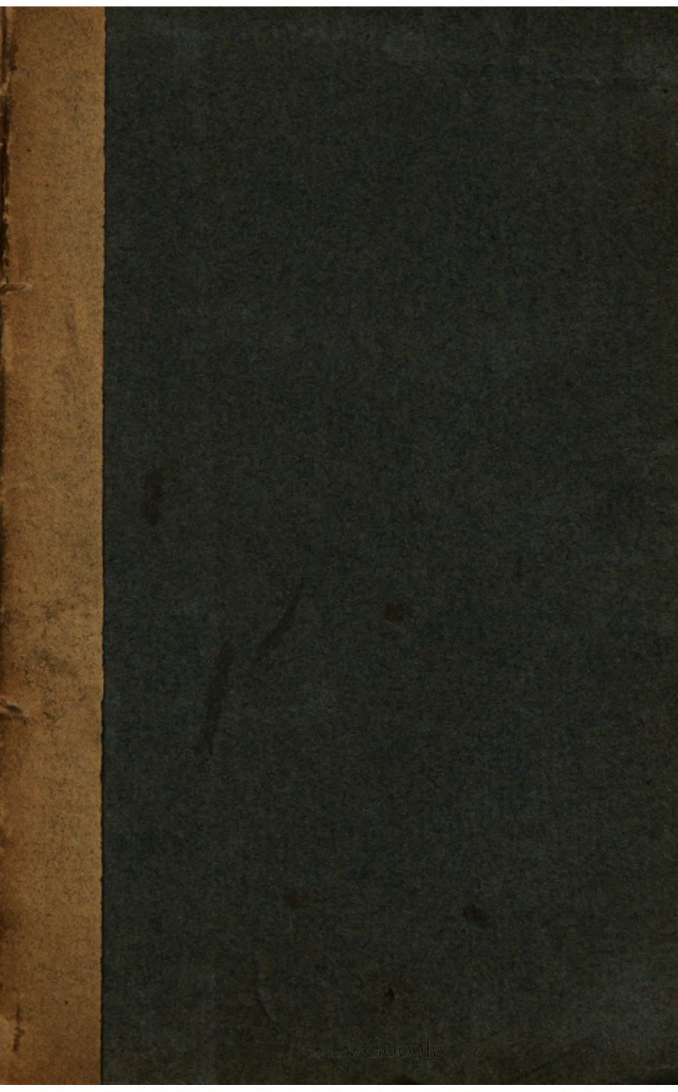
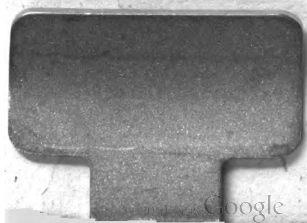

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HYMNS

ADAPTED

FOR

SOCIAL WORSHIP.



By THOMAS KELLY.

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HYMNS, &c.

HYMN I.

For unto us a child is born, unto us a Son is given.

ISAIAH ix. 6.

- WE'LL sing in spite of scorn ;
Our theme is come from heav'n ;
" To us a child is born,
" To us a son is giv'n."
The sweetest news that ever came,
We'll sing, tho' all the world should blame.
- 2 The long expected morn,
Has dawn'd upon the earth ;
The Saviour Christ is born,
And angels sing his birth :
We'll join the bright seraphic throng,
We'll share their joys, and swell their song.
- 3 O 'tis a lofty theme
Supplied by angels' tongues !
All other subjects seem
Unworthy of our songs.
This sacred theme has boundless charms,
It fills, it captivates, it warms,

A 2

- 4 Now sing of peace divine,
Sing of good will to man ;
No wisdom, Lord, but thine,
Could form the gracious plan :
Could find a way to save the lost,
Thyself not ceasing to be just.
- 5 Give praise to God on high,
With angels round his throne ;
Give praise to God with joy ;
Give praise to God alone ;
'Tis meet his saints their songs should raise,
And give the Saviour endless praise.

HYMN II.

The night is far spent, the day is at hand.

ROMANS XIII. 12.

- THE night is now far spent,
And day comes on apace :
The veil will soon be rent
That hides the Saviour's face -
The clouds that now obstruct our sight
Will all be quickly put to flight.
- 2 Ye saints, lift up your heads,
Salvation draweth nigh :
See where the morning spreads
Its radiance thro' the sky :
O let the sight your spirits cheer ;
The Lord himself will soon appear.
- 3 Tho' men your hope deride,
Nor will themselves believe ;
Yet, in his word confide
Who never can deceive :
When heav'n and earth shall pass away,
The saints shall see a glorious day.

- 4 For you the Lord intends
 A bright abode on high;
 The place where sorrow ends,
 And nought is known but joy:
 With such a hope, ye saints, rejoice;
 We soon shall hear th' archangels' voice.

HYMN III.

For the trumpet shall sound. 1 Cor. xv. 52.

- HARK, 'tis the trumpet's sound!
 It closes earthly things:
 It echoes all around,
 And great the news it brings:
 It says that Jesus is at hand,
 And bids the world before him stand.
- 2 The sound is heard afar;
 It goes thro' sea and land:
 And now—before his bar
 Th' assembled nations stand:
 His friends are mingled with his foes,
 But who are his, the Saviour knows.
- 3 And now he calls his own
 To dwell with him above;
 To sit upon his throne,
 And share his endless love:
 With joy they meet him in the clouds,
 And mix with heav'n's exulting crowds,
- 4 O that, in that great day,
 We may with those appear!
 To whom the Lord will say—
 "Ye blessed, now come near;
 "To you eternal life is giv'n;
 "Draw near, and share the joys of heav'n."

HYMN IV.

Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us. 1 JOHN iv. 10.

LORD'S SUPPER.

WE celebrate his love,
Who saves from death and hell :
'Tis far, 'tis far above,
What friends or mothers feel :
Maternal love is weak to this :
No other love can equal his.

2 He died, and thence our hope :
He died upon the cross :
He drain'd the bitter cup,
That justice mix'd for us :
Sound, sound his glorious name abroad,
Praise ev'ry voice, THE LAMB OF GOD.

3 To save his foes he died :
For them he shed his blood :
And sinners, justified
Through him, draw nigh to God :
THE LAMB, THE LAMB shall be our theme ;
Eternal honour be to him.

4 His work most glorious is :
Most precious is his name :
We leave the world for this :
Preferring loss and shame :
Nor do we ask a higher grace,
Than to behold the Saviour's face.

HYMN V.

O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me. MAT. xxvi. 29.

JESUS drains the cup of sorrows ;
See, he lies beneath our load :
Gives his life a ransom for us,
And redeems us by his blood :

Was there ever love like this?

Was there ever grief like his?

2 Jesus is "A man of sorrows,"

Here he claims pre-eminence;

See him pierc'd by heaven's own arrows:

See him die for our offence.

We, like sheep, had gone astray:

Jesus takes our sin away.

3 Jesus suffers—wondrous victim!

'Tis the son of God that dies:

Heav'n and earth, and hell, afflict him:

Justice claims the sacrifice:

Darkness now exerts its pow'r:

Darkness reigns this fearful hour.

4 Come, ye saints, look here and wonder:

Come, behold what love could do:

Gaze upon the victim yonder:

Jesus suffer'd thus for you:

Bid adieu to low desire:

Here let earthly love expire.

HYMN VI.

He was wounded for our transgressions. Isa. liii. 5.

JESUS is the victim offer'd;

On him fell vindictive fire:

When he died, the victim suffer'd

All that justice could require:

This is welcome news from far:

Why should any now despair?

2 Now let others boast of doing,

We have no such plea as this:

Grace alone prevents our going

Down to hell's profound abyss.

Jesus came to save the lost;

In his name alone we boast,

- 3 Resting on his "Faithful saying,"
 We are safe from force and guile :
 On our Lord our spirits staying,
 We may look around and smile :
 Leaning on his pow'rful arm,
 Who, or what, can do us harm ?
- 4 Fair our lot—in pleasant places,
 God has cast the lines for us ;
 Well may we shew forth his praises,
 Who has lov'd his people thus.
 Of his love we'll gladly talk,
 By its pow'r constrain'd we'll walk.

HYMN VII.

Let all the angels of God worship him. Heb. i. 6.

- HARK, ten thousand harps and voices,
 Sound the note of praise above !
 Jesus reigns, and heav'n rejoices :
 Jesus reigns, the God of love :
 See, he fills yon azure throne !
 Jesus rules the world alone.
- 2 Well may angels bright and glorious,
 Sing the praises of the Lamb ;
 While on earth, he prov'd victorious ;
 Now, he bears a matchless name :
 Well may angels sing of him,
 Heav'n supplies no richer theme.
- 3 Come, ye saints, unite your praises
 With the angels round his throne ;
 Soon, we hope, our Lord will raise us
 To the place where he is gone.
 Meet it is that we should sing,
 Glory, glory to our king.

- 4 Sing how Jesus came from heaven,
 How he bore the cross below;
 How all pow'r to him is given;
 How he reigns in glory now:
 'Tis a great and endless theme:
 O 'tis sweet to sing of him!
- 5 Jesus hail, whose glory brightens
 All above, and makes it fair!
 Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,
 Cheers and charms thy people here:
 When we think of love like thine,
 Lord, we own it love divine.
- 6 King of glory, reign for ever,
 Thine an everlasting crown:
 Nothing from thy love shall sever
 Those whom thou hast made thine own;
 Happy objects of thy grace,
 Destin'd to behold thy face.
- 7 Saviour, hasten thine appearing;
 Bring, O bring the glorious day;
 When, the awful summons hearing,
 Heav'n and earth shall pass away:
 Then, with golden harps, we'll sing—
 "Glory, glory to our king."

HYMN VIII.

That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow.
 PHIL. ii. 10.

E'ERY knee shall bow to Jesus,
 'Tis decreed, and must be done;
 God ordains it, whom it pleases
 Thus to glorify his son:
 Honour is to Jesus giv'n,
 All the pow'r in earth and heav'n.

A 3

- 2 He who without usurpation,
 Claim'd equality with God,
 Comes from his exalted station,
 And with men has his abode:
 Tho' we see him humbled now,
 Ev'ry knee to him shall bow.
- 3 See the Lord, "A man in fashion,
 "Of ~~new~~ reputation made."
 See, he dies without compassion!
 In the tomb behold him laid!
 Tho' he seems deserted now,
 Ev'ry knee to him shall bow.
- 4 See, the Saviour ris'n victorious,
 Late a pris'n'r with the dead:
 O methinks the sight is glorious!
 Jesus ris'n his people's head;
 Crowns adorn the victor's brow;
 Ev'ry knee to him shall bow.
- 5 See him now to glory raised,
 Bearing an unrivall'd name:
 Angels, at the sight amazed,
 Worship, and confess his claim;
 All in heav'n adore him now:
 Ev'ry knee to him shall bow.
- 6 Hark! the trumpet loudly sounding,
 Now proclaims the judge is near;
 Jesus comes his foes confounding,
 Jesus to his people dear:
 I.o, he comes on yonder cloud!
 Ev'ry knee to him is bow'd.

HYMN IX.

*But ye, Brethren, are not in darkness, that that day should
overtake you as a thief. 1 THESS. iv. 5.*

NOTHING know we of the season
When the world shall pass away:
But we know, the saints have reason
To expect a glorious day:
When the Saviour will return,
And his people cease to mourn.

2 O what sacred joys await them!
They shall see the Saviour then:
Those who now oppose and hate them,
Never can oppose again:
Brethren, let us think of this:
All is ours if we are his.

3 Waiting for our Lord's returning,
Be it ours his word to keep;
Let our lamps be always burning:
Let us watch while others sleep:
We're no longer of the night:
We are children of the light.

4 Being of the favour'd number,
Whom the Saviour calls his own,
'Tis not meet that we should slumber,
We to whom his grace is known:
This should be his people's aim;
Still to glorify his name.

HYMN X.

Not to me only, but to all them also that love his appearing.
2 TIM. iv. 8.

WELCOME sight! the Lord descending:

Jesus in the clouds appears:

Lo! the Saviour comes, intending

Now to dry his people's tears.

Lo! the Saviour comes to reign;

Welcome to his waiting train.

2 Long they mourn'd their absent Master;

Long they felt like men forlorn:

Bid the seasons fly still faster,

While they sigh'd for his return:

Lo! the period comes at last:

All their sorrows now are past.

3 Now from home no longer banish'd,

They are going to their rest:

Though the heav'ns and earth have vanish'd,

With their Lord they shall be blest:

Blest with him his saints shall be;

Blest throughout eternity!

4 Happy people! grace unbounded,

Grace alone exalts you thus:

Be asham'd and be confounded:

Sing for ever—"Not to us,

"Not to us be glory giv'n:

"Glory to the God of heav'n!"

HYMN XI.

The Lord is my Shepherd. PSALM xxiii. 1.

JESUS is the Lord our Shepherd,

Then let fear be far away.

From the lion, and the leopard,

And from ev'ry beast of prey,

He will guard his helpless sheep;

Jesus loves his own to keep.

- 2 When the foe desired to have us,
 Jesus said—"These sheep are mine,"
 And resign'd his life to save us.
 Jesus, what a love is thine!
 All-victorious in its course,
 Nothing can withstand its force,
- 3 In the path of life he leads us,
 By the stream that gently flows:
 In the verdant pastures feeds us,
 Where no plant injurious grows.
 There we hear the Shepherd's voice:
 There he bids our souls rejoice.
- 4 When thro' death's dark valley going,
 Fearful tho' the way appear,
 We will dread no evil, knowing—
 Thou, our Shepherd, still art near:
 When we see thy rod and staff,
 Then we know thy sheep are safe.

HYMN XII.

For the Lord hath chosen Zion. PSALM cxxxii. 13.

