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A

SELECTION
OF
HYMNS,

W. P. ...

COMPILED AND ORIGINAL:

INTENDED AS A

Supplement

TO THE PSALMS AND HYMNS OF DR. WATTS.

FOR THE USE OF

THE PROTESTANT

DISSENTING CONGREGATIONS

OF THE INDEPENDENT ORDER,

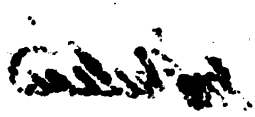
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1822.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE principal design of the present compilation is, in some degree, to obviate the difficulty, which perhaps every minister has found, in attempting to adapt hymns to his public discourses. It being altogether foreign to the wishes of the Editors, to supersede the excellent and standard volume of Watts,—they have rejected very generally such compositions as relate to themes, which his genius has made almost his own. They have not hoped to improve upon him, but, in the following Supplement, proceed on a principle which debars the presumption of rivalry, and the possibility of interference.

THROUGHOUT the volume, the Editors have been careful to preserve a uniform and unequivocal adherence to evangelical truth and practical holiness. Animated themselves by an inviolable attachment to the faith which was once delivered unto the saints, and devoted not less by conviction than profession to exalt the Divine Saviour, they

gladly embrace this opportunity of supplying to their respective congregations an increased facility of imitating Christians of the best and earliest period of the church in "singing Hymns to Christ, as God."

From the paraphrastic nature of this work it may not only prove of assistance to the preacher in supplying an appropriate hymn after the sermon, but when used in the other parts of devotional exercise, must tend to imbue them with the spirit of the sacred scriptures. Nor will it less commend itself as an auxiliary to the reading of those scriptures in the duties of secret and domestic religion.

If any disadvantage attend on the *method* of this Selection, it is the restriction necessarily laid by it upon the graces of discursive poetry. That some of the ensuing hymns are of a *prosaic* description, the Editors rather obey conviction, than anticipate criticism, in candidly admitting. Though this consequence was inevitable to the plan,—the importance of the plan, in their estimation, fully redeems it.

THE Work, following a scriptural arrangement, is its own Index,—and it appeared unnecessary to collate the *subjects* any farther than when accommodated to particular occasions.

To Montgomery, the Poet, they know not in what language to express their gratitude,—he not only allowing them the use of many beautiful pieces already in print, but having consented to write several originals expressly for this publication. These will confess themselves.

V

THE Editors dedicate this unpretending Volume to the churches and congregations under their pastoral care. In the tedious labors exacted by their task, they have been animated with the hope of contributing to the religious welfare of their people.

and

-19

of

EDWARD PARSONS,
THOMAS SCALES,
R. WINTER HAMILTON.

Leeds, Aug. 22nd, 1822.

Errata.

<i>Hymn</i>	<i>Verses</i>	<i>for</i>	<i>insert.</i>
93	2 last line,	,	.
106	2 first	these	those
117	2 last	horrors	honors
181	after text,	&	&c.
200	1 last	,	.
225	1 first	fom	from
217	3 last	,	.
232	2 second	eras	ears
281	1 fourth	loose	lose
423	1 second	breasts	breast
707	2 last	?	.

HYMNS.

GENESIS.

1

i. 3. *Let there be Light, &c.*

- 1 God spake the word, "Let light appear,"
And light came glittering through the air ;
Creation then in order rose,
And man adorn'd the glorious close ;
The angelic hosts God's praises sang,
With shouts the starry concave rang.
- 2 God speaks again, obedient light
Beams on our fallen nature's night,
And man by grace, thro' Christ, restor'd,
Lives by the same creating word ;
Behold the new creation rise,
It mounts and emulates the skies.
- 3 Speak, speak again, O potent voice !
That all thy children may rejoice ;
Both heaven and earth create anew,
And then let us thy glory view ;
With thee in bliss for ever dwell,
And of thy great redemption tell.

2

iii. 8. *They heard the voice of the Lord, &c.*

- 1 Not on the whirlwind's wings He flies,
Not in the thunder's voice He speaks,
But that the fallen man may rise,
The Lord his ruin'd creature seeks.

A

2 Not in the burning blaze of day,
 For fury hath no place in him,
 But placid as the evening ray,
 He comes, to sentence, and redeem.

3 iv. 4, 5. (Heb. xi. 4, xii.—24.) *And Abel, &c.*

- 1 IN outward forms, and costly gifts,
 No true devotion lies;
 The *holy* hand alone can bring
 A pleasing sacrifice.
- 2 The brothers now begin their rites,
 Observe their altars well;
 Abel in faith each victim kills,
 And Abel's gifts excel.
- 3 The envious Cain with rage beholds
 The bright approving signs;
 The grateful odour mounts the skies,
 And Cain in vain repines.
- 4 What tho' a cruel brother's hands,
 Blest saint! thou could'st not fly,
 Tho' short thy life, yet great thy fame,
 Thy faith shall never die.
- 5 His faith still speaks, thro' every age
 We hear its echoing voice,
 Mark the fair steps which he has trod,
 And make his God our choice.
- 6 But richer is the Saviour's blood
 Than all that Abel brings:
 It seals our peace, secures our hope,—
 It speaketh better things.

4 v. 24. (Heb. xi. 5.) *Enoch walked with God.*

- 1 O FOR a closer walk with God!
 A calm and heavenly frame;
 A light to shine upon the road,
 That leads me to the Lamb.

- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus, and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road,
That leads me to the Lamb.
- 5 v. 27. *And all the days of Methuselah, &c.*
- 1 LIKE shadows gliding o'er the plain,
Or clouds that roll successive on,
Man's busy generations pass;
And while we gaze, their forms are gone.
- 2 "He liv'd,—he died;" behold the sum,
The abstract of the historian's page!
Alike in God's all-seeing eye,
The infant's day, the patriarch's age.
- 3 O Father, in whose mighty hand
The boundless years and ages lie,
Teach us thy boon of life to prize;
And use the moments as they fly.

- 4 To crowd the narrow span of life
 With wise designs, and holy deeds ;
 So shall we honour thee on earth,
 Then share the glory that succeeds.

6

vi. 17. (1 Pet. iii. 20.) *Behold I bring a flood, &c.*

- 1 THE Deluge, at the Almighty's voice,
 In what impetuous streams it falls !
 Swallows the mountains in its rage,
 And an ungodly world appals.
- 2 How dire the wreck ! How loud the roar !
 How shrill the universal cry
 Of millions, in the last despair,
 Re-echo'd from the lowering sky !
- 3 Yet Noah, humble, happy Saint,
 Surrounded with the chosen few,
 Sat in his Ark, secure from fear,
 And sang the Grace that steer'd him thro'.
- 4 So may we sing, in Jesus safe,
 While storms of vengeance round us fall ;
 Conscious how high our hopes are fix'd,
 Beyond what shakes this earthly ball !

7

ix. 13. *I do set my bow in the cloud, &c.*

- 1 THOU great Supreme, with what delight
 Our eyes survey this heavenly sight ;
 And trace with admiration sweet,
 The beaming splendours of thy feet !
- 2 Around thy throne the rainbow shines,
 Fair emblem of thy kind designs ;
 A pledge, that speaks thy covenant sure,
 Long as thy kingdom shall endure.

- 3 No more shall deluges of woe
 Thy new created world o'erflow ;
 Jesus, our sun, his beams displays,
 And gilds the clouds with beautiful rays.
- 4 No gems so bright, no forms so fair ;
 Mercy and Truth still triumph there :
 Thy saints shall bless the peaceful sign,
 When stars and suns forget to shine.

8 xi. 9. *Therefore is the name of it called Babel, &c.*

- 1 THE sons of men, their name to raise,
 An impious project tried ;
 The Lord looks down, their work surveys,
 And blasts their haughty pride.
- 2 Their speech is chang'd to words unknown ;
 They leave their work, ashamed ;
 The strange design they carried on
 Was then *Confusion* nam'd.
- 3 Yet God at length his church will raise,
 From men of different tongues,
 Who shall unite to speak his praise,
 In everlasting songs.
- 4 Their voice and language will be one,
 Before the throne of God,
 And no *confusion* shall be known
 In that Divine abode.

9 xii. 3. (Gal, iii. 8.) *In thee shall all families, &c.*

- 1 COME thou universal blessing,
 Abraham's long-expected seed ;
 Every perfect gift possessing,
 Thee thy fallen creatures need.
 Let each family and nation
 Now thy gracious influence prove ;
 Bless them with thy full salvation,
 Bless them with thy heavenly love.

- 2 Happy is the man forgiven ;
 O let us this blessing feel ;
 Find in thee our present heaven,
 Pant for greater blessings still !
 O that we anew created
 May thine image here receive,
 Then to paradise translated,
 In thy glorious presence live.

10 xviii. 14. (Matt. xix. 26.) *Is any thing too hard, &c.*

- 1 To thee, Eternal power, to thee
 What work too arduous e'er can be !
 Thy names, thy nature, all thy ways,
 Demand our trust, demand our praise.
- 2 Thy Bounty thro' all worlds extends,
 Thy Knowledge all things comprehends ;
 Thy Wisdom all events combines,
 Thy Power fulfils thy vast desigus.
- 3 Immutable; almighty *Love* !
 Let earth beneath, let heaven above,
 Thy wonder-working hand proclaim,
 And sing thy wide extending fame !

11 xviii. 19. *He will command his children, &c.*

- 1 FATHER of all, thy care we bless,
 Which crowns our families with peace ;
 From thee they spring, and by thy hand
 They have been, and are still sustain'd.
- 2 To God, most worthy to be prais'd,
 Be our domestic altars rais'd ;
 Who, Lord of heaven, scorns not to dwell
 With saints in their obscurest cell.

GENESIS.

- 3 To thee may each united house,
 Morning and night, present its vows;
 Our servants there, and rising race,
 Be taught thy precepts and thy grace.
- 4 O may each future age proclaim
 The honours of thy glorious name;
 When, pleas'd and thankful, we remove
 To join the family above!

12 xviii. 25. (Ps. cxix. 75.) *Shall not the Judge &c.*

- 1 O God, whose thunder shakes the sky,
 Whose eye this atom globe surveys,
 To thee, my righteous Judge, I fly;
 Thy mercy, in thy justice, praise.
- 2 The mystic mazes of thy will,
 The shadows of celestial light,
 Are past the power of human skill,
 But what the Eternal does is right.
- 3 O teach me, in the trying hour,
 When anguish swells the dewy tear,
 To still my sorrows, own thy power,
 Thy goodness trust, thy justice fear.

13 xviii. 30. *O let not the Lord be angry, &c.*

- 1 O BE not angry, mighty God,
 While dust and ashes seek thy face;
 But gently bending from thy throne,
 Renew, and still increase the grace.
- 2 Jesus, the intercessor, hear,
 And for his sake thy grace impart,
 Which, while it stops the fiery stream,
 Dissolves the most obdurate heart.
- 3 Sodom shall change to Zion then,
 And heavenly dews be scatter'd round,

That plants of paradise may spring,
Where baleful poisons curs'd the ground.

14

xix. 17. *Escape for thy Life.*

- 1 HASTEN, O sinner ! *to be wise,*
And stay not for the morrow's sun ;
The longer wisdom you despise,
The harder is she to be won.
- 2 O hasten *mercy to implore,*
And stay not for the morrow's sun ;
For fear thy season should be o'er,
Before this evening's stage be run.
- 3 O hasten, sinner, *to return,*
And stay not for the morrow's sun,
For fear thy lamp should fail to burn,
Before the needful work be done.
- 4 O hasten, sinner, *to be blest,*
And stay not for the morrow's sun,
For fear the curse should thee arrest,
Before the morrow be begun.
- 5 O Lord, do thou the sinner turn !
Nor let him stay the morrow's sun :
O may he not thy counsel spurn,
But haste, deserved wrath to shun.

15

xx. 6. *I withheld thee from sinning against me.*

- 1 Is it a moral sense in man,
Reason, or pride, or virtue's power,
Which doth from passion's rage restrain,
And save us in the unguarded hour ?
- 2 No ; but a secret force of thine,
O Lord, preserves thro' ways unknown :
Withheld from sin by grace divine,
We give the praise to thee alone.

16

xxii. 14. *Jehovah-Jireh.*

- 1 THRO' every scene of time,
Oppress'd with various fears,
Jesus, thine arm divine
On our behalf appears ;
Thy power we thankfully proclaim,
And sing Jehovah-Jireh's name.
- 2 Whate'er thy will demands,
We cheerfully resign ;
How sweet are thy commands,
Thy comforts how divine !
Jehovah-Jireh, thou art ours,
In fierce temptation's darkest hours.
- 3 In thine appointed way
Thou wilt for us provide,
Till that bright joyful day,
That seats us near thy side :
To sing responsive to their claims,
ALL our Jehovah's wondrous names.

17

xxiv. 31. *Come in, thou blessed of the Lord, &c.*

- 1 COME in, thou blessed of the Lord,
Enter in Jesus' precious name,
We welcome thee with one accord,
And trust the Saviour does the same.
- 2 Those joys which earth cannot afford,
We'll seek in fellowship to prove,
Join'd in one spirit to our Lord,
Together bound by mutual love.
- 3 And while we pass this vale of tears,
We'll make our joys and sorrows known ;
We'll share each other's hopes and fears,
And count a brother's cares our own.

- 4 Once more our welcome we repeat,
 Receive assurance of our love :
 O may we all together meet,
 Around the throne of God above!

18 xxviii. 12. *And behold a ladder, &c.*

- 1 SEE yonder ladder, mystic scale,
 Rear'd by Eternal hands,
 Extending far above the clouds,
 While on the earth it stands,
- 2 Here I am led in thought to thee,
 My Saviour and my God;
 And here the only way I learn
 To thy divine abode.
- 3 By thee the angels speed their flight
 To visit saints below ;
 Their task fulfill'd, by thee ascend
 Thy sovereign will to know.
- 4 Angels and saints on earth are one,
 Thro' thy redeeming grace ;
 With kindred joy their homage pay,
 In concert sing thy praise.
- 5 May holy angels be our guard,
 And guide us to thy seat,—
 Till we with all thy saints appear,
 To worship at thy feet.

19 xxviii. 17. *How dreadful is this place, &c.*

- 1 THE cloud hath fill'd the sacred place,
 The glory hath appear'd,
 The Lord hath shed abroad his grace,
 And all our hearts are cheer'd.
- 2 How dread and solemn this abode !
 Such blessings have been given,

As prove it is the house of God,
The very gate of heaven.

- 3 Lord, we would all our Sabbaths spend
In such divine employ,
Till every earthly work shall end
In heaven's eternal joy.

20 xxviii. 20—22. *If God will be with me, &c.*

- 1 O God of Jacob, by whose hand
Thine Israel still is fed,
Who thro' this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led ;
- 2 If Thou, thro' each perplexing path,
Wilt be our constant guide ;
If Thou wilt daily bread supply,
And raiment wilt provide ;
- 3 If Thou wilt spread thy shield around,
Fill these our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's lov'd abode,
Our souls arrive in peace ;—
- 4 To Thee, as to our covenant God,
We'll our whole selves resign ;
And count, that not a part alone,
But all we have is thine.

21 xxxii. 26. *I will not let thee go, &c.*

- 1 LORD, we cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow ;
Do not turn away thy face,
From our urgent, pressing case.
- 2 Thou hast help'd in every need,
This emboldens us to plead ;
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let us sink at last ?

- 3 No, we must maintain our hold,
 'Tis thy goodness makes us bold;
 We can no denial take,
 When we plead for Jesus' sake.

22 xxxvii. 20. &c. *Come and let us slay him, &c.*

- 1 SEE how to Jacob's favourite son,
 Jehovah makes his glory known;
 In him the secrets of his will,
 He doth mysteriously fulfil.
- 2 His brethren hate him, and contrive
 His death, by whom they all must live;
 He's sold at last, and made a slave,
 That he their guilty lives might save.
- 3 At length he drops his servile chains,
 In grandeur next to Pharaoh reigns,
 And Jacob's sons before him bow;—
 His dreams are all accomplish'd now.
- 4 Thus Jesus doth his brethren save,
 For them his precious life he gave;
 Hated and sold, condemn'd and slain;
 He rises, o'er his church to reign.

23 xlii. 21. (Acts xxiv. 16.) *We are verily, &c.*

- 1 THO' in prosperity's gay hour
 Conscience may sleep, a torpid power,
 Yet, in affliction's gloomy day,
 She wakes, and re-assumes her sway.
- 2 'Twas thus, tho' far the lapse of time
 Had driv'n the memory of their crime,
 When with affliction's gloom o'erspread,
 The sons of Jacob spoke their dread.

- 3 " We saw and heard with stern disdain,
 " An injur'd brother once complain ;
 " As deaf to all his prayers we stood,
 " On us must fall the weight of blood."
- 4 A guilty conscience, what a foe !
 It poisons every bliss below ;
 A peaceful conscience, what a friend !
 It leads to joys that never end.
- 5 Almighty God ! thine aid we pray,
 To guard us in the trying day ;
 Where'er our duty bids us go,
 A smiling conscience may we know.

24 *xlvi. 16. The Angel which redeemed me, &c.*

- 1 THE great redeeming Angel, thee,
 O Jesus, we confess ;
 And still our great deliverer be,
 And all our offspring bless.
- 2 Thou that hast borne our sins away,
 Our children's sins remove,
 And bring them thro' their evil day,
 To sing thy praise above.
- 3 Partakers of our nature, make
 Partakers of thy grace,
 And then the heirs of glory take
 To dwell before thy face.

25 *xlvi. 21. I die, but God shall be with you, &c.*

- 1 AMID the anguish and the strife,
 That shrinking nature fears,
 Look gently down, great source of life,
 And dry death's starting tears !

- 2 Serene, like Jacob, we would die,
 And "gather up our feet:"
 Would chide the lingering hours, and fly,
 Our Saviour God to meet.
- 3 Our dearest comforts we could leave,
 With glory in our eyes;
 Would wipe the tears of those that grieve,
 And point them to the skies.
- 4 Our trembling lips, if thou art nigh,
 When life's sad hours are few,
 With joy shall say—"Behold we die,
 "But God shall be with you."

26 l. 24. (Heb. xi. 22.) *God will surely visit you, &c.*

- 1 WHEN Joseph, like a setting sun,
 Had his long course of glory run,
 By faith he told what scenes should rise,
 When death's cold hand had clos'd his eyes.
- 2 "I die," he to his brethren cried,
 "But God shall be your guard and guide,
 "And lead you from this foreign strand,
 "Safe into Canaan's promis'd land.
- 3 "Then shall ye bear my bones away,
 "And in that cave my ashes lay,
 "Where waits my parent's sleeping dust
 "The resurrection of the just."
- 4 Thus, should we die before the days
 When CHRIST shall his high standard raise,
 And ride triumphant thro' the earth,
 Our faith shall hail our future birth.

EXODUS.

27 ii. 6. *And behold the babe, &c.*

- 1 TREMBLING with tenderest alarms,
A mournful mother bore
Her babe, close cradled in her arms,
To Nile's green sloping shore.
- 2 Long bending o'er her sleeping son,
With prayers and tears she stood ;—
And then the tyrant's rage to shun,
She launch'd him on the flood.
- 3 Forlorn, in ark of bulrush left,
Misfortune's meekest child,
Of every human hope bereft,
Moan'd to the waters wild.
- 4 A guide unseen, along the strand,
The Egyptian princess led :
The babe held out its little hand,
And tears resistless shed.
- 5 Soft pity touch'd her royal breast ;
She drew him from the wave :—
Lord, be thy Providence confess'd,
Which thus from death can save !

28 iii. 2. (*Acts vii. 30, &c.*) *He looked, &c.*

- 1 Go where a foot hath never trod,
Thro' unfrequented forests flee ;
The wilderness is full of God,
His presence dwells in every tree.

- 2 To Israel, and to Egypt dead,
Moses, the fugitive, appears;
Unknown he liv'd, till o'er his head
Had fall'n the snow of fourscore years.
- 3 But God his faithful servant found,
In his appointed hour and place;
The desert sands grew holy ground,
And Horeb's rock a throne of grace.
- 4 The humble bush a tree became,
A tree of beauty and of light,
Involv'd with unconsuming flame,
That made the noon around it night.
- 5 Thence came the Eternal voice, that spake
Salvation to the chosen seed;
Thence went the Almighty arm, that brake
Proud Pharaoh's yoke, and Israel freed.
- 6 By Moses, old and slow of speech,
What glorious miracles were shown!
Jehovah's minister,—to teach
That power belongs to God alone.

29 iii. 7—9. (Acts vii. 34.) *I have surely seen, &c.*

- 1 OUT of the iron furnace, Lord,
To thee for help, we cry;
We listen to thy warning word,
And would from bondage fly.
- 2 Long have we bow'd to sin's command,
But now we would be free,
'Scape from the dire oppressor's land,
And live, O God, to thee.
- 3 Hast thou not surely seen our grief?
Hast thou not heard our groan?
O hasten then to our relief,
In pitying love come down.

30 iii. 14. (Heb. xi. 6.) *I am that I am.*

- 1 "TELL them I AM;" Jehovah said
To Moses, while earth shook with dread;
And, smitten to the heart,
At once above, beneath, around,
All nature, without voice or sound,
Replied:—"O LORD! THOU ART."
- 2 HE IS:—each humble suppliant now,
Who at his footstool comes to bow,
Believes, confesses this:
And he rewards, tho' frail and weak,
All those who diligently seek
Him as their only bliss.

31 x. 23. *The children of Israel had light, &c.*

- 1 WHILE Egypt lies enwrap't in night,
And horror reigns in every mind,
Where Israel dwells, there wondrous light
Diffuses peace and joy refin'd.
- 2 So grace shall round the righteous shine,
In tents of poverty and woe;
While all the powers of wrath combine,
To lay their proud oppressors low.
- 3 Tho' all the world in darkness lies,
Where'er his ransom'd sons may rest,
The Sun of Righteousness shall rise,
In all his richest glories drest.
- 4 Thro' every scene of suffering here,
His light and comfort still prevail;
Nor can our faith admit a fear,
Should all the springs of nature fail.

32 xiii. 22, (Isa. iv. 5.) *He took not away, &c.*

- 1 **WHILE** passing thro' this wilderness,
 Jesus, thy helpless children see,
 With comfort and protection bless
 The church redeem'd, and call'd by thee.
 A cloud by day, a fire by night,
 Defend us by the heavenly light.
- 2 Take not the sacred signs away,
 The tokens of thy guardian power ;
 Preserv'd by night, refresh'd by day,
 Refresh'd by many a gracious shower ;
 Cover us with thy cloud divine,
 And in the fiery pillar shine.
- 3 With all thy people here below,
 Who in thy pardoning love confide,
 With them thy presence still shall go,
 And to that heavenly Canaan guide,
 Where Israel finds, of thee possess,
 The land of everlasting rest.

33 xiv. 13. *The Egyptians whom ye have seen, &c.*

- 1 **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.

34 xiv. 20. *And it was a cloud and darkness, &c.*

1 COME not, O Lord! in the dread robe of
 splendour, [thine ire,
 Thou wor'st on the mount, in the day of
 Come veil'd in those shadows, deep, awful,
 but tender,
 Which mercy flings over thy features of fire.

2 Lord! thou rememb'rest the night, when
 thy nation [stream,
 Stood fronting her foe by the red-rolling
 On Egypt thy pillar frown'd dark desolation,
 While Israel bask'd all the night in its beam.

3 So when the dread clouds of anger enfold
 thee,
 From us, in thy mercy the dark side remove;
 While shrouded in terrors the guilty behold
 thee,
 Oh! turn upon us the mild light of thy love.

35 xiv. 23. *The Egyptians pursued, &c.*

1 TEMPTED soul and deeply tried,
 Now in Israel's God confide;
 See Jehovah's mighty power
 Saves them in the dangerous hour;
 Hosts behind, and seas before;—
 Canst thou be exposed more?

2 See his wonder-working hand!
 While the people trembling stand,

Seas divide, and make a road,
 At the voice of Israel's God.
 Egypt strives in vain to fly;
 Waves return, they sink, they die.

- 3 Every enemy is lost;
 Israel, in Jehovah boast.—
 Tempted soul, in God repose,
 He shall vanquish all thy foes;
 Full salvation thou shalt see,
 More than conqueror thou shalt be.

36 xv. 20. *And Miriam the prophetess, &c.*

- 1 SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark
 sea!

Jehovah has triumph'd,—his people are free.
 Sing—for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
 His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and
 brave; [but spoken,

How vain was their boasting! the Lord has
 And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the
 wave. [sea,

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark
 Jehovah has triumph'd,—his people are free.

- 2 Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord,
 His word was our arrow, his breath was our
 sword!

Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
 Of those she sent forth in the hour of her
 pride? [of glory,

For the Lord hath look'd out from his pillar
 And all her brave thousands are dash'd in
 the tide. [sea,

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark
 Jehovah has triumph'd—his people are free.

37 xvi. 23. *To-morrow is the Rest, &c.*

- 1 SAFELY thro' another week
God has brought us on our way ;
Let us now a blessing seek
On the approaching sabbath-day :
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest !
- 2 When the morn shall bid us rise,
Let us feel thy presence near :
May thy glory meet our eyes,
When we in thy house appear !
There afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.
- 3 May thy Spirit's voice resound,
Conquer sinners, comfort saints ;
Make the fruits of grace abound ;
Banish cares, and quell complaints !
Thus let all our sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

38 xvii. 11. *When Moses held up his hand, &c.*

- 1 OUR banner is the eternal God,
Nor will we yield to fear ;
Amidst ten thousand fierce assaults,
His mighty aid is near.
- 2 To him the hands of faith we stretch,
And plead experienc'd grace ;
To him the voice of prayer we raise,
Nor will he hide his face.
- 3 No more, proud Amalek, thy boast,
" God's arm is feeble grown ;"
His sword shall cut off ev'ry foe
That dares insult his throne.

- 4 Our fainting hands, how soon they droop;
 But thou the weak canst raise;
 And in the mount of prayer erect
 An altar to thy praise.

39 *xx. 24. (Isa. liv. 2.) In all places where I, &c.*

- 1 GREAT God, where'er thy people meet,
 There they behold thy mercy-seat;
 Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
 And every place is hallow'd ground.
- 2 For thou, without no walls confin'd,
 Inhabitest the humble mind;
 Such ever bring thee, where they come,
 And going, take thee to their home.
- 3 Thou Shepherd of thy chosen few!
 Thy former mercies here renew;
 Here, to our waiting hearts proclaim
 The sweetness of thy saving name.
- 4 Here may we prove the power of prayer,
 To strengthen faith, and sweeten care;
 To teach our faint desires to rise,
 And bring all heaven before our eyes.
- 5 Behold, at thy commanding word,
 We stretch the curtain and the cord;
 Come thou, and fill this wider space,
 And bless us with a large increase.
- 6 Lord, we are few, but thou art near;
 Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear;
 Oh rend the heavens, come quickly down,
 And make a thousand hearts thine own!

40 *xxv. 22. I will commune with thee from, &c.*

- 1 HIGH and exalted is thy throne,
 Thou God of righteousness;

Thy vengeance there thou makest known,
And there thy richest grace.

2 Myriads redeem'd from earth and hell,
Around thy throne appear,
And with incessant transports tell
The love that brought them there.

3 There all the angelic legions bow,
With cover'd face and feet ;
Thither may sinners also go,
For 'tis a mercy seat.

4 Then I'll approach with holy fear,
And humble confidence ;
For he who spreads his terrors there,
Dispenses blessings thence.

41 xxxii. 26. *Who is on the Lord's side ?*

1 WHAT bosom, moved with pious zeal,
Doth for its God's dishonour feel?
What heart with generous ardour glows,
To plead his cause against his foes?

2 Great God, what bosom can be cold?
What coward must not here grow bold?
While honour, interest, truth, and love,
Combine our inmost souls to move?

3 Around thy standard, Lord, we press,
Thine injur'd honour to redress,
And with determin'd voice demand
The signal of thy conquering hand.

42 xxxiii. 14. *And he said, My presence, &c.*

1 LORD, in a wilderness I rove,
With foes and fears opprest ;
Grant me the presence of thy love,
For that will give me rest.

- 2 Cheerful I'll walk the desert thro',
 If with thy presence blest ;
 Nor fear what earth or hell can do,
 For thou wilt give me rest.
- 3 When snares and dangers fill the way,
 And I am sore distrest ;
 I'll fly to thee, my strength and stay ;
 For thou wilt give me rest.
- 4 The happy day is drawing nigh,
 When I shall be releas'd ;
 And rise to dwell with thee on high,
 In everlasting rest.

43 xxxiii. 18. *I beseech thee, show me thy glory.*

- 1 THOU centre of my warm desires,
 To thee my panting heart aspires ;
 I cry, as at thy feet I bow,
 Father, to me thy glory show.
- 2 Opprest with various griefs I mourn,
 As one forsaken and forlorn ;
 Thy gracious presence grant me now,
 Father, to me thy glory show.
- 3 Dispel the gloom of nature's night,
 And grant me thy celestial light ;
 The Spirit of thy grace bestow,
 And to my soul thy glory show.
- 4 Thy bright perfections clearly shine,
 In Christ thy Son, with beams divine ;
 Father reveal thy Son in me,
 And let me now thy glory see.

44 xxxiii. 19. *I will make all my goodness, &c.*

- 1 O God, my hope, my heavenly rest,
 My all of happiness below,

- Grant my importunate request,
 To me, to me thy goodness show;
 Thy beatific face display,
 The brightness of eternal day!
- 2 Before my faith's enlighten'd eyes,
 Make all thy glorious goodness pass!
 Thy goodness is the sight I prize;
 O may I see thy smiling face!
 Thy nature in my soul proclaim,
 Reveal thy love, thy glorious name!
- 3 O put me in the cleft; empower
 My soul the glorious sight to bear!
 Descend in this accepted hour;
 Pass by me, and thy name declare;
 Thy wrath withdraw, thy hand remove,
 And show thyself the God of Love.

45 xxxiv. 6—8. *The Lord passed by, &c.*

- 1 ATTEND, my soul, the voice divine,
 And mark what beaming glories shine
 Around thy condescending God!
 To us; to us, he still proclaims
 His awful, his endearing names:
 Attend, and sound them all abroad.
- 2 " Jehovah I, the sovereign Lord,
 " The mighty God, by heaven ador'd,
 " Down to the earth my footsteps bend:
 " My heart the tenderest pity knows,
 " Goodness full streaming wide o'erflows,
 " And grace and truth shall never end.
- 3 " My patience long can crimes endure:
 " My pardoning love is ever sure,
 " When penitential sorrow mourns;
 " To millions, thro' unnumber'd years,
 " New hope and new delight it bears;
 " Yet wrath against the sinner burns."

- 4 Make haste, my soul, the vision meet,
 All prostrate at thy Sovereign's feet,
 And drink the tuneful accents in;
 Speak on, my Lord, repeat the voice,
 Diffuse these heart-expanding joys,
 Till heaven complete the rapturous scene.
-

LEVITICUS.

46

vi. 13. *The fire shall ever be, &c.*

- 1 O THOU, descending from above,
 The pure, celestial fire impart;
 Kindle a flame of sacred love
 On the mean altar of my heart!
- 2 There let it for thy glory burn
 With inextinguishable blaze,
 And trembling to its source return,
 In humble prayer, and fervent praise.
- 3 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
 To think, and speak, and work for thee;
 Still let me guard the holy fire,
 And still stir up thy gift in me.
- 4 Ready for all thy perfect will,
 My acts of faith and love repeat,
 Till death thine endless mercies seal,
 And make my sacrifice complete.

47

x. 1. 2. *And Nadab and Abihu, &c.*

- 1 'GAINST Aaron's sons, most holy Lord,
 How fierce thine anger burn'd!
 The affrighted camp, their fate deplor'd,
 And trembled as they mourn'd.

- 2 Before the sacred tent they came,
 But not with sacred fire ;
 Forth burst the fierce devouring flame,
 Nor could the priests retire.
- 3 Dread sovereign, may we never dare
 Unhallow'd gifts to bring,
 Nor think deception's mask to wear,
 Before the immortal King.
- 4 To thee be soul and body brought,
 Thy blessing to obtain ;
 Nor let us with a wandering thought
 Thy holy courts profane.

48 xxv. 9. *Thou shalt cause the Trumpet, &c.*

- 1 **Blow ye the trumpet, blow,**
 The gladly solemn sound
 Let all the nations know,
 To earth's remotest bound ;
 The year of Jubilee is come,
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 2 **Exalt the Lamb of God,**
 The sin-atoning Lamb ;
 Redemption by his blood
 Thro' all the world proclaim ;
 The year of Jubilee is come,
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 3 **Ye, who have sold for nought**
 The heritage above,
 Shall have it back unbought,
 The gift of Jesus' love ;
 The year of Jubilee is come,
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 4 **Ye slaves of sin and hell,**
 Your liberty receive,

And safe in Jesus dwell,
 And blest in Jesus live ;
 The year of Jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

- 5 The gospel trumpet hear,
 The news of pardoning grace ;
 Ye happy souls, draw near,
 Behold your Saviour's face ;
 The year of Jubilee is come,
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

NUMBERS.

49 vi. 25, 26. *The Lord make his Face to shine, &c.*

- 1 ETERNAL Sun of righteousness,
 Display thy beams divine,
 And cause the glory of thy face
 Upon my heart to shine.
- 2 Light in thy light, O may I see,
 Thy grace and mercy prove,
 Reviv'd, and cheer'd, and blest by thee,
 The God of pardoning love.
- 3 Lift up thy countenance serene,
 And let thy happy child
 Behold, without a cloud between,
 The Godhead reconcil'd.
- 4 That all-comprising peace bestow
 On me thro' grace forgiven,
 The joys of holiness below,
 And then the joys of heaven.

50 ix. 23. *At the Commandment of the Lord, &c.*

- 1 FATHER, thy will be done !
 To thee I all resign,

- The sole Disposer of thine own,
Dispose of me, and mine.
- 2 Father, I here abide,
Thy pleasure to fulfil ;
My soul and all its motions guide
By thy most holy will.
- 3 The counsels of thy love
Be on my heart imprest ;
It then shall at thy bidding move,
And at thy bidding rest.
- 4 Whate'er my God ordain,
Contented and resign'd,
I wait, I watch, in ease, in pain,
The tokens of thy mind.
- 5 To labour on for thee,
If thou appoint, I come ;
Or let the cloud remain on me,
And bring me to the tomb.

51 x. 2. *Make thee Trumpets of Silver, &c.*

- 1 Loud let the tuneful trumpet sound,
And spread the joyful tidings round ;
Let every soul with transport hear,
And hail the Lord's accepted year.
- 2 Ye debtors, whom he gives to know,
That you ten thousand talents owe,
When humbled at his feet ye fall,
Your gracious Lord forgives them all.
- 3 Slaves, that have borne the heavy chain
Of sin and hell's tyrannic reign,
To liberty assert your claim,
And urge the great Redeemer's name.
- 4 The rich inheritance you lost,
Restor'd, improv'd, you now may boast :
And see that Jubilee begun,
Which thro' eternal years shall run.

52 xi. 29. (Phil. i. 18.) *Enviest thou for my sake, &c.*

- 1 SHALL we the Spirit's course restrain,
Or quench the heavenly fire?
Let God his messengers ordain,
And whom he will inspire.
- 2 Blow as he list, the Spirit's choice
Of instruments we bless;
And will, if Christ be preach'd, rejoice,
And wish the word success.
- 3 O that the church might all receive
The Spirit from on high;
And all in Christ accepted live,
In Him accepted die!

53 xxii. 9. *From the top of the rocks, &c.*

- 1 COME let us stand upon the rock
Where Balaam stood, and wondering look
Upon the scene below;
The tents of Jacob goodly seem,
The people happy we esteem,
Whom God has favour'd so.
- 2 The sons of Israel stand alone,
Jehovah claims them for his own,
His cause and their's the same:
He sav'd them from the tyrant's hand,
Allots to them a pleasant land,
And calls them by his name.
- 3 Their toils have almost reach'd a close,
And soon they're destin'd to repose
Within the promis'd land;
Its rising hills e'en now are seen,
Enrich'd with everlasting green,
Where Israel soon shall stand.

- 4 Fair emblem of a better rest,
Of which believers are possest,
 Beyond material space !
E'en now we see the heavenly shore,
Where sin and sorrow are no more,
 And long to reach the place.
- 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.

54 xxiii. 10. *Let me die the death of the righteous, &c.*

- 1 How blest the righteous are,
When they resign their breath !
Balaam might well desire to share
 In such a happy death.
- 2 " Oh ! let me die," said he,
 " The death the righteous do ;
 " When life is ended, let me be
 " Found with the faithful few."
- 3 But ah ! his wish was vain,
His heart was insincere ;
He thirsted for unrighteous gain,
 And sought a portion here.
- 4 The force of truth, how great !
When enemies confess,
None but the righteous, whom they hate,
 A solid hope possess.

55 xxiii. 19. *God is not a man, &c.*

- 1 MAN is a creature of the dust,
Of weak and wasting frame,
And they who on his promise trust,
 Are often put to shame.

- 2 Intending good, he wants the power
 His purpose to fulfil ;
 Or what occurs the following hour,
 May change his wavering will.
- 3 He may repent, or he may lie ;
 Deceitful is his heart :
 But think not that the Lord most high
 Can act a faithless part.
- 4 He speaks in mercy, and his word
 In mercy is fulfill'd :
 Believe, ye saints, your faithful Lord,
 And on his promise build.

56 xxiv. 17. *There shall come a star, &c.*

- 1 FORETOLD by the reluctant seer,
 The star is out of Jacob come :
 The King from Israel did appear,
 His church's foes receiv'd their doom,
 And Christ our manifested God,
 Hath Satan with his works destroy'd.
- 2 Yet come, thou radiant morning star,
 Again in human darkness shine ;
 Arise, resplendent from afar,
 Assert thy royalty divine :
 Thy sway o'er all the earth maintain,
 And now begin thy glorious reign.

57 xxvii. 16. *Let the God of the spirits, &c.*

- 1 FATHER of spirits, from thy hand
 Our souls immortal came ;
 And still thine energy divine
 Supports the ethereal flame.
- 2 By thee our spirits all are known ;
 And each remotest thought

- Lies wide expanded to his eye,
By whom their powers were wrought.
- 3 To thee, when mortal comforts fail,
Thy flock deserted flies;
And, on the eternal Shepherd's care,
Our cheerful hope relies.
- 4 When o'er thy faithful servants' dust
Thy dear assemblies mourn,
In speedy tokens of thy grace,
O, Israel's God, return!
- 5 With faithful heart, with skilful hand,
May this thy flock be fed;
And with a steady, growing pace,
To Zion's mount be led.

DEUTERONOMY.

58 iv. 7. *Who hath God so nigh unto them, &c.*

- 1 So near are all thy saints to thee,
So precious in thy sight,
That thou, O Lord, wilt ever own
And make them thy delight.
- 2 They are thy children born of thee,
The children of thy love;
And thy paternal kind regard,
No more wilt thou remove.
- 3 No portion lies so near thy heart,
As Jacob's chosen race;
On them is every gift bestowed,
From thine abundant grace.
- 4 Then be thy saints for ever dear,
For ever near to thee;
And while thy church is my abode,
Oh be thou near to me!

59 vi. 4. (Mark xii. 29.) *The Lord our God is one Lord.*

- 1 **ETERNAL** God! Almighty Cause
Of earth and seas and worlds unknown!
All things are subject to thy laws;
All things depend on thee alone.
- 2 Thy glorious being singly stands,
Of all within itself possest;
Controll'd by none are thy commands,
Thou from thyself alone art blest.
- 3 To thee alone ourselves we owe,
Let heaven and earth due homage pay;
All other Gods we disavow,
Deny their claims, renounce their sway.
- 4 Spread thy great name thro' heathen lands,
Their idol deities dethrone;
Reduce the world to thy commands,
And reign, as thou art, God alone.

60 viii. 2. *Thou shalt remember all the way, &c.*

- 1 **THRO'** all life's dark and rugged way,
What scenes of love does God display!
How wise, how kind his holy will;
Remember how he leads thee still.
- 2 Thro' storms and tempests, snares and death,
He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath;
His faithful promise to fulfil,
Remember how he leads thee still.
- 3 'Tis all to humble thee, and prove
His wisdom, goodness, power, and love;
To try thy heart, and bow thy will,
Remember how he leads thee still.

61 xviii. 15. (Acts iii. 22.) *The Lord will raise up, &c.*

- 1 " A PROPHEt like to me,
 " God from yourselves shall raise ;
 " Him shall ye hear, and woe shall be
 " To him that disobeys."
- 2 Thus to the Jewish tribes,
 With heaven-illumin'd mind,
 Moses, the man of God, describes
 The Saviour of mankind.
- 3 This greater prophet bears
 Doctrines divine and new,
 And in the highest sense appears
 A Mediator too.
- 4 To him let us attend,
 The glorious Son of God,
 On him our best affections bend,
 And tread the path he trod.
- 5 His laws, how just and pure!
 How firm the hopes he gives!
 For ever shall his truth endure,
 Since he for ever lives.

62 xxvi. 9. *A Land that floweth, &c.*

- 1 WHEN on Canaan's beauties musing,
 Nothing seems to us so fair ;
 Every other lot refusing,
 We would dwell for ever there ;
 Earthly treasures
 Fading all and worthless are.
- 2 There eternal summer glowing
 Never yields to winter's force ;
 Streams of living water flowing
 All enliven in their course ;
 Streams that issue
 From a never-failing source.

- 3 Trees of life, spontaneous growing,
 There on every side are found;
 Softest breezes ever blowing,
 Rich with fragrance, breathe around :
 Sweetest pleasures
 There in all their forms abound.
- 4 Canaan's sun abides for ever,
 Her's is day without a night,
 Darkness there approaches never,
 All is calm and all is bright ;
 Great her glory !
 Canaan shines with endless light.

63 xxviii. 2—6. *All these blessings shall come, &c.*

- 1 To caution Israel's careless throng,
 What awful curses roll along!
 But to encourage humble souls,
 How full the stream of mercy rolls !
- 2 "Blest in the city, and the field,
 "If thou to God obedience yield ;
 "Thine offspring numerous shalt thou see,
 "And from disease thy cattle free.
- 3 "Blest in thy basket and thy store,
 "Fruit-giving rains shall round thee pour ;
 "At home, abroad, in war or peace,
 "Thy God shall give thee large increase."
- 4 Great are these gifts, but greater far
 Those which by Jesus promised are :
 Uncertain all things here below,—
 He can eternal life bestow.

64 xxxii. 9. *The Lord's portion is his people, &c.*

- 1 SOVEREIGN of nature, all is thine,
 The air, the earth, the sea :
 By thee the orbs celestial shine,
 And angels live by thee.

2 What treasure wilt thou then confess?

And thy own portion call?

What by *peculiar* right possess,

Imperial Lord of all?

3 Thine Israel wilt thou stoop to claim,

And mark them out for thine?

Ten thousand praises to thy name,

For goodness so divine!

4 That I am thine, my soul would boast,

And boast its claim to thee:

Nor shall God's property be lost,

Nor God depart from me.

65 xxxii. 49, 50. *Get thee up into this Mountain, &c.*

1 SWEET was the journey to the sky

The holy prophet tried;

"Climb up the mount," said God, "and die,"

The prophet climb'd, and died.

2 Softly his fainting head he lay

Upon his Maker's breast,

His Maker sooth'd his soul away,

And laid his flesh to rest.

3 In God's own arms he left the breath

That God's own spirit gave;

His was the noblest road to death,

And his the sweetest grave.

66 xxxiii. 3. *All his saints are in thy hand, &c.*

1 REJOICE, ye saints, no longer mourn;

Let all your griefs to gladness turn;

In Jesus' kingdom now ye stand,

And every saint is in his hand.

2 Should storms and tempests dreadful rise,

And clouds of darkness veil the skies;

Jehovah will the storm command,
For every saint is in his hand.

- 3 Whate'er your troubles in the way,
Or storms, or foes, or night, or day;
Ye may with dauntless courage stand,
For Jesus holds you in his hand.
- 4 Should death approach with all its train
Of gloom and horror, fear and pain;
Around your bed will angels stand,
And Jesus raise you with his hand.

67 xxxiii. 26. *There is none like unto the God, &c.*

1 NONE is like Jeshurun's God!
So great, so strong, so high!
Lo! he spreads his wings abroad,
He rides upon the sky!
Israel is his first-born son;
God, the almighty God, is thine;
See him to thy help come down,
The excellence divine.

2 Thee the great Jehovah deigns,
To succour and defend;
Thee the eternal God sustains,
Thy Maker and thy Friend;
Christian what hast thou to dread?
Safe from all impending harms,
Round thee, and beneath, are spread
The everlasting arms.

68 xxxiii. 29. *Happy art thou, O Israel, &c.*

1 O ISRAEL, blest beyond compare!
Unrival'd all thy glories are:
Jehovah deigns to fill thy throne,
And calls thine interest all his own.

- 2 He is thy Saviour, he thy Lord :
His shield is thine, and thine his sword :
Review, in extacy of thought,
The grand redemption he has wrought.
- 3 Not Jacob's sons of old could boast
Such favours to their chosen host ;
Their glories, which through ages shine,
Are but dim shades and types of thine.
- 4 Celestial Spirit, teach our tongue
Sublimier strains than Moses sung,
Proportion'd to the sweeter name
Of God the Saviour, and the Lamb.

JOSHUA.

69

i. 2. *Moses my servant is dead, &c.*

- 1 WHAT tho' the arm of conquering death
Does God's own house invade ?
What tho' the prophet, and the priest
Be number'd with the dead ?
- 2 Tho' earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged, and the young,
The watchful eye in darkness clos'd,
And mute the instructive tongue ;
- 3 The eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort he imparts ;
His eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our hearts.
- 4 Thro' every scene of life and death,
This promise is our trust ;
And this shall be our children's song,
When we are cold in dust.

70 v. 14. *As Captain of the host, &c.*

- 1 CAPTAIN of thine enlisted host,
Display thy glorious banner high;
Thy summons send from coast to coast,
And call a countless army nigh.
- 2 A solemn jubilee proclaim,
Proclaim the great sabbatic day;
Assert the glories of thy name,
And spoil the mighty of his prey.
- 3 Now bid thy heralds publish round,
The wondrous triumph of thy grace,
Till the wide universe resound
With thy deserv'd and endless praise.

71 vii. 8, 9. *O Lord what shall I say, &c.*

- 1 AH! Lord behold thy people flee!
The people whom thine arm redeem'd,
Thy vanquish'd host retreating see,
Invincible till now esteem'd.
- 2 Encourag'd by this fatal day,
How will the nations gather round!
Thy people will become their prey,
And Israel's name no more be found.
- 3 O let that hour be far remov'd!
For how will then the heathen boast!
Will they not say, thine arm has prov'd
Too feeble to protect thine host?
- 4 Return, return, O God, our King,
Remember, Lord, thy glorious name;
O let thy presence victory bring,
And Israel's foes be put to shame!

72 vii. 10. *Wherefore trest thou thus upon thy, &c.*

- 1 **LORD**, who hast suffer'd all for me,
My peace and pardon to procure,
The lighter cross, I bear for thee,
Help me with patience to endure.
- 2 **Man** should not faint at thy rebuke,
Like Joshua falling on his face,
When the curs'd thing that Achan took
Brought Israel into just disgrace.
- 3 Perhaps some golden wedge suppress'd,
Some secret sin offends my God ;
Perhaps some Babylonish vest
Excites his frown, provokes his rod.
- 4 Let me not angrily declare,
No pain was ever sharp like mine ;
Nor murmur at the cross I bear,
But rather weep, remembering thine !

73 x. 12. *Sun, stand thou still, &c.*

- 1 " **STAND** still, refulgent orb of day,"
A Jewish hero cries ;
So shall, at last, an angel say,
And tear it from the skies.
- 2 A flame intenser than the sun
Shall melt his golden urn ;
Time's empty glass no more shall run,
Nor human years return.
- 3 Then, with immortal splendor bright,
That glorious orb shall rise,
Which thro' eternity shall light
The new-created skies.
- 4 His moral triumph then complete,—
Jesus, our Lord, shall place

Before his heavenly Father's seat,
The heirs of life and grace.

- 5 Then, sun of nature! roll along,
And bear our years away ;
The sooner shall we join the song
Of everlasting day.

74 xviii. 3. *How long are ye slack to go to, &c.*

- 1 **WHEN** we believe the promise sure,
No more the promis'd land we slight ;
No more with murmuring thoughts endure
The cross that brings the crown of light.
- 2 Then in our Leader's glorious name,
Forward our souls will boldly press ;
Our portion in the land we claim,
Nor doubt that portion to possess.
- 3 The faithful word, so freely given,
Secures the joy of perfect rest ;
Makes saints on earth like saints in heav'n,
As safe and then as fully blest.

75 xxiv. 15. *As for me and my house, &c.*

- 1 **AH!** wretched souls, who strive in vain,
Slaves to the world, and slaves to sin !
A nobler toil may I sustain,
A nobler satisfaction win.
- 2 May I resolve with all my heart,
With all my powers to serve the Lord ;
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.
- 3 O be his service all my joy ;
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labours so divine.

- 4 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determin'd choice,
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.
-

JUDGES.

76 v. 1. *Then sang Deborah, &c.*

- 1 THE female bard thus tun'd her song,
" Praise, praise the Lord of Hosts ;
His arm, in glory bright and strong,
I've seen through all our coasts."
- 2 Princes and people fly to arms,
And God their march attends ;
His dread the daring foe alarms,
And he the victory sends.
- 3 There Israel's governors appear'd,
And with the people join'd ;
Offer'd themselves, and nothing fear'd,
With willing heart and mind.
- 4 " My heart approves such generous men,"
The prophetess records :
" I praise their zeal and love ; but then
The glory be the Lord's."

77 v. 31. *But let them that love him, &c.*

- 1 JESUS, let all thy people shine
Illustrious as the sun ;
And bright with borrow'd rays divine
Their glorious circuit run.
- 2 Beyond the reach of mortals, spread
Their light where'er they go,
And heavenly influences shed
On all the world below.

- 3 Such honour all thy saints receive,
 Who thee sincerely love ;
 Dispensers of thy gifts they live,
 And general blessings prove.
- 4 And, when their useful course is run,
 Enjoy the kingdom given,
 Bright as the uncreated sun
 In the eternal heaven.

78 vi. 11. *And there came an Angel of the Lord, &c.*

- 1 CALL'D from the wine press to command
 Jehovah's chosen few,
 Whilst threatening hosts of Midian stand,
 The mighty Gideon flew.
- 2 Tho' strong his arm, and sharp his sword,
 Conscious his strength was vain ;
 No sword of man, but of the Lord,
 The victory must gain.
- 3 Reduc'd his numbers, God will show
 His power ; no worm may boast :
 The weakest means shall overthrow
 The aliens' battle-host.
- 4 Ye warriors ! high your trumpets rear,
 Ye need not spear nor shield ;
 The burning lamps your pitchers bear
 Shall win the bloody field.
- 5 Great Captain ! power and light bestow ;
 We know the victory sure ;
 Tho' faint, pursue the vanquish'd foe,
 And to the end endure.

79 xiii. 18. *Why askest thou after my name, &c.*

- 1 THY names how infinite they be,
 Great everlasting One !

Boundless thy might and majesty,
And unconfi'd thy throne.

- 2 Thine essence is a vast abyss,
Which angels cannot sound ;
An ocean of infinities,
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.
- 3 Reason may grasp the massy hills,
And stretch from pole to pole :
But thy great name our spirit fills,
And overwhelms our soul.
- 4 In vain our haughty reason swells,
For nothing's found in thee,
But boundless inconceivables,
And vast eternity.

80 . xvi. 20. *And he wist not that the Lord, &c.*

- 1 A PRESENT God is all our strength,
And all our joy and hope,
When he withdraws, our comforts die,
And every grace must droop.
- 2 He leaves us, and we miss him not ;
But go presumptuous on,
Till baffled, wounded, and enslav'd,
We learn that God is gone.
- 3 And what my soul can then remain
One ray of light to give ?
Sever'd from him, their better life,
How can his children live ?
- 4 Hence, all ye painted forms of joy,
And leave my heart to mourn ;
I would devote these eyes to tears,
Till cheer'd by his return.

RUTH.

81 i. 16—19. *Entreat me not to leave thee, &c.*

- 1 **PEOPLE** of the living God !
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort no where found :
Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns,—a fugitive unblest ;
Brethren !—where your altar burns,
O receive me into rest.
- 2 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave ;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave :
Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine ;
Earth can fill my heart no more,
Every idol I resign.
- 3 Tell me not of gain or loss,
Ease, enjoyment, pomp, and power,
Welcome poverty and cross,
Shame, reproach, affliction's hour !
“ Follow me ! ”—I know thy voice,
Jesus, Lord ! thy steps I see ;
Now I take thy yoke by choice,
Light thy burden now to me.

82 ii. 3. *Her hap was to light, &c.*

- 1 **CASUAL** how'er our steps may seem,
Directed and o'er-rul'd by Him
Who for his people cares,

Where providence appoints we go ;
 He orders all our ways, we know,
 And numbers all our hairs.

- 2 In small events we daily prove
 The wisdom of our Father's love ;
 We own the work is his,
 From trivial incidents to raise
 Matter for his eternal praise,
 And our eternal bliss.

1 SAMUEL.

83 i. 28. *I have lent him to the Lord.*

- 1 FATHER of all, whose sovereign will
 Hath call'd thy servant to fulfil
 The tender parent's part ;
 With gifts and graces from above,
 With calmest care, and wisest love,
 Instruct and rule my heart.
- 2 Oh! may I every moment see
 The end for which alone to me
 Thou hast my children given;
 A blessed instrument divine,
 Thro' Thee to make, and keep them thine,
 And train them up for heaven.
- 3 Thou, Lord, my every wish prevent,
 And guard whom Thou to me hast lent,
 And guide them by thine eye;
 Lent back to thee, O God, receive
 Our children,—help them here to live
 To Thee,—then peaceful die.

84 ii. 6. *The Lord killeth and maketh, &c.*

- 1 WHEN mortal man resigns his breath,
 'Tis God directs the shafts of death,

- Casual howe'er the stroke appear,
He sends the fatal messenger.
- 2 The keys are in that hand divine ;
That hand must first the warrant sign,
And arm the stroke, and wing the dart,
Which speeds his message to our heart.
- 3 He who is author of our lives,
The living kills, the dead revives ;
Brings to the margin of the grave,
And shows us there his power to save.

85 iii. 3—10: *And ere the lamp of God, &c.*

- 1 IN Israel's fane,—by silent night,
The lamp of God was burning bright ;—
And there by viewless angels kept,
Samuel the child securely slept !
- 2 A voice unknown the stillness broke,
His name it call'd, and thrice it spoke ;
He rose—he ask'd whence came the word ?
No human voice :—it was the Lord.
- 3 Thus early call'd to serve his God,
In paths of righteousness he trod ;
Prophetic visions fir'd his breast,
And all the chosen tribes were blest.
- 4 Speak, Lord ! and from our earliest days,
Incline our hearts to love thy ways ;
Thy wakening voice hath reach'd our ear,
Speak, Lord, to us ; thy servants hear.

86 iii. 18. *It is the Lord, &c.*

- 1 PEACE, 'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand,
That blasts our joys in death ;
Changes the visage once so dear,
And gathers back our breath.

- 2 'Tis he, the Potentate supreme
Of all the worlds above,
Whose steady counsels wisely rule,
Nor from their purpose move.
- 3 'Tis he, whose justice might demand
Our souls a sacrifice ;
Yet scatters, with unwearied love,
A thousand rich supplies.
- 4 Silent I own Jehovah's name ;
I kiss thy scourging hand ;
And yield my comforts, and my life,
To thy supreme command.

87

vii. 12. *Hitherto hath the Lord helped, &c.*

- 1 COME, thou fount of every blessing !
Tune my heart to sing thy grace ;
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thine help I'm come ;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
- 3 Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God ;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interpos'd his precious blood.
- 4 Oh ! to grace, how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrain'd to be !
Let that grace, now like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.
- 5 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart—O take, and seal it,
Seal it from thy courts above.

E

88

xv. 32. *Surely the bitterness of death, &c.*

- 1 **WHEN** bending o'er the brink of life,
My trembling soul shall stand ;
Waiting to pass death's awful flood,
Great God, at thy command ;—
 - 2 **O** thou great source of joy supreme,
Whose arm alone can save,
Dispel the darkness that surrounds
The entrance to the grave !
 - 3 **Lay** thy supporting, gentle hand,
Beneath my sinking head ;
And let a beam of love divine
Illume my dying bed.
 - 4 **Leaning** on thy kind faithful arm,
May I resign my breath ;
And in thy cheering presence lose,
“ The bitterness of death.”
-

2 SAMUEL.

89

xii. 23. *I shall go to him, &c.*

- 1 **WHEREFORE** should I make my moan,
Now the darling child is dead ?
He to early rest is gone,
He to paradise is fled ;
I shall go to him, but he
Never shall return to me.
- 2 **God** forbids his longer stay,
He recalls the precious loan,
God hath taken him away
From my bosom to his own ;
Surely what he wills is best,
Happy in his will I rest.

- 3 Faith exclaims—it is the Lord!
 Let him do as seems him good :
 Be thy holy name ador'd,
 Take the gift awhile bestow'd ;
 Take the child no longer mine,
 Thine he is, for ever thine.

90 xiv. 14. *We must needs die.*

- 1 ' WE needs must die'—oh may we die,
 Trusting in Jesus' blood ;
 That blood which full atonement made,
 And reconciles to God.
- 2 ' We needs must die'—then may we die
 In peace with all mankind,
 And change these fleeting joys below,
 For pleasures all refin'd.
- 3 ' We needs must die'—and when we die,
 Let some kind angel come,
 And bear us on his friendly wing,
 To our celestial home.

91 xv. 26. *But if he thus say, &c.*

- 1 **HERE** at thy feet I lie—
 O my eternal God !
 Content to live, content to die,
 Or still to bear thy rod.
- 2 Thy hand hath bow'd my will,
 I now submit to thine,
 Thy sovereign pleasure to fulfil,
 Thy wisdom is divine.
- 3 Let me but feel thy love,
 And find my Saviour near ;
 My faith and hope shall soar above,
 And banish ev'ry fear.

- 4 My God, support me still,
 Nor leave my soul alone;
 To Thee I now resign my will,
 O let thy will be done!

92 xvi. 17. *Is this thy kindness, &c.*

- 1 Poor, weak, and worthless, tho' I am,
 I have a rich almighty Friend;
 Jesus, the Saviour, is his name,
 He freely loves, and without end.
- 2 But ah! my inmost spirit mourns,
 And well my eyes with tears may swim,
 To think of my perverse returns;
 I've been a faithless friend to him.
- 3 Before the world, that hates his cause,
 My treacherous heart has throbb'd with
 shame;
 Loth to forego the world's applause,
 I hardly dare avow his name.
- 4 Sure, were not I most vile and base,
 I could not thus my friend requite;
 And were not he the God of grace,
 He'd frown and spurn me from his sight.

93 xxiii. 5. *Although my house, &c.*

- 1 My God, the covenant of thy love
 Abides for ever sure,
 And in its matchless grace I feel
 My happiness secure.
- 2 What tho' my house be not with thee,
 As nature could desire,
 To nobler joys, than nature gives,
 Thy servant shall aspire,

- 3 Since thou, the everlasting God,
 My father art become ;
 Jesus, my guardian, and my friend,
 And heaven my final home ;
- 4 I welcome all thy sovereign will,
 For all that will is love ;
 And, when I know not what thou dost,
 I wait the light above.
- 5 Thy covenant, in the darkest gloom,
 Shall heavenly rays impart ;
 Which, when my eye-lids close in death,
 Shall warm my chilling heart.
-

1 KINGS.

94 *iii. 5. Ask what I shall give thee.*

- 1 If Solomon for wisdom pray'd,
 The Lord before had made him wise ;
 Or he another choice had made,
 And ask'd for what the worldlings prize.
- 2 Thus he invites his people still ;
 He first instructs them how to choose,
 Then bids them ask whate'er they will
 Assur'd that he will not refuse.
- 3 And dost thou say, " Ask what thou wilt ?"
 Lord, I will seize the golden hour :
 I pray to be releas'd from guilt,
 And freed from sin and Satan's power.
- 4 More of thy presence, Lord, impart ;
 More of thine image let me bear :
 Erect thy throne within my heart,
 And reign without a rival there.

95

viii. 12. *The Lord said that he would, &c.*

- 1 WAIT, oh! my soul, thy Maker's will,
Tumultuous passions, all be still;
Nor let a murmuring thought arise;
His ways are just, his counsels wise.
- 2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs his work, the cause conceals;
And tho' his footsteps are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.
- 3 Then, oh my soul, submissive wait,
With reverence bow before his seat;
And 'midst the terrors of his rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

96

viii. 27. *But will God indeed dwell, &c.*

- 1 AND will the great eternal God
On earth establish his abode?
And will he from his radiant throne
Avow our temples for his own?
- 2 We bring the tribute of our praise,
And sing that condescending grace,
Which to our notes will lend an ear,
And call us sinful mortals near.
- 3 These walls we to thine honour raise;
Long may they echo with thy praise!
And thou descending fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace!
- 3 Here let the great Redeemer reign
With all the graces of his train;
While power divine his word attends
To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.

- 5 And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
That crowds were born to glory here.

97 viii. 29. *That thine eyes may be opened, &c.*

- 1 O THOU, before whose piercing eye
Naked and open all things lie,
Now may our hearts thy praise confess,
Humbly rejoicing in thy grace.
- 2 For ever let thine eye of love
Upon this house look from above,
And in thy watchful, gracious care
O that it may indulgent share!
- 3 Under thine eye, long may it stand
A sacred blessing to the land;
That children's children here may sing
Glory to Jesus, Zion's king!
- 4 In all the changes here below,
By night or day, it e'er may know,
Still let thine eye upon it rest,
Of all its joys the first and best.
- 5 To listening sinners here around
Long may the gospel trumpet sound,
In strongest, sweetest, clearest strains,
"Jesus the Lord for ever reigns."

98 xiv. 13. *Because in him there is found, &c.*

- 1 BLOOMING in youth, belov'd of God,
Think how the young Abijah stood;
This all his youthful beauty crown'd,
That in him some good thing was found.
- 2 Almighty grace his mind renew'd,
And all his soul to God subdu'd;

- 'Twas love divine, which form'd his heart
To love; and choose the better part.
- 3 To God he lives ; and when he dies,
Lo ! Israel mourns with streaming eyes—
And, gathering round his funeral bier;
Each mourner drops the flowing tear.
- 4 May I possess Abijah's name ;
' God is my father,'—happy claim !
O may my soul in grace abound ;
And in me that good thing be found !

99 xvii. 9. (Luke iv. 26.) *Arise, get thee to, &c.*

- 1 THO' kindly rains the clouds deny,
And blasted fields a desert lie ;
Tho' famine with its baleful breath,
Stalk thro' the land,—dispensing death ;
- 2 Yet let not virtuous want despair,
The God of heaven is with it there ;
HE tunes the prophet's thankful voice,
And bids the widow's heart rejoice.
- 3 With daily oil the cruse is fed,
The barrel yields them daily bread :
The prophet prays, and power divine
Bids the cold grave her son resign.
- 4 With transport gazing on this son,
Hark ! how the joyful numbers run.
To Jacob's God what thanks belong ?
Awake my soul, awake my tongue !

100 xviii. 36. *And it came to pass, &c.*

- 1 BEHOLD the pious prophet stands,
His features glow with sacred zeal ;
In faith and prayer he lifts his hands,
And makes to heaven his great appeal.

- 2 " O God!—if I thy servant am,
 " If, 'tis thy message fills my heart,
 " Now glorify thy holy name,
 " And show this people who thou art."
- 3 He spoke, and lo! a sudden flame
 Consum'd the wood, the dust, the stone,
 The people struck, at once, proclaim
 " The Lord is God, the Lord alone."
- 4 Now may the Spirit's sacred fire
 Pierce ev'ry heart that hears the word;
 Consume each hurtful vain desire,
 And make them know thou art the Lord.

101 xix. 9. (Rom. xi. 2.) *What dost thou here, &c.*

- 1 SEE to the lonely desert fly
 The minister of God's high throne;
 Hark, how ascends the plaintive cry,
 " Lord, I am left, e'en I alone.
- 2 " Thy sacred altars are profan'd,
 " Thy prophets sunk beneath the sword;
 " And thro' thy chosen favour'd land
 " Not one is left to seek thee, Lord!"
- 3 While thus in a despairing frame,
 On Horeb's mount the prophet lies;
 A vision from Jehovah came
 And thus the heavenly voice replies:
- 4 " What dost thou here, to duty lost?
 " Let not thy spirit melt away!
 " Still I have left a numerous host,
 " Who did not shrink in danger's day.
- 5 " Return, my servant, to thy care,
 " And trust an ever faithful God.
 " In every calm my mercy hear,
 " In every storm behold my rod."

102 xix. 11, 12. *And behold the Lord passed, &c.*

- 1 Not in the strong impetuous wind
Can I my gentle Saviour find:
Not in the hurricane of sound,
Which rends the rocks, and shakes the
ground.
 - 2 Not in the heaven-inkindled fire,
The flashes of indignant ire;
But I expect him from above,
In the soft whispering voice of love.
 - 3 That voice which speaks Jehovah near,
That still small voice, I long to hear:
O might it now the Lord proclaim,
And fill my soul with holy shame!
 - 4 Asham'd I must for ever be,
And aw'd the God of love to see,
If saints and prophets hide their face,
And angels tremble, while they gaze.
-

2 KINGS.

103 ii. 11. *As they still went on and talked, &c.*

- 1 WHEN long a vain and careless age
Elijah's zeal had blest,
Jehovah call'd the faithful sage
Undying to his rest.
- 2 To Jordan's banks the chariot came,
While angels lin'd the road,
And bore the prophet, wrapp'd in flame,
To his rewarding God.
- 3 See where it kindles thro' the skies,
A pure inoxious blaze!

So lofty the bright vision flies !
It mocks our feeble gaze !

4 But still our God with favouring eye
Surveys his faithful friends ;
And tho' no angels cleave the sky,
All needful grace he sends.

5 All glory to his honour'd name !
The day will surely come,
When Jesus shall his triumph claim
O'er every waking tomb.

104 v. 12. *Are not Abana, and &c.*

1 How prone are we, like Syria's chief,
To slight those methods of relief,
Which sovereign power possess !
Wherein does Jordan's stream excel ?
May not all rivers do as well,
And God delight to bless ?

2 But had his unbelief prevailed,
His leprosy had ne'er been healed,
Nor had he mercy found ;
And thus what fruit can we expect,
If we the appointed means neglect,
Where grace and peace abound ?

