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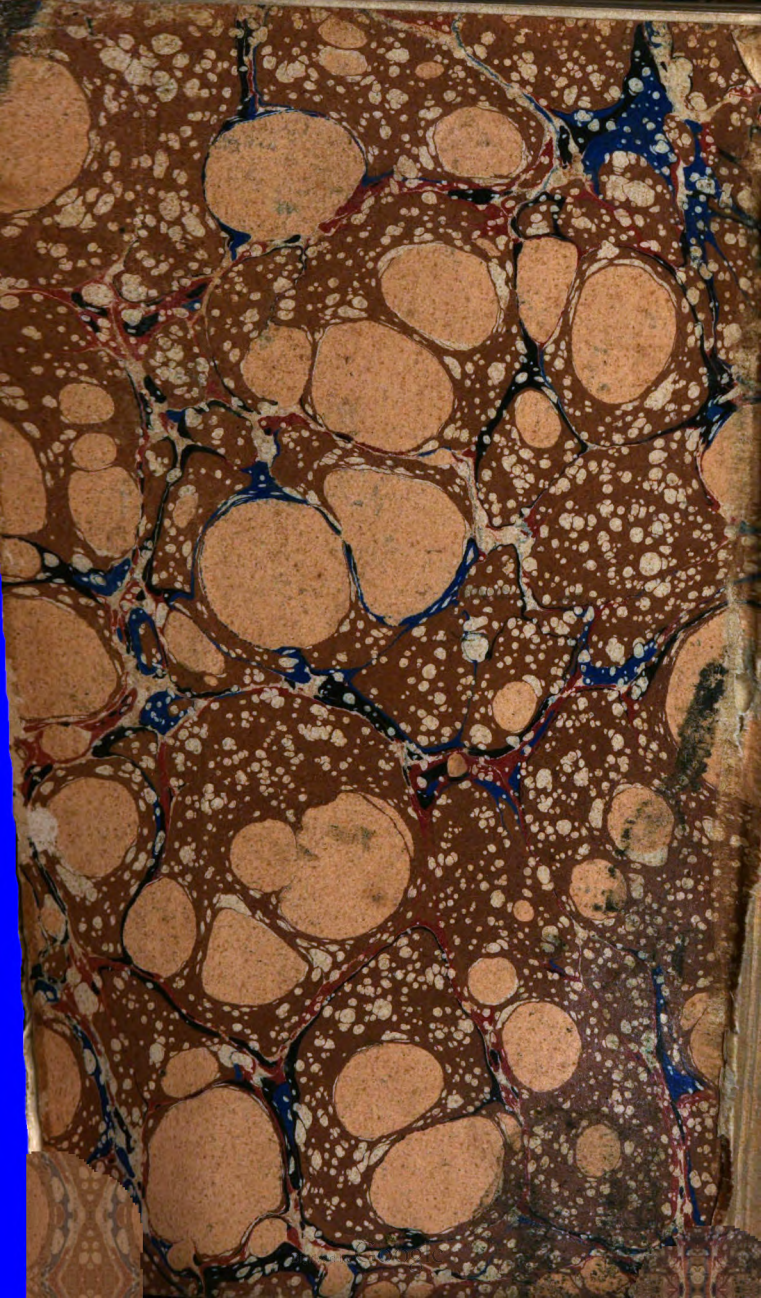
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COMPREHENSIVE EDITION.

A

SELECTION OF HYMNS,

FROM THE BEST AUTHORS,

INCLUDING

A GREAT NUMBER OF ORIGINALS;

INTENDED TO BE AN

APPENDIX TO DR. WATTS'S PSALMS & HYMNS.

BY JOHN RIPPON, D.D.

CONTAINING

All the Additional Hymns,

WITH ABOUT FOUR HUNDRED, NOW FIRST ADDED, IN ALL UPWARDS OF
ELEVEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTY HYMNS, IN ONE HUNDRED METRES.

WITH COPIOUS INDICES, *c/v*

INCLUDING AN INDEX OF THE FIRST LINE OF EVERY VERSE.

LONDON:

WILLIAM WHITTEMORE, 24, PATERNOSTER-RROW.

RB.23. a. 18667.



P R E F A C E.

THIS Selection of Hymns, has, for upwards of half a century, had a very extended circulation. Since it was first published, in 1787, successive additions have been made to it, greatly increasing its usefulness and acceptability.

Notwithstanding the number of Hymns added to former editions, the churches and congregations using "The Selection" needed a still farther increase of Hymns, for the varied circumstances of Public, Social, Family, and Private Worship. To meet to some considerable extent this demand, in addition to the incorporation of former improvements, the present edition is enriched by nearly **FOUR HUNDRED ADDITIONAL HYMNS**, which have been interspersed throughout the volume, under the several general divisions of subjects, as parts under the number affixed to the former Hymns, it being considered inexpedient to make any alteration in the numbering. The greater portion of those now added have been inserted in the latter sections of the volume, particularly under the following heads:—Before and After Sermon,—the Ordinances,—Missionary and Church Meetings,—Domestic and Parental Piety,—Maternal Associations,—the Young,—the Aged,—Affliction,—Death and Funeral Occasions,—the Second Coming of Christ,—the Day of Judgment,—Heaven, &c.; upon which subjects it is impossible to have too many good Hymns.

It may not be too much to say, in reference to this large number of additional Hymns, that for their scriptural sentiment, poetic excellence, elevated piety, devotional tendency, metrical variety, general appropriateness, and practical utility, they will not suffer by comparison with any similar number of Hymns published. They do honour to the volume in which they are incorporated, and to the age we live in; and to their authors the churches of Christ are under unspeakable obligation. Indeed, it is hardly possible to attach too much importance to this department of Christian literature. The Hymn-Book, as an eminent writer* most truly and eloquently remarks, "claims and commands access to the closet and the sanctuary, and is even admitted to companionship with the volume of inspiration. It is the chief mean and channel of the church's praise—it is the settled expression of her views of gospel doctrine—it is the regulated utterance of her experience of the power of truth—it is the mirror of her moral likeness—it is her poetical liturgy, and it enters essentially into all her spiritual exercises and enjoyments."

With these, and the following remarks of the same writer, the

Editor of the present work most fully sympathizes: "Such considerations surround the enterprise with awe, and fill the mind of an editor with reverence. He feels that he is engaged in a solemn work—he considers that he is forming an instrument for the sublimest and holiest of purposes—he knows that its utility depends upon the Divine approbation, and that the Eternal Spirit will approve and bless it only in so far as it is the faithful expounder of his own work, and in full harmony with his own word."

Dr. Rippon's Selection has long been all that has been so well stated in the above paragraph. The present edition rests its claims to the continued support of the churches and congregations upon the following grounds:

1st. *Its comprehensiveness*; comprising, as it does, not less than **ELEVEN HUNDRED AND FORTY HYMNS**, exclusive of the "SACRED MELODIES," which form a kind of supplement to the work, and are, as is there stated, intended only for uses less public, though not less important and sacred, which it is hoped will profit the soul, while they please and gratify a poetical and musical taste.

2nd. *Its metrical variety*; which, as singing-classes are now being generally formed, for the purposes of improving the character of congregational singing, will be found of no small service in supplying appropriate words to almost every tune which has found a place in the several published collections of Congregational Psalmody. This volume, as the Index of Metres shows, contains Hymns in about **ONE HUNDRED DIFFERENT METRES**.

3rd. *Facility of reference*; it having, besides an Analysis of Contents and most copious and carefully collated Indices of the First Lines of Hymns—of Metres—of Subjects—and of Scripture Texts—also an *Index of the First Line of EVERY Verse*, which in a Collection so extensive as the present, will be a great convenience to those upon whom it devolves to select and read the Hymns in public worship, as well as to those who, either in the sanctuary or in private, may wish to find a Hymn of which they have only a partial recollection.

4th. *Its cheapness*, considering the vast quantity of matter it contains, is without a parallel in the hymnology of the Christian church. It will, therefore be manifest, that a considerable sale is required to meet the amount of capital embarked in this undertaking: such a sale is most confidently anticipated.

May it please the great Head of the church to continue to make this work a powerful instrument in advancing the interests of his kingdom, and the glory of his holy name. Amen.

January 1, 1844.

INDEX TO FIRST LINES OF HYMNS.

Hymn and Page	Hymn and Page
ABRA'M, with all the 2 p. 185	Ascend thy throne, Almighty 370
A century, now, has roll'd 2 p. 535	Asleep in Jesus, blessed 8 p. 551
A certain man, when 2 p. 366	As on the cross the Saviour hung 80
According to thy gracious 2 p. 479	Ashamed of Christ! my soul 280
Adam, our father and our head 38	Ashes to ashes! dust to 4 p. 551
A debtor to mercy alone 223	As showers on meadows newly 209
Afflicted saint, to Christ draw 123	Assist us, Lord! thy name to ... 1 p. 320
A fulness resides 150	As the dew from heaven 597
Ages, ages have departed 5 p. 535	Astonish'd and distress'd 40
A glory gilds the sacred 1 p. 43	As when the weary 3 p. 326
A God! a God! the wide 3 p. 129	At anchor laid, remote 2 p. 212
A good high priest is come 190	Attend, my ear; my heart, rejoice 1 p. 573
Ah, I shall soon be dying 2 p. 550	Attend, ye children of 1 p. 470
Ah, wretched souls, who strive 334	Awake, and sing the song 2 p. 241
Aid me, O Christ, thy 3 p. 135	Awake, awake, the sacred song 131
Alas! what hourly dangers rise 323	Awake, awake, thou 4 p. 420
All glory be to him who 4 p. 442	Awake, my soul, and with 1 p. 491
All glory, blest Father, to thee 646	Awake, my soul, in joyful lays 13
All glory to God, the Father and 662	Awake, our drowsy souls 349
All hail, incarnate God 430	Awake, our souls, and bless his 165
All hail, mysterious 3 p. 185	Awake, sweet gratitude, and 153
All hail the power of Jesus' 1 p. 177	Awake, ye saints, and raise your 1 p. 586
All may be outwardly desert 1150	Awake, ye sleeping souls 1 p. 582
All ye that love 461	Away, my unbelieving fear 1 p. 286
All worship and renown 655	Awhile remain'd the 2 p. 541
All yesterday is gone 4 p. 116	
Almighty Father, gracious Lord 1 p. 37	BACKSLIDERS, who your 176
Almighty Father of mankind ... 3 p. 524	Before thy throne, eternal King 424
Almighty Lord, with joy 3 p. 522	Begone, my worldly cares 5 p. 345
Almighty Maker, God 1 p. 345	Begone, unbelief 290
Almighty Maker of my frame 543	Behold, long wish'd-for spring... 1 p. 500
Almighty Saviour, gracious 601	Behold th' expected time 1 p. 419
Aloud we sing the wondrous 1 p. 258	Behold the grave where 457
Amazing grace! and 465	Behold the leprous Jew 102
Am I a soldier of the cross 228	Behold the mountain of 5 p. 422
Amid the splendours of thy 2 p. 12	Behold the sin-atoning Lamb 179
And am I only born 2 p. 549	Behold the sons, the heirs of God ... 229
And art thou with us 124	Behold these children 21 p. 515
And be it so, that, till this hour 230	Beset with snares on 1 p. 297
And can my heart aspire so high 278	Bestow, dear Lord 516
And did the holy and the just 485	Beyond the glittering 2 p. 146
And have I, Christ, no love to... 1 p. 252	Bless'd be the tie that binds 254
And is the gospel peace and love 166	Bless'd Comforter, balm 3 p. 212
And is there a land far 1142	Bless'd Father, and Son, and 661
And must I part with all I have 281	Bless'd is the man whose heart 1 p. 523
And will th' eternal King 1 p. 298	Bless'd Jesus, source of grace 208
And will the Judge descend 572	Bless'd men, who stretch their 292
And will th' offended God 1 p. 299	Bless'd union! in Eden 2 p. 440
And will ye go away 2 p. 439	Blessed are the sons of God 94
Angels and saints, your anthems ... 645	Blessed be the Power 628
Angels, from the realms 4 p. 129	Blessed Redeemer, how divine 242
Angels, roll the rock away 142	Blessings attend thee 3 p. 515
Another six days' work is done 348	Blest be the dear 2 p. 398
Another week for ever 4 p. 345	Blow ye the trumpet, blow 57
A pilgrim in this world 8 p. 584	Bread of heaven, on thee 2 p. 482
Array'd in majesty and power... 5 p. 569	Bread of our life 2 p. 477
Arise, my tenderest thoughts 42	Breast the wave 1165
Around the throne of God 6 p. 522	

Hymn and Page	Hymn and Page
Brethren, let us freely 2 p. 434	Dear Saviour, make me wise to 244
Britons, now your harvest 3 p. 505	Dear Saviour, we are thine 81
Bud of being 2 p. 515	Dear Saviour, when my thoughts ... 272
Buried beneath the 3 p. 442	Dear Saviour, with thy 4 p. 440
CHEERFULLY my soul shall 6 p. 524	Dear Shepherd of thy people 340
Children of the heavenly 240	Dearest Saviour, help thy 365
Christ our passover, is slain 186	Death is an awful word 2 p. 580
Christ the Lord is risen to-day 141	Deathless principle 6 p. 561
Christ watches o'er the embers... 2 p. 563	Death reigns beneath 2 p. 577
Church of Christ ! awake ! arise 4 p. 570	Death with his dread 539
Come, Abram's sons 2 p. 173	Deep are the wounds which sin ... 188
Come all who truly 2 p. 473	Deign this union 2 p. 513
Come, brethren, ere we 610	Deluded souls who think to find 400
Come, Christian brethren, ere... 1 p. 394	Depraved minds on ashes feed..... 158
Come every pious heart 489	Descend, celestial Dove 468
Come, gracious Spirit 1 p. 207	Descend, blest Spirit, source 592
Come, guilty souls, and flee 1 p. 376	Descend, Holy Spirit, the dove 214
Come, Holy Ghost, all..... 4 p. 211	Descend, immortal Dove 5 p. 215
Come, Holy Ghost, our 629	Did Christ o'er sinners weep 367
Come, Holy Ghost, thine 7 p. 479	Disdain not, O eternal 12 p. 542
Come, Holy Spirit, come 2 p. 211	Dismiss us with thy blessing 388
Come, humble sinner, in whose 355	Divine Redeemer ! God of 2 p. 336
Come in, thou blessed..... 3 p. 473	Do not I love thee, O my Lord 425
Come in, ye blessed 4 p. 473	Do we with humble 5 p. 473
Come, let me love, or is my 251	Does God, the ever good 3 p. 322
Come, let us anew our journey 4 p. 318	Does Jehovah his children 4 p. 564
Come, let us join our 7 p. 440	Dost thou my profit seek 1 p. 540
Come, let us join to 664	EARTH has engross'd my love 588
Come, Lord, and help us to 232	Emptied of earth I faint 1 p. 212
Come, Lord, and warm each 1 p. 583	Encompass'd with clouds of 220
Come, my fond fluttering 2 p. 402	Encourage my heart 6 p. 542
Come, my soul, thy suit 4 p. 353	Endless praises 619
Come, needy soul, howe'er 3 p. 353	Enquire, ye pilgrims, for the 405
Come now, ye sinners 3 p. 353	Enslaved by sin, and bound in..... 70
Come, saints, and adore him..... 615	Ere Christ ascended to his 2 p. 454
Come, see on bloody Calvary 478	Ere I sleep, for every..... 2 p. 496
Come, sinners, saith the 1 p. 114	Eternal Father, throned 635
Come, thou Almighty King 643	Eternal God, almighty cause 2
Come, thou desire of 4 p. 366	Eternal God, enthroned on high 1 p. 524
Come, thou fount of every 509	Eternal Power, whose high 26
Come, thou long expected Jesus 162	Eternal source of every good ... 3 p. 338
Come, thou soul-transforming 368	Eternal source of every joy 508
Come, weary souls, with sin 117	Eternal Spirit, heavenly 460
Come, ye disconsolate..... 9 p. 564	Eternal Spirit, source of 1 p. 211
Come, ye humble, contrite 3 p. 453	Eternal Wisdom, thee we praise..... 29
Come, ye redeemed of..... 458	Eternity is just at hand 548
Come, ye sinners, poor and 1 p. 115	Europe, speak the mighty name..... 676
Come, ye souls by sin 11 p. 116	Exalted Prince of Life, we own 269
Come ye that fear the Lord 437	Exert thy power, thy 2 p. 418
Come ye that love the Saviour's 175	FAIN , O my babe, I'd 3 p. 336
Command thy blessing from..... 591	Fair Zion's King, we suppliant 417
Compared with Christ in all 204	Faith adds new charms to 218
Confirm the hope thy word 593	Faith, 'tis a precious grace 2 p. 217
Creator, Saviour..... 632	Farewell, my friends below..... 1173
Creator Spirit ! by..... 4 p. 206	Farewell, poor world, I must 1153
Curst be the man, for ever curst 52	Farewell to sadness 1146
DAUGHTER of Zion, awake 616	Far from the world 3 p. 331
Daughter of Zion, from 6 p. 421	Father, at thy call I come 270
Day of Judgment, day of 1 p. 577	Father divine, thy piercing eye 332
Dead be my heart to all below ... 1 p. 402	Father, God, who seest in me 76
Dear as my wert, and 8 p. 553	Father, how wide thy glory 112
Dear Friend of friendless sinners ... 266	Father, is not thy promise 2 p. 419
Dear Lord, and shall thy Spirit 213	Father of all, before 20 p. 515
Dear Lord, and will thy 446	Father of all, by whom 17 p. 515
Dear Lord, though bitter is the 264	Father of all, thy care we bless 333
Dear Lord, why should I..... 2 p. 288	Father of all, to thee 653
Dear refuge of my weary soul 316	Father of faithful Abram 1 p. 422
Dear Saviour, if our 11 p. 515	Father of glory, to thy name 22

Hymn and Page	Hymn and Page		
Father of mercies, bow thine	426	Great God of wonders, all thy	85
Father of mercies, in thy house	407	Great God, oppress with grief	330
Father of mercies, in thy word	46	Great God, the nations	1 p. 420
Father of mercies, send thy	257	Great God, this sacred day	1 p. 346
Father of the human	3 p. 513	Great God, thy watchful care	339
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost	675	Great God, 'tis from thy	1 p. 111
Father, Son, and Holy	656	Great God, to-day thy	2 p. 360
Father, Son, and Holy	5 p. 515	Great God, to thee I'll	2 p. 231
Father, Spirit, and Son	654	Great God, to thee a	3 p. 523
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss	319	Great God, to thee my evening	495
For a season call'd to part	2 p. 515	Great God, we in thy courts	452
Forbid them not	16 p. 515	Great God, we sing that mighty 1 p. 510	
For ever to behold him shine ...	3 p. 583	Great God, what do I see and ...	6 p. 578
Forgiveness, 'tis a joyful sound	87	Great God, what hosts of angels	307
For love paternal, rich, and free	637	Great God, where'er we pitch	333
Forth from the	10 p. 515	Great Leader of thine Israel's	317
Fountain of mercy	4 p. 504	Great Ruler of all	2 p. 503
Frequent the day of God returns	350	Great Ruler of the earth and	531
Friend after friend departs	6 p. 553	Great sovereign Lord	3 p. 504
From Egypt lately come	3 p. 305	Great Spirit of immortal love	256
From every earthly pleasure ...	5 p. 585	Guide me, O thou great Jehovah, 1 p. 567	
From Greenland's icy	6 p. 418		
From the mount of	5 p. 114	HAIL! Father, Son, and Spirit	649
From whence this fear and	221	Hail! mighty Jesus, how divine	77
From winter's barren clods	499	Hail! sovereign love	2 p. 172
		Hail! sweetest, dearest tie	1143
GENTLE Saviour, look on me... 5 p. 524		Hail! thou once despised Jesus	75
Give glory to God, ye children	660	Hail! ye days of solemn meeting ...	596
Give to the winds thy fears	4 p. 316	Hallelujah	618
Glorious things of thee	1 p. 418	Happy beyond description he	227
Glory be to God above	5 p. 440	Happy soul, thy days are	2 p. 561
Glory to God on high	387	Happy the man who finds the	291
Glory to God who reigns above	185	Happy the man whose cautious	261
Glory to God with joyful	663	Happy the souls to Jesus	8 p. 443
Glory to the eternal King	1 p. 10	Happy those who rest have	1148
Glory to thee, my God, this	1 p. 496	Hark, a voice, it cries from	7 p. 587
God in the gospel of his Son	54	Hark, for 'tis God's own Son	93
God is a name my soul adores	23	Hark, hark, the Gospel	10 p. 116
God look'd from	3 p. 318	Hark, the glad sound, the	134
God moves in a mysterious way	34	Hark, the groans of the	2 p. 576
God of eternal love	3 p. 313	Hark, the herald angels sing	130
God of eternity, from thee	1 p. 544	Hark, the song of	612
God of my life, to thee belong ...	1 p. 511	Hark, the voice of love and	71
God of my life, to thee	2 p. 512	Hark, 'tis our heavenly Leader's	328
God of our salvation	605	Harmonious swell the	5 p. 579
God of the spirits of all	6 p. 563	Hast thou lost a child	3 p. 557
God of Zion, on us	608	Hast thou said, exalted	2 p. 451
God only wise	18 p. 515	Haste, traveller, haste	2 p. 581
God with us, O glorious name	174	Hasten, O sinner, to be	2 p. 116
Go, favour'd Britons	4 p. 418	Have I that faith which	3 p. 217
Go forth, ye saints, behold	4 p. 421	Head of the church triumphant	614
Go, said the voice of	5 p. 418	Hear God while he speaks	7 p. 116
Go teach the nations, and	1 p. 454	Hear, gracious God, my humble	308
Go to the grave in all thy glorious 5 p. 566		Hear, gracious Sovereign, from	210
Grace from on high	598	Heaven has confirm'd the great	565
Grace, 'tis a charming	2 p. 111	He comes, he comes, to	1 p. 578
Gracious Lord, as thou hast	595	He dies! the Friend of	474
Gracious Lord, as thou	6 p. 515	He knelt, the Saviour	5 p. 545
Gracious Lord, incline	1 p. 296	He lives! the great Redeemer	152
Grant us, Lord, some	2 p. 373	Help and salvation, Lord,	2 p. 296
Grant us, Lord, thy gracious	589	Helpless, guilty	4 p. 212
Great Author of th' immortal	24	Here, at thy table, Lord, we	483
Great Comforter, we cry	4 p. 215	Here, Lord, my soul convicted	50
Great Father of mankind	406	He sweetly sleeps the	10 p. 551
Great Former of this various	5	High in yonder realms of	4 p. 587
Great God, amid the darksome 1 p. 199		Holy and reverend is the name	17
Great God, and wilt	2 p. 521	Holy Ghost, dispel our	599
Great God, my Maker, and my	18	Holy, holy, holy Three	674
Great God, now condescend	1 p. 336	Holy, holy, holy Lord	2 p. 22
Great God of providence, thy	35	Holy wonder, heavenly grace	347

Hymn and Page	Hymn and Page		
Hosanna! Christ	620	In songs of sublime adoration.....	110
Hosanna to the church's	456	In sweet exalted strains.....	1 p. 338
Hosanna to the living	617	In thee, thou all-sufficient God	1 p. 441
How are thy servants bless'd.....	36	In the floods of tribulation.....	1 p. 541
How blest the righteous.....	6 p. 551	In vain Apollon's silver tongue ...	1 p. 360
How bright is the prospect.....	2 p. 587	In vain our fancy.....	3 p. 561
How charming is the place	341	In vain the giddy world.....	399
How did the powers of darkness.....	314	In the dust I'm doom'd to sleep	3 p. 569
How firm a foundation, ye saints	128	In what confusion earth.....	2 p. 582
How free and boundless is the	362	Is Jesus mine? I'm now	378
How free the fountain.....	4 p. 114	Israel in ancient days.....	53
How gentle God's.....	3 p. 384	Is there in heaven or.....	2 p. 294
How gracious and how	2 p. 542	I thirst, thou wounded.....	3 p. 252
How great, how solemn is the ...	1 p. 453	It is the Lord, enthroned in light....	279
How great, how terrible that.....	1 p. 570	JEHOVAH hath spoken	5 p. 578
How great thy compassion	1162	Jehovah speaks, seek.....	2 p. 114
How happy are the souls above	8 p. 587	Jerusalem, my happy home.....	3 p. 525
How happy are thy servants.....	6 p. 479	Jesus, and shall it ever be.....	1 p. 451
How happy are we	62	Jesus, at thy command.....	304
How happy is the pilgrim's lot	300	Jesus, commission'd from above	184
How hast thou, Lord, from year.....	502	Jesus, full of all compassion	295
How keen the tempter's malice	155	Jesus, I love thy charming name	1 p. 173
How long, O God, has.....	2 p. 421	Jesus, hail, whose glory.....	3 p. 577
How long shall death, the.....	1 p. 569	Jesus, how precious is thy.....	192
How long shall earth's alluring	546	Jesus, immutably the same	200
How long, thou faithful God	364	Jesus, I my cross have	3 p. 151
How lovely, how divinely sweet.....	343	Jesus, I sing thy matchless.....	1 p. 172
How many of thy children	3 p. 551	Jesus is our God and	3 p. 224
How many years has man.....	1 p. 421	Jesus is our great salvation.....	108
How oft, alas, this wretched	86	Jesus, let thy pitying eye	2 p. 313
How oft we joyful meet.....	1 p. 393	Jesus, lover of my soul	1 p. 305
How precious is the book divine	1 p. 43	Jesus, mighty King in Zion.....	1 p. 449
How sad on the keen edge.....	3 p. 540	Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone.....	201
How shall I my Saviour set	1 p. 151	Jesus, my Lord, how rich.....	433
How shall the sons of men	1 p. 377	Jesus, my love, my chief delight	1 p. 171
How soft the words my Saviour.....	517	Jesus, my Saviour and my all	463
How still amidst.....	1159	Jesus, my Saviour and my God	106
How sweet on thy bosom.....	4 p. 542	Jesus, O word, divinely sweet.....	475
How sweet the name of.....	3 p. 173	Jesus, our soul's delightful	219
How sweet thy invitations	4 p. 115	Jesus, since thou art still to-day....	189
How sweet to think in	7 p. 564	Jesus, th' eternal Son of God	55
How various and how new	547	Jesus, the heavenly lover gave.....	159
How vast the blessings.....	2 p. 284	Jesus, the Lord, our souls adore.....	167
Humble souls, who seek	445	Jesus, the name high	2 p. 151
I ASK'D the Lord, that I might.....	321	Jesus, the spring of joys divine.....	196
I come, the great Redeemer.....	193	Jesus, thy perfect righteousness.....	84
I hear the counsel of a.....	3 p. 121	Jesus, we claim thee for our.....	178
I leave the world.....	3 p. 521	Jesus, we hang upon the.....	1 p. 206
I'm but a stranger here	1149	Jesus, we thus obey	3 p. 479
I'm in a world of hopes	3 p. 215	Jesus, when faith with fixed.....	1 p. 477
Immanuel, sunk with.....	2 p. 135	Jesus, where'er thy.....	2 p. 339
I my Ebenezer raise	1 p. 512	Jesus, while our hearts are	2 p. 568
I own, my God, thy	5 p. 322	Join all who love the Saviour ...	3 p. 576
I think, when I read.....	4 p. 522	KEEP silence all created	9
I would but cannot sing.....	309	Kind are the words that Jesus... 1 p.	125
If all the sins that men.....	2 p. 224	Kindred in Christ, for his dear... 3 p.	514
If duty calls and sufferings	2 p. 293	King of Salem, bless my soul	183
If God is mine, then	2 p. 287	LAUNCH thy bark, mariner	1156
If human kindness.....	4 p. 479	Lead us, heavenly Father	638
If, Lord, in thy fair book	2 p. 382	Let avarice from shore to	45
If secret fraud should dwell.....	283	Let others boast their ancient	91
If thou hast drawn a thousand... 2 p.	216	Let ocean's waves	1 p. 217
In age and feebleness.....	2 p. 524	Let others bow at fashion's	1167
In all my ways, O God.....	1 p. 514	Let party names no more	255
Indulgent God, to thee I	3 p. 296	Let prayer and praise	2 p. 226
Infinite excellence is thine	164	Let Zion's watchmen all awake	410
In Jordan's tide the Baptist	1 p. 442	Let those who bear the	282
Inquire, ye pilgrims	1 p. 405		
In one fraternal bond.....	9 p. 440		

Hymn and Page	Hymn and Page
Let us love and sing 2 p. 73	Love divine, all love 3 p. 101
Lift not the wailing voice 4 p. 562	Lowly and solemn be 1155
Lift up your joyful eyes 3 p. 422	Lukewarm souls, the foe 4 p. 322
Lift your head, ye friends of 3 p. 570	MAY I throughout this day ... 12 p. 346
Light of those whose dreary 182	May the grace of Christ our 392
Like Israel, Lord, am I 2 p. 298	May we share the Saviour's 670
Lo, clad in nature's 2 p. 504	Meet and right it is to 673
Lo, he comes, with clouds 1 p. 576	Methinks I hear the 2 p. 331
Lo, he cometh, countless 1 p. 575	Methinks the last great day is 571
Lo, Wisdom stands with 2 p. 121	'Mid scenes of confusion 1152
Long did the patient 2 p. 505	Mighty God, the holy one 668
Look down, my soul, on 3 p. 580	Mighty God, while angels bless 132
Look down, O Lord, with 1 p. 371	'Mong all the priests of Jewish 191
Look from on high, great 2 p. 361	Morning breaks upon 1 p. 346
Look up, look up and weep 2 p. 557	Mortals, awake with 2 p. 129
Look up, ye saints, direct your . 1 p. 177	Must all the charms of nature 520
Lord, ye saints, the 3 p. 27	My brethren, from my heart 416
Lord, am I thine, entirely thine 11 p. 490	My Captain sounds the alarm... 1 p. 303
Lord, and am I yet alive 16	My God, assist me while I raise 203
Lord, assist us by 9 p. 515	My God, how cheerful is the 126
Lord, at thy feet we sinners lie 235	My God, the covenant of thy 67
Lord, at thy table I behold 2 p. 482	My God, thy boundless 2 p. 297
Lord, didst thou die, but 1 p. 287	My God, thy service well 13 p. 542
Lord, dismiss us with thy 389	My God, what silken cords 1 p. 216
Lord, dismiss us with thy 611	My God, who causedst me 4 p. 524
Lord, dost thou show a corner 163	My grace so weak, my 2 p. 215
Lord, from thy table 4 p. 490	My gracious Redeemer I love 253
Lord God, omnipotent to bless... 1 p. 382	My grateful tongue, immortal 25
Lord, hast thou made me know 105	My helper, God 2 p. 510
Lord, how delightful 'tis 2 p. 351	My hope is built on 2 p. 559
Lord, how large thy bounties 119	My rest is in heaven, my rest... 2 p. 584
Lord, how shall wretched 527	My rising soul, with strong 97
Lord, I am pain'd, but I resign 538	My Saviour, let me hear thy 89
Lord, I am vile, what shall I 493	My sorrows like a flood 88
Lord, I cannot let thee go 354	My soul, aspire to all the 6 p. 116
Lord, if thou thy grace 237	My soul, triumphant 4 p. 326
Lord, if we meet on earth no 1 p. 396	My soul, with joy attend 103
Lord, I've met thy 4 p. 351	My thoughts, that often 1 p. 550
Lord, incline my wandering 3 p. 226	My times of sorrow and of joy 276
Lord, in our hearts, 2 p. 371	My waken'd soul 2 p. 570
Lord, let me see thy 2 p. 299	NO more, dear Saviour, will I ... 1 p. 481
Lord, may we feel no 2 p. 554	No strength of nature can 51
Lord, must I die, O let 4 p. 550	Not all the nobles of the earth 95
Lord of hosts, how lovely fair 342	Not by the laws of innocence 225
Lord of mercy 623	Not unto us, but thee alone 1 p. 384
Lord of the sabbath 352	Now begin the heavenly theme 69
Lord, our dependence is 2 p. 453	Now far above the starry skies... 1 p. 479
Lord, shall we part with gold 401	Now from the altar of our 1 p. 497
Lord, shed a beam of 2 p. 268	Now if I visit Jacob's 5 p. 115
Lord, teach a little child 4 p. 523	Now let a true ambition rise 519
Lord, that so poor a 3 p. 211	Now let our cheerful eyes 154
Lord, thou hast been thy 4	Now let our drooping hearts 566
Lord, thou hast bid thy people 536	Now let out faith grow strong 480
Lord, thou with an unerring 8	Now let our hearts conspire to 522
Lord, thy pervading knowledge 28	Now let our songs 2 p. 535
Lord, 'tis an infinite delight 556	Now let our souls, on wings 323
Lord, to thy bounteous 3 p. 503	Now let our voices join 239
Lord, 'twas a time of 3 p. 216	Now let the feeble all be 1 p. 306
Lord, we are spared, and 609	Now let the slumbering 5 p. 421
Lord, we come before thee now 363	Now let us raise our cheerful 147
Lord, we lie before 4 p. 217	Now may the God of peace and 390
Lord, when I read the 1 p. 580	Now may the gospel's 594
Lord, when I saw, or 2 p. 363	Now, Lord, the heavenly seed 372
Lord, when our raptured 32	Now, O Lord, to thee submitting 5 p. 562
Lord, when we see a saint of 1 p. 553	Now to God, the Three in One 665
Lord, while the little 2 p. 523	Now while the gospel net 1 p. 366
Lord, who shall bear 3 p. 575	Now with angels round the 666
Lord, with a grieved and 266	
Lord, with glowing heart 1144	
Loud let the tuneful trumpet 58	

Hymn and Page	Hymn and Page
O BLEST society 3 p. 258	Our Father, whose eternal sway 1 p. 358
O David's Son and..... 5 p. 336	Our fathers where are 7 p. 566
O for a closer walk with God 98	Our God ascends his lofty 408
O for a sweet inspiring..... 1 p. 587	Our heavenly Father calls 96
O for a thousand tongues 4 p. 299	Our Lord is risen from the 145
O God, before whose 2 p. 338	Our precious Lord on 5 p. 346
O God, my Sun, thy blissful 1 p. 231	Our Saviour alone 1 p. 383
O God of Abram, hear..... 12 p. 515	Out of the mouths of babes 621
O God of Bethel 2 p. 37	
O God of love, with 2 p. 551	PART in peace ! Christ's 3 p. 533
O God of Zion, from thy 2 p. 427	Partners of a glorious hope 6 p. 440
O God to whom the 6 p. 566	Patience, O what a grace 263
O had I the wings of a 5 p. 584	Peace be to this..... 1 p. 515
O happy saints who dwell in ... 6 p. 587	Peace, 'tis the Lord Jehovah's... 1 p. 563
O happy they who safely 7 p. 551	Pleasing spring again 2 p. 500
O Jesus, my hope..... 625	Poor and afflicted, Lord..... 3 p. 427
O let me turn to heaven my 9 p. 585	Poor, weak, and worthless tho'... 1 p. 170
O Lord, encouraged 8 p. 515	Pour down thy Spirit, gracious 590
O Lord, I would delight in thee 248	Praise God, from whom all 631
O Lord, my best desires fulfil 277	Praise the Father, Son, and 651
O Lord my God, whose 68	Praise the God of all 671
O my distrustful heart 64	Praise the Redeemer..... 2 p. 144
O my soul, what means..... 1 p. 318	Praise the Saviour, all ye..... 432
O self-existent One 647	Praise to our Shepherd's 1 p. 101
O strange infirmity 7 p. 542	Praise to the Lord most 626
O sweet it is to know 2 p. 545	Praise to the Lord of boundless 243
O that I knew the secret place 99	Praise to the Lord on high 2 p. 412
O that the Lord indeed 381	Praise to the Lord who bows..... 532
O the immense, the amazing 503	Praise to the Lord whose 533
O there will be mourning..... 3 p. 579	Praise to thy name 1 p. 322
O think that while you're weep- 5 p. 564	Prayer is the breath of 1 p. 353
O thou, before whose gracious 413	Prayer is the soul's sincere 2 p. 358
O thou from whom all 3 p. 445	Prepare me, gracious God 1 p. 561
O thou my soul, forget no..... 2 p. 170	Proclaim, saith Christ, my 469
O thou, that hast redemption 327	Prostrate, dear Jesus, at thy 271
O thou, that read'st the 8 p. 564	Proud Babylon yet waits 3 p. 418
O thou, the hope of Israel's 2 p. 404	
O thou who art the widow's 2 p. 564	RAISE, thoughtless sinner 49
O thou who didst thy glory 74	Rejoice for a brother 4 p. 561
O thou who from the 2 p. 522	Rejoice, the Lord is king 149
O thou whose sceptre..... 6 p. 422	Rejoice, the Saviour..... 2 p. 422
O what stupendous mercy 246	Religion is the chief..... 1 p. 284
O where shall rest be found 4 p. 584	Remember thee, redeeming..... 5 p. 479
O worship the King 613	Repent, the voice celestial cries 267
O ye immortal throng 1 p. 146	Rest from thy labour, rest 4 p. 566
O ye mourners cease to languish 3 p. 563	Return, my roving heart 329
O ye who with the silent tear ... 4 p. 566	Return, O wanderer 1 p. 313
O Zion, afflicted with woe 4 p. 427	Return, O wanderer, to thy..... 4 p. 581
O'er the gloomy hills of..... 428	Reviving sound 4 p. 346
Of all the joys we mortals..... 249	Rise, my soul, and stretch thy 301
Of thy love some 607	Rock of ages, shelter me..... 1 p. 195
Oft as the bell with solemn 1 p. 552	Rouse, rouse my soul 2 p. 326
Oft have I turn'd my eye 311	
Often the clouds of 3 p. 547	SAFELY, Lord, another 2 p. 345
Oh, do not forsake me, my..... 1172	Salvation, O melodious sound..... 113
Oh, sweet as vernal dews 1168	Salvation through our dying God ... 109
On Britain, long a favour'd isle 530	Saviour, breathe an 2 p. 497
On Jordan's rugged banks 1 p. 584	Saviour divine, we know thy 194
On Zion, his most holy mount 56	Saviour, help me to 8 p. 542
On this sweet morn, my 7 p. 346	Saviour of men, and Lord of 133
On what has now been sown..... 1 p. 373	Saviour of sinners now we 602
On wings of faith mount 1 p. 585	Saviour, visit thy plantation ... 1 p. 427
Once as the Saviour pass'd 78	Saviour, we seek the watery..... 2 p. 449
Once more before we 397	Saviour, with fear 4 p. 521
Once more in peace we meet 395	Say, who is she that looks..... 2 p. 408
Once more, O Lord, thy..... 3 p. 427	Say, why should friendship..... 7 p. 553
One there is above all 3 p. 170	Say, why should thy breast..... 1171
Onward, heav'nward, let us press ... 1169	Searcher of hearts, be 1 p. 268
Our country is Immanuel's 4 p. 585	See Felix clothed with pomp 380
Our covenant God, in sweetest 659	See, gracious God, before thy 525

Hymn and Page	Hymn and Page
See how great a flame 5 p. 420	The day of rest once 8 p. 346
See how rude winter's icy hand 507	The day of wrath, that dreadful 2 p. 575
See how the fruitless fig tree ... 6 p. 581	The deluge at th' Almighty's..... 104
See how the little toiling 1 p. 505	The fabric of nature is 2 p. 540
See how the mounting sun 494	The Father, and Son, and..... 669
See how the willing converts 450	The Father, Redeemer, and..... 644
See Israel's gentle Shepherd 337	The Father, Son, and Spirit..... 648
See, Lord, thy willing subjects 193	The fountain of Christ 168
See the Captain of..... 9 p. 584	The gloom of the night 2 p. 547
See the corn again 4 p. 505	The God of Abra'm praise 66
See the glorious cherubim 667	The God of love will sure..... 1 p. 564
See the leaves around us..... 5 p. 505	The grave its trophies..... 4 p. 567
Self-destroy'd, for help I pray..... 379	The great hallelujah 678
Servant of God, well done..... 3 p. 566	The great Redeemer we adore..... 443
Shall atheists dare insult the 61	The great redeeming..... 15 p. 515
Shall Jesus descend from the ... 1 p. 73	The holy eunuch when baptized..... 471
Shepherd of Israel, bend thine 409	The house now to be..... 3 p. 421
Shepherd of Israel, thou dost 411	The icy chains that bound the..... 498
Shine, lovely star of day..... 3 p. 197	The joyful morn, my 9 p. 346
Should bounteous nature 259	The King of heaven his table 486
Shout, for the blessed Jesus 429	The last loud trumpet's 2 p. 572
Show us our welcome..... 2 p. 322	The light of sabbath eve 3 p. 351
Shrinking from the cold..... 5 p. 551	The Lord descended from 2 p. 10
Since God the Father..... 630	The Lord Jehovah..... 11 p. 116
Since Jesus freely did appear 1 p. 513	The Lord into his 9 p. 116
Since through the heaven..... 2 p. 233	The Lord my pasture shall 2 p. 567
Sinful, and blind, and poor 369	The Lord of earth and sky 2 p. 511
Sing hallelujah, praise 677	The Lord of sabbath let..... 11 p. 346
Sing to the Lord above 431	The Lord on mortal worms 423
Sing, ye redeemed of the..... 2 p. 405	The Lord our God 2 p. 8
Sinner, hear the Saviour 7 p. 115	The Lord shall come 2 p. 578
Sinner, is thy heart at 7 p. 581	The Lord who rules the..... 1 p. 434
Sinner, O why so thoughtless ... 1 p. 581	The Lord will happiness 275
Sinners, the voice of God 1 p. 116	The love of the Spirit I..... 2 p. 206
Sinners, you are now..... 2 p. 115	The mighty frame of glorious 148
So fair a face bedew'd with 484	The mighty God will not 273
Soldiers of Christ, arise 3 p. 303	The moment a sinner believes 222
Some sweet savour of thy..... 604	The peace which God alone..... 391
Sons we are through God's 65	The people of the Lord..... 6 p. 584
Sovereign of all the worlds on..... 92	The promises I sing..... 4 p. 579
Sovereign of life, before..... 3 p. 550	The righteous Lord supremely 238
Sovereign of life, I own thy 1 p. 542	The Saviour calls, let every ear 120
Sovereign Ruler of the skies 545	The Saviour comes—a..... 2 p. 579
Speak, Lord, to each of 3 p. 360	The Saviour's fulness..... 8 p. 116
Spirit divine, attend 603	The song of gratitude 11 p. 542
Spirit, leave thine house 7 p. 561	The spacious firmament 2 p. 27
Sprinkled with reconciling 357	The Spirit breathes..... 2 p. 43
Stand the omnipotent 7 p. 578	The spring, great God, at thy 501
Stand, thou insulted Spirit..... 1 p. 215	The stormy voyage of life is..... 6 p. 585
Stern winter throws his icy 506	The Sun of righteousness 3 p. 346
Strait is the gate, but..... 3 p. 116	The thoughts of my heart they .5 p. 542
Strait the gate, the way 3 p. 294	The time is short ere all 3 p. 544
Stretch'd on the cross the 137	The troubles of the saint 3 p. 306
Sweet day of rest, for 3 p. 345	The voice of free grace..... 627
Sweet the moments, rich..... 5 p. 135	The wandering star and..... 310
Sweet the time, exceeding 2 p. 441	The wondering nations have..... 1 p. 404
Sweet was the time, when first 315	The year of release is at..... 3 p. 586
Sweetly let's join..... 1158	Thee, Father, we bless 107
Sweetly ye blow 1157	Thee we adore, Eternal..... 1 p. 129
THAT God who made the 47	There is an hour of peaceful..... 3 p. 584
That perfect love is..... 2 p. 258	There is an hour when I must... 1 p. 566
That solemn hour will..... 5 p. 550	There is a fountain fill'd with 169
The Bible is justly esteem'd 205	There is a Friend above all 1151
Temptations, trials 2 p. 286	There is a smile for every 1147
The blessed Spirit like the 2 p. 207	There is a world above 2 p. 586
The burning bush which..... 1 p. 403	There is no path to heavenly 202
The church in all her..... 2 p. 578	There's joy in heaven, and joy..... 438
The day has dawn'd 3 p. 535	These mortal joys how 436
The day is far spent, the..... 7 p. 585	These hearts, alas, cleave..... 4 p. 547
	They suffer not for whom..... 5 p. 562

Hymn and Page	Hymn and Page
Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord 352	To praise the ever bounteous ... 1 p. 504
This God is the God we adore 385	To sleep in Jesus! rapturous ... 9 p. 551
Though in the outward 5 p. 578	Toss'd no more on life's 8 p. 566
Tho' nature's voice you must ... 3 p. 564	To thee, Almighty God, we 534
Tho' troubles assail 2 p. 125	To the eternal Three 650
Thou art gone to the grave 2 p. 562	To thee let my first offerings ... 1 p. 491
Thou art, O God, a spirit pure 3	To thee, O God, we 2 p. 199
Thou dear Redeemer, dying 386	To thee our wants are 3 p. 373
Thou friend of sinners hear 600	To thee who reign'st supreme 529
Thou God of glorious majesty ... 1 p. 549	Transient as the hues of 2 p. 544
Thou good and gracious 2 p. 225	Triumphant Zion, lift thy 3 p. 403
Thou greatest and best 2 p. 128	UNCLEAN, unclean, and full 289
Thou Judge of quick and dead ... 2 p. 571	United prayers ascend 7 p. 515
Thou, Lord, my safety, thou 344	Unite, my roving thoughts 265
Thou, Lord, through every 4 p. 336	Uniting hearts and hands 3 p. 440
Thou only centre of my rest 1 p. 537	Unto thine altar, Lord 356
Thou only Sovereign of 1 p. 440	Unvell thy bosom, faithful tomb 5 p. 567
Thou very paschal Lamb 180	Upon Mount Zion Jesus 2 p. 177
Thou who a tender 13 p. 515	VAIN man, thy fond 5 p. 581
Thou, whose almighty word 672	Vital spark of heavenly 3 p. 552
Thrice happy souls who 1 p. 226	WAIT, my soul, upon the 9 p. 542
Thro' all the changing scenes 285	Wait, O my soul, thy 11
Thro' all the various shifting 33	Wake, my voice, oh wake 1174
Through sorrow's night and 2 p. 569	Wake, parents of 19 p. 515
Thus Agur breathed his warm 262	We are travelling home to 1161
Thus far my God hath led me 324	Weary souls that wander 6 p. 115
Thus it became the Prince of 444	We bless the eternal source of ... 1 p. 412
Thus was the great Redeemer 448	We hail that condescending 2 p. 101
Thus we commemorate the day 476	We seek a rest beyond 4 p. 373
Thy goodness, Father, we 658	We sing his love who once 6 p. 567
Thy life I read, my dearest 556	We to this place are come 459
Thy mercy, my God, is the 15	We who need mercy 2 p. 433
Thy names, how infinite they 6	Welcome, delightful 6 p. 346
Thy presence, everlasting God ... 3 p. 516	Welcome sight 2 p. 573
Thy presence, gracious 1 p. 361	Welcome, welcome, little 4 p. 515
Thy sire, and her who brought 48	What a glorious destination 2 p. 583
Thy triumphs, Redeemer 622	What are possessions, fame 398
Thy way, O God, is in the sea 245	What cheering words are these 10 p. 542
Thy ways, O Lord, with wise 31	Whate'er to thee, our Lord ... 455
Thy word, Almighty Lord 606	What hath God wrought? 1 p. 535
'Tis a point I long to know 250	What heavenly man or lovely 472
'Tis done, the great 3 p. 490	What is life, 'tis but a 10 p. 558
'Tis finish'd!—so the Saviour 72	What is our God, or what his 30
'Tis finish'd!—'tis done! the 560	What is the world 3 p. 43
'Tis Jesus speaks, how 2 p. 195	What jarring natures dwell 41
'Tis my happiness below 2 p. 306	What mean these jealousies 90
'Tis pleasant to 624	What scenes of horror and of 559
'Tis religion that can 2 p. 377	What shall the dying sinner do 60
'Tis sweet to sing in grateful 636	What sound is this 1164
To Christ the Lord, let every 161	What strange perplexities 1 p. 331
To distant lands thy gospel 374	What various hindrances 2 p. 353
To Father, Redeemer, and 642	What wisdom, majesty, and 59
To Father, Son, and Comforter 634	When Abraham full of sacred 526
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ... 467	When Abraham's servant to 447
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost 633	When any turn from 1 p. 439
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ... 641	When at a distance, Lord 1 p. 135
To Father, Son, and Spirit 639	When bending o'er the 6 p. 550
To Father, Spirit, Son 652	When blooming youth is 1 p. 557
To fields of fire or thrones 3 p. 581	When by affliction's rod 4 p. 545
To God, my Saviour, and my 82	When by the tempter's wiles 122
To God the Father, God the 640	When darkness long has veil'd 241
To God, the Father, God the Son ... 657	When death appears before my.. 2 p. 552
To God, the universal King 1	Whene'er I wish, the 2 p. 305
To him who on the fatal 2 p. 383	When first the God of 21
To Jesus our exalted Lord 487	When his salvation 5 p. 522
To Jesus, the crown of my 8 p. 585	When I can trust my 6 p. 545
To Jordan's stream the 2 p. 442	When in the hour of 2 p. 537
Too long, alas! I vainly 2 p. 585	When I the holy grave survey 143
To-morrow, Lord, is 5 p. 116	
To our Redeemer's glorious 488	

Hymn and Page	Hymn and Page
When Jesus dwelt in mortal 435	Why should we dread our mortal 4 p. 569
When Jesus for his people 3 p. 298	Why sinks my weak 1 p. 233
When Israel's grieving tribes 157	Why, thoughtless sinner 3 p. 115
When Israel through the desert 44	Why, when storms around..... 3 p. 542
When languor and disease..... 5 p. 318	With heavenly power, O Lord..... 415
When marshall'd on the 2 p. 197	With humble heart and tongue 521
When my heart beguiling..... 1145	With loins begirt, with staff..... 7 p. 584
When, O dear Jesus 1 p. 351	With lowly minds and lofty..... 466
When on Sinai's top 6 p. 135	With melting heart and..... 1 p. 294
When Paul was parted from..... 414	With tears of anguish I lament 39
When shall thy lovely face be 574	With thee, great God, the stores 493
When sins and fears prevailing 181	Witness, ye men, and..... 2 p. 490
When some kind shepherd 79	Ye dying sons of men..... 118
When soon or late we..... 2 p. 514	Ye glittering toys of earth..... 187
When the Eternal bows the..... 14	Ye hearts with youthful vigour 518
When the spark of life..... 1154	Ye humble saints, proclaim 19
When the vale of death appears 3 p. 571	Ye humble souls, approach 1 p. 12
When the world my heart..... 4 p. 586	Ye humble souls, complain no..... 230
When thou my righteous..... 1 p. 579	Ye humble souls, rejoice..... 264
When we pass through yonder.. 3 p. 567	Ye humble souls that seek the ... 2 p. 144
When with a melting..... 4 p. 135	Ye little flock whom Jesus 127
Where burns the fireside 1170	Ye messengers of Christ 3 p. 420
Where'er the blustering..... 2 p. 420	Ye mourning saints whose 1 p. 558
Where'er the Spirit..... 3 p. 206	Ye objects of sense..... 2 p. 553
Where is my God? does he 156	Ye prisoners of hope 198
Where shall we sinners hide 100	Ye saints dismiss your 2 p. 346
Where two or three with sweet 359	Ye saints of every rank 2 p. 384
Wherewith, O Lord, shall I 83	Ye saints who once languish'd ... 5 p. 587
While at a venture 3 p. 366	Ye souls that trust 1166
While carnal men with..... 1 p. 293	Ye scarlet colour'd sinners 1 p. 121
While conscious sinners..... 3 p. 582	Ye servants of the Lord..... 325
While my Redeemer's near..... 1 p. 197	Ye servants of your God, his 7
While o'er our guilty land, O 528	Ye sons of men, with joy 30
While on the verge of life..... 1 p. 554	Ye that in these 8 p. 115
While pilgrims, Lord, we 2 p. 393	Ye that pass by, behold the..... 136
While sinners who presume to..... 375	Ye trembling souls, dismiss 1 p. 288
While to several paths..... 4 p. 553	Ye virgin souls, arise..... 1 p. 551
While with ceaseless course 9 p. 553	Ye who your native 462
Whither goest thou 1163	Ye worlds of light, that roll so..... 160
Who are these array'd 3 p. 587	Ye wretched, hungry, starving... 1 p. 473
Who is the trembling 2 p. 376	Yes, dearest friends, a short..... 5 p. 553
Who shall condemn to endless 63	Yes, I would love thee, blessed 247
Why are our hearts so..... 2 p. 318	Yes, mighty Jesus, thou..... 4 p. 422
Why art thou grieving 1160	Yes, the Christian's course 5 p. 561
Why flow these torrents of..... 1 p. 562	Yes, the Redeemer rose 140
Why, O my soul, why weepst 274	Yes, 'tis a rough and 5 p. 547
Why should a living man 312	Yonder, amazing sight, I see..... 138
Why should our mourning... 568	Your harps, ye trembling 1 p. 224
Why should our tears..... 3 p. 562	Your work, ye saints 2 p. 470
Why should we weep for those... 6 p. 564	

CONTENTS.

<p>I.—GOD—</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Hymn</p> <p>i. His Attributes 1</p> <p>ii. His Works—</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">1. Creation 27</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">2. Providence 31</p> <p>II.—FALL OF MAN..... 38</p> <p>III.—HOLY SCRIPTURES—</p> <p>i. Excellences and Properties of. 43</p> <p>ii. Law, Moral and Ceremonial ... 47</p> <p>iii. Gospel—</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">1. Its Blessings 54</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">2. Its Doctrines—Election, 62; Covenant of Grace, 66; Redemption, 69; Atonement, 74; Calling and Conversion, 77; Union to Christ, 81; Regeneration, 82; Justification, 83; Pardon, 85; Adoption, 91; Communion with God, 96; Sanctification, 100; Perseverance, 103; Salvation, 107; Grace, 110</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">3. Its Invitations, Expostulations, and Warnings, 114, 581, 582</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">4. Its Promises 122</p> <p>IV.—JESUS CHRIST—</p> <p>i. His Divinity 129</p> <p>ii. — Incarnation and Ministry (See also <i>Baptism</i>) 129</p> <p>iii. — Sufferings and Death (See also <i>Lord's Supper</i>) 135</p> <p>iv. — Resurrection (See also <i>General Resurrection</i>) 140</p> <p>v. — Ascension and Exaltation . 145</p> <p>vi. — Kingdom (See also <i>Missions</i>) 149</p> <p>vii. — Fulness 150</p> <p>viii. — Intercession 152</p> <p>ix. — Types, Titles, and Characters of, placed alphabetically ... 156</p> <p>V.—THE HOLY SPIRIT—</p> <p>i. Work and Influences of 206</p> <p>ii. Graces of, placed alphabetically 217</p> <p>VI.—THE CHRISTIAN LIFE—</p> <p>Its Rise, Progress, and Consummation (See also <i>Work of the Spirit—Time and Eternity—Death and Heaven</i>) 294</p> <p>VII.—WORSHIP—</p> <p>i. Private 229</p> <p>ii. Family 333, 514</p> <p>iii. Public—</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">1. On Opening a Place of Worship 338</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">2. Excellence of Public Worship 341</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">3. Lord's Day Anticipated, 345; Morning Lectures, 346; Evening 350</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">4. Before Prayer 353</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">5. Before Sermon 359, 589</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">6. After Sermon 372, 604</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">7. Meeting and Parting, 393, 610</p>	<p>VIII.—THE WORLD— Hymn</p> <p>i. Vanity of 398</p> <p>ii. Renouncing (See also <i>Profession</i>) 402, 451, 3 p. 521</p> <p>IX.—THE CHURCH—</p> <p>i. Its Privileges 403</p> <p>ii. Its Officers—</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">1. Ministers 407</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">2. Ordinations 410</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">3. Deacons 417</p> <p>iii. Its Meetings—</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">1. Missionary Occasions 418</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">2. Associations of Ministers and Churches 423</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">3. Collection Services 432</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">4. Church and Fellowship Meetings 437</p> <p>iv. Its Ordinances—</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">1. Baptism 447</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">2. Lord's Supper 472</p> <p>v. Its Members—</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">1. Their Profession, 437, 451, 490</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">2. Admission of 438, 473</p> <p>X.—TIMES AND SEASONS—</p> <p>i. Morning and Evening 491</p> <p>ii. Seasons of the Year—</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">1. Spring 498</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">2. Summer 503</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">3. Harvest and Autumn 504</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">4. Winter 506</p> <p>iii. New Year's Day 509, 609</p> <p>iv. Birth Day 512</p> <p>v. Wedding 513</p> <p>vi. Family Piety 333, 514</p> <p>vii. Birth and Dedication of Children 515</p> <p>viii. Maternal Associations ... 9 p. 515</p> <p>ix. The Young 336, 516, 522</p> <p>x. Sunday Schools 522</p> <p>xi. Old Age 524</p> <p>xii. Fast and Thanksgiving Days . 525</p> <p>xiii. Sickness and Recovery 537</p> <p>XI.—TIME—</p> <p>i. Its Brevity 543</p> <p>ii. Its Trials (See <i>Affliction</i>)... 542, 545</p> <p>XII.—ETERNITY 548</p> <p>XIII.—DEATH AND FUNERAL 550</p> <p>XIV.—RESURRECTION OF THE BODY..... 4 p. 567</p> <p>XV.—SECOND ADVENT OF CHRIST, AND JUDGMENT DAY 570</p> <p>XVI.—HELL AND HEAVEN 580</p> <p>XVII.—SHORT HYMNS AND SINGLE VERSES 589</p> <p>XVIII.—HOSANNAS, CHORUSES, &c. 610</p> <p>XIX.—DOXOLOGIES 629</p> <p>XX.—SACRED MELODIES 1142</p> <p>XXI.—INDICES—</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">i. Index of First Lines of Hymns, v</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">ii. ——— Metres xv</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">iii. ——— First Line of every Verse 862</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">iv. ——— Scripture Texts 882</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">v. ——— Subjects 887</p>
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METRICAL INDEX.

Explanation of, and references to, the Metres in this volume.

Metre.	Explanation.	Tune.	Hymns.	Metre.	Explanation.	Tune.	Hymns.
S.M.	66. 86.	Peckham, 7.	606	11s. 6 lines	11 11. 11 11. 11 11.	Mozart's, 461,	646
C.M.	86. 86.	Bedford, 91..	17, &c.*	11. 12.	10 11. 11 11. 12 11.	Miriam's Song, 2 p.	144
L.M.	88. 88.	Doversdale, 430..	199	11. 8.	118. 118.	Beaconsfield, 654 ...	
S.M.D.	66. 86. 6 6 86.	Lonsdale, 298..	341			110, 19 p. 515, 4 p.	
S.M.P.	66. 86. 8 8.	Grantham, 566..	6 p. 533			522, 2 p. 547, 2 p.	
C.M.D.	86. 86. 86. 86.	Great Milton, 212 ..	189	11. 10.	11 10. 11 10. 10 10.	Gravesend, 567..	3 p. 575
C.M.P.	86. 86. 86.	Sutherland, 577..	602	13, 11, 12.	13. 11. 13. 12.	Heber's, 562..	2 p. 562
C.M. with a chorus		— 6 p. 522, 621,		9- 8.	98. 98.	Chrysostom, 544, 2 p.	
C.M. with a coda		1143, 1166, 1174		9-8. pecu.		Dependence, 568..	4 p. 564
L.M.D.	88. 88. 88. 88.	Denbigh, 54..	1 p. 286, 635	9.3.8.	9 3.9 3.8 8 3.3.	— 1164	
L.M.P.	88. 88. 10.	Madras, 573.	617	8. 9. 7.	89. 88. 7.	St. Bees, 564..	5 p. 564
L.M. with a chorus		Carey's, 11..	68, 85, 178, 192, 1 p. 206, 4 p. 206, 1-3 p. 211, 2 p. 224, 266, 10 p. 346, 1 p. 361, 2 p. 393, 1 p. 422, 2 p. 524, 2 p. 559, 2 p. 567, 6 p. 567, 4 p. 578, 5 p. 579, 2 p. 581, 6 p. 585, 629, 630, 658, 1157, 1158.	Sa. 4 lines.	88. 88.	Israel, 94..	1 p. 73, 2 p. 206, 3 p. 212, 385, 2 p. 440, 4-6 p. 542, 5 p. 584, 8 p. 585, 3 p. 586
113th	8 88. 8 8 8.	Martin's Lane, 67..	4 p. 211, 4 p. 563, 2 p. 572, 632, 633	Sa. D.	88. 88. 8 8 8. 8 8.	Locks, 49..	1 p. 151, 205, 214, 220, 222, 223, 263, 2 p. 540, 4 p. 561, 5 p. 587
122nd.	6 6 8. 6 6 8.	St. John's, 138.	122 Ps.	Sa. 3 lines.	888.	Dies Irae, 545, 632	— 1168
Old 50th	10. 10. 10. 10. 11. 11	Old 50th, 233 ..	2 p. 535, 1 p. 585	8. 8. 7.	887. 887.	Cadiz, 570..	3 p. 583
New 50th	10. 10. 10. 10. 10. 10	New 50th, 36..	6 p. 422	8. 8. 7. 87.	887. 888 87	Leach, 290..	3 p. 43, 74, 1 p. 121, 2 p. 135, 4 p. 136, 2 p. 177, 202, 1 p. 217, 221, 232, 269, 2 p. 297, 300, 2 p. 318, 3 p. 345, 5 p. 346, 9 p. 346, 358, 444, 493, 522, 536, 7 p. 542, 1 p. 549, 2 p. 549, 6 p. 566, 3 p. 576, 2 p. 577, 1 p. 579, 592, 657, 659
148th	6 6. 6 6. 8 8.	Portsmouth New, 57 ..	53, 57, 64, 118, 140, 1 p. 146, 149, 190, 2 p. 231, 304, 3 p. 313, 1 p. 338, 6 p. 346, 349, 369, 1 p. 373, 3 p. 373, 2 p. 402, 406, 2 p. 412, 2 p. 422, 430, 431, 468, 489, 2 p. 511, 2 p. 512, 1 p. 551, 4 p. 579, 2 p. 586, 669	8. 8. 6.	886. 886.	Walmgate, 51 ...	5 p. 135, 295, 1 p. 449, 5 p. 506, 4 p. 515, 3 p. 542, 4 p. 553, 2 p. 558, 2 p. 561, 3 p. 563, 5 p. 563, 9 p. 584, 4 p. 586
10s 4 lines	10 10. 10 10.	Warsaw, 211 ..	3 p. 421, 5 p. 566, 639	8.7.4 lines	87. 87.	Rousseau, 384..	638
104th	10 10. 11 11.	Hanover, 130 ...	7 p. 116, 2 p. 126, 2 p. 128, 150, 168, 198, 290, 1 p. 383, 560, 7 p. 585, 613, 615, 660, 661, 662	8.7.6 lines	87. 87. 87.	Queenborough, 488..	75, 101, 162, 182, 3 p. 224, 4 p. 322, 392, 1 p. 418, 432, 445, 3 p. 451, 2 p. 497, 509, 1 p. 515, 8 p. 542, 2 p. 544, 3 p. 557, 597, 671, 1144
12. 13.	12 13. 13 13.	—	1142	8.7. D.	87. 87. 87. 87.	Dismission, 305..	611
12. 11.	12 11. 12 11.	Geard, 166..	15, 1 p. 128, 4 p. 427, 5 p. 578, 2 p. 584, 616, 622, 644, 646, 678, 1172	8.7. 8.	877. 887.	—	628
11s.	11 11. 11 11.	Daughter of Zion, 616	— 1152	8.7.8. with a chorus	87. 87. 77.	Batavia, 183..	2 p. 73, 3 p. 170, 2 p. 434, 3 p. 506, 10 p. 553, 3 p. 567, 2 p. 578, 3 p. 577, 7 p. 587
11s. pecu.		—	—	8.7. 7.	87. 87. 77.	Supplication, 583, 599	
11s. with a chorus		—	—	87. 78.	87. 87. 77. 88.		

* The Long, Short, and Common Metre Hymns occur too frequently to allow of a reference to each.

Metre.	Explanation.	Tune.	Hymns.	Metre.	Explanation.	Tune.	Hymns.	
87.88.	87.87.88.77.	Gethsemane,	465, 670	7.5.	77.75.	Fulham, 594,	623	
87.887.	87.87.887.	Luther's,	301, 6 p. 578	7.3.	77.77.77.73.	Llandaff, 546,	3 p. 553	
8.7.6.	86.76.78.76.	Passover, 530 ..	7 p. 578	7.8.7.	77.87.77.87.	East Grinstead, 24 ..	614	
8.7.4.	87.87.47.	Calvary, 297 ..	65, 71, 108, 115, 11 p. 116, 4 p. 129, 132, 3 p. 177, 3 p. 294, 1 p. 318, 365, 368, 2 p. 373, 389, 1 p. 427, 428, 2 p. 451, 6 p. 515, 4 p. 535, 1 p. 541, 8 p. 566, 1 p. 567, 3 p. 570, 3 p. 571, 1 p. 575, 1 p. 576, 2 p. 576, 1 p. 577, 2 p. 583, 595, 596, 605, 651, 656	7.8.	78.77.88.88.	Worthing, 553 ..	4 p. 562	
87.47.	87.87.87.44.77.	Olney, 575 ..	589, 607	7.7.4.	77.77.47	Berners St. 571, 3 p. 571	Grange Road, 281 ..	2 p. 550
86.88.	86.86.88.	Westou Favel, 27 ..	91, 2 p. 305, 5 p. 545, 6 p. 545	7.6.4 lines.	7.6.76.	Spanish Chant ..	626	
8.6.8.	86.88.6.	Lincoln, 565 ..	3 p. 584, 5 p. 583	7.6.8 lines.	7.6.76.76.76.	Deptford, 124 ..	7 p. 115	
86.88.	86.86.88.86.	Gratitude, 579 ..	677	7.6. D. peculiar.		Greenland ..	6 p. 418, 5 p. 522, 3 p. 569, 3 p. 582, 5 p. 585	
8.6.5.	86.558.	Percy Chapet, 576 ..	601	7.6. D. very peculiar		Amsterdam, 136 ..	301	
8.3.6.	8.33.6.	Havant, 227, 2 p. 496		7.6.7.	76.7.6.77.7.6.	673, 675	Requiem, 559 ..	2 p. 563, 1169
8.4.	84.84.88.84.	1151, 1154		7.6.8.	76.76.78.76.	Clark's, 131 ..	186, 2 p. 313	
83.8.3.	83.888.3.	1161		76.8.8.	76.76.88.77.	1169	Egypt, 351 ..	3 p. 305
7s. 4 lines.	77.77.	Cookham, 37 ..	1 p. 10, 69, 130, 6 p. 135, 141, 142, 174, 183, 237, 240, 250, 270, 1 p. 296, 342, 1 p. 346, 347, 353, 354, 363, 2 p. 377, 394, 2 p. 441, 1 p. 512, 3 p. 513, 2 p. 515, 9 p. 515, 9 p. 542, 1 p. 545, 9 p. 553, 7 p. 581, 3 p. 587, 619, 665	6.8.7.4.	66.86.47	Leoni, 90 ..	66, 655	
7s. 6 lines.	77.77.77.	Rest, 183 ..	16, 76, 94, 5 p. 114, 6 p. 115, 8 p. 115, 195, 4 p. 217, 226, 2 p. 346, 4 p. 351, 379, 3 p. 453, 2 p. 482, 2 p. 513, 6 p. 524, 4 p. 570, 608, 618, 666, 667, 668	6.7.6.	66.66.76.7.6.	Solemnity, 541 ..	3 p. 579	
7s. D.	77.77.77.77.	Hotham, 224 ..	2 p. 22, 119, 162, 1 p. 305, 2 p. 306, 5 p. 420, 5 p. 440, 6 p. 440, 2 p. 500, 4 p. 505, 5 p. 524, 5.7 p. 561, 4 p. 587, 612, 674, 676	6.7.	66.77.77.	Old Weston, 580 ...	664	
				6s.	66.66.66.6.6.6.	New Manchester, 578	.. 610	
				6.6.5.	65.65.66.5.6.	1162		
				6.6.4.	66.4.66.6.4.	Bermondsey, 52 ..	387, 643, 672	
				6.4.	66.4.66.4.	Trinity, 1155		
				6.5.6.	65.65.55.6.6.	Horsington, 219, 654		
				6.5.4.	65.65.64.6.4.	1156		
				6.5.6.6.	65.65.6.6.6.6.	1173		
				6.4.6.	64.64.6.6.6.4.	1149		
				6.4.4.6.	64.64.44.64.64.64.	1150		
				6.5.10.	65.10.6.5.10.	Alma, 345 ..	9 p. 564	
				5.6.11.	56.11.5.6.11.	Bourton, 50 ..	62, 107	
				5.6.8.9.	56.8.5.6.9.	Edinburgh, 581 ..	624	
				5.5.11.	55.5.11.5.5.5.11.	Pilgrimage, 536 ..	4 p. 318	
				5.5.12.	55.12.5.5.12.	Stratford, 582 ..	625	
				5.5.6.	55.5.5.6.5.6.5.	1165		
				4.7.5.	44.7.7.7.4.4.5.	Nebo, 574 ..	604	
						See also Pope's Ode, 3 p. 552, Hallelujahs, Choruses, &c.		
						** The Numbers that follow the names of the Tunes in the above Index, and affixed to the Hymns in this Volume, refer to the <i>Comprehensive Tune Book</i> , thus,—		
						Hymn 199—Doversdale, 430.		
						That is, Tune-430, in the <i>Comprehensive Tune Book</i> .		

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SELECTION OF HYMNS.

GOD.

1 L. M. Addison's, Tune 1.
A song of praise. STENNETT.

- 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 through the sky he makes his way,
 To all the world proclaims aloud
 The boundless sovereignty 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 listening earth with rapture hears
 The 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. Old Hundredth, 100.

The unity of God. Deut. iv. 4.

- 1 **E**TERNAL God! Almighty cause
Of earth, and seas, and worlds un-
known ;
All things are subject to thy laws,
All things depend on Thee alone.
- 2 Thy glorious Being singly stands,
Of all within itself possest,
Controll'd by none are thy commands,
Thou from thyself alone art blest.
- 3 To thee alone ourselves we owe ;
Let heaven and earth due homage pay ;
All other gods we disavow,
Deny their claims, renounce their sway.
- 4 Spread thy great name through heathen
Their idol deities dethrone ; [lands ;
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.

NEEDHAM.

- 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?

To what in heaven, to what on earth,
Can men th' immortal King compare?

- 1 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. Angel's Hymn, 60. Gould's, 272.
Eternity of God. Ps. xc. STEELE.

- 1 **L**ORD, 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 starry 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 their 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 !

5 L. M. Angel's Hymn, 60. Melcombe, 325.
Immutability of God. Ps. cii. 25—28. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 GREAT 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 unsurprised 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. Bedford, 91. Abridge, 201.

The Infinite.

WATTS.

1 **T**HY names, how infinite they be !
Great everlasting One !

Boundless thy might and majesty,
And unconfined thy throne.

2 Thy glories shine of wondrous size,
And wondrous 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 inconceivables,
And vast eternity.

L. M. Wareham, 117. Broadway, 381.

The omnipotence of God.

Ps. cxxxv.

MERRICK.

- 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 imprest,
 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 tran-
 scends ;
- 5 From earth's low margin to the skies,
 Now bids the pregnant vapour rise ;
 The lightning's pallid sheet expands ;
 And glads with showers 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

PART I. C. M. Charmouth, 28.

The omnipresence and omniscience of God.

Ps. 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 inclosed
 With thine immensity.

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

4 Behind I glance, and thou art there;
 Before me, shines thy name!
 And 't is 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, through nature's spacious range,
 Shall I elude thy sight?

7 Scaled 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!'

- 1 **T**HE Lord our God is full of might,
 The winds obey his will;
 He speaks, and in his heavenly height
 The rolling sun stands still.
- 2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
 With threatening aspect roar!
 The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
 And chains you to the shore.
- 3 [Howl, winds of night, your force combine!
 Without his high behest,
 Ye shall not in the mountain pine
 Disturb the sparrow's nest.]
- 4 His voice sublime is heard afar,
 In distant peals it dies;

He yokes the whirlwind to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

- 5 Ye nations bend—in reverence bend ;
Ye monarchs wait his nod ;
And bid the choral song ascend,
To celebrate your God.

9 C. M. Abridge, 201. Trinity, 181.

Divine sovereignty.

WATTS.

- 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 every stroke,
Fulfil 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 !

10

PART I. 7's. Alcester, 213.

The majesty of God.

B. FRANCIS.

- 1 **G**LORY to th' 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, through 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 !

10 PART II. C. M. Hammond, 226.

The majesty of God. STERNHOLD.

- 1 **T**HE Lord descended from above,
 And bow'd the heavens most high ;
 And underneath his feet he cast
 The darkness of the sky.
- 2 On cherub and on cherubim
 Full royally he rode ;
 And on the wings of mighty winds
 Came flying all abroad.
- 3 He sat serene upon the floods,
 Their fury to restrain ;
 And He, as sovereign Lord and King,
 For evermore shall reign.

11 L. M. Ulverston, 179. Islington, 40.

The wisdom of God. BEDDOME.

- 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 though 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.

- 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;
 'T is here he makes his goodness known
 In its diviner forms.
- 4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come;
 'T is 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 bliss divinely free.
- 6 Great God, to thy almighty love,
 What honours shall we raise?
 Not all the raptured songs above
 Can render equal praise.

- 1 **A**MID the splendours 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 accents, 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 every work thy hands have framed,
 Thy *Love* supremely shines.
- 6 Angels and men the news proclaim
 Through earth and heaven above—
 The joyful and transporting news,
 That God the Lord is *Love*.

13 L. M. Derby, 169. Portugal, 97.

Loving-kindness of God.

MEDLEY.

- 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 loved me, notwithstanding all ;
 He saved me from my lost estate,
 His loving-kindness, O how great !
- 3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
 Though 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 Jesus to depart;
But though 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 surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

14 C. M. Michael's, 119. Piety, 513.

Divine condescension.

WATTS.

- 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 every humble soul,
With pleasure in his eyes.
- 3 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 sovereign 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.

- 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 through 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 ;
 Dissolved 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 Jesus's sake.
- 5 Thy mercy in Jesus exempts me from hell ;
 Its glories I'll sing and its wonders I'll tell ;
 'T was Jesus, 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 crucified Son ;
 All praise to the Spirit, whose whisper divine
 Seals mercy, and pardon, and righteousness mine !

- 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!
 Jesus, Saviour, can it be?
 All thy mercy's height I prove,
 All the depth is seen in me.
 Tell it, &c.
- 4 See a bush that burns with fire,
 Unconsumed amidst the flame!
 Turn aside the sight t' admire,
 I 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.

- 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 compared,

How mean they look, and dim!
The fairest angels have their spots,
When once compared 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. Green's Hund. 89. Old 100th.

Judgment and mercy.

BEDDOME.

1 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.

2 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:

3 Thy terrors and thine acts of grace,
 Thy threatening rod and smiling face,
 Thy wounding and thy healing word,
 A world undone, a world restored :

4 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. Portugal, 97. Wells, 102.

The faithfulness of God.

NEEDHAM.

1 **Y**E humble saints, proclaim abroad
 The honours of a faithful God ;
 How just and true are all his ways,
 How much above your highest praise !

2 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 ?

3 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 frightened rivers change their course,
 Or backward hasten to their source ;
 Swift through 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. Wareham, 117. Simeon, 357.

God self-sufficient.

WATTS.

1 **W**HAT is our God, or what his name,
 Nor man 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,
 Compared 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 wondrous 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.

- 1 **W**HEN first the God of boundless grace
 Disclosed his kind design
 To rescue our apostate race
 From misery, 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 paused awhile ;
 And ask'd with strange surprise,
 'But how can injured justice smile,
 Or look with pitying eyes ?
- 4 ['Will the Almighty deign again
 To visit yonder world ;
 And hither bring rebellious men,
 When rebels once were hurl'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 surprised :
 Eager to know the wondrous plan
 That wisdom had devised.]
- 7 The Son of God attentive heard,
 And quickly thus replied,
 'In me let mercy be revered
 And justice satisfied.
- 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 heaven's high arches rung
With universal praise ;
He died! the friendly angels sung,
Nor cease their rapturous lays.

22

PART I. C. M. Irish, 171.

Doctrine and use of the Trinity.

Eph. ii. 18.

WATTS.

- 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 died 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.
- 5 Let faith, and love, and duty join,
One general song to raise ;
Let saints in earth and heaven combine
In harmony and praise.

22

PART II. 7's. Stoel, 164.

To the Trinity.

- 1 **H**OLY, holy, holy Lord,
Self-existent Deity,

By the hosts of heaven adored,
 Teach us how to worship thee ;
 Only uncreated mind,
 Wonders in thy nature meet ;
 Perfect unity combined
 With society complete.

- 2 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.
- 3 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 vengeance keen ;
 O how bright their mingled rays !
- 4 Fearful thou in praises too,
 Loving Saviour, slaughter'd Lamb !
 We with joy and rev'rence 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. Paul's, 246. Angel's Hymn, 60.

Incomprehensibility of God.

WATTS.

- 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 thine own original,
 Made up of uncreated things,
 And self-sufficiency bears them all.
- 3 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.
- 5 Thrones and dominions round thee fall,
 And worship in submissive forms ;
 Thy presence shakes this lower ball,
 This little dwelling-place of worms.
- 6 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 !
- 7 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. Lebanon, 79. Mark's, 65.

Moral perfections of God imitated.

Matt. v. 48.

NEEDHAM.

- 1 **G**REAT Author of th' immortal mind!
For noblest thoughts and views design'd,
Make me ambitious to express
The image of thy holiness.
- 2 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.
- 3 Father, I see thy sun arise
To cheer thy friends and enemies;
And, when thy rain from heaven descends,
Thy bounty both alike befriends.
- 4 Enlarge my soul with love like thine;
My moral powers by grace refine;
So shall I feel another's woe,
And cheerful feed a hungry foe.
- 5 I hope for pardon, through 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. Gloucester, 12. Bromley, 104.

The Divine perfections celebrated.

Ps. lxxxix. cxlv.

MERRICK.

- 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 seats 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 unsullied 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 enclose.
- 5 From thee, amid the aerial 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 the tribes, whose willing ear
 Awakes the festal shout to hear ;
 Who thankful see, where'er they tread,
 Thy favouring beams around them spread.
- 7 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 through the length of days,
 In ceaseless songs repeat thy praise.

26 I. M. Old 100th. Buxton, 347.

God exalted above all praise.

WATTS.

- 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 archangel 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 oh, 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

PART I. L. M. Lofty Praise, 408.

A summary view of the creation.

Gen. i.

NEEDHAM.

- 1 **L**OOK up, ye saints, direct your eyes
To Him who dwells above the skies;
With your 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' ethereal 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 wondrous plan,
 From earth and dust he fashions man :
 In man the last, in him the best,
 The Maker's image stands confest.
- 6 Lord, 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 !

27

PART II. L. M. Bramcoate, 8.

God's glory in the heavens.

Ps. xix.

ADDISON.

- 1 **T**HE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim.
- 2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
 Does his Creator's power display ;
 And publishes to every land
 The work of an almighty hand.
- 3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale ;
 And nightly to the listening earth,
 Repeats the story of her birth :

- 4 While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 5 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball ;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found ;
- 6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice ;
For ever singing, as they shine,
' The hand that made us is Divine.'

28

C. M. Crowle, 3. New York, 33.

The Creator the Searcher of the heart.

Ps. 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 framed,
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. Devizes, 14. Hensbury, 323.

The glories of creation.

WATTS.

1 **E**TERNAL Wisdom ! thee we praise !
Thee the creation sings !
With thy loved name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heaven's high palace rings.

2 Thy hand how wide it spreads the sky !
How glorious to behold !
Tinged with the blue of heav'nly dye,
And starred 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 through 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 Jesu's face
We see, adore, and love.

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

- 1 **T**HY ways, O Lord ! with wise design,
Are framed 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,
 Though now they seem to roam uneyed,
 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. Staughton, 264. Arnold's, 268.

Creation and providence.

STEELE.

- 1 LORD, when our raptured thought sur-
 Creation's beauties o'er, [veys
 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.

6 Yet nobler favours claim his praise,
Of reason's light possess'd;
By revelation's brightest rays
Still more divinely bless'd.

7 Thy providence his constant guard,
When threat'ning woes impend,
Or will th' impending dangers ward,
Or timely succours lend.

8 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. Green's Hundred, 89.

Providence equitable and kind. Ps. cvii.

1 **T**HROUGH all the various shifting
Of life's mistaken ill or good, [scenes
Thy hand, O God, conducts unseen
The beautiful vicissitude.

2 Thou givest with paternal care,
Howe'er unjustly we complain,
To each their necessary share
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.
- 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. Gainsboro', 29. Church Street, 519.
The mysteries of Providence. COWPER.

- 1 **G**OD moves in a mysterious way,
 His wonders to perform ;
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
 Of never-failing skill,
 He treasures up his bright designs,
 And works his sov'reign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
 The clouds ye so much dread
 Are big with mercy, and shall break
 In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust him for his grace :

Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding 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. Bedford, 91. York, 515.

Mysteries explained.

BEDDOME.

- 1 GREAT God of providence ! thy ways
Are hid from mortal sight ;
Wrapt in impenetrable shades,
Or clothed with dazzling light.
- 2 The wondrous 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 bliss above,
Where thou dost 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. Irish, 171. Exeter, 4.

The traveller's psalm.

ADDISON.

- 1 HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord,
How sure is their defence !

- Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.
- 2 In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.
- 3 When 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

PART I. C. M. St. James's, 163.

Providence and grace. Ps. CXXXIX. STEELE.

- 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.

- 3 [Around my path what dangers rose!
 What snares spread all my road!
 No power could guard me from my foes,
 But my Preserver, God.
- 4 How many blessings round me shone,
 Where'er I turn'd mine eye!
 How many pass'd, almost unknown,
 Or unregarded by !]
- 5 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, through my days,
 Thy bounteous hand would trace;
 Still dearer blessings claim my 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.

37 PART II. C. M. Bath Chapel, 26.

Providence implored.

LOGAN.

- 1 O GOD of Bethel! by whose hand
 Thy people still are fed;

- Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.
- 2 In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.
- 3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.
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 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.

- 1 O GOD of Bethel! by whose hand
 Thy people still are fed;

- Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led ;
- 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace :
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide ;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.
- 4 O spread thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.
- 5 Such blessing from thy gracious hand,
Our humble prayers implore ;
And thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

 THE FALL.

38

L. M. Babylon Streams, 23.

Original sin.

WATTS.

- 1 **A**DAM, our father and our head,
Transgress'd, and justice doom'd us
The fiery law speaks all despair, [dead ;
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 ?

- 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 worlds 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 through the fight,
 Make me triumphant in thy might ;
 Thou the desponding heart canst raise,
 The victory mine, and thine the praise.

- 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 through the Son ;
The word abused, the soul undone.
- 3 See the short course of vain delight
Closing in everlasting night—
In flames that no abatement know,
Though 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

PART I. C. M. Arabia, 324.

Value of the Scriptures.

FAWCETT.

- 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.

- 2 Now I complain, and groan, and die ;
 Now raise my songs of triumph high ;
 Sing a rebellious passion slain,
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- 3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
 Of life shall guide our way ;
 Till we behold the clearer light
 Of an eternal day.

- 1 **T**HE Spirit breathes upon the word,
 And brings the truth to sight;
 Precepts and promises afford
 A sanctifying light.
- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
 Majestic, like the sun;
 It gives a light to every age,
 It gives, but borrows none.
- 3 The hand that gave it still supplies
 The gracious light and heat;
 His truths upon the nations rise.
 They rise, but never set.
- 4 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
 For such a bright display,
 As makes a world of darkness shine
 With beams of heavenly day.
- 5 My soul rejoices to pursue
 The steps of him I love;
 Till glory breaks upon my view,
 In brighter worlds above.

- 1 **W**HAT is the world? a wildering maze,
 Where sin hath track'd ten thousand
 Her victims to ensnare; [ways,
 All broad, and winding, and aslope.
 All tempting with perfidious hope,
 All ending in despair.
- 2 Millions of pilgrims throng these roads,
 Bearing their baubles or their loads
 Down to eternal night;

One only path that never bends,
Narrow, and rough, and steep, ascends
From darkness into light.

- 3 Is there no guide to show that path?
The Bible! He alone who hath
The Bible need not stray;
But he who hath and will not give
That light of life to all that live,
Himself shall lose the way.

44 L. M. Portugal, 97. Simeon, 357.

The use of Scripture.

BEDDOME.

- 1 **W**HEN Israel through the desert pass'd,
A fiery pillar went before,
To guide them through the dreary waste,
And lessen the fatigues they bore.
- 2 Such is thy glorious word, O God!
'Tis for our light and guidance given;
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.
- 4 Its promises rejoice our hearts;
Its doctrines are divinely true;
Knowledge and pleasure it imparts;
It comforts and instructs us too.
- 5 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. Staughton, 264. Providence Coll., 10.

Riches of God's word.

STENNETT.

- 1 **L**ET avarice, from shore to shore,
Her favourite 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 raptured 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 redress'd,
And all our wants supplied,
Nought we can ask to make us bless'd
Is in this book denied.
- 6 For these inestimable gains,
That so enrich the mind,
O may we search with eager pains,
Assured that we shall find !

46 C. M. Michael's, 119. Adelphi, 405.

Excellency of God's word.

STEELE.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies ! in thy word
What endless glory shines !
For ever be thy name adored
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 ;
Sublimier 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. Braintree, 25. Sprowston, 365.

Our duty to God.

GIBBONS.

- 1 **T**HAT 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.
- 2 Let not a shape, which hands have wrought
Of wood, of clay, or stone,
Be deem'd thy God ; nor think Him like
Aught thou hast seen or known.

- 3 Take not in vain the name of God ;
 Nor must thou ever dare
 To make thy falsehoods pass for truth,
 By his dread name to swear.
- 4 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.
- 5 O may the 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. Worksop, 31. Gainsboro', 29.

Duty to our neighbour.

GIBBONS.

- 1 **T**HY sire, 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.
- 2 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
 Or God will curse thy wealth. [right,

- 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 should not let loose
For that which is not thine;
Live in thy lot, or small or great,
For God has drawn the line.

49 L. M. Green's Hundred, 89. Antiquity, 331.

Tekel. Dan. v. 27. DODDRIDGE.

RAISE, thoughtless sinner! raise thine
Behold the balance lifted high: [eye;
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!'
- 4 Let sudden fears thy nerves unbrace;
Confusion wild o'erspread thy face;
Through all thy thoughts let anguish roll,
And deep repentance melt thy soul.
- 5 One only hope may yet prevail,—
Christ in the Scripture turns the scale;
Still doth the gospel publish peace,
And show a Saviour's righteousness.

6 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. Babylon Streams, 23. Pancras, 360.

The convinced sinner.

- 1 **H**ERE, 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.
- 2 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.
- 3 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.
- 4 Here I behold thy wonders, Lord!
 How Christ hath, to thy law, restored
 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. Burford, 198. Adelphi, 405.

Evangelical obedience.

COWPER.

- 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. Paul's, 246. Green's Hundred, 89.

The law and the gospel.

WATTS.

- 1 'CURST be the man, for ever curst,
 That doth one wilful sin commit:
 Death and damnation for the first,
 Without relief, and infinite.'
- 2 Thus Sinai roars, and round the earth
 Thunder and fire and vengeance flings;
 But, Jesus, thy dear gasping breath,
 And Calvary, say gentler things:
- 3 '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.'

- 4 Hark how he prays ! (the charming sound
Dwells on his dying lips,) 'Forgive!'
And every groan and gaping wound
Cries, 'Father, let the rebels live!'
- 5 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 :
- 6 But I 'll retire beneath the cross—
Saviour, at thy dear feet I 'll lie ;
And the keen sword that Justice draws,
Flaming and red, shall pass me by.

- 1 **I**SRRAEL, 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,
The blood-besprinkled door,
Seen with enlighten'd eyes,
And once applied with power,
Would teach the need of other blood
To reconcile an angry God.
- 3 The lamb, the dove, set forth
His perfect innocence,
Whose blood of matchless worth,
Should be the soul's defence ;

For he, who can for sin atone,
Must have no 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 ;—
Described a guilty soul enlarged,
And by a Saviour's death discharged.
- 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 vouchsafed to me.

 THE GOSPEL.

54 L. M. Portugal, 97. Langdon, 217.
The gospel of Christ. BEDDOME.

- 1 **G**OD, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known ;
'T is here his richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.
- 2 Here sinners of a humble frame
May taste his grace, and learn his name ;
'T is 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 saint revive.
- 5 Our raging passions it controls,
And comfort yields to contrite souls ;
It brings a better world to view,
And guides us all our journey through.
- 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. Irish, 171. Cambridge New, 74.

The gospel worthy of all acceptance.

1 Tim. i. 15.

GIBBONS.

- 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
Immovably secure.

- 5 O let these tidings be received
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. Eversley, 335.

The gospel a feast.

GIBBONS.

- 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-refined,
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 restored,
With eager appetites partake
The plenties of the board.
- 5 But oh! what draughts of bliss unknown,
What dainties shall be given,
When, with the myriads round the throne,
We join the feast of heaven!

6 The joys immeasurably high
 Shall overflow the soul,
 And springs of life that never dry,
 In thousand channels roll.

57 148th. Portsmouth, 144. Jubilate, 473.
The jubilee. TOPLADY.

- 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-atonng Lamb;
 Redemption by his blood
 Through all the lands proclaim:
 The year, &c.
- 3 [Ye, who have sold for nought
 The heritage above,
 Shall have it back unbought,
 The gift of Jesus' love:
 The year, &c.]
- 4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
 Your liberty receive;
 And safe in Jesus dwell,
 And blest in Jesus live:
 The year, &c.
- 5 Ye bankrupt debtors, know
 The sovereign grace of heaven;
 Though sums immense ye owe,
 A free discharge is given:
 The year, &c.

- 6 The gospel trumpet hear,
 The news of pardoning grace ;
 Ye happy souls, draw near,
 Behold your Saviour's face :
 The year, &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. Derby, 169. Job, 474.

The gospel jubilee.

DODDRIDGE.

- 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.
- 3 Slaves, that have borne the heavy chain
 Of sin, and hell's tyrannic reign,
 To liberty assert your claim,
 And urge the great Redeemer's name.
- 4 The rich inheritance of heaven,
 Your joy, your boast, is freely given ;
 Fair Salem your arrival waits,
 With golden streets and pearly gates.
- 5 Her blest inhabitants no more
 Bondage and poverty deplore ;
 No debt, but love immensely great ;
 Their joy still rises with the debt.

6 O happy souls, that know the sound !
 Celestial light their steps surround,
 And show that jubilee begun,
 Which through eternal years shall run.

59 C. M. Oxford, 177. Hammond, 226.

The glorious gospel. 1 Tim. i. 11. STENNETT.

1 **W**HAT wisdom, majesty, and grace,
 Through all the gospel shine !
 'T is God that speaks, and we confess
 The doctrine most divine.

2 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 owed
 Upon the cross he pays :
 Then through 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. Gould's, 272. Ulverston, 179.

Salvation by the gospel.

WATTS.

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 defiled 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 saves 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. London, 180. Follett, 181.

Defence of the gospel.

WATTS.

- 1 **S**HALL 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 despised 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. Bourton, 50. Haughton, 68.

*Everlasting love, electing grace, and personal
holiness.* TOPLADY.

- 1 **H**OW happy are we
Our election who see,
And venture, O Lord, for salvation on thee!
In Jesus approved,
Eternally loved,
Upheld by thy power we cannot be moved.
- 2 'Tis sweet to recline
On the bosom divine, [thine:
And experience the comforts peculiar to
While, born from above,
And upheld by thy love, [move.
With singing and triumph to Zion we

- 2 How shall we get our crimes forgiven,
Or form our natures fit for heaven?
Can souls all o'er defiled 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 saves rebellious souls from hell.
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Transcend our feeble thoughts?
- 3 What if his gospel bid us strive
With flesh, and self, and sin!

Thus fit us for heaven, and glory bestow ;
 Our harps shall be tuned,
 The Lamb shall be crown'd, [resound.
 Salvation to Jesus through heaven shall

63 L. M. Kingsbridge, 88. Job, 474.

Election.

BEDDOME.

- 1 **W**HO 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 th' 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,
 Nor 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. Bethesda, 112. Eagle Street, 16.

Eternal, unchangeable love. 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.

- 3 Our seeking thy face
 Was all of thy grace, [praise :
 Thy mercy demands and shall have all the
 No sinner can be
 Beforehand with thee, [free.
 Thy grace is preventing, almighty, and
- 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 ; [lieve ;
 Thou art precious alone to those who be-
 Be precious to us !
 All besides is as dross, [thy cross.
 Compared with thy love and the blood of
- 6 Yet one thing we want,
 More holiness grant ! [pant :
 For more of thy mind and thy image we
 Thine image impress
 On thy favourite race ;
 O fashion and polish thy vessels of grace.
- 7 Thy workmanship we
 More fully would be ; [us to thee ;
 Lord, stretch out thine hand, and conform
 While onward we move
 To Canaan above,
 O 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 tuned,
 The Lamb shall be crown'd, [resound.
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- 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,
 Though dark may be my frame;
 His loving heart is still
 Eternally the same.
 My' soul through 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.
- 4 The bowels of thy grace
 At first did freely move:
 I still shall see thy face,
 And feel that God is love:
 Myself into thine arms I cast,
 Lord, save, O save my soul at last.

65 8. 7. 4. Lewes, 63. Painswick, 162.

Election a source of comfort.

- 1 **S**ONS we are through 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 restored 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?'

The watery deep I pass,
With Jesus in my view,
And through 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 shows his scars of love ;
They kindle to a flame,
And sound through 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, Abra'm's God and mine !
 I join the heavenly lays ;
 All might and majesty are thine,
 And endless praise.

67 C. M. Missionary, 257. Salem, 139.
Support in God's covenant.

2 Sam. xxiii. 5. DODDRIDGE.

- 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 though 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 sovereign will,
 For all that will is love ;
 And when I know not what thou dost,
 I 'll 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. Scarborough, 203. Canada, 259.
Pleading the covenant.

- 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 shown 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's. Sharon, 220. St. Andrew's, 502.
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 bless redeeming love.
- 3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears ;
Banish all your guilty fears ;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.
- 4 Ye, alas ! who long have been
Willing slaves to death and sin,
Now from bliss 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 subdued th' infernal powers,
Those tremendous foes of ours,
From their cursed empire drove,
Mighty in redeeming love.

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

70 L. M. Winchester, 137. Rothwell, 174.

Redemption by Christ alone. STEELE.

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

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

3 Jesus, the Lord, the mighty God,
An all-sufficient ransom paid;
Invalued price! his precious blood,
For vile rebellious traitors shed.

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

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

6 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. Calvary, 297. Kelly's, 419.

Finished redemption.

FRANCIS.

- 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 promised:
 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 finish'd!'
 Christ has borne the heavy load.]
- 5 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
 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. Leeds, 19. Munich, 277.

It is finished.

STENNETT.

- 1 'T IS finish'd!' so the Saviour cried,
 And meekly bow'd his head and
 died:
 'T is finish'd'—yes, the race is run,
 The battle fought, the victory won.
- 2 'T is 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.
- 3 'T is 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.
- 4 'T is 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.
- 5 'T is finish'd'—Heaven is reconciled,
 And all the powers of darkness spoil'd:
 Peace, love, and happiness again
 Return, and dwell with sinful men.
- 6 'T is finish'd'—let the joyful sound
 Be heard through all the nations round:
 'T is finish'd'—let the echo fly
 Thro' heaven and hell, thro' earth and sky.

- 1 **S**HALL 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 saved 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 Through 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 thousands has snared and undone,
 May tempt, but shall never destroy,
 Whom Jesus has mark'd for his own.
- 7 While here through 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 changed to his likeness shall be,
And then shall all gratitude prove.

73

PART II. 8.7. Batavia, 133.

Praise for redeeming love.

NEWTON.

- 1 **L**ET us *love*, and *sing*, and *wonder*,
Let us *praise* the Saviour's name!
He has hush'd the law's loud thunder,
He has quench'd Mount Sinai's flame:
He has wash'd us with his blood,
He has brought us nigh to God.
- 2 Let us *love* the Lord who bought us,
Pitied us when enemies,
Call'd by his grace, and taught us,
Gave us ears, and gave us eyes:
He has wash'd us with his blood,
He presents our souls to God.
- 3 Let us *sing*, though fierce temptation
Threaten hard to bear us down;
For the Lord, our strong salvation,
Holds in view the conqueror's crown:
He who wash'd us with his blood
Soon will bring us home to God.
- 4 Let us *wonder*, grace and justice
Join, and point to mercy's store;
When through grace in Christ our trust is,
Justice smiles, and asks no more;
He who wash'd us with his blood
Has secured our way to God.

- 5 Let us *praise*, and join the chorus
 Of the saints enthroned on high ;
 Here they trusted him before us,
 Now their praises fill the sky ;
 'Thou hast wash'd us with thy blood,
 Thou art worthy, Lamb of God !'
- 6 Hark ! the name of Jesus sounded
 Loud from golden harps above !
 Lord, we blush, and are confounded,
 Faint our praises, cold our love !
 Wash our souls and songs with blood,
 For by thee we come to God.

74

8.8.6. Chatham, 59. Hinton, 266.

Christ's atonement.

TOPLADY.

- 1 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 vouchsafed to dwell,
 And made of infinite avail
 The sufferings of the man.
- 3 Behold him for transgressors given !
 Behold the incarnate King of heaven
 For us, his foes, expire !
 Amazed, O earth ! the tidings hear !
 He bore, that we might never bear,
 His Father's righteous ire.

- 4 Ye saints, the Man of Sorrows bless,
 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. New Zealand, 467.

Gratitude for the atonement.

- 1 **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 through thy name.
- 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
 All our sins on thee were laid;
 By almighty love anointed,
 Thou hast full atonement made:
 All thy people are forgiven
 Through the virtue of thy blood:
 Open'd is the gate of heaven;
 Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
- 3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
 There for ever to abide!
 All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
 Seated at thy Father's side:
 There for sinners thou art pleading;
 There thou dost our place prepare;
 Ever for us interceding,
 Till in glory we appear.

- 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.

7's. Kennington, 498.

Pleading the atonement.

- 1 **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 through 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 through him, thou art,
Speak thy mercy to my heart.

5 Jesus, answer from above,
Is not all thy nature love?
Pity from thine eye let fall;
Bless me while 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 through him the sinner see;
Then, in Jesus, look on me.

77

C. M. Missionary, 257.

Efficacious grace.

WALLIN.

- 1 **H**AIL! mighty Jesus! how divine
Is thy victorious sword!
The stoutest rebels 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 sound
 Throughout Immanuel's land.

78 L. M. Job, 474. Bloomsbury, 413.

The Conversion of Zaccheus.

1 ONCE, 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,
 Upwards he look'd, and saw him there;
 'Zaccheus, hasten down, for I
 Must be thy guest to-day; prepare.

3 'To-day,' the pard'ning Saviour cries,
 'Salvation to thy house is come,
 On wings of sov'reign love it flies—
 Go, tell the blissful news at home.'

4 Lord, look on souls that gaze around,
 To every list'ning sinner speak;
 Now may thy ancient love abound;
 From every seat a captive take.

5 Sinners, make haste, our God to meet,
 Come to the feast his love prepares;
 The lost are sought and saved, how sweet!
 And 'not the righteous' Christ declares.

6 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.'

7 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. Harmonia, 390.
The lost found; or, joy in heaven.
 Luke xv. 3, 4.

- 1 **W**HEN some kind shepherd from his
 Has lost a straying sheep, [fold
 Thro' vales, o'er hills, he anxious roves,
 And climbs the mountain's steep.
- 2 But O the joy! the transport sweet!
 When he the wanderer finds;
 Up in his arms he takes his charge,
 And to his shoulders binds.
- 3 Homeward he hastes to tell his joys,
 And make his bliss complete:.
 The neighbours hear the news, and all
 The joyful shepherd greet.
- 4 Yet how much greater is the joy
 When but one sinner turns;
 When the poor wretch, with broken heart,
 His sins and errors mourns!
- 5 Pleased 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;
 Jesus 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. Wantage, 204. Bangor, 231.

The converted thief.

Luke xxiii. 42.

STENNETT.

- 1 **A**S on the cross the Saviour hung,
 And wept, and bled, and died,
 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 :
- 3 ' Jesus, thou Son and heir of heaven ;
 Thou spotless Lamb of God !
 I see thee bathed in sweat and tears,
 And welt'ring in thy blood.
- 4 ' Yet quickly from these scenes of woe,
 In triumph thou shalt rise,
 Burst through the gloomy shades of death,
 And shine above the skies.
- 5 ' Amidst the glories of that world,
 Dear Saviour, think on me,
 And in the victories of thy death
 Let me a sharer be.'
- 6 His prayer the dying Jesus hears,
 And instantly replies,
 ' To-day thy parting soul shall be
 With me in Paradise.'

81 S. M. New Eagle Street, 55. Sarah, 391.

Union to Christ.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **D**EAR Saviour, we are thine
By everlasting bonds ;
Our names, our hearts, we would resign ;
Our souls are in thy hands.
- 2 To thee we still would cleave
With ever-growing zeal :
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
O let them ne'er prevail.
- 3 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
Through 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. Rochford, 22. Langdon, 217.

Renewing grace.

STENNETT.

- 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 weltering in my blood,
And felt the pity of a God.

- 3 With speed he flew to my relief,
Bound up my wounds, and soothed my
Pour'd joys divine into my heart, [grief ;
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,
Through the remainder of my days ;
And when I join the powers above,
My soul shall better sing thy love.

83 L. M. Babylon Streams, 23. Paul's, 246.

Human righteousness insufficient.

- 1 **W**HEREWITH, O Lord, shall I draw
Or bow myself before thy face ? [near,
How, in thy purer eyes, appear,
What shall I bring to gain thy grace ?
- 2 Will gifts delight the Lord most high ?
Will multiplied oblations please ?
Thousands of rams his favour buy ?
Or slaughter'd millions e'er appease ?
- 3 Can these assuage the wrath of God ?
Can these wash out my guilty stain ?
Rivers of oil, or seas of blood ?—
Alas ! they all must flow in vain.
- 4 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.
- 5 Guilty, I stand before thy face ;
My sole desert is hell and wrath :

'T were just the sentence should take
place ;—

But O I plead my Saviour's death !

- 6 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. Luton, 30.

Imputed righteousness.

CENNICK.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thy perfect righteousness
My beauty is, my glorious dress ;
Midst flaming worlds, in this 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 lived and died for me.'
- 3 Bold shall I stand in that great day ;
For who aught to my charge shall lay ?
While, through 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.

- 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?
- 3 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?
- 4 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?
- 5 O may this strange, this matchless grace,
 This godlike miracle of love,
 Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,
 And all th' angelic choirs above;
 Who is a pardoning God like thee?
 Or who has grace so rich and free?

86 C. M. Ludlow, 84. Stafford, 92.

Pardoning love, Jer. iii. 22. STEELE.

1 **H**OW oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wander'd from the Lord;
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word!

2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, *Return*:
Dear Lord, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn,
O take the wanderer home!

3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardon'd rebel live
To speak thy wondrous 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. Millbank, 113. Albina, 145.

Divine forgiveness. GIBBONS.

1 **F**ORGIVENESS! 't is a joyful sound
To malefactors doom'd to die:
Publish the bliss the world around:
Ye seraphs, shout it from the sky!

2 'T is the rich gift of love divine:
'T is full, outmeasuring 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 inspired, 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. Wirksworth, 158. Dunbar, 252.

Confession and pardon.

