

A
SELECTION OF HYMNS

FROM

THE BEST AUTHORS,

INCLUDING

A GREAT NUMBER OF ORIGINALS :

INTENDED TO BE

AN APPENDIX

TO

DR. WATTS'S PSALMS AND HYMNS.

~~~~~  
BY JOHN RIPPON, D. D.  
~~~~~

THE TENTH—AN ENLARGED EDITION,

WITH THE NAMES OF
THE TUNES ADAPTED TO THE HYMNS.

SOLD BY THE AUTHOR,

AND AT HIS VESTRY, CARTER-LANE, TOOLEY-STREET :

MESSRS. LONGMAN, BUTTON, & CONDER, LONDON ;
MESSRS. BROWN, JAMES, & COTTLE, BRISTOL ; MR. OGLE,
EDINBURGH ; AND BY THE BAPTIST MINISTERS AT
PHILADELPHIA, BOSTON, NEW YORK & CHARLESTON.

Printed by J. BATESON, Denmark Street, Soho.

Entered at Stationers's Hall.

☞ The Number of the Hymn *always* answers to the Number of the Page: thus—

Hymn 33 ——— Page 33

Hymn 433 ——— Page 433

Hymn 570 ——— Page 570

☞ The Number that follows the Name of the *Tunes* refers to *Dr. Rippon's Tune Book*; thus

Hymn 6—Bedford 91——that is, *Tune 91*, in *The Selection of Tunes*.



P R E F A C E.

TO THE TENTH EDITION.

THE good acceptance and success with which the former Editions of this Volume have been blessed, demand my warmest and most unfeigned gratitude to the God of Providence and Grace, with whom are the issues of all our endeavours to promote his glory.

The first edition of the Selection consisted of five hundred and eighty-eight hymns, three hundred of which had never appeared in any collection for public worship before. About one hundred and fifty of them, as the preface announced, were *originals*. Some of these, on different subjects, I had the pleasure of composing; others were the productions of several eminent persons—the flower of that denomination of Christians to which it is my honour to belong. These were handsomely communicated for the Selection; and many of them, according to the forms of law, were regularly assigned to me, in my own right and as my sole property; of which my reverend friends, Dr. John Ryland, now of Bristol; Mr. Job David, of Frome; and Mr. Thomas Duncombe, of Yeovil—are yet living witnesses. This statement is given to prevent all future illicit republication of any of the original parts of this Work.

In the preface to the former editions, I expressed my fear, “Notwithstanding this addi-

tion of above five hundred hymns to Dr. Watts's Hymns and Psalms, that all of them together would not furnish a sufficient variety for every subject of consideration which might arise in the course of the Christian ministry." Time, general use of the hymns, and a frequent recurrence to the Index of their subjects, have since united to prove that these apprehensions were not altogether unfounded or problematical; and that there was reason for intimating, "that too great a variety of evangelical hymns, for public worship, is a thing scarcely conceivable."

The truth is, respecting the Selection at least, that, with all its diversity of subjects, even considered as an Appendix to Dr. Watts, it has been found rather deficient than redundant. Hence, on mature deliberation, and with the advice and assistance of some of my most respectable Brethren in the Ministry, and other distinguished Friends, I have enlarged this edition, by the insertion, under proper heads, of more than sixty hymns. The far greater part of these are *entirely* ORIGINALS, and are duly placed under the protection of the law.

To distinguish those in the enlargement, which are my own compositions, would neither add the embellishments of piety or poetry to them, nor, perhaps, answer any other valuable end. It may suffice to say, that, with no inconsiderable attention, I have endeavoured to introduce hymns on such subjects as were not to be found in the Volume, and on heads which are interesting and popular; I mean of general use, and therefore of the greatest consequence. A few are inserted on *the Trinity*, on *the Divinity of Christ*, and

on the *Work of the Holy Spirit*. But the greater part of the additions consist of hymns adapted to *Village Worship*, to *Monthly Prayer Meetings for the Spread of the Gospel*, to *Missionary Meetings*, and to the chapter of hymns *before and after Sermon*;— a chapter this, which there was but little danger of protracting to an undesirable length. The sections on *Affliction*, *Death*, and *Judgment*, have also received some enlargement; and so have the *Indexes*, both of scriptures and of subjects.

This new edition, which I hope competent judges will find to be an improved one, I present, with the utmost respect and affection, to my Fellow-Labourers, to the Churches, and to the Individuals, of different denominations, both at home and abroad, who have either statedly or occasionally used the former copies.

And now, with all the solemnity of an entire dedication, I commit the Volume to thy care, patronage, and special blessing,—O THOU infinitely beautiful and bountiful Being! to whom I am, of all the sons of Adam, peculiarly indebted; beseeching thee, for the sake of my crucified and ascended Redeemer, to grant, “That, however weak and contemptible this
“ Work may seem in the eyes of the chil-
“ dren of the world, and however imperfect it
“ really may be, as well as the author of it un-
“ worthy, it may, nevertheless, *live before thee*,
“ and, through a divine power, be mighty,” to lessen the miseries and to increase the holiness and bliss of multitudes, “in distant places, and in
“ generations yet to come! Impute it not,

“ O God, as a culpable ambition, if I desire,
 “ that, whatever becomes of *my name*; this Work
 “ may be propagated far abroad; that it may
 “ reach to those who are yet unborn, and teach
 “ them *thy name*, and *thy praise*, when the au-
 “ thor has long dwelt in the dust: that so, when
 “ he shall appear before thee in the great day of
 “ final account, his *joy* may be increased, and
 “ his *crown* brightened, by numbers before un-
 “ known to each other and to him! But if *this*
 “ *petition* be too great to be granted to one who
 “ pretends no claim to hope for being favoured
 “ with the *least*, give him to be, in thine al-
 “ mighty hand, the blessed instrument of con-
 “ verting and saving *one soul*; and if it be *but*
 “ *one*, and that the meanest and weakest of all
 “ the human race, though it should be amidst a
 “ thousand disappointments with respect to others,
 “ yet it shall be the subject of immortal songs of
 “ praise to thee, O blessed God, for and by
 “ every soul whom, through the blood of J E S U S,
 “ and the grace of thy S P I R I T, thou hast saved;
 “ and everlasting honours shall be ascribed to the
 “ F A T H E R, to the S O N, and to the H O L Y
 “ S P I R I T, by the innumerable company of an-
 “ gels, and by the general assembly, and the
 “ church of the first-born in heaven. Amen!”

JOHN RIPPON.

No. 11, Grange Road, May 10, 1800.

A T A B L E

TO FIND ANY HYMN BY THE FIRST LINE.

	Hymn	and Page
A Debtor to Mercy alone	-	225
A Fulness resides	-	150
A good High Priest is come	-	198
Adam our Father and our Head	-	38
Afflicted Saint to Christ draw near	-	123
Ah I shall soon be dying 2d part	-	550
Ah wretched Souls who strive in vain	-	334
Alas what hourly Dangers rise	-	320
All hail incarnate God	-	430
All hail the Power of Jesus Name	-	377
Almighty Father gracious Lord	-	37
Almighty Maker God!	-	345
Almighty maker of my Frame	-	543
Am I a Soldier of the Cross	-	228
Amid the Splendors of thy State	Second Part	13
And art thou with us gracious Lord	-	124
And be it so that 'till this Hour	"	230
And can my Heart aspire so high	"	278
And did the Holy and the Just	-	485
And have I Christ no Love to thee	-	252
And is the Gospel Peace and Love	"	166
Aloud we sing the wondrous Grace	-	258
And must I part with all I have	-	281
And will the eternal King	-	298
And will the Judge descend	-	572
And will th' offended God again	-	299
Angels roll the Rock away	"	142
Another six days Work is done	"	348
Arise my tenderest Thoughts arise	-	42
Ascend thy Throne Almighty King	"	370
As on the Cross the Saviour hung	-	80
As showers on Meadows newly mown	-	209
Asham'd of Christ my Soul disdain	-	210
Assist us Lord thy Name to praise	-	320
Astonish'd and distress'd	"	40
At Anchor laid remote from Home	-	212
Attend my Ear my Heart rejoice	-	523
Attend ye Children of your God	-	470
Awake awake the sacred Song	-	131
Awake awake thou mighty Arm	Fourth Part	125

A TABLE OF

Hymn and Page

Awake my Soul in joyful Lays	-	-	13
Awake my Soul stretch every Nerve	-	-	302
Awake our drowsy souls	-	-	349
Awake our Souls and bless his Name	-	-	165
Awake sweet Gratitude and sing	-	-	153
Awake ye Saints and raise your Eyes	-	-	586
Away my unbelieving Fear	-	-	286
Awhile remain'd the doubtful Strife	-	-	541
B ACKSLIDERS who your Misery feel	-	-	176
Before thy Throne eternal King	-	-	424
Begone Unbelief	-	-	290
Behold long wish'd for Spring is come	-	-	500
Behold th' expected time draws near	First Part	-	419
Behold the leprous Jew	-	-	102
Behold the Sin atoning Lamb	-	-	179
Behold the Sons the Heirs of God	-	-	229
Beset with snares on every Hand	-	-	297
Bless'd be the Tie that binds	-	-	254
Bless'd Jesus Source of Grace divine	-	-	208
Bless'd is the Man whose Heart expands	-	-	523
Bless'd Men who stretch their willing Hands	-	-	292
Blessed are the Sons of God	-	-	94
Blessed Redeemer how divine	-	-	242
Blow ye the Trumpet blow	-	-	57
C HILDREN of the heavenly King	-	-	240
Christ our Passover is slain	-	-	186
Christ the Lord is risen To-day	-	-	141
Come every pious Heart	-	-	489
Come gracious Spirit heavenly Dove	-	-	207
Come guilty Souls and flee away	-	-	376
Come Holy Spirit come	Second Part	-	211
Come humble Sinner in whose Breast	-	-	355
Come let me love or is my mind	-	-	251
Come Lord and help us to rejoice	-	-	232
Come Lord and warm each languid Heart	-	-	583
Come see on bloody Calvary	-	-	178
Come Sinners saith the mighty God	-	-	114
Come thou Fount of every Blessing	-	-	509
Come thou long expected Jesus	-	-	160
Come thou Soul-transforming Spirit	-	-	368
Come weary Souls with Sin distress'd	-	-	117
Come ye Sinners poor and wretched	-	-	115
Come ye that fear the Lord	-	-	437

THE FIRST LINES.

	Hymn and Page
Come ye that love the Saviour's Name	175
Compar'd with Christ in all beside.	204
Curst be the Man for ever curst	52
D AY of Judgment Day of Wonders	577
Dead be my Heart to all below	402
Dear Friend of friendless Sinners hear	266
Dear Lord and shall thy Spirit rest	213
Dear Lord and will thy pardoning Love	446
Dear Lord though bitter is the Cup	264
Dear Lord why should I doubt thy Love	Second Part 288
Dear Refuge of my weary Soul.	316
Dear Saviour make me wise to see.	244
Dear Saviour we are thine	81
Dear Saviour when my Thoughts recal.	272
Dear Shepherd of thy People hear	340
Dearest Saviour help thy Servant	365
Death with his dread Commission seal'd	539
Deep are the Wounds which Sin has made	188
Deluded Souls who think to find.	400
Depraved Minds on Ashes feed:	158
Descend celestial Dove.	468
Descend Holy Spirit the Dove	214
Did Christ o'er Sinners weep.	367
Dismiss us with thy Blessing Lord.	388
Do not I love thee O my Lord.	425
Dost thou my Profit seek.	540
E ARTH has engross'd my Love too long	588
Empty'd of Earth I fain would be	First Part 212
Encompass'd with Clouds of Distress.	220
Enquire ye Pilgrims for the Way	405
Enslav'd by Sin and bound in Chains.	70
Eternal God almighty Cause	2
Eternal God enthron'd on high.	524
Eternal Power whose high Abode	26
Eternal Source of every Joy	508
Eternal Spirit Source of Light.	211
Eternal Wisdom thee we praise	26
Eternity is just at Hand.	548
Exalted Prince of Life we own	269
Exert thy power thy rights maintain	Second Part 418
F AIR Sion's King we suppliant bow	417
Faith adds new Charms to earthly Bliss	218
Faith 'tis a precious Grace	217

A TABLE OF

	Hymn and page
Father at thy call I come	270
Father divine thy piercing Eye:	332
Father God who seest in me	76
Father how wide thy Glory shines	112
Father is not thy Promise pledg'd	419
Father of All thy Care we blefs	335
Father of faithful Abram hear	422
Father of Glory to thy Name	22
Father of Mercies bow thine Ear	426
Father of Mercies in thy House	407
Father of Mercies in thy Word	46
Father of Mercies send thy Grace	257
FATHER, SON, and HOLY SPIRIT	First Part 307
Father Whate'er of earthly Blifs	319
For a Season call'd to part	515
Forgiveness tis a joyful Sound	87
Frequent the Day of God returns	350
From whence this Fear and Unbelief	221
From Winter's barren Clods	499
G IVE Glory to God ye Children of Men	396
G lorious Things of thee are spoken	418
Glory to God on high	387
Glory to God who reigns above	185
Glory to the eternal King	10
Glory to thee my God this Night	496
Go favour'd Britons and proclaim	Fourth Part 418
Go forth ye Saints behold your King	Fourth Part 421
Go said the voice of heavenly love	Fifth Part 418
Go teach the Nations and baptize	454
God in the Gospel of his Son	54
God is a Name my Soul adores	23
God moves in a mysterious way	34
God of Eternity from thee	544
God of my Life to thee belong	511
God with us O glorious Name	174
Grace tis a charming Sound	111
Gracious Lord incline thine Ear	296
Great Author of th' immortal Mind	24
Great Father of Mankind	406
Great Former of this various Frame	15
Great God amid the darksome Night	199
Great God my Maker and my King	1
Great God now condescend	336

THE FIRST LINES.

	Hymn and Page
Great God of Providence thy ways	- - 35
Great God of Wonders all thy Ways	- - 85
Great God opprest with Grief and Fear	- - 330
Great God the Nations of the Earth	- - 420
Great God thy watchful Care we bless	- - 339
Great God 'tis from thy sovereign Grace	First Part 111
Great God to thee I'll make	Second Part 231
Great God to thee my Evening Song	- - 495
Great God we in thy Courts appear	- - 452
Great God we sing that mighty Hand	- - 510
Great God what Hosts of Angels stand	- - 307
Great God where'er we pitch our Tent	- - 333
Great Leader of thine Israel's Host	- - 317
Great Ruler of the Earth and Skies	- - 531
Great Spirit of immortal Love	- - 256
Guide me O thou great Jehovah	- - 567
H AILE mighty Jesus how divine	- - 77
H ail thou once despised Jesus	- - 75
Happy beyond Description he	- - 227
Happy the Man who finds the Grace	- - 291
Happy the Man whose cautious Steps	- - 261
Hark for 'tis God's own Son that calls	- - 93
Hark the glad Sound the Saviour comes	- - 134
Hark the Herald Angels sing	- - 130
Hark the Voice of Love and Mercy	- - 71
Hark 'tis our heavenly Leader's Voice	- - 328
Hasten O Sinner to be wise	Second Part 116
He comes he comes to judge the World	- - 578
He dies the Friend of Sinners dies	- - 474
He lives the great Redeemer lives	- - 152
Hear gracious God my humble Moan	- - 308
Hear gracious Sovereign from thy Throne	- - 210
Heaven has confirm'd the great Decree	- - 565
Help and Salvation Lord I crave	Second Part 296
Here at thy Table Lord we meet	- - 483
Here Lord my Soul convicted stands	- - 150
Holy and reverend is the Name	- - 17
Holy, holy, holy Lord	Second Part 322
Holy Wonder heavenly Grace	- - 347
How are thy Servants bless'd O Lord	- - 36
How charming is the Place	- - 341
How did the Powers of Darkness rage	- - 314
How firm a Foundation ye Saints of the Lord	- - 128

A TABLE OF

	Hymn and Page.
How free ^d and boundless is the Grace	- - 362.
How gracious and how wise (Second Part)	- - 542
How great how solemn is the Work	- - 453
How great how terrible that God.	- - 570.
How happy are we	- - 62
How happy is the Pilgrim's Lot	- - 300
How hail thou Lord from Year to Year	- - 502.
How keen the Tempter's Malice is	- - 355
How long O God has Man been driven (Second Part)	421
How long shall Death the Tyrant reign	- - 569
How long shall Earth's alluring Toys	- - 546
How long thou faithful God shall I	- - 364.
How lovely how divinely sweet	- - 343
How many Years has Man been driven	- - 421.
How oft alas this wretched Heart	- - 86
How precious is the Book divine	- - 43
How shall I my Saviour set forth	- - 151
How shall the Sons of Men appear	- - 377
How soft the Words my Saviour speaks	- - 517
How various and how new	- - 547
How vast the Blessings how divine. (Second Part)	284
Humble Souls who seek Salvation	- - 445
I ASK'D the Lord that I might grow	- - 321.
I come the great Redeemer cries	- - 193
I hear the Counsel of a Friend	Third Part 121.
I'm in a World of Hopes and Fears	Third Part 215.
Immanuel sunk with dreadful woe	Second Part 135.
I my Ebenezer raise	- - 512.
I would but cannot sing	- - 309
If Duty calls and suffering too	Second Part 293
If God is mine then present Things	Second Part 287
If Lord in thy fair Book of Life	Second Part 382
If secret Fraud should dwell	- - 283
Indulgent God to thee I raise	Third Part 299
Infinite Excellence is thine	- - 164.
In Jordan's Tide the Baptist stands	- - 442.
In Songs of sublime Adoration and Praise	- - 110
In sweet exalted Strains	- - 338
In the Floods of Tribulation	First Part 541.
In thee thou all-sufficient God	- - 441.
Is there in Heaven or Earth who can	Second Part 294
In vain <i>Apollon's</i> silver Tongue	- - 360
In vain the giddy World inquires	- - 399.

THE FIRST LINES.

	Hymn and Page.
In what Confusion Earth appears	- " 582
Is Jesus mine I'm now prepar'd	- " 378
Israel in ancient days	- " 503
It is the Lord enthron'd in Light	- " 279
Jehovah speaks seek ye my Face	Second Part 114
Jesus and shall it ever be	- " 451
Jesus at thy Command	- " 304
Jesus commission'd from above	- " 184
Jesus full of all Compassion	- " 295
Jesus I love thy charming Name	- " 173
Jesus how precious is thy Name	- " 192
Jesus I sing thy matchless Grace	- " 172
Jesus immutably the same	- " 200
Jesus is our great Salvation	- " 108
Jesus let thy pitying Eye	- " 313
Jesus Lover of my Soul	- " 305
Jesus mighty King in Sion	- " 449
Jesus my all to Heaven is gone	- " 201
Jesus my Lord how rich thy Grace	- " 433
Jesus my Love my chief Delight	- " 371
Jesus my Saviour and my God	- " 106
Jesus O Word divinely sweet	- " 475
Jesus our Souls delightful Choice	- " 219
Jesus since thou art still To-day	- " 189
Jesus th' Eternal Son of God	- " 55
Jesus the heavenly Lover gave	- " 159
Jesus the Lord our Souls adore	- " 167
Jesus the Spring of Joys divine	- " 206
Jesus thy Blood and Righteousness	- " 84
Jesus we claim thee for our own	- " 378
Jesus we hang upon the Word	- " 206
Jesus when Faith with fixed eyes	- " 477
K EEP Silence all created Things	- " 9
Kind are the Words that Jesus speaks	- " 125
Kindred in Christ for his dear Sake	- " 522
King of Salem blest my Soul	- " 122
L E.T. Avarice from Shore to Shore	- " 45
Let Ocean's Waves tumultuous rise	First Part 217
Let others boast their ancient Line	- " 91
Let Party Names no more	- " 255
Let Sion's Watchmen all awake	- " 210
Let those who bear the Christian Name	- " 282
Lift up your joyful Eyes and see	Third Part 422

A TABLE OF

	Hymn and Page
Light of those whose dreary Dwelling	- - 182
Like Israel Lord am I	Second Part 298
Lo he comes with Clouds descending	- - 576
Lo he cometh countless Trumpets	- - 575
Lo Wisdom stands with smiling Face	Second Part 121
Look down O Lord with pitying Eye	- - 371
Look from on high great God and see	Second Part 361
Look up ye Saints direct your Eyes	- - 27
Lord am I thine entirely thine	- - 490
Lord and am I yet alive	- - 16
Lord at thy Feet we Sinners lie	- - 235
Lord at thy Table I behold	- - 482
Lord didst thou die but not for me	- - 287
Lord dismiss us with thy Blessing	- - 389
Lord dost thou shew a Corner-stone	- - 163
Lord God Omnipotent so blest	- - 382
Lord shed a Beam of heavenly day	Second Part 268
Lord hast thou made me know thy Ways	- - 105
Lord how delightful 'tis to see	Second Part 351
Lord how large thy Counties are	- - 119
Lord how shall wretched Sinners dare	- - 527
Lord I am pain'd but I resign	- - 548
Lord I am vile what shall I say	- - 493
Lord I cannot let thee go	- - 354
Lord if thou thy Grace impart	- - 237
Lord let me see thy beauteous Face	Second Part 299
Lord must I die O let me die	Third Part 550
Lord of Hosts how lovely fair	- - 342
Lord shall we part with Gold for Drofs	- - 401
Lord thou hast been thy Children's God	- - 4
Lord thou hast bid thy People pray	- - 536
Lord thou with an unerring Beam	- - 8
Lord thy pervading Knowledge strikes	- - 28
Lord tis an Infinite Delight	- - 555
Lord 'twas a Time of wond'rous Love	2nd Part 216
Lord we come before thee now	- - 363
Lord when I read the Traitor's Doom	- - 580
Lord when our raptur'd Thought surveys	- - 32
Lord when we see a Saint of thine	- - 553
Lord with a griev'd and aching Heart	- - 236
Lord at the tuneful Trumpet sound	- - 58

THE FIRST LINES.

	Hymn and Page
M AY the Grace of Christ our Saviour	- 392
Methinks the last great Day is come	- 571
Mighty God while Angels bless thee	- 132
'Mong all the Priests of Jewish Race	- 191
Mortals awake with Angels join	- 129
Must all the Charms of Nature then	- 520
My Brethren from my Heart belov'd	- 416
My Captain sounds th' Alarm of War	- 303
My God assist me while I raise	- 203
My God how cheerful is the Sound	- 126
My God the Covenant of thy Love	- 67
My God thy boundless Love we praise	Second Part 297
My God what silken Cords are thine	- 216
My Grace so weak my Sin so strong	2nd Part 215
My gracious Redeemer I'll love	- 253
My grateful Tongue immortal King	- 25
My rising Soul with strong Desires	- 97
My Saviour let me hear thy Voice	- 89
My sorrows like a Flood	- 88
My soul with Joy attend	- 103
My Thoughts that often mount the Skies	- 550
My Times of Sorrow and of Joy	- 276
My waken'd Soul extend thy Wings	Second part 570
N O more dear Saviour will I boast	- 481
No Strength of Nature can suffice	- 51
Not all the Nobles of the Earth	- 95
Not by the Laws of Innocence	- 225
Not unto us but thee alone	- 384
Now begin the heavenly Theme	- 69
Now far above the starry Skies	- 479
Now from the Altar of our Hearts	- 497
Now let a true Ambition rise	- 519
Now let our cheerful Eyes survey	- 154
Now let our drooping hearts revive	- 566
Now let our Faith grow strong and rise	- 480
Now let our Hearts conspire to raise	- 522
Now let our Souls on wings sublime	- 323
Now let our Voices join	- 239
Now let the Feeble all be strong	- 306
Now let us raise our cheerful Strains	- 147
Now may the God of Peace and Love	- 390
Now Lord the heavenly Seed is sown	- 372
Now while the Gospel-Net is cast	- 366

A TABLE OF

	Hymn and Page
O 'ER the gloomy Hills of Darknes.	- - 428
O for a closer Walk with God.	- - 98
O for a sweet inspiring Ray.	- - 587
O God my Sun thy blisful Rays.	- - 231
O God of Love with cheering ray.	Second Part 551
O God of Zion from thy Throne.	Second Part 427
O Lord I would delight in thee.	- - 248
O Lord my best Desires fulfil.	- - 277
O Lord my God whose sovereign Love.	- - 68
O my distrustful Heart.	- - 64
O my Soul what means this Sadness.	- - 318
O that I knew the secret place.	- - 99
O that the Lord indeed.	- - 381
O the immense the amazing Height.	- - 503
O thou before whose gracious Throne.	- - 413
O thou that hast Redemption wrought.	- - 327
O thou who didst thy Glory leave.	- - 74
O what stupendous Mercy shines.	- - 246
O ye immortal Throng.	- - 146
Of all the Joys we Mortals know.	- - 249
Oft have I turn'd my Eye within.	- - 311
On Britain long a favor'd Isle.	- - 530
On Jordan's stormy Banks I stand.	- - 584
On Sion his most holy Mount.	- - 56
On what has now been sown.	- - 373
On Wings of Faith mount up, &c.	- - 585
Once as the Saviour pass'd along.	- - 78
Our Father whose eternal Sway.	- - 358
Our God ascends his lofty Throne.	- - 408
Our heavenly Father calls.	- - 96
Our Lord is risen from the Dead.	- - 145
Our Saviour alone.	- - 383
O Zion afflicted with Wave upon Wave.	Third Part 427
P ATIENCE O what a Grace divine.	- - 263
Peace 'tis the Lord Jehovah's Hand.	- - 563
Poor weak and worthless tho' I am.	- - 170
Praise God from whom all Blessing flow.	- - 395
Praise the Saviour all ye Nations.	- - 432
Praise to our Shepherd's gracious Name.	- - 101
Praise to the Lord of boundless Might.	- - 243
Praise to the Lord who bows his Ear.	- - 532
Praise to the Lord whose mighty hand.	- - 533
Praise to thy Name eternal God.	- - 322

THE FIRST LINES.

	Hymn and	Page
Prepare me gracious God	-	561
Proclaim faith Christ my wondrous Grace	-	469
Prostrate dear Jesus at thy Feet	-	271
Proud Babylon yet waits her Doom	Third Part	418
R AISE thoughtless Sinner raise thine Eye	-	49
Rejoice the Lord is King	-	149
Rejoice the Saviour reigns	Second Part	422
Religion is the chief Concern	-	284
Repent the Voice celestial cries	-	267
Return my roving Heart return	-	329
Rise my Soul and stretch thy Wings	-	301
Rock of Ages shelter me	-	195
S ALVATION O melodious Sound	-	113
Salvation thro' our dying God	-	109
Saviour divine we know thy Name	-	194
Saviour of Men and Lord of Love	-	133
Saviour visit thy Plantation	-	427
Say who is she that looks abroad	-	403
Searcher of Hearts before thy Face	-	268
See Felix cloth'd with Pomp and Power	-	380
See gracious God before thy Throne	-	525
See how rude Winter's icy Hand	-	507
See how the little toiling Ant	-	505
See how the mounting Sun	-	494
See how the willing Converts trace	-	450
See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand	-	337
See Lord thy willing Subjects bow	-	139
Self destroy'd for Help I pray	-	379
Shall Atheists dare insult the Cross	-	61
Shall Jesus descend from the Skies	-	73
Shepherd of Israel bend thine Ear	-	409
Shepherd of Israel thou dost keep	-	411
Should bounteous Nature kindly pour	-	259
Shout for the Blessed Jesus reigns	-	429
Since Jesus freely did appear	-	513
Sinful and Blind and Poor	-	369
Sing to the Lord above	-	431
Sinner O why so thoughtless grown	-	581
Sinners the Voice of God regard	-	116
Sinners you are now address'd	Second Part	115
So fair a Face bedew'd with Tears	-	484
Sons we are thro' God's Election	-	65
Sovereign of all the Worlds on high	-	92

A TABLE OF

	Hymn and Page
Sovereign of Life I own thy Hand.	542
Sovereign Ruler of the Skies	545
Sprinkled with reconciling Blood	357
Stay thou insulted Spirit stay	215
Stern Winter throws his icy Chains	506
Stretch'd on the Cross the Saviour dies	137
Sweet was the Time when first I felt	315
T HAT God who made the Worlds on high	47
The Bible is justly esteem'd	205
Temptations, Trials, Doubts, and Fears	Second Part 286
The blessed Spirit like the Wind	Second Part 207
The Deluge at th' Almighty's Call	104
The Fabric of Nature is fair	Second Part 540
The Fountain of Christ	168
The God of Abram Praise	66
The God of Love will sure indulge	564
The Great Redeemer we adore	443
The holy Eunuch when baptiz'd	471
The House now to be builded to the Lord	3d Part 421
The icy Chains that bound the Earth	498
The joyful Morn my God is come	346
The King of Heaven his Table spreads	486
The Lord on mortal Worms looks down	473
The Lord who rules the World's Affairs	434
The Lord will happiness divine	275
The Love of the Spirit I sing	Second Part 206
The mighty Frame of glorious Grace	148
The mighty God will not despise	273
The Moment a Sinner believes	222
The Peace which God alone reveals	391
The righteous Lord supremely great	238
The Saviour calls let every Ear	120
The Spring great God at thy Command	501
The wandering Star and fleeting Wind	310
The wondering Nations have beheld	404
Thee Father we bless	107
Thee we adore Eternal Word	First Part 129
There is a Fountain fill'd with Blood	169
There's Joy in Heaven and Joy on Earth	438
There is no Path to heavenly Bliss	202
Thine earthly Sabbaths Lord we love	352
This God is the God we adore	385
Thou art O God a Spirit pure	3

THE FIRST LINES.

	Hymn and Page
Thou dear Redeemer dying Lamb	- - 386
Thou God of Glorious Majesty	- - 549
Thou Lord my Safety thou my Light	- - 314
Thou only Centre of my Rest	- - 537
Thou only Sovereign of my Heart	- - 440
Thou very Pascal Lamb	- - 180
Thrice happy Souls who born from Heaven	- - 226
Thro' all the changing Scenes of Life	- - 285
Thro' all the various shifting Scene	- - 33
Thus Agur breath'd his warm Desire	- - 262
Thus far my God hath led me on	- - 324
Thus it became the Prince of Grace	- - 444
Thus was the great Redeemer plung'd	- - 448
Thus we commemorate the Day	- - 476
Thy Life I read my dearest Lord	- - 556
Thy Mercy my God is the Theme of my Song	- - 15
Thy Names how infinite they be	- - 6
Thy Presence everlasting God	- - 516
Thy Presence gracious God afford	- - 361
Thy Sire and her who brought thee forth	- - 48
Thy Way O God is in the Sea	- - 245
Thy Ways O Lord with wise Design	- - 31
'Tis a Point I long to know	- - 250
'Tis finish'd so the Saviour cried	- - 72
'Tis finish'd 'tis done the Spirit is fled	- - 560
'Tis my Happiness below	Second Part 306
'Tis Religion that can give	Second Part 377
To Christ the Lord let every Tongue	- - 161
To distant Lands thy Gospel send	- - 374
To Father Son and Holy Ghost	- - 393
To Father Son and Holy Ghost	- - 397
To God my Saviour and my King	- - 82
To God the universal King	- - 1
To him who on the fatal Tree	Second Part 383
To Jesus our exalted Lord	- - 487
To our Redeemer's glorious Name	- - 488
To praise the ever bounteous Lord	- - 504
To the eternal Three	- - 394
To thee Almighty God we bring	- - 534
To thee let my first Offerings rise	- - 491
To thee who reign'st supreme above	- - 529
U NCLEAN unclean and full of Sin	- - 289
Unite my roving Thoughts unite	- - 265
Unto thine Altar Lord	- - 356

A TABLE OF

	Hymn and Page
W AIT O my soul thy Maker's Will	- 11
We blest th' eternal Source of Light	- 412
What are Possessions Fame and Power	- 398
What hath God wrought might Israel say	- 535
What heavenly Man or lovely God	- 472
What is our God or what his Name	- 20
What jarring Natures dwell within	- 41
What mean these Jealousies and Fears	- 90
What Scenes of Horror and of Dread	- 559
What shall the dying Sinner do	- 60
What strange Perplexities arise	- 331
What various Hindrances we meet	- 353
What Wisdom Majesty and Grace	- 59
Whate'er to thee our Lord belongs	- 455
When Abram full of sacred Awe	- 526
When Abram's Servant to procure	- 447
When any turn from Zion's Way	- 439
When at a Distance Lord we trace	- 135
When blooming Youth is snatch'd away	- 557
When by the Tempter's Wiles betray'd	- 122
When Darkness long has veil'd my Mind	- 241
When Death appears before my Sight	- 552
When first the God of boundless Grace	- 21
When I the holy Grave survey	- 143
When Jesus dwelt in mortal Clay	- 435
When Jesus for his People dy'd	Third Part 298
When Israel's grieving Tribes complain'd	- 157
When Israel through the Desert pass'd	- 44
When O dear Jesus when shall I	- 351
When Paul was parted from his Friends	- 414
When shall thy lovely Face be seen	- 574
When sins and Fears prevailing rise	- 181
When some kind Shepherd from his Fold	- 79
When the Eternal bows the Skies	- 14
When thou my righteous Judge shalt come	- 579
Where'er the blustering North-wind blows	2nd Part 420
Where is my God does he retire	- 156
Where shall we Sinners hide our Heads	- 100
Where two or three with sweet Accord	- 359
Wherewith O Lord shall I draw near	- 83
While carnal Men with all their might	- 293
While my Redeemer's near	- 197

THE FIRST LINES.

	Hymn and Page
While o'er our guilty Land O Lord	- - 528
While on the Verge of Life I stand	- - 554
While Sinners who presume to hear	- - 375
Who is the trembling Sinner who	Second Part 375
Who shall condemn to endless Flames	- - 63
Why O my Soul why weepest thou	- - 274
Why should a living Man complain	- - 312
Why should our mourning Thoughts delight	- - 568
Why flow these Torrents of Distress	- - 562
Why sinks my weak desponding Mind	- - 253
With heavenly Power O Lord defend	- - 415
With humble Heart and Tongue	- - 521
With melting Heart and weeping Eyes	- - 294
With Tears of Anguish I lament	- - 39
With thee Great God the Stores of Light	- - 492
Y E dying Sons of Men	- - 118
Ye glittering Toys of Earth adieu	- - 187
Ye Hearts with youthful Vigor warm	- - 518
Ye humble Saints proclaim abroad	- - 19
Ye humble Souls approach your God	- - 12
Ye humble Souls complain no more	- - 234
Ye humble Souls rejoice	- - 260
Ye humble Souls that seek the Lord	- - 144
Ye little Flock whom Jesus feeds	- - 124
Ye Messengers of Christ	Third Part 420
Ye mourning Saints whose streaming Tears	- - 558
Ye Prisoners of Hope	- - 198
Ye Saints of every Rank with Joy	Second Part 384
Ye scarlet-colour'd Sinners come	- - 121
Ye Servants of the Lord	- - 325
Ye Servants of your God his Fame	- - 7
Ye Sons of Men with Joy record	- - 30
Ye that pass by behold the Man	- - 136
Ye trembling Souls dismiss your Fears	- - 288
Ye virgin Souls arise	- - 551
Ye Worlds of Light that roll so near	- - 160
Ye wretched hungry starving Poor	- - 473
Yes I would love thee blessed God	- - 247
Yes mighty Jesus thou shalt reign	Fourth Part 22
Yes the Redeemer rose	- - 140
Yes there are Joys that cannot die	- - 436
Yonder amazing Sight I see	- - 138
Your Harps ye trembling Saints	" - 224

GENERAL CONTENTS.

GOD	-	-	-	from Hymn	1	to the	26
CREATION and PROVIDENCE	-				27	—	37
FALL of MAN	-				38	—	42
SCRIPTURE, Properties of it	-				43	—	46
—Moral and Ceremonial Law	-				47	—	53
—Gospel	-				54	—	61
—Doctrines and Blessings	-				62	—	113
—Invitations and Promises	-				114	—	128
CHRIST, his Incarnation and Ministry					129	—	135
—Sufferings and Death	-				136	—	139
—Resurrection and Ascension	-				140	—	146
—Exaltation and Intercession	-				147	—	155
—Characters, placed alphabetically					156	—	205
SPIRIT, his Influences	-				206	—	216
—Graces of the, placed alphabetically					217	—	293
CHRISTIAN LIFE	-				294	—	328
WORSHIP, Private	-				329	—	332
—Family	-				333	—	337
—Public	-				338	—	345
—Lord's Day	-				346	—	352
—Before Prayer	—	—	—		353	—	358
—Before Sermon	-				359	—	371
—After Sermon, and Doxologies					372	—	397
WORLD	-				398	—	402
CHURCH, described, formed, &c. &c.					403	—	406
—Ordinations, &c. &c.	-				407	—	412
—Pastors, Deacons, People	-				413	—	417
—Associations and Missions	-				418	—	431
—Collections for Poor Churches					432	—	436
—Church Meetings	-				437	—	441
BAPTISM	-				442	—	471
LORD'S SUPPER	-				472	—	490
TIMES and SEASONS	-				491	—	542
TIME and ETERNITY	-				543	—	549
DEATH and the RESURRECTION					550	—	569
JUDGMENT	-				570	—	579
HELL and HEAVEN	-				580	—	588

HYMNS, &c.

G O D.

HYMN I. L. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

Addison's. Tune E.

A Song of Praise to God.

- 1 **T**O God, the universal King,
Let all mankind their tribute bring :
All that have breath, your voices raise,
In songs of never-ceasing praise.
- 2 The spacious earth on which we tread,
And wider heavens stretch'd o'er our head,
A large and solemn temple frame
'To celebrate its builder's fame.
- 3 Here the bright sun, that rules the day,
As thro' the sky he makes his way,
To all the world proclaims aloud
The boundless sov'reignty of God.
- 4 When from his courts the sun retires,
And with the day his voice expires,
The moon and stars adopt the song,
And thro' the night the praise prolong.
- 5 The list'ning earth with rapture hears
Th' harmonious music of the spheres ;
And all her tribes the notes repeat,
That God is wise, and good, and great.
- 6 But man, endow'd with nobler powers,
His God in nobler strains adores :
His is the gift to know the song,
As well as sing with tuneful tongue.

2 L. M. WILLIAMS'S PSALMS.
 Old Hundred 100.
The Unity of God. Deut. vi. 4.

- 1 **E**TERNAL GOD! Almighty Cause
 Of Earth; and Seas, and Worlds unknown;
 All things are subject to Thy Laws,
 All things depend on Thee alone.
- 2 Thy glorious Being singly stands,
 Of all within itself possessit;
 Control'd by none are Thy commands;
 Thou from thyself alone art blest.
- 3 To Thee alone ourselves we owe;
 Let heaven and earth due homage pay;
 All other gods we disavow,
 Deny their claims, renounce their sway.
- 4 Spread Thy great name thro' heathen lands;
 Their idol-deities dethrone;
 Reduce the world to thy command;
 And reign, as Thou art, GOD alone.

3 L. M.

Paul's 246. Fawcett 184.

The Spirituality of God. John iv. 24.

- 1 **T**HOU art, O GOD! a Spirit pure,
 Invisible to mortal eyes;
 Th' immortal, and th' eternal King,
 The great, the good, the only wise.
- 2 Whilst nature changes, and her works
 Corrupt, decay, dissolve, and die,
 Thy essence pure no change shall see,
 Secure of immortality.
- 3 Thou great Invisible! what hand
 Can draw Thy Image spotless fair?

PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

To what in heav'n; to what on earth
Can men th' immortal King compare ?

4 Let stupid Heathens frame their gods
Of gold, and silver, wood and stone ;
Ours is the God that made the Heavens ;
JEHOVAH HE, and GOD alone.

5 My soul, thy purest homage pay,
In truth and spirit him adore ;
More shall this please than sacrifice,
Than outward forms delight him more.

4 L. M. STEELE.

Bab. Streams 23. Angel's Hymn 60. Coulds 272.

The Eternity of God and Man's Mortality, Pf. xc.

1 LORD, thou hast been thy children's GOD,
All-powerful, wise, and good, and just;
In every age their safe abode,
Their hope, their refuge, and their trust,
2 Before thy word gave nature birth,
Or spread the itarry Heavens abroad,
Or form'd the varied face of earth,
From everlasting thou art GOD.

3 Great Father of Eternity,
How short are ages in thy sight !
A thousand years how swift they fly,
Like one short silent watch of night !

4 Uncertain life, how soon it flies !
Dream of an hour, how short our bloom !
Like spring's gay verdure now we rise,
Cut down ere night to fill the tomb.

5 Teach us to count our short'ning days,
And, with true diligence, apply
Our hearts to wisdom's sacred ways,
That we may learn to live and die,

- 6 O make our sacred pleasures rise
 In sweet proportion to our pains,
 'Till e'en the sad remembrance dies,
 Nor one uneasy thought complains.
- 7 [Let thy Almighty work appear
 With power and evidence divine ;
 And may the bliss thy servants share
 Continued to thy children shine.
- 8 Thy glorious image, fair imprest,
 Let all our hearts and lives declare ;
 Beneath thy kind protection blest,
 May all our labours own thy care !]

3 L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Angel's Hymn 60. Paul's 246.

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

- 1 **G**REAT Former of this various frame,
 Our souls adore thine awful name ;
 And bow and tremble while they praise
 The Ancient of eternal days.
- 2 Thou, LORD, with unsurpris'd survey,
 Saw'st nature rising yesterday ;
 And as to-morrow, shall thine eye
 See earth and stars in ruin lie.
- 3 Beyond an angel's vision bright,
 Thou dwell'st in self-existent light ;
 Which shines, with undiminish'd ray,
 While suns and worlds in smoke decay.
- 4 Our days a transient period run,
 And change with every circling sun :
 And, in the firmest state we boast,
 A moth can crush us into dust.

5 But let the creatures fall around:
 Let death consign us to the ground:
 Let the last general flame arise,
 And melt the arches of the skies:

6 Calm as the summer's ocean, we
 Can all the wreck of nature see,
 While grace secures us an abode,
 Unshaken as the throne of God.

6 C. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRIC POEMS.

Bedford 91. Abridge 201. Farringdon 267.

The Infinite.

1 **T**HY names, how infinite they be!
 Great EVERLASTING One!
 Boundless thy might and majesty,
 And unconfi'd thy throne.

2 Thy glories shine of wond'rous size,
 And wond'rous large thy grace:
 Immortal day breaks from thine eyes,
 And *Gabriel* veils his face.

3 Thine essence is a vast abyss
 Which angels cannot sound,
 An ocean of infinities
 Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

4 The mysteries of creation lie
 Beneath enlighten'd minds;
 Thoughts can ascend above the sky,
 And fly before the winds;

5 Reason may grasp the massy hills,
 And stretch from pole to pole:
 But half thy name our spirit fills,
 And overloads our soul.

- 6 In vain our haughty reason swells ;
 For nothing's found in thee
 But boundless unconceivables,
 And vast eternity.

7. L. M. MERRICK'S PSALMS.

Wareham 117. Ayliffe Street 241. Wells 102.

Omnipotence ; or, the Power and Providence of God.

Psalm cxxxv.

- 1 **Y**E servants of your God, his fame
 In songs of highest praise proclaim :
 Ye who, on his commands intent,
 The courts of Israel's LORD frequent.
- 2 Him praise—the everlasting King,
 And mercy's unexhausted spring :
 Haste, to his name your voices rear ;
 What name like his the heart can cheer ?
- 3 Thy greatness, LORD, my thoughts attest,
 With awful gratitude impress'd,
 Nor know, among the seats divine,
 A power that shall contend with thine :
- 4 O thou, whose all-disposing sway,
 The heavens, the earth, and seas obey ;
 Whose might through all extent extends,
 Sinks through all depth, all height transcends ;
- 5 From earth's low margin to the skies,
 Now bids the pregnant vapours rise ;
 The lightning's pallid sheet expands ;
 And glads with snow's the furrow'd lands ;
- 6 Now, from thy storehouse, built on high,
 Permits the imprison'd winds to fly ;
 And, guided by thy will, to sweep
 The surface of the foaming deep :

7 Him praise,—the everlasting King,
 And mercy's unexhausted spring:
 Haste, to his name your voices rear;
 What name like his the heart can cheer?

8 C. M.

Charmouth 28. Elenborough 170.

The Omnipresence and Omniscience of God.
 Psalm cxxxix.

1 **L**ORD! thou, with an unerring beam,
 Surveyest all my powers:
 My rising steps are watch'd by thee;
 By thee, my resting hours.

2 My thoughts, scarce struggling into birth,
 Great God, are known to thee:
 Abroad, at home, still I'm inclos'd
 With thine immensity.

3 To thee, the labyrinths of life
 In open view appear;
 Nor steals a whisper from my lips
 Without thy list'ning ear.

4 Behind I glance, and thou art there;
 Before me, shines thy name;
 And 'tis thy strong Almighty hand
 Sustains my tender frame.

5 Such knowledge mocks the vain essays
 Of my astonish'd mind;
 Nor can my reason's soaring eye
 Its towering summit find.

PAUSE,

6 Where from thy Spirit shall I stretch
 The pinions of my flight?
 Or where, thro' nature's spacious range,
 Shall I elude thy fight?

- 7 Scald I the Skies, the blaze divine
 Would overwhelm my soul :
 Plunged I to Hell, there should I hear
 Thine awful thunders roll.
- 8 If on a morning's darting ray
 With matchless speed I rode,
 And flew to the wild lonely shore,
 That bounds the ocean's flood ;
- 9 Thither thine hand, all-present God !
 Must guide the wondrous way,
 And thine Omnipotence support
 The fabric of my clay.
- 10 Should I involve myself around
 With clouds of tenfold night,
 The clouds would shine like blazing noon
 Before thy piercing sight.
- 11 " The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
 " Are both alike to thee :
 " O may I ne'er provoke that power
 " From which I cannot flee !"

9 C. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRIC POEMS.

Abridge 201. Canterbury 199.

Divine Sovereignty ; or, God's Dominion and Decrees.

- 1 **K**EEP silence, all created things ;
 And wait your Maker's nod :
 My soul stands trembling, while she sings
 The honours of her God.
- 2 Life, Death, and Hell, and worlds unknown,
 Hang on his firm decree :
 He sits on no precarious throne,
 Nor borrows leave to be.

- 3 Chain'd to his throne, a volume lies,
 With all the fates of men,
 With every angel's form and size,
 Drawn by th' eternal pen.
- 4 His Providence unfolds the book,
 And makes his councils shine ;
 Each opening leaf, and ev'ry stroke
 Fulfils some deep design.
- 5 Here, he exalts neglected worms
 To sceptres and a crown :
 And there, the following page he turns,
 And treads the monarch down.
- 6 Not *Gabriel* asks the reason why ;
 Nor GOD the reason gives ;
 Nor dares the favourite angel pry
 Between the folded leaves.
- 7 My GOD, I would not long to see
 My fate with curious eyes,
 What gloomy lines are writ for me,
 Or what bright scenes may rise.
- 8 In thy fair book of life and grace,
 O may I find my name,
 Recorded in some humble place,
 Beneath my LORD the Lamb !

IO 7^s B. FRANCIS.

Cookham 36. Alcester 213.

The Majesty of GOD.

1 **G**LORY to the eternal King,
 Clad in Majesty supreme !
 Let all Heaven his Praises sing,
 Let all Worlds his Power proclaim.

- 2 Through eternity he reigns
 In unbounded realms of light ;
 He the Universe sustains
 As an atom in his sight.
- 3 Suns on suns, thro' boundless space,
 With their systems move or stand ;
 Or, to occupy their place,
 New orbs rise at his command.
- 4 Kingdoms flourish, empires fall,
 Nations live; and nations die,
 All forms nothing, nothing all—
 At the movement of his eye.
- 5 O, let my transported soul
 Ever on his glories gaze !
 Ever yield to his control,
 Ever sound his lofty praise !

L. M. BEDDOME.

Olverston 179. Islington 40. Gould's 272.

The Wisdom of God.

- 1 **W**AIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will;
 Tumultuous passions, all be still!
 Nor let a murmuring thought arise,
 His ways are just, his councils wise.
- 2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
 Performs his work, the cause conceals;
 But, tho' his methods are unknown,
 Judgment and truth support his throne.
- 3 In heaven, and earth, and air, and seas,
 He executes his firm decrees;
 And, by his saints, it stands confess'd,
 That what he does is ever best.

4 Wait then, my soul, submissive wait,
Prostrate before his awful seat ;
And, 'midst the terrors of his rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious GOD.

12 (First Part.) C. M. STEELE.

Liverpool 83. Exeter 4.

The Goodness of God, Nahum i. 7.

1 **Y**E humble souls, approach your GOD
With songs of sacred praise,
For he is good; immensely good,
And kind are all his ways.

2 All nature owns his guardian care,
In him we live and move ;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.

3 He gave his son; his only son,
To ransom rebel worms ;—
'Tis here he makes his goodness known
In its diviner forms.

4 To this dear refuge, LORD, we come ;
'Tis here our hope relies ;
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.

5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
The souls who trust in thee ;
Their humble hope thou wilt reward,
With blis divinely free.

6 Great GOD, to thy Almighty love,
What honours shall we raise ?
Not all the raptur'd songs above
Can render equal praise.

12 (Second Part.) C. M.
 Staughton 264. Liverpool 83.
God is Love. 1 John iv. 8.

- 1 **A** MID the splendors of thy state,
 My GOD, thy LOVE appears
 With the soft radiance of the moon
 Among a thousand stars.
- 2 Nature through all her ample round
 Thy boundless *Power* proclaims,
 And, in melodious accent, speaks
 The *Goodness* of thy names.
- 3 Thy justice, holiness, and truth,
 Our solemn awe excite;
 But the sweet charms of sovereign grace
 O'erwhelm us with delight.
- 4 Sinai, in clouds, and smoke, and fire,
 Thunders thy dreadful name;
 But Sion sings, in melting notes,
 The honours of the Lamb.
- 5 In all thy doctrines and commands,
 Thy councils and designs,
 In ev'ry work thy hands have fram'd,
 Thy love supremely shines.
- 6 Angels and men the news proclaim
 Through earth and heaven above;
 The joyful, the transporting news,
 That GOD the LORD is LOVE!

13 L. M.

Derby 169. Rothwell 174. Portugal New 263.
The Loving-kindness of the Lord, Pf. lxiii. 7.

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
 And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
 He justly claims a song from me,
 His loving-kindness, O how free!

- 2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all ;
He sav'd me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness, O how great !
- 3 Tho' numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Tho' earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, O how strong !
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, O how good !
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart,
Prone from my J E S U S to depart ;
But, tho' I have him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail ;
O ! may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death !
- 7 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day ;
And sing, with rapture and surprize,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

14 C. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRIC POEMS.

Michael's 119. Brightelmstone 208.

The Grace of God ; or, Divine Condescension

- 1 **W**HEN the Eternal bows the skies,
To visit earthly things,
With scorn divine he turns his eyes
From towers of haughty kings.

2. He bids his awful chariot roll
 Far downward from the skies,
 To visit ev'ry humble soul,
 With pleasure in his eyes.
5. Why should the LORD, that reigns above,
 Disdain so lofty kings?
 Say LORD, and why such looks of love
 Upon such worthless things?
4. Mortals be dumb; what creature dares
 Dispute his awful will?
 Ask no account of his affairs,
 But tremble and be still.
5. Just like his nature is his grace;
 All sov'reign, and all free;
 Great GOD, how searchless are thy ways!
 How deep thy judgments be!

15 11.° S—.

Geard 156. Broughton 172:

The Mercy of God, Psalm lxxxix. 1.

1. **T**HY mercy, my GOD, is the theme of my
 song,
 The joy of my heart; and the boast of my tongue;
 Thy free grace alone, from the first to the last,
 Hath won my affections, and bound my soul fast.
2. Without thy sweet mercy I could not live here;
 Sin soon would reduce me to utter despair;
 But thro' thy free goodness, my spirits revive,
 And he that first made me, still keeps me alive.
3. Thy mercy is more than a match for my heart,
 Which wonders to feel its own hardness depart;
 Dissolv'd by thy goodness, I fall to the ground,
 And weep to the praise of the mercy I found;

- 4 The door of thy mercy stands open all day
To the poor and the needy, who knock by the way;
No sinner shall ever be empty sent back,
Who comes seeking mercy for J E S U S's sake.
- 5 Thy mercy in J E S U S exempts me from hell;
Its glories I'll sing, and its wonders I'll tell:
'Twas J E S U S, my friend, when he hung on the tree,
Who open'd the channel of mercy for me.
- 6 Great Father of Mercies! thy goodness I own,
And the covenant love of thy crucify'd Son:
All praise to the Spirit, whose whisper divine
Seals mercy and pardon and righteousness mine!

I 6 7.
Firth's 146.

The Long-suffering, or Patience of God.

- 1 **L** ORD, and am I yet alive,
Not in torments, not in hell
Still doth thy good Spirit strive!—
With the chief of sinners dwell!
Tell it, unto sinners tell,
I am, I am out of hell!
- 2 Yes, I still lift up mine eyes,
Will not of thy love despair;
Still in spite of sin I rise,
Still I bow to thee in prayer. Tell it, &c.
- 3 O the length and breadth of love!
J E S U S, S A V I O U R, can it be?
All thy mercies height I prove,
All the depth is seen in me. Tell it, &c.
- 4 See a bush, that burns with fire,
Unconsum'd amid the flame!
Turn aside the sight t'admire,
I the living wonder am. Tell it, &c.

2. He bids his awful chariot roll
 Far downward from the skies,
 To visit ev'ry humble soul,
 With pleasure in his eyes.
5. Why should the LORD, that reigns above,
 Disdain so lofty kings?
 Say LORD, and why such looks of love
 Upon such worthless things?
4. Mortals be dumb; what creature dares
 Dispute his awful will?
 Ask no account of his affairs,
 But tremble and be still.
5. Just like his nature is his grace;
 All sov'reign, and all free;
 Great GOD, how searchless are thy ways?
 How deep thy judgments be!

I 5 11. S—

Geard 156. Broughton 172.

The Mercy of God, Psalm lxxxix. 1.

1. **T**HY mercy, my GOD, is the theme of my
 song,
 The joy of my heart; and the boast of my tongue;
 Thy free grace alone, from the first to the last,
 Hath won my affections, and bound my soul fast.
2. Without thy sweet mercy I could not live here,
 Sin soon would reduce me to utter despair;
 But thro' thy free goodness, my spirits revive,
 And he that first made me, still keeps me alive.
3. Thy mercy is more than a match for my heart,
 Which wonders to feel its own hardness depart;
 Dissolv'd by thy goodness, I fall to the ground,
 And weep to the praise of the mercy I found.

- 4 The door of thy mercy stands open all day
To the poor and the needy, who knock by the way;
No sinner shall ever be empty sent back,
Who comes seeking mercy for J E S U S's sake.
- 5 Thy mercy in J E S U S exempts me from hell;
Its glories I'll sing, and its wonders I'll tell :
'Twas J E S U S, my friend, when he hung on the tree,
Who open'd the channel of mercy for me.
- 6 Great Father of Mercies! thy goodness I own,
And the covenant love of thy crucify'd Son :
All praise to the Spirit, whose whisper divine
Seals mercy and pardon and righteousness mine!

I 6 7.
Firth's 146.

The Long-suffering, or Patience of God.

1. **L** ORD, and am I yet alive,
Not in torments, not in hell
Still doth thy good Spirit strive!—
With the chief of sinners dwell!
Tell it, unto sinners tell,
I am, I am out of hell!
- 2 Yes, I still lift up mine eyes,
Will not of thy love despair;
Still in spite of sin I rise,
Still I bow to thee in prayer. Tell it, &c.
- 3 O the length and breadth of love!
J E S U S, S A V I O U R, can it be?
All thy mercies height I prove,
All the depth is seen in me. Tell it, &c.
- 4 See a bush, that burns with fire,
Unconsum'd amid the flame!
Turn aside the sight t'admire,
I the living wonder am. Tell it, &c.

2. He bids his awful chariot roll
 Far downward from the skies,
 To visit ev'ry humble soul,
 With pleasure in his eyes.
5. Why should the LORD, that reigns above,
 Disdain so lofty kings?
 Say LORD, and why such looks of love
 Upon such worthless things?
4. Mortals be dumb; what creature dares
 Dispute his awful will?
 Ask no account of his affairs,
 But tremble and be still.
5. Just like his nature is his grace;
 All sov'reign, and all free;
 Great GOD, how searchless are thy ways!
 How deep thy judgments be!

I 5 11. 3 S—

Geard 156. Broughton 172.

The Mercy of God, Psalm lxxxix. 1.

1. **T**HY mercy, my GOD, is the theme of my
 song,
 The joy of my heart; and the boast of my tongue;
 Thy free grace alone, from the first to the last,
 Hath won my affections, and bound my soul fast.
2. Without thy sweet mercy I could not live here;
 Sin soon would reduce me to utter despair;
 But thro' thy free goodness, my spirits revive,
 And he that first made me, still keeps me alive.
3. Thy mercy is more than a match for my heart,
 Which wonders to feel its own hardness depart;
 Dissolv'd by thy goodness, I fall to the ground,
 And weep to the praise of the mercy I found.

- 4 The door of thy mercy stands open all day
To the poor and the needy, who knock by the way;
No sinner shall ever be empty sent back,
Who comes seeking mercy for J E S U S's sake.
- 5 Thy mercy in J E S U S exempts me from hell;
Its glories I'll sing, and its wonders I'll tell :
'Twas J E S U S, my friend, when he hung on the tree,
Who open'd the channel of mercy for me.
- 6 Great Father of Mercies! thy goodness I own,
And the covenant love of thy crucify'd Son :
All praise to the Spirit, whose whisper divine
Seals mercy and pardon and righteousness mine!

I 6 7:^s
Firth's 146.

The Long-suffering, or Patience of God.

1. **L** ORD, and am I yet alive,
Not in torments, not in hell
Still doth thy good Spirit strive!—
With the chief of sinners dwell!
Tell it, unto sinners tell,
I am, I am out of hell!
- 2 Yes, I still lift up mine eyes,
Will not of thy love despair;
Still in spite of sin I rise,
Still I bow to thee in prayer. Tell it, &c.
- 3 O the length and breadth of love!
J E S U S, S A V I O U R, can it be?
All thy mercies height I prove,
All the depth is seen in me. Tell it, &c.
- 4 See a bush, that burns with fire,
Unconsum'd amid the flame!
Turn aside the sight t'admire,
& the living wonder am. Tell it, &c.

- 5 See a stone that hangs in air !
 See a spark in ocean live !
 Kept alive with death so near,
 I to God the glory give.
 Ever tell—to sinners tell,
 I am, I am out of hell.

17 C. M.

Bedford 91. Abridge 201.

The Holiness of God, Isaiah viii. 13.

- 1 **H**OLY and reverend is the name
 Of our eternal King :
 Thrice holy LORD, the Angels cry ;
 Thrice holy, let us sing.
- 2 Heaven's brightest lamps with him compar'd,
 How mean they look, and dim !
 The fairest Angels have their spots,
 When once compar'd with him.
- 3 Holy is he in all his works,
 And truth is his delight ;
 But sinners and their wicked ways
 Shall perish from his sight.
- 4 The deepest reverence of the mind,
 Pay, O my soul, to God ;
 Lift with thy hands a holy heart
 To his sublime abode.
- 5 With sacred awe pronounce his name
 Whom words nor thoughts can reach ;
 A broken heart shall please him more
 Than the best forms of speech.
- 6 Thou holy God ! preserve my soul
 From all pollution free ;
 The pure in heart are thy delight,
 And they thy face shall see.

18 L. M. BEDDOME.

Green's Hundred 89. Old Hundred 100.

The Justice and Goodness of God.

GREAT GOD, my Maker, and my King,
Of thee I'll speak, of thee I'll sing;

All thou hast done, and all thou dost,
Declare thee good, proclaim thee just:

Thy ancient thoughts, and firm decrees,

Thy threatenings and thy promises,

The joys of heaven, the pains of hell,

What Angels taste, what Devils feel:

Thy terrors and thine acts of grace,

Thy threatening rod and smiling face,

Thy wounding, and thy healing word,

A world undone, a world restor'd:

While these excite my fear and joy;

While these my tuneful lips employ;

Accept, O LORD, the humble song,

The tribute of a trembling tongue.

19 L. M. N—————.

Portugal 97. Paul's 246. Wells 102.

The Truth and Faithfulness of God, Num. xxiii. 19.

YE humble Saints; proclaim abroad

The honours of a faithful GOD:

How just and true are all his ways,

How much above your highest praise!

The words his sacred lips declare

Of his own mind the image bear;

What should HIM tempt from frailty free,

Blest in his self-sufficiency?

He will not his great self deny;

A GOD all truth can never lie:

- As well might he his being quit
As break his oath, or word forget.
- 4 Let frighten'd rivers change their course,
Or backward hasten to their source;
Swift thro' the air, let rocks be hurl'd,
And mountains like the chaff be whirl'd;
- 5 Let suns and stars forget to rise,
Or quit their stations in the skies;
Let heaven and earth both pass away,
Eternal truth shall ne'er decay.
- 6 True to his word, God gave his Son
To die for crimes which men had done;
Blest pledge! he never will revoke
A single promise he has spoke.

20 L. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRIC POEMS.

Wareham 117. Kingsbridge 88.

God Supreme and Self-sufficient:

- 1 **W**HAT is our God, or what his name,
Nor men can learn, nor angels teach;
He dwells conceal'd in radiant flame,
Where neither eyes nor thoughts can reach.
- 2 The spacious worlds of heavenly light,
Compar'd with him, how short they fall!
They are too dark; and he too bright;
Nothing are they, and God is all.
- 3 He spoke the wond'rous word; and lo!
Creation rose at his command;
Whirlwinds and seas their limits know,
Bound in the hollow of his hand.
- 4 There rests the earth, there roll the spheres,
There nature leans, and feels her prop:
But his own self-sufficiency bears
The weight of his own glories up.

5 The tide of creatures ebbs and flows
 Measuring their changes by the moon :
 No ebb his sea of glory knows ;
 His age is one eternal noon.

6 Then fly, my song, an endless round,
 The lofty tune let Gabriel raise ;
 All nature dwell upon the sound,
 But we can ne'er fulfil the praise.

21 C. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

Gainborough 29. Brightelmstone 208.

*Mercy and Truth met together ; or, the Harmony of
 the divine Perfections, Psalm lxxxv. 10.*

1 **W**HEN first the God of boundless grace
 Disclos'd his kind design,
 To rescue our apostate race
 From mis'ry, shame, and sin ;

2 Quick, through the realms of light and bliss,
 The joyful tidings ran ;
 Each heart exulted at the news,
 That God would dwell with man.

3 Yet, 'midst their joys, they paus'd awhile ;
 And ask'd, with strange surprize,
 " But how can injur'd justice smile,
 " Or look with pitying eyes ?

4 [" Will the Almighty deign again
 " To visit yonder world ;
 " And hither bring rebellious men,
 " Whence rebels once were hur'd ?

5 " Their tears, and groans, and deep distress,
 " Aloud for mercy call ;
 " But ah ! must truth and righteousness
 " To mercy victims fall ?

- 6 So spake the friends of God and man,
 Delighted, yet surpris'd;
 Eager to know the wond'rous plan,
 'That Wisdom had devis'd.]
- 7 The Son of God attentive heard,
 And quickly thus reply'd,
 " In me let Mercy be rever'd,
 " And Justice satisfy'd.
- 8 " Behold! my vital blood I pour
 " A sacrifice to God;
 " Let angry Justice now no more
 " Demand the sinner's blood."
- 9 He spake, and Heav'n's high arches rung
 With shouts of loud applause;
 " He dy'd!" the friendly angels sung,
 Nor cease their rapturous joys.

22 C. M. DR. WATTS'S SERMONS.

Irish 171. Braintree 25.

The Doctrine and Use of the Trinity, Eph. ii. 13.

- 1 **F**ATHER of Glory! to thy name
 Immortal praise we give,
 Who dost an act of grace proclaim,
 And bid us rebels live.
- 2 Immortal honour to the Son,
 Who makes thine anger cease;
 Our lives he ransom'd with his own,
 And dy'd to make our peace.
- 3 To thy Almighty Spirit be
 Immortal glory given,
 Whose influence brings us near to thee,
 And trains us up for heaven.
- 4 Let men, with their united voice,
 Adore th' eternal God,

And spread his honours and their joys
 Through nations far abroad.
 Let faith, and love, and duty, join,
 One general song to raise;
 Let saints in earth and Heav'n combine
 In harmony and praise.

22 7^s.

Stoel 164. Alcester 213.

To the Trinity.

HOLY, Holy, Holy Lord!
 Self-existent Deity,
 By the hosts of Heaven ador'd,
 Teach us how to worship thee.
 Only uncreated mind,
 Wonders in thy nature meet;
 Perfect unity combin'd
 With society complete.

All perfection dwells in thee,
 Now to us obscurely known,
 Three in one, and one in three,
 Great Jehovah, God alone!
 Be our all, O Lord divine!
 Father, Saviour, vital Breath!—
 Body, spirit, soul be thine,
 Now, and at, and after death!

Glorious thou in holiness,
 FATHER didst thy rights maintain;
 Truth and grace at once express,
 When thy only Son was slain.
 Here is deepest wisdom seen;
 Here the richest stores of grace;—
 Mildest love, and veng'ance keen;
 O how bright their mingled rays!

- 4 Fearful thou in praises, too,
 Loving SAVIOUR, slaughter'd Lamb!
 We, with joy and rev'ence, view
 All thy glory, all thy shame!—
 Be thy death the death of sin,
 Be thy life the sinner's plea;
 Save me, teach me, rule within,—
 Prophet, priest, and king, to me.
- 5 Wonder-working SPIRIT! thine
 Th' efficacious grace we sing;—
 Set on us thy seal divine,
 Safely to thy kingdom bring:
 Mortify sin, root and deed,
 Daily strengthen every grace;
 Send us, urge us on with speed,
 And let glory crown the race!

23 L.M. DR. WATTS'S LYRIC POEMS.

Paul's 246. Angels' Hymn 60.

The Incomprehensibility of God.

- 1 **G**OD is a name my soul adores—
 'Th' Almighty Three, th' Eternal One!
 Nature and grace, with all their powers,
 Confess the Infinite unknown.
- 2 From thy great self thy being springs:
 Thou art thy own original,
 Made up of uncreated things,
 And self-sufficiency bears them all.
- 4 Thy voice produced the seas and spheres,
 Bid the waves roar and planets shine;
 But nothing like thyself appears
 Through all these spacious works of thine.
- 4 Still restless nature dies and grows;
 From change to change the creatures run:

Thy being no succession knows,
And all thy vast designs are one.

Thrones and dominions round thee fall,
And worship in submissive forms;
Thy presence shakes this lower ball,
This little dwelling-place of worms.

How shall affrighted mortals dare
To sing thy glory or thy grace?
Beneath thy feet we lie so far,
And see but shadows of thy face!

Who can behold the blazing light?
Who can approach consuming flame?
None but thy Wisdom knows thy might,
None but thy Word can speak thy name.

24 L. M. N—.

Lebanon 79. Marks 65.

The Moral Perfections of the Deity imitated.
Matt. v. 48.

GREAT Author of th' immortal mind!
For noblest thoughts and views design'd,
Make me ambitious to express
The image of thy holiness.

While I thy boundless love admire,
Grant me to catch the sacred fire;
Thus shall my heavenly birth be known,
And for thy child thou wilt me own.

Father, I see thy sun arise
To cheer thy friends and enemies;
And, when thy rain from heaven descends,
Thy bounty both alike befriends,

Enlarge my soul with love like thine;
My moral powers by grace refine;

- So shall I feel another's woe,
 And cheerful feed an hungry foe.
- 5 I hope for pardon, thro' thy Son,
 For all the crimes which I have done;
 O, may the grace that pardons me,
 Constrain me to forgive like thee!

25 L. M. MERRICK'S PSALMS.

Gloucester 12. Bromley 104.

The divine Perfections celebrated, Pf. lxxxix. cxli

- 1 **M**Y grateful tongue, immortal King!
 Thy mercy shall for ever sing;
 My verse, to Time's remotest day,
 Thy truth in sacred notes display.
- 2 O say, what strength shall vie with thine?
 What name among the fairs divine,
 Of equal excellence possess'd,
 Thy sov'reignty, great God, contest?
- 3 Thee, LORD, Heaven's host their leader own
 Thee, might unbounded, thee alone,
 With endless majesty has crown'd;
 And faith unfully'd vests thee round.
- 4 The Heaven above and earth below,
 Thee, LORD, their great possessor know:
 By thee, this orb to being rose,
 And all that Nature's bounds inclose.
- 5 From thee, amid the aërial space,
 The north and south assume their place;
 'Tis thine the ocean's rage to guide,
 And calm at will its swelling tide.
- 6 O blest'd the tribes, whose willing ear
 Awakes the festal shout to hear;
 Who thankful see, where'er they tread,
 Thy favouring beams around them spread.

How shall they joy from day to day,
 Thy boundless mercy to display,
 Thy righteousness, indulgent LORD,
 With holy confidence record!

8 O wise in all thy works! thy name
 Let man's whole race aloud proclaim;
 And, grateful, thro' the length of days,
 In ceaseless songs repeat thy praise.

26 L. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRIC POEMS.

Rothwell 174. Chard 175.

God exalted above all Praise.

1 **E**TERNAL power! whose high abode
 Becomes the grandeur of a GOD;
 Infinite lengths, beyond the bounds
 Where stars revolve their little rounds.

2 The lowest step around thy seat
 Rises too high for Gabriel's feet;
 In vain the tall Arch-angel tries
 To reach thine height with wond'ring eyes.

3 LORD, what shall earth and ashes do?
 We would adore our Maker too;
 From sin and dust to thee we cry,
 The GREAT, the HOLY, and the HIGH!

4 Earth from afar has heard thy fame,
 And worms have learnt to lisp thy name;
 But O, the glories of thy mind
 Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

5 GOD is in Heaven, but man below;
 Be short our tunes; our words be few:
 A sacred reverence checks our songs,
 And praise sits silent on our tongues!

CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

27 L. M. NEEDHAM.

Rochford 22. Wells 102.

A Summary Views of the Creation. Gen. i.

- 1 **L**OOK up, ye faints! direct your eyes
To him who dwells above the skies;
With our glad notes his praise rehearse
Who form'd the mighty universe.
- 2 He spoke, and, from the womb of night,
At once sprang up the cheering light:
Him discord heard; and, at his nod,
Beauty awoke, and spoke the God.
- 3 The word he gave, th' obedient sun
Began his glorious race to run:
Nor silver moon, nor stars delay
To glide along th' æthereal way.
- 4 Teeming with life,—air, earth, and sea,
Obey th' Almighty's high decree!
To every tribe he gives their food,
Then speaks the whole divinely good.
- 5 But, to complete the wond'rous plan,
From earth and dust he fashions man;
In man the last, in him the best,
The Maker's image stands confest.
- 6 **L**ORD, while thy glorious works I view,
Form thou my heart and soul anew;
Here bid thy purest light to shine,
And beauty glow with charms divine.

28 C. M.

Crowle 3. New York 33.

The Creation of Man ; or, God the Searcher of the Heart. Psalm cxxxix.

1 **L**ORD ! thy pervading knowledge strikes
Through nature's inmost gloom,
And, in thy circling arms, I lay
A slumberer in the womb.

2 Thee will I honour, for I stand
A volume of thy skill !
Stupendous are thy works, and they
My contemplations fill !

3 Thine eye beheld me when the speck
Of entity began ;
And o'er my form, in darkness fram'd,
Thy rich embroid'ry ran :

4 Th' unfashion'd mass by thee was seen ;
My structure, in thy book,
Was plann'd before thy curious mould
The future embryo took.

5 How precious are the streaming joys
That from thy love descend !
Would I rehearse their numbers o'er,
Where would their numbers end ?

6 Not ocean's countless sands exceed
The blessings of the skies ;
With night's descending shades they fall,
With morning splendours rise.

7 " Thine awful glories round me shine,
" My flesh proclaims thy praise :
" LORD ! to thy works of nature, join
" Thy miracles of grace."

29 C. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRIC POEMS.

Devizes 14. Tiverton 109.

A Song to Creating Wisdom.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Wisdom, thee we praise!
Thee the creation sings!
With thy lov'd name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heaven's high palace rings.
- 2 Thy hand how wide it spread the sky!
How glorious to behold!
Ting'd with a blue of heavenly dye,
And starr'd with sparkling gold.
- 3 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the gazing sight,
Thro' skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.
- 4 Infinite strength, and equal skill,
Shine thro' the worlds abroad;
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder GOD.
- 5 But still the wonders of thy Grace
Our softer passions move;
Pity divine in JESUS' face
We see, adore, and love.

30 L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Martin's Lane 67. Langdon 217.

God's Goodness to the Children of Men. Ps. vii. 31.

- 1 **Y**E sons of men with joy record
The various wonders of the LORD;
And let his power and goodness sound
Thro' all your tribes the earth around.
- 2 Let the high heavens your songs invite,
Those spacious fields of brilliant light;

PROVIDENCE.

37

Where sun, and moon, and planets, roll;
And stars, that glow from pole to pole.

3 Sing, earth, in verdant robes array'd,—
Its herbs and flowers, its fruit and shade;
Peopled with life of various forms,
Of fish, and fowl, and beasts, and worms.

4 View the broad sea's majestic plains,
And think how wide its Maker reigns;
That band remotest nations joins,
And on each wave his goodness shines.

5 But Oh! that brighter world above,
Where lives and reigns incarnate love!
God's only Son, in flesh array'd,
For man a bleeding victim made.

6 Thither, my soul, with rapture soar!
There, in the land of praise, adore;
The theme demands an angel's lay—
Demands an everlasting day.

31 L. M.

Rothwell 174. Virginia 234.

*Providence; or God working all things after the
Council of his own Will.*

1 **T**HY ways, O LORD! with wise design,
Are fram'd upon thy throne above;
And every dark and bending line
Meets in the centre of thy love.

2 With feeble light, and half obscure,
Poor mortals thy arrangements view;
Not knowing that the least are sure,
And the mysterious just and true.

3 Thy flock, thy own peculiar care,
'Tho' now they seem to roam unev'd,

Are led or driven only where
They best and safest may abide.

4 They neither know nor trace the way ;
But, trusting to thy piercing eye,
None of their feet to ruin stray,
Nor shall the weakest fail or die.

5 My favour'd soul shall meekly learn
To lay her reason at thy throne ;
Too weak thy secrets to discern,
I'll trust thee for my guide alone.

32 C. M. STEELE.

Staughton 264. Abingdon 42. Prov. Coll. 10.

Creation and Providence.

1 **L**ORD, when our raptur'd thought surveys
Creation's beauties o'er,
All nature joins to teach thy praise,
And bid our souls adore.

2 Where'er we turn our gazing eyes,
Thy radiant footsteps shine ;
Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise
And speak their source divine.

3 The living tribes of countless forms,
In earth, and sea, and air !
The meanest flies, the smallest worms,
Almighty power declare.

4 Thy wisdom, power, and goodness, LORD !
In all thy works appear :
And, O ! let man thy praise record,—
Man, thy distinguish'd care !

5 From thee, the breath of life he drew ;
That breath thy power maintains ;
Thy tender mercy, ever new,
His brittle frame sustains.

PROVIDENCE.

31

- 6 Yet nobler favours claim his praise.
Of reason's light possess'd ;
By Revelation's brightest rays
Still more divinely bleis'd.
- 7 Thy Providence his constant guard,
When threat'ning woes impend,
Or will the impending dangers ward,
Or timely succours lend.
- 3 On us that Providence has shone
With gentle smiling rays ;
O, may our lips and lives make known
Thy goodness and thy praise !

33 L. M.

Kingsbridge 88. Green's Hundred 80.

Providence equitable and kind. Psalm cvii.

- 1 **T**HRO' all the various shifting scene
Of life's mistaken ill or good ;
Thy hand, O God ! conducts unseen
The beautiful vicissitude.
- 2 Thou givest with paternal care,
Howe'er unjustly we complain,
To each their necessary snare
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain,
- 3 Trust we to youth, or friends, or power,
Fix we on this terrestrial ball :
When most secure, the coming hour,
If thou see fit, may blast them all.
- 4 When lowest sunk with grief and shame,
Fill'd with affliction's bitter cup,
Lost to relations, friends, and fame,
Thy powerful hand can raise us up.

C 4.

- 5 Thy powerful consolations cheer,
 Thy smiles suppress the deep-fetch'd sigh,
 Thy hand can dry the trickling tear
 That secret wets the widow's eye.
- 6 All things on earth, and all in heaven,
 On thy eternal will depend;
 And all for greater good were given,
 And all shall in thy glory end.
- 7 This be my care; to all beside
 Indifferent let my wishes be:
 "Passion be calm, and dumb be pride,
 "And fix'd, O God, my soul on thee."

34 C. M. COWPER.

Gainborough 29. Follett 181.

*The Mysteries of Providence; or Light shining out
 of Darkness.*

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

35 C. M. BEDDOME.

Bedford 91. Stamford 9.

Mysteries to be explained hereafter, John xiii. 7.

- 1 **G**REAT God of providence! thy ways
Are hid from mortal sight;
Wrapt in impenetrable shades,
Or cloth'd with dazzling light.

- 2 The wond'rous methods of thy grace
Evade the human eye;
The nearer we attempt t' approach,
The farther off they fly.

- 3 But in the world of blifs above
Where dost thou ever reign,
These mysteries shall be all unveil'd,
And not a doubt remain.

- 4 The Sun of Righteousness shall there
His brightest beams display,
And not a hovering cloud obscure
That never-ending day.

36 C. M. ADDISON.

Irish 171. Exeter 4.

The Traveller's Psalm.

- 1 **H**OW are thy servants bless'd, O LORD,
How sure is their defence!
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.

- 3 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Thro' burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.
- 3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know 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 roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.
- 5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore ;
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.
- 6 Our life, while thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be ;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to thee.

37 C. M. STEELE.

James 163. Elim 151. Staughton 264.

Praise for the Blessings of Providence and Grace.
Psalm cxxxix.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Father, gracious LORD,
Kind guardian of my days,
Thy mercies let my heart record
In songs of grateful praise.
- 2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame
Was thy indulgent care,
Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
Or breathe the infant prayer.

[Around my path what dangers rose!
 What snares spread all my road!
 No power could guard me from my foes,
 But my preserver, GOD.]

How many blessings round me shone,
 Where'er I turned my eye!
 How many past, almost unknown,
 Or unregarded by!]

Each rolling year new favours brought
 From thy exhaustless store;
 But, ah! in vain my labouring thought
 Would count thy mercies o'er.

6 While sweet reflection, thro' my days,
 Thy bounteous hand would trace;
 Still dearer blessings claim thy praise,
 The blessings of thy grace.

7 Yes, I adore thee, gracious LORD!
 For favours more divine;
 That I have known thy sacred word,
 Where all thy glories shine.

8 LORD, when this mortal frame decays,
 And every weakness dies,
 Complete the wonders of thy grace,
 And raise me to the skies.

9 Then shall my joyful powers unite
 In more exalted lays,
 And join the happy sons of light
 In everlasting praise.

THE FALL.

38 L. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRIC POEMS.

Wareham 117. Babylon-Streams 23.

Original Sin ; or, the first and second Adam.

1 **A**DAM, our father and our head,
Transgress'd, and justice doom'd us dead
The fiery Law speaks all despair,
There's no reprieve nor pardon there.

2 Call a bright council in the skies ;
Seraphs, the mighty and the wise,
Speak ; are you strong to bear the load,
The weighty vengeance of a God ?

3 In vain we ask ; for all around
Stand silent thro' the heavenly ground ;
There's not a glorious mind above
Has half the strength or half the love.

4 But O ! unmeasurable grace !
Th' Eternal Son takes Adam's place ;
Down to our world the Saviour flies,
Stretches his arms, and bleeds, and dies.

5 Amazing work ! look down, ye skies,
Wonder and gaze with all your eyes !
Ye saints below, and saints above,
All bow to this mysterious love.

39 C. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

Walsal 237. Ludlow 84.

Indwelling Sin lamented.

1 **W**ITH tears of anguish I lament
Here at thy feet, my God,
My passion, pride, and discontent,
And vile ingratitude.

- 2 Sure there was ne'er a heart so base,
 So false as mine has been:
 So faithless to its promises,
 So prone to every sin;
- 3 My reason tells me thy commands
 Are holy, just, and true;
 Tells me what'er my God demands
 Is his most righteous due.
- 4 Reason I hear, her counsels weigh,
 And all her words approve;
 But still I find it hard t' obey,
 And harder yet to love.
- 5 How long, dear SAVIOUR, shall I feel
 These struggles in my breast?
 When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,
 And give my conscience rest?
- 6 Break, sovereign grace, O break the charm,
 And set the captive free:
 Reveal, Almighty God, thine arm,
 And haste to rescue me.

40 S. M.

Wirksworth 158 · Stoke 207.

The Evil Heart, Jer. xvii. 9, Matt. xv. 19.

- 1 **A** STONISH'D and distress'd,
 I turn mine eyes within:
 My heart with loads of guilt oppress'd,
 The seat of every sin.
- 2 What crowds of evil thoughts,
 What vile affections there!
 Distrust, presumption, artful guile,
 Pride, envy, slavish fear.

41 THE FALL.

3 Almighty King of saints,
These tyrant lusts subdue;
Expel the darkness of my mind,
And all my powers renew.

4 This done, my cheerful voice
Shall loud Hosannas raise;
My soul shall glow with gratitude,
My lips proclaim thy praise.

41 L. M. CRUTTENDEN.

Goulds 272. Kingsbridge 88. Virginia 234.

Sin and Holiness.

1 **W**HAT jarring natures dwell within,—
Imperfect grace, remaining sin!
Nor this can reign, nor that prevail,
Tho' each by turns my heart assail.