3 Sovereign of hearts, thy mind reveal,
Subvert our schemes, and bow our will
Submissively to thine :
Oh may we haste to keep thy laws,
Nor be ashamed to own thy cause,
So honor'd and divine !

105 vi. 15. *Alas, my master, &c.*

1 ALAS ! Elisha's servant cried,
When he the Syrian army spied ;

But he was soon releas'd from care,
In answer to the prophet's pray'r.

- 2 Straightway he saw, with other eyes,
A greater army from the skies,
A fiery guard around the hill— ;
Thus are the saints protected still.
- 3 When Satan and his hosts appear,
Like him of old, I faint and fear ;
Like him, by faith, with joy I see,
A greater host engag'd for me.
- 4 The saints espouse my cause by prayer,
The angels make my soul their care ;
Mine is the promise seal'd with blood,
And Jesus lives to make it good.

106 xxii. 19. *Because thine heart was tender, &c.*

- 1 O for that tenderness of heart,
Which bows before the Lord,
Acknowledges how just thou art,
And trembles at thy word !
- 2 O for these humble contrite tears,
Which from repentance flow,
That consciousness of guilt, which fears
The long suspended blow !
- 3 Saviour, to me in pity give
The promise of release,
The pledge thou wilt at last receive,
And bid me die in peace !
- 4 Wilt from the dreadful day remove
Before the evil come,
My spirit hide with saints above,
My body in the tomb.

1 CHRONICLES.

107 iv. 10. *Jabez called on the God of, &c.*

- 1 THOU God of Jabez, hear,
While we entreat thy grace,
And borrow that expressive prayer,
With which he sought thy face.
- 2 " O that the Lord indeed
" Would me his servant bless,
" From every evil shield my head,
" And crown my path with peace!
- 3 " Be his Almighty hand
" My helper and my guide,
" Till with his saints in Canaan's land,
" My portion he divide."

108 xvi. 31. *The Lord reigneth.*

- 1 JEHOVAH reigns! let every nation hear,
And at his footstool bow with holy fear;
Jehovah reigns, unbounded and alone,
And all creation hangs beneath his throne.
He reigns alone; let no inferior nature
Usurp, or share, the throne of the Creator.
- 2 This goodly world, the creature of a day,
Tho' built by God's right hand, must pass
away,
And long oblivion creep o'er mortal things,
The fate of empires, and the pride of kings;
Eternal night shall veil their proudest story,
And drop the curtain o'er all human glory.
- 3 But fix'd, O God, for ever stands thy throne;
Jehovah reigns, a universe alone,

Cease, cease your songs, the daring flight
 control ;
 Revere him in the stillness of the soul ;
 With silent duty meekly bend before him,
 And deep within your inmost hearts adore
 him.

109 xxviii. 9. *And thou, Solomon my son, &c.*

- 1 My son, know thou the Lord,
 Thy father's God obey :
 Seek his protecting care by night,
 His guiding hand by day.
- 2 Call while he may be found,
 And seek him while he's near,
 Serve him with all thy heart and mind,
 And worship him with fear.
- 3 If thou wilt seek his face,
 His ear will hear thy cry ;
 Then shalt thou find his mercy sure,
 His grace for ever nigh.
- 4 But if thou leave thy God,
 Nor choose the path to heaven,
 Then shalt thou perish in thy sins,
 And never be forgiven.

110 xxix. 15. *We are strangers before thee, &c.*

- 1 LORD, to thee our sighs ascend,
 To our humble suit attend ;
 Bid us leave the world in peace,
 Sign, O sign our sweet release.
- 2 Pilgrims in the noon-tide heat,
 Long to find a cool retreat ;
 Captives languish to be free ;
 So, our God, we look for thee.

- 3 We are only strangers here,
As our pious fathers were ;
Now from sin and danger free,
They for ever dwell with thee.
- 4 Happy in their peaceful home,
They no more this desert roam ;
Whilst we languish still and press
Thro' the toilsome wilderness.
- 5 But with humble patience still,
We would wait our Father's will ;
In the path of duty run,
Till the task of life is done.
-

2 CHRONICLES.

III i. 10. *Give me wisdom and knowledge, &c.*

- 1 I ASK not wealth, nor pomp, nor power,
Nor the vain pleasures of an hour :
My soul aspires to nobler things
Than all the pride and state of kings.
- 2 I seek for blessings more divine
Than corn, or oil, or richest wine ;
If those are sent, I'll praise thy name,
Withheld, I'll still thy grace proclaim.
- 3 One thing I ask, — and wilt thou hear,
And grant my soul a gift so dear ?
Wisdom descending from above,
The sweetest token of thy love.
- 4 Wisdom, betimes to know the Lord,
To fear his name, and keep his word,
To lead my feet in paths of truth,
And guide and guard my wandering youth.
- 5 Then should'st thou grant a length of days
My life shall still proclaim thy praise ;

Or early death my soul convey
To realms of everlasting day.

II2 xiv. 11. *For we rest on thee, &c.*

- 1 **MANY** foes our march opposing,
Lord, we turn our eyes to thee,
All our wants and fears disclosing,
Helpless to thy power we flee ;
O protect us !
Neither skill nor power 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 Israel !
Be thyself our sword and shield.
- 4 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.

II3 xvi. 9. *The eyes of the Lord run, &c.*

- 1 **GREAT** God! whose holy eyes survey
Thine infinite domain,
And to thy view at once display
The souls and thoughts of men.

- 2 **Swifter than lightening's vivid glare,**
 And brighter than the sun,
 Thro' heaven, and earth, and seas, and air,
 Thine eyes for ever run.
- 3 'Tis thy delight thyself to show
 Divinely strong and kind,
 Forgiving, faithful, just, and true,
 To every upright mind.
- 4 O let thine eyes be on us all,
 Hear us from heaven above;
 On thee, and none but thee, we call,
 Thou God of truth and love.

114. xviii. 33. *A certain man drew a bow, &c.*

- 1 **WHERE shall presumptuous sinners hide**
 From an all-seeing God?
 Or how shall guilty souls abide
 The vengeance of his rod?
- 2 In vain did wicked Ahab strive
 To shun his piercing eyes;
 In vain with subtilty contrive
 His person to disguise.
- 3 For lo! with heaven-directed aim,
 Shot from a Syrian bow;
 The fatal arrow swiftly came,
 And pierc'd his armour thro'.
- 4 Keen anguish tore the throbbing wound
 Which speedy death presag'd:
 Too late his wrath with heaven he found
 Unequal war had wag'd.
- 5 O may our spirits fill'd with awe,
 God's kindling ire foresee;
 Nor dare transgress his righteous law,
 From whom we cannot flee.

115 xx. 12. *We have no might against this, &c.*

- 1 WE have no might wherein to trust,
And must, if crown'd with victory,
Jesus, of thy salvation boast,
And all the praise ascribe to thee.
- 2 Saviour, we know not what to do,
But turn on thee our wistful eyes ;
All help of man, all means, look thro',
On thee, our hope alone relies.
- 3 Behold our helpless desperate state,
Again thy mighty arm make bare ;
While at thy feet we humbly wait,
To taste thy love and feel thy care.

116 xxx. 8, 9. *Be ye not stiff necked, &c.*

- 1 A GRACIOUS God delays,
Nor will inflict the stroke,
Which our rebellious, sinful ways
Most justly might provoke.
- 2 His anger He restrains,
For mercy is his choice,
And over wrath the victory gains,
And calls with pitying voice.
- 3 That call when men obey,
And from their sins return,
Their pardons he will not delay,
Nor their petitions spurn.

117 xxxiii. 12. *When he was in affliction, &c.*

- 1 GOD of Manasseh, wilt thou scorn
To own that humble name,
While sinners, so remote as we,
Thy grace to him proclaim ?

- 2 High rais'd on Judah's throne he seem'd,
That hell in him might reign ;
And taught thy sacred name to know,
Its horrors to profane.
- 3 Yet thou the guilty king didst view
With pity in thine eyes:
How strange a cure thy mercy wrought!
How wonderous, yet how wise!
- 4 Caught in the thorns by hostile hands,
The captive learn'd to reign :
And Babel's fetters set him free
From Satan's heavier chain.
- 5 From the deep dungeon where he lay,
Thou heard'st his doleful cry ;
Didst raise the suppliant from the dust,
And bring salvation nigh.

honour.

EZRA.

118 i. 1. (Isa. xlv. 1.) *The Lord stirred up, &c.*

- 1 THE eternal God ! his name how great !
How deep his counsels ! how complete !
The hearts of kings his power can sway ;
His word unconscious they obey.
- 2 Summon'd of old in distant days
To serve his cause, and show his praise,
Cyrus, illustrious prince, appears,
His people frees, his temple rears.
- 3 But to Jehovah's accents mild
The hero, pliant as a child,
Lays the new gates of empire by,
Till Zion rise and shine on high.

- 4 Thus, mighty God, shall every heart,
If thou thine influence there exert,
Throw its own fondest schemes aside,
And follow where thy hand shall guide.
- 5 The foremost sons of fame shall boast
To raise thy temples from their dust;
Princes shall shout thy name aloud,
And new-born priests thine altars crowd.

119

viii. 21. *To seek of him a right way, &c.*

- 1 SHEPHERD of Israel, bend thine ear,
Thy servants' groans indulgent hear!
Perplex'd, distress'd, to Thee we cry,
And seek the guidance of thine eye.
- 2 Thy comprehensive view surveys
Our wand'ring paths, our trackless ways;
Send forth, O Lord, thy truth and light,
To guide our doubtful footsteps right.
- 3 With longing eyes, behold, we wait
In suppliant crowds at mercy's gate:
Our drooping hearts, O God, sustain;
Shall Israel seek thy face in vain?
- 4 Fed by thy care, our tongues shall raise
A cheerful tribute to thy praise;
Our children learn the grateful song,
And theirs the cheerful notes prolong.

120

ix. 13. (Psa. ciii. 10.) *Thou hast punished, &c.*

- 1 PEACE, our complaining, doubting heart,
Ye busy cares be still;
Adore the just, the offended Lord,
Nor murmur at his will.
- 2 Let us reflect with humble awe
Whene'er our hearts complain,

Compar'd with what our sins deserve,
How light is all our pain!

- 3 Lord, we adore thy sovereign hand,
Thou just, and wise, and kind ;
Be every anxious thought suppress'd,
And all our souls resign'd.

NEHEMIAH.

121 v. 9. (1 Pet. ii. 15.) *Ought ye not to walk, &c.*

- 1 WATCH'D by the world's malignant eye,
Who load us with reproach and shame,
As servants of the Lord most high,
As zealous for his glorious name,
We ought in all his paths to move
With holy fear, and humble love.
- 2 That wisdom, Lord, on us bestow,
From every evil to depart,
To stop the mouth of every foe,
While upright both in life and heart ;
The proofs of godly fear we give,
And show them how the Christians live.

122 viii. 10. *The joy of the Lord, &c.*

- WHERE'ER the Lord imparts his grace,
And makes his glories known ;
There fruits of heavenly joy and peace
Are found, and there alone.
- 2 A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,
A sense of pardoning love,
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like those above.

- 3 To take a glimpse within the veil,
 To know that God is mine,
 Are springs of joy that never fail,
 Unspeakable, divine!
- 4 These are the joys which satisfy
 And sanctify the mind ;
 Which make the spirit mount on high,
 And leave the world behind.

123 *ix. 5. Stand up and bless, &c.*

- 1 O God, at thy command we rise,
 Thy glorious name to bless ;
 Thee the great Lord of earth and skies
 We joyfully confess.
- 2 Our joy is now to sing of thee,
 To triumph in thy love,
 And this, transporting thought! shall be
 Our endless work above.
- 3 But O! our feeble strains of praise,
 How short of Thee they fall!
 Let angels stronger voices raise,
 To hymn the Lord of all.
- 4 Thou challengest the loftiest song
 Of that celestial host :
 Yet still thy majesty they wrong,
 When they exalt it most.

124 *x. 39. We will not forsake the house of our God.*

- 1 Thy house, O God of hosts, we love,
 Where thou hast fix'd thy gracious name ;
 Nor shall our souls from thence remove,
 But constant there thy praise proclaim.
- 2 To seek thee in thy house of prayer,
 With saints in fellowship divine,

Be this our one delightful care,
Till in thy house above we shine.

125 xiii. 31. (Psa. xxv. 7.) *Remember me, &c.*

- 1 O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to thee ;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woe,
My God, remember me.
- 2 When groaning on my burden'd heart,
My sins press heavily ;
My pardon speak, new peace impart,
My God, remember me.
- 3 Distrest with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see,
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief,
My God, remember me.
- 4 When on my face, for thy dear name,
Shame and reproaches be ;
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
My God, remember me !
- 5 The hour is near, consign'd to death,
I own the just decree ;
Saviour, with my last parting breath
I'll cry, remember me.

ESTHER.

126 v. 13. (Prov. xvi. 18.) *Yet all this, &c.*

- 1 PRIDE, with thy more than aspic sting,
What cruel tortures dost thou bring !
What havoc make of human rest !
While Mordecai sits in the gate,
The pomp of almost regal state
Imparts no joy to Haman's breast.

- 2 Like some tall tree behold him rise,
 With branches waving in the skies,
 All gay with leaves, and rich with fruit ;
 But pride and malice all unseen,
 With fatal minings work within,
 And gnaw, like canker worms, the root.
- 3 But mark, it comes, the lowering storm
 Strikes from its base the fading form ;
 The monarch frowns,—and every eye,
 Quick to discern his falling state,
 Against him arms the hand of hate,
 And drags the minion forth to die.
- 4 'Tis thus the lip of truth declares,
 “ Before destruction pride appears,
 “ But humble souls shall honour find.”
 Lord ! hide this passion from our eyes,
 Instruct us where true glory lies ;
 And fill with meekness every mind.

127 vi. 9. (Ps. cxlix. 9.) *Thus shall it be done, &c.*

- 1 How mean the gifts which earthly kings
 On favourites bestow !
 What childish toys the noblest things,
 And most esteem'd below !
- 2 **But whom the King of kings delights,**
 To honour as his son,
 He to a heavenly feast invites,
 And places on his throne.
- 3 **Such honours all his saints possess,**
 O be this honour mine ;
 Then I'll ambitious thoughts repress,
 And all the world resign.

JOB.

128 i. 7. *From going to and fro, &c.*

- 1 ALL round the globe does Satan trace,
Nor keeps a certain road ;
Sworn foe to all the human race,
And enemy to God.
- 2 He forms his plots and lays them deep,
The unwary to decoy ;
Aloft he'll fly, then basely creep,
To ruin and destroy.
- 3 He wanders still from place to place,
And waits the unguarded hour,
The truly pious to distress,
The wicked to devour.
- 4 But, thanks to our almighty King,
Who does his power restrain,
If Jesus his assistance bring,
The tempter tempts in vain.

129 iii. 1. *And Job cursed, &c.*

- 1 IMPATIENT of a Father's rod,
In gloomy, discontented pain,
No more we quarrel with our God,
Of life ungratefully complain ;
But humbled in the dust, approve
The kind design of heavenly love.
- 2 Blest be the day that we were born
As candidates for endless bliss !
If to our latest hour we mourn,
Yet will we praise our God for this ;
Bear up beneath the weight of clay,
And triumph in that happy day.

130 iii. 17—19. *There the wicked cease, &c.*

How still and peaceful is the grave!
 Where, life's vain tumults past,
 The appointed house, by heaven's decree,
 Receives us all at last.

2 The wicked there from troubling cease;
 Their passions rage no more;
 And there the weary pilgrim rests
 From all the toils he bore.

3 There rest the prisoners, now releas'd
 From slavery's sad abode;
 No more they hear the oppressor's voice,
 Or dread the tyrant's rod.

4 There servants, masters, small and great,
 Partake the same repose;
 And there, in peace, the ashes mix
 Of those who once were foes.

5 All, levell'd by the hand of death,
 Lie sleeping in the tomb,
 Till God, in judgment, call them forth
 To meet their final doom.

131 v. 17. *Happy is the man whom God correcteth.*

1 How happy the sorrowful man,
 Whose sorrow is sent from above!
 Indulg'd with a visit of pain,
 Chastis'd by immutable love.

2 The Author of all his distress
 He comes by affliction to know,
 And God he in heaven shall bless,
 That ever he suffer'd below.

3 We would, in the spirit of prayer,
 To all thy appointments submit,

The pledge of our happiness bear,
And joyfully wait at thy feet.

- 4 If sufferers here with our Lord,
With Jesus above we sit down ;
Receive an eternal reward,
A glorious, unchangeable crown.

132 vii. 20. *O thou preserver of men !*

- 1 THRO' all the dangers of the night
Preserv'd, O Lord, by thee,
Again we hail the cheerful light,
Again we bow the knee.
- 2 O ! may the beams of truth divine,
With clear convincing light,
In all our understandings shine,
And chase our mental night.
- 3 Preserve us, Lord, throughout the day,
And guide us by thine arm ;
For they are safe, and only they,
Whom thou preserv'st from harm.
- 4 Let all our words and all our ways
Declare that we are thine,
That so the light of truth and grace
Before the world may shine.

133 viii. 11, &c. *Can the rush grow, &c.*

- 1 THE rush may rise where waters flow,
And flags beside the stream ;
But soon their verdure fades and dies
Before the scorching beam.
- 2 So is the sinner's hope cut off ;
Or if it transient rise,
'Tis like the spider's airy web,
From every breath that flies.

- 3 Fixt on his house he leans,—his house,
 And all its props, decay :
 He holds it fast ; but while he holds,
 The tottering frame gives way.
- 4 Fair in his garden to the sun
 His boughs with verdure smile ;
 And deeply fix'd, his spreading roots
 Unshaken stand a while.
- 5 But forth the sentence flies from heaven
 That sweeps him from his place ;
 Which then denies him for its lord,
 Nor owns it knew his face.
- 6 Lo ! this the joy of wicked men,
 Who heaven's high laws despise ;
 They quickly fall, and in their room
 As quickly others rise.
- 7 But, for the just, with gracious care
 God will his power employ ;
 He'll teach their lips to sing his praise,
 And fill their hearts with joy.

134 ix. 4. *Who hath hardened himself, &c.*

- 1 THE great Jehovah ! who shalt dare
 With him to tempt unequal war ?
 What heart of steel shall dare to oppose,
 And league among his harden'd foes ?
- 2 Where are the haughty monarchs now,
 Who scorn'd his word with lowering brow ?
 Where are the trophies of their reigns ?
 Or where their ruins' last remains ?
- 3 Great God ! and shall this soul of mine
 Presume to challenge wrath divine ?
 Trembling I seek thy mercy seat,
 And lay my weapons at thy feet.

135

x. 2. *Show me wherefore thou, &c.*

- 1 **TREMENDOUS** Judge, before thy bar,
What human creature can be clear ?
An arm so strong, an eye so pure,
Who can escape, or who endure ?
- 2 "Do not condemn us, Lord," we cry,
As trembling in the dust we lie ;
But, while with grief our guilt we own,
Let smiling mercy take the throne.
- 3 If thou wilt smite, offended God,
Sheath up thy sword, and take thy rod :
And, 'midst the anguish and the smart,
Open to discipline our heart.
- 4 By chastening if our souls be taught,
And cleans'd from every secret fault,
The wise severity we'll bless,
And mix our groans with songs of praise.

136

xi. 14. *Let not wickedness dwell, &c.*

- 1 **IN** all my ways, O God,
I would acknowledge thee,
And seek to keep my heart and house
From all pollution free.
- 2 Where'er I have a tent,
An altar will I raise,
And thither my oblations bring,
Of humble prayer and praise.
- 3 Could I my wish obtain,
My household, Lord, should be
Devoted to thyself alone,
A nursery for thee.

137 xiv. 1—6. *Man that is born, &c.*

- 1 FEW are thy days, and full of woe,
O man of woman born!
Thy doom is written, "Dust thou art,
"And shalt to dust return."
- 2 Behold the emblem of thy state
In flowers that bloom and die;
Or in the shadow's fleeting form,
That mocks the gazer's eye.
- 3 Guilty and frail, how shalt thou stand
Before thy sovereign Lord?
Can troubled and polluted springs
A hallow'd stream afford?
- 4 Determin'd are the days that flee
Successive o'er thy head;
The number'd hour is on the wing
That lays thee with the dead.
- 5 Great God! afflict not in thy wrath
The short-allotted span,
That bounds the few and weary days
Of pilgrimage to man.

138 xiv. 8—10. *Though the root, &c.*

- 1 THE plants and flowers resign their form,
At winter's stormy blast,
And leave the naked leafless plain
A desolated waste:
- 2 Yet soon reviving plants and flowers
Anew shall deck the plain:
The woods shall hear the voice of spring,
And flourish green again.
- 3 But man forsakes this earthly scene,
Ah! never to return;

No second spring of life revives
The ashes of his urn.

139 xiv. 11—14. *As the waters fail, &c.*

- 1 THE mighty flood that rolls along
Its torrents to the main,
Can ne'er recall its waters lost
From that abyss again.
- 2 So days, and years, and ages past,
Descending down to night,
Can henceforth never more return
Back to the gates of light.
- 3 And man, when laid in lonesome earth,
Shall sleep in death's dark gloom,
Until the eternal morning wake
The slumbers of the tomb.
- 4 O may the grave become to me
The bed of peaceful rest,
Whence I shall gladly rise at length,
And mingle with the blest!
- 5 Cheer'd by this hope, with patient mind
I'll wait heaven's high decree,
Till the appointed period come
When death shall set me free.

140 xvi. 22. *When a few years, &c.*

- 1 BEHOLD the path that mortals tread
Down to the regions of the dead!
Nor will the fleeting moments stay,
Nor can we measure back our way.
- 2 Important journey! awful view!
How great the change! the scenes how new!
The golden gates of heaven display'd,
Or hell's fierce flames and gloomy shade!

- 3 Awake, my soul ! thy way prepare,
 And lose in this each mortal care ;
 With steady feet that path be trod,
 Which thro' the grave conducts to God.
- 4 What was my terror, is my joy ;
 These views my brightest hopes employ,
 To go, ere many years are o'er,
 Secure I shall return no more.

141 xix. 25—27. *I know that my Redeemer liveth, &c.*

- 1 I KNOW, my great Redeemer lives,
 This thought transporting pleasure gives,
 And, standing at the latter day
 On earth, his glories will display.
- 2 And tho' this goodly, mortal frame
 Sink to the dust, from whence it came ;
 Though, buried in the silent tomb,
 Worms shall my skin and flesh consume :
- 3 Yet, on that happy rising morn,
 New life this body shall adorn ;
 These active powers refin'd shall be,
 And God, my Saviour, I shall see.
- 4 Tho' moulder'd all my cold remains,
 Though all consumed my heart and reins ;
 Yet, for myself, my wondering eyes
 God shall behold, with glad surprise.

142 xxiii. 3, &c. *Oh that I knew, &c.*

- 1 O THAT I knew the secret place,
 Where I might find my God !
 To spread my wants before his face,
 And pour my woes abroad.
- 2 He knows what arguments I'd take
 To wrestle with my God ;

- I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
And for my Saviour's blood.
- 3 My God will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones ;
He takes the meaning of his saints,
The language of their groans.
- 4 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish every fear :
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there.

143 xxviii. 28. (*James* iii. 17.) *Behold the fear of, &c.*

- 1 TRUE wisdom is to fear the Lord,
Humbly to search his written word,
His statutes to obey ;
He has the understanding heart,
Who from all evil does depart,
To walk the heavenly way.
- 2 This wisdom does from God descend,
And will our wandering souls befriend,
In each concern below ;
'Tis pure, and peaceable, and meek,
Its blessed fruits its author speak,
And all his glory show.

144 xxix. 2. *Oh that I were as, &c.*

- 1 SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood,
Applied to cleanse my soul from sin,
And seal my peace with God.
- 2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
His praises tun'd my tongue ;
And when the evening shades return'd,
His love was all my song.

- 3 In prayer my soul drew near to God,
 And saw his glory shine ;
 And when I read his holy word,
 I call'd each promise mine.
- 4 Now, when the evening shade prevails,
 My soul in darkness mourns ;
 And when the morn the light displays,
 No light to me returns.
- 5 But stop, my soul, why is it thus ?
 'Tis I must bear the blame ;
 For Christ, his love, his promises,
 Are now, as then, the same.
- 6 O glorious truth, be this my stay,
 When earthly comforts cease ;
 This only can my joy renew,
 And give me stable peace.

145 xxix. 15, 16. *I was eyes to the blind, &c.*

- 1 HAIL, source of pleasures ever new !
 While thy kind dictates I pursue,
 I taste a joy sincere ;
 Too high for sordid minds to know,
 Who on themselves alone bestow
 Their every wish and care.
- 2 By thee inspir'd, the generous breast,
 In blessing others only blest,
 With kindness large and free,
 Delights the widow's tears to stay,
 To teach the blind their smoothest way,
 And aid the feeble knee.
- 3 O God ! with sympathetic care,
 In others' joys and griefs to share,
 Do thou my heart incline ;

Each low, each selfish wish control,
 Warm with benevolence my soul,
 And make me wholly thine.

146 xxxiii. 17. *That he may hide pride, &c.*

- 1 WHEREFORE should man, frail child of clay,
 Who from the cradle to the shroud,
 Lives but the insect of a day,
 O why should mortal man be proud ?
- 2 His brightest visions just appear,
 Then vanish, and no more are found ;
 The stateliest pile his pride can rear,
 A breath may level with the ground.
- 3 By doubt perplex'd, in error lost,
 With trembling steps he seeks his way :
 How vain of wisdom's gifts the boast !
 Of reason's lamp how faint the ray !
- 4 Follies and crimes, a countless sum,
 Are crowded in life's little span :
 How ill, alas, does pride become
 That erring, guilty creature, man !

147 xxxiii. 27, 28. *He looketh upon men, &c.*

- 1 THE Lord, from his exalted throne,
 In majesty array'd,
 Looks with a melting pity down
 On all that seek his aid.
- 2 When, touch'd with penitent remorse;
 Our follies past we mourn,
 With what a tenderness of love
 He meets our first return !
- 3 From heaven he sent his only Son
 To ransom us with blood,

To snatch us from the burning pit,
When on its brink we stood.

- 4 Great God, we wonder, and adore ;
And, to exalt such grace,
We long to learn the songs of heaven,
Ere yet we reach the place.

148 xxxvi. 11. *Their years in pleasures.*

- 1 FAR from us be grief and sadness,
Farther still unhallow'd mirth,
Zion's sons may sing with gladness,
Theirs are joys of heavenly birth ;
Jesus owns them,
He is Lord of heaven 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 ;
Now we taste sublimer pleasure,
Since the Lord has made us blest ;
We can witness
Jesus gives his people rest.

PSALMS.

149 ii. 8. *Ask of me, and I shall. &c.*

- 1 **FATHER**, is not thy promise pledg'd
To thine exalted Son,
That thro' the nations of the earth,
Thy word of life shall run?
- 2 "Ask, and I give the heathen lands
"For thine inheritance;
"And to the world's remotest shores
"Thine empire shall advance."
- 3 Are not all kingdoms, tribes, and tongues,
Under the expanse of heaven,
To the dominion of thy Son
Without exception given?
- 4 From east to west, from north to south,
Then be his name ador'd!
And let unnumber'd millions raise
Hosannas to our Lord!

150 iii. 5. *I waked, for the Lord sustained me.*

- 1 IN sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely pass the silent night;
Again I see the breaking shade,
I drink again the morning light.
- 2 New-born, I bless the waking hour,
Once more, with awe, rejoice to be;
My conscious soul resumes her power,
And springs, my guardian God, to thee!
- 3 O guide me thro' the various maze,
My doubtful feet are doom'd to tread;
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze
Where dangers press around my head.

H

- 4 A deeper shade shall soon impend,
 A deeper sleep mine eyes oppress ;
 Yet then thy strength shall still defend,
 Thy goodness still delight to bless.
- 5 That deeper shade shall break away,
 That deeper sleep shall leave mine eyes ;
 Thy light shall give eternal day—
 Thy love, the rapture of the skies !

151 *iv. 6. Who will show us any good ? &c.*

- 1 HAPPINESS, thou lovely name,
 Where's thy seat, O tell me where ?
 Learning, pleasure, wealth, and fame,
 All cry out, " It is not there."
- 2 Not the wisdom of the wise,
 Not the grandeur of the great,
 Can inform me where it lies,
 Can the bliss I seek create.
- 3 Lord, it is not life to live,
 If thy presence thou deny ;
 Lord, if thou thy presence give,
 'Tis no longer death to die.
- 4 Source and giver of repose,
 Peace and happiness are thine,
 Singly from thy smile it flows,
 Mine they are, if thou art mine.

152 *iv. 8. I will lay me down, &c.*

- 1 WHAT tho' my frail eye-lids refuse
 Continual watching to keep,
 And, punctual as midnight renews,
 Demand the refreshment of sleep
 A sovereign protector I have,
 Unseen, yet for ever at hand,

- Unchangeably faithful to save,
Almighty to rule and command.
- 2 Kind author and ground of my hope,
Thee, Thee, for my God I avow ;
My glad Ebenezer set up,
And own, thou hast help'd me till now ;
I muse on the years that are past,
Wherein my defence thou hast prov'd ;
Nor wilt thou relinquish, at last,
A sinner so signally lov'd.
- 3 Inspirer and hearer of prayer,
Thou feeder and guardian of thine,
My all to thy covenant care,
I sleeping and waking resign :
If thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me ;
And, fast as my moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to thee.

153 *viii. 4. What is man !*

- 1 LORD, what is man ! extremes how wide
In this mysterious nature join !
The flesh, to worms and dust allied ;
The soul, immortal and divine.
- 2 Divine at first, a holy flame,
Kindled by God's creative breath ;
Till, stain'd by sin, it soon became
The seat of darkness, strife, and death.
- 3 But Jesus, oh amazing grace !
Assum'd our nature as his own,
Obey'd and suffer'd in our place,
Then bore that nature to his throne.
- 4 Now, what is man, when grace reveals
The virtue of a Saviour's blood ?

- Again a life divine he feels,
 Despises earth, and walks with God.
- 5 And what, in yonder realms above,
 Is ransom'd man ordain'd to be?
 With honor, holiness, and love,
 No seraph more adorn'd than he.
- 6 Nearest the throne, and first in song,
 Man shall his hallelujahs raise;
 While wondering angels round him throng,
 And swell the chorus of his praise.

154 xvi. 9. *My flesh shall rest, &c.*

- 1 "SPIRIT—leave thine house of clay!
 Lingering dust—resign thy breath!
 Spirit—cast thy chains away!
 Dust—be thou dissolv'd in death!"
 Thus—the Almighty Saviour speaks,
 While the faithful Christian dies!
 Thus—the bonds of life he breaks,
 And the ransom'd captive flies.
- 2 "Prisoner—long detain'd below!
 Prisoner—now with freedom blest!
 Welcome—from a world of woe!
 Welcome—to a land of rest!"
 Thus the choir of angels sing,
 As they bear the soul on high!
 While with hallelujahs ring
 All the regions of the sky!
- 3 Grave—the guardian of our dust!
 Grave—the treasury of the skies!
 Every atom of thy trust
 Rests in hope again to rise!
 Hark! the judgment trumpet calls!—
 "Soul—rebuild thy house of clay—

*Immortality thy walls,
And Eternity thy day!"*

155 xvii. 15. *I will behold thy face in, &c.*

- 1 'Tis sweet to rest in lively hope,
That when my change shall come,
Angels will hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home!
- 2 There shall my dis-imprison'd soul,
Behold him and adore;
Be with his likeness satisfied,
And grieve, and sin, no more.
- 3 Shall see him wear that very flesh,
On which my guilt was lain;
His love intense, his merit rich,
As tho' but newly slain.
- 4 Soon too my slumbering dust shall hear
The trumpet's quickening sound;
And by my Saviour's power rebuilt,
At his right hand be found.

156 xxiv. 7—10. *Lift up your heads, &c.*

- 1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits
And angels chant the solemn lay;
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
"Ye everlasting doors give way!"
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims those mansions as his right,
Receive the King of glory in.

- 4 "Who is the King of glory, who?"
 The Lord that all his foes o'ercame,
 The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
 And JESUS is the conqueror's name.
- 5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay,
 "Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
 "Ye everlasting doors give way."
- 6 "Who is the King of glory, who?"
 The Lord of boundless power possess'd,
 The King of saints and angels too,
 God over all, for ever bless'd.

157 xxxii. 7. I will be glad in thy mercy, &c.

- 1 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;
 Surely they who know not this,
 Do not know what mercy is.
- 2 But for this delightful subject,
 What a waste the earth would seem!
 Mercy now on every object
 Seems to shed a cheerful beam;
 Till we knew the joyful sound,
 All was dark and waste around.
- 3 Mercy lightens all our crosses,
 Mercy mitigates our pains,
 Recompenses all our losses,
 And gives worth to what remains;
 All our joys from mercy spring,
 Let us then of mercy sing.

158 xxxii. 15. My times are in thy hand.

- 1 My times of sorrow and of joy
 Great God, are in thy hand;

- My chief enjoyments come from thee,
And go at thy command.
- 2 Oh Lord, shouldst thou withhold them all,
Yet would I not repine;
Before they were by me possess'd
They were entirely thine.
- 3 Nor would I drop a murmuring word,
If all the world were gone,
But seek substantial happiness
In thee, and thee alone.
- 4 What is the world with all its store?
'Tis but a bitter sweet;
When I attempt to pluck the rose,
A pricking thorn I meet.
- 5 Here perfect bliss can ne'er be found,
The honey's mix'd with gall;
'Midst changing scenes and dying friends,
Be Thou my all in all.

159 *xxxii. 7. My hiding place.*

- 1 HAIL! sovereign love, that first began,
The scheme to rescue fallen man!
Hail! matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul a hiding-place!
- 2 Against the God that rules the sky
I fought with hand uplifted high;
Despis'd his rich abounding grace,
Too proud to seek a hiding-place.
- 3 Indignant justice stood in view,
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew:
But justice cried with frowning face,
"This mountain is no hiding-place."
- 4 Ere long a heavenly voice I heard,
And mercy's angel-form appear'd;

She led me on, with gentle pace,
To Jesus, as my hiding-place.

- 5 A few more rolling suns at most,
Will land me safe on Canaan's coast ;
Where I shall sing the song of grace,
And see my glorious hiding-place.

160 xxxvii. 17. *The end of that man, &c.*

- 1 How blest the righteous when he dies !—
When sinks a weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring breast !
- 2 So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale, when storms are o'er,
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.
- 3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys ;
Nothing disturbs that peace profound,
Which his unfetter'd soul enjoys.
- 4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell !
How bright the unchanging morn appears ;
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell !
- 5 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies ;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies !"

161 xxxix. 12. *I am a stranger, &c.*

- 1 How happy is the pilgrim's lot ;
How free from every anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear !

- Confin'd to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He only sojourns here.
- 2 Nothing on earth I call my own ;
A stranger, to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise :
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a country out of sight,
A country in the skies.
- 3 There is my house and portion fair,
My treasure and my heart is there,
And my abiding home :
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come !

162 xlii. 11. *Why art thou cast down, &c.*

- 1 AH ! why this disconsolate frame ?
Tho' earthly enjoyments decay,
My Jesus is ever the same,
A sun in the gloomiest day :
Tho' molten awhile in the fire,
'Tis only the gold to refine ;
And be it my simple desire
Tho' suffering, not to repine.
- 2 What can be the pleasures to me,
Which earth in its fulness can boast ?
Delusive it's vanities flee,
A flash of enjoyment at most :
And if the Redeemer could part
For me, with his throne in the skies,
Ah ! why is so dear to my heart,
What he in his wisdom denies ?
- 3 Then let the rude tempest assail,
The blast of adversity blow,

The haven, though distant, I hail,
 Beyond this rough ocean of woe ;
 When safe on its beautiful strand,
 I'll smile at the billows that foam ;
 Kind angels to hail me to land,
 And Jesus to welcome me home.

I63 xliii. 4. *Then will I go unto the altar, &c.*

- 1 As one, in days of old, would fly
 To some protecting shrine,
 From dread pursuers, threatening nigh,
 And panting there recline ;
 Lord, to thy temple I repair,
 And cling around thine altar there.
- 2 Or it might seem, as if my boat
 O'er raging seas had past,
 And calmly were allowed to float
 To some bright isle at last,
 There to refit her shatter'd sail,
 Ere yet again she tempt the gale.
- 3 Farewell, thou dark and stormy world ;
 Farewell, thy grief and fear ;
 The port is won, the sail is furl'd,
 Ye cannot touch me here !
 O thus I feel from peril free,
 Retir'd within the sanctuary !

I64 xlvi. 10. *Be still, and know that I am God.*

- 1 **KEEP** silence all created things,
 And wait your Maker's nod :
 My soul stands trembling, while she sings
 The honors of her God.
- 2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
 Hang on his firm decree :

He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

- 3 Chain'd to his throne a volume lies
With all the fates of men ;
With every angel's form and size,
Drawn by the eternal pen.
- 4 His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counsels shine ;
Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
Fulfil some deep design.
- 5 My God, I never long to see
My fate with curious eyes ;
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise.
- 6 In thy fair book of life and grace,
May I but find my name,
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord the Lamb !

165 xlviii. 14. *This God is our God, &c.*

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

166 lv. 6. *Oh that I had wings, &c.*

- 1 O HAD I the wings of a dove,
I'd make my escape and begone ;
To mix with the spirits above,
Who encompass yon heavenly throne :

I'd fly from all labour and toil,
 To the place where the weary have rest,
 And haste from contention and broil,
 To the peaceful abode of the blest.

- 2 How happy are they who no more
 Have to fear the assaults of the foe !
 Arriv'd on the heavenly shore,
 They have left all their conflicts below :
 They are far from all danger and fear,
 While remembrance enhances their joys,
 As the storm, when escap'd, will endear
 The retreat that the haven supplies.

167 lxxiii. 24. *Thou shalt guide me, &c.*

- 1 **GUIDE** me, O thou great Jehovah,
 Pilgrim thro' this barren land ;
 I am weak, but thou art mighty,
 Hold me with thy powerful hand ;
 Bread of heaven,
 Feed me, till I want no more.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing streams do flow ;
 Let the fiery cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey thro' :
 Strong deliverer,
 Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside ;
 Bear me through the swelling current,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side ;
 Songs of praises,
 I will ever give to thee.

168 lxxiv. 16, 17. *The day is thine, &c.*

- 1 **THOU** art, oh God! the life and light
 Of all this wondrous world we see ;

Its glow by day, its smile by night,
 Are but reflections caught from Thee:
 Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are thine.

- 2 When day, with farewell beam, delays
 Among the opening clouds of even,
 And we can almost think we gaze
 Thro' golden vistas into heaven:
 Those hues, that make the sun's decline
 So soft, so radiant, Lord! are thine.
- 3 When youthful spring around us breathes,
 Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh,
 And every flower the summer wreathes
 Is born beneath that kindling eye,—
 Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are thine.

169 lxxvii. 9. *Hath God forgotten to be, &c.*

- 1 **IF** to Jesus for relief
 My soul has fled by prayer,
 Why should I give way to grief,
 Or heart-consuming care?
 Are not all things in his hand?
 Has he not his promise past?
 Will he then regardless stand,
 And let me sink at last?
- 2 While I know his providence
 Disposes each event,
 Shall I judge by feeble sense,
 And yield to discontent?
 If he worms and sparrows feed,
 Clothe the grass in rich array,
 Can he see a child in need,
 And turn his eye away?

- 3 If he shed his precious blood
 To bring me to his fold,
 Can I think a meaner good
 He ever will withhold?
 Satan, vain is thy device!
 Here my hope rests well assur'd,
 In that great redemption-price,
 I see the whole secur'd.

170 lxxvii. 20. *Thou leddest thy people like, &c.*

- 1 WHERE is the Hebrews' God,
 Who kept them night and day?
 Where is the heavenly fire and cloud,
 Which show'd thy church their way?
- 2 No symbol visible
 We of thy presence find,
 Yet all who would obey thy will,
 Shall know their Father's mind.
- 3 Father, thou still dost lead
 The children of thy grace,
 The chosen and believing seed,
 Throughout this wilderness.
- 4 Our chart thy written word,
 Thy Spirit is our guide,
 And Christ, the Glory of the Lord,
 Doth in our hearts reside.

171 lxxxiv. 11. *No good thing will he, &c.*

- 1 AUTHOR of good! to thee we turn;
 Thy ever-wakeful eye
 Alone can all our wants discern,
 Thy hand alone supply.
- 2 O let thy fear within us dwell,
 Thy love our path pursue;

That love shall vainer loves expel,
That fear all fears subdue.

- 3 Not to our wish, but to our want,
Do thou thy gifts apply ;
The good, unask'd, in mercy grant ;
The ill, tho' ask'd, deny.

172 lxxxv. 10. *Mercy and truth are met, &c.*

- 1 FATHER, how wide thy glory shines,
How high thy wonders rise !
Known thro' the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands thro' thy skies.
- 2 But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms :—
- 3 Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dare a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice or the grace.
- 4 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains ;
Bright angels learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.
- 5 O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song !
Wonder and joys shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

173 lxxxviii. 18. *Lover and friend, &c.*

- 1 MUST friends and kindred droop and die ?
And helpers be withdrawn ?
While sorrow, with a weeping eye,
Counts up our comforts gone !

- 2 Be Thou our comfort, mighty God !
 Our Helper and our Friend !
 Nor leave us in this dangerous road,
 Till all our trials end !
- 3 Let us be wean'd from all below ;
 Let hope our grief dispel :
 While death invites our souls to go
 Where our best kindred dwell !

I 74 lxxxix. 1. *I will sing of the mercies, &c.*

- 1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
 My rising soul surveys ;
 Transported with the view, I'm lost
 In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 Unnumber'd comforts on my soul
 Thy tender care bestow'd,
 Before my infant heart conceiv'd
 From whom those comforts flow'd.
- 3 When in the slippery paths of youth
 With heedless steps I ran,
 Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
 And led me on to man.
- 4 Thro' every period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
 And after death, in distant worlds,
 The glorious theme renew.
- 5 Thro' all eternity, to Thee
 A joyful song I'll raise ;
 For oh ! eternity's too short
 To utter all thy praise.

I 75 xci. 5. *Not be afraid for the terror, &c.*

- 1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
 For all the blessings of the light;

- Keep me, O keep me, King of Kings,
Beneath thy own almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done ;
That, with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the last great day.
- 4 O let my soul on Thee repose !
And may sweet sleep mine eye-lids close ;
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God, when I awake.

I 76 ciii. 20—22. *Bless the Lord, ye his, &c.*

- 1 MIGHTY God, while angels bless thee,
May a mortal lisp thy name !
Lord of men, as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme.
- 2 Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days !
Sounded through the wide creation
Be thy just and lawful praise.
- 3 For the grandeur of thy nature,
Grand beyond an angel's thought ;
For created works of power,
Works with skill and kindness wrought ;
- 4 For thy providence that governs
Thro' thine empire's wide domain ;
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow,—
Blessed be thy gentle reign !
- 5 But thy rich, thy free redemption,
Dark through brightness all along ;

Thought is poor, and poor expression,
Who dare sing that awful song?

177 cxix. 94. *I am thine, save me.*

- 1 JESUS, all I am, and have,
Fain I would to thee consign ;
Thy effectual grace I crave ;
Save me, Lord ! for I am thine.
- 2 Earth and hell against me rise,
Their united force combine :
Feeble, fainting, hear my cries,
Strengthen me, for I am thine.
- 3 Should beneath affliction's rod,
My poor tempted heart repine,
As forsaken of my God ;
Comfort me, for I am thine.
- 4 When my few and evil days
To their utmost verge decline,
Thee my parting breath shall praise ;
Living, dying, I am thine.

178 cxxvii. 2. *So he giveth his beloved sleep.*

- 1 FROM evil secure, and its dread,
I rest, if my Saviour is nigh ;
And songs his kind presence, indeed,
Shall in the night-season supply :
He smiles, and my comforts abound ;
His grace as the dew shall descend ;
And walks of salvation surround
The soul he delights to defend.
- 2 Thy ministering spirits descend,
To watch while thy saints are asleep ;
By day and by night they attend,
The heirs of salvation to keep :

Bright seraphs, dispatch'd from the throne,
 Repair to their stations assign'd ;
 And angels elect are sent down,
 To guard the elect of mankind.

- 3 Their worship no interval knows ;
 Their fervour is still on the wing ;
 And, while they protect my repose,
 They chaunt to the praise of my King ;
 I too, at the season ordain'd,
 Their chorus for ever shall join,
 And love and adore, without end,
 Their faithful Creator and mine.

179 cxxxiii. 3. *There the Lord commanded, &c.*

- 1 **COMMAND** thy blessing from above,
 O God! on all assembled here ;
 Behold us with a Father's love,
 While we look up with filial fear.
- 2 **Command** thy blessing, Jesus, Lord !
 May we thy true disciples be ;
 Speak to each heart the mighty word,
 Say to the weakest, " follow me."
- 3 **Command** thy blessing in this hour,
 Spirit of truth ! and fill this place,
 With humbling and exalting power,
 With quickening and confirming grace.
- 4 **O Thou, our Maker, Saviour, Guide !**
 One true eternal God confest ;
 May nought in life or death divide
 The saints in thy communion blest.
- 5 **With Thee, and these for ever bound,**
 May all, who here in prayer unite,
 With harps and songs thy throne surround,
 Rest in thy love, and reign in light.

180

cxxxvii. By the rivers of Babylon, &c.

- 1 By foreign streams that murmur'd round,
While captive Israel mourn'd,
Their mind was free—their thoughts un-
bound
Were still towards Zion turn'd.
- 2 Their silent harps neglected hung
Along the willow shade ;
The wind that sigh'd the strings among
A mournful whispering made.
- 3 With cruel scorn the heathen band
A solemn song require,
And bid them sweep their trembling hand
Across the melting lyre.
- 4 How can we tune the harp of joy ?
(The sacred tribe replied)
Which we delighted to employ,
Before our comforts died !
- 5 Palsied by long disuse, or pain,
This feeble hand may lie ;
And, dead to former skill, in vain
Its wonted cunning try.
- 6 By famine parch'd, this faltering tongue,
May stiff and silent be,
And all it's harmony of song
For ever lost to me:
- 7 But from this faithful memory
Zion can ne'er depart,
Till the last breath, the expiring sigh,
Shall tear it from my heart !

181

cxliiii. 6. My soul thirsteth, &c.

- 1 I THIRST, but not as once I did,
The vain delights of earth to share ;

- Thy sufferings, Jesus, all forbid,
That I should seek my pleasures there.
- 2 It was the sight of thy dear cross,
First wean'd my soul from earthly things ;
And taught me to esteem as dross
The mirth of fools and pomp of kings.
- 3 I want that grace that springs from thee
That quickens all things where it flows,
And makes a wretched thorn, like me,
Bloom as the myrtle, or the rose.
- 4 For sure, of all the plants that share
The notice of thy Father's eye,
None proves less grateful to his care,
Or yields him meaner fruit than I.

182 cxlv. 10. *All thy works shall, &c.*

- 1 **WHAT** incense-clouds, where'er we stray,
From earth's great altar rise !
Shall gratitude neglect to pay
Her nobler sacrifice ?
- 2 **What** livelier fervors at her call
Our rising zeal should fan !
For thou who art the God of all,
Art Saviour but to man.
- 3 **On** all thy sun benignant beams,
For all thy breezes blow ;
For all thy cool abundant streams,
Lend freshness where they flow.
- 4 **Thy** flowers, for all perfume the sward,
Thy fruits, for all provide ;
To all Thou liv'st—but Thou, O Lord,
For man alone hast died.

183 cxlvi. 2. *While I live will I praise, &c.*

- 1 **GOD** of my life, thro' all its days
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise ;

The song shall wake with opening light,
And warble to the silent night.

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

184 cxlvii. 3. *He healeth the broken in heart, &c.*

- 1 OH! Thou who dry'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceiv'd and wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee.
- 2 But Thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.
- 3 Oh! who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come, brightly wafting thro' the gloom
Our peace-branch from above?
- 4 Then sorrow, touch'd by Thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

PROVERBS.

185 i. 23. *Turn you at my reproof, &c.*

- 1 HARK! for 'tis wisdom's voice,
That breaks in gentle sound :
Listen, ye sons of earth and sin,
And gather all around.
- 2 What tho' she speaks rebukes,
That pierce the soul with smart ;
True love thro' all her chastenings runs,
By pain to mend the heart.
- 3 " Ye that have wander'd long
" In sin's destructive ways,
" Turn, turn," the heavenly charmer cries,
" Receive the present grace.
- 4 " Come, while this grace invites,
" Ye sinners, and be wise :
" He lives, who hears this friendly call,
" But he that slights it, dies."

186 iii. 5, 6. *Trust in the Lord, &c.*

- 1 LORD, thro' the dubious path of life
Thy feeble servant guide ;
Supported by thy powerful arm,
My footsteps shall not slide.
- 2 Let others, swell'd with empty pride,
Of wisdom make their boasts :
My wisdom and my strength must come
From thee, the Lord of hosts.
- 3 To thee, O my unerring guide !
I would myself resign ;

- In all my ways acknowledge thee,
 And form my will by thine.
- 4 Thus shall each blessing of thy hand
 Be doubly sweet to me;
 And in new griefs I still shall have
 A refuge, Lord, in thee.

187 iii. 13—17. *Happy is the man that, &c.*

- 1 How happy is the man who hears
 Instruction's warning voice ;
 And who celestial wisdom makes
 His early, only choice !
- 2 Wisdom hath treasures greater far
 Than east and west unfold ;
 And her rewards shall long survive,
 The sordid gain of gold.
- 3 In her right hand she holds to view
 A length of happy years ;
 And in her left the prize of fame
 And honor bright appears.
- 4 According as her labours rise,
 So her rewards increase ;
 Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
 And all her paths are peace.

188 viii. 17. *I love them that love me, &c.*

- 1 Ye hearts with youthful vigour warm,
 In smiling crowds draw near,
 And turn from every mortal charm,
 A Saviour's voice to hear.
- 2 "The soul, that longs to see my face,
 "Is sure my love to gain ;
 "And those that early seek my grace
 "Shall never seek in vain."

- 3 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
 If once compar'd with Thee?
 What beauty should command my love,
 Like what in Christ I see?
- 4 Away ye false delusive toys,
 Vain tempters of the mind!
 'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
 And here true bliss I find.

189 viii. 34. *Blessed is the man, &c.*

- 1 SWEET are the seasons, when we wait
 To hear what God our Lord will say;
 For they who watch at wisdom's gate
 Are never empty sent away.
- 2 Behold us, Lord, a few of thine,
 Who hither come to seek thy face;
 In mercy on thy people shine,
 And let thy presence fill the place.
- 3 How sweet, how blessed is the thought,
 That thou dost hear thy people's cries!
 And whether thou dost give or not,
 'Tis love that grants, and love denies.
- 4 O teach us, Lord, to wait thy will,
 To be content with all thou dost;
 For us thy grace sufficient still,
 With most supplied when needing most.

190 ix. 1—6. *Wisdom hath builded, &c.*

- 1 SEE the fair structure wisdom rears,
 Her messengers attend;
 And, charm'd by her persuasive voice,
 To her your footsteps bend.
- 2 "Hear me, ye simple ones," she cries,
 "That lur'd by folly stray,

- “ And languish to eternal death
 “ In her detested way.
- 3 “ Enter my hospitable gate,
 “ And all my banquet share;
 “ For heavenly wine supplies my board,
 “ And angels' food is there.
- 4 “ Freely of every dainty taste;
 “ Taste, and for ever live;
 “ And mingle with your joys the hope,
 “ Of all a God can give.”

191 *xiv. 10. The heart knoweth, &c.*

- 1 How chequer'd is the Christian's life,
 The smile of peace, the rage of strife;
 A bitterness he only knows;
 A joy beyond the reach of foes!
- 2 The godly fear, the pleasing smart,
 The meltings of a broken heart;
 The tears that tell his sins forgiven;
 The sighs that waft his soul to heaven.
- 3 The guiltless shame, the sweet distress,
 The unutterable tenderness;
 The genuine meek humility;
 The wonder, “ Why such love to me !”
- 4 The o'erwhelming power of saving grace,
 The sight that veils the seraph's face;
 The speechless awe that dares not move,
 And all the silent heaven of love.

192 *xiv. 32. The wicked is driven away, &c.*

- 1 **WHAT** scenes of horror and of dread,
 Await the sinner's dying bed!
 Tormenting pangs distract his breast;
 Where'er he turns, he finds no rest.

- 2 His sins in dreadful order rise,
And fill his soul with sad surprise ;
Then banish'd from the realms of light,
He sinks to everlasting night.
- 3 Not so the heir of heavenly bliss,
His soul is fill'd with conscious peace,
A steady faith subdues his fear,
He sees the happy Canaan near.
- 4 His mind is tranquil and serene,
No terrors in his looks are seen ;
His Saviour's smile dispels the gloom,
And smooths his passage to the tomb.

193

xix. 2. *That the soul be without, &c.*

- 1 Of all that live, and move, and breathe,
Man only rises o'er his birth ;
He looks above, around, beneath,
At once the heir of heaven and earth :
Beyond the grave, with hope sublime,
Destin'd a nobler course to run,
In *his* career the end of time
Is but eternity begun !
- 2 What guides him in his high pursuit,
Opens, illumines, cheers his way,
Discerns the immortal from the brute,
God's image from the mould of clay ?
'Tis knowledge :—knowledge to the soul
Is power, and liberty, and peace ;
And while celestial ages roll,
The joys of knowledge shall increase.
- 3 Hail to the glorious plan, that spreads
This light with universal beams,
And thro' the human desert leads
Truth's living, pure, perpetual streams :

—Behold, a new creation rise,
 New spirit breath'd into a clod,
 Whene'er the voice of wisdom cries,
 "Man, know thyself, and fear thy God."

194 xxiii. 17. *Be thou in the fear, &c.*

- 1 **THRICE** happy souls, whoborn from heaven,
 While yet they sojourn here !
 Thus all their days with God begin,
 And spend them in his fear.
- 2 As different scenes of life arise,
 Our grateful hearts would be
 With Thee, amidst the social band,
 In solitude with Thee.
- 3 In solid pure delights, like these,
 Let all my days be past ;
 Nor shall I then impatient wish,
 Nor shall I fear the last.

195 xxiii. 26. *My son give ear, &c.*

- 1 O God, of good the unfathom'd sea,
 Who would not give his heart to thee ?
 Who would not love thee with his might ?
 O Jesus, lover of mankind,
 Who would not his whole soul and mind,
 With all his strength, to thee unite ?
- 2 Astonish'd at thy frowning brow,
 Earth, hell, and heaven's strong pillars bow ;
 Terrible majesty is thine !
 Who then can that vast love express,
 Which bows thee down to me, who less
 Than nothing am, till thou art mine !
- 3 High thron'd on heaven's eternal hill,
 In number, weight, and measure still
 Thou grandly orderest all that is :

And yet thou deign'st to come to me,
 And guide my steps, that I with thee
 Enthron'd, may reign in endless bliss.

- 4 Fountain of good, all blessing flows
 From thee; no want thy fulness knows:
 What but thyself canst thou desire?
 Yes: self-sufficient as thou art,
 Thou dost desire my worthless heart:
 This, only this thou dost require.

196 xxviii. 14. *Happy is the man that feareth, &c.*

- 1 HAPPY beyond description he,
 Who fears the Lord his God;
 Who hears his threats with holy awe,
 And trembles at his rod.
- 2 Fear, sacred passion, ever dwells
 With its fair partner, love:
 Blending their beauties, both proclaim
 Their source is from above.
- 3 Let terrors fright the unwilling slave,
 The child with joy appears;
 Cheerful he does his Father's will,
 And loves as much as fears.
- 4 Let but thy fear, most holy God!
 Possess this soul of mine,
 Then shall I worship thee aright,
 And taste the joys divine.

197 xxix. 1. *He that being often reprov'd, &c.*

- 1 Now let the harden'd sinners hear
 The thunders of the Lord;
 To him incline a willing ear,
 And tremble at his word.
- 2 Now let the iron sinew bow,
 And take his easy yoke;

Lest sudden vengeance lay it low,
By one resistless stroke.

- 3 Tho' yet the great Physician wait,
And healing balm be found;
One hour may seal their endless fate,
And fix a deadly wound!
- 4 Swift may thy mercy, Lord, arise,
Ere justice stop their breath;
And lighten those deluded eyes,
That sleep the sleep of death.

- 1 FOUNTAIN of blessing ever blest,
Enriching all, of all possess'd;
By thee, O Lord, creation's fed—
Give me each day my daily bread.
- 2 To thee my life, my friends I owe,
From thee my various comforts flow;
And every blessing which I need
Must from thy bounteous hand proceed.
- 3 Great things are not what I desire,
Not dainty meat nor rich attire;
Content with little would I be,
That little, Lord, must come from thee.
- 4 While carnal men, with all their store,
Are ever grasping after more,
With Agur's wish I'm satisfied,
Nor envy them the world beside.

ECCLESIASTES.

199 *i. 2. Futility of vanities; &c.*

- 1 TAUGHT by long experience, Lord,
By thy Spirit taught we see
True is thy severest word,
All on earth is vanity;
Empty all our bliss below,
Seeming bliss, but real woe.
- 2 Turning then from earth away,
Seek our souls, the joys above,
Solid joys without decay;
Saviour, in thy heartfelt love
Heavenly comfort we possess,
True, substantial happiness.
- 3 Now we find the good of man,
Now we answer thy design,
All in thee alone obtain,
Plenitude of grace divine;
Plenitude of glory too,
Thee when face to face we view!

200 *v. 2. God is in heaven, &c.*

- 1 ETERNAL Power, whose high abode,
Becomes the grandeur of a God;
Infinite leagues beyond the bounds,
Where stars revolve their little rounds,
- 2 Lord, how can earth and ashes raise
A tribute equal to thy praise?
From sin and dust, thence we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High!

- 3 Earth from afar has heard thy fame,
 And worms have learnt to lisp thy name ;
 But O, the glories of thy mind
 Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.
- 4 God is in heaven, and men below :
 Be short our tunes, our words be few ;
 A sacred reverence checks our songs,
 And praise sits silent on our tongues.

201 *vii. 1. The day of death, &c.*

- 1 O ! most delightful hour of man
 Experienc'd here below,
 The hour that terminates his span,
 His folly, and his woe !
- 2 " Worlds would not bribe me back to tread
 " Again life's dreary waste,
 " To see again my day o'erspread
 " With all the tiresome past.
- 3 " Henceforth my home is in the skies,
 " Earth, seas, and sun adieu !
 " All heaven unfolded to mine eyes,
 " I have no sight for you."
- 4 So speaks the Christian, firm possess'd
 Of faith's supporting rod,
 Then breathes his soul into its rest,
 The bosom of his God !

202 *vii. 2—6. It is better to go, &c.*

- 1 WHILE others crowd the house of mirth,
 And haunt the gaudy show,
 Let such as would with wisdom dwell,
 Frequent the house of woe.

- 2 Better to weep with those who weep,
And bear the afflicted's smart,
Than mix with fools in giddy joys,
That cheat and wound the heart.
- 3 When generous sorrow clouds the face,
And tears bedim the eye,
The soul is led to solemn thought,
And wafted to the sky.
- 4 The wise in heart revisit oft
Grief's dark sequester'd cell;
The thoughtless still with levity
And mirth delight to dwell.
- 5 The noisy laughter of the fool,
Is like the crackling sound
Of blazing thorns, which quickly fall
In ashes to the ground.

203 vii. 29. *God hath made man upright, &c.*

- 1 UPRIGHT both in heart and will,
We by our God were made;
But we turn'd from good to ill,
And o'er the creature stray'd.
Multiplied our wandering thought,
Which first was fix'd on God alone;
In ten thousand objects sought,
The bliss we lost in one.
- 2 From our own inventions vain
Of fancied happiness,
Draw us to thyself again,
And bid our wanderings cease.
Jesus, speak our souls restor'd,
By love's divine simplicity;
Re-united to our Lord,
And wholly fix'd on thee.

204 ix. 5. *The living know, &c.*

- 1 *WHERE are the dead?*—In heaven or hell
Their disembodied spirits dwell;
Their perish'd forms, in bonds of clay,
Reserved until the judgment-day.
- 2 *Who were the dead?*—The sons of time
In every age, and state, and clime;
Renown'd, dishonor'd, or forgot,
The place that knew them knows them not.
- 3 *Where are the living?*—On the ground,
Where prayer is heard, and mercy found;
There, in the compass of a span,
The mortal makes the immortal man.
- 4 *Who are the living?*—They, whose breath
Draws every moment nigh to death;
Of endless bliss or woe the heirs:
O what an awful lot is theirs!
- 5 Then, timely warn'd, let us begin
To follow Christ and flee from sin,
Daily grow up in Him our head,
Lord of the living and the dead.

205 xii. 7. *The spirit shall return, &c.*

- 1 **DEATHLESS** principle, arise!
Soar, thou native of the skies!
Precious gem, by Jesus bought,
To his glorious likeness wrought,
Go, to shine before his throne—
Deck his mediatorial crown!
Go, his triumphs to adorn—
Made for God, to God return.
- 2 Lo, he beckons from on high!
Fearless to his presence fly—

- Thine the merit of his blood,
 Thine the righteousness of God!
 Angels, joyful to attend,
 Hovering, round thy pillow bend;
 Wait to catch the signal given,
 And escort thee quick to heaven!
- 3 Is thy earthly house distrest?
 Willing to retain its guest?
 'Tis not thou, but it, must die—
 Fly, celestial tenant, fly!
 Burst thy shackles—drop thy clay—
 Sweetly breathe thyself away—
 Singing, to thy crown remove—
 Swift of wing, and fir'd with love!

 ISAIAH.

206 i. 18. *Come now, and let us reason, &c.*

- 1 “COME, sinners,” saith the mighty Lord,
 “Heinous as all your crimes have been,
 “Lo! I descend from mine abode,
 “To reason with the sons of men.
- 2 “No clouds of darkness veil my brow,
 “No vengeful lightnings flash around;
 “I come with terms of life and peace,
 “Where sin hath reign'd, let grace abound.
- 3 Yes, Lord, we will obey thy word,
 And to thy gracious sceptre bow;
 O! make our crimson sins like wool,
 Our scarlet crimes as white as snow.
- 4 So shall our thankful lips resound,
 Thy praises with a tuneful voice,
 While humbly prostrate at thy feet,
 We wonder, tremble, and rejoice.

207 ii. 2—5. (Mich. iv. 1.) *The mountain of, &c.*

- 1 **BEHOLD!** the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise
Above the mountains and the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.
- 2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow ;
“ Up to the hill of God,” they’ll say,
“ And to his house we’ll go.”
- 3 The beam that shines on Zion’s hill
Shall lighten every land ;
The King who reigns in Zion’s towers
Shall all the world command.
- 4 No strife shall vex Messiah’s reign,
Or mar the peaceful years ;
To ploughshares quick they beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.
- 5 No longer hosts encountering hosts
Their millions slain deplore ;
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.
- 6 Come then—O come, from every land,
And worship at his shrine :
And walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

208 ii. 22. *Cease ye from man, whose, &c.*

- 1 “ **CEASE** ye from man,” so God commands,
’Tis He forbids us to repose
Our trust on that frail reed, which stands
Exposed to ev’ry wind that blows.
- 2 In roseate health, in manhood’s pride,
Death lurks beneath the fairest form :

Or when high hope has reach'd its tide,
Death rides in the next vengeful storm.

- 3 Of dust his feeble frame was made,
And withers in the fatal blast ;
He who the vital air convey'd,
Recalls it, and man breathes his last.
- 4 Then, " cease from man ;" beneath their sod
The race of men must shortly rest ;
But he who trusts the living God,
And he alone is truly blest.

209 iii. 10. *Say ye to the righteous, &c.*

- 1 WHAT cheering words are these !
Their sweetness who can tell ?
In time, and to eternal days,
'Tis with the righteous well.
- 2 In every state secure,
Kept as Jehovah's eye ;
While life endures, 'tis well with them,
And well, when call'd to die.
- 3 'Tis well when Jesus calls,
His saints from earth to rise,
And join the spirits of the just,
With him above the skies.

210 v. 1—7. *Now will I sing, &c.*

- 1 THE vineyard of the Lord, how fair !
Planted by his peculiar care :
Behold its branches spread, and fill
The borders of his sacred hill.
- 2 His eye hath mark'd the chosen ground ;
His mighty hand hath fenc'd it round ;
His servants by his order wait,
To watch and aid its tender state.

- 3 But when the vintage he demands
 For all the labour of their hands,
 What clusters doth his vine produce?
 The grapes are wild, and sour the juice.
- 4 Well might he tear its fence away,
 And leave it to the beasts of prey,
 Might give it to the wild again,
 And charge his clouds to cease their rain.
- 5 But spare our land, our churches spare;
 Thy vengeance long-provok'd forbear;
 Let the true Vine its influence give,
 And make our withering branches live.

211 vi. 1—8. *I saw the Lord sitting upon, &c.*

- 1 OUR God ascends his lofty throne,
 Array'd in Majesty unknown;
 His lustre all the temple fills,
 And spreads o'er all the ethereal hills.
- 2 Lord! how can sinful lips proclaim,
 The honors of so great a name!
 O! for thine altar's glowing coal,
 To touch my lips, to fire my soul.
- 3 'Then, if a messenger thou ask,
 A labourer for the hardest task,
 Thro' all my weakness and my fear,
 Love shall reply, "Thy servant's here."
- 4 Nor should my willing soul complain,
 Tho' all its efforts seem'd in vain;
 Its ample recompense shall be
 But to have wrought, my God, for thee.

212 vi. 3. *One cried unto another, &c.*

- 1 HAIL, holy, holy, holy Lord!
 Whom One in Three, we know;

- By all the heavenly host ador'd,
By all thy church below:
- 2 One undivided Trinity
With triumph we proclaim;
The universe is full of Thee,
And speaks thy glorious name.
- 3 Thee, holy Father, we confess;
Thee, holy Son, adore:
Thee, Spirit of truth and holiness,
We worship evermore.
- 4 The incommunicable right
Almighty God receive,
Which angel-choirs, and saints in light,
And saints embodied give!
- 5 Three Persons equally divine
We magnify, and love;
And both the choirs ere long shall join
To sing thy praise above.
- 6 Hail! holy, holy, holy Lord!
Our heavenly song shall be
Supreme, essential One ador'd
In co-eternal Three!

213 viii. 8. *The stretching out of his wings, &c.*

- 1 COME, divine Immanuel, come, 1
Take possession of thy home,
Now thy mercy's wings expand,
Stretch them o'er thy happy land.
- 2 Carry on thy victory,
Spread thy rule from sea to sea,
Call in all the ransom'd race,
Trophies of thy conquering grace.
- 3 O that every soul might be
Totally subdu'd to Thee!