WATTS.

- 1 **M**Y sorrows like a flood,
Impatient of restraint,
Into thy bosom, O my God!
Pour out a long complaint.
- 2 This impious heart of mine
Could once defy the Lord,
Could rush with violence on to sin
In presence of thy sword.
- 3 How often have I stood
A rebel to the skies;
And yet, and yet, O matchless grace!
Thy thunder silent lies.
- 4 Oh, shall I never feel
The meltings of thy love?
Am I of such hell-hardened steel
That mercy cannot move?
- 5 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.

6 'Rise,' says the Saviour, 'rise,
Behold my wounded veins!
Here flows a sacred crimson flood
To wash away thy stains.'

7 See, God is reconciled!
Behold his smiling face!
Let joyful cherubs clap their wings,
And sound aloud his grace.

89 C. M. Bath Chapel, 26. Hensbury, 323.

Pardon by Christ.

DODDRIDGE.

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 forgiven:
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.

4 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. Virginia, 234. Kingsbridge, 88.

Despair sinful.

STODDON.

WHAT mean these jealousies and fears?
As if the Lord was loth to save,

- Or loved 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.
- 4 What tho' our crimes are black as night,
Or glowing like the crimson morn!
Immanuel's blood will make them white
As snow through the pure ether borne.
- 5 Lord, 't is amazing grace, we own,
And well may rebel worms surprise;
But, was not thy incarnate Son
A most amazing sacrifice!
- 6 'I've found a ransom,' said the Lord,
'No humble penitent shall die:'
Lord, we would now believe thy word,
And thy unbounded mercies try.

91 8. 6. 8. Ewell, 80. Weston Favel, 27.

Adoption.

CRUTTENDEN.

- 1 **L**ET others boast their ancient line,
In long succession great;
In the proud list let heroes shine,
And monarchs swell the state;
Descended from the King of kings,
Each saint a nobler title sings.
- 2 Pronounce me, gracious God! thy son,
Own me an heir divine:

- I'll pity princes on the throne,
 When I can call thee mine :
 Sceptres and crowns unenvied rise,
 And lose their lustre in mine eyes.
- 3 Content, obscure, I pass my days,
 To all I meet unknown ;
 And wait till thou thy child shalt raise,
 And seat me near thy throne :
 No name, no honours here I crave,
 Well pleased 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 ;
 Blest Saviour, haste, and come away.

92 C. M. Braintree, 25. Stamford, 9.

Abba, Father ! Gal. iv. 6. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 SOVEREIGN of all the worlds on high,
 Allow my humble claim ;
 Nor while a worm would raise its head
 Disdain a Father's name.
- 2 My Father—God ! how sweet the sound !
 How tender and how dear !
 Not all the harmony of heaven
 Could so delight the ear.

3 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name
 On my expanding heart ;
 And show that in Jehovah's grace
 I share a filial part.

4 Cheer'd by a signal so divine,
 Unwavering I believe ;
 And 'Abba, Father!' humbly cry,
 Nor can the sign deceive.

1 **H**ARK! for 't is God's own Son that
 To life and liberty ; [calls
 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 you shall wear immortal crowns,
 And sing immortal love.

94 7's. Georgia, 192. St. Austin's, 460.
The privileges of the sons of God. HUMPHREYS.

- 1 **BLESSED** are the sons of God ;
 They are bought with Jesus' blood,
 They are ransom'd from the grave,
 Life eternal they shall have :
 With them number'd may we be,
 Now, and through 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 justified 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 word remains within :
 With them, &c.
- 5 They have fellowship with God,
 Through the Mediator's blood ;
 One with God, through Jesus one,
 Glory is in them begun :
 With them, &c.
- 6 Though 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 through eternity.

95

L. M. Portugal, 97. Alfred, 509.

Christian's the sons of God.

John i. 12. 1 John iii. 1. STENNETT.

- 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 given
 To be the sons and heirs of heaven ;
 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 through temptation they rebel,
 His chastening rod he makes them feel ;
 Then with a father's tender hear,
 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 numerous 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. Harboro', 142. Australia, 462.
*Communion with the Father, Son, and Holy
 Ghost.* 1 John i. 5. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **O**UR heavenly FATHER calls,
 And CHRIST invites us near!
 The SPIRIT makes our friendship sweet
 And our communion dear.
- 2 God pities all our griefs;
 He pardons every day;
 Almighty to protect our souls,
 And wise to guide our way.
- 3 How large his bounties are!
 What various stores of good,
 Diffused from our Redeemer's hand,
 And purchased with his blood!
- 4 JESUS, our living Head,
 We bless thy faithful care:
 Our Advocate before the throne,
 And our Forerunner there.

PAUSE.

- 5 The Spirit gives new life,
And prayer and praise inspires ;
'T is He who plucks the worthless brands
From the devouring fires.
- 6 He carries on his work
Of grace where'er begun ;
He sheds abroad the Father's love,
And glorifies the Son.
- 7 This love and grace shall make
Our grateful incense burn ;
Our hearts, our lives are borne away ;
For love we love return.
- 8 Blest fellowship, how sweet,
With God the Sacred Three !
But if imperfect grace is bliss,
What then must glory be ?
- 9 Here fix, my roving heart !
Here wait, my warmest love !
Till the communion be complete
In nobler scenes above.

97

L. M. Ulverston, 179. Monmouth, 380.

Communion with God. BEDDOME.

- 1 **M**Y 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
Emptied 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. Condescension, 116.

Walking with God.

COWPER.

- 1 **O** FOR a closer walk with God,
 A calm and heavenly frame ;
 A light to shine upon the road
 That leads me to the Lamb !
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
 When first I saw the Lord ?
 Where is the soul-refreshing view
 Of Jesus and his word ?
- 3 What peaceful hours I 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,
 Whate'er that idol be,
 Help me to tear it from thy throne,
 And worship only thee.
- 6 So 'shall my walk be close with God,
 Calm and serene my frame ;
 So purer light shall mark the road
 That leads me to the Lamb.

99, 100 SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

99 C. M. Worksop, 31. Glasgow, 376.
Sins and sorrows laid before God. WATTS.

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. Abridge, 201. Ellenboro', 170.
Sanctification and pardon. WATTS.

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 wondrous purple stream
 That cleanses every stain ;
 Yet are our souls but half redeem'd
 If sin, the tyrant, reign.
- 5 Lord, blast his empire with thy breath ;
 That cursed throne must fall ;
 Ye flattering plagues, that work our death,
 Fly, for we hate you all.

101

PART I. L. M. Mark's, 65.

Life by Christ.

DODDRIDGE.

- 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 heaven below.

1 **WE** hail that condescending grace
Which shows a Saviour's righteousness !

Eternal honours to that name
Which covers all our guilt and shame !

2 O may his blood that boundless sea,
Purge all our deepest stains away ;
And we renew'd by grace divine,
More in our Lord's resemblance shine.

1 **LOVE** divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven to earth come down ;
Fix us in thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown.

Jesus, thou art all compassion ;
Pure unbounded love thou art ;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy grace receive ;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more, thy temples leave ;
Thee we would be always blessing ;
Serve thee as thy hosts above ;
Pray, and praise thee, without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

3 Finish, then, thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be ;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee :

Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place,
 Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

102 S. M. Simon's, 250. Broderip's, 252.
The leper healed. STENNETT.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the leprous 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 cured.
- 4 To the 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 leprous soul:
 O bathe me in thy precious blood,
 And that will make me whole.

103 S. M. Hopkins, 157. Reuben, 328.
The security of Christ's sheep.
 John x. 27—29. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **M**Y soul, with joy attend,
 While Jesus silence breaks;
 No angel's harp such music yields,
 As what my Shepherd speaks;

- 2 'I know my sheep,' he cries,
 'My soul approves them well:
 Vain is the treacherous world's disguise,
 And vain the rage of hell.
- 3 'I freely feed them now
 With tokens of my love;
 But richer pastures I prepare,
 And sweeter streams above.
- 4 'Unnumber'd years of bliss
 I to my sheep will give;
 And while my throne unshaken stands,
 Shall all my chosen live.
- 5 'This tried almighty hand
 Is raised for their defence;
 Where is the power shall reach them there?
 Or what shall force them thence?'
- 6 Enough, my gracious Lord,
 Let faith triumphant cry;
 My heart can on this promise live,
 Can on this promise die.

- 1 **T**HE deluge, at the 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.

- 3 How dire the wreck! how loud the roar!
How shrill the universal cry
Of millions in the last despair,
Re-echoed 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 Jesus 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 waft thee to a fairer seat.
- 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. Bedford, 19.

Perseverance. Ps. 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 persevere.
- 2 Let but thy own Almighty arm
Sustain a feeble worm,
I shall escape secure from harm
Amid the dreadful storm.

106, 107 SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

- 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. Kingsbridge, 88. Ulverston, 179.
Perseverance desired. STENNETT.

- 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.

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 timorous 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. Horsington, 219. Winwick, 75.
Method of salvation. TOPLADY.

- 1 THEE, Father, we bless,
Whose distinguishing grace
Selected a people to show 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, [men ;
 Which found and accepted a ransom for
 Great SURETY of thine,
 Thou didst not decline [design.
 To concur with the Father's most gracious

3 To Jesus our friend,
 Our thanks shall ascend, [end ;
 Who saves to the utmost, and loves to the
 Our ransom he paid !
 In his merit array'd, [made.
 We attain to the glory for which we were

4 Sweet Spirit of grace !
 Thy mercy we bless, [peace ;
 For thy eminent share in the council of
 Great Angel Divine,
 To restore us is thine, [shine.
 And cause us afresh in thy likeness to

5 O God, 'tis thy part
 To convince and convert ; [heart ;
 To give a new life, and create a new
 Thy presence and grace
 Sustain in our race, [our days.
 Thus we're kept in thy love to the end of

6 Father, Spirit, and Son,
 Agree thus in one, [his own ;
 The salvation of those he has mark'd for
 Let us, too, agree,
 To glorify thee,—
 Thou ineffable One, thou adorable Three !

108

8. 7. 4. Helmsley, 223.

Free salvation. 2 Tim. i. 9.

- 1 **J**ESUS is our great salvation,
 Worthy of our best esteem ;
 He has saved his favourite nation ;
 Join to sing aloud to him ;
 He has saved us,
 Christ alone could us redeem.
- 2 When involved 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 sound.
- 3 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 compared with this can be.
- 4 Let us never, Lord, forget thee ;
 Make us walk as pilgrims here :
 We will give thee all the glory
 Of the love that brought us near.
 Bid us praise thee,
 And rejoice with holy fear.
- 5 Free election, known by calling,
 Is a privilege divine ;
 Saints are kept from final falling ;
 All the glory, Lord, be thine ;
 All the glory,
 All the glory, Lord, is thine.

109

C. M. Great Milton, 212.

Complete salvation.

- 1 **S**ALVATION through our dying God
 Shall surely be complete;
 He paid whate'er his people owed,
 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 shows our sins forgiven;
 Conducts us through the wilderness,
 And brings us safe to heaven.
- 4 Salvation now shall be my stay;
 'A sinner saved!' I'll cry;
 Then gladly quit this mortal clay,
 For better joys on high.

110

11. 8. Calne, 69. Beaconsfield, 454.

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.
- 2 His love, from eternity, fix'd upon you,
 Broke forth and discover'd its flame,
 When each with the cords of his kindness he drew,
 And brought you to love his great name.
- 3 Oh, had he not pitied the state you were in,
 Your bosoms his love had ne'er felt:
 You all would have lived, would have died, too, in sin,
 And sunk with the load of your guilt.
- 4 What was there in you that could merit esteem,
 Or give the Creator delight?
 'T was, 'Even so, Father!' you ever must sing,
 'Because it seem'd good in thy sight.'

- 5 'T was all of thy grace we were brought to obey,
 While others were suffer'd 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.

- 1 GREAT God, 't is from thy sovereign
 That all my blessings flow; [grace
 Whate'er I am, or do possess,
 I to thy mercy owe.
- 2 'T is this my powerful lusts controls,
 And pardons all my sin;
 Spreads life and comfort through my soul,
 And makes my nature clean.
- 3 'T is 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.

- 1 GRACE! 't is a charming sound,
 Harmonious to the ear!
 Heaven with the echo shall resound,
 And all the earth shall hear.

- 2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man,
And all the steps *that* grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace first inscribed 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 :
'T was grace that kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.
- 6 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days ;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

112 C. M. Weybridge, 92. Gratitude, 383.
Glory of God in salvation. WATTS.

- 1 **F**ATHER, how wide thy glory shines !
How high thy wonders rise !
Known thro' the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands through 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 archangel 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. Piety, 513. Triumphant, 437.

I am thy salvation.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **S**ALVATION!—O melodious sound
To wretched dying men !
Salvation that from God proceeds,
And leads to God again.
- 2 Rescued from hell's eternal gloom,
From fiends, and fires, and chains !
Raised 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

PART I. L. M. Paul's, 246.

God reasoning with men.

STENNETT.

- 1 'COME sinners,' saith the mighty God,
'Heinous as all your crimes have
Lo! I descend from mine abode [been,
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;
O 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

PART II. L. M. Lebanon, 79.

Seek ye my face. Ps. xxvii. 8.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH 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.
- 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 prayers ;
And if not heard, I 'll weeping sit,
And perish at the Saviour's 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.

114

PART III. L. M. Islington, 40.

Sinners invited. Isa. i. 18.

- 1 ' **C**OME now, ye sinners,' saith the Lord,
And hear my kind inviting word ;
' Come, reason with me,' and embrace
The plenitude of gospel grace.
- 2 I give the new, the feeling heart,
The godly grief, the pleasing smart,
The faith that tells your sins forgiven,
The sighs that waft your souls to heaven ;
- 3 The guiltless shame, the sweet distress,
The conscience clad with tenderness,
The genuine meek humility,
The wonder, ' Why such love to me ?'

- 4 I give, with every saving grace,
 Super-angelic righteousness;
 The pardon ratified with blood,
 The right to heaven, enthroned with God.
- 5 O rich bequests! and are they free?
 Lord grant, O grant them all to me;
 The inviting COME has won my heart:
 I might have heard the sound—DEPART.

114 PART IV. S. M. Henley, 38.

The water of life.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **H**OW free the fountain flows
 Of endless life and joy!
 That spring which no confinement knows,
 Whose waters never cloy.
- 2 How sweet the accents sound
 From the Redeemer's tongue!
 Assemble, all ye nations round,
 In one obedient throng.
- 3 The Spirit bears the call
 To all the distant lands;
 The church, the bride, reflects it back,
 While Jesus waiting stands.
- 4 'Ho, every thirsty soul,
 Approach the sacred spring;
 Drink, and your fainting spirits cheer,
 Renew the draught, and sing.
- 5 'Let all that will approach,
 The water freely take;
 Free from my opening heart it flows,
 Your raging thirst to slake.'

114, 115 SCRIPTURE INVITATIONS

6 With thankful hearts we come
To taste the offer'd grace ;
And call on all that hear to join
The trial and the praise.

114 PART V. 7's. Aldwinkle, 312.

Come and welcome.

HAWKES.

1 FROM the Mount of Calvary,
Where the Saviour deign'd to die,
What melodious sounds I hear,
Bursting on my ravish'd ear!—
'Love's redeeming work is done!
COME, AND WELCOME, SINNER, COME!

2 'Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
All the curse on me was laid ;
Justice owns the ransom paid ;
Bow the knee, and kiss the Son,
COME, AND WELCOME, SINNER, COME!

3 'Now behold the festal board
With its richest dainties stored :
To thy Father's bosom press'd,
Once again a child confess'd,
From his house no more to roam :
COME, AND WELCOME, SINNER, COME!'

115 PART I. 8. 7. 4. Helmsley, 223.

Come and welcome.

HART.

1 COME 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 ;
'T is his Spirit's rising beam.
- 4 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.
- 5 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 finish'd !
Sinner, will not this suffice ?
- 6 Lo, th' incarnate God ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood :
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude ;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.
- 7 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb ;

115 SCRIPTURE INVITATIONS

While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name!
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may sing the same.

115 PART II. 8. 7. 4. Painswick, 162.
The gospel message. FOUNTAIN.

- 1 **S**INNERS, 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.
- 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 reconciled:
Hear him woo you,—
'Sinners, now be reconciled.'
- 4 Pardon now is freely publish'd
Through a Mediator's blood;
Who hath died to make atonement,
And appease the wrath of God!
Wondrous mercy!
See it flows through Jesus' 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 heavenly mercy fraught;
 Go, and tell the gracious Jesus
 If you will be saved or not:
 Say, poor sinner,
 Will you *now* be saved or not?

115 PART III. L. M. Gould's, 272.

Why will ye die?

RYLAND.

- 1 **W**HY, thoughtless sinner, wilt thou die?
 Can the infernal regions charm?
 Or wilt thou yet believe the lie,
 That sin can do thy soul no harm?
- 2 God has pronounced the sinner's doom;
 In ruin soon his course must end:
 Wilt thou on peace in sin presume?
 Or on what confidence depend?
- 3 Hast thou an arm like God most high,
 In equal war with him to meet?
 Canst thou his thunderbolts defy?
 Or quench his flames beneath thy feet?
- 4 Deluded worm!—beware in time;
 Now let the fatal contest cease;
 Confess thy guilt, abhor thy crime,
 And humbly sue for terms of peace.
- 5 Peace is proclaim'd! O bless the sound
 Of pardon bought with blood divine:
 God has himself the ransom found,
 Which could atone for sins like thine.

6 Embrace him with ecstatic joy;
 His praise proclaim with every breath:
 Who him reject their souls destroy;
 Who hate him are in love with death.

115 PART IV. L. M. New Sabbath, 122.
*The unworthy not unwelcome; but made
 willing.*

- 1 **H**OW sweet thy invitations be!
 But are they, Lord, for such as we?
 We who transgressors are, and vile,
 And most unworthy of thy smile?
- 2 Unworthy of the ground we tread,
 The liquid drop, the crumb of bread;—
 Of sight, of hearing, feeling, taste,
 Then much more of thy saving grace.
- 3 But thou didst once a feast prepare,
 And all around were welcome there;
 Those who obey'd the festive call,
 And those who *would not* come at all.
- 4 Yet though we all *unworthy* be,
 Are we *unwelcome*, Lord, to thee?
 For thou invitest us to come,
 And find in thee our blissful home.
- 5 We hail thy invitations, Lord,
 These are our *welcome* in thy word;
 But higher praise is yet thy due,
 If thou hast made us *willing* too.
- 6 [Let others know th' attractive day,
 And never more perversely say,
We WILL NOT come for life to Thee—
 But, *WE WILL* to the Saviour flee.]

7 As all are *welcome* to thy grace,
 Th' unworthiest of the human race ;
 Make thousands *willing*, Lord, we pray,
 Draw them by cords of love to-day.

115 PART V. L. M. China, 300.

The Samaritan woman.

1 **N**OW if I visit Jacob's well,
 And ask, while Christ himself is
 He'll freely give the vital stream— [there,
 Where he is, living waters are.

2 My fainting soul shall thirst no more
 For sensual streams of bliss below,
 When I have tasted those rich springs,
 Which into life and glory flow.

3 'T is without money, without price,
 My soul may richly take her fill ;
 None shall be empty sent away,
 For all may come and draw that will.

4 I leave my pitcher at the well,
 And haste my numerous friends to bring,
 That we may all together go,
 And drink of that delightful spring.

5 Lord, let them taste as I have done,
 And then their ready cheerful feet
 Will go, not for my word alone,
 But go, because they find it sweet.

115 PART VI. 7's. Prague, 458.

The wanderer invited.

C. WESLEY.

1 **W**EARY souls, that wander wide
 From the central point of bliss,
 Turn to Jesus crucified,
 Fly to those dear wounds of his :

Sink into the purple flood,
Rise into the life of God.

- 2 Find in Christ the way of peace,
Peace, unspeakable, unknown :
By his pain he gives you ease,
Life by his expiring groan :
Rise, exalted by his fall ;
Find in Christ your all in all.
- 3 O believe the record true,
God to you his son has given ;
Ye may now be happy too,
Find on earth the life of heaven :
Live the life of heaven above,
All the life of glorious love.

115 PART VII. 7. 6. Clarke's, 131.

Seeking souls encouraged.

NEWTON.

- 1 **S**INNER, hear the Saviour's call,
He now is passing by ;
He has seen thy grievous thrall,
And heard thy mournful cry ;
He has pardons to impart,
And grace to save from fears ;
See the love that fills his heart,
And wipe away thy tears.
- 2 Why art thou afraid to come,
And tell him all thy case ?
He will not pronounce thy doom,
Nor frown thee from his face.
Wilt thou fear Emmanuel ?
Or dread the Lamb of God,
Who to save thy soul from hell,
Has shed his precious blood ?

- 3 Raise thy downcast eyes and see
 What throngs his throne surround!
 These, though sinners once like thee,
 Have full salvation found.
 Yield not then to unbelief;
 He says, 'There yet is room;'
 Though of sinners thou art chief,
 Since Jesus calls thee, come.

115 PART VIII. 7's. Turin, 244.
Sinners invited.

- 1 YE that in these courts are found,
 List'ning to the joyful sound;
 Lost and helpless as ye are,
 Sons of sorrow, sin, and care;
 Glorify the King of kings,
 Take the peace the gospel brings.
- 2 Turn to Christ your longing eyes,
 View his bloody sacrifice:
 See through him your sins forgiven;
 Pardon, holiness, and heaven;
 Glorify the King of kings,
 Take the peace the gospel brings.

116 PART I. C. M. Crowle, 3.
Let the wicked forsake his way.
 Isa. v. 7. FAWCETT.

- 1 SINNERS, the voice of God regard;
 'T is mercy speaks to-day;
 He calls you by his sov'reign word,
 From sin's 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
 Through 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 sov'reign Lord,
 And learn his will divine.
- 7 His love exceeds your highest thoughts ;
 He pardons like a God ;
 He will forgive your numerous faults,
 Through a Redeemer's blood.

116 PART II. L. M. Hamburg, 340.

Angels hastened Lot. Gen. xix. 15.

- 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!

116 PART III. L. M. Rowles, 73.

The strait gate.

GREGG.

1 STRAIT is the gate; but Jesus cries,
‘Sinner, set forth and reach the skies;
The seats of bliss I long to fill,
Here’s room for thousands, millions still.’

2 What can the invited sinner say?
Say this:—‘Behold, I come away!
I will provoke thy love no more;
O do not rise and shut the door!’

3 Say this, and heaven, with new raised song,
Shall hail, and bid thee come along;
‘No!’ cries the sinner, with disdain,
‘If Jesus calls, he calls in vain.’

4 Jesus the slighted call renews:
O sinner, canst thou still refuse?
Then to yon wider gate repair;
Go, and resolve to enter there.

5 Resolve it not:—to Jesus *fly*,
With breaking heart, and streaming eye;
With crimson shame thy sins deplore,
Then he’ll not rise and shut the door.

6. Yes, *fly!* for in this journey know
The rapid racer moves too slow:
Jesus shall smile to see you soar,
And wider throw the eternal door.

116

PART IV. S. M. Stoke, 207.

To-day. Heb. iii. 7.

- 1 **A**LL yesterday is gone,
To-morrow's not our own;
What day is better than to-day
To bow before the throne?
- 2 Why should we yet delay,
And not to God return?
How sad to have our oil to buy
When we should have it burn!
- 3 O hear his voice *to-day*
And harden not your heart;
To-morrow, with a frown, he may
Pronounce the sound—DEPART.

116

PART V. S. M. Shirland, 304.

To-morrow.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **T**O-MORROW, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand;
And, if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.
- 2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
O make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.
- 3 Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken by thine almighty power
The aged and the young.

- 4 One thing demands our care,
O be it still pursued!
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renew'd.
- 5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light;
Lest life's young golden beams should die
In sudden, endless night.

116 PART VI. L. M. Coomb's, 45.
The union of duty and felicity.

- 1 **M**Y soul, aspire to all the height
Of love, and duty, and delight;
While thou art found in this employ,
Thou shalt a smiling God enjoy.
- 2 'Hear while he speaks,' he speaks to-day;
'Pray while he hears,' unceasing pray;
'Believe his promises,' and then
'Obey, while he commands.'—Amen.

116 PART VII. 104th. Hanover, 130.
The same.

- '**H**EAR God while he speaks,' then hear him to-day;
'And pray while he hears,' unceasingly pray;
'Believe in his promise,' rely on his word, [Lord.
And, 'while he commands' you, 'obey' your great

116 PART VIII. L. M. Eaton, 291.
Whosoever will, let him come, &c.

- T**HE Saviour's fulness far excels
All Jordan's streams and Salem's wells;
Come then, poor sinner, come and see
If there is in it nought for thee.
- 2 Ye doubting sinners, come and try,
For Christ will not his grace deny:

Then draw with joy, your vessels fill,
Come, draw and drink, whoever will!

- 3 The blessed Spirit now invites,
And, lo! the happy bride unites;
And Jesus calls—be not afraid,
For such as you the well was made.
- 4 Yes; justice made it in the Lamb,
And mercy grants it in his name;
In it there is a boundless store
For us and for ten thousand more.
- 5 And is it open, full, and free?
Then, Lord, it's suitable for me;
O grant me now a rich supply,
That I may drink, and never die.
- 6 [But careless sinner, know it well,
There's not a single drop in hell:
No; not a drop to cool the heart,
A single drop to ease your smart.]
- 7 Ye saints, your constant tribute bring
For this divine, exhaustiess spring;
Soon Christ will bring you to the skies,
Where living fountains ever rise.

116

PART IX. C. M. Sprowston, 365.

The axe laid to the root of unfruitful trees.

Matt. iii. 13.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **T**HE Lord into his vineyard comes,
Our various fruits to see:
His eye, more piercing than the light,
Examines every tree.
- 2 Tremble, ye sinners, at his frown,
If barren still ye stand:
And fear that keenly-wounding axe
Which arms his awful hand.

- 3 Close to the root, behold it laid,
 To make destruction sure ;
 Who can resist the mighty stroke ?
 Or who the fire endure ?
- 4 Lord, we adore thy sparing love,
 Thy long-expecting grace ;
 Else had we low in ruin fall'n,
 And known no more our place.
- 5 Succeeding years thy patience waits,
 Nor let it wait in vain ;
 But form in us abundant fruit,
 And still this fruit maintain.

116 PART X. L. M. Morning Hymn, 398.
The gospel jubilee.

- 1 **H**ARK! hark! the gospel trumpet
 sounds,
 Thro' the wide earth the echo bounds ;
 Pardon and peace by Jesus' blood,
 Sinners are reconciled to God.
- 2 Come, sinners, hear the joyful news,
 Nor longer dare the grace refuse ;
 Mercy and justice here combine,
 Goodness and truth harmonious join.
- 3 Ye saints in glory, strike the lyre ;
 Ye mortals, catch the sacred fire ;
 Let both the Saviour's love proclaim,
 And spread abroad his matchless fame.

116 PART XI. 8. 7. 4. Helmsley, 223.
Sinners invited to Christ. SWAIN.

- 1 **C**OME, ye souls by sin afflicted,
 Bow'd with fruitless sorrow down ;

By the broken law convicted,
 Through the cross beyond the crown.
 Look to Jesus—
 Mercy flows through him alone.

- 2 Take his easy yoke, and wear it,
 Love will make obedience sweet ;
 Christ will give you strength to bear it,
 While his wisdom guides your feet
 Safe to glory,
 Where his ransom'd captives meet.
- 3 Blessed are the eyes that see him ;
 Bless'd the ears that hear his voice ;
 Blessed are the souls that trust him,
 And in him alone rejoice :
 His commandments
 Then become their happy choice.

116 PART XII. S. M. Mornington, 47.

Attention to God's word. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **T**HE Lord Jehovah calls,
 Be every ear inclined ;
 May such a voice awake each heart,
 And captivate the mind.
- 2 If he in thunder speaks,
 Each trembles at his nod ;
 But gentle accents here proclaim
 The condescending God.
- 3 O harden not your hearts,
 But hear his voice to-day ;
 Lest, ere to-morrow's earliest dawn,
 He call your souls away.
- 4 Almighty God, pronounce
 The word of conquering grace ;
 So shall the flint dissolve to tears,
 And scorners seek thy face.

117 L. M. Kingsbridge, 88. Buxton, 347.

Weary souls invited to rest. STEELE.

- 1 **C**OME, weary souls, with sin distress,
Come, and accept the promised 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, 12.

Yet there is room. BODEN.

- 1 **Y**E dying sons of men,
Immerged 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,
 Though 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, yet there is room.
- 4 Compell'd by bleeding love,
 Ye wandering sheep draw near ;
 Christ calls you from above,
 His charming accents hear !
 Let whosoever will now come :
 In mercy's breast there still is room.

119 7's. Hatham, 224. Bath Abbey, 147.

Compel them to come in. BEDDCME.

- 1 **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, &c.

120

C. M. Huddersfield, 202.

The Saviour's invitation.

STEELE.

- 1 **T**HE Saviour calls—let every ear
 Attend the heavenly sound :
 Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear,
 Hope smiles reviving round.
- 2 For every thirsty longing heart
 Here streams of bounty flow ;
 And life, and health, and bliss impart
 To banish mortal woe.
- 3 Here springs of sacred pleasure rise
 To ease your every pain,
 (Immortal fountain ! full supplies !)
 Nor shall you thirst in vain.
- 4 Ye sinners, come ; 't is Mercy's voice,
 The gracious call obey ;
 Mercy invites to heavenly joys—
 And can you yet delay ?
- 5 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts ;
 To thee let sinners fly,
 And take the bliss thy love imparts ;
 And drink and never die.

121

PART I. 8. 8. 6. Chatham, 59.

Whosoever will, let him come.

- 1 **Y**E 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, 't is I,—
 He loves you still, but means to try
 If faith will bear the test:
 The Lord has given 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

PART II. C. M. Cambridge New, 74.

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 powerful charms?

- 2 She, generous, holds out to our sight
 Riches which shall endure ;
 Not sparkling rubies half so bright,
 Nor 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.'
- 4 Immortal crowns she now displays,
 And thrones beyond the skies ;
 Accept her blessings while she stays,
 And seize the glorious prize.

121 PART III. L. M. Ulverston, 179.

Wisdom's invitation accepted.

- 1 **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.
- 2 ' 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.
- 3 I come for grace, like gold refined,
 T' enrich and beautify my mind ;
 Grace that will trials well endure,
 And in the furnace grow more pure.
- 4 Naked, I come for that bright dress,
 Thy perfect spotless righteousness ;
 That glorious robe, so richly dyed
 In thine own blood, my shame to hide.

- 5 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 sight restored.

122 L. M. Green's Hundred, 89. Wareham, 117.

The first promise.

BEDDOME.

- 1 **W**HEN, by the tempter's wiles betray'd,
Adam, our head and parent, fell,
Unknown before, a pleasure spread
Through all the mazy deeps of hell.
- 2 Infernal powers rejoiced to see
The new-made world destroy'd, undone ;
But God proclaims his great decree,—
Pardon and mercy through his Son.
- 3 'Serpent, accursed, 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. Lebanon, 79. Alfred, 509.
Deut. xxxiii. 25. FAWCETT.

- 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 engaged, by firm decree,
That, 'as thy days, thy strength shall be.'
- 3 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.'
- 4 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.'
- 5 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.'
- 6 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.
Fear not, I am with thee.
Isa. xli. 10., DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **A**ND art thou with us, gracious Lord,
To dissipate our fear?

- Dost thou proclaim thyself our God,
Our God for ever near?
- 2 Dost thou a Father's bowels feel
For all thy humble saints?
And in such friendly accents speak
To soothe their sad complaints?
- 3 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?
- 4 To all thine other favours, add
A heart to trust thy word;
And death itself shall hear us sing,
While resting on the Lord.

- 1 **K**IND are the words that Jesus speaks
To cheer the drooping saint;
'My grace sufficient is for you,
Though 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 though my griefs are not removed,
Yet why should I despair?
While my kind Saviour's arms support,
I can the burden bear.
- 4 Jesus, my Saviour and my Lord,
T is good to trust thy name;
Thy power, thy faithfulness, and love,
Will ever be the same.

5 Weak as I am, yet through thy grace
 I all things can perform ;
 And, smiling, triumph in thy name
 Amid the raging storm.

125 PART II. 104th. Stockwell, 140.

The Lord will provide. NEWTON.

- 1 **T**HOUGH troubles assail, and dangers affright,
 Tho' friends should all fail, and foes all unite ;
 Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
 The Scripture assures us, ' The Lord will provide.'
- 2 The birds without barn or storehouse are fed,
 From them let us learn to trust for our bread :
 His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
 So long as 't is written, ' The Lord will provide.'
- 3 His call we obey, as Abram of old,
 Not knowing our way, but faith makes us bold ;
 For tho' we are strangers we have a good guide,
 And trust in all dangers, ' The Lord will provide.'
- 4 When Satan appears to stop up our path,
 And fill us with fears, we triumph by faith ;
 He cannot take from us, tho' oft he has tried,
 This heart-cheering promise, ' The Lord will provide.'
- 5 He tells us we're weak ; our hope is in vain ;
 The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain ;
 But when such suggestions our spirits have plied,
 This answers all questions, ' The Lord will provide.'
- 6 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
 This word of his grace shall comfort us through ;
 No fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
 We hope to die shouting, ' The Lord will provide.'

126 C. M. New York, 33. Devizes, 14.

My God shall supply all your need.

Phil. iv. 19, 20. DODDRIDGE.

- 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!
- 3 From Christ the ever-living spring,
These ample blessings flow:
Prepare, my lips, his name to sing,
Whose heart has loved us so.
- 4 Now, to our Father and our God,
Be endless glory given,
Through all the realms of man's abode,
And through the highest heaven.

127 C. M. Arlington, 17. Hammond, 226.

Fear not. Luke xii. 32. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **Y**E little flock, whom Jesus feeds,
Dismiss your anxious cares,
Look to the Shepherd of your souls,
And smile away your fears.
- 2 Though wolves and lions prowl around,
His staff is your defence: [voice
'Midst sands and rocks your Shepherd's
Calls streams and pastures thence.
- 3 Your Father will a kingdom give,
And give it with delight:
His feeblest child his love shall call
To triumph in his sight.
- 4 Ten thousand praises, Lord, we bring
For sure supports like these:
And, o'er the pious dead, we sing
Thy living promises.
- 5 For all we hope, and they enjoy,
We bless the Saviour's name;
Nor shall that stroke disturb the song
Which breaks this mortal frame.

128

PART I. 11's. Geard, 156.

Precious promises.

KIRKHAM.

- 1 **H**OW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?
- 2 In every condition,—in sickness, in health,
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'd!
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous omnipotent hand.
- 4 'When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 5 'When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 6 'E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.
- 7 'The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake.'

128

PART II. 104th. Hanover, 130.

Promises animating to prayer.

- 1 **T**HOU Greatest and Best, O bow down thine ear,
Attend my request, and answer my prayer;
Remember me always, my God, for my good,
Thou, thou by the needy hast evermore stood.
- 2 O gracious reply! thou sayest, 'I will,
I earnestly do remember thee still;
Thy kindness I saw in the days of thy youth;
Thy love of espousals when walking in truth.

- 3 'Remember I do thy foes and thy fears,
Thy praises and prayers, thy joys and thy tears ;
Should others forget thee, my signet thou art,
Yea, thou art engraved on my hands and my heart.
- 4 'Then as thou art mine, my care and my boast,
Believing rejoice, and no more distrust ;
Rely on my promise, Thou never shalt be,
O Israel, my Israel, forgotten of me.'

CHRIST.

129 PART I. C. M. Abridge, 201.

The Divinity of Christ.

- 1 **T**HEE we adore, Eternal Word,
The Father's equal Son ;
By heaven's obedient hosts adored,
Ere time its course begun.
- 2 The first creation has display'd
Thine energy divine ;
For not a single thing was made
By other hands than thine.
- 3 But ransom'd sinners, with delight
Sublimier facts survey,—
The all-creating Word unites
Himself to dust and clay.
- 4 See the Redeemer clothed in flesh,
And ask the reason 'Why ?'
The answer fills my soul afresh—
'To suffer, bleed, and die !'
- 5 Creation's Author now assumes
A creature's humble form ;
A man of grief and woe becomes,
And trod on like a worm.
- 6 The Lord of Glory bears the shame
To vile transgressors due ;

Justice the Prince of Life condemns
To die in anguish too.

7 God over all, for ever blest,
The righteous curse endures ;
And thus to souls with sin distress,
Eternal bliss insures.

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

129 PART II. C. M. Nativity, 522.

The incarnation.

MEDLEY.

1 **M**ORTALS, awake, with angels join
And chant the solemn lay ;
Joy, love, and gratitude combine
To hail the auspicious day.

2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.

3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo roll'd ;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'T was more than heaven could hold.

4 Down from the portals of the sky
The 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 wondrous scene unfurl'd.

- 6 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
 And glory leads the song: [out
 ' Good-will and peace' are heard through-
 The harmonious heavenly throng.
- 7 O for a glance of heavenly love
 Our hearts and songs to raise,
 Sweetly to bear our souls above,
 And mingle with their lays!
- 8 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
 ' Glory to God on high!
 Good-will and peace are now complete;
 Jesus was born to die!'
- 9 Hail, Prince of Life! for ever hail,
 Redeemer; brother, friend!
 Though earth, and time, and life should
 Thy praise shall never end. [fail,

129 PART III. C. M. America, 265.

Christ incarnate—to die.

- 1 ' **A** GOD, a God!' the wide earth shouts,
 ' A God!' the heavens reply;
 The choral universe resounds—
 A God is born—to die!
- 2 Jehovah Jesus is his name—
 Immanuel, the I AM:
 Transcendent mystery; yes! 't is He
 Becomes the slaughter'd Lamb!

129 PART IV. 8. 7. 4. Alma, 345.

Good tidings. J. MONTGOMERY.

- 1 **A** NGELS, from the realms of glory,
 Wing your flight o'er all the earth,
 Ye who sang creation's story,
 Now proclaim Messiah's birth;

Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

- 2 Saints before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord descending
In his temple shall appear ;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
- 3 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doom'd for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you,—break your chains ;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

130 7's. Georgia, 192. Hart's, 221.

Song of the angels.

WESLEY.

- 1 **H**ARK, the herald angels sing,
'Glory to the new-born King ;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.'
- 2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies :
Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace !
Hail the Sun of Righteousness !
- 3 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.
- 4 Come, Desire of Nations, come,
Fix in us thy humble home ;
Rise, the woman's promised 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 reconciled.'

- 1 **A**WAKE, awake the sacred song
 To our incarnate Lord;
 Let every heart, and every tongue,
 Adore the eternal Word.
- 2 That awful Word, that sovereign power,
 By whom the worlds were made,
 (O happy 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 tuned 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. Painswick, 162. Alma, 345.

Praise to the Redeemer.

ROBINSON.

- 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:
 Hallelujah, &c.
- 3 For the grandeur of thy nature,—
 Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
 For created works of power,—
 Works with skill and kindness wrought:
 Hallelujah, &c.
- 4 For thy providence, that governs
 Through thine empire's wide domain;
 Wings an angel, guides a sparrow;
 Blessed be thy gentle reign.
 Hallelujah, &c.
- 5 But thy rich, thy free redemption,
 Dark through brightness all along:
 Thought is poor, and poor expression,—
 Who dare sing that awful song?
 Hallelujah, &c.
- 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.
 Hallelujah, &c.

- 7 Did archangels sing thy coming?
 Did the shepherds learn their lays?—
 Shame would cover me ungrateful,
 Should my tongue refuse to praise.
 Hallelujah, &c.
- 8 From the highest throne in glory,
 To the cross of deepest woe;
 All to ransom guilty captives:—
 Flow, my praise, for ever flow.
 Hallelujah, &c.
- 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. Bath Chapel, 26. Hensbury, 323.

The condescension of Christ.

Matt. xx. 28.

DODDRIDGE.

- 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 laidst 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. Jerusalem, 379. Otford, 106.

The advent.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **H**ARK, the glad sound, the Saviour
The Saviour promised long! [comes,
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,
T' 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 PART I. L. M. Leeds, 19.

The transfiguration.

DODDRIDGE.

- 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,
- 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, 't is 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!
 'T is good to dwell for ever there!
 Come, death, dear envoy of my God,
 And bear me to that blest abode.

- 1 **I**MMANUEL, sunk with dreadful woe,
 Unfelt, unknown, to all below—
 Except the Son of God—
 In agonising pangs of soul,
 Drinks deep of 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!
Though he *must* mingle with the dead—
His people's sacrifice.'

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

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

135 PART III. L. M. Antiquity, 331.

The cross of Christ.

T. RIPPON.

1 **A**ID me, O Christ, thy cross to sing!
Its sovereign virtues who can tell!
It takes a worm defiled with sin,
And makes him meet with God to dwell!

2 Brought near thy cross, my soul shall melt,
And flow in streams of joy and grief:
For here my sins will all be felt,
And here 's full prospect of relief.

- 3 The wrath of God by it's appeased ;
His holy law is magnified :
Unbending justice is well pleased ;
And heaven to earth again allied.
- 4 In virtue of its untold worth
What glories gild the heavenly plains !
What blessings have come down on earth !
Such as surpass e'en Gabriel's strains.
- 5 Around this cross the angels crowd,
Intent new wonders to explore ;
And, raptured, all exclaim, ' Of God
We never saw so much before !'
- 6 This cross a sinking world upholds ;
Its power subdues death, hell, and sin ;
High heaven's bright gates it wide unfolds,
And ushers happy millions in.

PAUSE. Denbigh, 54.

- 7 The triumphs of thy cross push on,
O Christ, wherever sin is known !
Bid vice and misery begone,
And make the nations all thy own.
- 8 The ' travail of thy soul' demand,
The recompense of all thy woe ;
From every tribe, and tongue, and land,
Thy praise let all the people know !
- 9 Should e'er my love or zeal grow cold,
My caution fail, my faith abate,
Let me thy cross, O Christ, behold ;
That shall new life and love create !
- 10 Thy wondrous cross shall be my boast
While in this sinning world I stay ;
And when my voice in death is lost,
I'll sing it through eternal day !

135 PART IV. 8. 8. 6. Hinton, 266.

Jesus crucified.

- 1 **W**HEN with a melting heart I stood
 Near to a fountain fill'd with blood,
 It flow'd a crimson tide;
 That sight what stranger's heart can guess,
 Or mind conceive, or tongue express?—
 'T was Jesus crucified.'
- 2 But plunged beneath the cleansing flood,
 My heart exclaim'd, 'Behold, how good
 The God who loved and died!
 None saves from sin, its guilt, its stains,
 From death, and everlasting pains,
 'But Jesus crucified!'
- 3 O let me still this wonder see,
 And cry, 'He loved and died for me,'
 And near the cross abide:
 Take off my load, and from my heart
 Bid sin, and guilt, and fear depart,
 'My Jesus crucified.'
- 4 Thousands, besides the dying thief,
 Have in this sight found sweet relief,
 Feeling the blood applied;
 And yet, ten thousand thousands more
 Shall share the bliss and all adore
 'My Jesus crucified.'
- 5 O make *my* stubborn heart relent!
 May I of unbelief repent,
 And every sin beside;
 Now tune my heart, my voice, my tongue,
 I'll sing, and this shall be my song,—
 'My Jesus crucified.'

135 PART V. 8. 7. Alexandria, 361.

A view of Christ crucified.

- 1 **S**WEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend,
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.
- 2 Here I'll sit for ever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood ;
Precious drops ! my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.
- 3 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie ;
While I see divine compassion
Floating in his languid eye.
- 4 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the cross I gaze ;
Love I much ? I've more forgiven :
I'm a miracle of grace.
- 5 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe,
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.
- 6 May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go ;
Prove his wounds each day more healing,
And himself more fully know.

135 PART VI. 7's. Saxe Gotha, 496.

The three mountains. J. MONTGOMERY.

- 1 **W**HEN on Sinai's top I see
God descend in majesty,
To proclaim his holy law,
All my spirit sinks with awe.
- 2 When, in ecstasy sublime,
Tabor's glorious steep I climb,

At the too-transporting light,
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.

- 3 When on Calvary I rest,
God, in flesh made manifest,
Shines in my Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.
- 4 Here I would for ever stay,
Weep and gaze my soul away;
Thou art heaven on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful, Calvary.

136

L. M. Babylon's Streams, 23.

Behold the man. John xix. 5.

- 1 **Y**E 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—exposed 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!
- 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,
Convulsed when her Creator died;
Oh, may our inmost nature shake,
And bow with Jesus crucified!

- 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. Paul's, 246. Old Hundred, 100.

A dying Saviour.

STEELE.

- 1 **S**TRETCH'D on the cross, the Saviour
 Hark ! his expiring groans arise ; [dies,
 See, from his hands, his feet, his side,
 Runs down the sacred crimson tide ;
- 2 But life attends the deathful sound,
 And flows from every 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 ?
- 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 unmoved 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. Canterbury, 199. Trinity, 181.

The cross.

STENNETT.

- 1 **Y**ONDER—amazing sight!—I see
 Th' incarnate Son of God
 Expiring on th' accursed tree,
 And weltering 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 amazed 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.
- 5 O 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. Peru, 516.

Love of Christ constraining.

2 Cor. v. 14, 15.

STEELE.

- 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!
 Resound, resound, the Saviour's name,
 For nought below immortal tongues
 Can ever reach the wondrous theme.

140

148th. Resurrection, 72.

The Resurrection.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **Y**ES! the Redeemer rose,
 The Saviour left the dead,
 And o'er our hellish foes
 High raised 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 savest us with thy blood!
 Wide be thy name adored,
 Thou rising, reigning God!
 With thee we rise,
 With thee we reign,
 And empires gain
 Beyond the skies.

141 7's. Easter Hymn, 232. Feversham, 220.
The resurrection. 1 Cor. xv. 56.

1. CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,
 Sons of men and angels say!
 Raise your joys and triumphs high!
 Sing, ye heavens,—and, earth, reply.
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,—
 Fought the fight, the battle won:
 Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er:
 Lo! he sets in blood no more.

- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ has burst the gates of hell!
Death in vain forbids his rise,
Christ hath open'd paradise!
- 4 Lives again our glorious King;
'Where, O death, is now thy sting?'
Once he died our souls to save;
'Where's thy victory, boasting grave?'
- 5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head!
Made like him, like him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
- 6 What, though 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's. Hart's, 221. Easter Hymn, 232.

Resurrection and ascension.

SCOTT.

- 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 'T is the Saviour! Angels, raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise!
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy inspiring sound.
Hallelujah.

- 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.
Hallelujah.
- 4 Heaven displays her portals wide:
Glorious Hero, through them ride!
King of Glory, mount the throne,—
Thy great Father's and thy own.
Hallelujah.
- 5 Praise him, all ye heavenly choirs!
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres!
Shout, O earth, in rapturous song,
Let the strains be sweet and strong!
Hallelujah.
- 6 Every note with wonder swell,—
Sin o'erthrown and captived hell!
Where is hell's once dreaded king?
Where, O death, thy mortal sting?
Hallelujah.

143 L. M. Bramcoate, 8. New Sabbath, 122.
Christ's resurrection a pledge of ours. WALLIN.

- 1 **W**HEN I the holy grave survey, [lie,
Where once my Saviour deign'd to
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 seized;

- In *his* release *our own* we see,
 And shout to view Jehovah pleased.
- 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 a harp of gold
 To crown thy joy when he appears.
- 6 Though 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.

- 1 YE humble souls that seek the Lord,
 Chase all your fears away ;
 And bow with pleasure down to see
 The place where Jesus lay.
- 2 Thus low the Lord of life was brought ;
 Such wonders love can do ;
 Thus cold in death that bosom lay
 Which throb'd and bled for you.
- 3 A moment give a loose to grief,—
 Let grateful sorrows rise,
 And wash the bloody stains away
 With torrents from your eyes.
- 4 Then dry your tears, and tune your songs,
 The Saviour lives again ;
 Not all the bolts and bars of death
 The Conqueror could detain.

- 5 High o'er the angelic bands he rears
 His once dishonour'd head ;
 And through unnumber'd years he reigns,
 Who dwelt among the dead.
- 6 With joy like his shall every saint
 His empty tomb survey ;
 Then rise with his ascending Lord,
 To realms of endless day.

144 PART II. P. M. Miriam's Song.

Death conquered.

GROSER.

- 1 **P**RAISE the Redeemer, almighty to save ;
 Immanuel has triumph'd o'er death and the grave !
 Sing, for the door of the dungeon is open,
 The Captive came forth at the dawn of the day ;
 How vain the precautions ! the signet is broken ;
 The watchman in terror have fled far away.
 Praise the Redeemer, &c.
- 2 Praise to the Conqueror ; O tell of his love !
 In pity to mortals he came from above,
 Who shall rebuild for the tyrant his prison ?
 The sceptre lies broken that fell from his hands ;
 His dominion is ended ; the Lord is arisen ;
 The helpless shall soon be released from their bands.
 Praise the Redeemer, &c.

145 L. M. Morning Hymn, 398.

Christ's ascension. Ps. 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 possest,
The King of saints and angels too ;
God over all, for ever blest !

- 1 **O** YE immortal throng
Of angels round the throne,
Join with our feeble song
To make the Saviour known :
On earth ye knew
His wondrous grace ;
His beauteous face
In heaven ye view.
- 2 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.

- 3 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.
- 4 Around the bloody tree
Ye press'd with strong desire,
That wondrous sight to see,
The Lord of life expire;
 And, could your eyes
 Have known a tear,
 Had dropp'd it there
 In sad surprise.
- 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 adored
 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 waved 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.

Jesus seen of angels.

- 1 **B**YOND the glittering starry skies,
 Far as the eternal hills,
 There in the boundless worlds of light,
 Our dear Redeemer dwells.
- 2 Immortal angels, bright and fair,
 In countless armies shine!
 At his right hand, with golden harps,
 They offer songs divine.
- 3 ['Hail! PRINCE,' they cry, 'for ever hail,
 Whose unexampled love
 Moved thee to quit those glorious realms
 And royalties above.')
- 4 And whilst he stoop'd on earth to dwell,
 And suffer'd rude disdain,
 They cast their honours at his feet,
 And waited in his train.
- 5 In all his toils and dangerous paths
 They did his steps attend,

Oft paused, and wonder'd how at last
This scene of love would end.

6 [And when the powers of hell combined
To fill his cup of woe,
Their pitying eyes beheld his tears
In bloody anguish flow.

7 As on the tottering tree he hung,
And darkness veil'd the sky,
They saw, aghast, that awful sight,
The LORD OF GLORY DIE!

8 Anon he bursts the gates of death,
Subdues the tyrant's power;
They saw the illustrious Conqueror rise,
And hail'd the blessed hour.]

9 They brought his chariot from above,
To bear him to his throne;
Clapp'd their triumphant wings, and cried,
'THE GLORIOUS WORK IS DONE.'

10 [My soul the joyful triumph feels,
And thinks the moments long
Ere she her Saviour's glory sees,
And joins the rapturous song.]

147

L. M. Lofty Praise, 408.

The exalted Saviour.

STEELE.

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 wondrous love.

2 While seraphs tune the immortal song,
O may we feel the sacred flame;
And every heart and every tongue
Adore the Saviour's glorious name!

- 3 Jesus, who once upon the tree
 In agonizing pains expired:
 Who died for rebels—yes, 't is he!
 How bright! how lovely! how admired!
- 4 Jesus, who died that we might live,—
 Died in the wretched traitors' place,—
 O 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, though 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!

148 L. M. Simeon, 357. Langdon, 217.
The humiliation, exaltation, and triumphs of

Christ.

WATTS.

- 1 **T**HE 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.
- 2 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.
- 3 Proclaim inimitable love!
 Jesus, the Lord of worlds above,
 Puts off the beams of bright array,
 And veils the God in mortal clay.

- 4 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.
- 5 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.
- 6 Thus were the hosts of death subdued,
And sin was drown'd in Jesus' blood:
Then he arose, and reigns above,
And conquers sinners by his love.
- 7 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. 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 purged our stains,
He took his seat above: Lift up, &c.
- 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, &c.

150, 151 RICHES OF CHRIST.

- 4 He all his foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy,
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy: Lift up, &c.
- 5 Rejoice in glorious hope!
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice—
The trump of God shall sound, *Rejoice.*

150 104th. Hanover, 130. Enoch, 410.

Fulness of Christ.

FAWCETT.

- 1 **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.
- 2 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.
- 3 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.
- 4 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 through life;
And when we are fainting and ready to die,
Whatever is wanting his hand will supply.

151 PART I. 8's. New Jerusalem, 230.

Riches of Christ.

MAXWELL.

- 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 mystery unknown.

2 In him all the fulness of God
 For ever transcendently shines;
 Though once like a mortal he stood
 To finish his gracious designs:
 Though 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 loved till he died
 To wash their pollutions away.

4 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.

5 Now, sinners, attend to his call,
 'Whoso 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
 Here 's glory eternal at last. [more,

151 PART II. C. M. Sprowston, 365.

The grace of Christ.

- 1 JESUS, the name high over all,
 In hell, or earth, or sky,
 Angels and men before it fall,
 And devils fear and fly.
- 2 Jesus, the name to sinners dear,
 The name to sinners given ;
 It scatters all their guilty fear :
 It turns their hell to heaven,
- 3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
 And bruises Satan's head :
 Power into strengthless souls it speaks,
 And life into the dead.
- 4 O that the world might taste and see
 The riches of his grace !
 The arms of love that compass me,
 Would all mankind embrace.
- 5 His only righteousness I show,
 His saving truth proclaim :
 'T is all my business here below
 To cry, 'Behold the Lamb !'
- 6 Happy, if with my latest breath
 I may but gasp his name ;
 Preach him to all, and cry in death,
 'Behold, behold the Lamb !'

152

L. M. Kingsbridge, 88.

Intercession of Christ.

STEELE.

- 1 **H**E lives ! the great Redeemer lives !
 (What joy the blest assurance gives !)
 And now, before his Father God,
 Pleads the full merit of his blood.
- 2 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.
- 3 Hence, then, ye black despairing thoughts !
 Above our fears, above our faults,
 His powerful intercessions rise ;
 And guilt recedes, and terror dies.
- 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. Gratitude, 383. Charleston, 195.

Intercession of Christ.

TOPLADY.

- 1 **A**WAKE, sweet gratitude, and sing
 The 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,
 Enthroned in glory now.

154 INTERCESSION OF CHRIST.

- 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 endured ;
Just to the merits of thy Son,
And faithful to thy word.'
- 6 Eternal life, at his request,
To every saint is given :
Safety below, and, after death,
The plenitude of heaven.
- 7 [Founded on right, thy prayer avails ;
The Father smiles on thee ;
And now thou in thy kingdom art,
Dear Lord, remember me.
- 8 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. Michael's, 119. Eversley, 335.

Christ's intercession typified.

Exod. xxviii. 29.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **N**OW let our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High Priest above,
And celebrate his constant care
And sympathetic love.
- 2 Though raised to a superior throne,
Where angels bow around,

- And high o'er all the shining train,
 With matchless honours crown'd ;
- 3 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.
- 4 Those characters shall fair abide,
 Our everlasting trust,
 When gems, and monuments, and crowns,
 Are moulder'd down to dust.
- 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. Bedford, 91. Ann's, 58.

*Christ's admonition to, and intercession for
 Peter.*

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **H**OW keen the tempter's malice is!
 How artful and how great!
 Though 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 the 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 Secured 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.

156 L. M. Alfred, 509. Ulverston, 179.

Advocate. 1 John ii. 1. STEELE.

- 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.

157 L. M. Lebanon, 79. Job, 474.

Brazen serpent. Numb. xxi. 8, 9.

1 **W**HEN Israel's grieving tribes complain'd,

With fiery serpents greatly pain'd,
A serpent straight 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 O, 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,
Enraptured with his sacrifice!

5 Jesus 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. Islington, 40. New Sabbath, 122.

Bread of life.

FAWCETT.

1 **D**EPRAVED minds on ashes feed,
Nor love nor seek for heavenly bread ;
They choose the husks which swine do eat ;
Or meanly crave the serpent's meat.

2 Jesus, thou art the living bread
By which our needy souls are fed ;
In thee alone thy children find
Enough to fill the empty mind.

- 3 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 given.
- 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. Leeds, 19. Melcombe, 325.

Bridegroom and husband. FAWCETT.

- 1 JESUS, the heavenly lover, gave
 His life my wretched soul to save :
 Resolved 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 makes 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 Lost 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. Kimbolton, 251. Eaton, 291.

Morning star.

BEDDOME.

- 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, compared with his!
- 2 We sing the bright and morning Star,
Jesus, the spring of light and love:
See how its rays, diffused 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 heavenly place
Where this bright Star shall brightest
shine?
Leave far behind these scenes of night,
And view a lustre so divine?

161 C. M. Bath Chapel, 26. Lydia, 327.

Altogether lovely. STENNETT.

- 1 **T**O Christ the Lord let every tongue
 Its noblest tribute bring :
 When he 's the subject of the song,
 Who can refuse to sing ?
- 2 Survey the beauties of his face,
 And on his glories dwell ;
 Think of the wonders of his grace,
 And all his triumphs tell.
- 3 Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
 Upon his awful brow ;
 His head with radiant glories crown'd,
 His lips with grace o'erflow.
- 4 No mortal can with him compare
 Among the sons of men :
 Fairer he is than all the fair
 That fill the heavenly train.
- 5 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
 He flew to my relief ;
 For me he bore the shameful cross,
 And carried all my grief.
- 6 [His hand a thousand blessings pours
 Upon my guilty head ;
 His presence gilds my darkest hours,
 And guards my sleeping bed.
- 7 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.]
- 8 To heaven, the place of his abode,
 He brings my weary feet ;

Shows 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. Welsh, 210. Vienna, 330.
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 saints 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. Wareham, 117. Old 100th.
Corner-stone. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 LORD, dost thou show 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 sovereign 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 tried,
And all the powers of hell defied ;
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,
'T is 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.

- 1 **I**NFINITE excellence is thine,
Thou lovely Prince of Grace !
Thy uncreated beauties shine
With never-failing 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
Through all Immanuel's ground.
- 4 Millions of happy spirits live
On thy exhaustless store ;
From thee they all their bliss 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
 Through all eternity.

165

C. M. Jerusalem, 379.

The Door.

DODDRIDGE.

- 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 O may thy grace the nations lead,
 And Jews and Gentiles come,
 All travelling through one beauteous gate,
 To one eternal home.

166

L. M. Portugal, 97. Horsley, 205.

Our Example.

STEELE.

- 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 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
 And tempt our thoughts or tongues to
 To Jesus let us lift our eyes, [strife,
 Bright Pattern of the Christian life.

- 3 O 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 through 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. Bramcoate, 8. Derby, 169.

Forerunner and Foundation of our hope.

Heb. vi. 19, 20.

DODDRIDGE.

- 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 seat;
 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 raptured 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. Hanover, 130. Bourton, 50.

Fountain for sinners.

HART.

- 1 **T**HE fountain of Christ,
Lord, help us to sing,
The blood of our Priest,
Our crucified 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 pierced 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 power 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, though rich,
 From charge is quite clear;
 The poorer the wretch,
 The welcomer here:
 Come, needy and guilty;
 Come, loathsome and bare;
 Though leprous and filthy,
 Come just as you are.

6 This fountain in vain
 Has never been tried;
 It takes out all stain
 Whenever applied:
 The fountain flows sweetly
 With virtue divine,
 To cleanse souls completely,
 Though leprous as mine.

169 C. M. Cambridge New. Fountain, 101.

Praise for the fountain.

COWPER.

1 **T**HERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
 And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.

- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day ;
O may I there, though 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 saved 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 lispings, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save.

PAUSE.

- 6 And hast thou, Lord, for me prepared,
Unworthy though I be,
A seat in heaven, a free reward,
A golden harp for me ?
- 7 My harp for ever shall be tuned
With notes of grace divine ;
I'll sing thy name, thy righteousness,
Dear Saviour, only thine.

170 PART I. L. M. Magdalene, 214.

Friend.

NEWTON.

- 1 **P**OOOR, weak, and worthless, though I
I have a rich almighty Friend ; [am,
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.
- 3 He cheers my heart, my wants supplies,
 And says that I shall shortly be
 Enthroned with him above the skies:
 O what a friend is Christ to me!

PAUSE.

Is this thy kindness to thy friend ?

2 Sam. 16, 17.

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

170

PART II. L. M. Peru, 516.

Christ the Friend.

KRISHNU.

- 1 **O** THOU, my soul, forget no more
The Friend who all thy misery bore ;
Let every idol be forgot,
But, O my soul, forget him not !
- 2 Jesus, for thee a body takes,
Thy guilt assumes, thy fetters breaks,
Discharging all thy dreadful debt ;—
And canst thou e'er such love forget ?
- 3 Renounce thy works and ways with grief,
And fly to this most sure relief ;
Nor him forget who left his throne,
And for thy life gave up his own.
- 4 Infinite truth and mercy shine
In him, and he himself is thine ;
And canst thou, then, with sin beset,
Such charms, such matchless charms
forget ?
- 5 Ah, no !—till life itself depart,
His name shall cheer and warm my heart ;
And, lisping this, from earth I'll rise,
And join the chorus of the skies.
- 6 Ah, no !—when all things else expire,
And perish in the general fire,
This name all others shall survive,
And through eternity shall live.

170

PART III. 8. 7. 7. Batavia, 133.

Christ our Friend.

MORAVIAN.

- 1 **O**NE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend ;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.

171 CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

They who once his kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
 Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
 Reconciled in him to God.
This was boundless love indeed,
Jesus is a Friend in need.

3 When he lived on earth abased,
 Friend of sinners was his name;
Now to heavenly glory raised,
 He rejoiceth in the same:
Still he calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

4 O! for grace our hearts to soften!
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
 What a Friend we have above:
But when home our souls are brought,
We will love thee as we ought.

171 L. M. Portugal, 97. Eaton, 291.

Gift of God.

BEDDOME.

1 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.

2 When shall I see thy smiling face,
The 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 distress;
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 PART L. C. M. Hensbury, 323.

Head of the church. DODDRIDGE.

- 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 O 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.

- 1 HAIL, sovereign love, that first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man!
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul *a hiding-place!*
- 2 Against the God that rules the sky
I fought with hand uplifted high;
Despised the mention of his grace,
Secure, without *a hiding-place.*
- 3 Enwrapt in thick Egyptian night,
And fond of darkness more than light,
Madly I ran the sinful race,
Too proud to seek *a hiding-place.*
- 4 Indignant justice stood in view;
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew;
But justice cried, with frowning face,
'*This mountain is no hiding-place.*'
- 5 Ere long a heavenly voice I heard,
And mercy's angel-form appear'd;
She led me on, with joyful pace,
To Jesus, as *my hiding-place.*
- 6 On him the tenfold vengeance fell
That would have sunk a world to hell;
He bore it for the fallen race,
And thus became *their hiding-place.*
- 7 A few more rolling suns at most,
Will land me on fair Canaan's coast;
There I shall sing the song of grace,
And see my glorious *hiding-place.*

173 PART I. C. M. Liverpool, 83.

Jesus precious to them that believe.

1 Peter ii. 7.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'T is 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 sordid 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 labouring breath;
And dying, clasp thee in my arms—
The antidote of death.

173 PART II. L. M. Paul's, 246.

Jesus a Jew. 1 John iv. 9.

- 1 COME, Abra'm's sons, Messiah view,
Clothed in the body of a Jew—
This Jew, Jehovah Tsidkenu,*
Became the son of Mary too.
- 2 This Jew, your Ehjeh, the I AM,
Was Israel's bleeding Paschal Lamb,

* "The Lord our righteousness," Jer. xxiii. 6.

- And he their Serpent, lifted high,
That none who look to him shall die.
- 3 He by his cloud all Israel led,
All Israel with his manna fed ;
He did the Jordan's waves divide,
And land his flock on Canaan's side.
- 4 This Jew shall say, 'Come, come, ye bless'd,'
To others say, 'Depart, ye cursed'—
And him the heavens, adoring, own,
Your King—Messiah on his throne.

PAUSE. Coombs, 45.

- 5 Hear Abra'm, Isaac, Jacob too,
Adore the God, the exalted JEW ;
Thus Moses, David, Solomon,
With all the saints around the throne.
- 6 To him the called tribes shall turn,
Their millions look on him, and mourn ;
And all who on his cross rely,
O happy souls ! shall never die.
- 7 Then praise, O Jacob's favour'd race !
Your Abra'm's God, the God of grace !
Till all the earth, and seas, and skies,
In your enraptured concert rise.

- 1 **H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds,
In a believer's ear !
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast,
'T is manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

- 3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
 My shield and hiding-place;
 My never-failing treasury, fill'd
 With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 By thee my prayers acceptance gain,
 Although with sin defiled;
 Satan accuses me in vain,
 And I am own'd a child.
- 5 Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
 My Prophet, Priest, and King;
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
 Accept the praise I bring.
- 6 Weak is the effort of my heart,
 And cold my warmest thought;
 But when I see thee as thou art,
 I'll praise thee as I ought.
- 7 Till then I would thy love proclaim
 With every fleeting breath;
 And may the music of thy name
 Refresh my soul in death!

174 7's. St. Andrews, 502. Alcester, 213.
Immanuel. Matt. i. 23.

- 1 'GOD with us!' O glorious name!
 Let it shine in endless fame:
 God and man in Christ unite:—
 O mysterious depth and height!
- 2 'God with us!' Amazing love
 Brought him from his courts above;
 Now, ye saints, his grace admire,
 Swell the song with holy fire.
- 3 'God with us!' But tainted not
 With the first transgressor's blot;

175 . . . CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

Yet did he our sins sustain,
Bear the guilt, the curse, the pain.

4 ['God with us!' O blissful theme!
Let the impious not blaspheme;
Jesus shall in judgment sit,
Dooming rebels to the pit.]

5 'God with us!' O wondrous grace!
Let us see him face to face,
That we may Immanuel sing,
As we ought, our God and King.

175 C. M. Charleston, 195.

King of saints.

STEELE.

1 COME, 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.

3 Infinite power and boundless grace
In him unite their rays:
You, that have e'er beheld his face,
Can you forbear his praise?

4 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.

5 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.

6 O 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. Miles's Lane, 32.
Crown Him.

1 **B**ACKSLIDERS, who your misery feel,
 Attend your Saviour's call;
 Return, he'll your backslidings heal;
 O crown him Lord of all!

2 Though crimson sin increase your guilt,
 And painful is your thrall;
 For broken hearts his blood was spilt;
 O crown him Lord of all!

3 Take with you words, approach his throne,
 And low before him fall;
 He understands the Spirit's groan;
 O crown him Lord of all!

4 Whoever comes, he'll not cast out,
 Although your faith be small:
 His faithfulness you cannot doubt;
 O crown him Lord of all.

177 PART I. C. M. Miles's Lane, 32.
The spiritual coronation. DUNCAN.

1 **A**LL hail the power of Jesus' name!
 Let angels prostrate fall;
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown him Lord of all.

2 [Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
 Who from his altars call;
 Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
 And crown him Lord of all.]

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

177 PART II. 8. 8. 6. Westbury Leigh, 278.
*The King of kings crowned by earth and
heaven.*

- 1 UPON Mount Zion Jesus stands,
With all dominion in his hands,
And rules this earthly ball:
While he his mighty sceptre sways,
Sinners shall tremble, saints shall praise,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 This Prince of Peace, the mighty God,
From Jesse's stem, that fruitful rod,
Whom we Immanuel call,—

Angels, and all the sons of light,
 With saints in heaven and earth unite,
 And crown him Lord of all.

- 3 Let us, his grateful subjects, meet,
 And lay our honours at his feet,
 Prostrate, adoring, fall :
 Sinners redeem'd, and wash'd in blood,
 Adopted, new-born sons of God,
 Crown, crown him Lord of all.
- 4 He has your mighty battles fought,
 And by his blood redemption wrought,
 And set you free from thrall ;—
 From sin, and death, and hell set free,
 Praise him to all eternity,
 And crown him Lord of all.

177 PART III. 8. 7. 4. Kelly's, 419.
 Saratoga, 531. Bordeaux, 389.
And he shall reign for ever and ever.

Rev. xi. 15.

KELLY.

- 1 **L**OOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious,
 See the 'Man of Sorrows' now ;
 From the fight return'd victorious,
 Every knee to him shall bow :
 Crown him, crown him ;
 Crowns become the Victor's brow.
- 2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown him ;
 Rich the trophies Jesus brings :
 In the seat of power enthrone him,
 While the vault of heaven rings ;
 Crown him, crown him ;
 Crown the Saviour, 'King of kings.'
- 3 Sinners in derision crown'd him,
 Mocking thus the Saviour's claim ;

Saints and angels crowd around him,
 Own his title, praise his name ;
 Crown him, crown him ;
 Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

- 4 Hark ! those bursts of acclamation !
 Hark ! those loud triumphant chords !
 Jesus takes the highest station :
 O what joy the sight affords !
 Crown him, crown him,
 ' King of kings, and Lord of lords.'

- 1 **J**ESUS, 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. Babylon Streams, 23.

Lamb of God, &c.

FAWCETT.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the sin-atoning 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 through him abound;
 He can the richest blessings give;
 Salvation in his name is found;
 He bids the dying sinner live.
- 5 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. New Eagle Street, 55.

Leader.

WESLEY.

- 1 **T**HOU very Paschal Lamb,
 Whose blood for us was shed,
 Through 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. Ripon, 188. Buxton, 347.

Life of the soul.

STEELE.

- 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 ;
Not 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,

Not death itself, that last of foes,
Shall break a union so divine.

182 8. 7. Carlisle, 95. Florence, 239.

Light. Isa. ix. 2. TOPLADY.

- 1 **L**IGHT of those, whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come! and thy dear self revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath:
The new heaven 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. Alcester, 213. Jersey, 556.

Melchizedek a type of Christ.

- 1 **K**ING 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 tithe, but take them all.

184 C. M. New York, 33. Auburn, 517.

Messenger of the Covenant.

SERLE.

- 1 JESUS, commission'd from above,
 Descends to men below,
 And shows from whence the springs of
 In endless currents flow. [love
- 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 loved 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 PART I. L. M. Justification, 306.

Messiah.

NEEDHAM.

- 1 **G**LORY to God, who reigns above,
Who dwells in light, whose name is
Ye saints and angels, if ye can, [love;
Declare the love of God to man.
- 2 O 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 expired,—
The time prophetic seals required;
Cut off for sins, but not his own,
Thy Prince Messiah did atone.
- 5 Thy famous temple, Solomon,
Is by the latter far outshone;
It wanted not thy glittering store,—
Messiah's presence graced it more.
- 6 We see the prophecies fulfill'd
In Jesus, that most wondrous 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.

Messiah's day.

- 1 **A** BRA'M, with all the saints of old,
 By faith espied the age of gold ;
 Rejoicing through their chequer'd way,
 In prospect of Messiah's day.
- 2 *In that day*, I will pour my grace
 On David's house, and Salem's race ;
 That each may look on me and mourn
 As one that mourneth a first-born.
- 3 *In that day*, the great trumpet's sound
 Shall gather outcasts all around ;
 Ready to perish, myriads fly,
 To him that died on Calvary.
- 4 *In that day*, see a fountain wide
 Flowing from our Immanuel's side,
 With blood which he so freely spilt,
 To wash his murderers from their guilt.
- 5 *In that day*, hear the tribes confess
 Christ is the Lord our righteousness,
 Lo ! priests and people, now restored,
 Are holiness unto the Lord.
- 6 Now to his cause the sea is given,
 Each floating hell* a floating heaven—
 And sails now bent from every strand
 Waft Israel's sons to Canaan's land.

* A man-of-war, so called by the Rev. Mr. Hervey.

7 *In that day*, Lord, can more be craved?
 Israel, all Israel, shall be saved;
 Gentiles and Jews unite in Thee,
 Thy church the universe shall be.

PAUSE.

8 For prophecies fulfill'd, dear Lord,
 Thy faithful name shall be adored,
 The rest,—thine oaths—regard, we pray,
 And haste the bright millennial day.

185 PART III. S. M. Henley. 38.

The Morning Star. Rev. xxi. 16.

1 ALL hail, mysterious King!
 Hail, David's ancient root!
 Thou righteous Branch, which thence did'st
 To give the nations fruit. [spring,

2 Our weary souls shall rest
 Beneath thy grateful shade;
 Our thirsty lips salvation taste,
 Our fainting hearts are glad.

3 Fair Morning Star, arise,
 With living glories bright,
 And pour on these awakening eyes
 A flood of sacred light.

4 The horrid gloom is fled,
 Pierced by thy beauteous ray;
 Shine, and our wandering footsteps lead
 To everlasting day.

186 7. 6. 8. Tottenham Court, 111.

Passover. Exod. xii. 7. C. WESLEY.

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.
- 3 Wilt thou not a difference make
 Betwixt thy friend and foe,—
 Vengeance on the Egyptians take,
 And grace to Israel show?
 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.

- 1 YE glittering toys of earth, adieu!
 A nobler choice be mine;
 A *real* prize attracts my view,
 A treasure all divine.
- 2 Begone, unworthy of my cares,
 Ye specious baits of sense;
 Inestimable worth appears,
 The Pearl of price immense!
- 3 Jesus, 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.
- 6 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. Ulverston, 179. Portugal, 97.

Physician of souls.

STEELE.

- 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 ;
'T is 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.

189 C. M. Great Milton, 212. Essex, 409.

Physician ; or, Christ's miracles.

- 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 goest about to do
Thy needy creatures good ;
On me, that I thy praise may show,
Be all thy wonders show'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 seest me deaf to thy commands,
Open, O Lord, mine ear ;
Bid me stretch out my wither'd hands,
And lift them up in prayer.

- 6 Silent, (alas! thou know'st how long,)
My voice I cannot raise;
But O, when thou shalt loose my tongue,
The dumb shall sing thy praise.

LAME.

- 7 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,
Give, and my strength employ; [sound,
Light as a hart, my soul shall bound,
The lame shall leap for joy.

BLIND.

- 9 If thou, my God, art passing by,
O let me find thee near;
Jesus, 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.'

POSSESSED.

- 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 canst relieve my soul;
Lord, I believe, and not in vain,
For thou *wilt* make me whole.

190 148th. Bethesda, 112. Burnham, 396.

High Priest.

CENNICK.

- 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 Jesus' 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 show
 To every tempted mind :
 In every point the Lamb was tried,
 Like us, and then for us he died.
- 4 He dies ; but lives again,
 And by the altar stands ;
 There shows how he was slain,
 Opening 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 loved, and lived, and died for me.

191 L. M. Leeds, 19. Oswestry, 514.

Priesthood of Christ.

STENNETT.

- 1 'MONG 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 Descending 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.

192, 193 CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

192 112th. Carey's, 11. Ragland, 204.

Prophet, Priest, and King.

1 Peter ii. 7.

DAVIES.

- 1 **J**ESUS, how precious is thy name!
The great Jehovah's darling, thou!
O let me catch the 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,
O how divinely sweet they are!
Thee, my great *Prophet*, I would love,
And imitate the blest above.
- 3 My great *High Priest*, whose precious
Did once atone upon the cross; [blood
Who now does intercede with God,
And plead the friendless sinner's 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. Job, 474.

The Ransom. Isa. lxi. 2.

GIBBONS.

- 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.

- 2 '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.'
- 3 Stupendous favour ! matchless grace !
Jesus has died, that we might live ;
Nor worlds below, nor worlds above,
Could so divine a ransom give.
- 4 To him who loved 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. Eversley, 335. Harmonia, 392.

Our Righteousness. DODDRIDGE.

- 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 The 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 promised crown.

195 7's. PART I. Rest, 183. Turin, 244.

Rock of Ages.

TOPLADY.

- 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 fulfil thy law's demands !
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears for ever flow,
 All for sin could not atone ;
 Thou must save, and thou alone.
- 3 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 !

195

PART II. L. M. China, 300.

Rose of Sharon. Sol. Song. ii. 1.

- 1 **'T**IS Jesus speaks : how sweet the sound !
 ' I am the Rose of Sharon's ground :'

- Yes, Saviour, thou art Sharon's Rose,
Surpassing every flower that blows.
- 2 Thy comeliness and fragrant smell,
What mortal strains on earth can tell?
Here let me make a pleasing stay,
And pass my blissful hours away.
- 3 Thy name, thy sacrifice, thy love,
With odours fill the realms above;
And these thro' the whole church below
Breathe all the fragrant gales we know.
- 4 Thy peerless beauties shall employ
My heart, my tongue, my every joy;
The Rose of Sharon still shall be
My song throughout eternity.

196 L. M. Intercession, 482. Job, 474.

Saviour—the only one.

STEELE.

- 1 **J**ESUS, the spring of joys divine,
Whence all our hopes and comforts
Jesus, no other name but thine [flow,—
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 heavenly path depart:
O let thy Spirit, gracious guide!
Direct our steps, and cheer our heart.

5 Safe lead us through this world of night,
 And bring us to the blissful plains,—
 The regions of unclouded light,
 Where perfect joy for ever reigns.

- 1 **W**HILE my Redeemer's near,
 My Shepherd and my Guide,
 I bid farewell to anxious fear,
 My wants are all supplied.
- 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.

197 PART II. L. M. Lofty praise, 408.

Star of Bethlehem. H. K. WHITE.

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

197 PART III. S. M. Handel's, 157.

Christ the Day-Star by his word.

- 1 **S**HINE, lovely Star of Day,
Around, and in us shine,
That our benighted souls may own
Thy light and love divine.

198, 199 CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

- 2 Our wandering footsteps guide
Through this vast wilderness ;
Beneath thy beams we'll trace the path
Of purity and bliss.
- 3 Death's vale shall lose its gloom,
Cheer'd by thy vital ray,
And open to our longing eyes
An everlasting day.

198 104th. Hanover, 139. Enoch, 410.
Strong-hold. Zech. ix. 12.

- 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.
- 3 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.
- 4 'None will I cast out who come,' saith the Lord,
Why, then, do you doubt? lay hold of his word ;
Ye mourners of Zion, be bold to believe,
For ever rely on your Saviour and live.

199 PART I. L. M. New Sabbath, 122.

Sun. Ps. lxxxiv. 11. STENNETT.

- 1 **G**REAT 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 sight!
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 sits and sings;
And there enjoys, like those above,
The balmy influence of thy love.
- 7 O may the vital strength and heat
His cheering beams communicate,
Enable me my course to run
With the same vigour as the sun!

199 PART II. L. M. Doversdale, 430.

Sun of Righteousness. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **T**O thee, O God, we homage pay,
Source of the light that rules the day;
Who, while he gilds all nature's frame,
Reflects thy rays, and speaks thy name.
- 2 In louder strains we sing that grace,
Which gives the Sun of righteousness:
Whose nobler light salvation brings,
And scatters healing from his wings.
- 3 Still on our hearts may Jesus shine
With beams of light and love divine;

Quicken'd by him our souls shall live,
And cheer'd by him shall grow and thrive.

- 4 O may his glories stand confess'd,
From north to south, from east to west ;
Successful may his gospel run,
Wide as the circuit of the sun.
- 5 When shall the radiant scene arise,
When, fix'd on high, in purer skies,
Christ all his lustre shall display,
On all his saints through endless day?

200 C. M. New York, 33. Warwick, 471.

The vine and the branches.

John xv. 1—5.

TOPLADY.

- 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.
- 3 I can do nothing without thee:
My strength is wholly thine;
Wither'd and barren should I be
If sever'd from the Vine.
- 4 Upon my leaf, when parch'd with heat,
Refreshing dew shall drop ;
The plant which thy right hand hath set
Shall ne'er be rooted up.
- 5 Each moment, water'd by thy care,
And fenced with power divine,
Fruit to eternal life shall bear
The feeblest branch of thine.

201 L. M. Leeds, 19. Samuel, 427.

Way to Canaan.

CENNICK.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my All, to heaven is gone ;
He whom I fix my hopes upon ;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way till him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went—
The road that leads from banishment—
The King's highway of holiness
I'll go ; for all his paths are peace :
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not :
My grief and burden long have been
Because I could not cease from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its power,
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more,
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
'Come hither, soul, I am the Way.'
- 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. Leach, 290.

Way, Truth, and Life. John xiv. 6.

- 1 **T**HERE is no path to heavenly bliss,
Or solid joy, or lasting peace,
But Christ, th' appointed road :

- O may we tread the sacred *Way!*
 By faith rejoice, and praise, and pray,
 Till we sit down with God!
- 2 The types and shadows of the word
 Unite in Christ, the man, the Lord,
 The Saviour, just and *True* :
 O may we all his word believe,
 And all his promises receive,
 And all his precepts do!
- 3 As he above for ever lives,
 And *Life* to dying sinners gives
 Eternal and divine ;
 O may his Spirit in me dwell!
 Then—saved from sin, and death, and hell,
 Eternal life is mine.

*Wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and
 redemption.*

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **M**Y God! assist me while I raise
 An anthem of harmonious praise :
 My heart thy wonders shall proclaim,
 And spread its banners in thy name.
- 2 In Christ I view a store divine ;
 My Father, all that store is thine !
 By thee prepared, by thee bestow'd :
 Hail to the Saviour and the God !
- 3 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.
- 4 Condemn'd, thy criminal I stood,
 And awful Justice ask'd my blood :

That welcome Saviour, from thy throne,
Brought righteousness and pardon down.

5 My soul was all o'erspread with sin,
And lo! his grace hath made me clean:
He rescues from the infernal foe,
And full redemption will bestow.

6 Ye saints, 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. Bedford, 91. Gratitude, 382.

All in all.

TOPLADY.

1 COMPARED with Christ, in all beside
No comeliness I see;
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 Loved of my God, for him again
With love intense I'd burn:
Chosen of Thee, ere 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.

- 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 *prophetical 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 conceal'd should lie,
 But there in full majesty shine.
- 3 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 Jesus, the promised seed,
 Should triumph o'er Satan and sin,
 And hell in captivity lead.
- 4 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.

- 5 Review each prophetic *song*,
 Which shines in prediction's rich train ;
 The sweetest to Jesus 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.
- 6 May Jesus 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 GRACES OF THE
 SPIRIT.

206 PART I. 112th. Mozart's, 121.
The promised Comforter.

- 1 JESUS, we hang upon the word
 Our longing souls have heard from
 thee ;
 Be mindful of thy promise, Lord,—
 Thy promise made to such as me ;
 To such as Zion's paths pursue,
 And would believe that God is true.
- 2 Thou say'st, 'I will the Father pray,
 And he the Comforter shall give,
 Shall give him in your hearts to stay,
 And never more his temples leave ;

- Myself will to my orphans come,
And make you mine eternal home.'
- 3 Come, then, dear Lord, thyself reveal,
And let the promise now take place ;
Be it according to thy will,
According to the word of grace !
Thy sorrowful disciples cheer,
And send us down the Comforter.
- 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 :
O may we meet and never part !
O may he in our hearts abide !
And keep his house of praise and prayer,
And rest and reign for ever there !

206 PART II. 8's. Fountains Abbey, 503.

The love of the Spirit.

- 1 **T**HE love of the Spirit I sing,
By whom is redemption applied ;
Who sinners to Jesus can bring,
And make them his mystical bride.
- 2 'T is he circumcises their hearts,
Their callousness kindly removes ;
Life, light, and affection imparts,
To them that so freely he loves.
- 3 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.

- 4 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.
- 5 His blest renovation begun,
He dwells in the hearts of his saints;
Abandons his temple to none,
Nor e'er of his calling repents.
- 6 Imprest with the image divine,
The soul to redemption he seals;
And each with the Saviour shall shine,
When glory complete he reveals.
- 7 How constant thy love I believe,
Which stedfast endures to the end;
Then never, my soul, may I grieve
So loving—so holy, a friend.

206

PART III. S. M. Peckham, 7.

Work of the Spirit described.

- 1 **W**HERE'ER the Spirit works
With energy divine,
There sin will lose its reigning power,
And Christian graces shine.
- 2 'T is by his sacred aid
The saints hold on their way;
With vigour run the heavenly race,
And watch, and praise, and pray.
- 3 Nor will he e'er forsake
The work of his own hand;
Without his help the strongest fall,
With it the weakest stand.
- 4 [Though oft they are bow'd down,
With various griefs opprest,

He leads through all their dangerous way
To his appointed rest.]

- 5 Then grant us, gracious Lord,
Sweet influence from thy throne :
The work to be perform'd is ours,
The strength is all thy own.

206 PART IV. 112th. Coventry, 529.

Descent of the Spirit.

DRYDEN.

- 1 CREATOR Spirit ! by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every pious mind,
Come pour thy joys on all mankind :
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy thee.
- 2 Thou strength of his almighty hand,
Whose power does heaven and earth
command !
Thrice holy Fount ! thrice holy Fire !
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire :
Come, and thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.
- 3 Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy seven-fold energy ;
Give us thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by thee ;
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe.
- 4 Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's name !
Let God the Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died !
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Spirit ! paid to thee !

207 PART I. L. M. Rushden, 468.

Leadings of the Spirit.

BROWNE.

- 1 COME, 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 PART II. C. M. Follet, 181.

The work of the Spirit.

BEDDOME.

- 1 THE 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.

- 3 He sheds abroad the Father's love,
 Applies redeeming blood ;
 Bids both our guilt and grief remove,
 And brings us near to God.
- 4 Lord, fill each dead benighted soul
 With life, and light, and joy ;
 None can thy mighty power control,—
 Thy glorious work destroy.

208 L. M. Magdalene, 214. Peru, 516.

Living water.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **B**LESS'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 through 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,
 Through all the desert gently glide ;
 Then, in Immanuel's land above,
 Spread to a sea of joy and love !

209 L. M. Kimbolton, 251. Job, 474.

Divine influences compared to rain.

- 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,
Diffusing wide its rich perfume.
- 6 Nor let these blessings be confined
To me, but pour'd on all mankind;
Till earth's wild wastes in verdure rise,
And a young Eden bless our eyes.

210 L. M. Wareham, 117. Melcombe, 325.

Seeking the Spirit.

DODDRIDGE.

- 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 eyes
 Shall floods of pious sorrow rise ;
 While all their glowing souls are borne
 To seek that grace which now they scorn.
- 4 O let a holy flock await
 Numerous around thy temple gate !
 Each pressing on with zeal to be
 A living sacrifice to thee.
- 5 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 PART I. 112th. Mozart's, 121.

Spirit's influences desired.

DAVIES.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Spirit! source of light,
 Enlivening, 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 fervours 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.

211 PART II. S. M. Australia, 462.

Holy Spirit invoked.

BEDDOME.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come,
 With energy divine ;
 And on this poor benighted soul
 With beams of mercy shine.
- 2 From the celestial hills,
 Life, light, 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.

211 PART III. L. M. Simeon's Song, 438.

Universal dedication.

MORAVIAN.

- 1 LORD, that so poor a worm as I
 May to thy praise and glory live,
 Now all my nature sanctify,
 And all my thoughts and words receive ;
 Me for thy service wholly claim,
 Claim all I have and all I am.

- 2 Take thou my soul and all my powers ;
 O take my memory, mind, and will ;
 Take all my goods, and all my hours ;
 Take all I know, and all I feel ;
 Take all I think, and speak, and do ;
 O take my heart, but make it new.
- 3 Bless'd Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The One in Three and Three in One,
 As by the high celestial host,
 So let thy will on earth be done ;
 Glory by all to thee be given,
 Thou glorious Lord of earth and heaven.

211 PART IV. 113th. Anniversary, 123.

Prayer for Divine influence.

WESLEY.

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost, all-quickenning fire !
 Come, and my hallow'd heart inspire,
 Sprinkled with the atoning blood :
 Now to my soul thyself reveal :
 Thy mighty working let me feel,
 And know that I am born of God.
- 2 Thy witness with my spirit bear,
 That God, my God, inhabits there,
 Thou, with the Father and the Son,
 Eternal light's co-eval beam :—
 Be Christ in me, and I in him,
 Till perfect we are made in one.
- 3 When wilt thou my whole heart subdue ?
 Come, Lord, and form my soul anew,
 Emptied of pride, and wrath, and hell,
 Less than the least of all thy store
 Of mercies, I myself abhor :
 All, all my vileness may I feel.

- 4 Humble and teachable, and mild,
 O may I, as a little child,
 My lowly Master's steps pursue!
 Be anger to my soul unknown;
 Hate, envy, jealousy, begone;
 In love create thou all things new.
- 5 Let earth no more my heart divide;
 With Christ may I be crucified,
 To thee with my whole soul aspire;
 Dead to the world and all its toys,
 Its idle pomp and fading joys,
 Be thou alone my one desire!
- 6 Be thou my joy, be thou my dread;
 In battle cover thou my head;
 Nor earth, nor hell, I then shall fear;
 I then shall turn my steady face,—
 Want, pain defy—enjoy disgrace,—
 Glory in dissolution near.
- 7 My will be swallow'd up in thee;
 Light in thy light still may I see,
 Beholding thee with open face:
 Call'd the full power of faith to prove,
 Let all my hallow'd heart be love,
 And all my spotless life be praise.
- 8 Come, Holy Ghost, all-quickening fire!
 My consecrated heart inspire,
 Sprinkled with the atoning blood;
 Still to my soul thyself reveal;
 Thy mighty working may I feel,
 And know that I am one with God.

212 PART I. L. M. Broadway, 381.

Entire dedication.

TOPLADY.

- 1 **E**MPTIED of earth, I fain would be,
 Of sin, of self, of all but thee;

- Reserved for Christ, that bled and died,—
Surrender'd to the Crucified!
- 2 Sequester'd from the noise and strife,
The lust, the pomp, and pride of life;
Prepared 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.
- 4 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-edged sword.
- 5 Constrain my soul thy sway to own;
Self-will, self-righteousness dethrone;
Let Dagon fall before thy face,—
The ark remaining in its place.
- 6 Detach from sublunary joys
One that would only hear thy voice,
Thy beauty see, thy grace admire,
Nor glow, but with celestial fire.
- 7 Larger communion let me prove
With thee, blest object of my love:
But O! for this no power have I;
My strength is at thy feet to lie.

212

PART II. L. M. Eaton, 291.

A propitious gale longed for.

TOPLADY.

- 1 **A**T anchor laid, remote from home,
Toiling, I cry, 'Sweet Spirit, come!
Celestial breeze, no longer stay,
But swell my sails and speed my way!

- 2 'Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
 And loose my cable from below :
 But I can only spread my sail ; [gale.]
 Thou, thou must breathe th' auspicious

212 PART III. 8's. Limefield, 94.

Waiting for the Comforter.

- 1 **B**LESS'D Comforter, balm of the mind,
 Long have I thy absence deplored :
 Nor peace, nor contentment can find,
 Till thou to my soul art restored.
- 2 With comfort I once pass'd the day,
 With comfort I laid me to rest,
 But now thou art fled far away,
 And sorrow oppresseth my breast.
- 3 Return and revive me once more,
 With joys that are pure and divine ;
 Thy presence is what I implore,
 O grant it, and comfort is mine.
- 4 But if thou delay to impart
 'The earnest and foretaste of heaven ;
 In duty I'll give thee my heart,
 And wait till the blessing is given.
- 5 And should it yet tarry awhile,
 Yea, till I'm resigning my breath,
 O step in and give me a smile,
 And let me find comfort in death.

212 PART IV. C. M. Charmouth, 28.

Renewing grace.

STEELE.

- 1 **H**OW helpless guilty nature lies,
 Unconscious of its load !
 The heart unchanged, can never rise
 To happiness and God.

- 2 Can aught beneath a power divine
The stubborn will subdue?
'T is thine, eternal Spirit, thine
To form the heart anew.
- 3 'T is thine the passions to recall,
And upwards bid them rise:
And make the scales of error fall
From reason's darken'd eyes.
- 4 To chase the shades of death away
And bid the sinner live,
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,
'T is thine alone to give.
- 5 O change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine!
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine.

213 L. M. Portugal, 97. Ulverston, 179.

Spirit's influences experienced.

John xiv. 16, 17.

STEELE.

- 1 **D**EAR 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,
'T is he sustains my fainting heart;
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 blissful 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. Lambeth, 57.

Holy Spirit sought 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 power to relieve
A sinner o'erwhelm'd with his load,—
The sense of redemption to give,
And sprinkle his conscience with blood.
- 2 With me if of old thou hast strove,
And kindly withheld me from sin,

- Resolved, 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.
- 3 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;
 O Spirit of pity and grace!
 Relieve me again and restore,—
 My spirit in holiness raise,
 To fall and to grieve thee no more.
- 4 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

PART I. L. M. Old 100th.

The Spirit entreated not to depart.

Psa. li. 11.

WESLEY.

- 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:
- 2 Though I have most unfaithful been
 Of all whoe'er thy grace received;
 Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
 Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved;

- 3 But O! 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 the 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 promised land.

215 PART II. C. M. Worksop, 31.

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—O 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 prayers,
 Thy visits to renew;
 Increase my faith, dispel my fears;
 O guard and save me too.

215 PART III. L. M. Monmouth, 382.

Saving influences of grace sought.

- 1 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.
- 2 Shed down, O Lord, a heavenly ray
To guide me in the doubtful way ;
And o'er me hold the shield of power,
To guard me in the dangerous hour.
- 3 Teach me the flattering path to shun,
In which the thoughtless many run ;
Who for a shade the substance miss,
And grasp their ruin in their bliss.
- 4 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.
- 5 Whate'er is noble, pure, refined,
Just, generous, amiable, and kind,—
That may my constant thought pursue,
That may I love and practise too.
- 6 Let neither pleasure, wealth, nor pride,
Allure my wandering soul aside ;
But through this maze of mortal ill,
Safe lead me to thy heavenly hill.
- 7 There glories shine, and pleasures roll,
That charm, delight, transport the soul ;
And every panting wish shall be
Possess'd of boundless bliss in thee.

215 PART IV. C. M. Follet, 181.

Sealing influences desired.

- 1 GREAT Comforter, we cry to thee,
 Spirit of Jesus, come,
 And make our willing waiting souls
 Thine everlasting home.
- 2 O let us feel thy saving power,
 That faith and love may grow;
Present salvation we desire;
 This, this on us bestow.
- 3 Seal us to that redemption day,
 Which hastens on apace,
 When all the saints shall meet their Lord,
 And see him face to face.
- 4 Nor ever let us grieve thee more,
 Thou holy peaceful Dove;
 But may our hearts, and lips, and lives
 Be all transform'd to love.

215 PART V. S. M. Reuben, 328.

*The love of God shed abroad in the heart by
the Spirit.*

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 DESCEND, immortal Dove;
 Spread thy kind wings abroad;
 And wrapt in flames of holy love,
 Bear all my soul to God.
- 2 Jesus, my Lord, reveal
 In charms of grace divine,
 And be thyself the sacred seal,
 That pearl of price is mine.
- 3 Behold my heart expands
 To catch the heavenly fire:
 It longs to feel the gentle bands,
 And groans with strong desire.

- 4 Thy love, my God, appears,
And brings salvation down,
My cordial through this vale of tears,
In Paradise my crown.

216 PART I. C. M. Twyford, 432.

Divine drawings.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **M**Y God, what silken cords are thine,
How soft, and yet how strong!
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, through 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 the Conqueror's feet.

216 PART II. C. M. Hensbury, 323.

Divine drawings implored.

- I**F thou hast drawn a thousand times,
O draw me, Lord, again;
Thy Spirit, word, and providence,
Cannot attract in vain.

- 2 Draw me from all created good,
 From self, the world, and sin,
 To the dear fountain of thy blood,
 And make me pure within.
- 3 O lead me to thy mercy-seat ;
 Attract me nearer still ;
 Draw me, like Mary, to thy feet,
 To sit and learn thy will.
- 4 O draw me all the desert through
 With cords of heavenly love,
 And when prepared for going hence,
 Draw me to dwell above.

216 PART III. L. M. Portugal, 97.

The time of love. Ezek. xvi. 6. 8.

- 1 LORD, 't was a time of wondrous love,
 When thou didst first draw near my
 And by the Spirit from above [soul,
 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.

GRACES OF THE SPIRIT.

217 PART I. 8. 8. 6. Harwoods, 444.

Contentment encouraged.

Heb. xiii. 5.

S. PEARCE.

- 1 **L**ET 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;
- 2 Let rebel angels, doom'd to fire,
 Provoke the dread Eternal's ire,
 And combat with their God;
 Then headlong from th' ethereal height,
 Precipitate their downward flight,
 At his effective nod.
- 3 [Let murmuring mortals too repine,
 Arraign the Providence Divine,
 And blame the deeds of Heaven;
 While passions strong, without control,
 Disturb the agitated soul,
 Enraged at what is given.]
- 4 But shall the Christian's nobler mind—
 By grace renew'd, by heaven refined—
 Indulge a murmuring thought?
 Shall he who claims Jehovah's strength,
 Who shall be brought to heaven at length,
 Bemoan *his* present lot?
- 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 PART II. S. M. Fonthill Abbey, 455.

Faith, its Author and preciousness.

Eph. ii. 8.

BEDDOME.

- 1 **F**AITH!—'t is a precious grace,
Where'er it is bestow'd;
It boasts of a celestial birth,
And is the gift of God.
- 2 It hears the Prophet's voice,
The Teacher sent from heaven;
And says, 'No lessons half so sweet
As those which he has given.'
- 3 Jesus it owns a King,—
An all-atoning Priest;
It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in Christ.
- 4 To him it leads the soul
When fill'd with deep distress;
Flies to the fountain of his blood,
And trusts his righteousness.
- 5 Since 't is thy work alone,
And that divinely free;
Lord, send the Spirit of thy Son,
To work this faith in me!

217 PART III. C. M. Providence College, 10.
Hast thou faith?

- 1 **H**AVE I that faith which looks to Christ,
O'ercomes the world and sin,—
Receives him, Prophet, Priest, and King,
And makes the conscience clean?
- 2 If I this precious grace possess,
All praise is due to thee;
If not, I seek it from thy hands;
Now grant it, Lord, to me.

217 PART IV. 7's. Atterbury, 377. -
Stability of faith. HART.

- 1 **L**ORD, we lie before thy feet;
Look on all our deep distress;
Thy rich mercy may we meet;
Clothe us with thy righteousness;
Stretch forth thy almighty hand;
Hold us up, and we shall stand.
- 2 Oh that closer we could cleave
To thy bleeding, dying breast!
Give us firmly to believe,
And to enter into rest.
Lord, increase, increase our faith;
Make us faithful unto death.
- 3 Let us trust thee evermore;
Every moment on thee call
For new life, new will, new power:
Let us trust thee, Lord, for all.
May we nothing know beside
Jesus, and him crucified!

218 C. M. Abingdon, 42. Ephesus, 378.

The power of faith. TURNER.

- 1 **F**AITH adds new charms to earthly
 And saves me from its snares ; [bliss,
 Its aid in every duty brings,
 And softens all my cares :
- 2 Extinguishes the thirst for 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 Shows 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. Rochford, 22. Albina, 145.

Faith struggling. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **J**ESUS, our soul's 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.
- 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 dispersed by opening light.

220 8's. Lambeth, 57. Rosewarne, 49.

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.'

- 4 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 tower;
 Come, succour, and gladden my heart,—
 Let this be the day of thy power.

221 8. 8. 6. Chatham, 59. Mottingham, 510.

Faith reviving.

- 1 **F**ROM 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 charged on thee?
- 2 Complete atonement thou hast made,
 And to the utmost farthing paid
 Whate'er thy people owed;
 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 procured,
 And freely, in my room, endured
 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 peace and liberty :
 Trust in his efficacious blood :
 Nor fear thy banishment from God,
 Since Jesus died for thee.

222

8's. New Jerusalem, 230.

Faith conquering.

HART.

- 1 **T**HE moment a sinner believes,
 And trusts in his crucified God,
 His pardon at once he receives,—
 Redemption in full through his blood :
 Though thousands and thousands of foes
 Against him in malice unite,
 Their rage he through 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, O ! 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;
 Bids 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 8's. New Jerusalem, 230. Lock, 49.

Faith triumphing.

TOPLADY.

- 1 **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.
- 2 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.
- 3 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 glorified spirits in heaven.

224 PART I. S. M. Mount Ephraim, 185.

Weak believers encouraged.

- 1 **Y**OUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of Christ our Lord
Bid every string awake.
- 2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.
- 3 His grace 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.
- 6 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on thee!
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.

224 PART II. 112th. Carey's, 11.

Encouragement to believe.

- 1 **I**F all the sins that men have done,
In will, in word, in thought, in deed,
Since worlds were made, or time began,
Were laid on one poor sinner's head;

The stream of Jesus' precious blood,
Applied, removes the dreadful load.

- 2 Then hear, ye trembling sinners, hear,
Th' inviting voice of Christ, and live :
With humble confidence draw near,
For he *commands* you to believe ;
Believe, and fly to him alone,
Believe, and heaven is all your own.

224

PART III. 8. 7. Vienna, 330.

Faith and repentance.

HART.

- 1 **J**ESUS is our God and Saviour,
Guide, and Counsellor, and Friend,
Bearing all our misbehaviour,
Kind and loving to the end.
Trust him ; he will not deceive us,
Though we hardly of him deem :
He will never, never leave us ;
Nor will let us quite leave him.
- 2 Nothing but thy blood, O Jesus,
Can relieve us from our smart ;
Nothing else from guilt release us ;
Nothing else can melt the heart.
Law and terrors do but harden,
All the while they work alone ;
But a sense of blood-bought pardon
Soon dissolves a heart of stone.
- 3 Jesus, all our consolations
Flow from thee, the sovereign good ;
Love, and faith, and hope, and patience,
All are purchased by thy blood.
From thy fulness we receive them ;
We have nothing of our own :
Freely thou delight'st to give them
To the needy, who have none.

225 L. M. Kingsbridge, 88. Peru, 516.

Faith connected with salvation.

Rom. i. 16.

WATTS.

- 1 NOT 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.
- 3 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 subdued.
- 4 O 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 PART I. C. M. Ephesus, 378.

Being in the fear of God all the day long.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 THRICE happy souls, who, born from
 heaven
 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 tried,
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 powers 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.

226 PART II. S. M. Mount Ephraim, 185.
Practical religion.

- 1 **L**ET prayer and praise ascend
When morning gives the light;
And prayer and praise like incense rise,
And hallow every night.
- 2 Peruse the heavenly page
Of truth and grace divine;

And mark the footsteps of your Lord,
Which through the Gospel shine.

- 3 Assist your fellow men,
And most your fellow saints ;
Redress their wrongs, relieve their wants,
And pity their complaints.
- 4 Maintain a constant guard,
And wakeful be your eyes,
Quick to discover every sin,
In every fair disguise.
- 5 Let all terrene concerns
With vigour be pursued ;
Nor let devotion on the hours
Of industry intrude.
- 6 Let thoughts of God and heaven
Your labours sanctify,
And oft your sacred wishes breathe
In whispers to the sky.
- 7 A life thus well improved
With blessings shall abound ;
With balmy gales and smiling rays
Its evening shall be crown'd.

226 PART III. 7's. St. Austin's, 460.

The fear of the Lord.

BEDDOME.

- 1 **L**ORD, incline my wandering heart
To revere thy holy name :
Thou art good, the same thou art,
Through eternal years the same :
Plant thy fear within my breast,
Soothe my trembling soul to rest.

- 2 Whence I go and where I dwell,
Deign to be my guard and guide ;
All my inward foes repel,
Bid my painful doubts subside ;
Plant thy fear within my breast,
Soothe my trembling soul to rest.
- 3 Could I such a treasure prove,
Earth would sink with all its store ;
To enjoy thy fear and love,
Nothing I could covet more :
Plant thy fear within my breast,
Soothe my trembling soul to rest.

227 C. M. Stamford, 9. Naomi, 477.

Fear united with love.

NEEDHAM.

- 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. Michael, 119. Sprowston, 365.

Holy fortitude.

WATTS.

- 1 **A**M I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease;
While others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd through 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 though 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 through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

229 L. M. Chard, 175. Derby, 169.

Gravity and decency.

