

P S A L M S
AND
H Y M N S

F O R

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE

W O R S H I P.



Collected (for the most part), and Published,

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*En, sanctos manibus puris ut sumeret ignes,
Vestalem se Musa facit.* COULEI Davideid.

*Quis neget, in harum meditationum praxi, nucleum pic-
tatis, sanctitatisque, situm esse?*

WITSIUS, de Cæc. l. iii. c. 4.

*Quam decorum est animæ justificatæ, et in amoris hujus
sensu liquefcenti; pleno jubilo, canticum novum, canticum
exultationis mutue, justificanti Deo occinere!*

Ibid. c. 8.

L O N D O N :

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P R E F A C E.

GOD is the God of *Truth*, of *Purity*, and of *Elegance*. Whoever, therefore, has the honor to compose, or to compile, any thing that may constitute a part of His worship, should keep those three particulars, constantly, in view.

As we cannot *pray*, without the exciting and enabling grace of the **HOLY GHOST** (Rom. viii. 26. Jude 20); so neither can we *sing*, spiritually, acceptably, and profitably, without the Presence and Inspiration of the same condescending and most adorable Person (1 Cor. xiv. 15. Eph. v. 18, 19). The reason is evident. For, what is a *Psalms*, or *Hymn*, strictly taken, but *prayer*, or *praise*, in verse?

The original difference (if any specific difference there originally was) between *Psalms* and *Hymns*, seems to have lain in this: that, antiently, a *Psalms* was actually set to Instrumental Music, and usually accompany'd by it at the time of singing (Psal. lxxxi. 2). A similar, or even the self-same composition, simply sung, without the aid of musical instruments, was, perhaps, the primitive definition of an *Hymn* (Matth. xvi. 30). By degrees, the word *Psalms* became appropriated, for respectfull distinction's sake, to the inspired Songs of David, and others, recorded in Scripture: while succeeding pieces, formed on those elevated models, but written, from time to time, as occasion served, by inferior believers, obtained the appellation of *Hymns*.

St. PAUL (in Eph. v. 19. and Col. iii. 16.) mentions a species of Sacred Poetry, which he terms, *ὕμναι πνευματικαί*, i. e. "*spiritual Odes*." These, likewise, I take to have been, what are usually called, *human Compositions*: as much so, as the Hymns of PRUDENTIUS, BEZA, GROTIUS, WITSIUS, VIDA, Dr. WATTS, Miss STEELE, or Mr. HART. Such devout productions may be denominated *Odes*, or *Songs* at large, because (like many of the *Psalms* themselves) they admit of much latitude and variety: being not strictly limited to absolute Prayer and Praise, but occasionally fraught with Doctrine, Exhortation, and Instruction in righteousness; tending, as the Apostle expresses it in the passage last cited, to "*teach*," to "*admonish*," and to build:

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build up one another on our most holy faith.—The “*Odes*,” which St. Paul recommends, are termed “*Spiritual*” ones, because they relate to spiritual things; are written by spiritual Persons, under the impressions of spiritual Influence; and, if the good SPIRIT of God shine upon us at the time, are a most spiritual branch of divine worship: conducing to spiritualize the heart, wing the affections to heaven, and give us a blessed foretaste of the Employment and the Felicity of elect Angels, and of elect Souls delivered from the prison of the flesh.

Some worthy persons have been of opinion, (and what absurdity is there, for which some well-meaning people have not contended?) that it is “*Unlawful* to sing *Human Compositions* in the House of God.” But, by the same rule, it must be equally unlawful, to *preach*, or publicly to *pray*, except in the very words of Scripture. Not to observe, that many of the best and greatest Men, that ever lived, have, both in antient and modern times, been *Hymn-Writers*; and that there is the strongest reason to believe, that the best Christians, in all ages, have been *Hymn-Singers*. Moreover, the singing of hymns is an Ordinance, to which God has repeatedly set the Seal of his own Presence and Power; and which He deigns eminently to bless, at this very day. It has proved a *converting* Ordinance, to some of his people; a *recovering* Ordinance, to others; a *comforting* Ordinance, to them all; and one of the divinest Mediums of communion with God, which his gracious benignity has vouchsafed to his church below.

With regard to the following Collection, I can only say, that (excepting the very few hymns of my own, which I have been prevailed with to insert) it *ought* to be the *best* that has yet appeared, considering the great number of volumes (no fewer than between forty and fifty), which have, more or less, contributed to this Compilation.

But remember, Reader, that “*none can*,” truly and savingly, “*learn the Song of the LAMB*,” who are not “*redeemed from the earth*” by his most precious Blood: (Rev. xiv. 3.)—Pray, therefore, for the effectual operation.

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ration of the HOLY GHOST on thy heart, to *apply* and *make known* to thee thy personal Interest in the FATHER'S election and in the SON'S redemption. So wilt thou not only *sing with understanding*, but *with the SPIRIT also beaming* upon thy soul; and be able, experimentally, to say,

As from the Lute soft music flows,

Obedient to the skilfull hand;

So, tun'd by THEE, my spirit owes

Her harmony to thy command.

Touch'd by the finger of thy love,

Sweet melody of praise I bring;

Join the enraptur'd choirs above,

And feel the bliss that makes them sing.

The holy Unction of the sacred SPIRIT'S influence is, in the following pages, most earnestly and frequently invoked. May it richly *descend* upon, and be abundantly *felt* by, as many as read and make use of this book! Amen.

London,
July 26, 1776.



AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

The principal

E R R A T A

Which have been perceived, the Reader is requested to correct with his Pen, as follow:

Page 49. Line 4. for, "at once;" read, by faith.

P. 180. L. 9. instead of, "calls forth;" read, calls for.

P. 220. L. 7. read, We'll pray.



H Y M N S, &c.

H Y M N I.

CHRIST'S Humiliation and Exaltation.

- 1 **W**HAT equal honors shall we bring
To thee, O Lord our God, the LAMB;
Since all the notes that angels sing,
Are far inferior to thy name?
- 2 Worthy is he, that once was slain,
The Prince of Peace, that groan'd and dy'd;
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At his Almighty Father's side.
- 3 Pow'r and dominion are his due;
Who stood condemn'd at Pilate's bar:
Wisdom belongs to JESUS too,
Tho' he was charg'd with madness here.
- 4 All riches are his native right,
Yet he sustain'd amazing loss:
To him ascribe eternal might,
Who left his weakness on the cross.
- 5 Honor immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn.
While glory shines around his head,
And a bright crown, without a thorn.
- 6 Blessings for ever on the LAMB,
Who bore our sin, and curse, and pain;
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And ev'ry creature say, Amen!

II. *Hosanna to CHRIST.*

- 1 **H**OSANNA to the Royal Son
Of David's antient line!
His natures two, his person one,
Mysterious and divine.
- 2 The Root of David, here, we find,
And Off-spring, are the same:
Eternity and time are join'd
In our Immanuel's name.
- 3 Blest he that comes to wretched man,
With peaceful news from Heav'n!
Hosannas, of the highest strain,
To CHRIST the Lord be giv'n.
- 4 Should we, dear Lord, refuse to take
Th' Hosanna on our tongues,
The rocks and stones would rise and break
Their silence into songs.
-

III. *MOSES and the LAMB.*

- 1 **H**OW strong thine arm is, mighty God!
Who would not fear thy name?
JESUS, how sweet thy graces are!
Who would not love the LAMB?
- 2 He hath done more than *Moses* did,
Our prophet and our king;
From wrath and hell our souls he freed,
And taught our lips to sing.

- 3 In the Red Sea, by *Moses*' hand,
 'Th' Egyptian host was drown'd;
 Our JESUS' blood hides all our sins,
 And guilt no more is found.
- 4 When through the desert Israel went,
 With manna they were fed;
 Our LORD invites us to Himself,
 The true, the living bread.
- 5 *Moses* beheld the promis'd land,
 But never reach'd the place:
 But CHRIST shall bring his children home,
 To see their Father's face.
- 6 Then shall our hearts with joy o'erflow,
 And feel a warmer flame;
 And sweeter voices tune the song
 Of *Moses* and the LAMB.
-

IV. *Electing Grace.*

- 1 JESUS, we bless thy Father's name;
 Thy God and our's are both the same:
 What heav'nly blessings from his throne
 Flow down to sinners, through his Son!
- 2 " *Christ be my first elect,*" he said;
 Then chose our souls in CHRIST our head;
 Before he gave the mountains birth,
 Or laid foundations for the earth.
- 3 Thus did Eternal Love begin
 To raise us up from death and sin:

Our characters were then decreed,
 "Blameless in love, an holy seed."

4 Predestinated to be sons,
 Born by degrees, but chose at once;
 A new, regenerated race,
 To praise the glory of his grace.

5 With CHRIST our LORD we share our part
 In the affections of his heart:
 Nor shall our souls be thence remov'd,
 Till he forgets his first-belov'd.

V. *Unchangeable Love.*

1 **O**UR God, how firm his promise stands,
 E'en when he hides his face!
 He trusts, in our Redeemer's hands,
 His glory and his grace.

2 Then why, my soul, these sad-complaints,
 Since CHRIST and we are one?
 Thy God is faithful to his saints,
 Is faithful to his son.

3 Beneath his smiles my heart hath liv'd,
 And part of Heav'n possess'd;
 I thank him for the grace receiv'd,
 And trust him for the rest.

4 JESUS, my God, I know his name;
 His name is all my trust:
 He will not put my soul to shame,
 Nor let my hope be lost.

5 Firm as his throne, his promise stands;
 And he can well secure
 What I've committed to his hands,
 Till the decisive hour.

6 Then will he own my worthless name
 Before his Father's face;
 And in the new Jerusalem
 Assign my soul a place.

VI. *The Deity and Humanity of CHRIST.*

1 **E**RE the blue heav'ns were spread abroad,
 From everlasting was the Word;
 With God he was; the Word was God:
 And must divinely be ador'd.

2 By his own pow'r, were all things made:
 By him supported, all things stand:
 He is the whole creation's head,
 And angels fly at his command.

3 Ere sin was born, or Satan fell,
 He led the host of morning stars;
 Thy generation who can tell,
 Or count the number of thy years?

4 But, lo! he leaves those heav'nly forms.
 The Word descends and dwells in clay:
 He comes to ransom dying worms,
 Dress'd in such feeble flesh as they.

5 Arch-angels leave their high abode,
 To learn new myst'ries here; and tell
 The love of our descending God,
 The glorys of Immanuel.

VII. *Imputed Righteousness.*

1 **H**APPY souls, whoe'er believe
 The embassy of peace!
 Who at JESUS' hand receive
 The gift of righteousness:
 GOD is their salvation's GOD,
 The LORD is their almighty shield;
 They with grace shall be endu'd,
 And then with glory fill'd.

2 Did the sin of *Adam* slay
 And ruin all his race?
 JESUS takes our sins away,
 By suff'ring in our place;
 He fulfill'd what GOD requir'd,
 And answer'd all the law's demands:
 In his righteousness attir'd,
 The true Believer stands.

3 *Moses*, at a distance, saw
 This righteousness divine:
 In the volume of the law,
 How clearly doth it shine!
 Holy men, and prophets old,
 Beheld from far the bleeding LAMB;
 Of his righteousness foretold,
 And trusted in the same.

4 What a mystery of love
 In GOD's design appears!
 JESUS, coming from above,
 Our sin and torment bears;
 GOD imputes our sins to him,
 Imputes to us his righteousness:
 Guilty he doth CHRIST esteem,
 And guiltless us confess.

5 JESUS, I desire to go
 Depending on thy grace;
 Nothing would I wish to know,
 Beside thy righteousness:
 CHRIST for sinners liv'd and dy'd;
 His life, his death, is all our own:
 We shall soon be glorified,
 And with our Lord sit down.

VIII. *Come, Lord JESUS.*

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 thy saints thou art;
 Dear desire of ev'ry nation,
 Joy of every longing heart.

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

IX. *A Prayer for the Sense of Divine Love.*

1 **O** LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
 When shall I find my longing heart
 All taken up by thee?

Let me, O LORD, this moment prove
The sweetness of redeeming Love,
The Love of CHRIST to *me*!

2 GOD only knows the love of GOD;
O that it now were shed abroad
In each poor stony heart!
I want to feel the love divine;
This heav'nly portion, LORD, be mine,
Be mine this better part!

3 O that I could for ever sit,
With *Mary*, at the Master's feet;
Be this my happy choice!
My only care, delight and bliss,
My joy, my Heav'n on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

4 O that I might, with favor'd *John*,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast!
From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O LORD, to find in thee
My everlasting rest.

X. *Looking to CHRIST our Sacrifice.*

1 O YE that pass by,
To JESUS draw nigh!
To you is it nothing that JESUS should die?
Our ransom and peace,
Our surety he is;
Come see if there ever was sorrow like his.

The LORD, in the day
 Of his anger, did lay
 Our sins on the LAMB, and he bore them away:
 Come, lift up your eyes
 At JESUS'S cries;
 Impassive, he suffers; immortal, he dyes.

He dyes to atone
 For sins not his own;
 The FATHER hath punish'd for us his dear Son:
 With joy we approve
 The design of his love;
 'Tis a wonder below, and a wonder above.

He came from above
 Our curse to remove;
 He hath lov'd, he hath lov'd us, because he *would*
 When time is no more, [love:
 We still shall adore
 That ocean of love without bottom or shore.

Love mov'd him to dye,
 And on this we rely,
 Our JESUS hath lov'd us, we cannot tell why:
 But this we can tell,
 He hath lov'd us so well
 As to lay down his life to redeem us from hell.

For you, and for me,
 He pray'd on the tree;
 The pray'r is accepted, the sinner is free:
 That sinner am I,
 Who on JESUS rely,
 And come for the pardon GOD cannot deny.

- 7 My pardon I claim,
 For a sinner I am,
 A sinner believing in JESUS'S name:
 He purchas'd the grace
 Which now I embrace;
 O FATHER, thou know'st he hath dy'd in my
 [place.
- 8 His death is my plea,
 My Advocate see,
 And hear the Blood speak which hath answer'd
 Acquitted I was, [for me:
 When he bled on the cross;
 And, by losing his life, he hath carry'd my cause.
-

XI. *Night.*

- 1 **O**MNIPRESENT God, whose aid
 No one ever ask'd in vain,
 Be this night about my bed,
 Ev'ry evil thought restrain:
 Lay thy hand upon my soul,
 Guard of my unguarded hours!
 All my enemies control,
 Hell, and earth, and nature's pow'rs.
- 2 Unto thee for help I seek;
 Perfect, LORD, thy strength in me;
 I am strong, when I am weak;
 Weak myself, but strong in thee:
 Let not evil enter in,
 Ev'ry selfish thought avert;
 Stop the avenues of sin,
 Keep the issues of my heart.

O thou jealous God, come down;
 God of spotless purity!
 Claim, and seize me for thine own,
 Consecrate my heart to thee:
 Under thy protection take,
 Songs in the night season give;
 Let me sleep to thee, and wake;
 Let me die to thee, and live.

XII. *Safety in CHRIST.*

ARE there not in the laborer's day
 Twelve hours, wherein he safely may
 His calling's works pursue?
 Tho' sin and Satan still are near,
 Nor sin, nor Satan, will I fear,
 With JESUS in my view.

Nor all the pow'rs of hell can fright
 A soul that walks with CHRIST in light;
 He walks, and cannot fall:
 Clearly he sees and wins his way,
 Shining unto the perfect day,
 And more than conquers all.

Light of the world, thy beams I bless;
 On thee, bright sun of righteousness,
 My faith hath fix'd its eye:
 Guided by thee, through all I go,
 Nor fear the ruin spread below,
 For thou art always nigh.

Ten thousand snares my path beset,
 Yet shall I, Lord, the work complete,
 Which thou to me hast giv'n:

Superior to the pains I feel,
 Close by the gates of death and hell,
 I urge my way to Heav'n.

5 Still may I strive, and labor still,
 With humble zeal, to do thy will,
 And trust in thy defence!
 My soul into thy hands I give;
 And, if he can obtain thy leave,
 Let Satan pluck me thence.

XIII. CHRIST, *our Sacrifice.*

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

2 But CHRIST, the heav'nly LAMB,
 Takes all our guilt away;
 A sacrifice of nobler name,
 And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
 On that dear head of thine,
 Whilst like a penitent I stand,
 And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
 The burdens thou didst bear,
 When hanging on the painful tree,
 And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
 To see the curse remove;
 We bless the LAMB, with chearful voice,
 And sing his bleeding love.

XIV. CHRIST *All in All.*

GENTLE JESUS, lovely LAMB,
 Thine, and only thine, I am;
 Take my body, spirit, soul,
 Only thou possess the whole.

Thou my one thing needful be,
 Let me ever cleave to thee;
 Let me chuse the better part,
 Let me give thee all my heart.

Fairer than the sons of men,
 Do not let me turn again,
 Leave the fountain head of blifs;
 Stoop to creature happiness!

Whom have I on earth below?
 Only thee I'd wish to know;
 Whom have I, in Heav'n, but thee?
 Thou art All in All to me.

All my treasure is above,
 All my riches is thy love:
 Who the worth of love can tell?
 Infinite! unsearchable!

Nothing else may I require;
 Let me thee alone desire:
 Pleas'd with what thy love provides;
 Wean'd from all the world besides.

XV. *Leaning on* CHRIST.

JESUS, my truth, my way,
 My sure, unerring light,
 On thee my feeble soul I stay,
 Which thou wilt lead aright.

- 2 My wisdom, and my guide,
My counsellor thou art;
O never let me leave thy side,
Or from thy paths depart!
- 3 Still let thy Spirit, LORD,
Soon as the foe comes in,
His instantaneous help afford,
And stem the tide of sin.
- 4 For each assault prepar'd,
And ready may I be,
For ever standing on my guard,
And looking up to thee.
- 5 May I from every sin,
As from a serpent, fly;
Abhor to touch the thing unclean,
And rather chuse to die!
- 6 Myself I cannot save,
Myself I cannot keep;
But strength in thee I surely have,
Whose eye-lids never sleep.
- 7 My soul to thee alone
I therefore now commend:
Thou, JESUS, having lov'd thine own,
Wilt love me to the end.

XVI. *The whole Armor of God.*

- 1 **S**OLDIERS of CHRIST, arise,
And gird your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his Eternal Son:

Strong in the LORD of hosts,
 And ~~in his mighty pow'r;~~

Who in the strength of JESUS trusts,
 Is more than conqueror.

Stand, then, in his great might,
 With all his strength endu'd,
 And take, to arm you for the fight,
 The panoply of GOD;

That, having all things done,
 And all your conflicts past,
 Ye may o'ercome through CHRIST alone,
 And stand entire at last.

Let truth the girdle be
 That binds your armor on;
 In faithful, firm sincerity,
 To JESUS cleave alone;

Let faith and love combine
 To guard your valiant breast;
 The plate be righteousness divine,
 Imputed, and impress'd:

Still let your feet be shod,
 Ready his will to do;
 Ready, in all the ways of GOD,
 His glory to pursue:

Ruin is spread beneath,
 The gospel shoes put on,
 And safe, through all the snares of death,
 To life eternal run.

JESUS hath dy'd for you!
 What can his love withstand?

Your great defence he is, and who
Shall pluck you from his hand?

Believe that JESUS reigns,
All pow'r to him is giv'n;
Believe, be free from nature's chains,
And then fly up to heav'n.

Your rock can never shake,
Hither, he saith, come up;
The helmet of salvation take,
The confidence of hope:

Hope for his perfect love,
Hope for his people's rest,
Hope to sit down with CHRIST above,
And share the marriage-feast.

4 Brandish in faith, till then,
The spirit's two-edg'd sword,
Hew all the snares of fiends and men
In pieces with the word:

Ready for all alarms,
Stedfastly set your face;
And always exercise your arms,
And use your ev'ry grace:

From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the pow'rs of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day;

Still let the Spirit cry,
In all his soldiers, "Come,"
Till CHRIST the LORD descends from high,
To take the conquerors home.

XVII. *For a Family, or Society.*

JESUS, LORD, we look to thee,
 Let us in thy name agree;
 Shew thyself the prince of peace,
 Bid our jars for ever cease:
 By thy reconciling love,
 Ev'ry stumbling block remove;
 Each to each do thou endear,
 Come and spread thy banner here.
 Make us of one heart and mind,
 Courteous, pitiful, and kind;
 Lowly, meek in thought and word,
 Altogether like our LORD:
 Free from anger and from pride,
 Let us thus in thee abide;
 All the depth of love express,
 All the height of holiness.
 Let us each for other care,
 Each his brother's burthen bear;
 To thy church the pattern give,
 Shew how true believers live:
 Let us then with joy remove
 To thy family above;
 On the wings of angels fly,
 Shew how true believers dye:

XVIII. *Another.*

PEACE be to this habitation,
 Peace to every soul therein,
 Peace, the fore-taste of salvation,
 Peace, the fruit of cancel'd sin!

Peace, that speaks it's heav'nly Giver,
 Peace to sensual minds unknown,
 Peace divine, that lasts for ever,
 Here erect its glorious throne!

2 Now, thy love-infusing Spirit
 Shed in ev'ry heart abroad;
 Rise, through thy imputed merit,
 Ev'ry child a child of God:
 Each receive the constant witness,
 Each obtain the joyous rest,
 Taste in thee celestial sweetness,
 God residing in their breast.

3 If thou now art passing by us,
 Stand, and call us unto thee;
 Fully, freely justify us,
 Give us eyes thy love to see;
 Love that brought thee down from heav'n,
 Made our God a man of grief;
 Let it shew our sins forgiven;
 Help, O help our unbelief!

4 Prince of Peace, if thou art near us,
 Fix in all our hearts thy home;
 By thy swift appearing cheer us,
 Quickly let thy kingdom come:
 Answer all our expectation,
 Give our raptur'd souls to prove
 Glorious, uttermost salvation,
 Heav'nly, everlasting love.

XIX. *Thanksgiving*

MEET and right it is to sing,
 At ev'ry time and place,
 Glory to our heav'nly King,
 The God of truth and grace:
 Join we, then, with sweet accord,
 All in one thanksgiving join;
 Holy, holy, holy LORD,
 Eternal praise be thine!

Thee the first-born sons of light,
 In choral symphonys,
 Praise by day, day without night,
 And never, never cease:
 Angels and arch-angels all
 Sing the mystic Three in One;
 Sing, and pause, and gaze, and fall
 O'erwhelm'd before thy throne.

Vying with that happy choir,
 Who chaunt thy praise above,
 We on eagle's wing's aspire,
 The wings of faith and love:
 Thee they sing with glory crown'd,
 We extol the slaughter'd LAMB;
 Lower if our voices sound,
 Our subject is the same.

FATHER, GOD, thy love we praise,
 Which gave thy SON to dye;
JESUS, full of truth and grace,
 Alike we glorify.

SPIRIT, Comforter divine,
 Praise by all to thee be giv'n,
 Till we in full chorus join,
 And earth is chang'd for heav'n.

XX. *Comfortable Prospect of Death and Judgment.*

1. **Y**E virgin souls, arise,
 With all the dead awake;
 Unto salvation wise,
 Oil in your vessels take:
 Uptarting at the midnight cry,
 Behold your heav'nly 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 sanctify'd.

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-pow'rs
 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,
 Watching may we be found!
 With that blest wedding-robe indu'd,
 The blood and righteousness of God.

XXI. *Divine-Operation.* Phil. ii. 13.

1 **F**ATHER, to thee my soul I lift,
 My soul on thee depends,
 Convinc'd, that ev'ry perfect gift
 From thee alone descends.

2 Mercy and grace are thine alone,
 And pow'r and wisdom too;
 Without the Spirit of thy Son,
 We nothing good can do.

3 We cannot speak one useful word,
 One holy thought conceive,

Unless, in answer to our LORD,
Thyself the blessing give.

4 Thou all our works in us hast wrought,
Our good is all divine;
The praise, of ev'ry virtuous thought
And righteous work, is thine.

5 From thee, through JESUS, we receive
Power on thee to call:
In thee we are, and move, and live,
Our GOD is All in All!

5 'Tis not of him that wills or runs,
That labors, or desires:
In answer to my Savior's groans,
Thy love my breast inspires.

7 The meritorious cause I see,
That precious blood divine;
And I, since JESUS dy'd for me,
Shall live for ever thine.

XXII. *Thy Kingdom come.*

O WHEN shall we, supremely blest,
Enter into our glorious rest!
Partake the triumphs of the sky,
And Holy, Holy, Holy, cry!

With all thy heav'nly hosts, with all
Thy blessed saints, we then shall fall;
And sing, in ecstasy unknown,
And praise thee on thy dazzling throne.

- 3 Honor, and majesty, and pow'r,
And thanks and blessings evermore,
Who dost through endless ages live,
Thou, LORD, art worthy to receive.
- 4 For thou hast bid the creatures be,
And still subsist, to pleasure Thee;
From Thee they came, to Thee they tend,
Their gracious source, their glorious end!
-

XXIII. *The Signs of the Times.*

- 1 **L**IFT your heads, ye friends of JESUS,
Partners in his patience here;
CHRIST, to all believers precious,
Lord of Lords, shall soon appear:
Mark the tokens
Of his heav'nly kingdom near!
- 2 Hear all Nature's groans proclaiming
Nature's swift approaching doom!
War, and pestilence, and famine,
Signify the wrath to come:
Cleaves the centre!
Nations rush into the tomb!
- 3 Close behind the tribulation
Of these last, tremendous days,
See the flaming revelation,
See the universal blaze!
Earth and Heaven
Melt before the Judge's face.

- 4 Sun and moon are both confounded,
Darken'd into endless night,
When, with angel hosts surrounded,
In his Father's glory bright,
Beams the Savior,
Shines the everlasting light.
- 5 See the stars from Heaven falling,
Hark on earth the doleful cry,
Men on rocks and mountains calling,
While the frowning Judge draws nigh;
Hide us, hide us,
Rocks and mountains, from his eye!
- 6 With what bitter exclamation
Shall his foes his banner see!
By the monuments of his passion,
By the marks receiv'd for *me*,
All discern him,
All, with shouts, cry out, " 'Tis HE!"
- 7 Lo, 'tis he, our heart's desire,
Come for his espous'd below;
Come to join us with his choir,
Come to make our joys o'erflow;
Palms of triumph,
Crowns of glory to bestow.
- 8 Yes, the prize shall then be giv'n;
We his open face shall see;
Love, the earnest of our Heaven,
Love our full reward shall be:
Love shall crown us
Kings to all eternity!

XXIV. *Behold the Man!*

- 1 **Y**E that pass by, behold the Man,
The Man of Grievs, condemn'd for you!
The LAMB of GOD, for sinners slain,
Weeping to Calvary pursue.
- 2 See, how his back the scourges tear,
While to the bloody pillar bound!
The ploughers make long furrows there,
Till all his body is one wound.
- 3 Ador'd by angels, mock'd by men,
Speechless, the form of guilt he wears;
Revil'd, he answers not again,
But meekly all their insults bears.
- 4 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.
- 5 See, there, his temples crown'd with thorn,
His bleeding hands extended wide;
His streaming feet transfix'd and torn,
The fountain gushing from his side!
- 6 Where is the King of Glory now,
The everlasting Son of GOD!
Th' Immortal hangs his languid brow,
Th' Almighty faints beneath his load!
- 7 Beneath *my* load he faints and dies:
I fill'd his soul with pangs unknown;
I caus'd those mortal groans and crys,
I slew the FATHER'S only Son.

- 8 O thou dear suffering Son of God,
 How did thy heart to sinners move?
 Help me to catch thy precious blood,
 Help me to taste thy dying love!
- 9 The earth could to her centre quake,
 Convuls'd, when her Creator dy'd:
 O let my inmost nature shake,
 And bow with JESUS crucify'd!
- 10 The rocks could feel thy pow'ful death,
 And tremble, and asunder part:
 O rend, with thy expiring breath,
 The harder marble of my heart!
- 11 Thy grace I surely shall receive,
 Thy death hath bought all grace for me:
 Be this my sole desire, to live,
 To live, and then to dye, in thee!
-

XXV.

- 1 **O** LOVE divine, what hast thou done!
 Th' immortal GOD hath dy'd for me;
 The FATHER'S Co-eternal Son,
 Bore all my sins upon the tree:
 Th' immortal GOD for me hath dy'd;
 My Lord, my Love, is crucify'd!
- 2 Sinners, behold, as ye pass by,
 The bleeding Prince of Life and Peace;
 Come see, ye worms, your MAKER die,
 And say, Was ever grief like his?
 Come, feel with me his blood apply'd;
 My Lord, my Love, is crucify'd!

Is crucify'd for me and you,
 To bring his people back to God;
 Believe, believe the record true,
 His church is purchas'd with his blood:
 Pardon and life flow from his side;
 My Lord, my Love, is crucify'd!

Then let us sit beneath his cross,
 And gladly catch the healing streams;
 All things for him account but dross,
 And give up all our hearts to him:
 Of nothing speak or think beside;
 My Lord, my Love, is crucify'd!

XXVL *Original and Actual Sin.*

- 1 **L**ORD, I would spread my sore distress
 And guilt before thine eyes:
 Against thy law, against thy grace,
 How high my crimes arise!
- 2 Shou'dst thou consign my soul to hell,
 And crush my flesh to dust;
 Heav'n would approve thy vengeance well,
 And earth must own it just.
- 3 I from the stock of *Adam* came,
 Unholy and unclean;
 All my original is shame,
 And all my nature sin.
- 4 Conceive'd and shap'd in guilt, I drew
 Contagion with my breath;
 And, as my days advanc'd, I grew
 A juster prey for death.

5 No works nor righteousness of men
For sin can e'er atone:
The death of CHRIST shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.

6 Then do not from my soul depart,
Nor drive me from thy face;
Create anew my vicious heart,
And fill my mouth with praise.

XXVII. CHRIST'S Obedience and Death.

1 FATHER, I sing thy wondrous grace,
I bless my Savior's name;
He bought salvation for the poor,
And bore the sinner's shame.

2 His deep distress has rais'd us high,
His duty and his zeal
Fulfil'd the law which mortals broke,
And finish'd all thy will.

3 Through his obedience so complete,
Peace is to sinners giv'n;
Mercy and truth together met,
When he came down from heav'n.

4 This shall thy humble followers see,
And set their hearts at rest;
They, by his death, draw near to thee,
And live for ever blest.

5 Grief, like a garment, cloath'd him round,
And sackcloth was his dress,
While he wrought out for naked souls
A robe of righteousness.

6 May our incarnate God and King
 Our sweetest thoughts employ!
 And we his endless praises sing
 In palaces of joy!

XXVIII. *God's Faithfulness.*

1 **M**Y never-ceasing songs shall shew
 The mercies of the LORD;
 And make succeeding ages know
 How faithful is his word.

2 The sacred truths his lips pronounce
 Shall firm as heav'n endure;
 And, if he speaks a promise once,
 Th' eternal grace is sure.

3 How long the race of David held
 The Israelitish throne!
 But there's a nobler covenant seal'd
 To David's greater Son.

4 His seed for ever shall possess
 A throne above the skies;
 The meanest subject of his grace
 Shall to that glory rise.

5 His promise he will ne'er revoke,
 But keep his grace in mind;
 And what Eternal Love hath spoke,
 Eternal Truth shall bind.

6 Great God of hosts, thy wond'rous ways
 Are sung by saints above:
 And saints on earth their honors raise
 To thy unchanging love.

XXIX. *Strength and Righteousness in CHRIST.*

- 1 **M**Y Savior, my Almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace?
- 2 Thou art my everlasting Trust,
Thy goodness I adore:
And, since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glorys more.
- 3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
And march, with courage, in thy strength,
To see my Father God.
- 4 When I am brought into distress
By humbling views of sin,
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
And only mention thine.
- 5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The vict'rys of my King!
My soul, redeem'd from death and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.
- 6 Awake, awake, my tuneful pow'rs;
With this delightful song,
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

XXX. *Delight in Public Worship.*

- 1 **L**ORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples, are!

My soul, aspire to his abode,
With warm desire to see thy God.

Thrice happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!

Thrice happy men that pay
Their constant service there!

Thrice happy they who praise him still,
And love the way to Zion's hill.

They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,

Till each in Heav'n appears;
Of CHRIST and saints the glorious seat:
LORD, thither bring our willing feet!

God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence;
With gifts his hands are fill'd,
We draw our blessings thence:

On Jacob's race he will bestow
Peculiar grace and glory too.

The LORD his people loves;
His hand no good withholds

From those his heart approves,
From weeping, waiting souls:

O LORD of hosts, thrice happy he
Whose spirit trusts alone in thee!

XXXI. *The same.*

LORD, 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.

Far from my thoughts, vain world, be gone;
 Let my religious hours alone:
 Pain would my eyes my Savior see;
 I wait a visit, LORD, from thee!

A thousand years could I command,
 Might I but in thy presence stand
 To spend within thy courts one day,
 I'd give a thousand years away.

'Twere better, far, to keep the door
 Where saints assemble to adore,
 Where God himself resides within;
 Than live in palaces of sin.

Blest are thy saints, who sit on high,
 Around thy throne of majesty;
 Thy noblest glory shines above,
 And all their work is praise and love.

Blest are the men, whose hearts are set
 To find the way to Zion's gate;
 Thou art their strength, and through the road
 They lean upon the arm of God.

Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
 Till all shall meet in Heav'n at length;
 Till all before thy face appear,
 And join in nobler worship there.

Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
 In whom thy Father's glories shine;
 Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One,
 That eyes have seen, or angels know.

XXXII. *A blessed Gospel.*

BLEST are the souls that hear and know
 The gospel's joyful sound!
 Peace shall attend the path they go,
 And light their steps surround.
 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
 Through their Redeemer's name:
 His righteousness exalts their hope,
 Nor Satan dares condemn.
 The LORD, our safety and defence,
 Strength and salvation gives:
 Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
 Thy GOD for ever lives.

XXXIII. *The same.*

COME, guilty souls, and flee away,
 Like doves, to Jesus' wounds;
 This is the welcome gospel day,
 Wherein free grace abounds.
 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.

XXXIV. *Thanksgiving for the LORD's Day.*

SWEET is the work, my God and King,
 To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing:
 To shew thy love by morning light,
 And talk of all thy truths at night.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
 O may thy SPIRIT warm my breast!
 And all thy soul in tune be found,
 Like David's harp of solemn sound!
 My heart shall triumph in the LORD,
 And bleis his works, and bleis his word:
 Thy works of grace, how bright they shined
 How deep thy counsels! how divine!
 When to thy glory I remove,
 My soul shall all be life and love;
 And ev'ry pow'r find sweet employ
 In that eternal world of joy.

XXXV. *The same.*

1 **T**HIS is the day the LORD hath made,
 He calls the hours his own;
 Let Heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,
 And praise surround the throne.

2 To day CHRIST rose, and left the dead,
 And satan's empire fell;
 To day the saints his triumphs spread,
 And of his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,

To David's holy Son!

Help us, O LORD; descend and bring
 Salvation from thy throne.

4 Blest be the LORD who comes to men

With messages of grace;

To ransom, by his bitter pain,

And save the chosen race.

Hofanna, in the highest strains

The church on earth can raise:

The highest Heav'ns, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

XXXVI. *The sure Foundation.*

1 **C**HRIST is the sure Foundation-stone,
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heav'nly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.

2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
And saints adore his name;
They rest their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.

3 The Scribe, the Pharisee, and Priest,
Reject him with disdain;
Yet on this Rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

4 What tho' the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise;
'Tis thine own work, Almighty God,
And wond'rous in our eyes.

XXXVII. *Restoring and Preserving Grace.*

1 **W**ITH all my pow'rs of heart and tongue,
I'll praise my Maker in my song;
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.

2 Angels, that make thy church their care,
Shall witness my devotions there;

While holy zeal directs my eyes
To thy fair temple in the skys.

3 To God I cry'd, when troubles rose;
He heard me, and subdu'd my foes:
My rising tears he did control,
And strength diffus'd through all my soul.

4 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by his hand:
His words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

5 Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrows, and from sins;
The work that Wisdom undertakes,
Eternal Mercy ne'er forsakes.

XXXVIII. God's Omnipresence.

1 **I**N all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, LORD; or flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thy all-pervading sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks; my private ways,
The secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to the LORD,
Before they're form'd within;
And, ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

O wond'rous Knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on ev'ry side.

So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from ev'ry ill,
Secur'd by sov'reign love.

XXXIX. CHRIST *our Strength.*

FOR ever blessed be the LORD,
My savior and my shield;
Who sends his Spirit and his word,
To arm me for the field.

When sin and hell their force unite,
He makes my soul his care;
Instructs me to the heav'nly fight,
And guards me through the war.

LORD, what is feeble, dying man,
Or any of his race,
That thou should'st make it thy concern
To visit him with grace?

A Friend and Helper so divine
Does my weak courage raise;
He makes the glorious vict'ry mine,
And his shall be the praise.

XL. *Providential and special Goodness.*

- 1 **S**WEET is the mention of thy grace,
 My God, my heav'nly King:
 Let age to age thy Righteousness,
 In sounds of glory, sing.
- 2 God reigns on high, but not confines
 His goodness to the skys;
 Through the whole earth his bounty shines,
 And ev'ry want supplies.
- 3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
 On Thee for daily food;
 Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,
 And fills their mouths with good.
- 4 How kind are thy compassions, LORD!
 How slow thy anger moves!
 But soon he sends the pard'ning word,
 To cheer the souls he loves.
- 5 Creatures, with all their num'rous race,
 Thy pow'r and praise proclaim;
 But faints, that taste thy richer grace,
 Delight to bless thy name.
-

XLI. *Thanksgiving.*

- 1 **O** WHAT shall I do
 My Savior to praise!
 So faithful and true,
 So plenteous in grace;

So strong to deliver,
 So good to redeem,
 The weakest believer
 That hangs upon him!

How happy the man,
 Whose heart is set free!
 The people that can
 Be joyful in thee!
 Their joy is to walk in
 The light of thy face;
 And still they are talking
 Of Jesus's grace.

Their daily delight
 Shall be in thy name;
 They shall, as their right,
 Thy Righteousness claim:
 Thy Righteousness wearing,
 And cleans'd by thy Blood,
 Bold they shall appear in
 The presence of God.

For Thou art their boast,
 Their glory and pow'r:
 And I also trust
 To see the glad hour;
 My soul's new creation,
 My life from the dead,
 The day of salvation
 That lifts up my head.

For JESUS my Lord
 Is now my defence;

I trust in his word,

None plucks me from thence:
Since I have found favor,

He all things will do;
My King and my Savior
Will make me anew.

- 6 Yes, LORD, I shall see
The bliss of thine own;
Thy secret to me
Shall soon be made known:
For sorrow and sadness
I joy shall receive;
And share in the gladness
Of all that believe.
-

XLII. *The good Fight.*

- 1 **O**MNIPOTENT LORD,
My Savior and King,
Thy succor afford,
Thy Righteousness bring:
Thy promises bind thee
Compassion to have;
Now, now, let me find thee
Almighty to save.
- 2 Rejoicing in hope,
And patient in grief,
To thee I look up
For certain relief:
I dread no denial,
No danger I fear;
Nor start from the trial,
If JESUS is here.

I every hour
 In jeopardy stand;
 But thou art my pow'r,
 And holdest my hand:
 While yet I am calling,
 Thy succor I feel;
 It saves me from falling,
 And plucks me from hell.

Yes! God is above
 Men, devils, and sin;
 My Jesus's love
 The battle shall win:
 So terribly glorious
 His coming shall be,
 His Love all-victorious
 Shall conquer for me.

He all shall break through;
 His truth and his grace
 Shall bring me into
 The plentiful place:
 Through much tribulation,
 Through water and fire,
 Through floods of temptation,
 And flames of desire.

On Jesus my pow'r,
 For strength, I rely;
 All evil before
 His presence shall fly:
 If I have my Savior,
 He will not depart;
 But Jesus, for ever,
 Shall rule in my heart.

XLIII. *The Sinner.*

1 **W**HEN all the secrets of my heart,
 With horror, LORD, I see;
 Thine is, I find, the smallest part,
 Tho' all is due to thee:

Thy footsteps scarce appear within;
 But lusts a countless crowd:
 Th' immense circumference is sin,
 A point is all my good.

2 **O** break the bonds, let sin enthral
 My struggling soul no more;
 Answer thy creature's feeble call,
 Thine image now restore:

And tho' my heart, senseless and hard,
 To thee can scarcely groan;
 Yet O remember, gracious LORD,
 Thou once didst write on stone!

XLIV. *Ask, and ye shall receive; &c.*

1 **R**ISE, my soul, with ardor rise,
 Breathe thy wishes to the skys;
 Freely pour out all thy mind,
 Seek, and thou art sure to find:
 Ready art thou to receive?
 Readier is thy GOD to give.

2 Friend of sinners, King of saints,
 Answer my minutest wants;
 Let my crys thy throne assail,
 Ent'ring now within the veil:

Give the benefits I claim;
 LORD, I ask in JESUS' name.
 Muck and lowly be my mind,
 Pure my heart, my will resign'd:
 Make me dead to all below,
 Only CHRIST resolv'd to know;
 Firm, and disengaged, and free,
 Seeking all my blifs in thee.
 Stoop from thy eternal throne;
 See, thy promise calls thee down!
 High and lofty as thou art,
 Dwell within my worthless heart:
 My poor, fainting soul revive,
 There for ever walk and live.
 Heav'nly Adam, - life divine,
 Change my nature into thine;
 Move and spread throughout my soul,
 Actuate and fill the whole:
 Be it I no longer now
 Living in the flesh, but Thou!
 HOLY GHOST, no more delay,
 Come, and in thy temple stay;
 Now thine inward witness bear,
 Strong, and permanent, and clear:
 Source of life, thyself impart,
 Rise eternal in my heart!

XLV. *Morning.*

JESUS, thou all-sustaining word,
 My fallen spirit's hope;
 After thy lovely likeness, LORD,
 O when shall I wake up?

Thou, dearest LORD, thou only art
The Life, the Truth, the Way;
Quicken my soul, instruct my heart,
My sinking footsteps stay.

2 Of all thou hast, on earth below,
In heav'n above, to give;
Give me thy blessed self to know,
In thee to walk and live:

Fill me with all the life of love,
In mystic union join
Me to thyself, and let me prove
The fellowship divine.

3 Open the intercourse between
My longing soul and thee,
Never to be broke off again
To all eternity:

Grant this, O LORD, for thou hast dy'd
: That I might be forgiv'n;
Thou hast the Righteousness supply'd,
For which I merit heav'n.

XLVI. *Evening.*

1 **J**ESUS, thou sin-aton-ing LAMB,
Lover of lost mankind,
Salvation in whose only name
The chosen race can find;

I ask thy grace to make me clean,
I come to thee, my GOD:

Open, O LORD, for this day's sin,
The fountain of thy blood.

Hither my spotted soul be brought,
 With ev'ry idle word,
 And ev'ry work, and ev'ry thought,
 That hath not pleas'd my LORD:
 Hither my actions, righteous deem'd
 By man, and counted good;
 As filthy rags by GOD esteem'd,
 Till sprinkled with thy blood.

No! my best actions cannot save,
 But Thou must wash ev'n them;
 And (for in Thee I now believe)
 My worst cannot condemn:
 To Thee, then, O vouchsafe me pow'r
 For pardon still to flee;
 And, ev'ry day, and ev'ry hour,
 To wash myself in thee.

XLVII. *Human Righteousness insufficient.*

W Herewith, O LORD, shall I draw near,
 Or bow myself before thy face?
 How in thy purer eyes appear?
 What shall I bring, to gain thy grace?
 Will gifts delight the LORD most high?
 Will multiply'd oblations please?
 Thousands of rams his favor buy?
 Or slaughter'd hecatombs appease?
 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 ev'ry 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 Savior's death!
- 6 JESUS, the LAMB of GOD, hath bled;
 He bore my sins upon the tree:
 Beneath my curse he bow'd his head;
 'Tis finish'd! he hath dy'd for me!
- 7 For me I now believe he dy'd;
 He made my ev'ry crime his own;
 Fully for me he satisfy'd:
 FATHER, well pleas'd, behold thy Son!
- 8 See, where before thy throne he stands,
 And pours the all-availing pray'r;
 Points to his side, and lifts his hands,
 And shews that I am graven there.
- 9 He ever lives, for me to pray;
 He prays, that I with him may reign:
 Amen to what my LORD doth say!
 JESUS, thou canst not pray in vain.