O that all in Thee might know
Everlasting life below.

- 4 Now thy mercy's wings expand,
Stretch them o'er thy happy land ;
Take possession of thy home,
Come, divine Immanuel, come !

214 viii. 9, 10. *Associate yourselves, &c.*

- 1 GREAT God of hosts, attend our prayer,
And make the ransom'd church thy care :
To Thee we raise our suppliant cries,
When angry nations round us rise.
- 2 Give ear, ye countries from afar ;
Ye proud associate nations, hear ;
While fix'd on Him, who rules the sky,
Our hearts your threaten'd war defy.
- 3 Ye people, gird yourselves in vain,
Your scatter'd force unite again ;
Again shall all that force be broke,
When God with us shall deal the stroke.

215 xi. 6—9. *The wolf also shall dwell, &c.*

- 1 AMAZING beautiful change !
A world created new !
Our thoughts with transport range
The lovely scene to view ;
In all we trace, Saviour divine,
The work is thine, be thine the praise.
- 2 The tyrants of the plain
Their savage chase give o'er ;
No more they rend the slain,
And thirst for blood no more ;

But infant hands fierce tigers stroke,
And lions yoke in flowery bands.

- 3 O when, Almighty Lord,
Shall these glad scenes arise ;
To verify thy word,
And bless our wondering eyes !
That earth may raise with all its tongues,
United songs of ardent praise.

216 xi. 13. *Ephraim shall not envy, &c.*

- 1 LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread ;
Gentile, and Jew, and bond, and free,
Are one in Christ their Head.
- 2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found ;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.
- 3 Envy and strife, be gone,
And only kindness known,
Where all one common Father have,
One common Master own.
- 4 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above ;
Where springs of purest pleasure rise,
And every heart is love.

217 xii. *O Lord I will praise thee, &c.*

- 1 I WILL praise thee every day
Now thine anger's turn'd away !
Raptures ever new arise
From the bleeding sacrifice.

- 2 Here in the fair gospel field,
Wells of free salvation yield
Streams of life, a plenteous store,
And my soul shall thirst no more.
- 3 Jesus is become at length
My salvation and my strength ;
And his praises shall prolong,
While I live, my joyful song,
- 4 Praise ye then his glorious name,
Publish his exalted fame ;
Still his worth your praise exceeds,
Excellent are all his deeds.
- 5 Raise again the joyful sound,
Let the nations roll it round !
Zion, shout ! for this is He—
God the Saviour dwells in thee.

218 xxii. 22, &c. (Rev. iii. 7.) The key of, &c.

- 1 WITH what delight I raise mine eyes,
And view the courts where Jesus dwells !
Jesus, who reigns beyond the skies,
And here below his grace reveals.
- 2 Of David's royal house the key
Is borne by that majestic hand ;
Mansions and treasures there I see,
Subjected all to his command.
- 3 He shuts, and worlds might strive in vain
The mighty obstacles to move ;
He looses all their bars again,
And who shall shut the gates of love ?
- 4 Fix'd in omnipotence, he bears
The glories of his Father's name,

Sustains his people's weighty cares,
Thro' every changing age the same.

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

219 xxv. 4. *Thou hast been a strength, &c.*

- 1 Now be my doubts suppress'd,
Tormenting fears subside;
My Saviour sits, when tempests rise,
And calms the swelling tide.
- 2 Whate'er destructive schemes
Our enemies may form,
He will the gathering clouds disperse,
Avert the vengeful storm.
- 3 His arm is my defence,
His hand my need supplies;
He lives, the Saviour ever lives,
When nature sinks and dies.

220 xxv. 6—9. (1 Cor. xv. 54.) *And in this, &c.*

- 1 BEHOLD our God, he owns his name;
Jehovah all our songs proclaim,
With shouts of wonder and of joy:
Long have we waited for his grace,
No longer now his love delays
For Zion his own arm to employ.
- 2 We charge our souls the joy to feel;
We charge our tongues his praise to tell:
The Almighty Saviour! this is He!
He pours his streams of grace abroad,
Till all the earth confess him God,
And lands remote his glory see.

- 3 Dainties how rich his stores afford !
 How pure the wine that crowns his board,
 While welcome nations flock around !
 He takes the veil of grief away ;
 Thro' thickest shades he darts the day,
 And not one weeping eye is found.
- 4 All-conquering death, no longer boast
 O'er millions mingled in the dust ;
 Our God with scorn thy triumph sees :
 Soon as he aims one shaft at thee,
 Swallow'd and lost in victory,
 Thine empire and thy name shall cease.

221 xxvi. 3, 4. *Thou wilt keep him in perfect, &c.*

- 1 STRONG is thine arm, Almighty Lord,
 Eternal power thy Godhead proves,
 That power performs thy faithful word,
 And guards the men thy Spirit loves.
- 2 On Thee the pious mind is stay'd,
 In Thee thy saints repose their trust,
 They look for thine almighty aid,
 Nor dread the frowns of threatening dust.
- 3 Calm and serene their moments run,
 No anxious fears disturb their breast,
 But perfect peace, and heav'n begun,
 Unite their spirits with the blest.

222 xxvi. 11. *Lord, when thy hand, &c.*

- 1 LORD, when thy hand is lifted up,
 The wicked will not see,
 But they shall see with glowing shame,
 Tho' they obdurate be.
- 2 How few the weighty stroke regard,
 And seek their Maker's face !

In vain may providence correct,
If not enforc'd by grace.

- 3 Exert thy mighty influence, Lord,
And melt the stony breast ;
Then shall thy justice be ador'd,
Thy mercy stand confess'd.
- 4 The scorner then shall mourn in dust,
And put his sins away,
No more resist his Maker's hands,
But lift his own to pray.

223 xxvi. 13. *Other Lords beside thee, &c.*

- 1 ONCE to other lords we bow'd,
None were more enslav'd than we,
Once we join'd the thoughtless crowd,
Saviour, now we come to thee.
- 2 Long, too long, alas ! we were
Slaves of sin and foes to thee ;
Now with truth we can declare,
None owe more to grace than we.
- 3 Lord, we now confess with shame
How we slighted all thy love ;
How we long withstood thy claim,
And against thy mercy strove.
- 4 Henceforth we desire to be
Thine alone, for ever thine ;
Thou hast set the prisoners free ;
Saviour, on thy people shine.

224 xxvi. 19. *Thy dead men shall live, &c.*

- 1 THE ever-living God
The expiring church shall raise ;
Our hearts his promises receive,
And wake a shout of praise.

- 2 Death shall not always reign,
Where Christ has fix'd his throne ;
His soft compassion views the dust
He once hath call'd his own.
- 3 " Yes," saith the God of truth,
" My dead shall live again ;
" The foe shall see their Leader's breath
" Re-animate the slain.
- 4 " The dew of heaven shall fall
" In rich profusion round,
" And a redundant harvest rise
" To clothe the teeming ground.
- 5 " Now from your dust awake,
" And burst into a song ;
" Then spurn the earth, and mount the skies
" In a triumphant throng."

225 xxvii. 4, 5. *Fury is not in me, &c.*

- 1 THUS saith Jehovah from his seat,
" Who shall presume my wrath to meet ?
" What rebel men or angels dare
" To wage with me unequal war ?
- 2 " Close let the thorns and briars stand,
" In thick array on either hand :
" Forth shall my flaming terrors fly ;
" At once they kindle, blaze, and die.
- 3 " Presumptuous sinners, yet be wise
" Ere this o'erwhelming ruin rise ;
" Your vain tumultuous efforts cease,
" And seek in suppliant crowds for peace."

226 xxx. 20, 21. *And though the Lord give, &c.*

- 1 WHILE other comforts fail and die,
If God his faithful servants send,

- Saints see their teachers eye to eye,
And to their word with joy attend.
- 2 They prize the message of his grace,
And those who that kind message bring,
This dries the tear that dims their face,
And tunes their thankful lips to sing.
- 3 And tho' they eat with care and grief,
And drink affliction's briny stream,
The thought of heaven brings sweet relief,
And cheers with a reviving beam.
- 4 They hear their teacher's voice behind,
Which tells the only way to God:
And following on with willing mind,
Arrive at his divine abode.

227 xxx. 26. *The light of the moon shall be, &c.*

- 1 BRIGHT as the sun's meridian blaze,
Vast as the blessings he conveys,
Wide as his reign from pole to pole,
And permanent as his control ;
- 2 So Jesus let thy kingdom come ;
Then sin and hell's terrific gloom
Shall, at its brightness, flee away ;
The dawn of an eternal day.
- 3 Oh! that with splendour now may shine
This heavenly light—this truth divine!
Till the whole universe shall be
But one great temple, Lord, for thee!

228 xxxii. 2. *A man shall be as a hiding, &c.*

- 1 He who on earth as man was known,
And bore our sins and pains,
Now seated on the eternal throne,
The God of glory reigns.

- 2 While harps unnumber'd sound his praise,
 In yonder world above,
 His saints on earth, admire his ways,
 And glory in his love.
- 3 His righteousness to faith reveal'd,
 Wrought out for guilty worms,
 Affords a hiding-place, and shield,
 From enemies and storms.
- 4 This land, thro' which his pilgrims go,
 Is desolate and dry ;
 But streams of grace from him o'erflow,
 Their thirst to satisfy.
- 5 When troubles like a burning sun,
 Beat heavy on their head,
 To this Almighty rock they run,
 And find a pleasing shade.

229 xxxiii. 16, 17. *He shall dwell on high, &c.*

- 1 BEYOND the reach of sin and hell,
 The Christian dwells above,
 Built on the Rock impregnable
 Of everlasting love.
- 2 Immortal bread he still receives,
 The Spirit's fresh supplies,
 And drinks the crystal stream, and lives
 A life that never dies.
- 3 Go on, thrice happy soul, go on,
 That heavenly land to see,
 To see the King of saints come down
 In glorious majesty:
- 4 Fairer than all the sons of men,
 Than all the sons of light,
 Look—and thy great reward obtain
 In that most blissful sight!

230 xxxiii. 21, 22. *There the glorious Lord, &c.*

- 1 THE glorious Lord ! his Israel's hope !
How well he bears their courage up !
How wide his saving power extends !
His princely titles will we sing,
Our Judge, our Lawgiver, our King ;—
He guards his subjects as his friends.
- 2 Around the mountain where they dwell,
Lo, at his word, new waters swell
To deluge the invading foe !
Open'd by him that rules the skies,
Mark the broad rivers how they rise,
And with what rapid strength they flow !
- 3 To gain the well-defended shores
In vain the galley spreads its oars,
And the proud ship her sails displays :
The sails are rent, the masts are broke,
The shatter'd oars all drop their stroke,
The lightnings thro' the tacklings blaze.
- 4 Shout your hosannas to the Lord :
Thus shall he still his Zion guard,
Till the last foe be trampled down :
High as the heavens, exalt his praise ;
High as the heavens, his hand shall raise
The soul that here his grace hath known.

231 xxxv. 1, 2. *The wilderness and the, &c.*

- 1 SEE the wilderness rejoices,
Now no longer barren found ;
Let us raise our thankful voices,
Fruits of paradise abound :
'Tis the work of power divine,
Saviour, be the glory thine.

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- 2 Here, where nought but thorns and briers,
 Lately grew, and wildly spread ;
 Lo, the myrtle now aspires !
 Lo, the cedar lifts its head !
 Lord, we own the work divine ;
 All the glory, Lord, be thine !

232 xxxv. 5, 6. *The eyes of the blind, &c.*

- 1 THE blind, the deaf, the dumb, the lame,
 The Saviour's mission all proclaim ;
 Heal'd by his potent word, they prove
 Examples of his saving love.
- 2 The obstructed paths of sound he clears,
 New music charms the opening eras ;
 He takes the darksome films away,
 The blind behold the cheering ray.
- 3 He bids the helpless cripple rise,
 And straight his active limbs he tries ;
 He quits his couch with joyful bound,
 And runs to spread the tidings round.
- 4 The dumb their loosen'd tongues employ
 In strains of harmony and joy ;
 Striving, in loudest songs of praise,
 The mighty Healer's name to raise.

233 xxxv. 8—10. *A highway shall be there, &c.*

- 1 SING, ye redeemed of the Lord,
 Your great deliverer sing ;
 Pilgrims for Zion's city bound,
 Be joyful in your King.
- 2 See the fair way his hand hath rais'd ;
 How holy and how plain !
 Nor shall the simplest travellers err,
 Nor ask the track in vain.

- 3 No ravening lion shall destroy,
Nor lurking serpent wound;
Pleasure and safety, peace and praise,
Thro' all the path are found.
- 4 There garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head;
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows all are fled.

234 xxxviii. 19. *The living, the living, &c.*

- 1 ALL hail, thou lengthener of my days!
Thy dear preserving love I praise;
And thankfully receive
The present of my life restor'd;
O may I spend it for my Lord,
And to thy glory live.
- 2 No other end of life I know,
I would not live one hour below,
But to declare thy praise:
To suffer all thy glorious will,
And all thy counsel to fulfil,
And publish all thy grace.
- 3 For this my soul exults in hope,
Joyful to take her burden up,
And still her flesh to bear;
Ready to take her upward flight,
And spring into the realms of light,
And see thy glory there.

235 xl. 3, 4. (Matt. iii. 2.) *The voice of him, &c.*

- 1 HARK! in the wilderness a cry!
It shakes the mountains, rends the earth;
The King appears, behold him nigh!
The God by nature, man by birth!

- 2 Run to and fro, ye heralds, run,
Proclaim aloud, Prepare the way!
Redemption's glorious work's begun,
And who his potent arm shall stay?
- 3 The paths before his feet make straight,
And every obstacle remove:
Drop down, ye hills, your cumbrous weight,
And bow before redeeming love.
- 4 Then shall the lowly valley rise,
Its budding honors spring to view;
Swift the creating fiat flies,
And all is blissful, all is new.

236 xl. 6. *The voice said, cry, &c.*

- 1 Go, said the Voice, my servant go,
Raise the portending, solemn cry;
Piercing as when the trumpets blow,
That wake to arms, when foes are nigh.
- 2 What shall I cry, he trembling said,
To force the callous heart to feel?
What influence summon to my aid?
What awful lesson now reveal?
- 3 Cry, it rejoin'd, all flesh is grass!
Blooming, and withering in an hour:
That all its goodliness shall pass,
As fades the beauty of the flower.
- 4 All flesh is grass: but, holy Lord!
A nobler blessing still remains:
For ever lives thy sacred word,
Thy mercy, too, for ever reigns!

237 xl. 15—17. *Behold, the nations are, &c.*

- 1 WITH trembling heart, with solemn eye,
Behold Jehovah seated high;

And search, what worthy sacrifice
Your hands can give, your thoughts devise.

- 2 Let Lebanon her cedars bring,
To blaze before the sovereign King:
And all the beasts that on it feed,
As victims at his altar bleed.
- 3 Loud let ten thousand trumpets sound,
And call remotest nations round,
Assembled on the crowded plains,
Princes and people, kings and swains.
- 4 Join'd with the living, let the dead
Rising the face of earth o'erspread;
And while his praise unites their tongues,
Let angels echo back the songs.
- 5 The drop, when sever'd from the stream,
The dust upon the quivering beam,
Is more to sky, and earth, and sea,
Than all this pomp, O God, to thee.

238 xl. 31. *They shall mount up, &c.*

- 1 THE eagle, soaring in the skies,
When hastening fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam.
- 2 But high she shoots thro' air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.
- 3 So grant me, Lord, from every care,
And stain of passion free;
Aloft thro' virtue's purer air,
To hold my course to Thee!
- 4 No sin to cloud—no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs;

Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom in her wings!

239 xli. 10. *Fear thou not, &c.*

- 1 AND art thou with us, gracious Lord,
To dissipate our fear?
Dost thou proclaim thyself our God,
Our God for ever near?
- 2 Dost thou a father's yearnings feel,
For all thy humble saints?
And in such friendly accents speak,
To soothe their sad complaints?
- 3 Why droop our hearts? why stream our eyes,
While such a voice we hear?
Why rise our sorrows and our fears,
While such a friend is near?
- 4 To all thine other favors add
A heart to learn thy word;
And death itself shall hear us sing,
While resting on the Lord.

240 xli. 14, 15. *Fear not, thou worm, &c.*

- 1 WEAKER than worms, O Lord, are we,
And viler far than they;
Yet in such reptiles weak, and vile,
Dost thou thy power display.
- 2 Jehovah's sovereign voice is heard,
The worm lifts up its head,
And mountains, that would crush it down,
Before the worm are fled.
- 3 Thou holy One, thine Israel's King,
Thou our Redeemer art;
Nor shall the blessings of thy hand
From thy redeemed depart.

- 4 Thy love shall its own work fulfil,
 And grace shall rise on grace,
 Till worms of earth around thy throne
 With angels find a place.

241 xli. 18, 19. *I will open rivers, &c.*

- 1 RIVERS of pure delight shall rise,
 And o'er the barren mountains flow,
 Fountains and streams of Paradise
 Refresh the weary vale below.
- 2 There in the smiling wilderness
 My fertilizing grace shall dwell,
 And plant the fair and verdant trees,
 Whose leaves the sickly nations heal.
- 3 The trees of righteousness shall grow,
 And flourish to their planter's praise,
 And all the heavenly virtues show,
 And all the fruits of ripest grace.

242 xlii. 1—4. *Behold my servant, &c.*

- 1 BEHOLD, the Ambassador divine,
 Descending from above,
 To publish to mankind the law
 Of everlasting love.
- 2 On him in rich effusion pour'd,
 The heavenly dew descends;
 And truth divine he shall reveal,
 To earth's remotest ends.
- 3 No trumpet's sound, at his approach,
 Shall strike the wondering ears;
 But still and gentle breathe the voice,
 In which the God appears.
- 4 By his kind hand the shaken reed
 Shall raise its falling frame;

The dying embers shall revive,
And kindle to a flame.

- 5 The onward progress of his zeal,
Shall never know decline;
Till foreign lands and distant isles,
Receive the law divine.

243 xlii. 16. *I will bring the blind, &c.*

- 1 PRAISE to the radiant source of bliss,
Who gives the blind their sight,
And scatters round their wondering eyes
A flood of sacred light.
- 2 In paths unknown he leads them on
To his divine abode,
And shows new miracles of grace
Thro' all the heavenly road.
- 3 The ways all rugged and perplex'd
He renders smooth and straight,
And strengthens every feeble knee,
To march to Zion's gate.

244 xliii. 1, 2. *But now thus saith, &c.*

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

- 4 Then let the fires their rage display,
 And flaming terrors bar the way;
 Unhurt, unscorch'd, he leads them thro',
 And makes the flames refreshing too.
- 5 The fires but on their bonds shall prey,
 The floods but wash their stains away,
 And grace divine new trophies raise
 Amidst the deluge and the blaze.

245 xliii. 6. *I will say to the north, &c.*

- 1 SING, for the great Redeemer reigns,
 Thro' distant lands his triumphs spread,
 And sinners, freed from Satan's chains,
 Own him their Saviour and their Head.
- 2 God's sons and daughters from afar
 Daily at Zion's gates arrive;
 Those who were dead in sin before,
 By sovereign grace are made alive.
- 3 O may his conquests still increase,
 And every foe his power subdue!
 While angels celebrate his praise,
 And saints his rising glories show.

246 xliv. 5. *One shall say, I am, &c.*

- 1 O HAPPY day, that fix'd my choice
 On thee, my Saviour, and my God!
 Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
 And tell its raptures all abroad.
- 2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
 To Him, who merits all my love!
 Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
 While to that sacred shrine I move.
- 3 'Tis done; the great transaction's done:
 I am the Lord's, and he is mine:

He drew me, and I follow'd on,
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.

- 4 Now rest my long-divided heart,
Fix'd on this blissful centre rest;
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When call'd on angels' bread to feast?
- 5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

247 xliv. 22, 23. *I have blotted out as, &c.*

- 1 LET heaven burst forth into a song,
Let earth reflect the joyful sound;
Ye mountains, with the echo ring,
And shout, ye forests all around.
- 2 The Lord his Israel hath redeem'd,
Hath made his mourning people glad,
And the rich glories of his name
In their salvation hath display'd.
- 3 Unnumber'd sins, like sable clouds,
Veil'd every cheerful ray of joy,
And thunders murmur'd thro' the gloom,
While lightnings pointed to destroy.
- 4 He spoke, and all the clouds dispers'd,
And heaven unveil'd its shining face;
The whole creation smil'd anew,
Deck'd in the golden beams of grace.

248 xliv. 24—26. *Thus saith the Lord, &c.*

- 1 O ISRAEL, hear, thy God hath said,
The voice of thy Creator own,
I am the Lord, who all things made,
And till stretch out the heavens alone.

- 2 I hung the earth on empty space,
And still in equal poise sustain ;
I make, and mar, pull down and raise,
And Lord of my creation reign.
- 3 I overrule the sons of men,
Their tokens and their schemes o'erthrow,
Render their strength, their wisdom vain,
On all their blasted projects blow.
- 4 I the diviner's skill confound,
From sinners I their purpose hide ;
Level their Babels with the ground,
And torture and distract their pride.
- 5 I stop the wise and drive them back,
Cross and defeat their surest aim,
Their knowledge, foolishness I make,
And turn their glory into shame.
- 6 But I my servants' word fulfil,
My messengers divine I own ;
Who show the counsel of my will,
Their word shall stand, and their's alone.

249 xlv. 15. *Verily thou art a God, &c.*

- 1 God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust him for his grace ;
 Behind a frowning providence
 He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding every hour ;
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan his work in vain :
 God is his own interpreter,
 And he will make it plain.

250 xlix. 4. *I have laboured in vain, &c.*

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

251 xlix. 21. *Who hath begotten me, &c.*

- 1 ZION, a mourner long,
 Her new-born children sees ;

And with surprise and pleasure asks,
 'Who hath begotten these?'

- 2 In solitude she sat,
 While these estrang'd had been ;
 But lo, the rising morn presents
 A new, a glorious scene.
- 3 One here, another there,
 Are gather'd to the Lord,
 Trophies of his victorious grace,
 And all-subduing word.
- 4 But oh, the happier day,
 When round the blissful throne
 Jesus his scattered flock shall see,
 Collected all in one.

252 l. 10. *Who is among you that, &c.*

- 1 ART thou in darkness, humble mind,
 And hast no cheering light ?
 And dost thou walk as one that's blind,
 Or as in tenfold night ?
- 2 Still in the Lord thy God confide,
 Depend upon his power :
 Thro' gloomy night he'll be thy guide,
 And in thy darkest hour.
- 3 He never did, nor will forsake,
 The souls that love his word ;
 Then, tempted Christian, courage take,
 And trust thy mighty Lord.
- 4 Tho' men and devils may surround,
 And sorrow's waves run high :
 In God thy Saviour help is found ;
 The faithful shall not die.

N

253 li. 9. *Awake, awake, put on strength, &c.*

- 1 ARM of the Lord, awake, awake,
Thine own immortal strength put on!
With terror cloth'd, hell's kingdom shake,
And cast thy foes with fury down!
- 2 As in the ancient days appear!
The sacred annals speak thy fame:
Be now, omnipotently near,
To endless ages still the same.
- 3 By death and hell pursu'd in vain,
To Thee the ransom'd seed shall come;
Shouting their heavenly Zion gain,
And pass, thro' death, triumphant home.

254 lii. 1. *Awake, awake, put on thy strength, &c.*

- 1 DAUGHTER of Zion, from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head;
Again in thy Redeemer trust;
He calls thee from the dead.
- 2 Awake, awake, put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array;
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.
- 3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth;
Say to the south, "Give up thy charge,
And keep not back, O north!"
- 4 They come, they come; the exil'd bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.
- 5 Thus when the universe shall burn,
And God his works destroy,

With songs thy ransom'd shall return,
And everlasting joy.

255 lii. 3. *Ye have sold yourselves, &c.*

- 1 Now let the trumpet's cheerful sound
Make known the welcome news abroad,
And to the world's remotest bound
Proclaim the jubilee of God.
- 2 Ye slaves throughout the world, give ear;
Ye who have sold yourselves for nought,
In Zion's sacred gates appear,
And see what Zion's King has wrought!
- 3 Hasten, ye wanderers, hasten home,
Receive the inheritance you sold;
The year of Jubilee is come!
The year by prophets long foretold.
- 4 And now let cheerful songs arise
From the utmost limits of the earth;
The Jubilee a theme supplies,
A joyful theme of heavenly birth.

256 lii. 7. (*Isa. lxi. 7.*) *How beautiful upon, &c.*

- 1 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 beloved.

- 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 deliyerance
 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.

257 lii. 10. *All the ends of the earth, &c.*

- 1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness
 Look, my soul ; be still and gaze ;
 All the promises do travail
 With a glorious day of grace :
 Blessed Jubilee,
 Let thy glorious morning dawn !
- 2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
 Let the rude Barbarian see,
 That divine and glorious conquest
 Once obtain'd on Calvary :
 Let the Gospel
 Wide resound from pole to pole.
- 3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
 Let them have the glorious light,
 And from eastern coast to western,
 May the morning chase the night !
 And redemption,
 Freely purchas'd, win the day !
- 4 Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel,
 Win and conquer ; never cease,

May thy lasting wide dominions
 Multiply and still increase !
 Sway thy sceptre,
 Saviour, all the world around !

258 liv. 7, 8. *For a small moment have, &c.*

- 1 IN thy rebukes, all gracious God,
 What soft compassion reigns !
 What gentle accents of thy voice
 Assuage thy children's pains !
- 2 " When I correct my chosen sons,
 " A father's bowels move :
 " One transient moment bounds my wrath,
 " But endless is my love."
- 3 Our faith shall look thro' every tear,
 And view thy smiling face,
 And hope amidst our sighs shall tune
 An anthem to thy grace.
- 4 Gather at length my weary soul
 To join thy saints above ;
 For I would learn a song of praise
 Eternal as thy love.

259 liv. 13. (John vi. 45.) *All thy children, &c.*

- 1 BRIGHT source of intellectual rays,
 Father of spirits and of grace,
 O dart with energy unknown
 Celestial beamings from thy throne.
- 2 Thy sacred book would we survey,
 Enlighten'd with that heavenly day,
 And ask thy Spirit, with the word,
 To teach our souls to know the Lord.

- 3 Behold thine offspring near thee wait;
 Thy promise now we supplicate;
 The holy truth,—the heavenly road,—
 Show us, as children taught of God.

260 *lv. 10—13. For, as the rain cometh, &c.*

- 1 MARK the soft-falling snow,
 And the diffusive rain:
 To heaven from whence it fell,
 It turns not back again;
 But waters earth Thro' every pore,
 And calls forth all Its secret store.
- 2 Array'd in beauteous green,
 The hills and valleys shine,
 And man and beast are fed
 By providence divine;
 The harvest bows its golden ears,
 The copious seed Of future years.
- 3 "So," saith the God of grace,
 "My gospel shall descend,
 "Almighty to effect
 "The purpose I intend;
 "Millions of souls Shall feel its power,
 "And bear it down To millions more.
- 4 "Joy shall begin your march,
 "And peace protect your ways,
 "While all the mountains round
 "Echo melodious praise;
 "The vocal groves Shall sing the God,
 "And every tree Consenting nod."

261 lvi. 6, 7. (Ephes. ii. 12.) *Also the sons, &c.*

- 1 GREAT Father of mankind,
We bless that wondrous grace,
Which could for Gentiles find
Within thy courts a place:
How kind the care Our God displays
For us to raise A house of prayer!
- 2 Tho' once estranged far,
We now approach the throne;
For Jesus brings us near,
And makes our cause his own:
Strangers no more To thee we come,
And find our home, And rest secure.
- 3 To thee our souls we join,
And love thy sacred name;
No more our own, but thine,
We triumph in thy claim!
Our Father-king, Thy covenant grace
Our souls embrace, Thy titles sing.
- 4 May all the nations throng
To worship in thy house;
And thou attend the song,
And smile upon their vows;
Indulgent still, Till earth conspire
To join the choir On Zion's hill.

262 lvii. 2. *He shall enter into peace, &c.*

- 1 How blest is the Christian, bereft
Of all that could burden his mind!

- How easy the soul that hath left
This wearisome body behind !
- 2 This languishing head is at rest,
Its thinking and aching are o'er,
This quiet immoveable breast
Is heav'd by affliction no more !
- 3 This heart is no longer the seat
Of trouble and torturing pain :
It ceases to flutter and beat,—
It never shall flutter again.
- 4 The lids he so seldom could close,
By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
Seal'd up in eternal repose,
Have strangely forgotten to weep.
- 5 To mourn and to suffer is mine,
While I draw in a prison my breath,
And still for deliverance pine,
And press to the issues of death.

263 lvii. 18. *I have seen his ways, &c.*

- 1 " LONG have I seen thy froward ways,
" Yet I am gracious still ;
" Approach my throne, and ask my grace,
" My promise I'll fulfil.
- 2 " I'll heal the breach that sin has made,
" And give thy conscience peace ;
" Joys thou shalt know that never fade,
" Bliss which shall never cease.
- 3 " Nothing I see in thee to move,
" The mercy which I give ;
" But 'tis my own unchanging love,
" That bids thee ask and live."

264 lvii. 19. *I create the fruit of, &c.*

- 1 **HARK!** for the great Creator speaks ;
 In silence let the earth attend ;
 And, when his words of grace are heard,
 In grateful adoration bend.
- 2 “ 'Tis I create the fruit of praise,
 “ And give the broken heart to sing ;
 “ Peace, heavenly peace, my lips proclaim,
 “ And tidings of salvation bring.”
- 3 Receive the tidings with delight,
 Ye Gentile nations from afar ;
 And you, the children of his love,
 Whom grace hath brought already near.
- 4 To these, to those, his sovereign hand
 Its healing energy imparts :
 Peace, peace, be echo'd from your tongues,
 And echo'd from consenting hearts.
- 5 Enjoy the health which God hath wrought ;
 Nor let the daily tribute cease,
 Till chang'd for more exalted songs
 In regions of eternal peace.

265 lviii. 1. *Cry aloud, spare not, &c.*

- 1 **ALoud** thy servants cry,
 Commission'd from thy throne,
 And like a trumpet raise their voice
 To make thy judgments known.
- 2 But who that cry attends,
 And makes his safety sure ?
 Rock'd by the tempests they should flee,
 They sleep the more secure.
- 3 Another trumpet, Lord,
 These senseless slumberers need ;
 Nor will they hear a feebler voice,
 Than that which wakes the dead !

266

lviii. 5—8. *Is it such a fast, &c.*

- 1 ATTEND, and mark the solemn fast,
Which to the Lord is dear ;
Disdain the false unhallo' d mask
Which vain dissemblers wear.
- 2 Do I delight in sorrow's dress ?
Saith He who reigns above ;
The hanging head, and rueful look,
Will they attract my love ?
- 3 Let such as feel oppression's load,
Thy tender pity share ;
And let the helpless, homeless poor
Be thy peculiar care.
- 4 Go bid the hungry orphan be
With thine abundance blest ;
Invite the wanderer to thy gate,
And spread the couch of rest.
- 5 Let him who pines with piercing cold
By thee be warm'd and clad ;
Be thine the blissful task to make
The downcast mourner glad.
- 6 Then, bright as morning, shall come forth,
In peace and joy thy days ;
And glory from the Lord above
Shall shine on all thy ways.

267

lix. 19. *When the enemy shall come, &c.*

- 1 THE streams of poisonous error swell ;
Now rages vice in every form ;
They join their tide, led on by hell,
And Zion trembles at the storm.
- 2 Almighty Spirit, raise thine arm,
And lift the Saviour's standard high ;

Thy people's hearts with vigour warm,
And call thy chosen legions nigh.

- 3 Wak'd by thy well-known voice they come,
And round the sacred banner throng:
Gladly prepare the Conqueror room,
While triumph bursts into a song.

268 lx. 1. *Arise, shine, for thy, &c.*

- 1 O ZION, tune thy voice,
And raise thy hands on high;
Tell all the earth thy joys.
And boast salvation nigh;
Cheerful in God, Arise and shine,
While rays divine — Stream all abroad.
- 2 He gilds thy mourning face
With beams that cannot fade;
His all-resplendent grace
He pours around thy head;
The nations round, Thy form shall view,
With lustre new, Divinely crown'd.
- 3 In honor to his name
Reflect that sacred light;
And loud that grace proclaim,
Which makes thy darkness bright.
Pursue his praise, Till sovereign love
In worlds above, The glory raise.
- 4 There on his holy hill
A brighter sun shall rise,
And with his radiance fill
Those fairer, purer skies;
While round his throne, Ten thousand stars
In nobler spheres, His influence own.

269 lx. 8. *Who are these that fly, &c.*

- 1 Lo, who are these that soar on high,
Above the reach of grief and woe;

See with what haste to Christ they fly,
And sing his praises as they go.

- 2 Jesus, 'tis thine almighty grace
That brings the wandering sinners home ;
'Tis that which bids them seek thy face,
'Tis that constrains their souls to come.
- 3 The beams of truth direct their flight,
Thy goodness guards the dangerous way ;
Thus they ascend to realms of light,
And regions of eternal day.

270 lx. 18—20. *Violence shall no more, &c.*

- 1 HEAR what God, the Lord, hath spoken,—
O my people faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you :
Themes of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways ;
You shall name your walls Salvation,
And your gates shall all be Praise.
- 2 There like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow ;
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All his bounty shall bestow.
Still, in undisturb'd possession,
Peace and righteousness shall reign ;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again.
- 3 Ye, no more your suns descending,
Waning moons no more, shall see ;
But your griefs for ever ending,
Find eternal noon in me :
God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night ;
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
God your everlasting light.

271 Ixii. 1—5. *For Zion's sake, &c.*

- 1 **FOR** Zion's sake I'll not restrain
The voice of fervent prayer ;
Jerusalem shall still remain
The object of my care.
- 2 Ere long as bright as perfect day,
Her righteousness shall shine ;
Her great salvation shall display
The attributes divine.
- 3 The nations shall thy glory see,
Their kings with wonder view ;
Thou bless'd by God's own lips shalt be,
And by him nam'd anew.
- 4 A crown of glory in his hand,
A royal diadem ;
No more forsaken shall thy land
The ungodly world contemn.
- 5 Thy Maker shall in thee rejoice,
And in his love shall rest ;
Thy God shall own thee as his choice,
For ever, ever blest.

272 Ixii. 6, 7. *I have set watchmen, &c.*

- 1 **INDULGENT** Sovereign of the skies,
And wilt Thou bow thy gracious ear?
While feeble mortals raise their cries,
Wilt Thou, the great Jehovah, hear?
- 2 How shall thy servants give thee rest,
Till Zion's mouldering walls Thou raise?
Till thine own power shall stand confess'd,
And make Jerusalem a praise?
- 3 For this, a lowly suppliant crowd
Here in thy sacred temple wait:

For this, we lift our voices loud,
And cry and sue at mercy's gate.

- 4 Look down, O God, with pitying eye,
And view the desolation round ;
See what wide realms in darkness lie,
And hurl their idols to the ground.

273 lxiii. 7. *I will mention the loving, &c.*

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise ;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving-kindness, O how free !
- 2 He saw me ruin'd by the fall,
Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all ;
He sav'd me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness, O how great !
- 3 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud ;
He near my soul has ever stood,
His loving-kindness, O how good !
- 4 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail ;
O may my last expiring breath,
His loving-kindness sing in death.
- 5 Then let me mount and soar away,
To the bright world of endless day ;
And sing with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

274 lxiii. 9. *In his love he redeemed, &c.*

- 1 Now begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name ;
Ye, who Jesus' kindness prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

- 2 Ye, who see the Father's grace
 Beaming in the Saviour's face,
 As to Canaan on ye move,
 Praise and bless redeeming love.
- 3 Ye, alas! who long have been,
 Willing slaves of death and sin,
 Now from bliss no longer rove,
 Stop, and taste redeeming love.
- 4 Welcome, all by grief opprest,
 Welcome to his sacred rest,
 Nothing brought him from above,
 Nothing but redeeming love.
- 5 Hither then your music bring,
 Strike aloud each joyful string,
 Mortals join the hosts above,
 Join to praise redeeming love.

275 lxiii. 15. *Look down from heaven, &c.*

- 1 Now, from thy habitation, Lord,
 To our relief draw nigh;
 A gracious look to us afford,
 And hear our humble cry.
- 2 Sinners reject thy gospel still,
 Nor from their follies cease;
 Where is thy strength, and where thy zeal,
 To give thy word success?
- 3 Now, Lord, thy mighty arm reveal,
 A gracious answer give;
 Thy power, thy mercy, and thy zeal,
 Shall thy own work revive.

276 lxiv. 6. *We all do fade as a leaf.*

- 1 SEE the leaves around us falling,
 Dry and wither'd to the ground;

- Oft to thoughtless mortals calling,
With a sad and solemn sound.
- 2 Such were we who bloom'd in Eden,
Blighted soon, like these we fell ;
This the lecture they are reading,
This the fact they dreadly tell.
- 3 On the tree of life eternal,
Then let all our hopes be stay'd ;
Which alone for ever vernal,
Bears a leaf that ne'er shall fade.

277 lxv. 24. *Before they call I will answer, &c.*

- 1 OFT hast thou, Lord, in tender love,
Prevented my request ;
And sent most welcome from above
An unexpected rest.
- 2 Oft when my prayer was scarce begun,
Thou didst thy love impart,
And made thy pardoning mercy known,
And seal'd it on my heart.
- 3 Why dost Thou, to a sinner's cry,
Incline thy pitying ear ?
Thou hear'st mine Advocate on high,
And wilt for ever hear.

278 lxvi. 12, 19, 23. *I will extend peace to, &c.*

- 1 THUS saith the Lord ;—My church ! to thee
Peace like a river I will send ;
The Gentiles, like a stream, shall see
Thy mercy flowing without end.
- 2 The isles that never heard my fame,
Nor knew the glory of my might ;
They shall be taught to fear my name,
Call'd out of darkness into light.

- 3 And it shall come to pass that vows,
From sabbath unto sabbath-day,
From moon to moon, in mine own house,
All nations, tribes, and tongues shall pay.

JEREMIAH.

279 ii. 2. *I remember thee, the kindness, &c.*

- 1 O WHERE is now that glowing love,
That mark'd our union with the Lord?
Our hearts were fix'd on things above,
Nor could the world a joy afford.
- 2 Where is the zeal that led us then
To make our Saviour's glory known;
That freed us from the fear of men,
And kept our eye on him alone?
- 3 Where are the happy seasons spent
In fellowship with him we lov'd?
The sacred joy, the sweet content,
The blessedness that then we prov'd?
- 4 Behold, again we turn to thee,
O cast us not away, tho' vile!
No peace we have, no joy we see,
O Lord our God, but in thy smile.

280 ii. 13. (iii. 23.) *My people have, &c.*

- 1 How long shall dreams of creature-bliss
Our flattering hopes employ,
And mock our fond deluded eyes
With visionary joy?
- 2 Why from the mountains and the hills
Is our salvation sought,

- While our eternal Rock's forsook,
And Israel's God forgot?
- 3 The living spring neglected flows.
Full in our daily view,
Yet we, with anxious, fruitless toil,
Our broken cisterns hew.
- 4 These fatal errors, gracious God,
With gentle pity see ;
To thee our roving eyes direct,
And fix our souls on thee.

281 ii. 31. *Have I been a wilderness, &c.*

- 1 No wild, dark desert proves the Lord,
To them who trust and love his word ;
How can we want if He provide ?
Or lose our way with such a guide ?
- 2 When first before his mercy seat,
We did to him our all commit ;
He gave us warrant, from that hour,
To trust his wisdom, love, and power.
- 3 Did ever trouble yet befall,
And he refuse to hear our call ?
And has he not his promise past,
That we shall overcome at last ?
- 4 He who has help'd us hitherto,
Will help us all our journey thro',
And give us daily cause to raise
New monuments of joyful praise.

282 iii. 4. *Wilt thou not from this time, &c.*

- 1 DOES God invite us to his throne,
To make our fathers' God our own ;
To seek his aid, and share his love,
While here, and in the world above ?

- 2 " From this time wilt thou not, my son,
 " Haste to thy heavenly Father's throne,
 " And there, in every fear and strait,
 " For his support and counsel wait?"
- 3 Yes, Lord, our inmost souls rejoice
 To hear our Father's gracious voice ;
 And to thy care our all commend,
 To be our Guide till life shall end.
- 4 While young or old, thro' life or death,
 Thy praises shall employ our breath ;
 And we for ever shall proclaim
 Our Father's, and our Saviour's name.

283 iii. 12. (14. 22.) *Go and proclaim, &c.*

- 1 BACKSLIDING Israel, hear the voice
 Of thy forgiving God,
 Nor force such goodness to exert
 The terrors of the rod.
- 2 Thus saith the Lord, " My mercy flows
 " An unexhausted stream,
 " And, after all its millions sav'd,
 " Its sway is still supreme.
- 3 " Own but the follies thou hast done,
 " And mourn thy sins in dust,
 " And soon thy trembling heart shall learn
 " To hope, and love, and trust."
- 4 All-gracious God, thy voice we own ;
 And, prostrate at thy feet,
 Our souls in humble silence wait,
 A pardon there to meet.

284 iii. 15. *I will give you pastors, &c.*

- 1 SHEPHERD of Israel, thou dost keep
 With constant care thy humble sheep ;
 By thee inferior pastors rise
 To feed our souls, and bless our eyes.

- 2 To all thy churches such impart,
Modell'd by thine own gracious heart ;
Whose courage, watchfulness, and love,
Men may attest, and God approve.
- 3 Fed by their active tender care,
Healthful may all thy sheep appear,
And, by their fair example led,
The way to Zion's pastures tread.
- 4 Here hast thou listen'd to our vows,
And scattered blessings on thy house ;
Thy saints are succour'd, and no more
As sheep without a guide deplore.
- 5 Completely heal each former stroke,
And bless the shepherd and the flock ;
Confirm the hopes thy mercies raise,
And own this tribute of our praise.

285 iii. 19. *How shall I put thee, &c.*

- 1 AMAZING power of sovereign grace,
And doth our God look down
On rebels, whom his wrath might doom
To perish at his frown ?
- 2 One look the stubborn heart subdues,
And at his feet they fall ;
They own their Father with delight,
And he receives them all.
- 3 Number'd amongst his dearest sons,
The pleasant land they share ;
On earth secur'd by power divine,
Till crown'd with glory there.

286 iii. 22. *Return ye backsliding, &c.*

- 1 CALL, mighty Saviour, call aloud !
And let thy voice be heard ;
Exalt the poor, abase the proud,
Belov'd, ador'd, and fear'd.

- 2 Call to thy throne, thy house of prayer,
 Make deep repentance flow ;
 Then shall we find acceptance there,
 And thy salvation know.
- 3 Hark ! 'tis his voice ! we come, we come ;
 Dear Lord, direct our way ;
 And let the world in vain presume
 To lead our feet astray.

287

v. 22. *Fear ye not me, &c.*

- 1 WHEN on the giddy cliff I stand,
 Beneath the billows roar,
 And, breaking on the rocky strand,
 Whiten with foam the shore.
- 2 Shall winds and waves their God obey,
 And I refuse to hear ?
 Shall he that bounds the flowing sea
 Not bind me with his fear ?
- 3 O Thou ! that rulest seas and skies,
 Corruption's flood control,
 Nor let the waves of passion rise
 Within my troubled soul.
- 4 Then I within thy sacred mound,
 In due obedience blest,
 Calm, gently flowing, kiss the bound,
 And wait eternal rest.

288

viii. 20. *The harvest is past, &c.*

- 1 ALAS, how fast our moments fly !
 How short our months appear !
 How swift thro' various seasons hastes
 The still revolving year !
- 2 Seasons of grace, and days of hope,
 While Jesus waiting stands,

And spreads the blessings of his love
With wide extended hands.

3 But, O! how slow our stupid souls
These blessings to secure!
Blessings, which thro' eternal years
Unwithering shall endure.

4 Beneath the word of life we die;
We starve amidst our store;
And what salvation should impart
Heightens our ruin more.

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

289 viii. 22. *Is there no balm in Gilead? &c.*

1 DEEP are the wounds which sin has made,
Where shall the sinner find a cure?
In vain, alas! is nature's aid,
The work exceeds all nature's power.

2 Sin, like a raging fever, reigns
With fatal strength in every part;
The dire contagion fills the veins,
And spreads its poison to the heart.

3 And can no sovereign balm be found?
And is no kind physician nigh,
To ease the pain, and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope for ever fly?

4 There is a great Physician near,
Look up, O fainting soul, and live;
See, in his heavenly smiles appear
Such ease as nature cannot give!

290 ix. 23, 24. (1 Cor. i. 31.) *Let not the wise, &c.*

- 1 No more, ye wise, your wisdom boast,
No more, ye strong, your valour trust ;
Nor let the rich survey his store,
Elate with heaps of shining ore.
- 2 Glory, my soul, in this alone,
That God, thy God, to thee is known,
That thou hast own'd his sovereign sway,
That thou hast felt his cheering ray.
- 3 My wisdom, wealth, and power, I find
In God my Saviour all combin'd :
On him I fix my roving eyes,
Till all my soul in rapture rise.
- 4 All else, which I my treasure call,
May in one fatal moment fall ;
But what his happiness can move,
Whom God the blessed deigns to love ?

291 x. 16. 51. 19. *The portion of Jacob, &c.*

- 1 " JACOB'S portion is the Lord ;"
What can Jacob more require ?
What can heaven more afford ?
Or a creature more desire ?
- 2 Christians need not look to earth,
Since their portion is the Lord :
Worldly care and worldly mirth
With their choice would ill accord.
- 3 Heaven and earth shall flee away,
Sinners with their idols fall :
But his church survives the day ;
Israel's God is Lord of all.
- 4 Happy church, then fear not thou !
Triumph when the Lord appears ;
He, who is thy portion now,
Will be thine thro' endless years.

292 x. 25. *The families that call not, &c.*

- 1 O GOD, our Father, and our Friend,
To our united prayers attend ;
We would our humble homage pay
Before thy throne from day to day.
- 2 May this, our habitation, be
A constant residence for Thee ;
And may our joint devotions rise
Like holy incense to the skies.
- 3 We would esteem this sweet employ
Part of our business, and our joy ;
We dread the thought of living here,
Without thy worship and thy fear.
- 4 To us thy saving grace impart ;
O dwell and reign in every heart ;
May we in piety and love
Be meeten'd for thy house above.

293 xii. 5. *How wilt thou do in the swelling, &c.*

- 1 SHUDDER not to pass the stream ;
Venture all thy care on him ;
Him ! whose dying love and power
Still'd its tossing, hush'd its roar.
Safe is the expanded wave,
Gentle as the summer's eve,
Not one object of his care
Ever suffer'd shipwreck there.
- 2 See the haven full in view !
Love divine shall bear thee thro' ;
Trust to that propitious gale ;
Weigh thine anchor, spread thy sail.
Saints in glory, hailing thee,
Wait thy passage thro' the sea ;
Ardent for thy coming o'er,
Lo, they throng the blissful shore !

3 Mount, their transports to improve ;
 Join the longing choir above :
 Swiftly to their wish be given ;
 Kindle higher joy in heaven.
 Such the prospects that arise
 To the dying Christian's eyes ;
 Such the glorious vista, faith
 Opens thro' the storm of death.

294 xiii. 16. *Give glory to the Lord, &c.*

- 1 THE swift-declining day,
 How fast its moments fly !
 While evening's broad and gloomy shade
 Gains on the western sky.
- 2 Ye mortals, mark its pace,
 And use the hours of light ;
 And know, its Maker can command
 An instantaneous night.
- 3 On the dark mountain's brow
 Your feet shall quickly slide ;
 And from its airy summit dash
 Your momentary pride.
- 4 Give glory to the Lord,
 Who rules the whirling sphere ;
 Submissive at his footstool bow,
 And seek salvation there.

295 xiii. 17. *My soul shall weep, &c.*

- 1 ARISE, my tenderest thoughts, arise ;
 To torrents melt my streaming eyes ;
 And thou, my heart, with anguish feel
 Those evils which thou canst not heal.
- 2 See human nature sunk in shame ;
 See scandals poured on Jesus' name ;

- The Father wounded thro' the Son ;
The world abus'd, the soul undone.
- 3 See the short course of vain delight
Closing in everlasting night,
In flames that no abatement know,
Tho' briny tears for ever flow.
- 4 My God, I feel the mournful scene ;
My bowels yearn o'er dying men ;
And fain my pity would reclaim,
And snatch the firebrands from the flame.
- 5 But feeble my compassion proves,
And can but weep, where most it loves ;
Thine own all-saving arm employ,
And turn these drops of grief to joy.

296 xv. 9. *Her sun is gone down, &c.*

- 1 SAY not their sun goes down at noon,
Early they die, but not too soon,
Who live until the heart is chang'd,
And from the world and sin estrang'd.
- 2 Taught by the Lord, whose love they knew,
They learnt to smile with death in view ;
Life's noblest end thus gain'd betimes,
Their sun enlightens other climes.

297 xvii. 5—8. *Cursed be the man, &c.*

- 1 As parched in the barren sands
Beneath a burning sky,
The worthless bramble withering stands,
And only grows to die :
- 2 Such is the sinner's awful case,
Who makes the world his trust,
And dares his confidence to place
In vanity and dust.

- 3 But happy he, whose hopes depend
Upon the Lord alone ;
The soul that trusts in such a friend,
Can ne'er be overthrown.
- 4 So thrives and blooms the tree, whose roots
By constant streams are fed ;
Array'd in green, and rich in fruits,
It rears its branching head.
- 5 It thrives, tho' rain should be denied,
And drought around prevail ;
'Tis planted by a river's side,
Whose waters cannot fail.

298 *xxiii. 6. The Lord our righteousness.*

- 1 JESUS, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress ;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 When from the dust of death I rise,
To claim my mansion in the skies ;
E'en then shall this be all my plea,
" Jesus hath liv'd and died for me."
- 3 Bold shall I stand in that great day ;
For who aught to my charge shall lay ?
Fully, thro' Thee, absolv'd I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.
- 4 This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruin'd nature sinks in years ;
No age can change its glorious hue—
The grace of Christ is ever new.
- 5 O let the dead now hear thy voice,
Now bid thy banish'd ones rejoice !
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus the Lord, our righteousness.

299 xxiii. 29. *Is not my word, &c.*

- 1 **AND** is thy word, oh God, a fire?
Let light and heat from thence proceed;
The holy flame by it produc'd
Do thou with constant fuel feed.
- 2 Is it a hammer? let it break
This hard unfeeling heart of mine,
And by its oft repeated strokes
Prepare the way for joys divine.
- 3 Let not thy faithful servants, Lord,
Of fruitless labors e'er complain;
Oh! may this fire be never quench'd,
This hammer never strike in vain.

300 xxviii. 16. *This year thou shalt die.*

- 1 God of my life, thy constant care
With blessings crowns each opening year;
This guilty life dost thou prolong,
And wake anew mine annual song.
- 2 How many precious souls are fled
To the vast regions of the dead,
Since from this day the changing sun
Thro' his last yearly period run!
- 3 We yet survive: but who can say,
Or thro' the year, or month, or day,
"I will retain this vital breath,
"Amidst the flying shafts of death?"
- 4 That breath is thine, eternal God;
'Tis thine to fix my soul's abode;
It holds its life from thee alone,
On earth, or in the world unknown.
- 5 To Thee our spirits we resign,
Make them and own them still as thine:

So shall they smile, secure from fear,
Tho' death should blast the rising year.

301 xxix. 11. *I know the thoughts, &c.*

- 1 **VILER** than dust, O Lord, are we ;
And doth thine anger cease ?
And doth thy gracious heart o'erflow
With purposes of peace ?
- 2 And dost Thou with delight reflect
On what thy grace shall do ?
And with complacency of soul
Enjoy the distant view ?
- 3 And can thine often injur'd love
So kind a message send,
That Thou to all our lengthen'd woes
Wilt give the expected end ?
- 4 Why droop our hearts ? why flow our eyes,
While such a voice we hear ?
Why rise our sorrows and our fears,
While such a Friend is near ?

302 xxxi. 3. *Yea I have loved thee, &c.*

- 1 **THE** God of truth his church has blest,
And lov'd with an eternal love :
Hence we are drawn to Christ our rest,
And from his grace shall ne'er remove.
- 2 This love in every trying hour,
Saviour, shall cheer the trembling saint ;
O draw us with increasing power,
That we may run and never faint.
- 3 Here would we dwell while others rove,
Here we are safe from all alarms ;
Our hope is everlasting love,
Our rest the everlasting arms.

303 xxxi. 12. *They shall come and sing, &c.*

- 1 SING, ye happy souls, that press
Toward the height of holiness ;
Praise Him whom in part ye know,
Freely to his goodness flow ;
All his gracious stores receive,
All his promises believe.
- 2 Joyful, Lord, we come to thee,
All in one request agree ;
Feed us with the living bread,
With thy grace our spirits feed ;
Give the blessing from above,
Oil of joy, and wine of love.
- 3 For thy truth and mercy sake,
As a water'd garden make
All thy Zion's blest abode,
With thine holiest love o'erflow'd,
Till, by sure degrees, it rise
Thy terrestrial paradise.

304 xxxi. 15, 16. (Matt. ii. 18.) *Rachel, &c.*

- 1 ~~Weep~~, weep not o'er thy children's tomb,
O parent ! weep not so :
The bud is cropt by early doom,
The flower in heaven shall blow.
- 2 Firstlings of faith ! the murderer's knife
Hath miss'd its deadly aim ;
The Lord, to whom they gave their life,
For them to suffer came.
- 3 Tho' evil were their days and few,
Baptiz'd in blood and pain,
He knows them whom they never knew,
And they shall live again.

- 4 Then weep not o'er thy children's tomb,
 O parent! weep not so:
 The bud is cropt by early doom,
 The flower in heaven shall blow.

305 xxxi. 17. *There is hope in thine end, &c.*

- 1 Ye mourning saints, whose streaming tears
 Flow o'er your children dead;
 Say not, in transports of despair,
 That all your hopes are fled.
- 2 While cleaving to that darling dust
 In fond distress ye lie,
 Rise, and with joy and reverence view
 A heavenly parent nigh.
- 3 Tho', your young branches torn away,
 Like wither'd trunks ye stand,
 With fairer verdure shall ye bloom,
 Touch'd by the Almighty's hand.
- 4 We welcome, Lord, those rising tears,
 Thro' which thy face we see,
 And bless those wounds, which, thro' our
 hearts,
 Prepare a way for Thee.

306 xxxi. 18. *I have surely heard, &c.*

- 1 My sinfulness, O Lord, I own,
 And here, to Thee, my guilt bemoan;
 Thou hast chastis'd me with thy stroke,
 But I have spurn'd and scorn'd thy yoke.
- 2 Like a wild bullock have I been,
 Under thy chastisement for sin;
 Fretful and obstinate, and proud,
 How little has my heart been bow'd!
- 3 Yet let me, Lord, thy mercy see,
 "Turn me, and I shall turned be;"

Thus sanctify to me thy rod,
For thou art still the Lord, my God.

307 *xxx. 20. Is Ephraim my dear son, &c.*

- 1 RETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek an injur'd Father's face ;
Those warm desires that in thee burn
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.
- 2 Return, O wanderer, return !
And seek a Father's melting heart ;
Whose pitying eyes thy grief discern,
Whose hand can heal thine inward smart.
- 3 Return, O wanderer, return !
He heard thy deep, repentant sigh ;
He saw thy soften'd spirit mourn,
When no intruding ear was nigh !
- 4 Return, O wanderer, return !
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live ;
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.
- 5 Return, O wanderer, return !
Regain thy lost, lamented rest ;
Jehovah's melting bowels yearn,
To clasp his Ephraim to his breast.

308 *xlix. 14, An ambassador is sent, &c.*

- 1 MEN of God, go take your stations ;
Darkness reigns throughout the earth ;
Go, proclaim among the nations
Joyful news of heavenly birth ;
Bear the tidings
Of the Saviour's matchless worth.
- 2 Of his gospel not ashamed,
As the power of God to save,

Go where Christ was never nated ;
 Publish freedom to the slave !
 Blessed freedom !
 Such as Zion's children have.

- 3 What tho' earth and hell, united,
 Should oppose the Saviour's plan ?
 Plead his cause, be not affrighted ;
 Fear ye not the face of man :
 Vain the tumult ;
 Thwart his work they never can.
- 4 When expos'd to fearful dangers,
 Jesus will his own defend ;
 Borne afar 'midst foes and strangers,
 Jesus will appear your Friend !
 And his presence
 Shall be with you to the end.

309 1. 5. *They shall ask the way, &c.*

- 1 INQUIRE, ye pilgrims, for the way
 That leads to Zion's hill,
 And thither set your steady face,
 With a determin'd will.
- 2 Invite the strangers all around
 Your pious march to join ;
 And spread the sentiments you feel
 Of faith and love divine.
- 3 Come let us to his temple haste,
 And seek his favor there,
 Before his footstool humbly bow,
 And pour out fervent prayer.
- 4 Come let us join our souls to God
 In everlasting bands,
 And seize the blessings he bestows
 With eager hearts and hands.

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

LAMENTATIONS.

310 iii. 22. *It is of the Lord's mercies, &c.*

- 1 LORD, and am I yet alive,
 Not in torment, not in hell!
 Still doth thy good Spirit strive!
 With the chief of sinners dwell!
- 2 O the length and breadth of love!
 Jesus, Saviour, can it be?
 All thy mercies' height I prove,
 All the depth is seen in me.
- 3 See a bush that burns with fire
 Unconsum'd amid the flame!
 Turn aside the sight to admire,
 I the living wonder am.
- 4 See a stone that hangs in air!
 See a spark in ocean live!
 Kept alive with death so near,
 I to God the glory give.

311 iii. 23. *They are new every morning, &c.*

- 1 GREAT God! my early vows to thee
 With gratitude I'll bring;
 And at the rosy dawn of day
 Thy lofty praises sing.
- 2 Again the sky with golden beams
 Thy skilful hands adorn,
 And paint with cheerful splendor gay
 The fair ascending morn.

- 3 And as the gloomy night returns,
Or smiling day renews,
Thy constant goodness still my soul
With benefits pursues.
- 4 For this will I my vows to thee
With evening incense bring ;
And at the rosy dawn of day
Thy lofty praises sing.

312 iii. 24. *The Lord is my portion, &c.*

- 1 FROM pole to pole let others roam,
And search in vain for bliss ;
In him my soul hath found its home,
The Lord my portion is.
- 2 Jesus, who on his glorious throne
Rules heaven, and earth, and sea,
Is pleas'd to claim me for his own,
And give himself to me.
- 3 For him I count as gain each loss,
Disgrace for him renown ;
Well may I glory in his cross,
While he prepares my crown !
- 4 Let worldlings then indulge their boast,
How much they gain or spend ;
Their joys are vain, and soon are lost,
But mine shall never end.

313 iii. 33. *He doth not afflict willingly, &c.*

- 1 NOT from relentless fate's dark womb,
Or from the dust, our troubles come ;
No fickle chance presides o'er grief,
To cause the pain, or send relief.
- 2 He sees we need the painful yoke ;
Yet love directs his heaviest stroke :

- He takes no pleasure in our smart,
But wounds to heal, and cheer the heart.
- 3 Blest trials those that cleanse from sin,
And make the soul all pure within,
Wean the fond mind from earthly toys,
To seek and taste celestial joys !

314 iii. 39. *Wherefore doth a living man, &c.*

- 1 WHY should a living man complain
Of deep distress within,
Since every sigh, and every pain,
Is but the fruit of sin ?
- 2 No, Lord, I'll patiently submit,
Nor ever dare rebel ;
Yet sure I may, here at thy feet,
My painful feelings tell !
- 3 One look of mercy from thy face
Will set my heart at ease ;
One all-commanding word of grace,
Will make the tempest cease.

315 iii. 40. *Let us search and try, &c.*

- 1 THY piercing eye, O God, surveys
The various windings of our ways ;
Teach us their tendency to know,
And try the paths in which we go.
- 2 How wild, how crooked have they been !
A maze of foolishness and sin !
With all the light we vainly boast,
Leaving our Guide, our souls are lost.
- 3 O turn us back to Thee again,
Or we shall search our ways in vain ;
Shine, and the path of life reveal,
And lead us up to Zion's hill.

EZEKIEL.

316 i. 28. *The bow that is in the cloud; &c.*

- 1 **WHEN** the sun, with cheerful beams,
Smiles upon a lowering sky,
Soon its aspect soften'd seems,
And a rainbow meets the eye :
While the sky remains serene,
This bright arch is never seen.
- 2 **Thus** the Lord's supporting power
Brightest to his saints appears,
When affliction's threatening hour
Fills their sky with clouds and fears :
He can wonders then perform,
Paint a rainbow on the storm.
- 3 **All** their graces doubly shine,
When their troubles press them sore ;
And the promises divine
Give them joys unknown before :
As the colours of the bow
To the cloud their brightness owe.

317 xi. 19. *I will take the stony heart, &c.*

- 1 **OH!** for a glance of heavenly day,
To take this stubborn stone away ;
And thaw, with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.
- 2 **The** rocks can rend ; the earth can quake ;
The seas can roar ; the mountains shake :
Of feeling all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.
- 3 **Eternal** Spirit, mighty God !
Do thou apply the Saviour's blood ;
'Tis his rich blood, and his alone,
Can change and melt this heart of stone.

318 *xvi. 6. When I passed by thee, &c.*

- 1 **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 **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 show his grace.

319 *xvi. 63. That thou mayest remember, &c.*

- 1 **O!** INJUR'D Majesty of heaven,
 Look from thy holy throne,
 While prostrate rebels own with grief,
 What treasons they have done.
- 2 **While** love its grateful anthem tunes,
 Tears mingle with the song;
 My heart with tender anguish bleeds,
 That I such grace should wrong.
- 3 **How** shall I lift these guilty eyes
 To mine offended Lord!

Or how, beneath his heaviest strokes,
Pronounce one murmuring word!

- 4 Remorse and shame my lips have seal'd;
But O! my Father speak!
And all the harmony of heaven
Shall thro' the silence break.

320 xviii. 4. *Behold all souls are mine, &c.*

- 1 "ALL souls are mine," declares the Lord,
"Just are my ways, and sure my word;
"No charge of wrong shall 'gainst me lie,
"The soul that sinneth, it shall die.
- 2 "But holy joy that soul shall know,
"Peace, like a river, round it flow,
"Who to an humble, docile ear,
"Obedience joins, and holy fear."
- 3 Great God! how righteous are thy ways,
Let heaven and earth resound thy praise;
All souls are thine, and all shall find,
Thy ways for ever just, and kind.
- 4 In all the path they had to trace,
Thine ancient people saw thy grace;
So is to us thy favour given,
To help on earth, and guide to heaven.

321 xviii. 31. *Why will ye die?*

- 1 SINNER, oh! why so thoughtless grown;
Why in such dreadful haste to die;
Daring to leap to worlds unknown,
Heedless against thy God to fly!
- 2 Wilt thou despise eternal fate,
Urg'd on by sin's fantastic dreams,
Madly attempt the infernal gate,
And force thy passage to the flames?

3 Stay, sinner, on the gospel plains ;
Behold the God of love unfold
The glories of his dying pains,
For ever telling, yet untold !

322 xx. 37. *I will cause you to pass under, &c.*

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

323 xxii. 14. *Can thine heart endure, &c.*

- 1 Stop, O sinner ! stop and think,
Before you farther go ;
Will you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting woe ?
Can you stand in that great day,
When He judgment shall proclaim,

- And the earth shall melt away,
Like wax before the flame?
- 2 Say, have you an arm like God,
That you his will oppose?
Fear you not that iron rod,
With which he breaks his foes?
Sinners then in vain will call,
Tho' they now despise his grace,
"Rocks and mountains, on us fall,
"And hide us from his face."
- 3 But as yet there is a hope,
You may his mercy know;
Tho' his arm is lifted up,
He still forbears the blow:
'Twas for sinners Jesus died,
Sinners he invites to come,
None who come shall be denied,
He says, "There still is room."

324 xxiv. 16. *Son of man, behold I take, &c.*

- 1 THO' nature's voice you must obey,
Think, while your swelling griefs o'erflow,
That hand, which takes your joys away,
That sovereign hand can heal your woe.
- 2 And while your mournful thoughts deplore
The partner gone,—remov'd the friend!
With heart resign'd, his truth adore,
On whom your noblest hopes depend.
- 3 His word—here let your soul rely—
Immortal consolation gives:
Your heavenly Father cannot die,
The Eternal Friend for ever lives.
- 4 O be that dearest Friend your trust!
On his almighty arm recline;

He, when your comforts sink in dust,
Can give you blessings more divine.

325 xxxii. 22, &c. *Behold is there and all, &c.*

- 1 My thoughts, that oft ascend the skies,
Go, search the world beneath,
Where nature all in ruin lies,
And owns her sovereign, Death!
- 2 The tyrant, how he triumphs here!
His trophies spread around!
And heaps of dust and bones appear
Thro' all the hollow ground!
- 3 Soon must we leave the banks of life,
And try death's doubtful sea;
Vain are our groans, and dying strife,
To gain a moment's stay!
- 4 Soon shall some friend let fall the tear
On our cold limbs, and say,
"These once were strong as mine appear,
"And mine must be as they!"
- 5 Thus shall our mouldering members teach
What now our senses learn;
For dust and ashes loudest preach
Man's infinite concern!

326 xxxiii. 6. (Heb. xiii. 17.) *If the watchmen, &c.*

- 1 LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take the alarm they give;
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their solemn charge receive.
- 2 'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands;

But what might fill an angel's heart,
And fill'd a Saviour's hands.

- 3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego ;
For souls which must for ever live
In raptures, or in woe.
- 4 All to the great tribunal haste,
The account to render there ;
And shouldst thou strictly mark our faults,
Lord, how shall we appear ?
- 5 May they that Jesus, whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see ;
And watch Thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for Thee.

327 xxxiv. 26. *There shall be showers, &c.*

- 1 THE parched plants, refresh'd with rain,
Revive, and nature smiles again ;
Look on thy thirsty Zion's hill,
And all her springs with blessings fill.
- 2 We plead thy word, " Like springing corn,
" So shall the saints thy fields adorn ;
" My drooping people shall revive,
" I'll bid their dying graces live."
- 3 Thine influence then shall make the field
Of grace its choicest blessings yield ;
Its plants, bedew'd with heavenly rain,
Shall rise, and spring to life again.

328 xxxvi. 25—28. *Then will I sprinkle, &c.*

- 1 THE Lord proclaims his grace abroad,
Behold, I change your hearts of stone !

Each shall renounce his idol-god,
And henceforth serve the Lord alone.