2 Now I complain, and groan, and die;
Now raise my songs of triumph high;
Sing a rebellious passion slain,
Or mourn to feel it live again.

3 One happy hour beholds me rise,
Borne upwards to my native skies,
While faith assists my soaring flight
To realms of joy and words of light.

4 Scarce a few hours or minutes roll,
'Ere earth reclaims my captive soul;
I feel its sympathetic force,
And headlong urge my downward course.

5 How short the joys thy visits give;
How long thine absence, Lord, I grieve!
What clouds obscure my rising sun,
Or intercept its rays at noon!

6 [Again the Spirit lifts his sword,
And power divine attends the word ;
I feel the aid its comforts yield,
And vanquish'd passions quit the field.]

7 Great God, assist me thro' the fight,
Make me triumphant in thy might ;
Thou the desponding heart canst raise,—
The victory mine, and thine the praise.

42 L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Ulverston 179. . . Babylon-Streams 23.

The Effects of the Fall lamented, Pſ. cxix. 136, 158.

1 **A**RISE, my tenderest thoughts, arise ;
To torrents melt my streaming eyes ;
And thou, my heart, with anguish feel
Those evils which thou canst not heal.

2 See human nature sunk in shame ;
See scandals pour'd on JESUS' name ;
The father wounded thro' the son ;
The world abus'd ; the soul undone.

3 See the short course of vain delight
Closing in everlasting night—
In flames, that no abatement know,
Tho' briny tears for ever flow.

4 My God, I feel the mournful scene ;
My bowels yearn o'er dying men ;
And fain my pity would reclaim,
And snatch the firebrands from the flame.

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

SCRIPTURE;

THE PROPERTIES OF IT.

43 C. M.

Michael's 119. Sprague 166.

The inspired Word, a System of Knowledge and Joy
Pfalm cxix. 105.

1 **H**OW precious is the book divine,
 By inspiration given!
 Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine
 To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
 In this dark vale of tears;
 Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,
 And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
 Of life, shall guide our way;
 Till we behold the clearer light
 Of an eternal day.

44 L. M. BEDDOME.

Portugal 97. Marks 65.

The Usefulness of the Scriptures.

1 **W**HEN Israel thro' the desert pass'd,
 A fiery pillar went before,
 To guide them thro' the dreary waste,
 And lessen the fatigues they bore.

2 Such is thy glorious word, O God!
 'Tis for our light and guidance giv'n;
 It sheds a lustre all abroad,
 And points the path to bliss and Heaven.

3 It fills the soul with sweet delight,
 And quickens its inactive powers;

It sets our wandering footsteps right ;
 Displays thy love, and kindles ours :

Its promises rejoice our hearts ;
 Its doctrines are divinely true ;
 Knowledge and pleasure it imparts ;
 It comforts and instructs us too.

Ye British isles, who have this word,—
 Ye saints, who feel its saving power,—
 Unite your tongues to praise the LORD,
 And his distinguish'd grace adore.

45 C. M. Dr. S. STENNETT.

Staughton 264. New York 33. Prov. Coll. 10.

The Riches of God's Word.

LET avarice, from shore to shore,
 Her fav'rite GOD pursue ;
 Thy word, O LORD, we value more
 Than India or Peru.

2 Here, mines of knowledge, love, and joy,
 Are open'd to our sight ;
 The purest gold without alloy,
 And gems divinely bright.

3 The counsels of redeeming grace,
 These sacred leaves unfold ;
 And here, the Saviour's lovely face
 Our raptur'd eyes behold.

4 Here, light descending from above
 Directs our doubtful feet :
 Here, promises of heavenly love
 Our ardent wishes meet.

5 Our numerous griefs are here redrest,
 And all our wants supplied ;
 Nought we can ask to make us blest,
 Is in this book denied.

6 For these inestimable gains,
That so enrich the mind,
O may we search with eager pains,
Assur'd that we shall find!

46 C. M. STEELE.

Michael's 119. Evans's 190.

The Excellency and Sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures.

1 **F**ATHER of Mercies! in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name ador'd
For these celestial lines.

2 Here, may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind;

3 Here, the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimer sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here, the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life, and everlasting joys,
Attend the blissful sound.

5 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see;
And still increasing light!

6 Divine Instructor, gracious LORD!
Be thou for ever near:
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there!

THE MORAL LAW, &c.

47 C. M. DR. GIBBONS.

Salem 139. Braintree 25.

Our Duty to God, Exod. xx. 3—12.

THAT GOD, who made the worlds on high,
 And air, and earth, and sea,
 Own: as thy God; and, to his name,
 In homage bow the knee.

Let not a shape, which hands have wrought
 Of wood, or clay, or stone,
 Be deem'd thy God; nor think him like
 Aught thou hast seen or known.

Take not in vain the name of God;
 Nor must thou ever dare,
 To make thy falshoods pass for truth,
 By his dread name to swear.

That day, on which he bids thee rest
 From toil, to pray and praise—
 That day keep holy to the Lord;
 And consecrate its rays.

O may that God, who gave these laws,
 Write them on every heart;
 That all may feel their living power,
 Nor from his paths depart!

48 C. M. DR. GIBBONS.

Workshop 31. Gainsborough 29.

Our Duty to our Neighbour.

THY fire, and her who brought thee forth,
 With all thy mind and might,
 Fear, love, and serve; so shall thy days
 Be numerous, calm, and bright.

The blood of man thou shalt not shed;
 Its voice will pierce the sky;
 And thou, by the just laws of heaven,
 For the dire crime shalt die.

- 3 To thine own couch thou shalt not take
A wife but her thine own:
Vast is the guilt, and on thine head
Heaven darts its vengeance down.
- 4 Thou shalt not, or from friend or foe,
Take aught by force or stealth;
Thy goods, thy stores, must grow from right
Or God will curse thy wealth.
- 5 No man shalt thou, by a false charge,
Or crush or brand with shame;
Dear as thine own, so wills thy God,
Must be his life and name.
- 6 Thy soul one wish shall not let loose
For that which is not thine;
Live in thy lot, or small or great,
For God has drawn the line.

[*Hymn XLVII. ver. 5, may be added here.*]

49 L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Green's Hundred 89. Fawcett 184.

The Sinner found wanting, Dan. v. 27.

- 1 **R**AISE, thoughtless sinner! raise thine eyes
Behold the balance lifted high:
There shall God's Justice be display'd,
And there thy hope and life be weigh'd.
- 2 See, in one scale, his perfect law!
Mark with what force its precepts draw;
Wouldst thou the awful test sustain,
Thy works, how light—thy thoughts, how vain.
- 3 Behold! the hand of God appears
To trace those dreadful characters;
“*Tekel!*—thy soul is wanting found,
“ And wrath shall smite thee to the ground.”

Let sudden fear thy nerves unbrace;
 Confusion wild o'erspread thy face;
 Thro' all thy thoughts, let anguish roll,
 And deep-repentance melt thy soul.

One only hope may yet prevail,—
 CHRIST in the Scripture turns the scale;
 Still doth the Gospel publish peace,
 And shew a Saviour's righteousness.

JESUS, exert thy power to save,
 Deep on this heart thy truth engrave,
 Great GOD, the load of guilt remove,
 That trembling lips may sing thy love.

50 L. M.

b.-Streams 23. Kingsbridge 88. Goulds 272.

*The Practical Use of the Moral Law to the convinced
 Sinner.*

HERE, LORD! my soul convicted stands
 Of breaking all thy ten commands:
 And on me justly might'st thou pour
 Thy wrath in one eternal shower.

But, thanks to GOD! its loud alarms
 Have warn'd me of approaching harms;
 And now, O LORD, my wants I see;
 Lost and undone, I come to thee.

I see my fig-leaf righteousness
 Can ne'er thy broken law redress:
 Yet, in thy Gospel plan, I see
 There's hope of pardon e'en for me.

Here I behold thy wonders, LORD!—
 How CHRIST hath, to thy Law, restor'd
 Those honours, on th' atoning day,
 Which guilty sinners took away.

5 Amazing wisdom, power, and love,
 Display'd to rebels from above!
 Do thou, O LORD, my faith increase,
 To love and trust thy plan of grace.

51 C. M. COWPER.

Burford 198. Worktop 31.

Illegal Obedience followed by Evangelical.

- 1 **N**O strength of nature can suffice
 To serve the LORD aright;
 And what she has, she misapplies,
 For want of clearer light.
- 2 How long beneath the law I lay
 In bondage and distress!
 I toil'd, the precept to obey;
 But toil'd without success.
- 3 Then, to abstain from outward sin
 Was more than I could do;
 Now, if I feel its power within,
 I feel I hate it too:
- 4 Then, all my servile works were done
 A righteousness to raise;
 Now, freely chosen in the Son,
 I freely choose his ways.
- 5 "What shall I do?" was then the word,
 That I may worthier grow?
 "What shall I render to the LORD?"
 Is my inquiry now.
- 6 To see the Law by CHRIST fulfill'd,
 And hear his pardoning voice,
 Changes a slave into a child,
 And duty into choice.

52 L. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRIC POEMS.

Paul's 246. Green's Hundred 89.

The Law and Gospel; or, Christ a Refuge.

“CURST be the man, for ever curst,
 “ That doth one wilful sin commit:
 “ Death and damnation for the first,
 “ Without relief, and infinite.”

Thus Sinai roars, and round the earth
 Thunder, and fire, and vengeance, flings;
 But, JESUS, thy dear gasping breath
 And Calvary say gentler things;

“ Pardon, and grace, and boundless love,
 “ Streaming along a Saviour's blood;
 “ And life, and joys, and crowns above,
 “ Obtain'd by a dear bleeding God.”

Hark, how he prays, (the charming sound
 Dwells on his dying lips) “FORGIVE!”
 And ev'ry groan and gaping wound
 Cries, “Father, let the rebels live!”

Go, you that rest upon the law,
 And toil and seek salvation there;
 Look to the flame that Moses saw,
 And shrink, and tremble, and despair:

But I'll retire beneath the cross,—
 SAVIOUR, at thy dear feet I lie;
 And the keen sword, that Justice draws
 Flaming and red, shall pass me by.

53 148th. COWPER.

Eagle Street 16. Grove 125.

The Ceremonial Law. Heb. iv. 2.

ISRAEL, in ancient days,
 Not only had a view

- Of Sinai in a blaze,
 But learn'd the Gospel too;
 The types and figures were a glass,
 In which they saw the Saviour's face.
- 2 The Paschal sacrifice,
 And blood-besprinkled door,
 Seen with enlighten'd eyes,
 And once apply'd 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 failings 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 Dipt in his fellow's blood,
 The living bird went free;
 The type, well understood,
 Express'd the sinner's plea;
 Describ'd a guilty soul enlarg'd,
 And by a Saviour's death discharg'd.
- 6 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!

THE GOSPEL.

54 L. M. BEDDOME.

Portugal 97. Langdon. 217.

The Gospel of Christ.

1 **G**OD, in the gospel of his Son,
 Makes his eternal councils known;
 'Tis here, his richest mercy shines,
 And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Here, sinners of an humble frame
 May taste his grace, and learn his name;
 'Tis writ in characters of blood,
 Severely just, immensely good.

3 Here, JESUS in ten thousand ways
 His soul-attracting charms displays,
 Recounts his poverty and pains,
 And tells his love in melting strains.

4 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
 To form our minds, to cheer our hearts;
 Its influence makes the sinner live,
 It bids the drooping faint revive.

5 Our raging passions it controls,
 And comfort yields to contrite souls;
 It brings a better world in view,
 And guides us all our journey thro'.

6 May this blest volume ever lie
 Close to my heart, and near my eye,
 'Till life's last hour my soul engage,
 And be my chosen heritage!

55 C. M. DR. GIBBONS.

Irish 171. Cambridge New 74.

The Gospel worthy of all acceptation. 1 Tim. i. 15.

1 **J**ESUS, th' eternal Son of GOD,
 Whom Seraphim obey,

- The bosom of the Father leaves,
And enters human clay.
- 2 Into our sinful world he comes
The messenger of grace,
And on the bloody tree expires,
A victim in our place.
- 3 Transgressors of the deepest stain
In him salvation find :
His blood removes the foulest guilt,
His Spirit heals the mind.
- 4 Our JESUS saves from sin and hell ;
His words are true and sure ;
And on this rock our faith may rest
Immoveably secure.
- 4 O let these tidings be receiv'd
With universal joy,
And let the high angelic praise
Our tuneful powers employ !
- 6 " Glory to God, who gave his SON
" To bear our shame and pain !
" Hence peace on earth, and grace to men,
" In endless blessings reign."

56 C. M.

Wiltshire 110. Oxford 177.

The Gospel a Feast. Isaiah xxv. 6.

- 1 **O**N Sion, his most holy mount,
God will a feast prepare,
And Israel's sons and Gentile lands
Shall in the banquet share.
- 2 Marrow and fatness are the food
His bounteous hand bestows :
Wine on the lees, and well refin'd,
In rich abundance flows.

- 3 See to the vilest of the vile
 A free acceptance given!
 See rebels, by adopting grace,
 Sit with the heirs of heaven!
- 4 The pain'd, the sick, the dying, now
 To ease and health restor'd,
 With eager appetites partake
 The plenties of the board.
- 5 But O what draughts of bliss unknown,
 What dainties shall be given,
 When, with the myriads round the throne,
 We join the feast of heaven!
- 6 There joys immeasurably high
 Shall overflow the soul,
 And springs of life that never dry,
 In thousand channels' roll.

57 148th. Altered by TOPLADY.

Portsmouth New 144. Jubilee New 197.

The Jubilee.

- 1 **B**LOW, ye the trumpet, blow
 The gladly solemn sound!
 Let all the nations know,
 To earth's remotest bound,
 The year of Jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
 The sin-atonning Lamb;
 Redemption by his blood
 Thro' all the lands proclaim:
 The year of Jubilee is come; Return, &c.
- 3 [Ye, who have sold for nought
 The heritage above,

Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of JESUS' love:

The year of Jubilee is come; Return, &c.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive;

And safe in JESUS dwell,
And blest in JESUS live:

The year of Jubilee is come; Return, &c.]

5 Ye bankrupt debtors, know
The sov'reign grace of heav'n;

Though sums immense ye owe,
A free discharge is given:

The year of Jubilee is come; Return, &c.

6 The Gospel-trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace:

Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face:

The year of Jubilee is come; Return, &c.

7 JESUS, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made:

Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad!

The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

58 L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Gloucester 12. Derby 169.

The Gospel Jubilee. Psalm lxxxix. 15.

1 **L** OUD let the tuneful trumpet sound,
And spread the joyful tidings round:

Let every soul with transport hear,
And hail the LORD'S accepted year.

2 Ye debtors, whom he gives to know
That you ten thousand talents owe,

- When humble at his feet you fall,
Your gracious God forgives them all.
- Slaves, that have borne the heavy chain
Of sin and hell's tyrannic reign,
'To liberty assert your claim,
And urge the great Redeemer's name.
- The rich inheritance of heaven,
Your joy, your boast, is freely giv'n;
Fair Salem your arrival waits,
With golden streets and pearly gates.
- Her blest inhabitants no more
Bondage and poverty deplore;
No debt, but love immensely great;
Their joy still rises with the debt.
- O happy souls that know the sound,
Celestial light their steps surround,
And shew that jubilee begun,
Which thro' eternal years shall run.

59 C. M. Dr. S. STENNETT.

Oxford 177. Hammond 226.

The glorious Gospel of the Blessed God. 1 Tim. i. 11.

1 **W**HAT wisdom, majesty, and grace,
Thro' all the Gospel shine!

'Tis God that speaks, and we confess
The doctrine most divine.

Down from his starry throne on high,
Th' almighty Saviour comes;
Lays his bright robes of glory by,
And feeble flesh assumes.

3 The mighty debt, that sinners ow'd,
Upon the cross he pays:
Then thro' the clouds ascends to God.
Midst shouts of loftiest praise.

- 4 There he our great High Priest appears
 Before his Father's throne;
 Mingles his merits with our tears,
 And pours salvation down.
- 5 Great God, with reverence we adore
 Thy justice and thy grace:
 And on thy faithfulness and power
 Our firm dependence place.

60 L. M. DR. WATTS'S SERMONS.

Goulds 272. Mark's 65. Ulverston 179.

The Gospel is the Power of God to Salvation.

Rom. i. 16.

- 1 **W**HAT shall the dying sinner do,
 That seeks relief for all his woe?
 Where shall the guilty conscience find
 Ease for the torment of the mind?
- 2 How shall we get our crimes forgiven,
 Or form our natures fit for heaven?
 Can souls, all o'er defil'd with sin,
 Make their own powers and passions clean?
- 3 In vain we search, in vain we try,
 Till JESUS brings his Gospel nigh;
 'Tis there that power and glory dwell
 Which save rebellious souls from hell.
- 4 This is the pillar of our hope,
 That bears our fainting spirits up;
 We read the grace, we trust the word,
 And find salvation in the LORD.
- 5 Let men or angels dig the mines
 Where nature's golden treasure shines;
 Brought near the doctrine of the cross,
 All nature's gold appears but dross.

6 Should vile blasphemers with disdain
Pronounce the truths of JESUS vain,
We'll meet the scandal and the shame,
And sing and triumph in his name.

61 C. M. DR. WATTS'S SERMONS,
London 180. Follet 181.

A Rational Defence of the Gospel.

1 SHALL Atheists dare insult the cross
Of our incarnate GOD!
Shall infidels revile his truth,
And trample on his blood!

2 What if he choose mysterious ways
To cleanse us from our faults;
May not the works of sovereign grace
Transcend our feeble thoughts?

3 What if his Gospel bid us strive
With flesh, and self, and sin?
The prize is most divinely bright
That we are call'd to win.

4 What if the men, despis'd on earth,
Still of his grace partake?
This but confirms his truth the more;
For so the Prophets spake.

5 Do some, that own his sacred truth,
Indulge their souls in sin?
None should reproach the Saviour's name;
His laws are pure and clean.

6 Then let our faith be firm and strong;
Our lips profess his word;
Nor ever shun those holy men
Who fear and love the LORD

SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES AND BLESSINGS.

62 5, 6. TOPLADY'S altered.

Bourton 50. Haughton 68.

Everlasting Love, Electing Grace, and Personal Holiness.

- 1 **H**OW happy are we,
 Our Election who see,
 And venture, O LORD, for salvation on thee!
 In JESUS approv'd,
 Eternally lov'd,
 Upheld by thy power we cannot be mov'd.
- 2 'Tis sweet to recline
 On the bosom divine,
 And experience the comforts peculiar to thine;
 While, born from above,
 And upheld by thy love,
 With singing and triumph to Zion we move.
- 3 Our seeking thy face
 Was all of thy grace,
 Thy mercy demands and shall have all the praise.
 No sinner can be
 Beforehand with thee,
 Thy grace is preventing, almighty, and free.
- 4 Our SAVIOUR and friend
 His love shall extend,
 It knew no beginning, and never shall end:
 Whom once he receives
 His SPIRIT ne'er leaves,
 Nor ever repents of the grace that he gives.
- 5 This proof we would give,
 That thee we receive;
 Thou art precious alone to the souls that believe.
 Be precious to us!
 All besides is as dross,
 Compar'd with thy love and the blood of thy cross.

PART THE SECOND.

6 Yet, one thing we want,
More HOLINESS grant!

For more of thy mind and thy image we pant;
Thine image impress
On thy favourite race;
O fashion and polish thy vessels of grace!

7 Thy workmanship we
More fully would be;

LORD, stretch out thine hand, and conform us
to thee:

While onward we move
To Canaan above,

Come, *fill* us with holiness, *fill* us with love.

8 Vouchsafe us to know
More of thee below,

Thus fit us for heaven, and glory bestow:

Our harps shall be tun'd,

The Lamb shall be crown'd,

Salvation to JESUS thro' heav'n shall resound.

63 L. M. BEDDOME.

Kingsbridge 88. Lewton 30.

The Consequences of Election. Rom. viii. 33—39.

1 WHO shall condemn to endless flames
The chosen people of our GOD!

Since, in the book of life, their names
Are fairly writ in JESUS' blood,

2 He, for the sins of all the elect,

Hath a complete atonement made:

And justice never can expect

That the same debt should twice be paid.

- 3 Not tribulation, nakedness,
The famine, peril, or the sword;
Not persecution, or distress,
Can separate from CHRIST the LORD.
- 4 Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height,
Nor powers below, nor powers above;
Not present things, nor things to come,
Can change his purposes of love.
- 5 His sovereign mercy knows no end,
His faithfulness shall still endure;
And those, who on his word depend,
Shall find his word for ever sure.

64 148th. L. H. C.

Bethesda 112. Eagle-Street 16. Hinton 276.
Eternal and unchangeable Love. 2 Tim. i. 12.
Chap. ii. 13.—Phil. i. 6.

- 1 **O** My distrustful heart,
How small thy faith appears!
But greater, LORD, thou art,
Than all my doubts and fears:
Did JESUS once upon me shine?
Then JESUS is for ever mine.
- 2 Unchangeable his will,
Tho' dark may be my frame;
His loving heart is still
Eternally the same:
My soul thro' many changes goes;
His love no variation knows.
- 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 SPIRIT will not let me go.

The bowels of thy grace
 At first did freely move :
 I still shall see thy face,
 And feel that God is LOVE !
 Myself into thy arms I cast,
 LORD, save, O save my soul at last !

65 8. 7. 4.

Lewes 63. Painswick 162.

*The godly Consideration of Election in Christ con-
fortable.*

1 **S**ONS we are, thro' GOD's election,
 Who in JESUS CHRIST believe :
 By eternal destination,
 Sovereign grace we here receive :
 LORD, thy mercy
 Does both grace and glory give.

2 Every fallen soul, by sinning,
 Merits everlasting pain ;
 But thy love, without beginning,
 Has restor'd thy sons again.
 Countless millions
 Shall in life, through JESUS, reign.

3 Pause, my soul ! adore, and wonder !
 Ask, " O why such love to me ?"
 Grace hath put me in the number
 Of the Saviour's family :
 Hallelujah !
 Thanks, eternal thanks to thee !

4 Since that love had no beginning,
 And shall never, never cease ;
 Keep, O keep me, LORD, from sinning !
 Guide me in the way of peace !
 Make me walk in
 All the paths of holiness.

- 5 When I quit this feeble mansion,
 And my soul returns to thee ;
 Let the power of thy ascension
 Manifest itself in me :
 Thro' thy SPIRIT,
 Give the final victory !
- 6 When the angel sounds the trumpet ;
 When my soul and body join ;
 When my SAVIOUR comes to judgment,
 Bright in majesty divine ;
 Let me triumph
 In thy righteousness as mine.
- 7 When in that blest habitation,
 Which my God has fore-ordain'd ;
 When, in glory's full possession,
 I with saints and angels stand ;
 FREE GRACE only
 Shall resound thro' Canaan's land.

66 · 6. 8. 4. · OLIVER,

Leoni 90.

The Covenant God.

- 1 **T**HE God of Abram praise,
 Who reigns enthron'd above ;
 Ancient of everlasting days,
 And God of love !

JEHOVAH, Great I AM !

By earth and heaven confest,
 I bow, and bless the sacred name,
 For ever bless'd.

- 2 The God of Abram praise ;
 At whose supreme command,
 From earth I rise, and seek the joys
 At his right hand:

I'd all on earth forsaké,
 It's wisdom, fame, and power :
 And him my only portion make,
 My shield and tower.

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

4 He by himself hath sworn ;
 I on his oath depend ;
 I shall, on eagles wings upborn,
 To Heaven ascend ;
 I shall behold his face,
 I shall his power adore ;
 And sing the wonders of his grace
 For evermore !

PART THE SECOND.

5 Tho' nature's strength decay,
 And earth and hell withstand ;
 To Canaan's bounds I urge my way
 At God's command :
 The watery deep I pass,
 With Jesus in my view,
 And thro' the howling wilderness
 My way pursue.

6 The goodly land I see,
 With peace and plenty blest ;
 The land of sacred liberty
 And endless rest

There milk and honey flow,
 And oil and wine abound ;
 And trees of life for ever grow,
 With mercy crown'd.

7 There dwells the LORD our King,
 The LORD our righteousness !
 Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
 The Prince of Peace
 On Sion's sacred height
 His kingdom still maintains ;
 And glorious, with his saints in light,
 For ever reigns.

8 The ransom'd nations bow
 Before the Saviour's face,
 Joyful their radiant crowns they throw,
 O'erwhelm'd with grace :
He shews his scars of love ;
They kindle to a flame,
 And found thro' all the worlds above,
 " The slaughter'd Lamb !"

9 The whole triumphant host
 Give thanks to GOD on high,
 " Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !"
 They ever cry.
 Hail Abram's GOD and mine !
 I join the heavenly lays ;
 All might and majesty are thine,
 And endless praise.

67 C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Missionary 257. Worktop 31. Salem 139.

Support in God's Covenant under Trouble. 2 Sam
 xxiii. 5.

1. **M**Y GOD, the covenant of thy love
 Abides for ever sure ;

And, in its matchless grace, I feel
My happiness secure.

2 What, tho' my house be not with thee
As nature could desire?

To nobler joys, than nature gives,
Thy servants all aspire.

3 Since thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become;

JESUS, my guardian and my friend,
And heaven my final home;

4 I welcome all thy sov'reign will,
For all that will is love;

And when I know not what thou dost,
I wait the light above.

5 Thy covenant the last accent claims
Of this poor faltering tongue;

And that shall the first notes employ
Of my celestial song.

68 112th. BENTLEY'S COLLECTION.

Scarborough 203. Hoxton 121.

Pleading the Covenant: Psalm lxxiv. 20.

1 **O**LORD, my God! whose sovereign love
Is still the same, nor e'er can move,

Look to the covenant, and see,

Has not thy love been shewn to me?

Remember me, my dearest friend,

And love me always to the end.

2 Be with me still, as heretofore,

And help me forward more and more;

My strong, my stubborn will incline

To be obedient still to thine:

O lead me, by thy gracious hand,

And guide me safe to Canaan's land.

69 7

Feverham 220. Bath Abbey 147.

Redeeming Love.

- 1 **N**OW begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in JESUS' 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 blest 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 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves to death and sin,
Now from blifs no longer rove,
Stop and taste redeeming love.
- 5 Welcome all, by sin opprest,
Welcome to his sacred rest;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.
- 6 When his Spirit leads us home,
When we to his glory come,
We shall all the fulness prove
Of our LORD's redeeming love.
- 7 He subdu'd th' infernal powers;
Those tremendous foes of ours
From their cursed empire drove—
Mighty in redeeming love.

Hither, then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each cheerful string;
Mortals, join the host above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

70 L. M. STEELE.

Winchester 137. Rothwell 174

Redemption by Christ alone, 1 Pet, i. 18, 19.

ENSLAV'D by sin, and bound in chains
Beneath its dreadful tyrant sway,
And doom'd to everlasting pains,
We wretched guilty captives lay.

Nor gold nor gems could buy our peace;
Nor the whole world's collected store
Suffice to purchase our release;
A thousand worlds were all too poor.

JESUS, the LORD, the mighty GOD,
An all-sufficient ransom paid:
Invalu'd price! his precious blood
For vile rebellious traitors shed.

JESUS the sacrifice became,
To rescue guilty souls from hell:
The spotless, bleeding, dying Lamb
Beneath avenging justice fell.

Amazing goodness! Love divine!
O may our grateful hearts adore
The matchless grace; nor yield to sin,
Nor wear its cruel fetters more!

Dear Saviour, let thy love pursue
The glorious work it has begun:
Each secret lurking foe subdue,
And let our hearts be thine alone.

71 8, 7, 4. F——.

Westbury 51. Trevecca 37.

Finished Redemption.

- 1 **H**ARK! the voice of love and mercy
 Sounds aloud from Calvary!
 See! it rends the rocks asunder,
 Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!
 "It is finish'd!"
 Hear the dying Saviour cry!
- 2 It is finish'd!—O what pleasure
 Do these charming words afford!
 Heavenly blessings without measure
 Flow to us from CHRIST the LORD.
 It is finish'd!—
 Saints, the dying words record.
- 3 Finish'd all the types and shadows
 Of the ceremonial law!
 Finish'd all that God had promis'd;
 Death and hell no more shall awe.
 It is finish'd!—
 Saints, from hence your comfort draw.
- 4 [Happy souls, approach the table,
 Taste the soul-reviving food;
 Nothing half so sweet and pleasant
 As the Saviour's flesh and blood.
 It is finished!
 CHRIST has borne the heavy load.]
- 5 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphis,
 Join to sing the pleasing theme;
 All in earth, and all in heaven,
 Join to praise Immanuel's name.
 Hallelujah!
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

72 L. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

Leeds 19. Rochford 22.

[Verses 1, 2, and 6, of this Hymn, are set to the
Tune called *Salvation*, 277.]

It is finished, John xix. 30.

TIS finish'd!—so the Saviour cry'd,
And meekly bow'd his head, and dy'd.

'Tis finish'd—yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.

'Tis finish'd—all that heaven decreed,
And all the ancient prophets said,
Is now fulfill'd, as was design'd,
In me, the Saviour of mankind.

'Tis finish'd—Aaron now no more
Must stain his robes with purple gore;
The sacred veil is rent in twain,
And Jewish rites no more remain.

'Tis finish'd—this my dying groan
Shall sins of every kind atone:
Millions shall be redeem'd from death,
By this my last expiring breath.

'Tis finish'd—heaven is reconcil'd,
And all the powers of darkness spoil'd:
Peace, love, and happiness again
Return, and dwell with sinful men.

'Tis finish'd—let the joyful sound
Be heard thro' all the nations round:

'Tis finish'd—let the echo fly
Thro' heaven and hell, thro' earth and sky.

73 8^s. D. TURNER.

Limefield 94.

Gratitude to God for Redemption, Eph. i. 7, 11.

SHALL JESUS descend from the skies,
To atone for our sins by his blood.

And shall we such goodness despise,
And rebels still be to our God ?

2 [No brute could be ever so base !
Shall man thus ungrateful then prove ?
Forbid it, O God of all Grace !
Forbid it, thou SPIRIT of Love !

3 The devils would laugh us to scorn,
For folly so shameful as this :
O let us to God then return,
Sure never was goodness like his.]

4 He sav'd us, or we had been lost,
Nor comfort, nor hope had e'er known ;
Yet he knew this salvation would cost
No less than the blood of his Son.

5 Thro' him we forgiveness shall find,
And taste the sweet blessings of peace ;
If, contrite and humbly resign'd,
We trust in his promised grace.

6 This world, then, with all its gay joy
That its thousands has snar'd and undone,
May tempt, but shall never destroy
Whom Jesus has mark'd for his own.

7 While here thro' the desert we stray,
Our God shall be all our delight ;
Our pillar of cloud in the day,
And also of fire in the night :

8 'Till, the Jordan of death safely pass'd,
We land on the heavenly shore,
Where we the hid manna shall taste,
Nor hunger nor thirst any more.

9 And there, while his glories we see,
And feast on the joys of his love,
We chang'd to his likeness shall be,
And then shall all gratitude prove.

74 8, 8, 6. TOPLADY.

Chatham 59. Hinton 276.

Christ's Atonement.

- O** Thou, who didst thy glory leave
 Apostate sinners to retrieve
 From nature's deadly fall,—
 If thou hast bought me with a price,
 My sins against me ne'er shall rise;
 For thou hast borne them all.
- 2 And wast thou punish'd in my stead?
 Didst thou without the city bleed,
 To expiate my stain?
 On earth my God vouchsaf'd to dwell,
 And made of infinite avail
 The sufferings of the man.
- 3 Behold him for transgressors given!
 Behold th' incarnate King of Heaven
 For us, his foes, expire!
 Amaz'd, O earth! the tidings hear!
 He bore, that we might never bear,
 His Father's righteous ire.
- 4 Ye saints, the man of sorrows blest,
 The God, for your unrighteousness,
 Deputed to atone:
 Praise, till, with all the ransom'd throng,
 Ye sing the never-ending song,
 And see him on his throne.

75 8, 7. L. H. C.

Tabernacle 239. Trowbridge 21.

Gratitude for the Atonement.

- H**AIL! thou once despised JESUS,
 Hail thou Galilean king!
 Thou didst suffer to release us;
 Thou didst free salvation bring.

Hail thou agonizing Saviour,
 Bearer of our sin and shame!
 By thy merits we find favour;
 Life is given thro' thy name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
 All our sins on thee were laid:
 By almighty love anointed,
 Thou hast full atonement made:
 All thy people are forgiven
 Thro' the virtue of thy blood;
 Open'd is the gate of heaven;
 Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 JESUS, hail! enthron'd in glory,
 There for ever to abide!
 All the heavenly host adore thee,
 Seated at thy Father's side;
 There for sinners thou art pleading;
 There thou dost our place prepare;
 Ever for us interceding,
 Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
 Thou art worthy to receive;
 Loudest praises, without ceasing,
 Meet it is for us to give:
 Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays!
 Help to sing our Saviour's merits;
 Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

76 7.

Deptford 124. Firth's 146.

Pleading the atonement, Psalm lxxxiv. 9.

8 **F**ATHER, God, who seest in me
 Only sin and misery,

Turn to thy anointed one,
 Look on thy beloved Son;
 Him, and then the sinner, see;
 Look thro' JESUS' wounds on me.

2 Heavenly Father, LORD of all,
 Hear, and show thou hear'st my call!
 Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
 Smile on me a sinner now!
 Now the stone to flesh convert,
 Cast a look, and melt my heart.

3 LORD, I cannot let thee go,
 Till a blessing thou bestow;
 Hear my Advocate divine,
 Lo! to his, my suit I join;
 Join'd with his, it cannot fail:
 Let me now with thee prevail!

4 Turn, from me, thy glorious eyes
 To his bloody sacrifice,—
 To the full atonement made,
 To the utmost ransom paid:
 And, if mine, thro' him thou art,
 Speak thy mercy to my heart.

JESUS, answer from above;
 Is not all thy nature love?
 Pity from thine eye let fall;
 Bless me, whilst on thee I call:
 Am I thine, thou Son of GOD?
 Take the purchase of thy blood.

6 Father, see the victim slain,
 Offer'd up for guilty men:
 Hear his blood prevailing cry;
 Let thy bowels then reply!
 Then thro' him the sinner see;
 Then, in JESUS, look on me!

77 C. M. TOPLADY'S COLLECTION,
Missionary 259. Cambridge New 74. Follett 13.
Efficacious Grace, Psalm xlv, 3, 5.

- 1 **H**AIL! mighty JESUS! how divine
Is thy victorious sword!
The stoutest rebel must resign
At thy commanding word.
- 2 Deep are the wounds thy arrows give;
They pierce the hardest heart;
Thy smiles of grace the slain revive,
And joy succeeds to smart.
- 3 Still gird thy sword upon thy thigh;
Ride with majestic sway:
Go forth, sweet Prince, triumphantly,
And make thy foes obey.
- 4 And when thy victories are complete;
When all the chosen race
Shall, round the throne of glory, meet
To sing thy conquering grace;
- 5 O may my humble soul be found
Among that favour'd band!
And I, with them, thy praise will found
Throughout Immanuel's land.

78 L. M.

Kingsbridge 88. New Sabbath 122.

The Conversion of Zaccheus, Luke xix. 1—10.

- 1 **O**NCE, as the Saviour pass'd along,
Zaccheus fain the LORD would see;
Of stature small, to 'scape the throng,
He ran before and climb'd a tree.
- 2 As the omniscient Lord drew nigh,
Upward he look'd and saw him there;
"Zaccheus, hasten down, for I
"Must be thy guest to-day; prepare.

“ To-day,” the pardoning Saviour cries,
 “ Salvation to thy house is come,
 “ On wings of sov’ reign love it flies ;
 “ Go, tell the blisful news at home.”

LORD, look on souls that gaze around ;
 To every listening sinner speak ;
 Now may thy ancient love abound ;
 From every seat a captive take.

Sinners, make haste our God to meet ;
 Come to the feast his love prepares ;
 “ The lost are sought and sav’d”,—how sweet !
 And “ not the righteous,” CHRIST declares.

Say, what are you come out to view ;
 JESUS who once for sinners died ?
 O hear the Saviour’s voice to you,
 “ Cast sinful righteous self aside.”

LORD, wilt thou stoop to be my guest ?
 Dost thou invite thee to my home ?
 Welcome, dear Saviour, to my breast,
 To-day let thy salvation come.

79 C. M.

New York 33. Hammond 226. Staughton 264.
*The Lost Sheep found ; or, Joy in Heaven on the
 Conversion of a Sinner.* Luke xv. 3, 4.

WHEN some kind shepherd from his fold
 Has lost a straying sheep,
 Thro’ vales, o’er hills, he anxious roves,
 And climbs the mountain’s steep :
 But O the joy ! the transport sweet !
 When he the wanderer finds ;
 Up in his arms he takes his charge,
 And to his shoulder binds.

- 3 Homeward he hastes to tell his joys,
 And make his blifs complete:
 The neighbours hear the news, and all
 The joyful shepherd greet.
- 4 Yet how much greater is the joy
 When but one sinner turns;
 When the poor wretch, with broken heart,
 His sins and errors mourns!
- 5 Pleas'd with the news, the saints below
 In songs their tongues employ;
 Beyond the skies the tidings go,
 And heaven is fill'd with joy.
- 6 Well-pleas'd, the Father sees and hears
 The conscious sinner weep;
 J E S U S receives him in his arms,
 And owns him for his sheep:
- 7 Nor angels can their joys contain,
 But kindle with new fire;
 "A wandering sheep's return'd," they sing,
 And strike the sounding lyre.

80 C. M. Dr. S. STENNETT.

Wantage 204. Bangor 231.

The converted Thief, Luke xxiii. 42.

- 1 **A**S on the cross the Saviour hung,
 And wept, and bled, and dy'd;
 He pour'd salvation on a wretch
 That languish'd at his side.
- 2 His crimes, with inward grief and shame,
 The penitent confess'd;
 Then turn'd his dying eyes to CHRIST,
 And thus his prayer address'd:

" JESUS, thou Son and heir of heaven !
 " Thou spotless Lamb of God !
 " I see thee bath'd in sweat and tears,
 " And welt'ring in thy blood.
 " Yet quickly, from these scenes of woe,
 " In triumph thou shalt rise,
 " Burst thro' the gloomy shades of death,
 " And shine above the skies.
 " Amid the glories of that world,
 " Dear Saviour ! think on me.
 " And in the vict'ries of thy death
 " Let me a sharer be."

His prayer the dying JESUS hears,
 And instantly replies :

" To-day thy parting soul shall be
 " With me in Paradise."

81 S. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

New Eagle Street 55. Ryland 48.

Union to Christ in Regeneration, 1 Cor. vi. 17.

DEAR Saviour, we are thine
 By everlasting bonds ;
 Our names, our hearts, we would resign,
 Our souls are in thy hands.
 To thee we still would cleave
 With ever-growing zeal ;
 If millions tempt us CHRIST to leave,
 O let them ne'er prevail.
 Thy Spirit shall unite
 Our souls to thee our head ;
 Shall form us to thy image bright,
 That we thy paths may tread.

4 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay :
But love shall keep us near thy side
Thro' all the gloomy way.

5 Since CHRIST and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear ?
If he in heaven hath fix'd his throne,
He'll fix his members there.

82 L. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

Rochford 22. Langdon 217.

Praise to God for renewing Grace,

1 **T**O God, my Saviour and my King,
Fain would my soul her tribute bring :
Join me, ye saints, in songs of praise,
For ye have known and felt his grace.

2 Wretched and helpless once I lay,
Just breathing all my life away ;
He saw me welt'ring in my blood,
And felt the pity of a God :

3 With speed he flew to my relief,
Bound up my wounds, and sooth'd my grief ;
Pour'd joys divine into my heart,
And bade each anxious fear depart.

4 These proofs of love, my dearest LORD !
Deep in my breast I will record :
The life, which I from thee receive,
To thee, behold, I freely give.

5 My heart and tongue shall tune thy praise,
Thro' the remainder of my days :
And, when I join the powers above,
My soul shall better sing thy love.

83 L. M.

Bab.-Streams 23. Paul's 246. Gould's 272.

Human Righteousness insufficient to justify, Mic. vi. 6-8.

W Herewith, O Lord, shall I draw near,
Or bow myself before thy face?

How, in thy purer eyes, appear?

What shall I bring to gain thy grace?

Will gifts delight the LORD most High?

Will multiply'd oblations please?

Thousands of rams his favour buy?

Or slaughter'd millions e'er appease?—

Can these alluage the wrath of GOD?

Can these wash out my guilty stain?

Rivers of oil, or seas of blood?—

Alas! they all must flow in vain.

What have I then wherein to trust?

I nothing have, I nothing am;

Excluded is my every boast,

My glory swallow'd up in shame.

Guilty, I stand before thy face;

My sole desert is hell and wrath:

'Twere just the sentence should take place;—

But O, I plead my Saviour's death!

I plead the merits of thy Son,

Who died for sinners on the tree;

I plead his righteousness alone:

O put the spotless robe on me.

84 L. M.

Leeds 19. Lewton 30.

Imputed Righteousness, Jer. xxiii. 6. Isa. xlv. 24.

JESUS, thy blood and righteousness

My beauty are, my glorious dress;

'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,

With joy shall I lift up my head.

- 2 When, from the dust of death, I rise
 To take my mansion in the skies;
 E'en then shall this be all my plea,
 "JESUS hath liv'd and dy'd for me."
 Bold shall I stand in that great day,
 For who aught to my charge shall lay?
 While, thro' thy blood, absolv'd I am
 From sin's tremendous curse and shame.
- 4 Thus Abraham, the friend of God,
 Thus all the armies bought with blood,
 Saviour of sinners, thee proclaim!
 Sinners—of whom the chief I am.
- 5 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.
- 6 O let the dead now hear thy voice!
 Bid, LORD, thy banish'd ones rejoice:
 Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
 JESUS, the Lord, our righteousness.

85 112th. PRESIDENT DAVIES.

New Haven 248. Hoxton 121.

The pardoning God, Micah vii. 18.

- 1 GREAT GOD of Wonders! all thy ways
 Are matchless, godlike, and divine;
 But the fair glories of thy grace
 More godlike and unrivall'd shine:
 Who is a pardoning God like thee?
 Or who has grace so rich and free?
- 2 Crimes of such horror to forgive,
 Such guilty daring worms to spare;
 This is thy grand prerogative,
 And none shall in the honour share:
 Who is a pardoning God like thee?
 Or who has grace so rich and free?

Angels and men resign their claim
 To pity, mercy, love, and grace ;
 These glories crown Jehovah's name
 With an incomparable blaze :
 Who is a pardoning God like thee ?
 Or who has grace so rich and free ?
 In wonder lost, with trembling joy,
 We take the pardon of our God,
 Pardon for crimes of deepest dye ;
 A pardon seal'd with Jesus' blood :
 Who is a pardoning God like thee ?
 Or who has grace so rich and free ?
 O may this strange, this matchless grace,
 This godlike miracle of love,
 Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,
 And all the angelic choirs above .
 Who is a pardoning God like thee ?
 Or who has grace so rich and free ?

86 C. M. STEELE.

Ludlow 84. Brightelmstone 208.

Pardoning Love. Jer. iii. 22. Hof. xiv. 4.

HOW oft, alas ! this wretched heart
 Has wander'd from the LORD ;
 How oft' my roving thoughts depart,
 Forgetful of his word !

Yet, sov'reign mercy calls, " Return :"
 Dear LORD, and may I come !
 My vile ingratitude I mourn ;
 O take the wanderer home .

And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
 And bid my crimes remove ?
 And shall a pardon'd rebel live
 To speak thy wond'rous love ?

- 4 Almighty grace, thy healing power
 How glorious, how divine!
 That can to life and bliss restore
 So vile a heart as mine.
- 5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
 Dear Saviour, I adore;
 O keep me at thy sacred feet,
 And let me rove no more.

87 L. M. DR. GIBBONS.

Milbank 113. New Sabbath 122. Lewton 30.

Divine Forgiveness. Luke vii. 47.

- 1 **F**ORGIVENESS! 'tis a joyful sound
 To malefactors doom'd to die:
 Publish the bliss the world around;
 Ye seraphs, shout it from the sky!
- 2 'Tis the rich gift of love divine;
 'Tis full, out-measuring every crime:
 Unclouded shall its glories shine,
 And feel no change by changing time.
- 3 O'er sins unnumber'd as the sand,
 And like the mountains for their size,
 The seas of sovereign grace expand,
 The seas of sovereign grace arise.
- 4 For this stupendous love of heaven
 What grateful honours shall we show?
 Where much transgression is forgiven,
 Let love in equal ardours glow:
- 5 By this inspir'd, let all our days
 With various holiness be crown'd;
 Let truth and goodness, prayer and praise,
 In all abide, in all abound.

88 S. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRICS.

Wirksworth 158. Broderip's 252.

Confession and Pardon, 1 John i. 9. Prov. xxviii. 13.

MY sorrows like a flood,
 Impatient of restraint,
 Into thy bosom, O my God!
 Pour out a long complaint,
 This impious heart of mine
 Could once defy the LORD,
 Could rush with violence on to sin
 In presence of thy sword.
 How often have I stood
 A rebel to the skies,
 And yet, and yet, O matchless grace!
 Thy thunder silent lies.
 Oh, shall I never feel
 The meltings of thy love?
 Am I of such hell-harden'd steel
 That mercy cannot move?
 O'ercome by dying love,
 Here at thy cross I lie,
 And throw my flesh, my soul, my all;
 And weep, and love, and die.
 "Rise," says the Saviour, "rise!
 Behold my wounded veins!
 Here flows a sacred crimson flood
 To wash away thy stains."
 See GOD, is reconcil'd!
 Behold his smiling face!
 Let joyful cherubs clap their wings,
 And sound aloud his grace.

89, 90 SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

89 C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Bath Chapel 26. Salem 139.

Pardon spoken by Christ, Mat. ix. 2.

- 1 **M**Y Saviour, let me hear thy voice
Pronounce the words of peace!
And all my warmest powers shall join
To celebrate thy grace.
- 2 With gentle smiles call me thy child,
And speak my sins forgiv'n;
The accents mild shall charm mine ear
All like the harps of heaven.
- 3 Cheerful, where'er thy hand shall lead,
The darkest path I'll tread;
Cheerful I'll quit these mortal shores,
And mingle with the dead.
- 5 When dreadful guilt is done away,
No other fears we know;
That hand, which scatters pardons down,
Shall crowns of life bestow.

90 L. M. STODDON.

Virginia 234. Kingsbridge 88.

God ready to forgive; or, Despair sinful.

- 1 **W**HAT mean these jealousies and fears?
As if the LORD was loth to save,
Or lov'd to see us drench'd in tears,
Or sink with sorrow to the grave.
- 2 Does he want slaves to grace his throne?
Or rules he by an iron rod?
Loves he the deep despairing groan?
Is he a tyrant, or a GOD?
- 3 Not all the sins which we have wrought,
So much his tender bowels grieve,
As this unkind injurious thought,
That he's unwilling to forgive.

What tho' our crimes are black as night,
Or glowing like the crimson morn,
IMMANUEL'S blood will make them white
As snow thro' the pure æther borne.

LORD, 'tis amazing grace we own,
And well may rebel-worms surprisè:—
But, was not thy incarnate Son
A most amazing sacrifice?

“I've found a ransom,” saith the LORD,
“No humble penitent shall die:”

LORD, we would now believe thy word,
And thy unbounded mercies try!

91 8, 6, 8. CRUTTENDEN.

Ewell 80. Francis 200. Weston Favell 27.

Adoption. 1 John iii. 1—3.

LET others boast their ancient line,
In long succession great;
In the proud list, let heroes shine,
And monarchs swell the state;
Descended from the King of King's,
Each saint a nobler title sings.

Pronounce me, gracious GOD! thy son,
Own me an heir divine;
I'll pity princes on the throne,
When I can call thee mine:
Sceptres and crowns unenvied rise,
And lose their lustre in mine eyes.

Content, obscure, I pass my days,
To all I meet unknown;
And wait till thou thy child shall raise,
And seat me near thy throne:
No name, no honours here I crave,
Well-pleas'd with those beyond the grave.

- 4 JESUS, my elder brother, lives ;
 With him I too shall reign ;
 Nor sin ; nor death, while he survives,
 Shall make the promise vain :
 In him my title stands secure,
 And shall, while endless years endure :
- 5 When he, in robes divinely bright,
 Shall once again appear,
 Thou too, my soul, shalt shine in light,
 And his full image bear :
 Enough !—I wait th' appointed day :
 Bless'd Saviour, haste, and come away.

92 C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Braintree 25. Stamford 9.

Abba, Father, Gal. iv. 6.

- 1 **S**OVEREIGN of all the worlds on high,
 Allow my humble claim ;
 Nor, while a worm would raise its head,
 Disdain a Father's name.
- 2 My Father, God ! how sweet the sound !
 How tender, and how dear !
 Not all the harmony of heaven
 Could so delight the ear.
- 3 Come sacred Spirit, seal the name,
 On my expanding heart ;
 And shew that in Jehovah's grace
 I share a filial part.
- 4 Cheer'd by a signal so divine,
 Unwavering I believe ?
 And Abba, Father, humbly cry,
 Nor can the sign deceive.

93 C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Oxford 106. Follett 181.

True Liberty given by Christ. John viii. 36.

- 1 **H**ARK! for 'tis GOD's own Son that calls
To life and liberty ;
Transported fall before his feet
Who makes the prisoners free.
- 2 The cruel bonds of sin he breaks,
And breaks old Satan's chain ;
Smiling he deals those pardons round
Which free from endless pain.
- 3 Into the captive heart he pours
His Spirit from on high ;
We lose the terrors of the slave,
And Abba, Father ! cry.
- 4 Shake off your bonds, and sing his grace ;
The sinner's friend proclaim ;
And call on all around to seek
True freedom by his name.
- 5 Walk on at large, till you attain
Your father's house above ;
There shall you wear immortal crowns,
And sing immortal love,

94 7^s. HUMPHREYS.

Georgia 192. Turin 244.

The Privileges of the Sons of God.

- 1 **B**LESSED are the sons of GOD ;
They are bought with JESUS' blood,
They are ransom'd from the grave,
Life eternal they shall have :
With them number'd may we be,
Now and thro' eternity!

- 2 God did love them, in his Son,
 Long before the world begun;
 They the seal of this receive,
 When on Jesus they believe:
 With them, &c.
- 3 They are justify'd by grace,
 They enjoy a solid peace;
 All their sins are wash'd away,
 They shall stand in God's great day:
 With them, &c.
- 4 They produce the fruits of grace
 In the works of righteousness!
 Born of God, they hate all sin,
 God's pure seed remains within:
 With them, &c.
- 5 They have fellowship with God,
 Thro' the Mediator's blood;
 One with God; thro' Jesus one,
 Glory is in them begun:
 With them, &c.
- 6 Tho' they suffer much on earth,
 Strangers to the worldling's mirth,
 Yet they have an inward joy,
 Pleasures which can never cloy:
 With them, &c.
- 7 They alone are truly blest—
 Heirs of God, joint heirs with Christ;
 They with love and peace are fill'd;
 They are, by his Spirit, seal'd:
 With them number'd may we be,
 Now and thro' eternity!

95 L. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

Portugal 97. New Sabbath 122.

Christians the Sons of God. John i. 12. 1 John iii. 1.

- 1 **N**OT all the nobles of the earth,
 Who boast the honours of their birth,
 Such real dignity can claim
 As those who bear the Christian name.
- 2 To them the privilege is giv'n
 To be the sons and heirs of heav'n ;
 Sons of the God who reigns on high,
 And heirs of joys beyond the sky.
- 3 [On them, a happy chosen race,
 Their Father pours his richest grace :
 To them his counsels he imparts,
 And stamps his image on their hearts.
- 4 Their infant cries, their tender age,
 His pity and his love engage :
 He clasps them in his arms, and there
 Secures them with parental care.]
- 5 His will he makes them early know,
 And teaches their young feet to go ;
 Whispers instruction to their minds,
 And on their hearts his precepts binds.
- 6 When, thro' temptation, they rebel,
 His chast'ning rod he makes them feel ;
 Then, with a father's tender heart,
 He soothes the pain and heals the smart.
- 7 Their daily wants his hands supply,
 Their steps he guards with watchful eye,
 Leads them from earth to heaven above,
 And crowns them with eternal love.

8 If I've the honour, Lord, to be
 One of this num'rous family,
 On me the gracious gift bestow,
 To call thee Abba, Father! too.

9 So may my conduct ever prove
 My filial piety and love!
 Whilst all my brethren clearly trace
 Their Father's likeness in my face.

96 S. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Harborough 142. . . . Simons 250.

Communion with God and Christ.— 1 John i. 5.

1 **O**UR heavenly Father calls,
 And CHRIST invites us near;
 With both, our friendship shall be sweet,
 And our communion dear.

2 **G**OD pities all our griefs;
 He pardons every day;
 Almighty to protect our souls,
 And wise to guide our way.

3 How large his bounties are;
 What various stores of good,
 Diffus'd from our Redeemer's hand,
 And purchas'd with his blood!

4 **J**ESUS, our living head,
 We bless thy faithful care;
 Our advocate before the throne,
 And our forerunner there.

5 Here fix, my roving heart!
 Here wait, my warmest love!
 'Till the communion be complete
 In nobler scenes above.

COMMUNION WITH GOD. 97, 98

97. L. M. BEDDOME.

Ulverton, 1794. Rippon's, 188.

Desiring Communion with God.

- 1 MY rising soul, with strong desires,
To perfect happiness aspires,
With steady steps would tread the road
That leads to Heaven—that leads to God.
- 2 I thirst to drink unmingled love
From the pure fountain-head above :
My dearest LORD, I long to be
Empty'd of sin, and full of thee.
- 3 For thee I pant, for thee I burn :
Art thou withdrawn? again return,
Nor let me be the first to say,
Thou wilt not hear when sinners pray.

98 C. M. COWPER.

Ludlow 84. Condescension 116.

Walking with God. Gen. v. 24

- 1 FOR a closer walk with GOD,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the LORD?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of JESUS, and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd!
How sweet their memory still!
But now I find 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,
 What'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.

99 C. M. DR. WATTS'S SERMONS.

Workshop 31. Wantage 204.

*O that I knew where I might find him;—Sins and
 Sorrows laid before God: Job xxiii. 3, 4.*

1 **O** THAT I knew the secret place,
 Where I might find my God!
 I'd spread my wants before his face,
 And pour my woes abroad.

2 I'd tell him how my sins arise,
 What sorrows I sustain;

How grace decays, and comfort dies,
 And leaves my heart in pain.

3 He knows what arguments I'd take
 To wrestle with my God;
 I'd plead, for his own mercy's sake,
 And for my Saviour's blood.

4 My God will pity my complaints,
 And heal my broken bones;
 He takes the meaning of his saints,
 The language of their groans.

5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
 And banish every fear;
 He calls thee to his throne of grace,
 To spread thy sorrows there.

100 C. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRICS.

Abridge 201. Elenborough 170.

Sanctification and Pardon.

1 **W**HERE shall we sinners hide our heads ;
Can rocks or mountains save ?

Or shall we wrap us in the shades
Of midnight and the grave ?

2 Is there no shelter from the eye
Of a revenging God ?

JESUS, to thy dear wounds we fly ;
Bedew us with thy blood.

3 Those guardian drops our souls secure,
And wash away our sin ;

Eternal justice frowns no more,
And conscience smiles within.

4 We bless that wond'rous purple stream
That cleanses every stain ;

Yet are our souls but half redeem'd
if sin, the tyrant, reign.

5 **L**ORD, blast his empire with thy breath !
That cursed throne must fall ;

Ye flattering plagues, that work our death,
Fly, for we hate ye all.

101 L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Mark's 65. Bowden 78.

Abundant Life by Christ our Shepherd, JOHN X. 10.

1 **P**RAISE to our Shepherd's gracious name,
Who on so kind an errand came ;
Came, that by him his flock might live,
And more abundant life receive.

2 Hail, great IMMANUEL, from above !
High seated on thy throne of love,
O pour the vital torrent down,—

Thy people's joy, their LORD's renown.

- 3 Scarce half alive we sigh and cry,
 Scarce raise to thee our languid eye;
 Kind Saviour, let our dying state
 Compassion in thy heart create.
- 4 The shepherd's blood the sheep must heal;
 O may we all its influence feel!
 'Till inward deep experience show,
 CHRIST can begin a heav'n below.

102 S. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

Simons 250. Broderip's 252.

The Leper healed; or, Sanctification implored.
 Matt. viii. 2, 3.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the lep'rous Jew,
 Oppress'd with pain and grief,
 Pouring his tears at JESUS' feet
 For pity and relief.
- 2 "O speak the word," he cries,
 "And heal me of my pain:
 "LORD, thou art able, if thou wilt,
 "To make a leper clean."
- 3 Compassion moves his heart:
 He speaks the gracious word;
 The leper feels his strength return,
 And all his sickness cur'd.
- 4 To thee, dear LORD, I look,
 Sick of a worse disease:
 Sin is my painful malady,
 And none can give me ease.
- 5 But thy Almighty grace
 Can heal my lep'rous soul:
 O bathe me in thy precious blood,
 And that will make me whole.

103 S. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Hopkins 157. Kibworth 249.

The Security of Christ's Sheep, John x. 27—29.

MY soul, with joy attend,
 While JESUS silence breaks;
 No angel's harp such music yields,
 As what my shepherd speaks.
 "I know my sheep," he cries,
 "My soul approves them well:
 "Vain is the treacherous world's disguise,
 "And vain the rage of hell.
 "I freely feed them now
 "With tokens of my love;
 "But richer pastures I prepare,
 "And sweeter streams, above.
 "Unnumber'd years of bliss
 "I to my sheep will give;
 "And, while my throne unshaken stands,
 "Shall all my chosen live.
 "This try'd Almighty hand
 "Is rais'd for their defence:
 "Where is the power shall reach them there?
 "Or, what shall force them thence?"
 Enough, my gracious LORD,
 Let faith triumphant cry;
 My heart can on this promise live,
 Can on this promise die.

104 L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Angels Hymn 60. Green's Hundred 89.

Noah preserved in the Ark, and the Believer in Christ, 1 Pet. iii. 20, 21.

THE deluge, at th' Almighty's call,
 In what impetuous streams it fell!

Swallow'd the mountains in its rage,
And swept a guilty world to hell.

2 In vain the tallest sons of pride
Fled from the close-pursuing wave;
Nor could their mightiest towers defend,
Nor swiftneſs' ſcape, nor courage ſave.

4 How dire the wreck! how loud the roar!
How ſhrill the univerſal cry
Of millions, in the laſt deſpair,
Re-echo'd from the low'ring ſky!

4 Yet Noah, humble happy ſaint!
Surrounded with a choſen few,
Sat in his ark, ſecure from fear,
And ſang the grace that ſteer'd him thro'.

5 So may I ſing, in Jeſu's ſafe,
While ſtorms of vengeance round me fall;
Conſcious how high my hopes are fix'd,
Beyond what ſhakes this earthly ball.

6 Enter thine ark, while patience waits,
Nor ever quit that ſure retreat;
Then the wide flood, which buries earth,
Shall waſt thee to a fairer feat.

7 Nor wreck nor ruin there is ſeen;
There not a wave of trouble rolls;
But the bright rainbow round the throne
Seals endless life to all their ſouls.

105 C. M. F—.

Bedford 91. Brighthelmſtone 208.

Perſeverance, Pfalm cxix. 117.

1 **L**ORD, haſt thou made me know thy ways?
Conduct me in thy fear;
And grant me ſuch ſupplies of grace;
That I may preſevere.

- 2 Let but thy own Almighty arm
Sustain a feeble worm,
I shall escape, secure from harm,
Amid the dreadful storm.
- 3 Be thou my all-sufficient friend,
Till all my toils shall cease ;
Guard me through life, and let my end
Be everlasting peace.

106 L. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

Kingsbridge 88. Ulverston 179.

Perseverance desired.

- 1 JESUS, my Saviour and my God,
Thou hast redeem'd me with thy blood ;
By ties, both natural and divine,
I am, and ever will be, thine.
- 2 But ah ! should my inconstant heart,
Ere I'm aware, from thee depart,
What dire reproach would fall on me
For such ingratitude to thee !
- 3 The thought I dread, the crime I hate ;
The guilt, the shame, I deprecate :
And yet, so mighty are my foes,
I dare not trust my warmest vows.
- 4 Pity my frailty, dearest LORD !
Grace in the needful hour afford :
O steel this tim'rous heart of mine
With fortitude and love divine.
- 5 So shall I triumph o'er my fears,
And gather joys from all my tears :
So shall I to the world proclaim
The honours of the Christian name.

107 · 5. 6. TOPLADY.

Horfington 219. Winwick 75.

The Method of Salvation.

- 1 **T**HEE, Father! we bless,
 Whose distinguishing grace
 Selected a people to shew forth thy praise:
 Nor is thy love known
 By election alone;
 For, O! thou hast added the gift of thy Son,
- 2 The goodness in vain
 We attempt to explain,
 Which found and accepted a ransom for men.
 Great SURETY of thine,
 Thou didst not decline
 To concur with the Father's most gracious design.
- 3 To JESUS; our friend,
 Our thanks shall ascend;
 Who saves to the utmost, and loves to the end.
 Our ransom he paid!
 In his merit array'd.
 We attain to the glory for which we were made.
- 4 Sweet Spirit of grace!
 Thy mercy we bless
 For thy eminent share in the council of peace:
 Great Agent divine,
 To restore us is thine,
 And cause us afresh in thy likeness to shine.
- 5 O God, 'tis thy part
 To convince and convert;
 To give a new life, and create a new heart:
 By thy presence and grace
 We're upheld in our race,
 And are kept in thy love to the end of our days.

FATHER, SPIRIT, and SON,
 Agree thus in one,
 The salvation of those he has mark'd for his own;
 Let us, too, agree
 To glorify THEE,—
 Thou ineffable ONE, thou adorable THREE

108 8. 7. 4.

Lewes 63 Helmsley 223.

Free Salvation, 2 Tim. i. 9.

JESUS is our great salvation,
 Worthy of our best esteem!
 He has fav'd his favourite nation;
 Join to sing aloud to him:
 He has fav'd us,
 CHRIST alone could us redeem.
 When involv'd in sin and ruin,
 And no helper there was found;
 JESUS our distress was viewing;
 Grace did more than sin abound:
 He has call'd us,
 With salvation in the found.
 Save us, from a mere profession!
 Save us from hypocrisy;
 Give us, LORD, the sweet possession
 Of thy righteousness and thee:
 Best of favours!
 None compar'd with this can be.
 Let us never, LORD, forget thee:
 Make us walk as pilgrim's here:
 We will give thee all the glory
 Of the love that brought us near:
 Bid us praise thee,
 And rejoice with holy fear.
 Free election, known by calling,
 Is a privilege divine: F 61

Saints are kept from final falling:
 All the glory, LORD, be thine;
 All the glory,
 All the glory, LORD, is thine.

109 C. M.

Ashley 152. Great Milton 212.

Complete Salvation.

- 1 **S**ALVATION, thro' our dying GOD,
 Shall surely be complete*;
 He paid what'er his people ow'd,
 And cancell'd all their debt.
- 2 He sends his Spirit from above,
 Our nature to renew;
 Displays his power, reveals his love,
 Gives life and comfort too.
- 3 He heals our wounds, subdues our foes,
 And shews our sins forgiv'n;
 Conducts us through the wilderness,
 And brings us safe to heaven.
- 4 Salvation now shall be my stay:
 "A sinner sav'd," I'll cry;
 Then gladly quit this mortal clay,
 For better joys on high.

110 11. 8. K——.

Calne 69: Pithay 191.

Distinguishing Grace, Jer. xxxi. 3.

- 1 **I**N songs of sublime adoration and praise,
 Ye pilgrims! for Sion who press,
 Break forth, and extol the great Ancient of days,
 His rich and distinguishing grace.

* Christ has made a *complete* atonement for his people; in that sense *his* work is finished:—The work of the Spirit, which at present, in some of the saints, is only begun, in due time shall be completed also.

- 2 His love, from eternity fix'd upon you,
 Broke forth and discovered its flame
 When each with the cords of his kindness he drew,
 And brought you to love his great name.
- 3 O had he not pitied the state you were in,
 Your bosoms his love had ne'er felt: [in sin,
 You all would have liv'd, would have dy'd, too,
 And sunk with the load of your guilt.
- 4 What was there in you that could merit esteem,
 Or give the Creator delight?
 'Twas "even so, Father!" you ever must sing,
 "Because it seem'd good in thy sight."
- 5 'Twas all of thy grace we were brought to obey!
 While others were suffered to go
 The road which by nature we chose as our way,
 Which leads to the regions of woe.
- 6 Then give all the glory to his holy name,
 To him all the glory belongs;
 Be yours the high joy still to sound forth his fame,
 And crown him in each of your songs.

III (First Part.) C: M.

Irish 171. Cambridge New 74.

By the Grace of God, I am what I am. 1 Cor. xv. 8.

- 1 GREAT God, 'tis from thy sovereign grace
 That all my blessings flow;
 Whate'er I am, or do possess,
 I to thy mercy owe.
- 2 'Tis this my powerful lusts controls,
 And pardons all my sin;
 Spreads life and comfort thro' my soul,
 And makes my nature clean.

111 SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

- 3 'Tis this upholds me whilst I live,
Supports me when I die;
And hence ten thousand saints receive
Their all, as well as I.
- 4 How full must be the springs, from whence
Such various streams proceed!
The pasture cannot but be rich,
On which so many feed.

III (Second Part.) S. M.

Mount Ephraim 185. Price's 187. Lowell 260.

Salvation by Grace from the first to the last.

Eph. ii. 5.

- 1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound!
G Harmonious to the ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contriv'd the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps *that* grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 [Grace first inscrib'd my name
In GOD's eternal book:
T'was grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.]
- 4 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road:
And new supplies, each hour, I meet
While pressing on to GOD.
- 5 [Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow:
'Twas grace which kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.]

6 Grace all the work shall crown,
Thro' everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise,

112 C. M. Dr. WATTS'S LYRICS.

Waybridge 92. Sprague 166.

God glorious and Sinners saved. · Isaiah xlv. 23.

1 FATHER, how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known thro' the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands thro' the skies.

2 [Part of thy name divinely stands
On all thy creatures writ;
They show the labour of thine hands,
Or impress of thy feet.]

3 But, when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms,

4 Our thoughts are lost in reverend awe,—
We love, and we adore;
The first arch-angel never saw
So much of God before.

5 Here the whole Deity is known;
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice or the grace.

6 [When sinners broke the Father's laws,
The dying Son atones:
Oh, the dear mysteries of his cross!
The triumph of his groans!]

- 7 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Sweet cherubs learn IMMANUEL'S name,
And try their choicest strains.
- 8 Oh may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

113 C. M. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

Grove House 143. Hammond 226.

O Lord, say unto my soul, 'I am thy salvation.'
Psalm xxxv. 3.

- 1 **S**ALVATION!—Oh, melodious sound
To wretched dying men!
Salvation that from God proceeds,
And leads to God again.
- 2 Rescu'd from hell's eternal gloom,
From fiends, and fires, and chains;
Rais'd to a paradise of bliss,
Where love triumphant reigns!
- 3 But may a poor bewilder'd soul,
Sinful and weak as mine,
Presume to raise a trembling eye
To blessings so divine?
- 4 The lustre of so bright a bliss
My feeble heart o'erbears;
And unbelief almost perverts
The promise into tears.
- 5 My Saviour God, no voice but thine
These dying hopes can raise:
Speak thy salvation to my soul,
And turn my prayer to praise.

SCRIPTURE INVITATIONS AND PROMISES*.

114 (First Part.) L. M. Dr. S. STENNETT.

Paul's 246. Ulverston 149. Gould's 272.

God reasoning with Men. Isaiah i. 18.

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

114 (Second Part.) L. M.

Rippon's 188. Manning 245. Lebanon 79.

Seek ye my face. Psalm xxvii. 8.

- 1 JEHOVAH speaks, "Seek ye my face!"
 My soul admires the wondrous grace.
 I'll seek thy face—thy Spirit give!
 O let me see thy face and live. 64

* The section of Hymns, entitled *Scripture Invitations*, is now enlarged, principally on account of VILLAGE WORSHIP.

- 2 I'll wait ; perhaps my LORD may come ;
 (If I turn back, how sad my doom !)
 And, begging, in his way I'll lie
 Till the sweet hour he passeth by.
- 3 Daily I'll seek with cries and tears,
 With secret sighs, and fervent pray'rs ;
 And, if not heard—I'll weeping sit,
 And perish at the Saviours feet.
- 4 But canst thou, LORD ! see all my pain,
 And bid me seek thy face in vain ?
 Thou wilt not, canst not, me deceive,—
 The soul that seeks thy face *shall* live.

115 (First Part.) 8, 7, 4.

Helmley 223. Jordan 81.

Come and welcome to Jesus Christ. Isaiah lv. 1.

- 1 **C**OME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore !
 JESUS ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity join'd with power :
 He is able,
 He is willing : doubt no more.
- 2 Come, ye thirsty ! come, and welcome ;
 GOD'S free bounty glorify :
 True belief, and true repentance,
 Every grace that brings us nigh—
 Without money,
 Come to JESUS CHRIST, and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger ;
 Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
 All the *fitness* he requireth
 Is, to feel your need of him ;
 This he gives you :
 'Tis his Spirit's rising beam.

Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
 Lost and ruin'd by the fall!
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all:

Not the righteous,—
 Sinners JESUS came to call.

View him prostrate in the garden;
 On the ground your Maker lies!

On the bloody tree behold him;
 Hear him cry, before he dies,
 "It is FINISHED!"

Sinner, will not *this* suffice?

Lo, th'incarnate GOD ascended
 Pleads the merit of his blood:
 Venture on him, venture wholly,
 Let no other trust intrude;

None but JESUS
 Can do helpless sinner's good.

Saints and angels, join'd in concert.

Sing the praises of the lamb;
 While the blissful seats of heaven

Sweetly echo with his name:
 Hallelujah!

Sinners *here* may sing the same.

115 (Second Part.) 8. 7. 4. Mr. FOUNTAIN,
 (one of the Missionaries in Bengal.)

Helmley 223.

Painswick 162.

The Gospel message; or, reconciliation to God.

SINNERS, you are now addressed
 In the name of CHRIST our LORD;

He hath sent a message to you,

Pay attention to his word;

He hath sent it,

Pay attention to his word.

115 SCRIPTURE INVITATIONS.

2 Think what you have all been doing,
Think what rebels you have been ;
You have spent your lives in nothing
But in adding sin to sin :
All your actions
One continued scene of sin.

3 Yet your long-abused Sovereign
Sends to you a message mild,
Loth to execute his vengeance,
Prays you to be reconcil'd ;
Hear him woo you,—
Sinners, now be reconcil'd.

4 Pardon, now, is freely publish'd
Thro' a Mediator's blood ;
Who hath dy'd, to make atonement
And appease the wrath of God !
Wondrous mercy !
See, It flows through J E S U S' blood !

5 In his name, you are entreated
To accept this Act of grace ;
This the day of your acceptance,
Listen to the terms of peace :
O delay not,
Listen to the terms of peace.

6 Having thus, then, heard the message,
All with Heav'nly mercy fraught ;
Go and tell the gracious J E S U S
If you will be fav'd or not :
Say, poor sinner,
Will you now be fav'd or not ?

[May be sung to Trowbridge 21, by omitting the
Chorus of each Verse.]

116 (First Part.) C. M. FAWCETT.

Workshop 31. Crowle 3.

Let the Wicked forsake his Way, &c. Isaiah Iv. 7.

SINNERS, the voice of GOD regard;
 'Tis mercy speaks to day;
 He calls you, by his sovereign word,
 From sins destructive way.

2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest,
 You live devoid of peace;
 A thousand stings within your breast
 Deprive your souls of ease.

3 Your way is dark, and leads to hell
 Why will you persevere?
 Can you in endless torments dwell,
 Shut up in black despair?

4 Why will you in the crooked ways
 Of sin and folly go?
 In pain you travel all your days
 To reap immortal woe!

5 But he, that turns to GOD, shall live
 Thro' his abounding grace:
 His mercy will the guilt forgive
 Of those that seek his face.

6 Bow to the sceptre of his word,
 Renouncing every sin;
 Submit to him, your sovereign LORD,
 And learn his will divine.

7 His love exceeds your highest thoughts;
 He pardons like a GOD;
 He will forgive your numerous faults,
 Thro' a Redeemer's blood.

116 · (Second Part:) L. M.

Ulverston 179. Marks 65. Bredby 165.

The Angels hastened Lot, Gen. xix. 15.
I made haste, and delayed not, Psal. cxix. 6.

1. **H**ASTEN, O sinner, *to be wise,*
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
The longer wisdom you despise,
The harder is she to be won.

2 O hasten, *mercy to implore,*
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
For fear thy season should be o'er
Before this evening's stage be run.

3 O hasten, sinner, *to return,*
And stay not for the morrow's sun,
For fear thy lamp should fail to burn
Before the needful work is done.

4 O hasten, sinner, *to be blest,*
And stay not for the morrow's sun,
For fear the curse should thee arrest,
Before the morrow is begun.

5 O LORD, do thou the sinner turn!
Now rouse him from his senseless state!
O let him not thy counsel spurn,
Nor rue his fatal choice too late.

117 L. M. STEELE.

Kingsbridge 88. Ulverston, 179. Gould's 272

Weary Souls invited to Rest, Matt. xi. 28.

1 **C**OME, weary souls, with sins distressed,
Come, and accept the promis'd rest;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away

- 2 Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load ;
 O come, and spread your woes abroad ;
 Divine compassion, mighty love
 Will all the painful load remove.
- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows
 To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes ;
 Pardon, and life, and endless peace ;
 How rich the gift ! how free the grace !
- 4 LORD, we accept with thankful heart
 The hope thy gracious words impart ;
 We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
 And bless the kind inviting voice.
- 5 Dear Saviour ! let thy powerful love
 Confirm our faith, our fears remove ;
 And sweetly influence every breast,
 And guide us to eternal rest.

118 148th.

Eagle Street 16. Bethesda 112.

Yet there is Room. Luke xiv. 22.

- 1 **Y**E dying sons of men,
 Immerg'd in sin and woe,
 The gospel's voice attend,
 While JESUS sends to you :
 Ye perishing and guilty, come,
 In JESUS' arms there yet is room.
- 2 No longer now delay,
 Nor vain excuses frame :
 He bids you come to-day,
 Tho' poor, and blind, and lame :
 All things are ready, sinner, come :
 For every trembling soul there's room.
- 3 Believe the heavenly word
 His messengers proclaim ;
 He is a gracious LORD,
 And faithful is his name :

Backsliding souls, return and come,
Cast off despair, there yet is room.

- 4 Compell'd by bleeding love,
Ye wand'ring sheep, draw near;
CHRIST calls you from above,
His charming accents hear!
Let whosoever will now come:
In mercy's breast there still is room.

119 7.

Hotham 224. Bath Abbey 147.

Compel them to come in. Luke xiv. 23.

- 2 **L**ORD, how large thy bounties are,
Tender, gracious, sinner's friend!
What a feast dost thou prepare,
And what invitations send!
Now fulfil thy great design,
Who didst first the message bring:
Every heart to thee incline,
Now compel them to come in.
- 2 Rushing on the downward road,
Sinners no compulsion need
Glory to forsake, and GOD;
See they run with rapid speed:
Draw them back by love divine;
With thy grace their spirits win:
Every heart, &c.
- 3 Thus their willing souls compel,
Thus their happy minds constrain
From the ways of death and hell,
Home to GOD, and grace again;
Stretch that conquering arm of thine,
Once outstretch'd to bleed for sin:
Every heart to thee incline;
Now compel them to come in.

SCRIPTURE INVITATIONS. 120, 121

120 C. M. STEELE.

Huddersfield 202. Wiltshire 110. Missionary 257.

The Saviour's Invitation. John vii. 37.

THE SAVIOUR calls—let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound ;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear,
Hope smiles reviving round.

For every thirsty longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow :
And life, and health, and bliss impart
To banish mortal woe.

Here springs of sacred pleasure rise
To ease your every pain :
(Immortal fountain! full supplies!)
Nor shall you thirst in vain.

Ye sinners, come ; 'tis mercy's voice,
The gracious call obey :
Mercy invites to heavenly joys—
And can you yet delay ?

Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts !
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts ;
And drink, and never die.

121 (First Part.) 8, 8, 6.

Chatham 59. Broadmead 150. Westbury-
Leigh 278.

Whosoever will, let him come. Rev. xxii. 17.

YE scarlet-colour'd sinners, come ;
JESUS, the LORD, invites you home ;
O whither can you go ?

What! are your crimes of crimson hue ?

His promise is for ever true ;

He'll wash you white as snow.

2 Backsliders, fill'd with your own ways,
Whose weeping nights and wretched days
In bitterness are spent,

Return to JESUS; he'll reveal
His lovely face, and sweetly heal
What you so much lament.

3 Tried souls! look up—he says, 'Tis I—
He loves you still, but means to try
If faith will bear the test:

The LORD has giv'n the chiefest good,—
He shed for you his precious blood;
O trust him for the rest!

4 Ye tender souls, draw hither too,
Ye grateful, highly favour'd few,
Who feel the debt you owe;---

Press on, the LORD hath more to give:
By faith upon him daily live,
And you shall find it so.

121 (Second Part.) C. M.

Cambridge New 74. Missionary 257.

The invitation of Wisdom.

1 **L**O! Wisdom stands with smiling face,
And courts us to her arms;
Who can resist the wondrous grace,
And slight her pow'rful charms.

2 She, gen'rous, holds out to our sight
Riches which shall endure;
Not sparkling rubies half so bright,
Not finest gold so pure.

3 Eternal pleasures fill her train,
Pleasures which never cloy;
"Come, drink of bliss unmix'd with pain,
"And taste celestial joy."

Immortal crowns she now displays,
 And thrones beyond the skies ;
 Accept her blessings while she stays,
 And seize the glorious prize.

121 (Third Part) L M.

Ulverston 179 Portugal 97.

The invitation of Wisdom accepted. Rev. iii. 17.

I HEAR the counsel of a friend,
 And to his soothing voice attend ;
 " Come, sinners, wretched, blind, and poor,
 " Come, buy, from my unbounded store.

" I only ask you to receive,
 " For freely I my blessings give ;"—

JESUS ! and are thy blessings free ?
 Then I may dare to come to thee.

I come for grace, like gold refin'd,
 T'enrich and beautify my mind ;
 Grace that will trials well endure,
 And in the furnace grow more pure.

Naked, I come for that bright dress,
 Thy perfect spotless righteousness ;
 That glorious robe, so richly dy'd
 In thine own blood, my shame to hide.

Like Bartimeus, now to thee
 I come, and pray that I may see.
 Ev'n clay is eye-salve in thy hand,
 If thou the blessing but command.

6 Here, wretched, poor, and blind, I came ;
 O let me not return the same ;
 Let me depart, all-gracious LORD !
 Happy, enrich'd, to fight restor'd.

2 Backsliders, fill'd with your own ways,
 Whose weeping nights and wretched days
 In bitterness are spent,
 Return to JESUS; he'll reveal
 His lovely face, and sweetly heal
 What you so much lament.

3 Tried souls! look up—he says, 'Tis I—
 He loves you still, but means to try
 If faith will bear the test:
 The LORD has giv'n the chiefest good,—
 He shed for you his precious blood;
 O trust him for the rest!

4 Ye tender souls, draw hither too,
 Ye grateful, highly favour'd few,
 Who feel the debt you owe;—
 Press on, the LORD hath more to give:
 By faith upon him daily live,
 And you shall find it so.

121 (Second Part.) C. M.

Cambridge New 74. Missionary 257.

The invitation of Wisdom.

- 1 **L**O! Wisdom stands with smiling face,
 And courts us to her arms;
 Who can resist the wondrous grace,
 And slight her pow'ful charms.
- 2 She, gen'rous, holds out to our sight
 Riches which shall endure;
 Not sparkling rubies half so bright,
 Not finest gold so pure.
- 3 Eternal pleasures fill her train,
 Pleasures which never cloy;
 "Come, drink of bliss unmix'd with pain,
 "And taste celestial joy."

Immortal crowns she now displays,
 And thrones beyond the skies ;
 Accept her blessings while she stays,
 And seize the glorious prize.

121 (Third Part) L M.

Ulverston 179 Portugal 97.

The invitation of Wisdom accepted. Rev. iii. 17.

I HEAR the counsel of a friend,
 And to his soothing voice attend ;
 " Come, sinners, wretched, blind, and poor,
 " Come, buy, from my unbounded store.

" I only ask you to receive,
 " For freely I my blessings give ;"—
 JESUS ! and are thy blessings free ?
 Then I may dare to come to thee.

I come for grace, like gold refin'd,
 T'enrich and beautify my mind ;
 Grace that will trials well endure,
 And in the furnace grow more pure.

Naked, I come for that bright dress,
 Thy perfect spotless righteousness ;
 That glorious robe, so richly dy'd
 In thine own blood, my shame to hide.

Like Bartimeus, now to thee
 I come, and pray that I may see.
 Ev'n clay is eye-salve in thy hand,
 If thou the blessing but command.

Here, wretched, poor, and blind, I came ;
 O let me not return the same ;
 Let me depart, all-gracious LORD !
 Happy, enrich'd, to sight restor'd.