XLVIII. *To the TRINITY.*

- 1 **L**ET heav'n and earth agree
 The FATHER's name to sing;
 Who draws us to the Son, that he
 May us to glory bring.

And with his love
 God the Son receive,
 Who sends us here, and prays above
 That we with him may live.

Be everlasting praise
 To God the SPIRIT giv'n,
 Who sanctifys the chosen race,
 And seals the heirs of heav'n.

Drawn, and redeem'd, and seal'd,
 We'll sing the One in Three;
 With FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT fill'd
 To all eternity.

XLIX. *Another.*

GREAT FATHER of men,
 Be ever ador'd;
 Thy mercy is seen
 In sending our LORD
 To ransom and bless us;
 Thy goodness we praise,
 For sending, in JESUS,
 Salvation by grace.

O SON of his Love,
 Who deignest to dye,
 Our curse to remove,
 Our pardon to buy;
 Accept our thanksgiving,
 Almighty to save,
 Who openest Heaven
 To all that believe.

3 O SPIRIT of Love,
 Of Health, and of Pow'r,
 Thy working we prove,
 Thy grace we adore;
 Whose inward revealing
 Applys our LORD's blood,
 Attesting and sealing
 Us children of GOD.

L. *Rejoicing in Hope.*

1 COME, LORD, and help me to rejoice
 In hope that I shall hear thy voice,
 Shall one day see my GOD;
 Shall cease from all my painful strife,
 Handle and taste the Word of Life,
 And feel the sprinkled Blood.

2 I shall not always make my moan,
 Nor worship thee a GOD unknown;
 But I shall live to prove
 Thy people's rest, thy saints' delight,
 The length and breadth and depth and height
 Of thy redeeming love.

3 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
 I 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,
 Favor'd with GOD's peculiar smile,
 With ev'ry blessing blest:

There dwells the LORD our Righteousness,
 And keeps his own in perfect peace,
 And everlasting rest.

O that I might at once go up,
 No more on this side Jordan stop,
 But now the land possess!

This moment end my legal years,
 Sorrows, and sins, and doubts, and fears,
 An howling wilderness!

Now, O my Joshua, bring me in;
 Sprinkle thy blood, forgive my sin,
 My unbelief remove:

The purchase of thy death divide,
 And, O! with all the sanctify'd,
 Give me a lot of love!

LI. *Redemption found.*

NOW I have found the ground wherein
 Sure my soul's anchor may remain;
 The wounds of JESUS for my sin,
 Before the world's foundation, slain:
 Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
 When heav'n and earth are fled away.

O Grace, thou bottomless abyss,
 My sins are swallow'd up in thee!
 Cover'd is my unrighteousness;
 From condemnation I am free:
 For JESUS' blood, thro' earth and skys,
 Mercy, eternal Mercy, crys.

- 3 JESUS, I know, hath dy'd for me,
 Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
 Hither, when hell assails, I flee,
 I look into my Savior's breast:
 Away, sad doubt, and anxious fear!
 Mercy is all that's written there.
- 4 Tho' waves and storms go o'er my head,
 Tho' strength, and health, and friends be gone;
 Tho' joys be wither'd all, and dead,
 And ev'ry comfort be withdrawn;
 Stedfast on this my soul relys,
 Electing mercy never dies!
- 5 Fix'd on this ground will I remain,
 Tho' my heart fail, and flesh decay;
 This Anchor shall my soul sustain,
 When earth's foundations melt away:
 Mercy's full pow'r I then shall prove;
 Lov'd with an everlasting love.
-

LII. *Rest in Heaven.*

- 1 **L**ORD, I believe a rest remains,
 To all thy people known;
 A rest, where pure enjoyment reigns,
 And thou art lov'd alone.
- 2 Then shall I sing, and never tire,
 In that blest House above;
 Where doubt, and fear, and pain expire,
 Cast out by perfect love.
- 3 **C**elestial SPIRIT, make me know
 That I shall enter in!

Now, Savior, now the pow'r bestow,
And wash me from my sin!

Remove this hardness from my heart;
This unbelief remove:
To me the rest of faith impart,
The sabbath of thy love.

I groan from sin to be set free,
From self to be releas'd;
O take me, take me into Thee,
My everlasting rest!

Come, O my Savior, come away!
Into my soul descend:
No longer from thy creature stay;
My Author, and my End!

The bliss thou hast for me prepar'd,
No longer be delay'd:
Come, my exceeding great Reward,
For whom I first was made!

Come, FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
And seal me thine abode:
'Till all I am in Thee be lost,
And I fly up to GOD!

LIII. *The Glory of CHRIST in Heaven.*

O THE delights, the heav'nly joys,
The glories of the place
Where JESUS sheds the brightest beams
Of his o'erflowing grace!

Sweet majesty and awful love
 Sit smiling on his brow;
 While all the glorious ranks above
 At humble distance bow.

2 Princes to his imperial name
 Bend their bright scepters down;
 Dominions, thrones, and pow'rs rejoice
 To see Him wear the crown:
 Hosanna to our conqu'ring King!
 All hail, Incarnate Love!
 Ten thousand thousand glories wait,
 To crown thy head above.

3 Arch-angels sound his lofty praise
 Through ev'ry heav'nly street;
 And lay their highest honors down,
 Submissive, at his feet:
 Those soft, those blessed feet of his,
 Which once rude iron tore;
 High on a throne of light they stand,
 While all the saints adore.

4 His head, the dear majestic head,
 Which cruel thorns did wound;
 See, what immortal glories shine,
 And circle it around!

This is th' eternal SON of GOD,
 Whom we, unseen, adore:
 But when our eyes behold his face,
 Our hearts shall love him more.

5 Now, to the LAMB, that once was slain,
 Be endless blessings paid;

Salvation, glory, joy remain,
For ever on thy head:

Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
Hast set the pris'ners free;
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with Thee.

LIV. *Thanksgiving.*

YE servants of GOD,
Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad
His wonderful name;
The name all-victorious
Of JESUS extol;
His kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.
God ruleth on high,
Almighty to save;
And still he is nigh,
His presence we have:
The great congregation
His triumphs shall sing,
Ascribing salvation
To JESUS our King.
Salvation to GOD
Who sits on the throne;
Let all cry aloud,
And honor the SON:
Our JESUS's praises
The seraphs proclaim,
Fall down on their faces,
And worship the LAMB.

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

LV. *Another.*

1 **P**RAISE the LORD, ye blessed ones,
 Your glorious LORD, and our's;
 Principalitys and thrones,
 And all ye heav'nly pow'rs:
 Angels, that in strength excell,
 Here your utmost strength employ;
 Let your ravish'd bosoms swell
 With endless praise and joy

2 Shining hosts, on you we call,
 And challenge you to sing;
 Sing the Sov'reign Cause of all,
 The Universal King;
 While eternal ages last,
 The transporting theme repeat;
 Shout, and gaze, and fall, and cast
 Your crowns before his feet.

3 There, with you, we hope to lie,
 With you to rise again;
 Nearest him who rules the sky,
 And foremost of his train:

We shall lead the heav'nly choir,
 We shall give the key to you,
 Singing to our golden lyre
 The song for ever new.

LVI. CHRIST *our Shield.*

1 **M**Y present help in trouble,
 My soul's eternal lover,
 Beneath thy shade
 I hide my head,
 Till all the storm is over:

Thou, thou art our sure refuge,
 When earth and hell oppress us;
 Both earth and hell
 Bow down and feel
 Th' almighty name of JESUS.

2 With confidence I place me
 Beneath thy name's protection;
 While thou art nigh,
 I dare defy
 The hellish insurrection:
 On the accusing serpent,
 After thy great example,
 Fearless I tread;
 And bruise his head,
 And on his kingdom trample.

3 I now admire the worthys
 And faints in sacred story;
 Their steps pursue,
 Their wonders do,
 And emulate their glory:

By faith they wax'd courageous,
And bade their foes defiance;

Strong in the LORD,
Escap'd the sword,
And stopp'd the mouths of lions.

4 By faith they conquer'd kingdoms,
And higher rose, and higher;

March'd through the sea,
Convoy'd by thee,
And walk'd unhurt in fire:

Them in the burning furnace
Thou didst, O LORD, deliver;

And in the flame
Thy help I claim,
And trust in thee for ever.

5 I ask thy promis'd succors,
Nor fear I a denial;

Thou Son of man,
My soul sustain
Throughout the fiery trial:
With thine almighty presence
Let me be still attended;

I'll own thy pow'r,
And walk secure,
Till all my days are ended.

LVII. *The same.*

1 **S**AFE in the fiery furnace,

Joyful in tribulation,

My soul adores,

With all its pow'rs,

The God of my salvation:

Walking through fire and water,
I find his presence cheering ;

By faith I see

The DEITY,

And shout at his appearing.

The fire of persecution,

The floods of sin surround me ;

The flames forget

Their pow'r to heat,

The waters cannot drown me :

'Midst undevouring lions

The Savior's arms embrace me,

And from their den

He up again

Shall, for his glory, raise me.

His arm is still unshorten'd,

And ready to deliver ;

His glorious name

Remains the same,

A tow'r that stands for ever :

The wrath of men and devils

With feeble malice rages ;

They cannot shock

Me on the rock

Of everlasting ages.

I see, stretch'd out to save me,

The arm of my Redeemer ;

That arm shall quell

The pow'r of hell,

And silence the blasphemer :

The GOD of my Salvation,
 The mighty Serpent-bruifer,
 Shall soon o'erthrow
 The brethren's foe,
 And cast down our accuser.

5 Some put their trust in chariots,
 And horses some rely on;

But GOD alone

Our help we own,
 GOD is the strength of Zion:

His name we will remember

In every sore temptation;

And feel his pow'rs,

For CHRIST is ours,

With all his great salvation.

6 We are his ransom'd people,
 And he that bought will have us;

Secure from harm,

Whilst JESUS' arm

Is still stretch'd out to save us:

He out of all our troubles

Will mightily deliver,

And then receive

Us up to live

And reign with him for ever.

LVIII. *In Affliction.*

1 **M**Y JESUS, my hope,
 When will he appear
 A soul to lift up
 That waits for him here;

In much tribulation,
 In trouble's excess,
 In height of temptation,
 And depth of distress?
 O when shall I see
 An end of my pain;
 And triumph in thee,
 My Savior, again?
 Lord, hasten the hour,
 Thy kingdom bring in;
 And give me thy power,
 And save me from sin.
 O Jesus, thou know'st
 My sorrowful load;
 And see'st that my trust
 Is all in thy blood:
 Thou wilt have compassion,
 My burthen remove;
 Thy name is Salvation,
 Thy nature is Love.
 Thy nature and name
 My portion shall be,
 Who humbly lay claim
 To all things in Thee:
 The days of my mourning
 And painful distress,
 Shall, at thy returning,
 Eternally cease.

LIX. *Hardness of Heart.*

WHAT shall I do my God to love;
 My God who lov'd and dy'd for me?

Obdurate heart, will nothing move;
Will nothing melt or soften thee!

2 JESUS, thou lovely, bleeding LAMB,
To thee I pour out my complaint:
I will not hide from thee my shame;
I own, and blush to own, my want.

3 I want an heart to love my GOD;
I cannot bear this heart of stone:
Soften it, Savior, with thy blood,
And melt the nether-millstone down.

4 If yet Thou canst compassion have;
If grace doth more than sin abound;
In me exert thy power to save,
And let me in thy rest be found.

5 Lay to thine hand, Almighty Love;
The work, O GOD, is worthy thee;
Such huge destruction to remove,
And save a soul so vile as me.

6 Not without hope, for thee I mourn;
I feel, in part, thy love to me:
Thy love my flinty heart shall turn,
And get itself the victory.

7 Thou lov'dst, before the world began,
This poor, unloving soul of mine:
JESUS came down, my GOD was man,
That I might all become divine.

8 My anchor this, which cannot move,
The servant as his LORD shall be:
And I shall live my GOD to love,
And dye in him who dy'd for me.

LX. *Public Worship.*

FATHER, behold, with gracious eyes,
 The souls before thy throne;
 Who now present their sacrifice,
 And seek thee in thy SON.

Well pleas'd, in Him, thyself declare;
 Thy pard'ning love reveal:
 The peaceful answer of our pray'r
 To ev'ry conscience seal.

On me, on all, some gift bestow;
 Some blessing now impart:
 The seed of life eternal sow
 In ev'ry waiting heart.

Thy loving, pow'rful Spirit shed,
 And speak our sins forgiv'n;
 And haste throughout the lump to spread
 The sanctifying leav'n.

Refresh us with a ceaseless show'r
 Of graces from above,
 Till all receive the heart-felt pow'r
 Of Everlasting Love.

O FATHER, glorify thy SON,
 And grant what we require;
 For JESUS' sake, the gift send down,
 And answer us by fire.

Kindle the flame of love within,
 Which may to heav'n ascend;
 And now the work of grace begin,
 Which shall in glory end.

LXI. *Spiritual Wisdom.*

- 1 **H**APPY the man who finds the grace,
The blessing of God's chosen race,
The Wisdom coming from above,
The faith that sweetly works by Love.
- 2 Happy beyond description he,
Who knows, *the Savior dy'd for ME,*
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heav'nly understanding gains.
- 3 Wisdom divine! who tells the price
Of Wisdom's costly merchandize!
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 Heav'n, are One.
-

LXII. *At a CHRISTIAN Funeral.*

- 1 **G**LORY be to God on high,
God in whom we live and dye;
God who guides us by his love,
Takes us to his throne above:
Angels, that surround his throne,
Sing the wonders he hath done;

ing, while we on earth reply,
 Glory be to God on high!

God of everlasting grace,
 Worthy thou of endless praise;
 Thou hast all thy blessings shed
 On the living and the dead:

Thou wast here our friend's defence,
 Thou hast borne his spirit hence;
 Worthy thou of endless praise,
 God of everlasting grace!

Thanks be all ascrib'd to thee,
 Blessing, pow'r, and majesty;
 Thee by whose almighty name,
 He his latest foe o'ercame:

Thou the victory hast won,
 Sw'd him by thy grace alone,
 Caught him up thy face to see;
 Thanks be all ascrib'd to thee!

Happy in thy glorious love,
 We shall from the vale remove;
 Glad partakers of our hope,
 We shall soon be taken up;
 Meet again our Christian friends,
 Bless'd with blifs that never ends;
 Join'd to all thy hosts above,
 Happy in thy glorious love!

 LXIII.

TIS finish'd! 'tis done!
 The spirit is fled!
 The Christian is gone,
 The Christian is dead!

The Christian is living
In JESUS's love,
And gladly receiving
A kingdom above.

2 All honor and praise
Are JESUS's due:
Supported by grace
He fought his way through;
Triumphantly glorious
Through JESUS's zeal,
And more than victorious
O'er sin, death and hell.

3 Then let us record
The conquering name,
Our Captain and LORD
With shoutings proclaim:
Who trust in his passion,
And follow our head,
To certain salvation
We all shall 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 dye;

And bear us away
 To mansions on high:
 The kingdom be given,
 The purchase divine;
 And crown us in heaven
 Eternally thine.

LXIV.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
 He lives, and on the earth shall stand;
 And, tho' to worms my flesh he gives,
 My dust lies number'd in his hand.

In this re-animated clay,
 I surely shall behold him near;
 Shall see him at the latter day
 In all his majesty appear.

I feel what then shall raise me up,
 Th' eternal SPIRIT lives in me;
 This is my confidence of hope,
 That GOD I face to face shall see.

Mine own, and not another's eyes,
 The King shall in his beauty view;
 I shall from him receive the prize,
 The crown, to *his* Obedience due.

Ev'n now I taste that bliss divine,
 The glorious joys of angels prove;
 A whole eternity is mine,
 A whole eternity of love!

LXV.

- 1 **L**ET the world lament their Dead,
 As sorrowing without hope;
 When a friend of our's is freed,
 We cheerfully look up:
 Cannot murmur, or complain;
 For our dead we dare not grieve;
 Death, to them, to us, is gain,
 In JESUS who believe.
- 2 We believe that CHRIST our Head
 For us resign'd his breath,
 He was number'd with the dead,
 And, dying, conquer'd death:
 Burst the barriers of the tomb;
 Death could him no longer keep;
 He is the first-fruits become
 Of those in him that sleep.
- 3 JESUS, faithful to his word,
 Shall with a shout descend;
 All heav'n's host their glorious LORD
 Shall pompously attend:
 CHRIST shall come with dreadful noise,
 Light'nings swift, and thunders loud,
 With the great arch-angel's voice,
 And with the trump of God.
- 4 First the dead in CHRIST shall rise,
 Then we who yet remain
 Shall be caught up to the skys,
 And see our LORD again:

We shall meet him in the air,
 All wrapt up to heav'n shall be;
 See, and love, and praise him there,
 To all eternity.

Who can tell the happiness
 This glorious hope affords?
 Joy unutter'd we possess,
 In these reviving words:
 Happy while on earth we breathe,
 Mightier joys ordain'd to know,
 Trampling on sin, hell, and death,
 To the third heav'n we go.

FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
 Thy Godhead we adore;
 Join with that celestial host
 Who praise thee evermore:
 Live by heav'n and earth ador'd,
 Three in One, and One in Three!
 Holy, holy, holy LORD,
 All glory be to Thee.

LXVI.

WHY do we mourn departing friends,
 And shake at Death's alarms?
 'Tis but the voice that JESUS sends,
 To call them to his arms.

The graves of all his saints He blest,
 And soften'd ev'ry bed;
 Where should the dying members rest,
 But with their dying Head?

- 3 Thence He arose, ascending high,
 And shew'd our feet the way :
 Up to the LORD our flesh shall fly,
 At the great rising day.
- 4 Then let us, who in CHRIST believe,
 With saints and angels join;
 Glory, and praise, and blessing give,
 And thanks, to Grace divine.
- 5 To all, who his appearing love,
 He opens Paradise;
 And we shall join the hosts above,
 And we shall grasp the prize.
- 6 Him eye to eye we there shall see;
 Our face like his shall shine :
 O what a glorious company,
 When saints and angels join !
- 7 O what a joyful meeting there !
 In robes of white array'd ;
 Palms in our hands we all shall bear,
 And crowns upon our head.
- 8 Our faith anticipates the day,
 When all the saints shall meet ;
 And with one voice his praise display,
 And worship at his feet.
-

LXVII.

- 1 **W**HAT fullness of rapture is there,
 Where JESUS his glory displays;
 And purples the heavenly air,
 And scatters the odors of grace!

He looks—and his servants in light
The blessing ineffable meet;
He smiles—and they faint at the sight,
And fall, overwhelm'd, at his feet.

How happy the angels that fall,
Transported at JESUS's name!
The faints, whom he soonest shall call
To share in the feast of the LAMB!
No longer imprison'd in clay,
Who next from his dungeon shall fly?
Who first shall be summon'd away?
My merciful God, is it I?

O JESUS, if this be thy will,
That suddenly I should depart;
Thy counsel in mercy reveal,
And whisper the call to my heart:
O give me a signal to know,
If soon thou would'st have me remove,
And leave the dull body below,
And fly to the regions of love.

Look down on thy languishing bride,
Who went'st to prepare us a place;
Prepare us with thee to abide,
And rest in thy mercy's embrace:
Our heaven of heavens be this,
Thy fulness of mercy to prove;
Implung'd in the glorious abyss,
And lost in the ocean of love.

LXVIII.

1 **A**WAY with our sorrow and fear!
 Believers will soon be at home;
 The city of saints shall appear,
 The day of eternity come:
 From earth we shall quickly remove,
 Fly up to our native abode;
 The House of our FATHER above,
 The palace of angels and God.

2 Not all the arch-angels can tell
 The joys of that holiest place,
 Where JESUS is pleas'd to reveal
 The light of his heavenly face;
 Where, caught in the rapturous flame,
 The sight beatific they prove;
 And walk in the light of the LAMB,
 And bask in the beams of his love.

3 In loud hallelujahs they sing,
 And harmony echoes his praise!
 When, lo! the celestial King
 Pours out the full light of his face:
 The joy neither angel nor saint
 Can bear, so ineffably great;
 For, see! the whole company faint;
 And heaven is found at his feet!

4 Who then upon earth can conceive
 The bliss that in heaven they share?
 And who this dark world would not leave,
 And cheerfully dye to be there?
 Where CHRIST is our Light and our Sun,
 And we by reflection shall shine;

With him everlastingly One,
 And bright in effulgence divine!
 'Tis good, at thy word, to be here;
 'Tis better in Thee to be gone;
 And see Thee in glory appear,
 And rise to a share of thy throne:
 The tears shall be wip'd from our eyes,
 When Thee we behold in the cloud;
 And echo the joys of the skys,
 And shout to the trumpet of God.

LXIX.

WHAT joy shall abound,
 When our brethren around
 The throne of our glorious REDEEMER are
 Not a dissonant string [found!
 Shall be heard, while we sing,
 With the chorús of angels, our Savior and
 [King.

Our Savior we own
 Who sits on the throne,
 All praise to the FATHER, and SPIRIT, and SON!
 We are sav'd by the LAMB;
 Let all heaven proclaim,
 Let all heaven bow down to his wonderful name!

Our JESUS surround
 With majesty crown'd,
 And amen to our praises, ye seraphim, sound;
 Lo, he shows us his face!
 Ye seraphim gaze,
 Or fall, and adore in the spirit of praise.

4 Thus, thus let us lye,
 'Till, rais'd by his eye,
 Hallelujah, again hallelujah, we cry!
 Progressively move,
 And in rapture improve,
 And eternity spend to the praise of his love.

LXX.

1 **W**E know, by faith we know,
 If this vile house of clay,
 This tabernacle, sink below
 In ruinous decay;

We have an house above,
 Not made with mortal hands:
 And firm as our Redeemer's love
 The heav'nly fabric stands.

2 O happy, happy place,
 Where faints and angels meet!
 There we shall see each others face,
 And all our brethren greet:

The church of the first-born,
 We shall with them be blest;
 And, crown'd with endless joy, return
 To our eternal rest.

3 A while in flesh dis-join'd,
 Our friends that went before
 We soon in Paradise shall find,
 And meet to part no more;

The faints of antient days,
 We shall with them sit down,
 Who fought the fight, and ran the race,
 And then receiv'd the crown.

There all our griefs are spent,
 There all our sufferings end;
 We shall no more the loss lament
 Of a departed friend:

No slightest touch of pain,
 Nor sorrow's least alloy,
 Can violate our rest, or stain
 Our purity of joy.

There we shall see our GOD,
 But not as crucify'd;
 The LAMB his vesture dipp'd in blood
 At last has laid aside:

As GOD's eternal SON
 He now appears above,
 And sits upon his dazzling throne
 Of everlasting love.

There ev'ry faint of his
 Shall lean upon his breast;
 The wicked there from troubling cease,
 And there the weary rest:

The glorious weight of bliss
 That to our share shall fall,
 Not angel-tongues can half express;
 But we shall have it all.

LXXI. *To the TRINITY.*

- 1 **H**AIL, holy, holy, holy LORD,
 Thrice blessed TRINITY!
 By all thy heav'nly hosts ador'd,
 Ere man began to be:
 Worshipp'd by all thy saints below,
 The God of Truth and Grace;
 Through faith the great Three-One they know,
 And triumph in thy praise.
- 2 The upper and the lower choir
 Shall soon be join'd in one;
 And both triumphantly conspire
 To worship round thy throne:
 Angels and saints, when time shall end,
 Shall all thy love display;
 And in thy glorious praises spend
 An everlasting day.

LXXII. *To Deum.*

- 1 **H**OW can we adore
 Or worthily praise
 Thy goodness and pow'r,
 Thou God of all Grace?
 With honor and blessing
 Before thee we fall,
 Most gladly confessing
 Thee Monarch of all.
- 2 The heavens and earth,
 The water and air,
 To Thee owe their birth,
 Substist by thy care:

And the angels are singing
 Thy praises above,
 And seraphs are bringing
 Our tribute of love.

The cherubs of light
 Declare thy renown;
 And seraphs delight
 Thy love to make known:
 So bright is thy glory,
 So fearful thy praise,
 That angels adore thee
 With veils on their face.

Thou, JESUS, art one
 With God the Supreme;
 His eternal Son,
 And equal with Him:
 Invested with glory
 On high dost thou sit;
 While seraphs adore thee,
 And bow at thy feet.

How great was thy love!
 How wond'rous thy grace!
 Thou cam'st from above,
 To save a lost race:
 And, man to deliver,
 Of *Mary* was born;
 That ev'ry believer
 To God might return.

The sharpness of death
 Thou did'st overcome;

Did'st yield up thy breath,
And sleep in the tomb:
From all condemnation
Thy people are free;
The work of salvation
Was FINISH'D by Thee.

7 How soon must thy seat
Of judgment appear!
Prepare us to meet
And welcome Thee there:
Thy witnessing Spirit
In us shed abroad,
And bid us inherit
The kingdom of GOD.

8 The FATHER, and SON,
And SPIRIT, agree
To constitute one
Complete DEITY:
Sweet JESUS, thy merit
Makes our peace with GOD:
And, by thy good spirit,
Lost souls are renew'd.

9 Thine heritage bless,
Thy people defend;
Replenish with grace
Our hearts to the end:
Protect and deliver
When danger is near,
Until we for ever
In glory appear.

LXXIII. *The Hope of Glory.*

RISE, my soul, the dawn appears
Of that eternal day!

Quit, in hope, this vale of tears,
And mount, and soar away!

Darting through this lower air,
Quick as a seraphic flame,

Rise, the marriage-feast to share,
The marriage of the LAMB.

In the wedding-garment drest

Which my REDEEMER wove,

I shall share the heav'nly feast,

With all the church above:

To my elder brethren join'd,

I shall there my Savior see;

In the arms of JESUS find

A blest eternity.

There the saints with transport meet,

And know no parting days;

JESUS' song of love repeat,

In extacy of praise:

Bright as his our bodies are;

Like the head the members shine;

All our open foreheads bear

The glorious stamp divine.

With the high and lofty One

We dwell in bliss supreme;

Share the glories of his throne,

And taste the chrystal stream:

Banquet on angelic food,
 FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT know;
 Drink the joys that flow from GOD,
 And shall for ever flow.

LXXIV, *Walking by Faith.*

- 1 COME, all who e'er have set
 Your faces Sion-ward,
 In JESUS let us meet,
 And praise our common LORD:
 In JESUS let us still walk on,
 Till we appear before his throne.
- 2 Nearer and nearer still
 We to our country come;
 To that celestial hill,
 The weary pilgrim's home:
 The New Jerusalem above;
 The seat of Everlasting Love.
- 3 The ransom'd sons of God,
 Terrestrial things we scorn;
 And to our high abode
 With songs of praise return:
 From strength to strength we shall proceed,
 With crowns of joy upon our head.
- 4 The peace, and joy, and faith,
 Of his ELECT we feel;
 Redeem'd from sin, and wrath,
 And death, and earth, and hell:
 We to our FATHER'S house repair;
 To meet our elder Brother there.

Our Brother, Savior, Head,
 Our All in All is He;
 And in his steps we tread,
 And soon his face shall see:
 Shall see him with our glorious friends;
 And then in heav'n our journey ends.

LXXV. *Divine Providence.*

AWAY, my needless fears,
 And doubts, no longer mine!
 A ray of heav'nly light appears,
 A messenger divine:

Thrice comfortable hope,
 That calms my stormy breast;
 My FATHER'S hand prepares the cup,
 And what He wills is best.

He knows what'er I want,
 He sees my helplessness;
 And always readier is to grant,
 Than I to ask, his grace:

My fearful heart he reads,
 Secures my soul from harms;
 While, underneath, his mercy spreads
 It's everlasting arms.

Here is firm footing; here,
 My soul, is solid rock;
 To break the waves of grief and fear,
 And trouble's rudest shock:

This only can sustain,
 When heav'n and earth remove;
 O turn thee to thy rest again,
 Thy God's eternal love!

4 To Him again I turn,
 And shelter in his breast;
 His will (let me rejoice or mourn)
 His will is surely best:

His skill infallible,
 His providential grace,
 His pow'r and truth, that never fail,
 Shall order all my ways.

5 The fictitious pow'rs of *chance*
 And *fortune* I defy;
 My life's minutest circumstance
 Is subject to his eye:

He hears the ravens call,
 Nor can his children grieve,
 Nor can a worthless sparrow fall,
 Without my FATHER'S leave.

6 O might I doubt no more,
 But in his pleasure rest;
 Whose wisdom, love, and truth, and pow'r,
 Engage to make me blest!

T' accomplish his design,
 The creatures all agree;
 And ev'ry attribute divine
 Is now at work for me.

LXXVI. *Salvation.*

SALVATION, O the joyful sound!
 What music to our ears!
 A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
 A cordial for our fears.

Bury'd in sorrow and in sin,
 At hell's dark door we lay:
 But we are rais'd, by grace divine,
 To see the gospel-day.

Salvation! let the echo fly
 The spacious earth around;
 While all the armys of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound.

LXXVII. *Praise to CHRIST.*

HOSANNA to our conqu'ring King!
 All-hail, INCARNATE LOVE!
 Ten thousand thousand glories wait
 To crown thy head above.

Thy vict'rys, and thy deathless fame,
 Through the wide world shall run;
 And everlasting ages sing
 The triumphs thou hast won.

In humble notes our faith adores
 The great mysterious King;
 While angels strain their nobler pow'rs,
 And sweep th' immortal string.

LXXVIII. *Washing.*

- 1 **T**HOU, who for sinners' ends wast slain,
 Once dead, but now alive again;
 Give me to know, to taste, to prove,
 The pow'r and sweetness of thy love.
- 2 Give me to feel my sins forgiv'n,
 And know myself an heir of heav'n;
 My conscience sprinkle with thy blood,
 And fill me with the love of God.
-

LXXIX. FREE JUSTIFICATION.

- 1 **I**N vain do blind *Arminians* try
 By works themselves to justify:
 Thy righteousness, O God, exceeds
 Mens dutys and their brightest deeds.
- 2 Proud *Pbarisees* shall strive in vain
 The law's perfection to attain:
 While sinners, self-condemn'd, receive
 The gift of Righteousness, and live.
- 3 **J**ESUS, *thy* life hath clearly show'd
 What means *the Righteousness of God*:
 On Thee thy people's hope is laid,
 By *thy* Obedience righteous made.
- 4 And, where thy Righteousness is giv'n,
 Thy **SPIRIT** sanctifies for heav'n;
 And still renews us by his grace,
 'Till perfected in holiness.

Tho' nothing in ourselves we are,
 Through Him we than the sinful are:
 In ev'ry straight, his hand we see;
 And as our day our strength shall be.

LXXX. *Happiness of Saints departed.*

NOW happy are the souls above,
 From sin and sorrow free!
 With Jesus they are now at rest,
 And all his glory see.

Worthy the LAMB, aloud they cry,
 That brought us here to GOD:
 In ceaseless hymns of praise they shout
 The merit of his blood.

Sweet gratitude inspires their songs,
 Ambitious to proclaim,
 Before the FATHER'S awful throne,
 The honors of the LAMB.

With wond'ring joy they recollect
 Their fears and dangers past;
 And bless the wisdom, pow'r, and love,
 Which brought them safe at last.

They follow the exalted LAMB,
 Where'er they see him go;
 And at the footstool of his grace
 Their blood-bought crowns they throw.

LORD, let the merit of thy death,
 To *me* be likewise giv'n;
 And I, with them, shall shout thy praise
 Through all the streets of heav'n.

LXXXI. *Preparation for Death*

- 1 **P**REPARE me, O my God,
To stand before thy face;
Thy Spirit must the work perform,
For it is all of grace.
- 2 In CHRIST'S Obedience cloath,
And wash me in his blood:
So shall I lift my head with joy,
Among the sons of God.
- 3 My soul for refuge flies
To him that dy'd for men;
Who gave himself a sacrifice
To take away my sin.
- 4 Through him for perfect peace
Shall be my constant pray'r;
For pardon, and supplis of grace,
'Till God vouchsafe to hear.
- 5 Thou wilt my sins subdue,
Thou wilt thy love make known;
The spirit of my mind renew,
And save me in thy SON.
- 6 I shall attest thy pow'r,
I shall thy goodness prove;
'Till my full soul can hold no more
Of Everlasting Love.

LXXXII. *Let thy Presence go with me*

- 1 **D**EATH cannot make my soul afraid,
If God be with me there:
Soft is the passage through the shade,
And all the prospect fair.

Might I but climb to *Pisgab's* top,
 And view the promis'd land,
 My soul would long her flesh to drop;
 And pray for the command.

I would renounce my all below,
 If my Creator bid;
 And run, if I were call'd to go,
 And die as *Moses* did.

JESUS, the vision of thy face
 Hath overpow'ring charms:
 Scarce shall I feel Death's cold embrace,
 If CHRIST be in my arms.

Swift to the place of pure delight,
 Where saints triumphant reign;
 My soul shall wing her joyful flight,
 From sorrow, sin, and pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
 And never-with'ring flow'rs:
 Death, like a narrow stream, divides
 This heav'nly land from our's.

Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
 Stand dress'd in living green:
 So to the Jews old *Canaan* stood,
 While *Jordan* roll'd between.

O could I make my fears remove,
 Those gloomy fears that rise;
 And see the *Canaan*, which I love,
 With unobscured eyes!

Could I but climb where *Moses* stood,
 And view the landscape o'er;

Not Death's dark vale, or icy flood,
Should fright me from the shore.

10 Clasp'd in my heav'nly FATHER's arms,
I would forget to breathe;
And lose my life amidst the charms
Of so divine a death.

LXXXIII. *God's Dominion and Decrees.*

1 **K** E E P silence, all created things,
And wait your MAKER'S nod!
My soul stands trembling, while she sings
The honors of her GOD.

2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree:
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to Be.

3 Chain'd to his throne a volume lies,
With all the fates of men:
With ev'ry angel's form and size,
Drawn by th' Eternal Pen.

4 His Providence unfolds the Book,
And makes his counsels shine:
Each op'ning leaf, and ev'ry stroke,
Fulfills some deep design.

5 Not *Gabriel* asks the reason why,
Nor God the reason gives:
Nor dare the first-born seraphs pry
Between the folded leaves.

My God, I would not long to see
 My fate with curious eyes;
 Known to thyself is thy decree,
 Almighty and all-wise!

With anxious care let others press
 To read their worldly fate;
 I only for assurance wish
 Of my celestial state.

In thy fair Book of Life and Grace
 O may I see my name;
 Recorded in some humble place,
 Beneath my LORD the LAMB!

LXXXIV. *Part of the TE DEUM.*

WE sing to Thee, thou Son of God,
 Channel of life and grace!
 We praise Thee, Son of Man, whose blood
 Redeem'd the chosen race.
 Thee we acknowledge God and Lord,
 Begot e'er time began:
 Thou art by heav'n and earth ador'd,
 Worthy o'er both to reign.
 To Thee all angels cry aloud,
 Through heav'n's extended coasts;
 Hail, holy, holy, Holy God
 Of glory and of hosts!
 The cherubim and seraphim,
 Incessant, sing to Thee:
 The worlds, and all the pow'rs therein,
 Adore thy majesty!

- 5 The prophets' goodly fellowship,
 In radiant garments drest,
 Praise Thee, thou Son of GOD! and reap
 The fulness of thy rest.
- 6 Th' apostles' glorious company
 Thy righteous praise proclaim:
 The martyr'd army glorify
 Thy everlasting name!
- 7 Through all the world, thy churches join
 To acknowledge Thee their Head:
 Efflux of majesty divine,
 Who ev'ry pow'r hast made!
- 8 Thy kingdom Thou hast open'd wide,
 To all who shall believe:
 Thy wounded hands, and feet, and side,
 To sinners entrance give!
- 9 Among their number, we presume
 To sing thy precious blood:
 Reign here, and in the world to come,
 Thou holy LAMB of GOD!
-

LXXXV. *Social Praise.*

- 1 **O** COME, let us join,
 Together combine,
 To praise our dear Savior, our Master divine!
 Him let us adore,
 Who, cover'd with gore,
 Once hanged on *Calvary*, both wounded and

[poor]

He worthy is blest'd
 By spirits at rest,
 Who once in this desert his Godhead confess'd:
 The heavenly spheres,
 Who saw him in tears,
 Yea, every strong angel his person reveres.

The prophets, who told
 His suff'rings, of old;
 Sing now sweet thanksgivings on psalt'rys of
 The fathers, to whom [gold:
 He shew'd he would come,
 Now in his pavilion take up their long home.

The spirits of men
 Who for him were slain,
 From *Abel* the righteous, share now in his reign:
 The apostles, who stood
 Resisting to blood
 For *JESUS* gospel, rejoice in their *GOD*.

The confessors too,
 Him worshiping low,
 Cast down their bright mitres, and thankfully
 O church of the *LAMB*, [bow:
 Here met, do the same!
 With saints, and with angels, bless *JESUS*'s name.

My soul, bear a part;
 For ransom'd thou art
 By *JESUS*' blood-shedding, his burial, and smart:
 To him that was slain,
 The scorn'd Nazarene,
 Be glory and honor! let all say, Amen.

- 7 To JESUS, the Son,
 Who sits on the throne,
 Be riches, and blessing, and thanks, and renown!
 He lives evermore:
 Let every pow'r,
 And throne, and dominion, the SAVIOR adore.
-

LXXXVI. *To the TRINITY.*

- 1 **E**TERNAL FATHER, we adore
 And joyful own thy name:
 Thou wast, and art, and evermore
 Remainest God the same.
- 2 To thee, REDEEMER, LAMB of GOD,
 Our praise shall never cease:
 Through thy most precious wounds and blood
 Flows all our happiness.
- 3 Hail, promis'd SPIRIT, Holy Ghost,
 Sent down for Israel's Guide:
 Thee will we bless, when time is lost,
 And we are glorify'd.
-

LXXXVII. *Not unto Us.*

- 1 **N**OT unto us, but thee alone,
 Blest LAMB, be glory giv'n!
 Here shall thy praises be begun,
 And carry'd on in heav'n.

The host of spirits now with thee

Eternal anthems sing:

To imitate them here, lo! we

Our hallelujahs bring.

Had we our tongues like them inspir'd,

Like theirs our songs should rise:

Like them, we never should be tir'd,

But love the sacrifice.

'Till we the veil of flesh lay down,

Accept our weaker lays;

And, when we reach thy FATHER'S throne,

We'll give thee nobler praise.

LXXXVIII. *Resting under the Cross.*

CHILDREN of Israel, see what shade

The Cross does us afford!

It was for weary sinners made:

We thank thee for it, LORD.

Getsemane can witness still

How meekly there he cry'd:

So can the brow of Calvary's hill,

Where our Great Master dy'd.

We sing thy righteousness and blood,

And agonizing pain:

We sing thy griefs; thou dying God,

Thou LAMB for sinners slain.

We sing for joy, that heaviness

Did once oppress thy soul:

For in thy grief we find our ease;

Thy stripes have made us whole.

- 5 We hail thee, thou by *Jews* revil'd;
 To Thee we bow the knee:
 Hail, very GOD! the promis'd Child!
 The prophets sang of thee.
- 6 We are thy living witnesses,
 And testify that thou
 Art all our righteousness and peace,
 For we have prov'd thee so.
- 7 While others sing the *unknown* GOD,
 We each will sing of THEE;
 JESUS hath wash'd me in his blood,
 And lov'd and dy'd for *me*.
-

LXXXIX. *Public Humiliation.*

- 1 **W**E all the sinner's path have trod;
 Like sheep, we all have stray'd:
 In sack-cloth let us seek to GOD,
 With dust upon our head.
- 2 Let shame our guilty souls bow down,
 And let us tell our sin:
 Who knows, while we our folly own,
 But CHRIST may make us clean?
- 3 Behold, O LAMB of GOD, a race
 Of wretched sinners come,
 Naked and vile: O let thy grace
 Afford thy children room.
- 4 We own that we the world have lov'd,
 And many idols known:
 But be thy vengeance all remov'd,
 Nor pour thy fury down.

Think on thy gracious covenant;
 And then, tho' we have sinn'd,
 Kindly forgive us:—this we want,
 O LORD, our only friend.

Say, canst thou pardon souls so vile?
 We know thou canst and wilt:
 For we are the Redeemer's spoil;
 For us his blood was spilt.

Us in thy own atonement view!
 We bear thy bleeding sign:
 To us, and ours, free mercy shew,
 And say, Ye still are mine.

XC. *Self-Acquaintance.*

WHEN, daily, more and more I see
 What secret evils lurk in me;
 I more and more my Savior prize,
 Who still subdues them as they rise.

Once, had men said how bad I was,
 How needy of thy blood and cross;
 Sure I had thought they spoke untrue,
 And judg'd of what they little knew.

But oh, by thee convinc'd, I find
 I'm miserable, poor, and blind:
 Yea, enmity itself I am;
 A sink of folly, sin, and shame.

LORD, I am sick; my sickness cure:
 I want; do thou enrich the poor:
 Under thy mighty hand I stoop;
 O lift the abject sinner up.

5 LORD, I am blind; be thou my sight:
 LORD, I am weak; be thou my might:
 An helper of the helpless be,
 And let me find my all in thee.

XCI. *Morning.*

1 **R**ISE, my soul, adore thy Maker!
 Angels praise,
 Join thy lays,
 With them be partaker.

2 **F**ATHER, LORD of ev'ry spirit,
 In thy light,
 Lead me right,
 Thro' my Savior's merit.

3 **O** my JESUS, GOD Almighty,
 Pray for me,
 'Till I see
 Thee in *Salem's* City.

4 **H**OLY GHOST, Divine Instructor,
 Guide me still;
 Let thy will
 Be my sole conductor.

5 Thou this night wast my protector:
 With me stay
 All the day,
 Ever my director.

6 **H**oly, Holy, Holy Giver
 Of all good,
 Life and food;
 Reign ador'd for ever.

XCII. *Evening.*

HERE I sleep, for ev'ry favor
 This day shew'd
 By my GOD,
 I will thank my Savior.

O my LORD, what shall I render
 To thy name
 Still the same,
 Gracious, good, and tender!

Leave me not, but ever love me:
 Let thy peace
 Be my blifs,
 Till thou hence remove me.

Visit me with thy salvation:
 Let thy care
 Still be near,
 Round my habitation.

Be my rock, my guard, my tower:
 Safely keep,
 While I sleep,
 Me with all thy power.

Save, O save me from the hidings
 Of thy face:
 Let thy grace
 Cancel my backslidings.

So, whene'er in death I slum'ber,
 I shall rise
 With the wise,
 Counted in their number.

8 FATHER, SON, and HOLY SPIRIT,
 Let me know
 Thee below,
 Thee above inherit.

XCVI. Sol. Song, I. 7.

- 1 **T**HOU shepherd of Israel divine,
 Thou joy of the upright in heart;
 For closer communion I pine,
 I wish to reside where thou art:
 The pasture O when shall I find,
 Where all, who their shepherd obey,
 Are fed, on thy bosom reclin'd,
 And screen'd from the heat of the day?
- 2 O shew me that happiest place,
 That place of thy people's abode,
 Where faints in an extacy gaze,
 And hang on a crucify'd God!
 Thy merit and suff'rings declare,
 Thy passion and death on the tree:
 My spirit to *Calvary* bear,
 Where pardon was purchas'd for me.
- 3 'Tis there, with the lambs of thy flock,
 There only I covet to rest;
 To lie at the foot of the rock,
 Or rise to be hid in thy breast:
 There, there I would ever abide,
 Nor thence for a moment depart;
 Conceal'd in the cleft of thy side,
 Eternally held in thy heart.

XCIV. CHRIST'S *Glory and Condescension.*

JESUS, to thee I bow,
 Th' Almighty's EQUAL Thou!
 Thou the FATHER'S only SON;
 Pleas'd He ever is in Thee:
 Just and holy Thou alone,
 Full of truth and grace for me.
 High above ev'ry name,
 JESUS the great I AM:
 Bows to JESUS ev'ry knee,
 Things in heaven, and earth, and hell:
 Saints adore him, dæmons flee,
 Fiends and men, and angels feel.
 He left his throne above,
 Dis-rob'd of all but Love:
 Whom the heav'ns cannot contain,
 GOD vouchsaf'd in flesh t' appear:
 LORD of glory, son of man,
 Poor, and vile, and abject here.
 Hail, *Galilean King!*
 Thy humble state I sing:
 Never shall thy praises end;
 Hail, derided majesty!
 JESUS, hail! the sinner's friend!
 Friend of publicans and me.
 Great Sacrifice divine,
 Was ever Love like thine?
 Thou my pain and curse hast took;
 All my sins were laid on Thee:
 Man of Grievs, to Thee I look:
 Draw me, Savior, after Thee.

