man,
 An heir of endless bliss or pain,
 A sinner born to die!
- 2 Lo on a narrow neck of land,
 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
 Secure, insensible;
 A point of time, a moment's space,
 Removes me to the heavenly place,
 Or shuts me up on hell!

- 3 O God! mine inmost soul convert;
 And deeply on my thoughtful heart
 Eternal things impress;
 Give me to feel their solemn weight,
 And tremble on the brink of fate,
 And wake to righteousness.
- 4 Before me place in dread array
 The pomp of that tremendous day,
 When thou with clouds shalt come,
 To judge the nations at thy bar;
 And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
 To meet a joyful doom?
- 5 Be this my one great business here,
 With serious industry and fear,
 Eternal bliss to ensure;
 Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
 And suffer all thy righteous will,
 And to the end endure.
- 6 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
 Transposed from this vale, to live
 And reign with thee above;
 Where faith is sweetly lost in light,
 And hope in full, supreme delight,
 And everlasting love.

B. M. D. XIX M M Y H

H Y M N XVIII C M

SEE from the dungeon of the dead
 Our great Deliverer rise

While

- While conquest wreath his heav'nly head,
And glory glads his eyes.
- 2 The struggling hero, strong to save,
Did all our miseries bear
Down to the chambers of the grave,
And left the burden there.
- 3 See, how the well-pleas'd angel rolls
The stone, and opens the prison;
Lift up your heads, ye sin-sick souls,
And sing, *The Lord is ris'n.*
- 4 No more indictments justice draws;
It sets the soul at large.
Our Surety undertook the cause,
And faith's a full discharge.
- 5 To save us, our Redeemer died,
To justify us, *ris'n* he is;
Where's the condemning pow'r beside
Has right to interpose?
- 6 The Lord is ris'n, thou trembling soul;
Let fears no more confound,
Let heav'n and earth from pole to pole
The Lord is ris'n a rebound.

H Y M N XIX. C. M. d.

- 1 **W**E sing thy praise, exalted Lamb,
Who sitt'st upon the throne,
Ten thousand blessings on thy name,
Who worthy art alone.

Thy

Thy bruised, broken body bore
 Our sins upon the tree ;
 And now thou liv'st for evermore :
 And now we live thro' thee.

- 2 Poor sinners, sing the Lamb that died ;
 (What theme can sound so sweet ?)
 His drooping head, his streaming side,
 His pierced hands and feet,
 With all that scene of suff'ring love
 Which faith presents to view :
 For now he lives and reigns above,
 And lives and reigns for you.
- 3 Was ever grace, Lord, rich as thine,
 Can ought be with it nam'd ?
 What pow'ful beams of love divine
 Thy tender heart inflam'd !
 Ye angels, hymn his glorious name,
 Who lov'd and conquer'd thus ;
 And we will likewise love the Lamb,
 For he was slain for us.

H Y M N XX. S. M.

- 1 **T**HE spirits of the just,
 Confin'd in bodies, groan ;
 Till death consigns the corpse to dust ;
 And then the conflict's done.
- 2 Jesus, who came to save,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Perfum'd the chambers of the grave ;
 And made ev'n death our gain.

- 3 Why fear we then to trust
 The place where Jesus lay?
 In quiet rests our *Brother's* dust,
 And thus it seems to say:
- 4 " Forbear, my friends, to weep,
 Since death has lost its sting.
 Those christians, that in Jesus sleep,
 Our God will with him bring."
- 5 This message then receive,
 And grief indulge no more:
 Return to work awhile; believe;
 And wait the welcome hour.

H Y M N XXI.

- 1 **R**EJOICE for a brother deceas'd,
 Our loss is his infinite gain,
 A soul out of prison releas'd,
 And freed from its bodily chain:
 With songs let us follow his flight,
 And mount with his spirit above,
 Escap'd to the mansions of light,
 And lodg'd in the Eden of love.
- 2 Our brother the haven hath gain'd,
 Out-slying the tempest and wind;
 His rest he hath sooner obtain'd,
 And left his companions behind,
 Still toss'd on a sea of distress,
 Hard toiling to make the blest shore,
 Where all is assurance and peace,
 And sorrow and sin are no more.
- 3 There

- 3 There all the ship's company meet,
 Who sail'd with their Saviour beneath,
 With shouting each other they greet,
 And triumph o'er trouble and death.
 The voyage of life's at an end,
 The mortal affliction is past;
 The age that in heaven they spend
 For ever and ever shall last.

H Y M N XXII.

A Dialogue between a Believer and his Soul.

- 1 *Bel.* COME, my soul, and let us try,
 For a little season,
 Ev'ry burden to lay by:
 Come, and let us reason.
 What is this that casts thee down?
 Who are those that grieve thee?
 Speak, and let the worst be known;
 Speaking may relieve thee.
- 2 *Soul.* Oh! I sink beneath the load
 Of my nature's evil,
 Full of enmity to God,
 Captiv'd by the Devil:
 Restless as the troubled seas;
 Feeble, faint, and fearful;
 Plagu'd with ev'ry sore disease;
 How can I be cheerful?
- 3 *Bel.* Think on what thy Saviour bore
 In the gloomy garden,

- Sweating blood at ev'ry pore,
 To procure thy pardon.
 See him stretch'd upon the wood,
 Bleeding, grieving, crying;
 Suff'ring all the wrath of God:
 Groaning, gasping, dying!
- 4 *Soul.* *This by faith I sometimes view;*
And those views relieve me:
But my sins return anew;
These are they that grieve me.
Oh! I'm leprous, loathsome, foul,
Quite throughout infected;
Have not I, if any soul,
Cause to be dejected?
- 5 *Bel.* Think how loud the dying Lord
 Cry'd out, "It is finish'd,"
 Treasure up that sacred word
 Whole and undiminish'd.
 Doubt not: he will carry on,
 To its full perfection,
 That good work he has begun:
 Why then this dejection?
6. *Soul.* *Faith, when void of works, is dead,*
This the Scriptures witness.
And what works have I to plead
Who am all unfitness?
All my powers are depriv'd,
Blind, perverse and filthy:
If from death I'm fully sav'd,
Why am I not healthy?

7 *Bel.*

7 *Bel.* Pore not on thyself too long,
 Lest it sink thee lower ;
 Look to Jesus, kind and strong,
 Mercy join'd with power.
 Ev'ry work, that thou must do,
 Will thy gracious Saviour
 For thee work, and in thee too,
 Of his special favour.

8 *Soul.* *Jesu's precious blood, once spilt,*
I depend solely,
To release and clear my guilt :
But I would be holy.

Bel. He that bought thee on the cross,
 Can controul thy nature,
 Fully purge away thy dross,
 Make thee a new creature.

9 *Soul.* *That he can I nothing doubt,*
Be it but his pleasure.

Bel. Tho' it be not done throughout,
 May it not in measure ?

Soul. *When that measure, far from great,*
Still shall seem decreasing—

Bel. Faint not then ; but pray, and wait,
 Never, never ceasing.

10 *Soul.* *What when pray'r meets n^o regard?*

Bel. Still repeat it often.

Soul. *But I feel myself so hard—*

Bel. Jesus will thee soften.

Soul. *But my enemies make hard—*

- This rebel heart by love subdued,
 And make it soft, and make it new—
- 5 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears,
 And kindle my relentings now;
 Fill all my soul with filial fears;
 To thy sweet yoke my spirit bow!
 Bend by thy grace, O bend or break
 The iron sinew in my neck!
- 6 Ah, give me, Lord, the tender heart,
 That trembles at th' approach of sin!
 A godly fear of sin impart;
 Implant, and root it deep within!
 That I may dread thy gracious pow'r,
 And never dare offend thee more!

H Y M N XVII

- 1 **T**HOU God of glorious majesty,
 To thee against myself, to thee
 A worm of earth I cry:
 A half awaken'd child of man,
 An heir of endless bliss or pain,
 A sinner born to die;
- 2 Lo on a narrow neck of land,
 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
 Secure, invisible,
 A point of time, a moment's space,
 Removes me to the heav'nly place,
 Or shuts me up on hell.

3 O God

3. O God! mine inmost soul convert;
 And deeply on my thoughtful heart
 Eternal things impress;
 Give me to feel their solemn weight,
 And tremble on the brink of fate,
 And wake to righteousness.
4. Before me place in dread array,
 The pomp of that tremendous day,
 When thou with clouds shalt come,
 To judge the nations at thy bar;
 And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
 To meet a joyful doom?
5. Be this my one great business here,
 With serious industry and fear,
 Eternal bliss to ensure;
 Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
 And suffer all thy righteous will,
 And to the end endure.
6. Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
 Transported from this vale, to live
 And reign with thee above;
 Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
 And hope in full, supreme delight,
 And everlasting love.

H. Y. M. N. XVII. C. M.

SEE from the dungeon of the dead
 Our great Deliverer rise

While

- While conquest wreaths his heav'nly head,
And glory glads his eyes.
- 2 The struggling hero, strong to save,
Did all our mis'ries bear
Down to the chambers of the grave,
And left the burden there.
- 3 See, how the well-pleas'd angel rolls
The stone, and opes the pris'n:
Lift up your heads, ye sin-sick souls,
And sing, *The Lord is ris'n.*
- 4 No more indictments justice draws;
It sets the soul at large.
Our Surety undertook the cause,
And faith's a full discharge.
- 5 To save us, our Redeemer died,
To justify us, rose.
Where's the condemning pow'r beside
Has right to interpose?
- 6 The Lord is ris'n, thou trembling soul:
Let fears no more confound,
Let heav'n and earth from pole to pole
The Lord is ris'n resound.

H Y M N XIX. C. M. d.

- 1 **W**E sing thy praise, exalted Lamb,
Who sitt'st upon the throne,
Ten thousand blessings on thy name,
Who worthy art alone.

Thy

Thy bruised, broken body bore
 Our sins upon the tree ;
 And now thou liv'st for evermore :
 And now we live thro' thee.

2 Poor sinners, sing the Lamb that died ;
 (What theme can sound so sweet ?)
 His drooping head, his streaming side,
 His pierced hands and feet,
 With all that scene of suff'ring love
 Which faith presents to view :
 For now he lives and reigns above,
 And lives and reigns for you.

3 Was ever grace, Lord, rich as thine,
 Can ought be with it nam'd ?
 What pow'rful beams of love divine
 Thy tender heart inflam'd !
 Ye angels, hymn his glorious name,
 Who lov'd and conquer'd thus ;
 And we will likewise love the Lamb,
 For he was slain for us.

H Y M N XX. S. M.

1 **T**HE spirits of the just,
 Confin'd in bodies, groan ;
 Till death consigns the corpse to dust ;
 And then the conflict's done.

2 Jesus, who came to save,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Perfum'd the chambers of the grave ;
 And made ev'n death our gain.

- 3 Why fear we then to trust
 The place where Jesus lay,
 In quiet rests our *Brother's* dust,
 And thus it seems to say:
- 4 " Forbear, my friends, to weep,
 Since death has lost its sting,
 Those christians, that in Jesus sleep,
 Our God will with him bring."
- 5 This message then receive,
 And grief indulge no more:
 Return to work awhile; believe;
 And wait the welcome hour.

H Y M N XXI.

- 1 **R**EJOICE for a brother deceas'd,
 Our loss is his infinite gain,
 A soul out of prison releas'd,
 And freed from its bodily chain:
 With songs let us follow his flight,
 And mount with his spirit above,
 Escap'd to the mansions of light,
 And lodg'd in the Eden of love.
- 2 Our brother the haven hath gain'd,
 Out-flying the tempest and wind;
 His rest he hath sooner obtain'd,
 And left his companions behind,
 Still toss'd on a sea of distress,
 Hard toiling to make the blest shore,
 Where all is assurance and peace,
 And sorrow and sin are no more.
- 3 There

- 3 There all the ship's company meet,
 Who sail'd with their Saviour beneath,
 With shouting each other they greet,
 And triumph o'er trouble and death.
 The voyage of life's at an end,
 The mortal affliction is past;
 The age that in heaven they spend
 For ever and ever shall last.

H Y M N XXII.

A Dialogue between a Believer and his Soul.

- 1 *Bel.* COME, my soul, and let us try,
 For a little season,
 Ev'ry burden to lay by:
 Come, and let us reason.
 What is this that casts thee down?
 Who are those that grieve thee?
 Speak, and let the worst be known;
 Speaking may relieve thee.
- 2 *Soul.* Oh! I sink beneath the load,
 Of my nature's evil,
 Full of enmity to God,
 Captiv'd by the Devil:
 Restless as the troubled seas;
 Feeble, faint, and fearful;
 Plagu'd with ev'ry sore disease;
 How can I be cheerful?
- 3 *Bel.* Think on what thy Saviour bore
 In the gloomy garden,

- Sweating blood at ev'ry pore,
 To procure thy pardon.
 See him stretch'd upon the wood,
 Bleeding, grieving, crying;
 Suff'ring all the wrath of God:
 Groaning, gasping, dying!
- 4 *Soul.* *This by faith I sometimes view;*
And those views relieve me:
But my sins return anew;
These are they that grieve me.
Oh! I'm leprous, loathsome, foul,
Quite throughout infected:
Have not I, if any soul,
Cause to be dejected?
- 5 *Bel.* Think how loud the dying Lord
 Cry'd out, "It is finish'd,"
 Treasure up that sacred word
 Whole and undiminish'd.
 Doubt not: he will carry on,
 To its full perfection,
 That good work he has begun:
 Why then this dejection?
6. *Soul.* *Faith, when void of works, is dead,*
This the Scriptures witness.
And what works have I to plead
Who am all unfitness?
All my powers are depriv'd,
Blind, perverse and filthy:
If from death I'm fully sav'd,
Why am I not healthy?

7 *Bel.* Pore not on thyself too long,
 Lest it sink thee lower ;
 Look to Jesus, kind and strong,
 Mercy join'd with power.
 Ev'ry work, that thou must do,
 Will thy gracious Saviour
 For thee work, and in thee too,
 Of his special favour.

8 *Soul.* *Jesu's precious blood, once spilt,*
I depend on solely,
To release and clear my guilt :
But I would be holy,

Bel. He that bought thee on the cross,
 Can controul thy nature,
 Fully purge away thy dross,
 Make thee a new creature.

9 *Soul.* *That he can I nothing doubt,*
Be it but his pleasure.

Bel. Tho' it be not done throughout,
 May it not in measure ?

Soul. *When that measure, far from great,*
Still shall seem decreasing—

Bel. Faint not then ; but pray, and wait,
 Never, never ceasing.

10 *Soul.* *What when pray'r meets n^o regard?*

Bel. Still repeat it often.

Soul. *But I feel myself so hard—*

Bel. Jesus will thee soften.

Soul. *But my enemies make head—*

Bel. Let them closer strive thee.

Soul. But I'm cold, I'm dark, I'm dead.

Bel. Jesus will revive thee.

H Y M N XXIII.

- 1 **P**EACE be to this congregation,
 Peace to every soul within,
 Peace, the foretaste of salvation,
 Peace, the fruit of cancell'd sin;
 Peace, that speaks its heav'nly giver,
 Peace to sensual minds unknown,
 Peace divine, that lasts for ever,
 Here erect its glorious throne!
- 2 Lord, if now thou passest by us,
 Stand and call us unto thee;
 Fully, freely justify us,
 Give us eyes thy love to see;
 Love, that brought thee down from heaven,
 Made our God a man of grief;
 Let it shew our sins forgiven;
 Help, O help our unbelief!
- 3 Prince of Peace, if thou art near us,
 Fix in all our hearts thy home;
 By thy swift appearing cheer us,
 Quickly let thy kingdom come:
 Answer all our expectation,
 Give our raptur'd souls to prove
 Glorious, uttermost salvation,
 Heav'nly, everlasting love.

H Y M N

H Y M N XXIV: 4 L. 78.

- 1 **J**ESU, Jesu, King of saints,
Known to thee are all my wants;
Self-convicted, self-abhor'd,
I approach thee, dearest Lord.
- 2 Known to thee, whose eyes are flame,
I thy love and pity claim;
With an eye of love look down;
Help me, Lord, and help me foun.
- 3 Break, Oh break this heart of stone;
Form it for thy use alone:
Bid each vanity depart,
Build thy temple in my heart.
- 4 This be my support in need,
That thou didst so freely bleed;
All my hopes and joys arise
From thy bloody sacrifice.
- 5 This confirms me when I'm weak,
Comforts me when I am sick,
Gives me courage when I faint,
Well supplies my ev'ry want.
- 6 Saviour, to my heart be near,
Exercise the Shepherd's care;
Guard my weakness by thy grace,
Let me feel a constant peace.

H Y M N

H Y M N XXV.

1 **T**HE God of glory sends his summons forth,
Calls the fourth nations, and awakes the
north :

From east to west his sov'reign orders spread,
Thro' distant worlds and regions of the dead.
The trumpet sounds; hell trembles; heav'n
rejoices;

Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheer-
ful voices.

2 "Heav'n, earth, and hell, draw near: Let
"all things come,

"To hear my justice and the sinner's doom;

"But gather first my saints; the Judge com-
mands,

"Bring them, ye angels, from their distant
"lands."

When Christ returns, wake ev'ry cheerful
passion;

And shout, ye saints! he comes for your
salvation.

3 Sinners awake betimes; ye fools be wise;
Awake before this dreadful morning rise:
Change your vain thoughts, your crooked
works amend,

Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your
friend.

Then join the saints, wake ev'ry cheerful
passion;

When Christ returns, he comes for your
salvation.

H Y M N

H Y M N XXVI.

- 1 **T**HE Lord Jehovah reigns,
 And royal state maintains,
 His head with awful glories crown'd;
 Array'd in robes of light,
 Begirt with sov'reign might,
 And rays of majesty around.
- 2 Upheld by thy commands,
 The world securely stands;
 And skies and stars obey thy word:
 Thy throne was fix'd on high,
 Before the starry sky;
 Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.
- 3 Thy promises are true,
 Thy grace is ever new;
 There fix'd thy church shall ne'er remove;
 Thy saints with holy fear
 Shall in thy courts appear,
 And sing thine everlasting love.

H Y M N XXVII. C. M.

- 1 **B**LEST be the dear uniting love,
 That will not let us part;
 Our bodies may far off remove;
 We still are one in heart.
- 2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head,
 Where he appoints we go;
 And still in Jesu's footsteps tread,
 And shew his praise below.

3 O may

- 3 O may we ever walk in him!
 And nothing know beside,
 Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
 But Jesus crucified!
- 4 Closer and closer let us cleave,
 To his belov'd embrace:
 Expect his fullness to receive,
 And grace to answer grace.
- 5 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
 The same in mind and heart,
 Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
 Nor life, nor death can part.
- 6 But let us hasten to the day,
 Which shall our flesh restore,
 When death shall all be done away,
 And bodies part no more.

H Y M N XXVII.

- 1 ONE there is, above all others,
 Well deserves the name of friend;
 His is love beyond a brother's,
 Costly, free, and knows no end:
 They who once his kindness prove
 Find it everlasting love!
- 2 Which of all our friends to save us,
 Could or would have shed his blood!
 But our Jesus dy'd to have us
 Reconcil'd in him to God:
 This was boundless love indeed!
 Jesus is a friend in need.

- 3 Men, when rais'd to lofty stations,
Often know their friends no more;
Slight and scorn their poor relations,
Tho' they valu'd them before:
But our Saviour always owns
Those whom he redeem'd with groans.
- 4 When he liv'd on earth abas'd,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now above all glory rais'd,
He rejoices in the same:
Still he calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.
- 5 Could we hear from one another
What he daily bears from us?
Yet this glorious friend and brother
Loves us, tho' we treat him thus;
Tho' for good we render ill,
He 'accounts us brethren still.
- 6 Oh! for grace our hearts to soften,
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We alas! forget too often,
What a friend we have above;
But when home our souls are brought,
We will love thee as we ought.

H Y M N. XXIX. C. M.

1. **W**HEN any turn from Zion's way,
(Alas! what numbers do!)
Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
"Wilt thou forsake me too?"

- 2 Ah Lord! with such a heart as mine,
 Unless thou hold me fast,
 I feel I must, I shall decline,
 And prove like them at last.
- 3 Yet thou alone hast pow'r, I know,
 To save a wretch like me;
 To whom, or whither, could I go,
 If I should turn from thee?
- 4 Beyond a doubt I rest assur'd,
 Thou art the Christ of God,
 Who hast eternal life secur'd
 By promise and by blood.
- 5 The help of men and angels join'd
 Could never reach my case;
 Nor can I hope relief to find
 But in thy boundless grace.
- 6 No voice but thine can give me rest,
 And bid my fears depart;
 No love but thine can make me blest,
 And satisfy my heart.
- 7 What anguish has that question stirr'd,
 If I will also go?
 Yet, Lord, relying on thy word,
 I humbly answer, No!

H Y M N XXX. C. M.

- 1 THOU Son of God, whose flaming eyes
 Our inmost thoughts perceive;
 Accept the evening sacrifice,
 Which now to thee we give.

- 2 We bow before thy gracious throne,
 And think ourselves sincere ;
 But shew us, Lord ; is every one
 Thy real worshipper ?
- 3 Is here a soul that knows thee not,
 Nor feels his want of thee ?
 A stranger to the blood, that bought
 His pardon on the tree.
- 4 Convince him now of unbelief ;
 His desp'rate state explain ;
 And fill his heart with sacred grief,
 And penitential pain.
- 5 Speak with that voice that wakes the dead,
 And bid the sleeper—“ rise ! ”
 And bid his guilty conscience dread
 The death that never dies.

H Y M N XXXI.

- 1 COME let us anew, our journey pursue,
 Roll round with the year,
 And never stand still, till the master appear.
 His adorable will, let us gladly fulfil,
 And our talents improve,
 By the patience of faith, and the labour of
 love.
- 2 Our life is a dream, our time as a stream,
 Glides swiftly away :
 And the fugitive moment refuses to stay,
 The

The arrow is flown, the moment is gone,
 The millennial year
 Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

- 3 O that each in the day of his coming may
 say;
 I have fought my way thro',
 I have finish'd the work, thou didst give me
 to do.
 O that each from his Lord, may receive the
 glad word;
 Well and faithfully done?
 Enter into my joy, and sit down on my
 throne.

H Y M N XXXII.

- 1 COME, let us ascend, my companion and
 friend,
 To a taste of the banquet above!
 If thy heart be as mine, if for Jesus it pine,
 Come up into the chariot of love!
- 2 Who in Jesus confide, we are bold to outside
 All the storms of affliction beneath
 With the prophet we soar, to the heavenly
 shore,
 And outfly all the arrows of death.
- 3 By faith we are come to our permanent
 home,
 And by hope we the rapture improve;
 By

By love we still rise, and look down on the
skies,

For the heaven of heavens is love.

4 Who on earth can conceive, how happy we
live

In the city of God the great King?

What a concert of praise, when our Jesus's
grace

The whole heavenly company sing!

5 What a rapturous song, when the glorified
throng

In the spirit of harmony join,

Join all the glad choirs, hearts, voices and
lyres,

And the burden is mercy divine.

6 Hallelujah they cry, to the King of the sky,
To the great, everlasting I AM,

To the Lamb that was slain and liveth again

Hallelujah to God and the Lamb!

7 The Lamb on the throne, lo! he dwells with
his own,

And to rivers of pleasure he leads!

With his mercy's full blaze, with the light
of his face,

Our beatified spirits he feeds.

8 Our foreheads proclaim his ineffable name,
And our bodies his glory display.

A day without night, we feast in his light,

And eternity seems as a day.

D

H Y M N

HYMN XXXIII

- 1 **L**IFT your heads, ye friends of Jesus,
 Partners in his patience here,
 Christ, to all believers precious,
 Lord of Lords, shall soon appear :
 Mark the tokens
 Of his heav'nly kingdom near.
- 2 Hear all nature's groans proclaiming
 Nature's swift approaching doom !
 War and pestilence and famine
 Signify the wrath to come ;
 Cleaves the centre,
 Nations rush into the tomb !
- 3 Close behind the tribulation
 Of the last tremendous days,
 See the flaming revelation !
 See the universal blaze !
 Earth and Heaven
 Melt before the Judges' face !
- 4 Sun and moon are both confounded,
 Darken'd into endless night,
 When with angel-hosts surrounded
 In his Fathers glory bright,
 Beams the Saviour,
 Shines the everlasting light.
- 5 See the stars from heaven falling,
 Hark on earth the doleful cry,
 Men on rocks and mountains calling,

White

While the frowning Judge draws nigh,
 Hide us, hide us,
 Rocks and mountains from his eye,

6 With what different exclamation,
 Shall the faints his banner see!
 By the monuments of his passion,
 By the marks receiv'd for me!
 All discern him,
 All with shouts cry out,—'Tis he,

7 Lo! 'tis he! our hearts' desire,
 Come for his espous'd below,
 Come to join us with his choir,
 Come to make our joys o'erflow;
 Palms of victory,
 Crowns of glory to bestow.

8 Yes the prize shall now be given,
 We his open face shall see:
 Love, the earnest of our heaven,
 Love our full reward shall be,
 Love shall crown us
 Kings thro' all eternity.

H Y M N XXXIV.

1 **R**ISE my soul, adore thy maker,
 Angels praise—join the lays,
 With them be partaker.

2 Father, Lord of every spirit,
 In thy light—lead me right,
 Thro' my Saviour's merit.

- 3 O my Jesus—God—Almighty,
Pray for me—till I see
Thee in Salem's city.
- 4 Holy Ghost, divine instructor,
Guide me still—let thy will
Be my sole conductor.
- 5 Thou this night wast my protector,
With me stay—all the day,
Ever my director.
- 6 Holy, holy, holy giver
Of all good—life and food,
Reign ador'd for ever.
- 7 Glory, honour, thanks and blessing,
One in Three—give we thee,
Never, never ceasing.

H Y M N XXXV.

- 1 **E**RE I sleep, for ev'ry favour,
This day shew'd—by my God,
I will bless my Saviour!
- 2 O my Lord, what shall I render
To thy name—still the same,
Gracious, good and tender.
- 3 Leave me not, but ever love me,
Let thy peace—be my bliss,
Till thou hence remove me.

4 Visit

- 4 Visit me with thy salvation :
Let thy care,—still be near,
Round my habitation.
- 5 Be my rock, my guard, my tower,
Safely keep—while I sleep,
Me, with all thy power.
- 6 Save, O save me, from the hidings
Of thy face ;—let thy grace
Cancel my backslidings.
- 7 So whene'er in death I slumber
I shall rise—with the wise,
Counted in their number.
- 8 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Let me know—thee below,
Thee above inherit.

H Y M N . XXXVI .

- 1 **G**LORY to God on high !
Let heav'n and earth reply,
Praise ye his name.
Angels his love adore,
Who all our sorrows bore,
And faints cry evermore,
Worthy the Lamb.
- 2 All they around the throne
Chearfully join in one,
Praising his name.
We who have felt his blood
Sealing our peace with God,
Sound

Sound his dear fame abroad,
Worthy the Lamb.

- 3 Join all the ransom'd race
Our Lord and God to bless,
Praise ye his name.

In him we will rejoice,
Making a chearful noise,
And shout with heart and voice,
Worthy the Lamb.

- 4 What tho' we change our place,
Yet shall we never cease
Praising his name.

To him we'll tribute bring,
Hail him our gracious King,
And without ceasing sing,
Worthy the Lamb.

H Y M N XXXVII.

- 1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still and gaze,
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace:
Blessed Jubilee!
Let thy glorious morning dawn.
- 2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude barbarian see
That divine, and glorious conquest,
Once achiev'd on Calvary:
Let the Gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole.

- 3 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease :
May thy lasting wide dominion
Multiply, and still increase.
Sway thy sceptre
Saviour, all the world around !
- 4 Hark ! methinks I hear him saying,
Lo ! th' appointed day is come :
Now's the time to favour Zion,
And to bring her exiles home.
Happy Zion !
Give thy ransom'd children room.
- 5 Haste, ye messengers of Jesus,
Haste to ev'ry distant shore :
Cry aloud and bid the nations
Hail the happy, happy hour.
Jesus triumphs,
Jesus reigns for evermore.

H Y M N XXXVIII. C. M.

- 1 **H**EAR what the voice from heav'n pro-
claims
For all the pious dead ;
Sweet is the favour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.
- 2 They die in Jesus and are bless'd ;
How kind their slumbers are !
From suff'rings and from sin releas'd,
And freed from every snare.

- 3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord ;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

H Y M N XXXIX. C. M.

- 1 **H**OW vain are all things here below !
How false, and yet how fair !
Each pleasure has its poison too ;
And ev'ry sweet a snare.
- 2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flatt'ring light ;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
When we possess delight.
- 3 Our dearest joys and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wav'ring minds,
And leave but half to God!
- 4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense !
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.
- 5 Dear Saviour ! let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food ;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

H Y M N

H Y M N XL. C. M.

- 1 **B**LEST morning, whose young dawning
 rays
 Beheld our rising God ;
 That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
 And leave his last abode !
- 2 In the cold prison of a tomb
 The dead Redeemer lay,
 Till the revolving skies had brought
 The third, th' appointed day.
- 3 Hell and the grave unite their force
 To hold our God, in vain ;
 The sleeping Conqueror arose,
 And burst their feeble chain.
- 4 To thy great name, Almighty Lord !
 These sacred hours we pay,
 And loud Hosannas shall proclaim
 The triumph of the day.
- 5 Salvation and immortal praise
 To our victorious King ;
 Let heav'n and earth, and rocks and seas,
 With glad Hosannas ring.