- Ye who love the cause of Zion,
 Tho' despis'd of men, and few:
 Arm'd with courage like the lion,
 Fear not all that men can do.
 What, tho' all the world oppose?
 God is stronger than her foes,
- 2 Friends of Zion, mark the promise—
 "Zion shall become a praise."
 Earth and hell would wrest it from us,
 But in vain, our Saviour says—
 Zion's King is "Lord of Lords."
 His are true and faithful words.

- 3 Zion's foes may all assemble,
 But their counsel cannot stand:
 Soon the stoutest heart will tremble,
 When the Lord shall raise his hand.
 Who to her would ruin bring,
 First must vanquish Zion's king.
- 4 Now, ye people, walk around her,
 View her walls and count her tow'rs;
 See how God, her gracious founder,
 Keeps her safe from hostile pow'rs:
 Zion's children live secure;
 God has made their " Dwelling sure."
- 5 See her firm and deep foundation;
 Zion stands upon a rock;
 God hath call'd her walls " Salvation,"
 Form'd to stand each adverse shock:
 Strength and glory here unite:
 Zion is the Lord's delight.

HYMN XIII.

And it shall come to pass in the last days, that the mountain of the Lord's house, shall be established in the top of the mountains, and be exalted above the hills, and all nations shall flow unto it. Isa. ii. 2.

- SEE that mountain high exalted:
 'Tis the mountain of the Lord:
 Much expos'd and oft assaulted;
 Lov'd of God, by man abhor'd;
 Now it stands above the hills:
 Now its destin'd place it fills.
- 2 O ye mountains great and tow'ring,
 Boast no more, nor triumph now:
 Zion's head sublimely soaring,
 Leaves your summits far below:
 Know ye, this is God's own hill;
 Here Jehovah loves to dwell.

- 3 Hark, a cry among the nations !
 " Come, and let us seek the Lord ;
 " Vain our former expectations ;
 " Vain the idols we ador'd :
 " Zion's King is God alone :
 " Let us bow before his throne."
 4 See ! from every quarter flowing,
 Joyful crowds assemble round :
 Love in ev'ry heart is glowing ;
 Praise is heard in ev'ry sound.
 While Jehovah shews his face ;
 Glory fills the sacred place.

HYMN XIV.

In the midst of the throne stood a Lamb. REV. v. 6.

- HOPE in Christ our Lord possessing,
 Let us raise a cheerful psalm :
 Glory, honour, pow'r and blessing,
 Be for ever to the Lamb !
 In the midst of yonder throne,
 Lo ! he stands, he reigns alone.
- 3 Praise the Lamb—his love unbounded,
 Is the theme of praise in heav'n :
 On his death our hopes are founded ;
 For we know his life was giv'n :
 And we trust that by his blood
 We are reconcil'd to God.
- 3 Praise the Lamb—ye saints adore him,
 You he saves from endless shame :
 See, how angels fall before him,
 How they triumph in his name ;
 His the sceptre, his the crown,
 His yon bright eternal throne.

- 4 Praise the Lamb—repeat his praises :
 'Tis a theme, ye saints, for you :
 When our Lord to heav'n shall raise us,
 There the subject we'll renew :
 And in yonder glorious place,
 We shall see the Saviour's face.
- 5 There, with all who liv'd as strangers
 While on earth, we hope to be :
 Free from toil, from fear, from dangers,
 Happy through eternity.
 There we hope to see the Lamb;
 And for ever praise his name.

HYMN XV.

Praise ye the Lord !

PSALM cxiii. 1.

- LET us sing, for we have reason ;
 Let us join with those above :
 Praise is never out of season :
 Let us praise the God of love.
 We have cause indeed to sing :
 Jesus is our glorious King.
- 2 He whom angels view with wonder ;
 He whom angels always sing ;
 He who wields the awful thunder,
 Is himself our glorious King.
 O ! how blest his people are !
 Blest who in his glory share.
- 3 When we reach the full enjoyment
 Of the state where sorrows end ;
 Praise will be our sweet employment :
 We shall praise the sinners' friend :
 Him who wash'd us with his blood ;
 Sav'd, and brought us nigh to God.

- 4 But how diff'rent then our praises
 From the praise we offer now !
 Well our coldness may amaze us :
 When we think how much we owe ;
 But no coldness will remain,
 When that glorious state we gain.
- 5 Yet our Lord accepts our praises ;
 Ev'n the praise we offer here :
 He, on whom th' archangel gazes
 With delight and holy fear,
 Hears his people when they sing,
 And accepts the praise they bring.
- 6 Sing we then our Saviour's praises :
 Sing the praise of him we love :
 When our Lord to heav'n shall raise us,
 Then we'll join with those above :
 Then, like them, unwearied sing ;
 Glory, glory to our King.

HYMN XVI.

And the desert shall rejoice. ISAIAH XXXIV. 1,

- SEE the wilderness rejoices !
 Lately 'twas a barren spot,
 Let us raise our thankful voices !
 Let us own what God has wrought !
 Who could think of such a thing !
 God has made the waste to sing.
- 2 Here, where nought but thorns and briers,
 Lately grew and wildly spread,
 Lo the cedar now aspires !
 Lo the Cypress lifts its head !
 Lord we own the work divine !
 All the glory, Lord, be thine !

- 3 See the trees thine hand has planted,
 Watch them with a constant care :
 O let our request be granted !
 Make them fruitful, make them fair ;
 Keep, O keep them still in view !
 Let them live and flourish too !
- 4 Further Lord, 'tis our desire,
 (Turn not thou away thine ear)
 Root out ev'ry thorn and brier ;
 In their place let trees appear :
 Thus from plants injurious freed,
 Shall the desert smile indeed.

HYMN XVII.

Thou shalt cause the trumpet of the jubilee to sound.
 LEV. XXV. 9.

- HARK** 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 afford 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 '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.

HYMN XVIII.

He bath filled the hungry with good things.

LUKE i. 53.

LORD'S SUPPER,

- BRETHREN come, our Saviour bids us ;
 Bids us to a feast of love :
 Bless the Lord, whose bounty feeds us,
 With provision from above :
 Ye for whom his life was giv'n,
 Come, and eat the bread of heav'n.
- 2 Let us think of him who bought us :
 'Tis the Saviour's own command :
 When we wander'd, Jesus sought us,
 Now he leads us by the hand :
 Now he gives us hope, and says,
 We shall sing his endless praise.
- 3 O how much his people owe him,
 O what grace our Lord has shewn !
 Well may we surrender to him,
 All that once we call'd our own :
 Lord, we give ourselves to thee :
 Thou our guide, our master be.

HYMN XIX.

*I will both lay me down in peace and sleep, for thou
LORD, only makest me dwell in safety.*

PSALM iv. 8.

EVENING.

THRO' the day thy love has spar'd us,
Now we lay us down to rest :
Thro' the silent watches guard us ;
Let no foe our peace molest ;
Jesus thou our guardian be :
Sweet it is to trust in thee.

- 2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers ;
Dwelling in the mid'st of foes ;
Us and our's preserve from dangers :
In thine arms may we repose :
And when life's sad day is past,
Rest with thee in heav'n at last.

HYMN XX.

These are they which came out of great tribulation, &c.
REV. iii. 14.

SEE how many thousands yonder,
On the Saviour's glory gaze :
Fill'd with love, and joy, and wonder
While they celebrate his praise.
Jesus is their glorious theme :
Ev'ry eye is fix'd on him.

- 2 Those are they whose foul offences
Have been wash'd away with blood :
Blood that by it's virtue cleanses :
Flowing from the Lamb of God :
Therefore do they now appear,
Praising and rejoicing there.

- 3 They were brought thro' tribulation,
In their way to yonder place :
Now with joy and exultation,
They behold the Saviour's face :
They are sav'd from foes and fears :
Jesus wipes away their tears.
- 4 'Tis the Lamb himself that feeds them :
Theirs is heav'n's eternal store :
He to living fountains leads them :
They shall thirst again no more :
Dwelling in the Saviour's light,
They shall serve him day and night.
- 5 Where they dwell, with full enjoyment,
There we hope, ere long to be :
Praise his people's sweet employment
Through a bright eternity :
While we still remain on earth,
Let us prove our heav'nly birth.

HYMN XXI.

I said unto thee, when thou wast in thy blood, live.
Ezek. xvi. 6.

- WHEN we lay in sin polluted,
Wretched and undone we were :
All we saw and heard was suited,
Only to produce despair.
Our's appear'd a hopeless case :
Such it had been, but for grace:
- 2 As we lay expos'd and friendless,
Needing what no hand could give :
Then the Lord (whose praise be endless)
Passed by, and bid us live.
This was help in time of need :
This was grace, 'twas grace indeed.

- 3 When he came, he found us guilty ;
 We had broken all his laws ;
 When he look'd he saw us filthy :
 All corrupt our nature was.
 Thus he saw our hapless case :
 'Twas a time to shew his grace.
- 4 Yes, 'twas grace beyond all measure,
 When he bid such sinners live :
 Laid aside his just displeasure ;
 And determin'd to forgive.
 But he chose our hopeless case,
 With a view to shew his grace.
- 5 And shall we be found forgetful,
 Of the Lord, who thus forgave ?
 Lord our hearts are most deceitful ;
 'Tis in thee our strength we have :
 Should'st thou let thy people go,
 They'd forget how much they owe.
- 6 Keep us then, O keep us ever !
 While we stand, 'tis in thy strength :
 Leave us not, forsake us never,
 Till we see thy face at length :
 Hold thy helpless people fast :
 Save us, Lord, from first to last.

HYMN XXII.

*Behold upon the mountains the feet of him that bring-
 eth good tidings. NAHUM i. 15.*

SEE he comes upon the mountains,
 Bringing news of heav'nly birth !
 Mercy opens all her fountains,
 And directs the streams to earth :
 This is news to cheer the sad :
 This is news to make us glad.

- 2 Sing of mercy, sing with gladness :
 Let the theme our tongues employ :
 Talk no more of gloom and sadness :
 Mercy is a theme of joy :
 They, we're sure, who know not this,
 Do not know what mercy is.
- 3 But for this delightful subject,
 What a waste the earth would seem !
 Mercy now on ev'ry object,
 Seems to shed a cheerful beam :
 Till we knew " the joyful sound,"
 All was dark and waste around.
- 4 Mercy lightens all our crosses ;
 Mercy mitigates our pains :
 Makes amends for all our losses,
 And gives worth to what remains :
 All our joys from mercy spring :
 Let us then of mercy sing.

HYMN XXIII.

*And the Lord said unto him, This is the Land, which
 I sware unto Abraham, &c. DEUT. xxxiv. 4.*

WHEN we stand on Pisgah's summit,
 We behold yon glorious scene :
 Canaan's hills, we see them from it :
 Canaan's hills, adorn'd with green :
 O how fair the prospect seems !
 Richer far than fancy's dreams.

- 2 While we view the land of promise,
 'Tis our destin'd home we see :
 Standing at a distance from us ;
 But where soon we hope to be.
 Yes, we trust the day is near,
 When we shall be happy there.

- 3 There the King of saints appearing,
 Consecrates the glorious place :
 Many crowns for ever wearing,
 There he shews his smiling face :
 Yes, he smiles on all around ;
 And he makes their joys abound.
- 4 Free from fears, and free from dangers,
 There on ev'ry side enclos'd :
 Far from foes, and far from strangers,
 Unmolested, unoppos'd :
 All his people live secure :
 God has made their dwelling sure.
- 5 Oft' we'll go to Pisgah's summit ;
 While we still continue here :
 View the glorious prospect from it,
 And rejoice with holy fear :
 Waiting, wishing for the day,
 When we shall be call'd away.

HYMN XXIV.

*For the Egyptians whom ye have seen to-day, ye shall
 see them again no more for ever. EXOD. xiv. 13.*

- WHEN we pass thro' yonder river :
 When we reach the further shore :
 There's an end of war for ever :
 We shall see our foes no more.
 All our conflicts then shall cease,
 Follow'd by eternal peace.
- 2 After warfare, rest is pleasant,
 O how sweet the prospect is !
 Tho' we toil and strive at present,
 Let us not repine at this :
 Toil and pain, and conflict past,
 All endear repose at last.

- 3 When we enter yonder regions ;
 When we touch the sacred shore :
 Blessed thought ! no hostile legions ;
 Can alarm or trouble more :
 Far beyond the reach of foes,
 We shall dwell in sweet repose.
- 4 O that hope ! how bright ! how glorious !
 'Tis his people's blest reward :
 In the Saviour's strength victorious,
 They at length behold their Lord ;
 In his kingdom they shall rest :
 In his love be fully blest.
- 5 When the sight of war alarms us,
 Let us call to mind our friend :
 He who for the conflict arms us,
 Will be with us to the end :
 'Tis enough, the war is his :
 God our King and leader is.

HYMN XXV.

For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, &c.
 2 Cor. viii. 9.

- YES, we know the grace of Jesus :
 All his people know his grace :
 'Tis a theme that always pleases,
 Those in whom the truth has place.
 Never can his friends admit,
 Ought that would diminish it.
- 2 Jesus saw the sinner's danger :
 Saw from heav'n and stoop'd to save :
 In the world appear'd a stranger,
 And his life for sinners gave :
 Come, ye saints, behold and see :
 Who so rich, so poor as he ?

B

- 3 This is grace, 'tis grace amazing :
 Grace unbounded, grace divine.
 Thee we should be always praising,
 Saviour, for this grace is thine.
 Thou wast poor that we might be,
 Rich in glory, Lord, with thee.
- 4 Yes, our Lord, was rich in glory :
 Yet he stoop'd and bore the cross.
 Tell ye saints, the joyful story :
 Tell how poor the Saviour was :
 If ye can, declare how low,
 Jesus stoop'd to rescue you.
- 5 Jesus without controversy,
 Is the God that reigns above :
 Source alone of Sov'reign mercy :
 God of everlasting love :
 This is he who came from heav'n :
 He whose life for men was giv'n.

HYMN XXVI.

*Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good
 will toward man. LUKE ii. 14.*

- " UNTO us a son is given :"
 'Tis the promis'd Christ is meant :
 Bands of angels come from heaven
 To announce the tidings sent,
 Fill'd with rapture,
 Celebrate the great event.
- 2 " Glory in the highest ! glory
 " Be to God, and peace on earth."
 Now proclaim the joyful story
 Of the mighty Saviour's birth ;
 Let the tidings
 Fill the world with sacred mirth.

- 3 This is "The desire of nations"
 Promis'd to the Church so long;
 Object of its expectations;
 Burden of prophetic song;
 Sing, ye people,
 Join with heav'n's angelic throng.
- 4 Lo, he comes, the Lord from heaven!
 Lo, the mighty God appears!
 "Unto us a son is given:"
 This is music in our ears:
 Nothing sweeter,
 Mortal or immortal hears.

HYMN XXVII.

Behold the place where they laid him. MARK XVI. 5.

- COME, ye saints, look here and wonder,
 See the place where Jesus lay:
 He has burst his bands asunder;
 He has borne our sins away;
 Joyful tidings!
 Yes, the Lord is ris'n to day.
- 2 Jesus triumphs! sing ye praises:
 'Twas by death he overcame:
 Thus the Lord his glory raises;
 Thus he fills his foes with shame:
 Sing ye praises!
 Praises to the victor's name.
- 3 Jesus triumphs! countless legions
 Come from heav'n to meet their king:
 Soon, in yonder happy regions,
 They shall join his praise to sing.
 Songs eternal
 Shall through heav'n's high arches ring.

HYMN XXVIII.

And he shall reign for ever and ever. **REV. xi. 16.**

LOOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious,
See "The man of sorrows" now :
From the fight return'd victorious :

Ev'ry knee to him shall bow :

Crown him, crown him :

Crowns become the victor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour, angels crown him :

Rich the trophies Jesus brings :

In the seat of pow'r enthrone him,

While the vault of heaven rings :

Crown him, crown him :

Crown the Saviour "King of Kings!"

3 Sinners in derision crown'd him,

Mocking thus the Saviour's claim ;

Saints and angels crowd around him,

Own his title, praise his name :

Crown him, crown him :

Spread abroad the victor's fame.

4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation !

Hark, those loud triumphant chords !

Jesus takes the highest station :

O what joy the sight affords !

Crown him, crown him :

"King of Kings, and Lord of Lords."

HYMN XXIX.

For he cometh to judge the earth. **PSALM xcvi. 9.**

JESUS comes, by crowds attended,

Heav'n the dazzling train supplies.

Call the dead ; the night is ended ;

Bid the sleeping dust arise :

Let the ransom'd

Join the Saviour in the skies.

- 2 'Tis the day so long expected ;
 Shout, ye saints, and triumph now ;
 See your Lord, by man rejected :
 Many crowns adorn his brow ;
 'Tis his triumph :
 Ev'ry knee to him shall bow.
- 3 While dismay on others seizes,
 Go, and share your Master's joy :
 Sound the sacred name of Jesus ;
 Let his praise your tongues employ ;
 Praise him, praise him !
 Pleasures yours that never cloy.
- 4 Yonder mansion, fill'd with glory,
 Is the place where Jesus reigns :
 Go, repeat the joyful story
 Of his love, in rapt'rous strains ;
 For his people
 Everlasting joy remains:
- 5 There around his throne assembling,
 All his people see his face :
 Here their joy was mix'd with trembling,
 But in heav'n no fear has place :
 Happy people !
 Happy made by sov'reign grace.

HYMN XXX.

Even so, come Lord Jesus. REV. xxii. 20.

FLY, ye seasons, fly still faster :
 Let the glorious day come on,
 When we shall behold our Master
 Seated on his heav'nly throne :
 When the Saviour
 Shall descend to claim his own.

- 2 What is earth, with all its treasures,
 To the joy the gospel brings?
 Well may we resign its pleasures,
 Jesus gives us better things.
 All his people
 Draw from heav'n's eternal springs.
- 3 But if here we taste of pleasure,
 What will heav'n itself afford?
 There our joy will know no measure:
 There we shall behold our Lord:
 There his people
 Shall obtain their bright reward.
- 4 Fly, ye seasons, fly still faster;
 Swiftly bring the glorious day:
 Jesus come, our Lord, our Master!
 Come from heav'n without delay;
 Take thy people,
 Take, O take them hence away.

HYMN XXXI.

*As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the
 Lord is round about his people from henceforth even
 for ever. PSALM CXXIV. 2.*

- ZION stands by hills surrounded:
 Zion kept by pow'r divine:
 All her foes shall be confounded,
 Tho' the world in arms combine.
 Happy Zion!
 What a favour'd lot is thine!
- 2 Ev'ry human tie may perish!
 Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
 Mothers cease their own to cherish;
 Heav'n and earth at last remove;
 But no changes
 Can attend Jehovah's love.

- 3 If thy God should shew displeasure,
 'Tis to save, and not destroy :
 If he punish, 'tis in measure ;
 'Tis to rid thee of alloy.
 Be thou patient ;
 Soon thy grief shall turn to joy.
- 4 In the furnace God may prove thee,
 Thence to bring thee forth more bright ;
 But can never cease to love thee :
 Thou art precious in his sight :
 God is with thee,
 God thine everlasting light.

HYMN XXXII.

Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, Rev. iv. 11.

- GLORY, glory everlasting,
 Be to him who bore the cross !
 Who redeem'd our souls, by tasting
 Death, the death deserv'd by us :
 Spread his glory,
 Who redeem'd his people thus.
- 2 His is love, 'tis love unbounded,
 Without measure, without end :
 Human thought is here confounded,
 'Tis too vast to comprehend :
 Praise the Saviour !
 Magnify the sinners' friend.
- 3 While we hear the wond'rous story
 Of the Saviour's cross and shame,
 Sing we " Everlasting glory
 " Be to God, and to the Lamb."
 Saints and angels,
 Give ye glory to his name.

HYMN XXXIII.

*Help us, O Lord our God, for we rest on thee, and in
thy name we go against this multitude.*

2 CHRON. xiv. 13.

MANY foes our march opposing,
Lord, we turn our eyes to thee:
All our wants and fears disclosing,
Helpless to thy pow'r we flee.
O protect us!
Neither skill nor pow'r have we.

2 See our foes with proud defiance,
Call thy people to the fight!
Lord, on thee is our reliance,
Thee, whose arm is cloth'd with might;
Saviour guard us!
Let not thine be put to flight.

3 Not of human armour boasting,
Do we venture to the field:
In defence so feeble trusting,
Soon we should be forc'd to yield;
God of Isra'el!
Be thyself our sword and shield.

4 On thy faithfulness relying,
We may boldly meet the foe:
All his boasted pow'r defying,
While we come defended so,
God will save us;
This our enemies shall know.

5 Let the fainting soul be cheerful,
Let the timid now be brave:
Why should they be faint or fearful,
Whom the Lord delights to save?
Whom he rescues,
Satan can no more enslave.

HYMN XXXIV.

What manner of man is this, that even the wind and the sea obey him. MARK iv. 41.

- WHY those fears ? behold 'tis Jesus
 Holds the helm, and guides the ship ;
 Spread the sails, and catch the breezes
 Sent to waft us through the deep,
 To the regions
 Where the mourners cease to weep.
- 2 Could we stay where death was hov'ring ;
 Could we rest on such a shore ?
 No, the awful truth discov'ring,
 We could linger there no more ;
 We forsake it ;
 Leaving all we lov'd before.
- 3 Though the shore we hope to land on,
 Only by report is known ;
 Yet we freely all abandon,
 Led by that report alone ;
 And with Jesus,
 Through the trackless deep move on.
- 4 Led by that, we brave the ocean ;
 Led by that, the storms defy :
 Calm amidst tumultuous motion,
 Knowing that our Lord is nigh,
 Waves obey him,
 And the storms before him fly.
- 5 Render'd safe by his protection,
 We shall pass the wat'ry waste :
 Trusting to his wise direction,
 We shall gain the port at last ;
 And with wonder,
 Think on toils and dangers past.

- 6 O! what pleasures there await us!
 There the tempests cease to roar:
 There it is that those who hate us
 Can molest our peace no more.
 Trouble ceases
 On that tranquil happy shore.

HYMN XXXV.

*He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most high, shall
 abide under the shadow of the Almighty.*

PSALM XC. 1.

- HAPPY they who trust in Jesus!
 Sweet their portion is and sure;
 When the foe on others seizes,
 God will keep his own secure,
 Happy people!
 Happy, tho' despis'd and poor.
- 2 Ye whom God has sav'd from error,
 Ye "Who know the joyful sound,"
 Fear ye not the mighty terror;
 Arms of mercy close you round.
 Dread no evil!
 God will all your foes confound.
- 3 Since his love and mercy found you,
 You are precious in his sight:
 Thousands now may fall around you,
 Thousands more be put to flight:
 But his presence
 Keeps you safe by day and night.
- 4 Lo! your Saviour never slumbers:
 Ever watchful is his care:
 Tho' you cannot boast of numbers,
 In his strength secure you are:
 Sweet their portion,
 Who our Saviour's kindness share.

- 5 As the bird beneath her feathers
 Guards the objects of her care,
 So the Lord his children gathers,
 Spreads his wings and hides them there ;
 Thus protected,
 All their foes they boldly dare.

HYMN XXXVI.

*Thou hast put gladness in my heart, more than in the
 time that their corn and wine increased.*

PSALM iv. 7.

- FAR from us be grief and sadness :
 Farther still unhallow'd mirth :
 Zion's sons may sing with gladness,
 Theirs are joys of heav'nly birth :
 Jesus owns them :
 He is Lord of heav'n and earth.
- 2 All the worldling's mirth is madness,
 All his labour fruitless toil :
 'Tis the saints that taste of gladness,
 Tho' the world their choice revile :
 Sweet their portion !
 Life is in the Saviour's smile.
- 3 Worlds would seem as nothing to us,
 Balanc'd with a Saviour's love :
 Since the Lord in mercy drew us,
 Drew our souls to things above,
 Earthly objects
 Can no longer greatly move.
- 4 Once the world was all our treasure :
 Then the world our hearts possess'd :
 Now we taste sublimer pleasure,
 Since the Lord has made us blest ;
 We can witness,
 Jesus gives his people rest.

HYMN XXXVII.

Let your speech be always with grace.

Colos. iv. 9.

SWEET and solemn be the season,
 When the friends of Jesus meet.
 Let the worldling boast his reason,
 While he fills the scorner's seat :
 Heav'nly wisdom
 Leads us to the Saviour's feet.

- 2 Far be idle jesting from us !
 Sacred themes to us belong :
 Ours the cross, and ours the promise,
 Subjects these for endless song ;
 Subjects worthy
 To employ the Christian's tongue.
- 3 Time is precious, well improve it.
 Worldlings talk of worldly things :
 Leave the world to those who love it,
 'Tis not thence our comfort springs,
 Jesus owns us :
 Jesus is the King of Kings.

HYMN XXXVIII.

*In that day there shall be a fountain opened for sin and
 for uncleanness. ZECH. xiii. 1.*

SEE, from Zion's sacred mountain,
 Streams of living water flow :
 God has open'd there a fountain ;
 That supplies the world below :
 They are blessed,
 Who its sov'reign virtues know.

- 2 Thro' ten thousand channels flowing,
Streams of mercy find their way ;
Life, and health, and joy bestowing,
Making all around look gay :
O, ye nations !
Hail the long expected day.
- 3 Gladden'd by the flowing treasure,
All-enriching as it goes :
Lo, the desert smiles with pleasure,
Buds and blossoms as the rose,
Ev'ry object
Sings for joy where'er it flows.
- 4 Trees of life the banks adorning,
Yield their fruit to all around ;
Those who eat are sav'd from mourning,
Pleasure comes, and hopes abound ;
Fair their portion !
Endless life with glory crown'd.

HYMN XXXIX.

*For our Gospel came not unto you in word only, but also
in power. 1 THESS. i. 5.*

- MAY the pow'r that brings salvation,
Still exerted in the word,
By its quick'ning operation,
Life impart and joy afford !
Life to sinners :
Joy to those who know the Lord !
- 2 Hark the voice of love proclaiming,
Mercy thro' a Saviour's blood !
Vain the schemes of human framing :
This alone is own'd of God.
'Tis the gospel,
Points to heav'n and shews the road.

HYMN XL.

*How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him
who bringeth good tidings. Isa. lii. 7.*

- ON 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 God, thy God will now restore thee!
He himself appears thy friend:
All thy foes shall flee before thee.
Here their boasts and triumphs end,
Great deliv'rance
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.
- 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 XLI.

Thou preparest a table before me. PSALM xxiii. 5.

LORD'S SUPPER.

- SEE our Saviour spreads a table,
And invites his friends to eat!
Surely none but he is able,
To supply so rich a treat!
" 'Tis his body!"
Brethren this indeed is meat!

- 2 Come and round his board assemble,
 Jesus bids you now draw near :
 Ye who hear his word and tremble,
 Banish ev'ry servile fear :
 Come and witness,
 That the Lord himself is here !
- 3 Gracious Master bless our meeting,
 Grant us spiritual food !
 While the word is still repeating ;
 " Who will shew us any good ?"
 On the people
 Shine from heav'n thy bright abode !

HYMN XLII.

O give thanks unto the Lord ! PSALM CXXXVI. 1.

LORD'S SUPPER.

- O HOW pleasant, thus united,
 To surround the sacred board !
 While the hosts above delighted,
 Sing the praises of the Lord ;
 Let us join them ;
 Be the Saviour's name ador'd.
- 2 When he died, the cup was finish'd,
 That which he was call'd to take :
 Yes, he drank it undminish'd :
 Drank it for his people's sake,
 Jesus drain'd it :
 Nothing could his purpose shake.
- 3 Let us thank him, let us praise him :
 Let us sing, though well we know,
 Nought of ours can ever raise him :
 No, nor all that angels do :
 Yet his people,
 Should confess how much they owe.

