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PSALMS AND HYMNS

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Perpetual Curate of Cheltenham.

LONDON :

NISBET AND CO., BERNER'S STREET.

CHELTENHAM, WIGHT AND BAILEY.

? 1855.



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GOD IS A SPIRIT
AND THEY THAT WORSHIP HIM
MUST WORSHIP HIM
IN SPIRIT
AND
IN TRUTH.

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

SPEAKING
TO
YOURSELVES
IN PSALMS AND HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS,
SINGING AND MAKING MELODY
IN YOUR HEART
TO THE LORD.

TEACHING AND ADMONISHING
ONE ANOTHER
IN PSALMS AND HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS,
SINGING WITH GRACE IN YOUR HEARTS
TO THE LORD.

I HEARD A VOICE FROM HEAVEN
AS THE VOICE OF MANY WATERS,
AND AS THE VOICE OF A GREAT THUNDER;
AND I HEARD THE VOICE OF HARPERS
HARPING WITH THEIR HARPS:
AND THEY SANG AS IT WERE
A NEW SONG BEFORE THE THRONE.



PSALMS AND HYMNS.

THE HOLY AND BLESSED TRINITY.

1.

L. M.

GOD is a Name my soul adores ;
Th' Almighty Three, th' Eternal One ;
Nature and grace, with all their powers,
Confess the Infinite Unknown.

- 2 **Material nature dies and grows ;
From change to change the creatures run ;
THY BEING no succession knows,
And all Thy vast designs are ONE.**
- 3 **Thrones and dominions round Thee fall,
And worship in submissive forms ;
Thy pow'r upholds this lower ball,
This little dwelling-place of worms.**
- 4 **How shall such sinful mortals dare
To scan Thy Glory, or Thy Grace !
Beneath Thy feet we lie so far,
And see but shadows of Thy face.**
- 5 **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.**

II.

- E**TERNAL Hallelujahs,
 Be to the Father giv'n,
 Who lov'd His own,—ere time began,
 And mark'd them out for heav'n.
 Anthems of equal glory,
 Ascribe unto the Saviour ;
 For by His grace, His ransom'd race,
 Shall live with Him for ever.
- 2 Hail co-Eternal Spirit,
 The Church's new Creator !
 The saints He seals, their fear dispels,
 And sanctifies their nature.
 The Triune God we worship,
 The mystic One in essence ;
 Till call'd to join, the hosts that shine
 In His immediate presence.
- 3 Faithful is He that promis'd,
 And stands engag'd to save us ;
 Our glorious Lord has pass'd His word,
 That He will never leave us.
 A kingdom He assign'd us
 Before the world's foundation ;
 Thou God of Grace, be Thine the praise,
 And ours the consolation.

III.

L. M.

- F**ATHER of Heaven, whose love profound
 A ransom for our souls hath found,
 Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
 To us Thy pard'ning love extend.
- 2 Almighty Son, Incarnate Word,
 Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
 Before Thy throne we sinners bend,
 To us Thy saving grace extend.
- 3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
 The soul is rais'd from sin and death,
 Before Thy throne we sinners bend,
 To us Thy quick'ning power extend.

- 4 Jehovah! Father, Spirit, Son!
 Mysterious Godhead! Three in One!
 Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
 Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

IV.

P. M.

- THOU, whose Almighty word
 Chaos and darkness heard,
 And took their flight,
 Hear us, we humbly pray,
 And where the gospel day
 Sheds not its glorious ray,
 "Let there be light."
- 2 Thou who didst come to bring,
 On Thy redeeming wing,
 Healing and sight,
 Health to the sick in mind,—
 Sight to the inly blind,
 Oh! now to all mankind,
 "Let there be light."
- 3 Spirit of truth and love,
 Life-giving holy Dove,
 Speed forth Thy flight!
 Move o'er the water's face,
 By Thine Almighty grace,
 And, in earth's darkest place,
 "Let there be light."
- 4 Blessed and Holy Three,
 Glorious Trinity,
 Wisdom, Love, Might!
 Boundless as ocean's tide,
 Rolling in fullest pride,
 O'er the world, far and wide,
 "Let there be light."

V.

P. M.

- T**HOU God of grace, our Father !
 We now rejoice before Thee ;
 Thy children we, and loved by Thee ;
 'Tis meet we should adore Thee !
 As Thine Thou didst foreknow us,
 For such was Thine election,
 And Thou hast shewn to us Thine own,
 Thy fullness of affection.
- 2 In Jesus Thou didst choose us
 Before the world's foundation,
 Ere Adam's fall involved us all
 In guilt and condemnation.
 Thy purpose and election,
 In spite of all our failing,
 Have firmly stood, and by the blood
 Of Christ, are made availing.
- 3 The grace of this salvation
 The Holy Ghost hath taught us ;
 By Him we're seal'd, for He reveal'd
 How Jesu's blood hath bought us.
 Soon all Thy church in glory,
 In its appointed station,
 Shall bless Thy name, with Christ the Lamb,
 Thou God of all salvation !

VI.

P. M.

- H**OLY Father, we address Thee—
 Lov'd in Thy beloved Son ;
 Holy Son of God we bless Thee—
 Boundless grace hath made us one !
 Holy Spirit aid our songs,
 This glad work to Thee belongs.
- 2 Wondrous was Thy love, O Father !
 Wondrous Thine, O Son of God !
 Vast the love that bruis'd and wounded,
 Vast the love that bore the rod ;
 Holy Spirit, still reveal,
 How those stripes alone can heal.

- 3 Gracious Father, Thy good pleasure
 Is to love us as Thy Son,
 Meting out the self-same measure,
 Since Thou seest us as ONE.
 Blessed Jesus! lov'd are we,
 As the Father loveth Thee.
- 4 Hallelujah! we are hasting
 To our Father's house above;
 By the way our souls are tasting
 Rich and everlasting love;
 In Jehovah is our boast,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

VII.

148th M.

- T**O Him that chose us first,
 Before the world began—
 To Him who bore the curse
 To save rebellious man—
 To Him that form'd our hearts anew,
 Are endless praise and glory due.
- 2 Let ev'ry saint above,
 And angels round the throne,
 For ever bless and love
 The sacred Three in One:
 The heavens shall raise His glory high;
 Him will we praise Eternally.

VIII.

7s.

- G**REAT the joy, the union sweet,
 When the saints together meet;
 When, their theme of praise the same,—
 They exalt Jehovah's name.
- 2 Sing we then Eternal love,
 Such as did the Father move:
 He beheld the world undone,
 Lov'd the world, and gave His Son,

- 3 Sing the Son's unbounded love ;
How He left the realms above,
Took our nature and our place,
Liv'd and died to save our race.
- 4 Sing we, too, the Spirit's love :
With our stubborn hearts He strove,
Chas'd the mists of sin away,
Turn'd our night to glorious day.
- 5 Great the joy, the union sweet,
When the saints in glory meet ;
Where the theme is still the same,
Where they sing Jehovah's name.

IX.

L. M.

- S**ALVATION is of God alone,
The glorious plan is all His own ;
In love He formed the great design,
And here His grace and wisdom shine.
- 2 Salvation is of God alone,
One only victim could atone
For human guilt ; that victim He,
Who claims with God equality.
- 3 Salvation is of God alone,
'Tis He who breaks the heart of stone,
Who makes self-righteous boast to cease,
And gives the troubled conscience peace.
- 4 Salvation is of God alone,
This truth let all His people own,
And to His name the praise be giv'n,
By saints on earth, and saints in heav'n.

X.

C. M.

THE dove that once on Jesus sat,
Can now on us abide,
Revealing God the Father's face,
In Jesus glorified.

- 2 Take heed, my soul, and watch and pray,
Lest thou the Spirit grieve,
Who makes thee know the Father's love,
And in the Son believe.
- 3 Hail Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
In love and counsel ONE ;
This three-fold cord, this rock is ours,
How should we be undone ?

XI.

L. M.

- C**OMMAND Thy blessing from above,
O God ! on all assembled here :
Behold us with a Father's love,
While we look up with filial fear.
- 2 Command Thy blessing, Jesus, Lord !
May we Thy true disciples be :
Speak to each heart the mighty word ;
Say to the weakest, ' Follow me.'
 - 3 Command Thy blessing in this hour,
Spirit of Truth ! and fill this place
With humbling and exalting pow'r,
With quick'ning and confirming grace.
 - 4 O Thou, our Maker, Saviour, Guide !
One true eternal God confest ;
May nought in life or death divide
The saints in Thy communion blest !

XII.

P. M.

- P**RAISE ye Jehovah, praise the Lord most Holy,
Who cheers the contrite, girds with strength
the weak ;
Praise Him who will with glory crown the lowly,
And with salvation beautify the meek.
- 2 Praise ye the Lord, for all His lovingkindness,
And all the tender mercies He hath shewn ;
Praise Him who pardons all our sin and blindness,
And calls us sons, and takes us for His own.

- 3 Praise ye **Jehovah!** source of every blessing,—
 Before His gifts, earth's richest boons are dim ;
 Resting in Him, His peace and joy possessing,
 All things are ours, for we have all in Him.
- 4 Praise ye the **Father!** God the Lord who gave us,
 With full and perfect love, His only Son ;
 Praise ye the **Son** who died Himself to save us !
 Praise ye the **Spirit!** praise the **Three in One.**

XIII.

8. 7.

- F**ATHER! we, Thy children, bless Thee
 For Thy love on us bestow'd ;
 As our Father we address Thee—
 Call'd to be the sons of God.
 Wondrous was Thy love in giving
 Jesus for our sins to die,
 Wondrous was His grace in leaving,
 For our sakes, His home on high.
- 2 Now His sprinkl'd blood has freed us,
 On we go to gain our rest,
 Through the desert Thou dost lead us,
 With Thy constant favour blest :
 By Thy Spirit Thou dost guide us,
 Of our joy the earnest giv'n,
 And with daily food provide us,
 Jesus, the true bread of heav'n.
- 3 Though our pilgrimage be dreary,
 This is not our resting place ;
 Shall we of the way be weary,
 When we see our Master's face ?
 Now, by faith, anticipating,
 In this hope our souls rejoice :
 We, His promis'd advent waiting,
 Soon shall hear His welcome voice.

- 4 Then shall countless myriads, wearing
 Robes made white in Jesu's blood,
 Palms (like rested pilgrims) bearing,
 Stand around the throne of God.
 These redeem'd from every nation,
 Shall in triumph bless Thy name,
 Every voice shall cry "Salvation
 "To our God, and to the Lamb."

XIV.

6. 6. 8.

- W**HAT was it, O our God,
 Led Thee to give Thy Son,
 To yield Thy well-belov'd
 For us by sin undone?
 'Twas love unbounded, led Thee thus
 To give Thy well-belov'd for us.
- 2 What led the Son of God
 To leave His throne on high,
 To shed His precious blood,
 To suffer and to die?
 'Twas love, unbounded love to us,
 Led Him to die and suffer thus.
- 3 What moves Thee to impart
 Thy Spirit from above,
 Therewith to fill our heart
 With Heav'nly peace and love?
 'Tis love, unbounded love to us,
 Moves Thee to give Thy Spirit thus.
- 4 What love to Thee we owe
 Our God, for all Thy grace;
 Our hearts should overflow
 In everlasting praise!
 Help us, O Lord, to praise Thee thus
 For all Thy boundless love to us.

XV.

S. M.

FATHER, in whom we live,
 In whom we are, and move,
 The glory, power, and praise receive
 Of Thine electing love.

2 Incarnate Deity !
 Let all the ransomed race,
 Render, in thanks, their lives to Thee,
 For Thy redeeming grace.

3 Spirit of holiness,
 Let all Thy saints adore
 Thy sacred energy, and bless
 Thy heart-renewing power.

4 Eternal Triune Lord !
 Let all the hosts above
 With us Thy saving grace record,
 Thy free, eternal love.

XVI.

6. 7s.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One in Three, and Three in One ;
 As by the celestial host,
 Let Thy will on earth be done :
 Praise by all to Thee be given,
 Glorious Lord of earth and heaven !

2 If so poor a worm as I,
 May to Thy great glory live,
 All my actions sanctify,
 All my thoughts and words receive !
 Claim me for Thy service—claim
 All I have, and all I am.

XVII.

C. M.

GLORY to God the Father's name,
 Who from our sinful race,
 Chose out a people to proclaim
 The riches of His grace.

- 2 Glory to God the Son be paid,
Who dwelt in humble clay,
And to redeem us from the dead,
Gave His own life away.
- 3 Glory to God the Spirit give,
From whose Almighty power,
Our souls their heavenly birth derive,
In "Love's" renewing hour.
- 4 Glory to God that reigns above,
Th' eternal Three in One,
Who by the wonders of His love,
Has made His nature known.

XVIII.

P. M.

- O**H, my Lord, how great the wonders
Thy rich grace hath wrought in me!
On Thy love my spirit ponders,
Praising, magnifying Thee;
Hallelujah
To the great Eternal Three!
- 2 I was once far off, a stranger,
Guilty, helpless, deaf, and blind;
Jesus rescued me from danger,
And renewed my heart and mind;
Precious Saviour,
How compassionate and kind!
- 3 Quickened by Thy Holy Spirit,
Covered with Thy righteousness,
Thou hast said I shall inherit
Everlasting life and bliss;
Blessed Jesus,
How my soul exults in this!
- 4 Thou hast all my sins forgiven,
Paid my debts and set me free,
Vanquished hell, and opened heaven,
And prepared a place for me;
My Redeemer
Loved me from eternity.

- 5 And He says He'll never leave me,
 But, when all His will is done,
 To His kingdom He'll receive me,
 As the partner of His throne ;
 Then I'll praise Him,
 Whilst eternity rolls on.

XIX.

P. M.

WE give immortal praise
 To God the Father's love,
 For all our blessings here,
 And brighter hopes above ;
 He sent His own Eternal Son
 To die for sins that we 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 fruit 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 honours done,
 The undivided Three,
 The great mysterious One !
 Where reason fails with all her pow'rs,
 There faith prevails, and love adores.

THE INCARNATION.

XX.

P. M.

CHRI**STIANS**, awake, salute the happy morn,
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born:
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from above:
With them the joyful tidings first began,
Of God Incarnate, and the Virgin's Son.

2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard th' angelic herald's voice, "Behold,
"I bring good tidings of the Saviour's birth,
"To you, and all the nations upon earth;
"This day hath God fulfil'd His promised word,
"This day is born the Saviour, Christ the Lord."

3 He spake; and straightway the celestial choir
In hymns of joy unknown before, conspire;
The praises of Redeeming Love they sang,
And Heaven's whole orb with Hallelujahs rang;
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
"Peace upon earth, and unto men good-will."

4 To Bethlehem straight th' enlighten'd shepherds
ran,
To see the wonders God had wrought for man;
Then to their flocks, still praising God, return,
And their glad hearts within their bosoms burn;
To all the joyful tidings they proclaim,
The first Apostles of the Saviour's fame.

- 5 Oh! may we keep and ponder in our mind,
 God's wondrous love to ruined, lost mankind;
 Trace we the Babe, who hath retrieved our loss,
 From His poor manger to His bitter cross;
 Tread in His steps, upheld by mighty grace,—
 Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.
- 6 Then may we hope, th' angelic hosts among,
 To find, redeem'd, a glad triumphant throng:
 He that was born upon this joyful day,
 Around us all His glory shall display:
 Saved by His love incessant we shall sing
 Eternal praise to heaven's Almighty King.

XXI.

C. M.

- S**AVIOUR of men, and God of love,
 How sweet Thy gracious name!
 With joy that errand we review,
 On which Thy mercy came.
- 2 For us poor wretched sinful men,
 Thou laid'st Thy glory by:
 First in our human flesh to serve,
 Then in that flesh to die.
- 3 Bought with Thy service and Thy blood,
 We doubly, Lord, are Thine:
 To Thee our lives we would devote,
 To Thee our all resign.

XXII.

C. M.

- H**E comes! the Saviour full of grace,
 By ancient prophets sung;
 The smile of mercy in His face,
 And truth upon His tongue.
- 2 In Him the world no beauty sees,
 "No form nor comeliness,"
 Rejected and despised He is,
 And plung'd in deep distress.

- 3 But there's a people taught by grace
To know His matchless worth ;
They own Him, though accounted base,
And shew His praises forth.
- 4 They own Him as the Lord of all,
Their Saviour and their God :
Before His feet they prostrate fall,
The purchase of His blood.
- 5 'Tis thus the Saviour is receiv'd,
The world accounts Him vile ;
While sinners, by His grace reliev'd,
Can live but by His smile.
- 6 To Him, who bore the sinner's shame,
Be endless glory giv'n,
Immortal honours crown His name,
The Lord of earth and heav'n.

XXIII.

8. 7. 4.

- A**NGELS from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth !
Ye, who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth !
Come and worship !
Worship Christ the new-born King !
- 2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant light ;
Come and worship ! &c.
- 3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar !
Seek the great Desire of nations
Ye have seen His natal star !
Come and worship ! &c.