- 6 High on thy FATHER'S throne,
 O look with pity down!
 Save, O save! attend my call;
 Captive lead captivity:
 King of glory, LORD of all,
 CHRIST, be Lord and King to me.
- 7 Thy pow'r I pant to prove;
 Rooted and fix'd in love:
 Make me, by thy Spirit's light,
 Wise to fathom things divine;
 What the length, and breadth, and height,
 What the depth, of love like thine.
-

XCV. *The returning Backslider.*

- 1 **M**Y GOD, my GOD, on thee I call;
 Thee only would I know:
 One drop of blood on me let fall,
 And wash me white as snow.
- 2 Touch me, and make the leper clean;
 Purge my iniquity:
 Unless Thou wash my soul from sin,
 I have no part with Thee.
- 3 Behold, for me the victim bleeds;
 His wounds are open'd wide:
 For me the blood of sprinkling pleads,
 And speaks me justify'd.
- 4 Thy frown is in a moment o'er,
 And pard'ning love takes place:
 Assist me, Savior, to adore
 The riches of thy grace!

May I lose myself in Thee,
 Thy depth of mercy prove;
 Thou vast, unfathomable sea
 Of unexhausted love!

My humbled soul, when Thou art near,
 In dust and ashes lies:
 How shall a sinful worm appear,
 And meet thy purer eyes?

I loathe myself, when God I see,
 And into nothing fall:
 Happy if Thou exalted be,
 And CHRIST is All in All.

XCVI. *Complete Salvation.*

'TIS done: my God hath dy'd:
 My Love is crucify'd:
 Break, this stony heart of mine;
 Pour, my eyes, a ceaseless flood:
 Feel, my soul, the pangs divine;
 Catch, my heart, the issuing blood!
 His only would I be,
 Who liv'd and dy'd for me:
 Grief was all his life below,
 Pain, and poverty, and loss:
 Mine the sins that bruis'd him so,
 Scourg'd, and nail'd him to the cross.
 He bore my sin and thrall,
 A spotless criminal:

Burden'd with his people's guilt,
Blacken'd with imputed sin;
Man to save, his blood he spilt,
Dy'd to make the sinner clean.

4 Join; heav'n and earth, to bless
The LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS!
Myst'ry of redemption, this;
This the Savior's strange design:
Man's offence was counted his;
Our's his Righteousness divine.

5 In him, complete we shine:
His life, his death, is mine:
Fully-am-I justified;
Free from sin, and more than free:
Guiltless, since for me he *dy'd*;
Righteous, since he *liv'd* for me.

6 We now the writing see
Nail'd to thy cross with thee:
With thy mangled body torn,
Blotted out by blood divine,
Far away the bond is borne;
Thou art our's, and we are thine.

7 Array'd in Thee, we dare
To meet thy judgment-bar:
O the depth of love divine!
Who thy wisdom's stores can tell?
Knowledge infinite is thine;
All thy grace, unsearchable!

XCVII. *The same.*

JESUS, thy blood and righteousness
 My beauty are, my glorious dress:
 'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
 With joy shall I lift up my head.

When from the dust of death I rise,
 To claim my mansion in the skys;
 Ev'n then, this shall be all my plea,
 Jesus hath liv'd, hath dy'd, for me.

Bold shall I stand, in that great day;
 For who aught to my charge shall lay?
 Fully absolv'd, through Thee, I am,
 From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

The deadly writing now I see
 Nail'd; with thy body, to the tree:
 Torn with the nails that pierc'd thy hands,
 The cancel'd bond no longer stands.

LORD, I believe, thy precious blood,
 Which, at the mercy seat of God,
 For ever doth for sinners plead,
 For *me*, ev'n for *my* soul, was shed.

Nothing, whereof to boast, I have;
 All, all, thy mercy freely gave:
 No strength, no righteousness, is mine;
 Thine was the work, and only thine.

Thus *Abraham*, the friend of God,
 And all the armys bought with blood,
 Savior of sinners, Thee proclaim;
 Sinners, of whom the chief I am.

- 8 JESUS, be endless praise to Thee,
 Whose tender mercy hath, for me,
 For *me*, a full atonement made,
 An everlasting ransom paid.
- 9 Ah, give to all thy servants, LORD,
 With pow'r to speak thy quick'ning word,
 That all, who to thy merit flee,
 Shall find eternal life in Thee.
- 10 O make the dead now hear thy voice:
 Now bid thy banish'd ones rejoice:
 Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
 JESUS, thy blood and righteousness.
- 11 Let earth and heav'n, with loud acclaim,
 Give praise and glory to the LAMB;
 Who bore our sins, and, by his blood,
 Hath made us kings and priests to God.
-

XCVIII. *Love Divine.*

- 1 **L**OVE divine, all loves excelling,
 Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
 All thy faithful mercys crown:
 JESUS, thou art all compassion;
 Pure, unbounded love thou art:
 Visit us with thy salvation,
 Enter ev'ry trembling heart.
- 2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving SPIRIT
 Into ev'ry troubled breast:
 Let us all in thee inherit,
 Let us find thy promis'd rest!

Take away the love of sinning;
 Alpha and Omega bê;
 End of faith, as it's beginning,
 Set our hearts at liberty.

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

4 Carry on thy new creation,
 Pure and holy may we be;
 Let us see our whole salvation
 Perfectly secur'd by Thee:
 Change from glory into glory,
 'Till in heav'n we take our place;
 'Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

XCIX. *Baptism.*

1 COME, HOLY GHOST, descend from high;
 Baptizer of our spirits. Thou!
 The sacramental seal apply,
 And witness with the water now.

2 Exert thy energy divine,
 And sprinkle the atoning blood;
 May FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT, join
 To seal this child a child of God.

C. *For the same Ordinance.*

- 1 **F**ATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
 In solemn-pow'r come down;
 Save this child, by Nature lost,
 And take [him] for thine own:
 Hear us, sinful worms of earth,
 While on [his] behalf we pray:
 Grant [him] that celestial Birth,
 Which water can't convey.
- 2 Vain is ev'ry outward Rite,
 Unless thy Grace be giv'n:
 Nothing but Thy life and light
 Can form a soul for heav'n:
 JESUS, thou wait, once, a Child;
 Bid this infant come to Thee!
 Thine alone may [he] be seal'd,
 To all Eternity.
- 3 Let thy promis'd inward grace
 Accompany the sign:
 On [his] new-born soul impress
 The glorious name divine:
FATHER, now thy love reveal;
JESUS, now thy mind impart;
HOLY GHOST, renew and dwell
 For ever in [his] heart.
-

CI. *Another.*

- 1 **C**OME, HOLY SPIRIT, heav'nly Dove,
 And shine into each heart!
 On this baptismal water move,
 And life and light impart.

JESUS, we raise our souls to Thee;
Thy pow'rfull presence breathe:
And let this little infant be
Baptiz'd into thy death.

O let thy unction on [him] rest;
Thy grace [his] soul renew:
And write, within [his] tender breast,
Thy name and nature too.

If Thou should'st quickly end [his] days,
[His] place with Thee prepare;
Or, if Thou lengthen out [his] race,
Continue still thy care.

Thy faithful soldier may [he] prove,
Girded with Truth divine;
A sharer in thy dying love,
A follower of thine.

LORD, plant us all into thy death,
That we thy life may prove;
Partakers of thy Cross beneath,
And of thy Crown above.

CII.

JESUS, shew us thy salvation,
Fresh baptize us into Thee:
By thy mystic Incarnation,
By thy pure Nativity,
Save us, thou our New-Creator;
Into all our souls impart
Thy divine and holy Nature:
Form thyself within our heart.

- 2 By thy first Blood-shedding heal us
 Of our unbelief and sin;
 By thy Circumcision seal us,
 Write thy law of love within:
 By thy Spirit circumcise us,
 Kindle in our hearts a flame:
 By thy Baptism baptize us
 Into all thy glorious name.
- 3 By thy Fasting and Temptation,
 Mortify each vain desire;
 Let thy inward operation
 Cleanse our hearts with mystic fire:
 Arm us with thy self-denial;
 Ev'ry tempted soul defend;
 Bring us safe through ev'ry trial;
 Guard and guide us to the end.
- 4 By thy great and bitter Passion,
 By thy suff'rings on the tree,
 Save us from the indignation
 Due to all mankind and me:
 Hanging, bleeding, panting, dying,
 Gasping out thy latest breath;
 By thy precious Death's applying,
 Save us from eternal death.
- 5 By the pomp of thy Ascending,
 Live we here to Heav'n restor'd;
 Ever at thy footstool bending,
 Ever happy in our LORD:
 Keep us by thy Intercession,
 'Till we see thy face above,
 Where thy wonderful Salvation
 Fills the soul with perfect love.

CIII. *Thanksgiving for the GOSPEL.*

1 O JESUS, our LORD,
 Thy name be ador'd
 For all the rich blessings convey'd by thy word.

2 In spirit we trace
 Thy wonders of grace,
 And cheerfully join in a concert of praise.

3 The ancient of days
 His glory displays,
 And shines on his chosen with cherishing rays.

4 The trumpet of GOD
 Is sounding abroad
 The language of mercy, salvation thro' blood.

5 Thrice happy are they
 Who hear and obey,
 And share in the blessings of this happy day!

6 Their anguish and smart
 And sorrow depart,
 Who find his salvation inscrib'd on their heart.

7 This blessing be mine,
 Through favor divine;
 But, O my Redeemer, the glory be Thine.

8 The work is of grace;
 Thine, thine, be the praise,
 And mine to adore Thee, and tell of thy ways.

CIV. *St. PAUL's Experience, Rom. vii.*

- 1 **W**HAT diff'rent pow'rs of grace and sin
Attend our mortal state!
I hate the thoughts that work within,
And do the works I hate.
- 2 Now I complain, and groan, and die,
While sin and Satan reign:
Now rise my songs of triumph high,
For grace prevails again.
- 3 So darkness struggles with the light,
"Till perfect day arise:
Water and fire maintain the fight,
Until the weaker dies.
- 4 Yet, LORD, whate'er is felt or fear'd,
This thought is my repose,
That He, my mortal frame who rear'd,
Its various weakness knows.
- 5 Thou view'st us, with a pitying eye,
While struggling with our load:
In pains and dangers Thou art nigh,
Our FATHER, and our GOD.
- 6 Supported by thy changeless love,
We tend to realms of peace;
Where ev'ry sorrow shall remove,
And ev'ry sin shall cease.
- 7 The more my frailty here is try'd,
The more I toil and grieve,
The more thy grace is glorify'd,
Which SHALL the vict'ry give!

CV. CHRIST *in Glory.*

I LONG to behold him array'd
 With glory and grandeur above;
 The King in his beauty display'd,
 His beauty of holiest love:
 I trust, through his grace, to be there,
 Where JESUS hath fix'd his abode:
 O when shall we meet in the air,
 And fly to the mountain of GOD!
 With Him I on Zion shall stand
 (For JESUS hath spoken the word),
 The breadth of IMMANUEL'S land
 Survey by the light of my LORD:
 And when, on thy bosom reclin'd,
 Thy face I am strengthen'd to see,
 My fullness of bliss I shall find,
 My heaven of heavens, in Thee.
 How happy the people that dwell
 At rest in the city above!
 No pain the inhabitants feel,
 No sickness or sorrow they prove:
 Physician of souls, unto me
 A part in thy Righteousness give;
 So shalt Thou, when death sets me free,
 My soul to the city receive.

CVI. *Worship.*

NOW may the SPIRIT'S holy fire,
 Descending from above,
 His waiting family inspire
 With joy, and peace, and love!

- 2 Thee we the Comforter confess :
 Unless Thou'rt present here,
 Our songs of praise are vain address,
 And lifeless is our pray'r.
- 3 'Wake, heav'nly wind, arise, and come,
 Blow on the drooping field !
 Our spices then shall breathe perfume,
 And fragrant incense yield.
- 4 Touch with a living coal the lip
 That shall proclaim thy word ;
 And bid each awful hearer keep
 Attention to the LORD.
- 5 To ev'ry hungry soul dispense
 From thy exhaustless store ;
 And let no one go empty hence,
 But feed, and pray for more.
- 6 Bid the convincing North-wind wake ;
 Say to the South-wind, blow :
 Bid ev'ry plant thy pow'r partake,
 And all the garden grow.
- 7 Revive the parch'd, with heav'nly show'rs ;
 The cold, with warmth divine :
 And, as the benefit is ours,
 Be all the glory thine !
-

CVII. *The Sun of Righteousness.*

- 1 **L**IGHT of those, whose weary dwelling
 Borders on the shades of death ;
 Come, and, by thy love's revealing,
 Dissipate the clouds beneath :

The new heav'n and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise;
Scatt'ring all the night of nature,
Pouring eye-sight on our eyes.

Still we wait for thy appearing;
Life and joy thy beams impart;
Chasing all our doubts, and cheering
Ev'ry poor benighted heart:
Come, and manifest the favor
God hath for our ransom'd race;
Come, sweet Advocate and Savior,
Come, and bring thy gospel-grace.

Save us in thy great compassion,
O thou mild, pacific Prince!
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins:
By thy all-sufficient Merit,
Ev'ry burden'd soul release;
By the shinings of thy SPIRIT,
Guide us into perfect peace.

CVIII. *In Temptation.*

JESUS, Redeemer, Savior, Lord,
The weary sinner's friend;
Come to my help, pronounce the word,
And bid my troubles end.

Deliv'rance to my soul proclaim,
And life, and liberty:
Shed forth the virtue of thy name,
And JESUS prove to me.

- 3 Thy pow'ful SPIRIT can subdue
 Unconquerable sin;
 Cleanse this foul heart, and make it new,
 And write thy law within.
- 4 While, full of anguish and disease,
 My weak distemper'd soul
 Thy love compassionately sees,
 O let it make me whole!
- 5 To thy great name if all things now
 A trembling homage pay,
 Make *my* obdurate spirit bow,
 My stiff-neck'd will obey.
- 6 While torn by hellish pride I cry,
 By wrath or lust possess'd;
 SON of the living GOD, draw nigh,
 And speak me into rest.
- 7 Sworn to destroy, let earth assail;
 Nearer, to save, Thou art:
 Stronger than all the pow'rs of hell,
 And greater than my heart.
- 8 Speak, and the deaf shall hear thy voice:
 The blind his sight receive;
 The dumb in songs of praise rejoice;
 The heart of stone believe:
- 9 The Ethiop shall change his skin;
 The dead shall feel thy pow'r;
 The loathsome leper shall be clean;
 And I shall sin abhor.

CIX. *Absence from God.*

O THOU, whose tender mercy hears
 Contrition's humble cry;
 Whose Hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
 From sorrow's weeping eye:

See, low before thy Throne of Grace,
 A wretched wand'rer mourn!
 Thyself hast bid me seek thy face;
 Thyself hast said, Return.

And shall my guilty fears prevail
 To drive me from thy feet?
 Thy Word of Promise cannot fail,
 My tow'r of safe retreat.

Absent from Thee, my guide, my light,
 Without one cheering ray;
 Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
 How desolate my way!

O shine on this benighted heart,
 With beams of mercy shine;
 And let thy SPIRIT'S voice impart
 A taste of joys divine!

Thy presence only can bestow
 Delights which never cloy;
 Be this my comfort here below,
 And my eternal joy.

When trials vex my doubting mind,
 To thy dear wounds I'll flee:
 No shelter can I elsewhere find;
 No refuge, but in Thee.

8 To Thee my cause I recommend,
 To Thee for help I call:
 On Thee for future grace depend,
 And trust Thee for my All.

CX. *Breathing after HOLINESS.*

- 1 **O**N Thee, O God of purity,
 I wait for hallowing grace:
 None, without holiness, shall see
 The glories of thy face:
 In souls unholy and unclean
 Thou never canst delight;
 Nor shall they, while unlov'd from sin,
 Appear before thy sight.
- 2 But, as for me, with humble fear
 I will approach thy gate;
 Tho' most unworthy to draw near,
 Or in thy courts to wait:
 Trusting to thy sufficient grace,
 In JESUS freely giv'n;
 I worship toward thy holy place,
 And lift my eyes to heav'n.
- 3 Lead me in all thy righteous ways,
 Nor suffer me to slide;
 Make plain thy path before my face;
 My God, be Thou my Guide:
 O may I ne'er to evil yield,
 Defended from above;
 And kept and cover'd by the shield
 Of thy Almighty Love!

JESUS, if Thou withdraw thy hand,
 That moment sees me fall:
 O may I ne'er on self depend,
 But look to Thee for all!

And, even when I feel thy grace,
 And sin' seems most subdu'd;
 I'll wrap me in *thy* Righteousness,
 And plunge me in thy Blood.

CXI. *Grace experienced.*

O FT hast thou, LORD, in tender love,
 Prevented my request;
 And sent thy SPIRIT from above,
 An unexpected guest:

O'er, when my pray'r was scarce begun,
 Thou didst thy fire impart;
 And make thy pard'ning mercy known,
 And seal it on my heart.

Why this profusion of thy grace
 To such a worm as me?

FATHER, I ask in fix'd amaze;
 Explain the mystery!

Why dost Thou, to a sinner's cry,
 Incline thy pitying ear?
 Thou hear'st my Advocate on high,
 And wilt for ever hear.

CXII. *To CHRIST.*

- 1 **O** THOU, in whom the Gentiles trust,
 Thou only Holy, only Just;
 Tune all our hearts to praise thy name,
 JESUS, unchangeably the same!
- 2 If angels, while to Thee they sing,
 Wrap up their faces in their wing;
 How shall we sinful dust draw nigh
 Thy great and awful Majesty?
- 3 Where shall I fit my thankful tongue
 To join with Heav'n's unnumber'd throng?
 Or how prepare my humble lay,
 Rightly thy glory to display?
- 4 Angels alone, and saints above,
 Sinless, and perfected in love;
 Can utter thy exalted praise,
 And sing the honors of thy grace.
- 5 Glory to thee, auspicious LAMB!
 Thou holy LORD, thou bright I AM!
 Let all our pow'rs unite to bless
 The LORD our strength and Righteousness.
- 6 Live, ever-glorious JESUS, live;
 Worthy all blessing to receive:
 Worthy on high enthron'd to sit,
 With ev'ry pow'r beneath thy feet.
-

CXIII. *Gratitude.*

- 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 Savior,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By thy merits, we find favor;
Life is given through thy name.

Paschal LAMB, by GOD appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid:
By Almighty LOVE anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made:
All thy people are forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood:
Open'd is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

JESUS, hail, enthron'd in glory,
There for ever to abide!
All the heav'nly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at thy FATHER'S side:
There for sinners thou art pleading,
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
'Till in glory we appear.

Worship, honor, 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 SAVIOR'S merits;
Help to chaunt IMMANUEL'S praise.

Soon we shall, with those in glory,
His transcendent grace relate;

Gladly sing th' amazing story
 Of his dying love so great :
 In that blessed contemplation
 We for evermore shall dwell ;
 Crown'd with blifs and consolation,
 Such as none below can tell.

CXIV. *Redeeming Love.*

- 1 **N**OW begin the heav'nly 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 SAVIOR'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 of death and sin,
 Now from blifs no longer rove ;
 Stop, and taste Redeeming Love.
- 5 Welcome, ail by sin oppress ;
 Welcome to his sacred rest :
 Nothing brought Him from above,
 Nothing but Redeeming Love.

He subdu'd th' infernal pow'rs,
 His tremendous foes and ours;
 From their curst empire drove,
 Mighty in Redeeming Love.

Hither, then, your music bring;
 Strike aloud the joyful string:
 Mortals, join the hosts above,
 Join to praise Redeeming Love.

When his SPIRIT leads us home,
 When we to his glory come,
 We shall all the fulness prove
 Of our LORD'S Redeeming Love.

CXV. *The Sinner's Refuge.*

JESUS, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly!
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high:
 Hide me, O my SAVIOR, hide
 Till the storm of life is past;
 Safe into the haven guide;
 O receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none;
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
 Leave, ah, leave me not alone;
 Still protect and comfort me!
 See, my soul 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;
 More than 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 cover all my sin:
 Let the healing stream 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.

CXVI. *Privileges of GOD's Children.*

1 **BLESSED** are the sons of GOD;
 They are bought with CHRIST's own blood;
 They are ransom'd from the grave;
 Life eternal they shall have:
 With them number'd may I be,
 Here, and in eternity!

2 GOD hath lov'd them in his SON,
 Long before the world begun;
 They the seal of this receive,
 When in JESUS they believe:
 With them number'd, &c.

They are justify'd by grace,
 Jesus is himself their dress;
 All their sins are wash'd away,
 They shall stand in God's great day:
 With them number'd, &c.

They produce the fruits of grace,
 In the works of righteousness;
 Born of God, they hate all sin;
 God's pure seed remains within:
 With them number'd, &c.

They have fellowship with God,
 Through the Mediator's blood;
 One with God, with Jesus one,
 Glory is in them begun:
 With them number'd, &c.

They are lights upon the earth,
 Children of an heav'nly birth;
 They with love and peace are fill'd;
 They are by his Spirit seal'd:
 With them number'd may I be,
 Here, and in eternity!

CXVII. *Prayer for Assurance.*

COME, HOLY GHOST, my soul inspire,
 Attest that I am born again:
 Come, and baptize me, LORD, with fire,
 Let no more doubt or cloud remain:
 Give me the sense of sin forgiv'n,
 Sweet fore-taste of approaching Heav'n.

2 O give th' indisputable seal,
 That ascertains the kingdom mine:
 That pow'ful stamp I long to feel,
 The signature of Love divine:
 O shed it in my heart abroad,
 Fullness of love, of heav'n, of God!

CXVIII. *Invitation to Praise.*

1 **A** WAKE, and sing the song
 Of Moses and the LAMB:
 Wake, every heart, and ev'ry tongue,
 To sing the SAVIOR's name.

2 Sing of his dying love,
 Sing of his rising pow'r;
 Sing how he intercedes, above,
 For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing, till we feel our hearts
 Ascending, with our tongues:
 Sing, till the love of sin departs,
 And grace inspires our songs.

4 Sing on your heav'nly way,
 Ye ransom'd sinners, sing;
 Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry day
 In CHRIST th' eternal King.

5 Soon shall we hear him say,
 "Ye blessed children, come:"
 Soon will he call us hence away,
 And take his wand'ers home.

There shall our raptur'd tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sing, in sweetest notes, the song
Of *Moses* and the LAMB.

CXIX. *To the TRINITY.*

BLEST be the FATHER, and his love,
To whose celestial source we owe
Rivers of endless joy above,
And rills of comfort here below.

Glory to thee, great SON of GOD!
Forth from thy wounded body rolls
A precious stream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying souls.

We give the sacred SPIRIT praise,
Who, in our hearts of sin and woe,
Makes living streams of grace arise,
And into boundless glory flow.

Thus GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON;
And GOD the SPIRIT, we adore:
That sea of life and love unknown,
Without a bottom or a shore.

CXX. *Children brought to CHRIST.*

BEHOOLD what condescending love
JESUS on earth displays!
To babes and sucklings he extends
The riches of his grace.

- 2 He still the ancient promise keeps,
 'To our forefathers giv'n :
 Young children in his arms he takes,
 And calls them heirs of heav'n.
- 3 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
 "Nor scorn their humble name:
 "For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
 "The LORD of angels came."
- 4 We bring them, LORD, with thankful hands;
 And yield them up to thee :
 Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
 Thine let our offspring be.
- 5 Kindly receive this tender branch,
 And form [his] soul for GOD :
 Baptize [him] with thy Spirit, LORD,
 And wash [him] in thy blood.
- 6 Thus to the parents and their seed
 Let thy salvation come :
 And num'rous households meet at last
 In one eternal home.
-

CXXI. *Circumcision and Baptism.*

- 1 "DEVOTE your infant race to Me,"
 The GOD of *Abr'ham* said :
 Sharp was the circumcising knife;
 Yet *Abr'ham's* faith obey'd.
- 2 Through grace, the promise he believ'd,
 And gave his sons to GOD :
 But WATER seals the blessing now,
 Which *then* was seal'd with BLOOD.

Thus *Lydia* sanctify'd her house,
 When she believ'd the word:
 Thus the converted *Jaylor* gave
 His household to the LORD.

Thus later saints, eternal King,
 Thy ancient truth embrace:
 To Thee their infant-offspring bring,
 And humbly claim thy grace.

CXXII. *Imputed Righteousness.*

FAIR as the *moon* my robes appear,
 While graces are in dress:
 Clear as the *sun*, while found to wear
 My SAVIOR'S Righteousness.

My moon-like graces, changing much,
 Are foil'd with many a spot:
 My sun-like glory is not such;
 My SAVIOR changes not.

In Him array'd, my robes of light
 The morning-rays outshine:
 The stars of heav'n are not so bright,
 Nor angels half so fine.

Tho' hellish smoke my dutys stain,
 And sin deform me quite;
 The blood of JESUS makes me clean,
 And *his* Obedience, white.

Then let the law in rigor stand,
 And for perfection call:
 My LORD discharg'd the whole demand,
 My Surety paid it all.

- 6 Let ev'ry high self-righteous thought
 Be utterly cast down:
 Free-grace alone the work hath wrought,
 And grace shall wear the crown.
- 7 O may I practically shew
 My int'rest in that grace!
 Be all I am, and have, and do,
 Devoted to thy praise!
-

CXXIII. CHRIST'S *Commission.*

- 1 **R**AISE your triumphant songs
 To an immortal tune:
 Let the wide earth resound the deeds
 Celestial grace hath done.
- 2 Sing, how Eternal Love
 Its chief Beloved chose,
 And bid him lift our sinful race
 From their abyss of woes.
- 3 His Hand no thunder bears,
 Nor terror cloaths his Brow:
 No bolts to drive our guilty souls
 To fiercer flames below.
- 4 'Twas Mercy fill'd the throne,
 And Wrath stood silent by,
 When CHRIST was sent with pardons down
 To rebels doom'd to die.
- 5 Now, sinners, dry your tears;
 Let hopeless sorrow cease:
 Bow to the sceptre of his love,
 And trust Redeeming Grace.

LORD, we obey thy call,
 And lay an humble claim
 To the salvation thou hast wrought,
 And bless thy gracious name.

CXXIV. *The God of Abraham.*

THE God of *Abr'ham* praise,
 Who reigns enthron'd above;
 Ancient of everlasting days,
 And God of Love:
 JEHOVAH, great I AM,
 By earth and heav'n confess!
 I bow and bless the sacred name,
 For ever blest.

The God of *Abr'ham* praise,
 At whose supreme command
 From earth I rise, and seek the joys
 At his right hand:
 I all on earth forsake,
 Its wisdom, fame, and pow'r;
 And him my only portion make,
 My shield and tow'r.

The God of *Abr'ham* 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 angels' wings upborne,
 To heav'n ascend!
 I shall behold his face,
 I shall his pow'r adore;
 And sing the wonders of his grace
 For evermore.
- 5 Tho' Nature's strength decay,
 And earth and hell withstand;
 To *Canaan's* bounds I urge my way,
 At his command:
 The wat'ry deep I pass,
 With Jesus in my view;
 And through the howling wilderness
 My way pursue.
- 6 The goodly land I see,
 With peace and plenty blest;
 A 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 glory 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 He keeps his own secure,
He guards them by his side;
Arrays in garments bright and pure
His chosen bride:
With streams of sacred bliss,
With groves of living joys,
With all the fruits of Paradise,
He still supplies.

9 Before the great THREE-ONE
His faints exulting stand;
And shout the wonders Grace hath done,
Through all their land:
The list'ning spheres attend,
And swell the growing fame;
And sing, in songs that never end,
The wond'rous NAME.

10 The TRIUNE GOD on high
The glad arch-angels sing;
And "Holy, holy, holy," cry,
"Almighty King!
"Who wast, and art, the same;
"And evermore shalt be:
"Hail, FATHER, SPIRIT, SON! I AM!
"We worship Thee."

Before the Savior's face
The ransom'd nations bow;
O'erwhelm'd by his almighty grace,
Their crowns they throw.
He shews his scars of love!
They kindle to a flame;
And sound, through all the worlds above,
The slaughter'd LAMB.

- 12 The whole triumphant host
 Give thanks to GOD on high:
 Hail, FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
 They ever cry.
 Hail *Abr'ham's* GOD and *mine!*
 I join the heav'nly lays:
 All might and majesty are thine,
 And endless praise.
-

CXXV. *In Affliction.*

- 1 **O** LORD, our Governor, thy will
 Most sov'reign is, and free:
 And all created things fulfill
 Thy absolute decree.
- 2 Thy wisdom plann'd thy great design,
 Unchangeably the same:
 Let earth, as heav'n, to Thee resign,
 And both thy praise proclaim.
- 3 The lots of all thy creatures show,
 That thy whole Will shall stand:
 Nor can their utmost pow'r o'erthrow
 Thy Word, or stay thy Hand.
- 4 Had I but knowledge to discern
 Thy Wisdom, Love, and Pow'r;
 From ev'ry sorrow I shou'd learn
 To thank Thee more and more.
- 5 Then turn thee to thy rest, my soul;
 And kiss the needfull rod:
 Nor seek thy Sov'reign to control,
 But know, that he is GOD.

Dear FATHER, to thy Hand I bow:
 For to thy pleasure still
 Thy creatures all obedience owe,
 And good is all thy will.

CXXVI. PROVIDENCE.

GOD moves in a mysterious way,
 His wonders to perform:
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
 Of never-failing skill,
 He treasures up his bright designs,
 And works his sov'reign will.

Ye fearfull faints, fresh courage take!
 The clouds ye so much dread
 Are big with mercy, and shall break
 With blessings on your head.

Judge not the LORD by feeble sense,
 But trust him for his Grace:
 Behind a frowning Providence
 He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding ev'ry hour:
 The Bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the Flow'r.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan his work in vain:
 God is his own Interpreter,
 And he will make it plain.

CXXVII. *Faith in Exercise.*

- 1 **T**HIS GOD is the GOD we adore,
 Our faithfull, unchangeable Friend;
 Whose love is as great as his pow'r,
 And neither knows measure, nor end.
- 2 'Tis JESUS, the First and the Last,
 Whose SPIRIT shall guide us safe home;
 We'll praise Him for all that is past,
 And trust Him for all that's to come.
-

CXXVIII. *Finish'd Salvation.*

- 1 " 'TIS FINISH'D," the REDEEMER said,
 And meekly bow'd his dying head:
 Whilst we this sentence scan,
 Come, sinners, and observe the word!
 Behold the conquests of our LORD
 Complete for helpless man.
- 2 FINISH'D the righteousness of grace;
 FINISH'D, for sinners, pard'ning peace;
 Their mighty debt is PAID:
 Accusing law cancell'd by blood,
 And wrath of an offended GOD
 In sweet oblivion laid.
- 3 Who now shall urge a second claim?
 The law no longer can condemn;
 Faith a release can show:
 Justice itself a friend appears:
 The prison-house a whisper hears,
 " Loose him, and let him go."

O unbelief, injurious bar!

Source of tormenting, slavish fear!

Why dost thou yet reply?

Where'er thy loud objections fall,

"'Tis FINISH'D," still shall answer all,

And silence ev'ry cry.

His Work divinely FINISH'D stands:

And, O! the praise his Love demands,

Carefull may we attend!

Conclusion to the whole be this;

Because Salvation FINISH'D is,

Our thanks shall never end.

CXXIX. *The Pilgrim.*

GUIDE me, O thou great JEHOVAH,
Pilgrim through this barren land;

I am weak, but Thou art mighty,

Hold me with thy pow'rfull Hand:

Bread of Heaven,

Feed me till I want no more.

Open, LORD, the chrystal Fountain,

Whence the healing streams do flow;

Let the fiery cloudy pillar

Lead me all my journey through:

Strong Deliv'rer,

Be Thou still my strength and shield.

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

will ever give to Thee.

- 4 Musing on my habitation,
 Musing on my heav'nly home,
 Fills my soul with holy longing;
 Come, Lord JESUS, quickly come!
 Vanity is all I see:
 LORD, I long to be with Thee!
-

CXXX. *Hope of Glory.*

- 1 **H**E is a God of sov'reign love,
 Who promis'd Heav'n to me;
 And taught my soul to soar above,
 Where happy spirits be.
- 2 Prepare me, LORD, for thy right hand;
 Then come the joyfull day!
 Come, Death, and some celestial band,
 To bear my soul away!
- 3 Then, my Beloved, take my soul
 Up to thy blest abode;
 That face to face I may behold
 My Savior and my God.
-

CXXXI. *Eben-ezer.*

- 1 **C**OME, thou Fount of ev'ry blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace!
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
 Calls for songs of loudest praise:
 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above;
 Praise the Mount—I'm fix'd upon it;
 Mount of God's unchanging love.

Here I raise my *Eben-ezer*;
 Hither, by thy help, I'm come;
 And I trust, through thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home:
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wand'ring from the fold of God;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interpos'd his precious blood.
 O, to Grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
 Let that Grace now, like a fetter,
 Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee:
 Prone to wander, LORD, I feel it;
 Prone to leave the GOD I love:
 Here's my heart, O take and seal it,
 Seal it from thy courts above.

CXXXII. *Thanksgiving.*

WHAT shall we render unto Thee,
 Thou glorious Lord of life and pow'r?
 Teach us to bow the humble knee,
 Teach us with thankfulness t'adore:
 To praise Thee, as thy saints above;
 To praise Thee for thy wond'rous love.
 When, like lost sheep, we wander'd wide,
 And madly sought from Thee to fly;
 When borne along th' impetuous tide
 Of this world's sin and vanity;-
 Our Jesus from his Heav'n came down,
 To save us by free grace alone.

3 He bore our sins upon the tree
 (To seek and save the Lost he came);
 There was he nail'd, to set us free
 From death and everlasting shame:
 The chosen flock from hell were freed,
 And ransom'd, when their Shepherd bled.

4 Before the FATHER'S awfull throne
 Our mercifull High-Priest he stands;
 And, interceding for his own,
 The purchas'd remnant now demands:
 His people's everlasting friend,
 Who, loving, loves them to the end.

5 May we, his banish'd ones, rejoice
 Him for our LORD and GOD to own;
 Delight to hear his Spirit's voice,
 And cleave to his dear cross alone:
 Be growing up in holiness,
 Then meet him in the realms of bliss.

CXXXIII. *God glorious, and Sinner's saved*

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

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy pow'r;
 Their motions speak thy will:
 And on the wings of ev'ry hour
 We read thy patience still.

But, when we view thy great design
 To save rebellious worms,
 Where vengeance and compassion shine
 In their divinest forms;

Our thoughts are lost in joyful awe:
 We love, and we adore!

The first arch-angel never saw
 So much of God before.

Here the whole DEITY is known;
 Nor dares a creature guess,
 Which of the glories brightest shone,
 The Justice, or the Grace.

When sinners broke the FATHER'S laws,
 The dying SON atones:

O the sweet myst'rys of his cross!
 The triumph of his groans!

Now the full glories of the LAMB
 Adorn the heav'nly plains:

Pleas'd cherubs learn IMMANUEL'S name,
 And try their choicest strains.

O may I bear some humble part
 In that immortal song!

Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
 And love command my tongue.

CXXXIV. *Grace.*

GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
 Harmonious to the ear:
 Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
 And all the earth shall hear.

- 2 Grace first contriv'd a way
To save rebellious man:
And all the steps that Grace display,
Which drew the wond'rous plan.
- 3 'Twas Grace that wrote my name,
In thy Eternal Book:
'Twas Grace that gave me to the LAMB,
Who all my sorrows took.
- 4 Grace forc'd my wand'ring feet
To tread the heav'nly road:
And new supplis 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,
Through everlasting days:
It lays in heav'n the top-most stone,
And well deserves the praise.
- 7 O let thy Grace inspire
My soul with strength divine!
May all my pow'rs to Thee aspire,
And all my days be Thine.
-

CXXXV. . . *Precious Blood.*

- 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.

The dying thief rejoic'd to see
 That Fountain, in his day;
 And there would I, as vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away.

Dear dying LAMB, thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its pow'r,
 Till all the ransom'd church of GOD
 Are sav'd to sin no more.

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.

Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing thy pow'r to save;
 When this poor, limping, stamm'ring tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.

LORD, I believe thou hast prepar'd
 (Unworthy tho' I be)
 For *me* a blood-bought free reward,
 A golden harp for *me*.

'Tis strung and tun'd for endless years,
 And form'd by pow'r divine,
 To sound in GOD the FATHER'S ears
 No other name but thine.

CXXXVI. *Isaiah* xlv. 23.

YE heavens, rejoice
 In JESUS'S grace;
 Let earth make a noise,
 And echo his praise:

The great congregation,
 Below and above,
 Redeem'd by his passion,
 Shall sing of his love.

2 Ye mountains and vales,
 In praises abound;
 Ye hills, and ye dales,
 Continue the sound:
 Break forth into singing,
 Ye trees of the wood,
 For Jesus's bringing
 Lost sinners to God.

3 Atonement he made,
 For each of his own;
 Their debt he hath paid,
 Their work he hath done:
 With glad exultation
 His triumphs proclaim,
 Ascribing salvation
 To God and the LAMB.

4 Redemption he wrought,
 And gain'd our release:
 Who take it unbought,
 He seals them for his;
 Throughout the Believer
 His glory displays,
 And perfects for ever
 The vessels of Grace.

CXXXVII. *Self-Examination.*

○ FOR a closer walk with God,
 A calm and heav'nly frame!
 A light to shine upon the road
 That leads me to the LAMB!

Where is the blessedness I knew,
 When first I saw the LORD?
 Where is the soul-refreshing view
 Of JESUS and his word?

What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd!
 How sweet their mem'ry still!
 But now I find an aching void,
 Which only GOD can fill.

Return, O holy Dove, return,
 Sweet Messenger of Rest!
 I hate the sins that make me mourn,
 And drove Thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
 Whate'er that idol be;
 Help me to bear it from thy throne,
 And worship only Thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,
 Calm and serene my frame:
 And purer light shall mark the road
 That leads me to the LAMB.

JESUS, my Lord, my Life, my Light,
 O come with blissful ray:
 Break radiant through the shades of night,
 And chase my clouds away.

8 Then shall my soul with rapture trace
 The tokens of thy love:
 But the full glorys of thy face
 Are only known above.

CXXXVIII. *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
 So prone to act so base a part,
 And harbor one hard thought of Thee.

3 O let me then at length be taught
 (What still I am so slow to learn),
 That God is Love, and changes not,
 Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat!
 But, when my faith is sharply try'd,
 I find myself a learner yet;
 Unskilfull, weak, and apt to slide.

5 But O, my LORD, one look from thee
 Subdues my disobedient will;
 Drives doubt and discontent away,
 And thy rebellious worm is still.

6 Thou art as willing to forgive,
 As I am ready to repine:
 Thou, therefore, all the praise receive;
 Be shame and self-abhorrence mine.

CXXXIX. GOD *Incaruate.*

THE Savior! O what endless charms
 Dwell in the blisfull sound!
 It's influence ev'ry fear disarms,
 And spreads sweet comfort round.

Th' Almighty Former of the skys
 Stoop'd to our vile abode;
 While angels view'd with wond'ring eyes,
 And hail'd th' Incarnate God.

O the rich depths of Love divine!
 Of joy a boundless store:
 Dear Savior, let me call thee *mine*;
 I cannot wish for more.

On Thee alone my hope relys,
 Beneath thy cross I fall:
 My Righteousness, and Sacrifice,
 My Savior, and my All.

CXL. *Isaiab xxxiii. 17.*

FAR from these narrow scenes of night,
 Unbounded glorys rise;
 And realms of infinite delight,
 Unknown to mortal eyes.

There pain and sickness never come,
 And grief no more complains:
 Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
 And endless pleasure reigns.

- 3 No cloud those blisfull regions know,
For ever bright and fair!
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.
- 4 There no alternate night is known,
Nor sun's faint sickly ray;
But Glory, from the sacred throne,
Spreads everlasting day.
- 5 O may the heav'nly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love;
Till wings of faith and strong desire
Bear ev'ry thought above!
- 6 Prepare us, LORD, by Grace divine,
For thy bright courts on high:
Then bid our souls rise up and join
The chorus of the sky.
-

CXLI. *Appropriation.* 1 Thess. i. 4, 5.

- 1 **A** FORM of words, tho' e'er so found,
Can never save a soul:
The HOLY GHOST must give the wound,
And make the wounded whole.
- 2 Election is a precious truth:
But, LORD, I wish to be
Assur'd, by thy own SPIRIT'S mouth,
That Thou hast chosen *me*.
- 3 Sinners, I read, are justify'd
By faith in JESUS' blood:
But when to *me* that blood's apply'd,
'Tis then *I've* peace with GOD.

Imputed Righteousness I own

A doctrine most divine:

Dear Savior, to my heart make known,

That all thy merit's *mine*.

To Perseverance I agree;

No sun-beam is so clear:

Because my LORD has promis'd *me*,

That *I* shall persevere.

Thus Christians glorify the LORD:

His SPIRIT joins with ours,

In bearing witness to the word,

With all its saving pow'rs.

CXLII. *Psalms* lxxvii.

TO bless thy chosen race,

In mercy, LORD, incline;

And cause the brightness of thy face

On all thy saints to shine:

That so thy wond'rous ways

May through the world be known;

While distant lands their tribute pay,

And thy salvation own.

Let diff'ring nations join

To celebrate thy fame:

Let all the world, O LORD, combine

To praise thy glorious name.

O let them shout and sing,

Dissolv'd in holy mirth:

For thou, the righteous Judge and King,

Dost govern all the earth.

- 5 Let diff'ring nations join
To celebrate thy fame:
Let all the world, O LORD, combine
To praise thy glorious name.
- 6 Then shall the teeming ground
A large increase disclose:
And we with mercy shall be crown'd,
Which God, our God, bestows.
- 7 Then God upon our land
Shall constant blessing show'r;
And all the world in awe shall stand
Of his resistless pow'r.
-

CXLIII. *Faith.*

HOW safe and how happy are they,
Who on the Good Shepherd rely!
He'll give them out strength for their day;
Their wants he will surely supply:
He ravens and lions can tame;
All creatures obey his command;
Then let me rejoice in his name,
And leave all my cares in his hand.

CXLIV. *Psalms lxxxiv.*

O GOD of Hosts, the mighty LORD,
How lovely is the place,
Where Thou, enthron'd in glory, shew'st
The brightness of thy face!

My longing soul faints with desire
 To see thy blest abode :
 My panting heart and flesh cry out,
 For Thee the living God.

Happy the spirits gone before,
 Deliver'd from their clay ;
 Who in thy presence always dwell,
 And there thy praise display !

I too shall go from strength to strength,
 And still approach more near ;
 Till I, on Sion's holy mount,
 With Sion's God appear.

For He, who is my sun and shield,
 Will grace and glory give ;
 Shall guide me by his counsel here,
 And then to heav'n receive.

Thou GOD, whom all events obey,
 How highly blest is he,
 Whose anchor, cast within the vail,
 Is still repos'd on Thee !

CXLV. *Rejoice evermore.*

REJOICE, the LORD is King !
 Your LORD and King adore :
 Mortals, give thanks, and sing,
 And triumph evermore :

Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice!

2 JESUS the Savior reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purg'd our stains,
He took his seat above:
Lift up your heart, &c.

3 He sits at God's right hand,
Till all his foes submit,
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet:
Lift up your heart, &c.

4 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heav'n;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our JESUS giv'n:
Lift up your heart, &c.

5 He all his foes shall quell,
And Satan's works destroy,
And ev'ry bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy:
Lift up your heart, &c.

6 Rejoice in glorious hope,
JESUS the Judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear th' arch-angel's voice;
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice!

CXLVI. CHRIST *a perfect Savior.*

LET us love, and sing, and wonder;

Let us praise the SAVIOR's name!

He has hush'd the Law's loud thunder;

He has quench'd Mount *Sinai's* flame:

He has wash'd us in his Blood;

He has brought us nigh to GOD.

Let us love the LORD that bought us,

Pity'd us when enemys;

Call'd us by his Grace, and taught us,

Gave us ears, and gave us eyes:

He has wash'd us in his Blood,

He presents our souls to GOD.

Let us sing, tho' fierce temptation

Threaten hard to bear us down;

JESUS is our strong salvation,

He will surely give the crown:

He, who wash'd us in his Blood,

Soon will bring us safe to GOD.

Let us wonder! Grace and Justice

Join and point to Mercy's store;

When, through Grace, in CHRIST our trust is,

Justice smiles, and asks no more:

He, who wash'd us in his Blood,

Has secur'd our way to GOD.