WATTS.

- 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?

- 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
 higher;
 Touch our vain souls with sacred fire;
 Then with a heaven-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 promised in the skies.

230 L. M. Kingsbridge, 88. Langshaw, 424.

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 th' Almighty's frown,
 Not glance one cheerful hope on high?

- 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 ! O chase away
The gloomy clouds of unbelief ;
Lord, we repent ! O 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 !

- 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 through the shades a glimpse of day
Appears to these desiring eyes ;
But shall my drooping spirit say,
The cheerful morn will never rise ?
- 3 O let me not despairing mourn !
Though gloomy darkness spreads the sky,
My glorious Sun will yet return,
And night with all its horrors fly.
- 4 O for the bright, the joyful day,
When hope shall in fruition die !
So tapers lose their feeble ray
Beneath the sun's refulgent eye.

231 PART II. 148th. Sovereignty, 362.

Who can tell? or, hoping against hope.

Jonah iii. 9.

BEDDOME.

- 1 GREAT GOD! to thee I'll make
 My griefs and sorrows known;
 And with a humble hope
 Approach thine awful throne;
 Though 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 distress
 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;—for, “Who can tell?”
- 5 Vile unbelief, begone;
 Ye doubts, fly swift away;
 God hath an ear to hear,
 While I've a heart to pray;
 If he be mine, all will be well—
 For ever so; and, “Who can tell?”

6 Then let us not despond,
 Inquiring "Who can tell?"
 For in the sacred word
 The question's answer'd well;
 That all who come to Christ *shall* be
 Saved now, and through eternity.

232

8. 8. 6. Westbury Leigh, 278.

Hoping and longing. Num. xiii. 30.

- 1 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.
- 2 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
 Of thy redeeming love. [height
- 3 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:
- 4 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.

- 5 O when shall we at once go up,
 Nor this side Jordan longer stop,
 But the good land possess?
 When shall we end our lingering years,
 Our sorrows, sins, and doubts, and fears,—
 A howling wilderness?
- 6 O dearest Joshua! bring us in;
 Display thy grace, forgive our sin,
 Our unbelief remove;
 The heavenly Canaan, Lord, divide;
 And O, with all the sanctified,
 Give us a lot of love!

233

PART I. L. M. Portugal, 97.

Hope encouraged.

STEELE.

- 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 'T is he supports this fainting frame;
 On him alone my hopes recline;
 The wondrous glories of his name, [shine!
 How wide they spread, how bright they
- 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 have I all my heart can crave;

A present help in time 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.

233

PART II. L. M. Luton, 30.

Determination to hope. Ps. cxlvii. 11.

- 1 SINCE thro' the heaven-inspired lines
Mercy with signal splendour shines ;
Help me, O Lord, to read and pray,
And drive desponding thoughts away.
- 2 Thy mercy pardons crying sins,
And washes out the deepest stains ;
'T is free, and to the vilest given—
The vilest out of hell and heaven.
- 3 Then why should I, bow'd down with pain,
Relinquish all my hope as vain—
Live without Christ, restraining prayer,
Then sink and die in deep despair ?
- 4 No ! fly, ye unbelieving fears ;
Mercy through Christ shall wipe my tears
Good hope has here its fullest scope—
Lord, in thy mercy I *will* hope.

234

L. M. Langdon, 217. Alfred, 509.

Happy poverty. Matt. v. 3. STEELE.

- 1 YE humble souls, complain no more,
Let faith survey your future store :
How happy, how divinely blest,
The sacred words of truth attest.

- 2 When conscious grief laments sincere,
And pours the penitential tear,
Hope points to your dejected eyes
The bright reversion in the skies.
- 3 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*.
- 4 A kingdom of immense delight,
Where health, and peace, and joy unite ;
Where undeclining pleasures rise,
And every wish hath full supplies :
- 5 A kingdom which can ne'er decay,
While time sweeps earthly thrones away ;
The state which power and truth sustain,
Unmoved for ever must remain.
- 6 [There shall your eyes with rapture view
The glorious Friend that died for you ;
That died to ransom, died to raise
To crowns of joy and songs of praise.]
- 7 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 [O 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. Mercy, 525.

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;
O 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 O for thine 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. Ulverston, 179. Antiquity, 331.

The humble publican.

BEDDOME.

- 1 **L**ORD, with a grieved and aching heart,
To thee I look—to thee I cry;
Supply my wants, and ease my smart;
O help me soon, or else I die.
- 2 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.

- 3 Break up these adamantine chains ;
 From cruel bondage set me free ;
 Rescue from everlasting pains,
 And bring me safe to heaven and thee.

237 7's. Alcester, 213. Hannah, 342.

A prayer for humility.

- 1 **L**ORD, if thou thy grace impart,—
 Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
 I shall as my Master be,
 Rooted in humility ;
- 2 Simple, teachable, and mild,
 Changed into a little child ;
 Pleased with all the Lord provides ;
 Wean'd from all the world besides.
- 3 Father, fix my soul on thee ;
 Every evil let me flee ;
 Nothing want, beneath, above,—
 Happy in thy precious love.
- 4 O that all may seek and find
 Every good in Jesus join'd !
 Him let Israel still adore,
 Trust him, praise him evermore.

238 L.M. Old 100th. Buxton, 347.

Rejoicing in God.

DODDRIDGE.

- 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 combined ;
 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. Sacred Song, 524.

Rejoicing in the ways of God.

Ps. cxxxviii. 5.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **N**OW let our voices join
 To form a sacred song ;
 Ye pilgrims in Jehovah's ways,
 With music pass along.
- 2 How straight the path appears,
 How open and how fair !
 No lurking gins t' entrap our feet ;
 No fierce destroyer there.
- 3 But flowers of Paradise
 In rich profusion spring ;
 The Sun of glory gilds the path,
 And dear companions sing.

- 4 See Salem's golden spires
In beauteous prospect rise ;
And brighter crowns than mortals wear
Which sparkle through the skies.
- 5 All honour to his name,
Who marks the shining way !
To him who leads the wand'ers on
To realms of endless day !

240 7's. Bath Abbey, 147. Alcester, 213.

Rejoicing in hope.

CENNICK.

- 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.
- 4 Shout, ye little flock, and blest !
You on Jesus' throne shall rest ;
There your seat is now prepared,
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 PART I. L. M. St. Thomas, 272.

Return of joy.

COWPER.

- 1 **W**HEN darkness long has veil'd my
mind,
And smiling day once more appears,
Then, my Redeemer! then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.
- 2 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 O 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 tried
I find myself a learner yet,—
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.
- 5 But, O my Lord, one look from thee
Subdues the disobedient will;
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And thy rebellious worm is still.
- 6 Thou art as ready to forgive
As I am ready to repine:
Thou, therefore, all the praise receive:
Be shame, and self-abhorrence, mine.

241 PART II. S. M. Reuben, 328.

Song of the redeemed.

HAMMOND.

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

- Wake every heart, and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name!
- 2 Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above
For us whose sins he bore.
- 3 Ye pilgrims on the road
To Zion's city, sing!
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,
In Christ th' eternal King!
- 4 Soon shall we hear him say,
'Ye blessed children, come!'
Soon will he call us hence away,
To our eternal home.
- 5 There shall our raptured tongues
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

242 L. M. New Sabbath, 122. Alfred, 509.

Justice and equity.

WATTS.

- 1 **B**LESSED Redeemer, how divine,—
How righteous is this rule of thine,
'Never to deal to others worse
Than we would have them deal with us!'
- 2 This golden lesson, short and plain,
Gives not the mind nor memory pain:
And every conscience must approve
This universal law of love.
- 3 'T is 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.

- 4 Is reason ever at a loss?
 Call in self-love to judge the cause:
 Let our own fondest passions show
 How we should treat our neighbours too.
- 5 How blest would every nation prove,
 Thus ruled by equity and love!
 All would be friends without a foe,
 And form a paradise below.
- 6 Jesus, forgive us, that we keep
 Thy sacred law of love asleep;
 And take our envy, wrath, and pride,
 Those savage passions, for our guide.

243 L. M. Chard, 175. Alfred, 509.

God shining in the heart.

2 Cor. iv. 6.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 PRAISE to the Lord of boundless might,
 With uncreated glories bright;
 His presence gilds the world 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 heaven a vivid ray,
 And changes midnight into day.

- 5 Shine, mighty God, with vigour shine,
On this benighted heart of mine ;
And let thy glories stand reveal'd,
As in the Saviour's face beheld.
- 6 My soul, revived by heaven-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. Peru, 516.
One thing I know. Isa. liv. 13.

- 1 **D**EAR Saviour! make me wise to see
My sin, and guilt, and remedy ;
'T is 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 blissful sound,
The path 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, estranged 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,
 Though blind I was—yet now I see.'

245 C. M. Bedford, 91. Charmouth, 28.

Knowledge at present imperfect.

1 Cor. xiii. 9.

FAWCETT.

- 1 **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 veil of flesh and sense
 My captive soul surround,
 Mysterious deeps of providence
 My wondering 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 through a glass I dimly see
 The wonders of thy love ;
 How little do I know of thee,
 Or of the joys above !
- 5 'T is but in part I know thy will ;
 I bless thee for the sight :
 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. Derby, 169.

Liberality.

- 1 **O** 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 the sun!
 Hold forth your fair, though feeble light;
 Through all your lives let mercy run;
- 3 Upon your bounty's willing wings
 Swift let the great salvation fly;
 The hungry feed, the naked clothe,
 To pain and sickness help apply.
- 4 Pity the weeping widow's woe,
 And be her counsellor and stay;
 Adopt the fatherless, and smooth
 To useful, happy life, his way.
- 5 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.
- 6 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. Manning, 245. Cambray, 494.

Thou shalt love the Lord, &c.

Deut. vi. 5.

TURNER.

- 1 **Y**ES, I would love thee, blessed God!
 Paternal goodness marks thy name!
 Thy praises, through thy high abode,
 The heavenly hosts with joy proclaim.

- 2 Freely thou gavest 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.
- 3 In him, thy reconciled face,
With joy unspeakable, I see;
And feel thy powerful, wondrous grace
Draw, and unite my soul to thee.
- 4 Whene'er my foolish wandering heart,
Attracted by a creature's power,
Would from this blissful centre start,
Lord, fix it there to stray no more!

248 C. M. New York, 33. Nehemiah, 572.

Delight in God.

RYLAND.

- 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 dried,
Thy fulness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
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 **O** 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. Martin's Lane, 67. Alfred, 509.

Love to Christ.

WATTS.

- 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 watchman of the night
For some kind tidings of thy 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. Cookham, 36. Asia, 463.

Lovest thou me?

NEWTON.

- 1 '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 abhorr'd ;
Find at times the promise sweet ;
If I did not love the Lord ?
- 8 Lord, decide the doubtful case !
Thou, who art thy people's sun,

Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

- 9 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all I pray!
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.

251 L. M. Lebanon, 79. Walton, 352.

Desiring to love Christ.

WATTS.

- 1 **C**OME, 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.
- 2 O! 't is 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!
- 3 I was a traitor doom'd to fire,
Bound to sustain eternal pains;
He flew on wings of strong desire,
Assumed my guilt and took my chains!
- 4 Infinite grace! almighty charms!—
Stand in amaze, ye rolling skies!
Jesus, the God, extends his arms—
Hangs on the cross of love, and dies.
- 5 Did pity ever stoop so low,
Dress'd in divinity and blood?
Was ever rebel courted so,
In groans of an expiring God?
- 6 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.

7 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

PART I. Trinidad, 428.

Profession of love.

STENNETT.

- 1 **A**ND have I, Christ, no love for 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 for thee:
 Rather than not my Saviour love,
 O may I cease to be!

252

PART II. S. M. Ryland, 48.

Desiring increased love.

RYLAND.

- 1 **T**HOU good and gracious Lord,
 Whom I unseen adore;
 But if thy love has reach'd my heart,
 I fain would love thee more.

- 2 Of all the things in hell,
Not to love thee is worst ;
Fill'd with thy love among the damn'd,
I could not be accursed !
- 3 Of all the things in heaven,
The love of Christ is best ;
And till this bliss to me is given,
I cannot, will not, rest.

252 PART III. L.M. Derby, 169.

Longing to love Christ.

WESLEY.

- 1 **I** THIRST, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood ;
To dwell within thy wounds : then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.
- 2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
For ever closed to all but thee !
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love for ever there !
- 3 How blest are they who still abide
Close shelter'd in thy bleeding side !
Who life and strength from thence derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.
- 4 What are our works but sin and death,
Till thou thy quickening Spirit breathe ?
Thou givest the power thy grace to move :
O wondrous grace ! O boundless love !
- 5 How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou should'st us to glory bring ?
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Deck'd with a never-fading crown ?
- 6 Hence our hearts melt ; our eyes o'erflow ;
Our words are lost ; nor will we know,

Nor will we think of aught beside,
 ' My Lord, my Love is crucified.'

7 Ah, Lord! enlarge our scanty thought,
 To know the wonders thou hast wrought;
 Unloose our stammering tongues, to tell
 Thy love immense, unsearchable.

8 First-born of many brethren Thou!
 To thee, lo! all our souls we bow:
 To thee our hearts and hands we give:
 Thine may we die; thine may we live.

253

8's. New Jerusalem, 230.

Supreme love to Christ.

FRANCIS.

- 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
 Shall be my eternal employ,
 And feel them incessantly shine,
 My boundless, ineffable joy.
- 2 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.
- 3 In Meshech as yet I reside,
 A darksome and restless abode,
 Molested with foes on each side,
 And longing to dwell with my God.

O when shall my spirit exchange
 This cell of corruptible clay
 For mansions celestial, and range
 Through realms of ineffable day?

4 [My glorious Redeemer! I long
 To see thee descend on the cloud,
 Amidst the bright numberless throng,
 And mix with the triumphing crowd;
 O 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?]

5 [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.]

6 Ye palaces, sceptres, and crowns,
 Your pride with disdain I survey;
 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. Stoke, 207. Bradley Church, 442.

Love to the brethren.

FAWCETT.

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
 Through all eternity.

255

S. M. Eagle Street New, 55.

Christian love. Gal. iii. 28. **BEDDOME.**

- 1 **L**ET party names no more
 The Christian world o'erspread ;
 Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
 Are one in Christ their head.
- 2 Among the saints on earth
 Let mutual love be found :
 Heirs of the same inheritance,
 With mutual blessings crown'd.
- 3 Let envy, child of hell !
 Be banish'd far away ;

Those should in strictest friendship dwell
Who the same Lord obey.

- 4 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above ;
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And every heart is love.

256 L. M. New Court, 173. Antigua, 120.
Love of the brethren. DODDRIDGE.

1 GREAT Spirit of immortal love !
Vouchsafe our frozen hearts to move !
With ardour strong these breasts inflame
To *all* that own a Saviour's name.

2 Still let the heavenly fire endure,
Fervent and vigorous, true and pure ;
Let every heart and every hand
Join in the dear fraternal band.

3 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. Ludlow, 84. Charmouth, 28.
Love to our neighbour. DODDRIDGE.

1 FATHER of mercies ! send thy grace,
All-powerful, from above,
To form, in our obedient souls,
The image of thy love.

2 O may our sympathizing breasts
That generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe !

- 3 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 throned 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

PART I. C. M. Worksop, 31.

Love to our enemies. Luke xxiii. 34.

- 1 **A**LOUD we sing the wondrous grace
 Christ to his murderers bare;
 Which made the torturing cross its throne,
 And hung its trophies there.
- 2 *Father, forgive!* his mercy cried,
 With his expiring breath,
 And drew eternal blessings down
 On those who wrought his death.
- 3 Jesus, this wondrous love we sing!
 And whilst we sing, admire:
 Breathe on our souls, and kindle there
 The same celestial fire.
- 4 Sway'd by thy dear example, we
 For enemies will pray;
 With love, their hatred—and their curse
 With blessings—will repay.

258 PART II. C. M. Providence College, 10.

Perfect love. MRS. SAFFERY.

- 1 **T**HAT perfect love is perfect bliss,
 Proof rises all around ;
 Nor shall felicity but this
 In earth or heaven be found.
- 2 This is the joy of joy I know,
 That can delight impart ;
 Warm as the ruby tides that flow
 Incessant from my heart.
- 3 This is the joy that angels feel,
 Where harps celestial move ;
 And the fierce anguish known in hell
 Is perfect want of love !
- 4 Say—is not this the dazzling light
 That decks the seraph's crown ?
 What is perdition's tenfold night,
 But love's eternal frown ?

258 PART III. S. M. Shirland, 304.

Unity and love. BEDDOME.

- 1 **O** BLEST society
 Of saints in friendship join'd !
 From envy, wrath, and malice free,
 In words and actions kind.
- 2 No strife, but to excel ;
 No hatred, but of sin ;
 A perfect harmony without,
 Substantial peace within.
- 3 Each other's joys they feel,
 Each other's sorrows share ;
 Unite in melody of praise,
 In fervency of prayer.

- 4 Thus in the world above,
Myriads surround the throne;
In loftier worship they engage,
And all their hearts are one.

259 C. M. New York, 33. Harmonia, 392.

All attainments vain without love.

1 Cor. xiii. 1—3.

STENNETT.

- 1 **S**HOULD 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 denied thy grace;
My loudest words, my loftiest songs,
Would be but sounding brass.
- 4 Though thou should'st give me heavenly
Each mystery to explain, [skill
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 though, to gratify my pride,
And make my heaven secure,
All my possessions I divide
Among the hungry poor!
- 7 What though 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,
Though all the world applaud,
If destitute of charity,
Can never please my God.]
- 9 O grant me, then, this one request,
And I'll be satisfied,—
That love divine may rule my breast,
And all my actions guide.

260 S. M. Mansfield, 154. Reuben, 328.

The meek beautified with salvation.

Psa. cxlix. 4. *e/n* DODDRIDGE.

- 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. Crowle, 3. Trinidad, 428.

The saint indeed.

NEEDHAM.

- 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 be-
He takes with thankful heart : [stows,
With temperance he both eats and drinks,
And gives the poor a part.
- 5 To sect or party his large soul
Disdains to be confined :
The good he loves of every name,
And prays for all mankind.
- 6 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. Pancras, 360.

Agur's wish. Prov. xxx. 7—9.

- 1 **T**HUS Agur breathed 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 falsehood’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 nor luxury nor need.’
- 4 Those wishes, Lord, we make our own;
O shed in moderation down
Thy bounties, till this mortal breath,
Expiring, tunes thy praise in death!
- 5 But, shouldst thou large possessions give,
May we with thankfulness receive
Th’ exuberance—still our God adore,
And bless the needy from our store!
- 6 Or, should we feel the pains of want—
Submission, resignation grant;
Till thou shalt send the wish’d supply,
Or call us to the bliss on high.

263 L. M. Bramcoate, 8. Oswestry, 514.

Christian patience.

GIBBONS.

- 1 **P**ATIENCE!—O what a grace divine!
Sent from the God of power and love,

- Submissive to its Father's hand,
As through 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 Though 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 O for this grace! to aid us on,
And arm with fortitude the breast,
Till, life's tumultuous voyage 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 bliss on high.

264 L. M. Kingsbridge, 88. Hamburg, 340.

Patience.

BEDDOME.

- 1 **D**EAR Lord, though 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 saints, 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. Hammond, 226. Tekoa, 334.

God speaking peace to his people.

Ps. lxxxv. 8.

DODDRIDGE.

- 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. Hoxton, 121. Old 112th, 533.

A prayer for the promised rest.

Isa. xxvi. 3.

R. HILL.

- 1 **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 opprest,
 That pants to reach thy promised rest.
- 2 With holy fear, and reverent 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 promised rest.

- 3 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 promised rest !
- 4 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 caress'd,
 Give me to find thy promised rest !
- 5 Bid the tempestuous rage of sin,
 With all its wrathful fury, die ;
 Let the Redeemer dwell within,
 And turn my sorrows into joy :
 O may my heart, by thee possess'd,
 Know thee to be my promised rest !

267 C. M. Bedford, 91. Tekoa, 334.

God's command to repent. DODDRIDGE.
 Acts xvii. 30.

- 1 **R**EPENT! 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, subdued by goodness, fall,
 And weep, and love, and praise.

268 PART I. C. M. Walsal, 237.

Peter's admonition turned into prayer.

Acts viii. 21—24.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **S**EARCHER of hearts, before thy face
 I all my soul display ;
 And, conscious of its innate arts,
 Entreat thy strict survey.
- 2 If, lurking in its inmost folds,
 I any sin conceal,
 O let a ray of light divine
 The secret guile reveal !
- 3 If tintured with that odious gall
 Unknowing I remain,
 Let grace, like a pure silver stream,
 Wash out the accursed stain.
- 4 If, in these fatal fetters bound,
 A wretched slave I lie,
 Smite off my chains, and wake my soul
 To light and liberty.
- 5 To humble penitence and prayer
 Be gentle pity given ;

Speak ample pardon to my heart,
And seal its claim to heaven.

268 PART II. L. M. Portugal, 97.

Hardness of heart lamented.

- 1 LORD! shed a beam of heavenly 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 show 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.
- 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 O 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. Bromley, 104. Glo'ster, 12.

Christ exalted to give repentance.

Acts v. 31.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 EXALTED Prince of life, we own
The royal honours of thy throne;
'T is 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 7's. St. Andrew's, 502. Stoel, 164.

Penitential sighs.

STENNETT.

- 1 FATHER, at thy call I come ;
In thy bosom there is room
For a guilty soul to hide,—
Press'd with grief on every side.
- 2 [Here I'll make my piteous moan,
Thou canst understand a groan :
Here my sins and sorrows tell,
What I feel thou knowest well.]
- 3 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.
- 4 Darkness fills my trembling soul ;
Floods of sorrow o'er me roll :
Pity, Father, pity me !
All my hope 's alone in thee.
- 5 But, may such a wretch as I,
Self-condemn'd and doom'd to die,

Ever hope to be forgiven,
And be smiled upon by Heaven?

6 [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?]

7 Yes, I may; for I espy
Pity trickling from thine eye:
'T is a Father's bowels move,—
Move with pardon and with love.

8 Well I do remember, too,
What his love hath deign'd to do:
How he sent a Saviour down
All my follies to atone.

9 Has my elder Brother died?
And is justice satisfied?
Why—O, why—should I despair
Of my Father's tender care?

271 C. M. Ann's, 58. Mercy, 523.

The penitent.

STENNETT.

1 **P**ROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at thy feet
A guilty rebel lies;
And upwards to thy mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 O 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; [shed!—
 No tears but those which thou hast
 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. Ludlow, 84. Warwick, 471.

Penitence and hope.

STEELE.

- 1 **D**EAR Saviour, when my thoughts re-
 The wonders of thy grace, [call
 Low at thy feet ashamed I fall,
 And hide this wretched face.
- 2 Should 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
 Unsatisfied, 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 O 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. Ulverston, 179.

The prodigal son.

BEDDOME.

- 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.
- 4 Thus, what a rapturous joy possest
The tender parent's throbbing breast,
To see his spendthrift son return,
And hear him his past follies mourn.

274

C. M. Walsal, 237. Bangor, 231.

Why weepest thou ?

John xx. 13.

BEDDOME.

- 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—O that I might,
 A constant weeper be!

275

C. M. Ellenborough, 170.

The contrite heart.

COWPER.

- 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, 't is only pain
 To find I cannot feel.
- 3 I sometimes think myself inclined
 To love thee, if I could;
 But often feel another mind,
 Averse to all that's good.
- 4 My best desires are faint and few,
 I fain would strive for more;
 But, when I cry, 'My strength renew,'
 Seem weaker than before.
- 5 Thy saints are comforted, I know,
 And love thy house of prayer;
 I sometimes go where others go,
 But find no comfort there.
- 6 O make this heart rejoice or ache!—
 Decide this doubt for me;
 And, if it be not broken, break,
 And heal it, if it be.

276 C. M. Abridge, 201. Ephesus, 378.

Resignation.

BEDDOME.

- 1 **M**Y times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God, are in thy hand ;
My choicest comforts come from thee,
And go at thy command.
- 2 If thou shouldst take them all away,
Yet would I not repine ;
Before they were possess'd by me
They were entirely thine.
- 3 Nor would I drop a murmuring word,
Though the whole world were gone,
But seek enduring happiness
In thee, and thee alone.
- 4 What is the world, with all its store ?
'Tis but a bitter sweet ;
When I attempt to pluck the rose,
A pricking thorn I meet.
- 5 Here perfect bliss can ne'er be found,
The honey's mix'd with gall ;
'Midst changing scenes and dying friends,
Be thou my All in All.

277 C. M. Bedford, 91. Submission, 362.

Submission.

COWPER.

- 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 through
 Thou art engaged 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 L. M. James's, 163. Trinity, 181.

Filial submission.

STEELE.

- 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 my humble claim,

And ask the bliss those words impart,
In my Redeemer's name.

279

C. M. Grove House, 143.

It is the Lord, &c.

GREENE.

- 1 'IT is the Lord'—enthroned 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;
And, of his bounties, may recall
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 covenant God,
Thrice blessed be his name!
Whose gracious promise, seal'd with blood,
Must ever be the same.
- 7 His covenant 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 C. M. Braintree, 25. Arabia, 324.

Self-denial.

NEEDHAM.

- 1 **A** SHAMED of Christ! my soul, disdain
 The mean, ungenerous thought:
 Shall I disown that Friend whose blood
 To man salvation brought?
- 2 With the glad news of love and peace,
 From heaven to earth he came;
 For us endured the painful cross—
 For us despised the shame.
- 3 At his command we must take up
 Our cross without delay;
 Our lives—and thousand lives of ours—
 Can ne'er his love repay.
- 4 Each faithful sufferer Jesus views
 With infinite delight:
 Their lives to him are dear; their deaths
 Are precious in his sight.
- 5 To bear his name—his cross to bear—
 Our highest honour this:
 Who nobly suffers now for him,
 Shall reign with him in bliss.
- 6 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.

Self-denial. Mark viii. 34. BEDDOME.

- 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,
 Though destitute of all things else,
 I'd glory in my gain.

282

C. M. Crowle, 3. Burford, 198.

Sincerity and truth.

WATTS.

- 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,
 Though 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 flattering words devise;
 They know the God of truth can see
 Through every false disguise.

- 4 They hate the 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. Stoke, 207. Fonthill, 455.

Sincerity desired.

BEDDOME.

- 1 **I**F secret fraud should dwell
 Within this heart of mine,
 Purge out, O God, that cursed leaven,
 And make me wholly thine.
- 2 If any rival there
 Dares to usurp the throne,
 O tear th' infernal traitor thence,
 And reign thyself alone.
- 3 Is any lust conceal'd?
 Bring it to open view;
 Search, search, dear Lord, my inmost soul,
 And all its powers renew.

284 PART I. C. M. St. Ann's, 58.

Spiritual mindedness.

FAWCETT.

- 1 **R**ELIGION is the chief concern
 Of mortals here below:
 May I its great importance learn,
 Its sovereign virtue know!

- 2 More needful this than glittering wealth,
Or aught the world bestows ;
Not reputation, food, or health,
Can give us such repose.
- 3 Religion should our thoughts engage
Amidst our youthful bloom :
'T will fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.
- 4 O may my heart, by grace renew'd,
Be my Redeemer's throne ;
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His government to own !
- 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
Through 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

PART II. C. M. Auburn, 517.

Godliness profitable. 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 show.
- 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,
Reserved for all who fear 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. Michael's, 119. Wiltshire, 110.

Trusting and loving God.

TATE.

- 1 **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.
- 2 Of his deliverance I will boast,
Till all who are distress
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.
- 3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just :
Protection he affords to all
Who make his name their trust.
- 4 O make but trial of his love !—
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

- 5 Fear him, ye saints, 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 need supplied.

286

PART I. I. M. Addison's, 1.

Trust and confidence. Hab. iii. 17, 18.

- 1 **A**WAY, my unbelieving fears!
 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 Although the vine its fruit deny,
 Although 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 will I 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 show the brightness of his face;
 Though 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 promised 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 PART II. L. M. Portugal, 97.

All things working for good, &c.

- 1 **T**EMPTATIONS, trials, doubts, and
 fears,
 Wants, losses, crosses, groans, and tears,
 Will, through the grace of God our friend,
 In everlasting triumphs end.
- 2 To those who him sincerely love,
 All penal evils blessings prove ;
 Whom grace hath call'd and made his own,
 No fires can burn, nor floods can drown.
- 3 Lord, let this thought, in deep distress,
 Our hopes confirm, our spirits raise :
 'Midst earth and hell's opposing powers,
 We still are safe if thou art ours.

287 PART I. L. M. Ulverston, 179.

Humble trust ; or, despair prevented.

- 1 **L**ORD, 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 ?
- 2 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 ?

- 3 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.
- 4 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.
- 5 Were the black list before my sight,
 While I remember thou hast died,
 'T would only urge my speedy flight
 To seek salvation at thy side.
- 6 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.

- 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 repel.
- 4 If he is mine, let friends forsake—
 Let wealth and honours flee—

Sure he who giveth me himself,
Is more than these to me.

5 If he is mine, I'll boldly pass
Through death's tremendous vale ;
He is a solid comfort when
All other comforts fail.

6 O tell me, Lord ! that thou art mine ;
What can I wish beside ?
My soul shall at the fountain live
When all the streams are dried.

288

PART I. C. M. Oxford, 177.

Fear not.

BEDDOME.

1 **Y**E trembling souls, dismiss your fears ;
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 PART II. C. M. Worksop, 31.

Trust in God.

- 1 **D**EAR Lord, why should I doubt thy
 Or disbelieve thy grace? [love,
 Sure thy compassions ne'er remove,
 Although 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 no 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. Chatham, 59. Hinton, 266.

Fears removed. John vi. 20.

JESSE.

- 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,
 ' 'T is I,' he cried, ' I, still the same ;
 Thou need'st not be afraid.'
- 3 My heart was changed; 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 ;
 'T is I—thou need'st not fear.'
- 4 ' Unworthy of thy love !' I cried ;
 ' Freely I love,' he soon replied,
 ' 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. Enoch, 410. Portuguese, 263.

I will trust, and not be afraid.

Isa. xii. 2.

NEWTON.

- 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,
 'T is mine to obey, 't is his to provide ;
 Though 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 Determined 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,
 Through 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'cine is food ;
 Though painful at present, 't will cease before long,
 And then, O how pleasant the conqueror's song !

291 L. M. New Sabbath, 122. Malta, 500.

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 died 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 compared 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. Alfred, 509. Samuel, 427.

Zeal for Christ.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **B**LEST men, who stretch their willing
 hands,
 Submissive to their Lord's commands,
 And yield their liberty and breath
 To him that loved 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 PART I. C. M. Bedford, 91.

Holy zeal and diligence.

BEDDOME.

- 1 **W**HILE carnal men, with all their
 Earth's vanities pursue, [might,
 How slow the 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 PART II. C. M. Biggleswade, 422.

*Zeal for God ; or, longing for the mind of
 Christ.*

BEDDOME.

- 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 inflamed, 't was 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 ;
 O may my whole deportment prove
 A copy, Lord, of thine.
- 4 Depending on thy sovereign grace,
 I'll tread the heavenly road ;
 With willing mind thy footsteps trace,
 And climb to thine abode.

PAUSE.

- 5 O let me run the Christian 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 flee
Should in his footsteps tread ;
Our Prophet, Priest, and King, should be
Both trusted and obey'd.

THE CHRISTIAN.

294 PART I. L. M. Fawcett, 184.

*The Christian awakened—What must I do
to be saved? Acts ix. 6. FAWCETT.*

- 1 WITH melting heart and weeping eyes,
My guilty soul for mercy cries ;
What shall I do, or whither flee,
T' escape that vengeance due to me ?
- 2 Till now, I saw no danger nigh ;
I lived at ease, nor fear'd to die ;
Wrapt up in self-deceit and pride,
'I shall have peace at last,' I cried.
- 3 But when, great God! thy light divine
Had shone on this dark soul of mine,
Then I beheld, with trembling awe,
The terrors of thy holy law.
- 4 How dreadful now my guilt appears,
In childhood, youth, and growing years!
Before thy pure discerning eye,
Lord, what a filthy wretch am I!
- 5 Should vengeance still my soul pursue,
Death and destruction are my due ;
Yet mercy can my guilt forgive,
And bid a dying sinner live.
- 6 Does not thy sacred word proclaim
Salvation free in Jesus' name?
To him I look, and humbly cry,
'O save a wretch condemn'd to die.'

BEDDOME, altered.

- 1 **I**S there, in heaven or earth, who can
 A wretched mortal save?
 Make a poor leprous sinner clean?
 Redeem a 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.
- 5 But now he lives, he ever lives,
 And pleads what he hath done;
 While God ten thousand crimes forgives,
 Through his atoning Son.
- 6 Jesus, I to thy feet repair,
 And there will prostrate lie:
 Be thou propitious to my prayer,
 And I shall never die.

- 1 **S**TRAIT the gate, the way is narrow,
 To the realms of endless bliss;

Sinful men, and vain professors,
 Self-deceived, the passage miss ;
 Rushing headlong,
 Down they sink the dread abyss.

2 Sins and follies unforsaken,
 All will end in deep despair ;
 Formal prayers are unavailing,
 Fruitless is the worldling's tear ;
 Small the number
 Who to wisdom's path repair.

3 Thou who art thy people's guardian,
 Condescend my guide to be ;
 By thy Spirit's light unerring,
 Let me thy salvation see ;
 May I never
 Miss the way that leads to thee.

295 8. 7. Trowbridge, 21. Walmgate, 51.

Supplicating. Mark x. 17. TURNER.

1 JESUS, full of all compassion,
 Hear thy humble suppliant's cry ;
 Let me know thy great salvation :
 See! I languish, faint, and die.

2 Guilty, but with heart relenting,
 Overwhelm'd with helpless grief,
 Prostrate at thy feet repenting,
 Send, O send me quick relief!

3 [Whither should a wretch be flying,
 But to him who comfort gives?—
 Whither, from the dread of dying,
 But to him who ever lives?]

4 [While I view thee wounded, grieving,
 Breathless on the cursed tree,

- Fain I'd feel my heart believing
That thou sufferedst 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, [ing,
Search through heaven, the land of bless-
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, O stay me, lest I fall!
- 9 In the world of endless ruin,
Let it never, Lord, be said,
'Here's a soul that perish'd, suing
For the boasted Saviour's aid!'
- 10 Saved—the deed shall spread new glory
Through the shining realms above!
Angels sing the pleasing story,
All enraptured with thy love!

- 1 GRACIOUS 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.
- 7 Father, does thy justice frown ?
 Let me shelter in thy Son.
 Jesus, to thy arms I fly,
 Come and save me, or I die.

296

PART II. C. M. Bedford, 91.

The Christian's daily hymn.

- 1 **H**ELP and salvation, Lord, I crave,
 For both I greatly need :
 None else these blessings can bestow—
 From thee they must proceed.
- 2 Help me thy glories to behold,
 Thy loveliness to see ;

- Save from an atheistic heart,
Which shuns the Deity.
- 3 [Help me the turpitude of sin
With shame to realize ;
Save from impenitence, and thaw
A breast as hard as ice.]
- 4 Help me to cleave to Christ alone—
Where else can sinners fly ?
Save me from all self-righteousness,
And every idol nigh.
- 5 Help me to live upon thy word,—
The Christian's daily food ;
Save me from unbelief, that foe—
That bar to every good.
- 6 Help me to do thy holy will ;
Let duty bliss dispense :
Save from a disobedient heart,
From sloth and negligence.
- 7 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 temptations' 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 PART I. L. M. Perfection, 337.

Choosing the better part.

Luke x. 42.

DODDRIDGE.

- 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 treacherous heart
To fix on Mary's better part,
To scorn the trifles of a day
For joys that none can take away.
- 3 Then let the wildest storms arise ;
Let tempests mingle earth and skies ;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.
- 4 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 PART II. 8. 8. 6. Broadmead, 150.

Admiring the love of God.

- 1 **M**Y God, thy boundless love we praise ;
How bright on high its glories blaze—
How sweetly bloom below !
It streams from thy eternal throne ;
Through heaven its joys for ever run,
And o'er the earth they flow.

- 2 'T is love that gilds the vernal ray—
Adorns the flowery robe of May—
Perfumes the breathing gale ;
'T is love that loads the plenteous plain
With blushing fruits and golden grain,
And smiles o'er every vale.
- 3 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.
- 4 There smiles a kind propitious God—
There flows a dying Saviour's blood,
The pledge of sins forgiven :
There faith, bright cherub, points the way
To regions of eternal day,
And opens all her heaven.
- 5 Then, in redeeming love rejoice,
My soul, and hear a Saviour's voice,
That calls thee to the skies ;
Above life's empty scenes aspire—
Its sordid cares and mean desire,
And seize th' eternal prize.

- 1 **A**ND will th' eternal King
So mean a gift reward ?
That offering, Lord, with joy we bring,
Which thine own hand prepared.
- 2 We own thy various claims,
And to thine altar move,

The willing victims of thy grace,
And bound with cords of love.

- 3 Descend, celestial fire,
The sacrifice inflame :
So shall a grateful odour rise
Through our Redeemer's name.

298 PART II. S. M. Aynhoe, 108.
Going forward. Exod. xiv. 15.

- 1 **L**IKE Israel, Lord, am I,
My soul is at a stand ;
A sea before, a host behind,
And rocks on either hand.
- 2 O Lord, I cry to thee,
And would thy word obey ;
Bid me advance, and through 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 straits
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-Jireh* 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 ?

298, 299 THE CHRISTIAN.

- 7 O send deliverance down,
Display the arm divine!
So shall the praise be all thine own,
And I be doubly thine.

298 PART III. L. M. Job, 474.

Renouncing the law of works.

- 1 **W**HEN Jesus for his people died,
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 covenant 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 PART I. L. M. Melcombe, 325.

Our bodies the temples of the Holy

Ghost.

STENNETT.

- 1 **A**ND will th' offended God again
Return, and dwell with sinful men?
Will he within this bosom raise
A living temple to his praise?
- 2 The joyful news transports my breast;
All hail! I cry, thou heavenly guest!
Lift up your heads, ye powers within,
And let the King of glory in.
- 3 Enter, with all thy heavenly train;
Here live, and here for ever reign;
Thy sceptre o'er my passions sway,
Let love command, and I'll obey.

- 4 Reason and conscience shall submit,
And pay their homage at thy feet;
To thee I'll consecrate my heart,
And bid each rival thence depart.
- 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 PART II. C. M. Hensbury, 323.

Imploring the presence of God.

- 1 **L**ORD, let me see thy beauteous face—
It yields a heaven below;
And angels round the throne will say,
'T is all the heaven 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 PART III. L. M. Rowles, 73.

Happy in God.

FRANCIS.

- 1 **I**NDULGENT 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.
- 2 Rivers descending, Lord, from thee,
Perpetual glide to solace me:
Their varied virtues to rehearse
Demands an everlasting verse.
- 3 And yet there is, beyond the rest,
One stream—the widest and the best—
Salvation, lo! the purple flood
Rolls rich with my Redeemer's blood.

- 4 I taste—delight succeeds to woe ;
 I bathe—no waters cleanse me so ;
 Such joy and purity to share,
 I would remain enraptured there—
- 5 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.
- 6 My soul, with such a scene in view,
 Bids mortal joys a glad adieu ;
 Nor dreads a few chastising woes
 Sent with such love—so soon to close.

299 PART IV. C. M. Cambridge New, 74.

Rejoicing in Jesus.

OLIVER.

- 1 **O** FOR a thousand tongues to sing
 My dear Redeemer's praise !
 The glories of my God and King,
 The triumphs of his grace !
- 2 My gracious Saviour and my God,
 Assist me to proclaim,
 And spread thro' all the earth abroad
 The honours of thy name.
- 3 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
 That bids our sorrows cease ;
 'T is music in the sinner's ears,
 'T is life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
 He sets the prisoners free :
 His blood can make the foulest clean,
 His blood avail'd for me.

300

8. 8. 6. Mottingham, 510.

The spiritual pilgrim.

WESLEY.

- 1 **H**OW happy is the pilgrim's lot,
How free from anxious care and
From worldly hope and fear ! [thought,
Confined to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,—
He only sojourns here.
- 2 His happiness in part is mine ;
Already saved from self design,
From every 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 fair ;
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, O my Saviour, brother, friend,
 Receive me to thy breast !

301 7. 6. Bath-road, 483. Grey Friars, 484.

The pilgrim's song.

CENNICK.

1 **R**ISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace ;
 Rise, from transitory things,
 Towards heaven, thy native place !
 Sun, and moon, and stars decay ;
 Time shall soon this earth remove ;
 Rise, my soul, and haste away
 To seats prepared above !

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course ;
 Fire ascending seeks the sun ;
 Both speed them to their source :
 Thus a soul, new-born of God,
 Pants to view his glorious face,
 Upward tends to his abode
 To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
 Press onward to the prize ;
 Soon the Saviour will return
 Triumphant in the skies :
 Yet a season, and you know
 Happy entrance will be given,—
 All your sorrows left below,
 And earth exchanged for heaven.

302 C. M. Cambridge New, 74. Nativity, 522.

Running the Christian race.

Phil. iii. 12—14.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
 And press with vigour on;
 A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
 And an immortal crown.
- 2 'T is God's all-animating voice
 That calls thee from on high;
 'T is 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 onward urge thy way.
- 4 Bless'd Saviour, introduced by thee,
 Have we our race begun;
 And crown'd with victory, at thy feet
 We'll lay our laurels down.

303 PART I. L. M. Coombs, 45.

The Christian warfare.

STENNETT.

- 1 **M**Y Captain sounds the alarm of war;
 'Awake! the powers of hell are near!
 'To arms! to arms!' I hear him cry;
 'T is yours to conquer or to die!'
- 2 Roused 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,
 Resolved to put my foes to flight ;
 While Jesus kindly deigns to spread
 His conquering banner o'er my head.

5 In him I hope, in him I trust ;
 His bleeding cross is all my boast :
 Through troops of foes he 'll lead me on
 To victory, and the victor's crown.

303 [PART II. C. M. Cambridge New, 74.

*Elisha's question to the Shunammite
 improved. 2 Kings iv. 13.*

1 LORD, when I saw, or thought I saw,
 The sinfulness of sin,
 My soul was grieved with foes without,
 But more with foes within.

2 I saw they would o'er me prevail,
 And my destruction prove,
 In spite of all that I could do
 To force them to remove.

3 But something whisper'd me, when hope
 Was giving up the ghost,
 ' Wilt thou be spoke for to the King,
 Or Captain of the host ?'

4 O that the Captain of the host
 Would in my cause appear,
 Defeat my cruel deadly foes,
 That chill my soul with fear.

5 ' Fear not their looks,' the victor cried,
 ' Though they are fierce and stout,
 By little and by little, I
 Will surely drive them out.'

6 I rest upon thy promise, Lord,
 And trust thy love and power ;

O make me more than conqueror now,
And in the final hour.

303 PART III. S. M. Mansfield, 154.

The Christian warrior exhorted to perseverance.

WESLEY.

- 1 **S**OLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son :
- 2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.
- 3 Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued ;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God :
- 4 To keep your armour bright,
Attend with constant care,
Still walking in your Captain's sight,
And watching unto prayer.
- 5 In fellowship alone,
To God with faith draw near :
Approach his courts, besiege his throne
With all the powers of prayer :
- 6 Go, to his temple, go,
Nor from his altar move ;
Let every house his worship know,
And every heart his love.
- 7 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray,
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

8. Still let the Spirit cry
 In all his soldiers, 'Come ;'
 Till Christ the Lord descend from high,
 And take the conquerors home.

304 148. Eagle-street, 16. Casterton, 18.
The Christian's spiritual voyage. TOPLADY.

- 1 JESUS, 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.
- 2 Thou art my pilot wise ;
 My compass is thy word :
 My soul each storm defies,
 While I have such a Lord.
 I trust thy faithfulness and power
 To save me in the trying hour.
- 3 Though rocks and quicksands deep
 Through all my passage lie ;
 Yet Christ will safely keep
 And guide me with his eye ;
 My anchor hope shall firm abide,
 And I each boisterous storm outride.
- 4 By faith I see the land,—
 The port of endless rest ;
 My soul, thy sails expand,
 And fly to Jesus' breast !
 O may I reach the heavenly 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 treacherous calm I dread
 Than tempests bursting o'er my head.]

- 6 Come, Holy Ghost, and blow
 A prosperous gale of grace ;
 Waft me from all below
 To heaven, my destined place ;
 Then, in full sail, my port I'll find,
 And leave the world and sin behind.

305

PART I. 7's. Hotham, 224.

Tempted—but flying to Christ.

WESLEY.

- 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 ;
 O receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none,—
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;
 Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me.
 All my trust on thee is stay'd,
 All my help from thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;
 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 sin :

Let the healing streams abound,

Make and keep me pure within ;

Thou of life the fountain art,

Freely let me take of thee ;

Spring thòu up within my heart—

Rise to all eternity !

305

PART II. 8.6.8. Francis, 200.

Safety and felicity.

1 **WHENE'ER** I wish the feather'd
Of a swift pinion'd dove, [wings
To fly from all tempestuous things,
The long'd-for rest to prove—
I'm ask'd what place can bliss impart,
Till Christ and grace have reach'd my
heart.

2 Full oft in fruitless, fond desire
I to the desert ran,
But could not from myself retire,
Nor 'scape the inner man :
I think no place can bliss impart,
Till Christ and grace have won my heart.

3 No lonely desert where I go
Can hide me from my pain ;
I carry with me my own woe,
While sin and guilt remain :
I find no place can bliss impart, [heart.
Till Christ and grace have cleansed my

4 No Eden, breathing vernal sweets,
No Paradise below,

- Nor glory, if a graceless state,
 Can half my wish bestow :
 I feel no place can bliss impart, [heart.
 Till Christ and grace have cheer'd my
- 5 A little genuine grace insures
 The death of all my sins ;
 With more, my bliss shall more increase ;
 With much, my heaven begins :
 I'm sure no place can bliss impart,
 Till Christ and grace have fill'd my heart.
- 6 Then, O my disappointed soul,
 No longer rove from home ;
 Fly not to earth, to hell, nor heaven,
 But to the refuge come :
 Not heaven can perfect bliss impart,
 Till Christ and grace have fix'd my heart.
- 7 Now, holy Dove, on thy soft wings
 Waft me to Jesus' breast ;
 There, if I fly, I cannot fail
 To find the promised rest :
 For all his grace he will impart,
 This shall beatify my heart.

305 PART III. 6. 8. 7. 4. Egypt, 351.

The Christian's journey.

KELLY.

- 1 FROM Egypt lately come,
 Where death and darkness reign,
 We seek our new, our better home,
 Where we our rest shall gain.
 Hallelujah !
 We are on our way to God.
- 2 To Canaan's sacred bound,
 We haste with songs of joy ;

Where peace and liberty are found,
 And sweets that never cloy.
 Hallelujah, &c.

3 Our toils and conflicts cease
 On Canaan's happy shore ;
 We there shall dwell in endless peace,
 And never hunger more.
 Hallelujah, &c.

4 But hark ! those distant sounds
 That strike our listening ears ;
 They come from Canaan's happy bounds,
 Where God our King appears.
 Hallelujah, &c.

5 There, in celestial strains,
 Enraptured myriads sing ;
 There love in every bosom reigns,
 For God himself is King.
 Hallelujah, &c.

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

7 How sweet the prospect is !
 It cheers the pilgrim's breast ;
 We're journeying through the wilderness,
 But soon shall gain our rest.
 Hallelujah, &c.

1 **N**OW let the feeble all be strong,
 And make Jehovah's arm their song ;

- His shield is spread o'er every saint,
And thus supported, who shall faint ?
- 2 What though the hosts of hell engage
With mingled cruelty and rage !
A faithful God restrains their hands,
And chains them down in iron bands.
- 3 Bound by his word, he will display
A strength proportion'd to our day ;
And, when united trials meet,
Will show a path of safe retreat.
- 4 Thus far we prove that promise good,
Which Jesus ratified with blood ;
Still he is gracious, wise, and just,
And still in him let Israel trust.

306

PART II. 7's. Lunesdale, 418.

Welcoming the cross.

COWPER.

- 1 'TIS my happiness below
Not to live without the cross ;
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss :
Trials must and will befall ;
But—with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all—
This is happiness to me.
- 2 God, in Israel, sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain, and toil ;
These spring up and choke the weeds
Which would else o'erspread the soil ;
Trials make the promise sweet ;
Trials give new life to prayer ;
Trials bring me to his feet,—
Lay me low, and keep me there.

- 3 Did I meet no trials here—
 No chastisement by the way—
 Might I not, with reason, fear
 I should prove a cast-away?
 Bastards may escape the rod,
 Sunk in earthly vain delight;
 But the true-born child of God
 Must not—would not if he might.

306 PART III. S. M. Wirksworth, 158.
The tried Christian's help.

- 1 **T**HE troubles of the saint
 Are constant as his days,
 And when in trouble, if he prays,
 The accuser comes and says,—
- 2 ‘Thou hast restrained prayer
 Before the God of grace,
 And were it not for trouble now,
 Thou wouldst not seek his face.’
- 3 Ah, what can I reply?
 Shall I pretend to say,
 That were I now from trouble free
 I heartily should pray?
- 4 This, this is my reply,
 That God has said to me,
 ‘Because thou art in trouble call,
 And I ’ll deliver thee.’
- 5 Then, Lord, if I have gone
 In smiling days astray,
 In trouble let me on thee call
 Until my dying day.

306 PART IV. S. M. Shirland, 304.

The Christian encouraged.

LUTHER.

- 1 **G**IVE to the winds thy fears ;
 Hope, and be undismay'd ;
 God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears :
 God shall lift up thy head.
- 2 Thro' waves, thro' clouds and storms,
 He gently clears thy way ;
 Wait thou his time ; so shall the night
 Soon end in joyous day.
- 3 He every where hath sway,
 And all things serve his might ;
 His every act pure blessing is,
 His path unsullied light.
- 4 When he makes bare his arm,
 What shall his work withstand ?
 When he his people's cause defends,
 Who, who shall stay his hand ?
- 5 Leave to his sovereign sway
 To choose and to command ;
 With wonder fill'd, thou then shalt own
 How wise, how strong his hand.
- 6 Thou comprehend'st him not ;
 Yet earth and heaven tell,
 God sits as Sovereign on his throne,
 He ruleth all things well.
- 7 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
 Our hearts are known to thee :
 O lift thou up the sinking hand,
 Confirm the feeble knee !
- 8 Let us, in life and death,
 Boldly thy truth declare ;

And publish, with our latest breath,
Thy love, and guardian care.

307 L. M. Chard, 175. Hamburgh, 340.

The ministry of angels.

- 1 GREAT 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.
- 5 [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 asunder breaks.]
- 7 Send, O my God, some angel down,
(Though to a mortal eye unknown,)
To guide and guard my doubtful way
Up to the realms of endless day.

308 C. M. Charmouth, 28. Essex, 409.
Walking in darkness, and trusting in God.

Isa. 1. 10.

STEELE.

- 1 **H**EAR, gracious God, my humble moan,
 To thee I breathe my sighs ;
 When will the mournful night be gone,
 And when my joys arise ?
- 2 My God !—O could I make the claim—
 My Father and my friend—
 And call thee mine by every name
 On which thy saints depend !—
- 3 By every name of power and love,
 I would thy grace entreat :
 Nor should my humble hopes remove,
 Nor leave thy sacred seat.
- 4 Yet though my soul in darkness mourns,
 Thy word is all my stay ;
 Here would I 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. Pelham, 333.

Complaining. Rom. vii.

NEWTON.

- 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,
Though I endeavour oft;
This stony heart can ne'er relent
Till Jesus make it soft.
- 3 I would, but cannot love,
Though 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,
Though I can nothing do,
Yet the desire is something good;
To thee 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. Peru, 516. Antiquity, 331.

Complaining of inconstancy. BEDDOME.

- 1 **T**HE 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 through 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.
- 5 With flowing tears, Lord, we confess
Our folly and unstedfastness :
When shall these hearts more fixed be,
Fix'd by thy grace, and fix'd for thee ?

311 L. M. Mark's, 65. John's Chapel, 848.

Pride lamented.

STENNETT.

- 1 **O**FT have I turn'd my eyes 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 Rend, 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 loved abode.

312

C. M. Crowle, 3. Trinity, 181.

Pleading with God.

STENNETT.

- 1 **W**HY 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 seest 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 through 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 PART I. L. M. Perfection, 337.

The backslider. DR. COLLYER.

- 1 **R**ETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek an injured Father's face ;
Those warm desires that in thee burn
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.
- 2 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart,
Whose pitying eyes thy grief discern,
Whose hand can heal thine inward smart.
- 3 Return, O wanderer, return,
He heard thy deep repentant sigh ;
He saw thy soften'd spirit mourn,
When no intruding ear was nigh.
- 4 Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live ;—
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.
- 5 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe away the falling tear ;
'T is God who says, ' No longer mourn,'
'T is mercy's voice invites thee near.
- 6 Return, O wanderer, return,
Regain thy lost, lamented rest ;
Jehovah's melting bowels yearn
To clasp his Ephraim to his breast.

313 PART II. 7.6.8. Tottenham, 111.

The backslider's prayer.

- 1 **J**ESUS, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wandering sheep ;
False to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain, like Peter, weep ;

Let me be by grace restored,
 On me be all its freeness shown :
 Turn and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.

2 Saviour Prince, enthroned above,
 Repentance to impart,
 Give me, through thy dying love,
 The humble, contrite heart ;
 Give, what I have long implored,
 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 closed that we might live ;
 ' Father,' (at the point to die,
 My Saviour gasp'd,) ' forgive !'
 Surely with that dying word, [done ;'
 He turns, and looks, and cries, ' 'T is
 O my loving, bleeding Lord,
 This breaks my heart of stone.

313 PART III. 148th. Grove, 125.
The sincerely returning backslider.

1 **G**OD of eternal love,
 Pity a troubled heart ;
 Shine from thy throne above,
 And ease me of my smart ;

The sin that doth my spirit grieve,
'T is Jesus only can relieve.

- 2 On thee I now rely,
My kind unchanging friend,
And, Lord, I 'd rather die
Than thy great name offend ;
O break corruption's iron neck,
And save me for thy mercy's sake.
- 3 Did I a world possess,
That world I 'd now resign,
To feel thy pardoning grace
And victory over sin ;—
To find my God within my heart,
And feel my every sin depart.
- 4 Yet I will not despair,
But to my Lord I 'll flee,
He 'll bring salvation near,
And I his face shall see ;—
On yonder throne his name adore,
And shout, I 'm saved to sin no more.

314 C. M. London, 183. Bangor, 231.

Peter's fall and recovery. FAWCETT.

- 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. Crowle, 3. Adelphi, 405.

O that I were as in months past !

Job xxix. 2.

NEWTON.

- 1 SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.
- 2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
His praises tuned 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 lived 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 chattering 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 make my soul his prey ;
Yet, Lord, thy mercies cannot fail ;
O come without delay.

316 C. M. Bedford, 91. Charmouth, 28.

Making God a refuge.

STEELE.

- 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.
- 4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though 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.

*Persecution to be expected by every true
Christian.* 2 Tim. ii. 12. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 GREAT Leader of thine Israel's host,
We shout thy conquering name;
Legions of foes beset thee round,
And legions fled with shame.
- 2 A victory 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 fired,
We no extremes would fear;
Prepared to struggle and to bleed,
If thou, O 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 PART I. 8. 7. 4. Westbury, 51.

Hoping in God. Ps. xlii. 5. FAWCETT.

- 1 O MY soul! what means this sadness?
 Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
 Let thy griefs be turned to gladness,
 Bid thy restless fears be gone:
 Look to Jesus,
 And rejoice in his dear name.
- 2 What though Satan's strong temptations
 Vex and tease thee day by day,
 And thy sinful inclinations
 Often fill thee with dismay;
 Thou shalt conquer,
 Through the Lamb's redeeming blood.
- 3 Though 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 Though 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?

318 PART II. 8. 8. 6. Westbury Leigh, 278.

Sorrowing and hoping.

- 1 **W**HY are our hearts so full of grief?
 What! cannot Jesus give relief,
 And ease our troubled mind?
 To this the contrite all can say,
 Had we but now a heart to pray,
 We soon should comfort find.
- 2 But oft, alas! we cannot pray,
 We can but just look up, and say,
 Quicken our stupid heart;
 Make us what thou would'st have us be,
 We would not live so far from thee,
 From thee no more depart.
- 3 The Lord he hears when thus we moan,
 Weighs and considers every groan,
 And knows our very sigh:
 For reasons best he seems to stay,
 He won't forsake, he may delay,
 It is our faith to try.
- 4 Then let us wait to feel his love,
 And hope to meet our Lord above,
 Beyond the reach of fear;
 O may his smiles attend our days,
 And all our future lives be praise,
 Until safe landed there!

318 PART III. S. M. Eagle Street New, 55.

The wonder.

- 1 **G**OD look'd from heaven, and saw
 Mankind all sunk in sin,

- Filthy, abominable, vile,
A universe unclean!
- 2 Amazing patience which
Surveys a world of foes,
Yet plunges not a world like this
In an abyss of woes!
- 3 But wonder more, my soul,
If I, of Adam's race,
Am snatch'd from the consuming fire,
And saved by sovereign grace!

318 PART IV. 10. 5. 11. Pilgrimage, 536.

Christian courage.

WESLEY.

- 1 COME, let us anew Our journey pursue,
With vigour arise,
And press to our permanent place in the skies.
- 2 Of heavenly birth, Though wand'ring on earth,
This is not our place;
But strangers and pilgrims ourselves we confess.
- 3 At Jesus's call, We gave up our all;
And still we forego,
For Jesus's sake, our enjoyments below.
- 4 No longing we find For the country behind;
But onward we move,
And still we are seeking a country above;
- 5 A country of joy, Without any alloy,
We thither repair;
Our hearts and our treasure already are there.
- 6 We march hand in hand To Immanuel's land;
No matter what cheer
We meet with on earth; for eternity's near.
- 7 The rougher our way, The shorter our stay;
The tempests that rise
Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies.
- 8 The fiercer the blast, The sooner 'tis past;
The troubles that come,
Shall come to our rescue, and hasten us home.

318 PART V. C. M. Glasgow, 376.

Gospel comforts.

TOPLADY.

- 1 **W**HEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,
And long to fly away.
- 2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love ;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above.
- 3 Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down ;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own.
- 4 Sweet to reflect how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid ;
Sweet to remember that his blood
My debt of suffering paid.
- 5 Sweet in his righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second death ;
Sweet to experience, day by day,
His Spirit's quickening breath.
- 6 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end ;
Sweet on his covenant of grace
For all things to depend.
- 7 Sweet in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees ;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.
- 8 If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be,

Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from Thee!

319 C. M. Brighton, 208. 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 are mine
My life and death attend:
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.'

320 C. M. Bath Chapel, 26. Salem, 139.

Watchfulness and prayer.

STEELE.

- 1 **A**LAS! what hourly dangers rise!
What snares beset my way!
To heaven O let me lift my eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.
- 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,
Though 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. Kingsbridge, 88. Ripon, 188.

Prayer answered by trials. NEWTON.

- 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 'T was 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 hoped 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 schemed—
 Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.
- 6 'Lord, why is this?' I trembling cried,
 'Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?'
 'Tis in this way,' the Lord replied,
 '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 PART I. L. M. Ulverston, 179.

Growing in grace. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 PRAISE to thy name, eternal God,
 For all the grace thou shedd'st abroad;
 For all thy influence from above,
 To warm our souls with sacred love.
- 2 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 shows
 The 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 Spirit, deign to blow
 Fresh gales of heaven on shrubs below ;
 So shall they grow, and breathe abroad
 A fragrance grateful to our God.

322 PART II. L.M. Pell-street, 306.

Growth in grace. Hos. xiv. 4.

- 1 **S**HOW us our welcome, gracious Lord,
 To all the treasures of thy word :
 And help us now in faith to trace
 Thy promises of growth in grace.
- 2 Thou, on thy people, from above,
 Wilt pour thy Spirit and his love,
 Like plenteous showers and copious dews,
 Which blooming life and joy diffuse.
- 3 Like fragrant lilies they shall grow,
 Like cedars strike their roots below,
 And spread their branches fair and green
 As fruitful olive trees are seen.
- 4 As does the dying corn revive,
 As vines in southern aspects thrive,
 So shall their graces vigorous shine,
 And breathe an incense all divine.

PAUSE. New Sabbath, 122.

- 5 O may the promises be mine ;
 The sure performance, Lord, is thine ;
 For little children and young men
 Have grown, and honour'd fathers been.
- 6 [Paul said, with joy, of some he knew,
 Exceedingly their graces grew—
 So did their faith and love abound—
 The fame spread all the churches round.

- 7 Precept and promise still unite
 To make this service our delight ;
 To grow in grace,—this, surely this,
 Is the transcendency of bliss.]
- 8 Then, Lord, forbid, forbid that we
 Should always little children be ;
 But may our path shine more, we pray,
 And more until the perfect day.

322 PART III. L. M. Leeds, 19.

Unfruitfulness reprov'd.

- 1 **D**OES God, the ever good and kind,
 Come seeking fruit, and fruit not find ?
 Sure, as the means he richly gives,
 He justly looks for more than leaves.
- 2 The buds are pleasing in his view,
 And beauteous are the blossoms too ;
 But plenteous fruits are, in his sight,
 Fair objects of his chief delight.
- 3 Then what if Jesus comes and sees
 That we are only barren trees,
 Spreading our leafy branches round,
 Mere worthless cumb'ers of the ground !
- 4 Ah, Lord, we have deserved the name ;
 But save us from the sin, the shame ;
 Lest thou and thine should, with a frown,
 Cry, ' Cut, now cut the cumb'rer down.'
- 5 But a sweet wrestling voice we hear,
 O spare it, Lord, another year,
 That fruit may on each branch be found,
 The graces clust'ring all around.
- 6 This prayer has often reach'd the skies,
 Now let it from our hearts arise ;

‘ Spare, spare it, Lord, ’—so mercy spake—
 ‘ Spare it, ’ we cry, ‘ for Jesus’ sake.’

322 PART IV. 8. 7. Alexandria, 361.

Consistency urged.

HART.

- 1 **L**UKEWARM souls, the foe grows
 stronger ;
 See what hosts your camp surround !
 Arm to battle—lag no longer ;
 Hark, the silver trumpets sound.
 Wake, ye sleepers, wake ; what mean you ?
 Sin besets you round about ;
 Up, and search ; the world ’s within you,
 Slay, or chase the traitor out.
- 2 What enchants you, gold or pleasure ?
 Pluck right eyes, with right hands part :
 Ask your conscience, Where ’s your trea-
 sure ?
 For be certain there ’s your heart.
 Give the fawning foe no credit,
 Lo ! the bloody flag ’s unfurl’d ;
 That base heart, the word has said it,
 Loves not God that loves the world.
- 3 God and mammon ! O be wiser,—
 Serve them both ?—it cannot be ;
 Ease in warfare, saint and miser ?
 These will never well agree.
 Shun the shame of foully falling,
 Cumber’d captives clogg’d with clay ;
 Prove your faith ; make sure your calling ;
 Wield the sword, and win the day.
- 4 Forward press toward perfection ;
 Watch and pray, and all things prove ;
 Seek to know your God’s election,—
 Search his everlasting love.

Dread backsliding, scorn dissembling,
 Now salvation's near in view ;
 Work it out with fear and trembling ;
 'T is your God that works in you.

322 PART V. C. M. Langshaw, 424.

Christians chosen to holiness.

John xv. 16.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **I** OWN, my God, thy sovereign grace,
 And bring the praise to thee ;
 If thou my chosen portion art,
 Thou first hast chosen me.
- 2 My gracious counsellor and guide
 Will hear me when I pray ;
 Nor, while I urge a Saviour's name,
 Will frown my soul away.
- 3 Blest Jesus, animate my heart
 With beams of heavenly love,
 And teach that cold unthankful soil
 The heavenly seed t' improve.
- 4 In copious showers thy Spirit send,
 To water all the ground ;
 So to the honour of thy name
 Shall lasting fruit be found.

323 L. M. Lebanon, 79. New Sabbath, 122.

Rising to God.

GIBBONS.

- 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. Magdalene, 214. Luton, 30.

The grateful review.

FAWCETT.

- 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 Through 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 'T is even so, thy faithful love
Doth all thy children's graces prove ;
'T is thus our pride and self must fall,
That Jesus may be all in all.

325 S. M. Sutton, 149. Stockport, 47.

The active Christian. DODDRIDGE.

- 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, 't is 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 the angelic band.

326 PART I. L. M. Ulverston, 174.

Finishing his course with joy.

Acts xx. 24.

GIBBONS.

- 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,
Unmoved 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!

326 PART II. C. M. Sprowston, 365.

Animated in prospect of overcoming. Rev. ii. 11.

- 1 **R**OUSE, rouse, my soul, and fight thy
Should earth and hell oppose ; [way,
Though thou art not, thy Saviour is
A match for all thy foes.
- 2 Yes, thou art weak, but he is strong,
And will his strength impart ;
He'll teach thy feeble hands to war,
And cheer thy fainting heart.
- 3 A few successful struggles yet,
Then, not a conflict more ;
Satan and sin shall ne'er assault
On the celestial shore.

326 PART III. L. M. Tranquillity, 350.

Home in view.

- 1 **A**S when the weary traveller gains
 The height of some o'erlooking hill,
 His heart revives, if 'cross the plains
 He eyes his home, though distant still :
- 2 While he surveys the much-loved spot,
 He slights the space that lies between ;
 His past fatigues are now forgot,
 Because his journey's end is seen :
- 3 Thus when the Christian pilgrim views,
 By faith, his mansion in the skies,
 The sight his fainting strength renews,
 And wings his speed to reach the prize.
- 4 The thought of home his spirit cheers ;
 No more he grieves for troubles past ;
 Nor any future trial fears,
 So he may safe arrive at last.
- 5 ' 'Tis there,' he says, ' I am to dwell
 With Jesus, in the realms of day ;
 Then I shall bid my cares farewell,
 And he shall wipe my tears away.'
- 6 Jesus, on thee our hope depends,
 To lead us on to thine abode ;
 Assured our home will make amends
 For all our toil while on the road.

326 PART IV. C. M. Triumphant, 437.

Gratitude and hope.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **M**Y soul, triumphant in the Lord,
 Shall tell its joys abroad ;
 And march with holy vigour on,
 Supported by its God.

- 2 Through all the winding maze of life
 His hand hath been my guide ;
 And in that long-experienced care
 My heart shall still confide.
- 3 His grace through all the desert flows,
 An unexhausted stream ;
 That grace, on Zion's sacred mount,
 Shall be my endless theme.
- 4 Beyond the choicest joys of earth
 These distant courts I love ;
 But O, I burn with strong desire
 To view thy house above.
- 5 Mingled with all the shining band,
 My soul would there adore ;
 A pillar in thy temple fix'd,
 To be removed no more.

327 L. M. Ulverston, 179. Old 100th.
Committing his departing spirit to Jesus.

DODDRIDGE.

- 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.
- 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. Cambridge New, 74.

The Christian warrior. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **H**ARK! 't is our heavenly Leader's voice
From his triumphant seat;
'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, 't is enough; our souls are fired
With courage and with love;
Vain are th' assaults of earth and hell,
Our hopes are fix'd above.

WORSHIP—PRIVATE.

329 L. M. Old Hundredth. Ely, 446.

Retirement and meditation.

Psa. iv. 4.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **R**ETURN, my roving heart, return,
And chase these shadowy forms no
Seek out some solitude to mourn, [more;
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 Through all the windings of my heart,
My search let heavenly wisdom guide,
And still its radiant beams impart,
Till all be search'd and purified.
- 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. Ulverston, 179.

Reading the Scriptures.

BEDDOME.

- 1 **G**REAT God, oppress'd with grief and
I take thy book and hope to find [fear,
Some gracious word of promise there,
To soothe 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 'T is 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 PART I. L. M. Magdalene, 214.

Self-examination. PRES. DAVIES.

- 1 **WHAT** strange perplexities arise!
 What anxious fears and jealousies!
 What crowds in doubtful light appear!
 How few, alas! approved and clear!
- 2 And what am I?—My soul, awake,
 And an impartial survey take;
 Does no dark sign, no ground of fear,
 In practice or in heart appear?
- 3 What image does my spirit bear?
 Is Jesus form'd and living there?
 Say, do his lineaments divine
 In thought, and word, and action shine?
- 4 Searcher of hearts! O search me still;
 The secrets of my soul reveal;
 My fears remove: let me appear
 To God, and my own conscience, clear!
- 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 bless'd world arrive,
 Where Christ through all my soul shall
 And give full proof that he is there, [live,
 Without one gloomy doubt or fear.

331 PART II. L. M. Virginia, 234.
Lord, is it I? Matt. xxvi. 21, 22.

- 1 **M**ETHINKS I hear the Saviour say,
 One of you will the Lord betray:
 Betray thee, Lord, my God, my King!
 Forbid, forbid, th' accursed thing.
- 2 But is the contrite heart, with pains,
 Alarm'd at these affecting strains?
 Let holy jealousy reply,
 As in his sight, 'Lord, is it I?'
- 3 Yes, if I only look within
 At my depravity and sin,
 I see, but for thy mighty power,
 I shall betray thee every hour.
- 4 But if the baleful crime I hate,
 And e'en the thought I deprecate,
 And if thine arms my soul entwine,
 Lord, can the dreadful guilt be mine?
- 5 This moment I would rather die,
 Than live my Saviour to deny;
 Or treach'rously, in any way,
 His cause or honour e'er betray.
- 6 Then hear me breathe my inmost heart,
 Ne'er let me act the traitor's part,
 But thy loved name and cause defend,
 With hallow'd zeal till life shall end.
- 7 Then may I breathe my life away
 On thy dear breast—while angels say,

‘A faithful friend of Jesus dies,
We waft him to his native skies.’

331 PART III. C. M. Glasgow, 376.

Retirement.

COWPER.

- 1 **F**AR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.
- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.
- 3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh, with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!
- 4 There like the nightingale she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.
- 5 Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine,
And (all harmonious names in one)
My Saviour, thou art mine!
- 6 What thanks I owe thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

332 C. M. Charmouth, 28. Turvey, 538.

Secret prayer. Matt. vi. 6.

- 1 **F**ATHER divine, thy piercing eye
Sees through 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
Through 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.
- 5 Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask,
This is the total sum ;
Mercy, through Christ, is all my suit ;
Lord, let thy mercy come !

FAMILY WORSHIP.

333 C. M. Great Milton, 212. Arabia, 324.

Going to a new habitation.

- 1 **G**REAT God, where'er we pitch our
Let us an altar raise ; [tent,
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. Magdalene, 214. Horsley, 205.

The Christian's resolution. STEELE.

- 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 control,
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.

335 L. M. Portugal, 97. Ulverston, 179.

Family religion. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **F**ATHER 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 praised,
Be our domestic altars raised ;
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 pleased and thankful we remove
 To join the family above.

336 PART I. S. M. Handel's, 168.

Prayer for children.

- 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
 Through 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.

336

PART II. L. M. Eaton, 291.

The same.

- 1 **D**IVINE Redeemer, God of love,
Now let thy kindest bowels move;
Look from thy glorious throne on high,
With soft compassion in thine eye.
- 2 To thee, our God, our heavenly King,
Our tender offspring, lo! we bring;
Where should we bring them but to thee,
Thou Fount of all felicity?
- 3 O grant them all a God can give,
And all that mortals can receive;
Grace to believe in Jesus' blood,
Grace to enjoy and walk with God.
- 4 Then, God of grace, O hear our prayer,
Make them thy own peculiar care;
May ours be thine, or rich or poor,
For ever thine—we ask no more.

336

PART III. C. M. Arabia, 324.

The mother for her child.

- 1 **F**AIN, O my babe, I'd have thee know
The God whom angels love,
And teach thee feeble strains below,
Akin to theirs above.
- 2 O, when thy lisping tongue shall read
Of truths divinely sweet,
May'st thou, a little child indeed,
Sit down at Jesus' feet.
- 3 I'll move thine ear, I'll point thine eye;
But, ah! the inward part—
Great God, the Spirit, hear the sigh
That trembles through my heart.

4 Break, with thy gracious beam benign,
 O'er all the mental wild ;
 Bright on the human chaos shine,
 And sanctify my child.

336

PART IV. L. M. Job, 474.

God the dwelling-place of his people.

- 1 **T**HOU, Lord, through every changing
 Hast to thy saints a refuge been ; [scene,
 Through every age, eternal God,
 Their pleasing home, their safe abode.
- 2 In thee our fathers sought their rest ;
 In thee our fathers still are blest ;
 And, while the tomb confines their dust,
 In thee their souls abide and trust.
- 3 Lo, we are risen, a feeble race,
 Awhile to fill our fathers' place ;
 Our helpless state with pity view,
 And let us share their refuge too.
- 4 Through all the thorny paths we trace
 In this uncertain wilderness,
 When friends desert, and foes invade,
 Revive our heart, and guard our head.
- 5 So, when this pilgrimage is o'er,
 And we must dwell in flesh no more,
 To thee our separate souls shall come,
 And find in thee a surer home.
- 6 To thee our infant race we leave ;
 Them may their fathers' God receive ;
 That voices yet unform'd may raise
 Succeeding hymns of humble praise.

336

PART V. L. M. Buxton, 347.

David's charge to Solomon.

1 Chron. xxviii. 9.

NEWTON.

- 1 **O** DAVID'S Son, and David's Lord,
From age to age thou art the same ;
Thy gracious presence now afford,
And teach our youth to know thy name.
- 2 Thy people, Lord, though oft distress,
Upheld by thee, thus far are come ;
And now we long to see thy rest,
And wait thy word to call us home.
- 3 Like David, when this life shall end,
We trust in thee sure peace to find ;
Like him, to thee we now commend
The children we must leave behind.
- 4 Ere long we hope to be where care,
And sin, and sorrow, never come ;
But, oh ! accept our humble prayer,
That these may praise thee in our room.
- 5 Show them how vile they are by sin,
And wash them in thy cleansing blood ;
Oh ! make them willing to be thine,
And be to them a covenant God.
- 6 Long may thy light and truth remain
To bless this place when we are gone :
And numbers here be born again,
To dwell for ever near thy throne.

337

C. M. Lydia, 327.

Christ's regard to children.

- 1 **S**EE 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 't was 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 PART I. 148th. Burnham, 396.

Opening a place of worship.

- 1 **I**N sweet exalted strains
 The King of glory praise ;
 O'er heaven and earth he reigns,
 Through 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 show
 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.
- 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,
 Through long succeeding days;
 Here, Lord, display thy saving power,
 While temples stand, and men adore.

338 PART II. C. M. Charmouth, 28.

Reopening a place of worship.

- 1 **O** GOD, before whose radiant throne
 The heavenly armies bend,
 Now graciously incline thine ear,
 And to our suit attend.
- 2 Where our forefathers join'd in praise,
 We meet to praise thee too:

- For us and others here they pray'd,
We now their works renew.
- 3 This house, these walls re-edified,
Are raised, Lord, for thee ;
In all the plenitude of grace,
Let this thy temple be.
- 4 By pious crowds of new-born souls,
Let countless proofs be given,—
This surely is the house of God,
The very gate of heaven.
- 5 Here may the dead be made alive,
Backsliding souls return ;
More grace by gracious souls be felt,
And saints like seraphs burn.
- 6 Here build thy church, maintain thy cause,
Nor let it e'er decline ;
But flourish when the trumpet sounds—
The kingdoms, Lord, are thine.
- 7 And on each flock around this hill
Shower mercy, grace, and love ;
Thus meeten us and millions more
For the blest church above.

338 PART III. C. M. Stephen's, 292.

Opening a place of worship. BEDDOME.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Source of every good,
Before thy throne we bow,
And bless thee for thy gift bestow'd
On pilgrims here below.
- 2 Our hearts and hands hast thou inclined
To raise this house of prayer :
Oh ! may we seek and ever find
Thy gracious presence here.

- 3 Here may thy children sweetly feed
 On manna sent from heaven,
 Drink freely at the fountain head,
 Whence living streams are given.
- 4 Here let our offspring and their sons
 Be of the Saviour blest,
 And then, while time its circuit runs,
 Find here a settled rest.
- 5 To the eternal sacred Three,
 The great mysterious One,
 Now may this house devoted be,
 To thee, and thee alone.

339

PART I. L. M. Chard, 175.

The same.

DODDRIDGE.

- 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.

339 PART II. L. M. Melcombe, 325.

On the opening of a place of worship after enlargement. COWPER.

- 1 **J**ESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat :
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallow'd ground.
- 2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind ;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.
- 3 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew ;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.
- 4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care ;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.
- 5 [Behold, at thy commanding word,
We stretch the curtain and the cord :
Come thou, and fill this wider space,
And bless us with a large increase.]
- 6 Lord, we are few, but thou art near ;
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear ;
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts thine own.

340 C. M. Abridge, 201. Leicester, 380.

The same.

NEWTON.

- 1 **D**EAR 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 Show 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,
Enforced by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round
To come and fill the place.

341 S. M. Bradley Church, 442. Cranbrook, 303.
Social worship. STENNETT.

- 1 **H**OW 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 compared 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 sovereign 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 7's. Bath Abbey, 147. Alcester, 213.

The excellency of public worship. TURNER.

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
Warms our hearts with pure desire.

3 Here we supplicate thy throne,
Here thou makest 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. Langdon, 217. Park-street, 370.

Happiness of humble worship.

Psa. lxxxiv.

STEELE.

1 HOW lovely, how divinely sweet,
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, through 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 favourites 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 !

344 L. M. Bramcoate, 8. Neapolis, 371.

Delight in God's house.

STEELE.

- 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 replied 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 PART I. S. M. Mornington, 47.

Religion not a form.

WATTS.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Maker, God,
How wondrous is thy name !
Thy glories how diffused abroad
Through the creation's frame !
- 2 Nature in every dress
Her humble homage pays,
And finds a thousand ways t' express
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.

But pride, that busy sin,
 Spoils all that I perform ;
 Curst pride, that creeps sécrely 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 't is 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.

345 PART II. 7's. Kennington, 498.

Saturday evening.

NEWTON.

- 1 SAFELY through another week
 God has brought us on our way ;
 Let us now a blessing seek,
 On th' approaching sabbath day ;—
 Day of all the week the best,
 Emblem of eternal rest.
- 2 Mercies multiplied each hour
 Through the week our praise demand ;
 Guarded by almighty power,
 Fed and guided by his hand :
 Though ungrateful we have been,
 Only made returns of sin.
- 3 While we pray for pardoning grace,
 Through the dear Redeemer's name,
 Show thy reconciled face,
 Shine away our sin and shame ;
 From our worldly care set free,
 May we rest this night with thee !

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

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

345

PART III. 8.8.6. Praise, 321.

Longing for the Lord's day.

1 SWEET day of rest, for thee I'd wait,
 Emblem and earnest of a state.
 Where saints are fully blest!
 For thee I'd look, for thee I'd sigh,
 I'd count the days till thou art nigh,
 Sweet day of sacred rest.

2 O let my mind be always so;
 My songs no interruption know,
 Till death shall seal my tongue:
 In heaven a nobler strain I'll raise,
 And rest from every thing but praise,—
 My heaven an endless song.

345

PART IV. L.M. Babylon Streams, 23.

Saturday evening reflection.

1 ANOTHER week for ever gone!
 How fast our days and minutes fly!
 The joys of heaven, or pains of hell,
 Await us—and we soon must die.

- 2 The sins and follies of the week,
Pardon, O Lord, for Jesus' sake ;
And a delightful Lord's day frame
Grant in the morn when we awake.
- 3 The endless Lord's day soon will dawn ;
Ye saints, rejoice, and homeward press ;
Each week, and day, and hour, for you,
Leaves one of sin and sorrow less.

345 PART V. C. M. Ellenborough, 170.

The same.

- 1 **B**EGONE, my worldly cares, away,
Nor dare to tempt my sight !
Let me begin the sweet Lord's day
Before I end this night.
- 2 Yes, let the work of prayer and praise
Employ my heart and tongue :
Begin, my soul ; thy sabbath days
Can never be too long.
- 3 Let the past mercies of the week
Excite a grateful frame :
And may my tongue rejoice to speak
Some good of Jesus' name.
- 4 Forgive my dulness, dearest Lord,
And quicken all my powers ;
Prepare me to attend thy word,
T' improve the sacred hours.
- 5 On wings of expectation borne,
My hopes to heaven ascend ;
I long to welcome in the morn,
With thee the day to spend.

346

PART I. 7's. Turin, 244.

Resurrection of Christ.

COLLYER.

- 1 **M**ORNING breaks upon the tomb,
 Jesus dissipates its gloom;
 Day of triumph through the skies—
 See the glorious Saviour rise.
- 2 Christians, dry your flowing tears,
 Chase those unbelieving fears:
 Look on his deserted grave,
 Doubt no more his power to save.
- 3 Ye who are of death afraid,
 Triumph in the scatter'd shade;
 Drive your anxious cares away,—
 See the place where Jesus lay.
- 4 So the rising sun appears,
 Shedding radiance o'er the spheres;
 So returning beams of light
 Chase the terrors of the night.

346

PART II. S. M. Gosport, 53.

The resurrection announced.

- 1 **Y**E saints, dismiss your fear,
 Let joy and hope succeed;
 Transporting news devoutly hear,
 'The Lord is risen indeed.'
- 2 The promise is fulfill'd,
 Redemption's work is done,
 Justice with mercy's reconciled,
 For God hath raised his Son.
- 3 Angels with saints rejoice,
 The risen Victor sing;
 And all the blissful seats above
 With loud hosannas ring.

346 PART III. C. M. Messiah, 293.

The Sun of Righteousness risen.

- 1 **T**HE Sun of Righteousness appears,
 To set in blood no more ;
 This light shall scatter all our fears :
 Come, saints, and all adore !
- 2 Twice had the sun withdrawn his light,
 And twice restored the day ;
 But see, on the third dawning morn,
 The God himself display.
- 3 Alone the dreadful race he ran,
 Alone the wine-press trod ;
 He groans,—he dies,—behold the Man !
 He lives,—behold the God !
- 4 In vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
 Forbid his early rise ;
 Our Jesus conquer'd death and hell,
 And open'd Paradise.

346 PART IV. L. M. Coombs's, 45.

Early Lord's day morning at home.

- 1 **R**EVIVING sound ! methinks I hear
 The dear, the gracious Saviour say,
 ' Arise, my love, my fairest fair,
 Make haste, prepare, and come away.'
- 2 I come, my Lord, what is thy will ?
 Tell me for what I should prepare :
 ' Meet me this day on Sion's hill !'
 My Lord, I'm blest to meet thee there.

346 PART V. 8. 8. 6. Chatham, 59.

Early Lord's day morning.

PEARCE.

- 1 **O**UR precious Lord, on duty bent,
 To lonely places often went,
 To seek his Father there ;

- The early morn and dewy ground
 Can witness they the Saviour found
 Engaged in fervent prayer.
- 2 And did my Saviour love to pray
 Ere dawning light unveil'd the day?
 Shall I not do so too?
 O may I be inspired with zeal
 To execute my Father's will
 As Jesus used to do.
- 3 [And you who love his sacred name,
 Who love to imitate the Lamb,
 And more of Jesus know;
 Come, let us all surround his throne,
 And see what blessings on his own
 Our Saviour will bestow.]
- 4 Tho' fears be great, temptations strong,
 And you may oft have waited long,
 Perhaps he may design
 This morn to give each soul to see,
 And say with Paul, 'He died for me,'
 And my Redeemer's mine.

346 PART VI. 148th. Burnham, 396.

Sabbath morning.

- 1 **W**ELCOME, delightful morn!
 Thou day of sacred rest!
 I hail thy kind return:
 Lord, make these moments blest:
 From the low train of mortal toys
 I soar to reach immortal joys.
- 2 Now may the King descend,
 And fill his throne of grace;
 Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
 While saints address thy face:

Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

- 3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Display the Saviour's love,
And bless the sacred hours ;
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor sabbath days be spent in vain.

346 PART VII. C. M. Suffolk, 315.

Lord's day morning service.

- 1 **O**N this sweet morn my Lord arose
Triumphant o'er the grave ;
He dies to vanquish all my foes,
And lives again to save.
- 2 I bless his name, and hail the morn,—
It is my Lord's own day ;
And faithful souls will surely scorn
To sleep the hours away.
- 3 These are the precious sacred hours
On which my Lord I've seen ;
And oft, when feasting on his word,
Delighted I have been.
- 4 I come, I hear, and sing, and pray :
How sweet those days of love !
But what a sabbath shall I keep
When I shall rest above !
- 5 O if my soul, when death appears,
In this sweet frame be found,
I'll clasp my Saviour in my arms,
And leave this earthly ground.
- 6 On all thy flock thy Spirit pour,
All saving grace convey ;

A sweet refreshing Lord's day shower
Will make them sing and pray.

346 PART VIII. Angel's Hymn, 60.
The silver trumpets calling the assemblies.
Numb. x. 2.

- 1 **T**HE day of rest once more comes round,
A day to all believers dear ;
The silver trumpets seem to sound
That call the tribes of Israel near.
- 2 Obedient to thy summons, Lord,
We to thy sanctuary come ;
Thy gracious presence here afford,
And send thy people joyful home.
- 3 O hasten, Lord, the day of rest,
When we shall see thee face to face :
Then shall we be supremely blest,
Eternal debtors to thy grace.

346 PART IX. 8. 8. 6. Praise, 321.
Zeal for the house of God.
Psa. cxxii. MERRICK.

- 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.
- 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 implored by each on thee,
 On Sion, while with bended knee,
 To Jacob's God we pray ;
 How blest who calls himself thy friend !
 Success his labours 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 bless thy loved abode ?
 How cease the zeal that in me glows,
 Thy good to seek whose walls enclose
 The mansions of my God !

346

PART X. 112th. Coventry, 529.

Hymn for the Lord's day morning. STEELE.

- 1 GREAT God, this sacred day of thine
 Demands our soul's collected powers ;
 May we employ in work divine
 These solemn, these devoted hours !
 O may our souls, adoring, own
 The grace which calls us to thy throne !
- 2 Hence, ye vain cares and trifles, fly,
 Where God resides appear no more ;
 Omniscient God, thy piercing eye
 Can every secret thought explore.
 O may thy grace our hearts refine,
 And fix our thoughts on things divine !

- 3 The word of life, dispensed to-day,
 Invites us to a heavenly feast :
 May every ear the call obey,
 Be every heart a humble guest !
 O bid the wretched sons of need
 On soul-reviving dainties feed !
- 4 Thy Spirit's powerful aid impart :
 O may thy word, with life divine,
 Engage the ear, and warm the heart :
 Then shall the day indeed be thine,—
 Then shall our souls, adoring, own
 The grace which calls us to thy throne.

346

PART XI. C. M. Lydia, 327.

The sabbath—praise.

S. WESLEY.

- 1 **T**HE Lord of sabbath let us praise,
 In concert with the blest ;
 Who, joyful in harmonious lays,
 Employ an endless rest.
- 2 Thus, Lord, while we remember thee,
 We blest and pious grow ;
 By hymns of praise we learn to be
 Triumphant here below.
- 3 On this glad day a brighter scene
 Of glory was display'd,
 By God, the eternal Word, than when
 This universe was made.
- 4 He rises, who mankind has bought
 With grief and pain extreme :
 'T was great to speak a world from nought ;
 'T was greater to redeem.

346 PART XII. C. M. Harmonia, 390.

The sabbath—private prayers. C. WESLEY.

- 1 **M**AY I, throughout this day of thine,
Be in thy Spirit, Lord,
Spirit of humble fear divine,
That trembles at thy word,—
- 2 Spirit of faith, my heart to raise,
And fix on things above,—
Spirit of sacrifice and praise,
Of holiness and love.

347 7's. Feversham, 220. Hannah, 342.

A song of praise to the Redeemer.

Psa. xl. 7, 8.

D. TURNER.

- 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 involved in guilt and woe,
Touch'd his tender bosom so,
That when justice death demands,
Forth the great Deliverer stands ;
- 3 Cries to God, 'Thy mercy show ;
Lo! I come thy will to do ;
I the sacrifice will be ;
Death shall plunge his dart in me.'
- 4 Though 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 the amazing love.

- 6 Through the shining hours of day,
Toil and danger mark his way ;
Lonely mounts, and chilling air,
Witness 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!
Re-ascends 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. Eaton, 291. Morning Hymn, 398.

The sabbath.

STENNETT.

- 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. Jubilate, 473.

Hymn for Lord's day morning.

- 1 **A**WAKE, our drowsy souls,
Shake off each slothful band ;
The wonders of this day
Our noblest songs demand :
Auspicious morn ! thy blissful rays
Bright seraphs hail in songs of praise.
- 2 At thy approaching dawn,
Reluctant death resign'd
The glorious Prince of life,
In dark domains confined :
Th' angelic host around him bends,
And 'midst their shouts the God ascends.
- 3 All hail, triumphant Lord !
Heaven with hosannas rings ;
While earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings ;

' Worthy art thou, who once wast slain,
Through endless years to live and reign.'

- 4 Gird on, great God, thy sword,
Ascend thy conquering car,
While justice, truth, and love,
Maintain the glorious war :
Victorious, thou thy foes shalt tread,
And sin and hell in triumph lead.
- 5 Make bare thy potent arm,
And wing the unerring dart,
With salutary pangs,
To each rebellious heart :
Then dying souls for life shall sue,
Numerous as drops of morning dew.

350 C. M. Salem, 139. Northampton, 520.

Lord's day evening.

BROWNE.

- 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' ethereal plains,
 And take our fill of joy.

351 PART I. C. M. Submission, 364.

Lord's day evening.

CENNICK.

- 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 PART II. L. M. Portugal, 97.

Lord's day evening.

WATTS.

- 1 **L**ORD, how delightful 't is to see
 A whole assembly worship thee!
 At once they sing, at once they pray;
 They hear of heaven, and learn the way.

- 2 I have been there, and still would go ;
 'T is like a little heaven below ;
 Nor all that hell or sin can say
 Shall tempt me to forget this day.
- 3 O write upon my memory, 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 through his blood,
 I may lie down and wake with God.

351 PART III. S. M. Whitefield's, 168.

Sabbath evening recollections. EDMESTON.

- 1 **T**HE light of sabbath-eve
 Is fading fast away ;
 What pleasing record will it leave
 To crown the closing day ?
- 2 Is it a sabbath spent
 Fruitless, and vain, and void ?
 Or have these precious moments lent
 Been sacredly employ'd ?
- 3 How dreadful and how drear,
 In yon dark world of pain,
 Will sabbath seasons lost appear,
 That cannot come again.
- 4 God of these blissful hours,
 O may we never dare
 To waste, in worldly thoughts of ours,
 These sacred days of prayer !

351 PART IV. 7's. Deptford, 124.

Lord's day evening in retirement.

- 1 LORD, I've met thy saints to-day,
Where they join'd to praise and pray,
And have listen'd to thy word,
Gladly of my Saviour heard:
Still I pant thy face to see;
Wilt thou now retire with me?
- 2 Come, thou dear Immanuel, come,
Make my heart thy constant home,
Let me now thine influence feel,
Here thy richest love reveal:
Fain would I commune with thee;
Dearest Lord, retire with me.
- 3 May the savour of thy word
Joy in solitude afford;
Seal its truths upon my heart,
Let me ne'er from thee depart:
Lord, content I cannot be,
Till thou dost retire with me.
- 4 Stay, thou heavenly lover, stay,
Drive each earthly thought away;
Fix my soul on things divine;
May I be for ever thine!
Thus on earth may I be blest,
Till I rise to endless rest.

352 L. M. Gloucester, 12. Job, 474.

The eternal sabbath. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 LORD of the sabbath, hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thy house;
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from the desert rise.

- 2 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.
- 3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
 Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place ;
 No groans to mingle with the songs
 Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 4 No rude alarms of raging foes ;
 No cares to break the long repose ;
 No midnight shade, no clouded sun ;
 But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 5 O long-expected day, begin ;
 Dawn on these realms of woe and sin :
 Fain would we leave this weary road,
 And sleep in death, to rest with God.

 HYMNS BEFORE PRAYER.

353 PART I. C. M. Providence, 367.

Importance of prayer.

BEDDOME.

- 1 **P**RAYER is the breath of God in man,
 Returning whence it came :
 Love is the sacred fire within,
 And prayer the rising flame.
- 2 It gives the burden'd spirit ease,
 And soothes the troubled breast ;
 Yields comfort to the mourning soul,
 And to the weary rest.
- 3 The prayers and praises of the saints,
 Like precious odours sweet,
 Ascend and spread a rich perfume
 Around the mercy-seat.

- 4 When God inclines the heart to pray,
 He hath an ear to hear ;
 To him there 's music in a groan,
 And beauty in a tear.
- 5 The humble suppliant cannot fail
 To have his wants supplied,
 Since He for sinners intercedes,
 Who once for sinners died.

353 PART II. L. M. Portugal, 97.

Exhortations to prayer.

COWPER.

- 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 darken'd cloud with-
 draw,
 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
 And Satan trembles when he sees [bright ;
 The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
 Success was found on Israel's side ;
 But when through 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 oftener be,
 'Hear what the Lord has done for me!'

353 PART III. L. M. Ulverston, 179.

Ask, and it shall be given you.

1 COME, needy soul, howe'er distress'd;
 And hear from heav'n thyself address'd;

Ask, saith the Lord, and let me know
 What I shall now on thee bestow.

2 Art thou to seriousness inclined?

Ask, and I 'll solemnize thy mind:
 Dost thou want love to Jesus' name?
 Ask, and enjoy the matchless flame.

3 Dost thou want faith and holy fear?

Ask, and behold the blessings near:
 Dost thou want strength to conquer sin?
 Ask, and the victory thou shalt win.

4 Dost thou want justifying grace,
 Through Christ's all-perfect righteous-
 Or holy peace and pardon seal'd? [ness?
 Ask, for they wait to be reveal'd.

5 Would'st thou sweet fellowship renew
 With Father, Son, and Spirit too;—
 Delight thyself in God and prayer?
 Ask, for the blessings promised are.

6 Would'st thou thy all to Jesus yield,
 Be with his mind and spirit fill'd,
 The heights of holiness attain?
 Ask, for thou canst not ask in vain.

- 7 Would'st thou surmount the fear of death,
Serenely breathe thy latest breath,
And live till then as those in heaven?
Ask, ask, the bliss shall all be given.

EPIPHONEMA.

- 8 Sweet precept, and sweet promise, Lord!
We 'll ask, encouraged by thy word;
Now shall our wants be all supplied,
For Christ has promised, Christ has died!

353

PART IV. 7's. Turin, 244.

Ask what I shall give thee.

1 Kings iii. 5.

NEWTON.

- 1 **C**OME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.
- 2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin,—
Lord; remove this load of sin;
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 4 Lord! I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast:
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.
- 5 As the image in the glass
Answers the beholder's face;
Thus into my heart appear,
Print thine own resemblance there.

- 6 While I am a pilgrim here,
 Let thy love my spirit cheer ;
 As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
 Lead me to my journey's end.
- 7 Show me what I have to do,
 Every hour my strength renew ;
 Let me live a life of faith,
 Let me die thy people's death.

354 7's. Turin, 244. Hannah, 342.
Holy importunity. Gen. xxxii. 26.

- 1 **L**ORD, I cannot let thee go,
 Till a blessing thou bestow ;
 Do not turn away thy face,
 Mine 's an urgent, pressing case.
- 2 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.
- 3 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,
'T is thy goodness makes me bold ;
I can no denial take,
When I plead for Jesus' sake.

355 C. M. Ludlow, 84. Devizes, 14.

The successful resolve.

JONES.

- 1 COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come, with your guilt and fear opprest,
And make this last resolve:—
- 2 'I'll go to Jesus, though 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.
- 4 '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 resolved to try ;
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die.

7 ' But if I die with mercy sought,
 When I the King have tried,
 This were to die (delightful thought !)
 As sinner never died.'

356 S. M. Eagle-street, 55. Stoke, 207.

A broken heart and a bleeding Saviour.

BEDDOME, alt.

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 may'st reject that worthless thing,
 But not his sacrifice.

3 When he gave up the ghost,
 The law was satisfied ;
 And now to its most rigorous claims
 I answer, ' Jesus died.'

357 L. M. Ripon, 188. Antiquity, 331.

Holy boldness.

BEDDOME.

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, though myself a wretch undone,
 Hope for acceptance through thy Son—

- 4 Thy Son, who on th' accursed tree
Expired to set the vilest free ;
On this I build my only claim,
And all I ask is in his name.

358 PART I. 8. 8. 6. Chatham, 59.

The Lord's prayer. J. STRAPHAN.

- 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.

358

PART II. C. M. Arabia, 324.

Prayer.

MONTGOMERY.

- 1 **P**RAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
 Utter'd or unexpress'd;
 The motion of a hidden fire,
 That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burthen of a sigh,
 The falling of a tear;
 The upward glancing of an eye,
 When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
 That infant lips can try;
 Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
 The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
 The Christian's native air;
 His watchword at the gates of death:
 He enters heaven with prayer.
- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
 Returning from his ways;
 While angels in their songs rejoice,
 And cry, 'Behold he prays!'
- 6 The saints in prayer appear as one,
 In word, and deed, and mind;

- While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.
- 7 Nor prayer is made on earth alone ;
The Holy Spirit pleads ;
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
For mourners intercedes.
- 8 O thou, by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way !
The path of prayer thyself hast trod :
Lord ! teach us how to pray.

HYMNS BEFORE SERMON.

- 359** L. M. Portugal, 97. Samuel, 427.
To be sung between prayer and sermon.

STENNETT.

- 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** PART I. C. M. Great Milton, 212.
The necessity of Divine influence.

- 1 **I**N vain Apollos' silver tongue,
And Paul's, with strains profound,
Diffuse among the listening throng
The gospel's gladd'ning sound.

2 Jesus, the work is wholly thine
 To form the heart anew ;
 Now let thy sovereign grace divine
 Each stubborn soul subdue.

360 PART II. L. M. New Sabbath, 122.

The message of God. Judges iii. 20.

1 GREAT God, to-day thy grace impart,
 Bring home thy word to every heart ;
 Deep let this truth impressed be,
 God has a message unto me.

2 O be thine arm revealed now,
 That stubborn enemies may bow,
 And say, and feel, and clearly see,
 God has a message unto me.

3 Now also let each saint rejoice,
 And thankful sing with heart and voice,
 Blessed for ever let him be,
 God has a message unto me.

360 PART III. L. M. Wareham, 117.

Speak, Lord, &c. 1 Sam. iii. 9.

1 SPEAK, Lord, to each of us this day,
 But from the mercy-seat, we pray ;
 That all may with deep reverence hear,
 Receive thy word, adore, and fear.

2 May careless sinners now attend,
 And ponder well their latter end ;
 And for this day have cause to praise,
 While angels chant their endless lays.

3 O make the rocky heart to feel,
 Though harder than the harden'd steel ;
 Repentance unto life impart,
 That pleasing penitential smart.

- 4 [Bless those who think they are too good
To need the Saviour's precious blood ;
Alas ! too good to be forgiven !
Too good to sing the songs of heaven !
- 5 Bless those who are too bad, they say,
For Christ to wash their sins away ;
But show the souls who mercy crave
He to the uttermost will save.]
- 6 O let us all without delay
Hear the Redeemer's voice to-day ;—
Pardon and saving grace partake,
With all we need, for Jesus' sake.

361 PART I. 112th. Simeon's Song, 438.

Before sermon.

FAWCETT.

- 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
bless,
And crown thy gospel with success.
- 2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above ;
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread :
Chor. Thus, Lord, &c.
- 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, Lord, &c.
- 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, Lord, &c.

361 PART II. L. M. Gould's, 272.

Longing for God's presence.

- 1 **L**OOK from on high, great God, and see
Thy saints 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. Michael's, 119. Sprowston, 365.

Freeness of the gospel. BEDDOME.

- 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 7's. St. Andrew's, 502. Aaron, 508.

A blessing requested.

HAMMOND.

1 **L**ORD, we come before thee now;
 At thy feet we humbly bow;
 Oh, 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. Walton, 352.

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?

2 Sinners on every side step in,
 And wash away their pain and sin;
 But I, a helpless, sin-sick soul,
 Still lie expiring at the pool.

3 Thou covenant Angel, swift come down ;
 To-day thine own appointments crown ;
 Thy power into the means infuse,
 And give them now their sacred use.

4 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 Helmsley, 223. Tenterden, 495.

Prayer for minister and people.

1 **D**EAREST Saviour, help thy servant
 To proclaim thy wondrous love ;
 Pour thy grace upon this people,
 That thy truth they may approve ;
 Bless, O bless them,
 From thy shining courts above.

2 Now thy gracious word invites them
 To partake the gospel feast ;
 Let thy Spirit sweetly draw them ;
 Every soul be Jesus' guest.
 O receive us,
 Let us find thy promised rest.

366

PART I. L. M. Job, 474.

Casting the gospel net. Luke v. 5.

1 **N**OW, 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 restored,
 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.]

366 PART II. C. M. Providence, 10.

The bow drawn at a venture.

1 Kings xxii. 34.

- 1 **A** CERTAIN man, when Ahab's sin
 Was ripe for punishment,
 At a mere venture drew his bow,
 But God the arrow sent.
- 2 Thus in simplicity we bend
 The Scripture's wondrous bow,
 The arrow's random in our hands,
 But destined where to go.
- 3 Then, Lord, the random arrow guide
 To some poor sinner's heart;
 But to the wounded, bleeding mind
 Thy healing balm impart.

366 PART III. L. M. Bampton, 275.

The same.

- 1 **W**HILE at a venture, gracious Lord,
 Thy servant draws the gospel bow,
 Direct the arrow to the heart,
 For thou canst wound and heal, we know.
- 2 But dip it in the Saviour's blood,
 Wing it with mercy from above,
 That each may feel the pleasing pain
 Of heartfelt penitence and love.

366 PART IV. C. M. Turvey, 558.

Christ's presence entreated in the church.

Hag. ii. 7.

STEELE.

- 1 **C**OME, thou desire of all thy saints,
Our humble strains attend,
While, with our praises and complaints,
Low at thy feet we bend.
- 2 When we thy wondrous glories hear,
And all thy sufferings trace,
What sweetly awful scenes appear!
What rich unbounded grace!
- 3 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise!
How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies!
- 4 But ah! the song how cold it flows!
How languid our desire!
How faint the sacred passion glows,
Till thou the heart inspire!
- 5 Come, Lord, thy love alone can raise
In us the heavenly flame;
Then shall our lips resound thy praise,
Our hearts adore thy name.
- 6 Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine,
A heaven on earth appear.
- 7 Then shall our hearts enraptured say,
Come, great Redeemer, come,
And bring the bright, the glorious day,
That calls thy children home.

367

S. M. Wirksworth, 158.

He beheld the city, and wept over it.

Luke xix. 41.

BEDDOME.

- 1 **D**ID Christ o'er simmers 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 heaven alone no sin is found,
And there 's no weeping there.

368

8. 7. 4. Helmsley, 223. Tenterden, 495.

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.
- 2 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. Chelsea, 112: Sovereignty, 362.

Blind Bartimeus. Luke xviii. 35—38.

- 1 **S**INFUL, and blind, and poor,
And lost, without thy grace,

370, 371 WORSHIP.

Thy mercy I implore,
And wait to see thy face ;
Begging I sit by the way-side,
And long to know the Crucified.

- 2 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 show me now thy pardoning love.

370 L. M. Job, 474. Oswestry, 514.

Thy kingdom come. BEDDOME.

- 1 **A**SCEND thy throne, Almighty King,
And spread thy glories all abroad ;
Let thine own arm salvation bring,
And be thou known the gracious God.
- 2 Let millions bow before thy seat,
Let humble mourners seek thy face,
Bring daring rebels to thy feet,
Subdued 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 through heaven and earth adored.