HYMN XLIII.

The Lord is my light and my salvation.

PSALM XXVIII. 1.

- O THOU God of our salvation !
 Jesus now enthron'd in light :
 Look from thine exalted station :
 Look from yonder glorious height :
 Save thy people :
 Put their enemies to flight.
- 2 Thou wast once, like us, assaulted ;
 Once a " man of sorrows," here.
 Now to heav'n with joy exalted,
 Thou art first and highest there :
 Yet thy people
 Know their pray'rs will reach thine ear.
- 3 Sing ye saints, for you have reason :
 Jesus is your glorious chief :
 In affliction's sharpest season,
 Think on this, 'twill bring relief :
 Sing with gladness :
 Jesus knows, and shares your grief.
- 4 Earthly things are transitory :
 Empty all the world can yield :
 Jesus gives us grace and glory :
 Jesus is our sun and shield :
 Fair our portion :
 Ours a cup, with blessings fill'd.

HYMN XLIV.

Which things the angels desire to look into. 1 PET. i. 12

- ANGELS heard with admiration,
 How th' eternal counsel ran :
 Wonder'd at the great salvation :
 Wonder'd at the gracious plan :
 Angels wonder'd
 At the love of God to man.

- 2 Angels with profound amazement,
 Saw th' eternal King come down :
 In the time of his abasement,
 Saw the Saviour stand alone;
 Angels saw him
 Then deserted by his own.
- 3 Angels saw the Saviour dying,
 On the cross, in love to men :
 Angels saw his body lying,
 In the tomb among the slain :
 O how awful
 Sin appear'd to angels then !
- 4 Angels saw him rise victorious,
 From the tomb in which he lay :
 Never sight was seen more glorious
 Than what angels saw that day :
 When the Saviour
 Rose, and death resign'd his prey.
- 5 Hark what bursts of acclamation,
 'Thro' th' eternal arches ring !
 Angels now ascribe salvation,
 To the everlasting King.
 Loud their praises
 " Glory to THE LAMB " they sing.
- 6 Praise the LAMB, ye saints adore him :
 Ye for whom he shed his blood,
 Bow with angels, bow before him :
 Make his glory known abroad :
 Saints and angels,
 Join to praise THE LAMB OF GOD.

HYMN XLV.

He said, IT IS FINISHED. JOHN xix. 30.

- "IT IS FINISH'D!" sinners hear it!
 'Tis the dying victor's cry:
 "IS IS FINISH'D!" Angels bear it,
 Bear the joyful truth on high!
 "IT IS FINISH'D!"
 Tell it thro' the earth and sky!
- 2 Justice from her awful station,
 Bars the sinner's peace no more;
 Justice views with approbation,
 What the Saviour did and bore;
 Grace and mercy
 Now display their boundless store.
- 3 Hear the Lord himself declaring,
 All perform'd he came to do;
 Sinners in yourselves despairing,
 This is joyful news to you.
 Jesus speaks it!
 His are faithful words and true.
- 4 "IT IS FINISH'D!" all is over,
 Yes, the cup of wrath is drain'd;
 Such the truth these words discover:
 Thus the vict'ry was obtain'd.
 'Tis a vict'ry
 None but Jesus could have gain'd.
- 5 Crown the mighty conqueror, crown him,
 Who his people's foes o'ercame!
 In the highest heav'n enthrone him!
 Men and angels sound his fame!
 Great his glory!
 Jesus bears a matchless name.

HYMN XLVI.

And he led them on safely. PSALM IXXVIII. 53.

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 has 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.
 Happy Isra'!!
 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 vict'ry
 Then shall fill the promis'd land.

HYMN XLVII.

For from the top of the rocks I behold him.

NUMB. xxiii. 9.

- 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.
- 2 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!
- 3 Fear not, tho' many should 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.

- 4 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.
- 5 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 XLVIII.

Unto you therefore which believe, he is precious.

1 PET. ii. 7.

- IF worldly thoughts so much employ,
 And worldly themes yield so much joy,
 While God is yet unknown,
 With what delight we now should speak
 Of him who came from heav'n to seek,
 And claim us as his own?
- 2 From us his glory long lay hid;
 We lov'd the world as others did,
 No portion else had we.
 But he, who first sent forth the light,
 The Lord remov'd our mental night;
 He gave us eyes to see.
- 3 His love supplies a boundless theme:
 Then let us think and speak of him,
 Who saves his people thus:
 He came in mercy from above;
 He came upon the wings of love,
 And gave himself for us,

- 4 Dear Saviour, let us never be,
 Before the world, ashamed of thee,
 Nor shrink from duty's call:
 Our work to do thee service here;
 Our hope in glory to appear,
 Where thou art all in all.

HYMN XLIX.

*The bread which we break, is it not the Communion of the
 body of Christ. 1 COR. X. 16.*

LORD'S SUPPER.

- IN blessed union here we meet;
 We sit at the Redeemer's feet:
 And eat the bread of heav'n.
 How highly privileg'd are we?
 And O! how thankful should we be,
 To whom this grace is giv'n?
- 2 To join in fellowship, how sweet!
 With those who in the Saviour meet.
 Enlighten'd from above.
 How excellent the pleasure is,
 That flows from such a feast as this,
 Where all are join'd in love?
- 3 But if such joy, is found to flow,
 From sacred fellowship below,
 Then what must heaven be?
 Where all the Saviour's friends shall meet,
 And dwell in happiness compleat,
 Throughout eternity?

HYMN L.

Who coverest thyself with light. PSALM civ. 2.

- SEE where the Lord his glory spreads,
 Thro' yonder mansions fill'd with light!
 His least perfection far exceeds
 The reach of fancy's boldest flight.

- 7 Around his everlasting throne
 Ten thousand times ten thousand sing;
 They worship him as God alone,
 And crown him everlasting king.
- 8 Approach, ye saints, this God is yours;
 'Tis Jesus fills the throne above;
 Ye cannot fail while God endures;
 Ye cannot want while God is love.
- 4 Come then, and swell the note of praise,
 In Jesu's name rejoice and sing:
 While angels on his glory gaze,
 The saints may cry "Behold our king."
- 5 Jesus, thou everlasting king,
 To thee the praise of heav'n belongs;
 Yet smile on us, who fain would bring
 The tribute of our humbler songs.
- 6 Tho' sin defile our worship here,
 We hope, ere long thy face to view;
 In heav'n with angels to appear,
 And praise thy name as angels do.

HYMN LI.

But who may abide the day of his coming?

MALACHI iii. 2.

- THE day of God at length appears,
 But who it's terrors may abide:
 It far exceeds the sinner's fears;
 It humbles all the sons of pride.
- 2 Hark, 'tis the trumpet's awful sound!
 It shakes the pillars of the earth:
 Its mighty voice is heard around:
 O where is now the worlding's mirth!

- 3 The judge appears; around his seat
 Ten thousand times ten thousand shine;
 The dead are quicken'd small and great;
 The living chang'd by pow'r divine.
- 4 But mark the issue of the day!
 Some are receiv'd with joy to heav'n:
 While others, turn'd with shame away,
 From God and happiness are driv'n.
- 5 How blest are they—who welcome now
 In him who fills the judgement seat!
 The Saviour whom they lov'd below,
 And long'd with great desire to meet.
- 6 Their cup is full, their joys abound,
 No wish unsatisfied have they:
 In seeing him their heav'n is found,
 And every sorrow flies away.

HYMN LII,

For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel and with the trump of God. 1 THESS iv, 16.

- THE trump of God is heard on high;
 The shout of angels rends the sky:
 'Tis Jesus coming in the clouds,
 Attended by exulting crowds.
- How glorious is the Saviour now,
 While many crowns adorn his brow:
 Upon his vesture mark the words—
 “The Kings of Kings, and Lord of Lords!”
- 3 And now 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.”

- 4 This is the people who on earth
 Were subjects for the worlding's mirth ;
 But lo ! the Saviour owns their name,
 And fills their enemies with shame.

HYMN LIII.

I am the good Shepherd, JOHN x. 10.

- JESUS the shepherd of the sheep !
 Thy " Little flock " in safety keep !
 The flock for which thou cam'st from heav'n
 The flock for which thy life was giv'n !
- 2 Thou saw'st them wand'ring far from thee ;
 Secure as if from danger free :
 Thy love did all their wand'rings trace,
 And bring them to " A wealthy place."
- 3 O guard thy sheep from beasts of prey,
 And keep them that they never stray ;
 Cherish the young, sustain the old ;
 Let none be feeble in thy fold.
- 4 Secure them from the scorching beam !
 And lead them to the living stream :
 In verdant pastures let them lie,
 And watch them with a shepherd's eye.
- 5 O may the sheep discern thy voice,
 And in its sacred sound rejoice !
 From strangers may they ever flee,
 And know no other guide but thee !
- 6 Lord, bring thy sheep that wander yet,
 And let the number be compleat !
 Then let thy flock from earth remove,
 And occupy the fold above.

HYMN LIV.

Come before his presence with singing. PSALM c. 2.

NOW raise a solemn, chearful strain,
The noblest, sweetest theme invites;
'Tis he who bore our sin and pain,
And in our welfare now delights.

2 'Tis Jesus high upon his throne,
The praise of all the hosts above;
Who rules the universe alone;
The God of everlasting love.

3 'Tis Jesus in the form of man,
And lower than the angels made,
To execute the gracious plan
In God's eternal purpose laid.

4 'Tis Jesus hanging on the cross,
(Mysterious spectacle of woe,)
For whom we count the world but loss,
And freely part with all below.

5 'Tis Jesus risen from the dead,
And now in heav'n "Both Christ and Lord,"
His people's advocate and head;
Their joy, their crown, their blest reward.

6 Ah! Lord, how feeble is our song!
How much below thy matchless love;
But by thy grace we hope, ere long,
To raise a nobler strain above.

HYMN LV.

Praise is comely for the upright. PSALM xxxiii. 4.

HOW pleasant is the sound of praise!
It well becomes the saints of God.
Should they refuse their songs to raise,
The stones might tell their shame abroad.

- 2 For him who wash'd you in his blood,
 Ye saints, your loudest songs prepare;
 He sought you wand'ring far from God,
 And now preserves you by his care.
- 3 Tho' angels may with rapture see
 How mercy flows in streams of blood,
 It is not theirs to prove, as we,
 The cleansing virtue of this flood.
- 4 While angels praise the heav'nly King,
 And worship him as God alone,
 The saints with exultation sing—
 "He wears our nature on the throne."
- 5 Sweet truth! it yields unceasing cause
 Of wonder and of praise above;
 That man, who late accursed was,
 Should be the object of such love.
- 6 Great King of angels and of saints!
 (Whose matchless glories far outshine
 What eye beholds, or fancy paints,)
 Let everlasting praise be thine!

HYMN LVI.

For here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come. HEB. xiii. 14.

- "WE'VE no abiding city here,"
 This may distress the worldling's mind;
 But should 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 the 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,—the LORD is there,
 It shines with everlasting light.
- 5 Zion !—JEHOVAH is her strength !
 Secure she smiles at all her foes ;
 And weary travellers at length,
 Within her sacred walls repose.
- 6 Thither our course with joy we bend,
 In hopes the sacred place to gain :
 Where toil and pain and sorrow end :
 And peace and love for ever reign.

HYMN LVII.

*For our light affliction, which is but for a moment worketh
 for us, &c. 2 Cor. iv. 17.*

- YES, 'tis a rough and thorny road,
 That leads us to the saints' abode :
 But when our father's house we gain,
 'Twill make amends for all our pain.
- 2 And though we feel our present grief,
 In hope we find a sweet relief :
 For hope anticipates the day,
 When all our griefs shall pass away.
- 3 And what is all we suffer now,
 Or all we can endure below,
 To that bright day when Christ shall come,
 And take his weary pilgrims home ?
- 4 Then let us walk, without complaint,
 The thorny road, and never faint ;
 Though now by weariness oppress'd,
 The end is everlasting rest.
- 5 And when we gain the saints' abode,
 We'll oft' look back upon the road :
 The recollection of the past
 Will sweeten our repose at last.

HYMN LVIII.

Lord lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us.

PSALM iv. 6.

- BLEST intercourse! when christians meet,
 And speak of him who died for them:
 They sit at the Redeemer's feet:
 And care not if the world condemn.
- 2 The world knows nothing of the joys
 That christian fellowship supplies;
 Enamour'd of their glittering toys,
 Our hope seems nothing in their eyes.
- 3 But we can witness what we know,
 And speak aloud, nor care who hears:
 Our joys from heav'nly sources flow,
 And would be ill exchange'd for theirs.
- 4 One day in wisdom's sacred ways,
 Is better than a thousand, spent
 As thoughtless worldlings spend their days,
 From pleasure far, and sweet content.
- 5 We envy not the great and wise;
 We count ourselves more blest than they:
 We're taught their honours to despise;
 And from their joys to turn away.
- 6 'Twill soon appear who serve the Lord;
 And, who are they who serve him not,
 Then let us hold his faithful word,
 And ours shall be a glorious lot.

HYMN LIX.

Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another. MALACHI iii. 16.

WHY should believers, when they meet,
 Not speak of Christ, the king they own,
 Who gives them hope that they shall sit
 With him for ever on his throne?

- 2 Is any other name so great
As his who bore the sinners' load?
Is any subject half so sweet,
So various as the love of God?
- 3 'Tis this that charms reluctant man,
That makes his opposition cease:
Beholding love's amazing plan,
He drops his arms, and sues for peace.
- 4 'Twas so with us, we once were foes,
Were foes to him who gave us breath;
But he, whose mercy freely flows,
Has sav'd us from eternal death.
- 5 We look with hope to that great day,
When Jesus will with clouds appear;
A sight of him will well repay
Our labours and our sorrows here.
- 6 Of him then let us speak and sing,
Whose glory we expect to share:
In heav'n we shall behold our king,
And yield a nobler tribute there.