122 L. M. BEDDOME.
Green's Hundred 89. Wareham 117.
The First Promise. Gen. iii. 15.

- 1 **W**HEN, by the tempter's wiles betray'd
Adam, our head and parent, fell;
Unknown before, a pleasure spread
Thro' all the mazy deeps of hell.
- 2 Infernal powers rejoic'd to see
The new-made world destroy'd, undone;
But God proclaims his great decree,—
Pardon and mercy thro' his Son.
- 3 Serpent, accurs'd, thy sentence read:
"Almighty vengeance thou shalt feel;
"The woman's seed shall break thy head,
"Thy malice faintly bruise his heel."
- 4 Thus God declares; and CHRIST descends
Assumes a mortal form, and dies;
Whilst, in his death, death's empire ends,
And the proud conqueror conquer'd lies.
- 5 Dying, the King of Glory deals
Ruin to all his numerous foes:
His power the Prince of Darkness feels,
And sinks oppress'd beneath his woes.

123 L. M. FAWCETT.

Lebanon 79. Islington 40.

As thy days, so shall thy strength be. Deut. xxxiii. 25.

- 1 **A**FFLICTED saint, to CHRIST draw near
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear;
His faithful word declares to thee
That, as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 2 Let not thy heart despond, and say
How shall I stand the 'trying day?
He has engag'd, by firm decree,
That, as thy days, thy strength shall be.

Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong ;
 And, if the conflict should be long,
 Thy LORD will make the tempter flee :
 For, as thy days, thy strength shall be.
 Should persecution rage and flame,
 Still trust in thy Redeemer's name ;
 In fiery trials thou shalt see
 That, as thy days, thy strength shall be.
 When call'd to bear the weighty cross,
 Or sore affliction, pain, or loss,
 Or deep distress, or poverty—
 Still, as thy days, thy strength shall be.
 When ghastly death appears in view,
 CHRIST'S presence shall thy fears subdue :
 He comes to set thy spirit free ;
 And, as thy days, thy strength shall be.

124 C. M.

Great Milton 212. Matthew's 34.

Fear not, for I am with thee. Isaiah xli. 10.

AND art thou with us, gracious LORD,
 To dissipate our fear ?

Dost thou proclaim thyself our GOD,
 Our GOD for ever near ?

Dost thou a father's bowels feel
 For all thy humble saints ?

And in such friendly accents speak
 To soothe their sad complaints ?

Why droop our hearts ? why flow our eyes,
 While such a voice we hear ?

Why rise our sorrows and our fears,
 While such a friend is near ?

To all thine other favours, add
 A heart to trust thy word ;

And death itself shall hear us sing,
 While resting on the LORD.

125, 126 SCRIPTURE PROMISES.

125 C. M. NEEDHAM.
Maidstone 196. Sprague 166.

My Grace is sufficient for thee. 2 Cor. xii.

1 **K**IND are the words that JESUS speaks

To cheer the drooping faint;

“ My grace sufficient is for you,

“ Tho’ nature’s powers may faint.

2 “ My grace its glories shall display,

“ And make your griefs remove;

“ Your weakness shall the triumphs tell!

“ Of boundless power and love.

3 What, tho’ my griefs are not remov’d,
Yet why should I despair?

While my kind Saviour’s arms support,
I can the burden bear.

4 JESUS, my Saviour and my Lord,

’Tis good to trust thy name:

Thy power, thy faithfulness, and love,

Will ever be the same.

5 Weak as I am, yet thro’ thy grace

I all things can perform;

And, smiling, triumph in thy name

Amid the raging storm.

126 C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

New York 32. Devizes 14.

My God shall supply all your need. Phil. iv. 19.

1 **M**Y God!—how cheerful is the sound

How pleasant to repeat!

Well may that heart with pleasure bound,

Where God hath fix’d his seat.

2 What want shall not our God supply

From his redundant stores?

What streams of mercy from on high

An arm almighty pours!

From CHRIST, the ever-living spring,
 These ample blessings flow:
 Prepare, my lips, his name to sing,
 Whose heart has lov'd us so.
 Now, to our Father and our God,
 Be endless glory given,
 Thro' all the realms of man's abode,
 And thro' the highest heaven.

127 C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Arlington 17. Hammond 226.

*not ; it is your Father's good Pleasure to give
 you the Kingdom. Luke xii. 32.*

YE little flock, whom JESUS feeds,
 Dismiss your anxious cares;
 Look to the shepherd of your souls,
 And smile away your fears.

Tho' wolves and lions prowl around,
 His staff is your defence:

Midst sands and rocks, your shepherd's voice
 Calls streams and pastures thence.

Your Father will a kingdom give,
 And give it with delight;
 His feeblest child his love shall call
 To triumph in his fight.

Ten thousand praises, LORD, we bring,
 For sure supports like these:
 And, o'er the pious dead, we sing
 Thy living promises.

For all we hope, and they enjoy,
 We bless a Saviour's name:

Nor shall that stroke disturb the song
 Which breaks this mortal frame:]

Geard 156. Broughton 172.

Exceeding great and precious promises. 2 Pet. 1.

- 1 **H**OW firm a foundation, ye saints of the I
Is laid for your faith in his excellent wor
What more can he say than to you he hath
You who unto JESUS for refuge have fled?
- 2 In every condition,—in sickness, in heal
In Poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea
"As thy days may demand, shall thy strength
"ever be.
- 3 "Fear not I am with thee, O be not dismay
"I, I am thy GOD, and will still give thee
"I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause
"to stand,
"Upheld by my righteous omnipotent hand
- 4 "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to
"The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
"For I will be with thee, thy troubles to ble
"And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 5 "When thro' fiery trials thy path-way shall
"My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
"The flame shall not hurt thee; I only def
"Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refi
- 6 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall pr
"My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
"And when hoary hairs shall their temples ad
"Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be bec
- 7 "The soul that on JESUS hath lean'd for repo
"I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;
"That soul, tho' all hell should endeavour to sh
"I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

* Agreeable to Dr. Doddridge's Translation of Heb. 13.

C H R I S T .

129 (First Part) C. M.

bridge 201. Bedford 31. Cambridge new 74.

The Divinity of Christ.

THEE we adore, Eternal Word!

The FATHER'S equal SON;
By Heaven's obedient Hosts ador'd,
E'er time its course begun.

The first creation has display'd

Thine energy divine;
For not a single thing was made
By other hands than thine.But, ransom'd sinners, with delight,
Sublimèr facts survey,—The All-creating WORD unites
Himself to dust and clay.

See the Redeemer cloth'd in flesh,

And ask the reason "Why?"

The answer fills my soul afresh,—

"To suffer, bleed, and die!"

Creation's Author now assumes

A creature's humble form;

Man of grief and woe becomes,

And trod on like a worm.

The LORD of Glory bears the shame

To vile transgressors due;

Justice the Prince of Life condemns

To die in anguish, too.—

God over all, for ever blest,

The righteous curse endures :

And thus, to souls with sin distressed,
Eternal bliss ensures.

8 What wonders in thy person meet,
My Saviour, all divine!
I fall with rapture at thy feet,
And would be wholly thine.

129 (Second Part) C. M. MEDLEY.
Irish 171. Arlington 17.

The Incarnation of Christ. Luke ii. 14,

- 1 **M**ORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love, and gratitude, combine
To hail th' auspicious day.
- 2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Thro' all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tun'd the lyre.
- 3 Swift thro' the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo roll'd;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'Twas more than Heaven could hold.
- 4 Down thro' the portals of the sky
Th' impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew with eager joy
To bear the news to man.
- 5 [Wrapt in the silence of the night
Lay all the eastern world,
When bursting, glorious, heavenly light
The wond'rous scene unfurl'd.]
- 6 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song:
Good-will and peace are heard throughout
Th' harmonious heavenly throng.

[O for a glance of heavenly love
Our hearts and songs to raise,
Sweetly to bear our souls above,
And mingle with their lays!]

With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
"Glory to God on high!
"Good will and peace are now complete;
"Jesus was born to die."

Hail, Prince of Life! for ever hail,
Redeemer, brother, friend
Tho' earth, and time, and life, should fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

130 7^s. J. C. W.

Georgia 192. Hart's 221.

The Song of the Angels.

HARK, the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King;
"Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
"God and sinners reconcil'd."

Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!

[Mild he lays his glory by;
Born, that men no more might die;
Born, to raise the sons of earth;
Born, to give them second birth.]

Come, desire of nations! come,
Fix in us thy humble home:
Rise, the woman's promis'd seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head

- 5 Glory to the new-born King!
 Let us all the anthem sing,
 "Peace on earth and mercy mild,
 "God and sinners reconcil'd!"

131 C. M. STEELE.

Charleston 195. Sprague 166.

The Incarnation, John. i. 14.

- 1 **A** WAKE, awake the sacred song
 To our incarnate LORD;
 Let every heart, and every tongue,
 Adore th' eternal word.
- 2 That awful word, that sovereign power
 By whom the worlds were made,
 (O happy morn, illustrious hour!)
 Was once in flesh array'd!
- 3 Then shone almighty power and love
 In all their glorious forms,
 When JESUS left his throne above
 To dwell with sinful worms.
- 4 To dwell with misery below,
 The Saviour left the skies;
 And sunk to wretchedness and woe,
 That worthless man might rise.
- 5 Adoring angels tun'd their songs
 To hail the joyful day;
 With rapture then let mortal tongues
 Their grateful worship pay.
- 6 What glory, LORD, to thee is due!
 With wonder we adore;
 But could we sing as angels do,
 Our highest praise were poor.

132 8. 7. 4. ROBINSON.

Lewes 63. Painfwick 162.

Praise to the Redeemer.

- 1 **M**IGHTY GOD! while angels bless thee,
 May an infant lisp thy name?
 LORD of men, as well as angels,
 Thou art every creature's theme.
 Hallelujah,
 Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen.
- 2 LORD of every land and nation,
 Ancient of eternal days!
 Sounded through the wide creation
 Be thy just and lawful praise: Hal.
- 3 For the grandeur of thy nature,—
 Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
 For created works of power,—
 Works with skill and kindness wrought: Hal.
- 4 For thy Providence, that governs
 Thro' thine empire's wide domain;
 Wings an angel, guides a sparrow:
 Blessed be thy gentle reign. Hal.
- 5 But thy rich, thy free redemption,
 Dark through brightness all along;
 Thought is poor, and poor expression:
 Who dare sing that awful song? Hal.
- 6 Brightness of the Father's glory,
 Shall thy praise unutter'd lie?
 Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence!
 Sing the LORD who came to die. Hal.
- 7 Did archangels sing thy coming?
 Did the shepherds learn their lays?—
 Shame would cover me ungrateful,
 Should my tongue refuse to praise. Hal.

- 8 From the highest throne in glory,
 To the cross of deepest woe;
 All to ransom guilty captives:
 Flow, my praise, for ever flow. Hal.
- 9 Go, return, immortal Saviour!
 Leave thy footstool, take thy throne;
 Thence return, and reign for ever,
 Be the kingdom all thy own. Hallelujah, &c.

133 C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE

Bath Chapel 26. . . Jersey 15.

The condescending Grace of Christ, Matt. xv. 28.

- 1 SAVIOUR of men, and LORD of love,
 How sweet thy gracious name!
 With joy that errand we review
 On which thy mercy came.
- 2 While all thy own angelic bands
 Stood waiting on the wing,
 Charm'd with the honour to obey
 Their great eternal King;
- 3 For us, mean, wretched, sinful men,
 Thou laid'st that glory by;—
 First, in our mortal flesh, to serve;
 Then, in that flesh, to die.
- 4 Bought with thy service and thy blood,
 We doubly, LORD, are thine;
 To thee our lives we would devote,
 To thee our death resign.

134 C. M.

Tiverton 109. . . Otford 106.

The Redeemer's Message. Luke iv. 18, 19.

- HARK, the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
 The Saviour promis'd long!

Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 On him, the Spirit, largely pour'd,
Exerts his sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray:
And, on the eyes oppress'd with night,
To pour celestial day.

5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And, with the treasures of his grace,
To enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And Heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

135 L. M. (First Part.) Dr. DOBDRIDGE.
Leeds 19. Rowles 73.

Christ's Transfiguration. Matt. xvii. 4.

1 **W**HEN at a distance, Lord, we trace
The various glories of thy face,
What transport pours o'er all our breast,
And charms our cares and woes to rest!

2 With thee in the obscurest cell
On some bleak mountain would I dwell,
Rather than pompous courts behold,
And share their grandeur and their gold. 75 G 3

- 3 Away, ye dreams of mortal joy!
Raptures divine my thoughts employ;
I see the King of Glory shine;
And feel his love, and call him mine.
- 4 On Tabor, thus his servants view'd
His lustre, when transform'd he stood;
And, bidding earthly scenes farewell,
Cried, "LORD, 'tis pleasant here to dwell."
- 5 Yet still our elevated eyes
To nobler visions long to rise;
That grand assembly would we join
Where all thy saints around thee shine:
- 6 That mount, how bright! those forms, how fair!
'Tis good to dwell for ever there!
Come death, dear envoy of my God,
And bear me to that blest abode.

135 (Second Part) 8, 8, 6.

Hinton 266. Chatham 59.

Getsemane, Matt. xxvi. 36—45.

- 1 **I**MMANUEL, sunk with dreadful woe,
Unfelt unknown to all below—
Except the Son of God—
In agonizing pangs of soul,
Drinks deep from wormwood's bitterest bowl,
And sweats great drops of blood.
- 2 See his disciples slumbering round,
Nor pitying friend on earth is found!
He treads the press alone:
In vain to heaven he turns his eyes,
'The curse awaits him from the skies—
His death it must atone.

3 O Father, hear! this cup remove!
 Save thou the darling of thy love
 (The prostrate victim cries)
 From overwhelming fear and dread!
 Tho' he *must* mingle with the dead—
 His people's sacrifice.

4 His earnest prayers, his deep'ning groans,
 Were heard before angelic thrones;
 Amazement wrapt the sky;
 "Go, strengthen CHRIST!" the Father said:
 Th' astonish'd seraph bow'd his head,
 And left the realms on high.

5 Made strong in strength, renew'd from heav'n,
 JESUS receives the cup as giv'n,
 And, perfectly resign'd,
 He drinks the wormwood mix'd with gall,
 Sustains the curse,—removes it all,—
 Nor leaves a dreg behind.

136 L. M. WHITEFIELD'S COLLECTION.

Babylon Streams 23, Green's Hundred 89.

Behold the Man. John xix. 5.

1 YE that pass by, behold the man!
 The man of grief, condemn'd for you
 The LAMB OF GOD, for sinners slain!—
 Weeping, to Calvary pursue.

2 His sacred limbs they stretch, they tear,
 With nails they fasten to the wood—
 His sacred limbs—expos'd and bare,
 Or only cover'd with his blood.

3 See there! his temples crown'd with thorns,
 His bleeding hands extended wide,
 His streaming feet transfix'd and torn,
 The fountain gushing from his side. 76 G 4

- 4 'Thou dear, thou suffering Son of God,
How doth thy heart to sinners move!
Sprinkle on us thy precious blood,
And melt us with thy dying love!
- 5 The earth could to her centre quake,
Convuls'd, when her Creator dy'd;
Oh, may our inmost nature shake,
And bow with Jesus crucify'd!
- 6 At thy last gasp, the graves'display'd
Their horrors to the upper skies;
Oh that our souls might burst the shade,
And, quicken'd by thy death, arise!
- 7 The rocks could feel thy powerful death,
And tremble, and asunder part;
Oh, rend, with thy expiring breath,
The harder marble of our heart!

137 L. M. STEELE.

Dresden 178. Paul's 246.

A Dying Saviour.*

- 1 **S**TRETCH'D on the cross, the Saviour dies,
Hark! his expiring groans arise!
See, from his hands, his feet, his side,
Runs down the sacred crimson tide!
- 2 But life attends the deathful sound,
And flows from ev'ry bleeding wound;
The vital stream, how free it flows
To save and cleanse his rebel foes!
- 3 To suffer in the traitor's place,
To die for man, surprising grace!
Yet pass rebellious angels by—
O why for man, dear Saviour, why?

* See Hymns on Redemption and the Lord's Supper.

4 And didst thou bleed?—for sinners bleed!
 And could the sun behold the deed?
 No! he withdrew his sickening ray,
 And darkness veil'd the mourning day.

5 Can I survey this scene of woe
 Where mingling grief and wonder flow;
 And yet my heart unmov'd remain,
 Insensible to love or pain?

6 Come, dearest LORD! thy grace impart,
 To warm this cold, this stupid heart;
 'Till all its powers and passions move
 In melting grief and ardent love.

138 C. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

Canterbury 199. Tunbridge 103.

The attraction of the Cross. John xii. 32.

1 **Y**ONDER—amazing sight!—I see
 Th' incarnate Son of God
 Expiring on th' accursed tree,
 And welt'ring in his blood.

2 Behold a purple torrent run
 Down from his hands and head:
 The crimson tide puts out the sun;
 His groans awake the dead.

3 The trembling earth, the darken'd sky,
 Proclaim the truth aloud;
 And, with the amaz'd Centurion, cry
 "This is the Son of God!"

4 So great, so vast a sacrifice
 May well my hope revive:
 If God's own Son thus bleeds and dies,
 The sinner sure may live. G 5

5 Oh, that these cords of love divine
 Might draw me, LORD, to thee!
 Thou hast my heart, it shall be thine—
 Thine it shall ever be!

139 L. M.

Rochford 22. Redemption 243.

*The dying Love of Christ constraining to thankful
 Devotion. 2 Cor. v. 14, 15.*

1 **S**EE, LORD, thy willing subjects bow,
 Adoring low before thy throne:
 Accept our humble, cheerful vow;
 Thou art our sovereign, thou alone.

2 Beneath thy soul-reviving ray,
 E'en cold affliction's wintry gloom
 Shall brighten into vernal day,
 And hopes and joys immortal bloom.

3 Smile on our souls, and bid us sing
 In concert with the choir above,
 The glories of our Saviour king,
 The condescensions of his love.

4 Amazing love! that stoop'd so low,
 To view with *pity's* melting eye
 Vile men, deserving endless woe:
 Amazing love!—did *JESUS die?*

5 He died, to raise to life and joy
 The vile, the guilty, the undone;
 Oh, let his praise each hour employ,
 'Till hours no more their circles run!

6 He died!—ye seraphs, tune your songs!
 Refound, refound, the Saviour's name!
 For nought below immortal tongues
 Can ever reach the wond'rous theme.

140 148th Dr. DODDRIDGE.

Resurrection 72. Darwell's 82.

The Resurrection of Christ. Luke xxiv. 34.

1 **Y**ES! the Redeemer rose,
 The Saviour left the dead,
 And o'er our hellish foes
 High rais'd his conquering head;
 In wild dismay
 The guards around
 Fall to the ground,
 And sink away.

2 Lo! the angelic bands
 In full assembly meet:
 To wait his high commands,
 And worship at his feet:
 Joyful they come,
 And wing their way
 From realms of day
 To JESUS' tomb.

3 Then back to heaven they fly
 The joyful news to bear:
 Hark! as they soar on high,
 What music fills the air!
 Their anthems say,
 "JESUS, who bled,
 Hath left the dead:
 "He rose to day."

4 Ye mortals! catch the sound,—
 Redeem'd by him from hell,
 And send the echo round
 The globe on which you dwell!
 Transported, cry—
 "JESUS, who bled,
 Hath left the dead,
 "No more to die."

5 All hail, triumphant LORD,
 Who sav'st us with thy blood!
 Wide be thy name ador'd,
 Thou rising, reigning God!
 With thee we rise,
 With thee we reign,
 And empires gain
 Beyond the skies.

141 7^s.

Easter Hymn 232. Feverham 220.

The Resurrection. 1 Cor. xv. 56.

1 **C**HRI^ST, the LORD, is risen to day!
 Sons of men and angels say!
 Raise your joys and triumphs high!
 Sing, ye heavens,— and, earth, reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,—
 Fought the fight, the battle won:
 Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er:
 Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
 CHR^IST hath burst the gates of hell;
 Death in vain forbids his rise,
 Christ hath opened paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious king!
 "Where, O death! is now thy sting?"
 Once he died our souls to save:
 "Where's thy victory, boasting grave?"

5 Soar we now where CHR^IST has led,
 Following our exalted head:
 Made like him, like him we rise,
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

6 What, tho' once we perish'd all,
 Partners of our parents' fall,

Second life let us receive,
In our heavenly Adam live.

7 Hail the LORD of earth and heaven!
Praise to thee by both be given!
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail! the RESURRECTION—thou.

142 7.

Hart's 221. Easter Hymn 232.

The Resurrection and Ascension.

- 1 **A**NGELS! roll the rock away!
Death! yield up thy mighty prey;
See! he rises from the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom. Hallelujah.
- 2 'Tis the Saviour! angels, raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise!
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound. Hal.
- 3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes!
Now to glory see him rise,
In long triumph, up the sky—
Up to waiting worlds on high. Hal.
- 4 Heaven displays her portals wide!
Glorious hero, thro' them ride!
King of Glory! mount the throne,—
'Thy great Father's and thy own. Hal.
- 5 Praise him, all ye heavenly choirs!
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres!
Shout, O earth, in rapt'rous song,
Let the strains be sweet and strong! Hal.
- 6 Every note with wonder swell,
Sin o'erthrown, and captiv'd hell!
Where is hell's once dreaded king?
Where, O death, thy mortal sting? Hal.

143 L. M.

Bramcoate 8. New Sabbath 122.

Christ's Resurrection a Pledge of ours.

- 1 **W**HEN I the holy grave survey,
Where once my Saviour deign'd to lie,
I see fulfill'd what prophets say,
And all the power of death defy.
- 2 This empty tomb shall now proclaim
How weak the bands of conquer'd death:
Sweet pledge, that all who trust his name
Shall rise, and draw immortal breath!
- 3 [Our Surety, freed, declares us free,
For whose offences he was seiz'd:
In his release our own we see,
And shout to view JEHOVAH pleas'd.]
- 4 JESUS, once number'd with the dead,
Unseals his eyes to sleep no more;
And ever lives their cause to plead,
For whom the pains of death he bore.
- 5 Thy risen LORD, my soul, behold!
See the rich diadem he wears!
Thou too shalt bear an harp of gold
To crown thy joy when he appears.
- 6 Tho' in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My flesh for ever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.

144 C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

New York 33. Crowle 3.

*Comfort to such who seek a risen Jesus, Matt. xxviii.
5, 6.*

- 1 **Y**E humble souls that seek the LORD,
Chace all your fears away;

And bow with pleasure down to see
 The place where JESUS lay.
 Thus low the Lord of life was brought ;
 Such wonders love can do !
 Thus cold in death that bosom lay
 Which throbb'd and bled for you.
 A moment give a loose to grief,—
 Let grateful sorrows rise ;
 And wash the bloody stains away
 With torrents from your eyes.
 Then dry your tears, and tune your songs,
 The Saviour lives again ;
 Not all the bolts and bars of death
 The conqueror could detain,
 High o'er th' angelic bands he rears
 His once dishonour'd head ;
 And, thro' unnumber'd years, he reigns
 Who dwelt among the dead.
 With joy like his shall every faint
 His empty tomb survey ;
 Then rise, with his ascending LORD,
 To realms of endless day.

145 L. M. WESLEY'S COLLECTION.

Cheshunt New 160. Coombs's 45.

Christ's Ascension, Psalm xxiv. 7.

1 **O**UR LORD is risen from the dead ;
 Our JESUS is gone up on high :
 The powers of hell are captive led—
 Dragg'd to the portals of the sky,
 2 There his triumphal chariot waits:
 And angels chant the solemn lay:—
 “ Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates !
 “ Ye everlasting doors, give way !”

- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims those mansions as his right:—
Receive the King of Glory in.
- 4 “Who is the King of Glory, who?”
The LORD that all his foes o’ercame;
The world, sin, death, and hell, o’erthrew;
And JESUS is the conqueror’s name.
- 5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay,
“Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
“Ye everlasting doors, give way!”
- 6 “Who is the King of Glory, who?”—
The LORD, of boundless power possesst;
The King of saints and angels too;
God over all, for ever blest!

146. 148th DR. DODDRIDGE.

Darwell’s 82. Swithin’s 44.

Jesus seen of Angels, 1 Tim. iii. 16.

- 1 **O**H ye immortal throng
Of angels round the throne,
Join with our feeble song
To make the Saviour known:
On earth ye knew
His wond’rous grace;
His beauteous face
In Heaven ye view.
- 2 Ye saw the heaven-born child
In human flesh array’d,
Benevolent and mild,
While in the manger laid;
And praise to God,
And peace on earth,
For such a birth,
Proclaim’d aloud.

Ye, in the wilderness;
Beheld the tempter spoil'd,—
Well-known in every dress,
In every combat foil'd;
And joy'd to crown
The victor's head,
When Satan fled
Before his frown.

Around the bloody tree
Ye press'd, with strong desire,
That wond'rous sight to see,—
The LORD of life expire;
And, could your eyes
Have known a tear,
Had dropp'd it there
In sad surprise.

5 Around his sacred tomb
A willing watch ye keep;
'Till the blest moment come
To rouse him from his sleep;
Then roll'd the stone,
And all ador'd
Your rising LORD,
With joy unknown.

6 When all array'd in light
The shining conqueror rode,
Ye hail'd his rapturous flight
Up to the throne of God;
And wav'd around
Your golden wings,
And struck your strings
Of sweetest sound.

7 The warbling notes pursue,
And louder anthems raise;

While mortals sing with you,
 Their *own* Redeemer's praise :
 And thou, my heart,
 With equal flame,
 And joy the same,
 Perform thy part.

147 L. M. STEELE.
 Portugal 97. Redemption, 243.
The exalted Saviour.

- 1 **N**OW let us raise our cheerful strains,
 And join the blissful choir above ;
 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
 And there they sing his wond'rous love.
- 2 While seraphs tune th' immortal song,
 Oh, may we feel the sacred flame ;
 And every heart, and every tongue,
 Adore the Saviour's glorious name !
- 3 **J**ESUS, who once upon the tree
 In agonizing pains expir'd ;
 Who dy'd for rebels—yes, 'tis he !
 How bright ! how lovely ! how admir'd !
- 4 **J**ESUS, who dy'd that we might live,—
 Dy'd in the wretched traitor's place ;—
 Oh, what returns can mortals give
 For such immeasurable grace !
- 5 Were universal nature ours,
 And art, with all her boasted store ;
 Nature and art, with all their powers,
 Would still confess the offerer poor !
- 6 Yet, tho' for bounty so divine,
 We ne'er can equal honours raise ;—
JESUS, may all our hearts be thine,
 And all our tongues proclaim thy praise !

128 L. M. DR. WATTS'S MISCELLANY.
Ayliffe Street 241. Langdon 217.

*Humiliation, Exaltation, and Triumphs of
Christ, Phil. ii. 8, 9. Col. ii. 15.*

THE mighty frame of glorious grace,
That brightest monument of praise
That e'er the GOD of Love design'd,
Employs and fills my labouring mind.
Begin, my soul, the heavenly song,—
A burden for an angel's tongue :
When Gabriel sounds these awful things,
He tunes and summons all his strings.
Proclaim inimitable love !—
JESUS, the LORD of worlds above,
Puts off the beams of bright array
And veils the GOD in mortal clay.
He, that distributes crowns and thrones,
Hangs on a tree, and bleeds, and groans :
The Prince of Life resigns his breath ;
The King of Glory bows to death.
But see the wonders of his power !—
He triumphs in his dying hour ;
And, while by Satan's rage he fell,
He dash'd the rising hopes of hell.
Thus were the hosts of death subdu'd,
And sin was drown'd in JESU'S blood :
'Then he arose, and reigns above,
And conquers finners by his love.
Who shall fulfil this boundless song !
The theme surmounts an angel's tongue :
How low, how vain are mortal airs,
When Gabriel's nobler harp despairs !

149 148th.

Greenwich New 62. · Portsmouth New 144

The Kingdom of Christ, Phil. iv. 4.

- 1 **R**EJOICE! the Lord is King:
Your God and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.
- 2 Rejoice! the Saviour reigns,—
The God of truth and love;
When he had purg'd our stains,
He took his seat above:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.
- 3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our JESUS given:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.
- 4 He all his foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy,
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.
- 5 Rejoice in glorious hope!
JESUS the judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,—
The trump of God shall sound, rejoice.

150 104th. FAWCETT.

number 130. Old Hundred and Fourth 148.

of Fulness of Christ, John i. 16. Col. i. 19.

A FULNESS resides
In JESUS our head,
And ever abides

To answer our need :
The Father's good pleasure
Has laid up in store
A plentiful treasure
To give to the poor.

Whate'er be our wants,
We need not to fear ;
Our numerous complaints
His mercy will hear :
His fulness shall yield us
Abundant supplies ;
His power shall shield us,
When dangers arise.

The fountain o'erflows
Our woes to redress ;
Still more he bestows,
And grace upon grace :
His gifts in abundance
We daily receive ;
He has a redundance
For all that believe.

Whatever distress
Awaits us below,
Such plentiful grace
Will JESUS bestow,
As still shall support us,
And silence our fear ;
For nothing can hurt us
While JESUS is near.

5 When troubles attend,
 Or danger or strife,
 His love will defend
 And guard us thro' life :
 And when we are fainting,
 And ready to die,
 Whatever is wanting
 His hand will supply.

151. 8.

New Jerusalem 230. Uxbridge 161.

The unsearchable Riches of Christ. Eph. iii. 8.

1 **H**OW shall I my Saviour set forth?
 How shall I his beauties declare?
 O how shall I speak of his worth,
 Or what his chief dignities are?
 His angels can never express,
 Nor saints who sit nearest his throne,
 How rich are his treasures of grace:—
 No! this is a myst'ry unknown.

2 In him, all the fulness of God:
 For ever transcendently shines;
 Tho' once like a mortal he stood
 To finish his gracious designs:
 Tho' once he was nail'd to the cross,
 Vile rebels like me to set free,
 His glory sustained no loss;—
 Eternal his kingdom shall be.

3 His wisdom, his love, and his power,
 Seem'd then with each other to vie,
 When sinners he stoop'd to restore,—
 Poor sinners, condemned to die!
 He laid all his grandeur aside,
 And dwelt in a cottage of clay—
 Poor sinners he lov'd till he dy'd—
 To wash their pollutions away.

O sinners, believe and adore,
 This Saviour so rich to redeem!
 No creature can ever explore
 The treasures of goodness in him:
 Come, all ye who see yourselves lost,
 And feel yourselves burden'd with sin,
 Draw near, while with terror you're toss'd,
 Believe, and your peace shall begin.
 Now, sinners, attend to his call,
 "Who so hath an ear let him hear,"
 He promises mercy to all
 Who feel their sad wants, far and near:
 He riches has ever in store,
 And treasures that never can waste:
 Here's pardon, here's grace; yea, and more,
 Here's glory eternal at last.

152 L. M. STEELE.

Kingsbridge 88. Portugal 97.

The Intercession of Christ. Heb. vii. 25.

HE lives! the great Redeemer lives!
 (What joy the blest assurance gives!)
 And now, before his father GOD,
 Pleads the full merit of his blood.
 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
 And Justice arm'd with frowns appears;
 But in the Saviour's lovely face
 Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.
 Hence, then, ye black despairing thoughts!
 Above our fears, above our faults,
 His powerful intercessions rise;
 And guilt recedes, and terror dies.

153 : INTERCESSION OF CHRIST.

- 4 In every dark distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That JESUS bears us on his heart.
- 5 Great Advocate, almighty Friend—
On him our humble hopes depend :
Our cause can never, never fail,
For JESUS pleads, and must prevail.

153 C. M. TOPLADY.

Newbury 132. Charleston 195.

Christ's Intercession prevalent. John xvii. 24.

- 1 **A** WAKE, sweet gratitude! and sing
Th' ascended Saviour's love :
Sing how he lives to carry on
His people's cause above.
- 2 With cries and tears, he offer'd up
His humble suit below ;
But with authority he asks,
Enthron'd in glory now.
- 3 For all that come to God by him,
Salvation he demands ;
Points to their names upon his breast,
And spreads his wounded hands.
- 4 His sweet atoning sacrifice
Gives sanction to his claim :
" Father, I will that all my saints
" Be with me where I am :
- 5 " By their salvation, recompense
" The sorrows I endur'd ;
" Just to the merits of thy Son,
" And faithful to thy word."

Eternal life, at his request,
 To every saint is given :
 Safety below, and, after death,
 The plenitude of heaven.

[Founded on right, thy prayer avails ;
 The Father smiles on thee ;
 And now, thou in thy kingdom art,
 Dear LORD, remember me.

Let the much incense of thy prayer
 In my behalf ascend ;
 And, as its virtue, so my praise
 Shall never never end.]

154 C M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Michael's 119. Elim 151.

Christ's Intercession typified by Aaron's Breast-plate.
 Exodus xxviii. 29.

NOW let our cheerful eyes survey
 Our great High-priest above,
 And celebratè his constant care
 And sympathetic love.

Tho' rais'd to a superior throne,
 Where angels bow around,
 And high o'er all the shining train,
 With matchless honours crown'd ;

The names of all his saints he bears
 Deep graven on his heart ;
 Nor shall the meanest Christian say
 That he hath lost his part.

Those characters shall fair abide
 Our everlasting trust,
 When gems, and monuments, and crowns,
 Are moulder'd down to dust.

155 INTERCESSION OF CHRIST.

5 So, gracious Saviour! on my breast
 May thy dear name be worn,—
 A sacred ornament and guard,
 To endless ages borne!

155 C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.
 Bedford 91. Ann's 58.

*Christ's Admonition to Peter under approaching Trial
 and intercession for him. Luke xxii. 31, 32.*

- 1 **H**OW keen the tempter's malice is!
 How artful, and how great!
 Tho' not one grain shall be destroy'd,
 Yet will he sift the wheat.
- 2 But God can all his power control,
 And gather in his chain;
 And, where he seems to triumph most,
 The captive soul regain.
- 3 There is a shepherd kind and strong,
 Still watchful for his sheep;
 Nor shall th' infernal lion rend
 Whom he vouchsafes to keep.
- 4 Blest JESUS! intercede for us,
 That we may fall no more;
 O raise us when we prostrate lie;
 And comfort lost restore,
- 5 Thy secret energy impart,
 That faith may never fail;
 But, 'midst whole showers of fiery darts,
 That temper'd shield prevail.
- 6 Secur'd ourselves by grace divine,
 We'll guard our brethren too;
 And, taught their frailty by our own,
 Our care of them renew.

CHARACTERS AND REPRESENTATIONS OF
CHRIST*.

I 56 L. M.

Mark's 65. Ulverston 179.

Advocate. 1 John ii. 1.

- 1 **W**HERE is my God? does he retire
Beyond the reach of humble sighs?
Are these weak breathings of desire
Too languid to ascend the skies?
- 2 No, LORD! the breathings of desire,
The weak petition, if sincere,
Is not forbidden to aspire,
But reaches thy all-gracious ear.
- 3 Look up, my soul, with cheerful eye,
See where the great Redeemer stands,—
The glorious Advocate on high,
With precious incense in his hands!
- 4 He sweetens every humble groan,
He recommends each broken prayer;
Recline thy hope on him alone,
Whose power and love forbid despair.
- 5 Teach my weak heart, O gracious LORD!
With stronger faith to call thee mine;
Bid me pronounce the blissful word,
My FATHER, GOD, with joy divine.

86

H 2

* These characters of Christ follow one another alphabetically. Others, which it was necessary to place under different heads, may be found in the Index.

157; 158. CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

157 L. M.

Lebanon 79. Lewton 30.

Brazen Serpent. Numbers xxi. 8, 9.

- 1 **W**HEN Israel's grieving tribes complain'd,
With fiery serpents greatly pain'd,
A serpent strait the prophet made
Of molten brass, to view display'd.
- 2 Around the fainting crowds attend,
To heaven their mournful sighs ascend ;
They hope, they look, while from the pole
Descends a power that makes them whole.
- 3 But, Oh, what healing to the heart
Doth our Redeemer's Cross impart !
What life, by faith, our souls receive!
What pleasures do his sorrows give.
- 4 Still, may I view the Saviour's cross,
And other objects count but loss ;
Here still be fix'd my feasted eyes,
Enraptur'd with his sacrifice!
- 5 **J**ESUS the Saviour ! balmy name !
Thy worth my tongue would now proclaim ;
By thy atonement set me free !—
My life, my hope, is all from thee.

158 L. M. FAWCETT.

Islington 40. New Sabbath 122.

Bread of Life. John vi. 35, 48.

- 1 **D**EPRAVED minds on ashes feed ;
Nor love, nor seek for heavenly bread ;
They chuse the husks which swine do eat,
Or meanly crave the serpent's meat,
- 2 **J**ESUS ! thou art the living bread
By which our needy souls are fed ;
In thee alone thy children find
Enough to fill the empty mind.

- 4 Without this bread, I starve and die ;
 No other can my need supply :
 But this will suit my wretched case,
 Abroad , at home, in every place.
- 4 'Tis this relieves the hungry poor
 Who ask for bread at mercy's door
 This living food descends from heaven,
 As manna to the Jews was giv'n.
- 5 This precious food my heart revives;
 What strength what nourishment it gives !
 O let me evermore be fed
 With this divine celestial bread !

159 L. M. FAWCETT.

Leeds 19. Madan's 107.

*Bridegroom and Husband ; or, the Marriage
 between Christ and the Soul.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, the heavenly lover, gave
 His life my wretched soul to save :
 Resolv'd to make his mercy known,
 He kindly claims me for his own.
- 2 Rebellious, I against him strove
 'Till melted and constrain'd by love ;
 With sin and self I freely part,
 The heavenly Bridegroom wins my heart.
- 3 My guilt, my wretchedness he knows,
 Yet takes and owns me for his spouse ;
 My debts he pays, and sets me free,
 And make his riches o'er to me.
- 4 My filthy rags are laid aside,
 He clothes me as becomes his bride ;
 Himself bestows my wedding-dress, —
 The robe of perfect righteousness.

- 5 Loft in astonishment, I see,
 Jesus! thy boundless love to me:
 With angels I thy grace adore,
 And long to love and praise thee more.
- 6 Since thou wilt take me for thy bride,
 O Saviour, keep me, near thy side!
 I fain would give thee all my heart,
 Nor ever from my LORD depart.

160 L. M. Beddome.

Kimbolton 251. Chard 175.

Bright and morning Star. Rev. xxii. 16

- 1 **Y**E worlds of light, that roll so near
 The Saviour's throne of shining bliss
 O tell, how mean your glories are,—
 How faint and few, compar'd with his!
- 2 We sing the bright and morning Star,
 Jesus, the spring of light and love:
 See, how its rays, diffus'd from far,
 Conduct us to the realms above!
- 3 Its cheering beams spread wide abroad;—
 Point out the puzzled Christian's way:
 Still, as he goes, he finds the road
 Enlighten'd with a constant day.
- 4 [Thus, when the Eastern Magi brought
 Their royal gifts, a star appears;
 Directs them to the babe they sought,
 And guides their steps, and calms their fears.]
- 5 When shall we reach the heav'nly place
 Where this bright star shall brightest shine?
 Leave far behind these scenes of night,
 And view a lustre so divine?

161 C. M. Dr. S. STENNETT.

Bath Chapel 26. Evans's 190.

Chief among Ten Thousand; or, the Excellencies of Christ. Cant. v. 10—16.

TO CHRIST, the Lord, let every tongue
Its noblest tribute bring :

When he's the subject of the song,

Who can refuse to sing !

Survey the beauties of his face,

And on his glories dwell ;

Think of the wonders of his grace,

And all his triumphs tell.

Majestic sweetness sits enthron'd

Upon his awful brow ;

His head with radiant glories crown'd,

His lips with grace o'erflow.

No mortal can with him compare,

Among the sons of men :

Fairer he is than all the fair

That fill the heavenly train.

He saw me plung'd in deep distress,

He flew to my relief ;

For me he bore the shameful cross,

And carried all my grief.

[His hand a thousand blessings pours

Upon my guilty head ;

His presence gilds my darkest hours,

And guards my sleeping bed.

To him I owe my life, and breath,

And all the joys I have :

He makes me triumph over death,

And saves me from the grave.]

161. 162 CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

8 To heav'n, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shews me the glories of my GOD,
And makes my joys complete.

9 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
LORD, they should all be thine!

162 8. 7. MADAN'S COLLECTION.

Welsh 210. Trowbridge 21.

Consolation of Israel. Luke ii. 25.

1 COME, thou long expected JESUS!

Born to set thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee:

Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the faints thou art;

Dear desire of every nation,—
Joy of every longing heart.

2 Born, thy people to deliver;

Born a child and yet a king;

Born to reign in us for ever,

Now thy gracious kingdom bring;

By thine own eternal Spirit,

Rule in all our hearts alone;

By thine all-sufficient merit,

Raise us to thy glorious throne.

163 L. M. Dr. DODDRIDGE:

Wareham 117. Wells 102.

Corner-Stone. 1 Pet. ii. 6. Isa. xxviii. 16. 17.

1 LORD, dost thou shew a corner-stone

For us to build our hopes upon,

That the fair edifice may rise

Sublime in light beyond the skies?

- 2 We own the work of sov'reign love ;
 Nor death nor hell the hopes shall move,
 Which fix'd on this foundation stand,
 Laid by thy own Almighty hand.
- 3 Thy people long this stone have try'd,
 And all the powers of hell defy'd ;
 Floods of temptation beat in vain,
 Well doth this rock the house sustain.
- 4 When storms of wrath around prevail,
 Whirlwind and thunder, fire and hail,
 'Tis here our trembling souls shall hide,
 And here securely they abide :
- 5 While they, that scorn this precious stone,
 Fond of some quicksand of their own,
 Borne down by weighty vengeance die,
 And buried deep in ruin lie.

164 C. M.

New York 33. Stillman 66.

Desire of all Nations. Hag. ii. 7. Cant. i. 3.

- 1 **I**NFINITE excellence is thine,
 Thou lovely Prince of Grace !
 Thy uncreated beauties shine
 With never fading rays.
- 2 Sinners, from earth's remotest end,
 Come bending at thy feet ;
 To thee their prayers and vows ascend,
 In thee their wishes meet.
- 3 Thy name, as precious ointment shed,
 Delights the church around ;
 Sweetly the sacred odours spread
 Thro' all IMMANUEL'S ground.

165, 166 CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

- 4 Millions of happy spirits live
On thy exhaustless store ;
From thee they all their blifs receive,
And still thou givest more.
- 5 Thou art their triumph and their joy ;
'They find their all in thee ;
Thy glories will their tongues employ
Thro' all eternity.

165 C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.
Stamford 9. Huddersfield 202.

The Door, John x. 9. Hosea ii. 15.

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

166 L. M. STEELE.

Portugal 97. New Sabbath 122.

Our Example, John xiii. 15.

- 1 **A** ND is the Gospel peace and love ?
Such let our conversation be ;
The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

- 2 When'er the angry passions rise,
 And tempt our thoughts or-tongues to strife,
 To JESUS let us lift our eyes,
 Bright pattern of the Christian life !
 Oh, how benevolent and kind !
 How mild ! how ready to forgive !
 Be this the temper of our mind,
 And these the rules by which we live.
- 4 To do his heavenly Father's will
 Was his employment and delight ;
 Humility and holy zeal
 Shone thro' his life divinely bright !
- 5 Dispensing good where'er he came,
 The labours of his life were love ;
 Oh, if we love the Saviour's name,
 Let his divine example move.
- 6 But, ah ! how blind ! how weak we are !
 How frail ! how apt to turn aside !
 LORD, we depend upon thy care,
 And ask thy Spirit for our guide.
- 7 Thy fair example may we trace,
 To teach us what we ought to be !
 Make us, by thy transforming grace,
 Dear Saviour, daily more like thee !

167 L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Bramcoate 8. Antigua 120.

*Forerunner and Foundation of our Hope, Heb. vi.
 19; 20.*

- 1 JESUS, the Lord, our souls adore !
 A painful sufferer now no more,
 High on his Father's throne he reigns
 O'er earth and heaven's extensive plains,

- 2 His race for ever is complete ;
 For ever undisturb'd his feat ;
 Myriads of angels round him fly,
 And sing his well-gain'd victory.
- 3 Yet, 'midst the honours of his throne,
 He joys not for himself alone !
 His meanest servants share their part,
 Share in that royal tender heart.
- 4 Raise, raise, my soul, thy raptur'd sight,
 With sacred wonder and delight ;
 JESUS, thy own Forerunner, see
 Enter'd beyond the veil for thee.
- 5 Loud let the howling tempest yell,
 And foaming waves to mountains swell ;
 No shipwreck can my vessel fear,
 Since hope hath fix'd its anchor here.

168 104th HART.

Stockwell 140. Hanover 130.

Fountain opened for Sinners, Zech. xiii. 1.

1. **T**HE fountain of CHRIST,
 LORD, help us to sing,—
 The blood of our Priest,
 Our crucify'd King :
 The fountain that cleanses
 From sin and from filth,
 And richly dispenses
 Salvation and health.
- 2 This fountain so dear
 He'll freely impart ;
 When pierc'd by the spear,
 It flow'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,
And gives, soon as felt,
Infallible cure ;
But, if guilt removed
Return and remain,
Its pow'r may be proved
Again and again.

4 This fountain, unseal'd,
Stands open for all
Who long to be heal'd,
The great and the small :
Here's strength for the weakly
That hither are led ;
Here's health for the sickly,
And life for the dead.

5 This fountain, tho' rich,
From charge is quite clear ;
The poorer the wretch,
The welcomer here :
Come needy, and guilty,
Come loathsome, and bare ;
Tho' lep'rous and filthy,
Come just as you are.

6 This fountain in vain
Has never been try'd ;
It takes out all stain
Whenever apply'd :
The fountain flows sweetly
With virtue divine,
To cleanse souls completely,
Tho' leprous as mine.

169 C. M. COWPER.
 Tunbridge 103. Evans's 190.
Praise for the Fountain opened.

- 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;
 O may I there, tho' vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away!
- 3 Dear dying Lamb! thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransom'd church of God
 Be sav'd to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.
- 5 But when this lisping stammering tongue
 Lies silent in the grave,
 Then, in a nobler sweeter song,
 I'll sing thy power to save.

170 L. M. NEWTON.
 Kingsbridge 88. Magdalene 214.
Friend.

- 1 **P**OOOR, weak, and worthless, tho' I am,
 I have a rich almighty friend;
 JESUS, the Saviour, is his name:
 He freely loves, and without end.
- 2 He ransom'd me from hell with blood;
 And, by his power, my foes controll'd;
 He found me wandering far from God,
 And brought me to his chosen fold.

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!

P A U S E.

this thy Kindness to thy Friend, 2 Sam. xvi. 17.

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.

Often my gracious friend I grieve,
 Neglect, distrust, and disobey;
 And often Satan's lies believe,
 Sooner than all my friend can say.

[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.

Before the world, that hates his cause,
 My treach'rous heart has throbb'd with shame;
 Loth to forego the world's applause,
 I hardly dare avow his name.]

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.

171 L. M. BEDDOME.

Portugal 97. Bramcoate 8.

Gift of God, John iii. 16. 2 Cor. ix. 15.

JESUS, my love, my chief delight,
 For thee I long, for thee I pray,
 Amid the shadows of the night,
 Amid the business of the day!

172. CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

- 2 When shall I see thy smiling face,—
That face which I have often seen?
Arise, thou Sun of Righteousness!
Scatter the clouds that intervene.
- 3 Thou art the glorious Gift of God
To sinners weary and distressed;
The first of all his gifts bestow'd,
And certain pledge of all the rest.
- 4 Could I but say this gift is mine,
I'd tread the world beneath my feet;
No more at poverty repine,
Nor envy the rich sinner's state.
- 5 The precious jewel I would keep,
And lodge it deep within my heart;
At home, abroad, awake, asleep,
It never should from thence depart!

172 C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Oxford 177. Newbury 132.

Head of the Church, Ephesians iv. 15, 16.

- 1 **J**ESUS, I sing thy matchless grace
That calls a worm thy own;
Gives me among thy saints a place
To make thy glories known.
- 2 Allied to thee, our vital Head,
We act, and grow, and thrive:
From thee divided, each is dead
When most he seems alive.
- 3 Thy saints on earth, and those above,
Here join in sweet accord:
One body all, in mutual love,
And thou our common LORD.

4 Oh, may my faith each hour derive
 Thy Spirit with delight;
 While death and hell in vain shall strive
 This bond to disunite.

5 Thou the whole body wilt present
 Before thy Father's face;
 Nor shall a wrinkle or a spot
 Its beauteous form disgrace.

173 C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Liverpool 83. Irish 171.

Jesus—precious to them that believe, 1 Pet. ii. 7.

1 JESUS, I love thy charming name,
 'Tis music to my ear;
 Fain would I sound it out so loud
 That earth and heaven might hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul!
 My transport and my trust:
 Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
 And gold is fordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish,
 In thee doth richly meet;
 Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
 Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
 And shed its fragrance there;
 The noblest balm of all its wounds,
 The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honours of thy name
 With my last lab'ring breath;
 And, dying, clasp thee in my arms—
 The antidote of death.

174 7^s.

Turin 244. Feverham 220.

Immanuel, Matt. i. 23. i Tim. iii. 16.

- 1 **G**OD *with us!* O glorious name!
 Let it shine in endless fame:
 God and man in CHRIST unite:—
 Oh, mysterious depth and height!
- 2 GOD *with us!* Amazing love
 Brought him from his courts above;
 Now, ye faints, his grace admire,
 Swell the song with holy fire.
- 3 GOD *with us!* But tainted not
 With the first transgressor's blot;
 Yet did he our sins sustain,
 Bear the guilt, the curse, the pain.
- 4 [GOD *with us!* Oh, blissful theme!
 Let the impious not blaspheme;
 JESUS shall in judgment sit,
 Dooming rebels to the pit.]
- 5 GOD *with us!* Oh, wond'rous grace!
 Let us see him face to face,
 That we may IMMANUEL sing,
 As we ought, our God and King.

175 C. M. STEELE.

Charleston 195. Milbourn Port 183. America 265.

King of Saints.

- 1 **C**OME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
 And joy to make it known;
 The sovereign of your heart proclaim,
 And bow before his throne.
- 2 Behold your King, your Saviour, crown'd
 With glories all divine;
 And tell the wondering nations round,
 How bright those glories shine.

Infinite power, and boundless grace,
In him unite their rays :

You, that have e'er beheld his face,
Can you forbear his praise ?

When in his earthly courts we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

And shall we long and wish in vain ?

LORD, teach our songs to rise !

Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

Oh, happy period ! glorious day !

When heaven and earth shall raise,
With all their powers, the raptur'd lay,
To celebrate thy praise.

176 C. M. W——.

Miles's Lane 32. Condescension 116.

Crown him.

BACKSLIDERS, who your misery feel,

Attend your Saviour's call ;
Return, he'll your backslidings heal :

Oh, crown him LORD of all.

Though crimson sin increase your guilt,

And painful is your thrall ;

For broken hearts his blood was spilt ;

Oh, crown him LORD of all.

Take with you words, approach his throne,

And low before him fall ;

He understands the spirit's groan ;

Oh, crown him LORD of all.

- 4 Whoever comes he'll not cast out,
 Altho' your faith be small:
 His faithfulness you cannot doubt;
 Oh, crown him LORD of all.

I 77 C. M.

Miles's Lane 32. Foster 96.

The spiritual Coronation, Cant. iii. 11.

ANGELS.

- 1 **A**LL-HAIL the power of JESU'S name!
 Let angels prostrate fall:
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown him LORD of all.

MARTYRS,

- 2 [Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
 Who from his altar call;
 Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
 And crown him LORD of all.]

CONVERTED JEWS.

- 3 [Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
 A remnant weak and small!
 Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
 And crown him LORD of all.]

BELIEVING GENTILES.

- 4 Ye Gentile finners, ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall;
 Go—spread your trophies at his feet,
 And crown him LORD of all.

SINNERS OF EVERY AGE.

- 5 [Babes, men, and fires, who know his love,
 Who feel your sin and thrall,
 Now joy with all the hosts above,
 And crown him LORD of all.]

SINNERS OF EVERY NATION.

Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown him LORD of all.

OURSELVES.

Oh that, with yonder sacred throng,
 We at his feet may fall;
 We'll join the everlasting song,
 And crown him LORD of all.

178 112th. C. WESLEY.

Uffculm 93. Hoxton 121.

Kinsman, Ruth iii. 2—9.

1 JESUS, we claim thee for our own,
 Our kinsman near allied in blood;
 Flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone,
 The Son of Man, the Son of God;
 And, lo! we lay us at thy feet
 Our sentence from thy mouth to meet.

2 Partaker of my flesh below,
 To thee, O JESUS, I apply;
 Thou wilt thy poor relations know;
 Thou never canst thyself deny,
 Exclude me from thy guardian care,
 Or slight a sinful beggar's prayer.

3 Thee, Saviour, at my greatest need,
 I trust my faithful friend to prove;
 Now o'er thy meanest servant spread
 The skirt of thy redeeming love:
 Under thy wings of mercy take,
 And save me for thy merit's sake.

4 Hast thou not undertook my cause,
 LORD over all, to worms allied?
 Answer me from that bleeding cross,
 Demand thy dearly-ransom'd bride
 And let my soul, betroth'd to thee,
 Thine, wholly thine, for ever be!

179 L. M. FAWCETT.

Babylon Streams 23. Kingsbridge 88. Gould's 21

Lamb of God, &c. John i. 29.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the sin-aton-ing LAMB,
 With wonder, gratitude, and love;
 To take away our guilt and shame,
 See him descending from above.
- 2 Our sins and griefs on him were laid;
 He meekly bore the mighty load;
 Our ransom-price he fully paid
 In groans and tears, in sweat and blood.
- 3 To save a guilty world, he dies;
 Sinners, behold the bleeding Lamb!
 To him lift up your longing eyes,
 And hope for mercy in his name.
- 4 Pardon, and peace, thro' him abound;
 He can the richest blessings give;
 Salvation in his name is found,
 He bids the dying sinner live.
- 6 JESUS, my LORD, I look to thee—
 Where else can helpless sinners go?
 Thy boundless love shall set me free
 From all my wretchedness and woe.

180 S. M. J. C. W.
New Eagle Street 55. Enfield 5.

Leader.

1 **T**HOU very paschal Lamb,
Whose blood for us was shed,
Thro' whom we out of Egypt came;
Thy ransom'd people lead.

2 Angel of Gospel-grace!
Fulfil thy character;
To guard and feed the chosen race,
In Israel's camp appear.

3 Throughout the desert-way
Conduct us by thy light;
Be thou a cooling cloud by day,
A cheering fire by night.

4 Our fainting souls sustain
With blessings from above,
And ever on thy people rain
The manna of thy love.

181 L. M. STEELE.

Virginia 234. Rippon's 188.

Life of the Soul. John xiv. 19.

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 thy everlasting word;
That word which 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;
 Immovable the promise stands;
 Nor all the powers of earth, or hell,
 Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.

5 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose!
 If JESUS is for ever mine,
 Nor death itself, that last of foes,
 Shall break a union so divine.

182 8. 7.

Carlisle 95. Welsh 210.

Light. Isaiah ix. 2.

LIGHT of those, whose dreary dwelling
 Borders on the shades of death,
 Come! and, thy dear self revealing,
 Dissipate the clouds beneath:
 The new heaven's and earth's Creator,
 In our deepest darkness rise!
 Scattering all the night of nature,
 Pouring day upon our eyes!

2 Still we wait for thine appearing,
 Life and joy thy beams impart,
 Chasing all our fears, and cheering
 Every poor benighted heart;
 Come, and manifest the favour
 Thou hast for the ransom'd race:
 Come, thou dear exalted Saviour!
 Come, and bring thy Gospel grace.

3 Save us in thy great compassion,
 O thou mild pacific Prince!
 Give the knowledge of salvation;
 Give the pardon of our sins:
 By thine all-sufficient merit,
 Every burden'd soul release;
 By the influence of thy Spirit,
 Guide us into perfect peace.

183 7^s. W—

Scotland 194. Stoel 164. Alcester 213.

Melchizedek a Type of Christ. Gen. xiv. 18, 19.

KING of Salem, bless my soul!

Make a wounded sinner whole!

King of righteousness and peace,

Let not thy sweet visits cease!

2 Come! refresh this soul of mine

With thy sacred bread and wine!

All thy love to me unfold,

Half of which can not be told.

3 Hail, Melchizedek divine!

Thou great High-Priest shalt be mine:

All my powers before thee fall,—

Take not tythe, but take them all;

184 C. M.

New York 33. Providence College 10.

Messenger of the Covenant. Mal. iii. 1.

1 **J**ESUS, commission'd from above,

Descends to men below,

And shews from whence the springs of love

In endless currents flow.

2 He, whom the boundless heaven adores,

Whom angels long to see,

Quitted with joy those blissful shores,

Ambassador to me!

3 To me, a worm, a sinful clod,

A rebel all forlorn:

A foe, a traitor to my GOD,

And of a traitor born:

4 To me, who never sought his grace,

Who mock'd his sacred word;

Who never knew 'or lov'd his face,

And all his will abhorr'd

- 5 To me, who could not even praise
 When his kind heart I knew,
 But sought a thousand devious ways
 Rather than keep the true :
- 6 Yet this redeeming angel came,
 So vile a worm to bless ;
 He took with gladness all my blame,
 And gave his righteousness.
- 7 Oh that my languid heart might glow
 With ardour all divine !
 And, for more love than seraphs know,
 Like burning seraphs shine !

185 L. M. NEEDHAM.

New Sabbath 122. Mark's 65.

Messiah. Gen. xlix. 10. Dan. ix. 26. Hag. ii. 9.

- 1 **G**LORY to God ! who reigns above,
 Who dwells in light, whose name is love ;
 Ye faints and angels, if ye can,
 Declare the love of God to man.
- 2 Oh what can more his love commend,
 His dear, his only Son to send !
 That man, condemn'd to die, might live,
 And God be glorious to forgive !
- 3 Messiah's come—with joy behold
 The days by prophets long foretold :
 Judah, thy royal sceptre's broke ;
 And time still proves what Jacob spoke.
- 4 Daniel, thy weeks are all expir'd,—
 The time prophetic seals requir'd ;
 Cut off for sins, but not his own,
 Thy Prince Messiah did atone.

- 5 Thy famous temple, Solomon,
Is by the latter far out-shone :
It wanted not thy glittering store;
Messiah's presence grac'd it more.
- 6 We see the prophecies fulfill'd
In JESUS, that most wond'rous child :
His birth, his life, his death, combine
To prove his character divine.
- 7 JESUS, thy Gospel firmly stands
A blessing to these favour'd lands;
No infidel shall be our dread,
Since thou art risen from the dead.

186 7. 6. 8. C. WESLEY.

Clark's 131. Tottenham Court 111.

Passover. Exod. xii. 7. 1 Cor. v. 7, 8.

- 1 CHRIST our passover is slain,
To set his people free,—
Free from sin's Egyptian chain,
And Pharaoh's tyranny.
LORD, that we may now depart
And truly serve our pardoning GOD,
Sprinkle every house and heart
With thine-atoning blood.
- 2 Let the Angel of the LORD
His awful charge fulfil ;
Let his pestilential sword
The first-born victims kill ;
Safe in snares and deaths we dwell,
Protected, by that crimson sign,
From the rage of earth and hell,
And from the wrath divine. 98

187 CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

- 3 Wilt thou not a difference make
 Betwixt thy friend and foe,
 Vengeance on the Egyptians take,
 And grace to Israel shew?
 Know'st thou not, most righteous God,
 We on the paschal Lamb rely?—
 See us cover'd with the blood,
 And pass thy people by.

187 C. M. STEELE.

Stillman 66. Condescension 116.

Pearl of great Price. Matt. xiii. 46.

- 1 **Y**E glittering toys of earth, adieu!
 A nobler choice be mine;
 A *real* prize attracts my view,
 A treasure all divine.
- 2 Be gone, unworthy of my cares,
 Ye specious baits of sense;—
 Inestimable worth appears,
 The Pearl of price immense!
- 3 **J**ESUS, to multitudes unknown,—
 O name divinely sweet!
JESUS, in thee, in thee alone,
 Wealth, honour, pleasure, meet.
- 4 Should both the Indies, at my call,
 Their boasted stores resign;
 With joy I would renounce them all,
 For leave to call thee mine.
- 5 Should earth's vain treasures all depart,—
 Of this dear gift possess'd,
 I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
 And be for ever bless'd.

2 Dear sovereign of my soul's desires,
 Thy love is bliss divine ;
 Accept the wish that love inspires,
 And bid me call thee mine.

188 L. M. STEELE.

Ulverston 179, Portugal 97. Gould's 272.

Physician of Souls. Jeremiah viii. 22.

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

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

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

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

5 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
 Life, health, and bliss, abundant flow ;
 'Tis only this dear sacred flood
 Can ease thy pain and heal thy woe.

6 Sin throws in vain its pointed dart ;
 For here a sovereign cure is found,
 A cordial for the fainting heart,
 A balm for every painful wound. 99. I 3.

189 C. M.

Great Milton 212. Ludlow 84.

Physician ; or, the Miracles of Christ.

- 1 **J**ESUS, since thou art still to-day
As yesterday the same ;
Present to heal—in me display
The virtue of thy name.
- 2 Since still thou go'st about to do
Thy needy creatures good ;
On me, that I thy praise may shew,
Be all thy wonders shew'd.

LEPER.

- 3 Now, LORD, to whom for help I call,
Thy miracles repeat ;
With pitying eye behold me fall,
A leper at thy feet.
- 4 Loathsome, and vile, and self abhorr'd,
I sink beneath my sin ;
But, if thou wilt, a gracious word
Of thine can make me clean.

DEAF AND DUMB.

- 5 Thou see'st me deaf to thy commands,
Open, O LORD ! mine ear ;
Bid me stretch out my withered hands,
And lift them up in prayer.
- 6 Silent, (alās ! thou know'st how long)
My voice I cannot raise ;
But Oh ! when thou shalt loose my tongue,
The dumb shall sing thy praise.

L A M E.

Lame, at the pool I still am seen,
 Waiting to find relief;
 While many others venture in,
 And wash away their grief.

8 Now speak my mind, my conscience found,
 Give, and my strength employ;
 Light as an hart, my soul shall bound,
 The lame shall leap for joy.

B L I N D.

9 If thou, my God, art passing by,
 Oh! let me find thee near;
 J E S U S, in mercy hear my cry,
 Thou Son of David, hear!

10 See, I am waiting, in the way,
 For thee the heavenly light;
 Command me to be brought, and say,
 "Sinner, receive thy sight."

P O S S E S S E D.

11 Cast out thy foes, and let them still
 To thy great name submit:
 Clothe with thy righteousness, and heal,
 And place me at thy feet.

12 From sin, the guilt, the power, the pain,
 Thou wilt relieve my soul;
 L O R D, I believe, and not in vain,
 For thou wilt make me whole.

I 90 148th. CENNICK.

Bethesda 112. Eagle Street 16.

High Priest.

- 1 **A** GOOD High-priest is come,
 Supplying Aaron's place,
 And, taking up his room,
 Dispensing life and grace:
 The law by Aaron's priesthood came,
 But grace and truth by JÉSUS' name.
- 2 My LORD a priest is made,
 As sware the mighty GOD
 To Israel and his seed;
 Ordain'd to offer blood
 For sinners, who his mercy seek;
 A priest, as was Melchizedek.
- 3 He once temptations knew
 Of every sort and kind,
 That he might succour shew
 To every tempted mind:
 In every point, the Lamb was try'd.
 Like us, and then for us he dy'd.
- 4 He dies; but lives again,
 And by the altar stands:
 There shews how he was slain,
 Op'ning his pierced hands:
 Our priest abides, and pleads the cause
 Of us, who have transgress'd his laws.
- 5 I other priests disclaim,
 And laws, and offerings too,
 None but the bleeding Lamb
 The mighty work can do;
 He shall have all the praise, for he:
 Hath lov'd, and liv'd, and dy'd, for me.

191 L. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

Leeds 19. Langdon 217.

The Excellency of the Priesthood of Christ.

- 1 **M**ONG all the priests of Jewish race,
 JESUS the most illustrious stands :
 The radiant beauty of his face
 Superior love and awe demands.
- 2 Not Aaron or Melchizedek
 Could claim such high descent as he ;
 His nature and his name bespeak
 His unexampled pedigree.
- 3 Descended from th' eternal GOD,
 He bears the name of his own Son ;
 And, dress'd in human flesh and blood,
 He puts his priestly garments on.
- 4 The mitred crown, th' embroider'd vest,
 With graceful dignity he wears ;
 And, in full splendour, on his breast
 The sacred oracle appears.
- 5 So he presents his sacrifice,—
 An offering most divinely sweet ;
 While clouds of fragrant incense rise,
 And cover o'er the mercy-seat.
- 6 The father with approving smile
 Accepts the offering of his Son :
 New joys the wondering angels feel,
 And haste to bear the tidings down.
- 7 The welcome news their lips repeat.
 Gives sacred pleasure to my breast :
 Henceforth, my soul, thy cause commit
 To CHRIST, thy advocate and priest. 15 101

192, 193 CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

192 112th. PRESIDENT DAVIES.

Carey's 11. New Haven 248.

Prophet, Priest, and King. 1 Pet. ii. 7.

- 1 **J**ESUS, how precious is thy name!
The great Jehovah's darling, thou!
Oh, let me catch th' immortal flame,
With which angelic bosoms glow!
Since angels love thee, I would love,
And imitate the blest above.
- 2 My *Prophet* thou, my heavenly guide,
Thy sweet instructions I will hear;
The words, that from thy lips proceed,
Oh, how divinely sweet they are!
Thee, my great *Prophet*, I would love,
And imitate the blest above.
- 3 My great *High-Priest*, whose precious blood
Did once atone upon the cross;
Who now dost intercede with God,
And plead the friendless sinners cause;
In thee I trust; thee I would love,
And imitate the blest above.
- 4 My *King* supreme, to thee I bow,
A willing subject at thy feet;
All other lords I disavow,
And to thy government submit:
My *Saviour King* this heart would love,
And imitate the blest above.

193 L. M.

Redemption 243. Well's Row 98.

The Ransom. Isaiah lxi. 2.

- 1 "I COME," the great Redeemer cries,
"A year of freedom to declare,
From debts and bondage to discharge;
And Jews and Greeks the grace shall share"

"A day of vengeance I proclaim,
 "But not on man the storm shall fall;
 "On me its thunders shall descend,
 "My strength, my love sustain them all."

Stupendous favour! matchless grace!
 JESUS has dy'd, that we might live:
 Not worlds below, nor worlds above,
 Could so divine a ransom give.

To him, who lov'd our ruin'd race,
 And for our lives laid down his own,
 Let songs of joyful praises rise
 Sublime, eternal as his throne.

194 C. M. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

Oxford 177. Sprague 166.

Our Righteousness. Jer. xxiii. 6.

1 SAVIOUR divine! we know thy name,
 And in that name we trust;
 Thou art the LORD our Righteousness,
 Thou art thine Israel's boast.

2 Guilty we plead before thy throne,
 And low in dust we lie,
 'Till JESUS stretch his gracious arm
 To bring the guilty nigh.

3 The sins of one most righteous day
 Might plunge us in despair;
 Yet all the crimes of numerous years
 Shall our great surety clear.

4 That spotless robe, which he hath wrought,
 Shall deck us all around;
 Nor by the piercing eye of GOD
 One blemish shall be found.

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

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

195 7^s TOPLADY.

Deptford 124. Firth's 146.

Rock smitten; or, the Rock of Ages. Isa. xxvi.

1 **R**OCK of ages, shelter me!
Let me hide myself in thee!

Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labour of my hands;
Can fulfill thy 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 hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress;
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Black, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-strings break in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,
Rock of ages, shelter me!
Let me hide myself in thee!

196 L. M. STEELE.

Lebanon 72. Manning 245.

Saviour—the only One. Acts iv. 12.

1 JESUS, the spring of joys divine,
Whence all our hopes and comforts flow,
JESUS, no other name but thine
Can save us from eternal woe.

2 In vain would boasting reason find
The way to happiness and God;
Her weak directions leave the mind
Bewilder'd in a dubious road.

3 No other name will heaven approve:
Thou art the true, the living way,
Ordain'd by everlasting love,
To the bright realms of endless day.

4 Here let our constant feet abide,
Nor from the heav'nly path depart:
O let thy Spirit, gracious Guide!
Direct our steps, and cheer our heart.

5 Safe lead us thro' this world of night,
And bring us to the blissful plains,—
The regions of unclouded light,
Where perfect joy for ever reigns.

197 S. M. STEELE.

Finbury 155. Mansfield 154.

Shepherd. Psalm. xxiii. 1.—3.

1 WHILE my Redeemer's near,
My shepherd and my guide,
I bid farewell to anxious fear,
My wants are all supply'd.

2 To ever-fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.

- 3 Along the lovely scene
Cool waters gently roll,
Transparent, sweet, and all serene,
To cheer my fainting soul.
- 4 Here let my spirit rest;
How sweet a lot is mine!
With pleasure, food, and safety, blest;
Beneficence divine!
- 5 Dear Shepherd, if I stray,
My wandering feet restore;
To thy fair pastures guide my way,
And let me rove no more.
- 6 Unworthy as I am
Of thy protecting care,
JESUS, I plead thy gracious name,
For all my hopes are there.

198 104th.

Old Hundred and Fourth 148. Hanover 130.

Strong-hold, Zech ix. 12. Nah. i. 7.

- 1 **Y**E prisoners of hope
O'erwhelmed with grief,
To JESUS look up
For certain relief:
There's no condemnation
In JESUS the LORD,
But strong consolation
His grace doth afford.
- 2 Should justice appear
A merciless foe,
Yet be of good cheer,
And soon shall you know

That sinners, confessing
 Their wickedness past,
 A plentiful blessing
 Of pardon shall taste.

Then dry up your tears,
 Ye children of grief,
 For JESUS appears
 To give you relief:
 If you are returning
 To JESUS, your friend,
 Your sighing and mourning
 In singing shall end.

“None will I cast out
 “Who come,” saith the LORD,
 Why then do you doubt?
 Lay hold of his word:
 Ye mourners of Sion,
 Be bold to believe,
 For ever rely on
 Your Saviour, and live.

199 (L. M.) DR. S. STENNETT.
 New Sabbath 122. Martin's Lane 67.

Sun. Psalm lxxxiv. 11.

1 GREAT GOD! amid the darksome night,
 Thy glories dart upon my sight,
 While, wrapt in wonder, I behold
 The silver moon and stars of gold.

2 But, when I see the sun arise,
 And pour his glories o'er the skies,
 In more stupendous forms I view
 Thy greatness and thy goodness too.

- 3 Thou Sun of suns, whose dazzling light
Tries and confounds an angel's fight!
How shall I glance mine eye at thee
In all thy vast immensity?
- 4 Yet I may be allow'd to trace
The distant shadows of thy face;
As, in the pale and sickly moon,
We trace the image of the sun.
- 5 In every work thy hands have made,
Thy power and wisdom are display'd:
But, O! what glories all divine
In my incarnate Saviour shine!
- 6 He is my Sun: beneath his wings
My soul securely fits and sings;
And there enjoys, like those above,
The balmy influence of thy love.
- 7 Oh, may the vital strength and heat,
His cheering beams communicate,
Enable me my course to run
With the same vigour as the sun!

200 C. M. TOPLADY.

New York 33. *Condescension* 116.

Vine and the Branches. John xv. 1—5.

- 1 **J**ESUS, immutably the same!
Thou true and living Vine!
Around thy all-supporting stem
My feeble arms I twine.
- 2 Quicken'd by thee, and kept alive,
I flourish and bear fruit:
My life I from thy sap derive,
My vigour from thy root.

I can do nothing without thee ;
 My strength is wholly thine :
 Wither'd and barren should I be,
 If sever'd from the Vine.

Upon my leaf, when parch'd with heat,
 Refreshing dew shall drop ;
 The plant, which thy right-hand set,
 Shall ne'er be rooted up.

Each moment, water'd by thy care,
 And fenc'd with power divine,
 Fruit to eternal life shall bear
 The feeblest branch of thine.

201 L. M. CENNICK.

Leeds 19. Lewton 30.

Way to Canaan.

JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone ;
 He, whom I fix my hopes upon !
 His track I see, and I'll pursue
 The narrow way, 'till him I view.

The way the holy prophets went—
 The road that leads from banishment—
 The king's high-way of holiness—
 I'll go ; for all his paths are peace.

This is the way I long have sought,
 And mourn'd because I found it not :
 My grief, my burden, long has been
 Because I could not cease from sin.

The more I strove against its pow'r,
 I sinn'd and stumbl'd but the more ;
 'Till late I heard my Saviour say
 "Come hither, soul, I AM THE WAY."

5 Lo! glad I come! and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am!
My sinful self to thee I give:
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found:
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say—"BEHOLD THE WAY TO GOD!"

202 8. 8. 6.

Broadmead 150. Chatham 59.

Way, Truth, and Life. John xiv. 6.

- 1 **T**HERE is no path to heav'nly bliss,
Or solid joy, or lasting peace,
But **C**HRIST, th' appointed road:
Oh, may we tread the sacred **W**AY!—
By faith rejoice, and praise, and pray,
'Till we sit down with **G**OD!
- 2 The types and shadows of the word
Unite in **C**HRIST, the man, the **L**ORD,
The Saviour just and **T**RUE:
Oh, may we all his word believe!
And all his promises receive,
And all his precepts do.
- 3 As he above for ever lives,
And **L**IFE to dying sinners gives
Eternal and divine:
Oh, may his Spirit in me dwell!
Then—sav'd from sin, and death, and hell—
Eternal life is mine.

CHARACTERS OF CHRIST. 203, 204

203 L. M. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

Bramcoate 8. Langdon 217.

Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctification, and Redemption,
1 Cor. i. 30, 31.

MY GOD! assist me while I raise
An anthem of harmonious praise:
My heart thy wonders shall proclaim,
And spread its banners in thy name.

In CHRIST I view a store divine:
My Father, all that store is thine!
By thee prepar'd, by thee bestow'd:
Hail to the Saviour and the GOD!

When gloomy shades my soul o'erspread,
"Let there be light," th' almighty said!
And CHRIST, my sun, his beams displays,
And scatters round celestial rays.

Condemn'd, thy criminal I stood,
And awful Justice ask'd my blood:
That welcome Saviour, from thy throne,
Brought righteousness and pardon down.

My soul was all o'erspread with sin;
And lo! his grace hath made me clean!
He rescues from th' infernal foe,
And full redemption will bestow.

Ye faints, assist my grateful tongue!
Ye angels, warble back my song!
For love like this demands the praise
Of heavenly harps and endless days.

204 C. M. TOPLADY.

Bedford 91. Brighthelmstone 208.

All in All.

COMPAR'D with CHRIST, in all beside
No comeliness I see; 106.

- The one thing needful, dearest LORD,
Is to be one with thee.
- 2 The sense of thy expiring love
Into my soul convey:
Thyself bestow! for thee alone,
My ALL IN ALL, I pray.
- 3 Less than Thyself will not suffice
My comfort to restore:
More than Thyself I cannot crave;
And thou canst give no more.
- 4 Lov'd of my GOD, for him again
With love intense I'd burn:
Chosen of Thee, e'er time began,
I'd choose thee in return.
- 5 Whate'er consists not with thy love,
O teach me to resign.
I'm rich to all th' intents of bliss,
If thou, O GOD, art mine.

205 8° K—

New Jerusalem 230. Lock 49.

*All in All; or, the Testimony concerning Jesus, the
Soul of Prophecy. Rev. xix. 10.*

- 1 **T**HE Bible is justly esteem'd,
The glory supreme of the land,
Which shows how a sinner's redeem'd,
And brought to JEHOVAH's right-hand:
With pleasure we freely confess
The Bible all books doth outshine;
But JESUS, his person and grace,
Affords it that lustre divine.
- 2 In every prophetic book,
Where GOD his decrees hath unseal'd,
With joy we behold, as we look,
The wonderful Saviour reveal'd:

His glories project to the eye ;
 And prove it was not his design
 Those glories concealed should lie,
 But there in full majesty shine.

The *first gracious promise* to man
 A blessed prediction appears ;
 His work is the soul of the plan,
 And gives it the glory it wears :
 How cheering the truth must have been,
 That J E S U S, the promised seed,
 Should triumph o'er Satan and sin,
 And he'll in captivity lead !

The *ancient Levitical Law*
 Was prophecy, after its kind :
 In types, there, the faithful foresaw
 The Saviour that ransom'd mankind :
 The altar, the lamb, and the priest,
 The blood that was sprinkled of old,
 Had life, when the people could taste
 The blessings those shadows foretold.

Review each prophetic *song*
 Which shines in prediction's rich train,
 The sweetest to J E S U S belong,
 And point out his sufferings and reign :
 Sure David his harp never strung
 With more of true sacred delight,
 Than when of the Saviour he sung :—
 And he was reveal'd to his sight.

May J E S U S more precious become !
 His word be a lamp to our feet,
 While we in this wilderness roam,
 'Till brought in his presence to meet !
 Then, then we will gaze on thy face,—
 Our Prophet, our Priest, and our King!—
 Recount all thy wonders of grace,
 Thy praises eternally sing.

*THE INFLUENCES AND GRACE
OF THE SPIRIT.*

206 (First Part.) 112th.

Carey's 11. Hoxton 121.

The promised Comforter. John xiv. 16—18.

- 1 **J**ESUS, we hang upon the word
Our longing souls have heard from thee
Be mindful of thy promise, LORD,—
Thy promise made to such as me;
To such as Zion's paths pursue,
And would believe that God is true.
- 2 Thou say'st, "I will the Father pray,
"And he the Comforter shall give,
"Shall give him in your hearts to stay,
"And never more his temples leave;
"Myself will to my orphans come,
"And make you mine eternal home."
- 3 Come then, dear LORD! thyself reveal,
And let the promise now take place;
Be it according to thy will,
According to the word of grace!
Thy sorrowful disciples cheer,
And send us down the Comforter.
- 4 He visits oft' the troubled breast,
And oft' relieves our sad complaint;
But soon we lose the transient guest,
But soon we droop again and faint,—
Repeat the melancholy moan,
"Our joy is fled, our comfort gone!"
- 5 Hasten him, LORD, into each heart,
Our sure inseparable guide:
Oh may we meet and never part!
Oh may he in our hearts abide!

And keep his house of praise and prayer,
And rest and reign for ever there!

206 (Second Part.) 8^s.

Limefield 94.

The Love of the Spirit. Rom. xv. 30.

THE love of the Spirit I sing,
By whom is redemption apply'd;
Who sinners to JESUS can bring,
And make them his mystical bride.

'Tis he circumcises their hearts;
Their callousness kindly removes;
Light, life, and affection imparts
To them that so freely he loves.

He opens the eyes of the blind,
The beauty of JESUS to view;
He changes the bent of the mind,
The glory of God to pursue.

The stubbornest will he can bow,
The foes that dwell in us restrain;
And none can be trodden so low,
But he can revive them again.

His blest renovation begun,
He dwells in the hearts of his saints;
Abandons his temple to none,
Nor e'er of his calling repents.

Imprest with the image divine,
The soul to redemption he seals;
And each with the Saviour shall shine,
When glory complete he reveals.

How constant thy love I believe,
Which steadfast endures to the end;
Then never, my soul, may I grieve
So loving—so holy a friend.

207 (First Part.) L. M. B—

Ayliffe Street 241. Ulverston 179.

The Leadings of the Spirit. Rom. viii. 14.

1 **C**OME, gracious Spirit, heavenly dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide!
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 Conduct us safe, conduct us far
From every sin and hurtful snare;
Lead to thy word that rules must give,
And teach us lessons how to live.

3 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

4 Lead us to holiness,—the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to CHRIST,—the living way;
Nor let us from his pastures stray.

5 Lead us to God, our final rest,
In his enjoyment to be blest;
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

207 (Second Part.) C. M.

Follet 181 Braintree 25.

*The Work of the Spirit represented by the Wind; or,
sovereign saving Grace.* John iii. 8.

1 **T**HE blessed Spirit, like the wind,
Blows when and where he please;
How happy are the men who feel
The soul-enlivening breeze.

2 He forms the carnal mind afresh,
Subdues the power of sin,
Transforms the heart of stone to flesh,
And plants his grace within.

He sheds abroad the Father's love,
 Applies redeeming blood,
 Bids both our guilt and grief remove,
 And brings us near to God.

Lord, fill each dead benighted soul
 With light; and life, and joy!
 None can thy mighty power control,—
 Thy glorious work destroy.

208 L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Magdalene 214. Rowles 73.

The Spirit's Influences compared to living Water.

1 BLESS'D JESUS! source of grace divine,
 What soul-refreshing streams are thine!
 Oh, bring these healing waters nigh,
 Or we must droop, and fall, and die.

2 No traveller thro' desert lands,
 'Midst scorching suns, and burning sands,
 More needs the current to obtain,
 Or to enjoy refreshing rain.

3 Our longing souls aloud would sing,
 Spring up, celestial Fountain, spring!
 To a redundant river flow,
 And cheer this thirsty land below.

4 May this blest torrent near my side,
 Thro' all the desert, gently glide;
 Then, in IMMANUEL'S land above,
 Spread to a sea of joy and love!

209 L. M.

Kimbolton 251. Martin's Lane 67.

Divine Influences compared to Rain. Psalm lxxii. 6.

1 A S showers on meadows newly mown,
 Jesus shall shed his blessings down;
 Crown'd with whose life-infusing drops,
 Earth shall renew her blissful crops.

- 2 Lands, that beneath a burning sky
Have long been desolate and dry;
Th' effusions of his love shall share,
And sudden greens and herbage wear.
- 3 The dews and rains, in all their store,
Drenching the pastures o'er and o'er,
Are not so copious as that grace
Which sanctifies and saves our race.
- 4 As, in soft silence, vernal showers
Descend, and cheer the fainting flowers;
So, in the secrecy of love,
Falls the sweet influence from above.
- 5 That heavenly influence let me find
In holy silence of the mind,
While every grace maintains its bloom,
Disusing wide its rich perfume.
- 6 Nor let these blessings be confin'd
To me, but pour'd on all mankind;
Till earth's wild wastes in verdure rise,
And a young Eden blebs our eyes.