371 PART I. L. M. Antiquity, 331.

Vision of the dry bones. Ezek. xxxvii. 3.

DODDRIDGE.

- 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, [death ;
Life spreads through all the realms of
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.

371 PART II. L. M. Wareham, 117.

Prayer for the whole congregation.

- 1 **L**ORD, in our hearts implant thy fear,
And make and keep us all sincere ;
Draw burthen'd sinners to thy Son,
And make him to his mourners known.
- 2 Thy richest grace vouchsafe to give
As each is able to receive ;
The blessed grief to all impart,
Or joy, or purity of heart.
- 3 Our helpless unbelief remove,
And melt us by thy pardoning love ;
Work in us faith, or faith's increase—
The dawning or the perfect peace.
- 4 Give each whate'er for each is best,
But grant us all the promised rest ;
Thy blessing in the means convey,
Nor empty send one soul away.

HYMNS AFTER SERMON.

372 C. M. Bath Chapel, 26. Tekoa, 334.

The parable of the sower.

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 PART I. 148th. Sovereignty, 362.

Success requested.

NEWTON.

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.

373 PART II. 8. 7. 4. Kentucky, 113.

Show me a token for good.

GRANT us, Lord, some gracious token
 Of thy love before we part ;
 Crown thy word which has been spoken,
 Life and peace to each impart,
 And all blessings
 Which shall sanctify the heart.

373 PART III. 148th. Carter-lane; 141.

A blessing implored. NEWTON.

- 1 **T**O thee our wants are known,
 From thee are all our powers;
 Accept what is thine own,
 And pardon what is ours:
 Our praises, Lord, and prayers receive,
 And to thy word a blessing give.
- 2 O grant that each of us,
 Now met before thee here,
 May meet together thus,
 When thou and thine appear,
 And follow thee to heaven our home,
 E'en so, Amen, Lord Jesus, come.

373 PART IV. C. M. Halifax, 258.

Rest, the end of duty. NEWTON.

- 1 **W**E seek a rest beyond the skies,
 In everlasting day;
 Through floods and flames the passage lies,
 But Jesus guards the way;
- 2 The swelling flood, and raging flame,
 Hear and obey his word;
 Then let us triumph in his name,
 Our Saviour is the Lord.

374 L. M. Denbigh, 54. Buxton, 347.

The spread of the gospel.

- 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 show.
- 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. St. George's, 2.

Duties and privileges. GIBBONS.

- 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, preserved in Christ, and call'd,
Detest their impious ways,
And on the basis of your faith
A heavenly temple raise.
- 3 Upon the Spirit's promised 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 PART I. C. M. Submission, 362.

Now is the accepted time.

- 1 **C**OME, guilty souls, and flee away
To Christ, and heal your wounds ;
This is the welcome gospel day,
Wherein free grace abounds.
- 2 God loved 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 PART II. L. M. Eaton, 291.
The convinced sinner encouraged.

- 1 **W**HO 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?
- 2 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 PART I. L. M. St. Paul's, 246.
Acceptance through Christ alone.

John xiv. 6.

STENNETT.

- 1 **H**OW shall the sons of men appear,
Great God, before thine awful bar?
How may the guilty hope to find
Acceptance with th' Eternal Mind?
- 2 Not vows, nor groans, nor broken cries,
Not the most costly sacrifice,
Not infant blood profusely spilt,
Will expiate a sinner's guilt.
- 3 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 PART II. 7's. Aaron, 508.
Pleasures of religion.

MASTERS.

- 1 **T**IS religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'T is religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

2 After death its joys will be
 Lasting as eternity.
 Be the living God my friend,
 Then my bliss shall never end.

378 L. M. China, 300. Ely, 446.
 Habakkuk iii. 17, 18.

1 **I**S Jesus mine! I 'm now prepared
 To meet with what I thought most
 Yes, let the winds of trouble blow, [hard;
 And comforts melt away like snow;
 2 No blasted trees, nor failing crops,
 Can hinder my eternal hopes; [same,
 Tho' creatures change, the Lord 's the
 Then let me triumph in his name.

379 7's. 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. Langshaw, 424.
Felix trembling. Acts xxiv. 24, 25.

1 **S**EE Felix, clothed with pomp and
 See his resplendent bride, [power,
 Attend to hear a prisoner preach
 The Saviour crucified.
 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.'
- 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, 55. Lonsdale, 298.
Jabez's prayer. DODDRIDGE.

- 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 PART I. C. M. Northampton, 520.
Inquiring the way to Zion.
 Psa. lxxxiv. 8. GIBBONS.

- 1 LORD God, omnipotent to bless,
 My supplication hear;
 Guardian of Jacob, hear 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 comprised in this,
 To follow where thy saints have led,
 And then partake their bliss.

382 PART II. C. M. Sprague, 166.

Hope and 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 show 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 PART I. 104th. Portugal New, 263.

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 blest vision completed in thee.

383

PART II. L.M. Shoels, 309.

Gratitude to Christ.

- 1 **T**O 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.
- 2 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.
- 3 Through 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

PART I. C. M. Jerusalem, 379.

Not unto us. Psalm cxv. 1.

- 1 **N**OT unto us, but thee alone,
 Bless'd Lamb, be glory given ;
 Here shall thy praises be begun,
 And carried on in heaven.
- 2 The hosts of spirits now with thee
 Eternal anthems sing ;
 To imitate them here, lo ! we
 Our hallelujahs bring.
- 3 Had we our tongues like them inspired,
 Like theirs our songs should rise :
 Like them we never should be tired,
 But love the sacrifice.
- 4 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 PART II. C. M. Otford, 106.

Joy and glory in the Lord. BEDDOME.

- 1 **Y**E saints of every rank, with joy
 To God your offering bring;
 Let towns and cities, hills and vales,
 With loud hosannas ring.
- 2 Let him receive the glory due
 To his exalted name; [flamed,
 With thankful tongues and hearts in-
 His wondrous deeds proclaim.
- 3 Praise him in elevated strains,
 And make the world to know
 How great the Master whom ye serve,
 And yet how gracious too.

384 PART III. S. M. Thrapstone, 353.

God's care, and remedy for ours.

1 Pet. v. 7. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **H**OW gentle God's command!
 How kind his precepts are!
 'Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
 And trust his constant care.'
- 2 While Providence supports,
 Let saints securely dwell;
 That hand which bears all nature up
 Shall guide his children well.
- 3 Why should this anxious load
 Press down your weary mind?
 Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
 And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 His goodness stands approved
 Down to the present day;
 I'll drop my burden at his feet,
 And bear a song away.

385

8's. Lock, 49. Israel, 94.

Our God for ever and ever.

HART.

- 1 **T**HIS God is the God we adore,
 Our faithful unchangeable Friend,
 Whose love is as large as his power,
 And neither knows measure nor end :
- 2 'T is 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. Newington, 61. Rochester, 459.

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 Melchizedec.
- 3 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.
- 4 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. Bentinck, 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 though 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
 Through all eternity :
 Worthy the Lamb !

388 L. M. Lebanon, 79. Malta, 500.

At dismissal.

HART.

- 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 Though 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.

389 8. 7. 4. Helmsley, 223. Westbury, 51.

At dismissal.

- 1 **L**ORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
 Let us each, thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace :
 O refresh us !
 Travelling through 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 angel's wings to heaven,
 Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,
 May we ready
 Rise, and reign in endless day!

390 C. M. Bath Chapel, 26. Piety, 513.

Growth in sanctification.

- 1 **N**OW may the God of peace and love,
 Who from th' imprisoning grave
 Restored the Shepherd of the sheep,
 Omnipotent to save;
- 2 Through the rich merits of that blood
 Which he on Calvary spilt,
 To make the eternal covenant sure
 On which our hopes are built;
- 3 Perfect our souls in every grace
 To 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
 Through heaven's eternal day.

391 L. M. Islington, 40. Dresden, 178.

The peace of God.

NEWTON.

- 1 **T**HE peace which God alone reveals,
 And by his word of grace imparts,
 Which only the 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. Alexandria, 301. Tarleton, 210.

The benediction.

2 Cor. xiii. 14.

NEWTON.

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

MEETING AND PARTING.

393 PART I. S. M. Finsbury, 155.

At parting.

1 **H**OW oft we joyful meet,
 Then separate with pain:
 Soon we shall part—no more on earth
 Ever to meet again.

2 O may we meet above,
 Our Saviour to adore,
 Where we shall know, as we are known,
 And then shall part no more.

393 PART II. L. M. Homerton, 310.

At parting.

1 **W**HILE pilgrims, Lord, we yet remain,
 To part, and meet, and part again,
 Let prayer and praise our lives employ,
 Thy presence still our highest joy;
 And when our pilgrimage is o'er,
 O may we meet to part no more.

- 2 Present salvation let us prove,
 In God the Father's boundless love,
 In God the Son's redeeming grace,
 In God the Spirit's heavenly peace;
 Then, when our pilgrimage is o'er,
 We hope to meet to part no more.

393

PART III. L. M. Wells, 102.

A welcome to Christian friends. NEWTON.

- 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 't is 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 communications 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 lived, 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.

394 PART I. L. M. Wareham, 117.

Dismission.

H. K. WHITE.

- 1 COME, Christian brethren, ere we part
Join every voice and every heart ;
One solemn hymn to God we raise,
The closing song of grateful praise.
- 2 Perhaps we here may meet no more,
But there is yet a happier shore ;
And there, released from toil and pain,
Dear brethren, we shall meet again.
- 3 And now to God, the Three in One,
Be everlasting glory done ;
Raise, raise, ye saints, the sound again,
Ye nations, join the loud Amen.

394 PART II. 7's. St. Andrews, 502.

At parting.

- 1 FOR a season call'd to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.
- 2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer !
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.
- 3 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.
- 4 Then, if thou thy help afford,
Ebenezers shall be rear'd ;
And our souls shall praise the Lord
Who our poor petitions heard.

394 PART III. L. M. Magdalene, 214.

The Christian farewell. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **T**HY presence, everlasting God,
Wide o'er all nature spreads abroad ;
Thy watchful eyes, which cannot sleep,
In every place thy children keep.
- 2 While near each other we remain
Thou dost our lives and souls sustain ;
When absent, happy if we share
Thy smiles, thy counsels, and thy care.
- 3 To thee we all our ways commit,
And seek our comforts near thy feet ;
Still on our souls vouchsafe to shine,
And guard and guide us still as thine.
- 4 Give us, in thy beloved house,
Again to pay our thankful vows ;
Or if that joy no more be known,
Give us to meet around thy throne.

395 L. M. Mark's, 65. New Sabbath, 122.

Meeting and parting.

- 1 **O**NCE more in peace we meet again,
But call'd to part, we part in pain,
And solemn scenes around us show
We soon shall meet no more below.
- 2 Then let us meet, and praise, and pray,
And live like Christ from day to day ;
Within the veil our anchor cast,
And hope to meet in heaven at last.
- 3 There may we not each other miss,
But meet and mingle into bliss ;
And raptured endless praise renew
To Father, Son, and Spirit too.

396

PART I. L. M. Eaton, 291.

Parting of Christian friends.

- 1 **L**ORD, if we meet on earth no more,
LO may we meet on Canaan's shore ;
 Leave sin, and guilt, and death behind,
 And every bliss in glory find.
- 2 But if we longer here remain,
 And ever meet on earth again,
 May each with growing faith and love
 Be fitter for thy courts above.

396

PART II. C. M. Bolton, 433.

Union at parting.

C. WESLEY.

- 1 **B**LEST be the dear uniting love,
 That will not let us part :
 Our bodies may far off remove,—
 We still are one in heart.
- 2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head,
 Where he appoints we go ;
 And still in Jesu's footsteps tread,
 And show his praise below.
- 3 O may we ever walk in him,
 And nothing know beside ;
 Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
 But Jesus crucified.
- 4 Closer and closer let us cleave
 To his beloved embrace ;
 Expect his fulness to receive,
 And grace to answer grace.
- 5 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
 The same in mind and heart,
 Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
 Nor life, nor death can part.

- 6 But let us hasten to the day
 Which shall our flesh restore,
 When death shall all be done away,
 And bodies part no more!

397 S. M. Lonsdale, 298. Falcon-st. 209.

Parting.

HART.

- 1 **O**NCE more, before we part,
 We'll bless the Saviour's name;
 Record his mercy, every heart,
 Sing, every tongue, the same.
- 2 Hoard up his sacred word,
 And feed thereon and grow;
 Go on to seek to know the Lord,
 And practise what you know.

THE WORLD.

398 L. M. Portugal, 97. Samuel, 427.

The vanity of earthly things. BLACKMORE.

- 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 a 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 the 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 bliss, 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. New York, 33. Biggleswade, 422.

Vanity of the world.

STENNETT.

- 1 **I**N vain the giddy world inquires,
Forgetful of their God,
'Who will supply our vast desires,
Or show us any good?'
- 2 Through 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;
Assured of thy forgiving grace,
My joys will be divine.

400 C. M. Tunbridge, 103. Langshaw, 424.
The rich fool surprised.

Luke xii. 16—22.

NEEDHAM.

- 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 pleased
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
The Almighty made reply; [heaven
'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. Abridge, 201.
Value of the soul.

- 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?
- 2 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.
- 3 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 PART I. L. M. Lebanon, 79.
The farewell. WATTS.

- 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, mine ears.
- 2 Lord, 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 **B**ogone, 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.

- 1 **C**OME, my fond fluttering heart,
 Come, struggle to be free;
 Thou and the world must part,
 However hard it be:
 My trembling spirit owns it just,
 But cleaves yet closer to the dust.
- 2 Ye tempting sweets, forbear;
 Ye dearest idols, fall;
 My love ye must not share.
 Jesus shall have it all:
 'T is bitter pain, 't is cruel smart,
 But ah! thou must consent, my heart!
- 3 Ye fair enchanting throng,
 Ye golden dreams, farewell!
 Earth has prevail'd too long,
 And now I break the spell:
 Ye cherish'd joys of early years!
 Jesus, forgive these parting tears.
- 4 But must I part with all?
 My heart still fondly pleads:
 Yes—Dagon's self must fall,
 It beats, it throbs, it bleeds.

Is there no balm in Gilead found,
To soothe and heal the smarting wound ?

5 O yes, there is a balm,
A kind Physician there,
My fever'd mind to calm,
To bid me not despair :
Aid me, dear Saviour, set me free,
And I will all resign to Thee.

6 O may I feel thy worth,
And let no idol dare,
No vanity of earth,
With thee, my Lord, compare ;
Now bid all worldly joys depart,
And reign supremely in my heart.

THE GOSPEL CHURCH.

403 PART I. L. M. Angel's Hymn, 60.

The bush burning, but not consumed.

Exod. iii. 2.

RYLAND.

1 **T**HE burning bush which Moses saw
Might justly his attention draw :
Could ever sight like this be seen,—
The fire so bright, the bush so green ?

2 'T was no great wonder there to see
Fire kindled on so mean a tree ;
But who could possibly presume
The flame would not the bush consume ?

3 Turning aside to see the cause,
The reason soon discover'd was :
God in the bush the fire restrain'd ;
God in the fire the bush sustain'd.

- 4 Thus he preserves from age to age
 His church in persecution's rage;
 What torturing flames the martyrs felt!
 But in the bush Jehovah dwelt.
- 5 So, midst the sense of wrath divine,
 Due to unnumbered sins of mine,
 And wrath of men and rage of hell,
 I live—if Christ within me dwell.
- 6 His presence keeps the bush alive,
 And midst the fire can make us thrive:
 Nor need a single saint despair,
 Long as he finds Immanuel there.

403

PART II. C. M. Harmonia, 392.

The stability and glory of Zion.

Cant. vi. 10.

GIBBONS.

- 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 a 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.

PAUSE.

- 6 Far, far beyond my highest joy
 I prize her heavenly ways,
 Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
 Her hymns of love and praise.
- 7 Sure as thy truth, O God, shall last,
 To Sion shall be given
 The brightest glories earth can yield,
 And brighter bliss of heaven.

403

PART III. L. M. Job, 474.

The holy city purified and guarded.

Is. lii. 1, 2.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **T**RIUMPHANT Zion, lift thy head
 From dust, and darkness, and the dead,
 Though humbled long, awake at length,
 And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.
- 2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
 And let thy various charms be known ;
 The world thy glories shall confess,
 Deck'd in the robes of righteousness.
- 3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
 And fill thy hallow'd walls with dread ;
 No more shall hell's insulting host
 Their victory and thy sorrows boast.
- 4 God from on high thy groans will hear ;
 His hand thy ruins shall repair ;
 Rear'd and adorn'd by love divine,
 Thy towers and battlements shall shine.

5 Grace shall dispose my heart and voice
 To share and echo back her joys ;
 Nor will her watchful Monarch cease
 To guard her in eternal peace.

404

PART I. L. M. Derby, 169.

The presence of Christ the joy of his people.

STEELE.

- 1 **T**HE wondering nations have beheld
 The sacred prophecy fulfill'd,
 And angels hail the glorious morn
 That show'd the great Messiah born :
- 2 The Prince ! the Saviour ! long desired,
 Whom men foretold, by Heaven inspired,
 And raptur'd saw the blissful day .
 Rise o'er the world with healing ray.
- 3 Oft, in the temples 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,
 'T is 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.

404 PART II. L. M. Claybury, 310.

Perpetual presence of God desired.

1 O THOU, the hope of Israel's host,
Their strength, their helper, and their
boast,

How oft their Saviour hast thou been,
In times of trouble and of sin.

2 And have not we beheld thy face?
Thy visits crown'd the means of grace;
O come *again*, indulgent Lord,
With all the joy thy smiles afford.

3 'Enter our hearts, Redeemer blest,
Enter, thou ever honour'd Guest;
Enter, and make our hearts thine own,'
Thy house, thy temple, and thy throne.

4 And stay, not only for a night,
To bless us with a transient sight;
But with us *dwell* , through time,—and
then

In heaven for *evermore* .—Amen.

405 PART I. C. M. Gratitude, 383.

Asking the way to Zion.

Jer. i. 5.

DODDRIDGE.

1 INQUIRE, ye pilgrims, for the way
That leads to Zion's hill,
And thither set your steady face,
With a determined 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 yourselves to God
In everlasting bands ;
Accept the blessings he bestows,
With thankful hearts and hands.

405

PART II. C. M. Lydia, 327.

The high way to Zion.

Isa. xxxv. 8—10.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **S**ING, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Your great Deliverer sing :
Pilgrims for Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King.
- 2 See the fair way his hand hath raised ;
How holy and how plain !
Nor shall the simplest traveller err,
Nor ask the track in vain.
- 3 No ravening lion shall destroy,
Nor lurking serpent wound ;
Pleasure and safety, peace and praise,
Through all the path are found.
- 4 A hand divine shall lead you on
Through all the blissful road,
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your smiling God.
- 5 There garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head ;
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows all are fled.
- 6 March, then, in your Redeemer's strength ;
Pursue his footsteps still ;
And let the prospect cheer your hearts
While labouring up the hill.

406 148th Darwell's, 82. Sovereignty, 362.

Forming a church.

DODDRIDGE.

- 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 Though once estranged 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 covenant 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. Derby, 169. Monmouth, 382.

Institution of a gospel ministry.

Eph. iv. 8—12.

DODDRIDGE.

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 sprang the 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
 Through 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
 Through the long round of endless days.

408 L. M. Wareham, 117. Old 100th.
Sending a member into the work of the ministry.

- 1 **O**UR God ascends his lofty throne,
 Array'd in majesty unknown ;
 His lustre all the temple fills,
 And spreads o'er all the ethereal hills :
- 2 The holy, holy, holy Lord,
 By all the seraphim adored ;
 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,
 Through all his weakness and his fear,
 Love shall reply, 'Thy servant's here.'
- 5 Nor let his willing soul complain,
 Though every effort seem in vain ;
 It ample recompense shall be
 But to have wrought, O God, for thee.

409 L. M. Paul's, 246. Antiquity, 331.
Seeking direction in the choice of a pastor.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **S**HEPHERD 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 blest eyes a shepherd see,
Dear to our souls, and dear to thee !

410 C. M. Abridge, 201. America, 265.

Watching for souls.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **L**ET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take the alarm they give !
Now let them, from the mouth of God,
Their awful charge receive.
- 2 'T is not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands ;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And fill'd a Saviour's hands.
- 3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego ;
For souls, which must for ever live
In raptures or in woe.
- 4 All to the great tribunal haste,
The account to render there ; [faults,
And should'st thou strictly mark our
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. Alie-st. 241. Perfection, 337.

At the settlement of a minister. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **S**HEPHERD 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.

412 PART I. C. M. Sprowston, 365.

Christ's care of ministers and churches.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **W**E bless the 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 preserved ;
 Still fed with oil the flame ;
 And in deep characters inscribed
 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.

412

PART II. 148th. Burnham, 396.

Ministers a savour of life or death.

2 Cor. ii. 15, 16.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 PRAISE to the Lord on high,
 Who spreads his triumphs wide,
 While Jesus' fragrant name
 Is breathed from every side.
 Balmy and rich
 The odours rise,
 And fill the earth,
 And reach the skies.
- 2 Ten thousand dying souls
 Its influence feel, and live :
 Sweeter than vital air
 The incense they receive :
 They breathe anew,
 And rise and sing
 Jesus the Lord,
 Their conquering King.
- 3 But sinners scorn the grace
 That brings salvation nigh ;
 They turn their face away,
 And faint, and fall, and die.

So sad a doom,
 Ye saints, deplore,
 For, O, they fall
 To rise no more !

- 4 Yet, wise and mighty God,
 Shall all thy servants be,
 In those who live or die,
 A savour sweet to thee :
 Supremely bright
 Thy grace shall shine,
 Guarded with flames
 Of wrath divine.

413 L. M. Gould's, 272. Old 100th.
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 hearts relief.
- 3 Though 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.
- 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-loved leader lost ;
- 8 Be thou his strength, be thou his stay,
Support him through 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.

A minister's farewell charge.

Acts xx. 26, 27.

NEWTON.

- 1 **W**HEN Paul was parted from his
It was a weeping day ; [friends,
But Jesus made them all amends,
And wiped their tears away.
- 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,
 Though 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 approved 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. Chard, 175. Melcombe, 325.
Prayer for ministers.

- 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 ;
 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. Portugal, 97. Dryden's, 326.

The pastor's wish for his people.

Phil. iv. 1.

GIBBONS.

- 1 **M**Y brethren, from my heart beloved,
 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 purchased by his blood,
 Nor let him less than all receive.
- 5 Such is your pastor's faithful charge,
 Whose soul desires not yours, but you ;
 O may he, at the Lord's right hand,
 Himself, and all his people view.

417 L. M. Wareham, 117.

At a choice of deacons.

- 1 **F**AIR 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 the 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, [crown'd!
 May their own hearts with grace be
 While patience, sympathy, and joy,
 Adorn, and through 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.

 MONTHLY AND MISSIONARY PRAYER MEETINGS.

418 PART I. 8. 7. Carlisle, 95.

Glorious things spoken of Zion, the city of God.

NEWTON.

- 1 **G**LORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God!
 He, whose word can not be broken,
 Form'd thee for his own abode:
 On the Rock of ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose?
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
- 2 [See! the streams of living waters,
 Springing from eternal love,

Well supply thy sons and daughters,
 And all fear of want remove :
 Who can faint while such a river
 Ever flows 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,
 Showing 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.
 'T is his love his people raises
 Over self to reign as kings ;
 And, as priests, his solemn praises
 Each for a thank-offering brings.

5 Saviour, if of Zion's city
 I through 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 PART II. L. M. Power, 478.

Prayer for the spread of the gospel. VOKE.

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 unobserved, 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, ashamed,
Sink in th' abyss of endless night.
- 6 Afric's emancipated sons
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 PART III. L. M. Portugal, 97.

The fall of Babylon predicted.

Rev. xiv. 6—8.

VOKE.

- 1 **P**ROUD Babylon yet waits her doom;
Nor can her tottering 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 Indies' coast,
And Africa's unhappy shore,
The unlearn'd savage press 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 forgiven:
- 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 you 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 cursed foundation shall give way,
And thine eternal overthrow
The triumphs of the cross display.

- 1 **G**O, favour'd Britons, and proclaim
The kind Redeemer you have found;

- Publish his ever-precious name
To all the wondering nations round.
- 2 Go, tell the unletter'd, wretched slave,
Who groans beneath a tyrant's rod,
You bring—' a freedom bought with
The blood of an incarnate God.' [blood,
- 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.
- 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,
Its heavenly origin will prove.

418 PART V. L. M. Alfred, 509.

*Neglect in spreading the gospel reproved and
deplored.*

- 1 ' **G**O,' 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 received 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
 That glorious heart-reviving sound?
- 5 To us their duty they bequeath'd,
 And left the promise on record;
 And had our ardour equall'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!

418 PART VI. 7. 6. Greenland, 395.

The call of the heathen for help. HEBER.

- 1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand;
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Java's isle;

- Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile :
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strown ;
 The heathen, in his blindness,
 Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high—
 Can we, to men benighted,
 The lamp of life deny ?
 Salvation, oh, salvation !
 The joyful sound proclaim ;
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learn'd Messiah's name.
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story ;
 And you, ye waters, roll ;
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole ;
 Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

419 PART I. L. M. Chard, 175.

Prospect of success.

VOKE.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the expected time draw near,
 The shades disperse, the dawn ap-
 Behold the wilderness assume [pear,
 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 a 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 favour'd Britain blest.
- 6 Invite the globe to come and prove
A Saviour's condescending love,
And humbly fall before his feet,
Assured 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 Satan 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 PART II. C. M. Church-street, 519.

Increase of the church promised and pleaded.

GIBBONS.

- 1 **F**ATHER, is not thy promise pledged
To thine exalted Son,
That through the nations of the earth
Thy word of life shall run ?

- 2 'Ask, and I'll 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 the 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 heaven,
To the dominion of thy Son
Without exemption given?
- 6 From east to west, from north to south,
Then be his name adored;
Europe, with all thy millions, shout
Hosannas to thy Lord!
- 7 Asia and Africa, resound
From shore to shore his fame;
And thou, America, in songs
Redeeming love proclaim!

420 PART I. C. M. Augustine, 501.

Prayer for missionaries.

GIBBONS.

- 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 treasured 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 enslaved, become
The freed-men 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 Haste, sovereign mercy, and transform
Their cruelty to love;
Soften the tiger 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.

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 Brahmins preach the word;

And may all India's tribes become
One caste to serve the Lord!

PAUSE.

- 11 Send forth thy word, and let it fly,
Arm'd with thy Spirit's power;
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 Paradise.
- 13 True holiness shall strike its root
In each regenerate 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 murderous cannon roar.
- 15 Lord, for those days we wait,—those days
Are in thy word foretold;
Fly swifter, sun and stars, and bring
This promised 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.

CONTINUATION, BY MR. LAWSON.

C. M. Walsal, 237. Jersey, 15.

Remember them.

- 17 While in the howling shades of death
The heathens scorn thy name,

And rage with bold blaspheming breath,
Dear Lord, remember them !

18 Darkly they roam, enslaved by lust,
Devoid of fear and shame ;
Before their gods they crouch in dust ;
But, oh ! remember them !

19 The gushing blood from Calvary
For ever flows the same ;
It wash'd my soul—then still I 'll cry,
Dear Lord, remember them !

20 I hear the lonely widow's wail !
I see the mountain flame !
But, while the dreadful fire they hail,
Do thou remember them !

21 Oft as thy servants, far and near,
Thy dying love proclaim,
Lest they should yield to cold despair,
Dear Lord, remember them !

22 And oh, when heathens bend the knee,
To call upon thy name,
Stretching their willing hands to thee,
Dear Lord, remember them !

23 But chiefly, when before the throne,
O interceding Lamb,
Wrestling, thou pleadest for thine own,
Then, then remember them !

420 PART II. L. M. Wareham, 117.

A blessing on missions and missionaries requested.

BEDDOME, alt.

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' raptured ' songs of praise re-
sound.'

420 PART III. S. M. Mount Ephraim, 185.

Missionaries encouraged.

VOKE.

- 1 YE messengers of Christ,
His sovereign voice obey ;
Arise, and follow where he leads,
And peace attend your way.
- 2 The Master whom you serve
Will needful strength bestow ;
Depending on his promised 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 depraved
Of Adam's numerous race.
- 5 We wish you, in his name,
The most divine success ;
Assured that He who sends you forth
Will your endeavours bless.

420 PART IV. C. M. Cambridge New, 74.

God invoked for his church.

- 1 **A** WAKE, awake, thou mighty arm,
Which has such wonders wrought!
Which captive Israel freed from harm,
And out of Egypt brought.
- 2 Art thou not it, which Rahab slew?
And crush'd the dragon's head?
Constrain'd by thee the waves withdrew
From their accustom'd bed.
- 3 Again thy wonted prowess show,
Be thou made bare again:
And let thine adversaries know
That they resist in vain.

420 PART V. 7's. Jubilee, 403.

Great events from small beginnings. WESLEY.

- 1 **S**EE how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace!
Jesu's love the nations fires,
Sets the kingdoms on a blaze:
To bring fire on earth he came,—
Kindled in some hearts it is:
O that all might catch the flame,
All partake the glorious bliss!
- 2 When he first the work begun,
Small and feeble was his day:
Now the word doth swiftly run,
Now it wins its widening way:
More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail;
Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

- 3 Sons of God, your Saviour praise ;
 He the door hath open'd wide ;
 He hath given the word of grace ;
 Jesu's word is glorified :
 Jesus, mighty to redeem,
 He alone the work hath wrought ;
 Worthy is the work of Him,—
 Him who spake a world from nought.
- 4 Saw ye not the cloud arise,
 Little as a human hand ?
 Now it spreads along the skies,
 Hangs o'er all the thirsty land :
 Lo, the promise of a shower
 Drops already from above ;
 But the Lord will shortly pour
 All the Spirit of his love.

421 PART I. L. M. Melcombe, 325.

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 promised 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 PART II. L. M. Alie-street, 241.

Intercession for the [spread of the gospel.]

Zech. ix. 13—16.

CENNICK.

- 1 ‘ **H**OW long,’ O God, ‘ has man been
driven
Far off from happiness and heaven !
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 PART III. 10's. Warsaw, 211.

Fame and glory of the spiritual temple.

1. Chron. xxii. 25.

- 1 **T**HE 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.
- 2 Wide as the spacious globe on which we tread,
This sacred temple shall its bounds extend ;
Its blessings, not to Abram's seed confined,
Shall millions of the Gentile race befriend.
- 3 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.
- 4 With all simplicity of word and deed,
With zeal for God and love to souls inspired,
See the successful missionaries teach ;
Their ardour still by gathering converts fired.
- 5 Hark, they proclaim salvation by the cross,
And thousands press t' accept the boundless grace ;
Jesus his own almighty power displays,
His temple now is universal space.

421 PART IV. C. M. Jerusalem, 379.

On his head were many crowns.

Rev. xix. 12.

BEDDOME.

- 1 **G**O 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.

421 PART V. C. M. Christchurch, 420.

The church awakened.

BYLAND.

- 1 **N**OW let the slumbering church awake,
And shine in bright array:
Thy chains, O captive daughter, break,
And cast thy bonds away.
- 2 Long hast thou lain in dust supine,
Insulted by thy foes:
'Where is,' they cried, 'that God of thine?
And who regards thy woes?'
- 3 Thy God incarnate on his hands
Beholds thy name engraved;
Still unrevoked his promise stands,
And Zion shall be saved.
- 4 He did but wait the fittest time
His mercy to display;
And now he rides on clouds sublime,
And brings the promised day.
- 5 Thy God for thee shall soon appear,
And end thy mourning days;

Salvation's walls around thee rear,
And fill thy gates with praise.

421 PART VI. C. M. Missionary, 257.

The church awakened.

Isa. lii. 1, 2 ; liv. 1—14. MONTGOMERY.

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

422 PART I. 112th. Ragland, 204.

Prayer for Jews.

- 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 through their fall obtain,
And Christ by their rejection gain.

- 2 Outcast from thee, and scatter'd wide
 Through every nation under heaven,
 Blaspheming whom they crucified,
 Unsav'd, unpitied, unforgiven ;
 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 murderers look
 On Him they pierced, and weep and
 pray ?
 Yes, gracious Lord, thy word is past,
 ' All Israel shall be saved at last.'
- 4 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.

422 PART II. 148th. Portsmouth New, 144.
Evangelical philanthropy.

- 1 **R**EJOICE, the Saviour reigns
 Among the sons of men ;
 He breaks the prisoners' chains,
 And makes them free again ;
 Let hell oppose God's only Son,
 In spite of foes his cause goes on.
- 2 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.

- 3 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.
- 4 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
 Diffused abroad must be :
 Till God the Son shall come again,
 It must go on. Amen ! Amen !

PAUSE.

- 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 adored
 By all beneath the sky!
 But when we join the hosts above,
 In strains divine we 'll sing thy love.

422 PART III. L. M. Refuge, 489.

The fields white for harvest.

- 1 **L**IFT up your joyful eyes, and see
 A plenteous harvest all around,
 Ripening for bliss, and not a grain
 Shall ever fall unto the ground:—
- 2 A harvest of immortal souls,
 Secured 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 PART IV. L. M. Crucifixion, 456.

He must reign.

MORE.

- 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, through brilliant gates of gold,
 Thou lead'st thy chosen to the skies,
 May we the shining pomp behold,
 And partners of the triumph rise.

4. Then, ranged thy blazing throne around,
The Saviour's honours we 'll proclaim ;
While heaven's transported realms re-
sound
Thy glorious deeds and darling name.

422 PART V. C. M. Gratitude, 383.

The latter-day glory.

LOGAN.

- 1 **B**EHOLD! the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise
On mountain-tops, above the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.
- 2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow ;
'Up to the hill of God,' they 'll say,
And to his temple go.
- 3 The beam that shines on Zion hill
Shall lighten every land ;
The King that reigns in Zion's towers
Shall all the world command.
- 4 Among the nations He shall judge ;
His judgments truth shall guide ;
His sceptre shall protect the just,
And quell the sinner's pride.
- 5 No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
Or mar those peaceful years ;
To ploughshares shall they beat their
swords—
To pruning-hooks, their spears.
- 6 No longer hosts, encountering hosts,
Their millions slain deplore ;
They hang the useless helm on high,
And study war no more.

7 Come then, Oh come from every land,
 To worship at his shrine,
 And, walking in the light of God,
 With holy beauty shine.

422

PART VI. New 50th.

The spread of the gospel.

DWIGHT.

- 1 **O** THOU whose sceptre earth and seas obey,
 And skies and stars and suns confess thy sway,
 Now to thy Son th' immortal kingdom give,
 In him command a ruin'd world to live ;
 O'er every realm his mighty sway extend,
 And bid o'er every throne his throne ascend.
- 2 O'er all created names his glories shine,
 Supreme his beauty, and his grace divine ;
 Fairer than thrones and powers, and seraphs bright,
 The realms of nature and the world of light ;
 The King of kings, the Prince to angels given,
 Lord of the world, and Heir Divine of heaven.
- 3 His glorious hand shall hold a righteous sway—
 Th' oppressor tremble, and the proud obey ;
 The friendless poor immortal treasures know,
 The wearied bosom rest from every woe ;
 The houseless wanderer find a blest abode,
 The soul a ransom, and the saint a God.
- 4 Fair as the tree of life the saints shall rise,
 Redeem'd from death and violence and lies,
 Loved by his soul as precious sons are loved,
 Glorious as kings, as spotless priests approved ;
 On joyful hills shall truth and justice grow,
 And peace in spreading streams the world o'erflow.
- 5 Through endless years his glory shall extend,
 For him increasing prayers to heaven ascend ;
 To heaven his name from every region rise,
 More sweet than incense cheers the morning skies ;
 To him all lands a song of rapture raise,
 And lisping infants join their artless praise.
- 6 As spring's mild showers refresh the thirsty plain,
 As cloudless suns succeed the genial rain,
 So shall his influence earth's sad face renew,
 Where the scant seed his faithful labourers strew ;

- Like towering groves, behold the harvest rise,
Wave round like Lebanon, and reach the skies !
- 7 From shore to shore shall stretch his boundless sway ;
His boundless blessings flow to every sea ;
See round his altars suppliant kings attend,
Before his throne obedient nations bend ;
To him their tribute distant realms unfold,
Her spices India, and Peru her gold !
- 8 See springs of life in thirsty deserts flow,
And savage tribes th' Immortal Saviour know ;
Prostrate in dust his humbled foes shall lie,
Or send their hymns of transport to the sky ;
And each blest land rehearse his praises o'er,
Till moons shall walk their evening rounds no more.
- 9 In him the curse in boundless bliss shall end ;
From evil good, from darkness light ascend ;
Diviner glories to mankind be given,
A nobler nature and a fairer heaven ;
Let earth, let saints, that seek his bright abode,
Resound his praise, and bless their Father God.
-

ASSOCIATIONS ; OR, GENERAL MEETINGS OF CHURCHES
AND MINISTERS.

423 C. M. Bath Chapel, 26. Piety, 513.

God's approbation of attempts to revive religion.

DODDRIDGE.

- 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
These humble souls are mine; [know
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.'

424 L. M. Derby, 169. Doversdale, 430.

Ministers abounding in their work. B. FRANCIS.

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 ;
 The sheep with wholesome pasture feed,
 And watch them with unwearied heed.
- 6 Thou art our Lord, our life, our love,
 Our care below, our crown above ;
 Thy praise shall be our best employ,
 Thy presence our eternal joy.

425 C. M. Brighton, 208. Devizes, 14.
Lovest thou me ? John xxi. 15. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **D**O not I love thee, O my Lord ?
 Behold my heart and see ;
 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 the immortal flame ?]

- 7 Thou knows't I love thee, dearest Lord ;
But Oh, I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

426 L. M. Portugal, 97. Oldham, 527.

Prayer for ministers. BEDDOME.

- 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.

427 PART I. 8. 7. 4. Tenterden, 495.

Prayer for a revival. NEWTON, alt.

- 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.
- 3 Surely once thy garden flourish'd,
Every part look'd gay and green;
Then thy word our spirit 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 PART II. L. M. Antiquity. 331.

For a church in a low condition.

- 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 raised,
 How kind thy hand, that hand be praised !
 Yet all to utter ruin falls
 If thou forsake our tottering walls.
- 3 We call to mind the happier days
 Of life and love, of prayer 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 ;
O pour thy Spirit from on high,
And all our numerous wants supply.
- 7 O show 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 PART III. L.M. Thanksgiving, 10.

The suffering people.

KELLY.

- 1 ' **P**OOOR and afflicted,' Lord, are thine,
Among the great unfit to shine ;
But tho' the world may think it strange,
They would not with the world exchange.
- 2 ' Poor and afflicted,' 't is their lot,
They know it, and they murmur not ;
'T would ill become them to refuse
The state their Master deign'd to choose.
- 3 ' Poor and afflicted,' yet they sing,
For Jesus is their glorious King ;
Through sufferings perfect, now he reigns,
And shares in all their griefs and pains.
- 4 ' Poor and afflicted,' but ere long
They join the bright celestial throng ;
Their sufferings then will reach a close,
And heaven afford them sweet repose.

5 And while they walk the thorny way,
They oft are heard to sigh and say—
Dear Saviour, come, O quickly come,
And take thy mourning pilgrims home.

427 PART IV. 11's. Geard, 156.

Comfort for the church in trouble.

- 1 **O** ZION, afflicted with wave upon wave, [save;
Whom no man can comfort, whom no man can
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 skilful 's the Pilot who sits at the helm;
His wisdom conducts thee, his power thee defends,
In safety and quiet thy warfare he ends.
- 3 'O fearful! O faithless!' in mercy he cries,
'My promise, my truth, are they 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
Engraved on my heart doth for ever remain:
The palms of my hands whilst I look on, I see
The wounds I received when suffering for thee.
- 5 'I feel at my heart all thy sighs and thy groans,
For thou art most near me, my flesh and my bones;
In all thy distresses thy Head feels the pain,
Yet all are most needful—not one is in vain.
- 6 'Then trust me, and fear not; thy life is secure;
My wisdom is perfect, supreme is my 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 prayer;
From all their afflictions my glory shall spring,
And the deeper their sorrows the louder they'll sing.'

428 8. 7. 4. Kentucky, 114. Calcutta, 295.

Longing for the spread of the gospel. WILLIAMS.

- 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 the 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 saving light ;
 And from eastern coast to western
 May the morning chase the night,
 And redemption,
 Freely purchased, 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.
- 6 Every creature, living, breathing,
 In divinely grateful lays,
 Father, Son, and Spirit praising,
 Magnify the God of grace ;
 Hallelujah !
 Fill the universe with praise.

429 L. M. Gloucester, 12. Power, 478.

Increase of the church. BEDDOME.

- 1 **S**HOUT, for the blessed Jesus reigns !
 Through distant lands his triumphs
 spread ;
 And sinners, freed from endless pains,
 Own him their Saviour and their Head.
- 2 His sons and daughters from afar
 Daily at Zion's 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 conquests still increase,
 And every foe his power subdue ;
 While angels celebrate his praise,
 And saints his glowing glories show.
- 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. Sovereignty, 362.

Increase of Messiah's kingdom. SCOTT.

- 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. Grove, 125. Burnham, 396.

The spiritual temple. DODDRIDGE.

1 SING to the Lord above,
Who deigns on earth to raise
A temple to his love,
A monument of praise :
Ye saints around, through all its frame
Harmonious sound 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. Jewin-street, 222. Vienna, 330.

At a collection for poor ministers or missionaries.

B. FRANCIS.

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 thy 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.

433 PART I. C. M. Braintree, 25.

Relieving Christ in his members.

Matt. xxv. 40.

DODDRIDGE.

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 clothed and fed,
 And visited and cheer'd:
 And in their accents of distress
 My Saviour's voice is heard.
- 5 Thy face, with reverence, and with love,
 We in thy poor would see;
 Oh let us rather beg our bread
 Than keep it back from thee!

433 PART II. C. M. Streatham, 218.
Collection for poor saints, &c.

- 1 **WE** who need mercy every hour,
 And by compassion stand,
 Should show that mercy to the poor
 Which Jesus doth command.
- 2 Christ in his members asks your alms,
 Speaks in his brethren's cry;
 The widow's wail his language is,
 And orphan's sigh his sigh.
- 3 The lonely widow, desolate,
 With cheerfulness relieve;
 The fatherless commiserate;
 Bread to the hungry give.

- 4 O may we feel each brother's sigh,
 And with him bear a part ;
 May sorrow flow from eye to eye,
 And joy from heart to heart.
- 5 Love is the golden chain that binds
 The happy souls above ;
 And he 's an heir of heaven that finds
 His bosom glow with love.

434 PART I. L. M. Lebanon, 79.
Of thine own have we given thee.

- 1 **T**HE 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.

434 PART II. 8. 7. 7. Batavia, 133.
Christ's love constraining to liberality.
 2 Cor. viii. 9. KELLY.

BRETHREN, let us freely offer ;
 All we have is from above ;
 Let us give, and act, and suffer ;
 What is this to Jesus' love !
 Did he die our souls to save ?
 Then we 're his, and all we have.

435 L. M. Horsley, 205. Thomas's, 272.
Christ's beneficence for 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 through 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,
Creation's blot, creation's blank :
- 4 But he who marks, from day to day,
In generous acts his radiant way,
Treads the same path his Saviour trod,
The path to glory and to God.

436

C. M. Bath Chapel, 26.

Providing bags that wax not old.

Luke xii. 33.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **T**HESSE mortal joys, how soon they fade !
How swift they pass away !
The dying flower reclines its head,
The beauty of a day !
- 2 The bags are rent, the treasures lost,
We fondly call our own :
Scarce could we the possession boast,
And straight we found it gone.
- 3 But there are joys that cannot die,
With God laid up in store ;
Treasure beyond the changing sky,
Brighter than golden ore.
- 4 To that my rising heart aspires,
Secure to find its rest,
And glories in such wide desires
Of all their wish possess'd.

- 5 The seeds which piety and love
 Hath scatter'd here below,
 In the fair, fertile fields above,
 To ample harvests grow.
- 6 The mite my willing hands can give,
 At Jesu's feet I lay ;
 Grace shall the humble gift receive,
 And heaven at last repay.
-

CHURCH AND FELLOWSHIP MEETINGS.

437

S. M. Wirksworth, 158.

Praise for conversion.

STENNETT.

- 1 COME, ye that fear the Lord,
 And listen, while I tell
 How narrowly my feet escaped
 The snares of death and hell.
- 2 The flattering joys of sense
 Assail'd my foolish heart,
 While Satan, with malicious skill,
 Guided the poisonous dart.
- 3 I fell beneath the stroke,
 But fell to rise again ;
 My anguish roused me into life,
 And pleasures sprung from pain.
- 4 Darkness, and pain and grief,
 Oppress'd my gloomy mind ;
 I look'd around me for relief,
 But no relief could find.
- 5 At length to God I cried ;
 He heard my plaintive sigh ;
 He heard, and instantly he sent
 Salvation from on high.

- 6 My drooping head he raised ;
 My bleeding wounds he healed ;
 Pardon'd my sins ; and, with a smile,
 The gracious pardon seal'd.
- 7 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.

The conversion of sinners.

- 1 **T**HERE 's joy in heaven, and joy on
 When prodigals return, [earth,
 To see desponding souls rejoice,
 And haughty sinners mourn.
- 2 ' Come, saints, and hear what God hath
 Is a reviving sound : [done,'
 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 thy own,
 Thine be the praises too ;
 Let every heart and every tongue
 Give thee the glory due.

439

PART I. C. M. Brighton, 208.

Apostasy.

NEWTON.

- 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 ?
- 4 Beyond a doubt, I rest assured
 Thou art the Christ of God ;
 Who hast eternal life secured
 By promise and by blood.
- 5 The help of men and angels join'd
 Could never reach my case ;
 Nor can I hope relief to find
 But in thy boundless grace.
- 6 No voice but thine can give me rest,
 And bid my fears depart ;
 No love but thine can make me blest,
 And satisfy my heart.
- 7 What anguish has that question stirr'd—
 If I will also go ?
 Yet, Lord, relying on thy word,
 I humbly answer, No !

Will ye also go away ?

- 1 **A**ND will ye go away
 From Christ, as some of old ?
 Who walk'd no more, the Scriptures say,
 With him and with his fold.
- 2 And will ye go away
 From Christ, his house, his friends,

His table, his delightful day,
And bliss that never ends ?

- 3 And will ye go away ?
And whither will ye go ?
Will you in sin and bondage stray
To everlasting woe ?
- 4 And will ye go away,
And vile apostates be ?
O rather with your Saviour stay,
And die on Calvary's tree ?
- 5 And WILL ye go away ?
And can this be your *choice* ?
O how would this his friends dismay,
And make his foes rejoice !
- 6 Did not your heart once say,
' Though others thee deny,
Yea, should a world thy cause betray,
Yet never, Lord, will I ?
- 7 [For pure are thy commands,
Thy words are all divine ;
Eternal joys are in thy hands,
And thou canst make them mine.]
- 8 To go away from thee !
What sin and folly worse ?
Who from a smiling God would flee
To meet a frowning curse ?
- 9 Dear Lord, one bliss impart,
('T is not for heaven we pray,)
But—let us not from thee depart,
No, NEVER go away.

440 PART I. L. M. Simeon New, 357.

To whom shall we go?

STEELE.

- 1 **T**HOU only Sovereign of my heart,
My Refuge, my almighty Friend—
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?
- 2 Whither, ah! whither shall I go,
A wretched wanderer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and woe
One glimpse of happiness afford?
- 3 Eternal life thy words impart,
On these my fainting spirit lives;
Here sweeter 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 blissful 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! 't is death—'t is more,
'T is 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.

440

PART II. 8's. Israel, 94.

Christian union.

- 1 **B**LESS'D union! in Eden ne'er found,
No, not in a Paradise lost!
It grows on Immanuel's ground,
And Christ all his sufferings it cost.

- 2 Why then so unwilling to part,
 Since we shall ere long meet again?
 Engraved on his hands and his heart,
 How can we at distance remain?
- 3 With Jesus we ever shall reign,
 Transported his glories shall see,
 And sing, Hallelujah! Amen!
 Amen! even so let it be!

440 PART III. S. M. Ryland's, 48.
For fellowship meetings.

- 1 **U**NITING hearts and hands,
 Let each provoke his friend
 To run the way of God's commands,
 And keep it to the end.
- 2 May we our course pursue,
 With vigour till we die,
 Rejoicing in the pleasing view
 Of fellowship on high.
- 3 It is a sweet employ
 To join in worship here;
 But how divine will be the joy
 To meet and worship there!

440 PART IV. S. M. Hopkins, 157.
The same.

- 1 **D**EAR Saviour, with thy flock
 May we in love abide,
 Protected from the noon-day beams,
 And resting near thy side.
- 2 How precious is thy fold
 To all thy saints below!

Beneath thy tender watchful care,
They feed, and thrive, and grow.

- 3 Thy cause is dear to us ;
Thy people are our choice ;
With them afresh we take our lot,
And with them will rejoice.

440 PART V. 7's. Alcester, 213.

Christians helping each other.

Rom. xv. 2.

WESLEY.

- 1 **G**LORY be to God above,
God from whom all blessings flow ;
Make we mention of his love,
Publish we his praise below :
Call'd together by his grace,
We are met in Jesu's name ;
See with joy each other's face ;
Followers of the bleeding Lamb.
- 2 Let us then sweet counsel take,
How to make our calling sure ;
Our election how to make
Past the reach of hell secure.
Build we each the other up ;
Pray we for our faith's increase,
Solid comfort, settled hope,
Constant joy, and lasting peace.
- 3 More and more let love abound :
Let us never, never rest,
Till we are in Jesus found,
Of our paradise possess :
He removes the flaming sword,
Calls us back, from Eden driven ;
To his image here restored,
Soon he takes us up to heaven.

440 PART VI. 7's. Jubilee, 403.

The communion of saints.

- 1 **P**ARTNERS of a glorious hope,
Lift your hearts and voices up ;
Jointly let us rise, and sing
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King.
Monuments of Jesu's grace,
Speak we by our lives his praise,
Walk in him we have received ;
Show we not in vain believed.
- 2 While we walk with God in light,
God our hearts doth still unite ;
Dearest fellowship we prove,
Fellowship in Jesu's love :
Sweetly each, with each combined,
In the bonds of duty join'd,
Feels the cleansing blood applied,
Daily feels that Christ hath died.
- 3 Still, O Lord, our faith increase ;
Cleanse from all unrighteousness :
Thee th' unholy cannot see ;
Make, O make us meet for thee !
Every vile affection kill ;
Root out every seed of ill ;
Utterly abolish sin ;
Write thy law of love within.
- 4 Hence may all our actions flow ;
Love, the proof that Christ we know :
Mutual love the token be,
Lord, that we belong to thee :
Love, thine image, love impart !
Stamp it on our face and heart !
Only love to us be given ;
Lord, we ask no other heaven.

440 PART VII. C. M. Naomi, 477.

The family in heaven and earth.

Eph. iii.

C. WESLEY.

- 1 COME, let us join our friends above
That have obtain'd the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joys celestial rise.
- 2 Let saints below in concert sing
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King
In earth and heaven are one.
- 3 One family, we dwell in him;
One church above, beneath:
Though now divided by the stream—
The narrow stream of death.
- 4 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have cross'd the flood,
And part are crossing now.
- 5 Ten thousand to their endless home
This solemn moment fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die!
- 6 E'en now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before,
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore.
- 7 O that we now might see our guide!
O that the word were given!
Come, Lord of hosts, the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven.

440 PART VIII. C. M. Jerusalem, 379.

The one church.

WESLEY.

- 1 **H**APPY the souls to Jesus join'd,
And saved by grace alone;
Walking in all his ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.
- 2 The church triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know:
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.
- 3 Thee in thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before thy throne;
We in the kingdom of thy grace,—
The kingdoms are but one.
- 4 The holy to the holiest leads;
From thence our spirits rise;
And he that in thy statutes treads
Shall meet thee in the skies.

440 PART IX. C. M. Arabia, 324.

Christian unity.

MONTGOMERY.

- 1 **I**N one fraternal bond of love,
One fellowship of mind,
The saints below, and saints above,
Their bliss and glory find.
- 2 Here, in their house of pilgrimage,
Thy statutes are their song;
There, through one bright eternal age
Thy praises they prolong.
- 3 Lord, may our union form a part
Of that thrice happy whole;
Derive its pulse from Thee the Heart,
Its life from Thee the Soul.

441 PART I. L. M. Green's Hundred, 89.

Prayer for the church.

GIBBONS.

- 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.

441 PART II. 7's. Aaron, 508.

Jesus met them.

BURDER.

- 1 **S**WEET the time, exceeding sweet,
When the saints together meet,
When the Saviour is the theme,
When they join to sing of Him.
- 2 Sing we, then, eternal love,
Such as did the Father move ;
When he saw the world undone,
Loved the world, and gave his Son.
- 3 Sing the Son's amazing love,
How he left the realms above,
Took our nature and our place,
Lived and died to save our race.

- 4 Sweet the place, exceeding sweet,
 Where the saints in glory meet ;
 Where the Saviour 's still the theme,
 Where they see and sing of Him.

BAPTISM.

442

PART I. 112th. Carey's, 11.

Christ baptized.

FELLOWS.

- 1 **I**N 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.
- 2 Wonder, ye heavens ! your Maker lies
 In deeps conceal'd from human view ;
 Ye saints, behold him sink and rise,
 A fit example this for you :
 The sacred record, while you read,
 Calls you to imitate the deed.
- 3 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 ;
 Amazed, they see the power divine
 Around the Saviour's temples shine.
- 4 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 ;
 Through parting skies the accents broke,
 And bade us hear the Son of God :
 O hear the awful word to-day,
 Hear, all ye nations, and obey !

442 PART II. C. M. Lydia, 327.

The baptism of Christ.

DEACON.

- 1 **T**O Jordan's streams the Saviour goes,
 To do his Father's will :
 His breast with sacred ardour glows,
 Each precept to fulfil.
- 2 Behold Him buried in the flood,
 (The emblem of his grave,)
 Who, from the bosom of his God,
 Came down a world to save.
- 3 As from the water he ascends,
 What miracles appear !
 God with a voice his Son commends—
 Let all the nations hear !
- 4 Hear it, ye Christians, and rejoice ;
 Let this your courage raise ;
 What God approves, be this your choice,
 And glory in his ways.

442 PART III. C. M. Jerusalem, 379.

The same. Matt. iii. 13—15.

- 1 **B**URIED beneath the yielding wave
 The dear Redeemer lies ;
 Faith views him in the watery grave,
 And thence beholds him rise.
- 2 Thus it becomes his saints to-day
 Their ardent zeal to express ;

And, in the Lord's appointed way,
Fulfil all righteousness.

- 3 With joy we in his footsteps tread,
And would his cause maintain ;
Like him be number'd with the dead,
And with him rise and reign.
- 4 His presence oft revives our hearts,
And drives our fears away ;
When he commands and strength imparts
We cheerfully obey.
- 5 Now we, dear Jesus, would to thee
Our grateful voices raise ;
Wash'd in the fountain of thy blood,
Our lives shall all be praise.

442 PART IV. L. M. Buxton, 347.

The same. John i. 32, 33. BEDDOME.

- 1 ALL glory be to Him who came
From Galilee to Jordan's stream ;
There did he sink beneath the wave,
And to his saints a pattern gave.
- 2 Glory to Him who from on high
Proclaim'd to all, both far and nigh,
That He on whom his glory shone
Was his beloved and only Son.
- 3 Glory to the celestial Dove,
Who, swift descending from above,
Rested upon Messiah's head,
And there a heavenly lustre spread.
- 4 Ye saints, with cheerfulness submit
To this mysterious solemn rite,
On which the sacred Three combine
To put an honour so divine.

443 L. M. Bramcoate, 8. Buxton, 347.

A baptismal hymn.

STENNETT.

- 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, 't is our glory to descend ;
'T is 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 proved 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. Chatham, 59. Praise, 321.

Thus it becometh us, &c.

Matt. iii. 15.

NORMAN.

- 1 **T**HUS 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.
- 2 'T is 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.

3 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?

4 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 the exulting tribes are bless'd
 With one great choral day.

445 8. 7. Welsh, 210. Alexandria, 361.

Follow the Lamb.

FAWCETT.

1 **H**UMBLE souls, who seek salvation
 Through 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 bless'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 immersed 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,
 Jesus' grave before you lies ;
 Be interr'd at his commanding,
 After his example rise.

446

C. M. Charmouth, 28.

*The believer constrained by the love of Christ
 to follow him.* FELLOWS.

- 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 endured,
 And all its shame despised ?
 And shall I be ashamed, O Lord,
 With thee to be baptized ?
- 3 Didst thou the great example lead,
 In Jordan's swelling flood ?
 And shall my pride disdain the deed
 That 's worthy of my God ?
- 4 Dear Lord, the ardour of thy love
 Reproves my cold delays :
 And now my willing footsteps move
 In thy delightful ways.

447

C. M. Devizes, 14. Hensbury, 323.

Difficulties surmounted.

"Hinder me not," Gen. xxiv. 56. RYLAND.

- 1 **[W**HEN Abraham's servant to procure
 A wife for Isaac went,

He met Rebekah—told his wish—
Her parents gave consent.

- 2 Yet for ten days they urged the man
His journey to delay ;
' Hinder me not,' he quick replied,
' Since God hath crown'd my way.'
- 3 'T was thus I cried, when Christ the Lord
My soul to him did wed ;
' Hinder me not, nor friends nor foes,
Since God my way hath sped.']

PAUSE.

- 4 In all my Lord's appointed ways,
My journey I 'll pursue ;
' Hinder me not,' ye much-loved saints,
For I must go with you.
- 5 [' Stay,' says the world, ' and taste awhile
My every pleasant sweet :'
' Hinder me not,' my soul replies,
' Because the way is great.'
- 6 ' Stay,' Satan, my old master, cries,
' Or force shall thee detain ;'
' Hinder me not, I will be gone,
My God has broke thy chain !']
- 7 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I 'll follow where he goes ;
' Hinder me not,' shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.
- 8 Through duty, and through 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. Bath Chapel, 26. Trinity, 181.

Immersion.

J. STENNETT.

1 **T**HUS was the great Redeemer plunged
 In Jordan's swelling flood,
 To show he must be soon baptized
 In tears, and sweat, and blood.

2 Thus was his sacred body laid
 Beneath the yielding wave ;
 Thus was his sacred body raised
 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

PART I. 8.7. Felicity, 535.

Buried with Christ in baptism.

Rom. vi. 4.

FELLOWS.

1 **J**ESUS! mighty King in Sion!
 Thou alone our guide shalt be ;
 Thy commission we rely on,
 We would follow none but thee :

2 As an emblem of thy passion
 And thy victory o'er the grave,
 We who know thy great salvation
 Are baptized beneath the wave.

3 Fearless of the world's despising,
 We the ancient path pursue ;
 Buried with our Lord, arising
 To a life divinely new.

449 PART II. C. M. Hensbury, 323.

Burial with Christ.

- 1 SAVIOUR, we seek the watery tomb,
 Illumed by love divine ;
 Far from the deep tremendous gloom
 Of that which once was thine.
- 2 Down to the hallow'd grave we go,
 Obedient to thy word ;
 'T is thus the world around shall know
 We 're buried with the Lord.
- 3 'T is thus we bid its pomps adieu,
 And boldly venture in :
 O may we rise to life anew,
 And only die to sin !

450 L. M. Chard, 175. New Windsor, 504.

A baptismal hymn. S. STENNETT.

- 1 SEE how the willing converts trace
 The path their great Redeemer trod ;
 And follow through his liquid grave
 The meek, the lowly Son of God !
- 2 Here they renounce their former deeds,
 And to a heavenly life aspire ;
 Their rags for glorious robes exchanged,
 They shine in clean and bright attire.
- 3 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.
- 4 Glory to God on high be given,
 Who shows his grace to sinful men :
 Let saints on earth, and hosts in heaven,
 In concert join the loud Amen.

- 1 **JESUS!** 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:
 'T is 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 Oh, 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.]

451 PART II. 8.7.4. Kelly's, 419.

Taking up the cross. J. E. GILES.

- 1 **H**AST thou said, exalted Jesus,
 Take thy cross and follow me?
 Shall the word with terror seize us,
 Shall we from the burden flee?
 Lord, I'll take it,
 And rejoicing, follow thee.
- 2 While this liquid tomb surveying,
 (Emblem of my Saviour's grave,)
 Shall I shun its brink, betraying
 Feelings worthy of a slave?
 No! I'll enter:
 Jesus enter'd Jordan's wave.
- 3 Sweet the sign that thus reminds me,
 Saviour, of thy love to me;
 Sweeter still the love that binds me
 In its deathless bond to thee.
 O what pleasure
 Buried with my Lord to be!
- 4 Should it rend some fond connexion,
 Should I suffer shame or loss,
 Yet the fragrant, blest reflection,
 I have been where Jesus was,
 Will revive me
 When I faint beneath the cross.
- 5 Fellowship with him possessing,
 Let me die to all around,
 So I rise t' enjoy the blessing
 Kept for those in Jesus found,
 When th' archangel
 Wakes the sleeper under ground.
- 6 Then baptized in love and glory,
 Lamb of God, thy praise I'll sing,

Loudly with the immortal story
 All the harps of heaven shall ring.
 Saints and seraphs,
 Sound it loud from every string.

451 PART III. 8. 7. Alexandria, 351.

Forsaking all to follow Christ. Mark x. 28.

LORD GLENELG.

- 1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
 All to leave and follow thee ;
 Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
 Thou, from hence, my all shalt be ;
 And whilst thou shalt smile upon me,
 God of wisdom, love, and might,
 Foes may hate and friends disown me—
 Show thy face, and all is bright.
- 2 Man may trouble and distress me,
 'T will but drive me to thy breast ;
 Life with trials hard may press me,
 Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
 Oh ! 't is not in grief to harm me,
 While thy love is left to me !
 Oh ! 't were not in joy to charm me,
 Were that joy unmix'd with thee !

452 L. M. New Court, 173. Power, 478.

The candidates.

FELLOWS.

- 1 GREAT 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 through.
- 4 The Word, the Spirit, and the Bride,
Must not invite, and be denied ;
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 PART I. C. M. Bedford, 91.

Morning before baptism ; or, at the water side.

BEDDOME.

- 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 grieved at heart,
Thy kind, forgiving, melting look,
Relieved our every smart.
- 3 Let graces then in exercise
Be exercised again ;
And, nurtured by celestial power,
In exercise remain.
- 4 Awake our love, our fear, our hope,
Wake fortitude and joy ;
Vain world, begone ! 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.

453

PART II. L. M. Denbigh, 54.

Candidates at the water-side.

- 1 **L**ORD, our dependence is alone
 On what thy blessed Son hath done ;
 Unless we to his merits fly,
 Baptized, or unbaptized, we die.
- 2 Thy name, our covenant God, we boast—
 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ;
 O may we ever speak thy praise,
 Long as the heavens their anthems raise.

453

PART III. 7's. St. Austin's, 460.

Candidates encouraged.

BEDDOME.

- 1 **C**OME, ye humble, contrite souls,
 Leave your doubts and fears behind,
 Trust in Jesus' mighty name ;
 And his mercy you shall find.
 Yield obedience to his laws,
 And defend his glorious cause.
- 2 Your Redeemer led the way,
 Safe is found the path he trod ;
 You have nothing hence to fear,
 While you urge your way to God.
 Yield obedience to his laws,
 And avow his glorious cause.

- 3 Press ye on, believing souls,
 Lo, your Captain's gone before;
 You who wear his easy yoke,
 Shall his love and grace adore.
 Now embark'd in his dear cause,
 Pay allegiance to his laws.

454 PART I. L. M. Lofty Praise, 408.

The Administrator.

FELLOWS.

- 1 'GO, teach the nations and baptize,'
 Aloud the 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.

454 PART II. L. M. Job, 474.

The command.

BEDDOME.

- 1 **E**RE Christ ascended to his throne,
 He issued forth this great command—
 'Go, preach my gospel to the world,
 And spread my name through every land.
- 2 'To men declare their sinful state,
 The methods of my grace explain;
 He that believes and is baptized
 Shall everlasting life obtain.'
- 3 Dear Saviour, we thy will obey,
 Not of constraint, but with delight;

Hither thy servants come to-day,
To honour thine appointed rite.

- 4 Descend again, celestial Dove,
On these dear followers of the Lord;
Exalted Head of all the church,
Thy promised aid to them afford.
- 5 Let faith, assisted now by signs,
The mysteries of thy love explore;
And, wash'd in thy redeeming blood,
Let them depart and sin no more.

SINGLE VERSES ON BAPTISM.

455—467 Old Hundredth, 100. Portugal, 97.

WHATE'ER 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 immersed in Jordan's flood,
And then immersed in sweat and blood!

STENNETT.

Behold the grave where Jesus lay
Before he shed his precious blood;
How plain he mark'd the humble way
To sinners through 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, through energy divine,
 May have the substance with the sign.

All ye that love Immanuel's name,
 And long to feel th' increasing flame,
 'T is 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
The immortal glory of his face. G—.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
We humbly dedicate our powers ;
If with Jehovah's blessing crown'd,
Immortal happiness is ours.

468 148th. Chelsea, 112. Sovereignty, 362.

Address to the Spirit. FELLOWS.

- 1 **D**ESCEND, celestial Dove !
And make thy presence known ;
Reveal our Saviour's love,
And seal us for thine own ;
Unbless'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
Received 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 shown such grace
As that which shed, in Jordan's stream,
On Jesus' 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. Crowle, 3. Langshaw, 424.

After baptism.

J. NEWTON.

- 1 'PROCLAIM,' saith Christ, 'my wondrous grace
To all the sons of men ;
He that believes and is baptized,
Salvation shall obtain.'
- 2 Let plenteous grace descend on those
Who, hoping in thy word,
This day have publicly declared
That Jesus is their Lord.
- 3 With cheerful feet may they advance,
And run the Christian race ;
And through the troubles of the way
Find all-sufficient grace.

470 PART I. C. M. Piety, 513.

Practical improvement of baptism.

Col. iii. 1.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 ATTEND, ye children of your God ;
Ye heirs of glory, hear ;
For accents so divine as these
Might charm the dullest ear.
- 2 Baptized 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,
Enthroned 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 on high.

470

PART II. L. M. Eaton, 291.

Baptized admonished.

BEDDOME.

- 1 **Y**OUR work, ye saints, is not comprised
In being solemnly baptized ;
There is much more for God to do,
Much more that must be done by you.
- 2 An arduous race you have to run,
That race which you have just begun ;
There are few friends, and many foes,
Those to assist, while these oppose.
- 3 Truths now profess'd must be maintained,
The immortal crown by striving gain'd :
Your faith, and hope, and patience tried,
And all corruption mortified.
- 4 Heavy afflictions you await, [great ;
Your strength but small, your burdens
Resistance must be made to sin,
And you must keep your conscience clean.
- 5 Then sit you down and count the cost,
Or efforts past will all be lost ;
Unless, with unremitting care,
In wisdom's paths you persevere.
- 6 See that your armour be of proof,
And boast not till you put it off ;
'T is when the last sharp struggle's o'er
That you may triumph—not before.

471

C. M. Nehemiah, 512.

He went on his way rejoicing.

Acts viii. 9.

BEDDOME.

- 1 **T**HE holy Eunuch, when baptized,
 Went on his way with joy;
 And who can tell what rapturous
 Did then his mind employ? [thoughts
- 2 'Is that most glorious Saviour mine,
 Of whom I lately read,
 Who, bearing all my sins and grief,
 Was number'd with the dead?
- 3 'Is he who, bursting from the grave,
 Now reigns above the sky,
 My Advocate before the throne,
 My portion when I die?
- 4 'Have I profess'd his holy name?
 Do I his Gospel bear
 To Ethiopia's scorched lands,
 And shall I spread it there?
- 5 'Bless'd pool in which I lately lay,
 And left my fears behind;
 What an unworthy wretch am I!
 And God profusely kind.
- 6 'Bless'd emblem of that precious blood
 Which satisfied for sin;
 And of that renovating grace
 Which makes the conscience clean.'
- 7 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. Alie-street, 241. Melcombe, 325.

A preparatory thought. WATTS.

1 **WHAT** 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 died 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 'T was his own love that made him bleed,
That nail'd him to the cursed tree;
'T was 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 PART I. C. M. Irish, 171.

Invitation to the Gospel feast. Luke xiv. 22.

STEELE.

1 **YE** wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast!

Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
For every humble guest.

- 2 See Jesus stands with open arms ;
He calls, he bids you come :
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms ;
But see, there yet is room—
- 3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart,
There love and pity meet ;
Nor will he bid the soul depart
That trembles at his feet.
- 4 In him the Father reconciled
Invites your souls to come ;
The rebel shall be called a child,
And kindly welcomed home.
- 5 O come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love ;
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.
- 6 There, with united heart and voice,
Before the eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstasies unknown.
- 7 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come :
Ye longing souls, the grace adore !
Approach, there yet is room !

473

PART II. · S. M. Reuben, 328.

Ye shall eat it. Ex. xii. 11.

- 1 **C**OME, all who truly bear
The name of Christ your Lord,
His sacramental supper share,
And keep his kindest word ;

- 2 Hereby your faith approve
 In Jesus crucified ;
 ' In memory of my dying love
 Do this,' he said, and died.
- 3 The badge and token this,
 The sure confirming seal
 That he is ours, and we are his,
 The servants of his will :
- 4 His dear peculiar ones,
 The purchase of his blood ;
 His blood which once for all atones,
 And brings us now to God.
- 5 Then let us still profess
 Our Master's honour'd name,
 Stand forth his faithful witnesses,
 True followers of the Lamb :
- 6 In proof that such we are
 His saying we receive,
 And thus to all mankind declare
 We do in Christ believe.

473 PART III. L. M. Nehemiah, 512.

Receiving members. MONTGOMERY.

- 1 COME in, thou blessed of the Lord !
 Stranger nor foe art thou :
 We welcome thee with warm accord,
 Our friend, our brother now.
- 2 The hand of fellowship, the heart
 Of love, we offer thee :
 Leaving the world, thou dost but part
 From lies and vanity.
- 3 The cup of blessing which we bless,
 The heavenly bread we break,
 (Our Saviour's blood and righteousness)
 Freely with us partake.

- 4 In weal or woe, in joy or care,
 Thy portion shall be ours ;
 Christians their mutual burdens bear,—
 They lend their mutual powers.
- 5 Come with us, we will do thee good,
 As God to us hath done ;
 Stand but in him, as those have stood
 Whose faith the victory won.
- 6 And when by turns we pass away,
 As star by star grows dim,
 May each, translated into day,
 Be lost, and found in Him !

473 PART IV. L. M. Crucifixion, 339.

Invitation to Fellowship.

- 1 **C**OME in, ye blessed of the Lord,
 Ye that believe his holy word ;
 Come, and receive our heavenly bread,
 The food with which his saints are fed.
- 2 Your Saviour's boundless goodness prove,
 And feast on his redeeming love :
 Come, all ye happy souls that thirst ;
 The last is welcome as the first.
- 3 Come to his table, and receive
 Whate'er a pardoning God can give :
 His love through every age endures,
 His promise and himself are yours.

473 PART V. L. M. Oldham, 527.

If thou believest, &c. Acts viii. 37.

- 1 **D**O we with humble heart inquire,
 Who are the persons God invites
 To dwell within his house below,
 And to attend its solemn rites ?

- 2 The sacred word declares them such
Whose hearts are changed by sovereign
grace ;
Who place their confidence and hope
In Jesus' blood and righteousness ;
- 3 Who know the truth, and in the ways
Of holiness direct their feet ;
Who love communion with the saints,
And shun the place where scorners meet.
- 4 With past attainments not content,
Increasing purity they seek ;
By whom uprightness is maintain'd
In all they do and all they speak.
- 5 These are the men whom God invites ;
For them the church sets wide her door,
Whate'er their birth or rank may be,
The bond, the free, the rich, the poor.
- 6 Come, then, thou happy waiting soul,
To whom these characters apply ;
Come in—come in, and be a guest—
Come, and receive a rich supply !

474 L. M. Melcombe, 325. Luther's, 301.

Christ dying, rising, and reigning. WATTS.

- 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.
- 2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groan'd beneath your load ;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood.
- 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men !

But, lo, what sudden joys we see,
Jesus the dead revives again!

- 4 The rising God forsakes the tomb :
Up to his Father's courts he flies :
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies !
- 5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns ;
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains.
- 6 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. Liverpool, 83. Arabia, 324.

Sacramental hymn.

J. STENNETT.

- 1 JESUS, O word divinely sweet !
How charming is the sound ;
What joyful news, what heavenly sense
In that dear name is found !
- 2 Our souls, all guilty and condemn'd,
In hopeless fetters lay ;
Our souls, with numerous sins depraved,
To death and hell a prey.
- 3 Jesus, to purge away this guilt,
A willing victim fell,
And on his cross triumphant broke
The bands of death and hell.
- 4 Our foes were mighty to destroy,
He mighty was to save ;
He died, but could not long be held
A prisoner in the grave.

476, 477 THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 5 Jesus, who mighty art to save,
Still push thy conquests on ;
Extend the triumphs of thy cross,
Where'er the sun has shone.
- 6 O Captain of salvation, make
Thy power and mercy known :
Till crowds of willing converts come
And worship at thy throne.

476 L. M. Chard, 175. Thanksgiving, 19.
Sacramental hymn. J. STENNETT.

- 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.
- 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 PART I. L. M. Ulverston, 179.
Holy admiration. BEDDOME.

- 1 **J**ESUS ! when faith with fixed eyes
Beholds thy wondrous 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
 Thence issues forth a double flood [wide!
 Of cleansing water, pardoning 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 glowing pleasure spread abroad
 The mysteries of a dying God.

477 PART II. 9. 8. St. Chrysostom, 544.

The believer supplicating.

- 1 **B**READ of our life! in mercy broken;
 Wine of the soul! in mercy shed;
 By whom the words of life were spoken,
 And in whose death our sins are dead;
- 2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
 Look on the tears by sinners shed;
 And be thy feast to us the token,
 That by thy grace our souls are fed.

478 L. M. Wareham, 117.

Meditating on the cross of Christ.

- 1 **C**OME, see on bloody Calvary,
 Suspended on th' accursed tree,
 A harmless sufferer cover'd o'er
 With shame, and weltering in his gore.
- 2 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?
- 3 'T is he! 't is he! he kindly shrouds
His glories in a night of clouds,
That souls might from their ruin rise,
And heir th' imperishable skies.
- 4 See, to their refuge and their rest,
From all the bands of guilt released,
Transgressors to his cross repair,
And find a full redemption there.
- 5 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.
- 6 That tree, that curse-empoison'd tree,
Which proved a bloody rack to thee,
Shall in the noblest blessings shoot,
And fill the nations with its fruit.
- 7 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 compared to this?

479 PART I. L. M. Old Hundredth, 100.

Principalities and powers subject to Christ.

REV. v. 12.

D. TURNER.

- 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 sov'reign power,
Fly through the world at his command,
Or prostrate at his feet adore.

- 3 Satan and all his rebel crew
That raged 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 Though 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 the 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.
- 8 Come, quickly come, immortal King!
On earth thy regal honours raise,
The full salvation, promised, bring,
Then every tongue shall sing thy praise!

479 PART II. C. M. Richmond, 15.

This do in remembrance of me.

Luke xxii. 19.

MONTGOMERY.

- 1 ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember thee.

- 2 Thy body broken for my sake,
 My bread from heaven shall be ;
 Thy testamental cup I take,
 And thus remember thee.
- 3 Can I Gethsemane forget?
 Or there thy conflict see,
 Thine agony and bloody sweat,
 And not remember thee?
- 4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
 And rest on Calvary,
 O Lamb of God! my sacrifice!
 I must remember thee.
- 5 Remember thee, and all thy pains,
 And all thy love to me,—
 Yes, while a pulse or breath remains,
 I will remember thee!
- 6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
 And thought and memory flee,
 When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
 Jesus, remember me!

The same.

- 1 **J**ESU, we thus obey
 Thy last and kindest word,
 Here in thine own appointed way
 We come to meet our Lord :
- 2 The way thou hast enjoin'd
 Thou wilt therein appear :
 We come with confidence to find
 Thy special presence here.
- 3 Our hearts now open wide
 To make the Saviour room :

- For lo! the Lamb, the Crucified,
The sinner's friend is come!
- 4 His presence makes the feast:
Let now our bosoms feel
The glory not to be express'd,
The joy unspeakable.
- 5 With pure celestial bliss,
He doth our spirits cheer,
His house of banqueting is this,
And He hath brought us here.
- 6 He doth his servants feed
With manna from above;
His banner over us is spread,
His everlasting love.

479 PART IV. C. M. Devizes, 14.

The same.

NOEL.

- 1 **I**F human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie;
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a friend is nigh!—
- 2 Oh! shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To Him who died our fears to quell,
And mitigate our woe!
- 3 While yet his anguish'd soul survey'd,
Those pangs He would not flee,
What love his latest words display'd,
'Meet, and remember me.'
- 4 Remember Thee! thy death, thy shame,
Our sinful hearts to share!
O memory! leave no other name
But his, recorded there!

479 PART V. C. M. Northampton, 520.

Take, eat: this is my body. 1 Cor. xi. 24.

DR. WARDLAW.

- 1 **R**EMEMBER Thee, redeeming Lord!
While mem'ry holds her place,
Can we forget the Prince of life
Who saves us by his grace?
- 2 The Lord of life with glory crown'd,
On heaven's exalted throne,
Remembers those for whom on earth,
He heaved his dying groan.
- 3 His glory now no tongue of man
Or seraph bright can tell;
Yet 'tis the chief of all his joys,
That souls are saved from hell.
- 4 For this He came and dwelt on earth,
For this his life was given;
For this he fought and vanquish'd death,
For this He pleads in heaven.
- 5 Join, all ye saints beneath the sky,
Your grateful praise to give;
Sing loud hosannas to the Lord,
Who died that you might live.

479 PART VI. C. M. New York, 33.

We are one bread, one body.

- 1 **H**OW happy are thy servants, Lord,
Who thus remember thee!
What tongue can tell our sweet accord,
Our perfect harmony!
- 2 Who of thy sacred supper share,
Here at thy table fed,
Many, and yet but one we are,
One undivided bread.

3 One with the living Bread divine
 Which now by faith we eat,
 Our hearts, and minds, and spirits join,
 And all in Jesus meet.

4 So dear the tie where souls agree
 In Jesu's dying love,
 Then only can it closer be
 When all are join'd above.

479 PART VII. C. M. Ludlow, 84.

The communion. 1 Cor. x. 16.

COME, Holy Ghost, thine influence
 And realize the sign, [shed,
 Thy life infuse into the bread,
 Thy power into the wine.

2 Effectual let the tokens prove:
 Make them, by heavenly art,
 Fit channels to convey thy love
 To every faithful heart.

480 L. M. Redemption, 243.

Love on a cross and a throne. WATTS.

1 NOW 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 the eternal hills,
Where the dear Conqueror sits enthroned,
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. Portugal, 97. Simeon, 355.

Triumphs of the cross. STENNETT.

- 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 tran-
scends,
'T is 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 sable 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 saved 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 PART I. C. M. Wantage, 204.

A sacramental hymn.

J. STENNETT.

- 1 **L**ORD, at thy table I behold
 The wonders of thy grace;
 But most of all admire that I
 Should find a welcome place:—
- 2 I that am all defiled with sin,
 A rebel to my God;
 I that have crucified his Son,
 And trampled on his blood—
- 3 What strange surprising grace is this,
 That such a soul has room!
 My Saviour takes me by the hand,
 My Jesus bids me come.
- 4 '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.'
- 5 With trembling faith, and bleeding hearts,
 Lord, we accept thy love:

482, 483 THE LORD'S SUPPER.

'T is a rich banquet we have had,
What will it be above ?

6 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,
Join all your praising powers ;
No theme is like redeeming love,
No Saviour is like ours.

7 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.

482 PART II. 7's. Kennington, 498.

Heavenly bread and wine. CONDER.

1 **B**READ of heaven ! on thee I feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed :
Ever may my soul be fed
With this true and living bread ;
Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of him who died.

2 Vine of heaven ! thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice.

'T is thy wounds my healing give :
To thy cross I look and live.
Thou my life ! oh, let me be
Rooted, grafted, built on thee.

483 C. M. Bangor, 231. Langshaw, 424.

My flesh is meat indeed. STENNETT.

1 **H**ERE 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 the rich repast,
Himself comes down and dies ;

- And then invites us thus to feast
Upon the sacrifice.
- 3 The bitter torments he endured
Upon the shameful cross,
For us, his welcome guests, procured
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 opening 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. Ulverston, 179.

Jesus wept—he died.—See how he loved us.

John xi. 35.

BEDDOME.

- 1 SO fair a face bedew'd with tears !
What beauty e'en in grief appears ;
He wept, he bled, he died for you ;
What more, ye saints, could Jesus do ?
- 2 Enthroned above, with equal glow
His warm affections downward flow ;
In our distress he bears a part,
And feels a sympathetic smart.

3 Still his compassions are the same,
 He knows the frailty of our frame;
 Our heaviest burdens he sustains,
 Shares in our sorrows and our pains.

485 C. M. Wantage, 204. Abridge, 201.

The wonders of redemption. STEELE.

1 **A**ND did the holy and the just,
 The Sovereign of the skies;
 Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
 That guilty worms might rise?

2 Yes! the Redeemer left his throne,
 His radiant throne on high,
 (Surprising mercy! love unknown!)
 To suffer, bleed, and die.

3 He took the dying traitor's place
 And suffer'd in his stead;
 For man, (O miracle of grace!)
 For man the Saviour bled!

4 Dear Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell
 In thy atoning blood!
 By this are sinners snatch'd from hell,
 And rebels brought to God.

5 Jesus, my soul adoring bends
 To love so full, so free;
 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. Irish, 171. Devizes, 14.

Room at the gospel feast.

Luke xiv. 22.

DODDRIDGE.

- 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,
 Through 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 are his house and heart so large,
 That millions more may come;
 Nor could the whole assembled world
 O'erfill the spacious room.
- 6 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. Wareham, 117. Oldham, 527.

Communion with Christ at his table. STEELE.

- 1 **T**O Jesus, our exalted Lord, [adored!]
 (Dear name, by heaven and earth
 Fain would our hearts and voices raise
 A cheerful song of sacred praise.

- 2 But all the notes which mortals know
 Are weak, and languishing, and low ;
 Far, far above our humble songs,
 The theme demands immortal tongues.
- 3 But while around his board we meet,
 And humbly worship at his feet,
 O let our warm affections move,
 In glad returns of grateful love !
- 4 Let faith our feeble senses aid
 To see thy wondrous love display'd,
 Thy broken flesh, thy bleeding veins,
 Thy dreadful agonizing pains.
- 5 Let humble, penitential woe,
 With painful, pleasing anguish flow ;
 And thy forgiving smiles impart
 Life, hope, and joy to every heart.

488 C. M. Liverpool, 83. Irish, 171.

Praise to the Redeemer.

STEELE.

- 1 **T**O our Redeemer's glorious name
 Awake the sacred song !
 O may his love (immortal flame !)
 Tune every heart and tongue.
- 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. Swithin's, 44.

Praise to Christ.

STENNETT.

- 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.
- 3 He left his starry crown,
 And laid his robes aside;
 On wings of love came down,
 And wept, and bled, and died;
 What he endured, O who can tell,
 To save our souls from death and hell?
- 4 From the dark grave he rose,
 The mansion of the dead;
 And thence his mighty foes
 In glorious triumph led:
 Up through the sky the Conqueror rode,
 And reigns on high the Saviour God.

490 THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 5 From 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.
- 6 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, though small, thou wilt receive.

490 PART I. L. M. Portugal, 97.

Self-dedication.

DAVIES

- 1 LORD! am I thine, entirely thine?
 Purchased and saved by blood divine?
 With full consent thine I would be,
 And own thy sovereign right in me.
- 2 Thee, my new Master now I call,
 And consecrate to thee my all :
 Lord! let me live and die to thee,
 Be thine through all eternity.

490 PART II. C. M. Abridge, 201.

After admission.

BEDDOME.

- 1 WITNESS, ye men and angels, now ;
 Before the Lord we speak :
 To Him we make our solemn vow—
 A vow we dare not break :—
- 2 That long as life itself shall last,
 Ourselves to Christ we yield ;
 Nor from his cause will we depart,
 Or ever quit the field !

- 3 We trust not in our native strength,
 But on his grace rely ;
 That with returning wants the Lord
 Will all our need supply.
- 4 Oh ! guide our doubtful feet aright,
 And keep us in thy ways ;
 And while we turn our vows to prayers,
 Turn thou our prayers to praise !

490 PART III. L. M. Portugal, 97.

The irrevocable pledge.

2 Cor. xi. 2.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 'TIS done, the great transaction 's done ;
 I am my Lord's, and he is mine :
 He drew me, and I follow'd on,
 Charm'd to confess the voice divine.
- 2 Now rest, my long-divided heart ;
 Fix'd on this blissful centre rest ;
 With ashes who would grudge to part,
 When call'd on angel's bread to feast ?
- 3 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
 That vow renew'd shall daily hear ;
 Till in life's latest hour I bow,
 And bless in death a bond so dear.

490 PART IV. C. M. Devizes, 14.

Arise, let us go hence. John xiv. 31.

- 1 LORD, from thy table we retire,
 With gratitude and love ;
 Oh, may thy Holy Spirit's fire
 Our cold affections move !
- 2 Whatever dangers throng our way,
 We would confess thy name :
 Nor once thy sacred cause betray,
 Through sinful fear and shame.

- 3 Thy grace shall be our pleasing theme,
 Thy law our constant guide;
 We give to thee our love supreme,
 And worship none beside.
- 4 Then lead us through this weeping vale,
 To see thy blest abode;
 And may our feeble faith prevail,
 To bear our souls to God!

 TIMES AND SEASONS.

MORNING AND EVENING.

491 PART I. L. M. Morning Hymn, 398.

Morning.

BISHOP KEN.

- 1 **A**WAKE, my soul, and with the sun
 Thy daily stage of duty run;
 Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
 To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Thy precious time misspent, redeem;
 Each present day thy last esteem;
 Improve thy talent with due care;
 For the great day thyself prepare.
- 3 In conversation be sincere;
 Keep conscience, as the noon-tide, clear;
 Think how the all-seeing God thy ways,
 And all thy secret thoughts, surveys.
- 4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
 And with the angels bear thy part,
 Who all night long, unwearied, sing
 High praise to the Eternal King.
- 5 Awake, awake, ye heavenly choir;
 May your devotion me inspire,
 That I, like you, my age may spend,
 Like you, may on my God attend.

- 6 May I, like you, in God delight,
Have all day long my God in sight ;
Perform, like you, my Maker's will :
O may I never more do ill !
- 7 Lord, I my vows to thee renew ;
Scatter my sins as morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.
- 8 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

491 PART II. C. M. Bedford, 91.

Morning hymn.

- 1 **T**O thee let my first offering 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 vouchsafed 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 intend,
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 ;

492, 493 TIMES AND SEASONS.

And when I all my life survey,
May grace sustain at last.

492 C. M. Braintree, 25. Lydia, 327.

A morning hymn. D. TURNER.

- 1 **W**ITH thee, great God, the stores of
And stores of darkness lie; [light
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 upraised,
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. Leach, 290. Serlby, 167.

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 hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
 What Jesus hath for his prepared,
 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. Sutton, 149. Sacred Song, 524.

A morning hymn.

- 1 SEE 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;
 Tinged with thy blood it shall ascend
 With fragrance to the skies.

495, 496 TIMES AND SEASONS.

7 My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee ;
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.

495 L. M. 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 witness 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 eyelids close ;
With sleep refresh my feeble frame ;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

496 PART I. L. M. Magdalen, 214.

The same.

BISHOP KEN.

- 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 eyelids 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.

496 PART II. 8. 6. 6. Havant, 227.

Evening prayer.

- 1 **E**RE I sleep, for every favour
This day show'd by my God,
I do bless my Saviour.
- 2 Leave me not, but ever love me,
Let thy peace be my bliss
Till thou hence remove me.
- 3 And whene'er in death I slumber,
Let me rise with the wise,
Counted in their number.

497 PART I. C. M. Irish, 171.

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 multiplied,
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 heart's 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.

497 PART II. 8. 7. Alexandria, 361.

Evening.

EDMESTON.

- 1 SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal ;
Sin and want we come confessing—
Thou canst save and thou canst heal.
Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel-guards from thee surround us ;
We are safe if thou art nigh.
- 2 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee ;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.
Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

THE SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

498

C. M. Michael's, 119,

On the spring.

NEEDHAM.

- 1 **T**HE icy chains that bound the earth
 Are now dissolved and gone:
 Waked by the sun, the blooming spring
 Puts his new livery on.
- 2 Where awful desolation reign'd
 Blest plenty rears her head;
 Exulting with a smile to see
 Her late destroyer fled.
- 3 Teeming with life, the 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 is his 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.

The return of spring celebrated.

- 1 **F**ROM winter's barren clods,
 From winter's joyless waste,
 The spring in sudden youth appears
 With blooming beauty graced.
- 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
 Through earth, and seas, and skies.
- 4 With grateful praise we own
 Thy providential hand,
 While grass for kine, and herbs and corn
 For men, enrich the land.
- 5 But greater still the gift
 Of thine incarnate Son;
 By him forgiveness, peace, and joy,
 Through endless ages run.

500 PART I. C. M. Warwick, 471.

The spring improved.

NEWTON.

- 1 **B**EHOLD! long wish'd-for spring is
 How alter'd is the scene! [come,
 The trees and shrubs are dress'd in bloom,
 The earth array'd in green.
- 2 Where'er we tread, the clustering 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,
 Oppress'd with sin and doubt ;
 I feel 't is winter still within,
 Though all is spring without
- 4 Oh, would my Saviour, from on high,
 Break through 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 !

500 PART II. 7's. Jubilee, 203. Amboyna, 289.
 Worship, 539.

The same.

NEWTON.

- 1 PLEASING spring again is here !
 Trees and fields in bloom appear !
 Hark ! the birds, with artless lays,
 Warble their Creator's praise !
 Where in winter all was snow,
 Now the flowers in clusters grow,
 And the corn, in green array,
 Promises a harvest-day.
- 2 What a change has taken place !
 Emblem of the spring of grace ;
 How the soul in winter mourns,
 Till the Lord, the Sun, returns ;
 Till the Spirit's gentle rain
 Bids the heart revive again :
 Then the stone is turn'd to flesh,
 And each grace springs forth afresh.
- 3 Lord, afford a spring to me !
 Let me feel like what I see !

Ah, my winter has been long,
 Chill'd my hopes, and stopp'd my song !
 Winter threaten'd to destroy
 Faith, and love, and every joy ;
 If thy life was in the root,
 Still I could not yield thee fruit.

4 Speak, and by thy gracious voice
 Make my drooping soul rejoice ;
 O beloved Saviour, haste,
 Tell me all the storms are past :
 On thy garden deign to smile,
 Raise the plants, enrich the soil ;
 Soon thy presence will restore
 Life to what seem'd dead before.

5 Lord, I long to be at home,
 Where these changes never come !
 Where the saints no winter fear,
 Where 't is spring throughout the year ;
 How unlike this state below !
 There the flowers unwithering blow ;
 There no chilling blasts annoy ;
 All is love, and bloom, and joy.

501 C. M. Abridge, 201. Trinity, 181.

On a year of threatening drought. GIBBONS.

1 **T**HE spring, great God, at thy command,
 Leads forth the smiling year ;
 Gay verdure, foliage, blooms, and flowers,
 To adorn her reign appear.

2 But soon canst thou in righteous wrath
 Blast all the promised joy,
 And elements await thy nod
 To bless or to destroy.

- 3 The sun, thy minister of love,
That from the naked ground
Calls forth the hidden scenes to birth,
And spreads their beauties round ;
- 4 At the dread order of his God
Now darts destructive fires ;
Hills, plains, and vales, are parch'd with
And blooming life expires. [drought,
- 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. Wanley, 308.

On a year of threatening rain.

- 1 **H**OW hast thou, Lord, from year to
Our land with plenty crown'd ! [year,
And generous fruit and golden grain
Have spread their riches round.
- 2 But we thy mercies have abused,
To more abounding crimes ;
What heights, what daring heights in sin,
Mark and disgrace our times !
- 3 Equal, though 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 hoped to reap,

- Our fields of sorrow and despair
Should lie a 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.
- 6 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

PART I. L. M. Oldham, 527.

The God of thunder.

WATTS.

- 1 **O** THE immense, the amazing height,
The boundless grandeur of our God !
Who treads the world beneath his feet,
And sways the nations with his nod !
- 2 He speaks, and lo, all nature shakes,
Heaven's everlasting pillars bow ;
He rends the clouds with hideous cracks,
And shoots his fiery arrows through.
- 3 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 :
- 4 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 through.
- 5 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.

- 6 Thus shall the God our Saviour come,
 And lightnings round his chariot play ;
 Ye lightnings, fly to make him room !
 Ye glorious storms, prepare his way !

503 PART II. C. M. Cambridge New, 74.

Controlling the tempest.

Isa. xxvii. 3.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 GREAT Ruler of all nature's frame,
 We own thy power divine ;
 We hear thy breath in every storm,
 For all the winds are thine.
- 2 Wide as they sweep their sounding way,
 They work thy sovereign will :
 And, awed by thy majestic voice,
 Confusion shall be still.
- 3 Thy mercy softens every blast
 To them that seek thy face ;
 And mingles with the tempest's roar
 The whispers of thy grace.

503 PART III. L. M. Dryden's, 326.

Summer.

COBBIN.

- 1 LORD, to thy bounteous care we owe
 The clouds that cause our fields to
 grow ;
 And streams which through our valleys
 And fruitful crops of corn provide. [glide,
- 2 The rain makes soft the harrow'd clod,
 And numerous blades break through the
 Then rising to the waving ear, [sod ;
 At length in ripen'd grain appear.
- 3 Thy goodness thus prepares a crop,
 Our very paths with fatness drop,

And teeming nature's cheerful voice
Seems in thy bounty to rejoice.

- 4 The little hills have praising tongues ;
Thy fruitful vales break forth in songs ;
While numerous bleating flocks are seen
Dancing among the pastures green.
- 5 Lord, make us fruitful thus in grace,
And joy shall animate each face :
With living spring our souls renew,
Our hearts shall leap and praise thee too.

- 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 know their time,
His harvest crowns the spring.
- 3 Well-pleased, 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 ripening 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.

PAUSE. Otford, 106.

- 6 O may the promised blissful hour,
 The welcome season come,
 When all thy servants shall unite
 To shout the harvest home.
- 7 A joyful harvest they shall have
 Who now in sadness sow ;
 And those shall live to sing above
 Who wept for sin below.

504 PART II. L. M. Portugal, 97.

Harvest.

PEACOCK.

- 1 **L**O, clad in nature's bright array,
 The fields a beauteous scene display ;
 See how the golden ears of corn,
 Wide waving, all the hill adorn.
- 2 See earth with God's rich goodness
 A joyful plenty smiles around ; [crown'd,
 But now, to our admiring eyes,
 Behold superior prospects rise.
- 3 Rich harvests, where salvation grows,
 Their fair celestial fruits disclose ;
 A paradise on earth is seen,—
 How pleasing, how divine the scene !
- 4 See sinners hastening to embrace
 The tidings of forgiving grace ;
 Redeem'd from hell with price divine,
 In faith and holiness they shine.
- 5 All crown'd with immortality
 These fruits of righteousness shall be ;
 Then they that reap, and they that sow,
 Shall everlasting triumphs know.

6 Together shall their songs arise,
 In the fair fields of paradise ;
 And shouts of triumph and of joy
 Their blest eternity employ.

504 PART III. C. M. Twyford, 432.

Harvest. Acts xiv. 17.

BOYCE.

- 1 GREAT sovereign Lord, what human
 Amidst thy works can rove, [eye
 And not thy liberal hand espy,
 Nor trace thy bounteous love ?
- 2 [Each star that gilds the heavenly frame,
 On earth each verdant clod,
 In language loud to men proclaim
 The great and bounteous God.
- 3 The lesson each revolving year
 Repeats in various ways ;
 Rich thy provisions, Lord, appear ;
 The poor shall shout thy praise.]
- 4 Our fruitful fields and pastures tell,
 Of man and beast, thy care ;
 The thriving corn, thy breezes fill ;
 Thy breath perfumes the air.
- 5 But oh, what human eye can trace,
 Or human heart conceive,
 The greater riches of the grace
 Impoverish'd souls receive !
- 6 Love everlasting has not spared
 Its best beloved Son,
 And in him endless life prepared,
 For souls by sin undone.

504 PART IV. C. M. Church-street, 519.

Harvest. Jer. v. 24.

- 1 **F**OUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
How rich thy bounties are!
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.
- 2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness mark'd its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.
- 3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was
The plants in beauty grew; [thine,
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And mild refreshing dew.
- 4 These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain;
A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.
- 5 We own and bless thy gracious sway,
Thy hand all nature hails;
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter fails.

505 PART I. C. M. Abridge, 201.

Harvest. Prov. x. 5.

- 1 **S**EE how the little toiling ant
Improves the harvest hours,
While summer lasts, through all her cells
The choicest stores she pours.
- 2 While life remains, our harvest lasts,
But youth of life's the prime:
Blest is this season for our work,
And this the accepted time.

- 3 To-day attend, is Wisdom's voice ;
 To-morrow, Folly cries :
 And still to-morrow 't is, when, oh,
 To-day the sinner dies.
- 4 When conscience speaks, its voice regard,
 And seize the tender hour ;
 Humbly implore the promised grace,
 And God will give the power.

Harvest.

- 1 **L**ONG did the patient peasants toil
 And wait for plenteous crops :
 Heaven on their labours deign'd to smile,
 Nor would deceive their hopes.
- 2 Rich were the fields of waving corn
 Which recompensed their care :
 And to their barns in safety borne,
 Crown'd the revolving year.
- 3 And now, their annual labours o'er,
 With joy we see them come,
 In triumph view their precious store,
 And hail the harvest home.
- 4 Not theirs alone Heaven's gracious care,
 Not theirs alone the song :
 We in its bounties richly share,
 And we'll the notes prolong.
- 5 God of our mercies, let each voice
 Unite to sound thy praise :
 And Britain's utmost coasts rejoice
 In thine abounding grace.
- 6 Since all we have to thee we owe,
 May we be wholly thine ;

And serve thee first in worlds below,
And then in realms divine.

505 PART III. 8. 7. 7. Nuneaton, 133.

Harvest home.

- 1 **B**RITONS, now your harvest ended,
All your fruits securely stored,
Come, with grateful joy attended,
Praise and bless your bounteous Lord ;
Friends and neighbours hither come,
Swell the notes of harvest home.
- 2 Cheerfulness and holy pleasure
Well become our happy isle,
When our God in copious measure
Deigns to bless us with his smile ;
Joyful, then, all people come,
Celebrate the harvest home.
- 3 'T was his sun, his showers, his blessing,
Which the kindly fruits matured ;
And his love and care unceasing
Watch'd till it was safely stored :
Else we had not hither come,
Thus to hail the harvest home.
- 4 From his hand all good receiving,
May we trust in him alone ;
Ever to his glory living,
Through the grace of Christ his Son ;
Till with all his saints we come
To his heavenly harvest home.

505 PART IV. 7's. Amboyna, 289.

Harvest.

NEWTON.

- 1 **S**EE the corn again in ear !
How the fields and valleys smile ;
Harvest now is drawing near,
To repay the farmer's toil :

Gracious Lord, secure the crop,
Satisfy the poor with food ;
In thy mercy is our hope ;
We have sinn'd, but thou art good.

- 2 While I view the plenteous grain
As it ripens on the stalk,
May I not instruction gain,
Helpful to my daily walk ?
All this plenty of the field
Was produced from foreign seeds ;
For the earth itself would yield
Only crops of useless weeds.
- 3 Though when newly sown, it lay
Hid awhile beneath the ground,
(Some might think it thrown away,)
Now a large increase is found :
Though conceal'd, it was not lost ;
Though it died, it lives again :
Eastern storms and nipping frost
Have opposed its growth in vain.
- 4 Let the praise be all the Lord's,
As the benefit is ours !
He, in season, still affords
Kindly heat and gentle showers ;
By his care the produce thrives,
Waving o'er the furrow'd lands ;
And when harvest-time arrives,
Ready for the reaper stands.
- 5 Thus in barren hearts he sows
Precious seeds of heavenly joy ;
Sin and hell in vain oppose,
None can grace's crop destroy :
Threaten'd oft, yet still it blooms,
After many changes past,

Death the reaper, when he comes,
Finds it fully ripe at last.

505 PART V. 8. 7. Walmgate, 51.

The fall of the leaf an emblem of death.

Isa. lxiv. 6.

BISHOP HORNE.

- 1 **S**EE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and wither'd, to the ground;
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound:
- 2 'Sons of Adam, (once in Eden,
Where, like us, he blighted fell,)
Hear the lesson we are reading,
Mark the awful truth we tell.
- 3 'Youth, on length of days presuming,
Who the paths of pleasure tread,
View us, late in beauty blooming,
Number'd now among the dead.
- 4 'What though yet no losses grieve you,
Gay with health and many a grace,
Let not cloudless skies deceive you,
Summer gives to autumn place.
- 5 'Yearly in our course returning,
Messengers of shortest stay,
Thus we preach this truth concerning
Heaven and earth shall pass away.'
- 6 On the tree of life eternal,
O let all our hopes be staid!
This alone, for ever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

506 C. M. Worksop, 31. Trinity, 181.

Winter.

STEELE.

- 1 **S**TERN winter throws his icy chains,
Encircling nature round:

- How bleak, how comfortless the plains,
 Late with gay verdure crown'd!
- 2 The sun withdraws his vital beams,
 And light and warmth depart :
 And drooping lifeless nature seems
 An emblem of my heart—
- 3 My heart, where mental winter reigns
 In night's dark mantle clad,
 Confined in cold inactive chains ;
 How desolate and sad!
- 4 Return, O blissful sun, and bring
 Thy soul-reviving ray ;
 This mental winter shall be spring,
 This darkness cheerful day.
- 5 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. Rothwell, 174. Sampson, 107.

Winter.

NEWTON.

- 1 **S**EE, how rude Winter's icy hand
 Has stript the trees, and seal'd the
 ground :
 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 Jesus, my glorious sun, arise,
 'T is thine the frozen heart to move ;
 Oh, hush these storms, and clear my skies,
 And let me feel thy vital love.
- 4 Dear 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.

508 L. M. Gloucester, 12. Blendon, 115.

The seasons crowned with goodness.

Psa. lxxv. 11.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Source of every joy !
 Well may thy praise our lips employ,
 While in thy temple we appear
 To hail thee Sovereign of the year.
- 2 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.
- 3 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.
- 4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
 Through all our coast redundant stores ;
 And winters, soften'd by thy care,
 No more the face of horror wear.

- 5 Seasons and months, and weeks and days,
Demand successive songs of praise :
And be the grateful homage paid
With morning light and evening shade.
- 6 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. Jewin-street, 222.

Grateful recollection—Ebenezer.

1 Sam. vii. 12.

ROBINSON.

- 1 **C**OME, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace,
Streams of mercy never ceasing
Call for songs of loudest praise :
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above :
Praise the mount—O fix 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 sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God ;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed 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 PART I. L. M. Antigua, 120.

Help of God. Acts xxvi. 22.

New Year's day. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **G**REAT God, we sing that mighty hand,
 By which supported still we stand :
 The opening year thy mercy shows ;
 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.
- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own ;
 The future, all to us unknown,
 We to thy guardian care commit,
 And peaceful leave before thy feet.
- 4 In scenes exalted or depress'd,
 Be thou our joy, and thou our rest ;
 Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
 Adored through all our changing days.
- 5 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.