Let us praise, and join the chorus

Of the saints enthron'd on high!

Here they trusted Him before us;

Now their praises fill the sky:

Thou hast wash'd us in thy Blood;

Thou art worthy, LAMB of GOD!

6 Yes, we praise thee, gracious Savior,
Wonder, love, and bless thy name:
Pardon, LORD, our poor endeavor!
Pity, for Thou know'st our frame,
Wash our Souls and Songs with Blood,
For by Thee we come to GOD.

CXLVII *Grace.*

1 **R**ICH Grace, free Grace, most sweetly calls,
Directly come who will,
Just as you are: for CHRIST receives
Poor helpless sinners still.

2 'Tis Grace, each day, that feeds our souls;
Grace keeps us inly poor:
And O that nothing else but Grace
May rule for evermore!

CXLVIII *Longing for Heaven.*

1 **C**HRI^ST's own soft hand shall wipe the tear
From each believing eye:
Affliction, pain, and grief, and fear,
And Death itself, shall die.

2 How long, dear Savior, O how long,
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swiftly round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day!

CXLIX. *At the Lord's Table.*

1 COME, HOLY GHOST, set to thy seal,
 Thine inward witness give;
 And to my inmost soul reveal
 The death by which I live.

2 I want the dear Redeemer's grace,
 I seek the Crucify'd;
 The Man that suffer'd in my place,
 The GOD that groan'd and dy'd,

3 Spectator of the pangs divine,
 O that I now may be!
 Discerning in the sacred sign,
 His passion on the Tree.

4 Give me to understand that sound
 Which told his mortal pain;
 Tore up the graves, and rent the ground,
 And broke the rocks in twain.

5 Repeat my dying Savior's cry
 Unto my heart so loud,
 That my whole soul may now reply,
 "This is the SON of GOD."

CL. *Self-Expostulation.*

WHY shou'd I doubt his love at last,
 With anxious thoughts perplex?
 Who sav'd me in my troubles past,
 Will save me in the next.

2 Will save, till, at my latest hour,
 With more than conquest blest,
 I for, beyond Affliction's pow'r,
 To my REDEEMER's breath.

3 Salvation! O thou bleeding LAMB,
 To Thee the thanks belong:
 Salvation shall inspire my heart,
 And dwell upon my tongue.

CLI. *Stability of the Covenant.*

1 REJOICE, ye faints, in ev'ry state
 Divine Decrees remain unmov'd:
 No turns of Providence abate
 God's care for those he once hath lov'd.

2 Firmer than heav'n his Cov'nant stands:
 Tho' earth shou'd shake, and skys depart,
 You're safe in your REDEEMER's hands,
 Who bears your names upon his heart.

3 Our SURETY knows for whom he stood,
 And gave Himself a sacrifice:
 The souls, *once* sprinkled with his Blood,
 Possess a life that *never* dies.

4 Tho' darkness spread around our tent,
 Tho' fear prevail, and joy decline;
 GOD will not of his Oath repent:
 Dear LORD, thy people still are thine.

CLII. *Converting Grace.* Psalm xlv, 3--5.

HALL, mighty JESUS; how divine
 Is thy victorious sword!
 The stoutest Rebel must resign,
 At thy commanding word.
 The strongest holds of Satan yield
 To thy all-conqu'ring hand:
 When once thy glorious Arm's reveal'd,
 No creature can withstand.
 Deep are the wounds thy arrows give;
 They pierce the hardest heart:
 Thy smiles of grace the slain revive,
 And joy succeeds to smart.
 Still gird thy sword upon thy thigh,
 Ride with majestic sway:
 Go forth, sweet Prince, triumphantly,
 And make thy foes obey.
 And, when thy vict'ry's are complete;
 When all the chosen race
 Shall round the throne of glory meet,
 To sing thy conqu'ring grace;
 O may my humble soul be found
 Among that favor'd band!
 And I, with them, thy praise will sound
 Throughout IMMANUEL'S land.

CLIII. *CHRIST'S Resurrection.*

WHEN I the holy Grave survey,
 Where once my SAVIOR deign'd to lye;
 I see fulfill'd what prophets say,
 And all the pow'r 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.
-

CLIV. *Psalm xvii, 14, 15.*

- 1 **W**HAT sinners value, I resign;
LORD, 'tis enough that Thou art mine:
I shall behold thy blisfull face,
And stand complete in Holiness.
- 2 This life's a dream, an empty show;
But that bright world, to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere:
When shall I wake, and find me there?

O glorious hour! O blest abode!
 I shall be with, and like, my God!
 And grief and sin no more control
 The sacred pleasures of the soul.

My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
 Till the last Trumpet's joyfull sound;
 Then burst the chains, with sweet surprize,
 And in my SAVIOR'S likeness rise.

CLV. *To the BLESSED SPIRIT.*

HOLY GHOST, dispel our sadness,
 Pierce the clouds of sinful night:
 Come, thou source of sweetest gladness,
 Breathe thy life, and spread thy light!
 Loving SPIRIT, GOD of Peace,
 Great distributor of grace,
 Rest upon this congregation!
 Hear, O hear our supplication.

From that height which knows no measure,
 As a gracious snow'r descend;
 Bringing down the richest treasure
 Man can wish, or GOD can send:
 O thou GLORY, shining down
 From the FATHER and the SON,
 Grant us thy Illumination!
 Rest upon this congregation.

Come, thou best of all donations
 God can give, or we implore;
 Having thy sweet consolations,
 We need wish for nothing more:

Come with unction, and with pow'r;
 On our souls thy graces show'r;
 Author of the New Creation,
 Make our hearts thy habitation.

4 KNOWN to Thee are all recesses
 Of the earth and spreading skys;
 Every sand the shore possesses,
 Thy omniscient Mind descrys:
 Holy Fountain, wash us clean,
 Both from error, and from sin!
 Make us fly what Thou refusest,
 And delight in what Thou chusest.

5 Manifest thy love for ever;
 Fence us in on ev'ry side;
 In distress, be our reliever;
 Guard, and teach, support, and guide:
 Let thy kind, effectual Grace
 Turn our feet from evil ways;
 Shew thyself our New Creator,
 And conform us to Thy nature.

6 Be our friend, on each occasion;
 God, omnipotent to save!
 When we die, be our salvation;
 When we're buried, be our grave:
 And, when from the grave we rise,
 Take us up above the skys;
 Seat us with thy saints in glory,
 There for ever to adore Thee.

CLVI. *Comfort in Death.*

O LAMB of God, my Savior,
 Kill'd on the tree of sorrow!
 Thy suff'ring, meek behavior,
 Paid what thou didst not borrow:
 O wonder far exceeding
 All human pow'r and sense!
 Heav'n's Sovereign was seen bleeding,
 To wash out my offence.

When I obtain permission
 To leave this vale of tears,
 Be Thou, my good Physician,
 At hand, to sooth my fears!
 O let my soul, expiring,
 On thy dear breast recline;
 And be true life acquiring
 From that pierc'd heart of thine.

Savior, apply the merit
 And comfort of thy Blood,
 When I give up my spirit
 To thee my Judge and God:
 If with me in my passage
 Thou art, how glad and bold
 Shall I receive the message,
 And let my limbs grow cold!

The Soul, on Thee believing,
 Goes safe to Paradise;
 The Body too, retrieving
 A purer frame, shall rise:

Spite of the Grave's corruption,
 I shall thy glory see;
 And sing of my Adoption,
 To all eternity.

CLVII. *Confession.*

1 **D**EAR LORD, - accept a sinfull heart,
 Which of itself complains;
 And mourns, with much and frequent smart,
 The evil it contains.

2 Vile seeds of *lust* and *anger* lurk,
 That often hurt my frame,
 And wait but for the tempter's work
 To fan them to a flame.

3 *Legality* holds out a bribe,
 To purchase life from thee:
 And *Discontent* would fain prescribe,
 How Thou shalt deal with me.

4 While *Unbelief* disputes thy Grace,
 And calls thy truth a lie;
Presumption, with a brow of brass,
 Says, "Give me, or I die."

5 How eager are my thoughts to roam
 In quest of what they love!
 But ah, when Duty calls them home,
 How heavily they move!

6 O wash me in the Savior's Blood;
 Transform me by thy pow'r:
 And seal me thy belov'd abode,
 And let me rove no more.

CLVIII. *At Dismissal.*

DISMISS us with thy blessing, LORD;
Make us to feed upon thy word:
Our faith confirm, our sins forgive,
And let thy Truth within us live:
Tho' we are guilty, Thou art good;
Wash all our works in JESUS' Blood:
Give ev'ry fetter'd soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

CLIX. *The same.*

FATHER, before we hence depart,
Send thy good SPIRIT down:
Let him reside in ev'ry heart,
And bless the seed that's sown.
Thou fountain of Eternal Love,
Who gav'st thy SON to die;
Let thy sweet Unction, from above,
Enlighten and apply.

CLX. *At the LORD's Table.*

THOU very Paschal Lamb,
Whose blood for us was shed;
Through whom we out of *Egypt* came,
Thy ransom'd people lead!
Angel of gospel-grace,
Fulfill thy character:
To guard and feed thy 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.

CLXI. *Praise.*

1 **T**HANKFULL for our ev'ry Blessing,
Let us sing
CHRIST the spring,
Never, never ceasing.

2 Source of all our gifts and graces,
CHRIST we own;
CHRIST alone
Calls for all our praises.

3 He dispels our sin and sadness;
Life imparts,
Cheers our hearts,
Fills with food and gladness.

4 He himself for us hath given:
Us he feeds,
Us he leads
To a feast in heaven.

CLXII. *Before or after Preaching.*

THANKS, for mercys past, receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us, henceforth, how to live
With eternity in view:
Bless thy Word to old and young,
Fill us with the SAVIOR'S love;
And, when life's short race is run,
Take us to thy house above.

CLXIII. *Heavenly Worship.*

O FOR a sweet inspiring ray,
To animate our feeble strains,
From the bright realms of endless day,
The blissful realms where JESUS reigns!
There, low before his glorious throne,
Adoring saints and angels fall;
And, with delightfull worship, own
His smile their bliss, their heav'n, their all.
Immortal glories crown his head,
While tuneful Hallelujahs rise:
And love, and joy, and triumph, spread
Through all the regions of the skys.
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 ransom'd of the LAMB
Shall join, at last, the heav'nly choir:
O may the joy-inspiring theme
Now warm our hearts with holy fire!
- 6 Dear SAVIOR, let thy SPIRIT seal
Our title to that blisfull place;
'Till death removes this earthly veil,
And glory crowns thy saving grace.
-

CLXIV. *The NATIVITY.*

- 1 **H**ARK, the glad sound! MESSIAH comes!
The Savior, promis'd long!
Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
And ev'ry voice a song.
- 2 On him the SPIRIT, largely pour'd,
Exerts an holy fire:
Wisdom, and might, and zeal, and love,
His sacred breast inspire.
- 3 He comes, the pris'ners to release,
In satan's bondage held:
The gates of brass before him burst;
The iron fetters yield.
- 4 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray;
And, on the eye-balls of the blind,
To pour celestial day.
- 5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with his Righteousness and Blood
'T' enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad hofannahs, Prince of peace,
 Thy welcome shall proclaim;
 And Heav'n's eternal arch shall ring
 With thy beloved name.

CLXV. *Joy in Sorrow.*

1 **A**ND let this feeble body fail,
 And let it faint, or dye;
 My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
 And soar to worlds on high:
 Shall join the dis-embod' d saints,
 And find it's long-sought rest
 (That only rest for which it pants),
 On the REDEEMER'S breast.

2 In hope of that immortal crown,
 I now the cross sustain;
 And gladly wander up and down,
 And smile at toil and pain:
 I travel my appointed years,
 Till my Deliv' rer come
 And wipe away his servant's tears,
 And take his exile home.

3 O what hath JESUS bought for me!
 Before my ravish'd eyes
 Rivers of life divine I see,
 And trees of Paradise:
 I see a world of spirits bright,
 Who taste the pleasures there;
 They all are rob'd in radiant white,
 And conqu'ring palms they bear.

- 4 LORD, what are all my suff'rings here,
 If Thou but make me meet,
 With that enraptur'd host t'appear,
 And worship at thy feet!
- Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
 Take life and friends away;
 But let me find them all again
 In that eternal day!
-

CLXVI. *Saturday Evening.*

- 1 **S**AFELY through another week
 God has brought us on our way;
 Let us now a blessing seek
 On th' approaching Sabbath-day:
 Day of all the week the best,
 Emblem of eternal Rest!
- 2 Mercys, multiply'd each hour,
 Through the week, our praise demand;
 Guarded by almighty pow'r,
 Fed and guided by his hand:
 Tho' ungratefull we have been,
 Only made returns of sin.
- 3 While we pray for pard'ning Grace,
 In the dear REDEEMER'S name;
 Shew thy reconciled face,
 Shine away our sin and shame!
 From our worldly cares set free,
 May we rest this night in Thee!
- 4 When the morn shall bid us rise,
 Let us feel thy presence near:

May thy glory meet our eyes,
When we in thy house appear!
There afford us, LORD, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

5 May thy SPIRIT'S voice resound,
Conquer finners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of Grace abound;
Bring relief for all our wants!
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

CLXVII. *Before any Ordinance.*

1 LAMB of God, for whom we languish,
Make thy grief
Our relief;
Ease us by thine anguish!

2 O our agonizing SAVIOR,
By thy pain
Let us gain
Happiness for ever.

3 In thine own appointment bless us:
Meet us here;
Now appear
Our Almighty JESUS.

4 HOLY GHOST, in great compassion,
Joy impart;
Fill each heart
With thy consolation.

5 Let this Ordinance be sealing :

Enter now,
Claim us Thou

For thy constant dwelling.

6 Warm the soul of each believer :

We are thine,
Love divine ;

Reign in us for ever.

CLXVIII. *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,

Trav'ling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,

For thy Gospel's joyfull sound :

May the fruits of thy salvation

In our hearts and lives abound !

May thy presence

With us, evermore, be found !

3 So, whene'er the signal's given,

Us from earth to call away ;

Borne on Angel's wings to Heaven,

Glad the summons to obey,

We shall surely

Reign with CHRIST in endless day.

CLXIX. *Let Heav'n and Earth praise Him.*

- 1 **T**HOU heav'n of heav'ns, supremely bright,
 Fair palace of the KING divine,
 Where, with inimitable light,
 The GODHEAD condescends to shine;
- 2 Praise thou thy Great Inhabitant,
 Who scatters lovely beams of grace
 On ev'ry Angel, ev'ry Saint,
 Nor veils the lustre of his face.
- 3 O God of Glory! God of Love!
 In Essence ONE, in Person THREE!
 With all the shining Hosts above
 Let dust and ashes worship Thee!
-

CLXX. *God incomprehensible.*

- 1 **G**OD is a name my soul adores;
 Th' Almighty THREE, th' Eternal ONE:
 Nature and Grace, with all their pow'rs,
 Confess the Infinite Unknown.
- 2 Thy voice produc'd the sea and spheres,
 Bid planets roll, and suns to shine:
 But nothing like THYSELF appears,
 Through all these spacious works of Thine.
- 3 Material Nature dyes and grows;
 From change to change the creatures run:
 Thy Being no succession knows,
 And all thy vast Designs are one.

- 4 Thrones and Dominions round Thee fall,
 And worship in submissive forms :
 Thy presence shakes this lower ball,
 This little dwelling-place of worms.
- 5 How shall affrighted mortals dare
 To scan thy Glory, or thy Grace ?
 Beneath thy feet we lie so far,
 And see but shadows of thy face !
- 6 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.
-

CLXXI. *The same.*

- 1 **S**OME Seraph, lend your heav'nly tongue,
 Or harp of golden string ;
 While I attempt an humble song,
 In honor of my King.
- 2 Hail, glorious and co-equal THREE !
 Great everlasting ONE !
 Worship, and might, and majesty,
 Are Thine, and Thine alone.
- 3 Thy Effence is a vast abyfs,
 Which Angels cannot found ;
 An ocean of Infinitys,
 Where all our thoughts are drown'd.
- 4 In vain our haughty Reason swells,
 For nothing's found in Thee
 But boundless Inconceivables,
 And vast Eternity.

Mortals, be dumb. What creature dares
 Dispute HIS awfull Will?
 Ask no account of HIS affairs,
 But tremble, and be still!

Just like his Nature is his Grace,
 All-fov'reign and all-free:
 LORD, I adore thy searchless ways!
 Do what Thou wilt with me.

CLXXII. *Resignation.*

GREAT God, create my soul anew,
 Conform my Will to thine:
 Melt down my heart, and let it flow,
 And take the mold divine.

Seize my whole frame into thy hand;
 Here all my pow'rs I bring:
 Manage the wheels by thy command,
 And govern ev'ry spring.

O may my feet no more depart,
 Nor wand'ring senses rove;
 Nor let my unbelieving heart
 Arraign the God I love!

Then not the Sun shall, more than I,
 His MAKER'S Will perform;
 Nor travel swifter through the sky,
 Nor burn with zeal so warm.

CLXXIII. CHRIST *dying.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, the Savior! — yes: 'tis He!
Victim of wrath, lo, where he hangs!
Nail'd with contempt on yonder tree!
The LORD of life in dying pangs!
- 2 Hark, how the bursting Thunders groan!
See; the swift Light'nings flash around!
The startling Rocks their God bemoan,
And fighting Nature heaves the Ground.
- 3 O'er all that fills the lucid sky
Darkness her dismal mantle rolls;
And terrors upon terrors fly
Round the sad World to both her poles.
- 4 Nature, all trembling, fled the scene:
Man, only Man, obdurate stood;
Nor felt the keen distress of sin
In Tears divine, and Groans, and Blood.
- 5 Tears upon tears fell trickling down;
Sure, Angels wept for cruel Men!
And tears in Heav'n for once were known,
Where not a tear shall drop again.
- 6 But cease, my soul, cease to deplore!
Salvation flow'd as JESUS bled:
Then, wrapt in wond'ring love, adore;
And lift in praise thy drooping head.
-

CLXXIV. *Mystery of the Cross.*

- 1 **J**ESUS (unutterable Grace!)
Th' eternal SON, took *Adam's* place:

Down to our world the Savior flies,
Stretches his bleeding arms, and dyes.

Justice agreed to bruise the God,
And take it's debt in Heav'nly Blood:
What unknown griefs and pangs He bore!
Justice and Law can ask no more.

Stupendous Work! look down, ye skys;
Wonder and gaze with all your eyes:
Stoop down, ye Seraphs, from above,
And bow to this mysterious Love.

See, how they bend! see, how they look!
Long had they read th' eternal Book:
But study'd the Decree in vain,
Till CHRIST on *Calv'ry* made it plain.

Now they are struck with deep amaze;
Each with his wings conceals his face;
Now clap their sounding plumes, and cry,
"The Wisdom of a DEITY!"

Low they adore th' incarnate Son,
And sing the Glorys he has won;
Sing how he broke our iron chains;
How deep he sunk; how high he reigns.

Triumph and reign, victorious LORD!
By all thy flaming hosts ador'd:
And say, dear CONQU'ROR, say, how long,
Ere we shall rise to join their song?

Soon will thy chariot be sent down;
A little while, and we are gone!
Rais'd high beyond th' ethereal Blue,
To sing, and love, as Angels do!

CLXXV. *Looking within the Vail.*

- 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 skys.
- 2 There the blest MAN my Savior fits;
 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 beautys 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 dy'd.
- 9 Then, all at once, to living strains
 They summon ev'ry chord:
 Tell how he triumph'd o'er his pains,
 And chaunt 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 joyfull work for you.
- 11 I would begin the music here,
 And so my soul should rise:
 O for some heav'nly notes to bear
 My passions to the skys!
- 12 There ye, that love my SAVIOR, sit:
 There I would fain have place,
 Among your thrones, or at your feet,
 So I might see his face.

CLXXVI. *Efficacious Grace.*

HOW mighty Thou art,
HO LORD, to convert!
 Thou only couldst conquer so stubborn an
 The Love of God-Man [heart:
 Alone could constrain
 So stiff-neck'd a rebel to love Thee again.

2 Through thee, I embrace
 The ransoming grace
 Of HIM who hath suffer'd and dy'd in my
 I strove to withstand [place:
 The force of thy hand;
 But thy SPIRIT *would* conquer, and I was
 [constrain'd.

3 In vain I withstood,
 And fled from my GOD;
 For Mercy *would* save me thro' JESUS's Blood:
 I felt it apply'd;
 And joyfully cry'd,
 Me, me thou hast lov'd, and for me thou hast
 [dy'd.

4 For sinners like me,
 Thy mercy is free,
 Who hunger and thirst for Redemption by
 Lord, gather in more; [Thee:
 Make this the glad hour;
 And compel them to yield in the day of thy
 [pow'r!

5 'I soon shall remove
 To the regions of love,
 And then I shall sing like the Angels above:
 Yet there when I am,
 My work is the same,
 To ascribe my salvation to GOD and the LAMB.

6 'Salvation to GOD
 Will I publish abroad,
 And make Heaven ring with the cry of thy
 [Blood:

The LAMB that was slain,
 Lo, he liveth again;
 And I with my JESUS for ever shall reign.

CLXXVII. *On a Public Fast.*

GOD of infinite compassion,
 GOD of unexhausted love,
 From a sinfull sinking nation
 Once again thy rod remove:
 Snatch us from the jaws of Ruin;
 Us thy helpless people see:
 Though thy Vengeance seems pursuing,
 Save, O save us into Thee!

Have we not fill'd up the measure
 Of our daring wickedness?
 Challeng'd all thy just displeasure?
 Scorn'd the Gospel of thy Grace?
 Yes; our heinous provocations
 For thy heaviest Judgements cry:
 Justly might thy slighted patience
 Give us up, and let us dye.

JESUS, mighty Mediator,
 Plead the cause of guilty man!
 Kind and gracious is thy nature;
 Do not let us cry in vain!
 From deserved vengeance screen us;
 Let not wrath our land consume:
 Stand Thou in the gap between us;
 Suffer not the scourge to come.

CLXXVIII. *Another.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, sin-atonig Lamb,
 Thy gracious pity show;
 All the kindness of thy name
 Let favor'd *Britain* know;
 Utter not the awfull word,
 And do not, do not vengeance take:
 Spare our guilty Nation, LORD,
 For thy own Mercy's sake.
- 2 Worst of all th' apostate race,
 Yet listen to our cry:
 Most unworthy of thy Grace,
 Without thy grace we dye:
Tophet is our just reward,
 Yet snatch us from the burning lake;
 Spare our guilty Nation, LORD,
 For thy own Mercy's sake.
- 3 Scandal of the Christian name,
 Which still we vainly bear;
Sodom-like, our sin and shame
 We openly declare,
 Trample on thy sacred word,
 And cast thy laws behind our back:
 Spare the guilty Nation, LORD,
 For thy own Mercy's sake.
- 4 Though thy Judgments are abroad,
 Let us thy Goodness prove:
 Save us, O most gracious GOD,
 In honor of thy love!

Though thy righteous hand is stirr'd,
 Arising slow, the Earth to shake;
 Spare our guilty Nation, LORD,
 For thy own Mercy's sake.

5 O alarm the sleeping crowd,
 And fill their souls with dread:
 Then avert the low'ring cloud
 Impendent o'er our head:
 Turn aside the hostile sword,
 And us to thy protection take:
 Spare our guilty Nation, LORD,
 For thy own Mercy's sake.

CLXXIX. *I can do all Things, &c.* Phil. iv. 13.

1 **J**ESUS, the sinner's friend,
 I on thy Love depend:
 All my help is laid on Thee;
 Faith and Hope in Thee I have:
 As my day, my strength shall be;
 Thou wilt to the utmost save.

2 Without thy succor, I
 Should fall away and dye:
 Left, one moment left alone,
 I should make my ruin sure,
 Shamefully my God disown,
 Thee and all thy saints abjure.

3 But, LORD, I trust in Thee;
 Thou wilt not go from me:

Thee thy goodness shall constrain
Still with me, ev'n *me*, t' abide;

Me, the feeblest child of man;
Me, for whom thy pity dy'd.

4 O that I always may
On Thee: my spirit stay!
Poor and needy as I am,
Thou dost for my vileness care:
Thou hast call'd me by my name;
Thou wilt all my burdens bear.

5 Arm me with *thy* great pow'r,
Then come the trying hour!
Then I, in *thy* strength, shall say,
Feeblest of thy servants I,
"I, tho' all men fall away,
"I will never Thee deny."

6 If *Thou* with me abide,
I shall not start aside:
If thy Presence thou bestow
On so poor a worm as me,
I shall then to prison go,
Gladly go to death, with Thee.

CONFIDENCE

CLXXX. *Tribulation.* Acts xiv. 22.

1 **T** WAS thus the saints of God,
His messengers and seers,
The narrow path of suff'rings trod,
And walk'd this vale of tears:

Through fore Afflictions past
To better worlds above;
And more than conquer'd all at last,
Through our REDEEMER'S Love.

Suff'ers, like them, beneath,
Through much distress and pain,
Through various toils of sin and death,
We come with Them to reign:

JESUS, our glorious King,
Shall wipe our tears away,
And call us up, his praise to sing,
In everlasting day.

Chang'd by his mighty Love,
We shall be as our LORD,
And fill our destin'd thrones above,
Now promis'd in his Word:

Glory shall end the strife,
And in these bodys shine;
JESUS, our everlasting life,
Our flesh shall be like thine.

The rivers of delight
That shall our souls embrace;
The glorious, beatific sight
That veils the Angels' face;

The joys ineffable
That from thy presence flow;
The fullness, here, we cannot tell:
But, LORD, we die to know.

CLXXXI. *Praise inadequate.*

- 1 **H**ALL, sacred ONE! almighty THREE!
Great, everlasting Mystery!
What lofty numbers shall we frame,
Equal to THY tremendous name?
- 2 Forgive, forgive our feeble Lays;
Sound forth thy own eternal praise:
A theme so vast, a song so high,
Calls forth the voice that made the sky.
-

CLXXXII. *Exod. xix. 18.*

- 1 **G**O, you that rest upon the LAW,
And madly seek salvation *there*:
Look to the flames that *Moses* saw!
And shrink; and tremble, and despair.
- 2 But I'll retire beneath the Cross;
SAVIOR, at *thy* dear feet I lie:
And the keen sword that Justice draws,
Flaming and red, shall pass me by.
-

CLXXXIII. *The true Refuge.*

- 1 **A**Lmighty Vengeance frowns on high,
And flames array the Throne;
While Thunder murmurs round the sky,
Impatient to be gone.
- 2 Where shall I hide my sinfull head?
Can rocks or mountains save?
Or shall I wrap me in the shade
Of midnight and the grave?

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

JESUS, to thy dear wounds I fly,
And thy atoning blood.

Those guardian drops my soul secure,
And wash out all my sin:

Eternal Justice frowns no more,
And Conscience smiles within.

CLXXXIV. *Redemption.*

INFINITE Grace! almighty Charms!

Stand in amaze, ye rolling skys!

JESUS, the GOD, extends his arms

Upon a Cross of Love, and dyes!

Did Pity ever stoop so low,

Dress'd in Divinity and Blood?

Well may the Church-Triumphant bow,

And sing to their Incarnate GOD.

There Glory shines in ev'ry face;

There Friendship smiles in ev'ry eye:

There shall our tongues relate the Grace

That led us homeward to the sky.

O'er all the Names of CHRIST our King

Shall our melodious voices rove:

Our harps shall sound, from ev'ry string,

The wonders of his bleeding Love.

CLXXXV. CHRIST *dying and reigning.*

- 1 **H**E dyes! the Friend of sinners dyes!
 Lo, *Salem's* daughters weep around;
 A solemn darkness veils the skys,
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
 Come, faints, 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 dyes for men:
 But, lo, what sudden joy we see!
 JESUS, the Dead, revives again:
 The rising GOD forsakes his tomb;
 Up to his FATHER'S Court he flies:
 Cherubic Legions guard him home,
 And shout him welcome to the skys.
- 3 Break off your Tears, ye saints, and tell
 How high your great Deliv'rer reigns;
 Sing how He spoil'd the hosts of Hell,
 And led the monster Death in chains:
 Say, "Live for ever, wond'rous King,
 "Born to redeem; and strong to save!"
 Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?"
 And, "Where's thy victory; boasting grave"

CLXXXVI. *Worthy the LAMB.*

- 3 **G**LORY to GOD on high:
 Let heav'n and earth reply,
 "Praise ye his name!"

Angels his love adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
And saints cry, evermore,
 “Worthy the LAMB!

All they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
 Praising his name:
We, who have felt his blood
Sealing our peace with God,
Sound his dear fame abroad;
 Worthy the LAMB!

Join all the ransom'd race
Our LORD and GOD to bless:
 Praise ye his name!
In him we will rejoice,
Making a cheerful noise;
And shout, with heart and voice,
 Worthy the LAMB!

Tho' we must change our place,
Yet shall we never cease
 Praising his name:
To him we'll tribute bring;
Hail him our gracious King;
And, without ceasing, sing,
 Worthy the LAMB.

CLXXXVII. CHRIST'S *Ascension*. Psalm xxiv.;

OUR LORD is risen from the Dead;
Our JESUS is gone up on high:
The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
 Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

- 2 There his Triumphal Chariot waits;
And Angels chaunt the solemn Lay,
“Lift up your heads, ye heav’nly 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 Conqu’ror’s name.
- 5 Lo, his Triumphal Chariot waits;
And Angels chaunt the solemn Lay;
“Lift up your heads, ye heav’nly Gates!
“Ye everlasting Doors, give way!”
- 6 Who is the King of Glory, who?
JESUS, of boundless pow’r possess:
The King of Saints and Angels too;
God over all, for ever blest.
-

CLXXXVIII. *Psalm cxiii.* 3.

- 1 FROM all that dwell below the skys,
Let the CREATOR’S praise arise:
Let the REDEEMER’S name be sung,
In ev’ry land, by ev’ry tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercys, LORD;
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound, from shore to shore,
’Till suns shall rise and set no more.

CLXXXIX. To GOD *the* FATHER.

- 1 HAIL, FATHER, whose commanding Call
Unnumber'd worlds attend!
JEHOVAH, comprehending all,
Whom none can comprehend.
- 2 In Light unsearchable enthron'd,
Which Angels dimly see:
The Fountain of the Godhead own'd,
And foremost of the THREE.
- 3 From whom, through an Eternal Now,
The Son, thy offspring, flow'd:
An everlasting FATHER thou,
An everlasting GOD!
- 4 Nor quite display'd to worlds above,
Nor quite on earth conceal'd;
By wond'rous, unexhausted Love,
To mortal man reveal'd!
- 5 Elected by thy Grace alone,
Our names were wrote in Heav'n:
And, for our sins, thy equal SON
A sacrifice was giv'n.
- 6 Thou reignest the unchanging GOD,
When Nature shall expire;
When worlds, created by thy Nod,
Shall perish by thy Fire.
- 7 Thy name, JEHOVAH! be ador'd
By creatures without end!
Whom none but thy essential WORD
And SPIRIT comprehend!

CXC. *To God the Son.*

1. **H**AIL, God the Son, with glory crown'd;
Ere time began to be!
Thron'd with thy Father, through the Round
Of past eternity.
- 2 Let heav'n and earth's stupendous frame
Display their BUILDER'S pow'r;
And each exalted Seraph-Flame,
CREATOR, Thee adore!
- 3 Whose wond'rous love the Godhead show'd
Contracted to a span:
The co-eternal SON of God,
The mortal SON of Man!
- 4 Our feeble Nature he assumes,
And, full of truth and grace,
By his *Imputed Work*, becomes
The LORD *our* RIGHTEOUSNESS.
- 5 To lift us from our lost estate,
Behold his Life-Blood stream!
Hail, LORD, Almighty, to create!
Almighty to redeem!
- 6 The Mediator's godlike sway
His Church below sustains:
Till Nature shall her Judge survey,
The King MESSIAH reigns.
- 7 Hail, with essential Glory crown'd,
When Time shall cease to be!
Thron'd with thy Father, through the Round
Of whole Eternity.

CXCI. *To GOD the HOLY GHOST.*

- 1 **H**AIL, HOLY GHOST! JEHOVAH! Third,
 In order, of the Three!
 Sprung from the Father and the Word,
 From all Eternity.
- 2 Thy Godhead brooding o'er th' abyfs.
 Of formless waters lay;
 Spoke into Order all that is,
 And darkness into day.
- 3 In lowest hell, or heaven's height,
 Thy presence who can fly?
 Known is the Father to thy sight,
 The depths of DEITY.
- 4 Thy pow'r, through JESUS' life display'd,
 Quite from the Virgin's womb,
 His dying Flesh an Off'ring made,
 And rais'd him from the Tomb.
- 5 GOD'S Image, which our sins destroy,
 Thy Grace restores below:
 And Truth, and Holiness, and Joy,
 From THEE, their Fountain, flow.
- 6 Sole Author of our second Birth,
 Faithfull thou wilt be found:
 Thy work of Grace, begun on earth,
 Shall be with Glory crown'd.
- 7 Hail, HOLY GHOST! JEHOVAH! Third,
 In order, of the Three!
 Thron'd with the FATHER and the WORD,
 Through all Eternity!

CXCII. *To the TRINITY.*

- 1 **H**AIL, Holy, Holy, Holy LORD;
Be endless praise to Thee;
Supreme, essential ONE, ador'd
In co-eternal THREE.
- 2 Enthron'd in everlasting state,
Ere Time its Round began!
Who join'd in 'council, to create
The dignity of Man.
- 3 To whom (*Isaiab's* vision shew'd)
The Seraphs veil their wings;
While Thee, JEHOVAH, LORD, and God,
Th' angelic army sings.
- 4 To Thee, by shining Pow'rs on high,
Were humblest praises giv'n,
When *John* beheld with favor'd eye
Th' inhabitants of heav'n.
- 5 There all the holy, happy ones
To Thee in hymns aspire:
May we, as angels, on our thrones,
For ever join the choir!
- 6 Come, FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
Our souls with fire baptize:
Give us, for earthly Eden lost,
An heav'nly Paradise.
- 7 Hail, Holy, Holy, Holy LORD!
Be endless praise to Thee!
Supreme, essential ONE, ador'd
In co-eternal THREE!

CXCIII. *Dismission.*

FATHER, God, to us impart
The Gift unspeakable;
Now, in ev'ry waiting heart,
Thy richest Love reveal:
Quicken'd with our living LORD,
Let us in the SPIRIT rise;
Till, to perfect Heav'n restor'd,
We thank Thee in the skys.

CXCIV. *The Address.*

1 O FOR one celestial ray
From the shining seats of day!
Sun of Righteousness, arise:
Warm our hearts, and charm our eyes.

2 Distant from thy blest abode,
Far from glory, far from GOD;
Now and then we breathe a sigh
Upwards to our native sky.

3 Melt our chains with heav'nly fire;
Love, and joy, and peace, inspire:
Make us feel thy Grace within;
Thou canst break the pow'r of sin.

4 Give, O give us wings to rise,
In affection, to the skys:
Liberty and joy divine,
Sun of Righteousness, are thine.

CXC.V. *The same.*

- 1 **C**OME, sacred Flame, and melt my heart;
 Thy animating pow'r impart,
 Sweet dawn of Life divine!
 JESUS, thy Love alone can give
 The Will to rise, the pow'r to live;
 For ev'ry grace is thine.
- 2 If in my soul thy SPIRIT'S ray
 Has e'er diffus'd its vital day,
 I bless the smiling dawn:
 But oh, when gloomy clouds arise,
 And veil thy glory from my eyes,
 I mourn my joys withdrawn.
- 3 Then Faith, and Hope, and Love, decay;
 Without thy life-inspiring ray,
 Each cheerfull grace declines:
 Yet I must live on Thee, my LORD;
 For still, in thy unchanging word,
 A beam of comfort shines.
- 4 The vital principle within,
 Tho' oft depress'd with fear and sin,
 Can never cease to be:
 Tho' doubt prevails, and grief complains,
 Thy hand omnipotent sustains
 The life deriv'd from Thee.

CXC.VI. *Looking out.*

- 1 **O**HAPPY state, divine abode,
 Where Spring eternal reigns!
 And perfect day, the smile of God,
 Fills all the heav'nly plains.

2 SPIRIT of Grace, thy beams display;
My drooping joys restore:
And guide me safe to endless day,
Where winter frowns no more.

CXCVII. *Graces before Meat.*

1 **T**O Thee, O LORD, for daily meat,
Thy creatures lift their eyes:
On Thee, their common Father, wait;
From Thee receive supplies.

2 Thy sov'reign bounty freely gives
Its unexhausted store;
And universal nature lives
On thy sustaining pow'r.

CXCVIII.

1 **F**ATHER of earth and heav'n,
Thy waiting people feed:
Thy grace be to our spirits giv'n,
That true, immortal bread!

2 O fill our mouths with praise,
And make us ever prove
The sweetness of thy pard'ning grace,
The manna of thy love.

CXCIX.

1 **L**ORD of all, thy creatures see
Waiting for their food on Thee!
That we may with thanks receive,
With it thy kind Blessing give.

- 2 Crown thy bounteous gifts with grace!
Ever may we breathe thy praise;
Feel our sins through CHRIST forgiv'n,
Eat on earth the bread of heav'n.
-

CC.

- 1 JESUS, we thy Promise plead;
Grant the things for which we pray!
Give us, LORD, our daily bread,
This and ev'ry happy day:
Now our body's strength renew;
Feed our needy spirits too.
- 2 Comfort ev'ry longing heart,
Longing Thee alone to know:
Nourishment divine impart,
Immaterial bread bestow,
Bread by which our souls may live:
Give Thyself, for ever give!
-

CCI.

- 1 O FATHER of all,
Who fillest with good
The ravens that call
On Thee for their food;
Them, ready to perish,
Thou lov'st to sustain:
And wilt thou not cherish
The children of men?
- 2 On Thee we depend
Our wants to supply,

Whose goodness shall send
Us bread from the sky:
On earth Thou wilt give us
A taste of thy love;
And shortly receive us,
To banquet above.

CCII.

JESUS, our outward wants relieve;
But oh, the food immortal give,
Our hungry souls to fill!
Sustain us by thy pard'ning grace,
And lead us, through this wilderness,
To thy celestial hill.

CCIII.

BE present at our table, LORD;
Be here and every where ador'd:
These creatures bless, and grant that we
May feast in Paradise with Thee.

CCIV.

THOU SAVIOR divine,
Most graciously bless
These mercys of thine,
With spiritual grace:
That, while we are tasting
Our temporal food,
Our souls may be praising
The goodness of God.

CCV. *Graces after Meat.*

JESUS, joy-inspiring Savior,
Life's continual nourisher,
Sweeten with thy precious favor
All thy gifts of bounty here:
Pure delight from Thee receiving,
Let us ev'ry Blessing share;
Still accepted with thanksgiving,
Hallow'd by the word and pray'r.

CCVI.

- 1 **G**LORY, love, and praise, and honor,
For our food
Now bestow'd,
Render we the Donor.
- 2 Bounteous LORD, our lips confess thee:
God, who thus
Blestest us,
Meet it is to bless thee.
- 3 Knows the ox his master's stable:
And shall we
Not know Thee,
Nourish'd at thy table?
- 4 Yes, of all good gifts the Giver,
Thee we own;
Thee alone
Magnify for ever.

CCVII.

PRAISE Him, who, by his word,
 Supplys our ev'ry need;
 And gives us CHRIST the Lord,
 Our waiting souls to feed:
 Thanks be to GOD, whose Love we feel;
 The Gift unknown, unspeakable.

The Gospel-mystery,
 Conceal'd from ages past;
 The hidden Manna, we
 In JESUS' mercy taste:
 Thanks be to GOD, whose Love we feel;
 The Gift unknown, unspeakable.

May all thy people prove
 Our happiness divine,
 And in a song of Love
 With hearts and voices join!
 Thanks be to GOD, whose Love we feel;
 The Gift unknown, unspeakable.

CCVIII.

FATHER, through thy SON receive
 Our gratefull sacrifice!
 All the wants of all that live
 Thy open hand supplys,
 Fills the world with plenteous food:
 For the riches of thy grace,
 Take, thou ever bounteous GOD,
 The uniyersal praise.

CCIX.

- 1 **T**HEE, FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT, we
Our kind Preserver praise;
While, in thy various gifts, we see
Thy undeserved grace.
 - 2 We'd to thy glory drink and eat;
Till we from earth remove,
The endless praises to repeat
Of thy sustaining Love.
-

CCX.

BLESSING to God, for ever blest!
To God, the Master of the feast!
Who hath for us a table spread,
And us through all our journey fed;
And doth, with all his gifts, impart
The crown of all, a thankfull heart.

CCXI.

AWAY with all our trouble,
And caring for to-morrow!
The God of Love
Doth still remove
Our ev'ry want and sorrow:
Our joyfull lips shall bless Him,
Of all good gifts the Giver;
Thy SPIRIT, LORD,
Hath spoke the word
That seals us thine for ever.

CCXII.

HAPPY the man, to whom 'tis giv'n
To eat the bread of life in heav'n!
This happiness in CHRIST we prove,
Who banquet on forgiving Love.

CCXIII. *Let me behold thy Glory!*

LORD, when this mortal frame decays,
And ev'ry weakness dyes,
Complete the wonders of thy Grace,
And raise me to the skys.

Then shall my joyfull pow'rs unite
In more exalted lays:
And join the happy sons of light,
In everlasting praise.

CCXIV. *The Request.*

FATHER, whate'er of earthly blifs
Thy sov'reign Will denys,
Accepted at thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise:

“ Give me a calm, a thankfull heart,
“ From ev'ry murmur free:

“ The blessings of thy Grace impart,
“ And make me live to Thee.

“ Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine,
“ My life and death attend;

“ Thy presence through my journey shine,
“ And crown my journey's end.”

CCXV. *Gratitude.*

- 1 **L**ORD, when my thoughts, delighted, rove
 Amid the wonders of thy Love;
 The sight revives my drooping heart,
 And bids invading fears depart.
- 2 Guilty and weak, to Thee I fly,
 On thy atoning Blood rely,
 And on thy Righteousness depend;
 My LORD, my Savior, and my Friend.
- 3 Be all my heart, be all my days,
 Devoted to thy single Praise!
 And let my glad Obedience prove
 How much I owe, how much I love.
-

CCXVI. *In Affliction.*

OF my extreme distresses
 The Author is the LORD:
 Whate'er his wisdom pleases,
 His name be still ador'd!
 If still he prove my patience,
 And to the utmost prove,
 Yet all his dispensations
 Are faithfulness and love.

CCXVII. *I am Nothing.*

JESUS, from my proud heart remove
 The bane of self-admiring love!
 O make me feel and own, with shame,
 I less and worse than nothing am.

The least of faints, with pity, see;
The chief of finners save, in me!

CCXVIII. *To CHRIST.*

O THOU slaughter'd LAMB of GOD,
From the world's foundation slain,
By thy sacrificial Blood

Wash out all my guilty stain:
Cloath my spirit's nakedness

With a cov'ring from above;
Be Thyself my Righteousness;
Save me by thy dying love.

CCXIX. *GOD above all.*

WHAT have thy servants, LORD, to fear,
Who bear thy SPIRIT'S seal;
Tho' thorns and briars are with us here,
And we with scorpions dwell?

Thy Love omnipotent we sing,

Who dost the world restrain:

Rejoicing, that the LORD is King,

And shall for ever reign.

CCXX. *GOD within us.*

BEYOND the bounds of space and time,

On his eternal throne sublime,

Will God's most glorious Majesty

Vouchsafe to cast a look on me?

- 2 Yes, if to me his grace impart
An humble, poor, and broken heart;
The holy, high, and glorious One
Shall make my heart his earthly throne.
- 3 With such a wretch (just heir of hell)
If thou, O God, canst ever dwell;
Thy SPIRIT must the battle win,
And break my heart by entering in.
-

CCXXI. *Isaiab' lxiv. 8.*

- 1 **M**Y Potter from above,
Clay in thy hands I am:
Mould me into obedient Love,
And stamp me with thy name.
- 2 Thy name is Holiness:
Now, on this heart of mine,
The mark indelible impress
Of sanctity divine!
-

CCXXII. *Free Remission.*

- 1 **F**ATHER, our sins forgive;
With present Pardon bless:
And let our souls the kifs receive,
Which seals our inward peace.
- 2 Accept us in thy SON,
Who bore our sins away;
Who all our debts discharg'd alone,
And left us nought to pay.