- 4 Saints, before the altar bending,
 Watching long in hope and fear,
 Suddenly the Lord descending,
 In His temple shall appear :
 Come and worship ! &c.
- 5 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
 Doom'd for guilt to endless pains,
 Justice now revokes the sentence,
 Mercy calls you, break your chains !
 Come and worship ! &c.

XXIV.

7a.

- H**ARK! the herald angels sing
 Glory to the new-born King,
 Peace on earth and mercy mild,
 God and sinners reconciled.
 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies ;
 With the angelic host proclaim,
 "Christ is born in Bethlehem."
- 2 Christ, by highest Heaven adored,—
 Christ, the everlasting Lord,—
 Late in time behold Him come,
 Offspring of a Virgin's womb.
 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,
 Hail th' Incarnate Deity,
 Pleas'd as man with men to dwell,
 Jesus, our Emmanuel !
- 3 Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace ;
 Hail the Sun of Righteousness ;
 Light and life to us He brings,
 Risen with healing in His wings.
 Lo ! He lays His glory by,
 Born that we no more may die ;
 Born to raise the sons of earth,
 Born to give them second birth.

- 4 Come, Desire of nations, come,
 Fix in us Thy humble home ;
 Rise, the woman's conq'ring seed,
 Bruise in us the serpent's head :
 Adam's likeness now efface,
 Stamp Thine image in its place ;
 Second Adam from above,
 Fill us with Thy peace and love.

XXV.

L. M.

- J**ESUS, who pass'd the angels by,
 Assum'd our flesh to bleed and die ;
 And still He makes it His abode,
 As Man He fills the throne of God.
- 2 Our next of kin, our Brother now,
 Is He to whom the angels bow ;
 They join with us to praise His name,
 But *we* the nearest int'rest claim.
- 3 But ah ! how faint our praises rise !
 Sure 'tis the wonder of the skies,
 That we, who share His richest love,
 So cold and unconcern'd should prove !
- 4 O glorious hour, it comes with speed !
 When we, from sin and darkness freed,
 Shall see the Lord who died for man,
 And praise Him more than angels can.

XXVI.

C. M.

- H**ARK, the glad sound ! the SAVIOUR comes,
 The SAVIOUR promis'd long !
 Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
 And ev'ry voice a song.
- 2 He comes, the pris'ners to release,
 In Satan's bondage held ;
 The gates of brass before Him break,
 The iron fetters yield.

- 3 He comes, from darkest films of vice
 To clear the inward sight,
 And on the eye-lids of the blind
 To pour celestial light.
- 4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
 The bleeding soul to cure,
 And with the riches of His grace
 To bless the humble poor.
- 5 Our glad Hosannahs, Prince of Peace,
 Thy welcome shall proclaim,
 And heav'n's eternal arches ring
 With Thy beloved name.

XXVII.

7. 6.

LOVE caus'd Thine Incarnation,
 Love brought Thee from on high ;
 Thy thirst for our salvation,
 This made Thee come to die ;
 Oh Love beyond all measure !
 Wherewith Thou didst embrace,
 The victims of the pressure
 Of sin and its disgrace.

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

XXVIII.

8. 7.

COME Thou long expected Jesus,
 Born to set Thy people free :
 From our fears and sins release us,
 Let us find our rest in Thee !

- 2 Israel's Strength and Consolation,
 Hope of all the earth Thou art ;
 Dear Desire of every nation,
 Joy of every longing heart.
- 3 Born Thy people to deliver ;
 Born a Child, and yet a King ;
 Born to reign in us for ever,
 Now Thy gracious kingdom bring :
- 4 By Thine own Eternal Spirit,
 Rule in all our hearts alone ;
 By Thine all-sufficient merit,
 Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

XXIX.

P. M.

- R**EVEALER of th' Eternal Three,
 Thou manifested mystery,
 Thou wonder all divine,
 We gaze upon Thy lovely face,
 And see the Father's truth and grace,
 In richest glory shine.
- 2 Hid from the blinded world Thou art,
 But dwelling in Thy people's heart,
 They only know Thy name ;
 The mighty God, the bleeding Lamb,
 Jesus, Emmanuel, I AM !
 Unchangeably the same !
- 3 From everlasting Thou art Lord,
 Th' omnipotent, creative Word ;
 When chaos heard Thy voice
 A universe from nothing sprang,
 And heaven's triumphant conclave rang,
 The morning stars rejoice.
- 4 The harps that once in heaven were strung,
 When Thy creating power was sung,
 Shall all be tuned again ;
 And blood-bought myriads swell the song,
 Redeeming mercy shall prolong,
 In one unending strain.

XXX.

7a.

- S**WEETER sounds than music knows,
 Charm me in Emmanuel's name ;
 All her hopes my spirit owes
 To His birth, and cross, and shame.
- 2 When He came, the angels sang,
 "Glory be to God on high !"
 Lord, unloose my stammering tongue,
 Who should louder sing than I ?
- 3 Did the Lord a man become,
 That he might the law fulfil,
 Bleed and suffer in my room,
 And canst thou, my tongue, be still ?
- 4 No, I must my praises bring,
 Though they worthless are and weak,
 For should I refuse to sing,
 Sure the very stones would speak.
- 5 O my Saviour, Shield, and Sun,
 Shepherd, Brother, Husband, Friend,
 Every precious name in one,
 I will love Thee without end.

XXXI.

P. M.

- L**OVE, only love, Thy heart inclined,
 And brought Thee, Saviour of mankind,
 Down from Thy throne above ;
 Love made Thee here a man of grief,
 Thy visage marred for my relief ;
 O mystery of love !
- 2 Lord, I am Thine ; Thy love to me
 Constrains my soul to cleave to Thee,
 And gladly to resign
 Whate'er I have, whate'er I am,
 Thy love, the sweet, resistless claim,
 All—all, my Lord is Thine !

- 3 Yea, since Thou hast redeemed of old,
 And made me of thy strength take hold,
 And be at peace with Thee :
 Help me these blessings now to own,
 To tell aloud what Thou hast done,
 O Lamb of God, for me.

XXXII.

8. 7s.

- “**B**RIGHTNESS of the Father's Glory,”
 Shall Thy praise unutter'd lie ?
 Shun, my tongue, such guilty silence ;
 Sing the Lord who came to die.
- 2 Did archangels sing Thy coming ?
 Did the shepherds learn their lays ?
 Shame would cover me, ungrateful,
 Should my tongue refuse to praise.
- 3 From the highest throne in glory
 To the cross of deepest woe,
 All to ransom guilty captives ;—
 Flow, my praise, for ever flow.
- 4 Come, return, immortal Saviour !
 Come, Lord Jesus, take Thy throne ;
 Quickly come and reign for ever ;
 Be the kingdom all Thine own.
-

THE LOVE, SUFFERINGS, AND DEATH
OF CHRIST.

XXXIII.

P.M.

- ONE there is above all others
Well deserves the name of Friend ;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end :
They who once His kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love !
- 2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood ?
But the Saviour died to have us
Reconcil'd in Him to God :
This was boundless love indeed !
Jesus is a Friend in need.
- 3 When He lived on earth abased,
" Friend of sinners " was His name ;
Now above all glory raised
He rejoices in the same :
Still He calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.
- 4 Oh ! for grace our hearts to soften !
Teach us, Lord, at length to love ;
We, alas ! forget too often
What a Friend we have above :
But when home our souls are brought,
We will love Thee as we ought.

XXXIV.

C. M.

WHAT grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
 Around Thy steps below !
 What patient love was seen in all
 Thy life and death of woe !

- 2 For ever on Thy burden'd heart
 A weight of sorrow hung,
 Yet no ungentle murm'ring word
 Escap'd Thy silent tongue.
- 3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
 Thy friends unfaithful prove ;
 Unwearied in forgiveness still,
 Thy heart could only love.
- 4 Oh give us hearts to love like Thee,—
 Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve
 Far more for others' sins, than all
 The wrongs that we receive.
- 5 One with Thyself, may every eye
 In us Thy brethren, see
 That gentleness and grace that spring
 From union, Lord, with Thee.

XXXV.

8. 7.

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

- 2 Lamb of God ! Thy Father's bosom
 Ever was Thy dwelling-place ;
 His delight, in Him rejoicing,
 One with Him in pow'r and grace :

Oh what wondrous love and mercy !
 Thou didst lay Thy glory by,
 And for us didst come from heaven,
 As the Lamb of God to die.

- 3 Lamb of God ! when we behold Thee
 Lowly in the manger laid ;
 Wand'ring as a homeless stranger,
 In the world Thy hands had made ;
 When we see Thee in the garden
 In Thine agony of blood—
 At Thy grace we are confounded,
 Holy, spotless Lamb of God !
- 4 When we see Thee, as the victim,
 Bound to the accursed tree,
 For our guilt and folly stricken,
 All our judgment borne by Thee :
 Lord we own, with hearts adoring,
 Thou hast lov'd us unto blood ;
 Glory, glory everlasting,
 Be to Thee, Thou Lamb of God !

XXXVI.

L. M.

HAIL ! sovereign Love, that first began
 The scheme to rescue fallen man !
 Hail ! matchless, free, eternal grace,
 That gave my soul a hiding-place !

- 2 Against the God who rules the sky,
 I fought with hand uplifted high,
 Despis'd the mention of His grace,
 Secure without a hiding-place.
- 3 Enwrap in thick Egyptian night,
 And loving darkness more than light,
 Madly I ran my sinful race,
 Too proud to seek a hiding-place.

- 4 But lo! a gracious voice I heard,
And mercy's heavenly form appear'd ;
She led me on with smiling face,
To Jesus as my hiding-place.
- 5 On Him the tenfold vengeance fell,
That must have sunk a world to hell ;
He bore it for His chosen race,
And thus became their hiding-place.
- 6 A few more rolling suns at most,
Will land me safe on Canaan's coast,
There I shall see Him, face to face,
Jesus, my glorious hiding-place.

XXXVII.

C. M.

THE Saviour came—no outward pomp
Bespoke His presence nigh,
No earthly beauty shone in Him
To draw the carnal eye.

- 2 As some fair flow'r, despis'd, unseen,
Amid the desert grows,
So, slighted by a rebel race,
The heav'nly Saviour rose.
- 3 Rejected and despis'd of men,
He was a man of woe ;
The "man of sorrows" was His name,
Through all His life below.
- 4 Yet all the grief He felt was ours,
Ours were the woes He bore ;
Pangs, not His own, His spotless soul
With bitter anguish tore.
- 5 His sacred blood hath wash'd our souls
From sin's polluting stain,
His stripes have heal'd us, and through Him
Our souls have life again.

- 6 He died to bear our guilt away,—
That sin might be forgiv'n ;
He lives to bless us, and appears
To plead our cause in heav'n.

XXXVIII.

C. M.

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

XXXIX.

L. M.

- O** GRACE divine ! the Saviour shed
His life-blood on th' accursed tree ;
Bow'd on the cross His blessed head, .
And died, to make His brethren free.

- 2 Through suff'ring there beneath His feet
 He trod the fierce avenger down:
 There pow'r itself and weakness meet,
 Emblem of each, yon thorny crown.
- 3 Fruit of the curse, the tangled thorn
 Shew'd that He bore its deadly sting;
 That crown, 'mid Israel's cruel scorn
 Marked Him as earth's anointed King.
- 4 O blessed hour! when all the earth
 Its rightful Heir shall yet receive;
 When every tongue shall own His worth,
 And all creation cease to grieve.
- 5 Thou, dearest Saviour! Thou alone,
 Can'st give Thy weary people rest;
 And, Lord, till Thou art on the Throne,
 This groaning earth can ne'er be blest.

XL.

C. M.

- PLUNG'D** in a gulph of dark despair
 We wretched sinners lay,
 Without one cheerful beam of hope,
 Or spark of glimm'ring day.
- 2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of Grace
 Beheld our helpless grief;
 He saw, and (O! amazing love!)
 He ran to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above
 With joyful haste He fled,
 Enter'd the grave in human flesh,
 And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 O! for His love, let rocks and hills
 Their lasting silence break,
 And all harmonious human tongues
 The Saviour's praises speak.

- 5 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
 Strike all your harps of gold :
 But when you raise your highest notes,
 His love can ne'er be told.

XLI.

C. M.

- O LORD, when we the path retrace
 Which Thou on earth hast trod,
 To man Thy wondrous love and grace,
 Thy faithfulness to God.
- 2 Thy love to man so sorely tried,
 Prov'd stronger than the grave ;
 The very spear that pierc'd Thy side
 Drew forth the blood to save.
- 3 Faithful amidst unfaithfulness,
 Midst darkness only light,
 Thou didst Thy Father's name confess,
 And in His will delight.
- 4 Unmov'd by Satan's subtle wiles,
 By suff'ring, shame and loss ;
 Thy path uncheer'd by earthly smiles,
 Led only to the cross.
- 5 O Lord, with sorrow and with shame,
 We meekly would confess,
 How little we, who bear Thy name,
 Thy mind, Thy ways express.
- 6 Give us Thy meek, Thy lowly mind ;
 We would obedient be ;
 And all our rest and pleasure find,
 In fellowship with Thee.

XLII.

P. M.

- O NE there is above all others—
 O how He loves !
 His is love beyond a brother's—
 O how He loves !

- Earthly friends may fail or leave us,
 One day soothe, the next day grieve us,
 But this Friend will ne'er deceive us—
 O how He loves !
- 2 'Tis eternal life to know Him—
 O how He loves !
 Think, O think how much we owe Him—
 O how He loves !
 With His precious blood He bought us,
 In the wilderness He sought us,
 To His fold He safely brought us—
 O how He loves !
- 3 We have found a Friend in Jesus—
 O how He loves !
 'Tis His great delight to bless us—
 O how He loves !
 How our hearts delight to hear Him
 Bid us dwell in safety near Him ;
 Why should we distrust or fear Him ?—
 O how He loves !
- 4 Through His name we are forgiven—
 O how He loves !
 Backward shall our foes be driven—
 O how He loves !
 Best of blessings He'll provide us,
 Nought but good shall e'er betide us,
 Safe to glory He will guide us—
 O HOW HE LOVES !

XLIII.

C. M.

- O** BLESSED Saviour ! is Thy love
 So great, so full, so free ?
 Fain would we give our hearts, our minds,
 Our lives, our all, to Thee.
- 2 We love Thee for the glorious worth
 That in Thyself we see,
 We love Thee for the shameful cross
 Endur'd so patiently.

- 3 No man of greater love can boast
Than for his friend to die ;
Thou for Thine enemies wast slain,
What love with Thine can vie ?
- 4 Though in the very form of God,
With heav'nly glory crown'd ;
Thou didst partake of human flesh,
Beset with sorrows round.
- 5 Thou would'st like sinful man be made
In ev'ry thing but sin,
That we as like Thee might become
As we unlike have been ;—
- 6 Like Thee in faith, in meekness, love ;
In every heav'nly grace,
From glory unto glory chang'd,
Till we behold Thy face.

XLIV.

L. M.

- O**H come, Thou stricken Lamb of God,
Who shed'st for us Thine own life-blood,
And teach us all Thy love,—then pain
Were sweet, and life or death were gain.
- 2 Take Thou our hearts, and let them be
For ever clos'd to all but Thee ;
Thy willing servants, let us wear
The seal of love for ever there.
- 3 How blest are they who still abide
Close shelter'd by Thy watchful side,
Who life and strength from Thee receive,
And with Thee move, and in Thee live.
- 4 How can it be, Thou Heavenly King,
That Thou should'st man to glory bring ?
Make slaves the partners of Thy throne,
Crown'd with a never-fading crown.

- 5 Ah Lord! enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders Thou hast wrought;
Unloose our stamm'ring tongues to tell
Thy love, immense, unsearchable.
- 6 First-born of many brethren Thou!
To whom both heav'n and earth shall bow;
Heirs of Thy shame and of Thy throne,
We bear Thy cross, and seek Thy crown.

XLV.

C. M.

- H**OW condescending and how kind
Was God's Eternal Son!
Our mis'ry reach'd His heav'nly mind,
And pity brought Him down.
- 2 When justice, by our sins provok'd,
Drew forth its dreadful sword,
He gave His soul up to the stroke,
Without a murm'ring word.
- 3 He sank 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 This was compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was His blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.
- 5 Now, though He reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great:
Well He remembers Calvary,
Nor lets His saints forget.

XLVI.

