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Lamb of God

¹ Sinners behold the Lamb of God,
Who takes away our guilt;

Look to the precious Precious Blood
That Jews and Gentiles spill.

² From Heaven He came to seek you,
Leaving His blessed abode;

To ransom us, Himself He gave,
Behold the Lamb of God!

³ He came to take the sinners' place,
And shed His precious blood;

Oh Nations guilty ruined race
Behold the Lamb of God.

⁴ Sinners to Jesus then draw near,
Invited by His word;

Chief of sinners need not fear,
Behold the Lamb of God.

Blackstidens too the Saviour calls,
And washes in His blood;
Arise, return from grievous falls,
Behold the Lamb of God.

6

In every State, and time and place
Through Jesus' blood,
However wretched be your case,
Behold the Lamb of God.

7

Spirit of grace to us applies,
Immortal's precious blood;
And we may with thy saints on high
Behold the Lamb of God.

F Davis
PSALMS AND HYMNS

AND

Prophets
SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Bible - Psalms - Selections [English]

IN TWO PARTS.

3091 de 23

PART I.

INTENDED SPECIALLY FOR THE UNITED WORSHIP OF
THE CHILDREN OF GOD.

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PRAISE IS COMELY.

PS. CXLVII. 1.

**PRAISE THE LORD, FOR THE LORD IS GOOD: SING
PRAISES UNTO HIS NAME, FOR IT IS PLEASANT.**

PS. CXXXV. 3.

**AND WHEN THEY HAD SUNG AN HYMN, THEY WENT
OUT INTO THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.**

MATT. XXVI. 30.

**I WILL SING WITH THE SPIRIT, AND I WILL SING
WITH THE UNDERSTANDING ALSO.**

1 COR. XIV. 15.

**IN PSALMS AND HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS, SINGING
WITH GRACE IN YOUR HEARTS TO THE LORD.**

COL. III. 16.

**AND THEY SUNG AS IT WERE A NEW
SONG BEFORE THE THRONE.**

REV. XIV. 3.

QUERY.

HOW IS ACCEPTABLE WORSHIP TO BE OFFERED TO GOD ?

ANSWER.

GOD IS A SPIRIT, AND THEY THAT WORSHIP HIM, MUST WORSHIP HIM IN SPIRIT AND IN TRUTH.—JOHN IV. 24.

CHRIST IS NOT ENTERED INTO THE HOLY PLACES MADE WITH HANDS, WHICH ARE THE FIGURES OF THE TRUE ; BUT INTO HEAVEN ITSELF, NOW TO APPEAR IN THE PRESENCE OF GOD FOR US.—HEB. IX. 24.

BY HIM, THEREFORE, LET US OFFER THE SACRIFICE OF PRAISE TO GOD CONTINUALLY, THAT IS, THE FRUIT OF OUR LIPS, GIVING THANKS TO HIS NAME.—HEB. XIII. 15

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PSALMS HYMNS

&c.

PART I.

1

6.6.8.

- 1 **T**H' atoning work is done ;
The victim's blood is shed ;
And Jesus now is gone
His people's cause to plead :
He stands in Heav'n their great High Priest,
And bears their names upon his breast.
- 2 He sprinkles with his blood
The mercy-seat above ;
For Justice had withstood
The purposes of Love ;
But Justice now withstands no more,
And Mercy yields her boundless store.
- 3 No temple made with hands
His place of service is ;
In Heav'n itself He stands,
A Heav'nly priesthood His ;
In Him the shadows of the law
Are all fulfill'd and now withdraw.
- 4 And though awhile He be
Hid from the eyes of men,
His people look to see
Their great High Priest again ;
In brightest glory He will come
And take His waiting people home.

B

1

- 1 **R**ISE, my soul, thy God directs thee ;
Stranger hands no more impede ;
Pass thou on ; His hand protects thee,
Strength, that has the captive freed.
- 2 Is the wilderness before thee,
Desert lands where drought abides ?
Heav'nly springs shall there restore thee,
Fresh from God's exhaustless tides.
- 3 Light divine surrounds thy going,
God himself shall mark thy way ;
Secret blessings richly flowing,
Lead to everlasting day.
- 4 God, thine everlasting portion,
Feeds thee with the mighty's meat ;
Price of Egypt's hard extortion—
Egypt's food—no more to eat.
- 5 Art thou wean'd from Egypt's pleasures ?
God in secret thee shall keep,
There unfold his hidden treasures,
There his love's exhaustless deep.
- 6 In the desert God will teach thee
What the God that thou hast found,
Patient, gracious, powerful, holy,
All his grace shall there abound.
- 7 On to Canaan's rest still wending,
E'en thy wants and woes shall bring
Suited grace, from high descending ;
Thou shalt taste of mercy's spring.

- 8 Though thy way be long and dreary,
 Eagle-strength He'll still renew :
 Garments fresh and feet unwearied
 Tell how God hath brought thee through.
- 9 When to Canaan's long-lov'd dwelling,
 Love divine thy foot shall bring,
 There, with shouts of triumph swelling,
 Zion's songs in rest to sing—
- 10 There, no stranger-God shall meet thee,
 Stranger thou in courts above,
 He who to his rest shall greet thee,
 Greet thee with a well-known love.

3

8.7.4.

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

- 1 **T**HOU God of pow'r, and God of love,
 Whose glory fills the realms above,
 Whose praise the angels sing ;
 And veil their faces while they cry
 "Thrice Holy !" to their God most high,
 "Thrice Holy !" to their King.
- 2 Thee, as our God, we too would claim,
 And bless the precious Saviour's name,
 Through whom this grace is giv'n ;
 Who bore the curse to sinners due,
 Who form'd our ruin'd souls anew,
 And made us heirs of heav'n.
- 3 While we in supplication join
 Before the throne of grace divine,
 In mercy bow thine ear ;
 And while we listen to thy word,
 Or praise thy name with glad accord,
 Amongst us, Lord, appear.
- 4 Give us to taste the joy and love,
 Earnest of worship, Lord, above
 In heav'n, thy bless'd abode ;
 Here to our hearts thyself reveal,
 And all assembl'd cause to feel
 The presence of our God.

5

S.M.

- 1 **N**OT all the blood of beasts,
 On Jewish altars slain,
 Could give the guilty conscience peace,
 Or wash away the stain.

- 2 But Christ, the heav'nly Lamb,
 Takes all our sins away ;
 A sacrifice of nobler name,
 And richer blood than they.
- 3 By faith I lay my hand
 On that dear head of thine,
 While as a penitent I stand,
 And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see
 The burdens thou didst bear,
 When hanging on the cursed tree,
 And knows her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice
 To see the curse remove,
 We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
 And sing his bleeding love.

6

8.7.

- 1 **S**WEET the moments, rich in blessing,
 Which before the cross we spend,
 Life, and health, and peace possessing,
 From the sinner's dying friend.
- 2 Here we rest, in wonder viewing
 All our sins on Jesus laid,
 And a full redemption flowing
 From the sacrifice he made.
- 3 Here we find the dawn of heaven,
 While upon the cross we gaze,
 See our trespasses forgiven,
 And our songs of triumph raise.

- 4 Oh that near the cross abiding,
 We may to the Saviour cleave,
 Nought with him our hearts dividing,
 All for him content to leave.
- 5 May we still the cross discerning,
 There for peace and comfort go,
 There new wonders daily learning,
 All the depths of mercy know.



7.6.

- 1 (O) GRACIOUS Shepherd! bind us
 With cords of love to thee,
 And evermore remind us
 How mercy set us free:
 Oh may thy Holy Spirit
 Set this before our eyes,
 That we thy death and merit
 Above all else may prize.
- 2 We are of thy salvation,
 Assured through thy love,
 Yet, ah! on each occasion,
 How faithless do we prove;
 Thou hast our sins forgiven,
 Then, leaving all behind,
 We would press on to heaven,
 Bearing the prize in mind.
- 3 Grant us henceforth, dear Saviour,
 While in this vale of tears,
 To look to thee, and never
 Give way to anxious fears.

Thou, Lord, wilt not forsake us,
Though we are oft to blame,
Oh let thy love then make us
Hold fast thy faith and name.

S

7s.

- 1 **H**ARK, my soul, it is the Lord,
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word,
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"
- 2 He deliver'd me when bound,
And when wounded heal'd my wound,
Sought me wand'ring, set me right,
Turn'd my darkness into light.
- 3 Can a mother's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet wilt thou remember me.
- 4 Thine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 I shall see thy glory soon,
When the work of grace is done,
Partner of thy throne shall be,
Such thy wondrous love to me.
- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint ;
Yet I love thee, and adore,
Oh for grace to love thee more !

- 1 **C**OME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known ;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 ' Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God ;
But children of the Heav'nly King
Should speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The God who rules on high,
Whose thunder rends the clouds,
Who rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the raging floods ;
- 4 This awful God is ours,
A God of boundless love,
Whose faithful grace and mighty powers
Shall carry us above.
- 5 There we shall see his face,
And never,—never sin ;
There, from the fountain of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.
- 6 And now, before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thought of such amazing bliss
Should constant joy create.
- 7 Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry,
We're marching through this weary land
To fairer worlds on high.

- 1 **N**OW in a song of grateful praise,
 To our dear Lord our voice we 'll raise ;
 With all his saints we 'll join to tell,
 " Our Jesus has done all things well."
- 2 All worlds his glorious power confess,
 His wisdom all his works express,
 But Oh his love ! what tongue can tell ?
 " Our Jesus has done all things well."
- 3 And since our souls have known his love,
 What mercies has he made us prove ?
 Mercies, which all our praise excel ;
 " Our Jesus has done all things well."
- 4 Though many a fiery, flaming dart
 The tempter levels at our heart,
 With this we all his rage repel :
 " Our Jesus has done all things well."
- 5 And when to that bright world we rise,
 And join the anthems of the skies,
 Above the rest this note shall swell,
 " Our Jesus has done all things well."

- 1 **J**ESUS, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the billows near me roll,
 While the tempest still is high ;
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life be o'er,
 Safe into thy haven guide,
 Where the tempest 's heard no more.

- 2 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee,
 Leave, Oh leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me ;
 All my trust on thee is stayed,
 All my help from thee I bring,
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 [Thou, O Lord, art all I want,
 Boundless love in thee I find,
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind ;
 Just and holy is thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness,
 I am full of sin and shame,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.]
- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to pardon all my sin,
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within ;
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee,
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Now, and to eternity.

- 1 **W**E 'LL sing of the Shepherd that died,
 That died for the sake of the flock ;
 His love to the utmost was tried,
 And immoveable stood as a rock.

- 2 When the blood of a victim must flow,
 The Shepherd by kindness was led,
 To stand between us and the foe,
 And willingly died in our stead.
- 3 Our song then for ever shall be
 Of the Shepherd who gave himself thus ;
 No subject so glorious we see,
 And none so affecting to us.
- 4 We 'll sing of this subject alone,
 No other our tongues shall employ ;
 But better His love will be known
 In yonder bright regions of joy.

13

L.M.

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

14

C.M.

- 1 **L**ET us rejoice in Christ the Lord,
Who makes our cause his own,
The hope that 's built upon his word
Can ne'er be overthrown.
- 2 Though many foes beset us round,
And feeble is our arm,
Our life is hid with Christ in God
Beyond the reach of harm.
- 3 Weak as we are we shall not faint,
Or fainting cannot fail ;
Jesus the strength of ev'ry saint,
Will to the end prevail.
- 4 Though now he 's unperceiv'd by sense,
Faith sees him always near,—
A guide, a glory, a defence,
To save from ev'ry fear.
- 5 As surely as He overcame,
And conquer'd death and sin,
So surely those that love his name
Will all his triumph win.

15

8.8.6.

- 1 **O** JOYFUL day ! O glorious hour !
When Jesus, by Almighty pow'r,
Reviv'd and left the grave ;
In all his works behold him great.
Before Almighty to create,
Almighty now to save.

- 2 The first begotten from the dead
 He's risen now, his people's head,
 And thus our life 's secure;
 What tho' this earthly house should fail,
 Almighty pow'r will yet prevail,
 Our resurrection 's sure.
- 3 Why should his people now be sad?
 Who have such reason to be glad
 As those redeem'd to God?
 Jesus, the mighty Saviour, lives.
 To them eternal life he gives,
 The purchase of his blood.
- 4 Ye ransom'd, let your praise resound,
 And in your master's work abound,
 His blessed work of love:
 Be sure your labour 's not in vain,
 For we with Jesus yet shall reign,
 With Jesus dwell above.

16

7.6.

- 1 **O** JESUS Christ, most holy!
 Head of the Church, thy bride!
 Each day in us more fully
 Thy name be magnified.
- 2 Oh may in each believer
 Thy love its pow'r display,
 And none among us ever
 From thee, our Shepherd, stray.

13

- 1 **G**LORY unto Jesus be !
 From the curse he set us free ;
 All our guilt on him was laid,
 He the ransom fully paid.
- 2 All his blessed work is done,
 God's well pleased in his Son !
 He has rais'd him from the dead,
 And set him over all as Head.
- 3 All should sing his work and worth,
 All above, and all on earth,
 As they sing around the throne
 "Thou art worthy, thou alone."
- 4 Ye who love him, cease to mourn
 He will certainly return,
 When his saints with him shall reign :
 "Come, Lord Jesus, come ! Amen."

- 1 **O** Jesus, teach us still to keep
 Our eyes on thee, the living way,
 That we, once lost and wand'ring sheep,
 From thee our Lord, no more may stray ;
 But wheresoe'er thou leadest, we
 May follow on most cheerfully.
- 2 Oh that we never might forget
 What thou hast suffer'd for our sake,
 To save our souls, and make us meet
 Of all thy glory to partake ;
 But keeping this in sight, press on
 To glory and the victor's throne.

- 3 But, gracious Lord, when we reflect
How oft we've turn'd our eye from thee,
How treated thee with sad neglect,
And listen'd to the enemy,
And yet to find thee still the same,
'Tis this that humbles us with shame.
- 4 Astonish'd at thy feet we fall,
Thy love exceeds our highest thought,
Henceforth be thou our all in all,
Thou who our souls with blood hast bought,
May we henceforth more faithful prove,
And ne'er forget thy ceaseless love.

19

L.M.

- 1 **T**HOU only sov'reign of our heart,
Our refuge, our Almighty friend,
How can our souls from thee depart,
On whom alone our hopes depend?
- 2 Eternal life thy words impart,
On these our weary spirits live;
And sweeter comforts cheer the heart
Than all the charms of nature give.
- 3 Let earth's enslaving joys combine,
While thou art near in vain they call,
One word, one gracious word of thine,
Our Saviour, will outweigh them all.

- 1 **O**H! how the thought that we shall know
The man who suffer'd here below,
To manifest his favour
For us, and those whom most we love,
Or here, or with himself above,
Does our delighted spirit move,
At that sweet word, **FOR EVER !**
- 2 For ever to behold him shine,
For evermore to call him mine,
And see him still before me ;
For ever on his face to gaze,
And meet his full assembl'd rays,
While all the Father he displays
To all the saints in glory !
- 3 Not all things else are half so dear
As his delightful presence here ;
What must it be in heaven !
'Tis heav'n on earth to hear him say,
As now we journey, day by day,
" Poor sinner, cast thy fears away,
Thy sins are all forgiven."
- 4 But how will his celestial voice
Make our enraptur'd hearts rejoice,
When we shall stand before him ;
When we for him no longer wait,
But open'd wide the heav'nly gate,
We rise our glorious Lord to meet,
And all his saints adore him !

- 1 **B**E GONE, unbelief! my Saviour is near,
 And for my relief will surely appear;
 By prayer let me wrestle, and he will perform:
 With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the
 storm.
- 2 Though dark be my way, since he is my guide,
 'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide: [fail,
 Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all
 The word he hath spoken will surely prevail.
- 3 His love in time past forbids me to think,
 He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink;
 Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,
 Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite
 through.
- 4 Why should I complain of want or distress,
 Temptation or pain? He told me no less:—
 The heirs of salvation, I know, from his word,
 Through much tribulation must follow the
 Lord.
- 5 How bitter the cup no heart can conceive,
 Which Jesus drank up, that sinners might
 live! [mine,
 His way was much rougher and darker than
 Did Jesus thus suffer, and shall I repine?
- 6 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
 The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is food;
 Though painful at present, 'twill cease before
 long, [song.
 And then O how pleasant the conqueror's
 c 17

- 1 **J**ESUS our Lord! to thee we call,
 Thou art our life, our hope, our all;
 And we have nowhere else to flee,
 No sanctuary, Lord, but thee.
- 2 In thee we ev'ry glory view,
 Of safety, strength, and beauty too;
 'Tis all our rest and peace to see
 Our sanctuary, Lord, in thee.
- 3 Whatever foes or fears betide,
 In thy dear presence let us hide;
 And while we rest our souls on thee,
 Do thou our sanctuary be.
- 4 Quickly the day of light draws nigh,
 Or we may bow our heads and die;
 But, oh what joy this witness gives!
 Jesus, our sanctuary, lives.
- 5 He from the grave our dust will raise,
 We in the heav'ns shall sing his praise;
 And when in glory we appear,
 He'll be our sanctuary there.

- 1 **O** GOD! what cords of love are thine,
 How gentle, yet how strong!
 Thy truth and grace their strength combine
 To draw our souls along.
- 2 The guilt of twice ten thousand sins
 One moment takes away;
 And when the fight of faith begins,
 Our strength is as our day.

- 3 Comfort through all this vale of tears
In rich profusion flows ;
And glory of unnumber'd years
Eternity bestows.
- 4 Drawn by such cords, we 'll onward move
In love and union sweet,
Till, fill'd with perfect joy above,
Around thy throne we meet.

24

P.M.

- 1 **F**ROM far we see the glorious day,
When he who bore our sins away,
Will all his majesty display.
- 2 "A man of sorrows" once he was,
No friend was found to plead his cause,
For all preferr'd the world's applause.
- 3 He groan'd beneath sin's awful load,
For in the sinner's place he stood,
And died to bring us back to God.
- 4 But now he sits with glory crown'd,
While angel hosts the throne surround,
And still his lofty praises sound.
- 5 To few on earth his name is dear ;
And they who in his cause appear,
The world's reproach and scorn must bear.
- 6 But yet there is a day to come,
When he will seal the scorner's doom,
And take his mourning people home.
- 7 Jesus, thy name is all our boast ;
And though by waves of trouble tost,
Thou wilt not let thine own be lost.

- 1 **Y**OUR praises hither bring,
 Your Lord ye saints adore ;
 Let us give thanks and sing,
 And triumph evermore.
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.
- 2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns
 The God of truth and love ;
 When he had purg'd our sins
 He took his seat above ;
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.
- 3 His kingdom cannot fail,
 He'll rule o'er earth and heav'n ;
 The keys of death and hell
 Are to our Jesus giv'n.
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.
- 4 Rejoice in glorious hope,
 Jesus our Lord shall come,
 And take his brethren up
 To their eternal home :
 We soon shall hear the archangel's voice,
 And then shall all the saints rejoice.

- 1 **A**WAKE ! and sing the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb ;
 Wake every heart and every tongue,
 To praise the Saviour's name.

- 2 Sing of His dying love,
Sing of His rising pow'r ;
Sing how He intercedes above
For us whose sins He bore.
- 3 Sing on your heav'nly road,
Ye sons of glory, sing ;
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,
In Christ, th' eternal King.
- 4 Soon shall we hear Him say,
"Ye blessed children, come !"
Soon will He call us hence away,
To our eternal home.
- 5 There shall our raptur'd tongues
His endless praise proclaim ;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

27

P.M.

- 1 **O** HOLY Saviour, Friend unseen,
Since on thine arm thou bid'st us lean,
Help us, throughout life's changing scene,
By faith to cling to thee.
- 2 [Blest with this fellowship divine,
Take what thou wilt we'll not repine ;
E'en as the branches to the vine,
Our souls will cling to thee.]
- 3 Far from our home, fatigu'd, opprest,
In thee we've found our place of rest,
As exiles still, yet not unblest
While we can cling to thee.

- 4 [Without a murmur we dismiss
Our former dreams of earthly bliss,
Our joy, our consolation this
Each hour to cling to thee.]
- 5 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and hopes remove ;
With patient uncomplaining love
Still would we cling to thee.
- 6 Oft when we seem to tread alone
Some barren waste with thorns o'ergrown,
Thy voice of love, in gentlest tone,
Whispers, " Still cling to me."
- 7 Though faith and hope may oft be tried,
We ask not, need not aught beside,
So safe, so calm, so satisfied
The souls that cling to thee.
- 8 They fear not Satan nor the grave,
They know thee near and strong to save,
Nor dread to cross e'en Jordan's wave,
Because they cling to thee.
- 9 Blest be our lot, whate'er befall,
What can disturb, or who appal,
While as our strength, our rock, our all,
Saviour, we cling to thee ?

- 1 **A**WAKE our souls, awake from sloth,
And press with vigour on ;
A heav'nly race demands our zeal,
And an eternal crown.

- 2 'Tis Jesu's animating voice
That calls us from on high ;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize—
The crown of victory.
- 3 He, for the joy before Him set,
So boundless was His love,
Endur'd the cross, despis'd the shame,
And now He reigns above.
- 4 If He unnumber'd griefs and wrongs
With meekness did sustain,
O how can we, whose sins He bore,
Of lighter ills complain ?
- 6 Saviour, redeem'd and call'd by thee,
Have we our race begun ;
When crown'd with vict'ry, at thy feet
We'll lay our honours down.

29

8.8.6.

- 1 **C**OME on, my partners in distress,
My comrades in the wilderness,
Who still your troubles feel ;
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears
To yon celestial hill.
- 2 Look forward to that happy place,
Beyond the bounds of time and space,
The saints' secure abode ;
On faith's strong eagle-pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

23

- 3 See where the Lamb in glory stands,
 Encircl'd by his radiant bands,
 And join th' angelic pow'rs ;
 For all that height of glorious bliss
 Our everlasting portion is,
 And all that heav'n is ours.
- 4 Who suffer with their Master here,
 Shall soon before his face appear,
 And by his side sit down ;
 To patient faith the prize is sure,
 And all who to the end endure
 The cross, shall wear the crown.
- 5 Thrice blessed, joy-inspiring hope,
 It lifts the fainting spirit up,
 It brings to life the dead ;
 Our conflicts here will soon be past,
 And we shall all ascend at last,
 Triumphant with our head.

30

S.M.

- 1 **A**RISE, ye saints, arise,
 The Lord our leader is ;
 The foe before his banner flies,
 For victory is his.
- 2 Behold, he leads the way,
 We 'll follow where he goes ;
 We cannot fail to win the day
 Since he subdues our foes.

- 3 **Lead on, Almighty Lord!**
 Lead on to victory;
 Encourag'd by the bright reward,
 With joy we 'll follow thee.
- 4 **We wait to see the day**
 When toil and strife shall cease;
 We then shall cast our arms away,
 And dwell in endless peace.
- 5 **This hope supports us here,**
 It makes our burdens light,
 And serves our fainting hearts to cheer,
 Till faith shall end in sight.
- 6 **Till of the prize possess,**
 We hear of war no more;
 And, O sweet thought! for ever rest
 On yonder peaceful shore.

31

6.6.8.

- 1 **JOIN** all the glorious names
 Of wisdom, love, and pow'r,
 That mortals ever knew,
 That angels ever bore;
 All are too mean to speak his worth,
 Too mean to set our Saviour forth.
- 2 **Great prophet of our God!**
 Our tongues would bless thy name;
 By thee the joyful news
 Of our salvation came;
 The joyful news of sins forgiv'n,
 Of hell subdu'd, of peace with heav'n.

- 3 Be thou our counsellor,
 Our pattern, and our guide;
 And through this desert land
 Still keep us near thy side;
 Oh let our feet ne'er run astray,
 Nor rove, nor seek the crooked way.
- 4 We love our Shepherd's voice,
 His watchful eye shall keep
 Our wand'ring souls among
 The thousands of his sheep;
 He feeds his flock, he calls their names,
 His bosom bears the tender lambs.

32

SECOND PART.

- 1 **J**ESUS, our great High Priest
 Offer'd his blood and died;
 Our guilty conscience seeks
 No sacrifice beside;
 His precious blood did once atone,
 And now it pleads before the throne.
- 2 Our advocate appears,
 For our defence on high;
 Jehovah bows his ears
 And lays his thunder by:
 Not all that hell or sin can say
 Shall turn his heart, his love away.
- 3 To this, our Surety's hand,
 Will we commit our cause:
 He answer'd and fulfils
 God's holy, broken laws:
 Behold our souls at freedom set;
 Our Surety paid the dreadful debt.

4 Now let our souls arise,
And tread the tempter down ;
Our Captain leads us forth
To conquest and a crown :
The feeblest saint shall win the day,
Tho' death and hell obstruct the way.

33

8.7.4.

- 1 **H**APPY they who trust in Jesus, ✓
Sweet their portion is and sure ;
When the foe on others seizes,
He will keep his own secure ;
Happy people !
Happy, though despis'd and poor.
- 2 Since his love and mercy found us,
We are precious in his sight ;
Thousands now may fall around us
Thousands more be put to flight ;
But his presence
Keeps us safe by day and night.
- 3 Lo ! our Saviour never slumbers,
Ever watchful is his care ;
Though we cannot boast of numbers,
In his strength secure we are ;
Sweet our portion,
Who the Saviour's kindness share.
- 4 As the bird, beneath her feathers,
Guards the objects of her care,
So the Lord his children gathers,
Spreads his wings and hides them there ;
Thus protected,
All our foes we boldly dare.

- 1 **S**OLDIERS of Christ, arise,
 And put your armour on,
 Strong in the strength which God supplies
 Through his eternal Son.
- 2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
 And in his mighty pow'r,
 Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
 Is more than conqueror.
- 3 Press on from grace to grace,
 The foe still treading down ;
 Fight the good fight before his face,
 Who holds the conqueror's crown.
- 4 And soon the vict'ry won,
 And all the conflict o'er,
 Before his feet we'll cast our crown,
 And praise him evermore.

- 1 **S**TILL in a world of sin and pain,
 Far from our home, we meet again ;
 Dreary and long our course may be,
 But O, our God, it leads to thee !
 Thou art the light by which we roam,
 Thou art our everlasting home.
- 2 Thy hand is still around to bless,
 Thou dost not leave us comfortless ;
 Earth and its pain we still may feel,
 But thou art ever near to heal ;
 Still as our day our strength shall be,
 For all our cares are borne by thee.

3 Still as time's changing current rolls,
Thy comforts, Lord, delight our souls ;
Thy mighty arm to smooth our way,
Thy light to turn our night to day ;
Onward with firmer steps we move,
To our eternal rest above.

36

8.7.4.

1 **L**OOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious,
See "the Man of Sorrows" now :
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to Him shall bow :
Crown Him ! crown Him !
Crowns become the victor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour, angels own Him,
Rich the trophies Jesus brings ;
In the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings,
Crown Him ! crown Him !
Crown the Saviour " King of kings."

3 Sinners in derision crown'd Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim,
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His name :
Crown Him ! crown Him !
Spread abroad the victor's fame.

Hark ! those bursts of acclamation !
Hark ! those loud triumphant chords !
Jesus takes the highest station,
Oh what joy the sight affords !
Crown Him ! Crown Him !
" King of kings, and Lord of lords."

- 1 " **WE'VE** no abiding city here : "
This may distress the worldly mind,
But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.
- 2 " We've no abiding city here : "
Sad thought ! were this to be our home ;
But let this truth 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 this 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,
It needs no sun, " the Lord is there, "
It shines with everlasting light.
- 5 Jehovah is her joy and strength,
Secure she smiles at all her foes,
And weary travellers at length
Within her sacred walls repose.
- 6 O sweet abode of peace and love !
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest ;
Had we the pinions of a dove,
We'd fly to thee, and be at rest.
- 7 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.

- 1 **N**OTHING know we of the season
 When the world shall pass away,
 But we know the saints have reason
 To expect a glorious day ;
 When the Saviour will return,
 And his people cease to mourn.
- 2 Oh what sacred joys await them,
 They shall see the Saviour then,
 Those who now oppose and hate them
 Never can oppose again ;
 Brethren, let us think of this,
 All is our's since we are his.
- 3 Waiting for our Lord's returning,
 Be it our's his word to keep,
 Let our lamps be always burning,
 Let us watch while others sleep ;
 This should be his people's aim
 Still to glorify his name.

- 1 **G**LORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
 Heavenly city of our God,
 He whose word can ne'er be broken,
 Form'd thee for his own abode.
- 2 On the Rock of Ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose ?
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

- 3 See the streams of living waters,
 Springing from eternal love,
 Flow to cheer thy sons and daughters,
 And all dread of death remove.
- 4 Who can faint where such a river
 Freely flows their thirst t' assuage?
 Blessings which, like God the giver,
 Never fail from age to age.
- 5 Saviour, if in that bless'd city
 Thou record our worthless name,
 Let the world deride or pity,
 We may well endure the shame!
- 6 Fading is the sinner's pleasure,
 All his boasted pomp and show,
 Solid joy, and lasting treasure,
 None but God's own children know.

40

L.M.

- 1 **T**RUE! 'tis a rough and thorny road
 That leads us to the saints' abode;
 But when our Father's house we gain,
 'Twill make amends for all our pain.
- 2 And though we feel our present grief,
 In hope we find a sweet relief;
 For hope anticipates the day
 When all our grief shall pass away.

- 3 And what is all we suffer now,
Or all we can endure below,
To that bright day when Christ shall come,
And take his weary pilgrims home ?
- 4 Then let us walk, without complaint,
The thorny road, and never faint ;
Though now by weariness opprest,
The end is everlasting rest.

41

8.7.4.

- 1 **G**UIDE us, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrims through this barren land
We are weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold us with thy powerful hand :
Bread of Heaven !
Feed us now and evermore.
- 2 Open wide the living fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow ;
Be thyself our cloudy pillar
All the dreary desert through :
Strong Deliv'rer !
Be thou still our strength and shield.
- 3 While we tread this vale of sorrow,
May we in thy love abide ;
Keep us ! O our gracious Saviour,
Cleaving closely to thy side ;
Still relying
On our Father's changeless love.

- 4 Saviour, come, we long to see thee,
Long to dwell with thee above,
And to know, in full communion,
All the sweetness of thy love:
Come, Lord Jesus!
Take thy waiting people home.

42

C.M.

- 1 O LORD, thy heart with love o'erflow'd,
Love spoke in ev'ry breath,
Unwearied love thy life declar'd,
And triumph'd in thy death.
- 2 And thou hast taught thy followers here,
Their faithfulness to prove,
And shew their fellowship with thee,
By living still in love.
- 3 May we the law of love fulfil
In ev'ry act and thought,
Each angry passion be remov'd,
Each selfish view forgot.
- 4 Teach us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear,
Let each his willing aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.
- 5 And if from thee, O Lord, we stray,
Our souls restore again,
Direct our footsteps in the way,
And let our path be plain.
- 6 In peacefulness and joy led on,
We'll run the heav'nly race,
Till meeting round thy glorious throne,
We see thee face to face.

1 **L**O! He comes, with clouds descending,
 Once for favor'd sinners slain,
 Thousand thousand saints attending,
 Swell the triumph of his train;
 Hallelujah!

Jesus comes; he comes to reign!

2 **E**V'ry eye shall now behold him,
 Rob'd in glorious majesty;
 Those who set at nought and sold him,
 Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall their true Messiah see.

3 **L**O! the tokens of his passion
 Still his glorious body bears,
 Cause of endless exultation,
 To his ransom'd worshippers;
 Hallelujah!
 Now the day of Christ appears.

4 **Y**ea, Amen, let all adore thee
 High on thine exalted throne,
 Saviour take thy power and glory,
 Claim the kingdom for thine own;
 Oh, come quickly,
 Hallelujah! come, Lord, come.

1 **S**AVIOUR, come! thy saints are waiting,
 Waiting for the joyful day,
 Thence our promis'd glory dating,
 Come, and bear thy saints away;
 Come, Lord Jesus,
 Thus thy waiting people pray. 35

- 2 Base the wish, and vain th' endeavour, 174 8
 While on earth to find our rest ;
 Till we see thy face, we never
 Shall or can, be fully blest ;
 In thy presence,
 Nothing shall our peace molest.
- 3 Lord, we wait for thine appearing ;
 "Tarry not," thy people say,
 Bright the prospect is, and cheering
 Of beholding thee that day
 When our sorrows
 Shall for ever pass away.
- 4 Till it comes, oh keep us steady,
 Keep us walking in thy ways ;
 At thy call may we be ready,
 And our heads with triumph raise ;
 Then with angels
 Sing thine everlasting praise.

45

8.7.4.

- 1 **F**LY, ye seasons, fly still faster,
 Let the glorious day come on,
 When we shall behold our Master
 Seated on his heav'nly throne ;
 When the Saviour
 Shall descend to claim his own.
- 2 What is earth, with all its treasures,
 To the joy this promise brings ?
 Well may we resign its pleasures,
 Jesus gives us better things ;
 All his people
 Draw from heav'n's eternal springs

But if here we taste of pleasure,
What will heav'n itself afford?
There our joy will know no measure,
There we shall behold our Lord;
There his people
Shall obtain their bright reward.

Fly, ye seasons, fly still faster,
Swiftly bring the glorious day,
Jesus, come, our Lord and Master,
Come from heav'n without delay;
Take thy people,
Take, oh take them hence away.

46

6.6.8.

THE night is now far spent,
The day is drawing nigh,
See where the morning spreads
Its radiance through the sky,
Oh let the thought our spirits cheer,
The Lord himself will soon appear.

Though men our hope deride,
Nor will the truth believe,
Yet in his word confide,
For he will ne'er deceive;
When all that grieves shall pass away,
The saints shall see a glorious day.

For us the Lord intends
A bright abode on high,
The place where sorrow ends,
And nought is known but joy;
With such a hope, let us rejoice,
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice.

- 1 **A**ND art thou, gracious Master, gone,
 A mansion to prepare for me?
 Shall I behold thee on thy throne,
 And there for ever sit with thee?
 Then let the world approve or blame,
 I'll triumph in thy glorious name.
- 2 Should I to gain the world's applause,
 Or to escape its angry 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.
- 3 No; let the world cast out my name,
 And vile account me if it will,
 If to confess my Lord be shame,
 Oh, then would I be viler still;
 For thee, my God, I all resign,
 Content that I can call thee mine.
- 4 What transport then will fill my heart,
 When thou my worthless name wilt own,
 When I shall see thee as thou art,
 And know as I myself am known;
 When I from sin and sorrow free,
 Shall have eternal rest with thee.

- 1 **H**ARK! ten thousand voices crying : J I
 "Lamb of God!" with one accord,
 Thousand, thousand saints replying,
 Wake at once the echoing chord.

- 2 "Praise the Lamb," the chorus waking,
 All in heav'n together throng,
 Loud and far each tongue partaking,
 Rolls around the endless song.
- 3 Grateful incense this, ascending
 Ever to the Father's throne,
 Every knee to Jesus bending,
 All the mind in heav'n is one.
- 4 All the Father's counsels claiming
 Equal honour to the Son,
 All the Son's effulgence beaming,
 Makes the Father's glory known.
- 5 By the Spirit all pervading,
 Hosts unnumber'd round the Lamb,
 Crown'd with light and joy unfading,
 Hail him as the great "I AM."
- 6 Joyful now the full creation
 Rests in undisturbed repose,
 Blest in Jesu's full salvation,
 Sorrow now, nor thralldom knows.
- 7 Hark! the heav'nly notes again!
 Louder swells the song of praise,
 Throughout creation's vault, Amen!
 Amen, responsive joy doth raise.

49

P. M.

- 1 **W**E cannot always trace the way,
 Where thou, our gracious Lord, dost move,
 But we can always surely say,
 That thou art love.