H Y M N XLI. C. M.

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

- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd;
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all.
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

H Y M N XLII. 6 L. 8a.

- 1 **P** R I S ' N E R S of hope, lift up your heads,
The day of liberty draws near;
Jesus, who on the serpent treads,
Shall soon in your behalf appear;
The Lord shall to his temple come,
Prepare your hearts to make him room,
- 2 Lord, we confess our sins to thee,
In sin we were conceiv'd and born;
Plung'd in the depth of misery,
We never can to thee return,
Till thou our fallen souls convert,
And give the new, believing heart.
- 3 Thou wilt not, Lord, withhold thy grace
From sinners, hungry, mournful, poor,
Who ask thy love, who seek thy face,

Who

Who ever knock at mercy's door;
 At Jesu's feet who humbly lie,
 Resolv'd at Jesu's feet to die.

- 4 No, Lord; we must believe thee kind,
 Thou never canst unfaithful prove;
 Surely we shall thy mercy find,
 Who ask, shall all receive thy love:
 Nor wilt thou it to me deny,
 I ask, the chief of sinners, I.
- 5 O ye of fearful hearts, be strong,
 Your down-cast eyes and hands lift up,
 Ye shall not be forgotten long,
 Hope to the end, in Jesus hope;
 Tell him, ye wait his grace to prove,
 And cannot fail, if God is love.
- 6 Pris'ners of hope, be strong, be bold,
 Cast off your doubts, disdain to fear,
 Dare to believe, on Christ lay hold,
 Wrestle with Christ in mighty pray'r;
 Tell him,—“ We will not let thee go,
 Till we thy name, thy nature know.”

H Y M N XLIII. C. M.

- 1 **O** That thou wouldst the heavens rent,
 In majesty come down,
 Stretch out thine arm omnipotent,
 And seize me for thine own.
- 2 Descend, and let thy light'ning burn
 The stubble of thy foe;

My

- My sins o'erturn, o'erturn, o'erturn,
 And make the mountains flow.
- 3 Thou my impetuous spirit guide,
 And curb my head-strong will :
 Thou only canst drive back the tide,
 And bid the sun stand still.
- 4 What though I cannot break my chain,
 Or e'er throw off my load ;
 The things impossible to men,
 Are possible to God.
- 5 Is any thing too hard for thee,
 Almighty Lord of all ?
 Whose threat'ning looks dry up the sea,
 And make the mountains fall.
- 6 Who, who shall in thy presence stand,
 And match omnipotence ?
 Ungrasp the hold of thy right hand,
 Or pluck the finner thence ?
- 7 Sworn to destroy, let earth assail,
 Nearer to save thou art ;
 Stronger than all the pow'rs of hell,
 And greater than my heart.
- 8 Lo ! to the hills I lift mine eyes,
 Thy promis'd help I claim ;
 Father of mercies, glorify
 Thy favourite Jesu's name !
- 9 Salvation in that name is found,
 Balm of my grief and care :

A medicine

A med'cine for my ev'ry wound,
All, all I want is there!

H Y M N XLIV. C. M.

- 1 **A** MAZING grace! (how sweet the
found!)
That sav'd a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.
- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears reliev'd;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believ'd!
- 3 Thro' many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.
- 4 The Lord has promis'd good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.
- 5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease;
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.
- 6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who call'd me here below,
Will be for ever mine.

H Y M N

H Y M N XLV.

1 **G**LORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!

He, whose word cannot be broken,
Form'd thee for his own abode :

On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose ?

With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See! the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove :

Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst assuage ?

Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear!

For a glory and a covering,
Shewing that the Lord is near :

Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night and shade by day,

Safe they feed upon the manna
Which he gives them when they pray.

4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood !

Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God :

"Tis

'Tis his love his people raises
 Over self to reign as kings;
 And as priests, his solemn praises
 Each for a thank-off'ring brings.

- 5 Saviour, if of Zion's city
 I thro' grace a member am;
 Let the world deride or pity,
 I will glory in thy name:
 Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
 All his boasted pomp and show;
 Solid joys and lasting treasure,
 None but Zion's children know.

H Y M N XLVI M. C.

- 1 **N**OW, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,
 And make thy glory known;
 Now let us all thy presence feel,
 And soften hearts of stone!
- 2 Help us to venture near thy throne,
 And plead a Saviour's name;
 For all that we can call our own,
 Is vanity and shame.
- 3 From all the guilt of former sin
 May mercy set us free;
 And let the year we now begin,
 Begin and end with thee.
- 4 Send down thy spirit from above,
 That saints may love thee more;

And

- And sinners now may learn to love,
Who never lov'd before,
- 5 And when before thee we appear,
In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worship here,
And praise thee in our room.

H Y M N XLVII. 79.

- 1 **N**OW may fervent pray'r arise,
Wing'd with faith, and pierce the skies;
Fervent pray'r shall bring us down
Gracious answers from the throne.
- 2 Bless, O Lord, the opening year
To each soul assembled here;
Clothe thy word with pow'r divine,
Make us willing to be shine.
- 3 Shepherd of thy blood-bought sheep!
Teach the stony heart to weep;
Let the blind have eyes to see,
See themselves, and look on thee!
- 4 Let the minds of all our youth
Feel the force of sacred truth;
While the gospel call they hear,
May they learn to love and fear.
- 5 Shew them what their ways have been,
Shew them the desert of sin;
Then thy dying love reveal,
This shall melt the heart of steel.

6 Where

- 6 Where thou hast thy work begun,
Give new strength the race to run;
Scatter darkness, doubts and fears,
Wipe away the mourner's tears.
- 7 Bless us all, both old and young;
Call forth praise from ev'ry tongue;
Let the whole assembly prove
All thy pow'r, and all thy love.

H Y M N XLVIII. C. M.

- 1 **O** LORD, our languid souls inspire,
For here, we trust, thou art!
Send down a coal of heavenly fire,
To warm each waiting heart.
- 2 Dear Shepherd of thy people, hear,
Thy presence now display;
As thou hast giv'n a place for pray'r,
So give us hearts to pray.
- 3 Shew us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hopes to raise,
And pour thy blessings from above,
That we may render praise.
- 4 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.
- 5 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humbled mind bestow;

And

And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow!

- 6 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our pray'rs;
And, in the presence of our Lord,
Unbosom all our cares.
- 7 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforc'd by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round,
To come and fill the place.

H Y M N XLIX. L. M.

- 1 **N**OW let us join with hearts and tongues,
And emulate the angels' songs;
Yea, sinners may address their King
In songs that angels cannot sing.
- 2 They praise the Lamb who once was slain;
But we can add a higher strain;
Not only say, "He suffer'd thus,
But that he suffer'd all for us."
- 3 When angels by transgression fell,
Justice consign'd them all to hell;
But mercy form'd a wondrous plan,
To save and honour fallen man.
- 4 Jesus, who pass'd the angels by,
Assum'd our flesh to bleed and die;
And still he makes it his abode;
As man he fills the throne of God.

5 Our

- 5 Our next of kin, our brother now,
Is he to whom the angels bow ;
They join with us to praise his name,
But we the nearest int'rest claim.
- 6 But ah ! how faint our praises rise !
Sure, 'tis the wonder of the skies,
That we, who share his richest love,
So cold and unconcern'd should prove.
- 7 Oh, glorious hour ! it comes with speed,
When we, from sin and darkness freed,
Shall see the God who dy'd for man,
And praise him more than angels can.

H Y M N L. 6 L. 76

- 1 **S**AFELY thro' another week
God has brought us on our way ;
Let us now a blessing seek,
On th' approaching Sabbath Day,
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.
- 2 Mercies multiply'd each hour
Thro' the week, our praise demand ;
Guarded by almighty pow'r,
Fed and guided by his hand :
Tho' ungrateful we have been,
Only made returns of sin.
- 3 While we pray for pard'ning grace,
Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,

E

Shew

Shew thy reconciled face,
 Shine away our sin and shame :
 From our worldly care set free,
 May we rest this night with thee.

4 When the morn shall bid us rise,
 May we feel thy presence near !
 May thy glory meet our eyes,
 When we in thy house appear !
 There afford us, Lord, a taste
 Of our everlasting feast.

5 May thy gospel's joyful sound
 Conquer sinners, comfort saints,
 Make the fruits of grace abound,
 Bring relief for all complaints :
 Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
 Till we join the church above

H Y M N. LI. 8 L. 78.

1 **C**OME, and let us sweetly join,
 Christ to praise in hymns divine :
 Give we all, with one accord,
 Glory to our common Lord ;
 Hands, and hearts, and voices raise
 Sing as in the ancient days ;
 Antedate the joys above,
 Celebrate the feast of love

2 Strive we, in affection strive :
 Let the purer flame revive :
 Such as in the martyrs glow'd,

Dying

Dying champions for their God :
 We like them may live and love ;
 Call'd we are their joys to prove ;
 Sav'd with them from future wrath,
 Partners of like precious faith.

- 3 Sing we then in Jesus' name,
 Now as yesterday the same ;
 One in every time and place,
 Full for all of truth and grace :
 We for Christ our master stand,
 Lights in a benighted land :
 We our dying Lord confess ;
 We are Jesus' witnesses :
- 4 Witnesses that Christ hath died,
 We with him are crucify'd :
 Christ hath burst the bands of death,
 We his quick'ning spirit breathe :
 Christ is now gone up on high,
 Thither all our wishes fly :
 Sits at God's right-hand above,
 There with him we reign in love.

H Y M N LII. L. M.

- 1 JESU, thy blood and righteousness,
 My beauty are, my glorious dress :
 'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
 With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 Bold shall I stand in that great day :
 For who ought to my charge shall lay ?

Fully absolv'd thro' thee I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

- 3 The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
Who from the Father's bosom came,
Who died for me, ev'n me, t' atone,
Now for my Lord and God I own,
- 4 When from the dust of death I rise,
To claim my mansion in the skies,
Ev'n then, this shall be all my plea,
Jesus hath liv'd, hath died for me.
- 5 Thou God of pow'r, thou God of love,
Let the whole world thy mercy prove!
Now let thy word o'er all prevail;
Now take the spoils of death and hell!
- 6 O let the dead now hear thy voice!
Now bid thy banish'd ones rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesu, thy blood and righteousness.

H Y M N LIII

- 1 **C**OME, thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee!
Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art:
Dear desire of ev'ry nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

2 Born

- 2 Born thy people to deliver,
 Born a child and yet a king,
 Born to reign in us for ever,
 Now thy gracious kingdom bring!
 By thine own eternal spirit,
 Rule in all our hearts alone;
 By thine all-sufficient merit,
 Raise us to thy glorious throne!

H Y M N LIV. 76.

- 1 **C**H R I S T the Lord is ris'n to-day,
 Sons of men and angels say;
 Raise your hearts and triumphs high,
 Sing ye heav'ns, and earth reply.
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,
 Fought the fight, the battle won;
 Lo! our sun's eclipse is o'er,
 Lo! he sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
 Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
 Death in vain forbids his rise,
 Christ hath open'd paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King!
 Where, O death, is now thy sting?
 Once he died our souls to save,
 Where's thy victory, O grave?
- 5 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
 Foll'wing our exalted Head,

Made like him, like him we rise,
Our's the cross, the grave, the skies.

- 6 What tho' once we perish'd all,
Partners of our parents' fall,
Second life we all receive,
Who in Jesus Christ believe,
- 7 Hail the Lord of earth and heav'n!
Praise to thee by both be giv'n!
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail! the resurrection thou!
- 8 King of glory! soul of blifs!
Everlasting life is this;
Thee to know, thy pow'r to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love.

H Y M N LV. C. M.

- 1 **M**Y drowsy pow'rs, why sleep ye so?
Awake, my sluggish soul:
Nothing hath half thy work to do;
Yet nothing's half so dull.
- 2 Go to the ants—for one poor grain,
See how they toil and strive!
Yet we, who have a heav'n t' obtain,
How negligent we live!
- 3 We, for whom God the Son came down,
And labour'd for our good,
How careless to secure that crown
He purchas'd with his blood!

4 Lord

- 4 Lord, shall we live so sluggish still,
And never act our parts?
Come, Lord, thy gracious word fulfil,
And warm our frozen hearts!
- 5 Give us with active warmth to move,
With vig'rous souls to rise,
With hands of faith and wings of love
To fly and take the prize.

H Y M N LVI. C. M.

- 1 **T**HIS is the day the Lord hath made:
He calls the hours his own;
Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To-day Christ rose, and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son!
Help us, O Lord, descend, and bring
Salvation from thy throne.
- 4 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heav'ns in which he reigns
Shall give him nobler praise.

H Y M N LVII,

- 1 **L**ORD! thou hast won, at length I yield,
 My heart, by mighty grace compell'd,
 Surrenders all to thee ;
 Against thy terrors long I strove,
 But who can stand against thy love ?
 Love conquers even me.
- 2 All that a wretch could do, I try'd,
 Thy patience scorn'd, thy pow'r defy'd,
 And trampled on thy laws ;
 Scarcely thy martyrs at the stake
 Could stand more stedfast for thy sake,
 Than I in Satan's cause.
- 3 But since thou hast thy love reveal'd,
 And shewn my soul a pardon seal'd,
 I can resist no more :
 Couldst thou for such a sinner bleed ?
 Canst thou for such a rebel plead ?
 I wonder and adore !
- 4 If thou hadst bid thy thunders roll,
 And lightnings flash, to blast my soul,
 I still had stubborn been :
 But mercy has my heart subdu'd,
 A bleeding Saviour I have view'd,
 And now I hate my sin.
- 5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
 Come, take possession of thine own,
 For thou hast set me free.

Releas'd

Releas'd from Satan's hard command;
 See all my powers waiting stand
 To be employ'd by thee.

- 6 My will conform'd to thine would move;
 On thee my hope, desire, and love,
 In fix'd attention join,
 My hands, my ears, my tongue,
 Have Satan's servants been too long,
 But now they shall be thine.
- 7 And can I be the very same,
 Who lately durst blaspheme thy name,
 And on thy gospel tread?
 Surely each one who hears my case,
 Will praise thee, and confess thy grace
 Invincible indeed!

H Y M N LVIII. C. M.

- 1 **B**ESTOW, dear Lord, upon our youth
 The gift of saving grace;
 And let the seed of sacred truth
 Fall in a fruitful place.
- 2 Grace is a plant, where e'er it grows,
 Of pure and heav'nly root;
 But fairest in the youngest shews,
 And yields the sweetest fruit.
- 3 Ye careless ones, O hear betimes
 The voice of sov'reign love!
 Your youth is stain'd with many crimes,
 But mercy reigns above.

- 4 True, you are young, but there's a stone
 Within the youngest breast,
 Or half the crimes which you have done,
 Would rob you of your rest.
- 5 For you the public pray'r is made,
 Oh! join the public pray'r!
 For you the secret tear is shed,
 Oh! shed yourselves a tear!
- 6 We pray that you may early prove
 The Spirit's pow'r to teach;
 You cannot be too young to love
That Jesus, whom we preach.

H Y M N LIX.

- 1 **B**Y whom was David taught
 To aim the dreadful blow,
 When he Goliath fought,
 And laid the Gittite low?
 No sword or spear the stripling took
 But chose a pebble from the brook.
- 2 'Twas Israel's God and king,
 Who sent him to the fight;
 Who gave him strength to sling,
 And skill to aim aright.
 Ye feeble faints, your strength endures,
 Because young David's God is yours.
- 3 Who order'd Gideon forth,
 To storm th' invaders' camp,
 With arms of little worth,
A pitcher

A pitcher and a lamp ?
The trumpets made his coming known,
And all the host was overthrown.

- 4 Oh ! I have seen the day,
When with a single word,
God helping me to say,
" My trust is in the Lord,"
My soul has quell'd a thousand foes,
Fearless of all that could oppose.
- 5 But unbelief, self-will,
Self-righteousness and pride,
How often do they steal
My weapons from my side ?
Yet David's Lord and Gideon's friend
Will help his servant to the end.

H Y M N LX. 7s.

- 1 **C**OME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer pray'r ;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.
- 2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring ;
For his grace and pow'r are such,
None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin :
Lord, remove this load of sin !
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord

- 4 Lord, I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.
- 5 As the image in the glass,
Answers the beholder's face,
Thus unto my heart appear,
Print thine own resemblance there.
- 6 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.
- 7 Shew me what I have to do,
Ev'ry hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

H Y M N LXI. L. M.

- 1 **H**APPY the souls that first believ'd,
To Jesus and each other cleav'd;
Join'd by the unction from above,
In mystic fellowship of love!
- 2 Meek, simple followers of the Lamb,
They liv'd, and spoke, and thought the same;
They joyfully conspir'd to raise
Their ceaseless sacrifice of praise.
- 3 With grace abundantly endu'd,
A pure, believing multitude;

They

They all were of one heart and soul,
And only love inspir'd the whole.

- 4 O what an age of golden days !
O what a choice, peculiar race !
Wash'd in the Lamb's all-cleansing blood,
Anointed kings and priests to God.
- 5 Where shall I wander now, to find
The successors they left behind ?
The faithful, whom I seek in vain,
Are banish'd from the sons of men.
- 6 Ye diff'rent sects, who all declare,
" Lo here is Christ, or Christ is there !"
Your stronger proofs divinely give,
And shew me where the christians live.
- 7 Your claim, alas ! ye cannot prove,
Ye want the genuine mark of love :
Thou only, Lord, thine own canst shew,
For sure thou hast a church below.
- 8 The gates of hell cannot prevail ;
The church on earth can never fail ;
Ah ! join me to thy secret ones
Ah ! gather all thy living stones !
- 9 Scatter'd o'er all the earth they lie,
Till thou collect them with thine eye,
Draw by the music of thy name,
And charm into a beauteous frame.
- 10 For this the pleading spirit groans,
And cries in all thy banish'd ones :

Greatest

Greatest of gifts, thy love impart,
And make us of one mind and heart.

- 11 Join every soul that looks to thee,
In bonds of perfect charity :
Now, Lord, thy glorious fulness give,
And all in all for ever live.

H Y M N LXII. C. M.

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Let us thine influence prove ;
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of life and love !
- 2 Come, Holy Ghost, (for mov'd by thee
The prophets wrote and spoke ;)
Unlock the truth, thyself the key,
Unseal the sacred book.
- 3 Expand thy wings, celestial dove,
Brood o'er our nature's night ;
On our disorder'd spirits move,
And let there now be light.
- 4 God, thro' himself, we then shall know,
If thou within us shine ;
And sound with all thy saints below,
The depths of love divine.

H Y M N LXIII. 8 L. 7s.

- 1 **C**OME, thou high and lofty Lord !
Lowly, meek, incarnate Word :
Humbly

Humbly stoop to earth again,
 Come, and visit abject man!
 Jesu, dear expected guest,
 Thou art bidden to the feast;
 For thyself our hearts prepare,
 Come, and sit, and banquet there.

2 Jesu, we thy promise claim:
 We are met in thy great name;
 In the midst do thou appear,
 Manifest thy presence here;
 Sanctify us, Lord, and bless,
 Breathe thy spirit, give thy peace:
 Thou thyself within us move,
 Make our feast a feast of love.

3 Let the fruits of grace abound,
 Let us in thy bowels sound,
 Faith, and love, and joy increase,
 Temperance and gentleness!
 Plant in us thy humble mind,
 Patient, pitiful, and kind;
 Meek and lowly let us be,
 Full of goodness, full of thee.

4 Make us all in thee complete,
 Make us all for glory meet,
 Meet t' appear before thy sight,
 Partners with the saints in light.
 Call, O call us each by name,
 To the marriage of the Lamb:
 Let us lean upon thy breast,
 Love be there our endless feast!

H Y M N

H Y M N LXIV.

- 1 **E**XCEPT the Lord conduct the plan,
 The best concerted schemes are vain,
 And never can succeed;
 We spend our wretched strength for nought;
 But if our works in thee are wrought,
 They shall be blest indeed,
- 2 Lord, if thou didst thyself inspire
 Our souls with this sincere desire,
 Thy goodness to proclaim;
 Thy glory if we now intend,
 O let our deed begin and end
 Complete in Jesu's name!
- 3 In Jesu's name behold we meet,
 Far from an evil world retreat,
 And all its frantic ways;
 One only thing resolv'd to know,
 And square our useful lives below,
 By reason and by grace.
- 4 Not in the tombs we pine to dwell,
 Not in the dark, monastic cell,
 By vows and grates confin'd;
 Freely to all ourselves we give,
 Constrain'd by Jesu's love to live
 The servants of mankind.
- 5 Now, Jesu, now thy love impart,
 To govern each devoted heart,
 And fit us for thy will:

Deep

Deep founded in the truth of grace,
Build up thy rising church, and place
The city on the hill.

- 6 O let our faith and love abound,
O let our lives to all asound
With purest lustre shine :
That all around our works may see,
And give the glory, Lord, to thee,
The heav'nly light divine!

H Y M N LXV. C. M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the glories of the Lamb
Amidst his Father's throne :
Prepare new honours for his name,
And songs before unknown.
- 2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odours sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.
- 3 Those are the prayers of the saints,
And these the hymns they raise :
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.
- 4 Eternal Father ! who shall look
Into thy secret will ?
Who but the Son shall take that book,
And open every seal ?
- 5 He shall fulfil thy great decrees ;
The Son deserves it well ;

Lo,

Lo, in his hand the sov'rain keys
Of heav'n, and death, and hell!

- 6 Now to the Lamb that once was slain
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy remain
For ever on thy head.
- 7 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
Hast set the pris'ners free;
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.
- 8 The worlds of nature and of grace,
Are put beneath thy pow'r;
Then shorten these delaying days,
And bring the promis'd hour.

H Y M N LXVI. C. M.

- 1 I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the honour of his word,
The glory of his cross.
- 2 Jesus, my God! I know his name,
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 Firm as his throne his promise stands;
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then

- 4 Then will he own my worthless name
 Before his Father's face,
 And in the new Jerusalem
 Appoint my soul a place.

H Y M N LXVII. C.M.

- 1 **G**REAT God, I own thy sentence just;
 And nature must decay:
 I yield my body to the dust,
 To dwell with fellow-clay.
- 2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
 And trample on the tombs;
 My Jesus, my Redeemer lives,
 My God, my Saviour comes.
- 3 The mighty Conqueror shall appear
 High on a royal seat,
 And death, the last of all his foes,
 Lie vanquish'd at his feet.
- 4 Tho' greedy worms devour my skin,
 And gnaw my wasting flesh,
 When God shall build my bones again,
 He clothes them all afresh:
- 5 Then shall I see thy lovely face
 With strong, immortal eyes,
 And feast upon thy unknown grace
 With pleasure and surprise.

H Y M N LXVIII.

- 1 **I**'LL praise my Saviour while I've breath,
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 F Praise

Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs ;
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life, and thought, and being last,
 Or immortality endures.

- 2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
 On Israel's God ; he made the sky,
 And earth, and seas, with all their train ;
 His truth for ever stands secure !
 He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor,
 And none shall find his promise vain.
- 3 The Lord pours eye-sight on the blind,
 The Lord supports the fainting mind ;
 He sends the labouring conscience peace :
 He helps the stranger in distress,
 The widow and the fatherless,
 And grants the pris'ner sweet release.
- 4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs ;
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life, and thought, and being last,
 Or immortality endures.

H Y M N LXIX. L. M.

- 1 **H**OW do thy mercies close me round !
 For ever be thy name ador'd !
 I blush in all things to abound ;
 The servant is above his Lord !
 How shall I praise thee, O my God,
 How shall I thank thee, O my Lord

- 2 Inur'd to poverty and pain,
 A suff'ring life my Master led ;
 The Son of God, the Son of Man,
 He had not where to lay his head.
- 3 But lo! a place he hath prepar'd
 For me, whom watchful angels keep :
 Yea, he himself becomes my guard ;
 He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.
- 4 Jesus protects ; my fears be gone !
 What can the Rock of Ages move ?
 Safe in thy arms I lay me down,
 Thy everlasting arms of love.
- 5 While thou art intimately nigh,
 Who, who shall violate my rest ?
 Sin, earth, and hell I now defy ;
 I lean upon my Saviour's breast.
- 6 I rest beneath th' Almighty's shade,
 My griefs expire, my troubles cease ;
 Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stay'd,
 Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.
- 7 Me for thine own thou lov'st to take,
 In time and in eternity ;
 Thou never, never wilt forsake
 A helpless worm that trusts in thee.

H Y M N LXX. S. M. d.

- 1 COME, ye that love the Lord,
 And let your joys be known :
 2 Join in a song with sweet accord,
 While ye surround his throne ;

Let those refuse to sing,
 Who never knew our God:
 But servants of the heav'nly King,
 May speak their joys abroad.

- 2 The God that rules on high,
 That all the earth surveys,
 That rides upon the stormy sky,
 And calms the roaring seas;
 This awful God is ours,
 Our God of boundless love;
 He will send down his heav'nly powers,
 To carry us above.

- 3 There we shall see his face,
 And never, never sin,
 There, from the rivers of his grace,
 Drink endless pleasures in:
 Yea, and before we rise,
 To that immortal state,
 The thoughts of such amazing bliss
 Should constant joys create.

- 4 The men of grace have found
 Glory begun below:
 Celestial fruit on earthly ground
 From faith and hope may grow:
 Then let our songs abound,
 And ev'ry tear be dry;
 We're marching through Immanuel's ground
 To fairer worlds on high.

H Y M N

H Y M N LXXI. L. M.

- 1 **G**OD of my life, whose gracious pow'r
Through varied deaths my soul hath
led,
Or turn'd aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head !
- 2 In all my ways thy hand I own,
Thy ruling providence I see :
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to thee.
- 3 Oft hath the sea confest thy pow'r,
And giv'n me back to thy command :
It could not, Lord, my life devour,
Safe in the hollow of thine hand.
- 4 Oft from the margin of the grave,
Thou, Lord, hast lifted up my head ;
Sudden, I found thee near to save ;
The fever own'd thy touch, and fled.
- 5 Whither, O whither should I fly !
But to my loving Saviour's breast :
Secure within thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath thy wings to rest ?
- 6 I have no skill the snare to flun,
But thou, O Christ, my wisdom art :
I ever into ruin run ;
But thou art greater than my heart.
- 7 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known ;

Bring me where, I my heav'n may find,
The heav'n of loving thee alone.

- 8 Enlarge my heart to make thee room :
Enter, and in me ever stay ;
The crooked then shall straight become ;
The darkness shall be lost in day !

H Y M N LXXII.

- 1 **T**O the haven of thy breast,
O Son of Man, I fly !
Be my refuge, and my rest,
For O the storm is high !
Save me from the furious blast,
A covert from the tempest be !
Hide me, Jesu, till o'erpast
The storm of sin I see.
- 2 Welcome as the water-spring
To a dry, barren place ;
O descend on me, and bring
Thy sweet, refreshing grace !
O'er a parch'd and weary land
As a great rock extends its shade,
Hide me, Saviour, with thine hand,
And screen my naked head.
- 3 In the time of my distress,
Thou hast my succour been,
In my utter helplessness,
Restraining me from sin ;
O how swiftly didst thou move,
To save me in the trying hour !

Still

Still protect me with thy love,
And shield me with thy pow'r;

- 4 First and last in me perform
The work thou hast begun;
Be my shelter from the storm,
My shadow from the sun:
Sprinkle still the mercy-seat,
And bring thy Father's anger down;
Screen me, Jesu, from the heat
And terror of his frown!

- 5 Let thy merit as a cloud
Still interpose between:
Flead th' atonement of thy blood,
And cleanse me from my sin:
Weary, parch'd with thirst, and faint,
Till thou th' abiding spirit breathe,
Every moment, Lord, I want
The merit of thy death.

- 6 Never shall I want it less,
When thou the gift hast giv'n,
Fill'd me with thy righteousness,
And seal'd the heir of heav'n;
I shall hang upon my God,
Till I thy perfect glory see,
Till the sprinkling of thy blood
Shall speak me up to thee.

H Y M N LXXIII. C. M.

- I WANT a principle within
Of jealous, godly fear;

F 4

A sensibility

A sensibility of sin,
A pain to feel it near:

- 2 That I from thee no more may part,
No more thy goodness grieve;
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
The tender conscience give.
- 3 Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make!
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.
- 4 If to the right or left I stray,
That moment, Lord, reprove;
And let me weep my life away,
For having griev'd thy love.
- 5 O may the least omission pain
My well-instructed soul!
And drive me to the blood again,
Which makes the wounded whole.

H. Y. M. N. LXXIV.

- 1 **H**ELP, Lord, to whom for help I fly,
And still my tempted soul stand by,
Throughout the evil day!
The sacred watchfulness impart,
And keep the issues of my heart,
And stir me up to pray.
- 2 My soul with thy whole armour arm;
In each approach of sin alarm,

And

- And shew the danger near !
 Surround, sustain, and strengthen me,
 And fill with godly jealousy,
 And sanctifying fear,
- 3 When'er my careless hands hang down,
 O let me see thy gath'ring frown,
 And feel thy warning eye ;
 And starting, cry from ruin's brink,
 Save, Jesus, or I yield, I sink !
 O save me, or I die !
- 4 If near the pit I rashly stray,
 Before I wholly fall away
 The keen conviction dart !
 Recall me by that pitying look,
 That kind, upbraiding glance, which broke
 Unfaithful Peter's heart.
- 5 In me thine utmost mercy shew,
 And make me like thyself below,
 Unblamable in grace ;
 Let me promote thy glory here,
 And after death with joy appear
 Before thy glorious face.