510 PART II. L. M. Protection, 337.

God's helping hand reviewed.

New Year's day. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **M**Y helper God ! I bless his name :
 The same his power, his grace the
 same ;

- The tokens of his friendly care
 Open, and crown, and close the year.
- 2 I, 'midst ten thousand dangers, stand,
 Supported by his guardian hand ;
 And see, when I survey my ways,
 Ten thousand monuments of praise.
- 3 Thus far his arm hath led me on ;
 Thus far I make his mercy known ;
 And while I tread this desert land,
 New mercies shall new songs demand.
- 4 My grateful soul on Jordan's shore,
 Shall raise one sacred pillar more :
 Then bear, in his bright courts above,
 Inscriptions of immortal love.

- 1 **G**OD 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.
- 2 Thou hast preserved my fleeting breath,
 And chased the gloomy shades of death ;
 The venom'd arrows vainly fly,
 When God our great Deliverer 's nigh.
- 3 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 ?
- 4 Still may the barren fig tree stand !
 And, cultivated by thy hand,
 Verdure and bloom and fruit afford,
 Meet tribute to its bounteous Lord.

5 So shall thy praise employ my breath
 Through life, and in the arms of death
 My soul the pleasant theme prolong,
 Then rise to aid th' angelic song.

511 PART II. 148th. Sovereignty, 362.

A new year.

WESLEY.

1 **T**HE Lord of earth and sky,
 The God of ages, praise,
 Who reigns enthroned on high,
 Ancient of endless days ;
 Who lengthens out our trial here,
 And spares us yet another year.

2 Barren and wither'd trees,
 We cumber'd long the ground,
 No fruit of holiness
 On our dead souls was found ;
 Yet doth he us in mercy spare
 Another and another year.

3 When justice bared the sword
 To cut the fig tree down,
 The pity of our Lord
 Cried, Let it still alone ;
 The Father mild inclines his ear,
 And spares us yet another year.

4 Jesus, thy speaking blood
 From God obtain'd the grace,
 Who therefore hath bestow'd
 On us a longer space :
 Thou didst on our behalf appear,
 And lo, we see another year !

5 Then dig about our root,
 Break up our fallow ground,
 And let some gracious fruit
 To thy great praise abound :

O let us all thy praise declare,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

512 PART I. 7's. Alcester, 213.
 A birth-day hymn. FAWCETT.

- 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 power,
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.

512 PART II. 148th. Burnham, 396.
 Birth-day self-dedication. WESLEY.

- 1 **G**OD of my life, to thee
My cheerful soul I raise,

Thy goodness bade me be,
 And still prolongs my days.
 I see my natal hour return,
 And bless the day that I was born.

2 A clod of living earth,
 I glorify thy name,
 From whom alone my birth
 And all my blessings came ;
 Creating and preserving grace,
 Let all that is within me praise.

3 My soul, and all its powers,
 Thine, wholly thine, shall be ;
 All, all my happy hours
 I consecrate to thee ;
 Whate'er I have, whate'er I am,
 Shall magnify my Maker's name.

4 Long as I live beneath,
 To thee, oh, let me live !
 To thee my every breath
 In thanks and blessings give ;
 Me to thine image now restore,
 And I shall praise thee evermore.

513 PART I. C. M. New York, 33.

A wedding hymn.

BERRIDGE.

1 SINCE Jesus freely did appear,
 To grace a marriage feast,
 O Lord, we ask thy presence here,
 To make a wedding guest.

2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
 Who now have plighted hands ;
 Their union with thy favour crown,
 And bless their nuptial bands.

- 3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow,
Of all rich dowries best ;
Their substance bless, and peace bestow
To sweeten all the rest.
- 4 In purest love their souls unite,
That they, with Christian care,
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking mutual share.
- 5 [True helpers may they prove indeed,
In prayer, and faith, and hope ;
And see with joy a godly seed
To build their household up.]
- 6 As Isaac and Rebekah give
A pattern chaste and kind ;
So may this married couple live,
And die in friendship join'd.
- 7 On every soul assembled here,
O make thy face to shine ;
Thy goodness more our hearts can cheer
Than richest food or wine.

513 PART II. 7's. St. Austin's, 460.

Marriage. 1 Pet. iii. 7. COLLYER.

- 1 **D**EIGN this union to approve,
And confirm it, God of love !
Bless thy servants, on their head
Now the oil of gladness shed ;
In this nuptial bond to thee
Let them consecrated be.
- 2 In prosperity, be near,
To preserve them in thy fear ;
In affliction, let thy smile
All the woes of life beguile :
And when every change is past,
Take them to thyself at last.

513

PART III. 7's. Aaron, 508.

The same. Gen. ii. 19—24. COLLYER.

- 1 **F**ATHER of the human race,
Sanction with thy heavenly grace
What on earth hath now been done,
That these twain be truly one.
- 2 One in sickness and in health,
One in poverty and wealth,
And, as year rolls after year,
Each to other still more dear.
- 3 One in purpose, one in heart,
Till the mortal stroke shall part ;
One in cheerful piety,
One for ever, Lord, with thee.

514

PART I. S. M. Plymouth, 336.

Family altar erected. BEDDOME.

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

514

PART II. C. M. Christ Church, 420.

Family prayer. BURNS.

WHEN soon or late we reach the coast
O'er life's rough ocean driven,
May we be found, no wanderer lost,
A family in heaven !

515

PART I. 8. 7. Tarleton, 210.

Peace be to this house. Luke x. 5.

C. WESLEY.

- 1 **P**EACE be to this habitation ;
 Peace to all that dwell therein ;
 Peace, the earnest of salvation ;
 Peace, the fruit of pardon'd sin ;
 Peace, that speaks the heavenly Giver ;
 Peace to worldly minds unknown ;
 Peace divine, that lasts for ever,
 Peace, that comes from God alone.
- 2 Prince of Peace, be present near us,
 Fix in all our hearts thy home ;
 With thy gracious presence cheer us ;
 Let thy sacred kingdom come ;
 Raise to heaven our expectation,
 Give our favour'd souls to prove
 Glorious and complete salvation,
 In the realms of bliss above.
-

BIRTH AND DEDICATION OF CHILDREN.

515

PART II. 7's. Saxa Gotha, 496.

On the birth of a child.

DR. CAMPBELL'S COLL.

- 1 **B**UD of being ! beauty's flower !
 Sprung to birth this smiling hour ;
 While upon thy form we gaze,
 Grateful thoughts to heaven we raise.
- 2 Nothing yet thine eyes can see
 Of the world's dread mystery ;
 Of the tumult and the strife
 That embitter human life.
- 3 Saviour, from thy heavenly throne,
 Smile upon this little one ;

If its trembling life be spared,
Deign to be its constant guard.

- 4 Let thy Spirit be its guide,
Let its wants be well supplied ;
Cleanse it by thy precious blood,
Fit it for thy blest abode.

515 PART III. C. M. Beaumont, 526.

The same. DR. CAMPBELL'S COLL.

- 1 BLESSINGS attend thee, little one,
Sweet pledge of mutual love ;
On this new coast a stranger thrown,
Directed from above.

- 2 Live to reward thy parents' heart
For every kindness given.
And when earth's fleeting scenes depart
Rejoice with them in heaven.

515 PART IV. 8. 7. Mariners, 286.

The Lord bless thee and keep thee.

DR. CAMPBELL'S COLL.

- 1 WELCOME, welcome, lovely stranger,
Welcome to a world of care ;
Where attends thee many a danger,
Where awaits thee many a snare.

- 2 But may Heaven in love defend thee
'Mid life's dangers and alarms,
And many blessings still attend thee,
Circled in a Saviour's arms.

515 PART V. C. M. Harmonia, 390.

On dedicating a child.

- 1 FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
In solemn power come down,
O save this child, by nature lost,
And take [him] for thine own.

- 2 Oh, let thine unction on [him] rest,
 Thy grace [his] soul renew,
 And write within [his] tender breast
 Thy name and nature too.
- 3 If thou should'st quickly end [his] days,
 [His] place with thee prepare ;
 Or, if thou lengthen out [his] race,
 Continue still thy care.
- 4 Thy faithful servant may [he] prove,
 Girded with truth divine ;
 A sharer in thy dying love,
 A follower of thine.

515 PART VI. 8. 7. 4. Rousseau, 384.

The same.

REED.

- 1 GRACIOUS Lord, as thou hast bidden,
 At thy feet we humbly bend ;
 May our prayers arise to heaven,
 May thy blessing now descend :
 For thy blessing,
 Lo, we all unite to pray.
- 2 Pour thy Spirit on this infant,
 Sanctify [him] from the womb ;
 Let thy gracious arms surround [him]
 In [his] journey to the tomb ;
 Then victorious,
 Raise [him] to thy heavenly throne.
- 3 Make [his] parents wise to train [him]
 In the nurture of the Lord,
 And beyond these mortal regions
 Let [us] share thy bless'd reward,
 And our household
 Find in heaven a lasting home.

515 PART VII. L. M. Doversdale, 430.

Prayer for a blessing.

COLLYER.

- 1 UNITED prayers ascend to thee,
Eternal Parent of mankind;
Smile on this waiting family,
Thy blessing let thy servants find.
- 2 Let the dear pledges of our love
Like tender plants around us grow;
Thy present grace, and joys above,
Upon our little ones bestow.
- 3 Regard their parents' earnest prayers:
A father's sigh, a mother's tears;
And while her infant charge she rears,
Crown with success her pious cares.
- 4 To every member of the house
Thy grace impart, thy love extend;
Grant every good that time allows,
With heavenly joys that never end.

515 PART VIII. L. M. Samuel, 427.

I will bring him before the Lord. 1 Sam. i. 22.

- 1 LORD, encouraged by thy grace,
We bring our infant to thy throne;
Give [him] within thy house a place,
Let [him] be thine, and thine alone.
- 2 Remove from [him] each stain of guilt,
May [he] be early sanctified; [wilt,
Lord, thou canst cleanse [him] if thou
And all [his] native evils hide.
- 3 We ask not for [him] earthly bliss,
Or earthly honours, wealth, or fame;
One boon we humbly crave, 't is this,
That [he] may love and fear thy name.

FOR MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS.

515 PART IX. 7's. Turin, 244.

Teach diligently thy children. Deut. vi. 7.

- 1 **L**ORD, assist us by thy grace
 To instruct our infant race ;
 Grant us wisdom from above,
 Fill us with a Saviour's love.
- 2 May we teach them day by day
 In the house, and by the way,
 When they rise, and when they rest,
 Till thy truth shall make them blest.
- 3 Gracious Saviour, hear our prayer,
 We commit them to thy care ;
 Be their shepherd and their guide,
 Bring them to thy bleeding side.

515 PART X. C. M. Jerusalem, 379.

A prayer for the young.

- 1 **F**ORTH from the world our children
 Beneath thy banner blest ; [lead,
 Nor let, O God, the foe succeed
 With one unguarded breast.
- 2 Thine enemy and theirs, at hand,
 Lurks prowling to devour :
 O, may they every aim withstand
 Of cunning or of power.
- 3 Do not our hearts within us burn
 In fervency of prayer ?
 Saviour of souls, to thee we turn,
 Or sure we should despair.
- 4 Urge, Saviour, urge the needful flight—
 As hope, as life they prize ;
 And ere this day's departing light,
 Enrol them for the skies.

515 PART XI. L. M. Doversdale, 430.

Prayer for youth.

HYDE.

- 1 **D**EAR Saviour, if our children stray
 Far from religion's hallow'd bound,
 And, lured by worldly joys away,
 Among the thoughtless crowd be found ;
- 2 In all their erring sinful years,
 O let them ne'er forgotten be ;
 Remember, then, the prayers and tears
 By which we gave them, Lord, to thee.
- 3 And when these lips no more can pray,
 These eyes can weep for them no more,
 Turn thou their feet from folly's way,
 The wanderers to thy fold restore.

515 PART XII. S. M. Shirland, 304.

The same.

- 1 **O** GOD of Abra'm, hear
 The parents' humble cry ;
 In cov'nant mercy now appear,
 While in the dust we lie.
- 2 These children of our love
 In mercy thou hast given,
 That we, through grace, may faithful prove
 In training them for heaven.
- 3 O, grant thy Spirit, Lord,
 Their hearts to sanctify ;
 Remember now, thy gracious word,
 Our hopes on thee rely.
- 4 Draw forth the melting tear,
 The penitential sigh ;
 Inspire their hearts with faith sincere,
 And fix their hopes on high.

515 PART XIII. C. M. Liverpool, 83.

Parents pleading.

- 1 **T**HOU, who a tender Parent art,
 Regard a parent's plea ;
 Our offspring with an anxious heart,
 We now commend to thee.
- 2 Our children are our greatest care,
 A charge which thou hast given ;
 In all thy graces let them share,
 And all the joys of heaven.
- 3 If a centurion could succeed,
 Who for his servant cried,
 Wilt thou refuse to hear us plead
 For those so near allied ?
- 4 On them bestow thy saving grace,
 Their sinful hearts refine ;
 Among thy saints give them a place,
 Oh, leave not one behind.

515 PART XIV. L. M. Portugal, 97.

The same.

- 1 **G**REAT God ! now condescend to bless
 Our tender offspring with thy grace ;
 While in the slippery paths of youth
 Direct their footsteps, God of truth.
- 2 To holiness their hearts incline ;
 O Saviour ! let those hearts be thine ;
 Their wayward spirits raise above
 This world's affections, God of love.

515 PART XV. C. M. Condescension, 116.

The same.

C. WESLEY.

- 1 **T**HE great redeeming Angel, thee,
 O Jesus, we confess ;

Do thou our great Deliverer be,
And all our offspring bless.

2 Early disciplined to the Lord,
May they be taught of thee ;
And made to know and trust thy word,
Wise to salvation be.

3 Partakers of our nature, make
Partakers of thy grace ;
And then the heirs of glory take
To dwell before thy face.

515 PART XVI. C. M. Twyford, 432.
Suffer little children to come to me, &c.
Mark x. 4.

1 'FORBID them not !' the Saviour cried,
But suffer them to come ;
Ah, then maternal tears were dried,
And unbelief was dumb.

2 Lord, we believe, and we obey ;
We bring them at thy word ;
Be thou our children's strength and stay,
Their portion and reward.

515 PART XVII. L. M. Old 100th.
Parents praying for wisdom.

1 FATHER of all, by whom we are,
For whom was made whatever is ;
Who hath intrusted to our care
A candidate for glorious bliss ;

2 Poor worms of earth, for help we cry ;
For grace to guide what grace has given ;
We ask for wisdom from on high
To train our infant up for heaven.

515 PART XVIII. C. M. Hensbury, 323.

The same.

- 1 **G**OD only wise, almighty, good,
Send forth thy truth and light,
To point us out the narrow road,
To guide our steps aright :
- 2 To steer our dangerous course between
The rocks on either hand,
And fix us in the golden mean,
And bring our charge to land.
- 3 We would in every step look up,
By thy example taught,
T' alarm their fear, excite their hope,
And train each budding thought.
- 4 We would persuade their heart t' obey,
With mildest zeal proceed ;
And never take the harsher way,
When love will do the deed.
- 5 For this we ask, in faith sincere,
The wisdom from above
To touch their hearts with filial fear,
Teach them thyself to love.

515 PART XIX. 11. 8. Palestine, 191.

*Parents exhorted to fervent prayer on behalf
of their offspring.*

- 1 **W**AKE, parents of Israel ! O, hasten to plead
For the Spirit of grace to descend ;
The word has gone forth, and the faithful have need
Of your prayers the great cause to defend.
- 2 Let pure clouds of incense be wafted to heaven
From all hearts united in one,
That wisdom and grace to our youth may be given,
And strength for the race they must run.

- 3 From the youth of our country shall armies arise,
The gospel of peace to proclaim ;
O'er the land and the seas, the glad message that flies
Shall re-echo Immanuel's name.
- 4 Wake, parents in Israel ! O, wrestle and pray,
That grace to our youth may be given ;
For the hands that in faith are uplifted to day,
Shall prevail with our Father in heaven.

515

PART XX. L. M. Old 100th.

Parents pleading.

- 1 **F**ATHER of all, before thy throne,
Grateful but anxious parents bow ;
Look in paternal mercy down,
And yield the boon we ask thee now.
- 2 'T is not for wealth, or joys of earth,
Or life prolong'd, we seek thy face ;
'T is for a new and heavenly birth,
'T is for the treasures of thy grace.
- 3 'T is for their souls' eternal joy,
For rescue from the coming woe :
Do not our earnest suit deny—
We cannot, cannot let thee go.

515

PART XXI. L. M. Portugal, 97.

The same.

- 1 **B**EHOLD these children of our love,
Who love not thee, nor tread thy
ways ;
Oh, by thy grace their spirits move,
Teach their young lips to sing thy praise.
- 2 Vast is their peril, deep their sin ;
Yet not for peace nor hope they cry :
Long their delay, their sleep has been,
While death and judgment both are nigh.

- 3 Oh should they perish, and our sons
 Be torn for ever from our arms!
 Our God, arise, and fix at once
 Deep in their hearts these just alarms.
- 4 Not for their sake, nor yet our own,
 Guilty alike, with thee we plead;
 But for thy dear exalted Son,
 Whose lips for sinners intercede.

 THE YOUNG.

516

C. M. Northampton, 520.

Prayer for the young.

COWPER.

- 1 **B**ESTOW, dear Lord, upon our youth
 The gift of saving grace,
 And let the seed of sacred truth
 Fall in a fruitful place.
- 2 Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,
 Of pure and heavenly root:
 But fairest in the youngest shows,
 And yields the sweetest fruit.
- 3 Ye careless ones, O hear betimes
 The voice of sovereign love!
 Your youth is stain'd with many crimes,
 But mercy reigns above.
- 4 [True, you are young, but there 's a stone
 Within the youngest breast:
 Or half the crimes which you have done
 Would rob you of your rest.]
- 5 For you the public prayer is made,
 Oh, join the public prayer!
 For you the secret tear is shed,
 Oh, shed yourselves a tear!

- 6 We pray that you may early prove
 The Spirit's power to teach ;
 You cannot be too young to love
 That Jesus whom we preach.

517

L. M. Ulverston, 179.

Early piety.

STENNETT.

- 1 **H**OW soft the words my Saviour speaks!
 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 threatening
 winds,
 And ripens blossoms 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 Though 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 victory send.

- 3 Away, each grovelling anxious care,
 Beneath a Christian's aim ;
 We spring to seize immortal joys,
 In our Redeemer's name.
- 4 Ye hearts with youthful vigour warm,
 The glorious prize pursue ;
 Nor fear the want of earthly good,
 While heaven is kept in view.

520 L. M. Ulverston, 179. Oswestry, 514.

A lovely youth falling short of heaven.

Mark x. 21.

WATTS.

- 1 **M**UST all the charms of nature, then,
 So hopeless to salvation prove ?
 Can hell demand, 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

PART I. S. M. Harborough, 142.

How shall a young man cleanse his way ?

Psa. cxix. 9.

FAWCETT.

- 1 **W**ITH humble heart and tongue,
 My God, to thee I pray ;
 O make me learn, whilst I am young,
 How I may cleanse my way.
- 2 Now in my early days,
 Teach me thy will to know ;
 O God, thy sanctifying grace
 Betimes on me bestow.
- 3 Make an unguarded youth
 The object of thy care ;
 Help me to choose the way of truth,
 And fly from every snare.
- 4 My heart, to folly prone,
 Renew by power divine ;
 Unite it to thyself alone,
 And make me wholly thine.
- 5 O let thy word of grace
 My warmest thoughts employ ;
 Be this, through all my following days,
 My treasure and my joy.
- 6 To what thy laws impart,
 Be my whole soul inclined ;
 O let them dwell within my heart,
 And sanctify my mind.

- 7 May thy young servant learn
 By these to cleanse his way ;
 And may I here the path discern
 That leads to endless day.

521 PART II. L. M. Magdalen, 214.

Our Father, which art in heaven. JANE TAYLOR.

- 1 **G**REAT God, and wilt thou condescend
 To be my Father and my Friend ?
 I, a poor child, and thou so high,
 The Lord of earth, and air, and sky ?
- 2 Art thou my Father ? canst thou bear
 To hear my poor imperfect prayer ?
 Or wilt thou listen to the praise
 Which such a little one can raise ?
- 3 Art thou my Father ? let me be
 A meek obedient child to thee ;
 And try in word, and deed, and thought,
 To serve and please thee as I ought.
- 4 Art thou my Father ? I 'll depend
 Upon the care of such a Friend ;
 And only wish to do and be
 Whatever seemeth good to thee.
- 5 Art thou my Father ? then at last,
 When all my days on earth are past,
 Send down and take me in thy love
 To be thy better child above.

521 PART III. L. M. St. Olave's, 176.

The young man's hymn. COLLYER.

- 1 **I** LEAVE the world with willing feet,
 Great God, to find repose in thee ;
 Once its enchantments, soft and sweet,
 Threw silken fetters over me.

- 2 Imagination lent her aid
 To strengthen every dangerous snare,
 But soon the flattering vision fled
 And gave its victim to despair.
- 3 I thought to find unceasing good,
 My passions bade my heart confide ;
 I tasted the forbidden food,
 Tasted—and but for thee had died.
- 4 I still had wander'd but for thee ;
 Lord, 't was thine own all-powerful word
 Sin's fetters broke, and set me free,
 And reason to my mind restored.
- 5 My youth, preserved from fatal wiles,
 Has learn'd temptation's power to fear,
 To dread the world's delusive smiles,
 And 'scape the fowler's cruel snare.

521 PART IV. C. M. Twyford, 432.

The youthful surrender. MRS. GILBERT.

- 1 SAVIOUR, with fear and trembling see
 We come as thou hast said,
 And long, and pray, and hope to be
 With those thou'st loved and fed.
- 2 We dare not speak the solemn vow,
 But by thy Spirit's aid,
 Yet come, in humble faith that thou
 Our Surety shalt be made.
- 3 Life with its perils while we view,
 Our souls in terror shrink,
 But if thy promise bear us through,
 We know we cannot sink.

- 4 Fain would we now surrender make
Of our whole selves to thee ;
Jesus, the humble offering take,
Unworthy though it be.
-

FOR A SUNDAY SCHOOL.

522 PART I. 8.8.6. Broadmead, 150.

Importance of educating youth.

BRADBERRY, altered.

Congregation.

- 1 **N**OW let our hearts conspire to raise
A cheerful anthem to his praise
Who reigns enthroned above ;
Let music, sweet as incense, rise
Like grateful odours to the skies,
The voice 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 numerous 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.

- 5 We feel a sympathizing heart ;
 Lord, 't is 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 !

522 PART II. L. M. Monmouth, 382.

For a sabbath-school anniversary.

Children.

- 1 O THOU, who from the infant's tongue
 Wert wont of old to perfect praise,
 Almighty Father, hear the song
 Which we thy creatures humbly raise.

Congregation.

- 2 How blest are they, who early taught
 To know and love thy word of truth,
 Far from the sinners' path are brought
 To serve their Maker in their youth.

Children.

- 3 And blest are they whose pious care
 Forbids the youthful foot to stray,
 Unfolds the book of truth, and there
 To life eternal points the way.

Whole Congregation.

- 4 Accept our praise, O Lord, and still
 Let streams of heavenly goodness flow,
 That all the earth may learn thy will,
 And babes thy power and glory show.

522 PART III. C. M. Ashley, 152.

Children praising God.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Lord, with joy to thee
Our infant voices rise;
Accept, O God, our feeble praise,
And humble sacrifice.

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

- 2 We glorify, we bless thy name
For all thy mercies given,
But most, for Jesus Christ, who died
To raise our souls to heaven.

Chor.—Glory, honour, &c.

- 3 O bless the Lord, our gracious God,
Whose mercies thus we prove,
Who bids the infant tongue proclaim
The wonders of his love.

Chor.—Glory, honour, &c.

522 PART IV. 11. 8. Greek Air, 560.

The child's desire.

THOMPSON.

- 1 **I** THINK, when I read that sweet story of old
When Jesus was here among men,
How he call'd little children as lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with them then.
I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen his kind look when he
said,
'Let the little ones come unto me.'

- 2 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above,

In that beautiful place he is gone to prepare
 For all who are wash'd and forgiven ;
 And many dear children are gathering there,
 ' For of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

522

PART V. 7. 6. Hosanna, 561.

The children's hosanna.

- 1 **W**HEN his salvation bringing,
 To Zion Jesus came,
 The children all stood singing
 Hosanna to his name.
 Nor did their zeal offend him,
 But as he rode along,
 He bade them still attend him,
 And smiled to hear their song.
 Hosanna !
 Hosanna to Jesus they sing.
- 2 And since the Lord retaineth
 His love for children still ;
 Though now as King he reigneth
 On Zion's heavenly hill ;
 We'll flock around his banner
 Who sits upon the throne,
 And sing aloud, Hosanna
 To David's royal Son !
 Hosanna, &c.
- 3 For, should we fail proclaiming
 Our great Redeemer's praise,
 The stones, our silence shaming,
 Would their hosannas raise.
 But shall we only render
 The tribute of our words ?
 No, while our hearts are tender,
 They too should be the Lord's.
 Hosanna, &c.

522 PART VI. C. M. Glory, 562.

Children in heaven.

- 1 **A**ROUND the throne of God in heaven
 Thousands of children stand ;
 Children whose sins are all forgiven,
 A holy, happy band ;
 Singing, Glory, glory, glory.
- 2 What brought them to that world above,
 That heaven so bright and fair,
 Where all is peace, and joy, and love ?
 How came those children there ?
 Singing, &c.
- 3 Because the Saviour shed his blood
 To wash away their sin :
 Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
 Behold them white and clean ;
 Singing, &c.
- 4 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
 On earth they loved his name ;
 So now they see his blessed face,
 And stand before the Lamb ;
 Singing, &c.

523 PART I. C. M. Bath Chapel, 26.

Sunday-school.

J. STRAPHAN.

- 1 **B**LEST 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 lisp 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.

523 PART II. L. M. Dryden's, 326.

Thoughtful children of a sabbath-school.

MRS. GILBERT.

- 1 LORD, while the little heathens bend,
 And call some wooden god their friend,
 Or stand and see, with bitter cries,
 Their mothers burnt before their eyes;
- 2 While many a dear and tender child
 Is thrown to bears and tigers wild,
 Or left upon the river's brink,
 To suffer more than heart can think;
- 3 Behold what mercies we possess!
 How far beyond our thankfulness!
 Cheerful and happy here we stand,
 To serve thee in a Christian land.
- 4 Oh, when that awful day shall rise,
 When Christ shall come in yonder skies,

- And we must answer, one by one,
 For every deed our hands have done ;
- 5 Lord, let it not be said of us
 That heathens could not have been worse ;
 But may we now that pardon crave,
 Which can the guiltiest sinner save.
- 6 With all the bright and happy crowd
 We then would praise thee long and loud ;
 And oh, to little heathens send,
 The news of Christ, the sinner's friend.

523 PART III. C. M. Abingdon, 42.

Sunday-school.

SLATTER.

- 1 GREAT God, to thee, a lowly band,
 We raise our artless prayer,
 And bless thy kind preserving hand
 For all the good we share.
- 2 Once with a helpless, hopeless throng,
 E'en on thy holy day,
 In sin we held our course along,
 And trifled time away.
- 3 Unknown, untutor'd, and forlorn,
 We sought the downward road,
 Far on the stream of pleasure borne
 From happiness and God.
- 4 But now, instructed, with delight
 Thy Spirit we implore,
 To guide our youthful feet aright,
 That we may err no more.
- 5 O may the word of truth divine
 Our earliest thoughts engage,
 On life's unfolding prospects shine,
 And crown our growing age.

523 PART IV. C. M. Arlington, 17.

Hymn for a child. DR. RYLAND.

- 1 **L**ORD, teach a little child to pray ;
 Thy grace betimes impart ;
 And grant thy Holy Spirit may
 Renew my infant heart.
- 2 A sinful creature I was born,
 And from the womb have stray'd :
 I must be wretched and forlorn
 Without thy mercy's aid.
- 3 But Christ can all my sins forgive,
 And wash away their stain,
 And fit my soul with him to live,
 And in his kingdom reign.
- 4 To him let children come,
 For he has said they may ;
 His bosom then shall be their home,
 Their tears he 'll wipe away :
- 5 For all that early seek his face
 Shall surely taste his love ;
 Jesus shall guide them by his grace
 To dwell with him above.

524 PART I. C. M. Bangor, 231.

Old age approaching.

- 1 **E**TERNAL God, enthroned 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 medicines 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 blest abode,
 Its endless anthems pay—
- 7 Through heaven, how'er remote the
 Thy matchless love proclaim, [bound,
 And join the choir of saints that sound
 Their great Redeemer's name.

524

PART II. 112th. Eaton, 291

Prayer of the aged.

C. WESLEY.

IN age and feebleness extreme,
 Who shall a sinful worm redeem ?
 Jesus, my only hope thou art,
 Strength of my failing flesh and heart ;
 O, could I catch a smile from thee,
 And drop into eternity !

524

PART III. C. M. Bedford, 91.

Trust in old age.

LOGAN.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Father of mankind,
 On thee my hopes remain ;

And when the day of trouble comes,
I shall not trust in vain.

- 2 In early years thou wast my guide,
And of my youth the friend ;
And as my days began with thee,
With thee my days shall end.
- 3 I know the power in whom I trust,
The arm on which I lean ;
He will my Saviour ever be,
Who has my Saviour been.

524 PART IV. C.M. Abridge, 201.

The same.

LOGAN.

- 1 **M**Y God, who causedst me to hope,
When life began to beat ;
And when a stranger in the world
Didst guide my wand'ring feet ;
- 2 Thou wilt not cast me off when age
And evil days descend ;
Thou wilt not leave me in despair
To mourn my latter end.
- 3 Therefore in life I'll trust to thee,
In death I will adore ;
And after death will sing thy praise,
When time shall be no more.

524 PART V. 7's. Lunesdale, 418.

The aged Christian seeking Christ's protection.

REED.

- 1 **G**ENTLE Saviour, look on me ;
Full of woe, to thee I flee ;
Roughly do the billows roll,
Wave o'er wave afflicts my soul.
Thou hast long my Saviour been,
I have oft thy mercy seen ;

Let me see it yet once more,
Brighter than it was before.

2 Mighty is thine arm, O Lord,
True and faithful is thy word,
Wisdom shines in all thy ways,
World on world thy will obeys ;
Thou dost softer pity show
Than the fondest parents know ;
Every glory meets in thee,
Thou art all in all to me.

3 Let me in thy name confide,
Let me in thy bosom hide ;
There in safety would I stay
Till the storm has pass'd away ;
There for ever would I dwell,
Far beyond the range of hell ;
There thy endless peace proclaim,
Sweet hosannas to thy name.

524 PART VI. 7's. Aston Sandford, 507.

The aged Christian praising. A. T. RUSSELL.

1 **CHEERFULLY** my soul shall praise
God, whose mercy crowns my days,
Who forgiveth all my sin,
Cleanseth me from stains within,
Hears my plaints, regards my sighs,
And my daily need supplies.

2 He with loving-kindness brings,
Life and healing in his wings ;
O my soul, beneath their shade,
Thou shalt find eternal aid ;
There reposing, ever praise
God, whose mercy crowns my days.

FAST AND THANKSGIVING DAYS.

525

C. M. Carolina, 13.

For a public fast.

STEELER.

- 1 **S**EE, gracious God, before thy throne
 Thy mourning people bend ;
 'T is 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 spared,
 Ungrateful as we are ?
 O make thy awful warnings heard,
 While mercy cries, Forbear !
- 4 What numerous crimes increasing rise
 Through this apostate isle !
 What land so favour'd of the skies,
 And yet what land so vile !
- 5 How changed, 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. Abridge, 201. Trinity, 181.

Hymn for a fast-day.

SCOTT.

1 **W**HEN Abra'm, full of sacred awe,
 Before Jehovah stood,
 And with a 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 ;
 Forsake us not, O God !

527 L. M. Portugal, 97. Hamburgh, 340.

Another.

STEELE.

- 1 **L**ORD, how shall wretched sinners dare
 Look up to thy divine abode,
 Or offer their imperfect prayer
 Before a just and 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 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 ?
- 8 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. Paul's, 246. Old 100th.

National judgments and mercies.

Amos iii. 1—6. PRES. DAVIES.

- 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 sinners' 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;
O 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
On guilty lands in helpless woe; [down
Let them prevail to save us too.

529 C. M. Cambridge New, 74. Arabia, 324.

Thanksgiving for victory.

- 1 **T**O thee who reign'st supreme above,
And reign'st supreme below,

- Thou God of wisdom, power, and love,
We our successes owe.
- 2 The thundering horse, the martial band,
Without thine aid were vain ;
And victory flies at thy command
To crown the bright campaign.
- 3 Thy mighty arm, unseen, was nigh
When we our foes assail'd ;
'T is thou hast raised our honours high,
And o'er their hosts prevail'd.
- 4 Their mounds, their camps, their lofty
Into our hands are given, [towers
Not from desert or strength of ours,
But through the grace of Heaven.
- 5 What though no columns lifted high
Stand deep inscribed with praise,
Yet sounding honours to the sky
Our grateful songs shall raise.
- 6 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.
- 7 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. Derby, 169. Eaton, 291.

Peace prayed for.

BEDDOME.

- 1 **O**N Britain, long a favour'd isle,
Now overwhelm'd with grief 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 secured,
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.

Praise for national peace.

STEELE.

- 1 GREAT 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 reigns,
And war resounds its dire alarms,
And slaughter spreads the hostile plains;
- 3 Thy sovereign eye looks calmly down,
And marks their course, and bounds their
power,
Thy word the angry nations own,
And noise and war are heard no more:

- 4 Then peace returns with balmy wing,
 (Sweet peace, with her what blessings
 fled!)
 Glad plenty laughs, the valleys sing,
 Reviving commerce lifts her head.
- 5 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.
- 6 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. Ely, 446.

For national deliverance. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **P**RAISE to the Lord, who bows his ear,
 Propitious to his people's prayer,
 And though deliverance long delay,
 Answers in his well-chosen day.
- 2 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.
- 3 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. Wells, 102. Doversdale, 430.

For the Fifth of November. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **P**Raise to the Lord, whose mighty
hand,
So oft reveal'd, hath saved our land ;
And when united nations rose, [foes.
Hath shamed and scourged our haughtiest
- 2 When mighty navies from afar
To Britain wafted floating war,
His breath dispersed 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.
- 7 In thee we trust, Almighty Lord,
Continued rescue to afford :
Still be thy powerful arm made bare,
For all thy servants' hopes are there.

* Spanish Armada, 1588. † Gunpowder Plot, 1605.

‡ King William, 1688.

534 L. M. Alie-street, 241. Ely, 446.

The same.

STEELE.

- 1 **T**O 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.
- 2 While Britain (favour'd of the skies)
 Recalls the wonders God hath wrought,
 Let grateful joy adoring rise,
 And warm to rapture every thought.
- 3 When hell and Rome combined their
 power,
 And doom'd these isles their certain prey,
 Thy hand forbade the fatal hour,—
 Their impious plots in ruin lay.
- 4 Again our restless, cruel foes
 Resumed, avow'd their black design ;
 Again to save us God arose,
 And Britain own'd the hand divine.
- 5 Why, gracious God, is Britain saved ?
 Why bless'd with liberty and light ?
 Nor by fell tyranny enslaved,
 Nor lost in superstition's night ?
- 6 Not for our sake, we conscious own ;
 A wretched, vile, ungrateful race :
 'Tis done to make thy glory known,
 To show 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

PART I. L. M. Truro, 105.

Deliverances.

GIBBONS.

- 1 **W**HAT hath God wrought! might Is-
rael say,
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 millstone 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 through—
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!

1 **N**OW let our songs address the God of peace,
 Who bids the tumult of the battle cease ;
 The pointed spears to pruning hooks he bends,
 ' And the broad falchion in the ploughshare ends.'
 His powerful word unites contending nations
 In kind embrace, and friendly salutations.

2 Britain, adore the Guardian of thy state :
 Who, high on his celestial throne elate,
 Still watchful o'er thy safety and repose,
 Frown'd on the counsels of thy haughtiest foes ;
 Thy coast secure from every dire invasion
 Of fire and sword, and spreading desolation.

3 While we beneath our vines and fig-trees sit,
 Or thus within thy sacred temple meet,
 ¶ Accept, great God, the tribute of our song,
 And all the mercies of this day prolong.
 Then spread thy peaceful word thro' every nation,
 That all the earth may hail thy great salvation.

535 PART III. C. M. New York, 33.

Abolition of slavery.

1 **T**HE day has dawn'd, Jehovah comes
 To crush oppression's rod ;
 Now Ethiopia soon shall stretch
 Her hands to thee, O God.

2 Where'er the sun doth rise or set,
 Or spread his beauteous ray,
 May freedom, with her glorious train,
 Hurl slavery away.

3 Let charity, benevolence,
 And every smiling grace,
 In golden links of brotherhood
 Unite the human race.

4 Tyrants no more shall lift the scourge,
 Nor captives drag the chain :

Millions, beatified, shall bless
The dear Redeemer's reign.

- 5 Then every colour, every clime
Shall in his worship meet ;
And bring their prayers, their praise, their
An offering at his feet. [all,

PAUSE.

- 6 Lord, for those days we wait ; those days
Are in thy word foretold ;
Fly swifter, sun and stars, and bring
This promised age of gold.

- 7 Amen, with joys divine, let earth's
Unnumber'd myriads cry ;
Amen, with joy divine, let heaven's
Unnumber'd choirs reply.

- 8 Free us from sin and all its chains,
The worst of slavery ;
Bind us to Christ in holy bonds,
The sweetest liberty.

535 PART IV. 8. 7. 4. Lewes, 63.
Praise for the abolition of slavery.

MONTGOMERY.

- 1 **A**GES, ages have departed,
Since the first dark vessel bore
Afric's children, broken-hearted,
To the Carribbean shore,
She, like Rachel,
Weeping, for they were no more.
- 2 Millions, millions have been slaughter'd
In the fight and on the deep ;
Millions, millions more have water'd,
With such tears as captives weep,
Fields of travail,
Where their bones till judgment sleep.

- 3 Mercy, mercy, vainly pleading,
 Rent her garments, smote her breast,
 Till a voice, from heaven proceeding,
 Gladden'd all the gloomy West:
 'Come, ye weary;
 Come, and I will give you rest.'
- 4 Satan, Satan heard and trembled,
 And, upstarting from his throne,
 Bands of Belial's sons assembled,
 Fired with rancour all his own,
 Madly swearing
 'Christ to slaves shall *not* be known.'
- 5 Tidings, tidings of salvation!
 Britons rose with one accord,
 Swept the plague-spot from our nation,
 Negroes to their rights restored:
 Slaves no longer!
 Freemen, freemen of the Lord.

536 8. 8. 6. Chatham, 59. Serlby, 167.

Prayer for the king.

- 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 Jesus, thy chosen servant guard,
 And every threatening danger ward
 From his anointed head:
 Bid all his griefs and troubles cease,
 Through paths of righteousness and peace
 Our king, propitious, lead.

- 3 Cover his enemies with shame,
 Defeat their proud, malicious aim,
 And make their counsels vain;
 Preserve him, Providence Divine!
 And let the long illustrious line
 To latest ages reign.
- 4 Upon 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 [PART I. C. M. Charmouth, 28.
Desiring God's presence in affliction.

STEELE.

- 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 control,
 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.
- 8 Then shall my cheerful spirit sing
 The darksome hours away,
 And rise on faith's expanded wing
 To everlasting day.

537 PART II. L. M. Doversdale, 430.

Confiding in the Saviour.

CONDOR.

- 1 **W**HEN in the hour of lonely woe
 I give my sorrows leave to flow,
 And anxious fear and dark distrust
 Weigh down my spirit to the dust;
- 2 When not e'en friendship's gentle aid
 Can heal the wounds the world has made,
 Oh, this shall check each rising sigh,
 My Saviour is for ever nigh.
- 3 His counsels and upholding care
 My safety and my comfort are;
 And he shall guide me all my days,
 Till glory crown the work of grace.
- 4 Jesus, in whom, but thee above,
 Can I repose my trust, my love?

And shall an earthly object be
Loved in comparison with thee ?

5 My flesh is hastening to decay ;
Soon shall the world have pass'd away ;
And what can mortal friends avail,
When heart and strength and life shall
fail ?

6 But, oh, be thou, my Saviour, nigh,
And I will triumph while I die ;
My strength, my portion is divine,
And Jesus is for ever mine !

538

C. M. Abridge, 201.

Complaint and hope under great pain. WATTS.

1 **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.

2 Dark are the ways of Providence,
While they who love thee groan :
Thy reasons lie conceal'd from sense,
Mysterious and unknown.

3 Yet nature may have leave to speak,
And plead before her God,
Lest the o'erburden'd heart should break
Beneath thy heavy rod.

4 These mournful groans and flowing tears
Give my poor spirit ease :
While every groan my Father hears,
And every tear he sees.

5 [How shall I glorify my God,
In bonds of grief confined ?
Damp'd is my vigour while this clod
Hangs heavy on my mind.]

6 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. Windsor, 247. Burford, 198.

For a time of general sickness. LERCH.

- 1 **D**EATH, with his dread commission
 Now hastens to his arms; [seal'd,
 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 destined 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 though his darts, promiscuous
 Deal fatal plagues around, [hurl'd,
 And heaps of putrid carcasses
 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 saints lie gasping too;

But heavenly strength supports their souls,
And bears them conquerors through.

- 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

PART I. S. M. Stoke, 207.

Submission in affliction.

BEDDOME.

- 1 **D**OST thou my profit seek,
And chasten as a friend?
O God, I 'll kiss the smarting rod,—
There 's honey at the end.
- 2 Dost thou, through death's dark vale,
Conduct to heaven at last?
The future good will make amends
For all the evil past.
- 3 Lord, I would not repine,
At strokes in mercy sent;
If the chastisement comes in love,
My soul shall be content.

540

PART II. 8's. Limefield, 94.

*When deprived by sickness of attending public
worship.*

PEARCE.

- 1 **T**HE fabric of nature is fair,
But fairer the temple of grace;
To saints, 't is the joy of the earth,
The most glorious and beautiful place.
To this temple I once did resort,
With crowds of the people of God:
Enraptured we enter'd his courts,
And hail'd the Redeemer's abode.

- 2 The Father of mercies we praised,
And prostrated low at his throne ;
The Saviour we loved and adored,
Who loved us and made us his own :
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.
- 3 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.
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.
- 4 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.
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 hasting away.
- 5 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.
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.
- 6 Or should'st thou in bondage detain
To visit thy temples no more,

Prepare me for mansions above,
 Where nothing exists to deplore,—
 Where Jesus, the Sun of the place,
 Refulgent incessantly shines,
 Eternally blessing his saints,
 And pouring delight on their minds.

- 7 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 ere long I to heaven shall soar,
 And ceaseless enjoyments obtain.

540 PART III. C. M. Ludlow, 84.
Painful uncertainty in affliction.

- 1 **H**OW sad on the keen edge of death
 To say, 'I cannot tell
 Whether, at my expiring breath,
 I go to heaven or hell.'
- 2 Unite my powers to fear thy name;
 Thy grace, Lord, I implore;
 Let doubt, and fear, and guilt, and shame,
 Distract my heart no more.
- 3 Decide the dubious, painful case,
 By some assuring sign,—
 May thy good Spirit, word, and grace,
 Say whether I am thine.
- 4 Rise, Sun of righteousness, and shine,
 Spring a celestial day,
 That this benighted soul of mine
 May praise as well as pray.

541 PART I. 8. 7. 4. Lewes, 63. Alma, 345.

Sweet affliction. A song in a storm.

- 1 **I**N 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.
- 2 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 forgiven.
- 3 'Mid the gloom, the vivid lightnings
 With increasing brightness play ;
 'Mid the thorn-brake beauteous flowrets
 Look more beautiful and gay.
 Hallelujah, &c.
- 4 So, in darkest dispensations,
 Doth my faithful Lord appear,
 With his richest consolations
 To reanimate and cheer :
 Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
 Thus to bring my Saviour near.
- 5 Floods of tribulation heighten,
 Billows still around me roar,
 Those that know not Christ ye frighten,
 But my soul defies your power.
 Hallelujah, &c.
- 6 In the sacred page recorded
 Thus the word securely stands,

‘ Fear not, I ’m in trouble near thee,
 Nought shall pluck you from my hands :’
 Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
 Every word my love demands.

7 All I meet I find assists me
 In my path to heavenly joy :
 Where, though trials now attend me,
 Trials never more annoy :
 Hallelujah, &c.

8 Blest there with a weight of glory,
 Still the path I ’ll ne’er forget,
 But, exulting, cry, it led me
 To my blessed Saviour’s seat ;
 Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
 Which has brought to Jesus’ feet.

541 PART II. L. M. Portugal, 97.

Sickness and recovery.

1 **A** WHILE remain’d the doubtful strife,
 Till Jesus gave me back my life :
 My life ?—my soul, recall the word,
 ’T is life to see thy gracious Lord.

2 Why inconvenient now to die ?
 Vile unbelief, O tell me why ?
 When can it inconvenient be,
 My loving Lord to come to thee ?

3 He saw me made the sport of hell,
 He knew the tempter’s malice well,
 And when my soul had all to fear,
 Then did the glorious Sun appear !

4 O bless him ! bless, ye dying saints,
 The God of grace, when nature faints !
 He show’d my flesh the gaping grave,
 To show me he had power to save.

542

PART I. C. M. David's, 186.

Praise for recovery from sickness.

Psa. cxviii. 18, 19.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **S**OVEREIGN of life, I own thy hand
 In every chastening stroke;
 And, while I smart beneath thy rod,
 Thy presence I invoke.
- 2 To thee in my distress I cried,
 And thou hast bow'd thine ear;
 Thy powerful word my life prolong'd,
 And brought salvation near.
- 3 Unfold, ye gates of righteousness,
 That, with the pious throng,
 I may record my solemn vows,
 And tune my grateful song.
- 4 Praise to the Lord, whose gentle hand
 Renews our labouring breath:
 Praise to the Lord, who makes his saints
 Triumphant e'en in death.
- 5 My God, in thine appointed hour
 Those heavenly gates display,
 Where pain, and sin, and fear, and death,
 For ever flee away.
- 6 There, while the nations of the blest
 With raptures bow around,
 My anthems to delivering grace
 In sweeter strains shall sound.

542

PART II. S. M. Stoke, 207.

Sanctified affliction.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **H**OW gracious and how wise
 Is our chastising God!
 And oh, how rich the blessings are
 Which blossom from his rod!

- 2 He lifts it up on high,
With pity in his heart,
That every stroke his children feel
May grace and peace impart.
- 3 Instructed thus they bow,
And own his sovereign sway ;
They turn their erring footsteps back
To his forsaken way.
- 4 His covenant love they seek,
And seek the happy bands
That closer still engage their hearts
To honour his commands.
- 5 Dear Father, we consent
To discipline divine ;
And bless the pain that makes 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.

542

PART III. 8. 7. Carl, 445.

Hope thou in God.

SEARLE.

- 1 **W**HY, when storms around you gather,
Should your trembling spirits sink,
Look to God, your heavenly Father,
And of his sweet promise think.
- 2 Fancy will be often painting
Scenes in dark and fearful shade,
Yet why should thy soul be fainting,
Of prospective woes afraid ?
- 3 Cease that dark anticipation,
Still let love and faith abound ;

For the day of tribulation
Strength sufficient will be found.

- 4 God is love, and will not leave you,
When you most his kindness need;
God is true, nor can deceive you,
Though your faith be weak indeed.

542 PART IV. 8's. Liverpool New, 497.
Doth his promise fail? Psa. lxxvii. 8.

- 1 **H**OW sweet on thy bosom to rest,
When nature's affliction is near,
The soul that can trust thee is blest,
Thy smile gives deliv'rance from fear.
- 2 The Lord has in kindness declared,
That those who will trust in his name
Shall in the sharp conflict be spared,
His mercy and love to proclaim.
- 3 This promise shall be to my soul
A messenger sent from the skies,
An anchor when billows shall roll,
A refuge when tempests arise.
- 4 O, Saviour, thy promise fulfil,
Its comfort impart to my mind,
Then calmly I'll bow to thy will,
To the cup of affliction resign'd.

542 PART V. 8's. Limefield.

Confidence in God.

REED.

- 1 **T**HE thoughts of my heart, they are
known,
All known to the Guide of my youth,
He never will leave me alone
To question his love or his truth.

- 2 Till now he has prosper'd my course,
And greatly exceeded my prayer,
And still is the blessed resource
To which I may ever repair.
- 3 Our lives and our times are with him
Who sees from the first to the last ;
He raises my cup to the brim,
Or empties my vessel as fast.
- 4 His purpose and love are the same,
Whatever the changes I find,
A trifle may alter my frame,
But nothing unsettles his mind.

542 PART VI. 8's. Potsdam, 319.

The same.

REED.

- 1 **E**NCOURAGE my heart with thy smile,
My ever unchangeable Friend ;
Each season of darkness beguile,
And let me exult in the end.
- 2 'T is better to suffer and die
Beneath thy compassionate rod,
Than feel my enjoyments run high,
But never have thee for my God.
- 3 I would not contend with thy will,
Whatever that will may decree ;
But O, may each trial I feel
Unite me more firmly to thee.

542 PART VII. 8. 8. 6. Westb. Leigh, 278.

Thou hast been my refuge.

SEARLE.

- 1 **O**H, strange infirmity, to think
That he will leave my soul to sink
In darkness and distress,
Who has appear'd in times of old,

Who saved me while the billows roll'd,
And cheer'd me with his grace.

- 2 What sweeter pledge could God bestow
Of help in future scenes of woe,
Than grace already given ;
But unbelief, that hateful thing,
Oft makes me sigh when I should sing
Of confidence in heaven.

542 PART VIII. 8. 7. Benediction, 320.

The bitter cup. MRS. GILBERT.

SAVIOUR, help me to sustain it,
Whatsoe'er thy will to me ;
Hold the cup, if I must drain it,
Pleasant then the draught will be.
Health and cure therein receiving,
Why distrust a Father's care ?
If not faithless, but believing.
Only mercy can be there.

542 PART IX. 7's. Aaron, 508.

As thy day thy strength shall be.

Deut. xxxiii. 25.

- 1 WAIT, my soul, upon the Lord,
To his gracious promise flee,
Laying hold upon his word,
'As thy day, thy strength shall be.'
- 2 If the sorrows of thy case
Seem peculiar still to thee,
God has promised needful grace,
'As thy day, thy strength shall be.'
- 3 Days of trial, days of grief;
In succession thou must see ;
This is still thy sweet relief,
'As thy day, thy strength shall be.'

4 Rock of ages, I 'm secure
 With thy promise full and free,
 Faithful, positive, and sure:
 'As thy day, thy strength shall be.'

542 PART X. S. M. Sacred Song, 524.
It shall be well with the righteous. Isa. iii. 10.

1 **W**HAT cheering words are these!
 Their sweetness who can tell?

In time and in eternity
 'T is with the righteous well.

2 'T is well when joys arise,
 'T is well when sorrows flow,
 'T is well when darkness veils the skies,
 And strong temptations blow.

3 'T is well, when on the mount
 They feast on dying love:
 And, 't is as well, in God's account,
 When they the furnace prove.

4 'T is well, when at his throne
 They wrestle, weep, and pray;
 'T is well, when at his feet they groan,
 Yet bring their wants away.

5 'T is well, when Jesus calls,
 'From earth and sin arise,
 Join with the host of virgin souls,
 Made to salvation wise.'

542 PART XI. C. M. Arabia, 324.
A song of deliverance. Psa. xxxii. 7.

1 **T**HE song of gratitude I 'll raise
 Up to thine high abode,
 For thou hast fill'd my mouth with praise,
 My ever gracious God.

- 2 The hour of agony is past,
Which often life destroys ;
Sorrow and anguish fled in haste,
And left me to my joys.
- 3 What shall I render to the Lord,
Who brought me from the grave?
For ever be his name adored,
For he is strong to save.

542 PART XII. L. M. Albina, 145.

I delivered thee. Psa. lxxxvi. 7. SEARLE.

- 1 **D**ISDAIN not, O eternal King,
To hear thy grateful handmaid sing ;
O for a seraph's ardent flame,
To celebrate thy glorious name.
- 2 To Him who saved me from my fears,
And wiped away my falling tears,
Who in my weakness made me strong,
To him I'll consecrate my song.
- 3 Raised from the borders of the grave,
I sing thy mighty power to save ;
My rescued soul shall trust in thee,
Through time and in eternity.

542 PART XIII. C. M. Lydia, 327.

He helped me. Psa. cxvi. 6. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **M**Y God, thy service well demands
The remnant of my days ;
Why was this fleeting breath renew'd,
But to renew thy praise ?
- 2 Into thy hands, my Saviour God,
Did I my soul resign,

In firm dependence on that truth
Which made salvation mine.

- 3 Back from the borders of the grave
At thy command I come,
Nor would I urge a speedier flight
To my celestial home.
- 4 Where Thou shalt settle mine abode,
There would I choose to be ;
For in thy presence death is life,
And earth is heaven with thee.
-

TIME AND ETERNITY.

543 L. M. Ulverston, 179. Eaton, 291.

The shortness of time.

STEELE.

- 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 O 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.

- 1 **G**OD of eternity, from thee
Did infant Time his being draw ;—
Moments, and days, and months, and
Revolve by thine unvaried law. [years,
- 2 Silent and slow they glide away ;
Steady and strong the current flows ;
Lost in eternity's wide sea—
The boundless gulf 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 amazement 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.

- 1 **T**RANSIENT as the hues of morning,
Earthly joys like shadows pass ;
Forms, the brightest life adorning,
Fade and wither like the grass.
O may we, our fetters breaking,
Cling no more to things below,
But to heavenly visions waking,
More abiding glory know.

- 2 O how swift the moments flying,
 Bear us on their wings away!
 Jesus, in the hour of dying,
 Be thy trembling servants' stay.
 When they call, O Saviour, hear them;
 Answer them in peace and love:
 In the darkest shade be near them,
 Guide them to the throne above.

544 PART III. L. M. Oldham, 527.

The Time is short. 1 Cor. vii. 29.

- 1 **T**HE time is short ere all that live
 Shall hence depart, their God to meet;
 And each a strict account must give,
 At Jesu's awful judgment-seat.
- 2 The time is short, oh, who can tell
 How short his time below may be:
 To-day on earth his soul may dwell,
 To-morrow in eternity.
- 3 The time is short: sinner, beware!
 Nor squander these brief hours away!
 O flee to Christ, by faith and prayer,
 Ere yet shall close this fleeting day.
- 4 The time is short; ye saints, rejoice!
 Your Saviour-Judge will quickly come;
 Soon shall you hear the Bridegroom's
 voice
 Invite you to his heavenly home.
- 5 The time is short ere time shall cease,
 Eternity be usher'd in,
 And death shall die, and joy and peace
 O'er the new earth benignant reign.

- 1 SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies,
 Ever gracious, ever wise,
 All my times are in thy hand,—
 All events at thy command.
- 2 His decree, who formed 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 thinks 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 ?

545 PART II. L. M. Buxton, 347.

He careth for you.

BOWRING.

- 1 **O** SWEET it is to know, to feel,
In all our gloom, our wand'rings here,
No night of sorrow can conceal
Me from thy notice, from thy care.
- 2 When disciplined by long distress,
And led through paths of fear and woe,
Say, dost thou love thy children less ?
No, ever-gracious Father, No.
- 3 Then let my trembling soul be still,
Thy purpose though I may not see,
And wait thy wise, thy holy will ;
All must be well, since ruled by thee.

545 PART III. C. M. Mount Calvary, 15.

Remember me.

HAWEIS.

- 1 **O** THOU from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to thee ;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good Lord ! remember me.
- 2 When on my aching, burden'd heart
My sins lie heavily ;
My pardon speak, new peace impart :
In love remember me.
- 3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,

Lord, let my strength be as my day :
For good remember me.

- 4 When worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see ;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief :
Hear and remember me.
- 5 If on my face, for thy dear name,
Shame and reproach shall be,
I 'll hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If thou remember me.
- 6 When in the solemn hour of death
I wait thy just decree,
Saviour, with my last parting breath
I 'll cry, Remember me !

545 PART IV. L. M. Doversdale, 430.

I remember thee.

CARR.

- 1 **W**HEN by affliction's rod oppress'd,
Or toss'd on trouble's billowy sea,
'T is sweet to hear the words address'd,
'The God of love remembers thee.'
- 2 'T is sweet, though trials may not cease,
Though pain afflict, though fears appal,
To feel my comforts still increase,
And say, 'My Father sends them all.'
- 3 The tender parent may forget
That infant she has nursed with care ;
But God has ne'er forgotten yet
One soul that sought his face by prayer.
- 4 O, may my soul be daily led
To view a father in that God !
And when affliction's path I tread,
Submissive bow, and kiss the rod.

545 PART V. 8. 6. 8. Covington, 159.

The sufferer supported by a contemplation of the Saviour's agonies. Luke xxii. 41—44. HEMANS.

- 1 **H**E knelt, the Saviour knelt and pray'd,
 When but his Father's eye
 Look'd through the lonely garden's shade
 On that dread agony :
 The Lord of all above, beneath,
 Was bow'd with sorrow unto death !
- 2 The sun set in a fearful hour,
 The stars might well grow dim,
 When this mortality had power
 So to o'ershadow him !
 That he who gave man's breath, might
 The very depths of human woe. [know
- 3 He proved them all ; the doubt, the strife,
 The faint, perplexing dread,
 The mists that hang o'er parting life,
 All gather'd round his head :
 And the Deliverer knelt to pray—
 Yet pass'd it not, that cup, away.
- 4 It pass'd not—though the stormy wave
 Had sunk beneath his tread ;
 It pass'd not—though to him the grave
 Had yielded up its dead.
 But there was sent him from on high
 A gift of strength for man to die.
- 5 And was the Sinless thus beset
 With anguish and dismay ?
 How may we meet our conflict yet,
 In death's dark narrow way ?
 Through him—through him, that path
 who trod—
 Save, or we perish, Son of God !

545, 546 TIME AND ETERNITY.

545 PART VI. 8.6.8. Covington, 159.

Submission.

CONDER.

- 1 **W**HEN I can trust my all with God,
In trial's fearful hour,—
Bow, all resign'd, beneath his rod,
And bless his sparing power ;
A joy springs up amid distress,—
A fountain in the wilderness.
- 2 Oh ! to be brought to Jesus' feet,
Though sorrows fix me there,
Is still a privilege ; and sweet
The energies of prayer,
Though sighs and tears its language be,
If Christ be nigh and smile on me.
- 3 Oh ! blessed be the hand that gave ;
Still blessed when it takes :
Blessed be He who smites to save,
Who heals the heart He breaks :
Perfect and true are all his ways,
Whom heaven adores, and death obeys.

546 C. M. Crowle, 3. Barnsley, 416.

Time and eternity.

STEELE.

- 1 **H**OW long shall earth's alluring toys
Detain our heart 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 the 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 O 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 to 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 wing,
 Our ardent wishes rise
 To those bright scenes where pleasures
 Immortal in the skies. [spring.

547

PART I. S. M. Henley, 38.

Mercies in constant succession.

Lam. iii. 22, 23.

STENNETT.

- 1 **H**OW various and how new
 Are thy compassions, Lord !
 Each morning shall thy mercies show,
 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.
- 3 Each object we beheld
 Gave pleasure to our eyes ;
 And nature all our senses held
 In bands of sweet surprise.
- 4 But pleasures more refined
 Awaited that bless'd day,

When light arose upon our mind,
And chased our sins away.

- 5 How new thy mercies, then!
How sovereign, and how free!
Our souls that had been dead in sin
Were made alive to thee.

PAUSE.

- 6 Now we expect a day
Still brighter far than this,
When death shall bear our souls away
To realms of light and bliss.
- 7 There rapturous scenes of joy
Shall burst upon our sight;
And every pain, and tear, and sigh,
Be drown'd in endless light.
- 8 Beneath thy balmy wing,
O Sun of Righteousness,
Our happy souls shall sit and sing
The wonders of thy grace.
- 9 Nor shall that radiant day,
So joyfully begun,
In evening shadows die away,
Beneath the setting sun.
- 10 How various and how new
Are thy compassions, Lord!
Eternity thy love shall show,
And all thy truth record.

547 PART II. 11. 8. Beaconsfield, 454.

The end of affliction and trouble.

2 Cor. iv. 17.

FORD.

- 1 **T**HE gloom of the night adds a charm to the morn,
Stern winter the spring-time endears;
And the darker the cloud on which it is drawn
The brighter the rainbow appears.

- 2 So trials and sorrows the Christian prepare
 For the rest that remaineth above ;
 On earth tribulation awaits him, but there
 The smile of unchangeable love.

547 PART III. C. M. Condescension, 116.

Affliction leading to glory.

2 Cor. iv. 7.

C. FRY.

- 1 **O**FTEN the clouds of deepest woe
 So sweet a message bear,
 Dark though they seem, 'twere hard to
 A frown of anger there. [find
- 2 It needs our hearts be wean'd from earth,
 It needs that we be driven,
 By loss of every earthly stay,
 To seek our joys in heaven.
- 3 For we must follow in the path
 Our Lord and Saviour run ;
 We must not find a resting place
 Where he we love had none.

547 PART IV. C. M. Wiltshire, 110.

The same.

YOUNG.

- 1 **T**HESSE hearts, alas ! cleave to the dust
 By strong and endless ties !
 Whilst every sorrow cuts a string,
 And urges us to rise.
- 2 When Heaven would kindly set us free,
 And earth's enchantment end,
 It takes the most effectual way,
 And robs us of a friend.
- 3 Resign—and all the load of life
 That moment you remove ;
 Its heavy load, ten thousand cares,
 Devolve on One above—

547, 548 TIME AND ETERNITY.

4 Who bids us lay our burden down
On his almighty hand ;
Softens our duty to relief,
To blessing a command.

547 PART V. L. M. Rushden, 468.

The same.

KELLY.

1 **Y**ES, 't is a rough and thorny road,
That leads us to the saints' abode ;
But when our Father's home we gain,
'T will make amends for all our pain.

2 And what is all we suffer now,
Or all we can endure below,
To that bright day when Christ shall come,
And take his weary pilgrims home ?

548 L. M. Wareham, 117. Antiquity, 331.

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, O search my inmost heart,
 And light, and hope, and joy impart ;
 From guilt and error set me free,
 And guide me safe to heaven and thee.

549

PART I. 8. 8. 6. Leach, 290.

Prayer for seriousness in prospect of eternity.

C. WESLEY.

- 1 **T**HOU God of glorious majesty,
 To thee—against myself—to thee,
 A sinful worm, I cry ;
 A half-awaken'd child of man,
 An heir of endless bliss or pain,
 A sinner born to die.
- 2 Lo, on a narrow neck of land,
 'Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand ;
 Yet how insensible !
 A point of time, a moment's space,
 Removes me to yon heavenly place,
 Or shuts me up in hell !
- 3 O God, my inmost soul convert,
 And deeply on my thoughtful heart
 Eternal things impress ;
 Give me to feel their solemn weight,
 And save me ere it be too late ;
 Wake me to righteousness.
- 4 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?

- 5 Be this my one great business 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!
- 6 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
 Transported from this vale to live
 And reign with thee above:
 Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
 And hope in full supreme delight
 And everlasting love.

549 PART II. 8. 8. 6. Chatham, 59.

Serious consideration.

- 1 **A**ND am I only born to die?
 And must I suddenly comply
 With nature's stern decree?
 What after death for me remains?
 Celestial joys, or bitter pains,
 To all eternity!
- 2 How ought I then on earth to live,
 While God prolongs the kind reprieve,
 And spares this house of clay!
 My sole concern, my single care,
 To watch, and tremble, and prepare
 Against that awful day.
- 3 Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray;
 Be thou my guide, be thou my way
 To glorious happiness:
 O write the pardon on my heart,
 And whensoever I depart,
 Let me depart in peace.

DEATH.

550 PART I. C. M. Canterbury, 199.

Death and eternity.

WATTS.

- 1 **M**Y thoughts, that often mount the
 Go search the world beneath, [skies,
 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
 That left their dying clay ? [things,
 My thoughts, now stretch out all your
 And trace eternity. [wings,
- 5 O 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 ;
 Come death, and some celestial band,
 To bear our souls away.’

* Bunhill-fields.

550 PART II. 7. 6. Grange-road, 281.

Anticipation of death and glory.

- 1 **A**H! I shall soon be dying,
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.
- 2 He once, a spotless victim,
Upon Mount Calvary 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.
- 3 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.
- 4 Then with the saints in glory
The grateful song I'll raise,
And chant my blissful story
In high seraphic lays.
Free grace, redeeming merit,
And sanctifying love,
Of Father Son, and Spirit,
Shall charm the courts above.

550 PART III. L. M. Oldham, 527.

Death contemplated.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 SOVEREIGN of life, before thine eye,
Lo! mortal men by thousands die!
One glance from thee at once brings down
The proudest brow that wears a crown.
- 2 Banish'd at once from human sight
To the dark grave's unchanging night,
Imprison'd in that dusty bed,
We hide our solitary head.
- 3 The friendly band no more shall greet
Accents familiar once, and sweet:
No more the well-known features trace,
No more renew the fond embrace.
- 4 Yet if my Father's faithful hand
Conduct me through this gloomy land,
My soul with pleasure shall obey,
And follow where he leads the way.
- 5 He nobler friends than here I leave,
In brighter, surer worlds can give;
Or by the beamings of his eye
A lost creation well supply.

550 PART IV. C. M. Grove House, 143.

The safe and happy exit.

- 1 LORD, must I die? O let me die
Trusting in thee alone;
My living testimony given,
Then leave my dying one.
- 2 If I must die—O let me die
In peace with all mankind;
And change these fleeting joys below
For pleasures all refined.

- 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.

550 PART V. C. M. St. Mary's, 532.

Death.

DR. COLLYER.

- 1 **T**HAT solemn hour will surely come,
 Nor distant is the day,
 When in the shadows of the tomb
 This life shall fade away.
- 2 The cup of trembling in my hand,
 My fearful soul must drink,
 And wavering, hoping, shivering, stand
 On life's alarming brink.
- 3 Amid the anguish and the strife
 That shrinking nature fears,
 Look gently down, great Source of life,
 And dry death's starting tears.

550 PART VI. C. M. Stephens, 292.

The same.

DR. COLLYER.

- 1 **W**HEN bending o'er the brink of life,
 My trembling soul shall stand,
 Waiting to pass death's awful flood,
 Great God, at thy command :
- 2 O thou great Source of joy supreme,
 Whose arm alone can save,
 Dispel the darkness that surrounds
 The entrance to the grave.

- 3 Lay thy supporting, gentle hand
 Beneath my sinking head ;
 And let a beam of love divine
 Illume my dying bed.
- 4 Leaning on thy dear, faithful breast,
 May I resign my breath ;
 And in thy soft embraces lose
 ' The bitterness of death.'

551 PART I. 148th. Burnham, 396.
The midnight cry. Matt. xxv. 6.

- 1 YE 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 his bar,
 And take to glory all
 Who meet for glory are :
 Make ready for your free reward ;
 Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.
- 3 Go, meet him in the sky ;
 Your everlasting Friend :
 Your 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 received
 The unction from above,
 And in his Spirit lived,
 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,
Enrobed in righteousness divine
In which the bride shall ever shine.

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 wiped 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 power—
The latest in my latest hour ;
Then to the raptured heights I soar,
Where fears and death are known no more.

551 PART III. L. M. Bampton, 275.
Life to be feared by Christians more than death.

- 1 **H**OW many of thy children, Lord,
Do but in part receive thy word !
And thus, till near their latest breath,
Go trembling thro' the fear of death :
- 2 Yet others in this world of cares,
Exposed to sin and Satan's snares,
Have fear'd the treacherous path of life
Far more than death the closing strife.
- 3 O thou 'who livest and wast dead,'
Say, 'I'm your ever-living Head ;'
And from each fear O set us free,
But that of sinning against thee.
- 4 Faith then shall wipe away our tears,
Hope, smiling, cheer our following years ;
And all the graces victory sing,
For death is ours, through Christ our King.

551 PART IV. L. M. Pergolese's, 344.
Faith and sense looking at the grave.

- 1 ' **A**SHES to ashes, dust to dust !'
Down to the grave descend we must :
Flesh trembles at the monster's dart,
Lest he transfix our shivering heart.
- 2 But Faith shall triumph o'er his sting,
Gaze on her risen Lord, and sing,
'Through him to us the victory's given,
And death is now the gate of heaven.'

- 3 O Lord, to me this faith impart,
 To cheer and purify my heart ;
 Let all its beauteous fruits be mine,—
 The glory shall be ever thine.

551

PART V. L. M. Malta, 500.

Peace in the prospect of death. WESLEY.

- 1 **S**HRINKING from the cold hand of
 I too shall gather up my feet ; [death,
 Shall soon resign this fleeting breath,
 And die, my fathers' God to meet.
- 2 Number'd among thy people, I
 Expect with joy thy face to see :
 Because thou didst for sinners die,
 Jesus, in death remember me !
- 3 O that without a lingering groan
 I may the welcome word receive ;
 My body with my charge lay down,
 And cease at once to work and live !

551

PART VI. L. M. Melcombe, 325.

The righteous blessed in death. MRS. BARBAULD.

- 1 **H**OW blest the righteous when he
 dies !—
 When sinks a weary soul to rest,
 How mildly beam the closing eyes,
 How gently heaves the expiring breast !
- 2 So fades a summer cloud away,
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
 So gently shuts the eye of day,
 So dies a wave along the shore.
- 3 A holy quiet reigns around,
 A calm which life nor death destroys ;
 Nothing disturbs that peace profound,
 Which his unfetter'd soul enjoys.

- 4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell ;
How bright the unchanging morn ap-
pears !
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell !
- 5 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies ;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
' How blest the righteous when he dies !'

551 PART VII. C. M. Brodsworth, 414.

*Blessed are the dead which die in
the Lord.*

MRS. GILBERT.

- 1 O HAPPY they, who safely housed,
To Jesus' bosom fly,
Before the storm of wrath is roused ;
Yes, happy they who die !
- 2 Care, pain, and grief, the wild array
Of sorrows felt below,
The dread of trial's fiery day !
Of persecution's glow,—
- 3 All, all is o'er, with those at rest,
For Jesus' sake forgiven !
No heavings of the anxious breast,
No sickening fear in heaven !
- 4 Why linger then, with strange desire,
Where reeks the deadly strife,
And shrink, unwilling to retire
To everlasting life ?
- 5 Oh were it not for those he leaves
Lone in a desert land,
'Tis wondrous when a Christian grieves
To find his home at hand.

551 PART VIII. L. M. Old 100th.

Sleeping in Jesus. MRS. MACKAY.

- 1 **A** SLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep!
 From which none ever wakes to weep:
 A calm and undisturb'd repose,
 Unbroken by the last of foes!
- 2 Asleep in Jesus! oh how sweet
 To be for such a slumber meet:
 With holy confidence to sing
 That death has lost his venom'd sting!
- 3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
 Whose waking is supremely blest:
 No fear, no woe shall dim that hour,
 That manifests the Saviour's power.
- 4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
 May such a blissful refuge be:
 Securely shall my ashes lie,
 Waiting the summons from on high.

551 PART IX. L. M. Melcombe, 325.

The same.

COTTLE.

- 1 **T**O sleep in Jesus! rapturous thought!
 To close in peace our mortal days!
 Safe to the heavenly Canaan brought,
 To join the anthems angels raise!
- 2 To sleep in Jesus! what delight!
 Increasing still, and ever new:
 To mingle with the saints in light,
 And be as pure and happy too!
- 3 To fear no pain, to know no care;
 No sin nor frailty to molest;
 And on each glorious object there,
 To see eternity impress'd.

- 4 Ere long will death uncloze my chains,
 And bid me, Jesus, sleep in thee:
 The happiest hour that time retains,
 Is that which sets the spirit free.

551 PART X. C. M. Bedford, 91.

The same.

DRUMMOND.

- 1 **H**E sweetly sleeps! the man of God,
 From sin and woe set free;
 Calmly the path of death he trod,
 Into eternity.
- 2 Sweetly he rests! the soldier now
 From battle, wounds, and strife;
 The wreath of conquest decks his brow
 With rays of endless life.
- 3 Sweetly he sleeps! the pilgrim worn,
 Leaving his weary road;
 In peace he waits a glorious morn,
 And slumbers in his God.
- 4 Sleep on, ye saints! and sweetly rest
 In Jesus' boundless love;
 Soon shall ye wake, for ever blest,
 And reign with him above.

552 PART I. L. M. Wareham, 117.

The tolling bell.

NEWTON.

- 1 **O**FT as the bell, with solemn toll,
 Speaks the departure of a soul,
 Let each one ask himself, 'Am I
 Prepared, should I be call'd to die?'
- 2 Only this frail and fleeting breath
 Preserves me from the jaws of death;
 Soon as it fails, at once I'm gone,
 And plunged into a world unknown.

- 3 Then, leaving all I loved below,
To God's tribunal I must go ;
Must hear the Judge pronounce my fate,
And fix my everlasting state.
- 4 Lord Jesus, help me now to flee,
And seek my hope alone in thee ;
Apply thy blood, thy Spirit give,
Subdue my sin, and let me live.
- 5 Then when the solemn bell I hear,
If saved from guilt, I need not fear ;
Nor would the thought distressing be,—
' Perhaps it next may toll for me !'
- 6 Rather, my spirit would rejoice,
And long and wish to hear thy voice ;
Glad when it bids me earth resign,
Secure of heaven if thou art mine.

552 PART II. C. M. Windsor, 247.
Victory over death. 1 Cor. xv. 57.

- 1 **W**HEN death appears before my sight,
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 (O, amazing power of love !)
Received it in his heart.
- 4 No more, O grim destroyer, boast
Thy universal sway ;

- To heaven-born souls thy sting is lost ;
 Thy night 's the gate 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, clothed 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 O let me join the raptured lays,
 And with the blissful throng
 Resound salvation, power, and praise,
 In everlasting song !

552 PART III. P. M. Pope's Ode.

Victory over death.

POPE.

- 1 **V**ITAL spark of heavenly flame,
 Quit, O quit this mortal frame !
 Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
 Oh the pain, the bliss of dying !
 Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life.
- 2 Hark ! they whisper : angels say,
 Sister spirit, come away.
 What is this absorbs me quite—
 Steals my senses—shuts my sight—
 Drowns my spirit—draws my breath ?
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?

- 3 The world recedes ; it disappears !
 Heaven opens on my eyes ! my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring :
 Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
 O Grave, where is thy victory ?
 O death, where is thy sting ?

553 PART I. C. M. Newbury, 132.

The welcome messenger.

WATTS.

- 1 **L**ORD, when we see a saint of thine
 Lie gasping out his breath,
 With longing eyes, and looks divine,
 Smiling and pleased in death ;
- 2 How could we e'en contend to lay
 Our limbs upon that bed !
 We ask thine envoy to convey
 Our spirits in his stead.
- 3 Our souls are rising on the wing
 To venture in his place ;
 For, when grim death has lost his sting,
 He has an angel's face.
- 4 Jesus, then purge my crimes away,—
 'T is guilt creates my fears ;
 'T is guilt gives death his fierce array
 And all the arms he bears.
- 5 Oh, if my threatening 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.

553

PART II. 11. 8. Calne, 69.

The dying Christian bidding adieu to the world.

B. FRANCIS.

- 1 **Y**E objects of sense, and enjoyments of time,
 Which oft have delighted my heart,
 I soon shall exchange you for views more sublime,
 And joys that shall never depart.
- 2 Thou lord of the day, and thou queen of the night,
 To me ye no longer are known ;
 I soon shall behold, with increasing delight,
 A sun that shall never go down.
- 3 Ye wonderful orbs, that astonish mine eyes,
 Your glories recede from my sight ;
 I soon shall contemplate more beautiful skies,
 And stars more transcendently bright.
- 4 Ye mountains and valleys, groves, rivers, and plains,
 Thou earth, and thou ocean, adieu !
 More permanent regions, where righteousness reigns,
 Present their bright hills to my view.
- 5 My loved habitation and garden, adieu !
 No longer my footsteps ye greet ;
 A mansion celestial stands full in my view,
 And paradise welcomes my feet.
- 6 My weeping relations, my brethren and friends,
 Whose souls are entwined with my own,
 Adieu, for the present ; my spirit ascends
 Where friendship immortal is known.

- 7 My cares and my labours, my sickness and pain,
 And sorrows, are now at an end ;
 The summit of bliss I shall speedily gain,
 The heights of perfection ascend.
- 8 The sight of transgressors shall grieve me no more ;
 'Midst foes I no longer abide ;
 My conflict with sin and with sinners is o'er,
 With saints I shall ever reside.
- 9 Thou vale of affliction my footsteps have trod,
 With trembling, with grief, and with tears,
 I joyfully quit, for the mountain of God ;
 There, there its bright summit appears.
- 10 No lurking temptation, defilement, or fear,
 Again shall disquiet my breast ;
 In Jesus' fair image I soon shall appear,
 For ever ineffably blest.
- 11 My sabbaths below, that have been my delight,
 And thou, the blest volume divine,
 You have guided my footsteps like stars during
 Adieu, my conductors benign. [night,
- 12 The sun that illumines the regions of light,
 Now shines on mine eyes from above ;
 But, oh, how transcendently glorious the sight !
 My soul is all wonder and love.
- 13 Thou tottering seat of disease and of pain,
 Adieu, my dissolving abode ;
 But I shall behold and possess thee again,
 A beautiful building of God.
- 14 Come, death ; when thy cold hands my eyelids shall
 And lay my pale corpse in the tomb, [close,
 My soul shall enjoy an eternal repose,
 Above in my heavenly home.
- 15 But oh, what a life, what a rest, what a joy,
 Shall I know when I 've mounted above !
 Praise, praise, shall my triumphing powers employ ;
 My God, I shall burn with thy love.
- 16 Come, come, my Redeemer, this moment release
 The soul thou hast bought with thy blood ;
 And bid me ascend the fair regions of peace,
 To feast on the smiles of my God.

553 PART III. P. M. Llandaff, 546.

The parting.

ADAMS.

PART in peace!—Christ's life was peace:
 Let us breathe our breath in him,
 Part in peace!—Christ's death was peace:
 Let us die our death in him.
 Part in peace!—Christ promise gave
 Of a life beyond the grave,
 Where all mortal partings cease.
 Part in peace!

553 PART IV. 8. 7. Felicity, 535.

Pilgrims parting.

- 1 **W**HILE, to several paths dividing,
 We our pilgrimage pursue,
 May Jehovah, safely guiding,
 Keep his scatter'd flock in view.
- 2 May the bond of sweet communion
 Every distant soul embrace;
 Till, in everlasting union,
 We attain our resting-place.
- 3 Oh, 't is sweet, each other aiding,
 In companionship to move;
 One pure flame each heart pervading,
 One our Lord, our faith, our love.
- 4 Now we part in tearful sadness,
 Bearing forth the precious grain;
 We shall yet, in mirth and gladness,
 Bring our harvest sheaves again.

553 PART V. C. M. P. Lincoln, 565.

The same.

GRINFIELD.

- 1 **Y**ES, dearest friends, a short farewell,
 Until at home we meet!

- Oft shall remembrance fondly dwell
 On days and scenes that own'd the spell
 Of your communion sweet ;—
- 2 So sweet, at times it seem'd a faint,
 A transitory taste
 Of converse treasured for the saint
 In the bright world—which who shall
 The heaven to which we haste ! [paint ?
- 3 For oh! of less than heavenly mould
 Our friendship ne'er shall be ;
 Nor like the world's, by death controll'd,
 But fervent, pure ; and we, enroll'd
 Friends for eternity !
- 4 So, when on earth we cease to dwell
 In pilgrim converse sweet ;
 We 'll need no other parting knell
 Than—' Dearest friends, a short farewell,
 Till soon at home we meet !'

553 PART VI. S. M. P. Grantham, 566.

Friends separated by death. MONTGOMERY.

- 1 **F**RRIEND after friend departs !
 Who hath not lost a friend ?
 There is no union here of hearts,
 That finds not here an end :
 Were this frail world our final rest,
 Living or dying, none were blest.
- 2 Beyond the flight of time,—
 Beyond the reign of death,—
 There surely is some blessed clime
 Where life is not a breath ;
 Nor life's affections transient fire,
 Whose sparks fly upwards and expire.

- 3 There is a world above,
 Where parting is unknown ;
 A long eternity of love,
 Form'd for the good alone ;
 And faith beholds the dying here
 Translated to that glorious sphere !
- 4 Thus star by star declines,
 Till all are pass'd away ;
 As morning high and higher shines
 To pure and perfect day ;
 Nor sink those stars in empty night,
 But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

553

PART VII. L. M. Job, 474.

Not lost, but gone before.

CLARK.

- 1 **S**AY why should friendship grieve for
 those
 Who safe arrive on Canaan's shore !
 Released from all their hurtful foes,
 They are not lost, but gone before.
- 2 How many painful days on earth
 Their fainting spirits number'd o'er !
 Now they enjoy a heavenly birth,—
 They are not lost, but gone before.
- 3 Dear is the spot where Christians sleep,
 And sweet the strain which angels pour ;
 O why should we in anguish weep ?
 They are not lost, but gone before.
- 4 Secure from every mortal care,
 By sin and sorrow vex'd no more,
 Eternal happiness they share,
 Who are not lost—but gone before.
- 5 To Zion's peaceful courts above,
 In faith triumphant may we soar,

Embracing in the arms of love
The friends not lost—but gone before.

- 6 On Jordan's bank whene'er we come,
And hear the swelling waters roar,
Jesus, convey us safely home,
To friends not lost—but gone before.

553 PART VIII. C. M. Harmonia, 390.

On departed friends.

DALE.

- 1 **D**EAR as thou wert, and justly dear,
We will not weep for thee ;
One thought shall check the starting tear,
It is that thou art free.
- 2 And thus shall faith's consoling power
The tears of love restrain ;
Oh, who that saw thy parting hour
Could wish thee here again !
- 3 Triumphant in thy closing eye,
The hope of glory shone ;
Joy breathed in thy expiring sigh,
To think the fight was won.
- 4 Gently the passing spirit fled,
Sustain'd by grace divine ;
Oh, may such grace on me be shed,
And make my end like thine.

553 PART IX. 7's. Messina, 506.

Shortness and uncertainty of life.

- 1 **W**HILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
Rolls along the passing year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here.
- 2 Fix'd in their eternal state,
They are gone from all below ;

- We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know.
- 3 Oh, how fast our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream!
Lord, to heaven our wishes raise;
All on earth is but a dream.
- 4 Guide the young, and warn the old;
Bless us with the Saviour's love;
So, when life's short tale is told,
We shall dwell with thee above.

553 PART X. 8. 7. 7. Response, 558.

The soul's flight.

KELLY.

- 1 **W**HAT is life? 't is but a vapour,
Soon it vanishes away;
Life is like a dying taper:
O my soul, why wish to stay?
Why not spread thy wings and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy?
- 2 See that glory, how resplendent!
Brighter far than fancy paints;
There, in majesty transcendent,
Jesus reigns, the King of saints.
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.
- 3 Joyful crowds, his throne surrounding,
Sing with rapture of his love;
Through the heavens his praises sounding,
Filling all the courts above.
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.
- 4 Go, and share his people's glory;
'Midst the ransom'd crowd appear;

Thine a joyful, wondrous story,
 One that angels love to hear.
 Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
 Straight to yonder world of joy.

554 PART I. L. M. Portugal, 97.

Desiring to depart and to be with Christ.

Phil. i. 23.

DODDRIDGE.

- 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-loved Lord to see
 Earth, twine no more about my heart,
 For 't is far better to depart.
- 3 Come, ye angelic envoys, come,
 And lead the willing pilgrim home ;
 Ye know the way to Jesus' throne,
 Source of my joys and of your own.
- 4 That blissful interview, how sweet !
 To fall transported at his feet !
 Raised in his arms to view his face,
 Through the full beamings of his grace !
- 5 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.
- 6 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.

554 PART II. C. M. Adelphi, 405.

The Christian's hope.

- 1 **L**ORD, we would feel no anxious care
Whether we die or live ;
'T is ours to love and serve thee here,
And thou the strength wilt give.
- 2 Come, Lord, when grace hath made us
Thy blessed face to see ; [meet
For if thy work on earth be sweet,
What must thy glory be ?
- 3 Then we shall end our sad complaints,
Our weary sinful days ;
And join with those triumphant saints,
Who sing Jehovah's praise.
- 4 Our knowledge of that life is small ;
The eye of faith is dim !
But 't is enough that Christ knows all,
And we shall be with him.

555 C. M. James's, 163. Glasgow, 376.

The presence of God worth dying for.

Deut. xxxii. 49, 50.

WATTS.

- 1 **L**ORD, 't is an infinite delight
To see thy lovely face,
To dwell whole ages in thy sight,
And feel thy vital rays.
- 2 This Gabriel knows, and sings thy name,
With rapture on his tongue ;
Moses the saint enjoys the same,
And heaven repeats the song.
- 3 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, 't is a heaven worth dying for,
 To see a smiling God.
- 5 Sweet was the journey to the sky,
 The wondrous prophet tried ;
 'Climb up the mount,' says God, 'and
 The prophet climb'd—and died. [die ;'
- 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 Show 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 C. M. Exeter, 4. Palmyra, 203.

Death in infancy.

STENNETT.

- 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.
- 4 'Death may the bands of life unloose,
 But can't dissolve my love ;

Millions of infant souls compose
The family above.

- 5 ' Their feeble frames my power shall raise,
And mould with heavenly skill :
I 'll give them tongues to sing my praise,
And hands to do my will.'
- 6 His words the happy parents hear,
And shout with joys divine,
Dear Saviour, all we have and are
Shall be for ever thine.

557 PART I. C. M., Canterbury, 199.

At the funeral of a young person. STEELE.

- 1 **W**HEN blooming youth is snatch'd
away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay
Which pity must demand.
- 2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth, imprest
With awful power,—' I too must die !'
Sink deep in every breast.
- 3 Let this vain world engage no more :
Behold the gaping tomb !
It bids us seize the present hour :
To-morrow death may come.
- 4 The voice of this alarming scene
May every heart obey ;
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.
- 5 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 surprising hour.

557 PART II. C. M. Submission, 364.

To a parent, on the death of a child.

Job, iii. 3.

A. A. WATTS.

- 1 **L**OOK up, look up, and weep not so—
 Thy darling is not dead :
 His sinless soul has enter'd now
 Yon sky's empurpled bed :
- 2 His spirit drinks new life and light
 'Mid bowers of endless bloom ;
 It is but perishable stuff
 That moulders in the tomb :
- 3 Then hush, O hush the swelling sigh,
 And dry the falling tear ;
 Look upward to the bliss of heaven,
 And joy that he is there.
- 4 Already he has gain'd the goal,
 And tasted of the bliss,—
 The peace that God's eternal love
 Prepares for souls like his :
- 5 Then calm thy sorrow-stricken heart,
 And smile away despair :
 Think of the home thy child has won,
 And joy that he is there.
- 6 How sweet 't will be, at such an hour,
 And 'mid a scene so fair,
 To lift thy tearful eyes to heaven,
 And think that he is there !

557 PART III. 8. 7. Benediction, 320.

Mourning the loss of a child.

- 1 **H**AST thou lost a child most precious?
 'T is thy Father brings thee low:
 'Mid th' affliction he is gracious,
 Pitying while he deals the blow.
 Mourner, lift thine eye above thee;
 'T is from thence the rod descends:
 He must chasten if he love thee:
 Kiss the hand that is a friend's.
- 2 He would bring the wanderer near him,
 Cause the contrite tear to flow;
 Take the draught, and love and fear him,
 Though the cup be fill'd with woe.
 We can only share thy sadness,
 Mingling sighs and tears with thine;
 He can give celestial gladness,
 Quench the fire, and yet refine.
- 3 Oh, there is no cross, no fetter,
 While we bear the yoke of love:
 Crushing makes the fragrance sweeter;
 Sorrows point to rest above.
 Drooping mourner, canst thou languish
 Near the great Consoler's feet?
 He can give thee joy for anguish:
 Seek him at the mercy-seat.

558 PART I. C. M. Crowle, 3.

Comfort for pious parents bereaved of their children.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **Y**E mourning saints whose streaming
 Flow o'er your children dead [tears
 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 Though, 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.'
- 6 We welcome, Lord, those rising tears,
 Through which thy face we see,
 And bless those wounds, which thro' our
 Prepare a way for thee. [hearts

558 PART II. 8. 7. Felicity, 535.

Thy will be done. Matt. xxvi. 42.

- 1 JESUS, while our hearts are bleeding
 O'er the spoils that death has won,
 We would, at this solemn meeting,
 Calmly say, 'Thy will be done.'
- 2 Though cast down, we're not forsaken;
 Though afflicted, not alone;
 Thou didst give, and thou hast taken,
 Blessed Lord, 'Thy will be done.'
- 3 Fill us now with deep contrition;
 Take away these hearts of stone;

And may all, with true submission,
Meekly say, 'Thy will be done.'

- 4 Though to-day we're fill'd with mourning,
Mercy still is on the throne ;
With thy smiles of love returning,
We can sing, 'Thy will be done.'
- 5 By thy hands the boon was given,
Thou hast taken but thine own ;
Lord of earth, and God of heaven,
Evermore 'Thy will be done.'

559 PART I. L. M. Job, 474.

The death of the sinner and the saint. FAWCETT.

- 1 **W**HAT scenes of horror and of dread
Await the sinner's dying bed !
Death's terrors all appear in sight,
Presages of eternal night.
- 2 His sins in dreadful order rise,
And fill his soul with sad surprise ;
Mount Sinai's thunder stuns his ears,
And not one ray of hope appears.
- 3 Tormenting pangs distract his breast ;
Where'er he turns he finds no rest ;
Death strikes the blow : he groans and
And, in despair and horror, dies. [cries,
- 4 Not so the heir of heavenly bliss,—
His soul is fill'd with conscious peace :
A steady faith subdues his fear,—
He sees the happy Canaan near.
- 5 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.

6 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.

559 PART II. 112th. Carey's, 11.

Hope in life and in death.

REES.

1 **M**Y hope is built on nothing less
 Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
 I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
 But wholly lean on Jesus' name:
 On Christ, the solid rock, I stand,
 All other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness veils his lovely face,
 I rest on his unchanging grace;
 In every high and stormy gale,
 My anchor holds within the veil:
 On Christ, &c.

3 His oath, his covenant, and blood,
 Support me in the sinking flood;
 When every earthly prop gives way,
 He then is all my hope and stay:
 On Christ, &c.

4 When the last awful trump shall sound,
 O may I then in him be found,
 Dress'd in his righteousness alone,
 Faultless to stand before the throne:
 On Christ, &c.

560 104th. Hanover, 130. Old 104th, 148.

On the death of a believer.

1 **[T]**IS finish'd, 't is 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 through ;
Triumphantly glorious, through 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 on high ;
The kingdom be given of glory divine,
And crown us in heaven eternally thine.

561 PART I. S. M. Dunbar, 252.

Preparation for death.

Matt. xxiv. 45. TOPLADY'S COLL.

- 1 **P**REPARE me, gracious God,
To stand before thy face ;
Thy Spirit must the work perform
For it is all of grace.
- 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 sovereign 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.

561 PART II. 8. 7. Felicity, 535.

The dying Christian encouraged. C. WESLEY.

- 1 **H**APPY soul, thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below :
Go, by angel guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus, go.
- 2 Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo, the Saviour stands above ;
Shows the purchase of his merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.
- 3 Struggle through thy latest passion
To thy dear Redeemer's breast,
To his uttermost salvation,
To his everlasting rest.
- 4 For the joy he sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain :
Die, to live the life of glory,
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

561 PART III. C. M. Durham, 400.

On a believer's death. NEWTON.

- 1 **I**N vain our fancy strives to paint
The moment after death,
The glories that surround the saints,
When yielding up their breath.
- 2 One gentle sigh their fetters breaks :
We scarce can say ' They 're gone !'
Before the willing spirit takes
Her mansion near thy throne.
- 3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail,
To trace her in her flight ;
No eye can pierce within the veil
Which hides that world of light.

- 4 Thus much (and this is all) we know,
 They are completely blest :
 Have done with sin, and care, and woe,
 And with their Saviour rest.
- 5 On harps of gold they praise his name
 His face they always view ;
 Then let us followers be of them,
 That we may praise him too.

561 PART IV. 8's. Rosewarne, 49.
Death a happy exchange to a believer.

C. WESLEY.

- 1 **R**EJOICE for a brother deceased ;
 Our loss is his infinite gain ;
 A soul out of prison released,
 And freed from its bodily chain ;
 With songs let us follow his flight,
 And mount with his spirit above,
 Escaped to the mansions of light,
 And lodged in the Eden of love.
- 2 Our brother the haven hath gain'd,
 Out-flying the tempest and wind ;
 His rest he hath sooner obtain'd,
 And left his companions behind,
 Still toss'd on a sea of distress,
 Hard toiling to make the blest shore,
 Where all is assurance and peace,
 And sorrow and sin are no more.
- 3 There all the ship's company meet,
 Who sail'd with the Saviour beneath,
 With shouting each other they greet,
 And triumph o'er trouble and death :
 The voyage of life's at an end,
 The mortal affliction is past ;

The age that in heaven they spend,
For ever and ever shall last.

561

PART V. 7's. Florence, 239.

Triumph in death.

C. WESLEY.

- 1 **Y**ES, the Christian's course is run,
Ended is the glorious strife;
Fought the fight, the work is done,
Death is swallow'd up in life!
Borne by angels on their wings,
Far from earth the spirit flies,
Finds his God, and sits and sings,
Triumphing in Paradise.
- 2 Join we then, with one accord,
In the new, the joyful song:
Absent from our loving Lord
We shall not continue long:
We shall quit the house of clay,
We a better lot shall share;
We shall see the realms of day,
Meet our happy brother there.
- 3 Let the world bewail their dead,
Fondly of their loss complain;
Brother, friend, by Jesus freed,
Death to thee, to us, is gain:
Thou art enter'd into joy;
Let the unbelievers mourn;
We in songs our lives employ,
Till we all to God return.

561

PART VI. 7's. Jubilee, 403.

Fear not—die to live!

TOPLADY.

- 1 **D**EATHLESS principle, arise!
Soar, thou native of the skies!

Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,
 To his glorious likeness wrought,
 Go, to shine before his throne—
 Deck his mediatorial crown ;
 Go, his triumphs to adorn—
 Made for God, to God return !

2 Lo, he beckons from on high ;
 Fearless to his presence fly—
 Thine the merit of his blood,
 Thine the righteousness of God !
 Angels, joyful to attend,
 Hovering, round thy pillow bend ;
 Wait to catch the signal given,
 And escort thee quick to heaven !

3 Is thy earthly house distrest,
 Willing to retain its guest ?
 'T is not *thou*, but *it*, must die—
 Fly, celestial tenant, fly—
 Burst thy shackles—drop thy clay—
 Sweetly breathe thyself away—
 Singing, to thy crown remove—
 Swift of wing, and fired with love !

4 Shudder not to pass the stream,
 Venture all thy care on him—
 Him, whose dying love and power
 Still'd its tossing, hush'd its roar ;
 Safe is the expanded wave,
 Gentle as a summer's eve ;
 Not one object of his care
 Ever suffer'd shipwreck there !

5 See the haven full in view !
 Love divine shall bear thee through :
 Trust to that propitious gale,
 Weigh thy anchor, spread thy sail !

Saints in glory perfect made
 Wait thy passage through the shade ;
 Ardent for thy coming o'er,
 See they throng the blissful shore !

6 Mount, their transports to improve—
 Join the longing choir above—
 Swiftly to their wish be given—
 Kindle higher joy in heaven!—
 Such the prospects that arise
 To the dying Christian's eyes !
 Such the glorious vista, faith
 Opens through the shades of death !

561 PART VII. 7's. Amboyna, 289.

Angelic welcome of a saint.

Rev. xiv. 13.

MONTGOMERY.

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

Every atom of thy trust
 Rests in hope again to rise!
 Hark! the judgment-trumpet calls!—
 Soul, rebuild thy house of clay—
 Immortality thy walls,
 And eternity thy day!

562 PART I. C. M. Carolina, 13.

Departed saints asleep.

Mark v. 39.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 ' **W**HY flow these torrents of distress?'
 (The gentle Saviour cries;)
 ' Why are my sleeping saints 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 slumberers 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 robed in light, and crown'd with joy,
 To endless day they soar.'
 5 Jesus, our faith receives thy word;
 And though 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-loved presence cheer
 These separating days.

562 PART II. P. M. Heber's, 402.

"That ye sorrow not as others which have no hope." BP. HEBER.

- 1 **T**HOU art gone to the grave! but we
will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encom-
pass the tomb:
The Saviour has pass'd through its por-
tal before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide
through the gloom.
- 2 Thou art gone to the grave! we no longer
behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world
by thy side;
But the wide arms of Mercy are spread
to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, since the Sin-
less has died.
- 3 Thou art gone to the grave! and, its man-
sion forsaking, [long ;
Perhaps thy weak spirit in fear linger'd
But the sunshine of Paradise beam'd on
thy waking,
And the sound which thou heard'st
was the seraphim's song.
- 4 Thou art gone to the grave! but 't were
wrong to deplore thee,
For God was thy ransom, thy guardian,
and guide:
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will
restore thee;
And death has no sting since the Sa-
viour has died.

562 PART III. C. M. Durham, 400.

The same.

- 1 **W**HY should our tears in sorrow flow,
When God recalls his own ;
And bids them leave a world of woe
For an immortal crown ?
- 2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
Whose life to God was given ?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
To open them in heaven.
- 3 Their toils are past : their work is done ;
And they are fully blest :
They fought the fight, the victory won,
And enter'd into rest.
- 4 Then let our sorrows cease to flow,—
God has recall'd his own ;
But let our hearts, in every woe,
Still say, 'Thy will be done !'

562 PART IV. 7. 8. 8. Worthing, 553.

The same. 1Thess. iv. 16. DOANE.

- 1 **L**IFT not thou the wailing voice,
Weep not, 't is a Christian dieth ;—
Up, where blessed saints rejoice,
Ransom'd now, the spirit flieth :
High in heaven's own light she dwelleth,
Full the song of triumph swelleth :
Freed from earth and earthly failing,
Lift for her no voice of wailing.
- 2 Pour not thou the bitter tear :
Heaven its book of comfort openeth,
Bids thee sorrow not, nor fear,
But as one who always hopeth :

Humbly here in faith relying,
Peacefully in Jesus dying,
Heavenly joy her eye is flushing,—
Why should thine with tears be gushing?

- 3 They who die in Christ are blest ;
Ours be, then, no thought of grieving ;
Sweetly with their God they rest,
All their toils and troubles leaving ;
So be ours the faith that saveth,
Hope that every trial braveth,
Love that to the end endureth,
And, through Christ, the crown secureth.

562

PART V. C. M. Turvey, 538.

Rest from sorrow. 1 Thess. iv. 3.

- 1 **T**HEY suffer not, for whom we weep,
Whose loss we here deplore ;
The fever'd body's dreamless sleep
Is broke by pain no more.
- 2 The warfare and the woe have ceased,
The struggle now is o'er ;
The happy spirit is released,
The pilgrim weeps no more.
- 3 But who the happiness may speak
That saints departed find—
The everlasting joys that break
Upon the deathless mind ?
- 4 But even here, enough we know
Our faith and hope to guide,
To check our sorrows as they flow,
And bid our grief subside.

563 PART I. C. M. Abridge, 201.

Submission.

DODDRIDGE.

- 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 'T is he—the Potentate supreme
Of all the worlds above,—
Whose steady counsels wisely rule,
Nor from their purpose move.
- 3 'T is 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 every 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.

563 PART II. 7. 6. 7. 7. Requiem, 559.

Blessed are the dead which die in the

Lord. Rev. xiv. 13.

CONDER.

- 1 **C**HRIST watches o'er the embers
Of all his faithful dead ;
There 's life for all the members
In Him the living Head ;

- Their dust he weighs and measures ;
 Their every atom treasures.
- 2 He, once a victor bleeding,
 Slew death, destroy'd the grave ;
 Now throned, yet interceding,
 He lives, thy soul to save :
 He comes, oh, day of wonder !
 The graves are rent asunder !
- 3 But, oh, that vast transition !
 How shall a creature dare
 Gaze on the awful vision,
 To find a Saviour there ?
 They whom he deigns to cherish
 Shall never, never perish !
- 4 Their Saviour shall receive them,
 From sin and death released ;
 He shall himself present them
 Before the Father dress'd
 In robes of spotless whiteness,
 All beauty, joy, and brightness.

563 PART III. 8. 7. Walmgate, 51.

It is well. Isa. iii. 10.

COLLYER.

- 1 O YE mourners cease to languish
 O'er the grave of those we love ;
 Pain and death, and night and anguish
 Enter not the world above.
- 2 While in darkness ye are straying,
 Lonely in the deep'ning shade,
 Glory's brightest beams are playing
 Round the immortal spirit's head.
- 3 Light and peace at once deriving
 From the hand of God most high ;
 In his glorious presence living,
 They shall never, never die.

563 PART IV. 113th. Jennings, 123.
Because I live, &c. John xiv. 19. DR. HUIE.

- 1 O YE who with the silent tear,
 And sadden'd steps, assemble here,
 To bear these cold, these loved remains,
 Where dark and cheerless silence reigns,—
 Your sorrows hush, your griefs dispel,
 The Saviour lives, and all is well.
- 2 That eye indeed is rayless now,
 And pale that cheek, and chill that brow;
 Yet, could the lifeless form declare
 The joys its soul is call'd to share,
 How would our souls rejoice to tell
 The Saviour lives, and all is well!

563 PART V. 8. 7. Felicity, 535.
Submission under the loss of a child.

- 1 NOW, O Lord, to thee submitting,
 We the tender pledge resign;
 And thy mercies ne'er forgetting,
 Own that all we have is thine.
- 2 Rest, sweet babe, in gentle slumbers,
 Till the resurrection morn;
 Then arise to join the numbers
 Who its triumphs shall adorn.
- 3 Though thy presence was endearing,
 Though thy absence we deplore;
 At thy Saviour's bright appearing
 We shall meet to part no more.

563 PART VI. C. M. Bedford, 91.
Funeral of a mother. Isa. lxvi. 13. COLLYER.

- 1 GOD of the spirits of all flesh,
 Behold thy servants here,
 With bleeding hearts and streaming eyes,
 Surround a mother's bier.

- 2 [Bow'd by affliction to the earth,
 Thou seest the husband stand;
 And pressing to his knees in grief,
 A little orphan band.]
- 3 But thou hast to thy people said—
 And they have found it true,—
 ' As when a mother comforteth,
 So will I comfort you.'
- 4 Remember now thy promise, Lord;
 Here let it be fulfill'd:
 No word but thine, in such an hour,
 Can consolation yield.

564 PART I. L. M. Ulverston, 179.

*Satisfaction in God under the loss of
 dear friends.*

SCOTT.

- 1 **T**HE God of love will sure indulge
 The flowing tear, the heaving sigh,
 When righteous persons fall around,—
 When tender friends and kindred die.
- 2 Yet not one anxious murmuring thought
 Should with our mourning passions blend;
 Nor would our bleeding hearts forget
 The almighty, ever-living Friend.
- 3 Beneath a numerous train of ills,
 Our feeble flesh and heart may fail;
 Yet shall our hope in thee, O God,
 O'er every gloomy fear prevail.
- 4 Parent and husband, guard and guide!
 Thou art each tender name in one:
 On thee we cast our every 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.