CCXXIII. *It is FINISHED.*

TIS finish'd!—The MESSIAH dyes;
 Cut off for sins, but not his own!
 Accomplish'd is the Sacrifice,
 The great Redeeming Work is DONE:

Finish'd the first transgression is,
 And purg'd the guilt of actual sin;
 And everlasting Righteousness
 Is brought, for all his people, in.

'Tis finish'd, all my guilt and pain;
 I want no Sacrifice beside:
 For *me*, for *me*, the LAMB is slain,
 And I'm for ever justify'd.

Sin, death, and hell, are now subdu'd;
 All grace is now to sinners giv'n:
 And, lo, I plead th' atoning Blood,
 For pardon, holiness, and heav'n.

CCXXIV. *John xvi. 15.*

HOLY GHOST, by Him bestow'd
 Who suffer'd on the tree,
 Take of my REDDEMER'S Blood,
 And shew it unto me!
 Thou the sweet Revealer art
 Of his Righteousness divine:
 Now assure my sprinkled heart,
 That GOD, through Him, is mine.

CCXXV. *Rom. viii. 26.*

SPIRIT of interceding Grace,
I know not how or what to pray:
Relieve my utter helplessness,
Thy pow'r into my heart convey;
That God, acknowledging thy groan,
May answer, in my prayers, his own.

CCXXVI. *1 Cor. xiii. 13.*

LOVE is the Grace that lives and sings,
When Faith and Hope shall cease:
'Tis this shall strike our joyfull strings,
In the sweet realms of bliss.

2 When join'd to that harmonious throng
That fills the choir above;
Then shall we tune our golden harps,
And e'ry note be Love.

CCXXVII. *Psalms cxxi.*

TO the hills I lift my eyes,
The everlasting hills;
Streaming thence in fresh supplies,
My soul the SPIRIT feels:
Will he not his help afford?
Help, while yet I ask, is giv'n:
God comes down, the mighty LORD,
Who made both earth and heav'n.

2 SAVIOR, let me always pray,
 And still in Thee confide!
 Thou my feeble steps wilt stay,
 My Guardian and my Guide:
 Let me lean upon thy breast;
 Thou my quiet spirit keep:
 In thy arms secure I rest,
 Whose eye-lids never sleep.

3 Thou art *Israel's* sure defence;
 I all thy care shall prove,
 Kept by watchfull Providence
 And never-failing Love:
 Shades thy gracious wing my head,
 Guards me from impending harms;
 Round me, and beneath, are spread
 Thy everlasting arms.

CCXXVIII. *Tender Mercys.*

'T IS of thy mercys, LORD,
 That I am not consum'd;
 By God and men abhorr'd,
 To endless torments doom'd!
 Thy tender mercys never fail;
 And, therefore, I am not in hell.

In vain was *Tophet* mov'd,
 To meet me from beneath:
 In Jesus freely lov'd,
 I 'scape the second death!
 Thy tender mercys, &c.

- 3 Within it's mouth I was,
 And there lay fast asleep;
 It's mouth it could not close,
 My soul it could not keep:
 Thy tender mercys, &c.
- 4 Thy mercys found out me,
 To me they first did stoop;
 From depths of misery
 Thy mercys brought me up:
 Thy tender mercys, &c.
- 5 Thy dear preserving Grace
 Each moment I receive;
 And I shall see thy face,
 And in thy Glory live:
 Thy tender mercys cannot fail;
 And I shall never be in hell.
-

CCXXIX. *To the TRINITY.*

- 1 **L**IVE our great GOD on high,
 Eternally ador'd;
 Who gave his Son to dye,
 Our dear redeeming LORD:
 He from his throne and bosom gave;
 The people of his Love to save.
- 2 Worship, and praise, and pow'r,
 Ascribe we to the LAMB;
 His Finish'd Work adore,
 And trust his precious name:
 JESUS, the name to sinners giv'n;
 The name that lifts us up to heav'n.

That blessed SPIRIT praise,
Who shews th' atoning Blood,
Applys the Savior's Grace,
And seals the sons of GOD:
SPIRIT of grace and glory too,
He claims eternal praise his due.

We, with our friends above,
When time and death shall end;
In extacys of love
An heav'nly life shall spend:
Spend, in the great JEHOVAH's praise,
An age of everlasting days.

CCXXX. *Blind Bartimeus.* Luke xviii. 35.

SINFULL, and blind, and poor,
And lost, without thy Grace;
Thy pity I implore,
And wait to see thy face:
Begging I sit by the way-side,
And long to see the Crucify'd.

JESUS, attend my cry!
Thou Son of *David*, hear!
If now thou passest by,
Stand still, and call me near:
The darknes from my soul remove,
And shew me all thy pard'ning Love.

CCXXXI. *The Spirit of Prayer.*

- 1 **S**HEPHERD divine, our wants relieve,
 In this our evil day:
 To all thy tempted followers give
 The pow'r to trust and pray.
- 2 Long as our fiery trials last,
 Long as the cross we bear,
 O let our souls on Thee be cast
 In never-ceasing pray'r.
- 3 Come, HOLY GHOST, thy praying grace
 Give us in faith to claim;
 To wrestle, till we see thy face,
 And know thy hidden name.
- 4 Till thou the FATHER'S Love impart,
 Till thou Thyself bestow;
 Be this the cry of ev'ry heart,
 "I will not let Thee go."
- 5 I will not let thee go, unless
 Thou tell thy name to me;
 With all thy great salvation' blefs,
 And say, "CHRIST dy'd for *thee*."
- 6 Then let me, on the mountain-top,
 Behold thy open face;
 Till faith in fight is swallow'd up,
 And pray'r in endless praise.
-

CCXXXII. *Psalms cxlvii. 1.*

'T IS pleasant to sing
 The sweet praise of our King,
 As here in the Valley we move:

'Twill be pleasanter still,
When we stand on the Hill,
And give thanks to our Savior above.

CCXXXIII. *At the Holy Table.*

JESUS, Master of the Feast,
The feast itself Thou art:
Now receive thy meanest guest,
And comfort ev'ry heart!
Give us living bread to eat,
Manna that from heav'n comes down:
See us waiting at thy feet,
And make thy favor known!

In this barren wilderness
Thou hast a table spread;
Furnish'd out, with richest grace,
Whate'er our souls can need:
So I sustain us by thy love,
Still thy servants' strength repair,
Till we reach the courts above,
And feast for ever there.

CCXXXIV. *1 Pet. i. 12.*

SHOUT, all our elder brethren!
While we record the story
Of Him that came,
And suffer'd shame,
To bring us back to Glory.

Angels, in deep amazement,
 Who round our Altars hover,
 Adoring gaze,
 And sing the grace
 Of our eternal Lover!

2 By faith we grasp the mantle
 Of his atoning Merit;
 By faith embrace
 His righteousness,
 Through his enabling SPIRIT:
 We rest beneath his shadow,
 Till, in death's chariot driven,
 From earth we rise,
 And mount the skys,
 To meet our LORD in heaven.

CCXXXV. *The Mission of the SPIRIT.*

1 **S**INNERS, lift up your hearts,
 The promise to receive!
 Jesus himself imparts,
 He comes in man to live:
 The HOLY GHOST to man is giv'n;
 Rejoice in GOD sent down from heav'n.

2 JESUS is glorify'd,
 And gives the Comforter,
 The SPIRIT, to reside
 In all his people here:

The HOLY GHOST, &c.

3 To bruise the pow'r of sin,
And satan's works destroy,
He brings His kingdom in;
Peace, Righteousness, and Joy:
The HOLY GHOST, &c.

4 The cleansing blood t' apply,
The heav'nly life display,
To cheer, and sanctify,
And seal us to that day;
The HOLY GHOST, &c.

5 From heav'n he shall once more
Triumphantly descend,
And all his saints restore
To joys that never end:
Then, when our full salvation's giv'n,
Rejoice in God, rejoice in Heav'n!

CCXXXVI. *The same.*

A WAY with our fears,
Our troubles and tears!
The SPIRIT is come,
Who will never forsake us, but lead us safe
As sure as our Lord [home:
To his throne was restor'd,
We too in the sky
Shall sing his salvation, and triumph on high.
Our Advocate there,
By his blood and his pray'r,
The gift hath obtain'd;
For us he hath pray'd, and the COMFORTER
gain'd:

Our glorify'd Head
 His SPIRIT hath shed,
 With his people to stay;
 And never again will he take him away.

3 Our heavenly Guide
 With us shall abide,
 His Comfort impart,
 And set up his Kingdom of Grace in our heart:
 By day and by night,
 The pillar of Light,
 Our steps shall attend,
 And convoy us safe to our prosperous end.

4 Then let us rejoice
 In heart and with voice,
 Our LEADER pursue,
 And shout as we travel the wilderness through:
 With the SPIRIT remove

To *Sion* above,
 Triumphant arise,
 And walk with our God, till we fly to the skys.

CCXXXVII. *To the HOLY GHOST.*

1 COME, HOLY SPIRIT, come;
 Let thy bright beams arise:
 Dispell the sorrow from our minds,
 The darkness from our eyes:

2 Chear our desponding hearts,
 With visitations sweet:

Give us to lie, with humble hope,
 At our Redeemer's feet.

3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

4 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to JESUS' Blood:
And to our wond'ring view reveal
The secret love of GOD.

5 Shew us the sinner's friend
That rules the courts of bliss:
The LORD of Hosts, the mighty GOD,
Th' eternal Prince of peace.

6 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
T'illuminate the soul;
To pour fresh life on ev'ry part,
And new create the whole.

7 If Thou, celestial Dove,
Thy Influence withdraw,
What easy victims soon we fall
To terror, sin, and law!

8 No longer burns our love;
Our faith and patience fail;
Corruption rages; guilt and death
Our feeble souls assail.

9 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free:
Then shall we know, and praise, and love
The FATHER, SON, and THEE.

CCXXXVIII. *Another.*

1 **G**OOD SPIRIT, like a rushing wind,
 Descend and fill this place;
 O let our souls to God be join'd,
 And feel thy heav'nly peace:
 Sit on our heads, like cloven tongues,
 That we may sing thy praise;
 And lengthen out our joyfull songs,
 To everlasting days.

2 **L**ORD, we are dark; be thou our light!
 And cold;—be thou our fire!
 Enter our souls with all thy might,
 And living Grace inspire:

Our hearts, alas! are, like the earth,
 Formless; and dark, and void;
 Awake us to a second birth,
 And fill our souls with God.

3 Our panting spirits thirst, and cry,
 "Come, HOLY SPIRIT, come!"
 Our natures change and purify;
 And fix in us thy home:

Then will we publish and proclaim,
 Through all the earth abroad,
 The virtue of our SAVIOR'S name,
 The wonders of our God.

CCXXXIX. *The LORD'S Day.*

THE LORD of Sabbath let us praise,
 In concert with the Blest;
 Who, joyfull, in harmonious lays
 Employ an endless Rest.

On this glad Day a brighter scene
 Of Glory was display'd,
 By God, the Eternal Word, than when
 The Universe was made.

Alone, the dreadful race he ran;
 Alone, the wine-press trod:
 He dy'd and suffer'd as a Man,
 He rises as a God.

He rises, who our pardon bought
 With grief and pain extreme:
 'Twas great, to speak our souls from nought;
 'Twas greater, to redeem.

A blest eternity we hope
 With Him in heav'n to spend;
 Where Congregations ne'er break up,
 And Sabbaths never end.

CCXL. *Communion of Saints.*

FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT, hear
 Faith's effectual, fervent pray'r!
 Hear, and our petitions seal;
 Let us now the answer feel:
 Thee let all our nature own;
 One in Three, and Three in One!
 Join our new-born spirits; join,
 Each to each, and all to Thine!
 Build us in one body up,
 Call'd with one high Calling's hope;
 One the SPIRIT whom we claim;
 One, the pure Baptismal flame;

One the Faith, and common Lord;
FATHER, HOLY GHOST, and WORD:
Over, through, and in us all,
God incomprehensible!

3 Move, and actuate, and guide;
Divers gifts to each divide;
Plac'd according to thy Will,
Let us all our work fulfill:

Wait we, till the Master come,
Till our LORD shall take us home;
Till his glorious face we see,
Crown'd with immortality.

4 Many are we now, and one;
We who JESUS have put on;
There is neither bond nor free,
Male nor female, LORD, in thee:

Chose all in by sov'reign grace,
Cover'd with one Righteousness,
Names and sects and partys fall:
Thou, O CHRIST, art all in all!

CCXLL *Mercy.*

1 **THY** 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,
Has won my affections, and bound my soul fast.

2 Without thy sweet MERCY, I could not live
[here;
Sin would reduce me to utter despair.

But, through thy free goodness, my spirits
[revive,
And he that first made me, still keeps me, alive.

Whene'er I mistake, thy kind MERCY begin,
To melt me, and then I can mourn for my sins;
And, led by thy SPIRIT to JESUS's blood,
My sorrows are dry'd, and my strength is
[renew'd.

Thy MERCY is more than a match for my heart,
Which wonders to feel its own hardness depart;
Dissolv'd by thy sun-shine, I fall to the ground,
And weep to the praise of the MERCY I found.

Thy MERCY is endless, most tender, and free;
No sinner need doubt, since 'tis given to me:
No merit will buy it, nor fears stop its course;
Good works are the fruits of its freeness and
[force.

The door of thy MERCY is open all day,
To the poor and the needy, who knock by the
[way:

That sinner shall never be empty sent back,
Who cries, "Save me, only for JESUS's sake."

Dear Father, thy mercifull word is my all;
Thy promise supports me, when ready to fall:
When enemys croud, to cause doubt and
[despair;
conquer them all, by thy SPIRIT of pray'r.

Thy MERCY in JESUS, exempts me from hell;
Of thy MERCY I'll sing, of thy MERCY I'll tell:

'Twas Jesus my friend, when he hung on the
 That open'd the channel of MERCY for me. [tree,

9 Great FATHER of Mercys, 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.

CCXLII. *On a National Fast.*

1 SEE, gracious God, before thy throne
 Thy mourning people bend!
 'Tis on thy sov'reign Grace, alone,
 Our humble hopes depend.

2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand
 Thy dreadful pow'r display:
 Yet Mercy spares this guilty land,
 And still we live to pray.

3 Great God, and why is Britain spar'd;
 Ungratefull as we are?
 O make thy awfull warnings heard;
 While Mercy crys, "Forbear."

4 What numerous crimes increasing rise
 Through this apostate Isle!
 What land so favor'd of the skys,
 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!

Regardless of thy smile or frown,
 Their pleasures they require;
 And sink, with gay indiff'rence, down
 To everlasting fire.

O turn Thou us, almighty LORD,
 By thy resistless grace!
 Then shall our hearts receive thy word,
 And humbly seek thy face.

Then, should insulting foes invade,
 We need not yield to fear;
 Secure of never-failing aid,
 If GOD, our GOD, is near.

CCXLIII. *The GOD of Thunder.*

O THE immense, amazing height,
 And boundless grandeur, of our GOD;
 Who treads all worlds beneath his feet,
 And sways all nature with his nod.

He speaks; and, lo, creation shakes!
 Heav'n's everlasting pillars bow:
 He rends the clouds with hideous cracks,
 And shoots his fiery arrows through.

Tho' noise and flames alarm the skys,
 And awe the spacious realms below;
 Yet will we sing the THUND'ERER'S praise,
 And add our loud hosannahs too.

If JESUS now for us appear
 Before thy burning throne above;
 And if we thy sweet SPIRIT hear,
 Sealing our int'rest in thy Love;

- 5 Then, glorious king, thy blazing pow'r
 Shall tune our hearts to sacred joys :
 We'll shout to hear thy Thunders roar,
 And echo to our FATHER'S voice !
- 6 Thus shall the LORD our Savior come,
 And tempests round his chariot play ;
 Light'nings shall fly, to make him room,
 And Thunders shall prepare his way.
- 7 O may our souls in HIM be found,
 Chosen to life, and wash'd from sin !
 No Thunder's roar shall then out-found
 The still, small voice of peace within.
- 8 Praise GOD, from whom all blessings flow ;
 Praise Him, all creatures here below :
 Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host ;
 Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.
-

CCXLIV. *Ezek. ix. 4.*

- 1 **D**READFUL, sin-chastising GOD,
 If the Decree is past,
 If the long-impending rod
 Must scourge our land at last ;
 When thou risest to reprove
 The sinners who thy judgements dare,
 Spare the remnant, LORD, in Love !
 Thy praying people spare.
- 2 If, on such a land as this,
 Thou must avenged be ;
 Yet preserve in perfect peace
 The souls that trust in Thee :

Hide their precious lives above,
 And make them thy peculiar care:
 Spare the remnant, &c.

Mark the men who deeply sigh
 Our Nation's guilt to view;
 Hear their deprecating cry,
 And save the mournfull Few:
 Far from them thy Plague remove,
 The Famine, and the waste of War;
 Spare the remnant, &c.

On thy little flock of sheep
 O let thy goodness shine!
 Smile on us, who wish to weep
 Beneath the hand divine:
 Help us, O thou Holy Dove,
 To breathe the much-availing pray'r;
 Spare the remnant, LORD, in Love!
 Thy praying people spare.

CCXLV. *Pleading with God.*

O JESUS, appear,
 Thy mourners to cheer;
 Our grief to dispell, and to banish our fear;
 In the furnace we cry,
 Come, LORD, from the sky,
 And make haste to our help, or in *Egypt* we dye.
 Thy presence so kind,
 For mourners design'd,
 Give us, in the Love of thy SPIRIT, to find.

- 4 Thy pris'ners release;
Vouchsafe us thy peace,
And our troubles and fears in a moment shall
[cease.
- 5 We languish and pine
For the Comfort divine:
O when shall we say, "My Beloved is mine!"
- 6 Well pray, and we'll wait,
And knock at thy gate,
And compass thy door-posts, both early and
[late;
- 7 'Till, sent from above,
Thy comfort we prove:
The feeling and sense of thy ransoming Love.
- 8 The dew of thy Grace,
Now let it take place,
To anoint and rejoice us while running our
[race.
- 9 Thy SPIRIT, O God,
In us shed abroad;
And show us our int'rest in JESUS'S BLOOD.
- 10 Then, then we shall prove
Thy peace from above,
And fly to thy throne on the wings of thy love.
-

CCXLVI. *To the HOLY GHOST.*

- 1 **E**TERNAL SPIRIT, COME
Into thy meanest home:
From thy high and holy place,
Where thou dost in glory reign,

Stoop, in condescending grace!
Stoop to the poor heart of man.

For Thee my hands I lift,
And wait the heav'nly gift:
Giver, LORD of life divine,
In my sinfull heart appear;
Grant the grace for which I pine,
Give THYSELF, the COMFORTER.

No comfort can there be,
But what procedes from Thee:
SPIRIT, Principle of Grace,
Sum of my desires Thou art;
Deck me with Thy Holinefs,
Breathe Thyself into my heart.

My ruin'd soul repair,
And fix thy mansion there:
Claim me for thy constant thrine,
All thy glorious Self reveal;
Sealer of the Love divine,
GOD, in me for ever dwell!

Amen, my heart replys,
Up-lifted to the skys:
Make me, LORD, thy blest abode!
Let my soul and body be
Fill'd with the in-dwelling GOD,
Fill'd to all eternity!

CCXLVII. *John xvi. 1--4.*

- 1 SAVIOR, LORD, who at thy death
 Peace didst to thy church bequeath;
 Now confer thy peace on me,
 Give me now *my* legacy.
2. Grant me, for thy Merit's sake,
 (Me, who no return can make!)
 That which I can never buy:
 Save, and freely justify.
- 3 Now the HOLY GHOST impart;
 Let Him breathe into my heart
 Joy which none can take away,
 Grace which shall for ever stay.
- 4 Send Him, to disperse my fears;
 Bid Him wipe away my tears:
 Fix his dwelling in my breast,
 Seal of my eternal rest.
-

CCXLVIII. *John xv. 26, 27.*

- 1 JESUS, our exalted Head,
 Regard our humble pray'r;
 On thy chosen people shed
 The promis'd COMFORTER:
 From thy radiant seat above,
 From thy FATHER'S glorious throne,
 Send the Witness of thy Love,
 O send the SPIRIT down!
- 2 Issuing from thy Sire and Thee,
 O let the Blessing flow!

Pour the streaming DEITY

On all thy Church below:

Him, to testify thy grace,

Him, to teach how good Thou art,

Him, to vouch thy Godhead, place

In ev'ry waiting heart.

Holy COMFORTER, descend!

Unfold the things of GOD;

Bid our fears and sorrows end,

Through faith in JESUS' Blood:

Thine it is, the Blood t' apply;

Thine, to make us feel and see,

He who did for sinners dye

Hath surely dy'd for *me*.

God of God, and Light of Light,

JESUS in us reveal;

Justify us in his Right,

And stamp us with thy seal:

Fill our souls with joy and peace;

Wisdom, grace, and utt'rance give:

Make us, through *his* Righteousness,

To life eternal live.

CCXLIX. *Public Thanksgiving.*

JOIN, all who know the name

That sure deliv'rance brings:

The conqu'ring GOD proclaim,

Th'almighty King of kings!

Sav'd from the peril of the sword,

Rejoice and glory in the LORD.

- 2 He on our *Israel's* side
 In glorious pow'r hath stood,
 And quell'd the hostile pride
 That thirsted for our blood:
 Sav'd from the peril of the sword,
 Rejoice and glory in the LORD.
- 3 Forth with our armys went
 The GOD of victory:
 Through ev'ry instrument
 Our faith looks up to THEE!
 Sav'd from the peril of the sword,
 We sing and triumph in the LORD.
- 4 Wisdom and strength belong
 To great JEHOVAH's name;
 He claims the thankfull song,
 From whom our safety came:
 Sav'd from the peril of the sword,
 Rejoice and glory in the LORD.
- 5 To Him let us devote
 The lives he doth redeem,
 Praise Him in ev'ry note,
 And give our days to Him;
 Till rais'd to our eternal home,
 Where sword and death can never come.
-

CCL. *Invocation.*

- 1 **B**ELOVED Savior, Prince of life,
 To us thy SPIRIT give:
 We long to hear that gracious voice
 Which bids poor sinners live.

'Tis thy desire to save the lost,
And ease them of their pain:
Therefore we cry to thee, blest LAMB,
Who for our sins wast slain.

O thou, who lovest babes to teach,
Reveal to us thy Will!
And, whilst we wait on Thee by faith,
Thy work in us fulfill.

CCLI. *Unchangeable Love.*

I F JESUS is our's,
We have a true friend,
Whose goodness endures
The same to the end:
Our comforts may vary,
Our frames may decline;
We cannot miscarry!
Our aid is divine.

Tho' God may delay
To shew us his light,
And heaviness may
Endure for a night;
Yet joy, in the morning,
Shall surely abound:
No shadow of turning,
In JESUS, is found.

The hills may depart,
And mountains remove;
But faithfull Thou art,
O Fountain of Love!

The FATHER hath graven
 Our names on thy hands :
 Our building in heaven
 Eternally stands.

4 A moment he hid
 The light of his face ;
 Yet firmly decreed
 To save us by grace :
 And though he reprov'd us,
 And still may reprove,
 For ever he lov'd us,
 And ever will love.

5 Then tune ev'ry string
 To JESUS's name !
 With angels we'll sing
 The song of the LAMB :
 Thee ev'ry believer
 Shall joyfully praise,
 Thou bountifull Giver
 Of glory and grace.

CCLII. 2 *Tim.* ii. 13.

1 **O** MY distrustfull 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,
 Whatever be my frame :

His loving heart is still
Eternally the same:
My soul through many changes goes;
His Love no variation knows.

Thou, LORD, wilt carry on,
And perfectly perform,
The work thou hast begun
In me a sinfull worm:
Midst all my fear, and sin, and woe,
Thy SPIRIT will not let me go.

The bowels of thy grace
At first did freely move:
I still shall see thy face,
And feel that GOD is Love!
My soul into thy arms I cast;
I know I shall be sav'd at last.

CCLIII. *Psalm cxxiv. 8.*

OUR help is in thy name,
Whose love is still the same:
Heav'n and earth, which Thou hast made,
May dissolve and pass away;
Thou art Light without a shade,
Thou art Love without decay.

CCLIV. *Veni, Creator.*

HOLY Spirit, gently come,
Raise us from our fallen state;
Fix thy everlasting home
In the souls thou didst create:

Gift of God most high,
Visit ev'ry troubled breast!
Light, and Life, and Love apply;
Lead us into perfect Rest.

2 Heav'nly Uction from above,
Comforter of weary faints,
Fount of Life, and Fire of Love,
Hear and answer our complaints:
Thee we humbly pray,
Finger of the living God,
Now thy sev'nfold Grace display,
Sprinkle now the SAVIOR'S Blood.

3 Take the things of CHRIST, and show
What our Lord for us hath done:
Make us GOD the FATHER know,
Only in and through the SON:
Nothing will we fear,
Tho' to wilds and desarts driv'n,
While we feel Thy Presence near,
Witnessing our sins forgiv'n.

4 Praise we to the FATHER bring,
Source and sov'reign Lord of all:
Praises to the SON we sing,
Who redeem'd us from our fall:
GOD the HOLY GHOST,
Equal glory be to Thee;
When the course of Time is lost,
Lost in wide Eternity.

CCLV. *Psalm lxxxix.* 30--34.

BEFORE the earth or worlds were made,
 Thy heart to us did move:
 Election no beginning had,
 And endless is thy Love.

How miserable should we be;
 What comfort could we find,
 If Thou wert changeable as we,
 Who waver like the wind?

For us the great REDEEMER dy'd:
 Why are we then ashamed?
 We stand for ever justify'd,
 And cannot be condemn'd.

Tho' we believe not, He is true;
 The work is in his hand:
 His gracious purpose he will do,
 And all his word shall stand.

If once the love of CHRIST we feel
 Upon our hearts imprest,
 The mark of that celestial seal
 Can never be eras'd.

The LORD will scourge us, if we stray,
 And wound us with distress:
 But he will never take away
 His Covenant of Peace.

The peace, which JESUS' Blood procures,
 And fixes in our hearts;
 To all eternity endures,
 Nor finally departs.

8 Dear Savior, let thy SPIRIT be
 Our Keeper and our Guide:
 So shall we faithfull prove to thee,
 Nor thou thy Presence hide.

CCLVI. *Covenant-Salvation.*

1 **B**RIGHTNESS of thy FATHER's face,
 Light of Light, and GOD of GOD;
 Full of truth, and full of grace;

What compassion hast thou show'd
 To the sons of men!

LORD, thou camest from above:
 Thou wast in our likeness seen,
 Thou art everlasting Love.

2 GOD the FATHER we adore,
 Fountain of eternal grace;
 Great in wisdom, great in pow'r,
 He contriv'd to save our race:

Sun of Righteousness,
 To fulfill the plan divine,
 Thou didst suffer in our place;
 Dye, to make salvation mine.

3 HOLY GHOST, apply the Blood,
 Shed by GOD's expiring SON:
 Let thy comforts be our food,
 Let us with Thyself be one!

Guide and govern us
 By thy mild and gentle sway:
 Lead and keep us near the Cross;
 Bring us nearer, ev'ry day.

Quicken and enflame our zeal,
Make our spirits upward move;
There it is our bliss to feel,
Pledge of God's eternal Love:
Grant our faith may shine
Brighter than the noon-day light;
Till, by cords of Love divine,
We are rais'd to heaven's height.

CCLVII. I Cor. vi. 11.

NOT the malicious, nor prophane,
The wanton, nor the proud,
Nor thieves, nor sland'ers, shall obtain
The kingdom of our God.

Surprizing grace! and such were we,
By nature, and by sin;
Heirs of immortal misery,
Unholy, and unclean.

But we are wash'd in Jesus' Blood,
And pardon'd through his name;
And the good SPIRIT of our God
Hath sanctify'd our frame.

O for a persevering pow'r
To keep thy just commands!
We would defile our hearts no more,
No more pollute our hands.

CCLVIII. *Love to CHRIST.*

- 1 **D**O not I love thee, dearest LORD?
Behold my heart, and see;
And turn each cursed idol out,
That dares to rival Thee.
 - 2 Is not thy name melodious still
To my attentive ear?
Does not each pulse with rapture beat,
My Savior's voice to hear?
 - 3 Hast thou a lamb, in all thy flock,
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe, before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?
 - 4 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord;
But O! I long to soar
Far from this sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love Thee more.
-

CCLIX. *Gospel Holiness.*

- 1 **'T**IS faith, that purifys the heart;
'Tis faith, that works by love;
That bids our sinfull joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.
- 2 Faith must obey her Father's will,
As well as trust his grace:
A pard'ning God is jealous still
For his own holiness.

When from the Law he sets us free,
 He makes our natures clean;
 Nor would he send his Son to be
 The minister of sin.

His spirit sanctifys our frame,
 And seals our peace with GOD:
 JESUS and his salvation came
 By water and by blood.

Pure are the joys above the sky,
 And all the region peace:
 No wanton lips, nor envious eye,
 Can see or taste the bliss.

These holy gates for ever bar
 Pollution, sin, and shame:
 None shall obtain admittance there,
 But followers of the LAME.

CCLX. *Self-Righteousness renounc'd.*

NO more, great GOD, I boast no more
 Of all the dutys I have done;
 I quit the hopes I held before,
 To trust the merits of thy SON.

Now, for the love I bear his name,
 What was my gain I count but loss;
 My former pride I call my shame,
 And nail my glory to his Cross.

Yes, and I must, and will esteem
 All things but loss, for JESUS' sake;
 O may my soul be found in him,
 And of his Righteousness partake!

- 4 The best performance of my hands
 Dares not appear before thy throne:
 But faith can answer thy demands,
 By pleading what my LORD hath done.
-

CCLXI. CHRIST *our Wisdom.*

- 1 **M**ADE unto me, O LORD my GOD,
 Wisdom divine thou art;
 The light, which first my weakness show'd,
 Still searches out my heart.
- 2 Thy SPIRIT, breathing in the word,
 Gave me myself to see;
 Fallen, till by thy Grace restor'd,
 And lost, till found in Thee.
- 3 JESUS, of all my hopes the ground,
 Through Thee thy name I know;
 The only name where health is found,
 Whence life and blessings flow.
- 4 'Tis now, by faith's enlighten'd eye,
 I see thy strange design;
 See the God-man obey and dye,
 That GOD may all be mine.
- 5 Thou art the truth: I now receive
 The unction from above;
 Divinely taught of Thee, believe,
 And feel that Thou art Love.
- 6 Still with thy grace anoint mine eyes;
 Throughout my darkness shine:
 O make me to salvation wise;
 My All, be ever mine!

CCLXII. CHRIST *our Righteousness.*

JESUS, thou art my Righteousness,
 For all my sins were thine;
 Thy death hath bought of God my peace,
 Thy life hath made Him mine.

Spotless and just in Thee I am,
 Eternally forgiv'n;
 I taste salvation in thy name,
 And antedate my heav'n.

For ever here my rest shall be,
 Close to thy bleeding side;
 This all my hope and all my plea,
 For me the Savior dy'd.

My dying Savior, and my God,
 Fountain for guilt and sin,
 Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
 And cleanse, and keep me clean.

Wash me, and seal me thus thine own;
 Wash me, and mine Thou art:

Wash me, but not my feet alone,
 My hands, my head, my heart!

Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
 Till faith to fight improve;

Till hope in full fruition dye,
 And all my soul is love.

From ev'ry proud, self-righteous boast,
 Sweet JESUS, set me free;

Let all I am in Thee be lost,
 And give Thyself to me.

8 Thy gifts, O LORD, cannot suffice,
 Unless Thyself be giv'n:
 Thy presence makes my paradise;
 Where'er Thou art, is heav'n.

CCLXIII. CHRIST *our Sanctification.*

1 JESUS, my life, thyself apply,
 Thyne hallowing SPIRIT breathe:
 My vile affections crucify,
 Conform me to thy death.

2 Conqu'ror of hell, and earth, and sin,
 Thy work in me revive:
 Enter my soul, and reign within,
 And kill, and make alive.

3 More of thy life I wish to have,
 And thirst for fresh supplis:
 Bury me, Saviour, in thy grave,
 That I with Thee may rise.

4 Rule in me, LORD; thy foes controul,
 Which would not own thy sway:
 Diffuse thy Likeness through my soul,
 Shine to the perfect day.

5 O save me from the pow'r of sin,
 And seal me thine abode;
 Thine Image stamp, and make me shine
 A temple meet for God.

6 My inward holiness Thou art,
 Almighty to refine:
 With all thy fullness fill my heart,
 Till all my heart is thine!

CCLXIV. *Salvation in CHRIST.*

1 THE LORD on high proclaims
His Godhead from his throne;

“ Justice and Mercy are the names

“ Whereby I will be known :

2 “ ‘Ye dying souls, that sit

“ In darkness and distress,

“ Look from the borders of the pit

“ To my recov’ring grace.”

3 Sinners shall hear the sound ;

Their thankfull tongues shall own,

Our Righteousness and Strength are found

In thee, O LORD, alone.

4 In Thee shall *Israel* trust,

And see their guilt forgiv’n :

God shall pronounce the sinners just,

And take the faints to heav’n.

CCLXV. *Veni, Creator.*

CREATOR, SPIRIT, by whose aid
The world’s foundations first were laid ;

Come, visit ev’ry waiting mind,

Come, pour thy joys on human kind :

From sin and sorrow set us free,

And make us temples meet for thee.

Hail, source of uncreated heat !

The FATHER’s promis’d Paraclete !

Thrice Holy Fount, immortal Fire,

Our hearts with heav’nly love inspire ;

Come, and thy sacred Unction bring,
To sanctify us, while we sing.

3 Plenteous in grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy sev'nfold Energy;
Thou strength of his almighty hand,
Whose pow'r doth heav'n and earth command,
Refine and purge our earthly parts,
And stamp thine Image on our hearts!

4 Create all new, our wills controul,
Subdue the rebel in our soul;
Chase from our minds th' infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of faith, bestow:
And, lest again we go astray,
Protect and guide us in thy way!

5 Immortal honor, endless fame,
Attend th' almighty FATHER's name;
The Savior SON be glorify'd,
Who for lost man's redemption dy'd;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal COMFORTER, to thee.

CCLXVI. CHRIST'S *Atonement.*

1 FATHER, hear the blood of JESUS
Speaking in thine ears above;
From deserved wrath release us,
Manifest thy pard'ning love:
O receive us to thy favor,
For his only sake receive!
Given to our bleeding Savior;
Let us, by his dying, live.

To thy pard'ning grace receive them,
 Once he pray'd upon the tree;
 Still his blood crys out, *Forgive them,*
All their sins were purg'd by Me!
 Still our Advocate in heaven
 Prays the prayer on earth begun:
 FATHER, *show their sins forgiven;*
 FATHER, *glorify thy SON.*

O thou Friend of sinners, hear us,
 Humbly at thy cross who lie;
 In thy bloody vest draw near us,
 Now th' ungodly justify:
 Let thy bowels of compassion
 To thy helpless creatures move;
 Show us all thy great salvation,
 GOD of Truth, and GOD of Love.

By thy meritorious dying,
 Raise us from the death of sin;
 By thy precious blood's applying,
 Seal, O seal our peace within:
 Humbly while we bow before Thee,
 Set from guilt our conscience free:
 Give us pardon, grace, and glory,
 Peace, and pow'r, and heav'n, in Thee.

CCLXVII. *To the TRINITY.*

THEE, Father of men,
 And angels, we praise;
 Whose wonders are seen
 In nature and grace:

The Book of salvation
 Thy goodness proclaims,
 Where sov'reign Compassion
 Hath written our names.

2 Thee, JESUS, the Son
 Of GOD we confess;
 Whose merit alone
 Hath purchas'd our peace :
 With cherubs, before Thee,
 And seraphs, we fall ;
 And prostrate adore Thee,
 The Maker of all.

3 O SPIRIT of might,
 Of joy, and of love,
 Who guidest us right,
 To mansions above ;
 Whose hallowing graces
 For heaven prepare ;
 We pay Thee our praises,
 Till glorify'd there.

4 There, there we shall see
 The persons divine ;
 And, fashion'd like Thee,
 Transcendently shine :
 Thy wonderfull essence
 Know how to explain ;
 And, wrapt in thy presence,
 Eternally reign.

CCLXVIII. *Desiring to know* CHRIST.

COME, LORD, from above,
 The mountains remove,
 Overturn all that hinders the course of thy
 My bosom inspire, [love:
 Enkindle the fire,
 And wrap me in flames of celestial desire.

For this my heart sighs;
 Nothing else can suffice:
 How, LORD, shall I purchase the pearl of great
 It cannot be bought; [price?
 And Thou know'st I have nought,
 Not an action, a word, nor a truly good
 [thought.

But I hear a voice say,
 Without money ye may
 Receive it, whoever have nothing to pay;
 Who on JESUS relys,
 Without money or price
 The pearl of forgiveness and holiness buys.

The blessing is free;
 So, LORD, let it be:
 I beg that thy grace may be *given* to me:
 I freely receive
 What Thou freely dost give;
 And request in thy Love, in thine Eden, to
 [live.

The gift I embrace,
 The Giver I praise,
 And ascribe my salvation to JESUS's grace:

It comes from above;
 The foretaste I prove:
 And I soon shall receive all thy fullness of love.

CCLXIX. *The Christian Travellers.*

- 1 **L**EADER of faithfull souls, and guide
 Of all that travel to the sky!
 Come, and with us, ev'n us, abide,
 Who would on Thee alone rely;
 On Thee alone our spirits stay,
 While held in life's uneven way.
- 2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
 This earth, we know, is not our place;
 And hasten through this vale of woe,
 And, restless to behold thy face,
 Swift to our heav'nly country move,
 Our everlasting home above.
- 3 We have no 'biding city here,
 But seek a city out of sight:
 Thither our course we wish to steer,
 Aspiring to the plains of light;
Jerusalem, the faints' abode,
 Whose founder is the living God.
- 4 Patient th' appointed race to run,
 This weary world we cast behind;
 From strength to strength we travel on,
 The *New Jerusalem* to find:
 Our business this, our only aim,
 To find the *New Jerusalem*.

Through CHRIST, who all our sins hath borne,
 Freely and graciously forgiv'n,
 With songs to *Sion* we return,
 Contending for our native heav'n:
 That palace of the glorious King,
 We find it nearer while we sing.

Ev'n now we taste the pleasures there;
 A cloud of heav'nly odors comes,
 Soft wafted by the balmy air,
 Sweeter than *Araby's* perfumes:
 From *Sion's* top the breezes blow,
 And cheer us in the vale below.

Rais'd by the breath-of Love divine,
 We urge our way with strength renew'd;
 The church of the first-born to join,
 We travel to the mount of God:
 With joy upon our heads, arise,
 And meet our Captain in the skys.

CCLXX. *To the TRINITY.*

PRAISE be to the FATHER given!
 CHRIST he gave
 Us to save,
 Us, the heirs of heaven.

Pay we equal adoration
 To the SON;
 He alone
 Wrought out our sa'vation.

3 Glory to th' eternal SPIRIT!

Us he seals,
CHRIST reveals,
And applys his merit.

4 Worship, honor, thanks, and blessing,

One in Three,
Give we Thee,
Never, never ceasing.

CCLXXI. *The same.*

1 FATHER, LORD of earth and heaven,

Take the praise
Of thy grace
By thy creatures given.

2 SON of GOD, our lips confess Thee;

One with him,
God supreme,
Saints and angels bleis Thee.

3 HOLY GHOST, lo! we before Thee

Prostrate fall,
LORD of all,
Very GOD, adore Thee!

4 We shall soon in heav'nly places,

One in Three,
Render Thee
Everlasting praises.

CCLXXII. *Psalms* xlvii.

GOD, the omnipresent God,
 Our strength and refuge stands;
 Mighty to support our load,
 And bear us in his hands:
 Readiest when we need him most,
 When to him distress'd we cry;
 All who on his mercy trust
 Shall find deliv'rance nigh.

Let earth's inmost centre quake,
 And shatter'd nature mourn;
 Let th' unweildy mountains shake,
 And fall, by storms uptorn;
 Fall, with all their trembling load,
 Far into the ocean hurl'd:
 Lo! we stand secure in God,
 Amidst a ruin'd world!

From the throne of God there springs
 A pure, a chrystal stream;
 Life, and peace, and joy it brings
 To his *Jerusalem*:
 Rivers of refreshing grace
 Through the sacred city flow,
 Watering all the hallow'd place
 Where God resides below.

God, most mercifull, most high,
 Doth in his *Sion* dwell;
 Kept by him, her tow'rs defy
 The strength of earth and hell:

Built on her o'ershadowing rock,
 Who shall her foundation move?
 Who her great Defender shock,
 Th' Almighty God of Love?

5 All that on this Rock are stay'd,
 The world assaults in vain;
 Ever present with his aid,
 He shall his own sustain:
 Guardian of the chosen race,
 Jesus doth his Church defend;
 Saves them by his timely Grace,
 And saves them to the end.

6 For his people in distress
 The God of *Jacob* stands;
 Bears us, till our troubles cease,
 In his almighty Hands:
 He for us his pow'r hath shewn,
 He doth still our refuge prove;
 Loves the LORD of hosts his own,
 And will for ever love.

CCLXXIII. *The Triumph of Faith.*

1 **H** EAD of thy church triumphant,
 We joyfully adore Thee;
 'Till Thou appear,
 Thy members here
 Shall sing like those in glory:
 We lift our hearts and voices,
 With blest anticipation;

And cry aloud,
And give to God
The praise of our salvation.

While in affliction's furnace,
Or passing through the fire,
Thy love we praise,
Which knows our days,
And ever brings us nigher :

We clap our hands, exulting
In thine almighty favor ;
The love divine
Which made us thine,
Shall keep us thine for ever.

Thou dost conduct thy people
Through torrents of temptation ;
Nor will we fear,
Whilst Thou art near,
The fire of tribulation :

The world, with sin and satan,
In vain our march opposes ;
By Thee we shall
Break through them all,
And sing the song of *Moses*.

By faith we see the glory
To which Thou shalt restore us ;
The cross despise
For that high prize
Which Thou hast set before us :

And, through thy perfect merit,
We each, as dying *Stephen*,

Shall see Thee stand
At GOD's right hand,
To take us up to heaven.

CCLXXIV. *Communion of Saints.*

- 1 **A**BSENT in our flesh from home,
We are to Mount *Sion* come;
Heaven is our soul's abode,
City of the living GOD:
Enter'd there, our seats we claim
In the *New Jerusalem*;
Join the countless angel-choir,
Greet the first-born sons of fire.
- 2 We our elder brethren meet,
We are made with them to fit;
Fellowship we sweetly prove
With the general Church above:
CHRIST let heaven and earth proclaim;
Earth and heav'n record his name:
Let us both in this agree;
Both, his one great family.
- 3 Gaze, ye first-born seraphs, gaze!
Never can ye sound his Grace:
Lost in wonder, look no more;
Fall, and silently adore:
Be it unto angels known,
By the Church, what GOD hath done;
Depths of love and wisdom see
In a dying DEITY.

Life his healing Blood imparts,
 Sprinkled on our peacefull hearts :
Abel's blood for vengeance cry'd ;
 Jesus' speaks us justify'd :
 Speaks, and calls for better things,
 Makes us prophets, priests, and kings :
 Asks, that we in heav'n may reign ;
 Earth and heaven say, *Amen!*

CCLXXV.

COME, thou high and lofty LORD,
 Lowly, meek, incarnate WORD!
 Humbly stoop to earth again ;
 Come and visit finfull men :
 Jesus, we thy promise claim,
 We are met in thy great name ;
 In the midst do Thou appear ;
 Manifest thy presence here.

Sanctify us, LORD, and blefs,
 Breathe thy spirit, give thy peace ;
 Mutual love the token be,
 LORD, that we belong to Thee :
 Plant in us thy humble mind,
 Patient, pitifull, and kind ;
 Meek and gracious let us be,
 Full of goodness, full of Thee !

Make us all in Thee complete ;
 Make us all for glory meet :
 Meet t' appear before thy sight ;
 Partners with thy saints in light :

Call, O call us each by name,
 To the marriage of the LAMB;
 Let us lean upon thy breast;
 Love be there our endless feast!