HYMN LX.

*Exhorting one another, and so much the more as ye see
the day approaching. HEB. x. 25.*

- WHILE in the world we still remain,
We only meet to part again;
But when we reach the heav'nly shore,
We then shall meet to part no more.
- 2 The hope that we shall see that day,
Should chase our present griefs away;
A few short years of conflict past,
We meet around the throne at last.

- 3 Then let us here improve our hours,
Improve them to a Saviour's praise :
To him with zeal devote our pow'rs,
And run with joy in wisdom's ways.
- 4 Let all our meetings now be made
Subservient to each other's good :
For worldly joys must quickly fade,
Nor can they yield substantial food.
- 5 Whene'er required to part from those
With whom the truth unites us here :
We'll call to mind the joyful close,
When Christ the Saviour will appear.
- 6 Then shall his saints all meet again,
For so his word of promise says :
With him for ever to remain,
And sing his everlasting praise.

HYMN LXI.

Nor foolish talking nor jesting, which are not convenient.

EPM. V. 4.

- ENAMOUR'D of their golden dreams,
Let worldlings talk on worldly themes :
This should not be when Christians meet :
The world should lie beneath their feet.
- 2 And do *they* want a nobler theme,
Whom Jesus suffer'd to redeem ?
The Love that bore the cross should throw
A shade on ev'ry thing below.
 - 3 The cross !—Its burden, O ! how great :
No strength but his *could* bear its weight :
No love but his *would* undertake
To bear it for the sinners' sake.
 - 4 His saints can never want a theme :
How can they, when they think of him ?
For love like his, so rich, so strong,
Is theme enough for endless song.

- 5 Come then, and let us talk of him,
 Who died the sinner to redeem :
 The joyful theme we'll still pursue,
 'Tis sweet, 'tis rich, 'tis ever new.
- 6 Let idle jests be far from us,
 Its suits us not to trifle thus :
 We'll leave it to the sons of earth,
 And meet for profit not for mirth.

HYMN LXII.

Where *two or three are met in my name*, there *am I*.
 MAT. xviii. 20.

- HOW sweet to leave the world awhile,
 And seek the presence of our Lord !
 Dear Saviour on thy people smile,
 And come according to thy word.
- 2 From busy scenes we now retreat,
 That we may here converse with thee,
 Ah Lord, behold us at thy feet !
 Let this the "gate of heaven" be.
- 3 "Chief of ten thousand," now appear,
 That we by faith may see thy face !
 Oh speak, that we thy voice may hear,
 And let thy presence fill this place !
- 4 Lord thou hast cast a pleasant lot
 For those whom thou hast call'd thine own ;
 'Tis true the world esteems them not,
 But thou wilt place them on thy throne.
- 5 Then let the worldling boast his joys !
 We've meat to eat he knows not of :
 We count his treasures worthless toys,
 While we possess a Saviour's love.

- 6 Lord, let thy people's views be clear,
 And let their hearts be fill'd with love :
 O may their light to all appear,
 And prove their doctrine from above.

HYMN LXIII.

We also believe, and therefore speak.

2. COR. iv. 13.

- ARISE ye Saints, arise and tell,
 The great good news come down from God.
 Arise, and with devoted zeal,
 Convey th' intelligence abroad.
- 2 To sit at ease, would ill become,
 The people whom the Lord has bless'd :
 Let those who make the world their home,
 Be silent, and remain at rest.
- 3 But let us rise, and speak aloud,
 And tell the world the things we know :
 How God the heav'ns in mercy bow'd ;
 And liv'd a man of grief below.
- 4 O yes ! the God who reigns above,
 Was once on earth, a man of grief :
 Ye nations hear it, " God is love :"
 And brings a ruin'd world relief.
- 5 In streams of blood, his mercy flows ;
 The blood of him who bore the cross :
 Who suffer'd death, and then arose ;
 And lives to plead the sinners' cause.
- 6 Now let the idols fall around ;
 And be the Saviour's name ador'd :
 His gospel through the world resound ;
 And distant nations call him LORD.

HYMN LXIV.

This do in remembrance of me. LUKE xxii. 19.

LORD'S SUPPER.

- OBEDIENT to our dying Lord,
 Who bid us thus remember him,
 O let us now surround his board,
 His flesh our food, his love our theme!
- 2 Sweet feast ! here love and union reign,
 An earnest of the joys above :
 And, meanest of the Saviour's train,
 We celebrate his dying love.
- 3 O may that love by pow'r divine,
 To all our hearts be now made known ;
 Dear Saviour on thy people shine !
 The people thou hast made thine own.

HYMN LXV.

My flesh is meat indeed. JOHN vi. 55.

LORD'S SUPPER.

- IN sacred fellowship we meet,
 To celebrate our Saviour's death :
 His blood we drink, his flesh we eat :
 His people feed on him by faith.
- 2 How blest the people who are his ?
 To them the bread of life is giv'n :
 How fair, how rich their portion is ?
 They hope to see their Lord in heav'n.
- 3 Till he appears, his death shall be,
 Their spring of hope, their theme of joy .
 And when in heav'n their Lord they see,
 His praise shall all their pow'rs employ.

HYMN LXVI.

In breaking of bread. ACTS ii. 42.

LORD'S SUPPER.

- OUR'S is a rich, a royal feast ;
 Provided by the King of heav'n :
 How privileg'd are they, and bless'd,
 To whom the bread of life is giv'n ?
- 2 We worship him who bore the cross :
 We glory in his death alone :
 The world itself appears but loss,
 To those to whom his name is known.
- 3 We celebrate the great event,
 On which our peace and hope depend :
 And leave an empty world, content
 To know the Lord, the sinners' friend,
- 4 The blood he shed, supplies a stream,
 That washes all our sins away :
 How precious then, the Lord should seem,
 Whose death we celebrate to-day ?
- 5 O that his great, his precious name,
 May charm our hearts from all below !
 Our love become an ardent flame,
 And brighter, purer, daily grow !

HYMN LXVII.

Beloved, now are we the sons of God.

1 JOHN iii. 2.

WE boast an origin divine ;
 God is our father, heav'n our home :
 In yonder world we hope to shine,
 Where sin and sorrow never come.

- 2 As Jesus, whom we worship, was ;
 'Tis thus we are, and wish to be :
 We glory only in his cross :
 And who on earth so blest as we ?
- 3 We wait the coming of our Lord ;
 Nor do we wait that day in vain :
 We cannot doubt his faithful word,
 That tells us, he will come again.
- 4 Come then, dear Lord, O come and take,
 Thy people to their heav'nly home :
 The scorn they suffer for thy sake
 Sweetens the hope of joys to come.
- 5 They long to see thee as thou art :
 They long to mix with those above :
 To meet where they shall never part,
 And sing thine everlasting love.

HYMN LXVIII.

And if children, then heirs. Rom. viii. 17.

- THE mighty God our father is ;
 We call him thus, though worms of dust :
 Happy the people who are his
 And place him in a filial trust.
- 2 His children's wants are well supplied :
 Their father gives them angels' food.
 No favour is by him denied,
 That granted will promote their good.
- 3 He saves them from their enemies ;
 From snares by night, and force by day :
 He sees the arrow as it flies ;
 And turns it's course another way.
- 4 He smiles himself ; and with his smile,
 The bright inheritance is giv'n :
 What matter if the world revile,
 When God is pleas'd, and smiles from heav'n.

- 5 The heirs of heav'n may well forego,
 The world's applause, nor feel the loss :
 The gold is theirs, and well they know,
 The world's applause is worthless dross.
- 6 The sons of God, by heav'nly birth,
 A rich inheritance is theirs :
 For this, the highest throne on earth,
 To them a place too low appears.
- 7 Their souls aspire to nobler things,
 Beyond the world their portion lies :
 Their father is the King of Kings,
 And gives them everlasting joys.

HYMN LXIX.

Having made peace, thro' the blood of his cross.

Cor. i. 20.

- OUR'S is a pardon bought with blood,
 Amazing truth ! the blood of one,
 Who without usurpation could,
 Lay claim to heav'n's eternal throne.
- 2 No victim of inferior worth,
 Could ward the stroke that justice aim'd;
 For none but he, in heav'n or earth,
 Could offer that which justice claim'd.
- 3 But he, the Lord of glory came :
 On yonder cross he bow'd his head :
 He suffer'd pain, he suffer'd shame,
 And lay a pris'ner with the dead.
- 4 But lo ! he rises from the grave ;
 And bears the greatest sweetest name.
 The Lord, almighty now to save.
 From sin, from death, from endless shame.

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- 5 Sweet is the pardon thus procur'd;
 And precious must the Saviour seem,
 To those for whom he thus endur'd,
 The curse that else had fall'n on them.

HYMN LXX.

He bumbled himself. PHIL. ii. 8.

THE God of glory dwells on high :
 He rules the armies of the sky :
 Ten thousand thousand round him stand,
 Obedient to their King's command.

- 2 The God of glory mov'd by love,
 Descends in mercy from above :
 And he before whom angels bow,
 Is found a man of grief below.
- 3 This love is great, too great for thought ;
 It's length and breadth in vain are sought :
 No tongue can tell it's depth and height ;
 The love of God is infinite.
- 4 But tho' his love no measure knows,
 The Saviour to his people shews :
 Enough to give them joy when known :
 Enough to make their hearts his own.
- 5 Constrain'd by this, they walk with him,
 His love, their most delightful theme :
 To glorify him here, their aim :
 Their hope, in heav'n to praise his name.

HYMN LXXI.

Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, &c. 1 JOHN iii. 1.

WHAT love is this the Father shews
 To us who once appear'd his foes :
 That spar'd so long, and now forgiv'n,
 We should become the heirs of heav'n ?

- 2 Our Father is not known on earth ;
And any who derive their birth
From him, are like himself unknown :
The world will know and love its own.
- 3 We ask not for the world's applause :
The world that hates our Master's cause :
As he was, so we wish to be :
Not more esteem'd and lov'd than he.
- 4 The sons of God, our title here :
It does not, cannot yet appear,
What God our Father will bestow
On those whom he adopts below.
- 5 But this we know, nor more is giv'n,
That when the Saviour comes from heav'n,
They shall be like him, who are his ;
For they shall see him as he is.
- 6 They who from God derive their birth,
Cannot like others cleave to earth :
Their hope an influence imparts,
That warms and purifies their hearts.

HYMN LXXII.

I will instruct thee, &c. PSALM. xxxii.

- WE come to seek thy counsel Lord ;
We know not what we ought to do :
O cast a light upon thy word,
And bring its meaning to our view.
- 2 In all things we desire to be,
Obedient to our Saviour's voice :
To have no other guide but thee,
But thee, the master of our choice.

- 3 This is a privilege indeed ;
 That thou our gracious Lord, wilt grant
 In ev'ry time of doubt or need,
 The help that we thy people want.
- 4 Though blind to see the perfect way,
 And slow to chuse it when discern'd :
 Thou wilt not let thy people stray :
 This from thy precious word we've learn'd.
- 5 With confidence we seek thy face :
 Thy gracious promise, Lord, fulfil ;
 And grant us light, and grant us grace,
 To know and do thy perfect will.

HYMN LXXIII.

*Endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the
 right hand of the throne of God, HEB. xii. 2.*

- FOR whom is yonder crown prepar'd,
 Of workmanship divine ?
 For Jesus is the bright reward ;
 For him its glories shine.
- 2 Beneath the earth awhile he lies,
 A pris'ner with the dead :
 A victor soon the Lord will rise,
 And glory wreath his head.
- 3 He saw the cross, despis'd its shame,
 And bow'd beneath its weight ;
 For this he bears the greatest name,
 And gains the highest seat.
- 4 To him shall ev'ry knee be bow'd ;
 His claim shall angels own :
 Around the rising victor crowd,
 And bear him to his throne.

- 5 Methinks I see the glorious king
 By hosts angelic crown'd :
 They shout, and heav'ns high arches ring
 With the triumphant sound.
- 6 Let saints on earth their tribute bring,
 And echo back the sound :
 For he who saves them is the king
 By hosts angelic crown'd,

HYMN LXXIV.

*And be bath on his vesture, and on his thigh, a name written,
 King of Kings, and Lord of Lords.*

REV. xix. 16.

- WHENCE those unusual bursts of joy,
 Whose sound thro' heaven rings ?
 They welcome Jesus to the sky,
 And crown him " King of Kings."
- 2 At sight of him, yon seraphs bright
 Exulting clap their wings ;
 They hail their Lord with new delight,
 And crown him " King of Kings."
- 3 The brightest angel glory boasts,
 To him his tribute brings,
 And joins high heav'ns assembled hosts
 To crown him " King of Kings."
- 4 Look up, ye saints, and while ye gaze,
 Forget all earthly things :
 Unite to sing the Saviour's praise,
 And crown him " King of Kings."
- 5 While heav'n in honour of his name
 With exultation sings,
 His saints on earth will own his claim,
 And crown him " King of Kings."

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- 6 When here, he bore our sin and shame ;
 And thence our comfort springs ;
 'Tis meet we should exalt his name,
 And crown him " King of Kings."
- 7 We hope ere long, beyond those clouds,
 To tune celestial strings ;
 And join with heav'n's exulting crowds,
 To crown him " King of Kings."

HYMN LXXV.

*O God, my heart is fixed, I will sing and give praise, even
 with my glory. PSALM cvii. 1.*

- AWAKE our souls ! awake our tongues !
 The subject is divine :
 A Saviour's love demands our songs :
 Let all his people join.
- 2 This Saviour is the mighty God,
 Who fills the throne above :
 Reveal'd in flesh he shed his blood,
 And thus declar'd his love.
- 3 Jesus, thy love exceeds our thought,
 But this we're given to see ;
 The soul that feels its pow'r 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.