564 PART II. L. M. Hamburgh, 340.

*For a bereaved family, on the
death of a father.*

- 1 O THOU who art the widow's God,
A Father to the fatherless,
We bow beneath thy chast'ning rod,
This hour of conflict and distress.
- 2 Parent and husband thou hast borne
In silence to the opening tomb;
Pity the loved ones, Lord, that mourn,
Whose spirits now are fill'd with gloom.
- 3 We plead for those bow'd down with grief,
For this bereaved domestic band;
Where shall we go to seek relief
But to thy kind indulgent hand?
- 4 The hand that chastens us can heal;
O God of faithfulness and love,
In mercy now thy grace reveal,
A Father's loving-kindness prove.
- 5 O Thou who art the widow's God,
A Father to the fatherless,
Now hearken from thy high abode,
And deign to answer us in peace.

564 PART III. L. M. Wareham, 117.

The same.

- 1 THO' nature's voice you must obey,
Think, while your swelling griefs o'er-
flow,
The hand which takes your joys away,
That sovereign hand can heal your woe.

- 2 And while your mournful thoughts deplore
The parent, husband, brother, friend,
With heart resign'd his truth adore
On whom your noblest hopes depend.
- 3 His word—here let your souls rely—
Immortal consolation gives ;
Your heavenly Father cannot die,
The ' Husband of the widow' lives.
- 4 Oh, be the eternal Friend your trust,—
On his almighty arm recline,—
He, when your blessings sink in dust,
Can give you blessings more divine.

564 PART IV. 9. 8. Dependence, 568.

The same.

MARRIOTT.

- 1 **D**OES Jehovah his children invite
Upon him to cast every care ?
Yea, his word does Omnipotence plight,
Thus freely their burden to bear.
- 2 Do not let us then baffle such love
By a thankless and cold unbelief ;
But his truth who has promised prove,
By resigning our every grief.
- 3 Let us rather with rapture embrace
An offer so gracious and kind,
An unlimited confidence place
In such goodness and power combined.
- 4 Has it pleased him in wisdom to take
Our earthly dependence away,
With childlike submission we'll make
His arm our sole pillow and stay.

5 We'll repose on his words which declare
 That the desolate still he befriends,
 Makes the fatherless children his care,
 And the cause of the widow defends.

564 PART V. 8. 9. 7. St. Bees, 564.

Death of a believer.

DR. HUIE.

1 O THINK that, while you're weeping
 here,

His hand a golden harp is stringing ;
 And, with a voice serene and clear,
 His ransom'd soul, without a tear,
 His Saviour's praise is singing.

2 And think that all his pains are fled,
 His toils and sorrows closed for ever ;
 While He, whose blood for man was shed,
 Has placed upon his servant's head
 A crown that fadeth never.

3 And think that, in that awful day, [ing,
 When darkness sun and moon is shad-
 The form that, 'midst its kindred clay,
 Your trembling hands prepare to lay,
 Shall rise to life unfading.

4 Then weep no more for him who's gone
 Where sin and suffering ne'er shall enter,
 But on that great High Priest alone,
 Who can for guilt like ours atone,
 Your own affections centre.

5 And thus, when to the silent tomb
 Your lifeless dust, like his, is given,
 Like faith shall whisper, 'midst the gloom,
 That yet again, in youthful bloom,
 That dust shall smile in heaven.

564 PART VI. L. M. St. Saviour's, 401.

Why weepest thou? MRS. GILBERT.

- 1 **W**HY should we weep for those who die,
 Those blessed ones who weep no
 Jesus hath call'd them to the sky, [more ?
 And gladly have they gone before.
- 2 A few short days they linger'd here,
 Th' appointed span of trial knew ;
 Dropt—early dropt the parting tear,
 And early now have parted too.
- 3 Up, up, in swift ascent they rise,
 Star after star of living light!
 Why should we mourn that midnight skies
 Become with added glories bright ?
- 4 Far in the distant heavens they shine,
 But still with borrow'd lustre glow :
 Saviour, the beams are only thine,
 Of saints above, or saints below.
- 5 For them no bitter tear we shed,
 Their night of pain and grief is o'er ;
 But weep our lonely path to tread,
 And see the forms we loved no more.

564 PART VII. C. M. Devizes, 14.

The God of comfort. BARTON.

- 1 **H**OW sweet to think, in sorrow's hour,
 That He who reigns above,
 Although supreme in sovereign power,
 Is as supreme in love.
- 2 How sweet to know, when thus the axe
 Is to our gourds decreed,
 He will not quench the smoking flax,
 Nor break the bruised reed.

- 3 But that to those who kiss the rod,
 By him in mercy sent,
 The staff of comfort from their God
 Shall in his love be lent.
- 4 For God, who binds the broken heart,
 And dries the mourner's tear,
 If faith and patience be their part,
 Will unto these be near.
- 5 Let such but say, 'Thy will be done!'
 And He who Jesus raised
 Will qualify them, through his love,
 To add, 'Thy name be praised!'

564 PART VIII. L. M. Walton, 352.

*The immutability of God a source of comfort
 in affliction.* OPIE.

- 1 O THOU that read'st the secret heart,
 And hear'st the sufferer's softest sigh,
 When I remember that thou art,
 I feel each care, each sorrow fly.
- 2 Thou art, to whom the sinner's moan
 Was never yet breathed forth in vain;
 Thou art, to whom each want is known,
 Each hopeless wish, each fruitless pain.
- 3 And, oh! while earthly love grows cold,
 And earthly comforts break away,
 Thou art the mourner's certain hold,
 The same through one eternal day.
- 4 Thy smile of love beams always bright,
 To cheer the contrite sinner's heart;
 Nor can that soul be plunged in night
 That knows, O Lord, and feels Thou art.

564 PART IX. 11. 10. Alma, 345.

Comfort for mourners.

- 1 **C**OME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
 Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel ;
 Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your
 anguish,
 Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.
- 2 Joy of the comfortless, light of the straying,
 Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure ;
 Here speaks the Comforter, in mercy saying,
 Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.
- 3 Here see the bread of life, see waters flowing
 Forth from the throne of God, pure from above ;
 Come to the feast of love, come ever knowing
 Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.
- 4 Come, ye disconsolate, where'er you languish,
 Come to the fount of bliss, whate'er you feel ;
 Here bring your aching hearts, here sooth your
 anguish,
 Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

565 C. M. Windsor, 247. Bangor, 231.

Death and judgment appointed for all.

Heb. ix. 27.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **H**EAVEN has confirmed the great de-
 That Adam's race must die ; [cree,
 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 every funeral knell.
- 3 Once you must die ; and once for all
 The solemn purport weigh ;
 For know that heaven or hell attend
 On that important day.
- 4 Those eyes, so long in darkness veil'd,
 Must wake the Judge to see ;

And every word, and every thought,
Must pass his scrutiny.

- 5 O may I in the Judge behold
My Saviour and my Friend ;
And, far beyond the reach of death,
With all the saints ascend.

566 PART I. C. M. Stephens, 292.

The solemn hour.

DR. REED.

- 1 **T**HERE is an hour when I must part
With all I hold most dear ;
And life, with its best hopes, will then
As nothingness appear.
- 2 There is an hour when I must lie
Low on affliction's bed ;
And anguish, pain, and tears become
My bitter daily bread.
- 3 There is an hour when I must sink
Beneath the stroke of death ;
And yield to Him, who gave it first,
My struggling vital breath.
- 4 There is an hour when I must stand
Before the judgment seat :
And all my sins, and all my foes,
In awful vision meet.
- 5 There is an hour when I must look
On one eternity !
And nameless woe, or blissful life,
My endless portion be.
- 6 O Saviour, then, in all my need
Be near, be near to me ;
And let my soul, by stedfast faith,
Find life and heaven in thee.

566 PART II. C. M. Ann's, 58.

Comfort under the loss of ministers. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **N**OW let our drooping hearts revive,
 And all our tears be dry;
 Why should those eyes be drown'd in
 Which view a Saviour nigh? [grief,
- 2 What though the arm of conquering death
 Does God's own house invade?
 What though the prophet and the priest
 Be number'd with the dead?
- 3 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
 The aged and the young;
 The watchful eye in darkness closed,
 And mute the instructive tongue;
- 4 The 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 Through 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.

566 PART III. S. M. Farnham, 421.

The same. MONTGOMERY.

- 1 'SERVANT of God, well done!
 Rest from thy loved employ;
 The battle fought, the victory won,
 Enter thy Master's joy.'

- 2 His sword was in his hand,
Still warm with recent fight,
Ready that moment, at command,
Through rock and steel to smite.
- 3 Bent on such glorious toils
The world to him was loss,
Yet all his trophies, all his spoils,
He hung upon the cross.
- 4 At midnight came the cry,
'To meet thy God prepare !'
He woke—and caught his Captain's eye ;
Then, strong in faith and prayer,
- 5 His spirit, with a bound,
Left its encumbering clay ;
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground
A darken'd ruin lay.
- 6 The pains of death are past,
Labour and sorrow cease ;
And, life's long labour closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.
- 7 Soldier of Christ, well done !
Praise be thy new employ ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

566 PART IV. S. M. Melchbourne, 412.

The same.

MONTGOMERY.

- 1 **R**EST from thy labour, rest,
Soul of the just, set free !
Blest be thy memory, and blest
Thy bright example be.
- 2 Faith, perseverance, zeal,
Language of light and power,
Love, prompt to act and quick to feel,
Mark'd thee till life's last hour.

- 3 Now, toil and conflict o'er,
Go, take with saints thy place :
But go as each has gone before,
A sinner, saved by grace.
- 4 Lord Christ ! into thy hands
Our pastor we resign ;
And now we wait thy own commands :
We were not his, but thine.
- 5 On thee our hopes depend ;
We gather round our Rock :
Send whom thou wilt, but condescend
Thyself to feed thy flock.

566

PART V. 10's. Kendal, 86.

The same.

- 1 **G**O to thy grave, in all thy glorious prime,
In full activity of zeal and power ;
A Christian cannot die before his time,
The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour.
- 2 Go to thy grave, at noon from labour cease,
Rest on thy sheaves, thy harvest task is done :
Come from the heat of battle, and in peace,
Soldier, go home ! with thee the field is won.
- 3 Go to the grave, which, faithful to its trust,
The germ of immortality shall keep,
While, safe as watch'd by cherubim, thy dust
Shall, till the judgment-day, in Jesus sleep.
- 4 Pass thou beyond it, take thy seat above,
Soul of the just, be present with the Lord,
Where thou, for faith and hope, hast perfect love,
The open vision for the written word.

566

PART VI. 8. 8. 6. Pembroke, 266.

Whose faith follow. Heb. xiii. 7.

- 1 **O** GOD, to whom the happy dead
Still live united to their Head,
Their Lord and ours the same :

For all thy saints, to memory dear,
 Departed in thy faith and fear,
 We bless thy holy name.

- 2 By the same grace upheld, may we
 So follow those who follow'd thee,
 As with them to partake
 The free reward of heavenly bliss :
 Merciful Father ! grant us this,
 For our Redeemer's sake.

566 PART VII. S. M. Farnham, 421.

The same.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **O**UR fathers, where are they,
 With all they call'd their own ?
 Their joys and griefs have pass'd away,
 Their wealth and honour gone.
- 2 There, where the fathers sleep,
 Must all their children dwell ;
 Nor other heritage can keep
 Than such a narrow cell.
- 3 God of our fathers, be
 Our everlasting Friend ;
 Lord of the dead and living, we
 Our souls to thee commend.
- 4 Of all the pious dead
 May we the footsteps trace,
 Till, gather'd round our glorious Head,
 We dwell before Thy face.

566 PART VIII. 8. 7. 4. Kelly's, 419.

Funeral of an aged Christian.

- 1 **T**OSS'D no more on life's rough billow,
 All the storms of sorrow fled,

Death has found a quiet pillow
 For the aged Christian's head:
 Peaceful slumbers
 Guarding now his lowly bed.

2 O may we be re-united
 To the spirits of the just:
 Leaving all that sin hath blighted
 With corruption, in the dust:
 Hear us, Jesus,
 Thou our Lord, our life, our trust.

567 PART I. 8. 7. 4. Mariner's, 286.
*The grave; or, Christ a guide through
 death to glory.*

1 **G**UIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
 Pilgrim through this barren land;
 I am weak, but thou art mighty,
 Hold me with thy powerful hand:
 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 through:
 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.

567 PART II. 112th. Attercliffe, 429.

The same.

ADDISON.

- 1 **T**HE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
 His presence shall my wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful eye ;
 My noon-day walks he will attend,
 And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 Though in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread,
 My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For thou, O Lord ! art with me still ;
 Thy friendly hand shall give me aid,
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.

567 PART III. 8. 7. 7. Sloane-street, 452.

Ye shall see them again no more.

- 1 **W**HEN we pass through yonder river,
 When we reach the further shore,
 There 's an end of war for ever :
 We shall see our foes no more :
 All our conflicts then shall cease,
 Follow'd by eternal peace !
- 2 Oh, that hope, how bright, how glorious,
 'T is his people's blest reward !
 In the Saviour's strength victorious,
 They at length behold their Lord :
 In his kingdom they shall rest,
 In his love be fully blest.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY.

567 PART IV. L. M. Stirling, 317.

The grave and the resurrection.

- 1 **T**HE grave its trophies shall resign,
 Christ will the mould'ring dust refine ;

And death, the last of foes, must be
Swallow'd and lost in victory.

- 2 Faith shall, on tow'ring pinions borne,
Anticipate that glorious morn ;
And, while to heaven she soars along,
Give mortal lips the immortal song.
- 3 Then, king of terrors, boast no more
Thy ancient, wide extended power !
Each saint in life, with Christ his Head,
Shall reign when death itself is dead.

567 PART V. L. M. Crucifixion, 339.

Hope in the resurrection.

WATTS.

- 1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb,
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
To seek a slumber in the dust.
- 2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invade thy bounds ; no mortal woes
Can reach the lovely sleepers here,
And angels watch their soft repose.
- 3 So Jesus slept, God's dying Son [bed :
Pass'd through the grave, and bless'd the
Rest here, dear saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.
- 4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn ;
Attend, O earth, his sov'reign word ;
Restore thy trust, a glorious form,
He must ascend to meet his Lord.

567 PART VI. 112th. Dixon's, 569.

Christ died, rose, and revived.

- 1 WE sing his love, who once was slain,
Who soon o'er death revived again,

That all his saints through him might
 Eternal conquests o'er the grave. [have
 Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we
 Shall rise to immortality.

- 2 The saints who now in Jesus sleep
 His own almighty power shall keep,
 Till dawns the bright illustrious day
 When death itself shall die away.
 Soon shall, &c.
- 3 Oh, how shall our glad voices sing,
 When Christ his risen saints shall bring
 From beds of dust, and silent clay,
 To realms of everlasting day!
 Soon shall, &c.
- 4 When we shall Christ in glory meet,
 Our utmost joys shall be complete;
 When landed on that heav'nly shore,
 Death and the curse shall be no more!
 Soon shall, &c.

568

C. M. Windsor, 247.

The resurrection.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **W**HY should our mourning thoughts
 To grovel in the dust? [delight
 Or why should streams of tears unite
 Around the expiring just?
- 2 Did not the Lord our Saviour die,
 And triumph o'er the grave?
 Did not our Lord 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 through each sable cloud ;
 And thou, my voice, though broke with
 Tune forth thy songs aloud. [sighs,
- 5 The Spirit raised 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 PART I. C. M. Canterbury, 199.

A prospect of the resurrection.

WATTS.

- 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 the expected day.
- 5 They leave th' 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 clothed 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 through the skies,
On love's triumphant wing!

569 PART II. C. M. Canterbury, 199.

Hope in the resurrection. H. K. WHITE.

THROUGH sorrow's night, and danger's
Amid the deepening gloom, [path,
We soldiers of an injured king
Are marching to the tomb.

2 Life's labours done, its turmoil o'er,
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded o'er our silent dust
The storms of life shall beat.

3 Yet not thus lifeless, thus inane,
The vital spark shall lie,
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise,
To seek its kindred sky.

4 These ashes, too, this little dust,
Our Father's care shall keep:
Till the archangel rise and break
The long and dreary sleep.

5 Then immortality's bright sun
Shall shed its glorious rays,
And the long silent dust shall burst,
With shouts of endless praise.

569 PART III. 7. 6. Astoria, 464.

The same.

BOWRING.

1 **I**N the dust I 'm doom'd to sleep,
 But shall not sleep for ever ;
 Fear may for a moment weep,
 Christian courage never.
 Years shall roll in rapid course,
 By Time's chariot driven,
 And my renovated dust
 Wing its flight to heaven.

2 What though o'er my mortal tomb
 Dark clouds and mists be blending,
 Sweetest hope shall chase the gloom,
 Hope to heaven ascending.
 There shall be my stay, my trust,
 Ever bright and vernal,
 Life shall blossom out of dust,
 Life and joy eternal.

569 PART IV. C. M. St. Mary's, 532.

Certain hope of the resurrection.

1 **W**HY should we dread our mortal doom,
 That turns us back to clay ;
 And tremble at the awful tomb,
 And shudder at decay ?

2 A sure and certain hope is ours,
 Which we through Christ obtain :
 Clothed with immortal life and powers,
 Our dust shall rise again :—

3 Rise, when the trump of God shall sound,
 And death yield up his prey :
 But where, my soul, shall I be found
 In that tremendous day ?

- 4 Now, while I feel this mortal strife,
 Oh be my sins forgiven!
 Then death shall prove the gate of life,
 The grave my road to heaven.

569

PART V. L. M. Old 100th.

Faith in the resurrection.

COLLYER.

- 1 **A**RRAY'D in majesty and power
 Will the victorious Saviour come;
 Time waits to strike his final hour,
 And usher in the day of doom.
- 2 Vain are the spoils of vanquish'd death,
 And weak his boasted prison-bars;
 Light breaks upon the eye of faith,
 'Midst darken'd suns and fallen stars.
- 3 Though with expiring nature's throes,
 Earthquakes, and fires, and thunders
 blend,
 His destiny the Christian knows,
 And waits serenely for the end.
- 4 And though not yet, it still must come—
 The trump shall sound, the dead shall
 The seed long buried in the tomb [rise,
 Shall find its garner in the skies.

THE SECOND ADVENT OF CHRIST, AND
 DAY OF JUDGMENT.

570

PART I. L. M. Old 100th.

*Sinners and saints in the wreck of
 nature.*

PRES. DAVIES.

- 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, oh, 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, oh, 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 Jesus! the helpless creatures' Friend,
 To thee my all I dare commend!
 Thou canst preserve my feeble soul,
 When lightnings blaze from pole to pole.

570 PART II. L. M. St. Paul's, 246.

The second appearance of Christ. DODDRIDGE.

- 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.
- 2 Behold the fiery deluge roll [pole;
 Through heaven's wide arch from pole to
 Pale sun, no more thy lustre boast;
 Tremble and fall, ye starry host.
- 3 This wreck of nature all around—
 The angel's shout, the trumpet's sound,
 Loud the descending Judge proclaim,
 And echo his tremendous name.
- 4 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.

- 5 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.

570 PART III. 8. 7. 4. Rousseau's, 384.
Then shall they, &c. Luke xxi. 27.

- 1 **L**IFT your heads, ye friends of Jesus,
Partners of his sufferings here :
Christ, to all believers precious,
Lord of lords, shall soon appear :
Mark the tokens
Of his heavenly kingdom near !

- 2 Near unto the tribulation
Of the last tremendous days,
See the flaming revelation !
See the universal blaze !
Earth and heaven
Melt before the Judge's face.

- 3 Sun and moon are both confounded,
When the Lord shows forth his might ;
When, with angel-hosts surrounded,
In his Father's glory bright,
Beams the Saviour,
Shines the everlasting Light.

- 4 Lo, 'tis He ! our hearts' desire,
Come for his espoused below !
Come to join us with his choir,
Come to make our joys o'erflow,
Palms of victory,
Crowns of glory to bestow.

570, 571 SECOND ADVENT, AND

570 PART IV. 7's. Advent Hymn, 575.

The coming of the Son of man.

1 CHURCH of Christ, awake! arise!

Let not slumber seal your eyes;

Let nor joy, nor grief, nor fear,

Fill your heart, or close your ear:

For those clouds begin to roll

Which shall spread from pole to pole.

2 Church of Christ, like lightning's glance,

Flashing over heaven's expanse,

Shall the Son of man appear—

Watch and mark! the hour is near:

Blessed ye who then are taken—

Woe to those who are forsaken.

571 PART I. L. M. St. Paul's, 246.

The books opened. Rev. xx. 12.

1 M^ETHINKS the last great day is come,

Methinks I hear the trumpet sound,

That shakes the earth, rends every tomb,

And wakes the pris'ners under ground.

2 The mighty deep gives up her trust,

Awed by the Judge's high command:

Both small and great now quit their dust,

And round the dread tribunal stand.

3 Behold the awful books display'd,

Big with the important fates of men!

Each deed and word now public made,

As wrote by Heaven's unerring pen.

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.

571 PART II. S. M. Melchbourne, 412.

Preparation for judgment.

- 1 **T**HOU Judge of quick and dead,
 Before whose bar severe,
 With holy joy, or guilty dread,
 We all shall soon appear ;
- 2 Do thou our souls prepare
 For that tremendous day ;
 And fill us now with watchful care,
 And stir us up to pray ;—
- 3 To pray, and wait the hour,—
 That awful hour unknown,
 When, robed in majesty and power,
 Thou shalt from heaven come down.
- 4 Oh, may we still be found
 Obedient to thy word,
 And waiting for the trumpet's sound,
 Which marks thy coming, Lord !
- 5 Do thou through grace ensure
 Our lot among the bless'd,
 That, found in thee, we may secure
 Thine everlasting rest.

571 PART III. 7. 7. 4. Berners-street, 571.

And afterward, &c. Psa. lxxiii. 24.

- 1 **W**HEN the vale of death appears,
 Faint and cold this mortal clay,

Kind Forerunner, soothe my fears,
 Light me through the darksome way ;
 Break the shadows ;
 Usher in eternal day.

2 Starting from this dying state,
 Upward bid my soul aspire ;
 Open thou the crystal gate,
 To thy praise attune my lyre ;
 Dwell for ever,
 Dwell on each immortal wire.

3 From the sparkling turrets there,
 Oft I 'll trace my pilgrim way ;
 Often bless thy guardian care,
 Fire by night and cloud by day ;
 While my triumphs
 At my Leader's feet I lay.

4 And when mighty trumpets blown
 Shall the judgment's dawn proclaim,
 From the central burning throne,
 'Mid creation's final flame,
 With the ransom'd,
 Judge and Saviour, own my name.

*The final sentence and misery of the
 wicked.*

DODDRIDGE.

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 through the numerous guilty throng
 Spread black despair around ?

- 3 'Depart from me, accursed,
To everlasting flame,
For rebel-angels first prepared,
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 blessings on your head.

572 PART II. 113th. Dies Iræ, 545.

Prayer for deliverance in the judgment.

Matt. xxii. 44.

- 1 **T**HE last loud trumpet's wondrous
sound
Shall wake the nations under ground :
Where, then, my God, shall I be found ?
When all shall stand before thy throne,
When thou shalt make their sentence
known,
And all thy righteous judgment own ?
- 2 Thou, who for sinners felt such pain,
Whose precious blood the cross did stain,
Who did for us its curse sustain,

By all that man's redemption cost,
 Let not my trembling soul be lost,
 In storms of guilty terror toss'd.

- 3 Give me in that dread day a place
 Among thy chosen, faithful race,
 The sons of God, and heirs of grace :
 Trembling, before thy throne, I bend :
 My God, my Father, and my Friend,
 Do not forsake me in the end.

573

PART I. C. M. Canterbury, 199.

*The final sentence and happiness of the
 righteous.*

DODDRIDGE.

- 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 'Blest of my Father, all draw near,
 Receive the great reward ;
 And rise with raptures to possess
 The kingdom love prepared.
- 4 'Ere earth's foundations first were laid,
 His sovereign 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 power ;
 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.

573 PART II. 8. 7. 7. Response, 558.

All them also that love him.

2 Tim. iv. 8.

KELLY.

- 1 **W**ELCOME sight, the Lord descending,
 Jesus in the cloud appears ;
 Lo! the Saviour comes intending
 Now to dry his people's tears.
 Lo! the Saviour comes to reign,
 Welcome to his waiting train.
- 2 Long they mourn'd their absent Master,
 Long they felt like men forlorn,
 Bid the seasons fly still faster,
 While they sigh'd for his return.
 Lo! the period comes at last,
 All their sorrows now are past.
- 3 Now from home no longer banish'd,
 They are going to their rest ;
 Tho' the heaven and earth are vanish'd,
 With their Lord they shall be blest :
 Blest with him his saints shall be,
 Blest through all eternity.
- 4 Happy people! grace unbounded!
 Grace alone exalts you thus ;
 Be ashamed and be confounded,
 Sing for ever, 'Not to us,
 Not to us be glory given ;
 Glory to the God of heaven.'

574 L. M. Portugal, 97. Osnaburgh, 332.

Come, Lord Jesus.

WATTS.

- 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 every minute wears:
Fly, winged time, and roll away
These tedious rounds of sluggish years.
- 3 Ye heavenly gates, loose all your chains!
Let the eternal pillars bow!
Blest Saviour, cleave the starry plains,
And make the crystal mountain flow!
- 4 Hark, how thy saints unite their cries,
And pray and wait the general 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 PART I. 8. 7. 4. Westbury, 51.

Lo, He cometh!

- 1 **L**O! he cometh! countless trumpets
Blow to raise the sleeping dead!
'Mid ten thousand saints and angels,
See the great exalted Head!
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, Son of God!
- 2 Now his merit, by the harpers,
Through the eternal deep resounds;

Now resplendent shine his nail-prints,
 Every eye shall see his wounds :
 They who pierced 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.

575 PART II. L. M. Dies Iræ, 545.

The last day.

SIR W. SCOTT.

1 **T**HE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
 When heaven and earth shall pass
 away ;

What power shall be the sinner's stay ?
 Whom shall he trust that dreadful day ?

2 When shrivelling like a parched scroll,
 The flaming heavens together roll,
 When louder yet, and yet more dread,
 Swells the high trump that wakes the
 dead ;

575, 576 SECOND ADVENT, AND

3 Oh, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Tho' earth and heaven shall pass away.

575 PART III. 11. 10. Gravesend, 567.

The same.

- 1 **L**ORD, who shall bear that day—so dread, so splendid,
When we shall see thy angel hovering o'er
This sinful world, with hand to heaven extended,
And hear him swear by thee that time's no more?
When earth shall feel thy fast-consuming ray,
Who, mighty God, oh! who shall bear that day?
- 2 When through the world thy awful call hath sounded,
Wake, O ye dead, to judgment; wake, ye dead!
And from the clouds, by seraph eyes surrounded,
The Saviour shall put forth his radiant head,
While earth and heaven before him pass away,
Who, mighty God, oh! who shall bear that day?
- 3 When with a glance th' eternal Judge shall sever
The unbelievers from the pure and bright,
And say to *those*, 'Depart from me for ever;'
To *these*, 'Come, dwell with me in endless light.'
When each and all in silence take their way,
Who, mighty God, oh! who shall bear that day?
- 4 Lord, those shall bear that day, so dread, so splendid,
Whose sins are by thy merits cover'd o'er,—
Who, when thy hand of mercy was extended,
Believed, obey'd, and own'd thy gracious power:
These, mighty God, shall see without dismay
The earth and heaven before them pass away.

576 PART I. 8. 7. 4. Helmsley, 223.

Judgment.

OLIVER.

- 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 Every eye shall now behold him
 Robed in dreadful majesty :
 Those who set at nought and sold him,
 Pierced and nail'd him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the great Messiah see !
- 3 Every 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 saints, 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 general doom ;
 The new heaven 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 thy power and glory ;
 Claim the kingdoms for thine own :
 O come quickly !
 Hallelujah ! Come, Lord, come !

576 PART II. 8. 7. 4. Calvary, 297.

Groans of the creation.

COLLYER.

- 1 **H**ARK ! the groans of the creation
 Loud on every side arise,

Waiting for the consummation
 Of redemption from the skies ;
 Day of glory,
 Break upon our longing eyes !

- 2 'T is the general voice of nature,
 Travailing again in birth ;
 'T is the death-cry of the creature,
 Rising from the ruin'd earth ;
 Sin triumphant,
 Death has still'd the strains of mirth.
- 3 Christians cannot plead exemption
 From the universal woe ;
 Sleeping dust waits its redemption
 From the caves of death below :
 Then perfection,
 Heaven's adopted sons shall know.
- 4 Saviour, this illustrious morning
 Bid upon the nations rise ;
 Now we see its day-spring dawning
 Brightly in the distant skies :
 Hear thy people—
 Hear the whole creation's cries !

576 PART III. 8. 8. 6. Westbury Leigh, 278.

Coming of the Judge. MEDLEY.

- 1 **J**JOIN, all who love the Saviour's name,
 His boundless glories to proclaim,
 And sound his praise abroad ;
 He comes a dying world to bless
 With all the riches of his grace ;
 All hail, incarnate God !
- 2 He stoop'd from glory's blissful height,
 Bless'd a dark world with heavenly light,
 And bore our ponderous load :

He gave his life a sacrifice,
And rose triumphant to the skies,
The great incarnate God.

- 3 Again in awful pomp he'll come,
Shake the wide earth, and rouse the tomb,
That gloomy, dark abode :
Assembled worlds shall then appear,
And at his bar their sentence hear ;
Their Judge—the incarnate God !
- 4 While his proud enemies, that day,
Shall faint with terror and dismay,
And tremble at his rod ;
May we with joy behold his face,
And sing, in heaven, the glorious grace
Of our incarnate God !

577 PART I. 8. 7. 4. Helmsley, 223.

The day of judgment.

NEWTON.

- 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,
Clothed in majesty divine !
Ye who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, ' This God is mine !'
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for thine !
- 3 At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea ;

All the powers of nature shaken

By his looks, prepare to flee:

Careless sinner!

What will then become of thee?

4 Horrors, past imagination,

Will surprise 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,

Loved and served 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 changed to praise!

May we triumph,

When the world is in a blaze!

577 PART II. 8. 8. 6. Resurrection, 568.

Death and judgment.

COLLYER.

1 **D**EATH reigns beneath, with tyrant
The body waits the long delay, [sway,

In dust disgraced it lies:

The worm shall o’er corruption creep

Till Jesus break the silent sleep,

And bid it glorious rise.

2 While thunders shake creation’s frame,

Loud bursts the shout—the glad acclaim

Of dust from death restored;

The throne is set—the Judge ascends—
And earth with heaven her homage
To hail him Sovereign Lord. [blends,

- 3 Judgment proceeds—th' award is given—
His friends assign'd to seats in heaven—
His foes to endless pains :
Behold a new creation rise—
And light unclouded fills the skies,
Where our Redeemer reigns.

577 PART III. 8. 7. 7. Durante, 572.

Blessing and honour, &c. Rev. v. 13.

- 1 JESUS, hail! whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth ;
Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,
Cheers, and quickens saints on earth ;
When we think of love like thine,
Lord, we own it love divine.
- 2 King of glory, reign for ever,
Thine an everlasting crown :
Nothing from thy love shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own ;
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.
- 3 Saviour, hasten thine appearing,
Bring, O bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away :.
Then with golden harps we'll sing—
'Glory, glory to our King.'

578 PART I. C. M. Canterbury, 199.

The last judgment. S. STENNETT.

- 1 HE comes! he comes! to judge the
Aloud the archangel cries ; [world,

- While thunders roll from pole to pole,
And lightnings cleave the skies.
- 2 The affrighted nations hear the sound,
And upward lift their eyes :
The slumbering tenants of the ground
In living armies rise.
- 3 Amid the shouts of numerous 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 victories tell :
Lo, in his hand the Conqueror 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 dared his grace reject,
And they who dared presume.
- 8 ' Depart, ye sons of vice and sin !'
The injured 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,
Prepared for you above.'

578 PART II. L. M. Duke-street, 557.

Jesus shall be revealed from heaven, &c.

2 Thess. 1. 7.

BP. HEBER.

- 1 **T**HE Lord shall come ; the earth shall
quake ;
The mountains to their centre shake ;
And, withering from the vault of night,
The stars shall pale their feeble light.
- 2 The Lord shall come ; but not the same
As once in lowliness he came,—
A silent lamb before his foes,
A weary man, and full of woes.
- 3 The Lord shall come ; a dreadful form,
With rainbow wreath and robes of storm ;
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Appointed Judge of all mankind !
- 4 Can this be he, who wont to stray,
' A pilgrim on the world's highway,
Oppress'd by power, and mock'd by pride,
The Nazarene—the crucified ?
- 5 While sinners in despair shall call,
' Rocks, hide us ; mountains, on us fall !'
The saints, ascending from the tomb,
Shall joyful sing, ' The Lord is come !'

578 PART III. L. M. Luton, 30.

The chaff and wheat separated.

- 1 **T**HE church, in all her glory here,
 Mix'd and imperfect doth appear ;
 Sinners and saints together meet,
 The chaff lies mingled with the wheat.
- 2 But a dividing day will come,
 And hypocrites must hear their doom ;
 ' Depart, accursed, to endless woe,
 Prepared for devils and for you.'
- 3 Lord, may I then exulting stand
 Among the sheep at thy right hand,
 Before the angels stand confest,
 And hear thy lips proclaim me blest.

578 PART IV. 112th. Simeon's Song, 438.

The wheat and tares.

- 1 **T**HOUGH in the outward church below
 The wheat and tares together grow,
 Jesus, ere long, will weed the crop,
 And pluck the tares in anger up ;
 For soon the reaping time will come,
 And angels shout the harvest home.
- 2 'T will aggravate their sorrows there
 To recollect their stations here ;
 How much they heard, how much they
 knew,
 How long among the wheat they grew :
 For soon, &c.
- 3 Most awful truth ! and is it so ?
 Must all the world the harvest know ?
 Is every soul a wheat or tare ?
 Then for the harvest O prepare :
 For soon, &c.

578

PART V. 11's. Geard, 156.

The hypocrite and disobedient condemned.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH hath spoken !
 The nations shall hear ;
 From the east to the west
 Shall his glory appear ;
 With thunders and tempest
 To judgment he 'll come,
 And all men before him
 Shall wait for their doom.
- 2 The formal professor,
 The saint but in name,
 Where now will he cover
 His guilt and his shame,
 When his sin, long conceal'd,
 Shall be blazon'd abroad,
 And his conscience shall echo
 The sentence of God ?
- 3 Woe—woe to the sinners !
 To what shall they trust
 In the day of God's vengeance,
 The holy and just ?
 How meet all the terrors
 That flame in his path,
 When the mountains shall melt
 At the glance of his wrath ?
- 4 O God, ere the day
 Of thy mercy be past,
 With trembling our souls
 On that mercy we cast ;
 O guide us in wisdom ;
 For aid we implore ;

Till, saved with thy people,
Thy grace we adore.

578 PART VI. P. M. Luther's Hymn, 301.

The end of all things. LUTHER.

- 1 GREAT God, what do I see and hear,
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear
On clouds of glory seated.
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
The dead which they contain'd before!
Prepare, my soul, to meet him.
- 2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding;
And meet their Saviour in the skies,
With joy his throne surrounding:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet him.
- 3 But sinners, fill'd with guilty fears,
Behold his wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing:
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet him.
- 4 Great God, what do I see and hear,
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear
On clouds of glory seated:
Beneath his cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet him.

578 PART VII. 8. 7. 6. Passover, 530.

The saint's confidence in the day of judgment.

C. WESLEY.

- 1 **S**TAND the omnipotent decree;
 Jehovah's will be done!
 Nature's end we wait to see,
 And hear her final groan:
 Let this earth dissolve, and blend
 In death the wicked and the just;
 Let those ponderous orbs descend,
 And grind us into dust.
- 2 Rests secure the righteous man,
 At his Redeemer's beck
 Sure to emerge, and rise again,
 And mount above the wreck:
 Lo, the heavenly spirit towers,
 Like flames o'er nature's funeral pyre;
 Triumphs in immortal powers,
 And claps his wings of fire!
- 3 Nothing hath the just to lose,
 By worlds on worlds destroy'd;
 Far beneath his feet he views,
 With smiles, the flaming void:
 Sees this universe renew'd;
 The grand millennial reign begun,
 Shouts with all the sons of God,
 Around the eternal throne!
- 4 Resting in this glorious hope,
 To be at last restored,
 Yield we now our bodies up
 To earthquake, plague, or sword:
 Listening for the call divine,
 The last trumpet of the seven:

Soon our soul and dust shall join,
And both fly up to heaven.

579 PART I. 8.8.6. Westbury Leigh, 278.

Longing for a place at the Judge's right hand.

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,
Though 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 the 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 the archangel's trump shall
To see thy smiling face; [sound,

Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

579 PART II. L. M. Coombs's, 45.

Longing to meet the Judge.

1 **T**HE Saviour comes,—a mighty cloud
Bears him in sacred triumph down;

The trumpet sounds, it summons loud,
And angels shout his high renown.

- 2 O could I hope my guilty soul
Might share the honours of that day,
Then let thine awful chariot roll,
I'll fly to meet thee on thy way.

579 PART III. P. M. Solemnity, 541.

Judgment anticipated.

- 1 O THERE will be mourning
Before the judgment-seat,
When this world is burning
Beneath Jehovah's feet.
Friends and kindred then shall part,
Shall part, to meet no more;
Wrath consume the rebel's heart,
While saints on high adore!
- 2 O there will be mourning
Before the judgment-seat,
When the trumpet pealing
The sinner's ear shall greet:
Friends and kindred, &c.
- 3 O there will be mourning
Before the judgment-seat,
When, from dust returning,
The lost their doom shall meet:
Friends and kindred, &c.
- 4 O there will be mourning
Before the judgment-seat;
Justice, awful frowning,
Shall seal the sinner's fate:
Friends and kindred, &c.

579 PART IV. 148th. Resurrection, 72.
Peace in the prospect of judgment.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **T**HE promises I sing,
 Which sovereign love hath spoke,
 Nor will th' eternal King
 His words of grace revoke :
 They stand secure,
 And stedfast still ;
 Not Zion's hill
 Abides so sure.
- 2 The mountains melt away,
 When once the Judge appears,
 And sun and moon decay,
 That measure mortal years ;
 But still the same,
 In radiant lines,
 The promise shines
 Through all the flame.
- 3 Their harmony shall sound
 Through mine attentive ears,
 When thunders cleave the ground,
 And dissipate the spheres ;
 Midst all the shock
 Of that dread scene,
 I stand serene,
 Thy word my rock.

579 PART V. 112th. Dixon's, 569.
The last trumpet.

COLLYER.

- 1 **H**ARMONIOUS swells the joyful strain
 To Him who died, and rose to reign,
 Jesus, who lives our cause to plead,
 Whose voice shall call us from the dead :

When the last trumpet sounds—the just
Shall rise triumphant o'er the dust.

2 Though in the grave they silent lie,
They shall come forth, no more to die;
The body waits the final hour,
That shows the great Redeemer's power:
When the last, &c.

3 Now seated on his glorious throne,
He soon will come to claim his own;
Soon shall they join his countless train,
Nor sin nor death afflict again:
When the last, &c.

4 Fly, time, away, with rapid wings,
And hasten on the hour that brings
The Saviour, clothed with power and
grace,
And saints shall see him face to face:
When the last, &c.

HELL AND HEAVEN.

580

PART I. C. M. London, 180.

Hell, the sinner's own place.

Acts i. 25.

DR. RYLAND.

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 saved by matchless grace,
Or else the lowest, hottest hell
Had surely been my place.

- 3 Thither I was by law adjudged,
 And thitherward rush'd on ;
 And there in my eternal doom
 Thy justice might have shone.
- 4 But, lo! (what wondrous, matchless love!)
 I call a place my own,
 On earth, within the gospel sound,
 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.

580 PART II. S. M. Mornington, 47.

Death of a sinner.

BEDDOME.

- 1 **D**EATH! 't is an awful word,
 And fills the mind with fear ;
 But joyful is a dying bed,
 If thou, O God, art near!
- 2 Let but my numerous sins
 Behind thy back be cast,
 The poisonous sting of death is gone,
 The bitterness is past.
- 3 To unbelieving man
 Wrath quickly follows death ;
 The dreaded portion he receives,
 When he resigns his breath.
- 4 But let sufficient grace
 In my last hours be given,

'T will spread a lustre over death,
And be the dawn of heaven.

580 PART III. L. M. Kingsbridge, 88.

Art thou become like unto us?

Isa. xiv. 10.

DR. RYLAND.

- 1 **L**OOK down, my soul, on hell's do-
mains,
That world of agony and pains!
What crowds are now associate there,
Of widely different character.
- 2 [What wretched ghosts are met below,
Some once so great, so little now;
So gay, so sad; so rich, so poor;
Now scorn'd by those they scorn'd be-
fore.]
- 3 Some thither sink, whose awful fall
Must even hell itself appal;
Its legions scarce believe their eyes,
And e'en lost souls feel strange surprise.
- 4 So Babel's king, as down he went,
All hell was moved at the event;
And lesser tyrants gone before
Rose up to meet him at the door.
- 5 His very slaves, indignant, see
Him now as weak as they could be:
With hellish triumph greet him thus,
'Art thou become like one of us?'
- 6 More dreadful still must heathens greet
Christians in name, whom there they
meet;
Sunk lower than themselves in woe,
Though once to heaven exalted so.

- 7 O were it not for grace divine,
 This case so dreadful had been mine!
 Hell gaped for me! but, Lord, thy hand
 Snatch'd from the fire the kindling brand.
- 8 And now, though wrath was my desert,
 I hope to share a better part;
 But heaven must wonder, sure, to see
 A sinner enter, vile as me.
- 9 O grace, rich grace, delightful theme!
 All heaven shall echo with the same;
 While angels greet a sinner thus—
 ' Art thou become like one of us?'

581

PART I. L. M. Sheffield, 39.

Sinners admonished.

WATTS.

- 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,
 Urged 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.

581

PART II. L. M. Simeon's Song, 438.

Fleeing from the wrath to come.

Gen. xix. 5.

COLLYER.

- 1 **H**ASTE, traveller, haste; the night
 comes on,
 And many a shining hour is gone;

The storm is gathering in the west,
 And thou far off from home and rest :
 Haste, traveller, haste.

2 O far from home thy footsteps stray ;
 Christ is the life, and Christ the way,
 And Christ the light ; the setting sun
 Sinks ere the morning is begun :
 Haste, traveller, haste.

3 Awake, awake ; pursue thy way
 With steady course while yet 'tis day :
 While thou art sleeping on the ground,
 Danger and darkness gather round ;
 Haste, traveller, haste.

4 The rising tempest sweeps the sky ;
 The rains descend, the winds are high ;
 The waters swell, and death and fear
 Beset thy path, nor refuge near :
 Haste, traveller, haste.

5 O yes, a shelter you may gain ;
 A covert from the wind and rain ;
 A hiding-place, a rest, a home,
 A refuge from the wrath to come :
 Haste, traveller, haste.

6 They linger not in all the plain,
 Flee for thy life, the mountain gain ;
 Look not behind, make no delay,
 O speed thee—speed thee on thy way :
 Haste, traveller, haste.

7 Poor, lost benighted soul, art thou
 Willing to find salvation now ?
 There yet is hope, hear mercy's call,—
 Truth, life, light, way, in Christ is all :
 Haste to Him, haste.

581 PART III. L. M. Stirling, 317.

The same.

- 1 **T**O fields of fire, or thrones of day,
 Each hour accelerates our way;
 But who among us—conscience, tell,—
 Shall with devouring burnings dwell?
- 2 Jesus, I hasten from the pit,
 And fall a suppliant at thy feet;
 Well I deserve the dreadful flame,
 But oh, my refuge is thy name.
- 3 For sinners, Lord, thou camest to bleed,
 And I 'm a sinner, vile indeed;
 Yet saving grace is rich and free,
 O magnify that grace in me.

581 PART IV. P. M. Connecticut, 543.

The wanderer invited.

- 1 **R**ETURN, O wanderer, to thy home,
 Thy Father calls for thee;
 No longer now an exile roam
 In guilt and misery;
 Return, return.
- 2 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
 'T is Jesus calls for thee:
 The Spirit and the bride say, Come;
 O now for refuge flee:
 Return, return.
- 3 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
 'T is madness to delay:
 There are no pardons in the tomb,
 And brief is mercy's day;
 Return, return.

581 PART V. C. M. Abridge, 201.

The same.

HART.

- 1 VAIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear,
 Repent—thy end is nigh;
 Death, at the farthest, is not far;
 Oh, think before you die!
- 2 Reflect—thou hast a soul to save,
 Thy sins,—how high they mount!
 What are thy hopes beyond the grave?
 How stands that dread account?
- 3 Death enters, and there 's no defence;
 His time there 's none can tell;
 He 'll in a moment call thee hence
 To heaven—or to hell!
- 4 Thy body, now the chiefest care,
 Corruption shall consume;
 But ah! destruction stops not there,
 Sin kills beyond the tomb!
- 5 To-day, the gospel calls: to-day,
 Sinner! it speaks to you!—
 Repent—believe—at its command,
 And life and heaven pursue!

581 PART VI. C. M. Devizes, 14.

The same.

HARBOTTLE.

- 1 SEE how the fruitless fig-tree stands
 Beneath the owner's frown:
 The axe is lifted in his hands,
 To cut the cumberer down.
- 2 'Year after year, I come,' he cries,
 'And still no fruit is shown;
 Nothing but empty leaves arise,
 Then cut the cumberer down.

- 3 ' The axe of death, at one sharp stroke,
 Shall make my justice known ;
 Each bough shall tremble at the shock,
 Which cuts the cumberer down.'
- 4 Sinner, beware!—the axe of death
 Is raised and aim'd at thee ;
 Awhile thy Maker spares thy breath—
 Beware, O barren tree !
- 5 If heedless when thy Maker calls,
 Then comes the deadly aim ;
 He smites—at once the sinner falls
 To hell's eternal flame.

581 PART VII. 7's. St. Andrew's, 502.

The voice of conscience. WATERBURY.

- 1 **S**INNER, is thy heart at rest ?
 Is thy bosom void of fear ?
 Art thou not by guilt oppress'd ?
 Speaks not conscience in thine ear ?
- 2 Can this world afford thee bliss ?
 Can it chase away thy gloom ?
 Flattering, false, and vain it is ;
 Tremble at the worldling's doom.
- 3 Long the gospel thou hast spurn'd
 Long delay'd to love thy God,
 Stifled conscience, nor hast turn'd,
 Wooed though by a Saviour's blood.
- 4 Think, O sinner, on thy end,
 See the judgment-day appear,
 Thither must thy spirit wend,
 There thy righteous sentence hear.

- 5 Wretched, ruin'd, helpless soul,
To a Saviour's blood apply ;
He alone can make thee whole,
Fly to Jesus, sinner, fly.

582

PART I. L. M. Luton, 30.

Awake thou that sleepest.

HART.

- 1 **A**WAKE, ye sleeping souls, awake,
And hear the God of Israel speak ;
His word is faithful, firm, and true :
Sinners attend, He speaks to you.
- 2 ' Mercy and vengeance in me dwell,
One lifts to heaven, one casts to hell ;
My favour 's more than life ; my wrath
Will burn beyond the bounds of death.'
- 3 Short is the space, and death must come,
And after death the day of doom ;
When quick and dead the Judge shall call,
And deal their due deserts to all.
- 4 Fix'd is their everlasting state,
Could men repent, 't is then too late ;
Justice has closed mercy's door,
And God's long-suffering is no more.
- 5 'T is now the gospel message sent ;
Commands repentance ; now repent ;
Wisely be warn'd to refuge run,
The Father serve, adore the Son.
- 6 In Christ receive the gift of God,
Complete redemption through his blood,
Mercy triumphant, sin forgiven,
And everlasting life in heaven.

582 PART II. L. M. Wareham, 117.

The rich man and Lazarus.

Luke xvi. 25.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **I**N what confusion earth appears!—
 God's dearest children bathed in tears;
 While they who heaven 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 heaven and hell?
- 3 See the red flames around him twine
 Who did in gold and purple shine:
 Nor can his tongue one drop obtain
 T' allay the scorching of his pain.
- 4 While round the saint, so poor below,
 Full rivers of salvation flow;
 On Abraham's breast he leans his head,
 And banquets on celestial bread.
- 5 Jesus, my Saviour, let me share
 The meanest of thy servants' fare;
 May I approach at least to taste
 The blessings of the marriage-feast.

582 PART III. 7. 6. Grange Road, 281.

Some to everlasting life, and some to shame.

Dan. xii. 2.

WHILE conscious sinners tremble
 To hear the trumpet sound,
 That bids the dead assemble
 The judgment-seat around;
 Oh then, among that number,
 May we the call obey,
 Who burst the bands of slumber,
 To view a glorious day!

583 PART I. C. M. Otford, 106.

The joys of heaven.

STEELE.

- 1 **C**OME, Lord, and warm each languid
Inspire each lifeless tongue: [heart,
And let the joys of heaven impart
Their influence to our song.
- 2 Sorrow, and pain, and every 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 power no more;
But clothed in spotless purity,
Redeeming love adore.
- 4 There on a throne (how dazzling bright!)
The exalted Saviour shines;
And beams ineffable delight
On all the heavenly minds.
- 5 There shall the followers 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 the blissful courts above,
We join the angelic choir.

583 PART II. 8. 7. 4. Constance, 451.

They ascended up to heaven. Rev. xi. 12.

- 1 **W**HAT a glorious destination,
Christians, will be yours at last,
When the waves of tribulation,
Breaking o'er your souls, have past,
And triumphant
Ye shall hear the signal blast!

- 2 Oh look up! 'mid coming danger
 Christ will never let you fall;
 He who bought you is no stranger,
 Christ will prove your All in all!
 Everlasting
 Is your strong 'munition wall.'
- 3 As Elijah's car of glory,
 Hovering o'er a world of woe,
 Snatch'd him, with contention weary,
 From the fierce inveterate foe,
 All resplendent
 With the beams of heaven's own glow;
- 4 So 'mid enemies victorious,
 When last hopes of aid shall end,
 Will Christ's witnesses, 'all glorious,'
 In a cloud to heaven ascend!
 And for ever
 Dwell with him, their King, their Friend.

583

PART III. 8. 8. 7. Cadiz, 570.

So shall we ever be, &c. 1 Thess. iv. 17.

- 1 **F**OR ever to behold him shine,
 For evermore to call him mine,
 And see him still before me;
 For ever on his face to gaze,
 And meet his full assembled rays,
 While all the Father he displays
 To all the saints in glory!
- 2 Not all things else are half so dear
 As his delightful presence here—
 What must it be in heaven!
 'T is heaven on earth to hear him say,
 As now I journey day by day,
 'Poor sinner, cast thy fears away,
 Thy sins are all forgiven.'

- 3 But how must his celestial voice
 Make my enraptured heart rejoice,
 When I in glory hear him!
 While I before the heavenly gate
 For everlasting entrance wait,
 And Jesus on his throne of state
 Invites me to come near him.
- 4 'Come in, thou blessed, sit by me;
 With my own life I ransom'd thee;
 Come, taste my perfect favour:
 Come in thou happy spirit, come;
 Thou now shalt dwell with me at home;
 Ye blissful mansions, make him room,
 For he must stay for ever.'

584 PART I. C. M. Cambridge New, 74.

The promised land. STENNETT.

- 1 **O**N Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
 And cast a wishful eye
 To Canaan's fair and happy land,
 Where my possessions lie.
- 2 Oh the transporting, rapturous 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
 With milk and honey flow. [vales,
- 4 All o'er those wide extended plains
 Shines one eternal day!
 There God the Son for ever reigns,
 And scatters night away.

- 5 No chilling winds, or poisonous 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;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

- 1 **M**Y rest is in heaven, my rest is not here,
Then why should I tremble when trials are
near?
Be hush'd, my dark spirit! the worst that can come
But shortens thy journey, and hastens thee home.
- 2 It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
Or building my hopes in a region like this:
I look for a city that hands have not piled,
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.
- 3 Afflictions may press me, they cannot destroy,
One glimpse of his love turns them all into joy;
And the bitterest tears, if he smile but on them,
Like dew in the sunshine grow diamond and gem.
- 4 Let doubt, then, and danger my progress oppose,
They only make heaven more sweet at the close,
Come joy or come sorrow, whate'er may befall,
An hour with my God will make up for them all.
- 5 A scrip on my back, and a staff in my hand,
I march on in haste through an enemy's land;
The road may be rough, but it cannot be long,
And I'll smooth it with hope, and cheer it with song.

584 PART III. P. M. Lincoln, 565.

The pilgrim's rest.

KELLY.

- 1 **T**HERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
 To mourning wand'ers given ;
 There is a tear for souls distrest,
 A balm for every wounded breast—
 'T is found above—in heaven !
- 2 There is a soft, a downy bed,
 'T is fair as breath of even :
 A couch for weary mortals spread,
 Where they may rest the weary head,
 And find repose in heaven !
- 3 There is a home for weary souls,
 By sin and sorrow driven ;
 When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
 Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
 And all is drear—but heaven !
- 4 There faith lifts up the tearful eye,
 The heart with anguish riven :
 And views the tempest passing by,
 The evening shadows quickly fly,
 And all serene in heaven !

584 PART IV. S. M. Farnham, 421.

The same.

MONTGOMERY.

- 1 **O** WHERE shall rest be found,
 Rest for the weary soul ?
 'T were vain the ocean's depths to sound,
 Or pierce to either pole.
- 2 Beyond this vale of tears
 There is a life above,
 Unmeasured by the flight of years,
 And all that life is love.

- 3 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath ;
Oh, what eternal horrors hang
Around ' the second death !'
- 4 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun ;
Lest we be banish'd from thy face,
And evermore undone.
- 5 Here would we end our quest ;
Alone are found in thee,
The life of perfect love,—the rest
Of immortality.

584 PART V. 8's. Liverpool New, 497.

O that I had wings, &c. Ps. lv. 6.

- 1 **O** HAD I the wings of a dove,
I 'd make my escape and be gone ;
I 'd mix with the spirits above,
Who encompass yon heavenly throne ;
- 2 I 'd fly from all labour and toil
To the place where the weary have rest ;
I 'd haste from contention and broil,
To the peaceful abode of the bless'd.
- 3 How happy are they who no more
Have to fear the assaults of the foe !
Arrived on the heavenly shore,
They have left all their conflicts below.
- 4 Around that magnificent throne
Where the Lamb all his glory displays,
United for ever in one,
His people are singing his praise.
- 5 But, no, my desire is not good,
Impatience, not faith, is its source,

While he who redeem'd me with blood,
Still says to me, 'Carry the cross.'

- 6 Ah, Lord, let me think of the day
When thou wast 'rejected of men,'
And put the base wish far away,
And never be fearful again.

584 PART VI. S. M. Reuben, 328.

Rest and glory.

KELLY.

- 1 THE people of the Lord
Are on their way to heaven;
There they obtain their great reward,
The prize will there be given.
- 2 'T is conflict here below;
'T is triumph there, and peace:
On earth we wrestle with the foe,
In heaven our conflicts cease.
- 3 'T is gloom and darkness here;
'T is light and joy above:
There all is pure and all is clear;
There all is peace and love.
- 4 There rest shall follow toil,
And ease succeed to care;
The victors there divide the spoil;
They sing and triumph there.
- 5 Then let us joyful sing;
The conflict is not long:
We hope in heaven to praise our King
In one eternal song.

584 PART VII. L. M. Job, 474.

Christian vigilance.

COLLYER.

- 1 WITH loins begirt, with staff in hand,
A ready pilgrim I would stand;

- At God's command prepared to go,
And part with all things here below.
- 2 With lamp refresh'd, with steady light,
Beaming pure splendour on the night,
I would, obedient to thy word,
Await the call to meet my Lord.
- 3 Prepare me for the signal high,
The sudden shout—the midnight cry,
The trump of God—th' archangel's voice,
The blazing heavens' departing noise.
- 4 O day of fears, the sinner's dread,
Fix'd for the living and the dead,
When it shall kindle in the skies,
Let it not take me by surprise!

584 PART VIII. L. M. Rushden, 468.

Strangers seeking a better land.

1 Chron. xxix. 15. MRS. WHITTEMORE.

- 1 **A** PILGRIM in this world of woe,
A stranger in this vale of tears;
Why should the world delight me so,
Or fill me with a thousand fears?
- 2 O while I with the pilgrim band
Remain a sojourner below,
I'll keep in view that better land,
The home where all the righteous go.

584 PART IX. 8. 7. Carl, 445.

The ascent to heaven.

LEE.

- 1 **S**EE the Captain of salvation
Leads his armies up the sky;
Rise above the conflagration;
Leave the world to burn and die.

- 2 Lo, I see the fair immortals
 Enter to the blissful seats ;
 Glory opens wide her portals,
 And the Saviour's train admits—
- 3 All the chosen of the Father,
 All for whom the Lamb was slain,
 All the church appear together,
 Wash'd from every sinful stain.
- 4 His dear smile the place enlightens
 More than thousand suns could do ;
 All around, his presence brightens,
 Changeless, yet for ever new.
- 5 Blessed state ! beyond conception !
 Who its vast delights can tell ?
 May it be my blissful portion,
 With my Saviour there to dwell.

585 PART I. 50th. Old Fiftieth, 233.

Heaven.

J. STRAPHAN.

- 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 thy 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,

585

PART II. C. M. Leicester, 380.

Heaven anticipated.

- 1 **T**OO long, alas, I vainly sought
 For happiness below,
 But earthly joys, though dearly bought,
 No solid good bestow.
- 2 At length, thro' sovereign grace, I found
 The good and promised land,
 Where milk and honey flow around,
 And grapes in clusters stand.
- 3 As I have tasted of the grapes,
 I sometimes long to go
 Where my dear Lord his vineyard keeps,
 And all the clusters grow.
- 4 And can I long, and taste the fruit,
 And Canaan be denied ?
 No, those who taste the fruits of grace
 Must all be glorified.

585

PART III. C. M. Jerusalem, 379.

The heavenly Jerusalem.

- 1 **J**ERUSALEM! my happy home!
 Name ever dear to me ;
 When shall my labours have an end,
 In joy, and peace, and thee ?

- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built
 And pearly gates behold? [walls
 Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
 And streets of shining gold?
- 3 O when, thou city of my God,
 Shall I thy courts ascend,
 Where congregations ne'er break up,
 And sabbaths have no end?
- 4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
 Nor sin nor sorrow know:
 Blest seats, through rude and stormy
 I onward press to you. [scenes,
- 5 Why should I shrink at pain and woe?
 Or feel at death dismay?
 I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
 And realms of endless day.
- 6 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there
 Around my Saviour stand;
 And soon my friends in Christ below
 Will join the glorious band.
- 7 Jerusalem, my happy home!
 My soul still pants for thee;
 Then shall my labours have an end,
 When I thy joys shall see.

585 PART IV. C. M. Charmouth, 28.

The heavenly Canaan. BARBAULD.

- 1 **O**UR country is Immanuel's ground;
 We seek that promised soil;
 The songs of Zion cheer our hearts,
 While strangers here we toil.
- 2 Oft do our eyes with joy o'erflow,
 And oft are bathed in tears;

- Yet nought but heaven our hopes can
 And nought but sin our fears. [raise,
- 3 We tread the path our Master trod ;
 We bear the cross he bore ;
 And every thorn that wounds our feet,
 His temples pierced before.
- 4 Our powers are oft dissolved away
 In ecstacies of love ;
 And while our bodies wander here,
 Our souls are fix'd above.
- 5 Lord, purge our mortal dross away,
 Assist our race to run,
 That we may die to earth and sense,
 And find our heaven begun.

- 1 FROM every earthly pleasure,
 From every transient joy,
 From every mortal treasure
 That soon will fade and die ;
 No longer these desiring,
 Upwards our wishes tend,
 To nobler bliss aspiring,
 And joys that never end.
- 2 From every piercing sorrow,
 That heaves our breast to-day,
 Or threatens us to-morrow,
 Hope turns our eyes away ;
 On wings of faith ascending,
 We see the land of light,
 And feel our sorrows ending
 In infinite delight.

- 3 'T is true, we are but strangers,
 And sojourners below ;
 And countless snares and dangers
 Surround the path we go :
 Though painful and distressing
 Yet there is a rest above ;
 And onward still we 're pressing
 To reach that land of love.

585 PART VI. 112th. Attercliffe, 429.

The land of love.

GRINFIELD.

- 1 **T**HE stormy voyage of life is o'er ;
 And, every pain and peril past,
 The saint has gain'd that heavenly shore,
 Where still his hope its anchor cast ;
 —Oh, land of love! oh, clime of bliss!
 Let nought divide my heart from this.
- 2 Now, well-tried faith has done its part ;
 Nor needs he patient hope above :
 He bids them glad farewell : his heart
 Has place for nought save bliss and love :
 —Oh, land of love! &c.
- 3 There, with what love, dear friends he
 greets,
 Some following soon, some gone before!
 There, with what bliss, his kindred meets,
 Meets them where kindred part no
 —Oh, land of love! &c. [more!]
- 4 There beams, all glorious, on his view,
 'Mid countless saints with angels mix'd,
 Jesus, to whom his heaven is due,
 Jesus, on whom his faith was fix'd!
 —Oh, land of love! &c.

585 PART VII. 104th. Hanover, 130.

The night cometh.

COLLYER.

- 1 **T**HE day is far spent, the evening is nigh,
When we must lay down the body and die ;
Great God, we surrender our dust to thy care,
But oh, for the summons our spirit prepare.
- 2 The hours that remain, oh, with us abide,
And in the dark vale of death be our guide ;
Through life's weary journey thou still hast been near,
And in our last moments, Lord, for us appear.
- 3 We die to obtain a seat with the blest ;
A freedom from pain, a mansion of rest ;
We see, not regretting, the shadows arise,
The sun of life setting, and night on the skies.
- 4 Though stormy the night, though starless the skies,
Extinguish'd all light, and death on our eyes,
An unclouded morning shall rise on the tomb,
Before whose bright dawning shall vanish its gloom.
- 5 O day long foretold, when wilt thou appear ?
Thy approach we behold with hope and with fear !
O righteous Judge, spare us, from sin set us free,
And daily prepare us to stand before thee.

585 PART VIII. 8's. Arundel New, 498.

Longing for heaven.

COWPER.

- 1 **T**O Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone ;
O, bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to his throne.
- 2 My Saviour! whom absent I love ;
Whom not having seen, I adore ;
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power.
- 3 Break off, then, these bonds that detain
My soul from her portion in thee ;
O strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.

- 4 When that happy era begins,
 When array'd in thy glories I shine,
 Nor grieve any more, by my sins,
 The bosom on which I recline,—
- 5 Oh, then shall the veil be removed,
 And round me thy brightness be pour'd,
 I shall meet him whom absent I loved,
 I shall see whom unseen I adored.
- 6 And then never more shall the fears,
 And trials, temptations, and woes,
 Which darken this valley of tears,
 Intrude on my blissful repose!
- 7 Or, if yet remember'd above,
 Remembrance no sadness shall raise;
 They 'll be but new signs of thy love,
 New themes for my wonder and praise.
- 8 The stroke which from sin and from
 Shall set me eternally free, [pain
 Will strengthen and rivet the chain
 Which binds me, my Saviour, to thee.

585 PART IX. L. M. Hamburg, 340.

The same.

BOWRING.

- 1 **O** LET me turn to heaven my eye,
 Heaven is my portion, is my home,
 And steering onward hopefully,
 Welcome with joy the harb'ring tomb.
- 2 Thus in the ways of holiness
 Let all my days roll sweetly past,
 And if a tear—a tear of peace
 Shall tremble in my eye at last—
- 3 Enough to think that I am thine,
 Enough for sorrow's darkest hour,

If I may call thee, claim thee mine,
God of my life, I ask no more.

- 4 Father, O let thy light, thy love
Guard to his tomb thy wanderer;
And when his spirit soars above,
Be it his bliss to serve thee there.

585 PART X. L. M. Oswestry, 514.

Meetness for heaven.

Matt. v. 8.

MONTGOMERY.

- 1 **H**EAVEN is a place of rest from sin;
But all who hope to enter there
Must here that holy course begin
Which shall their souls for rest prepare.
- 2 Clean hearts, O God, in us create;
Right spirits, Lord, in us renew;
Commence we now that higher state,
Now do thy will as angels do.
- 3 A life in heaven! O what is this?
The sum of all that faith believed:
Fulness of joy, and depths of bliss,
Unseen, unfathom'd, unconceived.
- 4 While thrones, dominions, principedoms,
powers,
And saints, made perfect, triumph thus,
A goodly heritage is ours,—
There is a heaven on earth for us.
- 5 The church of Christ, the school of grace,
The Spirit teaching by the word!
In those our Saviour's steps we trace:
By this his living voice is heard.
- 6 Firm in his footsteps may we tread,
Learn every lesson of his love;

And be from grace to glory led,
From heaven below to heaven above!

586 PART I. C. M. Jerusalem, 379.

Happiness approaching.

Rom. xiii. 11.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **A**WAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high;
Awake, and praise that sovereign love
That shows salvation nigh.
- 2 On all the wings of time it flies,
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining day,
And each revolving year.
- 3 Not many years their rounds shall run,
Nor many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd
To our admiring eyes.
- 4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course,
Ye mortal powers decay;
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

586 PART II. L. M. Portugal, 97.

The rest above.

- 1 **T**HERE yet remains a rest above,
Whose hours not flowing on so fast,
Afford full views of heavenly love:
That glorious rest will ever last.
- 2 Here imperfection, sin, and care
Annoy and discompose the mind;
There we shall breathe in heavenly air,
Our sins and sorrows left behind.

3 Oh! if 't is sweet, while here below,
 T' obtain a glimpse of Jesu's grace,
 What must the rapturous vision be
 To gaze for ever on his face!

586

PART III. 8's. Israel, 94.
The year of release is at hand.

- 1 **T**HE year of release is at hand:
 What rapture the thought should
 convey!
 To Canaan's fair beautiful land,
 Sweet angels, come bear me away.
- 2 Oh, why must I lingering stay
 Where no satisfaction I find?
 Had I wings, I would hasten away,
 And leave all that 's mortal behind.
- 3 Confined like a bird to its cage,
 My soul would fain rise on the wing;
 I long with the saints to engage
 In a concert of praise to my King.
- 4 The year of release is at hand,
 Why should I of troubles complain?
 Adieu—in the promised land
 You never shall vex me again.
- 5 The bondage of sin there is o'er,
 The fury of Satan shall cease,
 The world shall perplex me no more,
 O hasten the year of release.
- 6 But who this release can convey
 To bondmen and slaves such as we?
 Gethsemane, Calvary—say,
 'T is Jesus who died on the tree.'

- 7 Then help us to wait for the day,
 And each in his duty to stand;
 But whisper, sweet Spirit, and say,
 'The year of release is at hand.'

586 PART IV. 8. 7. Felicity, 535.

The weary be at rest. Job iii. 17.

- 1 **W**HEN the world my heart is rending
 With its heaviest storms of care,
 My glad thoughts to God ascending,
 Find a refuge from despair.
- 2 There's a hand of mercy near me,
 Though the waves of trouble roar:
 There's an hour of rest to cheer me,
 When the toils of life are o'er.
- 3 Happy hour! when saints are gaining
 That bright crown they long'd to wear:
 Not one spot of sin remaining,
 Not one pang of earthly care.
- 4 Oh, to rest in peace for ever,
 Join'd with happy souls above;
 Where no foe my heart can sever
 From the Saviour whom I love.
- 5 This the hope that shall sustain me
 Till life's pilgrimage be past;
 Fears may vex, and troubles pain me;
 I shall reach my home at last.

587 PART I. L. M. Martin's Lane, 67.

The worship of heaven.

STEELE.

- 1 **O** FOR a sweet inspiring ray
 To animate our feeble strains,
 From the bright realms of endless day,
 The blissful realms where Jesus reigns.

- 2 There low before his glorious throne,
Adoring saints and angels fall ;
And, with delightful worship, own [all.
His smile their bliss, their heaven, their
- 3 Immortal glories crown his head ;
While tuneful hallelujahs rise,
And love, and joy, and triumph spread
Through all the 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 favourites of the Lamb
Shall join at last the heavenly choir :
O may the joy-inspiring theme
Awake our faith and warm desire.
- 6 Dear Saviour, let thy Spirit seal
Our interest in that blissful place ;
Till death remove this mortal veil,
And we behold thy lovely face.

- 1 **H**OW bright is the prospect the saint has in view,
Let present things be as they may :
Omnipotent mercy shall bring him quite through,
And guide him to regions of day.
- 2 Alas ! sin and sorrow attend him while here,
And frequently injure his peace ;
But faith beholds now the sweet season as near,
That brings him a final release.
- 3 With rapture he 'll mount his celestial abode,
His spirit find pleasure and rest ;
With ecstasy bask in the smiles of his God,
Partaking the joys of the blest.

- 4 With patriarchs, prophets, apostles, and those
 Who sealed the truth with their blood ;
 Whose unsubdued courage astonish'd their foes,
 And forced them to glorify God.
- 5 United with these, he shall hear them relate
 The tale of their sufferings below ;
 The conflicts and toils of their militant state,
 How grace had supported them through.
- 6 When this having heard, he rehearses to them
 The mazes through which he has trod ;
 From great tribulation by grace how he came,
 And reach'd the fair city of God.
- 7 Now all strike their harps, and one chorus they raise ;
 Salvation by grace is their theme ;
 Thanksgiving, and honour, and blessing, and praise,
 And glory to God and the Lamb.

587 PART III. 7's. Theodora, 346. Victory, 563.*

The redeemed in heaven. DE COURCY.

- 1 **WHO** are these array'd in white,
 Brighter than the noon-day sun,
 Foremost of the sons of light,
 Nearest the eternal throne ?
- 2 These are they who bore the cross,
 Faithful to their Master died,
 Suffer'd in his righteous cause,
 Followers of the Crucified.
- 3 Out of great distress they came,
 And their robes, by faith below,
 In the blood of Christ the Lamb
 They have wash'd as white as snow.

* When this tune is sung, the following chorus is to be added to each verse :

“ Victory ! victory !
 Oh, how happy they must be
 Who have gain'd the victory ! ”

- 4 More than conquerors at last,
Here they find their trials o'er :
They have all their sufferings pass'd,
Hunger now and thirst no more.
- 5 He that on the throne doth reign
Them for evermore shall feed,
With the tree of life sustain,
To the living fountains lead.
- 6 He shall all their griefs remove,
He shall all their wants supply ;
God himself, the God of love,
Tears shall wipe from every eye.

- 1 **H**IGH in yonder realms of light,
Far above these lower skies,
Fair and exquisitely bright,
Heaven's unfading mansions rise.
Glad within these blest abodes
Dwell the raptured saints above,
Where no anxious care corrodes,
Happy in Immanuel's love.
- 2 Once indeed, like us below,
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Torturing pain and heavy woe,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears—
These, alas, full well they knew,
Sad companions of their way ;
Oft on them the tempest blew
Through the long and cheerless day.
- 3 Oft their vileness they deplored,
Wills perverse and hearts untrue,

Grieved they had not loved the Lord,
 Loved, as they had wish'd to do ;
 But these days of weeping o'er,
 Past this scene of toil and pain,
 They shall feel distress no more,
 Never, never weep again.

4 Happy spirits, ye are fled
 Where no grief can entrance find ;
 Lull'd to rest the aching head,
 Soothed the anguish of the mind.
 Every tear is wiped away,
 Sighs no more shall heave the breast,
 Night is lost in endless day,
 Sorrow in eternal rest.

587

PART V. 8's. Potsdam, 319.

Death overcome.

COLLYER.

1 **Y**E saints, who once languish'd below,
 But long since have enter'd your
 I pant to be glorified too, [rest,
 To lean on Immanuel's breast.
 The grave in which Jesus was laid,
 Has buried my guilt and my fears,
 And while I contemplate its shade,
 The light of his presence appears.

2 O sweet is the season of rest,
 When life's weary journey is done :
 The blush that spreads over its west—
 The last lingering ray of its sun.
 Though dreary the empire of night,
 I soon shall emerge from its gloom,
 And see immortality's light
 Arise on the shades of the tomb.

- 3 Then welcome the last rending sighs,
 When these aching heart-strings shall
 break ;
 When death shall extinguish these eyes,
 And moisten with dew this pale cheek.
 No terror the prospect begets,
 I am not mortality's slave ;
 The sunbeam of life as it sets
 Paints a rainbow of peace on the grave.

587 PART VI. L. M. Coombs, 45.

Happiness in heaven.

BERRIDGE.

- 1 O HAPPY saints, who dwell in light,
 And walk with Jesus, clothed in
 white ;
 Safe landed on that peaceful shore
 Where pilgrims meet to part no more.
- 2 Released from sin, and toil, and grief,
 Death was their gate to endless life ;
 An open'd cage to let them fly,
 And build their happy nest on high.
- 3 And now they range the heavenly plains,
 And sing their hymns in melting strains ;
 And now their souls begin to prove
 The heights and depths of Jesus' love.
- 4 He cheers them with eternal smile,
 They sing hosannas all the while ;
 Or, overwhelm'd with raptures sweet,
 Sink down adoring at his feet.
- 5 Ah! Lord, with tardy steps I creep,
 And sometimes sing, and sometimes
 weep ;
 Yet strip me of this house of clay,
 And I will sing as loud as they.

587 PART VII. 8. 7. 7. Response, 558.

Blessed are the dead, &c.

KELLY.

- 1 **H**ARK! a voice, it cries from heaven,
Happy in the Lord who die;
Happy they to whom 't is given
From a world of grief to fly:
They indeed are truly blest,
From their labours then they rest.
- 2 All their toils and conflicts over,
Lo, they dwell with Christ above;
Oh, what glories they discover
In the Saviour whom they love!
Now they see him face to face,
Him who saved them by his grace.
- 3 'T is enough—enough for ever
In his people's bright reward,
They are blest indeed who never
Shall be absent from the Lord.
Oh that we may die like those
Who in Jesus find repose!

587 PART VIII. C. M. Arabia, 324.

Happiness of departed believers.

Rev. v. 9; xiv. 1—5.

TOPLADY.

- 1 **H**OW happy are the souls above,
From sin and sorrow free!
With Jesus they are now at rest,
And all his glory see.
- 2 'Worthy the Lamb!' aloud they cry,
'That brought us here to God;'
In ceaseless hymns of praise they shout
The merit of his blood.
- 3 With wondering joy they recollect
Their fears and dangers past:

And bless the wisdom, power, and love,
Which brought them safe at last.

- 4 They follow the exalted Lamb
Where'er they see him go ;
And at the footstool of his grace
Their blood-bought crowns they throw.
- 5 Lord, let the merit of thy death
To me be likewise given ;
And I, with them, will shout thy praise
Through all the courts of heaven.

588

C. M. Cambridge New, 74.

The everlasting song.

- 1 **E**ARTH has engross'd my love too
'T is time I lift mine eyes [long,
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 !
Jesus, the life of both our joys,
Sounds sweet from every string.
- 5 [Hark, how beyond the narrow bound
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 loved 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 ear, my hand, 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 fain have place,
Among your thrones or at your feet,
So I might see his face.

SHORT HYMNS AND SINGLE VERSES.

BEFORE SERMON.

589

8. 7. 8. 8. Olney, 575.

Public worship. BICKERSTETH'S COLL.

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

590

C. M. Nativity, 522. Arabia, 324.

Prayer for edification.

John xi. 23.

PRATT'S COLL.

- 1 **P**OUR down thy Spirit, gracious Lord,
 On all assembled here:
 Let us receive the engrafted word
 With meekness and with fear.
- 2 By faith in thee the soul receives
 New life, though dead before:
 And he who in thy name believes
 Shall live to die no more.
- 3 Preserve the power of faith alive
 In those who love thy name;
 For sin and Satan daily strive
 To quench the sacred flame.

591

L. M. Old 100th. Rushden, 468.

Hear thou in heaven, &c.

1 Kings viii. 30.

MONTGOMERY.

- 1 **C**OMMAND thy blessing from above,
 O God, on all assembled here;

- Behold us with a father's love,
While we look up with filial fear.
- 2 Command thy blessing, Jesus, Lord,
May we thy true disciples be;
Speak to each heart the mighty word;
Say to the weakest, ' Follow me.'
- 3 Command thy blessing, in this hour,
Spirit of truth, and fill this place
With humbling and exalting power,
With quick'ning and confirming grace.
- 4 O Thou, our Maker, Saviour, Guide!
One true eternal God confess'd,
May nought in life or death divide
The saints in thy communion bless'd.

592 8. 8. 6. Westbury Leigh, 278.

You hath he quickened. Eph. ii. 1.

- 1 **D**ESCEND, blest Spirit, source of light,
While here thy presence we invite,
Thine influence impart;
Grant us with faith thy word to hear,
Now give the attentive list'ning ear,
The understanding heart.
- 2 The ' dead in trespasses and sin,'
Raise by thy power to life divine,
Dissolve the captive's chain;
Strengthen the weak with inward might,
Restore the blinded eyes to sight,
Nor let us hear in vain.

593 L. M. Old 100th. New Court, 173.

I will satisfy her poor with bread.

Ps. cxxxii. 15.

NEWTON.

- 1 **C**ONFIRM the hope thy word allows;
Behold us waiting to be fed;

594, 595 SHORT HYMNS, ETC.

Bless the provisions of thy house,
And satisfy thy poor with bread.

- 2 Drawn by thine invitation, Lord,
Athirst and hungry we are come;
Now, from the fulness of thy word,
Feast us, and send us thankful home.

594

L. M. Ulverston, 179.

Prayer for conversion.

KELLY.

- 1 **N**OW may the Gospel's conquering
power
Be felt by all assembled here!
So shall this prove a joyful hour,
And God's own arm of strength appear.
- 2 Lord, let thy mighty voice be heard:
Speak in the word, and speak with power;
So shall thy glorious name be fear'd
By those who never fear'd before.
- 3 O pity those who live in sin,
And save them from the sinner's doom:
Open the ark, and take them in,
And save them from the wrath to come.
- 4 So shall thy people joyful be;
The angels, too, will louder sing:
And all ascribe the praise to thee,—
To thee the everlasting King.

595

8. 7. 4. Calvary, 297. Kelly's, 419.

Public worship.

REED.

- 1 **G**RACIOUS Lord, as thou hast taught
Lo, we come to seek thy face; [us,
Now we wait within thy temple,
For the visits of thy grace:
Let thy presence
Fill and glorify the place.

- 2 Here thy name has been recorded,
 Here thy promised blessing give:
 For thy blessing, Lord, we languish,
 It alone can make us live.
 O then bless us!
 Bless us now and evermore.
- 3 Hear our prayers, accept our praises,
 In this all-auspicious hour:
 May thy word to saint and sinner
 Come in all its mighty power;
 From its fulness
 Grant us all a rich supply.

596 8. 7. 4. Constance, 451. Kelly's, 419.

Public worship.

AMERICAN.

- 1 **H**AIL, ye days of solemn meeting!
 Hail, ye days of praise and prayer!
 Far from earthly scenes retreating,
 In your blessings we would share:
 Sacred seasons,
 In your blessings we would share.
- 2 Be thou near us, blessed Saviour,
 Still at morn and eve the same:
 Give us faith that cannot waver,
 Kindle in us heaven's own flame:
 Blessed Saviour,
 Kindle in us heaven's own flame.
- 3 When the fervent prayer is glowing,
 Sacred Spirit, hear that prayer;
 When the choral song is flowing,
 Let that song thine impress bear:
 Sacred Spirit,
 Let that song thine impress bear.

4 Angel bands! these scenes frequenting,
 Often may your praises wake;
 Oft may joy o'er souls repenting,
 From your harps melodious break:
 Oft may anthems
 From your harps melodious break.

597 8. 7. Benediction. New Zealand, 467.
For a blessing. Deut. xxxii. 2.

1 **A**S the dew, from heaven distilling,
 Gently on the grass descends,
 Richly unto all fulfilling
 What thy providence intends:
 So may truth, divine and gracious,
 To our waiting spirits prove;
 Bless and make it efficacious
 In the children of thy love!

2 Lord, behold this congregation;
 All thy promises fulfil;
 From thy holy habitation,
 Let the dew of life distil:
 Let our cry come up before thee,
 Sweetest influence shed around;
 So thy people shall adore thee,
 And confess the joyful sound.

598 L. M. Morning Hymn, 398.
For the gift of the Holy Spirit.

1 **G**RACE from on high, O God, impart,
 Grace in thy gospel to believe,
 Grace to surrender our whole heart,
 Grace all thy mercy to receive.

2 Convinced and humbled in the dust
 Beneath the burden of our guilt,
 We own thy law's dread sentence just,
 But plead the blood of pardon spilt.

- 3 Thy Spirit witness with that blood,
 And Christ our Saviour glorify,
 While we as children born of God,
 With rapture, 'Abba! Father!' cry :

599 8. 7. 8. Supplication, 583.

The same.

- 1 **H**OLY Ghost, dispel our sadness,
 Pierce the clouds of sinful night ;
 Come, thou source of sweetest gladness,
 Breathe thy life, and spread thy light,
 Loving Spirit, God of peace,
 Great distributor of grace,
 Rest upon this congregation :
 Hear, O hear our supplication.

- 2 From that height, which knows no
 measure,
 As a gracious shower descend,
 Bringing down the richest treasure
 Man can wish, or God can send.
 Great Enlightener! shining down
 From the Father and the Son,
 Grant us thy illumination,
 Rest upon this congregation.

600 L. M. Doversdale, 430.

Prayer for Zion's prosperity.

w.

- 1 **T**HOU Friend of sinners, hear our cry,
 Send now, O send prosperity ;
 For this, like Jacob, Lord, we plead,
 Like Israel, now may we succeed.
- 2 Answer the wresting, fervent prayer,
 Thy church now makes in faith and fear ;
 Thy cause revive, thy smiles impart,
 To strengthen every fainting heart.

601, 602 SHORT HYMNS, ETC.

3 O let thine arm of power awake,
And careless sinners captive take ;
Thy people's supplications hear,
And let success our spirits cheer.

601 8. 6. 5. Percy Chapel, 576.

For a blessing.

w.

1 **A**LMIGHTY Saviour, gracious King,
Thy waiting people bless ;
In this sacred hour,
With thy saving power, [ness.
Come, Lord, and reign in righteous-

2 Let showers of blessing now descend,
To give thy word success ;
May light, love, and joy,
In a full supply,
Each of thy servants now possess.

3 Thus while the heavenly seed is sown,
Give, Lord, the blest increase,
Healing grace impart
To each wounded heart,
And sinners turn to righteousness.

602 8. 6. Sutherland, 577.

The same.

w.

1 **S**AVIOUR of sinners, now we pray,
On us thy Spirit pour ;
Be in thy people's midst to-day,
To clothe thy word with power ;
Thy grace and mercy, Lord, display,
In this accepted hour.

2 And while thy servant shall proclaim
How full of grace thou art,

May the sweet accents of thy name
 Soothe every stricken heart ;
 From bosoms fill'd with grief and shame
 Bid every fear depart.

- 3 Almighty Saviour, sinners' friend,
 Oh, hear our fervent cries :
 That we thy word may comprehend,
 And daily grow more wise ;
 May love and serve thee to the end,
 Then to thy glory rise.

603

C. M. Wiltshire New, 425.

Invocation to the Holy Spirit. MONTGOMERY.

- 1 SPIRIT Divine ! attend our prayer,
 And make this house thy home ;
 Descend with all thy gracious powers,
 O come, great Spirit, come.
- 2 Come as the light, to us reveal
 Our emptiness and woe ;
 And lead us in those paths of life,
 Where all the righteous go.
- 3 Come as the fire, and purge our heart
 Like sacrificial flame ;
 Let our whole soul an offering be
 To our Redeemer's name.
- 4 Come as the dew,—and sweetly bless
 This consecrated hour ;
 May barrenness rejoice to own
 Thy fertilizing power.
- 5 Come as the dove,—and spread thy wings,
 The wings of peaceful love ;
 And let the church on earth become
 Blest as the church above.

AFTER SERMON.

604

4. 7. 5. Nebo, 574.

Go in peace. Luke vii. 50.

BICKERSTETH'S COLLECTION.

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

605

8. 7. 4. Ravenna, 505. Alma, 345.

I will not let, &c. Gen. xxxii. 26.

- 1 GOD of our salvation, hear us;
 Bless, O bless us, ere we go;
 When we join the world, be near us,
 Lest we cold and careless grow:
 Saviour, keep us,—
 Keep us safe from every foe.
- 2 As our steps are drawing nearer
 To our best and lasting home,
 May our view of heaven grow clearer;
 Hope more bright of joys to come;
 And when dying,
 May thy presence cheer the gloom.

606

S. M. Peckham, 7. Sarah, 393.

The word of God is quick, &c. Heb. iv. 12.

- 1 THY word, Almighty Lord,
 Where'er it enters in,
 Is sharper than a two-edged sword,
 To slay the man of sin.
- 2 Thy word is power and life,
 It bids confusion cease,

And changes envy, hatred, strife,
To love, and joy, and peace.

- 3 Then let our hearts obey
The gospel's glorious sound ;
And all its fruits, from day to day,
Be in us and abound.

607 8. 7. 4. 7. Olney, 575.
Show me a token for good. Psa. lxxxvi. 17.

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

608 7's. Ravensworth, 448.
The same. COLLYER.

GOD of Zion, on us pour
Heavenly comforts evermore ;
Bless us with a large increase,
Sanctify and give us peace,
Guide our feet in all thy ways,
And preserve us all our days.

609 L. M. Old 100th. Portugal, 97.
For new-year's day. MEDLEY.

- 1 LORD, we are spared, and yet are found
In thy own house, on praying ground ;
Many are gone who near us stood,
Gone to the awful bar of God.

- 2 We 'll think of time's uncertain date,
 Consider our eternal state :
 We 'll think of our immortal soul,
 Ere Jordan's waves around us roll.
- 3 Now soon in heaven, or soon in hell,
 We shall with God or Satan dwell :
 O may we, with intense desire,
 To Christ, and grace, and heaven aspire.
- 4 Thus if, our pious race begun,
 We in Jehovah's strength go on,
 We need nor life nor death to fear,
 'T will be to us a happy year.

 HOSANNAS, CHORUSES, ETC.

610

6's. Manchester New, 578.

Hymn and chorus at parting.

- 1 **C**OME, brethren, ere we part,
 Bless the Redeemer's name ;
 Join every tongue and heart,
 T' adore and praise the Lamb.
 Jesus, the sinner's Friend,
 Him, whom our souls adore,
 His praises have no end ;
 Praise him for evermore.
- 2 Lord, in thy grace we came,
 That blessing still impart ;
 We met in Jesu's name,
 In Jesu's name we part.
 Jesus, &c.
- 3 If here we meet no more,
 May we, in realms above,
 With all the saints adore
 Redeeming grace and love.
 Jesus, &c.

611

P. M. Dismission, 305.

The same.

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

612

7's. Jubilee, 403. Hallelujah Chorus.

Hallelujah.

MONTGOMERY.

- 1 **H**ARK! the song of Jubilee,
 Loud as mighty thunders roar,
 Or the fulness of the sea,
 When it breaks upon the shore :
 Hallelujah! for the Lord
 God omnipotent shall reign ;
 Hallelujah! let the word
 Echo round the earth and main.
- 2 Hallelujah!—hark! the sound,
 From the centre to the skies,
 Wakes above, beneath, around,
 All creation's harmonies :
 See Jehovah's banners furl'd,
 Sheathed his sword : he speaks—'t is done,
 And the kingdoms of this world
 Are the kingdoms of his Son.
- 3 He shall reign from pole to pole,
 With illimitable sway ;
 He shall reign when, like a scroll,
 Yonder heavens have pass'd away :

Then the end;—beneath his rod,
 Man's last enemy shall fall;
 Hallelujah! Christ in God,
 God in Christ is all in all.

613

104th. Hanover, 130.

Adoration.

LORD GLENELG.

- 1 **O** WORSHIP the King, all-glorious above!
 O gratefully sing his unchangeable love!
 Our shield and defender, the Ancient of days,
 Pavilion'd in splendour, and girded with praise.
- 2 O tell of his might, O sing of his grace,
 Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
 His chariots of wrath deep thunder-clouds form,
 And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.
- 3 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
 In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
 Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end!
 Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.
- 4 O measureless might, ineffable love,
 While angels delight to hymn thee above,
 The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
 With true adoration shall lisp to thy praise.

614

7. 7. 8. 7. East Grinstead, 24.

H EAD of the Church triumphant;
 We joyfully adore thee;
 Till thou appear, thy members here
 Shall sing like those in glory:
 We lift our hands and voices,
 With blest anticipation;
 And cry aloud, and give to God
 The praise of our salvation.

615

104th. De Fleury's Hymn.

Glory to the Lamb.

DE FLEURY.

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

- 2 To the Lamb that was slain all honour be paid,
 Let crowns without number encircle his head ;
 Let blessing, and glory, and riches, and might,
 Be ascribed evermore by angels of light.
 Come, saints, and adore him, &c.

616

11's. Daughter of Zion.

AMERICAN.

- 1 **D**AUGHTER of Zion, awake from thy sadness,
 Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more ;
 Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness ;
 Arise, for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.
- 2 Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdued them,
 And scatter'd their legions, was mightier far ;
 They fled, like the chaff, from the scourge that pur-
 sued them,
 Vain were their steeds, and their chariots of war.
- 3 Daughter of Zion, the power that hath saved thee
 Extoll'd with the harp and the timbrel should be :
 Shout, for the foe is destroy'd that enslaved thee,
 The oppressor is vanquish'd, and Zion is free.

617

L. M. Madras, 573.

BISHOP HEBER.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to the living Lord !
 Hosanna to the Incarnate Word !
 To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
 Let earth, let heaven, hosanna sing !
 Hosanna, Lord, hosanna in the highest.
- 2 Hosanna, Lord ! thine angels cry ;
 Hosanna, Lord ! thy saints reply ;
 Above, beneath us, and around,
 The dead and living swell the sound :
 Hosanna, Lord, &c.
- 3 Oh ! Saviour with protecting care,
 Return to this, thy house of prayer !
 Assembled in thy sacred name,
 Where we thy parting promise claim :
 Hosanna, Lord, &c.

4 But, chiefest in our cleansed breast,
 Eternal! bid thy Spirit rest,
 And make our secret soul to be
 A temple pure, and worthy Thee.
 Hosanna, Lord, &c.

5 So in the last and dreadful day,
 When earth and heaven shall melt away,
 Thy flock, redeem'd from sinful stain,
 Shall swell the sound of praise again.
 Hosanna, Lord, &c.

618 *A chorus to follow any appropriate hymn or
 doxology.*

HALLELUJAH, hallelujah,
 Hallelujah, Amen;
 Amen, Amen, Hallelujah,
 Hallelujah, Amen.

619 7's. Endless Praise.

1 **E**NDLESS praises to our Lord,
 Ever be his name adored;
 Angels crown him, crown the Lamb;
 He is worthy; praise his name.

2 Now adore him for his grace
 To our guilty, fallen race;
 Come, then, [Christians,] join to sing,
 Glory to our God and King.

620 P. M. Choral Song.

HOSANNA, Christ is here,
 Within these hallow'd walls;
 Where the hymn of praise, the cry of
 On the great Jehovah calls; [prayer,
 And lisping childhood's willing tongue
 Lifts high to heaven the choral song,—
 Hosanna, Christ is here!

621

C. M. Hosanna to Christ.

SURREY CHAPEL COLL.

- 1 **O**UT of the mouths of very babes,
 Thou hast ordained praise,
 To sing thy power, thy grace, and love,
 We now our voices raise,
 Hosanna! to Christ, the God of grace,
 Hosanna! hosanna!
- 2 Hosanna! still we'll cry aloud
 To Christ enthroned on high;
 May we at last surround the throne
 And hallelujah! cry.
 Hallelujah! to Christ the God of grace,
 Hallelujah! Amen.

622

11's. Hosanna.

THY triumphs, Redeemer of men, we proclaim,
 Be boundless thine empire, eternal thy name;
 We'll praise thee on earth, and in glory again,
 Sing loud hallelujahs, for ever, Amen.

623

7. 7. 7. 5. Fulham, 584.

A prayer to the Saviour.

- 1 **L**ORD of mercy, and of might,
 Of mankind the life and light,
 Maker, Teacher, Infinite,
 Jesus, hear and save.
- 2 Throned above celestial things,
 Borne aloft on angels' wings,
 Lord of lords, and King of kings,
 Jesus, hear and save.
- 3 Soon to come to earth again,
 Judge of angels and of men,
 Hear us now, and hear us then,
 Jesus, hear and save.

624 5. 6. 8. 6. 9. Edinburgh, 581.

'TIS pleasant to sing
 The sweet praise of our King,
 As here in the valley we move ;
 'T will be pleasanter still
 When we stand on the hill,
 And give thanks to our Saviour above.

625 10. 12. Stratford, 582.

1 O JESUS my hope, for me offer'd up, [top,
 Who with clamour pursued thee to Calvary's
 The blood thou hast shed, for me let it plead,
 And declare thou hast died in the murderer's stead.

2 Now, now let me know its virtue below,
 Let it wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow ;
 Let it hallow my heart, and throughly convert,
 And make me, O Lord, in the world as thou art.

626 7. 6. Spanish Chant.
Praise to the Deity.

1 PRAISE to the Lord most high,
 Hallelujah, Amen.
 Praise to our heavenly King,
 Hallelujah, Amen.
 By love and gratitude
 Still be our hearts subdued,
 Still be the song renew'd,
 Hallelujah, Amen.

2 Praise to the Lord most high, Hal. &c.
 Let every tongue reply, Hal. &c.
 Our Father and our Friend,
 On thee our joys depend,
 Thy love will never end, Hal. &c.

- 3 Sing both with heart and voice, Hal. &c.
 Sing, and in God rejoice, Hal. &c.
 O Lord, each day we prove
 Some token of thy love ;
 In thee we live and move, Hal. &c.
- 4 Praise yet the Lord again, Hal. &c.
 Life shall not end the strain, Hal. &c.
 For when this life is o'er,
 This dust thou wilt restore,
 Thy goodness to adore, Hal. &c.

627

P. M. The Ransom.

THE voice of free grace
 Cries, Escape to the mountain ;
 For Adam's lost race
 There is open'd a fountain ;
 For sin and uncleanness,
 And every transgression,
 Christ's blood flows most freely
 In streams of salvation.
 Hallelujah to the Lamb
 Who has bought us a pardon :
 We 'll praise him again
 When we pass over Jordan.

- 2 Our Jesus proclaims
 His name all victorious ;
 He reigns over all,
 His kingdom is glorious ;
 To Jesus our King,
 The great congregation
 With triumph will sing,
 In ascribing salvation. Hal. &c.
- 3 On Zion we shall stand
 When escaped to the shore ;

With palms in our hands
 We 'll praise him the more ;
 We 'll range the sweet plains
 On the banks of the river,
 And sing of salvation
 For ever and ever. Hal. &c.

628 8. 7. 8. Chorus to Handel's Theodora.

BLESSED be the Power who gave us,
 Freely gave his Son to save us,
 Bless'd the Son, who freely came,
 Honour, blessing, adoration,
 Ever, from the whole creation,
 Be to God and to the Lamb.

DOXOLOGIES,

IN VARIOUS METRES.

629 112th. York Minster, 490.
He shall give you, &c. John xiv. 16.

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
 And lighten with celestial fire :
 Thou the anointing Spirit art,
 Who dost thy sevenfold gifts impart :
 Thy blessed unction from above
 Is comfort, life, and fire of love.
- 2 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
 And Thee, of both to be but One ;
 That, through the ages all along,
 This still may be our endless song ;
 Praise to thy eternal merit,
 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

630 112th. Hoxton, 121. Kerfitt's, 439.

DODDRIDGE.

SINCE God the Father, and the Son,
 And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
 Glorious beyond all speech and thought,
 Have jointly my salvation wrought ;
 I 'll join them in my songs of praise,
 Now and through heaven's eternal days.

631 L. M. Old 100th. Magdalen, 214.

BISHOP KEN.

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.

632 113th. Raby, 270. Dies Iræ, 545. KEBLE.

- 1 CREATOR, Saviour, strengthening
 Guide,
 Now on thy mercy's ocean wide,
 Far out of sight we seem to glide ;
 Help us each hour, with steadier eye,
 To search the deep'ning mystery,
 And thus with blessed angels vie.
- 2 Eternal One, Almighty Trine,
 (Since thou art ours, and we are thine,)
 By all thy love did once resign,
 By all the grace thy heavens still hide,
 We pray thee keep us at thy side,
 Creator, Saviour, strengthening Guide.

633 113th. Eaton, 291. Anniversary, 123.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God, whom heaven's triumphant
 host,

634—637 DOXOLOGIES.

And suffering saints on earth adore,
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last,
When time itself shall be no more.

634 L. M. China, 300.

TO Father, Son, and Comforter,
One God, eternal thanks belong.
We but begin his praises here,
Heaven shall immortalize the song.

635 L. M. D. Haydn's Creation.

ETERNAL Father! throned above,
Thou fountain of redeeming love!
Eternal Word! who left thy throne,
For man's rebellion to atone!
Eternal Spirit! who dost give
That grace by which our spirits live!—
Thou God of our salvation! be
Eternal praises paid to thee.

636 L. M. Denmark New, 262.

'TIS sweet to sing, in grateful lays,
The Father, Son, and Spirit's praise;
And endless ages shall prolong
The joy, the triumph, and the song.

637 L. M. Portugal, 97. Peru, 516.

1 **F**OR love paternal, rich, and free,
For love on Calvary's bloody tree,
For love which does the heart renew,
Gives grace, and leads to glory too;
2 Men, angels, every creature join
In strains exalted and divine;
To Father, Son, and Spirit, raise
Your everlasting song of praise.

3 Yes, Lord, we join the angelic tongues,
 All heaven shall echo with our songs;
 The theme, too vast for time, shall be
 Rapture through all eternity.

638 8. 7. Rousseau, 384. Alma, 345.

The Christian pilgrim. EDMESTON.

1 **L**EAD us, heavenly Father, lead us
 O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
 Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
 For we have no help but thee;
 Yet possessing every blessing,
 If our God our Father be.

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us,
 All our weakness thou dost know,
 Thou didst tread this earth before us,
 Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
 Long and dreary, faint and weary,
 Through the desert thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,
 Fill our hearts with heavenly joy:
 Love with every passion blending,
 Pleasure that can never cloy:
 Thus provided, pardon'd, guided,
 Nothing can our peace destroy.

639 10's. Warsaw, 211. Kendal, 86.

TO Father, Son, and Spirit ever bless'd,
 Eternal praise and worship be address'd;
 From age to age, ye saints, his name adore,
 And spread his fame when time shall be no more.

640 C. M. St. Michael's, 119. WALLIN.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
 Your grateful voices raise,
 And God the Spirit, Three in One,
 Render immortal praise.

641 C. M. Jude's Doxology, 236.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One God, whom we adore,
 Be glory as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore.

642 11. 8. Calne, 69. Beaconsfield, 454.

TO Father, Redeemer, and Spirit, one God,
 All praises we join to proclaim,
 And hope yet in strains more sublimely on high,
 Adoring, to bless thy great name.

643 6. 4. Britain, 472. Bermondsey, 52.

1 COME, thou Almighty King,
 Help us thy name to sing,
 Help us to praise ;
 Father, all-glorious,
 O'er all victorious,
 Come and reign over us,
 Ancient of days.

2 Jesus, our Lord, arise,
 Scatter our enemies,
 And make them fall ;
 Let thine almighty aid
 Our sure defence be made,
 Our souls on thee be stay'd,
 Lord, hear our call.

3 Come, thou incarnate Word,
 Gird on thy mighty sword ;
 Our prayers attend.
 Come, and thy people bless,
 And give thy word success ;
 Spirit of holiness,
 On us descend.

644 11's. Broughton, 172. Mozart's, 461.

THE Father, Redeemer, and Spirit we bless,
 For favours and mercies which none can express ;
 And hope in the kingdom we ever shall live,
 Admiring, adoring, all glory to give.

645 C. M. Evans, 190. Otford, 106.

ANGELS and saints, your anthems raise
 To the great Three in One,
 And celebrate in songs of praise
 The wonders grace has done.

646 11's. Broughton, 172. Bourton, 50.

*(Repeat the first part of the tune to the
 3rd and 4th lines.)*

ALL glory, blest Father, to thee for thy love,
 Which ne'er from its objects shall ever remove :
 All glory to Jesus, who died on the tree
 For souls such as Peter, Manasseh, and me ;
 All glory, blest Spirit, be equally thine,
 For cleansing the natures polluted as mine.

647 C. M. Hensbury, 323.
Canst thou by, &c. Job xi. 7.

- 1 **O** SELF-EXISTENT One in Three,
 Jehovah, God alone,
 In glory wrapt, invisible,
 By revelation known.
- 2 Incomprehensible Thou art,
 And all research is vain ;
 Nor even can the wise in heart
 The mystery explain.
- 3 Then teach us, Lord, thy name of love,
 By revelation known :
 Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord,
 Jehovah, God alone.

648 C. M. Arabia, 324. Warwick, 471.

THEE, Father, Son, and Spirit, Thee,
 Let heaven and earth adore,
 Thou art, Thou wast, and Thou shalt be
 God blessed evermore.

649 C. M. Arlington, 17. Matthew's, 34.

1 **H**AIL! Father, Son, and Spirit blest,
 Before the birth of time,
 Enthroned in everlasting state,
 Jehovah Elohim.

2 A mystical plurality
 We in the Godhead own;
 Adoring One in Persons Three,
 And Three in nature One.

650 S. M. Mansfield, 154. Sarah, 393.

BEDDOME.

TO the eternal Three,
 In will and essence One,
 Be universal honours paid,
 Co-equal honours done.

651 8.7.4. Painswick, 162. Alma, 345.

PRAISE the Father, Son, and Spirit,
 For election, sovereign, free,
 For redeeming love and merit,
 For renewing such as we:
 For all blessings,
 Praise the glorious One in Three.

652 S. M. Sarah, 393. Farnham, 421.

TO Father, Spirit, Son,
 Whom angel hosts adore,
 Give worship, honour, glory, power,
 Both now and evermore.

653

S. M. Whitfield, 168.

- 1 **F**ATHER of all, to Thee
 Let endless praises rise,
 Who for such rebel worms as we
 Salvation didst devise.
- 2 Incarnate Deity,
 Let all the ransom'd race
 Render in thanks their lives to thee,
 For thy redeeming grace.
- 3 Spirit of holiness,
 Oh let us all adore
 Thy sacred energy, and bless
 Thine heart-renewing power.
- 4 Baptized into thy name,
 Almighty One in Three,
 Thy grace and goodness we 'll proclaim,
 Through all eternity.

654

5. 6. Horsington, 219.

FATHER, Spirit, and Son,
 United in One,
 The good work will perfect
 Where'er 't is begun.
 United, Lord, we
 Will glorify Thee,
 Thou ineffable One,
 Thou adorable Three.

655

6. 8. 4. Leoni, 90.

ALL worship and renown,
 By saints in earth and heaven,
 Be to the Father, and the Son,
 And Spirit given.

Let all the heavenly host
 A Triune God adore ;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
 For evermore.

656 8. 7. 4. Lewes, 63. Saratoga, 531.

1 **F**ATHER, 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.

657 8. 8. 6. Praise, 321. Leach, 290.

1 **T**O God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit, Three in One,
 In earth and heaven adored,
 Our hearts and hands and lips we raise,
 With humble prayer and grateful praise,
 And own our Sov'reign Lord.

2 **F**ather, Redeemer, Heavenly Guide,
 May we by faith in thee abide,
 And bless thy constant love ;
 Till we in heaven thy glory see,
 And praise thee through eternity,
 With angel hosts above.

658 112th. Eaton, 291. Homerton, 310.