- 2 When fear its gloomy 'cloud' will fling
 O'er earth—our souls to heav'n above
 As to their sanctuary spring,
 For thou art love.
- 3 When myst'ry shrouds our darken'd path,
 We'll check our dread, our doubts reprove,
 In this our soul sweet comfort hath,
 That thou art love.
- 4 Yes, thou art love—a truth like this
 Can ev'ry gloomy thought remove;
 And turn all tears, all woes to bliss;
 Our God is love.

50

8.7.

- 1 **J**ESUS, lead us by thy power
 Safe into the promis'd rest,
 Choose our path, and ever keep us
 In the way thou seest best.
 Be our guide in ev'ry peril,
 Watch and guard us night and day,
 Else our foolish hearts will wander
 From thy presence far away.
- 2 Nothing can preserve our going,
 But thy grace, so full and free.
 Nothing can our souls dishearten,
 But forgetfulness of thee:
 Nothing can delay our progress,
 Nothing can disturb our rest,
 If we can, whate'er the danger,
 Lean, O Saviour, on thy breast.

3 In thy presence we are happy,
In thy presence we 're secure ;
In thy presence all afflictions
We can easily endure :
In thy presence we can conquer,
We can suffer, we can die ;
Far from thee we faint and languish,
Oh, our Saviour, keep us nigh !

51

C.M.

- 1 **H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds ★
In a believer's ear !
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubl'd breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear Name ! the Rock on which we build,
Our Shield and Hiding-place ;
Our never-failing Treas'ry, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus, our Saviour, Shepherd, Friend,
Our Prophet, Priest, and King,
Our Lord, our Life, our Way, our End,
Accept the praise we bring.
- 5 Weak is the effort of our heart,
And cold our warmest thought ;
But when we see thee as thou art,
We 'll praise thee as we ought.

- 1 **T**O us our God his love commends,
When by our sins undone :
That he might spare his enemies,
He would not spare his Son.
- 2 His only Son, on whom he plac'd
His whole delight and love,
Before he form'd the earth below,
Or spread the heav'ns above.
- 3 He sent this well-beloved Son
To veil his glorious face,
To take our mortal flesh, and feel
The pains of human race,
- 4 Our sorrows and our sins to bear;
Our heavy cross sustain,
Upon the tree of shame to die,
That we might life obtain.
- 5 This life is hid in God with him
Who fell a sacrifice,
And dying conquered death for us,
That we like him might rise.
- 6 Quickly he triumph'd o'er the grave,
And went to heav'n again ;
There intercedes, and thence will come
With all his saints to reign.
- 7 His word assures he'll quickly come,
For this his children pray ;
For this the whole creation groans.
Come, Lord, without delay.

- 1 **N**OT to ourselves we owe,
That we, O God, are thine;
Jesus, our sun, the shade broke through,
And caus'd the light to shine.
- 2 Sweet mercy, truth, and love,
The blessed ransom gave,
And Jesus left his throne above,
The wanderers to save.
- 3 No more the heirs of wrath,
The smile of peace we see,
And, Father, in confiding love,
We cast our souls on thee.
- 4 We drink the living stream,
To all thy children given,
As fellow-citizens with them
Who dwell with thee in heav'n.
- 5 With all th' adopted band,
Soon shall we see thee there,
With them possess the promis'd land,
And all its glories share.

- 1 "**F**ORWARD let the people go;"
Israel's God will have it so;
Though the path be through the sea,
Israel, what is that to thee?
He who bids thee pass the waters,
Will be with his sons and daughters.

- 2 Deep and wide the sea appears,
 Israel wonders, Israel fears ;
 Yet the word is "forward" still,
 Israel 'tis thy Master's will ;
 Tho' no way thou canst discover,
 Not one plank to float thee over.
- 3 Israel, art thou sorely tried ?
 Art thou press'd on every side ?
 Does it seem as if no pow'r
 Could relieve thee in this hour ?
 Wherefore art thou thus dishearten'd ?
 Is the arm that saves thee shorten'd ?
- 4 Forward go, and thou shalt see,
 Wonders wrought, and wrought for thee ;
 Safe thyself on yonder shore,
 Thou shalt see thy foes no more ;
 Thine to see the Saviour's glory,
 Thine to tell the wondrous story.

55

88.

- : O JESUS, to tell of thy love
 Our souls shall for ever delight,
 And join with the blessed above,
 In praises by day and by night.
 Wherever we follow thee, Lord,
 Admiring, adoring, we see,
 That love which was stronger than death,
 Flowing out without limit, and free.

44

- 2 Descending from glory on high,
 With men thou delightedst to dwell,
 Contented our surety to die,
 By dying to save us from hell ;
 Enduring the grief and the shame,
 And bearing our sin on the cross,
 Oh ! who would not boast of this love,
 And count the world's glory but loss !

56

L.M.

- 1 **R**EJOICE, ye saints, rejoice and praise
 The blessings of redeeming grace ;
 Jesus, your everlasting tow'r,
 Mocks at the angry tempest's pow'r.
- 2 His love's a refuge, ever nigh,
 His watchfulness a mountain high ;
 His name's a rock, which winds above
 And waves below can never move.
- 3 His covenant, for ever sure,
 For endless ages will endure ;
 His perfect work will ever prove
 The depth of his unchanging love.
- 4 While all things change, he changes not,
 He ne'er forgets, though oft forgot ;
 His love's unchangeably the same,
 And as enduring as his name.
- 5 Rejoice, ye saints, rejoice and praise
 The blessings of this wondrous grace ;
 Jesus, your everlasting tow'r,
 Can bear unmov'd the tempest's roar.

- 1 **L**IKE sheep we went astray,
Far from the fold of God,
Each wand'ring in a diff'rent way,
But all the downward road.
- 2 How awful was the hour,
When God our wand'rings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour,
Upon the Shepherd's head!
- 3 How glorious was the grace,
When Jesus suffered thus!
His guiltless life the Shepherd pays
To give that life to us.
- 4 He bow'd his willing head,
He drank the bitter gall,
But God hath raised him from the dead
And set him over all.

- 1 **T**HY gracious presence, O our God,
Our every wish contains;
With this beneath temptation's load,
The heart no more complains.
- 2 This can our ev'ry care control,
Gild each dark scene with light;
This is the sunshine of the soul,
Without it all is night.

- 3 O happy scenes of pure delight,
 Where thy full beams impart
 Unclouded beauty to the sight,
 And gladness to the heart.
- 4 Our part in those fair realms of bliss,
 Our spirits long to know;
 Our wishes terminate in this,
 Nor can they rest below.
- 5 Nor can these wishes of our heart
 Be told in vain to thee:
 We know, O Lord, that where thou art,
 We shall for ever be.
- 6 Here would our cheerful spirits sing
 The darkest hours away,
 And rise on faith's expanded wing
 To everlasting day.

39

8.7.4.

- 1 GRACIOUS Lord! my heart is fixed,
 I will sing, and sing of thee,
 Since the cup that justice mixed
 Thou hast drank, and drank for me;
 Great deliv'rer,
 Thou hast set the pris'ner free,
- 2 Many were the chains that bound us,
 But thou, Lord, hast loos'd them all,
 Arms of mercy now surround us,
 Favors these nor few nor small;
 Saviour keep us,
 Keep thy servants lest we fall.

47

3 Fair the scene that lies before us,
Life eternal Jesus gives,
While he waves his banner o'er us,
Peace and joy the soul receives;
Sure his promise,
We shall live because he lives.

4 When the world would bid us leave thee,
Telling us of shame and loss,
Saviour, guard us, lest we grieve thee,
Lest we cease to love thy cross;
This is treasure,
All the rest we know is dross.

60

6.8.

- 1 **WHAT** will it be to dwell above,
And with the Lord of glory reign,
Since the sweet earnest of his love
So brightens all this dreary plain;
No heart can think or tongue explain,
What joy t'will be with Christ to reign.
- 2 When sin no more obstructs our sight,
When sorrow pains the heart no more,
When we shall see the Prince of light,
And all his works of grace explore;
What heights and depths of love divine,
Will there through endless ages shine.
- 3 And God has fix'd the happy day,
When the last tear shall dim our eyes,
When he will wipe all tears away,
And fill our hearts with glad surprise,
To hear his voice, and see his face,
And know the riches of his grace.

- 4 This is the joy we seek to know,
For this with patience we would wait,
Till call'd from earth and all below,
We rise our gracious Lord to meet,
To wave our palms—our crowns to wear,
And praise the love that brought us there.

61

8s.

- 1 O SAVIOUR! whom absent we love,
Whom not having seen we adore,
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and pow'r—
- 2 Oh come and acknowledge us thine,
And leave us not longer to roam,
Let the light of thy presence, Lord, shine,
Let the trumpet soon summon us home.
- 3 When that happy era begins,
When array'd in thy glories we shine,
Nor grieve any more by our sins
The bosom on which we recline,
- 4 Oh then shall all clouds be remov'd,
And round us thy brightness be pour'd;
We shall meet him whom absent we lov'd,
We shall see whom unseen we ador'd.
- 5 And then never more shall the fears,
The trials, temptations, and woes,
Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on our blissful repose.

- 6 Or if yet remember'd above,
Remembrance no sadness will raise,
They will bring but new thoughts of thy love,
Be new themes for our wonder and praise.

62

C.M.

- 1 **H**OW bright those saints in glory shine,
Whence all their bright array?
How came they to the happy seats
Of everlasting day?
- 2 Lo! these have come from sufferings great,
To realms of endless light,
And in the blood of Christ have wash'd
Their robes which shine so bright.
- 3 Now with triumphant palms they stand
Before the throne on high;
And serve the Lord they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.
- 4 His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every voice to sing;
By day by night, the sacred courts
With glad hosannas ring.
- 5 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor sun with scorching ray,
God is their sun, whose cheering beams
Give them eternal day.
- 6 The Lamb, who dwells amidst the throne,
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

- 7 To pastures green he'll lead his flock,
Where living streams appear,
And God, the Lord, from every eye,
Shall wipe off ev'ry tear.

63

Burial.

S.M.

- 1 **T**HE storm is hush'd, and all is still,
His (*or her*) conflicts are for ever past,
And now, beyond the reach of ill,
He (*or she*) waits the trumpet's final blast;
- 2 The signal of our Lord's return,
When all his saints shall rise again,
The mark no more of human scorn,
But glorious like their Master then.
- 3 The people of the Lord can say,
"The friends we mourn are gone before,
And soon we hope to see the day
When we shall meet to part no more."
- 4 How sweet, how blessed thus to see
The last great foe bereft of pow'r!
'Tis Jesus sets his people free,
And gilds with light their dying hour.
- 5 O may we close to Jesus cleave,
Who cancell'd all our debt of sin;
We would the world for ever leave,
And forward press, the prize to win.

64

S.M.

- 1 **O**UR times are in thy hand:
Our God, we wish them there;
Our life, our souls, our all, we leave
Entirely to thy care.

- 2 Our times are in thy hand,
 Whatever they may be;
 Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
 As best may seem to thee.
- 3 Our times are in thy hand,
 Why should we doubt or fear?
 A Father's hand will never cause
 His child a needless tear.
- 4 Our times are in thy hand,
 Jesus the crucified!
 The hand our many sins have pierc'd
 Is now our guard and guide.
- 5 Our times are in thy hand,
 Jesus our advocate!
 Nor can that hand be stretch'd in vain,
 For us to supplicate.
- 6 Our times are in thy hand,
 We'll always trust in thee,
 Till we possess the promis'd land
 And all thy glory see.

65

C.M.

- 1 **W**HERE, in this waste unlovely world,
 May weary hearts, oppress'd
 With thoughts of sorrows yet to come,
 In calm assurance rest?
- 2 In him, who, of the Father's love,
 The gracious herald came,
 Of mercy to a guilty world,
 Of blessing through his name.

- 3 In him, who, with unsullied feet,
 And guileless spirit, trod
 The paths of this unquiet earth,
 In solitude with God.
- 4 In Jesus, who, ascended now,
 Looks backward on the past,
 Feels for his suffering members here,
 And loves us to the last.
- 5 'Tis only in his changeless love
 Our waiting spirits, blest
 With the sweet hope of glory, find
 Their dwelling place of rest.
- 6 In the same track where he of old
 The dreary desert trod,
 Led onward by his grace, we learn
 The fulness of our God.

66

C.M.

- 1 **H**E'S gone—the Saviour's work on earth,
 His task of love, is o'er;
 And lo! this dreary desert knows
 His gracious steps no more.
- 2 Oh 'twas a waste to him indeed,
 No rest on earth he knew,
 No joy from its unhallow'd springs
 His sorrowing spirit drew.
- 3 He's gone! and shall our truant feet
 And lag'ring hearts delay
 In a dark world, that cast his love
 Like worthless dross away?

- 4 Hopeless of joy in aught below,
 We only long to soar,
 The fulness of his love to feel,
 And lose his smile no more.
- 5 His hand with all the gentle power,
 The sweet constraint of love,
 Hath drawn us from this restless world,
 And fix'd our hearts above.

67

L.M.

- 1 **D**EAR Lord, amid the throng that press'd
 Around thee on the cursed tree,
 Some loyal, loving hearts were there,
 Some pitying eyes that wept for thee.
- 2 Like them may we rejoice to own
 Our dying Lord, though crown'd with thorn:
 Like thee, thy blessed self, endure
 The cross with all its joy or scorn.
- 3 Thy cross, thy lonely path below,
 Shew what thy people all should be:
 Pilgrims on earth, disown'd by those
 Who see no beauty, Lord, in thee.

68

G.M.

- 1 **H**OPE of our hearts, O Lord, appear,
 Thou glorious Star of day!
 Shine forth and chase the dreary night,
 With all our tears, away!
- 2 [Strangers on earth, we wait for thee;
 Oh leave the Father's throne;
 Come with a shout of victory, Lord,
 And claim us as thine own.

- 2 Oh bid the bright archangel, now,
 The trump of God prepare,
 To call thy saints—the quick—the dead,
 To meet thee in the air.]
- 4 No resting-place we seek on earth,
 No loveliness we see;
 Our eye is on the royal crown,
 Prepared for us and thee.
- 5 But, dearest Lord! however bright
 That crown of joy above,
 What is it to the *brighter* hope
 Of dwelling in thy love?
- 6 What to the joy, the *deeper* joy,
 Unmingled, pure, and free,
 Of union with our living Head,
 Of fellowship with thee?
- 7 This joy e'en now on earth is ours;
 But only, Lord, above,
 Our hearts without a pang shall know
 The fulness of thy love.
- 8 There, near thy heart, upon the throne,
 Thy ransom'd bride shall see
 What grace was in the bleeding Lamb,
 Who died to make her free.

69

C.M.

- 1 **L**IGHT of the lonely pilgrim's heart!
 Star of the coming day!
 Arise, and with thy morning beams
 Chase all our griefs away.

- 2 Come, blessed Lord! bid every shore
 And answering island sing
 The praises of thy royal name,
 And own thee as their king.
- 3 Bid the whole earth, responsive now
 To the bright world above,
 Break forth in rapt'rous strains of joy,
 In mem'ry of thy love.
- 4 Lord, Lord, thy fair creation groans,
 The air, the earth, the sea,
 In unison with all our hearts,
 And calls aloud for thee.
- 5 Come, then, with all thy quickening pow'r,
 With one awak'ning smile,
 And bid the serpent's trail no more
 Thy beauteous realms defile.
- 6 Thine was the cross, with all its fruits
 Of grace and peace divine;
 Be thine the crown of glory now,
 The palm of vict'ry thine.

70

C.M.

- 1 **O** BLESSED Jesus! who but thou,
 On earth, in heav'n above,
 May claim from all our willing hearts
 The full response of love.
- 2 We love the brethren, Lord, 'tis true, ()
 Because in them we see
 Sweet traces of thy blessed self;
 For they are one with thee;

3 And one with us—but Oh 'twas thine,
Thine only, Lord, to part
With life, and all that love could give,
To win the wandering heart.

4 Thus heirs of endless bliss with thee,
We love thee—we adore,
And ask thee still for greater grace,
To love thee more and more.

71 L.M.

1 OH what a bright and blessed world
This groaning earth of ours will be,
When from its throne the tempter hurld,
Shall leave it all, O Lord, to thee!

2 But brighter far that world above,
Where we, as we are known, shall know;
And in the sweet embrace of love,
Reign o'er this ransom'd earth below.

3 O blessed Lord! with weeping eyes,
That blissful hour we wait to see;
While every worm or leaf that dies
Tells of the curse, and calls for thee.

4 Come, Saviour, then, o'er all below
Shine brightly from thy throne above;
Bid heaven and earth thy glory know,
And all creation feel thy love.

72 C.M.

1 OH what a lonely path were ours,
Could we, O Father, see
No home of rest beyond it all,
No guide or help in thee.

- 2 But thou art near, and with us still,
 To keep us on the way
 That leads along this vale of tears
 To the bright world of day.
- 3 There shall thy glory, O our God!
 Break fully on our view;
 And we, thy saints, rejoice to find
 That all thy word was true.
- 4 There Jesus, on his heav'nly throne,
 Our wond'ring eyes shall see;
 While we the blest associates there,
 Of all his joy shall be,
- 5 Sweet hope! we leave without a sigh
 A blighted world like this;
 To bear the cross, despise the shame,
 For all that weight of bliss.
- 6 Yet little do thy saints at best,
 Endure, O Lord, for thee;
 Whose suffering soul bore all our sins
 And sorrows on the tree;
- 7 Who fac'd our fierce, our ruthless foe,
 Unaided, and alone;
 To win us for thy crown of joy,
 To raise us to thy throne.

78

Breaking bread.

B. M.

- 1 SWEET feast of love divine!
 'Tis grace that makes us free,
 To feed upon this bread and wine,
 In mem'ry, Lord, of thee.

2 Here ev'ry welcome guest
Waits, Lord, from thee to learn,
The secrets of thy Father's breast,
And all thy grace discern.

3 Here conscience ends its strife,
And faith delights to prove
The sweetness of the bread of life,
The fulness of thy love.

74

L.M.

1 'TIS night—but Oh the joyful morn
Will soon our waiting spirits cheer ;
Yon gleams of coming glory warn
Thy saints, O Lord, that thou art near.

2 Lord of our hearts, belov'd of thee,
Weary of earth, we sigh to rest,
Supremely happy, safe and free,
For ever on thy tender breast ;

3 To see thee, love thee, feel thee near,
Nor dread, as now, thy transient stay ;
To dwell beyond the reach of fear
Lest joy should wane or pass away.

4 Children of hope, beloved Lord !
In thee we live, we glory now ;
Our joy, our rest, our great reward,
Our diadem of beauty, thou !

5 And when exalted, Lord, with thee,
Thy royal throne at length we share,
To everlasting Thou shalt be
Our diadem, our glory there.

- 1 **To Calv'ry, Lord, in spirit now**
 Our weary souls repair,
 To dwell upon thy dying love,
 And taste its sweetness there,
- 2 **Sweet resting-place of every heart**
 That feels the plague of sin,
 Yet knows the deep mysterious joy
 Of peace with God within.
- 3 **There, through thine hour of deepest woe,**
 Thy suff'ring spirit pass'd ;
 Grace there its wondrous vict'ry gain'd,
 And love endur'd its last.
- 4 **Dear suff'ring Lamb ! thy bleeding wounds,**
 With cords of love divine,
 Have drawn our willing hearts to thee,
 And link'd our life with thine.
- 5 **Thy sympathies and hopes are ours ;**
 Dear Lord, we wait to see
 Creation, all—below, above—
 Redeem'd and blest by thee.
- 6 **Our longing eyes would fain behold**
 That bright and blessed brow,
 Once wrung with bitt'rest anguish, wear
 Its crown of glory now.
- 7 **Why linger then ? Come, Saviour, come,**
 Responsive to our call ;
 Come, claim thine ancient power, and reign
 The Heir and Lord of all.

- 1 **WHAT** grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
 Around thy steps below ;
 What patient love was seen in all
 Thy life and death of woe.
- 2 For ever on thy burden'd heart
 A weight of sorrow hung,
 Yet no ungentle murm'ring word
 Escap'd thy silent tongue.
- 3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
 Thy friends unfaithful prove ;
 Unwearied in forgiveness still,
 Thy heart could only love.
- 4 Oh give us hearts to love like thee,—
 Like thee, O Lord, to grieve
 Far more for other's sins, than all
 The wrongs that we receive.
- 5 One with thyself, may every eye
 In us, thy brethren, see
 That gentleness and grace that spring
 From union, Lord, with thee.

77 J. G. De K. 6.8s

- 1 "A LITTLE while," our Lord shall come,
 And we shall wander here no more ;
 He 'll take us to our Father's home,
 Where he for us has gone before—
 To dwell with him, to see his face.
 And sing the glories of his grace.

- 2 "A little while"—he'll come again
 Let us the precious hours redeem;
 Our only grief to give him pain,
 Our joy to serve and follow him.
 Watching and ready may we be,
 As those who long their Lord to see.
- 3 "A little while"—'t will soon be past,
 Why should we shun the shame and cross?
 O let us in his footsteps haste,
 Counting for him all else but loss:
 O how will recompense his smile,
 The sufferings of this "little while."
- 4 "A little while"—come, Saviour, come!
 For thee thy Bride has tarried long;
 Take thy poor wearied pilgrims home,
 To sing the new eternal song,
 To see thy glory, and to be
 In every thing conform'd to thee!

78 *J. P. A. K.* 8.7s.

- 1 "ABBA, Father," we approach thee
 In our Saviour's precious name;
 We, thy children, here assembling,
 Now thy promised blessing claim:
 From our sins his blood hath wash'd us,
 'Tis through him our souls draw nigh,
 And thy Spirit too has taught us,
 "Abba Father" thus to cry.

2 Once as prodigals, we wander'd
In our folly far from thee;
But thy grace, o'er sin abounding,
Rescued us from misery:
Clothed in garments of salvation,
At thy table is our place;
We rejoice, and thou rejoicest,
In the riches of thy grace.

3 "Abba, Father!" all adore thee,
All rejoice in heaven above;
While in us they learn the wonders
Of thy wisdom, grace, and love.
Soon before thy throne assembl'd,
All thy children shall proclaim;
"Glory, everlasting glory,
Be to God and to the Lamb!"

79

J. G. Deck.

78.

JESUS, spotless Lamb of God,
Thou hast bought us with thy blood—
We would value nought beside
Jesus—Jesus crucified.

We are thine—and thine alone,
This we gladly, fully own;
And, in all our works and ways,
Only now would seek thy praise.

Help us to confess thy name,
Bear with joy thy cross and shame,
Only seek to follow thee,
Though reproach our portion be.

63

- 4 When thou shalt in glory come,
And we reach our heav'nly home,
Louder still our lips shall own
We are thine, and thine alone.

80 *J. G. Doek* L.M.

- 1 O HAPPY day! when first we felt
Our souls with sweet contrition melt,
And saw our sins, of crimson guilt,
All cleans'd by blood on Calv'ry spilt.
- 2 O happy day! when first thy love,
Began our grateful hearts to move;
And gazing on thy wond'rous cross,
We saw all else as worthless dross.
- 3 O happy day! when we no more
Shall grieve thee whom our souls adore;
When sorrows, conflicts, fears, shall cease,
And all our trials end in peace.
- 4 O happy day! when we shall see
And fix our longing eyes on thee,
On thee, our Light, our Life, our Love,
Our *All* below, our Heaven above.
- 5 O happy day of cloudless light!
Eternal day without a night;
Lord, when shall we its dawning see,
And spend it all in praising thee.
- 6 Come, Saviour, come, O quickly come,
Take us, thy waiting people, home;
We long to stand around thy throne,
And know thee as ourselves are known.

- 1 **O** LAMB of God I still keep me
Near to thy wounded side;
'Tis only there in safety
And peace I can abide;
What foes and snares surround me,
What lusts and fears within,
The grace that sought and found me
Alone can keep me clean.
- 2 'Tis only in thee hiding,
I feel my life secure;
Only in thee abiding,
The conflict can endure:
Thine arm the vict'ry gaineth
O'er ev'ry hateful foe:
Thy love my heart sustaineth
In all its cares and woe.
- 3 Soon shall my eyes behold thee
With rapture, face to face;
One half hath not been told me
Of all thy pow'r and grace;
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
The wonders of thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all thy saints above.

- 1 **A** GAIN we meet in Jesu's name,
Again his promis'd blessing claim;
Father, thy children seek thy face,
Oh let thy presence fill this place!

- 2 Thy Spirit's pow'r, and grace supply,
 On thee alone our souls rely:
 So shall our pray'rs and praises rise
 As clouds of incense to the skies.
- 3 Our God, our Father, wisdom give,
 That we may to thy glory live,
 Walk as the children of the day,
 And all the light of life display.
- 4 Soon shall we meet on earth no more,
 Our service, conflicts here be o'er:
 But then we'll meet to sing above
 The wonders of thy grace and love.

83

8.7.

- 1 "A BBA, Father," Lord, we call thee.
 (Hallow'd name!) from day to day:
 'Tis thy children's right to know thee,
 None but children, "Abba," say:
 This high glory we inherit,
 (Thy free gift) through Jesu's blood;
 God the Spirit, with our spirit,
 Witnesseth we're sons of God.
- 2 Abba's love first gave us being,
 When, *in Christ*, in that vast plan,
 Abba chose the Church in Jesus,
 Long before the world began:
 Oh what love the Father bore us!
 Oh how precious in his sight!
 When he gave his Church to Jesus!
 Jesus, his whole soul's delight!

66

3 Though our nature's fall in Adam,
Seem'd to shut us out from God,
Thus it was his counsel brought us
Nearer still through Jesu's blood:
For in him we found redemption,
Grace and glory in the Son ;
Oh the height and depth of mercy ;
Christ and all the saints are one !

1 [Richest stores of heavenly blessings
God has given in Christ his Son,—
With the Holy Spirit's power,
Safe to lead his children on:
"Abba, Father," makes all certain,
E'en by word, and oath, and blood—
Abba saith, "They are my people,"
And they say, "The Lord our God."]

1 Hence through all the changing seasons,
Trouble, sickness, sorrow, woe,
Nothing changeth God's affection,
Abba's love shall bring us through ;
Soon shall all thy blood-bought children,
Round the throne their anthems raise,
And in songs of rich salvation,
Shout to Abba endless praise.

CHORUS.

"Abba, Father," Lord, we call thee ;
Abba sounds through all the host ;
All in heav'n and earth adore thee,
FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

1 **L**AMB of God! our souls adore thee
 While upon thy face we gaze;
 There the Father's love and glory
 Shine in all their brightest rays;
 Thine almighty pow'r and wisdom
 All creation's works proclaim:
 Heav'n and earth alike confess thee,
 As the ever great "I AM."

2 Lamb of God! thy Father's bosom
 Ever was thy dwelling-place;
 His delight, in him rejoicing,
 One with him in pow'r and grace:
 Oh what wondrous love and mercy!
 Thou didst lay thy glory by,
 And for us didst come from heaven,
 As the Lamb of God to die.

3 Lamb of God! when we behold thee
 Lowly in the manger laid;
 Wand'ring as a homeless stranger,
 In the world thy hands had made;
 When we see thee in the garden
 In thine agony of blood—
 At thy grace we are confounded,
 Holy, spotless Lamb of God!

4 When we see thee, as the victim,
 Bound to the accursed tree,
 For our guilt and folly stricken,
 All our judgment borne by thee:

Lord we own, with hearts adoring,
Thou hast lov'd us unto blood ;
Glory, glory everlasting,
Be to thee thou Lamb of God !

V 85 J. J. Beech
SECOND PART.

1 **L**AMB of God ! Thou now art seated
High upon thy Father's throne ;
All thy gracious work completed,
All thy mighty vict'ry won :
Ev'ry knee in heav'n is bending,
To the Lamb for sinners slain ;
Ev'ry voice and harp is swelling,
" Worthy is the Lamb to reign."

2 Lord, in all thy pow'r and glory,
Still thy thoughts and eyes are here ;
Watching o'er thy ransom'd people,
To thy gracious heart so dear :
Thou for us art interceding,
Everlasting is thy love ;
And a blessed rest preparing,
In our Father's house above.

3 Lamb of God ! thou soon in glory
Wilt to this sad earth return ;
All thy foes shall quake before thee,
All that now despise thee, mourn :
Then thy saints shall rise to meet thee,
With thee in thy kingdom reign ;
Thine the praise, and thine the glory,
Lamb of God, for sinners slain !

- 1 **A**LL hail the pow'r of Jesu's name!
 Let angels prostrate fall,
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown him Lord of all!
- 2 Ye risen saints attune the lyre,
 And as ye tune it, fall
 Before his face who form'd the choir,
 And crown him Lord of all!
- 3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
 Redeem'd from Israel's fall,
 Adore him for his wondrous grace,
 And crown him Lord of all!
- 4 Ye Gentiles come, with all your kings
 Throughout this earthly ball;
 To Zion come—behold him there,
 And crown him Lord of all!
- 5 All, all above,—on earth below,
 In wond'ring rapture fall;
 Join in the universal song,
 And crown him Lord of all!

- 1 **W**E sing the praise of him who died,
 Of him who died upon the cross,
 The sinner's hope, whom men deride,
 For whom we count the world but loss.
- 2 Inscrib'd upon the cross we see,
 In shining letters "GOD IS LOVE;"
 He bears our sins upon the tree,
 And brings us mercy from above.

- 3 **The cross!** it takes our guilt away,
 It holds the fainting spirit up;
 It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
 And sweetens every bitter cup;
- 4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
 And nerves the feeble arm for fight,
 It takes its terror from the grave,
 And gilds the bed of death with light;
- 5 **The balm of life,** the cure of woe,
 The measure and the pledge of love,
 The sinner's refuge here below,
 The angel's theme in heav'n above!



S.M.

- 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,
 'Tis well with them while life endures,
 And well when call'd to die.
- 3 Well when they see his face,
 Or sink amidst the flood,
 Well in affliction's thorny maze,
 Or on the mount with God.
- 4 'Tis well when joys arise,
 'Tis well when sorrows flow,
 'Tis well when darkness veils the skies,
 And strong temptations grow.

- 5 But, above all, 'tis well
When Jesus speaks the word,
At the last trumpet's sounding swell,
" Arise to meet your God."

- † 1 **F**AIN'T not, Christian! though the road,
Leading to thy blest abode,
Darksome be, and dangerous too,
Christ, thy guide, will bring thee through.
- 2 Faint not, Christian! though in rage,
Satan would thy soul engage,
Gird on faith's anointed shield,
Bear it to the battle-field.
- 3 Faint not, Christian! though the world
Hath its hostile flag unfurl'd;
Hold the cross of Jesus fast,
Thou shalt overcome at last.
- 4 Faint not, Christian! though within
There's a heart so prone to sin;
Christ, the Lord, is over all,
He'll not suffer thee to fall.
- 5 Faint not, Christian! though thy God
Smite thee with the chast'ning rod;
Smite he must with father's care,
That he may his love declare.
- 6 Faint not, Christian! Jesu's near;
Soon in glory he'll appear:
Then shall cease thy toil and strife,
Thou shalt wear the "crown of life."

- 1 **O** JESUS Christ, our Saviour,
We only look to thee;
'Tis in thy love and favour,
Our souls find liberty.
While Satan fiercely rages,
And shipwreck oft we fear,
'Tis this our grief assuages,
That thou art always near.
- 2 Yes, though the tempest round us
Seems safety to defy,
Though rocks and shoals surround us,
And swell the billows high :
Thou dost from death protect us,
And cheer us by thy love ;
Thy counsels too direct us
Safe to the rest above.
- 3 There, with what joy reviewing
Past conflicts, dangers, fears—
Thy hand our foes subduing,
And drying all our tears—
Our hearts with rapture burning,
The path we shall retrace,
Where now our souls are learning
The riches of thy grace.
- 4 Oh then how loud the chorus
Shall to thy name resound,
From all at rest before us,
From all thy grace hath found.

One joyful song for ever,
Each harp, each lip, shall raise ;
The praise of our Redeemer,
Our God and Saviour's praise.

91 *J. P. Deck* - 7.6.

- * 1 **O** LORD, who now art seated
Above the heav'ns on high,
(The gracious work completed,
For which thou cam'st to die)
To thee our hearts are lifted,
While pilgrims wand'ring here,
For thou art truly gifted
Our every grief to share.
- 2 We know that thou hast bought us,
And wash'd us in thy blood ;
We know thy grace has brought us,
As kings and priests, to God :
We know that soon the morning,
Long look'd for, hasteth near,
When we, at thy returning,
In glory shall appear.
- 3 **O** Lord, thy love 's unbounded !
So full, so sweet, so free !
Our thoughts are all confounded
Whene'er we think on thee ;
For us thou cam'st from heaven,
For us to bleed and die ;
That, purchas'd and forgiven,
We might ascend on high.

- 4 Oh let this love constrain us
 To give our hearts to thee;
 Let nothing henceforth pain us,
 But that which paineth thee:
 Our joy, our one endeavour,
 Through suffering, conflict, shame—
 To serve thee, gracious Saviour,
 And magnify thy name.

92 *J. P. Dick*. C.M.

- 1 O LORD, when we the path retrace,
 Which thou on earth hast trod,
 To man thy wondrous love and grace,
 Thy faithfulness to God.
- 2 Thy love by man so sorely tried,
 Prov'd stronger than the grave;
 The very spear that pierc'd thy side
 Drew forth the blood to save.
- 3 Faithful amidst unfaithfulness,
 Midst darkness only light,
 Thou didst thy Father's name confess,
 And in his will delight.
- 4 Unmov'd by Satan's subtle wiles,
 Or suffering, shame and loss;
 Thy path uncheer'd by earthly smiles,
 Led only to the cross.
- 5 O Lord, with sorrow and with shame,
 We meekly would confess,
 How little we, who bear thy name,
 Thy mind, thy ways express.

- 6 Give us thy meek, thy lowly mind;
We would obedient be;
And all our rest and pleasure find,
In fellowship with thee.

93 *J. P. Jack* 8.7.4.

- 1 SAVIOUR, hasten thine appearing,
Take thy waiting people home;
'Tis this hope, our spirits cheering
While we in the desert roam,
Makes thy people
Strangers here till thou dost come.
- 2 Lord, how long shall the creation
Groan and travail sore in pain;
Waiting for its sure salvation,
When thou shalt in glory reign,
And like Eden,
This sad earth shall bloom again?
- 3 Gather, too, thy chosen nation,
Israel's long afflicted race;
Let them find thy free salvation,
Own and trust thy wondrous grace;
And, adoring,
Look on thy once marred face.
- 4 Reign, O reign, Almighty Saviour!
Heav'n and earth in one unite;
Make it known, that in thy favour,
There alone is life and light;
When we see thee,
We shall have unmix'd delight.

- 1 **Y**OUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take ;
Loud to the praise of Christ our Lord,
Let every string awake.
- 2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home ;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.
- 3 His grace will to the end,
Clearer and brighter shine ;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Can change his love divine.
- 4 Secure within the veil,
Christ is our anchor strong ;
While power supreme and love divine,
Still guide us safe along.
- 5 And should the surges rise,
Should sore afflictions come,
Blest is the sorrow, kind the storm,
That drives us nearer home.
- 6 Soon shall our pains and fears
For ever pass away,
For we shall soon the Saviour see,
In everlasting day.

- 1 **T**HOUGH troubles assail,
And dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail,
And foes all unite :

Yet one thing secures us,
What ever betide,
The Scripture assures us,
"The Lord will provide."

2 The birds, without barn
Or storehouse, are fed ;
From them let us learn
To trust for our bread :
His saints, what is fitting,
Shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written,
"The Lord will provide."

3 We may, like the ships,
By tempest be tost
On perilous deeps,
But cannot be lost :
Though Satan enrages
The wind and the tide,
The promise engages,
"The Lord will provide."