HYMN LXXVI.

Unto you therefore who believe he is precious. 1 PET. ii. 7.

- WE'LL sing of Christ, no matter who
 Should disapprove the theme:
 When he is precious in our view,
 We can't but sing of him.
- 2 And he is precious in the sight
 Of all who know his voice.
 'Twas he who brought them to the light,
 And taught them to rejoice.
- 3 'Tis he who cheers them by his smile,
 And guards them by his pow'r:
 Who keeps them safe from force and guile,
 In ev'ry trying hour.
- 4 'Tis he who will conduct them home,
 Beyond the reach of ill;
 Where all the ransom'd people come;
 Where saints for ever dwell.
- 5 Let glory wreath his blessed head,
 Who once was crown'd with thorns;
 Whose blood upon the cross was shed;
 Whom man reviles and scorns.
- 6 And let his people make their boast
 Of him, and him alone,
 Who came from heav'n to save the lost:
 The praise be his alone,

HYMN LXXVII.

Cause thy face to shine, and we shall be saved.

PSALM. lxxx. 19.

- LORD we esteem the favour great,
And give the praise to thee;
That we can thus together meet,
And none to make us flee.
- 2 But all our meetings barren prove,
Except thou shew thy face:
Come then dear Saviour from above,
And consecrate this place.
- 3 O let the visits of thy love
The purest joys impart!
Let all our deadness now remove,
And zeal fill ev'ry heart!
- 4 Zeal to confess thy glorious name,
In spite of earth and hell!
Thy loving kindness to proclaim,
And all thy goodness tell!
- 5 Lord let thy people's light so shine,
That all the world may see,
And own its origin divine,
And give the praise to thee.

HYMN LXXVIII.

Sing praises unto his name. for it is pleasant.

PSALM cxxxv. 3.

- THE Saviour bears a lovely name,
Of sacred pow'rs possess'd,
It takes away the sinner's shame,
And gives his conscience rest.

- 2 No name on earth is half so great,
 Howe'er extoll'd by fame;
 Nor can celestial tongues repeat
 A more exalted name.
- 3 Sweet name! the sinner's blest relief,
 His med'cine, food and joy!
 'Tis help in trouble, ease in grief,
 'Tis gold without alloy.
- 4 Jesus, thy name to us is dear,
 It saves us from our foes:
 Arm'd with its pow'r, we need not fear,
 Tho' earth and hell oppose.
- 5 In many painful conflicts past,
 Thy name has brought us thro';
 Nor wilt thou give up those at last,
 Whom thou hast sav'd till now
- 6 We hope ere long to see thy face,
 To join with those above;
 And sing in yonder glorious place
 Thine everlasting love,

HYMN LXXIX.

Behold he shall come, saith the LORD of hosts. Mat. iii. 1.

- HE comes! the Saviour full of grace!
 By ancient prophets sung;
 The smile of mercy in his face,
 And truth upon his tongue.
- 2 In him the world no beauty sees;
 "No form nor comeliness,"
 Rejected and despis'd he is,
 And plung'd in deep distress.
- 3 But there's a people taught by grace,
 To know his matchless worth;
 They own him tho' accounted base,
 And shew his praises forth.

- 4 They own him as the Lord of all,
Their Saviour, and their God.
 Before his feet they prostrate fall:
 The purchase of his blood!
- 5 'Tis thus the Saviour is receiv'd;
 The world accounts him vile;
 While sinners by his grace reliev'd
 Can live but by his smile.
- 6 To him who bore the sinners' shame,
 Be endless glory giv'n.
 Immortal honours crown his name,
 The Lord of earth and heav'n!

HYMN LXXX.

But now, O Lord, thou art our Father. ISAIAH lxiv. 8.

- OUR father sits on yonder throne,
 Amidst the hosts above:
 He reigns throughout the world, alone,
 He reigns, the God of love.
- 2 He knew us, when we knew him not:
 Was with us tho' unseen:
 His favour came to us unsought.
 His love has wondrous been.
- 3 He keeps us now, securely keeps,
 (Whatever foe assails)
 With vigilance that never sleeps;
 With pow'r that never fails.
- 4 He gives us hope, that we shall be,
 Ere long with him above:
 That we shall all his glory see;
 And celebrate his love.

- 5 Then let us, while we dwell below,
 Obey our Father's voice:
 To all his dispensations bow,
 And in his name rejoice.
- 6 How sweet to hear him say at last?
 "Ye blessed children come:
 "The days of banishment are past:
 "Your Father calls you home."

HYMN LXXXI.

*Hereby perceive we the love of God, because he laid down his
 life for us. 1 JOHN iii. 16.*

- ETERNAL honour be to him,
 Who sav'd us by his blood!
 His love shall be our joyful theme;
 The boundless love of God.
- 2 But few would die to save a friend,
 He died to save his foes:
 His love nor measure has nor end:
 'Tis such as no man knows.
- 3 No words can tell it's depth and height,
 No love can equal his;
 The love of God is infinite,
 Like him whose love it is.
- 4 No sacrifice appear'd too great,
 The love of God to prove:
 And thence we learn to estimate:
 The greatness of his love.
- 5 Yet all we know is, that his love,
 Exceeds all other far:
 How far, not all the hosts above,
 Are able to declare.

- 6 But what we know, makes wealth and fame,
 And pleasure seem but loss :
 And renders dear the glorious name,
 Of him who bore the cross.

HYMN LXXXII.

Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible. 1 COR. ix. 25.

- LET others labour to possess,
 A temporary fame :
 We cannot be content with less
 Than an immortal name.
- 2 Not such as mortals can bestow,
 On those whom they extol :
 The brightest honours here below,
 For us are far too small.
- 3 The honour we desire to have,
 From God alone descends :
 The honour that survives the grave :
 That never, never ends.
- 4 For ever be his name ador'd,
 Who bids us hope for this !
 Eternal honour to our Lord,
 Who sav'd and made us his.
- 5 Our hope is now, that, thro' his love,
 We shall at last arise ;
 And from the springs of life above,
 Drink everlasting joys.

HYMN LXXXIII.

If ye love me, keep my commandments. JOHN xiv. 15.

- LORD, let the people of thy love,
 Be zealous in thy cause :
 In ev'ry instance let them prove,
 Obedient to thy laws.

- 2 The people thou hast made thine own,
Should listen to thy voice:
Should look to thee, and thee alone;
And in thy will rejoice.
- 3 'Tis thus they glorify thy name,
And prove their origin:
'Tis thus they put their foes to shame,
And silence foolish men.
- 4 O! teach us, Lord, to walk with thee:
To walk with thee in white:
Unspotted from the world to be,
And pleasing in thy sight.
- 5 Let all our walk directed be,
By thine unerring word:
'Tis meet that we should live to thee,
Our Saviour and our Lord.

HYMN LXXXIV.

Doubtless thou art our Father. ISAIAH lxiii. 16.

THE God who reigns above, we call
Our Father and our Friend:
And, blessed thought! his children all,
Shall see him in the end.

- 2 His family, tho' now dispers'd,
Shall meet when life is past:
Who now are last shall then be first:
The first shall then be last.
- 3 Though now despis'd, the day will come,
When he who made them his;
Will take them hence, and bear them home,
To see him as he is.
- 4 Though now unknown, they soon shall be,
The sons of God confess'd:
And they who scorn them then shall see
That they alone are blest.

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- 5 But let his children while on earth
 With foes and strangers mix'd;
 Be mindful of their royal birth:
 Their thoughts on glory fix'd.
- 6 That they should glorify him here,
 Their Father's purpose is.
 And when at last he shall appear,
 He will confess them his.

HYMN LXXXV.

Then were the disciples glad, when they saw the Lord.

JOHN XX. 20.

- COME let us all rejoice to day:
 The day the Saviour rose:
 And sent confusion and dismay,
 Amidst his vanquish'd foes.
- 2 His people's fears unfounded prov'd,
 (For much his people fear'd.)
 And all their doubts were straight remov'd,
 When he again appear'd.
- 3 Their joy was great; 'twas greater then,
 Than had they felt no dread:
 To see their Master's face again,
 Was joy, 'twas joy indeed.
- 4 If we are his, and hear his voice,
 As they did, so we do:
 We think like them, like them rejoice:
 Like them we suffer too.
- 5 Like them too we shall see a day,
 When grief and labour end:
 When heav'n and earth shall pass away,
 And Jesus shall descend.

- 6 Descend and bear his people hence,
 To dwell with him above :
 Where they shall see his face, and whence
 They never shall remove.

HYMN LXXXVI.

And ye are not your own. 1 Cor. vi. 19.

- WE'LL sing the praise of him, who gave
 His precious life for us.
 'Twas wonderful at all to save ;
 But more to do it thus.
- 2 How awful must our state have been
 When nothing but his blood
 Who gave us life, could make us clean,
 And bring us back to God.
- 3 The more he suffer'd for our sake,
 The more his kindness is :
 But O ! what poor returns we make,
 For grace and love like his ?
- 4 He might expect that we would give
 Our hearts to him alone :
 And, bought with blood, that we would live
 As his, and not our own.
- 5 But we, alas ! too oft forget
 How great his kindness is :
 And though redeem'd, we wander yet,
 From him who made us his.
- 6 For this our hearts are cold and dead :
 For this our eyes are dim :
 The crown is fallen from our head,
 Because we stray from him.
- 7 Lord we confess our shame, and mourn,
 That we have prov'd so base :
 To thee again, to thee we turn :
 O ! save us by thy grace.

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HYMN LXXXVII.

The Lord is risen indeed. LUKE xxiv. 34.

- " THE Lord is ris'n indeed,"
 And are the tidings true?
 Yes, they beheld the Saviour bleed,
 And saw him living too.
- 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 work 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,"
 Attending angels hear;
 Up to the courts of heav'n, with speed,
 The joyful tidings bear.
- 7 Then take your golden lyres,
 And strike each cheerful chord,
 Join all the bright celestial choirs,
 To sing our risen Lord.

HYMN LXXXVIII.

He teacheth my hands to war. PSALM xviii. 34.

ARISE, ye saints, arise :
The Lord our leader is :
The foe before his banner flies :
For victory is his.

2 Behold ! he leads the way :
We'll follow where he goes :
We cannot fail to win the day,
Since he subdues our foes.

3 Lead on, Almighty Lord :
Lead on to victory :
Encourag'd by the bright reward,
With joy we'll follow thee.

4 We'll follow thee our guide,
Our Saviour and our King :
We'll follow thee, through grace supplied
From heav'n's eternal spring.

5 We hope to see the day
When all our toils shall cease ;
When we shall cast our arms away,
And dwell in endless peace.

6 This hope supports us here ;
It makes our burdens light :
'Twill serve our drooping hearts to cheer,
Till faith shall end in sight.

7 Till of the prize possess'd,
We hear of war no more ;
And, O sweet thought ! for ever rest
On yonder peaceful shore.

HYMN LXXXIX.

For they that say such things declare plainly that they seek a country. HEB. xi. 4.

FROM Egypt lately come,
Where death and darkness reign,
We seek our new, our better home,
Where we our rest shall gain.
Hallelujah !
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.
Hallelujah !—&c. &c. &c.

3 There sin and sorrow cease,
And ev'ry conflict's o'er ;
There we shall dwell in endless peace,
And never hunger more.
Hallelujah !—&c. &c. &c.

4 There, in celestial strains,
Enraptur'd myriads sing ;
There love in ev'ry bosom reigns,
For God himself is King.
Hallelujah !—&c. &c. &c.

5 We soon shall join the throng,
Their pleasures we shall share ;
And sing the everlasting song,
With all the ransom'd there.
Hallelujah !—&c. &c. &c.

- 6 How sweet the prospect is !
 It cheers the pilgrim's breast :
 We're journeying thro' the wilderness,
 But soon shall gain our rest.
 Hallelujah !—&c. &c. &c.

HYMN XC.

These see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep.
 PSALM cvii. 24.

- WE'RE bound for yonder land,
 Where Jesus reigns supreme :
 We leave the shore at his command ;
 Forsaking all for him.
- 2 'Twere easy, did we chuse,
 Again to reach the shore :
 But this is what our souls refuse ;
 We'll never touch it more.
- 3 We know the state of those
 Who still continue there ;
 And fly, that we may shun the woes
 That else our portion were.
- 4 The perils of the sea,
 The rocks, the waves, the wind,
 Are small, whatever they may be,
 To those we leave behind.
- 5 Nor have we cause to fear :
 The God who rules the sea,
 In ev'ry danger will be near,
 And our protector be.
- 6 The Lord himself will keep
 His people safe from harm :
 Will hold the helm, and guide the ship
 With his almighty arm.

7 Then let the tempests roar ;
 The billows heave and swell ;
 We trust to reach the peaceful shore,
 Where all the ransom'd dwell.

8 And when we gain the land,
 How happy shall we be ?
 How shall we bless the mighty hand
 That led us through the sea ?

HYMN XCI.

*This is the day the LORD hath made, we will rejoice and be
 glad in it. PSALM CXVIII. 24.*

ANOTHER week begins :
 The day we call, the Lord's :
 This day he rose, who bore our sins :
 For so his word records.

2 Hark how the angels sing !
 Their voices fill the sky :
 They hail their great victorious King,
 And welcome him on high.

3 We'll catch the note of praise :
 Their joys in part we feel :
 With them our thankful song we'll raise,
 And emulate their zeal.

4 We cannot sing too loud,
 Whom God has deign'd to call :
 To other gods we lately bow'd ;
 But he has pardon'd all.

5 Come then ye saints and sing,
 Of Christ our risen Lord :
 Of Christ the everlasting King ;
 Of Christ th' incarnate word.