H Y M N LXXV.

- 1 COME on, my partners in distress,
 My comrades through the wilderness,
 Who still your bodies feel ;
 Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
 And look beyond this vale of tears
 To that celestial hill,

F 5

2 Beyond

- 2 Beyond the bounds of time and space
 Look forward to that heav'nly place,
 The saints' secure abode :
 On faith's strong eagle-pinions rise,
 And force your passage to the skies,
 And scale the mount of God.
- 3 Who suffer with our Master here,
 We shall before his face appear,
 And by his side sit down :
 To patient faith the prize is sure ;
 And all that to the end endure
 The cross, shall wear the crown.
- 4 Thrice-blessed bliss, inspiring hope !
 It lifts the fainting spirits up,
 It brings to life the dead :
 Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
 And you and I ascend at last
 Triumphant with our head.
- 5 That great, mysterious Deity
 We soon with open face shall see :
 The beatific sight
 Shall fill heaven's sounding courts with praise,
 And wide diffuse the golden blaze
 Of everlasting light.
- 6 The Father shining on his throne,
 The glorious, co-eternal Son,
 The Spirit, one and seven,
 Conspire our rapture to complete :
 And lo ! we fall before his feet,
 And silence heightens heaven.

- 7 In hope of that extatic pause,
 Jesu, we now sustain the cross,
 And at thy footstool fall;
 Till thou our hidden life reveal,
 Till thou our ravish'd spirits fill,
 And God is all in all.

H Y M N LXXVI. C M.

- 1 **O** For a heart to praise my God,
 A heart from sin set free!
 A heart that always feels thy blood,
 So freely spilt for me!
- 2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
 My great Redeemer's throne;
 Where only Christ is heard to speak,
 Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
 Believing, true, and clean!
 Which neither life nor death can part
 From him that dwells within!
- 4 A heart in every thought renew'd,
 And full of love divine:
 Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
 A copy, Lord, of thine!
- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
 Come quickly from above;
 Write thy new name upon my heart,
 Thy new, best name of love.

H Y M N

H Y M N LXXVII. 6 L. 8s.

- 1 **T**HOU hidden love of God, whose height,
 Whose depth unsearch'd no man knows;
 I see from far thy beauteous light,
 Inly I sigh for thy repose:
 My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
 At rest, till it finds rest in thee.
- 2 Thy secret voice invites me still
 The strictness of thy yoke to prove;
 And fain I would, — but though my will
 Seem flat, yet wide my passions rove;
 Yet hindrances strew all the way,
 I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.
- 3 'Tis mercy all, that thou hast brought
 My mind to seek her peace in thee;
 Yet while I seek, but find thee not,
 No peace my wand'ring soul shall see;
 O when shall all my wand'rings end,
 And all my steps to thee-ward tend!
- 4 Is there a thing beneath the sun,
 That strives with thee my heart to share,
 Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone
 The Lord of every motion there!
 Then shall my heart from earth be free,
 When it hath found repose in thee.
- 5 O hide this self from me, that I
 No more, but Christ in me may live!
 My vile affections crucify,
 Nor let one darling lust survive:

In

In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek, but thee.

6. O Lord, thy sov'reign aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted care!
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there;
Make me thy duteous child, that I
Ceaseless may Abba, Father, cry.
- 7 Ah, no! ne'er will I backward turn:
Thine wholly, thine alone I am!
Thrice happy he who views with scorn
Earth's toys, for thee his constant flame!
O help, that I may never move
From the blest footsteps of thy love.
- 8 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul and say,
"I am thy love, thy God, thy all!"
To feel thy pow'r, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love, be all my choice.

H Y M N LXXVIII. C. M.

1 **F**OR ever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died!

2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,

Sprinkle

- Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse, and keep me clean.
- 3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own :
Wash me and mine thou art :
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.
- 4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to fight improve :
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

H Y M N LXXIX.

- 1 **J**ESU, thou art our King,
To me thy succour bring;
Christ, the mighty one art thou,
Help for all on thee is laid;
This the word; I claim it now,
Send me down the promis'd aid.
- 2 High on thy Father's throne,
O look with pity down!
Help, O help! attend my call;
Captive lead captivity :
King of glory, Lord of all,
Christ, be Lord, be King to me!
- 3 I pant to feel thy sway,
And only thee t' obey;
Thee my spirit longs to meet;
This my one, my ceaseless prayer,
Make,

Make, O make my heart thy seat!

O set up thy kingdom there!

4 Triumph and reign in me,

And spread thy victory:

Hell, and death, and sin controul,

Pride, and wrath, and every foe,

All subdue: through all my soul

Conqu'ring and to conquer go!

H Y M N LXXX.

1 COME all, whoe'er have set

Your faces Zion-ward,

In Jesus let us meet,

And praise our common Lord;

In Jesus let us still go on,

Till all appear before his throne,

2 Nearer and nearer still

We to our country come;

To that celestial hill,

The weary pilgrim's home;

The new Jerusalem above,

The seat of everlasting love.

3 The ransom'd sons of God,

All earthly things we scorn;

And to our high abode

With songs of praise return;

From strength to strength we still proceed,

With crowns of joy upon our head.

4 The

- 4 The peace and joy of faith,
 Each moment may we feel;
 Redeem'd from sin and wrath,
 From earth, and death, and hell,
 We to our Father's house repair,
 To meet our elder brother there.
- 5 Our Brother, Saviour, Head,
 Our all in all is he;
 And in his steps who tread,
 We soon his face shall see;
 Shall see him with our glorious friends,
 And then in heav'n our journey ends.

H Y M N LXXXI. C. M.

- 1 **T**RY us, O God, and search the ground
 Of every sinful heart;
 Whate'er of sin in us is found,
 O bid it all depart!
- 2 When to the right or left we stray,
 Leave us not comfortless;
 But guide our feet into the way
 Of everlasting peace.
- 3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
 Each other's cross to bear;
 Let each his friendly aid afford,
 And feel his brother's care.
- 4 Help us to build each other up,
 Our little stock improve;

Increase

increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

H Y M N LXXXII. L. M.

- 1 **B**ELOVED Saviour, faithful friend,
The joy of all the cross's train;
In mercy to our aid descend,
Or else we worship thee in vain!
- 2 In vain we meet to sing and pray,
If Christ his influence withhold;
Our hearts remain as cold as clay,
Till we our God by faith behold.
- 3 Then let us feel thy healing beams,
And view thy reconciled face;
Yea, prove thy presence in these means,
To bless a vile and helpless race.
- 4 Here manifest thyself in peace;
Thy faithful mercies now make known:
Oh! breathe on us a gale of grace;
And send the promis'd blessing down!
- 5 We gladly for thy coming wait,
Seeking to know thee as thou art;
We bow as sinners at thy feet,
And bid thee welcome to our heart.

H Y M N LXXXIII. C. M.

- 1 **C**OME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten

Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cry,
To be exalted thus;

Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
For he was slain for us.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and pow'r divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

H Y M N LXXKIV. S. M.

1 **T**O God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

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

3 He will present his saints
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then

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

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

H Y M N LXXXV. L. M.

- 1 **F**ROM all that dwell below the skies,
 Let the Creator's praise arise :
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
 Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;
 Eternal truth attends thy word ;
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 Till suns shall rise, and set no more.

H Y M N LXXXVI. L. M.

- 1 **B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
 Ye nations, bow with sacred joy ;
 Know that the Lord is God alone,
 He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
 Made us of clay and form'd us men :
 And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
 He brought us to his fold again.

- 3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
 High as the heav'ns our voices raise;
 And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
 Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is thy command;
 Vast as eternity thy love;
 Firm as a rock thy truth will stand,
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

H Y M N LXXXVII. 7s.

- 1 **G**RATEFUL notes and numbers bring,
 While Jehovah's praise we sing,
 Holy, holy, holy, Lord,
 Be thy glorious name ador'd.
- 2 Men on earth, and fairs above,
 Sing the great Redeemer's love;
 Lord, thy mercies never fail,
 Hail, celestial goodness, hail.
- 3 Though unworthy, Lord, thine ear,
 Our humble hallelujahs hear;
 Purer praise we hope to bring,
 When with fairs we stand and sing.
- 4 Lead us to that blissful state,
 Where thou reign'st supremely great,
 Look with pity from thy throne,
 And send thy holy Spirit down.
- 5 Whilst on earth ordain'd to stay,
 Guide our footsteps in thy way;

Till

'Till we come to reign with thee,
And all thy glorious greatness see.

- 6 Then with angels we'll again,
Wake a louder, louder strain;
Then in joyful songs of praise,
We'll our grateful voices raise.
- 7 There no tongue shall silent be,
There all shall join sweet harmony :
Then thro' heaven's all spacious round,
Thy praise, O God, shall ever sound.
- Lord, thy mercies never fail,
Hail, celestial goodness, hail.

H Y M N LXXXVIII. C. M. d.

- 1 **F**ATHER, how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs;
By thousand thro' the skies,
Those mighty orbs proclaim thy pow'r;
Their motions speak thy skill:
And on the wings of ev'ry hour
We read thy patience still.
- 2 But, when we view thy great design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion shine
In their divinest forms:
Here the whole Deity is known;
Nor dares a creature guess,

Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice or the grace.

- 3 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heav'nly plains ;
Bright seraphs chaunt Immanuel's name,
And bring their choicest strains.
O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song !
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

H Y M N LXXXIX. C. M.

- 1 **T**O our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song !
O may his love (immortal flame !)
Tune ev'ry heart and tongue !
- 2 His love what mortal thought can reach ?
What mortal tongue display ?
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.
- 3 Jesus ! he left his throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die :—
Was ever love like this !
- 4 O Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May ev'ry heart with rapture say :
" The Saviour dy'd for me !"

5 O may

- 3 O may the sweet, the blissful theme,
 Fill ev'ry heart and tongue!
 Till strangers love the Saviour's name,
 And join the sacred song.

H Y M N XC. 7s.

- 1 **N**OW begin the heav'nly theme,
 Sing aloud in Jesu's name:
 Ye who Jesu's kindness prove,
 Triumph in Redeeming Love.
- 2 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
 Banish all your guilty fears;
 See your guilt and curse remove,
 Cancell'd by Redeeming Love,
- 3 Ye, alas! who long have been
 Willing slaves of death and sin,
 Now from bliss no longer rove,
 Stop, and taste Redeeming Love.
- 4 Welcome all by sin oppress'd,
 Welcome to his sacred rest;
 Nothing brought him from above,
 Nothing but Redeeming Love.
- 5 When his Spirit leads us home
 When we to his glory come,
 We shall all the fullness prove
 Of our Lord's Redeeming Love.
- 6 Hither, then, your music bring,
 Strike aloud each cheerful string;

Mortals, join the hosts above,
Join to praise Redeeming Love.

H Y M N XCL O, M.

- 1 **S**ALVATION! O the joyful sound,
What pleasure to our ears!
A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Salvation! Let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.
- 3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

C H O R U S.

*Glory, honour, praise, and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever;
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer!
Hallelujah! praise the Lord.*

H Y M N XCL

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

2 Jesus

- 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
 The God of truth and love :
 When he had purg'd our stains,
 He took his seat above.
 Lift up your hearts, &c.
- 3 He all our foes shall quell,
 And Satan's works destroy ;
 And every bosom swell
 With pure seraphic joy.
 Lift up your hearts, &c.
- 4 His kingdom cannot fail,
 He rules o'er earth and heav'n ;
 The keys of death and hell
 Are to our Saviour giv'n.
 Lift up your hearts, &c.
- 5 He sits at God's right-hand
 Till all his foes submit,
 And bow to his command,
 And fall beneath his feet.
 Lift up your hearts, &c.
- 6 Rejoice in glorious hope,
 Jesus the Judge shall come,
 And take his pilgrims up
 To their eternal home :
 We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,
 The trump of God shall sound, rejoice.

H Y M N X C H I.

- 1 **F**ATHER of our dying Lord,
Remember us for good :
O fulfil his faithful word,
And hear his speaking blood !
Give us that for which he prays ;
Father, glorify thy Son ;
Shew his truth, and pow'r, and grace,
And send the promise down.
- 2 True and faithful Witness thou,
O Christ, the Spirit give !
Hast thou not receiv'd him now,
That we might now receive ?
Art thou not our living Head ?
Life to all thy limbs impart :
Shed thy love, thy Spirit shed,
In ev'ry waiting heart.
- 3 Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
The gift of Jesus, come :
Glow's our heart to find thee near,
And swells to make thee room ;
Present with us thee we feel,
Come, O come, and in us be !
With us, in us, live and dwell
To all eternity.

H Y M N X C I V. S. M.

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise ;

Dispel

Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Cheer our desponding hearts
With visitations sweet ;

Give us to lie, with humble hope,
At our Redeemer's feet.

3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove ;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesu's blood ;
And to our wond'ring view reveal
The secret love of God.

5 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
T' illuminate the soul ;
To pour fresh life on ev'ry part,
And new create the whole.

H Y M N XCV. 7s.

1 **H**OLY Lamb, who thee receive,
Who in thee begin to live ;
Day and night they cry to thee,
As thou art, so let us be.

2 Fix, O ! fix each wavering mind,
To thy cross our spirits bind ;
Earthly passions far remove,
Swallow up our souls in love !

3 Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of guilt and misery;
Thine we are, thou Son of God,
Take the purchase of thy blood,

4 Boundless wisdom, pow'r divine,
Love unspeakable are thine;
Praise by all to thee be giv'n,
Sons of earth and hosts of heav'n.

H Y M N XCVI, 7s.

1 **H**ARK! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconcil'd.

2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the heav'nly host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem!"

3 Christ, by highest heav'n ador'd,
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb.

4 Mild, he lays his glory by,
Born, that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

5 Come, desire of nations, come,
Fix in us thy humble home;

Rise,

Rise, the woman's conqu'ring seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head.

- 6 Adam's likeness now efface,
Stamp thine image in its place;
Second Adam from above,
Prove thyself the God of love.

H Y M N XC VII. C. M.

- 1 **W**HEN I survey the wond'rous cross,
On which the Prince of glory dy'd,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the death of Christ my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See from his head, his hands and feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my heart, my life, my all.

H Y M N XC VIII. C. M.

- 1 **F**ROM Salem's gate advancing slow,
What object meets my eyes?

What

What means this majesty of woe ?
 What mean these mingled cries ?

- 2 Who can it be, that groans beneath
 A pond'rous cross of wood ?
 Whose soul's o'erwhelm'd in pains of death,
 And body's bath'd in blood ?
- 3 Is this the man, can this be he,
 The prophets have foretold,
 Should with transgressors number'd be,
 And for their crimes be sold ?
- 4 Yes, now I know 'tis He, 'tis He,
 Ev'n Jesus, God's dear Son ;
 Wrapt in mortality, to die
 For crimes that I have done.
- 5 O ! blessed sight, O ! lovely form,
 To sinful souls like me !
 I'll creep beside him as a worm,
 And see Him die for me.
- 6 I'll hear his groans and view his wounds,
 Until, with happy *John*,
 I on his breast a place have found
 Sweetly to lean upon.

H Y M N XCIX. L. M. d.

- 1 **H**E dies ! the friend of sinners dies !
 Lo ! Salem's daughters weep around !
 A solemn darkness veils the skies !
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground !
 Come,

Come, faints, and drop a tear or two
 For him, who groan'd beneath your load ;
 He shed a thousand drops for you,
 A thousand drops of richer blood !

- 2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
 The Lord of Glory dies for man !
 But lo ! what sudden joys we see !
 Jesus the dead revives again !
 The rising God forsakes his tomb,
 The tomb in vain forbids his rise,
 Cherubic legions guard him home,
 And shout him welcome to the skies.
- 3 Break off your tears, ye faints, and tell,
 How high our great Deliv'rer reigns !
 Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
 And led the monster, Death, in chains !
 Say, " Live for ever, Wondrous King,
 Born to redeem, and strong to save !"
 Then ask the monster, " Where's thy sting ?
 And where's thy victory, boasting grave !"

H Y M N C. L. M.

- 1 **O**UR Lord is risen from the dead ;
 Our Saviour is gone up on high :
 The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
 Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chaunt the solemn lay ;

Lift

- Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way.
- 3 Loose all your massy bars of light,
And wide unfold th' ethereal scene ;
He claims those mansions as his right,
Receive the King of Glory in.
- 4 Who is the King of Glory, who ?
The Lord, that all his foes o'ercame ;
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.
- 5 Lo ! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chaunt the solemn lay ;
Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way.
- 6 Who is the King of Glory, who ?
The Lord of glorious pow'r possess :
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, for ever blest !

H Y M N C I.

- 1 **R**ISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace ;
Rise from transitory things,
Towards heav'n, thy native place.
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove :
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepar'd above.

2 Rivers

- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course :
 Fire ascending seeks the sun,
 Both speed them to their source :
 Thus a soul new-born of God
 Pants to view his glorious face,
 Upwards tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.
- 3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn ;
 Press onward to the prize ;
 Soon our Saviour will return
 Triumphant in the skies :
 Yet a season, and you know
 Happy entrance will be giv'n,
 And all our sorrows left below,
 And earth chang'd for heav'n.

H Y M N CII. C. M.

- 1 **Y**E wretched, hungry, starving poor,
 Behold a royal feast !
 Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
 For ev'ry welcome guest.
- 2 See, Jesus stands with open arms ;
 He calls, he bids you come :
 Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms,
 But see, there yet is room :
- 3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart,
 There love and pity meet ;
 Nor will He bid the soul depart,
 That trembles at his feet.

- 4 In Him the Father, reconcil'd,
Invites the soul to come ;
The rebel shall be call'd a child,
And kindly welcom'd home.
- 5 O come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love ;
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.
- 6 There; with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In extasies unknown.
- 7 Ten thousand times ten thousand more
Are welcome still to come ;
Ye longing souls the grace adore ;
Approach, there yet is room.

H Y M N CIII.

- 1 **C**OME, weary souls with sins distressed,
Come, and accept the promis'd rest ;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load,
O come and spread your woes abroad ;
Divine compassion, mighty love
Will all the painful load remove.
- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes,
Pardon

Pardon and life, and endless peace ;
How rich the gift ! how free the grace !

4 Lord, we accept with thankful heart,
The hope thy gracious words impart ;
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice.

5 Yes, Saviour ! let thy pow'ful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove ;
And sweetly influence ev'ry breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

H Y M N C I V . L . M .

1 **A**WAKE our souls, away our fears !
Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone ;
Awake, and run the heav'nly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a straight and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint ;
But Jesus is the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of ev'ry saint.

3 From thee, the ever-flowing spring,
Believers drink a fresh supply ;
While such as trust their native strength,
Will melt away, and droop and die.

4 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
O may we mount to thine abode !
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heav'nly road !

H Y M N

H Y M N CV. C. M.

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

H Y M N CVI.

- 1 **P**RAISE the Lord, who reigns above,
And keeps his courts below ;
Praise our holy God of love ;
And all his greatness shew.

Praise

Praise Him for his noble deeds,
 Praise Him for his matchless pow'r :
 Him, from whom all good proceeds,
 Let earth and heav'n adore.

2 Publish, spread to all around
 The great Immanuel's name :
 Let the trumpet's martial sound,
 Him, Lord of Hosts, proclaim :
 Praise Him, ev'ry tuneful string,
 All the reach of heav'nly art ;
 All the pow'rs of music bring,
 The music of the heart.

3 Him, in whom they move and live,
 Let ev'ry creature sing :
 Glory to our Saviour give,
 And homage to our King :
 Hallow'd be his name beneath,
 As in heav'n on earth ador'd :
 Praise the Lord in ev'ry breath ;
 Let all things praise the Lord !

H Y M N CVII.

1 **W**E give immortal praise,
 To God the Father's love ;
 For all our comforts here,
 And better hopes above.
 He sent his own eternal Son,
 'T' die for sins that man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
 Immortal glory too,

H

Who

Who bought us with his blood,
 From everlasting woe.
 And now he lives, and now he reigns,
 And sees the fruit of all his pains.

- 3 To God the Spirit's name,
 Immortal worship give,
 Whose new creating pow'r
 Makes the dead sinner live.
 His work complete the great design,
 And fills the soul with joy divine,

H Y M N CVIII. 6 L. 7s.

- 1 **F**ATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One in Three, and Three in One,
 As by the celestial host
 Let thy will on earth be done ;
 Praise by all to thee be giv'n,
 Glorious Lord of earth and heav'n.
- 2 If so poor a worm as I
 May to thy great glory live,
 All my actions sanctify,
 All my words and thoughts receive ;
 Claim me for thy service, claim
 All I have, and all I am.
- 3 Take my soul and body's pow'rs ;
 Take my mem'ry, mind, and will ;
 All my goods, and all my hours,
 All I know, and all I feel ;
 All I think, or speak, or do :
 Take my heart ; but make it new !

4 Now, ●

- 4 Now, O God, thine own I am !
 Now I give thee back thine own ;
 Freedom, friends, and health, and fame,
 Consecrate to thee alone :
 Thine I live, thrice happy I !
 Happier still if thine I die !

H Y M N CIX. C. M.

- 1 **T**HERE is a land of pure delight,
 Where fairs immortal reign ;
 Infinite day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
 And never-with'ring flow'rs ;
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides,
 This heav'nly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
 Stand dress'd in living green :
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
 While Jordan roll'd between.
- 4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,
 To cross this narrow sea,
 And linger shiv'ring on the brink,
 And fear to launch away.
- 5 When faith makes all our doubts remove,
 Those gloomy doubts that rise,
 And shews the Canaan that we love,
 To our delighted eyes :

- 6 When we can climb where *Moses* stood, +
 And view the landscape o'er,
 Nor *Jordan's* stream, nor death's cold flood,
 Can fright us from the shore.

H Y M N CX. L. M.

- 1 **H**ARK! in the wilderness a cry;
 It shakes the mountains, rends the
 earth;
 The King appears, behold Him nigh,
 The God by nature, man by birth.
- 2 Run to and fro, ye heralds run,
 Proclaim aloud, prepare the way!
 Redemption's glorious work's begun;
 And who his potent arm shall stay?
- 3 Make straight the paths before his feet,
 And ev'ry obstacle remove;
 Drop down, ye hills, your cumb'rous weight,
 And bow before *Redeeming Love*.
- 4 Then shall the lowly valley rise,
 Its budding honours spring to view;
 Swift the *Creating Fiat* flies,
 And all is blisful, all is new.
- 5 Know'st thou the meaning, nature's child?
 Know'st thou the import of the cry?
 Thy heart's the desert waste and wild;
 But lo! the kind *Redeemer's* nigh.
- 6 Mountains of unbelief and sin
 Before him crumble into dust;

Thy

Thy humbled heart shall then begin
His all-restoring hand to trust.

- 7 By him exalted, know thy state,
A garden rich in fruit and flow'r;
Thy gracious Master's lov'd retreat,
The wonder of *Redeeming Pow'r*.

H Y M N CXI.

- 1 **T**HOU God of harmony and love,
Whose name transports the saints
above,
And lulls the ravish'd spheres;
On thee in feeble strains I call,
And mix my humble voice with all
Thy heav'nly choristers.
- 2 If aught I know the tuneful art,
To captivate a human heart,
The glory, Lord, be thine:
A servant of thy blessed will,
I here devote my utmost skill,
To found the praise divine.
- 3 With *Tubal's* wretched sons no more
I prostitute my sacred pow'r,
To please the fiends beneath,
To modulate the wanton lay,
Or smooth with music's hand the way
To everlasting death.
- 4 Suffice for this the season past:
I come, great God, to learn at last

The lessons of thy grace ;
 Teach me the new, the Gospel-song,
 And let my head, my heart, my tongue
 Move only to thy praise.

5 Thine own musician, Lord, inspire,
 O may I, fill'd with sacred fire,
 Repeat the Psalmist's part !
 His Son and thine reveal in me,
 And fill with sacred melody
 The fibres of my heart.

6 O might I with thy saints aspire,
 The meanest of that dazzling choir,
 Who chaunt thy praise above ;
 Mix'd with the bright musician band,
 May I in holy raptures stand,
 And sing the song of love !

7 What extacy of bliss is there !
 While all th' angelic concert share,
 And drink the floating joys !
 What more than extacy, when all
 Struck to the golden pavement fall
 At Jesus' glorious voice !

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

H Y M N

H Y M N CXII. L. M.

- 1 **H**OW sad our state by nature is,
Our sin how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive souls
Fast in his slavish chains.
- 2 But there's a voice of sov'reign grace
Sounds from God's sacred word;
Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord!
- 3 O may we hear th' almighty call,
And run to this relief!
We would believe thy promise, Lord,
O help our unbelief!
- 4 To the blest fountain of thy blood,
Teach us, O Lord, to fly;
There may we wash our spotted souls
From crimes of deepest dye!
- 5 Stretch out thine arm, victorious Lord,
Our reigning sins subdue;
Make ev'ry heart thy kingdom's seat,
And form our souls anew.
- 6 Poor, guilty, weak, and helpless worms,
Into thine hands we fall;
Be thou our strength and righteousness,
Our Saviour and our all!

H Y M N CXIII. 7s.

- 1 **G**RANTED is the Saviour's pray'r,
Now descends the Comforter;
Brings

Brings his sayings to our mind :
Heav'nly teacher of mankind !

- 2 Come, divine and peaceful *Guest*,
Enter now our waiting breast ;
Holy Ghost, each heart inspire,
Kindle there the Gospel fire.
- 3 Now descend and shake the earth,
Wake us into second birth ;
Now thy quick'ning influence give,
Breathe, and these dry bones shall live !
- 4 Brood thou o'er our nature's night !
Darkness kindles into light ;
Spread thine overshadowing wings,
Order from confusion springs.
- 5 Pain and sin, and sorrow cease,
Thee we taste and all is peace ;
Joy divine in thee we prove,
Light of truth and fire of love.

H Y M N CXIV. S. M.

- 1 **M**Y Saviour, thou didst shed
Thy precious blood for me ;
O dwell within my worthless heart,
And let me live to thee.
- 2 Thou callest me, O Lord,
To come to thee and live ;
I therefore come with all my sins,
I know thou canst forgive.

3 My

- 3 My Saviour and my Lord!
 I long to see thy face;
 To know thee more and more by faith,
 And daily grow in grace.
- 4 And when this life is o'er,
 O may I dwell with Thee,
 Still worshipping the blessed Lamb,
 Who liv'd and dy'd for me.

H Y M N CXV. L. M.

- 1 SWEET is the work, O God, our King!
 To praise thy name, give thanks and
 sing,
 To shew thy love by morning light,
 And tell of all thy truth by night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest:
 Drive earthly care from ev'ry breast:
 And let our hearts in tune be found,
 Like David's harp of solemn sound.
- 3 Our hearts shall triumph in thee, Lord,
 And bless thy work, and bless thy word:
 Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
 How deep thy counsels! how divine!
- 4 O may we see, and hear, and know,
 What mortals cannot reach below!
 May all our pow'rs find sweet employ
 In Christ's eternal world of joy!

H Y M N CKVI.

- 1 **L**ORD of the worlds above,
 How pleasant and how fair
 The dwellings of thy love,
 Thine earthly temples are!
 To thine abode My heart aspires,
 With warm desires To see my God.
- 2 O happy souls, that pray
 Where God appoints to hear!
 O happy men, that pay
 Their constant service there!
 They praise thee still; And happy they,
 That love the way To Zion's hill.
- 3 They go from strength to strength,
 Thro' this dark vale of tears,
 Till each arrives at length,
 Till each in heav'n appears:
 O glorious feat, When God our King
 Shall thither bring Our willing feet!
- 4 To spend one sacred day
 Where God and saints abide,
 Affords diviner joy
 Than thousand days beside:
 Where God resorts, I love it more
 To keep the door Than shine in courts.
- 5 God is our sun and shield,
 Our light and our defence;
 With gifts his hands are fill'd,
 We draw our blessings thence:

He

He shall bestow On *Jacob's* race
Peculiar grace And glory too.

- 6 The Lord his people loves ;
His hand no good with-holds
From those his heart approves,
From poor and contrite souls :
Thrice happy he, O God of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts Alone in thee !

H Y M N CXVII.

- 1 **L**IGHT of those, whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come, and now thyself revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath !
- 2 The new heav'n's and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise !
Scatt'ring all the night of nature,
Pouring eye-sight on our eyes !
- 3 Still we wait for thine appearing,
Life and joy thy beams impart ;
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Ev'ry poor, benighted heart !
- 4 Come, and manifest the favour,
Thou hast for the ransom'd race :
So shall we, exalted Saviour !
Sing the wonders of thy grace.

H Y M N

H Y M N CXVIII. C. M.

- 1 **O** For a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!
- 2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honours of thy name.
- 3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease:
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the pow'r of cancell'd sin,
He sets the pris'n'r free:
His blood can make the foulest clean:
His blood avail'd for me.
- 5 Look unto him, ye nations, own
Your God, ye fallen race;
Look, and be sav'd through faith alone,
Be justify'd by grace!

H Y M N CXIX.

- 1 **C**OME, ye finners, poor and wretched,
Come to mercy's open door,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and pow'r;
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.

