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# SELECTION OF HYMNS

FROM THE

**BEST AUTHORS,**

INCLUDING A

**GREAT NUMBER OF ORIGINALS:**

INTENDED TO BE

**AN APPENDIX**

TO

**DR. WATTS'S PSALMS AND HYMNS.**

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By **JOHN RIPPON, D. D.**

THE SIXTEENTH, AN ENLARGED EDITION.

WITH THE NAMES OF

**THE TUNES ADAPTED TO THE HYMNS.**

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The Number of the Hymn *always* answers to the Number of the page; thus—

Hymn	33 . . .	Page	33
—	433 . . . . .		433
—	570 . . . . .		570

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

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



# PREFACE

TO

## THE TENTH EDITION.

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

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

## PREFACE.

In the preface to the former editions, I expressed my fear, "notwithstanding this addition of above five hundred hymns to Dr. Watts's hymns and psalms, that all of them together would not furnish a sufficient variety for every subject of consideration which might arise in the course of the christian ministry." Time, general use of the hymns, and a frequent recurrence to the index of their subjects, have since united to prove that these apprehensions were not altogether unfounded or problematical; and that there was reason for intimating, "that too great a variety of evangelical hymns, for public worship, is a thing scarcely conceivable."

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

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

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

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

And now, with all the solemnity of an on-fire Dedication, I commit the volume to Thy care, patronage, and special blessing.—O, thou infinitely beautiful and bountiful Being! to whom I am, of all the sons of Adam, peculiarly indebted; beseeching thee, for the sake of my crucified and ascended Redeemer, to grant, “That, however  
“ weak and contemptible this work may seem in  
“ the eyes of the children of the world, and how-  
“ ever imperfect it really may be, as well as the  
“ author of it unworthy, it may, nevertheless, live  
“ before thee, and, through a divine power, be  
“ mighty” to lessen the miseries and to increase  
the holiness and bliss of multitudes, “in distant  
“ places, and in generations yet to come! Impute  
“ it not, O God, as a culpable ambition, if I de-

" sire, that; whatever becomes of *my name*, this  
 " work may be propagated far abroad; that it  
 " may reach to those who are yet unborn, and  
 " teach them *thy name*, and *thy praise*, when the  
 " author has long dwelt in the dust: that so, when  
 " he shall appear before thee in the great day of  
 " final accounts, his *joy* may be increased, and his  
 " *crown* brightened, by numbers before unknown  
 " to each other and to him! But if *this petition* be  
 " too *great* to be granted to one who pretends no  
 " claim to hope for being favoured with the *least*,  
 " give him to be; in thine almighty hand, the  
 " blessed instrument of converting and saving  
 " *one soul*; and if it be *but one*, and that the  
 " meanest and weakest of all the human race,  
 " though it should be amidst a thousand disap-  
 " pointments with respect to others, yet it shall  
 " be the subject of immortal songs of praise to  
 " thee, O blessed God, for, and by every soul  
 " whom, through the blood of Jesus, and the  
 " grace of thy Spirit, thou hast saved; and ever-  
 " lasting honours shall be ascribed to the Father,  
 " to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit, by the in-  
 " numerable company of angels, and by the ge-  
 " neral assembly, and the church of the first-  
 " born in heaven. Amen!"

JOHN RIPPON.

No. 11, Grange Road;

May 10, 1800.

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# SELECTION OF HYMNS.

GOD.

HYMN I. L. M. *Dr. S. Stennett.*

Addison's, Tune 1.

A Song of Praise to God.

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

2 L. M. *Williams's Psalms.*

Old Hundred 100.

The Unity of God. Deut. vi. 4.

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

3 L. M.

Paul's 246. Fawcett 184.

The Spirituality of God. John iv. 24.

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

PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

- To what in heaven, to what on earth,  
 Can men th' immortal king compare ?
- 4 Let stupid heathens frame their gods  
 Of gold, and silver, wood and stone ;  
 Ours is the God that made the heavens ;  
 Jehovah he, and God alone.
- 5 My soul, thy purest homage pay,  
 In truth and spirit him adore ;  
 More shall this please than sacrifice,  
 Than outward forms delight him more.

4 L. M. Steele.

Bab. Streams 23. Angel's Hymn 60. Gould's 272.  
 The Eternity of God, and Man's Mortality. Psalm xc.

- 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 thy children shine.]
- 8 Thy glorious image, fair imprest,  
 Let all our hearts and lives declare;  
 Beneath thy kind protection blest,  
 May all our labours own thy care!]

5 L. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Angel's Hymn 60. Paul's 246.

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

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

- 5 But let the creatures fall around ;  
 Let death consign us to the ground ;  
 Let the last general flame arise,  
 And melt the arches of the skies ;
- 6 Calm as the summer's ocean, we  
 Can all the wreck of nature see,  
 While grace secures us an abode,  
 Unshaken as the throne of God.

6 C. M. *Dr. Watts's Lyric Poems.*

Bedford 91. Abridge 201. Farringdon 267.

The Infinites.

- 1 **T**HY names, how infinite they be !  
 Great Everlasting One !  
 Boundless thy might and majesty,  
 And unconfin'd 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.

7 L. M. Merrick's Psalms.

Wareham 17. Adie Street 241. Wells 10?

Omnipotence; or, the Power and Providence of God.  
Psalm cxxxv.

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

PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

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

8 C. M.

Charmouth 28. Ellenborough 170.

The Omnipresence and Omniscience of God. Psalm cxxxix.

- 1 **L**ORD! thou, with an unerring beam,  
 Surveyest all my powers:  
 My rising steps are watch'd by thee;  
 By thee, my resting hours.
- 2 My thoughts, scarce struggling into birth;  
 Great God, are known to thee:  
 Abroad, at home, still I'm inclos'd  
 With thine irremedy.
- 3 To thee, the labyrinths of life  
 In open view appear;  
 Nor steals a whisper from my lips  
 Without thy list'ning ear.
- 4 Behind I glance, and thou art there;  
 Before me, shines thy name;  
 And 'tis thy strong Almighty hand,  
 Sustains my tender frame.
- 5 Such knowledge mocks the vain essays  
 Of my astonish'd mind;  
 Nor can my reason's soaring eye  
 Its towering summit find.
- PAUSE.
- 6 Where from thy Spirit shall I stretch  
 The pinions of my flight  
 Or where, through nature's spacious range,  
 Shall I elude thy sight?



THE BEING AND

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

9 C. M. *Dr. Watts's Lyric Poems.*

Abridge 2Q1. Canterbury 199.

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

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

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

10 7s. B. Francis.

Cookham 36. Alcester 213.

The Majesty of God.

- 1 **G**LORY to th' eternal King,  
 Clad in majesty supreme!  
 Let all heaven his praises sing,  
 Let all worlds his power proclaim.

A 17

- 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 controul,  
 Ever sound his lofty praise!

II L. M. *Beddome.*

Ulverston 179. Islington 40. Gould's 272.

*The Wisdom of God.*

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

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

12 (First Part.) C. M. Steele,

Liverpool 83. Exeter 4.

The Goodness of God. Naham i. 7.

- 1 **Y**E humble souls, approach your God  
With songs of sacred praise,  
For he is good, immensely good,  
And kind are all his ways.
- 2 All nature owns his guardian care,  
In him we live and move;  
But nobler benefits declare  
The wonders of his love.
- 3 He gave his Son, his only Son,  
To ransom rebel worms;  
'Tis here he makes his goodness known  
In its divinest forms.
- 4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come;  
'Tis here our hope relies;  
A safe defence, a peaceful home,  
When storms of trouble rise.
- 5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,  
The souls who trust in thee;  
Their humble hope thou wilt reward  
With bliss divinely free.
- 6 Great God, to thy A'm'ghty love,  
What honours shall we raise?  
Not all the raptur'd songs above  
Can render equal praise.

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

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

18 L. M. Medley.

Derby 169. Rothwell 174. Portugal. New. 263.  
 The Loving-kindness of the Lord. Ps. lxxiii. 7.

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

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

14 C. M. *Dr. Watts's Lyric Poems.*  
 Michael's 119. Brighthelmstone, 208.

The Grace of God ; or, Divine Condescension.

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

B

- 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 sov'reign and all free;  
Great God, how searchless are thy ways!  
How deep thy judgments be!

## 15 Vers. S—.

Geard 156. Broughton 172.

The Mercy of God, Psalm lxxxix. 1.

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

- 4 The door of thy mercy stands open all day  
To the poor and the needy, who knock by the way;  
No sinner shall ever be empty sent back,  
Who comes seeking mercy for Jesus's sake.
- 5 Thy mercy in Jesus exempts me from hell;  
Its glories I'll sing, and its wonders I'll tell:  
'Twas 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 crucify'd Son:  
All praise to the Spirit, whose whisper divine  
Seals mercy and pardon and righteousness mine!

16 7s.

Firth's 146.

The Long-suffering, or Patience of God.

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



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

17 C. M.

Bedford 91. Abridge 201.

The Holiness of God, Isaiah viii. 13.

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

18 L. M. *Beddome.*

Green's Hundred 89. Old Hundred 100.

The Justice and Goodness of God.

- 1 **G**REAT 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 threat'nings 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 threat'ning rod and smiling face,  
Thy wounding, and thy healing word,  
A world undone, a world restor'd :
- 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. N-----

Portugal 97. Paul's 246. Wells 102.

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

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

20 L. M. *Dr. Watts's Lyric Poems.*

Wareham 117. Kingsbridge 88.

God supreme and self-sufficient.

- 1 **W**HAT is our God, or what his name,  
Nor men can learn, nor angels teach ;  
He dwells conceal'd in radiant flame,  
Where neither eyes nor thoughts can reach.
- 2 The spacious worlds of heavenly light,  
Compar'd with him, how short they fall !  
They are too dark, and he too bright ;  
Nothing are they, and God is all.
- 3 He spoke the 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.

21 C.M. *Dr. S. Stennett.*

Gainsborough 29. Brighthelmstone 208.

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

- 1 **W**HEN first the God of boundless grace  
 Disclos'd his kind design  
 To rescue our apostate race  
 From mis'ry, shame, and sin ;
- 2 Quick through the realms of light and bliss,  
 The joyful tidings ran ;  
 Each heart exulted at the news,  
 That God would dwell with man.
- 3 Yet, 'midst their joys, they paus'd awhile ;  
 And ask'd, with strange surprise,  
 ' But how can injur'd justice smile,  
 ' Or look with pitying eyes ?
- 4 ' [Will the Almighty deign again  
 ' To visit yonder world ;  
 ' And hither bring rebellious men,  
 ' Whence rebels once were hurl'd ?
- 5 ' Their tears, and groans, and deep distress,  
 ' Aboud for mercy call ;  
 ' But ah ! must truth and righteousness  
 ' To mercy victims fall ?

B 4

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

22 C. M. *Dr. Watts's Sermons.*

Irish 171. Braintree 25.

The Doctrine and Use of the Trinity, Eph. ii. 18,

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

And spread his honours and their joys  
Through nations far abroad.

- 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 7s.

Stoel 164. Alcester 213. Mitcham 289.

To the Trinity.

- 1 **H**OLY, holy, holy Lord !  
Self-existent Deity,  
By the hosts of heaven ador'd,  
Teach us how to worship thee :  
Only uncreated mind,  
Wonders in thy nature meet ;  
Perfect Unity combin'd  
With Society complete.
- 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 !

B 5

- 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  
 Efficacious grace we sing;—  
 Set on us thy seal divine,  
 Safely to thy kingdom bring:  
 Mortify sin, root and deed,  
 Daily strengthen every grace;  
 Send us, urge us on with speed,  
 And let glory crown the race!

23 L. M. *Dr. Watts's Lyric Poems.*

Paul's 246. Angel's Hymn 60.

The Incomprehensibility of God.

- 1 **G**OD is a name my soul adores—  
 Th' almighty Three, th' eternal One!  
 Nature and grace, with all their powers,  
 Confess the infinite unknown.
- 2 From thy great self thy being springs:  
 Thou art thy own original,  
 Made up of uncreated things,  
 And self-sufficiency bears them all.
- 3 Thy voice produc'd 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. N—

Lebanon 79. Mark's 65.

The moral Perfections of the Deity imitated, Matt. v. 48.

- 1 GREAT 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 an hungry foe.

- 5 I hope for pardon, thro' thy Son,  
For all the crimes which I have done ;  
O, may the grace that pardons me  
Constrain me to forgive like thee !

25 I. M. Merrick's Psalms.

Gloucester 12. Bromley 104.

The divine Perfections celebrated, Ps. lxxxix. cxlv.

- 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 saints 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 unsully'd vests thee round.
- 4 The heaven above and earth below,  
Thee, Lord, their great possessor know :  
By thee, this orb to being rose,  
And all that nature's bounds inclose.
- 5 From thee, amid the 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 bless'd the tribes, whose willing ear  
Awakes the festal shout to hear ;  
Who thankful see, where'er they tread,  
Thy favouring beams around them spread.

- 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, thro' the length of days,  
 In ceaseless songs repeat thy praise.

26 L. M. *Dr. Watts's Lyric Poems.*

Rothwell 174. Chard 175.

God exalted above all Praise.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Power! whose high abode  
 Becomes the grandeur of a God;  
 Infinite lengths, beyond the bounds  
 Where stars revolve their little rounds.
- 2 The lowest step around thy seat  
 Rises too high for Gabriel's feet;  
 In vain the tall arch-angel tries  
 To reach thine height with wond'ring eyes.
- 3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?  
 We would adore our Maker too;  
 From sin and dust to thee we cry,  
 The Great, the Holy, and the High!
- 4 Earth from afar has heard thy fame,  
 And worms have learnt to lisp thy name;  
 But O, the glories of thy mind  
 Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.
- 5 God is in heaven, but man below;  
 Be short our tunes; our words be few:  
 A sacred reverence checks our songs,  
 And praise sits silent on our tongues.

## CREATION AND PROVIDENCE

27 L. M. Needham.

Rochford 22. Wells 102.

A Summary View of the Creation, Gen. i.

- 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' æthereal way.
- 4 Teeming with life,—air, earth, and sea,  
Obey th' Almighty's high decree !  
To every tribe he gives their food,  
Then speaks the whole divinely good.
- 5 But, to complete the 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 !

28 C. M.

Crowle 3. New York 33.

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

- 1 **L**ORD! thy pervading knowledge strikes  
Through nature's inmost gloom,  
And, in thy circling arms, I lay  
A slumberer in the womb.
- 2 Thee will I honour, for I stand  
A volume of thy skill;  
Stupendous are thy works, and they  
My contemplations fill!
- 3 Thine eye beheld me when the speck  
Of entity began;  
And o'er my form, in darkness fram'd,  
Thy rich embroid'ry ran:
- 4 Th' unfashion'd mass by thee was seen;  
My structure, in thy book,  
Was plann'd before thy curious mould  
The future embryo took.
- 5 How precious are the streaming joys  
That from thy love descend!  
Would I rehearse their numbers o'er,  
Where would their numbers end?
- 6 Not ocean's countless sands exceed  
The blessings of the skies;  
With night's descending shades they fall,  
With morning splendours rise,
- 7 'Thine awful glories round me shine,  
'My flesh proclaims thy praise:  
'Lord! to thy works of nature, join  
'Thy miracles of grace.'

29 C. M. *Dr. Watts's Lyric Poems.*

Devizes 14. Tiverton 109.

A Song to Creating Wisdom.

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

30 L. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Martin's Lane 67. Langdon 217.

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

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

- Where sun, and moon, and planets roll;  
And stars, that glow from pole to pole.
- 3 Sing, earth, in verdant robes array'd,—  
Its herbs and flowers, its fruit and shade;  
Peopled with life of various forms,  
Of fish, and fowl, and beasts, and worms.
- 4 View the broad sea's majestic plains,  
And think how wide its Maker reigns;  
That band remotest nations joins,  
And on each wave his goodness shines.
- 5 But Oh! that brighter world above,  
Where lives and reigns incarnate love!  
God's only Son, in flesh array'd,  
For man a bleeding victim made.
- 6 Thither, my soul, with rapture soar!  
There, in the land of praise, adore;  
The theme demands an angel's lay—  
Demands an everlasting day.

## 31 L. M.

Rothwell 174. Virginia 234.

Providence; or, God working all Things after the Council of  
his own Will.

- 1 **T**HY ways, O Lord! with wise design,  
Are fram'd upon thy throne above,  
And every dark and bending line  
Meets in the centre of thy love.
- 2 With feeble light, and half obscure,  
Poor mortals thy arrangements view;  
Not knowing that the least are sure,  
And the mysterious just and true.
- 3 Thy flock, thy own peculiar care,  
Though now they seem to roam uney'd,

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

- 4 They neither know nor trace the way ;  
But, trusting to thy piercing eye,  
None of their feet to ruin stray,  
Nor shall the weakest fail or die.
- 5 My favour'd soul shall meekly learn  
To lay her reason at thy throne ;  
Too weak thy secrets to discern,  
I'll trust thee for my guide alone.

32 C. M. Steele.

Staughton 264. Abingdon 42. Prov. Coll. 10.  
Creation and Providence.

- 1 **L**ORD, when our raptur'd thought surveys  
Creation's beauties o'er,  
All nature joins to teach thy praise,  
And bid our souls adore.
- 2 Where'er we turn our gazing eyes,  
Thy radiant footsteps shine ;  
Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise  
And speak their source divine.
- 3 The living tribes of countless forms,  
In earth, and sea, and air,  
The meanest flies, the smallest worms,  
Almighty power declare.
- 4 Thy wisdom, power, and goodness, Lord,  
In all thy works appear :  
And, O ! let man thy praise record,—  
Man, thy distinguish'd care !
- 5 From thee, the breath of life he drew ;  
That breath thy power maintains ;  
Thy tender mercy, ever new,  
His brittle frame sustains,

- 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 the 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.

Kingsbridge 88. Green's Hundred 89.

Providence equitable and kind, Psalm cvii.

- 1 **T**HRO' all the various shifting scene  
Of life's mistaken ill or good ;  
Thy hand, O God ! conducts unseen  
The beautiful vicissitude.
- 2 Thou givest with paternal care,  
How'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. Cowper.

Gainsborough 29. Follett 181.

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

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

Bedford 91. Stamford 9.

Mysteries to be explained hereafter, John xiii. 7.

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

Irish 171. Exeter 4.

The Traveller's Psalm.

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

- 2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,  
Supported by thy care,  
Thro' burning climes they pass unhurt,  
And breathe in tainted air.
- 3 When by the dreadful tempest borne  
High on the broken wave,  
They know thou art not slow to hear,  
Nor impotent to save.
- 4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,  
Obedient to thy will;  
The sea, that roars at thy command,  
At thy command is still.
- 5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,  
Thy goodness we'll adore;  
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,  
And humbly hope for more.
- 6 Our life, while thou preserv'st that life,  
Thy sacrifice shall be:  
And death, when death shall be our lot,  
Shall join our souls to thee.

37. C. M. Steele.

James's 163. Elim 151. Staughton 264.

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

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

- 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 my eye!  
 How many past, 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, thro' my days,  
 Thy bounteous hand would trace;  
 Still dearer blessings claim thy praise,  
 The blessings of thy grace.
- 7 Yes, I adore thee, gracious Lord!  
 For favours more divine;  
 That I have known thy sacred word,  
 Where all thy glories shine.
- 8 Lord, when this mortal frame decays,  
 And every weakness dies,  
 Complete the wonders of thy grace,  
 And raise me to the skies.
- 9 Then shall my joyful powers unite  
 In more exalted lays,  
 And join the happy sons of light  
 In everlasting praise.

## THE FALL.

38 L. M. *Dr. Watts's Lyrics.*Wareham 117. *Babylon Streams 23.*

Original Sin ; or, the first and second Adam.

- 1 **A** DAM, our father and our head,  
Transgress'd, and justice doom'd us dead:  
The fiery law speaks all despair,  
There's no reprieve nor pardon there.
- 2 Call a bright council in the skies ;  
Seraphs, the mighty and the wise,  
Speak ; are you strong to bear the load,  
The weighty vengeance of a God ?
- 3 In vain we ask ; for all around  
Stand silent thro' the heavenly ground ;  
'There's not a glorious mind above  
Has half the strength or half the love.
- 4 But O ! unmeasurable grace !  
'Th' eternal Son takes Adam's place ;  
Down to our world the Saviour flies,  
Stretches his arms, and bleeds, and dies.
- 5 Amazing work ! look down, ye skies,  
Wonder and gaze with all your eyes !  
Ye saints below, and saints above,  
All bow to this mysterious love.

39 C. M. *Dr. S. Stennett.*Walsal 237. *Ludlow 84.*

Indwelling Sin lamented.

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

2

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

40 S. M.

Wirksworth 158. Stoke 207.

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

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

B 13

- 3 Almighty King of saints,  
 These tyrant lusts subdue ;  
 Expel the darkness of my mind,  
 And all my powers renew.
- 4 This done, my cheerful voice  
 Shall loud hosannas raise ;  
 My soul shall glow with gratitude,  
 My lips proclaim thy praise.

41 L. M. *Cruttenden.*

Gould's 272. Kingsbridge 88. Virginia 234.

Sin and Holiness.

- 1 **W**HAT jarring natures dwell within,—  
 Imperfect grace, remaining sin !  
 Nor this can reign, nor that prevail,  
 Tho' each by turns my heart assail.
- 2 Now I complain, and groan, and die ;  
 Now raise my songs of triumph high ;  
 Sing a rebellious passion slain,  
 Or mourn to feel it live again.
- 3 One happy hour beholds me rise,  
 Borne upwards to my native skies,  
 While faith assists my soaring flight  
 To realms of joy and 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 thro' the fight,  
Make me triumphant in thy might ;  
Thou the desponding heart canst raise,—  
The victory mine, and thine the praise.

42 L. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*Ulverston 179. *Babylon Streams* 23.

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

- 1 **A**RISE, my tenderest thoughts, arise ;  
To torrents melt my streaming eyes ;  
And thou, my heart, with anguish feel  
Those evils which thou canst not heal.
- 2 See human nature sunk in shame ;  
See scandals pour'd on Jesus' name ;  
The Father wounded thro' the Son ;  
The world abus'd ; the soul undone.
- 3 See the short course of vain delight  
Closing in everlasting night—  
In flames, that no abatement know,  
Tho' briny tears for ever flow.
- 4 My God, I feel the mournful scene ;  
My bowels yearn o'er dying men ;  
And fain my pity would reclaim  
And snatch the firebrands from the flame.
- 5 But feeble my compassion proves,  
And can but weep where most it loves ;  
Thy own all-saving arm employ,  
And turn these drops of grief to joy.



## SCRIPTURE.

## THE PROPERTIES OF IT.

43 C. M.

Michael's 119. Sprague 166.

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

- 1 **H**OW precious is the book divine,  
By inspiration given!  
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine  
To guide our souls to heaven.
- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts  
In this dark vale of tears;  
Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,  
And quells our rising fears.
- 3 This lamp, through all the tedious night,  
Of life, shall guide our way;  
Till we behold the clearer light  
Of an eternal day.

44 L. M. *Beddome.*

Portugal 97. Mark's 65.

The Usefulness of the Scriptures.

- 1 **W**HEN Israel thro' the desert pass'd,  
A fiery pillar went before  
To guide them thro' the dreary waste,  
And lessen the fatigues they bore.
- 2 Such is thy glorious word, O God!  
'Tis for our light and guidance 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 :

‡ 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. *Dr. S. Stennett.*

Staughton 264. New York 93. Prov. Coll. 10,  
The Riches of God's Word.

1 **L**ET avarice, from shore to shore,  
Her fav'rite God pursue ;  
Thy word, O Lord, we value more  
Than India or Peru.

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

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

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

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

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

46 C. M. Steele.

Michael's 119. Evans's 190.

The Excellency and Sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies! in thy word  
What endless glory shines!  
For ever be thy name ador'd  
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here, may the wretched sons of want  
Exhaustless riches find;  
Riches above what earth can grant,  
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here, the fair tree of knowledge grows,  
And yields a free repast;  
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, &amp;c.

47 C. M. *Dr. Gibbons.*

Salem 139. Braintree 25.

Our Duty to God, *Exod. xi. 3—12.*

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

48 C. M. *Dr. Gibbons.*

Workshop 31. Gainsborough 29.

Our Duty to our Neighbour.

- 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 right,  
Or God will curse thy wealth.
- 5 No man shalt thou, by a false charge,  
Or crush or brand with shame ;  
Dear as thine own, so wills thy God,  
Must be his life and name.
- 6 Thy soul one wish shall not let loose  
For that which is not thine ;  
Live in thy lot, or small or great,  
For God has drawn the line.

[Hyman 47, ver. 5, may be added here.]

49 L. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Green's Hundred '89. Fawcett 184.

The Sinner found wanting, Dan. v. 27.

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

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- 4 Let sudden fear thy nerves unbrace;  
Confusion wild o'erspread thy face;  
Thro' all thy thoughts, let anguish roll,  
And deep repentance melt thy soul.
- 5 One only hope may yet prevail,—  
Christ in the scripture turns the scale;  
Still doth the gospel publish peace,  
And shew 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. Kingsbridge 88.

The practical Use of the moral Law to 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'er for me.
- 4 Here I behold thy wonders, Lord!—  
How Christ hath, to thy law, restor'd  
'Those honours, on th' atoning day,  
Which guilty sinners took away.

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

51 C. M. Cowper.

Burford 198. Worksop 31.

Illegal Obedience followed by Evangelical.

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

52. L. M. *Dr. Watts's Lyric Poems.*

Paul's 246. Green's Hundred 89.

The Law and the Gospel; or, Christ a Refuge.

- 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 ev'ry 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.

53 148th. *Cowper.*

Eagle Street 16. Grove 125.

The Ceremonial Law, Heb. iv. 2.

- 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,  
 And blood-besprinkled door,  
 Seen with enlighten'd eyes,  
 And once apply'd with power,  
 Would teach the need of other blood  
 To reconcile an angry God.
- 3 The lamb, the dove, set forth  
 His perfect innocence,  
 Whose blood of matchless worth  
 Should be the soul's defence ;  
 For he, who can for sin atone,  
 Must have no failings of his own.
- 4 The scape-goat on his head  
 The people's trespass bore,  
 And, to the desert led,  
 Was to be seen no more :  
 In him our Surety seem'd to say,  
 ' Behold, I bear your sins away.'
- 5 Dipt in his fellow's blood,  
 The living bird went free !  
 The type, well understood,  
 Express'd the sinner's plea ;—  
 Describ'd a guilty soul enlarg'd,  
 And by a Saviour's death discharg'd.
- 6 Jesus, I love to trace  
 Throughout the sacred page,  
 The footsteps of thy grace  
 The same in every age !  
 O grant that I may faithful be  
 To clearer light vouchsaf'd to me.

## THE GOSPEL.

54 L. M. *Beddome.*

Portugal 97. Langdon 217.

The Gospel of Christ.

- 1 **G**OD, in the gospel of his Son,  
 Makes his eternal councils known;  
 'Tis here, his richest mercy shines,  
 And truth is drawn in fairest lines.
- 2 Here, sinners of an humble frame  
 May taste his grace, and learn his name;  
 'Tis writ in characters of blood,  
 Severely just, immensely good.
- 3 Here, Jesus in ten thousand ways  
 His soul-attracting charms displays,  
 Recounts his poverty and pains,  
 And tells his love in melting strains.
- 4 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,  
 To form our minds, to cheer our hearts;  
 Its influence makes the sinner live,  
 It bids the drooping saint revive.
- 5 Our raging passions it controuls,  
 And comfort yields to contrite souls;  
 It brings a better world in view,  
 And guides us all our journey thro'.
- 6 May this blest volume ever lie  
 Close to my heart, and near my eye,  
 Till life's last hour my soul engage,  
 And be my chosen heritage!

55 C. M. *Dr. Gibbons.*

Irish 171. Cambridge New 74.

The Gospel worthy of all Acceptation, 1 Tim i. 15.

- 1 **J**ESUS, th' eternal Son of God,  
 Whom Seraphims obey,

C

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

## 56 C. M.

Wiltshire 110. Oxford 177.

The Gospel a Feast, Isaiah xxv. 6.

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

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

57 148th. *Altered by Toplady.*

Portsmouth New 144. Jubilee New 197.

The Jubilee.

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

- Shall have it back unbought,  
 The gift of Jesus' love ;  
 The year of Jubilee is come ;      Return, &c.]
- 4    Ye slaves of sin and hell,  
       Your liberty receive ;  
       And safe in Jesus dwell,  
       And blest in Jesus live :  
 The year of Jubilee is come ;      Return, &c.
- 5    Ye bankrupt debtors, know  
       The sovereign grace of heaven ;  
       Though sums immense ye owe,  
       A free discharge is given :  
 The year of Jubilee is come ;      Return, &c.
- 6    The gospel trumpet hear,  
       The news of pardoning grace ;  
       Ye happy souls draw near,  
       Behold your Saviour's face :  
 The year of Jubilee is come ;      Return, &c.
- 7    Jesus, our great High Priest,  
       Has full atonement made ;  
       Ye weary spirits, rest ;  
       Ye mournful souls, be glad !  
 The year of Jubilee is come ;  
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

58    L. M.    *Dr. Doddridge.*

Gloucester 12.    Derby 169.

The Gospel Jubilee, Psalm lxxxix. 15.

- 1    **L** OUD let the tuneful trumpet sound,  
       And spread the joyful tidings round ;  
       Let every soul with transport hear,  
       And hail the Lord's accepted year.
- 2    Ye debtors, whom he gives to know  
       That you ten thousand talents owe,

When humble at his feet you fall,  
Your gracious God forgives them all.

- 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 giv'n ;  
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 shew that jubilee begun,  
Which thro' eternal years shall run.

59 C. M. *Dr. S. Stennett.*

Oxford 177. Hammond 226.

The glorious Gospel of the blessed God, 1 Tim. i. 11.

- 1 **W**HAT' wisdom, majesty, and grace,  
Thro' all the gospel shine !  
'Tis God that speaks, and we confess  
The doctrine most divine.
- 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 ow'd,  
Upon the cross he pays :  
Then thro' the clouds ascends to God,  
'Midst shouts of loftiest praise.

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

60 L. M. *Dr. Watts's Sermons.*

Gould's 272. Mark's 65. Ulverston 179.

The Gospel is the Power of God to Salvation, Rom. i. 16.

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

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

61 C. M. *Dr. Watts's Sermons.*

London 180. Follett 181.

A rational Defence of the Gospel.

- 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 despis'd on earth,  
Still of his grace partake?  
This but confirms his truth the more;  
For so the prophets spake.
- 5 Do some, that own his sacred truth,  
Indulge their souls in sin?  
None should reproach the Saviour's name;  
His laws are pure and clean.
- 6 Then let our faith be firm and strong,  
Our lips profess his word;  
Nor ever shun those holy men  
Who fear and love the Lord.



## SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES AND BLESSINGS.

62 5, 6. *Toplady's altered.*

Bourton 50. Haughton 68.

Everlasting Love, Electing Grace, and Personal Holiness.

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

## PART THE SECOND.

- 6 Yet one thing we want,  
 More holiness grant !  
 For more of thy mind and thy image we pant ;  
 Thine image impress  
 On thy favourite race ;  
 O fashion and polish thy vessels of grace !
- 7 Thy workmanship we  
 More fully would be ; [thee :  
 Lord, stretch out thine hand, and conform us to  
 While onward we move  
 To Canaan above,  
 Come *fill* us with holiness, *fill* us with love.
- 8 Vouchsafe us to know  
 More of thee below ;  
 Thus fit us for heaven, and glory bestow ;  
 Our harps shall be tun'd,  
 The Lamb shall be crown'd,  
 Salvation to Jesus thro' heav'n shall resound.

63 L. M. *Beddome.*

Kingsbridge 88. Lewton 30.

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

- 1 **W**HIO shall condemn to endless flames  
 The chosen people of our God !  
 Since in the book of life their names  
 Are fairly writ in Jesus' blood.
- 2 He for the sins of all the elect,  
 Hath a complete atonement made :  
 And justice never can expect  
 That the same debt should twice be paid.

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

64 148th. L. H. C.

Bethesda 112. Eagle Street 16. Hinton 266.

Eternal and unchangeable Love, 2 Tim. i. 12.—Chap. ii. 13.  
—Phil. i. 6.

- 1 **O** MY distrustful heart,  
How small thy faith appears !  
But greater, Lord, thou art,  
Than all my doubts and fears :  
Did Jesus once upon me shine ?  
Then Jesus is for ever mine.
- 2 Unchangeable his will,  
Tho' dark may be my frame ;  
His loving heart is still  
Eternally the same :  
My soul thro' many changes go :  
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 thy arms I cast,  
 Lord, save, O save my soul at last.

65 8. 7. 4.

Lewes 63. Painswick 162.

The godly Consideration of Election in Christ comfortable.

- 1 **S**ONS we are, thro' God's election,  
 Who in Jesus Christ believe :  
 By eternal destination,  
 Sovereign grace we here receive :  
 Lord, thy mercy  
 Does both grace and glory give.
- 2 Every fallen soul, by sinning,  
 Merits everlasting pain ;  
 But thy love, without beginning,  
 Has restor'd thy sons again :  
 Countless millions  
 Shall in life, through Jesus, reign.
- 3 Pause, my soul ! adore, and wonder !  
 Ask, ' O why such love to me ?'  
 Grace hath put me in the number  
 Of the Saviour's family :  
 Hallelujah !  
 Thanks, eternal thanks to thee !
- 4 Since that love had no beginning,  
 And shall never, never cease ;  
 Keep, O keep me, Lord, from sinning !  
 Guide me in the way of peace !  
 Make me walk in  
 All the paths of holiness.

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

66 6. 8. 4. *Oliver.*

Leoni 90.

The Covenant God.

- 1 **T**HE God of Abram praise,  
 Who reigns enthron'd above ;  
 Ancient of everlasting days,  
 And God of love !  
 Jehovah, great I AM !  
 By earth and heaven confest,  
 I bow, and bless the sacred name  
 For ever bless'd.
- 2 The God of Abram praise,  
 At whose supreme command,  
 From earth I rise, and seek the joys  
 At his right hand :

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

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

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

## PART THE SECOND.

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

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

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

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

- 8 The ransom'd nations bow  
 Before the Saviour's face,  
 Joyful their radiant crowns they throw,  
 O'erwhelm'd with grace :  
*He* shews his scars of love ;  
*They* kindle to a flame,  
 And 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 Abram's God and mine !  
 I join the heavenly lays ;  
 All might and majesty are thine,  
 And endless praise.

67 C. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Missionary 257. Worksop 31. Salem 139.

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

- 1 **M**Y God, the covenant of thy love  
 Abides for ever sure ;

- And, in its matchless grace, I feel  
My happiness secure.
- 2 What, tho' my house be not with thee  
As nature could desire ?  
To nobler joys, than nature gives,  
Thy servants all aspire.
- 3 Since thou, the everlasting God,  
My Father art become ;  
Jesus, my guardian and my friend,  
And heaven my final home ;
- 4 I welcome all thy sov'reign will,  
For all that will is love ;  
And when I know not what thou dost,  
I wait the light above.
- 5 Thy covenant the last accent claims  
Of this poor faltering tongue ;  
And that shall the first notes employ  
Of my celestial song.

68 12th. *Bentley's Collection.*

Scarborough 203. Hoxton 121.

Pleading the Covenant, Psalm lxxiv. 20.

- 1 **O** LORD, my God ! whose sovereign love  
Is still the same, nor e'er can move,  
Look to the covenant, and see,  
Has not thy love been shewn to me ?  
Remember me, my dearest friend,  
And love me always to the end.
- 2 Be with me still, as heretofore,  
And help me forward more and more ;  
My strong, my stubborn will incline  
To be obedient still to thine :  
O lead me by thy gracious hand,  
And guide me safe to Canaan's land.



## 69 7s.

Feversham 220. Bath Abbey 147.

## Redeeming Love.

- 1 **N**OW begin the heavenly theme,  
Sing aloud in Jesus' name !  
Ye, who his salvation prove,  
Triumph in redeeming love.
- 2 Ye, who see the Father's grace  
Beaming in the Saviour's face,  
As to Canaan on ye move,  
Praise and 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 subdu'd 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. *Steele.*

Winchester 137. Rothwell 174.

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

- 1 **E**NSLAV'D 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 :  
Invalu'd 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. F—

Westbury 51. Trevecca 37.

## Finished Redemption.

- 1 **H**ARK! the voice of love and mercy  
 Sounds aloud from Calvary!  
 See it rends the rocks asunder,  
 Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!  
 'It is finish'd!'  
 Hear the dying Saviour cry!
- 2 It is finish'd!—O what pleasure  
 Do these charming words afford!  
 Heavenly blessings without measure  
 Flow to us from Christ the Lord.  
 It is finish'd!—  
 Saints, the dying words record.
- 3 Finish'd all the types and shadows  
 Of the ceremonial law!  
 Finish'd all that God had promis'd;  
 Death and hell no more shall awe.  
 It is finish'd!—  
 Saints, from hence your comfort draw.
- 4 [Happy souls, approach the table,  
 Taste the soul-reviving food;  
 Nothing half so sweet and pleasant  
 As the Saviour's flesh and blood.  
 It is 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. *Dr. S. Stennett.*

Leeds 19. Rockford 22.

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

It is finished, John xix. 30.

- 1 **T**'IS finish'd! so the Saviour cry'd,  
And meekly bow'd his head, and dy'd:  
'Tis finish'd—yes, the race is run,  
The battle fought, the victory won.
- 2 'Tis finish'd—all that heav'n decreed,  
And all the ancient prophets said,  
Is now fulfill'd, as was design'd,  
In me the Saviour of mankind.
- 3 'Tis finish'd—Aaron now no more  
Must stain his robes with purple gore;  
The sacred veil is rent in twain,  
And Jewish rites no more remain.
- 4 'Tis finish'd—this my dying groan  
Shall sins of every kind atone:  
Millions shall be redeem'd from death,  
By this my last expiring breath.
- 5 'Tis finish'd—Heaven is reconcil'd,  
And all the powers of darkness spoil'd:  
Peace, love, and happiness again  
Return, and dwell with sinful men.
- 6 'Tis finish'd—let the joyful sound  
Be heard thro' all the nations round:  
'Tis finish'd—let the echo fly  
Thro' heaven and hell, thro' earth and sky.

73 8s. *D. Turner.*

Limefield 94.

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

- 1 **S**HALL Jesus descend from the skies,  
To atone for our sins by his blood, C 10

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

74. 8. 8. 6. *Toplady.*

Chatham 59. Hinton 276.

Christ's Atonement.

- 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 vouchsaf'd to dwell,  
 And made of infinite avail  
 The sufferings of the man.
- 3 Behold him for transgressors given!  
 Behold th' incarnate King of heaven  
 For us, his foes, expire!  
 Amaz'd, O earth! the tidings hear!  
 He bore, that we might never bear,  
 His father's righteous ire.
- 4 Ye saints, the man of sorrows 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. L. H. C.

Tabernacle 239. Trowbridge 21.

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 thro' thy name.

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

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

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

76 7s.

Deptford 124. Firth's 146.

Pleading the Atonement, Psalm lxxxiv. 9.

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 thro' Jesus' wounds on me.

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

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

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

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 thro' him the sinner see;  
Then, in Jesus, look on me.



77 C. M. *Toplady's Collection.*

Missionary 257. Cambridge New 74. Follett 181.

Efficacious Grace, Psalm xlv. 3, 5.

- 1 **H**AIL! mighty Jesus! how divine  
 Is thy victorious sword!  
 The stoutest rebel must resign  
 At thy commanding word.
- 2 Deep are the wounds thy arrows give,  
 They piercé 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.

Kingsbridge 88. New Sabbath 122.

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

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

- 3 ' To day,' the pardoning 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 listening 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 sav'd,'—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. Hammond 226. Staughton 264.

The lost Sheep found ; or, Joy in Heaven on the Conversion  
 of a Sinner, Luke xv. 3, 4.

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

- 3 Homeward he hastes to tell his joys,  
And makes his bliss complete :  
The neighbours hear the news, and all  
The joyful shepherds greet.
- 4 Yet how much greater is the joy  
When but one sinner turns ;  
When the poor wretch, with broken heart,  
His sins and errors mourns !
- 5 Pleas'd with the news, the saints below  
In songs their tongues employ ;  
Beyond the skies the tidings go,  
And heaven is fill'd with joy.
- 6 Well-pleas'd, the Father sees and hears  
The conscious sinner weep ;  
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. *Dr. S. Stennett.*

Wantage 204. Bangor 231.

The converted Thief, Luke xxiii. 42.

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

- 3 ' Jesus, thou Son and heir of heaven !  
 ' Thou spotless Lamb of God !  
 ' I see thee bath'd in sweat and tears,  
 ' And welt'ring in thy blood.
- 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 ' Amid the glories of that world,  
 ' Dear Saviour, think on me,  
 ' And in the vict'ries 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. *Dr. Doddridge.*

New Eagle Street 55. Ryland 48.

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

- 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  
Thro' all the gloomy way.
- 5 Since Christ and we are one,  
Why should we doubt or fear?  
If he in heaven hath fix'd his throne,  
He'll fix his members there.

82 L. M. *Dr. S. Stennett.*

Rochford 22. Langdon 21 .

Praise to God for renewing Grace.

- 1 **T**O God my Saviour and my King,  
Fain would my soul her tribute bring :  
Join me, ye saints, in songs of praise,  
For ye have known and felt his grace,
- 2 Wretched and helpless once I lay,  
Just breathing all my life away ;  
He saw me welt'ring in my blood,  
And felt the pity of a God :
- 3 With speed he flew to my relief,  
Bound up my wounds, and sooth'd my grief ;  
Pour'd joys divine into my heart,  
And bade each anxious fear depart.
- 4 These proofs of love, my dearest Lord !  
Deep in my breast I will record :  
The life, which I from thee receive,  
To thee, behold, I freely give.
- 5 My heart and tongue shall tune thy praise,  
Thro' the remainder of my days :  
And, when I join the powers above,  
My soul shall better sing thy love.

## 83 L. M.

Babylon Streams 23. Paul's 246.

Human Righteousness insufficient to justify, Mich. vi. 6—8.

- 1 **W**HIEREWITH, O Lord, shall I draw near,  
 Or bow myself before thy face?  
 How, in thy purer eyes, appear?  
 What shall I bring to gain thy grace?
- 2 Will gifts delight the Lord most high?  
 Will multiply'd 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;  
 'Twere 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. Lewton 30.

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

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

- 2 When, from the dust of death, I rise  
To take my mansion in the skies ;  
E'en then shall this be all my plea,  
' Jesus hath liv'd and dy'd for me.'
- 3 Bold shall I stand in that great day,  
For who aught to my charge shall lay ?  
While, thro' thy blood, absolv'd I am  
From sin's tremendous curse and shame.
- 4 Thus Abraham, the friend of God,  
Thus all the armies bought with blood,  
Saviour of sinners, thee proclaim !  
Sinners—of whom the chief I am.
- 5 This spotless robe the same appears  
When ruin'd nature sinks in years :  
No age can change its glorious hue ;  
The robe of Christ is ever new.
- 6 O let the dead now hear thy voice !  
Bid, Lord, thy banish'd ones rejoice ;  
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,  
Jesus, the Lord, our righteousness.

85 112th. *President Davies.*

New Haven 248. Hoxton 121.

The pardoning God, Micah vii. 18.

- 1 **G**REAT 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 the angelic choirs above :  
 Who is a pardoning God like thee ?  
 Or who has grace so rich and free ?

86 C. M. Steele.

Ludlow 84. Brighthelmstone 208.

Pardoning Love, Jer. iii. 22. Hos. xiv. 1.

- 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, sov'reign 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 wond'rous love ?



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

87. L. M. *Dr. Gibbons.*

Millbank 113. New Sabbath 122. Lewton 30.

Divine Forgiveness, Luke vii. 47.

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

88 S. M. *Dr. Watts's Lyrics.*

Wirksworth 158. Broderip's 252.

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

- 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-harden'd 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 reconcil'd!  
Behold his smiling face!  
Let joyful cherubs clap their wings,  
And sound aloud his grace.

89 C. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Bath Chapel 26. Salem 139.

Pardon spoken by Christ, Matt. ix. 2.

- 1 **M**Y Saviour, let me hear thy voice  
Pronounce the words of peace!  
And all my warmest powers shall join  
To celebrate thy grace.
- 2 With gentle smiles call me thy child,  
And speak my sins forgiv'n;  
The accents mild shall charm mine ear  
All like the harps of heaven.
- 3 Cheerful, where'er thy hand shall lead,  
The darkest path I'll tread;  
Cheerful I'll quit these mortal shores,  
And mingle with the dead.
- 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. *Stogdon.*

Virginia 234. Kingsbridge 88.

God ready to forgive; or, Despair sinful.

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

- 4 What tho' our crimes are black as night,  
Or glowing like the crimson morn,  
Immanuel's blood will make them white.  
As snow thro' the pure æther borne.
- 5 Lord, 'tis 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,' saith the Lord,  
' No humble penitent shall die :'  
Lord, we would now believe thy word,  
And thy unbounded mercies try !

91 8, 6, 8. *Cruttenden.*

Ewell 80. Francis 200. Weston Favell 27.

Adoption. 1 Jehn iii. 1—3.

- 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 pleas'd with those beyond the grave.

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

92 C. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Braintree 25. Stamford 9.

Abba, Father, Gal. iv. 6.

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

93 C. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Oxford 106 Follett 181.

True Liberty given by Christ. John viii. 36.

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

94 7s. *Humphreys.*

Georgia 192. Turin 244.

The Privileges of the Sons of God.

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

D

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

95 L. M. Dr. S. Stennett.

Portugal 97. New Sabbath 122.

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

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



- 8 If I've the honour, Lord, to be  
 One of this num'rous family,  
 On me the gracious gift bestow,  
 To call thee Abba, Father! too.
- 9 So may my conduct ever prove  
 My filial piety and love!  
 Whilst all my brethren clearly trace  
 Their Father's likeness in my face.

96 S. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Harborough 142. Simon's 250.

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

- 1 **O**UR heavenly Father calls,  
 And Christ invites us near :  
 With both, our friendship shall be sweet,  
 And our communion dear.
- 2 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,  
 Diffus'd from our Redeemer's hand,  
 And purchas'd with his blood !
- 4 Jesus, our living head,  
 We bless thy faithful care ;  
 Our advocate before the throne,  
 And our forerunner there.
- 5 Here fix, my roving heart !  
 Here wait, my warmest love !  
 Till the communion be complete  
 In nobler scenes above.

97 L. M. *Beddome*:

Ulverston 179. Rippon's 188.

Desiring Communion with God.

- 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  
Empty'd of sin, and full of thee.
- 3 For thee I pant, for thee I burn :  
Art thou withdrawn ? again return ;  
Nor let me be the first to say,  
Thou wilt not hear when sinners pray.

98 C. M. *Cowper*.Ludlow 84. *Condescension* 116.

Walking with God. Gen. v. 24.

- 1 **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 C. M. *Dr. Watts's Sermons.*

## Worksop 31. Wantage 204.

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

- 1 **O** THAT I knew the secret place,  
 Where I might find my God !  
 I'd spread my wants before his face,  
 And pour my woes abroad.
- 2 I'd tell him how my sins arise,  
 What sorrows I sustain ;  
 How grace decays, and comfort dies,  
 And leaves my heart in pain.
- 3 He knows what arguments I'd take  
 To wrestle with my God ;  
 I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,  
 And for my Saviour's blood.
- 4 My God will pity my complaints,  
 And heal my broken bones ;  
 He takes the meaning of his saints,  
 The language of their groans.
- 5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,  
 And banish every fear ;  
 He calls thee to his throne of grace  
 To spread thy sorrows there.

100 C. M. *Dr. Watts's Lyrics.*

Abridge 201. Elenborough 170.

Sanctification and Pardon.

- 1 **W**HERE shall we sinners hide our heads?  
Can rocks or mountains save?  
Or shall we wrap us in the shades  
Of midnight and the grave?
- 2 Is there no shelter from the eye  
Of a revenging God?  
Jesus, to thy dear wounds we fly;  
Bedew us with thy blood.
- 3 Those guardian drops our souls secure,  
And wash away our sin;  
Eternal justice frowns no more,  
And conscience smiles within.
- 4 We bless that wond'rous purple stream,  
That cleanses every stain;  
Yet are our souls but half redeem'd,  
If sin, the tyrant, reign.
- 5 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 L. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Mark's 65. Bowden 78.

Abundant Life by Christ our Shepherd. John x. 10.

- 1 **P**RAISE to our Shepherd's gracious name,  
Who on so kind an errand came;  
Came, that by him his flock might live,  
And more abundant life receive.
- 2 Hail, great Immanuel, from above!  
High seated on thy throne of love,  
O pour the vital torrent down,—  
Thy people's joy, their Lord's renown. [D 4

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

102 S. M. *Dr. S. Stennett.*

Simon's 250. Broderip's 252.

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

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

103 S. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Hopkins' 157. Kibworth 249.

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

- 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 try'd Almighty hand  
' Is rais'd 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.

104 L. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Angel's Hymn 60. Green's Hundred 89.

Noah preserved in the Ark, and the Believer in Christ.

1 Pet. iii. 20, 21.

- 1 **T**HE deluge, at th' Almighty's call,  
In what impetuous streams it fell ! D 5

- 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-echo'd from the low'ring sky !
- 4 Yet Noah, humble happy saint !  
Surrounded with a chosen few,  
Sat in his ark, secure from fear,  
And sang the grace that steer'd him thro.
- 5 So may I sing, in 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. F——.

Bedford 91. Brighthelmstone 208.

Perseverance. Psalm 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 for harm,  
Amid the dreadful storm.
- 3 Be thou my all-sufficient friend,  
Till all my toils shall cease,  
Guard me through life, and let my end  
Be everlasting peace.

106. L. M. *Dr. S. Stennett.*

Kingsbridge 88. Ulverston 179.

Perseverance desired.

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



107 5. 6. *Toplady.*

Horsington 219. Winwick 75.

## The Method of Salvation.

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

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

108 8, 7, 4.

Lewes 63. Helmsley 223.

Free Salvation. 2 Tim. i. 9.

- 1 **J**ESUS is our great salvation,  
 Worthy of our best esteem !  
 He has sav'd his favourite nation ;  
 Join to sing aloud to him :  
 He has sav'd us,  
 Christ alone could us redeem.
- 2 When involv'd in sin and ruin,  
 And no helper there was found ;  
 Jesus our distress was viewing ;  
 Grace did more than sin abound :  
 He has call'd us,  
 With salvation in the 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 compar'd 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.

Ashley 152. Great Milton 212.

Complete Salvation.

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

110 11. 8. K——.

Calne 69. Pithay 191.

Distinguishing Grace. Jer. xxxi. 3.

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

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

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

111 (First Part.) C. M.