210 L. M. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

Wareham 117. Fawcett 184. Goulds 272.

Prayer to God for the Communication of his Spirit

- 1 **H**EAR, gracious Sovereign! from thy throne,
And send thy various blessings down:
While by thine Israel thou art sought,
Attend the prayer thy word hath taught.
- 2 Come, sacred Spirit! from above,
And fill the coldest hearts with love;
Soften to flesh the flinty stone,
And let thy god-like power be known.
- 3 Speak thou, and from the haughtiest eye
Shall floods of pious sorrows rise;
While all their glowing souls are borne
To seek that grace which now they scorn.

Oh, let a holy flock await
 Numerous around thy temple-gate!
 Each pressing on with zeal to be
 A living sacrifice to thee.

In answer to our fervent cries,
 Give us to see thy church arise;
 Or, if that blessing seem too great
 Give us to mourn its low estate.

211 (First Part.) 112th. PRES. DAVIES.

Hoxton 121. Francis 200.

The Influences of the Spirit desired.

ETERNAL Spirit! source of light!
 Enliv'ning, consecrating fire,
 Descend, and with celestial heat

Our dull, our frozen hearts inspire:
 Our souls refine, our dross consume!
 Come, *condescending* Spirit! come.

2 In our cold breasts, O strike a spark
 Of the pure flame which seraphs feel;
 Nor let us wander in the dark,

Or lie benumb'd and stupid still:
 Come, *vivifying* Spirit, come
 And make our hearts thy constant home.

3 Whatever guilt and madness dare,
 We would not quench the heavenly fire;
 Our hearts as fuel we prepare,

Tho' in the flame we should expire:
 Our breasts expand to make thee room:
 Come, *purifying* Spirit! come!

4 Let pure devotion's fervors rise!

Let every pious passion glow!
 Oh, let the raptures of the skies
 Kindle in our cold hearts below!

Come, *condescending* Spirit! come
 And make our souls thy constant home. No R 2

211, 212 THE INFLUENCES OF

211 (Second Part) S. M.
Stoke 207. New Eagle-Street 55.
The Holy Spirit invoked.

1 **C**OME, holy Spirit come!
With energy divine;

And on this poor benighted soul
With beams of mercy shine.

2 From the celestial hills,
Light, life, and joy dispense;
And may I daily, hourly feel
Thy quickening influence.

3 Melt, melt, this frozen heart;
This stubborn, will subdue;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew.

4 Mine will the profit be,
But thine shall be the praise;
And unto thee I will devote
The remnant of my days.

212 (First Part) L. M.
Mark's 65. Chard 175.

*Entire Dedication; or, Reasons for desiring!
Work of the Spirit.*

1 **E**MPTY'D of earth, I fain would be
Of sin, of self, of all but thee;
Reserv'd for Christ that bled and dy'd,---
Surrender'd to the crucify'd!---

2 Sequester'd from the noise and strife,
The lust, the pomp, and pride of life;
Prepar'd for Heaven, my noblest care,---
And have my conversation there.

3 Nothing, save Jesus, would I know!
My friend, and my companion thou;
Lord, take my heart— assert thy right,
And put all other loves to flight.

Each idol tread beneath thy feet,
 And to thyself the conquest get:
 Let sin no more oppose my Lord,
 Slain by thy SPIRIT'S two-edg'd sword.
 Constrain my soul Thy sway to own:
 Self-will, self-righteousness, dethrone:
 Let Dagon fall before thy face,---
 The ark remaining in its place.

Detach from sublunary joys
 One that would only hear thy voice,
 Thy beauty see, thy grace admire,
 Nor glow but with celestial fire.

Larger communion let me prove
 With thee, blest object of my love:
 But, oh! for this no power have I;
 My strength is at *thy* feet to lie.

212 (Second Part) L. M.

Denbigh 54. Rowles 73.

A propitious Gale longed for.

AT anchor laid, remote from home,
 Toiling, I cry, "SWEET SPIRIT, come!"
 "Celestial breeze, no longer stay,
 "But swell my sails, and speed my way!
 "Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
 "And loose my cable from below:
 "But I can only spread my sail;
 "THOU, THOU must breathe th'auspicious gale!"

213 L. M. STEELE.

Portugal 97. Ulverston 179.

The Influences of the Spirit experienced.

John xiv. 15. 17.

DEAR Lord! and shall thy Spirit rest
 In such a wretched heart as mine?
 Unworthy dwelling! glorious guest!
 Favour astonishing, divine!

- 2 When sin prevails, and gloomy fear,
And hope almost expires in night,
Lord can thy Spirit then be here—
Great spring of comfort, life, and light?
- 3 Sure the blest Comforter is nigh!
'Tis he sustains my fainting head;
Else would my hopes for ever die,
And every cheering ray depart.
- 4 When some kind promise glads my soul,
Do I not find his healing voice
The tempest of my fears control,
And bid my drooping powers rejoice?
- 5 Whene'er to call the Saviour mine,
With ardent wish, my heart aspires;
Can it be less than power divine
Which animates these strong desires?
- 6 What less than thy Almighty word
Can raise my heart from earth and dust,
And bid me cleave to thee, my LORD,
My life, my treasure, and my trust?
- 7 And, when my cheerful hope can say
"I love my God, and taste his grace,"
LORD, is it not thy blisful ray
Which brings this dawn of sacred peace?
- 8 Let thy kind Spirit in my heart
For ever dwell, O God of love!
And light and heavenly peace impart,—
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

214 8^s.

Uxbridge 161. New Jerusalem 230.

The Holy Spirit addressed under Darkneſs.

- 1 **D**ESCEND, Holy Spirit—the dove,
And visit a sorrowful breast;
My burden of guilt to remove,
And bring me assurance and rest:

Thou only hast pow'r to relieve
 A sinner o'erwhelm'd with his load,—
 The fente of redemption to give,
 And sprinkle his conscience with blood.
 With me, if of old thou hast strove,
 And kindly withheld me from sin;
 Resolv'd, by the strength of thy love,
 My worthless affections to win;
 The work of thy mercy revive,
 Invincible mercy exert,
 And keep my weak graces alive,
 And set up thy rest in my heart.
 If, when I have put thee to grief
 And madly to folly return'd,
 Thy goodness hath been my relief,
 And lifted me up as I mourn'd;
 Oh, Spirit of pity and grace!
 Relieve me again, and restore,
 My spirit in holiness raise,
 To fall and to grieve thee no more.
 If now I lament after God,
 And pant for a drop of his love,—
 If JESUS, who pour'd out his blood,
 Obtain'd me a mansion above;
 Come, heavenly Comforter! come,
 Sweet witness of mercy divine!
 And make me thy permanent home,—
 And seal me eternally thine.

215 (First Part.) L. M.

Bredby 165. Horsley 205. Gould's 272.

The grieved Spirit intreated not to depart. Pf. li. 11.

1 **S**TAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay!
 Though I have done thee such despite,
 Cast not a sinner quite away,
 Nor take thine everlasting flight. 112 K 4

- 2 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all whoe'er thy grace receiv'd;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd.
- 3 But Oh! the chief of sinners spare,
In honour of my great High-Priest;
Nor, in thy righteous anger, swear
I shall not see thy people's rest.
- 4 If yet thou canst my sins forgive,—
E'en now, O LORD! relieve my woes;
Into thy rest of love receive,
And bless me with a calm repose.
- 5 E'en now my weary soul release,
And raise me by thy gracious hand;
Guide me into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promis'd land.

215. (Second Part.) C. M.

Workshop 31. Walsal 237.

The grieved Spirit desired to return.

- 1 **M**Y grace so weak, my sin so strong,
My heart is greatly pain'd:
Bless'd Spirit, art thou griev'd?—and is
Thine influence restrain'd?
- 2 Tell me—Oh, tell me what will please
And cause thee to return;
As doves the absence of their mates,
I thy withdrawments mourn.
- 3 Come, then, Celestial Helper! come
With energy divine;
Ease, of its heavy load of guilt,
This troubled heart of mine.
- 4 Vouchsafe, in answer to my prayer,
Thy visits to renew;
Increase my faith, dispel my fears;
Oh, guard and save me too.

215 (Third Part.) L. M.

Paul's 246. Portugal 97.

Prayer for all the saving Influences of Grace.

I'M in a world of hopes and fears,—
 A wilderness of toils, and tears,
 Where foes alarm, and dangers threat,
 And pleasures kill, and glories cheat.
 Shed down, O Lord! a heavenly ray
 To guide me in the doubtful way;
 And o'er me hold thy shield of pow'r
 To guard me in the dang'rous hour.
 Teach me the flatt'ring path to shun,
 In which the thoughtless many run;
 Who for a shade the substance miss,
 And grasp their ruin in their bliss.
 Each sacred principle impart;—
 The faith, that sanctifies the heart;
 Hope, that to heaven's high vault aspires;
 And love, that warms with holy fires.
 Whate'er is noble, pure, refin'd,
 Just, gen'rous, amiable, and kind,
 That may my constant thought pursue—
 That may I love and practise too.
 Let neither pleasure, wealth, nor pride,
 Allure my wand'ring soul aside;
 But, through this maze of mortal ill,
 Safe lead me to thy heav'nly hill.—
 There glories shine and pleasures roll:
 That charm, delight, transport—the soul;
 And ev'ry panting wish shall be
 Possess'd of boundless bliss in Thee.

216 (First Part.) C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

New York 33. Sprague 166.

Divine Drawings celebrated. Hosea xi. 4.

MY GOD, what silken cords are thine!
 How soft, and yet how strong! 113 K 5.

216. INFLUENCES OF THE SPIRIT.

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

216 (Second Part.) L. M.

Portugal New 263. Rothwell 174. Chard 175.
*The Time of Love ; or Praise for the Work of the
Spirit.* Ezek. xvi. 6, 8.

- 1 **L**ORD, 'twas a time of wond'rous love,
When thou didst first draw near my soul,
And, by thy Spirit from above,
My raging passions didst control.
- 2 Guilty and self-condemn'd I stood,
Nor dreamt of life and bliss so near ;
But He my evil heart renew'd,
And all his graces planted there.
- 3 He will complete the work begun,
By leading me in all his ways ;
To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, *equal* praise.

THE GRACES OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

217 (First Part) 8. S. 6. S. PEARCE.

Baltimore 167. Hinton 266.

CONTENTMENT *encouraged by the divine promise.*

Heb. xiii. 5.

LET Ocean's waves tumultuous rise,
 And strive in vain to pierce the skies;
 And mingle with the stars;
 Then disappointed backward roll;
 And, wild with rage, disturb the pole
 With their presumptuous wars.

Let Rebel Angels, doom'd to fire,
 Provoke the dread Eternal's ire,
 And combat with their God:
 Then headlong from the ethereal height
 Precipitate their downward flight,
 At his effective nod.

[Let murm'ring Mortals too repine,
 Arraign the Providence divine,
 And blame the deeds of Heav'n;
 While passions strong, without control,
 Disturb the agitated soul,
 Enrag'd at what is giv'n.]

But shall the Christian's nobler mind—
 By Grace renew'd, by Heaven refin'd—
 Indulge a murm'ring thought?
 Shall he, who claims Jehovah's strength,
 Who shall be brought to Heav'n at length,
 Bemoan *his* present lot? 114 K 6

* The Christian Graces and Tempers are placed alphabetically, for the sake of finding them at once, by looking at the head of the page.

217, 218 GRACES OF THE SPIRIT.

5 Forbid it, gracious God! he cries,
Nor let th' ungenerous thought arise,
Offspring of discontent:

No! while my God, my Saviour lives,
Thankful I'll take whate'er he gives,
And prize the blessings sent.

6 Since he has said, "I'll ne'er depart;"
I'll bind his promise to my heart,
Rejoicing in his care;

This shall support, while here I live;
And, when in glory I arrive,
I'll praise him for it there.

217 (Second Part). S. M. BEDDOME,
Gosport 53. Enfield 5.

Faith its Author and Preciousness. Eph. ii. 8.

1 **F**AITH!—'tis a precious grace,
Where'er it is bestow'd!

It boasts of a celestial birth,
And is the gift of God!

2 **J**ESUS it owns a King,---
An all-atoning priest:

It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in CHRIST.

3 **T**O him it leads the soul,
When fill'd with deep distress;

Flies to the fountain of his blood,
And trusts his righteousness.

4 **S**INCE 'tis thy work alone,
And that divinely free;

LORD, send the Spirit of thy Son
To work this faith in me!

218 C. M. Abingdon 42. Condescension 116.
The Power of Faith.

1 **F**AITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves me from its snares:

- Its aid in every duty brings,
And softens all my cares :
- 2 Extinguishes the thirst of sin,
And lights the sacred fire
Of love to God, and heavenly things,
And feeds the pure desire.
- 3 The wounded conscience knows its power
The healing balm to give :
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live :
- 4 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign ;
And bids me seek my portion there,
Nor bids me seek in vain :---
- 5 Shews me the precious promise, seal'd
With the redeemer's blood ;
And helps my feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.
- 6 There, there unshaken, would I rest
Till this vile body dies ;
And then, on faith's triumphant wings,
At once to glory rise !

219. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Rochford 22. Rothwell 174.

The struggle between Faith and Unbelief. Mar. ix. 24.

- 1 JESUS, our souls delightful choice,
In thee, believing, we rejoice ;
Yet still our joy is mix'd with grief,
While faith contends with unbelief.
- 2 Thy promises our hearts revive,
And keep our fainting hopes alive ;
But guilt, and fears, and sorrows rise,
And hide the promise from our eyes. 115

- 3 O let not sin and Satan boast,
 While saints lie mourning in the dust;
 Nor see that faith to ruin brought,
 Which thy own gracious hand hath wrought.
- 4 Do thou the dying spark inflame;
 Reveal the glories of thy name;
 And put all anxious doubts to flight,
 As shades dispers'd by opening light.

220. 8s.

Lambeth 57. Uxbridge 161.

Faith fainting.

- 1 **E**NCOMPASS'D with clouds of distress,
 Just ready all hope to resign,
 I pant for the light of thy face,
 And fear it will never be mine:
 Dishearten'd with waiting so long,
 I sink at thy feet with my load;
 All plaintive I pour out my song,
 And stretch forth my hands unto God.
- 2 Shine, LORD! and my terror shall cease;
 The blood of atonement apply;
 And lead me to JESUS for peace,---
 The rock that is higher than I:
 Speak, Saviour! for sweet is thy voice;
 Thy presence is fair to behold;
 Attend to my sorrows and cries---
 My groanings that cannot be told.
- 3 If sometimes I strive, as I mourn,
 My hold of thy promise to keep,
 The billows more fiercely return,
 And plunge me again in the deep:
 While harass'd and cast from thy sight,
 The tempter suggests, with a roar,---
 "The LORD has forsaken thee quite;
 "Thy God will be gracious no more."

Yet LORD, if thy love hath design'd
 No covenant blessing for me,
 Ah! tell me how is it I find
 Some pleasure in waiting for thee?
 Almighty to rescue thou art;
 Thy grace is my shield and my tow'r;
 Come succour and gladden my heart,---
 Let this be the day of thy power.

221 8, 8, 6.

Chatham 59. Westbury Leigh 278.

Faith Reviving.

1 FROM whence this fear and unbelief?---

Hast thou, O Father, put to grief
 Thy spotless Son for me?
 And will the righteous Judge of men
 Condemn me for that debt of sin,
 Which, LORD! was charg'd on thee?

2 Complete attonement thou hast made,
 And to the utmost farthing paid
 Whate'er thy people ow'd;
 How then can wrath on me take place,
 If shelter'd in thy righteousness
 And sprinkled with thy blood?

3 [If thou hast my discharge procur'd,
 And freely, in my room, endur'd
 The whole of wrath divine;
 Payment GOD cannot twice demand—
 First at my bleeding Surety's hand,
 And then again at mine.]

4 Turn then, my soul, unto thy rest!
 The merits of thy great high-priest
 Speak liberty and peace:
 Trust in his efficacious blood;
 Nor fear thy banishment from GOD,
 Since JESUS dy'd for thee.

New Jerusalem 230. Lambeth 57.

Faith Conquering.

1. **T**HE moment a sinner believes,
 And trusts in his crucify'd God,
 His pardon at once he receives,---
 Redemption in full thro' his blood
 Tho' thousands and thousands of foes:
 Against him in malice unite;
 Their rage he, thro' CHRIST, can oppose---
 Led forth by the Spirit to fight.
- 2 The faith, that unites to the lamb,
 And brings such salvation as this,
 Is more than mere notion or name;
 The work of God's Spirit it is;
 A principle, active and young,
 That lives under pressure and load;
 That makes out of weakness more strong,
 And draws the soul upward to God.
- 3 It treads on the world and on hell;
 It vanquishes death and despair;
 And Oh! let us wonder to tell,
 It overcomes heaven by prayer,---
 Permits a vile worm of the dust,
 With God to commune as a friend;
 To hope his forgiveness as just,
 And look for his love to the end.
- 4 It says to the mountains, "Depart,"
 That stand betwixt God and the soul;
 It binds up the broken in heart,
 And makes wounded consciences whole:
 Eids sins of a crimson-like dye,
 Be spotless as snow, and as white;
 And raises the sinner on high
 To dwell with the angels of light.

223 S. M. TO PLADY.

New Jerusalem 232. Lock 49.

Faith Triumphant.

A DEBTOR to mercy alone;---

Of covenant mercy I sing;

Nor fear, with thy righteousness on,

My person and offerings to bring:

The terrors of law and of God

With me can have nothing to do;

My Saviour's obedience and blood

Hide all my transgressions from view:

The work which his goodness began,

The arm of his strength will complete;

His promise is Yea and Amen,

And never was forfeited yet:

Things future, nor things that are now,---

Not all things below nor above

Can make him his purpose forego,

Or sever my soul from his love.

My name from the palms of his hands

Eternity will not erase;

Impress'd on his heart it remains

In marks of indelible grace:

Yes! I to the end shall endure,

As sure as the earnest is given;

More happy, but not more secure,

The glorify'd spirits in heaven.

224 S. M.

Mount Ephraim 185. Salem New 99.

Weak Believers encouraged.

YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,

Down from the willows take;

Loud to the praise of CHRIST our LORD

Bid every string awake.

225 GRACES OF 'THE SPIRIT'.

- 2 Tho' in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above,
We every moment come.
- 3 His grace shall to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.
- 4 The time of love will come,
When we shall clearly see
Not only that he shed his blood,
But each shall say, "FOR ME."
- 5 Tarry his leisure, then;
Wait, the appointed hour;
Wait, till the bridegroom of your souls
Reveal his love with power.
- 5 Blest is the man, O GOD!
That stays himself on thee!
Who waits for thy salvation, LORD!
Shall thy salvation see.

225 L. M. DR. WATTS'S SERMONS.

Kingsbridge 88. Magdalene 214.

Faith connected with Salvation. Rom. i. 16.

Heb. x. 39.

- 1 **N**OT by the laws of innocence
Can Adam's sons arrive at heaven;
New works can give us no pretence
To have our ancient sins forgiven;
- 2 Not the best deeds that we have done
Can make a wounded conscience whole:
Faith is the grace,---and faith alone,
That flies to CHRIST, and saves the soul.

LORD, I believe thy heavenly word!
 Fain would I have my soul renew'd:
 I mourn for sin, and trust the LORD,
 To have it pardon'd and subdu'd.

Oh, may thy grace its power display!
 Let guilt and death no longer reign;
 Save me in thine appointed way,
 Nor let my humble faith be vain!

226 C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Bedford 91, Brightelmstone 208.

Being in the Fear of God all the day long.

Proverbs xxiii. 17.

1 **T**HREE happy souls, who born from heav'n,
 While yet they sojourn here,
 Humbly begin their days with God,
 And spend them in his fear.

2 So may our eyes with holy zeal
 Prevent the dawning day,
 And turn the sacred pages o'er,
 And praise thy name, and pray.

3 'Midst hourly cares, may love present
 Its incense to thy throne—
 And, while the world our hands employs,
 Our hearts be thine alone!

4 As sanctified to noblest ends,
 Be each refreshment sought;
 And, by each various providence,
 Some wise instruction brought!

5 When to laborious duties call'd,
 Or, by temptations try'd,
 We'll seek the shelter of thy wings,
 And in thy strength confide.

- 6 As different scenes of life arise,
 Our grateful hearts would be
 With thee; amidst the social band,---
 In solitude with thee.
- 7 At night, we lean our weary heads
 On thy paternal breast;
 And, safely folded in thine arms,
 Resign our pow'rs to rest.
- 8 In solid pure delights like these,
 Let all my days be past;
 Nor shall I then impatient wish,
 Nor shall I fear the last.

227 C. M. NEEDHAM.

Stamford 9. Hammond 226. Bath Chapel 26

Fear of God. Prov, xiv. 26.

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

228 C. M. DR. WATTS'S SERMONS. . .

Michael's 119: Follett 181. . .

Holy Fortitude. 1 Cor. xvi. 13. . .

- 1 **A**M I a foldier of the cross,
 A follower of the lamb?
 And shall I fear to own his cause,—
 Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies,
 On flowery beds of ease;
 While others fought to win the prize,
 And sail'd thro' bloody seas!
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face!
 Must I not stem the flood?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace,
 To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
 Increase my courage, Lord!
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
 Shall conquer tho' they die:
 They see the triumph from afar,
 And seize it with their eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
 And all thy armies shine
 In robes of victory thro' the skies,
 The glory shall be thine.

229. L. M. DR. WATTS'S SERMONS:

Chard 175: Ayliffe-Street 241.

Gravity and Decency.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the Sons, the heirs of God,
 So dearly bought with Jesus' blood!
 Are they not born to heavenly joys,
 And shall they stoop to earthly toys? . . . 119

- 2 Can laughter feed th' immortal mind?
Were spirits of celestial kind
Made for a jest, for sport, and play—
To wear out time, and waste the day?
- 3 Doth vain discourse, or empty mirth,
Well suit the honours of their birth?
Shall they be fond of gay attire,
Which children love, and fools admire?
- 4 What if we wear the richest vest;
Peacocks and flies are better drest;
This flesh, with all its gaudy forms,
Must drop to dust, and feed the worms.
- 5 LORD, raise our hearts and passions high
Touch our vain souls with sacred fire;
Then, with a heav'n-directed eye,
We'll pass these glittering trifles by.
- 6 We'll look on all the toys below
With such disdain as angels do;
And wait the call that bids us rise
To mansions promis'd in the skies.

230 L. M.

Kingsbridge 88. Virginia 234. Gould's 272.

Hope set before us.

- 1 **A**ND be it so—that, till this hour,
We never knew what faith has meant;
And, slaves to sin and Satan's power,
Have never felt these hearts relent.
- 2 What shall we do?—shall we lie down,
Sink in despair, and groan, and die?
And, sunk beneath the Almighty's frown,
Not glance one cheerful hope on high?

HOPE.

231

3 Forbid it, Saviour! to thy grace
As sinners, strangers, we will come;
Among thy saints we ask a place,---
For in thy mercy there is room.

4 LORD, we believe! Oh, chase away
The gloomy clouds of unbelief:

LORD, we repent! Oh, let thy ray
Dissolve our hearts in sacred grief!

5 Now spread the banner of thy love,
And let us know that we are thine;
Cheer us with blessings from above,—
With all the joys of hope divine!

231 (First Part.) L. M.

Chard 175, New Court 173.

Hope in Darkness.

1 **O** GOD, my sun, thy blissful rays
Can warm, rejoice, and guide my heart!
How dark, how mournful are my days,
If thy enlivening beams depart!

2 Scarce thro' the shades a glimpse of day
Appears to these desiring eyes!
But shall my drooping spirit say,
'The cheerful morn will *never* rise?

3 Oh, let me not despairing mourn!
Tho' gloomy darkness spreads the sky,
My glorious sun will yet return,
And night with all its horrors fly.

4 Oh, for the bright, the joyful day,
When hope shall in fruition die!
So tapers lose their feeble ray
Beneath the sun's resurgent eye.

231 (Second Part.) 148th. BEDDOME

Carmarthen New 35.

Who can tell; or, hoping against Hope, Jonah iii.

- 1 **G**REAT GOD! to thee I'll make
 My griefs and sorrows known;
 And with an humble hope
 Approach thine awful throne:
 Tho' by my sins deserving hell,
 I'll not despair;—for, who can tell?
- 2 To thee, who by a word
 My drooping soul canst cheer,
 And by thy Spirit form
 Thy glorious image there—
 My foes subdue, my fears dispel—
 I'll daily seek;—for, who can tell?
- 3 Endanger'd or distrest,
 To thee alone I'll fly,
 Implore thy powerful help,
 And at thy footstool lie;
 My case bemoan, my wants reveal,
 And patient wait;—for, who can tell?
- 4 My heart misgives me oft,
 And conscience storms within;
 One gracious look from thee,
 Will make it all serene:
 Satan suggests that I must dwell
 In endless flames;—but, who can tell?
- 5 Vile unbelief, begone;
 Ye doubts, fly swift away;
 God hath an ear to hear,
 While I've an heart to pray.
 If he be mine, all will be well—
 For ever so;—and, who can tell?

232, 8. 8. 6.

Baltimore 167. Broadmead 150. Westbury
Leigh 278.

Hoping and Longing. Num. xiii. 30. Deut. iii. 25.

COME, LORD! and help us to rejoice
In hope that we shall hear thy voice,—

Shall one day see our GOD;
Shall cease from all our painful strife,
Handle and taste the Word of Life,
And feel the sprinkled blood.

Let us not always make our moan,
Nor worship thee, a GOD unknown;
But let us live to prove
Thy people's rest, thy saints delight,
The length and breadth, the depth and height,
Of thy redeeming love.

Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
We stand, and from the mountain-top
See all the land below:

Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of paradise
In endless plenty grow:

A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favour'd with GOD's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest;

There dwells the LORD, our Righteousness,—
And keeps his own in perfect peace
And everlasting rest.

Oh, when shall we at once go up!
Nor this side Jordan longer stop,
But the good land possess:

When shall we end our ling'ring years,
Our sorrows, sins, and doubts, and fears,—
A howling wilderness. L 12

6 O dearest Joshua ! bring us in ;
 Display thy grace, forgive our sin,
 Our unbelief remove ;
 The heavenly Canaan, LORD ! divide ;
 And, Oh, with all the sanctify'd,
 Give us a lot of love !

233 L. M. STEELE,
 Portugal 97. Wareham 117.

Hope encouraged by a View of the Divine Perfection.
 1 Sam. xxx. 6.

- 1 **W**HY sinks my weak desponding mind?
 Why heaves my heart the anxious sigh?
 Can sovereign goodness be unkind?
 Am I not safe, if God is nigh?
- 2 He holds all nature in his hand—
 That gracious hand on which I live
 Doth life, and time, and death command,
 And has immortal joys to give.
- 3 'Tis he supports this fainting frame;
 On him alone my hopes recline;
 The wond'rous glories of his name,
 How wide they spread! how bright they shine!
- 4 Infinite wisdom! boundless power!
 Unchanging faithfulness and love!
 Here let me trust, while I adore,---
 Nor from my refuge e'er remove.
- 5 My God, if thou art mine indeed,
 Then I have all my heart can crave;
 A present help in times of need;
 Still kind to hear, and strong to save.
- 6 Forgive my doubts, O gracious LORD!
 And ease the sorrows of my breast;
 Speak to my heart the healing word,
 That thou art mine—and I am blest.

234 L. M. STEELE.

New Sabbath 122, Langdon 217.

Happy Poverty ; or, the Poor in Spirit blessed.

Matthew v. 3.

YE humble souls, complain no more ;
 Let faith survey your future store .

How happy, how divinely blest,
 The sacred words of truth attest.

When conscious grief laments sincere,
 And pours the penitential tear ;
 Hope points, to your dejected eyes,
 The bright reversion in the skies.

In vain the sons of wealth and pride
 Despise your lot, your hopes deride :
 In vain they boast their little stores :
 Trifles are *theirs*, a kingdom *yours* !---

A kingdom of immense delight,
 Where health, and peace, and joy unite ;
 Where undeclining pleasures rise,
 And every wish hath full supplies :

A kingdom which can ne'er decay,
 While time sweeps earthly thrones away ;
 The state, which power and truth sustain,
 Unmov'd for ever must remain.

There shall your eyes with raptures view
 The glorious friend that dy'd for you ;
 That dy'd to ransom, dy'd to raise
 To crowns of joy and songs of praise.

JESUS, to thee I breathe my prayer !
 Reveal, confirm my interest there :
 Whate'er my humble lot below,
 This, this, my soul desires to know !

8 Oh, let me hear that voice divine
Pronounce the glorious blessing mine!
Enroll'd among thy happy poor,
My largest wishes ask no more.

235 C. M.

Bangor 231. Wantage 204,

Humble Pleadings for Mercy.

- 1 **L**ORD, at thy feet we sinners lie,
And knock at mercy's door;
With heavy heart and downcast eye,
Thy favour we implore.
- 2 [On us, the vast extent display
Of thy forgiving love;
Take all our heinous guilt away,
This heavy load remove.
- 3 We sink---with all this weight oppress'd,
Sink down to death and hell;
Oh, give our troubled spirits rest,
Our numerous fears dispel.]
- 4 'Tis mercy, mercy, we implore;
O may thy bowels move!
Thy grace is an exhaustless store,
And thou thyself art love.
- 5 Oh, for thy own, for JESUS' sake,
Our many sins forgive!
Thy grace our rocky hearts can break;
And, breaking, soon relieve.
- 6 Thus melt us down; thus make us bend,
And thy dominion own;
Nor let a rival more pretend
To repossess thy throne.

236 L. M. BEDDOME.

Uxerston 179. Rippon's, 188. Babylon Streams 23.

The humble Publican. Luke xviii. 13.

LORD! with a griev'd and aching heart,
 To thee I look—to thee I cry;
 Supply my wants, and ease my smart:
 Oh, help me soon, or else I die.

Here, on my soul, a burden lies!
 No human power can it remove;
 My numerous sins like mountains rise:
 Do thou reveal thy pardoning love.

Break off these adamantine chains;
 From cruel bondage set me free;
 Rescue from everlasting pains;
 And bring me safe to heaven and thee.

237 7s. MADAN'S COLLECTION.

Alcester 213. Cookham 36.

A Prayer for Humility.

LORD, if thou thy grace impart,---
 Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
 I shall, as my master, be
 Rooted in humility.

Simple, teachable, and mild,
 Chang'd into a little child;
 Pleas'd with all the LORD provides;
 Wean'd from all the world besides.

Father, fix my soul on thee;
 Every evil let me flee;
 Nothing want, beneath, above,---
 Happy in thy precious love.

Oh, that all may seek and find,
 Every good in JESUS join'd!
 Him let Israel still adore,
 Trust him, praise him evermore.

L 3 123

238, 239 GRACES OF THE SPIRIT.

238 L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Old Hundred 100. Chard 175.

Rejoicing in God. Jer. ix. 23, 24.

- 1 **T**HE righteous LORD, supremely great,
Maintains his universal state;
O'er all the earth his power extends;
All heaven before his footstool bends.
- 2 Yet justice still with power presides,
And mercy all his empire guides:
Mercy and truth are his delight,
And saints are lovely in his sight.
- 3 No more, ye wise! your wisdom boast;
No more, ye strong! your valour trust;
No more, ye rich! survey your store,—
Elate with heaps of shining ore;
- 4 Glory, ye saints, in this alone,—
That God, your God, to you is known;
That you have own'd his sovereign sway,—
That you have felt his cheering ray.
- 5 Our wisdom, wealth, and power, we find
In one Jehovah all combin'd;
On him we fix our roving eyes,
And all our souls in raptures rise.
- 6 All else, which we our treasure call,
May in one fatal moment fall;
But what their happiness can move,
Whom God, the blessed, deigns to love!

239 S. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Salem New 99. Mansfield 154.

Rejoicing in the Ways of God. Psalm cxxxviii.

- 1 **N**OW let our voices join
To form a sacred song;
Ye pilgrims, in Jehovah's ways,
With music pass along.

How strait the path appears,
 How open and how fair!
 No lurking gins t' entrap our feet;
 No fierce destroyer there.

But flowers of paradise
 In rich profusion spring;
 The Sun of Glory gilds the path,
 And dear companions sing.

See Salem's golden spires
 In beauteous prospect rise;
 And brighter crowns than mortals wear,
 Which sparkle thro' the skies.

All honour to his name,
 Who marks the shining way!
 To him who leads the wanderers on
 To realms of endless day!

240 7^s. CENNICK.

Bath Abbey 147. Hart's 221.

Rejoicing in Hope. Isaiah xxxv. 10. Luke xii, 32.

1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
 As ye journey, sweetly sing;
 Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
 Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are travelling home to God
 In the way the fathers trod;
 They are happy now, and ye
 Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O ye banish'd seed, be glad!
 CHRIST our advocate is made;—
 Us to save, our flesh assumes,—
 Brother to our souls becomes.

124 L 4

- 4 Shout, ye little flock, and blest!
 You on JESU'S throne shall rest;
 'There your seat is now prepar'd,—
 'There your kingdom and reward.
- 5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
 On the borders of your land;
 CHRIST, your Father's darling son,
 Bids you undismay'd go on.
- 6 LORD! submissive make us go,
 Gladly leaving all below;
 Only thou our leader be,
 And we still will follow thee!

241 L. M. COWPER.

Rochford 22. Mark's 65.

Return of Joy.

- 1 **W**HEN darknefs long has veil'd my mind,
 And smiling day once more appears;
 Then, my Redeemer! then I find
 The folly of my doubts and fears.
- 2 I chide my unbelieving heart;
 And blush that I should ever be
 Thus prone to act so base a part,
 Or harbour one hard thought of thee!
- 3 Oh, let me then, at length, be taught
 (What I am still so slow to learn,
 That GOD is love, and changes not,
 Nor knows the shadow of a turn.
- 4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat!
 But, when my faith is sharply try'd,
 I find myself a learner yet,—
 Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

But, O my LORD, one look from thee
 Subdues the disobedient will;
 Drives doubt and discontent away,
 And thy rebellious worm is still.
 Thou art as ready to forgive,
 As I am ready to repine;
 Thou, therefore, all the praise receive;
 Be shame, and self-abhorrence, mine.

242 L. M. DR. WATTS'S SERMONS.

New Sabbath 122. Portugal 97.

Justice and Equity. Matt. vii. 12.

BLESSED Redeemer! how divine,—
 How righteous is this rule of thine,
 "Never to deal with others worse
 Than we would have them deal with us!"
 This golden lesson, short and plain,
 Gives not the mind nor memory pain;
 And every conscience must approve
 This universal law of love.
 'Tis written in each mortal breast
 Where all our tenderest wishes rest;
 We draw it from our inmost veins,
 Where love to self resides and reigns.
 Is reason ever at a loss?
 Call in self-love to judge the cause:
 Let our own fondest passions shew
 How we should treat our neighbour too.
 How bless'd would every nation prove,
 Thus rul'd by equity and love!
 All would be friends without a foe,
 And form a paradise below.

L; 125

6 JESUS, forgive us, that we keep
 Thy sacred law of love asleep;
 And take our envy, wrath, and pride,
 These savage passions, for our guide.

243 L. M. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

Chard 175. Truro 105.

God shining in the Heart. 2 Cor. iv. 6.

- 1 **P**RAISE to the LORD of boundless might
 With uncreated glories bright
 His presence gilds the worlds above,—
 Th' unchanging source of light and love.
- 2 Our rising earth his eye beheld,
 When, in substantial darkness veil'd,
 The shapeless chaos, nature's womb,
 Lay buried in the horrid gloom.
- 3 "Let there be light," JEHOVAH said!
 And light o'er all its face was spread;
 Nature, array'd in charms unknown,
 Gay with its new-born lustre shone.
- 4 He sees the mind, when lost it lies
 In shades of ignorance and vice;
 And darts from heav'n a vivid ray,
 And changes midnight into day.
- 5 Shine, mighty God! with vigor shine
 On this benighted heart of mine;
 And let thy glories stand reveal'd,
 As in the Saviour's face beheld.
- 6 My soul, reviv'd by heav'n-born day,
 Thy radiant image shall display;
 While all my faculties unite
 To praise the LORD, who gives me light.

244 L. M.

Kingsbridge 88. Lewton 30.

One thing I know. John ix. 25. Isaiah liv. 13.

- 1 **D**EAR Saviour! make me wise to see
My sin, and guilt, and remedy;
'Tis said, of all thy blood has bought,
"They shall of Israel's God be taught."
- 2 Their plague of heart thy people know;
They know thy name, and trust thee too;
They know the Gospel's blisful sound,
The paths where endless joys abound.
- 3 They know the Father and the Son;—
Theirs is eternal life begun:
Unto salvation they are wise,—
Their grace shall into glory rise.
- 4 But—ignorance itself am I;
Born blind—estrang'd from thee I lie,
O LORD! to thee I humbly own
I *nothing* know as should be known.
- 5 I scarce know GOD, or CHRIST, or sin,—
My foes without, or plague within;
Know not my interest, LORD, in thee,
In pardon, peace, or liberty!
- 6 But help me to declare to-day,
If *many* things I cannot say,
"ONE thing I know," all praise to thee,
"Tho' *blind* I was—yet now I *see*."

245 C. M. FAWCETT.

Bedford 91. Charmouth 28.

Knowledge at present imperfect. 1 Cor. xiii. 9.

- 3 **T**HY way, O GOD! is in the sea;
Thy paths I cannot trace;
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of thy unbounded grace.

- 2 Here the dark veils of flesh and sense
My captive soul surround,
Mysterious deeps of providence
My wandering thoughts confound.
- 3 When I behold thy awful hand
My earthly hopes destroy;—
In deep astonishment I stand,
And ask the reason, why?
- 4 As thro' a glass, I dimly see
The wonders of thy love;
How little do I know of thee,
Or of the joys above!
- 5 'Tis but in part I know thy will;
I bless thee for the fight:—
When will thy love the rest reveal
In glory's clearer light?
- 6 With rapture shall I then survey
Thy providence and grace;
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love, and praise,

246 L. M.

Bramcoate 8. Portugal 97.

*Liberality; or, the Duty and Pleasures of
Benevolence.*

- 1 **O**H, what stupendous mercy shines
Around the Majesty of heaven!
Rebels he deigns to call his sons,—
Their souls renew'd, their sins forgiven.
- 2 Go, imitate the grace divine,—
The grace that blazes like a sun;
Hold forth your fair, tho' feeble light,
Thro' all your lives let mercy run!

Upon your bounty's willing wings
 Swift let the great salvation fly;
 The hungry feed, the naked clothe;
 To pain and sickness help apply.

Pity the weeping widow's woe,
 And be her counsellor and stay;
 Adopt the fatherless, and smooth,
 To useful happy life, his way.

Let age, with want and weakness bow'd,
 Your bowels of compassion move;
 Let e'en your enemies be bless'd,
 Their hatred recompens'd with love.

When all is done, renounce your deeds—
 Renounce self-righteousness with scorn.
 Thus will you glorify your God,
 And thus the Christian name adorn.

247 L. M. D. TURNER.

Lebanon 79.

Manning 245.

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, &c. Deut. vi. 5.

YES, I would love thee, blessed God!

Paternal goodness marks thy name!

Thy praises, thro' thy high abode,
 The heav'only hosts with joy proclaim.

Freely thou gav'st thy dearest Son
 For man to suffer, bleed, and die;
 And bid'st me, as a wretch undone;
 For all I want on him rely.

In him, thy reconciled face
 With joy unspeakable I see;
 And feel thy powerful wond'rous grace
 Draw, and unite my soul to thee.

4 Whene'er my foolish wand'ring heart,
 Attracted by a creature's power,
 Would from this blissful centre start,
 LORD, fix it there to stray no more!

248 C. M. DR. RYLAND.

New York 33. Condescension 116.

Delight in God. Psalm xxxvii. 4.

- 1 **O** LORD! I would delight in thee,
 And on thy care depend;
 To thee in every trouble flee,—
 My best, my only friend.
- 2 When all-created streams are dry'd,
 Thy fulness is the same;
 May I with this be satisfy'd,
 And glory in thy name!
- 3 Why should the soul a drop bemoan,
 Who has a fountain near;
 A fountain which will ever run
 With waters sweet and clear?
- 4 No good in creatures can be found,
 But may be found in thee;
 I must have all things, and abound,
 While God is God to me.
- 5 Oh, that I had a stronger faith,
 To look within the veil,—
 To credit what my Saviour saith,
 Whose word can never fail!
- 6 He, that has made my heaven secure,
 Will here all good 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 :
 Henceforth my great concern shall be
 To love and please thee more.

249 L. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRICS.

Martin's Lane 67. Langdon 217.

Love to CHRIST present or absent.

1 **O**F all the joys we mortals know,
 JESUS, thy love exceeds the rest !—
 Love, the best blessing here below,—
 The nearest image of the blest.

2 While we are held in thy embrace,
 There's not a thought attempts to rove ;
 Each smile upon thy beauteous face
 Fixes, and charms, and fires our love.

3 While of thy absence we complain,
 And long or weep in all we do,
 There's a strange pleasure in the pain ;
 And tears have their own sweetness too.

4 When round thy courts by day we rove ;
 Or ask the watchmen of the night
 For some kind tidings of our love,
 Thy very name creates delight.

5 JESUS, our GOD, yet rather come !
 Our eyes would dwell upon thy face :—
 'Tis best to see our LORD at home,
 And feel the presence of his grace.

250 7^s. NEWTON.

Cookham 36. Alcester 213.

Lovest thou me. John xxi. 16.

7 **T**IS a point I long to know,
 Oft it causes anxious thought—
 Do I love the LORD, or no ;
 Am I his, or am I not ?

- 2 If I love, why am I thus?—
 Why this dull and lifeless frame?
 Hardly, sure, can they be worse
 Who have never heard his name.
- 3 [Could my heart so hard remain,—
 Prayer a task and burden prove,—
 Every trifle give me pain,—
 If I knew a Saviour's love?]
- 4 When I turn my eyes within,
 All is dark, and vain, and wild:
 Fill'd with unbelief and sin,—
 Can I deem myself a child?]
- 5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
 Sin is mix'd with all I do;
 You that love the LORD, indeed,
 Tell me, is it thus with you?
- 6 Yet, I mourn my stubborn will,—
 Find my sin a grief and thrall:
 Should I grieve for what I feel,
 If I did not love at all?
- 7 [Could I joy his saints to meet;
 Choose the ways I once abhor'd;
 Find, at times, the promise sweet;—
 If I did not love the LORD?]
- 8 LORD, decide the doubtful case!
 Thou, who art thy people's sun,
 Shine upon thy work of grace,
 If it be indeed begun.
- 9 Let me love thee more and more,
 If I love at all, I pray!
 If I have not lov'd before,
 Help me to begin to-day.

251 L. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRICS.

Lebanon 79. Manning 245. Gould's 272.

Desiring to love Christ.

COME, let me love! or is my mind
 Harden'd to stone, or froze to ice?
 I see the blessed fair one bend,
 And stoop t' embrace me from the skies!
 Oh! 'tis a thought would melt a rock,
 And make a heart of iron move,
 That those sweet lips, that heavenly look,
 Should seek and wish a mortal love!

I was a traitor, doom'd to fire,
 Bound to sustain eternal pains;
 He flew on wings of strong desire,
 Assum'd my guilt, and took my chains!

Infinite grace! almighty charms!—
 Stand in amaze, ye rolling skies!
 JESUS, the GOD, extends his arms,—
 Hangs on a cross of love, and dies.

Did pity ever stoop so low,
 Dress'd in divinity and blood?
 Was ever rebel courted so,
 In groans of an expiring GOD?

Again he lives! and spreads his hands,—
 Hands; that were nail'd to torturing smart;
 "By these dear wounds!" says he; and stands
 And prays to clasp me to his heart.

Sure I must love; or are my ears
 Still deaf, nor will my passions move?
 Lord! melt this flinty heart to tears;—
 This heart shall yield to death or love.

252, 253 GRACES OF THE SPIRIT.

252 C. M. DR. S. STENNETT,
Sprague 166. Brightelmstone 208.

Profession of Love to Christ.

- 1 **A**ND have I, CHRIST, no love to thee,
No passion for thy charms?
No wish my Saviour's face to see,
And dwell within his arms?
- 2 Is there no spark of gratitude,
In this cold heart of mine,
To him whose generous bosom glow'd
With friendship all divine?
- 3 Can I pronounce his charming name,
His acts of kindness tell;
And, while I dwell upon the theme,
No sweet emotion feel?
- 4 Such base ingratitude as this
What heart but must detest!
Sure CHRIST deserves the noblest place
In every human breast.
- 5 A very wretch, LORD! I should prove,
Had I no love to thee:
Rather than not my Saviour love,
O may I cease to be!

253 8^s. B. FRANCIS.
New Jerufalem 230. Lock 49. Uxbridge 161.

Supreme Love to Christ.

- 1 **M**Y gracious Redeemer I love!
His praises aloud I'll proclaim,
And join with the armies above
To shout his adorable name:
To gaze on his glories divine,
Shal' be my eternal employ,
And feel them incessantly shine,
My boundless ineffable joy.

He freely redeem'd, with his blood,
 My soul from the confines of hell,
 To live on the smiles of my God,
 And in his sweet presence to dwell ;
 To shine with the angels of light ;
 With saints, and with seraphs to sing ;
 To view, with eternal delight,
 My JESUS, my Saviour, my King.

In Meshech, as yet, I reside,—
 A darksome and restless abode !
 Molested with foes on each side,
 And longing to dwell with my GOD !
 Oh, when shall my spirit exchange
 This cell of corruptible clay,
 For mansions celestial, and range
 Thro' realms of ineffable day !

My glorious Redeemer ! I long
 To see thee descend on the cloud,
 Amidst the bright numberless throng,
 And mix with the triumphing croud :
 Oh, when wilt thou bid me ascend,
 To join in thy praises above,
 To gaze on thee world without end,
 And feast on thy ravishing love ?

Nor sorrow, nor sickness, nor pain,
 Nor sin, nor temptation, nor fear,
 Shall ever molest me again ;
 Perfection of glory reigns there :
 This soul and this body shall shine
 In robes of salvation and praise,
 And banquet on pleasures divine
 Where GOD his full beauty displays.

Ye palaces, sceptres, and crowns,
 Your pride with disdain I survey ; — 130

254 GRACES OF THE SPIRIT:

Your pomps are but shadows and sounds,
 And pass in a moment away:
 The crown, that my Saviour bestows,
 Yon permanent sun shall outshine;
 My joy everlastingly flows,—
 My God, my Redeemer, is mine.

254 S. M. FAWCETT.

Vermont 134. Stoke 207. Harborough 142.
Love to the Brethren.

- 1 **B**LEST be the tie that binds
 Our hearts in Christian love!
 The fellowship of kindred minds
 Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
 We pour our ardent prayers:
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,—
 Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes;
 Our mutual burdens bear:
 And often for each other flows
 The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
 It gives us inward pain;
 But we shall still be join'd in heart,
 And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives
 Our courage by the way;
 While each in expectation lives,
 And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
 And sin, we shall be free;
 And perfect love and friendship reign
 Thro' all eternity.

LOVE TO THE BRETHREN. 255, 256

255 S. M. BEEDOME.

Eagle Street New 55. Enfield 5.

Christian Love. Gal. iii. 28.

LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in CHRIST their head.

Among the saints on earth,
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.

Let envy, child of hell!
Be banish'd far away:
Those should in strictest friendship dwell
Who the same LORD obey.

Thus will the church below
Resemble that above;
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And every heart is love.

256 L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

New Court 173. Antigua 120.

*The Heart purified to unfeigned Love of the Brethren
by the Spirit.* 1 Peter i. 22.

GREAT Spirit of immortal love!

Vouchsafe our frozen hearts to move;
With ardour strong these breasts inflame.

To all that own a Savior's name!

Still let the heavenly fire endure,
Fervent and vigorous, true and pure:

Let every heart and every hand

Join in the dear fraternal band.

Celestial dove! descend, and bring

The smiling blessings on thy wing;

And make us taste those sweets below,

Which in the blissful mansions grow.

257. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Ludlow 84. Charmouth 28.

Love to our Neighbour; or, the good Samaritan.
Luke x. 29—37.

1 **F**ATHER of mercies! send thy grace
All-powerful from above,
To form, in our obedient souls,
The image of thy love.

2 Oh, may our sympathizing breasts
That generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others joy,
And weep for others woe!

8 When the most helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid;
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

4 So JESUS look'd on dying man,
When thron'd above the skies;
And, 'midst th'embraces of his GOD,
He felt compassion rise:

5 On wings of love the Saviour flew
To raise us from the ground,
And shed the richest of his blood
A balm for every wound.

258. C. M.

Worktop 31. Ann's 58.

Love to our Enemies from the Example of Christ.
Luke xxiii. 34. Matt. v. 44.

1 **A**LOUD we sing the wond'rous grace
CHRIST to his murderers bare;
Which made the tort'ring cross its throne,
And hung its trophies there.

2 "Father, forgive!" his mercy cried
With his expiring breath,

And drew eternal blessings down
On those who wrought his death.

3 JESUS, this wond'rous love we sing!
And, whilst we sing, admire:
Breathe on our souls, and kindle there
The same celestial fire.

4 Sway'd by thy dear example, we
For enemies will pray;
With love, their hatred—and their curse—
With blessings—we repay.

259 C. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

Providence College 10. New York 33.

All Attainments Vain without Love. 1 Cor. xiii. 1—3

1 SHOULD bounteous nature kindly pour
Her richest gifts on me,
Still, O my GOD! I should be poor,
If void of love to thee.

2 Not shining wit; nor manly sense,
Could make me truly good:
Not zeal itself could recompense
The want of love to GOD.

3 Did I possess the gift of tongues,
But were deny'd thy grace;
My loudest words—my loftiest songs
Would be but founding brass.

4 'Tho' thou shouldst give me heavenly skill,
Each myst'ry to explain;
If I'd no heart to do thy will,
My knowledge would be vain.

5 Had I so strong a faith, my GOD!
As mountains to remove;
No faith could do me real good,
That did not work by love.

6 [What tho', to gratify my pride
And make my heaven secure,
All my possessions I divide
Among the hungry poor;

7 What tho' my body I consign
To the devouring flame,
In hope the glorious deed will shine
In rolls of endless fame!

8 These splendid acts of vanity,
Tho' all the world applaud,
If destitute of charity,
Can never please my God.]

Oh, grant me, then, this one request,
And I'll be satisfy'd,—
That love divine may rule my breast,
And all my actions guide.

260 S. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Mansfield 154. Mount Ephraim 185.

The Meek beautified with Salvation. Psal. cxlix.

1 **Y**E humble souls, rejoice,
And cheerful praises sing!
Wake all your harmony of voice;
For JESUS is your King!

2 That meek and lowly LORD,
Whom here your souls have known,
Pledges the honour of his word
T' avow you for his own.

3 He brings salvation near,
For which his blood was paid!
How beauteous shall your souls appear,
Thus sumptuously array'd!

4 Sing! for the day is nigh,
When, near your Saviour's seat,
The tallest sons of pride shall lie
The footstool of your feet.

5 Salvation, LORD, is thine,
And all thy Saints confess,
The royal robes, in which they shine,
Were wrought by sovereign grace.

261 C. M. NEEDHAM.

Crowle 3. Miall 240.

Moderation; or, the Saint indeed. Phil. iv. 5.

1 **H**APPY the man, whose cautious steps
Still keep the golden mean:
Whose life, by wisdom's rules well form'd,
Declares a conscience clean.

2 Not of himself he highly thinks,
Nor acts the boaster's part;
His modest tongue the language speaks
Of his still humbler heart.

3 Not in base scandal's arts he deals;
For truth dwells in his breast:
With grief he sees his neighbour's faults,
And thinks and hopes the best.

4 What blessings bounteous heaven bestows,
He takes with thankful heart:
With temp'rance he both eats and drinks,
And gives the poor a part.

5 To sect or party his large soul
Disdains to be confin'd:
The good he loves of ev'ry name,
And prays for all mankind.

M.

- 7 Pure is his zeal, the offspring fair
Of truth and heavenly love ;
The bigot's rage can never dwell
Where rests the peaceful dove.
- 7 His business is to keep his heart,
Each passion to control ;
Nobly ambitious well to rule
The empire of his soul.
- 8 Not on the world his heart is set,
His treasure is above ;
Nothing beneath the sovereign good
Can claim his highest love,

262 L. M.

Portugal 97. Magdalene 214.

Agur's Wishes. Proverbs xxx. 7, 8, 9.

- 1 **T**HUS Agur breath'd his warm desire—
“ My God, two favours I require ;
“ In neither my request deny,
“ Vouchsafe them both before I die :
- 2 “ Far from my heart and tents exclude
“ Those enemies to all that's good :
“ *Folly*, whose pleasures end in death,
“ And *Falshood's* pestilential breath.
- 3 “ Be neither wealth nor want my lot :
“ Below the dome, above the cot,
“ Let me my life unanxious lead ;
“ And know not luxury nor need.”
- 4 Those wishes, LORD, *we* make our own :
Oh, shed in moderation down
Thy bounties; till this mortal breath,
Expiring, tunes thy praise in death !

But, shouldst thou large possessions give,
 May we with thankfulness receive
 Th' exub'rance—still our God adore,
 And bless the needy from our store!

Or, should we feel the pains of want,—
 Submission, resignation grant;
 Till thou shalt send the wish'd supply,
 Or call us to the blifs on high.

263 L. M.

Bramcoate 8. New Sabbath 122.

Christian Patience. Luke xxii. 19.

1 **P**ATIENCE!—Oh, what a grace divine!
 Sent from the God of power and love,
 Submissive to its father's hand,
 As thro' the wilds of life we rove.

2 By patience we serenely bear
 The troubles of our mortal state,
 And wait contented our discharge,
 Nor think our glory comes too late.

3 Tho' we, in full sensation, feel
 The weight, the wounds, our God ordains
 We smile amid our heaviest woes,
 And triumph in our sharpest pains.

4 Oh, for this grace! to aid us on,
 And arm with fortitude the breast,
 Till life's tumultuous voyage is o'er,—
 We reach the shores of endless rest!

5 Faith into vision shall resign;
 Hope shall in full fruition die;
 And patience in possession end
 In the bright worlds of blifs on high. M 2 134

264 L. M. BEDDOME.
Kingsbridge 88. Ulverston 179. Gould's
Patience.

- 1 **D**EAR LORD!, tho' bitter is the cup,
'Thy gracious hand deals out to me,
I cheerfully would drink it up:—
That cannot hurt which comes from thee.
- 2 Dash it with thy unchanging love:
Let not a drop of wrath be there!—
'The faints, for ever bless'd above,
Were often most afflicted here.
- 3 From JESUS, thy incarnate Son,
I'll learn obedience to thy will;
And humbly kiss the chastening rod,
When its severest strokes I feel.

265 C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.
Stillman 66. Hammond 226. Michael's 119.
God speaking Peace to his People. Psalm lxxxv. 3

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

266 112th. R. Hill.

Hoxton 121. Uffculm 93.

A Prayer for the promised Rest. Isaiah xxvi. 3.**D**EAR friend of friendless sinners, hear!

And magnify thy grace divine;

Pardon a worm that would draw near,

That would his heart to thee resign;

A worm, by self and sin oppress,

That pants to reach thy promis'd

With holy fear, and reverend love,

I long to lie beneath thy throne;

I long in thee to live, and move,

And stay myself on thee alone:

Teach me to lean upon thy breast,

To find in thee the promis'd rest.

Thou say'st thou wilt thy servants keep

In perfect peace, whose minds shall be

Like new-born babes, or helpless sheep,

Completely stay'd, dear LORD! on thee:

How calm their state, how truly blest,

Who trust on thee, the promis'd rest!

Take me, my Saviour, as thine own,

And vindicate my righteous cause;

Be thou my portion, LORD, alone,

And bend me to obey thy laws:

In thy dear arms of love care's'd,

Give me to find thy promis'd rest.

Bid the tempestuous rage of sin,

With all its wrathful fury, die;

Let the Redeemer dwell within,

And turn my sorrows into joy:

Oh, may my heart, by thee possess'd,

Know thee to be my promis'd rest.

M 3

267, 268 GRACES OF THE SPIRIT.

267 C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Bedford 91. Ann's 58.

God hath commanded all Men every where to repent.
Acts, xvii. 30.

- 1 "REPENT!" the voice celestial cries,
Nor longer dare delay:
The wretch, that scorns the mandate, dies
And meets a fiery day.
- 2 No more the sovereign eye of God
O'erlooks the crimes of men;
His heralds are dispatch'd abroad
To warn the world of sin.
- 3 The summons reach thro' all the earth;
Let earth attend and fear:
Listen, ye men of royal birth,
And let your vassals hear!
- 4 Together in his presence bow,
And all your guilt confess;
Embrace the blessed Saviour now,
Nor trifle with his grace.
- 5 Bow, ere the awful trumpet sound,
And call you to his bar:
For mercy knows the appointed bound,
And turns to vengeance there.
- 6 Amazing love! that yet will call,
And yet prolong our days!
Our hearts, subdu'd by goodness, fall,
And weep, and love, and praise.

268 (First Part.) C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Walsal 237. Bangor 231.

*Peter's Admonition to Simon Magus turned into
Prayer.* Acts viii. 21—24.

- 1 SEARCHER of hearts, before thy face
I all my soul display;

And, conscious of its innate arts,
 Intreat thy strict survey.
 If lurking in its inmost folds
 I any sin conceal,
 Oh, let a ray of light divine
 The secret guile reveal!
 If tinctur'd with that odious gall
 Unknowing I remain,
 Let grace, like a pure silver stream,
 Wash out th' accursed stain.
 If, in these fatal fetters bound,
 A wretched slave, I lie,
 Smite off my chains, and wake my soul
 To light and liberty.
 To humble penitence and prayer
 Be gentle pity given :
 Speak ample pardon to my heart,
 And seal its claim to heaven.

268 (Second Part.) L. M.

Rothwell 174. Portugal 97.

Hardness of Heart lamented.

1 **L**ORD! shed a beam of heav'nly day,
 To melt this stubborn stone away ;
 Now thaw, with rays of love divine,
 This heart—this frozen heart of mine.
 2 The rocks can rend ; the earth can quake ;
 The seas can roar ; the mountains shake ;
 Of feeling all things shew some sign
 But this unfeeling heart of mine.
 3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
 What but an adamant would melt !
 Goodness and wrath in vain combine
 To move this stupid heart of mine. M 4 136

- 4 But ONE can yet perform the deed ;
 That *One* in all his grace I need ;
 Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
 And melt this stubborn heart of mine.
- 5 Oh, Breath of Life, breathe on my soul !
 On me let streams of mercy roll :
 Now thaw, with rays of love divine,
 This heart, this frozen heart of mine :

269 L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE
 Coombs's 45. Bromley 104. Gloucester 12
Christ exalted to give Repentance. Acts v. 31.

- 1 **E**XALTED Princē of Life! we own
 The royal honours of thy throne;
 'Tis fix'd by God's almighty hand,
 And seraphs bow at thy command.
- 2 Exalted Saviour! we confess
 The sovereign triumphs of thy grace;
 Where beams of gentle radiance shine,
 And temper majesty divine.
- 3 Wide thy resistless sceptre sway,
 Till all thine enemies obey:
 Wide may thy cross its virtues prove,
 And conquer millions by its love.
- 4 Mighty to vanquish and forgive!
 Thine Israel shall repent and live;
 And loud proclaim thy healing breath,
 Which works their life who wrought thy death.

270 7s. DR. S. STENNETT.
 Cookham, 36. Stoel 264.

Penitential Sighs.

- 1 **F**ATHER! at thy call I come :
 In thy bosom there is room
 For a guilty soul to hide,—
 Press'd with grief on every side.

Here I'll make my piteous moan!—
 Thou canst understand a groan:
 Here my sins and sorrows tell;
 What I feel thou knowest well.

Ah! how foolish I have been
 To obey the voice of sin—
 To forget thy love to me,
 And to break my vows to thee.

Darkness fills my trembling soul;
 Floods of sorrow o'er me roll:
 Pity, Father! pity me;
 All my hope's alone in thee.

But, may such a wretch as I,—
 Self-condemn'd, and doom'd to die;
 Ever hope to be forgiven,
 And be smil'd upon by heaven?

May I round thee cling and twine,
 Call myself a child of thine,
 And presume to claim a part
 In a tender Father's heart?

Yes, I may! for I espy
 Pity trickling from thine eye:
 'Tis a Father's bowels move,—
 Move with pardon and with love

Well I do remember, too,
 What his love hath deign'd to do;
 How he sent a Saviour down,
 All my follies to atone.

Has my elder brother died?
 And is justice satisfied?
 Why—oh, why—should I despair
 Of my Father's tender care?

271 C. M. Dr. S. STENNETT.
Charmouth 28. Ann's 58.

The Penitent.

- 1 **P**ROSTRATE, dear JESUS ! at thy feet
A guilty rebel lies;
And upwards to the mercy seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.
- 2 Oh let not justice frown me hence:
Stay, stay the vengeful storm:
Forbid it that Omnipotence
Should crush a feeble worm
- 3 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.
- 4 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears, but those which thou hast shed,—
No blood, but thou hast spilt.
- 5 Think of thy sorrows, dearest LORD!
And all my sins forgive:
Justice will well approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

272 C. M. STEELE.

Ludlow 84. Crowle 3,

Penitence and Hope.

- 1 **D**EAR Saviour ! when my thoughts recal
The wonders of thy grace,
Low at thy feet ashamed I fall,
And hide this wretched face.
- 2 Shall love like thine be thus repaid?
Ah, vile ungrateful heart!
By earth's low cares detain'd,—betray'd
From JESUS to depart.—

- 3 From JESUS,—who alone can give
 True pleasure, peace, and rest:
 When absent from my LORD, I live
 Unsatisfy'd, unblest.
- 4 But he, for his own mercy's sake,
 My wandering soul restores:
 He bids the mourning heart partake
 The pardon it implores.
- 5 Oh, while I breathe to thee, my LORD,
 The penitential sigh,
 Confirm the kind forgiving word,
 With pity in thine eye!
- 6 Then shall the mourner at thy feet
 Rejoice to seek thy face;
 And grateful own how kind—how sweet
 Thy condescending grace.

273 L. M. BEDDOME.

•Ulverstone 179. Paul's 246. Gould's 272.

The Prodigal Son: or, the repenting Sinner accepted.

Luke. xv. 32.

- 1 **T**HE mighty GOD will not despise
 The contrite heart for sacrifice;
 The deep-fetch'd sigh, the secret groan,
 Rises accepted to the throne.
- 2 He meets, with tokens of his grace,
 The trembling lip, the blushing face;
 His bowels yearn when sinners pray;
 And mercy bears their sins away.
- 3 When fill'd with grief, o'erwhelm'd with shame,
 He, pitying, heals their broken frame;
 He hears their sad complaints, and spies
 His image in their weeping eyes.

274, 275 GRACES OF THE SPIRIT

4 Thus, what a rapt'rous joy possess
The tender parent's throbbing breast,
'To see his spend-thrift son return,
And hear him his past follies mourn.

274 C. M. BEDDOME.

Walsal 237. Bangor 231.

Why weepest thou? John xx. 13.

1 **W**HY, O my soul! why weepest thou?

'Tell me from whence arise
'Those briny tears that often flow,
'Those groans that pierce the skies.

2 Is sin the cause of thy complaint,
Or the chastising rod?

Dost thou an evil heart lament *,
And mourn an absent God?

3 LORD, let me weep for nought but sin!
And after none but thee!

And then I would—Oh, that I might!—
A constant weeper be!

275 C. M. COWPER.

Elenborough 170. Brightelmstone 208.

The contrite Heart. Isa. lvii. 15.

1 **T**HE LORD will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow;

Then tell me, gracious God! is mine
A contrite heart or no?

2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel;

If aught is felt, 'tis only pain
'To find I cannot feel.

3 I sometimes think myself inclin'd
'To love thee, if I could;

* Or—Dost thou departed friends lament?

But often feel another mind,
 Averse to all that's good.
 My best desires are faint and few,
 I fain would strive for more;
 But, when I cry "My strength renew",
 Seem weaker than before.
 Thy saints are comforted, I know,
 And love thy house of prayer;
 I sometimes go where others go,
 But find no comfort there.
 Oh, make this heart rejoice or ache;—
 Decide this doubt for me;
 And, if it be not broken, break—
 And heal it, if it be.

276 C. M. BEDDOME.

Abridge 201. Wantage 204.

Resignation ; or, God our Portion.

MY times of sorrow and of joy,
 Great God ! are in thy hand ;
 My choicest comforts come from thee,
 And go at thy command.
 If thou shouldst take them all away,
 Yet would I not repine ;
 Before they were possess'd by me,
 They were entirely thine.
 Nor would I drop a murmuring word,
 Tho' the whole world were gone,
 But seek enduring happiness
 In thee, and thee alone.
 What is the world, with all its store ?
 'Tis but a bitter-sweet ;
 When I attempt to pluck the rose,
 A pricking-thorn I meet.

277. GRACES OF THE SPIRIT.

5 Here perfect blifs can ne'er be found,
The honey's mix'd with gall :
'Midst changing scenes and dying friends,
Be *Thou* my all in all.

277 C. M. COWPER.
Bedford 91. Crowle 3.

• *Submission.*

- 1 **O** LORD ! my best desires fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears ?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears ?
- 3 No ! let me rather freely yield
What most I prize to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Nor wilt withhold, from me.
- 4 Thy favour all my journey thro'
Thou art engag'd to grant ;
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.
- 5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way :
Shall *I* resist them both ?
A poor blind creature of a day,
And crush'd before the moth ?
- 6 But ah ! my inmost spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway ;
Else the next cloud, that veils my skies
Drives all these thoughts away.

278 C. M. STEELE.

James's 163. Tunbridge 103.

Filial Submission. Heb. xii. 7.

1 **A**ND can my heart aspire so high,
 To say, "My Father, God!"
 LORD! at thy feet I fain would lie,
 And learn to kiss the rod.

2 I would submit to all thy will,
 For thou art good and wise;
 Let every anxious thought be still,
 Nor one faint murmur rise.

3 Thy love can cheer the darksome gloom;
 And bid me wait serene,
 Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
 And brighten all the scene.

4 "My Father"—O permit my heart
 To plead her humble claim,
 And ask the bliss those words impart,
 In my Redeemer's name.

279 C. M. T. GREENE.

Grove-House 143. Condescension 116.

It is the Lord—let him do what seemeth good.

1 Sam. iii. 18.

1 **I**T is the LORD—enthron'd in light,
 Whose claims are all divine;
 Who has an undisputed right
 To govern me and mine.

2 It is the LORD—should I distrust,
 Or contradict his will,
 Who cannot do but what is just,
 And must be righteous still?

3 It is the LORD—who gives me all
 My wealth, my friends, my ease;

280 GRACES OF THE SPIRIT.

And, of his bounties, may recal
Whatever part he please:

- 4 It is the LORD—who can sustain
Beneath the heaviest load—
From whom assistance I obtain
To tread the thorny road.
- 5 It is the LORD—whose matchless skill
Can, from afflictions, raise
Matter eternity to fill
With ever-growing praise.
- 6 It is the LORD—my cov'nant GOD,
Thrice blessed be his name!
Whose gracious promise, seal'd with blood,
Must ever be the same.
- 7 His cov'nant will my soul defend
Should nature's self expire,
And the great Judge of All descend
In awful flames of fire!
- 8 And can my soul, with hopes like these,
Be sullen, or repine?
No, gracious God! take what thou please,
To thee I all resign.

280 L. M. NEEDHAM.

Braintree 25. Huddersfield 202.

Self-Denial: or, Taking up the Cross.

Mark viii. 38. Luke ix. 26.

A SHAM'D of CHRIST!—my soul, disdain
The mean ungen'rous thought:
Shall I disown that friend, whose blood
To man Salvation brought?

With the glad news of love and peace,
From heaven to earth he came:

For us, endur'd the painful cross—
 For us, despis'd the shame,
 At his command, we must take up
 Our cross without delay ;
 Our lives—and thousand lives of ours—
 Can ne'er His love repay.
 Each faithful suff'rer Jesus views
 With infinite delight :
 Their lives to him are dear ; their deaths
 Are precious in his fight.
 To bear his name—his cross to bear—
 Our highest honour this !
 Who nobly suffers now for him,
 Shall reign with him in bliss.
 But should we, in the evil day,
 From our profession fly,—
 Jesus, the Judge, before the world,
 The traitor will deny.

281 C. M.

Grove-house 143. Brightelmstone 20^o.

Self-Denial, Mark viii. 34. Luke ix. 23.

1 **A**ND must I part with all I have,
 My dearest Lord, for thee?—
 It is but right ! since thou hast done
 Much more than this for me.
 2 Yes, let it go !—One look from thee
 Will more than make amends
 For all the losses I sustain
 Of credit, riches, friends.
 3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives—
 How worthless they appear
 Compared with thee, Supremely Good !
 Divinely Bright and Fair !

4 Saviour of souls! could I from thee
A single smile obtain,
Tho' destitute of all things else,
I'd glory in my gain..

282 C. M. DR. WATTS'S SERMONS.

Crowle 3. Gainsborough 29.

Sincerity and Truth. Phill. iv. 8.

- 1 **L**ET those who bear the Christian name
Their holy vows fulfil:
The saints—the followers of the Lamb—
Are men of honour still.
- 2 True to the solemn oaths they take,
Tho' to their hurt they swear:
Constant and just to all they speak—
For God and angels hear.
- 3 Still with their lips their hearts agree,
Nor flatt'ring words devise;
They know the God of Truth can see
Thro' ev'ry false disguise.
- 4 They hate th' appearance of a lie,
In all the shapes it wears,
Firm to the truth: and, when they die,
Eternal life is theirs.
- 5 Lo! from afar the LORD descends,
And brings the judgment down;
He bids his saints—his faithful friends
Rise, and possess their crown.
- 6 While Satan trembles at the sight,
And devils wish to die,
Where will the faithless hypocrite
And guilty liar fly?

283 S. M. BEDDOME.

Stoke 207. Harborough 142.

Sincerity desired.

IF secret fraud should dwell
 Within this heart of mine ;
 Purge out, O God ! that cursed leaven,
 And make me wholly thine.
 If any rival there
 Dares to usurp the throne,
 Oh, tear the infernal traitor thence,
 And reign thyself alone,
 Is any lust conceal'd ?
 Bring it to open view ;
 Search, search, dear LORD ! my inmost soul,
 And all its powers renew.

284 (First Part.) C. M. FAWCETT.

Ann's 58. Stillman 66.

Spiritual Mindedness ; or, Inward Religion.

RELIGION is the chief concern
 Of mortals here below ;
 May I its great importance learn,
 Its sovereign virtue know !
 More needful *this* than glittering wealth,
 Or aught the world bestows ;
 Not reputation, food, or health,
 Can give us such repose.
 Religion should our thoughts engage
 Amidst our youthful bloom ;
 'Twill fit us for declining age,
 And for the awful tomb.
 Oh, may my heart, by grace renew'd,
 Be my Redeemer's throne ;
 And be my stubborn will subdu'd,
 His government to own !

284 GRACES OF THE SPIRIT.

- 5 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
 Be join'd with godly fear;
 And all my conversation prove
 My heart to be sincere.
- 6 Preserve me from the snares of sin,
 Thro' my remaining days;
 And in me let each virtue shine
 To my Redeemer's praise.
- 7 Let lively hope my soul inspire;
 Let warm affections rise;
 And may I wait, with strong desire,
 To mount above the skies!

284 (Second Part.) C. M.
 Sprague 166.

*Godliness profitable; or, the Benefit of godliness
 Religion. 1 Tim. iv. 8.*

- 1 **H**OW vast the blessings, how divine,
 From godliness which flow!
 Nor men, nor angels, should they join,
 Can half its value shew.
- 2 Ten thousand comforts it procures
 To Christians, while on earth;
 It endless happiness secures,
 And frees from endless death.
- 3 God, for himself, hath set apart
 The godly, whom he loves:
 They have a place within his heart;
 Their conduct he approves.
- 4 [There is a rich and free reward,
 The eye of faith descries,
 Reserv'd for all, who serve the LORD,
 Above the starry skies.]
- 5 A glorious kingdom, and a crown,
 CHRIST will on such bestow;
 For them the seeds of bliss are sown,—
 The fruits of glory grow.

285 C. M. TATE.

Exeter 4. Michael's 119.

*Encouragement to trust and love God. Ps. xxxiv.***T**HRO' all the changing scenes of life—

In trouble and in joy,

The praises of my God shall still

My heart and tongue employ.

Of his deliverance I will boast,

Till all, who are distrest,

From my example comfort take,

And charm their griefs to rest.

The hosts of God encamp around

The dwellings of the just :

Protection he affords to all :

Who make his name their trust.

Oh, make but trial of his love!—

Experience will decide—

How blest are they, and only they,

Who in his truth confide.

Fear him, ye faints! and you will then

Have nothing else to fear ;

Make you his service your delight,—

Your wants shall be his care.

6 While hungry lions lack their prey,

The LORD will food provide

For such as put their trust in him,

And see their needs supply'd.

286 (First Part) L. M.

Bowden 78. Rowles 73.

*Trust and Confidence ; or, looking beyond present
Appearances. Hab. iii. 17, 18.***A**WAY, my unbelieving fear !

Let fear in me no more take place ;

My Saviour doth not yet appear ;

He hides the brightness of his face :

- But shall I therefore let him go,
 And basely to the tempter yield?
 No, in the strength of JESUS, no!
 I never will give up my shield.
- 2 Altho' the vine its fruit deny,
 Altho' the olive yield no oil
 The withering fig-tree droop and die,
 The field illude the tiller's toil—
 The empty stall no herd afford—
 And perish all the bleating race:
Yet, I will triumph in the LORD!—
 The GOD of my salvation praise!
- 3 Away, each unbelieving fear!
 Let fear to cheering hope give place;
 My Saviour *will* at length appear,
 And shew the brightness of his face:
 Tho' now my prospects all be cross'd—
 My blooming hopes cut off I see;
Still will I in my JESUS trust,
 Whose boundless love can reach to me.
- 4 In hope—believing against hope—
 His promis'd mercy will I claim;
 His gracious word shall bear me up
 To seek salvation in his name:
Soon, my dear SAVIOUR, bring it nigh!
 My soul shall then outstrip the wind,
 On wings of love mount up on high,
 And leave the world and sin behind.

286 (Second Part.) L. M.

Portugal 97. Paul's 246.

All Things working for Good, &c. Rom. viii. 28.

1 **T**EMPTATIONS, trials, doubts, and fears,
 Wants, losses, crosses, groans, and tears,
 Will, thro' the grace of GOD, our friend,
 In everlasting triumphs end!

To those who him sincerely love,
 All penal evils blessings prove ;
 Whom grace hath call'd and made his own,
 Nor fires can burn, nor floods can drown.

LORD, let this thought in deep distress
 Our hopes confirm, our spirits raise ;
 Midst earth and hell's opposing pow'rs,
 We still are safe if thou art ours.

287 L. M.

Ulverston 179. Dresden 178.

Humble Trust ; or, Despair prevented.

LORD, didst thou die, but not for me ?

Am I forbid to trust thy blood ?

Hast thou not pardons, rich and free !

And grace, an overwhelming flood ;

Who, then, shall drive my trembling soul

From thee, to regions of despair ?

Who has survey'd the sacred roll,

And found my name not written there ?

Presumptuous thought ! to fix the bound—

To limit mercy's sovereign reign :

What other happy souls have found

I'll seek ; nor shall I seek in vain.

I own my guilt ; my sins confess :

Can men or devils make them more ?

Of crimes, already numberless,

Vain the attempt to swell the score.

Were the black list before my sight,

While I remember thou hast dy'd,

'Twould only urge my speedier flight

To seek salvation at thy side.

Low at thy feet I'll cast me down ;

To thee reveal my guilt and fear ;

And—if thou spurn me from thy throne—

I'll be the *first* who perish'd there.

Grove House 143 Bedford 91.

Trust encouraged by the Promise,—I will be their G.

- 1 **I**F GOD is mine, then present things,
And things to come, are mine;
Yea, CHRIST, his Word, and Spirit too,
And glory all divine.
- 2 If he is mine, then, from his love,
He every trouble sends;
All things are working for my good,
And bliss his rod attends.
- 3 If he is mine, I need not fear
The rage of earth and hell;
He will support my feeble frame,
Their utmost force repell.
- 4 If he is mine, let friends forsake,—
Let wealth and honours flee—
Sure he, who giveth me *himself*,
Is more than these these to me.
- 5 If he is mine, I'll boldly pass
Thro' death's tremendous vale:
He is a solid comfort, when
All other comforts fail.
- 6 Oh, tell me, LORD! that thou art mine;
What can I wish beside?
My soul shall at the *fountain* live
When all the *streams* are dry'd.

288 C.M. BEDDOME.

Oxford 177.

Fear not.

- 7 **Y**E trembling souls! dismiss your fear,
Be mercy all your theme:
Mercy, which, like a river, flows
In one continued stream.

2 *Fear not* the powers of earth and hell :
 God will these powers restrain ;
 His mighty arm their rage repel,
 And make their efforts vain.

3 *Fear not* the want of outward good :
 He will for his provide,
 Grant them supplies of daily food,
 And all they need beside.

4 *Fear not* that he will e'er forsake,
 Or leave his work undone ;
 He's faithful to his promises,—
 And faithful to his Son.

5 *Fear not* the terrors of the grave,
 Or death's tremendous sting ;
 He will from endless wrath preserve—
 To endless glory bring.

6 You, in his wisdom, power, and grace,
 May confidently trust ;
 His wisdom guides, his power protects,
 His grace rewards, the just.

288 (Second Part.) C. M.

Workshop 31. Ludlow 84.

Trust in God promoted by grateful Recollection.

1 **D**EAR LORD ! why should I doubt thy love,
 Or disbelieve thy grace ?
 Sure thy compassions ne'er remove,
 Altho' thou hide thy face.

2 Thy smiles have freed my heart from pain,
 My drooping spirits cheer'd :
 And wilt thou not appear again
 Where thou hast once appear'd ?

- 3 Hast thou not form'd my soul anew,
And told me I am thine?
And wilt thou now thy work undo,
Or break thy word divine?
- 4 Dost thou repent? wilt thou deny
The gifts thou hast bestow'd?
Or, are those streams of mercy dry,
Which once so freely flow'd?
- 5 LORD! let not groundless fears destroy
The mercies now possess'd:
I'll *praise* for blessings I enjoy,
And *trust* for all the rest.

289 8, 8, 6, JESSE.

Chatham 59. Hinton 276.

Fears removed—It is I; be not afraid. John vi. 18.

- 1 **U**NCLEAN! unclean! and full of sin,
From first to last, O LORD, I've been!
Deceitful is my heart:
Guilt presses down my burden'd soul;
But JESUS can the waves control,
And bid my fears depart.
- 2 When first I heard his word of grace,
Ungratefully I hid my face,—
Ungratefully delay'd:
At length his voice more powerful came,
"Tis I," he cried, "I, still the same;
"Thou need'st not be afraid."
- 3 My heart was chang'd; in that same hour
My soul confess'd his mighty power;
Out flow'd the briny tear:
I listen'd still to hear his voice;
Again he said, "In me rejoice;
" 'Tis I;—thou need'st not fear."

“Unworthy of thy love!” I cry’d:
 “Freely I love,” he soon reply’d,
 “On me thy faith be staid:
 “On me for every thing depend;
 “I’m JESUS still, the sinner’s friend,—
 “Thou need’st not be afraid.”

290 104th. NEWTON.

Old Hundred and Fourth 148. Suffex 70.

I will trust and not be afraid. Isaiah xii. 2.

1 **B**EGONE, 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:
 Tho’ cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,
 The word he has spoken shall 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 thro’.
 4 Determin’d to save, he watch’d o’er my path
 When, Satan’s blind slave, I sported with death;
 And can he have taught me to trust in his name,
 And thus far have brought me to put me to shame?
 5 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,
 Thro’ much tribulation must follow their LORD.
 6 How bitter that cup no heart can conceive,
 Which he drank quite up, that sinners might live!

His way was much rougher and darker than mine;
Did CHRIST, my LORD, suffer, and shall I repine?

- 7 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the med'eine is food;
'Tho' painful at present 'twill cease before long.
And then, Oh, how pleasant the conqueror's song!

291 L. M.

New Sabbath 122. Langdon 217.

True Wisdom. . Prov. iii. 13—18.

- 1 **H**APPY the man, who finds the grace—
The blessing of GOD's chosen race;
The wisdom coming from above,
And faith that sweetly works by love!
- 2 Happy, beyond description, he,
Who knows, "the Saviour dy'd for me—"
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heavenly understanding gains.
- 3 Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flowery paths are peace:
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compar'd with her.
- 4 He finds, who wisdom apprehends,
A life begun that never ends;
The tree of life divine she is,
Set in the midst of Paradise.
- 5 Happy the man, who wisdom gains,
In whose obedient heart she reigns;
He owns, and will for ever own,
Wisdom, and CHRIST, and heaven, are one.

292 L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Lewton 30. Rowles 73.

Zeal for Christ; or, Peter and John following their Master. John xxi. 18—20.

- 1 **B**LEST men, who stretch their willing hands
 Submissive to their LORD's commands,
 And yield their liberty and breath
 To him that lov'd their souls in death!
- 2 Lead me to suffer and to die,
 If thou, my gracious LORD! art nigh:
 One smile from thee my heart shall fire,
 And teach me, smiling, to expire.
- 3 If nature at the trial shake,
 And from the cross or flames draw back,
 Grace can its feeble courage raise,
 And turn its tremblings into praise.
- 4 While scarce I dare, with Peter, say,—
 "I'll boldly tread the bleeding way;"
 Yet, in thy steps, like John, I'd move
 With humble hope and silent love.