THY goodness, Father, we confess,
 Which gave, and still preserves our
 breath :

When fearful loads of guilt oppress,
 Incarnate Son, we plead thy death :
 And, lost in darkness, sin, and woe,
 Spirit, thy help and joy we know.

659 8. 8. 6. Westbury Leigh, 278.

OUR covenant God, in sweetest lays,
The Father, Son, and Spirit praise,
For grace immensely free ;
Goodness, which all our path attends,
And glory too, which never ends,
Praise, praise eternally.

660 104th. 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 gift of the Spirit to Adam's lost race.

661 104th. Portugal New, 263.

BEST Father, and Son, and Spirit of grace,
How sweet to enjoy the smiles of thy face !
We 'll live in thy service, then die ; in thy praise
The anthem of glory for ever we 'll raise.

662 104th. Sussex, 70. Enoch, 410.

ALL glory to God, the Father, and Son,
And Spirit of grace, the great Three in One ;
Let highest ascriptions for ever be given,
By all the creation, on earth and in heaven.

663 P. M. Portuguese, 263.

- 1 GLORY to God, with joyful adoration ;
Sing praises, sing praises, his power proclaim ;
Praise we the Lord, the strength of our salvation ;
And, worshipping before him, adore his name.
- 2 Praise him for mercies ; blessings ever flowing ;
His love, which redeemed us from death, make known ;
Praise him in life, with holy rapture glowing ;
Then worship him with angels before his throne.

664 6. 6. 7. 7. Old Weston, 580.

COME, let us join to praise
Jehovah, God of grace ;

665—667 DOXOLOGIES.

To the Triune God above,
Be all blessing, homage, love,
Who to sinful worms below
Tenderest pity deigns to show.

665 7's. Aaron, 508. H. K. WHITE.

NOW to God, the Three in One,
Be eternal glory done:
Raise, ye saints, the sound again;
Nations, join the loud Amen.

666 7's. Georgia, 192. CONDER.

1 NOW with angels round the throne,
Cherubim and seraphim,
And the church, which still is one,
Let us swell the solemn hymn;
Glory to the great I AM!
Glory to the Victim Lamb.

2 Blessing, honour, glory, might,
And dominion infinite,
To the Father of our Lord,
To the Spirit and the Word:
As it was all worlds before,
Is, and shall be evermore.

667 7's. St. Austin's, 460. Northiam, 447.
BOWRING'S RUSSIAN POETS.

1 SEE the glorious Cherubim
Thronging round th' eternal throne,
Hark, they sing their holy hymn,
To the unknown Three in One.
All-supporting Deity,
Praise, eternal praise to thee.

2 Heaven-directed spirits, rise
To the temple of the skies!

Join the ranks of angels bright,
Near the Eternal's dazzling light:
All-supporting Deity,
Praise, eternal praise to thee.

668

7's. St. Austin's, 460.

- 1 **M**IGHTY God, the Holy One,
Dwelling in eternity:
How shall we approach thy throne!
How should sinners come to thee!
Where thine awful glories blaze,
Scarce can holy angels gaze.
- 2 Yet, though high thy dwelling-place,
All our thoughts and praise above,
Humble souls may seek thy face,
God of glory, God of love:—
Love that comes a heavenly guest
To the contrite sinner's breast.
- 3 Father, hear us when we pray;
Saviour, grace and strength impart;
Holy Spirit, purge away
All our guilt, and melt each heart:
Triune God, thou sinner's Friend,
Guide and bless us to the end.

669

148th. Clapham, 18. Burnham, 396.

THE Father and the Son,
And Spirit, all divine,
In my salvation join,
And claim this heart of mine;
Therefore to the eternal Three
Immortal praise and glory be.

670

8. 7. 8. 8. 7. Gethsemane, 465.

MAY we share the Saviour's blessing
 And the Father's mercy prove,
 Let the Spirit be possessing
 Every heart in peace and love.
 May we live, O God! before Thee,
 Ever love Thee and adore Thee,
 In true fellowship combined:
 Heart and body, soul and mind.

671

8. 7. New Zealand, 467.

My mouth shall speak the praise of the Lord.

Psa. cxlv. 31.

PRAISE the God of all creation;
 Praise the Father's boundless love;
 Praise the Lamb, our Expiation,
 Priest and King enthroned above;
 Praise the Fountain of Salvation,
 Him by whom our spirits live;
 Undivided adoration,
 To the One Jehovah give.

672

6. 4. Bermondsey, 52.

Let there be light. Gen. i. 3.

- 1 **T**HOU, whose almighty word
 Chaos and darkness heard,
 And took their flight,
 Hear us, we humbly pray,
 And where the gospel's day
 Sheds not its glorious ray,
 Let there be light.
- 2 Thou, who didst come to bring
 On thy protecting wing,
 Healing and sight—

Sight to the inly blind,
 Health to the sick in mind,
 Oh! now, to all mankind,
 Let there be light.

3 Spirit of truth and love,
 Life-giving, holy Dove,
 Speed forth Thy flight;
 Move o'er the waters' face,
 By thine almighty grace,
 And, in earth's darkest place,
 Let there be light.

4 Blessed and holy Three,
 Glorious Trinity,
 Wisdom, Love, Might,
 Boundless as ocean's tide,
 Rolling in fullest pride,
 O'er the world, far and wide,
 Let there be light.

673 7. 6. Jubilee, 403. Worship, 539.

WESLEY.

1 **M**EET and right it is to sing,
 In every time and place,
 Glory to our heavenly King,
 The God of Truth and Grace.
 Join we then with sweet accord,
 All in one thanksgiving join!
 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
 Eternal praise be thine.

2 Father, God, thy love we praise,
 Which gave thy Son to die;
 Jesus, full of truth and grace,
 Alike we glorify:

Spirit, Comforter divine,
 Praise by all to thee be given,
 Till we in full chorus join,
 And earth is turn'd to heaven.

674

7's. Amboyna, 289.

1 **H**OLY, holy, holy!—Thee,
 One Jehovah evermore,
 Father, Son, and Spirit!—we,
 Dust and ashes, would adore.
 Lightly by the world esteem'd,
 From that world by Thee redeem'd,
 Sing we here with glad accord,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord.

2 Holy, holy, holy!—all
 Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,
 While the ransom'd nations fall
 At the footstool of their King:
 Then shall saints and seraphim,
 Harps and voices swell one hymn,
 Blending in sublime accord,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord.

675

7. 6. Amsterdam, 136.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One God whom we adore;
 Join we with the heavenly host,
 To praise thee evermore:
 Three in One, and One in Three,
 Live, by heaven and earth adored;
 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
 All glory be to Thee.

676

7's. New Zealand, 467.

The universal doxology.

LAWSON.

1 **E**UROPE, speak the mighty name,
 Loud th' Eternal Three proclaim,

Let thy deep, seraphic lays
 Thunder forth the echoing praise.
 Asia, bring thy raptured songs ;
 Let innumerable tongues
 Swell the chord from shore to shore,
 Where thy thousand billows roar.

2 Sable Afric, aid the strain,
 Triumph o'er thy broken chain ;
 Bid thy wildest music raise
 All its fervour in his praise.
 Shout, America, thy joys,
 While his love thy song employs ;
 Let thy lonely wilderness
 High exalt his righteousness.

3 All as one adore the Lord,
 Father, Spirit, and the Word ;
 Hail, thou glorious Three in One,
 Worthy thou to reign alone.
 Praise him, all ye nations, praise ;
 Saints in heaven, your anthems raise ;
 Angels join the solemn chord—
 Reign, for ever, holy Lord.

677 8. 6. 8. 8. 6. Grandeur, 579.

The same ; or, Hallelujah on earth and in heaven.

1 **S**ING Hallelujah ! praise the Lord !

Sing with a cheerful voice ;
 Exalt our God with one accord,
 And in his name rejoice.

Ne'er cease to sing, thou ransom'd host,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Until in realms of endless light
 Your praises shall unite.

2 There we to all eternity
 Shall join th' angelic lays ;

And sing in perfect harmony
To God, our Saviour's praise :
' He hath redeem'd us by his blood,
And made us kings and priests to God ;
For us, for us the Lamb was slain,'
Praise ye the Lord, Amen.

678*

11's. Portugal New, 263.

The same.

THE great hallelujah all nations shall raise,
The Father, the Son, and the Spirit to praise ;
O let the seventh trumpet be sounded, and then
Hallelujah for ever, Amen and Amen.

* The number of hymns in the preceding pages, including all the additional parts, is 1141.

END OF THE HYMNS.

SACRED MELODIES.*

1142 12, 13. *The heavenly land.*

REV. T. GRINFIELD.

- 1 **A**ND is there a land, far away from sin
and woe,
All pure, and all blest, where the friends
of Jesus go ;
To see him as he is, his redeeming love
adore,
Be with him, be like him, for ever,
evermore ?
- 2 Oh why, then, oh why, from that lovely
land above,
Should pleasure, how vain, steal away my
stedfast love ?
Oh why, when ere to-morrow the blissful
scenes may ope,
Though distress'd, should I sorrow, as one
that has no hope ?

* It may be proper to state, that, with few exceptions, these hymns and spiritual songs are neither intended nor adapted for the public worship of the sanctuary.* They are inserted in this supplementary form principally for the use of Christians in private, or the family circle. The melodies to which they have been adapted will shortly be published in a work, entitled, "*The Family Choralist*," consisting of a large collection of admired and popular Melodies, Anthems, Choruses, &c., arranged in score for three and four voices, and for the piano forte, edited by Dr. Gauntlett, and W. H. Kearns, Esq.

- 3 No, onward, still onward, with unreverted
eye,
Let me press through each scene, to my
Father's house on high :
And find that while a pilgrim on Zion's
way I sing,
Nor pleasures can lure me, nor sorrows
deeply sting.

1143

C. M. P.

The joy of hope.

SUTTON.

- 1 **H**AIL, sweetest, dearest tie that binds
Our glowing hearts in one!
Hail, sacred hope, that tunes our minds
To harmony divine :
It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesu's grace has given ;
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven ;
We all shall meet in heaven at last,
We all shall meet in heaven ;
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.
- 2 What though the northern wintry blast
Shall howl around our cot ;
What though beneath the eastern sun
Be cast our distant lot ?
Yet shall we share the blissful hope
Which Jesu's grace has given ;
The hope, &c.
- 3 From Burmah's shores, from Afric's
From India's burning plain, [strand,
From Europe, from Columbia's land,
We hope to meet again.

It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesu's grace has given ;
The hope, &c.

- 4 No lingering look, no parting sigh
Our future meeting knows ;
There friendship beams from every eye,
And hope immortal grows.
Oh sacred hope ! oh blissful hope !
Which Jesu's grace hath given ;
The hope, &c.

1144 8. 7. *The Christian's gratitude.*

- 1 **L**ORD, with glowing heart I'd praise
For the bliss thy love bestows ; [thee
For the pardoning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows ;
Help, O God, my weak endeavour,
This dull soul to rapture raise :
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my love be warm'd to praise.
- 2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray ;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away :
Praise with love's devoutest feeling
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stain'd cross appear.
- 3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express ;
Low before thy footstool kneeling,
Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless ;

1145—1147 SACRED MELODIES.

Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise,
And since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth thy praise.

1145 6's. *The Christian's request.*

WHEN, my heart beguiling,
All around is smiling,
O Lord, remember me :
When afflictions press me,
Sins and fears distress me,
Oh, still remember me !
On the couch when lying,
Languishing, and dying,
When the last, last sighing,
Yields my soul to thee ;—
Then when friends are failing,
Nought on earth availing,—
Oh, then remember me !

1146 P. M. *Farewell to sadness.*

FAREWELL to sadness,
Let every tear depart ;
Wake all to gladness,
Wake, oh, my heart !
Shall worldly triflers raise the song
O'er pleasures they must lose ere long,
And shall not those rejoice and sing
Who love the heavenly King ?
Farewell to sadness, &c.

1147 C. M. *Consolation.*

1 THERE is a smile for every sigh,
For every wound a balm ;

A joy for every Christian's eye,
For every storm a calm.

- 2 Each sigh is sent a smile to light,
Each wound in mercy given,
Each tear-fill'd eye will yet be bright,
Each storm subside in heaven.

1148

7. 6.

Rest in Jesus.

GRINFIELD.

- 1 **H**APPY those who rest have found
In the arms of Jesus ;
Press'd no longer, prison'd, bound,
His glad Spirit frees us :
What was toil and strife within,
Now 't is easy, pleasant ;
Grief of guilt and love of sin
Die where Christ is present.
- 2 Now, by efforts all in vain,
Heavenly peace and favour
Never more we dream to gain,
Making self a saviour :
No, the plan is quite reversed ;
First the sinner sees him :
Tastes his free salvation first,
Then goes forth to please him.
- 3 Yes, if privileged to know
Aught of that dear Saviour,
What a debt of love I owe
For so vast a favour :
Let me trace his path below,
Shunning what would grieve him ;
Till, my trial done, I go
Where I ne'er shall leave him.

1149, 1150 SACRED MELODIES.

1149 P. M. *Heaven is my home.*

1 I 'M but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home :
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home :
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand ;
Heaven is my father-land,
Heaven is my home.

2 What though the tempest rage ?
Heaven is my home :
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home :
And time's wild wintry blast
Soon will be over-past ;
I shall reach home at last :
Heaven is my home.

1150 *The heart knoweth its own bitterness.*

GRINFIELD.

1 ALL may be outwardly desert and
gloom ;
While in the secret soul summer may
bloom.
Health may depart, yet from above
Jesus may give the heart peace, hope,
and love ;
All may be desolate round us the while,
Yet a sweet Paradise inwardly smile.

2 'Tis not in circumstance peace to bestow ;
Nor, where that heaven resides, turn it to
woe ;

Lord, if thou bless, where is distress?
Where, if thou wound, the heart-balm for
the smart?

'T is not in earthly things peace to be-
stow;

Nor, where that heaven resides, turn it
to woe.

1151 8. 4. *The incomparable Friend.*

1 **T**HERE 's a Friend above all others,
Oh how He loves!

His is love beyond a brother's,

Oh how He loves!

Earthly friends may fail and leave us,

This day kind, the next deceive us;

But this Friend will never leave us:

Oh how He loves!

2 Pause, my soul, adore and wonder!

Oh how He loves!

Nought can cleave this love asunder,

Oh how He loves!

Neither trial nor temptation,

Doubt, nor fear, nor tribulation,

Can bereave us of salvation:

Oh how He loves!

3 Let us still this love be viewing,

Oh how He loves!

And, though faint, keep on pursuing,

Oh how He loves!

He will strengthen each endeavour,

And, when pass'd o'er Jordan's river,

This shall be our song for ever,—

Oh how He loves!

1152, 1153 SACRED MELODIES.

1152 11's. *The saints' sweet home.*

- 1 **M**ID scenes of confusion, and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints,
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feel, in the presence of Jesus, at home ;
Home, home, sweet home !
Receive me, dear Saviour, in glory at home.
- 2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace,
And thrice blessed Jesus, whose love cannot cease ;
Though oft from thy presence in sorrow I roam,
I long to behold thee in glory at home.
- 3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee ;
Though now my temptations like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee at home.
- 4 Whate'er thou deny me, oh ! give me thy grace,
The Spirit's true witness, and smiles of thy face ;
Indulge me with patience to wait at thy throne,
And give even now a sweet foretaste of home.
- 5 I long, gracious Lord, in thy presence to shine,
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine,
But in thy fair image arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee at home.

1153 8. 8. 6. 6. *The pilgrim's farewell.*

- 1 **F**AREWELL, poor world ! I must be
gone,
Thou art no home, no rest for me ;
I'll take my staff and travel on,
Till I a better world may see.
- Chor.*—I'll march to Canaan's land,
I'll land on Canaan's shore,
Whose pleasures never end,
Where troubles come no more :
Farewell, farewell, farewell,
Farewell, poor world, farewell !

2 Farewell, poor world! time rolls along,
Nor waits for mortal care or bliss;
I 'll leave thee and I 'll travel on
Till I arrive where Jesus is.

Chor.—I 'll march, &c.

3 ' Stay, stay,' said earth, ' whither, fond
one? [have?'

Here 's a fair world,—what would'st thou
Fair world! nay, *false!* thy beauty 's
A heavenly Canaan, Lord, I crave. [gone;

Chor.—I 'll march, &c.

4 Put on, my soul, put on with speed,
Tho' the way be long, the end is sweet;
Once more, poor world, farewell, indeed,
In leaving thee, my Lord I meet.

Chor.—I 'll march, &c.

1154

8. 4. *Weep not for me.*

DALE.

1 **W**HEN the spark of life is waning,
Weep not for me.

When the languid eye is straining,
Weep not for me.

When the feeble pulse is ceasing,
Start not at its swift decreasing,
'T is the fetter'd soul 's releasing;
Weep not for me.

2 When the pangs of death assail me,
Weep not for me.

Christ is mine—He cannot fail me,
Weep not for me.

Yes, though sin and doubt endeavour
From his love my soul to sever,
Jesus is my strength—for ever.

Weep not for me.

1155, 1156 SACRED MELODIES.

1155

6. 4. *Funeral prayer.*

HEMANS.

- 1 **L**OWLY and solemn be
Thy children's cry to thee,
Father Divine!
A hymn of suppliant breath,
Owing that life and death
Alike are thine.
- 2 O Father, in that hour
When earth all succouring power
Shall disavow;
When spear, and shield, and crown,
In faintness are cast down;
Sustain us, Thou!
- 3 By him who bow'd to take
The death-cup for our sake,
The thorn, the rod;
From whom the last dismay
Was not to pass away;
Aid us, O God!
- 4 Tremblers beside the grave,
We call on thee to save,
Father Divine!
Hear, hear our suppliant breath,
Keep us in life and death,
Thine, only thine!

1156

6. 5. 4.

Mariner's hymn.

MRS. SOUTHEY.

- 1 **L**AUNCH thy bark, mariner!
Christian, God speed thee!
Let loose the rudder-bands,
Good angels lead thee!
Set thy sails warily,
Tempests will come;

- Steer thy course steadily,
Christian, steer home.
- 2 Look to the weather-bow,
Breakers are round thee;
Let fall the plummet now,
Shallows may ground thee.
Reef in the foresail, there!
Hold the helm fast!
So—let the vessel wear—
There swept the blast.
- 3 ‘ What of the night, watchman,
What of the night?’
‘ Cloudy—all quiet—
No land yet—all ’s right;’
Be wakeful, be vigilant—
Danger may be
At an hour when all seemeth
Securest to thee.
- 4 How! gains the leak so fast?
Clear out the hold—
Hoist up thy merchandise,
Heave out thy gold;
There—let the ingots go—
Now the ship rights;
Hurra! the harbour’s near—
Lo, the red lights!
- 5 Slacken not sail yet
At inlet or island;
Straight for the beacon steer,
Straight for the high land;
Crowd all thy canvas on,
Cut through the foam—
Christian, cast anchor now—
Christian, steer home.

1157, 1158 SACRED MELODIES.

1157

112th.

Mariner's hymn.

GRINFIELD.

- 1 **S**WEETLY ye blow, celestial gales,
Our oars let us ply, and expand our
sails,
Faithful our chart, our compass even,
Our anchor is hope, our harbour heaven.
Sweetly blow on, celestial gales,
Be patience for oars, and be prayer for sails.
- 2 What though, at times, a rough wind blow,
And breakers abound, and the tide runs
low,
Think, when we gain the wish'd for shore,
How sweet to repose, our labours o'er!
On! let us on! to chase our fear,
The haven 's in view, and the Saviour 's
near.
- 3 Hark to their voice! (that white-robed host
To welcome us waits on the blissful coast,)
Once, like yourselves, 'mid grief and fear,
We anchor'd on hope, and landed here;
On! brethren, on! your sails expand,
The haven 's in view, and the Lord at hand.

1158

112th.

The same.

- 1 **S**WEETLY let 's join our evening prayer,
And give to the winds all earthly care;
We 'll sing and row o'er life's rough sea,
We are sailing to eternity.
Blow, breezes, blow, the gales of grace,
The haven of glory 's our resting place.
- 2 Though dark 's the night in which we sail,
Our Pilot 's on board, we cannot fail;

The wind and waves his voice obey'd,
And the great deep by him was made.

Chor. Blow, breezes, blow, &c.

- 3 Faintly at times we pull the oar,
Yet every stroke brings nearer shore ;
Cross winds, rough waves, are in the way ;
Pull strong the oar, and humbly pray :

Chor. Blow, breezes, blow, &c.

- 4 Make, make the port, the tide runs high ;
Unfurl the white sails, the haven is nigh ;
The hills and dales of life look dim,
We 'll sing to our friends the farewell

Chor. Blow, breezes, blow, &c. [hymn.]

- 5 And when the port of glory 's gain'd,
And full redemption we 've obtain'd,
With saints and angels we will sing
The wonders of our God and King.

Chor. Blow, breezes, blow, &c.

1159

7. 6. 8.

Christian hope.

GRINFIELD.

HOW still, amidst commotion,
The bark, at anchor cast ;
Around her heaves the ocean,
Her anchor holds her fast :
And hope, an anchor of the soul,
How stedfast to the soul is given ;
Around him waves of trial roll,
His hope is fix'd in heaven.

1160

5. 4.

Why art thou disquieted ? Ps. xlii. 5—11.

GRINFIELD.

- 1 **W**HY art thou grieving, if to the Lord
Still thou art cleaving, keeping his
word ?

Art not thou dying daily at best?
 Will not all sighing soon be at rest?
 Ever to cheer thee on to thine end,
 Jesus is near thee, he is thy friend.

- 2 Has he not sought thee, once far astray?
 Has he not brought thee still on thy way?
 Foes might assail thee, fears might oppress,
 When did he fail thee in thy distress?
 Why art thou grieving, if to the Lord
 Still thou art cleaving, keeping his word?

1161 8. 3. *Come thou with us.* Num. x. 29.
*We will go with you, for we have heard that
 God is with you.* Zech. viii. 23.

- 1 **WE** are travelling home to heaven
 above, Come with us.
 To sing the Saviour's dying love,
 Come with us.
 Millions have reach'd that happy shore,
 Their toils and conflicts all are o'er,
 But still there 's room for millions more :
 Come with us.
- 2 We are going to walk the plains of light,
 Come with us.
 To where there is no curse nor night,
 Come with us.
 A glorious crown we then shall wear,
 The conqueror's palm we then shall bear,
 And all the joys of glory share :
 Come with us.
- 3 The Saviour all-sufficient grace
 Will bestow,
 And cheer us with his smiling face
 As we go ;

And when our pilgrimage is o'er,
 Will land us safe on yon blest shore,
 Where we shall sin nor sorrow more.

Will you go?

4 With you to Canaan's happy land
 We will go ;
 For God is with the pilgrim-band,
 We will go.

To Jesus we would give our heart,
 With every sin and idol part,
 And with his people have our part,
 Weal or woe.

1162

12. 11.

Divine compassion.

COLLYER.

1 **H**OW great thy compassion,
 My God and my Saviour,
 To purchase my life
 At the cost of thy own ;
 When wrath intercepted
 The flow of thy favour,
 'T was pity, soft pity,
 That brought Jesus down.

2 The Saviour incarnate,
 More mild than the morning,
 Compassion and mercy
 Still beam'd from his eyes ;
 His head crown'd with briers,
 The sword his side piercing,
 ' My Father, forgive them,'
 He whispers, and dies.

3 Assist me, Redeemer,
 That pardon to credit
 Which thou didst secure
 At the price of thy blood ;

1163, 1164 SACRED MELODIES.

Speak peace to my conscience,
Then summon my spirit
To reign with thy saints
In the mansions of God.

1163

8. 7. 8.

The pilgrim to Zion.

1 **W**HITHER goest thou, pilgrim stranger,
Wandering through this gloomy vale?
Know'st thou not 't is full of danger,
And will not thy courage fail?

No! I'm bound for the kingdom,
And hope through grace to reach the
Hallelujah, praise ye the Lord. [place.

2 Pilgrim thou dost justly call me,
Travelling through the desert wide;
But no ill shall e'er befall me,
While I'm blest with such a guide.
I am bound, &c.

3 Pilgrim, see that stream before thee,
Darkly rolling through the vale;
Should its boisterous waves roll o'er thee
Would not then thy courage fail?
No! I'm bound, &c.

4 No, that stream has nothing frightful,
To its brink my steps I bend,
And shall find its waves delightful,
There my pilgrimage will end.
For I'm bound, &c.

1164

9. 3.

God is love.

1 **W**HAT sound is this through heaven
resounding?— God is love;
From earth I hear the sound rebound-
ing,— God is love:

Yes, while adoring hosts proclaim,
 Love is his nature, love his name,
 My soul in rapture cries the same,—
 God is love.

2 This song repeat, ye saints in glory,—
 God is love.
 And saints on earth, shout back the
 story,— God is love;
 In this let heaven and earth agree,
 To sound his love both full and free,
 And let the theme for ever be,—
 God is love.

3 Creation's thousand tongues proclaim-
 ing,— God is love;
 And providence unites, exclaiming,
 God is love;
 But let the burden'd sinner hear
 The gospel sounding loud and clear,
 To every soul both far and near,
 God is love.

1165

5. 6.

Breast the wave, Christian.

1 **B**REAST the wave, Christian, when it
 is strongest, [night's longest,
 Watch for day, Christian, when the
 Onward and onward, still be thine en-
 deavour,
 The rest that remaineth will be for ever.

2 Fight the fight, Christian, Jesus is o'er
 thee, [fore thee;
 Run the race, Christian, heaven is be-
 He who hath promised faltereth never,
 The love of eternity flows on for ever.

1166, 1167 SACRED MELODIES.

- 3 Lift the eye, Christian, just as it closeth ;
Raise the heart, Christian, ere it repositeth ;
Thee from the love of Christ nothing
shall sever, [him for ever.
Mount when thy work is done—praise

1166

C. M.

Never part again.

- 1 **Y**E souls that trust in Christ, rejoice,
Your sins are all forgiven ;
Let every Christian lift his voice,
And sing the joys of heaven.

Chor.—We are marching through Im-
manuel's ground,

And soon shall hear the trumpet sound ;

We hope with Jesus then to reign,

And never, never part again. [again :

What ! never part again ? No, never part

We hope with Jesus then to reign,

And never, never part again.

- 2 Heaven is that holy happy place
Where sin no more defiles,
Where God our Saviour shows his face,
In endless love and smiles.
We are marching, &c.

- 3 Where saints are free from every load
Of passions or of pains ;
God dwells in them, and they in God,
And love for ever reigns.
We are marching, &c.

1167

L. M.

The joys of home.

WILSON.

- 1 **L**ET others bow at fashion's shrine,
And through the maze of pleasure
roam,

- The calmer joys of life be mine,
 My cheerful hearth, my quiet home.
- 2 The brightest cheek that ever bloom'd
 Is turn'd by dissipation pale:
 The heart's best feelings are entomb'd
 In scenes where guilty joys prevail.
- 3 Let others shine in gay attire,
 And range through fashion's giddy round ;
 Give me the calm, domestic fire,
 Where peace and holy joys abound !

1168

8. 8. 7.

Family harmony.

KNOX.

- 1 OH ! sweet as vernal dews that fill
 The closing buds on Zion's hill,
 When evening clouds draw thither,
 So sweet, so heavenly 't is, to see
 The members of one family
 Live peacefully together !
- 2 The children, like the lily flowers,
 On which descend the sun and showers,
 Their hues of beauty blending,—
 The parents like the willow boughs,
 On which the lovely foliage grows,
 Their friendly shade extending.
- 3 But leaves the greenest will decay,—
 And flowers the brightest fade away,
 When autumn winds are sweeping ;
 And be the household e'er so fair,
 The hand of death will soon be there,
 And turn the scene to weeping !
- 4 Yet leaves again will clothe the trees,
 And lilies wave beneath the breeze,
 When spring comes smiling hither ;

1169, 1170 SACRED MELODIES.

And friends who parted at the tomb,
May yet renew their loveliest bloom,
And meet in heaven together.

1169

7. 6. 7.

The same.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

- 1 **O**NWARD—heavenward, let us press,
Through the path of duty:
Virtue is true happiness,—
Excellence, true beauty.
Minds are of celestial birth;
Let us seek a heaven on earth!
- 2 Sweetest bonds of friendship, here,
Bind our hearts together;
Where our fireside comforts cheer,
In the wildest weather:
Oh! they wander wide who roam,
For the joys of life, from home!
- 3 Bonds of everlasting love
Draw our souls in union,
To our Father's house above,
To the saints' communion:
Thither may our hopes ascend;
There may all our labours end!

1170

7. 6. 4.

Sweet home.

BARTON.

- 1 **W**HERE burns the fireside brightest,
Cheering the social breast?
Where beats the fond heart lightest,
Its humble hopes possess'd?
Where is the hour of sadness
With meek-eyed patience borne?

Worth more than those of gladness,
 Which mirth's gay cheeks adorn!
 Pleasure is mark'd by fleetness,
 To those who ever roam;
 While grief itself has sweetness
 At home—sweet home!

2 There blend the ties that strengthen
 Our hearts in hours of grief,—
 The silver links that lengthen
 Joy's visits when most brief:
 There eyes, in all their splendour,
 Are vocal to the heart;
 And glances, bright and tender,
 Fresh eloquence impart:
 Then, dost thou sigh for pleasure?
 Oh! do not widely roam;
 But seek that hidden treasure
 At home—sweet home!

1171

12. 11.

Peace of mind.

SAY, why should thy breast be disturb'd with
 Each trifle?

Oh, why should not gloom and anxiety cease?
 When sacred communion each murmur would stifle,
 And charm all thy spirit to purified peace?
 What heart-healing balm for corrosions of sadness,
 The glory, the grace, of thy God to review;
 What a life-breathing watchword to love, hope, and
 gladness,
 Is all he hath done, and hath promised to do!

1172

11's.

Forsake me not.

GRINFIELD.

1 OH do not forsake me,
 My Father, my Friend!
 When I wander, o'ertake me,
 And guide to the end!

- With tenderness draw me ;
 Nor let me repine
 If thy chastening o'erawe me ;
 I must be made thine.
- 2 When neglect, sin, and error,
 On consciousness crowd,
 Under sorrow, or terror,
 My spirit is bow'd,
 When I muse on thy mercies,
 Thy patience, love, care ;
 Then the dark cloud disperses—
 I cannot despair.
- 3 Oh, no! thou wilt never,—
 So faithful, so kind,—
 From thy favour *one* sever,
 Who thee, Lord, would find.
 'T is I that oft leave thee ;
 Forgive me, restore ;
 And, Lord, let me leave thee
 No more, never more!

- 1 **F**AREWELL, my friends beloved,
 Time passes fleetly ;
 When moments are improved,
 Time passes sweetly :
 In Jesus we are one ;
 When our few years are gone,
 Before the shining throne
 We'll meet in glory.
- 2 The woes of life we feel,
 And its temptations ;
 But let us wisely fill
 Our proper stations :

Soldiers of Christ, hold fast ;
 The war will soon be past ;
 When vict'ry comes at last,
 We'll meet in glory.

- 3 And O what joys shall crown
 That happy meeting !
 We'll bow before the throne,
 Each other greeting :
 Refresh'd, again we start :
 Though for a while we part,
 Yet always join'd in heart,
 We'll meet in glory.

1174

C. M. P.

The same.

GRINFIELD.

WAKE, my voice, oh, wake once more,
 To breathe a farewell lay !
 How soon must all thy songs be o'er !
 How soon thy powers decay ;
 Yet cheer thy tone with hope, ere long,
 Reviving, still to raise
 A sweeter far, far nobler song,
 A song of ceaseless praise !
 Then wake, my voice, oh, wake once more
 And breathe this parting lay ;
 Ere yet thy songs on earth be o'er,
 And thou too die away.

THE END.

INDEX TO FIRST LINES OF VERSES.

Hymn and Page	Hymn and Page	Hymn and Page
ACCEPT, O God... 3 p. 522	All perfection 2 p. 22	And see the glo- . 3 p. 418
Accept our praise 2 p. 522	All power is in ... 2 p. 422	And shall I grudge 1 p. 434
A clod of living... 2 p. 512	All the chosen 9 p. 584	And shall we ever ... 444
A cloud of witnesses . 302	All their toils 7 p. 587	And shall we long ... 175
A country of 4 p. 318	All things are ready... 486	And should it..... 3 p. 212
A day of vengeance ... 193	All things on earth ... 33	And since the ... 5 p. 522
Adoring angels tune . 31	All to the great..... 410	And stay not 2 p. 404
A few more rolling 2 p. 172	All unholy and ... 1 p. 296	And tell the 4 p. 418
A few short days 6 p. 564	All ye that love 455	And then never... 8 p. 585
A few successful 2 p. 326	Almighty God ... 12 p. 116	And there while 73
Afflictions may ... 2 p. 584	Almighty God, thy ... 523	And think that ... 5 p. 564
Afflictions should..... 491	Almighty grace, thy . 86	And thou blest ... 1 p. 322
Afric's emancipat- 2 p. 418	Almighty king of 40	And though not... 5 p. 569
After death its ... 2 p. 377	Almighty Saviour 602	And thus shall ... 8 p. 553
Again he lives and ... 251	Alone the dreadful 3 p. 346	And thus when... 5 p. 564
Again in awful ... 3 p. 576	Along the lovely . 1 p. 197	And was the 5 p. 545
Again our restless ... 534	Already, he has . 2 p. 557	And wast thou 74
Again the spirit 41	Although the 1 p. 286	And what am I... 1 p. 331
Again thy wonted 4 p. 420	Amazing goodness 70	And what is all... 5 p. 547
Against the God . 2 p. 172	Amazing grace and ... 455	And when by 3 p. 473
Aghast the hostile 307	Amazing love that 265, 139	And when mighty 3 p. 571
A glimpse, a single 3 p. 299	Amazing love, how 3 p. 298	And when my cheerful 213
A glory gilds 2 p. 43	Amazing love, that yet 267	And when my Saviour 447
A glorious king... 2 p. 284	Amazing patience 3 p. 318	And where'er in 2 p. 498
A hand divine ... 2 p. 405	Amazing wisdom 50	And when the port... 1158
A harvest of im- 3 p. 422	Amazing work, look... 38	And when the..... 2 p. 146
A holy quiet 6 p. 551	Amen, with joys 3 p. 535	And when these... 2 p. 479
Ah, foolish choice..... 520	Amen, with joy ... 1 p. 420	And when these li- 1 p. 515
Ah, how foolish 270	Amidst the glories 80	And when the work . 417
Ah, Lord, enlarge 3 p. 252	Amid the anguish 5 p. 550	And when thro'... 4 p. 422
Ah, Lord! let 5 p. 584	Amid the shouts 1 p. 578	And when thy victories 77
Ah, Lord! we ... 3 p. 322	A moment give a 144	And when with wel- . 492
Ah, Lord! with ... 1 p. 439	Among the nations 5 p. 422	And while they... 3 p. 427
Ah, Lord! with ... 6 p. 587	Among the saints..... 255	And while thy serv- 602
Ah no, till life... 2 p. 170	A mystical plurality . 649	And while your ... 3 p. 564
Ah, no, when..... 2 p. 170	An arduous race . 2 p. 470	And whilst he ... 2 p. 146
Ah, no, then 1 p. 524	And blest are 2 p. 522	And will ye go ... 2 p. 439
Ah, what can I... 3 p. 306	And can I long ... 2 p. 585	And yet ten thou- 1 p. 473
Ah, why have..... 3 p. 418	And can my soul..... 279	And yet there is . 3 p. 299
A joyful harvest... 1 p. 504	And can no sovereign 188	And yet this thought- 495
A kingdom of 234	And can these 371	And you who..... 5 p. 346
A kingdom which..... 234	And canst thou..... 86	Angel bands these ... 596
A land of corn 232	And could a single 526	Angel of gospel 180
Alas, sin and 2 p. 587	And did my Sav- 5 p. 346	Angels and men resign 85
A life in heaven 10 p. 585	And didst thou bleed . 137	Angels and men . 2 p. 12
A life thus well... 2 p. 226	And from his..... 1 p. 572	Angels with saints 2 p. 346
A little genuine . 2 p. 305	And hast thou, Lord . 169	Anon, he bursts . 2 p. 146
All, all is o'er..... 7 p. 551	And have not..... 2 p. 404	Answer the wrestling 600
All as one adore 676	And in the great... 1 p. 339	Answer thine 1 p. 576
All crown'd 2 p. 504	And is it open 8 p. 116	A place is mine ... 1 p. 580
All earthly joys... 1 p. 402	And is there nought... 330	Apostles, martyrs 3 p. 585
All else which we..... 238	And may the gospel . 340	Apostles trod this 455
All hail, incarnate 2 p. 422	And may the holy..... 391	Are not all king- 2 p. 419
All hail, thou..... 1 p. 479	And now in words 578	Are not the righteous 526
All hail, tri... 140, 349, 430	And now their ... 2 p. 505	Are there no foes 228
Allied to thee..... 2 p. 172	And now they..... 6 p. 587	Arise, my soul, from 99
All honour and praise 560	And now they sink ... 588	Around him may 413
All honour to his 239	And now though . 3 p. 580	Around his sacred 1 p. 146
All I meet, I find 1 p. 541	And now to God . 1 p. 394	Around my path... 1 p. 37
All my capacious 1 p. 173	And oh, while 8 p. 564	Around the bloody 1 p. 146
All nature owns... 1 p. 12	And on each 2 p. 338	Around this cross 3 p. 135
All o'er those 1 p. 584	And, O when..... 1 p. 420	Around the fainting... 157

Hymn and Page	Hymn and Page	Hymn and Page
Around that 5 p. 584	Before our Father's ... 254	Bought with thy 133
Art thou my Fa- 2 p. 521	Before the throne 1 p. 585	Bound by his 1 p. 306
Art thou not 181	Before the world 1 p. 170	Bound to each soul ... 413
Art thou not it ... 4 p. 420	Before thy word 4	Bow'd by affliction 6 p. 563
Art thou to seri- 3 p. 353	Begin, my soul..... 148	Bow ere the awful ... 267
As all are welcome 4 p. 115	Begone for ever... 1 p. 402	Bow to the sceptre, 1 p. 116
As an emblem of 1 p. 449	Begone, unworthy ... 187	Break from his... 5 p. 567
A scrip on my..... 2 p. 584	Behind I glance... 1 p. 8	Break off, then ... 8 p. 585
As different scenes 1 p. 226	Be his Almighty 381	Break off your tears... 474
As does the dying 2 p. 322	Behold a purple..... 138	Break, sovereign 39
As Elijah's car ... 2 p. 583	Behold at thy..... 2 p. 339	Break the tempe- 1 p. 427
As from the water 2 p. 442	Behold him buried 2 p. 442	Break up these 236
Ashamed of Jesus 1 p. 451	Behold him for 74	Break with thy ... 3 p. 336
As he above for..... 202	Behold Jehovah's 519	Brightness of the 132
Asia and Africa ... 2 p. 419	Behold my heart ... 5 p. 215	Bright terrors guard . 527
As I have tasted... 2 p. 585	Behold my vital 21	Britain, adore..... 2 p. 535
A sinful creature... 4 p. 523	Behold the awful 1 p. 571	Britain, all guilty..... 526
As in soft silence 209	Behold the fiery... 2 p. 570	Brought near 3 p. 135
As Isaac and..... 1 p. 513	Behold the grave 455	But a dividing ... 3 p. 578
Ask and I'll 2 p. 419	Behold the hand 49	But a drought ... 1 p. 427
Asleep in Jesus... 8 p. 551	Behold the portal 165	But, ah, how blind ... 166
As on the totter- 2 p. 146	Behold what..... 2 p. 523	But, ah, in vain... 1 p. 500
As our steps are 605	Behold your king 175	But, ah, my in- ... 1 p. 170
As sanctified to ... 1 p. 226	Believe the heavenly . 118	But, ah, my inmost sp. 277
Assist me, Redeemer 1162	Beneath a numer- 1 p. 564	But, ah, should my ... 106
Assist me while . 1 p. 351	Beneath his eye 431	But, ah, the..... 4 p. 366
Assist your fellow 2 p. 226	Beneath thy balmy ... 547	But, ah, to spread 5 p. 418
As springs mild... 6 p. 422	Beneath the in- ... 1 p. 420	But all the notes 486
As the image 4 p. 353	Beneath thy soul 139	But a sweet..... 3 p. 322
As the Omniscent 78	Be neither wealth..... 262	But canst thou ... 2 p. 114
As through a glass ... 245	Bent on such 3 p. 566	But, careless 8 p. 116
A sure and certain 4 p. 569	Be ours the bliss . 1 p. 523	But, chiefest in our ... 617
As with a seraph's 1 p. 554	Be peace implored 9 p. 346	But chiefly when 1 p. 420
At his call, the ... 1 p. 577	Be still, my soul 507	But Christ can ... 4 p. 523
At his command we ... 280	Be this and 2 p. 491	But cloud and wind... 310
At Jesus' call 4 p. 318	Be this my chief 548	But dip it in the . 3 p. 366
At length the suffering 314	Be this my one ... 1 p. 549	But earth and..... 1 p. 470
At length through 2 p. 585	Be this the purpose ... 334	But ere that tru- 1 p. 572
At length to God..... 437	Be thou his strength . 413	But even here..... 5 p. 562
At midnight 3 p. 566	Be thou my all 105	But faith shall..... 4 p. 551
At night, we 1 p. 226	Be thou my joy... 4 p. 211	But feeble my compas- 42
Attendant plagues 539	Be thou near us 596	But flowers of paradise 239
Attention to the 380	Be with me still 68	But God can all 155
At the dread order 501	Beyond a doubt ... 1 p. 439	But greater still 499
At thy approaching ... 349	Beyond an angel's..... 5	But hark my 1 p. 442
At thy last gasp 136	Beyond the cho-... 4 p. 326	But hark those 3 p. 305
Author and guar- 3 p. 331	Beyond the fight 6 p. 553	But hast thou ... 1 p. 422
Avert thy swift 413	Beyond this vale . 4 p. 584	But he for his own 272
A very wretch 1 p. 252	Bid the tempestuous . 266	But help me to 244
A victory glorious..... 317	Blessed and holy 672	But he that turns 1 p. 116
Awake, awake..... 2 p. 581	Blessed are the... 11 p. 115	But he who marks..... 435
Awake, awake, ye 421, 491	Bless'd be thy..... 1 p. 322	But how must..... 3 p. 583
Awake, my soul 568	Bless'd emblem of 471	But if I die with..... 355
Awake our love... 1 p. 453	Bless'd Father 3 p. 211	But if indeed I would 309
Awake, ye saints 568	Bless'd Saviour 302	But if the baleful 2 p. 231
Away each grovelling . 519	Blessing, honour 666	But if thou delay 3 p. 212
Away each unbeliev- 286	Bless those who ... 3 p. 360	But if thy spirit ... 1 p. 371
Away these in- ... 1 p. 553	Blest fellowship 96	But if we longer ... 1 p. 396
Away, ye dreams . 1 p. 135	Blest is the man, 1 p. 224	But ignorance itself ... 244
Away, ye false 518	Blest inhabitant, 1 p. 418	But I'll retire..... 52
BABES, men..... 1 p. 177	Blest Jesus, ani- 5 p. 322	But in thy gospel 2 p. 297
Back from the... 13 p. 542	Blest Jesus, intercede 155	But in the world of ... 35
Backsliders filled 1 p. 121	Blest Lamb of..... 1 p. 580	But is the contrite 2 p. 331
Banish'd at once 3 p. 550	Blest of my Father, 1 p. 573	But let sufficient 2 p. 580
Baptized into thy 653	Blest pool, in which . 471	But let the creatures .. 5
Baptized into your 1 p. 470	Blessed state be- . 9 p. 584	But let us hasten 2 p. 396
Barren and with- 2 p. 511	Blest therewith ... 1 p. 541	But life attends the... 137
Because the Sa- . 6 p. 522	Blnd unbelief is..... 34	But lo, from yond- 1 p. 442
Before him thy pro-... 415	Bold shall I stand..... 84	But, Lord, have..... 502
Before me place... 1 p. 549	Born by a new 323	But, Lord, thy..... 1 p. 420
	Born thy people..... 162	But lo, what won- 1 p. 580

Hymn and Page
 But man endow'd 1
 But mark the change 520
 But may a poor bewil- 113
 But may heaven...4 p. 515
 But may such a..... 270
 But must I part ...2 p. 402
 But no, my desire 5 p. 584
 But no such sacrifice.. 271
 But now he lives...2 p. 294
 But now instructed 3 p. 523
 But now the2 p. 427
 But oft, alas! we...2 p. 318
 But oft these sha-..... 399
 But, oh, be thou ...2 p. 537
 But, oh, immeasurable 38
 But, oh, my Lord 1 p. 241
 But, oh, that brighter 30
 But, oh, that vast 2 p. 563
 But, oh, the chief 1 p. 215
 But, oh, the joy..... 79
 But, oh, what draughts 56
 But, oh, what healing 157
 But, oh, what hu- 3 p. 504
 But, oh, what a ...2 p. 553
 But, oh, when gloomy 316
 But one can yet ... 2 p. 268
 But patient let my..... 582
 But pleasures more ... 547
 But plunged benea-4 p. 135
 But pride, that1 p. 345
 But ransom'd..... 1 p. 129
 But saints undau- 1 p. 570
 But see my glorio- 2 p. 552
 But see the wonders... 148
 But shall the1 p. 217
 But should my bright- 548
 But should these 262
 But should we in 280
 But sinners fill'd...6 p. 578
 But sinners scorn 2 p. 412
 But something ...2 p. 303
 But soon, alas!.....1 p. 404
 But soon canst thou ... 501
 But still the wonders 29
 But, thanks to God... 50
 But that to those 7 p. 564
 But there are joys..... 436
 But the third day 347
 But they who heard... 414
 But thou didst.....4 p. 115
 But thou hast bre-4 p. 433
 But thou hast to .. 6 p. 563
 But thy Almighty 102
 But thy rich, thy 132
 But to complete ...1 p. 27
 But to those who 1 p. 577
 But we thy mercies... 502
 But when, great ...1 p. 294
 But when I see ... 1 p. 199
 But when this hisping 169
 But when to Calvary 588
 But when the 1 p. 550
 But when we view..... 112
 But while around 487
 But who the hap- 5 p. 562
 But who this rele-3 p. 586
 But why does 1 p. 322
 But why from these 481
 But wonder more 3 p. 318
 By all its joys 265
 By day, by night...1 p. 510

Hymn and Page
 By every name of 308
 By faith in thee the ... 590
 By faith I see..... 304
 By him who bow'd ...1155
 By his care the....4 p. 505
 By nature prone to ... 309
 By our illustrious 317
 By patience we 263
 By pious crowds ...2 p. 338
 By purest love to 417
 By thee my prayer 3 p. 173
 By the same grace 6 p. 566
 By their salvation..... 153
 By this inspired..... 87
 By thy hands 2 p. 558

CALL a bright 38
 Calm as the summer's 5
 Can aught beneath 4 p. 212
 Can I exemption 1 p. 524
 Can I Gethsemane 2 p. 479
 Can I pronounce...1 p. 252
 Can I survey this 137
 Can laughter feed 229
 Can these assuage..... 83
 Can they celestial 398
 Can they protect us ... 398
 Can this be he.....2 p. 578
 Can this world.....7 p. 581
 Can we whose..... 6 p. 418
 Care, pain, and ... 7 p. 551
 Cast out thy foes 189
 Cease that dark ... 3 p. 542
 Cease, ye pilgrims..... 301
 Celestial Dove, de- ... 256
 Celestial King, thy ... 503
 Chain'd to his..... 9
 Cheer'd by a signal ... 92
 Cheerful where'er 89
 Cheerfulness3 p. 505
 Children of Adam 2 p. 570
 Children, our 1 p. 523
 Christ in his.....2 p. 438
 Christ shall the 325
 Christians cannot 2 p. 576
 Christians dry 1 p. 346
 Church of Christ...4 p. 570
 Clean hearts, O...10 p. 585
 Clear as the sun ... 2 p. 403
 Closer and closer 2 p. 396
 Close to the root ... 9 p. 116
 Clothe them with 426
 Come Almighty ... 3 p. 101
 Come as the dew 603
 Come as the dove 603
 Come as the fire..... 603
 Come as the light 603
 Come, bless the Lord... 348
 Come, come my ... 2 p. 553
 Come, dear majes- 1 p. 573
 Come, dearest ... 404, 137
 Come, death.....2 p. 553
 Come, desire of 130
 Come, great Redeemer 476
 Come, heaven 1 p. 402
 Come, Holy Ghost 4 p. 211
 Come, Holy Ghost, and 304
 Come in, thou3 p. 583
 Come, King of kings 476
 Come let us 1 p. 419
 Come, Lord, and 476

Hymn and Page
 Come, Lord, thy ...4 p. 366
 Come, Lord, when 2 p. 554
 Come quickly 1 p. 479
 Come refresh this 183
 Come, saints, and drop 474
 Come, saints, and hear 438
 Come, sacred Spirit ... 210
 Come, sacred Spirit ... 92
 Come, sinners, ... 10 p. 116
 Come, then celest- 2 p. 215
 Come, then, dear...1 p. 206
 Come, then, O5 p. 422
 Come, then, thou 1 p. 422
 Come, then, thou 5 p. 473
 Come, then, ye men ... 362
 Come thou, dear ...4 p. 351
 Come, thou incarnate 643
 Come to his table...4 p. 473
 Come with us 3 p. 473
 Come, ye angelic...1 p. 554
 Come, ye blessed...1 p. 575
 Come, ye discon...9 p. 504
 Come, ye redeemed ... 455
 Come, ye thirsty...1 p. 115
 Come, ye weary... 1 p. 115
 Comfort through...1 p. 216
 Command thy blessing 591
 Commerce no more ... 480
 Commission'd...1 p. 454
 Compassion moves ... 102
 Compell'd by bleeding 118
 Complete atonement 221
 Completely heal 411
 Condemn'd thy..... 203
 Conduct us safe... 1 p. 207
 Confined like a ... 3 p. 586
 Constrain my..... 1 p. 212
 Content, obscure, I ... 91
 Continue still to 468
 Convinced and hum- 598
 Could I but say..... 171
 Could I joy his 250
 Could I my wish...1 p. 514
 Could I such 3 p. 226
 Could my heart so... 250
 Cover his enemies ... 536
 Create my soul...1 p. 345
 Creation's Author 1 p. 129
 Creation's thousands 1164
 Cries to God thy 347
 Crimes of such 85
 Crown him, ye.....1 p. 177
 Crown my last...2 p. 551
 Crown the Saviour 3 p. 177

DAILY I'll seek ... 2 p. 114
 Dark are the ways..... 538
 Darkness, and pain... 437
 Darkness fills my 270
 Darkly they roam, 1 p. 420
 Dash it with thy 264
 Daughter of Zion 616
 Days of trial, days 9 p. 542
 Dear dying Lamb..... 169
 Dearest Saviour... 1 p. 427
 Dear Father, we...2 p. 543
 Dear is the spot...7 p. 553
 Dear Lord, one.... 2 p. 439
 Dear Lord, regard 507
 Dear Lord, the ardour 446
 Dear Lord, thy.... 1 p. 336

Hymn and Page	Hymn and Page	Hymn and Page
Dear Lord, what 485	Dying, the King 122	Farewell, poor world 1153
Dear Lord, while we... 488	EACH faithful..... 280	Far far, beyond ... 2 p. 403
Dear name, the... 3 p. 173	Each idol tread... 1 p. 212	Far from my heart 262
Dear Saviour, draw... 120	Each moment wa- ... 200	Far in the distant 6 p. 564
Dear Saviour let thy... 70	Each object we ... 1 p. 547	Far may thy.....1 p. 358
Dear Saviour, let 117	Each others' 3 p. 258	Father, does thy...1 p. 296
Dear Saviour, thy 4 p. 366	Each rolling 1 p. 67	Father, fix my soul ... 237
Dear Saviour 1 p. 587	Each sacred prin- 3 p. 215	Father, forgive ... 1 p. 258
Dear Saviour, to thy 494	Each sigh is sent1147	Father, God, thy love 673
Dear Saviour, we 2 p. 454	Each star that.....3 p. 504	Father, hear us..... 668
Dear Shepherd of 2 p. 339	Early disciples, 15 p. 515	Father, in us 1 p. 361
Dear Shepherd, if 1 p. 197	Earth from afar..... 26	Father, I see thy 24
Dear Sovereign of..... 187	Eat, O my friends 1 p. 482	Father, O let thy, 9 p. 585
Death enters 5 p. 581	E'en down to..... 1 p. 128	Father, Redeemer..... 657
Death's feeble.....1 p. 562	E'en now by faith 7 p. 440	Father, see the victim 76
Death may our souls 81	E'en now my 1 p. 215	Father, Spirit and..... 107
Death may the bands 556	E'er since by faith ... 169	Fearful thou in ... 2 p. 22
Death's vale shall, 3 p. 197	Effectual let the... 7 p. 479	Fear him, ye saints 285
Decide the dubi-...3 p. 540	Embrace him..... 3 p. 115	Fearless of the1 p. 449
Delightful work... 1 p. 523	Endanger'd or.....2 p. 231	Fear not, brethren 240
Deluded worm ... 3 p. 115	Engage this.....1 p. 297	Fear not, I am ... 1 p. 128
Deep are the wounds . 77	Enlarge, inflame. 415	Fear not that he...1 p. 288
Deep horror, then 2 p. 197	Enlarge my soul 24	Fear not the 288
Deep in unfathomable 34	Enough, my gracious 103	Fear not their..... 2 p. 303
Depart from me... 1 p. 572	Enough to think, 9 p. 585	Fear, sacred passion 227
Depart, ye sons ... 1 p. 578	Enter my soul 165	Fed by their active 411
Depending on.....2 p. 293	Enter our hearts . 2 p. 404	Felix up starts 380
Descend again..... 2 p. 454	Enter thine ark 104	Fellowship with...2 p. 451
Descend celestial 6 p. 346	Enter with all ... 1 p. 299	Fight on my faithful 328
Descend celestial fire 298	Enthroned above 484	Fight the fight 1165
Descending from 191	Enwrap in thick, 2 p. 172	Fill'd with delight 1 p. 584
Detach from 1 p. 212	Equal the awful 502	Fill our hearts with ... 611
Determined to save... 290	Ere long a heaven-2 p. 172	Fill us now with...2 p. 558
Did archangels sing... 132	Ere long we hope 5 p. 336	Find in Christ.....6 p. 115
Did I a world..... 3 p. 313	Ere long will 9 p. 551	Finish'd all the..... 71
Did I meet no..... 2 p. 306	Ere earth's found-1 p. 573	Finish then thy... 3 p. 101
Did I possess thee..... 259	Eternal life at.....2 p. 153	Firm in his foot...10 p. 585
Did Jesus leave... 2 p. 293	Eternal life thy... 1 p. 440	First-born of.....3 p. 252
Did not the Lord 568	Eternal One 632	Fix'd in their..... 9 p. 553
Did not your heart 2 p. 439	Eternal pleasures 2 p. 121	Fix'd is their 1 p. 582
Did pity ever stoop ... 251	Eternal Spirit..... 455	Floods of tribu-... 1 p. 541
Didst thou the great 446	Eternity, tremendous 548	Fly abroad, thou 428
Dipt in his fellow's ... 53	Events with proph- ... 419	Fly time away.....5 p. 579
Direct, control.....1 p. 491	Every creature living 428	For all that come 153
Dispensing good 166	Every eye shall... 1 p. 576	For all that early 4 p. 523
Distracting thou- 1 p. 361	Every fallen soul 65	For all we hope 127
Divine Instructor..... 46	Every island..... 1 p. 576	Forbid it gracious 1 p. 17
Does he want slaves... 90	Every note with 142	Forbid it Saviour 230
Does not thy sa- 1 p. 294	Exalt the Lamb of ... 57	For every thirsty 120
Do not I love thee ... 225	Exalted Saviour 269	Forget thee, I..... 4 p. 427
Do not let us then 4 p. 564	Exert that power 2 p. 421	Forgive me, Lord 1 p. 496
Do not our he-... 10 p. 515	Express their charms 398	Forgive my doubts,1 p. 233
Do some that own ... 61	Extinguishes the 218	Forgive my dul-...6 p. 345
Dost thou a Father's . 124	Eye hath not seen 493	For God who 7 p. 564
Dost thou ask me..... 354	FAIN would I..... 2 p. 212	Forgotten be 3 p. 393
Dost thou repent, 2 p. 288	Fain would we.....4 p. 521	Forms the bright- 2 p. 544
Dost thou thro- ...1 p. 540	Faintly at times we 1158	For near six thou-2 p. 421
Dost thou want... 3 p. 353	Fair as the moon . 2 p. 403	For oh, if less5 p. 553
Do thou my sins...1 p. 561	Fair as the tree... 6 p. 422	For prophecies... 2 p. 185
Dy thou our souls 2 p. 571	Fair garlands of... 1 p. 563	For pure are 2 p. 439
Do thou their dying 219	Fair morning..... 3 p. 185	For sinners..... 3 p. 581
Do thou, thro-... 2 p. 571	Faith clave to..... 2 p. 540	For should we.....2 p. 522
Doth not the sacred 568	Faith into vision 263	For the great Med-... 390
Doth vain discourse 229	Faith persever-... 4 p. 566	For the grandeur 132
Down from his starry 59	Faith shall on..... 4 p. 567	For thee I pant 97
Down from the... 2 p. 129	Faith shall on..... 4 p. 567	For the joy he ... 2 p. 561
Down to the hal-... 2 p. 449	Faith strives 3 p. 561	For them no 6 p. 564
Draw forth the . 12 p. 515	Faith then shall . 3 p. 551	For these inestimable 45
Draw me from ... 2 p. 216	Fancy will be... 3 p. 542	For this he came 5 p. 479
Drawn by such ... 1 p. 216	Farewell, conflict 6 p. 551	For this stupendous... 87
Drawn by thine in- ... 593		For this we..... 18 p. 515

Hymn and Page	Hymn and Page	Hymn and Page
For thou within... 2 p. 339	God of our fathers 7 p. 566	Hark, those bursts 3 p. 177
For thy providence ... 132	God of our mercies 2 p. 505	Hark to their voices . 1157
For us mean wretched 133	God of these 3 p. 351	Harmonious accents . 265
Forward press.....4 p. 322	God over all, for . 1 p. 129	Has he not sought ... 1160
For we must fol- 3 p. 547	God pities all our 96	Has it pleased.....4 p. 564
For work so pleas- 2 p. 420	God with us, but 174	Has my elder.....270
For you the public ... 516	Go imitate the 246	Hasten him.....1 p. 206
Founded on right..... 153	Go meet him in ... 1 p. 551	Hasten it, Lord ... 1 p. 421
Frail children of 613	Go, return, immortal . 132	Haste, sovereign 420
Free election known . 108	Go spread a Sa- ... 3 p. 420	Hast thou a lamb 425
Freely thou gavest 247	Go tell on India's 4 p. 418	Hast thou an 3 p. 115
Free me from..... 2 p. 551	Go tell the unlet- 4 p. 418	Hast thou not bid..... 316
Free us from 3 p. 535	Go to his temple 3 p. 303	Hast thou not form'd 288
From Burmah's 1143	Go to the grave... 5 p. 566	Hast thou not said 2 p. 419
From Christ the ever- 126	Go you that rest 52	Hast thou not un- 178
From Christ their..... 407	Grace all the... .. 2 p. 111	Hast thou the cross ... 446
From earth's low 7	Grace, first 111	Have I profess'd 471
From east to 2 p. 418	Grace is a plant..... 516	Have you no 2 p. 353
From every pierc- 5 p. 485	Grace led my ro- . 2 p. 111	Having thus 2 p. 115
From every nar- 2 p. 421	Grace shall dispose 3 p. 403	He all his foes shall... 149
From fear to hope..... 312	Grace taught 2 p. 111	Hear, Abram..... 2 p. 173
From his hand 3 p. 505	Gracious Saviour . 9 p. 515	Hearst ye Christ- 2 p. 442
From Jesus thy..... 264	Grave the guardian 7 p. 561	Hear our prayers 595
From Jesus who 272	Grant that all may 363	Hear the bless'd 445
From shore to.....6 p. 422	Great Advocate..... 152	Hear then, blessed ... 295
From sin the guilt ... 189	Great Father of eter- 4	Hear while he 6 p. 116
From sorrow toil 254	Great Father of mer- 15	Heaven directed 667
From strength.....3 p. 303	Great God, and why . 525	Heaven displays 142
From that height 599	Great God, assist 41	Heaven is that holy... 1166
From the celestial, 2 p. 211	Great God, at thy..... 499	Heavenly Father 76
From the dark grave . 489	Great God, the work... 438	Heaven's brightest ... 17
From thee amid 25	Great God, thy ... 1 p. 557	Heavy affliction... 2 p. 470
From thee the breath 32	Great God to 1 p. 12	He bids his awful 14
From the highest 132	Great God, what . 6 p. 578	He bids me always 1 p. 170
From thence he'll..... 489	Great God, with 59	He breaks the 4 p. 299
From the spark- . 3 p. 571	Great source of light . 506	He brings salvation ... 260
From the youth, 19 p. 515	Great source of ... 1 p. 544	He by himself hath ... 66
From thy gracious .. 342	Great things, O ever- 452	He by his cloud ... 2 p. 173
From thy great 23	Guard me, Saviour 1 p. 512	He by whose all 507
From thy kind 1 p. 358	Guide the young . 9 p. 553	He carries on his 96
Full of joyful 1 p. 575	Guilty, and self ... 3 p. 216	He cheers my ... 1 p. 170
Full oft in fruitless 2 p. 305	Guilty, but with 295	He cheers them ... 6 p. 587
	Guilty, I stand..... 83	He comes from thick- 134
	Guilty, we plead 194	He comes, he..... 1 p. 551
		He comes, the broken 134
GENTILES and Jews . 429	HAD I so strong a..... 259	He comes, the prison- 134
Gently the passing 8 p. 553	Had I, 2 p. 382, 1 p. 482	He did but wait . 5 p. 421
Gird him with all 415	Had we our ton- 1 p. 384	He died, but 2 p. 422
Gird on, great God ... 349	Hail, Abram's God 66	He died to raise to ... 139
Give each what ... 2 p. 371	Hail, great Imma- 1 p. 101	He died, ye seraphs ... 139
Give, Lord, each... 1 p. 522	Hail, Melchizedek ... 183	He dies; but lives..... 190
Give me a calm, a ... 319	Hail, prince of ... 2 p. 129	He doth his ser- ... 3 p. 479
Give me, O Lord, a ... 341	Hail, prince, they 2 p. 146	He every where ... 4 p. 306
Give us in thy ... 3 p. 394	Hail, the Lord of earth 141	He finds who wisdom 291
Glorious thou in . 2 p. 22	Hallelujah, hark!..... 612	He forms the 2 p. 207
Glory in his dear 416	Happy beyond de- ... 291	He for the sins of 63
Glory to God on high 450	Happy hour.....4 p. 586	He freely redeem'd ... 253
Glory to God who..... 55	Happy if with.....2 p. 151	He gave his Son... 1 p. 12
Glory to him 4 p. 442	Happy in Jesus..... 417	He has your 2 p. 177
Glory to the ce- . 4 p. 442	Happy people 2 p. 573	He having suffer'd 3 p. 298
Glory to the new 130	Happy souls, approach 71	He heals our wounds 109
Glory ye saints 238	Happy spirits 4 p. 587	He holds all nature 1 p. 233
Go and share 10 p. 553	Happy the men 291, 343	He in the thickest..... 11
God and mammon 4 p. 322	Hark, hark, to ... 2 p. 197	He is my sun 1 p. 199
God did love them ... 94	Hark, how beyond ... 588	He knows what argu- 99
God for himself ... 2 p. 284	Hark, how he prays ... 52	He left his daz- . 2 p. 552
God from on 3 p. 403	Hark, how thy saints . 574	He left his radiant 488
God has pronoun- 3 p. 115	Hark, the cherubic 2 p. 129	He left his starry 489
God in Israel 2 p. 306	Hark, the name . 2 p. 73	He lifts it up on . 2 p. 542
God is a sun 343	Hark, they procl- 3 p. 421	He, Lord of all the ... 518
God is in heaven 26	Hark, they whisp- 3 p. 552	Help in 2 p. 206
God is love, and... 3 p. 542		
God loved the..... 1 p. 376		

Hymn and Page	Hymn and Page	Hymn and Page
He lp me 2 p. 296	Her ways are ways ... 291	His mind is tran- 1 p. 559
He meets with 273	He sat serene 2 p. 10	His name above...1 p. 479
Hence, may all ... 9 p. 440	He saved us, or... 1 p. 73	His oath, his cov- 2 p. 559
Hence, O my 1 p. 477	He saw me plunged... 161	His only righte- . 2 p. 151
Hence our hearts, 3 p. 252	He saw me ruin'd..... 13	His prayer the dying . 80
Hence sprang the..... 407	He saw me made 2 p. 541	His presence keeps 1 p. 403
Hence, then, ye black 152	He sees the mind 213	His presence makes 3p. 479
Hence, ye valiu... 10 p. 346	He sees the struggles . 517	His presence oft...3 p. 442
He nobler friends 3 p. 550	He sees the tender 423	His providence unfolds 9
He once a spotless 2 p. 550	He sends his Spirit ... 109	His purpose and...5 p. 542
He once a victor 2 p. 563	He shall all3 p. 587	His purposes will 34
He once temptation... 190	He shall reign from... 612	His race for ever 167
He opens the2 p. 206	He sheds abroad...2 p. 207	His sacred limbs 136
He pours his kindest . 343	He smiles and ... 1 p. 587	His sins in dread- 1 p. 559
He proved them...5 p. 545	He spake, and heaven's 21	His sons and daught- 429
He ransom'd me...1 p. 170	He speaks, and lo 503	His sovereign mercies 63
Her blest inhabitants 58	He spoke, and ... 1 p. 27	His spirit drinks...2 p. 557
Here build thy ... 2 p. 338	He spoke the won- 20	His spirit with3 p. 566
Hereby your faith 2 p. 473	He stoop'd from . 3 p. 576	His sweet atoning 153
Here, fix my roving... 96	He subdued the 69	His sword was ... 3 p. 566
Here hast thou 411	He sweetens every 156	His very slaves ... 3 p. 580
Here, he exalts..... 9	He tells us we ... 2 p. 125	His voice sublime 2 p. 8
Here, I behold thy ... 50	He that distributes ... 148	His will he makes 95
Here I'll make my ... 270	He that form'd ... 1 p. 545	His wisdom, his...1 p. 151
Here I'll sit for5 p. 135	He that heaven 347	His word here.....3 p. 564
Here in their2 p. 440	He that has made 248	His words the happy 556
Here in thy house 406, 508	He that on the ... 3 p. 587	Hither at his com- 307
Here I raise my 509	He that prepares 483	Hither from Ju- . 9 p. 346
Here it is I find ...5 p. 135	He took the dying..... 485	Hither then your 69
Here I would 6 p. 135	He visits oft the . 1 p. 206	Hoard up his sacred... 397
Here Jesus in.....4 p. 54	He well describes 380	Ho every thirsty...4 p. 114
Here let my faith..... 181	He wept that we 367	Holy, Holy, Holy 674
Here let my spirit 1 p. 197	He whom the 184	Holy is he in all 17
Here let our constant 196	He will complete 3 p. 216	Homeward he hastens 79
Here let our offsp- 3 p. 338	He will not his..... 19	Hope is my hel-...1 p. 303
Here let the great 339	He with loving ... 6 p. 524	Horrors past ima- 1 p. 577
Here light descending 45	He would bring ...3 p. 557	Hosanna, Lord, thine 617
Here may our1 p. 338	High heaven 3 p. 490	Hosanna still we'll ... 621
Here may th'atten-1p. 338	High on a throne 1 p. 433	Hosanna to the chur- . 455
Here may the dead 2 p. 338	High o'er the 1 p. 144	How balmy is the..... 490
Here may the wretched 46	Him praise the..... 7	How bitter that cup... 290
Here may thine ...1 p. 338	His blest renova- 2 p. 206	How blest are3 p. 252
Here may thy3 p. 338	His blood that from .. 483	How blest are.....1 p. 522
Here may we2 p. 339	His body torn with ... 483	How blest would every 242
Here mercies bound- . 117	His business is to 261	How can it be.....3 p. 252
Here mines of know- 45	His call we obey, 2 p. 125	How changed, alas 522
Here, O my soul 181	His counsels 2 p. 537	How constant2 p. 205
Here on my soul 236	His covenant love 2 p. 542	How could we.....1 p. 556
Here on thy mercy... 341	His covenant will..... 279	How dire the wretch . 103
Here once in1 p. 479	His covenant with 1 p. 504	How dreadful and 3 p. 351
Here perfect bliss..... 276	His crimes with in- ... 80	How dreadful now 1 p. 294
Here see the 9 p. 564	His dear peculiar 2 p. 473	How eagerly they..... 307
Here's heavenly 330	His dear smile9 p. 584	How feeble human ... 314
Here's love and 474	His decree who ... 1 p. 545	How full must ... 1 p. 111
Here sinners of..... 54	His earnest prayer 2 p. 135	How gains the leak... 1156
Here springs of..... 120	His firmest purpose... 314	How great their work 426
Here the bright sun... 1	His friends forsook ... 314	How happy are... 5 p. 584
Here the dark veil ... 245	His glorious 6 p. 422	How just that in 502
Here the fair tree..... 46	His glory now.....5 p. 479	How large the bounties 96
Here the Redeemer ... 46	His goodness..... 3 p. 384	How long beneath 51
Here the whole 112	His grace shall ... 1 p. 224	How long, dear Sav- . 39
Here they renounce 5 p. 450	His grace through 4 p. 326	Howl, winds of ... 2 p. 3
Here thy name has ... 595	His hand a..... 161	How many bless- 1 p. 87
Here we supplicate ... 342	His happiness in 300	How many pain- . 7 p. 553
Here will I lay my ... 400	His head and hairs ... 578	How new thy mercies 547
Here with a thousand 311	His institutions... 1 p. 451	How often have I..... 88
Here would we ... 4 p. 584	His kingdom cannot . 149	How oft my mournful 320
Here wretched ... 3 p. 121	His love exceeds 1 p. 116	How ought I 2 p. 549
He rises who11 p. 346	His love from..... 110	How precious are..... 28
Herod attempts, but . 307	His love in time past 290	How precious is . 4 p. 440
Her part in those 1 p. 537	His love what mortal 488	How shall affrighted 23

Hymn and Page	Hymn and Page	Hymn and Page
How shall I glorify ... 538	I have my days of..... 328	In Meshech as yet 253
How shall thy joy ... 25	I hear but seem 275	In midst of dangers... 36
How shall vile par-... 480	I hear the lonely 1 p. 420	In one vast symph 2 p. 318
How shall we get 60	I hear the voice... 1 p. 569	In our cold breasts 1 p. 211
How short the joys ... 41	I hoped that in..... 321	In prayer my soul 315
How should our 4 p. 366	I hope for pardon 24	In proof that 2 p. 473
How straight the 239	I know my sheep 103	In prosperity be...2 p. 513
How sweet the ... 4 p. 114	I know the power 3 p. 524	In purest love.....1 p. 513
How sweet the ... 3 p. 305	I leave my pitcher..... 115	In raptures there..... 327
How sweet to..... 7 p. 564	I long, gracious Lord 152	In reason's ear..... 2 p. 27
How sweet 'twill 2 p. 557	I love to meet.....1 p. 579	In scenes exalted 1 p. 510
How various, and..... 547	I'll go to Jesus 355	In solid, pure..... 1 p. 226
How will my 1 p. 572	I'll give the mourn-1p. 558	Inspire my soul... 1 p. 293
How will our..... 1 p. 569	I'll move thine ... 3 p. 336	Instead of this he..... 321
Humble and teach-4p. 211	I'll speak the 1 p. 173	Instruct our 1 p. 453
	I'll to the gracious ... 355	Instructed thus... 2 p. 542
I AM secure by... 2 p. 382	I'll wait, perhaps 2 p. 114	In that day..... 2 p. 185
I bless his name 7 p. 346	Imagination lent 3 p. 521	In thee our Father 4p. 336
I can but perish 355	Immanuel is his 2 p. 294	In thee we trust..... 533
I can do nothing 200	I, midst ten thou- 2 p. 510	In them thou..... 1 p. 433
I chide my unbe- 1 p. 241	Immortal angels 2 p. 146	In the sacred..... 1 p. 541
I come for grace...3 p. 121	Immortal crowns 2 p. 121	In the world of ... 2 p. 295
I come, I hear.....7p. 346	Immortal fires 367	In thy assembly..... 452
I come, my Lord, 4 p. 346	Immortal glories cro 587	In thy fair book..... 9
I come on wings 1 p. 562	Immortal honour to 206	In thy own appointed 363
I come, thy servant 300	Immortal honour 1 p. 22	In thy strength.... 2 p. 394
I'd fly from all.....5 p. 584	Imprest with the 2 p. 206	Into our sinful 55
I'd leap at once ... 1 p. 553	I my all to thee... 1 p. 512	Into the captive..... 93
I'd tell him how 99	In all his toils.....2 p. 146	Into thy hands... 13 p. 542
If a centurion ... 13 p. 515	In all my Lord's 447	In vain for mercy 1 p. 570
If any rival there 283	In all their erring 11p. 515	In vain our haughty 6
If bliss thy provi- 2 p. 491	In all thy doctrines 2p. 12	In vain the charms ... 520
I feel at my heart 4p. 427	In answer to 210	In vain the sons 234
I fell beneath the..... 487	Incarnate Delty 653	In vain the stone 3 p. 346
If heedless when, 6 p. 581	In Christ I view 203	In vain the tallest ... 104
If he in thunder 12 p. 116	In Christ's obedi- 1 p. 561	In vain the tempter... 315
If he is mine 2 p. 287	In Christ receive 1 p. 582	In vain we ask 38
If here we meet, no... 610	In clouds of gold 498	In vain we plant 372
If I have never ...1 p. 382	Incomprehensible ... 647	In vain we search..... 60
If I love, why am..... 250	In conversation... 1 p. 491	In vain would 196
If I must die 4 p. 550	In copious show- 5 p. 322	In virtue of its ... 3 p. 135
If in the night ... 1 p. 496	Increase my faith..... 320	Invite the globe...1 p. 419
If in these fatal... 1 p. 268	Increase, O Lord 350	Invite the stran...1 p. 405
If I pray or hear 250	Indignant justice, 2 p. 172	In weal or woe... 3 p. 473
If I this precious 3 p. 217	In early years.....3 p. 524	In wonder lost 85
If I've the honour 95	In every condition 1 p. 128	I only ask you to 3 p. 121
If lurking in its... 1 p. 268	In every dark distress 152	I other priests disclai- 190
If my immortal..... 181	In every feature of ... 481	I own my guilt ... 1 p. 287
If nature at the 292	In every prophetic... 205	I plead the merits of... 83
If now I lament after 214	In every work.....1 p. 199	I rest upon thy ... 2 p. 303
If on a morning's 8	In fellowship alone 3p. 303	Is any lust conceal'd 283
If on my face for 3 p. 545	Infernal powers..... 122	I saw they would 2 p. 303
If orphans they are ... 337	Infinite grace..... 251	I scarce know God ... 244
I freely feed them..... 103	Infinite power and ... 175	I see my fig-leaf..... 50
If sometimes I strive 220	Infinite strength 29	I see the Lord ... 1 p. 569
If such the sweet-5 p. 318	Infinite truth..... 2 p. 170	Is he who, bursting ... 471
If tears of sorrow 271	Infinite wisdom..1 p. 233	I sigh from this 1152
If the sorrows of 9 p. 542	In foreign realms 36	Is it a sabbath3 p. 351
If thou hast my..... 221	In heaven and earth... 11	Is not e'end death...3 p. 562
If thou, my God, art 189	In heaven the.....2 p. 129	Is not some smiling ... 538
If thou, my Jesus, 1 p. 297	In heaven thy met... 414	Is not thy name..... 425
If thou shouldst... 5 p. 515	In him all the.....1 p. 151	I sometimes think ... 275
If thou shouldst take 276	In him I hope.....1 p. 303	Is reason ever at 242
If tintured with 1 p. 268	In him the curse 6 p. 422	Is sin the cause 274
If we behold his 480	In him the Father 1p. 473	I still had wander-3 p. 521
If when I have put ... 214	In him thy reconciled 247	Is that most glorious 471
If wounded with a ... 398	In his name you, 2 p. 115	Is there no guide 3 p. 43
If yet thou canst 1 p. 216	In holy duties 349	Is there no shelter ... 100
I give the new.....8 p. 114	In hope believing 1 p. 286	Is there no spark 1 p. 252
I give with eve... 3 p. 114	In life's first dawn 1 p. 37	Is this, dear Lord 324
I have been there 2 p. 351	In louder strains 2 p. 199	Is this the Saviour ... 478

Hymn and Page	Hymn and Page	Hymn and Page
Is thy earthly 6 p. 561	Jesus, the prison- 2 p. 151	Let him receive... 2 p. 384
It fills the soul 44	Jesus, the sacrifice 70	Let hostile troops 530
It gives the burd- 1 p. 3' 3	Jesus, the Saviour 157	Let humble penitence 487
It hears the proph- 2 p. 217	Jesus, the aight- 3 p. 116	Let joy and wors- 1 p. 345
It is a sweet emp- 3 p. 440	Jesus, the work ... 1 p. 360	Let joyful saints... 1 p. 441
It is finish'd, O what 71	Jesus, this wond- 1 p. 258	Let lively hope ... 1 p. 284
It is not for me ... 2 p. 584	Jesus, thou art 158	Let me among ... 1 p. 579
It is the Lord..... 279	Jesus, thou Son and... 80	Let me attest..... 1 p. 561
It makes the wou- 3 p. 173	Jesus, thy chosen..... 536	Let me in thy..... 5 p. 524
It needs our hear- 3 p. 547	Jesus, thy gospel 1 p. 185	Let me love thee 250
It pass'd not thro' 5 p. 545	Jesus, thy speak- 2 p. 511	Let me my grateful... 557
Its promises rejoice ... 44	Jesus, to multitudes 187	Let men or angels..... 60
It says to the 222	Jesus to purge away . 475	Let men with 1 p. 22
Its cheering beams ... 160	Jesus, to thee I..... 234	Let millions bow 370
It sweetly cheers 43	Jesus, vouchsafe 2 p. 549	Let murmuring... 1 p. 217
I take these little 556	Jesus, we ne'er can ... 489	Let my few rem- 1 p. 512
I taste delight..... 3 p. 299	Jesus, what millions. 478	Let neither pleas- 3 p. 215
I that am all defil- 1 p. 482	Jesus, who died 147	Let noise and flame... 503
I thirst to drink..... 97	Jesus, who mighty ... 475	Let not a shape..... 47
I thought to find..... 3 p. 521	Jesus, who once 147	Let not conscience 1 p. 115
It treads on the 222	Join all ye ransom'd 387	Let not thy heart 123
I turn the sacred 330	Join all ye saints 5 p. 479	Let others know... 4 p. 115
It was my guide ... 2 p. 197	Join'd in one 2 p. 396	Let others shine 1167
I've found a ransom... 90	Join we then 5 p. 561	Let our mutual ... 1 p. 427
I was a traitor 251	Joyful all ye nations . 130	Let past experience ... 527
I welcome all thy..... 67	Joyful crowds ... 10 p. 553	Let peace descend ... 530
I would begin the 588	Joyful I'd lay 1 p. 553	Let plenteous grace ... 469
I would, but cannot ... 309	Joyful they stretch ... 539	Let pure clouds 19 p. 512
I would not conte- 6 p. 542	Joy of the comfo- 9 p. 564	Let pure devotion 1 p. 211
I would submit to..... 278	Judge not the Lord ... 34	Let rebel angels ... 1 p. 217
	Judgment procee- 2 p. 577	Let saints below... 7 p. 440
JEHOVAH'S awful 265	Just like his nature ... 14	Let showers of blessi- 601
Jehovah, Jesus ... 3 p. 129		Let sinners break 426
Jerusalem, my ... 3 p. 585	KEEP no longer ... 1 p. 427	Let stupid heathen ... 3
Jesus, all our 3 p. 224	Kingdoms flourish 1 p. 10	Let such but 7 p. 564
Jesus, answer from ... 76	Kingdoms wide..... 428	Let sudden fears 49
Jesus, attend my 369	King of glory 3 p. 577	Let suns and stars 19
Jesus, exert thy 49		Let terrors fright 227
Jesus, forgive us 242	LAME at the pool..... 189	Let the angel of 186
Jesus, for thee..... 2 p. 170	Lands that beneath ... 209	Let the dear 7 p. 515
Jesus, hail, enthroned 75	Larger commun- 1 p. 212	Let the high heavens 30
Jesus, hear our ... 2 p. 394	Lay thy supporting 6 p. 550	Let the Indian, let ... 428
Jesus, I hasten ... 3 p. 581	Lead me to suffer..... 292	Let the loud cannon . 530
Jesus, I love to trace.. 53	Lead us to God ... 1 p. 207	Let the past..... 5 p. 345
Jesus, in whom ... 2 p. 537	Lead us to holine- 1 p. 207	Let the praise..... 4 p. 505
Jesus, it owns 2 p. 217	Leaning on thy ... 6 p. 550	Let the much incense 153
Jesus, I to thy ... 2 p. 294	Leave me not..... 2 p. 496	Let there be light..... 243
Jesus, my elder broth- 91	Leave to his sove- 4 p. 306	Let the sweet hope ... 319
Jesus, my glorious..... 507	Less than thyself 204	Let the world..... 5 p. 561
Jesus, my Lord ... 5 p. 215	Let age with want ... 246	Let this blest hope ... 495
Jesus, my Lord, I..... 179	Let all terrene ... 2 p. 226	Let this vain 1 p. 557
Jesus, my Saviour and 455	Let all that will ... 4 p. 114	Let thoughts of... 2 p. 226
Jesus, my Saviour 2 p. 582	Let all the heavenly . 655	Let thy Almighty 4
Jesus, my Saviour 1 p. 125	Let all your lamps ... 325	Let thy kind Spirit ... 213
Jesus, my Sheph- 3 p. 173	Let but my nume- 2 p. 580	Let thy Spirit 2 p. 515
Jesus, my soul adoring 485	Let but thy own 105	Let thronging mult- 426
Jesus, once number'd 143	Let charity bene- 3 p. 535	Let us his grateful 2 p. 177
Jesus, on thee 3 p. 326	Let deep repenta- 1 p. 284	Let us improve... 1 p. 419
Jesus, our faith ... 1 p. 562	Let doubt then ... 2 p. 584	Let us in life 4 p. 306
Jesus, our God 249	Let earth no 4 p. 211	Let us love the ... 2 p. 73
Jesus, our great high 57	Let earth's allur- 1 p. 440	Let us never, Lord ... 108
Jesus, our living 96	Let envy, child of..... 255	Let us not always..... 232
Jesus, our Lord, thou 407	Let everlasting ... 2 p. 43	Let us not lose the ... 401
Jesus, our Lord..... 643	Let every age adore ... 534	Let us praise 2 p. 73
Jesus, our soul and ... 387	Let every kindred 1 p. 177	Let us rather 4 p. 564
Jesus, the helpless ... 570	Let faith and love 1 p. 22	Let us sing 2 p. 73
Jesus, the Lord, then 588	Let faith assisted 2 p. 454	Let us still this 1151
Jesus, the Lord, the... 70	Let faith our feeble ... 487	Let us then sweet 5 p. 440
Jesus, the name to 2 p. 151	Let fear and love 227	Let us trust..... 4 p. 217
Jesus, the name ... 4 p. 299	Let frightened rivers ... 19	Let us wonder ... 2 p. 73
Jesus, then purge 1 p. 553	Let graces then ... 1 p. 453	Life, death, and hell . 9

Hymn and Page	Hymn and Page	Hymn and Page
Life's duty done.....6 p. 551	Lord, make my ... 1 p. 559	May they that Jesus 410
Life's labour 2 p. 569	Lord, make us ... 3 p. 503	May this be a..... 1 p. 366
Life with its 4 p. 521	Lord, may I then 3 p. 578	May this blest torrent 208
Lift the eye, christian 1165	Lord, may our ... 9 p. 440	May this blest volume 54
Light and peace ...3 p. 563	Lord of every land ... 132	May thy young ... 1 p. 521
Like David when 5 p. 336	Lord of our days...1 p. 497	May we our course 3 p. 440
Like Bartimeus ...3 p. 121	Lord, purge our ...4 p. 585	May we teach.....9 p. 515
Like burnish'd 501	Lord raise our 229	Meekness, humil- 2 p. 293
Like fragrant2 p. 322	Lord, send a beam ... 446	Melt, melt this ... 2 p. 211
Like the rough ... 1 p. 116	Lord, shall the ... 1 p. 537	Men, angels, every ... 637
Lives again our..... 141	Lord, submissive..... 240	Mercies multipli- 2 p. 345
Live to reward ... 3 p. 515	Lord, this bosom's ...1144	Mercy and veng- 1 p. 582
Loathsome and vile... 189	Lord, those shall...3 p. 575	Mercy descending 1 p. 523
Lo, from afar the 282	Lord, 'tis amazing ... 90	Mercy, good Lord..... 332
Lo, glad I come 201	Lord, 'tis enough 328	Mercy, mercy.....4 p. 535
Lo, he beckons ... 6 p. 561	Lord, to my eyes...2 p. 570	Messiah's come ... 1 p. 185
Lo, he reveals his..... 472	Lord, tune our ... 1 p. 583	Methinks I see a 556
Lo, his triumphant ... 145	Lord, we accept..... 117	Midst hourly1 p. 226
Lo, I am with.....2 p. 566	Lord, we adore ... 1 p. 116	Mid the gloom 1 p. 541
Lo, I behold the...1 p. 569	Lord, we are 2 p. 339	Mighty is thine ... 5 p. 524
Lo, I see the 9 p. 584	Lord, we believe 16 p. 515	Mighty to vanquish... 269
Lo, on a narrow...1 p. 549	Lord, we believe, O ... 230	Mild he lays his 130
Lo, the angelic 140	Lord, we thy precepts 448	Millions, millions 4 p. 535
Lo, the incarnate 1 p. 115	Lord, what shall 26	Millions of blissful ... 327
Lo, 'tis he our.....3 p. 570	Lord, when shall 1 p. 420	Millions of happy..... 164
Lo, we are risen...4 p. 336	Lord, when these..... 571	Millions of pilgri- 3 p. 43
Long as I live.....2 p. 512	Lord, when this ... 1 p. 37	Millions of souls 486
Long hast thou ... 5 p. 421	Lord, while thy ... 1 p. 27	Mine will the 2 p. 211
Long may thy.....5 p. 336	Lord, why is this 321	Mingled with all...4 p. 326
Long the gospel ...7 p. 581	Lord, wilt thou stoop 78	Minutes and mer- 1 p. 497
Long they mourn 2 p. 573	Lost in astonishment 159	More and more ... 5 p. 440
Look as when.....2 p. 313	Loud hallelujahs to ... 429	More dreadful.....3 p. 580
Look on me, Lord..... 314	Loud let the 167	More needful1 p. 284
Look on the.....2 p. 477	Loud roaring 4 p. 427	More than conq... 3 p. 587
Look, saints, into 1 p. 477	Love and grief ... 5 p. 135	Mortals, be dumb..... 14
Look to the weather 1156	Loved of my God 204	Most awful truth 4 p. 578
Look up, my soul 156	Love everlasting 3 p. 504	Mountains shall...3 p. 420
Look up, ye heirs of... 539	Love is the golden 2 p. 433	Mount their tran- 6 p. 561
Loose all your bars ... 145	Love's redeeming..... 141	Mourning souls, dry . 69
Lord, afford a2 p. 500	Low at thy feet I'll 1 p. 287	Must I be carried..... 228
Lord, behold this 597	Low at thy feet my 1 p. 440	My best desires..... 275
Lord, blast his empire 100	Low to the social 423	My care, my hope 1 p. 382
Lord Christ, into 4 p. 566	MADE strong in...2 p. 135	My cares and my 2 p. 553
Lord, decide the 250	Maintain a consta-2 p. 226	My days are shorter... 543
Lord, deny me..... 1 p. 296	Majestic sweetness ... 161	My day unclouded ... 495
Lord, fill each2 p. 207	Make an unguard-1 p. 521	My drooping head ... 437
Lord, for those ... 3 p. 535	Make bare thy potent 349	My fainting soul 5 p. 115
Lord, for those ... 1 p. 420	Make, make the port 1158	My Father, God 92
Lord, from this world 399	Make us parents...6 p. 515	My Father, oh permit 278
Lord God of.....4 p. 584	Man involved in 347	My favour'd soul 31
Lord, how can sinful 409	Man may trouble 3 p. 451	My filthy rags 159
Lord, I believe 225	Many days have 354	My flesh is haste- 2 p. 537
Lord, I cannot let..... 76	March, then, in...2 p. 405	My flying years ... 1 p. 524
Lord, I come to ...4 p. 353	Marrow and fatness... 56	My gracious coun-5 p. 322
Lord, I commit ...2 p. 552	May all the nations... 406	My gracious Sav- 4 p. 299
Lord, I long to ... 2 p. 500	May careless sin- 3 p. 360	My grace, its1 p. 125
Lord, I my vows . 1 p. 491	May death conclu-2 p. 551	My grateful soul...2 p. 510
Lord, in thy grace..... 610	May he by whose 3 p. 393	My great high 192
Lord, in thy house 1 p. 454	May I always1 p. 545	My glorious Redeemer 253
Lord, I renounce 1 p. 402	May I at that blea-1 p. 331	My God, I feel the ... 42
Lord, I would.....1 p. 540	May I like you ... 1 p. 491	My God, if thou...1 p. 233
Lord Jesus, help 1 p. 552	May I resolve with ... 334	My God, in thine 1 p. 542
Lord, let it not ... 2 p. 523	May I round thee..... 270	My God, I woud not 6
Lord, let me weep..... 274	May I still enjoy 5 p. 135	My God, O could 308
Lord, let no ground 2p. 288	May Jesus, more prec- 205	My God, thou2 p. 540
Lord, let the merit 8p. 587	May the bond of...4 p. 553	My God will pity 99
Lord, let them ... 5 p. 115	May the glorious day 428	My guilt and 159
Lord, let this 2 p. 286	May the gospel's...2 p. 345	My harp for 169
Lord, let thy 1 p. 500	May the Saviour...4 p. 351	My heart and tongue 82
Lord, let thy mighty . 594	May they receive 1 p. 336	My heart misgives 2p. 231
Lord, look on souls ... 78		My heart to folly 521

Hymn and Page	Hymn and Page	Hymn and Page
My heart was changed 289	No traveller through 208	Now speak my mind.. 189
My heart, where 506	No voice but 1 p. 439	Now spread the..... 230
My King supreme..... 192	None are excluded ... 362	Now the full glories... 112
My life I would..... 494	None will I cast out... 198	Now the heavenly ... 347
My Lord a priest 190	Nor angels can their 79	Now thy gracious word 365
My Lord, my life 1 p. 537	Nor ever let us ... 4 p. 215	Now to his cause 2 p. 185
My loved habita- 2 p. 553	Nor gold, nor gems ... 70	Now to our Father ... 126
My name from 223	Nor heart can.....1 p. 585	Now toil and con- 4 p. 566
My prayers are now... 315	Nor let his willing 408	Now we, dear Je- 3 p. 442
My prophet, thou..... 192	Nor let these blessings 209	Now we expect ... 1 p. 547
My reason tells me ... 39	Nor life, nor death 63	Now, well tried ... 6 p. 585
My sabbaths below 2 p. 553	Nor pain, nor 5 p. 567	Now we part in ... 4 p. 553
My Saviour God, no... 113	Nor prayer is..... 2 p. 358	Now, when the eveni- 315
My Saviour, whom 8 p. 582	Nor seraphs there..... 424	Now while the heaven 601
My soul and all ... 2 p. 512	Nor shall that ... 1 p. 547	Now, ye saints 142
My soul a sharper ... 507	Nor sorrow, nor 253	Number'd among 5 p. 551
My soul in every 458	Nor will he e'er ... 3 p. 206	Numbers on restless 492
My soul rejoices... 2 p. 43	Now would I drop a... 276	Numbers this night... 490
My soul revived 243	Nor wreck, nor ruin... 104	
My soul the..... 2 p. 146	Not Aaron, nor Melc- 191	O be a nobler portion 543
My soul, thy purest... 3	Not all the sins 90	Obedient to thy ... 8 p. 346
My soul was all..... 203	Not all things..... 3 p. 583	Obedient winds at ... 533
My soul with 3 p. 299	Not for our sake we ... 534	O be his service..... 334
My soul with various 324	Not for their 21 p. 515	O believe the 6 p. 115
My soul would ... 1 p. 345	Not Gabriel asks 9	O be thine arm ... 2 p. 360
My thoughts scar- 1 p. 8	Not in base scandal ... 261	O bless him 2 p. 541
My weeping relat- 2 p. 553	Not many years ... 1 p. 586	O bless the Lord... 3 p. 522
My will be swall- 4 p. 211	Not ocean's countless 28	O blest the men 343
My youth preserv- 3 p. 521	Not of himself he 261	O blest the tribes 25
	Not on the world 261	O breath of life ... 2 p. 268
	Not shining wit nor... 259	O captain of salvation 475
	Not so the heir ... 1 p. 559	O change these ... 4 p. 212
	Not the best deeds.... 225	O charge the 1 p. 420
	Not the fair palaces ... 341	O come and 1 p. 405
	Not their's alone... 2 p. 505	O come and to ... 1 p. 405
	Not the labour ... 1 p. 195	O come and 1 p. 473
	Nothing but thy ... 3 p. 224	O could I but believe 309
	Nothing hath 7 p. 578	O could I hope my 2 p. 579
	Nothing in my ... 1 p. 195	O could our thoughts 546
	Nothing on earth 1 ... 300	O day long fore... 7 p. 585
	Nothing save..... 1 p. 212	O day of fears ... 7 p. 584
	Nothing, yet thine 2 p. 515	O dearest Joshua ... 232
	Not tribulation 63	O draw me all ... 2 p. 216
	Not vows, nor..... 1 p. 377	O'er all created ... 6 p. 422
	Now adore him for... 619	O'ercome by dying ... 88
	Now all strike ... 2 p. 587	O'er sins unnumber'd 87
	Now also let each 2 p. 360	Of all the pious ... 7 p. 566
	Now at once they 1 p. 575	Of all the things 2 p. 252
	Now Babylon 3 p. 418	O far from home 2 p. 581
	Now behold the ... 5 p. 114	O Father, hear... 2 p. 135
	Now, by efforts all ... 1148	O Father, in that 1155
	Now, from home 2 p. 573	Of Canaan's..... 4 p. 550
	Now, from thy storeh- 7	O fearful, oh 4 p. 427
	Now fulfil thy 119	Of heavenly birth 4 p. 318
	Now his merit..... 1 p. 575	Of his deliverance ... 285
	Now, holy Dove... 2 p. 305	O for a glance..... 2 p. 129
	Now I complain 41	O for grace 3 p. 170
	Now I feel the..... 4 p. 519	O for the bright ... 1 p. 231
	Now in my early days 521	O for thine own 235
	Now let me mount ... 588	O for this grace..... 263
	Now, Lord, before 2 p. 521	Oft as thy servant 1 p. 420
	Now, Lord, to whom 189	Oft do our eyes ... 4 p. 585
	Now may the king 6 p. 346	Often I feel my 13
	Now, now, let me kn- 625	Often my gracious 1 p. 170
	Now redemption 1 p. 576	Often, oh sovereign ... 438
	Now rest my long 3 p. 490	Oft in the temples 1 p. 404
	Now safely moor- 2 p. 197	Oft their vile 4 p. 587
	Now Satan threatens 315	O gracious God in..... 320
	Now sinners atte- 1 p. 151	O gracious reply... 2 p. 128
	Now seated on ... 5 p. 579	O grace, rich 3 p. 580
	Now soon in heaven... 609	O grant me then 259
NAKED I come ... 3 p. 121		
Nature in every ... 1 p. 345		
Nature through all 2 p. 12		
Near to each 2 p. 427		
Near unto the..... 3 p. 570		
New time, new ... 1 p. 497		
No blasted trees 378		
No brute could ... 1 p. 73		
No chilling winds 1 p. 584		
No clouds of dark- 1 p. 114		
No Eden, breathi- 2 p. 305		
No! fly ye unbelie- 2 p. 233		
No gnawing grief 1 p. 585		
No good in creatures 248		
No idol god shall 1 p. 299		
No! I must maintain 354		
No! let me rather..... 277		
No lingering look..... 1143		
No lonely desert... 2 p. 305		
No longer hosts ... 5 p. 422		
No longer now delay 118		
No longing we find 4 p. 318		
No, Lord, I'll patient- 312		
No, Lord, the breathi- 156		
No lurking temp- 2 p. 553		
No man shalt thou ... 48		
No more fatigue 352		
No more, O grim 2 p. 552		
No more shall..... 3 p. 403		
No more the soverei- 267		
No more ye wise 238		
No mortal can 161		
No onward, still onw- 1142		
No other name 196		
No ravening lion 2 p. 405		
No rising sun..... 1 p. 585		
No rude alarms..... 352		
No still the ear of..... 316		
No strife, but to... 3 p. 258		
No strife shall..... 5 p. 422		
No, that stream has... 1163		

Hymn and Page	Hymn and Page	Hymn and Page
O grant, that 3 p. 373	O let the glories 399	One in sickness...3 p. 513
O grant them..... 2 p. 336	O let the heaven 1 p. 420	One look of mercy ... 312
O grant thy 12 p. 515	O let the kingdoms ... 370	One only hope may... 49
O God, ere the ... 5 p. 578	O let these tidings ... 55	One thing dema- 5 p. 116
O God, my inmost 1 p. 549	O let thine arm of ... 600	One wish with holy... 344
O God, 'tis thy part 107	O let thy own celest- 332	One with the6 p. 479
O guide me down 1 p. 524	O let thy word ... 1 p. 521	On harps of.....3 p. 561
O guide our doub- 2 p. 490	O let us all with...3 p. 360	On him the Spirit..... 134
O had he not pitted ... 110	O let us ever hear ... 386	On him the tenfo- 2 p. 172
O had I the wings 5 p. 584	O let us feel 4 p. 215	On his cross 347
O happy day 3 p. 422	O long expected 352	On Jordan's bank 7 p. 553
O happy period 175	O Lord, do thou ...2 p. 116	Only this frail.....1 p. 552
O happy scenes ... 1 p. 537	O Lord, I cast my ... 248	On tabor thus.....1 p. 135
O happy servant he ... 325	O Lord, I cry to...2 p. 298	On thee I now ... 3 p. 313
O happy souls that ... 58	O Lord of hosts..... 343	On thee our guardian 528
O happy state divine 506	O Lord, to me.....4 p. 551	On thee our hopes 4 p. 566
O harden not12 p. 116	O make but trial 285	On them a happy 95
O hasten, Lord ... 8 p. 346	O make my stubb-4 p. 135	On them bestow 13 p. 515
O hasten mercy...2 p. 116	O make our sacred ... 4	On the tree of5 p. 505
O hasten, sinner 2 p. 116	O make the rocky 3 p. 360	On the word thy 295
O haste, victorious ... 430	O may all enjoy..... 368	On this glad11 p. 346
Oh, be the eternal 3 p. 564	O may each future ... 335	On us that Providence 32
Oh blessed be..... 6 p. 545	O may his blood 2 p. 101	On us the vast 235
O hear his voice...5 p. 116	O may his conquests 429	On wings of expec-5 p. 345
O hear our prayer 1 p. 366	O may his glories 2 p. 199	On wings of love..... 257
Oh how benevolent ... 166	O may I bear some ... 112	On your own heads ... 441
Oh how fast our...9 p. 553	O may I feel 3 p. 602	On Zion we shall 627
Oh how shall I repay 494	O may I in the 565	Open thou the ... 1 p. 567
O how shall our ...6 p. 567	O may I ne'er forget . 437	Oppress'd with 117
Oh how swift the 2 p. 544	O may I never 334	Oppressors bow..... 429
Oh if my soul ... 7 p. 346	O may my faith ...1 p. 172	O rich bequests ...3 p. 114
Oh if my threat- 1 p. 553	O may my heart...1 p. 284	Or if I'm travelling1 p. 382
Oh Jesus, lead on..... 560	O may my soul ... 4 p. 545	Or if we climb the ... 480
O keep me in thy 320	O may our spirits..... 327	Or if yet rememb- 8 p. 585
Oh let thine unc- 5 p. 515	O may our souls 527	Or should't 2 p. 540
Oh let us fly to ... 1 p. 557	O may our sympathiz- 257	Or should we feel 262
Oh look up mid ...2 p. 583	O may the God 47	O sacred beauties 588
Oh make this heart... 275	O may's't thou.....9 p. 346	O sacred rite, by 450
Oh may we still ...2 p. 571	C may these heavenly 46	O Saviour, then ...1 p. 566
Oh, no! thou will ...1172	O may the promis-1 p. 504	O Saviour, thy ... 4 p. 542
Oh on that day ... 2 p. 575	O may the promi- 2 p. 322	O say what strength . 25
Oh pity those who ... 594	O may the sweet 483	O see on both3 p. 418
Oh Saviour with prot- 617	O may the vital ...1 p. 199	O send deliverance2 p. 298
Oh shall not 4 p. 479	O may the word ...3 p. 523	O shall I never 88
Oh should they 21 p. 515	O may this strange ... 85	O show that in ... 2 p. 427
Oh that closer.....4 p. 217	O may thy grace its... 225	O sinners believe 1 p. 151
Oh that hope3 p. 567	O may thy grace the 165	O speak the word..... 102
Oh then shall.....8 p. 585	O may we be 8 p. 566	O spread thy cov- 2 p. 37
Oh there is no ... 3 p. 557	O may we ever ... 2 p. 396	O sweet is the5 p. 587
Oh to be brought 6 p. 545	O may we feel as 1 p. 453	O tell me Lord ... 2 p. 287
Oh to rest in4 p. 586	O may we feel ... 2 p. 433	O tell of his might ... 613
Oh were it not ... 7 p. 551	O may we meet...1 p. 393	O that all may 237
Oh what a vast...14 p. 515	O may your 1 p. 569	O that I could.....1 p. 318
Oh when that.....2 p. 523	O measureless 613	O that I had 248
Oh would my1 p. 500	On all the wings...1 p. 586	O that my languid ... 184
Oh why must I ...3 p. 586	On all thy flock ...7 p. 346	O that our thoughts... 348
Oh why then, oh1142	On cherub, and... 2 p. 10	O that the captain 2 p. 303
O lead me to 2 p. 216	Once a sinner near ... 354	O that these cords ... 138
O let a holy 210	Once indeed 4 p. 587	O that the world...2 p. 151
O let me hear 234	Once on the rag- 2 p. 197	O that unfathom- 1 p. 550
O let me join2 p. 552	Once with a3 p. 523	O that we now ... 7 p. 440
O let me not des- 1 p. 231	Once you must die ... 565	O that withered ... 5 p. 551
O let me run 2 p. 293	One army of the 7 p. 440	O that with yon- 1 p. 177
O let me still4 p. 135	One day within..... 343	O the length and 16
O let me then at...1 p. 241	One distant glim-1 p. 585	Other refuge1 p. 305
C let my mind ... 3 p. 345	On earth they.....6 p. 522	O there will be ... 3 p. 579
O let my soul on 1 p. 496	On every soul.....1 p. 513	O the transporting 1 p. 584
O let my transpor-1 p. 10	One family we.....7 p. 441	O thou by whom 2 p. 358
O let not justice 271	One gentle sigh ...3 p. 560	O thou gracious ...1 p. 545
O let not sin 219	One happy hour 41	O thou great God 329
O let the dead 84	One in purposé ...3 p. 513	O thou great 6-p. 550