Irish 171. Cambridge New 74.

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

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

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

## 111 (Second Part.) S. M.

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

Salvation by Grace from the first to the last. Eph. ii. 5.

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

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

112 C. M. *Dr. Watts's Lyrics.*

Weybridge 92. Sprague 166.

God glorious and Sinners saved. Isaiah xliv. 23.

- 1 **F**ATHER, how wide thy glory shines!  
How high thy wonders rise!  
Known through 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. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Grove House 143. Hammond 226.

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

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

SCRIPTURE INVITATIONS AND  
PROMISES\*.

114 (First Part.) L. M. *Dr. S. Stennett.*

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

God reasoning with Men. *Isaiah i. 18.*

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

114 (Second Part.) L. M.

Rippon's 188. Manning 245. Lebanon 79.

Seek ye my face. *Psaltn 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,

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



- 2 I'll wait ; perhaps my Lord may come ;  
 (If I turn back, how sad my doom !)  
 And, begging, in his way I'll lie  
 Till the sweet hour he passeth by.
- 3 Daily I'll seek with cries and tears,  
 With secret sighs, and fervent pray'rs ;  
 And, if not heard—I'll weeping sit,  
 And perish at the 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.

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

Helmsley 223. Jordan 81.

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

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

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

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

Helmsley 223. Painswick 162.

The Gospel Message; or, Reconciliation to God.

- 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 reconcil'd:  
 Hear him woo you,—  
 Sinners, now be reconcil'd.
- 4 Pardon, now, is freely publish'd  
 Thro' the Mediator's blood;  
 Who hath dy'd 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 heav'nly mercy fraught;  
 Go and tell the gracious Jesus  
 If you will be sav'd or not:  
 Say, poor sinner,  
 Will you now be sav'd or not?

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

116 (First Part.) C. M. *Fawcett.*

Worksop 31. Crowle 3.

Let the Wicked forsake his way, &c. *Isaiah* lv. 7.

- 1 **SINNERS**, the voice of God regard ;  
'Tis mercy speaks to-day ;  
He calls you, by his sovereign 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  
Thro' his abounding grace :  
His mercy will the guilt forgive  
Of those that seek his face.
- 6 Bow to the sceptre of his word,  
Renouncing every sin ;  
Submit to him, your sovereign Lord,  
And learn his will divine.
- 7 His love exceeds your highest thoughts ;  
He pardons like a God ;  
He will forgive your numerous faults,  
Thro' the Redeemer's blood.

## 116 (Second Part.) L. M.

Tooley Street 279. Mark's 65. Bredby 165.

The Angels hastened Lot. Gen. xix. 15.

I made haste, and delayed not, Psal. cxix. 60.

- 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 suit,  
For fear the curse should thee arrest  
Before the morrow is begun.
- 5 O Lord, do thou the sinner turn!  
Now rouse him from his senseless state!  
O let him not thy counsel spurn,  
Nor rue his fatal choice too late.

## 117 L. M. Steele.

Kingsbridge 88. Ulverston 179. Gould's 272.

Weary Souls invited to rest. Matt. xi. 28.

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

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

## 118 148th.

Eagle Street 16. Bethesda 112.

Yet there is Room. Luke xiv. 22.

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

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

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

## 119 7s.

Hotham 224. Bath Abbey 147.

Compel them to come in. Luke xiv. 23.

- 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 to thee incline ;  
Now compel them to come in.

120 C. M. *Steele.*

Huddersfield 202. Wiltshire 110. Missionary 257.

The Saviour's Invitation. John vii. 37.

- 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 ev'ry pain :  
(Immortal fountain ! full supplies !)  
Nor shall you thirst in vain.
- 4 Ye sinners, come ; 'tis 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 (First Part.) 8, 8, 6.

Chatham 59. Broadmead 150. Westbury-  
Leigh 278.

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

- 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.

D 14



- 2 Backsliders ! fill'd with your own ways,  
Whose weeping nights and wretched days  
In bitterness are spent,  
Return to Jesus, he'll reveal  
His lovely face, and sweetly heal  
What you so much lament.
- 3 Tried souls ! look up—he says, 'tis I—  
He loves you still, but means to try  
If faith will bear the test :  
The Lord has giv'n the chiefest good,  
He shed for you his precious blood ;  
O trust him for the rest !
- 4 Ye tender souls ! draw hither too,  
Ye grateful, highly-favour'd few,  
Who feel the debt you owe ;—  
Press on, the Lord hath more to give :  
By faith upon him daily live,  
And you shall find it so.

121 (Second Part.) C. M.

Cambridge New 74. Missionary 257.

The Invitation of Wisdom.

- 1 **L**O ! wisdom stands with smiling face,  
And courts us to her arms ;  
Who can resist the wondrous grace,  
And slight her pow'rful charms !
- 2 She, gen'rous, holds out to our sight  
Riches which shall endure ;  
Not sparkling rubies half so bright,  
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 (Third Part.) L. M.

Ulverston 179. Portugal 97.

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

- 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 refin'd,  
 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 dy'd  
 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 restor'd.

122    L. M.    *Beddome.*

Green's Hundred 89.    Wareham 117.

The first Promise.    Gen. iii. 15.

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

123    L. M.    *Fawcett.*

Lebanon 79.    Islington 40.

As thy Days, so shall thy Strength be.    Deut. xxxiii. 25.

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

- 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. Matthew's 34.

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

- 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.

125    C. M.    *Needham.*

Maidstone 196.    Sprague 166.

My Grace is sufficient for thee.    2 Cor. xii. 9.

- 1    **K**IND are the words that Jesus speaks  
       To cheer the drooping saint ;  
       ‘ My grace sufficient is for you,  
       ‘ Tho’ nature’s powers may faint.
- 2    ‘ My grace its glories shall display,  
       ‘ And make your griefs remove ;  
       ‘ Your weakness shall the triumphs tell  
       ‘ Of boundless power and love.’
- 3    What, tho’ my griefs are not remov’d,  
       Yet why should I despair ?  
       While my kind Saviour’s arms support,  
       I can the burden bear.
- 4    Jesus, my Saviour and my Lord,  
       ’Tis good to trust thy name :  
       Thy power, thy faithfulness, and love,  
       Will ever be the same.
- 5    Weak as I am, yet thro’ thy grace  
       I all things can perform ;  
       And, smiling, triumph in thy name  
       Amid the raging storm.

126    C. M.    *Dr. Doddridge.*

New York 33.    Devizes 14.

My God shall supply all your need.    Phil. iv. 19, 20.

- 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 lov'd us so.
- 4 Now, to our Father and our God,  
 Be endless glory given,  
 Thro' all the realms of man's abode,  
 And thro' the highest heaven.

127 C. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Arlington 17. Hammond 226.

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

- 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 Tho' wolves and lions prowl around,  
 His staff is your defence :  
 'Midst sands and rocks, your Shepherd's voice  
 Calls streams and pastures thence.
- 2 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 11s. K—.

Geard 156. Broughton 172.

Exceeding great and precious Promises. 2 Pet. i. 4.

- 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 thro' 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 thro' 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, tho' all hell should endeavour to shake,  
'Ill never, no never, no never forsake!' \*

\* Agreeable to Dr. Doddridge's Translation of Heb. xiii. 5.

## CHRIST.

129 (First Part.) C. M.

Abridge 201. Bedford 91. Cambridge New 74.

## The Divinity of Christ.

- 1 **T**HEE we adore, Eternal Word !  
 The Father's equal Son ;  
 By Heaven's obedient hosts ador'd,  
 E'er time its course begun.
- The first creation has display'd  
 Thine energy divine ;  
 For not a single thing was made,  
 By other hands than thine.
- 3 But, ransom'd sinners, with delight,  
 Sublimer facts survey,—  
 The all-creating Word unites  
 Himself to dust and clay.
- 4 See the Redeemer cloth'd 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 ensures.

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

129 (Second Part.) C. M. *Medley.*

Irish 171. Arlington 17.

The Incarnation of Christ. Luke ii. 14.

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

- 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!  
Tho’ earth, and time, and life, should fail,  
Thy praise shall never end.

130 7s. J. C. W.

Georgia 192. Hart’s 221.

The Song of the Angels.

- 1 **H**AERK, the herald angels sing,  
‘ Glory to the new-born King;  
‘ Peace on earth, and mercy mild,  
‘ God and sinners reconcil’d.’
- 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 promis’d seed,  
Bruise in us the serpent’s head,

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

131 C. M. *Steele.*

Charleston 195. Sprague 166.

The Incarnation. John i. 14.

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

132 8. 7. 4. *Robinson.*

Lewes 63. Painswick 162.

Praise to the Redeemer.

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

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

## 133 C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Bath Chapel 26. Jersey 15.

The condescending Grace of Christ. Matt. xx. 28.

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

## 134. C. M.

Tiverton 109. Oxford 106.

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

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

- Let every heart prepare a throne,  
And every voice a song.
- 2 On him, the Spirit, largely pour'd,  
Exerts his sacred fire;  
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,  
His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes, the prisoners to release,  
In Satan's bondage held:  
The gates of brass before him burst,  
The iron fetters yield.
- 4 He comes, from thickest films of vice  
To clear the mental ray:  
And, on the 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 L. M. (First Part.) *Dr. Doddridge.*

Leeds 19. Rowles 78.

Christ's Transfiguration. Matt. xvii. 4.

- 1 **W**HEN at a distance, Lord, we trace  
The various glories of thy face,  
What transport pours o'er all our breast,  
And charms our cares and woes to rest.
- 2 With thee in the obscurest cell  
On some bleak mountain would I dwell;  
Rather than pompous courts behold,  
And share their grandeur and their gold.

- 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,  
Cry'd, 'Lord, 'tis pleasant here to dwell'
- 5 Yet still our elevated eyes  
To nobler visions long to rise;  
That grand assembly would we join  
Where all thy saints around thee shine:
- 6 That mount, how bright! those forms, how fair!  
'Tis good to dwell for ever there!  
Come death, dear envoy of my God,  
And bear me to that blest abode.

135 (Second Part.) 8, 8, 6.

Hinton 266. Chatham 59.


Gethsemane. Matt. xxvi. 26—35.

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

- 3 O Father, hear; this cup remove!  
 Save thou the darling of thy love  
 (The prostrate victim cries)  
 From overwhelming fear and dread!  
 Tho' he *must* mingle with the dead—  
 His people's sacrifice.
- 4 His earnest prayers, his deep'ning groans,  
 Were heard before angelic thrones;  
 Amazement wrapt the sky;  
 'Go, strengthen Christ!' the Father said:  
 Th' astonish'd seraph bow'd his head,  
 And left the realms on high.
- 5 Made strong in strength, renew'd from heav'n,  
 Jesus receives the cup as giv'n,  
 And, perfectly resign'd,  
 He drinks the wormwood mix'd with gall,  
 Sustains the curse,—removes it all,—  
 Nor leaves a dreg behind.

136 L. M. *Whitefield's Collection*.  
 Babylon Streams 23. Green's Hundred 89.

Behold the Man, John xix. 5.

- 1 **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  sue.
- 2 His sacred limbs they stretch, they tear,  
 With nails they fasten to the wood—  
 His sacred limbs—expos'd and bare,  
 Or only cover'd with his blood.
- 3 See there! his temples crown'd with thorns,  
 His bleeding hands extended wide,  
 His streaming feet transfix'd and torn,  
 The fountain gushing from his side.



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

137. L. M. Steele.

Dresden 178. Paul's 246.

A dying Saviour\*.

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

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

- 4 And didst thou bleed?—for sinners bleed?  
And could the sun behold the deed?  
No! he withdrew his sickening ray,  
And darkness veil'd the mourning day.
- 5 Can I survey this scene of woe  
Where mingling grief and wonder flow;  
And yet my heart unmov'd remain,  
Insensible to love or pain?
- 6 Come, dearest Lord! thy grace impart  
To warm this cold, this stupid heart,  
'Till all its powers and passions move  
In melting grief and ardent love.

138 C. M. *Dr. S. Sternett.*

Canterbury 199. Tunbridge 103.

*The Attraction of the Cross. John xii. 32.*

- 1 **Y**ONDER—amazing sight!—I see  
Th' incarnate Son of God  
Expiring on th' accursed tree,  
And welt'ring in his blood.
- 2 Behold a purple torrent run  
Down from his hands and head:  
The crimson tide puts out the sun;  
His groans awake the dead.
- 3 The trembling earth, the darken'd sky,  
Proclaim the truth aloud;  
And, with the amaz'd Centurion, cry  
'This is the Son of God!'
- 4 So great, so vast a sacrifice  
May well my hope revive:  
If God's own Son thus bleeds and dies,  
The sinner sure may live.

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

## 139 L. M.

Rochford 22. Redemption 243.

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

- 1 **S**EE, Lord, thy willing subjects bow,  
 Adoring low before thy throne:  
 Accept our humble, cheerful vow;  
 Thou art our sovereign, thou alone.
- 2 Beneath thy soul-reviving ray,  
 E'en cold affliction's wintry gloom  
 Shall brighten into vernal day,  
 And hopes and joys immortal bloom.
- 3 Smile on our souls, and bid us sing  
 In concert with the choir above,  
 The glories of our Saviour king,  
 The condescensions of his love.
- 4 Amazing love! that stoop'd so low,  
 To view with *pity's* melting eye  
 Vile men, deserving endless woe:  
 Amazing love!—did Jesus *die*?
- 5 He died, to raise to life and joy  
 The vile, the guilty, the undone;  
 Oh! let his praise each hour employ,  
 'Till hours no more their circles run!
- 6 He died!—ye seraphs, tune your songs!  
 Resound, resound, the Saviour's name!  
 For nought below immortal tongues  
 Can ever reach the wondrous theme.

140 148th. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Resurrection 72. *Darwell's* 82.

The Resurrection of Christ. *Luke xxiv. 34.*

- 1 **Y**ES! the Redeemer rose,  
 The Saviour left the dead,  
 And o'er our hellish foes  
 High rais'd his conquering head;  
 In wild dismay  
 The guards around  
 Fall to the ground,  
 And sink away.
- 2 **L**o! 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 **T**hen 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 **Y**e mortals! catch the sound,—  
 Redeem'd by him from hell,  
 And send the echo round  
 The globe on which you dwell!  
 Transported, cry—  
 ' Jesus, who bled,  
 ' Hath left the dead,  
 ' No more to die.'

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

141 7s.

Easter Hymn 232. Feversham 220.

The Resurrection. 1 Cor. xv. 56.

- 1 **C**HRI<sup>S</sup>T, the Lord, is risen to-day!  
 Sons of men and angels say!  
 Raise your joys and triumphs high!  
 Sing, ye heavens,—and, earth, reply.
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,—  
 Fought the fight, the battle won:  
 Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er:  
 Lo! he sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,  
 Christ hath burst the gates of hell:  
 Death in vain forbids his rise,  
 Christ hath open'd paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious king!  
 'Where, O death! is now thy sting?'  
 Once he died our souls to save:  
 'Where's thy victory, boasting grave?'
- 5 Soar we now where Christ has led,  
 Following our exalted head:  
 Made like him, like him we rise,  
 Our's the cross, the grave, the skies.
- 6 What, tho' once we perish'd all,  
 Partners of our parents' fall,

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

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

## 142 7s.

Hart's 221. Easter Hymn 232.

The Resurrection and Ascension.

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

## 143 L. M.

Bramcoate 8. New Sabbath 122.

Christ's Resurrection a pledge of ours.

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

144 C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

New York 33. Crowle 3.

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

- ▶ **Y**E 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 th' angelic bands he rears  
His once dishonour'd head ;  
And, thro' 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.

145 L. M. *Wesley's Collection.*

Cheshunt New 160. Coombs's 45.

Christ's Ascension. Psalm xxiv. 7.

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



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

146 148th. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Darwell's 82. Swithin's 44.

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

- 1 **O** H ye immortal throng  
Of angels round the throne,  
Join with our feeble song  
To make the Saviour known :  
On earth ye knew  
His wondrous grace ;  
His beautiful 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 wond'rous sight to see,—  
      The Lord of life expire ;  
          And, could your eyes  
          Have known a tear,  
      Had dropp'd it there  
      In sad surprise.
- 5    Around his sacred tomb  
      A willing watch ye keep,  
      Till the blest moment come  
      To rouse him from his sleep ;  
          Then roll'd the stone,  
          And all ador'd  
          Your rising Lord,  
          With joy unknown.
- 6    When all array'd in light  
      The shining conqueror rode,  
      Ye hail'd his rapturous flight  
      Up to the throne of God ;  
          And wav'd around  
          Your golden wings,  
      And struck your strings  
      Of sweetest sound
- 7    The warbling notes pursue,  
      And louder anthems raise ;

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

147 L. M. Steele.

Portugal 97. Redemption '243.

The exalted Saviour.

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

148 L. M. *Dr. Watts's Miscellany,*

Ailie Street 241. Langdon 217.

The Humiliation, Exaltation, and Triumphs of Christ.

Phil. ii. 8, 9. Col. ii. 15.

- 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 throats,  
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 subdu'd,  
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.

Greenwich New 62. Portsmouth New 144.

The Kingdom of Christ. Phil. iv. 4.

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

150 104th. *Fawcett.*

Hanover 130. Old Hundred and Fourth 148.

The Fullness of Christ. John i. 16. Col. i. 19.

1 **A** FULLNESS 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 What'er be our wants,  
 We need not to fear;  
 Our numerous complaints  
 His mercy will bear  
 His fullness shall yield us  
 Abundant supplies;  
 His power shall shield us  
 When dangers arise.

3 The fountain overflows  
 Our woes to redress;  
 Still more he bestows,  
 And grace upon grace:  
 His gifts in abundance  
 We daily receive;  
 He has a redundancy  
 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 thro' life :  
 And when we are fainting,  
 And ready to die,  
 Whatever is wanting  
 His hand will supply.

151 8s.

New Jerusalem 230. Uxbridge 161.

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

- 1 **H**OW shall I my Saviour set forth ?  
 How shall I his beauties declare ?  
 O how shall I speak of his worth,  
 Or what his chief dignities are ?  
 His angels can never express,  
 Nor saints who sit nearest his throne,  
 How rich are his treasures of grace :—  
 No ! this is a myst'ry unknown.
- 2 In him, all the fullness of God  
 For ever transcendently shines ;  
 Tho' once like a mortal he stood  
 To finish his gracious designs :  
 Tho' once he was nail'd to the cross,  
 Vile rebels like me to set free,  
 His glory sustained no loss,—  
 Eternal his kingdom shall be.
- 3 His wisdom, his love, and his power,  
 Seem'd then with each other to vie,  
 When sinners he stoop'd to restore,—  
 Poor sinners condemned to die !  
 He laid all his grandeur aside,  
 And dwelt in a cottage of clay—  
 Poor sinners he lov'd till he dy'd—  
 To wash their pollutions away.

- 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 more,  
 Here's glory eternal at last.

152 L. M. Steele.

Kingsbridge 88. Portugal 97.

The Intercession of Christ. Heb. vii. 25.

- 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.

E 12



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

153 C. M. *Toplady.*

Newbury 132. Charleston 195.

Christ's Intercession prevalent. John xvii 24.

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

ernal life; at his request,  
 To every saint is given:  
 On earth below, and, after death,  
 The plenitude of heaven.

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

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

154 C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Michael's 119. Elim 151.

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

- 1 **N**OW let our cheerful eyes survey  
 Our great High-Priest above,  
 And celebrate his constant care  
 And sympathetic love.
- 2 Tho' rais'd 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. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Bedford 91. Ann's 58.

Christ's Admonition to Peter under approaching Trials, and  
 Intercession for him. Luke xxii. 31, 32.

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

CHARACTERS AND REPRESENTATIONS OF  
CHRIST\*.

156 L. M.

Mark's 65. Ulverston 179.

Advocate. 1 John ii. 1.

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

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

157 L. M.

Lebanon 79. Lewton 80.

Brazen Serpent. Numbers xxi. 8, 9.

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

Islington 40. New Sabbath 122.

Bread of Life. John vi. 35, 48.

- 1 **D**EPRAVED minds on ashes feed,  
 Nor love, nor seek for heavenly bread ;  
 They chuse the husks which swine do eat,  
 Or meanly crave the serpent's meat.
- 2 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.

out this bread, I starve and die ;  
 her can my need supply :  
 his will suit my wretched case,  
 and, at home, in every place.

his relieves the hungry poor  
 ask for bread at mercy's door :  
 living food descends from heaven,  
 manna to the Jews was giv'n.  
 precious food my heart revives ;  
 strength, what nourishment it gives !  
 me evermore be fed  
 this divine celestial bread !

159 L. M. Fawcett.

Leeds 19. Madan's 107.

son and Husband ; or, the Marriage between Christ  
 and the Soul.

JESUS, the heavenly lover, gave  
 his life my wretched soul to save ;  
 w'd to make his mercy known,  
 kindly claims me for his own.

illious I against him strove  
 melted and constrain'd by love ;  
 sin and self I freely part,  
 heavenly Bridegroom wins my heart.

guilt, my wretchedness he knows,  
 takes and owns me for his spouse ;  
 debts he pays, and sets me free,  
 makes his riches o'er to me.

filthy rags are laid aside,  
 clothes me as becomes his bride ;  
 self bestows my wedding-dress, —  
 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. *Beddome.*

Kimbolton 251. Chard 175.

Bright and morning Star. Rev. xxii. 16.

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

161 C. M. *Dr. S. Stennett:*

Bath Chapel 26. Evans's 190.

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

- 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 enthron'd  
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 plung'd 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 heav'n, the place of his abode  
 He brings my weary feet ;  
 Shews me the glories of my God,  
 And makes my joys complete.
- 9 Since from his bounty I receive  
 Such proofs of love divine,  
 Had I a thousand hearts to give,  
 Lord, they should all be thine !

162 8, 7. *Madan's Collection.*

Welsh 210. Trowbridge 21.

Consolation of Israel. Luke ii. 25.

- 1 **C**OME, 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 peop. to deliver ;  
 Born a child and yet a king :  
 Born to reign in us for ever,  
 Now thy gracious kingdom bring :  
 By thine own eternal Spirit,  
 Rule in all our hearts alone ;  
 By thine all-sufficient merit,  
 Raise us to thy glorious throne.

163 L. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Wareham 117. Wells 102.

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

- 1 **L**ORD, dost thou shew a corner-stone  
 For us to build our hopes upon,  
 That the fair edifice may rise  
 Sublime in light beyond the skies ?

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

164 C. M.

New York 33. Stillman 66.

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

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

- 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  
 Thro' all eternity.

165 C. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Stamford 9. Huddersfield 202.

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

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

166 L. M. *Steele.*

Portugal 97. New Sabbath 122.

Our Example. John xiii. 15.

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

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

167 L. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Bramcoate 8. Antigua 120.

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

- 1 **J**ESUS, 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 raptur'd sight,  
 With sacred wonder and delight ;  
 Jesus, thy own Forerunner, see  
 Enter'd beyond the veil for thee.
- 5 Loud let the howling tempest yell,  
 And foaming waves to mountains swell ;  
 No shipwreck can my vessel fear,  
 Since hope hath fix'd its anchor here.

168 104th. *Hart.*

Stockwell 140. Hanover 130.

Fountain opened for Sinners. Zech. xiii. 1.

- 1 **T**HE fountain of Christ,  
 Lord, help us to sing,—  
 The blood of our Priest,  
 Our crucify'd King :  
 The fountain that cleanses  
 From sin and from filth,  
 And richly dispenses  
 Salvation and health.
- 2 This fountain so dear  
 He'll freely impart ;  
 When pierc'd by the spear,  
 It flow'd from his heart,  
 With blood and with water ;  
 The first to atone,

To cleanse us the latter ;  
The fountain's but one.

3 This fountain from guilt  
Not only makes pure,  
And gives, soon as felt,  
Infallible cure ;  
But, if guilt removed  
Return and remain,  
It's pow'r may be proved  
Again and again.

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

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

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

169 C. M. Cowper.

Tunbridge 103. Evans's 190.

Praise for the Fountain opened.

- 1 **T**HERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,  
 Drawn from IMMANUEL'S veins ;  
 And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood,  
 Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see  
 That fountain in his day ;  
 O may I there, tho' vile as he,  
 Wash all my sins away !
- 3 Dear dying Lamb ! thy precious blood  
 Shall never lose its power,  
 Till all the ransom'd church of God  
 Be sav'd to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream  
 Thy flowing wounds supply,  
 Redeeming love has been my theme,  
 And shall be till I die.
- 5 But when this lispng stammering tongue  
 Lies silent in the grave,  
 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,  
 I'll sing thy power to save.

170 L. M. Newton.

Kingsbridge 88. Magdalene 214.

Friend.

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

- 3 He cheers my heart, my want supplies,  
And says that I shall shortly be  
Enthron'd with him above the skies :  
Oh ! what a friend is Christ to me !

## PAUSE.

Is this thy Kindness to thy Friend ? 2 Sam. xvi. 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 what'er I ask :  
But I am straiten'd, cold, and dumb,  
And count my privilege a task.
- 7 Before the world, that hates his cause,  
My treach'rous heart has throbb'd with shame ;  
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.

171 L. M. *Beddome.*

Portugal 97. Bramcoate 8.

Gift of God. John iii. 16. 2 Cor. ix. 15.

- 1 **J**ESUS, 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,—  
That face which I have often seen?  
Arise, thou Sun of Righteousness!  
Scatter the clouds that intervene.
- 3 Thou art the glorious Gift of God  
To sinners weary and distrest;  
The first of all his gifts bestow'd,  
And certain pledge of all the rest.
- 4 Could I but say this gift is mine,  
I'd tread the world beneath my feet;  
No more at poverty repine,  
Nor envy the rich sinner's state.
- 5 The precious jewel I would keep,  
And lodge it deep within my heart;  
At home, abroad, awake, asleep,  
It never should from thence depart!

172 C. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Oxford 177. Newbury 182.

Head of the Church. *Ephesians iv. 15, 16.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, I sing thy matchless grace  
That calls a worm thy own;  
Gives me among thy saints a place  
To make thy glories known.
- 2 Allied to thee, our vital Head,  
We act, and grow, and thrive;  
From thee divided, each is dead  
When most he seems alive.
- 3 Thy saints on earth, and those above,  
Here join in sweet accord:  
One body all in mutual love,  
And thou our common Lord.

- 4 Oh, may my faith each hour derive  
 Thy Spirit with delight ;  
 While death and hell in vain shall strive  
 This bond to disunite.
- 5 Thou the whole body wilt present  
 Before thy Father's face ;  
 Nor shall a wrinkle or a spot  
 Its beauteous form disgrace.

173 C. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Liverpool 83. Irish 171.

Jesus—precious to them that believe. 1 Pet. ii. 7.

- 1 **J**ESUS, I love thy charming name,  
 'Tis music to my ear ;  
 Fain would I sound it out so loud  
 That earth and heaven might hear.
- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul !  
 My transport and my trust ;  
 Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,  
 And gold is 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 lab'ring breath ;  
 And, dying, clasp thee in my arms—  
 The antidote of death.

174      7s.

Turin 244.      Feversham 220.

Immanuel.      Matt. i. 23.      1 Tim. iii. 16.

- 1 **G**OD *with us!* O glorious name!  
 Let it shine in endless fame:  
 God and man in Christ unite:—  
 Oh, mysterious depth and height!
- 2 *God with us!* Amazing love  
 Brought him from his courts above;  
 Now, ye saints, his grace admire,  
 Swell the song with holy fire.
- 3 *God with us!* but tainted not  
 With the first transgressor's blot;  
 Yet did he our sins sustain,  
 Bear the guilt, the curse, the pain.
- 4 [*God with us!* Oh, blissful theme!  
 Let the impious not blaspheme;  
 Jesus shall in judgment sit,  
 Dooming rebels to the pit.]
- 5 *God with us!* Oh, wondrous grace!  
 Let us see him face to face,  
 That we may Immanuel sing,  
 As we ought, our God and King.

175      C. M.      Steele.

Charleston 195.      Milbourn Port 183.      America 265.

King of Saints.

- 1 **C**OME, ye that love the Saviour's name,  
 And joy to make it known;  
 The Sovereign of your heart proclaim,  
 And bow before his throne.
- 2 Behold your King, your Saviour, crown'd  
 With glories all divine;  
 And tell the wondering nations round,  
 How bright those glories shine.

- 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 Oh, happy period! glorious day!  
 When heaven and earth shall raise,  
 With all their powers, the raptur'd lay  
 To celebrate thy praise.

176 C. M. W—.

Miles's Lane 32. Condescension 116.

Crown him.

- 1 **B**ACKSLIDERS, who your misery feel,  
 Attend your Saviour's call;  
 Return, he'll your backslidings heal;  
 Oh, crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Though crimson sin increase your guilt,  
 And painful is your thrall;  
 For broken hearts his blood was spilt;  
 Oh, crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Take with you words, approach his throne,  
 And low before him fall;  
 He understands the Spirit's groan;  
 Oh, crown him Lord of all.

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

## 177 C. M.

Miles's Lane 32. Foster 96.

The spiritual Coronation. Cant. iii. 11.

## ANGELS.

- 1 **A**LL-HAIL, the power of Jesu's name !  
 Let angels prostrate fall :  
 Bring forth the royal diadem,  
 And crown him Lord of all.

## MARTYRS.

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

## CONVERTED JEWS.

- 3 [Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,  
 A remnant weak and small !  
 Hail him, who saves you by his grace,  
 And crown him Lord of all.]

## BELIEVING GENTILES.

- 4 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget -  
 The wormwood and the gall ;  
 Go—spread your trophies at his feet,  
 And crown him Lord of all.

## SINNERS OF EVERY AGE.

- 5 [Babes, men, and sires, who know his love,  
 Who feel your sin and thrall,  
 Now joy with all the hosts above,  
 And crown him Lord of all.]

## SINNERS OF EVERY NATION.

- 6 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
 On this terrestrial ball,  
 To him all majesty ascribe,  
 And crown him Lord of all.

## OURSELVES.

- 7 Oh that, with yonder sacred throng,  
*We* at his feet may fall;  
 We'll join the *everlasting* song,  
 And crown him Lord of all.

178 112th. *C. Wesley.*

Uffculm 93. Hoxton 121.

Kinsman. Ruth. iii. 2—9.

- 1 **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. *Fawcett.*

Babylon Streams 23. Kingsbridge 88. Gould's 272,

Lamb of God, &c. John i. 29.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the sin-atonng Lamb,  
 With wonder, gratitude, and love:  
 To take away our guilt and shame,  
 See him descending from above.
- 2 Our sins and griefs on him were laid;  
 He meekly bore the mighty load;  
 Our ransom-price he fully paid  
 In groans and tears, in sweat and blood.
- 3 To save a guilty world, he dies;  
 Sinners, behold the bleeding Lamb!  
 To him lift up your longing eyes,  
 And hope for mercy in his name.
- 4 Pardon, and peace, thro' him abound,  
 He can the richest blessings give;  
 Salvation in his name is found,  
 He bids the dying sinner live.
- 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. J. C. W.

New Eagle Street 55. Enfield 5.

Leader.

- 1 **T**HOU very paschal Lamb,  
Whose blood for us was shed,  
Thro' whom we out of Egypt came;  
Thy ransom'd people lead.
- 2 Angel of Gospel-grace!  
Fulfil thy character;  
To guard and feed the chosen race,  
In Israel's camp appear.
- 3 Throughout the desert-way  
Conduct us by thy light;  
Be thou a cooling cloud by day,  
A cheering fire by night.
- 4 Our fainting souls sustain  
With blessings from above,  
And ever on thy people rain  
The manna of thy love.

181 L. M. Steele.

Virginia 234. Rippon's 188.

Life of the Soul. John xiv. 19.

- 1 **W**HEN sins and fears prevailing rise,  
And fainting hope almost expires,  
Jesus, to thee I lift mine eyes—  
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.
- 2 Art thou not mine, my living Lord?  
And can my hope—my comfort die,  
Fix'd on thy everlasting word;  
That word which built the earth and sky?
- 3 If my immortal Saviour lives,  
Then my immortal life is sure;  
His word a firm foundation gives;  
Here let me build, and rest secure.



- 4 Here let my faith unshaken dwell ;  
 Immoveable 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. Welsh 210.

Light. Isaiah ix. 2.

- 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's and earth's Creator,  
 In our deepest darkness rise !  
 Scattering all the night of nature,  
 Pouring day upon our eyes !
- 2 Still we wait for thine appearing,  
 Life and joy thy beams impart,  
 Chasing all our fears, and cheering  
 Every poor benighted heart :  
 Come, and manifest the favour  
 Thou hast for the ransom'd race :  
 Come, thou dear exalted Saviour !  
 Come, and bring thy Gospel grace.
- 3 Save us in thy great compassion,  
 O thou mild pacific Prince !  
 Give the knowledge of salvation,  
 Give the pardon of our sins :  
 By thine all-sufficient merit,  
 Every burden'd soul release ;  
 By the influence of thy Spirit,  
 Guide us into perfect peace.

183 7s. W—

Scotland 194. Stoel 164. Alcester 213.

Melchizedek a Type of Christ. Gen. xiv. 18, 19.

- 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 tythe, but take them all.

184 C. M.

New York 33. Providence College 10.

Messenger of the Covenant. Mal. iii. 1.

- 1 **J**ESUS, commission'd from above,  
 Descends to men below,  
 And shews from whence the springs of love  
 In endless currents flow.
- 2 He, whom the boundless heaven adores,  
 Whom angels long to see,  
 Quitted with joy those blissful shores,  
 Ambassador to me!
- 3 To me, a worm, a sinful clod,  
 A rebel all forlorn;  
 A foe, a traitor to my God,  
 And of a traitor born:
- 4 To me, who never sought his grace,  
 Who mock'd his sacred word;  
 Who never knew or lov'd his face,  
 And all his will abhorr'd:

- 5 [To me, who could not even praise  
When his kind heart I knew,  
But sought a thousand devious ways,  
Rather than keep the true :]
- 6 Yet this redeeming Angel came,  
So vile a worm to bless ;  
He took with gladness all my blame,  
And gave his righteousness.
- 7 Oh that my languid heart might glow  
With ardour all divine !  
And, for more love than seraphs know,  
Like burning seraphs shine !

185 L. M. *Needham.*

New Sabbath 122. Mark's 65.

Messiah. Gen. xlix. 10. Dan. ix. 26. Hag. ii. 9.

- 1 **G**LORY to God ! who reigns above,  
Who dwells in light, whose name is love ;  
Ye saints and angels, if ye can,  
Declare the love of God to man.
- 2 Oh what can more his love commend,  
His dear, his only Son to send !  
That man, condemn'd to die, might live,  
And God be glorious to forgive !
- 3 Messiah's come—with joy behold  
The days by prophets long foretold :  
Judah, thy royal sceptre's broke ;  
And time still proves what Jacob spoke.
- 4 Daniel, thy weeks are all expir'd,—  
The time prophetic seals requir'd ;  
Cut off for sins, but not his own,  
Thy Prince Messiah did atone.

- 5 Thy famous temple, Solomon,  
Is by the latter far out-shone :  
It wanted not thy glittering store,  
Messiah's presence grac'd it more.
- 6 We see the prophecies fulfill'd  
In Jesus, that most 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.

186 7, 6, 8. C. Wesley.

Clark's 131. Tottenham Court 111.

Passover. Exod. xii. 7. 1 Cor. v. 7, &

- 1 **C**HRI<sup>ST</sup> 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 shew?  
 Know'st thou not, most righteous God,  
 We on the paschal Lamb rely?—  
 See us cover'd with the blood,  
 And pass thy people by.

187 C. M. Steele.

Stillman 66. Condescension 116.

Pearl of great Price. Matt. xiii. 46.

- 1 **Y**E glittering toys of earth, adieu!  
 A nobler choice be mine;  
 A real prize attracts my view,  
 A treasure all divine.
- 2 Be gone, unworthy of my cares,  
 Ye specious baits of sense:—  
 Inestimable worth appears,  
 The pearl of price immense!
- 3 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.

Dear sovereign of my soul's desires,  
 Thy love is bliss divine ;  
 Accept the wish that love inspires,  
 And bid me call thee mine.

188 L. M. Steele.

Ulverston 179. Portugal 97. Gould's 272.

Physician of Souls. Jeremiah viii. 22.

**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.  
 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.  
 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 ?  
 There is a great Physician near :  
 Look up, O fainting soul, and live :  
 See, in his heavenly smiles appear  
 Much ease as nature cannot give !  
 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,  
 Life, health, and bliss, abundant flow ;  
 'Tis only this dear sacred flood  
 Can ease thy pain and heal thy woe.  
 In vain it throws its pointed dart ;  
 For here a sovereign cure is found,  
 Cordial for the fainting heart,  
 Balm for every painful wound.

## 189 C. M.

Great Milton 212. Ludlow 84.

Physician ; or, the Miracles of Christ.

- 1 **J**ESUS, since thou art still to-day  
 As yesterday the same ;  
 Present to heal—in me display  
 The virtue of thy name.
- 2 Since still thou go'st about to do  
 Thy needy creatures good ;  
 On me, that I thy praise may shew,  
 Be all thy wonders shew'd.

## LEPER.

- 3 Now, Lord, to whom for help I call,  
 Thy miracles repeat ;  
 With pitying eye behold me fall,  
 A leper at thy feet.
- 4 Loathsome, and vile, and self-abhorr'd,  
 I sink beneath my sin ;  
 But, if thou wilt, a gracious word  
 Of thine can make me clean.

## DEAF AND DUMB.

- 5 Thou 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, Oh! when thou shalt loose my tongue,  
 The dumb shall sing thy praise.

## LAME.

Lame at the pool I still am seen,  
 Waiting to find relief ;  
 While many others venture in,  
 And wash away their grief.

Now speak my mind, my conscience, sound,  
 Give, and my strength employ ;  
 Light as an hart, my soul shall bound,  
 The lame shall leap for joy.

## BLIND.

If thou, my God, art passing by,  
 Oh ! let me find thee near ;  
 Jesus, in mercy hear my cry ;  
 Thou Son of David, hear !

See, I am waiting in the way,  
 For thee the heavenly light ;  
 Command me to be brought, and say,  
 ' Sinner, receive thy sight.'

## POSSESSED.

Cast out thy foes, and let them still  
 To thy great name submit :  
 Heal me with thy righteousness, and heal,  
 And place me at thy feet.

From sin, the guilt, the power, the pain,  
 Thou wilt relieve my soul ;  
 I, I believe, and not in vain,  
 For thou wilt make me whole.



190 148th. *Cennick.*

Bethesda 112. Eagle Street 16.

High Priest.

- 1 **A** GOOD High-Priest is come,  
 Supplying Aaron's place,  
 And, taking up his room,  
 Dispensing life and grace ;  
 The law by Aaron's priesthood came,  
 But grace and truth by 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 shew  
 To every tempted mind :  
 In every point the Lamb was try'd,  
 Like us, and then for us he dy'd.
- 4 He dies : but lives again,  
 And by the altar stands ;  
 There shews how he was slain,  
 Op'ning his pierced hands :  
 Our priest abides, and pleads the cause  
 Of us, who have transgress'd his laws.
- 5 I other priests disclaim,  
 And laws, and offerings too,  
 None but the bleeding Lamb-  
 The mighty work can do ;  
 He shall have all the praise ; for he  
 Hath lov'd, and liv'd, and dy'd for me.

191 L. M. *Dr. S. Stennett.*

Leeds 19. Langdon 217.

*The Excellency of the Priesthood of Christ.*

**M**ONG all the priests of Jewish race,  
 Jesus the most illustrious stands ;  
 The radiant beauty of his face  
 Superior love and awe demands.

Not Aaron or Melchizedek  
 Could claim such high descent as he ;  
 His nature and his name bespeak  
 An unexampled pedigree.

Descended from th' eternal God,  
 He bears the name of his own Son ;  
 And, dress'd in human flesh and blood,  
 He puts his priestly garments on.

He mitred crown, th' embroider'd vest,  
 The graceful dignity he wears ;  
 And, in full splendour, on his breast  
 The sacred oracle appears.

He presents his sacrifice,—  
 An offering most divinely sweet ;  
 While clouds of fragrant incense rise,  
 To cover o'er the mercy-seat.

Father, with approving smile,  
 Accepts the offering of his Son :  
 He joys the wondering angels feel,  
 In haste to bear the tidings down.

These welcome news their lips repeat  
 As sacred pleasure to my breast :  
 Behold, my soul, thy cause commit  
 To Christ, thy advocate and priest.

192 112th. *President Davies.*

Carey's 11. New Haven 248. Pearce 269.

Prophet, Priest, and King. 1 Pet. ii. 7.

- 1 **J**ESUS, how precious is thy name !  
 The great Jehovah's darling, thou !  
 Oh, let me catch th' immortal flame,  
 With which angelic bosoms glow !  
 Since angels love thee, I would love,  
 And imitate the bless'd above.
- 2 My *Prophet* thou, my heavenly guide,  
 Thy sweet instructions I will hear ;  
 The words, that from thy lips proceed,  
 Oh how divinely sweet they are !  
 Thee, my great *Prophet*, I would love,  
 And imitate the bless'd above.
- 3 My great *High-Priest*, whose precious blood  
 Did once atone upon the cross ;  
 Who now dost intercede with God,  
 And plead the friendless sinners cause ;  
 In thee I trust ; thee I would love,  
 And imitate the bless'd 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 bless'd above.

193 L. M.

Redemption 243. Wells's Row 98.

The Ransom. Isaiah lxi. 2.

- 1 **I** 'COME,' the great Redeemer cries,  
 ' A year of freedom to declare,  
 ' From debts and bondage, to discharge ;  
 ' And Jews and Greeks the grace shall share :

A day of vengeance I proclaim,  
 But not on man the storm shall fall;  
 On me its thunders shall descend,  
 My strength, my love sustain them all.'

pendous favour! matchless grace!  
 sus has dy'd, that we might live:  
 at worlds below, nor worlds above,  
 uld so divine a ransom give.

him, who loy'd our rui'n'd race,  
 d for our lives laid down his own,  
 t songs of joyful praises rise  
 hime, eternal as his throne.

194 C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Oxford 177. Sprague 166.

Our Righteousness. Jer. xxiii. 6.

AVIOUR divine! we know thy name,  
 And in that name we trust;  
 ou art the Lord our Righteousness,  
 'hou art thine Israel's boast.

lty we plead before thy throne,  
 nd low in dust we lie,  
 Jesus stretch his gracious arm  
 o bring the guilty nigh.

sins of one most righteous day  
 ight plunge us in despair;  
 all the crimes of numerous years  
 all our great Surety clear.

spotless robe, which he hath wrought,  
 all deck us all around;  
 by the piercing eye of God  
 ne blemish shall be found.

- 5 Pardon, and peace, and lively hope,  
 To sinners now are given ;  
 Israel and Judah soon shall change  
 Their wilderness for heaven.
- 6 With joy we taste that manna now,  
 Thy mercy scatters down ;  
 We seal our humble vows to thee,  
 And wait the promis'd crown.

195 7s. *Toplady.*

Deptford 124. Firth's 146. Rest 282.

Rock-smitten ; or, the Rock of Ages. Isa. xxvi. 4.

- 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 !

196 L. M. *Steele.*

Lebanon 79. Manning 245.

Saviour—the only One. Acts iv. 12.

**J**ESUS, the spring of joys divine,  
Whence all our hopes and comforts flow,—  
Jesus, no other name but thine  
Can save us from eternal woe.

In vain would boasting reason find  
The way to happiness and God;  
E'er weak directions leave the mind  
Ewilder'd in a dubious road.

No other name will heaven approve :  
Thou art the true, the living way,  
Obtain'd by everlasting love,  
To the bright realms of endless day.

Here let our constant feet abide,  
E'er from the heavenly path depart :  
Let thy Spirit, gracious Guide!  
Direct our steps, and cheer our heart.

Thou lead us thro' this world of night,  
And bring us to the blissful plains,—  
To regions of unclouded light,  
Where perfect joy for ever reigns.

197 S. M. *Steele.*

Finsbury 155. Mansfield 154.

Shepherd. Psalm xxiii. 1—3.

**W**HILE my Redeemer's near,  
My Shepherd and my guide,  
I farewell to anxious fear,  
My wants are all supply'd.

In ever-fragrant meads,  
Where rich abundance grows,  
Thy gracious hand indulgent leads,  
And guards my sweet repose.

- 3 Along the lovely scene  
Cool waters gently roll,  
Transparent, sweet, and all serene,  
To cheer my fainting soul.
- 4 Here let my spirit rest ;  
How sweet a lot is mine !  
With pleasure, food, and safety, blest ;  
Beneficence divine !
- 5 Dear Shepherd, if I stray,  
My wandering feet restore ;  
To thy fair pastures guide my way,  
And let me rove no more.
- 6 Unworthy as I am  
Of thy protecting care,  
Jesus, I plead thy gracious name,  
For all my hopes are there.

198 104th.

Old Hundred and Fourth 148. Hanover 130.

Strong-hold. Zech. ix. 12. Nah. i. 7.

- 1 **Y**E prisoners of hope  
O'erwhelmed with grief,  
To Jesus look up  
For certain relief ;  
There's no condemnation  
In Jesus the Lord,  
But strong consolation  
His grace doth afford.
- 2 Should justice appear  
A merciless foe,  
Yet be of good cheer,  
And soon shall you know

That sinners, confessing  
 Their wickedness past,  
 A plentiful blessing  
 Of pardon shall taste.

Then dry up your tears,  
 Ye children of grief,  
 For Jesus appears  
 To give you relief:  
 If you are returning  
 To Jesus, your friend,  
 Your sighing and mourning  
 In singing shall end.

'None will I cast out  
 'Who come,' saith the Lord,  
 Why then do you doubt?  
 Lay hold of his word:  
 Ye mourners of Sion,  
 Be bold to believe,  
 For ever rely on  
 Your Saviour and live,

199 L. M. *Dr. S. Stennett.*

New Sabbath 122. Martin's Lane 67.

Sun. Psalm lxxxiv. 11.

**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,  
 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 Oh, may the vital strength and heat,  
His cheering beams communicate,  
Enable me my course to run  
With the same vigour as the sun!

200 C. M. *Toplady.*

New York 33. *Condescension* 116.

Vine and the Branches John xv. 1—5.

- 1 **J**ESUS, immutably the same!  
'Thou true and living Vine!  
Around thy all-supporting stem  
My feeble arms I twine.
- 2 Quicken'd by thee, and kept alive,  
I flourish and bear fruit:  
My life I from thy sap derive,  
My vigour from thy root.

can do nothing without thee ;  
 My strength is wholly thine :  
 Vither'd and barren should I be  
 If sever'd from the Vine.

pon my leaf, when parch'd with heat,  
 Refreshing dew shall drop ;  
 he plant, which thy right hand hath set,  
 Shall ne'er be rooted up,

ich moment, water'd by thy care,  
 And fenc'd with power divine,  
 uit to eternal life shall bear  
 The feeblest branch of thine.

201 L. M. *Cennick*.

Leeds 19. Lewton 30.

Way to Canaan.

ESUS, my all, to heaven is gone ;  
 He, whom I fix my hopes upon !  
 track I see, and I'll pursue  
 narrow way, till him I view.

way the holy prophets went—  
 road that leads from banishment—  
 king's high-way of holiness—  
 go ; for all his paths are peace.

is the way I long have sought,  
 mourn'd because I found it not :  
 grief, and burden, long has been  
 use I could not cease from sin.

nore I strove against its pow'r,  
 'd and stumbl'd but the more,  
 ate I heard my Saviour say,  
 he hither, soul, I am the way.'

- 5 Lo! glad I come! and thou, blest Lamb,  
 Shalt take me to thee as I am!  
 My sinful self to thee I give!  
 Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 6 Then will I tell to sinners round,  
 What a dear Saviour I have found;  
 I'll point to thy redeeming blood,  
 And say—' Behold the way to God!'

202 8, 8, 6.

Broadmead 150. Chatham 59.

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

- 1 **T**HERE is no path to heav'nly bliss,  
 Or solid joy, or lasting peace,  
 But Christ, th' appointed road:  
 Oh, 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*:  
 Oh, may we all his word believe!  
 And all his promises receive,  
 And all his precepts do.
- 3 As he above for ever lives,  
 And *Life* to dying sinners gives  
 Eternal and divine;  
 Oh, may his Spirit in me dwell!  
 Then—sav'd from sin, and death, and hell—  
 Eternal life is mine.

203 L. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Bramcoate 8. Langdon 217.

dom, Righteousness, Sanctification, and Redemption.

1 Cor. i. 30, 31.

**M**Y God! assist me while I raise  
 An anthem of harmonious praise:  
 Thy heart thy wonders shall proclaim,  
 And spread its banners in thy name.  
 In Christ I view a store divine;  
 Thy Father, all that store is thine!  
 Thy gift prepar'd, by thee bestow'd:  
 All to the Saviour and the God!  
 When gloomy shades my soul o'erspread,  
 Let there be light, th' Almighty said;  
 And Christ, my sun, his beams displays,  
 And scatters round celestial rays.  
 Condemn'd, thy criminal I stood,  
 And awful Justice ask'd my blood:  
 What welcome Saviour, from thy throne,  
 Bought righteousness and pardon down.  
 My soul was all o'erspread with sin;  
 And lo! his grace hath made me clean!  
 He rescues from th' infernal foe,  
 And full redemption will bestow.  
 O ye saints, assist my grateful tongue!  
 O ye angels, warble back my song!  
 For love like this demands the praise  
 Of heavenly harps and endless days.

204 C. M. *Toplady.*

Bedford 91. Brightelmstone 208.

All in All.

**NONPARD** 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 Lov'd of my God, for him again  
With love intense I'd burn :  
Chosen of Thee, e'er time began,  
I'd choose thee in return.
- 5 Whate'er consists not with thy love,  
O teach me to resign :  
I'm rich to all th' intents of bliss,  
If thou, O God, art mine.

205 8s. K—

New Jerusalem 230. Lock 49.

All in All; or, the Testimony concerning Jesus, the Soul  
of Prophecy. Rev. xix. 10.

- 1 **T**HE Bible is justly esteem'd  
The glory supreme of the land,  
Which shows how a sinner's redeem'd,  
And brought to Jehovah's right hand :  
With pleasure we freely confess  
The Bible all books doth outshine ;  
But Jesus, his person and grace,  
Affords it that lustre divine.
- 2 In every *prophetical book*,  
Where God his decrees hath unseal'd,  
With joy we behold, as we look,  
The wonderful Saviour reveal'd.

is glories project to the eye,  
 And prove it was not his design  
 those glories concealed should lie,  
 But there in full majesty shine.

*the first gracious promise to man*  
 A blessed prediction appears ;  
 His work is the soul of the plan,  
 And gives it the glory it wears :  
 How cheering the truth must have been,  
 That Jesus, the promised seed,  
 should triumph o'er Satan and sin,  
 And hell in captivity lead !