C. M.

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

- 2 That tender heart that felt for us,
For us its life-blood gave;
It found on earth no resting place,
Save only in the grave.
- 3 Such was our Lord—and shall we fear
The cross with all its scorn?
Or love a faithless evil world,
That wreath'd *His* brow with thorn?
- 4 No—facing all its frowns or smiles,
Like Him, obedient still,
We homeward press through storm or calm,
To Zion's Holy hill.
- 5 In tents we dwell amid the waste,
Nor turn aside to roam
In folly's paths, nor seek our rest
Where *Jesus* had no home.
- 6 Dead to the world with Him who died
To win our hearts—our love,
We, risen with our risen Head,
In spirit dwell above.
- 7 By faith His boundless glory there
Our wond'ring eyes behold,
Those glories which eternal years
Shall never all unfold.

XLVII.

L. M.

- O** SPOTLESS Lamb of God, in Thee
The Father's holiness we see;
And with delight Thy children trace
In Thee, His wondrous love and grace.
- 2 For Thou didst leave Thy Throne above,
To teach us that our "God is love;"
And now we see His glory shine
In every word and deed of Thine.

- 3 When we behold Thee, Lamb of God,
 Beneath our sins' tremendous load,
 Expiring on th' accursed tree,
 How great our guilt, with grief we see!
- 4 There we with joy Thy grace behold,
 Its height and depth can ne'er be told!
 It bursts our chains, and sets us free,
 And sweetly draws our souls to Thee!
- 5 The cross reveals Thy love below,
 But better soon our hearts shall know,
 When we behold Thy face above,—
 The fullness of our Father's love.

XLVIII.

7. 6a.

- O JESUS, gracious Saviour,
 Upon the Father's throne,
 Whose wond'rous love and favour
 Have made our cause Thine own;
 Thy people to Thee ever
 For grace and help repair,
 For Thou, they know, wilt never
 Refuse their griefs to share.
- 2 O Lord, through tribulation
 Our weary journey lies,
 Through scorn and sore temptation,
 And watchful enemies;
 'Midst never ceasing dangers
 We through the desert roam,
 As pilgrims here and strangers,
 We seek the rest to come.
- 3 O Lord, Thou too hast hasted
 This dreary desert through,
 Once fully tried and tasted
 Its bitterness and woe;

And hence Thy heart is tender,
 In truest sympathy,
 Though now the heavens render
 All praise to Thee on high.

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

XLIX.

D. C. M.

- H**E came, whose embassy was peace;
 He left His throne above,
 To prove, if enmity would cease
 Beneath the power of Love.
 He came, whose errand was to give,
 His hand was opened wide,
 Yea, at our need, that we might live,
 He gave Himself—and died.
- 2 What had the world for Him? t'was meet
 To answer love with love,
 With signs of thankful joy to greet
 The stranger from above.
 For Him! with all its proud array,
 Of kingdom, palace, tower?
 He was a wanderer each day,
 A mourner every hour.
- 3 For Him! with all its glory spread,
 Before its Maker's sight?
 He had not where to lay His head—
 That wearied head, by night.
 For Him! His days were almost past,
 His sorrows well nigh o'er;
 But lo, the world will give at last,
 From its abundant store!—

- 4 The shameful cross, the piercing thorn,
 The vinegar and gall,
 The world gives these with cruel scorn,
 And He endures them all.
 Oh world! that cross doth still proclaim,
 On earth,—in heaven above,
 The story of thy guilt and shame,
 The wonders of *His* love.

L.

L. M.

- P**OOOR, weak, and worthless, though I am,
 I have a rich Almighty friend;
 Jesus, the Saviour, is His name,
 He freely loves, and without end.
- 2 He ransom'd me from hell with blood,
 And by His pow'r my foes controll'd;
 He found me wand'ring far from God,
 And brought me to His chosen fold.
- 3 He cheers my heart, my want supplies,
 And says that I shall shortly be
 Enthroned with Him above the skies:
 Oh! what a friend is Christ to me!

LI.

7. 6.

- O** HEAD, so full of bruises,
 So full of pain and scorn;
 Midst other sore abuses,
 Mock'd with a crown of thorn!
 O Head, ere now surrounded,
 With brightest majesty,
 In death once bow'd and wounded,
 Accursed on the tree!
- 2 Thou Countenance transcendent!
 Thou life-creating Sun
 To worlds on Thee dependent,
 Yet bruis'd and spit upon!

- O Lord! what Thee tormented
 Was our sin's heavy load;
 We have the debt augmented
 Which Thou didst pay in blood.
- 3 And O what consolation
 Doth in our hearts take place,
 When we Thy toil and passion
 Can joyfully retrace.
 Ah should we, while thus musing
 On our Redeemer's cross,
 E'en life itself be loosing—
 Great gain would be that loss!
- 4 We give Thee thanks unfeigned,
 O Jesus! Friend in need,
 For what Thy soul sustained,
 When Thou for us didst bleed;
 Grant us to lean unshaken
 Upon Thy faithfulness,
 Until from hence we're taken
 To see Thee face to face.

LII.

S. M.

- T**HOU very paschal Lamb
 Whose blood for us was shed,
 Through whom we out of Egypt came;
 Thy ransom'd people lead.
- 2 Angel of gospel-grace,
 Be Thou for ever near,
 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.

LIII.

D. C. M.

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

LIV.

L. M.

MY gracious Lord, Thy love must be
 Abiding, faithful, full, and free,
 Such love alone could suit my case—
 A sinner, ransomed by Thy grace.

- 2 It must be *free*, for I have nought
 By which Thy love could e'er be bought ;
 Empty I am, or filled with sin,
 Defil'd all o'er, without, within.
- 3 It must be *full*, my need to meet,
 Sweeter than all the world calls sweet ;
 A measure press'd and flowing o'er,
 Beyond the worldling's boasted store.
- 4 It must be *faithful*, or I know
 It had been wearied long ago,
 No love, but faithful love like Thine,
 Could bear a wand'ring heart like mine.
- 5 It must *abide* each changing scene,
 And be as it hath ever been,
 Unsought, unchanging, full and free
 Such love could only dwell with THEE.
- 6 And with Thee Lord, such love is found,
 Refreshing all this barren ground ;
 If such our portion, well may we
 Contented lose ourselves IN THEE.

C

LV.

C. M.

- T**HERE is a fountain fill'd with blood
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;
 And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see
 That fountain in his day !
 And there have I, as vile as he,
 Wash'd all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransom'd Church of God
 Be sav'd to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing Thy power to save ;
 When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.
- 6 Lord, I believe Thou hast prepar'd,
 (Unworthy though I be)
 For me a blood-bought free reward,
 A golden harp for me !
- 7 'Tis strung, and tun'd for endless years,
 And form'd by power divine,
 To sound in God the Father's ears
 No other name but Thine.

LVI.

S. M.

NOT all the blood of beasts,
 On Jewish altars slain,
 Could give the guilty conscience peace,
 Or wash away the stain.

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

LVII.

S. 7s.

- G**REAT High-priest, we see Thee stooping,
With our names upon Thy breast,
In the garden, groaning, drooping,
To the ground with horrors press'd :
Angels saw with great amazement,
Their Creator suffer thus ;
We are fill'd with deep abasement,
Since we know 'twas all for us.
- 2 Jesus, to the garden lead us,
To behold Thy bloody sweat ;
Tho' Thou from the curse hast freed us,
May we ne'er the cost forget :
Be Thy groans and cries rehearsed
By Thy Spirit in our ears,
Till we, viewing whom we pierced,
Melt in penitential tears.

c 2

- 3 On the cross Thy body broken,
 Cancels every legal charge ;
 Pleading this authentic token,
 Guilty souls are set at large ;
 All is finish'd,—Truth hath said it,
 Doubt no more, believe your Lord ;
 To frail reason give no credit,
 You have His unerring word.
- 4 Lord, we fain would trust Thee solely,
 'Twas for us Thy blood was spilt ;
 Gracious Saviour, take us wholly,
 Take and form us as Thou wilt ;
 Thou hast borne the dreadful sentence,
 Pass'd on our devoted race :
 Grant us faith and true repentance,
 They're Thy gifts, Thou God of grace.

LVIII.

L. M.

- T**HE morning dawns upon the place
 Where Jesus spent the night in prayer ;
 Sorrows unknown have marr'd His face,
 No form or comeliness is there.
- 2 See Him, by those He call'd His own,
 Betray'd, forsaken, or denied ;
 To judgment brought, He stands alone :
 Arraigned, condemned, and crucified.
- 3 No guile within His mouth is found ;
 He neither threatens nor complains ;
 Meek as a lamb for slaughter bound,
 A willing victim He remains.
- 4 He bears their buffeting and scorn,
 Mock homage of the lip and knee,
 The purple robe, the crown of thorn,
 The scourge, the nail, th' accursed tree.

- 5 He dies:—the veil is rent in twain,
 Darkness o'er all the land is spread;
 In every bosom terrors reign;
 Earth quakes:—the graves give up the dead.
- 6 "Truly this was the Son of God!"
 To Him let sinners turn their eyes;
 Now bruis'd beneath His Father's rod,
 Not for Himself—for us He dies.

LIX.

C. M.

- A** LAS! and did my Saviour bleed,
 And did my Sov'reign die?
 Would He devote that sacred head
 For such a worm as I?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done
 He groan'd upon the tree?
 Amazing pity! grace unknown!
 And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
 And shut his glories in,
 When the Divine Redeemer died,
 For man the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
 While His dear cross appears,
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt my eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe;
 Here, Lord, I give myself away,
 'Tis all that I can do.

c 3

LX.

- H**ARK! the voice of love and mercy
 Sounds aloud from Calvary!
 See—it rends the rocks asunder,
 Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!
 “It is finish’d!”
 Hear the dying Saviour cry!
- 2 “It is finish’d!”—O what pleasure
 Do the wondrous words afford!
 Heav’nly blessings, without measure,
 Flow to us from Christ the Lord!
 “It is finish’d!”
 Saints,—His dying words record!
- 3 Finish’d, all the types and shadows
 Of the ceremonial law:
 Finish’d, all that God had promis’d;
 Death and Hell no more shall awe.
 “It is finish’d!”
 Saints from hence their comfort draw
- 4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
 Strike them to Immanuel’s name:
 All on earth, and all in heaven,
 Join the triumph to proclaim.
 “It is finish’d!”
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

LXI.

L. M.

- W**HEN I survey the wondrous cross,
 On which the Prince of Glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
 Save in the death of Christ my God!
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to His blood.

- 3 See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down !
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet ?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an off'ring far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

LXII.

P. M.

- “IT IS FINISH'D!” sinners, hear it,
’Tis the dying Victor’s cry ;
“IT IS FINISH'D!” angels, bear it,—
Bear the joyful truth on high :
“IT IS FINISH'D!”
Tell it through the earth and sky !
- 2 Justice, from her awful station,
Bars the sinner’s peace no more ;
Justice views with approbation
What the Saviour did and bore ;
Grace and mercy
Now display their boundless store.
- 3 Hear the Lord Himself declaring,
All perform’d He came to do ;
Sinners, in yourselves despairing,
This is joyful news to you ;
Jesus speaks it,
His are faithful words and true.
- 4 “IT IS FINISH'D!” all is over,
Yes, the cup of wrath is drain’d ;
Such the truth these words discover,
Thus the vict’ry was obtain’d :
’Tis a vict’ry
None but Jesus could have gain’d.

- 5 Crown the mighty conqu'ror, crown Him,
 Who His people's foes o'ercame !
 In the highest heav'n enthrone Him !
 Men and angels, sound His fame !
 Great His glory !
 Jesus bears a matchless Name.

LXIII.

8. 8. 6.

- “ 'TIS finish'd ! ” the Redeemer said,
 And meekly bow'd His dying head,
 For guilty rebels slain.
 With joy we dwell upon the word,
 And view Thy love, victorious Lord !
 Thy wondrous love supreme.
- 2 “ Finished ” our righteousness and peace,
 Finished our pardon and release,
 The mighty debt is paid :
 By virtue of redeeming blood,
 Our sins against the Holy God
 Are in oblivion laid.
- 3 While Jesu's dying words we hear,
 Blind unbelief or doubting fear
 Have nothing to reply :
 Wherever their objections fall,
 “ 'Tis finished, ” still may answer all,
 And silence every cry.

LXIV.

7s.

GO to dark Gethsemane,
 Ye that feel the tempter's pow'r,
 Your Redeemer's conflict see,
 Watch with Him one bitter hour ;
 Turn not from His griefs away,
 Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

- 2 Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraign'd ;
O the wormwood and the gall !
O the pangs His soul sustain'd !
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss ;
Learn of Him to bear the cross.
- 3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb ;
There adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of Time,
—God's own sacrifice complete :
“ It is finish'd ; ”—hear Him cry ;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.
- 4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid His breathless clay ;
All is solitude and gloom,
—Who hath taken Him away ?
Christ is risen ;—He meets our eyes ;
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

LXV.

L. M.

- T**HE Son of God in mighty love,
Came down to Bethlehem for me ;
Forsook His throne of light above,
An infant upon earth to be.
- 2 In love, the Father's sinless child
Sojourn'd at Nazareth for me ;
With sinners dwelt the Undeiled,
The Holy One in Galilee.
- 3 Jesus, whom angel-hosts adore,
Became a man of griefs for me ;
In love, though rich, becoming poor,
That I through Him enrich'd might be.
- 4 Though Lord of all, above, below,
He went to Olivet for me ;
There drank my cup of wrath and woe,
When bleeding in Gethsemane.

- 5 The ever-blessed Son of God
Went up to Calvary for me ;
There paid my debt, there bore my load,
In His own body on the tree.
- 6 [Jesus, whose dwelling is the skies,
Went down into the grave for me ;
There overcame my enemies,
There won the glorious victory.
- 7 In love the whole dark path He trod,
To consecrate a way for me ;
Each bitter footstep marked with blood,
From Bethlehem to Calvary.]
- 8 'Tis finish'd all :—the veil is rent,
The welcome sure, the access free ;—
Now then, we leave our banishment,
O Father, to return to Thee !

LXVI.

76.

- E**DEN, from each flowery bed,
Did for man short sweetness breathe,
Soon, by Satan's counsel led,
Man wrought sin, and sin wrought death :
But of life the healing tree
Grows in rich Gethsemane.
- 2 Here's my claim, and here alone,
None a Saviour more can need ;
Deeds of righteousness I've none,
No, not one good work to plead :
Not a glimpse of hope for me,
Only in Gethsemane.
- 3 Saviour, all the stone remove
From my flinty frozen heart ;
Thaw it with the beams of love,
Pierce it with the blood-dipt dart !
Wound the heart that wounded Thee ;
Melt it in Gethsemane.

- 4 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One Almighty God of love,
 Hymn'd by all the heav'nly host
 In Thy shining courts above,
 We poor sinners, Gracious Three,
 Bless Thee for Gethsemane !

LXVII.

L. M.

- 'TIS finish'd ALL;—our souls to win,
 His life the blessed Jesus gave ;
 Then, rising, left His people's sin
 Behind Him in His op'ning grave.
- 2 Past suffering now, the tender heart
 Of Jesus, on His Father's throne,
 Still in *our* sorrow bears a part,
 And feels it as He felt HIS OWN.
- 3 Sweet thought, we have a friend above,
 Our weary falt'ring steps to guide,
 Who follows with the eye of love
 The little flock for whom He died.
- 4 O! Jesus, teach us more and more
 On Thee alone to cast our care ;
 And, gazing on Thy cross, adore
 The wondrous grace that brought Thee there.

LXVIII.

8s. 7s.

"STRICKEN, smitten, and afflicted,"
 See Him dying on the tree,
 'Tis the Christ by man rejected,
 'Tis the Lord who died for me !
 'Tis the long-expected prophet,
 David's son, yet David's Lord ;
 Proofs I see sufficient of it
 In His true and faithful word.

- 2 Tell me, ye who hear Him groaning,
 Was there ever grief like His?
 Friends thro' fear His cause disowning,
 Foes insulting His distress.
 Many hands were raised to wound Him,
 None would interpose to save;
 But the awful stroke that found Him,
 Was the stroke that justice gave.
- 3 Ye who think of sin but lightly,
 Nor suppose the evil great,
 Here may view its nature rightly,
 Here its guilt may estimate.
 Mark the sacrifice appointed!
 See WHO bears the awful load!
 'Tis the WORD, the LORD'S ANOINTED,
 Son of man, and Son of God.
- 4 Here we have a firm foundation;
 Here the refuge of the lost!
 Christ the rock of our salvation;
 His the name of which we boast!
 Lamb of God, for sinners wounded!
 Sacrifice to cancel guilt!
 None shall ever be confounded,
 Who on Him their hope have built.

LXIX.

P. M.

MY Redeemer, overwhelm'd with anguish,
 Went to Olivet for me;
 There He kneels, His heart doth heave and lan-
 In a bitter agony; [guish
 Fear and sorrow seize His soul and senses,
 For the hour of darkness now commences:
 Ah, how doth He weep and groan,
 For rebellious man t' atone!