Hymn and Page	Hymn and Page	Hymn and Page
O thou our Maker 591	Pardon now is 2 p. 115	Put thy bright robes . 574
O thou who art ...2 p. 564	Pardon our sins ...1 p. 358	QUICKEN'D by thee ... 200
O thou who livest 3 p. 551	Parent and husb- 1 p. 564	Quick through 20
O thou whose all 7	Parent and husb-2 p. 564	RAISED from12 p. 542
O 'tis a thought 251	Partaker of my 178	Raise, raise, my 167
O 'tis sweet each 4 p. 553	Partakers of our 15 p. 515	Raise thy down- . 7 p. 115
O to grace how 509	Partakers of the . 2 p. 396	Rather, my spirit 1 p. 552
O turn us, turn us 525	Part of thy name 112	Reason and con- . 1 p. 299
Our arms succeed 527	Paschal Lamb, by 75	Reason, I hear her ... 39
Our brother the ...4 p. 561	Pass thou beyond 5 p. 566	Reason may grasp 6
Our children 13 p. 515	Paul said with ...2 p. 322	Rebellious I against . 159
Our covenant1 p. 563	Pause, my soul, adore 65	Rebel, ye waves...2 p. 8
Our days are transient 5	Pause, my soul, adore 1151	Rebuild thy walls 6 p. 421
Our fainting souls 180	Peace is proclaim- 3 p. 115	Reflect, thou..... 5 p. 581
Our Father God...1 p. 564	Peace, troubled ... 2 p. 376	Regardless of thy 525
Our foes were mighty 475	Peace with her ... 1 p. 420	Regard their pa- 7 p. 515
Our fruitful fields, 3 p. 504	Perfect our souls in ... 390	Rejoice in ... 149, 1 p. 551
Our glad hosannas 134	Perhaps he will 355	Rejoice, the Saviour . 149
Our hearts and3 p. 338	Perhaps we here 1 p. 394	Rejoicing now in 232
Our hearts exult 1 p. 419	Permit them to 337	Released from6 p. 587
Our hearts now ...3 p. 479	Peruse the heavenly2p. 226	Release my soul...1 p. 351
Our helpless unbe-2 p. 371	Pilgrim, see that..... 1163	Religion should ...1 p. 284
Our Jesus proclaims . 627	Pilgrim, thou dost ... 1163	Remember, I2 p. 128
Our Jesus saves..... 55	Pity my frailty 106	Remember now ...6 p. 563
Our Jesus shall be 386	Pity the weeping..... 246	Remember thee...2 p. 479
Our knowledge ... 2 p. 554	Pity us, Lord, in 501	Remember thee . 4 p. 479
Our life while thou ... 36	Plagues and ... 1 p. 545	Remove from8 p. 515
Our lives and..... 5 p. 542	Plainly here his foot- . 445	Rend, O my God 311
Our longing souls 208	Pleased with the 79	Renounce thy.....2 p. 170
Our months are..... 574	Plenteous grace ... 1 p. 305	Repeated crimes a- ... 152
Our numerous griefs . 45	Plenteous of4 p. 206	Rescued from hell's... 113
Our outward walk 310	Poor and afflicted 3 p. 427	Resign and all ... 4 p. 547
Our powers are4 p. 585	Poorlost benighted 2 p. 581	Resolve it not ...3 p. 116
Our raging passions... 54	Poor virtues that he... 520	Resting in this ...7 p. 578
Our rising earth 243	Poor worms of ...17 p. 515	Restore him, sinking 413
Our Saviour and 62	Pour not, thou ...4 p. 562	Restraining pray- 2 p. 353
Our seeking thy 62	Pour thy Spirit ...6 p. 515	Rests secure 7 p. 578
Our sins and griefs.... 179	Powers unseen 347	Rest, sweet babe 5 p. 563
Our souls all guilty ... 475	Praise him all ye 142	Return and revive 3 p. 212
Our souls are1 p. 553	Praise him for mercies 663	Return in ways of 409
Our Surety freed 143	Praise him in2 p. 384	Return, O Holy Dove 98
Our temple guarded... 532	Praise, my soul 1144	Return, O blissful... 506
Our thoughts are 112	Praise to the Con-2 p. 144	Return, O wander-1 p. 313
Our toils and3 p. 365	Praise to the Lord 626	Return, O wander-4 p. 581
Our vows, our ... 2 p. 37	Praise to the1 p. 542	Review each prophet. 205
Our wandering ... 3 p. 197	Praise yet the Lord ... 626	Rich harvests.....2 p. 504
Our weary souls ...3 p. 185	Prayer is the 2 p. 358	Rich were the.....2 p. 505
Our willing souls 1 p. 562	Prayer makes ... 2 p. 353	Ride forth, thou...4 p. 421
Our wisdom, wealth . 238	Precept and 2 p. 322	Rise from these ...1 p. 470
Outcast from1 p. 422	Prepare me for ... 7 p. 584	Rise, says the Saviour 88
Out of great 3 p. 587	Prepare us, Lord...1 p. 550	Rise, Sun of Right-3 p. 540
O were it not3 p. 580	Present salvation 2 p. 393	Rise when the ... 4 p. 566
O what a numer- 1 p. 522	Preserve me.....1 p. 284	Rivers descending 3 p. 299
O what a vast1 p. 336	Preserve the power... 590	Rivers to the ocean ... 301
O what can more...1 p. 185	Preserve us in ...1 p. 383	Rock of ages9 p. 542
O when shall Afric 1 p. 420	Preserve unquench'd 375	Room in the Sav-1 p. 473
O when shall time 527	Press ye on, believ-3 p. 453	Round each habi-1 p. 418
O when shall we at ... 232	Presumptuous... 1 p. 187	Roused by the.....1 p. 303
O when thou3 p. 585	Prevent, prevent. 1 p. 579	Rushing on the 119
O when thy lisping 3 p. 336	Prince of Peace ...1 p. 519	SABLE Afric, aid 676
O while I breathe..... 272	Princes and 1 p. 578	Safe lead us thro'..... 196
O while I with 8 p. 584	Princes and priests... 533	Saints and angels 1 p. 115
O wise in all thy 25	Prisoners long 7 p. 561	Saints before4 p. 129
O write upon 2 p. 351	Proclaim inimitable . 148	Salvation doth to 532
O ye banish'd 240	Pronounce me, gra- ... 91	Salvation, Lord, is ... 200
O yes, a shelter....2 p. 581	Prostrate I'll lie 355	Salvation now shall... 109
O yes, there is 2 p. 402	Protect the young 1 p. 441	Satan and all1 p. 479
PARDON and grace 52	Protect us in 1 p. 358	Satan, Satan 4 p. 535
Pardon and peace 179-194	Pure in his zeal 261	Saved—the deed 295
Pardon and peace to . 486	Put all thy beau- 3 p. 403	
	Put on, my soul 1153	

Hymn and Page	Hymn and Page	Hymn and Page
Save us from a mere ... 108	Shake off your bonds . 93	Softly his fainting 555
Save us in thy 182	Shall not the 2 p. 421	So gracious Saviour... 154
Saviour, breathe 638	Shall aught beguile... 323	So, great, so vast 138
Saviour divine ... 5 p. 418	Shed down, O.....3 p. 215	So he ascends1 p. 578
Saviour, from2 p. 515	She, generous.....2 p. 121	So he presents his 191
Saviour, hasten ...3 p. 577	She hides my follies... 311	So in darkest1 p. 541
Saviour, if of1 p. 418	Shine, Lord, and my 220	So in the last and..... 617
Saviour of souls 281	Shine, mighty God ... 243	So Jesus look'd on ... 257
Saviour Prince ... 2 p. 313	Short is the space 1 p. 582	So Jesus slept.....5 p. 567
Saviour, this illu- 2 p. 576	Should bonds1 p. 326	Soldier of Christ...3 p. 566
Saw ye not the ... 5 p. 420	Should both the Indies 187	So may I sing 104
Say, is not the ... 2 p. 258	Should earth's vain... 187	So may my conduct ... 95
Say, live for ever 474	Should e'er my ...3 p. 135	So may our eyes ...1 p. 226
Say, the religion...4 p. 418	Should every earthly 344	Some in whom ... 1 p. 427
Say this, and3 p. 116	Should I involve...1 p. 8	Some thither 3 p. 580
Say, what are you 78	Should it rend.....2 p. 451	So 'mid enemies 2 p. 583
Scaled I the skies..... 8	Should justice appear 198	So 'midst the1 p. 403
Scarce a few hours ... 41	Should love like 272	Soon as the even- 2 p. 27
Scarce had he spoke... 400	Should persecution ... 123	Soon as the morn..... 315
Scarce half alive 101	Should vengeance 1 p. 294	Soon shall I pass 13
Scarce through ...1 p. 231	Should vile blasphemy 60	Soon shall the.....2 p. 418
Scatter the clouds..... 331	Shout, ye little flock... 240	Soon shall we2 p. 241
Seal my forgiveness 495	Show me thy face 555	Soon to come to earth 623
Seal us to that.....4 p. 215	Show me what I...4 p. 353	Sons of Adam 5 p. 505
Searcher of hearts 1 p. 331	Shows me the precious 218	Sons of God.....5 p. 420
Search, Lord, O..... 548	Show them how...5 p. 336	Sorrow and pain...1 p. 583
Seasons and months ... 508	Show us some token 340	So shall humility 311
Seat of my friends 9 p. 346	Shudder not to ... 6 p. 561	So shall I triumph ... 106
Secured ourselves 155	Silent, alas! thou 189	So shall my walk be... 98
Secure from every 7 p. 553	Silent and slow ...1 p. 514	So shall our thank-1 p. 114
See a bush that..... 16	Silent we own.....1 p. 563	So shall that curse 1 p. 572
See a stone that 16	Simple, teachable..... 237	So shall the bright ... 407
See earth with.....2 p. 504	Sinai in clouds ... 2 p. 12	So shall the visits..... 332
See, God is reconciled 88	Since all that I meet 290	So shall thy people ... 594
See his disciples...2 p. 135	Since all we have 2 p. 505	So shall thy praise 1 p. 511
See how beauteous ... 432	Since Christ and we... 81	So spake the friends 21
See how the foolish ... 400	Since from his 161	So sweet at times 5 p. 553
See human nature 42	Since he has said 1 p. 217	So the rising 1 p. 346
See, I am waiting 189	Since on this wing-5 p. 116	So trials and sor- 2 p. 547
See in one scale 49	Since still thou goest 189	So, where'er the sig- 389
See in the Saviour's... 188	Since that love had ... 65	So, when on earth 5 p. 553
See in the torrid...3 p. 421	Since thou the 67	So, when this pilg-4 p. 336
See Jesus stands 473	Since thou wilt..... 159	So, when thy tr- 1 p. 371
See me, Saviour...2 p. 313	Since tis thy 2 p. 217	Spare me, my..... 1 p. 351
See Salem's golden ... 239	Sing both with heart 626	Speak, and by..... 2 p. 500
See sinners haste- 2 p. 504	Sing, earth, in verdant 30	Speak, Lord, and 308
See springs of6 p. 422	Sing, for the day is ... 260	Speak, thou, and from 210
See that glory10 p. 553	Sing of his dying 2 p. 241	Spirit of faith ... 12 p. 346
See that your 2 p. 470	Sing the Son's ... 2 p. 441	Spirit of holiness 633
See the fair way...2 p. 405	Sing we then eter-2 p. 441	Spirit of our God..... 631
See the haven.....6 p. 561	Sin, like a raging..... 188	Spirit of truth and 672
See the Judge.....1 p. 577	Sin throws in vain ... 188	Spread thy great 2
See the Redeemer 1 p. 129	Sinner, beware ... 6 p. 581	Sprinkled now ... 5 p. 114
See the red flames 2 p. 582	Sinners from earth ... 164	Stand fast upon the ... 416
See there his temple 136	Sinners in 3 p. 177	Stand then in his 3 p. 303
See the short course . 42	Sinners, make haste . 78	Starting from..... 3 p. 571
See the streams ...1 p. 418	Sinners, on every..... 364	Stay, Satau my old ... 447
See to their refuge ... 478	Sinners wrung ... 4 p. 129	Stay, says the world... 447
See to the vilest 56	Sinners, your idols ... 398	Stay, sinner, on ... 1 p. 581
See we repent, we ... 528	Sins and follies ... 3 p. 394	Stay, stay, said earth 1153
See what delight...3 p. 418	Six thousand 1 p. 421	Stay, thou hea- ... 4 p. 351
See where he languis- 480	Slacken not sail1156	Still are we thine 526
See, while he.....3 p. 418	Slaves that have 58	Still be it our supreme 532
Send forth, O Lord ... 409	Sleep on ye sain- 10 p. 551	Still be our purity 1 p. 412
Send forth thy ... 1 p. 420	Smile, Lord, on...1 p. 420	Still gird thy sword ... 77
Send, O my God 307	Smile on our souls ... 139	Still his compassion... 484
Send some message... 363	Soar we now where... 141	Still in thy work 424
Sequester'd from 1 p. 212	So Babel's king ... 3 p. 580	Still let the heavenly 256
Seraphs with elevated 588	So boundless is..... 314	Still let the spirit 3 p. 303
Serene I laid me down 494	So dear the tie ... 6 p. 479	Still may I view 157
Serpent accursed 122	So fades a summer 6 p. 551	Still may the bar- 1 p. 511

Hymn and Page	Hymn and Page	Hymn and Page
Still, O Lord, our 6 p. 440	Ten thousand worlds 281	The friendly 3 p. 550
Still on our hearts 2 p. 199	Thanks we give and... 389	The God of Ab-... 1 p. 66
Still restless nature ... 23	That awful word 131	The goodly land ... 2 p. 66
Still we wait for..... 182	That blissful inter-1 p. 554	The goodness in vain 107
Still with their lips ... 282	That day on which ... 47	The gospel trumpet... 57
Strong in the 3 p. 303	That eye, indeed 4 p. 563	The guiltless 3 p. 114
Strong were thy foes 616	That heavenly influ- 209	The guilt of twice 1 p. 216
Struggle through, 2 p. 561	That long as life... 2 p. 490	The gushing blood 1 p. 420
Stupendous favour ... 193	That man may last... 435	The hand of feilo- 3 p. 473
Succeeding years 9 p. 116	That meek and lowly 260	The hand that ch- 2 p. 564
Such base ingra- 1 p. 252	That mount how 1 p. 135	The hand that ga- 2 p. 43
Such blessings..... 2 p. 37	That throne, that..... 328	The help of men 1 p. 439
Such great deliverance 533	That tree, that curse 478	The helpless sinners... 528
Such is thy glorious... 44	The affrighted..... 1 p. 578	The heaven above 25
Such is your pastor ... 416	The ancient Levitical 205	The holy, holy, holy... 408
Such knowledge... 1 p. 8	The arrows that shall 539	The holy to the... 8 p. 440
Such was his zeal..... 489	The axe of death 6 p. 581	The horrid gloom 3 p. 185
Sun and moon..... 3 p. 570	The badge and..... 2 p. 473	The hosts of God 285
Suns on suns 1 p. 10	The baffled prince 2 p. 422	The hosts of spi- 1 p. 384
Supported by thy 2 p. 542	The bags are rent 436	The hour of a..... 11 p. 542
Sure as thy truth 2 p. 403	The beams of 1 p. 8	The hours that ... 7 p. 585
Sure, I must fight ... 228	The beam that ... 5 p. 422	The humble poor 517
Sure, I must love..... 251	The birds with-... 2 p. 125	The humble sup- 1 p. 353
Sure the blest com-... 213	The bitter torments... 483	The indignation of ... 481
Sure there was never 483	The blessed Spirit 8 p. 116	Their brightest day ... 546
Sure there was 39	The blood of man 48	Their daily wants..... 95
Sure were not I... 1 p. 170	The bondage of ... 3 p. 586	Their feeble frames... 556
Surely once thy... 1 p. 427	The bowels of thy..... 64	Their harmony ... 4 p. 579
Survey the beauties... 161	The brightest cheek 1167	Their infant cries 95
Sway'd by thy..... 1 p. 258	The buds are 3 p. 322	Their plague of heart 244
Sweet bonds that 1152	The calm retreat 3 p. 331	Their Saviour..... 2 p. 563
Sweet in his right- 5 p. 318	The cause of righ- 2 p. 422	Their tears and groans 21
Sweet in the con- 5 p. 318	The children like..... 1168	Their toils are..... 3 p. 562
Sweet moments... 2 p. 540	The church of ... 10 p. 585	Their mounds, their . 529
Sweet on his faith- 5 p. 318	The church tri- ... 8 p. 440	The islands wait- 3 p. 418
Sweet precept..... 3 p. 353	The chronicles of 423	The joyful news... 1 p. 299
Sweet Spirit of grace 107	The counsels of red- 45	The Lamb, the dove . 53
Sweet the place... 2 p. 441	The countless..... 1 p. 479	The lesson each... 3 p. 504
Sweet the sign... 2 p. 451	The cruel bonds 93	The light of truth 1 p. 207
Sweet to look..... 5 p. 318	The cup of bless- 3 p. 473	The listening earth ... 1
Sweet truth, and 1 p. 241	The cup of trem- 5 p. 550	The little hills..... 3 p. 503
Sweet was the journey 555	The day was never 468	The living tribes of ... 32
Sweetly he rests 10 p. 551	The dead in Christ 6 p. 578	The lonely widow 2 p. 433
Swift through the 2 p. 129	The dead in trespass- 592	The Lord has in... 4 p. 542
	The dearest idol I..... 98	The Lord, heaven's ... 25
TAKE me, my Saviour 266	The deepest reverence 17	The Lord, he 2 p. 318
Take my poor 3 p. 252	The devils would 1 p. 73	The Lord of life... 5 p. 479
Take his easy ... 11 p. 116	The dews and rains... 209	The Lord of glory 1 p. 129
Take not in vain the 47	The door of thy mercy 15	The Lord shall ... 2 p. 578
Take thou my 3 p. 211	The dying thief re- ... 169	The Lord, the Saviour 472
Take with you words 176	The earth could to. ... 136	The lowest steps aro- 26
Tarry his leisure 1 p. 224	Thee at all times 1 p. 545	The lustre of so bright 113
Teach me, my God... 400	Thee in thy glori- 8 p. 440	The man who sought 520
Teach me the..... 3 p. 215	Thee my new 1 p. 490	The Master whom 3 p. 420
Teach me to live 1 p. 496	The encircling rainbo- 357	The mightiest king ... 362
Teach my weak heart 156	The endless Lord 4 p. 345	The mighty debt 59
Teach them to sow ... 426	The eternal Shep- 2 p. 566	The mighty deep 571
Teach us, O Lord 435	Thee, Saviour, at my 178	The mite my willing . 436
Teach us to count..... 4	The everlasting... 1 p. 551	The mitred crown ... 191
Teach us to bow 522	Thee will I honour 28	The more I strove ... 201
Teach us to know..... 629	The faith that unites 222	The mountains ... 4 p. 579
Tell all the distant 4 p. 418	The Father of..... 2 p. 540	The mysteries of crea- 6
Tell me, O tell ... 2 p. 215	The Father, with ap- 191	Then all at once to ... 588
Teeming with..... 1 p. 27	The fiercer the ... 4 p. 318	Then all my servile... 51
Teeming with life..... 498	The first creation 1 p. 129	The names of all his 154
Temptations every ... 324	The first gracious..... 205	Then, as thou..... 2 p. 128
Ten thousand com- 2 p. 284	The flattering joys 437	Then back to heaven 140
Ten thousand cro- 4 p. 421	The flowery spring ... 508	Then baptized..... 2 p. 451
Ten thousand dy- 2 p. 412	The foolish, the... 4 p. 427	Then calm thy 2 p. 557
Ten thousand praises 127	The formal profes- 5 p. 578	Then dig about ... 2 p. 511
Ten thousand to... 7 p. 440	The fountain o'erflows 150	Then dry up your..... 498

Hymn and Page	Hymn and Page	Hymn and Page
Then dry your tears . 144	Then with the visits . 329	The sacred word 5 p. 473
Then every colour 3 p. 535	The pain'd, the sick... 56	The saints in2 p. 358
The news shall ...1 p. 535	The pains of 3 p. 566	The saints who6 p. 567
Then fly, my song 20	The paschal sacrifice. 53	The Saviour, all-1161
Then give all the..... 110	The prayers and...1 p. 553	The Saviour incarna-1162
Then, God of2 p. 336	The precious jewel ... 171	The Saviour, when ... 407
Then grant us3 p. 206	The present mom-5 p. 116	The scape-goat, 53
Then hear me2 p. 331	The Prince, the ...1 p. 404	These are the men 5 p. 473
Then hear, ye.....2 p. 224	The promise is ... 2 p. 346	These are the pre- 7 p. 346
Then help us to ...3 p. 586	The ransom'd... .. 2 p. 66	These are they ...3 p. 587
Then hush, O.....2 p. 557	There all the favour- 587	These ashes.....2 p. 509
Then, if a messenger 408	There all the4 p. 561	These children ...12 p. 515
Then, if thou.....2 p. 394	There beams all...6 p. 585	These inward trials... 321
Then immortality 2 p. 569	There blend the..... 1170	These mournful groa- 538
Then in the last ...1 p. 504	There by his 1 p. 470	These pleas presented 528
Then in redeeming 2 p. 297	There dwells2 p. 66	These proofs of love... 82
Then, King of glory... 338	There faith lifts...3 p. 584	These skulls 1 p. 550
Then, king of4 p. 567	Therefore in life...4 p. 524	These splendid acts... 259
Then lead us 4 p. 490	There garlands2 p. 405	These transient scenes 546
Then leaving all...1 p. 552	There generous ...1 p. 584	These various ... 4 p. 504
Then let me mount ... 13	There glories3 p. 215	These walls we ... 1 p. 339
Then let my trem-2 p. 545	There happier.....3 p. 585	These with a gentle ... 539
Then let our faith ... 61	There he our great ... 59	The seeds which piety 436
Then let our hearts ... 606	There his triumphal . 145	The sense of thy 204
Then let our sorr- 3 p. 562	There, if thy3 p. 331	The Shepherd's ...1 p. 101
Then let the hosts ... 387	There in celestial 3 p. 305	The sight of tran-2 p. 553
Then let the wild- 1 p. 297	There is a death...4 p. 584	The sins and 4 p. 345
Then let us joyful 6 p. 584	There is a great 188	The sins of one 194
Then let us meet 395	There is a home...3 p. 584	The Son of God atten- 21
Then let us not ...2 p. 231	There is an hour *1 p. 566	The Son of God in ... 367
Then let us record ... 560	There is a rich ... 2 p. 284	The sorrow, shame ... 478
Then let us still...2 p. 473	There is a Shepherd... 155	The soul from1 p. 583
Then let us taste 472	There is a soft ... 3 p. 584	The soul that longs ... 518
Then let us wait...2 p. 318	There is a world 6 p. 553	The soul that on...1 p. 128
Then let us wait to 1 p. 551	There is my house ... 300	The spacious earth ... 1
Then linger not...2 p. 581	There joyful find 344	The spacious world ... 20
Then, Lord, forbid 2 p. 322	There joys immeasur- 56	The Spirit bears...4 p. 114
Then, Lord, if ... 3 p. 306	There joys unseen ... 546	The Spirit gives 96
Then, Lord, the ...2 p. 366	There like the.....3 p. 331	The Spirit raised 568
Then may I breat-2 p. 331	There low before...1 p. 587	The spotless robe 194
Then, oh my dis- 2 p. 305	There may that pier- 332	The spring's 4 p. 504
Then peace returns... 531	There may we not ... 395	The storm is laid 36
Then praise, O ... 2 p. 173	There myriads. ...2 p. 540	The stroke which 8 p. 585
Then, raged thy 4 p. 422	There, on a throne 1 p. 583	The stubborn.....2 p. 206
Then rescued4 p. 422	There rapturous...1 p. 547	The summons reach'd 267
Then, Saviour ... 1 p. 549	There rest shall...6 p. 584	The Sun of righteous- 35
Then shall my ... 1 p. 537	There rests the earth 20	The sun set in ... 5 p. 545
Then shall my droop- 308	There 's a hand...4 p. 586	The sun that illu- 2 p. 553
Then shall my joyful 37	There saints are1166	The sun thy minister 501
Then shall my ... 1 p. 524	There, says the Savi- 359	The sun withdraws... 506
Then shall, on faith . 546	There shall be ... 3 p. 569	The swelling..... 4 p. 373
Then shall our cheer- 372	There shall our ... 2 p. 241	The tender parent 4 p. 545
Then shall our ... 4 p. 366	There shall the ...1 p. 583	The thought I dread 106
Then shall the mourn- 272	There shall your 234	The thought of ... 3 p. 326
Then shone almighty 131	There shall you...1 p. 573	The things eternal ... 300
Then should insulting 525	There smiles a ... 2 p. 297	The thundering horse 529
Then sit you 2 p. 470	There the blest man . 588	The tide of creatures 20
Then teach us, Lord . 647	There, there unsh- ... 218	The time is short 3 p. 544
Then to abstain 51	There we shall1 p. 550	The time of great-2 p. 298
Then to his saints 315	There we to all etern- 677	The time of love...1 p. 224
Then to the Gen- 5 p. 418	There, where the 7 p. 566	The travail of3 p. 135
Then trust me4 p. 427	There while the...1 p. 542	The trembling earth... 138
Then weep no.....5 p. 564	There, with united 1 p. 473	The triumphs3 p. 133
Then welcome.....5 p. 587	There, with what 6 p. 585	The types and shado- 202
Then we shall.....2 p. 554	There ye that love ... 588	The tyrant, how...1 p. 550
Then what, if3 p. 322	The rich inheritance . 58	The unfashion'd 28
Then when the ... 1 p. 552	The rising God forsa- 474	The untaught1 p. 419
Then while betw- 1 p. 412	The rising tempe-2 p. 581	The unwearied ... 1 p. 27
Then why should 2 p. 23	The rocks can.....2 p. 268	The voice of 1 p. 557
Then will I tell to 201	The rocks could feel 136	The voyage of ... 4 p. 561
Then with the ... 2 p. 550	The rougher our...4 p. 318	The warbling 1 p. 146

Hymn and Page	Hymn and Page	Hymn and Page
The warfare.....5 p. 562	This, this is my... 3 p. 306	Thou knowest the..... 413
The way, the holy 201	This tried Almighty .. 103	Thou, Lord of.....2 p. 553
The way thou.....3 p. 479	This world, then 1 p. 73	Thou, Lord, wilt..... 64
The welcome news ... 191	This wreck of.....2 p. 570	Thou, Lord, with 5
The whole trium- 2 p. 66	Thither I was by 1 p. 580	Thou, O Christ... 1 p. 305
The woes of life we...1173	Thither, my soul..... 30	Thou, on thy 2 p. 322
The wonders of thy ... 534	Thither thine 1 p. 8	Thousands besides 4 p. 135
The wondrous method 35	Those characters shall 154	Thou saw'st us.... 1 p. 216
The word he gave ... 27	Those eyes so long 565	Thou sayest I..... 1 p. 206
The word of 10 p. 346	Those guardian drops 100	Thou say'st thou 266
The word, the Spirit 452	Those triumphs of ... 481	Thou seest me deaf ... 189
The words his sacred 19	Those who to..... 2 p. 293	Thou seest me lying... 364
The work which his... 223	Those wishes, Lord ... 262	Thou seest our 4 p. 306
The world recedes 3 p. 552	Thou art as ready 1 p. 241	Thou seest what floods 312
The wounded conscie- 218	Thou art coming 4 p. 353	Thou shalt not, or 48
The wrath of 3 p. 135	Thou art gone to 2 p. 562	Thou strength ... 4 p. 206
The year of relea- 3 p. 586	Thou art my pilot 304	Thou sun of suns 1 p. 199
They alone are truly 94	Thou art our Lord ... 424	Thou the whole... 1 p. 172
They are justified 94	Thou art the glorious 171	Thou tottering ... 2 p. 553
They brought..... 2 p. 146	Thou art their trium- 164	Thou vale of afflic- 2 p. 553
They come, they 6 p. 421	Thou art to whom 8 p. 564	Thou wast by..... 2 p. 298
They follow the ...8 p. 587	Thou comprehen- 4 p. 306	Thou wilt not..... 4 p. 524
They hate the appear- 282	Thou covenant angel 364	Thou who art 3 p. 294
They have fellowship 94	Thou dear, thou suff- 136	Thou who didst come 672
They know the Father 244	Thou didst once a..... 354	Thou, who for ... 2 p. 572
They leave the ... 1 p. 569	Thou dost freely . 1 p. 296	Throned above celest- 623
They neither know ... 31	Thou everlasting 444	Thrones and domi- ... 23
They produce the 94	Though cast down 2 p. 558	Through all the . 4 p. 336
They watch for souls... 410	Though crimson sin... 176	Through all the wind- 329
They who die in ... 4 p. 562	Though dark be my... 290	Through duty and 447
Thine awful glories ... 28	Though dark 's the ...1158	Through each.....2 p. 37
Thine earthly sabbaths 352	Though dreary ... 5 p. 587	Through endless 6 p. 422
Thine enemy.....10 p. 515	Though distresses 1 p. 318	Through eternity 1 p. 10
Thine essence is a 6	Though earthly ... 2 p. 566	Through every... 2 p. 566
Thine eye beheld me 28	Though fears be...5 p. 343	Through floods and... 447
Thine eye beholds 1 p. 12	Though I have ... 1 p. 215	Through heaven...1 p. 524
Thine is the power 1 p. 358	Though in a forei- 1 p. 224	Through him 2 p. 383
Think of thy sorrows 272	Though in the dust ... 143	Through him we 73
Think, oh sinner 7 p. 581	Tho' in the grave 5 p. 579	Through the rich 390
Think what you...2 p. 115	Tho' in the glories 1 p. 479	Through the shining 347
This be my care to 33	Tho' in the paths. 2 p. 567	Through the wide..... 399
This can my every 1 p. 537	Though nature's 2 p. 66	Through this wide ... 324
This cross a sink- 3 p. 135	Though numerous 13	Throughout the desert 180
This day thy favo-2 p. 491	Though oft the ... 3 p. 206	Through waves... 4 p. 306
This done my cheerful 40	Though once estrang- 406	Thus Abraham the ... 84
This empty tomb 143	Though press'd with 517	Thus all the preachers 414
This fountain 168	Though raised to a ... 154	Thus arm'd I..... 1 p. 303
This Gabriel knows ... 555	Though rocks and 304	Thus as the mo-...3 p. 393
This glorious hope ... 254	Though stormy ... 7 p. 585	Thus does thine arm... 494
This golden lesson 242	Though ten thou- 1 p. 318	Thus far his arm 2 p. 510
This heavenly calm ... 348	Though the form of ... 347	Thus far we prove 1 p. 306
This house the ... 2 p. 338	Though the night 2 p. 497	Thus, God declares ... 122
This impious heart.... 88	Though they suffer ... 94	Thus, he preserves 1 p. 403
This is the church 2 p. 403	Though thou shouldst 259	Thus I could ever 1 p. 477
This is the joy ... 2 p. 258	Though thy prese- 5 p. 563	Thus if our pious..... 609
This is the pillar of ... 60	Though to-day . 2 p. 558	Thus, in barren ... 4 p. 505
This is the way 201	Though we are guilty 388	Thus in simplicity 2 p. 366
This Jew.....2 p. 173	Though we have sinn'd 413	Thus, in the 9 p. 585
This lamp through 1 p. 43	Though we in full..... 263	Thus in the world 3 p. 258
This little seed ... 2 p. 422	Though when..... 4 p. 505	Thus it becomes...3 p. 442
This love and grace... 96	Though with 5 p. 569	Thus it becomes us ... 443
This moment I ... 2 p. 331	Though wolves and ... 127	Thus let our fav- 1 p. 336
This pattern, Lord 471	Though your 1 p. 558	Thus, Lord 11 p. 346
This prayer has ... 3 p. 322	Thou givest with..... 33	Thus low the Lord... 144
This precious food ... 158	Thou good and wise... 531	Thus melt us down ... 235
This prince of2 p. 177	Thou great Invisible . 3	Thus much and... 3 p. 561
This promise shall 4 p. 542	Thou hast help'd in... 354	Thus save, O Lord ... 530
This proof we would... 62	Thou hast preserv- 1 p. 511	Thus shall the..... 1 p. 503
This song repeat 1164	Thou hast restra- 3 p. 306	Thus Sinai roars 52
This spotless robe..... 84	Thou, holy God..... 17	Thus, star by..... 6 p. 553
This the hope 4 p. 586	Thou knowest I love 425	Thus teach me.... 1 p. 504

Hymn and Page	Hymn and Page	Hymn and Page
Thus the eternal... 1 p. 442	Thy risen Lord, my ... 143	'Tis true we 5 p. 585
Thus the lion..... 1 p. 541	Thy saints are com- ... 275	'Tis well when... 10 p. 542
Thus their willing..... 119	Thy saints in all this.. 228	'Tis without 5 p. 115
Thus through..... 6 p. 421	Thy saints on..... 1 p. 172	'Tis written in each... 242
Thus was his sacred... 448	Thy secret energy..... 155	To all thine other..... 124
Thus we, dear Saviour 452	Thy smiles have 2 p. 288	To all thy church 411
Thus were the hosts... 148	Thy smile of..... 8 p. 564	To bear his name 280
Thus what a rapturous 273	Thy Son who on the ... 357	To Canaan's sacred 3 p. 305
Thus when the ... 3 p. 326	Thy soul one wish..... 48	To chase the 4 p. 212
Thus when the east- 160	Thy sovereign eye..... 531	To Christ the bleeding 356
Thus when thou shalt 443	Thy Spirit, O my 1 p. 351	To day attend..... 1 p. 505
Thus while we sleep... 529	Thy Spirit's 10 p. 316	To day, the cheer- 2 p. 361
Thus will the church 255	Thy Spirit shall unite 81	To day, the gospel 5 p. 581
Thus with festive..... 342	Thy Spirit witness ... 598	To day, the pardoning 78
Thus would my rising 494	Thy terrors and thine 18	To do his heavenly ... 166
Thy ancient thoughts 18	Thy various service... 424	To dwell with God... 323
Thy blood, dear... 1 p. 377	Thy voice produced... 23	To dwell with misery 131
Thy body broken 2 p. 479	Thy wealth the power 481	To earth he bends 1 p. 338
Thy body now 5 p. 581	Thy wisdom, power... 32	To ever fragrant 1 p. 197
Thy cause is 4 p. 440	Thy witness..... 4 p. 211	To every member 7 p. 515
Thy comeliness... 2 p. 195	Thy wondrous..... 3 p. 135	To every soul..... 1 p. 571
Thy covenant the ... 67	Thy word is power ... 604	To Father, Son, and... 455
Thy face with 1 p. 433	Thy workmanship..... 62	To fear no pain 9 p. 551
Thy fair example 166	Tidings, tidings... 4 p. 535	To gain the top... 1 p. 293
Thy faithful serv- 5 p. 515	Till death shall ... 3 p. 299	Together in his pre- . 267
Thy faith is weak..... 123	Till fill'd with 1 p. 404	Together shall 2 p. 504
Thy famous tem- 1 p. 185	Till now he has... 5 p. 542	To go away from . 2 p. 439
Thy favour all my..... 277	Till now I saw..... 1 p. 294	To God most worthy . 335
Thy flock, thy own ... 31	Till that illustri- 2 p. 552	To hear the sor-... 2 p. 268
Thy glories blaze all... 29	Till the Jordan ... 1 p. 73	To heaven the place . 161
Thy glories shine of... 6	Till then I would 3 p. 173	To him by grace . 2 p. 550
Thy glorious being ... 2	Till then, nor is... 1 p. 451	To him, I owe..... 161
Thy glorious image ... 4	Till then, we..... 1 p. 421	To him it leads.... 2 p. 217
Thy God for thee 5 p. 421	Till we the veil... 1 p. 384	To him, let little . 4 p. 523
Thy God incarnate 5 p. 421	Times of sickness 1 p. 545	To him, the called 2 p. 173
Thy goodness like..... 547	Times, the tempt- 1 p. 545	To him, their prayers 341
Thy goodness thus 3 p. 503	'Tis better to 6 p. 542	To him who loved.... 193
Thy grace shall be 4 p. 490	'Tis but in part 245	To him who 12 p. 542
Thy grace shall dwell 173	'Tis by his sacred 3 p. 206	To holiness 14 p. 515
Thy gracious pres- 1 p. 537	'Tis conflict..... 6 p. 584	To humble penit- 1 p. 268
Thy greatness, Lord... 7	'Tis done and with ... 330	To Jesus may 5 p. 116
Thy hand how wide... 29	'Tis enough..... 7 p. 587	To Jesus our friend ... 107
Thy hand in autumn 508	'Tis even so, thy 324	To keep your..... 3 p. 308
Thy justice, holi- 2 p. 12	'Tis finish'd 72	To listening..... 2 p. 383
Thy love, a sea without 555	'Tis for their..... 20 p. 515	To men declare ... 2 p. 454
Thy love can cheer ... 278	'Tis gloom and ... 6 p. 584	To me a worm 184
Thy love my..... 5 p. 215	'Tis God's all animat- 302	To me who..... 184
Thy mercy in Jesus... 15	'Tis he circum-.... 2 p. 206	To mourners 1 p. 366
Thy mercy is more ... 15	'Tis he supports... 1 p. 253	Too plain, alas! ... 1 p. 322
Thy mercy pardons 2 p. 233	'Tis he the poten- 1 p. 563	To our young race ... 529
Thy mercy seat..... 316	'Tis he, 'tis he, kind . 478	To pray and 2 p. 571
Thy mercy softens 2 p. 503	'Tis he whose 1 p. 563	Tormenting pangs ... 559
Thy mighty arm un- 529	'Tis Jesus the first ... 385	To save a guilty 179
Thy ministers..... 1 p. 371	'Tis love that 2 p. 297	To sect or party 261
Thy name as precious 164	'Tis mercy, mercy..... 235	To see the law 51
Thy name, my ... 1 p. 440	'Tis not a cause of..... 410	To sleep in Jesus 9 p. 551
Thy name our..... 2 p. 453	'Tis not as led by 444	To steer our 18 p. 515
Thy name, thy ... 2 p. 195	'Tis not for..... 20 p. 515	To suffer in the 137
Thy pardoning love ... 86	'Tis not in circum-... 1150	To that my rising 436
Thy peerless..... 2 p. 195	'Tis now the 1 p. 582	To thee alone, our ... 2
Thy people long 163	'Tis sweet the 4 p. 545	To thee alone, we 502
Thy people, Lord 5 p. 336	'Tis sweet to recline... 62	To thee, dear Lord ... 102
Thy powerful consol- 33	'Tis the general ... 2 p. 576	To thee, great God ... 492
Thy power is still 2 p. 298	'Tis the rich gift of ... 87	To thee in my..... 1 p. 542
Thy precious time 1 p. 491	'Tis the Saviour angels 142	To thee in sweet... 2 p. 382
Thy presence in... 2 p. 361	'Tis there he 3 p. 326	To thee, I tell each ... 316
Thy promises our..... 219	'Tis there the 4 p. 212	To the Lamb that ... 615
Thy prophecies ... 2 p. 418	'Tis this my 1 p. 111	To thee, may each ... 335
Thy providence his ... 32	'Tis this relieves 158	To thee, our God 2 p. 336
Thy rain makes 3 p. 503	'Tis this upholds... 1 p. 111	To thee, our infant 4 p. 336
Thy richest grace 2 p. 371	'Tis thus we bid... 2 p. 449	To thee, our souls..... 406

Hymn and Page	Hymn and Page	Hymn and Page
To the eternal 3 p. 332	Up to the throne 417	We soon shall.....3 p. 305
To thee, the hoary 430	Up, up, in swift ...6 p. 564	We thankfully ...1 p. 383
To thee the lab-...1 p. 8	Urge, Saviour ... 10 p. 515	We the productio- 1 p. 441
To thee we all.....3 p. 394	VAIN are the hopes 5 p. 569	We to this place are... 455
To thee, we give 353	Vain his ambition 543	We too had5 p. 418
To thee, we pay our... 531	Vain the stone, the ... 141	We tread the 4 p. 585
To thee, we still..... 81	Vain world, thy..... 401	We trust not in ... 2 p. 490
To thee, who.....2 p. 231	Vast is their21 p. 515	We want to1 p. 421
To them his sovereign 341	View him prostrate 1 p. 115	We welcome 1 p. 558
To them the privilege 95	View the broad seas ... 30	We wish you in...3 p. 420
To thine own couch... 48	Vile unbelief2 p. 231	We would in.....18 p. 515
To this dear refuge 1 p. 12	Vine of heaven ... 2 p. 482	We would pers-...18 p. 515
To this the joy- ...5 p. 422	Vouchsafe in2 p. 215	What a change ... 2 p. 500
To those who2 p. 286	Vouchsafe us to 62	What anguish.....1 p. 439
To thy Almighty...1 p. 72	WAPT, waft.....6 p. 415	What are our3 p. 252
To thy will I lean 1 p. 512	Wait, then, my soul... 11	What blessings 261
Touch'd by my ...1 p. 562	Waiting to receive 2 p. 561	What brought.....6 p. 522
To unbelieving ... 2 p. 580	Wake and lift up 1 p. 491	What can the3 p. 116
To us the sacred...1 p. 361	Wake, parents ...19 p. 515	What crowds of 40
To us their duty...5 p. 412	Walk on at large 93	What'er be our 150
To what thy laws..... 521	Watch, 'tis your..... 325	What'er consists..... 204
To you and us ... 3 p. 393	Weak as I am.....1 p. 125	What'er is noble 3 p. 215
To Zion's peace- . 7 p. 553	Weak is the effort 3 p. 173	What'er thou1152
Traitor to thee.... 1 p. 580	Wealth and honour 1 p. 296	What enchants ... 4 p. 322
Transient and 1 p. 558	We are a building 2 p. 427	Whatever dangers 4 p. 490
Transgressors of 55	We are going to 1161	Whatever distress- ... 150
Tremendous as ... 2 p. 403	We ask not for ... 8 p. 515	Whatever guilt ... 1 p. 211
Tremendous judg- 525	We bless that won- ... 100	What glad returns ... 485
Tremble, ye sinners 9 p. 116	We bless the Chu-1 p. 412	What glory, Lord..... 131
Tremblers beside 1155	We bring them, Lord. 337	What hath God ...1 p. 535
Tried souls look ...1 p. 121	We call to mind...2 p. 427	What have I then 83
Triumphant in. ... 8 p. 553	We dare not speak 4 p. 521	What, if he choose ... 61
True helpers 1 p. 513	We die to obtain...7 p. 585	What, if his gospel ... 61
True holiness1 p. 420	We feel a sym- ...1 p. 522	What, if the men..... 61
True to his word 19	We glorify, we ... 3 p. 522	What, if we wear..... 229
True to the solemn ... 282	We hail thy in- ... 4 p. 115	What image do- ...1 p. 351
True, you are young . 516	Welcome all by sin ... 69	What is the world..... 276
Truly blessed5 p. 135	Welcome, sweet 323	What less than thy ... 213
Trust ye to youth 33	Welcome those ...1 p. 326	What may be.....512
Truths now profess 2 p. 473	Well done, my ... 1 p. 578	What numerous crim- 525
Tune your harps 71	Well I do remember . 270	What object, Lord 518
Turn from me thy 76	Well let the nations . 503	What of the night ...1156
Turning aside 1 p. 403	We'll look on all 229	What peaceful hours . 98
Turn then, my soul . 221	Well-pleased the Fath- 79	What shall I do? dis- 409
Turn to Christ8 p. 115	Well-pleased 1 p. 504	What shall I do? was 51
'Twas all of thy grace 110	We'll repose on ...4 p. 564	What shall I12 p. 542
'Twas he who taught. 321	We'll talk of all ...3 p. 393	What shall we do 230
'Twas his own love ... 472	We'll think of time's . 609	What strange.....1 p. 482
'Twas his Son.....3 p. 505	We'll trace the foot... 317	What sweeter7 p. 542
'Twas no great 1 p. 403	We long to see ... 2 p. 418	What thanks I ... 3 p. 331
'Twas thus I cried 447	We march hand...4 p. 318	What though at times 1157
Twice had the 3 p. 346	We meet at thy 59	What though his 539
'Twill aggravate...4 p. 578	We need defence 2 p. 427	What though in...2 p. 27
Tyrants no more 3 p. 535	We on that friend- ... 327	What tho' my body ... 259
UNCERTAIN life 4	We own and bless 4 p. 504	What tho' my gri- 1 p. 125
Unchangeable his... .. 64	We own the work of . 163	What tho' my house . 67
Unchanging1 p. 322	We own thy vari- 1 p. 298	What though no 529
Unfold, ye gates...1 p. 542	We plead for those 2 p. 564	What though o'er 3 p. 569
United with these 2 p. 587	We plead thy grace ... 528	What though once ... 141
Unite my powers 3 p. 540	We pray that you..... 516	What tho' our crimes 90
Unknown, untu- . 3 p. 523	Were half the bre- 2 p. 353	What though Satan's . 318
Unnumber'd years 103	Were the black list 1 p. 287	What though the 2 p. 566
Unworthy as I 1 p. 197	Were universal nature 147	What though1 p. 306
Unworthy of the 4 p. 115	We see the pro- ... 1 p. 185	What though the nor-1143
Unworthy of thy 289	We share our mutual 254	What though 6 p. 418
Upon him shower 536	We sin forsake, to 310	What though the tem-1149
Upon my leaf, when . 200	We sing the bright ... 160	What though to gratify 259
Upon the bridal ...1 p. 513	We sing the conquest 424	What though we 387
Upon the Spirit's 375	We sink with all 235	What though yet 5 p. 505
Upon your boundies . . 246		What want shall not . 126
		What was there in ... 110

Hymn and Page	Hymn and Page	Hymn and Page
What wonders.....1 p. 129	When shrivelling 2 p. 575	While of thy absence . 249
What wretched ...3 p. 580	When sinners broke . 112	While pity prompts 1 p. 557
When all arrav'd 1 p. 146	When sinners.....1 p. 573	While providence 3 p. 384
When all created 248	When sin prevails 213	While round the saint 582
When all is done 246	When some kind pro- 213	While Satan trembles 282
When all the powers . 327	When storms of 163	While scarce I dare ... 292
When angry nations . 531	When that happy 8 p. 585	While seraphs tune ... 147
When at the Almighty 398	When that illustrious 228	While sinners2 p. 578
When by the dreadful 36	When the angel sounds 65	Whilst nature changes 3
When call'd to bear... 123	When the fervent..... 596	Whilst thee our . 1 p. 453
Whence flow these ... 472	When the morn ...2 p. 845	While sweet1 p. 37
Whence I go 3 p. 226	When the most help- 257	While the bright 555
When conscience 1 p. 505	When the pangs of... 1154	While these excite ... 18
When conscious 234	When this having 2 p. 587	While they around ... 387
When darkness ...2 p. 559	When thou with 344	While they that scorn 163
When death 1 p. 510	When through.....1 p. 128	While this liquid 2 p. 451
When deluges of 423	When through temp- 95	While thrones10 p. 585
When disciplined 2 p. 545	When through the 3 p. 575	While thunders . 2 p. 577
When dreadful guilt . 89	When thy trium- 2 p. 552	While we are held 249
Whene'er becalm'd ... 304	When to laborious 1 p. 226	While we beneath 2 p. 535
Whene'er my foolish . 247	When to the cross 2 p. 479	While we pray 2 p. 345
Whene'er temptation 320	When trials sore...3 p. 545	While we walk6 p. 440
Whene'er to call 213	When we appear in ... 386	While yet his4 p. 479
Whene'er the angry... 166	When trouble like a... 13	Whither, ah1 p. 440
Whene'er thy1 p. 420	When troubles attend 150	Whither should a 295
When fill'd with 273	When we asunder ... 254	Who bids us lay ...4 p. 479
When first I heard ... 289	When we shall6 p. 567	Who can appease 2 p. 294
When from his courts 1	When we thy..... 4 p. 366	Who can behold thee . 23
When from the dust . 84	When will the ... 1 p. 421	Whoever comes he'll . 176
When ghastly death . 123	When wilt thou... 4 p. 211	Who is the King of ... 145
When gloomy shades 203	When with a glance 3 p. 575	Who know the5 p. 473
When God inclines 1 p. 353	When with the pangs 398	Who of thy sacred 6 p. 479
When heaven.....4 p. 547	When worn with . 3 p. 545	Who shall fulfil this... 148
When he first.....5 p. 420	Where are those...1 p. 427	Who then shall1 p. 287
When he gave up..... 356	Where awful desola- . 498	Why art thou7 p. 115
When he in robes..... 91	Where'er his1 p. 419	Why droop our hearts 124
When he lived ... 3 p. 170	Where'er I have . 1 p. 514	Why, gracious God... 534
When he makes...4 p. 306	Where'er the less-2 p. 420	Why inconvenient 2 p. 541
When his Spirit leads 69	Where'er the sun 4 p. 421	Why linger then 7 p. 551
When hell and Rome 534	Where'er the3 p. 535	Why should I complain 290
When I behold thy ... 245	Where'er thy sun 374	Why should I3 p. 585
When in ecstasy...6 p. 135	Where'er we tread 1 p. 500	Why should I shrink 277
When in his earthly... 175	Where'er we turn..... 32	Why should the Lord 14
When in that blest ... 65	Where from thy ...1 p. 8	Why should the soul . 248
When in the 4 p. 504	Where is the blessed- 98	Why should this 3 p. 384
When in the sole- 3 p. 545	Where Jesus1 p. 554	Why should we yet 4 p. 116
When involved in..... 108	Where now, oh ...1 p. 570	Why then so 2 p. 440
When I quit this fee- 65	Where our fore- ...2 p. 338	Why will you in...1 p. 116
When I shall 2 p. 559	Where thou shalt 13 p. 542	Wide as the spac- 3 p. 421
When I tread1 p. 567	Where we shall..... 350	Wide as the wheels... 508
When I turn my eye . 250	Which of all 3 p. 170	Wide as they2 p. 503
When justice2 p. 511	While all the2 p. 27	Wide it unveils..... 218
When life sinks ...2 p. 125	While all thy own..... 133	Wide thy resistless ... 269
When lowest sunk ... 33	While Britain, favour- 534	Will gifts delight 83
When mighty navies 533	While cleaving ...1 p. 558	Will the Almighty ... 21
When neglect, sin1172	While for our princes 533	Wilt thou despise 1 p. 581
When not e'en ...2 p. 537	While he surveys 3 p. 326	Wilt thou not a..... 186
When on Calvary 6 p. 135	While here thro' the . 73	Wilt thou not crown . 309
When on my achi- 3 p. 545	While his proud...3 p. 576	Wisdom and mercy... 277
When our incarnate... 468	While hungry lions ... 285	Wisdom, its dictates . 54
When pastor, saints... 417	While I am a4 p. 373	With all simplicity 3 p. 421
When piety in early... 517	While I draw1 p. 195	With all the boasted . 527
When round thy courts 249	While in darkness 3 p. 563	With all the bright 2 p. 523
When Satan appe- 2 p. 125	While in the1 p. 420	With a transporting . 375
When shall I rea- 1 p. 584	While I thy boundless 24	With cheerful feet ... 469
When shall I see 171	While I view the 4 p. 505	With cold affect- 1 p. 477
When shall the gospel 527	While I view thee 295	With comfort I ...3 p. 212
When shall the ra-2 p. 199	While life remains 1 p. 505	With cries and tears . 153
When shall the untu- 420	While many a 2 p. 523	With cruel force he ... 539
When shall these 3 p. 585	While Moses 2 p. 353	With feeble light 31
When shall we reach 160	While near each...3 p. 394	With flowing tears .. 310

Hymn and Page	Hymn and Page	Hymn and Page
With gentle smile 89	Writ on his thigh 1 p. 578	Yes, thou art precious 173
With gifts of 1 p. 513	YEA, amen, let ... 1 p. 576	Yes, thou art weak ... 326
With grateful 1 p. 510	Ye, alas, who long ... 69	Yes, thou shalt surely 483
With grateful praise . 499	Yea, more with his ... 321	Yet as the yielding ... 443
With holy fear and ... 266	Year after year ... 6 p. 581	Yet, for ten days 447
With humble souls ... 517	Ye are travelling 240	Yet, gracious God 316
With it the thought 1 p. 544	Yearly in our 5 p. 505	Yet, how much..... 79
With Jesus we ... 2 p. 440	Ye bankrupt debtors . 57	Yet, if my Father 3 p. 550
With joy, great God... 348	Ye British isles 44	Yet if our supplicati- 413
With joy like this..... 144	Ye careless ones 516	Yet, I may be..... 1 p. 199
With joy may we 1 p. 326	Ye chosen seed ... 1 p. 177	Yet, I mourn my..... 250
With joy the cho- 2 p. 129	Ye debtors, whom 58	Yet in his word 498
With joy the first 5 p. 418	Ye doubting 8 p. 116	Yet, is his house 486
With joy we in ... 3 p. 442	Ye fair enchanting 2 p. 402	Yet, I will not ... 3 p. 313
With joy we taste..... 194	Ye fearful saints 34	Yet justice still 238
With lamp refres- 7 p. 584	Ye gentle sinners 1 p. 177	Yet leaves again 1168
With lowly minds 455	Ye hearts with youth- 519	Yet, Lord, if thy..... 220
With me if of old..... 214	Ye heavenly gates ... 574	Yet, Lord, to save ... 414
With my burden 4 p. 353	Ye humble souls 344	Yet midst the 167
With my substance ... 432	Ye hungry poor that . 486	Yet midst these joys . 21
With past attain- 5 p. 473	Ye in the wildern-1 p. 146	Yet nature may 538
With patriarchs ... 2 p. 587	Ye little flock 337	Yet Noah, humble ... 104
With pleasure medita- 416	Ye living men, the ... 565	Yet nobler favours ... 32
With pure celesti- 3 p. 479	Ye mortals, catch..... 140	Yet not one anxi- 1 p. 564
With rapture he'll 2 p. 587	Ye mountains ... 2 p. 553	Yet not thus 2 p. 569
With rapture shall ... 245	Ye nations, bend 2 p. 8	Yet oh how marvellous 481
With sacred awe 17	Ye palaces, sceptres... 253	Yet one thing we 62
With speed he flew ... 82	Ye pilgrims on ... 2 p. 241	Yet others in 3 p. 551
With thankful ... 4 p. 114	Ye pilgrims on ... 2 p. 241	Yet quickly from 80
With thee in the... 1 p. 135	Ye saints, assist 203	Yet sovereign mercy . 86
With thee into thy ... 443	Ye saints below... 1 p. 482	Yet still our 1 p. 135
With the glad news... 280	Ye saints in 10 p. 116	Yet still to his ... 4 p. 522
With thoughts ... 2 p. 351	Ye saints preserved . 375	Yet this redeeming ... 184
With thy righteousness- 295	Ye saints, the man ... 71	Yet though for ... 147, 668
With trembling ... 1 p. 482	Ye saints with ... 4 p. 442	Yet though my soul... 308
With warmest beams 498	Ye saints your ... 8 p. 116	Yet though we ... 4 p. 115
With what success ... 526	Ye saw the heaven 1 p. 146	Yet through the 312
With wondering... 8 p. 587	Ye sinners, come 120	Yet, while the ... 1 p. 544
With you to Canaan's 1161	Ye sinners seek ... 1 p. 572	Yet, why dear ... 1 p. 511
With zeal inflam'd 2 p. 293	Ye slaves of sin 57	Yet wise and 2 p. 412
Within these walls ... 340	Ye that have 1 p. 551	Yet with these ... 1 p. 554
Within us display 560	Ye tempting 2 p. 462	Yet your long..... 2 p. 115
Without thee 2 p. 298	Ye tender souls ... 1 p. 121	Ye wheels of 1 p. 586
Without thee the 295	Yes, fly, for in 3 p. 116	Ye who are of..... 1 p. 346
Without this bread ... 158	Yes, I adore thee 1 p. 37	Ye who have kno-2 p. 422
Without thy sweet ... 15	Yes, if I only 2 p. 331	Ye who have sold..... 57
Woe, woe to the... 5 p. 578	Yes, if privileged..... 1148	Ye who see the..... 69
Wonder-working 2 p. 22	Yes, I may, for 1 270	Ye who your native... 455
Wonder, ye heav- 1 p. 442	Yes, I still lift up..... 16	Ye wonderful 2 p. 553
Worship, honour 75	Yes, justice..... 8 p. 116	Younger plants ... 1 p. 427
Worthy the Lamb 8 p. 587	Yes, let it go..... 281	Your Father will 127
Would not my ardent 425	Yes, let the work 5 p. 345	Your Redeemer... 3 p. 453
Would not my heart . 425	Yes, Lord, we join ... 637	Your Saviour's ... 4 p. 473
Wouldst thou..... 3 p. 353	Yes, Lord, we will 1 p. 114	Your way is 1 p. 116
Wrapt in the sile- 2 p. 129	Yes, saith the Lord ... 423	You in his wisdom 1 p. 288
Wretched and helpless 82	Yes, the Redeemer ... 485	Youth, on length 5 p. 505
Wretched, ruin'd 7 p. 581	Yes, there is 2 p. 294	

INDEX

OF

SCRIPTURE TEXTS

Referred to in the Hymns.

<i>Genesis.</i>		<i>Numbers.</i>		<i>Ch. Ver.</i>	<i>Hymn</i>	<i>Ch. Ver.</i>	<i>Hymn</i>
<i>Ch. Ver.</i>	<i>Hymn</i>	<i>Ch. Ver.</i>	<i>Hymn</i>	7 2	2 p. 361	3 17	4 p. 586
1 1—26	29	6 24	4 p. 515	7 12	509	3 19	6 p. 522
1 3	672	6 25, 26	2 p. 299	12 21	398	9 2	83
1	1 p. 27	10 2	8 p. 346	12 24	2 p. 384	9 58	20
2 19—24	3 p. 513	10 29	1161	30 6	1 p. 233	11 7	6, 23
3 15	122	13 24	2 p. 585	<i>2 Samuel.</i>			
5 24	98	13 30	232	7 29	591	14 2	2 p. 515
6 12	3 p. 318	16 46	539	15 26	276, 277	16 2	398
7 1, 17—23	104	21 8, 9	157	16 17	170	17 13	9 p. 553
8 20	1 p. 514	23 10	5 p. 551	22 10—12	2 p. 10, 613	23 2, 3	538
8 22	499, 504, 507	23 11	4 p. 550	23 5	67	23 3, 4	99
14 18, 19	183	23 19	19	<i>1 Kings.</i>			
17 1	20	23 23	535	1 34, 47	536	33 13	9, 14
17 23	526	<i>Deuteronomy.</i>		3 5	4 p. 353	33 24	90, 627
18 19	355	1 21	232	8 13, 28	1 p. 338	40 9	503
18 23—33	526	3 25	232	18 24	5 p. 420	<i>Psalms.</i>	
18 25	18	6 4	2	22 34	2 p. 366	2 8	1, 2 p. 419
19 5	2 p. 581	6 7	9 p. 115	<i>2 Kings.</i>			
19 15	2 p. 116	8 6	3 p. 226	4 13	2 p. 303	4 4	329, 3 p. 331,
20 12—17	48	6 5	247	6 17	307	4 6	399
22 8	2 p. 152	7 17	2 p. 303	<i>1 Chronicles.</i>			
24 31	3 p. 473	8 2	324	4 10	363, 381	4 8	2 p. 496
24 56	447	8 7—9	1 p. 584	22 5	3 p. 421	5 3	1 p. 491
27 38	363, 368	11 9—15	232	28 9	5 p. 336	8 5	176, 177
28 16—18	333	15 9	2 p. 586	29 11	1 p. 10	8	29
28 19, 22	2 p. 37	20 5	333	29 14	434	9 9	316
32 26	354, 605	21 22, 23	478	29 15	8 p. 584	16 11	2 p. 377, 5 p.
42 36	34	32 2	597	<i>2 Chronicles.</i>			
43 29	5 p. 515	32 10	638	6 41	415	17 5	585, 1142
49 4	310	32 29	5 p. 581	15 4	3 p. 306	17 9	105, 106
49 10	185	32 49, 50	555	20 17	1 p. 288	17 15	97
<i>Exodus.</i>		33 25	123, 542	20 20	4 p. 217	18 9—11	2 p. 10,
3 2	1 p. 403	33 27	6 p. 550	29 27	2 p. 383	18 37—42	613
3 2, 3	16	34 5	555	32 26	311	19 7—11	529
4 10—13	4, 8	<i>Joshua.</i>		<i>2 Chronicles.</i>			
4 18	383	24 15	334	6 41	415	19 8	44
12 7—13	186	<i>Judges.</i>		15 4	3 p. 306	19 2	2 p. 27
13 21, 22	73, 180	3 20	2 p. 360	20 17	1 p. 288	23 1—3	197
14 15	2 p. 298	4 6	6 p. 135	20 20	4 p. 217	23 6	4 p. 326
15 9, 10	534	5 23	5 p. 418	29 27	2 p. 383	24 7	145
17 10—12	353	<i>Ruth.</i>		32 26	311	25 3	1 p. 361
18 11	534	3 2, 9	178	<i>Ezra.</i>			
20 3—12	47, 48	<i>1 Samuel.</i>		6 16	338	26 2	331
24 16	6 p. 135	1 22	8 p. 151	<i>Nehemiah.</i>			
28 29	154	1 28	336	9 5	26	27 8	2 p. 114
33 14, 15	299	2 3	534	9 12	1 p. 567	27 9	2 p. 288
34 6	658	2 6	2 p. 541	<i>Esther.</i>			
<i>Leviticus.</i>		3 9	3 p. 360	4 16	355	27 14	4 p. 306
19 18, 34	48	3 18	279	<i>Job.</i>			
25 9	57	1 21	6 p. 545, 5 p.	31 15	276, 545	27 27	344
25 54	58	1 21	6 p. 545, 5 p.	31 16	3 p. 215	31 7	11 p. 542
26 4	502	3 9	563	32 1	238	32 7	238
		3 13	557	34	285	33 1	284
				37 4	284	34	284
				37 37	1 p. 559	38 9	270
				38 9	270	39 3	1 p. 252
				39 5	543	39 5	543
				39 12	1149	39 12	1149
				40 7, 8	347	40 7, 8	347

Ch. Ver.	Hymn	Ch. Ver.	Hymn	Ch. Ver.	Hymn	Ch. Ver.	Hymn
41 1	246	89 13	2 p. 8	143 10	210	2 2-5	5 p. 422
42 1	97	89 15	58, 389	143 7, 9	5 p. 524	2 4	2 p. 535
42 1, 2	208	89	25	144 12	1 p. 441	3 10	3 p. 563
42 11	2 p. 318	90 1	4 p. 336	145 9	30	6 2, 3	667, 674
43 5	318, 542	90 5	539	145 10	32	6 8	408
45 3-5	77, 349, 4 p. 422	90 12	4 p. 345	145 19	277	8 13	17
46 1	376	90	4	145 21	671	9 2	182
46 4	3 p. 299	91 11-13	307	145	25	9 7	430
46 9	531	94 19	5 p. 318	147 11	233	10 3	581
46 10	1 p. 563	97 1, 2	11	147 5	6	12 2	290
47	489	98 1	529	148 12	3 p. 522	14 10	3 p. 580
48 14	2 p. 287, 385, 567	101 1	18	149 4	260	24 18, 20	570
50 15	3 p. 214, 215, 306, 316	102 23	557	150 6	1, 428	25 6	56
51 12	2 p. 215, 3 p. 313	102 25-28	5			25 8	4 p. 567
51 17	356	103 2	1 p. 497			26 3	266
51 18	2 p. 427	103 4	6 p. 524			26 4	195
55 1, 2	1 p. 537	103 9, 10	2 p. 542			26 9	525
55 6	2 p. 305	103 11	15			26 13	192, 235
55 14	341	103 13, 14	270			27 3	200
55 22	117	104 14	499			27 13	57, 58, 10
59 16	316, 2 p. 491	106 4	3 p. 545				p. 116
61 2	220, 312	107 7	180			28 16, 17	163
63 1	208	107 22-33	36			32 1-3	429, 527
63 2	1 p. 404	107 29, 30	304			32 2	2 p. 172
63 7	2 p. 288, 542	107 31	30, 37			32 17	232
63 8	97	107 33, 36	33, 36			33 14	3 p. 581
65 11	508	109 26	2 p. 296			33 20, 21	418
66 3	4 p. 422	110 3	4 p. 115			35 8	201, 239
66 9	531	111 9	349, 430			35 8-10	2 p. 405
66 16	82, 437, 438	113 3	17			35 10	66, 240
68 1	30, 530	115 1	1 p. 384			40 1, 2	3 p. 427
68 4	2, 3, 4 p. 564	116 6	13 p. 542			40 28	23
68 18	2 p. 144, 407	116 12	51			40 31	323
68 30	643	118 18, 19	1 p. 542			41 10	124, 288
68 31	3 p. 535	118 24	7 p. 346			42 3	517, 7 p. 564
69 4	50	118 25	600			42 6	182
71 9, 18	524	119 4	260			43 5, 6	476
72 6	209	119 5	237			43 6	2 p. 419
72 19	3 p. 488	119 9	521			43 21	107
73 24	215, 3 p. 571	119 25	2 p. 211			44 6	20
73 24, 26	567	119 32	1 p. 293, 453			44 21	4 p. 545
73 25	251	119 34	2 p. 226			44 23	112
73 26	1 p. 564	119 46	1 p. 451			45 19	114, 316
74 17	1 p. 500	119 54	301			45 24	84
74 20	68	119 60	2 p. 116			49 16	5 p. 421, 4 p. 427
77 7-9	220	119 68	18			50 10	308, 231
77 8	4 p. 542	119 72	45			51 9	4 p. 420
77 19	31, 34, 538	119 94	1 p. 490			52 1, 2	3 p. 403
80	1 p. 427	119 106, 106	1 p. 490			52 7	432
81 7	12 p. 542	119 103	46			52 10	4 p. 420
84 1-10	341	119 105	1 p. 43, 3 p. 43			53 11	221
84 8	382	119 117	105, 106			53 12	152
84 9	76	119 136, 158	42			54 2	2 p. 339
84 10	342	120 5	253			54 5	159
84 11	65, 199	122 1, 4, 9	341			54 10	19
84	343	122 6-9	441			54 11	3 p. 427
85 6	427	126 3	452			54 13	244
85 8 6 p. 116, 265	132 15	132 7-10	339			55 1	115, 362
85 10	21	132 13	595			55 4	180
86 17	2 p. 373, 607	132 15	593			55 7	2 p. 115, 1 p. 116
87 1, 7	418	135 3	624			56 2	5 p. 345
87 2	342	138	7			56 4, 5	558
88 18	5 p. 553, 6 p. 553	138 5	239, 301			56 6, 7	406
89 1	15	138 6	14			56 7	340
89 3	28, 66	139 7, 8	2 p. 305			57 15	14, 275
		139 23, 24	283			58 6, 8	525
		139 28, 1 p. 37				58 13	6 p. 346
		139				58 13, 14	348

Proverbs.

Ecclesiastes.

Canticles.

Isaiah.

Ch.	Ver.	Hymn	<i>Hosea.</i>		<i>Matthew.</i>		Ch.	Ver.	Hymn
60	8	429	Ch. Ver.	Hymn	Ch. Ver.	Hymn	25	41	572
60	20	537	2	7	1	23	25	46	548
61	2	193	2	15	2	10	26	21, 22	2 p. 331
62	6, 7	4 p. 418	2	19, 20	2	10	26	36-45	135
63	1	475	6	1	3	7	26	41	320
63	1-3	472	6	3	3	10	26	42	2 p. 558
63	7	13	6	4	3	12	26	58-75	314
63	9	69	11	4	3	15	27	50	137
64	6	5 p. 505	13	9	3	15	28	2	142
66	13	6 p. 563	13	14	3	15-17	28	5, 6	144
<i>Jeremiah.</i>			14	1-486, 4 p. 581	3	16	28	6	142, 1 p. 346
2	2	2 p. 128	14	4	3	16, 17	28	9	2 p. 441
2	31	241	14	8	4	11	28	19	454
2	15	411			4	23, 24	28	20	3 p. 453, 566
3	4	4 p. 521	<i>Joel.</i>		5	3	<i>Mark.</i>		
3	22	86	2	15-17	5	8	1	9	422, 448
5	24	4 p. 405	<i>Amos.</i>		5	44	2	17	188
8	22	188	3	1-6	5	48	3	5	189
9	23, 24	238	3	1-6	6	6	5	1-16	189
10	23	106	<i>Jonah.</i>		6	9-13	5	19	2 p. 363
14	8	2 p. 404	2	4	6	9	5	39	562
15	16	2 p. 121	3	9	6	10	6	45-48	304
17	9	40	4	9	6	25	6	50	288, 289
23	6	84, 194, 2 p. 559	<i>Micah.</i>		6	33	7	37	189
24	7	2 p. 287	2	7	7	7	8	34	281
31	3	110	2	10	7	12	8	36	401
31	18-20	1 p. 313	2	7	7	13, 14	8	38	280, 451
32	38	2 p. 287	2	10	7	14	9	24	219
45	3	220	6	6-8	7	24, 25	10	14	16 p. 337, 515
50	5	405	6	9	8	2, 3	10	17	51, 295
<i>Lamentations.</i>			7	18	8	25	10	21	520
1	4	2 p. 427	6	9	8	25	10	28	3 p. 451
1	12	477	7	18	9	2	10	47	295
3	22	16	<i>Nahum.</i>		9	12	11	13	3 p. 322
3	22, 23	2 p. 511	1	7	9	37, 38	12	31	48
		547	1	7	11	19	15	37	137
3	39	312	<i>Habakkuk.</i>		11	26	15	39	133
3	40	283	3	2	11	28	16	2	349
5	21	2 p. 113	3	17, 18	11	29	16	4, 6	142
<i>Ezekiel.</i>			3	17, 18	12	13	16	14	2 p. 268
3	7	2 p. 268	<i>Zephaniah.</i>		12	20	16	15, 16	4 p. 418
11	19	268	3	12	13	3-23	16	16	445, 469
16	6, 8	3 p. 216	3	14	13	9	16	16	
16	8-10	82	<i>Haggai.</i>		13	39	16	2	
18	31	581	1	11	13	46	16	4, 6	142
20	37	2 p. 542	1	11	14	30, 31	16	14	2 p. 268
33	11	3 p. 115, 1 p. 581	2	7	15	19	16	15, 16	4 p. 418
36	26-37	268	2	9	16	24	16	16	454
36	37	210	<i>Zechariah.</i>		17	4	16	16	454
37	3	1 p. 371	1	5	18	20	16	16	454
37	27	2 p. 287	4	7	19	14	16	16	454
38	22	502	4	10	19	19	16	16	454
47	8, 11	208	8	23	20	28	16	16	454
<i>Daniel.</i>			9	12	20	30	16	16	454
2	21	2 p. 8	9	13-16	21	9-15	16	16	454
2	31-45	2 p. 418	10	2	21	13	16	16	454
4	35	9, 1 p. 10	12	10	21	19	16	16	454
5	27	49	13	1	22	37, 39, 47	16	16	454
7	9	1 p. 578	<i>Malachi.</i>		22	39	16	16	454
7	10	1 p. 577	3	1	23	8-10	16	16	454
9	26	185	3	6	24	44	16	16	454
12	2, 1 p. 550, 569	569	3	16, 17	24	51	16	16	454
12	13	426	4	2	25	6	16	16	454

<i>Ephesians.</i>		Ch. Ver.	Hymn	Ch. Ver.	Hymn	Ch. Ver.	Hymn
Ch. Ver.	Hymn	5 23	100	5 7	153	4 5	2 p. 571
1 3, 4	62	5 25	415, 426	6 18	52, 128, 230	4 19	6 p. 542
1 5	65	<i>2 Thessalonians.</i>		6 19	1 p. 231, 395, 1159	5 4	2 p. 566
1 7, 11	73	6 19, 20	167	5 5	237	5 7	3 p. 384, 2 p. 545
1 11	31, 34	6 20	183	6 8	4 p. 322, 10 p. 515		
1 17, 18	211	7 1-21	183	<i>2 Peter.</i>			
1 20, 21	147	7 25	75, 152, 2 p. 224, 1 p. 287, 2 p. 299	1 1	217		
1 21	479	8 6	191	1 4	128		
2 1	594	9 27	1 p. 552, 565, 1 p. 566	1 10	108		
2 5, 8	111, 217	9 28	1 p. 576	1 19	3 p. 197		
2 12-14	362	10 1	205	3 11	229, 2 p. 570		
2 18	1 p. 22	10 10, 12	294	3 14	1, 2 p. 549		
2 18, 19	406	10 14, 17, 18	294	3 18	322		
2 20	163	10 19-23	357	<i>1 John.</i>			
3 8	151	10 39	225	1 3	96, 9 p. 440		
3 8	7 p. 440	11 1, 13	218	1 9	88, 1 p. 101		
4 3, 4	3 p. 440	11 7	278	2 1	100, 156		
4 8, 12	407	11 8-10	300	2 5	3 p. 101, 258		
4 14	310	11 13-16	300	2 6	166		
4 15, 16	172	11 14 4 p.	318	3 1	94, 95		
4 30 4 p.	215, 1 p. 216	11 16	232	3 1-3	65, 91, 95		
5 2	480	11 27	3 p. 305	3 14-18	254		
5 14	1 p. 582	12 1-4	2 p. 470, 2 p. 561	4 8	12		
5 15, 16	1 p. 544	12 2	489	4 18	2 p. 258		
6 13-17	1 p. 303	12 6	2 p. 306	4 19	253		
6 19, 20	365	12 7	278, 446	5 4	5, 222		
<i>Philippians.</i>		12 8, 11	306	5 6	487		
1 6	64, 223	12 10	1 p. 540	5 21	1 p. 299		
1 17	61	12 22, 23	3 p. 585	<i>Jude.</i>			
1 23	232, 2 p. 554, 8, 9 p. 585	13 5	217	20, 21	375		
2 5	2 p. 293	13 5, 6	5 p. 542	25	75		
2 6	1 p. 129	13 6	2 p. 510	<i>Revelation.</i>			
2 9	147	13 7	6 p. 566	1 5	69		
2 8, 9	148	13 8	189	1 7	575, 576		
2 13	206, 211	13 17	410	1 10	10 p. 346, 12 p. 346		
2 26, 30	413	13 18	426	2 1	412		
3 10	293	13 20, 21	390	2 10	328		
3 12-14	302	<i>James.</i>		2 11	2 p. 326		
3 12-17	41, 212	1 4	263, 264	3 17	121		
3 13, 14	293	1 6	3 p. 217	4 1	9 p. 584		
4 1	416	1 6-8	310	4 8	2 p. 22		
4 3	2 p. 382	1 27, 29	284	4 8-11	588		
4 4	149, 4 p. 299	2 10	52	5 9	69, 75, 8 p. 587, 676		
4 5	261	4 13-15	5 p. 116	5 9, 12	588		
4 7	391	4 14	10 p. 553	5 9-14	387		
4 8	282, 382	5 17	501	5 10	677		
4 19, 20	126	<i>1 Peter.</i>		5 11	666		
<i>Colossians.</i>		1 5	218	5 12	1 p. 479		
1 14	69	1 6	1 p. 241	5 13	3 p. 577		
1 19	150	1 10	549	6 2	176, 475		
2 14, 15	475	1 12	307	6 8	2 p. 580		
2 15	148, 474	1 18, 19	70	6 14-17	576		
3 1	1 p. 470	1 22	256, 2 p. 396	7 10, 12	615		
3 11	204	2 6	163	7 13, 14	3 p. 587		
3 12-15	254	2 7	173, 192	7 14	583		
3 15	319	2 21-23	166	7 16	73		
3 16	522	2 24	74	7 16, 17	3 p. 581		
<i>1 Thessalonians.</i>		3 7	1 p. 513	8 18	6 p. 587		
4 13	564	3 8	254	8 20	16		
4 13, 14	4 p. 562	3 12	2 p. 490	3 20, 21	104		
4 16	4 p. 562, 579	3 18	475, 485				
4 17	3 p. 583	4 10	1148				
5 17	2 p. 353	4 12	606				
		4 15, 16	190, 305				
		4 16	357				
		5 1-10	19				
		5 6	19				
		5 6, 7	386				

Ch. Ver.	Hymn	Ch. Ver.	Hymn	Ch. Ver.	Hymn	Ch. Ver.	Hymn
14 6, 8	3 p. 418	19 10	205	21 19	585	22 12	548
14 9	589	19 12	2 p. 177, 4	21 23	1 p. 585	22 16	160, 3 p. 185
14 13	6 p. 551, 7		p. 421	21 24	8 p. 440	22 17	7 p. 116,
	p. 561, 7 p. 587	20 12	571	21 27	2 p. 382		121, 152,
15 3	2 p. 241	21 2	4 p. 587	21	583		1 p. 576
19 1	2 p. 587	21 3	2 p. 287	22 1—5	585	22 17, 20	574
19 6	612	21 3, 4	584	22 5	350	22 20	1 p. 553,
19 7, 8	159	21 4	5 p. 564	22 7	4 p. 114		574

INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

	Hymn		Hymn		Hymn
AARON, 154, 183, 190,		BABYLON'S fall, 3 p. 418		Christ, Ancient of	
	191	Backslider, 118, 121,		days.....5, 132	
Abba, Father... 92, 93, 278		176, 313, 314		Angel 180, 184	
Abolition of Slavery,		Backsliding dreaded,		Brazen serpent..... 157	
3, 4 p. 535		106, 439, 440		Bread of life 158	
Abraham's God 66		Baptism.....442—471		Bridegroom.....150, 159	
Intercession for So-		Barren fig-tree, 9 p.		Brother 91, 240	
dom..... 526		116, 3 p. 322, 511, 6 p. 581		Captain of salvation 475	
Acceptance..... 377		Bartimeus 369		Chief among ten	
Accepted time, 267,		Bell tolling.....1 p. 552		thousand 161	
376, 505		Benevolence 166, 246		Consolation 162	
Access to God by Christ 83		Birth of Christ, 2 p.		Corner-stone..... 163	
Adoration 613		129—132, 134		Desire of nations... 164	
Achor, valley of 165		Birth of a child, 2—4 p. 515		Door of hope..... 165	
Activity in religion,		Birth-day hymn 512		Example, 166, 258, 435	
293, 325		Blind man's prayer. 369		Forerunner 167	
Adam 38		Boidness in prayer ... 357		Foundation.....163, 167	
Adoption..... 91—95		Book of life, 9, 2 p.		Fountain.....168, 169	
Advocate, the ... 152, 156		111, 2 p. 382		Friend 170, 1151	
Afflicted encouraged. 123		Brazen serpent..... 157		Gift of God 171	
Affliction, prayer un-		Bread of life 158		Guide 567	
der..... 312, 537		Brethren, love to..... 254		Head of the church,	
Submission under,		Broken heart 356		172, 614	
540, 8 p. 542		Bridegroom, the 159		Hiding-place, 2 p. 172	
End of 2—5 p. 547		Building on the rock 163		Husband 159	
Comfort...in 8, 9 p. 564		Burden of sin.....235, 236		Immanuel... 174	
Confidence under,		Bush burning.....1 p. 403		Jesus 173	
4—8 p. 542		CALL, effectual ... 77, 78		A Jew 2 p. 173	
Sanctified 2 p. 542		And glorification ... 108		Joshua 232	
Sweet 1 p. 541		To the miqistry, 408, 415		King of saints 175	
Deliverance from,		Calvary..... 135—138, 478		Lord of all 177	
11—13 p. 542		Canaan, 2 p. 66, 584, 585		Melchisedec.....183, 386	
Aged Christian, 5, 6 p. 524		Happiness of..... 232		Messenger..... 184	
Agur's wish 262		Way to 201		Messiah 1 p. 185	
All in all..... 204, 205, 238		Centenary song...2 p. 535		Morning Star 160	
Amen ... 1 p. 420, 2 p. 422		Ceremoniallaw..... 53		Passover 186	
Angel of the covenant 184		Chaff and wheat.....3 p. 578		Pearl of great price 187	
Of gospel grace 180		Charity, 246, 257, 432—436		Physician of the soul 188	
Angels at the sepul-		Child's hymn, 3—6 p.		Of soul and body 189	
chre..... 144		522, 2 p. 523		Priest 190, 191	
Ministry of ... 146, 307		Children taught, 9 p. 515		Prince and Saviour	
Angelic welcome, 7 p. 565		Brought to Christ,		134, 269	
Song.....112, 130		337, 16 p. 515		Prophet, Priest, and	
Fallen..... 137		Dedication of, 1 p.		King 192	
Apostacy 439, 440		336, 8 p. 515		Ransom 90, 193	
Ark, Noah's 104		Of God described, 94, 95		Refuge172, 305, 316	
Arm of the Lord, 4 p. 420		Choruses 610—628		Righteousness, our 194	
Armour 303		Christ, exaltation of,		Rock, smitten 195	
Ascension 142, 145		147, 148, 269		Rock of ages ... 1 p. 195	
Associations of minis-		Excelsences of 161		Rose of Sharon, 2 p. 195	
ters and churches, 423		Titles of..... 156		Saviour, the ...196, 269	
Maternal, 9—21 p. 515		Aaron the true..... 154		Able and willing ... 115	
Atonement 74—76		Advocate.....152, 156		Star of Bethlehem,	
Autumn..... 504, 505				2, 3 p. 197	

Hymn
 Christ, Shepherd 197
 Strong-hold 198
 Sun 199
 Vine 200
 Way, the living 196
 Way to Canaan 201
 Way, truth, and life 202
 Wisdom, righteous-
 ness, and sancti-
 fication, &c. 203
 Our Song 386, 387
 All in all 204, 205
 Christian, the, awak-
 ened 1 p. 294
 His great question,
 2 p. 294
 The strait gate. 3 p. 294
 Crying for mercy... 295
 Lounging 1 p. 296
 Daily hymn 2 p. 296
 Choice 297
 Admiring God's
 love 2 p. 297
 Devotedness... 1 p. 98
 Going forward, 2 p. 298
 Temple of the Holy
 Spirit 1 p. 299
 Imploing God's
 presence ... 2 p. 299
 Happy and rejoic-
 ing 3, 4 p. 299
 A pilgrim 300, Song
 301, 4 p. 318
 Race 302
 Warfare 303, 328
 Voyage 304
 Tempted... 305, 1 p. 306
 Safety and bliss 2 p. 305
 Journey to Canaan,
 3 p. 305
 Welcoming the cross
 2 p. 306
 Walking in dark-
 ness 308
 Complaining of sin,
 inconstancy and
 pride 309—311
 Persecuted 2 p. 317
 Backsliding and re-
 turning, 2, 3 p.
 313, 314
 Wishing to be as in
 months past 315
 Refuge in trouble,
 301, 366
 Pleading in affliction,
 312, 537—547
 Sorrowing and hop-
 ing 1, 2 p.
 318, 2 p. 554, 2 p. 559
 Wonder 4 p. 318
 Courage 4 p. 318
 Comforts 5 p. 318
 Request 319
 Watching and pray-
 ing 320, 7 p. 584
 Answered, 316, by
 crosses 321
 Growth in grace,
 1, 2 p. 322

Hymn
 Christian, rising to
 God 323
 Consistency ... 4 p. 322
 Chosen to holiness,
 5 p. 322
 Grateful review ... 324
 Waiting 325
 Finishing counsel p. 326
 Overcoming ... 2 p. 326
 Home in view... 3 p. 326
 Gratitude and hope
 4 p. 326
 Committing his soul
 to Jesus 327
 Dying... 2—8 p. 553,
 2, 6, 7 p. 561
 Desiring to depart,
 1 p. 564
 Crowned 283
 Aged 5, 6 p. 524
 Church, described 2 p. 403
 Formed 406
 Safety, of 1 p. 403
 Purified 3 p. 403
 Awakened 421
 Christ's presence in
 404
 Way to 1 p. 405
 Singing in the way
 2 p. 405
 Praying for a pastor 409
 Prayer for their
 minister 413, 415
 Choosing deacons . 417
 Christ's care of 412
 Declining 3 p. 427
 Comforted 4 p. 427
 Glory of ... 1 p. 418, 419
 Prayed for 419—422, 441
 Meetings of ... 427—441
 Collections 432—436
 Communion with God
 96, 97, 99
 With Christ 487
 With saints 251
 With our own hearts,
 2 p. 312, 329
 Compassion, of Christ 367
 And vengeance of
 God 112
 Condescension of God 14
 Of Christ 133
 Conduct, holy 166
 Confidence in God 286,
 344, 4—8 p. 542
 Conflict... 41, 303, 309, 328
 End of at death, 3 p. 567
 Conformity to Christ,
 3 p. 101
 Conscience 505
 Consistency 4 p. 323
 Consolation of Israel, 162
 Contentment 1 p. 217,
 262, 276—279
 Contrition of heart, 275
 Conversation 166
 Conversion 78—82
 Of the thief 80
 Of Zaccheus 78
 Conviction 376
 Corner-stone 165

Hymn
 Courage, 228, 292, 1 p.
 293, 4 p. 318, 425
 Covenant of works,
 3 p. 298
 Of God 66, 279
 Of grace 68, 223
 A support in trouble 67
 Plead 68
 Creation, view of, 1 p. 27
 Praise for 1
 Of man 27, 28
 Glories of 29
 And providence 32
 Cross of Christ 52,
 135, 138, 478
 Crosses welcomed ... 306
 Taken up, 280, 281, 451
 Crown him 176, 177
 Crown of glory 328
 DARKNESS, walk-
 ing in 308
 Hope in 231
 Spirit addressed in 214
 At death 3 p. 540
 Day of Judgment 570—579
 The, at hand ... 2 p. 586
 Well spent ... 1, 2 p. 226
 Deacons, choice of... 417
 Death, and eternity... 550
 Preparation for ... 561
 Of the sinner and
 saint 559
 Of infants 556
 Of believers 4 p. 560,
 3, 4 p. 561, 5, 6 p. 564
 Of an aged Chris-
 tian 8 p. 566
 Of Moses 555
 Of a minister 2—7 p. 566
 A sleep 9, 10 p.
 551, 1 p. 562
 A solemn hour 4 p. 566
 Peace in prospect
 of 5 p. 551
 Triumphed over,
 4 p. 551, 5 p. 561
 Conquered, 2 p. 144,
 5 p. 587
 Righteous blest in
 6, 7 p. 551, 2 p.
 563, 7, 8 p. 587
 Fear of, 2 p. 550, 2 p. 551
 Victory over, 2, 3 p. 552
 Welcome 1 p. 553
 And Judgment, 565,
 577, 578
 Dying Christian en-
 couraged... 2, 6, 7 p. 561
 Decrees of God 1
 Dedication to God 3 p.
 211, 212, 490, 3, 4 p. 521
 Of children, 5—8 p. 515
 Deity of Christ... 1 p. 129
 Delays dangerous 4 p.
 116, 118
 Delight in God 248
 In worship... 344, 346
 Deliverance, national 532
 Despair 90, 1 p. 28;

Hymn	Hymn	Hymn
Difficulties.....2 p. 298	Fear of death, 2 p. 550, 551	Grace, Distinguishing 110, 111
Surmounted..... 447	Feast, Gospel, 56, 473, 486	Sufficient 125
Diligence & zeal 293, 325	Room at ... 118, 362, 486	Longed for 382
Dismissal, 388—397, 610, 611	Felix trembling 380	Leads to duty...2 p. 293
Doubts and fears, 241, 289	Fellowship with God 96	Growing in it 322
Doxologies.....629—678	Meetings437—441	Desired.....320, 390
Drawings, divine..... 216	Following Christ, 292, 445, 467	Increased by trials 321
Drought, threatening 501	Fool, the rich 400	Salvation by 111
Duties and privileges 375	Forerunner, Christ a 167	Renewing 82
Duty, to God..... 47	Forgiveness desired... 235	Of Christ.....2 p. 151
To our neighbour	Forgiveness, (see Pardon)	Grateful recollection 509
48, 242 85, 90	Gratitude to Christ 2p. 383
Grace leads to...2 p. 293	Forms, vain 345	Grave—(see Death) . 550
And bliss united 6 p. 116	Fortitude, 228, 292, 293, 425	And resurrection... 567
EARLY piety....517—521	Foundation, Christ	Gravity and decency.. 229
Earthly things, vain 398	the 163, 167	Growth in grace, 62, 322, 390
Ebenezer.....290, 509, 512	Fountain opened, 168, 169	Guide, Christ a..... 567
Election62—65	Friend, Christ a...170, 385	HALLELUJAHS ... 612
End of all things...6 p. 578	Fulness of Christ..... 150	Happiness in God, 238, 3 p. 299
Enemies, love to..... 258	Funeral of an infant... 556	Attending wisdom 291
Eternity, of God..... 4	Of a young person, 1—3 p. 557, 2 p. 558, 3—5 p. 563	In fearing God 227
Joyful and tremen- dous 548	Of children, 6, 7 p. 564	In trusting him 285
Time and eternity 546	Of a believer..... 560	Of poor in spirit..... 234
Death and eternity 550	Of a minister...2— 7 p. 566	Of humble worship- pers 343
Prayer in prospect of 549	Of an aged Chris- tian 8 p. 566	Of pilgrims 300
Evening, 2 p. 226, 495, 497	Of a mother6 p. 563	Of being with Christ, 554
Everlasting love 62	Of a parent4 p. 564	Happy days reviewed, 2 p. 427
Life and shame, 3 p. 582	G.A.T.E. propitious, 2 p. 212	Happy man 291
Exaltation of Christ, 147, 148, 269	Gethsemane 135	Harmony of God's per- fections 21
Excellences of Christ 161	Gift of God..... 171	Harvest 504, 505
Example of Christ, 166, 258, 435	Glory of Christ..... 175	Head of church ...172, 614
Exhortation, to sin- ners, 115, 116, 581, 582	Glorying in God and Christ, 238, 383, 385	Heart, evil..... 40
FAITH, precious, 2 p. 217	Go forward2 p. 298	Contrite desired..... 275
Nature and effects, 3 p. 217, 222	God, a Father 92	Stony 250, 268, 313
Stability of4 p. 317	Is love..... 2 p. 12, 241	New, desired... 2 p. 382
Power of..... 218	A Portion 276	Searcher of..... 28
Weakness of..... 124	A dwelling place, 4 p. 336	Heaven585—588
Struggling..... 219	Care of his people, 3 p. 384, 2 p. 545	Anticipated, 2 p. 66, 2 p. 585
Triumphing 223	Searcher of hearts 28	A kingdom 234
Fainting..... 220	Reasoning with men 114	Of God's presence.. 299
Reviving 221	Our God, 124, 2 p. 287	Promised land, 1 p. 584, 2—6 p. 585
Looking at the grave 4 p. 551	Above all praise ... 26	An eternal rest, 352, 2—6 p. 584, 4 p. 586
Increase of..... 320	Godliness profitable... 284	Blissful society of ... 587
Conquering 222	Good Samaritan 257	Longing for 2—9 p. 585
And salvation 225	Goodness of God ... 12, 30	Meekness for...10 p. 585
And repentance, 3 p. 224	And justice.....18, 54	Joys of583—585
Faithfulness of God, 19, 306	Gospel, message of, 2 p. 115	Interest in desired... 234
Fall of man, lamented 42	Defended 61	Awaits the faithful 328
And recovery, 122, 3 p. 418	Glorious..... 59	Worship of 587
Family worship, 333	Freeness of 362	The everlasting song 588
—337, 514, 515	Worthy of accepta- tion 55	Heirs of God 94, 95
Fast-day525—536	Power of God 60	Hell42, 572, 580
Father, God a.....92, 95	Feast, 56, 362, 473, 486	Praise for being out of 16
Interest in him de- sired 278	Jubilee, 57, 58, 10 p. 116	And heaven... 2 p. 582
Fatherless and wi- dows 246, 564	Net, casting it 366	Help, prayer for 279
Fear of God, 1 p. 226, 227	Spread of, 370, 374, 418—422	And salvation, 2 p. 296
Happiness of, 227, 285	Comforts.....5 p. 318	Obtained..... 509, 510
	Grace, Sovereign... 14, 65	Holiness desired... 62, 390
	Efficacious..... 77	Of God 17
		Home, sweet... 1149, 1152
		Hope in darkness..... 231

	Hymn	Hymn	Hymn
Ministers, collection for	432—436	Pillar of fire 44; and cloud	180, 418
Ministry of Christ ...	134	Pisgah	4 p. 550
Gospel, instituted	407	Pleasures, of religion,	291, 377
Of angels, 140, 146, 307		Unseen, longed for	546
Miracles of Christ ...	187	Pool of Bethesda	364
Mission and work of Christ	349	Poor in spirit blessed	234
Missionary meetings, 418—430		Portion, God a	276
Moderation	261, 262	Power and providence of God	7
Morning hymns 226, 491—494		Praise universal	1
Lectures, p. 5 346—348		For salvation	383
Star	160, 3 p. 185	To the Redeemer, 347, 383, 488, 489	
Murmuring, 1 p. 217, 309		(See Doxologies.)	
Mutability of the creation	5	Prayer, meetings, 418—431	
NATIVITY of Christ, 129—132		Secret	532
Neighbour, duty to... 48		In difficulties, 2 p. 298	
Love to him	242, 257	The Lord's	1 p. 358
New year's day, 508—511, 609		The soul's desire, 2 p. 358	
Night cometh	7 p. 585	Exhortation to 2—4 p. 353	
Noah preserved	104	Encouragement to 359	
November, fifth of, 533—535		Answered, 316, by crosses	321
OBEDIENCE, servile and evangelical	51	Importunate 2 p. 298, 354	
Omnipotence of God 7		Imperfect accepted 156	
Omnipresence & omniscience of God... 8		Of a backslider ... 313	
Old age	1—6 p. 524	Hymns before, 353—358	
One thing needful, 204, 297		For the spread of the gospel, 418—421, 4 p. 427, 428	
Ordination, 338, 407, 410—415		For ministers and missionaries, 407—420, 426	
Original sin	38	For the church, 404—441, 600	
PARDON	85—90	For children, 1—3 p. 336, 9—21 p. 511	
Parents praying, 9—21 p. 515		For humility	237
Parting 254, 393—397, 610		Presence of God, 124, 555	
Passover	186—397	Of Christ, 1 p. 135, 220, 2 p. 299, 359, 361, 404, 554	
Pastor sought	409	Pride lamented	311, 345
Prayer for his people 416		Prince and Saviour 269	
People's prayer for 415		Priesthood of Christ . 190	
Patience of God	16	Its excellency	191
Christian's	263, 264	Prodigal son	273
Peace	265, 266, 391	Promise, the first ... 122	
None to the wicked, 1 p. 116		Of strength	123
Peace of the nation 530, 531		Animating	2 p. 128
Of the globe ... 1 p. 420		Of God's presence . 124	
Pearl of great price... 187		Of sufficient grace . 125	
Penitent, the	271, 272	Of supply	126
Perfections of God, 1—26		Of the kingdom ... 127	
In harmony	21	Great and precious. 128	
Celebrated	25	Christ the sum	205
Moral imitated	24	Prophecy fulfilled	185
Persecution	317	Animating to prayer 418	
Perseverance, 103, 106, 223		Prophet, Priest, and King	192
Peter admonished ... 155		Prosperity of soul	322
Fall and recovery, 313, 314		Providence	31—37
Physician	188, 189	And grace	1 p. 37
Pilgrim, the, 300, 301, 584, 585, 638		Bereaving ... 4, 7 p. 563	
		Public worship, 338, 397, 589—608	
		Publican, the humble 236	
		Pure in heart	17
		RACE, the Christian 302	
		Rain, threatening ... 502	
		Rainbow	104
		Ransom, Christ our, 90, 193, 627	
		Reason	32, 196
		Recollection, grateful 324, 509	
		Reconciliation ... 2 p. 115	
		Redeeming love ... 69, 169	
		Redemption	70, 73
		Wonders of	485
		Redeemed, song of, 2 p. 241	
		Refuge, God a	316
		Christ a, 52, 100, 305, 2 p. 453	
		Regeneration	77—82
		Rejoicing in God 238—240	
		In hope	240
		In God's ways ... 239, 240	
		Religion, its source... 216	
		Internal desired ... 284	
		Pleasures of... 291, 377	
		Benefit of, 284, 2 p. 377	
		Personal	329—332
		Family	333—337
		Religion, public 338—397	
		Vain without love... 259	
		Remembering all the way	324
		Remembered by God, 4 p. 545	
		Remember me, 80, 2—4 p. 479, 3 p. 545	
		Repentance	267, 274
		Request, the	319
		Resignation 1 p. 217, 276—279	
		Resolve, the last	355
		Resolution, Joshua's 334	
		Rest, the eternal, 352, 584	
		Resurrection, the, 4 p. 567, 569	
		Of Christ, 140, 143, 1 p. 144, 1, 2 p. 346, 474	
		And ascension, 142—145	
		Retirement	329, 351
		Revival, prayer for, 1 p. 427	
		Rich fool	400
		Rich Man and Lazarus	2 p. 582
		Riches, emptiness of 398	
		Of Christ	1 p. 151
		Righteous, well with, 10 p. 542	
		Death of	6 p. 551
		Righteousness, imputed	84
		Human, insufficient, 50, 83	
		Christ our	194
		Sun of	3 p. 346
		Rock, Christ the	195
		Building on the	163
		SABBATH	346—352
		Schools, 522, 1—4 p. 523	
		Sacred Melodies, 1142—1174	

- | Hymn | Hymn | Hymn |
|------------------------------|-------------------------------|------------------------------|
| Safety of Christ's sheep 103 | Sinners invited, 3 p. | Temple, spiritual..... 431 |
| Only method of, 2 p. 305 | 114, 8p. 115, 9—12 | Bodies of saints a 299 |
| Saint, indeed..... 261 | p. 116—118 | Temptation 155, 305, 324 |
| Salvation, approach- | Reasoned with, 1 p. | Moderated..... 1 p. 306 |
| ing 224, 586 | 114, 3 p. 115, 581, | Thanksgiving... 529—536 |
| Of sinners..... 107—113 | 1 p. 582 | Thief on the cross... 80 |
| Method of 107 | Convinced, 50, 294, | Three mountains 6 p. 135 |
| Free 108 | 2 p. 376 | Thunder, the God of, 503 |
| By grace..... 110, 118 | Made willing... 4 p. 115 | Time, well spent 1, 2 p. 226 |
| Complete..... 109 | Repenting accepted 273 | Short..... 543, 544 |
| Desired 113, 296 | And saints in judg- | The accepted... 376, 505 |
| Praise for 3p. 383, 4p. 299 | ment 570 | All in God's hands, 545 |
| Samaritan, the good... 257 | Death of..... 559 | And eternity..... 546 |
| Woman, 5 p. 115 | Sion, way to 405 | To-day..... 4, 6 p. 116 |
| Sanctification and Par- | Glorious things spo- | To-morrow..... 5 p. 116 |
| don 102, 390 | ken of (see | Transfiguration, 1 p. 135 |
| Desired 100 | Church) 1 p. 418 | Traveller's psalm..... 36 |
| Promoted..... 2 p. 542 | Slavery, abolition of, | Tree, the accursed 478 |
| Satan repulsed ... 1 p. 287 | 3—4 p. 535 | Of life..... 585 |
| Saturday evening, 2, | Soldier, the, spiritual | Trinity, (see Dox- |
| 5 p. 345 | and his foes... 228, 303 | ologies)..... 22 |
| Saviour, the only, 196, 269 | Solomon, charge to, | Trials, beneficial, 2 p. 306 |
| Invitation of..... 120 | 5 p. 336 | And trust, 286, 287, 290 |
| Able and willing, | Sons of God 94, 95 | Triumphs of Christ... 148 |
| 1 p. 115 | Sorrow, godly 274 | Of the cross ... 135, 481 |
| Exaltation of..... 147 | Sorrow laid before God 99 | Trouble, pleading in, 312 |
| Scriptures, inspired... 43 | Sorrow, rest from, 5 p. 562 | Sanctified, 2 p. 306, |
| Glory and light of, | Soul's flight..... 10 p. 553 | 2 p. 542 |
| 2, 3 p. 43 | Worth and loss of, 401 | God a refuge in..... 316 |
| Usefulness of 44 | Sovereignty of God, 9, 14 | Trumpet, last..... 5 p. 507 |
| Riches of..... 45 | Sower, parable of, 372, 373 | Trust in God..... 286, 288 |
| Excellency 46 | Spirit of God, his influ- | Humble 1 p. 287 |
| Reading them 330 | ences, 96, 107, 206—216 | Encouragement to, 283 |
| Second Advent... 570—579 | Work in salvation, | Resolve to..... 290 |
| Seasons, the, crowned | 109, 2, 3 p. 206, 207 | Truth and faithful- |
| with goodness 508 | The Comforter, 1 p. 206 | ness of God..... 19 |
| Secret prayer..... 339 | Leads to duty, 207, 293 | And sincerity..... 282 |
| Seeds of piety..... 436 | Sought in darkness, 214 | Types of Christ 53, |
| Seeking souls..... 7 p. 115 | Grieved 1 p. 215 | 156—205 |
| Seed time..... 504 | Desired 2 p. 215 | UNBELIEF..... 241 |
| Self-dedication, 3 p. | Drawings of 210 | Opposed..... 219 |
| 211, 298, 490, 3, 4 p. 521 | Love of 2 p. 206 | Surmounted 290 |
| Self-denial 280, 281 | Work of 3 p. 206 | Unchangeableness of |
| Self-examination, 283, 331 | Descent of..... 4 p. 206 | God..... 5 |
| Self-righteousness, 51, | Seeking the 210 | Unfruitfulness..... 3 p. 322 |
| 1 p. 195 | Spiritual mindedness, 284 | Union, to Christ..... 81 |
| Sermons, before, 359— | Spirituality of God 3 | To christians 396, 2 p. 440 |
| 371, 589—603 | Spring..... 498, 500 | Unity of God..... 2 |
| After, 372—392, 604—611 | Sting of death, 2 p. | And love..... 3 p. 258 |
| Shame despised, 280, 451 | 552, 553 | Unworthy, the, wel- |
| Sheep, of Christ safe 103 | Strait gate, 3p. 116, 3p. 294 | come 4 p. 115 |
| The lost, found..... 79 | Strength, sufficient 123, 125 | VANITY of the world |
| Shepherd, good, 101, 197 | Strong-hold 198 | 398, 401 |
| Shunamite..... 2 p. 303 | Submission, 1 p. 247, | Vine, the..... 200 |
| Sickness, God's pres- | 264, 276—279, 6 p. 545 | Victory, national..... 529 |
| ence in 537 | To bereavements, 264, 562 | Over sin..... 228 |
| Submission under 540 | Success of prayer..... 365 | Over death..... 2 p. 554 |
| Complaint and hope | Of the gospel, 1—3 p. 418 | Vision of dry bones... 371 |
| in 538 | Success of missions, | Voyage, the..... 304 |
| General 539 | 2 p. 419, 1, 2 p. | WAITING, for God, |
| And recovery, 2 p. | 421, 1—4 p. 429 | 2 p. 114 |
| 541, 542 | Suffering Christian ... 280 | For the coming of |
| Sinal and Calvary..... 52 | Supported..... 5 p. 545 | Christ... 325, 570—579 |
| Sincerity 282, 283 | Sufferings of Christ | Walking with God... 98 |
| Sin, original 38 | (see Lord's supper) 136 | In darkness..... 308 |
| In-dwelling 39 | Summer..... 504, 505 | Wanderer invited 6 p. |
| A burden..... 235, 236 | Sun, Christ a, 199, 3 p. 346 | 116, 1 p. 313, 4 p. 581 |
| Deplored 42 | Supplication 295 | Wants supplied... 123—128 |
| And grace 41 | TEMPEST, high..... 305 | |
| And sorrow 99 | Controlled 2 p. 503 | |
| Sinner found wanting 49 | | |

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