*the ancient Levitical Law*  
 Was prophecy, after its kind ;  
 Its 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,  
 and life, when the people could taste  
 The blessings those shadows foretold.

*Review each prophetic song*  
 Which shines in prediction's rich train,  
 the sweetest to Jesus belong,  
 And point out his sufferings and reign :  
 the David his harp never strung  
 With more of true sacred delight,  
 when of the Saviour he sung,  
 And he was reveal'd to his sight.

By 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 (First Part.) 112th.

Carey's 11. Hoxton 121.

The promised Comforter. John xiv. 16—18.

- 1 **J**ESUS, we hang upon the word  
 Our longing-souls have heard from thee;  
 Be mindful of thy promise, Lord,—  
 Thy promise made to such as me;—  
 To such as Zion's paths pursue,  
 And would believe that God is true.
- 2 Thou say'st, ' I will the Father pray,  
 ' And he the Comforter shall give,  
 ' Shall give him in your hearts to stay,  
 ' And never more his temples leave;  
 ' Myself will to my orphans come,  
 ' And make you mine eternal home.'
- 3 Come then, dear Lord, thyself reveal,  
 And let the promise now take place;  
 Be it according to thy will,  
 According to the word of grace!  
 Thy sorrowful disciples cheer,  
 And send us down the Comforter.
- 4 He visits oft the troubled breast,  
 And oft relieves our sad complaint;  
 But soon we lose the transient guest,  
 But soon we droop again and faint---  
 Repeat the melancholy moan,  
 ' Our joy is fled, our comfort gone!'
- 5 Hasten him, Lord, into each heart,  
 Our sure inseparable guide:  
 Oh may we meet and never part!  
 Oh may he in our hearts abide!

keep his house of praise and prayer,  
rest and reign for ever there!

206 (Second Part.) 8s.

Limefield 94.

The Love of the Spirit. Rom. xv. 30.

THE love of the Spirit I sing,  
By whom is redemption apply'd ;  
sinners to Jesus can bring,  
make them his mystical bride.

He circumcises their hearts,  
His callousness kindly removes ;  
His light, and affection imparts  
To them that so freely he loves.

He opens the eyes of the blind,  
Shows the beauty of Jesus to view ;  
He changes the bent of the mind,  
And glory of God to pursue.

Whom stubbornest will he can bow,  
Whom foes that dwell in us restrain ;  
None can be trodden so low,  
Whom he can revive them again.

Whom when the latest renovation begun,  
He dwells in the hearts of his saints ;  
Whom when he makes his temple to none,  
Whom when he hears of his calling repents.

Whom when he is clothed with the image divine,  
Whom when he seals his soul to redemption he seals ;  
Whom when each with the Saviour shall shine,  
Whom when his glory complete he reveals.

Whom when thy constant love I believe,  
Whom when thy steadfast endures to the end ;  
Whom when I never, my soul, may I grieve,  
Whom when I sing---so holy a friend.



207 (First Part.) L. M. B.—

Ailie Street 241. Ulverston 179.

The Leadings of the Spirit. Rom. viii. 14.

- 1 **C**OME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With light and comfort from above ;  
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide !  
O'er every thought and step preside.
- 2 Conduct us safe, conduct us far  
From every sin and hurtful snare ;  
Lead to thy word that rules must give,  
And teach us lessons how to live.
- 3 The light of truth to us display,  
And make us know and choose thy way ;  
Plant holy fear in every heart,  
That we from God may ne'er depart.
- 4 Lead us to holiness,—the road  
That we must take to dwell with God ;  
Lead us to Christ,—the living way ;  
Nor let us from his pastures stray.
- 5 Lead us to God, our final rest,  
In his enjoyment to be blest ;  
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,  
Where pleasure in perfection is.

207 (Second Part.) C. M.

Follett 181. Braintree 25.

The Work of the Spirit represented by the Wind ; or, sovereign saving Grace. John iii. 8.

- 1 **T**HE blessed Spirit, like the wind,  
Blows when and where he please ;  
How happy are the men who feel  
The soul-enlivening breeze.
- 2 He forms the carnal mind afresh,  
Subdues the power of sin,  
Transforms the heart of stone to flesh,  
And plants his grace within.

sheds abroad the Father's love,  
 Applies redeeming blood,  
 And both our guilt and grief remove,  
 And brings us near to God.

And, fill each dead benighted soul  
 With life, and light, and joy!  
 None can thy mighty power controul,—  
 Thy glorious work destroy.

208 L. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Magdalene 214. Rowles 73.

The Spirit's Influences compared to living Water.

BLESS'D Jesus! source of grace divine,  
 What soul-refreshing streams are thine!  
 Bring these healing waters nigh,  
 We must droop, and fall, and die.

Traveller thro' desert lands,  
 Amidst scorching suns, and burning sands,  
 We needs the current to obtain,  
 To enjoy refreshing rain.

Our longing souls aloud would sing,  
 Sing up, celestial Fountain, spring!  
 A redundant river flow,  
 And cheer this thirsty land below.

Let this blest torrent near my side,  
 Flow o' all the desert, gently glide;  
 Run, in Immanuel's land above,  
 And lead to a sea of joy and love!

209 L. M.

Kimbolton 251. Martin's Lane 67.

The Influences compared to Rain. Psalm lxxii. 6.

Shower on meadows newly mown,  
 Jesus shall shed his blessings down;  
 And with whose life-infusing drops,  
 Thou shalt 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 confin'd  
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. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Wareham 117. Fawcett 184. Gould's 272.  
Seeking to God for the Communication of his Spirit.

- 1 **H**EAR, gracious Sovereign! from thy throne,  
And send thy various blessings down :  
While by thine Israel thou art sought,  
Attend the prayer thy word hath taught.
- 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.
- Speak thou, and from the haughtiest eyes  
Shall floods of pious sorrows rise ;  
While all their glowing souls are borne  
To seek that grace which now they scorn.

h, let a holy flock await  
 numerous around thy temple-gate!  
 Each pressing on with zeal to be  
 a living sacrifice to thee.

Give 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.

I (First Part.) 112th. *President Davies.*

Hoxton 121. Francis 200.

The Influences of the Spirit desired.

**E**TERNAL Spirit! source of light!

Enliv'ning, consecrating fire,  
 Descend, and with celestial heat

Our dull, our frozen hearts inspire;  
 Our souls refine, our dross consume!  
 Come, *condescending* Spirit! come.

Our cold breasts, O strike a spark

Of the pure flame which seraphs feel;  
 Or let us wander in the dark,

Or lie benumb'd and stupid still:

Come, *vivifying* Spirit! come,  
 And make our hearts thy constant home.

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.

Let pure devotion's fervors rise!

Let every pious passion glow!

Oh, let the raptures of the skies

Kindle in our cold hearts below!

Come, *condescending* Spirit! come,  
 And make our souls thy constant home.

211 (Second Part.) S. M.

Stoke 207. New Eagle-Street 55.

The Holy Spirit invoked.

- 1 **C**OME, holy Spirit, come!  
With energy divine;  
And on this poor benighted soul  
With beams of mercy shine.
- 2 From the celestial hills,  
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.

212 (First Part.) L. M.

Mark's 65. Chard 173.

Entire Dedication; or, Reasons for desiring the Work of the Spirit.

- 1 **E**MPTY'D of earth, I fain would be,  
Of sin, of self, of all but thee;  
Reserv'd for Christ that bled and dy'd,—  
Surrender'd to the crucify'd!—
- 2 Sequester'd from the noise and strife,  
The lust, the pomp, and pride of life;  
Prepar'd for Heaven, my noblest care,—  
And have my conversation there.
- 3 Nothing, save Jesus, would I know!  
My friend, and my companion thou:  
Lord, take my heart—assert thy right,  
And put all other loves to flight.

- 4 Each idol tread beneath thy feet,  
And to thyself the conquest get:  
Let sin no more oppose my Lord,  
Slain by the Spirit's two-edg'd 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, Oh! for this no power have I;  
My strength is at thy feet to lie.

212 (Second Part.) L. M.

Denbigh 54. Rowles 73.

A propitious Gale longed for me.

- 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;  
' Thou, thou must breathe th' auspicious gale!

213 L. M. Steele.

Portugal 97. Ulverston 179.

The Influences of the Spirit experienced. John xiv. 16, 17.

- 1 **D**EAR Lord! and shall thy spirit rest  
In such a wretched heart as mine?  
Unworthy dwelling! glorious guest!  
Favour astonishing, divine!

G S

- 2 When sin prevails, and gloomy fear,  
 And hope almost expires in night,  
 Lord, can thy Spirit then be here—  
 Great spring of comfort, life, and light?
- 3 Sure the blest Comforter is nigh!  
 'Tis he sustains my fainting 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 controul,  
 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 8s.

Uxbridge 161. New Jerusalem 230.

The Holy Spirit addressed under Darkness.

- 1 **D**ESCEND, Holy Spirit—the Dove,  
 And visit a sorrowful breast;  
 My burden of guilt to remove,  
 And bring me assurance and rest.

- Thou only hast pow'r to relieve  
 A sinner o'erwhelm'd with his load,—  
 The 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;  
 Resolv'd, by the strength of thy love,  
 My worthless affections to win;  
 The work of thy mercy revive,  
 Invincible mercy exert,  
 And keep my weak graces alive,  
 And set up thy rest in my heart.
- 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;  
 Oh, 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 I now lament after God,  
 And pant for a drop of his love,—  
 If Jesus, who pour'd out his blood,  
 Obtain'd me a mansion above;  
 Come, heavenly Comforter! come,  
 Sweet witness of mercy divine!  
 And make me thy permanent home,—  
 And seal me eternally thine.

215 (First Part.) L. M.

Bredby 165. Horsley 205. Gould's 272.

The grieved Spirit intreated not to depart. Ps. li. 11.

- 1 **STAY**, thou insulted Spirit, stay!  
 Though I have done thee such despite,  
 Cast not a sinner quite away,  
 Nor take thine everlasting flight.

G 4



- 2 Though I have most unfaithful been  
Of all whoe'er thy grace receiv'd ;  
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,  
Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd :
- 3 But Oh ! the chief of sinners spare,  
In honour of my great High Priest ;  
Nor, in thy righteous anger, swear  
I shall not see thy people's rest.
- 4 If yet thou canst my sins forgive,—  
E'en now, O Lord, relieve my wocs ;  
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 promis'd land.

215 (Second Part.) O. M.

Worksop 31. Walsal 237.

The griev'd Spirit desired to return.

- 1 **M**Y grace so weak, my sin so strong,  
My heart is greatly pain'd ;  
Bless'd Spirit, art thou griev'd—and is  
Thine influence restrain'd ;
- 2 Tell me—Oh, tell me what will please  
And cause thee to return ;  
As doves the absence of their mates,  
I thy withdrawments mourn.
- 3 Come, then, Celestial Helper ! come  
With energy divine ;  
Ease, of its heavy load of guilt,  
This troubled heart of mine.
- 4 Vouchsafe, in answer to my prayer,  
Thy visits to renew ;  
Increase my faith, dispel my fears ;  
Oh, guard and save me too.

## 215 (Third Part.) L. M.

Paul's 246. Portugal 97.

Prayer for all the saving Influences of Grace.

- 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 thy shield of pow'r  
 To guard me in the dang'rous hour.
- 3 Teach me the flatt'ring path to shun,  
 In which the thoughtless many run;  
 Who for a shade the substance miss,  
 And grasp their ruin in their bliss.
- 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, refin'd,  
 Just, gen'rous, 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 wand'ring soul aside;  
 But, through this maze of mortal ill,  
 Safe lead me to thy heav'nly 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.

## 216 (First Part.) C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

New York 33. Sprague 166.

Divine Drawings celebrated. Hosea xi. 4.

- 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, thro' all this vale of tears,  
In rich profusion flows,  
And glory of unnumber'd years  
Eternity bestows.
- 5 Drawn by such cords, we onward move,  
Till round thy throne we meet ;  
And, captives in the chains of love,  
Embrace our conqueror's feet.

## 216 (Second Part.) L. M.

Portugal New 263. Rothwell 174. Chard 175.

The Time of Love ; or, Praise for the Work of the Spirit.

Ezek. xvi. 6. 8.

- 1 **L**ORD, 'twas a time of wondrous love,  
When thou didst first draw near my soul,  
And, by thy Spirit from above,  
My raging passions didst controul.
- 2 Guilty and self-condemn'd I stood,  
Nor dreamt of life and bliss so near ;  
But he my evil heart renew'd  
And all his graces planted there.
- 3 He will complete the work begun,  
By leading me in all his ways ;  
To God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Spirit, equal praise.

## THE GRACES OF THE HOLY SPIRIT\*.

217 (First Part.) 8, 8, 3. S. Pearce.

Baltimore 167. Hinton 206.

Contentment encouraged by the divine Promise. Heb. xiii. 5.

- 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 the ethereal height  
 Precipitate their downward flight,  
 At his effective nod.
- 3 [Let murm'ring Mortals too repine,  
 Arraign the Providence divine,  
 And blame the deeds of Heav'n;  
 While passions strong, without controul,  
 Disturb the agitated soul,  
 Enrag'd at what is giv'n.]
- 4 But shall the Christian's nobler mind—  
 By Grace renew'd, by Heav'n refin'd—  
 Indulge a murm'ring thought?  
 Shall he, who claims Jehovah's strength,  
 Who shall be brought to Heav'n at length,  
 Bemoan his present lot?

G 6

\* The Christian Graces and Tempers are placed alphabetically, for the sake of finding them at once, by looking at the head of the page.

- 5 Forbid it, gracious God! he cries,  
 Nor let th' ungenerous thought arise,  
 Offspring of discontent :  
 No! while my God, my Saviour lives,  
 Thankful I'll take whate'er he gives,  
 And prize the blessings sent.
- 6 Since he has said, ' I'll ne'er depart ;'  
 I'll bind his promise to my heart,  
 Rejoicing in his care ;  
 This shall support, while here I live ;  
 And, when in glory I arrive,  
 I'll praise him for it there.

217 (Second Part.) S. M. *Beddome.*

Gosport: 53. Enfield 5.

Faith its Author and Preciousness. Eph. ii. 8.

- 1 **F**AITH!—'tis a precious grace,  
 Where'er it is bestow'd!  
 It boasts of a celestial birth  
 And is the gift of God!
- 2 Jesus it owns a King,—  
 An all-atoning priest :  
 It claims no merit of its own,  
 But looks for all in Christ.
- 3 To him it leads the soul,  
 When fill'd with deep distress ;  
 Flies to the fountain of his blood,  
 And trusts his righteousness.
- 4 Since 'tis thy work alone,  
 And that divinely free ;  
 Lord, send the Spirit of thy Son  
 To work this faith in me!

218 C. M. Abingdon 42. *Condescension* 110.

The Power of Faith.

- 1 **F**AITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,  
 And saves me from its snares ;

Its aid in every duty brings,

And softens all my cares;

- 2 Extinguishes the thirst of sin,  
And lights the sacred fire  
Of love to God, and heavenly things,  
And feeds the pure desire.

- 3 The wounded conscience knows its power  
The healing balm to give :  
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,  
And make the dying live.

- 4 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,  
Where deathless pleasures reign ;  
And bids me seek my portion there,  
Nor bids me seek in vain:—

- 5 Shews me the precious promise, seal'd  
With the Redeemer's blood ;  
And helps my feeble hopes to rest  
Upon a faithful God.

- 6 There, there unshaken, would I rest  
Till this vile body dies ;  
And then, on faith's triumphant wings,  
At once to glory rise !

219 L. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Rochford 22. Rothwell 174.

The Struggle between Faith and Unbelief. Mark ix. 24.

- 1 **J**ESUS, our souls delightful choice,  
In thee, believing, we rejoice ;  
Yet still our joy is mix'd with grief,  
While faith contends with unbelief.

- 2 Thy promises our hearts revive,  
And keep our fainting hopes alive ;  
But guilt, and fears, and sorrows rise,  
And hide the promise from our eyes.

- 3 O let not sin and Satan boast,  
While saints lie mourning in the dust;  
Nor see that faith to ruin brought,  
Which thy own gracious hand hath wrought.
- 4 Do thou the dying spark inflame;  
Reveal the glories of thy name;  
And put all anxious doubts to flight,  
As shades dispers'd by opening light.

220 8s.

Lambeth 57. Uxbridge 161.

Faith fainting.

- 1 **E**NCOMPASS'D with clouds of distress,  
Just ready all hope to resign,  
I pant for the light of thy face,  
And fear it will never be mine:  
Dishearten'd with waiting so long,  
I sink at thy feet with my load;  
All plaintive I pour out my song,  
And stretch forth my hands unto God.
- 2 Shine, Lord! and my terror shall cease;  
The blood of atonement apply;  
And lead me to Jesus for peace,—  
The rock that is higher than I:  
Speak, Saviour! for sweet is thy voice;  
Thy presence is fair to behold;  
Attend to my sorrows and cries—  
My groanings that cannot be told.
- 3 If sometimes I strive, as I mourn,  
My hold of thy promise to keep,  
The billows more fiercely return,  
And plunge me again in the deep:  
While harass'd and cast from thy sight,  
The tempter suggests, with a roar,—  
The Lord has forsaken thee quite;  
Thy God will be gracious no more.

- 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 tow'r;  
 Come succour and gladden my heart,—  
 Let this be the day of thy power.

221 8, 8, 6.

Chatham 59. Westbury Leigh 278.

Faith reviving.

- 1 FROM whence this fear and unbelief?—  
 Haste thou, O Father, put to grief  
 Thy spotless Son for me?  
 And will the righteous Judge of men  
 Condemn me for that debt of sin,  
 Which, Lord, was charg'd on thee?
- 2 Complete atonement thou hast made,  
 And to the utmost farthing paid:  
 Whate'er thy people ow'd;  
 How then can wrath on me take place,  
 If shelter'd in thy righteousness,  
 And sprinkled with thy blood?
- 3 [If thou hast my discharge procur'd,  
 And freely, in my room, endur'd  
 The whole of wrath divine;  
 Payment God cannot twice demand—  
 First at my bleeding Surety's hand,  
 And then again at mine.]
- 4 Turn then, my soul, unto thy rest!  
 The merits of thy great high-priest  
 Speak liberty and peace:  
 Trust in his efficacious blood;  
 Nor fear thy banishment from God,  
 Since Jesus dy'd for thee.



New Jerusalem 230. Lambeth 57.

Faith conquering.

- 1 **T**HE moment a sinner believes,  
 And trusts in his crucify'd God,  
 His pardon at once he receives,—  
 Redemption in full thro' his blood:  
 Tho' thousands and thousands of foes  
 Against him in malice unite,  
 Their rage he, thro' Christ, can oppose—  
 Led forth by the Spirit to fight.
- 2 The faith, that unites to the Lamb,  
 - And brings such salvation as this,  
 Is more than mere notion or name;  
 The work of God's spirit it is;  
 A principle, active and young,  
 That lives under pressure and load;  
 That makes out of weakness more strong,  
 And draws the soul upward to God.
- 3 It treads on the world and on hell;  
 It vanquishes death and despair;  
 And Oh! let us wonder to tell,  
 It overcomes heaven by prayer,—  
 Permits a vile worm of the dust,  
 With God to commune as a friend;  
 To hope his forgiveness as just,  
 And look for his love to the end.
- 4 It says to the mountains, 'Depart,'  
 That stand betwixt God and the soul;  
 It binds up the broken in heart,  
 And makes wounded consciences whole;  
 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 8s. *Toplady.*

New Jerusalem 230. Lock 43.

Faith triumphant.

- 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 glorify'd spirits in heaven.

## 224 S. M.

Mount Ephraim 185. Salem New 99.

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 Tho' in a foreign land,  
We are not far from home ;  
And nearer to our house above  
We every moment come.
- 3 His grace shall to the end  
Stronger and brighter shine ;  
Nor present things, nor things to come,  
Shall quench the spark divine.
- 4 The time of love will come,  
When we shall clearly see,  
Not only that he shed his blood,  
But each shall say, ' for me.'
- 5 Tarry his leisure, then,  
Wait, the appointed hour ;  
Wait, till the bridegroom of your souls  
Reveal his love with power.
- 6 Blest is the man, O God !  
That stays himself on thee !  
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord !  
Shall thy salvation see.

225 L. M. *Dr. Watts's Sermons.*

Kingsbridge 88. Magdalene 214.

Faith connected with Salvation. Rom. i. 16.  
Heb. x. 39.

- 1 **N**OT by the laws of innocence  
Can Adam's sons arrive at heaven ;  
New works can give us no pretence  
To have our ancient sins forgiven :
- 2 Not the best deeds that we have done  
Can make a wounded conscience whole :  
Faith is the grace,—and faith alone,  
That flies to Christ, and saves the soul.

- 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 subdu'd.
- 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 C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Bedford 91. Brightelmstone 208.

Being in the Fear of God all the Day long.  
Proverbs xxiii. 17.

1. **T**HRI**C**E happy souls, who born from heav'n,  
While yet they sojourn here,  
Humbly begin their days with God,  
And spend them in his fear.
- 2 So may our eyes with holy zeal  
Prevent the dawning day,  
And turn the sacred pages o'er,  
And praise thy name, and pray.
- 3 'Midst hourly cares, may love present  
Its incense to thy throne—  
And, while the world our hands employs,  
Our hearts be thine alone!
- 4 As sanctified to noblest ends,  
Be each refreshment sought;  
And, by each various providence,  
Some wise instruction brought.
- 5 When to laborious duties call'd,  
Or by temptations try'd,  
We'll seek the shelter of thy wings  
And in thy strength confide.

- 6 As different scenes of life arise,  
Our grateful hearts would be  
With thee, amidst the social band,—  
In solitude with thee.
- 7 At night we lean our weary heads  
On thy paternal breast;  
And, safely folded in thine arms,  
Resign our 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.

227 C. M. Needham.

Stamford 9. Hammond 226. Bath Chapel 26,

Fear of God. Prov. xiv. 26.

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

228 C. M. *Dr. Watts's Sermons.*

Michael's 119. Follett 181.

Holy Fortitude, 1 Cor. xvi. 13.

- 1 **A**M I a 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 tho' they die:  
They see the triumph from afar,  
And seize it with their eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,  
And all thy armies shine  
In robes of victory thro' the skies,  
The glory shall be thine.

229 L. M. *Dr. Watts's Sermons.*

Chard 175. Ailie-Street 241,

Gravity and Decency.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the Sons, the heirs of God,  
So dearly bought with Jesus' blood!  
Are they not born to heavenly joys,  
And shall they stoop to earthly toys?

- 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 heav'n-directed eye,  
 We'll pass these glittering trifles by.
- 6 We'll look on all the toys below  
 With such disdain as angels do ;  
 And wait the call that bids us rise  
 To mansions promis'd in the skies.

230 L. M.

Kingsbridge 88. Virginia 234. Gould's 272.

Hope set before us.

- 1 **A**ND be it so—that, till this hour,  
 We never knew what faith has meant ;  
 And, slaves to sin and Satan's power,  
 Have never felt these hearts relent.
- 2 What shall we do ?—shall we lie down,  
 Sink in despair, and groan, and die ?  
 And, sunk beneath 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! Oh, chase away  
The gloomy clouds of unbelief:  
Lord, we repent! Oh, let thy ray  
Dissolve our hearts in sacred grief!
- 6 Now spread the banner of thy love,  
And let us know that we are thine;  
Cheer us with blessings from above,—  
With all the joys of hope divine!

231 (First Part.) L. M.

Chard 175. New Court 173.

Hope in Darkness.

- 1 **O** GOD, my sun, thy blissful rays  
Can warm, rejoice, and guide my heart!  
How dark, how mournful are my days,  
If thy enlivening beams depart!
- 2 Scarce thro' the shades a glimpse of day  
Appears to these desiring eyes!  
But shall my drooping spirit say,  
The cheerful morn will never rise!
- 3 Oh, let me not despairing mourn!  
Tho' gloomy darkness spreads the sky,  
My glorious sun will yet return,  
And night with all its horrors fly.
- 4 Oh, for the bright, the joyful day,  
When hope shall in fruition die!  
So tapers lose their feeble ray  
Beneath the sun's refulgent eye.

G 12



231 (Second Part.) 148th. *Beddome.*

Carmarthen New 35.

Who can tell; or, hoping against Hope. Jonah iii. 9.

- 1 **G**REAT God! to thee I'll make  
 My griefs and sorrows known;  
 And with an humble hope  
 Approach thine awful throne:  
 Tho' by my sins deserving hell,  
 I'll not despair;—for, who can tell?
- 2 To thee, who by a word  
 My drooping soul canst cheer,  
 And by thy Spirit form  
 Thy glorious image there—  
 My foes subdue, my fears dispel—  
 I'll daily seek;—for, who can tell?
- 3 Endanger'd or 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;—but, who can tell?
- 5 Vile unbelief, begone;  
 Ye doubts, fly swift away;  
 God hath an ear to hear,  
 While I've an heart to pray:  
 If he be mine, all will be well—  
 For ever so;—and, who can tell?

232. 8. 8. 6.

Baltimore 167. Broadmead, 150. Westbury-  
Leigh, 278.

Hoping and Longing. Num. xiii. 30. Deut. iii. 25.

- 1 **C**OME, 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 saint's delight,  
 The length and breadth, the depth and height,  
 Of thy redeeming love.
- 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 Oh, when shall we at once go up!  
 Nor this side Jordan longer stop,  
 But the good land possess:  
 When shall we end our ling'ring years,  
 Our sorrows, sins, and doubts, and fears,—  
 An howling wilderness?

6 O dearest Joshua! bring us in;  
 Display thy grace, forgive our sin,  
 Our unbelief remove;  
 The heavenly Canaan, Lord! divide;  
 And, Oh, with all the sanctify'd,  
 Give us a lot of love!

238 L. M. Steele.

Portugal 97. Wareham 117.

Hope encouraged by a View of the Divine Perfections,  
 1 Sam. xxx. 6.

- 1 **W**HY sinks my weak desponding mind?  
 Why heaves my heart the anxious sigh?  
 Can sovereign goodness be unkind?  
 Am I not safe, if God is nigh?
- 2 He holds all nature in his hand—  
 That gracious hand on which I live  
 Doth life, and time, and death command,  
 And has immortal joys to give.
- 3 'Tis he supports this fainting frame;  
 On him alone my hopes recline;  
 The wondrous glories of his name,  
 How wide they spread! how bright they shine!
- 4 Infinite wisdom! boundless power!  
 Unchanging faithfulness and love!  
 Here let me trust, while I adore,—  
 Nor from my refuge e'er remove.
- 5 My God, if thou art mine indeed,  
 Then I have all my heart can crave;  
 A present help in times of need;  
 Still kind to hear, and strong to save.
- 6 Forgive my doubts, O gracious Lord!  
 And ease the sorrows of my breast;  
 Speak to my heart the healing word,  
 That thou art mine---and I am blest.

234 L. M. Steele.

New Sabbath 122. Langdon 217.

Happy Poverty; or, the Poor in Spirit blessed.  
Matthew v. 3.

- 1 **Y**E 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,  
Unmov'd for ever must remain.
- 6 There shall our eyes with raptures view  
The glorious friend that dy'd for you ;  
That dy'd to ransom, dy'd to raise  
To crowns of joy and songs of praise.
- 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 Oh, let me hear that voice divine  
Pronounce the glorious blessing mine !  
Enroll'd among thy happy poor,  
My largest wishes ask no more.

235 C. M.

Bangor 231. Wantage 204.

Humble Pleadings for Mercy.

- 1 **L**ORD, at thy feet we sinners lie,  
And knock at mercy's door ;  
With heavy heart and downcast eye,  
Thy favour we implore.
- 2 [On us the vast extent display  
Of thy forgiving love ;  
Take all our heinous guilt away,  
This heavy load remove.
- 3 We sink—with all this weight oppress'd,  
Sink down to death and hell ;  
Oh, give our troubled spirits rest,  
Our numerous fears dispel.]
- 4 'Tis mercy, mercy, we implore ;  
Oh, may thy bowels move !  
Thy grace is an exhaustless store,  
And thou thyself art love.
- 5 Oh, for thy own, for Jesus' sake,  
Our many sins forgive !  
Thy grace our rocky hearts can break ;  
And, breaking, soon relieve.
- 6 Thus melt us down ; thus make us bend,  
And thy dominion own ;  
Nor let a rival more pretend  
To repossess thy throne.

236 L. M. *Beddome.*Ulverston 179. Rippon's 188. *Babylon Streams* 23.

The humble Publican. Luke xviii. 13.

- 1 **L**ORD! with a griev'd and aching heart,  
To thee I look—to thee I cry;  
Supply my wants, and ease my smart  
Oh, help me soon, or else I die.
- 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 off these adamantine chains;  
From cruel bondage set me free;  
Rescue from everlasting pains;  
And bring me safe to heaven and thee.

237 7s. *Madan's Collection.*Alcester 213. *Cookham* 36.

A Prayer for Humility.

- 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,  
Chang'd into a little child,  
Pleas'd 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 Oh, 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. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Old Hundred 100. Chard 175.

Rejoicing in God. Jer. ix. 23, 24.

- 1 **T**HE righteous Lord, supremely great,  
 Maintains his universal state;  
 O'er all the earth his power extends;  
 All heaven before his footstool bends.
- 2 Yet justice still with power presides,  
 And mercy all his empire guides:  
 Mercy and truth are his delight,  
 And saints are lovely in his sight.
- 3 No more, ye wise! your wisdom boast,  
 No more, ye strong! your valour trust,  
 No more, ye rich! survey your store,—  
 Elate with heaps of shining ore;
- 4 Glory, ye saints, in this alone,---  
 That God, your God, to you is known;  
 That you have own'd his sovereign sway,---  
 That you have felt his cheering ray.
- 5 Our wisdom, wealth, and power, we find  
 In one Jehovah all combin'd:  
 On him we fix our roving eyes,  
 And all our souls in raptures rise.
- 6 All else, which we our treasure call,  
 May in one fatal moment fall;  
 But what their happiness can move,  
 Whom God, the blessed, deigns to love?

239 S. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Salem New 99. Mansfield 154.

Rejoicing in the Ways of God. Psalm cxxxviii. 5.

- 1 **N**OW let our voices join  
 To form a sacred song;  
 Ye pilgrims, in Jehovah's ways,  
 With music pass along.

- 2 How strait 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 thro' the skies.
- 5 All honour to his name,  
Who marks the shining way!  
To him who leads the wanderers on  
To realms of endless day!

... 240. 7s. *Cennick.*

Bath Abbey 147. Hart's 221.

Rejoicing in Hope. Isaiah xxxv. 10. Luke xii. 52.

- 1 **C**HILDREN 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 prepar'd,—  
 There your kingdom and reward.
- 5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand  
 On the borders of your land :  
 Christ your Father's darling Son,  
 Bids you undismay'd go on.
- 6 Lord ! submissive make us go,  
 Gladly leaving all below ;  
 Only thou our leader be,  
 And we still will follow thee !

241. L. M. Cowper,

Rochford 22. Mark's, 65.

Return of Joy.

- 1 **W**HEN 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 Oh, let me then, at length, be taught  
 (What I am still so slow to learn,)  
 That God is love, and changes not,  
 Nor knows the shadow of a turn.
- 4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat !  
 But when my faith is sharply try'd,  
 I find myself a learner yet,—  
 Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

- 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.

242 L. M. *Dr. Watts's Sermons.*

New Sabbath 122. Portugal 97.

Justice and Equity. Matt. vii. 12.

- 1 **B**LESSED Redeemer ! how divine,  
 How righteous is this rule of thine,  
 ' Never to deal with 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 'Tis written in each mortal breast  
 Where all our tenderest wishes rest ;  
 We draw it from our inmost veins,  
 Where love to self resides and reigns.
- 4 Is reason ever at a loss ?  
 Call in self-love to judge the cause ;  
 Let our own fondest passion shew  
 How we should treat our neighbour too.
- 5 How bless'd would every nation prove,  
 Thus rul'd by equity and love !  
 All would be friends without a foe,  
 And form a paradise below.

- 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. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Chard 175. Truro 105.

God shining in the Heart. 2 Cor. iv. 6.

- 1 **P**RAISE to the Lord of boundless might!  
 With uncreated glories bright;  
 His presence gilds the worlds above,—  
 Th' unchanging source of light and love,
- 2 Our rising earth his eye beheld,  
 When, in substantial darkness veil'd,  
 The shapeless chaos, nature's womb,  
 Lay buried in the horrid gloom.
- 3 'Let there be light,' Jehovah said!  
 And light o'er all its face was spread;  
 Nature, array'd in charms unknown,  
 Gay with its new-born lustre shone.
- 4 He sees the mind, when lost it lies  
 In shades of ignorance and vice;  
 And darts from 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.
- My soul, reviv'd by heav'n-born day,  
 Thy radiant image shall display;  
 While all my faculties unite  
 To praise the Lord, who gives me light.

## 244 L. M.

Kingsbridge 88. Lewton 30.

One Thing I know. John ix. 25. Isaiah, liv. 13.

- 1 **D**EAR Saviour! make me wise to see  
 My sin, and guilt, and remedy;  
 'Tis said, of all thy blood has brought,  
 '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 paths where endless joys abound.
- 3 They know the Father and the Son;  
 Theirs is eternal life begun:  
 Unto salvation they are wise,—  
 Their grace shall into glory rise.
- 4 But—ignorance itself am I;  
 Born blind—estrang'd from thee I lie;  
 O Lord! to thee I humbly own  
 I *nothing* know as should be known.
- 5 I scarce know God, or Christ, or sin,—  
 My foes without, or plague within;  
 Know not my interest, Lord, in thee,  
 In pardon, peace, or liberty!
- 6 But help me to declare to-day,  
 If *many* things I cannot say,  
 'One thing I know,' all praise to thee,  
 'Tho' *blind* I was—yet now I *see*.'

## 245 C. M. Fawcett.

Bedford 91. Charmouth 28.

Knowledge at present imperfect. 1 Cor. xiii. 9.

- 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 veils of flesh and sense  
 My captive soul surround,  
 Mysterious deeps of providence  
 My wandering thoughts confound.
- 3 When I behold thy awful hand  
 My earthly hopes destroy ;—  
 In deep astonishment I stand,  
 And ask the reason, why ?
- 4 As thro' a glass, I dimly see  
 The wonders of thy love ;  
 How little do I know of thee,  
 Or of the joys above !
- 5 'Tis but in part I know thy will ;  
 I bless thee for the 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. Portugal 97.

Liberality ; or, the Duty and Pleasures of  
 Benevolence.

- 1 **O**H, what stupendous mercy shines  
 Around the Majesty of heaven !  
 Rebels he deigns to call his sons,—  
 Their souls renew'd, their sins forgiven.
- 2 Go, imitate the grace divine,—  
 The grace that blazes like a sun ;  
 Hold forth your fair, tho' feeble light,  
 Thro' all your lives let mercy run !

- 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. D. Turner.

Lebanon 79. Manning 245.

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, &c. Deut. vi. 5.

- 1 **Y**ES, I would love thee, blessed God !  
Paternal goodness marks thy name !  
Thy praises, thro' thy high abode,  
The heavenly hosts with joy proclaim.
- 2 Freely thou gav'st thy dearest Son  
For man to suffer, bleed, and die ;  
And bid'st me, as a wretch undone,  
For all I want on him rely.
- 3 In him, thy reconciled face,  
With joy unspeakable I see ;  
And feel thy powerful, wondrous grace  
Draw, and unite my soul to thee

H

- 4 Whene'er my foolish wand'ring heart,  
 Attracted by a creature's power,  
 Would from this blissful centre start,  
 LORD, fix it there to stray no more!

248 C. M. *Dr. Ryland.*

New York 33. *Condescension* 116.

Delight in God. *Psalm xxxvii. 4.*

- 1 **O** LORD! I would delight in thee,  
 And on thy care depend;  
 To thee in every trouble flee,  
 My best, my only friend.
- 2 When all-created streams are dry'd,  
 Thy fulness is the same;  
 May I with this be satisfy'd,  
 And glory in thy name!
- 3 Why should the soul a drop bemoan,  
 Who has a fountain near;  
 A fountain which will ever run  
 With waters sweet, and clear?
- 4 No good in creatures can be found  
 But may be found in thee;  
 I must have all things, and abound,  
 While God is God to me.
- 5 Oh, that I had a stronger faith,  
 To look within the veil,  
 To credit what my Saviour saith,  
 Whose word can never fail!
- 6 He, that has made my heaven secure,  
 Will here all good provide:  
 While CHRIST is rich, can I be poor;  
 What can I want beside?

- 7 **O LORD!** I cast my care on thee ;  
 I triumph and adore :  
 Henceforth my great concern shall be  
 To love and please thee more.

249 L. M. *Dr. Watts's Lyrics.*

Martin's Lane 67. Langdon 217.

Love to CHRIST present or absent.

- 1 **O**F all the joys we mortals know,  
 JESUS, thy love exceeds the rest!—  
 Love the best blessing here below,  
 The nearest image of the blest.
- 2 While we are held in thy embrace,  
 There's not a thought attempts to rove ;  
 Each smile upon thy beauteous face  
 Fixes, and charms, and fires our love.
- 3 While of thy absence we complain,  
 And long or weep in all we do,  
 There's a strange pleasure in the pain ;  
 And tears have their own sweetness too.
- 4 When round thy courts by day we rove,  
 Or ask the watchmen of the night  
 For some kind tidings of our love,  
 Thy very name creates delight.
- 5 JESUS, our GOD, yet rather come !  
 Our eyes would dwell upon thy face ;  
 'Tis best to see our LORD at home,  
 And feel the presence of his grace.

250 7s. *Newton.*

Cookham 36. Alcester 213.

Lovest thou me? John xxi. 16.

- 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?

H 2



- 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 burthen 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 lov'd before,  
Help me to begin to-day.

251 L. M. *Dr. Watts's Lyrics.*

Lebanon 79. Manning 245. Gould's 272.

Desiring to love CHRIST.

- 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 to embrace me from the skies.
- 2 Oh! 'tis a thought would melt a rock,  
And make a heart of iron move,  
That those sweet lips, that heavenly look,  
Should seek and wish a mortal love!
- 3 I was a traitor doom'd to fire,  
Bound to sustain eternal pains;  
He flew on wings of strong desire,  
Assum'd my guilt, and took my chains!
- 4 Infinite grace! almighty charms!—  
Stand in amaze, ye rolling skies!  
Jesus, the GOD, extends his arms—  
Hangs on a 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 C. M. *Dr. S. Stennett.*

Sprague 166. Brighthelmstone 208.

Profession of Love to Christ.

- 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 hut 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!

253 8s. *B. Francis.*

New Jerusalem 230. Lock 49. Uxbridge 161.

Supreme Love to Christ.

- 1 **M**Y gracious Redeemer I love!  
His praises aloud I'll proclaim,  
And join with the armies above  
To shout his adorable name:  
To gaze on his glories divine  
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 :  
 Oh, when shall my spirit exchange  
 This cell of corruptible clay  
 For mansions celestial, and range  
 Thro' 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 :  
 Oh, when wilt thou bid me ascend,  
 To join in thy praises above,  
 To gaze on thee world without end,  
 And feast on thy ravishing love ?
- 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. Fawcett.

Vermont 134. Stoke 207. Harborough 142.

Love to the Brethren.

- 1 **B**LEST be the tie that binds  
 Our hearts in Christian love !  
 The fellowship of kindred minds  
 Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne  
 We pour our ardent prayers :  
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,—  
 Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes ;  
 Our mutual burdens bear :  
 And often for each other flows  
 The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,  
 It gives us inward pain ;  
 But we shall still be join'd in heart,  
 And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives  
 Our courage by the way ;  
 While each in expectation lives,  
 And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,  
 And sin, we shall be free ;  
 And perfect love and friendship reign  
 Thro' all eternity.

255 S. M. *Beddome.*

Eagle Street New 55. Enfield 5.

Christian Love. Gal. iii. 28.

- 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. *Dr. Doddridge.*

New Court 173. Antigua 120.

The Heart purified to unfeigned Love of the Brethren by the  
Spirit. 1 Peter i. 22.

- 1 **G**REAT 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. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Ludlow 84. Charmouth 23.

Love to our Neighbour; or, the good Samaritan.  
Luke x. 29—37.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies! send thy grace,  
All-powerful from above,  
To form, in our obedient souls,  
The image of thy love.
- 2 Oh, may our sympathizing breasts  
That generous pleasure know,  
Kindly to share in others joy,  
And weep for others woe!
- 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 thron'd above the skies;  
And, 'midst th' embraces of his God,  
He felt compassion rise:
- 5 On wings of love the Saviour flew  
To raise us from the ground,  
And shed the richest of his blood,  
A balm for every wound.

258 C. M.

Worksop 31. Ann's 58.

Love to our Enemies from the Example of CHRIST.  
Luke xiii. 34. Matt. v. 44.

- 1 **A** LOUD we sing the wondrous grace  
CHRIST to his murderers bare;  
Which made the tort'ring cross its throne,  
And hung its trophies there.
- 2 'Father, forgive!' his mercy cried,  
With his expiring breath,

And drew eternal blessings down  
On those who wrought his death.

- 3 Jesus, this 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.

259 C. M. *Dr. S. Stennett.*

Providence College 10. New York 33.

All Attainments vain without Love. 1 Cor. xiii. 1—3.

- 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 deny'd thy grace;  
My loudest words, my loftiest songs,  
Would be but sounding brass.
- 4 Tho' thou shouldst give me heavenly skill  
Each myst'ry to explain;  
If I'd no heart to do thy will,  
My knowledge would be vain.
- 5 Had I so strong a faith, my God!  
As mountains to remove;  
No faith could do me real good,  
That did not work by love.



- 6 [What tho', to gratify my pride,  
And make my heaven secure,  
All my possessions I divide  
Among the hungry poor ;
- 7 What tho' my body I consign  
To the devouring flame,  
In hope the glorious deed will shine  
In rolls of endless fame !
- 8 These splendid acts of vanity,  
Tho' all the world applaud,  
If destitute of charity,  
Can never please my God.]
- 9 Oh, grant me, then, this one request,  
And I'll be satisfy'd,—  
That love divine may rule my breast,  
And all my actions guide.

260 S. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Mansfield 154, Mount Ephraim 185.

The Meek beautified with Salvation. Psalm cxlix. 4.

- 1 **Y**E humble souls, rejoice,  
And cheerful praises sing !  
Wake all your harmony of voice ;  
For **JESUS** is your king.
- 2 That meek and lowly **LORD**,  
Whom here your souls have known,  
Pledges the honour of his word  
T' avow you for his own.
- 3 He brings salvation near,  
For which his blood was paid !  
How beauteous shall your souls appear,  
Thus sumptuously array'd !

- 4 Sing, for the day is nigh,  
When, near your Saviour's seat,  
The tallest sons of pride shall lie  
The footstool of your feet.
- 5 Salvation, LORD, is thine,  
And all thy saints confess  
The royal robes, in which they shine,  
Were wrought by sovereign grace.

261. C. M. *Needham.*

Crowle 3. Miall 240.

Moderation; or, the Saint indeed. Phil. iv. 5.

- 1 **H**APPY the man, whose cautious steps  
Still keep the golden mean:  
Whose life, by wisdom's rules well form'd,  
Declares a conscience clean.
- 2 Not of himself he highly thinks,  
Nor acts the boaster's part;  
His modest tongue the language speaks  
Of his still humbler heart.
- 3 Not in base scandal's arts he deals,  
For truth dwells in his breast;  
With grief he sees his neighbour's faults,  
And thinks and hopes the best.
- 4 What blessings bounteous heaven bestows,  
He takes with thankful heart:  
With temp'rance he both eats and drinks,  
And gives the poor a part.
- 5 To sect or party his large soul  
Disdains to be confin'd:  
The good he loves of ev'ry name,  
And prays for all mankind.

- 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 controul ;  
Nobly ambitious well to rule  
The empire of his soul.
- 8 Not on the world his heart is set,  
His treasure is above ;  
Nothing beneath the sovereign good  
Can claim his highest love.

262 L. M.

Portugal 97. Magdalene 214.

Agur's Wish. Proverbs xxx. 7, 8, 9.

- 1 **T**HUS Agur breath'd his warm desire—  
' My GOD, two favours I require ;  
' In neither my request deny,  
' Vouchsafe them both before I die :
- 2 ' Far from my heart and tents exclude  
' Those enemies to all that's good ;—  
' *Folly*, whose pleasures end in death,  
' And *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 not luxury nor need.'
- 4 Those wishes, LORD, we make our own :  
Oh, shed in moderation down  
Thy bounties, till this mortal breath,  
Expiring, tunes thy praise in death !

- 5 But, shouldst thou large possessions give,  
 May we with thankfulness receive  
 Th' exub'rance—still our God adore,  
 And bless the needy from our store!
- 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. New Sabbath 122.

Christian Patience. Luke xxi. 19.

- 1 **P**ATIENCE!—Oh, what a grace divine!  
 Sent from the God of power and love,  
 Submissive to its father's hand,  
 As thro' the wilds of life we rove.
- 2 By patience we serenely bear  
 The troubles of our mortal state,  
 And wait contented our discharge,  
 Nor think our glory comes too late.
- 3 Tho' we, in full sensation, feel  
 The weight, the wounds, our God ordains,  
 We smile amid our heaviest woes,  
 And triumph in our sharpest pains.
- 4 Oh for this grace! to aid us on,  
 And arm with fortitude the breast,  
 Till life's tumultuous voyage is o'er—  
 We reach the shores of endless rest!
- 5 Faith into vision shall resign;  
 Hope shall in full fruition die;  
 And patience in possession end  
 In the bright worlds of bliss on high.

264 L. M. *Beddome.*

Kingsbridge 88. Ulverston 179. Gould's 272.

Patience.

- 1 **D**EAR LORD ! tho' bitter is the cup  
 Thy gracious hand deals out to me,  
 I cheerfully would drink it up;—  
 That cannot hurt which comes from thee.
- 2 Dash it with thy unchanging love ;  
 Let not a drop of wrath be there!—  
 The 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. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Stillman 66. Hammond 226. Michael's 119.

God speaking Peace to his People. Psalm lxxxv. 8.

- 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 wind and seas obey.
- 4 By all its joys, I charge my heart  
 To grieve his love no more ;  
 But, charm'd by melody divine,  
 To give its follies o'er.

266 112th. R. Hill.

Hoxton 121. Uffculm 93.

A Prayer for the promised Rest. Isaiah xxvi. 3.

- 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 promis'd rest.
- 2 With holy fear, and reverend love,  
 I long to lie beneath thy throne ;  
 I long in thee to live, and move,  
 And stay myself on thee alone :  
 Teach me to lean upon thy breast,  
 To find in thee the promis'd rest.
- 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 promis'd 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 promis'd 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 :  
 Oh, may my heart, by thee possess'd,  
 Know thee to be my promis'd rest.

267 C. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Bedford 91. Ann's 58.

God hath commanded all Men every where to repent.  
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, subdu'd by goodness, fall  
And weep, and love, and praise.

268 (First Part.) C. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Walsal 237. Bangor 231.

Peter's Admonition to Simon Magus turned into Prayer.  
Acts viii. 21—24.

- 1 **S**EARCHER of hearts, before thy face,  
I all my soul display ;

- And, conscious of its innate arts,  
 Intreat thy strict survey.
- 2 If lurking in its inmost folds  
 I any sin conceal,  
 Oh, let a ray of light divine  
 The secret guile reveal.
- 3 If tinctur'd with that odious gall  
 Unknowing I remain,  
 Let grace, like a pure silver stream,  
 Wash out th' 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 (Second Part.) L. M.

Rothwell 174. Portugal 97.

Hardness of Heart-lamented.

- 1 **L**ORD! shed a beam of heav'nly day  
 To melt this stubborn stone away;  
 Now thaw, with rays of love divine,  
 This heart—this frozen heart of mine.
- 2 The rocks can rend; the earth can quake;  
 The seas can roar; the mountains shake;  
 Of feeling all things shew some sign,  
 But this unfeeling heart of mine.
- 3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,  
 What but an adamant would melt!  
 Goodness and wrath in vain combine  
 To move this stupid heart of mine.



- 4 But ONE can yet perform the deed ;  
That *One* in all his grace I need ;  
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,  
And melt this stubborn heart of mine.
- 5 Oh, Breath of Life, breathe on my soul !  
On me let streams of mercy roll :  
Now thaw, with rays of love divine,  
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

269 L.M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Coombs's 45. Bromley 104. Gloucester 12.

Christ exalted to give Repentance. Acts v. 31.

- 1 **E**XALTED Prince of Life ! we own  
The royal honours of thy throne ;  
'Tis fix'd by Gop's almighty hand,  
And seraphs bow at thy command.
- 2 Exalted Saviour ! we confess  
The sovereign triumphs of thy grace ;  
Where beams of gentle radiance shine,  
And temper majesty divine.
- 3 Wide thy resistless sceptre sway,  
Till all thine enemies obey !  
Wide may thy cross its virtues prove,  
And conquer millions by its love.
- 4 Mighty to vanquish and forgive !  
Thine Israel shall repent and live !  
And loud proclaim thy healing breath,  
Which works their life who wrought thy death,

270 7s. *Dr. S. Stennett.*

Cookham 96. Stoel 264.

Penitential Sighs.

- 1 **F**ATHER ! at thy call I come ;  
In thy bosom there is room  
For a guilty soul to hide,—  
Press'd with grief on every side,

- 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 smil'd 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 :  
 'Tis 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—oh, why—should I despair  
 Of my Father's tender care ?

271, 272 GRACES OF THE SPIRIT.

271 C. M. *Dr. S. Stennett.*

Charmouth 28. Ann's 58.

The Penitent.

- 1 **P**ROSTRATE, dear JESUS ! at thy feet  
A guilty rebel lies ;  
And upwards to the mercy-seat  
Presumes to lift his eyes.
- 2 Oh, let not justice frown me hence ;  
Stay, stay the vengeful storm ;  
Forbid it that Omnipotence  
Should crush a feeble worm !
- 3 If tears of sorrow would suffice  
To pay the debt I owe,  
Tears should from both my weeping eyes  
In ceaseless torrents flow.
- 4 But no such sacrifice I plead  
To expiate my guilt ;  
No tears, but those which thou hast shed ;—  
No blood, but thou hast spilt.
- 5 Think of thy sorrows, dearest LORD !  
And all my sins forgive :  
Justice will well approve the word  
That bids the sinner live.

272 C. M. *Steele.*

Ludlow 84. Crowle 9.

Penitence and Hope.

- 1 **D**EAR Saviour! when my thoughts recal  
The wonders of thy grace,  
Low at thy feet asham'd I fall,  
And hide this wretched face.
- 2 Shall love like thine be thus repaid ?  
Ah, vile ungrateful heart !  
By earth's low cares detain'd,—betray'd  
From JESUS to depart.