- 2 How is Jesus' sacred soul oppressed
With our sins' prodigious load ;
Tho' an angel comforts the distressed,
Weak, and fainting Lamb of God :
Yet, what trembling seizeth Him all over,
Tears, and sweat, and blood His visage cover,
And in drops fall to the ground,
While His heart in grief is drown'd.
- 3 Our enraptur'd hearts shall ne'er be weary
On our dying Lord to gaze ;
At His cross in faith we wish to tarry,
There shall be our hiding place :
May His dying look remain engraven
On our hearts ;—for pardon, life, and heaven
Our Redeemer then procur'd,
When He death for us endur'd.
- 4 Therefore all His agony and passion,
And His sin-atoning death,
Shall remain thro' grace our faith's foundation,
While we draw our vital breath :
Thus shall neither honour, wealth, nor pleasures
Rob our souls of everlasting treasures ;
Jesus, both by day and night,
Shall remain our sole delight.
- 5 Could we tune our hearts and voices higher
Than man's most exalted lays,
Yet, till join'd to the celestial choir,
Cold would prove our warmest praise :
Jesus' love exceeds all comprehension,
But our love to Him we scarce dare mention ;
We may weep beneath His cross,
But He wept and bled for us.

LXX.

- H**ARK! my soul, it is the Lord;
'Tis Thy Saviour,—hear His word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:
“Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou ME?”
- 2 “I delivered thee when bound,
And, when wounded, heal'd thy wound;
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light.
- 3 “Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 “Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath;
Free and faithful—strong as death.
- 5 “Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of My throne shalt be;—
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou ME?”
- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee, and adore;
O for grace to love Thee more!
-

RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION OF CHRIST.

LXXI.

P. M.

COME, ye saints, look here and wonder
See the place where Jesus lay ;
He has burst His bands asunder ;
He has borne our sins away ;
Joyful tidings !
Christ the Lord is ris'n to-day.

- 2 Jesus triumphs ! sing ye praises :
By His death He overcame :
Thus the Lord His glory raises ;
Thus He fills His foes with shame :
Sing ye praises !
Praises to the Victor's name.
- 3 Jesus triumphs ! countless legions
Come from heav'n to meet their King :
Soon in yonder blessed regions
They shall join His praise to sing.
Songs Eternal,
Shall through Heav'n's high arches ring.

LXXII.

8. 8. 6.

- O** JOYFUL day! O glorious hour!
 When Jesus, by Almighty pow'r,
 Reviv'd and left the grave;
 In all His works behold Him great,—
 Before, Almighty to create,
 Almighty now to save.
- 2 The first begotten from the dead,
 He's risen now, His people's head,
 And thus our life's secure;
 What tho' this earthly house should fail,
 Almighty pow'r will yet prevail,—
 Our resurrection's sure.
- 3 Why should His people now be sad?
 Who have such reason to be glad
 As those redeem'd to God?
 Jesus, the mighty Saviour, lives;
 To them eternal life He gives,
 The purchase of His blood.
- 4 Ye ransom'd, let your praise resound,
 And in your master's work abound,
 His blessed work of love:
 Be sure your labour's not in vain,
 For we with Jesus soon shall reign,
 With Jesus dwell above.

LXXIII.

7s.

GLORY, glory to our King!
 Crowns unfading wreath His head!
 Jesus is the name we sing;
 Jesus risen from the dead;
 Jesus conqu'ror o'er the grave;
 Jesus mighty now to save.

- 2 Jesus is gone up on high,
 Angels come to meet their King;
 Shouts triumphant rend the sky,
 While the Victor's praise they sing:—
 "Open now, ye Heav'nly gates!
 "'Tis the King of Glory waits."
- 3 Now behold Him high enthron'd!
 Glory beaming from His face!
 By adoring angels own'd,
 God of holiness and grace!
 O for hearts and tongues to sing
 "Glory, Glory to our King."
- 4 Jesus, on Thy people shine!
 Warm our hearts, and tune our tongues!
 That with angels we may join,
 Share their bliss, and swell their songs.
 Glory, honour, praise and pow'r,
 Lord, be Thine for evermore!

LXXIV.

C. M.

- T**HE head that once was crown'd with thorns,
 Is crown'd with glory now;
 A royal diadem adorns
 The mighty Victor's brow.
- 2 Thou joy of all who dwell above!
 Thou joy of saints below!
 To us still manifest Thy love,
 Its depths, O let us know!
- 3 To us Thy cross, with all its shame,
 With all its grace be giv'n!
 Though earth disowns Thy lowly name,
 All worship it in Heaven.
- 4 Who suffer with Thee, Lord, below,
 Shall reign with Thee above:
 Their glory and their joy to know
 The myst'ry of Thy love.

- 5 To us Thy cross is life and health,
 Though shame and death to Thee,
 Our glory, peace and boundless wealth
 Throughout eternity.

LXXV.

L. M.

- W**HO shall the Lord's elect condemn?
 'Tis God that justifies their souls;
 And mercy, like a mighty stream,
 O'er all their sins divinely rolls.
- 2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?
 'Tis Christ that suffered in their stead;
 And their salvation to fulfil,
 Behold Him rising from the dead!
- 3 He lives! He lives! and reigns above,
 For ever interceding there;
 Who shall divide us from His love?
 Or what shall tempt us to despair?
- 4 Shall persecution or distress,
 Famine, or sword, or nakedness?
 He that hath lov'd us, bears us through,
 And makes us more than conquerors too.
- 5 Not all that men on earth can do,
 Nor pow'rs on high, nor pow'rs below,
 Shall cause His mercy to remove,
 Or change His everlasting love.

LXXVI.

L. M.

- T**HE Saviour lives, no more to die!
 He lives our Head, enthron'd on high;
 He lives triumphant o'er the grave;
 He lives eternally to save.
- 2 He lives to still His people's fears;
 He lives to wipe away their tears;
 He lives their mansions to prepare;
 He lives to bring them safely there.

- 3 Then let our souls in Him rejoice,
And sing His praise with cheerful voice,
Our doubts and fears for ever gone,
For Christ is on the Father's throne.
- 4 The chief of sinners He receives ;
His saints He loves, and never leaves ;
He'll guard us safe from ev'ry ill,
And all His promises fulfil.
- 5 Abundant grace will He afford,
Till we are present with our Lord,
And prove what we have sung before,
That Jesus lives for evermore.

LXXVII.

L. M.

- I** KNOW, that my Redeemer lives !
What comfort this assurance gives !
He ever lives Who once was dead,
And for unworthy sinners bled.
- 2 He lives—triumphant from the grave,
He lives—eternally to save ;
He lives—to bless me with His love,
He lives—to plead for me above.
 - 3 He lives—to grant me rich supply,
He lives—to guide me with His eye,
He lives—to comfort me, when faint,
He lives—to hear my soul's complaint.
 - 4 He lives—to heal, and make me whole,
He lives—to guard my feeble soul,
He lives—that in me He may dwell,
And crush the pow'rs of sin and hell.
 - 5 He lives—my kind and faithful Friend,
He lives—and loves me to the end ;
He lives—and while He lives, I'll sing
The praises of my Heav'nly King.

LXXVIII.

CHRI**S**T, the Lord, is risen to-day,
 Sons of men, and angels, say :
 Raise your songs and triumphs high ;
 Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

7s.

Hal.

- 2 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. *Hal.*
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal ;
 Christ hath burst the gates of hell ;
 Death in vain forbids Him rise ;
 Christ hath open'd paradise. *Hal.*
- 4 Lives again our Glorious King !
 Where, O death ! is now thy sting ?
 Once He died, our souls to save ;
 Where's thy victory, O grave ? *Hal.*
- 5 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
 Following our exalted Head :
 Made like Him, like Him we rise ;
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies. *Hal.*

LXXIX.

L. M.

OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
 Our Surety 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 th' ethereal scene !
 He claims these mansions as His right ;
 Receive the KING of GLORY in !

- 4 Who is the KING of GLORY, Who?
 The Lord, who all His foes o'ercame;
 The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
 And Jesus is the Conq'ror's name!
- 5 Who is the KING of GLORY, Who?
 The Lord of glorious pow'r possess'd,
 The KING of saints and angels too,
 God over all, for ever blest!

LXXX.

148th *M.*

THE happy morn is come;
 Triumphant o'er the grave,
 The Saviour leaves the tomb,
 Omnipotent to save:
 Captivity is captive led;
 For Jesus liveth, that was dead.

- 2 Who now accuses them
 For whom their Surety died?
 Who now shall those condemn
 Whom God hath justified?
 Captivity is captive led;
 For Jesus liveth, that was dead.

- 3 Christ hath the ransom paid;
 The glorious work is done;
 On Him our help is laid;
 By Him our vict'ry won.
 Captivity is captive led;
 For Jesus liveth, that was dead.

LXXXI.

7s.

CHRIST, the Lord, is ris'n to-day,
 Our triumphant Holy-day:
 He endur'd the cross and grave,
 Sinners to redeem and save.

Hal.

- 2 Lo! He rises, mighty King ; *Hal.*
 Where, O death! is now thy sting?
 Lo! He claims His native sky ;
 Grave, where is thy victory?
- 3 Sinners, see your ransom paid, *Hal.*
 Peace with God for ever made :
 With your risen Saviour rise ;
 Claim with Him the purchas'd skies.
- 4 Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to-day, *Hal.*
 Our triumphant Holy-day :
 Loud the song of vict'ry raise :
 Shout the great Redeemer's praise.

LXXXII.

6. 8s.

- A**ND art Thou, gracious Master, gone,
 A mansion to prepare for me?
 Shall I behold Thee on Thy throne,
 And there for ever sit with Thee?
 Then let the world approve or blame,
 I'll triumph in Thy glorious name.
- 2 Should I to gain the world's applause,
 Or to escape its angry frown,
 Refuse to countenance Thy cause,
 And make Thy people's lot my own,
 What shame would fill me in that day
 When Thou Thy glory wilt display!
- 3 No; let the world cast out my name,
 And vile account me if it will,
 If to confess my Lord be shame,
 Oh, then would I be viler still;
 For Thee, my God, I all resign,
 Content that I can call Thee mine.

- 4 What transport then will fill my heart,
 When Thou my worthless name wilt own,
 When I shall see Thee as Thou art,
 And know as I myself am known ;
 When I from sin and sorrow free,
 Shall have eternal rest with Thee.

LXXXIII.

7. 6.

- O LORD, who now art seated
 Above the heav'ns on high,
 (The gracious work completed,
 For which Thou cam'st to die,)
 To Thee our hearts are lifted,
 While pilgrims wand'ring here,
 For Thou art truly gifted
 Our every grief to share.
- 2 We know that Thou hast bought us,
 And wash'd us in Thy blood ;
 We know Thy grace has brought us,
 As kings and priests, "to God :"
 We know that soon the morning,
 Long look'd for, hasteth near,
 When we, at Thy returning,
 In glory shall appear.
- 3 O Lord, Thy love 's unbounded !
 So full, so sweet, so free !
 Our thoughts are all confounded
 Whene'er we think on Thee ;
 For us Thou cam'st from heaven,
 For us to bleed and die ;
 That, purchas'd and forgiven,
 We might ascend on high.
- 4 Oh let this love constrain us
 To give our hearts to Thee ;
 Let nothing henceforth pain us,
 But that which paineth Thee :

Our joy, our one endeavour,
 Through suff'ring, conflict, shame—
 To serve Thee, gracious Saviour,
 And magnify Thy name.

LXXXIV.

S. M.

- “THE Lord is ris'n indeed,”
 And are the tidings true?
 They who beheld the Saviour bleed,
 Beheld Him living too.
- 2 “The Lord is ris'n indeed,”
 Then Justice asks no more;
 Mercy and Truth are now agreed,
 Who stood oppos'd before.
- 3 “The Lord is ris'n indeed,”
 Then is His work perform'd;
 The captive Surety now is freed,
 And death, our foe, disarm'd.
- 4 “The Lord is ris'n indeed,”
 Then hell has lost its prey;
 With Him is ris'n the ransom'd seed,
 To reign in endless day.
- 5 “The Lord is ris'n indeed,”
 He lives to die no more;
 He lives, the sinners' cause to plead,
 Whose curse and shame He bore.
- 6 “The Lord is ris'n indeed,”
 Attending angels hear;
 Up to the courts of heav'n, with speed,
 The joyful tidings bear.
- 7 Oh! take your golden lyres,
 And strike each cheerful chord,
 Join all the bright celestial choirs,
 TO SING OUR RISEN LORD.

INTERCESSION AND GLORY OF CHRIST.

LXXXV.

P. M.

TH' atoning work is done,
The victim's blood is shed ;
And Jesus now is gone,
His people's cause to plead :
He stands in heav'n their great High Priest,
And bears their names upon His breast.

- 2 He sprinkles with His blood
The mercy-seat above ;
For justice had withstood
The purposes of Love ;
But justice now objects no more,
And mercy yields her boundless store.
- 3 No temple made with hands
His place of service is ;
In heav'n itself He stands,
A heav'nly priesthood His !
In Him the shadows of the law
Are all fulfill'd, and now withdraw.
- 4 And though awhile He be
Hid from the eyes of men,
His people look to see
Their great High-Priest again :
In brightest glory He will come,
And take His waiting people home.

LXXXVI.

P. M.

- 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 dear redeeming love,
 His precious blood, to plead :
 That blood hath saved a guilty race,
 And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 3 The Father hears Him pray,
 His Own Anointed One ;
 He cannot turn away
 The presence of His Son ;
 His Spirit answers to the blood,
 And tells me I am born of God.
- 4 My God is 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.

LXXXVII.

C. M.

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

- 3 But spotless, innocent, and pure,
Our great Redeemer stood ;
While Satan's fiery darts He bore,
And did resist to blood.
- 4 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out His cries and tears,
And though exalted, feels afresh
What ev'ry member bears.
- 5 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame ;
The bruised reed He never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 6 Then boldly let our faith address
His mercy and His pow'r ;
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace,
In each distressing hour.

LXXXVIII.

L. M.

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

- 2 He who for us as Surety stood,
And pour'd on earth His precious blood,
Pursues in heav'n His gracious plan—
The Saviour and the Friend of Man.
- 3 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye ;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.
- 4 Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling in our pains ;
And still remembers, in the skies,
His tears, His agonies, and cries.

- 5 In every pang that rends the heart,
 The "Man of Sorrows" bore a part;
 He knows and feels our every grief;
 And gives His suff'ring saints relief.
- 6 With boldness, therefore, at His throne
 Let us make all our sorrows known,
 And seek the aid of heav'nly pow'r,
 To help us in each trying hour.

LXXXIX.

8s. 7s.

- H**AIL! Thou once despised Jesus,
 Hail! Thou Galilean King!
 Thou didst suffer to release us,
 Thou didst free salvation bring:
 Hail, Thou agonizing Saviour,
 Bearer of our sin and shame!
 By Thy merits we find favour,
 Life is given through Thy name.
- 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
 All our sins on Thee were laid;
 By Almighty love anointed,
 Thou hast full atonement made.
 All Thy people are forgiven,
 Through the virtue of Thy blood;
 Open'd is the gate of heaven;
 Peace is made 'tween man and God.
- 3 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.

- 4 Worship, honour, pow'r 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 noblest, sweetest lays ;
 Help to sing our Saviour's merits ;
 Help to chaunt Immanuel's praise.

XC.

P. M.

- J**ESUS, our great High Priest
 Offer'd His blood and died ;
 Our guilty conscience seeks
 No sacrifice beside ;
 His precious blood did once atone,
 And now it pleads before the throne.
- 2 Our Advocate appears,
 For our defence on high ;
 Jehovah bows His ears
 And lays His anger by :
 Not all that hell or sin can say
 Shall turn His heart, His love away.
- 3 To this our Surety's hand,
 Will we commit our cause :
 He answer'd and fulfill'd
 God's Holy, broken laws ;
 Behold our souls at freedom set ;
 Our Surety paid the dreadful debt.
- 4 Now let our souls arise,
 And tread the tempter down ;
 Our Captain leads us forth
 To conquest and the crown :
 The feeblest saint shall win the day,
 Tho' death and hell obstruct the way.

XCI.

8. 7.

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

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

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

XCII.

7s.

HAIL the day that sees Him rise,
 Glorious to His native skies!
 Christ, awhile to mortals given,
 Enters now the gates of heaven.

2 There the Glorious triumph waits;
 Lift your heads eternal gates:
 Christ hath vanquish'd death and sin;
 Take the King of glory in.

- 3 See the heaven its Lord receives !
Yet He loves the earth He leaves ;
Though returning to His throne,
Still He ne'er forgets His own.
- 4 Still for us He intercedes ;
His prevailing death He pleads ;
Near Himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.
- 5 Lord, though parted from our sight,
Far above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Seeking Thee above the skies.

XCIII.

L. M.

HE lives, the great Redeemer lives !
What joy the blest assurance gives !
And in the presence of our God,
Pleads the full merit of His blood.