293 (First Part.) C. M. BEDDOME.

Bedford 91. Grove House 143.

Holy Zeal and Diligence.

- 1 **W**HILE carnal men, with all their might,
 Earth's vanities pursue,
 How slow th' advances which I make,
 With heaven itself in view!
- 2 Inspire my soul with holy zeal;
 Great God! my love inflame;
 Religion without zeal and love
 Is but an empty name.
- 3 To gain the top of Zion's hill
 May I with fervour strive;

And all those powers employ for thee
Which I from thee derive!

293 (Second Part.) C. M.

Great Milton 212. Condescension 116.

Zeal for God; or, longing for the Mind of Christ

1 **I**F duty calls, and suffering, too,
My LORD! I'd follow thee;
As thou hast done, so would I do;
As thou art, would I be.

2 With zeal inflam'd, 'twas thy delight
To do thy Father's will;
May the same zeal my soul excite
Thy precepts to fulfil.

3 Meekness, humility, and love,
Did through thy conduct shine;
Oh, may my whole deportment prove
A copy, LORD, of thine!

4 Depending on thy sov'reign grace,
I'll tread the heavenly road;
With willing mind thy footsteps trace,
And climb to thine abode.

PAUSE.

5 Oh, let me run the Christian's race
With diligence and speed!
God's word, his Spirit, and his grace,
Do all to duty lead.

6 Did JESUS leave the realms of bliss
To save from sin and hell?—
A love so wonderful as this
Calls for a glowing zeal.

7 Those who to CHRIST for refuge fly
Should in his footsteps tread;
Our Prophet, Priest, and King, should be
Both trusted and obey'd.

THE CHRISTIAN.

294 (First Part.) L. M. FAWCETT.

Fawcett 184. Ulverston 179. Gould's 272.

The Christian awakened.—"What must I do to be
"saved?" Acts ix. 6.

WITH melting heart and weeping eyes,
My guilty soul for mercy cries;
What shall I do, or whither flee,
To escape that vengeance due to me?

Till now, I saw no danger nigh;
I liv'd at ease, nor fear'd to die;
Wreapt up in self deceit and pride,
"I shall have peace, at last," I cry'd.
Till when great GOD thy light divine
Had shone on this dark soul of mine,
Then I beheld, with trembling awe,
The terror of thy holy law.

How dreadful, now, my guilt appears,
In childhood, youth; and growing years!
Before thy pure discerning eye,
LORD, what a filthy wretch am I!
Should vengeance still my soul pursue,
Death and destruction are my due;
Yet mercy can my guilt forgive,
And bid a dying sinner live.

Does not thy sacred word proclaim
Salvation free in JE'S US' name?
To him I look, and humbly cry
"O save a wretch condemn'd to die!"

294 (Second Part.) C. M.

Troybridge 201. Ann's 58. Elenborough 170.

The great Question answered.

- 1 **I**S there, in heav'n or earth, who can
 A wretched mortal save?
 Make a poor lep'rous sinner clean!
 Redeem an helpless slave?—
- 2 Who can appease an angry God?—
 Relieve a burden'd mind?
 In whom a soul, o'erwhelm'd with guilt,
 May ease and safety find?
- 3 Yes, there is ONE who dwells on high,
 That can do this and more;—
 A being of unbounded love,
 And uncontrolled power.—
- 4 **IMMANUEL** is his name: who once,
 Upon the accursed tree,
 Bore the vast weight of all their sins
 Who, burden'd, to him flee.
 But now he lives—he ever lives,
 And pleads what he hath done;
 Whilst God ten thousand crimes forgives,
 Through his atoning Son.
- 5 **BE**NEVOLENT to thy feet repair,
 And there will prostrate lie;
 Be thou propitious to my prayer;
 And I shall never die.

295 S. 7. D. TURNER.

Troybridge 21. Welsh 210. Tabernacle 20.

*Supplicating—Jesus, thou Son of David, have Mercy
 on me. Mark 10. 47.*

- 1 **J**ESUS! full of all compassion,
 Hear thy humble suppliant's cry:

THE CHRISTIAN.

5 Let me know thy great salvation:
See! I languish, faint, and die.

6 Guilty, but with heart relenting,
Overwhelm'd with helpless grief,
Prostrate at thy feet repenting,
Send, Oh send me quick relief!

[Whither should a wretch be flying,
But to him who comfort gives?—
Whither, from the dread of dying,
But to him who ever lives?]

[While I view thee, wounded, grieving,
Breathless, on the cursed tree,
Fain I'd feel my heart believing
That thou suffer'd'st thus for me.

5 With thy righteousness and Spirit,
I am more than angels blest;
Heir with thee, all things inherit,—
Peace, and joy, and endless rest:

6 Without thee, the world possessing,
I should be a wretch undone;
Search through heaven,—the land of blessing,
Seeking good, and finding none.]

7 Hear then, blessed Saviour, hear me!
My soul cleaveth to the dust;
Send the Comforter to cheer me;
Lo! in thee I put my trust.

8 On the word thy blood hath sealed
Hangs my everlasting all;
Let thine arm be now revealed;
Stay, Oh stay me, lest I fall!

9 In the word of endless ruin,
Let it never, LORD, be said,
“Here's a soul that perish'd, suing
“For the boasted Saviour's aid!”

10 Sav'd!—the deed shall spread new glory
Thro' the shining realms above!
Angels sing the pleasing story,
All enraptur'd with thy love!

296 7^s.

Stoel 164. (First Part.) Cookham 36.

Longing for an Interest in the Redeemer: or, depending on the Mercy of God, in Christ.

- 1 **G**RACIOUS LORD, incline thine ear!
My requests vouchsafe to hear;
Hear my never-ceasing cry;—
Give me CHRIST, or else I die.
- 2 Wealth and honour I disdain,
Earthly comforts, LORD, are vain;
These can never satisfy,
Give me CHRIST, or else I die.
- 3 LORD, deny me what thou wilt,
Only ease me of my guilt:
Suppliant at thy feet I lie,
Give me CHRIST, or else I die.
- 4 All unholy and unclean,
I am nothing else but sin;
On thy mercy I rely,
Give me CHRIST, or else I die.
- 5 Thou dost freely save the lost;
In thy grace alone I trust:
With my earnest suit comply;
Give me CHRIST, or else I die.
- 6 Thou dost promise to forgive
All who in thy Son believe;
LORD, I know thou canst not lie:—
Give me CHRIST, or else I die.

Father, dost thou seem to frown?

Let me shelter in thy Son!

JESUS! to thine arms I fly:

Come and save me, or I die.

296 (Second Part.) C. M.

Bedford 91. Abridge 201.

The plain serious Christian's daily Hymn.

HELP me, my God—Oh SAVE me. Psalm cix. 26.

HELP and SALVATION, LORD, I crave,
For both I greatly need;
None else these blessings can bestow;
From thee they must proceed.

1 Help me thy glories to behold,
Thy loveliness to see:

Save from an atheistic heart,
Which shuns the deity.

2 [Help me the turpitude of sin
With shame to realize:

Save from impenitence; and thaw
A breast as hard as ice.]

3 Help me to cleave to CHRIST alone!—
Where else can sinners fly?

Save me from all self-righteousness,
And every idol nigh.

4 Help me to live upon thy word,—
The Christian's daily food;

Save me from unbelief, that foe—
That bar to every good.

5 Help me to do thy holy will;
Let duty bliss dispense:

Save from a disobedient heart,
From sloth and negligence.

6 Help me to persevere in grace;
Still gladly following on:

Save me from each backsliding path
To which my heart is prone.

8 *Help* in prosperity, that I
True gratitude may find :

Save me from pride and carnal ease,
And from an earthly mind.

9 *Help*, in adversity, to bow
My neck to bear the yoke :

Save me from wrath and discontent,
Which would my God provoke.]

10 *Help* me to conquer all my foes,
Satan, the world, and sin :

Save from temptation's snares without,
And this base heart within.

11 *Help* me to wait the time decreed,
And then meet death with joy :

Save me from all the ills of life,
The dread of death destroy.

297 (First Part.) L. M. DR. DOUBRIDGE.
Mark's 65. Rowles 73.

Choosing the better Part. Luke x. 42.

1 **B**ESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand :
Saviour divine! diffuse thy light
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

2 Engage this roving treach'rous heart
To fix on Mary's better part,
To scorn the trifles of a day
For joys that none can take away.

Then let the wildest storms arise ;
Let tempests mingle earth and skies :
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.

If thou, my JESUS! still be nigh,
 Cheerful I live, and joyful die;
 Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
 To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

297 (Second Part.) 8. 8. 6.

Westbury-Leigh 278. Broadmead 150.

Admiring the Love of God in Christ.

MY God! thy boundless love we praise:
 How bright on high its glories blaze—
 How sweetly bloom below!

It streams from thy eternal throne;
 Thro' Heaven its joys for ever run,
 And o'er the earth they flow.

'Tis Love that gilds the vernal ray—
 Adorns the flow'ry robe of May—
 Perfumes the breathing gale:

'Tis Love that loads the plenteous plain,
 With blushing fruits and golden grain,
 And smiles o'er ev'ry vale.

But, in thy Gospel, it appears
 In sweeter fairer characters,
 And charms the ravish'd breast;
 There, Love-immortal leaves the sky
 To wipe the drooping mourner's eye,
 And give the weary rest.

There smiles a kind propitious God—
 There flows a dying Saviour's blood,
 The pledge of sins forgiv'n:
 There Faith, bright cherub, points the way
 To regions of eternal day,
 And opens all her heav'n.

Then, in redeeming Love, rejoice,
 My soul!—and hear a Saviour's voice
 That calls thee to the skies: . . . 151

Above life's empty scenes:aspire—
 Its fordid cares and mean desire—
 And seize th' eternal prize.

298 (First Part.) S. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.
 Kibworth 249. Eagle Street New 55.
Devoting himself to God. Rom. xii. 1.

- 1 **A**ND will th' eternal king
 So mean a gift reward?
 That off'ring, LORD, with joy we bring,
 Which thine own hand prepar'd.
- 2 We own thy various claim;
 And to thine altar move,
 The willing victims of thy grace,
 And bound with cords of love.
- 3 Descend, celestial fire!
 The sacrifice inflame:
 So shall a grateful odour rise,
 Thro' our Redeemer's name.

298 (Second Part) S. M.

Broderip's 252. Aynhoe 108.

*Go forward; or Difficulties the occasion of Prayers
 and Pleading.* Exod. xiv. 15.

- 1 **L**IKE Israel, LORD, am I!
 My soul is at a stand;
 A sea before, an host behind,
 And rocks on either hand.
- 2 O LORD! I cry to thee,
 And would thy word obey:
 Bid me advance; and, thro' the sea,
 Create a new-made way,
- 3 Without Thee, I must sink
 Beneath the swelling flood;

Or fall a prey to those, who think
To glut them with my blood.

4 The time of greatest straights;
Thy chosen time has been
To manifest thy power is great,
And make thy glory seen.

5 Thou wast by Abra'm own'd
A God in time of need:—
Thou art *Jehovah-Fire* found
By all of Abra'm's seed.

6 Thy power is still the same;
On thee I would rely:
Wilt Thou not answer to thy name
To such a worm as I?

7 Oh, send deliv'rance down!
Display the arm divine!
So shall the praise be all thy own,
And I be doubly thine.

298 (Third Part.) L. M.

Lebanon 79. Paul's 246.

*Renouncing the moral law as a covenant of life
but admiring it as a rule of conduct.*

1 **W**HEN Jesus for his people dy'd,
The holy law was satisfied:

Its awful penalties he bore;
It can command but curse no more.

2 He having suffer'd in their stead,
The law in cov'nant form is dead,
But rules them with a gentle sway;
And they, with sweet delight, obey.

3 Amazing Love!—how rich, how free!
That Christ should die for such as we!
From hence, the holiest duties flow
Of saints above and saints below.

299 (First Part.) L. M. DR. S. STENNETT.
New Court 173. Derby 169.

Our Bodies the Temples of the Holy Ghost. 1 Cor.
vi. 19. 1 John v. 21.

- 1 **A**ND will the offended God again
Return, and dwell with sinful men?
Will he within this bosom raise
A living temple to his praise?
- 2 The joyful news transports my breast;
All hail! I cry, thou heav'nly guest!
Lift up your heads, ye pow'rs within,
And let the King of Glory in.
- 3 Enter, with all thy heav'nly train!
Here live, and here for ever reign!
Thy sceptre o'er my passions sway;
Let love command, and I'll obey.
- 4 Reason and conscience shall submit,
And pay their homage at thy feet;
'To thee I'll consecrate my heart,
And bid each rival thence depart.
- 5 No idol-god shall hold a place
Within this temple of thy grace:
Dagon before the ark shall fall,
And GOD in CHRIST be all in all.

299 (Second Part.) C. M.
Frome 255. Salem 139. Foster 96.
Imploring the Presence of God.

- 1 **L**ORD! let me see thy beauteous face,
It yields a heav'n below;
And angels round the throne will say
'Tis all the heav'n they know.
- 2 A glimpse—a single glimpse of thee
Would more delight my soul,
Than this vain world, with all its joys,
Could I possess the whole.

299 (Third Part.) L. M.

Rowles 73. Langdon 217.

Happy in the Salvation of God. Psal. xlvi. 4.

INDULGENT God! to Thee I raise
My spirit, fraught with joy and praise:

Grateful I bow before thy throne,

My debt of mercy there to own.

Rivers descending, LORD! from Thee,

Perpetual glide to solace me:

Their varied virtues to rehearse

Demands an everlasting verse.

Yet one blest stream beyond the rest

Extends the widest and the best—

Salvation! Lo, the purple flood

Rolls rich with my Redeemer's blood!

I taste—delight succeeds to woe;

I bathe—no waters cleanse me so:

Such joy and purity to share

I would remain enraptur'd there—

Till death shall give this soul to know

The fulness sought in vain below;—

The fulness of that boundless sea

Whence flow'd the river down to me.

My soul—with such a scene in view—

Bids mortal joys a glad adieu;

Nor mourns a few chastizing woes

Sent with such love—so soon to close.

300 8, 8, 6. J. C. W. Chatham 59. Broadmead 150.

Westbury-Leigh 278.

The Spiritual Pilgrim.

HOW happy is the pilgrim's lot,

How free from anxious care and thought,

From wordly hope and fear!

Confin'd to neither court nor cell,

His soul disdains on earth to dwell,

He euly sojourns here.

- 2 His happiness in part is mine :
 Already sav'd from self-design,
 From ev'ry creature-love—
 Bless'd with the scorn of finite good,—
 My soul is lighten'd of its load,
 And seeks the things above.
- 3 The things eternal I pursue,
 And happiness beyond the view
 Of those who basely pant
 For things by nature felt and seen :
 Their honours, wealth, and pleasures mean,
 I neither have nor want.
- 4 Nothing on earth I call my own :
 A stranger, to the world unknown,
 I all their goods despise ;
 I trample on their whole delight,
 And seek a country out of sight,—
 A country in the skies.
- 5 There is my house and portion set ;
 There is my home and portion set ;
 My treasure and my heart are there,
 And my abiding home :
 For me my elder brethren stay ;
 And angels beckon me away,
 And Jesus bids me come.
- 6 I come, thy servant, LORD ! replies,
 I come to meet thee in the skies,
 And claim my heavenly rest :
 Now let the pilgrim's journey end :
 Now—Oh, my Saviour, brother, friend !—
 Receive me to thy breast !

301 7. 6.

Amsterdam 136.

The Pilgrim's Song.

- 1 **R**ISE, my soul ! and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace :

Rise, from transitory things,
Towards heav'n thy native place!
Sun, and moon, and stars, decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove:
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepar'd above!

Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
Thus a soul, new born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode
To rest in his embrace.

Cease, ye pilgrims! cease to mourn;
Press onward to the prize:
Soon the Saviour will return
Triumphant to the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,—
All your sorrows left below,
And earth exchange'd for heaven.

302 C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Camb. New 74. Furman 135. Milbourn Port 183.

Running the Christian Race. Phil. iii. 12—14.

1 **A** WAKE, my soul! stretch ev'ry nerve,
And press with vigour on:
A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high:
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

3 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;

Forget the steps already trod,
 And on ward urge thy way.
 4 Bless'd Saviour! introduc'd by thee,
 Have we our race begun;
 And, crown'd with vict'ry, at thy feet
 We'll lay our laurels down.

303 L. M. DR. S. STENNETT.
 Coombs's 45. Bromley 104. Derby 169.
The Christian Warfare. Eph. vi. 13-17.

1 **M**Y Captain sounds th' alarm of war:
 "Awake! the powers of hell are near:
 "To arms! to arms!" I hear him cry,
 "'Tis yours to conquer or to die!"

2 Rous'd by the animating sound,
 I cast my eager eyes around;
 Make haste to gird my armour on,
 And bid each trembling fear begone.

3 Hope is my helmet; faith my shield;
 Thy word, my God, the sword I wield:
 With sacred truth my loins are girt,
 And holy zeal inspires my heart.

4 Thus arm'd, I venture on the fight;
 Resolv'd to put my foes to flight;
 While Jesus kindly deigns to spread
 His conqu'ring banner o'er my head.

5 In him I hope; in him I trust;
 His bleeding cross is all my boast:
 Thro' troops of foes he'll lead me on
 To vict'ry, and the victor's crown.

304 148th.
 Eagle Street 16. Grove 125. Clapham 15
The Christian's Spiritual Voyage.

1 **J**ESUS! at thy command
 I launch into the deep,

And leave my native land,
 Where sin lulls all asleep :
 For thee I would the world resign,
 And sail to heaven with thee and thine.

Thou art my pilot wife ;
 My compass is thy word :
 My soul each storm defies,
 While I have such a LORD !
 I trust thy faithfulness and pow'r
 To save me in the trying hour.

Tho' rocks and quicksands deep
 Thro' all my passage lie ;
 Yet CHRIST will safely keep
 And guide me with his eye.
 My anchor hope shall firm abide,
 And I each boist'rous storm outride.

4 By faith I see the land,—
 The port of endless rest :
 My soul, thy sails expand,
 And fly to JESUS' breast !
 Oh, may I reach the heav'nly shore
 Where winds and waves distress no more.

5 Whene'er becalm'd I lie,
 And storms forbear to toss ;
 Be thou, dear LORD ! still nigh,
 Lest I should suffer loss :
 For more the treach'rous calm I dread
 Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

6 Come, HOLY GHOST ! and blow
 A prosp'rous gale of grace ;
 Waft me from all below
 To heaven—my destin'd place !
 Then, in full sail, my port I'll find,
 And leave the world and sin behind.

305 7^a.

Hotham 224.

Tempted—but flying to Christ the Refuge.

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

06 (First Part) L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Lewton 30. Rowles 73.

*The Christian's Temptations moderated, a Proof
of God's Fidelity, 1 Cor. x. 13.*

NOW let the feeble all be strong,
And make Jehovah's arm their song :

His shield is spread o'er every faint ;—
And, thus supported, who shall faint ?

What tho' the hosts of hell engage
With mingled cruelty and rage !

A faithful God restrains their hands,
And chains them down in iron bands.

Bound by his word, he will display
A strength proportion'd to our day :

And, when united trials meet,
Will shew a path of safe retreat.

Thus far we prove that promise good,
Which JESUS, ratified with blood :

Still is he gracious, wise, and just ;
And still, in him, let Israel trust.

306 (Second Part) 7^s. COWPER.

Bath Abbey 147. Alcester 231.

Welcoming the Cross.

THIS my happiness below

Not to live without the cross ;

But the Saviour's power to know

Sanctifying every loss :

Trials must and will befall ;

But—with humble faith to see

Love inscrib'd upon them all—

This is happiness to me.

God, in Israel, sows the seeds

Of affliction, pain, and toil ;

These spring up, and choke the weeds
 Which would else o'erspread the soil:
 Trials make the promise sweet;
 Trials give new life to pray'r;
 Trials bring me to his feet,—
 Lay me low, and keep me there.

3 Did I meet no trials here—
 No chastisement by the way—
 Might I not, with reason, fear
 I should prove a cast-a-way?
 Bastards may escape the rod *
 Sunk in earthly vain delight;
 But the true-born child of God
 Must not,—would not if he might.

307 L. M. Dr. S. STENNETT,
 Chard 175. Derby 169.

The Ministry of Angels.

1 **G**REAT GOD! what hosts of angels stand
 In shining ranks at thy right hand,
 Array'd in robes of dazzling light,
 With pinions stretch'd for distant flight!

2 Immortal fires! seraphic flames!
 Who can recount their various names?
 In strength and beauty they excel;
 For near the throne of God they dwell.

3 How eagerly they wish to know
 The duties he would have them do:
 What joy their active spirits feel
 To execute their sovereign's will!

4 Hither, at his command, they fly
 To guard the beds on which we lie;
 To shield our persons night and day,
 And scatter all our fears away.

* Heb. xii. 8.

3 [Aghast the hostile Syrian band
Around the helpless prophet stand,
While mighty *Gabriel* downward flies,
And with his chariot fills the skies.

6 *Herod* attempts, but all in vain,
To bind a *Peter* with his chain:
At one soft word an angel speaks,
The massy chain afunder breaks.]

7 Send, O my God, some angel down,
(Tho' to a mortal eye unknown,
To guide and guard my doubtful way
Up to the realms of endless day:

308 C. M. STEELB.

Charmouth 28. Worktop 31.

WALKING *in Darkness and trusting in God,*
Isaiah l. 10.

HEAR, gracious God, my humble moan,
To thee I breathe my sighs;
When will the mournful night be gone?
And when my joys arise?

My God—O could I make the claim—
My father and my friend—

And call thee mine, by ev'ry name,
On which thy saints depend!

By ev'ry name of power and love,
I would thy grace entreat:

Nor should my humble hopes remove,
Nor leave thy sacred seat:

Yet tho' my soul in darkness mourns,
Thy word is all my stay;

Here I would rest till light returns,
Thy presence makes my day.

- 5 Speak, LORD, and bid celestial peace
 Relieve my aching heart;
 O smile, and bid my sorrows cease,
 And all the gloom depart.
- 6 Then shall my drooping spirit rise,
 And bless thy healing rays,
 And change these deep complaining sighs
 For songs of sacred praise.

309 S. M.

Stoke 207. Harborough 142.

Complaining—The Good that I would, I do not,
 Rom. vii. 19.

- 1 **I** WOULD, but cannot sing,
 I would, but cannot pray;
 For Satan meets me when I try,
 And frights my soul away.
- 2 I would, but can't repent,
 Tho' I endeavour oft;
 This stony heart can ne'er relent
 Till JESUS make it soft.
- 3 I would, but cannot love,
 Tho' woo'd by love divine;
 No arguments have power to move
 A soul so base as mine.
- 4 I would, but cannot rest
 In GOD's most holy will;
 I know what he appoints is best,
 Yet murmur at it still.
- 5 O could I but believe!
 Then all would easy be:
 I would, but cannot—LORD, relieve,
 My help must come from thee!

- 6 But if indeed I *would*,
 Tho' I can nothing do;
 Yet the desire is something good,
 For which my praise is due.
- 7 By nature prone to ill,
 Till thine appointed hour,
 I was as destitute of will,
 As now I am of power.
- 8 Wilt thou not crown at length
 The work thou hast begun?
 And with a will, afford me strength,
 In all thy ways to run?

310 L. M. BEDDOME

Virginia 234. Lewton 30.

Complaining of Inconstancy.

THE wandering star, and fleeting wind,
 Both represent th' unstable mind:
 The morning cloud and early dew
 Bring our inconstancy to view.

2 But cloud, and wind, and dew, and star,
 Faint and imperfect emblems are;
 Nor can there aught in nature be
 So fickle and so false as we.

3 Our outward walk, and inward frame,
 Scarce thro' a single hour the same;
 We vow, and straight our vows forget,
 And then these very vows repeat.

4 We sin forsake, to sin return;
 Are hot, are cold, now freeze, now burn;
 In deep distress, then raptures feel,
 We soar to heaven, then sink to hell.

311, 312. THE CHRISTIAN.

5 With flowing tears, LORD, we confess
Our folly and unsteadfastness:
When shall these hearts more fixed be,
Fix'd by thy grace, and fix'd for thee?

311 L. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

Marks 65. Ulverston 179.

Pride lamented.

- 1 **O**FT have I turn'd my eye within,
And brought to light some latent sin;
But Pride, the vice I most detest,
Still lurks securely in my breast.
- 2 Here with a thousand arts she tries
To dress me in a fair disguise,
To make a guilty wretched worm
Put on an angel's brightest form.
- 3 She hides my follies from mine eyes,
And lifts my virtues to the skies;
And while the specious tale she tells,
Her own deformity conceals.
- 4 Read, O my God, the veil away,
Bring forth the monster to the day;
Expose her hideous form to view,
And all her restless power subdue.
- 5 So shall Humility divine
Again possess this heart of mine;
And form a temple for my God,
Which he will make his lov'd abode.

312 C. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

Crowle 3. Wantage 204.

Pleading with God under Affliction.

- 1 **W**HYY should a living man complain:
Of deep distress within,
Since every sigh, and every pain,
Is but the fruit of sin?

- 2 No, LORD, I'll patiently submit,
Nor ever dare rebel;
Yet sure I may, here at thy feet,
My painful feelings tell.
- 3 Thou see'st what floods of sorrow rise,
And beat upon my soul:
One trouble to another cries,
Billows on billows roll.
- 4 From fear to hope, and hope to fear,
My shipwreck'd soul is tost;
Till I am tempted in despair
To give up all for lost.
- 5 Yet thro' the stormy clouds I'll look
Once more to thee, my GOD:
O fix my feet upon a rock,
Beyond the gaping flood.
- 6 One look of mercy from thy face
Will set my heart at ease:
One all-commanding word of grace
Will make the tempest cease.

313 7. 6. 8.

Clark's 131. Tottenham Court III.

Backsliding and returning; or, the Backslider's Prayer.

JESUS, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wand'ring sheep;
False to thee, like Peter I
Would fain like Peter weep;
Let me be by grace restor'd,
On me be all its freeness shewn;
Turn and look upon me, LORD,
And break my heart of stone.

N 3

- 2 Saviour, prince, enthron'd above,
 Repentance to impart,
 Give me, thro' thy dying love,
 The humble contrite heart;
 Give, what I have long implor'd,
 A portion of thy love unknown;
 Turn and look upon me, LORD,
 And break my heart of stone.
- 3 See me, Saviour, from above,
 Nor suffer me to die;
 Life, and happiness, and love,
 Smile in thy gracious eye:
 Speak the reconciling word,
 And let thy mercy melt me down;
 Turn and look upon me, LORD,
 And break my heart of stone.
- 4 Look, as when thy pitying eye
 Was clos'd that we might live;
 "Father (at the point to die,
 My Saviour gasp'd), forgive!"
 Sure'y with that dying word,
 He turns, and looks, and cries, "'Tis done!"
 O my loving, bleeding LORD,
 This breaks my heart of stone.

314 C. M. FAWCETT.

London 180. Bangor 231.

Peter's Fall and Recovery, Luke xxii. 54—62.

- 1 **H**OW did the powers of darkness rage
 Against the Son of God!
 While cruel men on earth engage
 To shed his precious blood.
- 2 His friends forsook him with surprise,
 When that dread scene began;
 And one perfidiously denies
 He ever knew the man.

- 3 How feeble human efforts prove
 Against temptation's power!
 E'en *Peter's* flaming zeal and love
 Are vanquish'd in an hour.
- 4 His firmest purpose will not stand;
 Behold his guilt and shame!
 LORD, keep me by thy mighty hand,
 Or I shall do the same.
- 5 At length the suffering Saviour turns,
 And looks with pitying eyes!
Peter relents, withdraws, and mourns,
 And loud for mercy cries.
- 6 So boundless is Jehovah's grace,
 He hears the humble prayer:
 If I am found in *Peter's* case,
 I would not still despair.
- 7 Look on me, LORD, with eyes of love,
 My wandering soul restore;
 My guilt forgive, my fears remove,
 And let me sin no more.

315 C. M. NEWTON.

Crowle 3. Workfop 31.

O that I were as in Months past! Job xxix. 2.

- 1 SWEET was the time when first I felt
 The Saviour's pardoning blood
 Apply'd, to cleanse my soul from guilt,
 And bring me home to GOD.
- 2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
 His praises tun'd my tongue;
 And when the evening shades prevail'd,
 His love was all my song.

- 3 In vain the tempter spread his wiles,
The world no more could charm;
I liv'd upon my Saviour's smiles,
And lean'd upon his arm.
- 4 In prayer my soul drew near the LORD,
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I call'd each promise mine.
- 5 Then to his saints I often spoke
Of what his love had done;
But now my heart is almost broke,
For all my joys are gone.
- 6 Now when the evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.
- 7 My prayers are now a chatt'ring noise,
For JESUS hides his face;
I read, the promise meets my eyes,
But will not reach my case.
- 8 Now Satan threatens to prevail,
And makes my soul his prey;
Yet, LORD, thy mercies cannot fail,
O come without delay.

316 · C. M. STEELE.

Bedford 91. Charmouth 28.

Troubled but making GOD a Refuge.

- 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 O! when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.
Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Tho' prostrate in the dust.
- 5 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
And shall I seek in vain?
And can the ear of sovereign grace
Be deaf when I complain?
- 6 No, still the ear of sovereign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer;
O may I ever find access
To breathe my sorrows there!
- 7 Thy mercy-seat is open still,
Here let my soul retreat;
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

317 C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Cambridge New 74. Hephzibah 77.

Persecution to be expected by every true Christian,
2 Tim. iii. 12.

GREAT Leader of thine Israel's host,
We shout thy conquering name;
Legions of foes beset thee round,
And legions fled with shame.

318. THE CHRISTIAN.

- 2 A vict'ry glorious and complete,
 Thou by thy death didst gain ;
 So in thy cause may we contend,
 And death itself sustain !
- 3 By our illustrious General fir'd,
 We no extremes would fear ;
 Prepar'd to struggle and to bleed,
 If thou, our LORD, be near.
- 4 We'll trace the footsteps thou hast drawn
 To triumph and renown ;
 Nor shun thy combat and thy cross,
 May we but share thy crown.

318 8. 7. 4. FAWCETT.

Westbury 51. Trevecca 37.

Cast down, yet hoping in God, Psalm xliii. 5.

- 1 **O** MY soul, what means this sadness ?
 Wherefore art thou thus cast down ?
 Let thy griefs be turn'd to gladness,
 Bid thy restless fears be gone ;
 Look to JESUS,
 And rejoice in his dear name.
- 2 What tho' Satan's strong temptations
 Vex and tease thee, day by day ;
 And thy sinful inclinations
 Often fill thee with dismay ;
 Thou shalt conquer,
 Thro' the Lamb's redeeming blood.
- 3 Tho' ten thousand ills beset thee
 From without and from within ;
 JESUS saith, he'll ne'er forget thee,
 But will save from hell and sin ;
 He is faithful
 To perform his gracious word.

4 Tho' distresses now attend thee,
 And thou tread'st the thorny road;
 His right hand shall still defend thee,
 Soon he'll bring thee home to God;
 Therefore praise him,
 Praise the great Redeemer's name.

5 O that I could now adore him,
 Like the heavenly host above,
 Who for ever bow before him,
 And unceasing sing his love!
 Happy songsters!
 When shall I your chorus join?

319 C. M.

Brightelmstone 208. Frome 255. Grove House 143.

The Request.

1 **F**ATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
 Thy sovereign will denies,
 Accepted at thy throne of grace,
 Let this petition rise:

2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
 "From every murmur free;
 "The blessings of thy grace impart,
 "And make me live to thee.

3 "Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
 "My life and death attend;

"Thy presence thro' my journey shine,
 "And crown my journey's end."

320 C. M. STEELE.

Bath Chapel 26. Salem 139.

Watchfulness and Prayer; Matt. xxvi. 41.

1 **A**LAS! what hourly dangers rise!
 What snares beset my way!
 To heav'n, O let me lift my eyes,
 And hourly watch and pray.

321. THE CHRISTIAN.

- 2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears!
My weak resistance, ah! how vain;
How strong my foes and fears!
- 3 O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Tho' trembling and afraid.
- 4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.
- 5 Whene'er temptations fright my heart,
Or lure my feet aside,
My God, thy powerful aid impart,
My guardian and my guide.
- 6 O keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And let me never, never stray,
From happiness and thee.

321. L. M. NEWTON.

Kingsbridge 88. . Rippon's 188.

Prayer answered by Crosses.

- 1 I ASK'd the LORD that I might grow
In faith and love, and every grace,
Might more of his salvation know,
And seek, more earnestly, his face.
- 2 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,
And he, I trust, has answer'd prayer;
But it has been in such a way
As almost drove me to despair.

- 3 I hop'd that in some favour'd hour
At once he'd answer my request,
And by his love's constraining power
Subdue my sins and give me rest.
- 4 Instead of this, he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart,
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in every part.
- 5 Yea, more, with his own hand he seem'd
Intent to aggravate my woe,
Cross'd all the fair designs I schem'd,
Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.
- 6 "Lord, why is this?" I trembling cry'd;
"Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?"
" 'Tis in this way," the LORD reply'd,
"I answer prayer for grace and faith:
- 7 "These inward trials I employ,
"From self and pride to set thee free;
"And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
"That thou may'st seek thy all in me."

322 L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE

Ulverston 179. Portugal 97.

Growing in Grace, 2 Pet. iii. 18.

PRAISE to thy name, eternal God,
For all the grace thou shed'st abroad;
For all thy influence from above
To warm our souls with sacred love:
Bless'd be thy hand, which from the skies
Brought down this plant of paradise;
And gave its heavenly beauties birth,
To deck this wilderness of earth.

- 3 But why does that celestial flower
Open and thrive and shine no more?
Where are its balmy odours fled?
And why reclines its beauteous head?
- 4 Too plain, alas! the languor shews
Th' unkindly soil in which it grows;
Where the black frost and beating storm
Wither and rend its tender form.
- 5 Unchanging Sun, thy beams display
To drive the frost and storms away;
Make all thy potent virtues known
To cheer a plant so much thy own.
- 6 And thou, blest'd Spirit, deign to blow
Fresh gales of heaven on shrubs below;
So shall they grow, and breathe abroad
A fragrance grateful to our God.

323 L. M. G—.

Lebanon 79. New Sabbath 122.

Rising to God.

- 1 **N**OW let our souls, on wings sublime,
Rise from the vanities of time,
Draw back the parting veil, and see
The glories of eternity.
- 2 Born by a new celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?
- 3 Shall aught beguile us on the road,
When we are walking back to God?
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.

- 4 Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge,
That sets our longing souls at large,
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,
And gives us with our God to dwell.
- 5 To dwell with God, to feel his love,
Is the full heaven enjoy'd above;
And the sweet expectation now
Is the young dawn of heaven below.

324 L. M. FAWCETT.

Magdalene 214. Lewton 30.

Remembering all the Way the LORD has led him,
Deut. viii. 2.

- 1 **T**HUS far my God hath led me on,
And made his truth and mercy known;
My hopes and fears alternate rise,
And comforts mingle with my sighs.
- 2 Thro' this wide wilderness I roam,
Far distant from my blissful home;
LORD, let thy presence be my stay,
And guard me in this dangerous way.
- 3 Temptations every where annoy,
And sins and snares my peace destroy;
My earthly joys are from me torn,
And oft an absent God I mourn.
- 4 My soul, with various tempests toss'd,
Her hopes o'erturn'd, her projects cross'd,
Sees every day new straits attend,
And wonders where the scene will end.
- 5 Is this, dear LORD, that thorny road,
Which leads us to the mount of God?
Are these the toils thy people know,
While in the wilderness below?

6 'Tis even so thy faithful love
Doth all thy children's graces prove
'Tis thus our pride and self must fall,
That Jesus may be all in all.

325 S. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Sutton 149. Stockport 47.

*Waiting for the Coming of his LORD; or, the active
Christian, Luke xii. 35—38.*

1 **Y**E servants of the LORD,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch, 'tis your LORD's command;
And while we speak he's near:
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he
In such a posture found;
He shall his LORD with rapture see,
And be with honour crown'd.

5 CHRIST shall the banquet spread
With his own bounteous hand,
And raise that favourite servant's head,
Amidst th' angelic band.

326 L. M.

Ulverston 179. Lewton 30.

Solicitous of finishing his Course with joy, Acts xx. 24

1 **A**SSIST us, LORD, thy name to praise
For the rich gospel of thy grace;
And, that our hearts may love it more,
Teach them to feel its vital power.

- 2 With joy may we our course pursue,
And keep the crown of life in view;
That crown, which in one hour repays
The labour of ten thousand days.
- 3 Should bonds or death obstruct our way,
Unmov'd their terrors we'll survey,
And the last hour improve for thee,
The last of life or liberty.
- 4 Welcome those bonds which may unite
Our souls to their supreme delight!
Welcome that death whose painful strife
Bears us to CHRIST our better life!

327 L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Martin's Lane 67. Portugal 97.

The Believer committing his departing Spirit to JESUS.

- 1 **O** THOU, that hast redemption wrought
Patron of souls thy blood hath bought!
To thee our spirit we commit,
Mighty to rescue from the pit.
- 2 Millions of blissful souls above,
In realms of purity and love,
With songs of endless praise proclaim
The honours of thy faithful name.
- 3 When all the powers of nature fail'd,
Thy ever constant care prevail'd;
Courage and joy thy friendship spoke,
When every mortal bond was broke.
- 4 We on that friendship, LORD, repose,
The healing balm of all our woes;
And we, when sinking in the grave,
Trust thine Omnipotence to save.

328. THE CHRISTIAN.

5 O may our spirits by thy hand
Be gather'd to that happy band,
Who, 'midst the blessings of thy reign,
Lose all remembrance of their pain.

6 In raptures there divinely sweet
Give us our kindred souls to meet,
And wait with them that brighter day,
Which all thy triumph shall display!

328 C. M. - DR. DODDRIDGE.

Evans 150. Cambridge New 74.

The Christian Warrior animated and crowned,
Rev. ii. 10.

- 1 **H**ARK! 'tis our heavenly Leader's voice
From his triumphant feat;
'Midst all the war's tumultuous noise,
How powerful and how sweet!
- 2 "Fight on, my faithful band," he cries,
"Nor fear the mortal blow:
"Who first in such a warfare dies,
"Shall speediest victory know.
- 3 "I have my days of combat known,
"And in the dust was laid;
"But thence I mounted to my throne,
"And glory crowns my head.
- 4 "That throne, that glory, you shall share;
"My hands the crown shall give;
"And you the sparkling honours wear,
"While God himself shall live."
- 5 LORD, 'tis enough; our souls are fir'd
With courage and with love;
Vain are th' assaults of earth and hell,
Our hopes are fix'd above.

WORSHIP.

PRIVATE WORSHIP.

329 L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Paul's 246. Green's Hundred 89.

Retirement and Meditation, Psalm iv. 4.

1 **R**ETURN, my roving heart, return,
 And chase these shadowy forms no more;
 Seek out some solitude to mourn,
 And thy forsaken God implore.

2 O thou, great God, whose piercing eye
 Distinctly marks each deep recess;
 In these sequester'd hours draw nigh,
 And with thy presence fill the place.

3 Thro' all the windings of my heart,
 My search let heavenly wisdom guide,
 And still its radiant beams impart,
 Till all be search'd and purify'd.

4 Then, with the visits of thy love,
 Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer;
 Till every grace shall join to prove
 That God has fix'd his dwelling there.

330 L. M. BEDDOME.

Ulverston 179. Portugal 97.

Reading the Scriptures.

1 **G**REAT God, oppress'd with grief and fear,
 I take thy book, and hope to find
 Some gracious word of promise there,
 To sooth the sorrows of my mind:

2 I turn the sacred volume o'er,
 And search with care from page to page;
 Of threatenings find an ample store,
 But nought that can my grief assuage.

- 3 And is there nought? Forbid, dear LORD,
So base a thought should e'er arise:
I'll search again; and while I search,
O may the scales fall off mine eyes!
- 4 'Tis done: and with transporting joy,
I read the heaven-inspired lines;
There mercy spreads its brightest beams,
And truth with dazzling lustre shines.
- 5 Here's heavenly food for hungry souls,
And mines of gold t' enrich the poor;
Here's healing balm for every wound,
A salve for every festering sore.

331 L. M. PRESIDENT DAVIES.

Magdalene 214 Paul's 246.

Self-Examination, Gal. iv. 19, 20.

- 1 **WHAT** strange perplexities arise?
What anxious fears and jealousies?
What crowds in doubtful light appear?
How few, alas! approv'd and clear.
- 2 And what am I?—My soul, awake,
And an impartial survey take:
Does no dark sign, no ground of fear,
In practice or in heart appear?
- 3 What image does my spirit bear?
Is JESU'S form'd, and living there?
Say, do his lineaments divine
In thought, and word, and action, shine?
- 4 Searcher of hearts, O search me still;
The secrets of my soul reveal;
My fears remove; let me appear
'To GOD, and my own conscience, clear.

- 5 Scatter the clouds which o'er my head
Thick glooms of dubious terror spread ;
Lead me into celestial day,
And to myself, myself display.
- 6 May I at that blest'd world arrive,
Where CHRIST thro' all my soul shall live,
And give full proof that he is there,
Without one gloomy doubt or fear.

332 C. M.

Charmouth 28. Bedford 91.

Secret Prayer, Matt. vi. 6.

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

PAUSE.

- 5 Mercy, good LORD, mercy I ask,
This is the total sum ;
Mercy, thro' CHRIST, is all my suit ;
LORD, let thy mercy come.

FAMILY WORSHIP

333 C. M.

Great Milton 212. Matthew's 34.

Going to a new Habitation.

- 1 **G**REAT GOD, where'er we pitch our tent,
 Let us an altar raise;
 And there with humble frame present
 Our sacrifice of praise.
- 2 To thee we give our health and strength,
 While health and strength shall last;
 For future mercies humbly trust,
 Nor e'er forget the past.

334 L. M. STEELE.

Magdalene 214. Horsley 205.

The Christian's noblest Resolution, Joshua xxiv. 15

- 1 **A**H, wretched souls who strive in vain,
 Slaves to the world, and slaves to sin!
 A nobler toil may I sustain,
 A nobler satisfaction win.
- 2 May I resolve with all my heart,
 With all my powers to serve the LORD,
 Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
 Whose service is a rich reward.
- 3 O be his service all my joy,
 Around let my example shine,
 Till others love the bless'd employ,
 And join in labours so divine.
- 4 Be this the purpose of my soul,
 My solemn, my determin'd choice,
 To yield to his supreme controul,
 And in his kind commands rejoice.
- 5 O may I never faint or tire,
 Nor wandering leave his sacred ways:
 Great God, accept my soul's desire,
 And give me strength to live thy praise.

FAMILY WORSHIP. 335, 336.

335 L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Portugal 97. Ulverston 179.

Family Religion, Gen. xviii. 19.

1 FATHER of all, thy care we bless,
Which crowns our families with peace;
From thee they spring, and by thy hand
They have been, and are still sustain'd.
2 To God, most worthy to be prais'd,
Be our domestic altars rais'd;
Who, LORD of heaven, scorns not to dwell
With saints in their obscurest cell.
3 To thee may each united house,
Morning and night, present its vows;
Our servants there, and rising race,
Be taught thy precepts, and thy grace.
4 O may each future age proclaim
The honours of thy glorious name!
While pleas'd and thankful we remove
To join the family above.

336 S. M.

Eagle Street New 55. Simons 250.

Prayer for Infants; or, Children, Day by Day;
given to God.

1 GREAT God, now condescend
To bless our rising race;
Soon may their willing spirits bend
To thy victorious grace!
2 O what a vast delight
Their happiness to see!
Our warmest wishes all unite
To lead their souls to thee.
3 Dear LORD, thy Spirit pour
Upon our infant seed,
O bring the long'd-for, happy hour
That makes them thine indeed.

- 4 May they receive thy word,
 Confess the Saviour's name,
 Then follow their despised LORD
 Thro' the baptismal stream.
- 5 Thus let our favour'd race
 Surround thy sacred board,
 There to adore thy sovereign grace,
 And sing their dying LORD.

337 C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.
 Condescension, 116. New York 33.

CHRIST'S *condescending* Regard to little Children,
 Mark x: 14.

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

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

338 148th B. FRANCIS*.

Clapham 18. Dartmouth 46. Greenwich New 62.

On opening a Place of Worship.

- 1 **I**N sweet exalted strains
 The King of Glory praise;
 O'er heaven and earth he reigns,
 Thro' everlasting days:
 He, with a nod, the world controls,
 Sustains or sinks the distant poles.
- 2 To earth he bends his throne,
 His throne of grace divine;
 Wide is his bounty known,
 And wide his glories shine:
 Fair Salem, still his chosen rest,
 Is with his smiles and presence blest.
- 3 Then, King of Glory, come,
 And with thy favour crown
 This temple as thy dome,
 This people as thy own:
 Beneath this roof, O deign to shew
 How God can dwell with men below.
- 4 Here, may thine ears attend
 Our interceding cries,
 And grateful praise ascend
 All fragrant to the skies:
 Here may thy word melodious sound,
 And spread celestial joys around!

* Sung on opening the Meeting House at Horfley, Gloucestershire, September 18, 1774; and also at the opening of the New Meeting House at Downend, near Bristol, October 4, 1786.

- 5 Here, may th' attentive throng
 Imbibe thy truth and love,
 And converts join the song
 Of seraphim above,
 And willing crowds surround thy board,
 With sacred joy and sweet accord!
- 6 Here, may our unborn sons
 And daughters sound thy praise,
 And shine like polish'd stones,
 Thro' long succeeding days;
 Here, LORD, display thy saving power,
 While temples stand, and men adore.

339 L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE

Chard 175. Warcham 117.

On opening a Place of Worship.

- 1 GREAT God, thy watchful care we bless,
 Which guards our synagogues in peace;
 Nor dare tumultuous foes invade,
 To fill our worshippers with dread.
- 2 These walls we to thy honour raise;
 Long may they echo to thy praise;
 And thou, descending, fill the place
 With choicest tokens of thy grace.
- 3 Here let the great Redeemer reign
 With all the graces of his train;
 While power divine his word attends
 To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.
- 4 And in the great decisive day,
 When God the nations shall survey;
 May it before the world appear
 That crowds were born to glory here.

PUBLIC WORSHIP. 340, 341.

340 C. M. NEWTON.
Abridge 201. Bedford 91.

On opening a Place for social Prayer.

- 1 DEAR Shepherd of thy people, hear,
Thy presence now display ;
As thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.
- 2 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell ;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.
- 3 Shew us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise ;
And pour thy blessings from above,
That we may render praise.
- 4 And may the Gospel's joyful sound,
Enforc'd by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round,
To come and fill the place.

341 S. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

Kibworth 249. Vermont 134.

The Pleasure of social Worship.

- 1 HOW charming is the place,
Where my Redeemer GOD
Unveils the beauties of his face,
And sheds his love abroad !
- 2 Not the fair palaces,
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compar'd with this,
Where Jesus holds his court.
- 3 Here on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crown'd,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.

- 4 To him their prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents :
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.
- 5 To them his sov'reign will
He graciously imparts :
And in return accepts, with smiles,
The tribute of their hearts.
- 6 Give me, O LORD, a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my GOD.

342. 7s. D. TURNER.

Feverham 220. Bath Abbey 147.

The Excellency of Public Worship.

- 1 LORD of hosts, how lovely fair
E'en on earth, thy temples are !
Here thy waiting people see
Much of heaven and much of thee.
- 2 From thy gracious presence flows
Bliss that softens all our woes ;
While thy Spirit's holy fire
Warns our hearts with pure desire.
- 3 Here we supplicate thy throne, 327
Here thou mak'st thy glories known ;
Here we learn thy righteous ways,
Taste thy love, and sing thy praise.
- 4 Thus with festive songs of joy
We our happy lives employ ;
Love, and long to love thee more,
Till from earth to heaven we soar.

343 L. M. STEELE.

Langdon 217. Chard 175.

The Happiness of humble Worship, Psalm lxxxiv.

1 HOW lovely, how divinely sweet,
 A O LORD, thy sacred courts appear!
 Fain would my longing passions meet
 The glories of thy presence there.

2 O, blest the men, blest their employ,
 Whom thy indulgent favours raise
 To dwell in those abodes of joy,
 And sing thy never-ceasing praise.

3 Happy the men whom strength divine
 With ardent love and zeal inspires;
 Whose steps to thy blest way incline,
 With willing hearts and warm desires.

4 One day within thy sacred gate
 Affords more real joy to me,
 Than thousands in the tents of state:
 The meanest place is bliss with thee.

5 God is a sun; our brightest day
 From his reviving presence flows:
 God is a shield, thro' all the way,
 To guard us from surrounding foes.

6 He pours his kindest blessings down,
 Profusely down, on souls sincere;
 And grace shall guide, and glory crown,
 The happy fav'rites of his care.

7 O LORD of hosts, thou GOD of grace,
 How blest, divinely blest, is he,
 Who trusts thy love, and seeks thy face,
 And fixes all his hopes on thee! O 3

Bramcoate 8. Lewton 30.

Delight in God's House and Confidence in him,
Psalm xxvii.

- 1 **T**HOU, LORD, my safety, thou my light,
What danger shall my soul affright?
Strength of my life! what arm shall dare
To hurt whom thou hast own'd thy care?
- 2 One wish, with holy transport warm,
My heart has form'd, and yet shall form;
One gift I ask, that to my end
Fair Sion's dome I may attend;
- 3 There joyful find a sure abode,
And view the beauty of my God;
For he within his hallow'd shrine
My secret refuge shall assign.
- 4 When thou, with condescending grace,
Hast bid me seek thy shining face,
My heart reply'd to thy kind word,
Thee will I seek, all-gracious LORD!
- 5 Should every earthly friend depart,
And nature leave a parent's heart;
My God, on whom my hopes depend,
Will be my father and my friend.
- 6 Ye humble souls, in every strait,
On God with sacred courage wait:
His hand shall life and strength afford;
O ever wait upon the LORD.

345 S. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRIC.

Price's 187. Hopkins's 157.

Forms vain without Religion.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Maker, GOD!
How wondrous is thy name!

LORD'S DAY.

- 346.

Thy glories how diffus'd abroad
 Thro' the creation's frame!
 Nature in every dress
 Her humble homage pays,
 And finds a thousand ways t' express
 Thine undissembled praise.
 My soul would rise and sing
 To her Creator too;
 Fain would my tongue adore my King,
 And pay the worship due.
 [But pride, that busy sin,
 Spoils all that I perform,
 Curs'd pride, that creeps securely in,
 And swells a haughty worm.]
 Create my soul anew,
 Else all my worship's vain;
 This wretched heart will ne'er be true,
 Until 'tis form'd again.
 Let joy and worship spend
 The remnant of my days,
 And to my God, my soul ascend
 In sweet perfumes of praise.

THE LORD'S DAY.

346 8. 8. 6. MERRICK.

Baltimore 167. Broadmead 150.

Psalm for the House of God, and Delight in Worship,
 Psalm cxxii.

THE joyful morn, my God, is come,
 That calls me to thy honour'd dome,
 Thy presence to adore:
 My feet the summons shall attend,
 With willing steps thy courts ascend,
 And tread the hallow'd floor.

O 4

Bramcoate 8. Lewton 30.

Delight in God's House and Confidence in him,
Psalm xxvii.

- 1 **T**HOU, LORD, my safety, thou my light,
What danger shall my soul affright?
Strength of my life! what arm shall dare
To hurt whom thou hast own'd thy care?
- 2 One wish, with holy transport warm,
My heart has form'd, and yet shall form;
One gift I ask, that to my end
Fair Sion's dome I may attend;
- 3 There joyful find a sure abode,
And view the beauty of my GOD;
For he within his hallow'd shrine
My secret refuge shall assign.
- 4 When thou, with condescending grace,
Hast bid me seek thy shining face,
My heart reply'd to thy kind word,
Thee will I seek, all-gracious LORD!
- 5 Should every earthly friend depart,
And nature leave a parent's heart;
My GOD, on whom my hopes depend,
Will be my father and my friend.
- 6 Ye humble souls, in every strait,
On GOD with sacred courage wait:
His hand shall life and strength afford;
O ever wait upon the LORD.

345 S. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRIC.

Price's 187. Hopkins's 157.

Forms vain without Religion.

- 1 **A**Lmighty Maker, GOD!
How wondrous is thy name!

LORD'S DAY.

- 346.

Thy glories how diffus'd abroad
Thro' the creation's frame!

2 Nature in every drefs
Her humble homage pays,
And finds a thousand ways t' exprefs
Thine undissembled praise.

3 My soul would rise and sing
To her Creator too;
Fain would my tongue adore my King,
And pay the worship due.

4 [But pride, that busy sin,
Spoils all that I perform,
Curs'd pride, that creeps securely in,
And swells a haughty worm.]

5 Create my soul anew,
Else all my worship's vain;
This wretched heart will ne'er be true,
Until 'tis form'd again.

6 Let joy and worship spend
The remnant of my days,
And to my God, my soul ascend
In sweet perfumes of praise.

THE LORD'S DAY.

346 8. 8. 6. MERRICK.

Baltimore 167. Broadmead 150.

Zeal for the House of God, and Delight in Worship,
Psalm cxxii.

1 **T**HE joyful morn, my God, is come,
That calls me to thy honour'd dome,
Thy presence to adore:
My feet the summons shall attend,
With willing steps thy courts ascend,
And tread the hallow'd floor.

O 4

- 2 Hither from *Judah's* utmost end,
The heaven-protected tribes ascend ;
Their offerings hither bring :
Here, eager to attest their joy,
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
And hail th' immortal King.
- 3 Be peace implor'd by each on thee,
O *Sion*, while with bended knee
To *Jacob's God* we pray :
How blest'd, who calls himself thy friend !
Success his labour shall attend,
And safety guard his way.
- 4 O may'st thou, free from hostile fear,
Nor the loud voice of tumult hear,
Nor war's wild wastes deplore :
May Plenty nigh thee take her stand,
And in thy courts, with lavish hand,
Distribute all her store.
- 5 Seat of my friends and brethren, hail !
How can my tongue, O *Sion*, fail
To blest thy lov'd abode ?
How cease the zeal that in me glows,
Thy good to seek, whose walls enclose
The mansions of my *God* ?

347 . 75. D. TURNER.

Alcester 213. Feverham 220.

A Song of Praise to the Redeemer, Psalm xl. 7, 8.

- 1 **H**OLY wonder, heavenly grace,
Come, inspire our humble lays,
While the Saviour's love we sing,
Whence our hopes and comforts spring.

- 2 Man, involv'd in guilt and woe,
 Touch'd his tender bosom so,
 That when justice death demands,
 Forth the greater Deliverer stands ;
- 3 Cries to God, " Thy mercy shew ;
 " Lo ! I come thy will do do ;
 " I the sacrifice will be,
 " Death shall plunge his dart in me."
- 4 Tho' the form of God he bore,
 Great in glory, great in power,
 See him in our flesh array'd,
 Lower than his angels made.
- 5 [He that heaven itself possess'd
 Now an infant at the breast !
 Angels from the world above,
 See and sing th' amazing love !
- 6 Thro' the shining hours of day,
 Toil and danger mark his way ;
 Lonely mounts, and chilling air,
 Witnesses oft his midnight prayer.]
- 7 Now the heavenly lover dies !
 Darkness veils the mid-day skies !
 Angels round the bloody tree,
 Throng, and gaze in ecstasy !
- 8 [Powers unseen earth's bosom heave,
 Rocks and tombs asunder cleave ;
 While the Temple's rending veil
 Tells the priest the awful tale.]
- 9 But the third day's dawning come,
 Lo ! the Saviour leaves the tomb !
 Reascends his native sky,
 Where he lives no more to die.

10 On his cross he builds his throne,
 Whence he makes his glories known,
 Sends his Spirit down to give
 Dying sinners grace to live.

348 L. M. J. STENNETT.

Rowles 73. Magdalene 214.

The Sabbath.

- 1 **A**NOTHER six days work is done,
 Another sabbath is begun;
 Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
 Improve the day thy GOD has bless'd.
- 2 Come, bless the LORD, whose love assigns
 So sweet a rest to wearied minds;
 Provides an antepast of heaven,
 And gives this day the food of seven.
- 3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
 As grateful incense to the skies;
 And draw from heaven that sweet repose
 Which none, but he that feels, it knows.
- 4 This heavenly calm, within the breast,
 Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
 Which for the church of GOD remains,
 The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 5 With joy, great GOD, thy works we view,
 In various scenes, both old and new;
 With praise, we think on mercies past;
 With hope, we future pleasures taste.
- 6 In holy duties let the day,
 In holy pleasures, pass away;
 How sweet, a sabbath thus to spend,
 In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

349 148th.

Carter Lane 141. , Dartmouth 46.

A Hymn for LORD'S Day Morning.

- 1 **A** WAKE, our drowfy souls,
Shake off each slothful band;
The wonders of this day
Our noblest fongs demand:
Auspicious morn ! thy blifsful rays
Bright feraphs hail in fongs. of praise.
- 2 At thy approaching dawn,
Reluctant Death resign'd
The glorious Prince of Life,
In dark domains confin'd ;
Th' angelic hoft around him bends,
And 'midft their thouts **THE GOD** ascends.
- 3 Ali hail, triumphant **LORD** !
Heaven with hofannas rings ;
While earth, in humbler ftrains,
Thy praise responsive fings :
Worthy art thou, who once wast flain,
Thro' endless years to live and reign.
- 4 Gird on, great **GOD**, thy fword,
Ascend thy conquering car,
While juftice, truth, and love,
Maintain the glorious war :
Victorious thou, thy foes fhalt tread,
And fin and hell in triumph lead.
- 5 Make bare thy potent arm,
And wing th' unerring cart,
With falutary pangs,
To each rebellious heart:
Then dying fouls for life fhall fue,
Numerous as drops of morning dew.

350. C. M. B——.

Salem 139. New York 33.

A Hymn for the Evening of the LORD's Day.

- 1 **F**REQUENT the day of GOD returns
 To shed its quickening beams ;
 And yet how slow devotion burns :
 How languid are its flames !
- 2 Accept our faint attempts to love,
 Our frailties, LORD, forgive ;
 We would be like thy saints above,
 And praise thee while we live.
- 3 Increase, O LORD, our faith and hope,
 And fit us to ascend,
 Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
 The sabbath ne'er shall end ;
- 4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,
 With heavenly lustre shine ;
 Before the throne of GOD appear,
 And feast on love divine ;
- 5 Where we, in high seraphic strains,
 Shall all our powers employ :
 Delighted range th' étherial plains,
 And take our fill of joy.

351 C. M. CENNICK.

Brightelmstone 208. Providence College 10.

LORD's Day Evening.

- 1 **W**HEN, O dear JESUS, when shall I
 Behold thee all serene ;
 Blest in perpetual sabbath-day,
 Without a veil between ?
- 2 Assist me, while I wander here,
 Amidst a world of cares ;
 Incline my heart to pray with love,
 And then accept my prayers.

3 [Release my soul from every chain,
No more hell's captive led;
And pardon a repenting child,
For whom the Saviour bled.

4 Spare me, my God, O spare the soul
That gives itself to thee;
Take all that I possess below,
And give thyself to me.]

5 Thy Spirit, O my Father, give,
To be my guide and friend,
To light my path to ceaseless joys,
To sabbaths without end.

351 (Second Part.) L. M. DR. WATTS
Portugal 97. New Sabbath 122.

LORD'S Day Evening,

1 **L**ORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee!
At once they sing, at once they pray!
They hear of heav'n, and learn the way.

2 I have been there, and still would go;
'Tis like a little heaven below;
Not all that hell or sin can say
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

3 O write upon my mem'ry, LORD,
The text and doctrine of thy word;
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

4 With thoughts of Christ, and things divine,
Fill up this foolish heart of mine;
That, hoping pardon thro' his blood,
I may lie down and wake with God.

352 L. M.

Gloucester 12. Lebanon 79.

The Eternal Sabbath, Heb. iv. 9.

1 **T**HINE earthly sabbaths, LORD, we love,
 But there's a nobler rest above;
 To that our labouring souls aspire
 With ardent pangs of strong desire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress;
 Nor sin, nor hell shall reach the place;
 No groans to mingle with the songs,
 Which warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes;
 No cares to break the long repose;
 No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
 But sacred, high, eternal, noon.

4 Thine earthly sabbaths, LORD, we love,
 But there's a nobler rest above;
 To that our labouring souls aspire,
 With ardent pangs of strong desire.

HYMNS BEFORE PRAYER.

353 L. M. COWPER.

Portugal 97. Langdon 217.

Exhortation to Prayer.

1 **W**HAT various hindrances we meet,
 In coming to a mercy-seat!
 Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
 But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw,
 Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
 Gives exercise to faith and love,
 Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the christian's armour bright;
And Satan trembles, when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side;
But when thro' weariness they fail'd,
That moment Amalek prevail'd.

5 Have you no words? ah, think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent
To heaven in supplication sent;
Your cheerful songs would oftner be,
"Hear what the LORD has done for me!"

354 7s.

Cookham 36. Stoel 164.

I will not let thee go except thou bless me,
Gen. xxxii. 26.

LORD, I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow;
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent pressing case.
Dost thou ask me who I am?
Ah! my LORD, thou know'st my name;
Yet the question gives a plea
To support my suit with thee.
Thou didst once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold,
Scorn thy grace, thy power defy;
That poor rebel, LORD, was I.

- 4 Once a sinner near despair
Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer ;
Mercy heard and set him free ;
LORD, that mercy came to me.
- 5 Many days have pass'd since then,
Many changes I have seen ;
Yet have been upheld till now ;
Who could hold me up but thou ?
- 6 Thou hast help'd in every need ;
This emboldens me to plead :
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last ?
- 7 No—I must maintain my hold,
'Tis thy goodness makes me bold ;
I can no denial take,
When I plead for JESUS' sake.

355 C. M. EDMUND JONES.

Ludlow 84. Crowle 3.

The successful Resolve—I will go in unto the King
Esther iv. 16.

- 1 COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd,
And make this last resolve :
- 2 “ I'll go to JESUS, tho' my sin
“ Hath like a mountain rose ;
“ I know his courts, I'll enter in,
“ Whatever may oppose.
- 3 “ Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
“ And there my guilt confess ;
“ I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone
“ Without his sovereign grace.

- 1 " I'll to the gracious King approach,
 " Whose sceptre pardon gives ;
 " Perhaps he may command my touch,
 " And then the suppliant lives.
- 5 " Perhaps he will admit my plea,
 " Perhaps will hear my prayer ;
 " But if I perish I will pray,
 " And perish only there.
- 6 " I can but perish if I go,
 " I am resolv'd to try :
 " For, if I stay away, I know
 " I must for ever die."
- 7 But if I die with mercy fought,
 When I the King have tried,
 This were to die (delightful thought !)
 As sinner never died.

356 S. M.

Eagle Street New 55. Broderip's 252.

A broken Heart, and a bleeding Saviour.

- 1 **U**NTO thine altar, LORD,
 A broken heart I bring ;
 And wilt thou graciously accept
 Of such a worthless thing ?
- 2 To CHRIST, the bleeding Lamb,
 My faith directs its eyes ;
 Thou mayst reject that worthless thing,
 But not his sacrifice.
- 3 When he gave up the ghost,
 The law was satisfy'd ;
 And now to its most rigorous claims,
 I answer, " JESUS died."

357 L. M. BEDDOME.

Rippon's 188. Ulverstone 179.

Holy Boldness.

- 1 **S**PRINKLED with reconciling blood,
I dare approach thy throne, O God;
Thy face no frowning aspect wears,
Thy hand no vengeful thunder bears!
- 2 Th' encircling rainbow, peaceful sign!
Doth with refulgent brightness shine;
And while my faith beholds it near,
I bid farewell to every fear.
- 3 Let me my grateful homage pay;
With courage sing, with fervour pray;
And, tho' myself a wretch undone,
Hope for acceptance thro' thy Son—
- 4 Thy Son, who on th' accursed tree,
Expir'd to set the vilest free;
On this I build my only claim,
And all I ask is in his name.

358 8. 8. 6. J. STRAPHAN.

Chatham 59.

The LORD's Prayer, Matt. vi. 9—13.

- 1 **O**UR Father, whose eternal sway
The bright angelic hosts obey,
O! lend a pitying ear;
When on thy awful name we call,
And at thy feet submissive fall,
O! condescend to hear.
- 2 Far may thy glorious reign extend,
May rebels to thy sceptre bend,
And yield to sovereign love:
May we take pleasure to fulfil
The sacred dictates of thy will,
As angels do above.

- 3 From thy kind hand each temporal good,
 Our raiment and our daily food,
 In rich abundance come:
 LORD, give us still a fresh supply,
 If thou withhold thy hand, we die,
 And fill the silent tomb.
- 4 Pardon our sins, O God! that rise
 And call for vengeance from the skies;
 And while we are forgiven,
 Grant that revenge may never rest,
 And malice harbour in that breast
 That feels the love of heaven.
- 5 Protect us in the dangerous hour,
 And from the wily tempter's power
 O! set our spirits free:
 And if temptation should assail,
 May mighty grace o'er all prevail,
 And lead our hearts to thee.
- 6 Thine is the power, to thee belongs
 The constant tribute of our songs,
 All glory to thy name:
 Let every creature join our lays,
 In one resounding act of praise
 Thy wonders to proclaim.

HYMNS BEFORE SERMON.

359 L. M. DR. S. BENNETT.

Portugal 97. Wareham 117.

To be sung between Prayer and Sermon.

1 **W**HERE two or three, with sweet accord,
 Obedient to their sovereign LORD,
 Meet to recount his acts of grace,
 And offer solemn prayer and praise;

357 L. M. BEDDOME.

Rippon's 188. Ulverstone 179.

Holy Boldness.

- 1 **S**PRINKLED with reconciling blood,
I dare approach thy throne, O God;
Thy face no frowning aspect wears,
Thy hand no vengeful thunder bears!
- 2 Th' encircling rainbow, peaceful sign!
Doth with refulgent brightness shine;
And while my faith beholds it near,
I bid farewell to every fear.
- 3 Let me my grateful homage pay;
With courage sing, with fervour pray;
And, tho' myself a wretch undone,
Hope for acceptance thro' thy Son—
- 4 Thy Son, who on th' accursed tree,
Expir'd to set the vilest free;
On this I build my only claim,
And all I ask is in his name.

358 8. 8. 6. J. STRAPHAN.

Chatham 59.

The LORD's Prayer, Matt. vi. 9—13.

- 1 **O**UR Father, whose eternal sway
The bright angelic hosts obey,
O! lend a pitying ear;
When on thy awful name we call,
And at thy feet submissive fall,
O! condescend to hear.
- 2 Far may thy glorious reign extend,
May rebels to thy sceptre bend,
And yield to sovereign love:
May we take pleasure to fulfil
The sacred dictates of thy will,
As angels do above.

From thy kind hand each temporal good,
Our raiment and our daily food,

In rich abundance come:

LORD, give us still a fresh supply,
If thou withhold thy hand, we die,
And fill the silent tomb.

Pardon our sins, O God! that rise
And call for vengeance from the skies;

And while we are forgiven,
Grant that revenge may never rest,
And malice harbour in that breast
That feels the love of heaven.

5 Protect us in the dangerous hour,
And from the wily tempter's power

O! set our spirits free:
And if temptation should assail,
May mighty grace o'er all prevail,
And lead our hearts to thee.

6 Thine is the power, to thee belongs
The constant tribute of our songs,

All glory to thy name:
Let every creature join our lays,
In one resounding act of praise
Thy wonders to proclaim.

HYMNS BEFORE SERMON.

359 L. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

Portugal 97. Wareham 117.

To be sung between Prayer and Sermon.

1 **W**HERE two or three, with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sovereign LORD,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise;

- 2 "There," says the Saviour, "will I be;
 "Amid this little company;
 "To them unveil my smiling face,
 "And shed my glories round the place."
- 3 We meet at thy command, dear LORD,
 Relying on thy faithful word:
 Now send thy Spirit from above,
 Now fill our hearts with heavenly love.

360 C. M.

Great Milton 212. Condescension 116.

1 Cor. iii. 6, 7.

- 1 **I**N vain Apollos' silver tongue,
 And Paul's with strains profound;
 Diffuse among the listening throng
 The gospel's gladdening sound.
- 2 JESUS, the work is wholly thine
 To form the heart anew;
 Now let thy sovereign grace divine
 Each stubborn soul subdue.

361 112th. FAWCETT.

Uffculm 93. Carey's 11. Hoxton 121.

Before Sermon.

- 1 **T**HY presence, gracious God, afford,
 Prepare us to receive thy word:
 Now let thy voice engage our ear,
 And faith be mix'd with what we hear.
- Chor.* Thus, LORD, thy waiting servants blest,
 And crown thy gospel with success.
- 2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
 And fix our hearts and hopes above;
 With food divine may we be fed,
 And satisfy'd with living bread: *Chor.* Thus,

HYMNS BEFORE SERMON. 361, 362.

3 To us the sacred word apply,
With sovereign power and energy ;
And may we, in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear : *Chor.* Thus,
4 Father, in us thy Son reveal ;
Teach us to know and do thy will :
Thy saving power and love display ;
And guide us to the realms' of day : *Chor.* Thus,

361 (Second Part.) L. M.

Rippon's 188. Paul's 246. Gould's 272.
Longing for the Presence and Blessing of God,
1 Sam. vii. 2.

1 **L**OOK from on high, great God, and see
Thy faints lamenting after thee :
We sigh, we languish, and complain ;
Revive thy gracious work again.

2 To-day thy cheering grace impart,
Bind up and heal the broken heart ;
Our sins subdue, our souls restore,
And let our foes prevail no more.

3 Thy presence in thy house afford,
To every heart apply thy word ;
That sinners may their danger see
And now begin to mourn for thee.

362 C. M. BEDDOME.

Bath Chapel 26. Michael's 119.

The Freeness of the Gospel.

1 **H**OW free and boundless is the grace
Of our redeeming God,
Extending to the Greek and Jew,
And men of every blood !

2 The mightiest king, and meanest slave
May his rich mercy taste ;
He bids the beggar and the prince
Unto the gospel feast.

- 3 None are excluded thence, but those
 Who do themselves exclude;
 Welcome the learned and polite,
 The ignorant and rude.
- 4 Come then, ye men of every name,
 Of every rank and tongue;
 What you are willing to receive
 Doth unto you belong.

363 . 7s.

Stoel 164. Cookham 36.

A Blessing humbly requested.

- 1 **L**ORD, we come before thee now,
 At thy feet we humbly bow;
 O! do not our suit disdain,
 Shall we seek thee, LORD, in vain?
- 2 In thy own appointed way,
 Now we seek thee, here we stay;
 LORD, from hence we would not go,
 'Till a blessing thou bestow.
- 3 Send some message from thy word,
 That may joy and peace afford;
 Let thy Spirit now impart
 Full salvation to each heart.
- 4 Grant that all may seek and find
 Thee a God supremely kind;
 Heal the sick, the captive free,
 Let us all rejoice in thee.

364 L. M.

Portugal 97. Horsley 205. Gould's 272.

The Pool of Bethesda, John v. 2—4.

- 1 **H**OW long, thou faithful God, shall I
 Here in thy ways forgotten lie?
 When shall the means of healing be
 The channels of thy grace to me?

Sinners on ev'ry side step in,
 And wash away their pain and sin;
 But I, an helpless sin-sick soul,
 Still lie expiring at the pool.

Thou cov'nant angel, swift come down,
 To-day thine own appointments crown;
 Thy power into the means infuse,
 And give them now their sacred use.

Thou seest me lying at the pool,
 I would, thou know'st I would, be whole;
 O let the troubled waters move,
 And minister thy healing love.

365 8. 7. 4. TOPLADY'S COLLECTION.

Helmley 223. Painfwick 162.

Prayer for Minister and People.

DEAREST Saviour, help thy servant
 To proclaim thy wond'rous love!

Pour thy grace upon this people,
 That thy truth they may approve:

Bless, O bless them,
 From thy shining courts above.

Now thy gracious word invites them

To partake the Gospel-feast:
 Let thy Spirit sweetly draw them;

Every soul be JESU'S guest!

O receive us,
 Let us find thy promis'd rest.

366 L. M.

Islington 40. Lebanon 79.

Casting the Gospel-Net, Luke v. 5. John xxi. 6.

NOW while the Gospel-net is cast,
 Do thou, O LORD, the effort own;
 From numerous disappointments past,
 Teach us to hope in thee alone.

- 2 May this be a much-favour'd hour,
To souls in Satan's bondage led;
O clothe thy word with sovereign power
To break the rocks and raise the dead!
- 3 To mourners speak a cheering word,
On seeking souls vouchsafe to shine;
Let poor backsliders be restor'd,
And all thy saints in praises join.
- 4 [O hear our prayer, and give us hope,
That, when thy voice shall call us home,
Thou still wilt raise a people up
To love and praise thee in our room.]

367 S. M. BEDDOME.

Harborough 142. Wirksworth 158.
He beheld the City, and wept over it, John xix. 41

- 1 **D**ID CHRIST o'er sinners weep;
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears,
Angels with wonder see!
Be thou astonish'd, O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee.
- 3 He wept that we might weep,
Each sin demands a tear;
In heav'n alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

368 8. 7. 4.

Helmley 223. Lewes 63.

A Blessing requested.

- 1 **C**OME, thou soul-transforming Spirit,
Bless the sower and the seed;
Let each heart thy grace inherit,
Raise the weak, the hungry feed:

From the gospel
Now supply thy people's need.

O may all enjoy the blessing,
Which thy word's design'd to give:

Let us all, thy love possessing,

Joyfully the truth receive:

And for ever

To thy praise and glory live!

369 148th.

Bethesda 112. Carmarthen New 35.

Blind Bartimeus, Luke xviii. 35—38.

SINFUL, and blind, and poor,

And lost without thy grace,

Thy mercy I implore,

And wait to see thy face:

Begging I sit by the way-side,

And long to know the Crucify'd.

JESUS, attend my cry;

Thou Son of David, hear;

If now thou passest by,

Stand still and call me near;

The darkness from my heart remove,

And shew me now thy pardoning love.

370 L. M. BEDDOME.

Coombs's 45. Islington 40.

Thy Kingdom come, Matt. vi. 10.

ASCEND thy throne, almighty King,

And spread thy glories all abroad;

Let thine own arm salvation bring,

And be thou known the gracious God.

Let millions bow before thy seat,

Let humble mourners seek thy face,

Bring daring rebels to thy feet,

Subdu'd by thy victorious grace.

- 3 O let the kingdoms of the world
 Become the kingdoms of the LORD;
 Let saints and angels praise thy name,
 Be thou thro' heaven and earth ador'd.

371 L. M.

Wareham 117. Green's Hundred 89.
 Ezekiel's Vision of the dry Bones, Ezek. xxxvii. 3.

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

HYMNS AFTER SERMON.

372 C. M. Bath Chapel 26. New York 33.

The Parable of the Sower, Matt. xiii. 3—23.

- 1 **N**OW, LORD, the heavenly seed is sown,
 Be it thy servants' care
 Thy heavenly blessing to bring down,
 By humble fervent prayer.

2 In vain we plant without thine aid,

And water too in vain;

LORD of the harvest, GOD of grace,

Send down thy heavenly rain.

3 Then shall our cheerful hearts and tongues
Begin this song divine:

“Thou, LORD, hast given the rich increase,

“And be the glory thine.”

373 148th. NEWTON.

Bethesda 112. Eagle Street 16.

ON what has now been sown,
Thy blessing, LORD, bestow;

The power is thine alone,

To make it spring and grow;

Do thou the gracious harvest raise,

And thou, alone, shalt have the praise.

374 L. M.

Denbigh 54. Rowles 73.

The Spread of the Gospel, Matt. vi. 10.

1 **T**O distant lands thy Gospel send,

And thus thy empire wide extend:

To Gentile, Turk, and stubborn Jew,

Thou King of Grace! salvation shew.

2 Where'er thy sun, or light arise,

Thy name, O GOD! immortalize:

May nations yet unborn confess

Thy wisdom, power, and righteousness.

375 C. M.

Bedford 91. Abridge 201.

Duties and Privileges, Jude 20, 21.

1 **W**HILE sinners, who presume to bear

The christian's sacred name,

Throw up the reins to every lust,

And glory in their shame;

- 2 Ye saints preserv'd in CHRIST and call'd,
 Detest their impious ways,
 And on the basis of your faith
 An heavenly temple raise.
- 3 Upon the Spirit's promis'd aid
 Depend from day to day,
 And, while he breathes his quickening gale,
 Adore, and praise, and pray.
- 4 Preserve unquench'd your love to GOD,
 And let the flame arise,
 And higher and still higher blaze,
 Till it ascend the skies.
- 5 With a transporting joy expect
 The grace your LORD shall give,
 When all his saints shall from his hands
 Their crowns of life receive.

376 C. M. TOPLADY'S COLLECTION.
 Grove House 143. Foster 96. Salem 139.

Now is the accepted Time.

- 1 COME, guilty souls, and flee away
 To CHRIST, and heal your wounds;
 This is the welcome gospel-day,
 Wherein free grace abounds.
- 2 God lov'd the church, and gave his Son
 To drink the cup of wrath:
 And JESUS says he'll cast out none
 That come to him by faith.

376 (Second Part.) L. M.

Paul's 246. Gould's 272.

The convinced Sinner encouraged.

- 1 WHO is the trembling sinner, who
 That owns eternal death his due?

Who mourns his sin, his guilt, his thrall,
And does on God for mercy call?

Peace, troubled soul, dismiss thy fear,
Hear, JESUS speaks, be of good cheer,
Upon his cleansing grace rely,
And thou shalt never, never die.

377 L. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

Angel's Hymn 60. Paul's 246.

Acceptance through CHRIST alone, John xiv. 6.

HOW shall the sons of men appear,
A Great God, before thine awful bar?
How may the guilty hope to find
Acceptance with th' eternal Mind?

Not vows, nor groans, nor broken cries,
Not the most costly sacrifice,
Not infant blood profusely spilt,
Will expiate a sinner's guilt.

Thy blood, dear JESUS, thine alone,
Hath sovereign virtue to atone:
Here we will rest our only plea
When we approach, great God, to thee.

377 (Second Part.) 7s.

Cookham 36. Stoel 164. Hotham 224.

The Pleasures of Religion.

'TIS religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

After death, its joys will be
Lasting as eternity!

Be the living God my friend,
Then my blifs shall never end.

378 L. M.

Rowles 73. Portugal 97.

Habbakuk iii. 17, 18.

IS JESUS mine! I'm now prepar'd
 To meet with what I thought most hard;
 Yes, let the winds of trouble blow,
 And comforts melt away like snow:
 No blasted trees, or failing crops
 Can hinder my eternal hopes;
 Tho' creatures change, the LORD's the same,
 Then let me triumph in his name.

379 7s.

Deptford 124. Turin 244,

Help, Hosea xiii. 9.

SELF-destroy'd, for help I pray:
 Help me, Saviour, from above,
 Help me to believe, obey;
 Help me to repent, and love;
 Help to keep the graces given,
 Help me quite from hell to heaven:

380 C. M.

Abridge 201. Grove House 143.

Felix trembling, Acts xxiv. 24, 25.

- 1 SEE Felix, cloth'd with pomp and power,
 See his resplendent bride,
 Attend to hear a prisoner preach
 The Saviour crucify'd.
- 2 He well describes who JESUS was,
 His glories and his love,
 How he obey'd and bled below,
 And reigns and pleads above.
- 3 Felix up starts, and trembling cries,
 "Go for this time away
 "I'll hear thee on these points again
 "On some convenient day."

HYMNS AFTER SERMON. 381, 382.

4 Attention to the words of life,
Let Felix thus adjourn;
LORD, let us make these solemn truths
Our first and last concern.

381 S. M.

Eagle Street New 55. Vermont 134.

Jabez's Prayer, 1 Chron. iv. 9, 10.

1 "O THAT the LORD indeed
"Would me his servant bless,
"From every evil shield my head,
"And crown my paths with peace!
2 "Be his almighty hand
"My helper and my guide,
"Till with his saints in Canaan's land
"My portion he divide."

382 (First Part.) C. M.

Brightelmstone 208. Ann's 382.

Desiring to walk in the Way of Holiness to Happiness,

Pfalm lxxxiv. 8.

1 LORD GOD; omnipotent to bless,
L My supplication hear;
Guardian of Jacob, to my voice
Incline thy gracious ear.
2 If I have never yet begun
To tread the sacred road,
O teach my wandering feet the way
To Zion's blest abode!
3 Or if I'm travelling in the path,
Assist me with thy strength,
And let me swift advances make,
And reach thine heaven at length!
4 My care, my hope, my first request,
Are all compris'd in this,
To follow where thy saints have led,
And then partake their bliss.

382 (Second Part.) C. M.

Sprague 166. Bedford 91.

Good Hope of Interest united with Gratitude.

- 1 **I**F, LORD, in thy fair book of life
 My worthless name doth stand;
 And in my heart the law is writ
 By thine unerring hand;
- 2 I am secure, by grace divine,
 Of crowns above the skies;
 And on the road, from thy rich stores,
 Shall meet with fresh supplies,
- 3 To thee in sweet melodious strains
 My grateful voice I'll raise;
 But life's too short, my powers too weak,
 To shew forth half thy praise.
- 4 [Had I ten thousand thousand tongues,
 Not one should silent be;
 Had I ten thousand thousand hearts,
 I'd give them all to thee.]

383 104th. Suffex 70. Hanover 130.

Praise for Salvation.