- 6 This is the sacred theme,
 On which the angels dwell :
 How pleasant should the subject seem,
 To sinners sav'd from hell!
- 7 Hail, mighty Saviour hail !
 Who fill'st the throne above ;
 Till heart and flesh together fail,
 We'll sing thy matchless love.
- 8 And when these tongues no more
 On any theme can move :
 We hope to sing thy love and pow'r
 With other tongues above.

HYMN XCII.

Sing praises unto our King, sing praises ! PSALM xlvii. 6.

- GLORY, glory to our King !
 Crowns unfading wreath his head !
 Jesus is the name we sing ;
 Jesus risen from the dead ;
 Jesus conqu'ror o'er the grave ;
 Jesus mighty now to save.
- 2 Jesus is gone up on high,
 Angels come to meet their King ;
 Shouts triumphant rend the sky,
 While the victor's praise they sing :
 " Open now, ye heav'nly gates !
 " 'Tis the King of glory waits.
- 3 Now behold him high enthron'd !
 Glory beaming from his face !
 By adoring angels own'd,
 God of holiness and grace !
 O for hearts and tongues to sing
 " Glory, glory to our King ! "

- 4 Jesus, on thy people shine!
 Warm our hearts and tune our tongues!
 That with angels we may join,
 Share their bliss and swell their songs.
 Glory, honour, praise and pow'r,
 Lord, be thine for evermore !

HYMN XCIII.

When the disciples came together to break bread. ACTS XL 7.

LORD'S SUPPER.

- MEETING in the Saviour's name :
 " Breaking bread " by his command :
 To the world, we thus proclaim,
 On what ground we hope to stand ;
 When the Lord shall come with clouds ;
 Join'd by heav'n's exulting crowds.
- 2 From the cross, our hope we draw :
 'Tis the sinner's blest resource :
 Jesus magnified the Law :
 Jesus bore its awful curse :
 What a joyful truth is this !
 O how full of hope it is !
- 3 Jesus died, and then arose :
 Yes, he rose, he lives, he reigns :
 Jesus vanquish'd all his foes :
 Jesus led them all in chains :
 His the triumph, and the crown :
 His the glory, and renown.
- 4 Sing we then of him who died :
 Sing of him, who rose again :
 By his blood we're justified :
 And with him, we hope to reign :
 Yes, we hope to see our Lord ;
 And to share his bright reward.

HYMN XCIV.

Worthy is the Lamb. REV. V. 12.**HARK**, the notes of angels singing—

“Glory, glory to the Lamb!”

All in heav’n their tribute bringing,
Raising high the Saviour’s name.

- 2 Ye for whom his life is given,
Sacred themes to you belong :
Come assist the choir of heaven ;
Join the everlasting song.
- 3 Saints and angels thus united,
Songs imperfect still must raise ;
Tho’ despis’d on earth, and slighted,
Jesus is above all praise.
- 4 See th’ angelic hosts have crown’d him,
Jesus fills the throne on high :
Countless myriads, hov’ring round him,
With his praises rend the sky.
- 5 Fill’d with holy emulation,
Let us vie with those above :
Sweet the theme—a free salvation !
Fruit of everlasting love.
- 6 Endless life in him possessing,
Let us praise his precious name :
Glory, honour, power and blessing,
Be for ever to the Lamb.

HYMN XCV.

For the Lord hath chosen Zion, he hath desired it for his habitation. PSALM cxxxii. 13.**ZION** is Jehovah’s dwelling ;

There “The King of Kings” appears :

Her’s is glory far excelling

All the worldling sees or hears.

Zion's walls are everlasting :
 Form'd thro' endless years to shine;
 Strength and beauty never-wasting,
 Shew their origin divine.

- 2 Zion claims peculiar honour :
 High distinction marks her lot :
 Light eternal shines upon her ;
 Here's a sun that faileth not.
 Zion's city hath foundations ;
 God himself hath rais'd her walls :
 She survives the wreck of nations ;
 Zion stands whatever falls.
- 3 Happy they who now discerning
 Zion's glory, thither move !
 Earth with all its honours spurning ;
 Zion is the place they love.
 There the Lord his face disclosing,
 Fills his people's hearts with joy :
 While, from all their toils reposing,
 Bliss is theirs without alloy.
- 4 Brethren, let the prospect cheer us :
 Fair the lot that's cast for us.
 When we call, our God will hear us ;
 Happy who are favour'd thus ;
 Let the timid fear no longer :
 What tho' earth and hell oppose !
 He who pleads our cause is stronger,
 Stronger far than all our foes.

HYMN XCVI.

*Let all that are round about him bring presents unto him that
 ought to be feared. PSALM lxi. 11.*

SINNERS we, but sinners saved,
 (Praise to sov'reign grace alone !)
 Now approach thee, Son of David,
 Thee who fill'st the heav'nly throne.

- When 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 unthanking they appear:
Why should 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,
Would have others sav'd too.
Thoughtless sinners Lord awaken,
Let them see their fearful 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 XCVII.

For the Gospel is preached unto us. HEB. iv. 2.

PRAISE we him, by whose kind favour,
Heav'nly truth has reach'd our ears!
May its sweet reviving savour
Fill our hearts, and calm our fears!

TRUTH—how sacred is the treasure !
 Teach us Lord, its worth to know !
 Vain's the hope, and short the pleasure,
 Which from other sources flow.

- 3 What of truth we've now been hearing,
 Lord to ev'ry heart apply !
 In the day of thine appearing,
 May we share thy people's joy !
 Till thou take us hence for ever,
 Saviour guide us with thine eye ;
 This our aim, our sole endeavour,
 Thine to live, and thine to die !

HYMN XCVIII.

I will instruct thee and teach thee. PSALM xxxii. 8.

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 XCIX.

And Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life.
 JOHN xxiv. 31.

LORD'S SUPPER.

LET the world their joy partaking,
 Boast how excellent they prove !
 In the bread we've now been breaking,
 We have meat they know not of,

Jesus is the living bread :
 'Tis by this his friends are fed.
 Saints adore him.
 Bow before him.
 Join the kindred hosts on high ;
 Let his praise fill earth and sky.

HYMN C.

Neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.
 PSALM xc. 10.

GOD of Isra'l we adore thee !
 Thou hast kept us thro' the day ;
 Thus preserv'd we come before thee,
 Our's the new and living way !
 Safely keep us thro' the night ;
 Guard us till the morning light ;
 Nor forsake us ;
 'Till thou take us,
 Far from earth to dwell with thee.
 Thro' a bright eternity.

HYMN CI.

Shew me a token for good. PSALM lxxxvi. 17.

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 CII.

Sing aloud unto God our strength. PSALM LXXXI. 1.

SING aloud to God, our strength,
He has brought us hitherto :
He will bring us home at length :
This the Lord our God will do.
Doubt not, for his word is stable :
Fear not, for his arm is able.

- 2 Sing aloud to God, our strength :
Sing with wonder of his love :
Who can tell its breadth and length ?
Who below, or who above ?
Who its depth and height can measure ?
'Tis a rich unbounded treasure !
- 3 Sing aloud to God our strength :
He is with us where we go :
Fear we not the journey's length :
Fear we not the mighty foe :
All our foes shall be defeated ;
And our journey be completed.

HYMN CIII.

*Then thou shalt say in thine heart, who hath begotten me
these. ISAIAH xlix. 21.*

- " GIVE us room that we may dwell"
Zion's children cry aloud :
See their numbers how they swell,
How they gather like a cloud :
Go and tell the joyful story :
'Tis the day of Zion's glory.
- 2 O how bright the morning seems !
Brighter from so dark a night :
Zion is like one that dreams,
Fill'd with wonder and delight :

Zion's night of grief is ended ;
Zion of her God befriended.

- 3 Zion now arise and shine ;
Lo ! thy light from heav'n is come ;
These that crowd from far are thine ;
Give thy sons and daughters room :
Sorrow from thy cup is taken :
Thou shalt be no more forsaken.
- 4 Lo ! thy sun goes down no more ;
God himself will be thy light :
All that caus'd thee grief before,
Buried lies in endless night.
Earthly pomp is short and wasting ;
Thine is glory everlasting,

HYMN CIV.

*Who is there among you of all his people ? His God be with
him, and let him go up to Jerusalem, EZRA i. 3.*

- SONS of Zion, haste away ;
'Tis the acceptable day :
'Tis the day expected long :
Burden of prophetic song :
Thus the mighty God has spoken :
Haste away, your chains are broken,
- 2 From the willows where they hung,
Long neglected and unstrung ;
Take your harps again and sing ;
Sound the praise of Zion's King :
Sing, for Zion's sons have reason ;
'Tis a joyful glorious season.
- 3 Come to Zion, haste away :
Here you need no longer stay :
Days of liberty are come ;
God recalls his exiles home :

Joyful times the Lord is bringing :
Come to Zion, come with singing.

- 4 Leave your sorrows all behind :
Give them, give them to the wind :
Sacred pleasures now invite :
'Tis the season of delight.
Bid adieu to grief for ever ;
Your's are pleasures ending never.

HYMN CV.

We have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him. MATTHEW ii. 2.

HARK ! what sounds salute our ears,
Christ the Lord at length appears :
" Unto us a son is giv'n :"
Angels bring the news from heav'n.

- 2 Come, ye saints, arise and sing,
Glory be to God our King !
" Unto us a child is born,"
Zion is no more forlorn.
- 3 Who are these that come from far,
Led by Jacob's rising star ?
Lo, they gather like a cloud ;
Or, as doves, their windows crowd,
- 4 Strangers these, to Zion come,
There to seek a peaceful home.
Zion wonders at the sight :
Zion feels a strange delight.
- 5 Zion now no more shall sigh ;
God will raise her glory high :
He will send a large increase :
He will give her people peace,

- 6 Sons of Zion, sing aloud ;
 See her sky without a cloud :
 God will make her joy compleat :
 Zion's sun shall never set.

HYMN CVI.

I am he that liveth and was dead. REV. i. 18.

- CROWNS of glory ever bright,
 Rest upon the victor's head :
 Crowns of glory are his right,
 His, " Who liveth and was dead."
- 2 Jesus fought, and won the day :
 Such a day was never fought :
 Well his people now may say,
 See what God, our God has wrought,
- 3 He subdued the pow'rs of hell ;
 In the fight he stood alone,
 All his foes before him fell,
 By his single arm o'erthrown.
- 4 They have fall'n to rise no more :
 Final is the foe's defeat :
 Jesus triumph'd by his pow'r,
 And his triumph is compleat.
- 5 His the fight, the arduous toil ;
 His the honours of the day ;
 His the glory and the spoil ;
 Jesus bears them all away !
- 6 Now proclaim his deeds afar :
 Fill the world with his renown :
 His alone the victor's car :
 His the everlasting crown.

HYMN CVII.

King of Kings, and Lord of Lords. Rev. xix. 16.

- "KING of Kings, and Lord of Lords!"
 These are great and awful words;
 'Tis to Jesus they belong:
 Let his people raise their song.
- 2 Hark, how angels sound his praise!
 Fill'd with transport while they gaze:
 Glory, honour, praise and power,
 These are thine for evermore.
- 3 Crown him then whom angels sing!
 Crown him everlasting King!
 Jesus fills the throne above,
 Jesus is the God of love.
- 4 Holy, holy, holy, Lord!
 Heav'n and earth thy name record:
 Pow'r and praise to thee belong,
 Lord, accept our feeble song.
- 5 Rich in glory thou didst stoop:
 This is now thy people's hope:
 Thou wast poor, that they might be
 Rich in glory, Lord, with thee.
- 6 When we think of love like this,
 Joy and shame our hearts possess:
 Joy, that thou could'st pity thus;
 Shame, for such returns from us.
- 7 Yet we hope the day to see,
 When we shall from earth be free;
 Borne aloft, to heav'n be brought,
 There to praise thee as we ought.
- 8 While we still continue here,
 Let this hope our spirits cheer.
 Till in heav'n thy face we see,
 Teach us, Lord, to live to thee.

HYMN CVIII.

God our Saviour ! TITUS iii. 4.

- LO, the infant Saviour lies !
 Angels call him only wise ;
 To his name they join the words—
 “ King of Kings, and Lord of Lords.”
- 2 See, he stands at Pilate's bar !
 Most despis'd of all by far ;
 Still to him belong the words—
 “ King of Kings, and Lord of Lords.”
- 3 He who wears the crown of thorns,
 He whom man reviles and scorns,
 Claims exclusively the words—
 “ King of Kings, and Lord of Lords.”
- 4 On the cross 'tis still the same :
 Never does he yield his claim :
 Clear his title to the words—
 “ King of Kings, and Lord of Lords.”
- 5 Past the conflict of his love ;
 See, he takes his place above !
 On his vesture shine the words—
 “ King of Kings, and Lord of Lords.”
- 6 O, ye bright seraphic choirs,
 Strike anew your golden lyres !
 While ye gaze, proclaim the words—
 “ King of Kings, and Lord of Lords.”
- 7 Join, ye saints, with heav'n agree,
 Let the name of Jesus be
 Still united to the words,
 “ King of Kings, and Lord of Lords.”

HYMN CIX.

Who is the King of Glory? PSALM xxiv. 8.

- YE, who dwell in heav'n, declare
 Who "The King of Glory" is?
 Who is first and highest there?
 His the pow'r, the kingdom his?
- 2 'Tis the Lamb, the Lamb alone,
 Claims the title justly his:
 He it is that fills the throne:
 He "The King of Glory" is.
- 3 Blessed news! the Lamb is King:
 Glorious truth! he reigns alone:
 Come, ye saints, your tribute bring,
 Bow before the Saviour's throne.
- 4 Let the world deride his claim:
 Let the world refuse to bow:
 Angels triumph in his name:
 All in heav'n adore him now.
- 5 Jesus hail! whom angels sing;
 Lamb of God, for sinners slain;
 Reign for ever, glorious King;
 Thou art worthy, Lord, to reign.

HYMN CX.

For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout. 1 THESS. iv. 16.