- 2 In every dark and trying hour,
When harass'd by the tempter's pow'r
Let this blest hope repel the dart,—
Our Saviour bears us on His heart.
- 3 Great Advocate, Almighty Friend,
On Thee alone our hopes depend,—
Our cause can never,—never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

XCIV.

C. M.

JESUS, in Thee our eyes behold
A thousand glories more
Than the rich gems and polish'd gold,
The sons of Aaron wore.

- 2 They, first, their own sin-offering brought,
To purge themselves from sin ;
Thy life was pure without a spot,
And all Thy nature clean.
- 3 Fresh blood, as constant as the day,
Was on the altars spilt ;
But Thy ONE OFFERING took away
For ever, all our guilt.
- 4 Thou, great Melchizedec ! shalt reign
In peace, on Zion's hill,
(Thyself the Lamb that once was slain),
And bear Thy priesthood still.
- 5 Till then for us to intercede
Before the Father's face,
Be this Thy work,—and ours to plead
Thy merits, and His grace.

XCV.

8. 7. 4.

- L**OOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious,
See "the Man of Sorrows" now :
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to Him shall bow :
Crown Him ! Crown Him !
Crowns become the victor's brow.
- 2 Crown the Saviour, angels Crown Him,
Rich the trophies Jesus brings ;
In the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings,
Crown Him ! Crown Him !
Crown the Saviour "King of Kings."
- 3 Sinners in derision crown'd Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim,
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His name :
Crown Him ! Crown Him !
Spread abroad the victor's fame.

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

XCVI.

P. M.

PLEAD Thou,—oh, plead my cause!
 Each self-excusing plea
 My trembling soul withdraws,
 And flies to Thee.
 Where justice rears her throne,
 Ah! who, save Thee alone,
 May stand, O spotless One?
 Plead Thou my cause!

XCVII.

C. M.

- 'TIS past—the dark and dreary night,
 And, Lord, we hail Thee now,
 Our "Morning Star," without a cloud
 Of sadness on Thy brow.
- 2 Thy path on earth, the cross, the grave,
 Thy sorrows all are o'er,
 And, O sweet thought! Thine eye shall weep,
 Thy heart shall break no more.
- 3 Deep were those sorrows—deeper still
 The love that brought Thee low,
 That bade the streams of life from Thee,
 A lifeless victim, flow.
- 4 The soldier, as he pierced Thee, proved
 Man's hatred, Lord, to Thee;
 While in the blood that stain'd the spear,
 Love, only Love, we see.

- 5 Drawn from Thy pierc'd and bleeding side,
That pure and cleansing flood
Speaks peace to every heart that knows
The virtues of Thy blood.
- 6 Yet 'tis not that we know the joy
Of cancell'd sin alone,
But, happier far, Thy saints are call'd
To share Thy glorious throne.
- 7 So closely are we link'd in love,
So wholly one with Thee,
That all Thy bliss, and glory then
Our bright reward shall be.

xcviii.

C. M.

WHENCE those enraptur'd shouts on high
With which heav'n's mansion rings?
They welcome Jesus to the sky,
And crown Him—King of kings.

- 2 Look up, ye saints, and while ye gaze,
Forget all earthly things;
Sing, sing your risen Saviour's praise,
And crown Him—King of kings.
- 3 When here, He bore our sin, and shame,
From this our comfort springs;
'Tis meet that we exalt His name,
And crown Him—King of kings.
- 4 We hope, ere long, beyond the clouds,
To tune our Heav'nly strings,
And join the glad exulting crowds,
To crown Him—King of kings.

XCIX.

P. M.

- R**EJOICE, the Lord is King ;
 Your God and King adore :
 Let us give thanks and sing,
 And triumph evermore.
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice, ye saints of God, rejoice.
- 2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns
 The God of truth and love ;
 When He had purg'd our sins
 He took His seat above ;
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice, ye saints of God, rejoice.
- 3 His kingdom cannot fail,
 He rules o'er earth and heav'n ;
 The keys of death and hell
 Are unto Jesus giv'n.
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice, ye saints of God, rejoice.
- 4 Rejoice in glorious hope,
 Jesus our Lord shall come,
 And take His brethren up
 To their eternal home :
 We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,
 How then shall all His saints rejoice !
- c. 8. 7.
- H**ARK, the notes of angels singing—
 Glory, glory to the Lamb !
 All in heav'n their tribute bringing,
 Raising high the Saviour's name.
- 2 Ye for whom His life is given,
 Sacred themes to you belong,
 Come, assist the choir of heaven,
 Join the everlasting song.

- 3 See the Father hath enthron'd Him,
 At His own right hand on high ;
 There the heav'nly hosts have own'd Him,
 Filling with His praise the sky.
- 4 Endless life in Him possessing,
 Let us praise His glorious name,
 Glory, honour, pow'r and blessing,
 Be for ever to the Lamb !

CI.

C. M.

- B**EHOLD the Lamb with glory crown'd
 To Him all pow'r is given :
 No place too high for Him is found,
 No place too high in heaven.
- 2 He fills the throne, the throne above,
 He fills it without wrong,
 The object of His Father's love,
 The theme of angels' song.
- 3 Though high, yet He accepts the praise
 His people offer here ;
 The faintest, feeblest cry they raise,
 Will reach the Saviour's ear.
- 4 This song be ours, and this alone,
 That celebrates the name
 Of Him that sits upon the throne,
 And that exalts the Lamb.
- 5 To Him whom men despise and slight,
 To Him be glory giv'n :
 The crown is His, and His by right
 The highest place in heav'n.

CII.

S. S. S.

- O** BLESSED Jesus! Lamb of God!
 Who hast redeem'd us with Thy blood
 From sin, and death, and shame,—
 With joy and praise, Thy people see
 The crown of glory worn by Thee,
 And worthy Thee proclaim.
- 2 Exalted by the Father's love,
 All thrones, and pow'rs, and names above,—
 On earth below or heav'n:
 Wisdom and riches, pow'r divine,
 Blessing and honour, Lord are Thine,—
 All things to Thee are giv'n.
- 3 Head of the Church! Thou sittest there,
 Thy bride shall all Thy glory share,—
 Thy fullness, Lord, is ours:
 Our life Thou art,—Thy grace sustains,
 Thy strength in us the vict'ry gains,
 O'er sin and Satan's pow'rs.
- 4 Soon shall the day of glory come,
 Thy bride shall reach the Father's home,
 And all Thy beauty see;
 And oh, what joy to see Thee shine,
 To hear Thee own us, Lord, as Thine,
 And ever dwell with Thee!

CIII.

C. M.

- A** MAN there is, a real man,
 With wounds both deep and wide,
 From which rich streams of blood once ran,—
 In hands, in feet, and side.
- 2 This wondrous man, of whom we tell,
 Is true, Almighty God;
 He bought our souls from death and hell,
 With His most precious blood.
- 3 A brother's heart He still retains,—
 Enthron'd in highest bliss;
 And feels each tempted member's pains,
 For our affliction's His.

D

- 4 Encourag'd thus, behold we come,—
 Draw near with humble faith ;
 Owe what we may, the total sum
 Is cancelled by His death.

CIV.

P. M.

- H**ARK, ten thousand harps and voices
 Sound the note of praise above !
 Jesus reigns, and heav'n rejoices :
 Jesus reigns, the God of love :
 Lo ! He sits on yonder throne ;
 Jesus rules the world alone.
- 2 Well may angels bright and glorious,
 Sing the praises of the Lamb ;
 While on earth, He prov'd victorious ;
 Now, He bears a matchless name :
 Well may angels sing of Him,
 Heav'n supplies no richer theme.
- 3 Come, ye saints, unite your praises
 With the angels round His throne ;
 Soon we hope our Lord will raise us
 To the place where He is gone :
 Meet it is that we should sing,
 Praise Eternal to our King.
- 4 King of glory, reign for ever,
 Thine an everlasting crown :
 Nothing from Thy love shall sever
 Those whom Thou hast made Thine own ;
 Happy objects of Thy grace,
 Destin'd to behold Thy face.
- 5 Saviour, hasten Thine appearing ;
 Bring, O bring the glorious day,
 When the awful summons hearing,
 Heav'n and earth shall pass away :
 Then, with golden harps, we'll sing—
 Endless praises to our King.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

cv.

8s.

COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire !
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.

- 2 Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love,
Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight.
- 3 Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of Thy grace ;
Keep far our foes, give peace at home ;
Where Thou art guide, no ill can come.
- 4 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of Both, to be but One ;
That, through the ages all along,
This, this may be our endless song :—

All praise to Thine Eternal merit,
O Father, Son, and Holy Spirit !

CVI.

6. 8s.

- C**REATOR Spirit, by Whose aid
 The world's foundations first were laid,
 Come visit ev'ry humble mind,—
 Come pour Thy joys on all mankind ;
 From sin and sorrow set us free,
 And make us temples meet for Thee.
- 2 Thou strength of His Almighty hand
 Whose power doth heaven and earth command !
 Thrice Holy Fount ! Thrice Holy Fire !
 Our hearts with heavenly love inspire ;
 Come, and Thy sacred unction bring,
 To sanctify us while we sing.
- 3 Plenteous of grace, descend from high
 Rich in Thy sevenfold energy ;
 Give us Thyself, that we may see
 The Father and the Son by Thee ;
 Make us eternal truths receive,
 And practise all that we believe.
- 4 Immortal honour, endless fame,
 Attend the Almighty Father's name !
 Let God the Son be glorified,
 Who for lost man's redemption died !
 And equal adoration be,
 Eternal Spirit, paid to Thee !

CVII.

L. M.

- S**PIRIT of mercy, truth, and love,
 O shed Thine influence from above !
 And still from age to age convey
 The wonders of this sacred day.
- 2 In every clime, by every tongue,
 Be God's amazing glory sung ;
 Let all the list'ning earth be taught
 The acts our great Redeemer wrought.
- 3 Unfailing Comfort, Heavenly Guide,
 Still o'er Thy favor'd church preside !
 Still may mankind Thy blessings prove,
 Spirit of mercy, truth, and love !

CVIII.

C. M.

- C**OME, Holy Spirit, Heavenly 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 In vain we tune our formal songs,
 In vain we strive to rise ;
 Hosannas languish on our tongues,
 And our devotion dies.
- 4 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 ?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
 With all Thy quick'ning powers ;
 Come shed abroad the Saviour's love,
 And that shall kindle ours.

CIX.

L. M.

- C**OME, Holy Spirit, calm my mind,
 And fit me to approach my God ;
 Remove each vain, each worldly thought,
 And lead me to His bless'd abode.
- 2 Hast Thou imparted to my soul
 A living spark of heavenly fire ?
 Oh ! kindle now the sacred flame ;
 And make me burn with pure desire.
- 3 Impress upon my wand'ring mind
 The love that Christ for sinners bore ;
 Give me a lowly, contrite heart,
 A heart my Saviour to adore.
- 4 A brighter faith and hope impart,
 And let me now the Saviour see ;
 Oh ! soothe and cheer my burden'd heart,
 And bid my spirit rest in Thee.

CX.

S. M.

- C**OME, Holy Spirit, come ;
 Let Thy bright beams arise :
 Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
 The darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Revive our drooping faith ;
 Our doubts and fears remove ;
 And kindle in our breasts the flame
 Of never-dying love.
- 3 Convince us of our sin,
 Then lead to Jesu's blood ;
 And to our wondering view reveal
 The secret love of God.
- 4 'Tis Thine to teach the heart,
 To sanctify the soul,
 To pour fresh light on every part,
 And new create the whole.
- 5 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts ;
 Our minds from bondage free ;
 Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
 The Father, Son, and Thee.

CXI.

L. M.

- C**OME, gracious Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
 With light and comfort from above !
 Be Thou our guardian, Thou our guide,
 O'er ev'ry thought and step preside !
- 2 The light of truth to us display,
 And make us know and choose Thy way !
 Plant holy fear in ev'ry heart,
 That we from God may ne'er depart.
- 3 Lead us to holiness,—the road
 That we must take to dwell with God !
 Lead us to Christ, the living way,
 Nor let us from His precepts stray !

- 4 Lead us to God—our final rest,
To be with Him for ever blest :
Lead us to heav'n, its bliss to share—
Fulness of joy for ever there.

CXII.

C. M.

- T**HOU Spirit of the Living God
By whose stupendous might,
The beauties of this earthly globe
Rose out of ancient night.
- 2 In later times Thou didst descend
Upon Thy chosen band,
Endowing them with power and gifts,
To preach through every land.
- 3 And where the glorious Gospel sounds
Thy grace is still made known ;
And rebels, turn'd from sin to God,
Thy sovereign mercy own.
- 4 With richest blessings, O ! our God,
Now on our souls descend,
And with resistless energy,
Thy holy word attend !
- 5 Lord, ever bless the sacred truths
Thy servants here proclaim,
With gladness all Thy people fill,
Through Jesu's precious name.

CXIII.

8s. 7s.

HOLY Ghost inspire our praises !
Shed abroad the Saviour's love !
While we sing the Name of Jesus,
Deign on ev'ry heart to move !
Source of sweetest consolation,
Breathe Thy peace on all below !
Bless, O bless this congregation !
Bid our hearts with love o'erflow !

- 2 Come with heavenly inspiration,
 Jesus in our souls reveal!
 Manifest His great salvation,
 As Thine own our spirits seal!
 Light divine, on darkness shining,
 Deign the light of truth to give!
 Ev'ry grace and joy combining,
 May we to Thy glory live!
- 3 Hail! ye spirits bright and glorious,
 High exalted round the throne!
 Now with you we join in chorus,
 And your Lord we call our own.
 God to us His Son hath given:
 Saints your noblest anthems raise!
 All in earth and all in heaven,
 Sing the great Jehovah's praise!

CXIV.

C. M.

- S**PIRIT Divine! attend our prayer,
 Make ev'ry heart Thy home;
 Descend with all Thy gracious power,
 O come, Great Spirit, come!
- 2 Come as the light,—to us reveal
 Our emptiness and woe;
 And lead us in those paths of life,
 Where all the righteous go.
- 3 Come as the fire,—and purge our hearts
 Like sacrificial flame;
 Let our whole souls an offering be
 To our Redeemer's name.
- 4 Come as the dew,—and sweetly bless
 This consecrated hour;
 May barren minds be taught to own
 Thy fertilizing power.

- 5 Come as the dove—and spread Thy wings,—
The wings of peaceful love ;
And let Thy saints on earth become
Blest as the saints above.
- 6 Spirit Divine ! attend our prayer,
Make every heart Thy home ;
Descend with all Thy gracious power,
O come, Great Spirit, come !

CXV.

L. M.

- W**E are not left to walk alone,
The Spirit of our God hath come
For ever with us to “abide”—
Our Teacher, Comforter, and Guide.
- 2 Oh ! Gracious Spirit, led by Thee,
How truly safe and bless'd are we,
Hasting the dreary desert through,
With our eternal home in view !
- 3 Thou hast one theme on which to dwell,—
The story of free grace to tell !
And while we hearken to Thy voice,
We wonder, worship, and rejoice.—
- 4 Jesus, the Father's only Son,
Jesus, His own Beloved One,
Jesus, now seated at His side,
Hath claim'd us for His own,—His Bride.
- 5 O teach us all the Father's grace,
Reveal to us the Saviour's face,
And to our willing hearts declare
The glory it is ours to share.
- 6 The wilderness be all forgot,
The desert way, we heed it not,—
THOU art the Comforter ! and we
The Bride, are on our way WITH THEE !

CXVI.

C. M.

HOW precious were those parting words
 Of our Almighty Friend,
 Who lov'd His own while in the world,
 And lov'd them to the end!—

- 2 "I leave you not as orphans here,
 The Comforter shall come
 And fill your hearts with joy and peace,
 Till I shall take you home."
- 3 And then, as pour'd on Aaron's head
 The ointment downward flow'd ;
 So was the Spirit's grace and joy
 From Christ, our Head, bestow'd.
- 4 As when, of old, Rebecca trod,
 The desert, long and drear,
 While Abrah'm's wealth, and Isaac's love,
 Rang in her gladden'd ear :—
- 5 So, traverse we this wilderness,
 While our blest Guide makes known
 The Father's house, the Son's rich love,
 And all He has, our own.
- 6 Sweet thought! our hearts are with Him there,
 We see our glorious home
 Made ready for the Bride to share ;—
 Lord Jesus! quickly come.

CXVII.

C. M.

- L**ED by Thy Spirit, Lord, we go
 To see Thy glorious face ;
 Counting but loss all things below,
 Since we have known Thy grace.
- 2 Through the long desert wide and drear,
 A thorny path we see ;
 Yet traverse it without a fear,
 Because it leads to Thee.

- 3 "To Thee:"—this thought our weary way
With brightest hopes shall fill ;
"To Thee :"—though earth would urge our stay,
'Tis onward, onward still.
- 4 And sweetly tells our blessed Guide,
Of all Thy glory there,
Until we long to reach Thy side,
Such bliss with Thee to share :—
- 5 Till love expands her eager wing,
And panteth to be gone
From this, her scene of sorrowing,
To Thee,— Beloved One!
-

FAITH AND COMMUNION.