4 His call we obey,
Like Abram of old,
Not knowing our way,
But faith makes us bold ;
For though we are strangers,
We have a sure guide,
And trust in all dangers,
"The Lord will provide."

1 **WHEN** Satan appears
To stop up our path,
And fill us with fears,
We triumph by faith ;
He cannot take from us,
Though oft he has tried,
This heart-cheering promise,—
“ The Lord will provide.”

2 He tells us we 're weak,
Our hope is in vain,
The good that we seek,
We ne'er shall obtain ;
But when such suggestions
Our spirits have tried,
This answers all questions,—
“ The Lord will provide.”

3 No strength of our own
Or goodness we claim ;
Yet since we have known
The Saviour's great name,
In this, our strong tower,
For safety we hide,
The Lord is our power,
“ The Lord will provide.”

4 Should life sink apace,
And death be in view,
This word of his grace
Shall comfort us through ;

No fearing or doubting;—
With Christ on our side
We hope to die shouting,
“The Lord will provide?”

97 *J. Montgomerie's.*

- 1 **H**ARK! 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 banners furled:
Sheath'd his sword! he speaks—'tis done;
And the kingdoms of the 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 shall pass away:
Then the end;—beneath his rod,
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all!

- 1 **T**HERE is a place of endless joy,
 Prepar'd for saints above,
 Of peace and bliss without alloy,
 A heav'n of perfect love.
 It was for this that Jesus died,
 That we with him might there abide :
 It was for this he suffer'd pain,
 That all his saints with him might reign.
- 2 How bright, how holy is the place,
 Unfading, undefil'd,
 Where God unveils his gracious face
 On every blood-bought child !
 They round the throne triumphant stand,
 A golden harp in every hand,
 To which they sing the ceaseless strain,
 " Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain !"
- 3 Oh wondrous grace ! Oh love divine,
 To give us such a home !
 Let us the present things resign,
 And seek this rest to come—
 And, gazing on our Saviour's cross,
 Esteem all else but worthless dross ;
 Press forward till the race be run,
 Fight till the crown of life be won.

- 1 **W**E bless our Saviour's name,
 Our sins are all forgiv'n ;
 To suffer once, to earth he came,
 And now he's crown'd in heav'n.

- 2 His precious blood was shed,
 His body bruise'd for sin ;
 Rememb'ring this, we break the bread,
 And, joyful, drink the wine.
- 3 While we remember thee,
 Lord, in our midst appear ;
 Let each, by faith, thy body see,
 While we assemble here.
- 4 We never would forget
 Thy rich, thy precious love,
 Our theme of joy and wonder here,
 Our endless song above !
- 5 Oh let thy love constrain
 Our souls to cleave to thee,
 And ever in our hearts remain
 That word, "*Remember me !*"

100 *J. P. Doak* 104th.

- 1 **WE'RE** not of the world, that fadeth away.
 We're not of the night, but children of
 day.
 The chains that once bound us by Jesus are
 riv'n,
 We're strangers on earth, and our home is
 in heav'n.
- 2 Our path is most rough and dangerous too,
 A wide trackless waste our journey lies
 through ;
 But the pillar that guides us, and shews us our
 way,
 Is our sure light by night, and our shade by
 the day.

- 3 Our Shepherd is still our guardian and guide,
 Before us he goes to keep and provide;
 We drink of the stream from the Rock that
 was riv'n,
 Our bread is the Manna that came down
 from heav'n.
- 4 'Mid mightiest foes most feeble are we,
 Yet, trembling, in each encounter they flee;
 The Lord is our banner, the battle is his,
 The weakest of saints more than conqueror is.
- 5 Soon, soon shall we reach our own promis'd
 land,
 Before his bright throne in glory shall stand!
 Our song then for ever and ever shall be,
 " *All glory and blessing, Lord Jesus, to thee.*

101

Burial.

7.6.

- 1 GREAT captain of Salvation,
 We bless thy glorious name;
 Of death and hell the victor,
 With all their pow'r and shame:
 Weak, helpless, poor, and trembling,
 As in ourselves we stand,
 We triumph, more than conqu'rors,
 Through thine Almighty hand.
- 2 Our brother's (or sister's) fight is over,
 His (or her) earthly race is run
 'Twas by thy grace and power,
 The prize of life he (or she) won;

He (*or she*) now is sweetly sleeping.
His (*or her*) spirit rests with thee,
And tho' thy saints are weeping,
Our song is "Victory!"

3 Soon thou wilt come in glory,
With all thy church to shine,
Our bodies rais'd in honor
And beauty, Lord, like thine :
Then, then, we'll shout still louder
The song which now we sing,
" O Grave, where is thy victory ?
O Death, where is thy sting ?"

4 O Son of God, we thank thee,
We bless thy holy name,
Thy love once made thee willing
To bear our sin and shame ;
And now thy love is waiting
Thy church, like thee, to raise ;
First-born of many brethren,
Thine—thine be all the praise !

102 *J. I. Deck* 7s.

1 **W**HEN along life's thorny road,
Faints the soul beneath its load,
By its cares and sins opprest,
Finding here no place of rest :
When the wily tempter's near,
Filling us with doubt and fear ;
Jesus, to thy feet we flee,
Jesus, we will look to thee.

- 2 Thou, our Saviour, from the throne,
 List'nest to thy people's groan:
 Thou, the living Head, dost share,
 Ev'ry pang thy members bear:
 Full of tenderness thou art,
 Thou wilt heal the broken heart;
 Full of pow'r, thine arm shall quell
 All the rage and might of hell.
- 3 [Thou, O Jesus, thou hast borne
 Satan's rage, the worldling's scorn:
 Thou hast known the bitter hour
 Of the wily tempter's power:
 Lo, thy bloody sweat we see,
 In the dark Gethsemane:
 Hark! that piercing awful cry,
 From the mount of Calvary!
- 4 By that *love* which brought thee down
 From thy high eternal throne,
 Veil'd the Lord of earth and skies,
 In an infant's lowly guise:
 By that *love* that heal'd the maim,
 Cur'd the sick, restor'd the lame,
 Bade the darken'd eye to see,
 Jesus, we will look to thee.
- 5 By thy tears o'er Laz'rus shed,
 By thy power to raise the dead,
 By thy meekness under scorn,
 By thy stripes and crown of thorn,
 By that rich and precious blood,
 That hath made our peace with God;
 Jesus, to thy feet we flee,
 Jesus, we will cling to thee.]

6 **Mighty to redeem and save,**
Thou hast overcome the grave,
Thou the bars of death hast riv'n,
Open'd wide the gate of heav'n;
Soon in glory thou shalt come,
Thy poor pilgrims to take home:
Jesus, then we all shall be,
Ever—ever—Lord, with thee!

103

J. P. Lock 7.6.

- 1 **H**OW long, O Lord our Saviour,
Wilt thou remain away?
Our hearts are growing weary
Of thy so long delay;
Oh when shall come the moment,
When, brighter far than morn,
The sunshine of thy glory
Shall on thy people dawn?
- 2 **H**ow long, O gracious Master,
Wilt thou thy household leave?
So long hast thou now tarried,
Few thy return believe:
Immers'd in sloth and folly,
Thy servants, Lord, we see;
And few of us stand ready
With joy to welcome thee.
- 3 **H**ow long, O Heav'nly Bridegroom,
How long wilt thou delay?
And yet how few are grieving,
That thou dost absent stay:

Thy very Bride her portion
And calling hath forgot,
And seeks for ease and glory
Where thou, her Lord, art not.

- 4 Oh wake thy slumb'ring virgins ;
Send forth the solemn cry,
Let all thy saints repeat it,
" The Bridegroom draweth nigh !"
May all our lamps be burning,
Our loins well-girded be,
Each longing heart preparing
With joy thy face to see.

104 *J. P. Doak* 7.6.

- 1 O JESUS, gracious Saviour,
Upon the Father's throne,
Whose wond'rous love and favor
Have made our cause thine own ;
Thy people to thee ever
For grace and help repair,
For thou, they know, wilt never
Refuse their griefs to share.
- 2 O Lord, through tribulation
Our weary journey lies,
Through scorn and sore temptation,
And watchful enemies ;
'Midst never ceasing dangers
We through the desert roam,
As pilgrims here, and strangers,
We seek the rest to come.

3 O Lord, thou too hast hasted
This dreary desert through,
Once fully tried and tasted
Its bitterness and woe ;
And hence thy heart is tender,
In truest sympathy,
Though now the heavens render
All praise to thee on high.

4 Oh ! by thy Holy Spirit,
Reveal to us thy love,
The joy we shall inherit
With thee, our Head, above :
May all this consolation
Our trembling hearts sustain—
Sure—though through tribulation—
The promis'd rest to gain.

105 *J. P. Deck* S. M.

1 **S**OON shall our Master come,
Our toil and sorrow cease ;
He 'll call his waiting people home,
To endless joy and peace.

2 *Now* may we do his will,
In all his footsteps tread ;
And, in a world of evil, still,
To grieve him only dread.

3 May we his name confess
'Midst suff'ring, shame, and loss ;
Stand forth his faithful witnesses,
And glory in the Cross.

- 4 Watchful may each be found,
 Our loins well-girded be ;
 In works of faith and love abound,
 Till we our Master see.
- 5 Then shall we soar above,
 Nor cease our sweet employ ;
 And hear him say, with tend'rest love,
 " *Enter thy Master's joy.*"

106 *J. G. Dec R.* C.M.

- 1 **L**ORD Jesus are we *one* with thee ?
 O height, O depth of love !
With thee we died upon the tree,
 In thee we live above.
- 2 Such was thy grace, that for our sake
 Thou didst from heav'n come down,
 Our mortal flesh and blood partake,
 In all our misery *one*.
- 3 Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,
 Confess'd and borne by thee ;
 The gall, the curse, the wrath were thine,
 To set thy members free.
- 4 Ascended now, in glory bright,
 Still *one* with us thou art ;
 Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height
 Thy saints and thee can part.
- 5 Oh teach us, Lord, to know and own
 This wondrous mystery,
 That thou with us art truly *one*,
 And we are *one* with thee !

- 6 Soon, soon shall come that glorious day,
When, seated on thy throne,
Thou shalt to wond'ring worlds display,
That thou with us art ONE!

107

J. G. Leach Burial. 6.8s.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thy name indeed is sweet,
In ev'ry scene, at ev'ry hour;
All that we need is there complete:
Love all divine, Almighty pow'r;
Yet full of tend'rest sympathy,
Our souls can rest their all on thee.
- 2 We weep, but thou hast also wept,
Thy tears o'erflow'd at Lazarus' grave;
Such was thy love to those bereft,
Such too, thy mighty pow'r to save,
Thy voice the gates of death o'erthrew,
And bid the dead his life renew.
- 3 Thou art the "resurrection" Lord,
Thy voice shall raise thy saints that sleep,
One moment—one Almighty word,
The harvest of the just shall reap:
Their bodies rais'd by pow'r divine,
Conform'd, O Lord of Life, to thine.
- 4 For this we wait—till then we sow,
In hope, this body in the dust,
Not with the world's despairing woe,
For in thy word and name we trust:
With him (*or her*) we'll meet thee in the sky,
And sing thy love and victory.

- 1 **H**AIL, blessed scene of endless joy,
 Where Jesus will in glory reign ;
 Where nothing hurtful will annoy,
 But gladness fill the happy plain.
 Free from all sin, and free from fear,
 None shall e'er sigh, or shed a tear.
- 2 Ten thousand thousands then shall raise
 Their joyful notes, and sing this strain,
 Awake the song of grateful praise
 Unto the Lamb who once was slain ;
 Hosannas, loud hosannas sing,
 Hosannas to th' eternal King !
- 3 For ever they, with Jesus blest,
 Shall fear no death, and feel no pain,
 But there shall be in endless rest,
 Where fear shall ne'er disturb again.
 There Christ shall reign, and they shall share
 With him his fullest glory there.

- 1 **C**OME, let us join our cheerful songs
 With angels round the throne ;
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
 But all their joys are one.
- 2 " Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
 " To be exalted thus ;"
 " Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
 " For he was slain for us."

- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honour and pow'r divine;
 And blessings more than we can give
 Be Lord, for ever thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
 And air, and earth and seas;
 Conspire to raise thy glories high,
 And speak thine endless praise.
- 5 Let all creation join in one,
 To bless the sacred name
 Of him who sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.

110

7s.

- 1 **C**HILDREN of the heav'nly King,
 As ye journey, sweetly sing,
 Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
 Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 Ye are trav'ling home to God,
 In the way the fathers trod:
 They are happy now, and ye
 Soon with Christ, your Lord, shall be.
- 3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest,
 You on Jesu's throne shall rest;
 There your seat is now prepar'd,
 There your kingdom and reward.
- 4 Fear not, though a feeble band,
 'Mid the conflict boldly stand;
 Christ, your Lord, the day who won,
 Bids you undismay'd go on.

5 Lord, submissive may we go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

111

L.M.

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

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint ;
But they forget the mighty God
That feeds the strength of every saint.

3 From thee, the everflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength,
Shall fade away, and droop, and die.

4 Swift as the eagle cuts the air,
We 'll mount aloft to thine abode ;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amid the heav'nly road.

112

S.M.

FOR ever with the Lord !
Amen, so let it be :
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

- 2 Here in the body pent,
 Absent from him I roam,
 Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
 A day's march nearer home.
- 3 My Father's house on high,
 Home of my soul, how near
 At times, to faith's transpiercing eye,
 Thy golden gates appear!
- 4 My thirsty spirit faints,
 To reach the land I love,
 The bright inheritance of saints,
 Jerusalem above.

113

L.M.

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
 And sing the great Redeemer's praise;
 He justly claims a song from thee,
 His loving-kindness, Oh how free!
- 2 He saw us ruin'd in the fall,
 Yet lov'd us notwithstanding all:
 He sav'd us from our lost estate,
 His loving-kindness, Oh how great!
- 3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
 Though earth and hell our way oppose,
 He safely leads our souls along;
 His loving-kindness, Oh how strong!
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
 Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,
 He with his Church has ever stood;
 His loving-kindness, Oh how good!

5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Saviour to depart,
But though I oft have him forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

5 Soon shall we mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day,
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies!

114

L.M.

JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man asham'd of thee?
Asham'd of thee whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

Asham'd of Jesus! sooner far
Let ev'ning blush to own a star;
He shed the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

Asham'd of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be asham'd of noon:
'Twas midnight with my soul till he,
Bright morning-star! bade darkness flee.

Asham'd of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heav'n depend?
No—when I blush—be this my shame,
That I no more confess his name.

Asham'd of Jesus!—Yes I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain !
And Oh may this my glory be,
That Christ is not asham'd of me !

115

8.8.6.

- 1 **T**O those who love thee, gracious Lord,
How bright, how precious is the Word,
By God in mercy giv'n ;
A guide to all who, trav'ling here,
'Mid sin and darkness, death and fear,
Are pressing on to heav'n.
- 2 O gracious Saviour, God of love,
Let thine own Spirit from above,
Now fill us with desire
To read, to mark, to learn thy will,
And with thy truth our spirits fill,
And touch our hearts with fire.
- 3 And till in glory thou dost come
To take thy waiting people home,
May we obedient stand ;
Doing thy will, till that great day,
When from this earth we're call'd away,
To take our better land.

116

L.M.

- 1 **W**HAT sinners value, I resign ;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine :
shall behold thy glorious face,
and stand complete in righteousness.

2 This life's a dream, an empty show,
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere:
When shall I wake, and find me there?

3 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God!
And flesh and sin no more shall be
A hindrance to my joy in thee.

4 My flesh may slumber in the ground,
But the last trumpet's joyful sound
Will wake the dust; and I shall rise
To meet my Saviour in the skies.

117

8.7.4:

1 **I**N thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We, thy people, now draw near;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling.
Speak; and let thy servants hear,
Hear with meekness,
Hear thy word with godly fear!

2 While our days on earth are lengthen'd,
May we give them, Lord, to thee,
Cheer'd by hope, and daily strengthen'd,
May we run, nor weary be;
Till thy glory,
Without clouds, in heaven we see.

3 Then in worship purer, sweeter,
Thee thy people shall adore,
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Far than thought conceiv'd before,
Full enjoyment,
Full, unmix'd, and evermore.

- 1 **WE'RE** bound for the kingdom;
 Will you come with us to glory,
 And sing halleluiah,
 Sing glory, halleluiah !
- 2 We're bound for the kingdom:
 Will you come with us to glory,
 And sing halleluiah,
 To God and the Lamb !

- 1 **NOW** I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies,
 I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
 And hellish darts be hurl'd,
 I'll smile at Satan's fiercest rage,
 And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
 And storms of sorrow roll;
 Yet I shall safely reach my home,
 My God, my heav'n, my all.
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
 In seas of heav'nly rest,
 And not a wave of trouble roll
 Across my peaceful breast.

- 1 **E**RE God had built the mountains,
Or rais'd the fruitful hills,
Before he fill'd the fountains
That feed the running rills,
In **T**HEE, from everlasting,
The wonderful I **A**M
Found pleasures never wasting,
And **W**ISDOM is thy name.
- 2 When like a tent to dwell in
He spread the skies abroad,
And swath'd about the swelling
Of ocean's mighty flood,
He wrought by weight and measure,
And thou wast with him then:
Thyself the Father's pleasure,
And thine the sons of men.
- 3 Thus **W**isdom's words discover
Thy glory and thy grace,
Thou everlasting lover
Of our unworthy race!
Thy gracious eye survey'd us,
Ere stars were seen above,
In wisdom thou hast made us,
And died for us in love.
- 4 And could'st thou be delighted
With creatures such as we,
Who, when we saw thee, slighted
And nail'd thee to a tree?

Unfathomable wonder !
And mystery divine !
The voice that speaks in thunder,
Says, " Sinner, I am thine."

121

C.M.

- 1 **T**HERE 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 have I, as vile as he,
Wash'd all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its pow'r,
'Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be sav'd to sin no more.
- 4 Since first by faith I saw the stream
Thy wounds supplied for me,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall for ever be.
- 5 Soon in a nobler, sweeter song,
I 'll sing thy pow'r to save ;
And with the heav'nly, blood-bought throng
My palm of vict'ry wave.
- 6 Lord, I believe thou hast prepar'd,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me.

- 7 'Tis form'd and strung for endless years,
And tun'd by love divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but thine.

122

8.7.4.

- 1 **S**AVIOUR, through the desert lead us,
Without thee we cannot go:
Thou from cruel chains hast freed us,
Thou hast laid the tyrant low ;
Let thy presence
Cheer us all our journey through.
- 2 With a price thy love has bought us,
(Saviour ! what a love is thine !)
Hitherto thy power has brought us,
(Power and love in thee combine ;)
Lord of glory,
Ever on thy people shine.
- 3 Through the desert waste and cheerless
Though our destin'd journey lie,
Render'd by thy presence fearless,
We may ev'ry foe defy ;
Nought shall move us,
While we see the Saviour nigh.
- 4 When we halt (no track discoy'ring),
Fearful lest we go astray,
O'er our path thy pillar hov'ring,
Fire by night, and cloud by day,
Shall direct us:
Thus we shall not miss our way.

- 5 When we hunger, thou wilt feed us,
Manna shall our camp surround;
Faint and thirsty, thou wilt heed us,
Streams shall from the rock abound;
Happy people!
What a Saviour we have found!

123

S.M.

- 1 **T**O heav'n's eternal King,
The praise of saints be giv'n;
His name, his glorious name we sing,
Who fills the throne of heav'n.
- 2 He once was found with men—
A Man of Sorrows he:
He bore his people's sentence then,
He bore it on the tree.
- 3 He suffer'd in their stead;
He sav'd his people thus:
The curse that fell upon his head
Was due, by right, to us.
- 4 'Twas love that brought him down,
The purest, strongest love:
He bore the cross, he won the crown,
And now he reigns above.
- 5 The praise of saints be giv'n
To him who worthy is:
He died on earth, he lives in heav'n!
Eternal praise be his!

- 1 **J**ESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat ;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And ev'ry place is hallow'd ground.
- 2 Great Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew ;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.
- 3 Here may we prove the pow'r of pray'r,
To strengthen faith and banish care,
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heav'n before our eyes.
- 4 Lord, we are weak, but thou art near,
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear ;
Oh fill us with thy grace divine,
And may our hearts be wholly thine.

125

8.7.4.

- 1 **H**OLY Saviour ! we adore thee,
Seated on the throne of God ;
While the heav'nly hosts before thee,
Gladly sing thy praise aloud—
“ Thou art worthy !
We are ransom'd by thy blood.”
- 2 Saviour ! though the world despis'd thee,
Though thou here wast crucified,
Yet the Father's glory rais'd thee :
Lord of all creation wide,
“ Thou art worthy !”
We shall live, for thou hast died !

- 3 And though here on earth rejected,
 'Tis but fellowship with thee ;
 What besides could be expected,
 Than like thee, our Lord, to be ?
 " Thou art worthy !"
 Thou from earth hast set us free.
- 4 Haste the day of thy returning,
 With thy ransom'd church to reign ;
 Then shall end our days of mourning,
 We shall sing with rapture then—
 " Thou art worthy !"
 Come, Lord Jesus, come, Amen.

126

L.M.

- 1 **W**ITH heav'n in view, we tread the path
 The saints of former ages trod ;
 Like them, the children once of wrath,
 But now, with Christ, the sons of God.
- 2 We seek a city far from this,
 A distant city, out of sight:
 Our God himself its builder is,
 The Lamb its everlasting light.
- 3 In him to us full joy there is,
 In him who is the joy of heav'n ;
 And blest our lot ; for we are his,
 Opposers once, but now forgiv'n.
- 4 Our aim be this, to live below,
 As he would have his people live :
 To those who own and serve him so,
 The Lord a bright reward will give.

- 1 **G**IVE thanks to God most high,
 The universal Lord;
 The sov'reign King of kings
 For ever be ador'd.
 Thy mercy, Lord, shall still endure,
 Thy word abides for ever sure.
- 2 How mighty is his hand !
 What wonders he hath done !
 He form'd the earth and seas,
 And spread the heav'ns alone.
 His pow'r and grace are still the same,
 Let endless praise exalt his name.
- 3 He sent his only Son,
 To save us from our woe,
 From Satan, sin, and hell,
 And ev'ry hurtful foe:
 Thy mercy, Lord, shall still endure,
 Thy word abides for ever sure.
- 4 Give thanks aloud to God,
 To God the heav'nly king,
 With all around his throne,
 His works and glory sing.
 His pow'r and grace are still the same,
 Let endless praise exalt his name.

- 1 **L**ONG hath the night of sorrow reign'd,
 The dawn shall bring us light:
 God shall appear ; and we shall rise
 With gladness in his sight.

- 2 Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
 Shall know him and rejoice,
 His coming like the morn shall be,
 Like morning songs his voice.
- 3 As dew upon the tender herb
 Diffusing fragrance round ;
 As show'rs that usher in the spring,
 And cheer the thirsty ground ;
- 4 So shall his presence bless our souls,
 And shed a joyful light,
 Till the blest morn shall chase away
 The sorrows of the night.

129

C.M.

- 1 **O** HASTE away, my brethren dear,
 And come to Canaan's shore ;
 We'll meet and sing for ever there,
 When all our toils are o'er.
- 2 How sweet to hear the hallow'd theme
 That saints shall ever sing,
 To hear their voices all proclaim,
 Salvation to the King.
- 3 Around his throne, all cloth'd in white,
 His saints will soon appear ;
 And shining in his glory bright,
 Will see our Jesus there.
- 4 Through heav'n the shouts of angels ring,
 When sons to God are born ;
 O what a company will sing
 On the millennial morn !

5 In Canaan's happy land we 'll meet,
To chant this glorious lay ;
Our hearts, well tun'd, will sing so sweet,
Through one eternal day.

5 Through one eternal day we 'll sing,
And bless his sacred name
With Halleluiahs to the King!
And " Worthy is the Lamb !"

[The following lines may be repeated or omitted at
pleasure, at the end of each verse.]

O that will be joyful, joyful, joyful,
O that will be joyful !
To meet to part no more,
To meet to part no more,
On Canaan's happy shore.
And then sing Halleluiah,
With the friends that have gone before !

130

P.M.

1 **T**HY name we bless, Lord Jesus,
That name all names excelling ;
How great thy love,
All praise above,
Should ev'ry tongue be telling.
Thy Father's loving-kindness,
In giving thee was shewn us.
Now by thy blood
Redeem'd to God,
As children he doth own us.

107

2 From that eternal glory,
Thou hadst with God the Father,
He sent his Son,
That he in ONE,
His children all might gather;
Our sins were all laid on thee,
God's wrath thou hast endured;
It was for us
Thou suffer'dst thus,
And hast our peace secured.

3 Thou from the dead wast raised,
And from all condemnation
Thy Church is free,
As risen in Thee,
Head of the new creation!
On high thou hast ascended
To God's right hand in heaven,
The Lamb once slain,
Alive again,—
To thee all pow'r is given.

4 Thou hast bestow'd the earnest
Of that we shall inherit;
Till thou shalt come,
To take us home,
We're seal'd by God the Spirit.
We wait for thine appearing,
When we shall know more fully,
The Priest and King,
Whose praise we sing,
Thou Lamb of God most holy.

131

P.M.

ENDLESS praises
To our Lord,

Ever be his name ador'd.

Angels crown him,
Crown the Lamb!

He is worthy—praise his name.

Saints adore him,
Sound his fame,

You he saves from endless shame.

Saints and angels,
Jointly sing,

Glory, glory to your King.

132

P.M.

ONE there is above all others—
O how he loves!

His is love beyond a brother's—

O how he loves!

Earthly friends may fail or leave us,

One day soothe, the next day grieve us,

But this friend will ne'er deceive us—

O how he loves!

'Tis eternal life to know him—

O how he loves!

Think, O think how much we owe him—

O how he loves!

With his precious blood he bought us,

In the wilderness he sought us,

To his fold he safely brought us—

O how he loves!

- 3 We have found a friend in Jesus—
 O how he loves !
 'Tis his great delight to bless us—
 O how he loves !
 How our hearts delight to hear him
 Bid us dwell in safety near him ;
 Why should we distrust or fear him ?—
 O how he loves !
- 4 Through his name we are forgiven—
 O how he loves !
 Backward shall our foes be driven—
 O how he loves !
 Best of blessings he 'll provide us,
 Nought, but good shall e'er betide us,
 Safe to glory he will guide us—
 O HOW HE LOVES !

133

8.7.7.

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

3 When he liv'd on earth abasèd,
Friend of sinners was his name ;
Now above all glory raisèd,
He rejoices in the same :
Still he calls us brethren, friends,
And to all our wants attends.

1 Oh for grace our hearts to soften ;
Teach us, Saviour, love for love ;
We, alas ! forget too often,
What a Friend we have above ;
But when to our home we 're brought,
We shall love thee as we ought.

134

8.7

FATHER! we, thy children, bless thee
For thy love on us bestow'd ;
As our Father we address thee—
Call'd to be the sons of God.
Wondrous was thy love in giving ;
Jesus for our sins to die,
Wondrous was his grace in leaving,
For our sakes, his home on high.

Now his sprinkl'd blood has freed us,
On we go towards our rest :
Through the desert thou dost lead us,
With thy constant favor blest :
By thy Spirit thou dost guide us,
Of our joy the earnest giv'n,
And with daily food provide us,
Jesus, the true bread of heav'n.

111

- ough our pilgrimage be dreary,
 This is not our resting-place;
 All we of the way be weary,
 When we see our Master's face?
 Now, by faith, anticipating,
 In this hope our souls rejoice:
 We, his promis'd advent waiting,
 Soon shall hear his welcome voice.
- 4 [Father, O how rich the blessing
 When thy Son returns again!
 Then thy saints their rest possessing,
 O'er the earth with him shall reign.
 For their fathers' sakes beloved,
 Israel, in thy grace restored,
 Shall on earth, the curse removed,
 Be the people of the Lord.]
- 5 Then shall countless myriads, wearing
 Robes made white in Jesu's blood,
 Palms (like rested pilgrims) bearing,
 Stand around the throne of God.
 These redeem'd from every nation,
 Shall in triumph bless thy name,
 Every voice shall cry "Salvation,
 To our God, and to the Lamb."

135

6.8s.

- 1 **JESUS**, thy boundless love to me
 No thought can reach, no tongue declare,
 Then bend my wayward heart to thee,
 And reign without a rival there:
 Thine, wholly thine, alone I'd live;
 Myself to thee entirely give.

112

- 2 O Lord, how gracious is thy way,
 All fear before thy presence flies ;
 Care, anguish, sorrow, pass away
 Where'er thy healing beams arise:
 Oh, Jesus, nothing may I see,
 Nothing desire apart from thee.
- 3 In suff'ring be thy love my peace,
 In weakness be thine arm my strength,
 And when the storms of life shall cease,
 And thou from heav'n shalt come at length,
 O Jesus, then this heart shall be
 For ever satisfied with thee.

136

L.M.

- 1 **W**HEN, gracious Lord, when shall it be,
 That we shall find our all in thee ;
 The fulness of thy promise prove,
 The joys at thy right hand above ?
- 2 Thee, only thee, we fain would find,
 And leave this world and self behind ;
 Thou, only thou, to us be giv'n,
 'Tis all we ask in earth or heav'n.

137

P.M.

- 1 **G**LORY to God on high !
 Let heav'n and earth reply,
 " *Praise ye his name !*"
 Angels his love adore,
 Who all our sorrows bore,
 And saints cry evermore,
 " *Worthy the Lamb !*"

- 2 Join, all the ransom'd race,
 Our Lord and God to bless,
" Praise ye his name !"
 Tell what his arm hath done !
 What spoils from death he won !
 Sing his great name alone !
" Worthy the Lamb !"
- 3 Jesus, our Lord and God,
 Bore sin's accursed load,
" Praise ye his name !"
 Now we, who know his blood
 Hath made our peace with God,
 Would sound his praise abroad,
" Worthy the Lamb !"
- 4 Let all the hosts above
 Join in one song of love,
Praising his name ;
 To him ascribed be,
 Honour and majesty,
 Through all eternity,
" Worthy the Lamb !"

138

S.M.

- 1 **F**ROM Egypt lately come,
 Where death and darkness reign,
 We seek our new, our better home,
 Where we our rest shall gain.
- 2 To Canaan's sacred bound,
 We haste with songs of joy,
 Where peace and liberty are found,
 And sweets that never cloy.

- 3 Our toils and conflicts cease,
 On Canaan's happy shore;
 We there shall dwell in endless peace,
 And never hunger more.
- 4 There in celestial strains,
 Enraptur'd myriads sing,
 There love in every bosom reigns,
 For God himself is king.
- 5 We soon shall join the throng,
 Their pleasures we shall share,
 And sing the everlasting song,
 With all the ransom'd there.
- 6 How sweet the prospect is!
 It cheers the pilgrim's breast;
 We're journeying through the wilderness,
 But soon shall gain our rest.

[The following lines may be repeated or omitted at
 pleasure, at the end of each verse.]

Hallelujah!

We are on our way to God.

139

S.M.

- 1 **T**O God, the only wise,
 The everlasting king,
 Now high enthron'd above the skies,
 Our joyful praise we bring.
- 2 His love and mighty pow'r,
 His counsel and his care,
 Preserve us safe each passing hour,
 From every hurtful snare.

- 3 He will present his saints,
 Unblemish'd and complete,
 Before the glory of his face,
 With joys divinely great.
- 4 Then all his chosen seed
 Shall meet around the throne,
 To sing the triumph of his grace,
 And make his glories known.
- 5 To our Redeemer God,
 Almighty pow'r belongs;
 We soon shall reach his bless'd abode,
 And shout triumphant songs.

140

8.7.

- 1 **H**ARK, the notes of angels singing—
 Glory, glory to the Lamb!
 All in heav'n their tribute bringing,
 Raising high the Saviour's name.
- 2 Ye for whom his life is given,
 Sacred themes to you belong,
 Come, assist the choir of heaven,
 Join the everlasting song.
- 3 See the Father hath enthron'd him,
 At his own right hand on high;
 There the heav'nly hosts have own'd him,
 Filling with his praise the sky.
- 4 Endless life in him possessing,
 Let us praise his glorious name,
 Glory, honour, pow'r and blessing,
 Be for ever to the Lamb!

- 1 **G**RACE is the sweetest sound
That ever reach'd our ears;
When conscience charg'd, and justice frown'd,
'Twas grace remov'd our fears.
- 2 'Tis freedom to the slave,
'Tis light and liberty;
It takes its terror from the grave,
'Tis joy and victory.
- 3 Grace is a mine of wealth
Laid open to the poor;
Grace is the sov'reign spring of health,
'Tis life for evermore.
- 4 Of grace then let us sing—
A joyful, wondrous theme!
To Jesus we our praises bring,
For grace proceeds from him.
- 5 We hope to see his face,
With all the saints above;
And sing for ever of his grace,
For ever of his love.

- 1 **F**ROM every stormy wind that blows,†
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sweet retreat,
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.
- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all besides more sweet—
It is the blood-stain'd mercy-seat.

- 3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
 And friend holds fellowship with friend;
 Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet,
 Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 Ah ! whither could we flee for aid,
 When tempted, desolate, dismay'd ?
 Or how the host of hell defeat,
 Had suff'ring saints no mercy-seat ?
- 5 There we, on eagles' wings, would soar,
 Where time and sense are all no more ;
 There heav'nly joys our spirits greet,
 For glory crowns the mercy-seat. ✕

143

6.6.8.

- 1 **T**HE happy morn is come,
 Triumphant o'er the grave ;
 The Saviour leaves the tomb,
 Almighty now to save.
 Captivity is captive led ;
 Since Jesus liveth that was dead.
- 2 Who now accuseth them,
 For whom the Surety died ?
 Or who shall those condemn,
 Whom God hath justified ?
 Captivity, &c.
- 3 Christ hath the ransom paid,
 The glorious work is done :
 On him our help is laid,
 The victory is won.
 Captivity, &c.

- 4 Hail ! the triumphant Lord,
The Resurrection thou ;
Hail the incarnate Word,
Before thy throne we bow.
Captivity, &c.

144

L.M.

- 1 **H**E lives, the great Redeemer lives! +
What joy the blest assurance gives !
And in the presence of our God,
Pleads the full merit of his blood.
- 2 In every dark and trying hour,
When harrass'd by the tempter's pow'r,
Let this blest hope repel the dart,
Our Jesus bears us on his heart.
- 3 Great Advocate, Almighty Friend,
On thee alone our hopes depend,
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

145

C.M.

- 1 **W**ITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above ;
His heart is fill'd with tenderness,
His very name is Love.
- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame ;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

- 3 But spotless, innocent, and pure,
 Our great Redeemer stood;
 While Satan's fiery darts he bore,
 And did resist to blood.
- 4 He in the days of feeble flesh,
 Pour'd out his cries and tears,
 And, though exalted, feels afresh
 What ev'ry member bears.
- 5 Then boldly let our faith address
 His mercy and his pow'r;
 We shall obtain deliv'ring grace,
 In each distressing hour.

146

P.M.

- 1 **T**HE night is wearing fast away,
 The glorious day is dawning,
 When Christ shall all his grace display—
 The fair millennial morning.
- 2 Gloomy and dark the night hath been,
 And long the way, and dreary,
 And sad the weeping saints are seen,
 And faint, and worn, and weary.
- 3 Ye mourning pilgrims! dry your tears,
 And hush each sigh of sorrow;
 The light of that bright morn appears,
 The long sabbatic morrow.
- 4 Lift up your heads—behold from far
 A flood of splendour streaming;
 It is the bright and morning star,
 In living lustre beaming.