- 2 My grace a flowing stream proceeds,
To wash your numerous stains away ;
Ye shall abhor your former deeds,
And learn my statutes to obey.
- 3 Known as my people ye shall stand,
While as your God, I'll be confest ;
Soon ye shall reach your fathers' land,
And gain your everlasting rest.
- 4 From the first breath of life divine,
Down to the last expiring hour,
The gracious work shall all be mine,
Begun and ended in my power.

329 xxxvi. 37. *I will for this be inquired of, &c.*

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

330 xxxvii. 1—10. *The hand of the Lord, &c.*

- 1 Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye ;
See Adam's race in ruin lie ;
Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,
And scatters slaughter'd heaps around.
- 2 And can these mouldering bones revive ?
Can sin's devoted victims live ?
That, mighty God, to thee is known,
That wondrous work is all thine own.
- 3 Thy ministers are sent in vain
To prophesy upon the slain ;
In vain they call, in vain they cry,
Till thine almighty aid is nigh.
- 4 But if thy Spirit deign to breathe,
Life spreads thro' all the realms of death ;
Dry bones obey thy powerful voice ;
They move, they waken, they rejoice.

331 xlv. 18. (2 Chron. xxix. 17.) *In the first, &c.*

- 1 **ETERNAL** source of every joy !
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.
- 2 The flowery spring, at thy command,
Embalms the air, and paints the land ;
The summer-rays with vigour shine,
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.
- 3 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Thro' all our coasts redundant stores ;
And winters, soften'd by thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.

- 4 Here in thy house shall incense rise,
As circling Sabbaths bless our eyes ;
Still will we make thy mercies known,
Around thy board and round our own.
- 5 O may our more harmonious tongues,
In worlds unknown pursue the songs ;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more.

332 *xlvi. 1—12. Afterward he brought me, &c.*

- 1 A SACRED spring, at God's command,
From Zion's mount, in Canaan's land,
Beside his temple, cleaves the ground,
And pours its limpid stream around.
- 2 The limpid stream with sudden force
Swells to a river in its course ;
Thro' desert realms its windings play,
And scatter blessings all the way.
- 3 Close by its banks, in order fair,
The blooming trees of life appear ;
Their blossoms fragrant odours give,
And on their fruit the nations live.
- 4 To the dead sea the waters flow,
And carry healing as they go ;
Its poisonous dregs their power confess,
And all its shores the fountain bless.
- 5 Flow, wondrous stream, flow all around,
Flow on to earth's remotest bound ;
And bear us on thy gentle wave
To Him, who all thy virtues gave.

333 *xlvi. 35. The Lord is there.*

- 1 THE Lord is in Jerusalem,
The darling object of his care ;

How great its worth in his esteem;
He built it—he inhabits there.

- 2 There, tho' besieg'd on every side,
Yet much belov'd, and guarded well,
From age to age they have defied
The utmost force of earth and hell.
- 3 Let earth repent, let hell despair:
This city hath a sure defence;
Her name is call'd, "the Lord is there;"
And who hath power to drive him thence?

DANIEL.

334 ii. 21 & 44. *And he changeth the times, &c.*

- 1 ETERNAL Lord, thou rul'st the fates
Of tottering realms and rising states
With one unchang'd decree,
Thou scatter'st honours, crowns, and gold;
Men fly to seize, and fight to hold,
But still the shadows flee.
- 2 Here a vain man his sceptre breaks;
The next a broken sceptre takes,
And warriors win and lose;
This rolling world will never stand,
Plunder'd and snatch'd from hand to hand,
As power decays or grows.
- 3 But still thy glorious Saviour reigns,
And hourly some new triumph gains,
Lord of eternal day;
The changing times, and falling thrones
And each revolving season owns
His all commanding sway.

335 iii. 16—18. *We are not careful to, &c.*

- 1 SHALL I for fear of feeble man,
The spirit's course in me restrain?
Or, undismay'd in deed or word,
Be a true witness to my Lord?
- 2 Aw'd by a mortal's frown, shall I
Conceal the word of God most high?
How then before thee shall I dare
To stand, or how thy anger bear?
- 3 What then is he whose scorn I dread?
Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid!
A man! an heir of death! a slave
To sin! a bubble on the wave!
- 4 Give me thy strength, O God of grace,
And let the seven-fold furnace blaze!
Thy faithful witness will I be,
For all things I can do thro' thee!

336 iii. 25. *Lo, I see four men loose, &c.*

- 1 BLEST are the souls by grace renew'd,
Whom faith divine inspires:
They walk with Christ, the Son of God,
And praise him in the fires.
- 2 Strong and heroic in his name,
The holy war they wage;
They quench the fury of the flame,
Nor tremble at its rage.
- 3 Tempted and persecuted here,
Afflicted and distress,
With steadfast faith they persevere,
And stand the fiery test.
- 4 The fire shall all their bonds consume,
And in the furnace tried,

Out of the flames they soon shall come;
Unhurt and purified.

337 *iv. 35. None can stay his hand, &c.*

- 1 **SHALL** mortal man, a child of earth,
Who yesterday receiv'd his birth,
From God's all bounteous hand ;
Shall he, while sojourning below,
Presume the Almighty's plans to know,
His ways to understand ?
- 2 Before the earth or worlds were made,
His vast eternal plans were laid
In wisdom and in love :
And what the Almighty then design'd
Is finish'd in the Eternal mind ;
His purpose cannot move !
- 3 Ah ! then, suppress each rising sigh ;
Nor dare to ask the Almighty why,
Or what his hands perform :
Submit to his all-wise decrees,
Whose power can calm the raging seas,
Or raise them to a storm.

338 *v. 27. Thou art weighed in the balances, &c.*

- 1 **RAISE**, thoughtless sinner, raise thine eye ;
Behold the balance lifted high ;
There shall God's justice be display'd,
And there thy hope and life be weigh'd.
- 2 See, in one scale, his perfect law ;
Mark with what force its precepts draw !
Wouldst thou the awful test sustain,
Thy works how light, thy thoughts how vain !
- 3 Behold ! the hand of God appears
To trace these dreadful characters ;

R

“ *Tekel*, thy soul is wanting found,
 “ And wrath shall smite thee to the ground.”

4 Let sudden fear thy nerves unbrace;
 Confusion wild o'erspread thy face;
 Thro' all thy thoughts let anguish-roll,
 And deep repentance melt thy soul.

5 One only hope may yet prevail;
 Christ in thy favour turns the scale;
 Still doth the gospel publish peace,
 And show a Saviour's righteousness.

339 ix. 17—19. *Now therefore, O our God, &c.*

1 Now acknowledge us for thine,
 Regard thine humbled servant's prayer;
 And cause on us thy face to shine,
 The ruins of thy church repair;
 O for the sake of Christ the Lord,
 Let all our souls be now restor'd.

2 My God, incline thine ear, and hear,
 Open thine eyes our wastes to see,
 Thy fallen desolate Zion cheer,
 The city which is nam'd by thee;
 Not for our cry the grace be shown,
 But hear, in Jesus, hear thine own.

3 O Lord, attend, O Lord, forgive,
 O Lord, regard our prayer, and do;
 Hasten, O God, and bid us live;
 The fulness of thy mercy show;
 Thy city and thy people own,
 And let thy name thro' earth be known!

340 ix. 24. (Gen. xlix. 10.) *Seventy weeks are, &c.*

1 MESSIAH 's come—with joy behold
 The days by prophets long foretold:

Judah, thy royal sceptre's broke,
And time still proves what God hath spoke.

- 2 Daniel, thy weeks are all expir'd,
The time prophetic seals requir'd ;
Cut off for sins, but not his own,
Thy prince, Messiah, did atone.
- 3 We see the prophecies complete,
Their oracles in Jesus meet :
His birth, his life, his death combine
To prove his character divine.

341 xii. 3. (Prov. xi. 30.) *And they that be, &c.*

- 1 How blest is he, how truly wise,
Who learns and keeps the sacred road !
Who every godly method tries
To turn rebellious hearts to God !
- 2 To win them from the fatal way,
Where erring folly thoughtless roves ;
And that blest righteousness display,
Which Jesus wrought and God approves.
- 3 The shining firmament shall fade,
The sparkling stars resign their light ;
But he shall know nor change nor shade,
For ever fair, for ever bright.
- 4 And shall not these cold hearts of ours
Be kindled at the glorious view ?
Come, Lord, awake our active powers,
Our feeble, dying zeal renew.

342 xii. 4. *Many shall run to and fro, &c.*

- 1 FORTH have thy heralds flown
To earth's remotest bound,
And made thy glorious mercy known,
And spread the joyful sound.

- 2 Yet still we wait the end,
The coming of our Lord,
The full accomplishment attend
Of thy prophetic word.
- 3 Thy promise deeper lies
In unexhausted grace ;
And new discover'd worlds arise,
To sing their Saviour's praise.

343 xii. 13. (Rev. xx. 5.) *Go thou thy way, &c.*

- 1 DISMISS'D, I calmly go the way
Which leads me to the tomb,
And rest in hope of that great day,
When my desire shall come.
- 2 Happy, with those that first arise,
Might I my lot obtain,
When Christ, descending from the skies,
Begins his glorious reign.
- 3 An end of all these earthly things
I soon shall wake to see ;
And wilt not thou, O King of kings,
Appoint a throne for me ?
- 4 I lay me down at thy command,
But soon to life restor'd,
I trust on that new earth to stand,
Before my heavenly Lord.

HOSEA.

344 i. 10. (1 Pet. ii. 10.) *Ye are the sons, &c.*

- 1 BLESSED are the sons of God,
They are bought with Jesus' blood :

- They are ransom'd from the grave,
 Life eternal they shall have :
 With them number'd may we be,
 Now, and in eternity.
- 2 God did love them in his Son,
 Long before the world begun ;
 They the seal of this receive,
 When on Jesus they believe :
 With them number'd may we be,
 Now, and in eternity !
- 3 They are justified from sin,
 God's own Spirit dwells within ;
 All their stains are wash'd away,
 They shall stand in his great day :
 With them number'd may we be,
 Now, and in eternity !
- 4 They have fellowship with God,
 Thro' the Mediator's blood ;
 One with God, with Jesus one,
 Glory is in them begun :
 With them number'd may we be,
 Now, and in eternity.
- 5 They alone are truly blest,
 Of a glorious hope possess ;
 Waiting till the Saviour come,
 And receive them to his home :
 With them number'd may we be,
 Now, and in eternity !

345 i. 11. *Great shall be the day, &c.*

- 1 **YES ;** we trust the day is breaking :
 Joyful times are near at hand !
 God, the mighty God, is speaking,
 By his word, in every land !

When he chooses,
Darkness flies at his command!

- 2 Let us hail the joyful season!
Let us hail the rising ray!
When the Lord appears, there's reason
To expect a glorious day.
At his presence
Gloom and darkness fly away!
- 3 God of Israel, high and glorious,
Let thy people see thy hand;
Let the gospel be victorious
Over sin, in every land;
And the idols
Perish, Lord, at thy command!

346 *ii. 6, 7. Therefore, behold, I will hedge, &c.*

- 1 THE Lord is kind in all his ways,
When most they seem severe!
He frowns, and scourges, and rebukes,
That we may learn his fear.
- 2 With thorns he fences up our path,
And builds a wall around,
To guard us from the death that lurks
In sin's forbidden ground.
- 3 When other lovers, sought in vain,
Coldly our suit despise,
He opens his indulgent arms,
With pity in his eyes.
- 4 Return, ye wandering souls, return,
And seek his tender breast;
Call back the memory of the days,
When there you found your rest.
- 5 Behold, O Lord, we fly to thee,
While tears bedew our face,

Constrain'd our last retreat to seek
In thy much injur'd grace.

347 ii. 15. *The valley of Achor for, &c.*

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

348 ii. 15. *And she shall sing there, &c.*

- 1 WE sing, as in those earliest days,
That rapturous infancy of grace,
When first we felt the sprinkled blood,
Exulting out of bondage came,
And shouting our Redeemer's name,
Triumphant pass'd the parted flood.
- 2 Jesus, the Lord, again we sing,
Who did to us salvation bring,
And now repeats our sins forgiven;
We now his glorious Spirit breathe,
Tread down the fear of hell and death,
And live on earth the life of heaven.

349 ii. 18. *And in that day will I, &c.*

- 1 ALL glory to God in the sky,
 And peace upon earth be restor'd !
 O Jesus, exalted on high,
 Appear the omnipotent Lord !
 Thou only art able to bless,
 And make the glad nations obey,
 And bid the dire enmity cease,
 And bow the whole world to thy sway.
- 2 Come then to thy servants again,
 Who long thy appearing to know ;
 Thy quiet and peaceable reign
 In mercy establish below :
 All sorrow before thee shall fly,
 And anger and hatred be o'er,
 And envy and malice shall die,
 And discord afflict us no more.
- 3 No more the dread horror of war
 Shall break our eternal repose,
 No sound of the trumpet is there,
 Where Jesus his spirit bestows :
 Appeas'd by the charms of thy grace,
 Resembling the spirits above,
 We all shall each other embrace,
 United in brotherly love.

350 iii. 5. *Afterward shall the children, &c.*

- 1 ARISE, great God, and let thy grace
 Its beams effuse on Jacob's race :
 Restore the long-lost scatter'd band,
 And call them to their native land.
- 2 Their misery let thy mercy heal,
 Their trespass hide, their pardon seal ;

Check in mid course thy dreadful ire,
And bid its kindled flames expire!

- 3 How long shall Jacob's offspring prove
The sad suspension of thy love?
Say, shall thy wrath perpetual burn?
And wilt Thou ne'er, appeas'd, return?
- 4 Thy quickening Spirit now impart,
And wake to joy each grateful heart,
While Israel's rescued tribes in Thee
Their bliss and full salvation see!

351 v. 15. *I will go and return, &c.*

- 1 RETIR'D into his secret place
Our absent Saviour we bemoan;
Forc'd by our sin, thou hid'st thy face:
Our sin the mournful cause we own.
- 2 From saints if thou withdraw thy light,
Their faith to try, their grace to improve,
Yet sin alone brought back our night,
And robb'd us of thy pardoning love.
- 3 The promise of our chastening God
We humbled in the dust receive;
Trembling beneath our sinful load,
We hope thou wilt again forgive.
- 4 Return our evil to remove,
Our sole desire to satisfy,
And let us taste once more thy love,
And see thy face, before we die.

352 vi. 1. *Come, and let us return, &c.*

- 1 SWEET is the friendly voice which speaks
The words of life and peace;
Which bids the penitent rejoice,
And sin and sorrow cease.

- 2 No healing balm on earth like this
Can cheer the contrite heart ;
No flattering dreams of earthly joy
Such pure delight impart.
- 3 Thou still art merciful and good ;
Thy mercy, Lord, reveal :
The broken heart 'tis thou canst bind,
The wounded spirit heal.
- 4 Let thy bright presence, Lord, restore
Peace to my anxious breast :
Conduct me in the path that leads
To everlasting rest.

353 vi. 3. *Then shall we know, if, &c.*

- 1 ONCE more, before we part,
Bless the Redeemer's name !
Let every tongue and every heart
Praise and adore the same !
- 2 Receive the sacred word,
And feed thereon, and grow ;
Go on to seek, to know the Lord,
And practise what you know.
- 3 For this devoutly pray,
And following on pursue,
Till visions of eternal day
Fix and complete the view.

354 vi. 4. *O Ephraim, what shall I, &c.*

- 1 The wandering star and fleeting wind
Both represent the unstable mind :
The morning cloud and early dew
Bring our inconstancy to view.
- 2 But cloud, and wind, and dew and star,
Faint and imperfect emblems are ;

Nor can there aught in nature be
So fickle and so false as we.

- 3 With flowing tears, Lord, we confess
Our folly and unsteadfastness ;
When shall these hearts more stable be,
Fix'd by thy grace alone on thee !

355 x. 2. *Their heart is divided, &c.*

- 1 DEAR Lord ! accept a sinful heart,
Which of itself complains,
And mourns, with much and frequent smart,
The evil it contains.

- 2 How eager are my thoughts to roam
In quest of what they love !
But ah ! when duty calls them home,
How heavily they move !

- 3 Oh, cleanse me in a Saviour's blood,
Transform me by thy power ;
And make me thy belov'd abode,
And let me rove no more.

356 xi. 4. *I drew them with cords, &c.*

- 1 My God, what gentle cords are thine !
How soft, and yet how strong !
While power, and truth, and love combine
To draw our souls along.

- 2 When we were crush'd beneath the yoke
Of Satan and of sin ;
Thy hand the iron bondage broke,
Our worthless hearts to win.

- 3 Drawn by such cords we onward move,
Till round thy throne we meet :
And captive in thy chains of love
Embrace our conqueror's feet.

357 xi. 8. *How shall I give thee up, &c.*

- 1 " How shall I give mine Israel up
 " To ruin and despair ?
 " How pour down showers of flaming wrath,
 " And make an Admah there ?
- 2 " For them I strong relentings feel ;
 " My heart is pain'd within :
 " I will not all my wrath exert,
 " Nor visit all their sin.
- 3 " The mercy of a God restrains
 " The thunders of his hand :
 " Come, seek protection from that power,
 " Which you can ne'er withstand."
- 4 Father, we seek thy gracious arm,
 All melted at thy voice :
 O may thy heart, that feels our woes,
 In our return rejoice !

358 xiv. 1. *O Israel, return unto the Lord, &c.*

- 1 I LEFT the God of truth and light ;
 I left the God, who gave me breath,
 To wander in the wilds of night,
 And perish in the snares of death.
- 2 Free was his service, light his yoke,
 His burden easy to be borne ;
 But all his bands of love I broke ;
 I cast away his gifts with scorn.
- 3 Heart-broken, friendless, poor, cast down,
 Where shall the chief of sinners fly,
 Almighty vengeance, from thy frown ?
 Eternal justice, from thine eye ?
- 4 My suffering, slain, and risen Lord !
 In deep distress I turn to Thee ;

I claim acceptance on thy word,
My God! my God! forsake not me.

- 5 Prostrate before thy mercy-seat,
I dare not, if I would, despair;
None ever perish'd at thy feet,
And I will lie for ever there.

359 xiv. 4. *I will heal their backsliding, &c.*

- 1 How oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wander'd from the Lord;
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word!
- 2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, 'return,'
Dear Lord, and may I come!
My vile ingratitude I mourn!
O take the wanderer home.
- 3 Almighty grace, thy healing power
How glorious, how divine!
That can to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine.
- 4 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore;
O keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

360 xiv. 8. *What have I to do, &c.*

- 1 **COME**, my fond fluttering heart,
Come, struggle to be free,
Thou and the world must part,
However hard it be:
My trembling spirit owns it just,
But cleaves yet closer to the dust.
- 2 Ye tempting sweets, forbear,
Ye dearest idols, fall;

- My love ye must not share,
 Jesus shall have it all :
 'Tis bitter pain, 'tis cruel smart,
 But ah ! thou must consent, my heart !
- 3 Ye fair enchanting throng !
 Ye golden dreams, farewell !
 Earth has prevail'd too long,
 And now I break the spell :
 Ye cherish'd joys of early years,—
 Jesus, forgive these parting tears !
- 4 But must I part with all ?
 My heart still fondly pleads,
 Yes—Dagon's self must fall,
 It beats, it throbs, it bleeds.
 Aid me, dear Saviour, set me free,
 And I will all resign to Thee.
- 5 O may I feel thy worth,
 And let no idol dare,
 No vanity of earth,
 With thee, my Lord, compare :
 Now bid all worldly joys depart,
 And reign supremely in my heart.
-

JOEL.

361 iii. 18. *In that day the mountains shall, &c.*

- 1 WELCOME the bright, the glorious day,
 When former things are past away,
 When earth in righteousness renew'd,
 Blooms as at first divinely good.
- 2 Wine from the mountain tops distils,
 And milky currents from the hills ;
 Rivers of living water rise,
 Pure as their fountain in the skies.

- 3 Forth-issuing from Jehovah's throne,
Sent by the Father and the Son,
The Holy Ghost his fulness pours,
In glorious, everlasting showers.
- 4 The King of Saints resides below,
His influence doth our vale o'erflow ;
Brings back the garden of our Lord,
And shows us Paradise restor'd.
-

AMOS.

362 iv. 12. *Prepare to meet thy God.*

- 1 GREAT God, what do I see and hear ?
The end of things created ;
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated :
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
The dead which they contain'd before ;
Prepare my soul to meet him.
- 2 The dead in Christ are first to rise,
And greet the archangel's warning ;
To meet the Saviour in the skies,
On this auspicious morning :
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day,
On those prepar'd to meet him.
- 3 Far over space, to distant spheres,
The lightnings are prevailing ;
The ungodly rise, and all their tears
And sighs are unavailing :
The day of grace is past and gone,
They shake before the Judgment throne,
All unprepar'd to meet him.

- 4 Stay, fancy, stay, and close thy wings,
 Repress thy flight too daring ;
 One wondrous sight my comfort brings,
 The Judge my nature wearing :
 Beneath his cross I view the day,
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,
 And thus prepare to meet him !

363 vii. 2. *By whom shall Jacob arise, &c.*

- 1 By whom shall Jacob now arise ?
 For now his friends are few ;
 And, lo ! we see with sad surprise,
 Few and divided too.
- 2 By whom shall Jacob now arise
 Amidst the furious throng ?
 We read their triumph in their eyes,
 And hear their scornful song.
- 3 If Jacob then should conqueror rise,
 Can any tell by whom ?
 Say, shall this branch that wither'd lies
 Again revive and bloom ?
- 4 Lord, thou canst tell—the work is thine ;
 The help of man is vain,
 On Jacob now arise and shine,
 And he shall live again.

JONAH.

364 ii. 3. *Thou hadst cast me into the deep, &c.*

- 1 THE billows swell, the winds are high,
 Clouds overcast my wintery sky ;
 Out of the depths to Thee I call,
 My fears are great, my strength is small.
- 2 Amidst the roaring of the sea,
 My soul still hangs her hope on Thee ;

- Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.
- 3 Tho' tempest-toss'd and half a wreck,
My Saviour thro' the floods I seek ;
Let neither winds nor stormy main,
Force back my shatter'd bark again.
- 4 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me thro' the storm ;
Defend me from each threatening ill,
Control the waves, say " Peace be still."

365 ii. 4. *I will look again toward thy holy, &c.*

- 1 LORD, we have broke thy holy laws,
And slighted all thy grace ;
And justly thy vindictive wrath
Might cast us from thy face.
- 2 Yet while such precedents appear,
Mark'd in thy sacred Book ;
We, from these depths of guilt and shame,
Will to thy temple look.
- 3 O never may our hopeless eyes
An absent God deplore ;
Where the dear temples of thy love
Shall stand reveal'd no more.
- 4 Far from those regions of despair,
Appoint our souls a place ;
Where not a frown thro' endless years
Shall veil thy lovely face.

366 iv. 7. *It smote the gourd, &c.*

- 1 OUR joy is a created good,
How soon it fades away,
Fades, at the morning hour bestow'd,
Before the noon of day.
- 2 Joy, by its violent excess,
To certain ruin tends,

- And all our rapturous happiness
 In hasty sorrow ends.
- 3 In vain doth earthly bliss afford
 A momentary shade ;
 It rises like the prophet's gourd,
 And withers o'er my head.
- 4 But of my Saviour's love possess,
 No more for earth I pine,
 Secure of everlasting rest
 Beneath the heavenly Vine.
-

MICAH.

367 ii. 10. *Arise ye, and depart, &c.*

- 1 YE saints, that o'er this desert roam,
 From dangers panting to be free,
 Aspiring still to heaven, your home—
 Remember this command from me ;
 Your Master bids you haste away,
 And soar to realms of endless day.
- 2 Ye pilgrims, on this world's wide waste,
 Who journey on my face to see,
 And long celestial joys to taste,
 Remember this command from me ;
 Your Master bids you haste away,
 And soar to realms of endless day.

368 v. 2. *Whose goings forth, &c.*

- 1 HAIL, God the Son, in glory crown'd
 Ere time began to be,
 Thron'd with thy Sire thro' half the round
 Of wide eternity !
- 2 In pity to our lost estate,
 Behold his life-blood stream !

Hail, Lord! Almighty to create!
Almighty to redeem!

- 3 The Mediator's God-like sway
His church beneath sustains;
Till nature shall her Judge survey,
The King Messiah reigns.
- 4 Hail! with essential glory crown'd,
When time shall cease to be,
Thron'd with the Father thro' the round
Of whole eternity!

369 vi. 2, 3. *Hear ye, O mountains, &c.*

- 1 LISTEN, ye hills; ye mountains, hear;
Jehovah vindicates his laws;
Trembling in silence at his bar,
Thou earth, attend thy Maker's cause.
- 2 Israel appear; present thy plea;
And charge the Almighty to his face;
Say, if his rules oppressive be;
Say, if defective be his grace.
3. Eternal Judge, the process cease;
Our lips are seal'd in conscious shame;
'Tis ours, in sackcloth to confess,
And thine, the sentence to proclaim.

370 vi. 6—8. *Wherewith shall I come, &c.*

- 1 WHEREWITH, O Lord, shall I draw near,
Or bow myself before thy face?
How in thy purer eyes appear?
What shall I bring to gain thy grace?
- 2 Will gifts delight the Lord most high?
Will multiplied oblations please?
Thousands of rams his favor buy,
Or slaughter'd hecatombs appease?

- 3 Can these assuage the wrath of God?
 Can these wash out my guilty stain?
 Rivers of oil, or seas of blood,
 Alas! they all must flow in vain.
- 4 I plead the merits of thy Son,
 Who died for sinners on the tree;
 I plead his righteousness alone;
 Impute that righteousness to me.

371 vi. 9. *Hear ye the rod, &c.*

- 1 ATTEND our souls with reverend awe,
 The dictates of your God;
 Silent and trembling hear the voice
 Of his appointed rod.
- 2 Now let us search and try our ways,
 And prostrate seek his face,
 Conscious of guilt, before his throne
 In dust, our souls abase.
- 3 Teach us, our God, what's yet unknown,
 And all our crimes forgive;
 Those crimes would we no more repeat,
 But to thy honour live.
- 4 Father, we wait thy gracious call,
 To leave this mournful land,
 And bathe in rivers of delight,
 That flow at thy right hand.

372 vii. 9. *I will bear the indignation, &c.*

- 1 While pain and anguish me oppress,
 My soul submissive lies:
 My God, who knows my sore distress,
 Will not my groans despise.
- 2 His indignation I will bear,
 Since I have broke his laws,

- Till he for my relief appear ;
 Till he shall plead my cause.
- 3 I wait for him with patient hope,
 Along the gloomy night ;
 His mighty hand will raise me up,
 And bring me forth to light.
- 4 The riches of his healing grace
 We still expect to prove :
 We shall behold his righteousness,
 And triumph in his love.

373 vii. 18. *Who is a God like unto thee, &c.*

- 1 GREAT God of wonders ! all thy ways
 Are matchless, godlike, and divine ;
 But the fair glories of thy grace
 More godlike and unrivall'd shine :
 Who is a pardoning God like thee !
 Or who has grace so rich and free !
- 2 Crimes of such horror to forgive,
 Such guilty, daring worms to spare !
 This is thy grand prerogative,
 And none shall in the honor share :
 Who is a pardoning God like thee !
 Or who has grace so rich and free !
- 3 Angels and men resign your claim
 To pity, mercy, love, and grace ;
 These glories crown Jehovah's name
 With an incomparable blaze :
 Who is a pardoning God like thee !
 Or who has grace so rich and free !
- 4 O may this strange, this matchless grace,
 This godlike miracle of love,
 Fill the whole earth with grateful praise,
 And all the angelic choirs above !
 Who is a pardoning God like thee !
 Or who has grace so rich and free !

NAHUM.

374 i. 7. *The Lord is good, &c.*

- 1 YE humble souls, approach your God
With songs of sacred praise,
For he is good, immensely good,
And kind are all his ways.
 - 2 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come,
'Tis here our hope relies;
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.
 - 3 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
The souls who trust in thee;
Their humble hope thou wilt reward,
With bliss divinely free.
-

HABAKKUK.

375 ii. 3. *The vision is yet, &c.*

- 1 THE saints should never be dismay'd,
Nor sink in hopeless fear;
For when they least expect his aid,
The Saviour will appear.
- 2 Blest proofs of power and grace divine
Are taught us in his word;
May every deep-felt care of mine
Be trusted with the Lord.
- 3 Wait for his seasonable aid;
And, tho' it tarry, wait:
The promise may be long delay'd,
But cannot come too late.

376 iii. 2: *O Lord, revive thy work, &c.*

- 1 IN this degenerate, gloomy day,
O keep our souls alive!
Our sins forgive and take away,
And all thy work revive.
- 2 Regard our penitential tears,
And let thy churches thrive;
And in the midst of mournful years
Thy work, O Lord, revive!
- 3 Revive our dying graces, Lord!
Nor let our souls complain;
Revive us by thy blessed word,
And make us live again!
- 4 Revive thy work within us all
In holy peace and love,
And let thy Spirit on us fall
In blessings from above.

377 iii. 3—6. *God came from Teman, &c.*

- 1 FROM Teman came the Mighty God,
The Holy One from Paran hill,
The nations trembled at his nod:
Check'd in its course the sun stood still.
- 2 O'er all the heavens his glory flows,
The earth re-echoes with his praise;
The mighty deep his presence knows,
Lifts its proud waves, and homage pays.
- 3 How strides the pestilence before,
Devouring flames surround his feet,
The ancient mountains low adore,
The everlasting hills retreat.
- 4 But while o'erwhelm'd with guilty fears,
The wicked tremble thro' the land,

Lo! for his people, God appears,
And saves them by his lifted hand!

378 iii. 17, 18. *Although the fig tree, &c.*

- 1 SHOULD the rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the ripening ear;
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green untimely fruit:
- 2 Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store:
Tho' the sickening flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall:
- 3 Should thine alter'd hand restrain
The early and the latter rain;
Blast each opening bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy:
- 4 Yet to Thee our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise:
And, when every blessing's flown,
Love Thee—for thyself alone!

ZEPHANIAH.

379 iii. 12. *I will also leave in the midst of &c.*

- 1 "POOR and afflicted," Lord, are thine,
Among the great unfit to shine;
But tho' the world may think it strange,
They would not with the world exchange.
- 2 "Poor and afflicted," 'Tis their lot,
They know it, and they murmur not;
'Twould ill become them to refuse
'The state their Master deign'd to choose.

- 3 "Poor and afflicted," Yet they sing,
 For Jesus is their glorious King;
 Thro' sufferings perfect, now he reigns,
 And shares in all their griefs and pains.
- 4 "Poor and afflicted," But ere long
 They'll join the bright celestial throng;
 Their sufferings then will reach a close,
 And heaven afford them sweet repose.

380 iii. 14. *Sing, O daughter of Zion, &c.*

- 1 DAUGHTER of Zion, shout and sing,
 Israel, thy thankful praises bring,
 Jerusalem, lift up thy voice,
 And heaven and earth in God rejoice.
- 2 The Lord Jehovah, mighty God,
 Removes the judgments of his rod;
 Casts out our every hurtful foe,
 And will his great salvation show.
- 3 The King of Israel, Christ the Lord,
 Will in his church his name record;
 Her faithful sons shall faint no more,
 But rise to joy, and God adore.

381 iii. 17. *He will rest in his love.*

- 1 YE servants of the Lord,
 Your Father's goodness prove:
 Attend his heart-reviving word,
 "He resteth in his love."
- 2 Ye fearful saints, rejoice
 In God, who reigns above:
 Now hear his soul-transporting voice,
 "He resteth in his love."
- 3 Tho' sins and sorrows rise,
 You soon shall soar above,

And sing, beyond these lower skies,
 "He resteth in his love."

- 4 'Midst changes all around,
 Which creatures ever prove,
 The saints of God have always found,
 "He resteth in his love."

HAGGAI.

382 ii. 7. *The Desire of all nations, &c.*

- 1 COME, thou Desire of Nations, come,
 And aid our feeble tongues,
 While we thy worthy praise attempt
 In our unworthy songs.
- 2 Yes, Jesus, thou art our desire ;
 In Thee our wishes meet ;
 Nor can the whole creation's round
 Afford a name so sweet.
- 3 Let carnal minds for pleasure strive,
 And after wealth aspire,
 Our choice is made, our hearts are fix'd ;
 For Christ is our desire.
- 4 Pity the nations, glorious Lord,
 Where thou art yet unknown ;
 Be their desire as well as ours,
 And make the world thine own.

ZECHARIAH.

383 i. 5. *Your fathers, where are they? &c.*

- 1 How swift the torrent rolls,
 That bears us to the sea
 The tide that bears our thoughtless souls
 To vast eternity !

- 2 Our fathers, where are they,
 With all they call'd their own?
 Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares,
 And wealth and honor gone.
- 3 There, where the fathers lie,
 Must all the children dwell;
 Nor other heritage possess,
 But such a gloomy cell.
- 4 God of our fathers, hear,
 Thou everlasting friend!
 While we, as on life's utmost verge,
 Our souls to thee commend.

384 iii. 1—5. *And He showed me, &c.*

- 1 WITH Satan, my accuser, near,
 My spirit trembled when I saw
 The Lord in majesty appear,
 And heard the language of his law.
- 2 Struck dumb, and left without a plea,
 I heard my gracious Saviour say,
 "Know, Satan, I this sinner free,
 I died to take his sins away.
- 3 This is a brand, which I, in love,
 To save from wrath and sin design;
 In vain thine accusations prove;
 I answer all, and claim him mine."
- 4 At his rebuke the tempter fled;
 Then he remov'd my sordid dress;
 "Poor sinner, take this robe, he said,
 It is thy Saviour's righteousness.
- 5 And see, a crown of life prepar'd!
 A crown that every saint adorns;
 I thought no shame or suffering hard,
 But wore for thee a crown of thorns."

385 iii. 6, 7. *And the Angel of the Lord, &c.*

- 1 GREAT Lord of angels, we adore
The grace that builds thy courts below ;
And thro' ten thousand sons of light
Stoops to regard what mortals do.
- 2 Amidst the wastes of time and death
Successive pastors thou dost raise
Thy charge to keep, thy house to guide,
And form a people for thy praise.
- 3 The heavenly spirits, with delight,
Hover around the sacred place ;
Nor scorn to learn from mortal tongues
The wonders of redeeming grace.
- 4 At length, dismiss'd from feeble clay,
Thy servants join the angelic band ;
With them thro' distant worlds they fly,
With them before thy presence stand.
- 5 Yet while these labors we pursue,
Thus distant from thy heavenly throne,
Give us a zeal and love like theirs,
And half their heaven shall here be known.

386 iv. 10. *Who hath despised, &c.*

- 1 SEE how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace !
Jesus' love the nations fires,
Sets the kingdoms on a blaze !
- 2 When he first the work began,
Small and feeble was his day ;
Now the word doth swiftly run,
Now it wins its widening way.
- 3 More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail ;

Sin's strong holds it overthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

- 4 Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand ?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land.
- 5 Lo ! the promise of a shower
Drops already from above ;
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the spirit of his love.

387 vi. 12, 13. (Isa. xi. 1. Jer. xxiii. 5.) *Behold, &c.*

- 1 THY church, O God, shall find fulfill'd
Thy sure prophetic word,
The Branch, the Man divine, shall build
The temple of the Lord.
- 2 Saviour, thou didst the glory bear
E'en on the shameful tree,
Triumphant in thy dying care,
Thy bleeding love for me.
- 3 The Lord is king, let earth be glad !
Jesus, the power is thine,
Possess of thy reward, and clad
With majesty divine.
- 4 Thy Father's heavenly joy to share,
Thou dost with him sit down,
And all the weight of glory bear
In thine eternal crown.

388 ix. 11. *By the blood of thy covenant, &c.*

- 1 YE prisoners, who in bondage lie,
In darkness and the pit,
Behold the grace that sets us free,
And to that grace submit.

- 2 The tidings of deliverance hear,
 Confess the covenant good,
 And bless the ransom God hath found
 In our Immanuel's blood.
- 3 Justice no more asserts its claim
 Your forfeit lives to take ;
 But smiling mercy quick descends
 Your heavy chains to break.
- 4 We walk at large, and sing the hand,
 To which we freedom owe ;
 And drink those rivers with delight,
 Which thro' this desert flow.

389 ix. 17. *How great is his goodness!*

- 1 THY goodness, Lord, our souls confess,
 Thy goodness we adore ;
 A spring whose blessings never fail,
 A sea without a shore.
- 2 Sun, moon, and stars, thy love attest
 In every golden ray :
 Love draws the curtains of the night,
 And love restores the day.
- 3 Thy bounty every season crowns
 With all the bliss it yields ;
 With joyful clusters loads the vines,
 With golden ears the fields.
- 4 But chiefly thy compassion, Lord,
 Is in the gospel seen :
 There, like a sun, thy mercy shines,
 Without a cloud between.

390 x. 1. *Askiye of the Lord, &c.*

- 1 THE former and the latter rain,
 Was Israel's portion from the Lord ;

- Did he his gracious hand restrain,
No produce would the field afford.
- 2 'Twas thus the Lord his people show'd
That all they had was from above ;
That from himself their comforts flow'd,
And all depended on his love.
- 3 Their fruitfulness on him depends ;
The seed and culture are in vain,
Unless the rain of heaven descends—
The former and the latter rain.

391 *xii. 10. They shall look upon, &c.*

- 1 Flow fast, my tears, the cause is great ;
This tribute claims an injur'd friend ;
One whom I long pursu'd with hate,
And yet he lov'd me to the end.
- 2 Fast flow my tears, yet faster flow,
Stream copious as yon purple tide,
'Twas I that dealt the deadly blow,
I urg'd the hand that pierc'd his side.
- 3 Fast and yet faster flow my tears,
Love breaks the heart and drains the eyes ;
His visage marr'd towards heaven he rears,
And pleading for his murderers, dies.
- 4 The fruitless showers of worldly woe,
Fall dark to earth, and never rise ;
While tears, that from repentance flow,
In bright exhalament reach the skies.

392 *xiii. 1. There shall be a fountain, &c.*

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

- 2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see
That fountain in his day ;
And there would I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power ;
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be sav'd to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply ;
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save ;
When this poor, lisp'ing, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

393 xiii. 9. *I will refine them as silver, &c.*

- 1 IN sorrow's sevenfold furnace tried,
This thought shall yield us joy,
Thou, Lord, art walking by our side,
Nor can the fire destroy.
- 2 Thee, Son of Man, by faith we see,
And glory in our guide ;
Surrounded and upheld by thee,
The fiery test abide.
- 3 The fire our graces shall refine,
Till, moulded from above,
We bear the character divine,
The impress of thy love.

394 xiv. 6, 7. *And it shall come, &c.*

- 1 IN the dark and gloomy day,
Just before the shades of night,

- At the sun's last parting ray,
Then, at evening, shall be light.
- 2 Thus in this waste wilderness,
While we journey on in grief,
Tho' the morning brings distress,
Ere the close we find relief.
- 3 So on tribulation's sea
Doubts obscure the anxious sight ;
But behold the shadows flee !
And at evening it is light.
- 4 Christian, dost thou fear to tread
Yonder path of dreary gloom ?
Is thy spirit fill'd with dread
At the darkness of the tomb ?
- 5 Ere thy last expiring breath,
Ere thy soul shall take her flight,
Trembling in the vale of death—
Then, thine evening shall be light.

395 xiv. 8, 9. *And it shall be in that, &c.*

- 1 Now living waters flow
To cheer the humble soul ;
From sea to sea the rivers go,
And spread from pole to pole.
- 2 Now righteousness shall spring,
And grow on earth again ;
Jesus Jehovah be our King,
And o'er the nations reign.
- 3 Jesus shall rule alone,
The world shall hear his word ;
By one bless'd name shall he be known,
The Universal Lord.

MALACHI.

396 i. 11. *From the rising of the sun, &c.*

- 1 THE name be known from east to west,
The truth, and power, and love confest
Of Christ, our great exalted Lord !
Jesus, we long thy day to see,
To hail thy sovereign majesty
By all the heathen world ador'd.
- 2 The Lord supreme of all thou art :
To thee may each enkindling heart,
Present itself an offering pure !
Great be thy name thro' every clime,
Towering above the shocks of time,
And to eternity endure !

397 i. 12. *But ye have profaned, &c.*

- 1 SAVIOUR, and is thy table spread ?
And does thy cup with love o'erflow ?
Thither be all thy children led,
And let them all its sweetness know.
- 2 O let thy table honor'd be,
And furnish'd well with joyful guests ;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.
- 3 Let crowds approach with hearts prepar'd ;
With hearts inflam'd let all attend ;
Nor, when we leave our Father's board,
The pleasure, or the profit end.
- 4 Revive thy dying churches, Lord,
And bid our drooping graces live ;
More of that energy afford,
A Saviour's blood alone can give.

398 iii. 1. *Behold I will send my, &c.*

- 1 **JEHOVAH** to his temple came,
When in our flesh the holy Child
Appear'd, and Jesus was his name,
And God and man were reconcil'd.
- 2 Jesus shall to his house again,
To every seeking sinner come ;
And when his Spirit we obtain,
Our hearts are his eternal home.
- 3 Angel of covenanted grace,
Come to this longing soul of mine !
Thy presence makes the holiest place,
Thy coming consecrates the shrine !

399 iii. 16, 17. *Then they that feared, &c.*

- 1 **WHEN** sinners utter boasting words,
And glory in their shame ;
The Lord, well-pleas'd, an ear affords
To those who fear his name.
- 2 They often meet to seek his face,
And what they do, or say,
Is written in his book of grace,
To appear another day.
- 3 For they by faith a day descry,
And joyfully expect,
When he, descending from the sky,
His jewels will collect.
- 4 With transport then their Saviour's care
And favor they shall prove ;
As tender parents guard and spare
The children of their love.

400 iv. 2. *The Sun of righteousness.*

- 1 To thee, O God, we homage pay,
Source of the light that rules the day ;
Which, while it gilds all nature's frame,
Reflects thy rays, and speaks thy name.
- 2 In louder strains we sing that grace,
Which gives the Sun of Righteousness ;
Whose noble light salvation brings,
And scatters healing from his wings.
- 3 Still on our hearts may Jesus shine,
With beams of light and love divine ;
Quicken'd by him our souls shall live,
And cheer'd by him shall grow and thrive.
- 4 When shall that radiant scene arise,
When, fix'd on high in purer skies,
Christ all his lustre shall display
On all his saints thro' endless day!

MATTHEW.

401 i. 21. *Thou shalt call his name Jesus, &c.*

- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear Name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never failing treasury fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.
- 5 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

402 i. 23. *Immanuel, God with us.*

- 1 God with us! O glorious Name!
Let it shine in endless fame:
God and man in Christ unite,
O mysterious depth and height!
- 2 God with us! all sovereign love
Brought Him from his courts above;
Now, ye saints, his grace admire,
Swell the song with holy fire.

- 3 God with us! but free from sin,
From transgression wholly clean;
Yet did He our sins sustain,
Bear the cross, and all the pain.
- 4 God with us! O wondrous grace!
We shall see Him face to face;
Sing in sweetest notes His praise,
Sweeter notes than angels raise.

403 *ii. 2. We are come to worship him.*

- 1 ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye, who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
- 2 SHEPHERDS, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flock by night,
God with man is now residing;
Yonder shines the infant light:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
- 3 SAGES, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations,
Ye have seen his natal star:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
- 4 SAINTS, before the altar bending,
Waiting long with hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord descending,
In his temple shall appear:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

- 5 SINNERS, wrung with true repentance,
 Doom'd for guilt to endless pains,
 Justice now repeals the sentence,
 Mercy calls you—breaks your chains:
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.

404 ii. 9, 10. *Lo the star, &c.*

- 1 HAIL Bethlehem! favour'd city, hail!
 And hail thou star! with lustre mild,
 Whose light unerring points the way
 Of sages to the holy Child!
- 2 Yes, ye were wise—and heaven-taught knew
 The language of that mystic ray,
 Which led you far from Persia's plains,
 From twilight dim to noon-tide day.
- 3 True to the light, that star arose
 On you, tho' far from Salem's towers;
 That star to Bethlehem leads you, where
 The Righteous Sun his radiance pours.
- 4 And thus may we our way pursue,
 Improve our rising dawn of grace,
 Which, follow'd, will to Jesus lead,
 Jesus, our "Sun of Righteousness."

405 iii. 7. *Who hath warned you, &c.*

- 1 My former hopes are fled,
 My terror now begins;
 I feel, alas! that I am dead
 In trespasses and sins.
- 2 Ah whither shall I fly!
 I hear the thunder roar:
 The law proclaims destruction nigh,
 And vengeance at the door.

- 3- When I review my ways,
I dread impending doom ;
But sure a friendly whisper says,
" Flee from the wrath to come."
- 4 I see, or think I see,
A glimmering from afar ;
A beam of day that shines for me,
To save me from despair.
- 5 Forerunner of the sun,
It marks the pilgrim's way :
I'll gaze upon it while I run,
And watch the rising day.

406 iii. 10. *Now the axe is laid, &c.*

- 1 THE Lord into his vineyard comes
Our various fruit to see ;
His eye, more piercing than the light,
Examines every tree.
- 2 Tremble, ye sinners, at his frown,
If barren still ye stand ;
And fear that keenly-wounding axe,
Which arms his awful hand.
- 3 Close to the root behold it laid,
To make destruction sure :
Who can resist the mighty stroke ?
Or who the fire endure ?
- 4 Succeeding years thy patience waits ;
Nor let it wait in vain ;
But form in us abundant fruit,
And still this fruit maintain.

407 v. 3. *Blessed are the poor, &c.*

- 1 THOSE who abound in worldly store,
Are by the world caress'd ;

- But Christ regards the humble poor,
And has pronounc'd them blest.
- 2 Deeply abas'd before his throne,
And lowly in the dust,
They boast a Saviour's name alone,
His righteousness their trust.
- 3 Despis'd, rejected, and forgot,
To heaven they turn their eyes;
Blest with the poor in spirit's lot,
A mansion in the skies.

408 v. 4. *Blessed are they that mourn, &c.*

- 1 Not as the world does Jesus view
The states of men below;
A man of griefs himself, he knew
That joys from sorrows grow.
- 2 The serious mind, the contrite heart,
The penitential sigh,
The bosom torn with inward smart,
Betoken comfort nigh.
- 3 For pardoning love will dry the tear,
That dims the mourner's face;
Will silence each foreboding fear,
And tune his lips to praise.

409 v. 5. *Blessed are the meek, &c.*

- 1 "BLEST are the meek," he said,
Whose doctrine is divine;
The humble minded earth possess,
And bright in heaven will shine.
- 2 While here on earth they stay,
Calm peace with them shall dwell,
And cheerful hope, and heavenly bliss
Beyond what tongue can tell.

- 3 O gracious Father, grant;
That we thine influence feel;
That all we hope, or wish, may be
Subjected to thy will.

410 v. 6. *Blessed are they which do hunger, &c.*

- 1 ME with that restless thirst inspire,
That strong insatiate desire,
And feast my hungry heart;
Less than thyself cannot suffice,
My soul for all thy falness cries,
For all thou hast, and art.
- 2 Long did I pant for idle toys;
For earth's gay scenes and feverish joys;
Now seek I nobler bliss,—
Oh to be pure in thought and will!
My hungry, thirsting spirit fill
With perfect righteousness.

411 v. 7. *Blessed are the merciful, &c.*

- 1 PROMPT to relieve the poor,
To comfort the distrest,
Freely to give from their own store—
The merciful are blest.
- 2 The mercy they obtain,
By which their spirits live,
They must to others show again,
And pity and forgive.
- 3 The God who dwells above,
His richest grace imparts;
The blessings of his pardoning love
Fill and console their hearts.

412 v. 8. *Blessed are the pure in heart, &c.*

- 1 O FOR a heart to praise my God!
A heart from guilt set free,

A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely spilt for me!

- 2 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Sav'd from all reigning sin,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within.
- 3 A heart in every thought renew'd,
And fill'd with love divine,
Devout, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine!

413 v. 9. *Blessed are the peace makers, &c.*

- 1 BLEST are the men of peaceful mind,
The truest friends of human kind,
Who quench of strife the kindling coals,
And calm the rage of angry souls.
- 2 Theirs is true honor who restrain
With reason passion's boiling vein,
Repress contention's fervid breath,
Or stop the work of war and death.
- 3 The "sons of God," a glorious name,
Shall these distinguish'd worthies claim;
And He whose sacred name they bear,
Shall make them his eternal care.

414 v. 10—12. *Blessed are they which are, &c.*

- 1 NOT for my fault, or folly's sake,
The name, or mode, or form I take,
But for true holiness;
Let me be wrong'd, revil'd, abhorr'd,
But thee my sanctifying Lord
In life and death confess.
- 2 Call'd to sustain the hallow'd cross,
And suffer pain, and shame, and loss,

Pronounce me doubly blest ;
 And let thy glorious Spirit, Lord,
 Assure me of my great reward,
 In heaven's eternal rest.

415 v. 14. *A city that is set on a hill, &c.*

- 1 As mountains, when with cities crown'd,
 Secure attention all around ;
 As in the heavens a brilliant star
 Is view'd by travellers from afar :
- 2 So in the moral landscape stand
 Professors, mark'd on every hand ;
 Their virtues beam with radiance fair,
 But faults and follies also glare.
- 3 We see example every day
 Rule with an almost boundless sway ;
 On every age, in every place,
 Its powerful energy we trace.
- 4 Then let us watch with all our care,
 Lest our example prove a snare :
 Let each within himself maintain
 Religion's pure and sacred reign.

416 v. 16. *Let your light so shine, &c.*

- 1 GREAT Teacher of thy church, we own
 Thy precepts all divinely wise :
 O may thy mighty power be shown,
 To fix them still before our eyes.
- 2 Adorn'd with every heavenly grace,
 May our examples brightly shine,
 And the sweet lustre of thy face
 Reflected beam from each of thine.
- 3 These lineaments divinely fair,
 Our heavenly Father shall proclaim ;

And men, that view his image there,
Shall join to glorify his name.

417 v. 24. *Loose there thy gift, &c.*

- 1 IN vain with angry hearts we dare
Nigh to thine altar move,
Since neither sacrifice nor prayer
Atones for want of love.
- 2 O may we each with each agree,
Thro' thine uniting grace,
Our gift shall then accepted be,
Our life of love and praise.

418 v. 47. *What do ye more than others?*

- 1 AND do we hope to be with him,
Who on the cross resign'd his breath,
Who died a victim to redeem
His people from eternal death?
- 2 Then should the question oft recur,
What do we more than others do?
How do we show that we prefer
The things above to those below?
- 3 Where is that holy walk that suits
The name and character we bear?
And where are seen those heavenly fruits,
That show we're not what once we were?
- 4 For thus his people prove their birth,
And thus they glorify their Lord;
To others they resign the earth,
And hasten to their bright reward.

419 vi. 6. *When thou prayest, enter, &c.*

- 1 FATHER divine, thy piercing eye
Shoots thro' the darkest night;

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

420 vi. 9—13. *Our Father, &c.*

- 1 FATHER, ador'd in worlds above !
 Thy glorious Name be hallow'd still ;
 Thy kingdom come with power and love,
 And earth, like heaven, obey thy will.
- 2 Lord ! make our daily wants thy care ;
 Forgive the sins which we forsake :
 O let us in thy kindness share,
 As fellow-men of ours partake.
- 3 Evils beset us every hour !
 Thy kind protection we implore :
 Thine is the kingdom, thine the power ;
 Be thine the glory evermore !

421 vi. 20. *Lay up treasures, &c.*

- 1 How sweet to have our portion there,
 Where sorrow never comes, nor care,
 And nothing will remove !
 We then may hear, without a sigh,

The world's destruction draweth nigh,
Our treasure is above.

- 2 Then let a world of shadows go ;
Altho' it fail, his people know
Their treasure still is sure :
'Tis laid up there, where nothing fades,
No rust consumes, no thief invades,
And there it is secure.

422 vi. 28. *Consider the lilies, &c.*

- 1 THE God of heaven is kind and just ;
Then let not man complain :
Nor e'er his providence distrust,
His high decrees arraign.
- 2 The lowliest flowers that deck the field,
Thy mute instructors are ;
And wholesome admonition yield
Against corroding care.
- 3 Oh! listen to the Saviour's voice ;
To heaven direct thine eyes ;
There nobler objects claim thy choice,
And brighter prospects rise.

423 vi. 33. *Seek ye first the kingdom, &c.*

- 1 Now let a true ambition rise,
And ardor fire our breast,
To reign in worlds above the skies,
In heavenly glories drest.
- 2 Behold, Jehovah's royal hand
A radiant crown display,
Whose gems with vivid lustre shine,
While stars and suns decay.
- 3 Away each grovelling anxious care,
Beneath a Christian's aim !

We spring to seize immortal joys,
In our Redeemer's name.

- 4 Ye hearts, with youthful vigor warm,
The glorious prize pursue ;
Nor fear the want of earthly good,
While heaven is kept in view.

424 vi. 34. *Take no thought, &c.*

- 1 BEHOLD the flowers that grow,
That for the furnace stand ;
With what rich dyes their garments glow,
Without the labouring hand !
- 2 The tribes that wing the sky,
That neither sow nor reap
Send up to God their daily cry,
Who gives them food and sleep.
- 3 Then let to-morrow's cares
Until to-morrow stay ;
The trouble which the day prepares,
Suffices for to-day.
- 4 To nobler work applied,
My soul shall upwards climb ;
And trust my Father to provide
The needful things of time.

425 vii. 12. *Whatever ye would that ye,*

- 1 BLESSED Redeemer, how divine,
How righteous is this rule of thine,
" To do to all men still the same
" That we could justly wish from them !"
- 2 This golden lesson, short and plain,
Gives nor the mind nor memory pain ;
And every conscience must approve,
This universal law of love.

- 3 O let thy grace our will incline
To keep this sacred rule of thine ;
To do what we, what all approve,
Our neighbour as ourselves to love.

426 viii. 20. *The foxes have holes, &c.*

- 1 'TWAS he who made the world that said,
He had not where to lay his head ;
The earth could not a place afford
To earth and heaven's eternal Lord.
- 2 Wherever Jesus mov'd he found
That every place was hostile ground ;
The earth was occupied by those,
Who gloried in the name of foes.
- 3 No rest had he from pain and strife,
A life of suffering was his life ;
Nor did the Saviour find repose,
Till life itself had reach'd a close.
- 4 A little while, and He shall come,
Who could not find on earth a home ;
To their great joy he shall appear,
Who, like himself, are strangers here.

427 ix. 13. *I am not come to call the, &c.*

- 1 **COME**, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Now the gospel calls you near ;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Now the joyful tidings hear ;
He is able,
Banish all your guilty fear.
- 2 **Come**, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruin'd by the fall ;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all ;

Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.

- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of Him ;
This He gives you ;
'Tis his Spirit's rising beam.
- 4 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb ;
While the blissful seats of heaven,
Sweetly echo with his Name ;
Hallelujah ;
Sinners here may sing the same.

428 x. 28. *Not able to kill the soul, &c.*

- 1 WHEN coldness wraps this suffering clay,
Ah whither strays the immortal mind ?
It cannot die, it cannot stay,
But leaves its darken'd dust behind.
- 2 Intense, sublime, and undecay'd,
A thought unseen, but seeing all ;
What scenes in earth and skies display'd,
Shall it survey, shall it recall ?
- 3 Each fainter trace that memory folds,
So darkly of departed years ;
In one broad glance the mind beholds,
And all that was at once appears.
- 4 Wide shall expand its every power,
As it endures its endless day ;
An age shall fleet like earthly hour,
And years as moments roll away.
- 5 Away, away, without a wing,
O'er all, thro' all, its thought shall fly,

A nameless, an eternal thing,
Forgetting what it was to die.

429 x. 8. *Freely ye have received, &c.*

- 1 CHRISTIANS, the glorious hope ye know,
Which soothes the heart in every woe,
While heathens, helpless, hopeless lie ;
No ray of glory meets their eye ;
—O give to their desiring sight
The hope that Jesus brought to light.
- 2 Christians, ye taste the heavenly grace,
Which cheers believers in their race :
Uncheer'd by grace, thro' heathen gloom,
See millions hastening to the tomb :
—To heathen lands that grace convey,
Which trains the soul for endless day.
- 3 Christians, ye prize the Saviour's blood,
In which the soul is cleans'd for God :
Millions of souls in darkness dwell,
Uncleans'd from sin—expos'd to hell :
—O strive that heathens soon may view
That precious blood, which cleanseth you.

430 x. 41. *He that receiveth a prophet, &c.*

- 1 WELCOME ye messengers of peace,
Ye servants of our mighty Lord :
May your just honors ne'er decrease,
Who labour to dispense his word.
- 2 Ye leaders of the churches stand ;
Publish the story of his love :
With his commission in your hand,
Argue, exhort, console, reprove.
- 3 By your own lives exalt his laws,
His promise by your faith commend,

The glory of a Saviour's cause
With his own gentle zeal defend.

- 4 Jesus, we yield a docile ear ;
Such heralds of thy will and grace
With due submission we revere,
With warm affection we embrace.

431 xi. 28. *Come unto me, &c.*

- 1 COME! said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice ;
I will guide you to your home ;
Weary pilgrim, hither come.
- 2 Ye, by fiercest anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn,
Here repose your heavy care ;
A wounded spirit who can bear ?
- 3 Sinner come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound !
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

432 xii. 50. *For whosoever shall do, &c.*

- 1 LORD, what is man's distinguish'd race,
Whom thou dost for thy brethren own,
Crown'd with a dignity and grace
To all thine angel-bands unknown !
- 2 Who do on earth thy Father's will,
Most closely to their Lord allied,
Shall meet thee on the heavenly hill,
And dwell for ever near thy side.

433 xiii. 24—30. *The wheat and tares,*

- 1 A CAREFUL husbandman had cast
His grain into the fruitful field,

- And in idea, saw the vast,
The useful harvest it would yield.
- 2 His watchful foe had mark'd the toil,
And while the former slept, prepares
His labours and his hopes to foil,
By sowing the same field with tares.
- 3 The seed lay buried in the ground,
But when the tender blade was seen ;
The bad and good, together found,
Prov'd where an enemy had been.
- 4 " Shall we begin," the servants ask,
" To gather hence the weeds we view"
Their careful Lord forbids the task,
Afraid his wheat might suffer too.
- 5 " No ! let them both together stand,
And ripen, till the harvest day ;
" Then prostrate shall my reapers' hand,
" The tares and wheat together lay.
- 6 " Then shall they first the refuse bind,
" And when into the flames convey'd—
" The pure sound corn they leave behind,
" Shall safely in my stores be laid."

434 xiii. 45, &c. *Again the kingdom, &c.*

- 1 YE glittering toys of earth adieu,
A nobler choice be mine,
A real prize attracts my view,
A treasure all divine.
- 2 Be gone, unworthy of my cares,
Ye specious baits of sense ;—
Inestimable worth appears,
The pearl of price immense !
- 3 Could worlds unnumber'd at my call,
Their boasted stores resign ;

With joy I would renounce them all,
To call this kingdom mine.

435 xiv. 26, &c. *When the disciples saw, &c.*

- 1 HE bids me come ! His voice I know,
And boldly on the water go,
To him my God and Lord,
I walk in life's tempestuous sea ;
For he who lov'd and died for me
Hath spoke the powerful word.
- 2 But if from Him I turn mine eye,
And see the raging floods run high,
And feel my fears within,
My foes so strong, my flesh so frail,
Reason and unbelief prevail,
And sink me into sin !
- 3 Lord, I my unbelief confess,
My little spark of faith increase,
And I shall doubt no more ;
But fix on thee my steady eye,
And on Thine outstretch'd arm rely,
'Till all the storm is o'er.

436 xv. 22, &c. *Behold a woman of Canaan, &c.*

- 1 ALL-CONQUERING faith, how high it rose,
When heaven itself might seem to oppose !
All-gracious Lord, who didst appear
Most merciful, when most severe !
- 2 Thus at thy feet our souls would fall,
And loudly thus for mercy call ;
" Thou son of David, pity show,
" And save us from the infernal foe."
- 3 Tho' vilest of the vile we be,
Our longing eyes would wait on thee,

Who dost to such this grace afford
To taste the crumbs beneath thy board.

- 4 But thou the humble soul wilt raise,
And all its sorrows turn to praise :
Each self-abasing broken heart
Shall with thy children share a part.

437 xvi. 18. *Upon this rock I will build, &c.*

- 1 Now let the gates of Zion sing,
And challenge all her spiteful foes :
She triumphs in her Saviour-king,
In him, who from the dead arose.
- 2 He is the rock, on whom we rest,
And firm on that foundation stand ;
Divine compassion fills his breast,
His word is sure, and strong his hand.
- 3 Hell and its host may rage in vain ;
Vain are their counsels and their power ;
Grim death may marshal all his train,
And boast the conquest of an hour.
- 4 Breathless and pale his servants lie,
And know their former place no more ;
Their children raise his praises high,
And o'er their fathers' dust adore.

438 xvii. 4. *It is good to be here, &c.*

- 1 AWAY, ye dreams of mortal joy !
Raptures divine my thoughts employ ;
I see the King of glory shine ;
And feel his love, and call him mine.
- 2 On Tabor thus his servants view'd
His lustre, when transform'd he stood ;
And, bidding earthly scenes farewell,
Cried, " Lord 'tis pleasant here to dwell."

- 3 Yet still our elevated eyes
 To nobler visions long to rise ;
 That grand assembly would we join,
 Where all thy saints around thee shine.
- 4 That mount how bright ! those forms how
 fair !
 'Tis good to dwell for ever there :
 Come, death, dear envoy of our God,
 And bear us to that bless'd abode.

439 xviii. 3, 4. *Except ye be converted, &c.*

- 1 QUIET, Lord, my froward heart ;
 Make me teachable and mild, *Sixteen*
 Upright, simple, free from art,
 Make me as a little child :
 From distrust and envy free,
 Pleas'd with all that pleases thee.
- 2 What thou shalt to-day provide,
 Let me as a child receive ;
 What to-morrow may betide,
 Calmly to thy wisdom leave :
 'Tis enough that thou wilt care,
 Why should I the burden bear ?
- 3 As a little child relies
 On a care beyond his own ;
 Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
 Fears to take a step alone ;
 Let me thus with thee abide,
 As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

440 xviii. 20. *Where two or three, &c.*

- 1 WHERE two or three, with sweet accord,
 Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
 Meet to recount his acts of grace,
 And offer solemn prayer and praise ;—

- 2 "There," says the Saviour, "will I be,
 "Amidst the little company ;
 "To them unveil my smiling face,
 "And shed my glories round the place."
- 3 We meet at thy command, O Lord !
 Relying on thy faithful word :
 Now send thy Spirit from above,
 Now fill our hearts with heavenly love.

441 xix. 14. *Suffer little children, &c.*

- 1 BEHOLD a thousand heavenly charms
 Spread o'er the Saviour's face,
 While infants in his tender arms
 Receive the smiling grace.
- 2 "I take these little lambs," said he,
 "And lay them in my breast ;
 "Protection they shall find in me,
 "In me be ever blest.
- 3 "Death may the bands of life unloose,
 "But can't dissolve my love :
 "Millions of infant-souls compose
 "The family above.
- 4 "Their feeble frames my power shall raise,
 "And mould with heavenly skill :
 "Ill give them tongues to sing my praise,
 "And hands to do my will."

442 xix. 22. *When the young man heard, &c.*

- 1 THUS in compassion spake the Lord,
 'Come part with earth for heaven to-day :'
 The youth, astonish'd at the word,
 In silent sadness went his way !
- 2 Poor virtues that he boasted so,
 This test unable to endure,

- Let Christ, and grace, and glory go,
To make his land and money sure!
- 3 Ah, foolish choice of treasure here!
Ah, fatal love of tempting gold!
Must this vain world be bought so dear,
And life, and heaven, so cheaply sold?
- 4 In vain the charms of nature shine,
If this vile passion governs me;
Transform my soul, O Love Divine!
And make me part with all for thee.

443 xx. 28. *Even as the Son of Man, &c.*

- 1 SAVIOUR of men, and Lord of love,
How sweet thy gracious name!
With joy that errand we review,
On which thy mercy came.
- 2 For us mean wretched sinful men
Thou laid'st that glory by,
First in our mortal flesh to serve,
Then in that flesh to die.
- 3 Bought with thy service and thy blood,
We doubly, Lord, are thine;
To thee our lives we would devote,
To thee our death resign.

444 xxi. 1, &c. (Zech. ix. 9.) *When they, &c.*

- 1 AWAKE, O Zion's daughter! rise;
Shake off thy dust; no more repine;
Let gladness sparkle in thine eyes,
In all thy fairest garments shine.
- 2 Behold thy King, expected long,
In humble pomp at length appears;
Amidst yon praising infant throng,
His meek majestic head he rears.

- 3 No fiery steed he rides ; he sways
 No tinsel rod of earthly reign :
 A colt, ne'er us'd till now, conveys
 To thee thy lowly Prince again.
- 4 Here's no vain crowd, no gaudy show ;
 Babes, taught of heaven-resound his praise ;
 The path his humble followers strow
 With branches of triumphant peace !
- 5 See to the temple Christ repair
 By sweet hosannas loud ador'd ;
 He purifies the house of prayer,—
 Himself its antitype and Lord.

445 xxi. 30. *He answered and said, I go, &c.*

- 1 LIKE him who to his Father said,
 " I hear, and I obey ;"
 But from his promise basely fled,
 And turn'd his feet astray :
- 2 Like him are those whose specious tongues
 Still make pretences fair,
 To whom a godly form belongs,
 But not a heart sincere.
- 3 How vain is this, when nature's Lord,
 Pervades its every part !
 Sees every look, hears every word,
 And searches every heart.
- 4 Whate'er shall be my future lot,
 May mercy guide me still ;
 Nor be the firm resolve forgot,
 To do my Father's will.

446 xxii. 11. *When the King came in, &c.*

- 1 My soul attend, the King of heaven
 Invites thee for his guest ;

- No common food he bids thee eat,
But gives a sacred feast.
- 2 Nor rank, nor birth will he regard,
But 'tis the internal dress;
The inner man array'd in all
The robes of righteousness.
- 3 In these array'd, with gracious eye
The King shall thee survey;
By him approv'd, thou shalt rejoice
In the decisive day.
- 4 But should'st thou want the internal dress,
Thou hast an empty name;
Struck dumb, thy silence more than words
Shall tell thy guilt and shame.

447 xxiv. 35. *Heaven and earth shall pass, &c.*

- 1 The moon and stars shall lose their light
The sun shall sink in endless night;
Both heaven and earth shall pass away;
The works of nature all decay.
- 2 But they that in their Lord confide,
Shall ever in his love abide,
Shall see the danger overpast,
Stand every storm, and live at last.
- 3 The word he speaks must be fulfill'd,
On this firm rock, believers, build,
His word shall stand, his truth prevail,
And not one jot or tittle fail.