2 Now

- 2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
 God's free bounty glorify :
 True belief, and true repentance,
 Every grace that brings him nigh ;
 Without money
 Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream,
 All the fitness he requireth,
 'Is to feel your need of him ;
 This he gives you,
 'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
 Quite disabled by the fall,
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all ;
 Not the righteous,
 Sinners Jesus come to call.
- 5 Agonizing in the garden,
 Lo ! your Maker prostrate lies !
 On the bloody tree behold him !
 Hear him cry before he dies,
 " It is finish'd !"
 Sinners, will not this suffice ?
- 6 Lo ! th' incarnate God ascended,
 Pleads the merit of his blood ;
 Venture on him, venture wholly,
 Let no other trust intrude ;
 None but Jesus
 Can do helpless sinners good.

- 7 Saints and angels join'd in concert,
 Sing the praises of the Lamb,
 While the blissful seats of heaven
 Sweetly echo with his name :
 Hallelujah !
 Sinners here may do the same.

H Y M N CXX.

- 1 **B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow,
 The gladly solemn sound,
 Let all the nations know,
 To earth's remotest bound,
 The year of Jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
 Hath full atonement made ;
 Ye weary spirits rest,
 Ye mournful souls be glad :—The year, &c.
- 3 Ye, who have sold for nought
 Your heritage above,
 Shall have it back unbought,
 The gift of Jesu's love.—The year, &c.
- 4 Extol the Lamb of God,
 The all-atoning Lamb ;
 Redemption in his blood
 Throughout the world proclaim.—
 The year, &c.

H Y M N

H Y M N CXXI. 8 L. 79.

- 1 **J**ESU, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high :
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past ;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 O receive my soul at last !
- 2 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;
 Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me :
 All my trust on thee is stay'd,
 All my help from thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
 More than all in thee I find :
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind :
 Just and holy is thy name ;
 I am all unrighteousness ;
 Vile, and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to pardon all my sin :
 Let the healing streams abound,

Make

Make, and keep me pure within,
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee ;
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

H Y M N CXXII. L. M.

- 1 **O** Thou that hear'st when sinners cry,
 Tho' all my crimes before thee lie,
 Behold me not with angry look,
 But blot their mem'ry from thy book.
- 2 Create my nature pure within,
 And form my soul averse to sin :
 Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
 Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without thy light,
 Cast out and banish'd from thy sight ;
 Thy saving strength, O Lord, restore,
 And guard me that I fall no more.
- 4 Tho' I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
 His help and comfort still afford :
 And let a wretch come near thy throne
 To plead the merits of thy Son.
- 5 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
 And owns thy dreadful sentence just :
 Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
 And save the soul condemn'd to die.
- 6 Then will I teach the world thy ways,
 Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign grace :

I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a part'ning God.

- 7 O may thy love inspire my tongue,
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my pow'rs shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

H Y M N CXXIII. C. M.

- 1 **W**HY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend, and bring
The tokens of thy grace!
- 2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,
And seal the heirs of heav'n?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And shew my sins forgiv'n?
- 3 Affure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.
- 4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
May thy blest wings, celestial Dove,
Safely convey me home.

H Y M N CXXIV. C. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, I believe a rest remains
To all thy people known,

A rest

A rest, where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art lov'd alone.

- 3 O that I now that rest might know,
Believe, and enter in!
Now, Saviour, now the pow'r bestow,
Release me from my sin.
- 3 Remove this hardness from my heart,
This unbelief remove;
To me the rest of faith impart,
The sabbath of thy love.
- 4 I would be thine, thou know'st I would,
And have thee all my own:
Thee, O my all-sufficient good!
I want, and thee alone.
- 5 Thy name to me, thy nature grant!
This, only this, be giv'n;
Nothing beside my God I want,
Nothing in earth or heav'n.
- 6 Come, O my Saviour, come away,
Into my soul descend;
No longer from thy creature stay,
My author, and my end!
- 7 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
And seal me thine abode;
Let all I am in thee be lost,
Let all be lost in God!

H Y M N

H Y M N CXXV. L. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man aham'd of thee?
Scorn'd be the thought by rich and poor,
My soul shall scorn it more and more.
- 2 Aham'd of Jesus! sooner far,
Let ev'ning blush to own a star:
Aham'd of Jesus! just as soon
Let morning blush to own the sun.
- 3 Aham'd of Jesus! that dear friend,
On whom for heav'n my hopes depend;
No, if I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
- 4 Aham'd of Jesus! yes I may,
When I've no sin to wash away,
No tears to wipe, no joys to crave,
Or no immortal soul to save.
- 5 'Till then, nor is the boasting vain,
'Till then I'll boast a Saviour slain;
And O may this my portion be,
The Saviour not aham'd of me!

H Y M N CXXVI. S. M.

- 1 **Y**E happy pilgrims come,
Your drooping spirits raise,
Our Jesus soon will take us home
To sing his endless praise.

C H O R U S.

*Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah,
We are on our journey home.*

Rise.

- 2 Rise; this is not our rest,
Why seek it here in vain?
When ready for the marriage feast,
We there our rest shall gain.—*Hal. &c.*
- 3 We rest from sin below,
From suffering upon high,
If in the ways of grace we go,
To glory in the sky.—*Hal. &c.*
- 4 As strangers here we live,
Nor 'biding city find;
And all our hearts to Jesus give,
And leave the world behind.—*Hal. &c.*
- 5 Thus saints in ancient days
A country sought above,
And hasten'd there with songs of praise,
And hearts inflam'd with love.—*Hal. &c.*
- 6 Their steps let us pursue,
And fight our passage through,
And always keep the prize in view,
Till we arrive there too.—*Hal. &c.*
- 7 The prize—behold how bright,
It glitters thro' the sky!
Haste, pilgrims, haste, and run, and fight,
And seize the crown so nigh.—*Hal. &c.*

H. Y. M. N. CXXVII.

- 1 VAIN, delusive world, adieu,
With all of creature good,
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood!

All thy pleasures I forego,
 I trample on thy wealth and pride;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucify'd.

2 Other knowledge I disdain,
 'Tis all but vanity:
 Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
 He tasted death for me,
 Me to save from endless woe,
 The sin-atonement dy'd!
 Only Jesus, &c.

3 Here will I set up my rest,
 My fluctuating heart
 From the haven of his breast
 Shall never more depart:
 Whither should a sinner go?
 His wounds for me stand open wide;
 Only Jesus, &c.

4 Him to know is life and peace,
 And pleasure without end;
 This be all my happiness,
 On Jesus to depend;
 Daily in his grace to grow,
 And ever in his faith abide:
 Only Jesus, &c.

5 O that I could all invite,
 This saving truth to prove:
 Shew the length, the breadth, the height,
 And depth of Jesu's love!

Fain I would to sinners show
 The blood by faith alone apply'd :
 Only Jesus, &c.

H Y M N CXXVIII.

- 1 **T**HE voice of my Beloved sounds,
 While o'er the mountain-tops he bounds;
 He flies exulting o'er the hills,
 And all my soul with transport fills;
 Gently doth he chide my stay,
 " Rife, my love, and come away."
- 2 The scatter'd clouds are fled at last,
 The rain is gone, the winter past;
 The lovely vernal flow'rs appear,
 The warbling choir enchant our ear;
 Now, with sweetly pensive mien,
 Comes the turtle-dove alone.

H Y M N CXXIX. L. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my all, to heav'n is gone,
 He whom I fix my hopes upon;
 His track I see, and I'll pursue
 The narrow way, till him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went,
 The road that leads from banishment;
 The King's highway of holiness
 I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,
 And mourn'd because I found it not;
 My grief a burden long has been,
 Because I could not cease from sin.

4 The

- 4 The more I strove against its pow'r,
I finn'd and stumbled but the more,
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I AM THE WAY."
- 5 Lo! glad I come; and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee, as I am :
Nothing but sin I thee can give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found :
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God."

H Y M N CXXX. C. M. d.

PART THE FIRST.

- 1 **C**OMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands,
To his sure trust and tender care,
Who earth and heav'n commands ;
Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wand'ring feet,
He shall prepare thy way.
- 2 "Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on ;
Fix on his work thy stedfast eye,
So shall thy work be done :
No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care :

- To him commend thy cause, his ear
 Attends the softest prayer.
 3 Thine everlasting truth,
 Father, thy ceaseless love,
 Sees all thy children's wants, and knows
 What best for each will prove :
 And whatso'er thou wilt
 Thou dost, O King of Kings,
 What thine unerring wisdom chose,
 Thy pow'r to being brings,
 4 Thou ev'ry where hast way,
 And all things serve thy might,
 Thy ev'ry act pure blessing is,
 Thy path unfully'd light :
 When thou arisest, Lord, M Y H
 What shall thy work withstand ?
 When all thy children want, thou giv'st,
 Who, who shall stay thine hand ?

H Y M N CXXXI.

PART THE SECOND.

- 1 **G**IVE to the winds thy fears,
 Hope, and be undismay'd,
 God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
 God shall lift up thy head ;
 Thro' waves, and clouds, and storms,
 He gently clears thy way ;
 Wait thou his time, so shall this night
 Soon end in joyous day.
 2 Still heavy is thy heart,
 Still sink thy spirits down ;

Cast

Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
 And ev'ry care be gone;
 What tho' thou rulest not,
 Yet heav'n, and earth, and hell,
 Proclaim " God sitteth on the throne,
 And ruleth all things well."

3 Leave to his sov'reign sway
 To chuse and to command,
 So shalt thou wond'ring own his way,
 How wise, how strong his hand!
 Far, far above thy thought
 His counsel shall appear,
 When fully he the work hath wrought,
 That caus'd thy needless fear.

4 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
 Our hearts are known to thee;
 O lift thou up the sinking hand,
 Confirm the feeble knee:
 Let us in life, in death,
 Thy stedfast truth declare,
 And publish, with our latest breath,
 Thy love and guardian care.

H Y M N CXXXII. L. M. d.

1 **A**WAY my unbelieving fear,
 Fear shall in me no more have place;
 My Saviour doth not yet appear,
 He hides the brightness of his face:
 But shall I therefore let him go,
 And basely to the tempter yield?
 No, in the strength of Jesus, no,
 I never will give up my shield.

- 2 Although the vine its fruit deny,
 Although the olive yield no oil,
 The with'ring fig-tree droop and die,
 The fields elude the tiller's toil,
 The empty stall no herd afford,
 And perish all the bleating race,
 Yet will I triumph in the Lord,
 The God of my salvation praise.
- 3 Barren although my soul remain,
 And no one bud of grace appear,
 No fruit of all my toil or pain,
 But sin, and only sin is here,
 Although my gifts, and comforts lost,
 My blooming hopes cut off I see,
 Yet will I in my Saviour trust,
 And glory that he dy'd for me.
- 4 In hope believing against hope,
 Jesus, my Lord, my God, I claim,
 Jesus, my strength, shall lift me up,
 Salvation is in Jesu's name;
 To me he soon shall bring it nigh,
 My soul shall then out-strip the wind,
 On wings of love mount up on high,
 And leave the world and sin behind.

H Y M N CXXXIII.

- 1 **H** E A D of the church triumphant,
 We joyfully adore thee,
 Till thou appear,
 Thy members here

- Shall sing like those in glory;
 We lift our hearts and voices,
 With blest anticipation;
 And cry aloud,
 And give to God
 The praise of our salvation.
- 2 While in affliction's furnace,
 And passing thro' the fire,
 Thy love we praise,
 Which knows no days,
 And ever brings us nigher;
 We clap our hands, exulting
 In thine almighty favour;
 The love divine,
 Which made us thine,
 Shall keep us thine for ever.
- 3 Thou dost conduct thy people
 Through torrents of temptation;
 Nor will we fear,
 While thou art near,
 The fire of tribulation:
 The world, with sin and Satan,
 In vain our march opposes;
 By thee we shall
 Break thro' them all,
 And sing the song of Moses.
- 4 By faith we see the glory
 To which thou shalt restore us,
 The cross despise,
 For that high prize

Which thou hast set before us;
 And if thou count us worthy,
 We each, as dying Stephen,
 Shall see thee stand
 At God's right-hand,
 To take us up to heaven.

H Y M N. CXXXIV. M. C.

- 1 **A**LAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
 And did my Sovereign die?
 Would he devote that sacred head
 For such a worm as I?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done,
 He groan'd upon the tree?
 Amazing pity! grace unknown,
 And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
 And shut his glories in,
 When Christ the mighty Maker dy'd,
 For man the creature's sin!
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
 While his dear cross appears;
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt my eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe;
 Here, Lord, I give myself away,
 'Tis all that I can do.

H Y M N

H Y M N CXXXV. C. M.

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

H Y M N

H · Y · M · N · CXXXVI. L · M.

- 1 **B**Y faith in CHRIST I walk with God,
 With heav'n, my journey's end, in view ;
 Supported by his staff and rod,
 My road is safe and pleasant too.
- 2 I travel through a desert wide,
 Where many round me blindly stray ;
 But he vouchsafes to be my guide,
 And will not let me miss my way.
- 3 Tho' snares and dangers throng my path,
 And earth and hell my course withstand ;
 I triumph over all by faith,
 Guarded by his almighty hand.
- 4 The wilderness affords no food,
 But God for my support prepares ;
 Provides me ev'ry needful good,
 And frees my soul from wants and cares.
- 5 With him sweet converse I maintain,
 Great as he is, I dare be free ;
 I tell him all my grief and pain,
 And he reveals his love to me.
- 6 Some cordial from his word he brings,
 Whene'er my feeble spirit faints ;
 At once my soul revives and sings,
 And yields no more to sad complaints.
- 7 I pity all that worldlings talk
 Of pleasures that will quickly end,

Be

Be this my choice, O Lord, to walk
With thee, my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,

H Y M N CXXXVII.

1. **T**HO' troubles assail, and dangers affright,
Tho' friends should all fail, and foes all
unite ;
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The promise assures us, the *Lord* will provide.
- 2 The birds without barn or store-house are fed,
From them let us learn to trust for our bread ;
His saints what is fitting, shall ne'er be deny'd,
So long as 'tis written, the *Lord* will provide.
- 3 We may, like the ships, by tempests be tost
On perilous deeps, but cannot be lost :
Tho' Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
The promise engages, the *Lord* will provide.
- 4 His call we obey like Abra'm of old,
Not knowing our way, but faith makes us
bold ;
For tho' we are strangers, we have a **G**ood
guide,
And trust in all dangers, the *Lord* will pro-
vide.
- 5 When Satan appears to stop up our path,
And fill us with fears, we triumph by faith,
He cannot take from us, tho' oft he has try'd,
This heart-cheering promise, the *Lord* will
provide.

6 He

- 6 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain,
The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain;
But when such suggestions our spirits have
ply'd,
This answers all questions, the *Lord* will
provide.
- 6 No strength of our own, or goodness we claim;
Yet since we have known the Saviour's great
name,
In this our strong tower for safety we hide,
The *Lord* is our power, the *Lord* will provide.
- 8 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
This word of his grace shall comfort us thro':
No fearing or doubting with *Christ* on our
side,
We hope to die shouting, the *Lord* will pro-
vide.

H. Y. M. N. CXXXVIII. L. M.

- 1 **W**HEN first to make my heart his own,
The *Lord* reveal'd his mighty grace;
Self reign'd, like Dagon, on the throne,
But could not long maintain its place.
- 2 It fell, and own'd the pow'r divine,
(Grace can with ease the vict'ry gain)
But soon this wretched heart of mine,
Contriv'd to set it up again.
- 3 Again the *LORD* his name proclaim'd,
And brought the hateful idol low;

Then

Then self, like Dagon, broken, maim'd,
Seem'd to receive a mortal blow.

- 4 Yet self is not of life bereft,
Nor ceases to oppose his will;
Tho' but a maimed stump be left,
'Tis Dagon, 'tis an idol still.
- 5 LORD! must I always guilty prove,
And idols in my heart have room?
Oh! let the fire of heav'nly love,
The very stump of self consume.

H Y M N CXXXIX. L. M.

- 1 **P** OOR, weak, and worthless tho' I am,
I have a rich almighty friend;
Jesus, the Saviour, is his name,
He freely loves and without end.
- 2 He ransom'd me from hell with blood,
And by his pow'r my foes controll'd;
He found me, wand'ring far from God,
And brought me to his chosen fold.
- 3 He cheers my heart, my wants supplies,
And says that I shall shortly be
Enthron'd with him above the skies:
Oh! what a friend is CHRIST to me.
- 4 But ah! my inmost spirit mourns,
And well my eyes with tears may swim,
To think of my perverse returns;
I've been a faithless friend to him.

5 Often

- 5 Often my gracious Friend I grieve,
Neglect, distrust, and disobey,
And often Satan's lies believe,
Sooner than all my Friend can say.
- 6 He bids me always freely come,
And promises what'er I ask ;
But I am strait'ned, cold and dumb,
And count my privilege a task.
- 7 Before the world that hates his cause,
My treach'rous heart has throbb'd with
flame ;

Loth to forego the world's applause,
I hardly dare avow his name.

- 8 Sure were not I most vile and base,
I could not thus my Friend requite !
And were not he the God of grace,
He'd frown and spurn me from his sight.

H Y M N CXL. G. M.

- 1 **F**OR mercies, countless as the sands,
Which daily I receive
From Jesus, my Redeemer's hands,
My soul, what canst thou give ?
- 2 Alas ! from such a heart as mine
What can I bring him forth ?
My best is stain'd and dy'd with sin,
My all is nothing worth.
- 3 Yet this acknowledgement I'll make
For all he has bestow'd :

Salvation's

Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,
And call upon my God.

4 The best returns for one like me,
So wretched and so poor ;
Is from his gifts to draw a plea,
And ask him still for more.

5 I cannot serve him as I ought,
No works have I to boast ;
Yet would I glory in the thought
That I shall owe him most.

H Y M N CXLI. C. M.

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

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

3 Dear name ! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place ;
My never-failing treasury, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

4 By thee my pray'rs acceptance gain,
Altho' with sin defil'd ;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am own'd a child.

5 JESUS !

- 5 **JESUS!** my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My LORD, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.
- 6 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.
- 7 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With ev'ry fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

H Y M N CXLII. C. M.

- 1 **T**HE LORD will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow:
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart, or no?
- 2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel;
If ought is felt, 'tis only pain,
To find I cannot feel.
- 3 I sometimes think myself inclin'd
To love thee, if I could;
But often feel another mind,
Averse to all that's good.
- 4 My best desires are faint and few,
I fain would strive for more;

But

But when I cry, " My strength renew,"
Seem weaker than before.

- 5 Thy faints are comforted I know,
And love thy house of pray'r;
I therefore go where others go,
But find no comfort there.
- 6 O make this heart rejoice, or ache;
Decide this doubt for me;
And if it be not broken, break,
And heal it, if it be.

H Y M N CLXIII. C. M.

- 1 **M**Y God! how perfect are thy ways!
But mine polluted are;
Sin twines itself about my praise,
And slides into my pray'r.
- 2 When I would speak what thou hast done
To save me from my sin;
I cannot make thy mercies known,
But self-applause creeps in.
- 3 Divine desire, that holy flame
Thy grace creates in me;
Alas! impatience is its name,
When it returns to thee.
- 4 This heart a fountain of vile thoughts,
How does it overflow!
While self upon the surface floats
Still bubbling from below.

K

5 Let

- 5 Let others in the gaudy dress
Of fancied merit shine;
'The Lord shall be my righteousness,
The Lord for ever mine.

H Y M N CXLIV. C. M.

- 1 **T**HERE is a fountain fill'd with blood
Drawn from EMMANUEL's veins;
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its pow'r;
'Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be sav'd, to sit no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing thy pow'r to save;
When this poor lisping stamm'ring tongue,
Lies silent in the grave.

H Y M N

H. Y. M. N. CXLV.

- 1 ENCOURAG'D by thy word
 Of promise to the poor ;
 Behold a beggar, Lord,
 Waits at thy mercy's door !
 No hand, no heart, O Lord, but thine,
 Can help or pity wants like mine.
- 2 The beggar's usual plea
 Relief from men to gain,
 If offer'd unto thee,
 I know thou would'st disdain ;
 And pleas which move thy gracious ear,
 Are such as men would scorn to hear.
- 3 I have no right to say,
 That tho' I now am poor,
 Yet once there was a day
 When I possessed more :
 Thou know'st that from my very birth,
 I've been the poorest wretch on earth.
- 4 Nor can I dare profess
 As beggars often do,
 Tho' great is my distress,
 My faults have been but few :
 If thou should'st leave my soul to starve,
 It would be what I well deserve.
- 5 'Twere folly to pretend
 I never begg'd before ;
 Or if thou now befriend,
 I'll trouble thee no more :

- Thou often hast reliev'd my pain,
And often I must come again.
- 6 Tho' crumbs are much too good
For such a dog as I;
No less than children's food
My soul can satisfy:
O do not frown and bid me go!
I must have all thou canst bestow.
- 7 Nor can I willing be
Thy bounty to conceal
From others, who like me,
Their wants and hunger feel:
I'll tell them of thy mercy's store,
And try to send a thousand more.
- 8 Thy thoughts, thou only wife!
Our thoughts and ways transcend,
Far as the arched skies
Above the earth extend:
Such pleas as mine men would not bear,
But God receives a beggar's pray'r.

H Y M N CXLVI. C. M.

- 1 **P**HYSICIAN of my sin-sick soul,
To thee I bring my case;
My raging malady controul,
And heal me by thy grace.
- 2 Pity the anguish I endure,
See how I mourn and pine;

For

- For never can I hope a cure
From any hand but thine.
- 3 I would disclose my whole complaint,
But where shall I begin?
No words of mine can fully paint
That worst distemper, sin.
- 4 It lies not in a single part,
But thro' my frame is spread;
A burning fever in my heart,
A palsy in my head.
- 5 It makes me deaf, and dumb, and blind,
And impotent and lame;
And overclouds, and fills my mind,
With folly, fear and shame.
- 6 A thousand evil thoughts intrude
Tumultuous in my breast;
Which indispose me for my food,
And rob me of my rest.
- 7 LORD I am sick, regard my cry,
And set my spirit free:
Say, canst thou let a sinner die,
Who longs to live to thee?

H Y M N CXLVII.

- 1 **M**ERCY, O thou Son of David!
Thus blind Bartimeus pray'd;
Others by thy word are saved,
Now to me afford thine aid:

K 3

Many

Many for his crying chid him,
 But he call'd the louder still;
 Till the gracious Saviour bid him
 "Come and ask me what you will."

2 Money was not what he wanted,
 Tho' by begging us'd to live;
 But he ask'd, and JESUS granted
 Alms, which none but he could give:
 LORD remove this grievous blindness,
 Let my eyes behold the day;
 Strait he saw, and won by kindness,
 Follow'd JESUS in the way.

3 Oh! methinks I hear him praising,
 Publishing to all around!
 "Friends, is not my case amazing;
 What a Saviour I have found!
 Oh! that all the blind but knew him,
 And would be advis'd by me!
 Surely, would they hasten to him,
 He would cause them all to see."

H Y M N CXLVIII. 78.

1 'TIS a point I long to know,
 Oft it causes anxious thought;
 Do I love the LORD, or no?
 Am I his, or am I not?

2 If I love, why am I thus?
 Why this dull and lifeless frame?

Hardly,

Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name!

- 3 Could my heart so hard remain,
Pray'r a task and burden prove;
Ev'ry trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?
- 4 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild;
Fill'd with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child?
- 5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do;
You that love the LORD indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you?
- 6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?
- 7 Could I joy his faints to meet,
Choose the way I once abhorr'd,
Find at times, the promise sweet,
If I did not love the LORD?
- 8 LORD, decide the doubtful case!
Thou who art thy people's sun,
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.
- 9 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray!

If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin to-day.

H Y M N CXLIX. L.M.

- 1 **O**PPRESS'D with unbelief and sin,
Fightings without, and fears within;
While earth and hell, with force combin'd,
Assault and terrify my mind.
- 2 What strength have I against such foes,
Such hosts and legions to oppose?
Alas! I tremble, faint, and fall,
LORD save me, or I give up all.
- 3 Thus sorely prest, I fought the LORD,
To give me some sweet cheering word;
Again I fought, and yet again;
I waited long, but not in vain.
- 4 Oh! 'twas a cheering word indeed!
Exactly suited to my need;
"Sufficient for thee is my grace,
Thy weakness my great pow'r displays."
- 5 Now I despond and mourn no more,
I welcome all I fear'd before;
Tho' weak, I'm strong; tho' troubled, blest;
For CHRIST's own pow'r shall on me rest.
- 6 My grace would soon exhausted be,
But his is boundless as the sea;
Then let me boast with holy Paul,
That I am nothing, CHRIST is all.

H Y M N

H Y M N C L. L. M.

- 1 **E**LISHA, struck with grief and awe,
Cry'd, " Ah! where now is Israel's
stay?"
When he his honour'd master saw
Borne by a fiery car away.
- 2 But while he look'd a last adieu,
His mantle, as it fell, he caught;
The Spirit rested on him too,
And equal miracles he wrought.
- 3 " Where is 'Elijah's God?" he cry'd,
And with the mantle smote the flood;
His word controll'd the swelling tide,
Th' obedient waters upright stood.
- 4 The wonder-working gospel, thus
From hand to hand, has been convey'd;
We have the mantle still with us,
But where, O where, the Spirit's aid?
- 5 When Peter first this mantle wav'd,
How soon it melted hearts of steel!
Sinners, by thousands, then were sav'd,
But now how few its virtues feel?
- 6 Where is Elijah's God, the LORD!
Thine Israel's hope, and joy, and boast!
Reveal thine arm, confirm thy word,
Give us another Pentecost!
- 7 Assist thy messenger to speak,
And while he aims to list thy truth,

The bonds of sin and Satan break,
And pour thy blessing on our youth.

8. For *them* we now approach thy throne,
Teach them to know and love thy name;
Then shall thy thankful people own,
Elijah's God is still the same.

H Y M N C L L C. M.

- 1 **T**HE Saviour ! what a noble flame
Was kindled in his breast,
When hastening to Jerusalem
He march'd before the rest !
- 2 Good-will to men, and zeal for God,
His ev'ry thought engross;
He longs to be baptiz'd with blood,
He pants to reach the cross.
- 3 With all his suff'rings full in view,
And woes, to us, unknown,
Forth to the task his Spirit flew,
'Twas love that urg'd him on.
- 4 **L**ORD, we return thee what we can !
Our hearts shall sound abroad
Salvation, to the dying Man,
And to the rising God !
- 5 And while thy bleeding glories here
Engage our wond'ring eyes;
We learn our lighter crosses to bear,
And hasten to the skies.

H Y M N

H Y M N CLII. L. M.

- 1 **W**HAT various hind'rances we meet
 In coming to a mercy seat !
 Yet who, that knows the worth of pray'r,
 But wishes to be often there ?
- 2 Pray'r makes the dark'ned cloud withdraw,
 Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob saw ;
 Gives exercise to faith and love,
 Brings ev'ry blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining pray'r, we cease to fight ;
 Pray'r makes the christian's armour bright ;
 And Satan trembles, when he sees
 The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
 Success was found on Israel's side ;
 But when thro' weariness they fail'd,
 That moment Amalek prevail'd.
- 5 Have you no words ? ah, think again,
 Words flow apace when you complain,
 And fill your fellow-creature's ear
 With the sad tale of all your care.
- 6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
 To heav'n in supplication sent ;
 Your cheerful song would oft'ner be,
 " Hear what the LORD has done for me."

H Y M N

HYMN CLIII. 109.

- 1 **C**HEER up, my soul, there is a mercy seat
 Sprinkled with blood, where **JESUS**
 answers pray'r ;
 There humbly cast thyself, beneath his feet,
 For never needy sinner perish'd there.
- 2 **LORD**, I am come! thy promise is my plea,
 Without thy word I durst not venture nigh ;
 But thou hast call'd the burden'd soul to
 thee,
 A weary, burden'd soul, O **LORD**, am I!
- 3 Bow'd down beneath a heavy load of sin,
 By Satan's fierce temptations sorely prest,
 Befet without, and full of fears, within,
 Trembling and faint, I come to thee for rest.
- 4 Be thou my refuge, **LORD**, my hiding-place,
 I know no force can tear me from thy side ;
 Upmov'd I then may all accusers face,
 And answer ev'ry charge, with ' **JESUS** dy'd.'
- 5 Yes thou didst weep, and bleed, and groan,
 and die,
 Well hast thou known what fierce tempta-
 tions mean ;
 Such was thy love ; and now, enthron'd on
 high
 The same compassions in thy bosom reign.

6 **LORD**,

6 **L**ORD, give me faith!—he hears—what grace
is this!

Dry up thy tears, my soul, and cease to
grieve :

He shews me what he did, and who he is,
I must, I will, I can, I do believe.

H Y M N CLIV. C. M.

1 **T**O those who know the LORD I speak,
Is my beloved near?
The bridegroom of my soul I seek,
Oh! when will he appear!

2 Tho' once a man of grief and shame,
Yet now he fills a throne;
And bears the greatest, sweetest name,
That earth or heav'n have known.

3 Grace flies before, and love attends
His steps where'er he goes;
Tho' none can see him but his friends,
And they were once his foes.

4 He speaks—obedient to his call
Our warm affections move,
Did he but shine alike on all,
Then all alike would love.

5 Then love in ev'ry heart would reign,
And war would cease to roar;
And cruel, and blood-thirsty men,
Would thirst for blood no more.

6 Such Jesus is, and such his grace:
Oh may he shine on you!

And

And tell him, when you see his face,
I long to see him too.

H Y M N CLV. C. M.

- 1 **G**OD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sov'reign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the LORD by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace:
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flow'r.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

H Y M N

H Y M N CLVI. L. M.