- 1 **O**UR Saviour alone the LORD let us bless,
 Who reigns on his throne, the Prince of
 our Peace;
 Who evermore saves us by shedding his blood;
 All hail, holy JESUS, our LORD and our GOD!
- 2 We thankfully sing thy glory and praise,
 Thou merciful spring of pity and grace:
 Thy kindness for ever to men we will tell,
 And say, our dear Saviour redeems us from hell.
- 3 Preserve us in love, while here we abide:
 O never remove thy presence, nor hide
 Thy glorious salvation, till each of us see
 With joy the bless'd vision completed in thee.

HYMNS AFTER SERMON. 383, 384.

383 (Second Part.) L. M.

Portugal 97. Bredby 165.

Gratitude to Christ.

TO him who on the fatal tree
Pour'd out his blood, his life for me,
In grateful strains my voice I'll raise,
And in his service spend my days.
To listening multitudes I'll tell
How he redeem'd my soul from hell;
And how, reposing on his breast,
I lost my cares and found my rest.
Thro' him my sins are all forgiven,
He ever pleads my cause in heaven;
I'll build an altar to his name,
And to the world his grace proclaim.

384 (First Part.) C. M.

Boston 159. Miall 240.

Not unto us, Psalm cxv.-1.

NOT unto us, but thee alone,
Bless'd Lamb, be glory given:
Here shall thy praises be begun,
And carried on in heaven.

The hosts of spirits now with thee
Eternal anthems sing:

To imitate them here, lo! we
Our hallelujahs bring.

Had we our tongues like them inspir'd,
Like theirs our songs should rise;
Like them we never should be tir'd,
But love the sacrifice.

Till we the veil of flesh lay down,
Accept our weaker lays;
And, when we reach thy Father's throne,
We'll give thee nobler praise.

384, 5, 6. WORSHIP.

384. (Second Part.) C. M.
Cambridge New 74. Otford 106. Missionary 257.

Joying and glorying in the LORD.

- 1 **Y**E saints, of every rank, with joy
To God your offerings bring;
Let towns and cities, hills and vales,
With loud Hosannas ring.
- 2 Let him receive the glory due
To his exalted name;
With thankful tongues, and hearts inflam'd,
His wondrous deeds proclaim.
- 3 Praise him in elevated strains,
And make the *world* to know,
How *great* the Master whom you serve,
And yet how *gracious* too.

385 8s.

Lock 49. Lambeth 57.

Our God for ever and ever, Psalm xlviii. 14.

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

386 C. M. CENNICK.

Newington 61. Great Milton 212.

CHRIST the Burden of the Song.

- 1 **T**HOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
We love to hear of thee;
No music's like thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.
- 2 O let us ever hear thy voice,
In mercy to us speak,

And in our Priest we will rejoice,
 Thou great Melchisedec.
 Our JESUS shall be still our theme,
 While in this world we stay;
 We'll sing our JESU'S lovely name,
 When all things else decay.
 When we appear in yonder cloud,
 With all thy favour'd throng.
 Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
 And CHRIST shall be our song.

387 6. 4.
 Bermondsey 52. Bridgewater 261.

Worthy the Lamb.

1 **G**LORY to GOD on high!
 Let earth and skies reply:
 Praise ye his name:
 His love and grace adore,
 Who all our sorrows bore;
 Sing aloud evermore,
 Worthy the Lamb.

2 JESUS, our LORD and GOD,
 Bore sin's tremendous load,
 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 While they around the throne
 Cheerfully join in one,
 Praising his name:
 Those who have felt his blood
 Sealing their peace with GOD,
 Sound his dear fame abroad,
 Worthy the Lamb.

4 Join, all ye ransom'd race,
 Our holy LORD to bless;
 Praise ye his name:
 In him we will rejoice,
 And make a joyful noise,
 Shouting with heart and voice,
 Worthy the Lamb.

5 What tho' we change our place,
 Yet we shall never cease
 Praising his name:
 To him our songs we bring,
 Hail him our gracious King,
 And without ceasing sing,
 Worthy the Lamb.

6 Then let the hosts above,
 In realms of endless love,
 Praise his dear name:
 To him ascribed be
 Honour and majesty,
 Thro' all eternity:
 Worthy the Lamb.

388. L. M. HART.

Lebanon 79. Horsley 205. Manning 245.

At Dismission.

1 **D**ISMISS us with thy blessing, LORD,
 Help us to feed upon thy word,
 All that has been amiss forgive,
 And let thy truth within us live.

2 Tho' we are guilty thou art good,
 Wash all our works in JESU'S blood;
 Give every fetter'd soul release,
 And bid us all depart in peace.

HYMNS AFTER SERMON. 389, 90.

389 8. 7. 4.

Helmley 223. Westbury 51. C.

At Dismission.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace.

O refresh us!

Travelling thro' this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,

For thy Gospel's joyful sound;

May the fruits of thy salvation

In our hearts and lives abound:

May thy presence

With us evermore be found!

3 So, whene'er the signal's given,

Us from earth to call away;

Borne on angels' wings to heaven,

Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,

May we ready,

Rise and reign in endless day!

390 C. M.

Bath Chapel 26. Brightelmstone 208.

Sanctification and Growth, Heb. xiii. 20, 21.

NOW may the God of peace and love,

Who from th' imprisoning grave,

Restor'd the Shepherd of the sheep,

Omnipotent to save,

2 Thro' the rich merits of that blood,

Which he on Calvary spilt,

To make th' eternal cov'nant sure,

On which our hopes are built,

3 Perfect our souls in every grace

T' accomplish all his will,

And all that's pleasing in his sight

Inspire us to fulfil!

4. For the great Mediator's sake,
 We every blessing pray:
 With glory let his name be crown'd
 Thro' heaven's eternal day!

391 L. M.

Islington 40. Lebanon 79.

The Peace of God shall keep, &c. Phil. iv. 7.

- 1 **T**HE peace which GOD alone reveals,
 And by his word of grace imparts,
 Which only th. believer feels,
 Direct, and keep, and cheer our hearts:
- 2 And may the holy Three in one,
 The FATHER, WORD, and COMFORTER,
 Pour an abundant blessing down
 On every soul assembled here!

392 8. 7. NEWTON.

Welsh 210. Jewin Street 222.

May the Grace, &c. 2 Cor. xiii. 14.

- M**AY the grace of CHRIST our Saviour,
 And the FATHER'S boundless love,
 With the HOLY SPIRIT'S favour,
 Rest upon us from above!
 Thus may we abide in union
 With each other and the LORD;
 And possess, in sweet communion,
 Joys which earth can not afford.

DOXOLOGIES.

393 C. M.

Grove House 143. Condescension 116.

- T**O-FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
 Who made the earth and heaven,
 Of equal dignity possesst,
 Be equal honours given,

394 S. M. BEDDOME.

Aynhoe 108. Price's 187.

TO the eternal THREE,
In will and essence one,
Be universal honours paid,
Co-equal honours done.

395 L. M. Bp. KEN.

Magdalene 214. Old Hundred 100.

PRAISE GOD, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

396 104th.

Suffex 70. Hanover 130.

GIVE glory to GOD, ye children of men,
And publish abroad, again and again,
The SON'S glorious merit, the FATHER'S free grace,
The gifts of the SPIRIT, to Adam's lost race.

397 (First Part.) 8. 7. 4. Measure.

Helmsley 223.

FATHER, SON, and HOLY SPIRIT,
Thou the GOD whom we adore;
May we all thy love inherit:
To thine image us restore;
Vast eternal!
Praises to thee evermore.

397 (Second Part.) 8. 8. 6. Measure.

Baltimore 167. Broadmead 150.

TO FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
Be praise amid the heavenly host,
And in the church below,
From whom all creatures drew their breath,
By whom redemption bless'd the earth,
From whom all comforts flow!

THE WORLD.

398 L. M. BLACKMORE.

Portugal 97. Green's Hundred 89.

The Vanity of earthly Things.

- 1 **W**HAT are possessions, fame, and power,
The boasted splendour of the great?
What gold, which dazzled eyes adore,
And seek with endless toils and sweat?
- 2 Express their charms, declare their use,
That we their merit may descry;
Tell us what good they can produce,
Or what important wants supply.
- 3 If, wounded with the sense of sin,
To them for pardon we should pray,
Will they restore our peace within,
And wash our guilty stains away?
- 4 Can they celestial life inspire,
Nature with power divine renew,
With pure and sacred transports fire
Our bosom, and our lusts subdue?
- 5 When with the pangs of death we strive,
And yield all comforts here for lost,
Will they support us, will they give
Kind succour when we need it most?
- 6 When at th' Almighty's awful bar
To hear our final doom we stand,
Can they incline the Judge to spare,
Or wrest the vengeance from his hand?

7 Can they protect us from despair,
From the dark reign of death and hell,
Crown us with bl'ss, and throne us where
The just, in joys immortal, dwell?

8 Sinners, your idols we despise,
If these reliefs they cannot grant:
Why should we such delusions prize,
And pine in everlasting want?

399 (C. M.) DR. S. STENNETT.

New York 33. Providence College 10.

Vanity of the World, Psalm iv. 6.

1 IN vain the giddy world inquires,
Forgetful of their God,
"Who will supply our vast desires,
"Or shew us any good?"

2 Thro' the wide circuit of the earth
Their eager wishes rove,
In chase of honour, wealth, and mirth,
The phantoms of their love.

3 But oft these shadowy joys elude
Their most intense pursuit:
Or, if they seize the fancied good,
There's poison in the fruit.

4 LORD, from this world call off my love;
Set my affections right;
Bid me aspire to joys above,
And walk no more by sight.

5 O let the glories of thy face
Upon my bosom shine:
Assur'd of thy forgiving grace,
My joys will be divine.

400 C. M. NEEDHAM.

Tunbridge 103. Abridge 201.

The rich Fool surprised, Luke xii. 16—22.

- 1 **D**ELUDED souls! who think to find
A solid bliss below:
Bliss! the fair flower of paradise,
On earth can never grow.
- 2 See how the foolish wretch is pleas'd
T' increase his worldly store;
Too scanty now he finds his barns,
And covets room for more.
- 3 "What shall I do?" distress'd he cries;
"This scheme will I pursue:
"My scanty barns shall now come down,
"I'll build them large and new.
- 4 "Here will I lay my fruits, and bid
"My soul to take its ease:
"Eat, drink, be glad; my lasting store
"Shall give what joys I please."
- 5 Scarce had he spoke, when, lo! from heaven
Th' Almighty made reply:
"For whom dost thou provide, thou fool?
"This night thyself shalt die."
- 6 Teach me, my God, all earthly joys
Are but an empty dream:
And may I seek my bliss alone,
In thee the good-supreme!

401 C. M.

Charmouth 28. Bangor 231.

*The whole World no Compensation for the Loss of the
Soul, Mark viii. 36.*

- 1 **L**ORD, shall we part with gold for dross,
With solid good for show?

Outlive our bliss, and mourn our loss,
In everlasting woe?

Let us not lose the living God,
For one short dream of joy;
With fond embrace cling to a clod,
And fling all heaven away.

Vain world, thy weak attempts forbear,
We all thy charms defy;
And rate our precious souls too dear
For all thy wealth to buy.

402 L. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRICS.

Lebanon 79. Manning 245.

The Farewell.

1 **D**EAD be my heart to all below,
To mortal joys and mortal cares;
To sensual bliss that charms us so,
Be dark, mine eyes, and deaf, my ears.

2 **L**ORD, I renounce my carnal taste
Of the fair fruit that sinners prize:
Their paradise shall never waste
One thought of mine, but to despise.

3 All earthly joys are overweigh'd
With mountains of vexatious care;
And where's the sweet that is not laid
A bait to some destructive snare?

4 Begone, for ever, mortal things!
Thou mighty mole-hill, earth, farewell!
Angels aspire on lofty wings,
And leave the globe for ants to dwell.

5 Come, heaven, and fill my vast desires;
My soul pursues the sovereign good:
She was all made of heavenly fires,
Nor can she live on meaner food.

THE GOSPEL CHURCH.

403 C. M. New York 33. Maidstone 196.

*The Church described; or, the Stability and
Glory of Zion, Cant. vi. 10.*

- 1 **S**AY who is she, that looks abroad
Like the sweet-blushing dawn,
When with her living light she paints
The dew-drops of the lawn:
- 2 Fair as the moon, when in the skies
Serene her throne she guides,
And o'er the twinkling stars supreme
In full-orb'd glory rides:
- 3 Clear as the sun, when from the east
Without a cloud he springs,
And scatters boundless light and heat
From his resplendent wings:
- 4 Tremendous as an host that moves
Majestically slow,
With banners wide display'd, all arm'd,
All ardent for the foe!
- 5 This is the church by heaven array'd
With strength and grace divine;
Thus shall she strike her foes with dread,
And thus her glories shine.

404 L. M. STEELE.

Derby 169. Wells Row 98.

The Presence of CHRIST the Joy of his People.

- 1 **T**HE wond'ring nations have beheld
The sacred prophecy fulfill'd,
And angels hail the glorious morn,
That shew'd the great Messiah born;

2 The Prince! the Saviour! long desir'd,
Whom men foretold, by heaven inspir'd,
And raptur'd saw the blissful day
Rise o'er the world with healing ray.

Oft, in the temple of his grace,
His saints behold his smiling face;
And oft have seen his glories shine
With power and majesty divine:

4 But soon, alas! his absence mourn,
And pray and wish his kind return:
Without his life-inspiring light,
'Tis all a scene of gloomy night.

5 Come, dearest LORD, thy children cry,
Our graces droop, our comforts die;
Return, and let thy glories rise
Again to our admiring eyes;

6 Till fill'd with light and joy, and love,
Thy courts below, like those above,
Triumphant hallelujahs raise,
And heaven and earth resound thy praise.

405 C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Great Milton 221. Exeter 4.

Asking the Way to Sion, Jer. l. 5.

1 **E**NQUIRERS, ye pilgrims, for the way
That leads to Sion's hill,
And thither set your steady face,
With a determin'd will.

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

3 O come, and to his temple haste,
And seek his favour there;

Before his footstool, humbly bow,
And pour your fervent prayer!

- 4 O come, and join your souls to GOD
In everlasting bands,
Accept the blessings he bestows,
With thankful hearts and hands.

406 148th. DR. DODDRIDGE

Swithins 44. Darwell's 82.

At the forming a Church.

Ifai. lvi. 6, 7. Matt. xxi. 13. and Eph. ii. 13, 19.

- 1 GREAT Father of mankind,
We bless that wondrous grace,
Which could for Gentiles find
Within thy courts a place:

How kind the care
Our God displays,
For us to raise
A house of prayer!

- 2 Tho' once estrang'd afar,
We now approach the throne;
For JESUS brings us near,
And makes our cause his own:

Strangers no more,
To thee we come,
And find our home,
And rest secure.

- 3 To thee our souls we join,
And love thy sacred name;
No more our own, but thine,
We triumph in thy claim;

Our Father-king,
Thy cov'nant grace
Our souls embrace,
Thy titles sing.

4 Here in thy house we feast
 On dainties all divine;
 And, while such sweets we taste,
 With joy our faces shine;
 Incense shall rise
 From flames of love,
 And God approve
 The sacrifice.

5 May all the nations throng
 To worship in thy house;
 And thou attend the song,
 And smile upon their vows;
 Indulgent still,
 Till earth conspire
 To join the choir
 On Zion's hill.

407 L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Portugal 97. Derby 169.

The Institution of a Gospel Ministry from CHRIST,
 Eph. iv. 8, 11, 12.

1 **F**ATHER of mercies, in thy house
 Smile on our homage and our vows;
 While with a grateful heart we share
 These pledges of our Saviour's care.

2 The Saviour, when to heaven he rose
 In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
 Scatter'd his gifts on men below,
 And wide his royal bounties flow.

3 Hence sprung th' Apostles' honour'd name,
 Sacred beyond heroic fame:
 In lowlier forms to bless our eyes,
 Pastors from hence, and teachers rise.

- 4 From CHRIST their varied gifts derive,
And fed by CHRIST their graces live:
While, guarded by his potent hand,
'Midst all the rage of hell they stand.
- 5 So shall the bright succession run
Thro' the last courses of the sun;
While unborn churches by their care
Shall rise and flourish large and fair.
- 6 JESUS our LORD, their hearts shall know,
The spring whence all these blessings flow;
Pastors and people shout his praise
Thro' the long round of endless days.

408. L. M.

Wareham 117.

*On sending a Member into the Work of the Ministry—
Isaiah's Obedience to the heavenly Vision, Isai. vi. 8.*

1 OUR God ascends his lofty throne,
Array'd in Majesty unknown;
His lustre all the temple fills,
And spreads o'er all th' etherial hills:

2 The holy, holy, holy LORD,
By all the Seraphim ador'd,
And, while they stand beneath his seat,
They veil their faces, and their feet.

3 LORD, how can sinful lips proclaim
The honours of so great a name!
O for thine altar's glowing coal
To touch his lips, to fire his soul!

4 Then if a messenger thou ask,
A labourer for the hardest task,
Thro' all his weakness and his fear,
Love shall reply, "Thy servant's here."

* If sung on any other Occasion, "his;" in the three last Verses may be exchanged for "my."

5 Nor let his willing soul complain,
 Tho' every effort seem in vain;
 It ample recompence shall be
 But to have wrought, O God, for thee.

409 L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Paul's 246. Rippon's 188. Gould's 272:

Seeking Direction in the Choice of a Pastor.

1 SHEPHERD of Israel, bend thine ear,
 Thy servants' groans indulgent hear;
 Perplex'd, distress'd, to thee we cry,
 And seek the guidance of thine eye.

2 Send forth, O LORD, thy truth and light,
 To guide our doubtful footsteps right:
 Our drooping hearts, O God, sustain,
 Nor let us seek thy face in vain.

3 Return, in ways of peace return,
 Nor let thy flock neglected mourn;
 May our bless'd eyes a shepherd see,
 Dear to our souls, and dear to thee!

410 C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Abridge 201. Bedford 91.

Watching for Souls. An Ordination Hymn, Heb. xiii. 17.

1 LET Sion's watchmen all awake,
 And take th' alarm they give;
 Now let them, from the mouth of God,
 Their awful charge receive.

2 'Tis not a cause of small import
 The pastor's care demands;
 But what might fill an Angel's heart,
 And fill'd a Saviour's hands.

3 They watch for souls, for which the LORD
 Did heavenly bliss forego;—
 For souls which must for ever live,
 In raptures, or in woe,

- 4 All to the great tribunal haste,
Th' account to render there;
And shouldst thou strictly mark our faults,
LORD, where should we appear!
- 5 May they, that Jesus whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

411 L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Ayliffe Street 241. Portugal 97.

*The Goodness of GOD acknowledged in giving
Pastors after his own Heart, Jer. iii: 15*.*

At the Settlement of a Minister.

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

* See Hymn 407, and Association Hymns.

THE CHURCH. 412, 413.

412 C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Abingdon 42. Braintree 25.

CHRIST'S Care of Ministers and Churches, Rev. ii. 1.

- 1 **W**E bless th' eternal source of light,
 Who makes the stars to shine;
 And, through this dark beclouded world,
 Diffuseth rays divine.
- 2 We bless the church's sovereign King,
 Whose golden lamps we are;
 Fix'd in the temples of his love,
 To shine with radiance fair.
- 3 Still be our purity preserv'd;
 Still fed with oil the flame;
 And in deep characters inscrib'd
 Our heavenly Master's name!
- 4 Then, while between our ranks he walks,
 And all our state surveys,
 His smiles shall with new lustre deck
 The people of his praise.

413. L. M.

Babylon Streams 23. Paul's 246. Gould's 272.

On the dangerous Illness of a Minister.

- 1 **O** THOU, before whose gracious throne
 We bow our suppliant spirits down;
 View the sad breast, the streaming eye,
 And let our sorrows pierce the sky.
- 2 Thou know'st the anxious cares we feel,
 And all our trembling lips would tell;
 Thou only canst assuage our grief,
 And yield our woe-fraught heart relief.
- 3 Tho' we have sinn'd, and justly dread
 The vengeance hovering o'er our head,
 Yet, Power benign, thy servant spare,
 Nor turn aside thy people's prayer.

Q 2

- 4 Avert thy swift descending stroke,
Nor smite the shepherd of the flock,
Lest o'er the barren waste we stray,
To prowling wolves an easy prey.
- 5 Restore him sinking to the grave,
Stretch out thine arm, make haste to save;
Back to our hope and wishes give,
And bid our friend and father live.
- 6 Bound to each soul by tenderest ties,
In every breast his image lies;
Thy pitying aid, O God, impart,
Nor rend him from each bleeding heart.
- 7 Yet if our supplications fail,
And prayers and tears can nought prevail,
Condemn'd on this dark desert coast
To mourn our much-lov'd leader lost;
- 8 Be thou his strength, be thou his stay,
Support him thro' the gloomy way,
Comfort his soul, surround his bed,
And guide him thro' the dreary shade.
- 9 Around him may thy angels wait,
Deck'd with their robes of heavenly state,
To teach his happy soul to rise,
And waft him to his native skies.

414 C. M.

Huddersfield 202. Matthews 34.

*At a Minister's leaving his People.—Paul's farewell
Charge, Acts xx. 26, 27.*

- 1 **W**HEN Paul was parted from his friends,
It was a weeping day;
But Jesus made them all amends,
And wip'd their tears away.

THE CHURCH. 415.

2 In heaven they met again with joy
 (Secure no more to part),
 Where praises every tongue employ,
 And pleasure fills each heart.

3 Thus all the preachers of his grace
 Their children soon shall meet;
 Together see their Saviour's face,
 And worship at his feet.

4 But they who heard the word in vain,
 Tho' oft and plainly warn'd,
 Will tremble when they meet again
 The ministers they scorn'd.

5 On your own heads your blood will fall,
 If any perish here;
 The preachers who have told you *all*
 Shall stand approv'd and clear.

6 Yet, LORD, to save themselves alone,
 Is not their utmost view;
 O! hear their prayer, thy message own,
 And save their hearers too.

415 L. M.

Bowden 78. Chard 175.

The People's Prayer for their Minister; or, Ministers and Missionaries† committed to God.

1 **W**ITH heavenly power, O LORD, defend
 Him* whom we now to thee commend;
 His person bless, his soul secure,
 And make him to the end endure.

2 Gird him with all-sufficient grace;
 Direct his feet in paths of peace;

† See also Hymn 420, first, second, and third part.

* The pronouns in this Hymn, if necessary, may be read in the plural, *them*, &c. &c. Q. 3

- Thy truth and faithfulness fulfil,
And help him to obey thy will.
- 3 Before him thy protection send ;
O love him, save him to the end !
Nor let him, as thy pilgrim, rove
Without the convoy of thy love.
- 4 Enlarge, inflame, and fill his heart ;
In him thy mighty power exert :
That thousands yet unborn may praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

416 L. M. DR. GIBBONS.

Portugal 97. Magdalene 214.

The Pastor's Wish for his People, Phil. iv. 1.

- 1 **M**Y brethren, from my heart belov'd,
Whose welfare fills my daily care,
My present joy, my future crown,
The word of exhortation hear.
- 2 Stand fast upon the solid rock
Of the Redeemer's righteousness ;
Adorn the Gospel with your lives,
And practise what your lips profess.
- 3 With pleasure meditate the hour,
When he, descending from the skies,
Shall bid your bodies, mean and vile,
In his all-glorious image rise.
- 4 Glory in his dear, honour'd name,
To him inviolably cleave ;
Your all he purchas'd by his blood,
Nor let him less than all receive.
- 5 Such is your pastor's faithful charge,
Whose soul desires not your's, but you ;
O may he, at the LORD's right-hand,
Himself and all his people view !

417 L. M.

Wareham 117. Marks 65.

At a Choice of Deacons, 1 Tim. iii. 8—13.

- 1 FAIR Sion's King, we suppliant bow,
 And hail the grace thy church enjoys;
 Her holy deacons are thine own,
 With all the gifts thy love employs.
- 2 Up to thy throne we lift our eyes,
 For blessings to attend our choice*
 Of such whose generous, prudent zeal
 Shall make thy favour'd ways rejoice.
- 3 Happy in JESUS, their own LORD,
 May they his sacred table spread,—
 The table of their pastor fill,
 And fill the holy poor with bread!
- 4 [When pastor, saints, and poor, they serve,
 May their own hearts with grace be crown'd!
 While patience, sympathy, and joy,
 Adorn, and thro' their lives abound.]
- 5 By purest love to CHRIST, and truth,
 O may they win a good degree
 Of boldness in the christian faith,
 And meet the smile of thine and thee!
- 6 And when the work to them assign'd—
 The work of love, is fully done,
 Call them from serving tables here,
 To sit around thy glorious throne.

* If this Hymn be sung *before* the Choice, then the second Line, of the second Verse may stand thus:

“ For Wisdom to direct our Choice.”

MONTHLY AND MISSIONARY PRAYER MEETING

418 (First Part.) 8. 7.

Carlisle 95. Welsh 210. Trowbridge 21.

Glorious Things spoken of Zion the City of God,
 Psalm lxxxvii. Isaiah xxxiii. 20, 21.

- 1 **G**LORIOUS things of thee are spoken;
 Zion, city of our God!
 He, whose word cannot be broken,
 Form'd thee for his own abode:
 On the Rock of ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose?
 With salvation's walls furrounded,
 Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
- 2 [See! the streams of living waters
 Springing from eternal love,
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,
 And all fear of want remove:
 Who can faint while such a river
 Ever flows thy thirst t' assuage?
 Grace, which like the LORD, the giver,
 Never fails from age to age.
- 3 Round each habitation hovering,
 See the cloud and fire appear!
 For a glory and a covering,
 Shewing that the LORD is near:
 Thus deriving from their banner
 Light by night and shade by day,
 Safe they feed upon the manna
 Which he gives them when they pray.]
- 4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
 Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood!
 JESUS, whom their souls rely on,
 Makes them kings and priests to God!

'Tis his love his people raises
 Over self to reign as kings:
 And as priests, his solemn praises
 Each for a thank-offering brings.
 Saviour, if of Zion's city
 I thro' grace a member am;
 Let the world deride or pity,
 I will glory in thy name:
 Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
 All his boasted pomp and show!
 Solid joys and lasting treasure,
 None but Zion's children know.

418 (Second Part.) L. M.

Gloucester 12. Chard 175.

*Prayer for the spread of the Gospel, animated by
 Prophecy.*

- 1 **E**XERT thy power, thy rights maintain,
 Insulted, everlasting King!
 The influence of thy crown increase,
 And strangers to thy footstool bring.
- 2 [We long to see that happy time,
 That dear, expected, blissful day,
 When countless myriads of our race
 The second Adam shall obey.]
- 3 Thy prophecies *must* be fulfill'd,
 Though earth and hell should dare oppose;
 The stone cut from the mountain's side,
 Though unobserv'd, to empire grows.
- 4 Soon shall the mingled image fall,
 (Brass, silver, iron, gold, and clay),
 And superstition's gloomy reign
 To light and liberty give way.
- 5 In one vast symphony of praise,
 Gentile and Jew shall then unite;

And infidelity, aham'd,
Sink in th' abyfs of endless night:

6 Afric's emancipated fons
Shall join, with Europe's polish'd race,
To celebrate, in different tongues,
The glories of redeeming grace.

7 From east to west, from north to south,
Immanuel's kingdom must extend;
And every man, in every face,
Shall meet a brother and a friend.

418 (Third Part.) L. M.

Wareham 117. Portugal 9.

The approaching fall of Babylon predicted, Rev. xiv. 6.

1 **P**ROUD Babylon yet waits her doom;
Nor can her tott'ring palace fall,
'Till some blest messenger arise,
The spacious heathen world to call.

2 And see the glorious time approach!
Behold the mighty Angel fly,
The Gospel tidings to convey
To every land beneath the sky!

3 O see, on both the India's coast,
And Africa's unhappy shore,
The unlearn'd savage prels to hear;
And hearing, wonder and adore:

4 [See, while the joyful truth is told,
"That Jesus left his throne in heaven,
"And suffer'd, died, and rose again,
"That guilty souls might be forgiv'n;"]

5 See what delight, unfelt before,
Beams in his fix'd attentive eye;
And hear him ask, "For wretched me,
"Did this divine Redeemer die?"

- 6 " Ah! Why have ye so long forborne
 " To tell such welcome news as this ;
 " Go now, let *every sinner* hear,
 " And share in such exalted bliss."]
- 7 The Islands, waiting for his law,
 With rapture greet the sacred sound ;
 And, taught the Saviour's precious name,
 Cast all their Idols to the ground.
- 8 Now, Babylon, thy hour is come,
 Thy curs'd foundation shall give way,
 And thine eternal overthrow
 The triumphs of the cross display.

418 (Fourth Part.) L. M.

Wells 102. Devotion 271.

Invitation to propagate the Gospel throughout the Earth.

- 1 **G**O, favor'd Britons, and proclaim
 The kind REDEEMER you have found ;
 Publish his ever precious name,
 To all the wond'ring nations round.
- 2 Go, tell th' unletter'd wretched slave,
 Who groans beneath a tyrant's rod,
 You bring—a *freedom bought with blood,*
 The blood of an incarnate GOD:
- 3 And tell the panting sable Chief,
 On Ethiopia's scorching sand,
 You come—with a *refreshing stream,*
 To cheer and bless his thirsty land.
- 4 Go, tell on India's golden shores,
 The Ganges, Tibet, and Boutan†,
 That to enrich their deathless MIND,
 You come—the friends of GOD and Man.

† Tibet and Boutan; parts of Asia, little known to Europeans, but lately mentioned by the Baptist Missionaries.

- 5 Tell *all* the distant Isles afar,
That lie in darkness and the grave,
You come—a *glorious light to show*,
You come—their *SOULS to seek and save*.
- 6 Say, the religion you profess
Is all benevolence and love,
And, crown'd with energy divine,
It's heavenly origin will prove.

418 (Fifth Part) L. M.

Gloucester 12. Derby 169.

Neglect in spreading the Gospel, reprov'd and deplored

- 1 “GO,” said the voice of heavenly love,
“My Gospel preach to every land;
“Lo! I am with you to the end;
“Observe and follow my command.”
- 2 With joy the first disciples heard,
And told the ever gracious news,
As they from him receiv'd in charge,
First, to the unbelieving Jews:
- 3 Then to the Gentiles, far and near,
Publish'd salvation in his name,
And the glad tidings of his grace
To this distinguish'd island came.
- 4 But ah! to spread their sacred theme,
How few have *our* attempts been found!
What heathen lands from *us* have heard
The glorious heart reviving sound?
- 5 To *us* their duty they bequeath'd;
And left the promise on record;
And had our ardour equal'd theirs;
The same had been our blest reward.
- 6 [We too had multitudes beheld,
Forsake the gods their hands had made,

And the bright beam of heavenly day
Their yet benighted realms pervade.]

7 Saviour divine, our guilt forgive!
Inspire our souls with warmer zeal!
Pour out thy Spirit from on high;
And let us all his influence feel!

419 (First Part.) L. M.

Chard 175. Gloucester 12.

Prospect of Success; or, Encouragement to use Means.

1 **B**EHOLD th' expected time draws near,
The shades disperse, the dawn appears;
Behold the wildernels assume
The beauteous tints of Eden's bloom.

2 Events, with prophecies, conspire
To raise our faith, our zeal to fire:
The ripening fields, already white,
Present an *harvest* to our sight.

3 The untaught Heathen waits to know
The joy the Gospel will bestow;
The exiled slave waits to receive
The freedom JESUS has to give.

4 Come let us with a grateful heart
In the blest labour share a part;
Our prayers and offerings gladly bring
To aid the triumphs of our King.

5 Let us improve the heavenly gale,
Spread to each breeze our hoisted sail,
Till north and south, and east and west,
Shall be, as favor'd Britain, blest.

6 Invite the *globe* to come and prove
A Saviour's condescending love,
And humbly fall before his feet,
Assur'd they shall acceptance meet.

- 7 [Our hearts exult in songs of praise,
That we have seen these latter days,
When our Redeemer shall be known,
Where faran long has held his throne.]
- 8 Where'er his hand hath spread the skies,
Sweet incense to his name shall rise;
"And Tyre, and Egypt, Greek and Jew,"
By sovereign grace be form'd anew.

419 (Second Part.) C. M.

Cambridge New 74. Evans's 190. Irish 171.
Missionary 257.

The Increase of the Church promised and pleaded.

1. **F**ATHER, is not thy promise pledg'd
To thine exalted Son,
That thro' the nations of the earth
Thy word of life shall run?
2. "Ask, and I give the Heathen lands
"For thine inheritance,
"And to the world's remotest shores
"Thine empire shall advance."
3. Hast thou not said the blinded Jews
Shall their Redeemer own;
While Gentiles to his standard crowd,
And bow before his throne?
4. When shall th' untutor'd Indian tribes,
A dark bewilder'd race,
Sit down at our IMMANUEL's feet,
And learn and feel his grace?
5. Are not all kingdoms, tribes, and tongues,
Under th' expanse of heav'n,
To the dominion of thy Son,
Without exemption given?

6 From east to west, from north to south,
Then be his name ador'd!
Europe, with all thy millions, shout
Hosannahs to thy LORD!

7 Asia and Africa, resound
From shore to shore his fame:
And thou, America, in songs
Redeeming love proclaim!

420 (First Part.) C. M.
Oxford 106. Michael's 119.

Prayer for Missionaries.

1 GREAT GOD, the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine;
And in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy radiant glories shine.

2 But, LORD, thy greater love has sent
Thy Gospel to mankind,
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasur'd in thy mind.

3 LORD, when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe, and every soul,
Shall hear the joyful sound?

4 O when shall Afric's sable sons
Enjoy the heavenly word,
And vassals long-enslav'd become
The freedmen of the LORD?

5 When shall the untutor'd Heathen tribes,
A dark bewilder'd race,
Sit down at our IMMANUEL's feet,
And learn and feel his grace?

6 Hasten, sovereign mercy, and transform
Their cruelty to love;

Soften the tyger to a lamb,
The vulture to a dove!

7† Smile, LORD, on each divine attempt
To spread the Gospel's rays;
And build on sin's demolish'd throne
The temples of thy praise.

Verſes 8, 9, and 10, of this Hymn, in ſubſtance, were written off *Margate*, by Mr. WILLIAM WARD, one of the Baptiſt Miſſionaries, on their departure for India, May 28, 1799.

8 [O charge the waves to bear our friends
In ſafety o'er the deep,
Let the rough tempeſt ſpeed their way,
Or bid its fury ſleep.]

9 Whene'er thy ſons proclaim good news,
Beneath the Banian's ſhade,
Let the poor Hindoo feel its power,
And grace his ſoul pervade.

10 O let the heavenly Shaſter‡ ſpread,
Bid Brahmans preach the word;
And may all India's tribes become
One CAST to ſerve the LORD.

PAUSE.

11 Send forth thy word, and let it fly,
Arm'd with thy Spirit's pow'r,
Then thouſands ſhall confeſs its ſway,
And bleſs the ſaving hour.

12 Beneath the influence of thy grace
The barren waſtes ſhall riſe,
With ſudden greens, and fruits array'd,
A blooming Paradife.

† Verſe 7, 9 and 10, of this Hymn, may be ſung alone.

‡ The *Shaſters* are the religious books of the Hindoos; the *Brahmans* are their Priests; and the *Casts* are the different claſſes of the people.

- 13 True holiness shall strike its root
 In each regen'rate heart,
 Shall in a growth divine arise,
 And heavenly fruits impart.
- 14 Peace, with her olives crown'd, shall stretch
 Her wings from shore to shore:
 No trump shall rouse the rage of war,
 No murd'rous cannon roar.
- 15 LORD, for those days we wait; those days
 Are in thy word foretold:
 Fly swifter sun, and stars, and bring
 This promis'd age of gold.
- 16 *Amen*, with joy divine, let earth's
 Unnumber'd Myriads cry;
Amen, with joy divine, let heaven's
 Unnumber'd choirs reply!

420 (Second Part.) L. M.

Wareham 12. Wells 13. Lebanon 79.

A blessing on Missions, and Missionaries, requested.

- 1 **W**HERE'ER the blustering north-wind
 blows,
 And spreads its frost or fleecy snows;
 Where'er the sun with quickening ray,
 Shines all abroad and gives the day;
- 2 Where'er the lesser orbs of light
 Dart forth their beams and gild the night,
 There may his Heralds loud proclaim
 The Saviour's love, the Saviour's name,
- 3 For work so pleasing, so benign,
 LORD, grant thy influence divine;
 Till all "the spacious globe around,"
 "With" raptur'd "songs of praise resound!"

420 (Third Part.) S. M.

Mount Ephraim 185. Lowell 260. Mansfield 15

Missionaries addressed and encouraged. †

- 1 **Y**E Messengers of CHRIST,
His sovereign voice obey;
Arise! and follow where he leads,
And peace attend your way.
- 2 The master whom you serve,
Will needful strength bestow,
Depending on his promis'd aid,
With sacred courage go.
- 3 Mountains shall sink to plains,
And hell in vain oppose;
The cause is GOD's, and must prevail,
In spite of all his foes.
- 4 Go, spread a Saviour's fame,
And tell his matchless grace
To the most guilty and deprav'd
Of Adam's num'rous race.
- 5 We wish you in his name,
The most divine success;—
Assur'd that he who sends you forth
Will your endeavours bless.

420 (Fourth Part.) C. M.

Evans 190. Cambridge New 74.

The wonder-working GOD invoked for his Church.

Isai. li. 9.

- 1 **A**WAKE, awake, thou mighty arm,
Which hast such wonders wrought;
Which captive Israel freed from harm,
And out of Egypt brought.

† See also Hymn 415.

2 Art thou not it, which Rahab flew?
 And crush'd the dragon's head?
 Constrain'd by thee, the waves withdrew
 From their accusom'd bed.

3 Again thy wonted prowess show,
 Be thou made bare again;
 And let thine adverfaries know
 That they resist in vain.

421 (First Part.) L. M.

Ayliffe Street 241. Rochford 22.

Longing for the Latter Day Glory.

1 **H**OW many years has man been driven
 Far off from happiness and heaven?
 When wilt thou, gracious LORD, restore
 Thy wandering church to roam no more?

2 Six thousand years are nearly past
 Since Adam from thy sight was cast;
 And ever since, his fallen race
 From age to age, are void of grace.

3 When will the happy trump proclaim
 The judgment of the martyr'd Lamb?
 When shall the captive troops be free,
 And keep the eternal jubilee!

4 Hasten it, LORD, in every land,
 Send thou thine angels and command;
 "Go, sound deliverance; loudly blow
 "Salvation to the saints below."

5 We want to have the day appear!
 The promis'd great sabbatic year,
 When, far from grief, and sin, and hell,
 Israel in ceaseless peace shall dwell.

6 Till then, we will not let thee rest,
 Thou still shalt hear our strong request;
 And this our daily prayer shall be,
 LORD, sound the trump of jubilee.

421 (Second Part) L. M.

Ayliffe Street 241. Portugal 97.

*Prayer to GOD for his special Interposition in
 the spreading the Gospel, Zec. ix. 13—16.*

1 "HOW" long, O GOD, "has man been
 driv'n.

"Far off from happiness, and heav'n!

"When wilt thou," graciously "restore"

Thy banish'd sons to rove no more?

2 For near six thousand years, thy foe
 Has triumph'd over all below;

Save that a little flock is found,

With ravening wolves encompass'd round;

3 Shall not the Lamb, who once was slain,
 An ample compensation gain,

And many happy millions more

To happiness and GOD restore?

4 From every nation, every tongue,
 A remnant must to him belong;

Nor can there be too vile a race

To furnish trophies of his grace.

5 Exert that power which could subdue
 The furious, slaughter-breathing Jew,

And make him in thy cause become,

Victorious over Greece and Rome.

6 Now, LORD, before thy servants go,
 Let GOD himself the trumpet blow;

Hasten the Gospel jubilee

That bids a captive world be free.

421 (Third Part.) 103.

Warlaw 211. Guestwick 274.

*The House must be of Fame and Glory throughout
all Countries,* 1 Chron. xxii. 25.

THE house now to be builded to the LORD,
Whose firm foundation stone his hand hath
laid,

Shall in magnificence and fame exceed

That which King Solomon so glorious made.

Wide as the spacious globe on which we tread,

This sacred temple shall its bounds extend,

Its blessings, not to Abra'ms seed confin'd;

Shall millions of the Gentile race befriend.

See, in the torrid regions of the south,

The humble worshipper approach with joy:

And shivering natives of the frozen pole,

In the same heavenly strains their lips employ.

With all simplicity of word and deed,

With zeal for God, and love to souls inspir'd,

See the successful Missionaries teach;

Their ardour still by gathering converts fir'd.

Hark! they proclaim salvation by the cross;

And thousands press to accept the boundless grace:

Jesus his own almighty power displays,

His temple now is universal space!

421 (Fourth Part.) C. M.

ague 166. Staughton 264. Cambridge New 74.

Saints longing to see their King with his many Crowns,

Rev. xix. 12.

GO forth, ye saints, behold your King

With God-like honours crown'd,

Ten thousand beauties in his word

Shall spread his fame around.

- 2 Where'er the sun begins its race,
Or stops its swift career,
Both east and west shall own his grace,
And CHRIST be honour'd there.
- 3 Ten thousand crowns encircling show
The victories he hath won:
O may his conquests ever grow
While time its course shall run.
- 4 Ride forth, thou mighty conqueror, ride,
And millions more subdue,
Destroy *our* enmity and pride,
And *we* will crown thee too.

422 (First Part.) 112th.

Carey's 11. Hoxton 121. Uffculm 93.

Gentiles praying for Jews, Rom. xi. 1, 2, 25, 26.

- 1 **F**ATHER of faithful Abra'm, hear
Our earnest suit for Abra'm's seed;
Justly they claim the softest prayer
From us, adopted in their stead,
Who mercy thro' their fall obtain,
And CHRIST by their rejection gain.
- 2 Outcast from thee, and scatter'd wide
Thro' every nation under heaven,
Blaspheming whom they crucify'd,
Unfav'd, unpity'd, unforgiv'n:
Branded like Cain, they bear their load,
Abhorr'd of men, and curs'd of God.
- 3 But hast thou finally forsook,
For ever cast thy own away!
Wilt thou not bid the murderer's look
On him they pierc'd, and weep and pray?
Yes, gracious Lord, thy word is past;
"All Israel shall be sav'd at last."

Come, then, thou great Deliverer, come,
 The veil from Jacob's heart remove;
 Receive thy ancient people home,
 That, quicken'd by thy dying love,
 The world may their reception view,
 And shout to God, the glory due.

(Second Part.) 148th. Portsmouth New 144.

*Evangelical Philanthropy; or, the Song of a
 Christian Loyalist.*

REJOICE, the Saviour reigns,
 Among the sons of men;
 He breaks the pris'ners chains,
 And makes them free again:
 Let hell oppose God's only Son,
 In spite of foes his cause goes on.

The cause of righteousness,
 And truth and holy peace,
 Design'd our world to bless,
 Shall spread and never cease:
 Gentile and Jew, their souls shall bow,
 Allegiance due, with rapture vow.

The baffled prince of hell
 In vain new projects tries,
 Truth's empire to repel
 By cruelty and lies:
 Th' infernal gates shall rage in vain,
 Conquest awaits the Lamb once slain.

He died, but soon arose
 Triumphant o'er the grave;
 And now himself he shows
 Omnipotent to save:
 Let rebels kiss the victor's feet,
 Eternal bliss his subjects meet.

5 All power is in his hand
 His people to defend,
 To his most high command
 Shall millions more attend :
 All heaven with smiles approves his cause,
 And distant isles receive his laws.

6 This little seed from heaven
 Shall soon become a tree ;
 This ever blessed leaven
 Diffus'd abroad must be :
 Till God the Son shall come again,
 It must go on. Amen ! Amen !

PAUSE.

Resurrection 72.

7 Ye who have known his name,
 Subserve his glorious plan ;
 Proclaim to all your race
 The friend of God and man.
 How happy ye who own his sway !
 Ye own'd shall be another day.

8 All hail, incarnate LORD,
 Our souls triumphant cry ;
 Be thy blest name ador'd,
 By all beneath the sky.
 But when we join the hosts above,
 In strains divine we'll sing thy love.

422 (Third Part.) L. M.

Horsley 111. Magdalene 34.

The Fields white for Harvest †.

3 **L**IFT up your joyful eyes, and see
 A plenteous harvest all around,

† The Hymns from the 427th to the 441st. also relate
 to the spread of the Gospel, and the happiness of the Church.

Rip'ning for blifs, and not a grain
Shall ever fall unto the ground :

2 A harvest of immortal souls,
Secur'd by an almighty power;
Nor heat, nor cold, nor storms shall hurt,
Nor ravenous beasts of prey devour.

3 O happy day, when all th' elect
Complete in number shall be found,
And, like their great, their mystic head,
Be with eternal honours crown'd.

422 (Fourth Part.) L.M.

Gloucester 12. Lebanon 77. Islington 40.

*He must Reign; or, the Victories of CHRIST the
Triumph of Christians.*

1 **Y**ES, mighty JESUS! thou shalt reign,
Till all thy haughty foes submit;
Till hell, and all her trembling train
Become like dust beneath thy feet.

2 Then rescued souls shall bless thy power,
Thy arm shall full salvation bring;
Thy saints, in that illustrious hour,
Shall conquer with their conquering King.

3 And when, thro' brilliant gates of gold,
Thou leadst thy chosen to the skies;
May we the shining pomp behold,
And partners of the triumph rise.

4 Then, rang'd thy blazing throne around,
The Saviour's honours we'll proclaim;
While heav'n's transported realms resound
Thy glorious deeds and darling name.

R

ASSOCIATIONS; OR, GENERAL MEETINGS
OF CHURCHES AND MINISTERS*.

423 C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Bath Chapel 26. Miall 240.

*Spiritual Associations registered in Heaven; or, God's
gracious Approbation of active Attempts to revive
Religion, Mal. iii. 16, 17.*

1 **T**HE LORD on mortal worms looks down
From his celestial throne;
And, when the wicked swarm around,
He well discerns his own.

2 He sees the tender hearts that mourn
The scandals of the times,
And join their efforts to oppose
The wide-prevailing crimes.

3 Low to the social band he bows
His still-attentive ear;
And, while his angels sing around,
Delights their voice to hear.

4 The chronicles of Heaven shall keep
Their words in transcript fair,
In the Redeemer's book of life
Their names recorded are.

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

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

* See also Hymns 403—406, 412—422.

424 L. M. B. FRANCIS.

Derby 109. Truro 165. Bramcoate 8.

Ministers abounding in the Work of the LORD.

- 1 **B**EFORE thy throne, eternal King,
 Thy ministers their tribute bring,
 Their tribute of united praise
 For heavenly news and peaceful days.
- 2 We sing the conquests of thy sword,
 And publish loud thy healing word:
 While angels sound thy glorious name,
 Thy saving grace our lips proclaim:
- 3 Thy various service we esteem
 Our sweet employ, our bliss supreme;
 And, while we feel thy heavenly love,
 We burn like Seraphim above.
- 4 Nor seraphs there can ever raise
 With us, an equal song of praise:
 They are the noblest work of God,
 But we, the purchase of his blood.
- 5 Still in thy work would we abound;
 Still prune the vine, or plough the ground;
 Thy sheep with wholesome pasture feed,
 And watch them with unwearied heed.
- 6 Thou art our LORD, our life, our love,
 Our care below, and crown above:
 Thy praise shall be our best employ,
 Thy presence our eternal joy.

425 C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Brightelmstone 208. Condescension 116.

Lovest thou me? feed my Lambs, John xxi. 15.

- 1 **D**O not I love thee, O my LORD?
 Behold my heart and see;

R 2

- And turn each cursed idol out
That dares to rival thee.
- 2 Do not I love thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love:
Dead be my heart to every joy,
When Jesus cannot move.
- 3 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
My Saviour's voice to hear?
- 4 [Hast thou a Lamb in all thy flock,
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe, before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?
- 5 Would not my ardent spirit vie,
With angels round the throne;
To execute thy sacred will,
And make thy glory known?
- 6 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honour of thy name?
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp th' immortal flame?]
- 7 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest LORD,
But, O! I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

426 L. M. BEDDOME.

Ayliffe Street 241. Portugal 97.

Prayer for Ministers.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, bow thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer;
We plead for those who plead for thee,
Successful pleaders may they be!

2 How great their work, how vast their charge!
Do thou their anxious souls enlarge;
Their best acquirements are our gain,
We share the blessings they obtain.

3 Clothe then with energy divine
Their words, and let those words be thine:
To them thy sacred truth reveal,
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

4 Teach them to sow the precious seed,
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed:
Teach them immortal souls to gain—
Souls that will well reward their pain.

5 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound,
In humble strains thy grace implore,
And feel thy new-creating power.

6 Let sinners break their massy chains,
Distressed souls forget their pains;
Let light thro' distant realms be spread,
And Zion rear her drooping head.

27 (First Part.) 8. 7. 4. Altered by DR. RYLAND.
Lewes 63. Painswick 162. Helmsley 223.

Prayer for a Revival.

1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation,
Grant us, LORD, a gracious rain!
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again:

LORD, revive us,
All our help must come from thee!

2 Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high;
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die: LORD, &c.

THE CHURCH.

- 3 Surely, once thy garden flourish'd,
 Every part look'd gay and green;
 Then thy word our spirits nourish'd,
 Happy seasons we have seen! Lord, &c.
- 4 [But a drought has since succeeded,
 And a sad decline we see;
 LORD, thy help is greatly needed,
 Help can only come from thee: Lord, &c.
- 5 Where are those we counted leaders,
 Fill'd with zeal, and love, and truth?
 Old professors, tall as cedars,
 Bright examples to our youth! Lord, &c.
- 6 Some in whom we once delighted,
 We shall meet no more below;
 Some, alas! we fear are blighted,
 Scarce a single leaf they show: Lord, &c.
- 7 Younger plants—the sight how pleasant!—
 Cover'd thick with blossoms stood;
 But they cause us grief at present,
 Frosts have nipp'd them in the bud! Lord, &c.
- 8 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
 Thou canst make them bloom again;
 O! permit them not to wither,
 Let not all our hopes be vain. Lord, &c.]
- 9 Let our mutual love be fervent,
 Make us prevalent in prayers;
 Let each one, esteem'd thy servant,
 Shun the world's bewitching snares: Lord, &c.
- 10 Break the tempter's fatal power,
 Turn the stony heart to flesh;
 And begin from this good hour
 To revive thy work afresh:
 Lord, revive us,
 All our help must come from thee!

427 (Second Part.) L. M.

Gould's 272. Babylon Streams 23.

For a Church in a low condition, Psalm li. 18.

1 O GOD of Zion! from thy throne,
 Look with an eye of pity down;
 Thy church now humbly makes her prayer—
 Thy church the object of thy care.

2 We are a building thou hast rais'd,
 How kind thy hand, that hand be prais'd;
 Yet all to utter ruin falls,
 If thou forsake our tott'ring walls.

3 We call to mind the happier days
 Of life and love, of pray'r and praise,—
 When holy services gave birth
 To joys resembling heaven on earth.

4 But now the ways of Zion mourn,
 Her gates neglected and forlorn:
 Our life and liveliness are fled,
 And many number'd with the dead.

5 We need defence from all our foes,
 We need relief from all our woes;
 If earth and hell should yet assail,—
 Let neither earth nor hell prevail.

6 Near to each other and to thee,
 LORD, bring us all in unity;
 Oh pour thy Spirit from on high,
 And all our num'rous wants supply.

7 Oh shew that in our low-estate,
 No blessing for us is too great;
 We plead thy Son, we plead thy word,
 O Founder, Patron, bounteous LORD!

427 (Third Part) 115.

Geard 156. Broughton 172.

Comfort for the Church in Trouble.

- 1 **O** Zion! afflicted with wave upon wave,
Whom no man can comfort, whom no man
can save;
With darkness surrounded, by terrors dismay'd,
In toiling and rowing thy strength is decay'd.
- 2 Loud roaring the billows now nigh overwhelm,
But skillful's the Pilot who sits at the helm,
His wisdom conducts thee, his pow'r thee defend
In safety and quiet thy warfare he ends.
- 3 "O fearful! O faithless!" in mercy he cries,
"My promise, my truth, are they light in thine eyes
Still, still I am with thee, my promise shall stand,
Through tempest and tossing I'll bring thee to land."
- 4 Forget thee I will not, I cannot, thy name
Engrav'd on my heart doth for ever remain;
The palms of my hands whilst I look on, I see
The wounds I received, when suff'ring for thee.
- 5 I feel at my heart, all thy sighs and thy groans,
For thou art most near me, my flesh and my bones
In all thy distresses thy Head feels the pain,
Yet all are most needful, not one is in vain.
- 6 Then trust me and fear not; thy life is secure;
My wisdom is perfect, supreme is my power;
In love I correct thee, thy soul to refine,
To make thee at length in my likeness to shine.
- 7 The foolish, the fearful, the weak are my care,
The helpless, the hopeless, I hear their sad pray'r;
From all their afflictions, my glory shall spring,
And the deeper their sorrows, the louder they
sing."

428 8. 7. 4.

Trevecca 37. Kentucky 114. Westbury 51.

Longing for the spread of the Gospel.

1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness;
 Look, my soul, be still and gaze;
 All the promises do travail

With a glorious day of grace:

Blessed jubilee,

Let thy glorious morning dawn!

2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,

Let the rude Barbarian see

That divine and glorious conquest,

Once obtain'd on Calvary;

Let the Gospel

Loud resound from pole to pole:

3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,

Grant them, LORD, the glorious light,

And from eastern coast to western,

May the morning chase the night,

And redemption,

Freely purchas'd; win the day.

4 [May the glorious day approaching,

On their grossest darkness dawn,

And the everlasting Gospel

Spread abroad thy holy name;

All the borders

Of the great IMMANUEL's land.]

5 Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel,

Win and conquer, never cease;

May thy lasting wide dominions

Multiply and still increase;

Sway thy sceptre,

Saviour, all the world around.

429 L. M. BEDDOME.

Gloucester 12. Coombs's 45. Bromley 104.

The increase of the Church.

- 1 **S**HOUT, for the blessed JESUS reigns,
Thro' distant lands his triumphs spread;
And sinners, freed from endless pains,
Own him their Saviour and their head.
- 2 His sons and daughters, from afar,
Daily at Sion's gate arrive;
Those who were dead in sin before,
By sovereign grace are made alive.
- 3 Oppressors bow beneath his feet,
O'ercome' by his victorious power;
Princes in humble posture wait,
And proud blasphemers learn t' adore.
- 4 Gentiles and Jews his laws obey,
Nations remote their offerings bring,
And, unconstrain'd, their homage pay
To their exalted God and King.
- 5 O may his conquest still increase,
And every foe his power subdue;
While angels celebrate his praise,
And saints his growing glories shew.
- 6 Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb,
From all below and all above;
In lofty songs exalt his name,
In songs as lasting as his love.

430 148th.

Dartmouth 46. Carter Lane 141.

The Increase of the Messiah's Kingdom.

- 1 **A**LL hail, incarnate God!
The wondrous things foretold:
Of thee in sacred writ
With joy our eyes behold:

Still does thine arm new trophies wear,
And monuments of glory rear.

2 To thee the hoary head
Its silver honours pays,
To thee the blooming youth
Devotes his brightest days:

And every age their tribute bring,
And bow to thee, all-conquering King.

3 O haste, victorious Prince,
That happy glorious day,
When souls, like drops of dew,
Shall own thy gentle sway:

O may it bless our longing eyes,
And bear our shouts beyond the skies.

4 All hail, triumphant LORD,
Eternal be thy reign;
Behold the nations sue

To wear thy gentle chain:
When earth and time are known no more,
Thy throne shall stand for ever sure.

431 148th.

Portsmouth New 144. Grove 125.

The completing of the Spiritual Temple, Zech. iv. 7.

1 SING to the LORD above,
Who deigns on earth to raise
A temple to his love,
A monument of praise:

Ye faints around, thro' all its frame,
Harmonious found the builder's name.

2 Beneath his eye and care
The edifice shall rise
Majestic, strong, and fair,
And shine above the skies:

There shall he place the polish'd stone
Ordain'd the work of grace to crown.

COLLECTIONS FOR POOR CHURCHES AND
POOR BRETHREN.

432. 8. 7. B. FRANCIS.

Jewin Street 222. Northampton Chapel 126.

At a Collection for poor Ministers, or Missionaries.

1 PRAISE the Saviour, all ye nations,
Praise him, all ye hosts above;
Shout, with joyful acclamations,
His divine victorious love:
Be his kingdom now promoted,
Let the earth her Monarch know;
Be my all to him devoted,
To my LORD my all I owe.

2 See how beauteous on the mountains
Are their feet, whose grand design
Is to guide us to the fountains
That o'erflow with bliss divine—
Who proclaim the joyful tidings
Of salvation all around—
Disregard the world's deridings,
And in works of love abound.

3 With my substance I will honour
My Redeemer and my LORD;
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
All were nothing to his word:
While the heralds of salvation
His abounding grace proclaim,
Let his friends of every station
Gladly join to spread his fame.

COLLECTIONS. 433, 434.

433 C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Braintree 25. New York 33.

Relieving CHRIST *in his Members*, Matt. xxv. 40.

1 JESUS, my LORD, how rich thy grace!
Thy bounties how complete!
How shall I count the matchless sum?
How pay the mighty debt?

2 High on a throne of radiant light;
Dost thou exalted shine;

What can my poverty bestow,
When all the worlds are thine?

3 But thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of thy grace;

And wilt confess their humble names
Before thy Father's face:

4 In them thou may'st be cloth'd and fed,
And visited and cheer'd;

And in their accents of distress,
My Saviour's voice is heard.

5 Thy face, with rev'rence and with love,
We in thy poor would see;

O let us rather beg our bread
Than keep it back from thee.

434 L. M.

Lebanon 77. Manning 245. Islington 40.

thine own have we given thee, 1 Chron. xxix. 14.

1 THE LORD, who rules the world's affairs,
For me a well-spread board prepares;
My grateful thanks to him shall rise,
He knows my wants, those wants supplies.

2 And shall I grudge to give his poor
A mite from all my generous store?

No, LORD! the friends of thine and thee,
Shall always find a friend in me.

435, 436.

THE CHURCH.

435 L. M. DR. GIBBONS.

Martin's Lane 67. Horsley 205.

The Beneficence of CHRIST for our Imitation.

- 1 **W**HEN JESUS dwelt in mortal clay,
What were his works from day to day,
But miracles of power and grace,
That spread salvation thro' our race?
- 2 Teach us, O LORD, to keep in view
Thy pattern, and thy steps pursue;
Let alms bestow'd, let kindness done,
Be witness'd by each rolling sun.
- 3 That man may last, but never *lives*,
Who much receives, but nothing gives,
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
Creations blot, creations blank :
- 4 But he, who marks from day to day,
In generous acts his radiant way,
Treads the same path his Saviour trod,
The path to glory and to God.

436 C. M.

Bath Chapel 26: Miall 240. Staughton 264.

Providing Bags that wax not old, Luke xii. 33.

- 1 **Y**ES, there are joys that cannot die,
With God laid up in store;
Treasure, beyond the changing sky,
Brighter than golden ore.
- 2 The feeds which piety and love
Have scatter'd here below,
In the fair, fertile fields above
To ample harvests grow.
- 3 The mite my willing hands can give,
At JESUS' feet I lay:
Grace shall the humble gift receive,
And grace at large repay.

CHURCH MEETINGS.

437 S. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

Wirksworth 158. Eagle Street New 55.
Broderip's 252.*Praise for Conversion, Psalm lxxvi. 16.*

COME, ye that fear the LORD,
And listen while I tell
How narrowly my feet escap'd
The snares of death and hell.

The flattering joys of sense
Assail'd my foolish heart,
While Satan, with malicious skill,
Guided the pois'nous dart.

I fell beneath the stroke,
But fell to rise again;
My anguish rous'd me into life,
And pleasure sprung from pain.

Darkness, and shame, and grief,
Oppress'd my gloomy mind;
I look'd around me for relief,
But no relief could find.

At length, to GOD I cry'd;
He heard my plaintive sigh,
He heard, and instantly he sent
Salvation from on high.

My drooping head he rais'd,
My bleeding wounds he heal'd,
Pardon'd my sins, and with a smile
The gracious pardon seal'd.

O! may I ne'er forget
The mercy of my GOD;
Nor ever want a tongue to spread
His loudest praise abroad.

- 438 C. M.

Bath Chapel 26. Miall 240.

The Conversion of Sinners a Matter for Prayer and Praise.

- 1 **T**HERE'S joy in heaven, and joy on earth,
 When prodigals return,
 To see desponding souls rejoice,
 And haughty sinners mourn.
- 2 "Come saints, and hear what God hath done
 Is a reviving sound:
 O may it spread from sea to sea,
 E'en all the globe around.
- 3 Often, O sovereign Lord, renew
 The wonders of this day;
 That Jesus here may see his seed,
 And Satan lose his prey.
- 4 Great God, the work is all thine own,
 Thine be the praises too,
 Let every heart and every tongue
 Give thee the glory due.

439 C. M. NEWTON.

Brightelmstone 208. Maidstone 196.

Apostacy—Will ye also go away?

- 1 **W**HEN any turn from Zion's way,
 (Alas, what numbers do!)
 Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
 "Wilt thou forsake me too?"
- 2 Ah, Lord! with such a heart as mine,
 Unless thou hold me fast;
 I feel I must, I shall decline,
 And prove like them at last.
- 3 Yet thou alone hast power, I know,
 To save a wretch like me;
 To whom, or whither could I go,
 If I should turn from thee?

Beyond a doubt I rest assur'd
 Thou art the CHRIST of God ;
 Who hast eternal life secur'd
 By promise and by blood.

The help of men and angels join'd
 Could never reach my case ;
 Nor can I hope relief to find,
 But in thy boundless grace.

No voice but thine can give me rest,
 And bid my fears depart ;
 No love but thine can make me bless'd,
 And satisfy my heart.

What anguish has that question stirr'd
 If I will also go ?

Yet, LORD, relying on thy word,
 I humbly answer, No !

440 L. M. STEELE.

Paul's 246. Wareham 117. Gould's 272.

*To whom shall we go but unto thee? or, Life and
 Safety in CHRIST alone, John vi. 67—69.*

THOU only sovereign of my heart,
 My refuge, my almighty friend—
 And can my soul from thee depart,
 On whom alone my hopes depend ?

Whither, ah ! whither shall I go,
 A wretched wanderer from my LORD ?
 Can this dark world of sin and woe
 One glimpse of happiness afford ?

Eternal life thy words impart,
 On these my fainting spirit lives ;
 Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart:
 Than all the round of nature gives.

- 4 Let earth's alluring joys combine,
While thou art near, in vain they call;
One smile, one blisful smile of thine,
My dearest LORD, outweighs them all.
- 5 Thy name my inmost powers adore,
Thou art my life, my joy, my care:
Depart from thee—'tis death—'tis more,
'Tis endless ruin, deep despair.
- 6 Low at thy feet my soul would lie,
Here safety dwells, and peace divine;
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life, eternal life, is thine.

441 L. M. DR. GIBBONS.

Green's Hundred 89. Marks 65.

Prayer for the whole Church.

- 1 **I**N thee, thou all-sufficient GOD,
The springs of happiness arise,
That cheer this howling waste below,
And bless the mansions of the skies.
- 2 We, the productions of thy power,
And pensioners upon thy love,
Look to thy throne with longing eyes,
And wait thy blessings from above.
- 3 Protect the young from every snare,
And let thy staff support the old;
Relieve the poor, nor let the rich
Have all their heritage in gold.
- 4 Let joyful saints still taste thy grace,
Give to the mourners heavenly day,
Sustain the strong, and quick revive
The withering plants from their decay.

B A P T I S M.

442 112th.

Carey's 11. Uffculm 93.

CHRIST *baptized in Jordan.*

IN Jordan's tide the Baptist stands,
 Immersing the repenting Jews;
 The SON of GOD the rite demands,
 Nor dares the holy man refuse:
 Jesus descends beneath the wave,
 The emblem of his future grave.

Wonder, ye heavens! your Maker lies
 In deeps conceal'd from human view;
 Ye saints, behold him sink and rise,
 A fit example thus for you:
 The sacred record, while you read,
 Calls you to imitate the deed.

But lo! from yonder opening skies,
 What beams of dazzling glory spread!
 Dove-like th' Eternal SPIRIT flies,
 And lights on the Redeemer's head;
 Amaz'd they see the power divine
 Around the Saviour's temples shine.

But hark! my soul, hark and adore!
 What sounds are those that roll along,
 Not like loud Sinai's awful roar,
 But soft and sweet as Gabriel's song?
 "This is my well-beloved Son,
 "I see, well-pleas'd what he hath done."

5 Thus the Eternal FATHER spoke,
 Who shakes creation with a nod;
 Thro' parting skies the accents broke,
 And bid us hear the SON of GOD:
 O hear the awful word to-day,
 Hear, all ye nations, and obey!

443 L. M. J STENNETT.

Bramcoate 8. Portugal 97.

A Baptismal Hymn.

- 1 **T**HE great Redeemer we adore,
 Who came the lost to seek and save;
 Went humbly down from Jordan's shore
 To find a tomb beneath its wave!
- 2 " Thus it becomes us to fulfil
 " All righteousness," he meekly said:
 " Why should we then to do his will,
 " Or be ashamed, or be afraid?"
- 3 With thee into thy watery tomb,
 LORD, 'tis our glory to descend;
 'Tis wondrous grace that gives us room,
 To lie interr'd by such a friend.
- 4 Yet as the yielding waves give way,
 To let us see the light again;
 So, on the resurrection day,
 The bands of death prov'd weak and vain.
- 5 Thus when thou shalt again appear,
 The gates of death shall open wide,
 Our dust thy mighty voice shall hear,
 And rise and triumph at thy side.

444 8. 8. 6. NORMAN.

Chatham 59. Broadmead 150.

Thus it becometh us, &c. Matt. iii. 15.

THUS it became the Prince of Grace,
 And thus should all the favour'd race
 High heaven's command fulfil;
 For that the condescending GOD
 Should lead his followers thro' the flood,
 Was heaven's eternal will.

'Tis not as led by custom's voice,
 We make these ways our favour'd choice,
 And thus with zeal pursue:
 No, heaven's eternal sovereign LORD
 Has, in the precepts of his word,
 Enjoin'd us thus to do.

And shall we ever dare despise
 The gracious mandate of the skies,
 Where condescending Heaven,
 To sinful man's apostate race,
 In matchless love and boundless grace,
 His will reveal'd has given?

Thou everlasting gracious King,
 Assist us now thy grace to sing,
 And still direct our way
 To those bright realms of peace and rest,
 Where all th' exulting tribes are blest'd
 With one great choral day.

445 8. 7. FAWCETT.

Welsh 210. Carlisle 95.

Invitation to follow the Lamb.

HUMBLE souls, who seek salvation
 Thro' the Lamb's redeeming blood,
 Hear the voice of Revelation,
 Tread the path that JESUS trod.

- Flee to him your only Saviour,
 In his mighty name confide;
 In the whole of your behaviour,
 Own him as your sovereign guide.
- 2 Hear the blest'd Redeemer call you,
 Listen to his gracious voice;
 Dread no ills that can befall you,
 While you make his ways your choice:
 Jesus says, "Let each believer
 "Be baptized in my name:"
 He himself in Jordan's river
 Was immers'd beneath the stream.
- 3 Plainly here his footsteps tracing,
 Follow him without delay;
 Gladly his command embracing,
 Lo! your captain leads the way:
 View the rite with understanding,
 Jesu's grave before you lies;
 Be interr'd at his commanding,
 After his example rise.

446 C. M.

Charmouth 28. Matthew's 34.

*The Believer constrained by the Love of CHRIST
 to follow him.*

- 1 **D**EAR LORD, and will thy pardoning love
 Embrace a wretch so vile?
 Wilt thou my load of guilt remove,
 And bless me with thy smile?
- 2 Hast thou the cross for me endur'd,
 And all its shame despis'd?
 And shall I be asham'd, O LORD,
 With thee to be baptiz'd.

Didst thou the great example lead,
 In Jordan's swelling flood?
 And shall my pride disdain the deed
 That's worthy of my God?
 Dear LORD, the ardour of thy love
 Reproves my cold delays:
 And now my willing footsteps move
 In thy delightful ways.

447 C. M. DR. RYLAND.

Devizes 14. Otford 106.

Difficulties in the way of Duty surmounted—Hinder me not, Gen. xxiv. 56.*

WHEN Abraham's servants to procure
 A wife for Isaac went,
 He met Rebekah—told his wish,—
 Her parents gave consent.
 Yet for ten days they urg'd the man
 His journey to delay;
 "Hinder me not," he quick reply'd,
 "Since GOD hath crown'd my way."
 'Twas thus I cry'd, when CHRIST the LORD
 My soul to him did wed:
 "Hinder me not," nor friends nor foes,
 "Since GOD my way hath sped."
 "Stay," says the world, "and taste awhile
 "My every pleasant sweet;"
 "Hinder me not," my soul replies,
 "Because the way is great."
 "Stay," Satan my old master cries,
 "Or force shall thee detain;"
 "Hinder me not, I will be gone,
 "My God has broke thy chain."]

* This Hymn may begin at the 6th verse.

- 6 In all my LORD'S appointed ways,
My journey I'll pursue;
Hinder me not, ye much-lov'd faints,
For I must go with you.
- 7 Thro' floods and flames, if JESUS lead,
I'll follow where he goes;
Hinder me not, shall be my cry;
Tho' earth and hell oppose.
- 8 Thro' duty and thro' trials too
I'll go at his command;
Hinder me not, for I am bound
To my IMMANUEL'S land.
- 9 And when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be,
Hinder me not, come welcome death,
I'll gladly go with thee.

448 C. M. J. STENNETT.

Bath Chapel 26. Huddersfield 202.

Immersion.

- 1 **T**HUS was the great Redeemer plung'd
In Jordan's swelling flood,
To shew he must be soon baptiz'd,
In tears, and sweat, and blood.
- 2 Thus was his sacred body laid
Beneath the yielding wave;
Thus was his sacred body rais'd
Out of the liquid grave.
- 3 LORD, we thy precepts would obey,
In thy own footsteps tread,
Would die, be buried, rise with thee,
Our ever-living head.

449 8. 7.

Northampton Chapel 126.

Buried with CHRIST in Baptism, Rom. vi. 4.

JESUS, mighty king in Sion!
 Thou alone our guide shalt be;
 Thy commission we rely on,
 We would follow none but thee:
 As an emblem of thy passion,
 And thy vict'ry o'er the grave,
 We who know thy great salvation
 Are baptiz'd beneath the wave.
 Fearless of the world's despising,
 We the ancient path pursue;
 Buried with our LORD, and rising
 To a life divinely new.

450 L. M. J. STENNETT.

Chard 175. Rochford 22.

A Baptismal Hymn.

SEE how the willing converts trace
 The path their great Redeemer trod;
 And follow thro' his liquid grave
 The meek, the lowly SON of GOD!
 Here they renounce their former deeds,
 And to a heavenly life aspire,
 Their rags for glorious robes exchange'd,
 They shine in clean and bright attire!
 O sacred rite, by thee the name
 Of JESUS we to own begin:
 This is our resurrection pledge,
 Pledge of the pardon of our sin.
 Glory to GOD on high be given
 Who shews his grace to sinful men:
 Let saints on earth, and hosts in heaven,
 In concert join their loud amen.

451 L. M. GREGG.

Altered by B. FRANCIS.

Rippon's 188. Bredby 165. Horsley 205.

Not ashamed of CHRIST.

- 1 **J**ESUS! and shall it ever be
A mortal man ashamed of thee!
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days.
- 2 Ashamed of JESUS! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of JESUS! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright Morning-Star! bid darkness flee.
- 4 Ashamed of JESUS! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush—be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
- 5 Ashamed 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 O may this my glory be,
That CHRIST is not ashamed of me!
- 7 [His institutions would I prize,
Take up my cross—the shame despise;
Dare to defend his noble cause,
And yield obedience to his laws.]

452 L. M.

Bramcoate 8. New Court 173.

The Candidates—they were baptized both Men and Women, Acts viii. 12.

- 1 **G**REAT GOD; we in thy courts appear,
 With humble joy and holy fear,
 Thy wise injunctions to obey;
 Let saints and angels hail the day!
- 2 Great things, O everlasting Son,
 Great things for us thy grace hath done;
 Constrain'd by thy almighty love,
 Our willing feet to meet thee move.
- 3 In thy assembly here we stand,
 Obedient to thy great command;
 The sacred flood is full in view,
 And thy sweet voice invites us thro'.
- 4 The Word, the Spirit, and the Bride,
 Must not invite and be deny'd;
 Was not the LORD, who came to save,
 Interr'd in such a liquid grave?
- 5 Thus we, dear Saviour, own thy name,
 Receive us rising from the stream;
 Then to thy table let us come,
 And dwell in Zion as our home.

453 C. M. BEDDOME.

Bedford 91. Ann's 58.

*Morning before Baptism; or, at the Water Side,
 Psalm cxix. 32.*

- 1 **H**OW great, how solemn is the work
 Which we attend to-day!
 Now for a holy, solemn frame,
 O God, to thee we pray.
- 2 O may we feel, as once we felt,
 When pain'd and griev'd at heart,

- Thy kind, forgiving, melting look,
Reliev'd our every smart.
- 3 Let graces then in exercise
Be exercis'd again;
And, nurtur'd by celestial power,
In exercise remain
- 4 Awake our love, our fear, our hope,
Wake fortitude and joy:
Vain world, be gone; let things above
Our happy thoughts employ.
- 5 Whilst thee our Saviour and our God,
To all around we own;
Drive each rebellious, rival lust,
Each traitor, from the throne.
- 6 Instruct our minds, our wills subdue,
To heaven our passions raise,
That hence our lives, our All, may be
Devoted to thy praise.

454 L. M.

Ayliffe Street 241. Derby 169.

The Administrator.

- 1 "GO teach the nations and baptize,"
Aloud th' ascending JESUS cries:
His glad apostles took the word,
And round the nations preach'd their LORD
- 2 Commission'd thus, by Zion's King,
We to his holy laver bring
These happy converts, who have known
And trusted in his grace alone.
- 3 LORD, in thy house they seek thy face,
O bless them with peculiar grace:
Refresh their souls with love divine,
Let beams of glory round them shine.

SINGLE VERSES ON BAPTISM*.

455—467. L. M.

Old Hundred 100. Portugal 97.

WHATSOEVER to thee, our LORD, belongs
Is always worthy of our songs:
And all thy works, and all thy ways,
Demand our wonder and our praise.

BEDDOME.

Hosanna to the church's head,
Who suffer'd in our room and stead!
He was immers'd in Jordan's flood,
And then immers'd in sweat and blood!

J. STENNETT.

Behold the grave where Jesus lay,
Before he shed his precious blood!
How plain he mark'd the humble way
To sinners thro' the mystic flood!

BEDDOME.

Come, ye redeemed of the LORD,
Come, and obey his sacred word;
He died, and rose again for you;
What more could the Redeemer do?

BEDDOME.

We to this place are come to show
What we to boundless mercy owe:
The Saviour's footsteps to explore,
And tread the path he trod before.

BEDDOME.

Eternal Spirit, heavenly Dove,
On these baptismal waters move;
That we, thro' energy divine,
May have the substance with the sign.

* As it is now pretty common to sing by the water-side, and as some of our brethren in the country give out a verse or two, while they are administering the ordinance, it is hoped these single verses will be acceptable.

All ye that love IMMANUEL'S name,
 And long to feel th' increasing flame,
 'Tis you, ye children of the light!
 The Spirit and the Bride invite.

H. F——.

Ye who your native vileness mourn,
 And to the great Redeemer turn,
 Who see your wretched state by sin,
 "Ye blessed of the LORD, come in."

H. F——.

JESUS, my SAVIOUR and my all,
 Methinks I hear thy gentle call;
 These are the sounds that chide my stay,
 "Arise, my love, and come away."

H. F——.

Amazing grace! and shall I still
 Prove disobedient to thy will?
 Ah! no: dear LORD, the watery tomb
 Belongs to thee, and there I come.

H——.

Apostles trod this holy ground,
 This is the road believers go;
 My JESUS in this way, was found,
 I charge my soul to tread it too.

J. STENNETT.

With lowly minds, and lofty songs,
 Let all admire the Saviour's grace,
 Till the great rising day reveal
 Th' immortal glory of his face.

G——.

TO FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
 We humbly dedicate our powers;
 If with Jehovah's blessings crown'd,
 Immortal happiness is ours.

468 148th.

Bethesda 112. Swithin's 44.

An Address to the Holy Spirit.

1 **D**ESCEND, celestial Dove,
 And make thy presence known;
 Reveal our Saviour's love,
 And seal us for thine own;
 Unblest'd by thee, our works are vain,
 Nor can we e'er acceptance gain.

2 When our incarnate God,
 The sovereign Prince of Light,
 In Jordan's swelling flood
 Receiv'd the holy rite,
 In open view thy form came down,
 And dove-like flew, the King to crown.

3 The day was never known,
 Since time began its race,
 On which such glory shone,
 On which was shewn such grace,
 As that which shed, in Jordan's stream,
 On JESU'S head the heavenly beam.

4 Continue still to shine,
 And fill us with thy fire:
 This ordinance is thine,
 Do thou our souls inspire!
 Thou wilt attend on all thy sons
 "Till time shall end," thy promise runs.

469 C. M. JAMES NEWTON.

Crowle 3. James's 163.

After Baptism, Mark xvi. 16.

1 "PROCLAIM," saith CHRIST, "my wondrous
 "To all the Sons of men; [grace
 "He that believes, and is baptiz'd,
 "Salvation shall obtain." S 4

2 Let plenteous grace descend on *those*,†
 Who, hoping in thy word,
 This day have publicly declar'd
 That JESUS is *their* LORD.

3 With cheerful feet may *they* advance,
 And run the christian race;
 And thro' the troubles of the way
 Find all-sufficient grace.

470 C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Charleston 195. Hammond 226.

A practical Improvement of Baptism, Col. iii.

1 **A**TTEND, ye children of your God;
 Ye heirs of glory, hear;
 For accents, so divine as these,
 Might charm the dullest ear.

2 Baptiz'd into your Saviour's death,
 Your souls to sin must die;
 With CHRIST your LORD ye live anew,
 With CHRIST ascend on high.

3 There by his Father's side he sits,
 Enthron'd divinely fair;
 Yet owns himself your Brother still,
 And your Forerunner there.

4 Rise, from these earthly trifles, rise
 On wings of faith and love;
 Above your choicest treasure lies,
 And be your hearts above.

5 But earth and sin will drag us down,
 When we attempt to fly;
 LORD, send thy strong attractive power
 To raise and fix us high.

† The words of this Hymn which are in Italics may easily be put into the singular number.

471 C. M. BEDDOME.

New York 33. Sprague 166.

reflection of a baptized Believer—He went on his Way rejoicing, Acts viii. 9.

THE holy Eunuch, when baptiz'd,
 Went on his way with joy;
 And who can tell what rapt'rous thoughts
 Did then his mind employ?
 Is that most glorious Saviour mine,
 "Of whom I lately read?
 Who, bearing all my sins and griefs,
 "Was number'd with the dead?
 Is he who, bursting from the grave,
 "Now reigns above the sky,
 My Advocate before the throne,
 "My portion when I die?
 Have I profess'd his holy name?
 "Do I his Gospel bear
 To Ethiopia's scorched lands,
 "And shall I spread it there?
 "Bless'd pool! in which I lately lay,
 "And left my fears behind;
 "What an unworthy wretch am I!
 "And God profusely kind:
 "Bless'd emblem of that precious blood:
 "Which satisfy'd for sin;
 "And of that renovating grace
 "Which makes the conscience clean."

This pattern, LORD, with sacred joy
 Help us to keep in view;
 The same our work, the same, O make
 Our consolation too

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

472 L. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRICS.

Ayliffe Street 241. Bramcoate 8.

A preparatory Thought for the LORD'S Supper, in imitation of Isaiah lxiii. 1—3.

- 1 **W**HAT heavenly Man, or lovely God,
Comes marching downward from the skies
Array'd in garments roll'd in blood,
With joy and pity in his eyes?
- 2 The LORD! the SAVIOUR! Yes, 'tis he,
I know him by the smiles he wears;
Dear glorious MAN that dy'd for me,
Drench'd deep in agonies and tears.
- 3 Lo, he reveals his shining breast;
I own these wounds, and I adore:
Lo, he prepares a royal feast,
Sweet fruit of the sharp pangs he bore.
- 4 Whence flow these favours so divine!
LORD! why so lavish of thy blood?
Why for such earthly souls as mine,
This heavenly wine, this sacred food?
- 5 'Twas his own love that made him bleed,
That nail'd him to the cursed tree;
'Twas his own love this table spread,
For such unworthy guests as we.
- 6 Then let us taste the Saviour's love;
Come, faith, and feed upon the LORD;
With glad consent our lips shall move,
And sweet hosannas crown the board.

473. C. M. STEELE.

Irish 171. Braintree 25.

An Invitation to the Gospel Feast, Luke xiv. 22.

YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast!
Where Mercy spreads her bounteous store,
For every humble guest.

See JESUS stands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come:
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
But see, there yet is room—

Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart,
There love and pity meet,
Nor will he bid the soul depart
That trembles at his feet.

In him the Father reconcil'd
Invites your souls to come;
The rebel shall be call'd a child,
And kindly welcom'd home.

O come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love;
While hope attends the sweet repast.
Of nobler joys above.

There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstasies unknown.

And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come:
Ye longing souls, the grace adore,
Approach, there yet is room.

474, 475. THE LORD'S SUPPER.

474 L. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRICS.
Yarmouth 128. Dresden 178. Rowles 73.

CHRIST dying, rising, and reigning.