448 xxv. 1—13. *Then shall the kingdom, &c.*

- 1 YE ransom'd souls, arise,
With all the dead awake;
Unto salvation wise,
Oil in your vessels take:

Now hear the solemn midnight cry,
Behold your heavenly bridegroom nigh.

- 2 He comes, he comes to call
The nations to his bar,
And take to glory all
Who meet for glory are:
Make ready for your free reward ;
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.
- 3 Go meet him in the sky,
Your everlasting friend ;
Your Lord to glorify,
With all his saints ascend ;
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace
Without a veil to see his face.
- 4 Jesus, we wait to hear
The trumpet's welcome sound ;
With thee may we appear,
At thy right hand be found ;
And in thy righteousness divine
Before thy throne for ever shine !

449 xxv. 14, &c. *For as a man travelling, &c.*

- 1 THE gifts of providence and grace
Are only talents lent,
To be improv'd in life's short space,
Not idly hid nor spent.
- 2 But whether ten, or five, or one,
Accountable we stand ;
Rewarded when the work is done,
As diligent the hand.
- 3 Then what my hand finds to be done,
I'll do it with my might :
Oh may I, when the Lord shall come,
Find favor in his sight !

- 4 Ye wicked, slothful servants! hear
 The awful sentence past:
 Into the outer darkness, fear
 For ever to be cast!

450 xxv. 34. *Come, ye blessed, &c.*

- 1 ATTEND mine ear, my heart rejoice,
 While Jesus from his throne,
 With melody of voice divine,
 Makes his last sentence known.
- 2 "Blest of my Father, all draw near,
 "Receive the large reward;
 "And rise with raptures to possess
 "The kingdom love prepar'd.
- 3 "Ere earth's foundations first were laid,
 "This sovereign purpose wrought,
 "And rear'd those palaces divine,
 "To which you now are brought.
- 4 "There shall you reign unnumber'd years,
 "Protected by my power,
 "While sin and hell, and pains and cares,
 "Shall vex your souls no more."

451 xxv. 40. *Inasmuch as ye have done it, &c.*

- 1 HIGH on a throne of radiant light
 Dost Thou exalted shine;
 What can my poverty bestow,
 When all the worlds are thine?
- 2 But thou hast brethren here below,
 The partners of thy grace,
 And wilt confess their humble names
 Before thy Father's face.
- 3 Thy face with reverence and with love
 I in thy poor would see;

O rather let me beg my bread,
Than hold it back from thee.

452 xxvi. 39. *O my Father, &c.*

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

453 xxvi. 56. *Then all the disciples forsook, &c.*

- 1 THE Saviour's friends, oppress'd with fear,
Flee when they see his danger near ;
And not one generous heart remains
To shield his life, or share his pains.
- 2 So frail is man ; so frail are we,
When unsupported, Lord, by thee ;
Thus shrinks our faith ; thus drops our
love,
And thus our vows abortive prove.
- 3 Blest Jesus, thine own power impart,
And bind in cords of love my heart :

The fugitive no more shall flee,
But keep, thro' death, its hold on thee.

454 xxvii. 29. *Hail, King of the Jews!*

- 1 **HAIL**, thou once-despised Jesus!
Hail, thou Galilean King,
Who didst suffer to release us,
Who didst free salvation bring!
Hail, thou glorious Lord and Saviour,
Who hast borne our sin and shame;
By whose merit we find favor,
Life is given thro' thy name!
- 2 Jesus, hail! enthron'd in glory,
There for ever to abide,
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side:
There for sinners thou art pleading,
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear!

455 xxvii. 42. *He saved others, &c.*

- 1 "HIMSELF he cannot save!"
Insulting foe, 'tis true;
The words a gracious meaning have,
Tho' meant in scorn by you.
- 2 "Himself he cannot save!"
This is his highest praise,
Himself for others' sake he gave,
And suffers in their place.
- 3 It were an easy part
For him the cross to fly;
But love to sinners fill'd his heart,
And made him choose to die.

- 4 'Tis love the cause unfolds,
The deep mysterious cause,
Why he, who all the world upholds,
Hangs upon yonder cross.

456 xxvii. 46. *About the ninth hour Jesus, &c.*

- 1 WHAT doleful accents do I hear ?
What piercing cry invades mine ear ?
Loaded with shame, and bath'd in blood,
Who calls to a forsaking God ?
- 2 Yes! when this Jesus died for me,
Distended on the cursed tree,
God stood afar, nor would afford
One pitying look, one cheering word.
- 3 What then, my soul, must thou have felt,
If press'd with all thy load of guilt,
Beneath whose weight the Saviour cries,
Who form'd the earth, and built the skies !
- 4 For me, O Saviour, didst thou die ?
For me send forth that bitter cry ?
With bleeding heart thy wounds I see,
But see the Father smile thro' thee.

457 xxvii. 51—53. *Behold the veil, &c.*

- 1 YE that pass by, behold the Man
Of griefs condemn'd for you ;
The Lamb of God for sinners slain
To Calvary pursue.
- 2 See there his temples crown'd with thorn,
His hands extended wide !
His streaming feet transfix'd and torn,
The spear has pierc'd his side !
- 3 Hark how he groans, while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend !

The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend !

- 4 At his last gasp the graves display'd
Their horrors to the skies :
O that our souls might burst the shade,
And thro' his death arise.
- 5 The rocks which feel his powerful death,
Trembling, asunder part :
Oh rend, with thine expiring breath,
The marble of our heart !

458 xxviii. 5. *He is not here, &c.*

- 1 **CHRIST** the Lord is risen to-day,
Sons of men, and angels, say ;
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won :
Lo ! the Sun's eclipse is o'er—
Lo ! He sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell :
Death in vain forbids his rise,
Christ hath open'd paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King,
" Where, O death, is now thy sting ?"
Once he died our souls to save ;
" Where's thy victory, boasting grave ?"
- 5 Hail, thou Lord of earth and heaven !
Praise to thee by both be given !
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail ! the Resurrection—Thou.

MARK.

459 i. 9—11. *Jesus was baptized of John, &c.*

- 1 IN Judah's rugged wilderness,
Where Jordan rolls his flood ;
In manners strict, and rude in dress,
The Saviour's herald stood.
- 2 And while upon the river side,
The people throng'd to hear ;
" Repent," the sacred preacher cried,
" The heavenly kingdom's near."
- 3 Now Jesus to the stream descends,
His feet the waters lave ;
And o'er his head, that humbly bends,
The Baptist pours the wave.
- 4 When, lo! a heavenly form appears,
Descending as a dove ;
And wondrous sounds the assembly hears,
Proclaiming from above :
- 5 " This is my well-beloved Son,
" On him my Spirit rests ;
" Now is his reign of grace begun,
" Attend his high behests."
- 6 The sacred voice has reach'd our ear,
And still thro' distant lands
Shall sound, till all his Name revere,
And honor his commands.

460 i. 40. *And there came a leper, &c.*

- 1 **OFF** as the leper's case we read,
Our own describ'd we feel ;
Sin is a leprosy indeed,
Jesus alone can heal.

2 Lord, thou canst heal us if thou wilt,
 For thou canst all things do ;
 O, cleanse our leprous souls from guilt,
 Our sinful hearts renew.

3 Come, sinners, seize the present hour,
 The Saviour's grace to prove ;
 He can relieve, for he is power,
 He will, for he is love.

461 ii. 27. *The sabbath was made for man, &c.*

1 HAIL peaceful day of hallow'd rest !
 Sweet harbinger of joys above :
 Thine hours are all by Jesus blest,
 And shine on man with beams of love.

2 'Twas mercy first ordain'd the day,
 In kind compassion to our woes ;
 That we might learn the heavenly way,
 And find in Christ our true repose.

3 It comes this dreary waste to cheer,
 And shed celestial peace abroad ;
 With sacred truth to bless the ear,
 And raise the immortal soul to God.

462 iv. 3, &c. *Behold there went out a sower, &c.*

1 LORD of the harvest ! God of grace !
 Send down thy heavenly rain ;
 In vain we plant without thine aid,
 And water too in vain.

2 May no vain thoughts, those birds of prey,
 Defraud us of our gain ;
 Nor anxious cares, those baleful thorns,
 Choke up the precious grain.

3 Ne'er may our hearts be like the rock
 Where but the blade can spring ;

Which scorch'd with heat becomes by noon
A dead, a useless thing.

- 4 Let not the joys thy gospel gives
A transient rapture prove ;
Nor may the world by smiles and frowns
Our faith, and hope remove.
- 5 But may our hearts, like fertile soil,
Receive the heavenly word ;
So shall our fair and ripen'd fruits
Their hundred-fold afford.

463 iv. 39. (Isa. lvii. 20.) *Peace, be still.*

- 1 WHENE'ER along the shore we wind,
And view the ocean roll,
How true an emblem we may find
Of man's perturbed soul.
- 2 But Thou, great Spirit, who along
The waters first didst move,
And straight from warring chaos sprang
Light, harmony, and love ;—
- 3 And Thou, who on the foaming wave,
Didst walk with tranquil foot ;
And bid the billows cease to rave,
The wild winds to dispute ;—
- 4 Oh ! passion's ruder storm controul,
Bid mental discord cease ;
And breathe upon the troubled soul,
Thy last, best gift of peace.

464 v. 34. *Go in peace, &c.*

- 1 LAMB of God, whose bleeding love
We now recall to mind ;
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find :

Think on those who look to thee,
 And every trembling soul release ;
 O remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace.

- 2 By thy precious blood applied,
 The sinner's pardon seal ;
 Speak us freely justified,
 And all our miseries heal ;
 By thy sufferings on the tree
 Let all our slavish sorrows cease ;
 Oh remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace.

465 vi. 34. (Psa. cxlii. 4.) *Jesus was moved, &c.*

- 1 SHEPHERD of souls, with pitying eye,
 The thousands of our Israel see ;
 To thee in their behalf we cry ;
 Ourselves but newly found in thee.
- 2 See, where o'er desert wastes they err,
 And neither food nor shepherd have ;
 Nor fold, nor place of refuge near,
 For no man cares their soul to save.
- 3 Extend to these thy pardoning grace,
 To these be thy salvation shown :
 Oh, add them to thy chosen race !
 And sanctify them for thine own.

466 vii. 37. *He hath done all things well.*

- 1 Now in a song of grateful praise,
 To Jesus we our voices raise ;
 Jesus, who deign'd on earth to dwell,
 Who while on earth did all things well.
- 2 Wisdom, and power, and love divine
 In all his works unrivall'd shine,

And force the wondering world to tell
That he alone did all things well.

- 3 Howe'er mysterious are his ways,
Or dark and sorrowful our days ;
And tho' our spirit oft rebel,
We know he still does all things well.
- 4 And when we stand before his throne,
And all his ways are fully known,
This note in sweetest strains shall swell,
That Jesus has done all things well.

467 viii. 34. *Whoever will come after me, &c.*

- 1 AND must I part with all I have,
Jesus, my Lord, for thee ?
This is my joy, since thou hast done
Much more than this for me.
- 2 Yes, let it go :—one look from thee
Will more than make amends
For all the losses I sustain
Of credit, riches, friends.
- 3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,
How worthless they appear,
Compar'd with thee, supremely good,
Divinely bright and fair !
- 4 Saviour of souls, while I from thee
A single smile obtain,
Tho' destitute of all things else,
I'll glory in my gain.

468 viii. 36, 37. *What shall it profit a man, &c.*

- 1 WHAT is the thing of greatest price,
The whole creation round ?
That, which was lost in Paradise ;
That, which in Christ is found :—

- 2 The soul of man, (Jehovah's breath,) That keeps two worlds at strife ;
Hell moves beneath to work its death,
Heaven stoops to give it life.
- 3 God to redeem it did not spare
His well beloved Son ;
Jesus, to save it, deign'd to bear
The sins of all in one.
- 4 And is this treasure borne below
In earthen vessels frail ?
Can none its utmost value know,
Till flesh and spirit fail ?
- 5 Then let us gather round the cross,
That knowledge to obtain,
Not by the soul's eternal loss,
But everlasting gain.

469 viii. 38. *Whosoever shall be ashamed, &c.*

- 1 ASHAM'D of Christ ! my soul disdains
The mean ungenerous thought :
Shall I disown that friend whose blood
To man salvation brought ?
- 2 With the glad news of love and peace
From heaven to earth he came :
For us endur'd the painful cross,
For us despis'd the shame.
- 3 At his command we must take up
Our cross without delay !
Our lives, and thousand lives of ours
His love can ne'er repay.
- 4 But should we in the evil day
From our profession fly,
Jesus, the judge, before the world
The traitors will deny.

470 ix. 24. *Lord, I believe, &c.*

- 1 JESUS, our souls' delightful choice,
In thee, believing, we rejoice ;
Yet still our joy is mix'd with grief,
While faith contends with unbelief.
- 2 O let not sin and Satan boast,
While saints lie mourning in the dust ;
Nor see that faith to ruin brought,
Which thy own gracious hand hath wrought.
- 3 Do thou the dying spark inflame ;
Reveal the glories of thy name ;
And put all anxious doubts to flight,
As shades dispers'd by opening light.

471 x. 14. *Suffer the little children, &c.*

- 1 SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stands
With all-engaging charms ;
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms !
- 2 Permit them to approach, he cries,
Nor scorn their humble name :
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came.
- 3 We bring them, Lord, with thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee ;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

472 x. 32. (Luko xii. 50.) *And Jesus went, &c.*

- 1 THE Saviour, what a noble flame
Was kindled in his breast ;
When, hasting to Jerusalem,
He march'd before the rest

- 2 Good will to men and zeal for God
His every thought engross ;
He longs to be baptiz'd with blood
He pants to reach the cross.
- 3 With all his sufferings full in view,
And woes to us unknown,
Forth to his work his spirit flew,—
'Twas love that urg'd him on.
- 4 Lord, while thy dreadful sufferings here,
Engage our wondering eyes,
We learn our lighter cross to bear,
And hasten to the skies.

473 x. 47. *Jesus, thou son of David, &c.*

- 1 JESUS, full of all compassion,
Hear an humble suppliant's cry ;
Let me see thy great salvation,
Or I languish, faint and die.
- 2 With thy righteousness and spirit,
I am more than angels blest ;
Heir with thee, all things inherit,
Peace, and joy, and endless rest.
- 3 In the world of endless ruin,
It shall never, Lord, be said,
Here's a soul that perish'd suing
For the boasted Saviour's aid !

474 xii. 26. *I am the God of Abraham, &c.*

- 1 THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthron'd above ;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love !
Jehovah, great I AM !
By earth and heaven confest.

- We bow and bless the sacred name,
For ever bless'd.
- 2 The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth we rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand.
To Abraham and his seed
The inheritance he gave,
By solemn oath confirm'd the deed,
Nor will deceive.
- 3 The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide us all our happy days,
In all his ways.
The goodly land we see,
With peace and plenty blest ;
The land of sacred liberty,
And endless rest.
- 4 There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our Righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of peace.
The ransom'd nations bow
Before the Saviour's face,
Joyful their crowns of glory throw,
And sing his grace.

475 *xiii. 37. I say unto all watch.*

- 1 Compass'd with foes on every hand,
Behold the watchful christian stand !
Just as the guards, who keep the night,
And look, and long for morning light.
- 2 So should we stand upon the tower,
Prepar'd for the eventful hour,

Nor once give way to ease or sleep,
But constant, anxious vigils keep.

- 3 All eye, all ear we need to be,
To know our danger, and to flee :
All courage, and all caution too,
While passing this wild desert thro'.
- 4 Fountain of wisdom and of grace,
Let us behold thy smiling face ;
Then shall temptations work in vain,
We'll watch, till thou return again.

476 *xv. 39. Truly this man was the Son.*

- 1 BROUGHT forth to judgment Jesus stands,
Arraign'd, condemn'd, at Pilate's bar ;
Here spurn'd by fierce Prætorian bands,
There mock'd by Herod's men of war.
He bears their buffeting and scorn,
Mock-homage of the lip, the knee,
The purple robe, the crown of thorn,
The scourge, the nail, the accursed tree.
- 2 No guile within his mouth is found,
He neither threatens nor complains ;
Meek as a lamb for slaughter bound,
Dumb 'midst his murderers he remains :
But hark ! he prays,—'tis for his foes ;
He speaks,—'tis comfort to his friends ;
Answers,—and paradise bestows :
" 'Tis finish'd !"—here the conflict ends.
- 3 He dies ;—the veil is rent in twain ;
Darkness o'er all the land is spread ;
High, without tempest, rolls the main ;
Earth quakes ; the graves give up their
 dead—
" Truly this was the Son of God !"
Tho' in a servant's mean disguise,

And bruis'd beneath the Father's rod,
Not for himself,—for man he dies.

477 xvi. 4. *The stone was rolled away, &c.*

- 1 ANGELS, roll the rock away,
Death, yield up thy mighty prey :
See ! he rises from the tomb,
Radiant with immortal bloom.
- 2 'Tis the Saviour, angels, raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise ;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.
- 3 Heaven displays her portals wide,
Glorious Victor, thro' them ride ;
King of glory, mount thy throne,
Thy great Father's and thine own.
- 4 Praise him, all ye heavenly choirs,
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres ;
Shout, O earth, in rapturous song,
Let the strains be sweet and strong.
- 5 Every note with wonder swell,
Sin o'erthrown, and conquer'd hell ;
Where is hell's once dreaded king ?
Where, O death, thy mortal sting ?

LUKE.

478 i. 78. *The Day-spring from on high, &c.*

- 1 ALL hail ! redeeming Lord,
Blest Day-spring from above ;
All hail ! thou Sun of Righteousness,
With all thy vital love.
- 2 Shine, lovely Star of day,
Around and in us shine,

And our benighted souls shall own
Thy light and love divine.

- 3 Our wandering footsteps guide,
Thro' all this desert land ;
Beneath thy beams we'll trace the path
That leads to thy right hand.
- 4 Death's vale shall lose its gloom,
Cheer'd with thy vital ray,
And open to our longing eyes
The bliss of perfect day.

479 ii. 9. *The angel of the Lord came upon, &c.*

- 1 WHEN Jordan hush'd his waters still,
And silence slept on Zion's hill ;
When Bethel's shepherds, thro' the night,
Watch'd o'er their flocks by starry light.—
- 2 Hark! from the midnight hills around,
A voice of more than mortal sound,
In distant hallelujahs stole,
Wild murmuring o'er the raptur'd soul.
- 3 Then swift to every startled eye,
New streams of glory light the sky,
Heaven bursts her azure gates to pour
Her spirits to the midnight hour.
- 4 On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
The glorious hosts of heaven came ;
The firmament with triumphs rung,
While thus they struck their harps and
sung!
- 5 O Zion! lift thy raptur'd eye,
The long expected hour is nigh,
The joys of nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

480 ii. 14. *Glory to God in the highest, &c.*

- 1 **MORTALS**, awake! with angels join,
And chaunt the pleasing lay;
Joy, love, and gratitude combine,
To hail the auspicious day.
- 2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Thro' all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tun'd the lyre.
- 3 Swift thro' the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo roll'd;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'Twas more than heaven could hold.
- 4 Down thro' the portals of the sky,
The impetuous torrent ran:
And angels with compassion fly,
To bear the news to man.
- 5 Hark! the celestial armies shout,
And glory leads the song:
Good-will and peace are heard throughout
The harmonious, heavenly throng.
- 6 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
Glory to God on high!
Good-will and peace are now complete,
Jesus was born to die.

481 ii. 28. *Then took he him up, &c.*

- 1 'Tis enough—the hour is come;
Now within the silent tomb
Let this mortal frame decay,
Mingled with its kindred clay;
Since thy mercies, oft of old
By thy chosen seers foretold,

Faithful now and stedfast prove,
God of truth, and God of love !

- 2 Since at length mine aged eye
Sees the day-spring from on high !
Those whom death had overspread
With his dark and dreary shade,
Lift their eyes and from afar
Hail the light of Jacob's star ;
Waiting till the promis'd ray
Turn their darkness into day.

482 iii. 16. *He shall baptize you, &c.*

- 1 ETERNAL Spirit, source of light,
Enlivening, consecrating fire,
Descend, illumine our clouded sight ;
Our dull, our frozen hearts inspire ;
Our souls refine, our dross consume !
Come, condescending Spirit, come !
- 2 In our cold breasts, O strike a spark
Of the pure flame which seraphs feel,
Nor let us wander in the dark,
Or lie benumb'd and stupid still :
Come, vivifying Spirit, come,
And make our hearts thy constant home !
- 3 Whatever guilt and madness dare,
We would not quench the heavenly fire ;
Our hearts as fuel we prepare,
Tho' in the flame we should expire :
Our breasts expand to make thee room ;
Come, purifying Spirit, come !
- 4 Let pure devotion's fervor rise !
Let every pious passion glow !
O let the raptures of the skies
Kindle in our cold hearts below !

Come, condescending Spirit, come
And make our souls thy constant home !

483 iv. 18, 19. *The Spirit of the Lord, &c.*

- 1 HARK the glad sound ! the Saviour comes !
The Saviour promis'd long !
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.
- 2 On him the Spirit largely pour'd
Exerts his sacred fire ;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held ;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
- 4 He comes from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial day.
- 5 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The wounded soul to cure,
And with the treasure of his grace
To enrich the humble poor.
- 6 His silver trumpets publish loud
The mercy long implor'd,
Our debts are all remitted now,
Our heritage restor'd.

484 vi. 19. *He went out, &c.*

- 1 FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee, *Compass*
From strife and tumult far ;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
 With prayer and praise agree,
 And seem by thy sweet bounty made
 For those who follow thee.
- 3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
 And grace her mean abode,
 O with what peace, and joy, and love,
 She communes with her God!
- 4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
 Her solitary lays :
 Nor asks a witness of her song,
 Nor thirsts for human praise.

485 vi. 43. *A good tree bringeth not forth, &c.*

- 1 "If good the tree the fruit is fair,
 But trees corrupt bad fruit will bear ;
 A barren faith no praise can claim,
 Nor words confer the Christian name.
- 2 Like him who builds his mansion firm,
 And on the rock defies the storm ;
 Such is the man who hears and reads,
 And shows his faith by virtuous deeds.
- 3 But he who empty homage pays,
 Who calls me Lord, but disobeys,
 Must like the foolish builder stand,
 Who rais'd his house on shifting sand.
- 4 The tottering pile, when storms arise,
 Proclaims his folly to the skies."
 Help us, O Lord, our hopes to place
 Upon the rock's unshaken base.

486 vii. 2, &c. *But say in a word, &c.*

- 1 My Saviour's works all glorious shine,
 And fully prove his power divine,

- 'Tis but for him to speak the word,
And nature shall obey her Lord.
- 2 That Roman was supremely blest,
Who thus believ'd, and thus confess'd ;
The Gentile with such faith endued
Jesus himself with wonder view'd.
- 3 From Abraham's seed, the tribes elect,
An equal faith he might expect ;
But faith of such exalted kind
Not in his Israel could he find.
- 4 Boast not the favor'd Abraham's name,
Faith can support a nobler claim ;
Gentiles, thro' faith, are Abraham's seed,
His better sons, his heirs indeed.

487 vii. 12. *There was a dead man, &c.*

- 1 WHEN blooming youth is snatch'd away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.
- 2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth, imprest
With awful power,—I too must die,—
Sink deep in every breast.
- 3 Let this vain world engage no more ;
Behold the gaping tomb !
It bids us seize the present hour,
To-morrow death may come.
- 4 The voice of this alarming scene
May every heart obey ;
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.
- 5 O let us fly, to Jesus fly,
Whose powerful arm can save ;

Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

488 vii. 34. *A friend of publicans, &c.*

- 1 We need not be asham'd to own
That He, on whom our hopes depend,
Tho' now he fills the highest throne,
Was styl'd on earth, "the sinner's friend,"
- 2 The title came from those who sought
To bring dishonour on his name;
But Jesus then refus'd it not,
Nor sought to vindicate his fame.
- 3 And now, tho' yonder throne is his,
He bears the gracious title still;
Jesus, the friend of sinners is,
'He owns the charge, and ever will.
- 4 The title that was meant in scorn,
He takes and binds upon his brow;
And thus the guilty and forlorn
Are taught his character to know.
- 5 And while his name is set at nought
By those who on their worth depend,
The wretched and the vile are taught
To bless him as "the sinner's friend."

489 vii. 37, &c. *And behold a woman, &c.*

- 1 THE sinful Mary's flowing tears
Accepted were of heaven,
When o'er the crimes of former years
She wept—and was forgiven.
- 2 When bringing every balmy sweet
Her day of luxury stor'd,
She o'er her Saviour's hallow'd feet
The precious perfume pour'd;—

- 3 And wip'd them with that flowing hair,
Where once the diamond shone,
Tho' now those gems of grief were there
Which shine for God alone.
- 4 Were not those sweets, so humbly shed,—
That hair,—those weeping eyes,—
And the sunk heart, that inly bled,—
Her noblest sacrifice?
- 5 Rouse then from sin's entrancing sleep,
If thou wouldst wake in heaven,
Like Mary kneel, like Mary weep,
"Love much,"—and be forgiven.

490 vii. 38. *And stood at his feet weeping, &c.*

- 1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's only friend.
Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze;
Love I much? I've much forgiven!
I'm a miracle of grace!
- 2 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.
May I still enjoy this feeling;
In all need to Jesus go;
Prove his love each day more healing,
And himself more deeply know.

491 vii. 47. *Her sins are forgiven, &c.*

- 1 FORGIVENESS! 'tis a joyful sound
To malefactors doom'd to die;

Publish the bliss the world around ;
Ye angels, shout it from the sky !

- 2 For this stupendous love of heaven
What grateful honors shall we show ?
Where much transgression is forgiven,
Let love in equal ardors glow.
- 3 By this inspir'd, let all our days
With various holiness be crown'd,
Let truth and goodness, prayer and praise,
In all abide, in all abound.

492 viii. 35. *They found the man, &c.*

- 1 JESUS, we own thy saving power,
And thy victorious hand ;
Hell's legions tremble at thy feet,
And fly at thy command.
- 2 O'er souls, by jarring passions fill'd
With anarchy unknown,
The nobler powers restor'd by thee,
Ascend their peaceful throne.
- 3 No more they rend their clothing off ;
No more their wounds repeat ;
But gentle and compos'd they wait
Attentive at thy feet.
- 4 O'er thousands more, where Satan rules,
May we such triumphs see ;
And be their rescu'd souls and ours
Devoted, Lord, to thee.

493 ix. 7—9. *Now Herod heard, &c.*

- 1 TYRANTS may rage with savage breath,
'Gainst truth's imprison'd sons,
And plant the instruments of death
Around their guilty thrones.

- 2 Awhile their madness will have way,
 Their impious plans succeed ;
 Their murderous swords be rais'd to slay,
 And God's own prophets bleed.
- 3 But vain their efforts to subdue
 The cause which God defends ;
 From racks and flames it springs anew
 And wide its reign extends.
- 4 Great God, if thou shouldst please to try
 Our faith with bonds and death,
 O, let us not thy cause deny,
 But cheerful yield our breath.

494 ix. 31. *Who appeared in glory, &c.*

- 1 ON Tabor's height the Saviour stands,
 His alter'd face resplendent shines :
 And while he elevates his hands,
 Lo! glory marks its gentle lines!
- 2 Two heavenly forms descend to wait,
 Upon their suffering Prince below ;
 But while they worship at his feet,
 They talk of fast approaching woe.
- 3 Amid the lustre of the scene,
 To Calvary he turns his eyes ;
 And with submission all serene,
 He marks the future tempest rise.

495 ix. 55. *Ye know not what manner of, &c.*

- 1 ABSURD and vain attempt! to bind
 With iron chains the free-born mind ;
 To force conviction, and reclaim
 The wandering, by destructive flame.
- 2 Bold arrogance! to snatch from heaven
 Dominion not to mortals given ;

O'er conscience to usurp the throne,
Accountable to God alone.

- 3 Jesus, thy gentle law of love
Can no such cruelties approve :
Mild as thyself, thy doctrine yields
No arms but what persuasion yields.
- 4 By proofs divine, and reason strong,
It draws the willing mind along ;
And conquests to thy church acquires
By eloquence which heaven inspires.

496 x. 17, 18. *Lord, even the devils are, &c.*

- 1 O 'TIS a sound should fill the world !
The sound of mercy thro' the Lamb :
Lo! Satan from his seat is hurl'd,
Unable to withstand his name !
From heaven like lightning see him fall !
Struck by the arm that conquers all.
- 2 Lord give the word !—and wak'd by thee,
Let many tongues thy victory tell !
That hopeless sinners now may see,
That thou hast vanquish'd death and hell :
Sound, sound the joyful truth abroad !
Let sinners now draw nigh to God !
- 3 And thou victorious Lord, all hail !
Immortal honors shade thy brow !
When death and hell thy friends assail,
They find in thee a refuge now :
Thy name shall furnish them with arms,
And free their souls from all alarms.

497 x. 29. *Who is my neighbour ?*

- 1 ALL nature feels the attractive power,
A strong embracing force ;

The drop that sparkles in the shower,
The planets in their course.

- 2 Thus in the universe of mind,
Is felt the law of love ;
The charity, both strong and kind
For all that live and move.
- 3 More perfect bond, the Christian plan
Attaches soul to soul ;
Our neighbour is the suffering man,
Tho' at the farthest pole.

498 x. 30—37. *A certain man went down, &c.*

- 1 FATHER of mercies, send thy grace
All-powerful from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.
- 2 When the most helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.
- 3 So Jesus look'd on dying men,
When thron'd above the skies,
And, 'midst the glories of his state,
He felt compassion rise.
- 4 On wings of love the Saviour flew,
To raise us from the ground,
And made the richest of his blood
A balm for every wound.

499 x. 42. *Mary hath chosen that good part, &c.*

- 1 BESHET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path we stand ;
Saviour divine, diffuse thy light,
To guide our doubtful footsteps right.

- 2 Engage this roving treacherous heart,
Great God, to choose the better part ;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.
- 3 Then let the wildest storms arise
Let tempests mingle earth and skies ;
No fatal shipwreck shall we fear,
But all our treasure with us bear.
- 4 If thou, our Jesus, still art nigh,
Cheerful we live, and cheerful die ;
Secure when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

500 xi. 13. *If ye beeing evil, &c.*

- 1 SHALL nature prompt the tender part,
And show the father's inmost heart ?
And shall not God's own children find
A heavenly Father still more kind ?
- 2 Great as his power, so great his love,
Our praise, our highest thoughts above :
Love is his name, his nature too ;
What will not love almighty do ?
- 3 His Spirit will our God impart,
To all who seek with humble heart :
The lowly saint shall ne'er complain,
He ask'd, and sought, and knock'd in vain.

501 xii. 15. *A man's life consisteth not, &c.*

- 1 SHALL man of frail fruition boast ?
Shall life be counted dear ?
Oft but a moment, and at most
A momentary year !
- 2 I long to cast the chains away
That hold my soul a slave.

To burst these dungeon walls of clay,
Enfranchis'd from the grave.

- 3 Life lies in embryo—never free
Till nature yields her breath ;
Till time becomes eternity,
And man is born in death.

502 xii. 16. *The ground of a certain rich, &c.*

- 1 DELUDED souls ! who think to find
Substantial bliss below :
Bliss ! the fair flower of paradise,
On earth can never grow.
- 2 What shall I do ? the rich man cries,
This scheme will I pursue ;
My barns too scanty are become,
I'll build them large and new.
- 3 Here will I lay my fruits, and bid
My soul to take its ease :
Eat, drink, be glad, my lasting store
Shall give what joys I please.
- 4 Scarce had he spoke, when lo ! from heaven
The Almighty made reply :
' For whom, thou fool, dost thou provide ?
This night thyself shall die.'
- 5 Teach me, my God, that earthly joys
Are but an empty dream :
And may I seek my bliss alone,
In Thee, the good supreme !

503 xii. 32. *Fear not, little flock, &c.*

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

- 2 Tho' wolves and lions prowl around,
 His staff is your defence:
 'Midst sands and rocks, your Shepherd's
 voice
 Calls streams and pastures thence.
- 3 Your Father will a kingdom give,
 And give it with delight;
 His feeblest child his love shall call
 To triumph in his sight.

504 xii. 35. *Let your loins be girded, &c.*

- 1 YE servants of the Lord,
 Each in his office wait,
 Observant of his heavenly word,
 And watchful at his gate.
- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,
 And trim the golden flame;
 Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
 For awful is his name.
- 3 Watch, 'tis your Lord's command;
 And while we speak, he's near:
 Mark the first signal of his hand,
 And ready all appear.
- 4 O happy servant he
 In such a posture found!
 He shall his Lord with rapture see,
 And be with honor crown'd.

505 xiii. 6, &c. *A certain man had a fig tree, &c.*

- 1 SEE in the vineyard of the Lord
 A barren fig-tree stand!
 It yields no fruit, no blossom bears,
 Tho' planted by his hand.
- 2 From year to year he seeks for fruit;
 And still no fruit is found:

It stands, among the living trees,
A cumberer of the ground.

- 3 But lo! the gracious Saviour pleads—
“ The barren fig-tree spare :
“ In mercy stay the threatening hand,
“ And grant another year.
- 4 “ Perhaps some means of grace, untried,
“ May reach the stony heart ;
“ Or the soft dews of heavenly love
“ May heavenly life impart.
- 5 “ But if all means should prove in vain,
“ And still no fruit appear,
“ Then mercy may no longer plead,
“ Nor ask another year.”

506 *xiii. 34. O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, &c.*

- 1 ON Olivet see Jesus stands,
Salem's proud towers in prospect rise ;
His bowels yearn, he spreads his hands,
Compassion gushes from his eyes :
- 2 “ O Salem, mine omniscient view,
“ Thy mighty wretchedness surveys ;
“ Vengeance to thy rebellion's due,
“ Unknown in past and future days.
- 3 “ What labors have I shunn'd for thee ?
“ What powers of suasion left untried,
“ Thy children to allure to me,
“ And in a Saviour's shadow hide ?
- 4 “ So when the eagle sails above,
“ The parent bird with tender cry,
“ Under her guardian wing of love,
“ Collects her infant progeny.
- 5 “ But ah ! ye would not—O ye blind !
(He said, and heav'd a deeper sigh) ;

“ Your temple is to flames consign’d,
 “ The dark predestin’d hour is nigh.”

- 6 **Blest** Jesús, in thy feeling heart,
 For me, a sinner, spare one place ;
 I would be thine—O yield a part
 To me, in thy redeeming grace.

507 xiv. 10. *When thou art bidden, &c.*

- 1 **INVITED** to the gospel-feast,
 My proper place I know ;
 Number’d among the last and least,
 I’ll to the lowest go.
- 2 But if acceptance I shall meet,
 O Lord! before thy face,
 And thou assign a higher seat,
 Advanc’d in gifts and grace ;
- 3 **Conscious** from whence my all I drew,
 Let me the lowlier lie ;
 Ascribe the glory where ’tis due,
 Still less than nothing I.

508 xiv. 16. *A certain man made a great, &c.*

- 1 **THE** King of heaven his table spreads,
 And dainties crown the board ;
 Not paradise with all its joys
 Could such delight afford.
- 2 Ye hungry poor, that long have stray’d
 In sin’s dark mazes, come :
 Come from the hedges and highways,
 And grace shall find you room.
- 3 **Millions** of souls in glory now
 Were fed and feasted here ;
 And millions more, still on the way,
 Around the board appear.

- 4 Yet is his house and heart so large,
That millions more may come ;
Nor could the wide assembling world
O'er-fill the spacious room.
- 5 All things are ready ; come away,
Nor weak excuses frame ;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's name.

509 xiv. 22. *Yet there is room, &c.*

- 1 YE dying sons of men,
Immerg'd in sin and woe,
The gospel's voice attend,
Which Jesus sends to you :
Ye perishing and guilty, come,
In Jesus' arms there yet is room.
- 2 No longer now delay,
Nor vain excuses frame ;
He bids you come to-day,
Tho' poor, and blind, and lame :
All things are ready, sinner, come,
For every trembling soul there's room.
- 3 Believe the heavenly word
His messengers proclaim ;
He is a gracious Lord,
And faithful is his name :
Backsliding souls, return and come,
Cast off despair, there yet is room.
- 4 Compell'd by bleeding love,
Ye wandering sheep draw near,
Christ calls you from above,
His charming accents hear !
Let whosoever will, now come,
In mercy's breast there yet is room.

510 xv. 2. *This man receiveth sinners.*

- 1 O the transcendent love
A sinless Saviour shows !
For enemies his bowels move,
His heart with pity glows.
- 2 Jesus invited near
The vilest of our race ;
He bids the greatest sinner hear
The gospel of his grace.
- 3 Let pharisees exclaim,
And all this grace despise ;
But we will love the Saviour's name,
'Tis wondrous in our eyes.
- 4 Yes, to life's utmost end,
Thy sovereign grace we'll show,
And own thee for the sinner's friend,
And sin's eternal foe.

511 xv. 4, &c. *What man having a hundred, &c.*

- 1 WHEN some kind shepherd from the fold
Has lost a straying sheep,
Thro' vales, o'er hills, he anxious roves,
And climbs the mountain's steep.
- 2 But O the joy ! the transport sweet !
When he the wanderer finds ;
Up in his arms he takes his charge,
And to his shoulder binds.
- 3 Homeward he hastes to tell his joys,
And make his bliss complete :
The neighbours hear the news, and all
The joyful shepherd greet.
- 4 Yet how much greater is the joy,
When but one sinner turns ;

When the poor wretch with broken heart
His sins and errors mourns !

- 5 Pleas'd with the news, the saints below,
In praise their tongues employ ;
Beyond the skies the tidings spread,
And heaven is fill'd with joy.

512 xvi. 5. *How much owest thou, &c.*

- 1 TEN thousand talents once I ow'd,
And nothing had to pay,
But Jesus freed me from the load,
And took my debt away.
- 2 Yet since the Lord forgave my sin,
And did my soul restore,
Far more indebted have I been,
Than e'er I was before.
- 3 The love I owe for sin forgiven,
For power to believe,
For present peace, and promis'd heaven,
No angel can conceive.
- 4 That love of thine, thou sinner's friend,
Which warm'd thy bleeding heart,
My little all can ne'er extend
To pay a thousandth part.
- 5 The poor returns I strive to make
From thee I first obtain ;
And 'tis of grace that thou wilt take
Such poor returns again.

513 xvi. 25. *Remember that thou in thy life, &c.*

- 1 IN what confusion earth appears !
God's faithful servants bath'd in tears ;
While they, who heaven itself deride,
Riot in luxury and pride.

- 2 But patient let my soul attend,
And, e'er I censure, view the end:
That end, how different, who can tell:—
The wide extremes of heaven and hell!
- 3 See the red flames around him twine,
Who did in gold and purple shine!
Nor can his tongue one drop obtain
To allay the scorching of his pain.
- 4 While round the saint so poor below,
Full rivers of salvation flow;
On Abraham's breast he leans his head,
And banquets on celestial bread,

514 xvii. 9, 10. *Doth he thank that servant, &c.*

- 1 No thanks to us our Master owes
For works which he himself hath wrought;
Grace only the reward bestows
For every gracious word and thought;
And when we his commands have done,
The praise, we know, is all his own.
- 2 We have but done our duty, Lord,
When answering all thy welcome will;
We cannot speak one boasting word,
But most unprofitable still,
The meanest of thy servants, we
Give all the glory, Lord, to thee.

515 xviii. 1—8. *Men ought always to pray, &c.*

- 1 How can we dare to fear,
Or venture to distrust,
When men are forc'd a suit to hear,
Tho' impious and unjust?
- 2 And shall not Jesus hear
His chosen when they cry?

- Yes, tho' he may awhile forbear,
He'll help them from on high.
- 3 His nature, truth, and love,
Engage him on their side ;
When they are griev'd, his bowels move,
And can they be denied ?
- 4 Then let us earnest be,
And never faint in prayer ;
He loves our importunity,
And makes our cause his care.

516 xviii. 13. *God be merciful to me, &c.*

- 1 HEAR, gracious God ! a sinner cry,
A sinner who deserves to die ;
My hope, my only hope's in thee,
" O God, be merciful to me."
- 2 To thee I come, a sinner poor,
And wait for mercy at thy door ;
For I have no where else to flee ;
" O God, be merciful to me !"
- 3 To thee I come, a sinner vile ;
Upon me, Lord, vouchsafe to smile ;
Mercy alone I make my plea ;
" O God, be merciful to me !"
- 4 To thee I come, a sinner lost,
Nor have I aught wherein to trust ;
Yet full forgiveness is with thee :
" O God, be merciful to me !"

517 xviii. 35. *A certain blind man sat, &c.*

- 1 ENCOURAG'D by thy word
Of promise to the poor,
Behold, a beggar, Lord,
Waits at thy mercy's door !

No heart, nor hand, O Lord, but thine,
Can help and pity wants like mine.

- 2 'Twere folly to pretend
I never ask'd before ;
Or if thou now befriend,
I'll ask of thee no more :
Thou often hast reliev'd my pain,
And often I must come again.
- 3 Nor can I willing be
Thy bounty to conceal
From others who, like me,
Their wants and hunger feel :
I'll tell them of thy mercy's store,
And try to send a thousand more.
- 4 Thy thoughts, thou only Wise !
Our thoughts and ways transcend,
Far as the arched skies
Above the earth extend :
Such pleas as mine men would not hear,
But God receives a beggar's prayer.

518 xix. 7. *He was gone to be guest, &c.*

- 1 AND may such sinful worms as we,
With God in heaven expect to dwell—
Or that so great a king as he,
Will visit our unworthy cell ?
- 2 What matchless mercy, Lord, is thine,
To bend thy footsteps downward thus—
'Tis condescension all divine
To be a guest with worms like us.
- 3 Then, gracious Saviour, hither come
To dwell with us, our constant guest,
And make our house and heart thy home,
Then shall we be completely blest.

519 xix. 27. *Those mine enemies, &c.*

- 1 He comes ; the royal Conqueror comes ;
 His legions fill the sky ;
 Angelic trumpets rend the tombs,
 And loud proclaim him nigh.
- 2 Ye rebel hosts, how vain your rage
 Against this sovereign Lord !
 What madness bears you on to engage
 The terrors of his sword ?
- 3 “ Bring forth, he cries, these sons of pride,
 “ That scorn'd my gentle sway,
 “ To prove the arm they once defied
 “ Omnipotent to slay.”
- 4 Now let the rebels seek that face,
 From which they cannot flee !
 And thou, my soul, adore the grace,
 That sweetly conquer'd thee.

520 xix. 40. *If these should hold their peace, &c.*

- 1 WHEN Jesus into Salem rode,
 The children sang around ;
 For joy they pluck'd the palms, and strow'd
 Their garments on the ground.
- 2 Hosanna, our glad voices raise,
 Hosanna to our king ;
 Could we forget our Saviour's praise,
 The stones themselves would sing.
- 3 For we have learn'd to love his name ;
 That name divinely sweet,
 May every pulse thro' life proclaim,
 And our last breath repeat !

521 xix. 41. *He beheld the city, and wept, &c.*

- 1 “ HADST thou, O hadst thou known,
 “ Then were thy peace secure ;

“ But now the day of grace is past,
 “ And thy destruction sure.”

- 2 To Salem, thus he spoke,
 As near her gates he stood,
 His eyes beheld her guilty walls,
 And wept a sacred flood.
- 3 Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
 And shall our cheeks be dry ?
 Let floods of penitential grief
 Burst forth from every eye.
- 4 The Son of God in tears
 The wondering angels see :
 Be thou astonish'd, oh my soul,
 He shed those tears for thee.
- 5 He wept that we might weep,
 Each sin demands a tear :
 In heaven alone no sin is found ;
 There is no weeping there.

522 xxi. 25, &c. *And there shall be signs, &c.*

- 1 In the sun, and moon, and stars,
 Signs and wonders there shall be ;
 Earth shall quake with inward wars,
 Nations with perplexity.
- 2 Soon shall ocean's hoary deep,
 Tost with stronger tempests, rise ;
 Wilder storms the mountains sweep,
 Louder thunders rock the skies.
- 3 Dread alarms shall shake the proud,
 Pale amazement, restless fear ;
 And, amid the thunder-cloud,
 Shall the Judge of men appear !
- 4 But, tho' from his awful face
 Heaven shall fade, and earth shall fly ;

Fear not ye, his chosen race,
Your redemption draweth nigh.

523 xxi. 28. *Your redemption draweth nigh.*

- 1 Lo! he cometh! countless trumpets
Blow to raise the sleeping dead;
'Midst ten thousand saints and angels
See their great exalted Head:
Hallelujah!
Let the welcome summons spread!
- 2 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear!
All his saints, tho' men despis'd them,
Now shall meet him in the air!
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!
- 3 Now console our waiting spirit,
Hasten, Lord, the general doom!
And to dwell in heavenly mansions,
Take thy longing exiles home:
All creation
Travails, groans, and bids thee come!

524 xxii. 61. *The Lord turned, and looked, &c.*

- 1 JESUS, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wandering sheep;
False to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain like Peter weep.
Let me be by grace restor'd,
On me be all long-suffering shown:
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.
- 2 Saviour, prince enthron'd above
Repentance to impart,

Give me thro' thy dying love,
 The humble contrite heart :
 Give what I have long implor'd,
 A portion of thy grief unknown :
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.

- 3 Look, as when thy languid eye
 Was clos'd that we might live :
 " Father," at the point to die,
 My Saviour gasp'd, " Forgive !"
 Surely with that dying word,
 He turns, and looks, and cries, " 'Tis done :"
 O my bleeding, loving Lord,
 This breaks the heart of stone.

525 xxiii. 28. *Daughters of Jerusalem, &c.*

- 1 HE dies ! the Friend of sinners dies !
 Lo ! Salem's daughters weep around !
 A solemn darkness veils the skies !
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground !
- 2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two,
 For him who groan'd beneath your load ;
 He shed a thousand drops for you,
 A thousand drops of richer blood.
- 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
 The Lord of Glory dies for men !
 But lo ! what sudden joys we see !
 Jesus, the dead, revives again !
- 4 The rising God forsakes the tomb !
 Up to his Father's court he flies ;
 Angelic legions guard him home,
 And shout him welcome to the skies.
- 5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
 How high our great Deliverer reigns ;

Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains.

526 xxiii. 33. *Calvary.*

- 1 **WHEN** on Sinai's top I see
God descend in majesty,
To proclaim his holy law,
All my spirit sinks with awe.
- 2 When in ecstasy sublime
Tabor's glorious height I climb,
In the too transporting light
'Darkness rushes o'er my sight.
- 3 When on Calvary I rest,
God in flesh made manifest
Shines in my Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.
- 4 Here I would for ever stay,
Weep and gaze my soul away ;
Thou art heaven on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful Calvary.

527 xxiii. 34. *Father, forgive them, &c.*

- 1 **ALoud** we sing the wondrous grace
Christ to his murderers bare ;
Which made the torturing cross its throne,
And hung its trophies there.
- 2 "Father, forgive," his mercy cried,
With his expiring breath,
And drew eternal blessings down
On those who wrought his death.
- 3 **Jesus**, this wondrous love we sing,
And whilst we sing admire ;
Breathe on our souls, and kindle there
The same celestial fire.

- 4 Sway'd by thy bright example, we
 For enemies will pray ;
 With love their hatred, and their curse
 With blessings, will repay.

528 xxiii. 42, 43. *Lord, remember me when, &c.*

- 1 As on the cross the Saviour hung,
 And groan'd, and bled, and died,
 He pour'd salvation on a wretch
 Who languish'd at his side.
- 2 His crimes, with inward grief and shame,
 The penitent confess'd ;
 Then turn'd his dying eyes to Christ,
 And thus his prayer address'd :
- 3 ' Jesus, thou Son and heir of heaven,
 ' Thou spotless Lamb of God !
 ' I see thee bath'd in sweat and tears,
 ' And weltering in thy blood !
- 4 ' Yet quickly from these scenes of woe,
 ' In triumph thou shalt rise,
 ' Burst thro' the gloomy shades of death,
 ' And shine above the skies.
- 5 ' Amid the glories of that world,
 ' Dear Saviour, think of me,
 ' And in the victories of thy death,
 ' Let me a sharer be.'
- 6 His prayer the dying Jesus hears,
 And instantly replies,
 ' To-day thy parting soul shall be
 ' With me in Paradise.'

529 xxiv. 26. *Ought not Christ, &c.*

- 1 Now while we hearken, O unfold
 The scriptures to our mind ;

Their mysteries may we now behold,
Their hidden treasures find.

- 2 Thee it behov'd to suffer thus,
And to thy glory rise :
Instruct, confirm, and strengthen us,
And make thy servants wise.
- 3 Wise to win souls, may we reveal
Thy love to all around ;
And in ourselves its influence feel
Yet more and more abound.
- 4 And while with thee, in social hours,
We commune thro' thy word,
May our hearts burn ; and all our powers
Confess—" It is the Lord."

530 xxiv. 44. *All things written in the Psalms, &c.*

- 1 JESSE'S son awakes the lyre ;
Listen while the Psalmist sings ;
His the Spirit's sacred fire ;
And his theme the King of kings.
- 2 Listen, listen while he sings ;
Jesus is his glorious theme ;
Jesus is the King of kings ;
'Tis his joy to sing of him.
- 3 How should we delight to hear,
Strains that hope and love impart !
Strains of joy for mortal ear !
Strains that captivate the heart !
- 4 Son of Jesse, sound the lyre ;
Bear our willing souls along ;
Thine the prophet's holy fire ;
Thine his theme, and thine his song.

531 xxiv. 47. *And that repentance, &c.*

- 1 " Go, saith the Lord, proclaim my grace.
 " To all the sons of Adam's race,
 " Pardon for every heinous sin,
 " And at Jerusalem begin.
 " There where I bow'd my dying head,
 " And where my blood was richly shed :
 " That blood shall purge away their guilt,
 " By whom so lately it was spilt.
- 3 " Now let the daring rebels turn,
 " And o'er their bleeding Sovereign mourn;
 " Their bleeding Sovereign shall forgive,
 " And bid the rebels look and live."
- 4 Then may I hope for mercy too ;
 Such love can my hard heart subdue,
 And give this guilty soul a place,
 Among the captives of thy grace.

532 xxiv. 50, &c. *And he led them out, &c.*

- 1 To Jesus, our ascending King,
 Our voices let us raise :
 His growing triumphs well may claim
 Our noblest songs of praise.
- 2 He blesses—and in blessing takes
 His last and fond adieu ;
 And to his heavenly Father's throne,
 He rises in their view.
- 3 Upwards they gaze with steady eye
 To see him take his flight ;
 When lo ! an interposing cloud
 Conceals him from their sight.
- 4 Escorted by angelic hosts,
 He takes his glorious crown ;

And from his seat at God's right hand,
He sends his Spirit down.

- 5 Thus he fulfils his gracious word,
And makes his glories known ;
The Gentile nations learn his name,
And bow before his throne.

JOHN.

533 i. 4. *The life was the light, &c.*

- 1 LONG had the nations sat
O'erwhelm'd in shades of night,
Till Jesus, Sun of righteousness,
Pour'd on the world his light:
- 2 By love almighty given,
With pity in his eye,
Light of the world, he comes from heaven,
To bring salvation nigh.
- 3 Jesus, thou light of men!
Thy doctrine life imparts :
O may we feel its quickening power
To warm our languid hearts.
- 4 Cheer'd by thy beams, our souls
Shall run the heavenly way ;
The path which thou hast mark'd and trod
Will lead to endless day.

534 i. 14. *The Word was made, &c.*

- 1 AWAKE, awake the sacred song
To our incarnate Lord ;
Let every heart, and every tongue
Adore the eternal Word.

- 2 That awful Word, that sovereign Power,
 By whom the worlds were made
 (O happy day! illustrious hour!)
 Was once in flesh array'd!
- 3 Then shone almighty power and love,
 In all their glorious forms;
 When Jesus left his throne above
 To dwell with sinful worms.
- 4 To dwell with misery below,
 The Saviour left the skies;
 And sunk to wretchedness and woe,
 That ruin'd man might rise.

535 i. 29. Behold the Lamb, &c.

- 1 BEHOLD the sin-atonig Lamb,
 With wonder, gratitude, and love:
 To take away our guilt and shame,
 See him descending from above.
- 2 To save a guilty world he dies;
 Sinners, behold the bleeding Lamb!
 To him lift up your longing eyes,
 And hope for mercy in his name.
- 3 Jesus our Lord, we look to thee;
 Where else can helpless sinners go?
 Thy boundless love shall set us free
 From all our wretchedness and woe.

536 i. 47. Behold an Israelite, &c.

- 1 AM I an Israelite indeed,
 Without a false disguise?
 Have I renounc'd my sins, and left
 My refuges of lies?
- 2 Still does my heart unchang'd remain?
 Or is it form'd anew?

What is the rule by which I walk,
The object I pursue?

- 3 Cause me, O God of truth and grace,
My real state to know !
If I am wrong, oh ! set me right ;
If right, preserve me so.

537 . i. 49. *What thou wast under the, &c.*

- 1 THE saint devout was seen retir'd
Beneath the fig-tree's shade,
By Him whose eyes trace all our paths,
And all our thoughts pervade.
- 2 No guilty wish, no idle aim,
Had made that spot his choice ;
He sought a place, and season free
From vanity and noise.
- 3 Perhaps the sacred roll he read,
Or heav'd contrition's moan ;
Or view'd his heart, so falsely seen
But when we are alone.
- 4 What tho' the leafy screen conceal'd
The man who knew no guile ;
Yet there he drew the Omniscient look,
He caught Immanuel's smile !

538 iii. 3. *Except a man be born again, &c.*

- 1 WHEN to the law I trembling fled,
It pour'd its curses on my head,
I no relief could find ;
This solemn truth increas'd my pain,
The sinner must " be born again,"
O'erwhelm'd my tortur'd mind.
- 2 The saints I heard with rapture tell
How Jesus conquer'd death and hell,
And broke the tempter's snare ;

Yet when I found this truth remain,
The sinner must " be born again,"
I sunk in deep despair.

- 3 But while I thus in anguish lay,
Jesus of Nazareth pass'd that way,
And felt his pity move ;
The sinner, who long strove in vain,
Now by his grace is " born again,"
And sings redeeming love !
- 4 To heaven the joyful tidings flew,
The angels tun'd their harps anew,
And loftier notes did raise ;
All hail ! the Lamb who once was slain ;
Unnumber'd millions " born again,"
Will shout thine endless praise !

539 *iii. 16. For God so loved the world, &c.*

- 1 AMAZING was the grace
Of God to sinful men,
That he should spare our fallen race
And lift them up again.
- 2 Yet for a world undone
So wondrous was his love,
He sent his own, his only Son,
Down from the courts above.
- 3 That Son he gave to die
In agony and shame,
That all may from perdition fly,
Who trust his mighty name.
- 4 Love reigns and triumphs here,
The gospel is its voice ;
Let men of every clime draw near,
And all the world rejoice.

540 iv. 10. *If thou knewest the gift, &c.*

1 **JESUS**, the gift divine I know,
 The gift divine I ask of thee;
 The living water now bestow,
 Thy Spirit, and thyself on me;
 Thou, Lord, of life the fountain art;
 O dwell for ever in my heart!

2 O let me drink, and thirst no more
 For drops of finite happiness;
 A well that may spring up, and pour
 Its stream of pure perennial peace,
 In joy which none can take away,
 In life which never can decay.

541 iv. 35. *Lift up your eyes, and look, &c.*

1 **SEE** earth with God's kind bounty crown'd,
 A joyful plenty smiles around:
 But now to our admiring eyes,
 Behold superior prospects rise.

2 Rich harvests, where salvation grows,
 Their fair celestial fruits disclose;
 See sinners hastening to embrace
 The tidings of forgiving grace.

3 All crown'd with immortality
 These fruits of righteousness shall be;
 Then they that reap, and they that sow,
 Shall everlasting triumphs know.

4 Together shall their songs arise,
 In the fair fields of Paradise;
 And shouts of triumph and of joy,
 Their blest eternity employ.

542 vi. 14. *Then those men, when, &c.*

- 1 Lo, in the desert Christ appears,
His heavenly voice the desert bears ;
While the plain food with blessings crown'd,
He gives to hungry crowds around.
- 2 A power divine, who can withstand,
Attested thus by God's own hand !
Before it pale-ey'd Famine flies,
And food a Wilderness supplies.

543 vi. 35. *I am the bread of life.*

- 1 JESUS, thou art the living bread,
By which our needy souls are fed ;
In thee alone thy children find
Enough to fill the empty mind.
- 2 'Tis this relieves the hungry poor,
Who ask for bread at mercy's door ;
This living food descends from heaven,
As manna to the Jews was given.
- 3 This precious food our heart revives ;
What strength, what nourishment it gives !
O let us evermore be fed
With this divine celestial bread !

544 vi. 67. *Will ye also go away ?*

- 1 WHEN any turn from Zion's way,
(Alas, what numbers do !)
I hear my warning Saviour say,
" Wilt thou forsake me too ?"
- 2 Ah, Lord ! with such a heart as mine,
Unless thou hold me fast,
I feel I must, I shall decline,
And prove like them at last.

- 3 Yet thou alone hast power, I know,
 To save a wretch like me ;
 To whom, or whither, could I go,
 If I should turn from thee ?
- 4 What anguish has that question stirr'd,
 "If I will also go ?"
 Yet, Lord, relying on thy word,
 I humbly answer, No.

545 vi. 68. *Lord, to whom shall we go, &c.*

- 1 THOU only Sovereign of my heart,
 My refuge, my almighty friend ;
 And can my soul from thee depart,
 On whom alone my hopes depend ?
- 2 Whither, ah ! whither should I go,
 A wretched wanderer from my Lord ?
 Can this dark world of sin and woe
 One glimpse of happiness afford ?
- 3 Eternal life thy words impart ;
 On these my fainting spirit lives :
 Here sweeter comfort cheers my heart,
 Than the whole round of nature gives.
- 4 Thy name my inmost powers adore,
 Thou art my life, my joy, my care ;
 Depart from thee !—'tis death—'tis more,
 'Tis endless ruin, deep despair.

546 vii. 37. *Jesus stood and cried, saying, &c.*

- 1 THE Saviour calls—let every ear
 Attend the heavenly sound ;
 Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear,
 Hope smiles reviving round.
- 2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
 Here streams of bounty flow,

And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal woe.

3 Here springs of sacred pleasure rise,
To ease our every pain,
(Immortal fountain! full supplies!)
Nor shall you thirst in vain.

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

547 viii. 36. *If the Son shall, &c.*

1 HARK! for the Son of God now calls
To life and liberty;
Transported fall before his feet,
Who makes the prisoners free.

2 The cruel bonds of sin he breaks,
And breaks the tyrant's chain;
Smiling he deals those pardons round,
Which free from endless pain.

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

548 x. 11. 27, &c. *I am the good shepherd, &c.*

1 JESUS, my condescending Lord,
Fulfils the shepherd's name:
He guides the sheep, supports the lambs
Of weak and tender frame.

2 Before his sheep the shepherd goes,
His voice the sheep obey:
A stranger's voice they will not hear,
But turn their feet away.

- 3 My heavenly Shepherd's wondrous love
 In memory I will keep :
 The best of shepherds gives his life,
 To save the dying sheep.
- 4 His sheep he knows, his faithful flock
 He guards from dire alarms ;
 Nor men, nor demons, shall e'er wrest
 Them from his circling arms.
- 5 Eternal life, and joys complete,
 To all his sheep he gives :
 And to secure the promis'd bliss,
 The Shepherd ever lives.

549 x. 28. *Neither shall any man, &c.*

- 1 ETERNAL life our Lord bestows,
 And well sustains the life he gives,
 His saints are kept from all their foes,
 By his right hand who ever lives.
- 2 Kept by that hand, I cannot fear
 Lest earth or hell should pluck me thence :
 I trample on temptation near,
 Supported by Omnipotence.
- 3 That hand hath open'd wide mine eyes :
 That hand, which now by faith I see,
 Measures the floods, and spans the skies,
 And grasps the winds,—and covers me !

550 xi. 16. *Let us also go, &c.*

- 1 LORD, when we see a saint of thine
 Lie gasping out his breath,
 With longing eyes, and looks divine,
 Smiling, and pleas'd in death ;
- 2 How we could e'en contend to lay
 Our limbs upon that bed !

We ask thine envoy to convey
Our spirits in his stead.

- 3 Our souls are rising on the wing
To venture in his place ;
For when grim death has lost his sting,
He has an angel's face.
- 4 Joyful I'd lay this body down,
And leave this lifeless clay,
Without a sigh, without a groan,
And stretch and soar away.

551 xi. 25, 26. *I am the resurrection, &c.*

- 1 IN what transporting heavenly strains
Did Christ his grace impart !
What music to the mournful mind !
What cordials to the heart !
- 2 " The resurrection and the life
" I am, and I alone ;
" And bursting tombs, and quicken'd dust
" Shall my dominion own.
- 3 " He who believes upon my name,
" Tho' once a prey to death,
" Shall into life immortal rise,
" By my reviving breath."
- 4 Do we with faith, and hope, and joy,
These glorious truths embrace ?
Then let our cheerful spirits run
The whole appointed race.

552 xi. 35. *Jesus wept.*

- 1 So fair a face bedew'd with tears !
What beauty e'en in grief appears !
He wept, he bled, he died for you ;
What more, ye saints, could Jesus do ?

2 Enthron'd above, with equal glow
His warm affections downward flow ;
In our distress he bears a part,
And pities with a melting heart.

3 Still his compassions are the same,
He knows the frailty of our frame ;
Our heaviest burdens he sustains,
Shares in our sorrows, and our pains.

553 xii. 26. (Heb. v. 8.) *If any man serve, &c.*

1 How shall we follow him we serve ?
How shall we copy him we love ?
Nor from those blessed footsteps swerve,
Which guide us to his seat above ?

2 Privations, sorrows, bitter scorn,
The life of toil, the mean abode,
The treacherous friend, the crown of thorn ;
Are these the consecrated road ?

3 'Twas thus he suffer'd, tho' a Son,
Foreknowing, choosing, feeling all,
Until the perfect work was done,
And drunk the cup of bitter gall.

4 Oh ! should our path thro' suffering lie ;
Forbid it we should e'er repine,
Still let us turn to Calvary,
Nor heed our griefs, remembering thine.

554 xii. 32. *And I, if I be lifted up, &c.*

1 THE glorious triumphs of the cross
Our cheerful tongues shall tell ;
The triumphs Jesus has foretold
O'er all the powers of hell.

2 " Yes, when I'm lifted up, he cries,
" I'll draw all men to me ;

“ The stubborn Jew shall own my sway,
And Gentiles bow the knee.”

- 3 Drawn by such powerful cords of love,
Let all the earth combine,
With cheerful ardour to confess
The energy divine.
- 4 Jesus, to thee our hearts aspire,
Nor share thy griefs alone,
But from thy cross pursue their flight
To thy triumphant throne.
- 5 Adoring, we with wonder gaze
In sympathy of love ;
We feel the strong attractive power
To lift our souls above.

555 xiii. 1. *Having loved his own, which, &c.*

- 1 DESCENDING from our God,
Jesus our heavenly friend,
Displays no cold nor common love,
He loves us to the end.
- 2 Cheerful for us he bore
A scene of various grief ;
Nor did he hesitate to die,
To give us full relief.
- 3 In vain against his love
Do foes and dangers rise ;
For us he left the heavenly courts ;
Behold ! for us he dies.
- 4 Immutable his grace !
He is no fickle friend :
Whom once he loves he never leaves,
But loves them to the end !

556 xiii. 34, 35. *A new commandment, &c.*

- 1 **BEHOLD**, where breathing love divine,
Our dying Master stands,
His sorrowful disciples wait
To hear what he commands.
- 2 From that mild teacher's parting lips,
What tender accents fell !
The gentle precept which he gave
Became its author well.
- 3 " Love one another fervently,
" As I have loved you ;
" And to my poorer brethren turn,
" And deeds of mercy show.
- 4 " To meanest offices of love
" With cheerfulness submit ;
" And me your Lord and Master own,
" Who wash'd my servants' feet.
- 5 " The time is now at hand, when I
" Will give my life for you :
" Remember this endearing bond,
" And love my chosen few."

557 xiv. 1, 2. *Let not your heart be, &c.*

- 1 **LET** not your hearts with anxious thoughts
Be troubled or dismay'd ;
But trust in providence divine,
And trust my gracious aid.
- 2 I to my Father's house return,
Where numerous mansions stand,
And glory manifold abounds
Thro' all the happy land.
- 3 I go your entrance to secure,
And your abode prepare ;

DD

Regions unknown are safe to you,
When I, your friend, am there.

- 4 Thence shall I come when ages close,
To take you home with me ;
There we shall meet to part no more,
Blest thro' eternity.

558 xiv. 6. *I am the way.*

- 1 JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon ;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way till him I view.
- 2 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not ;
My grief and burden long has been
Because I could not cease from sin.
- 3 The more I strove against its power,
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more,
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
" Come hither, soul, I am the Way."
- 4 Lo ! glad I come, and thou, bless'd Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am :
My sinful self to thee I give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 5 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found ;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, " Behold the Way to God !"

559 xiv. 8. *Lord, show us the Father, &c.*

- 1 ENOUGH of life's vain scene I've trod,
Sweet is this interval of rest :
With cheerful heart I meet my God,
His presence makes me truly blest.

- 2 Pleasant is life, and sweet the light
That pours from the bright orb of day,
Revealing to our raptur'd sight
The world in all its rich display.
- 3 Pleasant is life, and sweet its ties,
The touching charities of man ;
Friend, fellow, child, and parent rise,
Endearing life's progressive plan.
- 4 But light and life would soon be vile,
And all their dearest pleasures pall,
Nor sun would shine, nor earth would smile,
Without thy presence gladdening all.

560 xiv. 15. *If ye love me, keep, &c.*

- 1 If thee we love, O Lord,
We learn from thine own word,
That we must thy commands obey :
Nor can our love appear,
Nor are our hearts sincere,
Unless we due obedience pay.
- 2 Then, gracious Lord, impart,
Thy love to every heart,
And make thy service our delight :
Our best returns are poor,
O may we love thee more,
With all our soul, and strength, and might.
- 3 Obedience is the test,
And they who love thee best,
That proof of love will gladly give :
Never may we refuse,
But still thy service choose,
For then, and only then we live.