HARK! that shout of rapt'rous joy,
 Bursting forth from yonder cloud:
 Jesus comes, and thro' the sky,
 Angels tell their joy aloud.

- 2 Now the world's duration ends :
Now the Lord will meet his foes :
These shall perish, but his friends,
Shall in heav'n obtain repose.
- 3 Hark, the trumpet's awful voice
Sounds abroad thro' sea and land :
Let his people now rejoice,
Their redemption is at hand.
- 4 See! the Lord appears in view :
Heav'n and earth before him fly :
Rise, ye saints, he comes for you :
Rise to meet him in the sky.
- 5 Go, and dwell with him above,
Where no foe can e'er molest :
Happy in the Saviour's love !
Blessing, and for ever blest.

HYMN CXI.

And the truth shall make you free. JOHN viii. 32.

- WELCOME news the gospel brings :
Welcome news from heav'n above :
Tidings from the King of Kings :
Tidings full of grace and love !
- 2 O, ye sons of men give ear !
Listen to " The joyful sound : "
Better news ye cannot hear :
In the gospel truth is found.
 - 3 Truth, that makes the simple wise :
Truth, on which the hungry feed :
Truth, the minister of joys .
Truth that makes us free indeed.
 - 4 Welcome news the gospel brings :
Welcome to the poor and vile :
Gladden'd by these glorious things,
Guilt and poverty may smile.

HYMN CXII.

To turn them from darkness to light. ACTS XXVI. 18.

BOUNDLESS glory, Lord, be thine!

Thou hast made the darkness shine :

Thou hast sent a cheering ray ;

Thou hast turn'd our night to day.

2 Hither is the Gospel come ;

'Tis "the pow'r of God" to some :

O let such in praise unite,

To the Lord that gives them light.

3 Darkness long involv'd us round ;

Till we knew "the joyful sound:"

Then our darkness fled away,

Chas'd by truth's celestial ray.

4 *They* are bless'd, and none beside ;

They who in the truth abide ;

Clear the light that marks their way,

Leading to eternal day.

5 Ye who walk this heav'nly road,

Hasting to the saints abode :

See how bright it shines above !

There appears the God of love.

6 Soon your stronger sight will bear,

To behold that glory near ;

Light that *now* would but destroy,

Then will yield sublimest joy.

HYMN CXIII.

*Wherefore come out from among them and be ye separate,
saith the Lord. 2 Cor. vi. 17.*

LORD behold us few and weak,

Humbly at thy feet we fall.

See we come thy face to seek :

Deign, O deign to hear our call.

- 2 When we lay in sin and death,
 Thou didst pass and bid us live ;
 Thou didst give thy people faith :
 Thou didst all our sin forgive.
- 3 Jesus thou didst shed thy blood :
 On this rock our hope we raise.
 Thou hast brought us nigh to God :
 Thine the work and thine the praise.
- 4 'Tis thy will that we should be
 Separate from all around ;
 Let our will with thine agree ;
 Let thy people thus be found.
- 5 Teach us Lord to walk with thee ;
 Teach us to adorn thy cause.
 Let us live in unity :
 Hating pride and self-applause !
- 6 Let us bear each other's load !
 Faithful to each other prove !
 Till we gain the saints' abode ;
 Till we take our place above :
- 7 There to see without a cloud ;
 There without fatigue to sing ;
 Mix with heav'n's triumphant crowd,
 And for ever praise our King.

HYMN CXIV.

*And he shall give you another comforter—even the spirit
 of truth. JOHN xiv. 16.*

JESUS is gone up on high ;
 But his promise still is here,
 " He will all our wants supply ;
 " He will send the comforter.

F

- 2 Let us now his promise plead,
 Let us to his throne draw nigh :
 Jesus knows his people's need :
 Jesus hears his people's cry.
- 3 Who can boast a lot like theirs
 Whom the Lord vouchsafes to own ?
 Jesus listens to their prayers :
 What they ask in faith is done.
- 4 Send us, Lord, the comforter ;
 Pledge and witness of thy love :
 Dwelling with thy people here :
 Leading them to joys above.
- 5 Till we reach the promis'd rest ;
 Till thy face unveil'd we see :
 Of this blessed hope possess'd,
 Teach us Lord to live to thee.

HYMN CXV.

*Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall
 be to all people, &c. LUKE ii. 10.*

ANGELIC messenger, repeat
 Those joyful sounds once more ;
 For sure no accents half so sweet
 E'er reach'd our 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.

Chorus—" Glory to God on high be giv'n ;
 " And on earth peace, good-will from heav'n."

HYMN CXVI.

Death is swallowed up in victory. 1 Cor. xv. 54.

HARK ten thousand voices cry
Vict'ry, vict'ry thro' the sky !
Swiftly flies the welcome sound ;
Spreading rapt'rous joys around.

2 Jesus comes, his conflict over,
Comes to claim his great reward :
Angels round the victor hover,
Crowding to behold their Lord.

3 O what honours now await him !
Friends and foes shall hear his voice,
Tremble, tremble, ye that hate him ;
Ye who love his name, rejoice.

4 Yonder throne for him erected,
Now becomes the victor's seat ;
Lo, the man on earth rejected !
Angels worship at his feet.

5 Day and night they cry before him,
" Holy, holy, holy Lord !"
All the pow'rs of heav'n adore him :
All obey his sov'reign word.

Chorus—Then haste, ye saints, your tribute bring,
And crown him everlasting King.

HYMN CXVII.

Worthy is the Lamb. REV. v. 12.

YE saints, come and join in the praise of the Lamb,
The theme inexhausted of angels above :
They dwell with delight on the sound of his name ;
And gaze on his glory with rapture and love.

F 2

- 2 See, see to what honours the Saviour is rais'd;
He sits on a throne, 'tis the throne of the sky:
Come let us adore him who ought to be prais'd,
And learn with the angels in glory to vie.
- 3 They sing of the Lamb who to save us was slain:
We'll take up the theme which we cannot improve;
And "Worthy the Lamb" cry again and again,
Till our hearts are inflam'd with the fire of his love.
- 4 All glory to Jesus, who sits on the throne;
Let angels and saints spread the sound of his fame.
We bow to the Lamb, who is worthy alone;
And give him the praise that belongs to his name.

HYMN CXVIII.

For all things are yours. 2 Cor. iii. 21.

- EV'RY good possessing,
In our Saviour's blessing,
Let us live to celebrate his grace!
- 2 Mean the worldling's treasure!
Short his boasted pleasure!
They alone are blest who know the Lord.
- 3 Sweet the scene before us!
We shall join the chorus,
Of the saints and angels round his throne.
- 4 Let the prospect cheer us:
Here our Saviour's near us:
But in heav'n we see him as he is.
- 5 Till we reach our station,
Let his great salvation,
Be the glorious subject of our songs!

HYMN CXIX.

Kept by the power of God. 1 PET. i. 5.

SPAR'D a little longer,
May our souls grow stronger
To maintain the arduous fight of faith.

2 Many foes surround us,
Hoping to confound us;
But the Lord himself is our defence.

3 We have hearts deceitful,
And of truth forgetful;
Yet our gracious Lord his people spares.

4 Pilgrims here, and strangers,
Who can tell our dangers?
But our Lord will save us from them all.

5 He has dearly bought us;
Hitherto has brought us;
And will lead us to himself at last.

6 By his eye directed;
By his arm protected;
We shall gain the presence of our God.

HYMN CXX.

O give thanks unto the Lord. PSALM CXXIV. 1.

OF Jesus we'll sing;
The Saviour and King,
Of all who on earth are redeem'd.
No name is so great;
No name is so sweet;
However by men disesteem'd.

- 2 How high was his seat ?
 H's glory how great ?
 When sitting on yonder bright throne.
 The object above,
 Of wonder and love ;
 The object of worship alone
- 3 But see from his place,
 In infinite grace
 He comes, and appears here below :
 He leaves all his store,
 And stoops to be poor :
 Submitting to want and to woe.
- 4 No love is like his ;
 Unequall'd it is :
 By that of a mother or friend.
 What tongue cannot teach :
 What thought cannot reach :
 'Tis love without measure or end.
- 5 To Jesus alone,
 Who sits on the throne,
 Be glory, dominion, and pow'r :
 To Jesus be giv'n,
 All honour in heav'n,
 By angels and saints evermore.

HYMN CXXI.

The trumpet shall sound. 1 COR. XV. 52.

THE trumpet shall sound,
 And fill the world round ;
 From shore it shall echo to shore :
 The angel shall stand,
 With uplifted hand,
 Proclaiming that time is no more.

- 2 And now shall the tomb,
 Discharge from its womb,
 The load it no more can contain:
 The earth and the sea,
 The call shall obey,
 And give up their myriads of slain.
- 3 The Saviour with crowds,
 Shall come in the clouds,
 His glory to all shall appear.
 All power is giv'n,
 In earth and in heav'n,
 To him who was crucified here.
- 4 Then joy to the saints!
 Whatever complaints,
 Attend on their state here below:
 They all in that day,
 Shall vanish away:
 No more shall their tears ever flow.
- 5 Their Lord they shall see;
 With him they shall be:
 With him in his kingdom above.
 For ever to gaze:
 For ever to praise:
 For ever to sing of his love.

FINIS.



To the Reader.

THE following Hymns are chiefly selected from a larger Volume published by the Author. They are such as appeared to him at all suited to Social Worship. He has made a few Alterations in some of them ; and has added a small Number of new ones.

INDEX.

| | | | |
|------------------------|-------------------------|-------------|-----------|
| A | From Egypt | Page | 78 |
| Angels heard | G | | |
| Angelic messenger - | Give us room - - | 98 | 88 |
| Another week - - | Glory, glory - - | 80 | 31 |
| Arise ye saints, arise | Glory, glory to - | 77 | 81 |
| Arise ye saints - - | God of Isra'l - - | 57 | 87 |
| Awake our souls - - | Grant us - - - | 66 | 86 |
| B | H | | |
| Blest intercourse - | Happy they - - | 53 | 34 |
| Boundless glory - - | Hark ten thousand | 96 | } 99 |
| Brethren come - - | voices - - | 19 | |
| C | Hark ten thousand harps | | 8 |
| Come let us - - - | Hark that shout - | 74 | 94 |
| Come ye saints - - | Hark the notes - - | 27 | 83 |
| Crowns of glory - - | Hark the solemn - | 91 | 18 |
| E | Hark 'tis the - - | | 5 |
| Enamour'd of - - | Hark what sounds - | 55 | 90 |
| Eternal honour - - | He comes - - - | 71 | 69 |
| Ev'ry good - - - | Hope in Christ - - | 100 | 15 |
| Ev'ry knee - - - | How pleasant - - | 9 | 50 |
| F | How sweet - - - | | 56 |
| Far from us - - - | I | 35 | |
| Fly, ye seasons - - | If worldly thoughts | 29 | 45 |
| For whom - - - | | 64 | |

| | | | |
|----------------------|---------|--------------------|---------|
| In blessed union | Page 46 | Our's is a pardon | Page 61 |
| In sacred fellowship | 58 | Our's is a rich | - - 59 |
| It is finish'd | - - 42 | P | |
| J | | Praise we him | - - 85 |
| Jesus comes | - - 28 | S | |
| Jesus drains | - - 6 | Saviour through | - 43 |
| Jesus is gone | - - 97 | See from Zion's | - 36 |
| Jesus is the Lord | - 12 | See he comes | - - 22 |
| Jesus is the victim | - 7 | See how many | - - 20 |
| Jesus the shepherd | - 49 | See our Saviour | - 38 |
| K | | See that mountain | - 14 |
| King of kings | - - 92 | See the wilderness | - 17 |
| L | | See where the Lord | 46 |
| Let others labour | - 72 | Sing aloud | - - 88 |
| Let the world | - - 86 | Sinners we | - - 84 |
| Let us sing | - - 16 | Sons of Zion | - - 89 |
| Look ye saints | - - 28 | Spar'd a little | - - 101 |
| Lord behold us | - - 96 | Sweet and solemn | - 36 |
| Lord let the people | 72 | T | |
| Lord we esteem | - 68 | The day of God | - 47 |
| Lo the infant | - - 93 | The God of glory | - 62 |
| M | | The God who reigns | 78 |
| Many foes | - - 32 | The Lord is ris'n | - 76 |
| May the pow'r | - - 37 | The mighty God | - 60 |
| Meeting in | - - 82 | The night is | - - 4 |
| N | | The Saviour bears | - 68 |
| Nothing know we | - 11 | The sons of Isra'l | - 44 |
| Now raise | - - 50 | The trumpet | - - 102 |
| O | | The trump of God | - 48 |
| Obedient to | - - 58 | Through the day | - 20 |
| Of Jesus we'll sing | 101 | U | |
| Of thy love | - - 87 | Unto us a Son | - 26 |
| O how pleasant | - 39 | W | |
| On the mountain's | - 38 | We boast an | - - 59 |
| O thou God | - - 40 | We celebrate | - - 6 |
| Our father sits | - - 70 | | |

| | | | |
|----------------------------|----------------|----------------------------|----------------|
| We come to seek | <i>Page</i> 63 | While in the world | <i>Page</i> 54 |
| Welcome news - - | 95 | Why should - - | 53 |
| Welcome sight - - | 12 | Why those fears - - | 33 |
| We'll sing in - - | 1 | | Y |
| We'll sing of - - | 67 | Ye saints - - - | 99 |
| We'll sing the - - | 75 | Ye who dwell - - | 94 |
| We're bound - - | 79 | Ye who love - - | 13 |
| We've no abiding - | 51 | Yes, 'tis a - - - | 52 |
| What love is this - | 62 | Yes, we know - - | 25 |
| Whence those - - | 65 | | Z |
| When we lay - - | 21 | Zion is - - - | 83 |
| When we pass - - | 24 | Zion stands - - | 30 |
| When we stand - - | 23 | | |