CXVIII.

6. 8s.

WHEN first o'erwhelmed with sin and shame
To Jesus' cross I trembling came,
Burden'd with guilt, and full of fear,
Yet drawn by Love, I ventur'd near;
And pardon found, and peace with God,
In Jesu's rich, atoning blood.

- 2 My sin is gone, my fears are o'er,
I shun His presence now no more ;
He sits upon the throne of grace,
He bids me boldly seek His face ;
Sprinkled upon the throne of God,
I see that rich, atoning blood.
- 3 Before His face my Priest appears ;
My Advocate, the Father hears :
That precious blood, before His eyes,
Both day and night for mercy cries ;
It speaks, it ever speaks to God—
The voice of that atoning blood.
- 4 By faith that voice I also hear ;
It answers doubt, it stills each fear :
Th' accuser seeks in vain to move
The wrath of HIM whose name is Love ;
Each charge against the sons of God
Is silenced by th' atoning blood.
- 5 Here I can rest without a fear ;
By this, to God I now draw near ;
By this, I triumph over sin,
For this has made, and keeps me clean ;
And when I reach the throne of God,
I'll praise that rich ATONING BLOOD.

CXIX.

L. M.

- W**E speak not of our love to Thee,
 For Lord, it changes ev'ry hour;
 But Thine to us shall ever be
 Our joy, our strength, our mighty tow'r.
- 2 On Thee, the great foundation stone,
 Thy love hath fix'd our feeble feet;
 Nor shall our souls be overthrown,
 Though flood and tempest o'er us beat.
- 3 Thy blood that once hath made us clean,
 We need to wash us day by day;
 Oft as our wand'ring feet by sin
 Contract defilement in the way.
- 4 We look not now within to see
 The evil flesh, that profits not;
 Our eyes, our hearts we lift to Thee,
 And be all creature-good forgot.

CXX.

P. M.

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

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

CXXI.

7s.

- 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 its guilt and power.
- 2 Not the labour of my hands
 Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears for ever flow,
 All for sin could not atone,
 Thou must save, and Thou alone.
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
 Simply to Thy cross I cling;
 Naked, come to Thee for dress,
 Helpless, look to Thee for grace,
 Vile, I to the fountain fly;
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die.
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyelids close in death,
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 And behold Thee on Thy throne,—
 Rock of ages cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee.

CXXII.

P. M.

JUST as I am,—without one plea
 But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
 O Lamb of God, I come.

- 2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark spot—
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each blot,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 3 Just as I am—tho' toss'd about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find—
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 5 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 6 Just as I am—Thy love I own
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone—
O Lamb of God, I come.

CXXIII.

P. M.

- T**HE wanderer no more will roam,
The lost one to the fold hath come,
The prodigal is welcom'd home,
O Lamb of God, in Thee!
- 2 Though cloth'd with shame, by sin defil'd,
The Father hath embrac'd His child,
And I am pardon'd, reconcil'd,
O Lamb of God, in Thee!
- 3 It is the Father's joy to bless,
His love provides for me a dress,
A robe of spotless righteousness,
O Lamb of God, in Thee!

- 4 Now shall my famish'd soul be fed,
A feast of love for me is spread,
I feed upon the "children's bread,"
O Lamb of God, in Thee!
- 5 Yea, in the fullness of His grace,
He puts me in the children's place,
Where I may gaze upon His face,
O Lamb of God, in Thee!
- 6 I cannot half His love express,
Yet, Lord! with joy my lips confess,
This blessed portion I possess,
O Lamb of God, in Thee!
- 7 It is Thy precious name I bear,
It is Thy spotless robe I wear,
Therefore, the Father's love I share.
O Lamb of God, in Thee!
- 8 And when I in Thy likeness shine,
The glory and the praise be Thine,
That everlasting joy is mine,
O Lamb of God, in Thee!

CXXIV.

78.

- O**BJECT of my first desire,
Jesus crucifi'd for me!
All to happiness aspire,
Only to be found in Thee:
Thee to praise, and Thee to know,
Constitute our bliss below,
Thee to see, and Thee to love,
Constitute our bliss above.
- 2 Lord, it is not life to live,
If Thy presence Thou deny;
Lord, if Thou Thy presence give,
'Tis no longer death to die;
Source and giver of repose,
Only from Thy smile it flows;
Peace and happiness are Thine;
Mine they are, if Thou art mine,

- 3 Whilst I feel Thy love to me,
 Ev'ry object teems with joy ;
 Here, Lord, may I walk with Thee,
 Guided by Thy watchful eye :
 Let me but Thyself possess,
 Total sum of happiness !
 Real bliss I then shall prove ;
 Heav'n below, and Heav'n above.

CXXV.

C. M.

- O**H! for a closer walk with God,
 A calm and heav'nly frame ;
 A light to shine upon the road
 That leads me to the Lamb.
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
 When first I saw the Lord ?
 Where is the soul-refreshing view
 Of Jesus and His word ?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd,
 How sweet their mem'ry still ;
 But they have left an aching void
 The world can never fill.
- 4 The dearest idol I have known,
 Whate'er that idol be,
 Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
 And worship only Thee.
- 5 So shall my walk be close with God,
 Calm and serene my frame ;
 So purer light shall mark the road
 That leads me to the Lamb.

CXXVI.

C. M.

JESUS, how much Thy name unfolds
 To every open'd ear !
 The pardon'd sinner's mem'ry holds
 None other half so dear.

- 2 "Jesus,"—it speaks a life of love,
 And sorrows meekly borne;
 It tells of sympathy above,
 In all that makes us mourn.
- 3 It speaks of righteousness complete,
 Of holiness to God;
 And, to our ears, no truth so sweet
 As Thine atoning blood.
- 4 The mention of Thy name shall bow
 Our hearts to worship Thee;
 The chiefest of ten thousand, ΤΗΟΥ,
 The chief of sinners, we.

CXXVII.

C. M.

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

CXXVIII.

L. M.

WHAT sinners value, I resign,
 Lord, 'tis enough that Thou art mine:
 I shall behold Thy glorious face,
 And stand complete in righteousness.

- 2 This life's a dream, an empty show,
 But the bright world to which I go
 Hath joys substantial and sincere:
 When shall I wake, and find me there?
- 3 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
 I shall be near and like my God!
 And flesh and sin no more control
 The sacred pleasures of my soul.
- 4 My flesh may slumber in the ground,
 But the last trumpet's joyful sound
 Shall wake the dead, and I shall rise
 To meet my Saviour in the skies.

CXXIX.

D. S. M.

WHY did the paschal lamb
 Of old, for Israel bleed?
 To be their sacrifice and feast,
 To sprinkle and to feed.
 Dwell not my searching soul,
 On ritual shadows now,
 Christ is the Lamb all pure and whole,
 The ransom'd first-born thou!

- 2 Now get thine house within,
 Slay, eat, anoint thy door,
 The dread avenger comes not in
 To smite, but passeth o'er.
 He looks, and calls from high,
 "Art thou to die or live?"
 He hears the posts and lintels cry,
 "Forgive, forgive, forgive!"

- 3 I hear the accuser roar
 Of ills that I have done,
 I know them well, and thousands more—
 Jehovah findeth none.
 Sin, Satan, death, press near,
 To harass and appal ;
 Let but my bleeding Lord appear,
 Backward they go and fall.
- 4 Before, behind around,
 They set their fierce array,
 To fight, and force me from my ground,
 Along Immanuel's way.
 I meet them face to face,
 Through Jesus' conquest blest,
 March, in the triumph of His grace,
 Right onward to my rest.
- 5 There, in His book, I bear,
 A more than conqueror's name
 A soldier, son, and fellow-heir
 Who fought and overcame.
 His be the victor's name
 Who fought the fight alone :
 Triumphant saints no honour claim—
 Their conquest was His own !

CXXX.

S. M.

- G**RACE! 'tis a charming sound,
 Harmonious to the ear ;
 Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
 And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first inscrib'd my name
 In God's eternal book ;
 'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb
 Who all my sorrows took.
- 3 Grace taught my wand'ring feet
 To tread the heav'nly road ;
 And new supplies each hour I meet,
 While pressing on to God.

- 4 Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow ;
'Twas grace that kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.
- 5 Lord, let Thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine !
Thy glory only to desire,
To live and walk as Thine.
- 6 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days ;
It lays in heaven the top-most stone,
And well deserves the praise.

CXXXI.

C. M.

- ALL that I was, my sin, my guilt,
My death, was all my own :
All that I am I owe to Thee,
My gracious God alone.
- 2 The evil of my former state
Was mine, and only mine ;
The good in which I now rejoice
Is Thine and only Thine.
- 3 The darkness of my former state,
The bondage,—all was mine ;
The light of life in which I walk,
The liberty,—is Thine.
- 4 Thy grace first made me feel my sin,
And taught me to believe ;
Then in believing, peace I found,
And now I live, I live.
- 5 All that I am e'en here on earth,
All that I hope to be—
When Jesus comes, and glory dawns,
I owe it, Lord, to Thee.

CXXXII.

6. 8s.

- I**F ever it could come to pass
That sheep of Christ might fall away,
My fickle, feeble soul, alas!
Would fall a thousand times a-day;
Were not Thy love, as firm as free,
Thou soon would'st take it, Lord, from me.
- 2 I on Thy promises depend,
To these I cling with firm desire;
Thou, Lord, wilt love me to the end,
Be with me in temptation's fire;
Wilt for me work, and in me too,
And guide me right, and bring me through.
- 3 No other stay have I beside;
If these can alter, I must fall;
I look to Thee to be supplied,
With life, with will, with pow'r, with all;
Rich souls may glory in their store,
But Thou, O Lord, dost save the poor!

CXXXIII.

C. M.

- J**OY is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil;
All we can boast till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.
- 2 But where the Lord has planted grace,
And made His glories known;
There fruits of heav'nly joy and peace
Are found, and there alone.
- 3 A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,
A sense of pard'ning love,
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like those above.
- 4 To take a glimpse within the veil,
To know that God is mine,
Are springs of joy that never fail,
Unspeakable! Divine!

- 5 These are the joys which satisfy,
 And sanctify the mind ;
 Which make the spirit mount on high,
 And leave the world behind.
- 6 No more, believers, mourn your lot ;
 But if you are the Lord's,
 Resign to them that know Him not,
 Such joys as earth affords.

CXXXIV.

D. S. M.

- I WAS a wand'ring sheep,
 I did not love the fold :
 I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
 I would not be controll'd.
 I was a wayward child,
 I did not love my home ;
 I did not love my Father's voice,
 I lov'd afar to roam.
- 2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
 The Father sought His child ;
 They followed me o'er vale and hill,
 O'er deserts waste and wild.
 They found me nigh to death,
 Famished, and faint, and lone ;
 They bound me with the bands of love ;
 They sav'd the wandering one !
- 3 They spoke in tender love,
 They raised my drooping head :
 They gently closed my bleeding wounds,
 My fainting soul they fed.
 They washed my guilt away,
 They made me clean and fair ;
 They brought me to my home in peace.—
 The long-sought wanderer !

- 4 Jesus my Shepherd is,
 'Twas He that loved my soul,
 'Twas He that washed me in His blood,
 'Twas He that made me whole.
 'Twas He that sought the lost,
 That found the wand'ring sheep,
 'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
 'Tis He that still doth keep.
- 5 I was a wand'ring sheep,
 I would not be controll'd;
 But now I love the Shepherd's voice,
 I love, I love the fold!
 I was a wayward child,
 I once preferr'd to roam;
 But now I love my Father's voice,
 I love, I love, His home!

CXXXV.

6. 8a.

- T**HOU hidden source of calm repose!
 Thou all-sufficient love divine!
 My help and refuge from my foes,
 Secure I am, for Thou art mine;
 Thou art my fortress, strength, and tow'r,
 My trust and portion evermore.
- 2 Jesus, my all in all Thou art,
 My rest in toil, my ease in pain;
 The medicine of my broken heart;
 In storms, my peace; in loss, my gain;
 My smile beneath the tyrant's frown;
 In shame, my glory and my crown;—
- 3 In want, my plentiful supply;
 In weakness, my Almighty pow'r;
 In bonds, my perfect liberty,
 My refuge in temptation's hour;
 My comfort 'midst all grief and thrall,
 My life in death, my ALL IN ALL.

CXXXVI.

8. 8. 6.

- F**ROM whence this fear and unbelief,
 If God, my Father, put to grief
 His spotless Son for me?
 Can He, the righteous Judge of men,
 Condemn me for that debt of sin,
 Which, Lord, was charg'd on Thee?
- 2 COMPLETE ATONEMENT Thou hast made,
 And to the utmost farthing paid,
 Whate'er Thy people owed;
 How then, can wrath on me take place,
 If shelter'd in Thy righteousness,
 And sprinkled by Thy blood?
- 3 If Thou hast my discharge procured,
 And freely in my place endured
 The whole of wrath divine,
 Payment He will not twice demand,
 First at my bleeding Surety's hand,
 And then again at mine.
- 4 Turn then, my soul! unto thy rest;
 The merits of thy great High-priest
 Speak peace and liberty;
 Trust in His efficacious blood,
 Nor fear thy banishment from God,
 Since Jesus died for thee.

CXXXVII.

7s. 6s.

- L**ORD Jesus, we believing
 In Thee, have peace with God;
 Eternal life receiving,
 The purchase of Thy blood.
- 2 Our curse and condemnation,
 Thou barest in our stead;
 Secure is our salvation
 In Thee, our risen Head.

- 3 The Holy Ghost revealing,
 Thy grace hath giv'n us rest,
 Thy stripes have been our healing,
 Thy love doth make us blest.
- 4 In Thee the Father sees us,
 Accepted and complete ;
 The blood from sin which frees us,
 For glory makes us meet.

CXXXVIII.

7s. 6s.

- I LAY my sins on Jesus,
 The spotless Lamb of God ;
 He bears them all, and frees us
 From the accursed load ;
 I bring my guilt to Jesus,
 To wash my crimson stains
 White in His blood most precious,
 'Till not a spot remains.
- 2 I lay my wants on Jesus ;
 All fulness dwells in Him ;
 He healeth my diseases,
 He doth my soul redeem :
 I lay my griefs on Jesus,—
 My burdens and my cares ;
 He from them all releases,—
 He all my sorrow shares.
- 3 I rest my soul on Jesus,—
 This weary soul of mine ;
 His right hand me embraces,
 I on His breast recline :
 I love the name of Jesus,
 Immanuel, Christ, the Lord ;
 Like fragrance on the breezes
 His name abroad is pour'd.

- 4 I long to be like Jesus,
 Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
 I long to be like Jesus,
 The Father's holy child:
 I long to be with Jesus,
 Amid the heav'nly throng,
 To sing with saints His praises,
 To learn the angels song.

CXXXIX.

8. 7. 4.

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

CXL.

8s. 7s.

“**A** BBA, Father,” Lord, we call Thee,
 Hallow'd name! from day to day.
 'Tis Thy children's right to know Thee,
 None but children, “Abba,” say :
 This high glory we inherit,
 Thy free gift, through Jesu's blood ;
 God the Spirit, with our spirit,
 Witnesseth we're sons of God.

- 2 Abba's love first gave us being,
 When, in Christ, in that vast plan,
 Abba chose the Church in Jesus,
 Long before the world began :
 Oh what love the Father bore us !
 Oh how precious in His sight !
 When He gave His Church to Jesus,
 Jesus, His whole soul's delight !
- 3 Though our nature's fall in Adam,
 Seem'd to shut us out from God,
 Thus it was His counsel brought us
 Nearer still through Jesu's blood :
 For in Him we found redemption,
 Grace and glory in the Son ;
 Oh the height and depth of mercy ;
 Christ and all the saints are one !
- 4 [Richest stores of heavenly blessings
 God hath given in Christ His Son,—
 With the Holy Spirit's power,
 Safe to lead His children on :
 “Abba, Father !” makes all certain,
 E'en by word, and oath, and blood—
 Abba saith, “They are my people,”
 And they say, “The Lord our God.”]

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

CHORUS.

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

CXLI.

D. S. M.

- M**Y Shepherd is the Lamb,
 The living Lord who died ;
 With all things good I ever am,
 By His kind care supplied ;
 He richly feeds my soul
 With blessings from above ;
 And leads me where the rivers roll
 Of everlasting love.
- 2 My soul He doth restore
 Whene'er I go astray ;
 He makes my cup of joy run o'er
 With blessings day by day ;
 His love so full, so free,
 Anoints my head with oil ;
 Mercy and goodness follow me ;
 Fruit of His bitter toil.
- 3 When faith and hope shall cease,
 And love abide alone,
 I then shall see Him face to face,
 And know as I am known.

Still shall I lift my voice,
 His praise my song shall be,
 And I will in His love rejoice
 Who liv'd and died for me.