561 xiv. 16. *And I will pray the Father, &c.*

- 1 **JESUS**, we hang upon the word,
 Our longing souls have heard from thee;
 Be mindful of thy promise, Lord,
 Thy promise made to such as me,
 To such as Zion's paths pursue,
 And would believe that God is true.
- 2 Thou say'st, " I will the Father pray,
 " And he the Comforter shall give,
 " Shall give him in your hearts to stay,
 " And never more his temples leave;
 " Myself will to my orphans come,
 " And make you mine eternal home."
- 3 Come then, dear Lord, thyself reveal,
 And let the promise now take place;
 Be it according to thy will,
 According to the word of grace:
 Thy sorrowful disciples cheer,
 And send us down the Comforter.

562 xiv. 19. *Because I live, ye, &c.*

- 1 **THE** covenant of a Saviour's love
 Shall stand for ever good,
 And thus his life shall guard the souls
 He purchas'd with his blood.
- 2 " I live for ever, (saith the Lord)
 " And you shall therefore live;
 " Receive with pleasure every pledge
 " My power and love can give."
- 3 We own the promise, Prince of grace,
 Tho' earthly helpers die;
 And animate our fainting hearts,
 While Christ our friend is nigh.

563 *xiv. 27. Peace I leave with you, &c.*

- 1 O MESSENGER of dear delight,
Whose voice dispels the deepest night,
Sweet peace-proclaiming Dove!
With thee at hand to sooth our pains,
No wish unsatisfied remains,
No task, but that of love.
- 2 'Tis love unites what sin divides;
The centre where all bliss resides,
To which the soul once brought,
Reclining on the first great Cause,
From his abounding sweetness draws
Peace passing human thought.
- 3 Sorrow foregoes its nature there,
And life assumes a tranquil air,
Divested of its woes;
There, sovereign mercy soothes the breast,
Till then incapable of rest,
In sacred, sure repose.

564 *xv. 4. Abide in me, and I, &c.*

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

565 xv. 9. *As the Father hath loved me, &c.*

1 To all his flock, what wondrous love,
Doth our kind Shepherd bear!
As he to his great Father's heart,
So we to his are dear.

2 So sure, so constant, and so strong
Do his endearments prove:
O may their energy prevail.
To fix us in his love.

3 No more let our divided hearts
From this blest centre turn:
But, fir'd by such all-powerful rays,
With flames immortal burn.

566 xv. 13. *Greater love hath no man, &c.*

1 My blessed Saviour, is thy love
So great, so full, so free?
Oh let me give my love, my heart,
My life, my all to thee!

2 I love thee for that glorious worth
In thy great self I see;
I love thee for that shameful cross,
Thou hast endur'd for me.

3 No man of greater love can boast
Than for his friend to die;
But for thy foes, Lord, thou wast slain;
What love with thine can vie?

567 xv. 16. *Ye have not chosen, &c.*

1 I own, my God, thy sovereign grace,
And bring the praise to thee;
If thou my chosen portion art,
Thou first hast chosen me.

- 2 My gracious Counsellor and Guide
Will hear me when I pray ;
Nor while I urge a Saviour's name,
Will frown my soul away.
- 3 Bless'd Jesus, animate my heart
With beams of heavenly love,
And teach that cold unthankful soil
The heavenly seed to improve.
- 4 In copious showers thy Spirit send,
To water all the ground ;
So to the honor of thy name,
Shall lasting fruit be found.

568 xv. 18, 19. *If the world hate you, &c.*

- 1 SHOULD I to gain the world's applause,
Or to escape its harmless frown,
Refuse to countenance thy cause,
And make thy people's lot my own,
What shame would fill me in that day,
When Thou thy glory wilt display !
- 2 And what is man, or what his smile ?
The terror of his anger what ?
Like grass he flourishes awhile,
But soon his place shall know him not ;
Thro' fear of such a one, shall I
The Lord of heaven and earth deny ?
- 3 No : let the world cast out my name,
And vile account me if it will,
If to confess the Lord be shame,
I purpose to be viler still ;
For thee, my God, I all resign,
Content if I can call thee mine.

569 xvi. 13. *He will guide you into, &c.*

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above ;

Be thou our guardian, thou our guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his pastures stray.

570 xvi. 22. *I will see you again, &c.*

1 RETURN, most gracious Lord, return
Our hearts' supreme delight!
Our hearts, that in thine absence mourn,
Shall triumph in thy sight.

2 With thee we shall a joy obtain,
Which none can take away,
For when thou show'st thyself again,
Thou wilt for ever stay.

571 xvi. 33. *In the world ye shall have, &c.*

1 HENCEFORTH let each believing heart
From anxious sorrows cease;
Tho' storms of trouble rage around,
In Jesus we have peace.

2 His blood from wrath to come redeems,
And his almighty grace,
By bitterest draughts of deep distress,
Its healing power displays.

3 Jesus, our captain, march'd before
To lead us to the fight;
And now he reaches out the crown
With heavenly glories bright.

- 4 Lord, 'tis enough ; thy voice we hear ;
 That crown by faith we see :
 No sorrows shall o'erwhelm our souls,
 Since none divide from thee.

572 xvii. 9, 10. *I pray for them : &c.*

- 1 BEFORE Jehovah's throne
 The Advocate appears ;
 His prayer respects his Father's praise,
 And he propitious hears.
- 2 Not for the world he prays,
 But for that favor'd race,
 Predestinated to be sons,
 By rich, eternal grace.
- 3 The Father lov'd them well,
 And gave them to his Son ;
 Nor can the Son be satisfied,
 Unless they reach the throne.
- 4 Eternal love must hear
 And grant the large request ;
 The souls redeem'd by blood must be
 With full salvation blest.

573 xvii. 19. *For their sakes I sanctify, &c.*

- 1 BEHOLD the Lamb of God,
 Our spotless sacrifice !
 By hands of barbarous sinners seiz'd,
 Nail'd to the cross he dies.
- 2 Oh ! whence this streaming blood ?
 And whence this foul disgrace ?
 Whence all these pointed thorns, that rend
 Thy venerable face ?
- 3 " I sanctify myself,
 " That thou may'st holy be ;

“ Come, trace my life; come, view my death,
 “ And learn to copy me.”

- 4 We pant for holiness,
 And inbred sin we mourn:
 To the bright path of thy commands
 Our wandering footsteps turn.
- 5 Nor more sincerely wish
 To climb the heavenly hill,
 Than here, with all our utmost power,
 Thy model to fulfil.

574 xvii. 24. *Father, I will that they, &c.*

- 1 THUS, when before our Master stood
 A scene of darkness and of blood,
 To heaven he rais'd his holy eyes,
 And pour'd his supplicating cries.
- 2 “ O righteous Father! hear my prayer,
 “ Guard all my flock with ceaseless care:
 “ Let all whom thou to me hast given,
 “ With me, at length, inherit heaven.
- 3 “ There with ineffable delight,
 “ No cloud to intercept their sight,
 “ May every faithful follower see
 “ How bright and full my glories be.”

575 xviii. 2. *Jesus oft times resorted, &c.*

- 1 JESUS, while he dwelt below,
 As divine historians say,
 To a place would often go,
 Near to Kedron's brook it lay;
 In this place he lov'd to be,
 And 'twas nam'd Gethsemane.
- 2 Full of love to man's lost race
 On his conflict much he thought;
 This he knew the destin'd place,
 And this shady vale he sought:

Therefore 'twas he lov'd to be
Often in Gethsemane.

- 3 Oh, what wonders love has done!
But how little understood!
God well knows, and God alone,
What produc'd that sweat of blood.
Who can thy deep wonders see,
Wonderful Gethsemane?
- 4 Hither, Lord, thou didst resort
Oft-times with thy little train,
Here wouldst keep thine humble court:
Oh! confer that grace again.
Lord, resort with worthless me
Oft-times to Gethsemane.

576 xviii. 36. *My kingdom is not of, &c.*

- 1 By heaven inspir'd the prophets sing
The future glories of their King:
"Wide shall Messiah's sway extend,
"And his dominion have no end."
- 2 The sun metes out the appointed years,
The humble king on earth appears:
No royal pomp his birth adorns,
His life is grief, his crown is thorns.
- 3 "I scorn," he cries, "all worldly bliss;
"Not of this world my kingdom is:
"Mine is an empire from above,
"Which triumphs by the laws of love."
- 4 "The men who cruel laws impose,
"And plead my name, I judge my foes:
"My gospel mild was ne'er design'd
"To chain the body or the mind."
- 5 "Humble and meek my subjects are,
"For them a kingdom I prepare;

“ Advanc'd most high those men shall be,
 “ Who most on earth resemble me.”

577 xix. 3. *Hail, King of the Jews!*

- 1 HAIL, Israel's King, enthron'd in light!
 Whose glory never shone more bright,
 Than when, by trembling friends betray'd,
 Thy foes insulting homage paid.
- 2 An object of contempt beneath,
 Adjudg'd by men to suffer death;
 By angels own'd, admir'd, ador'd;
 The great, the everlasting Lord.
- 3 Reign, mighty King, for ever reign!
 Thy cause throughout the world maintain;
 Let Israel's king his triumphs spread,
 And crowns of glory wreath his head!

578 xix. 5. *Behold the man!*

- 1 BEHOLD the Man! how glorious he
 Before his foes he stands unaw'd,
 And without wrong or blasphemy,
 He claims equality with God.
- 2 Behold the man! by all condemn'd,
 Assaulted by a host of foes;
 His person and his claims contemn'd,
 A man of sufferings and of woes.
- 3 Behold the man! He stands alone,
 His foes are ready to devour;
 Not one of all his friends will own
 Their Master in this trying hour.
- 4 Behold the man! so weak he seems,
 His awful word inspires no fear;
 But soon must he, who now blasphemes,
 Before his judgment-seat appear.

5 Behold the man ! tho' scorn'd below,
 He bears the greatest name above ;
 The angels at his footstool bow,
 And all his royal claims approve.

579 xix. 30. *It is finished.*

- 1 **HARK !** the voice of love and mercy
 Sounds aloud from Calvary !
 See it rends the rocks asunder,
 Shakes the earth, and veils the sky !
 It is finish'd !
 Hear the dying Saviour cry.
- 2 **It is finish'd !** O what rapture
 Do these gracious words afford !
 Heavenly blessings without measure
 Flow to us thro' Christ the Lord :
 It is finish'd !
 Saints his dying words record.
- 3 **Finish'd all the types and shadows**
 Of the ceremonial law !
 Finish'd all that God had promis'd ;
 Death and hell no more shall awe :
 It is finish'd !
 Christians hence may comfort draw.
- 4 **Tune your harps anew, ye angels**
 Sound aloud Immanuel's fame ;
 All creation swell the chorus,
 Dwell upon his glorious name !
 It is finish'd !
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb !

580 xix. 41. *Now in the place where he, &c.*

- 1 **THE sepulchres, how thick they stand**
 Thro' all the road on either hand !

And burst upon the starting sight
In every garden of delight.

- 2 Thither the winding path must tend ;
There all the flowery borders end ;
And forms that charm'd the eyes before,
Fragrance and music are no more.
- 3 Deep in that damp and silent cell
My fathers and my brethren dwell ;
Beneath its broad and gloomy shade
My kindred and my friends are laid.
- 4 But, while I tread the solemn way,
My faith that Saviour would survey,
Who deign'd to sojourn in the tomb,
And left behind a rich perfume.
- 5 My thoughts with ecstasy unknown,
While from his grave they view his throne,
Thro' my own sepulchre can see
A paradise reserv'd for me.

581 xx. 17. *I ascend unto my Father, &c.*

- 1 IN rapture let our hearts ascend,
Our heavenly seats to view,
And grateful trace that shining path
Our rising Saviour drew.
- 2 “ Up to my Father and my God,
“ I go,” the Conqueror cries !
“ Up to your Father and your God,
“ My brethren lift your eyes.”
- 3 Thus doth the Lord of glory call
Such worms his brethren dear !
And thus he points to heaven's high throne,
And shows our Father there !

582 xx. 19, 20. *Then the same day at, &c.*

- 1 ON the first Christian sabbath eve,
When Christ's disciples met,
O'er his lost fellowship to grieve ;
Nor knew the scriptures yet :—
- 2 Among them, lo ! his form was seen,
The form in which he died ;
The wounded, marr'd, forgiving mien ;
His hands, his feet, his side !
- 3 Then were they glad their Lord to know,
And worshipp'd yet with fear :
—Jesus, again thy presence show ;
Meet thy disciples here.
- 4 Be with us now ;—let faith rejoice
Our risen Lord to view ;
And let our spirits hear thy voice
Say—“ Peace be unto you.”

583 xxi. 15. *Lovest thou me ?*

- 1 HARK ! my soul, it is the Lord !
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word :
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee—
“ Say, O sinner, lov'st thou me ?
- 2 “ Mine is an unchanging love,
“ Higher than the heights above,
“ Deeper than the depths beneath,
“ Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 3 “ Thou shalt see my glory soon,
“ When the work of grace is done,
“ Partner of my throne shalt be,
“ Say, O sinner, lov'st thou me ?”
- 4 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint ;

Yet I love thee, and adore,
O! for grace to love thee more!

584 xxi. 17. *Thou knowest that I love thee.*

- 1 Do not I love thee, O my Lord?
Then let me nothing love:
Dead be my heart to every joy,
When Jesus cannot move.
- 2 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
My Saviour's voice to hear?
- 3 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock,
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe, before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?
- 4 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honor of thy name:
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp the immortal flame?
- 5 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord;
But O! I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

ACTS.

585 ii. 47. *And the Lord added, &c.*

- 1 JESUS, thy sovereign grace we bless,
That crowns thy gospel with success,
Subjecting rebels to thy throne,
And gathering to thy fold thine own.
- 2 Those who have now thy truth confest,
As their own faith, and hope, and rest;

We in thy name with joy embrace,
As fellow-heirs of heavenly grace.

- 3 As living members, may they share,
The joys and griefs which others bear,
In all thy ways with vigour move,
To all thy glory faithful prove.
- 4 From all temptations them defend,
And keep them steadfast to the end ;
Ever abiding in thy love,
Until they join the church above.

586 iv. 12. *Neither is there salvation, &c.*

- 1 JESUS, the spring of joys divine,
Whence all our hopes and comforts flow,
Jesus, no other name but thine
Can save us from eternal woe.
- 2 In vain would boasting reason find
The way to happiness and God ;
Her weak directions leave the mind
Bewilder'd in a dubious road.
- 3 No other name will Heaven approve ;
Thou art the true, the living way,
Ordain'd by everlasting love,
To the bright realms of endless day.

587 v. 31. *Him hath God exalted with, &c.*

- 1 EXALTED Prince of life, we own
The royal honors of thy throne :
'Tis fix'd by God's almighty hand,
And angels bow at thy command.
- 2 Exalted Saviour, we confess
The sovereign triumphs of thy grace ;
Where beams of gentle radiance shine,
And temper majesty divine.

- 3 Wide thy resistless sceptre sway,
Till all thine enemies obey ;
Wide may thy cross its virtue prove,
And conquer millions by its love.
- 4 Mighty to vanquish and forgive !
Thine Israel shall repent and live ;
And loud proclaim thy healing breath,
Which works their life, who wrought thy
death.

588 vii. 55—60. *But he being full of the, &c.*

- 1 As some tall rock amidst the waves
The fury of the tempest braves,
While the fierce billows, tossing high,
Break at its foot, and murmuring die ;
- 2 So faithful Stephen, undismay'd,
The malice of the Jews survey'd ;
The holy joy which fill'd his breast,
A lustre on his face impress'd.
- 3 " Behold ! he said, the world of light
Is open'd to my strengthen'd sight ;
Jesus my Lord appears in view,
That Jesus whom ye lately slew."
- 4 With such a friend and witness near,
No form of death could make him fear :
Calm, amidst showers of stones, he kneels,
And only for his murderers feels.
- 5 May we, by faith, perceive thee thus,
Dear Saviour, ever near to us !
This sight our peace thro' life shall keep,
And death be fear'd no more than sleep.

589 viii. 2. *And devout men carried Stephen, &c.*

- 1 THE God of love will sure indulge
The flowing tear, the heaving sigh,

When righteous persons fall around,
When tender friends and kindred die.

- 2 Yet not one anxious, murmuring thought
Should with our mourning passions blend ;
Nor would our bleeding hearts forget
The almighty, ever-living Friend.
- 3 Beneath a numerous train of ills
Our feeble flesh and heart may fail ;
Yet shall our hope in thee, our God,
O'er every gloomy fear prevail.

590 viii. 21—24. *Thou hast neither part nor, &c.*

- 1 SEARCHER of hearts, before thy face
I all my soul display ;
And, conscious of its innate arts,
Entreat thy strict survey.
- 2 If lurking in its inmost folds
I any sin conceal,
O let a ray of light divine
The secret guile reveal.
- 3 If tinctur'd with that odious gall
Unknowing I remain,
Let grace, like a pure flowing stream,
Wash out the accursed stain.
- 4 If in these fatal fetters bound
A wretched slave I lie,
Smite off my chains, and wake my soul
To light and liberty.
- 5 To humble penitence and prayer
Be gentle pity given,
Speak ample pardon to my heart,
And seal its claim to heaven.

591

viii. 39. *And he went on his, &c.*

- 1 THE holy Stranger, when baptiz'd,
Went on his way with joy ;
And who can tell what rapturous thoughts
Did then his mind employ ?
- 2 " Is that most glorious Saviour mine,
" Of whom I lately read ?
" Who, bearing all my sins and griefs,
" Was number'd with the dead ?
- 3 " Is he who bursting from the grave,
" Now reigns above the sky,
" My advocate before the throne,
" My portion when I die ?
- 4 " Have I profess'd his holy name
" Do I his gospel bear
" To Ethiopia's scorched lands,
" And shall I spread it there ?
- 5 This pattern, Lord, with sacred joy
Help us to keep in view ;
The same our work, the same, O make
Our consolation too.

592

ix. 1, &c. *And Saul, yet breathing out, &c.*

- 1 SEE Saul with persecuting rage
Pursue the saints of God ;
Without regard to sex or age,
Still thirsting for their blood !
- 2 When lo ! the Lord reveals his name,
And, such his wondrous love !
Transforms the lion to a lamb,
The vulture to a dove.
- 3 His melted heart is reconcil'd,
And yields subjection sweet,

The rebel is become a child
At the Redeemer's feet.

- 4 The faith he labor'd to destroy
Is now his darling theme ;
And prayer and praise those lips employ,
That lately durst blaspheme.

593 ix. 11. *Behold, he prayeth.*

- 1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd or unexpress'd ;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burthen of a sigh,
The falling of a tear ;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech,
That infant lips can try ;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air ;
His watchword at the gates of death ;
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways ;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, " Behold he prays !"

594 x. 33. (Luke viii. 15.) *Now therefore, &c.*

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

- 2 Father, thy quickening Spirit send,
From heaven in Jesus' name,
To make our waiting minds attend
With fix'd and solemn frame.
- 3 May we receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart ;
Lay up the precious treasure there,
And never with it part !
- 4 To seek thee all our hearts dispose,
To each thy blessing suit !
And let the seed thy servant sows
Produce abundant fruit.
- 5 Revive the parch'd with heavenly showers,
The cold with warmth divine ;
And as the benefit is ours,
Be all the glory thine !

595

x. 36. *He is Lord of all.*

- 1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name !
Let angels prostrate fall :
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call ;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye souls redeem'd of Adam's race,
Ye ransom'd from the fall ;
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

- 5 O that with yonder sacred throng,
 We at his feet may fall !
 There join the everlasting song,
 And crown him Lord of all !

596 x. 38. *Who went about doing good, &c.*

- 1 WHEN Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,
 What were his works from day to day,
 But miracles of power and grace,
 That spread salvation thro' our race ?
- 2 Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view
 Thy pattern, and thy steps pursue ;
 Let alms bestow'd, let kindness done,
 Be witness'd by each rolling sun.
- 3 He to no noble purpose lives,
 Who much receives, but nothing gives,
 Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
 Creation's blot, creation's blank.
- 4 But he, who marks from day to day,
 In generous acts his radiant way,
 Treads the same path the Saviour trod,
 The path to glory and to God.

597 x. 44. *The Holy Ghost fell on all, &c.*

- 1 GREAT Father of each perfect gift,
 Behold thy servants wait ;
 With longing eyes and lifted hands,
 We flock around thy gate.
- 2 O shed abroad that royal gift,
 Thy Spirit from above,
 To bless our eyes with sacred light,
 And fire our hearts with love.
- 3 With speedy flight may he descend,
 And solid comfort bring,

And o'er our languid souls extend
His all-reviving wing.

598 xi. 26. *The disciples were called Christians, &c.*

- 1 **HAPPY** the men who first partook
The name and nature of their Lord!
They all iniquity forsook,
And God in spirit they ador'd.
- 2 What they were call'd they also were,
Anointed with Jehovah's power,
His children govern'd by his fear,
And born of God, to sin no more.
- 3 But many now with lips profane
That venerable name profess,
Who claim the dignity in vain
While living in unrighteousness.
- 4 The form of godliness they wear,
Its power and unction they deny,
And tho' the Christian name they bear,
Like heathens live, like heathens die.
- 5 With Christians of the earliest days,
May we adorn the sacred name,
Live to promote our Saviour's praise,
Then gain, like them, a deathless fame.

599 xiii. 26. *To you is the sword of, &c.*

- 1 **AND** why do our admiring eyes
These gospel-glories see?
And whence, may every heart reply,
Salvation sent to me?
- 2 And dost thou, Lord, subdue my heart,
And show my sins forgiven,
And bear thy witness to my part
Amongst the heirs of heaven?

- 3 As the redeemed of the Lord,
 We sing the Saviour's name;
 And, while the great salvation lasts,
 Its sovereign grace proclaim.

600 ,xiv. 22. *We must through much, &c.*

- 1 As strangers here below,
 With various woes opprest,
 We must thro' tribulation go
 To our eternal rest.
- 2 Thus Christ our glorious head
 Ascended to his throne;
 Why should his saints refuse to tread
 The way their Lord has gone?
- 3 The path to glory lies
 Thro' anguish and distress;
 But joyful we at length shall rise,
 The kingdom to possess.
- 4 'Tis needful that we bear
 Our Father's rod of love;
 We pass thro' tribulation here,
 That we may rest above.

601 xiv. 23. *They commended them to, &c.*

- 1 WITH heavenly power, O Lord, defend
 Him whom we now to thee commend;
 Thy faithful messenger secure,
 And make him to the end endure.
- 2 Gird him with all-sufficient grace,
 Direct his feet in paths of peace;
 Thy truth and faithfulness fulfil,
 And bend him to obey thy will.
- 3 Before him thy protection send;
 O love him, save him to the end!

Nor let him, as thy pilgrim, rove
Without the convoy of thy love.

- 4 Enlarge, enflame, and fill his heart,
In him thy mighty power exert ;
That thousands yet unborn may praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

602 xvi. 9. *Come over into Macedonia, &c.*

- 1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand ;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain ;
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

- 2 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of light deny ?
Salvation ! oh salvation !
The joyful sound proclaim,
'Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

- 3 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
'Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole ;
'Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

603 xvi. 25. *And at midnight, Paul, &c.*

- 1 **DEVOTION**, tho' in chains, can sing,
Faith animates the lay;
While suffering saints address their King,
And praise as well as pray.
- 2 To him in every scene they go,
On him securely rest;
He bids the soul composure know,
In bonds they still are blest.
- 3 Confiding in Almighty love,
Thus Paul and Silas found
Their God, while thunders roar'd above,
And earthquakes rock'd the ground.
- 4 In all the storm they heard his voice,
And, free themselves from fear,
They bade a trembling soul rejoice,
And spoke salvation near.
- 5 Subdued by heavenly power and love,
The jailor's rugged breast,
Now soft and gentle as a dove,
The saving change confest.
- 6 Great God! how various is thy grace!
How boundless thy control!
Pour out thy love on all thy race,
And save each trembling soul!

604 xvii. 11, 12. *These were more noble, &c.*

- 1 **WHERE** shall we look, and hope to find
That noble readiness of mind,
To hear, investigate, and try
The record sent us from on high?
- 2 Yet, Lord, thro' thy renewing grace,
There are who cordially embrace

The joyful news of sin forgiven,
Which God himself sent down from heaven.

- 3 These from the sleep of nature stirr'd,
Will daily search thy written word ;
To thine own oracles they go,
Inquiring if these things be so.
- 4 Thine oracles the answer give,
And willing multitudes believe
The gospel by thy Spirit seal'd,
And find thy glory there reveal'd.
- 5 That true nobility, O Lord,
Which reads, believes, and loves thy word,
Most graciously to us impart,
To form thine image in each heart.

605 xvii. 23. *To the unknown God.*

- 1 THOU, mighty Lord, art God alone,
A King of majesty unknown ;
And all thy dazzling glories rise
Beyond the reach of angels' eyes.
- 2 Yet thro' this earth thy works proclaim
Some notice of thy reverend name ;
And where thy gracious gospel shines
We read it in the fairest lines.
- 3 But O ! how few of Adam's race
Have learn'd thy nature and thy ways !
While thousands, e'en in lands of light,
Are buried in Egyptian night.
- 4 They tread thy courts, thy word they hear,
And to thy solemn rites draw near ;
Yet tho' salvation seems so nigh,
Because they know not God, they die.

606 xvii. 30. *And the times of this ignorance, &c.*

- 1 No more the sovereign eye of God
O'erlooks the crimes of men;
His heralds are dispatch'd abroad
To bring them back again.
- 2 The summons reach thro' all the earth;
Let earth attend and fear:
Listen ye men of royal birth,
And let their vassals hear.
- 3 Bow, ere the awful trumpet sound,
And call you to his bar:
For mercy knows the appointed bound,
And turns to vengeance there.
- 4 Amazing love, that yet will call,
And yet prolong our days!
Our hearts subdu'd by goodness fall,
And weep, and love, and praise.

607 xx. 24. *None of these things move, &c.*

- 1 ASSIST us, Lord, thy name to praise,
For this rich gospel of thy grace;
And, that our hearts may love it more,
Teach them to feel its vital power.
- 2 With joy may we our course pursue,
And keep the crown of life in view,
That crown which in one hour repays
The labor of ten thousand days.
- 3 Should bonds or death obstruct our way,
Unmov'd their terrors we'll survey;
And the last hour improve for thee,
The last of life or liberty.
- 4 Welcome those bonds which may unite
Our souls to their supreme delight!

Welcome that death, whose painful strife
Bears us to Christ, our better life.

608 xx. 38. *Sorrowing most of all, &c.*

- 1 BLESSED be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part ;
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are join'd in heart.
- 2 Join'd in one spirit to our head,
Where he appoints we go,
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.
- 3 O may we ever walk with him,
And nothing know beside ;
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified.
- 4 Closer and closer let us cleave
To his belov'd embrace,
Expect his fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.
- 5 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death can part.
- 6 But let us hasten to the day,
Which shall our flesh restore ;
When death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more !

609 xxiv. 25. *And as he reasoned of, &c.*

- 1 SEE Felix, cloth'd with pomp and power,
See his resplendent bride,
Attend to hear a prisoner preach
The Saviour crucified.

- 2 He well describes the worth of Christ,
His glory and his love,
How he obey'd and bled below,
And reigns and pleads above.
- 3 Felix alarm'd and trembling cries,
" Go for this time away ;
" I'll hear thee on these points again
" On some convenient day."
- 4 Attention to the words of life
Let Felix thus adjourn ;
Lord, let us make these solemn truths
Our first and last concern.

610 xxvi. 18. *To open their eyes, &c.*

- 1 COMMISSION'D from our Lord,
We hasten to proclaim
The sacred truths of his blest word,
And in his holy name.
- 2 Speak then ; thy power display,
Bid darkness change to light ;
And pour a flood of heavenly day
Upon our blinded sight.
- 3 From Satan's bondage free,
To our great Lord restor'd ;
For pardon, life, and liberty,
Be his great name ador'd.
- 4 Heirs of salvation now,
Thro' his eternal love,
Who lowly at his footstool bow,
Shall reign with him above.

611 xxvi. 22. *Having therefore obtained, &c.*

- 1 GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand :

The opening year thy mercy shows,
That mercy crowns it till it close.

- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God,
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.
- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.
- 4 In scenes exalted or depress'd,
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Ador'd thro' all our changing days.

612 xxviii. 22. *As concerning this sect, &c.*

- 1 RELIGION undefil'd and true
Was always by the world decried;
The wisdom, which they never knew,
They still as foolishness deride,
The righteous scornfully reject,
And brand them as an impious sect.
- 2 But followers of the Nazarene,
Our Lord's reproach we gladly share,
Rejected, and despis'd of men,
'Till, bold appearing at his bar,
His faithful friends with smiles he owns,
Commends, and seats us on our thrones.

ROMANS.

613 i. 16. *I am not ashamed of the, &c.*

- 1 **WHAT** shall the dying sinner do,
That seeks relief for all his woe?
Where shall the guilty conscience find
Ease for the torment of the mind?
- 2 In vain we search, in vain we try,
Till Jesus brings his gospel nigh;
'Tis there that power and glory dwell,
Which save rebellious souls from hell.
- 3 This is the pillar of our hope,
That bears our fainting spirits up;
We read the grace, we trust the word,
And find salvation in the Lord.

614 ii. 4. *Or despisest thou the riches, &c.*

- 1 **UNGRATEFUL** sinners, whence this scorn
Of long extended grace?
And whence this madness, that insults
The Almighty to his face?
- 2 Is it because his patience waits,
And pitying bowels move,
You multiply audacious crimes,
And spurn his richest love?
- 3 Is all the treasur'd wrath so small,
You labor still for more,
Tho' not eternal rolling years
Can e'er exhaust the store?
- 4 **Swift** doth the day of vengeance come,
That must your sentence seal;
And righteous judgment now unknown
In all its pomp reveal.

- 5 Alarm'd and melted at thy voice,
 Our conquer'd hearts would bow ;
 And, to escape the Thunderer then,
 Embrace the Saviour now.

615 iii. 31. *Do we then make void, &c.*

- 1 **THINK** not the law thro' faith made void ;
 Its force can never be destroy'd :
 It marks our hearts with quickest eye,
 And doth our smallest faults espy ;
 It seizes with almighty hands,
 And holds us in eternal bands.
- 2 It holds us, when by grace set free
 From curse, and fear, and penalty ;
 The easy yoke of Christ we prove,
 Bound to obey the God we love ;
 And when these heavens are past away,
 We still shall glory to obey !

616 vi. 9, 10. *Knowing that Christ being, &c.*

- 1 **THE** Saviour's tomb shall now proclaim
 How weak the bands of conquer'd death ;
 Sweet pledge that all who trust his name
 Shall rise, and draw immortal breath.
- 2 Our Surety freed declares us free,
 For whose offences he was seiz'd ;
 In his release our own we see,
 Thankful to view Jehovah pleas'd.
- 3 **JESUS**, once number'd with the dead,
 Unseals his eyes to sleep no more ;
 And ever lives their cause to plead,
 For whom the pains of death he bore.

617 vi. 11. *Likewise reckon ye also, &c.*

- 1 **DEAD** to ourselves and dead to sin,
In Christ our better hopes revive !
The immortal pulse now beats within,
While quicken'd by our Lord we live.
- 2 Beams of celestial light descend
To renovate the carnal mind :
To Jesus let each effort bend,
And leave this worthless world behind.
- 3 In free submission low we fall,
Before the great Redeemer's throne :
To him with joy devote our all,
And live and die to him alone.

618 viii. 3. *For what the law could not do, &c.*

- 1 **FATHER**, thy most benign intent
With warmest gratitude we own ;
Thou hast in human likeness sent
Thy Son, for all our sins to atone ;
Sinless, yet like his brethren made,
He died a victim in our stead.
- 2 He died, that sin in us might die,
Condemn'd, when Jesus breath'd his last :
Sin in the flesh we now defy ;
Its guilt and tyranny are past ;
And dying of its mortal wound,
It soon shall be no longer found.
- 3 The righteousness thy law requires,
Shall then be all in us fulfill'd,
Who now renounce our own desires,
And to thy Spirit's motions yield ;
And following our celestial guide,
Go on, till wholly sanctified.

619 viii. 11. *But if the Spirit of him, &c.*

- 1 **WHY** should our mourning thoughts delight
To grovel in the dust?
Or why should streams of tears unite
Around the expiring just?
- 2 Doth not the sacred Spirit come,
And dwell in all the saints?
And should the temples of his grace
Resound with long complaints?
- 3 The Spirit rais'd my Saviour up,
When he had bled for me;
And, spite of death and hell, shall raise
Thy pious friends and thee.
- 4 Awake, ye saints, that dwell in dust,
Your hymns of victory sing;
And let his dying servants trust
Their ever-living King.

620 viii. 17. *If so be that we suffer, &c.*

- 1 **IF** sufferers for our Master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And on his throne sit down:
To patient faith the prize is sure,
And all, that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.
- 2 Thrice blessed joy-inspiring hope!
It lifts the fainting spirits up,
Gives life to all the dead:
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And then we shall ascend at last,
Triumphant with our Head.

621 viii. 28. *We know that all things, &c.*

- 1 SINCE all the downward tracks of time
God's watchful eye surveys,
O! who so wise to choose our lot,
And regulate our ways.
- 2 Good when he gives, supremely good,
Nor less when he denies ;
Ev'n crosses, from his sovereign hand,
Are blessings in disguise.
- 3 O! happy they who love their God,
Whose hearts intensely glow !
Whom the strong purpose of his grace
Has call'd from all below !
- 4 Assure us of thy wondrous love,
Unmeasurably kind ;
To thine unerring, gracious will
Be every wish resign'd.

622 viii. 32. *He that spared not his own, &c.*

- 1 LET Christian faith and hope dispel
The fears of guilt and woe ;
The Lord Almighty is our friend,
And who can prove a foe ?
- 2 He who his Son, most dear and lov'd,
Gave up for us to die,
Shall he not all things freely give,
That goodness can supply ?
- 3 Behold the best, the greatest gift,
Of everlasting love !
Behold the pledge of peace below,
And perfect bliss above !

623 ix. 5. *Who is over all, God blessed, &c.*

- 1 My song shall bless the Lord of all,
My praise shall soar to his abode ;
Thee, Saviour, by that name I call,
The great Supreme, the mighty God.
- 2 Without beginning or decline,
Object of faith, and not of sense ;
Eternal ages saw him shine,
He shines eternal ages hence.
- 3 Of all the crowns Jehovah bears,
Salvation is his dearest claim ;
That gracious sound well pleas'd he hears,
And owns Immanuel for his name.
- 4 He kindly pities my complaint,
His power and truth are all divine ;
He will not fail, he cannot faint,
Salvation's sure, if he is mine.

624 x. 6—10. *But the righteousness which is, &c.*

- 1 AND is salvation brought so near,
Where sinful men expiring lie ?
Triumph my soul the sound to hear,
And shout it joyous to the sky.
- 2 I ask not, who to heaven shall scale,
That Christ the Saviour thence may come ;
Or who earth's inmost depths assail,
To bring him from the dreary tomb.
- 3 From heaven on wings of love he flew,
And Conqueror from the tomb he sprang :
My heart believes the witness true,
And dictates to my faithful tongue.
- 4 I sing salvation brought so near ;
No more on earth expiring lie ;

I teach the world my joys to hear,
And shout them to the echoing sky.

625 x. 15. *The gospel of peace.*

- 1 YE that in these courts are found,
Listening to the joyful sound,
Lost and helpless as ye are,
Sons of sorrow, sin, and care,
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the gospel brings.
- 2 Turn to Christ your longing eyes,
View his bleeding sacrifice ;
See thro' him your sins forgiven,
Pardon, holiness, and heaven ;
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the gospel brings.

626 xi. 26. *There shall come out of Zion, &c.*

- 1 FATHER of faithful Abraham, hear
Our earnest suit for Abraham's seed ;
Justly they claim the fervent prayer,
From us, adopted in their stead :
Who mercy thro' their fall obtain,
And Christ, by their rejection, gain.
- 2 Outcasts from thee, and scatter'd wide
Thro' every nation under heaven,
Blaspheming whom they crucified,
Unsav'd, unpitied, unforgiven :
Branded, like Cain, they bear their load,
Abhorr'd of men, denounc'd of God.
- 3 But hast thou finally forsook,
For ever cast thine own away ?
Wilt thou not bid the murderers look
On him they pierc'd, and weep and pray ?

Yes, gracious Lord, thy word is past ;
 " All Israel shall be sav'd at last."

- 4 Come then, thou great Deliverer, come ;
 The veil from Jacob's heart remove,
 Receive thine ancient people home ;
 That, quicken'd by thy dying love,
 The world may their reception view,
 And give to God, the glory due.

627 xii. 1. *I beseech you therefore, brethren, &c.*

- 1 AND will the eternal King
 So wear a gift regard ?
 That offering, Lord, with joy we bring,
 Which thine own hand prepar'd.
- 2 We own thy various claims,
 And to thine altar move,
 The willing victims of thy grace,
 And bound with cords of love.
- 3 Descend, celestial fire,
 The sacrifice inflame ;
 So shall a grateful odour rise
 Thro' our Redeemer's name.

628 xii. 13. *Rejoice with them that do, &c.*

- 1 How blest the sacred tie that binds,
 In union sweet, according minds !
 How swift the heavenly course they run,
 Whose hearts, and faith, and hopes are one !
- 2 To each, the soul of each how dear !
 What jealous care, what holy fear !
 How doth the generous flame within,
 Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin !
- 3 Their streaming tears together flow,
 For human guilt, and human woe ;

Their ardent prayers united rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

- 4 Tho' death the earthly bond shall rend,
Their sever'd spirits then ascend,
And in the blissful realms above,
Again unite in endless love.

629 . xiii. 1—7. *Let every soul be subject, &c.*

- 1 LET not a monarch's bosom swell,
With pride and power elate,
And with a childish rapture dwell
On all the toys of state.
- 2 Not for himself he fills the throne,
A delegated lord;
But for the public good alone
He bears the ruler's sword.
- 3 That prince alone is truly great,
Who while the crown he wears,
In all the fortunes of the state,
A Father's interest shares.
- 4 He labors for the general good,
With an unwearied zeal;
Defends the poor, resists the proud,
And guards the public weal.
- 5 He drives the wicked far away,
Upholds the righteous cause;
And fixes firm his regal sway,
By mild and upright laws.
- 6 To such all honor's justly due,
And to their name be given
Respect and love while here below,
And final peace in heaven!

630 *xiii. 11. For now is our salvation, &c.*

- 1 **AWAKE**, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high ;
Awake, and praise that sovereign love,
That shows salvation nigh.
- 2 On all the wings of time it flies,
Each moment brings it near ;
Then welcome each declining day,
And each revolving year !
- 3 Not many years their rounds shall run,
Nor many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd
To our admiring eyes.
- 4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course ;
Ye mortal powers, decay ;
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

631 *xv. 5. Note the God of patience, &c.*

- 1 **JESUS**, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree ;
Show thyself the Prince of peace,
Bid all strife for ever cease.
- 2 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,
Lowly, meek in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.
- 3 Let us for each other care,
Each another's burden bear ;
To thy church the pattern give,
Show how true believers live.
- 4 Let us then with joy remove
To thy family above ;

On the wings of angels fly,
Show how true believers die.

632 xv. 7. *Receive ye one another, &c.*

- 1 **KINDRED** in Christ, for his dear sake,
A hearty welcome here receive ;
May we together now partake
The joys which only he can give.
- 2 May he, by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above,
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love!
- 3 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians meet together thus ;
We only wish to speak of him,
Who liv'd, and died, and reigns for us :
- 4 To talk of all he did and said,
And suffer'd for us here below ;
The path he mark'd for us to tread,
And what he's doing for us now.
- 5 Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore ;
And hasten to the glorious day,
When we shall meet to part no more.

633 xv. 13. *Now the God of hope, &c.*

- 1 **THOU** God of hope ! that in thy Soil,
Hast rais'd us from despair ;
Of richest grace the glory won,—
Suggest, and hear our prayer.
- 2 Thy wondrous love may we believe,
Quicken'd by power divine !
And let thy Holy Spirit give
Love, Saviour, such as thine

- 3 Bring peace, and joy, and every grace,
Our hearts with blessings fill ;
Increase our strength to run the race,
In hope abounding still.
- 4 Where faith and hope are lost in sight,
Us to thy presence raise ;
And prayer exchange for vast delight,
And everlasting praise.

634 *xv. 30. The love of the Spirit.*

- 1 THE love of the Spirit I sing,
By whom the atonement's applied,
Who sinners to Jesus can bring,
And cause them in him to abide.
- 2 He opens the eyes of the blind,
The beauty of Jesus to view ;
He changes the bent of the mind,
The glory of God to pursue.
- 3 His blest renovation begun,
He dwells in the hearts of his saints ;
Abandons his temple to none,
Nor e'er of his calling repents.
- 4 Impress'd with the image divine,
The soul to redemption he seals ;
And each with the Saviour shall shine,
When glory complete he reveals.

635 *xv. 30. That ye strive together with me, &c.*

- 1 GREAT-Lord of all the churches, hear
Thy ministers' and people's prayer ;
Perfum'd by thee, O may it rise
Like fragrant incense to the skies !
- 2 May every pastor from above
Be now inspir'd with zeal and love,

To watch thy folds and feed thy sheep,
And his own heart with care to keep.

3 Revive thy churches with thy grace ;
Heal all our breaches, grant us peace ;
Raise us from sloth, our hearts inflame
With ardent zeal for Jesus' name.

4 May young and old thy word receive ;
Dead sinners hear thy word and live ;
The wounded conscience healing find,
And joy refresh each drooping mind.

5 May aged saints, matur'd with grace,
Abound in fruits of holiness ;
And when transplanted to the skies,
May younger in their stead arise.

6 Thus we our suppliant voices raise,
And weeping sow the seeds of praise,
In humble hope that thou wilt hear
Thy ministers' and people's prayer.

636 xvi. 20. *The God of peace shall, &c.*

1 YE followers of the living God,
In his all-conquering name,
Lift up your banners, and with joy
Your Leader's grace proclaim.

2 What tho' the prince of hell invade
With all his fiery darts,
And join to the fierce lion's roar,
The serpent's wily arts ;

3 Jesus, who leads his hosts to war,
Shall tread the monster down,
And every faithful soldier gain
The triumph and the crown.

1 CORINTHIANS.

637 ii. 2. *I determined not to know, &c.*

- 1 VAIN, delusive world, adieu,
 With all of creature good ;
 Only Jesus we pursue,
 Who bought us with his blood :
 All thy pleasures we forego,
 All thy honors, wealth, and pride,
 Only Jesus will we know,
 And Jesus crucified.
- 2 Other knowledge we disdain,
 'Tis only vanity :
 Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
 And to his death we flee ;
 Us to save from endless woe,
 The sin-atonement victim died :
 Only Jesus will we know,
 And Jesus crucified.
- 3 Him to know is life and peace,
 And pleasure without end ;
 This is all our happiness,
 On Jesus to depend :
 Daily in his grace to grow,
 And ever in his faith abide ;
 Only Jesus will we know,
 And Jesus crucified.

638 ii. 5. *That your faith should not stand, &c.*

- 1 IMPOSTURE shrinks from light,
 And dreads a prying eye ;
 But gospel truths the test invite,
 They bid us search and try.
- 2 Lord, to thy word we bring
 A meek, inquiring mind ;

And joyful, at salvation's spring,
Refreshing truth we find.

3 With understanding blest,
In Christ created free,
Our faith on man, we dare not rest,
Subject to none but thee.

4 The truths thy word imparts
May we with firmness own ;
Renouncing all evasive arts,
And fearing thee alone.

639 ii. 6—12. *We speak wisdom among, &c.*

1 SAVIOUR ! howe'er the earthly wise
Affect thy mysteries to despise,
With haughty boast and jest,
Yet what they brand absurd and mean,
The power of God is plainly seen,
And, by the sav'd, confest.

2 The natural man cannot conceive,
The glorious truth, which we believe,
How thou didst us redeem :
The hidden things thy grace reveals,
And on the humble spirit seals,
He counts an idle dream.

3 Ah ! they a wisdom long have sought,
A wisdom that thou bring'st to nought ;
But they are strangers still
To that which makes the immortal wise,
And sets before his open'd eyes
The mystery of thy will.

4 Perfect indeed are they who prove,
The blessings of thy peace and love,
The things so freely given :

And let the world cast out their name,
 Their portion here be scorn and shame,
 If taught, and own'd by heaven!

640 iii. 21, &c. *For all things are yours, &c.*

- 1 THO' poor in lot and scorn'd in name,
 Without the humblest wreath of fame,
 Not having gem nor gold ;
 Yet bright our honour, vast our store,
 What tongue can tell, or thought explore
 The charter we unfold.
- 2 We claim the gifts the Saviour strews,
 As royal largess, when his foes
 In captive chains were led :
 The *mind* that can convince and teach,
 The *lip* baptiz'd with heavenly speech,
 The *zeal* which wakes the dead.
- 3 And ours the *world*, its use and good,
 Deliver'd from it by his blood,
 Whom it nor loves nor knows ;
 And e'en this strange and bitter *life*,
 Whose stream is chaf'd with endless strife,
 Now calmly, brightly flows!
- 4 We claim thee, *death* ! our richest gain !
 Behold the unwinding scroll contain
Things present, things to come :
 What tho' we mingle with the clods,
 Yet we are Christ's, and Christ is God's,
 Then heaven must be our home !

641 vi. 17. *He that is joined to the Lord, &c.*

- 1 BLEST Saviour, we are thine,
 By everlasting bands ;
 Our names, our hearts, we would resign,
 Our souls are in thy hands.

- 2 Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to thee our head ;
Shall form us to thine image bright,
That we thy paths may tread.
- 3 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay ;
But love shall keep us near thy side,
Thro' all the gloomy way.
- 4 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear ?
If he in heaven hath fix'd his throne,
He'll fix his members there.

642 vi. 19. *Know ye not that your body, &c.*

- 1 AND will the offended God again
Return and dwell with sinful men ?
Will he within this bosom raise
A living temple to his praise ?
- 2 The joyful news transports my breast,
All hail ! I cry, thou heavenly Guest !
Lift up your heads, ye powers within,
And let the King of glory in.
- 3 Enter with all thy heavenly train,
Here live, and here for ever reign ;
Thy sceptre o'er my passions sway,
Let love command, and I'll obey.
- 4 Reason and conscience shall submit,
And pay their homage at thy feet :
To thee I'll consecrate my heart,
And bid each rival thence depart.

643 vii. 29—31. *The time is short, &c.*

- 1 SPRING up, my soul, with ardent flight,
Nor let this earth delude my sight
With glittering trifles gay and vain :

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Wisdom divine directs thy view
 To objects ever grand and new,
 And faith displays the shining train.

- 2 Be dead, my hopes, to all below,
 Nor let unbounded torrents flow,
 When mourning o'er my wither'd joys :
 So this deceitful world is known,
 Possess'd I call it not my own,
 Nor glory in its painted toys.
- 3 The empty pageant rolls along ;
 The giddy unexperienc'd throng
 Pursue it with enchanted eyes ;
 It passes in swift march away,
 Still more and more its charms decay,
 Till the last gaudy colour dies.
- 4 My God, to thee my soul shall turn ;
 For thee my noblest passions burn,
 And drink in bliss from thee alone :
 I fix on that unchanging state
 Where never-fading pleasures wait,
 Fresh springing round thy radiant throne.

644 *x. 4. That Rock was Christ.*

- 1 Rock of ages shelter me,
 Let me hide myself in thee !
 Let the water and the blood,
 From thy wounded side which flow'd,
 Be of sin the double cure,
 Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
- 2 Not the labor of my hands
 Can fulfil thy law's demands :
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears for ever flow,
 All for sin could not atone,
 Thou must save and thou alone.

- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eye-strings break in death ;
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See thee on thy judgment throne,
 Rock of ages, shelter me,
 Let me hide myself in thee.

645 x. 13. *God is faithful, &c.*

- 1 Now let the feeble all be strong,
 And make Jehovah's arm their song :
 His shield is spread o'er every saint,
 And, thus supported, who shall faint ?
- 2 What tho' the hosts of hell engage,
 With mingled cruelty and rage ?
 A faithful God restrains their hands,
 And chains them down in iron bands.
- 3 Bound by his word, he will display
 A strength proportion'd to our day ;
 And when united trials meet,
 Will show a path of safe retreat.
- 4 Thus far we prove that promise good,
 Which Jesus ratified with blood :
 Still he is faithful, wise, and just,
 And still in him let Israel trust.

646 xiii. 12. *For now we see thro' a glass, &c.*

- 1 As thro' a glass we dimly see
 Thy wonders, God of love ;
 How little do we know of thee,
 Or of the joys above !
- 2 'Tis but in part we know thy will,
 We bless thee for the sight ;
 And wait till thou the rest reveal,
 In glory's clearer light.
- 3 With rapture shall we then survey
 Thy providence and grace,

And spend an everlasting day,
In wonder, love, and praise.

647 xiv. 25. *And report that God is in, &c.*

- 1 Lo! God is here; let us adore;
His presence makes the holy place!
May all within us feel his power,
And, silent, bow before his face.
- 2 Lo! God is here; him, day and night,
Harmonious choirs of angels sing;
To him, enthron'd in dazzling light,
Their noblest praise the elders bring.
- 3 Lo! God is here; may all our praise
His courts with grateful fragrance fill;
And whilst we supplicate his grace,
Still hear and do his sovereign will.

648 xv. 22. *For as in Adam all die, &c.*

- 1 HAIL to Immanuel's promis'd birth,
He brings the blessing back to earth;
In Adam died the race of men,
In Christ they all shall live again.
- 2 Hail to our dying, rising Lord;
By him is Paradise restor'd;
Nor Eden only,—but the tree
Of life and immortality.

649 xv. 28. *And when all things shall, &c.*

- 1 THE Saviour reigns; heaven, earth, and hell
Are under his command;
They who against his laws rebel,
Shall fall beneath his hand,
- 2 He will present the chosen race
Before his Father's throne,
And clothe the subjects of his grace,
With glory like his own.

- 3 The dead he'll raise ; the world arraign
 Before his awful bar ;
 His faithful followers shall obtain
 A just acquittance there.
- 4 Now death is conquer'd, sin is dead,
 The grave is overcome ;
 Jesus has bruis'd the serpent's head,
 And brought his children home.
- 5 And tho' he lays his sceptre down,
 The sceptre of his grace,
 He with the Father wears the crown ;
 His kingdom ne'er decays.
- 6 Angels and saints before him fall,
 And own his glorious sway ;
 And God in Christ is all in all,
 Thro' an eternal day.

650 xv. 31. *I die daily.*

- 1 O God, my soul for death prepare,
 To me that wisdom give,
 To spend each day as tho' it were
 The last I have to live.
- 2 I would familiarize the theme,
 And daily learn to die ;
 Let earth be mean in my esteem,
 And heaven be in mine eye.
- 3 I would be active in the path
 Of duty here below ;
 While steadfast hope, and lively faith,
 Support and bear me thro'.
- 4 May I in ready posture stand,
 To leave the world in peace,
 When death, with a deliverer's hand,
 Shall sign my grand release.

651 xv. 49. *And as we have borne the, &c.*

- 1 WITH flowing eyes and bleeding hearts
A blasted world survey!
See the wide ruin Adam wrought
In one unhappy day!
- 2 Ages of labor and of grief
He mourn'd his glory lost;
At length the goodliest work of heaven
Sunk down to common dust.
- 3 But, O my soul, with rapture hear
The second Adam's name;
And the celestial gifts he brings,
To all his seed, proclaim.
- 4 In holiness and joy complete,
He reigns to endless years;
And each adopted chosen child
His splendid image wears.
- 5 Praise to his rich mysterious grace!
E'en by our fall we rise:
And gain, for earthly Eden lost,
A heavenly paradise.

652 xv. 55. *O death, where is thy, &c.*

- 1 VITAL spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame,
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.
- 2 Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister spirit, come away.
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,

Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

- 3 The world recedes, it disappears :
Heaven opens on my eyes ; my ears
With sounds seraphic ring :
Lend, lend your wings ! I mount, I fly !
O Grave ! where is thy victory ?
O Death ! where is thy sting ?

653 xv. 58. *Be ye steadfast, &c.*

- 1 THEN steadfast let us still remain,
Tho' dangers rise around,
And in the work prescrib'd by God
Yet more and more abound.
- 2 Assur'd that tho' we labor now,
We labor not in vain,
But, thro' the grace of heaven's great Lord,
The eternal crown shall gain.

654 xvi. 13. *Watch ye, stand, &c.*

- 1 AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb ?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name ?
- 2 Sure I must fight, if I would reign ;
Increase my courage, Lord !
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.
- 3 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, tho' they die ;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.
- 4 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine

368: I CORINTHIANS.

In robes of victory thro' the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

2 CORINTHIANS.

655 i. 4, 5. *Who comforteth us, &c.*

- 1 FOUNTAIN of comfort and of love,
Thy streams, how free they flow,
Thro' all the glorious worlds above,
Then visit us below !
- 2 From Christ, the head, what grace descends
To cherish every part !
He shares his joys with all his friends,
For all have shar'd his heart.
- 3 What tho' the sorrows here they feel
Are various and severe,
He brings new consolations still,
And dries the falling tear.
- 4 In every faithful shepherd's breast,
Lord, send these comforts down ;
That they may lead their flock to rest,
Which their own souls have known.

656 i. 10. *Who delivered us from, &c.*

- 1 WHY should I doubt his love at last,
With anxious thoughts perplex'd ?
Who sav'd me in the troubles past
Will save me in the next.
- 2 Will save, till at my latest hour,
With more than conquest blest,
I soar beyond temptation's power,
To my Redeemer's breast.

657 i. 12. *Our rejoicing is this, the, &c.*

- 1 WHILE some in folly's pleasure roll,
And court the joys which hurt the soul,
Be mine, that silent calm repast,
A peaceful conscience to the last.
- 2 Tho' heaven afflict, I'll not repine,
This testimony still be mine,
Over my sorrows to prevail,
And journey with me thro' the vale.
- 3 With this companion in the shade,
My soul no more shall be dismay'd ;
But fearless meet the midnight gloom,
And the pale monarch of the tomb.

658 i. 20. *All the promises of God in him, &c.*

- 1 THE promises I sing,
Which sovereign love hath spoke,—
Nor will the eternal King
His words of grace revoke,—
They stand secure ; And steadfast still ;
Not Zion's hill Abides so sure.
- 2 The mountains melt away,
When once the judge appears,
And sun and moon decay,
That measure human years ;
But still the same, In radiant lines,
The promise shines Thro' all the flame.
- 3 Their harmony shall sound
Thro' mine attentive ears,
When thunders cleave the ground,
And dissipate the spheres ;
'Midst all the shock Of that dread scene,
I stand serene, Thy word my rock.

659 i. 24. *By faith ye stand.*

- 1 STRANGERS, pilgrims, here below,
 Travelling to fair Canaan's land,
 Lean on Jesus as ye go,
 For by faith alone ye stand.
- 2 Glory in the Saviour's name,
 Join with all the ransom'd band,
 Trust the Lord, he's still the same,
 For by faith alone ye stand.
- 3 Trust the Lord, in life and death,
 Trust your all in Jesus' hand ;
 Trust him with your latest breath,
 For by faith alone ye stand.

660 ii. 14—16. *Now thanks be unto God' &c.*

- 1 PRAISE to the Lord on high,
 Who spreads his triumphs wide !
 While Jesus' fragrant name
 Is breath'd on every side :
 Balmy and rich The odors rise,
 And fill the earth And reach the skies.
- 2 Ten thousand dying souls
 Its influence feel and live ;
 Sweeter than vital air
 The incense they receive :
 They breathe anew, And rise and sing
 Jesus the Lord, Their conquering king.
- 3 But sinners scorn the grace,
 That brings salvation nigh ;
 They turn their face away,
 And faint, and fall, and die.
 So sad a doom, Ye saints deplore,
 For O ! they fall To rise no more.

- 4 Yet, wise and mighty God,
 Shall all thy servants be,
 In those, who live or die,
 A savor sweet to thee :
 Supremely bright Thy grace shall shine,
 Guarded with flames Of wrath divine.

661 *iv. 6. God who commandeth the light, &c.*

- 1 "LET there be light :"—Thus spake the
 Word,
 The Word was God ;—"and there was
 light :"
 —Still the creative voice is heard ;
 A day is born from every night.
- 2 And every night shall turn to day,
 While months, and years, and ages roll ;
 —But we have seen a brighter ray
 Dawn on the chaos of the soul.
- 3 Nor we alone ; its 'wakening smiles
 Have broke the gloom of nature's sleep ;
 The Word hath reach'd the utmost isles,
 The Spirit moves on yonder deep.
- 4 Already from the dust of death,
 Man in his Maker's image stands,
 Once more inhales immortal breath,
 And stretches forth to heaven his hands.
- 5 From day to day, before our eyes,
 Glows and extends the work begun ;
 —When shall the new creation rise
 O'er every land beneath the sun ?
- 6 When, in the sabbath of his love,
 Shall God from all his labors rest ;
 And, bending from his throne above,
 Again pronounce his creatures blest ?

662 iv. 7. *We have this treasure, &c.*

- 1 How rich thy bounty, King of kings!
Thy favors how divine!
The blessings which thy gospel brings,
How splendidly they shine.
- 2 All these rich treasures of thy grace
Are lodg'd in urns of clay,
And the weak sons of mortal race,
The immortal gifts convey.
- 3 Feebly they speak thy glories forth,
Yet grace the victory gives;
Quickly they moulder back to earth,
But still thy gospel lives.
- 4 Such wonders power divine effects,
Such trophies God can raise;
His hand from crumbling dust erects
High monuments of praise.

663 iv. 14. *Knowing that he which raised, &c.*

- 1 BLEST hour, when pious friends shall meet,
Their earthly sorrows o'er,
And with celestial welcome greet,
On an immortal shore.
- 2 Each tender tie, dissolv'd with pain,
With endless bliss is crown'd;
All that was dead revives again,
All that was lost is found.
- 3 And while remembrance, lingering still,
Draws joy from sorrowing hours;
New prospects rise, new pleasures fill
The soul's expanded powers.
- 4 Congenial minds, array'd in light,
High thoughts shall interchange;

Nor cease, with ever-new delight
On wings of love to range.

664. iv. 18. *We look not at the things, &c*

- 1 How long shall earth's alluring toys
 Detain our hearts and eyes,
 Regardless of immortal joys,
 Forgetful of the skies?
- 2 These transient scenes will soon decay,
 They fade upon the sight;
 And quickly will their brightest day
 Be lost in endless night.
- 3 O could our thoughts and wishes fly
 Above these gloomy shades,
 To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
 Which sorrow ne'er invades!
- 4 There joys unseen by mortal eyes,
 Or reason's feeble ray,
 In ever blooming prospects rise,
 Unconscious of decay.

665 v. 8. *Absent from the body.*

- 1 ABSENT from flesh! O blissful thought!
 What unknown joys that moment brings!
 Freed from the mischiefs sin has wrought,
 From pains, and tears, and all their springs!
- 2 Absent from flesh! Illustrious day!
 Surprising scene! Triumphant stroke,
 That rends the prison of my clay,
 And I can feel my fetters broke!
- 3 Absent from flesh! then rise my soul,
 Where feet or wings could never climb,
 Beyond the heavens where planets roll,
 Measuring the cares and joys of time!

- 4 I go where God and glory shine :
 His presence makes eternal day :
 My all that's mortal I resign,
 For Jesus waits and points my way !

666 v. 8. *Present with the Lord.*

- 1 O THE hour when this material
 Shall have vanish'd like a cloud ;
 When amid the wide ethereal,
 All the invisible shall crowd ;
 And the naked soul surrounded,
 With innumerable hosts of light,
 Triumph in the view unbounded,
 And adore the Infinite.
- 2 In that sudden strange transition,
 By what new and finer sense,
 Shall she grasp the mighty vision,
 And receive its influence ;
 Angels, guard the new immortal
 Thro' the wonder-teeming space,
 To the everlasting portal,
 To the spirit's resting place.
- 3 Can I trust a fellow being ?
 Can I trust an angel's care ?
 O thou merciful All-seeing,
 Beam around my spirit there !
 Jesus, blessed Mediator,
 Thou the airy path hast trod !
 Thou the Judge, the Consummator,
 Shepherd of the fold of God !

667 v. 14, 15. *The love of Christ, &c.*

- 1 WHAT can a feeble worm repay
 For love so infinite as thine ?
 The torrent bears my soul away,
 The impetuous stream of grace divine.

- 2 To thee, my Lord, it bears me on ;
 Self shall be deified no more ;
 By self betray'd, by self undone,
 I live by thy recovering power.
- 3 Accept a soul so dearly bought,
 Bought by thy life upon the tree ;
 A soul which, by thy Spirit taught,
 Knows no delight, but serving thee.

668 vi. 17, 18. *Wherefore come out from, &c.*

- 1 LET us adore the grace that seeks
 To draw our hearts above ;
 For lo ! the great Jehovah speaks ;
 And every word is love.
- 2 Tho', fill'd with awe, before his throne
 Each angel veils his face,
 He claims a people for his own
 Among our sinful race.
- 3 " Come forth," he says :—" no more pursue
 " The paths that lead to death :
 " Look unto Him, who died for you,
 " Look, and be sav'd thro' faith !"
- 4 " My sons and daughters you shall be,
 Thro' the atoning blood ;
 And you shall claim and find in me,
 A Father and a God."

669 viii. 5. *But first gave their ourselves, &c.*

- 1 THESE favor'd saints, belov'd of God,
 And ransom'd by the Saviour's blood,
 Drawn by the power of sovereign grace,
 In Zion come to take their place.
- 2 Obedient to the heavenly word,
 They gave themselves to Christ the Lord,

Now to his church themselves they give,
In union with his saints to live.

- 3 May they continue in thy ways,
Yield every talent to thy praise ;
With them may we in union prove
A gospel church, the house of love.

670 viii. 9. *Ye know the grace of our, &c.*

- 1 JESUS, our Lord, the Prince of Life,
Was rich beyond compare ;
The heavens and earth, and all their hosts,
By him created were.
- 2 Behold, how sorrowful and poor
This Mighty One became !
For us he liv'd a life of woe,
His face was hid with shame.
- 3 For us his precious blood was shed,
Our sins are thus forgiven :
His poverty enrich'd our souls,
And made us heirs of heaven.
- 4 Then let us imitate the grace
Which Jesus hath display'd,
And show to poor afflicted saints
Our sympathy and aid.

671 ix. 8. *God is able to make all, &c.*

- 1 STRAITEN'D in God we cannot be,
No bounds his power and bounty know,
His grace is an exhaustless sea,
Which flows, and shall for ever flow ;
And if its course suspended seem,
The hindrance is in us, not him.
- 2 All in ourselves the straitness lies,
Our faith, and not his promise, fails,

He blesses us with fresh supplies
Of joy out of salvation's wells ;
And when our hearts with joy run o'er,
Enlarges, and still gives us more.

- 3 Above what we can ask or hope,
The God of grace delights to give,
To fill the empty vessels up :
And when we grace for grace receive,
Enough in Christ remains behind,
To fill the souls of all mankind.

672 ix. 15. *Thanks be unto God, &c.*

- 1 JESUS our Lord, our chief delight,
Our hope, our portion, and our stay ;
Our light in darkest shades of night,
Our glory in the brightest day.
- 2 Unspeakable thy glories shine ;
Thy wondrous love all praise exceeds ;
Angels and men in vain combine
To reach thy all transcendent deeds.
- 3 Thou art the richest gift of God,
To sinners burden'd and distress ;
The first of all his gifts bestow'd,
The certain pledge of all the rest.

673 x. 4, 5. *The weapons of our warfare, &c.*

- 1 SHOUT, for the battlements have sunk,
Which heaven itself defied !
The aspiring towers, dismantled all,
Now spread their ruins wide !
- 2 No more proud reasonings shall dispute
What truth divine declares ;
No more self-righteousness to plead
Its own perfection dares.

- 3 The gates we open to admit
 The Saviour's gentle sway :
 Blest Jesus, 'tis thy right to reign,
 Our pleasure to obey.
- 4 Each thought, in sweet subjection held,
 Thy sovereign power shall own ;
 And every traitor shall be slain,
 That dares dispute the throne.

674 xiii. 5. *Examines yourselves, whether, &c.*

- 1 **WHAT** strange perplexities arise !
 What anxious fears and jealousies !
 What crowds in doubtful light appear !
 How few, alas, approv'd and clear !
- 2 And what am I ?—my soul, awake,
 And an impartial survey take :
 Does no dark sign, no ground of fear,
 In practice, or in heart, appear ?
- 3 What image does my spirit bear ?
 Is Jesus form'd, and living, there ?
 Say, do his lineaments divine
 In thought, and word, and action shine ?
- 4 Searcher of hearts, O search me still,
 The secrets of my soul reveal ;
 My fears remove, let me appear,
 To God, and my own conscience clear !

675 xiii. 11. *Finally, brethren, farewell.*

- 1 **THY** presence, everlasting God,
 Wide o'er all nature spreads abroad ;
 Thy watchful eyes, which cannot sleep,
 In every place thy children keep.
- 2 While near each other we remain,
 Thou dost our lives and souls sustain ;

When absent, happy if we share
Thy smiles, thy counsels, and thy care.

- 3 To thee we all our ways commit,
And seek our comforts near thy feet ;
Still on our souls vouchsafe to shine,
And guard and guide us still as thine.
- 4 Give us in thy beloved house
Again to pay our grateful vows ;
Or, if that joy no more be known,
Then may we meet around thy throne.

676 xiii. 14. *The grace of the Lord Jesus, &c.*

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

GALATIANS.

677 ii. 20. *I am crucified with Christ, &c.*

- 1 **MY** Jesus, while in mortal flesh
I hold my frail abode,
Still would my spirit rest on thee,
Its Saviour and its God.
- 2 By hourly faith in thee I live,
'Midst all my griefs and snares ;
And death, encounter'd in thy sight,
No form of horror wears.

- 3 Yes, thou hast lov'd this sinful worm,
 Hast given thyself for me ;
 Hast bought me from eternal death,
 Nail'd to the bloody tree.
- 4 My life with thine connected stands,
 Nor asks a surer ground ;
 It keeps me in thy gracious arms,
 Where heaven itself is found.

678 iii. 13. *Christ hath redeemed us, &c.*

- 1 WHILE Sinai roars, and round the earth
 Thunder, and fire, and vengeance flings,
 Jesus, thy dear expiring breath,
 And Calvary, speak gentler things.
- 2 Hark ! how he prays, the charming sound
 Dwells on his dying lips—FORGIVE !
 And every groan, and gaping wound,
 Cries—" Father let the rebels live !"—
- 3 Go, you that rest upon the law,
 And toil, and seek salvation there ;
 Look to the flames that Moses saw,
 And shrink, and tremble, and despair.
- 4 But I'll retire beneath the cross ;
 Saviour, at thy dear feet I lie :
 And the keen sword that justice draws,
 Flaming and red, shall pass me by.