CCLXXVI. *Faith in the Promises.*

- 1 **P**EACE, doubting heart, my God's I am;
 Who form'd me man, forbids my fear:
 The LORD hath call'd me by my name,
 The LORD protects, for ever near:
 His Blood for me did once atone;
 And still He loves and guards his own.
- 2 Still nigh me, O my Savior, stand,
 And guard in fierce temptation's hour;
 Hide in the hollow of thine hand,
 Shew forth in me thy saving pow'r:
 Still be thine Arm my sure defence;
 Nor earth, nor hell shall pluck me thence.
- 3 What in thy love possess I not?
 My star by night, my sun by day;
 My spring of life, when parch'd with drought;
 My wine to cheer, my bread to stay;
 My strength, my shield, my safe abode;
 My robe before the throne of God!
- 4 From all eternity, with love
 Unchangeable, Thou hast me view'd;
 E'er knew this beating heart to move,
 Thy tender mercys me persu'd:
 Ever with me may they abide,
 And close me in on ev'ry side!

In suſſ'ring, be thy love my peace;
 In weakneſs, be thy love my pow'r:
 And when the ſtorms of life ſhall ceaſe,
 Jeſus, in that important hour,
 In death, as life, be Thou my guide,
 And ſave me, who for me haſt dy'd!

CCLXXVII. *Thankſgiving.*

O HEAVENLY King,
 Look down from above;

Assist us to ſing

Thy mercy and love:

So ſweetly o'erflowing,

So plentiful the ſtore,

Thou wilt art beſtowing

And giving us more.

O God of our life,

We hallow thy name;

Our buſineſs and ſtrife

Is Thee to proclaim:

Accept our thankſgiving,

For ransoming Grace;

The living, the living

Should ſhew forth thy praiſe.

Our FATHER and LORD,

Almighty, art Thou;

Preſerv'd by thy word,

We worship Thee now:

The bountifull Donor

Of all we enjoy,

Our lives to thine honor

O may we employ!

4 But O, above all,
 Thy kindness we praise,
 From sin and from thrall
 Which saves the lost race:
 Thy SON thou hast given,
 His Church to redeem;
 And bring us to Heaven,
 Whose trust is in Him.

5 For this, of thy love
 We sing and rejoice;
 With angels above,
 We lift up our voice:
 Thy love each believer
 Shall gladly adore,
 For ever and ever
 When time is no more.

CCLXXVIII. *Hebr. xiii. 21.*

1 **J**ESUS, mighty to renew,
 Work in me to will and do;
 Stem my nature's rapid tide,
 Slay my vile self-righteous pride:
 Stop the whirlwind of my will;
 Speak, and bid the sun stand still;
 All thy pow'r in me be shewn;
 Take away the heart of stone.

2 Arm of God, thy strength put on!
 Bow the heavens, and come down;
 All my unbelief o'erthrow,
 Lay th' aspiring mountain low:

Conquer thy worst foe in me,
 Get thyself the victory;
 Save the vilest of the race,
 Force me to be sav'd by grace!

CCLXXIX. *To CHRIST.*

LAMB of God, for sinners slain,
 To Thee I feebly pray;
 Heal me of my grief and pain,
 O take my sins away:
 From this bondage, LORD, release;
 No longer let me be oppress'd;
 JESUS, Master, seal my peace,
 And take me to thy breast.

Hast Thou not invited all
 Who groan beneath their sin?
 Weary, I obey thy call,
 And come to be made clean;
 Give my burthen'd conscience ease,
 O grant me now the promis'd rest:
 JESUS, Master, &c.

Wilt thou cast a sinner out,
 Who humbly comes to Thee?
 No, my God, I cannot doubt
 Thy mercy is for me;
 Let me then obtain the grace,
 And be of Paradise possess'd:
 JESUS, Master, &c.

4 This delight I fain would prove,
 E'er I resign my breath;
 Join the happy few, whose love
 Is mightier than death:
 This the crown I fain would seize,
 The good, wherewith I would be blest;
 JESUS, Master, seal my peace,
 And take me to thy breast.

CCLXXX. *To the TRINITY.*

1 **G**OD of unexhausted grace,
 Of everlasting love,
 Overpow'r'd before thy face
 I fall, and dare not move;
 What hast Thou for finners done?
 For so poor a worm as me?
 Thou hast given thine only SON,
 To bring us back to Thee.

2 Suffering, sin-atonning GOD,
 Thy hallow'd name I blest;
 JESUS, lavish of thy blood,
 To buy the sinners peace!
 Gushing from thy sacred veins,
 Let it now my soul o'erflow;
 Purge out all my guilty stains,
 And wash me white as snow.

3 **H**OLY GHOST, thy love reveal,
 The life of JESUS breathe;
 To my soul apply and seal
 The blessings of his death:

From the FATHER and the SON
Tidings of salvation bring;
Gracious Comforter, come down,
With healing on thy wing.

FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
Mysterious One in Three,
I, with all thy heav'nly host,
Exulting worship Thee:
Lo, myself to Thee I give,
Who Thyself to me hast giv'n;
Worthy art Thou to receive
The praise of earth and heav'n.

CCLXXXI. *Spiritual Harmony.*

THOU God of harmony and love,
Whose name transports the saints above,
And lulls the ravish'd spheres;
On Thee in feeble strains I call,
And mix my humble voice with all
The heav'nly choristers.

Suffice for sin the season past;
I come, great God, to learn at last
The lesson of thy grace:
Teach me the new, the gospel song;
And let my hand, my heart, my tongue,
Move only to thy praise.

- 3 O might I with thy saints aspire,
The meanest of that dazzling choir
Who chaunt thy name above!
Mix'd with the bright musician-band,
May I an heav'nly harper stand,
And sing' the song of love.
- 4 What extacy of bliss is there,
Whilst all th' angelic concert share
And drink the floating joys!
What more than extacy, when all,
Struck to the golden pavement, fall
At JESUS' glorious voice!
- 5 JESUS! the heav'n of heav'ns he is,
The soul of harmony and bliss!
And whilst on-him we gaze,
And whilst his glorious voice we hear,
Our spirits are all eye, all ear,
And silence speaks his praise!
- 6 When shall we dye, that awe to prove,
That prostrate awe, which dares not move
Before the great Three-One!
To shout, by turns, the bursting joy,
And all eternity employ
In songs around the throne!
- 7 Thee face to face we long to see,
Yet would we not impatient be,
Or charge Thee with delay:
A time to Thee we will not set;
Do with us, LORD, as seems Thee meet,
But let us always pray!

CCLXXXII. *Thanksgiving.*

OMNIPOTENT Redeemer,
Our ransom'd souls adore Thee:
Our Savior thou;
We find it now,
And give Thee all the glory:

Thee gladly we acknowledge
Our Righteousness for ever;
Thy name confess,
Thy Merit bless,
And triumph in thy favor.

With angels and arch-angels
We prostrate fall before Thee;
Again we raise
Our souls in praise,
And thankfully adore Thee:

Honor, and power, and blessing,
To Thee be ever given,
By all who know
Thy name below,
And all our friends in heaven.

CLXXXIII. *Col. iii. 3, 4.*

OUR life is hid with CHRIST in GOD;
Our life shall soon appear,
And spread his glory all abroad
In us his members here:

The heav'nly treasure now we have
 In a mean house of clay;
 Which He shall to the utmost save,
 And guard against that day.

2 Our souls are in his mighty hand,
 And he will keep them still;
 And you and I shall surely stand
 With him on *Sion's* hill:

And if our fellowship below
 In *JESUS* is so sweet,
 What height of rapture shall we know,
 When round his throne we meet!

CLXXXIV. *Human Imperfection.*

1 **F**ATHER of lights, from whom proceeds
 What'er thy ev'ry creature needs;
 Whose goodness, providently nigh,
 Feeds the young ravens when they cry:
 To Thee I look: my heart prepare:
 Suggest, and hearken to my pray'r,

2 Since, by thy light, myself I see
 Naked, and poor, if out of Thee;
 Thine eyes must all my thoughts survey,
 Preventing what my lips would say:
 Thou ~~seest~~ my wants; for help they call;
 And, e'er I speak, Thou know'st them all.

3 Thou know'st the baseness of my mind,
 Wayward, and impotent, and blind;

Thou know'st how unſubdu'd my will,
 Averse to good, and prone to ill:
 If one good thought all heav'n would buy,
 Not one good thought, O LORD, have I.

Fain would I know, as known by Thee,
 And feel the indigence I see;
 Fain would I all my vileness own,
 And deep beneath the burden groan:
 Abhor the pride that lurks within,
 Detest and loath myself, and sin.

FATHER, I want a thankfull heart,
 I want to taste how good Thou art;
 To plunge me in thy mercy's sea,
 And comprehend thy love to me;
 The length, and breadth, and depth, and height
 Of Love divinely infinite.

Ah! give me, LORD, myself to feel;
 My total misery reveal;
 Ah! give me, LORD, (I still would say)
 An heart to mourn, an heart to pray:
 My business this, my only care,
 My life, my ev'ry breath, be prayer!

JESUS, my great High Priest above,
 My friend before the throne of love;
 If now for me prevails thy prayer,
 If now I find Thee pleading there;
 Hear, and my weak petitions join,
 Almighty Advocate, to thine,

O sovereign Love, to thee I cry;
 Give me Thyself, or else I dye:

Save me from death, from hell set free;
Death, hell, are but the want of Thee:
My life, my crown, my heav'n Thou art;
O may I find Thee in my heart!

CCLXXXV. CHRIST *our Hiding-Place.*

1 TO the haven of thy breast,
O Son of man, I fly;
Be my refuge and my rest,
Whene'er the storm is high:
Save me from the furious blast,
A covert from the tempest be;
Hide me, JESUS, till o'erpast
The storm of sin I see.

2 Welcome as the water-spring
To a dry, barren place,
O descend on me, and bring
Thy sweet refreshing grace:
O'er a parch'd and weary land
As a great rock extends it's shade,
Hide me, Savior, with thine hand,
And screen my naked head.

3 In the time of my distress
Thou hast my succor been,
In my utter helplessness
Restraining me from sin:
O, how swiftly didst Thou move
To save me in the trying hour!
Still protect me with thy love,
And shield me with thy pow'r.

4 First and Last, in me perform
 The work Thou hast begun;
 Be my shelter from the storm,
 My shadow from the sun:
 Sprinkle still the mercy-seat,
 And make thy FATHER'S goodness known;
 Skreen me, JESUS, from the heat
 And terror of his frown,

5 Let thy merit, as a cloud,
 Still interpose between;
 Plead th' atonement of thy blood,
 Which satisfys for sin:
 Weary, parch'd with thirst, and faint,
 Till Thou th' abiding Spirit breathe;
 Ev'ry moment, LORD, I want
 The merit of thy death,

6 Never shall I want it less,
 Tho' Thou the grace hast given,
 Cloath'd me with thy righteousness,
 And seal'd my soul for heav'n:
 I shall hang upon my God
 Till I thy perfect glory see,
 Till the sprinkling of thy blood
 Hath spoke me up to Thee.

CCLXXXVI. *Submission.*

1 **W**HEN, my Savior, shall I be
 Totally resign'd to Thee?
 Poor and vile in my own eyes,
 Only in thy wisdom wise;

Only guided by thy light;
 Only mighty in thy might!

2 Fain I would my all resign,
 Gladly lose my Will in thine;
 Careless be of things below,
 Thee alone content to know;
 Simple, innocent, and free,
 Seeking all my blifs in Thee.

3 Into sweet subjection brought,
 Captivate my ev'ry thought!
 Let me to thy goodness leave,
When and what Thou art to give:
 All thy works to Thee are known;
 Let thy blessed Will be done.

4 As Thou wilt, dispose of me,
 Only make me one with Thee;
 Make me in my life express
 All the heights of holiness;
 Sweetly in my spirit prove
 All the depths of humble love!

CCLXXXVII. *Public Worship.*

1 **O** THOU, whom all thy saints adore,
 We now with all thy saints agree,
 And bow our inmost souls before
 Thy glorious, awfull Majesty.

2 Thee King of nations we proclaim;
 Who would not our great Sov'reign fear?
 We long t' experience all thy name;
 And lo, we come to meet Thee here.

3 We come, great God, to seek thy grace,
And for thy loving kindness wait:
How sweetly dreadfull is this place!
'Tis God's own house, 'tis heaven's gate,
4 O might we find thy presence nigh,
While to thy throne our hearts aspire!
O might we see descend, from high,
The pillar, and the flame of fire!
5 Let it on this assembly stay,
And all the house with glory fill;
To *Canaan's* bounds point out our way,
And lead us to thy Holy Hill.
6 There let us all with Jesu's stand,
And join the gen'ral church above!
And take our seats at thy right hand,
And sing thine everlasting love.

CCLXXXVIII. *The same.*

COME, HOLY GHOST, our hearts inspire,
Let us thine influence prove;
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of life and love:
Whilst in thy word we search for Thee,
With humble, filial awe,
Open our eyes, and let us see
The wonders of thy law.
Come, HOLY GHOST, for mov'd by Thee
Thy prophets wrote and spoke;
Unlock the truth, (thyself the Key!)
Unseal the sacred Book:

- Expand thy wings, celestial Dove,
 Brood o'er our nature's night;
 On our disorder'd spirits move,
 And let there now be light.
- 3 Water with heav'nly dew thy word,
 In this appointed hour;
 Attend it with thy presence, LORD,
 And bid it come with pow'r:
 Open the hearts of them that hear,
 To make the Savior room;
 Now let us find redemption near,
 Let faith by hearing come.
- 4 Open the Scriptures now; reveal
 All which for us Thou art;
 Talk with us, LORD, and let us feel
 The kindling in our heart:
 Effectual let thy Gospel prove,
 And show our sins forgiv'n;
 Give us the faith that works by love,
 And surely leads to heav'n.
-

CCLXXXIX. *To the TRINITY.*

- 1 **F**ATHER of our dying LORD,
 Remember us for good;
 O fulfill his faithfull word,
 And hear his speaking Blood!
 Give us that for which He prays;
 FATHER, glorify thy SON:
 Shew thy pow'r, and truth, and grace,
 And send the Promise down.

True and faithfull witness Thou,
 O CHRIST, thy Spirit give:
 Hast Thou not receiv'd him now,
 That we might him receive?
 Art Thou not our living head?
 Life to all thy limbs impart;
 Shed thy love, thy Spirit shed,
 In every waiting heart!

HOLY GHOST, the Comforter,
 The gift of JESUS, come!
 Grant us now to find Thee near,
 And make our hearts thy home;
 Let us thy blest influence feel,
 Come, O come, and in us be:
 In us, with us, live and dwell
 To all eternity!

CCXC. *Faith in CHRIST.*

I KNOW that my REDEEMER lives,
 And ever prays for me:
 Salvation to his faints he gives,
 And life and liberty.
 The pow'r of hell, the strength of sin,
 My JESUS shall subdue:
 His healing blood shall wash me clean,
 And make my spirit new.
 He will perform the work begun;
 JESUS, the sinner's friend,
 JESUS, the lover of his own,
 Will love me to the end.

- 4 No longer am I now afraid ;
 The promise shall take place :
 Perfect his strength in weakness made,
 Sufficient is his grace.
- 5 He wills that I should holy be ;
 Who can resist his will ?
 The counsel of his grace in me
 He surely shall fulfill.
- 6 When Thou dost in my heart appear,
 And love erects its throne,
 I then enjoy salvation here,
 And heav'n on earth begun.
- 7 The blis of those that fully dwell,
 Fully in Thee believe,
 Is more than angel-tongues can tell,
 Or angel-minds conceive.
- 8 LORD, I believe, and rest secure
 In confidence divine :
 Thy promise stands for ever sure,
 And all Thou art is mine.
-

CCXCI. *The best Knowledge.*

- 1 **V**AIN, delusive world, adieu,
 With all of creature-good !
 Only JESUS I'd pursue,
 Who bought me with his blood ;
 All thy honors I'd forego,
 I'd trample on thy wealth and pride :
 Only JESUS would I know,
 And JESUS crucify'd !

Other knowledge I disdain,
'Tis all but vanity;
CHRIST, the LAMB of GOD, was slain,
He tasted death for me:
Me to save from endless woe,
The sin-atonng victim dy'd;
Only JESUS, &c.

Here will I set up my rest;
My fluctuating heart
From the haven of his breast
Shall never more depart:
Whither should a sinner go?
His arms for me are open wide;
Only JESUS, &c.

What tho' all I am is sin?
Sin cannot break my peace;
Here is Blood, to make me clean
From all unrighteousness:
This shall wash me white as snow,
On this for all things I confide;
Only JESUS, &c.

Him to know is life and peace,
And pleasure without end;
This be all my happiness,
On JESUS to depend;
Daily in his grace to grow,
And ever in his ways abide:
Only JESUS, &c.

Him in all my works I'd seek,
Who hung upon the tree;

Only of his love I'd speak,
 Who liv'd and dy'd for me :
 While I tojourn here below,
 Of nothing may I think beside :
 Only JESUS may I know,
 And JESUS crucify'd !

CCXCII. CHRIST'S *Intercession.*

- 1 **A**RISE, my soul, arise,
 Shake off thy guilty fears ;
 The bleeding Sacrifice
 In my behalf appears :
 Before the throne my Surety stands ;
 My name is written on his hands.
- 2 He ever lives above,
 For me to intercede ;
 His merit and his love
 For his Elect to plead :
 His Blood aton'd for that dear race,
 And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 3 The wounds my Master bears
 (Receiv'd on Calvary)
 Still pour effectual pray'rs,
 And strongly plead for me :
 "Forgive him, O forgive," they cry ;
 "That ransom'd sinner shall not dye !"
- 4 The FATHER hears him pray,
 His dear Appointed One ;
 Nor can he turn away
 The presence of his SON :

His SPIRIT answers to the Blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

3 By JESUS reconcil'd,
His pard'ning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And FATHER, ABBA, FATHER, cry.

CCXCIII. *Salvation from Sin.*

1 JESUS, in whom the Godhead's rays
Beam forth with mildest majesty,
I see Thee full of truth and grace,
And come for all I want to Thee.

2 Wrathfull, impure, and proud I am;
Nor constancy, nor strength, I have:
But Thou, O LORD, art still the same,
And hast not lost thy pow'r to save.

3 Save me from pride, the plague expell;
Jesus, thy humble self impart:
O let thy mind within me dwell,
O give me lowliness of heart.

4 Enter Thyself, and cast out sin;
More faith and purity bestow:
Touch me, and make the leper clean;
Wash me, and I am white as snow.

5 Fury is not in thee, my God;
O why should it be found in Thine?
Sprinkle me, Savior, with thy Blood,
And all thy gentleness is mine.

- 6 Pour but thy Blood upon the flame,
 Meek, and dispassionate, and mild;
 The leopard sinks into a lamb,
 And I become a little child.
-

CCXCIV. *Glory in the Highest.*

- 1 **G** LORY be to God on high,
 God whose glory fills the sky;
 Peace on earth to man forgiv'n,
 Man, the well-belov'd of heav'n.
- 2 Sov'reign FATHER, heav'nly King,
 Thee we now presume to sing;
 Glad thine attributes confess,
 Glorious all, and numberless.
- 3 Hail, by all thy works ador'd!
 Hail, the everlasting LORD!
 Thee, with thankfull hearts, we prove
 LORD of pow'r, and GOD of love.
- 4 CHRIST, our LORD and GOD, we own,
 CHRIST, the FATHER'S only SON;
 LAMB of GOD, for sinners slain,
 Savior of offending man.
- 5 Pow'rfull advocate with GOD,
 Justify us by thy Blood;
 Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
 Hear, our souls' atonement Thou!
- 6 Thou, his co-eternal SON,
 Art with thy great FATHER One;
 One the HOLY GHOST with Thee;
 One supreme, eternal Three!

CCXCV. *Spiritual Exultation.*

- 1 **S**ONS of God, triumphant rise,
Shout th' accomplish'd Sacrifice;
Shout your sins in CHRIST forgiv'n,
Sons of God, and heirs of heav'n.
- 2 Ye that round our Altars throng,
Lift'ning angels, join the song;
Sing with us, ye heav'nly pow'rs,
Pardon, grace, and glory ours!
- 3 Love's mysterious work is done;
Greet we now th' atoning SON;
Heal'd and quicken'd by his Blood,
Join'd to CHRIST, and one with GOD.
- 4 CHRIST, of all our hopes the seal,
Peace divine in him we feel;
Everlasting life is won,
Glory is on earth begun.
- 5 CHRIST to laud in songs divine,
Angels and arch-angels join:
We with them our voices raise,
Echoing thy eternal praise.
- 6 Holy, Holy, Holy LORD,
Live by heav'n and earth ador'd;
Full of Thee, they ever cry,
Glory be to God most high.

CCXCVI. *A Morning Hymn.*

- 1 **C**HRIST, whose glory fills the skys,
CHRIST, the true, the only light;
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night:

Day-spring from on high, be near;
Day-star, in my heart appear.

- 2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompany'd by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see:
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes; and warm my heart.
 - 3 Visit, then, this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy divine,
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.
-

CCXCVII. *Waiting for the SPIRIT.*

- 1 **U**NCHANGEABLE, almighty LORD,
Most true, and mercifull, and just,
Be mindfull of thy gracious Word,
Wherein Thou caus'est me to trust.
- 2 My weary eyes look out in vain,
And long thy saving health to see:
But known to Thee is all my pain;
When wilt Thou come and comfort me?
- 3 To Thee my longing eyes I turn,
And heavily persue my way:
For thy appearance, LORD, I mourn;
Why do thy chariot-wheels delay?

4 But shall thy creature ask Thee, Why?

No; I retract the eager pray'r:

LORD, as Thou wilt, and not as I;

I cannot chuse, Thou canst not err.

5 To Thee, the only wise and true,

Myself I peacefully resign;

Make me in CHRIST a creature new,

The manner and the time be thine.

6 Only preserve my soul from sin,

Nor let me faint for want of Thee!

I'll wait, till Thou appear within,

And plant thy heav'n of love in me.

CCXCVIII. *Miracles not ceased.*

1 JESUS, 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.

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 foul, and self-abhorr'd,

I sink beneath my sin;

But, if Thou wilt, a gracious word

Of thine can make me clean.

- 5 Thou feelest me deaf to thy commands,
Open, O LORD, mine ear;
Bid me stretch out my wither'd hands,
And lift them up in prayer.
- 6 Silent, (Alas! Thou know'st how long)
My voice I cannot raise;
But, O! when Thou shalt loose my tongue,
The dumb shall sing thy praise.
- 7 Lamè at the Pool I still am found;
Give, and my strength employ:
Light as an hart I then shall bound,
The lame shall leap for joy.
- 8 If Thou, my God, art passing by,
O let me find Thee near!
JESUS, in mercy hear my cry;
Thou Son of David, hear!
- 9 See, I am waiting in the way,
For Thee, the heav'nly light:
Command me to be brought; and say,
Sinner, receive thy fight.
- 10 Cast out thy foes, and let them still
To thy great name submit;
Cloath with thy righteousness, and heat,
And place me at thy feet.
- 11 From sin, the guilt, the pow'r, and pain,
Thou wilt relieve my soul:
LORD, I believe; and not in vain!
My faith shall make me whole.

CCXCIX. *The Crucifixion.*

GOD of unexampled grace,
 Redeemer of mankind,
 Matter of eternal praise

We in thy Passion find:
 Still our choicest strains we bring,
 Still the joyfull theme persue;
 Thee the Friend of sinners sing,
 Whose love is ever new.

Endless scenes of wonder rise

With that mysterious Tree,
 Crucify'd before our eyes

Where we our MAKER see:
 Jesus, LORD, what hast Thou done?
 Publish we the death divine,
 Sing, and gaze, and fall, and own
 Never was love like thine!

Never love, nor sorrow, was

Like that my Jesus show'd:

See him bleed on yonder cross,

And bow beneath our load!

Now discern the DEITY,

Now his heav'nly birth declare!

Faith crys out, 'tis He—'tis He!

My GOD that suffers there!

JESUS drinks the bitter cup,

The wine-press treads alone;

Tears the graves and mountains up

By his expiring groan:

Lo, the pow'rs of heav'n he shakes :
 Nature in convulsions lies :
 Earth's profoundest centre quakes :
 The great JEHOVAH dies.

5 Well may heav'n be cloath'd with black,
 And solemn sackcloth wear,
 JESUS' agonys partake,
 The hour of darkness share !
 Lo, the sun-beams veil their light,
 With their MAKER sympathise,
 Leave the world in sudden night !
 The God of angels dyes.

6 Lift your heads with joyfull hope,
 Ye objects of his love ;
 Sing, for JESUS is gone up,
 And reigns inthron'd above :
 Lives our Head, to dye no more ;
 Pow'r is all to JESUS giv'n,
 Worship'd, as he was before,
 Th' immortal King of Heav'n.

7 Lord, we bless Thee for thy grace
 And truth, which cannot fail ;
 Trusting to behold thy face,
 Without a dimming veil :
 We shall see our heav'nly King,
 We shall found thy glorious name,
 Help the angel choirs to sing
 Our dear triumphant LAMB.

CCC. *The same.*

LAMB of God, whose bleeding love
We now recall to mind,

Send the answer from above,

And let us mercy find :

Think on us, who think on Thee,

And ev'ry burthen'd soul release :

O remember *Calvary*,

And bid us go in peace.

By thine agonizing pain,

And bloody sweat, we pray,

By thy dying love to man,

Take all our sins away ;

Burst our bonds, and set us free,

From all iniquity release :

O remember, &c.

Let thy blood, by faith apply'd,

The sinner's pardon seal,

Speak us freely justify'd,

And all our sicknesses heal ;

By thy passion on the tree,

Bid all our griefs and troubles cease :

O remember, &c.

Let us not from hence depart,

Till Thou our wants relieve,

Write salvation on our heart,

And all our sins forgive ;

Still our souls shall cry to Thee,

While passing through this wilderness,

O remember *Calvary*,

And bid us go in peace!

CCCI. *Zeck. ix. 12.*

1 **Y**E pris'ners of hope,
Who bitterly grieve,
To **JESUS** look up,

And dare to believe:

Declare the condition

And state you are in,
And **CHRIST** the Physician

Will cure you of sin.

2 "None will I cast out,

"Who come," saith the **LORD**:

Then why should you doubt?

Lay hold of his word!

Ye mourners in **Sion**,

Be bold to believe;

For ever rely on

Your **SAVIOR**, and live.

3 **O JESUS**, to Thee

I turn me for aid,

Whose mercy for me

Atonement hath made:

Accept of me freely;

Thy Love shed abroad;

And let me now feel thee

My **SAVIOR** and **GOD**.

CCCII. *The Prayer of Faith.*

1 **D**EAR Savior, sweetly bind me

Fast to thy wounded side;

And evermore remind me,

That Thou for me hast dy'd:

I wish to feel thy SPIRIT
 For ever in me shine,
 Revealing thy blest Merit
 To this cold heart of mine.

I trust, that my salvation
 Is certain through thy love;
 And O, on each occasion,
 May I most thankfull prove!
 My sins Thou hast forgiven;
 Thy Righteousness I wear:
 And I shall go to heaven,
 To praise thy goodness there.

Thou never wilt forsake me,
 But save me through thy name,
 And up to Glory take me,
 Poor sinner as I am::
 Untill the Crown is given,
 And I with Thee appear;
 Be this my constant heaven,
 To feel thy presence here.

CCCIII. *Rev. xii. 11.*

BY the Blood of the LAMB,
 The Martyrs o'ercame;
 And its virtue continues, for ever, the same:
 The world and its god
 Shall in us be subdu'd,
 By the virtue divine of our Advocate's Blood,

2 For us it was shed ;
 And He rose from the dead,
 His atoning oblation for sinners to plead :
 He prays for his own,
 And He still will pray on,
 Till, complete in his image, we rise to his
 [throne.

CCCV. *John xx. 11.*

1 I NO more at *Mary* wonder,
 Dropping tears upon the Grave;
 Earnest asking all around her,
 "Where is He that dy'd to save?"
 Dying Love her heart attracted;
 Soon she felt his rising pow'r :
 He, who *Mary* thus affected,
 Bids his mourners weep no more.

CCCV. *Seeking Salvation.*

1 O JESUS, my God,
 Take up thy abode
 Within my poor heart,
 And all the free gifts of salvation impart!
 Salvation I need ;
 I want to be freed
 From guilty distress,
 And to feel in my soul the rich blessings of
 [peace.

2 I thirst to be thine,
And to know Thee for mine,
Diffusing abroad
The presence, and favor, and image of GOD:
This, LORD, thou canst do,
And give me to know
That my sins are forgiv'n,
And my title made clear to the kingdom of
[heav'n.

3 O take me, blest LAMB!
Thy property claim;
My nature refine,
And conform my affections and tempers to
No more would I breathe [thine:
For objects beneath,
But live to thy praise,
Advancing in knowledge, and growing in
[grace.

CCCVI. *John* viii. 12.

1 **B**URY'd in shadows of the night
We lie, till JESUS gives us Light:
Wisdom descends, to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.

2 Lost guilty souls are drown'd in tears,
Till the Atoning Blood appears:
Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing the LORD our Righteousness.

3 JESUS beholds where satan reigns,
Binding his slaves in heavy chains:

Grace sets the prisoners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from their necks.

- 4 Poor helpless worms in CHRIST possess
Wisdom, and pow'r, and righteousness:
Thou art our mighty ALL; may we
Give our whole selves, O LORD, to Thee!
-

CCCVII. *Psalm* cl.

- 1 **P**RAISE the LORD, who reigns above,
And keeps his courts below;
Praise the holy God of Love,
And all his greatness show:
Praise Him for his noble deeds,
Praise Him for his matchless pow'r;
Him, from whom all good procedes,
Let heav'n and earth adore.
- 2 Publish, spread, to all around,
The great IMMANUEL's name;
Let the trumpet's martial sound
Him LORD of Hosts proclaim:
Praise Him, ev'ry tunefull string,
All the reach of heav'nly art!
All the pow'rs of music bring;
The music of the heart.
- 3 Him, in whom they move and live,
Let ev'ry creature sing;
Glory to their MAKER give,
And homage to their KING:

Hallow'd be his name beneath;
 As in heav'n, on earth ador'd!
 Praise the LORD, in ev'ry breath;
 Let all things praise the LORD.

CCCVIII. *Psalms* xc.

O GOD, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come;
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,
 And our eternal home!

Under the shadow of thy throne
 Thy saints have dwelt secure:
 Sufficient is thy arm alone,
 And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
 Or earth receiv'd its frame;
 From everlasting Thou art God,
 To endless years the same.

A thousand ages, in thy sight,
 Are, like an evening, gone;
 Short as the watch that ends the night
 Before the rising sun.

The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
 With all their cares and fears,
 Are carry'd downward by the flood,
 And lost in following years.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
 Bears all its sons away:
 They fly, forgotten, as a dream
 Dyes at the opening day.

- 7 Thou turnest man, O LORD, to dust,
Of which he first was made;
And, when Thou speak'st the word, "RETURN,"
'Tis instantly obey'd.
- 8 But "I am with you," saith the LORD;
" My saints shall safe abide :
" Nor will I e'er forsake my own,
" For whom the SAVIOR dy'd."
- 9 Through ev'ry scene of life and death,
Thy promise is our trust :
And this shall be our children's song,
When we are cold in dust:
- 10 O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come ;
Be Thou our Guard, while life shall last;
And our eternal home!
-

CCCIX. *Psalm c.*

- 1 **B**EFORE JEHOVAH'S awfull throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy :
Know, that the LORD is GOD alone ;
He can create, and He destroy.
- 2 His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us Men :
And, when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We'll croud thy gates, with thankfull songs;
High as the heav'ns, our voices raise :
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide, as the world, is thy command;
 Vast, as eternity, thy Love!
 Firm, as a rock, thy truth must stand,
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

CCCX. *Perseverance.*

THE sinner, who, by precious faith,
 Has felt his sins forgiv'n,
 Is, from that moment, past from death,
 And seal'd an heir of heav'n.

Tho' thousand snares enclose his feet,
 Not one shall hold him fast:
 Whatever dangers he may meet,
 He SHALL get safe at last.

Not as the world, the SAVIOR gives;
 He is no fickle friend:
 Whom once He loves, He never leaves,
 But loves him to the end.

Unnumber'd savage beasts of prey
 Around the forest roam:
 But *Judah's* Lion guards the way,
 And guides his children home.

Thy faithfull SPIRIT, ever near,
 My sure defence will be:
 And I, O LORD, must persevere,
 Because preserv'd by Thee.

CCCXI. *Free Grace.*

- 1 **G**RACE, how exceding sweet to those
Who feel they sinners are!
Sunk and distrest, they taste and know
Their heav'n is only there.
- 2 Let me, my Savior and my God,
On *sov'reign Grace* rely;
And own 'tis free, because bestow'd
On one so vile as I.
- 3 *Election!* 'tis a word divine;
For, LORD, I plainly see,
Had not thy choice prevented mine,
I ne'er had chosen Thee.
- 4 For *perseverance*, strength I've none;
But would on this depend,
Thou, JESUS, having lov'd thine own,
Wilt love them to the end.
- 5 Empty and bare, I come to Thee
For Righteousness divine:
O may thy gloriquous Merits be,
By *Imputation*, mine!
- 6 **FREE GRACE** alone can wipe the tears
From my lamenting eyes:
And raise my soul, from guilty fears,
To joy that never dyes.
- 7 Free Grace can death itself out-brave,
And take the sting away:
Can sinners to the utmost save,
And them to heav'n convey.

8 May I be found a living stone
 In *Salem's* streets above;
 And help to sing, before the throne,
 Free Grace, and Dying Love!

CCCXII. *The spiritual Voyage.*

1 JESUS, at thy command,
 I launch into the deep;
 And leave my native land,
 Where sinners all asleep:
 For Thee I would the world resign,
 And sail to heav'n with Thee and Thine.

2 Thou art my Pilot wife;
 My compass is thy Word:
 My soul each storm defys,
 While I have such a Lord!
 I trust thy faithfulness and pow'r
 To save me in the trying hour.

3 Tho' rocks, and quicksands deep,
 Through all my passage lie;
 Yet CHRIST will safely keep,
 And guide me with his eye;
 He bears the world and all things up;
 Nor can I sink, with such a prop.

4 By faith I see the land,
 The port of endless rest:
 My soul, thy sails expand,
 And fly to JESUS' breast!
 O may I reach the heav'nly shore,
 Where winds and waves distress no more!

- 5 Whene'er becalm'd I lie,
 And storms forbear to tofs;
 Be thou, dear LORD, still nigh,
 Lest I should suffer los:
 For more the treach'rous Calm I dread,
 Than tempests bursting o'er my head.
- 6 Come, HOLY GHOST, and blow
 A prosp'rous gale of grace,
 To waft, from all below,
 To Heav'n, my destin'd place!
 Then, in full sail, my port I'll find,
 And leave the world and sin behind.
-

CCCXIII. *Assurance of Faith.*

- 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 SAVIOR'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.

My name from the palms of his hands
 Eternity will not erase;
 Imprest on his heart it remains,
 In marks of indelible grace:
 Yes, I to the end shall endure,
 As sure as the Earnest is giv'n;
 More happy, but not more secure,
 The glory'd spirits in Heav'n.

CCCXIV. *Isaiah* lv. 1.

COME, ye finners, poor and wretched,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore!
 JESUS ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity join'd with pow'r:
 He is able,
 He is willing. Doubt no more!

Come, ye thirsty; come, and welcome;
 God's free bounty glorify:
 True belief, and true repentance,
 Ev'ry grace that brings us nigh—
 Without money,
 Come to JESUS CHRIST, and buy.

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.

View Him prostrate in the garden;
On the ground your MAKER lies!

On the bloody tree behold Him;
Hear Him cry, before He dyes,

“ 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 blissfull seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name.

Hallelujah!

Sinners, *here*, may sing the same.

CCCXV. *Before Hearing.*

SOURCE of light and pow'r divine,
Deign upon thy Truth to shine!

LORD, behold, thy Servant stands;

Lo, to Thee he lifts his hands:

Satisfy his soul's desire,
Touch his lip with holy fire!
Source of light and pow'r divine,
Deign upon thy Truth to shine.

Breathe thy SPIRIT, so shall fall
Uction sweet upon us all;
Till, by odors scatter'd round,
CHRIST himself be trac'd and found:
Then shall ev'ry raptur'd heart
Rich in peace and joy depart.
Source of light and pow'r divine,
Deign upon thy Truth to shine!

CCCXVI. *Morning, or Evening.*

O GOD, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are, ev'ry ev'ning, new;
And morning mercys, from above,
Gently distill, like early dew.

Thou spread'st the curtain of the night,
Great Guardian of our sleeping hours:
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
And quickens all our dormant pow'rs.

LORD, may we bow to thy command!
To Thee still consecrate our days!
Perpetual blessings, from thy hand,
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

CCCXVII. *Invitation.*

- 1 **H**ITHER, ye poor, ye sick, ye blind,
 A sin-convicted, trembling throng!
 To you the Gospel calls, to you
 MESSIAH'S blessings all belong.
- 2 Reason's and Virtue's boasting sons
 Derive no blessings from his tree;
 For sinners only, JESUS dy'd:
 Then, sure, I hear, He dy'd for me!
- 3 'Twas with our griefs MESSIAH groan'd;
 'Twas with our guilt his soul was try'd;
 Our punishment he took, he bore,
 And sinners liv'd when JESUS dy'd.
- 4 Awake, my heart! awake, my soul!
 And join the blisfull choirs above;
 May nothing tune my future songs,
 But heav'nly Wisdom, heav'nly Love.
-

CCCXVIII. *The same.*

- 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 Extol the LAMB of GOD,
 The sin-atonning LAMB;
 Redemption by his Blood
 Through all the lands proclaim:
 The year of Jubilee, &c.

3 Ye, who have sold for nought
 Your heritage above,
 Shall have it back unbought,
 The *gift* of JESUS' Love:
 The year of Jubilee, &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, &c.

5 The gospel-trumpet hear,
 The news of pard'ning Grace:
 Ye happy souls, draw near,
 Behold your SAVIOR'S face:
 The year of Jubilee, &c.

6 JESUS our great High-Priest
 Has full Atonement made:
 Ye weary spirits, rest;
 Ye mournfull souls, be glad!
 The year of Jubilee is come:
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

CCCXIX. *Looking forward.*

1 HOLY GHOST, inspire our praises;
 Touch our hearts, and tune our tongues!
 Us when Grace to Glory raises,
 Heav'n shall echo with our songs.

2 Ev'ry state, howe'er distressing,
 Shall be profit in the end;
 Ev'ry ordinance a blessing;
 Ev'ry providence a friend.

CCCXX. *Bethesda.*

- 1 **O** JESUS, I see
My Bethesda in Thee:
Thou art full of compassion and mercy for me.
- 2 Made willing I am:
And thy promise I claim;
The water of life, in my Advocate's name.
- 3 My Savior and God,
I trust in thy Blood,
To bring me the Pardon, on many bestow'd.
- 4 Though purchas'd by Thee,
To man it comes free:
And I know it is mine, when my God is in me.
- 5 I have nothing to pay:
But the FATHER did lay
All my sins upon Thee, who hast borne them
[away.]
- 6 Thy suff'rings alone
For sin did atone:
And, redeem'd by thy death, I inherit thy
[throne.]
-

CCCXXI. *Pride lamented.*

- 1 **T**HROUGHOUT my fallen soul I feel
The strength of pride invincible:
SPIRIT of Grace, the waves restrain,
And sink the mountain to a plain!

2 All things are possible to Thee:
 Display thy humbling pow'r in me;
 And, for his sake, to me impart
 My SAVIOR'S lowliness of heart.

CCCXXII. *The Propitiation.*

THY anger, for what I have done,
 The Gospel forbids me to fear:
 My sins Thou hast charg'd on thy SON;
 Thy Justice to *Him* I refer:
 Be mindfull of JESUS and me!
 My pardon He suffer'd to buy;
 And what He procur'd on the tree,
 For me He demands in the sky.

CCCXXIII. *The same.*

CHARG'D with the complicated load
 Of all his people's debt,
 By faith I see the LAMB of GOD
 Expire beneath its weight.
 My guilt, transfer'd from me to Him,
 Shall never more be found;
 Lost in his Blood's atoning stream,
 And in that Fountain drown'd.
 My mighty sins to Thee are known;
 But mightier still is He,
 Who laid his life a Ransom down,
 And pleads his Death for me.

CCCXXIV. CHRIST *seen of Angels.*

- 1 **B**EYOND the glitt'ring starry globes,
 Far as th' eternal hills,
 There, in the boundless worlds of light,
 Our great REDEEMER dwells.
- 2 Legions of angels, strong and fair,
 In countless armys shine
 At his right hand, with golden harps,
 To offer songs divine.
- 3 "Hail, Prince!" (they cry) "for ever hail!
 "Whose unexampled love
 "Mov'd Thee to quit these glorious realms,
 "And royaltys above."
- 4 Whilst He did condescend, on earth,
 To suffer rude disdain;
 They threw their honors at his feet,
 And waited in his train.
- 5 Thro' all his travels here below,
 They did his steps attend:
 Oft gaz'd; and wonder'd where, at last,
 This scene of love would end!
- 6 They saw his heart transfix'd with wounds,
 His crimson sweat and gore;
 They saw him break the bars of death,
 Which none e'er broke before.
- 7 They brought his chariot from above,
 To bear him to his throne:
 Clapt their triumphant wings, and cry'd,
 "The glorious work is done!"

CCCXXV. *Psalms* lxxxvii. 7.

NOW, dearest LORD, to praise thy name

Let all our pow'rs agree!

Worthy art Thou of endless fame;

Our springs are all in Thee.

Here, in thy love will we rejoice,

All sov'reign, rich, and free;

Singing (we hope, with heart and voice),

Our springs are all in Thee.

To whom, dear JESUS, oh, to whom

Should needy sinners flee,

But to Thyself, who bid'st us come?

Our springs are all in Thee.

Some tempted, weak, and trembling faint

Before Thee now may be:

Let not his hopes or wishes faint!

His springs are all in Thee.

The poor supply, the wounded heal;

Let sinners, such as we,

Salvation's blessings taste and feel!

Our springs are all in Thee.

When we arrive at Sion's hill,

And all thy glory's see;

Our joyfull songs shall echo still,

Our springs are all in Thee.

CCCXXVI. *John* xiv. 3.

MESSIAH, Prince of life and peace,

Our Ransom, and our Righteousness;

The FATHER'S everlasting SON!

Our GOD and Sacrifice in one!

Thou dost (thy FATHER'S Image) shine
In all the Attributes divine.

- 2 Rejoicing now in glorious hope
That Thou at last wilt take us up;
With daily triumph we proclaim,
And bless and magnify, thy Name:
And wait thy Greatness to adore,
When time and death shall be no more.
-

CCCXXVII. *Commemoration.*

- 1 **T**HOU LAMB of GOD, once slain,
Think now upon thy pain;
And, before the Mercy-seat,
Let thy Merits intercede:
Plead for us thy bloody sweat;
Pour thy blessings on our head.
- 2 Our sins thy body bore,
And justice asks no more:
Thy sufficient Sacrifice
Did for all thy Church atone:
Now Thou reign'st above the skys,
High on thy eternal throne.
- 3 Each hind'rance, LORD, remove,
And manifest thy Love:
Let those bleeding wounds of thine—
Precious to our hearts appear;
With peculiar lustre shine;
Gladden ev'ry sinner here.

4 The Judgment-day draws nigh,
 When Thou wilt bow the sky :
 How unlike the Man of woe,
 Him that groan'd on *Calvary* !
 Him that tasted death below,
 Mock'd, and scourg'd, and pierc'd for me !

5 Bold shall I stand, ev'n I,
 Who on his Cross rely :
 Jesus dy'd, and I am sav'd !
 Justice, awfully extreme,
 Payment at *his* hand receiv'd,
 Punish'd all my sins in Him.

CCCXXVIII. *Resting on the Atonement.*

O COME, thou wounded LAMB of GOD;
 Come, wash us in thy cleansing Blood !
 Give us to know thy Love, then pain
 Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

Take our poor hearts, and let them be
 For ever clos'd to all but Thee :
 Seal Thou our breast, and let us wear
 That pledge of Love for ever there.

How blest are they, who still abide
 Close shelter'd in thy bleeding side !
 Who joy and strength from Thee derive,
 And by Thee move, and in Thee live !

What are our Works, but sin and death,
 Till Thou thy quick'ning SPIRIT breathe ?

In nothing will we trust, beside
The FINISH'D WORK of Him that dy'd.

5 How can it be, thou heav'nly King,
That Thou should'st man to Glory bring?
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Deck'd with a never-fading crown?