- 1 **G**OD of my life, to thee I call,
 Afflicted at thy feet I fall;
 When the great water-floods prevail,
 Leave not my trembling heart to fail!
- 2 Friend of the friendless, and the faint!
 Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
 Where but with thee, whose open door
 Invites the helpless and the poor!
- 3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
 And thou refuse that mourner's plea?
 Does not the word still fix'd remain,
 That none shall seek thy face in vain?
- 4 That were a grief I could not bear,
 Didst thou not hear and answer pray'r;
 But a pray'r-hearing, answer'ing God,
 Supports me under ev'ry load.
- 5 Fair is the lot that's cast for me;
 I have an advocate with thee;
 They, whom the world caresses most,
 Have no such privilege to boast.
- 6 Poor tho' I am, despis'd, forgot,
 Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
 And he is safe, and must succeed,
 For whom the LORD vouchsafes to plead.

H Y M N

H Y M N CLVII. L. M.

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

H Y M N

H Y M N CLVIII. C. M.

- 1 **D**EAR LORD accept a sinful heart,
Which of itself complains,
And mourns with much and frequent smart
The evil it contains.
- 2 The fiery seeds of anger lurk,
Which often hurt my frame;
And wait but for the tempter's work,
To fan them to a flame.
- 3 Legality holds out a bribe
To purchase life from thee;
And discontent would fain prescribe
How thou shalt deal with me.
- 4 While unbelief withstands thy grace,
And puts the mercy by;
Presumption with a brow of brass,
Says, "Give me, or I die."
- 5 How eager are my thoughts to roam
In quest of what they love!
But ah! when duty calls them home,
How heavily they move!
- 6 Oh, cleanse me in a Saviour's blood,
Transform me by thy pow'r,
And make me thy belov'd abode,
And let me rove no more.

H Y M N CLIX. C. M.

- 1 **U**NCERTAIN how the way to find
Which to salvation led;

I listen

- I listen'd long, with anxious mind,
To hear what others said.
- 2 When some of joys and comforts told,
I fear'd that I was wrong ;
For I was stupid, dead, and cold,
Had neither joy nor song.
- 3 The LORD my lab'ring heart reliev'd,
And made my burden light ;
Then for a moment I believ'd,
Supposing all was right.
- 4 Of fierce temptations others talk'd,
Of anguish and dismay ;
Thro' what distresses they had walk'd,
Before they found the way.
- 5 Ah ! then I thought my hopes were vain,
For I had liv'd at ease ;
I wish'd for all my fears again,
To make me more like these.
- 6 I had my wish, the LORD disclos'd
The evils of my heart ;
And left my naked soul, expos'd
To Satan's fiery dart.
- 7 Alas ! " I now must give it up,"
I cry'd in deep despair ;
How could I dream of drawing hope,
From what I cannot bear !
- 8 Again my Saviour brought me aïd,
And when he set me free,

" Trust

“ Trust simply on my word, he said,
And leave the rest to me.”

H Y M N CLX. L. M.

- 1 **I** Ask'd the LORD that I might grow,
In faith and love, and ev'ry grace;
Might more of his salvation know,
And seek more earnestly his face.
 - 2 'Twas he who taught me first to pray,
And he, I trust, has answer'd pray'r;
But it has been in such a way,
As almost drove me to despair.
 - 3 I hop'd that in some favor'd hour,
At once he'd answer my request;
And by his love's constraining pow'r
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.
 - 4 Instead of this, he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart;
And let the angry pow'rs of hell
Assault my soul in ev'ry part.
 - 5 Yea more, with his own hand he seem'd
Intent to aggravate my woe;
Cross'd all the fair designs I schem'd,
Blasted my joys, and laid me low.
 - 6 Lord, why is this, I trembling cry'd,
Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?
“ 'Tis in this way, the Lord reply'd,
I answer pray'r for grace and faith.”
- These

H Y M N CLXIII. C. M.

- 1 **I** WAS a grov'ling creature once,
 And basely cleav'd to earth;
 I wanted spirit to renounce
 The clod that gave me birth.
- 2 But God has breath'd upon a worm,
 And sent me, from above,
 Wings, such as clothe an angel's form,
 The wings of joy and love.
- 3 With these to Pisgah's top I fly,
 And there delighted stand
 To view, beneath a shining sky,
 The spacious promis'd land.
- 4 The Lord of all the vast domain
 Has promis'd it to me;
 The length and breadth of all the plain,
 As far as faith can see.
- 5 How glorious is my privilege!
 To thee for help I call;
 I stand upon a mountain's edge,
 Oh save me, lest I fall!
- 6 Tho' much exalted in the Lord,
 My strength is not my own;
 Then let me tremble at his word,
 And none shall cast me down.

H Y M N CLXIV. C. M.

- 1 **B**REATHE from the gentle south, O
 Lord,

And

- And cheer me from the north,
Blow on the treasures of thy word,
And call the spices forth.
- 2 I wish, thou know'st, to be relig'd,
And wait with patient hope,
But hope delay'd fatigues the mind,
And drinks the spirits up.
- 3 Help me to reach the distant goal,
Confirm my feeble knees,
Pity the sickness of a soul
That faints for love of thee.
- 4 Cold as I feel this heart of mine,
Yet since I feel it blow,
It yields some hope of life divine
Within, however low.
- 5 I seem forsaken and alone,
I hear the lion roary,
And ev'ry door is shut but one,
And that is mercy's door.
- 6 There, till the dear Deliver come,
I'll wait with humble pray'rs,
And when he calls his exile home,
The Lord shall find me there.

H Y M N : CLXV. : C. M.

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

- 2 Its pleasures now no longer please, but
 No more content afford;
 Far from my heart be joys like these,
 Now I have seen the Lord.
- 3 As by the light of opening day
 The stars are all conceal'd,
 So earthly pleasures fade away,
 When Jesus is reveal'd.
- 4 Creatures no more divide my choice,
 I bid them all depart;
 His name, and love, and gracious voice,
 Have fix'd my roving heart.
- 5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
 And wholly live to thee;
 But may I hope that thou wilt own
 A worthless worm, like me?
- 6 Yes! tho' of sinners I'm the worst,
 I cannot doubt thy will;
 For if thou hadst not lov'd me first,
 I had refus'd thee still.

HYMN CLXVI.

- 1 **L**UKEWARM souls; the fog grows
 stronger;
 See what hosts your camp surround;
 Arm to battle; lag no longer,
 Hark! the silver trumpets sound.
 Wake, ye sleepers; wake, what mean you?
 Sin besets you round about,

Up,

Up, and search—the world's within you :
Slay,; or chase the traitor out.

- 2 What enchants you? self or pleasure?
Pluck right eyes, with right hands part;
Ask your conscience, where's your treasure?
For, be certain, there's your heart.
Give the fawning foe no credit;
Lo! the bloody flag's unfurl'd;
That base heart (the word has said it)
Love's not God, that loves the world.
- 3 God and Mammon? oh! be wiser,
Serve them both? It cannot be.
Ease in warfare, faint and miser,
These will never well agree:
Shun the shame of foully falling;
Cumber'd captives clogg'd with clay,
Prove your faith; make sure your calling;
Wield the sword, and win the day.

H Y M N CLXVII

- 1 COME, thou fount of ev'ry blessing,
Tune mine heart to sing thy grace;
Sergants of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise:
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sing by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—O fix us on it,
Mount of God's unchanging love!

L 4

2 Here

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

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

H Y M N CLXVIII.

1 FROM heav'n the loud, th' angelic song
 began,
 It shook the skies, and reach'd astonish'd
 man;
 By man re-echo'd; it shall mount again,
 While fragrant odours fill the blissful
 plain.
 2 Worthy the LAMB of boundless sway,
 In earth and heav'n the LORD of all;
 Ye princes, rulers, pow'rs, obey,
 And low before his footstool fall.

- 3 The deed was done; the LAMB was slain;
The groaning earth, the burden bore;
He rose, He lives; He lives to reign,
Nor time shall shake his endless pow'r.
- 4 Riches, and all that decks the great,
From worlds unnumber'd hither bring;
The tribute pour before his seat,
And hail the triumphs of our KING.
- 5 Wisdom and strength are His alone,
He rais'd the top-stone, shouting Grace;
Honour has built his lofty throne,
And glory shines upon his face.
- 6 From heav'n, from earth, loud bursts of
praise
The mighty blessings shall proclaim;
Blessings, that earth to glory raise,
The purchase of the wounded LAMB.
- 7 Higher, still higher, swell the strain:
Creation's voice the note prolong;
The LAMB shall ever, ever reign:
Let Hallelujahs crown the song.
Hallelujah. Hallelujah.

HYMN CLXIX.

- 1 **G**UIDE me, O thou great JEHOVAH!
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand:

W. S. L. 5 Bread

Bread of Heaven! bread of Heaven!
 Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing waters flow;

Let the fiery cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey through;

Strong Deliverer! Strong Deliverer!
 Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside;

Death of deaths, and Hell's destruction,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side;

Songs of praises, songs of praises,
 I will ever give to Thee.

4 Musing on my habitation,
 Musing on my heavenly home,

Rids my soul with holy longing,
 Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come,

Vanity is all I see,
 Lord, I long to be with Thee!

H Y M N CLXX.

1 JESUS! at thy command
 I launch into the deep,

And leave my native land,
 Where sinners all asleep;

For Thee I fain would all resign,
 And sail to heav'n with Thee and Thine.

2 What

2 What though the seas are broad,
 What though the waves are strong,
 What though tempestuous winds
 Distress me all along;
 Yet what are seas or stormy wind
 Compar'd to CHRIST, the sinner's friend ?

3 CHRIST is my Pilot, wife,
 My compass is his word :
 My soul each storm defies,
 While I have such a LORD;
 I trust his faithfulness, and pow'r
 To save me in the trying hour.

4 Though rocks and quicksands deep
 Through all my passage lie; H
 Yet CHRIST shall safely keep
 And guide me with his eye; O
 How can I sink with such a prop,
 That bears the world and all things up!

5 By faith I see the land,
 The hav'n of endless rest;
 My soul, thy wings expand,
 And fly to Jesu's breast!
 Oh may I reach the heav'nly shore,
 Where winds and seas distress no more!

6 Whene'er becalm'd I lie,
 And all my storms subside;
 Then to my succour fly,
 And keep me near thy side;
 For more the treach'rous calm I dread,
 Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

7 Come,

- 7 Come, heav'nly wind, and blow
 A prosp'rous gale of grace,
 And waft from all below
 To heav'n, my destin'd place
 Then in full sail my port I'll find,
 And leave the world and sin behind.

H Y M N CLXXI. C. M.

- 1 **M**ERCY, good Lord, mercy I ask,
 This is the total sum;
 For mercy, Lord, is all my suit,
 Lord, let thy mercy come.

H Y M N CLXXII.

- 1 **O**ZION, afflicted with wave upon wave,
 Whom no man can comfort, whom no
 man can save,
 With darkness surrounded, by terrors dis-
 may'd;
 In toiling and rowing thy strength is decay'd.
 2 Loud roaring the billows now nigh over-
 whelm,
 But skillful the pilot who sits at the helm;
 His wisdom conducts thee, his pow'r thee
 defends,
 In safety and quiet thy warfare he ends.
 3 O fearful! O faithless! in mercy He cries;
 My promise, my truth, are they small in
 thine eyes? Still,

Still, still I am with thee, my promise shall stand;
Through tempests and tossings I'll bring thee
to land.

4 Forget thee I will not, I cannot; thy name
Engrav'd on my heart doth for ever remain :
The palms of my hands whilst I look on, I see
The wounds I received, when suffering for
thee.

5 I feel at my heart all thy sighs and thy groans,
For thou art most near me, my flesh and my
bones ;
In all thy distresses thy head feels the pain,
Yet all are most needful, not one is in vain.

6 Then trust me, and fear not; thy life is
secure ;
My wisdom is perfect, supreme is my pow'r ;
In love I correct thee, thy soul to refine,
To make thee at length in my likeness to
shine.

7 The foolish, the fearful, the weak are my
care ;
The helpless, the hopeless, I hear their sad
pray'r ;
From all their afflictions my glory shall spring,
And the deeper their sorrows, the louder they'll
sing.

H Y M N C LXXIII. S. M.

1 O PATIENT, spotless Lamb,
My heart in patience keep,

To

H Y M N CLXIII. C. M.

- 1 **I** WAS a grov'ling creature once,
 And basely cleav'd to earth;
 I wanted spirit to renounce
 The clod that gave me birth.
- 2 But God has breath'd upon a worm,
 And sent me, from above,
 Wings, such as clothe an angel's form,
 The wings of joy and love.
- 3 With these to Pisgah's top I fly,
 And there delighted stand
 To view, beneath a shining sky,
 The spacious promis'd land.
- 4 The Lord of all the vast domain
 Has promis'd it to me;
 The length and breadth of all the plain,
 As far as faith can see.
- 5 How glorious is my privilege!
 To thee for help I call;
 I stand upon a mountain's edge,
 Oh save me, lest I fall!
- 6 Tho' much exalted in the Lord,
 My strength is not my own;
 Then let me tremble at his word,
 And none shall cast me down.

H Y M N CLXIV. C. M.

- 1 **B**REATHE from the gentle south, O
 Lord,

And

- And cheer me from the north,
 Blow on the treasures of thy word,
 And call the spices forth.
- 2 I wish, thou know'st, to be resign'd,
 And wait with patient hope,
 But hope delay'd fatigues the mind,
 And drinks the spirits up.
- 3 Help me to reach the distant goal,
 Confirm my feeble knees,
 Pity the sickness of a soul
 That faints for love of thee.
- 4 Cold as I feel this heart of mine,
 Yet since I feel it blow,
 It yields some hope of life divine
 Within, however low.
- 5 I seem forsaken and alone,
 I hear the lion roar,
 And ev'ry door is shut but one,
 And that is mercy's door.
- 6 There, till the dear Deliver come,
 I'll wait with humble pray'rs,
 And when he calls his exile home,
 The Lord shall find me there.

H. Y. M. N. CLXV. C. M.

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

L 3

2 Its

- 2 Its pleasures now no longer please,
 No more content affords;
 Far from my heart, be joys like these,
 Now I have seen the Lord.
- 3 As by the light of opening day
 The stars are all conceal'd,
 So earthly pleasures fade away,
 When Jesus is reveal'd.
- 4 Creatures no more divide my choice,
 I bid them all depart;
 His name, and love, and gracious voice,
 Have fix'd my roving heart.
- 5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
 And wholly live to thee;
 But may I hope that thou wilt own
 A worthless worm, like me?
- 6 Yes! tho' of sinners I'm the worst,
 I cannot doubt thy will;
 For if thou hadst not lov'd me first,
 I had refus'd thee still.

H Y M N CLXVI.

- 1 **L**UKEWARM souls; the foe grows
 stronger;
 See what hosts your camp surround;
 Arm to battle; lag no longer,
 Hark! the silver trumpets sound,
 Wake, ye sleepers; wake, what mean you?
 Sin besets you round about,

Up,

Up, and search—the world's within you :
Slay,; or chase the traitor out.

- 2 What enchants you? self or pleasure?
Pluck right eyes, with right hands part ;
Ask your conscience, where's your treasure ?
For, be certain, there's your heart.
Give the fawning foe no credit ;
Lo ! the bloody flag's unfurl'd ;
That base heart (the word has said it)
Love's not God, that loves the world.
- 3 God and Mammon? oh! be wiser,
Serve them both? It cannot be.
Ease in warfare, faint and miser,
These will never well agree :
Shun the shame of foully falling ;
Cumber'd captives clogg'd with clay,
Prove your faith ; make sure your calling ;
Wield the sword, and win the day.

H Y M N CLXVII

- 1 COME, thou fount of ev'ry blessing,
Tune mine heart to sing thy grace ;
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise ;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above ;
Praise the mount—O fix us on it,
Mount of God's unchanging love!

L 4

2 Here

- 2: Here I raise mine Ebenezer;
 Hither by thine help I'm come;
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesus, sought me when a stranger,
 Wand'ring from the fold of God;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interpos'd his precious blood.
- 3 Oh! to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
 Let that grace now, like a fetter,
 Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee!
 Prone to wander, LORD, I feel it,
 Prone to leave the God I love;
 Here's my heart, O take and seal it,
 Seal it from thy courts above!

H Y M N CLXVIII.

- 1 **F**ROM heav'n the loud, th' angelic song
 began,
 It shook the skies, and reach'd astonish'd
 man;
 By man re-echo'd, it shall mount again,
 While fragrant odours fill the blissful
 plain.
- 2 Worthy the LAMB of boundless sway,
 In earth and heav'n the LORD of all;
 Ye princes, rulers, pow'rs I obey,
 And low before his footstool fall.

- 3 The deed was done, the LAMB was slain;
The groaning earth, the burden born:
He rose, He lives; He lives to reign,
Nor time shall shake his endless pow'r.
- 4 Riches, and all that decks the great,
From worlds unnumber'd hither bring;
The tribute pour before his seat,
And hail the triumphs of our KING.
- 5 Wisdom and strength are His alone,
He rais'd the top-stone, shouting Grace;
Honour has built his lofty throne,
And glory shines upon his face.
- 6 From heav'n, from earth, loud bursts of
praise
The mighty blessings shall proclaim;
Blessings that earth to glory raise,
The purchase of the wounded LAMB.
- 7 Higher, still higher, swell the strain:
Creation's voice the note prolong;
The LAMB shall ever, ever reign!
Let Hallelujahs crown the song.
Hallelujah.

HYMN CLXIX.

- 1 **G**UIDE me, O thou great JEHOVAH!
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand:

L 5

L 5

Bread

- 1 Bread of Heaven, bread of Heaven,
 Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing waters flow;
 Let the very costly pillar
 Lead me all my journey through;
 Strong Deliverer: Strong Deliverer,
 Be Thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I read the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside;
 Death of deaths, and Hell's destruction,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side:
 Songs of praises, songs of praises,
 I will ever give to Thee.
- 4 Musing on my habitation,
 Musing on my heavenly home,
 Fills my soul with holy longing,
 Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come,
 Vanity is all I see,
 Lord, I long to be with Thee!

H Y M N C L X X .

- 1 JESUS! at thy command
 I launch into the deep,
 And leave my native land,
 Where sin lulls all asleep:
 For Thee I fain would all resign,
 And sail to heav'n with Thee and Thine.

2 What

2 What though the seas are broad,
 What though the waves are strong,
 What though tempestuous winds
 Distress me all along;
 Yet what are seas or stormy wind
 Compar'd to CHRIST, the sinner's friend?

3 CHRIST is my Pilot, wife,
 My compass is his word:
 My soul each storm defies,
 While I have such a Lord;
 I trust his faithfulness and power
 To save me in the trying hour.

4 Though rocks and quicksands deep
 Through all my passage lie;
 Yet CHRIST shall safely keep
 And guide me with his eye;
 How can I sink with such a prop,
 That bears the world and all things up!

5 By faith I see the land,
 The hav'n of endless rest;
 My soul, thy wings expand,
 And fly to Jesu's breast!
 Oh may I reach the heav'nly shore,
 Where winds and seas distress no more!

6 Where'er becalm'd I lie,
 And all my storms subside;
 Then to my succour fly,
 And keep me near thy side;
 For more the treach'rous calm I dread,
 Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

7 Come,

- 7 Come, heav'nly wind, and blow
 A prosp'rous gale of grace,
 And waft from all below
 To heav'n, my destin'd place
 Then in full sail my port I'll find,
 And leave the world and sin behind.

H Y M N CLXXI. C. M.

- 1 **M**ERCY, good Lord, mercy I pray
 This is the total sum;
 For mercy, Lord, is all my suit,
 Lord, let thy mercy come.

H Y M N CLXXII.

- 1 **O**ZION, afflicted with wave upon wave,
 Whom no man can comfort, whom no
 man can save,
 With darkness surrounded, by terrors dis-
 may'd;
 In toiling and rowing thy strength is decay'd.
 2 Loud roaring the billows now nigh over-
 whelm
 But skilful's the pilot who sits at the helm;
 His wisdom conducts thee, his pow'r thee
 defends,
 In safety and quiet thy warfare he ends.
 3 O fearful! O faithless! in mercy He cries;
 My promise, my truth, are they small in
 thine eyes? Still,

Still, still I am with thee, my promise shall stand;
Through tempests and tossings I'll bring thee
to land.

4 Forget thee I will not, I cannot; thy name
Engras'd on my heart doth for ever remain :
The palms of my hands, whilst I look on, I see
The wounds I received, when suffering for
thee.

5 I feel at my heart all thy sighs and thy groans,
For thou art most near me, my flesh and my
bones ;
In all thy distresses thy head feels the pain,
Yet all are most needful, not one is in vain.

6 Then trust me, and fear not; thy life is
secure ;
My wisdom is perfect, supreme is my pow'r ;
In love I correct thee, thy soul to refine,
To make thee at length in my likeness to
shine.

7 The foolish, the fearful, the weak are my
care ;
The helpless, the hopeless, I hear their sad
pray'r ;
From all their afflictions my glory shall spring,
And the deeper their sorrows, the louder they'll
sing.

H Y M N CLXXIII. S. M.

1 **O** PATIENT, spotless Lamb,
My heart in patience keep,

To

To bear the cross so easy made,
By wounding Thee so deep.

2 Bring me, my Shepherd, where
Thy choicest flocks abide;
From wand'ring save my foolish heart,
And keep it near thy side.

3 My friend, Thou hast enough
My misery to relieve,
Tho' sin and guilt oppres me sore,
The balm is Thine to give.

4 Do Thou, my Lord, unite
My heart so firm to Thee,
That ev'ry where, and at all times
Thy love my all may be.

H Y M N. CLXXIV. C. M.

1 **P**LUNG'D in a gulph of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.

2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief:
He saw, and (O amazing love!)
He came to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste He fled:
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 Oh!

4 Oh! for this love let rocks and hills
 Their lasting silence break,
 And all harmonious human tongues
 The Saviour's praises speak!

5 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
 Strike all your harps of gold:
 But when you raise your highest notes
 His love can ne'er be told.

H Y M N CLXXV.

1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
 Which before the cross I spend;
 Life and health, and peace possessing
 From the sinners dying Friend.
 Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
 Mercy's streams in streams of blood;
 Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
 Plead and claim my peace with God.

2 Truly blessed is this station,
 Low before his cross to lie;
 While I see divine compassion
 Floating in his languid eye.
 Here it is I find my heaven,
 While upon the Lamb I gaze;
 Love I'mach? I've much forgiven:
 I'm a miracle of grace.

3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
 With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
 Constant still in faith abiding,
 Life deriving from his death.

Ma

May I still enjoy this feeling,
 In all need to Jesus go;
 Prove his wounds each day more healing,
 And Himself more deeply know!

H Y M N CLXXVI. #16.

- 1 **T**HY mercy, my God, is the theme of
 my song,
 The joy of my heart, and the boast of my
 tongue:
 Thy free grace alone, from the first to the
 last,
 Has won my affections, and bound my soul
 fast.
- 2 Without thy sweet mercy, I could not live
 here:
 Sin soon would reduce me to utter despair:
 But, through thy free goodness, my spirits
 revive,
 And he that first made me, still keeps me alive.
- 3 Whene'er I mistake, thy kind mercy begins
 To melt me, and then I can mourn for my
 sins;
 And, led by the spirit to Jesus's blood,
 My sorrows are dry'd, and my strength is
 renew'd.
- 4 Thy mercy is more than a match for my
 heart,
 Which wonders to feel its own hardness de-
 part:
- Dissolv'd

Diffolv'd by thy sun-shine, I fall to the ground,
And weep to the praise of the mercy I found.

5 Thy mercy is endless, most tender and free :
No sinner need doubt, since 'tis given to me;
No merit will buy it, nor fears stop its course;
Good works are the fruits of its freeness and
force.

6 Thy mercy in Jesus exempts me from hell;
Of mercy I'll sing, of thy mercy I'll tell :
'Twas Jesus my friend, when he hung on the
tree,
That open'd the channel of mercy for me.

7 Great Father of mercies, thy goodness I own,
And the covenant love of thy crucified Son :
All praise to the Spirit, whose whisper divine
Seals mercy, and pardon, and righteous-
ness mine.

H Y M N CLXXVII.

1 WHO hath our report believed ?

Sibilob come is not received,

Not received by his own !

Promis'd *branch* from root of *Jesse*,

David's offspring sent to bless ye,

Comes too meekly to be known.

2 Tell me, O thou favour'd nation,

What is thy fond expectation ?

Some fair, spreading lofty tree ?

Let not worldly pride confound thee,

'Mong

- 'Mong the lowly plants around thee,
Mark the *lowest*—that is He.
- 3 [Like a tender plant that's growing,
Where no waters, friendly flowing,
No kind rains refresh the ground :
Drooping, dying, we shall view Him,
See no charms to draw us to Him,
There no beauty will be found.]
- 4 Lo ! Messiah unrespected !
Man of griefs, despis'd, rejected !
Wounds his form disfiguring,
Marr'd his visage more than any,
For he bears the sins of many,
All our sorrows carrying.
- 5 [No deceit his mouth had spoken,
Blameless, He no law had broken,
Yet was number'd with the worst :
For, because the Lord would grieve Him,
We, who saw it, did believe Him,
For his own offences curst.
- 6 But while Him our thoughts accused,
He for us alone was bruised,
Stricken, smitten for our guilt :
With his stripes, our wounds are cured,
By his pains, our peace assured,
Purchas'd with the blood He spilt.
- 7 Love amazing ! so to mind us,
Shepherd come from heav'n to find us,
Silly sheep all gone astray,

Lost,

Lost, undone by our transgressions,
 Worse than stript of all possessions,
 Debtors without hope to pay.

- 8 Fear our portion, slaves in spirit,
 He redeem'd us by his merit
 To a glorious liberty :
 Dearly first his goodness bought us,
 Truth and love then sweetly taught us,
 Truth and love have made us free.
- 9 Blessed be the pow'r who gave us,
 Freely gave his Son to save us,
 Bless'd the Son who freely came :
 Honour, blessing, adoration,
 Ever, from the whole creation,
 Be to God and to the Lamb !

H Y M N CLXXVIII.

- 1 **H**AIL thou once despis'd Jesus !
 Hail thou *Galilean King*,
 Who didst suffer to release us,
 Who didst free salvation bring :
 Hail thou precious, precious Saviour,
 Who hast borne our sin and shame ;
 By whose merit we find favour,
 Life is given through thy name !
- 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
 All our sins on thee were laid :
 By almighty love anointed,
 Thou hast full atonement made.

M

Ev'ry

Ev'ry sin may be forgiven,
 'Thro' the virtue of thy blood !
 Open'd is the gate of heaven,
 Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

- 3 Jesus, hail ! enthron'd in glory,
 There for ever to abide,
 All the heav'nly hosts adore thee,
 Seated at thy Father's side :
 There for sinners thou art pleading,
 " Spare them yet another year ;"
 Thou for saints art interceding,
 'Till in glory they appear.
- 4 Worship, honour, pow'r and blessing,
 Christ is worthy to receive,
 Loudest praises, without ceasing,
 Meet it is for us to give :
 Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays :
 Help to sing our Jesu's merits,
 Help to chaunt Immanuel's praise !

H Y M N CLXXIX.

- 1 **O** Love divine, how sweet thou art !
 When shall I find my willing heart,
 All taken up by thee ?
 When shall my thirsting spirit prove
 The greatness of redeeming love,
 The love of Christ to me !

2 Stronger

- 2 Stronger his love than death or hell ;
 Its riches are unsearchable :
 The first-born sons of light
 Desire in vain its depths to see !
 They cannot reach the mystery,
 The length, and breadth, and height.
- 3 God only knows the love of God ;
 O that it now were shed abroad
 In this poor, stony heart !
 For love I sigh, for love I pine :
 This only portion, Lord, be mine !
 Be mine this better part !
- 4 O that I could for ever sit
 With Mary at the Master's feet !
 Be this my happy choice :
 My only care, delight, and bliss,
 My joy, my heav'n on earth be this,
 To hear the Bridegroom's voice !
- 5 O that I could, with favour'd John,
 Recline my weary head upon
 The dear Redeemer's breast !
 From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
 Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
 My everlasting rest !

H Y M N CLXXX. L. M.

- 1 **H**O ! ev'ry one that thirsts draw nigh,
 ('Tis God invites the fallen race,)
 Mercy and free salvation buy,
 Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.

M 2

2 Come

- 2 Come to the living waters, come,
Sinners, obey your Maker's call,
Return ye weary wand'ers, home,
And find my grace reach'd out to all.
- 3 See, from the rock a fountain rise !
For you in healing streams it rolls !
Money you need not bring, nor price,
Ye lab'ring, weary, sin-sick souls.
- 4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give ;
Leave all ye have, and are, behind ;
Freely the gift of God receive,
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

H Y M N CLXXXI. C. M. d.

- 1 **I**F dust and ashes might presume,
Great God, to speak with thee ;
If in thy presence can be room,
For crawling worms like me :
I humbly would my *wish* present ;
For *wishes* I have none ;
All my desires are now content
To be compris'd in one.
- 2 I would not sue for length of days ;
For honour, or for wealth ;
Nor that which far surpasseth these,
Uninterrupted health.
I would not ask, a monarch's heir,
Or counsellor to be :
A better wisdom I would share,
A nobler pedigree.