- 5 And see that star-like host around,
Of angel-bands attending;
Hark, hark! the trumpet's gladd'ning sound,
'Mid shouts triumphant blending!
- 6 O weeping spouse, arise! rejoice!
Put off thy weeds of mourning,
And hail the Bridegroom's welcome voice
In triumph now returning.
- 7 He comes! the Bridegroom promis'd long;
Go forth with joy to meet him,
And raise the new and nuptial song,
In cheerful strains to greet him.
- 8 Adorn thyself, the feast prepare;
With hallelujahs swelling,
He comes, with thee all joys to share,
In his all-glorious dwelling.

147

P.M.

- 1 *SING* aloud to God our strength; #
He has brought us hitherto:
He will bring us home at length;
Ev'ry danger bear us through.
Doubt not, for his word is stable,
Fear not, for his arm is able.
- 2 *Sing* aloud to God our strength;
Sing, with wonder, of his love,
Who can tell its breadth and length?
Who below, or who above?
Who its depth and height can measure?
'Tis a rich unbounded treasure.

- 3 *Sing aloud to God our strength ;*
He is with us where we go,
Fear we not the journey's length,
Fear we not the mighty foe ;
All our foes shall be defeated,
All our journey be completed.

148

O.M.

- 1 **O** BLESSED Saviour ! is thy love
So great, so full, so free ?
Fain would we give our hearts, our minds,
Our lives, our all, to thee.
- 2 We love thee for the glorious worth
That in thyself we see,
We love thee for the shameful cross
Endur'd so patiently.
- 3 No man of greater love can boast
Than for his friend to die ;
Thou for thine enemies wast slain,
What love with thine can vie ?
- 4 Though in the very form of God,
With heav'nly glory crown'd ;
Thou didst partake of human flesh,
Beset with sorrows round.
- 5 Thou wouldst like sinful man be made
In ev'ry thing but sin,
That we as like thee might become
As we unlike have been.

Like thee in faith, in meekness, love,
In every heav'nly grace,
From glory into glory chang'd;
Till we behold thy face.

O Lord! we'll treasure in our souls
The mem'ry of thy love,
And ever shall thy name to us
A grateful savour prove.

149

6.8s.

O LOVE divine! what hast thou done?
The Son of God his blood hath shed,
The Father's co-eternal Son
Had all our sins upon him laid;
The Son of God, for us hath died,
Our Lord, our life, was crucified.—

Was crucified for us in shame,
To bring us, rebels, back to God;
So we may glory in his name,
And know we're cleansed by his blood.
Pardon and life flow'd from his side
When he, our Lord, was crucified.

Then let us glory in the cross,
Make it our boast, our constant theme;
All things for Christ account but loss,
And now for him despise the shame;
Let nought with him our hearts divide,
Since he for us was crucified.

- 1 **O** LET us tell the matchless worth,
 And let us sound the glories forth,
 Which in our Saviour shine,—
 The wonders of his love we'll sing;
 The theme with which the heavens ring
 Now let us gladly join.
- 2 How rich the precious blood he spilt,
 Our ransom from the dreadful guilt
 Of sin against our God;
 How perfect is his righteousness,
 In which unspotted beautiful dress,
 His saints have ever stood.
- 3 How precious is the name he bears,
 And all the forms of love he wears,
 Exalted on the throne;
 In songs of sweet untiring praise,
 We would, to everlasting days,
 Make all his glories known.
- 4 And soon the happy day shall come,
 When we shall reach our destin'd home
 And see him face to face;
 Then with our Saviour, Lord, and Friend,
 The one unbroken day we'll spend,
 In singing still his grace.

- 1 **W**HERE high the heav'nly temple stands,
 The house of God not made with hands
 A great High Priest our nature wears,
 And there before our God appears.

- 2 He, who for us as surety stood,
 And pour'd on earth his precious blood,
 Pursues in heav'n his gracious plan—
 The Saviour and the Friend of Man.
- 3 Partaker of the human name,
 He knows the frailty of our frame,
 And still remembers, in the skies,
 His tears, and griefs, and agonies.
- 4 In every pang that rends the heart,
 The "Man of Sorrows" bore a part;
 He knows and feels our every grief,
 And gives the suffering saint relief.
- 5 With boldness, therefore, at the throne
 Let us make all our sorrows known,
 And seek the aid of heav'nly pow'r,
 To help us in each trying hour.

152

8.8.6.

- 1 O THOU who hast redeem'd of old,
 And made me of thy strength take hold,
 And be at peace with thee;
 Help me these blessings now to own,
 And tell aloud what thou hast done,
 O holy Lamb! for me.
- 2 Out of myself for help I go,
 Thy love alone resolv'd to know,
 Thy love the plea I make;
 Give me the pow'r, 'tis all I claim,
 With heart and life to praise thy name,
 Give, for that dear name's sake.

125

- 3 Ancient of days! why didst thou come,
 Why stoop thee to the virgin's womb?
 This wondrous myst'ry say:
 Thy Godhead why didst thou enshrine,
 In such a form of earth as mine
 And wrap thee in my clay?
- 4 Love, only love, thy heart inclin'd,
 And brought thee, Saviour of mankind,
 Down from thy throne above;
 Love made thee here a man of grief,
 Thy visage marr'd for my relief:
 O mystery of love!
- 5 Lord, I am thine, thy love to me
 Constrains my soul to cleave to thee,
 And gladly to resign
 Whate'er I have, whate'er I am:
 Thy love the sweet, resistless claim,
 All—all, my Lord, is *thine*.

153

8.8.6.

- * 1 O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
 When shall I find my longing heart
 All taken up by thee?
 Oh may I pant and thirst to prove
 The greatness of redeeming love,
 The love of Christ to me!
- 2 God only knows the love of God,
 Oh that it were more shed abroad
 In this poor longing heart!
 For love I'd sigh, for love I'd pine,
 This only portion, Lord, be mine,
 Be mine the better part.

3 Oh that I may for ever sit,
Like Mary, at the Master's feet !
Be this my happy choice ;
My only care, my only bliss,
My joy, my heav'n on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

154

8.7.4.

1 **W**HY those fears ? Behold 'tis Jesus
Holds the helm and guides the ship ;
Spread the sails, and catch the breezes
Sent to waft us through the deep—
To the regions
Where the mourners cease to weep.

2 Though the shore we hope to land on
Only by report is known,
Yet we freely all abandon,
Led by that report alone ;
And with Jesus
Through the trackless deep move on.

3 Led by that, we brave the ocean,
Led by that, the storm defy,
Calm amidst tumultuous motion,
Knowing that our Lord is nigh ;
Waves obey him,
And the storms before him fly.

4 Render'd safe by his protection,
We shall pass the wat'ry waste ;
Trusting to his wise direction,
We shall gain the port at last ;
And with wonder
Think on toils and dangers past.

127

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

155

C.M.

- 1 **A**ND did the Holy and the Just,
The Sov'reign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust
That guilty worms might rise ?
- 2 Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,
His radiant throne on high,
Surprising mercy ! love unknown !
To suffer, bleed, and die.
- 3 He took the dying traitor's place,
And suffer'd in his stead ;
For man ! (O miracle of grace !)
For man the Saviour bled.
- 4 Dear Lord, what heav'nly wonders dwell
In thy atoning blood !
By this are sinners snatch'd from hell,
And rebels brought to God.
- 5 Jesus, my soul adoring bends
To love so full, so free,
Thy word assures, *that* love extends
Its saving power to me.
- 6 What glad return can I impart
For favors so divine ?
Oh take my all—this worthless heart,
And make it wholly thine.

156

C.M.

- 1 **O** GOD, our help in ages past, †
 Our hope for years to come,
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,
 And our eternal home.
- 2 Under the shadow of thy throne,
 Thy saints have dwelt secure;
 Sufficient is thine arm alone,
 And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
 Or earth receiv'd her frame,
 From everlasting thou art God,
 To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages in thy sight
 Are like an evening gone,
 Short as the watch that ends the night,
 Before the rising sun.
- 5 O God, our help in ages past
 Our hope for years to come,
 Be thou our guard while life shall last,
 And our eternal home.

157

C.M.

- 1 **T**HE head that once was crown'd with thorns,
 Is crown'd with glory now;
 A royal diadem adorns
 The mighty victor's brow.
- 2 The joy of all who dwell above,
 The joy of saints below,
 To us still manifest thy love,
 That we its depths may know.

- 3 To us thy cross, with all its shame,
 With all its grace be giv'n!
 Though earth disowns thy lowly name,
 All worship it in heav'n.
- 4 Who suffer with thee, Lord, below,
 Will reign with thee above:
 Their glory and their joy to know
 The myst'ry of thy love.
- 5 To us thy cross is life and health,
 Though shame and death to thee,
 Our glory, peace and boundless wealth
 Throughout eternity:

158

6.6.8.

- 1 **W**HAT was it, O our God,
 Led thee to give thy Son,
 To yield thy well-belov'd
 For us by sin undone?
 'Twas love unbounded, led thee thus
 To give thy well-belov'd for us.
- 2 What led the Son of God
 To leave his throne on high,
 To shed his precious blood,
 To suffer and to die?
 'Twas love, unbounded love to us,
 Led him to die and suffer thus.
- 3 What moves thee to impart
 Thy Spirit from above,
 Therewith to fill our heart
 With heav'nly peace and love?
 'Tis love, unbounded love to us,
 Moves thee to give thy Spirit thus.

- 4 What love to thee we owe
Our God, for all thy grace ;
Our hearts should overflow
In everlasting praise !
Help us, O Lord, to praise thee thus
For all thy boundless love to us.

159

P.M.

- 1 **M**Y Shepherd is the Lamb,
The living Lord, who died ;
With all things good I ever am,
By him supplied ;
He richly feeds my soul
With blessings from above ;
And leads me where the rivers roll
Of endless love.
- 2 My soul he doth restore
Whene'er I go astray ;
He makes my cup of joy run o'er
From day to day ;
His love so full, so free,
Anoints my head with oil ;
Mercy and goodness follow me ;
Fruit of his toil.
- 3 When faith and hope shall cease,
And love abides alone,
I then shall see him face to face,
And know as known.
Still shall I lift my voice,
His praise my song shall be,
And I will in his love rejoice
Who died for me.

- X1 **R**OCK of ages, cleft for me,
 Lo, I hide myself in thee,
 Where the water and the blood
 From thy wounded side which flow'd,
 Are of sin the double cure
 Cleansing from its guilt and pow'r.
- 2 Not the labour of my hands,
 Could fulfil the laws 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 Nothing in my hands I bring,
 Simply to thy cross I cling ;
 Naked, come to thee for dress,
 Helpless, look to thee for grace ;
 Hungry, thirsty, still I flee,
 All-sufficient Lord, to thee.
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 Should my eyelids close in death,
 When I soar to worlds above,
 Still I'll triumph in thy love :
 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
 Still I'll hide myself in thee.

- X1 **J**ESUS, thy blood and righteousness
 My beauty are, my glorious dress ;
 Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
 With joy shall I lift up my head.

- 2 **Bold shall I stand in that great day.**
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
While by thy blood absolv'd I am
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.
- 3 **Thus Abraham the friend of God,**
Thus all the saints redeem'd with blood,
Saviour of sinners, thee proclaim,
Sinners, of whom the chief I am.
- 4 **This spotless robe the same appears**
When ruin'd nature sinks in years,
No age can change its glorious hue—
The robe of Christ is ever new.
- 5 **Soon shall I stand before thy throne.**
And there still boast of thee alone,
My beauty this, my glorious dress,
Jesus the Lord, my righteousness.

162

C.M.

- 1 **WHEN Israel by divine command,**
The pathless desert trod,
They found, through all that barren land,
A sure resource in God.
- 2 **A cloudy pillar mark'd the road,**
And screen'd them from the heat;
From the hard rock the water flow'd,
And manna was their meat.
- 3 **Like them we have a rest in view,**
Secure from adverse pow'rs;
Like them we pass a desert too;
But Israel's God is our's.

- 4 His word a light before us sheds,
 By which our path we see ;
 His love a banner o'er our heads,
 From harm preserves us free.
- 5 Jesus, the bread of life, is giv'n,
 To be our daily food ;
 And from the Rock that once was riv'n
 We drink the streams of God.
- 6 Lord 'tis enough, I ask no more,
 These blessings are divine ;
 I envy not the worldling's store,
 Since Christ and heav'n are mine.

163

7.6.

- 1 **O** HEAD, so full of bruises,
 So full of pain and scorn ;
 Midst other sore abuses
 Mock'd with a crown of thorn !
 O Head, ere now surrounded,
 With brightest majesty,
 In death once bow'd and wounded,
 Accursed on the tree !
- 2 Thou Countenance transcendent !
 Thou life-creating Sun
 To worlds on thee dependent,
 Yet bruis'd and spit upon !
 O Lord ! what thee tormented
 Was our sin's heavy load ;
 We have the debt augmented
 Which thou didst pay in blood.

- 3** And O what consolation
 Doth in our hearts take place,
 When we thy toil and passion
 Can joyfully retrace !
 Ah should we, while thus musing
 On our Redeemer's cross,
 E'en life itself be losing—
 Great gain would be that loss !
- 4** We give thee thanks unfeigned,
 O Jesus ! Friend in need,
 For what thy soul sustained
 When thou for us didst bleed ;
 Grant us to lean unshaken
 Upon thy faithfulness,
 Until from hence we're taken
 To see thee face to face.

164


7.6.

- 1** **T**HE day of glory bearing
 Its brightness far and near ;
 The day of Christ's appearing
 We now no longer fear.
- 2** The day when we shall meet him
 Triumphant in the sky,
 And every heart shall greet him
 With songs of victory.
- 3** He once, a spotless victim,
 For us on Calv'ry bled ;
 Jehovah did afflict him,
 And bruise him in our stead.

- 4 To him by grace united,
 We joy in him alone ;
 And now by faith, delighted,
 Behold him on the throne.
- 5 There he is interceding,
 For all who on him rest ;
 And grace, from him proceeding,
 Tells how in him we're blest.
- 6 Soon will he come in glory,
 When all his saints he'll raise,
 To chant their joyful story
 In songs of loudest praise.

165

C. M.

- 1 **O**FTEN the clouds of deepest woe, 
 So sweet a message bear,
 Dark tho' they seem, we cannot find
 A frown of anger there.
- 2 'Tis well to be thus wean'd from earth,
 'Tis well if we be driv'n,
 By loss of every earthly stay,
 To seek our rest in heav'n.
- 3 Most loving is the hand that strikes,
 However keen the smart,
 If sorrow's discipline can chase
 One evil from the heart.
- 4 He was a man of sorrows, he
 Who lov'd and sav'd us thus ;
 And shall the world, that frown'd on him,
 Wear only smiles for us ?

5 No! let us follow in the path
In which our Lord has run,
We would not seek our resting-place,
Where he, we love, had none.

166 Breaking bread. 8.8.6.

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

167 Breaking bread. 6.7s.

- 1 **M**EETING in the Saviour's name,
"Breaking bread" by his command,
To the world we thus proclaim
On what ground we hope to stand,
When the Lord shall come with clouds
Join'd by heav'n's exulting crowds.

- 2 From the cross our hope we draw,
 'Tis the sinner's sure resource;
 Jesus magnified the law,
 Jesus bore its awful curse;
 What a joyful truth is this,
 O how full of hope it is!
- 3 Jesus died, and then arose,
 Yes, he rose, he lives, he reigns;
 Jesus vanquish'd all his foes,
 Jesus led them all in chains;
 His the triumph and the crown,
 His the glory and renown.
- 4 Sing we then of him who died;
 Sing of him who rose again;
 By his blood we 're justified,
 And with him we hope to reign;
 Yes, we look to see our Lord,
 And to share his bright reward.

168 *Breaking bread* L.M.

- 1 **O**FT we, alas! forget the love
 Of Him who bought us with His blood;
 And now, as our High Priest above,
 Stands as our advocate with God.
- 2 Oft we forget the woe, the pain,
 The bloody sweat, th' accursed tree,
 The wrath His soul did once sustain,
 From sin and death to set us free.
- 3 Oft we forget that, strangers here,
 This world is not our rest or home;

That, waiting till our Lord appear,
Our hearts should cry, "Come, Saviour,
come!"

4 Oft we forget that we are *one*
With every saint that loves His name;
United to Him on the throne—
Our life, our hope, our Lord, the same.

5 Here, in the broken bread and wine,
We hear Him say, "Remember me!"
"I gave My life to ransom thine,
"I bore thy curse to set thee free."

6 Lord, we are Thine—we praise Thy love—
One with Thy saints, all one in Thee;
We would, until we meet above,
In all our ways, *remember Thee.*

169

C.M.

1 **T**HE soul is, in this stormy world,
Oft like some flutter'd dove,
And fain would be as swift of wing,
To flee to Him we love.

2 The cords that bound our hearts to earth
Were broken by his hand;
Before his cross we found ourselves,
As strangers in the land.

3 The visage marr'd, the sorrows deep,
The vinegar and gall,
Are Jesu's golden chains of love,
His captives to enthrall.

- 4 Our hearts are with him on the throne,
 And feel his long delay ;
 Soon may we hear the gladd'ning word,
 " Rise up and come away."
- 5 The wearied exile must desire
 His own lov'd land to see ;
 The bride to greet her absent lord,
 The pris'ner to be free.
- 6 We would, O Jesus, know thy love,
 Which yet no measure knows ;
 Would search the myst'ry of thy cross,
 The depth of all thy woes.
- 7 We fain would strike our golden harps,
 Before the Father's throne ;
 There cast our crown of righteousness,
 And sing what grace hath done.
- 8 Ah, leave us not in this dark world,
 As strangers still to roam ;
 Come, Lord, and take us to thyself,
 Come, Jesus ! quickly come !

170

S.M.

- 1 **M**Y soul repeat his praise,
 Whose mercies are so great,
 Whose anger is so slow to rise,
 So ready to abate.
- 2 High as the heavens are rul'd,
 Above the earth we tread,
 So far the riches of his grace,
 Our highest thoughts exceed.

140

- 3 His pow'r subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.
- 4 Our life is as the grass,
Or like the morning flow'r ;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.
- 5 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure ;
And all thy children ever find
Thy word of promise sure.

171

C.M.

- 1 **O** LORD, I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend ;
To thee in every trouble flee,
My sure, my stedfast friend.
- 2 When human cisterns all are dried,
Thy fulness is the same ;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in thy name.
- 3 Why should I thirst for aught below,
While there's a fountain near ;
A fountain which doth ever flow,
The fainting heart to cheer.
- 4 No good in creatures can be found
Apart, my Lord, from thee ;
I must have all things and abound,
Since thou art all to me.

- 5 Oh that I had but simpler faith,
 To live within the veil ;
 To feed on what my Saviour saith,
 Whose word can never fail.
- 6 He that has made my heav'n secure,
 Will all I need provide ;
 While Christ is rich, can I be poor ?
 What can I want beside ?
- 7 O Lord, I cast my care on thee,
 I triumph and adore :
 Oh that my great concern may be
 To love and praise thee more.

172

7s.

- 1 **N**OW begin' the heav'nly theme,
 Sing aloud to Jesu's name ;
 Ye who his salvation 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 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
 Banish all your guilty fears,
 See your guilt and curse remove,
 Cancell'd by Redeeming Love.
- 4 Welcome, all by sin oppress'd,
 Welcome to the Saviour's breast !
 Nothing brought him from above,
 Nothing but Redeeming Love.

5 Hither then your praises bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string,
Let us join the hosts above,
Join to praise Redeeming Love.

173

C.M.

- 1 JERUSALEM ! our happy home,
Name to us ever dear ;
When shall our labours end, and we
Within thy courts appear ?
- 2 When shall these eyes thy heav'n-built walls
And gates of pearl behold,
Thy bulwarks with Salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold ?
- 3 Oh when, thou city of our God,
Shall we thy courts ascend,
Where one eternal Sabbath reigns
And praises never end ?
- 4 There all the millions of his saints
Shall in one song unite,
And each the bliss of all shall view
With infinite delight.
- 5 There happier bow'rs than Eden's bloom
Nor sin nor sorrow know ;
Blest seats ! through rude and stormy scenes
We onward press to you.
- 6 Jerusalem ! Jerusalem !
Our souls still sigh for thee,
Where all our labours have an end,
And we thy joys shall see.

- 7 O happy city of the saints!
 O sweet and pleasant soil!
 In thee no sorrow can be found,
 No grief, no care, no toil.
- 8 Why should we shrink at pain and woe?
 Or feel at death dismay?
 We've Canaan's goodly land in view,
 And realms of endless day.
- 9 Apostles, prophets, martyrs there,
 A conqu'ring happy band,
 With all who've follow'd Jesus here
 Around him there shall stand.
- 10 Jerusalem! our happy home,
 Thy joys we fain would see;
 Come quickly, Lord, and end our toil,
 And take us home to thee!

The above hymn may be very well divided by making the 6th verse either the conclusion of what precedes, or the commencement of what follows.

174

8.7.

- 1 **HAIL!** thou once despised Jesus,
 Hail! thou earth-rejected King:
 Thou didst suffer to release us,
 Thou didst free salvation bring.
 Through thy death and resurrection,
 Bearer of our sin and shame,
 We enjoy divine protection,
 Life and glory through thy name.

144

- 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
 All our sins on thee were laid ;
 By Almighty Love anointed,
 Thou hast full atonement made:
 All who trust thee are forgiven,
 Through the virtue of thy blood:
 Rent in thee the veil of heaven,
 Grace shines forth to man from God.
- 3 Glory, honor, pow'r, and blessing,
 Thou art worthy to receive ;
 Loudest praises without ceasing,
 All that earth and heaven can give.
 Soon, with bright angelic spirits,
 Swelling more exalted lays,
 We shall sing thy love and merit,
 Chant in worthier strains thy praise.

175

P.M.

- 1 **M**Y God, my Father, while I stray,
 Far from my home, on life's rough way,
 Oh ! teach me from my heart to say,
 Thy will be done.
- 2 Tho' dark my path, or sad my lot,
 Let me be still and murmur not,
 But breathe the prayer divinely taught,
 Thy will be done.
- 3 If thou should'st call me to resign
 What most I prize:—it ne'er was mine ;
 I only yield thee what was thine ;
 Thy will be done.

L :

145

- 4 Control my will from day to day,
Blend it with thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done.
- 5 And when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer, oft mixt with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done.

176

C.M.

- 1 **M**Y shepherd will supply my need,
JEHOVAH is his name,
In pastures fresh he makes me feed
Beside the living stream.
- 2 He brings my wand'ring spirit back
When I forsake his ways ;
And leads me, for his own name's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.
- 3 If I walk through death's gloomy vale,
Thy presence is my stay ;
Thy rod, thy staff will never fail
To drive my fears away.
- 4 Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,
Doth now my table spread ;
My cup with blessings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.
- 5 Goodness and mercy, O my God,
Attend me all my days ;
Soon will thy house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise.

- 1 **O** HAPPY morn! the Lord will come
 To take his wearied people home,
 Beyond the reach of care,
 Where guilt and sin are all unknown:
 The Lord will come to claim his own,
 To place them with him on the throne
 And all his glory share.
- 2 The resurrection-morn will break,
 And every sleeping saint awake
 Call'd forth to life again;
 O morn! too bright for mortal eyes,
 When all the ransom'd church shall rise
 And wing their way to yonder skies
 Call'd up with Christ to reign.
- 3 **O** Lord! my wearied spirit longs
 To join the everlasting songs
 Of glory, honor, pow'r;
 When earth and all its pillars yield,
 My Saviour will be still my shield,
 For he has to my soul reveal'd
 Himself my strength and tow'r.

- 1 **T**HE God of Abraham praise,
 Who reigns enthron'd above;
 Ancient of everlasting days,
 And God of Love.
 Jehovah, great I AM,
 By earth and heav'n confest,
 I bow and bless the sacred name,
 For ever blest.

- 2 The God of Abraham praise,
 At whose supreme command,
 From earth I rise, and seek the joys,
 At his right hand:
 I all on earth forsake,
 Its wisdom, fame, and pow'r,
 And him my only portion make,
 My shield and tow'r.
- 3 The God of Abraham praise,
 Whose all sufficient grace
 Shall guide me all my pilgrim days,
 In all my ways:
 He calls a worm his friend,
 He calls himself my God,
 And he shall save me to the end,
 Through Jesu's blood.
- 4 Though nature's strength decay
 And earth and hell withstand,
 To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
 At his command.
 The goodly land I see,
 With peace and plenty blest;
 A land of sacred liberty,
 And endless rest.
- 5 He by himself hath sworn,
 I on his oath depend,
 I shall on eagle's wings upborne,
 To heav'n ascend:
 I shall behold his face,
 I shall his pow'r adore,
 And sing the wonders of his grace
 For evermore.

- 1 **G**REAT the joy when Christians meet,
Christian fellowship how sweet;
When our theme of praise the same,
We exalt Jehovah's name.
- 2 Sing we then eternal love,
Such as did the Father move;
He beheld the world undone,
Lov'd the world and gave his Son.
- 3 Sing the Son's amazing love;
Tho' he dwelt in joy above,
Yet he left his heav'nly place,
Died and rose to save our race.
- 4 Sing we too the Spirit's love;
With our stubborn hearts he strove;
He reveal'd the Son of God,
And the value of his blood.
- 5 Sweet the thought, exceeding sweet,
We shall soon in glory meet;
Where, the Saviour still the theme,
We shall ever sing of him.

- 1 **C**OME thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for loudest songs of praise.
- 2 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He to rescue me from danger,
Interpos'd his precious blood.

- 3 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
 Hither by thy help I'm come ;
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.
- 4 Rescued now, from sin and danger,
 Purchas'd by the Saviour's blood ;
 I would walk on earth a stranger,
 As becomes a son of God.
- 5 Oh to grace how great a debtor,
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be !
 Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
 Bind my wand'ring heart to thee.
- 6 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
 Prone to leave the God I love !
 Keep my heart, from wand'ring keep it,
 Till I'm perfected above.

181

1 l s.

- 1 **P**RESS forward and fear not, the billows
 may roll,
 But the power of Jesus their rage can control ;
 Though waves rise in anger their tumults shall
 cease,
 One word of his bidding shall hush them to
 peace.
- 2 Press forward and fear not, tho' trial be near,
 The Lord is our refuge, whom then shall we
 fear ?
 His staff is our comfort, our safeguard his rod ;
 Then let us be stedfast and trust in our God.

- 3 Press forward and fear not, be strong in the
 Lord,
 In the pow'r of his promise, the truth of his
 word;
 Through the sea and the desert, our pathway
 may tend,
 But he who hath sav'd us, will save to the
 end.
- 4 Then forward and fear not, we'll speed on our
 way,
 Why should we e'er shrink from our path in
 dismay?
 We tread but the road which our leader has
 trod,
 Then let us press forward and trust in our
 God.

182

S.M.

- 1 **G**IVE to the winds thy fears,
 Hope, and be undismay'd;
 God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
 God shall lift up thy head.
- 2 He ev'ry where hath sway,
 And all things serve his might;
 His ev'ry act pure blessing is,
 His path unsullied light.
- 3 Through waves, through clouds and storms
 He gently clears thy way;
 Wait thou his time, so shall the night
 Soon end in joyful day.

- 4 When he makes bare his arm,
 What shall his work withstand?
 When he his people's cause defends,
 Who, who shall stay his hand?
- 5 Leave to his sov'reign sway,
 To choose and to command,
 With wonder fill'd, thou then shalt own
 How wise, how strong his hand.
- 6 Thou comprehend'st him not,
 Yet earth and heaven tell
 God sits as sov'reign on the throne,
 He ruleth all things well.
- 7 Thou seest our weakness Lord,
 Our hearts are known to thee;
 Oh lift thou up the sinking hand,
 Confirm the feeble knee.
- 8 Let us, in life or death,
 Boldly thy truth declare;
 And publish with our latest breath,
 Thy love and guardian care.

183

7.6.

- 1 **H**OW lost was our condition,
 Till Jesus made us whole;
 There is but one physician
 Can cure a sin-sick soul.
 In sin and death he found us,
 He snatch'd us from the grave;
 To tell to all around us,
 His wondrous pow'r to save.

- 2 **A dying, risen Jesus,**
Seen by the eye of faith;
At once from anguish frees us,
And saves the soul from death.
How gracious this Physician!
His help he'll freely give;
He makes no hard condition,
'Tis only LOOK and LIVE.

184

P.M.

- 1 **GLORY** to God on high!
Peace upon earth and joy!
Good will to men!
Ye who his blessing prove,
Join with the hosts above,
Sing ye the Saviour's love,
Too vast to scan.
- 2 **Mercy and truth unite,**
This is a joyful sight!
All sights above.
Jesus the curse sustains,
Bitter the cup he drains;
Nothing for us remains,
Nothing but love!
- 3 **Love, that no tongue can teach,**
Love that no thought can reach;
No love like his:
Heav'n is its blessed source,
Death could not stop its course,
Nothing can stay its force,
Matchless it is.

- 4 Join then this love to sing,
 To God our praise we'll bring,
 For sins forgiv'n.
 Jesus, our Lord, to thee
 Honor and majesty,
 Now and for ever be,
 Here and in heav'n.

185 *J. P. Duke*. 8.7.4.

- 1 'TWAS thy love, O God, that knew us,
 Earth's foundation long before:
 That same love to Jesus drew us,
 By its sweet constraining power,
 And will keep us
 Safely now and evermore.

- 2 God of love, our souls adore thee!
 We would still thy grace proclaim,
 Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 And in glory praise thy name:
 Hallelujah!
 Be to God and to the Lamb.

186 6.8s.

- 1 **THOU** hidden source of calm repose!
 Thou all-sufficient love divine!
 My help and refuge from my foes,
 Secure I am, for thou art mine;
 Thou art my fortress, strength, and tow'r,
 My trust and portion evermore.

Jesus, my all in all thou art,
My rest in toil, my ease in pain ;
The medicine of my broken heart ;
In storms, my peace ; in loss, my gain ;
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown ;
In shame, my glory and my crown.

In want, my plentiful supply ;
In weakness, my almighty pow'r ;
In bonds, my perfect liberty ;
My refuge in temptation's hour ;
My comfort 'midst all grief and thrall,
My life in death, my all in all.

187

6.6.8.

JEHOVAH is our strength,
And He shall be our song ;
We shall o'ercome at length,
Altho' our foes be strong :
In vain doth Satan then oppose,
The Lord is stronger than HIS foes.

The Lord our refuge is,
And ever will remain ;
Since he hath made us his,
He will our cause maintain :
In vain our enemies oppose,
For God is stronger than HIS foes.

The Lord our portion is,
What can we wish for more ;
As long as we are his,
We never can be poor :
In vain do earth and hell oppose,
For God is stronger than HIS foes.

155

- 4 The Lord our shepherd is,
 He knows our ev'ry need;
 And since we now are his,
 His care our souls will feed:
 In vain do sin and death oppose,
 For God is stronger than HIS foes.
- 5 Our God our Father is,
 Our names are on his heart;
 We ever shall be his,
 He ne'er from us will part:
 In vain the world and flesh oppose,
 For God is stronger than HIS foes.

188

P. M.

- 1 **T**O thee, O Lamb of God!
 Who, us to save from loss,
 Didst taste the bitter cup of death,
 Upon the Cross:
 To thee, O Lord, we'd give
 Ourselves this day anew,
 The purchase of thy precious blood,
 Thy spoil and due.
- 2 How poor and weak we are,
 O Jesus, thou canst see;
 For every thing our souls depend,
 O Lord, on thee.
 Thou merciful High Priest,
 Our Saviour, Shepherd, Friend,
 'Tis in thy love we only trust,
 Until the end.

- 3 On us thy watchful eye
Rests with unwearied care ;
Thy great compassion never fails
To hear our prayer.
Thou wilt our souls sustain
Our guide and strength wilt be,
Until in glory, Lord, above
Thy face we see.

189 *Lady Campbell's.*

- 1 "YET a little while"—the Lord
Gave his saints this precious word:
That their hearts with joy might burn,
Thinking of his quick return.
- 2 "Yet a little while"—the hour
Comes, when we can work no more ;
Let us then, with single eye,
Seek our God to glorify.
- 3 "Yet a little while"—and we
Shall with our beloved be:
May each word and action shew,
That our hearts are with him now.

190 *Lady Campbell 7.6.*

- 1 O JESUS, Saviour, lead us,
To give all praise to thee ;
Thou dost with manna feed us,
Thy truth has set us free.
Oh may we then endeavour,
That freedom-strength to use ;
So that our hearts may never
Those precious gifts abuse.

- 2 This world is sad and dreary
 To those who love thy name;
 Our hearts and hands grow weary,
 And faint this earthly frame.
 Yet only to *thy* glory,
 Would we desire to live;
 Help us to walk before thee,
 Joy, peace, and wisdom give.
- 3 All *praise* and *glory*, Jesus,
 Be thine for evermore!
 Thou dost from sin release us,
 Our souls thou dost restore!
 And oh! the rest transcending!
 We shall thy name declare;
 When, thou in clouds descending,
 We meet thee in the air.

191

P.M.

- 1 PRAISE ye Jehovah! Praise the Lord most
 holy,
 Who cheers the contrite, girds with strength
 the weak;
 Praise him who will with glory crown the
 lowly,
 And with salvation beautify the meek.
- 2 Praise ye the Lord for all his loving-kindness,
 And all the tender mercies he hath shewn;
 Praise him who pardons all our sin and blind-
 ness,
 And calls us Sons, and takes us for his own.

- 3 Praise ye Jehovah! source of all our blessing,
 Before his gifts earth's richest boons are dim;
 Resting in him, his peace and joy possessing,
 All things are ours, for we have all in him.
- 4 Praise ye the Father! God the Lord who
 gave us,
 With full and perfect love, his only Son;
 Praise ye the Son who died himself to save us,
 Praise ye the Spirit! praise the THREE in
 ONE.

192

L. M.

- 1 **H**OW can there be one holy thought,
 Save by the holy Spirit wrought?
 How can the sinner's heart be clean,
 Except the blood of Christ be seen?
- 2 As sprinkled with that precious blood,
 We come to commune with our God;
 And, waiting on the Spirit's power,
 Together spend this solemn hour.
- 3 We find this resurrection-day,
 Oft as a brook beside the way;
 As fellow-pilgrims, sweetly taste
 And faster through the desert haste.

193

7.6.

- 1 **U**NWORTHY is thanksgiving,
 All service stain'd with sin;
 Except as thou art living,
 Our Priest, to bear it in.
 In ev'ry act of worship,
 In ev'ry loving deed;
 Our thoughts around thee centre,
 As meeting all our need.

159

- 2 A bond that nought can sever,
 Has fix'd us to the rock,—
 Sin put away for ever,
 For all the shepherd's flock,
 And, Lord, thy perfect fitness
 To do a kinsman's part,
 The Holy Ghost doth witness,
 To each believer's heart.
- 3 As dews that fall on Hermon,
 Refresh the plains below;
 The Spirit's holy unction,
 Through Christ, to us doth flow.
 Ah, then, how good and pleasant,
 As one, to live in love,
 Forgetting all things present,
 In hope of joys above.

- 1 'TIS sweet to think of those at rest,
 Who sleep in Christ the Lord;
 Whose spirits now with him are blest,
 According to his word.
- 2 They, once were pilgrims here with us,
 In Jesus now they sleep;
 And we, for them, while resting thus,
 As hopeless, cannot weep.
- 3 The Lord who died in triumph rose,
 Victorious o'er the tomb;
 E'en so we know, that with him, those
 Who sleep in him will come.

- 4 How bright the resurrection-morn
 On all the saints will break ;
 The Lord himself will then return,
 His ransom'd church to take.
- 5 The rais'd and living saints will meet,
 All grief and care remov'd ;
 What joy 't will be to us, to greet
 Each saint whom here we've lov'd.
- 6 Our Lord himself we then shall see,
 Whose blood for us was shed ;
 With him for ever shall we be,
 Made like our glorious head.
- 7 We cannot rest upon the tomb,
 The resurrection-day
 To faith shines bright beyond its gloom,
 Christ's glory to display.