679 iii. 20. (*Job. ix. 33.*) *A Mediator is not, &c.*

- 1 YES, we a mighty Daysman know,
 By love divine to sinners given,
 The Lord of all who dwelt below,
 Who mediates betwixt earth and heaven :
 Of both the nature he partakes,
 United in himself alone,

An end of all the difference makes,
For God and man in Christ are one.

- 2 This Mediator, Lord, thou art,
Whose hand on man and God is laid :
Assure a trembling sinner's heart,
My sin is cleans'd, my peace is made :
Thou who hast apprehended me,
Give me thyself to apprehend ;
My peace, my sole perfection be,
My present and eternal friend.

680 *iv. 5. That we might receive the adoption, &c.*

- 1 LET others boast their ancient line,
In long succession great ;
In the proud list let heroes shine,
And monarchs swell the state ;
Descended from the King of kings,
Each saint a nobler title sings.
- 2 Pronounce me, gracious God, thy son,
Own me an heir divine ;
I'll pity princes on the throne,
When I can call thee mine :
Sceptres and crowns unenvied rise,
And lose their lustre in mine eyes.
- 3 Content, obscure I pass my days,
To all around unknown,
And wait till thou thy child shalt raise,
And seat me near thy throne ;
No name, no honors here I crave,
Well pleas'd with those beyond the grave.
- 4 When Christ, in robes divinely bright,
Shall once again appear,
Thou too, my soul, shalt shine in light,
And his full image bear :

Enough!—I wait the appointed day,
Bless'd Saviour, haste, and come away!

681 iv. 6. *Abba, Father.*

- 1 **SOVEREIGN** of all the worlds on high,
Allow my humble claim ;
Nor, while a worm would raise its head,
Disdain a Father's name.
- 2 My father God ! how sweet the sound !
How tender, and how dear !
Not all the harmony of heaven
Could so delight the ear.
- 3 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name
On my expanding heart ;
And show that in Jehovah's grace,
I share a filial part.

682 iv. 18. *It is good to be zealously, &c.*

- 1 **ZEAL** is that pure and heavenly flame,
The fire of love supplies ;
But that which often bears the name,
Is self in a disguise.
- 2 True zeal is merciful and mild,
Can pity and forbear ;
The false is headstrong, fierce, and wild,
And breathes revenge and war.
- 3 When zeal for truth the Christian warms,
He knows the worth of peace ;
While self contends for names and forms,
Its party to increase.
- 4 Self may its poor reward obtain,
And be applauded here ;
But zeal the best applause will gain
When Jesus shall appear.

683 *iv. 26. Jerusalem which is above, &c.*

- 1 **JERUSALEM**, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me ;
When shall my labours have an end
In joy, and peace, and thee.
- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold ;
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold.
- 3 O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend ;
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And sabbaths have no end.
- 4 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
Around my Saviour stand ;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.
- 5 Jerusalem ! my happy home
My soul still pants for thee ;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

684 *v. 22, 23. The fruit of the Spirit is, &c.*

- 1 **HOLY Spirit** dwell in me,
Then the fruit shall show the tree,
Every grace its author prove,
Rising from the root of love.
- 2 Joy shall then my heart o'erflow,
Peace which only Christians know !
Peace, the seal of cancell'd sin,
Joy, the pledge of heaven within.
- 3 Gentle then to all and kind,
Transcript of the Saviour's mind,

Full of sympathy and care,
In another's woe to share.

- 4 Prompt and tender to relieve,
Faithful, never to deceive ;
All thy virtues, Lord, be mine,
Brighter thy resemblance shine !

685 vi. 2. *Bear ye one another's burdens, &c.*

- 1 HAIL, everlasting Prince of peace !
Hail, Governor divine !
How gracious is thy sceptre's sway !
What gentle laws are thine !
- 2 His tender heart with love o'erflow'd,
Love spoke in every breath ;
Vigorous it reign'd thro' all his life,
And triumph'd in his death.
- 3 All these united charms he shows,
Our frozen souls to move ;
This proof of love to him demands,
That we each other love.
- 4 O be the sacred law fulfill'd
In every act and thought ;
Each angry passion far remov'd,
Each selfish view forgot.

EPHESIANS.

686 i. 9, 10. (Col. i. 26.) *His good pleasure, &c.*

- 1 WE sing the deep mysterious plan,
Which God devis'd ere time began ;
At length disclos'd in all its light.

We bless the wondrous birth of love,
Which beams around us from above,
With grace so free, and hope so bright.

2 Here has the wise, eternal Mind
In Christ, their common head, conjoin'd
Gentiles and Jews, and earth and heaven:
Thro' him, from the great Father's throne,
Rivers of bliss come rolling down,
And endless peace and life are given.

3 No more the awful angels guard
The tree of life with flaming sword,
To drive afar man's trembling race;
At Salem's pearly gates they stand,
And smiling wait, a friendly band!
To welcome strangers to the place.

4 While we expect that glorious sight,
Love shall our hearts with theirs unite,
And ardent hope our bosoms raise:
From earth's dark vale, and tongues of clay,
To these resplendent realms of day,
We'll try to send the sounding praise.

687 i. 11. *Who worketh all things after, &c.*

1 THY ways, O Lord, with wise design,
Are fram'd upon thy throne above,
And every dark or bending line
Meets in the centre of thy love.

2 With feeble light, and half obscure,
Poor mortals thy arrangements view,
Not knowing that the least are sure,
The most mysterious just and true.

3 My favor'd soul shall meekly learn
To lay her reason at thy throne;
Too weak thy secrets to discern,
I'll trust thee for my guide alone,

KK

688 i. 21. *Far above all principality, &c.*

- 1 Now far above the starry skies,
Our Jesus fills his brighter throne,
Invisible to mortal eyes,
But not to humble faith unknown.
- 2 The countless hosts that round him stand,
The subjects of his sovereign power ;
Fly thro' the world at his command,
Or prostrate at his feet adore.
- 3 His name above all creatures great,
He all sustains and all controls ;
Yet from his high exalted state,
Looks kindly down on humble souls.
- 4 All hail ! thou great Immanuel, hail !
Ten thousand blessings on thy name :
While thus thy wondrous love we tell,
Our bosoms feel the sacred flame.

689 ii. 5. *By grace ye are saved.*

- 1 GRACE ! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear :
Thro' heaven the echo shall rebound,
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contriv'd a way,
To save rebellious man ;
And all the steps did grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace taught my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road ;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Thro' everlasting days ;

It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

690 ii. 9. *Not of works, &c.*

- 1 GRACE, triumphant on the throne,
Scorns a rival, reigns alone !
Come, and bow beneath her sway,
Cast your idol-works away.
- 2 Works of man, when made his plea,
Never shall accepted be ;
Acts of pride, vain-glorious worm !
Are the best he can perform.
- 3 Banish every vain pretence
Built on human excellence ;
Perish every thing in man,
But the grace that never can.

691 ii. 18. *For through him we both, &c.*

- 1 IN prayer, on earth the saints are one,
In word, in deed, and mind ;
When with the Father and his Son
Sweet fellowship they find.
- 2 Nor prayer is made on earth alone ;
The Holy Spirit pleads :
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.
- 3 O thou, by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way !
The path of prayer thyself hast trod ;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

692 iii. 15. *The whole family in heaven, &c.*

- 1 ONE family we dwell in him,
One church above, beneath,

- Tho' now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.
- 2 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow ;
Part of the host has cross'd the flood,
And part is crossing now.
- 3 How many to their endless home,
This solemn moment fly !
And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die.
- 4 His militant embodied host,
With wistful looks we stand,
And long to see the heavenly coast,
And reach the happy land.
- 5 Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
With those to glory gone ;
For all the servants of our King,
In heaven and earth, are one.

693 iii. 19. *To know the love of Christ, &c.*

- 1 God only knows the love of God ;
O that it now were shed abroad
In every sinner's heart !
Our only care, delight, and bliss,
Our joy, our heaven on earth be this,
Be ours this better part !
- 2 Stronger his love than death and hell ;
Its riches are unsearchable :
The first born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see ;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.
- 3 O love divine, how sweet thou art !
When shall we find our willing heart
All taken up by thee !

We thirst, and faint, and long to prove
 The greatness of redeeming love,
 The love of Christ so free !

694 iv. 3. *Endeavouring to keep the unity, &c.*

- 1 GIVER of concord; Prince of Peace,
 Meek, loving Son of God,
 Bid our unruly passions cease,
 Fit us for thine abode.
- 2 Us into closest union draw,
 And in our inward parts
 Let kindness sweetly write her law,
 Let love command our hearts.
- 3 O let thy love our hearts constrain,
 Jesus the crucified !
 What hast thou done our hearts to gain,—
 Languish'd, and groan'd, and died !
- 4 O let us find the ancient way
 Our wondering foes to move,
 And force the world around to say,
 " See how these Christians love !"

695 iv. 11, 12. *And he gave some, apostles, &c.*

- 1 THE Saviour when to heaven he rose
 In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
 Scatter'd his gifts on men below,
 And wide his royal bounties flow.
- 2 Hence sprung the apostles' honor'd name,
 Sacred beyond heroic fame:
 Hence dictates the prophetic sage ;
 And hence the evangelic page.
- 3 In lowlier forms, to bless our eyes,
 Pastors from hence, and teachers rise :

Who, tho' with feebler rays they shine,
Still gild a long-extended line.

- 4 From Christ their varied gifts derive,
And fed by Christ their graces live ;
While, guarded by his potent hand ;
'Midst all the rage of hell they stand.
- 5 So shall the bright succession run
Thro' the last courses of the sun :
While unborn churches by their care
Shall rise and flourish large and fair.
- 6 Jesus, our Lord, their hearts shall know,
The spring, whence all those blessings flow ;
Pastors and people shout his praise
Thro' the long round of endless days.

696 iv. 15, 16. *May grow up into him in, &c.*

- 1 ALLIED to thee, our vital Head,
We act, and grow, and thrive :
From thee divided, each is dead,
In thee alone we live.
- 2 Thy saints on earth, and those above,
Here join in sweet accord ;
One body all in mutual love,
And thou our common Lord.
- 3 O may our faith each hour derive
Thy Spirit with delight ;
While earth and hell in vain shall strive
This bond to disunite.
- 4 Thou the whole body wilt present
Before thy Father's face ;
Nor shall a wrinkle or a spot
Its beauteous form disgrace.

697 iv. 30. *And grieve not the Holy Spirit, &c.*

- 1 My faith is weak, my foes are strong,
My wandering heart with anguish pain'd;
Celestial Dove, where art thou fled,
Since I thine influence restrain'd?
Oh come again and soothe my heart,
There dwell, and never thence depart.
- 2 Teach me thy sovereign will to know,
From paths of folly to return;
Oh let me never grieve thee more,
Nor e'er again thine absence mourn:
Come then, celestial Dove, impart
Thy sacred peace to soothe my heart.
- 3 Vouchsafe, in answer to my prayer,
To form my inward powers anew;
Confirm my faith, my fears dispel,
And guide me all my journey thro':
Come then, celestial Spirit, come,
And lead a lonely pilgrim home.

698 v. 1. *Be ye followers of God, &c.*

- 1 GREAT God, thy peerless excellence
Let all created nature own:
Deep on our minds impress the sense
Of glories which are thine alone.
- 2 But where we may resemble thee,
And in the godlike nature share,
Thine humble followers let us be,
And somewhat of thy likeness bear.
- 3 Pure may we be, averse to sin,
Just, holy, merciful, and true;
And let thine image, form'd within,
Shine out in all we speak and do.

699

v. 2. *And walk in love, as Christ.*

- 1 Now be that sacrifice survey'd,
That ransom which the Saviour paid ;
That sight familiar to my view,
Yet always wondrous, always new.
- 2 Blest Jesus, while thy grace I sing,
What grateful tribute shall I bring,
That earth, and heaven, and thou may'st see
My love to him, who died for me?
- 3 That offering, Lord, thy word hath taught ;
Nor be thy new command forgot,
That, if their Master's death can move,
Thy servants should each other love.

700

v. 8. *Ye were sometimes darkness, &c.*

- 1 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 power of God to some ;
O let such in praise unite
To the Lord who 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.

701

v. 14. *Awake thou that sleepest, &c.*

- 1 AWAKE, awake, O drowsy soul,
From carnal sloth arise ;

Before the threatening thunders roll,
To rouse thee with surprise.

- 2 Why wilt thou still in darkness live,
Involv'd in shades of night,
When Jesus calls thee to receive
The rays of heavenly light ?
- 3 His light shall open to thy view
The glories of the skies ;
And prospects ever rich and new
Shall bless thy wondering eyes.

702 v. 25—27. *Christ loved the church, &c.*

- 1 BRIDEGROOM of souls, how rich thy love,
How generous, how divine !
Our inmost hearts it well may move,
While thus our voices join,
- 2 Thou art our ransom ; from thy veins
A wondrous fountain flows,
To wash thy church from all her stains,
And heal our deepest woes.
- 3 Transform'd by thee, e'en here below
Thy church is bright and fair :
But O ! how glorious shall she show,
When Jesus shall appear !
- 4 Thine eye shall all her form survey
With infinite delight,
Confess'd in that illustrious day,
Unblemish'd in thy sight.

703 vi. 11. *Put on the whole armour, &c.*

- 1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on ;
Strong in the strength which God supplies,
Thro' his eternal Son.

- 2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power ;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.
- 3 Put on, then, for the fight,
The armour of your God ;
And, trusting in your Leader's might,
Pursue the path he trod.
- 4 Lord, grant that, all things done
And all our conflicts past,
We may o'ercome thro' thee alone,
And stand entire at last.
-

PHILIPPIANS.

704 i. 6. *Being confident of this very, &c.*

- 1 Good is that work which God begins,
When men repent, and turn from sins,
And when, renew'd in heart and ways,
They live to celebrate his praise.
- 2 By him who its commencement wrought,
That work is to perfection brought ;
Perform'd in spite of foes and fears,
Till the great day of Christ appears.
- 3 His word this strong assurance gives ;
In saints the seed immortal lives ;
The pledge of grace, the earnest given,
Ensures the inheritance of heaven.

705 i. 21. *For to me to live is Christ, &c.*

- 1 THE solemn day is surely near,
The moment hastens on,

When we must quit this dusky sphere,
And fly to realms unknown.

2 O may we now in Jesus live,
And know his saving power ;
So shall his hand our souls receive
In our departing hour.

3 If Jesus is our life below,
E'en death shall be our gain ;
May he the sacred pledge bestow,
That we with him shall reign.

706 i. 23. *Having a desire to depart, &c.*

1 WHILE on the verge of life I stand,
And view the scene on either hand,
My spirit struggles with my clay,
And longs to wing its flight away.

2 Where Jesus dwells my soul would be,
And fain'ts my much-lov'd Lord to see ;
Earth, twine no more about my heart,
Oh ! 'tis far better to depart.

3 That blissful interview, how sweet !
To fall transported at his feet !
Rais'd in his arms, to view his face,
Thro' the full beamings of his grace!

707 ii. 5—8. *Let this mind be in you, &c.*

1 YE who the name of Jesus bear,
His sacred steps pursue :
And let that mind which was in him
Be also found in you.

2 Who tho' the form of God he bore,
And could not e'er esteem
It any robbery in himself
To equal God supreme !

- 3 His greatness he for us abas'd,
 For us his glory veil'd ;
 In human likeness dwelt on earth,
 His majesty conceal'd.
- 4 Not only as a man appears,
 But stoops a servant low ;
 Submits to death, and bears the cross
 In all its shame and woe.

708 ii. 9—11. *Wherefore God hath highly, &c.*

- 1 THE generous love of Christ to men
 With honors God hath crown'd,
 And rais'd the name of Jesus far
 Above all names renown'd.
- 2 That at this name with sacred awe,
 Each humbled knee should bow,
 Of hosts immortal in the skies,
 And nations spread below.
- 3 That all the vanquish'd powers of hell
 Might tremble at his word,
 And every tribe, and every tongue,
 Confess that he is Lord.

709 ii. 13. *For it is God which worketh, &c.*

- 1 'Tis God the Spirit leads,
 In paths before unknown ;
 The work to be perform'd is ours,
 The strength is all his own.
- 2 Assisted by his grace,
 We still pursue our way ;
 And hope at last to reach the prize,
 Secure in endless day.
- 3 'Tis he that works to will,
 'Tis he that works to do ;

His is the power by which we act,
His be the glory too.

710 iii. 9. *And he found in him.*

- 1 **BREATHE**, gracious Spirit! on my heart!
And strength and liberty impart,
To aid the tuneful sound:
Sweetly inspire my soul, to sing
Jesus my Saviour, God, and King;
In him may I be found.
- 2 Let the proud sons of earth proclaim
Their thirst for honor's empty name,
To make their joys abound:
I seek for honors from above,
The fruits of Christ's eternal love;
In him may I be found.
- 3 When life and mortal joys shall fail,
When passing thro' the gloomy vale,
His love shall me surround:
And when I at his bar appear,
And from his lips my sentence hear,
In him shall I be found.
- 4 When from the dust of death I rise,
And join the triumph of the skies,
To glory's utmost bound;
'Tis this shall make my anthems sweet,
And all my heavenly bliss complete,
That I in him am found.

711 iii. 14. *I press toward the mark, &c.*

- 1 **AWAKE**, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on:
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

- 2 'Tis God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high ;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.
- 3 That prize with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.
- 4 Blest Saviour, introduc'd by thee,
Have I my race begun ;
And crown'd with victory, at thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

712 iii. 20. *Our conversation is in heaven, &c.*

- 1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace ;
Rise from transitory things,
Towards heaven, thy native place ;
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove ;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepar'd above.
- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course ;
Fire ascending seeks the sun ;
Both speed them to their source :
So a spirit born of God
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.
- 3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize ;
Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies :

Yet a season, and you know,
 Happy entrance will be given ;
 All our sorrows left below,
 And earth exchang'd for heaven.

713 *iv. 4. Rejoice in the Lord alway.*

- 1 REJOICE, the Lord is King,
 Your God and King adore ;
 Mortals, give thanks, and sing,
 And triumph evermore !
 Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
 Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.
- 2 Rejoice, the Saviour reigns,
 The God of truth and love ;
 When he had purg'd our stains,
 He took his seat above :
 Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
 Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.
- 3 His kingdom cannot fail,
 He rules o'er earth and heaven ;
 The keys of death and hell
 Are to our Jesus given :
 Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
 Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.
- 4 Rejoice in glorious hope,
 Jesus the judge shall come,
 And take his servants up
 To their eternal home :
 We soon shall hear the archangel's voice,
 The trump of God shall sound, rejoice.

714 *iv. 11. For I have learned, in whatsoever, &c.*

- 1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
 Thy sovereign will denies,

Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise.

- 2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free ;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.
- 3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
My life and death attend ;
Thy presence thro' my journey smile,
And crown my journey's end.

715 iv. 13. *I can do all things, &c.*

- 1 JESUS, my Saviour, and my Lord !
'Tis good to trust thy name :
Thy power, thy faithfulness, and love,
Will ever be the same.
- 2 What tho' my griefs are not remov'd,
Yet why should I despair ?
While my kind Saviour's arms support,
I can the burden bear.
- 3 Weak as I am, yet, thro' thy grace,
I all things can perform ;
And, smiling, triumph in thy name,
Amid the raging storm.

716 iv. 19, 20. *But my God shall supply, &c.*

- 1 OUR God shall all our wants supply
From his redundant stores ;
And streams of mercy from on high
An arm almighty pours.
- 2 From Christ, the ever-living spring,
These ample blessings flow :
Prepare, my lips, his name to sing,
Whose heart hath lov'd us so.

- 3 Now to our Father and our God
 Be endless glory given,
 Thro' all the realms of man's abode,
 And thro' the highest heaven.

COLOSSIANS.

717 i. 12. *Giving thanks unto the Father, &c.*

- 1 ALL glorious God, what hymns of praise
 Shall our transported voices raise !
 What flaming love and zeal are due,
 While heaven stands open to our view !
- 2 Far, far beyond these mortal shores,
 A bright inheritance is ours ;
 Where saints in light our coming wait,
 To share their holy blissful state.
- 3 If now made meet for heaven we shine,
 Thine are the robes, the crown is thine :
 May endless years their course prolong,
 While "Thine the praise," is all our song.

718 i. 24. *And fill up that which, &c.*

- 1 THE sufferings which the body bears,
 Are still the sufferings of the Head,
 While every true disciple shares
 The cross on which his Saviour bled,
 The members all his cup partake,
 And daily die for Jesus' sake.
- 2 Whate'er the members must endure,
 Resign'd thro' life I undergo,
 Not grace nor pardon to procure,
 But Jesus' patient mind to show :

And, all his saving virtues prove,
Thro' sufferings perfected in love.

- 3 As favors from my kindest Lord,
My griefs I joyfully sustain,
Indulg'd to enhance my great reward,
When coming with his saints to reign,
I see, I meet the Crucified,
I sit triumphant at his side!

719 ii. 10. *Ye are complete in him.*

- 1 COME join, ye saints, with heart and voice,
Alone in Jesus to rejoice,
And worship at his feet :
Come, take his praises on your tongues,
And to him raise your thankful songs,
In him, ye are complete.
- 2 In him, who all our praise excels,
The fulness of the Godhead dwells,
And all perfections meet ;
The Head of all celestial powers,
Divinely theirs, divinely ours, —
In him ye are complete.
- 3 Releas'd from sin, and every fear,
You shall before his face appear,
Triumphant in his love :
There shall his praise be your employ,
And your salvation, glory, joy,
Completed be above.

720 ii. 15. *And having spoiled, &c.*

- 1 PROCLAIM inimitable love! —
Jesus, the Lord of worlds above,
Puts off the beams of bright array,
And veils the God in mortal clay.

- 2 He that distributes crowns and thrones,
Hangs on a tree and bleeds and groans;
The Prince of life resigns his breath;
The King of glory bows to death.
- 3 But see the wonders of his power!—
He triumphs in his dying hour;
And while by Satan's rage he fell,
He dash'd the rising hopes of hell.
- 4 Who shall fulfil this boundless song?
The theme transcends an angel's tongue!
How low, how vain are mortal airs,
When Gabriel's nobler harp despairs!

721 iii. 1. *If ye then be risen with Christ, &c.*

- 1 AT God's right hand, the Saviour sits
Enthron'd divinely fair;
Yet owns himself your brother still,
And your forerunner there.
- 2 Rise from these earthly trifles, rise
On wings of faith and love;
Jesus, your choicest treasure, dwells,
And be your hearts, above.
- 3 But earth and sin will drag us down,
When we attempt to fly;
Lord, send thy strong attractive force
To raise and fix us high.

722 iii. 2. *Set your affection on things, &c.*

- 1 I QUIT the world's fantastic joys,
Her honors are but idle toys,
Her bliss an empty shade;
Like meteors, in the midnight sky,
That glitter for awhile, and die,
Her glories flash; and fade.

- 2 Let fools for riches strive and toil,
 Let greedy minds divide the spoil,
 'Tis all too mean for me ;
 Above the earth, above the skies,
 My bold ambitious wishes rise
 To heaven, my God, and thee.
- 3 O source of glory, life, and love !
 When to thy courts I mount above,
 On contemplation's wings,
 I look, with pity and disdain,
 On all the pleasures of the vain,
 On all the pomp of kings.

723 iii. 3. *Your life is hid with Christ, &c.*

- 1 WITH sweet contentment now we bid
 Farewell to pleasures here ;
 With Christ in God our life is hid,
 And all its springs are there.
- 2 'Tis now conceal'd and lodg'd secure
 In God's eternal Son ;
 From age to age shall it endure,
 Tho' to the world unknown.
- 3 Jesus, remove whate'er divides
 Our lingering souls from thee ;
 'Tis fit that where the Head resides
 The members too should be.

724 iii. 11. *Christ is all, and in all.*

- 1 THOU hidden source of calm repose,
 Thou all-sufficient love divine ;
 Our strength—to quell the proudest foes,
 Our light—in deepest gloom to shine !
- 2 Jesus, our all in all thou art,
 Our rest in toil, our ease in pain:

The balm to heal each broken heart,
In storms our peace, in loss our gain:

- 3 In want our plentiful supply ;
In weakness our almighty power ;
In bonds our perfect liberty,
Our refuge in temptation's hour :
 - 4 Our joy, beneath the worldling's frown,
Our help and stay whene'er we call,
In shame our glory and our crown,
Our life in death—our all in all.
-

I THESSALONIANS.

725 ii. 19. *For what is our hope, &c.*

- 1 IN that dread day when Jesus comes
To raise his children from their tombs,
He'll take them to the seats above,
To dwell with him, the God of love.
- 2 The ransom'd race shall humbly stand,
In bright array, at his right hand ;
With joy, the faithful pastor there
Shall meet the objects of his care.
- 3 The flock will then the shepherd own,
And be his joy, and glorious crown,
While mutual love and friendship reign,
And smile thro' all the happy train.

726 iii. 8. *For now we live, if ye, &c.*

- 1 MAY we stand fast in thee,
Jesus, while tempests beat ;
And in thy guardian arms obtain
A calm and safe retreat.

406 1 THESSALONIANS.

- 2 Still be thy truth maintain'd,
And still thy word obey'd,
And to the merits of thy cross
A constant homage paid.
- 3 So shall thy shepherds live,
And raise their cheerful head,
And, in such blessings on their flock,
Confess their toils repaid.

727 iv. 13. *That ye sorrow not, even as, &c.*

- 1 WHILE to the grave our friends are borne,
Around their cold remains
How all the tender passions mourn,
And each fond heart complains !
- 2 But down to earth, alas ! in vain
We bend our weeping eyes !
Ah ! let us leave these seats of pain,
And upward learn to rise.
- 3 Hope, cheerful smiling thro' the gloom,
Beams forth a healing ray ;
And guides us from the darksome tomb,
To everlasting day.

728 iv. 14. *Them which sleep in Jesus.*

- 1 SAINTS die, and we should gently weep ;
Sweetly in Jesus' arms they sleep ;
Far from this world of sin and woe,
Nor sin, nor pain, nor grief they know.
- 2 Death is a sleep ; and O how sweet
To souls prepar'd its change to meet !
Their dying beds, their graves are bless'd,
For all to them is peace and rest.
- 3 Their bodies sleep, their souls take wing,
Uprise to heaven, and there they sing

With joy, before the Saviour's face,
Triumphant in victorious grace.

729 iv. 16, 17. *For the Lord himself shall, &c.*

- 1 We sing his love, who once was slain,
Who soon o'er death reviv'd again,
That all his saints thro' him might have
Eternal conquests o'er the grave.
 Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we
 Shall rise to immortality.
- 2 The saints who now in Jesus sleep
His own almighty power shall keep,
Till dawns the bright illustrious day,
When death itself shall die away.
 Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we
 Shall rise to immortality.
- 3 How loud shall our glad voices sing,
When Christ his risen saints shall bring
From beds of dust, and sleeping clay,
To realms of everlasting day.
 Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we
 Shall rise to immortality.
- 4 When Jesus we in glory meet,
Our utmost joys shall be complete ;
When landed on that heavenly shore,
Death and the curse shall be no more.
 Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we
 Shall rise to immortality.
- 5 Hasten, dear Lord, the glorious day,
And this delightful scene display,
When all thy saints from death shall rise,
Raptur'd in bliss beyond the skies.
 Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we
 Shall rise to immortality.

730 iv. 17. *So shall we ever be with, &c.*

- 1 **TRANSPORTING** tidings which we hear !
 What music to the pious ear !
 Christ loves each humble saint so well,
 He with his Lord shall ever dwell.
- 2 Blest Jesus, source of every grace,
 From far to view thy smiling face,
 While absent thus by faith we live,
 Exceeds all joys, that earth can give.
- 3 But O ! what ecstasy unknown
 Fills the wide circle round thy throne,
 Where every rapturous hour appears
 Nobler than millions of our years !
- 4 Millions by millions multiplied
 Shall ne'er thy saints from thee divide ;
 But the bright legions live and praise
 Thro' all thine own immortal days.

731 iv. 18. *Comfort one another with, &c.*

- 1 **THRO'** Christ when we together came,
 In singleness of heart ;
 We met, O Jesus ! in thy name,
 And in thy name we part.
- 2 O guide us by thy mighty hand,
 Thro' all our journey still ;
 And then united may we stand
 With thee on Zion's hill.
- 3 O what a glorious meeting there !
 In robes of white array'd,
 Palms in our hands we all shall bear,
 And crowns upon our head.
- 4 Then let us hasten to the day,
 When all shall be brought home ;

Come, O Redeemer, come away!
O Jesus, quickly come!

732 v. 4—6. *Ye are not in darkness, &c.*

- 1 **WHILE** a careless world is sleeping—
Then it is the day will come ;
Mirth shall then be turn'd to weeping ;
Sinners then must meet their doom ;
But the people of the Lord
Shall obtain their bright reward.
- 2 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.
- 3 Being of the favor'd number,
Whom the Saviour calls his own,
'Tis not meet that we should slumber,
Nothing should be left undone ;
This should be his people's aim,
Still to glorify his name.

2 THESSALONIANS.

733 i. 10. *When he shall come to be, &c.*

- 1 **YE** heavens, with sounds of triumph ring ;
Ye angels, burst into a song ;
Jesus descends, victorious king,
And leads his shining train along.
- 2 From realms of death, beneath the ground,
The saints, in countless millions, rise ;

MM

410 2 THESSALONIANS.

While angels stand admiring round,
And view the change with vast surprise.

3 Then let the sons of heaven draw nigh,
While to the astonish'd hosts you tell,
How feeble mortals rose so high
From graves and worms, from sin and hell.

4 Tell them in accents like their own,
What an incarnate God could do;
Then point to Jesus on the throne,
And boast that Jesus died for you.

5 Transported, they no more can hear;
Their voices catch the sacred name;
Harmonious to his Father's ear,
Jesus the God, their harps proclaim.

734 ii. 16. *Hath given us everlasting, &c.*

1 THANKS to my God for every gift
His bounteous hands bestow;
And thanks eternal for that love
Whence all those comforts flow.

2 For ever let my grateful heart
His boundless grace adore,
Which gives ten thousand blessings now,
And bids me hope for more.

3 Transporting hope! still on my soul
Let thy sweet glories shine,
Till thou thyself art lost in joys
Immortal and divine.

735 iii. 3. *But the Lord is faithful, &c.*

1 By me, O my Saviour, stand
In every trying hour;
Guard me with thy out-stretch'd hand,
And hold me by thy power;

Mindful of thy faithful word,
Thine all-sufficient grace bestow ;
Keep me, keep me, mighty Lord,
And never let me go.

- 2 Give me now a holy fear,
Commanding all my heart,
That I may from evil near,
With speedy care depart :
Still thy timely help afford,
And all thy loving-kindness show ;
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go.

736 iii. 5. *And the Lord direct your, &c.*

- 1 SPIRIT of God and glory ! send
Thine influence from above ;
Reveal in us the sinner's friend,
And shed abroad his love.
- 2 Direct our hearts with power divine,
To know the Father's grace,
And open all his great design
To save our wretched race.
- 3 To suffer, or to serve our Lord,
With patience persevere,
Till we, according to his word,
With him in heaven appear.

1 TIMOTHY.

737 i. 15. *This is a faithful saying, &c.*

- 1 JESUS, the eternal Son of God,
Whom angel hosts obey,
The bosom of the Father leaves,
And enters human clay.

- 2 Our Jesus saves from sin and hell,
 His words are true and sure,
 And on this rock our faith may rest
 Immoveably secure.
- 3 O let these tidings be receiv'd
 With universal joy,
 And worthy of the highest praise
 Our tuneful powers employ !
- 4 This bears my drooping spirits up,
 When various griefs surround ;
 The vilest sinner now may hope,
 Since I have mercy found.

738 *iii. 16. Seen of angels.*

- 1 BEYOND the glittering starry globes,
 Far as the eternal hills,
 There in the boundless worlds of light,
 Our great Redeemer dwells.
- 2 Legions of angels, strong and fair,
 In countless armies shine
 At his right hand, with golden harps,
 To offer songs divine.
- 3 While condescending here on earth
 To suffer rude disdain,
 They cast their honors at his feet,
 And waited in his train.
- 4 Thro' all his travels here below,
 They did his steps attend,
 Oft gaz'd, and wonder'd where at last,
 This scene of love would end.
- 5 They saw his heart transfix'd with wounds,
 His crimson sweat and gore ;
 They saw him break the bars of death,
 Which none e'er brake before.

- 6 They brought his chariot from above
 To bear him to his throne,
 Clapp'd their triumphant wings, and cried,
 "The glorious work is done!"

739 v. 6. *But she that lieth in pleasure, &c.*

- 1 THAT life, within a narrow ring
 Of giddy joys compris'd,
 Is falsely nam'd, and no such thing,
 But rather death disguis'd.
- 2 Can life in them deserve the name,
 Who only live to prove,
 For what poor joys they can disclaim
 An endless life above?
- 3 Who, much diseas'd, yet nothing feel,
 Much menac'd, nothing dread;
 Have wounds which only God can heal,
 Yet never ask his aid?
- 4 Ah! no; and such a state incurr'd
 Till man resign his breath,
 Speaks him a criminal, assur'd
 Of everlasting death.

740 yi. 16. *Dwelling in the light, &c.*

- 1 WHAT is our God, or what his name,
 Nor men can learn, nor angels teach;
 He dwells conceal'd in radiant flame,
 Where neither eyes nor thoughts can reach.
- 2 The spacious worlds of heavenly light,
 Compar'd with him, how short they fall!
 They are too dark, and he too bright,
 Nothing are they, and God is all!
- 3 Creator, God, eternal light,
 Fountain of good, tremendous power,

Ocean of wonders, blissful sight,
We trembling gaze, we low adore!

2 TIMOTHY.

741 i. 8. *Be not thou ashamed, &c.*

- 1 JESUS, and can it ever be
A mortal man asham'd of thee?
Scorn'd be the thought by rich and poor;
My soul shall scorn it more and more,
- 2 Asham'd of Jesus! yes I may,
When I've no crimes to wash away;
No tears to wipe, no joys to crave,
And no immortal soul to save!
- 3 Asham'd of Jesus! that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No: when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
- 4 Till then—nor is the boasting vain,
Till then I boast a Saviour slain:
And O may this my portion be,
That Saviour's not asham'd of me.

742 i. 10. *Who hath abolished death, &c.*

- 1 To HIM we raise our tuneful breath,
His glories to display,
Who only has abolish'd death,
And took its sting away.
- 2 Dying, he conquer'd all our foes,
He suffer'd in our stead;
And, when in triumph he arose,
Show'd death itself was dead.

- 3 Now in the gospel page we view
 A wondrous, glorious sight !
 Life and immortal glories too
 Therein are brought to light.
- 4 With these eternal truths, O Lord,
 Our inmost souls impress,
 That we may glory in thy word,
 The source of life and grace.

743 ii. 7. *Consider what I say, and the Lord, &c.*

- 1 THY blessing, now, O God, afford,
 Let great success attend thy word ;
 Let humble souls the truth embrace,
 Enforc'd by thine almighty grace.
- 2 May we the joyful tidings hear,
 With holy love, and godly fear ;
 And credit to the gospel give,
 As that blest word by which we live.
- 3 Thy sovereign power, O God, impart,
 And write thy law upon each heart ;
 Wisdom divine on us bestow,
 And may we practise as we know.

744 ii. 19. *The foundation of God standeth, &c.*

- 1 To THEE, great Architect on high,
 Immortal thanks and praise be paid,
 Who, to support thy sinking saints,
 Hast this most sure foundation laid.
- 2 Deep on our hearts, all gracious Lord,
 Do thou engrave its double seal ;
 Which, while it speaks thy honor'd name,
 Its sacred purpose shall reveal.
- 3 Known and approv'd as thine, the saints
 For ever dwell upon thy heart,

And, naming Christ's beloved name,
From all iniquity depart.

- 4 Here will we build our final hope ;
Here will we rest our weary souls ;
Majestic shall this fabric rise,
And stand while time's long current rolls.

745 iii. 5. *Having a form of godliness, &c.*

- 1 LONG have I seem'd to serve thee, Lord,
With unavailing pain,
Labor'd, and pray'd, and read thy word,
And heard it preach'd in vain.
- 2 Oft did I with the assembly join,
And near thine altar drew :
A form of godliness was mine,
The power I never knew.
- 3 For I of means have made my boast,
Of means an idol made !
The spirit in the letter lost,
The substance in the shade !
- 4 But now I learn thy will requires
Truth in the inward parts ;
Our full consent, our whole desires,
Our undivided hearts.
- 5 Where am I now, or what my hope ?
What can my weakness do ?
Jesus, to thee my soul looks up ;
'Tis thou must make it new.

TITUS.

746 ii. 14. *Who gave himself for us, that, &c.*

- 1 THE Saviour hung upon the tree,
For us his life he gave ;
Our souls, from all iniquity,
Our ransom'd souls, to save.
 - 2 He died, that we to sin might die,
And live to God alone ;
He died our hearts to purify,
And make them all his own.
 - 3 This is the dear, peculiar race,
The people doubly bought,
The elect of God, who sought his face,
And found the God they sought.
 - 4 Zealous of all good works they live,
And all good tempers show,
And still to God the glory give,
And live his life below.
-

PHILEMON.

747 i. 15. *He therefore departed for a season, &c.*

- 1 WHAT depths of wisdom and of grace
Do we in Jesus find,
Reflecting on his wondrous ways,
And mercy to mankind !
- 2 He marks the wretched state of man,
While far from him we rove,
And carries on the secret plan
Of his mysterious love.

- 3 Saviour, with thankful awe we see
 Thy mercy's strange design,
 Which let us swerve a while from thee,
 To make us always thine.
- 4 Thy servants and thy sons restor'd
 Thou kindly dost receive ;
 And happy with our heavenly Lord,
 We shall for ever live.
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HEBREWS.

748 i. 3, 4. *Who being the brightness, &c.*

- 1 BRIGHTNESS of the eternal Glory,
 Image of our God exprest,
 Jesus, let thy works adore thee,
 God supreme for ever blest !
 Still upheld by their Creator,
 Every work his power displays,
 Lord of universal nature,
 Take the universal praise !
- 2 From his heavenly throne descended,
 Son of God, and Son of man ;
 See him on a cross suspended,
 By his sinful creatures slain !
 By his one complete oblation,
 Jesus did the ransom pay ;
 Bore the fiery indignation,
 Cleans'd the stains of guilt away.
- 3 Object of their adoration,
 Saviour, thee thine angel-train
 Met with rapturous acclamation,
 Rising to thy courts again !

Still they shout, and fall before thee,
 Thee their great Creator own,
 Re-install'd in all thy glory,
 Bright on thine eternal throne !

749 i. 6. *And let all the angels, &c.*

- 1 Hark, ten thousand voices cry
 Victory, victory, thro' the sky !
 Swiftly flies the welcome sound,
 Spreading rapturous joy 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 honors 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 bow before him,
 Worship him, their glorious Lord ;
 All the powers of heaven adore him,
 All obey his sovereign word.

750 i. 12. *But thou art the same, &c.*

- 1 HIGH on his Father's royal seat,
 Our Jesus shone divinely great,
 Ere Adam's clay with life was warm'd,
 Or Gabriel's nobler spirit form'd.

- 2 Thro' all succeeding ages he
The same hath been, the same shall be;
Tho' states and kingdoms have decay'd,
And stars and suns wax old and fade.
- 3 The same his power his flock to guard;
The same his bounty to reward;
The same his faithfulness and love
To saints on earth, and saints above.
- 4 Let nature change, and sink, and die;
Jesus shall raise his chosen high,
And fix them near his stable throne,
In glory changeless as his own.

751 ii. 1. *Therefore we ought to give, &c.*

- 1 THY presence, gracious God afford,
Prepare us to receive thy word;
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mix'd with what we hear.
Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,
And crown thy gospel with success.
- 2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above;
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.
Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,
And crown thy gospel with success.
- 3 To us thy sacred word apply,
With sovereign power and energy;
And may we in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.
Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,
And crown thy gospel with success.

752 ii. 10. *For it became him, &c.*

- 1 IMMORTAL God, on thee we call,
The great original of all ;
Thro' thee we are, to thee we tend,
Our sure support, our glorious end.
- 2 We praise that wise mysterious grace,
That pitied our revolted race,
And Jesus, our victorious head,
The captain of salvation made.
- 3 He, thine eternal love decreed,
Should many sons to glory lead ;
And sinful worms to him are given,
A colony to people heaven.
- 4 Jesus for us, (O gracious name !)
Encounters agony and shame :
Jesus, the glorious and the great,
Was by his sufferings made complete.
- 5 A scene of wonders here we see,
Worthy thy Son, and worthy thee :
And while this theme employs our tongues,
All heaven unites its sweetest songs.

753 ii. 14. *Forasmuch then as the children, &c.*

- 1 SATAN, the dire invader came
To blast our holy joy ;
And death march'd dreadful in his rear
His captives to destroy.
- 2 Caught in his snares our father sunk ;
With him his children fell ;
And death his fatal shaft prepar'd
To smite them down to hell.
- 3 Jesus with pitying eye beheld,
And left his starry crown ;

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Turn'd his own weapons on the foe,
And mow'd his legions down.

- 4 By death the Saviour death disarm'd,
That we in light may shine ;
And fix'd this great mysterious law,
That dust should dust refine.

754 ii. 15. *Deliver them who through fear, &c.*

- 1 I CANNOT shun the *stroke* of death,
Lord, help me to surmount the *fear* ;
That when I must resign my breath,
Serene my summons I may hear.
- 2 On Jesus would I fix mine eyes,
Once dead, but now enthron'd on high :
Glorious I hope with him to rise ;
Why fear I, then, with him to die ?
- 3 Say *thou art mine*, and chase the gloom
Thick hanging o'er the vale of death ;
Then shall I, fearless, meet my doom,
And as a victor yield my breath.

755 ii. 18. *For in that he himself hath, &c.*

- 1 WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark and friends are few,
On him I lean, who not in vain
Experienc'd every human pain ;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.
- 2 When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And sore dismay'd my spirit dies,
Yet he who once vouchsaf'd to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly sooth, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

- 3 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while ;
Thou Saviour see'st the tears I shed,
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.
- 4 And O, when I have safely past
Thro' every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed—for thou hast died ;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

756 *iv. 9. There remaineth a rest for the, &c.*

- 1 THINE earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love ;
But there's a nobler rest above ;
To that our laboring souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire.
- 3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place ;
No groans to mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 3 No rude alarms of raging foes ;
No cares to break the long repose ;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 4 O long-expected day begin ;
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin :
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

757 *iv. 14, 15. Seeing that we have, &c.*

- 1 WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,

A great high priest our nature wears,
The patron of mankind appears.

- 2 He, who for men in mercy stood,
And pour'd for us his precious blood,
Pursues in heaven his plan of grace,
The Guardian of the human race.
- 3 Tho' now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.
- 4 In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of sorrows had a part:
He sympathizes in our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

758 iv. 16. *Let us come boldly unto the throne, &c.*

- 1 **BEHOLD** the throne of grace!
The promise calls me near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer,
- 2 That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see,
Provides for those who come to God
An all-prevailing plea.
- 3 My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since his own blood for thee he spilt,
What else can he withhold?
- 4 Beyond thy utmost wants,
His love and power can bless;
To praying souls he always grant;
More than they can express.

759 v. 10. *Called of God an high priest, &c.*

- 1 THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb !
We love to hear of thee :
No music like thy lovely name,
Can sound so sweet to me !
- 2 O may we ever hear thy voice !
In mercy to us speak !
And in our Priest will we rejoice,
Thou great Melchisedec !
- 3 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
While in this world we stay ;
We'll sing our Jesus' lovely name,
When all things else decay :
- 4 When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all his favor'd throng,
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Jesus be our song.

760 vi. 12. *But followers of them who, &c.*

- 1 FAREWELL, blest soul, a short farewell,
Till we shall meet again above,
In the sweet groves where pleasures dwell,
And trees of life bear fruits of love.
- 2 There glory sits on every face,
There friendship smiles in every eye,
There shall our tongues relate the grace,
That led us homeward to the sky.
- 3 How long must we lie lingering here,
While saints around us take their flight ?
Smiling, they quit this dusky sphere,
And mount the hills of heavenly light.
- 4 Thrice happy soul, enjoy thy rest,
In Christ thy Saviour and thy God,

Till we, from bands of clay releast,
Spring out and climb the shining road.

761 vi. 18. (*Ps. xlii. 7-9*) *Pro have fid, &c.*

- 1 JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!
- 2 Other refuges have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, sh. I leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stay'd,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head,
With the shadow of thy wing!
- 3 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Lies to all eternity!

762 vi. 20. *The forerunner is for us, &c.*

- 1 AMIDST the shining hosts above,
Where his bless'd smile new pleasure gives,
Where all is wonder, joy, and love,
There Jesus, our Forerunner, lives.
- 2 Before his heavenly Father's face,
For every saint he intercedes,

And with infallible success,
There Jesus, our Forerunner, pleads.

- 3 We shall, when we in heaven appear,
His praises sing, his wonders tell ;
And with our great Forerunner there
For ever, and for ever dwell.

763 vii. 25. *He is able to save to the, &c.*

- 1 YES, there is one who dwells on high,
Before the Father's face ;
Can save from sin and sin's desert,
By his unbounded grace.
- 2 Jesus Immanuel is his name,
Who suffer'd on the tree,
And bore the weight of all my sins,
And bled and died for me.
- 3 Lo, now he lives, he ever lives,
And pleads what he has done ;
While God ten thousand crimes forgives,
Thro' his atoning Son.
- 4 Now to thy cross, my Lord, I come,
And there would prostrate lie ;
Be thou propitious to my prayer,
Nor let a sinner die.

764 ix. 14. *How much more shall the blood, &c.*

- 1 BLESS'D be the Lamb, whose blood was spilt,
To sprinkle conscience from its guilt ;
To ease its pains, to calm its fears,
And grace secure for future years.
- 2 Cleans'd by this all-atoning blood,
We joy in free access to God,
The living God, before whose face
Sinners in vain shall seek a place.

- 3 Rouse thee, my soul, to serve him still
 With cordial love, with active zeal :
 Serve him, like his own Son divine,
 Who made his life the price of thine.

765 ix. 24. *To appear in the presence of, &c.*

- 1 ENTER'D the holy place above,
 Cover'd with meritorious scars,
 The tokens of his dying love
 Our great High-priest in glory bears ;
 He pleads his passion on the tree,
 He shows himself to God for me.
- 2 Before the throne my Saviour stands,
 My Friend and Advocate appears ;
 My name is graven on his hands,
 And him the Father always hears ;
 While low at Jesus' cross I bow,—
 He hears the blood of sprinkling now !

766 ix. 27. *It is appointed unto men once to die.*

- 1 ONCE you must die, and once for all ;
 The solemn purport weigh ;
 For know that heaven and hell are hung
 On that important day.
- 2 Those eyes, so long in darkness veil'd,
 Must wake the Judge to see,
 And every word and every thought
 Must pass his scrutiny.
- 3 O may I in the Judge behold
 My Saviour and my Friend,
 And far beyond the reach of death
 With all his saints ascend !

767 ix. 28. *Unto them that look for him, &c.*

- 1 BEHOLD the Son of God appears,
 And in his flesh our sins he bears ;

The victim at God's altar stood,
To expiate guilt by groans and blood.

- 2 But, lo! a second time he comes,
To shake the earth, and rend the tombs;
These heavens before him melt away,
And sun and stars in smoke decay.
- 3 Yet 'midst this general wreck and dread,
Ye saints, with triumph lift the head;
With glad surprise your Saviour meet,
Who comes to make your bliss complete.

768 x. 11, 12, 13. *And every priest, &c.*

- 1 THE Legal priests as servants stood,
And brought their offerings day by day,
Faint shadows of that sacred blood
Which takes our moral guilt away,
That one sufficient sacrifice,
By Christ presented to the skies.
- 2 He offer'd up himself entire,
And never need the death repeat;
Justice can nothing more require;
The sacrifice is all complete;
And seated by his Father's side
He rests, for ever glorified.
- 3 The Son, at God's right-hand he sits,
Expecting, in divine repose,
'Till earth to his command submits,
While trampling on his vanquish'd foes,
He mounts his great millennial throne,
And reigns o'er all his worlds alone!

769 x. 19—22. *Having boldness to enter, &c.*

- 1 APPROACH, ye children of your God,
Favorites of heaven draw near;

Enter the holiest with delight,
Tho' his own ark be there.

2 Pass thro' the veil, the Saviour's flesh,
That new and living way ;
And majesty enshrin'd in love
Shall gentle beams display.

3 Jesus with sin-atoning blood
The throne hath sprinkled o'er ;
His fragrant incense spreads its cloud,
And justice flames no more.

4 Approach with boldness and with joy,
But spotless all draw near ;
Pure be your lives from every stain,
And every conscience clear.

770 x. 25. *Not forsaking the assembling, &c.*

1 THE day approaches, O my soul,
The great decisive day,
Which from the verge of mortal life
Shall bear thee far away.

2 Yet does one short preparing hour,
One precious hour remain ;
Rouse thee, my soul, with all thy might,
Nor let it pass in vain.

3 With me my brethren soon must die,
And at that bar appear ;
Now be our intercourse improv'd
To mutual comfort here.

4 For this, thy temple, Lord, we throng ;
For this, thy board surround ;
Here may our service be approv'd,
And in thy presence crown'd.

771 xi. 13. *These all died in faith.*

- 1 **HAPPY** might I the grace receive
The life of faith in Christ to live,
On him in all events rely,
And leaning on his bosom die!
- 2 Then, while my spirit leaves its clay,
Let faith its strongest power display,
Surround me with celestial light,
And die *itself* in Jesus' sight.

772 xi. 14. *For they that say such things, &c.*

- 1 **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.
- 3 But hark! those distant sounds
That strike our listening ears—
They come from Canaan's happy bounds,
Where God our king appears.
Hallelujah!—&c.
- 4 There, in celestial strains,
Enraptur'd myriads sing;
There love in every bosom reigns,
For God himself is king.
Hallelujah!—&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 !

We are on our way to God.

773 xi. 16. *But now they desire a better, &c.*

1 BEYOND the dark and stormy bound,
That girds our dull horizon round,
A lovelier landscape swells :
Resplendent seat of light and peace !
In thee the sounds of conflict cease,
And glory ever dwells !

2 For thee the early patriarch sigh'd,
Thy distant beauty faint descried,
And hail'd the blest abode :
A stranger here, he sought a home,
Fix'd in a city yet to come,
The city of his God.

3 Oft by Siloa's sacred stream,
In heavenly trance and raptur'd dream,
To faithful Israel shown,
Triumphant over all her foes,
The true celestial Salem rose,
Jehovah's promis'd throne.

4 We too, O Lord, would seek that land,
Follow the tribes that crowd its strand,
From every peril sav'd ;
And wake as when in elder time,
Were marshall'd all thy hosts sublime,
And high thy banner wav'd !

774 xi. 24. *By faith, Moses, when he was, &c.*

1 My soul, with all thy waken'd powers,
Survey the heavenly prize ;
Nor let these glittering toys of earth
Allure thy wandering eyes.

- 2 The splendid crown, which Moses sought,
Still beams around his brow ;
Tho' soon the monarch's scepter'd pride,
Was taught by death to bow.
- 3 The joys and treasures of a day
I cheerfully resign ;
Rich in that large immortal store,
Secur'd by grace divine.
- 4 Let fools my wiser choice deride,
Angels and God approve ;
Nor scorn of men, nor rage of hell
My stedfast soul shall move.
- 5 With ardent eye that bright reward
I daily will survey ;
And, in the blooming prospect, lose
The sorrows of the way.

775 xi. 27. *As seeing Him who is invisible.*

- 1 **YES:** faith can pierce the awful gloom,
The great Invisible can see ;
And, with its tremblings, mingle joy
In fix'd regards, great God, to thee.
- 2 Then every tempting form of sin,
Sham'd in thy presence, disappears !
And all the glowing, raptur'd soul,
The likeness it contemplates, wears.
- 3 This one petition would it urge,
To bear thee ever in its sight ;
In life, in death, in worlds unknown,
Its only portion and delight.

776 xi. 40. *That they without us should not, &c.*

- 1 **HAPPY** the souls to Jesus join'd,
And sav'd by grace alone ;

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- Walking in all his ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.
- 2 The church triumphant in thy love,—
Their mighty joys we know :
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.
- 3 Thee, in thy glorious realm, they praise,
And bow before thy throne :
We, in the kingdom of thy grace ;
The kingdoms are but one.
- 4 The holy to the holiest leads ;
To that our spirits rise :
And he that in thy statutes treads
Shall meet thee in the skies.

777 xii. 1, 2. *Seeing we also are compassed, &c.*

- 1 **BEHOLD**, what witnesses unseen
Encompass us around ;
Men, once like us, with sufferings tried,
But now with glory crown'd.
- 2 Let us, with ardent zeal like theirs,
Our christian race begin ;
Be each encumbrance laid aside,
And each besetting sin.
- 3 A pattern, nobler far than theirs,
Demands our first regard ;
Jesus, the author of our faith,
Who gives the free reward.
- 4 To him, your glorious Chief, look up,
Whom future joy could move
To bear the cross, despise the shame,—
And now he reigns above.

778 xii. 2. *Looking unto Jesus.*

- 1 FOR us, our gracious God, appear,
And all our souls with comfort fill ;
That we in grace may persevere,
Looking, by faith, to Jesus still.
- 2 With patience, zeal, and holy love,
May we the appointed race fulfil ;
And all our hearts be fix'd above,
Looking, by faith, to Jesus still.
- 3 We'll welcome life, or welcome death,
Just as it please thy sovereign will ;
With joy we'll live, or yield our breath,
Looking, by faith, to Jesus still.

779 xii. 7, 8. *If ye endure chastening, &c.*

- 1 'Tis my happiness below
Not to live without the cross,
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss :
Trials must and will befall ;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscrib'd upon them all,
This is happiness to me.
- 2 God, in Israel, sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain, and toil ;
These spring up, and choke the weeds
Which would else o'erspread the soil :
Trials make the promise sweet,
Trials give new life to prayer ;
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.
- 3 Did I meet no trials here,
No corrections by the way ;

Might I not, with reason, fear
 I should prove a cast-away :
 Aliens may escape the rod,
 Sunk in earthly, vain delight ;
 But the true-born child of God
 Must not, would not, if he might.

780 xii. 9—12. *We have had fathers of our, &c.*

- 1 If fathers of our flesh we've had,
 And due obedience paid,
 The Father of our spirits then,
 Much more should be obey'd.
- 2 Parents may err ; but he is wise,
 Nor lifts the rod in vain ;
 His chastenings serve to cure the soul
 By salutary pain.
- 3 Affliction, when it spreads around,
 May seem a field of woe ;
 Yet there, at last, the happy fruits
 Of righteousness shall grow.
- 4 Then, let our hearts no more despond,
 Our hands be weak no more ;
 Still let us trust our Father's love,
 His wisdom still adore.

781 xiii. 5. *I will never leave thee, &c.*

- 1 How shall the Christian's noble mind,
 By grace renew'd, by heaven refin'd,
 Indulge a murmuring thought ?
 Shall he who claims Jehovah's strength,
 Who shall be brought to heaven at length,
 Bemoan his present lot ?
- 2 Forbid it, gracious God, he cries,
 Nor let the ungenerous thought arise,
 Offspring of discontent :

No, while my God, my Saviour lives,
Thankful I'll take whate'er he gives,
And prize the blessing sent.

- 3 Since he has said, " I'll ne'er depart ;"
I'll bind his promise to my heart,
Rejoicing in his care ;
This shall support while here I live,
And when in glory I arrive,
I'll praise him for it there.

782 xiii. 8. *Jesus Christ the same yesterday, &c.*

- 1 **WHAT** a changing world is this !
Void of all substantial bliss ;
All we see beneath the sun
In successive changes run ;
But our Jesus proves the same,
Endless blessings on his name.
- 2 Boundless goodness, love supreme,
Flow'd eternally from him :
Priests and prophets, all have told,
What he did for saints of old ;
Jesus Christ is still the same,
Endless blessings on his name.
- 3 Let us to his throne repair,
Wait with humble patience there ;
He will soon our cries attend,
Love and save us to the end ;
He will ever prove the same,
Endless blessings on his name.

783 xiii. 12. *Jesus also, that he might, &c.*

- 1 **THE** victim's flesh, without the camp,
Was burnt, as stain'd by sin,
Whose blood was for atonement brought
The holy place within.

- 2 So Christ his people sanctified
From every moral stain ;
When, with their guilt, beyond the gate,
An offering he was slain.
- 3 O let us also leave the camp,
Forth to the Saviour go,
Exulting loud in his reproach,
Our brightest meed below.

784 xiii. 14. *Here have we no continuing, &c.*

- 1 " 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 this thought our spirits cheer,
" We seek a city yet to come."
- 3 " We've no abiding city here,"
Then let us live as pilgrims do ;
Let not the world our rest appear,
But let us haste from all below.
- 4 " We've no abiding city here,"
We seek a city out of sight,
Zion its name,—the Lord is there,
It shines with everlasting light.
- 5 O! sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims, free from toil, are blest !
Had I the pinions of the dove,
I'd fly to thee, and be at rest,
- 6 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine !
The time my God appoints is best :
While here, to do his will be mine ;
And his, to fix my time of rest.

785 xiii. 20, 21. *Now the God of peace, &c.*

- 1 **FATHER** of peace, and God of love,
We own thy power to save;
That power by which our Shepherd rose
Victorious o'er the grave.
- 2 Him from the dead thou brought'st again,
When by his sacred blood,
Confirm'd, and seal'd for ever more,
The eternal covenant stood.
- 3 O to perfection's arduous height,
Progressive may we rise!
And all we speak, and all we do,
Be pleasing in thine eyes.

JAMES.

786 i. 17. *Every good gift, and every, &c.*

- 1 **FOUNTAIN** of good, from thee alone
Our every gift and comfort flows;
Whate'er we fondly call our own
Thy freely-streaming grace bestows:
Thy blessings all thro' Christ descend,
Our heavenly and eternal Friend.
- 2 What are thy gifts, compar'd to thee!
A beam from that bright-shining sun,
A drop from that unfathom'd sea,
Fountain of life, and love unknown!
Low at thy feet, O God, I fall:
O God, thou art mine all in all.

787 i. 18. *Of his own will begat he, &c.*

- 1 Now to that sovereign grace,
Whence all our comforts spring,

Let the whole new-begotten race,
Their cheerful praises bring.

2 His will first made the choice ;
His word the change hath wrought ;
In him our Father we rejoice,
Nor be the name forgot.

3 Lord, may this matchless love,
Which thine own children see,
Make us, from all thy creatures, prove
As the first-fruits to thee.

788 i. 23—25. *He is like unto a man, &c.*

1 BEHOLD the glass the gospel shows,
That men themselves may view :
How free from stain its surface is !
How polish'd, and how true !

2 Behold that wise, that perfect law,
Which liberty imparts ;
O may it all our souls refine,
And sanctify our hearts !

3 Not with a transient glance survey'd,
Forgotten in an hour,
But deep inscrib'd upon the mind,
To govern every power.

789 i. 27. *Pure religion, and undefiled, &c.*

1 SAVIOUR, in us that mind be shown,
That listens to the sufferer's cries,
The widow's and the orphan's groan,
And swift on wings of mercy flies,—
Flies to relieve the afflicted heart,
And every comfort to impart.

2 Thus shall we show thy grace within
Which purifies from every stain ;

Unspotted from the world and sin
 The honors of thy cause maintain,
 The influence of thy love display,
 And force thy foes to own its sway.

790 iv. 7, 8. *Submit yourselves to God, &c.*

- 1 Ye sinners, bend your stubborn necks
 Beneath the heavenly yoke ;
 In low submission bow ye down
 And pardoning grace invoke.
- 2 Resist the tempter's fierce attacks,
 And he shall speed his flight ;
 Draw near to God, and his embrace
 Shall fold' you with delight.
- 3 Ye sinners, cleanse your spotted hands,
 And purge your hearts from sin ;
 Here fix your long-divided views,
 And peace shall reign within.
- 4 Blest Saviour, draw us by thy love,
 And fix us by thy power ;
 When we have felt these sweet constraints,
 Our souls shall rove no more.

791 iv. 13, 14. *Go to now, ye that say, &c.*

- 1 To-morrow, Lord, is thine,
 Lodg'd in thy sovereign hand ;
 And if its sun arise and shine,
 It shines by thy command.
- 2 The present moment flies,
 And bears our life away ;
 O make thy servants truly wise,
 That they may live to-day.
- 3 Since on this winged hour
 Eternity is hung,

Waken by thine Almighty power
The aged and the young.

- 4 One thing demands our care ;
O be it still pursu'd !
Lest slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renew'd.

792 iv. 14. *For what is your life? &c.*

- 1 **WHAT** is life? 'Tis but a vapour,
Soon it vanishes away ;
Life is like a dying taper,
O my soul, why wish to stay ?
Why not spread thy wings and fly
Straight to yonder world on high ?

- 2 See that glory, how resplendent !
Brighter far than fancy paints ;
There in majesty transcendent,
Jesus reigns, the king of saints :
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world on high.

- 3 Joyful crowds his throne surrounding,
Sing with rapture of his love,
Thro' the heavens his praises sounding,
Filling all the courts above :
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world on high.

- 4 Go, and share his people's glory,
'Midst the ransom'd crowd appear,
Thine a joyful, wondrous story,
One that angels love to hear :
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world on high.

793 v. 1—3. *Ye rich men, weep and howl, &c.*

- 1 **BOAST** not of all thy store, vain man,
Thy heaps of shining gold;
If these are all, thou still art poor,
When all thy sums are told!
- 2 What art thou still without thy God,
His love, his truth, his word?
A poor, polluted, dying worm,
Tho' by thyself ador'd!
- 3 Empty and vain is all below,
And they who vainly trust
In sordid wealth, shall be condemn'd
By its corroding rust.

794 v. 13. *Is any among you afflicted? &c.*

- 1 **YE** mourning, ye afflicted saints,
To God make known your deep complaints;
From him, O never turn away,
But tho' afflicted, hope and pray.
- 2 He sees your sorrows, sighs, and tears;
Then all your griefs, and all your fears,
Still at his sacred footstool lay,
And, tho' afflicted, wait and pray.
- 3 Still trust your wise and faithful Friend;
Ere long your sorrows all shall end,
And you with thankful joy shall say,
That God has heard the afflicted pray.
- 4 Take comfort, then, in all your straits;
Know that his tender mercy waits,
His richest favors to display,
And ever hears you when you pray.

1 PETER.

795 i. 9. *Receiving the end of your, &c.*

1 **HAPPY** soul, thy days are ended,
 All thy mourning days below :
 Go, by angel-guards attended,
 To the sight of Jesus go !
 Waiting to receive thy spirit,
 Lo ! the Saviour stands above,
 Shows the purchase of his merit,
 Reaches out the crown of love.

2 **Struggle**, thro' thy latest passion,
 To thy dear Redeemer's breast,
 To his uttermost salvation,
 To his everlasting rest :
 For the joy he sets before thee,
 Bear a momentary pain,
 Die, to live a life of glory,
 Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

796 i. 12. *Which things the angels desire, &c.*

1 **O YE** immortal throng
 Of angels round the throne,
 Join with our feeble song
 To make the Saviour known :
 On earth ye knew His wondrous grace,
 His beauteous face In heaven ye view.

2 **Around** the bloody tree
 Ye press'd with strong desire,
 That wondrous sight to see,
 The Lord of life expire ;
 And, could your eyes Have known a tear,
 Had dropp'd it there In sad surprise.

- 3 Around his sacred tomb
 A willing watch ye keep ;
 Till the blest moment come
 To rouse him from his sleep ;
 Then roll'd the stone, And all ador'd
 Your rising Lord, With joy unknown.
- 4 When all array'd in light
 The shining Conqueror rode,
 Ye hail'd his rapturous flight
 Up to the throne of God ;
 And wav'd around Your golden wings,
 And struck your strings Of sweetest sound.
- 5 The warbling notes pursue,
 And louder anthems raise ;
 While mortals sing with you
 Their own Redeemer's praise :
 And thou, my heart, With equal flame,
 And joy the same, Perform thy part.

797 i. 18. *Forasmuch as ye know that, &c.*

- 1 ENSLAV'D by sin, and bound in chains,
 Beneath its dread tyrannic sway,
 And doom'd to everlasting pains,
 We wretched guilty captives lay.
- 2 Nor gold nor gems could buy our peace ;
 Nor the whole world's collected store
 Suffice to purchase our release ;
 A thousand worlds were all too poor.
- 3 Jesus, the spotless Lamb of God,
 An all-sufficient ransom paid :
 Invalued price ! his precious blood
 Was for rebellious traitors shed.

798 i. 19. *The precious blood of Christ.*

- 1 LET the bold sceptic still deride
Our hope in Jesus crucified,
When he for sinners stood
Their surety, and a ransom paid,
When all our sins on him were laid ;
How precious is his blood !
- 2 Our boast is Christ the crucified ;
By precious blood we're justified,
Accepted in the Lord ;—
His blood shall cleanse from every stain,
Our peace and purity obtain,—
Its wonders we record.
- 3 Ye trembling sinners, thankful hear
The voice of mercy ; nor despair,
Nor weep a useless flood !
Behold the Lamb for sinners slain,
Pardon and peace your souls shall gain,
Thro' Jesus' " precious blood !"

799 i. 22. *Unfeigned love of the brethren.*

- 1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in christian love ;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers ;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes ;
Our mutual burdens bear ;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

- 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain ;
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

800 ii. 4, 5. *To whom coming, as unto, &c.*

- 1 SEE the foundation laid
By Power and Love divine ;
Jesus, his first-born son,
How bright his glories shine !
Lo ! he descends, In dust he lies,
That from his tomb A church might rise.
- 2 But he for ever lives,
Nor for himself alone ;
Each saint new life obtains
From this mysterious stone ;
His influence darts Thro' every soul,
And in one house Unites the whole.
- 3 To him with joy we move ;
In him cemented stand ;
The living temple grows,
And owns the Founder's hand :
That structure, Lord, Still higher raise,
Louder to sound Its Builder's praise.

801 ii. 7. *Unto you which believe, he, &c.*

- 1 JESUS, I love thy charming name ;
'Tis music to mine ear ;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven should hear.
- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport, and my trust :
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

- 3 All my capacious powers can wish
 In thee supremely meet :
 Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
 Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
 And sheds its fragrance there ;
 The noblest balm of all its wounds,
 The cordial of its care.
- 5 I'll speak the honors of thy name
 With my last laboring breath ;
 When speechless, clasp thee in mine arms,
 My joy in life and death.