- 3 Not joy, nor strength would I request;
 Tho' neither I contemn;
 But would petition to be blest
 With what transcendeth them.
 'Tis not that angels might convey
 My soul this night to heav'n:
 Thy time with patience I can stay,
 Since all my sin's forgiv'n.
- 4 The single boon I would intreat
 Is, to be led by thee,
 To gaze upon thy bloody sweat
 In sad *Gethsemane*.
 To view (as I could bear at least)
 Thy tender broken heart,
 Like a rich olive, bruis'd and prest
 With agonizing smart.
- 5 For this one favour oft I've sought:
 And if this one be giv'n,
 I seek on earth no happier lot,
 And hope the like in heav'n.
 Lord, pardon what I ask amiss;
 For knowledge I have none.
 I do but humbly speak my wish;
 And may thy will be done.

H Y M N CLXXXII. C. M. d.

- 1 **A**S when a child secure of harms
 Hangs at the mother's breast,
 Safe folded in her anxious arms
 Receiving food and rest:

M 3

And

And while thro' many a painful path
 The trav'ling parent speeds,
 The fearful babe, with passive faith,
 Lies still, and yet proceeds.

2 Should some short start his quiet break,
 He fondly strives to fling
 His little arms about her neck,
 And closer seems to cling.
 Poor child! maternal love alone
 Preserves thee first and last;
 Thy parent's arms, and not thy own,
 Are those that hold thee fast.

3 So souls that would to Jesus cleave,
 And hear his secret call,
 Must ev'ry fair pretension leave,
 And let the Lord be all.
 "Keep close to me, thou helpless sheep,"
 The shepherd softly cries.
Lord, tell me what 'tis close to keep?
 The list'ning sheep replies.

4 "Thy whole dependance on me fix;
 "Nor entertain a thought,
 "Thy worthless schemes with mine to mix;
 "But venture to be *nought*.
 "Fond self-direction is a shelf;
 "Thy strength, thy wisdom flee:
 "When thou art *nothing* in thyself,
 "Thou then art close to me."

H Y M N

H Y M N CLXXXIII. L. M.

- 1 **L** ORD, when I hear thy children talk,
 (And I believe 'tis often true)
 How with delight thy ways they walk,
 And gladly thy commandments do:
- 2 In my own breast I look, and read
 Accounts so very diff'rent there,
 That, had I not thy blood to plead,
 Each fight would sink me to despair.
- 3 Needy, and naked, and unclean,
 Empty of good, and full of ill,
 A lifeless lump of loathsome sin,
 Without the pow'r to act or will!
- 4 I feel my fainting spirits droop;
 My wretched leanness I deplore;
 Till gladden'd with a gleam of hope
 From this; "the Lord has blest *the poor.*"
- 5 Then, while I make my secret moan,
 Upwards I cast my eyes; and see,
 Tho' I have nothing of my own,
 My treasure is immense in thee.
- 6 Still may I keep thy love in view,
 Lean there; nor envy those that run;
 Still trust to—not what I can do,
 But what thyself hast for me done.
- 7 My treasure is thy precious blood;
 Fix there my heart: and for the rest,

Under thy forming hands, my God,
Give me that frame which thou lik'st best.

H Y M N CLXXXIV.

- 1 **C**OME, thou almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise :
Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of days!
- 2 Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall.
Let thine almighty aid
Our sure defence be made ;
Our souls on thee be stay'd,
Lord, hear our call.
- 3 Come ! thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword,
Our pray'rs attend !
Come ! and thy people bless,
And give thy word success ;
Spirit of holiness
On us descend !
- 4 Come ! holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour !
Thou who almighty art,
Thy rule in ev'ry heart,

And

And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of pow'r!

- 5 To the great One in Three,
Eternal praises be,
Hence evermore!
His sov'reign majesty,
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
May we adore!

H Y M N CLXXXV. L. M.

- 1 **T**HIS not too hard, too high an aim,
Secure, thy part in Christ to claim;
The sensual instinct to controul,
And warm with purer fires the soul.
- 2 Nature will raise up all her strife,
Foe to the flesh-abasing life,
Loth in a Saviour's death to share,
Her daily cross compell'd to bear.
- 3 But grace omnipotent at length
Shall arm the saint with saving strength,
Thro' the sharp war with aid attend,
And his long conflict sweetly end.
- 4 Act but the infant's gentle part,
Give up to love thy willing heart,
No fondest parent's melting breast
Yearns like thy God's, to make thee blest.
- 5 Taught its dear mother soon to know,
The simplest babe its love can shew,

- Bid bashful, fervile fear retire,
The task no labour will require.
- 6 The sov'reign Father, good and kind,
Wants but to have his child resign'd,
Wants but thy yielded heart—no more,
With his rich gifts of grace to store.
- 7 He to thy soul no anguish brings,
From thine own stubborn will it springs:
That foe but crucify, thy bane,
Nought shalt thou know of frowns, nor pain.
- 8 Shake from thy soul o'erwhelm'd; deprest,
Th' incumb'ring load that galls her rest,
That wastes her strength in bondage vain,
With courage break th' enslaving chain.
- 9 Let faith exert its conqu'ring pow'r,
Say in thy fearing, trembling hour,
Father! thy pitying help impart,
'Tis done—a sigh can reach his heart.
- 10 Yet if more earnest plaints to raise,
Awhile his succours he delays,
Tho' his kind hand thou canst not feel,
The smart let lenient patience heal.
- 11 Or if corruption's strength prevail,
And oft thy pilgrim footsteps fail,
Lift for his grace thy louder cries,
So shalt thou cleans'd and stronger rise.
- 12 If haply still thy mental shade,
Deep as the midnight gloom be made,

On

On the sure faithful arm divine,
Firm let thy fast'ning trust recline.

- 13 The gentlest fire, the best of friends,
To thee nor loss, nor harm intends,
Tho' tost in the most boisterous main,
No wreck thy vessel shall sustain.
- 14 Should there remain of rescuing grace,
No glimpse, no shadow left to trace,
Hear thy Lord's voice, 'tis Jesu's will,
Believe, thou dark lost pilgrim still.
- 15 Then thy sad night of horrors past,
Tho' the dread season long may last,
Sweet peace shall, from the smiling skies,
Like a new dawn before thee rise.
- 16 Then shall thy faith's bright ground appear,
Its eyes shall view salvation clear,
Be hence encourag'd more, when try'd,
On the best Father to confide.
- 17 O my too blind, yet nobler part,
Be mov'd, be won by these, my heart;
See, of how rich a lot, how blest,
The true believer stands possess'd.
- 18 Come, backward soul, to God resign;
Peace, his best blessing, shall be thine,
Boldly recumbent on his care,
Cast thy felt burthen only there.

H Y M N CLXXXVI.

- 1 **B**EHOOLD, how good a thing
It is to dwell in peace!

How pleasing to our King
 This fruit of righteousness;
 When brethren all in one agree;
 Who knows the joys of unity!

- 2 Where unity is found,
 The sweet anointing grace,
 Extends to all around,
 And consecrates the place;
 To every waiting soul it comes,
 And fills it with divine perfumes.
- 3 In Christ when brethren join
 And follow after peace,
 The fellowship divine
 He promises to bless;
 His chiefest graces to bestow,
 Where two or three are met below.
- 4 The riches of his grace
 In fellowship are giv'n,
 To Zion's chosen race,
 The citizens of heav'n;
 He fills them with his choicest store,
 He gives them life for evermore.

H Y M N CLXXXVII.

- 1 **O** MY old, my bosom foe,
 Rejoice not over me!
 Oft-times thou hast laid me low,
 And wounded mortally;
 Yet thy prey thou could'st not keep;
 Jesus, when I lowest fell,

Heard

Heard me cry out of the deep,
And brought me up from hell.

2 Foolish world, thy shouts forbear,
Till thou hast won the day ;
Could thy wisdom keep me there,
When in thy hands I lay ?
If my heart to thee incline,
Christ again shall set it free ;
I am his, and he is mine
To all eternity.

3 Satan, cease thy empty boast,
And give thy triumphs o'er ;
Still thou see'st I am not lost,
While Jesus can restore :
Tho' thro' thy deceit I fall,
Surely I shall rise again ;
Christ my King is over all,
And I with him shall reign.

4 O my three-fold enemy !
To whom I long did bow,
See, your lawful captive see,
No more your captive now :
Now before my face ye fly ;
More than conqu'ror now I am,
Sin, the world and hell defy,
In Jesu's pow'rful name.

H Y M N CLXXXVIII.

1 **T**O thee my God and Saviour,
My heart exulting sings,

Rejoicing

Rejoicing in thy favour,
 Almighty King of kings;
 I'll celebrate thy glory,
 With all thy saints above,
 And tell the joyful story
 Of thy redeeming love.

2 Soon as the morn with roses
 Bedecks the dewy east,
 And when the sun reposes
 Upon the ocean's breast,
 My voice in supplication,
 Well pleased thou shalt hear;
 O grant me thy salvation,
 And to my soul draw near.

4 By thee, thro' life supported,
 I pass the dang'rous road,
 With heav'nly hosts escorted,
 Up to their bright abode:
 'There cast my crown before thee,
 Now all my conflict's o'er;
 And day and night adore thee;
 What can an angel more?

H Y M N CLXXXIX.

1 **Y**E simple souls, that stray
 Far from the path of peace,
 That lonely, unfrequented way
 To life and happiness:
 Why will ye folly love,
 And throng the downward road,

And

And hate the wisdom from above,
And mock the sons of God?

2 Madnes and misery
Ye count our life beneath;
And nothing great or good can see,
Or glorious in our death;
As only born to grieve
Beneath your feet we lie;
And utterly contemn'd we live,
And unlamented die.

3 So wretched and obscure,
The men, whom ye despise,
So foolish, impotent, and poor,
Above your scorn we rise;
We, thro' the Holy Ghost
Can witness better things;
For he whose blood is all our boast,
Has made us priests and kings.

4 Riches unsearchable
In Jesu's love we know,
And pleasures, springing from the well
Of life, our souls o'erflow;
The spirit we receive,
Of wisdom, grace, and pow'r;
And always sorrowful we live
Rejoicing evermore.

5 Angels our servants are,
And keep in all our ways;
And in their careful hands they bear
The sacred sons of grace:

Unto

Unto that heav'nly bliss
 They all our steps attend,
 And God himself our Father is,
 And Jesus is our friend.

- 6 In him we walk in white,
 We in his image shine ;
 Our robes are robes of glorious light,
 Our righteousness divine :
 On all the kings of earth,
 With pity we look down,
 And claim, in virtue of our birth,
 A never fading crown.

H Y M N CXC.

- 1 **H**OW pleas'd and bless'd was I,
 To hear the people cry !
 " Come, let us seek our God to-day !"
 Yes ! with a cheerful zeal,
 We haste to Zion's hill,
 And there our vows and honours pay.
- 2 Zion, thrice happy place !
 Adorn'd with wond'rous grace ;
 And walls of strength embrace thee round.
 In thee our tribes appear,
 To pray, and praise, and hear
 The sacred gospel's joyful sound.
- 3 There David's greater Son,
 Has fix'd his royal throne ;

He

He sits for grace and judgment there :
 He bids his saints be glad ;
 He makes the sinner sad ;
 And humble souls rejoice with fear.

- 4 May peace attend thy gate !
 And joy within thee wait,
 To bless the soul of every guest !
 The man that seeks thy peace,
 And wishes thine increase,
 A thousand blessings on him rest !
- 5 My tongue repeats her vows ;
 Peace to this sacred house !
 For there my friends and kindred dwell :
 And since my glorious God,
 Makes thee his bless'd abode,
 My soul shall ever love thee well.

H Y M N CXCI. S. M.

- 1 **O** Lord, our God arise !
 The cause of truth maintain,
 And wide o'er all the peopled world,
 Extend her blessed reign !
- 2 Thou Prince of life arise !
 Nor let thy glory cease,
 Far spread the conquests of thy grace,
 And bless the earth with peace !

H Y M N CXCH. C. M.

- 1 **M**AY I throughout this day of thine,
 Be in thy spirit, Lord ;

Spirit

Spirit of humble fear divine,
That trembles at thy word.

- 2 Spirit of faith, my heart to raise,
And fix on things above ;
Spirit of sacrifice, and praise,
Of holiness and love.

H Y M N CXCIII. 7s.

- 1 **C**HILDREN of the heav'nly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing ;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 Ye are trav'ling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod ;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 O ye banish'd seed, be glad !
Christ our advocate is made ;
Us to save, our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.
- 4 Shout ye little flock, and blest ;
You on Jesu's throne shall rest :
There, your seat is now prepar'd ;
There, your kingdom and reward.
- 5 Fear not brethren, joyful stand,
On the borders of your land ;
Jesus Christ, your father's son,
Bids you undismay'd go on.

6 Lord

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

HYMN XCIV.

- 1 **C**HRIST is the friend of sinners;
Be that forgotten never
A wounded soul
And not a whole,
Becomes a true believer.
To see sin, smart but lightly;
To own with lip-confession,
Is easier still;
But Oh! to feel,
Cuts deep beyond expression.
- 2 Trust not to joyous fancies,
Light hearts, or smooth behaviour;
Sinners can say,
And none but they,
"How precious is the Saviour!"
Then hail ye happy mourners,
How blest your state to come is
Ye soon will meet,
With comfort sweet,
It is the Lord's own promise.
- 3 The contrite heart and broken,
God will not give to ruin;
This sacrifice,
He'll not despise,
For 'tis the Spirit's doing:

N

Then

Then hail ye happy mourners,
 Who pass thro' tribulation !
 Sin's filth and guilt
 Perceiv'd and felt,
 Make known God's great salvation.

- 4 Dry doctrine cannot save us,
 Blind zeal, or false devotion ;
 The feeblest pray'r,
 If faith be there,
 Exceeds all empty notion.
 Then hail ye happy mourners !
 Ye will at last be winners ;
 By Jesu's blood,
 The righteous God
 Is reconcil'd to sinners.

H Y M N CXC.V.

PART THE FIRST.

- 1 **T**HE God of Abr'ham praise !
 Who reigns enthron'd above,
 Ancient of everlasting days,
 And God of love :
 Jehovah, great I AM,
 By earth and heav'n confess'd,
 I bow and bless the sacred name,
 For ever blest.
- 2 The God of Abr'ham praise !
 At whose supreme command,

From

From earth I rise, and seek the joys,
 At his right hand :
 ' all on earth forsake,
 Its wisdom, fame, and pow'r,
 And him my only portion make,
 My shield and tow'r.

3 'The God of Abr'ham praise!
 Whose all sufficient grace,
 Shall guide me all my happy days,
 In all his ways.
 He calls a worm his friend,
 He calls himself my God,
 And he shall save me to the end,
 Thro' Jesus' blood.

4 He by himself hath sworn,
 I on his oath depend,
 I shall on eagles' wings upborne,
 To heav'n ascend :
 I shall behold his face,
 I shall his pow'r adore,
 And sing the wonders of his grace,
 For ever more.

H Y M N CXCVI.

PART SECOND.

1 **T**HO' nature's strength decay,
 And earth and hell withstand,
 To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
 At his command .

The wat'ry deep I pass,
 With Jesus in my view,
 And thro' the howling wilderness
 My way pursue.

2 The goodly land I see,
 With peace and plenty blest,
 A land of sacred liberty
 And endless rest :
 There milk and honey flow,
 And oil and wine abound,
 And trees of life for ever grow,
 With mercy crown'd.

3 There dwells the Lord our King,
 The Lord our Righteousness:
 Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
 The Prince of Peace,
 On Zion's sacred height,
 His kingdom still maintains,
 And glorious with his saints in light,
 For ever reigns.

4 He keeps his own secure ;
 He guards them, by his side ;
 Arrays in garments white and pure,
 His spotless bride :
 With streams of sacred bliss,
 With groves of living joys,
 With all the fruits of Paradise
 He still supplies.

5 Before

Before the great Three One,
 They all exulting stand,
 And tell the wonders he hath done,
 Thro' all their land :
 The list'ning spheres attend,
 And swell the growing fame,
 And sing, in songs that never end,
 The wond'rous name.

H Y M N CXCVII.

PART THIRD.

- 1 **T**HE God who reigns on high,
 The great archangels sing,
 And, holy, holy, holy, cry,
 Almighty King!
 Who was, and is the same,
 And evermore shall be
 Jehovah, Father, great I AM,
 We worship thee.
- 2 Before the Saviour's face,
 The ransom'd nations bow ;
 O'erwhelm'd at his almighty grace,
 For ever new :
 He shews his prints of love,
 They kindle to a flame,
 And sound thro' all the worlds, aboye,
 The slaughter'd Lamb !
- 3 The whole triumphant host
 Give thanks to God on high,

N 3

" Hail,

“ Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !
 They ever cry.
 Hail, Abr’ham’s God, and mine !
 I join the heav’nly lays ;
 All might and majesty be thine,
 And endless praise !

H Y M N CXCVIII.

- 1 PRAISE be to the Father given,
 Christ he gave,—us to save,
 Now the heirs of heaven.
- 2 Pay we equal adoration
 To the Son,—he alone
 Wrought out our salvation.
- 3 Glory to th’ eternal Spirit !
 Us he seals,—Christ reveals,
 And applies his merit.
- 4 Worship, honour, thanks and blessing
 One in Three,—give we thee,
 Never, never ceasing !

H Y M N CXCIX. C.M.

- 1 THE we adore, Eternal Name ;
 And humbly own to thee,
 How feeble is our mortal frame,
 What dying worms we be !
- 2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still
 As months and days increase !

And

And ev'ry beating pulse we tell
Leaves but the number less.

- 3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave ;
Whate'er we do, whate'er we be,
We're trav'ling to the grave.
- 4 Dangers stand thick thro' all the ground,
To push us to the tomb,
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.
- 5 Great God ! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things !
Th' eternal state of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings !
- 6 Infinite joy, and endless woe
Attend on ev'ry breath !
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death !
- 7 Waken, O Lord, our drowly sense
To walk this dang'rous road,
And if our souls be hurried hence,
May they be found in God,

H Y M N CC.

- 1 **Y**E dying sons of men,
Immerg'd in sin and woe,
The gospel's voice attend,
Which Jesus sends to you !

N 4

Ye

- Ye perishing and guilty, come,
In Jesu's arms there yet is room,
- 2 No longer now delay,
Nor vain excuses frame;
He bids you come to-day,
Tho' poor, and blind, and lame:
All things are ready, sinners come,
For ev'ry trembling soul there's room.
- 3 Believe the heav'nly word,
His messengers proclaim;
He is a gracious Lord,
And faithful is his name:
Backsliding souls, return and come,
Cast off despair, there yet is room.
- 4 Constrain'd by bleeding love,
Ye wand'ring sheep, draw near;
Christ calls you from above,
The voice of mercy hear:
Let whosoever will now come,
In mercy's breast there yet is room.

H Y M N C C I.

- 1 **L**O he comes, with clouds descending!
Once for favour'd sinners slain;
Thousand, thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train;
Hallelujah!
God appears on earth to reign.

2 Ev'ry

- 2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold him,
 Rob'd in dreadful majesty!
 Those, who set at nought and sold him,
 Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see!
- 3 Ev'ry island, sea, and mountain,
 Heav'n and earth shall flee away;
 All who hate him must, confounded,
 Hear the trump proclaim the day,
 Come to judgment!
 Come to judgment, come away!
- 4 Now redemption, long expected,
 See, in solemn pomp appear!
 All his faints, by man rejected,
 Now shall meet him in the air:
 Hallelujah!
 See the day of God appear!
- 5 Yea! amen, let all adore thee!
 High on thine eternal throne!
 Saviour, take the pow'r and glory,
 Claim the kingdom for thine own!
 JAH, JEHOVAH.
 Everlasting God, come down!

H Y M N C C I I . S . M .

1 **A** WAKE, and sing the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb;

N 5

Wake

Wake ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

- 2 Sing of his dying love ;
Sing of his rising pow'r ;
Sing how he intercedes above ;
For those whose sins he bore.
- 3 Sing, till we feel our hearts,
Ascending with our tongues ;
Sing, till the love of sin departs,
And grace inspires our songs.
- 4 Sing on your heav'nly way,
Ye ransom'd sinners, sing ;
Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry day,
In Christ, th' eternal King.
- 5 Soon shall ye hear him say,
Ye blest children come ;
Soon will he call you hence away,
And take his wand'ers home.

H Y M N CCIII. C. M.

- 1 **H**ARK! the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promis'd long !
Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
And ev'ry voice a song!
- 2 On him the Spirit largely pour'd
Exerts his sacred fire ;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love
His holy breath inspire.

3 H

- 3 He comes, the pris'ners to release,
 In Satan's bondage held;
 The gates of brass before him burst,
 The iron fetters yield;
- 4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
 The bleeding soul to cure;
 And, with the treasures of his grace,
 T' enrich the humble poor.
- 5 Our glad Hosannas, Prince of peace,
 Thy welcome shall proclaim!
 And heav'n's eternal arches ring
 With thy beloved name.

H Y M N CCIV. L M.

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove
 With all thy quick'ning pow'rs!
 Kindle a flame of sacred love
 In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look how we grovel here below,
 Fond of these earthly toys,
 Our souls, how heavily they go,
 To reach eternal joys!
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
 In vain we strive to rise;
 Hosannas languish on our tongues,
 And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live,
 At this poor dying rate!

Out

“ Holy! Holy! Holy One!
Glory be to God alone!”

- 3 Hark, the thrilling symphonies,
Seem within to seize us;
Add we to their holy lays,
“ Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!”
Sweetest sound in angels’ song,
Sweetest note on mortal’s tongue,
Sweetest anthem ever known:
Jesus, Jesus, reign alone!

H Y M N CCVII.

- 1 **H**OLY Ghost, inspire our praises,
Touch our hearts, and tune our
tongues!
While we laud the name of Jesus,
Heav’n will gladly share our songs:
Hosts of angels, bright and glorious,
While we sing our common King,
Will be proud to join the chorus,
And their richest tribute bring.
- 2 Raise we then our cheerful voices!
To our God, who full of grace,
In our happiness rejoices,
And delights to hear us praise!
Who so lives upon his promise,
Eats his flesh, and drinks his blood,
All that’s past, and all to come, is
For that soul’s eternal good.

3 Happy

3 Happy soul, that hears and follows
 Jesus, speaking in his word!
 Paul, and Cephas, and Apollos,
 All are his, in Christ the Lord:
 Ev'ry state, however distressing,
 Shall be prof't in the end,
 Ev'ry ordinance a blessing,
 Ev'ry providence a friend.

4 Christian! dost thou want a teacher,
 Helper, counsellor, or guide?
 Wouldst thou find a proper preacher?
 Ask thy God, and he'll provide.
 Build on no man's parts or merit,
 But behold the gospel play,
 Jesus sends his holy Spirit;
 And his Spirit feeds the man.

5 Bless, dear Lord, each lab'ring servant!
 Bless the work they undertake,
 Make them able, faithful, fervent,
 Bless them, for thy church's sake!
 All things for our good are given,
 Comforts, crosses, staffs, or rods,
 All is ours, in earth and heaven,
 We are Christ's, and Christ is God's.

H Y M N CCVIII. C. M.

LET them neglect thy glory, Lord,
 Who never knew thy grace!
 But our loud songs shall still record
 The wonders of thy praise.

- 2 We raise our shouts, O God, to thee,
And send them to thy throne;
All glory to th' united Three,
The undivided One!
- 3 'Twas he, (and we'll adore his name)
That form'd us, by a word;
'Tis he restores our ruin'd frame:
Salvation to the Lord!
- 4 Hosanna! let the earth and skies;
Repeat the joyful sound!
Rocks, hills, and vales reflect the voice,
In one eternal round!

H Y M N CCIX.

- 1 **H**ARK! the voice of love and mercy,
Sounds aloud from Calvary!
Rending rocks, the words attesting,
Shaking earth, and veiled sky!
"It is finish'd!"
Was the Saviour's dying cry.
- 2 That, which prophets long predicted,
That, which legal sacrifice
Only shadow'd, not effected,
That, which justice satisfies
Now is finish'd!
So, the dying Saviour cries.
- 3 Now redemption is completed,
Sin aton'd, the curse remov'd;

Satan,

Satan, death, and hell defeated,

As his rising fully prov'd ;

All is finish'd !

Here our hopes do rest unmov'd.

4 O the life, the peace, the pleasure,

Which these gracious words afford !

Heav'nly blessings, without measure,

Flow to us from Christ the Lord ;

It is finish'd !

Let our joyful songs record !

5 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs !

Sound aloud Immanuel's fame !

All creation swell the chorus !

Dwell on this delightful theme !

It is finish'd !!

Glory to the worthy Lamb !!

H Y M N CCX. L. M.

1 **O** DAVID's Son, and David's Lord,
Front age to age thou art the same ;
Thy gracious presence now afford,
And teach our youth to know thy name.

2 Thy people, Lord, tho' oft distress'd,
Upheld by thee, thus far are come ;
And now we long to see thy rest,
And wait thy word to call us home.

3 Like David, when this life shall end,
We trust in thee, sure peace to find,

Like

Like him, to thee we now commend
The children we must leave behind.

- 4 Ere long, we hope to be, where care,
And sin and sorrow never come;
But, Oh, accept our humble pray'r,
That these may praise thee in our room.
- 5 Shew them; how vile they are by sin,
And wash them in thy cleansing blood;
Oh, make them willing to be thine,
And be to them a Covenant God.
- 6 Long may thy light and truth remain,
To bless this place, when we are gone;
And numbers here be born again,
To dwell for ever near thy throne.

H Y M N CCL

- 1 **R**IGHTEOUS Lord, whose vengeful
vials
All our fears and thoughts exceed;
Big with woes and fiery trials,
Hanging, bursting o'er our heads;
While thou visitest the nations,
Thy selected people spare;
Arm our caution'd souls with patience
Fill our humbled hearts with pray'r.
- 2 If thy dreadful controversy
With all flesh, is now begun;
In thy wrath remember mercy,
Mercy, first and last be shewn.

Plead

Plead thy cause, with sword and fire;
 Shake us, till the curse remove :
 Till thou com'st, the world's desire ;
 Conqu'ring all, with sov'reign love.

3 Ev'ry fresh alarming token,
 More confirms the faithful word ;
 Nature, (for its Lord hath spoken !)
 Must be suddenly restor'd :
 From this national confusion,
 From this ruin'd earth and skies,
 See the times of restitution,
 See the new creation rise.

4 Vanish then, this world of shadows,
 Pass the former things away :
 Lord ! appear, appear to glad us,
 With the dawn of endless day :
 O conclude this mortal story ;
 Throw this universe aside ;
 Come eternal King of Glory ;
 Now descend, and take thy bride.

H Y M N CXXII. L. M.

1 CAPTAIN of thine enlisted host,
 Display thy glorious banner high ;
 The summons send from coast to coast ;
 And call a num'rous army nigh.

2 A solemn jubilee proclaim :
 Proclaim the great sabbatic year :

O

Assert

- Assert the glories of thy name ;
 Spoil Satan of his wish'd-for prey.
- 3 Bid, bid thy heralds publish loud,
 The peaceful blessings of thy reign ;
 And when they speak of sprinkled blood,
 The myst'ry to the heart explain.
- 4 Fight for thyself, O Jesus, fight :
 The travail of thy soul regain :
 Before the blind make darkness light ;
 And crooked paths do thou make plain.

H Y M N CCXIII.

- 1 **W**HAT think you of Christ? is the test,
 To try both your state and your
 scheme ;
 You cannot be right in the rest,
 Unless you think rightly of him :
 As Jesus appears, in your view,
 As he is beloved or not ;
 So God is disposed to you,
 And mercy or wrath is your lot.
- 2 Some take him, a creature to be ;
 A man, or an angel at most :
 Sure these have not feelings like me,
 Nor know themselves wretched and lost.
 So guilty, so helpless am I,
 I durst not confide in his blood,
 Nor on his protection rely,
 Unless I were sure he is God.

3 Some

- 3 Some call him a Saviour in word,
 But mix their own works with his plan,
 And hope he his help will afford,
 When they have done all that they can :
 If doings prove rather too light,
 (A little they own they may fail)
 They purpose to make up full weight,
 By casting his name in the scale.
- 4 Some stile him the pearl of great price,
 And say, he's the fountain of joys :
 Yet feed upon folly and vice,
 And cleave to the world and its toys :
 Like Judas, the Saviour they kiss,
 And while they salute him, betray ;
 Ah ! what will profession like this
 Avail in his terrible day !
- 5 If ask'd, what of Jesus I think ?
 (Though still my best thoughts are but poor,)
 I say, he's my meat and my drink,
 My life, and my strength, and my store,
 My shepherd, my husband, my friend,
 My Saviour from sin and from thrall,
 My hope, from beginning to end,
 My portion, my Lord, and my all.

H Y M N C C X I V .

- I **B**Y me, O my Saviour stand,
 In ev'ry trying hour !
 Guard me with thine out-stretch'd hand,
 And hold me by thy pow'r !

Mindful of thy faithful word,
Thine all sufficient grace bestow !
Keep me, keep me, dearest Lord,
And never let me go !

- 2 Give me, Lord, an holy fear,
And fix it in my heart !
That I may, from evil near,
With speedy care depart :
Still thy timely help afford,
And all thy loving-kindness shew !
Keep me, &c.

- 3 Let me never leave thy breast,
From thee, my Saviour, stray !
Thou art my support and rest,
My true and living way ;
My exceeding great reward,
In heav'n above, and earth below :
Keep me, &c.