- 1 **H**E dies! the friend of sinners dies!
Lo, Salem's daughters weep around!
A solemn darkness veils the skies!
A sudden trembling shakes the ground!
Come! saints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groan'd beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood!
- 2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The LORD of glory dies for men!
But lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus the dead revives again!
The rising GOD forsakes the tomb!
Up to his Father's courts he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies!
- 3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns,
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster, Death, in chains!
Say, "Live for ever, wondrous King,
"Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?
"And where's thy victory, boasting Grave!"

475 C. M. J. STENNETT.
Liverpool 83. Cambridge New 74.

A Sacramental Hymn.

- 1 **J**ESUS! O word divinely sweet!
How charming is the sound!
What joyful news? what heavenly sense
In that dear name is found!

Our souls all guilty, and condemn'd,
 In hopeless fetters lay;
 Our souls, with numerous sins deprav'd,
 To death and hell a prey.

JESUS, to purge away this guilt,
 A willing victim fell,
 And on his cross triumphant broke
 The bands of death and hell.

Our foes were mighty to destroy,
 He mighty was to save,
 He died, but could not long be held
 A prisoner in the grave.

JESUS! who mighty art to save,
 Still push thy conquests on;
 Extend the triumphs of thy cross,
 Where'er the sun has shone.

O Captain of salvation! make
 Thy power and mercy known;
 Till crowds of willing converts come
 And worship at thy throne.

476 L. M. J. STENNETT.

Chard 175. Bramcoate 8.

A Sacramental Hymn.

THUS we commemorate the day,
 On which our dearest LORD was slain;
 Thus we our pious homage pay,
 'Till he appear on earth again.

Come, great Redeemer, open wide
 The curtains of the parting sky;
 On a bright cloud in triumph ride,
 And on the wind's swift pinions fly.

474, 475. THE LORD'S SUPPER.

474 L. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRICS.

Yarmouth 128. Dresden 178. Rowles 73.

CHRIST dying, rising, and reigning.

- 1 **J**ESUS! the friend of sinners dies!
Lo, Salem's daughters weep around!
 A solemn darkness veils the skies!
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground!
 Come! saints, and drop a tear or two
 For him who groan'd beneath your load;
 He shed a thousand drops for you,
 A thousand drops of richer blood!
- 2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
 The LORD of glory dies for men!
 But lo! what sudden joys wee see!
 Jesus the dead revives again!
 'The rising GOD forsakes the tomb!
 Up to his Father's courts he flies;
 Cherubic legions guard him home,
 And shout him welcome to the skies!
- 3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
 How high our great Deliverer reigns,
 Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
 And led the monster, Death, in chains!
 Say, "Live for ever, wondrous King,
 "Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
 Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?
 "And where's thy victory, boasting Grave?"

475 C. M. J. STENNETT.

Liverpool 83. Cambridge New 74.

A Sacramental Hymn.

- 1 **J**ESUS! O word divinely sweet!
 How charming is the sound!
 What joyful news? what heavenly sense
 In that dear name is found!

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

476.

1 Our souls all guilty, and condemn'd,
 In hopeless fetters lay;
 Our souls, with numerous sins deprav'd,
 To death and hell a prey.

2 JESUS, to purge away this guilt,
 A willing victim fell,
 And on his cross triumphant broke
 The bands of death and hell.

3 Our foes were mighty to destroy,
 He mighty was to save,
 He died, but could not long be held
 A prisoner in the grave.

4 JESUS! who mighty art to save,
 Still push thy conquests on;
 Extend the triumphs of thy cross,
 Where'er the sun has shone.

5 O Captain of salvation! make
 Thy power and mercy known;
 Till crowds of willing converts come
 And worship at thy throne.

476 L. M. J. STENNETT.

Chard 175. Bramcoate 8.

A Sacramental Hymn.

1 **T**HUS we commemorate the day,
 On which our dearest LORD was slain;
 Thus we our pious homage pay,
 'Till he appear on earth again.

2 Come, great Redeemer, open wide
 The curtains of the parting sky;
 On a bright cloud in triumph ride,
 And on the wind's swift pinions fly.

477. THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 3 Come, King of Kings, with thy bright train,
Cherubs and seraphs, heavenly hosts;
Assume thy right, enlarge thy reign,
As far as earth extends her coasts.
- 4 Come, LORD, and where thy cross once stood
There plant thy banner, fix thy throne;
Subdue the rebels by thy word,
And claim the nations for thy own.

477 L. M. BEDDOME.

Portugal 97. Ulverston 179. Gould's 272.

4 *Holy Admiration and Joy.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, when faith with fixed eyes
Beholds thy wond'rous sacrifice,
Love rises to an ardent flame,
And we all other hope disclaim.
- 2 With cold affections who can see
The thorns, the scourge, the nails, the tree;
Thy flowing tears, and purple sweat,
Thy bleeding hands, and head, and feet?
- 3 Look, saints, into his opening side,
The breach how large, how deep, how wide!
Thence issues forth a double flood
Of cleansing water, pard'ning blood.
- 4 Hence, O my soul, a balsam flows
To heal thy wounds, and cure thy woes;
Immortal joys come streaming down,
Joys, like his griefs, immense, unknown.
- 5 Thus I could ever, ever sing
The sufferings of my heavenly King;
With growing pleasures spread abroad
The mysteries of a dying God.

478 L. M.

Wareham 117. Green's Hundred 89.

Meditating on the Cross of CHRIST.

COME see on bloody Calvary,
 Suspended on th' accursed tree,
 A harmless suff'rer cover'd o'er
 With shame, and welt'ring in his gore.

Is this the Saviour long foretold
 To usher in the age of gold?
 To make the reign of sorrow cease,
 And bind the jarring world in peace?

'Tis he, 'tis he!—he kindly shrouds
 His glories in a night of clouds,
 That souls might from their ruin rise,
 And heir th' unperishable skies.

See, to their refuge and their rest,
 From all the bonds of guilt releas'd,
 Transgressors to his cross repair,
 And find a full redemption there.

JESUS, what millions of our race
 Have been the triumphs of thy grace!
 And millions more to thee shall fly,
 And on thy sacrifice rely.

That tree, that curse-empoison'd tree,
 Which prov'd a bloody rack to thee,
 Shall in the noblest blessings shoot,
 And fill the nations with its fruit.

The sorrow, shame, and death were Thine,
 And all the stores of wrath divine!
 Ours are the glory, life, and bliss;
 What love can be compar'd to this!

479 L. M. D. TURNER.

Old Hundred 100. Angel's Hymn 60.

*Set him above all Principalities and Powers--Worth
is the Lamb that was slain to receive Glory and
Blessing, Ephes. i. 21. Rev. v. 12.*

1 **N**OW far above the starry skies,
Our JESUS fills his brighter throne,
Invisible to mortal eyes,
But not to humble faith unknown.

2 [The countless hosts that round him stand,
The subjects of his sovereign power,
Fly thro' the world at his command,
Or prostrate at his feet adore.]

3 Satan and all his rebel crew
That rag'd to pull his kingdom down,
Crush'd by his hand, in ruin now
Lie trembling at his awful frown.

4 His name above all creatures great,
He all sustains and all controls!
Yet from his high exalted state
Looks kindly down on humble souls.]

5 Tho' in the glories he possess'd,
Long ere this world, or time, began,
He shines the SON OF GOD confess'd,
Yet owns himself the SON OF MAN.

6 Here once in agonies he died,
Now in the heavens he ever lives;
Of joy *there* pours th' eternal tide.
Here saves the sinner who believes.

7 All hail! thou great IMMANUEL, hail!
Ten thousand blessings on thy name!
While thus thy wondrous love we tell,
Our bosoms feel the sacred flame.

1 Come, quickly come, immortal King!
 On earth thy regal honours raise,
 The full salvation promis'd, bring,
 Then every tongue shall sing thy praise!

480 L. M. DR. WATT'S LYRICS.

Ayliffe Street 241. Redemption 243.

Love on a Cross and a Throne.

1 **N**OW let our faith grow strong, and rise,
 And view our LORD in all his love;
 Look back to hear his dying cries,
 Then mount and see his throne above.

2 See where he languish'd on the cross;
 Beneath our sins he groan'd and died;
 See where he sits to plead our cause,
 By his Almighty Father's side.

3 If we behold his bleeding heart,
 There love in floods of sorrow reigns;
 He triumphs o'er the killing smart,
 And seals our pleasure with his pains.

4 Or if we climb th' eternal hills,
 Where the dear Conq'ror sits enthron'd;
 Still in his heart compassion dwells,
 Near the memorials of his wound.

5 How shall vile pardon'd rebels show
 How much they love their dying God?
 LORD, here we'd banish every foe,
 We hate the sins that cost thy blood.

6 Commerce no more we hold with hell,
 Our dearest lusts shall all depart;
 But let thine image ever dwell,
 Stamp'd as a seal on every heart.

481. L. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

Portugal 97. Rippon's 188.

The Triumphs of the Cross.

- 1 **N**O more, dear Saviour, will I boast
 Of beauty, wealth, or loud applause!
 The world hath all its glories lost,
 Amid the triumphs of thy cross.
- 2 In every feature of thy face,
 Beauty her fairest charms displays;
 Truth, wisdom, majesty, and grace,
 Shine thence in sweetly-mingled rays.
- 3 Thy wealth the power of thought transcends
 'Tis vast, immense, and all divine:
 Thy empire, LORD, o'er worlds extends:
 The sun, the moon, the stars are thine.
- 4 Yet, (O how marvellous the sight!)
 I see thee on a cross expire;
 Thy Godhead veil'd in fable night;
 And angels from the scene retire.
- 5 But why from these sad scenes retreat?
 Why with your wings your faces hide?
 He ne'er appear'd so good, so great,
 As when he bow'd his head and died.
- 6 The indignation of a God
 On him avenging justice hurl'd:
 Beneath the weight he firmly stood,
 And nobly sav'd a falling world.
- 7 Those triumphs of stupendous grace
 Surprise, rejoice, and melt my heart:
 LORD, at thy cross I stand and gaze,
 Nor would I ever thence depart!

482. C. M. Dr. J. STENNETT.

Wantage 204. Burford 198.

A Sacramental Hymn.

LORD, at thy table I behold
The wonders of thy grace;
But most of all admire that I
Should find a welcome place:—

I that am all defil'd with sin,
A rebel to my God;
I that have crucified his Son,
And trampled on his blood.

What strange surprizing grace is this,
That such a soul has room!

My Saviour takes me by the hand,
My JESUS bids me come.

“Eat, O my friends,” the Saviour cries,
“The feast was made for you;

“For you I groan'd, and bled, and died,
“And rose, and triumph'd too.”

With trembling faith, and bleeding hearts,
LORD, we accept thy love:

'Tis a rich banquet we have had,
What will it be above?

Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,
Join all your praising powers;

No theme is like redeeming love,
No Saviour is like ours.

Had I ten thousand hearts, dear LORD,
I'd give them all to thee:

Had I ten thousand tongues, they all
Should join the harmony.

483 C. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

Bangor 231. Workshop 31.

My Flesh is Meat indeed, John vi. 53—55

- 1 **Y**HERE at thy table, LORD, we meet,
To feed on food divine :
 Thy body is the bread we eat,
 Thy precious blood the wine.
- 2 He that prepares this rich repast,
 Himself comes down and dies ;
 And then invites us, thus to feast
 Upon the sacrifice.
- 3 The bitter torments he endur'd
 Upon the shameful cross,
 For us, his welcome guests, procur'd
 These heart-reviving joys.
- 4 His body torn with rudest hands
 Becomes the finest bread :
 And, with the blessing he commands,
 Our noblest hopes are fed.
- 5 His blood, that from each op'ning vein
 In purple torrents ran,
 Hath fill'd this cup with gen'rous wine,
 That cheers both GOD and man.
- 6 Sure there was never love so free,
 Dear Saviour, so divine !
 Well thou may'st claim that heart of me,
 Which owes so much to thine.
- 7 Yes, thou shalt surely have my heart,
 My soul, my strength, my all :
 With life itself I'll freely part,
 My JESUS, at thy call.

484 L. M. BEDDOME.

Portugal 97. Ulverston 179. Gould's 272.

Jesus wept—he died—see how he loved us, John xi. 35.

SO fair a face bedew'd with tears!
What beauty e'en in grief appears!
He wept, he bled, he died for you;
What more, ye faints, could JESUS do?
Enthron'd above, with equal glow
His warm affections downward flow;
In our distress he bears a part,
And feels a sympathetic smart.
Still his companions are the same,
He knows the frailty of our frame:
Our heaviest burdens he sustains,
Shares in our sorrows and our pains.

485 C. M. STEELE.

Wentage 204 Charmouth 28.

The Wonders of Redemption.

AND did the holy and the just,
The Sovereign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty worms might rise?
Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,
His radiant throne on high,
(Surprising mercy! love unknown!)
To suffer, bleed, and die.
He took the dying traitor's place,
And suffer'd in his stead;
For man, (O miracle of grace!)
For man the Saviour bled!
Dear LORD, what heavenly wonders dwell
In thy atoning blood!

486. THE LORD'S SUPPER.

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;
And may I hope *that* love extends
Its sacred power to me?

6 What glad return can I impart
For favours so divine?
O take my all—this worthless heart,
And make it only thine.

486 C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Irish 171. Michael's 119.

Room at the Gospel Feast, Luke xiv. 22.

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

2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life, are given;
Thro' the rich blood that JESUS shed
To raise the soul to heaven.

3 Ye hungry poor, that long have stray'd
In sin's dark mazes, come;
Come, from your most obscure retreats,
And grace shall find you room.

4 Millions of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.

5 Yet is his house and heart so large,
That millions more may come;
Nor could the whole assembled world
O'erfil the spacious room,

THE LORD'S SUPPER. 487, 488.

All things are ready ; come away,
Nor weak excuses frame ;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's name.

487 L. M. STEELE.

Wareham 117. Rochford 22.

Communion with CHRIST at his Table.

TO JESUS, our exalted LORD,
(Dear name, by heaven and earth ador'd !)
Fain would our hearts and voices raise
A cheerful song of sacred praise.

But all the notes which mortals know
Are weak, and languishing, and low ;
Far, far above our humble songs,
The theme demands immortal tongues.

Yet while around his board we meet,
And humbly worship at his feet ;
O let our warm affections move,
In glad returns of grateful love !

Let faith our feeble senses aid,
To see thy wondrous love display'd,
Thy broken flesh, thy bleeding veins,
Thy dreadful agonizing pains.

Let humble penitential woe,
With painful, pleasing anguish, flow ;
And thy forgiving smiles impart
Life, hope, and joy to every heart.

488 C. M. STEELE.

Liverpool 83. Oxford 177.

Praise to the Redeemer.

TO our Redeemer's glorious name
A wake the sacred song !
O may his love (immortal flame !)
Tune every heart and tongue.

489. THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 2 His love, what mortal thought can reach!
What mortal tongue display!
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.
- 3 He left his radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die!—
Was ever love like this?
- 4 Dear LORD, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee;
May every heart with rapture say,
“The Saviour died for me.”
- 5 O may the sweet, the blissful theme
Fill every heart and tongue:
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

489 148th. Dr. S. STENNETT.

Carmarthen New 35. Swithin's 44.

A Song of Praise to CHRIST.

- 1 COME, every pious heart!
That loves the Saviour's name,
Your noblest powers exert
To celebrate his fame:
Tell all above, and all below,
The debt of love to him you owe.
- 2 Such was his zeal for GOD,
And such his love for you,
He nobly undertook
What Gabriel could not do:
His every deed of love and grace
All words exceed, and thoughts surpass.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

490.

He left his starry crown,
 And laid his robes aside:
 On wings of love came down,
 And wept, and bled, and died:
 What he endur'd, O who can tell,
 To save our souls from death and hell:
 From the dark grave he rose,
 The mansion of the dead;
 And thence his mighty foes
 In glorious triumph led:

Up thro' the sky the conqueror rode,
 And reigns on high, the Saviour God.

Prom thence he'll quickly come,
 His chariot will not stay,
 And bear our spirits home
 To realms of endless day:
 There shall we see his lovely face,
 And ever be in his embrace.

JESUS, we ne'er can pay
 The debt we owe thy love:
 Yet tell us how we may
 Our gratitude approve:
 Our hearts, our all, to thee we give;
 The gift, tho' small, thou wilt receive.

490 L. M. PRESIDENT DAVIES.

Portugal 97. Horsley 205. Rowles 73.

Self-Dedication at the Lord's Table.

LORD, am I thine, entirely thine?
 Purchas'd and sav'd by blood divine?
 With full consent thine I would be;
 And own thy sovereign right in me.
 Thee, my new Master now I call,
 And consecrate to thee my all:
 LORD, let me live and die to thee,
 Be thine thro' all eternity.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

MORNING AND EVENING.

491 C. M.

Bedford 91. Foster 96.

A Morning Hymn.

- 1 **T**O thee, let my first offerings rise,
 Whose sun creates the day,
 Swift as his gladdening influence flies,
 And spotless as his ray.
- 2 This day thy favouring hand be nigh!
 So oft vouchsaf'd before!
 Still may it lead, protect, supply!
 And I that hand adore!
- 3 If bliss thy providence impart,
 For which resign'd I pray;
 Give me to feel the grateful heart!
 And without guilt be gay!
- 4 Affliction should thy love attend,
 As vice or folly's cure;
 Patient, to gain that gracious end,
 May I the means endure!
- 5 Be this, and every future day
 Still wiser than the past;
 And, when I all my life survey,
 May grace sustain at last.

492 C. M. D. TURNER.

Braintree 25. Hammond 226.

A Morning Hymn.

- 1 **W**ITH thee, great God, the stores of light
 And stores of darkness, lie:
 Thou form'st the sable robe of night,
 And spread'st it round the sky.

- 2 And when, with welcome slumbers press'd,
We close our weary eyes,
Thy power, unseen, secures our rest,
And makes us joyous rise.
- 3 Numbers, this night, great God, have met—
Their long eternal doom;
And lost the joys of morning light
In death's tremendous gloom.
- 4 Numbers on restless beds still lie,
And still their woes bewail;
While we, by thy kind hand uprais'd,
A thousand pleasures feel.
- 5 To thee, great God, in thankful songs,
Our morning thoughts arise;
Propitious in thy Son, accept
The willing sacrifice.

493 8. 8. 6. W—.

Chatham 59. Broadmead 150.

Morning.

- 1 **L**ORD, I am vile!—what shall I say?
I live to see another day,
O let me live to thee!
A thousand years to hope for this
Should be unutterable bliss;
What must fruition be!
- 2 Eye has not seen, nor ear hath heard,
What Jesus hath for his prepar'd,
Nor can the heart conceive;
Thou hast commanded me, to-day,
To live by faith, and I'd obey;
LORD, help me to believe.

494 S. M. S——.

Sutton 149. Price's 187.

A Morning Hymn.

- 1 **S**EE how the mounting sun:
Pursues his shining way;
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
With every brightening ray.
- 2 Thus would my rising soul
Its heavenly parent sing:
And to its great original
The humble tribute bring.
- 3 Serene I laid me down
Beneath his guardian care;
I slept, and I awoke, and found
My kind preserver near!
- 4 Thus does thine arm support
This weak defenceless frame;
But whence these favours, LORD, to me,
All worthless as I am?
- 5 O! how shall I repay
The bounties of my GOD?
This feeble spirit pants beneath
The pleasing painful load.
- 6 Dear Saviour, to thy cross
I bring my sacrifice;
Ting'd with thy blood, it shall ascend
With fragrance to the skies.
- 7 My life I would anew
Devote, O LORD, to thee;
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.

495 L. M.

Madan's 107. Ulverston 179.

An Evening Hymn.

- 1 GREAT GOD, to thee my evening song
 With humble gratitude I raise;
 O let thy mercy tune my tongue,
 And fill my heart with lively praise.
- 2 My days unclouded, as they pass,
 And every gentle rolling hour,
 Are monuments of wondrous grace,
 And witnesses to thy love and power.
- 3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
 Too oft regardless of thy love,
 Ungrateful, can from thee depart,
 And, fond of trifles, vainly rove.
- 4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
 Of JESUS: his dear name alone
 I plead for pardon, gracious GOD,
 And kind acceptance at thy throne.
- 5 Let this blest hope mine eye-lids close,
 With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
 Safe in thy care may I repose,
 And wake with praises to thy name.

496 L. M. BR. KEN.

Magdalene 214. Ayliffe Street 241.

An Evening Hymn.

- 1 GLORY to thee, my GOD, this night,
 For all the blessings of the light;
 Keep me, O keep me, KING of KINGS,
 Beneath thy own Almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, LORD, for thy dear Son,
 The ill that I this day have done;
 That, with the world, myself, and thee,
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.
- 4 O let my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eye-lids close;
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.
- 5 If in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply:
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.
Praise God, &c.

497 C. M. M——.

Irish 171. Great Milton 212.

An Evening Hymn.

- 1 **N**OW from the altar of our hearts
Let flames of love arise;
Assist us, LORD, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.
- 2 Minutes and mercies multiply'd
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift and free than they.
- 3 New time, new favour, and new joys,
Do a new song require;
Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our hearts' desire.
- 4 LORD of our days, whose hand hath set
New time upon the score;
Thee may we praise for all our time,
When time shall be no more.

THE SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

498 C. M. NEEDHAM.

Michael's 119. Evans's 190.

On the Spring.

- 1 THE icy chains that bound the earth
 Are now dissolv'd and gone :
 Wak'd by the sun, the blooming Spring
 Puts his new livery on.
- 2 Where awful desolation reign'd
 Bless'd plenty rears her head ;
 Exulting with a smile to see
 Her late destroyer fled.
- 3 Teeming with life, th' advancing sun
 Protracts the falling day ;
 Grand light of heaven ! he seems to wish
 To make a longer stay.
- 4 In clouds of gold behold him set,
 Beyond the west he flies :
 Short his is nightly course, and soon
 He gilds the eastern skies.
- 5 My soul, in every scene admire
 The wisdom and the power :
 Behold the God in every plant,
 In every opening flower.
- 6 Yet in his word, the God of grace
 Has wrote his fairer name :
 The wonders of redeeming love
 My noblest songs shall claim.
- 7 With warmest beams, thou God of grace
 Shine on this heart of mine ;
 Turn thou my winter into SPRING,
 And be the glory thine.

499 S. M.

Mansfield 154. Finsbury 155.

The return of the Spring celebrated.

- 1 FROM winter's barren clods,
 From winter's joyless waite,
 The spring in sudden youth appears,
 With blooming beauty grac'd.
- 2 How balmy is the air!
 How warm the solar beams!
 And to refresh the ground, the rains
 Descend in gentle streams.
- 3 Great God, at thy command
 Seasons in order rise:
 Thy power and love in concert reign
 Thro' earth, and seas, and skies.
- 4 With grateful praise we own
 Thy providential hand,
 While grass for kine, and herb and corn
 For men, enrich the land.
- 5 But greater still the gift
 Of thine incarnate Son;
 By him forgiveness, peace, and joy,
 Thro' endless ages run.

500 C. M.

Braintree 25. Foster 96. Salem 139.

The Spring improved.

- 1 BEHOLD! long-wish'd-for spring is come;
 How alter'd is the scene!
 The trees and shrubs are dress'd in bloom,
 The earth array'd in green.
- 2 Where'er we tread, the clust'ring flowers
 Beauteous around us spring:
 The birds, with joint harmonious powers,
 Invite our hearts to sing.

3 But ah! in vain I strive to join,
Opprest with sin and doubt;
I feel 'tis winter still, within,
Tho' all is spring without.

4 O! would my Saviour from on high,
Break thro' these clouds and shine,
No creature then more blest than I,
No song more loud than mine.

5 LORD, let thy word my hopes revive,
And overcome my foes;
O make my languid graces thrive,
And blossom like the rose!

501 C. M. DR. GIBBONS.

Abridge 201. Bangor 231.

On a Year of threatening Drought.

THE spring, great God, at thy command,
Leads forth the smiling year;
Gay verdure, foliage, blooms and flowers,
'T' adorn her reign, appear.

But soon canst thou in righteous wrath
Blast all the promis'd joy,
And elements await thy nod
To bless or to destroy.

The sun, thy minister of love,
That from the naked ground,
Calls forth the hidden seeds to birth,
And spreads their beauties round;

At the dread order of his God
Now darts destructive fires;
Hills, plains, and vales, are parch'd with drought,
And blooming life expires.

1

2

3

499 S. M.

Mansfield 154. Finsbury 155.

The return of the Spring celebrated.

- 1 FROM winter's barren clods,
 From winter's joyless waste,
 The spring in sudden youth appears,
 With blooming beauty grac'd.
- 2 How balmy is the air!
 How warm the solar beams!
 And to refresh the ground, the rains
 Descend in gentle streams.
- 3 Great God, at thy command
 Seasons in order rise:
 Thy power and love in concert reign
 Thro' earth, and seas, and skies.
- 4 With grateful praise we own
 Thy providential hand;
 While grass for kine, and herb and corn
 For men, enrich the land.
- 5 But greater still the gift
 Of thine incarnate Son;
 By him forgiveness, peace, and joy,
 Thro' endless ages run.

500 C. M.

Braintree 25. Foster 96. Salem 139.

The Spring improved.

- 1 BEHOLD! long-wish'd-for spring is come
 How alter'd is the scene!
 The trees and shrubs are dress'd in bloom,
 The earth array'd in green.
- 2 Where'er we tread, the clust'ring flowers
 Beauteous around us spring:
 The birds, with joint harmonious powers,
 Invite our hearts to sing.

But ah! in vain I strive to join,
Opprest with sin and doubt;
I feel 'tis winter still, within,
Tho' all is spring without.

O! would my Saviour from on high,
Break thro' these clouds and shine,
No creature then more blest than I,
No song more loud than mine.

LORD, let thy word my hopes revive,
And overcome my foes;
O make my languid graces thrive,
And blossom like the rose!

501 C. M. DR. GIBBONS.

Abridge 201. Bangor 231.

On a Year of threatening Drought.

THE spring, great God, at thy command,
Leads forth the smiling year;
Gay verdure, foliage, blooms and flowers,
'T' adorn her reign, appear.

But soon canst thou in righteous wrath
Blast all the promis'd joy,
And elements await thy nod
To bless or to destroy.

The sun, thy minister of love,
That from the naked ground,
Calls forth the hidden seeds to birth,
And spreads their beauties round;

At the dread order of his God
Now darts destructive fires;
Hills, plains, and vales, are parch'd with drought,
And blooming life expires.

5 Like burnish'd brass, the heaven around
 In angry terror burns,
 While the earth lies a joyless waste,
 And into iron turns.

6 Pity us, LORD, in our distress,
 Nor with our land contend;
 Bid the avenging skies relent,
 And showers of mercy send!

502 C. M.

Ann's 58. Workshop 31.

On a Year of threatening Rain.

1 **H**OW hast thou, LORD, from year to year
 Our land with plenty crown'd
 And generous fruit and golden grain
 Have spread their riches round.

2 But we thy mercies have abus'd
 To more abounding crimes;
 What heights, what daring heights in sin,
 Mark and disgrace our times!

3 Equal, tho' awful, is the doom,
 That fierce descending rain
 Should into inundations swell,
 And crush the rising grain!

4 How just, that in the autumn's reign,
 When we had hop'd to reap,
 Our fields of sorrow and despair
 Should lie an hideous heap!

5 But, LORD, have mercy on our land,
 Those floods of vengeance stay;
 Dispel these glooms, and let the sun
 Shine in unclouded day!

To thee alone we look for help;
 None else of dew or rain
 Can give the world the smallest drop,
 Or smallest drop restrain.

503 L. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRICS.

Old Hundred 100. Dresden 178.

The God of Thunder.

O THE immense, th' amazing height,
 The boundless grandeur of our God,
 Who treads the worlds beneath his feet,
 And sways the nations with his nod!

He speaks; and lo! all nature shakes,
 Heaven's everlasting pillars bow;
 He rends the clouds with hideous cracks,
 And shoots his fiery arrows thro'

Well, let the nations start and fly
 At the blue lightning's horrid glare,
 Atheists and emperors shrink and die,
 When flame and noise torment the air.

Let noise and flame confound the skies,
 And drown the spacious realms below,
 Yet will we sing the Thunderer's praise,
 And send our loud hosannas thro'.

Celestial King, thy blazing power
 Kindles our hearts to flaming joys,
 We shout to hear thy thunders roar,
 And echo to our Father's voice.

Thus shall the God our Saviour come,
 And lightnings round his chariot play
 Ye lightnings, fly to make his room;
 Ye glorious storms, prepare his way. . . . T 6

5 Like burnish'd brass, the heaven around
 In angry terror burns,
 While the earth lies a joyless waste,
 And into iron turns.

6 Pity us, LORD, in our distress,
 Nor with our land contend;
 Bid the avenging skies relent,
 And showers of mercy send!

502 C. M,

Ann's 58. Workshop 31.

On a Year of threatening Rain.

1 **H**OW hast thou, LORD, from year to year
 Our land with plenty crown'd
 And generous fruit and golden grain
 Have spread their riches round.

2 But we thy mercies have abus'd
 To more abounding crimes;
 What heights, what daring heights in sin,
 Mark and disgrace our times!

3 Equal, tho' awful, is the doom,
 That fierce descending rain
 Should into inundations swell,
 And crush the rising grain!

4 How just, that in the autumn's reign,
 When we had hop'd to reap,
 Our fields of sorrow and despair
 Should lie an hideous heap!

5 But, LORD, have mercy on our land,
 Those floods of vengeance stay;
 Dispel these glooms, and let the sun
 Shine in unclouded day!

To thee alone we look for help;
 None else of dew or rain
 Can give the world the smallest drop,
 Or smallest drop restrain.

503 L. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRICS.

Old Hundred 100. Dresden 178.

The God of Thunder.

O THE immense, th' amazing height,
 The boundless grandeur of our God,
 Who treads the worlds beneath his feet,
 And sways the nations with his nod!

He speaks; and lo! all nature shakes,
 Heaven's everlasting pillars bow;
 He rends the clouds with hideous cracks,
 And shoots his fiery arrows thro'

Well, let the nations start and fly
 At the blue lightning's horrid glare,
 Atheists and emperors shrink and die,
 When flame and noise torment the air.

Let noise and flame confound the skies,
 And drown the spacious realms below,
 Yet will we sing the Thunderer's praise,
 And send our loud hosannas thro'.

Celestial King, thy blazing power
 Kindles our hearts to flaming joys,
 We shout to hear thy thunders roar,
 And echo to our Father's voice.

Thus shall the God our Saviour come,
 And lightnings round his chariot play
 Ye lightnings, fly to make his room;
 Ye glorious storms, prepare his way.

504, 505. TIME OF HARVEST.

504 C. M.

Devizes 14. Evans's. 190.

Summer—an Harvest Hymn.

- 1 **T**O praise the ever-bounteous LORD,
My soul, wake all thy powers:
He calls, and at his voice come forth
The smiling harvest hours.
- 2 His covenant with the earth he keeps;
My tongue, his goodness sing;
Summer and winter knows their time,
His harvest crowns the spring.
- 3 Well-pleas'd the toiling swains behold
The waving yellow crop:
With joy they bear the sheaves away,
And sow again in hope.
- 4 Thus teach me, gracious GOD, to sow
The seeds of righteousness:
Smile on my soul, and with thy beams
The rip'ning harvest bless.
- 5 Then, in the last great harvest, I
Shall reap a glorious crop:
The harvest shall by far exceed
What I have sown in hope.

505 C. M.

Abridge 201. Charmouth 28.

Harvest—or, the accepted Time and Day of Salvation

Prov. x. 5.

- 1 **S**EE how the little toiling ant
Improves the harvest hours;
While summer lasts, thro' all her cells
The choicest stores she pours.
- 2 While life remains, our harvest lasts;
But youth of life's the prime;
Best is this season for our work,
And this th' accepted time.

To-day attend, is Wisdom's voice;
 To-morrow, Folly cries:
 And still to-morrow 'tis, when, oh!
 To-day the sinner dies:

When conscience speaks, its voice regard,
 And seize the tender hour;
 Humbly implore the promis'd grace.
 And GOD will give the power.

506 C. M. STEELE.

Workshop 31. Crowle 3.

Winter.

STERN winter throws his icy chains,
 Encircling nature round;
 How bleak, how comfortless the plains,
 Late with gay verdure crown'd!

The sun withdraws his vital beams,
 And light and warmth depart;
 And drooping, lifeless nature seems
 An emblem of my heart—

My heart, where mental winter reigns
 In night's dark mantle clad,
 Confin'd in cold inactive chains,
 How desolate and sad!

Return, O blissful sun, and bring
 Thy soul-reviving ray;
 This mental winter shall be spring,
 This darkness cheerful day.

O happy state, divine abode,
 Where spring eternal reigns;
 And perfect day, the smile of GOD,
 Fills all the heavenly plains.

6 Great source of light, thy beams display,
 My drooping joys restore,
 And guide me to the seats of day,
 Where winter frowns no more.

507 L. M. NEWTON.

New Sabbath 122. Rothwell 174.

Winter.

- 1 **S**EE, how rude winter's icy hand
 Has stripp'd the trees and seal'd the grove
 But spring shall soon his rage withstand,
 And spread new beauties all around
- 2 My soul a sharper winter mourns,
 Barren and fruitless I remain;
 When will the gentle spring return,
 And bid my graces grow again?
- 3 **J**ESUS, my glorious sun, arise!
 'Tis thine the frozen heart to move;
 O! hush these storms, and clear my skies,
 And let me feel thy vital love!
- 4 **D**EAR LORD, regard my feeble cry,
 I faint and droop till thou appear:
 Wilt thou permit thy plant to die;
 Must it be winter all the year?
- 5 Be still, my soul, and wait his hour,
 With humble prayer and patient faith;
 Till he reveals his gracious power,
 Repose on what his promise saith:
- 6 He, by whose all-commanding word
 Seasons their changing course maintain,
 In every change a pledge affords,
 That none shall seek his face in vain.

NEW YEAR'S DAY. 508, 509.

508 L. M.

Gloucester 12. Coomb's 45.

The Seasons crowned with Goodness, Psalm lxx. 11.

ETERNAL source of every joy!

Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear
To hail thee sovereign of the year.

Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole!
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

The flowery spring, at thy command,
Perfumes the air and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigour shine
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours
Thro' all our coasts redundant stores;
And winters, soften'd by thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.

Seasons, and months, and weeks; and days,
Demand successive songs of praise:
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.

Here in thy house let incense rise,
And circling sabbaths bless our eyes,
Till to those lofty heights we soar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

509 8. 7. ROBINSON.

Jewin Street 222. Welsh 210.

Grateful Recollection—Ebenezer, 1 Sam. vii. 12.

COME, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace,

510. TIMES AND SEASONS

Streams of mercy never ceasing
 Call for songs of loudest praise:
 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above:
 Praise the mount—O fix me on it,
 Mount of GOD'S unchanging love.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
 Hither by thy help I'm come;
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home:
 JESUS fought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God;
 He, to save my soul from danger,
 Interpos'd his precious blood.

3 O! to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
 Let that grace, LORD, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to thee!
 Prone to wander, LORD, I feel it;
 Prone to leave the GOD I love—
 Here's my heart, LORD, take and seal it,
 Seal it from thy courts above.

510 L. M.

New Sabbath 122. Antigua 120.

Help obtained of GOD, ACTS xxvi. 22.

New Year's Day.

1 **G**REAT GOD, we sing that mighty hand,
 By which supported still we stand;
 The opening year thy mercy shews:
 Let mercy crown it till it close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
 Still we are guarded by our GOD;
 By his incessant bounty fed,
 By his unerring counsel led.

With grateful hearts the past we own;
 The future, all to us unknown,
 We to thy guardian care commit,
 And peaceful leave before thy feet.

In scenes exalted or depress'd,
 Be thou our joy, and thou our rest;
 Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
 Ador'd thro' all our changing days.

When death shall interrupt these songs,
 And seal in silence mortal tongues,
 Our Helper, God, in whom we trust,
 In better worlds our souls shall boast.

511. L. M. S— .

Ayliffe Street 241. Langdon 217.

The barren Fig-Tree, Luke xiii. 6—9.

GOD of my life, to thee belong
 The thankful heart, the grateful song;
 Touch'd by thy love, each tuneful chord
 Resounds the goodness of the LORD.

Thou hast preserv'd my fleeting breath,
 And chas'd the gloomy shades of death;
 The venom'd arrows vainly fly,
 When God our great deliverer's nigh.

Yet why, dear LORD, this tender care?
 Why does thy hand so kindly rear
 A useless cumberer of the ground,
 On which no pleasant fruits are found?
 Still may the barren fig-tree stand!
 And, cultivated by thy hand,
 Verdure, and bloom, and fruit afford,
 Meet tribute to its bounteous LORD.

512. TIMES AND SEASONS.

5 So shall thy praise employ my breath
Thro' life, and in the arms of death
My soul the pleasant theme prolong,
Then rise to aid th' angelic song.

512 7s. FAWCETT.

Alcester 213. Bath Abbey 147.

A Birth-Day Hymn, Acts xxvi. 22.

- 1 **I** MY Ebenezer raise
To my kind Redeemer's praise;
With a grateful heart I own,
Hitherto thy help I've known.
- 2 What may be my future lot;
Well I know concerns me not;
This should set my heart at rest,
What thy will ordains is best.
- 3 I my all to thee resign:
Father, let thy will be mine;
May but all thy dealings prove
Fruits of thy paternal love.
- 4 Guard me, Saviour, by thy pow'r,
Guard me in the trying hour:
Let thy unremitted care
Save me from the lurking snare.
- 5 Let my few remaining days
Be directed to thy praise;
So the last, the closing scene,
Shall be tranquil and serene.
- 6 To thy will I leave the rest,
Grant me but this one request,
Both in life and death to prove
Tokens of thy special love.

513 C. M.

New York 33. Miall 240.

A Wedding Hymn.

SINCE Jesus freely did appear
To grace a marriage feast:

O LORD, we ask thy presence here
To make a wedding guest.

Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands;
Their union with thy favour crown,
And bless their nuptial bands.

With gifts of grace their hearts endow,
Of all rich dowries best!

Their substance bless, and peace bestow,
To sweeten all the rest.

In purest love their souls unite;
That they, with christian care,
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking mutual share.

True helpers may they prove indeed,
In prayer, and faith, and hope;
And see with joy a godly feed
To build their household up.

As Isaac and Rebecca give
A pattern chaste and kind;
So may this married couple live,
And die in friendship join'd.

On every soul assembled here,
O make thy face to shine;
Thy goodness more our hearts can cheer,
Than richest food or wine.

514 L. M. NEWTON.

Bramcoate 8. Rowles 73.

A Welcome to Christian Friends—At Meeting.

- 1 **K**INDRED in CHRIST, for his dear sake,
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we together now partake
The joys which only he can give.
- 2 To you and us by grace 'tis given
To know the Saviour's precious name;
And shortly we shall meet in heaven,
Our hope, our way, our end, the same.
- 3 May he, by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above,
Make our communication sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.
- 4 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians see each other thus;
We only wish to speak of him,
Who liv'd, and died, and reigns for us.
- 5 We'll talk of all he did and said,
And suffer'd for us here below;
The path he mark'd for us to tread,
And what he's doing for us now.
- 6 Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore:
And hasten on the glorious day,
When we shall meet to part no more.

515. 7s.

Cookham 36. Hotham 224.

At Parting.

- 1 **F**OR a season call'd to part,
Let us now ourselves commend,
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

JESUS, hear our humble prayer!
 Tender Shepherd of thy sheep!
 Let thy mercy and thy care
 All our souls in safety keep,
 In thy strength may we be strong,
 Sweeten every cross and pain:
 Give us, if we live, ere long
 In thy peace to meet again.
 Then if thou thy help afford,
 Ebenezers shall be rear'd;
 And our souls shall praise the LORD
 Who our poor petitions heard.

516 L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Magdalene 214. Portugal 97.

The Christian Fare-wel, 2 Cor. xiii. 11.

THY presence, everlasting God,
 Wide o'er all nature spreads abroad;
 Thy watchful eyes, which cannot sleep,
 In every place thy children keep.
 While near each other we remain,
 Thou dost our lives and souls sustain;
 When absent, happy if we share
 Thy smiles, thy counsels, and thy care.
 To thee we all our ways commit,
 And seek our comforts near thy feet;
 Still on our souls vouchsafe to shine,
 And guard, and guide us still as thine.
 Give us, in thy beloved house,
 Again to pay our thankful vows;
 Or, if that joy no more be known,
 Give us to meet around thy throne.

517, 518. TIMES AND SEASONS.

517 L. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

Ulverston 179. Lewton 30.

Early Piety, Matt. xii. 20.

- 1 **H**OW soft the words my Saviour speak,
How kind the promises he makes!
A bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor will he quench the smoking flax.
- 2 The humble poor he won't despise,
Nor on the contrite sinner frown:
His ear is open to their cries,
He quickly sends salvation down.
- 3 When piety in early minds,
Like tender buds, begins to shoot,
He guards the plants from threat'ning winds,
And ripens blossom into fruit.
- 4 With humble souls he bears a part
In all the sorrows they endure:
Tender and gracious is his heart,
His promise is for ever sure.
- 5 He sees the struggles that prevail
Between the powers of grace and sin;
He kindly listens while they tell
The bitter pangs they feel within.
- 6 Tho' press'd with fears on every side,
They know not how the strife may end;
Yet he will soon the cause decide,
And judgment unto vict'ry send.

518 C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Salem 139. Foster 96. Evans's 190.

The Encouragement young Persons have to seek CHR
Prov. viii. 17.

- 1 **Y**E hearts, with youthful vigour warm,
In smiling crowds draw near,

And turn from every mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.

2 He, LORD of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you;
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.

3 "The soul that longs to see my face
"Is sure my love to gain;
"And those that early seek my grace
"Shall never seek in vain."

4 What object, LORD, my soul should move,
If once compar'd with thee?
What beauty should command my love,
Like what in CHRIST I see?

5 Away, ye false delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind!
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
For here true bliss I find.

519 C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Great Milton 212. Sprague 166.

Seek first the Kingdom of God, Matt. vi. 33.

1 **N**OW let a true ambition rise,
And ardour fire our breasts;
To reign in worlds above the skies,
In heavenly glories drest.

2 Behold Jehovah's royal hand
A radiant crown display,
Whose gems with vivid lustre shine,
While stars and suns decay.

3 Away each groveling anxious care,
Beneath a christian's aim;
We spring to seize immortal joys,
In our Redeemer's name.

- 4 Ye hearts with youthful vigour warm,
The glorious prize pursue;
Nor fear the want of earthly good,
While heaven is kept in view.

520 L. M. DR. WATTS'S SERMONS.

Green's Hundred 89. Ulverston 179.

A lovely Youth falling short of Heaven, Mark x. 17.

- 1 **M**UST all the charms of nature then,
So hopeless to salvation prove?
Can hell command, can heaven condemn,
The man whom Jesus deigns to love?—
- 2 The man who sought the ways of truth,
Paid friends and neighbours all their due;
A modest, sober, lovely youth,
Who thought he wanted nothing now?
- 3 But mark the change: thus spake the Lord,
"Come part with earth for heaven to-day!"
The youth, astonish'd at the word,
In silent sadness went his way.
- 4 Poor virtues, that he boasted so,
This test unable to endure,
Let CHRIST, and grace and glory go
To make his land and money sure.
- 5 Ah, foolish choice of treasures here!
Ah, fatal love of tempting gold!
Must this base world be bought so dear,
And life and heaven so cheaply sold?
- 6 In vain the charms of nature shine,
If this vile passion governs me;
Transform my soul, O love divine!
And make me part with all for thee.

521 S. M. FAWCETT.

Eagle Street New 55. Harborough 142.

How shall a young Man cleanse his Way? Ps. cxix. 9.

WITH humble heart and tongue,
 My God, to thee I pray;
 O make me learn, whilst I am young,
 How I may cleanse my way.

Now in my early days,
 Teach me thy will to know;
 O God, thy sanctifying grace
 Betimes on me bestow.

Make an unguarded youth
 The object of thy care;
 Help me to choose the way of truth,
 And fly from every snare,

My heart to folly prone,
 Renew by power divine;
 Unite it to thyself alone,
 And make me wholly thine.

O let the word of grace
 My warmest thoughts employ;
 Be this thro' all my following days,
 My treasure and my joy,

To what thy laws impart
 Be my whole soul inclin'd;
 O let them dwell within my heart,
 And sanctify my mind.

May thy young servant learn
 By these to cleanse his way;
 And may I here the path discern
 That leads to endless day.

522 S. 8. 6. D. BRADBERRY'S altered,
 FOR A SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Broadmead 150. Chatham 59.

The Importance of educating Youth.

CONGREGATION.

1 **N**OW let our hearts conspire to raise
 A cheerful anthem to his praise
 Who reigns enthron'd above :
 Let music, sweet as incense, rise
 With grateful odours to the skies,
 The work of joy and love.

CHILDREN.

2 Teach us to bow before thy face ;
 Nor let our hearts forget thy grace,
 Or slight thy providence ;
 When lost in ignorance we lay,
 To vice and death an easy prey,
 Thy goodness snatch'd us thence.

CONGREGATION.

3 O what a num'rous race we see,
 In ignorance and misery,
 Unprincipled, untaught !
 Shall they *continue* still to lie
 In ignorance and misery ?
 We cannot bear the thought.

CHILDREN.

4 Give, LORD, each liberal soul to prove
 The joys of thine exhaustless love ;
 And while thy praise we sing,
 May we the sacred scriptures know,
 And like the blessed JESUS grow,
 That earth and heaven may ring.

CONGREGATION.

We feel a sympathizing heart ;
 LORD, 'tis a pleasure to impart ;

To thee thine own we give :
 Hear thou our cry, and pitying see,
 O let these children live to thee,
 O let these children live.

523 C. M. J. STRAPHAN

Sunday School.

Bath Chapel 26. Crowle 3,

BLEST is the man whose heart expands
 At melting pity's call,
 And the rich blessings of whose hands
 Like heavenly manna fall.

2 Mercy descending from above,
 In softest accents pleads ;
 O ! may each tender bosom move
 When mercy intercedes.

3 Be ours the bliss in wisdom's way
 To guide untutor'd youth,
 And lead the mind that went astray
 To virtue and to truth.

4 Children our kind protection claim,
 And God will well approve,
 When infants learn to lip his name,
 And their Creator love.

5 Delightful work ! young souls to win,
 And turn the rising race
 From the deceitful paths of sin,
 To seek redeeming grace.

6 Almighty God ! thy influence shed
 To aid this good design :
 The honours of thy name be spread,
 And all the glory thine.

524 C. M.

Bangor 231. Wantage 204.

Old Age approaching; or, Man frail and mortal.

- 1 **E**TERNAL God, enthron'd on high!
Whom angel-hosts adore;
Who yet to suppliant dust art nigh;
Thy presence I implore.
- 2 O guide me down the steep of age,
And keep my passions cool:
Teach me to scan the sacred page,
And practise every rule.
- 3 My flying years time urges on,
What's human must decay;
My friends, my young companions gone,
Can I expect to stay?
- 4 Can I exemption plead, when death
Projects his awful dart?
Can med'cines then prolong my breath,
Or virtue shield my heart?
- 5 Ah! no—then smooth the mortal hour,
On thee my hope depends:
Support me with almighty power,
While dust to dust descends.
- 6 Then shall my soul, O gracious God
(While angels join the lay,
Admitted to the bless'd abode,
Its endless anthems pay.—
- 7 Thro' heaven, howe'er remote the bound,
Thy matchless love proclaim,
And join the choir of saints that sound
Their great Redeemer's name.

FAST AND THANKSGIVING DAYS.

525 C. M.

Carolina 13. Windsor 247.

For a Public Fast.

1 SEE, gracious GOD, before thy throne
 Thy mourning people bend!
 'Tis on thy sovereign grace alone
 Our humble hopes depend.

2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand
 Thy dreadful power display;
 Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
 And still we live to pray,

3 Great GOD, and why is Britain spar'd,
 Ungrateful as we are!
 O make thy awful warnings heard,
 While mercy cries, "Forbear."

4 What num'rous crimes increasing rise,
 Thro' this apostate isle!
 What land so favour'd of the skies,
 And yet what land so vile!

5 How chang'd, alas! are truths divine
 For error, guilt, and shame!
 What impious numbers, bold in sin,
 Disgrace the christian name!

6 Regardless of thy smile or frown,
 Their pleasures they require;
 And sink with gay indifference down
 To everlasting fire.

7 O turn us, turn us, mighty LORD,
 By thy resistless grace;
 Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
 And humbly seek thy face.

8 Then should insulting foes invade,
 We shall not sink in fear;
 Secure of never-failing aid,
 If God, our God is near.

526 C. M. S ———.

Abridge 201. Charmouth 28.

A Hymn for a Fast-day, Gen. xviii. 23—33.

- 1 **W**HEN Abram, full of sacred awe,
 Before Jehovah stood,
 And, with humble fervent prayer,
 For guilty Sodom sued;
- 2 With what success, what wondrous grace,
 Was his petition crown'd!
 The LORD would spare, if in the place
 Ten righteous men were found.
- 3 And could a single holy soul
 So rich a boon obtain?
 Great God, and shall a nation cry,
 And plead with thee in vain?
- 4 Britain, all guilty as she is,
 Her numerous saints can boast,
 And now their fervent prayers ascend,
 And can those prayers be lost?
- 5 Are not the righteous dear to thee,
 Now as in ancient times?
 Or does this sinful land exceed
 Gomorrah in its crimes?
- 6 Still are we thine, we bear thy name,
 Here yet is thine abode;
 Long has thy presence bless'd our land;
 Forfake us not, O God.

527 L. M. STERLE.

Wareham 117. Portugal 97.

On a Day of Prayer for Success in War.

1 LORD, how shall wretched sinners dare
 Look up to thy divine abode?
 Or offer their imperfect prayer,
 Before a just, a holy God?

2 Bright terrors guard thy awful seat,
 And dazzling glories veil thy face;
 Yet mercy calls us to thy feet,
 Thy throne is still a throne of grace.

3 O may our souls thy grace adore,
 May Jesus plead our humble claim,
 While thy protection we implore,
 In his prevailing, glorious name.

4 With all the boasted pomp of war
 In vain we dare the hostile field;
 In vain, unless the LORD be there;
 Thy arm alone is Britain's shield.

5 Let past ^{our} experience of thy care
 Support our hope, our trust ^{invite}!
 Again attend our humble prayer!
 Again be mercy thy delight!

6 Our arms succeed, our councils guide,
 Let thy right hand our cause maintain;
 Till war's destructive rage subside,
 And peace resume her gentle reign.

7 O when shall time the period bring
 When raging war shall waste no more;
 When peace shall stretch her balmy wing
 From Europe's coast to India's shore? U 4

3 When shall the Gospel's healing ray
 (Kind source of amity divine)
 Spread o'er the world celestial day?
 When shall the nations, LORD, be thine?

528 L. M. PRESIDENT DAVIES.

Paul's 246. Dresden 178.

*National Judgments deprecated, and National Mercy
 pleaded for, Amos iii. 1—6.*

- 1 **W**HILE o'er our guilty land, O LORD,
 We view the terrors of thy sword;
 Oh! whither shall the helpless fly;
 To whom but thee direct their cry?
- 2 The helpless sinner's cries and tears
 Are grown familiar to thine ears;
 Oft has thy mercy sent relief,
 When all was fear and hopeless grief.
- 3 On thee, our guardian God, we call,
 Before thy throne of grace we fall;
 And is there no deliverance there,
 And must we perish in despair?
- 4 See, we repent, we weep, we mourn,
 To our forsaken GOD we turn;
 Spare our guilty country, spare
 The church which thou hast planted here.
- 5 We plead thy grace, indulgent God:
 We plead thy Son's atoning blood;
 We plead thy gracious promises,
 And are they unavailing pleas?
- 6 These pleas; presented at thy throne,
 Have brought ten thousand blessings down
 On guilty lands in helpless woe;
 Let them prevail to save us too.

529 C. M.

Cambridge New 74: Irish 171.

Thanksgiving for Victory over our Enemies.

TO thee, who reign'st supreme above,
 And reign'st supreme below,
 Thou God of wisdom, power, and love,
 We our successes owe.

The thundering horse, the martial band,
 Without thine aid were vain;
 And victory flies at thy command:
 To crown the bright campaign.

Thy mighty arm unseen was nigh,
 When we our foes assail'd;
 'Tis thou hast rais'd our honours high,
 And o'er their hosts prevail'd.

Their mounds, their camps, their lofty towers
 Into our hands are given,
 Not from desert or strength of ours,
 But thro' the grace of heaven.

What tho' no columns lifted high
 Stand deep inscrib'd with praise,
 Yet founding honours to the sky
 Our grateful tongues shall raise.

To our young race will we proclaim:
 The mercies God has shown;
 That they may learn to bless his name,
 And choose him for their own.

Thus, while we sleep in silent dust,
 When threatening dangers come,
 Their fathers' God shall be their trust,
 Their refuge, and their home.

530 L. M. BEDDOME.

Derby 169. Portugal 97.

Peace prayed for.

- 1 **O**N Britain, long a favour'd isle,
 Now o'erwhelm'd with guilt and shame,
 Deign, mighty GOD, once more to smile;
 The same thy power, thy grace the same.
- 2 Let peace descend with balmy wing,
 And all its blessings round her shed;
 Her liberties be well secur'd,
 And commerce lift its fainting head:
- 3 Let the loud cannon cease to roar,
 The warlike trump no longer sound;
 The din of arms be heard no more,
 Nor human blood pollute the ground.
- 4 Let hostile troops drop from their hands
 The useless sword, the glittering spear;
 And join in friendship's sacred bands,
 Nor one dissentient voice be there.
- 5 Thus save, O LORD, a sinking land;
 Millions of tongues shall then adore,
 Resound the honours of thy name,
 And spread thy praise from shore to shore.

531 L. M.

Wareham 117. Redemption 243. Old Hundred 100

Praise for national Peace, Psalm xlv. 9.

- 1 **G**REAT Ruler of the earth and skies,
 A word of thy almighty breath
 Can sink the world, or bid it rise;
 Thy smile is life, thy frown is death.
- 2 When angry nations rush to arms,
 And rage, and noise, and tumult reign,

And war resounds its dire alarms,
 And slaughter spreads the hostile plains;
 Thy sovereign eye looks calmly down,
 And marks their course, and bounds their pow'r:
 Thy word the angry nations own,
 And noise and war are heard no more.

Then peace returns with balmy wing,
 (Sweet peace, with her what blessings fled!)
 Glad plenty laughs, the vallies sing,
 Reviving commerce lifts her head.

Thou good, and wise, and righteous LORD,
 All move subservient to thy will;
 And peace and war await thy word,
 And thy sublime decrees fulfil.

To thee we pay our grateful songs,
 Thy kind protection still implore;
 O may our hearts, and lives, and tongues,
 Confess thy goodness, and adore.

532 L. M.

Horsley 205. Bramcoate 8.

*Thanksgiving for national Deliverance, and Improve-
 ment of it, Luke i. 74, 75.*

PRAISE to the LORD, who bows his ear.
 Propitious to his people's prayer,
 And, tho' deliverance long delay,
 Answers in his well-chosen day.

Salvation doth to GOD belong;
 His power and grace shall be our song;
 The tribute of our love we bring
 To thee, our Saviour, and our king!
 Our temples, guarded from the flame,
 Shall echo thy triumphant name;
 And every peaceful private home
 To thee a temple shall become.

- 4 Still be it our supreme delight
 To walk as in thy honour'd sight ;
 Hence in thy precepts and thy fear,
 'Till life's last hour to persevere.

533 L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Wells 102. Redemption 243.

Delivering Goodness acknowledged, 2 Cor. i. 10.

A Song for the 5th of November.

- 1 **P**RAISE to the LORD, whose mighty hand
 So oft reveal'd hath sav'd our land ;
 And, when united nations rose,
 Hath sham'd and scourg'd our haughtiest foes.
- 2 When mighty navies from afar
 To Britain wafted floating' war,
 His breath dispers'd them all with ease
 And sunk their terrors in the seas* :
- 3 While for our princes they prepare
 In caverns deep a burning snare ;
 He shot from heaven a piercing ray,
 And the dark treachery brought to day †.
- 4 Princes and priests again combine
 New chains to forge, new snares to twine ;
 Again our gracious God appears,
 And breaks their chains, and cuts their snares.
- 5 Obedient winds at his command
 Convey his hero ‡ to our land ;
 The sons of Rome with terror view,
 And speed their flight when none pursue.
- 6 Such great deliverance God hath wrought,
 And down to us salvation brought ;
 And still the care of guardian-heaven
 Secures the bliss itself hath given.

* Spanish Armada, 1588. † Gunpowder Plot,
 ‡ King William 1688.

In thee we trust, almighty LORD,
 Continu'd rescue to afford:
 Still be thy powerful arm made bare,
 For all thy servants' hopes are there.

534 L. M. STEELE.

Ayliffe Street 241; Langdon 217.

For the 5th of November.

TO thee, almighty GOD, we bring
 The humble tribute of our songs;
 O teach our thankful hearts to sing,
 Or praise will languish on our tongues.
 While Britain (favour'd of the skies)
 Recalls the wonders GOD hath wrought;
 Let grateful joy adoring rise,
 And warm to rapture every thought.
 When Hell and Rome combin'd their power,
 And doom'd these isles their certain prey,
 Thy hand forbade the fatal hour,
 Their impious plots in ruin lay.
 Again our restless cruel foes
 Resum'd, avow'd their black design;
 Again to save us GOD arose,
 And Britain own'd the hand divine:
 Why, gracious GOD, is Britain fav'd?
 Why bless'd with liberty and light?
 Nor by fell tyranny enslav'd,
 Nor lost in superstition's night?
 Not for our sake, we conscious own;
 A wretched, vile, ungrateful race:
 'Tis done to make thy glory known,
 To shew the wonders of thy grace.

- 7 The wonders of thy grace complete;
 Reform this wretched, guilty land!
 Let thankful love, beneath thy feet,
 Confess thy kind, thy guardian hand!
- 8 Let every age adore thy name,
 While nature's circling wheels shall roll,
 Thy mercies every tongue proclaim,
 And sound thy praise from pole to pole.

535 L. M.

New Court 173. Truro 105.

Deliverances, Numbers xxiii. 23.

- 1 **W**HAT hath God wrought! might Israel's
 When Jordan roll'd its tide away,
 And gave a passage to their bands,
 Safely to march across its sands.
- 2 What hath God wrought! might well be said,
 When Jesus, rising from the dead,
 Scatter'd the shades of Pagan night,
 And bless'd the nations with his light.
- 3 What hath God wrought! let Britain see,
 Freed from the plagues of Popery,
 Its tenfold night, its iron chains,
 Its galling yoke, its cruel pains.
- 4 What hath God wrought! in glad surprise,
 Shall sound thro' all the earth and skies,
 When, like a mill-stone in the main,
 Proud Rome shall sink, nor rise again.
- 5 What hath God wrought! O blissful theme!
 Are we redeem'd and call'd by him?
 Shall we be led the desert thro'—
 And safe arrive at glory too?

6 The news shall every harp employ,
 Fill every tongue with rapturous joy;
 When shall we join the heavenly throng
 To swell the triumph and the song!

536 8. 8. 6.

Chatham 59. Broadmead 150.

*Prayer for his Majesty King GEORGE, and the
 Royal Family.*

1 **L**ORD, thou hast bid thy people pray
 For all that bear the sovereign sway,
 And thy vicegerents reign,
 Rulers, and governors, and powers:
 And, lo! we humbly pray for ours;
 Nor can we pray in vain.

2 **J**ESUS, thy chosen servant guard,
 And every threatening danger ward.
 From his anointed head:
 Bid all his griefs and troubles cease;
 Thro' paths of righteousness and peace,
 Our King, propitious lead.

3 **C**over his enemies with shame,
 Defeat their proud malicious aim,
 And make their councils vain;
 Preserve him, Providence divine,
 And let the long illustrious line
 To latest ages reign.

4 **U**pon him shower thy blessings down,
 Crown him with grace, with glory crown,
 And everlasting joys;
 While wealth, prosperity, and peace,
 Our nation and our churches bless,
 And praise **THE GLOBE** employs.

SICKNESS AND RECOVERY.

537 C. M. STEELE.

Charmouth 28. Ludlow 84.

Desiring the presence of God in affliction:

1. **T**HOU only centre of my rest,
Look down with pitying eye,
While with protracted pain oppress
I breathe the plaintive sigh.
2. Thy gracious presence, O my God,
My every wish contains;
With this, beneath affliction's load,
My heart no more complains.
3. This can my every care controul,
Gild each dark scene with light ;
This is the sunshine of the soul,
Without it all is night.
4. My LORD, my life, O cheer my heart
With thy reviving ray,
And bid these mournful shades depart,
And bring the dawn of day !
5. O happy scenes of pure delight !
Where thy full beams impart
Unclouded beauty to the sight,
And rapture to the heart.
6. Her part in those fair realms of bliss,
My spirit longs to know ;
My wishes terminate in this,
Nor can they rest below.
7. LORD, shall the breathings of my heart
Aspire in vain to thee ?
Confirm my hope, that, where thou art,
I shall for ever be.

Then shall my cheerful spirit sing
 The darksome hours away,
 And rise on faith's expanded wing
 To everlasting day.

538 C. M. DR. WATTS.

Abridge 201. David's 186.

Complaint and Hope under great Pain

L ORD, I am pain'd; but I resign
 My body, to thy will;
 'Tis grace, 'tis wisdom all divine,
 Appoints the pains I feel.

Dark are thy ways of providence,
 While they who love thee groan:
 Thy reasons lie conceal'd from sense,
 Mysterious and unknown.

Yet nature may have leave to speak,
 And plead before her God,
 Lest the o'erburden'd heart should break
 Beneath thine heavy rod.

These mournful groans and flowing tears
 Give my poor spirit ease;
 While every groan my Father hears,
 And every tear he sees.

[How shall I glorify my God,
 In bonds of grief confin'd?
 Damp'd is my vigour while this clod
 Hangs heavy on my mind.]

Is not some smiling hour at hand
 With peace upon its wings?
 Give it, O God, thy swift command,
 With all the joys it brings.

539 C. M. LEECH.

Windsor 247. London 180.

For a Time of general Sicknefs.

- 1 **D**EATH, with his dread commission seal
Now hastens to his arms;
In awful state he takes the field,
And sounds his dire alarms.
- 2 Attendant plagues around him stand,
And wait his dread command;
And pains and dying groans obey
The signal of his hand.
- 3 With cruel force he scatters round
His shafts of deadly power;
While the grave waits its destin'd prey,
Impatient to devour.
- 4 Look up, ye heirs of endless joy,
Nor let your fears prevail;
Eternal life is your reward,
When life on earth shall fail.
- 5 What tho' his darts, promiscuous hur'd,
Deal fatal plagues around;
And heaps of putrid carcases
O'erload the cumber'd ground;
- 6 The arrows that shall wound your flesh,
Were given him from above,
Dipt in the great Redeemer's blood,
And feather'd all with love.
- 7 These with a gentle hand he throws,
And faints lie gasping too;
But heavenly strength supports their souls,
And bears them conquerors thro'.
- 8 Joyful they stretch their wings abroad,
And all in triumph rise.

To the fair palace of their God,
And mansions in the skies

540 (First Part.) S. M. BEDDOME.

Harborough 142. Stoke 207.

Submission under Affliction.

DOST thou my profit seek,
And chasten as a friend?
O God, I'll kiss the smarting rod,
There's honey at the end.
Dost thou thro' death's dark vale
Conduct to heaven at last?
The future good will make amends
For all the evil past.
LORD, I would not repine
At strokes in mercy sent;
If the chastisement comes in love,
My soul shall be content.

540 (Second Part.) 8s. S. PEARCE.

Limefield 94. New Jerusalem 230.

For a Sick Chamber.

Written when deprived by Sickness of attending
Public Worship.

THE fabric of nature is fair,
But fairer the temple of grace;
To saints 'tis the joy of the earth,
The most glorious and beautiful place.
To this temple I once did resort,
With crouds of the people of God;
Enraptur'd we enter'd his courts,
And hail'd the Redeemer's abode.
The Father of mercies we prais'd,
And prostrated low at his throne;
The Saviour we lov'd and ador'd,
Who lov'd us and made us his own.

- 4 Full oft to the message of peace,
To sinners address'd from the sky;
We listen'd—extolling that grace,
Which set us—once rebels on high.
- 5 Faith clave to the crucified Lamb,
Hope, smiling, exalted its head,
Love warm'd at the Saviour's dear name,
And vow'd to observe what he said.
- 6 What pleasure appear'd in the looks
Of the brethren and sisters around,
With transport all seem'd to reflect
On the blessings in JESUS they'd found.
- 7 Sweet moments, if aught upon earth
Resembles the joy of the skies;
It is when the hearts of the flock
Conjoin'd to their Shepherd arise.
- 8 But ah! these sweet moments are fled,
Pale sickness compels me to stay;
Where no voice of the turtle is heard,
As the moments are hastening away.
- 9 My God! thou art holy and good,
Thy plans are all righteous and wise;
O help me submissive to wait,
Till thou biddest thy servant arise.—
- 10 If to follow thee here in thy courts,
May it be with all ardour and zeal,—
With success and increasing' delight,
Performing the whole of thy will.
- 11 Or should'st thou in bondage detain,
To visit thy temples no more,
Prepare me for mansions above,
Where nothing exists to deplore!
- 12 Where JESUS, the Sun of the place,
Refulgent incessantly shines,

Eternally blessing his faints,
 And pouring delight on their minds.
 There—there are no prisons to hold
 The captive from tasting delight;
 There—there the day never is clos'd,
 With shadows, or darkness, or night:
 There myriads and myriads shall meet,
 In our Saviour's high praises to join;
 While transported we fall at his feet,
 And extol his redemption divine.
 Enough then—my heart shall no more
 Of its present bereavements complain;
 Since e'er long I to heav'n shall soar,
 And ceaseless enjoyments obtain.

541 (First Part) 8. 7. 4. S. PEARCE.
 Lewes 63. Helmfiley 223. Painswick 162.

Sweet Affliction.—A Song in a Storm,

IN the floods of tribulation,
 While the billows o'er me roll,
 JESUS whispers consolation
 And supports my fainting soul,
 Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
 Hallelujah, Praise the LORD.
 Thus, the lion yields me honey,
 From the eater food is given,
 Strengthen'd thus I still press forward,
 Singing as I wade to heaven,—
 Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
 And my sins are all forgiv'n.
 Mid the gloom the vivid lightnings
 With encreasing brightness play,
 Mid the thorn-brake beauteous flow'rets,
 Look more beautiful and gay:
 Hallelujah, &c.

542. TIME AND ETERNITY.

6 There, while the nations of the blest'd
With raptures bow around,
My anthems to delivering grace
In sweeter strains shall found.

542 (Second Part.) S. M.

Harborough 142. Stoke 207.

*The Benefit of sanctified Affliction; or, God
bringing his People into the Covenant under the
Rod, Ezek. xx. 37.*

1 **H**OW gracious, and how wise
Is our chastising God!
And O! how rich the blessings are
Which blossom from his rod!

2 He lifts it up on high
With pity in his heart,
That every stroke his children feel
May grace and peace impart.

3 Instructed thus they bow,
And own his sov'reign sway;
They turn their erring footsteps back
To his forsaken way.

4 His cov'nant love they seek,
And seek the happy bands
That closer still engage their hearts
To honour his commands.

5 Dear Father, we consent
To discipline divine;
And bless the pain, that make our souls
Still more completely thine.

6 Supported by thy love,
We tend to realms of peace;
Where every pain shall far remove,
And every frailty cease.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

543 L. M. STEELE.

Kingsbridge 88. Ulverstone 179.

The Shortness of Time and Frailty of Man. Ps. xxxix.

1 **A**LMIGHTY Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days!
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to thy praise.

2 My days are shorter than a span;
A little point my life appears;
How frail, at best, is dying man!
How vain are all his hopes and fears!

3 Vain his ambition, noise, and show!
Vain are the cares which rack his mind!
He heaps up treasures mix'd with woe,
And dies, and leaves them all behind.

4 Oh, be a nobler portion mine!
My God! I bow before thy throne;
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
And fix my hope on thee alone.

544 L. M. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

Paul's 246. Babylon Streams 23.

The Wisdom of redeeming Time. Eph. v. 15, 16.

1 **G**OD of Eternity, from thee
Did infant Time his being draw;—
Moments, and days, and months, and years,
Revolve by thine unvaried law.

2 Silent and slow they glide away:
Steady and strong the current flows;
Lost in eternity's wide sea—
The boundless gulph from whence it rose.

- 3 With it the thoughtless sons of men
 Before the rapid streams are borne
 On to that everlasting home,
 Whence not one soul can e'er return.
- 4 Yet, while the shore on either side
 Presents a gaudy flattering show,
 We gaze, in fond amusement lost,
 Nor think to what a world we go.
- 5 Great Source of Wisdom ! teach my heart
 To know the price of every hour ;
 That time may bear me on to joys
 Beyond its measure, and its power.

545 7^s. Dr. RYLAND.

Stoel 164. Cookham 36.

*The Saint happy in being entirely at the Disposal
 his GOD.—My Times are in thy hand. Psalm
 xxxi. 15 ; xxxiv. 1.*

- 1 **S**OVEREIGN Ruler of the Skies!
 Ever gracious, ever wise !
 All my times are in thy hand,—
 All events at thy command.
- 2 His decree, who form'd the earth,
 Fix'd my first and second birth :
 Parents, native place, and time,—
 All appointed were by him.
- 3 He that form'd me in the womb,
 He shall guide me to the tomb :
 All my times shall ever be
 Order'd by his wise decree.
- 4 Times of sickness, times of health,
 Times of penury and wealth ;
 Times of trial and of grief ;
 Times of triumph and relief ;

5 Times the tempter's power to prove;
 Times to taste a Saviour's love:
 All must come, and last, and end,
 As shall please my heavenly Friend.

6 Plagues and deaths around me fly;
 Till he bids, I cannot die:
 Not a single shaft can hit
 Till the God of love sees fit,

7 O thou Gracious, Wise, and Just,
 In thy hands my life I trust:
 Have I somewhat dearer still?—
 I resign it to thy will.

8 May I always own thy hand—
 Still to the surrender stand;
 Know that thou art God alone,
 I and mine are all thy own.

9 Thee, at all times, will I bless:
 Having thee, I all possess:
 How can I bereaved be,
 Since I cannot part with thee?

546 C. M. STEELE.

Workshop 31. Crowle 3.

Time and Eternity; or, longing after unseen Pleasures. 2 Cor. iv. 18.

1 **H**OW long shall earth's alluring toys
 Detain our hearts and eyes,
 Regardless of immortal joys,
 And strangers to the skies?

2 These transient scenes will soon decay:
 They fade upon the sight;
 And quickly will their brightest day
 Be lost in endless night.

- 3 Their brightest day, alas, how vain!
 With conscious sighs we own;
 While clouds of sorrow, care, and pain,
 O'ershade the smiling noon.
- 4 Oh, could our thoughts and wishes fly
 Above these gloomy shades,
 To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
 Which sorrow ne'er invades!
- 5 There joys, unseen by mortal eyes
 Or reason's feeble ray,
 In ever-blooming prospects rise,
 Unconscious of decay.
- 6 LORD! send a beam of light divine
 To guide our upward aim!
 With one reviving touch of thine
 Our languid hearts inflame.
- 7 Then shall, on faith's sublimest wings,
 Our ardent wishes rise
 To those bright scenes, where pleasures spring
 Immortal in the skies.

547 S. M. Dr. S. STENNETT.

Gosport 53. Henley 38.

Divine Mercies in constant Succession. Lam. iii. 22, 23.

- 1 **H**OW various and how new
 Are thy compassions, LORD!
 Each morning shall thy mercies shew,—
 Each night thy truth record.
- 2 Thy goodness, like the sun,
 Dawn'd on our early days,
 Ere infant reason had begun
 To form our lips to praise.

Each object we beheld
 Gave pleasure to our eyes;
 And nature all our senses held
 In bands of sweet surprize.
 But pleasures more refin'd
 Awaited that bless'd day
 When light arose upon our mind,
 And chas'd our sins away,
 How new thy mercies, then!
 How sovereign and how free!
 Our souls, that had been dead in sin,
 Were made alive to thee.

P A U S E .

Now we expect a day
 Still brighter far than this,
 When death shall bear our souls away
 To realms of light and blifs.
 'There rapt'rous scenes of joy
 Shall burst upon our sight;
 And every pain, and tear, and sigh,
 Be drown'd in endless light.
 Beneath thy balmy wing,
 O Sun of Righteousness!
 Our happy souls shall sit and sing
 The wonders of thy grace.
 Nor shall that radiant day,
 So joyfully begun,
 In evening shadows die away,
 Beneath the setting sun.
 How various and how new
 Are thy compassions, LORD!
 Eternity thy love shall shew,
 And all thy truth record.

548 L. M.

Wareham 117. Horsley 205.

Eternity joyful and tremendous.

- 1 **E**TERNITY is just at hand!
 And shall I waste my ebbing sand,
 And careless view departing day,
 And throw my inch of time away?
- 2 Eternity!—tremendous sound!
 To guilty souls a dreadful wound!
 But Oh! if CHRIST and heaven be mine,
 How sweet the accents! how divine!
- 3 Be this my chief, my only care,
 My high pursuit, my ardent prayer;—
 An interest in the Saviour's blood—
 My pardon seal'd, and peace with God.
- 4 But should my brightest hopes be vain!
 The rising doubt, how sharp its pain!
 My fears, O gracious God! remove;—
 Speak me an object of thy love.
- 5 Search, LORD! Oh search my inmost heart,
 And light, and hope, and joy impart;
 From guilt and error set me free,
 And guide me safe to heav'n and thee.

549 8, 8, 6.

Chatham 59.

A Prayer for Seriousness in Prospect of Eternity.

- 1 **T**HOU God of glorious majesty!
 To thee,—against myself,—to thee,
 A sinful worm, I cry,
 An half-awaken'd child of man,
 An heir of endless bliss or pain,
 A sinner born to die.

Lo ! on a narrow neck of land,
 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand ;
 Yet how insensible !
 A point of time, a moment's space,
 Removes me to yon heavenly place,
 Or—shuts me up in hell !

O God ! my inmost soul convert,
 And deeply on my thoughtful heart
 Eternal things imprels ;
 Give me to feel their solemn weight,
 And save me ere it be too late ;—
 Wake me to righteousness.

Before me place, in bright array,
 The pomp of that tremendous day,
 When thou with clouds shalt come
 To judge the nations at thy bar ;
 And tell me, LORD, shall I be there
 To meet a joyful doom !

Be this my one great bus'ness here,—
 With holy trembling, holy fear,—
 To make my calling sure !
 Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
 And suffer all thy righteous will,
 And to the end endure !

Then, Saviour ! then my soul receive,
 Transported from this vale, to live
 And reign with thee above ;
 Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
 And hope, in full supreme delight
 And everlasting love.

DEATH.

550 (First Part.) C. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRICS,
Canterbury 199, London 180.

Death and Eternity.

- 1 **M**Y thoughts, that often mount the skies,
Go, search the world beneath,
Where nature all in ruin lies,
And owns her sovereign—death.
- 2 The tyrant, how he triumphs here! *
His trophies spread around!
And heaps of dust and bones appear
Through all the hollow ground.
- 3 These skulls, what ghastly figures now!
How loathsome to the eyes!
These are the heads we lately knew,
So beauteous and so wise.
- 4 But where the souls,—those deathless things,
That left their dying clay?
My thoughts, now stretch out all your wings,
And trace eternity.
- 5 Oh, that unfathomable sea!—
Those deeps, without a shore,
Where living waters gently play,
Or fiery billows roar!
- 6 There we shall swim in heavenly bliss,
Or sink in flaming waves;
While the pale carcase breathless lies
Among the silent graves.
- 7 “ Prepare us, LORD, for thy right hand!
“ Then come the joyful day;

* Bunhill Fields.

“ Come, death, and some celestial band,
 “ To bear our souls away.”

550 (Second Part.) 7, 6:

Culmstock 6.

Pleasing Anticipation of Death and Glory.

A H! I shall soon be dying;
 A Time swiftly glides away;
 But, on my LORD relying,
 I hail the happy day—

The day when I must enter
 Upon a world unknown;
 My helpless soul I venture
 On JESUS CHRIST alone.

He once, a spotless victim,
 Upon Mount Calv'ry bled!
 JEHOVAH did afflict him,
 And bruise him in my stead.

Hence all my hope arises,
 Unworthy as I am:
 My soul most surely prizes
 The sin-atoning Lamb.

To him, by grace, united,
 I joy in him alone;
 And now, by faith, delighted,
 Behold him on his throne.

There he is interceding
 For all who on him rest:
 The grace, from him proceeding,
 Shall waft me to his breast.

Then with the saints in glory
 The grateful song I'll raise,
 And chaunt my blissful story
 In high seraphic lays.

8 Free grace, redeeming merit,
 And sanctifying love,
 Of FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT,
 Shall charm the courts above.

550 (Third Part.) C. M.

Grove House 143

The safe and happy Exit.

- 1 **L**ORD, must I die? Oh, let me die
 Trusting in thee alone!—
 My *living* testimony giv'n,
 Then leave my *dying* one!
- 2 If I must die,—Oh, let me die
 In peace with all mankind;
 And change these fleeting joys below
 For pleasures all refin'd.
- 3 If I must die—as die I must—
 Let some kind seraph come
 And bear me on his friendly wing
 To my celestial home!
- 4 Of Canaan's land, from Pisgah's top,
 May I but have a view!
 Though Jordan should o'erflow its banks,
 I'll boldly venture through.

551 (First Part.) 148th. TOPLADY'S COLL.

Eagle Street 16. Clapham 18.

The Midnight Cry. Matt. xxv. 6.

- 1 **Y**E virgin souls, arise!
 With all the dead awake;
 Unto salvation wise,
 Oil in your vessels take:
 Upstarting at the midnight cry,
 Behold your heavenly bridegroom nigh.

2 He comes, he comes, to call
 The nations to the bar,
 And take to glory all
 Who meet for glory are:
 Make ready for your free reward;
 Go forth with joy to meet your LORD—

3 Go, meet him in the sky,
 Your everlasting friend:
 Your head to glorify,
 With all his saints ascend:
 Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace
 To see, without a veil, his face.

4 Ye,—that have here receiv'd
 The unction from above,
 And in his Spirit liv'd,
 And thirsted for his love;
 JESUS shall claim you for his bride;
 Rejoice with all the sanctified.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope
 Of that great day unknown,
 When you shall be caught up
 To stand before his throne;—
 Call'd to partake the marriage feast,
 And lean on our IMMANUEL's breast.

6 The everlasting doors
 Shall soon the saints receive,
 Above those angel powers
 In glorious joy to live;
 Far from a world of grief and sin,
 With GOD eternally shut in.

7 Then let us wait to hear
 The trumpet's welcome sound:—
 To see our LORD appear,
 May we be watching found
 Enrob'd in righteousness divine,
 In which the Bride shall ever shine. 258 X

551 . (Second Part.) L. M.

Old Hundred 100. Wareham 117.

Prayer for Deliverance from the Fear of Death.

- 1 **O** GOD of Love! with cheering ray
Gild my expiring streak of day;
Thy love, through each revolving year,
Has wip'd away affliction's tear.
- 2 Free me from death's terrific gloom,
And all the guilt which shrouds the tomb;
Heighten my joys, support my head,
Before I sink among the dead.
- 3 May death conclude my toils and tears!
May death destroy my sins and fears!
May death, through JESUS, be my friend!
May death be life when life shall end!
- 4 Crown my *last* moment with thy pow'r—
The *latest* in my latest hour;
Then to the raptur'd heights I soar,
Where fears and death are known no more.

552 . C. M.

Windsor 247. Charmouth 28,

Victory over Death through CHRIST. 1 Cor. xv. 57.

- 1 **W**HEN death appears before my fight,
In all his dire array,
Unequal to the dreadful fight,
My courage dies away.
- 2 But see my glorious leader nigh!
My LORD,—my Saviour—lives;
Before him death's pale terrors fly,
And my faint heart revives.
- 3 He left his dazzling throne above;
He met the tyrant's dart;
And (Oh, amazing power of love!)
Receiv'd it in his heart.

4 No more, O grim destroyer! boast
 Thy universal sway ;
 To heaven-born souls thy sting is lost ;—
 Thy night, the gates of day.

5 LORD, I commit my soul to thee !
 Accept the sacred trust ;
 Receive this nobler part of me,
 And watch my sleeping dust,

6 Till that illustrious morning come,
 When all thy saints shall rise,
 And, cloth'd in full immortal bloom,
 Attend thee to the skies:

7 When thy triumphant armies sing
 The honours of thy name,
 And heaven's eternal arches ring
 With glory to the Lamb :

8 Oh, let me join the raptur'd lays!
 And with the blissful throng
 Resound salvation, power, and praise,
 In everlasting song.

553 C. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRICS.

Newbury 132. Carolina 13.

The welcome Messenger.

L ORD, when we see a faint of thine
 Lie gasping out his breath,
 With longing eyes, and looks divine,
 Smiling and pleas'd in death ;
 How we could e'en contend to lay
 Our limb upons that bed !
 We ask thine envoy, to convey
 Our spirits in his stead.
 Our souls are rising on the wing
 To venture in his place ;

For, when grim Death has lost his sting,
He has an angel's face.

4 JESUS! then purge my crimes away,
'Tis guilt creates my fears;
'Tis guilt gives death his fierce array,
And all the arms he bears.

5 Oh! if my threat'ning sins were gone,
And death had lost his sting,
I could invite the angel on,
And chide his lazy wing.