195

C.M.

- 1 **T**HE gloomy night will soon be past,
 The morning will appear ;
 The rays of blessed light at last,
 Each waiting eye will cheer....
- 2 Thou bright and morning star, thy light
 Will to our joy be seen ;
 Thou, Lord, wilt meet our longing sight,
 Without a cloud between.
- 3 Ah yes! Lord Jesus, Thou whose heart,
 Still for thy saints doth care ;
 We shall behold thee as thou art,
 And thy full image bear.

- 4 Thy love sustains us on our way,
 While pilgrims here below;
 Thou dost, O Saviour, day by day,
 The suited grace bestow.
- 5 But O the more we learn of thee,
 And thy rich mercy prove;
 The more we long thy face to see,
 And fully know thy love.
- 6 Then shine, thou bright and morning star,
 Dispel the dreary gloom;
 Oh! take from sin and grief afar,
 Thy blood-bought people home.

196

L.M.

- 1 **J**ESUS shall reign where'er the sun
 Does its successive journeys run,
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 People and realms of every tongue
 Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
 And infant voices shall proclaim
 Their early blessings on his name.
- 3 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
 The pris'ner leaps to lose his chains;
 The weary find eternal rest,
 And all the sons of want are blest.
- 4 Where he displays his healing power,
 Death and the curse are known no more;
 In him the sons of Adam boast,
 More blessings than their father lost.

162

- 5 Soon shall the whole creation sing
The praises of its God and king;
Angels respond with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud "Amen."

197

6.6.8.

- 1 **O**N earth the song begins;
In heav'n more sweet and loud,
"To Him that cleans'd our sins
By His atoning blood;"
"To Him," we sing in joyful strain,
"Be honour, pow'r and praise, Amen."
- 2 Believers now repeat,
What heav'n with gladness owns;
And while before His feet
The elders cast their crowns,
Come, imitate the choirs above,
And sing aloud the Saviour's love.
- 3 Alone He bore the cross,
Alone its grief sustain'd;
His was the shame and loss,
And He the vict'ry gain'd;
The mighty work was all His own,
But we shall share the joy and crown.

198

C.M.

- 1 **O**LORD we know it matters nought,
How sweet the sound may be;
No hearts but of the Spirit taught,
Make melody to thee.

- 2 Then teach thy gather'd saints, O Lord,
 To worship in thy fear;
 And dread lest any idle word
 Should reach thy holy ear.
- 3 Thy blood has made poor sinners meet,
 Like saints in light to come;
 And worship at the mercy seat,
 Before the Father's throne.
- 4 Thy precious name is all we show,
 Our only passport, Lord;
 And now our Father's love we know,
 Tho' we are self-abhorr'd.
- 5 Oh largely give—'tis all thine own—
 The Spirit's goodly fruit;
 Praise, issuing forth in life, alone
 Our living Lord can suit.
- 6 Henceforth let each beloved child
 With quicken'd step proceed;
 To walk with garments undefil'd,
 Where'er thy spirit lead.

199

8.7.

- 1 **L**ORD, we see the day approaching,
 When thou wilt again appear;
 Sinners, still, thy garments touching,
 Stay thee in thy coming here.
- 2 Hid in heav'n is all our treasure,
 Patience then becomes thy saints;
 Lord, we wait thy gracious pleasure,
 Faith should silence all complaints.

164

- 3 Through the wilderness we wander,
 Troubled oft, but not distress;
 Seek we glory—it is yonder,
 Suff'ring pledges future rest.
- 4 Coming judgments round us darken,
 Human hearts may fail for fear;
 But to thee alone we hearken,
 "Your redemption draweth near."
- 5 Make each waiting child obedient,
 Stay our anxious hearts on this;
 If thy going were expedient,
 Surely thy return is bliss.
- 6 Our own Lord is coming hither,
 Light in darkness, joy in grief;
 Hope deferr'd would quickly wither
 Hearts that had not this relief.
- 7 All we need is deep affection,
 Singleness of eye and heart;
 Strength to own thee in rejection,
 Grace sufficient, Lord, impart.



C.M.

- 1 'TIS past—the dark and dreary night,
 And, Lord, we hail thee now,
 Our morning star without a cloud
 Of sadness on thy brow.
- 2 Thy path on earth, the cross, the grave,
 Thy sorrows now are o'er;
 And, O sweet thought! thine eye shall weep,
 Thy heart shall break no more.

- 3 Deep were those sorrows—deeper still;
 The love that brought thee low,
 That bade the streams of life from thee,
 A lifeless victim, flow.
- 4 The soldier, as he pierc'd thee, prov'd
 Man's hatred, Lord, to thee;
 While in the blood that stain'd the spear,
 Love, only love, we see.
- 5 Drawn from thy pierc'd and bleeding side,
 That pure and cleansing flood,
 Speaks peace to every heart that knows
 The virtues of thy blood.
- 6 Yet 'tis not that we know the joy
 Of cancell'd sin alone,
 But, happier far, thy saints are call'd
 To share thy glorious throne.
- 7 So closely are we link'd in love,
 So wholly one with thee;
 That all *thy* bliss and glory then,
Our bright reward shall be.
- 8 Yes, when the storm of life is calm'd,
 The dreary desert pass'd;
 Our way-worn hearts shall find in thee
 Their full repose at last.

201

P.M.

- 1 **H**HEAD of the church triumphant,
 We joyfully adore thee,
 Till thou appear,
 Thy members here,
 Shall sing like those in glory.

166

We lift our hearts and voices,
With blest anticipation,
And cry aloud,
And give to God,
The praise of our salvation.

2 While in affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire,
Thy love we praise,
Which tries our ways,
And ever brings us higher.
We clap our hands, exulting
In thine Almighty favour ;
The love divine,
Which made us thine,
Will keep us thine for ever.

3 Thou dost conduct thy people,
Through torrents of temptation,
Nor will we fear,
Whilst thou art near,
The fire of tribulation.
The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes,
By thee we shall
Break through them all,
And sing the song of Moses.

4 By faith we see the glory
Of which thou dost assure us ;
The world despise—
For that high prize
Which thou hast set before us.

And if thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
Shall see thee stand
At God's right hand,
To take us up to heaven !

202

C.M.
17/11/21

- 1 THE murmurs of the wilderness
Our hearts so often raise,
Shall cease, and ev'ry tongue confess
The comeliness of praise.
- 2 Those Meribahs, our spots of shame,
We 'll leave them all behind ;
In Jesus, though each day the same,
Unfailing joy we find.
- 3 Of thee, Lord, we would never tire ;
The new and living food
Can satisfy our hearts' desire,
And life is in thy blood.
- 4 If such the happy midnight song
Our prison'd spirits raise,
What are the joys that cause ere long
Eternal bursts of praise ?
- 5 To look within, and see no stain ;
Abroad, no curse to trace ;
To shed no tears, to feel no pain,
And see thee, face to face—
- 6 To find each hope of glory gain'd,
Fulfill'd each precious word,
And fully, all to have attain'd,
The image of the Lord :

7 For this we're pressing onward still,
And, in this hope, would be
More subject to the Father's will,
E'en now, much more like thee.

203

8.7.4.

1 BLESSED Lord, our hearts are panting,
Upright, like thyself, to be;
No good thing is ever wanting,
To the saints who walk with thee:
Grace and glory,
In our sun and shield we see.

2 All the joy we now are tasting,
Is but as the dream of night;
To the day of God we're hasting,
Looking for it with delight:
Christ is coming,
He will satisfy our sight.

3 Now the silent grave is keeping
Many a seed in weakness sown;
But the saints in Jesus sleeping,
Rais'd in pow'r, will soon be shewn:
Resurrection,
Lord of glory, is thine own.

4 As we sing, our hearts grow lighter,
We are children of the day;
Sorrow makes our hope the brighter,
Faith regards not the delay:
Sure the promise,
We shall meet thee on thy way.

169

- 1 **JESUS**, immutably the same,
 Thou true and living vine;
 Around thy all-supporting stem,
 My feeble arms I twine.
- 2 Quickened by thee, and kept alive,
 I flourish and bear fruit;
 My life, I from thy life derive,
 My vigour from thy root.
- 3 I can do nothing without thee,
 My strength is wholly thine;
 Wither'd and barren should I be,
 If sever'd from the vine.
- 4 Upon my leaf, when parch'd with heat,
 Refreshing dews shall drop;
 And when the rain and tempest beat,
 Thou still wilt bear me up.
- 5 The object of the Father's care,
 And prun'd by love divine;
 Fruit to eternal life shall bear,
 The feeblest branch of thine.

- 1 **OUR** God is our salvation,
 What then have we to fear?
 In darkness and temptation,
 Our light, our help is near.
 Though adverse hosts surround us,
 Yet fearlessly we'll stand;
 What terror can confound us,
 With God at our right hand.

- 2 On thee is our reliance,
When faint and desolate;
Thy word is our affiance,
Then patiently we'll wait.
We know thy blood has bought us,
Has ransom'd us from hell;
We know thy love has brought us
With thee, our God, to dwell.

206

C.M.

- 1 **J**ESUS! how much thy name unfolds,
To every opened ear;
The pardon'd sinner's mem'ry holds
None other half so dear.
- 2 Jesus!—it speaks a life of love,
And sorrows meekly borne;
It tells of sympathy above,
Whatever sins we mourn.
- 3 It tells us of thy sinless walk
In fellowship with God;
And, to our ears, no tale so sweet
As thine atoning blood.
- 4 This name encircles ev'ry grace
That God, as man, could shew;
There only can the spirit trace
A perfect life below.
- 5 The mention of thy name shall bow
Our hearts to worship thee;
The chiefest of ten thousand *thou*,
The chief of sinners *we*.

- 1 **G**RACE! 'tis a joyful sound,
 Harmonious to the ear,
 Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
 And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace taught my wand'ring feet
 To tread the heav'nly road,
 And new supplies each hour I meet,
 While trav'ling home to God.
- 3 'Twas grace that wrote my name
 In life's eternal book,
 'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
 Who all my sorrows took.
- 4 Grace taught my soul to pray,
 And made my eyes o'erflow,
 'Twas grace that kept me to this day,
 And will not let me go.
- 5 Lord, let thy grace inspire
 My soul with strength divine,
 Thy glory only to desire,
 To live, to walk as thine.

- 1 **L**ET us *love*, and *sing*, and *wonder*—
 Let us praise the Saviour's name;
 He has hush'd the law's loud thunder,
 He has quench'd Mount Sinai's flame;
 He has wash'd us in his blood,
 He has brought us nigh to God.

- 2 Let *us love* the Lord that bought us,
 Pitied us when enemies;
 Call'd us by his grace, and taught us
 Where our joy and blessing is;
 He has wash'd us in his blood,
 He presents our souls to God.
- 3 Let us *sing*, though fierce temptation
 Threaten hard to bear us down;
 For the Lord, our strong salvation,
 Holds in view the conqu'ror's crown;
 He who wash'd us in his blood,
 Has secur'd our way to God.
- 4 Let us *wonder*; grace and justice
 Join and point to mercy's store;
 Christ hath died; in him our trust is;
 Justice smiles, and asks no more;
 He who wash'd us in his blood,
 Safe will bring us home to God.

209

6.8s.

- 1 **T**HE Lamb was slain! let us adore,
 And joyfully his mercy own,
 And humbly now and evermore
 Before his wounded feet fall down:
 Serve without dread, with rev'rence love
 The Lord whose boundless grace we prove.
- 2 The Lamb was slain! both day and night
 The angelic choirs his praises sing;
 To him enthron'd above all height,
 They round the throne their anthems bring;
 As saints on earth we join the song,
 And praise him, tho' with stamm'ring tongue.

- 3 Gladly our own poor works we leave,
 For him despise wealth, pleasure, fame;
 To him our souls and bodies give,
 Whose love doth our affections claim;
 Henceforth we own him as our Lord,
 Alone belov'd—alone ador'd.
- 4 Through him alone we live, for he
 Hath drownèd our transgressions all
 In love's unfathomable sea:
 O love, unknown, unsearchable!
 For ever in our hearts remain
 This precious truth, "The Lamb was slain!"

210

8.7.

- 1 **F**ATHER, we commend our spirits
 To thy love, in Jesu's name,
 Love, that his atoning merits
 Give us confidence to claim.
- 2 Oh how sweet, how true a pleasure,
 Flows from love so full and free;
 Oh how great, how rich a treasure,
 Saviour, we possess in thee!
- 3 From the world and its confusions,
 Here we turn, and find our rest;
 From its care and its delusions,
 Turn to thee, and we are blest.
- 4 Though this scene is ever changing,
 Since thy mercy changes not,
 O'er its waste our spirits ranging,
 Glory in their happy lot.

- 5 By the Holy Ghost anointed,
 May we do thy holy will ;
 Walk the path by thee appointed,
 And thy pleasure still fulfil.
- 6 Till the welcome signal hearing,
 Welcome to thy saints alone ;
 We rejoice at his appearing,
 Who shall claim us for his own.

211

L.M.

- 1 **O**H come, thou stricken Lamb of God.
 Who shed'st for us thine own life-blood,
 And teach us all thy love,—then pain
 Were sweet, and life or death were gain.
- 2 Take *thou* our hearts, and let them be
 For ever clos'd to all but thee ;
 Thy willing servants, let *us* wear
 The seal of love for ever there.
- 3 How blest are they who still abide
 Close shelter'd by thy watchful side,
 Who life and strength from thee receive,
 And with thee move, and in thee live.
- 4 How can it be, thou heav'nly king,
 That thou should'st man to glory bring?
 Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
 Crown'd with a never-fading crown.
- 5 Ah Lord ! enlarge our scanty thought,
 To know the wonders thou hast wrought ;
 Unloose our stamm'ring tongues to tell
 Thy love, immense, unsearchable.

- 6 First-born of many brethren thou art,
To whom both heav'n and earth must bow;
Heirs of thy shame and of thy throne,
We bear thy cross, and seek thy crown.

212

8.8.6.

- 1 **T**O wait the bright, the joyful day,
When Jesus will his pow'r display,
Be this our one great care;
To do his will, our business here;
No toil to shun, no danger fear,
Resolv'd his cross to share.
- 2 And though he should prolong his stay,
And sinners mock at the delay,
His people need not fear;
The man who wore the crown of thorns,
Whose claim the world rejects and scorns,
In glory will appear.
- 3 Bright angels shall attend their king,
And heav'n with acclamations ring,
When Jesus comes with clouds;
By faith we see the dazzling train,
It seems to fill yon azure plain
With heav'n's exulting crowds.
- 4 Then let us here in patience rest,
(Assur'd the Father's time is best,)
And now his word obey:
For this we know, the day will come,
When Jesus will convey us home,
And all his pow'r display.

- 1 **H**ARK! how the blood-bought hosts above,
 Conspire to chant the Saviour's love,
 In sweet harmonious strains!
 And while they strike their golden lyres,
 This glorious theme each bosom fires,
That Grace triumphant reigns!
- 2 We'll join the song! for we can tell
 How sov'reign grace dissolv'd the spell,
 That kept us bound in chains;
 And from that dear and happy day,
 How oft we've been constrain'd to say
That Grace triumphant reigns!
- 3 Yes! tho' we've stray'd like saints of old,
 Grace has restor'd us to the fold
 As captives in its chains;
 Thus, sav'd by grace, we'd gladly sing,
 Till all the earth and heavens ring
 With "*Grace triumphant reigns!*"
- 4 Grace still,—till all redeem'd by blood
 Are taught to know themselves and God,—
 Its empire shall maintain;
 To spoil the mighty of the prey,
 And set the captive exile free,
Shall Grace triumphant reign.
- 5 When call'd to meet our glorious head,
 That perfect love shall banish dread,
 Which now our soul sustains;
 And, as we rise to endless day,
 We'll raise our voice, and boldly say,
 "*Grace—Grace triumphant reigns.*"

- 1 "IT is finish'd!" sinners hear it,
 'Tis the dying Victor's cry;
 "It is finish'd!" angels bear it,
 Bear the joyful truth on high:
 "It is finish'd!"
 Tell it through the earth and sky!
- 2 Justice, from her awful station,
 Bars the sinner's peace no more;
 Justice views with approbation
 What the Saviour did and bore;
 Grace and mercy
 Now display their boundless store.
- 3 "It is finish'd!" all is over:
 Yes, the cup of wrath is drained;
 Such the truth these words discover,
 Thus our vict'ry was obtained:
 'Tis a vict'ry
 None but Jesus could have gain'd.
- 4 Crown the mighty conq'ror, crown him,
 Who his people's foes o'ercame!
 In the highest heav'n enthrone him
 Men and angels sound his fame!
 Great his glory!
 Jesus bears a matchless name.

215

S.M.

- 1 THOU very paschal Lamb!
 Whose blood for us was shed,
 Through whom we out of Egypt came,
 By thine own Spirit led.

- 2 Bless'd messenger of grace,
 Fulfil thy character ;
 To guard and feed thy chosen race ;
 Among us, Lord, appear.
- 3 Throughout the desert way
 Conduct us by thy light ;
 Be thou our cov'ring cloud by day,
 Our cheering fire by night.
- 4 Our fainting souls sustain
 With blessings from above,
 And ever on thy people rain
 The manna of thy love.

216

P.M.

- 1 **L**ORD of the worlds above,
 How pleasant and how fair,
 The dwellings of thy love,
 Thy heav'nly mansions are !
 To thine abode
 My heart aspires
 With warm desires,
 To see my God.
- 2 There is thy throne of grace,
 And there the sprinkled blood ;
 There lives, before thy face,
 Our great high-priest, O God.
 His name our plea,
 We now draw near,
 With filial fear,
 And worship thee.

- 118**
- 3 O happy souls that pray,
 As God appoints to hear;
 O happy men that pay
 Their constant tribute there:
 They praise thy grace,
 And happy they
 That love the way
 To that blest place.
- 4 They go from strength to strength,
 Through this dark vale of tears;
 Till each arrives at length,
 And safe in heav'n appears:
 O glorious seat!
 Where God our King
 Shall shortly bring
 Our willing feet.

217

C.M.

- 1 **N**OW may the Spirit from above,
 Impart his holy fire!
 And cause our hearts to glow with love,
 And vehement desire.
- 2 The sweet desire of holy things,
 That finds its element
 In converse with the King of kings,
 With nought but this content.
- 3 The pledge of sacred joys to come,
 Anticipation bless'd
 Of heav'n, our everlasting home,
 Of heav'n, our place of rest.

- 1 **WE** go with the redeem'd to taste
 Of joy supreme that never dies ;
 Our feet still press the weary waste,
 Our hearts, our home are in the skies.
- 2 And oh ! while on to Zion's hill,
 The toilsome path of life we tread,
 Around us, loving Father, still
 Thy circling wings of mercy spread.
- 3 From day to day, from hour to hour,
 Oh let our rising spirits prove
 The strength of thine Almighty pow'r,
 The sweetness of thy saving love.

- 1 **FAR** from these narrow scenes of night,
 Unbounded glories rise,
 And realms of infinite delight,
 Unseen by mortal eyes.
- 2 There pain and sickness never come,
 And none shall there complain ;
 And all that reach that peaceful home,
 With Jesus ever reign.
- 3 No cloud those happy regions know,
 For ever bright and fair ;
 For sin, the source of mortal woe,
 Can never enter there.
- 4 There no alternate night is known,
 Nor sun's imperfect ray,
 But glory from the sacred throne,
 Spreads everlasting day.

5 Fair distant land ! could now our eyes,
But half thy charms explore,
How should we long, at once to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!

6 Oh may the heav'nly vision fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith and strong desire,
Bear ev'ry thought above.

220

8.8.6.

1 SAVIOUR, when'er I think of thee,
And of thy love, so full and free,
In death and suffering shewn ;
I would all earthly good resign,
Follow where'er thy footsteps shine,
And cleave to thee alone.

2 Thee, my sole portion, Lord, I'd make,
And suffer all things for thy sake,
Who all my woes didst bear ;
I would, in all things, take thy cross,
Thy tribulation, shame, and loss,
Resolv'd with thee to share.

3 What tho' I meet the worldling's hate,
Thy love will richly compensate
For all my present loss ;
The joy, with thee to live and reign,
Should my cold heart at once constrain
To count all else but dross.

- 4 I can encounter ev'ry ill,
If but my heart and mind be still
With Jesu's presence blest:
With joy I then my way pursue,
Assur'd that he will bear me through,
Up to my heav'nly rest.

221

7.6.

- 1 **T**HY children, Lord, lack nothing,
Thy promise bears them through ;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will surely clothe us too ;
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed,
And he who feeds the ravens
Will give his children bread.

- 2 Though vine nor fig-tree neither,
Their wonted fruit should bear ;
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flock nor herd be there ;
Yet God, the same abiding,
His praise shall tune our voice ;
For while in him confiding,
We can, through all, rejoice.

222

S.M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the throne of grace !
His promise calls me near :
To seek my God and Father's face,
Who loves to answer prayer.

- 2 That rich, atoning blood,
Which, sprinkled round I see,
Provides for all who come to God:
An all-prevailing plea.
- 3 My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since for thy sake that blood was spilt,
What else will he withhold?
- 4 Beyond thy utmost wants,
His love and pow'r can bless:
To praying souls he always grants,
More than they can express.
- 5 Since 'tis the Lord's command,
My mouth I'll open wide;
Lord, open thou thy bounteous hand,
That I may be supplied.

223

7s.

- 1 **H**APPY christian, God's own child,
Chosen, call'd, and reconcil'd;
Once a rebel far from God,
Now brought nigh by Jesu's blood.
- 2 Happy christian, look on high,
See thy portion in the sky;
Fix'd by everlasting love,
Who that portion can remove?
- 3 Happy christian, though the earth
Knows not now thy heav'nly birth,
Yet thy God shall soon proclaim;
Through all worlds thy favour'd name!

- 4 Happy christian, hear him say,
 "Turn thy heart from earth away,
 Leave the world and all its woes,
 Seek in me thy full repose."
- 5 Happy christian, look on high,
 Christ, thy Lord, thy life, is nigh!
 Soon thou shalt his glory see,
 And learn *all* his love to thee.

224

L. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS! 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 doubtful road,
- 3 No other name will heav'n approve,
 Thou art the true, the living way,
 The light to cheer the path of love,
 Which leads to bright and endless day.
- 4 Here let our constant feet abide,
 Nor from this heav'nward way depart;
 O may thy gracious Spirit guide
 The wand'ring foot, and erring heart.
- 5 Safe lead us through this dreary night,
 And bring us to that holy place,
 The region of unclouded light,
 Where we shall see thee face to face.

- 1 **HOSANNA!** to the living Lord;
 Hosanna! to th' incarnate Word;
 To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
 Let earth, let heav'n, hosanna sing!
- 2 Hosanna! Lord, Thine angels cry,
 Hosanna! Lord, Thy saints reply;
 Above, beneath us, and around,
 We would that all should swell the sound.
- 3 Assembled in Thy blessed name,
 Here we Thy parting promise claim;
 O heav'nly priest, as incense bear,
 To God on high, our praise and prayer.

226

7s.

- 1 **BRETHREN,** let us join to bless
 Christ the Lord our righteousness;
 Let our praise to him be giv'n,
 High at God's right hand in heaven.
- 2 Son of God! to Thee we bow,
 Thou art Lord, and only Thou:
 Thou the virgin's blessed seed,
 Of thy Church the glorious Head.
- 3 Thee the angels ceaseless sing,
 Thee we praise, The Priest and King;
 Worthy is Thy name of praise,
 Full of glory, full of Grace!
- 4 Joyful tidings Thou hast brought,
 Of salvation, by Thee wrought:
 Wrought for all Thy church! and we
 Worship in their company.

- 5 We, Thy little flock, adore
Thee, the Lord, for evermore!
Ever resting in Thy love,
'Till we join with those above.

227

S.M.

- 1 **O** THE transcendent love
Our holy Saviour shows ;
Our miseries his mercy move,
His heart with pity glows.
- 2 Jesus invited near
The vilest of our race,
And bids the greatest sinner hear
The word of life and grace.
- 3 Where sin and sickness dwelt
The kind Physician came ;
And ev'ry one his pity felt,
The deaf, the blind, the lame.
- 4 Lord, to life's utmost end
Let us this mercy know,
And own thee as the sinner's friend,
But sin's eternal foe.

228

C.M.

- 1 **O** UR gracious God, we look to thee,
To thee for help we fly ;
Thine eye alone our wants can see,
Thy hand alone supply.
- 2 Oh let thy fear within us dwell,
Thy love, our footsteps guide ;
That love will all vain loves expel,
'That fear, all fears beside.

- 1 **COME**, let us cast our fears away,
 And raise our drooping head,
 We'll sing as all poor sinners may,
 Jesus, who once was dead:
 Salvation sing! no word more meet
 To join with Jesu's name;
 Let every thankful tongue repeat
 Salvation to the Lamb!
- 2 **Saints**, from the garden to the cross
 Your conq'ring Lord pursue;
 Who, dearly to redeem your loss,
 Groan'd, bled, and died for you.
 But now, victorious over death
 He reigns, the great I AM;
 Let every soul repeat with faith,
 Salvation to the Lamb!
- 3 **When** we'd incurr'd the wrath of God,
 (Alas, what could we worse!)
 He came, and with his own life's blood,
 Redeem'd us from the curse:
 Salvation sing! no word more meet
 To join with Jesu's name;
 Repeat, ye ransom'd souls, repeat,
 Salvation to the Lamb!

- 1 **SALVATION!** O the joyful sound!
 What pleasure to our ears!
 A sov'reign balm for every wound,
 A cordial for our fears.

- 2 **Salvation!** let the echo fly
 The spacious earth around ;
 While all the armies of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound.
- 3 **Salvation !** O thou bleeding Lamb,
 To thee the praise belongs :
 Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
 And dwell upon our tongues.

231

S.M.

- 1 **WHOM** have we, Lord, but thee, †
 Soul-thirst to satisfy ;
 Thy wells are deep, thy waters free,
 All other springs are dry.
- 2 Our heart is freshly set
 On the bright things above ;
 Strange that the bride should e'er forget
 The bridegroom's faithful love.
- 3 Sometimes we credit not
 That God but gives as God,
 Yet faith allows her happy lot
 When looking on the blood.
- 4 None like the sinner-train
 That precious blood has known,
 Redemption is our only claim,
 To come so near the throne.
- 5 Higher and higher still,
 Pleading that same life-blood,
 We prove the love that cannot chill,
 We reach the heart of God.

- † 1 **L**ET earth and heav'n agree,
 Let men with angels join,
 To sing salvation free,
 The work of love divine;
 To praise the great atoning Lamb,
 And all his wondrous love proclaim.
- 2 Jesus! life-giving sound,
 The joy of earth and heav'n,
 No other help is found,
 No other name is giv'n,
 In which the sons of men can boast,
 But his, who seeks and saves the lost.
- 3 His name the sinner hears,
 And is from guilt set free:
 'Tis music in his ears,
 'Tis life and victory:
 His heart o'erflows with sacred joy,
 And songs of praise his lips employ.
- 4 Saviour! while hosts above,
 Resound thy glorious name,
 We would thy dying love,
 And rising pow'r proclaim:
 To celebrate thy worthy praise,
 Let heav'n and earth their voices raise.

- 1 **L**ET earthly themes now cease,
 And joyful let us dwell,
 On our sweet theme of heav'nly peace;
 Oh! we've enough to tell.

- 2 Peace with our holy God,
 Peace from the fear of death,
 Peace through our Saviour's precious blood,
 Sweet peace, the fruit of faith.
- 3 We worship at thy feet,
 We wonder and adore ;
 The coming glory scarce more sweet
 Than the sweet peace before.

234

S.M.

- 1 **W**HY did the paschal beast
 Of old, for Israel bleed ?
 To be their safeguard and their feast,
 To sprinkle and to feed.
- 2 Dwell not, my searching soul,
 On ritual shadows now,
 Christ is the Lamb all pure and whole,
 The ransom'd first-born thou.
- 3 Now get thine house within,
 Slay, eat, anoint thy door :
 The dread avenger comes not in
 To smite, but passeth o'er.
- 4 He looks, and calls from high,
 " Art thou to die or live ?"
 He hears the posts and lintels cry,
 " Forgive, forgive, forgive !"
- 5 I hear the accuser roar
 Of ills that I have done,
 I know them well, and thousands more—
 Jehovah findeth none.

SECOND PART.

- 1 SIN, Satan, death, press near,
To harass and appal ;
Let but my bleeding Lord appear,
Backward they go and fall.
- 2 Before, behind, around,
They set their fierce array,
To fight, and force me from my ground,
Along Emmanuel's way.
- 3 I meet them face to face,
Through Jesus' conquest blest,
March, in the triumph of his grace,
Right onward to my rest.
- 4 There, in his book, I bear
A more than conq'ror's name
A soldier, son, and fellow-heir
Who fought and overcame.

THIRD PART.

- 1 His be the victor's name
Who fought the fight alone :
Triumphant saints no honour claim—
Their conquest was his own.
- 2 He hell, in hell, laid low ;
Made sin, he sin o'erthrew ;
Bow'd to the grave, and kill'd it so,
And death, by dying, slew.
- 3 Bless, bless the conq'ror slain,
Slain by divine decree,
Who lived, who died, who lives again
For thee, his saint, for thee !

- 1 **C**OME saints and adore him, come bow at
his feet ;
O give him the glory, the praise that is meet ;
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the
skies.

236 *Lady Comfort* 7s.

- 1 **E**VER, Lord, our souls, to thee,
Would in grateful praises flow ;
And our hearts' desire would be,
By our deeds, our love to shew.
- 2 Give us then, our faithful Lord,
Grace and strength to do thy will ;
Pow'r in every work and word,
All thy purpose to fulfil.

- 1 **Y**E servants of God, your master proclaim, †
And publish abroad his wonderful name ;
The name all victorious of Jesus extol,
His kingdom is glorious, he'll reign over all.
- 2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save,
And still he is nigh, his presence we have ;
The great congregation his triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus, their King.
- 3 Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son ;
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
They fall on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

- 4 Then let us adore, and give him his right,
All glory and pow'r, and wisdom and might,
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love.

238

P.M.

X1 **M**UCH in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward christian, onward go!
Fight the fight, though worn with strife,
Battle on to life—
Onward christian, onward go!
Join the war, and face the foe,
Faint not, tho' there may remain,
Still a drear campaign.

2 Shrink not christian, wilt thou yield?
Wilt thou quit the battle field?
Shrink not, ere the fight be done,
Ere the prize be won!
Mail'd in armour, heav'nly bright,
Strong in Him, whose grace is might,
Onward christian, onward go,
Conquer ev'ry foe!

3 Fight the glorious fight of faith,
Fear not conflict, fear not death,
Conflict that but nerves to strife,
Death!—to endless life.
Christ the conflict has endur'd,
Christ thy vict'ry has secur'd,
Onward christian, onward go,
• Triumphant o'er the foe.

- 1 **H**OW blessed is the tie that binds
 Believers' hearts in one!
 How sweet the hope that tunes our minds
 In harmony divine!
 It is the hope, the blissful hope,
 Which Jesu's grace hath giv'n,
 The hope, when days and years are past,
 That we shall meet in heav'n:
 We all shall meet in heav'n at last,
 With Jesus meet in heav'n.
 With him, when days and years are past,
 We all shall meet in heav'n.
- 2 What tho' our lot in trial here
 Or poverty be cast!
 What tho' around our sorrowing heart
 May howl the wintry blast!
 Yet still we share the blissful hope, &c.
- 3 From Burmah's shores, from Afric's strand,
 From India's burning plain,
 From Europe's and Columbia's land,
 We hope to meet again.
 It is the hope, the blissful hope, &c.
- 4 No ling'ring look, no parting sigh,
 Our future meeting knows;
 There love shall beam from ev'ry eye,
 And hope immortal grows.
 O sacred hope! O blissful hope! &c.

- 1 **H**OW pleasant is the sound of praise !
 It well becomes the saints of God :
 Should we refuse our songs to raise,
 The stones might tell our shame abroad.
- 2 To him who wash'd us in his blood,
 Let us our loudest songs prepare ;
 He sought us wand'ring far from God,
 And now preserves us by his care.
- 3 One string there is of sweetest tone,
 Reserv'd for sinners sav'd by grace ;
 'Tis sacred to one theme alone,
 And touch'd by one peculiar race.
- 4 Though angels may with rapture see
 How mercy flows in Jesu's blood,
 It is not theirs to prove as we
 The cleansing virtue of this flood.
- 5 Though angels praise the heav'nly king,
 And worship him as God alone,
 We can with exultation sing
 "He wears our nature on the throne."
- 6 Lord, we adore the wondrous love
 Which brought thee here to bleed and die ;
 Soon may we join with those above
 To sing thy praises in the sky.

241 *Lady Campbell* L.M.

- 1 **W**ITH thankful hearts we meet, O Lord,
 To sing thy praise, to hear thy word,
 To seek thy face in earnest prayer,
 To cast on thee each earthly care.

- 2 Dear shepherd of thy chosen flock,
 Thy people's shield, their shadowing rock,
 Once more we meet to hear thy voice,
 Once more before thee to rejoice.
- 3 Oh may thy servants, by thy word,
 Refresh each wearied heart, dear Lord,
 Wearied of earth's vain strife and woe,
 Wearied of sin and all below.
- 4 Thy presence, Saviour, now we seek,
 Confirm the strong, sustain the weak,
 Way-worn and tried, we hither come,
 Give us a foretaste of our home.

242

C.M.

- 1 **U**NTO the Lamb, that once was slain,
 Be endless honors paid;
 Salvation, glory, joy remain
 For ever on thy head.
- 2 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
 Hast set the pris'ners free;
 Hast made us kings and priests to God,
 And we shall reign with thee.

243

C.M.

- 1 **H**OW sweet the everlasting love
 That will not let us part,
 Our bodies may far off remove,
 We still are one in heart.

- 2 Join'd in one Spirit to our head,
 Where he appoints we'll go,
 Seeking in all his steps to tread,
 And here his praise to show.
- 3 Partakers of his love and grace,
 And one in mind and heart,
 Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place
 Nor life, nor death can part.
- 4 Oh may we ever walk in him,
 And nothing know beside,
 Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
 But Jesus crucified.
- 5 Closer and closer let us cleave
 To his belov'd embrace,
 From him all blessing to receive
 And grace to answer grace.
- 6 So hast'ning onward to the day
 Which all things will restore,
 Sorrow and death will pass away,
 And we shall part no more.

244

C.M.

- 1 THE saints awhile dispers'd abroad
 Have but one life above;
 Our home is in the heart of God,
 Our dwelling place is love.
- 2 On us the Spirit loves to trace
 And grave the living word;
 Let not the hateful flesh deface
 Th' epistles of the Lord.

- 3 For stronger he who in us dwells
 Than all the foes outside,
 Deep are the everlasting wells,
 And with us they abide.
- 4 Then shall we love this darken'd spot,
 Or hold its honors dear?
 No, dearest Lord, we love it not,
 Thy cross was planted here.

245

L.M.

- 1 **T**HE countless multitude on high,
 Who tune their songs to Jesu's name,
 All merit of their own deny,
 And Jesu's worth alone proclaim.
- 2 Redeem'd by blood, and sav'd by grace,
 They stand before Jehovah's throne;
 The happy song in that blest place,
 Is—"Thou art worthy! thou alone!"
- 3 With spotless robes of purest white,
 And branches of triumphal palm,
 They shout, with transports of delight,
 Heaven's ceaseless, universal psalm.
- 4 "Salvation's glory all be paid
 "To him who sits upon the throne;
 "And to the Lamb, whose blood was shed,
 "Thou! thou art worthy! thou alone.
- 5 "For thou wast slain, and in thy blood
 "These robes were wash'd so spotless pure;
 "Thou mad'st us kings and priests to God,
 "For ever let thy praise endure."