802 ii. 9. *That ye should show forth, &c.*

- 1 O LET us all thy mind express,
 Stand forth thy chosen witnesses !
 Thy power unto salvation show,
 And perfect holiness below.
- 2 The fulness of thy grace receive,
 And simply to thy glory live ;
 Strongly reflect the light divine,
 And in a land of darkness shine.
- 3 In us let all mankind behold
 How Christians liv'd in days of old ;
 Mighty their envious foes to move,
 A proverb of reproach—and love.
- 4 O make us of one soul and heart,
 The all-conforming mind impart ;
 Spirit of peace, and unity,
 Taught, and renew'd, and rul'd, by Thee !

803 ii. 15. *For so is the will of God, &c.*

- 1 SINCE we must here with scoffers dwell,
 Who dare thy truth oppose,

Help us, O God, by doing well,
To silence all thy foes.

2 Within our minds inscribe thy law ;
Direct us in thy way ;
Our souls to swift obedience draw,
And guard us lest we stray.

3 Let prudence, tenderness, and love,
Thro' all our actions shine ;
Thus shall our conversation prove
Our faith and hope divine.

4 And thus shall they be put to shame,
Who dare reproach thy cause ;
Sinners shall learn to fear thy name,
And love thy holy laws.

804 ii. 21. *Because Christ suffered for us, &c.*

1 Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power,
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with him one bitter hour ;
Turn not from his griefs away,
Learn of him to watch and pray.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall ;
View the Lord of life arraign'd ;
O the wormwood and the gall !
O the pangs his soul sustain'd !
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss ;
Learn of him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb,
There, adoring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete ;
Hark to his expiring cry !
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

- 4 Hasten to the tomb to weep,
 Where they laid his breathless clay;
 Angel-guards their vigils keep:
 Who hath taken him away?
 Christ is risen:—He meets our eyes;
 Saviour, teach us thus to rise.

805 v. 6. *Humble yourselves under the, &c.*

- 1 BENEATH thy mighty hand, O God,
 Our souls we prostrate low;
 Shine forth with gentle radiant beams,
 That we thy name may know.
- 2 Thy hand this various frame produc'd,
 And still supports it well;
 That hand with justice and with ease
 Might smite our souls to hell.
- 3 Conscious of meanness and of guilt,
 We in the dust would lie;
 Stretch forth thy condescending arm,
 And lift the humble high.

806 v. 7. *Casting all your care upon, &c.*

- 1 COME, O my soul, with all thy care,
 And cast it on thy God;
 He knows all thy distress and fear,
 And will sustain thy load.
- 2 His gracious word invites thee nigh,
 With all thy weighty grief;
 He will attend thy mournful cry,
 And send thee quick relief.
- 3 Weak as thou art, approach his throne,
 Nor doubt of aid divine:
 He makes thy sorrows all his own,
 And all his blessings thine.

- 4 Remove the burden which we bring,
The ponderous load we bear,
That we may tune our lips to sing
Of thine indulgent care.

807 v. 10, 11. *But the God of all grace, &c.*

- 1 How rich thy favors, God of grace!
How various and divine!
Full as the ocean they are pour'd,
And bright as heaven they shine.
- 2 He to eternal glory calls,
And leads the wondrous way
To his own palace, where he reigns
In uncreated day.
- 3 He perfects what his hand begins,
And stone on stone he lays:
Till firm and fair the building rise,
A temple to his praise.
- 4 The songs of everlasting years
That mercy shall attend,
Which leads, thro' sufferings of an hour,
To joys, that never end.

2 PETER.

808 i. 19. *We have a more sure word, &c.*

- 1 THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.
- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun;
It gives a light to every age,
It gives, but borrows none.

- 3 The hand that gave it, still supplies
 The gracious light and heat ;
 His truths upon the nations rise,
 They rise but never set.
- 4 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
 For such a bright display,
 As makes a world of darkness shine
 With beams of heavenly day.

809 iii. 3—7. *Knowing this first, that there, &c.*

- 1 Lo ! in the last of days behold,
 A faithless race arise ;
 Their lawless lust their only rule ;
 And thus the scoffer cries :
- 2 “ Where is the promise deem’d so true,
 “ That spoke the Saviour near ?
 “ E’er since our fathers slept in dust,
 “ No change has reach’d our ear.”
- 3 Thus speaks the scoffer ; but he knows,
 When men began to stray,
 At heaven’s command a deluge swept
 The godless race away.
- 4 A different fate is now prepar’d
 For nature’s trembling frame ;
 Soon shall her orbs be all enwrap’t
 In one devouring flame.
- 5 Reserv’d are sinners for the hour
 When to the gulph below,
 With the strong hand of sovereign power,
 The Judge consigns his foe.

810 iii. 8, 9. *Be not ignorant of this one, &c.*

- 1 Tho’ now, ye just, the time may seem
 Protracted, dark, unknown ;

An hour, a day, a thousand years,
To heaven's great Lord are one.

- 2 'Tis for his chosen's sake he bears
With all the apostate race,
Who scorn the terrors of his word,
And trample on his grace :
- 3 That none of those whom he foreknew
May perish with the slain ;
That all, in this accepted day,
Repentance may obtain.

811 iii. 10—12. *But the day of the Lord, &c.*

- 1 Lo ! as the midnight thief who lurks
To seize the expected prize,
So steals the hour when Christ shall come,
And thunder rend the skies.
- 2 Then, at the loud tremendous peal,
The heavens shall burst away ;
The elements shall melt in flame
At nature's final day.
- 3 The earth, and all the boasted works
Which men so much admire,
In that great day shall be destroy'd
With all-devouring fire.
- 4 Since all these things shall be dissolv'd,
And into ruin fall,
To live to God, unstain'd by sin,
How solemn is the call !
- 5 Still hastening to the joyful day,
When Christ, the Lord, shalt come,
And his all-quickening voice shall raise,
Our bodies from the tomb !

1 JOHN.

812 i. 3. *Truly our fellowship is with the, &c.*

- 1 OUR heavenly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near;
With both our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.
- 2 God pities all our griefs;
He pardons every day;
Almighty to protect our souls,
And wise to guide our way.
- 3 Jesus, our living Head,
We bless thy faithful care;
Our advocate before the throne,
And our forerunner there.
- 4 Here fix, our roving hearts;
Here wait, our warmest love;
Till the communion be complete
In nobler scenes above.

813 i. 7. *The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth, &c.*

- 1 My various powers awake
To sound redeeming grace;
To Him, that wash'd us in his blood,
Ascribe eternal praise.
- 2 What tho' our guilt appears
Of deep and crimson stains?
That stream shall cleanse them all away
Which flow'd from Jesus' veins.
- 3 'Midst all our various forms,
We in this centre meet;
Our hearts, cemented by his love,
Shall taste communion sweet.

- 4 Then let us walk in light,
Like Christ whose name we bear ;
And as the pledge of endless bliss,
Our Father's image wear.

814 ii. 1. *We have an Advocate with the, &c.*

- 1 Look up, my soul, with cheerful eye,
See where the great Redeemer stands,
The glorious Advocate on high,
With precious incense in his hands.
- 2 He sweetens every humble groan,
He recommends each broken prayer ;
Recline thy hope on him alone,
Whose power and love forbid despair.
- 3 Teach my weak heart, O gracious Lord,
With stronger faith to call thee mine ;
Bid me pronounce the blissful word,
My Father, God, with joy divine.

815 ii. 2. *He is the propitiation, &c.*

- 1 O THOU that hear'st the prayer of faith,
Wilt thou not save a soul from death,
That casts itself on thee ?
I have no refuge of mine own,
But fly to what my Lord hath done,
And suffer'd once for me !
- 2 Deliver'd in the sinner's stead,
Thy spotless righteousness I plead,
And thine availing blood ;
That righteousness my robe shall be,
Thy merit shall atone for me,
And bring me near to God.
- 3 Then snatch me from eternal death,
The spirit of adoption breathe,
His consolation send ;

By him some word of life impart,
 And softly whisper to my heart,
 " Thy Maker is thy friend."

816 ii. 17. *And the world passeth away, &c.*

- 1 **WORLD** adieu! thou cruel cheat,
 Oft have thine alluring charms
 Fill'd my heart with fond conceit,
 Foolish hopes and false alarms :
 Now I see, as clear as day,
 How thy follies pass away.
- 2 Vain thine entertaining sights,
 False thy promises renew'd,
 All the pomp of thy delights
 Does but flatter and delude :
 Thee I quit for heaven above,
 Object of the noblest love.
- 3 Foolish, changing world, farewell,
 More inconstant than the wave !
 Where thy soothing fancies dwell,
 Every feeling they deprave :
 He, to whom I fly from thee,
 Jesus Christ, shall set me free.

817 ii. 28. *And not be ashamed before, &c.*

- 1 **WHEN** rising from the bed of death,
 O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
 I see my Maker face to face,
 O how shall I appear !
- 2 If yet while pardon may be found,
 And mercy may be sought,
 My heart with inward horror shrinks,
 And trembles at the thought :
- 3 When thou, O Lord ! shalt stand' disclos'd
 In majesty severe,

And sit in judgment on my soul,
O how shall I appear!

- 4 But never shall my soul despair,
Thy mercy to procure,
Since Christ, thine only Son, has died,
To make that pardon sure.

818 iii. 2. *We shall see him as he is.*

- 1 WE ask no other heaven than this,
To see the Saviour "as he is;"
To take our place around his throne,
And know as we ourselves are known.
- 2 Where Jesus is, 'tis heaven to be,
'Tis heaven the Saviour's face to see;
We know, tho' all the world revile,
Celestial joy is in his smile.
- 3 The little that on earth is known
Makes us impatient to be gone,
To see the object of our love,
To "see him as he is," above.

819 iii. 8. *For this purpose the Son of God, &c.*

- 1 WHEN, by the Tempter's wiles betray'd,
Adam, our head and parent, fell;
Unknown before, a pleasure spread,
Thro' all the mazy deeps of hell.
- 2 Infernal powers rejoic'd to see
The new-made world destroy'd, undone;
But God proclaims his great decree,
Of grace and mercy thro' his Son.
- 3 Thus God declares, and Christ descends,
In human form to bleed and die;
Whilst by his death, death's empire ends,
And all the sons of darkness fly.

- 4 Rising, the King of glory deals
 Destruction to his numerous foes ;
 His power the daring tempter feels,
 And sinks oppress'd beneath his woes.

820 iii. 20, 21. *If our heart condemn us, &c.*

- 1 O THOU, great God, whose piercing eye
 Distinctly marks each deep recess,
 In these sequester'd hours draw nigh,
 And with thy presence fill the place.
- 2 Thro' all the windings of my heart,
 My search let heavenly wisdom guide,
 And still its radiant beams impart,
 Till all be known, and purified.
- 3 Then with the visits of thy love,
 Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer :
 Till every grace shall join to prove,
 That God has fix'd his dwelling there.

821 iv. 8. *God is love.*

- 1 COME, ye who know the Saviour's name,
 And lift your souls above ;
 Let every heart and voice accord,
 To sing that God is love.
- 2 This precious truth his word reveals,
 And all his mercies prove ;
 Jesus, the gift of gifts, appears,
 To show that God is love.
- 3 Behold his patience lengthen'd out,
 To those who from him rove ;
 And calls effectual reach their heart,
 To teach them God is love.
- 4 The work begun is carried on,
 By strength from heaven above ;

And every step, from first to last,
Proclaims that God is love.

822 iv. 18. *Perfect love casteth out, &c.*

- 1 O FOR new strength to praise the Lord,
New language and new love !
Warm with devotion's ardent flame,
Touch'd from the fire above !
- 2 Oh may thy glory fill my heart,
Which fill'd thy temple here !
And love, made perfect, far remove
The soul-tormenting fear.
- 3 Love that comprises each command,
The essence of each grace ;
Which only swift obedience proves,
Unfix'd by time or place.

823 iv. 19. *We love him, because he first, &c.*

- 1 O GOD, our Saviour, thee we love,
Not for the hope of joys above—
Not for the fear of pain below ;
What love from hope or fear can flow ?
- 2 The cruel spear—the shameful cross—
The agonies of grief—the loss
Of every joy, our Lord sustain'd ;
In death, his love to sinners reign'd.
- 3 Not that we may in glory sit,
Nor to escape the flaming pit ;
'Tis this our torpid soul has mov'd,
To love as Christ himself has lov'd.
- 4 Our God, who made us from the dust,
Our King, most holy, wise, and just,
First lov'd us, and with warm return
Of love to him, our hearts should burn.

824 v. 6. *This is he that came by water, &c.*

- 1 **WHERE** shall I wash these stains away,
And make my nature clean,
Since drops of penitential grief
Are tinctur'd still with sin?
- 2 Behold a torrent all divine
Flows from the Saviour's side,
And strangely bears a crystal stream
Amidst the purple tide.
- 3 Here will I bathe my spotted soul,
And make it pure and fair ;
Till not the eye of God discern
One foul pollution there.

825 v. 10. *He that believeth on the Son of, &c.*

- 1 **QUESTIONS** and doubts be heard no more ;
Let Christ and joy prefer their claim ;
His Spirit seals his gospel sure
To every soul that trusts his name.
- 2 Jesus, thy witness speaks within ;
The mercy which thy words reveal
Refines the heart from sense and sin,
And stamps its own celestial seal.
- 3 'Tis God's inimitable hand
That moulds and forms the heart anew ;
Blasphemers can no more withstand,
But bow and own thy doctrine true.
- 4 The guilty wretch that trusts thy blood,
Finds peace and pardon at the cross ;
The sinful soul averse to God,
Believes and loves his Maker's laws.
- 5 Learning and wit may cease their strife
When miracles with glory shine ;

The voice that calls the dead to life,
Must be almighty and divine.

826 v. 12. *He that hath the Son, hath life, &c.*

- 1 O HAPPY Christian, who can boast,
"The Son of God is mine!"
Happy, tho' humbled in the dust,
Rich in this gift divine.
 - 2 He lives the life of heaven below,
And shall for ever live;
Eternal streams from Christ shall flow,
And endless vigour give.
 - 3 That life we ask with bended knee,
Nor will the Lord deny;
Nor will celestial mercy see
Its humble suppliants die.
 - 4 That life obtain'd, for praise alone
We wish continu'd breath;
And, taught by blest experience, own
That praise can live in death.
-

2 JOHN.

827 5, 6. *Not as though I wrote a new, &c.*

- 1 JESUS, soft harmonious name,
Every faithful heart's desire!
See thy followers, Holy Lamb!
All at once to thee aspire:
Drawn by thine uniting grace,
After thee we swiftly run;
While we humbly seek thy face;
Come and perfect us in one!

- 2 Now subdue our harsher will ;
 Each to each our tempers suit,
 By thy modulating skill,
 Heart to heart, as lute to lute ;
 Sweetly on our spirits move ;
 Gently touch the trembling strings ;
 Make the harmony of love
 Music for the King of kings !
- 3 See the souls that hang on thee ;
 Sever'd tho' in flesh we are,
 Join'd in spirit all agree ;
 All thy matchless grace declare.
 Spread thy love to all around ;
 Hark ! we now our voices raise !
 Joyful and harmonious sound,
 Sweetest symphony of praise !
-

3 JOHN.

828 7. *For his name's sake they went forth, &c.*

- 1 YE messengers of Christ,
 His sovereign voice obey ;
 Arise, and follow where he leads,
 And peace attend your way !
- 2 The Master whom you serve
 Will needful strength bestow :
 Depending on his promis'd aid,
 With sacred courage go.
- 3 Go, spread a Saviour's fame ;
 And tell his matchless grace,
 To the most guilty and deprav'd
 Of Adam's numerous race.

- 4 We wish you, in his name,
The most divine success ;
Assur'd that he who sends you forth
Will your endeavours bless.

829 8. *That we might be fellow-helpers to the, &c.*

- 1 THE glorious universe around,
The heavens with all their train,
Sun, moon, and stars, are firmly bound
In one mysterious chain.
- 2 God in creation thus displays
His wisdom and his might,
While all his works, with all his ways
Harmoniously unite.
- 3 In one fraternal bond of love,
One fellowship of mind,
His saints below and saints above
Their bliss and glory find.
- 4 Here, in their house of pilgrimage,
His statutes are their song ;
There, thro' one bright eternal age,
His praises they prolong.
- 5 Lord ! may our union form a part
Of this thrice happy whole,—
Receive its pulse from Thee, the heart,
Its life from Thee, the soul.

JUDE.

830 18—21. *There should be mockers in, &c.*

- 1 WHILE sinners, who presume to bear
The Christian's sacred name,
Throw up the reins to every lust,
And glory in their shame ;

- 2 Ye saints, preserv'd in Christ, and call'd,
 Detest their impious ways,
 And on the basis of your faith
 A heavenly temple raise.
- 3 Upon the Spirit's promis'd aid
 Depend from day to day,
 And, while he breathes his quickening gale,
 Adore, and praise, and pray.
- 4 Preserve unquench'd your love to God,
 And let the flame arise,
 And higher and still higher blaze,
 'Till it ascend the skies.
- 5 With a transporting joy expect
 The grace your Lord shall give,
 When all his saints shall from his hands
 Their crowns of life receive.

REVELATION.

831 *i. 1. The Revelation of Jesus Christ, &c.*

- 1 SEE, ye heirs of sure salvation,
 Jesus' all majestic grace,
 At his final revelation,
 While he gloriously displays
 All his splendor,
 All the Godhead in his face!
- 2 From the mystic volume hearing
 How his kingdom is restor'd,
 Gaze ye on his last appearing:
 True to his prophetic word,
 Lo, he cometh!
 Go ye forth to meet your Lord.

- 3 To his royal proclamation
 Manifested here, attend,
 From his state of exaltation
 While he doth with pomp descend,
 Brings the kingdom,
 Gives the joy that ne'er shall end.

832 i. 4. *The seven Spirits which are before, &c.*

- 1 CREATOR Spirit ! by whose aid
 The world's foundations first were laid,
 Come, visit every pious mind,
 Come, pour thy joys on all mankind :
 From sin and sorrow set us free,
 And make us temples worthy thee.
- 2 PLETHEOUS of grace, descend from high,
 Rich in thy seven-fold energy ;
 Give us thyself, that we may see
 The Father and the Son by thee ;
 Make us eternal truths receive,
 And practise all that we believe.
- 3 IMMORTAL honor, endless fame,
 Attend the Almighty Father's name ;
 Let God the Son be glorified,
 Who for lost man's redemption died ;
 And equal adoration be,
 Eternal Spirit ! paid to thee.

833 i. 7. *Behold, he cometh with clouds, &c.*

- 1 Lo ! He comes with clouds descending,
 Once for favor'd sinners slain !
 Thousand, thousand saints attending,
 Swell the triumph of his train :
 Hallelujah !
 Jesus comes, and comes to reign.

- 2 Every eye shall now behold him,
 Rob'd in dreadful majesty !
 Those who set at nought and sold him,
 Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see !
- 3 When the solemn trump has sounded,
 Heaven and earth shall flee away ;
 All who hate him must, confounded,
 Hear the summons of that day ;
 Come to judgment !
 Come to judgment ! come away.
- 4 Yea, amen ! let all adore thee,
 High on thine eternal throne !
 Saviour, take the power and glory ;
 Make thy righteous sentence known !
 O come quickly,
 Claim the kingdom for thine own !

834 i. 10. *I was in the Spirit on the, &c.*

- 1 GREAT God, this sacred day of thine
 Demands our souls' collected powers :
 May we employ in work divine
 These solemn, these devoted hours !
 O may our souls, adoring, own
 The grace which calls us to thy throne !
- 2 Hence, ye vain cares and trifles, fly !
 Where God resides appear no more !
 Omniscient God ! thy piercing eye
 Can every secret thought explore.
 O may thy grace our hearts improve,
 And fix our thoughts on things above !
- 3 Thy Spirit's powerful aid impart :
 O may thy word, with life divine,

Engage the ear, and warm the heart;
 Then shall the day indeed be thine :
 Then shall our souls, adoring, own
 The grace, which calls us to thy throne.

835 i. 13—16. *And in the midst of the, &c.*

- 1 **STATELY** the Saviour's garments flow,
 Clad with salvation all around ;
 Such majesty, and beauty too,
 In Christ, our King and Priest, abound.
- 2 His radiant eyes are all divine,
 And beam the language of his heart ;
 As flames of fire, how bright they shine,
 And bid the shades of death depart.
- 3 Ten thousand stars he calls his own,
 And holds them forth in his right hand ;
 Created by his power alone,
 They rise and shine at his command.
- 4 Not many waters can compose
 Sounds so delightful as his voice ;
 From his dear lips such music flows,
 As bids the sons of grief rejoice.
- 5 His feet the finest brass excel,
 Burn'd in a furnace, while he bore
 Grievs deeper than the deepest hell,
 That never mortal felt before.
- 6 Forth from his mouth the two-edg'd sword,
 From conquering, and to conquer goes ;
 He rules his people by his word,
 But pours his vengeance on his foes.

836 i. 17, 18. *Fear not; I am the first, &c.*

- 1 **WHAT** mysteries, Lord, in thee combine !
 Jesus, once mortal, yet divine ;

The First, and Last, Beginning, End ;
Behold him to the grave descend !

- 2 Hail, royal Conqueror o'er the grave,
Tender to pity, strong to save !
For ever live, for ever reign,
The glories of thy state maintain !
- 3 Hail to thee, Prince of peace and life,
Victorious o'er the mortal strife ;
The sovereign power becomes thee well,
Thine are the keys of death and hell !
- 4 In the full choir where angels join
Their harps of melody divine,
Thy death inspires a song of praise,
Thy life yields joy thro' endless days.

837 ii. 1. *He that holdeth the seven stars, &c.*

- 1 We bless the eternal source of light,
Who makes the stars to shine ;
And, thro' this dark beclouded world,
Diffuses rays divine.
- 2 We bless the church's sovereign King,
Whose golden lamps they are ;
Fix'd in the temples of his love
To shine with radiance fair.
- 3 Still be their purity preserv'd ;
Still fed with oil the flame ;
And in deep characters inscrib'd
Their heavenly Master's name.
- 4 Then, while between their ranks he walks,
And all their state surveys,
His smiles shall with new lustre deck
The people of his praise.

838 ii. 2—7. *I know thy works, and thy, &c.*

- 1 **THUS** spake the Lord, "thy works are known,
 " Thy patience, and thy toil, I own ;
 " Thy views of gospel truth are clear,
 " Nor canst thou evil workers bear.
- 2 " Yet I must blame while I approve ;
 " Where is thy first, thy fervent love ?
 " Dost thou forget my love to thee,
 " That thine is grown so faint to me ?
- 3 " Recall to mind the happy days
 " When thou wast fill'd with joy and praise ;
 " Repent, thy former works renew,
 " Then I'll restore thy comforts too.
- 4 " Return at once, when I reprove,
 " Lest I thy candlestick remove ;
 " And thou, too late, thy loss lament ;
 " I warn before I strike—Repent."

839 ii. 10. *Be thou faithful unto death, &c.*

- 1 **OUR** Captain leads us on,
 He beckons from the skies,
 He reaches out a starry crown,
 And bids us take the prize.
- 2 " Be faithful unto death
 " Partake my victory,
 " And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath,
 " And thou shalt reign with me."
- 3 'Tis thus the righteous Lord
 To every soldier saith ;
 Eternal life is the reward
 Of all-victorious faith.
- 4 **WHO** conquer in his might
 The victor's meed receive,

RR

They claim a kingdom in his right,
Which God shall freely give.

840 ii. 17. *To him that overcometh will I, &c.*

- 1 GIRD on your arms, ye warrior-band,
Conquest is yours, if firm ye stand :
What tho' you dwell in Satan's seat,
Him you shall tread beneath your feet.
- 2 The hidden manna shall sustain
Your souls in conflict and in pain ;
And from above will Christ bestow
A name which victors only know.
- 3 A mystic tablet safe records
The name which all your toil rewards :
That name, engrav'd on the white stone,
Is read by conquering faith alone.

841 ii. 25—28. *But that which ye have, &c.*

- 1 THOSE eyes, which are as flames of fire,
Survey the churches round :
Those feet, like brass which shine and glow,
Traverse the sacred bound.
- 2 Happy the church where every grace
With care and zeal is nurs'd ;
Whose service, patience, faith, and works,
Are more than at the first.
- 3 Firm against evil let it stand,
Satanic depths and arts ;
For all shall know that Christ will search
The inmost reins and hearts.
- 4 Such he will vest with awful power,
An influence divine ;—
While on them with its brightest ray,
The morning star shall shine.

842 *iii. 1—6. I know thy works, &c.*

- 1 **LET** Christians hear the solemn word,
Which warns and teaches from the Lord ;
He who their gifts and grace bestows,
The state of all his churches knows.
- 2 The name of Christian some sustain,
Tho' sinful, lifeless, cold, and vain ;
Be watchful, and no longer boast,
Lest what remains be also lost.
- 3 Yet when the mass are faithless grown,
With pleasure will the Saviour own
The faithful, who pollution flee,
And they, he says, shall walk with me.
- 4 In white and splendid raiment drest,
They share the triumph of the blest ;
Nor will I e'er their names erase
From my fair book of life and grace.

843 *iii. 7—13. These things saith he that is, &c.*

- 1 **THUS** saith the Holy One and True,
To his beloved faithful few :—
Of heaven and hell I hold the keys,
To shut or open as I please.
- 2 I know thy works, and I approve,
Tho' small thy strength, sincere thy love ;
Go on my name and word to own,
That none may rob thee of thy crown.
- 3 Thou hast my promise, hold it fast ;
The lingering hour will soon be past ;
Rejoice, for lo I quickly come
To take thee to my heavenly home.
- 4 A pillar there no more to move,
Inscrib'd with all my names of love :

A monument of mighty grace
Rear'd on an everlasting base.

- 5 Such is the conqueror's reward,
Prepar'd and promis'd by the Lord:
Let him that has the ear of faith
Attend to what the Spirit saith.

844 iii. 14—19. *These things saith the, &c.*

- 1 HEAR what the Lord, the great Amen,
The true and faithful Witness says!
He form'd the vast creation's frame,
And searches all our hearts and ways.
- 2 To some he speaks as once of old,
" I know thee, thy profession's vain;
Since thou art neither cold nor hot,
I'll cast thee from me with disdain.
- 3 Thou boastest, ' I am great become,
Increas'd in goods; and nothing need;
And dost not know thou art a wretch,
Naked, and poor, and blind indeed.
- 4 Yet while I thus rebuke, I love,
My message is in mercy sent;
That thou may'st my compassion know,
I can forgive if thou repent.
- 5 Would'st thou be truly wise and rich?
Come, buy my gold in fire well tried,
My ointment to anoint thine eyes,
My robe thy nakedness to hide."

845 iii. 20. *Behold, I stand at the door, &c.*

- 1 AND will the Lord thus condescend
To visit sinful worms?
Thus at the door shall mercy stand
In all her winning forms?

- 2 Surprising grace ! and shall my heart
Unmov'd and cold remain ?
Has this hard rock no tender part ?
Must mercy plead in vain ?
- 3 Shall Jesus for admission sue,
Nor we his voice regard ?
And this vile heart, his rightful due,
Remain for ever barr'd ?
- 4 Ye evil passions, hence depart ;
Dear Saviour, enter in,
And guard the passage to my heart,
And keep out every sin.

846 iv. 1—3. *Come up hither, and I will, &c.*

- 1 SINNERS look up, by Christ forgiven,
Behold an open door in heaven,
Hither come up, he cries, and see
The secrets of eternity.
- 2 Rise in the Spirit's rapture, rise
To yon bright throne above the skies,
To him who sits sublime thereon,
With radiance like a jasper-stone.
- 3 Tremble ; yet O ! with love draw near,
The glittering bow forbids your fear ;
The throne it quite encircles round,
And grace on every side is found.
- 4 Turn as he will, the eyes divine
Must ever meet that sacred sign,
Sign of his covenanted grace,
Confirm'd to all our ransom'd race.

847 iv. 11. *Thou art worthy, O Lord, &c.*

- 1 O WHEN shall we, supremely blest,
Enter into our glorious rest !

- Partake the triumphs of the sky,
And holy, holy, holy, cry!
- 2 With all thy heavenly hosts, with all
Thy blessed saints, we then shall fall;
And sing in ecstasy unknown,
And praise thee on thy dazzling throne.
- 3 Honor, and majesty, and power,
And thanks, and blessing evermore,
Thou, Lord, art worthy to receive,
Who dost thro' endless ages live.
- 4 For thou hast bid the creatures be,
They still subsist to honor thee;
From thee they came, to thee they tend,
Their gracious source, their glorious end!

848 vi. 2. *And he went forth conquering, &c.*

- 1 JESUS, immortal King, go on;
The glorious day will soon be won;
Thine enemies prepare to flee,
And leave a conquer'd world to thee!
- 2 Gird on thy sword, victorious Chief,
The captive sinner's sole relief;
Cast the usurper from his throne,
And make the universe thine own!
- 3 Thy footsteps, Lord, with joy we trace,
And mark the conquests of thy grace;
Finish the work thou hast begun,
And let thy will on earth be done!
- 4 Hark! how the hosts triumphant sing!
"The Lord omnipotent is King!"
Let all his saints rejoice at this,
The kingdoms of the world are his!

849 vi. 17. *For the great day of his wrath, &c.*

- 1 **THAT** day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?
- 2 When shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead!
- 3 O! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay,
Tho' heaven and earth shall pass away!

850 vii. 17. *God shall wipe away all tears, &c.*

- 1 **YE** saints, whose tears now often flow,
And will while ye are here below,
Rejoice that in a few short years,
Your God will wipe away your tears.
- 2 Your conflicts then will end in peace,
And every cause of sorrow cease;
The purest joys will fill your hearts,
Such joys as God himself imparts.
- 3 'Tis thus the Lord has fix'd a day,
To wipe his people's tears away!
Their toils, and griefs, and conflicts past,
He'll bring them to himself at last.
- 4 O happy state, where purest joy
For ever reigns without alloy!
O happy saints, ordain'd to prove
The fulness of this joy above!

851 *x. 6. That there should be time no longer.*

- 1 Loud thunders shake the earth and sky,
And lightnings flash from pole to pole :
Methinks I hear the angel cry,—
How awful to the guilty soul,—
“ The mystery of God is o’er ;
“ ’Tis done ! there shall be time no more.”
- 2 The Lord appears ! before his face
An all-consuming fire destroys ;
The worldling’s glory sinks apace,
With all that pleases or employs :
But man survives the general doom,
Man destin’d to a life to come.
- 3 Ah ! sinner, living without God,
What shame will fill thee on that day ?
How can’st thou bear the iron rod ?
How stand—when nature flees away ?
Creation now an awful void !
Thy hopes, thy prospects all destroy’d !

852 *xiv. 3. (vii. 9.) And they sung as it were, &c.*

- 1 HARK ! the new song before the throne,
Which only the redeem’d can raise ;
Angels may tune their golden harps,
But cannot reach these notes of praise.
- 2 They worship our exalted Lord,
And hail him universal King ;
But saints—the purchase of his blood,
Can strike a sweeter, nobler string.
- 3 The wonders of his dying love,
Their hallelujahs loud proclaim,
While with ecstatic joy they shout
New honors to his sacred name.

- 4 From every kindred, every tongue,
From barbarous nations long unknown,
From east, from west, from either pole,
A countless host surround the throne.
- 5 In robes of spotless white array'd,
And palms of victory in their hand,
With holy wonder and delight,
The trophies of his grace they stand.

853 xviii. 4—8. *Come out of her my people, &c.*

- 1 Now reward her, give her double,
Babylon is doom'd to fall ;
'Tis her day, her day of trouble,
Vain her broad and towering wall ;
Not a friend will now remain,
None her honour to maintain.
- 2 Long she hurl'd a proud defiance
At the God that reigns above ;
On her strength plac'd vain reliance,
Thought she never would remove ;
But her triumph now is past,
Vengeance lingering comes at last.
- 3 Blood she shed in vast profusion,
Blood that flow'd in martyrs' veins ;
'Tis the day of retribution,
Now the God of justice reigns !
All the blood her servants shed,
God will visit on her head.
- 4 O ye people, now forsake her,
Ye whom God his people calls,
Lest her judgments overtake her,
While ye stay within her walls ;
Sharers in her sin, prepare
In her judgments too to share.

854 xix. 6. *Hallelujah, for the Lord, &c.*

- 1 Hark the song of Jubilee,
 Loud as mighty thunders roar,
 Or the fulness of the sea,
 When it breaks upon the shore :—
 Hallelujah ! for the Lord,
 God Omnipotent shall reign ;
 Hallelujah ! let the word
 Echo round the earth and main.
- 2 Hallelujah !—hark ! the sound,
 From the depths unto the skies,
 Wakes above, beneath, around,
 All creation's harmonies :—
 See Jehovah's banner furl'd,
 Sheath'd his sword : He speaks,—'tis done ;
 And the kingdoms of this world
 Are the kingdoms of his Son.
- 3 He shall reign from pole to pole,
 With illimitable sway :
 He shall reign, when like a scroll
 Yonder heavens have pass'd away :—
 Then the end :—beneath his rod,
 Man's last enemy shall fall ;
 Hallelujah ! Christ in God,
 God in Christ, is All in All.

855 xix. 12. *On his head were many crowns.*

- 1 Go forth, ye saints, behold your Lord
 With radiant glory crown'd ;
 The wondrous progress of his word
 Shall spread his fame around.
- 2 Where'er the sun begins its race,
 Or stops its swift career,

Both east and west shall own his grace,
And Christ be honour'd there.

- 3 Ten thousand crowns already show
The victories he has won ;
O may his conquests ever grow,
While time its course shall run.

856 xx. 12, 13. *I saw the dead, small and, &c.*

- 1 BEHOLD ! the last great day is come,
Methinks I hear the trumpet's sound,
That shakes the earth, rends every tomb,
And wakes the prisoners under ground.
- 2 The mighty deep gives up her trust,
Aw'd by the Judge's high command ;
Both small and great now quit their dust,
And round the dread tribunal stand.
- 3 Behold the awful books display'd,
Sealing the solemn fates of men ;
Each deed, each word now public made,
Written by heaven's unerring pen.
- 4 Lord, when those fearful leaves unfold,
May life's fair book my name contain :
And there with all thy saints enroll'd,
With thee may I in glory reign.

857 xxi. 6—8. *I will give unto him that is, &c.*

- 1 O WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul !
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.
- 2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh,
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

- 3 Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above,
Unmeasur'd by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.
- 4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:—
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!
- 5 Lord God of truth and grace!
Teach us that death to shun;—
Lest we be driven from thy face,
And evermore undone.
- 6 Here would we end our quest;
Alone are found in thee
The life of perfect love,—the rest
Of immortality.

858 *xxi. 10, 11. And showed me that great, &c.*

- 1 HAIL, heavenly Salem, happy place,
Where God unveils his radiant face!
Where he his throne eternal rears,
And, drest in light, thereon appears.
- 2 Magnificent thy structures rise,
And lift their heads above the skies;
While order, beauty, grace divine,
Thro' all the architecture shine.
- 3 One pearl entire is every gate,
At which bright bands of angels wait;
Ten thousand thrones and mansions there,
Jesus ascended to prepare.
- 4 Loud hallelujahs, heavenly strains,
Shall echo thro' the happy plains;
And sin and pain the place shall fly,
And death itself for ever die.

859 **xxi. 22.** *I saw no temple therein, &c.*

- 1 **WHAT** turrets blend with yonder sky?
What strains celestial float afar?
Now sweeps the hallow'd city nigh,
Leaving, eclipsing every star.
- 2 Salem, its dear and honor'd name
To this unfolding vision lends ;
Her images of sacred fame
Swell forth, as slowly it descends.
- 3 That name transports to ancient time ;
Deep solemn feeling it recalls ;
But fades at once the type sublime
Before these jasper-flaming walls.
- 4 And yet no temple lifts its pile,
Among those structures grand and fair ;
The *palaces* of Salem smile ;
Her *shrine* is strangely wanting there.
- 5 Justly forgotten is its frame,
And fitly too its site unknown ;
The Lord Almighty and the Lamb
Rear there the sanctuary-throne !
- 6 Their light the Holy place contains ;
Their glories the Shechinah blaze ;
A God in Christ, when worshipp'd, deigns
To form a temple for that praise !

860 **xxii. 1.** *And he showed me a pure river, &c.*

- 1 **THERE** is a river deep and broad,
Its course no mortal knows ;
It fills with joy the church of God,
And widens as its flows.
- 2 Clearer than crystal is the stream,
And bright with endless day ;

- The rills with every blessing teem,
 And life and health convey.
- 3 Along the shores, angelic bands
 Watch every moving wave :
 With holy joy their breast expands,
 When men the waters crave.
- 4 Flow on sweet stream, for ever flow,
 The earth with glory fill ;
 Flow on, till all the Saviour know,
 And all obey his will.

861 *xxii. 5. And there shall be no night, &c.*

- 1 FAR from these narrow scenes of night,
 Unbounded glories rise ;
 And realms of infinite delight,
 Unknown to mortal eyes.
- 2 No cloud these blissful regions know,
 For ever bright and fair !
 For sin, the source of mortal woe,
 Can never enter there.
- 3 There no alternate night is known ;
 Nor sun's faint sickly ray ;
 But glory from the sacred throne
 Spreads everlasting day.

862 *xxii. 16. The bright and morning star.*

- 1 YE worlds of light, that roll so near
 The Saviour's throne of shining bliss,
 Oh tell, how mean your glories are ;
 How faint and few, compar'd with his !
- 2 We sing the bright and morning Star,
 Jesus, the source of light and love ;
 His purest rays, diffus'd from far,
 Conduct us to the realms above.

- 3 'Midst gloomy darkness spread abroad,
This light directs the pilgrim's way;
Still, as he goes, he finds the road,
That leads him safe to endless day.
- 4 When shall we reach the glorious height,
Where this bright Star shall brightest shine;
Leave far behind these scenes of night,
And view the lustre all divine?

863 xxii. 17. *The Spirit and the bride say, &c.*

- 1 How free the fountain runs
Of endless life and joy!
That spring, which no confinement knows,
Whose waters never cloy!
- 2 How sweet the accents flow
From the Redeemer's tongue!
" Assemble, all ye nations round,
" In one obedient throng.
- 3 " The Spirit bears the call
" To all the distant lands;
" The church, the bride, reflects it back,
" While Jesus waiting stands.
- 4 " Come, every thirsty soul,
" Approach the sacred spring;
" Drink, and your fainting spirits cheer;
" And grateful praises sing.
- 5 " Let all that will approach;
" The water freely take;
" Free from my opening heart it flows,
" Your raging thirst to slake."

864 xx. 18. *The words of the prophecy, &c.*

- 1 WORDS of eternal life to me;
O may my faith receive the whole;

- Bound with my heart-strings let them be ;
Hid in the secret of my soul.
- 2 Tho' heaven and earth shall pass away,
These words of prophecy are sure :
Unchangeable amidst decay,
And pure as God himself is pure.
- 3 Whoe'er to these shall add alloy,
Or take one sacred fragment thence,
Them and their works will God destroy ;
His arm shall be his truth's defence.
- 4 Firm in that truth may we abide,
Till Christ, our life, appear again :
Come, say the Spirit and the Bride ;
Lord Jesus, quickly come ;—Amen.

865 xxii. 20. *Surely I come quickly.*

- 1 **BEHOLD** I come, the Saviour cries,
On wings of love I fly ;
So come, dear Lord, the church exclaims,
And bring salvation nigh.
- 2 Come, plead thy Father's injur'd cause,
And make thy glory shine ;
Come, rouse thy servants' mouldering dust,
And their whole frame refine.
- 3 O come, amidst the angelic hosts,
Their humble name to own ;
And bear the full assembly back
To dwell around thy throne.
- 4 With winged speed, thou dearest Lord,
Bring on the illustrious day ;
Come, lest our spirits droop and faint
Beneath thy long delay.

HYMNS

ADAPTED TO VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

Associations of Ministers and Churches: 284, 341,
376, 385, 440, 635, 655, 725, 726, 837.

Before Sermon: 529, 594, 625, 647, 743, 751,
832.

Charitable Institutions: 145, 411, 451, 498, 596,
789.

Church Meetings: 17, 32, 57, 69, 81, 119, 179,
246, 279, 302, 303, 309, 399, 417, 418,
556, 585, 628, 631, 632, 641, 669, 685,
692, 694, 770, 790, 802, 803, 812, 827.

Dismission: 165, 353, 608, 641, 675, 676, 731,
799.

Evening: 152, 175, 178.

Family Worship: 11, 24, 75, 83, 89, 136, 194,
234, 292.

Funerals: 65, 84, 89, 90, 130, 137, 139, 140,
154, 155, 160, 173, 192, 204, 205, 224,
262, 296, 304, 305, 324, 325, 383, 487,
550, 580, 589, 619, 650, 663, 727, 728,
754, 760, 766, 795.

Lord's Day: 19, 458, 461, 756, 834.

Lord's Supper: 190, 220, 397, 446, 508.

SS 2

Missionary Services: 9, 41, 48, 51, 56, 59, 70,
77, 149, 193, 207, 211, 213, 215, 217,
220, 227, 231, 232, 235, 241, 242, 245,
250, 251, 253—257, 260, 261, 264, 268
—272, 278, 295, 308, 329, 330, 332,
339, 342, 345, 350, 361, 363, 382, 386,
387, 395, 396, 429, 465, 483, 496, 497,
532, 533, 535, 539, 541, 576, 577, 587,
591, 595, 602, 605, 606, 626, 661, 708,
713, 768, 828, 848, 854, 855, 860, 863.

Morning: 132, 150, 311.

National: 214, 266, 629.

New Year's Day: 87, 288, 300, 331, 505, 611,
630.

Opening of a Place of Worship: 39, 96, 97.

Ordinations: 52, 284, 326, 341, 385, 430, 601,
660, 662, 695, 725, 726.

Prayer Meetings: 21, 39, 94, 107, 189, 275,
277, 329, 515—517, 593, 633, 691,
758, 794.

Sabbath Schools: 85, 109, 188, 193, 441, 471.

Saturday Evening: 37.

Sermons to Young People: 85, 98, 109, 188, 282,
423, 441, 471.

Union of Christians: 216, 349, 628, 631, 632,
641, 696, 829.

INDEX.

<i>Hymn.</i>	<i>Hymn.</i>
A careful husbandman	433
A gracious God delays	116
A present God is all our	80
A prophet like to me	61
A sacred spring	332
Absent from flesh	665
Absurd and vain attempt	495
Ah, Lord behold	71
Ah, why this disconsolate	162
Ah, wretched souls	75
Alas, Elisha's servant cried	105
Alas, how fast our moments	288
All conquering faith	436
All glorious God	717
All glory to God in the sky	349
All hail, redeeming Lord	478
All hail the power	595
All hail thou lengthener	254
All nature feels	497
All round the globe	128
All souls are mine	320
Allied to thee our vital head	696
Aloud thy servants cry	265
Aloud we sing	527
Am I an Israelite indeed	536
Am I a soldier of the cross	654
Amazing beauteous change	215
Amazing power	285
Amazing was the grace	539
Amid the anguish	25
Amidst the shining hosts	762
And art thou with us	239
And dost thou hope to be	418
And doth the Son of God	280
And is salvation brought	624
And is thy word, oh God	299
And may such sinful	518
And must I part with all	467
And why do our admiring	599
And will the eternal King	627
And will the great Eternal	98
And will the Lord thus	845
And will the offended God	642
Angels, from the realms	403
Angels roll the rock away	477
Approach ye children	769
Arise great God, and let thy	350
Arise my tenderest	296
Arm of the Lord, awake,	253
Art thou in darkness	232
As mountains when	415
As on the cross the Saviour	528
As one in days of old	163
As parched with barren	297
As some tall rock amidst	588
As strangers here below	600
As thro' a glass we dimly	646
Asham'd of Christ	469
Assist us Lord thy name	607
At God's right hand	721
Attend and mark	208
Attend mine ear, my heart	450
Attend my soul the voice	48
Attend our souls with	371
Author of good, to thee	171
Awake, awake, our drowsy	701
Awake, awake the sacred	534
Awake my soul in joyful lays	273
Awake, my soul, stretch	711
Awake, O Zion's	444
Awake our souls and bless	347
Awake ye saints,	630
Away ye dreams	438
Backsliding Israel, hear	283
Before Jehovah's throne	372

	<i>Hymn.</i>		<i>Hymn.</i>
Behold a thousand	441	Captain of thine enlisted	70
Behold I come,	865	Casual howe'er our steps	89
Behold our God,	290	Cease ye from man	208
Behold the glass the gospel	788	Christ the Lord is risen	458
Behold the last great day	856	Christians the glorious	429
Behold the Son of God	787	Come, divine Immanuel	213
Behold the throne of grace	758	Come Holy Spirit	569
Behold the flowers	424	Come thou blessed	17
Behold the Ambassador	242	Come join ye saints	719
Behold the Lamb of God	573	Come let us stand upon	53
Behold the mountain	207	Come my fond fluttering	360
Behold the sin-atoning	535	Come not, O Lord,	34
Behold the man,	578	Come, O my soul with all	206
Behold the pious	100	Come, said Jesus' sacred	431
Behold where breathing	556	Come sinners, saith the	206
Behold what witnesses	777	Come thou desire of nations	382
Beneath thy mighty hand,	805	Come thou fount of every	87
Beset with snares on every	499	Come thou universal blessing	9
Beyond the dark	773	Come ye sinners, poor	427
Beyond the glittering	738	Come ye who know	821
Beyond the reach of sin	229	Command thy blessing	179
Blessed are the sons of God	344	Commission'd from our Lord	610
Blessed Redeemer	425	Compass'd with foes	475
Blessed be the Lamb	764	Creator Spirit, by whose	832
Blest are the meek, he said	409	Daughter of Zion from the	254
Blest are the men	413	Daughter of Zion about	380
Blest are the souls	336	Dead to ourselves	617
Blest be the dear uniting	608	Dear Lord accept a sinful	355
Blest be the tie that binds	799	Deathless principle arise	205
Blest hour when pious	663	Deep are the wounds	289
Blest Saviour we are thine	641	Deluded souls who think	502
Blooming in youth	98	Descending from our God	555
Blow ye the trumpet blow	48	Devotion tho' in chains	603
Boast not of all thy store	793	Dismiss'd I calmly go	343
Boundless glory, Lord	700	Do not I love thee,	524
Breathe gracious Spirit	710	Does God invite us to his	222
Bridegroom of souls	702	Encourag'd by thy word	517
Bright source of	259	Enough of life's vain scene	559
Bright as the sun's	227	Enslav'd by sin	797
Brightness of the eternal	748	Enter'd the holy place above	785
Brought forth to judgment	476	Eternal God ! Almighty cause	59
By foreign streams	180	Eternal life our Lord bestows	549
By heaven inspir'd	576	Eternal Lord thou rul'st	334
By me O my Saviour stand	735	Eternal power, whose high	200
By whom shall Jacob	363	Eternal source of every joy	331
Call mighty Saviour,	226	Eternal spirit, source of light	482
Call'd from the wine-press	78		

	<i>Hymn.</i>		<i>Hymn.</i>
Eternal Sun	49	God of my life, thro' all its	183
Exalted Prince of life	567	God of my life, thy constant	309
		God only knows the love	693
Far from the world	44	God spake the word,	1
Far from these narrow scenes	861	God with us, O glorious	408
Far from us be grief	148	Good is that work	794
Farewell blest soul	760	Grace, 'tis a charming theme	689
Father ador'd	490	Grace triumphant	699
Father divine, the Saviour	452	Great Father of each perfect	567
Father divine,	419	Great Father of mankind	261
Father how wide	173	Great God my early vows	311
Father is not thy promise	149	Great God of hosts attend	214
Father of all, thy care	11	Great God of wonders	373
Father of all,	83	Great God this sacred day	834
Father of faithful Abraham	626	Great God thy peerless	696
Father of mercies	498	Great God we sing	611
Father of peace,	785	Great God what do I see	362
Father of spirits,	57	Great God where'er thy	39
Father thy most benign	618	Great God whose holy eyes	113
Father thy will be done	50	Great Lord of all the churches	635
Father what'er of earthly	714	Great Lord of angels	365
Few are thy days,	137	Great Teacher of thy church	416
Flow fast my tears	391	Guide me, O thou great	167
For us our gracious God	778		
For Zion's sake	271	Had'st thou, O had'st thou	521
Foretold by the reluctant seer	56	Hail Bethlehem,	404
Forgiveness, 'tis a joyful	491	Hail everlasting Prince	685
Forth have thy heralds	342	Hail God the Son, in glory	368
From Egypt lately come	772	Hail heavenly Salem,	853
From evil secure,	178	Hail holy, holy, holy Lord	212
From Greenland's icy	602	Hail Israel's king, enthron'd	577
From pole to pole	312	Hail peaceful day	461
From Ternan came	377	Hail source of pleasures	145
Fountain of blessing	198	Hail sovereign love,	159
Fountain of comfort	655	Hail thou once despised	454
Fountain of good,	786	Hail to Immanuel's	648
		Happiness, thou lovely name	151
'Gainst Aaron's sons,	47	Happy beyond description	198
Gird on your arms,	840	Happy might I the grace	771
Giver of concord,	694	Happy soul thy days	795
Glory to thee my God	175	Happy the men who first	598
Go forth ye saints,	855	Happy the souls to Jesus	778
Go, said the voice,	236	Hark for 'tis wisdom's voice	185
Go, saith the Lord,	531	Hark, for the great Creator	264
Go to dark Gethsemane	804	Hark, for the Son of God	547
Go where a foot hath never	28	Hark in the wilderness a cry	235
God moves in a mysterious	249	Hark, my soul, it is the Lord	583
God of Manassah,	117	Hark ten thousand voices cry	742

<i>Hymn.</i>	<i>Hymn.</i>
Hark the glad sound, 483	I cannot shun the stroke 754
Hark the new song before 852	I know my great Redeemer 141
Hark the song of Jubilee 854	I left the God of truth 358
Hark the voice of love 579	I own my God 567
Hasten O sinner to be wise 14	I quit the world's fantastic 722
He bids me come, 435	I thirst, but not as once 181
He comes, the royal 519	I will praise thee every day 217
He dies, the Friend 525	If fathers of our flesh 780
He who on earth as man 228	If good the tree, the fruit 485
Hear gracious God a sinner 516	If Solomon for wisdom 94
Hear gracious Sovereign 329	If sufferers for our Master 620
Hear what God the Lord 270	If to Jesus for relief 169
Hear what the Lord, 844	Immortal God on thee 752
Henceforth let each 571	Impatient of a Father's rod 129
Here at thy feet I lie 91	Imposture shrinks from 638
High and exalted 40	In all my ways O God 136
High on a throne of radiant 451	In Israel's fane by silent night 85
High on his Father's 750	In Judah's rugged 459
Himself he cannot save 455	In outward forms, 3
Holy Spirit, dwell in me 684	In prayer on earth the saints 691
How blest is he, how truly 341	In rapture let our hearts 581
How blest is the Christian 269	In sleep's serene oblivion 150
How blest the righteous are 54	In sorrow's sevenfold furnace 393
How blest the righteous when 160	In that dread day 725
How blest the sacred tie 628	In the dark and gloomy day 394
How can we dare to fear 515	In the sun and moon 522
How chequer'd is the 191	In this degenerate gloomy 394
How free the fountain runs 863	In thy rebukes 258
How gracious and how wise 322	In vain with angry hearts 417
How happy is the man 187	In what confusion earth 513
How happy is the pilgrim's 161	In what transporting 551
How happy the sorrowful 131	Indulgent Sovereign 272
How long shall dreams 280	Inquire ye pilgrims 309
How long shall earth's 664	Invited to the gospel feast 507
How mean the gifts 127	If thee we love O Lord 560
How oft alas this wretched 359	Is it a moral sense in man 15
How prone are we 104	Jacob's portion is the Lord 291
How rich thy bounty 662	Jehovah reigns 108
How rich thy favors 807	Jehovah to his temple came 399
How shall I give mine Israel 357	Jerusalem, my happy home 683
How shall the Christian's 781	Jesse's son awakes the lyre 536
How shall we follow him 553	Jesus all I am and have 177
How still and peaceful 130	Jesus, and can it ever be 741
How sweet the name of Jesus 401	Jesus full of all compassion 473
How sweet to have our 421	Jesus I love thy charming 801
How swift the torrent rolls 383	Jesus, immortal king, go on 848
I ask not wealth, nor pomp, 111	Jesus let all thy people shine 77

<i>Hymn.</i>	<i>Hymn.</i>		
Jesus let thy pitying eye	524	Long have I seen thy froward	263
Jesus, Lord, we look to thee	631	Look down O Lord,	330
Jesus, lover of my soul	761	Look up my soul	814
Jesus, my all, to heaven	558	Lord, and am I yet alive	310
Jesus, my condescending	548	Lord in a wilderness I rove	42
Jesus, my Saviour,	715	Lord of the harvest,	462
Jesus, our Lord, our chief	672	Lord of the vineyard	564
Jesus our Lord, the Prince	670	Lord thro' this dubious path	186
Jesus our souls' delightful	470	Lord to thee our sighs	110
Jesus, soft harmonious name	827	Lord we cannot let thee go	21
Jesus, the eternal Son	737	Lord we have broke thy holy	365
Jesus, the gift divine	540	Lord what is man ! extremes	153
Jesus the spring of joys	586	Lord what is man's	432
Jesus thou art the living	543	Lord when thy hand is lifted	222
Jesus thy blood	298	Lord when we see a saint	550
Jesus thy sovereign grace	585	Lord who hast suffer'd	72
Jesus we hang upon	561	Loud let the tuneful trumpet	51
Jesus we own thy saving	492	Loud thunders shake	851
Jesus, while he dwelt below	575		
Keep silence all created	164	Man is a creature of the dust	55
Kindred in Christ	432	Many foes our walk	112
Lamb of God,	464	Mark the soft falling snow	260
Let christian faith and hope	622	May the grace of Christ	676
Let Christians hear	842	May we stand fast in thee	726
Let heaven burst forth	247	Me with that restless thirst	410
Let Jacob to his Maker sing	244	Men of God go take	308
Let not your hearts	557	Messiah's come	340
Let not a monarch's bosom	629	Mighty God, while angels	176
Let others boast	680	Mortals awake, with angels	480
Let party names no more	216	My blessed Saviour is thy	566
Let the bold sceptic	798	My faith is weak	697
Let there be light;	661	My former hopes are fled	406
Let us adore the grace	668	My God the covenant	93
Let Zion's watchmen	326	My God what gentle cords	356
Like him who to his father	445	My Jesus, while in mortal	677
Like shadows gliding	5	My Saviour's works	486
Listen ye hills, ye mountains	369	My sinfulness O Lord I own	306
Lo as the midnight thief	811	My son know thou the Lord	102
Lo God is here,	647	My song shall bless the Lord	622
Lo He comes with clouds	833	My soul attend the King	446
Lo He cometh, countless	523	My soul with all thy	774
Lo in the desert Christ	542	My thoughts that oft ascend	325
Lo in the last of days behold	809	My times of sorrow	158
Lo who are these that soar	269	My various powers awake	813
Long had the nations sat	533	Must friends and kindred	173
Long have I seem'd to serve	745	No more the sovereign eye	606
		No more ye wise	290

	<i>Hymn.</i>		<i>Hymn.</i>
No thanks to us our Master	514	O the hour when this	666
No wild dark desert proves	281	O the transcendent love	510
None is like Jeshurun's God	67	O thou before whose	97
Not as the world does Jesus	466	O thou from whom all	125
Not for my fault	414	O thou great God whose	339
Not from relentless fate's	313	O thou descending	46
Not in the strong impetuous	102	O thou that hear'st the prayer	315
Not on the whirlwind's wings	9	O 'tis a sound should fill	496
Now acknowledge us	339	O where is now that glowing	279
Now be my doubts	219	O whose shall rest be found	307
Now be that sacrifice	690	O when shall we	347
Now begin the heavenly	274	O Zion tune thy voice	308
Now far above the starry	668	O'er the gloomy hills	257
Now from thy habitation	275	Of all that live and move	193
Now in a song of grateful	466	O for a glance of heavenly	317
Now let a true ambition rise	463	Oh thou who driest	164
Now let the feeble all be	645	Oft as the leper's case	400
Now let the gates of Zion	437	Oft has the Lord in tender	277
Now let the harden'd	197	On Olivet see Jesus stands	506
Now let the trumpet's	255	On Tabor's height	494
Now living waters flow	205	On the first Christian	538
Now reward her	853	On the mountain's top	256
Now to that sovereign	787	Once more before we part	353
Now while we hearken	529	Once more we come before	594
		Once to other Lords	223
O be not angry mighty God	13	Once you must die	706
O for a heart to praise	412	One family we dwell	602
O for a clearer walk with God	4	Our banner is the eternal	38
O for new strength to praise	822	Our Captain leads us on	339
O for that tenderness	106	Our God ascends his lofty	211
O God at thy command	123	Our God shall all our wants	716
O God my hope	44	Our heavenly Father calls	312
O God my soul, for death	650	Our joy is a created good	366
O God of Jacob by whose	90	Our Lord is risen from	166
O God of good,	195	Out of the iron furnace	29
O God our Father and our	292	O ye immortal throng	796
O God our Saviour thee we	823		
O God whose thunder	12	Peace our complaining	120
O had I the wings of a dove	166	Peace, 'tis the Lord	26
O happy Christian	826	People of the living God	81
O happy day that fix'd	246	Poor and afflicted, Lord	379
O injur'd majesty of heaven	319	Poor, weak, and worthless	82
O Israel blest beyond	68	Praise to the Lord on high	680
O Israel hear, thy God	248	Praise to the radiant	243
O let us all thy mind express	802	Prayer is the soul's sincere	573
O most delightful hour	201	Pride with thy more than	126
O messenger of dear delight	563	Proclaim inimitable love	720
O that I knew the secret	142	Prompt to relieve the poor	411

<i>Hymn.</i>	<i>Hymn.</i>
Questions and doubts	825
Quiet Lord my froward	439
Raise thoughtless sinner	338
Rejoice the Lord is King	713
Rejoice ye saints,	66
Religion undefil'd and true	612
Retir'd into his secret place	351
Return most gracious God	570
Return, O wanderer return	307
Rise my soul and stretch	712
Rivers of pure delight	241
Rock of ages shelters me	644
Safely thro' another week	37
Saints die, and we should	728
Satan the dire invader came	753
Saviour and is thy table	397
Saviour, howe'er the earthly	639
Saviour in us that mind	789
Saviour of men, and Lord	443
Say not their sun goes down	296
Searcher of hearts before	596
See earth with God's kind	541
See Felix cloth'd with pomp	609
See how great a flame aspires	386
See how to Jacob's favorite	22
See in the vineyard	505
See Israel's gentle Shepherd	471
See Saul with persecuting	592
See the fair structure	190
See the foundation laid	800
See the leaves around us	276
See the wilderness rejoices	231
See to the lonely desert fly	101
See ye heirs of sure salvation	831
See yonder ladder	18
Shall I for fear of feeble	335
Shall man of frail fruition	501
Shall mortal man, a child	337
Shall nature prompt	500
Shall we the Spirit's course	52
Shepherd of Israel bend	119
Shepherd of Israel thou	284
Shepherd of souls with	465
Should I to gain the	568
Should the rising whirlwinds	378
Shout for the battlements	673
Shudder not to pass the	293
Since all the downward	621
Since we must here with	808
Sing for the great Redeemer	245
Sing of mercy, sing with	157
Sing ye happy saints	303
Sing ye redeemed of the Lord	233
Sinners look up, by Christ	846
Sinner, oh why so	321
So fair a face bedew'd	552
So near are all thy saints	58
Soldiers of Christ arise	793
Sound the loud timbrel	36
Sovereign of all the worlds	681
Sovereign of nature	64
Spirit of God and glory	736
Spirit, leave thy house	154
Spring up my soul with	643
Stop, O sinner, stop	323
Stand still refulgent orb	73
Stately the Saviour's	835
Straiten'd in God	671
Strangers, pilgrims here	659
Strong is thine arm	221
Sweet are the seasons	189
Sweet is the friendly voice	352
Sweet the moments rich in	490
Sweet was the journey	65
Sweet was the time	144
Taught by long experience	199
Tell them I am, Jehovah	30
Tempted soul and deeply	35
Ten thousand talents	512
Thanks to my God	734
That day of wrath	849
That life within a narrow	739
The billows swell	364
The blind, the deaf,	232
The cloud hath fill'd	19
The covenant of a Saviour's	562
The day approaches	770
The deluge at the	6
The eagle soaring in the	238
The eternal God his name	118
The ever-living God	224
The female bard thus tun'd	76
The former and the latter	390

	<i>Hymn.</i>		<i>Hymn.</i>
The gifts of providence	449	There is a fountain full'd	392
The glorious Lord	236	There is a river deep	809
The glorious triumphs	554	These favor'd saints below'd	669
The glorious universe	829	Thine earthly Sabbaths	758
The generous love of Christ	708	Think not the law	615
The God of Abraham praise	474	This God is the God	165
The God of heaven	422	Tho' in prosperity's gay	23
The God of love will care	589	Tho' kindly rains	99
The God of truth	362	Tho' nature's voice	324
The great Jehovah	134	Tho' now ye just the time	810
The great redeeming angel	24	Tho' poor in lot	640
The holy stranger	591	Those eyes which are	841
The King of heaven	568	Those who abound	407
The legal priests as servants	768	Thou art, O God, the life	168
The Lord from his exalted	47	Thou centre of my warm	43
The Lord is kind in all	346	Thou dear Redeemer	759
The Lord is in Jerusalem	333	Thou God of Jabez hear	107
The Lord proclaims his	328	Thou God of hope	633
The Lord into his vineyard	406	Thou great Supreme	7
The love of the Spirit	634	Thou hidden source	724
The mighty flood that rolls	139	Thou only Sovereign	545
The moon and stars	447	Thou mighty Lord	605
The name be known	396	Thrice happy souls	194
The parched plants	327	Thro' all the dangers	132
The plants and flowers	138	Thro' all life's dark	60
The promises I sing	658	Thro' every scene of time	16
The rash may rise	133	Thro' Christ when we	731
The saint devout was seen	537	Thus in compassion	442
The saints should never	375	Thus saith Jehovah	225
The Saviour calls	546	Thus saith the Holy One	843
The Saviour hung upon	746	Thus saith the Lord	278
The Saviour reigns,	649	Thus spake the Lord	838
The Saviour what a noble	472	Thus when before our	574
The Saviour when	695	Thy blessings now, O God	743
The Saviour's friends	453	Thy church, O God	387
The Saviour's tomb	616	Thy goodness Lord	389
The sepulchres how thick	580	Thy house, O God of hosts	124
The sinful Mary's flowing	489	Thy names how infinite	79
The solemn day is surely	705	Thy piercing eye	315
The sons of men their name	8	Thy presence everlasting	675
The Spirit breathes upon	808	Thy presence, gracious God	751
The streams of poisonous	267	Thy ways, O God,	687
The sufferings which	718	'Tis enough the hour is come	481
The swift declining day	294	'Tis God the Spirit leads	709
The victim's flesh without	783	'Tis my happiness below	779
The vineyard of the Lord	210	'Tis sweet to rest in lively	155
The wandering star,	354	To all his flock what	565
Then steadfast let us still	653	To caution Israel's	63

<i>Hymn.</i>	<i>Hymn.</i>
To Him we raise our tuneful 742	What strange perplexities 674
To Jesus our ascending 532	What tho' my frail eye lids 162
To thee, eternal power 10	What tho' the arm 69
To thee great Architect 744	What turrets blend 859
To thee, O God, we homage 400	When all thy mercies 174
To-morrow Lord is thine 791	When any turn 544
Transporting tidings 730	When bending o'er the 88
Trembling with tenderest 27	When blooming youth 487
Tremendous Judge, 134	When by the tempter's 819
True wisdom is to fear 143	When coldness wraps 428
'Twas he who made 496	When gathering clouds 755
Tyrants may rage 493	When Jesus dwelt 596
	When Jesus into Salem rode 520
Ungrateful sinners 614	When Jordan hush'd 479
Upright both in heart 203	When Joseph like 26
	When long a vain 108
Vain delusive world adieu 637	When mortal man resigns 84
Viler than dust, O Lord 301	When on Canaan's 59
Vital spark of heavenly 682	When on Sinai's top I see 526
	When on the giddy cliff 287
Wait, O my soul 95	When rising from the bed 817
Watch'd by the world's 121	When sinners utter boasting 399
We ask no other heaven 818	When some kind shepherd 511
We bless the eternal source 837	When the sun with 316
We have no might wherein 115	When to the law 538
We need not be ashamed 488	When we believe the promise 74
We needs must die! 90	When we lay in sin polluted 318
We sing as in those 348	When we pass thro' yonder 33
We sing the deep 686	Whene'er along the shore 463
We sing his love who once 729	Where are the dead? 204
Weaker than worms, 240	Where high the heavenly 757
Weep not o'er thy children's 304	Where is the Hebrews' God 170
Welcome the bright 361	Where shall I wash these 824
Welcome ye messengers 430	Where shall presumptuous 114
We've no abiding city here 784	Where shall we look 604
What a changing world 782	Where two or three 440
What bosom mov'd 41	Where'er the Lord imparts 122
What can a feeble worm 667	Wherefore should I make 88
What cheering words 209	Wherefore should man 146
What depths of wisdom 747	Wherewith O Lord shall I 370
What doleful accents 456	While a careless world 732
What incense clouds 182	While Egypt lies enwrap 31
What is life? 792	While on the verge of life 706
What is our God? 740	While other comforts fail 226
What is the thing 568	While others crowd 202
What mysteries, Lord, 836	While pain and anguish 372
What scenes of horror 192	While passing thro' 32
What shall the dying 613	While Sinai roars 676

	<i>Hymn.</i>		<i>Hymn.</i>
While sinners who presume	830	Ye messengers of Christ	828
While some in folly's	657	Ye mourning saints	306
While to the grave	727	Ye mourning, ye afflicted	794
Why should a living man	314	Ye prisoners who in bondage	398
Why should I doubt his love	656	Ye ransom'd souls arise	448
Why should our mourning	619	Ye saints that o'er the desert	367
With flowing tears	651	Ye saints whose tears	850
With heavenly power	601	Ye servants of the Lord	381
With Satan mine accuser	384	Ye servants of the Lord	504
With sweet contentment	723	Ye sinners bend	790
With trembling heart	237	Ye that in these courts	635
With what delight I raise	218	Ye that pass by behold	457
Words of eternal life	864	Ye who the name of Jesus	707
World adieu, thou cruel	816	Ye worlds of light	869
		Yes, faith can pierce	775
Ye dying sons of men	509	Yes there is one who dwells	763
Ye followers of the living	636	Yes we a mighty Dayman	679
Ye glittering toys of earth	434	Yes we trust the day	345
Ye hearts with youthful	188		
Ye heavens with sounds	733	Zeal is that pure	682
Ye humble saints approach	374	Zion a mourner long	251
Ye little flock whom Jesus	503		

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