- 3 From JESUS,—who alone can give  
 True pleasure, peace, and rest :  
 When absent from my LORD, I live  
 Unsatisfy'd, unblest.
- 4 But he, for his own mercy's sake,  
 My wandering soul restores :  
 He bids the mourning heart partake  
 The pardon it implores.
- 5 Oh, while I breathe to thee, my LORD,  
 The penitential sigh,  
 Confirm the kind forgiving word,  
 With pity in thine eye !
- 6 Then shall the mourner at thy feet  
 Rejoice to seek thy face :  
 And grateful own how kind, how sweet,  
 Thy condescending grace.

273 L. M. *Beddome.*

Ulverston 179. Paul's 246. Gould's 272.

The Prodigal Son ; or, the repenting Sinner accepted.  
 Luke xv. 32.

- 1 **T**HE mighty God will not despise  
 The contrite heart for sacrifice ;  
 The deep-fetch'd sigh, the secret groan,  
 Rises accepted to the throne.
- 2 He meets, with tokens of his grace,  
 The trembling lip, the blushing face ;  
 His bowels yearn when sinners pray ;  
 And mercy bears their sins away.
- 3 When fill'd with grief, o'erwhelm'd with shame,  
 He, pitying, heals their broken frame ;  
 He hears their sad complaints, and spies  
 His image in their weeping eyes.

H 12

- 4 Thus, what a rapt'rous joy possess  
The tender parent's throbbing breast,  
To see his spend-thrift son return,  
And hear him his past follies mourn!

274 C. M. *Beddome.*

Walsal 237. Bangor 231.

Why weepest thou? John xx. 13.

- 1 **W**HY, O my soul! why weepest thou?  
Tell me from whence arise  
Those briny tears that often flow,  
Those groans that pierce the skies,
- 2 Is sin the cause of thy complaint,  
Or the chastising rod?  
Dost thou an evil heart lament\*,  
And mourn an absent God?
- 3 **L**ORD, let me weep for nought but sin!  
And after none but thee!  
And then I would—Oh, that I might!—  
A constant weeper be!

275 C. M. *Cowper.*

Elenborough 170. Brighthelmstone 208.

The contrite Heart. Isaiah lvii. 15.

- 1 **T**HE LORD will happiness divine  
On contrite hearts bestow;  
Then tell me, gracious God! is mine  
A contrite heart or no?
- 2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,  
Insensible as steel;  
If aught is felt, 'tis only pain  
To find I cannot feel.
- 3 I sometimes think myself inclin'd  
To love thee, if I could;  
\* Or—Dost thou departed friends lament?

But often feel another mind,  
Averse to all that's good.

- 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 Oh, make this heart rejoice or ache ;---  
Decide this doubt for me ;  
And, if it be not broken, break ;  
And heal it, if it be.

276 C. M. *Beddome.*

Abridge 201. Wantage 204.

Resignation ; or, God our Portion.

- 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,  
Tho' 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. Cowper.

Bedford 91. Crowle 3.

Submission.

- 1 **O** LORD! my best desires fulfil,  
 And help me to resign  
 Life, health, and comfort to thy will,  
 And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,  
 Whose love forbids my fears?  
 Or tremble at the gracious hand—  
 That wipes away my tears?
- 3 No! let me rather freely yield  
 What most I prize to thee,  
 Who never hast a good withheld;  
 Nor wilt withhold, from me.
- 4 Thy favour all my journey thro'  
 Thou art engag'd to grant;  
 What else I want, or think I do,  
 'Tis better still to want.
- 5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way:  
 Shall I resist them both?  
 A poor blind creature of a day,  
 And crush'd before the moth?
- 6 But ah! my inmost spirit cries,  
 Still bind me to thy sway;  
 Else the next cloud, that veils my skies,  
 Drives all these thoughts away.

## 278 C. M. Steele.

James's 163. Tunbridge 103.

Fifial Submission. Heb. xii. 7.

- 1 **A**ND can my heart aspire so high,  
 To say, ' My Father, God !'  
 LORD ! at thy feet I fain would lie,  
 And learn to kiss the rod.
- 2 I would submit to all thy will,  
 For thou art good and wise ;  
 Let every anxious thought be still,  
 Nor one faint murmur rise.
- 3 Thy love can cheer the darksome gloom,  
 And bid me wait serene  
 Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,  
 And brighten all the scene.
- 4 ' My Father'---O permit my heart  
 To plead her humble claim,  
 And ask the bliss those words impart,  
 In my Redeemer's name,

## 279 C. M. T. Greene.

Grove-House 143. Condescension 116.

It is the LORD—let him do what seemeth good.

1 Sam. iii. 18.

- 1 **I**T is the LORD—enthron'd in light,  
 Whose claims are all divine ;  
 Who has an undisputed right  
 To govern me and mine.
- 2 It is the LORD—should I distrust,  
 Or contradict his will,  
 Who cannot do but what is just,  
 And must be righteous still ?
- 3 It is the LORD—who gives me all  
 My wealth, my friends, my ease ;



And, of his bounties, may recal  
Whatever part he please.

- 4 It is the LORD—who can sustain  
Beneath the heaviest load ;  
From whom assistance I obtain  
To tread the thorny road.
- 5 It is the LORD—whose matchless skill  
Can, from afflictions, raise  
Matter eternity to fill.  
With ever-growing praise.
- 6 It is the LORD—my cov'nant God,  
Thrice blessed be his name !  
Whose gracious promise, seal'd with blood,  
Must ever be the same.
- 7 His cov'nant will my soul defend  
Should nature's self expire,  
And the great Judge of all descend  
In awful flames of fire !
- 8 And can my soul, with hopes like these,  
Be sullen, or repine ?  
No, gracious God ! take what thou please,  
To thee I all resign.

280 C. M. *Needham.*

Braintree 25. Huddersfield 202.

Self-Denial; or, taking up the Cross. Mark viii. 38.  
Luke ix. 26.

- 1 **A** SHAM'D of CHRIST!—my soul, disdain  
The mean ungen'rous thought :  
Shall I disown that friend, whose blood  
To man salvation brought ?
- 2 With the glad news of love and peace,  
From heaven to earth he came :

For us endur'd the painful cross—  
For us, despis'd the shame.

- 3 At *his* command, we must take up  
Our cross without delay ;  
Our lives—and thousand lives of ours—  
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. Brighthelmstone 208.

Self-Denial. Mark viii. 34. Luke ix. 23.

- 1 **A**ND must I part with all I have,  
My dearest Lord, for thee ?  
It is but right ! since thou hast done  
Much more than this for me.
- 2 Yes, let it go !—One look from thee  
Will more than make amends  
For all the losses I sustain  
Of credit, riches, friends.
- 3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,  
How worthless they appear  
Compar'd with thee, Supremely Good !  
Divinely Bright and Fair !

H 15

- 4 Saviour of souls! could I from thee  
 A single smile obtain,  
 Tho' destitute of all things else,  
 I'd glory in my gain.

282 C. M. *Dr. Watts's Sermons.*

Crowle 3. Gainsborough 29.

Sincerity and Truth. Phil. iv. 8.

- 1 **L**ET those who bear the Christian name  
 Their holy vows fulfil;  
 The Saints—the followers of the Lamb—  
 Are men of honour still.
- 2 True to the solemn oaths they take,  
 Tho' to their hurt they swear;  
 Constant and just to all they speak—  
 For God and angels hear.
- 3 Still with their lips their hearts agree,  
 Nor flatt'ring words devise;  
 They know the God of Truth can see  
 Through every false disguise.
- 4 They hate th' appearance of a lie,  
 In all the shapes it wears,  
 Firm to the truth: and when they die,  
 Eternal life is theirs.
- 5 Lo! from afar the Lord descends,  
 And brings the judgment down;  
 He bids his saints—his faithful friends—  
 Rise, and possess their crown.
- 6 While Satan trembles at the sight,  
 And devils wish to die,  
 Where will the faithless hypocrite  
 And guilty liar fly?

283 S. M. *Beddome.*

Stoke 207. Harborough 142.

Sincerity desired.

- 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,  
 Oh, tear the 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 (First Part.) C. M. *Fawcett.*

Ann's 58. Stillman 66.

Spiritual-Mindedness; or, Inward Religion.

- 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;  
 'Twill fit us for declining age,  
 And for the awful tomb.
- 4 Oh, may my heart, by grace renew'd,  
 Be my Redeemer's throne;  
 And be my stubborn will subdu'd,  
 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 (Second Part.) C. M.  
 Sprague 166.

Godliness profitable; or, the Benefit of genuine Religion.  
 1 Tim. iv. 8.

- 1 **H**OW vast the blessings, how divine,  
 From godliness which flow!  
 Nor men, nor angels, should they join,  
 Can half its value shew.
- 2 Ten thousand comforts it procures  
 To Christians, while on earth;  
 It endless happiness secures,  
 And frees from endless death.
- 3 God, for himself, hath set apart  
 The godly, whom he loves:  
 They have a place within his heart;  
 Their conduct he approves.
- 4 [There is a rich and free reward,  
 The eye of faith descries,  
 Reserv'd for all, who 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. Tate.

Exeter 4. Michael's 119.

Encouragement to trust and love God. Psalm xxxiv.

- 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 Oh, 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 needs supply'd.

286 (First Part.) L. M.

Bowden 78. Rowles 73.

Trust and Confidence ; or, looking beyond present Appearances. Hab. iii. 17, 18.

- 1 **A**WAY, my unbelieving fear !  
 Let fear in me no more take place ;  
 My Saviour doth not yet appear ;  
 He hides the brightness of his face :

H 17

But shall I therefore let him go,  
 And basely to the tempter yield?  
 No, in the strength of **JESUS**, no!  
 I never will give up my shield.

- 2 Altho' the vine its fruit deny,  
 Altho' the olive yield no oil,  
 The withering fig-tree droop and die,  
 The field illude the tiller's toil—  
 The empty stall no herd afford—  
 And perish all the bleating race;  
 Yet, I will triumph in the **LORD**!—  
 The **GOD** of my salvation praise!
- 3 Away, each unbelieving fear!  
 Let fear to chearing hope give place;  
 My Saviour *will* at length appear,  
 And shew the brightness of his face:  
 Tho' now my prospects all be cross'd,  
 My blooming hopes cut off I see;  
 Still will I in my **JESUS** trust,  
 Whose boundless love can reach to me.
- 4 In hope—believing against hope—  
 His promis'd mercy will I claim;  
 His gracious word shall bear me up  
 To seek salvation in his name:  
 Soon, my dear **SAVIOUR**, bring it nigh!  
 My soul shall then outstrip the wind,  
 On wings of love mount up on high,  
 And leave the world and sin behind.

286 (Second Part.) L. M.

Portugal 97. Paul's 246.

All Things working for Good, &c. Rom. viii. 28.

- 1 **T**EMPTATIONS, trials, doubts, and fears,  
 Wants, losses, crosses, groans, and tears,  
 Will, thro' the grace of **GOD**, our friend,  
 In everlasting triumphs end!

- 2 To those who him sincerely love,  
 All penal evil blessings prove;  
 Whom grace hath call'd and made his own,  
 Nor 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 pow'rs,  
 We still are safe if thou art ours.

287 (First Part.) L. M.

Ulverston 179. Dresden 178.

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 dy'd,  
 'Twould only urge my speedier 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. H 18



## 287 (Second Part.) C. M.

Grove House 143. Bedford 91.

Trust encouraged by the Promise,—‘ I will be their God

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  
 Thro' death's tremendous vale :  
 He is a solid comfort, when  
 All other comforts fail.

6 Oh, tell me, LORD ! that thou art mine ;  
 What can I wish beside ?  
 My soul shall at the *fountain* live  
 When all the *streams* are dry'd.

288. C. M. *Beddome.*

Oxford 177.

Fear not.

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 (Second Part.) C. M.

Workshop 31. Ludlow 84.

Trust in God promoted by grateful Recollection.

- 1 **D**EAR LORD! why should I doubt thy love,  
 Or disbelieve thy grace?  
 Sure thy compassions ne'er remove,  
 Altho' thou hide thy face.
- 2 Thy smiles have freed my heart from pain,  
 My drooping spirits cheer'd ;  
 And wilt thou not appear again,  
 Where thou hast once appear'd?

- 3 Hast thou not form'd my soul anew,  
And told me, I am thine?  
And wilt thou now thy work undo,  
Or break thy word divine?
- 4 Dost thou repent? wilt thou deny  
The gifts thou hast bestow'd?  
Or, are those streams of mercy dry,  
Which once soo freely flow'd?
- 5 LORD! let not groundless fears destroy  
The mercies now possess'd:  
I'll praise for blessings I enjoy,  
And trust for all the rest.

289 8, 8, 6. Jesse.

Chatham 59. Hinton 266.

Fears remov'd—It is I; be not afraid. John vi. 29.

- 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 controul,  
And bid my fears depart.
- 2 When first I heard his word of grace,  
Ungratefully I hid my face,—  
Ungratefully delay'd:  
At length his voice more powerful came,  
'Tis I,' he cried, 'I, still the same;  
'Thou need'st not be afraid.'
- 3 My heart was chang'd; in that same hour  
My soul confess'd his mighty power;  
Out flow'd the briny tear;  
I listen'd still to hear his voice;  
Again he said, 'In me rejoice;  
'Tis I—thou need'st not fear.'

- 4 ' Unworthy of thy love! I cry'd:  
 ' Freely I love,' he soon reply'd,  
 ' On me thy faith be staid:  
 ' On me for every thing depend;  
 ' I'm Jesus still, the sinner's friend,—  
 ' Thou need'st not be afraid.'

290 104th. *Newton.*

Old Hundred and fourth 148. Sussex 70.

I will trust and not be afraid. Isaiah xii. 2.

- 1 **B**EGONE, unbelief! my Saviour is near,  
 And for my relief will surely appear:  
 By prayer let me wrestle, and he will perform:  
 With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.
- 2 Though dark be my way, since he is my guide,  
 'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide:  
 Tho' cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,  
 The word he has spoken shall surely prevail.
- 3 His love, in time past, forbids me to think  
 He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink;  
 Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,  
 Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite thro'.
- 4 Determin'd to save, he watch'd o'er my path  
 When, Satan's blind slave, I sported with death:  
 And can he have taught me to trust in his name,  
 And thus far have brought me, to put me to  
 shame?
- 5 Why should I complain of want or distress,  
 Temptation or pain?—He told me no less:  
 The heirs of salvation, I know from his word,  
 Thro' much tribulation must follow their LORD.
- 6 How bitter that cup no heart can conceive,  
 Which he drank quite up, that sinners might live!

His way was much rougher and darker than mine  
Did CHRIST, my LORD, suffer, and shall I repine?

- 7 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,  
The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is food ;  
Tho' painful at present, 'twill cease before long,  
And then, Oh how pleasant the conqueror's song!

291 L. M.

New Sabbath 122. Langdon 217.

True Wisdom. Prov. iii. 13—18.

- 1 **H**APPY the man, who finds the grace—  
The blessing of God's chosen race ;  
The wisdom coming from above,  
And faith that sweetly works by love.
- 2 Happy beyond description he,  
Who knows, ' the Saviour dy'd for me—'  
The gift unspeakable obtains,  
And heavenly understanding gains.
- 3 Her ways are ways of pleasantness,  
And all her flow'ry paths are peace :  
Wisdom to silver we prefer,  
And gold is dross compar'd with her.
- 4 He finds, who wisdom apprehends,  
A life begun that never ends ;  
The tree of life divine she is,  
Set in the midst of paradise.
- 5 Happy the man, who wisdom gains,  
In whose obedient heart she reigns ;  
He owns, and will for ever own,  
Wisdom, and CHRIST, and heaven, are one.

292 L. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Lewton 30. Rowles 73.

Zeal for Christ; or, Peter and John following their Master.  
John xxi. 18—20.

- 1 **B**LEST men, who stretch their willing hands  
Submissive to their Lord's commands,  
And yield their liberty and breath  
To him that lov'd their souls in death.
- 2 Lead me to suffer and to die,  
If thou, my gracious Lord! art nigh:  
One smile from thee my heart shall fire,  
And teach me, smiling, to expire.
- 3 If nature at the trial shake,  
And from the cross or flames draw back,  
Grace can its feeble courage raise,  
And turn its tremblings into praise.
- 4 While scarce I dare with Peter say,—  
'I'll boldly tread the bleeding way;  
Yet in thy steps, like John, I'd move  
With humble hope and silent love,

293 (First Part.) C. M. *Beddome.*

Bedford 91. Grove House 143.

Holy Zeal and Diligence.

- 1 **W**HILE carnal men, with all their might,  
Earth's vanities pursue,  
How slow th' advances which I make,  
With heaven itself in view.
- 2 Inspire my soul with holy zeal;  
Great God! my love inflame;  
Religion without zeal and love  
Is but an empty name.
- 3 To gain the top of Zion's hill,  
May I with fervour strive;

And all those powers employ for thee  
Which I from thee derive!

293 (Second Part.) C. M.

Great Milton 212. Condescension 116.

Zeal for God; or, longing for the Mind of Christ—

- 1 **I**F duty calls, and suffering too,  
My LORD! I'd follow thee;  
As thou hast done, so would I do:  
As thou art, would I be.
- 2 With zeal inflam'd, 'twas thy delight  
To do thy father's will;  
May the same zeal my soul excite  
Thy precepts to fulfil!
- 3 Meekness, humility, and love,  
Did through thy conduct shine;  
Oh, may my whole deportment prove  
A copy, LORD, of thine!
- 4 Depending on thy sov'reign grace,  
I'll tread the heavenly road;  
With willing mind thy footsteps trace,  
And climb to thine abode.

PAUSE.

- 5 Oh, let me run the Christian 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 (First Part.) L. M. *Fawcett*.

Fawcett 184. Ulverston 179. Gould's 272.

The Christian awaken'd—'What must I do to be saved?'  
Acts ix. 6.

- 1 **W**ITH 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 liv'd at ease, nor fear'd to die;  
Wrapt up in self-deceit and pride,  
'I shall have peace at last,' I cry'd.
- 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!'



294 (Second Part.) C. M.

Abridge 201. Ann's 58. Ellenborough 170.

The great Question answered.

- 1 **I**S there, in heav'n or earth, who can  
A wretched mortal save?  
Make a poor lep'rous sinner clean!—  
Redeem an helpless slave?—
- 2 Who can appease an angry God?—  
Relieve a burden'd mind?  
In whom a soul, o'erwhelm'd with guilt,  
May ease and safety find?
- 3 Yes! there is one, who dwells on high,  
That can do this and more;—  
A being of unbounded love  
'And uncontrolled power—
- 4 **IMMANUEL** is his name: who once,  
Upon th' 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:  
Whilst 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.

295 8, 7. D. Turner.

Trowbridge 21. Welsh 210. Tabernacle 239.

Supplicating—Jesus, thou Son of David, have Mercy on me.  
Mark x. 47.

- 1 **J**ESUS! 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, Oh 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 suffer'dst thus for me.
- 5 With thy righteousness and Spirit,  
I am more than angels blest ;  
Heir with thee, all things inherit,—  
Peace, and joy, and endless rest.
- 6 Without thee, the world possessing,  
I should be a wretch undone ;  
Search through heaven, the land of blessing,  
Seeking good, and finding none.]
- 7 Hear then, blessed Saviour, hear me !  
My soul cleaveth to the dust ;  
Send the Comforter to cheer me ;  
Lo ! in thee I put my trust.
- 8 On the word thy blood hath sealed  
Hangs my everlasting all ;  
Let thy arm be now revealed ;  
Stay, Oh 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 Sav'd!—the deed shall spread new glory  
 Thro' the shining realms above!  
 Angels sing the pleasing story,  
 All enraptur'd with thy love!

296 (First Part.) 7s.

Stoel 164. Cookham 36.

Longing for an Interest in the Redeemer; or, venturing on  
 the Mercy of God, in Christ.

- 1 **G**RACIOUS LORD, incline thine ear!  
 My requests vouchsafe to hear;  
 Hear my never-ceasing cry;—  
 Give me CHRIST, or else I die.
- 2 Wealth and honour I disdain,  
 Earthly comforts, LORD, are vain;  
 These can never satisfy:  
 Give me CHRIST, or else I die.
- 3 LORD, deny me what thou wilt,  
 Only ease me of my guilt:  
 Suppliant at thy feet I lie,  
 Give me CHRIST, or else I die.
- 4 All unholy and unclean,  
 I am nothing else but sin;  
 On thy mercy I rely;  
 Give me CHRIST, or else I die.
- 5 Thou dost freely save the lost;  
 In thy grace alone I trust:  
 With my earnest suit comply;  
 Give me CHRIST, or else I die.
- 6 Thou dost promise to forgive  
 All who in thy Son believe;  
 LORD, I know thou can'st not lie:  
 Give me CHRIST, or else I die.

- 7 Father, dost thou seem to frown?  
 Let me shelter in thy Son!  
 JESUS! to thine arms I flie;  
 Come and save me, or I die.

296 (Second Part.) C. M.

Bedford 91. Abridge 201.

The plain serious Christian's daily Hymn.

HELP me, my God—Oh SAVE me. Psalm cix. 26.

- 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 temptation's snares without,  
And this base heart within.
- 11 *Help* me to wait the time decreed,  
And then meet death with joy :  
Save me from all the ills of life,—  
The dread of death destroy.

297 (First Part.) L. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Mark's 65. Rowles 73.

Choosing the better Part. Luko x. 42.

- 1 **B** ESET with snares on every hand,  
In life's uncertain path I stand :  
Saviour divine ! diffuse thy light  
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.
- 2 Engage this roving treach'rous heart  
To fix on Mary's better part,  
To scorn the trifles of a day,  
For joys that none can take away.
- 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 Jssus! still be nigh,  
Cheerful I live, and joyful die;  
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,  
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

297 (Second Part.) 8. 8. 6.

Westbury-Leigh 278. Broadmead 150.

Admiring the LOVE of GOD in CHRIST.

- 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;  
Thro' heaven its joys for ever run,  
And o'er the earth they flow.
- 2 'Tis Love that gilds the vernal ray—  
Adorns the flow'ry robe of May—  
Perfumes the breathing gale:  
'Tis love that loads the plenteous plain  
With blushing fruits and golden grain,  
And smiles o'er ev'ry vale.
- 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 forgiv'n;  
There Faith, bright cherub, points the way  
To regions of eternal day,  
And opens all her heav'n.
- 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.

298 (First Part.) S. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*  
 Kibworth 249. Eagle Street New 55.

Devoting himself to God. Rom. xii. 1.

- 1 **A**ND will th' eternal King  
 So mean a gift reward!  
 That off'ring, LORD, with joy we bring,  
 Which thine own hand prepar'd.
- 2 We own thy various claim;  
 And to thine altar move,  
 The willing victims of thy grace,  
 And bound with cords of love.
- 3 Descend, celestial fire!  
 The sacrifice inflame:  
 So shall a grateful odour rise  
 Thro' our Redeemer's name.

298 (Second Part.) S. M.  
 Broderip's 252. Aynhoe 108.

Going forward; or, Difficulties the occasion of Prayer and  
 Pleading. Exod. xiv. 15.

- 1 **L**IKE Israel, LORD, am I!  
 My soul is at a stand;  
 A sea before, an host behind,  
 And rocks on either hand.
- 2 O LORD! I cry to thee,  
 And would thy word obey:  
 Bid me advance; and, thro' the sea,  
 Create a new-made way.
- 3 Without thee, I must sink  
 Beneath the swelling flood.

- Or fall a prey to those who think  
To glut them with my blood.
- 4 The time of greatest 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?
- 7 Oh, send deliv'rance down!  
Display the arm divine!  
So shall the praise be all thy own,  
And I be doubly thine.

298 (Third Part.) L. M.

Lebanon 79. Paul's 246.

Renouncing the moral Law as a Covenant of Life; but  
admiring it as a Rule of Conduct.

- 1 **W**HEN JESUS for his people dy'd,  
The holy law was satisfied:  
Its awful penalties he bore;  
It a command, but curse no more.
- 2 He living suffer'd in their stead,  
The law in cov'nant form is dead,  
But rules them with a gentle sway;  
And thy, with sweet delight, obey.
- 3 Amazing Love!—how rich; how free!  
That Christ should die for such as we!  
From hence, the holiest duties flow  
Of saints above and saints below.



299 (First Part.) L. M. *Dr. S. Stennett.*

New Court 173. Derby 169.

Our Bodies the Temples of the Holy Ghost. 1 Cor. vi. 19.  
1 John v. 21.

1 **A**ND will the offended God again  
Return, and dwell with sinful men?  
Will he within this bosom raise  
A living temple to his praise?

2 The joyful news transports my breast:  
All hail! I cry, thou heav'nly guest!  
Lift up your heads, ye pow'rs within,  
And let the King of Glory in,

3 Enter, with all thy heav'nly train!  
Here live, and here for ever reign!  
Thy sceptre o'er my passions sway;  
Let love command, and I'll obey,

4 Reason and conscience shall submit,  
And pay their homage at thy feet;  
To thee I'll consecrate my heart,  
And bid each rival thence depart

5 No idol-god shall hold a place  
Within this temple of thy grace;  
Dagon before the ark shall fall,  
And God in CHRIST be all in all.

299 (Second Part.) C. M.

Frome 255. Salem 139. Foster 9.

Imploping the Presence of God.

1 **L**ORD! let me see thy beauteous ace!  
It yields a heav'n below;  
And angels round the throne will sa'  
'Tis all the heav'n they know.

2 A glimpse ~~was~~ single glimpse of the  
Would more delight my soul  
Than this ~~vain~~ world; with all its ~~is~~,  
Could I possess the whole.

## 299 (Third Part.) L. M.

Rowles 73. Langdon 217.

Happy in the Salvation of God: Psalm xlv. 4.

INDULGENT God! to thee I raise

My spirit, fraught with joy and praise:

rateful I bow before thy throne,

y debt of mercy there to own.

vers descending, LORD! from thee,

erpetual glide to solace me;

eir varied virtues to rehearse

emands an everlasting verse.

nd yet there is, beyond the rest,

ne stream—the widest and the best—

ilvation! Lo, the purple flood

olls rich with my Redeemer's blood!

aste—delight succeeds to woe;

oathe—no waters cleanse me so:

ich joy and purity to share,

ould remain enraptur'd there—

ll death shall give this soul to know

e fullness sought in vain below;—

e fullness of that boundless sea

hence flow'd the river down to me.

y soul—with such a scene in view—

ds mortal joys a glad adieu;

or dreads a few chastizing woes

nt with such love—so soon to close.

## 300 8. 8. 6. J. C. W.

ham 59. Broadmead 150. Westbury-Leigh 278.

The Spiritual Pilgrim.

**H**OW happy is the pilgrim's lot,

How free from anxious care and thought,

From worldly hope and fear!

onfin'd to neither court nor cell,

his soul disdains on earth to dwell,

He only sojourns here.

- 2 His happiness in part is mine ;  
 Already sav'd from self-design,  
 From ev'ry creature-love—  
 Bless'd with the scorn of finite good,—  
 My soul is lighten'd of its load,  
 And seeks the things above.
- 3 The things eternal I pursue,  
 And happiness beyond the view  
 Of those who basely pant  
 For things by nature felt and seen :  
 Their honours, wealth, and pleasures mean,  
 I neither have nor want.
- 4 Nothing on earth I call my own :  
 A stranger, to the world unknown,  
 I all their goods despise ;  
 I trample on their whole delight,  
 And seek a country out of sight,—  
 A country in the skies.
- 5 There is my house and portion 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—Oh, my Saviour, brother, friend!—  
 Receive me to thy breast!

301 7. 6.

Amsterdam 136.

The Pilgrim's Song.

- 1 **R**ISE, my soul ! and stretch thy wings,  
 Thy better portion trace :

se, from transitory things,  
Towards heav'n, thy native place!  
Sun, and moon, and stars, decay;  
Time shall soon this earth remove;  
Haste, my soul, and haste away  
To seats prepar'd above!

Waters to the ocean run,  
Nor stay in all their course;  
The sun, ascending, seeks the sun;  
Both speed them to their source:  
Thus a soul, new-born of God,  
Pants to view his glorious face,  
And upward tends to his abode,  
To rest in his embrace.

Arise, ye pilgrims! cease to mourn;  
Press onward to the prize:  
On the Saviour will return  
Triumphant in the skies:  
In a season, and you know  
Happy entrance will be given,—  
Your sorrows left below,  
And earth exchange'd for heaven.

302 C. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

no. New 74. Furman 135. Milbourn  
Port 183.

Running the Christian Race. Phil. iii. 12—14.

WAKE, my soul! stretch ev'ry nerve,  
And press with vigour on:  
Heav'nly race demands thy zeal,  
And an immortal crown.

As God's all-animating voice  
That calls thee from on high:  
As his own hand presents the prize  
To thine aspiring eye.

A cloud of witnesses around  
Hold thee in full survey;

Forget the steps already trod,  
And onward urge thy way.

- 4 Bless'd Saviour! introduc'd by thee,  
Have we our race begun;  
And, crown'd with vict'ry, at thy feet  
We'll lay our laurels down.

## 303 L. M.

Coombs's 45.: Bromley 104. Derby 169.

The Christian Warfare. Eph. vi. 13—17.

- 1 **M**Y Captain sounds th' alarm of war:  
Awake! the powers of hell are near!  
'To arms! to arms!' I hear him cry,  
'Tis yours to conquer or to die!
- 2 Rous'd by the animating sound,  
I cast my eager eyes around;  
Make haste to gird my armour on,  
And bid each trembling fear begone.
- 3 Hope is my helmet; faith my shield;  
Thy word, my God, the sword I wield;  
With sacred truth my loins are girt,  
And holy zeal inspires my heart.
- 4 Thus arm'd, I venture on the fight;  
Resolv'd to put my foes to flight;  
While Jesus kindly deigns to spread  
His conqu'ring banner o'er my head.
- 5 In him I hope; in him I trust;  
His bleeding cross is all my boast:  
Thro' troops of foes he'll lead me on  
To vict'ry, and the victor's crown.

## 304 148th.

Eagle Street 16. Grove 125. Clapham 18.

The Christian's Spiritual Voyage,

- 1 **J**ESUS! at thy command  
I launch into the deep,

I leave my native land,  
 Where sin lulls all asleep :  
 thee I would the world resign,  
 I sail to heaven with thee and thine.  
 Thou art my pilot wise ;  
 My compass is thy word ;  
 My soul each storm defies,  
 While I have such a LORD !  
 Just thy faithfulness and pow'r  
 Save me in the trying hour.  
 Ho' rocks and quicksands deep  
 Thro' all my passage lie ;  
 Yet CHRIST will safely keep  
 And guide me with his eye :  
 My anchor hope shall firm abide,  
 I each best'rous storm outride,  
 My faith I see the land,—  
 The port of endless rest :  
 My soul, my sails expand,  
 And fly to Jesus' breast !  
 May I reach the heav'nly shore,  
 Where winds and waves distress no more !  
 There'er becalm'd I lie,  
 And storms forbear to toss ;  
 O thou, dear LORD, still night  
 Lest I should suffer loss  
 More the treach'rous calm I dread  
 Than tempests bursting o'er my head.  
 Come, Holy GHOST, and blow  
 A prosperous gale of grace ;  
 Lift me from all below  
 To heaven—my destin'd place !  
 In full sail, my port I find,  
 I leave the world and sin behind.  
 I'll eternally  
 In glory dwell with thee, my God !

305 7s.

Hotham 224.

Tempted—but flying to CHRIST the Refuge.

- 1 **J**ESUS! lover of my soul,  
 Let me to thy bosom fly  
 While the raging billows roll,—  
 While the tempest still is high!  
 Hide me, O my Saviour! hide,  
 Till the storm of life is past;  
 Safe into the haven guide;  
 Oh, receive my soul at last!
- 2 Other refuge have I none,—  
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee!  
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone!  
 Still support and comfort me!  
 All my trust on thee is stay'd;  
 All my help from thee I bring;  
 Cover my defenceless head  
 With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O CHRIST! art all I want;  
 All in All in thee I find;  
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind:  
 Just and holy is thy name,  
 I am all unrighteousness,  
 Vile and full of sin I am—  
 Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found—  
 Grace to pardon all my sins;  
 Let the healing streams abound;  
 Make and keep me pure within:  
 Thou of life the fountain art!  
 Freely let me take of thee;  
 Spring thou up within my heart,  
 Rise to all eternity!

6 (First Part.) L. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Lewton 30. Rowles 73.

Christian's Temptations moderated; a Proof of God's Fidelity. 1 Cor. x. 13.

OW let the feeble all be strong,  
And make Jehovah's arm their song:  
Shield is spread o'er every saint;  
, thus supported, who shall faint?

But tho' the hosts of hell engage  
A mingled cruelty and rage!  
The faithful God restrains their hands,  
Chains them down in iron bands:

And by his word, he will display  
Strength proportion'd to our day:  
When united trials meet,  
Shew a path of safe retreat:

As far we prove that promise good,  
Which Jesus ratified with blood:  
As he gracious, wise, and just;  
Still, in him, let Israel trust.

106 (Second Part.) 7s. *Cowper.*

Bath Abbey 147. Alcester 213.

Welcoming the Cross.

AS my happiness below  
Not to live without the cross;  
The Saviour's power to know  
Rectifying every loss:  
As must and will befall;  
But—with humble faith to see  
Inscrib'd upon them all—  
This is happiness to me.

As 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.

307 L. M. *Dr. S. Stennett.*

Chard 175. Derby 169.

The Ministry of Angels.

- 1 **G**REAT GOD ! what hosts of angels stand,  
 In shining ranks, at thy right hand,  
 Array'd in robes of dazzling light,  
 With pinions stretch'd for distant flight!
- 2 Immortal fires ! seraphic flames !  
 Who can recount their various names ?  
 In strength and beauty they excel ;  
 For near the throne of God they dwell.
- 3 How eagerly they wish to know  
 The duties he would have them do :  
 What joy their active spirits feel  
 To execute their Sovereign's will !
- 4 Hither, at his command, they fly  
 To guard the beds on which we lie ;  
 To shield our persons night and day,  
 And scatter all our fears away.

\* Heb. xii. 8.

ghast the hostile Syrian band  
 ound the helpless prophet stand,  
 hile mighty Gabriel downward flies,  
 d with his chariot fills the skies.

rod attempts, but all in vain,  
 bind a Peter with his chain;  
 one soft word an angel speaks,  
 e massy chain asunder breaks.]

id, O my God, some angel down,  
 o' to a mortal eye unknown)  
 guide and guard my doubtful way  
 to the realms of endless day.

308 C. M. Steele.

Charmouth 28. Worksop 31.

ng in Darkness, and trusting in God. Isaiah I. 10.

EAR, gracious God, my humble moan,  
 To thee I breathe my sighs:  
 en will the mournful night be gone?  
 nd when my joys arise?

God—O could I make the claim—  
 y father and my friend—  
 call thee mine, by ev'ry name,  
 n which thy saints depend!

v'ry name of power and love,  
 ould thy grace entreat:  
 should my humble hopes remove,  
 or leave thy sacred seat.

ho' my soul in darkness mourns,  
 y word is all my stay;  
 I would rest till light returns,  
 y presence makes my day.

- 5 Speak, LORD, and bid celestial peace  
 Relieve my aching heart ;  
 O smile, and bid my sorrows cease,  
 And all the gloom depart.
- 6 Then shall my drooping spirit rise,  
 And bless thy healing rays,  
 And change these deep complaining sighs  
 For songs of sacred praise.

## 309 S. M.

Stoke 207. Harborough 142.

Complaining--The good that I would, I do not. Rom. vii. 15.

- 1 **I** WOULD, but cannot sing,  
 I would, but cannot pray ;  
 For Satan meets me when I try,  
 And frights my soul away.
- 2 I would, but can't repent,  
 Tho' I endeavour oft ;  
 This stony heart can ne'er relent  
 Till JESUS make it soft.
- 3 I would, but cannot love,  
 Tho' woo'd by love divine ;  
 No arguments have power to move  
 A soul so base as mine.
- 4 I would, but cannot rest  
 In God's most holy will ;  
 I know what he appoints is best,  
 Yet murmur at it still.
- 5 O could I but believe !  
 Then all would easy be :  
 I would, but cannot--LORD, relieve,  
 My help must come from thee !

But if indeed I *would*,  
Tho' I *can* nothing do ;  
t the desire is something good,  
For which my praise is due.

By nature prone to ill,  
I'll thine appointed hour,  
as as destitute of will  
As now I am of power.

Wilt thou not crown at length  
The work thou hast begun ?  
d with a will, afford me strength,  
In all thy ways to run ?

310 L. M. *Beddome.*

Virginia 234. Lewton 30.

Complaining of Inconstancy.

THE wandering star, and fleeting wind,  
Both represent th' unstable mind ;  
e morning cloud and early dew  
ng our inconstancy to view.

t cloud and wind, and dew and star,  
nt and imperfect emblems are ;  
r can there aught in nature be  
fickle and so false as we.

r outward walk, and inward frame,  
rce thro' a single hour the same ;  
: vow, and straight our vows forget,  
d then these very vows repeat.

: sin forsake, to sin return ;  
: hot, are cold, now freeze, now burn ;  
deep distress, then raptures feel,  
: soar to heaven, then sink to hell.

- 5 With flowing tears, **Lord**, we confess  
Our folly and unsteadfastness :  
When shall these hearts more fixed be,  
Fix'd by thy grace, and fix'd for thee ?

311 L. M. *Dr. S. Stennett.*

Mark's 65. Ulverston 179.

Pride lamented.

- 1 **O**FT have I turn'd my eye within,  
And brought to light some latent sin ;  
But Pride, the vice I most detest,  
Still lurks securely in my breast.
- 2 Here with a thousand arts she tries  
To dress me in a fair disguise,  
'To make a guilty wretched worm  
Put on an angel's brightest form.
- 3 She hides my follies from mine eyes,  
And lifts my virtues to the skies ;  
And while the specious tale she tells,  
Her own deformity conceals.
- 4 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 lov'd abode.

312 C. M. *Dr. S. Stennett.*

Crowle 3. Wantage 204.

Pleading with God under Affliction.

- 1 **W**HY should a living man complain  
Of deep distress within,  
Since every sigh, and every pain,  
Is but the fruit of sin ?

LORD, I'll patiently submit,  
 or ever dare rebel ;  
 sure I may, here at thy feet,  
 y painful feelings tell.

I see what floods of sorrow rise,  
 and beat upon my soul ;  
 trouble to another erics,  
 billows on billows roll.

I fear to hope, and hope to fear,  
 y shipwreck'd soul is tost ;  
 I am tempted in despair  
 give up all for lost.

thro' the stormy clouds I'll look  
 ce more to thee, my God :  
 my feet upon a rock,  
 yond the gaping flood.

ook of mercy from thy face  
 ll set my heart at ease ;  
 all-commanding word of grace  
 ll make the tempest cease.

313 7. 6. 8.

lark's 131. Tottenham Court 111.

ing and Returning ; or, the Blackslider's Prayer,

LORD, let thy pitying eye  
 all back a wand'ring sheep ;  
 to thee, like Peter, I  
 ould fain, like Peter, weep ;  
 e be by grace restor'd,  
 me be all its freeness shewn ;  
 and look upon me, LORD,  
 I break my heart of stone.

- 2 Saviour Prince, enthron'd above,  
 Repentance to impart,  
 Give me, thro' thy dying love,  
 The humble contrite heart ;  
 Give, what I have long implor'd,  
 A portion of thy love unknown ;  
 Turn and look upon me, LORD,  
 And break my heart of stone.
- 3 See me, Saviour, from above,  
 Nor suffer me to die ;  
 Life, and happiness, and love,  
 Smile in thy gracious eye :  
 Speak the reconciling word,  
 And let thy mercy melt me down ;  
 Turn and look upon me, LORD,  
 And break my heart of stone.
- 4 Look, as when thy pitying eye  
 Was clos'd that we might live ;  
 ' Father, (at the point to die,  
 My Saviour gasp'd,) forgive !'  
 Surely with that dying word,  
 He turns, and looks, and cries, ' 'Tis done'  
 O my loving, bleeding LORD,  
 This breaks my heart of stone.

314 C. M. *Fawcett.*

London 180. Bangor 231.

Peter's Fall and Recovery, Luke xxii. 54—62.

- 1 **H**OW did the powers of darkness rage  
 Against the Son of God !  
 While cruel men on earth engage  
 To shed his precious blood.
- 2 His friends forsook him with surprise,  
 When that dread scene began ;  
 And one perfidiously denies  
 He ever knew the man.

How feeble human efforts prove  
 Against temptation's power !  
 When Peter's flaming zeal and love  
 Are vanquish'd in an hour.

His firmest purpose will not stand ;  
 Behold his guilt and shame ;  
 O Lord, keep me by thy mighty hand,  
 Or I shall do the same.

In length the suffering Saviour turas,  
 And looks with pitying eyes !  
 Peter relents, withdraws, and mourns,  
 And loud for mercy cries.

Boundless is Jehovah's grace,  
 He hears the humble prayer :—  
 I am found in Peter's case,  
 I would not still despair.

Look on me, Lord, with eyes of love,  
 My wandering soul restore ;  
 My guilt forgive, my fears remove,  
 And let me sin no more.

313 C. M. Newton.

1. Crawle 3. "Workshop" 31.

that I were as in Months past ! Job xxix. 2.

WEET was the time, when first I felt  
 The Saviour's pardoning blood  
 Ply'd to cleanse my soul from guilt,  
 And bring me home to God.

When as the morn the light reveal'd,  
 His praises tun'd my tongue ;  
 And when the evening shades prevail'd,  
 His love was all my song.

I 10



- 3 In vain the tempter spread his wiles,  
The world no more could charm ;  
I liv'd upon my Saviour's smiles,  
And lean'd upon his arm.
- 4 In prayer my soul drew near the **LORD**,  
And saw his glory shine ;  
And, when I read his holy word,  
I call'd each promise mine.
- 5 Then to his saints I often spoke  
Of what his love had done :  
But now my heart is almost broke,  
For all my joys are gone.
- 6 Now, when the evening shade prevails,  
My soul in darkness mourns ;  
And when the morn the light reveals,  
No light to me returns.
- 7 My prayers are now a chatt'ring noise,  
For **JESUS** hides his face ;  
I read, the promise meets my eyes,  
But will not reach my case.
- 8 Now Satan threatens to prevail,  
And make my soul his prey :  
Yet, **LORD**, thy mercies cannot fail,  
O come without delay.

316 G. M. *Stark*.

Bedford 91., Charmouth 28.

Troubled, but making God a Refuge.

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

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

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

O gracious God, where shall I flee?  
 Thou art my only trust;  
 My soul still my soul would cleave to thee,  
 Tho' prostrate in the dust.

Wilt thou not bid me seek thy face?  
 And shall I seek in vain?  
 Can the ear of sovereign grace  
 Be deaf when I complain?

Will still the ear of sovereign grace  
 Attend the mourner's prayer;  
 May I ever find access  
 To breathe my sorrows there!

Thy mercy-seat is open still,  
 Here let my soul retreat;  
 Thy humble hope attend thy will,  
 And wait beneath thy feet.

317 C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Cambridge New 74. Hephzibah 77.

Execution to be expected by every true Christian.  
 2 Tim. iii. 12.

GREAT Leader of thine Israel's host,  
 We shout thy conquering name:  
 Nations of foes beset thee round,  
 And legions fled with shame.

- 2 A vict'ry glorious and complete,  
 Thou by thy death didst gain;  
 So in thy cause may we contend,  
 And death itself sustain!
- 3 By our illustrious General fir'd,  
 We no extremes would fear;  
 Prepar'd to struggle and to bleed,  
 If thou, our LORD, be near.
- 4 We'll trace the footsteps thou hast drawn  
 To triumph and renown;  
 Nor shun thy combat and thy cross,  
 May we but share thy crown,

318 8. 7. 4. *Fawcett.*

Westbury 51. Trevecca 37.

Cast down, yet hoping in God. Psalm xlii. 5.

- 1 **O** MY soul, what means this sadness?  
 Wherefore art thou thus cast down?  
 Let thy griefs be turn'd to gladness,  
 Bid thy restless fears be gone;  
 Look to JESUS,  
 And rejoice in his dear name.
- 2 What tho' Satan's strong temptations  
 Vex and tease thee day by day,  
 And thy sinful inclinations  
 Often fill thee with dismay;  
 Thou shalt conquer,  
 'Thro' the Lamb's redeeming blood.
- 3 Tho' ten thousand ills beset thee  
 From without and from within;  
 Jesus saith, he'll ne'er forget thee,  
 But will save from hell and sin:  
 He is faithful  
 To perform his gracious word.

Tho' distresses now attend thee,  
 And thou tread'st the thorny road ;  
 His right hand shall still defend thee,  
 Soon he'll bring thee home to God ;  
 Therefore praise him,  
 Praise the great Redeemer's name.

O that I could now adore him,  
 Like the heavenly host above,  
 Who for ever bow before him,  
 And unceasing sing his love !  
 Happy songsters !  
 When shall I your chorus join ?

## 319. C. M.

hthelmstone208. Frome255. GroveHouse143.

## The Request.

**FATHER**, whate'er of earthly bliss  
 Thy sovereign will denies,  
 cepted at thy throne of grace,  
 Let this petition rise :

Give me a calm, a thankful heart,  
 From every murmur free ;  
 he blessings of thy grace impart,  
 And make me live to thee :

t the sweet hope that thou art mine,  
 My life and death attend ;  
 y presence thro' my journey shine,  
 And crown my journey's end.

## 320 C. M. Steele.

Bath Chapel 26. Salem 139.

atchfulness and Prayer. Matt. xxvi. 41.

**AS !** what hourly dangers rise !  
 What snares beset my way !  
 aven O let me lift my eyes,  
 I 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,  
 Tho' trembling and afraid.
- 4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,  
 When foes and fears prevail ;  
 And bear my fainting spirit up,  
 Or soon my strength will fail.
- 5 Whene'er temptations fright my heart,  
 Or lure my feet aside,  
 My God, thy powerful aid impart,  
 My guardian and my guide.
- 6 O keep me in thy heavenly way,  
 And bid the tempter flee ;  
 And let me never, never stray  
 From happiness and thee.

321 L. M. Newton.

Kingsbridge 88. Rippon's 188.

Prayer answered by Crosses.

- 1 **I** ASK'D the LORD that I might grow  
 In faith, and love, and every grace ;  
 Might more of his salvation know,  
 And seek, more earnestly, his face.
- 2 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,  
 And he, I trust, has answer'd prayer ;  
 But it has been in such a way  
 As almost drove me to despair.

op'd that in some favour'd hour  
 t' once he'd answer my request,  
 by his love's constraining power  
 subdue my sins, and give me rest.

Lead of this, he made me feel  
 the hidden evils of my heart,  
 let the angry powers of hell  
 assault my soul in every part.

more, with his own hand he seem'd  
 intent to aggravate my woe;  
 s'd all the fair designs I schem'd,  
 blasted my gourds, and laid me low.

'd, why is this?' I trembling cry'd;  
 Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?  
 in this way,' the LORD reply'd,  
 answer prayer for grace and faith:

These inward trials I employ,  
 From self and pride to set thee free;  
 I'd break thy schemes of earthly joy,  
 That thou mayst seek thy all in me.'

322 L. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Ulverston 179. Portugal 97.

Growing in Grace. 2 Pet. iii. 18.

ALISE to thy name, eternal God!  
 For all the grace thou shed'st abroad;  
 If thy influence from above,  
 arm our souls with sacred love;  
 'd be thy hand, which from the skies  
 brought down this plant of paradise;  
 gave its heavenly beauties birth,  
 check this wilderness of earth.

K

- 3 But why does that celestial flower  
Open and thrive and shine no more ?  
Where are its balmy odours fled ?  
And why reclines its beauteous head ?
- 4 Too plain, alas! the languor shews  
Th' unkindly soil in which it grows ;  
Where the black frost and beating storm  
Wither and rend its tender form.
- 5 Unchanging Sun, thy beams display  
To drive the frost and storms away ;  
Make all thy potent virtues known  
To cheer a plant so much thy own.
- 6 And thou, bless'd Spirit, deign to blow  
Fresh gales of heaven on shrubs below ;  
So shall they grow, and breathe abroad  
A fragrance grateful to our God.

323 L. M. G—

Lebanon 79. New Sabbath 122.

Rising to God.

- 1 **N**OW let our souls, on wings sublime,  
Rise from the vanities of time,  
Draw back the parting veil, and see  
The glories of eternity.
- 2 Born by a new celestial birth,  
Why should we grovel here on earth ?  
Why grasp at transitory toys,  
So near to heav'n's eternal joys ?
- 3 What aught beguile us on the road,  
When we are walking back to God ?  
For strangers into life we come,  
And dying is but going home.

- 4 Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge,  
That sets our longing souls at large,  
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,  
And gives us with our God to dwell.—
- 5 To dwell with God, to feel his love,  
Is the full heaven enjoy'd above;  
And the sweet expectation now  
Is the young dawn of heaven below.

324 L. M. *Fawcett.*

Magdalene 214. Lewton 30.

Remembering all the Way the LORD has led him. Deut.  
viii. 2.

I **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.  
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.  
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.  
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.  
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?

K 2



- 6 'Tis even so thy faithful love  
Doth all thy children's graces prove ;  
'Tis thus our pride and self must fall,  
That Jesus may be All in All.

325 S. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Sutton 149. Stockport 47.

Waiting for the Coming of his Lord ; or, the active  
Christian. Luke xii. 35—38.

- 1 **Y**E servants of the LORD,  
Each in his office wait,  
Observant of his heavenly word,  
And watchful at his gate.
- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,  
And trim the golden flame ;  
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,  
For awful is his name.
- 3 Watch, 'tis your LORD's command ;  
And while we speak he's near :  
Mark the first signal of his hand,  
And ready all appear.
- 4 O happy servant he  
In such a posture found !  
He shall his LORD with rapture see,  
And be with honour crown'd.
- 5 **C**HRI<sup>ST</sup> shall the banquet spread  
With his own bounteous hand,  
And raise that favourite servant's head,  
Amidst th' angelic band.

326 L. M.

Ulverston 179. Lewton 30.

Solicitous of finishing his Course with Joy. Acts xx. 24.

- 1 **A**SSIST us, LORD, thy name to praise  
For the rich gospel of thy grace ;  
And that our hearts may love it more,  
Teach them to feel its vital power.

- 2 With joy may we our course pursue,  
 And keep the crown of life in view ;  
 That crown which in one hour repays  
 The labour of ten thousand days.
- 3 Should bonds or death obstruct our way,  
 Unmov'd their terrors we'll survey ;  
 And the last hour improve for thee,  
 The last of life or liberty.
- 4 Welcome those bonds, which may unite  
 Our souls to their supreme delight !  
 Welcome that death, whose painful strife  
 Bears us to CHRIST our better life !

327 L. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Martin's Lane 67. Portugal 97.

The Believer committing his departing Spirit to JESUS.