CXLII.

C. M.

MY God, the spring of all my joys,
 The life of my delights,
 The glory of my brightest days,
 The comfort of my nights.

- 2 In darkest shades, if Thou appear
 My dawning is begun ;
 Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
 And Thou my rising sun.
- 3 The op'ning heav'ns around me shine
 With beams of sacred bliss,
 When Jesus tells me, He is mine,
 And whispers, I am His.

CXLIII.

D. L. M.

LORD, we are Thine : in Thee we live,
 Supported by Thy tender care ;
 Thou dost each hourly mercy give ;
 Thine earth we tread, we breathe Thine air ;
 Raiment and food Thy hands supply,
 Thy sun's bright rays around us shine ;
 Guarded by Thine all-seeing eye—
 We own that we are WHOLLY THINE.

- 2 Lord we are Thine : bought by Thy blood,
 Once the poor guilty slaves of sin ;
 But Thou hast brought us nigh to God,
 And made Thy Spirit dwell within.
 Thou hast our sinful wand'rings borne,
 With love and patience all Divine ;
 As brands then from the burning torn,
 We own that we are WHOLLY THINE.

- 3 Lord, we are Thine : Thy claims we own,
 Ourselves to Thee we wholly give ;
 Reign Thou within our hearts alone,
 And let us to Thy glory live.
 Here let us each Thy mind display,
 In all Thy gracious image shine,
 And haste that long expected day
 When Thou shalt own us WHOLLY THINE.

CXLIV.

C. M.

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

CXLV.

C. M.

- O** LORD, in nothing would I boast,
 Save in Thy glorious name ;
 Tho' in myself I'm vile and lost,
 In Thee all fair I am.
- 2 I folly am—Thou Wisdom art,
 I'm sin,—Thou, Righteousness,
 Polluted is this worthless heart,
 But Thou art Holiness.
- 3 Of sin and Satan once the slave,
 My chains were burst by Thee ;
 In Thee I full redemption have,
 Thou, Thou hast set me free.
- 4 I glory only in Thy name,
 'Gainst sin, and death, and hell ;
 I own my guilt, confess my shame,
 But Thy salvation tell.
- 5 And when I stand before the throne
 And in Thy presence shine ;
 Still of Thy name I'll boast alone,
 For all the praise is Thine.

CXLVI.

8s. 7s.

- P**EACE in Jesus ! blessed promise,
 Cov'nant word of changless love,
 Sealed in blood, and daily witnessed
 By Thy grace, Eternal Dove.
 Peace in Jesus ! oh, what blessing,
 Calm and pure our spirits know,
 When the ties of earth forgotten,
 All our joys from Jesus flow.
- 2 Softly glides Siloah's fountain
 Through this wide and howling waste,
 Surest, sweetest peace affording
 All, its hallowed streams who taste.

From the conflict faint, and thirsty,
 Deep we drain the cup of love :
 O! that deeper still our spirits
 Might its endless blessing prove.

- 3 Peace in Jesus! tho' around us
 Rage the tempest's angry strife,
 Tho' the deep her fountains open,
 O'er them floats the ark of life.
 There the weary dove returning,
 From that dark, and trackless sea,
 Folds in peace her drooping pinions,
 Shelter'd from the storm in Thee.
- 4 Though on earth we've scorn and trouble,
 In ourselves but shame and sin,
 All without the reign of darkness,
 Fearful conflict oft within ;
 He, who died, and lives for ever,
 Saves and guards from every ill ;
 Jesus walks upon the waters,
 And commandeth, "Peace, be still."

CXLVII.

C. M.

DEAR refuge of my weary soul
 On Thee, when sorrows rise,
 On Thee when waves of trouble roll
 My fainting hope relies.

- 2 To Thee I tell each rising grief,
 For Thou alone canst heal ;
 Thy word can bring a sweet relief
 For every pain I feel.
- 3 Lord ! whither can my spirit flee ?
 Thou art my only trust ;
 And still my soul will cleave to Thee,
 Though prostrate in the dust.

- 4 Hast thou not bid me seek Thy face?
 And shall I seek in vain,
 And can the ear of sovereign grace
 Be deaf when I complain?
- 5 No! still the ear of sov'reign grace
 Attends the mourner's prayer;
 O may I ever find access,
 To breathe my sorrows there.
- 6 Thy mercy seat is open still,
 Here let my soul retreat;
 With humble hope attend Thy will,
 And wait beneath Thy feet.

CXLVIII.

8. 8. 6.

- O LOVE Divine, how sweet Thou art!
 When shall I find my willing heart
 All taken up by Thee?
 I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
 The greatness of redeeming Love,
 The love of Christ to me!
- 2 Stronger His love than death or hell;
 Its riches are unsearchable:
 The first-born sons of light
 Desire in vain its depths to see;
 They cannot reach the mystery,
 The length, and breadth, and height.
- 3 God only knows the love of God:
 O that it now were shed abroad
 In this poor stony heart!
 For love I sigh, for love I pine:
 This only portion, Lord be mine,
 Be mine this better part!

- 4 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 heaven on earth, be this,
 To hear the Bridegroom's voice !
- 5 O that I could like favour'd John,
 Recline my wearied head upon
 My dear Redeemer's breast !
 From care, and sin, and sorrow free ;
 Give me, O Lord, to find in Thee
 My everlasting rest !

CXLIX.

8s.

- T**HE sinner that truly believes,
 And trusts in his crucified God,
 His justification receives,
 Redemption in full through His blood ;
 Though thousands and thousands of foes
 Against him in malice unite,
 Their rage he thro' Christ can oppose,
 Led forth by the Spirit to fight.
- 2 The faith that unites to the Lamb,
 And brings such salvation as this,
 Is more than mere notion or name,
 The work of God's Spirit it is ;
 A principle, active, and young,
 That lives under pressure and load ;
 That makes out of weakness more strong,
 And draws the soul upward to God.
- 3 It treads on the world and on hell,
 It vanquishes death and despair ;
 And O ! let us wonder to tell,
 It overcomes heaven by prayer :

Permits a vile worm of the dust,
 With God to commune as a friend ;
 To see His forgiveness as just,
 And look for His love to the end.

- 4 It says to the mountains, "Depart,"
 That stand betwixt God and the soul ;
 It binds up the broken in heart,
 And makes wounded consciences whole ;
 Bids sins of a crimson-like dye,
 Be spotless as snow, and as white ;
 And raises the sinner on high,
 To dwell with the angels of light.

CL.

8. 7. 4.

SOVEREIGN grace ! o'er sin abounding,
 Ransom'd souls the tidings swell ;
 'Tis a deep that knows no sounding—
 Who its breadth or length can tell ?
 On its glories
 Let my soul for ever dwell !

- 2 What from Christ the soul can sever,
 Bound by everlasting bands ?
 Once in Him, in Him for ever,
 Thus the eternal covenant stands ;
 None shall pluck thee,
 From the Strength of Israel's hands !
- 3 Heirs of God, joint-heirs with Jesus,
 Long ere time its race began,
 To His name eternal praises !
 O what wonders love hath done !
 One with Jesus,
 By eternal union **ONE**.

- 4 On such love, my soul, still ponder,
 Love so great, so rich, so free ;
 Say, while lost in holy wonder,—
 Why, O Lord, such love to me ?
 Hallelujah !
 Grace shall reign eternally.

CLI.

L. M.

- I**MMOVEABLE our hope remains,
 Within the veil our anchor lies ;
 Jesus who washed us from our sins,
 Shall bear us safely to the skies.
- 2 Strong in His strength we boldly say,
 For us Emmanuel shed His blood ;
 Who then shall tear our shield away,
 Or part us from the love of God ?
- 3 Can tribulation or distress,
 Or persecution's fiery sword ?
 Can Satan rob us of our peace,
 Or prove too mighty for the Lord ?
- 4 Founded on Christ, secure we stand,
 Sealed with the Spirit's inward seal ;
 We soon shall gain the promised land,
 Triumphant o'er the powers of hell !
- 5 Jesus acquits,—who then condemns ?
 How vain is Satan's fruitless strife !
 His malice cannot reach our names,
 To blot them from the book of life.
- 6 The winds may roar, the floods may beat,
 And storms tempestuous descend ;
 Yet will not He His own forget,
 But love and save them to the end.

E

MY hope is built on nothing less
 Than Jesu's blood and righteousness ;
 I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
 But wholly lean on Jesu's name.

On Christ the solid rock I stand,
 All other ground is sinking sand.

- 2 When darkness seems to veil His face,
 I rest on His unchanging grace ;
 In every high and stormy gale,
 My anchor holds within the veil :

On Christ the solid rock I stand,
 All other ground is sinking sand.

- 3 His oath, His covenant, and blood,
 Support me in the whelming flood :
 When all around my soul gives way,
 He then is all my hope and stay :

On Christ the solid rock I stand,
 All other ground is sinking sand.

CLIII.

C. M.

MY God! what cords of love are Thine,
 How gentle, yet how strong ;
 Thy truth and grace their strength combine
 To draw our souls along.

- 2 The guilt of twice ten thousand sins
 One moment takes away ;
 And when the fight of faith begins,
 Our strength is as our day.

- 3 Comfort through all this vale of tears
 In rich profusion flows ;
 And glory of unnumber'd years
 Eternity bestows.

- 4 Drawn by such cords, we'll onward move
 In love and union sweet,
 Till, fill'd with perfect joy above,
 Around Thy throne we meet.

CLIV.

8s. 7s.

- S**WEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross we spend,
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.
- 2 Here we rest, in wonder viewing
All our sins on Jesus laid,
And a full redemption flowing
From the sacrifice He made.
- 3 Here we find the dawn of heaven,
While upon the cross we gaze,
See our trespasses forgiven,
And our songs of triumph raise.
- 4 Oh that near the cross abiding,
We may to the Saviour cleave,
Nought with Him our hearts dividing,
All for Him content to leave.
- 5 May we still the cross discerning,
There for peace and comfort go,
There new wonders daily learning,
All the depths of mercy know.

CLV.

C. M.

- H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear Name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasury, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

- 4 By Thee my prayers acceptance gain,
 Although with sin defiled ;
 Satan accuses me in vain,
 And I am own'd a child.
- 5 Jesus ! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
 My Prophet, Priest, and King ;
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
 Accept the praise I bring.
- 6 Weak is the effort of my heart,
 And cold my warmest thought ;
 But when I see Thee as Thou art,
 I'll praise Thee as I ought.

CLVI.

8s.

- T**HOU Shepherd of Israel Divine,
 The joy of the contrite in heart !
 For closer communion we pine,
 Still, still to reside where Thou art.
 The pasture, oh ! when shall we find,
 Where all who their Shepherd obey,
 Are fed—on Thy bosom reclin'd,
 And screen'd from the heat of the day ?
- 2 Ah ! show us that happiest place,
 The place of Thy people's abode,
 Where saints in an ecstasy gaze,
 And cling to their reconcil'd God.
 Thy love for lost sinners declare,
 Thy passion and death on the tree ;
 Our spirits to Calvary bear,
 To suffer and triumph with Thee.
- 3 'Tis there with the lambs of Thy flock,
 There only we covet to rest,
 To lie at the foot of the rock,
 Or rise to be hid in Thy breast ;
 'Tis there we would always abide,
 And never a moment depart ;
 Conceal'd in the cleft of Thy side,
 Eternally held in Thy heart.

CLVII.

L. M.

- J**ESUS, Thy blood and righteousness
 My beauty are, my glorious dress ;
 'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
 With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 When from the dust of death I rise,
 To take my mansion in the skies,
 E'en then shall this be all my plea,
 Jesus hath lived and died for me.
- 3 Bold shall I stand in that great day ;
 For who aught to my charge shall lay,
 While through Thy blood, absolv'd I am,
 From sin's tremendous curse and shame ?
- 4 Thus Abraham, the friend of God,
 Thus all the armies bought with blood,
 Saviour of sinners Thee proclaim—
 Sinners, of whom the chief I am.
- 5 This spotless robe the same appears,
 When ruin'd nature sinks in years ;
 No age can change its glorious hue ;
 The robe of Christ is ever new.
- 6 Oh let the dead now hear Thy voice,
 Bid, Lord, Thy banish'd ones rejoice ;
 Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
 Jesus, "The Lord our Righteousness."

CLVIII.

8s.

- T**O Jesus the crown of my hope,
 My soul is in haste to be gone ;
 O ! bear me, ye cherubim, up,
 And waft me away to His throne.
- 2 My Saviour, whom absent I love,
 Whom, not having seen, I adore ;
 Whose name is exalted above
 All glory, dominion, and pow'r ;—

- 3 Dissolve 'Thou these bonds, that detain
My soul from her portion in Thee ;
Ah ! strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.
- 4 When that happy era begins,
When array'd in Thy glories I shine,
Nor grieve any more, by my sins,
The bosom on which I recline :—
- 5 O ! then shall the veil be remov'd,
And round me Thy brightness be pour'd :
I shall meet Him whom absent I lov'd,
See Him, Whom unseen, I ador'd.
- 6 And then never more shall the fears,
The trials, temptations and woes,
Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on my blissful repose.

CLIX.

82.

- A** DEBTOR to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I sing,
Nor fear with Thy righteousness on,
My person and off'rings to bring ;
The terrors of law and of God
With me can have nothing to do ;
My Saviour's obedience and blood
Hide all my transgressions from view.
- 2 The work which His goodness began,
The arm of His strength will complete ;
His promise is, "Yea and Amen,"
And never was forfeited yet ;
Things future, nor things that are now,
Not all things below nor above
Can make Him His purpose forego,
Or sever my soul from His love.

- 3 My name from the palms of His hands,
Eternity will not erase;
Impressed 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 glorified spirits in Heav'n.

CLX.

C. M.

- L**ORD Jesus are we one with Thee?
O height, O depth of love!
With Thee we died upon the tree,
In Thee we live above.
- 2 Such was Thy grace, that for our sake,
Thou didst from heav'n come down,
Our human flesh and blood partake,
In all our misery ONE.
- 3 Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,
Confess'd and borne by Thee;
The gall, the curse, the wrath were Thine,
To set Thy people free.
- 4 Ascended now, in glory bright,
Still ONE with us Thou art;
Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height
Thy saints and Thee can part.
- 5 Oh teach us, Lord, to know and own
This wondrous mystery,
That Thou with us art truly ONE,
And we are ONE with Thee!
- 6 Soon, soon shall come that glorious day,
When, seated on Thy throne,
Thou shalt to wond'ring worlds display,
THAT THOU WITH US ART ONE!

CLXI.

113th *M.*

THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
 Whose depth unfathom'd no man knows,
 I see from far Thy beauteous light,
 Inly I sigh for Thy repose :
 My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
 At rest, till it find rest in Thee !

2 Is there a thing beneath the sun
 That strives with Thee my heart to share ?
 Ah ! tear it thence, and reign alone
 The Lord of every motion there.
 Then shall my heart from earth be free,
 When it hath found its rest in Thee.

3 Oh ! crucify this self, that I
 No more, but Christ in me, may live ;
 Bid all my vile affections die,
 Nor let one hateful lust survive :
 In all things nothing may I see,
 Nothing desire, or seek, but **THEE**.

4 Each moment draw from earth away
 My heart, that lowly waits Thy call ;
 Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
 I am thy Life, thy God, thine **ALL** :
 To feel Thy pow'r, to hear Thy voice,
 To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

CLXII.

104th *M.*

BEGONE, unbelief ! my Saviour is near,
 And for my relief will surely appear ;
 By prayer let me wrestle, and He will perform :
 With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.

2 Though dark be my way, since He is my guide,
 'Tis mine to obey, 'tis His to provide :
 Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,
 The word He hath spoken will surely prevail.

- 3 His love in time past forbids me to think,
 He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink ;
 Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review, [through.
 Confirms His good pleasure to help me quite
- 4 Why should I complain of want or distress,
 Temptation or pain? He told me no less :—
 The heirs of salvation, I know from His word,
 Through much tribulation must follow their Lord.
- 5 How bitter the cup no heart can conceive,
 Which Jesus drank up, that sinners might live !
 His way was much rougher and darker than mine,
 Did Jesus thus suffer, and shall I repine ?
- 6 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
 The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is food ;
 Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
 And then O how pleasant the conqueror's song !

CLXIII.

D. C. M.

- I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
 "Come unto me and rest ;
 Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
 Thy head upon My breast."
 I came to Jesus as I was,
 Weary, and worn, and sad,
 I found in Him a resting place,
 And He has made me glad.
- 2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "Behold I freely give
 The living water,—thirsty one !
 Stoop down, and drink, and live."
 I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream,
 My thirst was quenched, my soul reviv'd,
 And now I live in Him.

- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 " I am this dark world's light,
 Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
 And all thy day be bright."
 I looked to Jesus, and I found
 In Him my Star, my Sun ;
 And in that light of life I'll walk,
 Till travelling days are done.