- 6 While thus the ransom'd myriads show,
 "Amen," the holy angels cry;
 Amen, Amen, resounds throughout
 The boundless regions of the sky.
- 7 Let us with joy adopt the strain,
 We hope to sing for ever there;
 "Worthy's the Lamb for sinners slain,
 Worthy alone the crown to wear."
- 8 Without one thought that's good to plead,
 Oh, what could shield us from despair
 But this, though we are vile indeed,
 The Lord our righteousness is there?

246

G. M.

- 1 **I**N Him whose presence gladdens heaven,
 We do and will rejoice;
 How bless'd are they to whom 'tis given
 To hear and know his voice!
- 2 He might have left us to endure
 The wrath we seem'd to brave;
 Our case would then admit no cure,
 For who but he can save?
- 3 But though resisted long, he strove;
 His purpose was to save:
 He shew'd the greatness of his love,
 And though provok'd forgave.
- 4 Then let us sing of grace alone,
 And magnify the name
 Of him who sits upon the throne,
 And join to praise the Lamb.

- 1 **N**OW to him who lov'd us,—gave us
 Every pledge that love could give;—
 Freely shed his blood to save us;—
 Gave his life that we might live,—
 Be the kingdom,
 And dominion,—
 And the glory evermore.

248

L.M.

- 1 **L**ET sinners sav'd give thanks and sing
 Of mercies past, of joys to come,
 The Lord their Saviour is, and King,
 The cross their hope, and heav'n their home.
- 2 Let sinners sav'd give thanks and sing,
 Salvation theirs, and of the Lord;
 They draw from heav'n's eternal spring,
 The living God their great reward.
- 3 Let sinners sav'd give thanks and sing,
 Sweet is the subject of their song,
 Who, made the children of a King,
 Expect to sing in heav'n ere long.
- 4 Let sinners sav'd give thanks and sing,
 The Lord has kept, in dangers past,
 And, oh! sweet thought, will surely bring
 His people safe to heav'n at last!
- 5 Let sinners sav'd give thanks and sing,
 Of Jesus sing through all their days;
 In heav'n their golden harps they'll string,
 And there for ever sing His praise.

- 1 **L**ORD! this day, in love remember
 All thy saints where'er they be;
 They who pine on beds of sickness;
 Or secluded, bend the knee;
 Or assembling,
 Join in prayer or praise to thee.
- 2 Compass'd by unseen spectators,
 Lord! thy saints must now make known
 To the pow'rs in heav'nly places,
 What thy secret love hath done:
 Ev'n the "myst'ry"
 In our heav'nly calling shewn.
- 3 He, in Patmos' lonely island,
 Exil'd, troubled, patient still,—
 Bore as faithful, true a witness,
 As did he on Athens' hill:
 Thus, O Jesus!
 May thy saints shew forth thy will.
- 4 Thus thy poorest, humblest servants,
 Suff'ring anguish, pain, and grief,
 May display thy wondrous wisdom,
 Faithful, 'mid internal strife:
 Till in glory,
 They receive the crown of life.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the Lamb with glory crown'd,
 To him all pow'r is given:
 No place too high for him is found,
 No place too high in heaven.

- 2 He ~~fills~~ the throne, the throne ~~above,~~
 He fills it without wrong ;
 The object of his Father's love,
 The theme of angels' song.
- 3 Though high, yet he accepts the praise
 His people offer here ;
 The faintest, feeblest cry they raise,
 Will reach the Saviour's ear.
- 4 This song be ours, and this alone,
 That celebrates the name
 Of him that sits upon the throne,
 And that exalts the Lamb.
- 5 To him whom men despise and slight,
 To him be glory giv'n :
 The crown is his, and his by right
 The highest place in heav'n.

251

8.7.7.

- 1 **T**HROUGH the day, thy love has spar'd us,
 Wearied we lie down to rest ;
 Through the silent watches guard us,
 Let no foe our peace molest :
 Jesus, thou our guardian be,
 Sweet it is to trust in thee.
- 2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
 Dwelling in the midst of foes,
 Us and ours preserve from dangers,
 In thine arms may we repose ;
 And when life's short day is past,
 Rest with thee in heav'n at last.

203

- 1 **T**HE fountain of Christ, Lord, help us to
sing ;
The blood of our Priest, the crucified King,
Which perfectly cleanses from sin and from
filth,
And richly dispenses salvation and health!
- 2 This fountain so dear, he'll freely impart,
Unlock'd by the spear, it gush'd from his
heart,
With blood and with water—the first to
atone,
To cleanse us the latter—the fountain's but
one.
- 3 This fountain from guilt not only makes pure ;
But gives, soon as felt, infallible cure ;
Whatever diseases or dangers befall,
The fountain of Jesus doth rid us of all.
- 4 This fountain tho' rich, from charge is quite
free,
The poorer the wretch, the welcomer he ;
Here's strength for the weakly that hither
are led,
Here's health for the sickly, here's life for
the dead.
- 5 This fountain in vain has never been tried ;
It takes out all stain, whenever applied ;
The water flows sweetly, with virtue divine,
To cleanse souls completely, tho' leprous as
mine.



- 1 **A**ROUND thy table, holy Lord
In fellowship we meet,
Obedient to thy gracious word,
This feast of love to eat.
- 2 Here every one that loves thy name
Our willing hearts embrace;
Our life, our hope, our joy the same,
The same thy love and grace.
- 3 This is the season to forget
All but our common life;
For in the holiest we are met
Above the scene of strife.
- 4 [And Emmaus is the favor'd spot
Our joyful thoughts retrace;
For thou, O Lord, forgettest not
Thine ancient love and grace.
- 5 If two disciples could constrain
The risen Lord to stay,
We know the same endearing chain
Must hold thee here to-day.
- 6 However poor, despis'd, or few,
We know thy changeless love,
Dear Lord, is just as warm, as true,
Now on the throne above.]
- 7 Commune with each at this sweet hour,
And as we hence depart,
Errands of love, and words of pow'r,
To each of us impart.

- 1 **T**HE Saviour came—no outward pomp,
 Bespoke his presence nigh,
 No earthly beauty shone in him
 To draw the carnal eye.
- 2 As some fair flow'r, despis'd, unseen,
 Amid the desert grows,
 So, slighted by a rebel race,
 The heav'nly Saviour rose.
- 3 Rejected and despis'd of men,
 He was a man of woe;
 The "man of sorrows" was his name,
 Through all his life below.
- 4 Yet all the grief he felt was ours,
 Ours were the woes he bore;
 Pangs not his own his spotless soul
 With bitter anguish tore.
- 5 His sacred blood hath wash'd our souls
 From sin's polluting stain,
 His stripes have heal'd us, and through him
 Our souls have life again.
- 6 He died to bear our guilt away,
 That sin might be forgiv'n;
 He lives to bless us, and appears
 To plead our cause in heav'n.

- 1 **T**HIS God is the God we adore,
 His people's unchangeable friend;
 Whose love is as great as his pow'r,
 And knows neither 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.

256

C. M.

- 1 **M**ASTER! we would no longer be
 Lov'd by the world that hated thee,
 But patient in thy footsteps go,
 Thy sorrow, as thy joy, to know.
- 2 We would, and oh! bestow the pow'r,
 With meekness meet the darkest hour,
 The shame despise, however tried,
 For thou wast scorn'd and crucified.
- 3 Master! to thee we now would cleave,
 Content for thee all else to leave,
 Thy cross to bear, thy steps to trace,
 Strong in thine all-sufficient grace.
- 4 For soon must pass the "little while,"
 When joy shall crown thy servants' toil;
 Our sure reward to hear thee own,
 Our names before the Father's throne.

257

88.

- 1 **A**S debtors to mercy alone,
 Of covenant mercy we sing;
 Nor fear, with thy righteousness on,
 Our persons and off'rings to bring:
 The wrath of a sin-hating God
 With us can have nothing to do;

Our Saviour's obedience and blood,
Hide all our transgressions from view.

- 2 The work which his goodness began,
The arm of his strength shall complete :
His promise is Yea and Amen,
And never was forfeited yet :
Things future, nor things that are now,
Nor all things below nor above,
Can make him his purpose forego,
Or sever our souls from his love.
- 3 Our names, from the palms of his hands,
Eternity will not erase ;
Impress'd on his heart this remains,
In marks of indelible grace :
And we to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given ;
More happy, but not more secure,
The souls of the blessed in heav'n.

258

C. M.

- 1 **M**Y God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
The comfort of my nights.
- 2 In darkest shades, if thou appear
My dawning is begun ;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.
- 3 The op'ning heav'ns around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
When Jesus tells me, He is mine,
And whispers, I am His.

208

- 1 **O BLESSED** Jesus! Lamb of God!
 Who hast redeem'd us with thy blood
 From sin, and death, and shame,—
 With joy and praise, thy people see
 The crown of glory worn by thee,
 And worthy thee proclaim.
- 2 Exalted by the Father's love,
 All thrones, and pow'rs, and names above,—
 Below in earth, or heav'n:
 Wisdom and riches, pow'r divine,
 Blessing and honor, Lord, are thine,
 All things to thee are giv'n.
- 3 Head of the church! thou sittest there,
 Thy bride does all thy glory share,—
 Thy fulness, Lord, is ours:
 Our life thou art,—thy grace sustains,
 Thy strength in us the vict'ry gains,
 O'er sin and Satan's pow'rs.
- 4 Increase our faith,—to thee we cry,
 Teach us each day with thee to die,
 Each day by faith to live:
 In thee to glory, Lord, alone,
 And know thy fulness all our own,
 And grace for grace receive.
- 5 Soon shall the day of glory come,
 Thy bride shall reach the Father's home,
 And all thy beauty see;
 Our highest joy to see thee shine,
 To hear thee own us, Lord, as thine,
 And ever dwell with thee.

- 1 **W**ORSHIP, and thanks, and blessing,
 And strength ascribe to Jesus!
 Jesus alone defends his own,
 When earth and hell oppress us!
 Omnipotent Redeemer!
 Our ransom'd souls adore thee;
 Our Saviour thou, we find it now,
 And give thee all the glory.
- 2 Thine arm hath safely brought us
 A way no more expected,
 Than when thy sheep pass'd thro' the deep
 By crystal walls protected.
 We sing thine arm unshorten'd,
 Brought thro' our sore temptation;
 With heart and voice, in thee rejoice,
 The God of our salvation.
- 3 Thy glory was our rear-ward,
 Thy hand our lives did cover,
 And we, e'en we, have pass'd the sea,
 And march'd triumphant over.
 Accepting our deliv'rance,
 We triumph in thy favor,
 And for the love, which now we prove,
 Shall praise thy name for ever.

261 *L. G. Deck* C.M.

- 1 **T**HE veil is rent:—lo! Jesus stands
 Before the throne of grace;
 And clouds of incense from his hands
 Fill all that glorious place.

- 2 His precious blood is sprinkled there,
 Before and on the throne ;
 And his own wounds in heav'n declare
 His work on earth is done.
- 3 " 'Tis finish'd !" on the cross he said,
 In agonies and blood ;
 " 'Tis finish'd !" now he lives to plead
 Before the face of God.
- 4 " 'Tis finish'd !" here our souls can rest,
 His work can never fail :
 By him, our sacrifice and priest,
 We enter through the vail.
- 5 Within the holiest of all,
 Cleans'd by his precious blood,
 Before thy throne thy children fall,
 And worship thee, our God.
- 6 Boldly our hearts and voice we raise,
 His name, his blood, our plea ;
 Assur'd our prayers and songs of praise
 Ascend by him to thee.

262

S.M.

- 1 **J**ESU, we look to thee,
 Thy promis'd presence claim !
 Thou in the midst of us shalt be
 Assembled in thy name.
- 2 Thy name salvation is,
 Which now we come to prove :
 Thy name is life, and health, and peace,
 And everlasting love.

3 Present we know thou art,—
But O, thyself reveal ;
Now, Lord, let every waiting heart
The mighty comfort feel.

4 We meet, the grace to take,
Which thou hast freely giv'n ;
We meet on earth, for thy dear sake,
Who soon shall meet in heav'n.

263

8.7.

1 **M**AY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above !

2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord ;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

264

L.M.

BLESSINGS for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched man ;
While angels sing his sacred name,
Let every creature say, Amen.

265

L. M.

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

- 1 **O** JESUS! everlasting God,
 Who did'st for sinners shed thy blood
 Upon the shameful tree;
 And finish there redemption's toil,
 And win for us the happy spoil,
 All praise we give to thee.
- 2 Fain would we think upon thy pain,
 Would find therein our life and gain,
 And firmly fix our heart
 Upon thy grief and dying love,
 Nor evermore from thee remove,
 Though from all else we part.
- 3 The more, through grace, ourselves we know,
 The more rejoic'd we are to bow,
 In faith, beneath thy cross;
 To trust in thine atoning blood,
 And look to thee for every good,
 And count all else but loss.

- 1 **T**HE Cross! the Cross! oh! that's our gain,
 Because on that the Lamb was slain
 'Twas there our Lord was crucified,
 'Twas there our Saviour for us died:
- 2 What wondrous cause could move thy heart
 To take on thee our curse and smart,
 Well knowing we should ever be
 So cold, so negligent of thee?

- 3 The cause was love—we sink with shame,
Before our sacred Jesu's name;
That he should bleed and suffer thus,
Because, because he loved us.

268

8. 7. 4.

- 1 **P**RAISE the Lord who died to save us,
Praise his name, for ever dear;
Praise his blessed name who gave us
Eyes to see and ears to hear;
Praise the Saviour,
Object of our love and fear.
- 2 Grace it was, 'twas grace aboutiding,
Brought him down to save the lost;
Ye above, the throne surrounding,
Praise him—praise him all his host;
Saints adore him;
We are they who owe him most.
- 3 Praise his name, who died to save us;
'Tis by him alone we live;
And in him the Father gave us
All that boundless love could give;
Life eternal,
In our Saviour we receive.

269

L.M.

- 1 **O** GOD! we see thee in the Lamb,
To be our hope, our joy, our rest;
The glories that compose thy name,
All stand engaged to make us blest.

- 2 **Thou great and good! thou just and wise!**
 Thou art our Father and our God!
 And we are thine by sacred ties, [blood.
 Thy sons and daughters bought with
- 3 **Then, oh! to us this grace afford,**
 That from thyself we ne'er may rove;
 Our guard, the presence of the Lord,
 Our joy, the sense of pardoning love.
- 4 **For this will make our hearts rejoice,**
 Turning to light our darkest days;
 And this will nerve each feeble voice,
 While we have breath to pray or praise.

270 *J. G. Deck* L.M.

- 1 **L**ORD, we are *thine*: in thee we live,
 Supported by thy tender care;
 Thou dost each hourly mercy give; [air;
 Thine earth we tread, we breathe thine
 Raiment and food thy hands supply,
 Thy sun's bright rays around us shine;
 Guarded by thine all-seeing eye—
 We own that we are wholly thine.
- 2 **Lord we are *thine*: bought by thy blood,**
 Once the poor guilty slaves of sin;
 But thou redeemedst us to God,
 And mad'st thy Spirit dwell within.
 Thou hast our sinful wand'rings borne,
 With love and patience all divine;
 As brands then from the burning torn,
 We own that we are wholly thine.
- 3 **Lord, we are *thine*: thy claims we own,**
 Ourselves to thee we'd wholly give;

Reign thou within our hearts alone,
And let us to thy glory live.
Here let us each thy mind display,
In all thy gracious image shine,
And haste that long expected day
When thou shalt own that we are thine.

271

104th

- 1 **C**OME, Saints, praise the Lamb, his mercies
proclaim,
And lift up your heads and sing of his name;
His love to the church, which he purchas'd
with blood,
To make her his bride and the temple of God.
- 2 When wandering far from the Father's abode,
The heart full of pride and hatred to God,
The children of darkness, of Satan the slaves,
'Twas Jesus redeem'd us—his merit that saves.
- 3 Our sins on the cross on Calv'ry he bore,
He blotted them out, and they are no more;
Now pardon'd and wash'd, we spotless appear,
And cry "ABBA FATHER," unhinder'd by fear.
- 4 Despis'd by the world, we're strangers below;
But called to heav'n, we cheerfully go;
The Lord is our leader, and strong in his might,
Tho' Satan opposes, we'll fight the good fight.
- 5 We look for the day when Jesus shall come,
And fetch all his blood-purchas'd brethren
home;
When we shall behold all his glory and grace,
And heaven be found in the light of his face.

216

- 1 **J**ESUS, the Christ, Eternal Word!
Of all creation Sovereign Lord!
On thee alone by faith we rest,
And lean our weakness on thy breast.
- 2 Thy blood has wash'd us from our sin,
Thy Spirit sanctifies within;
And thou for us, in all our need,
At GóD's right hand dost ever plead.
- 3 Oh! keep us in the narrow way,
That ne'er from thee our feet may stray;
Sustain our weakness, calm our fear,
And to thy presence keep us near.

273.

7. 6.

- 1 **W**E go to meet our Saviour,
Thy glorious face to see;
Oh! may our whole behaviour
With this bright hope agree;
May thine illumination
Guide heart and hand aright,
That so our preparation
Be pleasing in thy sight.
- 2 Love caus'd thine incarnation,
Love brought thee from on high;
Thy thirst for our salvation,
This made thee come to die;
Oh, love beyond all measure!
Wherewith thou didst embrace,
The victims of the pressure
Of sin and its disgrace.

3. **Not sinful man's endeavour,**
Nor any mortal's care,
Could draw thy sovereign favour
To sinners in despair;
Uncall'd, thou cam'st with gladness,
Us from the fall to raise,
And change our grief and sadness
To songs of joy and praise.

274.

C. M.

- 1 **WELL** may we sing! with triumph sing
The great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of our SAVIOUR GOD,
Reveal'd in Jesus' face.
- 2 The Father's love it was that sought
From hell to set us free;
That gave the Lamb, whose precious blood
Has bought our liberty.
- 3 In him we read the Father's love,
And find eternal peace;
In him we meet a SAVIOUR GOD,
And fear and terror cease.
- 4 Then gladly sing and sound abroad
Our great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of our SAVIOUR GOD,
The riches of his grace.

275.

C. M.

- 1 **JESUS**, our God, we know thy name,
Thy name is all our trust;
Thou wilt not put our souls to shame,
Nor let our hope be lost.

- 2 Firm as thy life, thy promise stands
 And thou canst well secure
 What we've committed to thy hands,
 Until th' appointed hour.
- 3 Then wilt thou own our worthless name
 Before the Father's face,
 And in the New Jerusalem
 Wilt give us each our place.

276.

Baptism.

C. M.

- 1 **O** LORD! whilst we confess the worth
 Of this, the outward seal,
 Teach us the truths herein set forth
 Our very own to feel.
- 2 Death to the world we here avow,
 Death to each fleshly lust;
 Newness of life our portion now,
 A risen Lord our trust.
- 3 And we, O Lord, who now partake
 Of thine eternal life,
 With every sin, for thy dear sake,
 Would be at constant strife.
- 4 Baptis'd into the FATHER'S name,
 We'd walk as sons of God ;
 Baptis'd in THINE, with joy we claim
 The merits of thy blood.
- 5 Baptis'd into the HOLY GHOST,
 We'd prove his mighty power;
 And, making thee our only boast,
 Obey thee hour by hour.

- 1 **A**ROUND thy grave, Lord Jesus !
 Thine empty grave, we stand;
 With hearts all full of praises
 To keep thy bless'd command:—
 By faith our souls rejoicing
 To trace thy path of love,
 Thro' death's dark angry billows,
 Up to the throne above.
- 2 Lord Jesus ! we remember
 The travail of thy soul,
 When in thy love's deep pity
 The waves did o'er thee roll;
 Baptiz'd in death's cold waters,
 For us thy blood was shed
 For us the Lord of glory
 Was number'd with the dead.
- 3 O Lord, thou now art risen—
 Thy travail all is o'er;
 For sin thou once hast suffer'd—
 Thou liv'st to die no more;
 Sin, death, and hell, are vanquish'd
 By thee, thy church's Head;
 And lo ! we share thy triumphs,
 Thou First-born from the dead,
- 4 Into thy death baptised,
 We own, with thee we died;
 With thee, our Life, are risen,
 And in thee glorified.

From sin, the world, and Satan,
We're ransom'd by thy blood;
And now would walk as strangers,
ALIVE WITH THEE TO GOD.

278.

C. M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD th' amazing sight,
The Saviour lifted high;
Behold the Son of God's delight
Expire in agony.
- 2 For whom—for whom, my heart,
Were all those sorrows borne?
Why did he feel that piercing smart,
And wear that crown of thorn?
- 3 For love of us he bled,
And all in torture died;
'Twas love that bow'd his fainting head,
And op'd his gushing side.
- 4 We see, and we adore
Thy deep, thy dying love,
We feel its strong attractive power
To lift our souls above.
- 5 In thee our hearts unite,
Nor share thy grief alone,
But from thy cross pursue our flight
To thy triumphant throne.

279.

C. M.

- 1 **H**ARK the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promis'd long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

- 2 He comes, the pris'ners to release,
 In Satan's bondage held;
 The gates of brass before him burst,
 The iron fetters yield.
- 3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
 To clear the mental ray;
 And on the eye-balls of the blind
 To pour celestial day.
- 4 He comes, the broken heart to bind;
 The bleeding soul to cure;
 And with the treasures of his grace
 To enrich the humble poor.
- 5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
 Thy welcome shall proclaim,
 And heav'n's eternal arches ring
 With thy beloved name.

280.

C. M.

THE Father bruis'd his only Son
 For us upon the tree;
 His death is our eternal life,
 Our glorious liberty.
 Love mov'd the Father's hand to smite,
 Love mov'd the Son to bear;
 How sweet on Calvary to stand!
 The God of Love is there.

281.

C. M.

- 1 **O**H! teach us more of thy blest ways,
 Thou holy Lamb of God!
 And fix and root us in thy grace,
 As those redeem'd by blood.

- 2 Oh! tell us often of thy love,
Of all thy grief and pain;
And let our hearts with joy confess,
From thence comes all our gain.
- 3 For this, oh! may we freely count
Whate'er we have but loss—
The dearest objects of our love,
Compar'd with thee, but dross.
- 4 Engrave this deeply on our hearts
With an eternal pen,
That we may, in some small degree,
Return thy love again.

282. *J. G. Deck* P. M.

- 1 JESUS, ~~we~~ rest in thee,
In thee ourselves we hide;
Laden with guilt and misery,
Where could we rest beside?
'Tis on thy meek and lowly breast
Our weary souls alone can rest.
- 2 Thou Holy One of God!
The Father rests in thee,
And in the savour of that blood
Once shed on Calvary.
The curse is gone—through thee we're blest;
God rests in thee—in thee we rest.
- 3 The slaves of sin and fear,
Thy truth our bondage broke
Our happy spirits love to wear
Thy light and easy yoke;
The love which fills our grateful breast,
Makes duty joy and labour rest.

- 4 Soon the bright, glorious day—
 The rest of God—shall come;
 Sorrow and sin shall pass away,
 And we shall reach our home:
 Then, of the promis'd land possess'd,
 Our souls shall know eternal rest.

283.

6. 8s.

- 1 **J**ESUS, who vanquish'd all our foes,
 Who died to save, who lives to bless;
 From him our ev'ry comfort flows—
 Life, liberty, and joy, and peace.
 Resound, resound in joyful strains,
 Jesus, the King of glory, reigns !
- 2 Oh! thou art worthy, gracious Lord,
 Of universal, endless praise;
 With ev'ry pow'r to be ador'd
 That men or angels e'er can raise.
 Let heav'n and earth unite their strains,
 Jesus, the King of glory, reigns !
- 3 But earth and heav'n can ne'er proclaim
 The boundless glories of their King;
 Yet do our hearts adore his name,
 The name whence all our blessings spring
 Resound, resound in joyful strains,
 Jesus, the King of glory, reigns !
- 4 How mean the tribute that we pay!
 How cold the heart! how faint the tongue!
 But oh! a bright eternal day
 Will bring a more exalted song,
 Resounding in immortal strains
 Jesus, the King of glory, reigns !

- 1 **PILGRIMS** we are, to Canaan bound—
 We seek the city of our God;
 This wilderness we travel round,
 Seeking a home that bless'd abode.
- 2 And here as sojourners we meet,
 Before we reach the fields above,
 To sit around our Master's feet,
 And tell the wonders of his love.
- 3 Oft have we seen the tempest rise;
 The world and Satan, fear and sin,
 Like mountains seem'd to reach the skies,
 With scarce a gleam of light between.
- 4 But still, as oft as troubles come,
 Our Jesus sends some cheering ray;
 And that strong arm will guide us home,
 Which thus supports us by the way.
- 5 A few more days, or months, or years,
 Of weariness, or toil, or pain;
 A few more sighs, a few more tears,
 And we our promis'd rest shall gain.

- 1 **WE** are but strangers here;
 Heav'n is our home!
 Earth is a desert drear;
 Heav'n is our home!
 Danger and sorrow stand
 Round us on every hand;
 Heav'n is our father-land,
 Heav'n is our home!

- 2 What tho' the tempest rage!
 Heav'n is our home!
 Short is our pilgrimage;
 Heav'n is our home!
 And time's wild wintry blast
 Soon will be overpast;
 We shall reach home at last;
 Heav'n is our home!
- 3 There at our Saviour's side,
 Heav'n is our home!
 We shall be glorified;
 Heav'n is our home!
 There with the good and blest,
 Those we've lov'd most and best,
 We shall for ever rest;
 Heav'n is our home!
- 4 Therefore we'll murmur not:
 Heav'n is our home!
 Whate'er our earthly lot;
 Heav'n is our home!
 For we shall surely stand
 There at our Lord's right hand;
 Heav'n is our father-land,
 Heav'n is our home!

286.

L. M.

- 1 **O**UR spirits join t'adore the Lamb;
 Oh! that our feeble lips could move
 In strains immortal as his name,
 And melting as his dying love!
- 2 Was ever equal pity found!
 The Prince of Life resigns his breath,
 And pours his blood upon the ground,
 To ransom guilty worms from death.

- 3 Rebels, we broke our Maker's laws;
 He from the threat'ning set us free,
 Bore the full vengeance on the cross,
 And nail'd the curses to the tree.
- 4 The law proclaims no terrors now,
 And Sinai's thunders roar no more;
 From all his wounds new blessings flow,
 A sea of joy without a shore.
- 5 Here we have wash'd our deepest stains,
 And heal'd our wounds with heav'nly
 blood;
 Bless'd fountain! springing from the veins
 Of Jesus, our incarnate God.

287.

C. M.

- 1 **A** LAS! and did my Saviour bleed!
 And did my Sov'reign die!
 Would he devote that sacred head,
 For such a worm as I!
- Was it for crimes that I had done,
 He groan'd upon the tree?
 Amazing pity! grace unknown!
 And love beyond degree!
- How can my poverty repay
 The debt of love I owe?
 Lord, let me give myself away—
 'Tis all that I can do:

288.

S. M.

- F**ROM Egypt lately freed,
 By our Redeemer's grace,
 A rough and thorny path we tread,
 To see his glorious face.

227

- 2 The promis'd land of peace
 We keep in constant view;
 How different from the wilderness
 We now are passing through!
- 3 Here, often from our eyes,
 Clouds hide the light divine;
 There we shall have unclouded skies—
 Our Sun will always shine.
- 4 Here, grief, and care, and pain,
 And fears distress us sore;
 But there, eternal pleasures reign,
 And we shall weep no more.

289.

Parting.

L. M.

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

290.

Parting.

L. M.

- 1 **W**E bless thee, Lord, that we have met
 Once more before thy mercy-seat,
 Thy ransom'd family, to raise,
 In Jesus' name, our song of praise.
- 2 And now thy blessing we implore,
 To guard and keep us evermore;
 Into thine hand our souls commend,
 To guide, to strengthen, and defend.

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PSALMS AND HYMNS 2

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

—

IN TWO PARTS.

—

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A FEW SCRIPTURE PASSAGES

OF

INVITATION, EXHORTATION, ENCOURAGEMENT AND WARNING.

Ho, every one that thirsteth come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk, without money, and without price (Is. lv. 1).

Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest (Matt. xi. 28).

Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out (John vi. 37).

Labour not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life, which the Son of Man shall give unto you (John vi. 27).

Strive to enter in at the strait gate: for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in and shall not be able. When once the master of the house is risen up, and hath shut to the door, &c. (Luke xiii. 24).

How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation (Heb. ii. 2).

Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world the love of the Father is not in him (1 John ii. 15).

Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me hath everlasting life (John vi. 47).

In this was manifested the love of God towards us, because that God sent his only begot-

ten Son into the world, that we might live through him. Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins (1 John iv. 9, 10).

They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever (Ps. cxxv. 1).

The Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory (Ps. lxxxiv. 11).

If God be for us, who can be against us (Romans viii. 31).

We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens (2 Cor. v. 1).

Beloved, now are we the Sons of God: and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is (1 John iii. 2).

Take heed, brethren, lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief, in departing from the living God. But exhort one another daily, while it is called to day, lest any of you be hardened through the deceitfulness of sin (Heb. iii. 12, 13).

Let us therefore fear, lest a promise being left us of entering into his rest, any of you should seem to come short of it (Heb. iv. 1).

Wherefore, let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall (1 Cor. x. 12).

PSALMS, HYMNS,

&c.

PART II.

1

P.M.

“Behold we have forsaken all, and followed thee.”
Mat. xix. 27.

1 **J**ESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
All things else for thee forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be.
Perish ev'ry fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet, how rich is my condition!
God and heav'n are still my own.

2 Let the world despise and leave me;
It has left my Saviour too:
Human hearts and looks deceive me,—
Thou art not, like them, untrue.
And whilst thou dost smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might!
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure;
Come, disaster, scorn and pain:
In thy service, pain is pleasure;
With thy favour, loss is gain.

b

1

I have called thee, Abba, Father ;
I have set my heart on thee ;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

4 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast,
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heav'n will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me ;
Oh 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmix'd with thee.

5 Soul, then know thy full Salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care,
Joy to find in ev'ry station,
Something still to do or bear ;
Think what Spirit dwells within thee,
Think what Father's love is thine,
Think that Jesus died to win thee,
Child of heav'n, canst thou repine ?

6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by pray'r ;
Heav'n's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there :
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to full fruition,
Faith to sight, and pray'r to praise !

- 1 **QUIET**, Lord, my froward heart,
 Make me teachable and mild,
 Upright, simple, free from art,
 Make me as a weaned 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 stir a step alone;
 Let me thus with thee abide,
 As my Father, Guard, and Guide.
- 4 Thus preserv'd from Satan's wiles,
 Safe from dangers, free from fears,
 May I live upon thy smiles,
 Till the promis'd hour appears,
 When the sons of God shall prove
 All their Father's boundless love.

3

G.M.

- 1 **BEHOLD**, the mountain of the Lord
 In latter days shall rise;
 On mountain tops above the hills,
 And draw the wond'ring eyes.

- 2 To this the joyful nations round,
 All tribes, and tongues shall flow—
 "Up to the hill of God," they'll say,
 "And to his house we'll go."
- 3 The beam that shines from Zion's hill
 Shall lighten every land:
 The King who reigns in Salem's tower
 Shall all the world command.
- 4 But blessings, far surpassing all
 The joys of earth below,
 His chosen Bride redeem'd from earth,
 His risen Church, shall know.
- 5 This is her bright and blessed hope,
 To dwell with Christ above,
 To share his throne, and fully know
 The secrets of his love.
- 6 One with himself, 'tis hers alone
 To reign in glory there;
 And, to the sons of men below,
 His blessed name declare.

4

C.M.

- 1 SWEET was the hour, O Lord, to thee,
 At Sychar's lonely well,
 When a poor outcast heard thee there
 Thy great salvation tell.
- 2 Thither she came; but O, her heart,
 All fill'd with earthly care,
 Dream'd not of thee, nor thought to find
 The Hope of Israel there.

- 3 Lord! 'twas thy power unseen that drew
 The stray one to that place,
 In solitude to learn from thee
 The secrets of thy grace.
- 4 There Jacob's erring daughter found
 Those streams unknown before,
 The waterbrooks of life that make
 The weary thirst no more.
- 5 And, Lord, to us, as vile as she,
 Thy gracious lips have told
 That mystery of love, reveal'd
 At Jacob's well of old.
- 6 In spirit, Lord, we've sat with thee,
 Beside the springing well
 Of life and peace—and heard thee there
 Its healing virtues tell.
- 7 Dead to the world, we dream no more
 Of earthly pleasures now;
 Our deep, divine, unfailing spring
 Of grace and glory, thou!
- 8 No hope of rest in aught beside,
 No beauty, Lord, we see,
 And like Samaria's daughter, seek,
 And find our all in thee.

5

C.M.

- 1 **T**HROUGH Israel's land, the Lord of all
 A homeless wanderer past,
 Then clos'd his life of sorrow here,
 On Calvary, at last...

- 2 O Zion! when thy Saviour came
 In grace and love to thee,
 No beauty, in thy royal Lord,
 Thy faithless eye could see.
- 3 Yet onward, in his path of grace,
 The holy sufferer went,
 To feel, at last, that love on thee
 Had all in vain been spent.
- 4 Yet not in vain—o'er Israel's land
 The glory yet will shine;
 And he, thy once rejected King,
 Messiah, shall be thine.
- 5 His chosen Bride, ordain'd with him
 To reign o'er all the earth,
 Shall first be fram'd, ere thou shalt know
 Thy Saviour's matchless worth.
- 6 Then thou, beneath the peaceful reign
 Of Jesus and his Bride,
 Shalt sound his grace and glory forth,
 To all the earth beside.
- 7 The nations to thy glorious light,
 O Zion, yet shall throng,
 And all the list'ning islands wait
 To catch the joyful song.
- 8 The name of Jesus yet shall ring
 Through earth and heaven above;
 And all his ransom'd people know
 The sabbath of his love.

- 1 **J**ESUS thy name I love,
Jesus my Lord!
Jesus, all names above,
Jesus my Lord!
Oh, thou art all to me,
Nothing to please I see,
Nothing apart from thee,
Jesus my Lord!
- 2 Thou it was, Son of God,
Jesus my Lord!
Ransom'd me with thy blood,
Jesus my Lord!
Oh how great is thy love,
All other loves above,
Love I so dearly prove,
Jesus my Lord!
- 3 When unto thee I flee,
Jesus my Lord!
Thou wilt a refuge be,
Jesus my Lord!
What need I now to fear,
What earthly grief or care,
Since thou art ever near,
Jesus my Lord!
- 4 Soon thou wilt come again,
Jesus my Lord!
I shall be happy then,
Jesus my Lord!

Then thine own face I'll see,
Then I shall like thee be,
Then evermore with thee,
Jesus my Lord!

7

C.M.

- 1 **I**SLES of the deep, rejoice, rejoice!
Ye ransom'd nations, sing
The praises of your Lord and God,
The triumphs of your King.
- 2 He comes—and at his mighty word,
The clouds are fleeting fast,
And o'er the land of promise, see,
The glory breaks at last.
- 3 There he, upon his ancient throne,
His pow'r and grace displays,
While Salem, with its echoing hills,
Sends forth the voice of praise.
- 4 Streams of divine, unfailing joy,
Whose sweetness none can know
But the redeem'd, the blood-bought soul,
Through all creation flow.
- 5 Oh let his praises fill the earth,
While all the blest above,
In strains of loftier triumph still,
Speak only of his love.
- 6 Sing, ye redeem'd! Before the throne
Ye white-rob'd myriads fall!
Sing—for the Lord of Glory reigns,
The Christ—the heir of all!