- 1 **O** THOU, that hast redemption wrought,  
 Patron of souls thy blood hath bought ;  
 To thee our spirit we commit,  
 Mighty to rescue from the pit.
- 2 Millions of blissful souls above,  
 In realms of purity and love,  
 With songs of endless praise proclaim  
 The honours of thy faithful name.
- 3 When all the powers of nature fail'd,  
 Thy ever-constant care prevail'd ;  
 Courage and joy thy friendship spoke,  
 When every mortal bond was broke.
- 4 We on that friendship, LORD, repose,  
 The healing balm of all our woes ;  
 And we, when sinking in the grave,  
 Trust thine Omnipotence to save.

- 5 O may our spirits by thy hand  
 Be gather'd to that happy band,  
 Who, 'midst the blessings of thy reign,  
 Lose all remembrance of their pain!
- 6 In raptures there, divinely sweet,  
 Give us our kindred souls to meet,  
 And wait with them that brighter day,  
 Which all thy triumph shall display!

328 C. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Evans 190. Cambridge New 74.

The Christian Warrior animated and crowned. Rev. ii. 10.

- 1 **H**ARK! 'tis 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 **L**ORD, 'tis enough; our souls are fix'd  
 With courage and with love;  
 Vain are th' assaults of earth and hell,  
 Our hopes are fix'd above.

## WORSHIP.

## PRIVATE WORSHIP.

329 L. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Paul's 246. Green's Hundred 89.

Retirement and Meditation. Psalm iv. 4.

- 1 **R**ETURN, my roving heart, return,  
And chase these shadowy forms no more ;  
Seek out some solitude to mourn,  
And thy forsaken God implore.
- 2 O thou, great God, whose piercing eye  
Distinctly marks each deep recess ;  
In these sequester'd hours draw nigh,  
And with thy presence fill the place.
- 3 Thro' all the windings of my heart,  
My search let heavenly wisdom guide,  
And still its radiant beams impart,  
Till all be search'd and purify'd.
- 4 Then, with the visits of thy love,  
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer ;  
Till every grace shall join to prove  
That God has fix'd his dwelling there.

330 L. M. *Beddome.*

Ulverston 179. Portugal 97.

Reading the Scriptures.

- 1 **G**REAT God, oppress'd with grief and fear,  
I take thy book, and hope to find  
Some gracious word of promise there,  
To sooth the sorrows of my mind :
- 2 I turn the sacred volume o'er,  
And search with care from page to page ;  
Of threat'nings find an ample store,  
But nought that can my grief assuage.

- 3 And is there nought? Forbid, dear LORD,  
 So base a thought should e'er arise:  
 I'll search again; and, while I search,  
 O may the scales fall off mine eyes!
- 4 'Tis done: and, with transporting joy,  
 I read the heaven-inspired lines;  
 There mercy spreads its brightest beams,  
 And truth with dazzling lustre shines.
- 5 Here's heavenly food for hungry souls,  
 And mines of gold t' enrich the poor;  
 Here's healing balm for every wound,  
 A salve for every fest'ring sore.

331 L. M. *President Davies.*

Magdalene 214. Paul's 246.

Self-Examination. Gal. iv. 19, 20.

- 1 **W**HAT strange perplexities arise!  
 What anxious fears and jealousies!  
 What crowds in doubtful light appear!  
 How few, alas! approv'd and clear!
- 2 And what am I?—My soul, awake,  
 And an impartial survey take:  
 Does no dark sign, no ground of fear,  
 In practice or in heart appear?
- 3 What image does my spirit bear?  
 Is JESUS form'd and living there?  
 Say, do his lineaments divine  
 In thought, and word, and action, shine?
- 4 Searcher of hearts, O search me still;  
 The secrets of my soul reveal;  
 My fears remove: let me appear  
 To God, and my own conscience, clear,

- 5 Scatter the clouds which o'er my head  
Thick glooms of dubious terrors spread ;  
Lead me into celestial day,  
And to myself, myself display.
- 6 May I at that bless'd world arrive,  
Where CHRIST thro' all my soul shall live,  
And give full proof that he is there,  
Without one gloomy doubt or fear.

## 332 C. M.

Charnouth 28. Bedford 91.

Secret Prayer. Matt. vi. 6.

- 1 **F**ATHER divine, thy piercing eye  
Sees thro' the darkest night ;  
In deep retirement thou art nigh,  
With heart-discerning sight.
- 2 There may that piercing eye survey  
My dutious homage paid,  
With every morning's dawning ray,  
And every evening's shade.
- 3 O let thy own celestial fire  
The incense still inflame ;  
While my warm vows to thee aspire,  
Thro' my Redeemer's name.
- 4 So shall the visits of thy love  
My soul in secret bless ;  
So shalt thou deign in worlds above  
Thy suppliant to confess.

PAUSE.

- 5 Mercy, good LORD, mercy I ask,  
This is the total sum ;  
Mercy, thro' CHRIST, is all my suit ;  
LORD, let thy mercy come,

## FAMILY WORSHIP.

333 C. M.

Great Milton 212. Matthew's 34.

Going to a new Habitation.

- 1 **G**REAT God, where'er we pitch our tent,  
 Let us an altar raise ;  
 And there, with humble frame, present  
 Our sacrifice of praise.
- 2 To thee we give our health and strength;  
 While health and strength shall last ;  
 For future mercies humbly trust,  
 Nor e'er forget the past.

334 L. M. Steele.

' Magdalene 214, Horsley 205.

The Christian's noblest Resolution. Joshua xxiv. 15.

- 1 **A**H, wretched souls who strive in vain,  
 Slaves to the world, and slaves to sin!  
 A nobler toil may I sustain,  
 A nobler satisfaction win.
- 2 May I resolve with all my heart,  
 With all my powers, to serve the LORD ;  
 Nor from his precepts e'er depart,  
 Whose service is a rich reward.
- 3 O be his service all my joy,  
 Around let my example shine,  
 Till others love the bless'd employ,  
 And join in labours so divine.
- 4 Be this the purpose of my soul,  
 My solemn, my determin'd choice,  
 To yield to his supreme controul,  
 And in his kind commands rejoice.
- 5 O may I never faint or tire,  
 Nor wand'ring leave his sacred ways !  
 Great God, accept my soul's desire,  
 And give me strength to live thy praise.

335 L. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Portugal 97. Ulverston 179.

Family Religion. Gen. xviii. 19.

- 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 prais'd,  
Be our domestic altars rais'd ;  
Who, LORD of heaven, scorns not to dwell  
With saints in their obscurest cell.
- 3 To thee may each united house,  
Morning and night, present its vows ;  
Our servants there, and rising race,  
Be taught thy precepts, and thy grace.
- 4 O may each future age proclaim  
The honours of thy glorious name !  
While pleas'd and thankful we remove  
To join the family above.

## 336 S. M.

Eagle Street New 55. Simon's 250.

Prayer for Infants ; or, Children Day by Day given to God.

- 1 **G**REAT God, now condescend  
To bless our rising race ;  
Soon may their willing spirits bend  
To thy victorious grace !  
O what a vast delight  
Their happiness to see !  
Our warmest wishes all unite  
To lead their souls to thee.  
Dear LORD, thy Spirit pour  
Upon our infant seed ;  
O bring the long'd-for happy hour  
That makes them thine indeed.

K



- 4 May they receive thy word,  
 Confess the Saviour's name,  
 Then follow their despised LORD  
 Thro' the baptismal stream.
- 5 Thus let our favour'd race  
 Surround thy sacred board,  
 There to adore thy sovereign grace,  
 And sing their dying LORD.

337 C. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Condescension 116. New York 33.

CHRIST'S condescending Regard to little Children,  
 Mark x. 14.

- 1 **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 'twas to bless such souls as these,  
 ' The LORD of Angels came.'
- 3 We bring them, LORD, by fervent prayer,  
 And yield them up to thee ;  
 Joyful that we ourselves are thine,  
 Thine let our offspring be !
- 4 [Ye little flock, with pleasure hear ;  
 Ye children, seek his face ;  
 And fly with transport to receive  
 The blessings of his grace.]
- 5 If orphans they are left behind,  
 Thy guardian care we trust ;  
 That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,  
 If weeping o'er their dust.

## PUBLIC WORSHIP.

338 148th. *B. Francis\**.

Clapham 18. Dartmouth 46. Greenwich New 62.

On opening a Place of Worship.

1 **I**N sweet exalted strains  
 The King of Glory praise ;  
 O'er heaven and earth he reigns,  
 Thro' everlasting days :  
 He, with a nod, the world controuls,  
 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.

Then, King of Glory, come,  
 And with thy favour crown  
 This temple as thy dome,  
 This people as thy own :  
 Beneath this roof, O deign to shew  
 How God can dwell with men below !

Here, may thine ears attend  
 Our interceding cries,  
 And grateful praise ascend  
 All fragrant to the skies :  
 Here, may thy word melodious sound,  
 And spread celestial joys around !

sung on opening the Meeting-House at Horsley, Glou-  
 shire, September 18, 1774 ; and also at the opening  
 of New Meeting House at Downend, near Bristol,  
 Dec 4, 1786.

- 5 Here, may th' attentive throng  
 Imbibe thy truth and love,  
 And converts join the song  
 Of seraphim above ;  
 And willing crowds surround thy board,  
 With sacred joy and sweet accord !
- 6 Here, may our unborn sons  
 And daughters sound thy praise,  
 And shine, like polish'd stones,  
 Thro' long succeeding days ;  
 Here, LORD, display thy saving power,  
 While temples stand, and men adore.

339 L. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Chard 175. Wareham 117.

On Opening a Place of Worship.

- 1 GREAT GOD, thy watchful care we bless,  
 Which guards our synagogues in peace ;  
 Nor dare tumultuous foes invade,  
 To fill our worshippers with dread.
- 2 These walls we to thy honour raise ;  
 Long may they echo to thy praise ;  
 And thou, descending, fill the place  
 With choicest tokens of thy grace.
- 3 Here let the great Redeemer reign  
 With all the graces of his train ;  
 While power divine his word attends  
 To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.
- 4 And, in the great decisive day  
 When God the nations shall survey,  
 May it before the world appear  
 That crowds were born to glory here.

340 C. M. *Newton.*

Abridge 201. Bedford 91.

On Opening a Place for Social Prayer.

- 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 Shew us some token of thy love,  
Our fainting hope to raise ;  
And pour thy blessings from above,  
That we may render praise.
- 4 And may the Gospel's joyful sound,  
Enforc'd by mighty grace,  
Awaken many sinners round  
To come and fill the place.

341 S. M. *Dr. S. Stennett.*

Kibworth 249. Vermont 184.

The Pleasure of Social Worship.

- 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 compar'd with this,  
Where Jesus holds his court.
- 3 Here, on the mercy-seat,  
With radiant glory crown'd,  
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,  
And smile on all around.

- 4 To him their prayers and cries  
Each humble soul presents :  
He listens to their broken sighs,  
And grants them all their wants.
- 5 To them his sov'reign will  
He graciously imparts :  
And in return accepts, with smiles,  
The tribute of their hearts.
- 6 Give me, O LORD, a place  
Within thy blest abode,  
Among the children of thy grace,  
The servants of my God.

342 7s. *D. Turner.*

Feversham 220. Bath Abbey 147.

The Excellency of Public Worship.

- 1 **L**ORD 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 mak'st thy glories known ;  
Here we learn thy righteous ways,  
Taste thy love, and sing thy praise.
- 4 Thus, with festive songs of joy,  
We our happy lives employ ;  
Love, and long to love thee more.  
Till from earth to heaven we soar.

343 L. M. Steele.

Langdon 217, Chard 175.

The Happiness of humble Worship. Psalm lxxxiv.

**H**OW lovely, how divinely sweet,  
**O** LORD, thy sacred courts appear!  
 'Tis vain would my longing passions meet  
 The glories of thy presence there.

Blest the men, blest their employ,  
 Whom thy indulgent favours raise  
 To dwell in those abodes of joy,  
 And sing thy never-ceasing praise.

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.

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.

**G**OD is a sun; our brightest day  
 From his reviving presence flows:  
**G**OD is a shield; thro' all the way,  
 To guard us from surrounding foes.

He pours his kindest blessings down,  
 Profusely down, on souls sincere;  
 And grace shall guide, and glory crown,  
 The happy fav'rites of his care.

**L**ORD of hosts, thou **G**OD 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. Lewton 30.

Delight in God's House, and Confidence in him. Psal. xxvii.

- 1 **T**HOU, LORD, my safety, thou my light,  
 What danger shall my soul affright?  
 Strength of my life! what arm shall dare  
 To hurt whom thou hast own'd thy care?
- 2 One wish, with holy transport warm,  
 My heart has form'd, and yet shall form;  
 One gift I ask, that to my end  
 Fair Sion's dome I may attend:
- 3 There joyful find a sure abode,  
 And view the beauty of my God;  
 For he within his hallow'd shrine  
 My secret refuge shall assign.
- 4 When thou, with condescending grace,  
 Hast bid me seek thy shining face,  
 My heart reply'd to thy kind word,  
 Thee will I seek, all-gracious LORD!
- 5 Should every earthly friend depart,  
 And nature leave a parent's heart;  
 My God, on whom my hopes depend,  
 Will be my father and my friend.
- 6 Ye humble souls, in every strait,  
 On GOD with sacred courage wait:  
 His hand shall life and strength afford;  
 O ever wait upon the LORD.

345 S. M. *Dr. Watts's Lyrics.*

Price's 187. Hopkins 157.

Forms vain without Religion.

- 1 **A**Lmighty Maker, God!  
 How wondrous is thy name!

Thy glories how diffus'd abroad  
Thro' the creation's frame!

Nature in every dress  
Her humble homage pays,  
And finds a thousand ways t' express  
Thine undissembled praise.

My soul would rise and sing  
To her Creator too;  
Vain would my tongue adore my King,  
And pay the worship due.

[But pride, that busy sin,  
Spoils all that I perform,  
Ours'd pride, that creeps securely in,  
And swells a haughty worm.]

Create my soul anew,  
Else all my worship's vain;  
His wretched heart will ne'er be true,  
Until 'tis form'd again.

Let joy and worship spend  
The remnant of my days,  
And to my God, my soul ascend  
In sweet perfumes of praise.

*THE LORD'S DAY.*

346 8. 8. 6. *Merrick.*

Baltimore 167. Broadmead 150.

Psalm for the House of God, and Delight in Worship.  
Psalm cxxii.

[THE joyful morn, my GOD, is come,  
That calls me to thy honour'd dome,  
Thy presence to adore:  
Thy 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 implor'd by each on thee, '   
O Sion, while with bended knee  
To Jacob's God we pray :  
How bless'd, who calls himself thy friend !  
Success his labours shall attend,  
And safety guard his way.
- 4 O mayst 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 lov'd abode ?  
How cease the zeal that in me glows,  
Thy good to seek, whose walls enclose  
The mansions of my God ?

347 7s. *D. Turner.*

Alcester 213. Feversham 220.

A Song of Praise to the Redeemer. Psalm. xl. 7, 8.

- 1 **H**OLY wonder, heavenly grace,  
Come, inspire our humble lays,  
While the Saviour's love we sing,  
Whence our hopes and comforts spring.

an, invol'd in guilt and woe,  
 touch'd his tender bosom so,  
 that when justice death demands,  
 with the great Deliverer stands ;

cries to God, ' Thy mercy shew ;  
 Lo ! I come thy will to do ;  
 the sacrifice will be,  
 Death shall plunge his dart in me.'

o' the form of God he bore,  
 sat in glory, great in power,  
 to him in our flesh arrāy'd,  
 swifter than his angels made.

He that heaven itself possess'd  
 took an infant at the breast !  
 angels from the world above,  
 and sing th' amazing love !

o' the shining hours of day,  
 and danger mark his way ;  
 lonely mounts, and chilling air,  
 witness oft his midnight prayer.]

When the heavenly lover dies !  
 darkness veils the mid-day skies !  
 angels round the bloody tree  
 long, and gaze in ecstasy !

rocks and tombs unseen earth's bosom heave,  
 rocks and tombs asunder cleave ;  
 while the Temple's rending veil  
 tells the priest the awful tale.]

On the third day's dawning come,  
 the Saviour leaves the tomb !  
 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. J. Stennett.

Rowles 73. Magdalene 214.

The Sabbath.

- 1 **A**NOTHER six days work is done,  
Another sabbath is begun ;  
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,  
Improve the day thy GOD hath bless'd.
- 2 Come, bless the LORD, whose love assigns  
So sweet a rest to wearied minds ;  
Provides an antepast of heaven,  
And gives this day the food of seven.
- 3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise  
As grateful incense to the skies ;  
And draw from heaven that sweet repose  
Which none but he that feels it, knows.
- 4 This heavenly calm, within the breast,  
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,  
Which for the church of GOD remains,  
The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 5 With joy, great GOD, thy works we view,  
In various scenes, both old and new ;  
With praise, we think on mercies past ;  
With hope, we future pleasures taste.
- 6 In holy duties, let the day  
In holy pleasures pass away ;  
How sweet a sabbath thus to spend,  
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

349 148th.

Carter Lane 141. Dartmouth 46.

A Hymn for Lord's-Day Morning.

**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.

At thy approaching dawn,  
 Reluctant Death resign'd  
 The glorious Prince of Life,  
 In dark domains confin'd ;  
 Th' angelic host around him bends,  
 And 'midst their shouts THE GOD ascends.

All hail, triumphant Lord !  
 Heaven with hosannas rings ;  
 While earth, in humbler strains,  
 Thy praise responsive sings ;  
 Worthy art thou, who once wast slain,  
 Thro' endless years to live and reign.'

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.

Make bare thy potent arm,  
 And wing th' 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. B——.

Salem 139. New York 33.

A Hymn for the Evening of the Lord's Day.

- 1 **F**REQUENT the day of God returns  
 To shed its quick'ning 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 C. M. Cennick.

Brighthelmstone 208. Providence College 10.

LORD'S-DAY EVENING.

- 1 **W**HEN, O dear Jesus, when shall I  
 Behold thee all serene ;  
 Blest in perpetual sabbath-day,  
 Without a veil between ?
- 2 Assist me, while I wander here,  
 Amidst a world of cares ;  
 Incline my heart to pray with love,  
 And then accept my prayers.

[Release my soul from every chain,  
 No more hell's captive led ;  
 And pardon a repenting child,  
 For whom the Saviour bled.

Spare me, my God, O spare the soul  
 That gives itself to thee ;  
 Take all that I possess below,  
 And give thyself to me.]

Thy Spirit, O my Father, give,  
 To be my guide and friend,  
 To light my path to ceaseless joys,  
 To Sabbaths without end,

351 (Second Part.) L. M. *Dr. Watts,*

Portugal 97. New Sabbath 122.

LORD'S-DAY EVENING.

**L**ORD, how delightful 'tis to see  
 A whole assembly worship thee !  
 At once they sing, at once they pray !  
 They hear of heav'n, and learn the way.

1 I have been there, and still would go ;  
 'Tis like a little heaven below :  
 Not all that hell or sin can say  
 Shall tempt me to forget this day.

2 O write upon my mem'ry, LORD,  
 The text and doctrine of thy word ;  
 That I may break thy laws no more,  
 But love thee better than before.

4 With thoughts of Christ, and things divine,  
 Fill up this foolish heart of mine ;  
 That, hoping pardon thro' his blood,  
 I may lie down and wake with God.

## 352 L. M.

Gloucester 12. Lebanon 79.

The Eternal Sabbath. Heb. iv. 9.

- 1 **T**HINE earthly Sabbaths, LORD, we love,  
 But there's a nobler rest above;  
 To that our labouring souls aspire  
 With ardent pangs of strong desire.
- 2 No more fatigue, no more distress,  
 Nor sin, nor hell shall reach the place;  
 No groans to mingle with the songs  
 Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 3 No rude alarms of raging foes;  
 No cares to break the long repose;  
 No midnight shade, no clouded sun,  
 But sacred, high, eternal, noon.
- 4 Thine earthly Sabbaths, LORD, we love,  
 But there's a nobler rest above;  
 To that our labouring souls aspire,  
 With ardent pangs of strong desire.

*HYMNS BEFORE PRAYER.*353 L. M. *Couper.*

Portugal 97. Langdon 217.

Exhortation to Prayer.

- 1 **W**HAT various hindrances we meet  
 In coming to a mercy-seat!  
 Yet who, that knows the worth of prayer,  
 But wishes to be often there?
- 2 Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw,  
 Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,  
 Gives exercise to faith and love,  
 Brings every blessing from above.

- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight ;  
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright ;  
And Satan trembles when he sees  
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,  
Success was found on Israel's side ;  
But when thro' weariness they fail'd,  
That moment Amalek prevail'd.
- 5 Have you no words ? ah, think again,  
Words flow apace when you complain,  
And fill your fellow-creatures 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 !'

354 7s.

Cookham 36. Stoel 164.

will not let thee go, except thou bless me. Gen. xxxii. 26.

**L**ORD, I cannot let thee go,  
Till a blessing thou bestow ;  
Do not turn away thy face,  
Mine's an urgent pressing case.  
Dost thou ask me who I am ?  
Ah ! my LORD, thou know'st my name ;  
Yet the question gives a plea  
To support my suit with thee.  
Thou didst once a wretch behold,  
In rebellion blindly hold,  
Scorn thy grace, thy power defy ;  
That poor rebel, LORD, was I.



- 4 Once a sinner near despair  
Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer ;  
Mercy heard, and set him free ;  
LORD, that mercy came to me.
- 5 Many days have pass'd since then,  
Many changes I have seen ;  
Yet have been upheld till now ;  
Who could hold me up but thou ?
- 6 Thou hast help'd in every need ;  
This emboldens me to plead :  
After so much mercy past,  
Canst thou let me sink at last ?
- 7 No—I must maintain my hold,  
'Tis thy goodness makes me bold ;  
I can no denial take,  
When I plead for JESU'S sake.

355 C. M. *Edmund Jones.*

Ludlow 84. Crowle 3.

The successful Resolve—I will go in unto the King.  
Esther iv. 16.

- 1 **C**OME, 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, tho' my sin  
' Hath like a mountain rose ;  
' I know his courts, I'll enter in,  
' Whatever may oppose.
- 3 ' Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,  
' And there my guilt confess ;  
' I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone.  
' Without his sovereign grace.

- 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 resolv'd 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 New 55. Broderip's 252;

A broken Heart, and a bleeding Saviour.

- 1 **U**NTO thine altar, LORD,  
 A broken heart I bring;  
 And wilt thou graciously accept  
 Of such a worthless thing?
- 2 To CHRIST, the bleeding Lamb,  
 My faith directs its eyes;  
 Thou mayst reject that worthless thing,  
 But not his sacrifice.
- 3 When he gave up the ghost,  
 The law was satisfy'd;  
 And now to its most rigorous claims,  
 I answer, ' JESUS died,'

357 L. M. *Beddome.*

Rippon's 188. Ulverston 179.

Holy Boldness.

- 1 **S**PRINKLED with reconciling blood,  
 I dare approach thy throne, O God;  
 Thy face no frowning aspect wears,  
 Thy hand no vengeful thunder bears!
- 2 Th' encircling rainbow, peaceful sign!  
 Doth with refulgent brightness shine;  
 And while my faith beholds it near,  
 I bid farewell to every fear.
- 3 Let me my grateful homage pay;  
 With courage sing, with fervour pray;  
 And, tho' myself a wretch undone,  
 Hope for acceptance thro' thy Son—
- 4 Thy Son, who on th' accursed tree  
 Expir'd to set the vilest free;  
 On this I build my only claim,  
 And all I ask is in his name.

358 8. 8. 6. *J. Straphan.*

Chatham 59.

The Lord's Prayer. Matt. vi. 9—13.

- 1 **O**UR Father, whose eternal sway  
 The bright angelic hosts obey,  
 Oh, lend a pitying ear,  
 When on thy awful name we call,  
 And at thy feet submissive fall,  
 Oh! 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,  
Oh ! set our spirits free :  
And if temptation should assail,  
May mighty grace o'er all prevail,  
And lead our hearts to thee.
- 6 Thine is the power ; to thee belongs  
The constant tribute of our songs,  
All glory to thy name :  
Let every creature join our lays,  
In one resounding act of praise,  
Thy wonders to proclaim.

## HYMNS BEFORE SERMON.

359 L. M. Dr. S. Stennett.

Portugal 97. Wareham 117.

To be sung between Prayer and Sermon.

- 1 **W**HERE two or three, with sweet accord,  
Obedient to their sovereign LORD,  
Meet to recount his acts of grace,  
And offer solemn prayer and praise ; K 16

2 ' There,' says the Saviour, ' will I be,  
 ' Amid this little company ;  
 ' To them unveil my smiling face,  
 ' And shed my glories round the place.'

3 We meet at thy command, dear LORD,  
 Relying on thy faithful word :  
 Now send thy Spirit from above,  
 Now fill our hearts with heavenly love.

## 360 C. M.

Great Milton 212. Condescension 116.

1 Cor. iii. 6, 7.

1 **I**N vain Apollos' silver tongue,  
 And Paul's, with strains profound,  
 Diffuse among the listening throng  
 The Gospel's gladdening sound.

2 JESUS, the work is wholly thine  
 To form the heart anew ;  
 Now let thy sov'reign grace divine  
 Each stubborn soul subdue.

361 112th. *Fawcett.*

Uffculm 93. Carey's 11. Hoxton 121.

Before Sermon.

1 **T**HY presence, gracious God, afford,  
 Prepare us to receive thy word :  
 Now let thy voice engage our ear,  
 And faith be mix'd with what we hear :  
*Chor.* Thus, LORD, thy waiting servants 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,

- 3 To us the sacred word apply,  
With sovereign power and energy;  
And may we, in thy faith and fear,  
Reduce to practice what we hear: *Chor.* Thus,
- 4 Father, in us thy Son reveal;  
Teach us to know and do thy will:  
Thy saving power and love display,  
And guide us to the realms of day: *Chor.* Thus.

361 (Second Part.) L. M.

Rippon's 188. Paul's 246. Gould's 272.

Longing for the Presence and Blessing of God. 1 Sam. vii. 2.

- 1 **L**OOK from on high, great God, and see  
Thy 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. *Beddome.*

Bath Chapel 26. Michael's 119.

The Freeness of the Gospel.

- 1 **H**OW free and boundless is the grace  
Of our redeeming God,  
Extending to the Greek and Jew,  
And men of every blood!
- 2 The mightiest king, and meanest slave,  
May his rich mercy taste;  
He bids the beggar and the prince  
Unto the Gospel feast.

- 3 None are excluded thence, but those  
 Who do themselves exclude ;  
 Welcome the learned and polite,  
 The ignorant and rude.
- 4 Come then, ye men of every name,  
 Of every rank and tongue ;  
 What you are willing to receive  
 Doth unto you belong.

## 363 7s.

Stoel 164. Cookham 36.

A Blessing humbly requested.

- 1 **L**ORD, we come before thee now,  
 At thy feet we humbly bow ;  
 O! do not our suit disdain ;  
 Shall we seek thee, LORD, in vain ?
- 2 In thy own appointed way,  
 Now we seek thee, here we stay ;  
 Lord, from hence we would not go,  
 Till a blessing thou bestow.
- 3 Send some message from thy word,  
 That may joy and peace afford ;  
 Let thy Spirit now impart  
 Full salvation to each heart.
- 4 Grant that all may seek and find  
 Thee a GOD supremely kind ;  
 Heal the sick, the captive free ;  
 Let us all rejoice in thee.

## 364 L. M.

Portugal 97. Horsley 205. Gould's 272.

The Pool of Bethesda. John v. 2-4.

- 1 **H**OW long, thou faithful GOD, shall I  
 Here in thy ways forgotten lie ?  
 When shall the means of healing be  
 The channels of thy grace to me ?

- 2 Sinners on every side step in,  
And wash away their pain and sin;  
But I, an helpless sin-sick soul,  
Still lie expiring at the pool.
- 3 Thou cov'nant angel, swift come down,  
To-day thine own appointments crown;  
Thy power into the means infuse,  
And give them now their sacred use.
- 4 Thou seest me lying at the pool,  
I would, thou know'st I would, be whole;  
Oh let the troubled waters move,  
And minister thy healing love.

365 8. 7. 4. *Toplady's Collection.*

Helmsley 223. Painswick 162.

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 JESU'S guest!  
O receive us,  
Let us find thy promis'd rest.

366 L. M.

Islington 40. Lebanon 79.

Casting the Gospel-Net. Luke v. 5. John xxi. 6.

- 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.

K 18



- 2 May this be a much-favour'd hour,  
To souls in Satan's bondage led;  
O clothe thy word with sovereign power  
To break the rocks, and raise the dead!
- 3 To mourners speak a cheering word,  
On seeking souls vouchsafe to shine;  
Let poor backsliders be restor'd,  
And all thy saints in praises join.
- 4 [O hear our prayer, and give us hope,  
That, when thy voice shall call us home,  
Thou still wilt raise a people up  
To love and praise thee in our room.]

367 S. M. *Beddome.*

Harborough 142. Wirksworth 158.

He beheld the City, and wept over it. John xix. 41.

- 1 **D**ID CHRIST o'er sinners weep,  
And shall our cheeks be dry?  
Let floods of penitential grief  
Burst forth, from every eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears,  
Angels with wonder see!  
Be thou astonish'd, O my soul,  
He shed those tears for thee.
- 3 He wept that we might weep;  
Each sin demands a tear;  
In heav'n alone no sin is found,  
And there's no weeping there.

## 368 8. 7. 4.

Helmsley 223. Lewes 63.

A Blessing requested.

- 1 **C**OME, thou soul-transforming Spirit,  
Bless the sower and the seed:  
Let each heart thy grace inherit,  
Raise the weak, the hungry feed.

- From the gospel  
 Now supply thy people's need.
- 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.

Bethesda 112. Carmarthen New 35.

Blind Bartimeus. Luke xviii. 35—38.

- 1 **S**INFUL, and blind, and poor,  
 And lost without thy grace,  
 Thy mercy I implore,  
 And wait to see thy face:  
 Begging I sit by the way side,  
 And long to know the Crucify'd.
- 2 **J**ESUS, attend my cry,  
 Thou Son of David, hear;  
 If now thou passest by,  
 Stand still and call me near;  
 The darkness from my heart remove,  
 And shew me now thy pardoning love.

370 L. M. *Beddome*

Coombs's, 45. Islington 40.

Thy Kingdom come. Matt. vi. 10.

- 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,  
 Subdu'd by thy victorious grace.

- 3 O let the kingdoms of the world  
 Become the kingdoms of the LORD ;  
 Let saints and angels praise thy name,  
 Be thou thro' heaven and earth ador'd.

## 371 L. M.

Wareham 117. Green's Hundred 89.

Ezekiel's Vision of the dry Bones. Ezek. xxxvii. 3.

- 1 **L**OOK down, O LORD, with pitying eye ;  
 See Adam's race in ruin lie ;  
 Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,  
 And scatters slaughter'd heaps around.
- 2 And can these mouldering corpses live ?  
 And can these perish'd bones revive ?  
 That, mighty GOD, to thee is known ;  
 That wondrous work is all thy own.
- 3 Thy ministers are sent in vain  
 To prophesy upon the slain ;  
 In vain they call, in vain they cry,  
 Till thine almighty aid is nigh.
- 4, But if thy Spirit deign to breathe,  
 Life spreads thro' all the realms of death ;  
 Dry bones obey thy powerful voice ;  
 They move, they waken, they rejoice.
- 5 So, when thy trumpet's awful sound  
 Shall shake the heavens and rend the ground,  
 Dead saints shall from their tombs arise,  
 And spring to life beyond the skies.

## HYMNS AFTER SERMON.

372 C. M. Bath Chapel 26. New York 33.

The Parable of the Sower. Matt. xiii. 3—23.

- 1 **N**OW, LORD, the heavenly seed is sown,  
 Be it thy servants' care  
 Thy heavenly blessing to bring down,  
 By humble fervent prayer.

- 2 In vain we plant without thine aid,  
 And water too in vain ;  
 LORD of the harvest, God of Grace,  
 Send down thy Leavenly rain.
- 3 Then shall our cheerful hearts and tongues  
 Begin this song divine ;  
 ' Thou, LORD, hast given the rich increase,  
 ' And be the glory thine.'

373 148th. *Newton.*

Bethesda 112. Eagle Street 16.

**O**N what has now been sown,  
 Thy blessing, LORD, bestow ;  
 The power is thine alone  
 To make it spring and grow :  
 Do thou the gracious harvest raise,  
 And thou, alone, shalt have the praise.

374 L. M.

Denbigh 54. Rowles 73.

The Spread of the Gospel. Mat. vi. 10.

- 1 **T**O distant lands thy Gospel send,  
 And thus thy empire wide extend :  
 To Gentile, Turk, and stubborn Jew,  
 Thou King of Grace ! salvation shew.
- 2 Where'er thy sun or light arise,  
 Thy name, O God ! immortalize :  
 May nations yet unborn confess  
 Thy wisdom, power, and righteousness.

375 C. M.

Bedford 91. Abridge 201.

Duties and Privileges. Jude 20, 21.

- 1 **W**HILE sinners, who presume to bear  
 The christian's sacred name,  
 Throw up the reins to every lust,  
 And glory in their shame ;

- 2 Ye saints preserv'd in CHRIST and call'd,  
 Detest their impious ways,  
 And on the basis of your faith  
 An heavenly temple raise.
- 3 Upon the Spirit's promis'd aid  
 Depend from day to day,  
 And, while he breathes his quickening gale,  
 Adore, and praise, and pray.
- 4 Preserve unquench'd your love to GOD,  
 And let the flame arise,  
 And higher and still higher blaze,  
 Till it ascend the skies.
- 5 With a transporting joy expect  
 The grace your LORD shall give,  
 When all his saints shall from his hands  
 Their crowns of life receive.

376 C. M. *Toplady's Collection.*

Grove House 143. Foster 96. Salem 139.

Now is the accepted Time.

- 1 **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 lov'd the church, and gave his Son  
 To drink the cup of wrath:  
 And JESUS says he'll cast out none  
 That come to him by faith.

376 (Second Part.) L. M.

Paul's 246. Gould's 272.

The convinced Sinner encouraged.

- 1 **W**HOO 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 L. M. *Dr. S. Stennett.*

Angel's Hymn 60. Paul's 246.

Acceptance through CHRIST alone. John xiv. 6.

- 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 (Second Part.) 7s.

Cookham 36. Stoel 164. Hotham 224.

The Pleasures of Religion.

- 1 **T**IS religion that can give  
Sweetest pleasures while we live;  
Tis 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.

Rowles 73. Portugal 97.

Habbakuk iii. 17, 18.

**I**S JESUS mine! I'm now prepar'd  
 To meet with what I thought most hard;  
 Yes, let the winds of trouble blow,  
 And comforts melt away like snow;  
 No blasted trees or failing crops  
 Can hinder my eternal hopes;  
 Tho' creatures change, the LORD's the same,  
 Then let me triumph in his name.

## 379 7s.

Deptford 124. Turin 244.

Help. Hosea xiii. 9.

**S**ELF-destroy'd, for help I pray:  
 Help me, Saviour, from above;  
 Help me to believe, obey;  
 Help me to repent, and love;  
 Help to keep the graces given,  
 Help me quite from hell to heaven.

## 380 C. M.

Abridge 201. Grove House 143.

Felix trembling. Acts xxiv. 24, 25.

- 1 **S**EE Felix, cloth'd with pomp and power,  
 See his resplendent bride,  
 Attend to hear a prisoner preach  
 The Saviour crucify'd.
- 2 He well describes who JESUS was,  
 His glories and his love,  
 How he obey'd and bled below,  
 And reigns and pleads above.
- 3 Felix up starts, and trembling cries,  
 ' Go, for this time, away;  
 ' I'll hear thee on these points again  
 ' On some convenient day.'

- 4 Attention to the words of life  
 Let Felix thus adjourn ;  
 LORD, let us make these solemn truths  
 Our first and last concern.

## 381 S. M.

Eagle Street New 55. Vermont 134.

Jabez's Prayer. 1 Chron. iv. 9, 10.

- 1 ' **O** THAT the LORD indeed  
 ' Would me his servant bless,  
 ' From every evil shield my head,  
 ' And crown my paths with peace!  
 2 ' Be his almighty hand  
 ' My helper and my guide,  
 ' Till with his saints in Canaan's land  
 ' My portion he divide.'

## 382 (First Part.) C. M.

Brighthelmstone 208. Ann's 58.

Desiring to walk in the Way of Holiness to Happiness.

Psalm lxxxiv. 8.

- 1 **L**ORD God, omnipotent to bless,  
 My supplication hear ;  
 Guardian of Jacob, to my voice  
 Incline thy gracious ear.  
 2 If I have never yet begun  
 To tread the sacred road,  
 O teach my wandering feet the way  
 To Zion's blest abode !  
 3 Or, if I'm travelling in the path,  
 Assist me with thy strength,  
 And let me swift advances make,  
 And reach thine heaven at length !  
 4 My care, my hope, my first request,  
 Are all compris'd in this,  
 To follow where thy saints have led,  
 And then partake their bliss.'



## 382 (Second Part.) C. M.

Sprague 166. Bedford 91.

Good Hope of Interest united with Gratitude.

- 1 **I**F, LORD, in thy fair book of life  
 My worthless name doth stand;  
 And in my heart the law is writ  
 By thine unerring hand;
- 2 I am secure, by grace divine,  
 Of crowns above the skies;  
 And on the road, from thy rich stores,  
 Shall meet with fresh supplies.
- 3 To thee in sweet melodious strains  
 My grateful voice I'll raise;  
 But life's too short, my powers too weak,  
 To shew forth half thy praise.
- 4 [Had I ten thousand thousand tongues,  
 Not one should silent be;  
 Had I ten thousand thousand hearts,  
 I'd give them all to thee.]

## 383 104th. Sussex 70. Hanover 130.

Praise for Salvation.

- 1 **O**UR Saviour alone, the LORD let us bless,  
 Who reigns on his throne, the Prince of  
 our Peace;  
 Who evermore saves us by shedding his blood;  
 All hail, holy JESUS, our LORD and our GOD!
- 2 We thankfully sing thy glory and praise,  
 Thou merciful spring of pity and grace:  
 Thy kindness for ever to men we will tell,  
 And say, Our dear Saviour redeems us from hell!
- 3 Preserve us in love, while here we abide:  
 O never remove thy presence, nor hide  
 Thy glorious salvation, till each of us see  
 With joy the bless'd vision completed in thee.

## 383 (Second Part.) L. M.

Portugal 97. Bredby 165.

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 Thro' him my sins are all forgiven,  
 He ever pleads my cause in heaven:  
 I'll build an altar to his name,  
 And to the world his grace proclaim.

## 384 (First Part.) C. M.

Boston 159. Miall 240.

Not unto us. Psalm cxv. 1.

- 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 inspir'd,  
 Like theirs our songs should rise;  
 Like them we never should be tir'd,  
 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 (Second Part.) C. M.

Cambridge New 74. Otford 106. Missionary 257.

Joying and glorifying in the LORD.

- 1 **Y**E saints of every rank, with joy  
 To GOD your offerings bring;  
 Let towns and cities, hills and vales,  
 With loud hosannas ring.
- 2 Let him receive the glory due  
 To his exalted name;  
 With thankful tongues, and hearts inflam'd,  
 His wondrous deeds proclaim.
- 3 Praise him in elevated strains,  
 And make the *world* to know,  
 How *great* the Master whom you serve,  
 And yet how *gracious* too.

## 385 8s.

Lock 49. Lambeth 57.

Our GOD for ever and ever. Psalm xlviii. 14.

**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:

'Tis JESUS, the first and the last,  
 Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;  
 We'll praise him for all that is past,  
 And trust him for all that's to come.

## 386 C. M. Cennick.

Newington 61. Great Milton 212.

CHRIST the Burthen of the Song.

- 1 **T**HOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,  
 We love to hear of thee;  
 No music's like thy charming name,  
 Nor half so sweet can be.
- 2 O let us ever hear thy voice,  
 In mercy to us speak,

And in our Priest we will rejoice,  
Thou great Melchisedec.

- 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 we will sing more sweet, more loud,  
And CHRIST shall be our song.

387 6, 4.

Bermondsey 52. Bridgewater 261.

Worthy the Lamb.

- 1 **G**LORY to God on high !  
Let earth and skies reply,  
Praise ye his name :  
His love and grace adore,  
Who all our sorrows bore ;  
Sing aloud evermore,  
Worthy the Lamb.
- 2 JESUS, our LORD and GOD,  
Bore sin's tremendous load,  
Praise ye his name :  
Tell what his arm hath done,  
What spoils from death he won ;  
Sing his great name alone ;  
Worthy the Lamb.
- 3 While they around the throne  
Cheerfully join in one,  
Praising his name ;  
Those who have felt his blood  
Sealing their peace with GOD,  
Sound his dear fame abroad,  
Worthy the Lamb.

- 4 Join, all ye ransom'd race,  
Our holy LORD to bless ;  
Praise ye his name :  
In him we will rejoice,  
And make a joyful noise,  
Shouting with heart and voice,  
Worthy the Lamb.
- 5 What tho' we change our place,  
Yet we shall never cease  
Praising his name :  
To him our songs we bring,  
Hail him our gracious King,  
And without ceasing sing,  
Worthy the Lamb.
- 6 Then let the hosts above,  
In realms of endless love,  
Praise his dear name :  
To him ascribed be  
Honour and majesty,  
Thro' all eternity :  
Worthy the Lamb.

388 L. M. *Hart.*

Lebanon 79. Horsley 205. Manning 245.

At Dismission.

- 1 **D**ISMISS us with thy blessing, LORD,  
Help us to feed upon thy word ;  
All that has been amiss forgive,  
And let thy truth within us live.
- 2 Tho' we are guilty, thou art good,  
Wash all our works in JESU'S blood ;  
Give every fetter'd soul release,  
And bid us all depart in peace.

389 8. 7. 4.

Helmsley 223. Westbury 51.

At Dismission.

- 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 thro' this wilderness.
- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,  
 For thy Gospel's joyful sound;  
 May the fruits of thy salvation  
 In our hearts and lives abound:  
 May thy presence  
 With us evermore be found!
- 3 So, whene'er the signal's given  
 Us from earth to call away;  
 Borne on angels' wings to heaven,  
 Glad to leave our cumb'rous clay,  
 May we ready  
 Rise, and reign in endless day!

390 C. M.

Bath Chapel 26. Brighthelmstone 208.

Sanctification and Growth. Heb. xiii. 20, 21.

- 1 **N**OW may the God of peace and love,  
 Who from th' imprisoning grave  
 Restor'd the Shepherd of the sheep,  
 Omnipotent to save,
- 2 Thro' the rich merits of that blood,  
 Which he on Calvary spilt  
 To make the eternal cov'nant 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  
 Thro' heaven's eternal day !

391 L. M.

Islington 40. Lebanon 79.

The Peace of God shall keep, &c. Phil. iv. 7.

- 1 **T**HE peace which GOD alone reveals,  
 And by his word of grace imparts,  
 Which only 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. *Newton.*

Welsh 210. Jewin-Street 222.

May the Grace, &c. 2 Cor. xiii. 14.

**M**AY the grace of CHRIST our Saviour,  
 And the FATHER'S boundless love,  
 With the HOLY SPIRIT'S favour,  
 Rest upon us from above !

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

#### DOXOLOGIES.

393 C. M.

Grove House 143. Condescension 116.

**T**O FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
 Who made the earth and heaven,  
 Of equal dignity possess'd,  
 Be equal honours given.

394 S. M. *Beddome*.  
Aynhoe 108. Price's 187.

**T**O the eternal Three,  
In will and essence One,  
Be universal honours paid,  
Co-equal honours done.

395 L. M. *Bp. Ken*.  
Magdalene 214. Old Hundred 100.

**P**RAISE GOD, from whom all blessings flow;  
Praise him, all creatures here below;  
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;  
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,

396 104th.  
Sussex 70. Hanover 130.

**G**IVE glory to GOD, ye children of men,  
And publish abroad, again and again,  
The SON's glorious merit, the FATHER's free grace,  
The gifts of the SPIRIT to Adam's lost race.

397 (First Part.) 8. 7. 4.  
Helmsley 223.

**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.

397 (Second Part.) 8. 8. 6.  
Baltimore 167. Broadmead 150.

**T**O FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
Be praise amid the heavenly host,  
And in the church below,  
From whom all creatures drew their breath,  
By whom redemption bless'd the earth,  
From whom all comforts flow.



## THE WORLD.

398 L. M. *Blackmore.*

Portugal 97. Green's Hundred 89.

## The Vanity of Earthly Things.

- 1 **W**HAT are possessions, fame, and power,  
The boasted splendour of the great ?  
What gold, which dazzled eyes adore,  
And seek with endless toils and sweat ?
- 2 Express their charms, declare their use,  
That we their merit may descry ;  
Tell us what good they can produce,  
Or what important wants supply.
- 3 If, wounded with the sense of sin,  
To them for pardon we should pray,  
Will they restore our peace within,  
And wash our guilty stains away ?
- 4 Can they celestial life inspire,  
Nature with power divine renew,  
With pure and sacred transports fire  
Our bosom, and our lusts subdue ?
- 5 When with the pangs of death we strive,  
And yield all comforts here for lost,  
Will they support us, will they give  
Kind succour, when we need it most ?  
When at th' Almighty's awful bar,  
To hear our final doom we stand,  
Can they incline the Judge to spare,  
Or wrest the vengeance from his hand ?

- 7 Can they protect us from despair,  
From the dark reign of death and hell,  
Crown us with 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. *Dr. S. Stennett.*

New York 33. Providence College 10.

Vanity of the World. Psalm iv. 6.

- 1 **I**N vain the giddy world inquires,  
Forgetful of their God,  
' Who will supply our vast desires,  
' Or shew us any good ?'
- 2 Thro' the wide circuit of the earth  
Their eager wishes rove,  
In chace 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 **L**ORD, from this world call off my love,  
Set my affections right ;  
Bid me aspire to joys above,  
And walk no more by sight.
- 5 **O** let the glories of thy face  
Upon my bosom shine ;  
Assur'd of thy forgiving grace,  
My joys will be divine.

400 C. M. *Needham.*

Tunbridge 103. Abridge 201.

The rich Fool surprised. Luke xii. 16—22.

- 1 **D**ELUDED souls! who think to find  
 A solid bliss below :  
 Bliss ! the fair flower of paradise,  
 On earth can never grow.
- 2 See how the foolish wretch is pleas'd  
 T' increase his worldly store ;  
 Too scanty now he finds his barns,  
 And covets room for more.
- 3 ' What shall I do?' distress'd he cries,  
 ' This scheme will I pursue ;  
 ' My scanty barns shall now come down,  
 ' I'll build them large and new.
- 4 ' Here will I lay my fruits, and bid  
 ' My soul to take its ease :  
 ' Eat, drink, be glad ; my lasting store  
 ' Shall give what joys I please.'
- 5 Scarce had he spoke, when, lo ! from heaven  
 Th' Almighty made reply ;  
 ' For whom dost thou provide, thou fool ?  
 ' This night thyself shalt die.'
- 6 Teach me, my God, all earthly joys  
 Are but an empty dream ;  
 And may I seek my bliss alone,  
 In thee the good supreme !

## 401 C. M.

Charmouth 28. Bangor 231.

The whole World no Compensation for the Loss of one Soul.  
 Mark viii. 36.

- 1 **L**ORD, shall we part with gold for dross,  
 With solid good for show ?

- Outlive our bliss, and mourn our loss  
In everlasting woe?
- 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 I. M. *Dr. Watts's Lyrics.*

Lebanon 79. Manning 245.

The Farewell.

- 1 **D**EAD be my heart to all below,  
To mortal joys and mortal cares ;  
To sensual bliss that charms us so,  
Be dark, mine eyes, and deaf, my ears.
- 2 **L**ORD, I renounce my carnal taste  
Of the fair fruit that sinners prize :  
Their paradise shall never waste  
One thought of mine, but to despise.
- 3 All earthly joys are overweigh'd  
With mountains of vexatious care ;  
And where's the sweet that is not laid  
A bait to some destructive snare ?
- 4 Begone, for ever, mortal things !  
Thou mighty mole-hill, earth, farewell !  
Angels aspire on lofty wings,  
And leave the globe for ants to dwell.
- 5 Come, heaven, and fill my vast desires ;  
My soul pursues the sovereign good :  
She was all made of heavenly fires,  
Nor can she live on meaner food.

*THE GOSPEL CHURCH.*

403. C. M. New York 33. Maidstone 196.

The Church described ; or, the Stability and Glory of Zion.  
Cant. vi. 10.

- 1 **S**AY, who is she that looks abroad  
Like the sweet-blushing dawn,  
When with her living light she paints  
The dew-drops of the lawn ?
- 2 Fair as the moon, when in the skies  
Serene her throne she guides,  
And o'er the twinkling stars supreme  
In full-orb'd glory rides ;
- 3 Clear as the sun, when from the east,  
Without a cloud, he springs,  
And scatters boundless light and heat  
From his resplendent wings ;
- 4 Tremendous as an host that moves  
Majestically slow,  
With banners wide display'd, all arm'd,  
All ardent for the foe !
- 5 This is the church by heaven array'd  
With strength and grace divine ;  
Thus shall she strike her foes with dread,  
And thus her glories shine.

404 L. M. *Steele.*

Derby 169. Wells Row 98.

The Presence of CHRIST the Joy of his People.

- 1 **T**HE wondring nations have beheld  
The sacred prophecy fulfill'd ;  
And Angels hail the glorious morn,  
That shew'd the great Messiah born ;

- 2 The Prince ! the Saviour ! long desir'd,  
Whom men foretold, by heaven inspir'd,  
And raptur'd saw the blissful day  
Rise o'er the world with healing ray.
- 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,  
'Tis all a scene of gloomy night.
- 5 Come, dearest LORD, thy children cry,  
Our graces droop, our comforts die ;  
Return, and let thy glories rise.  
Again to our admiring eyes ;
- 6 Till, fill'd with light, and joy, and love,  
Thy courts below, like those above,  
Triumphant hallelujahs raise,  
And heaven and earth resound thy praise.

405 C. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Great Milton 212. Exeter 4.

Asking the Way to Sion. Jer. i. 5.

- 1 **E**NQUIRE, ye pilgrims, for the way  
That leads to Sion's hill,  
And thither set your steady face,  
With a determin'd will.
- 2 Invite the strangers all around  
Your pious march to join ;  
And spread the sentiments you feel  
Of faith and love divine.
- 3 O come, and to his temple haste,  
And seek his favour there ;

L 11

- Before his footstool humbly bow,  
 And pour your fervent prayer!
- 4 O come; and join your souls to God  
 In everlasting bands;  
 Accept the blessings he bestows,  
 With thankful hearts and hands.

405 148th. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Swithin's 44. Darwell's 82.