6 Away these interposing days,
And let the lovers meet;
The angel has a cold embrace,
But kind, and soft, and sweet.

7 I'd leap at once my seventy years,
I'd rush into his arms,
And lose my breath, and all my cares
Amid those heavenly charms.

8 Joyful I'd lay this body down,
And leave this lifeless clay,
Without a sigh, without a groan,
And stretch, and soar away.

554 L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Portugal 97. Bramcoate 8.

Desiring to depart, and to be with CHRIST.
Phil. i. 23.

1 **W**HILE on the verge of life I stand,
And view the scene on either hand,
My spirit struggles with my clay,
And longs to wing its flight away.

2 Where JESUS dwells my soul would be;
And faints my much-lov'd LORD to see;

Earth, twine no more about my heart !
For 'tis far better to depart.

Come, ye angelic envoys! come,
And lead the willing pilgrims home!
Ye know the way to JESUS' throne,—
Source of my joys, and of your own.

That blissful interview, how sweet!
To fall transported at his feet!
Rais'd in his arms to view his face,
Thro' the full beamings of his grace!

As with a seraph's voice to sing!
To fly as on a cherub's wing!
Performing, with unwearied hands,
The present Saviour's high commands.

Yet, with these prospects full in sight,
We'll wait thy signal for the flight;
For, while thy service we pursue,
We find a heaven in all we do,

555 C. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRICS.

James's 163. Elim 151.

*The Presence of God, worth dying for; or, the Death
of Moses, Deut. xxxi. 49, 50; xxxiv. 5.*

LORD, 'tis an infinite delight,
To see thy lovely face,
To dwell whole ages in thy sight,
And feel thy vital rays.

This Gabriel knows, and sings thy name,
With rapture on his tongue;
Moses the saint enjoys the same,
And heaven repeats the song.

While the bright nation sounds thy praise
From each eternal hill;
Sweet odours of exhaling grace
The happy region fill.

- 4 Thy love,—a sea without a shore,—
Spreads life and joy abroad ;
Oh, 'tis a heaven worth dying for,
'To see a smiling God !
- 5 Sweet was the journey to the sky,
The wond'rous prophet tried ;
“Climb up the mount,” says God, “and die,”
The prophet climb'd—and died.
- 6 Softly his fainting head he lay
Upon his Maker's breast ;
His Maker kiss'd his soul away,
And laid his flesh to rest.
- 7 Shew me thy face, and I'll away
From all inferior things ;
Speak, LORD ! and here I quit my clay,
And stretch my airy wings.

556 L. M. Dr. S. STENNETT.

Exeter 4. Stillman 66.

*Children dying in their Infancy in the Arms of
Jesus. Matt. xix. 14.*

- 1 **T**HY life I read, my dearest LORD !
With transport all divine ;
Thine image trace in every word,—
Thy love in every line.
- 2 Methinks I see a thousand charms
Spread o'er thy lovely face,
While infants in thy tender arms
Receive the smiling grace.
- 3 “I take these little lambs,” said he,
“And lay them in my breast ;
“Protection they shall find in me,—
“In me be ever blest.

" Death may the bands of life unloose,
 " But can't dissolve my love :
 " Millions of infant-souls compose
 " The family above.
 " Their feeble frames my pow'r shall raise,
 " And mould with heavenly skill :
 " I'll give them tongues to sing my praise,
 " And hands to do my will."

His words the happy parents hear,
 And shout, with joys divine,
 Dear SAVIOUR, all we have and are
 Shall be for ever thine.

557 C. M. STEELE.

Canterbury 199. Carolina 13.

At the Funeral of a Young Person:

WHEN blooming youth is snatch'd away
 By death's resistless hand,
 Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
 Which pity must demand.
 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
 Oh, may this truth; impress
 With awful power,—“ I too must die!”
 Sink deep in every breast.
 Let this vain world engage no more :
 Behold the gaping tomb !
 It bids us seize the present hour :
 To-morrow death may come.
 The voice of this alarming scene
 May every heart obey ;
 Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
 Which calls to watch and pray.

- 5 Oh, let us fly.—to JESUS fly,
 Whose powerful arm can save ;
 Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
 And triumph o'er the grave.
- 6 Great God ! thy sovereign grace impart,
 With cleansing, healing power ;
 This only can prepare the heart
 For death's surprizing hour.

558 C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Bath Chapel 26. Crowle 3.

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

- 1 **Y**E mourning faints, whose streaming tears
 Flow o'er your children dead,
 Say not, in transports of despair,
 That all your hopes are fled.
- 2 While cleaving to that darling dust,
 In fond distress ye lie,
 Rise, and with joy and reverence view
 A heavenly Parent nigh.
- 3 Tho', your young branches torn away,
 Like wither'd trunks ye stand !
 With fairer verdure shall ye bloom,
 Touch'd by th' Almighty's hand.
- 4 " I'll give the mourner," saith the LORD,
 " In my own house a place ;
 " No names of daughters and of sons
 " Could yield so high a grace.
- 5 " Transient and vain is every hope
 " A rising race can give ;
 " In endless honour and delight
 " My children all shall live."

We welcome, LORD, those rising tears,
Thro' which thy face we see,
And blest those wounds, which thro' our hearts
Prepare a way for thee.

559 L. M. FAWCETT.

Angel's Hymn 60. Dresden 178.

The Death of the Sinner and the Saint.

WHAT Scenes of horror and of dread
Await the Sinner's dying bed!
Death's terrors all appear in sight,
Presages of eternal night.

His sins in dreadful order rise,
And fill his soul with sad surprize:
Mount Sinai's thunder stuns his ears,
And not one ray of hope appears.

Tormenting pangs distract his breast;
Where'er he turns, he finds no rest:
Death strikes the blow, he groans and cries,
And, in despair and horror, dies.

Not so, the heir of heav'nly bliss;—
His soul is fill'd with conscious peace;
A steady faith subdues his fear!
He sees the happy Canaan near.

His mind is tranquil and serene;
No terrors in his looks are seen;
His Saviour's smile dispels the gloom,
And smooths his passage to the tomb.

LORD! make my faith and love sincere,
My judgment sound my conscience clear:
And, when the toils of life are past,
May I be found in peace at last.

560 104th.

Hanover 130. Old Hundred and Fourth 148.

On the death of a Believer.

- 1 **T**IS finish'd, 'tis done!..the spirit is fled,
 Our brother is gone, the christian is dead;
 The Christian is living in JESUS's love,
 And gladly receiving a kingdom above.
- 2 All honour and praise are JESUS's due!—
 Supported by grace, he fought his way thro':
 Triumphantly glorious, thro' JESUS's zeal,
 And more than victorious o'er sin, death, and hell.]
- 3 * Then let us record the conquering name,
 Our Captain and LORD with shoutings proclaim:
 Who trust in his passion, and follow their head,
 To certain salvation shall surely be led.
- 4 O JESUS, lead on thy militant care,
 And give us the crown of righteousness there,
 Where dazzled with glory, the seraphim gaze,
 Or prostrate adore thee in silence of praise.
- 5 Within us display thy love, when we die,
 And bear us away to mansions high:
 The kingdom be given of glory divine,
 And crown us in heaven eternally thine.

561 S. M. TOPLADY'S COLLECTION.

Broderip's 252. Ryland 48.

Preparation for Death. Matt. xxiv. 45.

- 1 **P**REPARE me, gracious GOD!
 To stand before thy face!
 Thy Spirit must the work perform,
 For it is all of grace.

* If the three last verses of this hymn be sung alone,
 then begin verse the third thus—

“ Now let us record the conquering name.”

2 In CHRIST'S obedience clothe,
And wash me in his blood:
So shall I lift my head with joy,
Among the sons of GOD.

3 Do thou my sins subdue,
Thy sov'reign love make known;
The spirit of my mind renew,
And save me in thy Son.

4 Let me attest thy power,
Let me thy goodness prove,
'Till my full soul can hold no more
Of everlasting love.

562 C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Carolina 13. Workop 31.

Departed Saints asleep. Mark v. 39. 1. Theff. iv. 13.

1 "WHY flow these torrents of distress?"
(The gentle Saviour cries;)

"Why are my sleeping faints survey'd
" With unbelieving eyes?"

2 "Death's feeble arm shall never boast
" A friend of CHRIST is slain,
" Nor o'er their meaner part in dust
" A lasting power retain.

3 "I come, on wings of love,—I come
" The slumb'ers to awake;
" My voice shall reach the deepest tomb,
" And all its bonds shall break.

4 "Touch'd by my hand, in smiles they rise,—
" They rise, to sleep no more;
" But, rob'd with light and crown'd with joy,
" To endless day they soar.

5 JESUS! our faith receives thy word;
And, tho' fond nature weep,

Grace learns to hail the pious dead,
And emulate their sleep.

6 Our willing souls thy summons wait,
With them to rest and praise;
So let thy much-lov'd presence cheer
These separating days.

563 C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Abridge 201. Charmouth 28.

Submission under bereaving Providences. Psa. xlv. 10.

1 **P**EACE!—'tis the LORD Jehovah's hand
That blasts our joys in death;
Changes the visage once so dear,
And gathers back the breath.

2 'Tis he,—the potentate supreme
Of all the worlds above,—
Whose steady counsels wisely rule,
Nor from their purpose move.

3 'Tis he, whose justice might demand
Our souls a sacrifice;
Yet scatters, with unwearied hand,
A thousand rich supplies.

4 Our covenant GOD and Father he
In CHRIST our bleeding LORD;
Whose grace can heal the bursting heart
With one reviving word.

5 Fair garlands of immortal bliss
He weaves for ev'ry brow:
And shall rebellious passions rise,
When he corrects us now?

6 Silent, we own Jehovah's name,
We kiss the scourging hand;
And yield our comforts and our life
To thy supreme command.

564 L. M. Ulverston 179. FAWCETT 184.

Satisfaction in GOD under the Loss of dear Friends.

1 THE GOD of Love will sure indulge
 The flowing tear, the heaving sigh,
 When righteous persons fall around,—
 When tender friends and kindred die.

2 Yet not one anxious murm'ring thought
 Should with our mourning passions blend;
 Nor would our bleeding hearts forget
 Th' almighty ever-living friend.

3 Beneath a num'rous train of ills,
 Our feeble flesh and heart may fail;
 Yet shall our hope in thee, our GOD,
 O'er ev'ry gloomy fear prevail.

4 Parent and husband, guard and guide,—
 Thou art each tender name in one:
 On thee we cast our ev'ry care,
 And comfort seek from thee alone.

5 Our Father GOD, to thee we look,
 Our rock, our portion, and our friend,
 And on thy covenant-love and truth
 Our sinking souls shall still depend.

565 C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Windsor 247. Elenborough 170.

Death and Judgment appointed for all. Heb. ix. 27.

1 HEAVEN has confirm'd the great decree,
 That Adam's race must die:
 One general ruin sweeps them down,
 And low in dust they lie.

2 Ye living men, the tomb survey
 Where you must quickly dwell
 Hark! how the awful summons sounds
 In ev'ry funeral knell. 264

- 3 Once you must die ; and once for all
The solemn purport weigh ;
For know, that heav'n or hell attend
On that important day.
- 4 Those eyes, so long in darkness veil'd,
Must wake the Judge to see ;
And ev'ry word and ev'ry thought
Must pass his scrutiny.
- 5 Oh, may I, in the Judge, behold
My Saviour and my Friend !
And, far beyond the reach of death,
With all his faints ascend.

566 C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.
Ann's 58. Charmouth 28.

Comfort under the Loss of Ministers.

- 1 **N**OW let our drooping hearts revive,
And all our tears be dry :
Why should those eyes be drown'd in grief,
Which view a Saviour nigh ?
- 2 What tho' the arm of conqu'ring death
Does God's own house invade ;
What tho' the prophet and the priest
Be number'd with the dead ?
- 3 Tho' earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged and the young ;
The watchful eye in darkness clos'd,
And mute th' instructive tongue ;
- 4 Th' eternal shepherd still survives
New comfort to impart ;
His eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.

5 "Lo I am with you," saith the LORD,
 "My church shall safe abide;
 "For I will ne'er forsake my own,
 "Whose souls in me confide."

6 Thro' every scene of life and death,
 This promise is our trust;
 And this shall be our children's song,
 When we are cold in dust.

567 8. 7. 4.

Jordan 81. Painswick 162.

*The Grave & or, CHRIST a Guide through
 Death to Glory.*

1. **G**UIDE me, O thou great JEHOVAH!
 Pilgrim thro' this barren land;
 I am weak, but thou art mighty,
 Hold me with thy powerful hand:
 Bread of heaven,
 Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open thou the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing streams do flow:
 Let the fiery cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey thro':
 Strong deliverer,
 Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside;
 Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side:
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to thee,

*THE RESURRECTION OF
THE BODY.*

568 C. M.

Carolina 13. Windsor 247,

*The Bodies of the Saints quickened and raised by
the Spirit. Rom. viii. 11.*

- 1 **W**HY should our mourning thoughts delight
To grovel in the dust?
Or why should streams of tears unite
Around th' expiring just?
- 2 Did not the **L**ORD our Saviour die,
And triumph o'er the grave?
Did not our **L**ORD ascend on high,
And prove his power to save?
- 3 Doth not the sacred Spirit come,
And dwell in all the saints?
And should the temples of his grace
Resound with long complaints?
- 4 Awake my soul, and like the sun
Burst thro' each sable cloud:
And thou, my voice, tho' broke with sighs,
Tune forth thy songs aloud.
- 5 The Spirit rais'd my Saviour up,
When he had bled for me;
And, spite of death and hell, shall raise
Thy pious friends and thee.
- 6 Awake, ye saints, that dwell in dust,
Your hymns of victory sing;
And let his dying servants trust
Their ever-living King.

569 C. M. Dr. WATTS'S LYRICS.

Canterbury 199. Evans's 190.

A Prospect of the Resurrection.

- 1 **H**OW long shall Death the tyrant reign,
 And triumph o'er the just;
 While the rich blood of martyrs slain
 Lies mingled with the dust?
- 2 Lo, I behold the scatter'd shades,
 The dawn of heaven appears;
 The sweet immortal morning spreads
 Its blushes round the spheres.
- 3 I see the LORD of Glory come,
 And flaming guards around;
 The skies divide to make him room,
 The trumpet shakes the ground.
- 4 I hear the voice, "Ye dead arise!"
 And, lo, the graves obey:
 And waking saints with joyful eyes
 Salute th' expected day.
- 5 They leave the dust, and on the wing
 Rise to the midway air,
 In shining garments meet their King,
 And low adore him there.
- 6 O may our humble spirits stand
 Among them cloth'd in white!
 The meanest place at his right hand
 Is infinite delight.
- 7 How will our joy and wonder rise,
 When our returning King
 Shall bear us homeward, thro' the skies,
 On love's triumphant wing!

DAY OF JUDGMENT.

570 (First Part) L. M. PRESIDENT DAVIES.

Angels' Hymn 60. Wareham 117.

Sinners and Saints in the Wreck of Nature.

Isaiah xxiv. 18—20.

- 1 **H**OW great, how terrible, that God
Who shakes creation with his nod!
He frowns—earth, sea, all Nature's frame;
Sink in one universal flame.
- 2 Where now, O where shall sinners seek
For shelter in the general wreck?
Shall falling rocks be o'er them thrown?
See rocks, like snow, dissolving down.
- 3 In vain for mercy now they cry;
In lakes of liquid fire they lie;
There on the flaming billows tost,
For ever—O for ever lost.
- 4 But, saints, undaunted and serene,
Your eyes shall view the dreadful scene;
Your Saviour lives, the worlds expire,
And earth and skies dissolve in fire.
- 5 **J**ESUS, the helpless creature's friend,
To thee my all I dare commend;
Thou canst preserve my feeble soul,
When lightnings blaze from pole to pole.

570 (Second Part.) L. M.

Paul's 246. Horsley 205.

The Second Appearance of Christ. 2 Pet. iii. 11, 12.

- 1 **M**Y waken'd soul, extend thy wings
Beyond the verge of mortal things;

See this vain world in smoke decay,
And rocks and mountains melt away.

Behold the fiery deluge roll
Thro' heaven's wide arch from pole to pole.
Pale sun, no more thy lustre boast:—
Tremble and fall, ye starry host.

This wreck of nature all around—
The angels shout, the trumpets sound,
Loud the descending Judge proclaim,
And echo his tremendous name.

Children of Adam, all appear
With rev'rence round his awful bar;
For, as his lips pronounce, ye go
To *endless* BLISS, OR *ENDLESS* woe!

LORD, to *my* eyes this scene display
Frequent through each returning day;
And let thy grace my soul prepare
To meet its full redemption there!

571 L. M.

Paul's 246. Angels' Hymn 60.

The Books opened, Rev. xx. 12.

METHINKS the last great day is come,
Methinks I hear the trumpet sound
That shakes the earth, rends every tomb,
And wakes the prisoners under ground.

The mighty deep gives up her trust,
Aw'd by the Judge's high command;
Both small and great now quit their dust,
And round the dread tribunal stand.

Behold the awful books display'd,
Big with th' important fates of men;
Each deed and word now public made,
As wrote by heaven's unerring pen. 267 Y 3.

- 4 To every soul, the books assign
The joyous or the dread reward:
Sinners in vain lament and pine;
No pleas the judge will here regard.
- 5 LORD, when these awful leaves unfold,
May life's fair book my soul approve:
There may I read my name enroll'd,
And triumph in redeeming love.

572 S. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Whitefield 168. Aynhoe 108.

The final Sentence and Misery of the Wicked.
Matt. xxv. 41.

- 1 **A**ND will the judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?
- 2 And from his righteous lips
Shall this dread sentence sound;
And, thro' the numerous guilty throng,
Spread black despair around?
- 3 "Depart from me, accurs'd,
"To everlasting flame,
"For rebel-angels first prepar'd,
"Where mercy never came."
- 4 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day;
When earth and heaven, before his face,
Astonish'd shrink away?
- 5 But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead;
Hark, from the gospel's cheering sound,
What joyful tidings spread!

6 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

7 So shall that curse remove,
By which the Saviour bled;
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessing on your head.

573 C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Canterbury 199. Windsor 247.

The final Sentence and Happiness of the Righteous.
Matt. xxv. 34.

1 **A**TTEND, my ear; my heart, rejoice,
While JESUS from his throne,
Before the bright angelic hosts,
Makes his last sentence known.

2 When sinners, cursed from his face,
To raging flames are driven;
His voice, with melody divine,
Thus calls his saints to heaven:

3 "Bless'd of my Father, all draw near,
"Receive the great reward;
"And rise, with raptures, to possess
"The kingdom love prepar'd.

4 "Ere earth's foundations first were laid,
"His sov'reign purpose wrought,
"And rear'd those palaces divine,
"To which you now are brought.

5 "There shall you reign unnumber'd years,
"Protected by my pow'r;
"While sin and death, and pains and cares,
"Shall vex your souls no more."

6 Come, dear majestic Saviour! Come,
This jubilee proclaim!

And teach us language fit to praise
So great, so dear a name.

574 L. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRICS.

Portugal 97. Rippon's 188.

Come, LORD JESUS.

- 1 **W**HEN shall thy lovely face be seen?
When shall our eyes behold our God?
What lengths of distance lie between,
And hills of guilt! A heavy load!
- 2 Our months are ages of delay,
And slowly ev'ry minute wears:
Fly, winged time, and roll away
These tedious rounds of sluggish years!
- 3 Ye heav'nly gates, loose all your chains!
Let th' eternal pillars bow!
Blest SAVIOUR! cleave the starry plains,
And make the crystal mountains flow!
- 4 Hark, how thy saints unite their cries,
And pray and wait the gen'ral doom!
Come, thou, THE SOUL OF ALL OUR JOYS!
Thou, THE DESIRE OF NATIONS, come!
- 5 Put thy bright robes of triumph on,
And bless our eyes, and bless our ears,
Thou absent LOVE, thou dear unknown,
Thou FAIREST OF TEN THOUSAND FAIRS!

575 8. 7. 4.

Westbury 51. Trevecca 37.

Lo, he cometh.

- 1 **L**O! he cometh! countless trumpets
Blow to raise the sleeping dead;
'Mid ten thousand faints and angels,
See their great exalted head!
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, Son of God!

2 Now his merit by the harpers,
 Thro' th' eternal deep resounds ;
 Now resplendent shine his nail-prints,
 Every eye shall see his wounds :
 They who pierc'd him
 Shall at his appearance wail.

3 Full of joyful expectation,
 Saints, behold the Judge appear !
 Truth and justice go before him,
 Now the joyful sentence hear !
 Hallelujah !
 Welcome, Welcome, Judge divine.

4 " Come, ye blessed of my Father,
 " Enter into life and joy !
 " Banish all your fears and sorrows
 " Endless praise be your employ !"
 Hallelujah !
 Welcome, welcome, to the skies !

5 Now at once they rise to glory,
 JESUS brings them to the King ;
 There, with all the hosts of heaven,
 They eternal anthems sing :
 Hallelujah,
 Boundless glory to the Lamb.

576 8. 7. 4.

Helmley 223. Trevecca 37.

Judgment. Rev. i. 7. vi. 14,—17. xxii. 17, 20.

1 **L**O! he comes, with clouds descending,
 Once for favour'd sinners slain !
 Thousand, thousand saints attending
 Swell the triumph of his train :
 Hallelujah,
 JESUS now shall ever reign !

2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold him
 Rob'd in dreadful majesty :

269 Y 5.

- Those who set at nought and sold him,
 Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the great Messiah see!
- 3 Ev'ry island, sea, and mountain,
 Heaven and earth shall flee away:
 All who hate him must, confounded,
 Hear the trump proclaim the day:
 Come to judgment!
 Come to judgment, come away!
- 4 Now redemption, long expected,
 See in solemn pomp appear!
 All his faints, by man rejected,
 Now shall meet him in the air!
 Hallelujah!
 See the day of God appear!
- 5 Answer thine own Bride and Spirit,
 Hasten, LORD, the gen'ral doom!
 The new heav'n and earth t' inherit,
 Take thy pining exiles home:
 All creation
 Travails, groans, and bids thee come!
- 6 Yea! Amen! let all adore thee,
 High on thine exalted throne!
 Saviour! take the pow'r and glory:
 Claim the kingdoms for thine own!
 O come quickly!
 Hallelujah! Come, LORD, come!

577 8, 7, 4. NEWTON.

Helmley 223. Painſwick 162.

The Day of Judgment.

- 1 **D**AY of Judgment,—day of wonders!
 Hark the trumpet's awful sound,

Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round!

How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 See the judge our nature wearing,
Cloth'd in majesty divine!

You who long for his appearing,

Then shall say, "This God is mine!"

Gracious Saviour!

Own me in that day for thine!

3 At his call the dead awaken,

Rise to life from earth and sea:

All the pow'rs of nature, shaken.

By his looks, prepare to flee:

Careless sinner!

What will then become of thee?

4 Horrors, past imagination,

Will surprize your trembling heart,

When you hear your condemnation,

"Hence, accursed wretch, depart!

"Thou with Satan

"And his angels have thy part!"

5 But to those who have confessed,

Lov'd and serv'd the LORD below,

He will say, "Come near, ye blessed!

"See the kingdom, I bestow!

"You for ever

"Shall my love and glory know."

6 Under sorrows and reproaches,

May this thought our courage raise!

Swiftly God's great day approaches,

Sighs shall then be chang'd to praise!

May we triumph,

When the world is in a blaze!

578 C. M. DR. S. STENNETT.
Canterbury, 199. Charmouth 28.

The Last Judgment.

- 1 “ **H**E comes! he comes! to judge the world,
Aloud th’ archangel cries!
While thunders roll from pole to pole,
And lightnings cleave the skies.
- 2 Th’ affrighted nations hear the sound,
And upward lift their eyes:
The slumb’ring tenants of the ground
In living armies rise.
- 3 Amid the shouts of num’rous friends,
Of hosts divinely bright,
The Judge in solemn pomp descends,
Array’d in robes of light.
- 4 His head and hairs are white as snow,
His eyes a fiery flame,
A radiant crown adorns his brow,
And JESUS is his name.
- 5 Writ on his thigh his name appears,
And scars his vict’ries tell:
Lo! in his hand the conqu’ror bears
The keys of death and hell.
- 6 So he ascends the judgment-seat,
And at his dread command,
Myriads of creatures round his feet
In solemn silence stand.
- 7 Princes and peasants here expect
Their last, their righteous doom;
The men who dar’d his grace reject,
And they who dar’d presume.
- 8 “ Depart, ye sons of vice and sin,”
The injur’d JESUS cries!
While the long-kindling wrath within
Flashes from both his eyes.

- 9 And now in words divinely sweet,
 With rapture in his face,
 Aloud his sacred lips repeat
 The sentence of his grace:
- 10 " Well done, my good and faithful sons,
 " The children of my love!
 " Receive the sceptres, crowns, and thrones
 " Prepar'd for you above."

579 8. 8. 6.

Chatham 59.

Longing for a Place at the Right Hand of the Judge.

- 1 **W**HEN thou my righteous judge shalt come
 To fetch thy ransom'd people home,
 Shall I among them stand?
 Shall such a worthless worm as I,
 Who sometimes am afraid to die,
 Be found at thy right hand:
- 2 I love to meet among them now,
 Before thy gracious feet to bow,
 Tho' vilest of them all:
 But can I bear the piercing thought!
 What if my name should be left out,
 When thou for them shalt call!
- 3 Prevent, prevent it by thy grace;
 Be thou, dear LORD, my hiding-place,
 In this th' accepted day:
 Thy pard'ning voice, O let me hear
 To still my unbelieving fear;
 Nor let me fall, I pray.
- 4 Let me among thy saints be found
 Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall sound
 To see thy smiling face:
 Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
 While heav'n's resounding mansions ring
 With shouts of sov'reign grace.

HELL AND HEAVEN.

580 C. M. DR. RYLAND.

Workshop 31. London 180.

Hell, the Sinner's own Place. Acts i. 25.

- 1 **L**ORD, when I read the traitor's doom
 To "his own place" consign'd,
 What holy fear, and humble hope,
 Alternate fill my mind!
- 2 Traitor to thee I too have been,
 But sav'd by matchless grace;
 Or else the lowest, hottest hell
 Had surely been my place.
- 3 Thither I was law adjudg'd,
 And thitherward rush'd on;
 And there in my eternal doom
 Thy justice might have shone.
- 4 But lo! (what wond'rous matchless love!)
 I call a place my own,
 On earth, within the gospel found,
 And at thy gracious throne.
- 5 A place is mine among thy saints,
 A place at Jesus' feet,
 And I expect in heaven a place
 Where saints and angels meet.
- 6 Blest Lamb of God, thy sovereign grace
 To all around I'll tell,
 Which made a place in glory mine,
 Whose just desert was hell.

581 L. M.

Sheffield 39. Paul's 246.

- 1 **S**INNER, O why so thoughtless grown?
 Why in such dreadful haste to die?
 Daring to leap to worlds unknown,
 Heedless against thy God to fly;
- 2 Wilt thou despise eternal fate,
 Urg'd on by sin's fantastic dreams?
 Madly attempt th' infernal gate,
 And force thy passage to the flames?
- 3 Stay, sinner! on the Gospel plains
 Behold the God of love unfold
 The glories of his dying pains,
 For ever telling, yet untold.

582 L. M.—DR. DODDRIDGE.

Green's Hundred 89. Wareham 117.

The Rich Man and Lazarus. Luke xvi. 25.

- 1 **I**N what confusion earth appears—
 God's dearest children bath'd in tears!
 While they, who heav'n itself deride,
 Riot in luxury and pride.
- 2 But patient let my soul attend,
 And, ere I censure, view the end;
 That end, how different! who can tell
 The wide extremes of heav'n and hell?
- 3 See, the red flames around him twine
 Who did in gold and purple shine:
 Nor can his tongue one drop obtain
 To allay the scorching of his pain.
- 4 While round the faint, so poor below,
 Full rivers of salvation flow;
 On Abram's breast he leans his head,
 And banquets on celestial bread.

- 5 Jesus, my Saviour, let me share
 The meanest of thy servants' fare :
 May I at last approach to taste
 The blessings of thy marriage-feast

583 . C. M. STEELE.

Oxford 106. Follet 181. Evans's 190.

The Joys of Heaven.

- 1 **C**OME, LORD, and warm each languid heart,
 Inspire each lifeless tongue ;
 And let the joys of heav'n impart.
 Their influence to our song.
- 2 Sorrow and pain, and ev'ry care,
 And discord there shall cease ;
 And perfect joy, and love sincere,
 Adorn the realms of peace.
- 3 The soul, from sin for ever free,
 Shall mourn its pow'r no more ;
 But, cloth'd in spotless purity,
 Redeeming love adore
- 4 There on a throne, (how dazzling bright!)
 Th' exalted Saviour shines ;
 And beams ineffable delight
 On all the heav'nly minds.
- 5 There shall the follow'rs of the Lamb
 Join in immortal songs ;
 And endless honours to his name
 Employ their tuneful tongues.
- 6 LORD, tune our hearts to praise and love,
 Our feeble notes inspire ;
 Till, in thy blissful courts above,
 We join th' angelic choir.

584 C. M. Dr. S. STENNETT.

Camb. New 74. Hephzibah 77. Staughton 264.

The promised Land.

- 1 **O**N Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
 And cast a wistful eye
 To Canaan's fair, and happy land,
 Where my possessions lie.
- 2 Oh the transporting, rapt'rous scene
 That rises to my sight!
 Sweet fields, array'd in living green,
 And rivers of delight!
- 3 There generous fruits, that never fail,
 On trees immortal grow:
 There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and vales,
 With milk and honey flow.
- 4 All o'er those wide-extended plains
 Shines one eternal day;
 There God the Sun for ever reigns,
 And scatters night away.
- 5 No chilling winds, or pois'nous breath,
 Can reach that healthful shore:
 Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
 Are felt and fear'd no more.
- 6 When shall I reach that happy place,
 And be for ever blest?
 When shall I see my Father's face,
 And in his bosom rest?
- 7 Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul
 Can here no longer stay:
 Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll,
 Fearless I'd launch away.

585 50th. J. STRAPHAN.

Cherriton 76. Old Fiftieth 233.

Heaven.

- 1 **O**N wings of faith mount up, my soul, and rise;
View thine inheritance beyond the skies:
Nor heart can think, nor mortal tongue can tell,
What endless pleasures in those mansions dwell:
Here our Redeemer lives, all bright and glorious,
O'er sin, and death, and hell, he reigns victorious.
- 2 No gnawing grief, no sad heart-rending pain,
In that blest country can admission gain;
No sorrow there, no soul-tormenting fear,
For God's own hand shall wipe the falling tear:
Here our Redeemer lives, &c.
- 3 Before the throne a crystal river glides,
Immortal verdure decks its cheerful sides:
Here the fair tree of life majestic rears
Its blooming head, and sovereign virtue bears:
Here our Redeemer lives, &c.
- 4 No rising sun his needless beams displays,
No sickly moon emits her feeble rays;
The Godhead here celestial glory sheds,
Th' exalted Lamb eternal radiance spreads:
Here our Redeemer lives, &c.
- 5 One distant glimpse my eager passion fires!—
Jesus! to thee my longing soul aspires!
When shall I at my heavenly home arrive,—
When leave this earth, and when begin to live?
For here my Saviour is all bright and glorious,
O'er sin, and death, and hell, he reigns victorious.

586 C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Elim 151. Stamford 9. Otford 106.

Happiness approaching. Rom. xiii. 11.

- 1 **A** WAKE, ye faints, and raise your eyes—
 And raise your voices high;
 Awake, and praise that sov'reign love
 That shews salvation nigh.
- 2 On all the wings of time it flies,
 Each moment brings it near;
 Then welcome each declining day,
 And each revolving year!
- 3 Not many years their round shall run,
 Nor many mornings rise,
 Ere all its glories stand reveal'd
 To our admiring eyes
- 4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course!
 Ye mortal pow'rs, decay!
 Fast as ye bring the night of death,
 Ye bring eternal day.

587 L. M. STEELE.

Martin's Lane 67. Coomb's 45. Bromley 104.

The Worship of Heaven. John xvii. 24

- 1 **O** FOR a sweet, inspiring ray,
 To animate our feeble strains,
 From the bright realms of endless day,
 The blisful realms, where JESUS reigns!
- 2 There, low before his glorious throne,
 Adoring faints and angels fall;
 And, with delightful worship, own
 His smile their bliss, their heav'n, their all.
- 3 Immortal glories crown his head;
 While tuneful hallelujahs rise,
 And love and joy, and triumph spread
 Thro' all th' assemblies of the skies.

- 4 He smiles, and seraphs tune their songs
To boundless rapture, while they gaze:
Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues
Resound his everlasting praise.
- 5 There all the favorites of the Lamb
Shall join at last the heav'nly choir:
Oh may the joy-inspiring theme
Awake our faith and warm desire!
- 6 Dear Saviour! let thy Spirit seal
Our int'rest in that blissful place;
Till death remove this mortal veil,
And we behold thy lovely face.

588 C. M.

Elim 151 Cambridge New 74.

The everlasting Song.

- 1 **E**ARTH has engross'd my love too long!
'Tis time I lift mine eyes
Upward, dear FATHER, to thy throne,
And to my native skies.
- 2 There the blest MAN, my Saviour, sits:
The God! how bright he shines!
And scatters infinite delights
On all the happy minds.
- 3 Seraphs with elevated strains
Circle the throne around;
And move and charm the starry plains
With an immortal sound.
- 4 JESUS, the LORD, their harps employs:—
JESUS, my love, they sing!
- 5 JESUS, the life of both our joys,
Sounds sweet from ev'ry string.

- 5 [Hark, how beyond the narrow bounds
Of time and space they run;
And echo in majestic sounds
The Godhead of the Son!
- 6 And now they sink the lofty tune,
And gentler notes they play;
And bring the FATHER'S EQUAL down
To dwell in humble clay.
- 7 O sacred beauties of the MAN!
(The God resides within:)
His flesh all pure without a stain,
His soul without a sin.
- 8 But, when to Calvary they turn,
Silent their harps abide;
Suspended songs, a moment, mourn
The God that lov'd and died.
- 9 Then, all at once, to living strains
They summon every chord,
Tell how he triumph'd o'er his pains,
And chant the rising LORD.]
- 10 Now let me mount and join their song,
And be an angel too;
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,—
Here's joyful work for you.
- 11 I would begin the music here,
And so my soul should rise:
O for some heavenly notes to bear
My passions to the skies!
- 12 There ye that love my SAVIOUR sit,
There I would vain have place,
Among your thrones, or at your feet,
So I might see his face.

The 6th; 7th, and 8th verses of this hymn should be
sung softer than the rest.

A
TABLE OF SCRIPTURES.

Book	Ch.	Ver.	Page	Book	Ch.	Ver.	Page	
GEN.	1		27	1 Chron.	4	9, 10	381	
	3	15	122			22	5	421
	5	24	98			29	14	434
		14	18, 19	183	Esther	4	16	355
		18	19	335	Job	11	7	23
		18	23—33	526		23	3, 4	99
		19	15	116		29	2	315
		24	56	447	Psalm	2	8	419
		32	26	354		4	4	329
		49	4	310		4	6	399
	Exod.	49	10	185		19		44
12		7, 13	186		23	1—3	197	
14		15	298		27		344	
20		3—12	48		24	7	145	
28		29	154		27	8	114	
Numb.	13	30	232		31	15	276, 545	
	21	8, 9	157		34	1	276, 585	
	23	19	19		35	3	113	
	23	23	535		37	4	248	
Deut.	1	21	232		39		543	
	3	25	2		40	7, 8	347	
	6	4	232		43	5	318	
	6	5	247		45	3—5	77	
	8	2	324		46	4	295	
	32	49, 50	555		46	9	531	
	33	25	123		46	10	563	
	34	5	555		48	14	385, 567	
	Josh.	24	15	334		51	11	215
	Ruth	3	4, 9	178		51	18	427
1 Sam.	3	18	279		63	8	97	
	7	2	361		65	11	508	
	7	12	509		66	16	437, 438	
	30	6	233		69	4	50	
2 Sam.	16	17	170		72	6	209	
	23	5	67		74	20	68	
					77	19	34	

A TABLE OF SCRIPTURES.

Book	Ch.	Ver.	Page	Book	Ch.	Ver.	Page
Psalm	84		343	Prov.	6	6---8	505
	84	8	382		8	11, 18, 21, 121	
	84	9	76		8	17	11
	84	11	199		9	5, 11	121
	85	6	427		10	5	501
	85	8	265		21		125
	85	10	21		14	26	221
	87	1, 7	418		23	17	226
	89	1	15		28	13	88
	89		25		30	7---9	268
	89	15	58		30	25	500
	90	2	518	Eccles.	1	2	390
	91	11, 12	307		12	8	398
101	1		18	Cantic.	1	3	168
102	23		557		3	1---3	249
102	25, 28		5		3	11	177
107		33, 36			5	10---16	161
107	7		180		6	0	403
107	31		30	Isaiah	1	18	114
115	1		384		6	8	408
118	18, 19		542		8	13	17
119	9		521		9	2	182
119	32		453		12	2	290
119	26		296		24	18, 20	570
119	60		116		25	6	56
119	94		106		26	3	266
119	105		42		26	4	195
119	117		105		28	16, 17	163
119	136, 158		42		33	20, 21	418
122			346		35		201
135			7		41	10 (124)	288
138	5		239		42	3	517
139			8		44	23	112
139		28, 37			45	24	84
145			25		50	10	308
149	4		260		51	9	420
Prov.	3	13, 18	291		54	5	159
	3	17	291, 377		54	13	244

A TABLE

Book	Ch.	Ver.	Page	Book	Ch.	Ver.	Page
Isaiah	55	1	115	Zech.	9	13--16	421
	55	4	180		13	1	168, 169
	55	7	116	Mal.	3	1	184
	56	4, 5	558		3	16, 17	423
	56	6, 7	406	Matt.	1	23	174
	57	15	275	Matt.	3	15	444
	61	2	193		5	3	234
	63	1--3	372		5	44	258
	63	7	13		5	48	24
Jer.	3	15	411		6	6	332
	3	22	86		6	9, 13	358
	8	22	188		6	10	370, 374
	9	23, 24	238		6	33	519
	17	9	40		7	12	242
	23	6	84, 194		7	24, 25	163
	31	3	100		8	2, 3	102
	50	5	405		9	2	89
Lam.	3	22, 23	547		11	19	170
	3	39	312		11	28	117
	36	37	210		12	20	517
Ezek.	20	37	542		13	3, 23	372
	37	3	371		13	46	187
Daniel	2	31, 45	418		15	19	40
	5	27	49		17	4	135
	9	26	185		18	20	359
Hosea	2	15	165		19	14	556
	6	4	310		20	28	133
	11	4	216		21	13	406
	13	9	379		24	44	561
	14	4	86		25	6	551
Amos	3	1--6	528		25	34	573
Micah	6	6--8	83		25	40	433
	7	18	85		25	41	572
Nah.	1	7	12, 198		26	36--45	135
Hab.	3	17, 18	286		26	41	320
Hag.	2	7	164		28	2	142
	2	9	15		28	5, 6	144
Zech.	4	7	431		28	19	454
	9	12	198				

OF SCRIPTURES.

Book Mark	Ch.	Ver.	Page	Book	Ch.	Ver.	Page
	I	9	442	Luke	22	31, 32	155
	5	39	562		22	54—62	314
	8	34	281		23	34	258
	8	36	401		23	42	80
	8	38	280		24	34	140
	9	24	219	John	I	9	182
	10	14	337		I	12	94, 95
	10	21	520		I	14	131
	10	47	295		I	16	150
Luke	16	16	469		I	29	179
	I	74, 75	532		3	8	207
	2	14	129		3	14	157
	2	25	162		3	16	171
	4	18, 19	134		4	10	208
	5	5	366		4	24	3
	6	48	163		4	35	422
	7	47	87		5	2—4	364
	9	23	281		6	20	289
	9	26	280		6	29	217
	10	29—37	257		6	37	376
	10	33, 34	82		6	35, 48	158
	10	42	297		6	53—55	483
	12	16—22,	400		6	67—69	440
	12	32, 127,	240		7	37	120
	12	33	436		8	36	93
	12	35—38,	325		9	25	244
	13	6—9	511		10	9	165
	14	22	118		10	10	101
	14	22	473, 486		10	27—29	103
	14	23	119		11	35	484
	15	3, 4,	79		12	32	138
	15	32	273		13	7	35
	16	25	582		13	15	166
	18	13, 235,	236		14	6	202, 377
	18	35—38	369		14	16, 17	213
	19	1—10	78		14	16, 18	206
	19	41	367		14	19	181
	21	19	263				

A TABLE

Book	Ch.	Ver.	Page	Book	Ch.	Ver.	Page	
John	15	1--5	200	Rom.	15	30	620	
	15	15	66	1 Cor.	1	30, 31	203	
	17	24	153, 587		3	6, 7	360	
	19	5	136		5	7, 8	186	
	19	30	71, 72		6	17	81	
	20	13	274		6	19	299	
	21	6	366		9	24	302	
	21	15	425		10	13	306	
	21	16	250		11	28	331	
	21	18, 20	292		13	1--3	259	
	Acts	1	25	580		13	9	245
		4	12	196		15	10	111
		5	31	269		15	56	141
		7	59	327		15	57	552
8		12	452		16	13	218	
8		21--24	268	2 Cor.	1	10	533	
8		39	471		4	6	243	
9		6	294		4	18	546	
10		36	176, 177		5	14, 15	133	
10		38	435		5	20	115	
12		6, 7	307		6	2	376	
16		30	294		9	15	171	
17		30	267		12	9	125	
20		24	326		13	5	331	
20		26, 27	414		13	11	516	
24		24, 25	380		13	14	392	
26		22	510, 512	Gal.	3	10	52	
Rom.		1	16	60, 225		3	28	255
		6	4	449		4	6	92
		7	17	39		4	19, 20	331
		7	19	309		5	17	41
		7	23	41	Eph.	1	5	65
	8	11	568		1	7, 11	73	
	8	14	207		1	11	31	
	8	28	286		1	21	479	
	8	33--39	63	Eph.	2	5, 8, 111,	217	
	11	1, 26	422		2	18	22	
	12	1	298		2	13, 19	405	
	13	11	586		3	8	151	

OF SCRIPTURES.

Book	Ch.	Ver.	Page	Book	Ch.	Ver.	Page
Eph.	4	8, 11, 12	407	Heb.	9	27	565
	4	15, 16	172		10	39	225
	5	15, 16	544		11	13, 16	300
	6	13--17	303		12	7	278
Phil.	1	6	64		13	5	217
	1	23	554		13	17	410
	2	8, 9	148		13	20, 21	390
	3	12--14	302	James	1	27	284
	4	1	416		2	10	52
	4	4	149	1 Pet.	1	18, 19	70
	4	5	261		2	6	163
	4	7	391		2	7 173,	192
	4	8	282		3	20, 21	104
	4	19, 20	126	2 Pet.	1	1	217
Col.	1	19	150		1	4	128
	2	15	148		1	10	108
	3	1	470		3	18	322
	3	11	204	1 John	1	3	96
1 Thes.	4	13	562		1	9	88
2 Thes.	2	16	382		2	1	156
1 Tim.	1	11	59		3	1--3	91, 95
	1	15	55		4	8	12
	3	8--13	417		5	21	299
	3	16 146	174	Jude		20, 21	375
	4	8	284	Rev.	1	7	576
	6	12	303		2	1	412
2 Tim.	1	9	108		2	10	328
	1	12	64		3	17	121
	2	13	64		5	9- 14	387
	3	12	317		5	12	479
Heb.	1	14	307		6	14--17	576
	4	2	53		14	6, 8	418
	4	9	352		19	10	205
	4	16	357		19	12	421
	6	18	230		20	12	571
	6	19, 20	167		22	16	160
	7	1--21	183		22	17	121
	7	25	152		22	17, 20	574

INDEX.

A

	Hymn and Page
<i>AARON</i> , his Breast-plate	154
<i>A</i> Melchisedec and Christ	183, 190, 191
<i>Abraham's</i> , God 66. Intercession for Sodom	526
<i>Acceptance</i> through Christ alone	377
<i>Access</i> to God by Christ	83
<i>Achor</i> , Valley of	165
<i>Activity</i> in Religion	325, 293
<i>Adam</i> the first and second	38
<i>Admiration</i> and Joy	477
<i>Adoption</i>	91—95
<i>Advocate</i> , Christ an	156, 152
<i>Affliction</i> , pleading with God under it	312
Presence of God desired in it	537
Sanctified 542. Sweet Affliction	538, 539
<i>Agur's</i> Wish	262
<i>All in All</i> , Christ the Christian's	204, 205
<i>Angel</i> of the Covenant	184
<i>Angels</i> , ministering to Christ 146. And to Christians	307
Their Reply to the Women that sought Christ	144
Their Song at the Birth of Christ	129, 130
The Fallen, passed by	137
<i>Apostacy</i> deprecated	439, 440
<i>Ark</i> , Noah preserved in it	104
<i>Armour</i> , the spiritual	303
<i>Ascension</i> of Christ	142, 145
<i>Associations</i> , of Ministers and Churches	423—431
Spiritual registered in Heaven	423
Ministers abounding in the Work, &c.	424
Lovest thou me? feed my Sheep	425
Prayer for Ministers 426. A Revival desired	427
Spread of the Gospel longed for	428, 210
Praise for the Increase of the Church	429, 430
Spiritual Temple completed	431
<i>Atonement</i> of Christ 74. Gratitude for it 75. Pleaded	76
<i>Awakened</i> Sinner's Prayer	294

INDEX.

Hymn and page

B

<i>BABYLON's</i> Fall predicted	—	—	418
<i>Backsliders</i> invited to return	—	118, 121,	176
<i>Backslidings</i> , and Returns 313, 314. Dreaded	—	106,	439, 440
<i>Baptism</i>	—	—	442—471
<i>Barron</i> Fig Tree	—	—	511
<i>Bartimeus's</i> Prayer	—	—	369
<i>Benefits</i> by Christ's Life	—	—	134
<i>Benevolence</i> a Duty and Pleasure	—	—	246, 166
<i>Birth</i> of Christ	—	—	129—132
<i>Birth-day</i> Hymn	—	—	512
<i>Blessing</i> , requested on the Word	—	—	368
And presence of God desired	—	—	361
<i>Blind</i> Man's Prayer	—	—	369
<i>Bodies</i> of the Saints, the Care of God	—	—	285, 288
Temples of the Holy Ghost	—	—	299
<i>Boldness</i> , holy	—	—	357
<i>Book</i> of Life 9, 111. Interest in it	—	—	382
<i>Brazen</i> Serpent	—	—	157
<i>Dread</i> of Life	—	—	158
<i>Brethren</i> , Love to them	—	—	254
<i>Bridegroom</i> , Christ the heavenly	—	—	159
<i>Brother</i> , Christ a	—	—	240
<i>Building</i> on the Rock	—	—	163

C

<i>CALLING</i> , effectual, 77, 78, and Glorification	—	—	108,
A Person to the Work of the Ministry	—	—	408, 415
<i>Calvary</i>	—	—	136
<i>Canaan</i> , the heavenly, 2d part of Hymn	—	—	66
The Happiness of it longed for	—	—	232
Way to it. See <i>Heaven</i>	—	—	201
<i>Ceremonial</i> Law	—	—	53
<i>Charity</i>	—	—	246, 257, 432—436
<i>Children</i> , every Day given to the Lord	—	—	336
Christ's Regard to them	—	—	337
<i>Christ</i> , Aaron the true	—	—	154
Adam the second	—	—	38
Advocate	—	—	156, 152
Angel of the Covenant	—	—	184
Brazen Serpent	—	—	157
Bread of Life	—	—	158
	—	—	279
	—	—	23

INDEX.

	Hymn and page
Christ, Bridegroom	195
Brother	240
Chief among Ten Thousand	161
Consolation of Israel	162
Corner Stone	163
Desire of all Nations	164
Door 165. Example 166. Forerunner	167
Foundation	163, 167
Fountain opened	168, 169
Friend	170, 385
Gift of God	171
Guide	567
Head of the Church	172
Husband	159
Jesus	173, 475
Immanuel	174
King of Saints	175, 177
Kinsman	178
Lamb of God 179. Worthy is the Lamb	387
Leader	180
Life of the Soul	181
Light	182
Lord of All	176, 177
Melchisedec	183, 386
Messenger of the Covenant	184
Messiah	185
Morning star	160
Passover	186
Pearl of great Price	187
Physician; of the Soul 188. Of the Soul and Body	189
Priest, the great high	190, 191
Prince and Saviour	269
Prophets Priest and King	193
Ransom	90, 193
Refuge	305
Righteousness, our	194
Rock smitten	195
Saviour, the only 196, 269. able and willing	115
Shepherd	197
Strong Hold	198
Sun	199

INDEX.

	Hymn and page.
<i>Christ, Vine</i> ———	200
Way, 196. Way to Canaan ———	201
Way, Truth, and Life ———	202
Wisdom, Righteousness, and Sanctification, &c. ———	203
The Burden of the Song ———	386, 387
<i>ALL IN ALL</i> ———	204, 205
<i>Christian, awakened</i> ———	294
Crying for Mercy ———	295
Longing for an Interest in Christ ———	296
Choosing the good Part ———	297
Devoting himself to God ———	298
His Body the Temple of the Spirit ———	299
A Pilgrim 300. ——— His Song ———	301
Running the Race ———	302
Fighting the good Fight ———	303
On his Spiritual Voyage ———	304
Tempted 305. ——— His Temptations moderated ———	306
Ministered to by Angels ———	307
Walking in Darkness and trusting ———	308
Complaining of Sin and Inconstancy ———	309, 310
Lamenting Pride ———	311
Pleading with God under Affliction ———	312
Backsliding and returning ———	313
Falling and Recovered ———	314
Wishing to be as in Months past ———	315
Troubled, but making God his refuge ———	316
Persecuted 317. ——— Cast down, but hoping in God ———	318
His Request ———	319
Watching and Praying ———	320
His Prayer answered by Crosses ———	321
Growing in Grace ———	322
Rising to God ———	323
Remembering all the Way, &c. ———	324
Waiting for the Coming of his Lord ———	325
Desirous of finishing his Course with Joy ———	326
Committing his departing Spirit to Jesus ———	327
Crowned ———	328
<i>Church, described</i> 403. ——— formed ———	406
Presence of Christ the Joy of it ———	404
Way to it inquired ———	405
Begging a Pastor of the Lord ———	409

INDEX.

	Hymn and page
<i>Church, Praying for their Minister</i> _____	415
Praying for their Pastor when ill _____	413
Choosing Deacons _____	417
Christ's Care of Churches and Ministers _____	414
In a low Condition, _____	2d part 427
Comforted in Trouble, _____	3d part 427
Glory of it predicted _____	418, 419
prayed for _____	419—422, 441
<i>Church Meetings</i> _____	437—441
See <i>Ministers</i> , also <i>Associations</i>	
Come and welcome to Jesus Christ _____	115
Collections for poor Churches and Ministers _____	432—436
Communion with God _____	96
With Christ 487, desired _____	97—99
With Saints 254, with our own Hearts _____	329
Compassion of Christ _____	367
Complaint, of Inability to do good _____	309
Of Inconstancy _____	310
Of Pride _____	311
Of Hardness of Heart _____	250
Of Stupidity in Hearing and Prayer _____	275
Of Unfruitfulness _____	511
Under great Pain _____	538
Condescending Grace of Christ _____	133
Condescension of God _____	14
Conduct, holy, enforced _____	166
Confidence in God _____	286, 344
Conflict _____	41, 309
Consolation of Israel _____	162
Contentment 217 See <i>Resignation</i> : 262; 276—279	
Contrition of Heart _____	275
Conversation, Christian, recommended _____	166
Conversion, a Work of efficacious Grace _____	77
Of a Sinner; or, joy in Heaven _____	79, 438
Of the Thief 80. Of Zaccheus _____	78
Praise to God for it _____	82
Conviction, spiritual _____	50, 294
Convinced Sinner, the, inquiring 294. Encouraged _____	376
Corner Stone, Christ the _____	163
Coronation of Christ _____	176, 177
Counsel of God's Will _____	31
Covenant of Grace 66, 223 _____ pleaded _____	68

INDEX.

	Hymn and Page
Supporting under Trouble	67
Creation, a summary view of it	27
Of Man	27, 28
Creating Wisdom, Song to it	29
And Providence	32
Cross of Christ 137 flying to it	52
Attractions of it 138. Triumphs of it	481
Cross, the Christian's, taken up	280, 281
Crosses, Prayer answered by them	321
Crown him	176, 177
Crown of Glory promised	328
D	
DARKNESS, walking in it 308.	Hope in it 231
Spirit of God addressed in it	111
Day, one well spent	226
Deacons, at a choice of	417
Death, and Eternity 550. Preparation for it desired	561
Of the Sinner and Saint 559. Of Moses	555
Of a Minister	566
A Sleep to good Men	562
Deliverance from fear of it desired	551
Victory over it through Christ	552
The welcome Messenger	553
And Judgment. See <i>Funeral</i>	565
Decrees of God	9
Deity of Christ First Part	129
Delight, in God, 248. in Worship	344, 346
Deliverance, national, celebrated	532—535
Desire of all Nations, Christ the	164
Despair, sinful 90. prevented	287
Difficulties surmounted	447
Diligence and Holy Zeal	293, 325
Dismission, Hymns at	368—392
Divinity of Christ First Part	129
Dominion of God	9
Doubts and fears suppressed	241, 286
Door, Christ the	165
Doxologies	393—397
Drawings of the Spirit of God	216
Drought threatening	501
Duties, and Privileges	375
Difficulties thereof surmounted	447
Duty, to God 47. To our Neighbour	48, 242

INDEX

	Hymn and page
E	
<i>EARLY PIETY</i>	— 518
<i>Earthly Things, their vanity</i>	— 398
<i>Ebenezer</i>	— 509, 510, 512, 290
<i>Education of Youth</i>	— 522, 523
<i>Election, 62. Consequences of it</i>	— 63
<i>Godly Consideration of it comfortable</i>	65
<i>Encouragement, and Invitation</i>	— 114—121
<i>To convinced Sinners 376.</i>	
<i>To such as seek a risen Jesus</i>	— 144
<i>To young persons to seek Christ</i>	518
<i>To the Weak in Faith</i>	— 220
<i>To trust and love God 285, To Prayer</i>	353
<i>To spread the Gospel</i>	418, 419, 421, 422
<i>Enemies, Love to them</i>	— 258
<i>Eternity, of God</i>	— 4
<i>Joyful and tremendous</i>	— 548
<i>Time and Eternity, 546. Death and Eternity</i>	550
<i>Prayer in Prospect of it</i>	— 549
<i>Evening Hymns</i>	— 495—497, 226
<i>Everlasting Love. See Election</i>	— 62
<i>Example of Christ</i>	— 166, 258, 435
<i>Exaltation of Christ</i>	— 147, 148, 269
<i>Excellencies of Christ</i>	— 161
<i>Exhortation to Sinners 115, 116. To Saints</i>	416
F	
<i>FACE of God sought</i>	— 114
<i>Faith, its Author and Preciousness</i>	— 217
<i>Nature and Effects</i>	— 222
<i>Power of, 218. Weakness of it</i>	— 224
<i>Struggling with Unbelief</i>	— 219
<i>Fainting, 220. Reviving</i>	221
<i>Conquering, 222. Connected with Salvation</i>	225
<i>Faithfulness of God</i>	— 19, 306
<i>Fall of Man, lamented</i>	— 42
<i>And Recovery</i>	— 122
<i>Family Worship</i>	— 333—337
<i>Fast Day Hymns</i>	— 525—528, 530
<i>Fatherless and Widows helped</i>	— 246
<i>Fear of God, exercised all the Day</i>	— 226
<i>The Happiness attending it</i>	— 227, 285

INDEX.

	Hymn and page
<i>Fear</i> of Death; Prayer for Deliverance from it	551
<i>Fears</i> and Doubts removed	289, 286
Fear not 288. I will trust, and not be afraid	290
<i>Feast</i> , the Gospel	56, 473, 486
Room at it	118, 486
<i>Felix</i> trembling	380
<i>Fellowship</i> of the Saints	254
<i>Fervency</i> of Devotion desired	211
<i>Following</i> Christ	292, 445, 445
<i>Fool</i> , the rich. surprised	400
<i>Forerunner</i> , Christ a	167
<i>Forgiveness</i> . See <i>Pardon</i> 87. God ready to forgive	90
<i>Forms</i> vain without Religion	345
<i>Fortitude</i> , holy	228
<i>Foundation</i> , Christ the	163, 167
<i>Fountain</i> opened	168, 169
<i>Friend</i> , Christ a	170, 385
<i>Friends</i> meeting and parting.	514—516
<i>Fullness</i> of Christ	150
<i>Funeral</i> of an Infant 556. Of a young person	557
Of Children 558. Of a Believer	560
Of a Minister. See <i>Death</i>	566
<i>Futurity</i> committed to the Lord	510

G

<i>GALE</i> , a propitious one longed for	212
<i>General Meetings</i> . See <i>Associations</i>	
<i>Getsemane</i>	135
<i>Gift of God</i> , Christ the	171
<i>Glorying</i> in the Lord alone	238, 384
<i>God</i> —a Father 92, 278. A Refuge 316; is Love 12, 241	
A Portion 276. The Searcher of the Heart	28
Reasoning with Men	114
Our God, 124. for ever and ever	385
Exalted above all Praise	26
<i>Godhead</i> of Christ	129
<i>Godliness</i> , 1st Part 284, Profitable, 2d Part	284
<i>Good Samaritan</i> , Parable of the	257
<i>Goodness</i> of God, 12, 30, and Justice	18
In giving his Son	12
<i>Gospel</i> , 54. Rationally defended 61. Message of the	115
Glorious, 59. Friends of it	362
Worthy of all Acceptation	55
	282 Z 6

INDEX.

	Hymn and page
<i>Gospel</i> , the Power of God to Salvation	— 60
Represented by, a Feast	486, 362, 56, 473
The Jubilee	— 57, 58
Nett, casting it	— 366
Spread of it desired	370, 374, 428
Invitation to spread it through the Earth	418, 419
<i>Grace</i> , electing, adopting, sovereign	14, 65
Efficacious 77. distinguishing	— 110
Sufficient 125. desired	— 382
Growing in it 322. longed for	— 390
Salvation by Grace	— 111
<i>Gratitude</i> , the Spring of true Religion	216
To Christ	— 383
<i>Grave</i>	— 550, 567
<i>Gravity</i> and Decency	— 219
<i>Growth</i> in Grace 322. desired 390	2d Part of 62, 298
<i>Guide</i> , Christ a	— 567
H	
<i>HABITATION</i> , going to a new one	333—335
<i>Happiness</i> , in God	— 238, 348
Attending divine Wisdom	— 291
Of those who fear God 227, and trust in him	— 285
Of the Poor in Spirit	— 234
Of humble Worshipers	— 343
Of spiritual Pilgrims	— 300
Of being with Christ	— 554
<i>Harmony</i> of the divine Perfections	— 21
<i>Harvest</i> and Summer	— 504, 505
<i>Head</i> of the Church, Christ the	— 172
<i>Heart</i> , evil 40. Contrite desired	— 275
<i>Hard</i> lamented 250. New desired	— 382
<i>Heaven</i> . anticipated, Second Part of 66	A Kingdom 234
Promised Land, 584. An eternal Rest	— 352
Happiness and Joys of it	— 583, 585
To be possessed by the Faithful	— 328
Worship of it 587. The everlasting Song	— 583
<i>Hell</i> , the Sinner's own Place	— 580
Everlasting Misery of it	— 42, 572
Praise for being out of it	— 16
And Heaven	— 582
<i>Help</i> prayed for 379. Obtained	— 509, 510

INDEX.

	Hymn and Page
<i>Holiness</i> , desired 390: 2nd Part of Hymn	— 62
Of God	— 17
<i>Hope</i> , in Darkneſs 231. Set before us	— 230
Encouraged by the Perfections of God	— 233
Good Hope through Grace 382	Of Interest 382
Hoping and longing for Glory	— 232, 253
<i>Humble</i> , their Joy encouraged	— 260
<i>Humiliation</i> of Chriſt	— 148
<i>Humility</i> of Mind 234. Prayed for	— 237
The Publican 236. Humble Pleadings for Mercy	235
<i>Husband</i> , Chriſt the ſpiritual	— 159
<i>Hypocriſy</i> dreaded	— 108, 283
I	
<i>IDOL</i> Worſhip ſtupid	— 2, 3
<i>Idols</i> renounced, and God welcomed into the Soul	— 299
<i>Ignorance</i> , ſpiritual, lamented	— 244
<i>Illneſs</i>	— 538, 539, 541
<i>Immanuel</i>	— 174
<i>Immutability</i> of God	— 5
<i>Inability</i> to do Good complained of	— 309
<i>Incarnation</i> of Chriſt	— 129—132
<i>Incomprehenſibility</i> of God	— 23
<i>Inconſtancy</i> lamented	— 310
<i>Indwelling</i> Sin	— 39
<i>Infants</i> , See <i>Children</i> 336. Dying in the Arms of Jeſus	556
<i>Inſinity</i> of God	— 6
<i>Influences</i> of the Spirit	— 206—216
Compared to living Water	— 208
To Rain 209	to the Wind 207—212
Desired 210—212. experienced	— 213
<i>Ingratitude</i> to Chriſt deteſted	— 252
<i>Inſpiration</i> of the Scriptures	— 43
<i>Interceſſion</i> of Chriſt, 152. prevalent 153 For Peter	155
Typified by Aaron's Breſt-plate	— 154
<i>Interceſt</i> in the Book of Life 332. In Chriſt deſired	— 296
<i>Invitations</i> , of Scripture	— 114—121
To the Goſpel Feaſt	— 473
<i>Jabez's</i> Prayer	— 381
<i>Jeſus</i>	— 173, 174
<i>Jews</i> prayed for	— 422
<i>Joy</i> of the Humble	— 260

INDEX.

	Hymn and Page
<i>Joy</i> , and rejoicing 238—241. The return of it	241
<i>Joying</i> and glorying in the Lord	238, 384
<i>Jubilee</i>	57, 58
<i>Judgment Day</i>	570—579
The coming of the Judge 575—578 Desired	574
Books opened	571
Sentence on the wicked 572, on the Righteous	573
A Place at the right Hand desired	579
<i>Justice</i> and goodness of God	18
<i>Justice</i> and Equity to our Neighbour	242
<i>Justification</i>	83, 84
K	
<i>KING</i> of Saints 175, 177. Crown him	176, 177
<i>King</i> and Royal Family prayed for	536
<i>Kingdom</i> , of Christ, 149. Increasing	430
Of God to be first sought 519. Of Glory. See <i>Heaven</i> 234	
<i>Kinsman</i> , Christ the near	178
<i>Knowledge</i> , spiritual	243—245
Desired of God its Author 243. Imperfect at present	245
One Thing I know	244
And Happiness	291
L	
<i>LAMB</i> of God 179. Worthy is the Lamb	387
<i>Latter-day glory</i> longed for 1st and 2d Part	421
<i>Law</i> , moral 47, 48. Honoured by Christ	50, 356
Renounced as a Covenant, embraced as a Rule	296
Sinners found wanting by it	49
Practical Use of it 50. Ceremonial	53
And Gospel	52
<i>Leader</i> , Christ the 180. And Guide	567
<i>Legal Obedience</i> (so called) followed by Evangelical	51
<i>Leper</i> crying, 189, 289. Healed	102
<i>Liberality</i> . See <i>Charity</i>	246
<i>Liberty</i> , spiritual	93
<i>Life</i> , and Ministry of Christ	134, 166
Abundant by Christ	101
Of the Soul, Christ the	181
<i>Light</i> , God our 199. Christ the true and great	182
<i>Long Suffering</i> of God	16
<i>Lord</i> of all, Christ the	176, 177

INDEX.

	Hymn and page
<i>Lord's Day. See Resurrection of Christ</i>	
Morning 346—349. Evening	350—352
<i>Lord's Prayer</i>	358
<i>Lord's Supper</i>	472, 490
<i>Loss of the Soul</i>	401
<i>Lost Sheep found, Parable of the</i>	79
<i>Love of God, electing, everlasting</i>	62
Eternal and unchangeable 64.: Redeeming Love	69.
<i>Love of Christ, constraining</i>	139, 446
On a Cross and a Throne 480 Weeping and dying	484
<i>Love of the Spirit</i>	206
<i>Love, to God</i>	247
To Christ present or absent.	249.
Lovest thou me?	250, 425.
Desiring to love Christ.	250, 251
Profession of Love to the Redeemer	252, 253.
To the Brethren 254. unfeigned 256. To all Saints	255.
To our Neighbour 257. To our Enemies	24, 258
All Attainments vain without Love	259.
<i>Loving Kindness of God</i>	13
M	
<i>MAYESTY of God</i>	17
<i>Manna</i>	158, 180
<i>Mariner, the spiritual 304, Mariner's Psalm</i>	36
<i>Meditation 329. On the Cross of Christ</i>	478
<i>Meek beautified with Salvation</i>	260
<i>Meeting and Parting of Friends</i>	514—516.
<i>Melchizedeck a Type of Christ</i>	183
<i>Mercies in constant Succession</i>	547.
<i>Mercy, of God 15. Pleaded for 235, 332. Implored</i>	295
And Truth met together	21
<i>Message, of the Redeemer</i>	134
The Gospel	115
<i>Messenger of the Covenant</i>	184.
<i>Messiah</i>	185.
<i>Midnight Cry</i>	551
<i>Minister, called to the Sacred Work</i>	408, 415
Leaving a People	414.
Illness of One 413. Death of one	566
Nothing without Christ	360
Abounding in the Work of the Lord	424
Watching for Souls	410

INDEX.

Hymn and page

<i>Ministers, Meeting of.</i> See <i>Associations</i>	
· Christ's Care of them 412. Prayer for them	416, 426
· Collection for poor Ministers	— 432—436
<i>Ministry, of Christ.</i> 134. Gospel, instituted by Christ	407
· One called to the Work of the Ministry	408
· Of Angels, to Christ 146.	To Christians 307
<i>Miracles of Christ applied</i>	— 183
<i>Mission and Work of Christ</i>	— 134
<i>Missionaries prayed for</i>	— 415, 420
<i>Missionary Meetings</i>	— 418, 431
<i>Moderation</i>	— 261, 262
<i>Monthly Prayer Meetings</i>	— 418—431
<i>Mortality of Man.</i> See <i>Death</i>	— 4, 524, 543
<i>Moral Obedience exchanged for Evangelical</i>	— 51
<i>Morning Hymns</i>	— 491—494, 326
<i>Mutability of the Creation</i>	— 5
<i>Morning Star, Christ the Spiritual</i>	— 160

N

<i>NATIONAL Prayer and Praise</i>	525—536
<i>Nativity of Christ</i>	— 129—132
<i>Noah preserved in the Ark</i>	— 104
<i>Neighbour, duty to our</i> 48. Love to him	257, 242
<i>New Year's Day</i>	— 508—511
<i>Noah's Ark</i>	— 104
<i>Not unto us</i>	— 384
<i>November the Fifth, &c.</i>	— 533, 535
<i>Now is the accepted Time</i>	— 505, 376, 115

O

<i>OBEDIENCE, servile and evangelical.</i>	51
<i>Omnipotence of God</i>	— 7
<i>Omnipresence and Omniscience of God</i>	— 8
<i>Old Age</i> 524. And Weakness to be commiserated	245
<i>One Thing needful</i>	— 297, 204
<i>Ordination Hymns</i>	— 410—413, 338, 407
<i>Original Sin</i>	— 38
<i>Orphans and Widows pitied</i>	— 246

P

<i>PARDON</i> 85—90, Of all Sin 87. Spoken by Christ	89
· Confession and Pardon 88. And Sanctification	100
· God ready to forgive	— 90
<i>Pardoning, God</i> 85. Love	— 86
<i>Parting of Christian Friends</i>	— 515, 516, 254

INDEX.

	Hymn and Page
<i>Passover</i> , Christ our	186
<i>Pastor</i> , one sought of God	409
His Prayer for his People 416. <i>People's Prayer</i> for him	415
<i>Patience</i> of God admired	16
Christian <i>Patience</i> desired	263, 264
<i>Peace</i> , promised and prayed for	266, 391
God speaking it to the Soul	265
<i>Peace</i> of the Nation, prayed for 530. <i>Praise</i> for it	531
<i>Pearl</i> of great price, Christ the	187
<i>Penitence</i> and Hope. See <i>Repentance</i>	272
<i>Penitent</i> , the, 271. His Sighs	270
<i>Perfections</i> of God 1—26. In harmony 21. Celebrated	25
Moral <i>Perfections</i> of God imitated	24
<i>Persecution</i> to be expected by good Men	317
<i>Perseverance</i> in Grace 103—106, 223. Desired	105, 106
<i>Peter</i> , admonished by Christ	155
His Fall and Recovery	313, 314
And John following Christ	292
<i>Physician</i> of the Soul 188. Of Soul and Body	189
<i>Pilgrim</i> , the Spiritual 300. His Song	301
<i>Pillar</i> of Fire 44. And Cloud	180, 418
<i>Pleasures</i> , of Religion 291, 377. Unseen longed for	546
<i>Pool</i> of Bethesda	364
<i>Poor</i> in Spirit blessed	234
<i>Portion</i> , God a	276
<i>Poverty</i> , spiritual	234
<i>Power</i> and Providence of God	7
<i>Praise</i> , to God, from the whole Creation	1
For the Blessings of Providence and Grace	37
For the Fountain opened 169. For Salvation	383
To the Redeemer	488, 489, 383
To Father Son, and Spirit, <i>Part</i> 1st and 2d	22
God exalted above all Praise	26
<i>Prayer</i> , Meetings Monthly	418—431
Secret 332. The Lord's	358
Answered 316. by Crosses	321
Importunity in it 354. Imperfect but accepted	156
Benefit of it, and Exhortation to it	353
Hymns before Prayer	353—358
For ye spread of the Gospel	418—421, 427, 428
For Ministers and Missionaries	420, 408, 415, 426

INDEX.

	Hymn and Page
<i>Preparatory</i> Thought for the Lord's Supper	472
<i>Presence</i> , of God, worth dying for	555
Of Christ the Joy of his People	404, 554, 135
Promised 359. Longed for	220, 299, 361
<i>Pride</i> lamented	311, 345
<i>Prince</i> and Saviour	269
<i>Priesthood</i> of Christ 190. Its Excellency	191
<i>Privileges</i> of the Sons of God	94, 375
<i>Prodigal Son</i> , Parable of the	273
<i>Promises</i> , The first Promise	122
Of Strength according to our Days	123
Of the Divine Presence 124. Of sufficient Grace	125
Of a Supply of all our Need 126. Of the Kingdom	127
Exceeding great and precious	128
<i>Prophecy</i> , Christ the Substance of it 205. Fulfilled	185
Animating to Prayer	418
<i>Prophet</i> , Priest, and King, Christ the	192
<i>Prosperity</i> of the Soul desired	322
<i>Providence</i> 31. And Power of God	7
Equitable and kind 33. Mysterious	34
To be explained hereafter	35
Bereaving submitted to	563
Praise for the Blessings of it	37
<i>Publican</i> , the humble	236
R	
<i>RACE</i> , the Christian	302
<i>Rain</i> , threatening	502
<i>Ransom</i> , Christ our	90, 193
<i>Reading</i> the Scriptures	330
<i>Reason</i> 32. An insufficient Guide	196
<i>Recollection</i> , grateful	324, 509
<i>Reconciliation</i> to God	115
<i>Redeeming Love</i>	69, 169
<i>Redemption</i> , by Christ alone 70. Finished	71, 72
Gratitude to God for it 73. Wonders of it	485
<i>Refuge</i> . God's, 316. Christ a	52, 100, 305
<i>Regeneration</i> , see <i>Conversion</i>	
<i>Rejoicing</i> , in God 238. In Hope	240
In the Ways of God 239: And going on our Way	240
<i>Religion</i> , Gratitude the Spring of it	216
Internal, desired 284. Pleasures of it	291 377
Benefit of it	284, 377

INDEX.

	Hymn and page
Religion, Personal	329—332
Family	333—337
Public	338—397
Vain without Love	259
Remembering all the Way, &c.	324
Repentance, commanded by God 267. Given by Christ	269
And Hope	272
Prayed for. See <i>Penitence</i> and <i>Penitent</i>	268
Why weepest thou?	274
Request, the	319
Resignation. See <i>Submission</i>	217, 276, 279
Resolution, to serve the Lord 334. The successful one	355
Rest, the eternal	352
Resurrection of the Body	568, 569
Of Christ 140, 143, 474. A Pledge of ours	143
Comfortable to such who seek Christ	144
And Ascension of Christ	142, 145
Retirement	329
Revival prayed for	427
Rich Fool surprised	400
Riches, their Emptiness	398
Riches of Christ unsearchable	151
Righteous. See <i>Christian</i>	
Righteousness, imputed	84
Human, insufficient to justify	83, 50
Christ our Righteousness	194
Rock, Christ the smitten	195
Building on the	163
Rising to God	323
S	
SABBATH. See <i>Lord's Day</i>	47, 348, 352
Safety of Christ's Sheep	103
Saint indeed	261
Salvation, approaching	224, 586
Of Sinners 107—113. The Method of it	107
Free 108. By Grace	110, 111
By Father, Son, and Spirit	107
Shall be complete	109
An Interest in it desired	113
What must I do to be saved	294
God glorious, and Sinners saved	112

INDEX.

	Hymn and page
<i>Salvation</i> , Praise for it	383
<i>Samaritan</i> , the good	257
<i>Sanctification</i> , and Pardon	100
And Growth desired	102, 390
Promoted by Affliction	542
<i>Satan</i> repulsed	287
<i>Saviour</i> , Christ the only 196, 269. Able and willing	115
<i>Scriptures</i> , their Inspiration 43. Their Usefulness	44
Their Riches 45. Their Sufficiency and Excellency.	46
Reading them	332
<i>Seasons</i> , the, crowned with Goodness	508
<i>Secret Prayer</i>	312
<i>Self-Dedication</i>	298, 490
<i>Self-Denial</i>	280, 281
<i>Self-Examination</i> 331. Lord search me	283
<i>Self-Existence</i> and Self-Sufficiency of God	20, 23
<i>Self-Righteousness</i> lamented	51
<i>Seriousness</i> prayed for	549
<i>Sermon</i> , Hymns before it 359-371. Hymns after it 372-	392
<i>Shame</i> , on Account of Christ, abhorred	451
<i>Sheep</i> of Christ secure	193
<i>Shepherd</i> , Christ a	101, 197
<i>Sickness</i> , Presence of God desired in it	537
Submission under it	540
<i>Sickness</i> , Complaint and Hope in it	538
General	539
And Recovery	541, 542
<i>Sinai</i> and Calvary	52
<i>Sincerity</i> and Truth 282. Desired	281
<i>Sin</i> , original 38. Indwelling	39
And Grace	41
And Sorrow laid before God	99
<i>Sinner</i> , impenitent found wanting 49. Reasoned with	581
Convinced 50, 294, 376. Repenting, accepted	273
And Saints in the wreck of Nature	570
Death of the	559
<i>Sion</i> , its Stability and Glory	403
Asking the Way to it	405
Glorious Things spoken of it. See Church	418
<i>Song</i> , to creating Wisdom	29
Of the Angels at Christ's Birth	129, 130
Of the spiritual Pilgrim	301
Of Praise to the Redeemer	347, 488, 489

INDEX.

	Hymn and page
Sons of God, their Privileges	94, 95
Sorrow, godly. See <i>Repentance</i>	
For Sin, desired 274. Laid before God	99
Soul, Worth and Loss of it	401
Sovereignty of God	9
Sower, Parable of	372, 373
Spirit of God, his Work	206—216
The Comforter	206
Leads the People of God	207
Addressed under Darknes	214
Grieved, but intreated not to depart	215
His Drawings celebrated 216. His Love	206
Spiritual Mindedness	284
Spirituality of God	3
Spring	498—500
Strength as our Days are	123, 125
Strong-hold, Christ the spiritual	198
Submission, to the Will of God	217, 276, 277, 264
To bereaving Providences 563. Filial	278
It is the Lord, let him, &c.	279
Suffering Christians dear to Christ	280
Sufferings of Christ. See <i>Lord's Supper</i>	136
Summer and Harvest	504, 505
Sun, Christ the	199
Sunday Schools	522, 523
Supplication	295

T

TEMPLE, the Bodies of the Saints a	299
The spiritual completed	431
Temptation 305, 324. Moderated	306
Tempted Saints, Christ Intercession for them	155
Thanksgiving Days	529—536
Thief on the Cross	80
Thirsty Souls invited to Christ	120
Thunder, the God of	503
Time, well spent 226. Short	543
Now is the accepted Time	376, 505
Every Part of it in God's Hands	545
And Eternity	546
To-Day, the Voice of Wisdom	505
To-Morrow, the Language of Folly	505

INDEX.

	Hymn and page
<i>Transfiguration of Christ</i> _____	_____
<i>Traveller's Psalm</i> _____	_____
<i>Trinity, the Doctrine of the (See Doxologies)</i>	_____
<i>Triumphs, of Christ 148. Of the Cross</i> _____	_____
<i>Trouble, pleading with God in it</i> _____	_____
<i>Troubled but making God our Refuge</i> _____	_____
<i>Trust, in God under Trials</i> _____	_____
<i>Humble, or Despair prevented</i> _____	286, 287
<i>Encouragement to it</i> _____	_____
<i>I will trust and not be afraid</i> _____	_____
<i>Truth, and Faithfulness of God</i> _____	_____
<i>And Mercy met together</i> _____	_____
<i>And Sincerity</i> _____	_____
<i>Types, Christ the Substance of them</i> _____	53, 205, 207
U	
<i>UNBELIEF lamented 241. Opposed 219. Surmounted 272</i>	_____
<i>Union to Christ</i> _____	_____
<i>Unity of God</i> _____	_____
<i>Unsteadiness lamented</i> _____	_____
<i>Vanity of earthly Things</i> _____	_____
<i>Vine, Christ the spiritual</i> _____	398, 401
<i>Victory, Thanksgiving for national</i> _____	_____
<i>Over Death</i> _____	_____
<i>Vision of the dry Bones</i> _____	_____
<i>Voyage, the spiritual</i> _____	_____
W	
<i>WAITING for the coming of Christ</i> _____	_____
<i>Walking with God 98. In Darkness</i> _____	_____
<i>Warfare, the Christian</i> _____	228, 333
<i>Warrior animated and crowned</i> _____	_____
<i>Watchfulness rewarded</i> _____	_____
<i>Way, Christ the 196. To Canaan</i> _____	_____
<i>Way, Truth, and Life</i> _____	_____
<i>Wearry and burdened invited to Rest</i> _____	_____
<i>Wedding Hymn</i> _____	_____
<i>Weeping</i> _____	_____
<i>Wicked Men exhorted</i> _____	115, 117
<i>Winter improved</i> _____	506, 507
<i>Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctification, Christ our</i>	_____
<i>Wisdom, of God 11. In Creation</i> _____	_____
<i>And Grace of the Gospel</i> _____	_____

INDEX.

	Hymn and page
<i>Wisdom</i> the Invitation of, accepted	— 121
Happiness of it	— 291
<i>Wisdom's</i> Ways pleasant	— 291
<i>Wind</i> , Spirit's Influences represented by	207, 212
<i>Wonders</i> of Redemption	— 485
<i>Word</i> of God. See <i>Scripture</i>	
<i>World</i> , Vanity of it	398, 399
Renounced &c. Despised	— 253
No Compensation for the Loss of one Soul	401
<i>Worship</i> , private	329, 332
Family	333—337
Public 338—397. Reverential	— 17, 26
Opening a new Place of	338, 340
Pleasures of it	341, 343, 344, 346
Excellency of it	342, 343
Formal Worship vain	— 345
<i>Worthy</i> is the Lamb	387, 479

Y

<i>YEAR</i> crowned with Goodness	— 508
<i>Youth</i> , educated	— 522, 523
Encouraged to seek the Lord	— 517—521
A lovely one falling short of Heaven	— 520

Z

<i>ZEAL</i> , and Diligence	— 293
For Christ	— 292
For the House of God	— 346

EXPLANATION

OF THE METRES IN THIS VOLUME

Old Hundred, &c.	Hymn	7
Crowle, &c.	—	261
Aynhoe, &c.	—	260
Cherriton, &c.	—	585
The Old 104th, &c.	—	198
Carey's, &c.	—	266
Portsmouth New, &c.	—	431
Haughton, &c.	—	62
Bermondsey, &c.	—	387
Leoni, &c.	—	66
Cookham, &c.	—	270
Firths	—	16
Hotham, &c.	—	305
Dartford, &c.	—	301
Clarke's, &c.	—	313
New Jerufalem, &c.	—	151
Ewell, &c.	—	91
Chatham, &c.	—	300
Jewin Street, &c.	—	509
Helmley, &c.	—	428



L. M.	8	8	8	8	
C. M.	8	6	8	6	
S. M.	6	6	8	6	
50th	0	10	10	10	11
104th	10	10	11	11	
112th	8	8	8	8	8
148th	6	6	6	8	8
6	5	6	11	5	6
6	4	6	6	6	11
6	8	8	6	6	4
7.	4	4	6	8	4
7.			7	7	7
7.			7	7	7
7.	Double		7	7	7
7	6	7	7	7	7
7	6	6	6	7	6
7	6	8	7	6	7
8.		8	8	8	8
8	6	8	8	8	8
8	8	6	6	8	8
8	8	8	8	8	8
8	7	7	7	8	7
8	7	8	8	7	8
8	4	8	8	7	4
10.			10	10	10

Printed by J. BATESON, Denmark-Street, Soho.