- 1 **H**ARK to the trump ! behold it breaks
The sleep of ages now:
And lo ! the light of glory shines
On many an aching brow.
- 2 Chang'd in a moment—rais'd to life,
The quick, the dead arise,
Responsive to the angel's voice
That calls us to the skies.
- 3 Ascending through the crowded air,
On eagle wings we soar,
To dwell in the full joy of love,
And sorrow there no more.
- 4 O Lord, the bright and blessed hope,
That cheer'd us through the past,
Of full eternal rest in thee,
Is all fulfill'd at last.
- 5 The cry of sorrow here is hush'd,
The voice of prayer is o'er ;
'Tis needless now—for, Lord, we crave
Thy gracious help no more.
- 6 Praise, endless praise alone becomes
This bright and happy place,
Where ev'ry eye beholds unveil'd
The mysteries of thy grace.
- 7 Past conflict here, O Lord, 'tis ours,
Through everlasting days,
To sing our song of vict'ry now,
And only live for praise.

- 1 **S**WEETER, O Lord, than rest to thee,
While seated by the well,
Was thine own task of love, to all
Of grace and peace to tell
- 2 One thoughtless heart that never knew
The pulse of life before,
There learn'd to love—was taught to sigh
For earthly joys no more.
- 3 Friend of the lost, O Lord, in thee
Samaria's daughter there
Found One whom love had drawn to earth,
Her weight of guilt to bear.
- 4 Fair witness of thy saving grace,
In her, O Lord, we see
The wandering soul by love subdued,
The sinner drawn to thee.
- 5 Through all that sweet and blessed scene,
Dear Saviour, by the well,
More than enough the trembler finds
His guilty fears to quell.
- 6 There, in the blest repose of faith,
The soul delights to see,
Not only one who fully loves,
But *love itself* in thee.
- 7 Not one alone who feels for all,
But knows the wondrous art
Of meeting all the sympathies
Of every loving heart.

- 1 **J**OY is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil ;
All we can boast, till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.
- 2 But where the Lord has planted grace,
And made his glories known :
There fruits of heavenly joy and peace,
Are found, and there alone.
- 3 A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,
A sense of pard'ning love,
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like those above.
- 4 To take a glimpse within the veil,
To know that God is mine,
Are springs of joy that never fail,
Unspeakable! divine!
- 5 These are the joys which satisfy,
And sanctify the mind ;
Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.
- 6 Let us, then, glory in our lot ;
And since we are the Lord's,
Resign to them that know him not
Such joys as earth affords.

Isaiah xxvi. 3.

- 1 **T**HOU very present aid,
 In suff'ring and distress,
 The soul, which still on thee is stay'd,
 Is kept in perfect peace.
- 2 Calmly the heart reclin'd
 By faith on Jesu's breast—
 In deepest woes exults to find
 An everlasting rest.
- 3 Jesus, to whom I fly,
 Does all my wishes fill:
 What though the creature-streams are dry!
 I have a Fountain still.
- 4 Stripp'd of my earthly friends,
 I find them all in One!
 And peace, and joy that never ends,
 And heav'n—in Christ alone!

Job i. 21.

- 1 **S**UBMISSIVE to thy will, my God,
 I all to thee resign:
 Bowing beneath thy chast'ning rod
 I mourn, but not repine.
- 2 Why should my foolish heart complain,
 When wisdom, truth, and love
 Direct the stroke, inflict the pain.
 And point to joys above?

3 How short are all my suff'rings here!
How needful ev'ry cross!
Away my unbelieving fear,
Nor call my gain my loss!

4 Then give, dear Lord, or take away,
I'll bless thy sacred name:
My Saviour, yesterday, to-day,
For ever, is the same.

13

In suffering.

7s.

Lady Campbell

1 **L**ORD, in all my bitter pain,
Be my firm and constant stay:
Still my sinking strength sustain,
Drive impatient thoughts away.

hos.
2 Thou my anxious mind compose,
From temptations keep me free;
Help me, now, to feel, how close
Is my union, Lord, with thee.

3 One with thee, and thou dost feel
All my anguish, all my grief,
In thine own good time wilt heal,
Or, at least, wilt give relief.

4 While beneath thy chastening rod,
More of thy full peace be given;
Make my spirit's home, my God,
With my Saviour, Christ, in heaven.

5 Then, tho' this poor frame may bear
Much of anguish, racking pains,
Thou my burden still wilt bear,
And thy love to me remains

6 Now, thy present joy is mine!
Mine, thy future joys will be!
While such glories round me shine
I can think of nought but thee!

14

In suffering.

P.M.

Lady Campbell

1 Gladly I would in suffering now remain,
Since Jesus sends such comforts from
above;

And whilst I feel that all my care and pain

to the Do but fulfil the purpose of his love.

2 'Tis true that trials still my flesh distress,
But since they lead me more of Christ to
know,

Should I not rather learn the hand to bless,
That severs me from all delights below?

3 I would not, O my blessed Lord, then grieve
Over a single chastening of thy rod;
But, as a simple loving child, receive
The fatherly corrections of my God.

4 And, coming, Jesus, to thy throne of grace,
There would I leave my every sin and care;
There seek the glories of thy blessed face,
And find my perfect strength and blessing
there.

15 *Lady Campbell* C.M.

- 1 **B**E merciful to me my God,
Be merciful to me,
For though I sink beneath thy rod,
Yet do I trust in thee.
- 2 Thou art my refuge, and I know
My burden thou dost bear,
And I would seek where'er I go,
To cast on thee each care.
- 3 Thou knowest, Lord, my flesh how frail,
Strong tho' my spirit be;
Oh, then assist, when foes assail,
The soul that clings to thee.
- 4 And, gracious Lord, whate'er befall,
A thankful heart be mine—
A heart that answers to thy call,
One that is wholly thine.
- 5 Rejoicing in the thought that thou
Wilt soon return again;
That those who love thy coming now,
Will shine in glory then.

16 *Lady Campbell* 8.7.

- 1 **E**ARTHLY woe gains mast'ry o'er me,
This poor heart finds no relief;
A dreary waste now lies before me,
What can calm my bitter grief?

2 Weeping sufferer! Jesus hears thee,
Still he feels for all thy woe;
Ever is his presence near thee,
Jesus doth thy sorrow know!

17 In dejection and suffering. 8.8.6.

Lady Campbell.

X1 JESUS, I love thee! Thou dost know
How true my love, how deep my woe;
Almost too deep to bear!
But thou wilt guide me by thy hand,
Strong in thy strength I yet may stand,
Still resting in thy care.

2 Thou wilt not leave the weakest one,
Though every outward hope were gone,
I know that thou art nigh;
Man knows not what my sufferings are,
He cannot know; he would not care;
But thou art sympathy.

3 Thou wilt not let my footsteps fail,
Nor let me bring, while in this vale,
Dishonour to thy name;
Tho' nought is mine but sin and woe,
Yet in thy righteousness I go,
And in thy name prevail.

theis/4 And when the bitter cup is past,
And when I sink in death at last,
It is to be with thee:
To come with thee in clouds of heaven,
Ransom'd, pure, holy, thine, forgiven,
Ever to reign with thee.

"He knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust." Ps. ciii. 14.

- 1 **L**ORD, dearest Lord! to thee I call,
Thy sympathy I freely claim;
Thou know'st my fears, my griefs, my all,
For thou thyself hast felt the same.
- 2 As man, a man of sorrows, thou
Hast suffer'd every human woe,
And, thus enthron'd in glory now,
Canst pity all thy saints below.
- 3 Earth, Heav'n, O Christ, in thee combine,
Thee, Virgin-born—Jehovah's Son:
And thus I dare to call thee mine,
My brother and my God in one.
- 4 Sweet thought, my Saviour! but for this
I could not tell my grief to thee;
Nor hope that thou, 'mid all thy bliss,
Thy glory, Lord! couldst feel for me.
- 5 But oh! my name is like a seal,
A jewel on thy tender heart;
That heart that feels for all I feel,
In every sorrow bears a part.
- 6 Come, then, with some reviving word
Of tender love, my soul relieve;
And on thy bosom, gracious Lord!
Oh! let me freely, sweetly grieve.

- 7 Thou, blessed Jesus ! let me think
 Of all thy rich, redeeming love ;
 And long, with all my soul, to drink
 The fulness of that bliss above.
- 8 Redeemed to God, redeemed by thee,
 I sigh, I languish there to rest,
 Supremely happy, safe, and free,
 For ever, on thy tender breast :
- 9 To see thee, love thee, feel thee near ;
 Nor dread, as now thy transient stay ;
 To dwell beyond the reach of fear
 Lest joy should wane or pass away
- 10 Oh ! what divine repose were this !
 Can mortal heart, O God ! desire
 More heav'nly peace ? What more of bliss
 Can angel or can saint require ?

19 *Lady Campbell* 78.

- 1 **J**ESUS, take this faithless heart,
 Give it Lord, thy peace and joy ;
 Richer, fuller grace impart,
 All its worthless dross destroy :
 Purge it, Saviour, till it bear
 Fruit more worthy of thy care.
- 2 Lord, I know my heart is cold,
 Faint my faith and weak my love ;
 Still in thy redemption bold,
 I can look for help above ;
 Help that comes from thee alone,
 Seated on the Father's throne.

- 3 Oh, for strength ! my gracious Lord,
 To devote myself to thee !
 Thou, who hast my soul restor'd,
 Let me thy *disciple* be ;
 Learn of thee with single eye,
 God in all to glorify.

20

Expecting death.

6s.

- 1 **R**EST for the wearied soul,
 Endless, eternal rest ;
 Now have I reached the goal,
 Now am I fully blest.

Lady Campbell.

- 2 Jesus, my glorious king,
 Once trod the path before ;
 Now borne on faith's strong wing,
 Upward to him I soar.

- 3 Christ hath my home prepar'd,
 Now do I long to go ;
 Mine is a rich reward,
 Keep me not here below.

- 4 Mine is a happy lot,
 Free from all care and sin ;
 Ah, my friends stay me not,
 Now my true joys begin.

oh!

21

In trial.

L.M.

Lady Campbell

- 1 **M**Y heart is sad, my spirit's weak,
 My soul is brought so very low,
 That when I would of mercy speak,
 My lips can tell of naught but wee.

2 Oh take this weak and fleshly heart,
And fill it, Lord, with love divine;
Thy peace, thy rest, thy joy impart,
And make it wholly, truly thine.

3 Bid all this earthly grief away,
And fill my spirit full of thee;
Help me to look to that blest day,
When sin shall leave my body free.

22 Lady Campbell P.M.

A CHILD of God!! and can this earth's
vain pleasures

Be aught to one for whom the Saviour
died?

Rise! rise above them all! its worthless
treasures,

Its soul destroying joys, its pomp and
pride.

Be his in all! thy soul and eye be single,

Fix'd on the glory that surrounds the
throne;

Seek not Christ's service with the world's to
mingle,

Remember God hath seal'd thee for his
own.

23 Lady Campbell P.M.

+ 1 **W**HEN dark the clouds that round me
roll,

And all things seem to blight my soul;

From my own wifeness turn my eye,

And let me feel that thou art nigh.

- 2 O Jesus! in my dreariest hour,
 Could I but realise thy pow'r,
 Thy blessed pow'r my wounds to heal,
 What comfort would thy weak one feel!
- 3 Fix my cold heart upon thy love,
 Draw all my thoughts, my hopes above;
 Let me not look to aught but thee,
 Then shall my sin forgotten be.
- 4 *My sin!*—hast thou not borne it all?
 Why should I be its sorrowing thrall?
 Oh, let me gaze upon thy face,
 And from that fountain draw fresh grace.
- 5 Gazing on thee, my soul shall learn
 Each glorious feature to discern,
 Till, like thyself, in grace I grow,
 From glory on to glory go.

24

For a wanderer.

1 ls.

- 1 POOR wanderer! return to the home of
 thy bliss,
 No arm is like Jesu's, no fold is like his;
 Tho' thy heart is now stricken, and mourn-
 ing thy soul,
 Our Jesus has pow'r and has will to make
 whole.
 Then, oh let not Satan still lead thee astray,
 Return to thy Lord, to the one living way.
- 2 Long, long hast thou wander'd, but hast not
 found rest;
 Fear not to return! Be thine errors confess;

Christ is longing to welcome the poor tem-
pest tost;
To him nought so sweet as to succour the
lost:
His heart yearns to shew thee the fulness of
love,
To teach thee thy portion and draw thee
above.

- 3 Then wilt thou not trust him? For thee did
he die,
To win thee to heaven he came from on
high;
He bore all thy sins, all thy sorrows, and
thou,
Why seek'st thou to bear them, to grapple
with them now?
Oh leave them to Jesus! But trust in his
word
And humbly, yet joyfully, follow thy Lord.

25

C.M.

- 1 **F**AREWELL, ye fleeting joys of earth,
We've seen the Saviour's face,
Beheld him with the eye of faith,
And know his love and grace.
- 2 Forth from his Father's loving breast,
To bear our sin and shame,
To face a cold unfeeling world,
The heavenly Stranger came.

- 3: This earth to him, the Lord of all,
 No kindly welcome gave ;
 In Judah's land, the Saviour found
 No shelter but the grave.
- 4 Then fare thee well, thou faithless world !
 Thine evil eye could see
 No grace in him whose dying love
 Hath weaned our hearts from thee.
- 5 The cross was his ; and O 'tis ours
 Its weight on earth to bear,
 And glory in the thought that he
 Was once a sufferer there.

26

C.M.

- 1 **H**OW can I sink with such a prop
 As the eternal God,
 Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
 And spreads the heavens abroad ?
- 2 How can I die while Jesus lives,
 Who rose and left the dead ?
 Pardon and life my soul receives,
 From mine exalted Head.
- 3 All that I am, and all I have,
 Shall be for ever thine ;
 Whate'er my duty bids me give,
 My cheerful hands resign.
- 4 Yea, if I might make some reserve,
 And duty did not call,
 I love my Lord with such a love,
 That I would give him all.

- 1 **L**O 'tis the heavenly army,
 The Lord of hosts attending;
 'Tis He—the Lamb,
 The great I AM,
 With all his saints descending.
 To you, ye kings and nations,
 Ye foes of Christ assembling,
 The hosts of light,
 Prepar'd for fight
 Come with the cup of trembling.

ISRAEL.

Joy to his ancient people !
 Your bonds he comes to sever—
 And now, 'tis done !
 The Lord hath won,
 And ye are free for ever—

THE GENTILES.

Joy to the ransom'd nations !
 The foe, the rav'ning lion,
 Is bound in chains
 While Jesus reigns,
 King of the earth in Zion.

THE CHURCH.

- 3 Joy to the church triumphant
 The Saviour's throne surrounding,
 They see his face,
 Adore his grace
 O'er all their sin abounding—

Crown'd with the mighty victor,
His royal glory sharing,
Each fills a throne,
His name alone
To heav'n and earth declaring.

- 4 Praise to the Lamb for ever!
Bruis'd for our sins and gory,
Behold his brow,
Encircled now
With all his crowns of glory—
Beneath his love reposing
The whole redeemed creation
Is now at rest,
For ever blest,
And sings his great salvation.

28

L.M.

- 1 **L**ORD! let my heart still turn to thee,
In all my hours of waking thought;
Nor let this heart e'er wish to flee,
Or think, or feel, where thou art not!
- 2 In every hour of pain or woe,
When nought on earth this heart can cheer,
When sighs will burst, and tears will flow,
Lord, hush the sigh, and chase the tear.
- 3 In every dream of earthly bliss,
Do thou, dear Saviour, present be!
Nor let me dream of happiness
On earth, without the thought of thee!

- 4 To my last lingering thought at night,
Do thou, Lord Jesus, still be near,
And ere the dawn of opening light,
In still small accents wake mine ear !
- 5 Whene'er I read thy sacred word,
Bright on the page in glory shine !
And let me say, "*This precious Lord*
In all his full salvation's mine."
- 6 And when before the throne I kneel,
Hear from that throne of grace my prayer;
And let each hope of heaven I feel
Burn with the thought to meet thee there.
- 7 Thus teach me, Lord, to look to thee,
In ev'ry hour of waking thought,
Nor let me ever wish to be,
Or think or feel where thou art not ! Amen.

29

C.M.

- 1 **W**HEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,
And long to fly away ;
- 2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love ;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above ;
- 3 Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down ;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own ;

- 4 Sweet to reflect how Grace divine,
 My sins, on Jesus laid ;
 Sweet to remember that his blood
 My debt of suffering paid ;
- 5 Sweet in his righteousness to stand,
 Which saves from second death ;
 Sweet to experience, day by day,
 His Spirit's quick'ning breath ;
- 6 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
 Whose love can never end !
 Sweet on his covenant of grace
 For all things to depend ;
- 7 Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
 To trust his firm decrees ;
 Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
 And know no will but his.

30

L. M.

- 1 **G**OD of my life to thee I call,
 Afflicted at thy feet I fall ;
 When the great water-floods prevail,
 Leave not my trembling heart to fail.
- 2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
 Where should I lodge my deep complaint ?
 Where but with thee, whose open door
 Invites the helpless and the poor ?
- 3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
 And thou refuse that mourner's plea ?
 Does not the word still fix'd remain,
 That none shall seek thy face in vain ?

- 4 That were a grief I could not bear,
 Didst thou not hear and answer prayer;
 But a prayer-hearing, answering God,
 Supports me under every load.
- 5 Fair is the lot that's cast for me;
 I have an Advocate with thee;
 Those whom the world caresses most
 Have no such privilege to boast,
- 6 Poor though I am, despis'd, forgot,
 Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
 And he is safe and must succeed,
 For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

31

C.M.

- 1 **G**OD moves in a mysterious way
 His wonders to perform;
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
 Of never-failing skill,
 He treasures up his bright designs,
 And works his 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.

32

C.M.

1 A PILGRIM through this lonely world,
The blessed Saviour pass'd ;
A mourner all his life was he,
A dying Lamb at last.

2 That tender heart that felt for all,
For all its life-blood gave ;
It found on earth no resting-place,
Save only in the grave.

3 Such was our Lord—and shall we fear
The cross with all its scorn,
Or love a faithless evil world,
That wreath'd his brow with thorn ?

4 No—facing all its frowns or smiles,
Like him, obedient still,
We homeward press through storm or calm,
To Zion's blessed hill.

5 In tents we dwell amid the waste,
Nor turn aside to roam
In folly's paths, nor seek our rest
Where *Jesus* had no home.

6 Dead to the world with him who died
To win our hearts—our love,
We, risen with our risen Head,
In spirit dwell above.

7 By faith his boundless glory there
Our wond'ring eyes behold,
Those glories which eternal years
Shall never all unfold.

8 This fills our heart with deep desire
To lose ourselves in love,
Bears all our hopes from earth away,
And fixes them above.

33

God a refuge.

C. M.

1 **D**EAR Refuge of my weary soul,
On thee when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

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

3 But, ah! when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine:
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

- 4 Yet gracious God, where could I flee?
 Thou art my only trust;
 And still my soul would cleave to thee,
 Though prostrate in the dust.
- 5 Thy mercy-seat is open still,
 There let my soul retreat;
 With humble hope attend thy will,
 And wait beneath thy feet.

34

C.M.

- 1 **O** EARTH, rejoice! from Salem, see,
 The chosen heralds bear
 Glad tidings to the distant isles,
 That Salem's king is there.
- 2 Lo, Jacob's star, in vision seen
 By Balaam's wondering eye!
 It bursts upon the nations now,
 The day-spring from on high.
- 3 A crown, but not a crown of thorn,
 Surrounds the victor's brow;
 That hand that once was pierced for sin,
 It wields the sceptre now.
- 4 But brighter honours far than those
 Of David's royal Son,
 As Head of his anointed Bride,
 The Lord of Life hath won.
- 5 Though grace may shine in all his ways
 With Israel's chosen race;
 'Tis in his church alone, we see
 The full display of grace.

- 6 'Twas grace divine that made him love,
And choose her for his own;
Grace raised her from her low estate,
And placed her on the throne.

35

L.M.

- 1 **W**HEN, marshall'd on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye.
- 2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone, the Saviour, speaks,
It is the star of Bethlehem.
- 3 Once on the raging seas I rode;
The storm was loud—the night was dark—
The ocean yawn'd—and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my found'ring bark.
- 4 Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceas'd the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.
- 5 It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And, through the storm, and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
- 6 Now, safely moor'd, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever, and for evermore,
The Star,—the Star of Bethlehem.

- 1 **W**HEN sins and fears prevailing rise,
 And fainting hope almost expires,
 Jesus, to thee I lift mine eyes,
 To thee I breathe my soul's desires.
- 2 Art thou not mine, my living Lord?
 And can my hope, my comfort, die;
 Fix'd on thine everlasting word,
 That word that built the earth and sky.
- 3 If my immortal Saviour lives,
 Then my immortal life is sure;
 His word a firm foundation gives,
 Here let me build and rest secure.
- 4 Here let my faith unshaken dwell,
 Immoveable the promise stands,
 Not all the pow'rs of earth or hell,
 Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.
- 5 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose!
 If Jesus only now be thine,
 Not death itself, the last of foes,
 Can break a union so divine.

- 1 **W**HEN darkness long has veil'd the mind,
 And smiling day once more appears,
 Then Jesus, then it is we find
 The folly of our doubts and fears.

- 2 I chide my unbelieving heart,
 And blush that I should ever be,
 So prone to act so base a part,
 And harbour one hard thought of thee.
- 3 Oh let me then at length be taught,
 What still I am so slow to learn,
 That God is love, and changes not,
 Nor knows the shadow of a turn.
- 4 Sweet truth ! and easy to repeat !
 But when my faith is sharply tried,
 I find myself a learner yet,
 Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.
- 5 But, O my Lord, one look from thee
 Subdues my disobedient will,
 Drives doubt and discontent away,
 And thy rebellious worm is still.
- 6 Thou art as willing to forgive
 As I am ready to repine ;
 Thou, therefore, all the praise receive,
 Be shame and self-abhorrence mine.

38

P.M.

1 **M**Y rest is in heaven, my rest is not here ;
 Then why should I tremble when trials
 are near ?
 Be hushed, my sad spirit, the worst that can
 come
 But shortens thy journey, and hastens thee
 home.

2 It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
And building my hopes in a region like this:
I look for a city which hands have not piled—
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.

3 The thorn and the thistle around me may
grow—

I would not lie down e'en on roses below:
I ask not my portion, I seek not a rest,
Till I find them for ever on Jesu's lov'd breast

4 Let trial and danger, my progress oppose,
They only make heaven more sweet at the
close ;

Come joy, or come sorrow, whate'er may
befall,

A home with my God will make up for it all.

5 With a scrip on my back, and a staff in my
hand,

I march on, in haste, through an enemy's
land ;

The road may be rough, but it cannot be
long,

And I'll smooth it with hope, and I'll cheer it
with song.

39

1 John, ii. 1.

P. M.

1 **O** THOU, the contrite sinner's friend,
Who, loving, lov'st them to the end,
On this alone my hopes depend,
That thou wilt plead for me.

- 2 When weary in my toilsome race,
Far off appears my resting place,
And fainting, I mistrust thy grace,
Saviour, then plead for me!
- 3 If I have sinn'd and gone astray,
Deaf to thy voice, and lost my way,
Nor can discern thy guiding ray,
Saviour, still plead for me!
- 4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from thy cross to loose my hold,
Still with thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, oh plead for me!

40

C.M.

- 1 **I**N evil long I took delight,
Unaw'd by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopp'd my wild career.
- 2 I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fix'd his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.
- 3 Sure never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look;
It seem'd to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.
- 4 My conscience felt and own'd the guilt,
And plung'd me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And help'd to nail him there.

- 5 Alas, I knew not what I did,
 But now my tears are vain ;
 Where shall my trembling soul be hid,
 For I the Lord have slain.
- 6 A second look he gave, which said,
 I freely all forgive ;
 This blood is for thy ransom paid,
 I die that thou may'st live.
- 7 Thus while his death my sin displays
 In all its blackest hue,
 Such is the mystery of grace
 It seals my pardon too.
- 8 With pleasing grief and mournful joy
 My spirit now is fill'd,
 That I should such a life destroy,
 Yet live by him I kill'd.

41

L.M.

- 1 **L**ET me but hear my Saviour say, †
 Strength shall be equal to thy day ;
 I can rejoice in deep distress,
 Leaning on all-sufficient grace.
- 2 I'll glory in infirmity,
 That thine own pow'r may rest on me ;
 When I am weak, then am I strong,
 Thou art my shield, my strength, my song.
- 3 I can do all things, or can bear
 All suff'rings, if but thou art near ;
 Sweet pleasures mingle with my pains,
 While thine own arm my soul sustains.

- 1 **B**E steady, be steady, O my soul!
 For the sea is come and the billows roll;
 With the help of God, and none beside,
 We safely shall pass the roaring tide.
- 2 **Jehovah Jesus, be our stay**
 Over the dark and troublous way;
 Embark'd with him, we feel no fear,
 Though the storm, the trial of strength be
 near.
- 3 **Forget him not! O my soul, remove**
 All thoughts that breathe not of Jesu's love,
 His wondrous love, who freely gave
 His innocent life, thy life to save.
- 4 **O let the sweet remembrance be**
 Laid up in thine inmost treasury;
 There it shall brighten more and more,
 The most precious pearl in that secret store.

- 1 **P**OOR, weak, and worthless, though I am,
 I have a rich Almighty friend;
 Jesus, the Saviour, is his name,
 He freely loves, and without end.
- 2 **He ransom'd me from hell with blood,**
 And by his pow'r my foes controll'd;
 He found me wand'ring far from God.
 And brought me to his chosen fold.

- 3 He cheers my heart, my want supplies,
 And says that I shall shortly be
 Enthron'd with him above the skies:
 Oh! what a friend is Christ to me!
- 4 But ah! my inmost spirit mourns,
 And well my eyes with tears may swim,
 To think of my perverse returns:
 I've been a faithless friend to him.
- 5 Often my gracious friend I grieve,
 Neglect, distrust, and disobey;
 And often Satan's lies believe,
 Sooner than all my friend can say.
- 6 He bids me always freely come,
 And promises whate'er I ask;
 But I am straiten'd, cold, and dumb,
 And count my privilege a task.
- 7 Before the world that hates his cause,
 My treach'rous heart has throbb'd with
 shame;
 Loath to forego the world's applause,
 I hardly dare avow his name.
- 8 Sure, were not I most vile and base,
 I could not thus my friend requite!
 And were not he the God of grace,
 He'd frown and spurn me from his sight.

44

L.M.

- 1 / **A**H! wretched, vile, ungrateful heart,
 That can from Jesus still depart;
 And, fond of trifles, vainly rove,
 Forgetful of a Saviour's love.

- ✕ 2 In vain I charge my thoughts to stay,
 And chide each vanity away ;
 In vain, alas ! resolve to bind
 The rebel heart, the wand'ring mind.
- 3 Through all resolves it quickly flies,
 And mocks such weak and tender ties ;
 There's nought beneath a pow'r divine,
 That can my rebel heart confine.
- 4 Jesus, to thee I would return,
 At thy dear feet repentant mourn ;
 Anew I'd see thy pard'ning love,
 And never from its sway remove.
- 5 Oh ! let thy grace, with sweet control,
 Bind all the feelings of my soul ;
 Bid all its vanities depart,
 And ever away my wayward heart.

45

6.6.8.

- ✕ 1 **B**Y whom was David taught
 To aim the deadly blow,
 When he Goliath fought,
 And laid the Gittite low :
 No sword nor spear the stripling took,
 But chose a pebble from the brook.
- 2 'Twas Israel's God and king,
 Who sent him to the fight,
 Who gave him strength to sling,
 And skill to aim aright :
 Ye feeble saints, your strength endures,
 Because young David's God is yours.

3 Who order'd Gideon forth,
To storm th' invader's camp,
With arms of little worth,
A pitcher and a lamp?
The trumpets made his coming known,
And all the host was overthrown.

4 Oh! I have seen the day,
When with a single word,
God helping me to say,
"My trust is in the Lord,"
My soul has quell'd a thousand foes,
Fearless of all that could oppose.

5 But unbelief, self-will,
Self-righteousness, and pride,
How often do they steal
My weapon from my side;
Yet David's Lord, and Gideon's friend,
Will help his servant to the end.

46 The Christian Pilgrim. L.M.

1 **A**S when the weary trav'ller gains
The height of some o'erlooking hill,
His heart revives, if cross the plains
He eyes his home, though distant still.

2 While he surveys the much-lov'd spot,
He slights the space that lies between;
His past fatigues are now forgot,
Because his journey's end is seen.

- 3 Thus, when the Christian pilgrim views,
 By faith, his mansion in the skies,
 The sight his fainting strength renews,
 And wings his speed to reach the prize.
- 4 The thought of home his spirit cheers,
 No more he grieves for troubles past ;
 Nor any future trial fears,
 So he may safe arrive at last.
- 5 'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell
 With Jesus in the realms of day ;
 Then shall I bid my cares farewell,
 And he shall wipe my tears away.
- 6 Jesus, on thee our hope depends,
 To lead us on to thine abode:
 Assur'd our home will make amends
 For all our toil while on the road.

47

P.M.

- 1 **R**ISE my soul, and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace ;
 Rise from transitory things,
 Towards heav'n thy native place.
- 2 Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
 Time shall soon this earth remove,
 Rise, my soul, and haste away,
 To seats prepar'd above.
- 3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn !
 Press onward to the prize,
 Soon your Saviour will return
 Triumphant in the skies.

- 4 Yet a season, and we know,
Happy entrance will be giv'n ;
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchang'd for heav'n.

48

C.M.

- 1 **B**RIDE of the Lamb, awake ! awake !
Why sleep for sorrow now ?
The hope of glory, Christ, is thine,
A child of glory thou.
- 2 Thy spirit, through the lonely night,
From earthly joy apart,
Hath sigh'd for one that's far away,
The Bridegroom of thy heart.
- 3 But see, the night is waning fast,
The breaking morn is near ;
And Jesus comes with voice of love,
Thy drooping heart to cheer.
- 4 He comes—for O, his yearning heart
No more can bear delay—
To scenes of full unmingled joy
To call his Bride away.
- 5 This earth, the scene of all his woe,
A homeless wild to thee,
Full soon upon his heav'nly throne
Its rightful King shall see.
- 6 Thou too shalt reign—he will not wear
His crown of joy alone,
And Earth his royal Bride shall see
Beside him on the throne.

- 7 Then weep no more, 'tis all thine own,
His crown, his joy divine,
And sweeter far than all beside,
He, he himself is thine.

49

C.M.

- 1 **B**RIDE of the Lamb, rejoice! rejoice!
Thy midnight watch is past:
True to his promise, lo, 'tis he!
The Saviour comes at last.
- 2 His heart, amid the blest repose
And glories of the throne,
With love's unwearied care, hath made
Thy sorrows all its own.
- 3 Through days and nights of suff'ring, taught
For human woe to feel,
He, only, with unerring skill,
Thy wounded heart could heal.
- 4 And now, at length, behold, he comes
To claim thee from above,
In answer to the ceaseless call
And deep desire of love.
- 5 Go then, thou lov'd and blessed one,
Thou drooping mourner, rise!
Go—for he calls thee now to share
His dwelling in the skies.

- 6 For thee, his Royal Bride,—for thee,
His brightest glories shine;
And, happier still, his changeless heart
With all its love is thine.

50

8s.

- 1 **N**OW I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain:
The Lamb of God, who for my sin
Was scorn'd, despis'd, rejected, slain;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay
When heav'n and earth are fled away.
- 2 O love! thou bottomless abyss!
My sins are swallow'd up in thee;
Cover'd is my unrighteousness,
From condemnation now I'm free;
While Jesu's blood through earth and skies
Mercy, free boundless mercy, cries.
- 3 By faith I plunge me in this sea;
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
Hither, when hell assails, I flee,
And look unto my Saviour's breast;
Away, sad doubt and anxious fear,
Mercy is only written there!
- 4 Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Though strength, and health, and friend
be gone!
Though joys be wither'd all, and dead,
Tho' every comfort be withdrawn;
Steadfast on this my soul relies:
Father, thy mercy never dies.

- 5 Fix'd on this ground will I remain
Tho' my heart fail, and flesh decay ;
This anchor shall my soul sustain
When earth's foundations melt away :
Mercy's full power I then shall prove ;
Lov'd with an everlasting love.

51

8.7.

- 1 JERUSALEM ! thou long hast been
Thy weeds of sorrow wearing,
Thy neck bow'd down, O widow'd Queen !
The yoke of Gentiles bearing.
- 2 Thy sons from thee are scatter'd wide
On earth, an outcast nation ;
Reproach they meet on ev'ry side,
They share thy desolation.
- 3 Thou wast by God belov'd of old,
His eyes and heart were o'er thee :
To all the earth, thy glory told
How great the love he bore thee.
- 4 But thou wast faithless to thy Lord,
Unmindful how he lov'd thee,
Until his dwelling he abhorr'd,
And from his sight remov'd thee.
- 5 Thus all thy sons were exiles led,
Or bow'd their necks to slaughter ;
While, like a mourner midst the dead,
Sits Zion's captive daughter.

PART SECOND.

- 1 **J**ERUSALEM ! awake and sing !
Joy yet for thee remaineth ;
Hark ! hark ! to thee, they tidings bring,
" Thy God, O Zion, reigneth !"
- 2 Thy day of blessing now is come,
The day that ends thy mourning ;
See ! see ! thy children hasting home,
From every side returning.
- 3 Thy God is he who gathers them,
His arm is their salvation ;
" He hath redeem'd Jerusalem ;"
He ends thy desolation.
- 4 God's holy city thou shalt be,
His love for ever gaining ;
The Lord himself shall dwell in thee,
O'er all the nations reigning.
- 5 Rejoice in God, Jerusalem !
His grace shall leave thee never ;
He knew thy sins, and pardon'd them,
In him thou'rt bless'd for ever.

52

P.M.

" He hath said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."
Heb. xiii. 6.

- 1 **O** MY distrustful heart,
How low thy faith appears !
But greater, Lord, thou art
Then all my doubts and fears :

47

Did Jesus once upon me shine ?
Then Jesus is for ever mine.

- 2 Unchangeable his will,
Whatever be my frame,
His loving heart is still.
Eternally the same:
Our souls through many changes go,
His love no change can ever know.
- 3 Thou, Lord, wilt carry on
And perfectly perform
The work thou hast begun
In me a sinful worm:
Midst all my fears, and sin, and woe,
Thy love will never let me go.
- 4 The blessings of thy grace
At first did freely move ;
I must then see thy face,
And know that thou art love ;
Myself into thine arms I cast,
Lord save, oh save thy child at last.

53

C. M.

- 1 **T**IS come—the glad millennial morn !
The Son of David reigns—
Sing, sing, O earth ! for thou art free,
And Satan is in chains.
- 2 Rejoice ! for thou shalt fear no more
The ruthless tyrant's rod ;
Nor lose again the gracious smile
Of thine incarnate God.

- 3 But chiefly thou, O Solyma !
 Thou, queen of cities, sing ;
 With shouts of triumph welcome now
 Thy Morning Star, thy King.
- 4 He, gracious Saviour, faithful still
 To thee, his faithless dove ;
 Forgives thee all, and bids thee dwell
 Within his breast of love.
- 5 Nor thee alone ; for see, on high
 His saints triumphant now,
 With all the hosts of Seraphim,
 In ceaseless worship bow.
- 6 On him the happy myriads there
 Unwearied love to gaze ;
 There he amid his brethren dwells,
 The leader of their praise.
- 7 O blessed Lord ! we little dream'd
 Of such a morn as this !
 Such rivers of unmingled joy,
 Such full unbounded bliss !
- 8 And O how sweet the happy thought !
 That all we taste or see,
 We owe it to the dying Lamb,
 We owe it all to thee.
- 9 Yes, dearest Saviour, one with thee,
 Sweet source of joy divine !
 In thee we live, with thee we reign,
 And we are wholly thine.