At the forming a Church.

Isai. lvi. 6, 7. Matt. xxi. 13. and Eph. ii. 13, 19.

- 1 **G**REAT Father of mankind,  
 We bless that wondrous grace  
 Which could for Gentiles find  
 Within thy courts a place;  
 How kind the care  
 Our God displays,  
 For us to raise  
 A house of prayer!
- 2 Tho' once estrang'd afar,  
 We now approach the throne;  
 For JESUS brings us near,  
 And makes our cause his own:  
 Strangers no more,  
 To thee we come,  
 And find our home,  
 And rest secure.
- 3 To thee our souls we join,  
 And love thy sacred name;  
 No more our own, but thine,  
 We triumph in thy claim;  
 Our Father-king,  
 Thy cov'nant grace  
 Our souls embrace,  
 Thy titles sing.

- 4 Here in thy house we feast  
 On dainties all divine;  
 And, while such sweets we taste,  
 With joy our faces shiue;  
     Incense shall rise  
     From flames of love,  
     And God approve  
     The sacrifice.
- 5 May all the nations throng  
 To worship in thy house;  
 And thou attend the song,  
 And smile upon their vows;  
     Indulgent still,  
     Till earth conspire  
     To join the choir  
     On Zion's hill.

407 L. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Portugal 97. Derby 169.

The Institution of a Gospel Ministry from CHRIST.  
 Eph. iv. 8, 11, 12.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, in thy house  
 Smile on our homage and our vows;  
 While with a grateful heart we share  
 These pledges of our Saviour's care.
- 2 The Saviour, when to heaven he rose  
 In splendid triumph o'er his foes,  
 Scatter'd his gifts on men below,  
 And wide his royal bounties flow.
- 3 Hence sprung th' Apostles' honour'd name;  
 Sacred beyond heroic fame:  
 In lowlier forms to bless our eyes,  
 Pastors from hence, and teachers rise.

L 12



- 4 From CHRIST their varied gifts derive,  
And fed by CHRIST their graces live :  
While, guarded by his potent hand,  
'Midst all the rage of hell they stand.
- 5 So shall the bright succession run  
Thro' the last courses of the sun ;  
While unborn churches by their care  
Shall rise and flourish large and fair.
- 6 JESUS our LORD, their hearts shall know,  
The spring whence all these blessings flow  
Pastors and People shout his praise  
Thro' the long round of endless days.

408 L. M. Wareham 117.

On sending a Member into the Work of the Ministry\*—  
Isaiah's Obedience to the heavenly Vision. Isai. vi. 8.

- 1 **O**UR God ascends his lofty throne,  
Array'd in Majesty unknown ;  
His lustre all the temple fills,  
And spreads o'er all th' ethereal hills :
- 2 The holy, holy, holy LORD,  
By all the Seraphim ador'd,  
And, while they stand beneath his seat,  
They veil their faces, and their feet,
- 3 LORD, how can sinful lips proclaim  
The honours of so great a name !  
O for thine altar's growing coal  
'To touch his lips, to fire his soul !
- 4 Then if a messenger thou ask,  
A labourer for the hardest task,  
Thro' all his weakness and his fear,  
Love shall reply, ' Thy servant's here.'

\* If sung on any other occasion, ' his' in the three last  
Verses may be exchanged for ' my.'

5 Nor let his willing soul complain,  
 Tho' every effort seem in vain ;  
 It ample recompense shall be  
 But to have wrought, O God, for thee.

409 L. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Paul's 246. Rippon's 138. Gould's 272.

Seeking Direction in the choice of a Pastor.

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 bless'd eyes a shepherd see,  
 Dear to our souls, and dear to thee !

410 C. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Abridge 201. Bedford 91.

Watching for Souls. An Ordination Hymn. Heb. xiii. 17.

**L**ET Sion's watchmen all awake,  
 And take th' alarm they give ;  
 Now let them, from the mouth of God,  
 Their awful charge receive.

'Tis not a cause of small import  
 The pastor's care demands ;  
 But what might fill an Angel's heart,  
 And fill'd a Saviour's hands.

They watch for souls, for which the LORD  
 Did heavenly bliss forego ;—  
 For souls which must for ever live—  
 In raptures, or in woe.

- 4 All to the great tribunal haste,  
 Th' account to render there ;  
 And shouldst thou strictly mark our faults,  
 LORD, where should we appear ?
- 5 May they, that JESUS whom they preach,  
 Their own Redeemer see ;  
 And watch thou daily o'er their souls,  
 That they may watch for thee.

411 L. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Ailic Street 241. Portugal 97.

The Goodness of God acknowledged in giving Pastors *af*  
 his own Heart. Jer. iii. 15\*.

• At the Settlement of a Minister.

- 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 bless this tribute of our praise.

• See Hymn 407, and Association Hymns.

412 C. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Abingdon 42. Braintree 25.

CHRIST'S Care of Ministers and Churches. Rev. ii. 1.

- 1 **W**E bless th' eternal source of light,  
 Who makes the stars to shine;  
 And, through this dark beclouded world,  
 Diffuseth rays divine.
- 2 We bless the church's sovereign King,  
 Whose golden lamps we are;  
 Fix'd in the temples of his love  
 To shine with radiance fair.
- 3 Still be our purity preserv'd;  
 Still fed with oil the flame;  
 And in deep characters inscrib'd  
 Our heavenly Master's name!
- 4 Then, while between our ranks he walks,  
 And all our state surveys,  
 His smiles shall with new lustre deck  
 The people of his praise.

413 I. M.

Babylon Streams 23. Paul's 246. Gould's 272.

On the dangerous Illness of a Minister.

- 1 **O** THOU, before whose gracious throne  
 We bow our suppliant spirits down,  
 View the sad breast, the streaming eye,  
 And let our sorrows pierce the sky.
- 2 Thou know'st the anxious cares we feel,  
 And all our trembling lips would tell;  
 Thou only canst assuage our grief,  
 And yield our woe-fraught heart relief.
- 3 Tho' we have sinn'd, and justly dread  
 The vengeance hovering o'er our head,  
 Yet, Power benign, thy servant spare,  
 Nor turn aside thy people's prayer.

L 14

- 4 Avert thy swift descending stroke,  
Nor smite the shepherd of the flock,  
Lest o'er the barren waste we stray,  
To prowling wolves an easy prey.
- 5 Restore him sinking to the grave ;  
Stretch out thine arm, make haste to save ;  
Back to our hope and wishes give,  
And bid our friend and father live.
- 6 Bound to each soul by tenderest ties,  
In every breast his image lies ;  
Thy pitying aid, O God, impart,  
Nor rend him from each bleeding heart.
- 7 Yet if our supplications fail,  
And prayers and tears can nought prevail,  
Condemn'd on this dark desert coast  
To mourn our much-lov'd leader lost ;
- 8 Be thou his strength, be thou his stay,  
Support him 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. Matthews 34.

At a Minister's leaving his People.—Paul's farewell Charge,  
Acts xx. 26, 27.

- 1 **W**HEN Paul was parted from his friends,  
It was a weeping day ;  
But Jesus made them all amends,  
And wip'd their tears away,

- 2 In heaven they met again with joy  
 (Secure no more to part),  
 Where praises every tongue employ,  
 And pleasure fills each heart.
- 3 Thus all the preachers of his grace  
 Their children soon shall meet ;  
 Together see their Saviour's face,  
 And worship at his feet.
- 4 But they who heard the word in vain,  
 Tho' oft and plainly warn'd,  
 Will tremble when they meet again  
 The ministers they scorn'd.
- 5 On your own heads your blood will fall,  
 If any perish here ;  
 The preachers who have told you *all*,  
 Shall stand approv'd and clear.
- 6 Yet, LORD, to save themselves alone,  
 Is not their utmost view ;  
 O ! hear their prayer, thy message own,  
 And save their hearers too.

415 L. M.

Bowden 78. Chard 175.

The People's Prayer for their Minister ; or, Ministers and  
 Missionaries† committed to God.

- 1 **W**ITH heavenly power, O LORD, defend  
*Him\** whom we now to thee commend ;  
 His person bless, his soul secure,  
 And make him to the end endure.
- 2 Gird him with all-sufficient grace ;  
 Direct his feet in paths of peace ;

† See also Hymn 420, first, second, and third part.

\* The pronouns in this Hymn, if necessary, may be read  
 in the plural, *them*, &c. &c.

L 15

- Thy truth and faithfulness fulfil,  
And help him to obey thy will.
- 3 Before him thy protection send ;  
O love him, save him to the end !  
Nor let him, as thy pilgrim, rove  
Without the convoy of thy love.
- 4 Enlarge, inflame, and fill his heart ;  
In him thy mighty power exert :  
That thousands yet unborn may praise  
The wonders of redeeming grace.

416 L. M. *Dr. Gibbons.*

Portugal 97. Magdalene 214.

The Pastor's Wish for his People. Phil. iv. 1.

- 1 **M**Y brethren, from my heart below'd,  
Whose welfare fills my daily care,  
My present joy, my future crown,  
The word of exhortation hear.
- 2 Stand fast upon the solid rock  
Of the Redeemer's righteousness ;  
Adorn the Gospel with your lives,  
And practise what your lips profess.
- 3 With pleasure meditate the hour,  
When he, descending from the skies,  
Shall bid your bodies, mean and vile,  
In his all-glorious image rise.
- 4 Glory in his dear honour'd name,  
To him inviolably cleave ;  
Your all he purchas'd by his blood,  
Nor let him less than all receive.
- 5 Such is your pastor's faithful charge,  
Whose soul desires not your's, but you ;  
O may he, at the LORD'S right hand,  
Himself and all his people view !

## 417 L. M.

Wareham 117. Mark's 65.

At a Choice of Deacons. 1 Tim. iii. 8—13.

- 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 thy throne we lift our eyes,  
 For blessings to attend our choice\*  
 Of such whose generous, prudent zeal  
 Shall make thy favour'd ways rejoice.
- 3 Happy in JESUS, their own LORD,  
 May they his sacred table spread,—  
 The table of their pastor fill,  
 And fill the holy poor with bread !
- 4 [When pastor, saints, and poor, they serve,  
 May their own hearts with grace be crown'd ;  
 While patience, sympathy, and joy,  
 Adorn, and thro' their lives abound.]
- 5 By purest love to CHRIST, and truth,  
 O may they win a good degree  
 Of boldness in the christian faith,  
 And meet the smile of thine and thee !
- 6 And when the work to them assign'd—  
 The work of love—is fully done,  
 Call them from serving tables here,  
 To sit around thy glorious throne.

\* If this Hymn be sung *before* the Choice, then the second  
 Line of the second Verse may stand thus ;

† For Wisdom to direct our Choice.†



MONTHLY AND MISSIONARY PRAYER MEETINGS.

418 (First Part.) 8. 7.

Carlisle 95. Welsh 210. Trowbridge 21.

Glorious, Things spoken of Zion, the City of God.  
Psalm lxxxvii. Isaiah xxxiii. 20, 21.

- 1 **G** LORIOUS things of thee are spoken,  
Zion, city of our God !  
He, whose word cannot be broken,  
Form'd thee for his own abode :  
On the Rock of ages founded,  
What can shake thy sure repose ?  
With salvation's walls surrounded,  
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.
- 2 [See ! the streams of living waters  
Springing from eternal love,  
Well supply thy sons and daughters,  
And all fear of want remove :  
Who can faint while such a river  
Ever flows thy thirst t' assuage ?  
Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,  
Never fails from age to age.
- 3 Round each habitation hovering,  
See the cloud and fire appear !  
For a glory and a covering,  
Shewing that the Lord is near :  
Thus deriving from their banner  
Light by night and shade by day,  
Safe they feed upon the manna  
Which he gives them when they pray.]
- 4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,  
Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood !  
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,  
Makes them kings and priests to God :

'Tis his love his people raises  
 Over self to reign as kings :  
 And as priests, his solemn praises  
 Each for a thank-offering brings.

5 Saviour, if of Zion's city  
 I thro' grace a member am ;  
 Let the world deride or pity,  
 I will glory in thy name ;  
 Fading is the worldling's pleasure,  
 All his boasted pomp and show !  
 Solid joys and lasting treasure,  
 None but Zion's children know.

418 (Second Part.) L. M.

Gloucester 12. Chard 175.

prayer for the spread of the Gospel, animated by Prophecy.

**E**XERT thy power, thy rights maintain,  
 Insulted, everlasting King !  
 The influence of thy crown increase,  
 And strangers to thy footstool bring.

[We long to see that happy time,  
 That dear, expected, blissful day,  
 When countless myriads of our race  
 The second Adam shall obey.]

Thy prophecies *must* be fulfill'd,  
 Though earth and hell should dare oppose :  
 The stone cut from the mountain's side,  
 Though unobserv'd, to empire grows.

When shall the mingled image fall,  
 Brass, silver, iron, gold, and clay,  
 And superstition's gloomy reign  
 To light and liberty give way.

One vast symphony of praise,  
 Gentile and Jew shall then unite ;

L 17

- And infidelity, asham'd,  
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 (Third Part.) L. M.

Wareham 117. Portugal 97.

The approaching Fall of Babylon predicted. Rev. xiv. 6—8.

- 1 **P**ROUD Babylon yet waits her doom ;  
Nor can her *toll'ring* palace fall,  
Till some blest messenger arise  
The spacious heathen world to call.
- 2 And see the glorious time approach !  
Behold the mighty Angel fly,  
The Gospel tidings to convey  
'To every land beneath the sky !
- 3 O see, on both the Indias 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 forgiv'n ;
- 5 See what delight, unfelt before,  
Beams in his fix'd attentive eye ;  
And hear him ask, ' For wretched me,  
' Did this divine Redeemer die ?'

1! why have ye so long forborne  
 to tell such welcome news as this?  
 Now, let every sinner hear,  
 and share in such exalted bliss.']

Islands, waiting for his law,  
 in rapture greet the sacred sound;  
 and, taught the Saviour's precious name,  
 cast all their idols to the ground.

Woe, Babylon, thy hour is come,  
 thy curs'd foundation shall give way,  
 and thine eternal overthrow  
 thy triumphs of the cross display.

418 (Fourth Part.) L. M.

Wells 102. Devotion 271.

to propagate the Gospel throughout the Earth.

O, favour'd Britons, and proclaim  
 'The kind REDEEMER you have found;  
 publish his ever precious name  
 to all the wondring nations round.

Tell th' unletter'd wretched slave,  
 who groans beneath a tyrant's rod,  
 bring—*a freedom bought with blood.*  
 the blood of an incarnate God.

Tell the panting sable Chief,  
 Ethiopia's scorching sand,  
 come—*with a refreshing stream*  
 cheer and bless his thirsty land.

Tell on India's golden shores,  
 Ganges, Tibet, and Boutan\*,  
*to enrich their deathless MIND*  
 come—the friends of God and Man.

*at and Boutan; parts of Asia, little known to Europe, but lately mentioned by the Baptist Missionaries.*

- 5 Tell *all* the distant Isles afar  
That lie in darkness and the grave,  
You come—a *glorious light to shew*,  
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 (Fifth Part.) L. M.

Gloucester 12. Derby 169.

Neglect in spreading the Gospel, reprov'd 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 receiv'd in charge,  
First, to the unbelieving Jews :
- 3 Then to the Gentiles, far and near,  
Publish'd salvation in his name,  
And the glad tidings of his grace  
To this distinguish'd island came.
- 4 But ah! to spread their sacred theme,  
How few have *our* attempts been found!  
What heathen lands from *us* have heard  
The glorious heart-reviving sound?
- 5 To *us* their duty they bequeath'd;  
And left the promise on record;  
And had our ardour equall'd theirs;  
The same had been our blest reward.
- 6 [We too had multitudes beheld  
Forsake the gods their hands had made,

the bright beam of heavenly day  
 in yet benighted realms pervade.]  
 our divine, our guilt forgive!  
 fire our souls with warmer zeal!  
 pour out thy Spirit from on high;  
 let us all his influence feel!

## 419 (First Part.) L. M.

Chard 175. Gloucester 12.

Object of Success; or, Encouragement to use Means.

BEHOLD the expected time draw near,  
 The shades disperse, the dawn appear;  
 the wilderness assume  
 the beautiful tints of Eden's bloom.

Angels, with prophecies, conspire  
 to raise our faith, our zeal to fire:  
 the ripening fields, already white,  
 present an *harvest* to our sight.

The untaught Heathen waits to know  
 the joy the Gospel will bestow;  
 the exil'd slave waits to receive  
 the freedom Jesus has to give.

Let us, with a grateful heart,  
 the blest labour share a part,  
 our prayers and offerings gladly bring  
 to aid the triumphs of our King.

Let us improve the heavenly gale,  
 and lead to each breeze our hoisted sail,  
 north and south, and east and west,  
 all be, as favour'd Britain, blest.

Let the *globe* to come and prove  
 our Saviour's condescending love,  
 and humbly fall before his feet,  
 where'd they shall acceptance meet.

- 7 [Our hearts exult in songs of praise,  
That we have seen these latter days,  
When our Redeemer shall be known  
Where Satan long hath held his throne.]
- 8 Where'er his hand hath spread the skies,  
Sweet incense to his name shall rise;  
' And Tyre, and Egypt, Greek and Jew,'  
By sovereign grace be form'd anew.

419 (Second Part.) C. M.

Cambridge New 74. Evans's 190. Irish 171.

Missionary 257.

The Increase of the Church promised and pleaded.

- 1 **F**ATHER, is not thy promise pledg'd  
To thine exalted Son,  
That thro' the nations of the earth  
Thy word of life shall run?
- 2 ' Ask, and I give the Heathen lands  
' For thine inheritance,  
' And to the world's remotest shores  
' Thine empire shall advance.'
- 3 Hast thou not said, the blinded Jews  
Shall their Redeemer own;  
While Gentiles to his standard crowd,  
And bow before his throne?
- 4 When shall th' untutor'd Indian tribes,  
A dark bewilder'd race,  
Sit down at our IMMANUEL'S feet,  
And learn and feel his grace?
- 5 Are not all kingdoms, tribes, and tongues,  
Under th' expanse of heav'n,  
To the dominion of thy Son  
Without exemption given?

From east to west, from north to south,  
 Then be his name ador'd !  
 Europe, with all thy millions, shout  
 Hosannas to thy LORD !  
 Asia and Africa, resound  
 From shore to shore his fame :  
 And thou, America, in songs  
 Redeeming love proclaim !

420 (First Part.) C. M.

Oxford 106. Michael's 119.

Prayer for Missionaries.

**G**REAT GOD, the nations of the earth  
 Are by creation thine ;  
 And in thy works, by all beheld,  
 Thy radiant glories shine.

But, LORD, thy greater love has sent  
 Thy Gospel to mankind,  
 Unveiling what rich stores of grace  
 Are treasur'd in thy mind.

LORD, when shall these glad tidings spread  
 The spacious earth around,  
 Till every tribe, and every soul,  
 Shall hear the joyful sound ?

O when shall Afric's sable sons  
 Enjoy the heavenly word,  
 And vassals, long-enslav'd, become  
 The freedmen of the LORD ?

5 When shall th' 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.

Verses 8, 9, and 10, of this Hymn, in substance, were written off *Margate*, by Mr. WILLIAM WARD, one of the Baptist Missionaries, on their departure for India, May 28, 1799.

8 [O charge the waves to bear our friends  
In safety o'er the deep;  
Let the rough tempest speed their way,  
Or bid its fury sleep.]

9 Whene'er thy sons proclaim good news,  
Beneath the Banian's shade,  
Let the poor Hindoo feel its power,  
And grace his soul pervade.

10 O let the heavenly Shaster ‡ spread;  
Bid Brahmans preach the word;  
And may all India's tribes become  
One CAST to serve the Lord!

PAUSE.

11 Send forth thy word, and let it fly,  
Arm'd with thy Spirit's pow'r;  
Then thousands shall confess its sway,  
And bless the saving hour.

12 Beneath the influence of thy grace  
The barren wastes shall rise,  
With sudden greens and fruits array'd,  
A blooming paradise.

† Verses 7, 9, and 10, of this Hymn, may be sung alone.

‡ The *Shasters* are the religious books of the Hindoos; the *Brahmans* are their Priests; and the *Casts* are the different classes of the people.

- 13 True holiness shall strike its root  
 In each regen'rate heart,  
 Shall in a growth divine arise,  
 And heavenly fruits impart:
- 14 Peace, with her olives crown'd, shall stretch  
 Her wings from shore to shore:  
 No trump shall rouse the rage of war,  
 No murd'rous cannon roar:
- 15 LORD, for those days we wait; those days  
 Are in thy word foretold:  
 Fly swifter, sun, and stars, and bring  
 This promis'd age of gold.
- 16 *Amen*, with joy divine, let earth's  
 Unnumber'd myriads cry;  
*Amen*, with joy divine, let heaven's  
 Unnumber'd choirs reply!

420 (Second Part.) L. M.

Wareham 12. Wells 13. Lebanon 79.

A Blessing on Missions and Missionaries requested.

- 1 **W**HERE'ER the blustering north-wind  
 blows,  
 And spreads its frost, or fleecy snows;  
 Where'er the sun, with quickening ray,  
 Shines all abroad and gives the day;
- 2 Where'er the lesser orbs of light  
 Dart forth their beams and gild the night;  
 There may his heralds loud proclaim  
 The Saviour's love, the Saviour's name.
- 3 For work so pleasing, so benign,  
 LORD, grant thy influence divine;  
 Till all ' the spacious globe around,'  
 ' With' raptur'd ' songs of praise resound.'

## 420 (Third Part.) S. M.

Mount Ephraim 185. Lowell 260. Mansfield 154.

Missionaries addressed and encouraged. †

- 1 **Y**E messengers of CHRIST,  
His sovereign voice obey;  
Arise! and follow where he leads,  
And peace attend your way.
- 2 The master whom you serve  
Will needful strength bestow;  
Depending on his promis'd aid,  
With sacred courage go.
- 3 Mountains shall sink to plains,  
And hell in vain oppose;  
The cause is God's, and must prevail,  
In spite of all his foes.
- 4 Go, spread a Saviour's fame;  
And tell his matchless grace  
To the most guilty and deprav'd  
Of Adam's num'rous race.
- 5 We wish you, in his name,  
The most divine success;  
Assur'd that he who sends you forth  
Will your endeavours bless.

## 420 (Fourth Part.) C. M.

Evans 100. Cambridge New 74.

The wonder-working God invoked for his Church. *Isai. li. 9.*

- 1 **A**WAKE, awake, thou mighty arm,  
Which hast such wonders wrought;  
Which captive Israel freed from harm,  
And out of Egypt brought.

† See also Hymn 415.

t thou not it which Rahab slew?  
 And crush'd the dragon's head?  
 restrain'd by thee, the waves withdrew  
 From their accusom'd bed.

gain thy wonted prowess show,  
 Be thou made bare again;  
 and let thine adversaries know  
 That they resist in vain.

421 (First Part.) L. M.

Aylie Street 241. Rochford 22.

Longing for the Latter-Day Glory.

**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?

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.

When will the happy trump proclaim  
 The judgment of the martyr'd Lamb?  
 When shall the captive troops be free,  
 And keep the eternal jubilee!

4 Hasten it, LORD, in every land;  
 Send thou thine angels and command;  
 'Go, sound deliverance; loudly blow  
 'Salvation to the saints below.'

5 We want to have the day appear!  
 The promis'd great sabbatic year.  
 When, far from grief, and sin, and hell,  
 Israel in ceaseless peace shall dwell.

- 6 Till then, we will not let thee rest,  
 Thou still shalt hear our strong request ;  
 And this our daily prayer shall be,  
 LORD, sound the trump of jubilee.

421 (Second Part.) L. M.

Aylie Street 241. Portugal 97.

Prayer to God for his special Interposition in spreading the  
 Gospel. Zec. ix. 13—16.

- 1 **H**OW' long, O God, ' has man been  
 driv'n  
 ' Far off from happiness and heav'n !  
 ' When wilt thou, ' graciously, ' restore'  
 Thy banish'd sons to rove no more ?
- 2 For near six thousand years, thy foe  
 Has triumph'd over all below ;  
 Save that a little flock is found,  
 With ravening wolves encompass'd round.
- 3 Shall not the Lamb, who once was slain,  
 An ample compensation gain,  
 And many happy millions more  
 To happiness and God restore ?
- 4 From every nation, every tongue,  
 A remnant must to him belong ;  
 Nor can there be too vile a race  
 To furnish trophies of his grace.
- 5 Exert that power which could subdue  
 The furious slaughter-breathing Jew,  
 And make him in thy cause become  
 Victorious over Greece and Rome.
- 6 Now, LORD, before thy servants go,  
 Let God himself the trumpet blow ;  
 Hasten the Gospel jubilee  
 That bids a captive world be free.

## 421 (Third Part.) 10s.

Warsaw 211. Guestwick 274.

House must be of Fame and Glory throughout all  
Countries. 1 Chron. xxii. 25.

**T**HE house now to be builded to the Lord,  
Whose firm foundation-stone his hand  
hath laid,

hall in magnificence and fame exceed  
that which King Solomon so glorious made.

Vide as the spacious globe on which we tread,  
his sacred temple shall its bounds extend;  
its blessings, not to Abra'm's seed confin'd,  
hall millions of the Gentile race befriend.

See, in the torrid regions of the south,  
The humble worshipper approach with joy:  
and shivering natives of the frozen pole,  
on the same heavenly strains their lips employ.

Vith all simplicity of word and deed,  
Vith zeal for God, and love to souls inspir'd,  
see the successful Missionaries teach;  
Their ardour still by gathering converts fir'd.

Hark! they proclaim salvation by the cross,  
and thousands press t' accept the boundless  
grace;

Jesus his own almighty power displays,  
his temple now is universal space!

## 421 (Fourth Part.) C. M.

ague 166. Staughton 264. Cambridge New 74.  
its longing to see their King with his many Crowns.  
Rev. xix. 12.

**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.

M 5

- 2 Where'er the sun begins its race,  
Or stops its swift career,  
Both east and west shall own his grace,  
And CHRIST be honour'd there.
- 3 Ten thousand crowns encircling show  
The victories he hath won :  
O may his conquests ever grow,  
While time its course shall run !
- 4 Ride forth, thou mighty conqueror, ride !  
And millions more subdue,  
Destroy *our* enmity and pride,  
And *we* will crown thee too.

422 (First Part.) 112th.

Carey's 11. Hoxton 121. Uffculm 93.

Gentiles praying for Jews. Rom. xi. 1, 2, 25, 26.

- 1 **F**ATHER of faithful Abra'm, hear  
Our earnest suit for Abra'm's seed ;  
Justly they claim the softest prayer  
From us, adopted in their stead,  
Who mercy thro' their fall obtain,  
And CHRIST by their rejection gain.
- 2 Outcast from thee, and scatter'd wide  
Thro' every nation under heaven,  
Blaspheming whom they crucify'd,  
Unsay'd, unpity'd, unforgiv'n :  
Branded like Cain, they bear their load,  
Abhorr'd of men, and curs'd of GOD.
- 3 But hast thou finally forsook,  
For ever cast thy own away ?  
Wilt thou not bid the murderers look  
On him they pierc'd, and weep and pray ?  
Yes, gracious LORD, thy word is past ;  
All Israel shall be sav'd at last.

me then, thou great Deliverer, come ;  
 The veil from Jacob's heart remove ;  
 Receive thy ancient people home,  
 That, quicken'd by thy dying love,  
 The world may their reception view,  
 And shout to God the glory due.

(Second Part.) 148th. Portsmouth Nov. 144.

Anglican Philanthropy; or, the Song of a Christian  
 Loyalist.

**R**EJOICE, the Saviour reigns  
 Among the sons of men ;  
 He breaks the pris'ners chains,  
 And makes them free again :  
 Hell oppose God's only Son,  
 Nite of foes, his cause goes on.  
 The cause of righteousness,  
 And truth, and holy peace,  
 Design'd our world to bless,  
 Shall spread and never cease :  
 Tile and Jew, their souls shall bow,  
 Admiration due, with rapture vow.  
 He baffled prince of hell  
 In vain new projects tries  
 To rath's empire to repell,  
 By cruelty and lies :  
 His infernal gates shall rage in vain,  
 Death awaits the Lamb once slain.  
 He died, but soon arose  
 Triumphant o'er the grave ;  
 And now himself he shows  
 Omnipotent to save :  
 The rebels kiss the victor's feet,  
 And bliss his subjects meet.



- 5 All power is in his hand,  
His people to defend ;  
To his most high command  
Shall millions more attend :  
All heaven with smiles approves his cause,  
And distant isles receive his laws.
- 6 This little seed from heaven  
Shall soon become a tree ;  
This ever-blessed leaven  
Diffus'd abroad must be ;  
Till God the Son shall come again  
It must go on. Amen ! Amen !

PAUSE.

Resurrection 72.

- 7 Ye who have known his name,  
Subserve his glorious plan ;  
Proclaim to all your race  
The friend of God and man :  
How happy ye who own his sway !  
Ye own'd shall be another day.
- 8 All hail, incarnate LORD !  
Our souls triumphant cry ;  
Be thy bless'd name ador'd,  
By all beneath the sky !  
But, when we join the hosts above,  
In strains divine we'll sing thy love.

422 (Third Part.) L. M.

Horsley 111. Magdalene 34.

The Fields white for Harvest. \*

- 1 **L**IFT up your joyful eyes, and see  
A plenteous harvest all around,

\* The Hymns from the 427th to the 441st also relate to the spread of the Gospel, and the happiness of the Church.

p'ning for bliss, and not a grain  
 all ever fall unto the ground ;  
 harvest of immortal souls,  
 cur'd by an almighty power,  
 or heat, nor cold, nor storms shall hurt,  
 or ravenous beasts of prey devour.  
 happy day ! when all th' elect  
 complete in number shall be found ;  
 and, like their great, their mystic head,  
 with eternal honours crown'd.

422 (Fourth Part.) L. M.

Worcester 12. Lebanon 77. Islington 40.

must reign ; or, the Victories of CHRIST the Triumph  
 of Christians.

YES, mighty JESUS ! thou shalt reign  
 Till all thy haughty foes submit ;  
 Hell, and all her trembling train,  
 come like dust beneath thy feet.  
 When rescu'd souls shall bless thy power ;  
 thy arm shall full salvation bring ;  
 thy saints, in that illustrious hour,  
 shall conquer with their conquering King.  
 And when, thro' brilliant gates of gold,  
 thou lead'st thy chosen to the skies,  
 may we the shining pomp behold,  
 and partners of the triumph rise.  
 When, rang'd thy blazing throne around,  
 the Saviour's honours we'll proclaim ;  
 while heav'n's transported realms resound  
 by glorious deeds and darling name.

ASSOCIATIONS; OR, GENERAL MEETINGS OF  
CHURCHES AND MINISTERS.\*

423 C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Bath Chapel 26. Miall '240.

Spiritual Associations registered in Heaven; or, God's gracious  
Approbation of active Attempts to revive Religion.  
Mal. iii. 16, 17.

- 1 **T**HE LORD on mortal worms looks down  
From his celestial throne;  
And, when the wicked swarm around,  
He well discerns his own.
- 2 He sees the tender hearts that mourn  
The scandals of the times,  
And join their efforts to oppose  
The wide-prevailing crimes.
- 3 Low to the social band he bows  
His still-attentive ear;  
And, while his angels sing around,  
Delights their voice to hear.
- 4 The chronicles of Heaven shall keep  
Their words in transcript fair,  
In the Redeemer's book of life  
Their names recorded are.
- 5 ' Yes (saith the LORD), the world shall know  
' These humble souls are mine:  
' These, when my jewels I produce,  
' Shall in full lustre shine.
- 6 ' When deluges of fiery wrath  
' My foes away shall bear,  
' That hand, which strikes the wicked through,  
' Shall all my children spare.'

\* See also Hymns 40<sup>c</sup> & 406, 412—422.

424 L. M. B. Francis.

Derby 109. Truro 165. Bramcoate 8.

Ministers abounding in the Work of the Lord.

**B**EFORE thy throne, eternal King,  
 Thy ministers their tribute bring,  
 Their tribute of united praise  
 For heavenly news and peaceful days.

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.

Thy various service we esteem  
 Our sweet employ, our bliss supreme;  
 And, while we feel thy heavenly love,  
 We burn like Seraphim above.

Nor seraphs there can ever raise  
 With us, an equal song of praise:  
 They are the noblest work of God,  
 But we, the purchase of his blood.

5 Still in thy work would we abound;  
 Still prune the vine, or plough the ground;  
 Thy sheep with wholesome pasture feed,  
 And watch them with unwearied heed.

6 Thou art our LORD, our life, our love,  
 Our care below, our crown above:  
 Thy praise shall be our best employ,  
 Thy presence our eternal joy.

425 C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Brighthelmstone 208. Condescension 116.

Lovest thou me? feed my Lambs. John xxi. 15.

1 **D**O not I love thee, O my LORD?  
 Behold my heart, and see;

M. S.

- And turn each cursed idol out  
That dares to rival thee.
- 2 Do not I love thee from my soul?  
Then let me nothing love:  
Dead be my heart to every joy,  
When Jesus cannot move.
- 3 Is not thy name melodious still  
To mine attentive ear?  
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound  
My Saviour's voice to hear?
- 4 [Hast thou a Lamb in all thy flock,  
I would disdain to feed?  
Hast thou a foe, before whose face  
I fear thy cause to plead?
- 5 Would not my ardent spirit vie,  
With angels round the throne,  
To execute thy sacred will,  
And make thy glory known?
- 6 Would not my heart pour forth its blood  
In honour of thy name?  
And challenge the cold hand of death  
To damp th' immortal flame?]
- 7 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest LORD;  
But, O! I long to soar  
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,  
And learn to love thee more.

426 L. M. *Beddome*

Aylie Street 241. Portugal 97.

Prayer for Ministers.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, how thine ear,  
Attentive to our earnest prayer;  
We plead for those who plead for thee;  
Successful pleaders may they be!

ow great their work, how vast their charge!  
 o thou their anxious souls enlarge;  
 heir best acquirements are our gain,  
 We share the blessings they obtain.

lothe, then, with energy divine,  
 heir words, and let those words be thine:  
 o them thy sacred truth reveal,  
 uppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

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.

Let thronging multitudes around,  
 Hear from their lips the joyful sound,  
 In humble strains thy grace implore,  
 And feel thy new-creating power.

Let sinners break their massy chains,  
 Distressed souls forget their pains;  
 Let light thro' distant realms be spread,  
 And Zion rear her drooping head.

27 (First Part.) 8. 7. 4. Altered by *Dr. Ryland*.  
 Lewes 63. Painswick 162. Helmsley 223,  
 Prayer for a Revival.

1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation;  
 Grant us, LORD, a gracious rain!  
 All will come to desolation,  
 Unless thou return again:  
 LORD, revive us,  
 All our help must come from thee!

2 Keep no longer at a distance,  
 Shine upon us from on high,  
 Lest, for want of thine assistance,  
 Every plant should droop and die: Lord, &c.

- 3 Surely once thy garden flourish'd,  
 Ev'ry part look'd gay and green ;  
 Then thy word our spirits nourish'd,  
 Happy seasons we have seen !      Lord, &c.
- 4 [But a drought has since succeeded,  
 And a sad decline we see ;  
 LORD, thy help is greatly needed,  
 Help can only come from thee :      Lord, &c.
- 5 Where are those we counted leaders,  
 Fill'd with zeal, and love, and truth ?  
 Old professors, tall as cedars,  
 Bright examples to our youth !      Lord, &c.
- 6 Some in whom we once delighted,  
 We shall meet no more below ;  
 Some, alas ! we fear are blighted,  
 Scarce a single leaf they show :      Lord, &c.
- 7 Younger plants—the sight how pleasant !—  
 Cover'd thick with blossoms stood ;  
 But they cause us grief at present,  
 Frosts have nipp'd them in the bud !      Lord, &c.
- 8 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,  
 Thou canst make them bloom again ;  
 O ! permit them not to wither,  
 Let not all our hopes be vain :      Lord, &c.
- 9 Let our mutual love be fervent,  
 Make us prevalent in prayers ;  
 Let each one, esteem'd thy servant,  
 Shun the world's bewitching snares :      Lord, &c.
- 10 Break the tempter's fatal power,  
 Turn the stony heart to flesh ;  
 And begin from this good hour  
 To revive thy work afresh :  
 LORD, revive us,  
 All our help must come from thee !

427. (Second Part.) L. M.

Gould's 272. Babylon Streams 23.

For a Church in a low Condition. Psalm li. 18.

O God of Zion! from thy throne  
 Look with an eye of pity down;  
 My church now humbly makes her prayer—  
 My church, the object of thy care,  
 We are a building thou hast rais'd,  
 How kind thy hand, that hand be prais'd;  
 But all to utter ruin falls,  
 Thou forsake our tott'ring walls.  
 We call to mind the happier days  
 Of life and love, of pray'r and praise,  
 When holy services gave birth  
 To joys resembling heaven on earth.  
 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.  
 We need defence from all our foes,  
 We need relief from all our woes:  
 Earth and hell should yet assail,  
 But neither earth nor hell prevail.  
 Hear to each other and to thee,  
 O God, bring us all in unity;  
 Oh, pour thy Spirit from on high,  
 And all our num'rous wants supply.  
 Oh, shew that in our low estate,  
 No blessing for us is too great;  
 We plead thy Son, we plead thy word,  
 Founder, Patron, bounteous LORD!

M 10



427 (Third Part.) 11s.

Geard 156. Broughton 172. L. H. C.

Comfort for the Church in Trouble.

- 1 **O** Zion! afflicted with wave upon wave,  
Whom no man can comfort, whom no  
man can save ;  
With darkness surrounded, by terrors dismay'd,  
In toiling and rowing thy strength is decay'd.
- 2 Loud roaring the billows now nigh overwhelm,  
But skilful's the Pilot who sits at the helm,  
His wisdom conducts thee, his pow'r 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,  
Thro' tempest and tossing I'll bring thee to land.
- 4 Forget thee I will not, I cannot, thy name  
Engrav'd on my heart doth for ever remain !  
The palms of my hands whilst I look on, I see  
The wounds I received when suff'ring for thee.
- 5 I feel at my heart all thy sighs and thy groans,  
For thou art most near me, my flesh and my bones;  
In all thy distresses thy Head feels the pain ;  
Yet all are most needful, not one is in vain.
- 6 Then trust me, and fear not ; thy life is secure :  
My wisdom is perfect, supreme is my power ;  
In love I correct thee, thy soul to refine,  
To make thee, at length in my likeness to shine.
- 7 The foolish, the fearful, the weak are my care.  
The helpless, the hopeless, I hear their sad pray'r ;  
From all their afflictions, my glory shall spring,  
And the deeper their sorrows, the louder they'll  
sing.

428 8. 7. 4.

vecca 37. Kentucky 114. Westbury 51.

Longing for the Spread of the Gospel.

**B**'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,  
 Look, my soul, be still and gaze;  
 If the promises do travail

With a glorious day of grace;  
 Blessed jubilee,  
 Let thy glorious morning dawn!

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.

Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,

Grant them, LORD, the glorious light;

And from eastern coast to western,

May the morning chase the night,

And redemption,

Freely purchas'd, win the day.

[May the glorious day approaching

On their grossest darkness dawn,

And the everlasting Gospel

Spread abroad thy holy name,

All the borders

Of the great IMMANUEL's land.]

5 Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel,

Win and conquer, never cease;

May thy lasting wide dominions

Multiply and still increase;

Sway thy sceptre,

Saviour, all the world around.

429 L. M. *Beddome.*

Gloucester 12. Coombs's 45. Bromley 104.

The Increase of the Church.

- 1 **S**HOUL, for the blessed Jesus reigns!  
Thro' distant lands his triumphs spread;  
And sinners, freed from endless pains,  
Own him their Saviour and their head.
- 2 His sons and daughters, from afar,  
Daily at 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 conquest still encrease,  
And every foe his power subdue;  
While angels celebrate his praise,  
And saints his growing glories shew,
- 6 Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb,  
From all below and all above;  
In lofty songs exalt his name,  
In songs as lasting as his love.

430 148th.

Dartmouth 46. Carter Lane 141.

The Increase of the Messiah's Kingdom.

- 1 **A**LL hail, incarnate God!  
The wond'rous things foretold  
Of thee in sacred writ,  
With joy our eyes behold;

ill does thine arm new trophies wear,  
 and monuments of glory rear.

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.

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 !

All hail, triumphant LORD !  
 Eternal be thy reign !  
 Behold the nations sue  
 To wear thy gentle chain :  
 When earth and time are known no more,  
 Thy throne shall stand for ever sure,

431 148th.

Portsmouth New 144. Grove 125.

The completing of the Spiritual Temple. Zech. iv. 7.

**S**ING to the LORD above,  
 Who deigns on earth to raise  
 A temple to his love,  
 A monument of praise :  
 Ye saints around, thro' all its frame,  
 Harmonious sound the builder's name.

Beneath his eye and care,  
 The edifice shall rise  
 Majestic, strong, and fair,  
 And shine above the skies :  
 There shall be place the polish'd stone  
 Ordain'd the work of grace to crown.

M 12

## COLLECTIONS FOR POOR CHURCHES AND POOR BROTHERN.

432 8. 7. B., Francis.

Jewin Street 222. Northampton Chapel 126.

At a Collection for poor Ministers, or Missionaries.

- 1 **P**RAISE 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 beautiful on the mountains  
 Are their feet, whose grand design  
 Is to guide us to the fountains  
 That overflow 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.

\* See also Hymn 246.

## 433 C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Braintree 25. New York 33.

Believing CHRIST in his Members. Matt. xxv. 40.

JESUS, my LORD, how rich thy grace !

Thy bounties how complete !

How shall I count the matchless sum ?

How pay the mighty debt ?

Thou sittest on a throne of radiant light

Dost thou exalted shine ;

What can my poverty bestow,

When all the worlds are thine ?

But thou hast brethren here below,

The partners of thy grace ;

And wilt confess their humble names

Before thy Father's face.

That them thou mayst be cloth'd and fed,

And visited and cheer'd ;

And in their accents of distress,

Thy Saviour's voice is heard.

Thy face, with reverence and with love,

We in thy poor would see ;

Let us rather beg our bread

Than keep it back from thee.

## 434 L. M.

Canon 77, Manning 245. Islington 40.

In our own have we given thee. 1 Chron. xxix. 14.

THE LORD, who rules the world's affairs,

For me a well-spread board prepares ;

And grateful thanks to him shall rise ;

Who knows my wants, those wants supplies.

How shall I grudge to give his poor

Aite from all my generous store ?

Lord ! the friends of thine and thee

I always find a friend in me.

435 L. M. *Dr. Gibbons.*

Martin's Lane 67. Horsley 205.

The Benevolence of CHRIST for our Imitation.

- 1 **W**HEN Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,  
What were his works from day to day  
But miracles of power and grace,  
That spread salvation thro' our race?
- 2 Teach us, O LORD, to keep in view  
Thy pattern, and thy steps pursue;  
Let alms bestow'd; let kindness done,  
Be witness'd by each rolling sun.
- 3 *That man may last; but never lives,*  
Who much receives, but nothing gives;  
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,  
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. Miall 240. Staughton 264.

Providing Bags that wax not old. Luke xii. 33.

- 1 **Y**ES, there are joys that cannot die,  
With God laid up in store;  
Treasure beyond the changing sky,  
Brighter than golden ore.
- 2 The seeds which piety and love  
Have scatter'd here below,  
In the fair, fertile fields above  
To ample harvests grow.
- 3 The mite my willing hands can give,  
At JESUS' feet I lay:  
Grace shall the humble gift receive,  
And grace at large repay.

## CHURCH MEETINGS.

437 S. M. Dr. S. Stennett.

Virksworth 158. Eagle Street New 55.

Broderip's 252.

Praise for Conversion. Psalm lxxvi. 16.

- C**OME ye that fear the Lord,  
 And listen while I tell  
 How narrowly my feet escap'd  
 The snares of death and hell.  
 The flattering joys of sense  
 Assail'd my foolish heart,  
 While Satan, with malicious skill,  
 Guided the poisonous dart.  
 I fell beneath the stroke,  
 But fell to rise again;  
 My anguish rous'd me into life,  
 And pleasure sprung from pain.  
 Darkness, and shame, and grief,  
 Oppress'd my gloomy mind;  
 I look'd around me for relief,  
 But no relief could find.
- 5 At length to God I cry'd,  
 He heard my plaintive sigh;  
 He heard, and instantly he sent  
 Salvation from on high.
- 6 My drooping head he rais'd,  
 My bleeding wounds he heal'd;  
 Pardon'd my sins; and, with a smile,  
 The gracious pardon seal'd,
- 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. Miall 240.

The Conversion of Sinners, a Matter for Prayer and Praise.

- 1 **T**HERE's joy in heaven, and joy on earth,  
 When prodigals return,  
 To see desponding souls rejoice,  
 And haughty sinners mourn.
- 2 'Come, saints, and hear what God hath done,'  
 Is a reviving sound:  
 O may it spread from sea to sea,  
 E'en all the Globe around!
- 3 Often, O sovereign Lord, renew  
 The wonders of this day;  
 That JESUS here may see his seed,  
 And Satan lose his prey.
- 4 Great God, the work is all thine own,  
 Thine be the praises too;  
 Let every heart and every tongue  
 Give thee the glory due.

439 C. M. *Newton.*

Brighthelmstone 208. Maidstone 196.

Apostacy—Will ye also go away?

- 1 **W**HEN any turn from Zion's way,  
 (Alas what numbers do!)  
 Methinks I hear my Saviour say,  
 'Wilt thou forsake me too?'
- 2 Ah, Lord! with such a heart as mine,  
 Unless thou hold me fast,  
 I feel I must, I shall decline,  
 And prove like them at last.
- 3 Yet thou alone hast power, I know,  
 To save a wretch like me;  
 To whom, or whither could I go,  
 If I should turn from thee?

beyond a doubt, I rest assur'd  
 Thou art the CHRIST of God;  
 Who hast eternal life secur'd  
 By promise and by blood.

The help of men and angels join'd  
 Could never reach my case;  
 Nor can I hope relief to find  
 But in thy boundless grace.

No voice but thine can give me rest,  
 And bid my fears depart:  
 No love but thine can make me bless'd,  
 And satisfy my heart.

What anguish has that question stirr'd—  
 If I will also go?  
 Yet, LORD, relying on thy word,  
 I humbly answer, No!

440 L. M. Steele.

Paul's 246. Wareham 117. Gould's 272.

To whom shall we go but unto thee? or, Life and Safety  
 in CHRIST alone. John vi. 67—69.

THOU only sovereign of my heart,  
 My refuge, my almighty friend—  
 And can my soul from thee depart,  
 On whom alone my hopes depend?

Whither, ah! whither shall I go,  
 A wretched wanderer from my LORD?  
 Can this dark world of sin and woe  
 One glimpse of happiness afford?

Eternal life thy words impart,  
 On these my fainting spirit lives;  
 Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart  
 Than all the round of nature gives.

- 4 Let earth's alluring joys combine,  
While thou art near, in vain they call;  
One smile, one 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—'tis death—'tis more,  
'Tis endless ruin, deep despair!
- 6 Low at thy feet my soul would lie,  
Here safety dwells, and peace divine:  
Still let me live beneath thine eye,  
For life, eternal life, is thine.

441 L. M. *Dr. Gibbons.*

Green's Hundred 89. Mark's 65.

Prayer for the whole Church.

- 1 **I**N thee, thou all-sufficient God,  
The springs of happiness arise,  
That cheer this howling waste below,  
And bless the mansions of the skies.
- 2 We, the productions of thy power,  
And pensioners upon thy love,  
Look to thy throne with longing eyes,  
And wait thy blessings from above.
- 3 Protect the young from every snare,  
And let thy staff support the old;  
Relieve the poor, nor let the rich  
Have all their heritage in gold.
- 4 Let joyful saints still taste thy grace,  
Give to the mourners heavenly day,  
Sustain the strong, and quick revive  
The withering plants from their decay.

## BAPTISM.

442 112th.

Carey's 11. Uffculm 93.

CHRIST, baptized in Jordan.

N Jordan's tide the Baptist stands,  
 Immersing the repenting Jews;  
 The SON OF GOD the rite demands,  
 Nor dares the holy man refuse;  
 As descends beneath the wave,  
 The emblem of his future grave.

O wonder, ye heavens! your Maker lies  
 In deeps conceal'd from human view;  
 O saints, behold him sink and rise,  
 A fit example thus for you:  
 The sacred record, while you read,  
 Calls you to imitate the deed.

Behold! from yonder opening skies  
 What beams of dazzling glory spread!  
 As if the Eternal Spirit flies,  
 And lights on the Redeemer's head;  
 As if they see the power divine  
 Around the Saviour's temples shine.

Hark! my soul, hark and adore!  
 What sounds are those that roll along?  
 Like loud Sinai's awful roar,  
 But soft and sweet as Gabriel's song?  
 'Tis my well-beloved Son,  
 See well pleas'd what he hath done.

M 16

- 5 Thus the Eternal FATHER spoke,  
 Who shakes creation with a nod ;  
 Thro' parting skies the accents broke,  
 And bid us hear the SON OF GOD :  
 O hear the awful word to-day,  
 Hear, all ye nations, and obey !

448. L. M. J. Stennett.

Brancoate 8. Portugal 97.

A Baptismal Hymn.

- 1 **T**HE great Redeemer we adore,  
 Who came the lost to seek and save,  
 Went humbly down from Jordan's shore  
 To find a tomb beneath its wave.
- 2 ' Thus it becomes us to fulfil  
 ' All righteousness,' he meekly said :  
 Why should we then to do his will  
 Or be asham'd, or be afraid ?
- 3 With thee into thy watery tomb,  
 LORD, 'tis our glory to descend ;  
 'Tis wond'rous grace that gives us room  
 To lie interr'd by such a friend.
- 4 Yet as the yielding waves give way,  
 To let us see the light again,  
 So, on the resurrection day,  
 The bands of death prov'd weak and vain.
- 5 Thus, when thou shalt again appear,  
 The gates of death shall open wide,  
 Our dust thy mighty voice shall hear,  
 And rise and triumph at thy side.

444 8. 8. 6. *Norman.*

Chatham 59. Broadmead 150.

Thus it becometh us, &amp;c. Matt. iii. 15.

- 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 'Tis not as led by custom's voice,  
 We make these ways our favour'd choice,  
 And thus with zeal pursue:  
 No, heaven's eternal sovereign Lord  
 Has, in the precepts of his word,  
 Enjoin'd us thus to do.
- 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 giv'n?
- 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 th' exulting tribes are bless'd  
 With one great choral day.

445 8. 7. *Fawcett.*

Welsh 210. Carlisle 95.

Invitation to follow the Lamb.

- 1 **H**UMBLE souls who seek salvation  
 Thro' the Lamb's redeeming blood,  
 Hear the voice of Revelation,  
 Tread the path that Jesus trod.