6 Ah, LORD, enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders Thou hast wrought:
Unloose our stamm'ring tongue, to tell
Thy Love immense, unsearchable.

7 First-born of many brethren Thou,
To Thee both earth and heav'n must bow:
Help us to Thee our All to give!
Thine may we dye, thine may we live!

CCCXXIX. *The Attempt.*

1 **O** HOW shall Dust thy praise declare,
When Angels try in vain?
And veil their eyes when they appear
Before the SON OF MAN!

2 Yet, LORD, we cannot silent be:
By Love we are constrain'd
To offer our best thanks to Thee,
Our Savior and our Friend.

3 Worship and honor, thanks and love,
Be to our JESUS giv'n;
By faints below, and hosts above,
'Till we all meet in heav'n!

CCCXXX. *Before Sermon.*

1 **D**EAREST Savior, help thy Servant
 To proclaim thy wond'rous Love!
 Pour thy Grace upon this People,
 That thy Truth 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;
 Ev'ry soul be JESUS' guest!
 O receive us,
 Let us find thy promis'd Rest.

CCCXXXI. *The Backslider.*

1 **J**ESUS, let thy pitying eye
 Call back a wand'ring sheep!
 False to Thee like *Peter*, I
 Like *Peter* fain would weep:
 Let me be by Grace restor'd,
 On me be all its freeness shown;
 Turn, and look upon me, LORD,
 And break my heart of stone.

2 Savior, Prince, enthron'd above,
 Repentance to impart;
 Give me, through thy dying Love,
 The humble contrite heart!
 Give, what I have long implor'd,
 A portion of thy Love unknown:
 Turn, and look, &c.

- 3 See me, Savior, from above,
Nor suffer me to dye;
Life, and happiness, and love,
Drop from thy gracious eye:
Speak the reconciling word,
And let thy mercy melt me down!
Turn, and look, &c.
- 4 Look, as when thy Grace beheld
The harlot in distress;
Dry'd her tears, her pardon seal'd,
And bade her go in peace:
Foul, like her, and self-abhor'd,
I at thy feet for Mercy groan:
Turn, and look, &c.
- 5 Look, as when thy pitying eye
Was clos'd, that we might live:
"Father," (at the point to die,
My Savior gasp'd) "Forgive!"
Surely, with that dying word,
He turns, and looks, and cries, "'Tis done!"
O my loving, bleeding LORD,
Thou break'st my heart of stone.
-

CCCXXXII. 2 Kings, x. 15.

1 COME let us ascend,
My companion and friend,
To a taste of the banquet above:
If thy heart be as mine,
If for JESUS it pine,
Come up into the chariot of Love.

2 Who in JESUS confide,
They are bold to out-ride
The storms of affliction beneath:
With the Prophet they soar
To that heavenly shore,
And out-fly all the arrows of death.

3 By Faith, we are come
To our permanent home;
By Hope, we the rapture improve:
By Love, we still rise,
And look down on the skys,
For the heaven of heavens is Love.

4 Who on earth can conceive
How happy we live
In the city of God the great King?
What a concert of praise,
When our JESUS's grace
The whole heavenly company sing!

5 What a rapturous song,
When the glorify'd throng
In the spirit of harmony join!
Join all the glad choirs,
Hearts, voices, and lyres;
And the subject is MERCY DIVINE!

6 Hallelujah (they cry)
To the King of the sky,
To the great, everlasting I AM!
To the LAMB that was slain,
And liveth again!
Hallelujah to God and the LAMB!

CCCXXXIII. *To the HOLY SPIRIT.*

- 1 **C**OME, HOLY GHOST, our souls inspire,
 And warm with uncreated fire:
 Thou the anointing SPIRIT art,
 Who dost thy sev'n-fold gifts impart.
- 2 Thy blessed Unction from above
 Is Comfort, Life, and Fire of Love:
 Enable, with perpetual Light,
 The dullness of our blinded sight.
- 3 Anoint and cheer us, all our days,
 With the abundance of thy Grace:
 Our foes convert; give Peace at home;
 Where Thou art Guide, no ill can come.
- 4 Teach us to know the FATHER, SON,
 And THEE; a TRINITY in ONE:
 That, through the ages, all along,
 This, this may be our endless song;
- 5 Praise GOD, from whom all blessings flow:
 Praise Him, all creatures here below:
 Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host;
 Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.
-

CCCXXXIV. *Gal. vi. 14.*

- 1 **W**HEN I survey the wond'rous Cross
 On which the Prince of Glory dy'd,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid, O LORD, that I should boast,
 Save in the Cross of CHRIST my God:
 I have, and wish to have, no trust,
 But in his Righteousness and Blood.

CCCXXXV.

1 **H**OW empty was our former boast,
 Our foolishness of pride,
 When in *Ourselves* we put our trust,
 And on our *Works* rely'd!
 2 Strong in the *Freedom* of our *Will*,
 And in our nature's pow'rs,
 We thought to climb the heav'nly hill,
 And seize the Crown as our's.
 3 Our *good desires*, our hearts *sincere*,
 Our *best endeavors*, stood
 T' atone for our transgressions here,
 In place of JESUS' Blood!
 4 Alas, for us! we knew not then
 His BLOOD and RIGHTEOUSNESS,
 Through which, *alone*, the sons of men
 Are sav'd by richest Grace.
 5 But now, most gracious GOD, thy Love
 Has taught us better things:
 Our ALL is *giv'n* us from above;
 From THEE salvation springs.
 6 Freely thy Grace delights to save,
 And ransoms without price;
 But only that which JESUS gave,
 Our bleeding Sacrifice!

- 7 We own the sole procuring Cause,
That precious Blood divine:
May we, since Jesus dy'd for us,
May we live ever thine!
-

CCCXXXVI. *Under Divine Awakenings.*

1 **T**HOU Fountain of bliss,
Thy smile I intreat;
O'erwhelm'd with distress,
I mourn at thy feet:
The joy of salvation,
When shall it be mine?
The high consolation
Of friendship divine?

2 Awaken'd to see
The depth of my fall,
For mercy on Thee
I earnestly call:
'Tis thine the lost sinner
To save and renew;
Faith's mighty Beginner,
And Finisher too.

3 The light of thy face
I wish for alone:
And, surely, thy Grace
Hath melted me down;
Else why do I languish
Thy favor to prove,
And wait, with such anguish,
A glimpse of thy Love?

4 My righteousness, once
 On which I rely'd,
 Through Grace I renounce,
 In Thee to confide:
 Thou only wast able
 My soul to set free,
 And shake down my *Babel*,
 And force me to THEE.

5 Thy SPIRIT, alone,
 Repentance implants,
 And gives me to groan
 At feeling my wants:
 'Midst all my dejection,
 I trust I can trace
 Some marks of Election,
 Some tokens of Grace.

6 To Thee I aspire,
 Whose presence is heav'n:
 O crown the desire
 Thy goodness has giv'n!
 Nor satan, nor nature,
 This longing could give;
 But Thou, my Creator,
 By whom I shall live.

7 Thou wilt not despise
 A sinner distressed;
 All-kind, and all-wise,
 Thy season is best:
 To thy sov'reign pleasure
 Resign'd would I be;
 And tarry thy leisure,
 And hope still in Thee.

8 That sinners might claim.
 An heavenly Crown,
 CHRIST went as a Lamb
 His life to lay down :
 The victim was offer'd,
 And pour'd out his Blood ;
 The Guiltless hath suffer'd,
 To bring us to GOD.

9 With sorrow deprest,
 I groan for release ;
 And gladly would taste
 How gracious He is :
 His Blood fully cleanses ;
 Ah, when shall I see
 He bore *my* offences,
 And suffer'd for *me* ?

10 By mercy divine,
 I'm thus far brought on :
 In weakness, like mine,
 Thy strength is made known !
 The grace Thou hast given
 (Sure token for Good)
 Will lead me to heaven,
 The city of GOD.

CCCXXXVII. *A Prayer, living and dying.*

1 **R**OCK of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee !
 Let the Water and the Blood,
 From thy riven Side which flow'd ;

Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from it's guilt and pow'r.

Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfill 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.

Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to thy Cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the Fountain fly:
Wash me, SAVIOR, or I die!

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, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!

CCCXXVIII. *A Chamber Hymn.*

WHAT tho' my frail eye-lids refuse
Continual watching to keep,
And, punctual as midnight renews,
Demand the refreshment of sleep;
A sov'reign Protector I have,
Unseen, yet for ever at hand:
Unchangeably faithful to save,
Almighty to rule and command.

- 2 From evil secure, and its dread,
 I rest, if my SAVIOR is nigh;
 And songs his kind Presence indeed
 Shall, in the night-season, supply:
 He smiles, and my comforts abound;
 His Grace as the dew shall descend;
 And walls of salvation surround
 The soul he delights to defend.
- 3 Kind Author and Ground of my hope,
 Thee, Thee, for my God I avow;
 My glad Ebenezer set up,
 And own, Thou hast help'd me till now:
 I muse on the years that are past,
 Wherein my defence Thou hast prov'd;
 Nor wilt Thou relinquish, at last,
 A sinner so signally lov'd.
- 4 Inspirer and Hearer of pray'r,
 Thou Feeder and Guardian of thine,
 My all to thy covenant-care
 I, sleeping and waking, resign:
 If Thou art my Shield and my Sun,
 The night is no darkness to me;
 And, fast as my moments roll on,
 They bring me but nearer to Thee.
- 5 Thy minist'ring Spirits descend,
 To watch while thy saints are asleep;
 By day and by night they attend,
 The heirs of salvation to keep:
 Bright Seraphs, dispatch'd from the throne,
 Repair to their stations assign'd;
 And Angels Elect are sent down,
 To guard the Elect of Mankind.

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

CCCXXXIX. *It is very meet, &c.*

1 **V**ERY meet and right it is,
 That we thy love should sing,
 Shout the blood and righteousness
 Of heav'n's incarnate King:
 For what He hath kindly done,
 And endur'd, to set us free;
FATHER, HOLY GHOST, and SON,
 Be equal praise to Thee.

2 Thou, O JESUS, art our Peace;
 It is not now to make:
 Freely our iniquitys
 Are pardon'd for thy sake:
 Therefore, with the heav'nly host,
 Who thy Glory always see,
FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
 We render praise to Thee.

3 Angel-pow'rs, that never fell,
 Who special Grace adore;
 Saints, receiv'd within the veil,
 And rais'd to fall no more;

Your exulting voices join
 To the notes we found below:
 'Till in heav'n we also shine,
 And sing as loud as You.

4 Pilgrims to that happy land,
 We gladly travel on,
 Where the Church-Triumphant stand
 For ever round the Throne:
 With that bright, unfinning host,
 We thy glorious face shall see,
 FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
 To all eternity.

CCCXL. *The Joy of Faith.*

I.

1 **H**OW happy are we,
 Our *Election* who see,
 And can venture our souls on thy gracious
 In JESUS approv'd; [Decree!
 From Eternity lov'd;
 And held in his hand, whence 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,
 We with singing and triumph to *Sion* remove.

3 As doves, we have prest
 To the Ark of thy Breast,
 That harbor of safety, that centre of rest:

Thou hast taken us in,
 Thou hast cancell'd our sin,
 And sown the sure seed of salvation within.

Our seeking thy face
 Was the fruit of thy Grace;
 Thy goodness deserves, and shall have, all the
 No sinner can be [praise:
 Beforehand with Thee;
 Thy grace is preventing, almighty, and free.

Effectually drawn,
 We came to thy SON;
 And thou'lt perfect the work, for the work
 Thy Breath, from above, [was thy own:
 The spark shall improve;
 No floods can extinguish our dawning of Love.

II.

OUR SAVIOR and Friend
 His Love shall extend;
 It knew no beginning, and never shall end:
 Whom once he receives,
 His SPIRIT ne'er leaves;
 Nor revokes, nor repents of, the grace that
 [he gives.

Through Mercy, we taste
 The invisible feast,
 The bread of the kingdom, the wine of the
 Who grants us to know [Blest:
 His drawings below,
 Will endless Salvation and Glory bestow.

8 This proof we can give,
That Thee we receive,
Thou art *precious* alone to the souls that *believe*:
Thou art precious to Us;
All beside is as dross,
When compar'd with thy Love, and the Blood
[of thy Cross.

III.

9 Yet, one thing we want:
More HOLINESS grant!
For more of thy Mind, and thy Likeness, we
Thine Image impress [part:
On thy favorite race;
Oh, fashion and polish thy vessels of grace.

10 Thy workmanship we
More plainly would be:
LORD, take us in hand, and conform us to
Thy Impression to bear, [Thee!
Thy Likeness to wear,
Be this our ambition, our study, and pray'r!

11 Thou hast made it our Will
To resemble Thee still:
Turn our hearts to thy SPIRIT, as clay to the
While onward we move [feal!
To thy *Canaan* above,
Make us holy and humble before Thee in
[Love.

12 All this shall be done;
'Tis already begun!
Thou, from conqu'ring to conquer, in us wilt
[go on:

In us, when we dye,
 Thy Grace from on high
 Will the finishing hand to thine Image apply.

13 We shall still be renew'd,
 Till thy SPIRIT and Blood
 Have ripen'd us quite for the vision of GOD:
 When that moment is come,
 Thou wilt send for us home,
 And thy perfected saints to thy glory assume.

14 On IMMANUEL's land
 We shortly shall stand,
 With crowns on our heads, and with harps in
 His harp, lo, each tunes! [our hand:
 Lo, we cast down our crowns!
 And with songs of salvation heav'n's Concave
 [resounds!

CCCXLI. CHRIST'S *Condescension.*

S AVIOR, and can it be,
 That Thou should'st dwell with me?
 From thy high and lofty throne,
 Throne of everlasting blifs,
 Will thy majesty stoop down
 To so mean an house as this?

I am not worthy, LORD,
 So foul, so self-abhorr'd,
 Thee my GOD to entertain
 In this poor, polluted heart:
 I am a frail, finfull man;
 All my nature crys, depart!

3 Yet come, thou heav'nly-guest,
 And purify my breast;
 Come, thou high and lofty King,
 While before thy cross I bow:
 With thyself, salvation bring;
 Cleanse my heart, by entering now!

4 I wish to feel thy sway,
 And only Thee obey:
 Thee my spirit longs to meet;
 This my one, my ceaseless pray'r,
 Make my faithless heart thy seat,
 O set up thy kingdom there!

5 Triumph and reign in me,
 And spread thy victory;
 Hell, and death, and sin controul,
 Pride, and self, and every foe:
 All subdue; throughout my soul
 Conqu'ring and to conquer go!

CCCXLII. *Pleading the Atonement.*

1 **F**ATHER, GOD, who seest in me
 Only sin and misery,
 Turn to thy Anointed One,
 Look on thy beloved SON;
 Him, and then the sinner, see:
 Look through JESUS' wounds on me.

2 Heav'nly 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 Since thy SON hath made me free,
Let me taste my liberty ;
Thee behold with open face,
Triumph in thy pard'ning grace :
Thy great will delight to prove,
Glory in thy heart-felt love.

4 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 !

5 Turn from me thy glorious eyes
To his bloody Sacrifice,
To the full Atonement made,
To the utmost Ransom paid ;
And, if mine through him Thou art,
Speak thy mercy to my heart.

6 JESUS, answer from above ;
Is not all thy nature love ?
Pity from thine eye let fall ;
Bless me, whilst on Thee I call ;
Thine I am, thou SON of GOD ;
Take the purchase of thy Blood.

7 FATHER, see the victim slain,
Offer'd up for guilty man ;

Hear his blood's prevailing cry:
 Let thy bowels then reply!
 Then, through him, the sinner see;
 Then, in JESUS, look on me!

CCCXLIII. CHRIST'S *Nativity.*

1 **G**LORY be to GOD on high,
 And peace on earth descend;
 GOD comes down, he bows the sky,
 And shews himself our friend:
 GOD, th' invivible, appears;
 GOD, the blest, the great I AM,
 Sojourns in this vale of tears,
 And JESUS is his name.

2 Him the angels all ador'd,
 Their Maker and their King;
 Tidings of their humbled LORD
 They now to mortals bring:
 Empty'd of his majesty,
 Of his dazzling glory's thorn,
 Being's source begins to be,
 And GOD himself is born.

3 See th' immortal SON of GOD
 A mortal SON of man!
 Dwelling in an earthly clod,
 Whom heav'n cannot contain!
 Stand amaz'd, ye heav'ns, at this!
 See the LORD of earth and skys;
 Humbled to the dust he is,
 And in a manger lies.

We the sons of men rejoice;
 The Prince of peace proclaim;
 With heav'n's host lift up our voice,
 And shout IMMANUEL'S name:
 Knees and hearts to him we bow;
 Of our flesh, and of our bone,
 JESUS is our brother now,
 And GOD is all our own!

CCCXLIV.

LET earth and heav'n combine,
 Angels and men agree
 To praise, in songs divine,
 Th' incarnate DEITY;
 Our GOD contracted to a span,
 Incomprehensibly made man.

He laid his glory by,
 And wrapt him in our clay;
 Unmark'd by human eye
 The latent Godhead lay:
 Infant of days he here became,
 And bore the lov'd IMMANUEL'S name.

See, in that infant's face,
 The depths of DEITY!
 And labor, while ye gaze,
 To sound the mystery:
 In vain! ye Angels, gaze no more;
 But fall, and silently adore.

Unsearchable the Love
 That hath the SAVIOR brought;

The grace is far above

Or Man's or Angels' thought :
Suffice for us, that God, we know,
Our God; was manifest below.

5 He deigns in Flesh t' appear,
Widest extremes to join;
To bring our vileness near,
And make us all divine:
And we the life of God shall know,
For God is manifest below.

CCCXLV.

1 **J** OIN, all ye joyfull nations,
And shining hosts of heaven!

This happy morn,
A Child is born,
To us a Son is given:

The messenger and token
Of his eternal favor,
God hath sent down
His equal SON
To be our Prince and Savior.

2 The wonderfull Messias;
The joy of every nation;
Jesus his name,
With God the same,
The Lord of all creation:
The Ransom of his chosen;
Almighty to deliver;

The Prince of peace,
Whose Love's increase
Shall reign in man for ever.

Go, see the King of Glory!
Discern the heav'nly Stranger!

So poor and mean,
His court's an inn,
His cradle is a manger:

Who from his FATHER'S bosom
But now for us descended,

And built the skys;
On earth he lies,
By only beasts attended:

Whom all the angels worship,
Lies hid in human nature;

Incarnate see
The DELTY,
The infinite Creator:

See the stupendous blessing,
Which God to us hath given!

A child of man,
In length a span,
Who fills both earth and heaven!

Gaze on that helpless object
Of endless adoration;

Those infant hands
Shall burst our bands,
And work out our salvation:

Strangle the crooked serpent,
Destroy his works for ever,

And open set
The heav'nly gate
To ev'ry true believer.

6 For this, thou holy JESUS,
We humbly bow before Thee;
Our treasures bring
To serve our King,
And joyfully adore Thee:

The praise to Thee we render
Of what thy grace hath given.
Till Thou appear
In glory here,
And take us up to heaven.

CCCXLVI.

I FATHER, our hearts we lift
Up to thy gracious throne,
And bless Thee for the precious gift
Of thy incarnate SON;

The Gift unspeakable
We thankfully receive;
O may we of thy goodness teil,
And to thy glory live!

JESUS, the Holy Child,
Does, by his birth, declare,
That GOD and man are reconcil'd,
And one with Him we are:

Salvation through his name
To his whole Church is giv'n;

And loud his infant crys proclaim
A peace 'twixt earth and heav'n.

A peace on earth he brings,
Which never more shall end;
The Lord of hosts, the King of kings,
Declares himself our Friend;

Affumes our flesh and blood,
That we his SPIRIT may gain;
The everlasting Son of God,
The mortal Son of man!

O might we now receive
The new-born Prince of peace,
And meekly in his SPIRIT live,
And in his Love increase!

Till He convey us home,
Cry all his saints aloud,
"Come, thou Desire of Nations, come,
"And fill our hearts with GOD!"

CCCXLVII. *Breathing after ASSURANCE.*

THOU great, mysterious GOD unknown,
Whose Love has gently led me on
Ev'n from my infant days;
My inmost soul expose to view,
And tell me, if I ever knew
Thy justifying Grace.

If I have only known thy fear,
And follow'd, with an heart sincere,
Thy drawings from above;

Now, now the farther Grace bestow,
And let my sprinkled conscience know
Thy sweet, forgiving Love.

3 Short of that Love I would not stop,
A stranger to the Gospel-Hope,
The sense of sin forgiv'n;
I would not, LORD, my soul deceive,
Without thine inward Witness live,
That antepast of Heav'n.

4 O let the Witness speak in me,
And bid him testify of Thee
In JESUS reconcil'd!
And make me now with faith draw nigh,
And boldly, ABBA, FATHER, cry,
I *know* myself thy child!

5 Ah! never may thy servant rest,
Till, of my part in CHRIST possess,
I on thy mercy feed!
Unworthy of the crumbs that fall;
Yet rais'd, by thy effectual call,
To eat the children's bread.

6 Give me to cast my rags aside,
My filthy rags of virtuous pride,
And for acceptance groan!
My works of righteousness disclaim,
With all I can, or have, or am,
And trust in Grace alone!

7 Whate'er obstructs thy pard'ning Love,
Or sin, or righteousness, remove,
Thy glory to display:

My heart of unbelief convince;
And now absolve me from my sins,
And take them all away.

FATHER, in me reveal thy SON,
And to mine inmost soul make known
How mercifull Thou art:
The secret of thy love reveal,
And by thine hallowing SPIRIT dwell
For ever in my heart.

CCCXLVIII. *Invitation to convinc'd Sinners.*

WEAR Y souls, who wander wide,
From the central point of bliss,
Turn to JESUS crucify'd,
Fly to those dear wounds of his;
Sink into the purple flood,
Rise into the life of God!

God his messengers hath sent,
Joyfull tidings to proclaim;
That his people might repent,
Know salvation in his name,
Feel their sins by grace forgiv'n,
Find in CHRIST the way to heaven.

O believe the record true,
God for you his SON hath giv'n;
Ye shall soon be happy too,
Live on earth the life of heav'n,
Live the life of heav'n above,
All the life of glorious love.

4 Find in CHRIST the way of peace,
 Peace unspeakable, unknown;
 By his pain he gives you ease,
 Life by his expiring groan:
 Rise, exalted by his fall;
 Find in CHRIST your All in All.

5 JESUS, roll away the stone!
 Good Physician, shew thine art;
 Make thy healing virtue known,
 Bind Thou up the broken heart:
 All thy people's fears subdue;
 Tell them, I have dy'd for you!

6 This the great, the glorious bliss,
 Bliss for waiting souls design'd;
 GOD's original promise this,
 To the chosen of mankind:
 Blest in CHRIST this moment be,
 Blest to all eternity!

CCCXLIX. *To the TRINITY.*

1 FATHER, in whom we live,
 In whom we are and move,
 The glory, pow'r, and praise receive
 Of thy Electing Love:
 Let all the angel throng
 Give thanks to GOD on high;
 Whilst earth repeats the joyfull song,
 And echoes to the sky.

2 INCARNATE DEITY,
 Let all the ransom'd race

Render in thanks their lives to Thee,
For thy redeeming grace:

The grace to sinners show'd,
Ye heav'nly choirs, proclaim;
And cry, Salvation to our God,
Salvation to the LAMB!

SPIRIT of holiness,
Let all the saints adore
Thy sacred energy, and bless
Thy heart-renewing pow'r:

Not angel-tongues can tell
Thy love's extatic height,
The glorious joy unspeakable,
The beatific sight.

Eternal, triune LORD,
Let all the hosts above
With us thy saving grace record,
And dwell upon thy love:

When heav'n and earth are fled
Before thy glorious face,
Sing all the saints thy love hath made,
Thine everlasting praise!

CCCL. *Easter-Day.*

LOVE's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo, our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo, he sets in blood no more!

Lives again our glorious King :
 Where, 'O death, is now thy sting?
 Dying, he our souls did save :
 Where's thy victory, O grave?

2 Ris'n with him, we upwards move,
 Seek by faith the things above ;
 Still pursue and kiss the SON,
 Seated on his FATHER'S throne :

May we die to things below,
 Scarce a thought on earth bestow !
 Join'd to him we soon shall shine,
 All immortal, all divine.

3 Hail, the LORD of earth and heav'n !
 Praise to Thee by both be giv'n :
 Thee we greet triumphant now ;
 Hail, the resurrection Thou !

King of glory, soul of bliss,
 Everlasting Life is this ;
 Thee to know, thy pow'r to prove,
 Thus to sing, and thus to love !

4 Come, Desire of nations, come !
 Fix in us thy humble home :
 Come, almighty to redeem,
 Rise with healing in thy beam !

Now display thy saving pow'r,
 Ruin'd nature now restore :
 Us into a temple raise,
 Built for thy eternal praise.

5 *Adam's* likeness, LORD, deface,
 Stamp thy Image in it's place ;

SECOND ADAM, from above,
Seal us with thy SPIRIT'S love :

Thee th' unholy cannot see ;
Make, O make us meet for Thee !
Now to us Thyself impart,
Form'd in each believing heart !

CCCLI. *Whit-Sunday.*

GRANTED is the Savior's prayer,
Sent the promis'd COMFORTER ;
Sinners, now your hearts prepare,
Meet him manifested there :

There behold the day-spring rise,
Pouring eye-sight on your eyes ;
God in his own light survey,
Shining to the perfect day.

God, the everlasting GOD,
Makes with mortals his abode ;
Whom the heav'ns cannot contain,
He vouchsafes to dwell with-men :

Never will he thence depart,
Inmate of an humble heart ;
Carrying on his work within,
Gradually subduing sin.

There he helps our feeble moans,
Deepens our imperfect groans ;
Intercedes in silence there,
Sighs th' unutterable pray'r :

Come, divine and peacefull guest,
Enter our devoted breast;
HOLY GHOST, our hearts inspire,
Kindle there the gospel fire.

- 4 Crown the agonizing strife,
Principle, and Lord of Life;
Life divine in us renew,
Thou the Gift and Giver too!
Now descend and shake the earth,
Wake us into second birth:
Now thy quick'ning influence give;
Breathe, and these dry bones shall live.
- 5 Brood Thou o'er our nature's night,
Darkness kindle into light;
Spread thy overshadowing wings,
Order from confusion springs:
Pain, and guilt, and sorrow cease;
Thee we feel, and all is peace;
Joy divine in Thee we prove,
Light of Truth, and fire of Love!
-

CCCLII. *Isaiab* lxiv. 1.

- 1 **O** THAT Thou wouldst the heavens rent,
In majesty come down;
Stretch out thy Arm omnipotent,
And seize me for thine own!
- 2 What tho' I cannot break my chain,
Or e'er throw off my load?
The things impossible to men,
Are possible to God.

3 Who, who shall in thy presence stand,
Or match Omnipotence?

Unfold the grasp of thy right hand,
And pluck the sinner thence?

4 Sworn to destroy, let earth assail:

Nearer to save Thou art;
Stronger than all the pow'rs of hell,
And greater than my heart.

5 Salvation in thy name is found,

Balm of my grief and care:
A med'cine for my ev'ry wound,
All, all I want is there.

6 Faith to be heal'd I fain wou'd have;

O might it now be giv'n!
Thou canst, Thou canst the sinner save,
And make me meet for Heav'n.

7 Bound down with twice ten thousand tyes,

Yet, let me hear thy call,
My soul, in confidence, shall rise,
Shall rise, and break through all.

8 Thou canst o'ercome this heart of mine,

Thou wilt victorious prove;
For everlasting strength is Thine,
And everlasting love.

CCCLIII. *Thanksgiving.*

1 **A**LL glory and praise

To the Antient of days,
Who was born and was slain to redeem a lost
[race;

Salvation to God,
 Who carry'd our load,
 And purchas'd our lives with the price of his
 [Blood.

2 Our Savior from sin
 The atonement brings in,
 And sprinkles our conscience, and bids us be
 Each moment apply'd, [clean:
 Our vileness to hide,
 His Blood be upon us, and ever abide!

3 Nothing else wou'd we know
 In our journey below,
 But, singing thy Grace, to thy Paradise go:
 -And, when we remove
 To thy palace above,
 Our Heaven shall still be to sing of thy Love.

4 How great is our bliss!
 But O, what is this
 To that fullness of joy which we soon shall
 When, at home with the Blest, [possess?
 In glory we rest,
 And for ever sit down at the heavenly feast!

5 O the infinite height
 Of our solemn delight,
 While we look on the Savior, and walk in his
 The blessing who knows, [sight!
 The joy He bestows,
 While we follow the LAMB wheresoever he
 [goes?

6 What good can we need,
Whom JESUS doth feed,
And to fountains of life beatific doth lead?

Lo, He sits on his throne ;
Lo, He dwells with his own ;
And enlarges our souls with his mercys un-
[known.

7 Not an angel above
To perfection can prove
Or count his unfearchable riches of love:

But we all shall obtain
What none can explain,
And in JESUS'S bosom eternally reign.

CCCLIV. *To CHRIST.*

1 **G**OD of my salvation, hear,
And give me to believe ;
Simply would I now draw near,
Thy blessing to receive :
Full of guilt, alas ! I am,
But to thy wounds for refuge flee :
Friend of finners, spotless LAMB,
Thy blood was shed for me.

2 Standing now as newly slain,
To Thee I lift mine eye :
Balm of all my grief and pain,
Thy Blood is always nigh :
Now, as yesterday, the same
Thou art, and wilt for ever be ;
Friend of finners, &c.

- 3 Let the world their virtue boast,
 And works of righteousness:
 I, a wretch undone and lost,
 Am freely fav'd by grace:
 Take me, SAVIOR, as I am,
 And let me lose my sins in Thee!
 Friend of sinners, &c.
- 4 Full of truth and grace Thou art,
 And here is all my hope;
 False and foul as hell my heart
 To Thee I offer up:
 Thou wast given to redeem
 My soul from all iniquity;
 Friend of sinners, &c.
- 5 Nothing have I, LORD, to pay,
 Nor can thy grace procure;
 Empty send me not away,
 For I, Thou know'st, am poor:
 Dust and ashes is my name,
 My all is sin and misery;
 Friend of sinners, &c.
- 6 No good work, or word, or thought,
 Bring I, to buy thy grace:
 Pardon I accept unbought,
 Thy promise I embrace;
 Only full of guilt and shame,
 Desiring to be cloath'd with Thee!
 Friend of sinners, &c.
- 7 See, my LORD, I come at last,
 By dying Love subdu'd;

Me, with all my sins, I cast
 On my atoning God!
 Other titles I disclaim;
 This, only this, is all my plea:
 I the chief of sinners am,
 But JESUS dy'd for me.

CCCLV. *Depending on CHRIST.*

JESUS, my Savior, Brother, Friend,
 On whom I cast my ev'ry care,
 On whom for all things I depend;
 Inspire, and then accept, my pray'r.

If I have tasted of thy grace,
 The grace that fure salvation brings;
 If with me now thy SPIRIT stays,
 And hovering hides me in his wings;

Still let him with my weakness stay,
 Nor for a moment's space depart:
 Evil and danger turn away,
 And keep, till he renews, my heart.

Pierce, fill me with an humble fear;
 My utter helplessness reveal:
 Satan and sin are always near,
 Thee may I always nearer feel!

JESUS, I fain would walk in Thee,
 From nature's ev'ry path retreat;
 Thou art my way, my leader be;
 And set upon the Rock my feet.

6 Uphold me, Savior, or I fall;
 O reach me out thy gracious hand:
 Only for help on Thee I call,
 Only by strength from Thee I stand.

CCCLVI. *Waiting on CHRIST.*

- 1 **I** WILL hearken what my LORD
 Will say concerning me;
 Hast Thou not a gracious word,
 For one that waits on Thee?
 To thy guidance I submit,
 All my soul to Thee I bow:
 See me sitting at thy feet!
 Speak, LORD, I hear Thee now.
- 2 JESUS, what hast Thou bestow'd
 On such a worm as me!
 What compassion hast Thou show'd,
 To draw me after Thee!
 Mindfull of thy mercys past,
 Still I trust the same to prove;
 Still my helpless soul I cast
 On thy redeeming love.
- 3 Hast Thou not reverst my doom?
 Thou hast, and I believe;
 Yet I still a sinner come,
 That Thou mayst still forgive:
 Wretched, miserable, blind,
 Poor, and naked, and unclean;
 Still, that I may mercy find,
 I bring Thee *nought* but sin.

Open, LORD, my inward ear,
 And make my heart rejoice;
 Bid my quiet spirit hear
 Thy comfortable voice:
 Silent am I now, and still,
 Dare not in thy presence move;
 To my waiting soul reveal
 The secrets of thy love.

CHRIST hath the foundation laid,
 And CHRIST will build me up;
 I shall certainly be made,
 Partaker of my hope:
 Author of my faith he is,
 He its finisher shall be;
 Sov'reign Grace hath seal'd me his
 To all eternity.

CCCLVII. CHRIST'S *Ability to save.*

O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
 My dear Redeemer's praise,
 The glories of my God and King,
 The triumphs of his grace!

JESUS! the name that charms our fears,
 And bids our sorrows cease;
 'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.

He breaks the pow'r of cancell'd sin,
 He sets the pris'ners free;
 His Blood can make the foulest clean,
 His Blood avail'd for *me*.

- 4 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosen'd tongues employ:
Ye blind, behold your Savior come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.
- 5 Harlots, and publicans, and thieves,
In holy triumph join!
Sav'd is the sinner, that believes,
From crimes as great as mine.
- 6 Trust in his name, and ye shall know,
Shall feel, your sins forgiv'n;
Anticipate your heav'n below,
And own, his Love is heav'n.
-

CCCLVIII. *The Offices of CHRIST.*

- 1 **J**OIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and pow'r,
That mortals ever knew,
That angels ever bore;
All are too mean to speak thy worth,
Too mean to set my SAVIOR forth.
- 2 But, oh, what gentle terms,
What condescending ways,
Doth our Redeemer use,
To teach his heav'nly grace!
Mine eyes with joy and wonder see
What forms of love he bears for me.
- 3 Array'd in mortal flesh,
He like an angel stands;
And holds the promises
And pardons in his hands:

Commission'd, from his FATHER'S throne,
To make his grace to mortals known.

Great Prophet from above,

My tongue would bless thy name:

By Thee the joyfull news

Of my salvation came;

The joyfull news of sin forgiv'n,

Of hell subdu'd, and peace with heav'n.

Be Thou my Counsellor,

My Pattern, and my Guide;

And, through this desert land,

Still keep me near thy side:

O let my feet ne'er run astray,

Nor rove, nor seek the crooked way!

I love my Shepherd's voice;

His watchfull eye shall keep

My wand'ring soul among

The thousands of his sheep:

He feeds his flock, he calls their names,

His bosom bears the tender lambs.

To this great Surety's hands,

My soul, commend thy cause;

He answers and fulfills

His FATHER'S broken laws:

Believing souls now free are set,

For CHRISr hath paid their dreadfull debt.

JESUS, my great High Priest,

Offer'd his blood, and dy'd;

My guilty conscience seeks

No sacrifice beside:

His pow'rfull Blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the Throne.

9 My Advocate appears,
In my defence, on high;
The FATHER bows his ears,
And lays his thunder by:
Not all that hell or sin can say,
Shall turn his heart, his love, away.

10 Then let my soul arise,
And tread the tempter down;
My Captain leads me forth
To conquest and a crown:
The feeblest saint shall win the day,
Tho' death and hell obstruct the way.

CCCLIX. *Adoption.* 1 John iii. 1, 2.

1 **B**EHOLD, what wond'rous grace:
The FATHER hath bestow'd
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them Sons of GOD!

2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we shall be made;
But, when we see our SAVIOR here,
We shall be like our Head.

3 A comfort so divine
May trials well endure,
And purify our souls from sin,
And make our Calling sure.

4 JESUS, we would not lie
 Like slaves before thy throne;
 Our faith shall ABBA, FATHER, cry,
 And GOD the kindred own.

5 If in thy FATHER'S love
 We bear a filial part,
 Send down thy SPIRIT, like a dove,
 To rest upon our heart.

6 There let his presence dwell,
 And deep engrave thy law;
 And ev'ry motion of our souls
 To swift obedience draw.

7 Thus Thou wilt make us new,
 And we shall give Thee praise;
 We the dear people of thy love,
 And Thou our GOD of grace.

CCCLX. CHRIST *our Pattern.*

1 **M**Y dear REDEEMER, and my LORD,
 I read my duty in thy word;
 But, in thy Life, the law appears
 Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
 Such def'rence to thy FATHER'S will,
 Such love, and meekness so divine;
 I would transcribe, and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
 Witness'd the fervor of thy pray'r:
 The desert thy temptations knew,
 Thy conflicts and thy victorys too.

- 4 Be Thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious Image here:
Be this my glory and my aim,
To shine a follower of the LAMB!
-

CCCLXI. *Heb. iv. 15.*

- 1 **W**ITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High-Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love:
Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.
- 2 But spotless, innocent, and pure,
The great REDEEMER stood;
While Satan's fiery darts he bore,
Resisting unto blood:
He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out strong cries and tears;
And, in his measure, feels afresh
What ev'ry member bears.
- 3 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
A bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name:
Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his pow'r;
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace,
In each distressing hour.

CCCLXII. *Looking out for CHRIST.*

1 I LOVE the windows of thy grace,
Through which my LORD is seen;
And long to view my Savior's face,
Without a glass between.

2 The happy hour will quickly come,
That changes faith to sight:
I shall behold my LORD; at home,
In a diviner light.

3 Haste, my Beloved, and remove
These interposing days:
Then shall my passions all be Love,
And all my pow'rs be Praise.

CCCLXIII. *Reconciliation through CHRIST.*

1 DEAREST of all the names above,
My JESUS, and my GOD,
Who can resist thy heav'nly love,
Or trifle with thy Blood?

2 'Tis by the merit of thy death,
The FATHER smiles again:
'Tis by thine interceding breath,
The SPIRIT dwells with men.

3 Till GOD in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find:
The holy, just, and sacred Three
Are terrors to my mind.

4 But, if IMMANUEL's face appear,
My hope, my joy, begins;

His name forbids my slavish fear,

His grace removes my sins.

5 While some on their own Works rely,
And some of Wisdom boast;

I love th' Incarnate Mystery,

And there I fix my trust.

CCCLXIV. *Thanksgiving.*

1 **N**OW to the LORD, that makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honors paid below,

And strains of nobler praise above.

2 'Twas He alone that cleans'd our sins,
And wash'd us in his richest Blood;

'Tis He that makes us priests and kings,

And brings us rebels back to GOD.

3 To JESUS, our atoning Priest,

To JESUS, our superior King,

Be everlasting praise address,

And ev'ry tongue his glory sing!

CCCLXV. *The Saint's Security.*

1 **I**MMOVEABLE thy promise stands,

My LORD, my Hope, my Trust:

If I am found in JESUS' hands,

My soul can ne'er be lost.

2 His honor is engag'd to save

The meanest of his sheep:

All that his heav'nly FATHER gave,

His hands securely keep.

- 3 Nor death nor hell shall e'er remove
 His fav'rites from his breast:
 In the dear bosom of his love
 They must for ever rest.
- 4 God hath laid up in heav'n, for me,
 A crown which cannot fade:
 The righteous Judge, at that great day,
 Shall place it on my head.
- 5 Nor hath the King of grace decreed
 This prize for me alone;
 But All who love, and long to see,
 Th' appearing of his SON.
- 6 JESUS the LORD shall guard me safe
 From ev'ry ill design;
 And to his heav'nly kingdom keep
 This helpless soul of mine.
- 7 Why do I then indulge my fears,
 Suspicions, and complaints?
 Is he a GOD, and shall his grace
 Grow weary of his saints?
- 8 Can a kind mother e'er forget:
 The fav'rite of her heart?
 And, 'midst a thousand tender thoughts,
 Her infant have no part?
- 9 Yet, saith the LORD, should nature change,
 And mothers monsters prove;
Sion still dwells upon the heart
 Of everlasting Love.

CCCLXVI. *Gospel-Times.*

HOW beauteous are their feet,
 Who stand on *Sion's* hill!
 Who bring salvation on their tongues,
 And words of peace reveal!
 How charming is their voice!
 How sweet the tidings are!
 " *Sion*, behold thy Savior King;
 " He reigns and triumphs here."
 How happy are our ears,
 That hear this joyfull sound;
 Which kings and prophets waited for,
 And sought, but never found!
 How blessed are our eyes,
 That see this heav'nly light!
 Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
 But dy'd without the sight.
 We never can repay
 The debt of love we owe:
LORD, may we give ourselves to Thee,
 And all thy goodness know!

CCCLXVII. *To the TRINITY.*

COME, thou Almighty King,
 Help us thy name to sing,
 Help us to praise;
FATHER all-glorious,
 O'er all victorious,
 Come and reign over us,
 Ancient of days!

2 JESUS, our LORD, arise;
 Scatter our enemys,
 And make them fall :
 Let thine almighty aid
 Our sure defence be made,
 Our souls on Thee be stay'd—
 LORD, hear our call!

3 Come, thou Incarnate WORD,
 Gird on thy mighty sword,
 Our pray'r attend :
 Come, and thy people bless,
 And give thy word success;
 Spirit of holiness,
 On us descend.

4 Come, holy COMFORTER,
 Thy sacred witness bear
 In this glad hour:
 Thou, who almighty art,
 Now rule in ev'ry heart;
 And ne'er from us depart,
 SPIRIT of pow'r!

5 To the great One in Three
 Eternal praises be,
 Hence, evermore:
 His Triune Majesty
 May we in glory see,
 And, to eternity,
 Love and adore!

CCCLXVIII. *Waiting on the LORD.*

- 1 **H**OW sweet and awfull is this place,
 With CHRIST within the doors!
 While everlasting love displays
 The choicest of her stores.
- 2 Here ev'ry bowel of our GOD
 With soft compassion rolls;
 And pardon, bought by JESUS' Blood,
 Is food for dying souls.
- 3 He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
 To raise us to his throne:
 There's not a gift his hand bestows,
 But cost his heart a groan.
- 4 To JESUS let us raise our song,
 Who spreads for us a feast;
 And each cry out, with thankfull tongue,
 LORD, why am I a guest?
- 5 Why am I made to hear thy voice,
 And enter while there's room;
 While thousands make a wretched choice,
 And rather starve than come?
- 6 'Twas the same Love that spread the feast,
 Which sweetly forc'd us in:
 Else, we had still refus'd to taste,
 And perish'd in our sin.
- 7 Pity the nations, O our GOD;
 Compel thy Bride to come:
 Send thy victorious word abroad,
 And bring the strangers home.

8 We long to see thy churches full,
 That all the chosen race
 May, with one heart, and voice, and soul,
 Sing thy redeeming grace:

CCCLXIX. CHRIST'S *Nativity.*

1 **W**HERE is the holy, heav'n-born Child,
 Heir of the everlasting throne,
 Who heav'n and earth has reconcil'd,
 And God and Man rejoin'd in One?
 2 Shall we of earthly *Kings* inquire?
 To courts or palaces repair?
 The nations' hope, the world's desire,
 Alas! we cannot find Him there.
 3 Shall *Learning* shew the sinner's Friend,
 Or Scribes a sight of CHRIST afford?
 Us to his natal place they send,
 But never go to seek their LORD.
 4 We search the outward church in vain;
 They cannot Him, we seek, declare:
 They have not found the SON of man,
 Nor known the sacred name they bear.
 5 Then let us turn no more aside,
 But bless the light Himself imparts:
 His SPIRIT is our gracious guide,
 His SPIRIT shining in our hearts.
 6 Drawn by his grace, we come from far,
 And fix on heav'n our wishfull eyes:
 That ray divine, that orient star,
 Directs us where the Infant lies.

- 7 See, there! the new-born Savior see!
 Let faith discern the great I AM:
 'Tis He! th' eternal GOD! 'tis He!
 And bears the mild IMMANUEL's name..
- 8 The Prince of peace on earth is found;
 The Child is born, the SON is giv'n:
 Tell it to all the nations round,
 JEHOVAH is come down from heav'n.
- 9 LORD, we receive thy grace and Thee;
 Thy gift unspeakable receive:
 And rise thine open face to see,
 And one with GOD for ever live.
-

CCCLXX. *Restoration.*

- 1 **W**HAT, tho' our inbred sins require
 Our flesh should see the dust?
 Yet, as the LORD our SAVIOR rose,
 So all his people must.
- 2 There's an inheritance divine,
 Reserv'd against that day:
 'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
 And fadeth not away.
- 3 Saints by the pow'r of GOD are kept,
 'Till this salvation come:
 We walk by faith, as strangers here,
 'Till CHRIST shall take us home.