- 4 Never let me go, till I
Upborne on wings of love,
Gain the regions of the sky,
And take my seat above !
Thou hast past thy gracious word,
That thou wilt bring me safely through ;
Thou wilt therefore keep me, Lord,
Nor ever let me go.

H Y M N C C X V . C M .

- 1 **B**EHOLD ! the mountain of the Lord,
In latter days shall rise,

On

- 1 On mountain tops above the hills,
And draw the wond'ring eyes.
- 2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow;
"Up to the hill of God," they'll say,
"And to his house we'll go."
- 3 The beam that shines from Zion's hill,
Shall lighten ev'ry land;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers,
Shall all the world command.
- 4 Among the nations he shall judge;
His judgments truth shall guide;
His sceptre shall protect the just,
And quell the sinner's pride.
- 5 No strife shall rage, nor hostile feuds,
Disturb those peaceful years;
To plough-shares men shall beat their
swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.
- 6 No longer hosts encountering hosts,
Shall crowds of slain deplore;
They hang the trumpet in the hall
And study war no more.
- 7 Come then, O house of Jacob! come,
To worship at his shrine;
And walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

H Y M N C C X V I.

- 1 **T**HE happy morn is come,
 The Saviour leaves the grave;
 His glorious work is done,
 Almighty now to save!
 Captivity is captive led,
 Since Jesus liveth that was dead.
- 2 Who to our charge shall lay
 Iniquity and guilt?
 All sin is done away,
 Since his rich blood was spilt.
 Captivity, &c.
- 3 Now the ungodly dares
 The holy God draw near;
 Justice itself declares,
 No cause remains for fear.
 Captivity, &c.
- 4 Christ hath the ransom paid,
 The glorious work is done;
 On him our help is laid,
 The victory is won.
 Captivity, &c.
- 5 Hail the triumphant Lord!
 The resurrection thou!
 Believing in thy word,
 Before thy throne we bow.
 Captivity, &c.

H Y M N

H Y M N CXXVII.

- 1 **D**AY of judgment! day of wonders!
 Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
 Louder than a thousand thunders,
 Shakes the vast creation round!
 How the summons
 Will the sinner's heart confound!
- 2 See the Judge our nature wearing,
 Cloth'd in majesty divine!
 You, who long for his appearing,
 Then shall say "this God is mine!"
 Gracious Saviour,
 Own me in that day for thine!
- 3 At his call the dead awaken,
 Rise to life from earth and sea;
 All the powers of nature, shaken
 By his looks prepare to flee,
 Careless sinner,
 What will then become of thee!
- 4 Horrors past imagination,
 Will surprize your trembling heart,
 When you hear your condemnation;
 "Hence accursed wretch depart!
 "Thou with Satan
 "And his angels, have thy part!"
- 5 Them to those who have confessed,
 Lov'd and serv'd the Lord below,
 He will say, "come near ye blessed,
 "See the kingdom I bestow:

" You for ever
 " Shall my love and glory know."

- 6 Under sorrows and reproaches
 May this thought our courage raise
 Swiftly God's great day approaches,
 Sighs shall then be chang'd to praise ;
 May we triumph,
 When the world is in a blaze!

H Y M N CCXVIII.

- 1 **L**ET us *love*, and *sing*, and *wonder*,
 Let us *praise* the Saviour's name !
 He has hush'd the law's loud thunder,
 He has quench'd mount Sinai's flame,
 He has wash'd us with his blood,
 He has brought us nigh to God.
- 2 Let us *love* the Lord who bought us,
 Pitied us when enemies ;
 Call'd us by his grace, and taught us,
 Gave us ears, and gave us eyes :
 He has wash'd us with his blood,
 He presents our souls to God.
- 3 Let us *sing*, tho' fierce temptation,
 Threaten hard to bear us down !
 For the Lord, our strong salvation
 Holds in view the conqueror's crown :
 He who wash'd us with his blood,
 Soon will bring us home to God.

4 Let

- 4 Let us *wonder!* grace and justice,
 Join and point to mercy's store;
 When, thro' grace, in Christ our trust is,
 Justice smiles and asks no more:
 He who wash'd us with his blood,
 Has secur'd our way to God.
- 5 Let us *praise*, and join the chorus
 Of the saints enthron'd on high;
 Here they trusted him before us,
 Now their praises fill the sky:
 "Thou hast wash'd us with thy blood,
 Thou art worthy, Lamb of God!"
- 6 Hark! the name of Jesus sounded
 Loud from golden harps above!
 Lord, we blush and are confounded,
 Faint our praises, cold our love!
 Wash our souls and songs with blood,
 For by thee we come to God.

H Y M N C C X I X . L . M .

- 1 **J**ESUS shall reign, where'er the sun
 Does his successive journies run;
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
 'Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 People and realms of ev'ry tongue,
 Dwell on his love, with sweetest song;
 And infant-voices shall proclaim
 Their early blessings on his name.

- 3 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
 The pris'ner leaps to loose his chains;
 The weary finds eternal rest,
 And all the sons of want are blest.
- 4 Where he displays his healing pow'r,
 Death and the curse are known no more :
 In him the tribes of Adam boast
 More blessings than their father lost.
- 5 Let ev'ry creature rise and bring
 Peculiar honors to our King ;
 Angels descend with songs again,
 And earth repeat the loud Amen.

H Y M N. CCXX. L. M.

- 1 **M**Y harp untun'd and laid aside,
 (To cheerful hours the harp belongs)
 My cruel foes insulting cried,
 " Come sing us one of Zion's songs."
- 2 Alas! when sinners blindly hold,
 At Zion scoff and Zion's King;
 When zeal declines and love grows cold,
 Is this a day for me to sing?
- 3 Time was, whene'er the saints I met,
 With joy and praise my bosom glow'd;
 But now, like Eli, sad I sit,
 And tremble for the ark of God.
- 4 While thus to grief my soul gave way,
 To see the work of God decline;

Methought

Methought I heard my Saviour say,
 "Dismiss thy fears, the ark is mine."

- 5 Tho' for a time I hide my face,
 Rely upon my love and pow'r,
 Still wrestle at a throne of grace,
 And wait for a reviving hour.
- 6 Take down thy long-neglected harp,
 I've seen thy tears and heard thy pray'r,
 The winter season has been sharp,
 But spring shall all its wastes repair.
- 7 Lord, I obey; my hopes revive;
 Come join with me, ye saints and sing,
 Our foes in vain against us strive,
 For God will help and healing bring.

H Y M N . CCXXI. C. M.

- 1 **T**HE spirit breathes upon the word,
 And brings the truth to light;
 Precepts and promises afford
 A sanctifying light.
- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
 Majestic like the sun;
 It gives a light to every age,
 It gives, but borrows none.
- 3 The hand that gave it, still supplies
 The gracious light and heat;
 His truths upon the nations rise,
 They rise, but never set.

4 Let

- 4 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
 For such a bright display,
 As makes a world of darkness shine
 With beams of heav'nly day.
- 5 My soul rejoices to pursue
 The steps of him I love;
 Till glory breaks upon my view
 In brighter worlds above.

H Y M N CCXXII.

- 1 SEE the gloomy gath'ring cloud
 Hanging o'er a sinful land!
 Sure the Lord proclaims aloud,
 Times of trouble are at hand:
 Happy they who love his name!
 They shall always find him near;
 Tho' the earth were wrapp'd in flame,
 They have no just cause for fear.
- 2 Hark, his voice, in accents mild,
 (O how comforting and sweet!)
 Speaks to ev'ry humble child,
 Pointing out a safe retreat!
 Come, and in my chambers hide,
 To my saints of old well known;
 There you safely may abide,
 Till the storm be overblown.
- 3 You have only to repose
 On my wisdom, love and care;
 When my wrath consumes my foes,
 Mercy shall my children spare;

While

While *they* perish in the flood,
 You that bear my holy mark,
 Sprinkled with atoning blood,
 Shall be safe within the ark.

- 4 Sinners, see the ark of God !
 Hasten to enter, while there's room ;
 Tho' the Lord his arm has bar'd,
 Mercy still retards your doom :
 Seek him while there yet is hope,
 Ere the day of grace be past,
 Lest in wrath he give you up,
 And this call should prove your last.

H Y M N CCXXIII.

- 1 **J**ESUS, let thy pitying eye
 Call back a wandring sheep ;
 False to thee, like Peter, I
 Would fain like Peter weep ;
 Let me be by grace restor'd,
 On me be all long-suffering shown :
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.
- 2 Saviour, Prince enthron'd above,
 Repentance to impart ;
 Give me, through thy dying love,
 The humble, contrite heart :
 Give, what I have long implor'd,
 A portion of thy grief unknown ;
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone,

3 For

- 3 For thine own compassion's sake,
 The gracious wonder show;
 Cast my sins behind thy back,
 And wash me white as snow;
 If thy bowels now are stirr'd,
 If now I would myself bemoan;
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.
- 4 See me, Saviour, from above,
 Nor suffer me to die!
 Life, and happiness, and love,
 Drop from thy gracious eye;
 Speak the reconciling word,
 And let thy mercy melt me down;
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.
- 5 Look, as when thine eye pursu'd
 The first apostate man;
 Saw him welt'ring in his blood,
 And bade him rise again;
 Speak my paradise restor'd,
 Redeem me by thy grace alone:
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.
- 6 Look, as when thy pity saw
 Thine own in a strange land:
 Forc'd t' obey the tyrant's law,
 And feel his heavy hand:
 Speak the foul-redeeming word,
 And out of Egypt call thy son;
 Turn,

Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

- 7 Look, as when thy grace beheld
The harlot in distress ;
Dry'd her tears, her pardon seal'd,
And bade her go in peace :
Foul like her, and self-abhor'd,
I at thy feet for mercy groan :
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

- 8 Look, as when thy languid eye
Was clos'd that we might live :
" Father," (at the point to die,
My Saviour gasp'd,) " forgive !"
Surely with that dying word,
He turns, and looks, and cries, " 'tis done !"
O my bleeding, loving Lord,
Thou break'st my heart of stone !

H Y M N CCXXIV.

- 1 **L**ET the world their virtue boast,
Their works of righteousness ;
I, a wretch undone and lost,
Am freely fav'd by grace ;
Other title I disclaim,
This, only this is all my-plea,
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.
- 2 Happy they whose joys abound,
Like Jordan's swelling stream ;

Who

- Who their heav'n in Christ have found,
 And give the praise to him;
 Let them triumph in his name,
 Enjoy their full felicity;
 I the chief of sinners am,
 But Jesus died for me.
- 3 Blest are they, entirely blest
 Who can in him rejoice;
 Lean on his beloved breast,
 And hear the bridegroom's voice;
 Meanest follower of the Lamb,
 His steps I at a distance see;
 I the chief of sinners am,
 But Jesus died for me.
- 4 I like *Gideon's* fleece am found,
 Unwater'd still, and dry;
 While the dew, on all around,
 Falls plenteous from the sky;
 Yet my Lord I cannot blame,
 The Saviour's grace for all is free;
 I the chief of sinners am,
 But Jesus died for me.
- 5 Surely he will lift me up,
 For I of him have need;
 I cannot give up my hope,
 Though I am cold and dead;
 To bring fire on earth he came;
 O that it now might kindled be!
 I the chief of sinners am,
 But Jesus died for me.

5 Jesus

- 6 Jesus, thou for me hast died,
 And thou in me shalt live;
 I shall feel thy death applied,
 I shall thy life receive;
 Yet when melted in the flame,
 Of love, this shall be all my plea;
 I the chief of sinners am,
 But Jesus died for me.

H Y M N CCXXV.

- 1 **L**OVE divine all loves excelling,
 Joy of heav'n, to earth come down;
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
 All thy faithful mercies crown:
 Jesus! thou art all compassion,
 Pure, unbounded love thou art;
 Visit us with thy salvation;
 Enter ev'ry trembling heart.
- 2 Come, almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy grace receive,
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more thy temples leave;
 Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve thee as thy hosts above,
 Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
 Glory in thy perfect love.
- 3 Carry on thy new creation,
 Pure and blameless let us be,
 More and more of thy salvation,
 Give us, gracious Lord, to see:

Chang d

Chang'd from glory into glory,
 Till in heav'n we take our place,
 Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love and praise.

H Y M N CCXXVI. L. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, where'er thy people meet,
 There they behold thy mercy-seat;
 Where'er they seek thee thou art found,
 And ev'ry place is hallow'd ground.
- 2 For thou within no walls confin'd
 Inhabitest the humble mind,
 Such ever bring thee where they come,
 And going take thee to their home.
- 3 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,
 Thy former mercies here renew;
 Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
 The sweetness of thy saving name.
- 4 Here may we prove the power of pray'r,
 To strengthen faith and sweeten care;
 To teach our faint desires to rise,
 And bring all heav'n before our eyes.
- 5 Behold at thy commanding word,
 We stretch the curtain and the cord;
 Come thou, and fill this wider space,
 And bless us with thy merciful safe.
- 6 **L**o
 N

H Y M N CCXXVII. L. M.

- 1 **S**HOUT, for the blessed Jesus reigns,
Thro' distant lands his triumphs spread;
And sinners, freed from endless pains,
Own him their Saviour, and their head.
- 2 His sons and daughters from afar
Daily at Zion's gates arrive;
Those who were dead in sin before,
By sov'reign grace are made alive.
- 3 O may his conquests still increase
And every foe his power subdue!
While angels celebrate his praise
And saints his growing glories shew.
- 4 Loud Hallelujah's to the Lamb!
From all below, and all above!
In lofty songs exalt his name,
In songs as lasting as his love.

H Y M N CCXXVIII. C. M.

- 1 **O**NCE before our God;
Once kneeling at his throne;
O may no more be said
Nor words of unbelief!
- 2 Father, who art in heaven,
From all our sins deliver us;
To us, who are so vile,
Pardon our sins, we pray.

- 3 May we receive the word we hear
 Each in an honest heart!
 Hoard up the precious treasure there,
 And never with it part.
- 4 To seek thee all our hearts dispose;
 To each thy blessing suit;
 And let the seed thy servant sows,
 Produce abundant fruit.

H Y M N CCXXIX. L. M.

- 1 **W**HERE two or three, with sweet
 accord,
 Obedient to their sov'reign Lord,
 Meet to recount his acts of grace
 And offer solemn pray'r and praise :
- 2 " There, faith the Saviour, will I be
 Amid that little company
 To them unveil my smiling face,
 And shed my glories round the place."
- 3 We meet, at thy command, O Lord!
 Relying on thy faithful word :
 Now send thy spirit from above,
 To manifest thy dying love.

H Y M N CCXXX. C. M.

- 1 **H**ALL, Church of Christ, bought with
 his blood!
 The world I freely leave :
 Ye children of the living God,
 Me in your tents receive.

2 Bride

- 2 Bride of the Lamb, I'm one in heart
 With thee, thro' boundless grace :
 And I will never from thee part :
 This bond shall never cease.
- 3 Closely I'll follow Christ with thee,
 I'll go thy safest road ;
 Thy people shall my people be,
 And thine shall be my God.
- 4 And am I, Jesus, one of those
 Who in thy fold have place ?
 Who gather'd round th' erected cross
 Enjoy redeeming grace ?
- 5 O yes ! nor would I change my lot
 For an archangel's throne :
 By grace I'll keep the place I've got,
 And cleave to thee alone.

H Y M N CCXXXI. C. M.

- 1 **A**LL hail the pow'r of Jesu's name !
 Let angels prostrate fall ;
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 [Crown him ye martyrs of our God,
 Who from his altar call ;
 Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
 And crown him Lord of all.]
- 3 [Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
 A remnant weak and small !

- Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.]
- 4 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go—spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 [Babes, men, and fires, who know his love,
Who feel your sin and thrall;
Now join with all the hosts above,
And crown him Lord of all.]
- 6 Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 7 O that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the *everlasting* song,
And crown him Lord of all.

H Y M N CCXXXII. L. M.

- 1 **K**INDRED in Christ, for his dear sake,
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we together now partake,
The joys which he alone can give.
- 2 To you and us, by grace, 'tis given,
To know the Saviour's precious name;
And shortly we shall meet in heav'n,
Our hope, our way, our end the same.

May

- 3 May he, by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good spirit from above ;
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.
- 4 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians see each other thus ;
Our only wish, to speak of him
Who liv'd, and died, and reigns for us.
- 5 We'll talk of all he did and said,
And suffer'd for us here below ;
The path he mark'd for us to tread
And what he's doing for us now.
- 6 Thus as the moments pass away,
We'll love and wonder and adore ;
And hasten on the glorious day,
When we shall meet to part no more ;

H Y M N CCXXXIII.

THIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful unchangable friend ;
Whose love is as large as his pow'r,
And neither knows measure nor end :
'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose spirit shall guide us safe home ;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

LORD'S SUPPER—HYMN CCXXXIV.

- 1 **T**HIS is the feast of heav'nly wine,
And God invites to sup ;

The juices of the living vine
were press'd to fill the Cup.

- 2 O bless the Saviour ye that eat
With royal dainties fed !
Not heav'n affords a costlier treat,
For Jesus is the bread.
- 3 The vile, the lost, he calls to them,
Ye trembling souls appear ;
The righteous in their own esteem
Have no acceptance here.
- 4 Approach, ye poor, nor dare refuse
The banquet spread for you ;
Dear Saviour, this is welcome news,
Then I may venture too.
- 5 If guilt and sin afford a plea,
And may obtain a place ;
Surely the Lord will welcome me,
And I shall see his face.

HYMN CCXXXV. 6 L. 8s.

- 1 **E**NCOURAG'D by thy word of grace,
We meet thee, at thy table, Lord ;
O let us see thy smiling face,
And one reviving look afford ;
Jesus the bread of life be giv'n ;
The bread which cometh down from
heav'n.
- 2 With heav'nly food our souls refresh,
To us be known in breaking bread ;

Tasting

Tasting the symbol of thy flesh,
 May we on purchas'd mercy feed :
 Remind us how thy precious blood
 Was shed to seal our peace with God.

H Y M N CCXXXVI. L. M.

- 1 **R**EFRESHED by the bread and wine,
 The pledges of our Saviour's love ;
 Now let our hearts and voices join
 In songs of praise with those above.
- 2 Do *they* sing, " worthy is the Lamb,"
 Although *we* cannot reach the strain ;
 Yet we thro' grace can sing the same,
 " For us he died, for us he reigns."
- 3 If they behold him face to face,
 While we a glimpse can only see ;
 Yet equal debtors to his grace,
 As safe and as belov'd are we.
- 4 They had like us a full'ring sin,
 Our cares and fears and griefs, they knew,
 But they have conquer'd all thro' him,
 And we ere long shall conquer too.
- 5 Tho' all the songs of saints in light,
 Are far beneath his matchless worth ;
 His grace is such, he will not slight
 The poor attempts of worms on earth.

BEFORE MEAT—HYMN CCXXXVII.

BE present at our table, Lord !
 Be here and ev'ry where ador'd !

Thy creatures bless, and grant that we
May feast in paradise with thee.

AFTER MEAT—HYMN CCXXXVIII.

WE thank thee, Lord, for this our food,
But most of all, for Jesu's blood;
May manna to our souls be giv'n,
The bread of life sent down from heav'n.

BEFORE SERMON—HYMN CCXXXIX.

THY promise, Lord, and thy command,
Have brought us here to-day;
And now we humbly waiting stand
To hear what thou wilt say.

- 2 Meet us we pray, with words of peace
And fill our hearts with love;
That from our follies we may cease,
And henceforth faithful prove.

H Y M N C C X L

- 1 **N**OW Lord, inspire the preacher's heart,
And teach his tongue to speak;
Food to the hungry soul impart,
And cordials to the weak.
- 2 Furnish us all with light and powers,
To walk in wisdom's ways;
So shall the benefit be ours,
And thou shalt have the praise.

AFTER

AFTER SERMON—HYMN CCXLIII.

- 1** **L**ORD dismiss us with thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
 Let us each, thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace,
 O refresh us!
 Trav'ling thro' this wilderness.
- 2** Thanks we give and adoration,
 For the gospel's joyful sound;
 May the fruits of thy salvation,
 In our hearts and lives abound
 May thy presence!
 With us evermore be found.
- 3** So whene'er the signal's given,
 Us from earth to call away;
 Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
 Glad the summons to obey,
 May we ready
 Rise and reign in endless day.

H Y M N CCXLIV

SOME sweet favour,—of thy favour,
 Shed abroad in every heart;
 Heav'nward as to thee we go,
 Leaving guilt and fear below;
 Blessing praising—without ceasing,
 Bid us Lord depart.

HYMN CCXLV.

LORD dismiss us with thy blessing,
 Bid us all depart in peace;
 Still on gospel-manna feeding,
 Pure seraphic love increase.
 Fill each breast with consolation,
 Up to thee our voices raise;
 When we reach our blissful station,
 Then we'll give Thee nobler praise,
 And sing Hallelujah to God and the Lamb,
 For ever and ever, Hallelujah, Amen!

HYMN CCXLVI.

PRAISE God from whom all blessings
 flow,
 Praise him, all creatures here below;
 Praise him above, ye heav'nly host,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN CCXLVII.

BLESSINGS for ever on the Lamb,
 Who bore the curse for wretched man;
 Let angels sound his sacred name,
 And every creature say Amen!

I N D E X.



I N D E X.

	Page		Page
A H whither	17	Blow ye	122
Alas and did	136	Breathe from	166
All hail	237	By faith in Christ	138
Amazing grace	49	By me, O my	219
And am I born	5	By whom was	64
As when a child	185	Captain of thine	217
Awake and sing	207	Cheer up	156
Awake our souls	107	Children of	198
Away my	133	Christ is the friend	199
Bear me	211	Christ the Lord	59
Before Jehovah's	91	Come all whoe'er	87
Behold the Saviour	3	Come and let us	56
Behold the glories	71	Come Holy Ghost	68
Behold how good	191	Come Holy Spirit	98
Behold the moun- tain	220	Come Holy Spirit heavenly Dove	209
Beloved Saviour	89	Come let us anew	35
Be present	241	Come let us ascend	36
Bestow dear Lord	63	Come let us join	89
Blest be the dear	31	Come my soul and	25
Blest morning	45	Come my soul thy	65
Blessings for ever	244	Come O thou	13
		Come	

	Page		Page
Come on my	81	Glory be to God	1
Come thou Almighty		Glory to God	41
King	188	Glorious things	50
Come thou long-ex-		God moves	158
pected	58	God of my life	77
Come thou fount	169	God of my life to	159
Come thou high	68	Granted is	115
Come weary souls	106	Grateful notes	92
Come ye sinners	120	Great God, I own	73
Come ye that love	75	Guide me	171
Commit thou	131	Hail church	236
Day of Judgment	223	Hail sovereign love	210
Dear Lord accept	161	Hail thou once	181
Drooping soul	15	Happy soul	2
Elisha struck	153	Happy the souls.	66
Encouraged by thy		Hark in the	112
word	147	Hark the herald	100
Encouraged	240	Hark the glad	208
Ere I sleep	40	Hark the voice	214
Except the Lord	70	Head of the	154
Father how wide	93	Hear what	43
Father of lights	9	He comes	7
Father of our	98	He dies	102
Father, Son	110	Help Lord	80
For ever here	85	Ho! every one	183
For mercies	142	Holy Ghost	212
From all that	91	Holy Lamb	99
From heav'n	170	Honour and	165
From Salem's gate	101	How do thy	74
Give to the winds	132	How pleas'd	196
		How	



I N D E X.

iii

	Page		Page
How sad our	115	Lord dismiss us	243
How sweet the	143	Lord I believe	125
How vain are	44	Lord of the	118
I ask'd the Lord	163	Lord thou hast wot	62
Jesus and shall	127	Lord when I hear	187
Jesus at thy	172	Love divine	233
Jesus if still	12	Lukewarm souls	268
Jesu, Jesu, King	29	May I throughout	197
Jesu, let thy	229	Mercy good Lord	174
Jesu, lover of	123	Mercy O thou	149
Jesus my all	130	My drowsy pow'rs	60
Jesus shalt reign	225	My God, how	185
Jesu thy blood	57	My God the spring	108
Jesu thou art	86	My harp untuned	226
Jesus where'er	234	My Saviour thou	116
If dust and ashes	184	Now begin	95
Ill praise	73	Now gracious Lord	51
I'm not ashamed	72	Now let us join	54
I thirst thou	3	Now Lord	242
I was a growling	166	Now may fervent	52
I want a principle	79	O David's son	215
Kindred in Christ	238	O'er the gloomy	42
Leader of faithful	8	O for a closer	137
Let them neglect	213	O for a heart	83
Let the world	231	O for a thousand	120
Let us love	224	O Lord our languid	53
Let worldly	167	O Lord our God	197
Lift your heads	38	O love divine	182
Light of those	119	O my old	192
Lo he comes	206	Oppress'd	

	Page		Page
O patient	175	Stay thou	18
O that I could re-		Sweet is the work	117
pent	10	Sweet the moments	177
O that thou	47	The God of glory	30
O thou that	124	The God of Abr'-	
O Zion	174	ham	200
Once more	235	The happy morn	222
One there is	32	The Lord Jehovah	31
Oppress'd with	152	The Lord will	144
Our Lord is risen	103	The spirit breathes	227
Peace be to	28	The spirits of	23
Physician of	148	The Saviour	154
Plung'd in a gulph	176	The voice of	130
Poor, weak	141	Thee we adore	204
Praise the Lord	108	There is a fountain	146
Praise be to	20	There is a land	111
Praise God	24	This God is	239
Pris'ners of hope	46	This is the day	61
Refreshed by	241	This is the feast	239
Rejoice, the Lord	96	Tho' troubles	139
Rejoice for	24	Thou God of har-	
Righteous Lord	216	mony	113
Rise my soul	104	Thou God of glori-	
Rise my soul adore	39	ous Majesty	20
Safely thro'	55	Thou hidden love	84
Salvation O the	96	Thou judge	6
See from the	21	Thou Son of God	34
See the gloomy	228	Thy mercy my	178
Shout for the	235	Thy promise Lord	242
Some sweet favour	243	'Tis not too hard	189
		'Tis	

I N D E X. v

	Page		Page
'Tis a point	150	What various	155
To God the only	90	What think you	218
To our Redeemer's	94	When darkness	160
To tell the saviour	164	When any turn	33
To the haven	78	When first	140
To thee my God	193	When I can read	45
To those who	157	When I survey	101
Try us, O God	88	Where two or three	236
Vain delusive	128	Who hath our	179
Uncertain how	161	Why should the	125
Weary of	19	Ye dying sons	205
We give immortal	109	Ye happy pilgrims	127
We sing thy praise	22	Ye simple souls	194
We thank thee	242	Ye wretched	105

INDEX OF CONTENTS.

N. B. The numbers denote the Hymns.

PRAYER—for Pardon 11, 12, 78.—Sanctification 43, 76, 79, 95, 108.—Guidance 71, 169.—Perseverance 214.—Restoring grace 15, 16, 122, 135, 223.—Blessing on young people 47, 58, 210.—A revival 212, 226.

PRAISE for Salvation 1, 88, 89, 208.—Temporal favours 69.—Exhortation to praise 65, 70, 80, 83, 86, 87, 90, 106, 193, 195.

PARTICULAR

VI INDEX OF CONTENTS

PARTICULAR SUBJECTS.

Death 5, 67, 199.—Judgment 6, 7, 25, 201, 217.—Grace 44, 57, 165, 176, 224.—Nativity 96.—Crucifixion 3, 97, 98, 99, 134.—Resurrection 18, 40, 54, 216.—Ascension 100.—Scriptures 62, 221.—Worship 23, 30, 82, 106, 190.—Church 26, 45, 172, 220.—Latter-day 37, 191, 215, 219.—Unity 27, 186.

CHRIST true God 213, 231.—A friend 28, 139.—A refuge 72, 121, 205.—The way 129.—The head 133.—A Shepherd 2.—The believers' boast 66, 125.—A keeper 182.—A King 24, 79.—True Physician 146.—All in all 141.—Believer's Righteousness 52.

HYMNS FOR PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

New Year 46.—Opening a place of worship 48.—Saturday night 50.—Lord's day 56, 115, 192.—Death of believers 20, 21, 38.—Lord's Supper 234, 235, 236.—Before Sermon 239, 240.—After Sermon 241, 242.—National judgments 211, 222.—Christians meeting 51, 63, 67, 81.—Parting 17.



HYMN CCXLVIII.

- 1 **H**ARK the solemn trumpet sounding,
 Loud proclaims the jubilee :
 'Tis the voice of grace abounding,
 Grace to sinners rich and free !
 Ye who know the joyful sound,
 Publish it to all around.
- 2 Is the name of Jesus precious ?
 Does his love your spirits cheer ?
 Do you find him kind and gracious,
 Still removing doubt and fear ?
 Think that what he is to you,
 Such he'll be to others too.
- 3 Were you once at awful distance,
 Wand'ring from the fold of God ?
 Could no arm bring assistance,
 Nothing save but Jesu's blood ?
 Think how many still are found,
 Strangers to the joyful sound.
- 4 Brethren, join in supplication,
 Join to plead before the Lord ;
 'Tis his arm that brings salvation,
 He alone can give the word.
 Father, let thy kingdom come,
 Bring thy wand'ring outcasts home.
- 5 Brethren, let us freely offer !
 All we have is from above ;
 Let us *give*, and *act*, and *suffer* !
 What is this to Jesu's love ?

Q

Did

Did he die our souls to save?
Then we're his, and all we have.