M 17

- 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:  
 JESU'S says, ' Let each believer  
 ' Be baptized in my name:'  
 He himself in Jordan's river  
 Was immers'd beneath the stream:
- 3 Plainly here his footsteps tracing,  
 Follow him without delay;  
 Gladly his command embracing,  
 Lo! your captain leads the way:  
 View the rite with understanding,  
 JESU'S grave before you lies;  
 Be interr'd at his commanding,  
 After his example rise.

446 C. M.

Charmouth 28. Matthew's 34.

The Believer constrained by the Love of CHRIST to follow  
 him.

- 1 **D**EAR LORD, and will thy pardoning love  
 Embrace a wretch so vile?  
 Wilt thou my load of guilt remove,  
 And bless me with thy smile?
- 2 Hast thou the cross for me endur'd,  
 And all its shame despis'd?  
 And shall I be asham'd, O LORD,  
 With thee to be baptiz'd?

- 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. Dr. Ryland.

Devizes 14. Otford 106.

Difficulties in the way of Duty surmounted—Hinder  
 me not. Gen. xxiv. 56\*.

- 1 [WHEN 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 urg'd the man  
 His journey to delay;  
 'Hinder me not,' he quick reply'd,  
 'Since God hath crown'd my way.'
- 3 'Twas thus I cry'd, when CHRIST the LORD  
 My soul to him did wed;  
 'Hinder me not,' nor friends nor foes,  
 'Since God my way hath sped.'
- 4 'Stay,' says the world, 'and taste awhile  
 'My every pleasant sweet;'  
 'Hinder me not,' my soul replies,  
 'Because the way is great.'
- 5 'Stay,' Satan, my old master cries,  
 'Or force shall thee detain;  
 'Hinder me not, I will be gone,  
 'My God has broke thy chain.'
- \* This Hymn may begin at the 6th verse.



- 6 In all my LORD's appointed ways,  
My journey I'll pursue ;  
Hinder me not, ye much-lov'd saints,  
For I must go with you.
- 7 Thro' floods and flames, if JESUS lead,  
I'll follow where he goes ;  
Hinder me not, shall be my cry,  
Tho' earth and hell oppose.
- 8 Thro' duty and thro' trials too  
I'll go at his command ;  
Hinder me not, for I am bound  
To my IMMANUEL'S land.
- 9 And when my Saviour calls me home,  
Still this my cry shall be,  
Hinder me not, come welcome death,  
I'll gladly go with thee.

448 C. M. J. Stennett.

Bath Chapel 26. Huddersfield 202.

Immersion.

- 1 **T**HUS was the great Redeemer plung'd  
In Jordan's swelling flood,  
To shew he must be soon baptiz'd,  
In tears, and sweat, and blood.
- 2 Thus was his sacred body laid  
Beneath the yielding wave ;  
Thus was his sacred body rais'd  
Out of the liquid grave.
- 3 LORD, we thy precepts would obey,  
In thy own footsteps tread,  
Would die, be buried, rise with thee,  
Our ever-living head.

449 8, 7.

Northampton Chapel 126.

Buried with CHRIST in Baptism. Rom. vi. 4.

- 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 vict'ry o'er the grave,  
 We who know thy great salvation  
 Are baptiz'd beneath the wave.
- 3 Fearless of the world's despising,  
 We the ancient path pursue;  
 Buried with our LORD, and rising  
 To a life divinely new.

450 L. M. *J. Stennett.*

Chard 175. Rochford 22.

A Baptismal Hymn.

- 1 **S**EE how the willing converts trace  
 The path their great Redeemer trod!  
 And follow thro' 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 exchange'd,  
 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 shews his grace to sinful men:  
 Let saints on earth, and hosts in heaven,  
 In concert join their loud Amen.

N

451 L. M. Gregg.  
Altered by B. Francis.

Rippon's 188. Bredby 165. Horsley 205.

Not ashamed of CHRIST.

- 1 **J**ESUS! and shall it ever be  
A mortal man asham'd of thee!  
Asham'd of thee, whom angels praise,  
Whose glories shine thro' endless days!
- 2 Asham'd 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 Asham'd of JESUS! just as soon  
Let midnight be asham'd of noon:  
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,  
Bright Morning Star! bid darkness flee.
- 4 Asham'd of JESUS! that dear friend  
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!  
No; when I blush—be this my shame,  
That I no more revere his name.
- 5 Asham'd of JESUS! yes, I may,  
When I've no guilt to wash away,  
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
No fears to quell, no soul to save.  
Till then—nor is my boasting vain—  
Till then I boast a Saviour slain!  
And O may this my glory be,  
That CHRIST is not asham'd of me!
- 7 [His institutions would I prize,  
Take up my cross—the shame despise;  
Dare to defend his noble cause,  
And yield obedience to his laws.]

## 452 L. M.

Bramcoate 8, New Court 173.

The Candidates—They were baptized, both Men and Women. Acts viii. 12.

- 1 **G**REAT God, we in thy courts appear,  
With humble joy and holy fear,  
Thy wise injunctions to obey;  
Let saints and angels hail the day!
- 2 Great things, O everlasting Son,  
Great things for us thy grace hath done;  
Constrain'd by thy almighty love,  
Our willing feet to meet thee move.
- 3 In thy assembly here we stand,  
Obedient to thy great command;  
The sacred flood is full in view,  
And thy sweet voice invites us thro'.
- 4 The Word, the Spirit, and the Bride,  
Must not invite and be deny'd;  
Was not the LORD, who came to save,  
Interr'd in such a liquid grave?
- 5 Thus we, dear Saviour, own thy name,  
Receive us rising from the stream;  
Then to thy table let us come,  
And dwell in Zion as our home.

453 C. M. *Beddome.*

Bedford 91. Ann's 58.

Morning before Baptism; or, at the Water Side. Psal. cxix. 32.

- 1 **H**OW great, how solemn is the work  
Which we attend to-day!  
Now for a holy, solemn frame,  
O GOD, to thee we pray.
- 2 O may we feel as once we felt,  
When pain'd and griev'd at heart,

N 2

Thy kind, forgiving, melting look,  
Reliev'd our every smart.

- 3 Let graces then in exercise  
Be exercis'd again ;  
And, nurtur'd by celestial power,  
In exercise remain.
- 4 Awake our love, our fear, our hope,  
Wake fortitude and joy :  
Vain world, be gone ; let things above  
Our happy thoughts employ.
- 5 Whilst thee our Saviour and our God  
To all around we own ;  
Drive each rebellious, rival lust,  
Each traitor, from the throne.
- 6 Instruct our minds, our wills subdue,  
To heaven our passions raise,  
That hence our lives, our All, may be  
Devoted to thy praise.

454 L. M.

Ailie Street 241. Derby 169.

The Administrator.

- 1 ' **G**O teach the nations and baptize,  
Aloud th' ascending Jesus cries :  
His glad apostles took the word,  
And round the nations preach'd their **LORD**.
- 2 Commission'd thus, by Zion's King,  
We to his holy laver bring  
These happy converts, who have known  
And trusted in his grace alone.
- 3 **LORD**, in thy house they seek thy face,  
O bless them with peculiar grace :  
Refresh their souls with love divine,  
Let beams of glory round them shine.

## SINGLE VERSES ON BAPTISM\*.

455—467 L. M.

Old Hundred 100. Portugal 97.

**W**HATE'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 immers'd in Jordan's flood,  
And then immers'd in sweat and blood!

*J. Stennett.*

Behold the grave where JESUS lay,  
Before he shed his precious blood!  
How plain he mark'd the humble way  
To sinners thro' the mystic flood!

*Beddome.*

Come, ye redeemed of the Lord,  
Come, and obey his sacred word;  
He died, and rose again for you;  
What more could the Redeemer do?

*Beddome.*

We to this place are come to show  
What we to boundless mercy owe:  
The Saviour's footsteps to explore,  
And tread the path he trod before.

*Beddome.*

Eternal Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
On these baptismal waters move;  
That we, thro' energy divine,  
May have the substance with the sign.

\* As it is now pretty common to sing by the water-side, and as some of our brethren in the country give out a verse or two, while they are administering the ordinance, it is hoped these single verses will be acceptable.

All ye that love IMMANUEL'S name,  
 And long to feel the increasing flame,  
 'Tis you, ye children of the light!  
 The Spirit and the Bride invite.

H. F——.

Ye who your native vileness mourn,  
 And to the great Redeemer turn,  
 Who see your wretched state by sin,  
 ' Ye blessed of the LORD come in.'

H. F——.

JESUS, my SAVIOUR and my all,  
 Methinks I hear thy gentle call;  
 These are the sounds that chide my stay,  
 ' Arise, my love, and come away.'

H. F——.

Amazing grace! and shall I still  
 Prove disobedient to thy will?  
 Ah! no: dear LORD, the watery tomb  
 Belongs to thee, and there I come.

H——.

Apostles trod this holy ground,  
 This is the road believers go;  
 My JESUS in this way was found,  
 I charge my soul to tread it too.

J. Stennett.

With lowly minds and lofty songs,  
 Let all admire the Saviour's grace,  
 Till the great rising day reveal  
 Th' immortal glory of his face.

G——.

TO FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
 We humbly dedicate our powers;  
 If with Jehovah's blessings crown'd,  
 Immortal happiness is ours.

468. 148th.

Bethesda 112. Swithin's 44.

An Address to the Holy Spirit.

- 1 **D**ESCEND, celestial Dove,  
And make thy presence known;  
Reveal our Saviour's love,  
And seal us for thine own;  
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  
Receiv'd the holy rite,  
In open view thy form came down,  
And dove-like flew, the King to crown,
- 3 The day was never known,  
Since time began its race,  
On which such glory shone,  
On which was shown such grace,  
As that which shed, in Jordan's stream,  
On Jesu's head the heavenly beam.
- 4 Continue still to shine,  
And fill us with thy fire:  
This ordinance is thine,  
Do thou our souls inspire!  
Thou wilt attend on all thy sons,  
'Till time shall end,' thy promise runs.

469 C. M. *James Newton.*Crowle 3. *James's 163.*After Baptism. *Mark xvi. 16.*

- 1 **P**ROCLAIM,' saith CHRIST, 'my wondrous  
'To all the sons of men; [grace  
'He that believes, and is baptiz'd,  
'Salvation shall obtain.' N 4



- 2 Let plenteous grace descend on *those* \*  
 Who, hoping in thy word,  
 This day have publicly declar'd  
 That JESUS is *their* LORD.
- 3 With cheerful feet may *they* advance,  
 And run the Christian race;  
 And thro' the troubles of the way  
 Find all-sufficient grace.

470 C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Charleston 195. Hammond 226.

A practical Improvement of Baptism. Col. iii. 1.

- 1 **A**TTEND, ye children of your God;  
 Ye heirs of glory, hear;  
 For accents, so divine as these,  
 Might charm the dullest ear.
- 2 Baptiz'd into your Saviour's death,  
 Your souls to sin must die;  
 With CHRIST your LORD ye live anew,  
 With CHRIST ascend on high.
- 3 There by his Father's side he sits,  
 Enthron'd divinely fair;  
 Yet owns himself your Brother still,  
 And your Forerunner there.
- 4 Rise, from these earthly trifles, rise  
 On wings of faith and love;  
 Above your choicest treasure lies,  
 And be your hearts above.
- 5 But earth and sin will drag us down,  
 When we attempt to fly;  
 LORD, send thy strong attractive power  
 To raise and fix us high.
- \* The words of this Hymn which are in Italics may easily  
 be put into the singular number.

471 C. M. *Beddome.*

New York 33. Sprague 106.

The Reflection of a baptized Believer—He went on his Way  
rejoicing. Acts viii. 9.

- 1 **T**HE holy Eunuch, when baptiz'd,  
Went on his way with joy;  
And who can tell what rapt'rous thoughts  
Did then his mind employ?
- 2 ' Is that most glorious Saviour mine,  
' Of whom I lately read?  
' Who, bearing all my sins and griefs,  
' Was number'd with the dead?
- 3 ' Is he who, bursting from the grave,  
' Now reigns above the sky,  
' My advocate before the throne,  
' My portion when I die?
- 4 ' Have I profess'd his holy name?  
' Do I his Gospel bear  
' To Ethiopia's scorched lands,  
' And shall I spread it there?
- 5 ' 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 satisfy'd 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. *Dr. Watts's Lyrics.*

Ailie Street 241. Bramcoate 8.

A preparatory Thought for the LORD'S SUPPER, in Imitation  
of Isaiah lxiii. 1—3.

- 1 **W**HAT heavenly Man, or lovely GOD,  
Comes marching downward from the skies,  
Array'd in garments roll'd in blood,  
With joy and pity in his eyes?
- 2 The LORD! the Saviour! Yes, 'tis he,  
I know him by the smiles he wears;  
Dear glorious MAN that 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 'Twas his own love that made him bleed,  
That nail'd him to the cursed tree;  
'Twas his own love this table spread,  
For such unworthy guests as we.
- 6 Then let us taste the Saviour's love;  
Come, faith, and feed upon the LORD;  
With glad consent our lips shall move,  
And sweet hosannas crown the board.

473 C. M. Steele.

Irish 171. Braintree 25.

An Invitation to the Gospel Feast. Luke xiv. 22.

- 1 **Y**E 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 reconcil'd  
Invites your souls to come;  
The rebel shall be call'd a child,  
And kindly welcom'd 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 th' 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.

474 L. M. *Dr. Watts's Lyrics.*

Yarmouth 128. Dresden 178. Rowles 73.

CHRIST dying, rising, and reigning.

- 1 **H**E dies! the friend of sinners dies!  
 Lo, Salem's daughters weep around!  
 A solemn darkness veils the skies!  
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground!  
 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two  
 For him who groan'd beneath your load;  
 He shed a thousand drops for you,  
 A thousand drops of richer blood!
- 2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,  
 The LORD of glory dies for men!  
 But lo! what sudden joys we see!  
 JESUS the dead revives again!  
 The rising God forsakes the tomb!  
 Up to his Father's courts he flies;  
 Cherubic legions guard him home,  
 And shout him welcome to the skies!
- 3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell  
 How high our great Deliverer reigns;  
 Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,  
 And led the monster, Death, in chains!  
 Say, 'Live for ever, wondrous King,  
 'Born to redeem, and strong to save!'  
 Then ask the monster, 'Where's thy sting?  
 'And where's thy victory, boasting Grave?'

475 C. M. *J. Stennett.*

Liverpool 83. Cambridge New 74.

A Sacramental Hymn.

- 1 **J**ESUS! O word divinely sweet!  
 How charming is the sound!  
 What joyful news! what heavenly sense  
 In that dear name is found!

- 2 Our souls all guilty, and condemn'd,  
 In hopeless fetters lay ;  
 Our souls, with numerous sins deprav'd,  
 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.
- 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. *J. Stennett.*

Chard 175. Bramcoate 8.

A Sacramental Hymn.

- 1 **T**HUS we commemorate the day  
 On which our dearest LORD was slain ;  
 Thus we our pious homage pay,  
 Till he appear on earth again.
- 2 Come, great Redeemer, open wide  
 The curtains of the parting sky ;  
 On a bright cloud in triumph ride,  
 And on the wind's swift pinions fly.

- 3 Come, King of Kings, with thy bright train,  
 Cherubs and seraphs, heavenly hosts ;  
 Assume thy right, enlarge thy reign,  
 As farth as earth extends her coasts.
- 4 Come, LORD, and where thy cross once stood,  
 There plant thy banner, fix thy throne ;  
 Subdue the rebels by thy word,  
 And claim the nations for thy own.

477 L. M. *Beddome.*

Portugal 97. Ulverston 179. Gould's 272.

Holy Admiration and Joy.

- 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 wide !  
 Thence issues forth a double flood  
 Of cleansing water, pard'ning blood.
- 4 Hence, O my soul, a balsam flows  
 To heal thy wounds, and cure thy woes ;  
 Immortal joys come streaming down,  
 Joys, like his griefs, immense, unknown.
- 5 Thus I could ever, ever sing  
 The sufferings of my heavenly King ;  
 With growing pleasures spread abroad  
 The mysteries of a dying God.

## 478 L. M.

Wareham 117. Green's Hundred 89.

Meditating on the Cross of CHRIST.

- 1 **C**OME see on bloody Calvary,  
Suspended on th' accursed tree,  
A harmless sufferer cover'd o'er  
With shame, and welt'ring 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 'Tis he, 'tis he!—he kindly shrouds  
His glories in a night of clouds,  
That souls might from their ruin rise,  
And heir th' unperishable skies.
- 4 See, to their refuge and their rest,  
From all the bonds of guilt releas'd,  
Transgressors to his cross repair,  
And find a full redemption there.
- 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 prov'd 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 compar'd to this!



479 L. M. D. Turner.

Old Hundred 100. Angel's Hymn 60.

Set him above all Principalities and Powers—Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive Glory and Blessing. Ephes. i. 21. Rev. v. 12.

- 1 **N**OW far above the starry skies,  
Our JESUS fills his brighter throne,  
Invisible to mortal eyes,  
But not to humble faith unknown.
- 2 [The countless hosts that round him stand,  
The subjects of his sovereign power,  
Fly thro' the world at his command,  
Or prostrate at his feet adore.
- 3 Satan and all his rebel crew  
That rag'd to pull his kingdom down,  
Crush'd by his hand, in ruin now  
Lie trembling at his awful frown.
- 4 His name above all creatures great,  
He all sustains and all controuls!  
Yet from his high exalted state  
Looks kindly down on humble souls.]
- 5 Tho' in the glories he possess'd,  
Long ere this world, or time, began,  
He shines the SON OF GOD confess'd,  
Yet owns himself the SON OF MAN.
- 6 Here once in agonies he died,  
Now in the heavens he ever lives;  
Of joy *there* pours th' eternal tide,  
*Here* saves the sinner who believes.
- 7 All hail! thou great IMMANUEL, hail!  
Ten thousand blessings on thy name!  
While thus thy wondrous love we tell,  
Our bosoms feel the sacred flame.

- 8 Come, quickly come, immortal King!  
 On earth thy regal honours raise,  
 The full salvation promi's'd, bring,  
 Then every tongue shall sing thy praise?

480. L. M. *Dr. Watts's Lyrics.*

Ailie Street 241. Redemption 243.

Love on a Cross and a Throne,

- 1 **N**OW let our faith grow strong, and rise  
 And view our LORD in all his love ;  
 Look back to hear his dying cries,  
 Then mount and see his throne above.
- 2 See where he languish'd on the cross :  
 Beneath our sins he groan'd and died ;  
 See where he sits to plead our cause,  
 By his Almighty Father's side.
- 3 If we behold his bleeding heart,  
 There love in floods of sorrow reigns ;  
 He triumphs o'er the killing smart,  
 And seals our pleasure with his pains.
- 4 Or if we climb th' eternal hills,  
 Where the dear Conqueror sits enthron'd,  
 Still in his heart compassion dwells,  
 Near the memorials of his wound.
- 5 How shall vile pardon'd rebels show  
 How much they love their dying God ?  
 LORD, here we'd banish every foe,  
 We hate the sins that cost thy blood.
- 6 Commerce no more we hold with hell,  
 Our dearest lusts shall all depart ;  
 But let thine image ever dwell,  
 Stamp'd as a seal on every heart.

481 L. M. *Dr. S. Stennett.*

Portugal 97. Rippon's 188.

The Triumphs of the Cross.

- 1 **N**O more, dear Saviour, will I boast  
Of beauty, wealth, or loud applause:  
The world hath all its glories lost,  
Amid the triumphs of thy cross.
- 2 In every feature of thy face,  
Beauty her fairest charms displays;  
Truth, wisdom, majesty, and grace,  
Shine thence in sweetly mingled rays.
- 3 Thy wealth the power of thought transcends;  
'Tis vast, immense, and all divine:  
Thy empire, LORD, o'er worlds extends;  
The sun, the moon, the stars are thine.
- 4 Yet, (O how marvellous the sight !)  
I see thee on a cross expire;  
Thy Godhead veil'd in 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 sav'd a falling world.
- 7 Those triumphs of stupendous grace  
Surprise, rejoice, and melt my heart:  
LORD, at thy cross I stand and gaze,  
Nor would I ever thence depart!

482 C. M. *Dr. J. Stennett.*

Wantage 204. Burford 198.

## A Sacramental Hymn.

- 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 defil'd with sin,  
A rebel to my God ;  
I that have crucify'd 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 :  
'Tis 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.

483 C. M. *Dr. S. Stennett.*

Bangor 231. Worksop 31.

My flesh is Meat indeed. John vi. 53—55.

- 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 this rich repast,  
Himself comes down and dies ;  
And then invites us to this feast  
Upon the sacrifice.
- 3 The bitter torments he endur'd  
Upon the shameful cross,  
For us, his welcome guests, procur'd  
These heart-reviving joys.
- 4 His body torn with rudest hands  
Becomes the finest bread :  
And, with the blessing he commands,  
Our noblest hopes are fed.
- 5 His blood, that from each op'ning vein  
In purple torrents ran,  
Hath fill'd this cup with gen'rous wine,  
That cheers both God and man.
- 6 Sure there was never love so free,  
Dear Saviour, so divine !  
Well thou mayst claim that heart of me,  
Which owes so much to thine.
- 7 Yes, thou shalt surely have my heart,  
My soul, my strength, my all,  
With life itself I'll freely part,  
My Jesus, at thy call,

484 L. M. *Beddome.*

Portugal 97. Ulverston 179. Gould's 272.

Jesus wept—he died—See how he loved us. John xi. 35.

- 1 **S**O fair a face be'ew'd with tears!  
 What beauty e'en in grief appears!  
 He wept, he bled, he died for you;  
 What more, ye saints, could JESUS do?
- 2 Enthron'd above with equal glow  
 His warm affections downward flow;  
 In our distress he bears a part,  
 And 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. *Steele.*

Wantage 204. Charmouth 28.

The Wonders of Redemption.

- 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. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Irish 171. Michael's 119.

Room at the Gospel Feast. Luke xiv. 22.

1 **T**HE King of Heaven his table spreads,  
And dainties crown the board ;  
Not Paradise, with all its joys,  
Could such delight afford.

2 Pardon and peace to dying men,  
And endless life, are given ;  
Thro' the rich blood that JESUS shed  
To raise the soul to heaven.

3 Ye hungry poor, that long have stray'd  
In sin's dark mazes, come ;  
Come, from your most obscure retreats,  
And grace shall find you room.

4 Millions of souls, in glory now,  
Were fed and feasted here ;  
And millions more still on the way  
Around the board appear.

5 Yet is his house and heart so large,  
That millions more may come ;  
Nor could the whole assembled world  
O'erfill the spacious room.

All things are ready ; come away,  
 Nor weak excuses frame ;  
 Crowd to your places at the feast,  
 And bless the Founder's name.

487. L. M. *Steele.*

Wareham 117. Rochford 22.

Communion with **CHRIST** at his Table.

**T**O **JESUS**, our exalted **LORD**,  
 (Dear name, by heaven and earth ador'd!)  
 Fain would our hearts and voices raise  
 A cheerful song of sacred praise.

But all the notes which mortals know  
 Are weak, and languishing, and low ;  
 Far, far above our humble songs,  
 The theme demands immortal tongues.

Yet while around his board we meet,  
 And humbly worship at his feet ;  
 O let our warm affections move,  
 In glad returns of grateful love !

Let faith our feeble senses aid,  
 To see thy wondrous love display'd,  
 Thy broken flesh, thy bleeding veins,  
 Thy dreadful agonizing pains.

Let humble penitential woe,  
 With painful, pleasing anguish, flow ;  
 And thy forgiving smiles impart  
 Life, hope, and joy to every heart.

488. C. M. *Steele.*

Liverpool 83. Oxford-177.

Praise to the Redeemer.

**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. *Dr. S. Stennett.*

Carmarthen New 35. Swithin's 44.

A Song of Praise to CHRIST.

- 1 COME, every pious heart  
 That loves the Saviour's name,  
 Your noblest powers exert  
 To celebrate his fame :  
 Tell all above, and all below,  
 The debt of love to him you owe.
- 2 Such was his zeal for God,  
 And such his love for you,  
 He nobly undertook  
 What Gabriel could not do :  
 His every deed of love and grace  
 All words exceed, and thoughts surpass.

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 endur'd, 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 thro' the sky the conqueror rode,  
 And reigns on high, the Saviour God.

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, tho' small, thou wilt receive.

490 L. M. *President Davies.*

Portugal 97. Horsley 205. Rowles 73.

Self-Dedication at the LORD'S Table.

1 **L**ORD, am I thine, entirely thine ?  
 Purchas'd and sav'd by blood divine ?  
 With full consent thine I would be ;  
 And own thy sovereign right in me.

2 Thee, my new master now I call,  
 And consecrate to thee my all ;  
 Lord, let me live, and die to thee,  
 Be thine thro' all eternity.

**TIMES AND SEASONS.**

MORNING AND EVENING.

491 C. M.

Bedford 91. Foster 96.

A Morning Hymn.

- 1 **T**O thee, let my first offerings rise,  
Whose sun creates the day,  
Swift as his gladdening influence flies,  
And spotless as his ray.
- 2 This day thy favouring hand be nigh !  
So oft vouchsaf'd before !  
Still may it lead, protect, supply !  
And I that hand adore !
- 3 If bliss thy providence impart,  
For which resign'd I pray ;  
Give me to feel the grateful heart !  
And without guilt be gay !
- 4 Affliction should thy love 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 ;  
And, when I all my life survey,  
May grace sustain at last.

492 C. M. *D. Turner.*

Braintree 25. Hammond 226.

A Morning Hymn.

- 1 **W**ITH thee, great God, the stores of light,  
And stores of darkness lie :  
Thou form'st the sable robe of night,  
And spread'st it round the sky.

- 2 And when, with welcome slumbers press'd,  
 We close our weary eyes,  
 Thy power, unseen, secures our rest,  
 And makes us joyous rise.
- 3 Numbers, this night, great God, have met  
 Their long eternal doom ;  
 And lost the joys of morning light  
 In death's tremendous gloom.
- 4 Numbers on restless beds still lie,  
 And still their woes bewail ;  
 While we, by thy kind hand uprais'd,  
 A thousand pleasures feel.
- 5 To thee, great God, in thankful songs,  
 Our morning thoughts arise ;  
 Propitious in thy Son, accept  
 The willing sacrifice.

493 S. S. 6. W.—.

Chatham 59. Broadmead 150.

Morning.

- 1 **L**ORD, I am vile !—what shall I say ?  
 I live to see another day,  
 O let me live to thee !  
 A thousand years to hope for this  
 Should be unutterable bliss ;  
 What must fruition be !
- 2 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,  
 What JESUS hath for his prepar'd,  
 Nor can the heart conceive :  
 Thou hast commanded me, to-day,  
 To live by faith, and I'd obey ;  
 LORD, help me to believe.

N 14

494 S. M. S——.

Sutton 149. Price's 187.

## A Morning Hymn.

- 1    **S**EE how the mounting sun  
      Pursues his shining way ;  
   And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,  
      With every brightening ray.
- 2    Thus would my rising soul  
      Its heavenly parent sing :  
   And to its great original  
      The humble tribute bring.
- 3    Serene I laid me down  
      Beneath his guardian care ;  
   I slept, and I awoke, and found  
      My kind preserver near !
- 4    Thus does thine arm support  
      This weak defenceless frame ;  
   But whence these favours, LORD, to me,  
      All worthless as I am ?
- 5    O ! how shall I repay  
      The bounties of my GOD ?  
   This feeble spirit pants beneath  
      The pleasing painful load.
- 6    Dear Saviour, to thy cross  
      I bring my sacrifice ;  
   Ting'd with thy blood, it shall ascend  
      With fragrance to the skies.
- 7    My life I would anew,  
      Devote, O LORD, to thee ;  
   And in thy service I would spend  
      A long eternity.

495 L. M.

Madan's 107. Ulverston 179.

An Evening Hymn.

- 1 **G**REAT 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 eye-lids close,  
 With sleep refresh my feeble frame;  
 Safe in thy care may I repose,  
 And wake with praises to thy name.

496 L. M. *Bp. Ken.*

Magdalene 214. Ailie Street 241.

An Evening Hymn.

- 1 **G**LORY to thee, my GOD, this night,  
 For all the blessings of the light;  
 Keep me, O keep me, KING of KINGS,  
 Beneath thy own Almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, LORD, for thy dear Son,  
 The ill that I this day have done,  
 That with the world, myself, and thee,  
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed ;  
Teach me to die, that so I may  
Rise glorious at the awful day.
- 4 O let my soul on thee repose,  
And may sweet sleep mine eye-lids close ;  
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make  
To serve my GOD when I awake.
- 5 If in the night I sleepless lie,  
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;  
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,  
No powers of darkness me molest.  
Praise God, &c.

497. C. M. M——

Irish 171. Great Milton 212.

An Evening Hymn.

- 1 **N**OW from the altar of our hearts  
Let flames of love arise ;  
Assist us, LORD, to offer up,  
Our evening sacrifice.
- 2 Minutes and mercies multiply'd  
Have made up all this day ;  
Minutes came quick, but mercies were  
More swift and free than they.
- 3 New time, new favour, and new joys,  
Do a new song require ;  
Till we shall praise thee as we would,  
Accept our hearts' desire.
- 4 LORD of our days, whose hand hath set  
New time upon the score ;  
Thee may we praise for all our time,  
When time shall be no more.

## THE SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

498 C. M. Needham.

Michael's 119. Evans's 190.

On the Spring.

- 1 **T**HE icy chains that bound the earth  
 Are now dissolv'd and gone ;  
 Wak'd by the sun, the blooming spring  
 Put his new livery on.
- 2 Where awful desolation reign'd,  
 Bless'd plenty rears her head ;  
 Exulting with a smile to see  
 Her late destroyer fled.
- 3 Teeming with life, th' advancing sun  
 Protracts the falling day ;  
 Grand light of heaven ! he seems to wish  
 To make a longer stay.
- 4 In clouds of gold behold him set,  
 Beyond the west he flies :  
 Short 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. Finsbury 155.

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 grac'd.
- 2 How balmy is the air!  
How warm the solar beams!  
And to refresh the ground, the rains  
Descend in gentle streams.
- 3 **G**reat God, at thy command  
Seasons in order rise:  
Thy power and love in concert reign  
Thro' earth, and seas, and skies.
- 4 With grateful praise we own  
Thy providential hand,  
While grass for kine, and herbs and corn  
For men, enrich the land.
- 5 But greater still the gift  
Of thine incarnate Son;  
By him forgiveness, peace, and joy,  
Thro' endless ages run.

## 500 C. M.

Braintree 25. Foster 96. Salem 139.

The Spring improved.

- 1 **B**EHOLD! long-wish'd-for spring is come,  
How alter'd is the scene!  
The trees and shrubs are dress'd in bloom,  
The earth array'd in green.
- 2 Where'er we tread, the clust'ring flowers  
Beauteous around us spring,  
The birds with joint harmonious powers  
Invite our hearts to sing.

- 3 But ah ! in vain I strive to join,  
Opprest with sin and doubt ;  
I feel 'tis winter still within,  
Tho' all is spring without.
- 4 O ! would my Saviour, from on high,  
Break thro' these clouds and shine,  
No creature then more blest than I,  
No song more loud than mine.
- 6 LORD, let thy word my hopes revive,  
And overcome my foes ;  
O make my languid graces thrive,  
And blossom like the rose !

501 C. M. *Dr. Gibbons.*

Abridge 201. Bangor 231.

On a Year of threatening Drought.

- 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 promis'd 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 seeds 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 drought  
And blooming life expires.

N17,

- 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. Worksp 31.

On a Year of threatening Rain.

- 1 **H**OW hast thou, LORD, from year to year,  
 Our land with plenty crown'd !  
 And generous fruit and golden grain  
 Have spread their riches round.
- 2: But we thy mercies have abus'd  
 To more abounding crimes ;  
 What heights, what daring heights in sin,  
 Mark and disgrace our times !
- 3 Equal, tho' awful is the doom,  
 That fierce descending rain  
 Should into inundations swell,  
 And crush the rising grain !
- 4 How just, that in the autumn's reign,  
 When we had hop'd to reap,  
 Our fields of sorrow and despair  
 Should lie an hideous heap !
- 5 But, LORD, have mercy on our land,  
 Those floods of vengeance stay ;  
 Dispel these glooms, and let the sun  
 Shine in unclouded day !

To thee alone we look for help ;  
 None else of dew or rain  
 Can give the world the smallest drop,  
 Or smallest drop restrain.

503 L. M. *Dr. Watts's Lyrica.*

Old Hundred 100. Dresden 178.

The God of Thunder.

**O** THE immense, th' amazing height,  
 The boundless grandeur of our God,  
 Who treads the worlds beneath his feet,  
 And sways the nations with his nod !

He speaks ; and lo ! all nature shakes,  
 Heaven's everlasting pillars bow ;  
 He rends the clouds with hideous cracks,  
 And shoots his fiery arrows thro.'

Well, let the nations start and fly  
 At the blue lightning's horrid glare,  
 Atheists and emperors shrink and die,  
 When flame and noise torment the air.

Let noise and flame confound the skies,  
 And drown the spacious realms below,  
 Yet will we sing the Thunderer's praise,  
 And send our loud hosannas thro.'

Celestial King, thy blazing power  
 Kindles our hearts to flaming joys ;  
 We shout to hear thy thunders roar,  
 And echo to our Father's voice.

Thus shall the God our Saviour come,  
 And lightnings round his chariot play :  
 Ye lightnings, fly to make him room ;  
 Ye glorious storms, prepare his way.

N 18

## 504 C. M.

Devizes 14. Evans's 190.

Summer—an Harvest Hymn.

- 1 **T**O praise the ever-bounteous LORD,  
 My soul, wake all thy powers:  
 He calls, and at his voice come forth  
 The smiling harvest hours.
- 2 His covenant with the earth he keeps;  
 My tongue, his goodness sing;  
 Summer and winter know their time,  
 His harvest crowns the spring.
- 3 Well-pleas'd the toiling swains behold  
 The waving yellow crop:  
 With joy they bear the sheaves away,  
 And sow again in hope.
- 4 Thus teach me, gracious God, to sow  
 The seeds of righteousness:  
 Smile on my soul, and with thy beams  
 The rip'ning harvest bless.
- 5 Then, in the last great harvest, I  
 Shall reap a glorious crop:  
 The harvest shall by far exceed  
 What I have sown in hope.

## 505 C. M.

Abridge 201. Charmouth 28.

Harvest—or, the accepted Time and Day of Salvation  
 Prov. x. 5.

- 1 **S**EE how the little toiling ant  
 Improves the harvest hours;  
 While summer lasts, thro' all her cells  
 The choicest stores she pours.
- 2 While life remains, our harvest lasts;  
 But youth of life's the prime;  
 Best is this season for our work,  
 And this th' accepted time.

- 3 To-day attend, is Wisdom's voice ;  
 To-morrow, Folly cries :  
 And still to-morrow 'tis, when, oh !  
 To-day the sinner dies.
- 4 When conscience speaks, its voice regard,  
 And seize the tender hour ;  
 Humbly implore the promis'd grace,  
 And God will give the power.

506 C. M. Steele.

Worksop 31. Crowle 3.

Winter.

- 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,  
 Confin'd 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. Steele.

New Sabbath 122. Rothwell 174.

Winter.

- 1 **S**EE how rude winter's icy hand  
 Has stripp'd 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 **J**ESUS, my glorious sun, arise !  
 'Tis thine the frozen heart to move ;  
 O! hush these storms, and clear my skies,  
 And let me feel thy vital love !
- 4 **D**EAR **L**ORD, 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. Coombs's 45.

The Seasons crowned with Goodness. Psalm lxxv. 11.

- 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  
Thro' all our coasts 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. Robinson.

Jewin Street 222. Welch 210.

Grateful Recollection—Ebenezer. 1 Sam. vii. 12.

- 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,  
 Interpos'd his precious blood.
- 3 O! to grace how great a debtor  
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be !  
 Let that grace, LORD, like a fetter,  
 Bind my wandering heart to thee !  
 Prone to wander, LORD, I feel it ;  
 Prone to leave the God I love—  
 Here's my heart, LORD, take and seal it,  
 Seal it from thy courts above.

510 L. M.

New Sabbath 122. Antigua 120.

Help obtained of God. Acts xxvi. 22.

New Year's Day.

- 1 **G**REAT God, we sing that mighty hand,  
 By which supported still we stand :  
 The opening year thy mercy shews ;  
 Let mercy crown it till it close.
- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,  
 Still we are guarded by our God ;  
 By his incessant bounty fed,  
 By his unerring counsel led.

With grateful hearts the past we own :  
 The future, all to us unknown,  
 To thy guardian care commit,  
 And peaceful leave before thy feet.  
 Thy scenes exalted or depress'd,  
 Be thou our joy, and thou our rest ;  
 Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,  
 And thro' all our changing days.  
 When death shall interrupt these songs,  
 And seal in silence mortal tongues,  
 Thy Helper, GOD, in whom we trust,  
 In better worlds our souls shall boast.

511 L. M. S—.

Ailie Street 241. Langdon 217.

The barren Fig-Tree. Luke xiii. 6—9.

**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.  
 Thou hast preserv'd my fleeting breath,  
 And chas'd the gloomy shades of death ;  
 The venom'd arrows vainly fly,  
 When God our great deliverer's nigh.  
 Yet why, dear LORD, this tender care ?  
 Why does thy hand so kindly rear  
 A useless cumberer of the ground,  
 In which no pleasant fruits are found ?  
 Till may the barren fig-tree stand !  
 And, cultivated by thy hand,  
 Verdure, and bloom, and fruit afford,  
 Present tribute to its bounteous LORD !

- 5 So shall thy praise employ my breath  
Thro' life, and in the arms of death  
My soul the pleasant theme prolong,  
Then rise to aid th' angelic song.

512. 7s. *Fawcett.*

Alcester 213. Bath Abbey 147.

A Birth-Day Hymn. Acts xxvi. 22.

- 1 **I** MY Ebenezer raise  
To my kind Redeemer's praise;  
With a grateful heart I own,  
Hitherto thy help I've known.
- 2 What may be my future lot,  
Well I know concerns me not;  
This should set my heart at rest,  
What thy will ordains is best.
- 3 I my all to thee resign;  
Father, let thy will be mine;  
May but a thy dealings prove  
Fruits of thy paternal love.
- 4 Guard me, Saviour, by thy pow'r;  
Guard me in the trying hour:  
Let thy unremitting care  
Save me from the lurking snare.
- 5 Let my few remaining days  
Be directed to thy praise;  
So the last, the closing scene  
Shall be tranquil and serene.
- 6 To thy will I leave the rest,  
Grant me but this one request,  
Both in life and death to prove  
Tokens of thy special love.

- 513 C. M.

New York 33. Miall 240. A

## A Wedding Hymn.

- 1 **S**INCE 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 Rebecca 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 of wine.

514 L. M. *Newton.*

Bramcoate 8. Rowles 73.

A Welcome to Christian Friends.—At Meeting.

- 1 **K**INDRED in CHRIST, for his dear sake,  
A hearty welcome here receive :  
May we together now partake  
The joys which only he can give.
- 2 To you and us by grace 'tis given  
To know the Saviour's precious name ;  
And shortly we shall meet in heaven,  
Our hope, our way, our end the same.
- 3 May he, by whose kind care we meet,  
Send his good Spirit from above,  
Make our 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 liv'd, and died, and reigns for us.
- 5 We'll talk of all he did and said,  
And suffer'd for us here below ;  
The path he mark'd for us to tread,  
And what he's doing for us now.
- 6 Thus, as the moments pass away,  
We'll love and wonder, and adore :  
And hasten on the glorious day,  
When we shall meet to part no more.

515 7s.

Cookham 36. Hotham 224.

At Parting.

- 1 **F**OR a season call'd to part,  
Let us now ourselves commend  
To the gracious eye and heart  
Of our ever-present Friend.

- 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.

516 L. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Magdalene 214. Portugal 97.

The Christian Farewell. 2 Cor. xiii. 11.

- 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.

517 L. M. *Dr. S. Steennett.*

Ulverston 179. Lewton 30.

Early Piety. Matt. xii. 20.

- 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 threat'ning winds,  
 And ripens blossom into fruit.
- 4 With humble souls he bears a part  
 In all the sorrows they endure:  
 Tender and gracious is his heart,  
 His promise is for ever sure.
- 5 He sees the struggles that prevail  
 Between the powers of grace and sin;  
 He kindly listens while they tell  
 The bitter pangs they feel within.
- 6 Tho' press'd with fears on every side,  
 They know not how the strife may end;  
 Yet he will soon the cause decide,  
 And judgment unto vict'ry send.

518 C. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Salem 139. Foster 96. Evans's 190.

The Encouragement young Persons have to seek CHRIST.  
 Prov. viii. 17.

- 1 **Y**E hearts, with youthful vigour warm,  
 In smiling crowds draw near,

- And turn from every mortal charm,  
A Saviour's voice to hear.
- 2 He, LORD of all the worlds on high,  
Stoops to converse with you ;  
And lays his radiant glories by,  
Your friendship to pursue.
- 3 ' The soul that longs to see my face  
' Is sure my love to gain ;  
' And those that early seek my grace  
' Shall never seek in vain.'
- 4 What object, LORD, my soul should move,  
If once compar'd with thee ?  
What beauty should command my love,  
Like what in CHRIST I see ?
- 5 Away, ye false delusive toys,  
Vain tempters of the mind !  
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,  
For here true bliss I find.

519 C. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Great Milton 212. Sprague 166.

Seek first the Kingdom of God. Matt. vi. 33.

- 1 **N**OW let a true ambition rise,  
And ardour fire our breasts,  
To reign in worlds above the skies,  
In heavenly glories drest.
- 2 Behold Jehovah's royal hand  
A radiant crown display,  
Whose gems with vivid lustre shine,  
While stars and suns decay.
- 3 Away each 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. *Dr. Watts's Sermons.*

Green's Hundred 89. Ulverston 179.

A lovely Youth falling short of Heaven. Mark x. 21.

- 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 S. M. Fawcett.

Eagle Street New 55. Harborough 142.

How shall a young Man cleanse his Way? Psal. cxix. 9.

- 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 the word of grace  
My warmest thoughts employ;  
Be this, thro' all my following days,  
My treasure and my joy.
- 6 To what thy laws impart  
Be my whole soul inclin'd;  
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.

522 8. 8. 6. *D. Bradbery's altered.*

FOR A SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Broadmead 150. Chatham 59.

The Importance of educating Youth.

*Congregation.*

- 1 **N**OW let our hearts conspire to raise  
 A cheerful anthem to his praise  
 Who reigns enthron'd above :  
 Let music, sweet as incense, rise  
 With grateful odours to the skies,  
 The work of joy and love.

*Children.*

- 2 Teach us to bow before thy face ;  
 Nor let our hearts forget thy grace,  
 Or slight thy providence ;  
 When lost in ignorance we lay,  
 To vice and death an easy prey,  
 Thy goodness snatch'd us thence.

*Congregation.*

- 3 O what a num'rous race we see,  
 In ignorance and misery,  
 Unprincipled, untaught !  
 Shall they *continue* still to lie  
 In ignorance and misery ?  
 We cannot bear the thought.

*Children.*

- 4 Give, LORD, each liberal soul to prove  
 The joys of thine exhaustless love ;  
 And while thy praise we sing,  
 May we the sacred scriptures know,  
 And like the blessed JESUS grow,  
 That earth and heaven may ring !

*Congregation.*

- 5 We feel a sympathizing heart ;  
 LORD, 'tis a pleasure to impart ;  
 To thee thine own we give :  
 Hear thou our cry, and pitying see,  
 O let these children live to thee,  
 O let these children live.

523 C. M. J. Straphan.

Bath Chapel 26. Crowle 3.

Sunday School.

- 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.

## 524 C. M.

Bangor 231. Wantage 201.

Old Age approaching ; or, Man frail and mortal.

- 1 **E**TERNAL God, enthron'd on high !  
 Whom angel hosts adore ;  
 Who yet to suppliant dust art nigh ;  
 Thy presence I implore.
- 2 O guide me down the steep of age,  
 A • keep my passions cool :  
 Teach me to scan the sacred page,  
 And practise every rule.
- 3 My flying years time urges on,  
 What's human must decay ;  
 My friends, my young companions gone,  
 Can I expect to stay ?
- 4 Can I exemption plead, when death  
 Projects his awful dart !  
 Can med'cines then prolong my breath,  
 Or virtue shield my heart ?
- 5 Ah ! no—then smooth the mortal hour,  
 On thee my hope depends :  
 Support me with almighty power,  
 While dust to dust descends.
- 6 'Then shall my soul, O gracious God,  
 (While Angels join the lay,)  
 Admitted to the bless'd abode,  
 Its endless anthems pay.—
- 7 Thro' heaven, how'er remote the bound,  
 Thy matchless love proclaim,  
 And join the choir of saints that sound  
 Their great Redeemer's name.

## FAST AND THANKSGIVING DAYS.

525 C. M.

Carolina 13. Windsor 247.

For a Public Fast.

- 1 **S**EE, gracious God, before thy throne  
Thy mourning people bend!  
Tis on thy sovereign grace alone  
Our humble hopes depend.
- 2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand  
Thy dreadful power display ;  
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,  
And still we live to pray.
- 3 Great God, and why is Britain spar'd,  
Ungrateful as we are !  
O make thy awful warnings heard,  
While mercy cries, ' Forbear.'
- 4 What num'rous crimes increasing rise  
Thro' this apostate isle !  
What land so favour'd of the skies,  
And yet what land so vile !
- 5 How chang'd, alas ! are truths divine  
For error, guilt, and shame !  
What impious numbers, bold in sin,  
Disgrace the Christian name !
- 6 Regardless of thy smile or frown,  
Their pleasures they require ;  
And sink with gay indifference down  
To everlasting fire.
- 7 O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,  
By thy resistless grace ;  
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,  
And humbly seek thy face.

- 8 Then should insulting foes invade,  
 We shall not sink in fear ;  
 Secure of never-failing aid,  
 If GOD, our GOD is near.

526 C. M. S—.

Abridge 201. Charmouth 28.

A Hymn for a Fast-day. Gen. xviii. 23—33.

- 1 **W**HEN Abram, full of sacred awe,  
 Before Jehovah stood,  
 And, with an 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. Steele.

Wareham 117. Portugal 97.

On a Day of Prayer for Success in War.

- 1 **L**ORD, how shall wretched sinners dare  
Look up to thy divine abode?  
Or offer their imperfect prayer,  
Before a just, a holy God?
- 2 Bright terrors guard thy awful seat,  
And dazzling glories veil thy face;  
Yet mercy calls us to thy feet,  
Thy throne is still a throne of grace.
- 3 O may our souls thy grace adore,  
May Jesus plead our humble claim,  
While thy protection we implore,  
In his prevailing, glorious name.
- 4 With all the boasted pomp of war  
In vain we dare the hostile field;  
In vain, unless the Lord be there;  
Thy arm alone is Britain's shield.
- 5 Let past 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 anity divine)  
 Spread o'er the world, celestial day?  
 When shall the nations, LORD, be thine?

528 L. M. *President Davies.*

Paul's 246. Dresden 178.

National Judgments deprecated, and National Mercies  
 pleaded for. *Amos* iii. 1—6.

- 1 **W**HILE o'er our guilty land, O LORD,  
 We view the terrors of thy sword;  
 Oh! whither shall the helpless fly;  
 To whom but thee direct their cry?
- 2 The helpless sinner's cries and tears  
 Are grown familiar to thine ears;  
 Oft has thy mercy sent relief,  
 When all was fear and hopeless grief.
- 3 On thee, our guardian God, we call;  
 Before thy throne of grace we fall;  
 And is there no deliverance there,  
 And must we perish in despair?
- 4 See, we repent, we weep, we mourn,  
 To our forsaken God we turn;  
 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 down  
 On guilty lands in helpless woe;  
 Let them prevail to save us too.

529 C. M.

Cambridge New 74. Irish 171.

Thanksgiving for Victory over our Enemies.

- 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;  
 'Tis thou hast rais'd our honours high,  
 And o'er their hosts prevail'd.
- 4 Their mounds, their camps, their lofty towers  
 Into our hands are given;  
 Not from desert or strength of ours,  
 But thro' the grace of heaven.
- 5 What tho' no columns lifted high  
 Stand deep inscrib'd with praise,  
 Yet sounding honours to the sky  
 Our grateful tongues 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. *Beddome.*

Derby 169. Portugal 97.

Peace prayed for.

- 1 **O**N Britain, long a favour'd isle,  
Now o'erwhelm'd with guilt and shame,  
Design, mighty God, once more to smile;  
The same thy power, thy grace the same.
- 2 Let peace descend with balmy wing,  
And all its blessings round her shed;  
Her liberties be well secur'd,  
And commerce lift its fainting head:
- 3 Let the loud cannon cease to roar,  
The warlike trump no longer sound:  
The din of arms be heard no more,  
Nor human blood pollute the ground.
- 4 Let hostile troops drop from their hands  
The useless sword, the glittering spear;  
And join in friendship's sacred bands,  
Nor one dissentient voice be there.
- 5 Thus save, O LORD, a sinking land;  
Millions of tongues shall then adore,  
Resound the honours of thy name,  
And spread thy praise from shore to shore.

531 L. M.

Wareham 117. Redemption 243. Old Hundred 100.

Praise for national Peace. Psalm xlvi. 9.

- 1 **G**REAT Ruler of the earth and skies,  
A word of thy almighty breath  
Can sink the world, or bid it rise;  
Thy smile is life, thy frown is death.
- 2 When angry nations rush to arms,  
And rage, and noise, and tumult reign,

And war resounds its dire alarms,  
And slaughter spreads the hostile plains;

3 Thy sovereign eye looks calmly down,  
And marks their course, and bounds their pow'r:  
Thy word the angry nations own,  
And noise and war are heard no more.

4 Then peace returns with balmy wing,  
(Sweet peace, with her what blessings fled!)  
Glad plenty laughs, the vallies 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. Bramcoate 8.

Thanksgiving for National Deliverance, and Improvement  
of it. Luke i. 74, 75.

1 **P**RAISE to the LORD, who bows his ear  
Propitious to his people's prayer,  
And, tho' 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. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Wells 102. Redemption 243.

Delivering Goodness acknowledged. 2 Cor. i. 10.

A Song for the 5th of November.

- 1 **P**RAISE to the LORD, whose mighty hand  
 So oft reveal'd hath sav'd our land ;  
 And, when united nations rose,  
 Hath sham'd and scourg'd our haughtiest foes.
- 2 When mighty navies from afar,  
 To Britain wasted floating war,  
 His breath dispers'd them all with ease,  
 And sunk their terrors in the seas.\*
- 3 While for our princes they prepare  
 In caverns deep a burning snare ;  
 He shot from heaven a piercing ray,  
 And the dark treachery brought to day.†
- 4 Princes and priests again combine  
 New chains to forge, new snares to twine ;  
 Again our gracious God appears,  
 And breaks their chains, and cuts their snares.
- 5 Obedient winds at his command  
 Convey his Hero† to our land ;  
 The sons of Rome with terror view,  
 And speed their flight when none pursue.
- 6 Such great deliverance God hath wrought,  
 And down to us salvation brought ;  
 And still the care of guardian Heaven  
 Secures the bliss itself hath given.