CCCLXXI. *Persevering Grace.*

TO God, the only wise,
 Our Savior and our King,
 Let all the faints below the skys
 Their humble praises bring.
 'Tis his almighty Love,
 His counsel and his care,
 Preserves us safe from sin and death,
 And ev'ry hurtfull snare.
 He will present his faints
 Unblemish'd and complete,
 Before the glory of his face,
 With joys divinely great.
 Then all the chosen seed
 Shall meet around his throne,
 Shall blefs the conduct of his grace,
 And make his wonders known.
 To our redeeming God
 Wisdom and pow'r belongs;
 Immortal crowns of majesty,
 And everlasting songs.

CCCLXXII. *Original Sin.*

BACKWARD with humble shame we look
 On our original;
 How is our nature dash'd and broke,
 By our first parent's fall!

- 2 To all that's good averſe and blind,
But prone to all that's ill;
How deep the darkneſs of our mind!
How obſtinate our will!
- 3 Conceiv'd in ſin (O wretched ſtate!)
Before we drew our breath;
The firſt young pulse begins to beat
Iniquity and death.
- 4 What mortal pow'r, from things unclean,
Can pure productions bring?
Who can command a vital ſtream
From an infected ſpring?
- 5 Yet, mighty God, thy wond'rous love
Can make our nature clean;
While ſov'reign GRACE prevails above
The tempter, death, and ſin.
-

CCCLXXIII. *Praise to CHRIST.*

- 1 COME, let us join our cheerfull ſongs
With angels round the throne:
Ten thouſand thouſand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 Worthy the LAMB that dy'd, they cry,
To be exalted thus:
Worthy the LAMB, our lips reply,
For He was ſlain for us.
- 3 JESUS is worthy to receive
Honor and pow'r divine;
And bleſſings, more than we can give,
Be, LORD, for ever thine.

Let all that dwell above the sky,
 And air, and earth, and seas,
 Conspire to lift thy glorys high,
 And sound thy endless praise.

The whole creation join in one
 To bless the sacred name
 Of Him that sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the LAMB.

CCCLXXIV. *The humble Imitation.*

TO FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
 While songs above are giv'n ;

We'll vie with the celestial host,
 And earth shall rival heav'n.

Bright Angels, who in strength excell,
 To God their voices raise :

In tenements of clay we dwell,
 Yet humbly chaunt his praise.

To Him they "Hallelujah" cry,
 Loud as the thunder's noise :

Like many waters we reply,
 And echo back the voice.

Ten thousand times ten thousand sing
 Their triune MAKER'S Name :

We claim JEHOVAH for our King,
 And we extoll the LAMB.

They cast their crowns before his throne,
 And dare no longer gaze :

We, prostrate at his footstool, own
 The wonders of his Grace.

- 6 Let sinners thus with angels vie,
 'Till both in heav'n shall join
 T'adore the MAJESTY on high,
 The depth of LOVE Divine!
-

CCCLXXV. *The Church a Garden.*

- 1 **Z**ION's a garden wall'd around,
 Chosen, and made peculiar ground;
 A little spot, inclos'd, by Grace,
 Out of the world's wide wilderness.
- 2 Like spicy trees, believers stand;
 Planted by GOD the FATHER's hand:
 And all the springs in *Sion* flow,
 To make the young plantation grow.
- 3 Awake, O heav'nly Wind, and come!
 Blow on thy garden of perfume:
 SPIRIT divine, descend, and breathe
 A gracious gale on plants beneath!
- 4 Make our best spices flow abroad,
 To entertain our SAVIOR GOD:
 Let faith, and love, and joy appear,
 And ev'ry grace be active here!
-

CCCLXXVI. *Tit. iii. 5, 6, 7.*

- 1 **W**E ask no more the dreadful Law
 To justify us now;
 Since to convince and to condemn
 Is all the Law can do.

'Tis from the *Mercy* of our GOD

That all our hopes begin:

'Tis by the *Water* and the *Blood*,

Our souls are cleans'd from sin.

'Tis not by works of righteousness,

Which our own hands have done;

But we are sav'd by sov'reign *Grace*,

Abounding through his *SON*.

'Tis through th' atonement of his death,

Who hung upon the tree,

The *SPIRIT* is sent down to breathe

On such dry bones as we.

JESUS, how glorious is thy *Grace*!

When in thy name we trust,

Our faith receives *thy* Righteousness

Which makes the sinner just.

Rais'd from the dead, we live anew;

And, justify'd by *Grace*,

We shall appear in glory too,

And see our *FATHER*'s face.

CCCLXXVII. *Rom.* vii. 9.

LORD, how secure my conscience was,
And felt no inward dread!

I was alive without the *Law*,

And thought my sins were dead.

My hopes of heav'n were firm and bright;

But, since the precept came

With a conviacting pow'r and light,

I find how vile I am.

- 3 My guilt appear'd but small before,
Till terribly I saw
How perfect, holy, just, and pure,
Was thy eternal Law.
- 4 Then felt my soul the heavy load;
My sins reviv'd again:
I had provok'd a dreadful God,
And all my hopes were slain!
- 5 I'm like an helpless captive, sold
Under the pow'r of sin:
I cannot do the good I would,
Nor keep my conscience clean.
- 6 But there's a voice of sov'reign Grace
Sounds from the sacred Word;
Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the LORD.
- 7 I would obey th' almighty call,
Ev'n I, of sinners chief:
I would believe thy promise, LORD;
O help my unbelief!
- 8 To the blest fountain of thy Blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul,
From crimes of deepest dye.
- 9 A guilty, poor, and helpless worm,
Into thy arms I fall:
Be Thou my Strength and Righteousness,
My JESUS, and my All.

CCCLXXVIII. *Election.*

BEHOLD the potter and the clay,
 He forms his vessels as he please;
 Such is our God, and such are we,
 The subjects of his high decrees.

Doth not the workman's power extend
 O'er all the mass, which part to chuse,
 And mould it for a nobler end,
 And which to leave for viler use?

May not the sov'reign Lord, on high,
 Dispense his favors as he will?
 Chuse some to life, while others dye,
 And yet be just and gracious still?

What if, to make his terrors known,
 He lets his patience long endure,
 Suff'ring vile rebels to go on,
 And seal their own destruction sure?

What tho' he means to shew his grace,
 And his Electing Love employs
 To mark out some of mortal race,
 And form them fit for heav'nly joys?

Shall man reply against the LORD,
 And call his Maker's ways unjust,
 The thunder of whose dreadfull word
 Can crush a thousand worlds to dust?

Great GOD, I own thy sov'reign pow'r;
 Thine, LORD, the whole creation is:
 There's not a sparrow, or a worm,
 But what is found in thy decrees.

8 When Thou reveal'st the Book of Life,
O may I read my worthless name
Among the chosen of thy love,
Among the ransom'd of the LAMB!

CCCLXXIX. *Zech. xiii. 7.*

1 **H**OW dreadfull was the hour
When GOD our wand'rings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour,
Upon the Shepherd's head!

2 How glorious was the grace,
When CHRIST sustain'd the stroke!
His life and blood the Shepherd pays,
A ransom for the flock.

3 His honor and his breath
Were taken both away;
Join'd with the wicked in his death,
And deem'd as vile as they.

4 But GOD hath rais'd his head
O'er all the sons of men:
The glory of the chosen seed
Shall recompence his pain.

CCCLXXX. *The Witnessing SPIRIT.*

1 **W**HYY should the children of the King
Go mourning all their days?
Great COMFORTER, descend, and bring
The tokens of thy grace.

Dost Thou not dwell in all thy saints,
 And seal the heirs of heav'n?
 When wilt Thou banish my complaints,
 And shew my sins forgiv'n?

Affure my conscience of her part
 In the REDEEMER'S Blood;
 And bear thy witness to my heart,
 That I am born of God.

Thou art the earnest of his love,
 The pledge of joys to come:
 May thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
 Convey me safely home!

CCCLXXXI. *Heb. ix. 12.*

JESUS, with his own pow'rfull Blood,
 Went up above the skys;
 And, in the presence of our God,
 Shews his own sacrifice.

JESUS, the King of glory, reigns
 On *Sion's* heav'nly hill;
 Looks like a Lamb that has been slain,
 And wears his Priest-hood still.

He ever lives to intercede,
 Before his FATHER'S face:
 Give Him, my soul, thy cause to plead,
 Nor doubt the FATHER'S grace.

CCCLXXXII. *Admiration.*

- 1 **L**ORD, when my thoughts with wonder roll
 O'er the sharp furrows of thy soul,
 And see my MAKER'S broken Laws
 Repair'd and honor'd by thy Cross;
- 2 When I behold death, hell, and sin,
 Vanquish'd by that dear Blood of thine;
 And see the Man, that groan'd and dy'd,
 Sit glorious by his FATHER'S side;
- 4 My soul would rise and soar above,
 Be wing'd with faith, and fir'd with love!
 Fain would I reach eternal things,
 And learn the notes that *Gabriel* sings.
- 4 But my heart fails, my tongue complains,
 For want of those immortal strains;
 And, in such humble notes as these,
 Must fall below thy victory's.
- 5 The glorious time will soon appear,
 When I shall leave my prison here;
 This house of clay; and mount on high,
 To join in songs beyond the sky.
-

CCCLXXXIII. *Election unchangeable.*

- 1 **B**RETHREN, would you know your stay,
 What 'tis supports you still;
 Why, tho' tempted ev'ry day,
 Ye stand, and stand ye will?

Long before He gave us birth,
 Nay, before JEHOVAH laid
 The foundations of the earth,
 He chose us in our head.

God's Election is the ground
 Of all our comfort here;
 On this Rock our hopes we found,
 This keeps our title clear:
 Graceless infidels may laugh,
 Pharisees gainsay and rail;
 God's Elect shall still be safe,
 Nor can they ever fail.

No! we build upon a base
 That never can remove,
 When we trust electing Grace
 And everlasting Love;
 Vict'ry over all our foes
 CHRIST hath purchas'd with his Blood;
 Perseverance He bestows
 On ev'ry child of God.

CCCLXXXIV. *Salvation by Grace.*

NOW, to the pow'r of God supreme,
 Be everlasting honors giv'n:
 He saves from hell, (we bless his name!)
 He calls lost wand'ring souls to heav'n.
 Not for our dutys or deserts,
 But of his own abounding grace,
 He works salvation in our hearts,
 And forms a people for his praise.

- 3 'Twas his own purpose that begun
 To rescue rebels doom'd to die:
 He gave us grace in CHRIST his SON,
 Before he spread the starry sky.
- 4 JESUS the LORD appears at last,
 And makes his FATHER's counsels known;
 Declares the great transactions past,
 And brings immortal blessings down.
- 5 Amidst temptations sharp and long,
 My soul to this dear Refuge flies:
 Hope is my anchor firm and strong,
 When tempests roar, and billows rise.
- 6 The Gospel bears my spirit up;
 A faithfull and unchanging GOD
 Lays the foundation for my hope
 In oaths, and promises, and blood.
-

CCCLXXXV. *Heavenly Joy on Earth.*

- 1 COME, we that love the LORD,
 And let our joys be known;
 Join in his praise with sweet accord,
 And thus surround his throne.
- 2 The sorrows of the mind
 Be banish'd from this place;
 Religion never was design'd
 To make our pleasures less.
- 3 Let those refuse to sing,
 That never knew our GOD;
 But fav'rites of the heavenly King
 Should speak their joys abroad.

With all the saints above,
 And angels round the throne,
 We shall, in heav'n, adore and love
 The sacred Three in One.

There we shall see his face,
 And never, never sin;
 There, from the rivers of his grace,
 Drink endless pleasures in.

Yes, and before we rise
 To that immortal state,
 The thoughts of such amazing bliss
 Should constant joy create.

The men of grace have found
 Glory begun below;
 Celestial fruits, on earthly ground,
 From faith and hope may grow.

The hill of *Sion* yields
 A thousand sacred sweets,
 Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
 Or walk the golden streets.

Then let our songs abound,
 And ev'ry tear be dry:
 We're marching, through IMMANUEL'S ground,
 To fairer worlds on high.

CCCLXXXVI, *Spiritual Dullness.*

1 COME, HOLY SPIRIT, heav'nly Dove,
 With all thy quick'ning powers!
 Kindle a flame of sacred love
 In these cold hearts of ours.

- 2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls, how heavily they go
To reach eternal joys!
 - 3 Dear LORD, and shall we ever live
At this poor, dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And thine to us so great?
 - 4 Come, HOLY SPIRIT, heav'nly DOVE,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs!
Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours.
-

CCCLXXXVII. CHRIST'S *Sufferings and Glory.*

- 1 **D**ESCEND from heav'n, immortal DOVE!
Stoop down, and take us on thy wings;
And bear our spirits far above
The reach of earth's inferior things.
- 2 O for a sight, a pleasing sight
Of our almighty FATHER's throne!
There sits our SAVIOR, crown'd with light,
Cloath'd with a body like our own.
- 3 Adoring saints around him stand,
And angel pow'rs before him fall:
The GOD shines gracious through the Man,
And sheds sweet glorys on them all.
- 4 O may we reach that blessed place
Where He his beautys does unfold!
Where we shall see Him face to face,
And sing his name to harps of gold!

CCCLXXXVIII. *God's Faithfulness.*

BEGIN, my soul, some heav'nly theme,
 And speak some boundless thing;
 The mighty works, or mightier name,
 Of our eternal King.

Tell of his wond'rous faithfulness,
 And sound his pow'r abroad;
 Sing the sweet promise of his Grace,
 And the performing God.

Proclaim salvation from the LORD,
 For wretched, dying men:
 His hand hath writ the sacred word
 With an immortal pen.

Engrav'd as in eternal brass
 The mighty promise shines;
 Nor can the pow'rs of darkness raise
 Those everlasting lines.

His ev'ry word of grace is strong
 As that which built the skys:
 The voice that rolls the stars along,
 Spake all the promises.

LORD, might I hear thy heav'nly tongue
 But whisper, Thou art mine!
 Those gracious words should raise my song
 To notes almost divine.

How would my leaping heart rejoice,
 And think my heav'n secure!
 Give me to hear thy peacefull voice,
 And faith desires no more.

CCCLXXXIX. *Ingratitude.*

- 1 **I**S this the kind return?
Are these the thanks we owe?
Thus to forget the source of Love,
Whence all our blessings flow!
- 2 To what a stubborn frame
Has sin reduc'd our mind!
What strange, ungratefull wretches we;
And God as strangely kind!
- 3 On us he bids the sun
Shed his reviving rays:
For us the skys their circles run,
To lengthen out our days.
- 4 For us all nature stands,
And stars their courses move:
For our defence, the Angel Bands
Come flying from above.
- 5 We, for whom CHRIST came down,
And labor'd for our good;
How lightly we esteem the crown
He purchas'd with his Blood!
- 6 LORD, do we yet lie still,
And never act our parts?
Come, holy DOVE, from th' heav'nly hill,
And sit, and warm our hearts.
- 7 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh:
Break, sov'reign Grace, these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.

8 Let past ingratitude
 Provoke our weeping eyes ;
 And, hourly as new mercys fall,
 Let hourly thanks arise.

CCCXC. *Time and Eternity.*

1 **T**HEE we adore, eternal Name,
 And humbly own to Thee
 How feeble is our mortal frame,
 What-dying worms we be.

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
 As days and months increase ;
 And ev'ry beating pulse we tell
 Leaves but the number less.

3 The year rolls round, and steals away
 The breath that first it gave :
 Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
 We're trav'ling to the grave.

4 Dangers stand thick, thro' all the ground,
 To push us to the tomb ;
 And fierce diseases wait around,
 To hurry mortals home.

5 Infinite joy, or endless woe,
 Attends on ev'ry breath ;
 And yet, how unconcern'd we go
 Upon the brink of death !

6 Waken, O LORD, our drowfy sense,
 To walk this dangerous road ;
 And, when our souls are taken hence,
 May they be found with God !

- 7 JESUS, I throw my arms around,
 And hang upon thy breast:
 Without a gracious smile from Thee,
 My spirit cannot rest.
- 8 Assure me, that my worthless name
 Is graven on thy hands:
 Shew me some promise, in thy book,
 Where *my* salvation stands.
- 9 Restrain me, that I never more
 May from thy ways depart:
 Here let me give my wand'rings o'er,
 By giving Thee my heart!
- 10 May thy blest counsels, mighty God,
 My roving feet command;
 Nor I, a moment, quit the road
 That leads to thy right hand!
-

CCCXCI. *The Divine Perfections.*

- 1 **T**HE LORD JEHOVAH reigns,
 His throne is built on high;
 The garments he assumes
 Are light and majesty:
 His glory's shine with beams so bright,
 No mortal eye can bear the sight.
- 2 The thunders of his hand
 Keep the wide world in awe;
 His wrath and justice stand,
 To guard his holy law:
 And where He once resolves to bless,
 His truth confirms and seals the grace.

3 Through all his ancient works
 Unbounded wisdom shines ;
 He breaks the pow'rs of hell,
 And blasts their vain designs :
 Strong is his arm, and shall fulfill
 His great Decrees and sov'reign Will.

4 And can this mighty King
 Of Glory condescend ?
 And will he write his name
My Father and my Friend ?
 I love his name ; I bless his word :
 Join, all my pow'rs, to praise the LORD !

CCCXCII. *To the TRINITY.*

1 **L**ET GOD the FATHER live
 For ever on our tongues ;
 Sinners from his free love derive
 The ground of all their songs :
 We all unite in one,
 To praise our God on high,
 Who from his bosom sent his SON,
 To bring us strangers nigh.
 Nor let our voices cease
 To bless the Savior's name ;
 JESUS, th' Embassador of peace,
 How cheerfully he came !
 It cost Him crys and tears,
 To bring us back to God :
 Great was our debt, and He appears
 To make the payment good.

Praise to the SPIRIT give,
From whose almighty pow'r
Our souls their heav'nly birth derive,
And bless the happy hour:
Honor to him we pay
Of an immortal strain,
Whose light, and pow'r, and grace, convey
Salvation down to men.
To the Great One in Three,
Who seal this grace in Heav'n;
The FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT, be
Eternal glory giv'n:
Ye angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the FATHER, love the SON,
And bless the SPIRIT too.

CCCXCIII. *The same.*

1 **W**E give immortal praise
To God the FATHER's love,
For all our comforts here,
And better hopes above:
He sent his own eternal SON,
To die for sins that man had done.

2 To God the SON belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us, with his Blood,
From everlasting woe:
And now he lives, and now he reigns,
And sees the fruits of all his pains.

- 3 To GOD the SPIRIT's name
 Immortal worship give,
 Whose new-creating pow'r
 Makes the dead sinner live;
 His work completes the great design,
 And fills the soul with joy divine.
- 4 Almighty GOD, to thee
 Be endless honors done;
 The undivided Three,
 And the mysterious One:
 Where reason fails with all her pow'rs,
 There faith prevails, and love adores.
-

CCCXCIV. CHRIST *our* Melchisedec.

- 1 **T**HOU dear REDEEMER, dying LAMB,
 We love to hear of Thee;
 No music, like thy charming name,
 E'er half so sweet can be:
 O may we always hear thy voice
 - In mercy to us speak!
 And in thy love will we rejoice,
 Thou great Melchisedec.
- 2 Our JESUS shall be still our theme,
 While in this world we stay;
 We'll sing our Savior's lovely name,
 When all things else decay:
 When Him we see on yonder cloud,
 With all his chosen throng,
 Then shall we sing more sweet, more loud;
 And CHRIST shall be our song.

CCCXCV. *Thanksgiving.*

- 1 **T**O praise Redeeming Love,
 Dear Christians, lend a voice :
 Come, thou diviner DOVE,
 And help us to rejoice !
 Our hearts, too low, LORD, thou can't raise ;
 Blest SPIRIT, blow, and we shall praise.
- 2 Here, LORD, may we admire
 The riches of thy grace ;
 Till Thou shalt call us high'r,
 There to behold thy face :
 O height of Grace ! O depth of Love !
 LORD, fit us for our place above.
- 3 Who can thy love express ?
 Thy mercy ne'er decays :
 What can our souls do less,
 Than love Thee, all our days ?
 Bless God, each soul, ev'n unto death ;
 And write a song for ev'ry breath.
-

CCCXCVI. *The Benefits of CHRIST'S Redemption.*

- 1 **H**OW heavy is the night
 That hangs upon our eyes,
 Till CHRIST, with his reviving light,
 Upon our souls arise !
- 2 Our guilty spirits dread
 To meet the wrath of heav'n :
 But, in *his* Righteousness array'd,
 We see our sins forgiv'n.

3 No fiery vengeance now,
 No burning wrath comes down:
 When justice claims the sinner's blood,
 The SAVIOR shews his own.

4 Unholy and impure
 Are all our thoughts and ways:
 His hands infected nature cure,
 With sanctifying grace.

5 The pow'rs of hell agree
 To hold our souls in vain;
 He sets the sons of bondage free,
 And breaks the cursed chain.

6 LORD, we adore thy ways
 That bring us near to GOD;
 Thy sovereign pow'r, thy healing grace,
 And thy atoning blood.

CCCXCVII. CHRIST *our Strength.*

1 **L**ET me but hear my Savior say,
 "Strength shall be equal to thy day;"
 Then I rejoice in deep distress,
 Leaning on all-sufficient Grace.

2 I glory in infirmity,
 That CHRIST'S own pow'r may rest on me:
 When I am weak, then am I strong;
 Grace is my shield, and CHRIST my song.

3 I can do all things, and can bear
 All suff'rings, if my LORD be here:
 Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
 While his left hand my head sustains.

- 4 Kindly he brings me to the place
Where stands the banquet of his grace:
And, when I faint, He o'er my head
The banner of his love will spread.
- 5 How shine those hands, which, on the tree,
Were nail'd, and torn, and bled, for me!
And glory, like a crown, adorns
Those temples once beset with thorns.
- 6 Tho' once he bow'd his feeble knees,
Loaded with sins and agonys;
Now at his feet the seraphs stand;
And wait to know his high command.
- 7 JESUS, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept thy well-deserv'd renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.
- 8 May each blest minute, as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys;
'Till we are rais'd to sing thy name
At the great supper of the LAMB.
-

CCCXCVIII. *Holy Reasoning.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, Friend of sinners, hear
A feeble creature pray:
From my debt of sin set clear,
For I have nought to pay!
Speak, O speak my kind release;
A poor, backsliding soul restore:
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me weep no more.

Though my sins as mountains rise,
 And swell, and reach to heav'n;
 Mercy is above the skys,
 And I shall stand forgiv'n:
 Mighty is my guilt's increase,
 But greater is thy mercy's store!
 Love me freely, &c.

From th' oppressive sense of sin
 My struggling spirit free:
 Blood and Righteousness divine
 Can rescue even *me!*
 HOLY SPIRIT, shed thy grace,
 And let me feel the soft'ning show'r:
 Love me freely, seal my peace,
 And bid me weep no more.

CCCXCIX. *Pleading the Promise.*

BY me, O my Savior, stand,
 In ev'ry trying hour;
 Guard me with thy out-stretch'd hand,
 And hold me by thy pow'r;
 Mindfull of thy faithfull word,
 Thine all-sufficient grace bestow:
 Keep me, keep me, dearest LORD,
 And never let me go.

Give me, LORD, an holy fear,
 And fix it in my heart,
 That I may from evil near
 With speedy care depart:

Still thy timely help afford,
 And all thy loving-kindness show;
 Keep me, keep me, &c.

3 Let me never leave thy breast,
 From thee, my SAVIOR, stray :
 Thou art my support and rest,
 My true and living way ;
 My exceding great reward,
 In heav'n above, and earth below !
 Keep me, keep me, &c.

4 Never let me go, 'till I,
 Up-borne on wings of love,
 Gain the regions of the sky,
 And take my seat above :
 Thou hast past thy gracious word,
 That Thou wilt bring me safely through ;
 Thou wilt, therefore, keep me, LORD,
 Nor ever let me go.

CCCC. *Spiritual Crucifixion.* Gal. vi. 14.

1 **O** TELL me no more
 Of this world's vain store ;
 The time for such trifles with me now is o'er !
 A country I've found,
 Where true joys abound :
 To dwell I'm determin'd on this happy ground.

2 And, when I'm to dye,
 "Receive me," I'll cry ;
 For JESUS hath lov'd me, I cannot tell why :

But this I can find,
 We two are so join'd,
 He'll not be in Glory, and leave me behind.

-CCCCI.

- 1 I HAVE tasted *Canaan's* grapes,
 And soon shall dye to go
 Where my LORD the vineyard keeps,
 And where the clusters grow:
 There, on new and living wine,
 I shall with saints and angels feast;
 Banquet on the joys divine,
 And be my SAVIOR's guest.
- 2 Now I stand, through sov'reign Grace,
 In Linen white and clean;
 Wear IMMANUEL's Righteousness,
 Which covers all my sin:
 Yet, tho' fully Justify'd,
 I long to join his court above,
 Where the sight of Him that dy'd
 Shall perfect me in Love.
-

CCCCII. *Escape for thy Life.*

- 1 FLY, ye awaken'd sinners, fly!
 Your case admits no stay:
 The Fountain's open'd now for sin;
 Come, wash your guilt away.
- 2 See, from IMMANUEL's wounded side,
 The Blood and Water flow:
 Soon as ye touch that purple tide,
 Your souls are white as snow.

3 Through faith alone in JESUS' Blood,
Lost sinners find Release:
No gift or sacrifice for sin
Will God accept, but HIS.

CCCCIII. *Faith's Plea.*

1 **H**EAR us, LORD, our sins confessing:
O relieve,
And forgive;
Give us now thy blessing!

2 Nothing but thy smile can bless us;
Ty'd and bound,
'Till the sound
Of thy voice release us.

3 Send the COMFORTER to raise us:
Let us see
God in Thee
Mercifull and gracious.

4 By the Earnest of thy SPIRIT,
Make us know
Heav'n below,
Heav'n above inherit.

5 Through thy constant Intercession,
Joy impart;
Cleanse our heart,
By thy inspiration.

6 Thou hast bought, and Thou wilt have us:
Who shall harm,
When thy Arm
Is stretch'd out to save us?

- 7 Strong we are, if Thou art nigh us :
 Is not aid
 For us laid
 On our great MESSIAS ?
- 8 Is there any divination
 Against those
 Thou hast chose
 Heirs of thy salvation ?
- 9 Meet Thou wilt for Glory make us :
 Grace divine,
 Truth, like thine,
 Never will forsake us.
- 10 Neither life, nor death, shall sever :
 If Thou art
 In our heart,
 Thou art there for ever.
-

CCCCIV. God's *Eternity*.

- 1 **T**HOU didst, great Triune God, exist,
 -E'er time began it's race :
 Before the orbs of suns and worlds
 Fill'd up the void of space.
- 2 Before the pond'rous earthly globe
 In fluid air was stay'd :
 Before the ocean's mighty springs
 Their liquid stores display'd.
- 3 E'er through the empyræan courts
 One hallelujah rung,
 Or to their harps the Sons of Light
 Extatic anthems sung.

- 4 Ere men ador'd, or angels knew,
Or prais'd thy wond'rous name;
Thy Blifs (O facred Spring of life!)
And Glory were the fame.
- 5 And when the pillars of the world
With sudden ruin break,
And all this vast and goodly frame
Sinks in the mighty wreck;
- 6 For ever permanent and fix'd,
From agitation free,
Unchang'd to everlasting years
Shall thy existence be.
- 7 I trust thy grace, nor would I quit
My title to thy love,
For all the valu'd things below,
Or brighter things above.
- 8 Leave me of wealth, of honor, friends,
And all things else, bereft;
But of thy Favor, gracious God,
May I be never left!
- 9 With this alone I'd be content;
But, LORD, of this deny'd,
I should despise the noblest gift
Thou couldst bestow beside.
- 10 Not at the sinners' prosp'rous state
Do I at all repine:
No! let them parcel out the earth,
So GOD in CHRIST is mine!

CCCCV. *Heb. ii. 16.*

1 **N**OW let the Saints declare
 The praises of their King:
 Bound by ten thousand tyes they are,
 His wond'rous Love to sing.

2 Not Angels round the throne
 Of majesty above,
 Are half so much oblig'd, as We,
 To our IMMANUEL'S love.

3 They never sunk so low;
 They are not rais'd so high:
 They never knew such depths of woe,
 Such heights of majesty!

4 Less favor'd were the Pow'rs,
 Who in his Image stood:
 Their crowns are cheaper far than our's,
 Nor cost the LAMB his Blood.

5 The SAVIOR did not join
 Their nature to his own:
 For them He felt no pangs divine,
 Nor breath'd a single groan.

6 May we with Angels vie,
 The SAVIOR to adore:
 Our debts are greater far than theirs;
 O be our payments more!

CCCCVI. *Public Worship.*

1 **L**ORD, we come before Thee now;
 At thy feet we humbly bow:
 Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
 Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

- 2 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek Thee, here we stay :
LORD, we know not how to 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 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Bid the time of joy return :
Those that are cast down, lift up ;
Make them strong in grace and hope.
- 5 Speak to finners, and to saints ;
Suit thy mercys to our wants :
By thy Resurrection's pow'r,
Bid our souls to Glory soar.
- 6 Grant that those, who seek, may find
Thee a faithfull GOD and kind :
Heal the sick, the captives free,
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

CCCCVII. *Mystery of the Cross.*

- 1 **W**HEN I, by faith, my MAKER see
In weakness and distress ;
Brought down to that sad state for me,
Which Angels can't express ;
- 2 When that great GOD (to whom I go
For help), amaz'd, I view
By sin and sorrow sunk as low
As I, and lower too ;

- 3 Then, ravish'd with the rich belief
Of Love immense as this,
I'm lost in wonder, melt with grief,
And faint beneath the blifs.
- 4 Our ev'ry Sin we *his* may call,
For He sustain'd it's weight:
How vast the heavy load of all,
When only mine's so great!
- 5 What tongue the horrors can declare
Of that vindictive hour?
Wrath He alone had Will to bear,
As He alone had Pow'r.
- 6 See, streaming from th' accursed tree,
His sin-atonng Blood!
'Tis HE! the INFINITE! 'tis HE!
My SAVIOR and my GOD!
- 7 For *me*, these pangs his foul affail;
For *me*, the Death is borne!
My sins gave sharpness to the nail,
And pointed ev'ry thorn.
- 8 Prostrate I fall, aham'd of doubt,
And worship Love divine:
Thus may I always be devout!
Be this Religion mine!
- 9 LORD, help a worthless worm, so weak
He can do nothing good:
May all I act, and think, and speak,
Be sprinkled with thy Blood.

CCCCVIII. *John i. 17.*

- 1 **L**EGAL Obedience were complete,
 Could we the Law fulfill:
 But no man ever did so yet,
 And no man ever will.
- 2 The Law was never meant to give
 New strength to *Adam's* race:
 We cannot work, before we live;
 And Life proceeds from GRACE.
- 3 But Grace and Truth by CHRIST are giv'n;
 To Him must *Moses* bow:
 Grace fits the new-born soul for heav'n,
 And Truth informs us how.
- 4 By CHRIST we enter into rest,
 And triumph o'er the Fall:
 The soul, that would be truly blest,
 Must trust to CHRIST for all.
-

CCCCIX. *Mercy for Misery.*

- 1 **M**ERCY is welcome news indeed,
 To those that guilty stand:
 Wretches, who *feel* the help they need,
 Will bless the helping hand.
- 2 Who rightly would his alms dispose,
 Must give them to the *poor*:
 None, but the *wounded* Patient, knows
 The comforts of his cure.
- 3 We all have sinn'd against our GOD;
 Exception none can boast:
 But he, that feels the heaviest load,
 Will prize Forgiveness most.

4 No reck'ning can we rightly keep;
 For who the sums can know?
 Some souls are fifty talents deep,
 And some five hundred owe.

5 But, let our debts be what they may,
 However great, or small;
 As soon as we have *Nought* to pay,
 Our LORD forgives us all.

6 'Tis perfect poverty, alone,
 That sets the soul at large:
 While we can call one mite our own,
 We have no full discharge.

CCCCX.

1 GREAT High-Priest, we see thee stooping,
 With our names upon thy breast;
 In the garden groaning, drooping,
 To the ground with horrors prest:
 Weeping Angels stood confounded,
 To behold their MAKER thus;
 And can We remain unwounded,
 When we know 'twas all for Us?

2 Nothing but thy Blood, O JESUS,
 Can relieve us from our smart;
 Nothing else from guilt release us;
 Nothing else can melt the heart:
 Law and terrors do but harden,
 All the while they work alone;
 But the sense of blood-bought Pardon
 Soon dissolves an heart of stone.

- 3 JESUS, all our consolations.
 Flow from Thee the Sov'reign Good;
 Love, and faith, and hope, and patience,
 All are purchas'd by thy Blood:
 From thy fullness we receive them;
 We have nothing of our own:
 Freely Thou delight'st to give them
 To the needy, who have none.
- 4 Softly to the garden lead us,
 To behold thy bloody sweat:
 Though Thou from the Curse hast freed us,
 Let us not the Cost forget!
 Be thy Groans and Crys rehearsed,
 By the SPIRIT, in our ears;
 'Till we, viewing Him we pierced,
 Melt in wonder, love, and tears.
-

CCCCXI. *The Wish.*

- 1 IF dust and ashes might presume,
 Great God, to talk with Thee;
 If in thy presence can be room
 For crawling worms, like me;
- 2 I humbly would my *Wish* present,
 For *Wishes* I have none:
 All my desires are now content
 To be compriz'd in one.
- 3 The single boon I would intreat,
 Is, to be led, by Thee,
 To gaze upon thy bloody sweat
 In sad *Getsemane*:

4 To view (as I could bear at least)
 Thy tender, breaking heart,
 Like a rich olive, bruis'd and prest
 With agonizing smart :

5 To see Thee bow'd beneath my guilt,
 (Intolerable load !)
 To see thy Blood for sinners spilt,
 My groaning, gasping God !

6 There, musing on thy mighty Love,
 I always would remain :
 Or but to *Calvary* remove,
 Which finish'd all thy pain.

7 In each dear place, the same rich scene
 Should ever be renew'd :
 No object else should intervene,
 But all be Love and Blood.

8 For this one favor oft I've fought :
 And, if this one be giv'n,
 I ask on earth no happier lot ;
 No happier lot in heav'n.

CCCCXII. CHRIST'S *Resurrection*.

1 UPRISING from the darksome tomb,
 See the victorious JESUS come !
 Th' almighty Captive quits his pris'n ;
 And angels sing, " The LORD is ris'n."
 Angels, angels, &c.

- 2 Relenting souls, that groan and grieve,
Hear the glad tidings, and believe!
God's utmost Law is satisfy'd;
And Justice now is on your side.
Justice, Justice, &c.
- 3 In Guilt's dark dungeon when we lay,
MERCY cry'd, "Spare;" and JUSTICE, "Slay!"
But JESUS answer'd, "Set them free;
"And pardon *them*, and punish *me*."
Pardon, pardon, &c.
- 4 Your SURETY, now releas'd by God,
Pleads the rich Ransom of his Blood:
No new demand, no bar, remains;
But Mercy, all-triumphant, reigns.
Mercy, Mercy, &c.
- 5 Believers, hail your rising Head,
The first-begotten from the dead:
Your Resurrection's sure, through *his*,
To endless life and boundless bliss.
Endless, endless, &c.
- 6 Salvation is of GOD alone;
Eternal life is in his SON:
And He, who gave his SON to bleed,
Will freely give us all we need.
Freely, freely, &c.
-

CCCCXIII. *A funeral Song.*

- 1 SONS of God by blest Adoption,
View your Dead with cheerfull eyes!
What is sown thus in corruption,
Shall in Incorruption rise:

What is sown in this weak manner,
 Shall be rais'd in matchless Might;
 What is sown in Death's dishonor,
 Shall spring up in Glory bright.

Earthly cavern, to thy keeping
 We commit our [brother's] dust:
 Keep it safely, softly sleeping;

'Till our LORD demand thy Trust:
 Sweetly rest, dear Saint, in JESUS!

Thou, with us, shalt wake from Death:
 Hold it cannot, tho' it seize us;

We it's pow'r defy, by Faith.

Many a faint is lodg'd before us

In the garner of the grave;
 But their Souls, divinely glorious,

Walk with Him who dy'd to save:
 Ransom'd by his rich compassion,

Us he will to Them unite;
 Raise us to their blisfull station;
 Rank us with his saints in Light.

JESUS, thy rich consolations

To thy mourning people send:
 May we all, with faith and patience,

Wait for our appointed end!
 When we quit our earthly places,

To thy Heav'n our spirits lead;
 Wipe the sorrow from our faces,

Set the crown upon our head!

"I am *Alpha*," saith the SAVIOR;

"I *Omega* likewise am:

"Dead, but now alive for ever;

"**GOD** almighty, and the **LAMB!**"

In the LORD is our Perfection,
 And in Him our boast we'll make:
 We shall share his Resurrection,
 Who his dying Love partake.

- 6 For thy free Electing favor,
 Thee, O FATHER, we adore:
 JESUS, our redeeming Savior,
 Thee we worship evermore:
 HOLY GHOST, from Both proceeding,
 Let thy praise the Church employ;
 Earnest of our future Heaven,
 Source of Holiness and Joy.
-

CCCCXIV. *True Enjoyment.*

- 1 **W**HEN faith presents the Savior's death,
 And whispers, "This is thine;"
 Sweetly my rising hours advance,
 And peacefully decline.
- 2 While such my views, the radiant sun
 Sheds a more lively ray:
 Each object smiles; all nature charms;
 I sing my cares away.
- 3 I cannot doubt his bounteous Love,
 Unmeasurably kind;
 To thy unerring, gracious Will,
 Be ev'ry wish resign'd!
- 4 Yes! all the downward tracts of time
 God's watchfull eye surveys:
 Then who so wise, to chuse our lot,
 And regulate our ways?

- 5 Good, when he gives, supremely good;
Nor less, when he denys:
Afflictions, from his gracious hand,
Are blessings in disguise.
- 6 Inscib'd in thy fair book of life
O may I read my name!
There let it fill some humble place,
Beneath the slaughter'd LAMB.
- 7 Let outward things go how they will,
On Thee I cast my care:
But let me reign with Thee in heav'n,
The vilest sinner there!
- 8 An hope like this, shall sweeten death,
And smooth the rugged way:
Smile on me, dearest LORD, and then
I shall not wish to stay.
-

CCCCXV. *In Darknefs of Soul.*

- 1 COME, holy, celestial DOVE,
And visit a sorrowfull 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 Election to give,
And sprinkle his heart with the Blood.
- 2 With me, if, of old, Thou hast strove,
And kindly withheld me from sin,

Resolv'd, by the force 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.

Thy call if I ever have known,
 And sigh'd from myself to get free;
 And groan'd the unspeakable groan,
 And long'd to be happy in Thee;
 Fulfill the imperfect desire:
 Thy peace to my conscience reveal:
 The sense of thy favor inspire,
 And give me my pardon to FEEL.

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;
 Most pityfull SPIRIT of Grace,
 Relieve me again, and restore:
 My spirit in holiness raise,
 To fall, and to grieve Thee, no more.

If now I lament after GOD,
 And gasp for a drop of thy love;
 If JESUS hath paid down his Blood,
 To clear off *my* mortgage above;
 Come, heavenly COMFORTER, come,
 Sweet WITNESS of Mercy divine!
 And make me thy permanent home,
 And seal me eternally thine.

CCCCXVI. *Praise to the SAVIOR.*

- 1 **I** LONG for a concert of heavenly praise
 To JESUS the GOD, the omnipotent SON:
 My soul should awake in harmonious lays,
 Could it tell half the wonders that JESUS
 [hath done.
- 2 I would sing, how he left his own mansions of
 [Light,
 And the robes, made of Glory, that drest
 [him above:
 Yet, pleas'd with his journey, and swift in
 [his flight,
 He came on the pinions of Covenant-Love.
- 3 Quick down, to the place of our distant abode,
 He came (we adore him!) to raise us on
 [high:
 He came, to atone the dread Justice of GOD;
 And took up a life, to be able to dye!
- 4 All hell and it's tyons stood roaring around;
 His flesh and his spirit with malice they
 [tore:
 While oceans of sorrow lay pressing him down,
 As vast as the burthen of guilt which he
 [bore.
- 5 Fast bound in the chains of imperious death,
 The INFINITE CAPTIVE a prisoner lay:
 The Infinite Captive arose from the earth,
 And leapt to the hills of ætherial day.

6 Then mention no more of the vengeance of
[GOD!

Of the lyons of hell, and their roaring, no
[more!

We lift up our eyes to his shining abode,
And our loudest hosannahs his name shall
[adore.

7 His conquest is crown'd with the honors he
[won:

Hosanna, through all the ætherial groves!
The GOD and the MAN, how he fills up his
[throne!

How he shines! how he smiles! how he
[looks! how he loves!

8 O happy, ye heavens; and happy, ye hills;
Where he treads with his feet, and diffuses
[his grace!

While mercy and majesty, glorys and smiles,
Play gently around the sweet air of his face.

9 Amid the full choir of arch-angels and songs,
The mighty REDEEMER eternally reigns:

While the sound of his name, from a million
[of tongues,
Flys o'er the bright mountains, and blesses
[the plains.

CCCCXVII. *Complete Salvation.*

MAY the crucify'd LORD
By our souls be ador'd,
Who has given such proof of his love!

When we enemys were,
 And did nought for him care,
 To save us he came from above.

2 For finners he bled,
 And rose from the dead;
 That all, who are willing, might come
 And be saved alone
 Through what JESUS hath done,
 And for ever call heaven their home.

3 A salvation so free
 Right welcome must be
 To us, who have nothing to bring:
 In ourselves we are lost,
 But may now make our boast
 In JESUS our crucify'd King.

CCCCXVIII. *Gospel Invitation.* Rev. xxii. 17.

1 **O**H what amazing words of grace
 Are in the Gospel found!
 Suited to every sinner's case,
 Who knows the joyfull sound.

2 Poor, finfull, thirsty, fainting souls
 Are freely welcome here:
 Salvation like a river rolls,
Abundant, free, and clear.

3 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds;
 Your ev'ry burden bring!
 Here Love, unchanging Love, abounds;
 A deep, celestial spring.

- 4 "Whoever will," (oh, gracious word!)
Shall of this stream partake:
Come, thirsty souls, and blefs the LORD,
And drink for JESUS' sake.
- 5 This spring with living water flows,
And living joy imparts:
Come, thirsty souls, your wants disclose,
And drink with thankfull hearts.
- 6 Millions of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace:
Come, thirsty souls, and prove it true;
And drink, adore, and blefs.
- 7 To Him, who gives our souls to feel
The drawings of his Love;
Be constant praise, while here we dwell,
And nobler songs above.
-

CCCCXIX.

*The ANTHEM, call'd Benedicite: extracted from
the LITURGY. To be sung, between the Lessons,
at Morning Prayer, when the Te Deum is
omitted.*

I.

O ALL ye Works of the LORD,
Bless ye the LORD:
Praise him, and magnify him, for ever.

2.

O ye Angels of the LORD,
Bless ye the LORD, &c.

3.

O ye Heavens,
Bless ye, &c.

4.

O all ye Powers of the LORD,
Bless ye, &c.

5.

O ye Sun and Moon,
Bless ye, &c.

6.

O ye Stars of Heav'n,
Bless ye, &c.

7.

O ye Nights and Days,
Bless ye, &c.

8.

O ye Lightnings and Clouds,
Bless ye, &c.

9.

O let the Earth bless the LORD ;
Yea, let it praise him,
And magnify him, for ever.

10.

O ye Seas and Floods,
Bless ye the LORD :
Praise him, and magnify him, for ever.

11.

O ye Children of Men,
Bless ye, &c.

M m

12.

O let *Israel*
Bless the LORD,
Praise him, and magnify him, for ever.

13.

O ye Priests of the LORD,
Bless ye the LORD:
Praise him, and magnify him, for ever.

14.

O ye Servants of the LORD,
Bless ye, &c.

15.

O ye holy and humble Men of heart,
Bless ye, &c.

16.

O ye Spirits and Souls of the righteous,
Bless ye, &c.

17.

Glory be to the FATHER,
And to the SON,
And to the HOLY GHOST:

18.

As it was in the beginning, is now,
And ever shall be;
World without end. *Amen.*

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