- 6 Hark the saint's triumphant chorus!
"Worthy, worthy is the Lamb!"
They have reach'd the prize before us;
But 'ere long, we'll be with them.
While on earth, remember still,
They who love him, do his will.
- 7 Till we reach the wish'd-for vision,
Till we see him as he is:
Let us scorn the world's derision,
Let us prove that we are his:
Let us sound thro' all the earth,
Christ's inestimable worth.

H Y M N CCXLIX.

- 1 **O**N the mountain's top appearing,
Lo the sacred herald stands!
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands.
Mourning captive!
God himself will loose thy bands.
- 2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
All thy friends unfaithful prov'd?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmov'd?
Cease thy mourning,
Zion still is well belov'd!
- 3 Lo, thy sun is ris'n in glory!
God himself appears thy friend:

All

All thy foes shall flee before thee ;
 Here their boasts and triumphs end.
 Great deliv'rance
 Zion's King vouchsafes to fend.

- 4 Enemies no more shall trouble,
 All thy warfare now is past :
 For thy shame thou shalt have double :
 Days of peace are come at last.
 All thy conflicts
 End in everlasting rest.

HYMN CCL. S. M.

- 1 FROM Egypt lately come,
 Where death and darkness reign ;
 We seek our new, our better home,
 Where we our rest shall gain.
 Hallelujah—Hal.—Hal.
 We are on our way to God.
- 2 To Canaan's sacred bound
 We haste with songs of joy ;
 Where peace and liberty are found,
 And sweets that never cloy. Hal, &c.
- 3 There sin and sorrow cease,
 And every conflict's o'er ;
 There we shall dwell in endless peace,
 And never hunger more. Hal. &c.
- 4 What are those distant sounds,
 That strike our list'ning ears ?
 They come from Canaan's happy bounds,
 Where God our King appears. Hal. &c.

Q 2

5 There

- 5 There in celestial strains,
 Enraptur'd myriads sing ;
 There love in every bosom reigns ;
 For God himself is King. Hal. &c.
- 6 We soon shall join the throng,
 And all their pleasures share ;
 We'll sing the everlasting song,
 With all the ransom'd there. Hal. &c.
- 7 How sweet the prospect is !
 It cheers the pilgrim's breast ;
 We're journeying thro' the wilderness,
 But soon we'll gain our rest. Hal. &c.

HYMN CCLI. C. M.

- 1 JESUS knit all our hearts to thee,
 And join us all in one ;
 And in our meetings every where,
 Be thou our aim alone.
- 2 Reign thou sole monarch of our hearts,
 Without a rival reign ;
 "Till we with angels join above,
 To praise the Lamb once slain.

HYMN CCLII.

- 1 O JESUS our Lord !
 Thy name be ador'd,
 For all the rich blessings convey'd thro' thy
 word.
- 2 In spirit we trace
 Thy wonders of grace ;
 And cheerfully join in a concert of praise.
3. The

- 3 The Ancient of days
His glory displays,
And shines on his chosen with cherishing
rays.
- 4 The trumpet of God
Is sounding abroad,
The language of mercy——salvation thro'
blood.
- 5 Thrice happy are they
Who hear and obey,
And share in the blessings of this Gospel
day!
- 5 This blessing be mine,
Thro' favour divine!
But, O my Redeemer, the glory be thine!

H Y M N C C L I.

- 1 **W**HY should I fear the darkest hour,
Or tremble at the tempter's power,
Jesus vouchsafes to be my tower.
- 2 Tho' hot the fight, why quit the field?
Why must I either fly or yield,
Since Jesus is my mighty shield?
- 3 When creature comforts fade and die,
Wordlings may weep; but why should I?
Jesus still lives, and still is nigh.
- 4 Tho' all the flocks and herds were dead,
My soul a famine need not dread;
For Jesus is my living bread.

5 I know

- 5 I know not what may soon betide,
Or how my wants shall be supplied;
But Jesus knows, and will provide.
- 6 Tho' sin should fill me with distress,
The throne of grace I dare address;
For Jesus is my righteousness.
- 7 Tho' faint my pray'rs, and cold my love,
My steadfast hope shall not remove,
While Jesus intercedes above.
- 8 Against me earth and hell combine,
But on my side is pow'r divine;
Jesus is all, and he is mine.

HYMN CCLII. L. M.

- 1 JESUS, immortal King, go on,
The glorious day will soon be won,
Thine enemies prepare to flee,
And leave a conquer'd world to thee.
- 2 Gird on thy sword, victorious Chief!
The captive sinners sole relief;
Cast the usurper from his throne!
And make the universe thine own.
- 3 Thy footsteps, Lord, with joy we trace,
And mark the conquests of thy grace.
Finish the work thou hast begun;
And let thy will on earth be done.
- 4 Then shall contending nations rest,
For love shall reign in ev'ry breast;

Weapons

Weapons for war design'd shall cease;
Or then be implements of peace.

- 5 Hark, how the host's triumphant sing!
"The Lord omnipotent is King!"
Let all his saints rejoice at this,
The kingdoms of the world are his!
Hallelujah! Amen!

HYMN CCLIV.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love;
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above,
Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord!
And possess in sweet communion,
Joys, which earth cannot afford!

HYMN CCLV.

GRANT us, Lord, thy gracious presence
While we worship at thy throne;
Teach our souls important lessons;
Lessons learn'd of thee alone—
While we pray, and sing and hear,
In the midst do thou appear:
Sin reproving!
Fear removing.
Light, to all our minds impart
Love convey to every heart.

HYMN

HYMN CCLVI.

OF thy love some gracious token,
 Grant us Lord before we go!
 Bless thy word which has been spoken,
 Life and peace on all bestow!
 When we join the world again.
 Let our hearts with thee remain!
 O direct us,
 And protect us,
 'Till we gain the heav'nly shore,
 Where thy people want no more.

HYMN CCLVII.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Be praise amidst the heav'nly host,
 And in the Church below!
 From whom all creatures drew their birth,
 By whom Redemption bless'd the earth,
 From whom all comforts flow!

HYMN CCLVIII.

- 1 **M**AY thy word—Gracious Lord,
 Sweet as heav'nly manna;
 To each heart—grace impart,
 Loud to sing Hosanna.
- 2 Ye bless'd throng—join the song
 Sing the wond'rous story,
 Of his love—'till above
 You we meet in glory.

HYMN CCLIX.

- 1 SAVIOUR, thro' the desert lead us ;
 Without thee we cannot go ;
 Thou from cruel chains hast freed us ;
 Thou hast laid the tyrant low.
 Let thy presence
 Cheer us all our journey thro'.
- 2 With a price thy love has bought us ;
 (Saviour, what a love is thine !)
 Hitherto thy pow'r hath brought us ;
 (Pow'r and love in thee combine,)
 Lord of glory !
 Ever on thine Isra'l shine.
- 3 Thro' a desert waste and cheerless,
 Tho' our destin'd journey lie ;
 Render'd by thy presence fearless,
 We may ev'ry foe defy.
 Nought shall move us
 While we see our Saviour nigh.
- 4 When we halt, (no track discov'ring,)
 Fearful lest we go astray ;
 O'er our path thy pillar hov'ring,
 Fire by night, and cloud by day,
 Shall direct us.
 Thus we shall not miss our way.
- 5 When we hunger thou wilt feed us ;
 Manna shall our Camp surround.
 Faint and thirsty, thou wilt heed us ;
 Streams shall from the rock abound.

R

Happy

Happy Isra'l

What a Saviour thou hast found !

- 6 When our foes in arms assemble,
 Ready to obstruct our way ;
 Suddenly their hearts shall tremble ;
 Thou wilt strike them with dismay :
 And thy people
 Led by thee, shall win the day.
- 7 Then lead on, Almighty Victor
 Scatter ev'ry hostile band ;
 Be our guide, and our protector,
 'Till on Canaan's shores we stand.
 Shouts of victory
 Then shall fill the promis'd land.

HYMN CCLX.

- 1 **F**ROM far I see the glorious day,
 When he who bore our sins away,
 Will all his majesty display.
- 2 " A man of sorrows " once he was ;
 No friend was found to plead his cause,
 For all prefer'd the world's applause.
- 3 He sunk beneath sin's awful load .
 For in the sinner's place he stood,
 And died to bring him back to God.
- 4 But now he reigns with glory crown'd ;
 While Angel-hosts his throne surround,
 And still his lofty praises sound.
- 5 To few on earth his name is dear ;
 And they who in his cause appear,
 The world's reproach and scorn must bear.

- 6 But yet there is a day to come,
When he will seal the sinner's doom,
And take his mourning people home,
- 7 Jesus thy name is all my boast;
And tho' by waves of trouble tost,
Thou wilt not let my soul be lost.
- 8 Come then, come quickly from above,
My soul impatient longs to prove,
The depths of everlasting love.

HYMN CCLXL

NATIVITY.

- 1 **A**NGELIC messenger repeat,
These joyful sounds once more;
For sure no accents half so sweet
E'er reach'd my ears before.
- 2 " Glad tidings from Heaven I bring,
" Glad tidings to all upon earth.
" This day is Christ born, to be King;
" And Bethl'hem's the place of his birth."
- 3 Sounds seraphic fill the air,
Angel-bands assemble there;
Heav'n itself come down to earth
Celebrates the Saviour's birth.
- " Glory to God, thro' Heaven's height,
" Peace upon earth, in men delight.

HYMN CCLXII.

CRUCIFIXION.

- 1 " **H**IMSELF he cannot save."
" Insulting foe, 'tis true :

R 2

Th

- The words a gracious meaning have,
Tho' meant in scorn by you.
- 2 "Himself he cannot save."
This is his highest praise.
Himself for others' sake he gave,
And suffers in their place,
- 3 It were an easy part
For him the cross to fly;
But love to sinners fill'd his heart,
And made him choose to die.
- 4 'Tis love the cause unfolds,
'The deep mysterious cause;
Why he, who all the world upholds,
Hangs upon yonder cross.
- 5 Let carnal Jews blaspheme,
And worldly wisdom mock:
The Saviour's cross shall be my theme
And Christ himself my Rock.
- 6 I leave the world for this:
Let others share its toys;
I envy not their fancied bliss,
The Cross yields purer joys.

HYMN CCLXIII.

RESURRECTION.

- 1 "THE LORD is ris'n indeed"
And are the tidings true?
Yes, we beheld the Saviour bleed,
And saw him living too.
- 2 "The

- 2 "The LORD is ris'n indeed"
Then Justice asks no more;
Mercy and Truth are now agreed,
Who stood oppos'd before.
- 3 "The LORD is ris'n indeed."
Then is his task perform'd,
The captive surety now is freed,
And death our foe disarm'd.
- 4 "The LORD is ris'n indeed"
Then Hell has lost his prey.
With him is ris'n the ransom'd seed
To reign in endless day.
- 5 "The LORD is ris'n indeed"
He lives to die no more:
He lives the sinner's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame he bore.
- 6 "The LORD is ris'n indeed"
This yields my soul a plea.
He bore the punishment decreed.
This satisfies for me.
- 7 "The LORD is ris'n indeed"
Attending Angels hear;
Up to the Courts of Heav'n with speed,
The joyful tidings bear.
- 8 Then take your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord:
Join all the bright celestial Choirs,
To sing our risen LORD.

HYMN CCLXIV.

- 1 **T**HE Gospel comes with welcome news,
 To sinners lost like me :
 Their various schemes let others choose ;
 Saviour I come to thee.
- 2 Of sinners sure I am the chief,
 But grace is rich and free.
 This lovely truth affords relief
 To *sinners*, ev'n to *me*.
- 3 Of merit now let others speak,
 But merit I have none ;
 I'm justified for Jesu's sake,
 I'm sav'd by grace alone.
- 4 'Twas grace my wayward heart first won,
 'Tis grace that holds me fast :
 Grace will complete the work begun,
 And save me to the last.
- 5 'Then shall my soul with rapture trace,
 What God hath done for me ;
 And celebrate redeeming grace,
 Throughout eternity.

HYMN CCLXIV.

- 1 **M**Y soul, with sacred joy survey,
 The glories of the latter day :
 Its dawn already seems begun,
 An earnest of the future sun.
- 2 The friends of truth assembled stand,
 (A chosen, consecrated band.)

The

The standard of the cross display,
And cry aloud, "Behold the way."

- 3 "Behold the way to Zion's hill,
"Where Isral's God delights to dwell;
"He fixes there his lofty throne,
"And calls the sacred place his own,
- 4 "Behold the way." Ye heralds cry;
Spare not, but lift your voices high;
Convey the sound from shore to shore;
And bid the captive sigh no more.
- 5 Swift on the wings of heav'nly zeal
They fly, nor seem their toils to feel:
But faithful to their master's will,
Their sacred embassy fulfil.
- 6 The North "gives up;" the South no more,
"Keeps back" her consecrated shore:
From East to West, the message runs,
And either India yields her sons.
- 7 Auspicious dawn, thy rising ray
With joy I view, and hail the day.
Thou sun arise, supremely bright,
And fill the world with purest light.

H Y M N CCLXV.

- I **L**ET reason vainly boast her pow'r
To teach her children how to die:
The sinner in a dying hour,
Needs more than reason can supply.
A view of Christ the sinner's friend,
Alone can cheer him in his end.

- 2 When Nature sinks beneath disease,
 And ev'ry earthly hope is fled,
 What then can give the sinner ease,
 And make him love a dying bed?
 Jesus thy smiles his heart can cheer;
 He's blest ev'n then if thou art near.
- 3 The Gospel does Salvation bring,
 And Jesus is the Gospel theme:
 In death *redeemed* sinners sing,
 And triumph in the Saviour's name.
 "O Death where is thy sting?" they cry.
 "O Grave where is thy victory?"
- 4 Then let me die the death of those,
 Whom Jesus washes in his blood!
 Who on his faithfulness repose,
 And know that he indeed is God.
 Around his Throne we all shall meet,
 And cast our crowns beneath his feet.

HYMN CCLXVI.

FOR A REVIVAL.

- 1 **S**INNERS we, but sinners saved,
 (Praise to sov'reign grace alone!)
 Now approach thee, Son of David,
 Thee who fill'st the heav'nly Throne.
 Whom we turn our eyes around us,
 Thousands perishing we see;
 Thou who brak'st the chains that bound us,
 Set our friends and neighbours free.

- 2 Tho' we can't but fear for many :
 So unthinking they appear :
 Why shou'd we despair of any,
 While we know what once *we* were ?
 Bound with twice ten thousand fetters,
 Thou hast set thy servants free :
 Sure there's none can greater debtors
 Be to sov'reign grace than we.
- 3 What thou hast for us effected,
 Shews us what thy pow'r can do :
 We whom grace has thus selected,
 Wou'd have others saved too.
 Thoughtless sinners Lord awaken,
 Let them see their wretched state ;
 Lest their souls be snar'd and taken,
 And they mourn at length too late.
- 4 Grant thy people too a blessing,
 Lord revive thy work in them :
 Peace and joy in thee possessing,
 Let them glorify thy name.
 Still of thee their Master learning,
 Let them grow in mutual love
 And the world, their grace discerning,
 Own the power from above.

HYMN CCLXVII.

ANOTHER,

- 1 SAV'D ourselves by Jesu's blood,
 Let us now draw nigh to God ;

Many

Many round us blindly stray :
 Mov'd with pity let us pray
 Pray that they who now are blind
 Soon the way of truth may find.

- 2 Lord awaken all around ;
 Let them know the joyful sound :
 Slaves of Satan heretofore,
 Let them now be slaves no more :
 Lord we turn our eyes to thee ;
 Set the captive sinner free.
- 3 Glorious things of thee are told ;
 What thine arm hath wrought of old :
 Thousands once its pow'r confess'd !
 O for seasons like the past !
 Lord revive the former days,
 Thine the pow'r, and thine the praise.

H Y M N C E L X V I I I .

RECEIVING A MEMBER.

- 1 " COME in thou blessed of the Lord,"
 Enter in Jesu's precious name :
 We welcome thee with one accord,
 And trust the Saviour does the same.
- 2 Thy name 'tis hop'd already stands,
 Mark'd in the book of life above ;
 And now to thine we join our hands,
 In token of fraternal love.

3 Those

- 3 Those joys which Earth cannot afford,
We'll seek, in fellowship to prove :
Join'd in one spirit to our Lord,
Together bound by mutual love.
- 4 And while we pass this vale of tears, . . .
We'll make our joys and sorrows known :
We'll share each others hopes and fears,
And count a brother's case our own.
- 5 Once more our welcome we repeat :
Receive assurance of our love.
O may we all together meet,
Around the throne of God above !

HYMN CCLXIX.

LORD'S SUPPER.

- 1 **A**ND is there room for me,
Among the Saviour's friends ?
Am I allow'd to be,
Where Christ himself attends,
His love makes known,
And cheers his own ?
Then haste my soul, and come away,
'Tis Jesus calls, why now delay ?
- 2 'Tis true, I nothing have,
Deserving his regard ;
But 'tis of grace to save,
Of justice, to reward.
Reflection sweet,
For sinners meet !—Then haste, &c.

- 8 For them the table's spread,
 Who make his name their hope ;
 Their's is the living bread,
 And theirs salvation's cup.
 Saviour thou know'st,
 Thy name's my boast.—Then haste, &c.

HYMN CCLXX.

LORD'S DAY.

- 1 **T**HE day of rest once more comes round,
 A day to all believers dear ;
 The silver trumpets seem to sound,
 That call the tribes of Isra'l near.
 Ye people all
 Obey the call ;
 And in JEHOVAH'S Courts appear.
- 2 Obedient to thy summons Lord,
 We to thy sanctuary come :
 Thy gracious presence here afford,
 And send thy people joyful home.
 Of thee our King
 O may we sing ;
 And none with such a theme be dumb !
- 3 O hasten Lord, the day, when those,
 Who know thee here shall see thy face :
 When all their sufferings shall close,
 And toil and strife and sorrow cease.
 Then shall they rest
 Supremely blest
 And dwell with thee in endless peace.

HYMN CCLXXI.

"For from the top of the Rocks I behold him."

NUMBERS xxiii. 9.

- 1 **M**ETHINKS I stand upon the rock,
 Where Balaam stood, and wond'ring
 look
 Upon the scene below ;
 The tents of Jacob goodly seem ;
 The people happy I esteem,
 Whom God has favour'd so.
- 2 The sons of Isra'l stand alone,
 Jehovah claims them for his own ;
 His cause and their's the same :
 He sav'd them from the tyrant's hand ;
 Allots to them a pleasant land,
 And calls them by his name.
- 3 Their toils have almost reach'd a close,
 And soon they're destin'd to repose,
 Within the promis'd land,
 Ev'n now its rising hills are seen,
 Enrich'd with everlasting green,
 Where soon their feet shall stand.
- 4 O Isra'l who is like to thee?
 A people sav'd, and call'd to be
 Peculiar to the Lord!
THY SHIELD! He guards thee from the foe,
THY SWORD! He fights thy battles too;
 Himself thy great reward.

S

5 Fear

- 5 Fear not tho' many shou'd oppose,
 For God is stronger than thy foes,
 And makes thy cause his own :
 The promis'd land before thee lies,
 Go, and possess the glorious prize,
 Reserv'd for thee alone.
- 6 In glory there the King appears,
 He wipes away his people's tears,
 And makes their sorrows cease :
 From toil and strife they there repose,
 And dwell secure from all their foes,
 In everlasting peace.
- 7 Fair emblem of a better rest,
 Of which Believers are possest,
 Beyond the bounds of space.
 Methinks I see the Heav'nly shore,
 Where sin and sorrow are no more ;
 And long to reach the place.
- 8 Nor shall I always absent be,
 From him my soul desires to see,
 Within the realms of light :
 E'er long my Lord will rend the veil,
 And not a cloud shall then conceal,
 His glory from my sight.
- 9 Sweet hope ! it makes the coward brave ;
 It makes a freeman of the slave ;
 And bids the sluggard rise.
 It lifts a worm of earth on high ;
 Provides him wings, and makes him fly,
 To mansions in the skies.

HYMN

HYMN CCLXXII.

"I go to prepare a place for you." JOHN XIV. 2.

- 1 **A**ND art thou gracious master gone,
 A mansion to prepare for me?
 Shall I behold thee on thy throne,
 And there for ever sit with thee?
 Then let the world approve or blame,
 I'll triumph in thy glorious name.
- 2 Shou'd I to gain the world's applause,
 Or to escape its harmless frown,
 Refuse to countenance thy cause,
 And make thy people's lot my own;
 What shame wou'd fill me in that day,
 When thou thy glory wilt display.
- 3 And what is man, or what his smile,
 The terror of his anger what?
 Like grass he flourishes a while,
 But soon his place shall know him not.
 Thro' fear of such a one, shall I,
 The Lord of Heav'n and Earth deny?
- 4 No! let the world cast out my name,
 And vile account me if they will:
 If to confess the Lord be shame,
 I purpose to be viler still.
 For thee my God, I all resign,
 Content if I can call thee mine.
- 5 What transport then shall fill my heart,
 When thou my worthless name wilt own;
 When I shall see thee as thou art,
 And know as I myself am known!

From sin and fear and sorrow free,
My soul shall find its rest in thee.

HYMN CCLXXIII.

"For here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come." HEBREWS xiii. 14.

- 1 "WE'VE no abiding city here,
'This may distress the worldlings
mind ;
But shou'd not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.
- 2 "We've no abiding city here,"
Sad truth were this to be our home :
But let this thought our spirits cheer,
"We seek a city yet to come."
- 3 "We've no abiding city here,"
Then let us live as pilgrims do ;
Let not the world our rest appear,
But let us haste from all below.
- 4 "We've no abiding city here,"
We seek a city out of sight :
Zion its name,—we'll soon be there,
It shines with everlasting light.
- 5 "We've no abiding city here,"
Methinks I hear the worldling say.
"Your hope is vain, ye fools forbear,
"For pleasure lies another way."

- 6 No wonder men shou'd reason thus,
 And count our expectation vain;
 But did they know the truth like us,
 They'd soon adopt a different strain.
- 7 Did they like us by faith discern,
 The glorious city of our God,
 They too like us, wou'd quickly learn,
 To walk in Zion's heav'nly road.
- 8 Zion!—JEHOVAH is her strength!
 Secure she smiles at all her foes,
 And weary travellers at length,
 Within her sacred walls repose.
- 9 O sweet abode of peace and love!
 Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest.
 Had I the pinions of the dove,
 I'd fly to thee, and be at rest.
- 10 But hush my soul, nor dare repine,
 The time my God appoints is best:
 While here to do his will be *mine*;
 And *his* to fix my time of rest.

HYMN CCLXXIV.

“Fight the good fight of faith.” TIM. vi. 12.

- 1 CHRISTIANS an arduous fight maintain,
 Nor do they hope or wish for peace,
 Till they, their heav'nly mansion gain.
 Then, not before, their conflicts cease.

2 Them-

2. Them, whom they now account as foes,
They once without a blush obey'd;
And liv'd in amity with those,
Who while they wore a smile betray'd.
- 3 Nor did they see the chains they wore,
Or, if they saw, felt no alarm.
The yoke contentedly they bore,
'Till God himself dissolv'd the charm.
- 4 Awaken'd then as from a sleep
And taught from whence their danger
rose,
They flew to arms, resolved to keep
No terms with such deceitful foes.
- 5 With earth and hell in arms combin'd,
And with a heart as false as they,
Are saints engaged, nor rest will find,
Till they have reach'd the realms of day.
- 6 The fight unequal seems, 'tis true :
It wou'd be so but for *his* grace
Who arms provides, and courage too
With which his saints the foe may face.
- 7 He who appear'd on David's side
When match'd with his gigantic foe,
Is still the same, and will provide,
For all his struggling saints below.
- 8 And when the last great foe appears.
He'll find them proof against his pow'r ;
For God, *their* God, will quell their fears,
And save them in a dying hour.

9 This

- 9 This conflict past, the work is done,
 'They'l see their enemies no more :
 The final victory is won,
 And then they reach the heav'nly shore.
- 10 In robes of white they stand array'd
 The palm's triumphant branch they bear.
 Adorn'd with crowns that never fade,
 Before their King they all appear.
- 11 And while they sing before his throne.
 The LAMB, the LAMB inspires their
 songs,
 Salvation comes from him alone,
 To him eternal praise belongs

HYMN CCLXXV.

" So be brought them unto their desired haven."

PSALM cvii. 30.

- 1 **T**HE Christian navigates a sea
 Where various forms of death ap-
 pear ;
 Nor skill, alas ! nor pow'r has he,
 Aright his dang'rous course to steer.
- 2 Why does he venture then from shore,
 And dare so many deaths to brave ?
 Because the land affrights him more,
 Than all the perils of the wave.
- 3 Because he hopes a port to find,
 Where all his toil will be repaid ;
 And tho' unskillful weak and blind,
 Yet Jesus bids him nothing dread.

4 But

- 4 But tho' *his* faithful word is giv'n
Who does not change, and cannot lie;
Yet when his bark by storms is driv'n,
He doubts, and fears destruction nigh.
- 5 Sometimes there lies a treach'rous rock,
Beneath the surface of the wave;
He strikes, but yet survives the shock,
For Jesus is at hand to save.
- 6 But hark, the midnight tempest roars!
He seems forsaken and alone.
But Jesus, whom he then implores,
Unseen preserves and leads him on.
- 7 On the smooth surface of the deep,
Without a fear he sometimes lies:
The danger then is left he sleep,
And ruin seize him by surprize.
- 8 His destin'd land he sometimes sees,
And thinks his toils will soon be o'er:
Expects some favourable breeze
Will waft him quickly to the shore.
- 9 But sudden clouds obstruct his view,
And he enjoys the sight no more,
Nor does he now believe it true
That he had ever seen the shore.
- 10 Tho' fear his heart shou'd overwhelm
He'll reach the port for which he's bound,
For Jesus holds and guides the helm,
And safety is where he is found.

II Methinks

- 11 Methinks I view him' now at last
 Safe anchor'd in the hav'n of joy;
 He thinks no more of conflicts past.
 Wonder and love his heart employ.
- 12 He *wonders* much at all he sees,
 He *loves* the Author of his bliss;
 And cries while he the scene surveys,
 " O what a glorious land is this !"

HYMN CCLXXVI.

" *But when thou makest a feast call the poor.*"
 LUKE XIV. 13.

- 1 THE King has made a feast
 Where choice with plenty vies;
 'Tis furnish'd with the best
 His rich domain supplies.
 Its varied store
 Is for the poor.
 Then haste ye poor, and come away,
 The King invites ! why now delay !
- 2 He sends his servants forth
 To call you to the feast :
 Say not, " 'Tis little worth,"
 The King will be displeas'd.
 In vain we seek,
 It's worth to speak.
 Then haste, &c.

3 Nor

- 3 Nor say, "'tis not to us,"
 The King his message sends :
 Ye shou'd not reason thus,
 While he the *poor* intends.
 He bids the *poor*
 There needs no more.

Then haste, &c.

- 4 Nor say, "there is no room,
 The guests fill ev'ry place,"
 He wou'd not bid you come
 If yet there were not space.
 He cries out still,
 "Come whofo will."

Then haste, &c.

- 5 This King is Lord of all,
 And Jesus is his name ;
 If you neglect his call
 Your portion will be shame.
 Your pleas are vain,
 And nothing gain :
 Then haste ye poor and come away :
 'Tis Jesus calls, why now delay ?

H Y M N CCLXXVII.

*"O God, my heart is fix'd, I will sing and give
 praise, even with my glory." PSALM CVII. I.*

- 1 **A** WAKE our souls! awake our tongues!
 The subject is divine :
 A Saviour's love demands our songs :
 Let all his people join.

2 This

- 2 This Saviour is the mighty God,
 Who fills the throne above :
 Reveal'd in flesh he shed his blood,
 And thus declared his love.
- 3 Jesus thy love exceeds our thought,
 But this at least we see ;
 The soul that feels its power is taught
 To part with all for thee.
- 4 And tho' thy love be faintly seen,
 What's seen demands our praise ;
 Without this view we still had been
 Engag'd in folly's ways.
- 5 But when we lay this flesh aside,
 And gain the realms of light ;
 Obscuring clouds no more shall hide,
 Thy glory from our sight.
- 6 Then to the praise of love divine
 We'll strike our golden lyres ;
 With heart and voice we'll sweetly join,
 The everlasting choirs.

H Y M N CCLXXVIII.

*" For the Lord himself shall descend from Heaven
 with a shout, with the voice of the Archangel and
 with the trump of God. I THESS. iv. : 6,*

1 **T**HE trump of God is heard on high ;
 The shout of Angels rends the sky :
 'Tis

"Tis Jesus coming in the clouds,
Attended by exulting crowds.

- 2 How glorious is the Saviour now,
While many crowns adorn his brow?
Upon his thigh appear the words :
" The KING OF KINGS and LORD OF LORDS."
- 3 The final day at length is come,
And finners now must hear their doom;
What horror fills the trembling heart,
While Jesus speaks the word " Depart !"
- 4 In vain upon the rocks they call,
To hide or crush them by their fall ;
No death the sinner can relieve,
Whom God in justice dooms to live.
- 5 But O what transport fills *their* hearts,
To whom he thus his will imparts !
" The Kingdom take, your blest reward,"
" For you before the world prepar'd."
- 6 This is the people, who on earth,
Were subjects for the worldling's mirth ;
But lo! the Saviour owns their name,
And fills their enemies with shame.
- 7 O may I *now* with those appear,
Who dare confess the Saviour here
So shall my happy portion be,
Jesus will *then* acknowledge me.