\* Spanish Armada, 1588. † Gunpowder-plot.

† King William, 1688.

- 7 In thee we trust, Almighty Lord,  
 Continu'd rescue to afford:  
 Still be thy powerful arm made bare,  
 For all thy servants' hopes are there.

534 L. M. Steele.

Allie Street 211. Langdon 217.

For the 5th of November.

- 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 combin'd 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  
 Resum'd, avow'd their black design;  
 Again to save us God arose,  
 And Britain own'd the hand divine.
- 5 Why, gracious God, is Britain sav'd?  
 Why bless'd with liberty and light?  
 Nor by fell tyranny enslav'd,  
 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 shew the wonders of thy grace.

- 7 The wonders of thy grace complete ;  
 Reform this wretched, guilty land !  
 Let thankful love, beneath thy feet,  
 Confess thy kind, thy guardian hand !
- 8 Let every age adore thy name,  
 While nature's circling wheels shall roll,  
 Thy mercies every tongue proclaim,  
 And sound thy praise from pole to pole.

535 L. M.

New Court 173. Truro 105.

Deliverances. Numbers xxiii. 23.

- 1 **W**HAT hath God wrought ! might Israel 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 mill-stone in the main,  
 Proud Rome shall sink, nor rise again.
- 5 What hath God wrought ! O blissful theme !  
 Are we redeem'd and call'd by him ?  
 Shall we be led the desert thro'—  
 And safe arrive at glory too ?

- 6 The news shall every harp employ,  
 Fill every tongue with rapturous joy ;  
 When shall we join the heavenly throng  
 To swell the triumph and the song !

536 8. 8. 6.

Chatham 59. Broadmead 150.

Prayer for his Majesty King GEORGE, and the Royal  
 Family.

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast bid thy people pray  
 For all that bear the sovereign sway,  
 And thy vicegerent's reign,  
 Rulers, and governors and powers :  
 And, lo! we humbly pray for our's ;  
 Nor can we pray in vain.
- 2 **J**ESUS, thy chosen servant guard,  
 And every threatening danger ward  
 From his anointed head :  
 Bid all his griefs and troubles cease ;  
 Thro' paths of righteousness and peace,  
 Our King, propitious lead,
- 3 **C**over his enemies with shame,  
 Defeat their proud malicious aim,  
 And make their councils vain ;  
 Preserve him, Providence divine,  
 And let the long illustrious line  
 To latest ages reign.
- 4 **U**pon him shower thy blessings down,  
 Crown him with grace, with glory crown,  
 And everlasting joys ;  
 While wealth, prosperity, and peace,  
 Our Nation and our Churches bless,  
 And praise THE **GLOBE** employs.



## SICKNESS AND RECOVERY.

537 C. M. Steele.

Charmouth 28. Ludlow 84.

Desiring the Presence of God in Affliction.

- 1 **T**HOU only centre of my rest,  
Look down with pitying eye,  
While with protracted pain opprest  
I breathe the plaintive sigh.
- 2 Thy gracious presence, O my God,  
My every wish contains ;  
With this, beneath affliction's load,  
My heart no more complains.
- 3 This can my every care controul,  
Gild each dark scene with light ;  
This is the sun-shine 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.

538 C. M. *Dr. Watts.*

Abridge 201. David's 186.

Complaint and Hope under great Pain.

- 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'erburthen'd heart should break  
 Beneath thine 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 confin'd ?  
 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. Leech.

Windsor 247. London 180.

For a Time of general Sickness.

- 1 **D**EATH, with his dread commission seal'd,  
Now hastens to his arms ;  
In awful state he takes the field,  
And sounds his dire alarms.
- 2 Attendant plagues around him stand,  
And wait his dread command ;  
And pains and dying groans obey  
The signal of his hand.
- 3 With cruel force he scatters round  
His shafts of deadly power ;  
While the grave waits its destin'd prey,  
Impatient to devour.
- 4 Look up, ye heirs of endless joy,  
Nor let your fears prevail ;  
Eternal life is your reward,  
When life on earth shall fail.
- 5 What tho' his darts, promiscuous hurl'd,  
Deal fatal plagues around ;  
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 thro'.
- 8 Joyful they stretch their wings abroad,  
And all in triumph rise

To the fair palace of their God,  
And mansions in the skies.

540 (First Part.) S. M. *Beddome.*

Harborough 142. Stoke 207.

Submission under Affliction.

- 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 thro' death's dark vale  
Conduct to heaven at last?  
The future good will make amends  
For all the evil past.
- 3 **L**ORD, I would not repine  
At strokes in mercy sent;  
If the chastisement comes in love,  
My soul shall be content.

540 (Second Part.) 8s. *S. Pearce.*

Limefield 94. New Jerusalem 230.

For a Sick Chamber.

Written when deprived, by Sickness, of attending Public  
Worship.

- 1 **T**HE fabric of nature is fair,  
But fairer the temple of grace;  
To saints 'tis the joy of the earth,  
The most glorious and beautiful place.
- 2 To this temple I once did resort,  
With crouds of the people of God;  
Enraptur'd we enter'd his courts,  
And hail'd the Redeemer's abode.
- 3 The Father of mercies we prais'd,  
And prostrated low at his throne;  
The Saviour we lov'd and ador'd,  
Who lov'd us, and made us his own.

- 4 Full oft to the message of peace,  
To sinners address'd from the sky,  
We listen'd—extolling that grace,  
Which set us—once rebels, on high.
- 5 Faith clave to the crucify'd Lamb;  
Hope, smiling, exalted its head;  
Love warm'd at the Saviour's dear name,  
And vow'd to observe what he said.
- 6 What pleasure appear'd in the looks  
Of the brethren and sisters around!  
With transport all seem'd to reflect  
On the blessings in Jesus they'd found.
- 7 Sweet moments, if aught upon earth  
Resembles the joy of the skies,  
It is when the hearts of the flock  
Conjoin'd to their Shepherd arise.
- 8 But ah! these sweet moments are fled,  
Pale sickness compels me to stay,  
Where no voice of the turtle is heard,  
As the moments are hasting away.
- 9 My God! thou art holy and good,  
Thy plans are all righteous and wise;  
O help me submissive to wait  
Till thou biddest thy servant arise.—
- 10 If to follow thee here in thy courts,  
May it be with all ardour and zeal,—  
With success and increasing delight,  
Performing the whole of thy will.
- 11 Or shouldst thou in bondage detain  
To visit thy temples no more,  
Prepare me for mansions above,  
Where nothing exists to deplore!—
- 12 Where Jesus, the Sun of the place,  
Refulgent incessantly shines,

- Eternally blessing his saints,  
And pouring delight on their minds.
- 13 There—there are no prisons to hold  
The captive from tasting delight ;  
There—there the day never is clos'd,  
With shadows, or darkness, or night ;
- 14 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.
- 15 Enough then—my heart shall no more  
Of its present bereavements complain ;  
Since ere long I to heav'n shall soar,  
And ceaseless enjoyments obtain.

541 (First Part.) 8, 7, 4. *S. Pearce.*

Lewes 63. Helmsley 223. Painswick 162.

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 forgiv'n.
- 3 'Mid the gloom the vivid lightnings  
With increasing brightness play,  
'Mid the thorn-brake beauteous flow'rets  
Look more beautiful and gay:  
Hallelujah, &c.

- 4 So, in darkest dispensations,  
Doth my faithful LORD appear,  
With his richest consolations,  
'Po 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, tho' trials now attend me,  
Trials never more annoy ;  
Hallelujah, &c.
- 8 Bless'd 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 (Second Part.) L. M.

Portugal 97. Rippon's 188.

Sickness and Recovery.

- 1 **A** WHILE remain'd the doubtful strife,  
Till JESUS gave me back my life :  
My life?—my soul, recal the word,  
'Tis 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 SON appear!
- 4 O bless him!—bless, ye dying saints,  
 The GOD of grace, when nature faints!  
 He shew'd my flesh the gaping grave,  
 'To shew me he had power to save.

542 (First Part.) C. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*  
 David's 186. Newbury 132.

Praise for Recovery from Sickness. Psalm cxviii. 18, 19.

- 1 SOVEREIGN 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 bless'd  
 With raptures bow around,  
 My anthems to delivering grace  
 In sweeter strains shall sound.

542 (Second Part.) S. M.

Harborough 142. Stoke 207.

The Benefit of sanctified Affliction; or, God bringing his  
 People into the Covenant under the Rod. Ezek. xx. 37.

- 1 **H**OW gracious, and how wise  
 Is our chastising GOD!  
 And 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 cov'nant love they seek,  
 And seek the happy bands  
 That closer still engage their hearts  
 To honour his commands.
- 5 Dear Father, we consent  
 To discipline divine;  
 And bless the pain that 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.

## TIME AND ETERNITY.

543 L. M. Steele.

Kingsbridge 88. Ulverston 179.

The Shortness of Time and Frailty of Man. Ps. xxxix.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Maker of my frame,  
Teach me the measure of my days!  
Teach me to know how frail I am,  
And spend the remnant to thy praise.
- 2 My days are shorter than a span;  
A little point my life appears;  
How frail, at best, is dying man!  
How vain are all his hopes and fears!
- 3 Vain is ambition, noise, and show!  
Vain are the cares which rack his mind!  
He heaps up treasures mix'd with woe,  
And dies, and leaves them all behind.
- 4 Oh, be a nobler portion mine,  
My GOD! I bow before thy throne;  
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,  
And fix my hope on thee alone.

544 L. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Paul's 246. Babylon Streams 23.

The Wisdom of redeeming Time. Eph. v. 15, 16.

- 1 **G**OD of Eternity, from thee  
Did infant Time his being draw;  
Moments, and days, and months, and years,  
Revolve by thine unvaried law.
- 2 Silent and slow they glide away;  
Steady and strong the current flows;  
Lost in eternity's wide sea—  
The boundless 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 amusement lost,  
 Nor think to what a world we go.
- 5 Great source of wisdom! teach my heart  
 To know the price of every hour;  
 That time may bear me on to joys  
 Beyond its measure, and its power.

545 7s. Dr. Ryland.

Stock 161. Cookham 36.

The Saint happy in being entirely at the Disposal of his  
 God.—My Times are in thy hands. Psalm xxxiv. 1.  
 xxxiv. 1.

- 1 **S**OVEREIGN Ruler of the Skies!  
 Ever gracious, ever wise!  
 All my times are in thy hand,—  
 All events at thy command.
- 2 His decree, who form'd the earth,  
 Fix'd my first and second birth:  
 Parents, native place, and time—  
 All appointed were by him.
- 3 He that form'd me in the womb,  
 He shall guide me to the tomb:  
 All my times shall ever be  
 Order'd by his wise decree.
- 4 Times of sickness, times of health;  
 Times of penury and wealth;  
 Times of trial and of grief;  
 Times of triumph and relief;

- 5 Times the tempter's power to prove ;  
 Times to taste a Saviour's love :  
 All must come, and last, and end,  
 As shall please my heavenly friend.
- 6 Plagues and deaths around me fly ;  
 Till he bids, I cannot die :  
 Not a single shaft can hit  
 Till the God of love sees fit.
- 7 O thou Gracious, Wise, and Just,  
 In thy hands my life I trust :  
 Have I somewhat dearer still ?—  
 I resign it to thy will.
- 8 May I always own thy hand—  
 Still to the surrender stand ;  
 Know that thou art God alone,  
 I and mine are all thy' own.
- 9 Thee, at all times, will I bless ;  
 Having thee, I all possess :  
 How can I bereaved be,  
 Since I cannot part with thee ?

546 C. M. Steele.

Worksop 31. Crowle 3.

Time and Eternity ; or, longing after unseen Pleasures.  
 2 Cor. iv. 18.

- 1 **H**OW long shall earth's alluring toys  
 Detain our hearts and eyes,  
 Regardless of immortal joys,  
 And strangers to the skies ?
- 2 These transient scenes will soon decay,  
 They fade upon the sight ;  
 And quickly will their brightest day  
 Be lost in endless night.

- 3 Their brightest day, alas, how vain!  
 With conscious sighs we own;  
 While clouds of sorrow, care, and pain,  
 O'ershade the smiling noon.
- 4 Oh, could our thoughts and wishes fly  
 Above these gloomy shades,  
 To those bright worlds beyond the sky,  
 Which sorrow ne'er invades!
- 5 There joys, unseen by mortal eyes,  
 Or reason's feeble ray,  
 In ever-blooming prospects rise,  
 Unconscious of decay.
- 6 LORD! send a beam of light divine  
 To guide our upward aim!  
 With one reviving touch of thine  
 Our languid hearts inflame.
- 7 Then shall, on Faith's sublimest wing,  
 Our ardent wishes rise  
 To those bright scenes, where pleasures spring  
 Immortal in the skies.

547 S. M. Dr. S. Stennett.

Gosport 53. Henley 38.

Divine Mercies in constant Succession. Lam. iii. 22, 23.

- 1 **H**OW various and how new  
 Are thy compassions, LORD!  
 Each morning shall thy mercies shew,—  
 Each night thy truth record.
- 2 Thy goodness, like the sun,  
 Dawn'd on our early days,  
 Ere infant reason had begun  
 To form our lips to praise.

- 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 refin'd  
Awaited that bless'd day,  
When light arose upon our mind,  
And chas'd 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 rapt'rous scches 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 shew,  
And all thy truth record.

548. L. M.

Warrham 117. Horsley 295.

Eternity joyful and tremendous:

- 1 **E**TERNITY is just at hand!  
 And shall I waste my ebbing sand,  
 And careless view departing day,  
 And throw my inch of time away?
- 2 Eternity!—tremendous sound!  
 To guilty souls a dreadful wound!  
 But oh! if Christ and heaven be mine,  
 How sweet the accents! how divine!
- 3 Be this my chief, my only care,  
 My high pursuit, my ardent prayer;  
 An interest in the Saviour's blood—  
 My pardon seal'd, and peace with God,
- 4 But should my brightest hopes be vain!  
 The rising doubt, how sharp its pain!  
 My fears, O gracious God! remove;  
 Speak me an object of thy love.
- 5 Search, LORD! Oh search my inmost heart,  
 And light, and hope, and joy impart;  
 From guilt and error set me free,  
 And guide me safe to heav'n and thee.

549. 8, 8, 6.

Chatham 59.

A Prayer for Seriousness in Prospect of Eternity.

- 1 **T**HOU God of glorious majesty!  
 To thee,—against myself,—to thee,  
 A sinful worm, I cry,  
 An half-awaken'd child of man,  
 An heir of endless bliss or pain,  
 A sinner born to die.

- 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 bus'ness here,—  
 With holy trembling, holy fear,—  
 To make my calling sure!  
 Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,  
 And suffer all thy righteous will,  
 And to the end endure!
- 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.



## DEATH.

550 (First Part.) C. M. *Dr. Watts's Lyrics.*

Canterbury 199. London 180.

Death and Eternity.

- 1 **M**Y thoughts, that often mount the skies,  
Go, search the world beneath,  
Where nature all in ruin lies,  
And owns her sovereign—death.
- 2 The tyrant, how he triumphs here! \*  
His trophies spread around!  
And heaps of dust and bones appear  
Through all the hollow ground.
- 3 These skulls, what ghastly figures now!  
How loathsome to the eyes!  
These are the heads we lately knew,  
So beautiful and so wise.
- 4 But where the souls,—those deathless things,  
That left their dying clay?  
My thoughts, now stretch out all your wings,  
And trace eternity.
- 5 Oh, that unfathomable sea!  
Those deeps without a shore,  
Where living waters gently play,  
Or fiery billows roar!
- 6 There we shall swim in heavenly bliss,  
Or sink in flaming waves;  
While the pale carcase breathless lies  
Among the silent graves.
- 7 ' Prepare us, LORD, for thy right hand!  
' Then come the joyful day;

\* Bunhill Fields.

‘ Come, death, and some celestial band,  
‘ To bear our souls away !’

550 (Second Part.) 7, 6.

Grange Road 281. Culmstock 6.

Pleasing 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—
- 2 The day when I must enter  
Upon a world unknown;  
My helpless soul I venture  
On JESUS CHRIST alone.
- 3 He once, a spotless victim,  
Upon Mount Calv'ry bled!  
JEHOVAH did afflict him,  
And bruise him in my stead.
- 4 Hence all my hope arises,  
Unworthy as I am:  
My soul most surely prizes  
The sin-atoning Lamb.
- 5 To him by grace united,  
I joy in him alone;  
And now, by faith, delighted,  
Behold him on his throne.
- 6 There he is interceding  
For all who on him rest:  
The grace from him proceeding  
Shall waft me to his breast.
- 7 Then with the saints in glory  
The grateful song I'll raise,  
And chaunt my blissful story  
In high seraphic lays.

- 8 Free grace, redeeming merit,  
And sanctifying love,  
Of FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT,  
Shall charm the courts above.

## 550 (Third Part.) C. M.

Grove House 143.

The safe and happy Exit.

- 1 **L**ORD, must I die? Oh, let me die  
Trusting in thee alone!—  
My *living* testimony giv'n,  
Then leave my *dying* one!
- 2 If I must die—Oh let me die  
In peace with all mankind;  
And change these fleeting joys below  
For pleasures all refin'd.
- 3 If I must die—as die I must—  
Let some kind seraph come  
And bear me on his friendly wing  
To my celestial home!
- 4 Of Canaan's land, from Pisgah's top,  
May I but have a view!  
Though Jordan should o'erflow its banks,  
I'll boldly venture through.

551 (First Part.) 148th. *Toplady's Coll.*

Eagle Street 16. Clapham 18.

The Midnight Cry. Matt. xxv. 6.

- 1 **Y**E virgin souls, arise!  
With all the dead awake;  
Unto salvation wise,  
Oil in your vessels take:  
Upstarting at the midnight cry,  
Behold your heavenly Bridegroom nigh.

- 2 He comes, he comes, to call ;  
 The nations to 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 receiv'd  
 The unction from above,  
 And in his spirit liv'd,  
 And thirsted for his love ;  
 Jesus shall claim you for his bride ;  
 Rejoice with all the sanctified.
- 5 Rejoice in glorious hope  
 Of that great day unknown,  
 When you shall be caught up  
 To stand before his throne !—  
 Call'd to partake the marriage feast,  
 And lean on our IMMANUEL'S breast.
- 6 The everlasting doors  
 Shall soon the saints receive,  
 Above those angel powers  
 In glorious joy to live ;  
 Far from a world of grief and sin,  
 With God eternally shut in.
- 7 Then let us wait to hear  
 The trumpet's welcome sound ;  
 To see our LORD appear,  
 May we be watching found,  
 Enrob'd in righteousness divine,  
 In which the bride shall ever shine.

## 551 (Second Part.) L. M.

Old Hundred 100. Wareham 117.

Prayer for Deliverance from the Fear of Death.

- 1 **O** GOD of Love! with cheering ray  
Gild my expiring streak of day;  
Thy love, through each revolving year,  
Has wip'd away affliction's tear.
- 2 Free me from death's terrific gloom,  
And all the guilt which shrouds the tomb;  
Heighten my joys, support my head,  
*Before* I sink among the dead.
- 3 May death conclude my toils and tears!  
May death destroy my sins and fears!  
May death, through Jesus, be my friend!  
May death be life, when life shall end!
- 4 Crown my *last* moment with thy pow'r—  
The *latest* in my latest hour;  
Then to the raptur'd heights I soar,  
Where fears and death are known no more.

## 552 C. M.

Windsor 247. Charmouth 28.

Victory over Death through Christ. 1 Cor. xv. 57.

- 1 **W**HEN death appears before my 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 (Oh, amazing power of love!)  
Receiv'd it in his heart.

- 4 No more, O grim destroyer ! boast  
 Thy universal sway ;  
 To heaven-born souls thy sting is lost ;  
 Thy night the gates of day.
- 5 LORD, I commit my soul to thee !  
 Accept the sacred trust ;  
 Receive this nobler part of me,  
 And watch my sleeping dust ;
- 6 Till that illustrious morning come,  
 When all thy saints shall rise,  
 And, cloth'd in full immortal bloom,  
 Attend thee to the skies :
- 7 When thy triumphant armies sing  
 The honours of thy name,  
 And heaven's eternal arches ring  
 With glory to the Lamb ;
- 8 Oh, let me join the raptur'd lays !  
 And with the blissful throng,  
 Resound salvation, power, and praise,  
 In everlasting song.

553 C. M. *Dr. Watts's Lyrics.*

Newbury 132. Carolina 13.

The welcome Messenger.

- 1 **L**ORD, when we see a saint of thine  
 Lie gasping out his breath,  
 With longing eyes, and looks divine,  
 Smiling and pleas'd in death ;
- 2 How we could e'en contend to lay  
 Our limbs upon that bed !  
 We ask thine envoy to convey  
 Our spirits in his stead.
- 3 Our souls are rising on the wing  
 To venture in his place !

- For, when grim death has lost his sting,  
He has an angel's face.
- 4 JESUS ! then purge my crimes away,  
'Tis guilt creates my fears !  
'Tis guilt gives death his fierce array,  
And all the arms he bears.
- 5 Oh, if my threat'ning sins were gone,  
And death had lost his sting,  
I could invite the angel on,  
And chide his lazy wing.
- 6 Away these interposing days,  
And let the lovers meet ;  
The angel has a cold embrace,  
But kind, and soft, and sweet.
- 7 I'd leap at once my seventy years,  
I'd rush into his arms,  
And lose my breath and all my cares  
Amid those heavenly charms.
- 8 Joyful I'd lay this body down,  
And leave this lifeless clay,  
Without a sigh, without a groan,  
And stretch and soar away.

554 L. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Portugal 97. Bramcoate 8.

Desiring to depart, and to be with CHRIST. Phil. i. 23.

- 1 **W**HILE on the verge of life I stand,  
And view the scene on either hand,  
My spirit struggles with my clay,  
And longs to wing its flight away.
- 2 Where JESUS dwells my soul would be,  
And faints my much-lov'd LORD to see ;

Earth, twine no more about my heart!  
For 'tis far better to depart.

3 Come, ye angelic joys! 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!  
Rais'd in his arms to view his face,  
'Thro' 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.

555 C. M. *Dr. Watts's Lyrics.*

James's 103. Elim 151.

The Presence of God worth dying for; or, the Death  
of Moses. Deut. xxxi. 49, 50; xxxiv. 5.

1 **L**ORD, 'tis 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, 'tis 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 die ;'  
The prophet climb'd—and died.
- 6 Softly his fainting head he lay  
Upon his Maker's breast ;  
His Maker kiss'd his soul away,  
And laid his flesh to rest.
- 7 Shew me thy face, and I'll away  
From all inferior things ;  
Speak, LORD, and here I quit my clay,  
And stretch my airy wings.

556 C. M. Dr. S. Stennett.

Exeter 4. Stillman 66.

Children dying in their Infancy, in the Arms of Jesus.  
Matt. xix. 14.

- 1 **T**HY life I read, my dearest LORD,  
With transport all divine ;  
Thine image trace in every word,—  
Thy love in every line.
- 2 Methinks I see a thousand charms  
Spread o'er thy lovely face,  
While infants in thy tender arms  
Receive the smiling grace.
- 3 ' I take these little lambs,' said he,  
' And lay them in my breast ;  
' Protection they shall find in me,—  
' In me be ever blest.

- 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 pow'r 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 C. M. Steele.

Canterbury 199. Carolina 13.

At the Funeral of a young Person.

- 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,  
 Oh, 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.

558 C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Bath Chapel 26. Crowle 3.

Comfort for pious Parents who have been bereaved of their  
Children. Isaiah lvi. 4.

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

559 L. M. *Fawcett.*

Angel's Hymn 60. Dresden 178.

The Death of the Sinner and the Saint.

- 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 cries,  
And, in despair and horror, dies.
- 4 Not so the heir of heav'nly bliss;—  
His soul is fill'd with conscious peace;  
A steady faith subdues his fear!  
He sees the happy Canaan near.
- 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.

560 104th.

Hanover 130. Old Hundred and Fourth 148.

On the Death of a Believer.

- 1 **[T]**IS finish'd, 'tis done! the spirit is fled;  
 Our brother is gone, the christian is dead;  
 The christian is living in JESUS's love,  
 And gladly receiving a kingdom above.
- 2 All honour and praise are JESUS's due!—  
 Supported by grace, he fought his way thro':  
 Triumphantly glorious thro' JESUS's zeal,  
 And more than victorious o'er sin, death & 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 S. M. Toplady's Collection.

Broderip's 252. Ryland 48.

Preparation for Death. Matt. xxiv. 45.

- 1 **P**REPARE me, gracious God!  
 To stand before thy face!  
 Thy Spirit must the work perform,  
 For it is all of grace.

\* If the three last verses of this hymn be sung alone, then  
 begin verse the third thus—

'Now let us record the conquering name.'

- 2 In CHRIST'S obedience clothe,  
And wash me in his blood :  
So shall I lift my head with joy,  
Among the sons of GOD.
- 3 Do thou my sins, subdue,  
Thy sov'reign love make known ;  
The spirit of my mind renew,  
And save me in thy Son.
- 4 Let me attest thy power,  
Let me thy goodness prove,  
Till my full soul can hold no more  
Of everlasting love.

562 C. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Carolina 13. Worksop 31.

Departed Saints asleep. Mark v. 39. 1 Thess. iv. 13.

- 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 slumb'ers to awake ;  
' My voice shall reach the deepest tomb,  
' And all its bonds shall break.
- 4 ' Touch'd by my hand, in smiles they rise,—  
' They rise, to sleep no more ;  
' But rob'd with light and crown'd with joy,  
' To endless day they soar.'
- 5 JESUS ! our faith receives thy word ;  
And, tho' fond nature weep,

Grace learns to hail the pious dead,  
And emulate their sleep.

- 6 Our willing souls thy summons wait,  
With them to rest and praise;  
So let thy much-lov'd presence cheer  
These separating days.

563 C. M. Dr. Doddridge: *ant.*

Abridge 20L. Chatham 28.

Submission-under bereaving Providences: *Ps. lxxi. 10.*

- 1 **P**EACE!—'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand  
That blasts our joys in death,  
Changes the visage once so dear,  
And gathers back the breath.
- 2 'Tis he,—the potentate supreme  
Of all the worlds above,—  
Whose steady counsels wisely rule,  
Nor from their purpose move.
- 3 'Tis he, whose justice might demand  
Our souls a sacrifice;  
Yet scatters, with unwearied hand,  
A thousand rich supplies.
- 4 Our covenant God and Father he  
In CHRIST our bleeding LORD,  
Whose grace can heal the bursting heart  
With one reviving word.
- 5 Fair garlands of immortal bliss  
He weaves for ev'ry brow:  
And shall rebellious passions rise,  
— When he corrects us now?
- 6 Silent we own Jehovah's name,  
We kiss the scourging hand;  
And yield our comforts and our life  
To thy supreme command.

564 L. M. Ulverston 170. Fawcett 184.

Satisfaction in God under the Loss of dear Friends.

- 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 murmur'ing thought  
Should with our mourning passions blend;  
Nor would our bleeding hearts forget  
Th' almighty ever-living friend.
- 3 Beneath a num'rous train of ills,  
Our feeble flesh and heart may fail;  
Yet shall our hope in thee, our God,  
O'er ev'ry gloomy fear prevail.
- 4 Parent and husband, guard and guide,  
Thou art each tender name in one:  
On thee we cast our ev'ry care,  
And comfort seek from thee alone.
- 5 Our Father God, to thee we look,  
Our rock, our portion, and our friend,  
And on thy covenant-love and truth  
Our sinking souls shall still depend.

565 C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Windsor 247. Ellenborough 170.

Death and Judgment appointed for all. Heb. ix. 27.

- 1 **H**EAVEN has confirm'd the great decree,  
That Adam's race must die:  
One general ruin sweeps them down,  
And low in dust they lie.
- 2 Ye living men, the tomb survey  
Where you must quickly dwell;  
Hark! how the awful summons sounds  
In ev'ry funeral knell,



- 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 ev'ry word and ev'ry thought  
Must pass his scrutiny.
- 5 Oh, may I, in the Judge, behold  
My Saviour and my Friend !  
And, far beyond the reach of death,  
With all his saints ascend.

566 C. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Ann's 58. Charmouth 28.

Comfort under the Loss of Ministers.

- 1 **N**OW let our drooping hearts revive,  
And all our tears be dry :  
Why should those eyes be drown'd in grief,  
Which view a Saviour nigh ?
- 2 What tho' the arm of conqu'ring death  
Does God's own house invade ;  
What tho' the prophet and the priest  
Be number'd with the dead ?
- 3 Tho' earthly shepherds dwell in dust,  
The aged and the young ;  
The watchful eye in darkness clos'd,  
And mute th' instructive tongue ;
- 4 Th' eternal Shepherd still survives,  
New comfort to impart ;  
His eye still guides us, and his voice  
Still animates our heart.

- 5 'Lo, I am with you,' saith the LORD,  
 ' My church shall safe abide ;  
 ' For I will ne'er forsake my own,  
 ' Whose souls in me confide.'
- 6 Thro' every scene of life and death,  
 This promise is our trust ;  
 And this shall be our children's song,  
 When we are cold in dust.

567 8.7.4.

Jordan 81. Painswick 162. Mariners 286.

The Grave ; or, CHRIST a Guide through Death to Glory:

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

## THE RESURRECTION, OF THE BODY.

568 C. M.

Carolina 13. Windsor 217.

The Bodies of the Saints quickened and raised by the Spirit.  
Rom. viii. 11.

- 1 **W**HY should our mourning thoughts delight  
To grovel in the dust?  
Or why should streams of tears unite  
Around th' expiring just!
- 2 Did not the 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 thro' each sable cloud:  
And thou, my voice, tho' broke with sighs,  
Tune forth thy songs aloud.
- 5 The Spirit rais'd my Saviour up,  
When he had bled for me;  
And, spite of death and hell, shall raise  
Thy pious friends and thee.
- 6 Awake, ye saints, that dwell in dust,  
Your hymns of victory sing;  
And let his dying servants trust  
Their ever-living King.

569 C. M. *Dr. Watts's Lyrics.*

Canterbury 199. Evans's. 190.

A Prospect of the Resurrection.

- 1 **H**OW long shall Death the tyrant reign,  
And triumph o'er the just ;  
While the rich blood of martyrs slain  
Lies mingled with the dust ?
- 2 Lo, I behold the scatter'd shades,  
The dawn of heaven appears ;  
The sweet immortal morning spreads  
Its blushes round the spheres.
- 3 I see the Lord of Glory come,  
And flaming guards around ;  
The skies divide to make him room,  
The trumpet shakes the ground.
- 4 I hear the voice, ' Ye dead arise !'  
And, lo, the graves obey :  
And waking saints with joyful eyes  
Salute th' expected day.
- 5 They leave the dust, and on the wing  
Rise to the midway air,  
In shining garments meet their King,  
And low adore him there.
- 6 O may our humble spirits stand  
Among them cloth'd in white !  
The meanest place at his right hand  
Is infinite delight.
- 7 How will our joy and wonder rise,  
When our returning King  
Shall bear us homeward, thro' the skies,  
On love's triumphant wing !

## DAY OF JUDGMENT.

570 (First Part.) L. M. *President Davis.*

Angel's Hymn 60. Wareham 117.

Sinners and Saints in the Wreck of Nature. Isa. xxiv. 18—20.

- 1 **H**OW great, how terrible that God  
Who shakes creation with his nod!  
He frowns—earth, sea, all Nature's frame,  
Sink in one universal flame.
- 2 Where now, O where shall sinners seek  
For shelter in the general wreck?  
Shall falling rocks be o'er them thrown?  
See rocks, like snow, dissolving down.
- 3 In vain for mercy now they cry;  
In lakes of liquid fire they lie;  
There, on the flaming billows tost,  
For ever—O for ever, lost.
- 4 But, saints, undaunted and serene,  
Your eyes shall view the dreadful scene;  
Your Saviour lives, the worlds expire,  
And earth and skies dissolve in fire.
- 5 **J**ESUS, the helpless creature's friend,  
To thee my all I dare commend;  
Thou canst preserve my feeble soul,  
When lightnings blaze from pole to pole.

570 (Second Part.) L. M.

Paul's 246. Horsley 205.

The Second Appearance of CHRIST. 2 Pet. iii. 11, 12.

- 1 **M**Y waken'd soul, extend thy wings  
Beyond the verge of mortal things;

- See this vain world in smoke decay,  
And rocks and mountains melt away;
- 2 Behold the fiery deluge roll  
Thro' heaven's wide arch from pole to pole;  
Pale sun, no more thy lustre boast:—  
Tremble and fall, ye starry host.
- 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 reverence 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 thro' each returning day;  
And let thy grace my soul prepare  
To meet its full redemption there!

571 L. M.

Paul's 246. Angel's Hymn 60.

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 prisoners under ground.
- 2 The mighty deep gives up her trust,  
Aw'd by the Judge's high command;  
Both small and great now quit their dust,  
And round the dread tribunal stand.
- 3 Behold the awful books display'd,  
Big with th' important fates of men;  
Each deed and word now public made,  
As wrote by Heaven's unerring pen.

P 15

- 4 To every soul the books assign  
The joyous or the dread reward :  
Sinners in vain lament and pine ;  
No pleas the Judge will here regard.
- 5 LORD, when these awful leaves unfold,  
May life's fair book my soul approve :  
There may I read my name enroll'd,  
And triumph in redeeming love.

572 S. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Whitefield 1685 Aynhoe 108.

The final Sentence and Misery of the Wicked.  
Matt. xxx. 41.

- 1 **A**ND will the Judge descend?  
And must the dead arise?  
And not a single soul escape  
His all-distinguishing eyes?
- 2 And from his righteous lips  
Shall this dread sentence sound ;  
And, thro' the numerous guilty throng,  
Spread black despair around?
- 3 ' Depart from me, accurs'd,  
' To everlasting flame,  
' For rebel-angels first prepar'd,  
' Where mercy never came.
- 4 How will my heart endure  
The terrors of that day ;  
When earth and heaven, before his face,  
Astonish'd shrink away ?
- 5 But ere that trumpet shakes  
The mansions of the dead ;  
Hark, from the Gospel's cheering sound,  
What joyful tidings spread !

- 6 Ye sinners, seek his grace,  
Whose wrath ye cannot bear ;  
Fly to the shelter of his cross,  
And find salvation there.
- 7 So shall that curse remove,  
By which the Saviour bled ;  
And the last awful day shall pour  
His blessing on your head.

573 C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Canterbury 1799. Windsor 247.

The final Sentence and Happiness of the Righteous.  
Matt. xxv. 34.

- 1 **A**TTEND, my ear ; my heart, rejoice,  
While Jesus from his throne,  
Before the bright angelic hosts,  
Makes his last sentence known,
- 2 When sinners, cursed from his face,  
To raging flames are driven ;  
His voice, with melody divine,  
Thus calls his saints to heaven :
- 3 ' Bless'd of my Father, all draw near,  
' Receive the great reward ;  
' And rise, with raptures, to possess  
' The kingdom long prepar'd.
- 4 ' Ere earth's foundations first were laid,  
' His sov'reign purpose wrought,  
' And rear'd those palaces divine,  
' To which you now are brought.
- 5 ' There shall you reign unnumber'd years,  
' Protected by my pow'r ;  
' While sin and death, and pains and cares,  
' Shall vex your souls no more.
- 6 Come, dear majestic Saviour ! come,  
This jubilee proclaim !



And teach us language fit to praise  
So great, so dear a name.

574 L. M. *Dr. Watts's Lyrics.*

Portugal 97. Rippon's 188.

Come, LORD JESUS.

- 1 **W**HEN shall thy lovely face be seen?  
When shall our eyes behold our God?  
What lengths of distance lie between,  
And hills of guilt! A heavy load!
- 2 Our months are ages of delay,  
And slowly ev'ry minute wears:  
Fly, winged time, and roll away  
These tedious rounds of sluggish years
- 3 Ye heavenly gates, loose all your chains!  
Let th' eternal pillars bow!  
Blest SAVIOUR! cleave the starry plains,  
And make the crystal mountains flow!
- 4 Hark, how thy saints unite their cries,  
And pray and wait the gen'ral doom!  
Come, thou, THE SOUL of all our joys!  
Thou, THE DESIRE OF NATIONS, come!
- 5 Put thy bright robes of triumph on,  
And bless our eyes, and bless our ears,  
Thou absent LOVE, thou dear unknown,  
Thou FAIREST OF TEN THOUSAND FAIRS!

575 8. 7. 4.

Westbury 51. Trevecca 37.

Lo, he cometh.

- 1 **L**O! he cometh! countless trumpets  
Blow to raise the sleeping dead;  
Mid ten thousand saints and angels,  
See their great exalted head!  
Hallelujah!  
Welcome, welcome, Son of God!

2 Now his merit, by the harpers,  
Thro' th' eternal deep resounds :  
Now resplendent shine his nail-prints,  
Every eye shall see his wounds :  
They who pierc'd him  
Shall at his appearance wail.

3 Full of joyful expectation,  
Saints, behold the Judge appear !  
Truth and Justice go before him,  
Now the joyful sentence hear !  
Hallelujah !  
Welcome, welcome, Judge divine.

4 ' Come, ye blessed of my Father,  
' Enter into life and joy !  
' Banish all your fears and sorrows ;  
' Endless praise be your employ !'  
Hallelujah !  
Welcome, welcome, to the skies !

5 Now at once they rise to glory,  
JESUS brings them to the King ;  
There, with all the hosts of heaven,  
They eternal anthems sing :  
Hallelujah !  
Boundless glory to the Lamb.

576 8. 7. 4.

Helmsley 223. Trevecca 37.

Judgment. Rev. i. 7. vi. 14, 17. xxii. 17, 20.

1 **L**O! he comes, with clouds descending,  
Once for favour'd sinners slain !  
Thousand thousand saints attending  
Swell the triumph of his train :  
Hallelujah !  
JESUS now shall ever reign !

2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold him  
Rob'd in dreadful majesty :

Those who set at naught and sold him,  
 Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,  
 Deeply wailing,  
 Shall the great Messiah see!

3 Ev'ry island, sea, and mountain,  
 Heaven and earth shall flee away:  
 All who hate him must, confounded,  
 Hear the trump proclaim the day:  
 Come to judgment!  
 Come to judgment, come away!

4 Now redemption, long expected,  
 See in solemn pomp appear!  
 All his 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 gen'ral doom!  
 The new heav'n and earth t' inherit,  
 Take thy pining exiles home:  
 All creation  
 Travails, groans, and bids thee come!

6 Yea! Amen! let all adore thee,  
 High on thine exalted throne!  
 Saviour! take the pow'r and glory;  
 Claim the kingdoms for thine own!  
 O come quickly!  
 Hallelujah! Come, LORD, come!

577 8. 7. 4. *Newton.*

Helmsley 223. Painswick 162.

The Day of Judgment.

1 **D**AY of Judgment,—day of wonders!  
 Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,

- Louder than a thousand thunders,  
Shakes the vast creation round!  
How the summons  
Will the sinner's heart confound!
- 2 See the Judge our nature wearing,  
Cloth'd in majesty divine!  
You who long for his appearing,  
Then shall say, 'This God is mine!  
Gracious Saviour!  
Own me in that day for thine!
- 3 At his call the dead awaken,  
Rise to life from earth and sea:  
All the 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,  
Lov'd and serv'd the LORD below,  
He will say, 'Come near, ye blessed!  
'See the kingdom, I bestow!  
'You for ever  
'Shall my love and glory know.'
- 6 Under sorrows and reproaches,  
May this thought our courage raise!  
Swiftly God's great day approaches,  
Sighs shall then be chang'd to praise!  
May we triumph  
When the world is in a blaze!

578 C. M. Dr. S. Stennett.  
 Canterbury 199. Charmouth 28.  
 The Last Judgment

- 1 ' **H**E comes! he comes! to judge the world,  
 Aloud th' archangel cries!  
 While thunders roll from pole to pole,  
 And lightnings cleave the skies.
- 2 Th' affrighted nations hear the sound,  
 And upward lift their eyes;  
 The slumb'ring tenants of the ground  
 In living armies rise.
- 3 Amid the shouts of num'rous friends,  
 Of hosts divinely bright,  
 The Judge in solemn pomp descends,  
 Array'd in robes of light.
- 4 His head and hairs are white as snow,  
 His eyes a fiery flame,  
 A radiant crown adorns his brow,  
 And JESUS is his name.
- 5 Writ on his thigh his name appears,  
 And scars his vict'ries tell:  
 Lo! in his hand the conqu'ror bears  
 The keys of death and hell.
- 6 So he ascends the judgment-seat,  
 And, at his dread command,  
 Myriads of creatures round his feet  
 In solemn silence stand.
- 7 Princes and peasants here expect  
 Their last, their righteous doom;  
 The men who dar'd his grace reject,  
 And they who dar'd presume.
- 8 ' Depart, ye sons of vice and sin,'  
 The injur'd JESUS cries!  
 While the long-kindling wrath within  
 Flashes from both his eyes.

- 9 And now in words divinely sweet,  
 With rapture in his face,  
 Aloud his sacred lips repeat  
 The sentence of his grace :
- 10 ' Well done, my good and faithful sons,  
 ' The children of my love !  
 ' Receive the sceptres, crowns, and thrones  
 ' Prepar'd for you above.'

579 8. 8. 6.

Chatham 59.

Longing for a Place at the Right Hand of the Judge.

- 1 **W**HEN thou, my righteous judge, shalt come  
 To fetch thy ransom'd people home,  
 Shall I among them stand ?  
 Shall such a worthless worm as I,  
 Who sometimes am afraid to die,  
 Be found at thy right hand ?
- 2 I love to meet among them now,  
 Before thy gracious feet to bow,  
 Tho' vilest of them all :  
 But can I bear the piercing thought ?  
 What if my name should be left out,  
 When thou for them shalt call !
- 3 Prevent, prevent it by thy grace ;  
 Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place,  
 In this th' accepted day :  
 Thy pard'ning voice, O let me hear  
 To still my unbelieving fear ;  
 Nor let me fall, I pray.
- 4 Let me among thy saints be found  
 Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall sound,  
 To see thy smiling face :  
 The loudest of the crowd I'll sing,  
 While heav'n's resounding mansions ring  
 With shouts of sov'reign grace.

## HELL AND HEAVEN.

580 C. M. Dr. Ryland.

Worksop 31. London 180.

Hell, the Sinner's own Place. Acts i. 25.

- 1 **L**ORD, when I read the traitor's doom,  
 To 'his own place' consign'd,  
 What holy fear, and humble hope,  
 Alternate fill my mind!
- 2 Traitor to thee I too have been,  
 But sav'd by matchless grace;  
 Or else the lowest, hottest hell  
 Had surely been my place.
- 3 Thither I was by law adjudg'd,  
 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.

581. L. M.

Sheffield 39. Paul's 246.

- 1 **S**INNER, O why so thoughtless grown?  
 Why in such dreadful haste to die?  
 Daring to leap to worlds unknown,  
 Heedless against thy God to fly?
- 2 Wilt thou despise eternal fate,  
 Urg'd on by sin's fantastic dreams?  
 Madly attempt th' infernal gate,  
 And force thy passage to the flames?
- 3 Stay, sinner! on the Gospel plains  
 Behold the God of love unfold  
 The glories of his dying pains,  
 For ever telling, yet untold.

582. L. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Green's Hundred 89. Wareham 117.

The Rich Man and Lazarus. Luke xvi. 25.

- 1 **I**N what confusion earth appears—  
 God's dearest children bath'd in tears!  
 While they, who heav'n itself deride,  
 Riot in luxury and pride.
- 2 But patient let my soul attend,  
 And, ere I censure, view the end;  
 That end, how different! who can tell  
 The wide extremes of heav'n and hell?
- 3 See, the red flames around him twine,  
 Who did in gold and purple shine:  
 Nor can his tongue one drop obtain  
 To allay the scorching of his pain.
- 4 While round the saint, so poor below,  
 Full rivers of salvation flow;  
 On Abram's breast he leans his head,  
 And banquet on celestial bread.



- 5 Jesus, my Saviour, let me share  
 The meanest of thy servants' fare:  
 May I at last approach to taste  
 The blessings of thy marriage-feast.

583 C. M. Steele.

Oxford 106. Follett 181. Evans's 190.

*The Joys of Heaven.*

- 1 **C**OME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,  
 Inspire each lifeless tongue;  
 And let the joys of heav'n impart  
 Their influence to our song.
- 2 Sorrow and pain, and ev'ry care,  
 And discord there shall cease;  
 And perfect joy, and love sincere,  
 Adorn the realms of peace.
- 3 The soul, from sin for ever free,  
 Shall mourn its pow'r no more;  
 But, cloth'd in spotless purity,  
 Redeeming love adore.
- 4 There on a throne (how dazzling bright!)  
 Th' exalted Saviour shines;  
 And beams ineffable delight  
 On all the heav'nly minds.
- 5 There shall the 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 thy blissful courts above,  
 We join the angelic choir.

584 C. M. Dr. S. Stennett.

Camb. New 74. Hephzibah 77. Staughton 264.

The promised Land.

- 1 **O**N Jordan's stormy banks I stand,  
 And cast a wishful eye  
 To Canaan's fair and happy land,  
 Where my possessions lie.
- 2 Oh the transporting rapt'rous scene  
 That rises to my sight!  
 Sweet fields, array'd in living green,  
 And rivers of delight!
- 3 There generous fruits, that never fail,  
 On trees immortal grow:  
 There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and vales,  
 With milk and honey flow.
- 4 All o'er those wide-extended plains  
 Shines one eternal day;  
 There God the Sun for ever reigns,  
 And scatters night away.
- 5 No chilling winds, or pois'nous breath,  
 Can reach that healthful shore:  
 Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,  
 Are felt and fear'd no more.
- 6 When shall I reach that happy place,  
 And be for ever blest?  
 When shall I see my father's face,  
 And in his bosom rest?
- 7 Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul  
 Can here no longer stay:  
 Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll,  
 Fearless I'd launch away.

585 50th. J. Straphan.

Cherriton 76. Old Fifteenth 233.

## Heaven.

1 **O**N wings of faith mount up, my soul, and rise;  
View thine inheritance beyond the skies:  
Nor heart can think, nor mortal tongue can tell,  
What endless pleasures in those mansions dwell:  
Here our Redeemer lives, all bright and glorious,  
O'er sin, and death, and hell, he reigns victorious.

2 No gnawing grief, no sad heart-rending pain,  
In that blest country can admission gain;  
No sorrow there, no soul-tormenting fear,  
For God's own hand shall wipe the falling tear:  
Here our Redeemer lives; &c.

3 Before the throne a crystal river glides,  
Immortal verdure decks its cheerful sides;  
Here the fair tree of life majestic rears  
Its blooming head, and sovereign virtue bears:  
Here our Redeemer lives, &c.

4 No rising sun his needless beams displays,  
No sickly moon emits her feeble rays;  
The Godhead here celestial glory sheds,  
Th' exalted Lamb eternal radiance spreads:  
Here our Redeemer lives, &c.

5 One distant glimpse my eager passion fires!—  
Jesus! to thee my longing soul aspires!  
When shall I at my heavenly home arrive,—  
When leave this earth, and when begin to live?  
For here my Saviour is all bright and glorious,  
O'er sin, and death, and hell, he reigns victorious.

586 C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Elim 151. Stamford 9. Oxford 106.

Happiness approaching. Rom. xiii. 11.

- 1 **A** WAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes—  
And raise your voices high;  
Awake, and praise that sov'reign love  
That shews salvation nigh.
- 2 On all the wings of time it flies,  
Each moment brings it near;  
Then welcome each declining day,  
And each revolving year!
- 3 Not many years their round shall run,  
Nor many mornings rise,  
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd  
To our admiring eyes.
- 4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course!  
Ye mortal powers, decay!  
Fast as ye bring the night of death,  
Ye bring eternal day.

587 L. M. Steeles

Martin's Lane 67. Coombs's 45. Bromley 104.

The Worship of Heaven. John xvii. 24.

- 1 **O** FOR a sweet inspiring ray,  
To animate our feeble strains,  
From the bright realms of endless day,  
The blissful realms, where Jesus reigns!
- 2 There, low before his glorious throne,  
Adoring saints and angels fall;  
And, with delightful worship, own  
His smile their bliss, their heav'n, their all.
- 3 Immortal glories crown his head;  
While tuneful ballelujals rise,  
And love and joy, and triumph spread  
Thro' all th' assemblies of the skies.

Q 4

- 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 heav'nly choir ;  
O may the joy-inspiring theme-  
Awake our faith and warm desire !
- 6 Dear Saviour ! let thy Spirit seal  
Our int'rest in that blissful place ;  
Till death remove this mortal veil,  
And we behold thy lovely face.

588 C. M.

Elim 151. Cambridge New 74.

The Everlasting Song.

- 1 **E**ARTH has engross'd my love too long !  
'Tis time I lift mine eyes  
Upward, dear Father, to thy throne,  
And to my native skies.
- 2 There the blest man, my Saviour, sits ;  
The God ! how bright he shines !  
And scatters infinite delights :  
On all the happy minds.
- 3 Seraphs with elevated strains  
Circle the throne around ;  
And move and charm the starry plains  
With an immortal sound.
- 4 Jesus, the Lord, their harps employs :—  
Jesus, my love, they sing !  
Jesus, the life of both our joys,  
Sounds sweet from ev'ry string.

- 5 [Hark, how beyond the narrow bounds  
Of time and space they run ;  
And echo in majestic sounds  
The Godhead of the Son !
- 6 And now they sink the lofty tune,  
And gentler notes they play ;  
And bring the Father's Equal down  
To dwell in humble clay.
- 7 O sacred beauties of the Man !  
(The God resides within :)  
His flesh all pure without a stain,  
His soul without a sin.
- 8 But, when to Calvary they turn,  
Silent their harps abide ;  
Suspended songs, a moment, mourn  
The God that lov'd and died.
- 9 Then, all at once, to living strains  
They summon every chord,  
Tell how he triumph'd o'er his pains,  
And chant the rising Lord.]
- 10 Now let me mount and join their song,  
And be an angel too ;  
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,—  
Here's joyful work for you.
- 11 I would begin the music here,  
And so my soul should rise:  
O for some heavenly notes to bear  
My passions to the skies!
- 12 There ye that love my Saviour sit,  
There I would fain have place,  
Among your thrones, or at your feet,  
So I might see his face.

Q 5

The 6th, 7th, and 8th verses of this hymn should be  
sung softer than the rest.

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