- 1 **S**AD pilgrim of Zion, tho' chasteu'd awhile,
In this valley of tears, hope bids thee to
smile;
Far spent is the night,—and approaching the
day
That calls thee from sorrow and sighing away.
- 2 No tear of repentance, no heave of the storm,
Not a cloud shall o'ershadow the light of that
morn,
When thy sun sets no more, but for ever
shall shine
In the fulness of beauty and glory divine.
- 3 White thy robe, wash'd in blood, the price
that was giv'n
To redeem thee, and make thee a meet heir
of heav'n:
On thy head the bright crown that ne'er
fadeth away,
Which Jesu's own hand shall award at that
day.
- 4 And there, in the presence of him thou shalt
dwell,
Who thus rais'd thee to heav'n, having sav'd
thee from hell:
His praises for ever shall be on thy tongue,
Thine heart's deepest wonder, thy lips' cease-
less song.

- 5 O pilgrim, till then be thou instant in prayer,
Thy conflicts and griefs thy Redeemer will
share ;
And in death should'st thou sleep, still the
love that ne'er dies,
Shall guard thee, and bear thee from hence to
the skies.

55

L.M.

- 1 I WANT not India's pearly store,
I want the joys of earth no more,
I want to quit each vain delight,
I want to walk with Christ in white.
- 2 I want to know my Saviour's love,
To fix my wandering heart above ;
I want more grace to conquer sin,
I want to feel new life within.
- 3 I want to lean on Jesu's breast,
And feel him my eternal rest ;
I want the Spirit's purging fire,
More faith, more love, to raise me higher.
- 4 I want with Jesus to sit down,
I want to wear my heav'nly crown,
I want the kingdom promis'd me,
I want no more, O Lord, but thee.

56

L. M.

- 1 OH! from the world's vile slavery,
Almighty Saviour, set me free ;
And as my treasure is above,
Be there my thoughts, be there my love.

- 2 But oft, alas! too well I know,
 My thoughts, my love, are fix'd below;
 In lifeless prayer how oft I find,
 The heart unmov'd, the absent mind.
- 3 What can that frozen bosom move
 That melts not at a Saviour's love?
 What can that sluggish spirit raise,
 That will not sing the Saviour's praise?
- 4 Lord, draw my best affections hence,
 Above this world of sin and sense;
 Cause them to soar beyond the skies,
 And rest not till to thee they rise.

57

C.M.

- 1 **F**OR mercies countless as the sands,
 Which daily I receive
 From Jesus my Redeemer's hands,
 My soul, what canst thou give?
- 2 Alas! from such a heart as mine,
 What can I bring him forth?
 My best is stain'd and dy'd with sin,
 My all is nothing worth.
- 3 Yet, this acknowledgment I'll make
 For all he has bestow'd;
 Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,
 And call upon my God.
- 4 The best returns for one like me,
 So wretched and so poor,
 Is from his gifts to draw a plea,
 And ask him still for more.

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

58

6.8.

- 1 **T**HOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unmeasur'd no man knows ;
I see from far thy beauteous light,
And inly sigh for thy repose :
My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At rest, till it find rest in thee.
- 2 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with thee my heart to share ?
Ah ! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of ev'ry motion there !
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
And find its whole delight in thee !
- 3 Oh, crucify this self, that I
No more, but Christ in me, may live ;
Bid all my vile affections die,
Let not one cherish'd lust survive :
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek but **THEE**.
- 4 O love ! thy sov'reign aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted care ;
Drive this self-will from out my heart,
From all its lurking-places there :
Make me a duteous child, that I
Ceaseless may " Abba, Father," cry.

53

- 5 Each moment draw from earth away ^{12. 17. 7}
My heart, that lowly waits thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
"I am thy love, thy life, thy all!"
To know thy pow'r, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love, be all my choice.

59

C.M.

- 1 **F**ROM pole to pole let others roam,
And search in vain for bliss;
My soul is satisfied at home,
The Lord my portion is.
- 2 Jesus, who on his glorious throne
Rules heav'n, and earth, and sea,
Is pleas'd to claim me for his own,
And give himself to me.
- 3 His person fixes all my love,
His blood removes my fear,
And while he pleads for me above
His arm preserves me here.
- 4 His word of promise is my food,
His spirit is my guide;
Thus daily is my strength renew'd,
And all my wants supplied.
- 5 For him I count as gain, each loss,
Disgrace for him, renown;
Well may I glory in his cross,
While he prepares my crown.

- 1 **SWEET** is the union true believers feel;
 Into one spirit they have drunk: the seal
 Of God is on their hearts; and thus they see
 In each, the features of one family.
- 2 If one is suff'ring, all the rest are sad;
 If but the least is honor'd, all are glad:
 The grace of Jesus, which they all partake,
 Flows out in mutual kindness for his sake.
- 3 Here he has left them for awhile to wait,
 And represent him in his suff'ring state;
 While he, their head, yet glorified alone,
 Bears the whole church before the Father's
 throne.

61 Submission under chastisement. 10s.

- 1 **WELCOME** thy gentle scourge! thou
 precious Lord;
 Small are the cords thy love hath inter-
 twin'd
 And light the stroke. I own the just award
 Of strife, when in thy temple thou dost find
 Unmeet intruders,—traffickers abhorr'd,
 That grieve thy loving spirit's gentle mind,
 Making the holy place, where thou shouldst
 reign
 Alone, a den of earthliness again.

- 2 Thou wilt destroy this temple, for within
 A fretting leprosy is on the walls ;
 Nor can this plague-spot of indwelling sin
 Be purified until the fabric falls ;
 And though, at times, to feel thy work begin
 Dismays the shrinking flesh, yet faith recalls
 The blessed hope, that as thy word is true,
 Thou wilt return and build it up anew.
- 3 Yes, Lord ! a body glorious as thine own
 Shall upward from the dusty ruin spring ;
 And the unsightly grain, in weakness sown,
 Shall rise in pow'r, a holy, heav'nly thing ;
 When thou shalt come to sit on David's throne,
 And rule in righteousness as Zion's king,
 With all thy risen saints. Oh, soon again,
 Lord Jesus, come ! Take thy great pow'r and
 reign !

62

C.M.

- 1 **O**H ! for a closer walk with God,
 A calm and heav'nly frame ;
 A light to shine upon the road
 That leads me to the Lamb.
- 2 Where is the blessedness I 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 mem'ry 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.

63

Sovereign Love.

L.M.

- 1 **H**AIL! 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 who rules the sky,
 I fought with hand uplifted high,
 Despis'd the mention of his grace,
 Secure without a hiding-place.
- 3 Enwrapt in thick Egyptian night,
 And loving darkness more than light,
 Madly I ran the sinful race,
 Too proud to seek a hiding-place.
- 4 But thus th' eternal council ran,
 "Almighty Grace, arrest that man ;"
 I felt the terrors of distress,
 And found I had no hiding-place.

- 5 Indignant justice stood in view !
 To Sinai's fiery mount I flew:
 But Justice cried, with frowning face,
 " This mountain is no hiding place."
- 6 Ere long a gracious voice I heard,
 And mercy's heavenly form appear'd;
 She led me on with smiling face,
 To Jesus as my hiding-place.
- 7 Should storms of seven-fold thunder roll,
 And shake the globe from pole to pole,
 No flaming bolt shall daunt my face,
 For Jesus is my hiding-place.
- 8 On him the tenfold vengeance fell,
 That must have sunk a world to hell;
 He bore it for his chosen race,
 And thus became their hiding-place.
- 9 A few more rolling suns at most
 Will land me safe on Canaan's coast,
 Where I shall see him, face to face,
 Jesus, my glorious hiding-place.

64

C.M.

- 1 'TIS He! the mighty Saviour comes,
 The vict'ry now is won;
 And lo, the throne of David waits
 For David's royal Son.
- 2 Thou blessed Heir of all the earth !
 Ascend thine ancient throne,
 And bid the willing nations now
 Thy peaceful sceptre own.

- 3 Shine forth in all thy glory, Lord,
That man at length may see,
That joy, so long estrang'd from earth,
Can only spring from thee.
- 4 O happy day! 'tis come at last,
The reign of death is o'er;
And sin, that marr'd our sweetest joys,
Shall grieve our hearts no more.
- 5 Wash'd in thy blood, the tribes of earth,
With all the blest above,
Shall dwell in peace, united now,
One family of love.
- 6 Fruit of thy toil, thou bleeding Lamb!
These joys we owe to thee,
Then take the glory, Lord!—'tis thine!
And shall for ever be.

65

L.M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my all, to heav'n is gone;
He, whom I fix my hopes upon!
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.
- 2 This is the way I long had sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief and burden long had been
Because I could not cease from sin.

- 3 The more I strove against its pow'r,
 I sinn'd and stumbl'd but the more,
 Till Jesus did his grace display,
 Himself revealing as the way.
- 4 Henceforth I'll tell to sinners round
 How dear a Saviour I have found ;
 I'll point to his redeeming blood,
 And say—*Behold the way to God!*

66

1 John iii. 1, 2.

P. M.

- 1 **T**HE wanderer no more will roam,
 The lost one to the fold hath come,
 The prodigal is welcom'd home,
 O Lamb of God, in thee!
- 2 Though clad in rags, by sin defil'd,
 The Father hath embrac'd his child,
 And I am pardon'd, reconcil'd,
 O Lamb of God, in thee!
- 3 It is the Father's joy to bless.
 His love provides for me a dress,
 A robe of spotless righteousness,
 O Lamb of God, in thee!
- 4 Now shall my famish'd soul be fed,
 A feast of love for me is spread,
 I feed upon the "children's bread,"
 O Lamb of God, in thee!
- 5 Yea, in the fulness of his grace,
 He puts me in the children's place,
 Where I may gaze upon his face,
 O Lamb of God, in thee!

- 6 I cannot half his love express,
 Yet, Lord! with joy my lips confess,
 This blessed portion I possess,
 O Lamb of God, in thee!
- 7 It is *thy* precious name I bear,
 It is *thy* spotless robe I wear,
 Therefore, the Father's love I share,
 O Lamb of God, in thee!
- 8 And when I in thy likeness shine,
 The glory and the praise be thine,
 That everlasting joy is mine,
 O Lamb of God, in thee!

67

L.M.

- 1 **W**HAT various hindrances we meet
 In coming to a mercy seat;
 Yet, who that knows the worth of pray'r,
 But wishes to be often there?
- 2 Pray'r makes the darken'd cloud withdraw,
 Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
 Gives exercise to faith and love,
 Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining pray'r, we cease to fight,
 Pray'r makes the Christian's armour bright;
 And Satan trembles, when he sees
 The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 Have you no words? Ah! think again:
 Words flow apace when you complain,
 And fill your fellow-creature's ear
 With the sad tale of all your care.

- 5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent
To Heav'n in supplications sent,
Your cheerful song would oft'ner be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me!"

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

"What do ye more than others?" Matt. v. 16 & 47.

- 1 **A**ND 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 shew that we prefer
The things above to things below?
- 3 Where is the holy walk that suits
The name and character we bear?
And where are seen those heav'nly fruits
That shew we're not what once we were?
- 4 Allied to him who bore the cross,
And call'd the people of the Lord,
The world to us should seem but loss,
And worthless all it can afford.
- 5 As pilgrims on their journey home,
'Tis thus his people should be found,
Who seek a city yet to come,
And cannot rest on earthly ground.

- 6 'Tis thus his people prove their birth,
'Tis thus they glorify their Lord ;
To others they resign the earth,
And hasten to their bright reward,

69

L.M.

- 1 "POOR and afflicted," Lord, are thine,
Among the great unfit to shine ;
But, though the world may think it strange
They would not with the world exchange.
- 2 "Poor and afflicted," yes, they are ;
They're not exempt from grief and care ;
But he who sav'd them by his blood,
Makes every sorrow yield them good.
- 3 "Poor and afflicted," 'tis their lot ;
They know it, but they murmur not,
'Twould ill become them to refuse
The state their Master deign'd to choose.
- 4 "Poor and afflicted," but, ere long,
They'll join the bright celestial throng ;
Their sufferings then will reach a close,
And heav'n afford them sweet repose.
- 5 And while they walk the thorny way,
They're often heard to sigh and say—
"Dear Saviour, come, O quickly come !
And take thy weary pilgrims home."

70

In sorrow.

S.M.

- 1 IT is thy hand, my God !
My sorrow comes from thee—
I bow beneath thy chast'ning rod,
'Tis love that bruises me.

- 2 I would not murmur, Lord,
 Before thee I am dumb;—
 Lest I should breathe one murmuring word,
 To thee for help I come.
- 3 My God—thy name is love,
 A Father's hand is thine;
 With tearful eyes I look above,
 And cry, "Thy will be mine!"
- 4 I know thy will is right,
 Though it may seem severe;
 Thy path is still unsullied light,
 Though dark it oft appear.
- 5 Jesus for me hath died,
 Thy Son thou didst not spare;
 His pierced hands, his bleeding side,
 Thy love for me declare.
- 6 Here my poor heart can rest,
 My God, it cleaves to thee;
 Thy will is love, thine end is blest,
 All work for good to me.

71 Comfort under affliction. 6, 8s.

- 1 **W**HEN gathering clouds around I view,
 And days are dark, and friends are few,
 On him I lean, who not in vain,
 Experienced every human pain:
 He sees my griefs, allays my fears,
 And counts and treasures up my tears.

- 2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
 From heav'nly wisdom's narrow way ;
 To fly the good I would pursue,
 Or do the thing I would not do ;
 Still he who felt temptation's pow'r
 Shall guard me in that dang'rous hour.
- 3 If wounded love my bosom swell,
 Despis'd by those I priz'd too well ;
 He shall his pitying aid bestow,
 Who felt on earth severer woe ;
 At once betray'd, denied, or fled,
 By those who shar'd his daily bread.
- 4 When vexing thoughts within me rise,
 And, sore dismay'd, my spirit dies ;
 Yet he who once vouchsafed to bear
 The sick'ning anguish of despair,
 Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
 The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.
- 5 When mourning 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, mark'st the tears I shed,
 For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.
- 6 And O, when I have safely past
 Through 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.

- 1 **M**ETHINKS I stand upon the rock,
 Where Balaam stood, and, wond'ring, look
 Upon the scene below;
 The tents of Jacob goodly seem,
 The people happy I esteem
 Whom God has favor'd so.
- 2 O Israel, who is like to thee!
 A people sav'd and call'd to be,
 Peculiar to the Lord!
 Thy shield! he guards thee from the foe;
 Thy sword! he fights thy battles too,
 Himself thy great reward.
- 3 Fear not, though many should oppose,
 For God is stronger than thy foes,
 And makes thy cause his own;
 The promis'd land before thee lies,
 Go up and take the glorious prize
 Reserv'd for thee alone.
- 4 Fair emblem of a better rest,
 Of which believers are possess,
 Beyond material space;
 Methinks I see the heav'nly 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,
 It gives him wings, and bids him fly
 To everlasting joys.

- 1 **WHERE** is the glory now?
And where the radiant throne?
And where, O Lord, that circling bow,
That once so brightly shone?
- 2 That glory now is gone,
No more its brightness fills
The Temple courts of Solomon,
Or gleams o'er Chebar's rills.
- 3 Zion's a desert sod,
Jerusalem's a waste,
And o'er thy beauteous house, O God,
The raging fires have pass'd.
- 4 Earth has no glory here,
In heav'n it is reveal'd;
Thy saints, O God, must seek it there,
Far from the world conceal'd.
- 5 The character of death
Is stamp'd on sinful man,
And all creation groans beneath
The weight of Satan's chain.
- 6 But, Lord, thou hast decreed,
His rule shall finish, when
Thy saints from death's last pow'r are freed,
And rais'd to life again.
- 7 Lord! give us Stephen's eyes
To see the heav'ns unfold;
And thee, our mighty Sacrifice,
Upon the throne behold.

8 Oh, give us pow'r o'er sin,
To dwell with thee above;
And evermore to rest within
Thy rainbow arch of love.

74 J. G. P. 1. 31. C.M.

XO LORD, in nothing would I boast,
Save in thy glorious name;
Tho' in myself I'm vile and lost,
In thee all fair I am.

2 I folly am—thou "wisdom" art,
I'm sin,—thou, "righteousness;"
Polluted is this worthless heart,
But thou art "holiness."

3 Of sin and Satan once the slave,
My chains were burst by thee;
In thee I full "redemption" have,
Thou, thou hast set me free.

4 I'll glory only in thy name,
'Gainst sin, and death, and hell;
I'll own my guilt, confess my shame,
But thy salvation tell.

5 And when I stand before the throne,
And in thy glory shine;
Still of thy name I'll boast alone,
For all the praise is thine.

75

L.M.

X EMPTIED of earth, I fain would be,
Of sin and self, of all but thee;
Reserv'd for Christ, who bled and died,
Surrender'd to the crucified.

- 2 Nothing save Jesus would I know,
 My friend, my life, my Saviour thou;
 Lord, take my heart,—assert thy right,
 And put all other loves to flight.
- 3 Constrain my soul thy sway to own,
 Self-will, self-righteousness dethrone:
 Let Dagon fall before thy face,
 The ark remaining in its place.
- 4 Larger communion let me prove
 With thee, blest object of my love;
 But O, for this no pow'r have I,
 My strength is at thy feet to lie.

76

C.M.

- 1 **W**HEN all thy mercies, O my God,
 My rising soul surveys,
 Transported with the view, I'm lost
 In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 O how shall words, with equal warmth,
 The gratitude declare,
 That glows within my ravish'd heart!
 But thou canst read it there.
- 3 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
 Thy tender care bestow'd,
 Before my infant heart conceiv'd
 From whom those comforts flow'd.
- 4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
 My daily thanks employ;
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart
 To taste those gifts with joy.

5 When in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

6 Through hidden dangers, toils and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

7 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou,
With health renew'd my face;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

8 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

9 Through all eternity to thee,
A joyful song I'll raise;
But O, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

77

Providence.

C.M.

1 **H**OW are thy servants bless'd, O Lord,
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence!

2 In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

- 3 When howling tempests fiercely rage,
 And raise the threatening wave ;
 O, then thou art not slow to hear,
 Nor impotent to save.
- 4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
 Obedient to thy will ;
 The sea that roar'd at thy command,
 At thy command is still.
- 5 From all our trials, all our fears,
 Thy mercy sets us free,
 When, in the confidence of prayer,
 Our souls lay hold on thee.
- 6 In midst of dangers, fear and death,
 Thy goodness we 'll adore ;
 We 'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
 And humbly hope for more.

78 The omnipresence of God. L.M.

- 1 **A**MONG the deepest shades of night,
 Can there be one who sees my way ?
 Yes ;—God is like a shining light,
 That turns the darkness into day.
- 2 When every eye around me sleeps,
 Could I e'er sin without control ?
 No ;—for a constant watch he keeps,
 O'er every thought of every soul.
- 3 If I could find some cave unknown,
 Where human feet had never trod,—
 Yet there I could not be alone ;
 On every side there would be God.

- 4 He smiles in heaven; he frowns in hell;
 He fills the air, the earth, the sea:—
 I *must* within his presence dwell;
 I *cannot* from his anger flee.
- 5 Yet I may flee—he shews me where:
 Tells me to Jesus Christ to fly;
 And while he sees me resting there,
 There's only mercy in his eye.

79

6.6.8.

- 1 **I**SRRAEL, in ancient days,
 Not only had a view
 Of Sinai in a blaze,
 But learnt the Gospel too;
 The types and figures were a glass
 In which they saw a Saviour's face.
- 2 The paschal sacrifice,
 And blood-besprinkled door,
 Seen with enlighten'd eyes,
 And once applied with power,
 Would teach the need of other blood
 To reconcile an angry God.
- 3 The Lamb, the Dove, set forth
 His perfect innocence,
 Whose blood, of matchless worth,
 Should be the soul's defence;
 For he who can for sin atone
 Must have no blemish of his own.

4 The scape-goat on his head
The people's trespass bore ;
And, to the desert led,
Was to be seen no more ;
In him our surety seem'd to say,
" Behold ! I bear your sins away."

5 Jesus, I love to trace,
Throughout the sacred page,
The footsteps of thy grace,
The same in every age !
O grant that I may faithful be,
To clearer light vouchsaf'd to me.

80

8.7.

1 **A**S the serpent rais'd by Moses
Heal'd the fiery serpent's bite,
Jesus thus himself discloses
To the wounded sinner's sight ;
Hear his gracious invitation,
" I have life and peace to give,
" I have wrought out full salvation,
" Sinner, look to me and live.

2 " Pore upon thy sins no longer,
" Well I know their mighty guilt ;
" But my love than death is stronger,
" I my blood have freely spilt :
" Though thy heart has long been harden'd,
" Look on me—it soft shall grow ;
" Past transgressions shall be pardon'd,
" And I'll wash thee white as snow.

73

- 3 " I have seen what thou wast doing,
 " Though thou little thoughtst of me:
 " Thou wast madly bent on ruin,
 " But I said,—It shall not be.
 " Thou hadst been for ever wretched,
 " Had not I espous'd thy part ;
 " Now behold my arms outstretched,
 " To receive thee to my heart.
- 4 " Well may shame, and joy, and wonder,
 " All thy inward passions move ;—
 " I could crush thee with my thunder,
 " But I speak to thee in love.
 " Look to me,—thou art forgiven,
 " I have paid the countless sum !
 " Now my death has open'd heaven,
 " Thither thou shalt shortly come."

81

11s.

- 1 **H**OW firm a foundation, ye saints of the
 Lord,
 Is laid up for faith in his excellent word !
 What more can he say, than to you he has
 said ?
 You, who to the Saviour for refuge have fled
- 2 In every condition, in sickness, in health,
 In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
 At home, or abroad, on the land, on the
 sea,
 As thy day may demand, shall thy strength
 ever be.

- 3 If through the deep waters he cause thee to go,
The rivers of grief shall not thee overflow ;
For he shall be with thee, thy troubles to
 bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 4 If through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
His grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply ;
The flame shall not hurt thee ; his only de-
 sign
Is thy dross to consume, and thy gold to
 refine.
- 5 Fear not; he is with thee! O be not dis-
 may'd!
He—he is thy God, and will still give thee aid ;
He'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause
 thee to stand,
Upheld by his righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 6 The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for re-
 pose,
He will not, he says it, give up to its foes ;
That soul, though all hell should endeavour
 to shake,
“ I'll never—no never—no never forsake.”

82

8.7.7.

- 1 **P**RECIOUS Bible! what a treasure
Does the Word of God afford !
All I want for life or pleasure,
 Food and med'cine, shield and sword:
Let the world account me poor,
Having this, I need no more.

75

2 Food, to which the world's a stranger,
Here my hungry soul enjoys ;
Of excess there is no danger,
Tho' it fills, it never cloy's :
On a dying Christ I feed,
He is meat and drink indeed.

3 When my faith is faint and sickly,
Or when Satan wounds my mind,
Cordials to revive me quickly,
Healing med'cines here I find :
To the promises I flee,
Each affords a remedy.

4 In the hour of dark temptation,
Satan cannot make me yield ;
For the word of consolation
Is to me a mighty shield :
While the Word of God is sure,
From his malice I'm secure.

5 Vain his threats to overcome me,
When I take the Spirit's sword,
Then with ease I drive him from me—
Satan trembles at the word :
'Tis a sword for conquest made,
Keen the edge, and strong the blade.

6 Shall I envy then the miser,
Doating on his golden store ?
I am happier far, and wiser ;
I am rich—'tis he is poor :
Jesus gives me, in his word,
Food and med'cine, shield and sword.

1 **H**APPINESS, thou lovely name!
 Where's thy seat, O tell me where?
 Learning, pleasure, wealth and fame,
 All cry out, "It is not here;"
 Not the wisdom of the wise
 Can inform me where it lies:
 Not the grandeur of the great,
 Can the bliss I seek create.

2 Object of my first desire,
 Jesus crucified for me,
 All to happiness aspire,
 Only to be found in thee:
 Thee to praise and thee to know,
 Constitute our bliss below;
 Thee to see and thee to love,
 Constitute our bliss above.

3⁺ Lord, it is not life to live
 If thy presence thou deny;
 But if thou thy presence give,
 'Tis no longer death to die:
 Source and giver of repose,
 Singly from thy smile it flows;
 Peace and happiness are thine,—
 Mine they are, if thou art mine. ↓

4 Whilst I feel thy love to me,
 Every object teems with joy;
 Here, Lord, may I walk with thee,
 Guided by thy watchful eye:

Let me but thyself possess,
Total sum of happiness,
Real joy I then shall know,
Heav'n begun on earth below. †

84

Encouragement.

10s.

- † 1 **C**CHEER up, my soul, there is a mercy seat
Sprinkled with blood, where Jesus an-
swers prayer;
There humbly cast thyself beneath his feet,
For never needy sinner perish'd there.
- 2 Lord, I am come! thy promise is my plea,
Without thy word, I durst not venture
nigh;
But thou hast call'd the burden'd soul to
thee,
A weary, burden'd soul, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Bow'd down beneath a heavy load of sin,
By Satan's fierce temptations sorely press'd,
Beset without, and full of fears within,
Trembling and faint, I come to thee for
rest.
- 4 Be thou my refuge, Lord, my hiding-place;
I know no force can tear me from thy
side;
Unmov'd I then may all accusers face,
And answer every charge with "Jesus
died."

- 5 Yes, thou didst weep, and bleed, and groan,
and die ;
Well hast thou known what fierce tempta-
tions mean ;
Such was thy love,—and now enthron'd on
high
The same compassions in thy bosom reign.
- 6 Lord, give me faith :—he hears !—what grace
is this !
Dry up thy tears, my soul, and cease to
grieve :
He shews me what he did, and who he is,
I must,—I will,—I can,—I do believe.

85

Psalm civ. 34.

10s.

- 1 **I** JOURNEY thro' a desert drear and wild,
Yet is my heart by such sweet thoughts
beguil'd, [stay,
Of Him on whom I lean, my strength, my
I can forget the sorrows of the way.
- 2 Thoughts of his love—the root of ev'ry grace
Which finds in this poor heart a dwelling
place ;
The sunshine of my soul, than day more bright,
And my calm pillow of repose by night.
- 3 Thoughts of his sojourn in this vale of tears ;—
The tale of love unfolded in those years
Of sinless suffering, and patient grace,
I love again—and yet again to trace.

- 4 Thoughts of his glory—on the cross I gaze,
 And there behold its sad, yet healing rays;
 Beacon of hope, which lifted up on high,
 Illumes with heav'nly light the tear-dimm'd
 eye.
- 5 Thoughts of his coming—for that joyful day
 In-patient hope I watch, and wait, and pray;
 The day draws nigh, the midnight shadows
 flee,
 Oh what a sun-rise will that advent be!
- 6 Thus while I journey on, my Lord to meet,
 My thoughts and meditations are so sweet,
 Of him on whom I lean, my strength, my stay,
 I can forget the sorrows of the way.

- 1 O GRACE divine! the Saviour shed
 His life-blood on the cursed tree;
 Bow'd on the cross his blessed head,
 And died, to make his brethren free.
- 2 Through suff'ring there beneath his feet,
 He trod the fierce avenger down:
 There pow'r itself and weakness meet,
 Emblem of each, yon thorny crown.
- 3 Fruit of the curse, the tangled thorn
 Shew'd that he bore its deadly sting;
 The crown, 'mid Israel's cruel scorn,
 Mark'd him as earth's anointed King.

4 O blessed hour! when all the earth
Its rightful heir shall yet receive ;
When every tongue shall own his worth,
And all creation cease to grieve.

5 Thou, dearest Saviour! thou alone,
Can'st give thy weary people rest ;
And, Lord, till thou art on the throne,
This groaning earth can ne'er be blest.

87

L.M.

1 **L**ET me be with thee where thou art, †
My Saviour, my eternal rest !
Then only will this longing heart,
Be fully and for ever blest.

2 Let me be with thee where thou art,
Thy unveil'd glory to behold !
Then only will this wand'ring heart
Cease to be wayward, wand'ring, cold.

3 Let me be with thee where thou art,
Where none can die, where none remove !
Where nothing evermore can part
Me from thy presence and thy love.

88

In deep Affliction.

L.M.

THE music of my heart is gone, †
It cannot sing as once it sung ;
For grief hath marr'd its every tone,
And all its sweetest chords unstrung.

8

81

- 2 But, ah ! too long it thus hath lain,
 Like some deserted, broken shell ;
 Come, heav'nly wind, and breathe again
 Through each forlorn and silent cell.
- 3 And if but one responsive sigh,
 Obedient to the call, awake,
 Dearer to Jesus, that reply,
 Than melody that angels make.
- 4 For only he, whose skilful hand
 To nicest sense attun'd the strings,
 How slight the touch, can understand,
 Which every chord with anguish wrings.
- 5 Whate'er the bruised spirit grieves,
 No light distress will Jesus deem ;
 There's not a throb my bosom heaves,
 But stirs a kindred pulse in him.
- 6 Thrice welcome then shall sorrow be,
 Tho' nature faint beneath the smart ;
 Since every pang supplies a key
 To open the Redeemer's heart.

89

C.M.

- X1 I WANT a principle within
 Of jealous, godly fear ;
 A sensibility of sin,
 A pain to feel it near.
 I want the first approach to feel,
 Of pride or fond desire :
 To catch the wandering of my will,
 And quench the kindling fire.

82

2 That I from thee no more may part,
No more thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the soften'd heart,
The tender conscience give.
Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make!
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.

3 If to the right or left I stray,
That moment, Lord, reprove;
And let me weep my life away,
Rather than grieve thy love.
O may the least omission pain
My well-instructed soul;
And drive me to the blood again,
Which makes the wounded whole.

90

L. M.

1 **A**S some tall rock amid the waves
The fury of the tempest braves,
While the fierce billows tossing high,
Break at its foot and murm'ring die,

2 Thus they who in the Lord confide,
Tho' foes assault on ev'ry side,
Cannot be mov'd or overthrown.
For Jesus makes their cause his own.

- 3 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.
- 4 "Behold!" he said "the world of light
 Is open'd to my strengthen'd sight;
 My glorious Lord appears in view,
 That Jesus whom ye lately slew."
- 5 With such a friend and witness near,
 No form of death could make him fear;
 Calm amid showers of stones he kneels,
 And for his murderers only feels.
- 6 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.

91

8s.

- 1 **T**HOU shepherd of Israel, and mine,
 The joy and desire of my heart,
 For closer communion I pine,
 I long to reside where thou art.

84

The pasture I languish to find,
Where all who their Shepherd obey,
Are fed—on thy bosom reclin'd—
And secur'd from the heat of the day.

- 2 Ah! shew me that happiest place,
The place of thy people's abode,
Where saints in an ecstasy gaze,
And hang on a crucified God.
Thy love for a sinner declare—
Thy passion and death on the tree;
My spirit to Calvary bear,
To suffer and triumph with thee.
- 3 'Tis there, with the lambs of thy flock,
There only I covet to rest—
To lie at the foot of the rock,
Or rise to be hid in thy breast;
'Tis there I would always abide,
And ne'er for a moment depart,
Conceal'd in the cleft of thy side,
Eternally hid in thy heart.

92

L. M.

- † **B**ESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand;
O Jesus, Saviour! shed thy light,
To guide my wand'ring footsteps right.
- 2 Still let this roving, treach'rous heart,
Like Mary, choose the better part,
And leave the trifles of a day,
For joys that never fade away.

- 3 Then, let the wildest storms arise,
 Let tempests mingle earth and skies;
 No fatal shipwreck need I fear,
 But all my treasure with me bear.
- 4 If thou, my Saviour, still be nigh,
 Cheerful I live, or cheerful die;
 Secure, when heav'n and earth shall flee,
 To find my joy complete in thee.

93

L.M.

- X 1 **B**E still, my heart! these anxious cares,
 To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares;
 They cast dishonour on thy Lord,
 And contradict his gracious word.
- 2 Brought safely by his hand thus far,
 Why wilt thou now give place to fear?
 How canst thou want if he provide,
 Or lose thy way with such a guide?
- 3 When first before his mercy seat,
 Thou didst to him thy all commit,
 He gave thee warrant, from that hour,
 To trust his wisdom, love, and pow'r.
- 4 Did ever trouble yet befall,
 And he refuse to hear thy call?
 And has he not his promise pass'd,
 That thou shalt overcome at last?
- 5 Like David, thou mayst comfort draw,
 Sav'd from the bear's and lion's paw;
 Goliath's rage I may defy,
 For God, my Saviour, still is nigh.

- 6 He who has help'd me hitherto,
Will help me all my journey through ;
And give me daily cause to raise
New Ebenezers to his praise.
- 7 Though rough and thorny be the road,
It leads thee home apace to God ;
Then count thy present trials small,
For heav'n will make amends for all.

94

L.M.

- 1 **I** THIRST, but not as once I did,
The vain delights of earth to share ;
Thy wounds. Emmanuel, all forbid
That I should seek my pleasure 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, the pride 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.

95

8s.

- 1 **W**HAT think you of Christ ? is the test,
To try both your state and your scheme ;
You cannot be right in the rest,
Unless you think rightly of him.
As Jesus appears in your view,
As he is beloved or not,
So God is disposed to you,
And mercy or wrath is your lot.

- 2 Some take him a creature to be,
 A man, or an angel at most ;
 Sure these have not feelings like me,
 Nor know themselves wretched and lost:
 So guilty, so helpless am I,
 I durst not confide in his blood,
 Nor on his protection rely,
 Unless I were sure he is God.
- 3 Some call him a Saviour in word,
 But mix their own works with his plan,
 And hope he his help will afford
 When they have done all that they can :
 If doings prove rather too light,
 (A little they own they may fail,)
 They purpose to make up full weight,
 By casting his name in the scale.
- 4 Some style him the pearl of great price,
 And say he's the fountain of joys,
 Yet feed upon folly and vice,
 And cleave to the world and its toys :
 Like Judas, the Saviour they kiss,
 And while they salute him, betray :
 Ah ! what will profession like this
 Avail in his terrible day ?
- 5 If ask'd what of Jesus I think,
 Tho' still my best thoughts are but poor,
 I say, he's my meat and my drink,
 My life, and my strength, and my store ;
 My shepherd, my guardian, my friend,
 My Saviour from sin and from thrall ;
 My hope from beginning to end,
 My portion, my Lord and my all.

"Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out."
John vi. 37.

- 1 **J**UST as I am—without one plea, X
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 3 Just as I am—though toss'd about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
"Fightings within, and fears without,"
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind,—
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome; pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 6 Just as I am—thy love, I own,
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

- 1 **J**ESUS, my sorrow lies too deep
For human ministry:
It knows not how to tell itself
To any one but thee.
- 2 Thou dost remember still, amid
The glories of thy throne,
The sorrows of mortality,
For they were once thine own.
- 3 Yes, for as if thou would'st be God,
E'en in thy misery,
There's been no sorrow but thine own
Untouch'd by sympathy.
- 4 Jesus, my fainting spirit brings
It's fearfulness to thee,
Thine eye at least can penetrate
The clouded mystery.
- 5 And is it not enough—enough,
This holy sympathy?
There is no sorrow e'er so deep,
But I may bring to thee.



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 'Tis he—the mighty . .

Welcome thy gentle . .
 What think you of . .
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I am not ashamed to own myself
Or to defend His cause,
Maintain the honor of His will
The glory of His Cross.

Jesus my God; I know His name
His name is all my trust,
Nor will Ie put my soul to shame
Nor let my hope be lost.

Firm as His throne His ^{Stand} promise
And He can well secure
What I've committed to His hands
Till the decisive hour.

Then will Ie own my worthless name
Before His Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

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