CLXIV.

C. M.

- O** LORD, I would delight in Thee,
 And on Thy care depend ;
 To Thee in every trouble flee,
 My sure, my stedfast friend.
- 2 When human cisterns all are dried,
 Thy fulness is the same ;
 May I with this be satisfied,
 And glory in Thy name.
- 3 Why should I thirst for aught below,
 While there's a fountain near ;
 A fountain which doth ever flow,
 The fainting heart to cheer.
- 4 No good in creatures can be found
 Apart, my Lord, from Thee ;
 I must have all things and abound,
 Since Thou art ALL to me.
- 5 Oh that I had but simpler faith,
 To live within the veil ;
 To feed on what my Saviour saith,
 Whose word can never fail.
- 6 He that hath made my heav'n secure,
 Will all I need provide ;
 While Christ is rich, can I be poor ?
 What can I want beside ?

CLXV.

113th M.

NOW I have found the ground wherein
 My soul's sure anchor may remain,
 The Lamb of God, for all my sin,
 Before the world's foundation, slain ;
 His mercy shall unshaken stay,
 When heaven and earth are fled away.

- 2 Oh Saviour ! Refuge ! Hiding-place !
 My sins are cancell'd all by Thee ;
 Cover'd is my unrighteousness,
 From condemnation I am free :
 Thy blood divine, through earth and skies,
 'Mercy,— free boundless mercy,'—cries !
- 3 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,
 Tho' every comfort be withdrawn ;
 On this my stedfast hope relies,
 Saviour, Thy mercy never dies.
- 4 Fix'd on this ground will I remain,
 Tho' heart should fail and flesh decay ;
 This anchor shall my soul sustain,
 Tho' earth's foundations melt away ;
 Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
 Lov'd with an everlasting love.

CLXVI.

7s.

'TIS my happiness below
 Not to live without the cross ;
 But the Saviour's power to know,
 Sanctifying every loss.

- 2 Trials must and will befall ;
 But with humble faith to see
 Love inscrib'd upon them all,
 This is happiness to me.

- 3 God in Israel sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain, and toil ;
These spring up and choke the weeds
Which would else o'erspread the soil.
- 4 Trials make the promise sweet ;
Trials give new life to prayer ;
Trials bring me to His feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.
- 5 Did I meet no trials here,
No correction by the way,
Might I not with reason fear
I should prove a cast-away ?
- 6 Others may escape the rod,
Sunk in earthly, vain delight ;
But the true-born child of God
Must not, would not, if he might.

CLXVII.

S. M.

- “ONE spirit with the Lord ;”
O blessed, wondrous word !
What heav'nly light, what power divine
Its message doth afford !
- 2 “One spirit with the Lord ;”
The Father's smile of love
Rests ever on the members here,
As on the Head above.
- 3 “One spirit with the Lord ;”
Jesus, the glorified,
Esteems the Church, for which He bled,
His Body and His Bride.
- 4 And tho' by storms assail'd,
And tho' by trials press'd,
Jesus our Lord will bear us up,
Right onward to the Rest.
- 5 There we shall drink the stream
Of endless bliss above ;
There we shall know, without a cloud,
His full and boundless love.

CLXVIII.

C. M.

HOW sweet the everlasting love
That will not let us part,
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart !

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

CLXIX.

C. M.

THE saints awhile dispers'd abroad
Have but one life above ;
Our home is in the heart of God,
Our dwelling place is love.

- 2 On us the Spirit loves to trace
And grave the living word ;
Let not the hateful flesh deface
Th' epistles of the Lord.

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

CLXX.

10s.

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

CLXXI.

C. M.

- S**WEET was the hour, O Lord, to Thee,
 At Sychar's lonely well,
 When a poor outcast heard Thee there
 Thy great salvation tell.
- 2 Thither she came; but Oh! her heart,
 All fill'd with earthly care,
 Dream'd not of Thee, nor thought to find
 The Hope of Israel there.
- 3 Lord! 'twas Thy power unseen that drew
 The stray one to that place,
 In solitude to learn from Thee
 The secrets of Thy grace.

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

CLXXII.

S. M.

- W**HOM have we, Lord, but Thee,
 Soul-thirst to satisfy ?
 Thy wells are deep, Thy waters free,
 All other springs are dry.
- 2 Our heart is freshly set
 On the bright things above ;
 Strange that the bride should e'er forget
 The bridegroom's faithful love.
- 3 Sometimes we credit not
 That God but gives as God,
 Yet faith allows her happy lot
 When looking on the blood.

- 4 None like the sinner-train
That precious blood has known,
Redemption is our only claim,
To come so near the throne.
- 5 Higher and higher still,
Pleading that same life-blood,
We prove the love that cannot chill,
We reach the heart of God.

CLXXIII.

C. M.

- J**ESUS immutably the same,
Thou true and living vine ;
Around Thine all-supporting stem,
My feeble arms I twine.
- 2 Quickened by Thee, and kept alive,
I flourish and bear fruit ;
My life, I from Thy life derive,
My vigour from Thy root.
- 3 I can do nothing without Thee,
My strength is wholly Thine ;
Wither'd and barren should I be,
If sever'd from the Vine.
- 4 Upon my leaf, when parch'd with heat,
Refreshing dews shall drop ;
And when the rain and tempest beat,
Thou still wilt bear me up.
- 5 The object of the Father's care,
And prun'd by love divine ;
Fruit to eternal life shall bear
The feeblest branch of Thine.
- 6 Till Thou hast brought me to the place
Of pure immortal joy,
The riches of Thy glorious grace
Shall all my need supply.

CLXXIV.

L. M.

JESUS, my all, to heav'n is gone ;
 He, whom I fix my hopes upon ;
 His track I see, and I'll pursue
 The narrow way, till Him I view.

- 2 This is the way I long had sought,
 And mourn'd because I found it not ;
 My grief and burden long had been
 Because I could not cease from sin.
- 3 The more I strove against its pow'r,
 I sinn'd and stumbl'd but the more,
 Till Jesus did His grace display,
 Himself revealing as "THE WAY."
- 4 Henceforth I'll tell to sinners round
 How dear a Saviour I have found ;
 I'll point to His redeeming blood,
 And say—**BEHOLD THE WAY TO GOD!**

CLXXV.

L. M.

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

- 2 Asham'd of Jesus ! sooner far
 Let ev'ning blush to own its star ;
 He shed the beams of light divine
 O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Asham'd of Jesus ! just as soon
 Let midnight be asham'd of noon :
 'Twas midnight with my soul till He,
 Bright morning-star ! bade darkness flee.
- 4 Asham'd of Jesus ! that dear friend
 On whom my hopes of heav'n depend !
 No—when I blush—be this my shame,
 That I no more confess His name.

- 5 Asham'd of Jesus! Yes I may,
 When I've no guilt to wash away;
 No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
 No fear to quell, no soul to save.
- 6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
 Till then I boast a Saviour slain!
 And Oh may this my glory be,
 That Christ is not asham'd of me!

CLXXVI.

L. M.

LET me but hear my Saviour say,
 Strength shall be equal to thy day;
 I can rejoice in deep distress,
 Leaning on all-sufficient grace.

- 2 I'll glory in infirmity,
 That Thine own pow'r may rest on me;
 When I am weak, then am I strong,
 Thou art my shield, my strength, my song.
- 3 I can do all things, or can bear
 All suff'rings, if but Thou art near;
 Sweet pleasures mingle with my pains,
 While Thine own arm my soul sustains.

CLXXVII.

C. M.

WHEN I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies,
 I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes.

- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
 And fiery darts be hurl'd,
 I then can smile at Satan's rage,
 And face a frowning world.
- 3 Should cares like a wild deluge come,
 And storms of sorrow fall,
 I yet shall safely reach my home,
 My God, my heav'n, my all!

- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
 In seas of heav'nly rest ;
 And not a wave of trouble roll
 Across my peaceful breast.

CLXXVIII.

7s.

- H**APPY Christian ! God's own child,
 Chosen, call'd, and reconcil'd ;
 Once a rebel far from God,
 Now brought nigh by Jesu's blood.
- 2 Happy Christian ! look on high,
 See thy portion in the sky ;
 Fix'd by everlasting love,
 Who that portion can remove ?
- 3 Happy Christian ! though the earth
 Knows not now thy heav'nly birth,
 Yet Thy God shall soon proclaim,
 Through all worlds thy favour'd name.
- 4 Happy Christian ! hear Him say,
 " Turn thy heart from earth away,
 Leave the world and all its woes,
 Seek in Me thy full repose."
- 5 Happy Christian ! look on high,
 Christ, thy Lord, thy life, is nigh !
 Soon thou shalt His glory see,—
 Learn His wondrous love to thee.

CLXXIX.

L. M.

- O** HAPPY day ! when first we felt
 Our souls with deep contrition melt,
 And saw our sins, of crimson guilt,
 All cleans'd by blood on Calv'ry spilt.
- 2 O happy day ! when first Thy love,
 Began our grateful hearts to move ;
 And gazing on Thy wond'rous cross,
 We saw all else as worthless dross.

- 3 O happy day! when we no more
 Shall grieve Thee whom our souls adore;
 When sorrows, conflicts, fears, shall cease,
 And all our trials end in peace.
- 4 O happy day! when we shall see
 And fix our longing eyes on Thee,
 On Thee, our Light, our Life, our Love,
 Our ALL below, our Heaven above.
- 5 O happy day of cloudless light!
 Eternal day without a night;
 Lord, when shall we its dawning see,
 And spend it all in praising Thee?
- 6 Come, Saviour, come, O quickly come,
 Take us, Thy waiting people, home;
 We long to stand around Thy throne,
 And know Thee as ourselves are known.

CLXXX.

C. M.

- H**APPY the souls to Jesus join'd,
 And sav'd by grace alone!
 Walking in all His ways, they find
 Their heav'n on earth begun.
- 2 The Church triumphant in Thy love,
 Their mighty joys we know;
 They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
 And we in hymns below.
- 3 Thee, in Thy glorious realm, they praise,
 And bow before Thy throne!
 We, in the kingdom of Thy grace;—
 The kingdoms are but one.
- 4 The holy to the holiest leads,
 From thence our spirits rise;
 And he, that in Thy statutes treads,
 Shall meet Thee in the skies.

CLXXXI.

C. M.

- O**! HAPPY they who know the Lord,
With whom He deigns to dwell ;
He feeds and cheers them by His word
His arm supports them well.
- 2 To them, in each distressing hour,
His throne of grace is near ;
And when they plead His love and pow'r,
He stands engag'd to hear.
- 3 His presence sweetens all our cares,
And makes our burdens light ;
A word from Him dispels our fears,
And gilds the gloom of night.
- 4 Lord, we expect to suffer here,
Nor would we dare repine ;
But give us still to find Thee near ;
And own us still as Thine.
- 5 Let us enjoy, and highly prize
These tokens of Thy love ;
Till Thou shalt bid our spirits rise,
To worship Thee above.
-

PRAYER AND SUPPLICATION.

CLXXXII.

C. M.

THERE is an eye that never sleeps
 Beneath the wing of night ;
There is an ear that never shuts,
 When sink the beams of light.

- 2 There is an arm that never tires,
 When human strength gives way ;
There is a love that never fails,
 When earthly loves decay.
- 3 That eye is fix'd on seraph throngs ;
 That arm upholds the sky ;
That ear is fill'd with angel songs ;
 That love is thron'd on high.
- 4 But there's a power the saints can wield,
 When mortal aid is vain,
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
 That listening ear to gain.
- 5 That power is prayer ; which soars on high
 Through Jesus to the throne,
And moves the hand which moves the world,
 To bring salvation down.

CLXXXIII.

S. M.

- B**EHOLD the throne of grace !
 The promise calls me near,—
 To seek my God and Father's face,
 Who loves to answer prayer.
- 2 That rich, atoning blood,
 Which sprinkled round I see,
 Provides for all who come to God,
 An all-prevailing plea.
- 3 My soul, ask what thou wilt,
 Thou canst not be too bold ;
 Since for thy sake that blood was spilt,
 What else will He withhold ?
- 4 Beyond thy utmost wants,
 His love and pow'r can bless :
 To praying souls He always grants,
 More than they can express.
- 5 Since 'tis the Lord's command,
 My mouth I'll open wide ;
 Lord, open Thou Thy bounteous hand,
 That I may be supplied.

CLXXXIV.

L. M.

- W**HAT various hind'rances we meet
 In coming to the mercy-seat !
 Yet who that knows the pow'r of prayer,
 But wishes to be often there ?
- 2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw,
 Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
 Gives exercise to faith and love,
 Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight :
 Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright ;
 And Satan trembles when he sees
 The weakest saint upon his knees.

CLXXXV.

8s. 7s.

LAMB of God! we fall before Thee,
 Humbly trusting to Thy cross;
 That alone be all our glory,
 All things else we count but loss.

- 2 Jesus! all our consolations
 Flow from Thee, Thou sov'reign good;
 Hope, and love, and faith, and patience,
 All were purchas'd by Thy blood.

CLXXXVI.

8s.

TO Thee, thou bleeding Lamb, to Thee,
 For pardon, peace, and life we flee;
 The shelter of Thy cross we claim,
 Thy righteousness alone we name;
 Now at Thy feet we suppliant fall,
 Our Lord, our Life, our All in All.

CLXXXVII.

L. M.

LET me be with Thee where Thou art,
 My Saviour, my eternal rest;
 Then only will this longing heart
 Be fully and for ever blest.

- 2 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
 Thine unveil'd glory to behold;
 Then only will this wandering heart
 Cease to be false to Thee and cold.
- 3 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
 Where spotless saints Thy name adore;
 Then only will this sinful heart
 Be evil and defiled no more.
- 4 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
 Where none can die, where none remove;
 There neither death nor life will part
 Me from Thy presence and Thy love.

CLXXXVIII.

7s. 6s.

O GRACIOUS Shepherd! bind us
 With cords of love to Thee,
 And evermore remind us
 How grace hath made us free.
 O may Thy Holy Spirit
 Set this before our eyes,
 That we Thy death and merit
 Above all else may prize.

2 We are of Thy salvation
 Assured, through Thy love :
 Yet O! on each occasion,
 How faithless do we prove !
 Thou hast our sins forgiven,—
 Then, leaving all behind,
 We would press on to heaven,
 Bearing the prize in mind.

3 Grant us, henceforth, dear Saviour,
 While in this vale of tears,
 To look to Thee, and never
 Give way to anxious fears ;
 Thou, Lord, wilt not forsake us,
 Though we are oft to blame ;
 O, let Thy love then make us
 Hold fast Thy faith and name.

CLXXXIX.

7s.

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

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

- 3 Help us to confess Thy name,
 Bear with joy Thy cross and shame,
 Only seek to follow Thee,
 Though reproach our portion be.
- 4 When Thou shalt in glory come,
 And we reach our heav'nly home,
 Louder still our lips shall own
 We are Thine, and Thine alone.

CXC.

L. M.

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

CXCI.

6. 88.

JESUS, Thy boundless love to me
 No thought can reach, no tongue declare ;
 Oh ! bend my wayward heart to Thee,
 And reign without a rival there :
 Thine, wholly Thine, alone I'd live ;
 Myself to Thee entirely give.

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

CXCII.

L. M.

WE go with the redeem'd to taste
 Of joy supreme that never dies ;
 Our feet still press the weary waste,
 Our hearts, our home are in the skies.

- 2 And oh ! while on to Zion's hill,
 The toilsome path of life we tread,
 Around us, loving Father, still
 Thy circling wings of mercy spread.
- 3 From day to day, from hour to hour,
 Oh let our rising spirits prove
 The strength of Thine Almighty pow'r,
 The sweetness of Thy saving love.

CXCIII.

L. M.

JESUS! the spring of joys divine,
Whence all our hopes and comforts flow ;
Jesus! no other name but Thine
Can save us from eternal woe.

- 2 In vain would boasting reason find
The way to happiness and God ;
Her weak directions leave the mind
Bewilder'd in a doubtful road.
- 3 No other name will heav'n approve,
Thou art the new and living way,
The light to cheer the path of love,
Which leads to bright and endless day.
- 4 Here let our constant feet abide,
Nor from this heav'nward way depart ;
O may Thy gracious Spirit guide
The wand'ring foot, and erring heart.
- 5 Safe lead us through this dreary night,
And bring us to that holy place,
The region of unclouded light,
Where we shall see Thee face to face.

CXCIV.

7s. 6s.

O LAMB of God! still keep us
Near to Thy wounded side ;
'Tis only there in safety
And peace we can abide ;
What foes and snares surround us,
What lusts and fears within,
The grace that sought and found us
Alone can keep us clean.

- 2 'Tis only in Thee hiding,
We feel our life secure ;
Only in Thee abiding,
The conflict can endure :

Thine arm the vict'ry gaineth
 O'er ev'ry hateful foe:
 Thy love each heart sustaineth
 In all its care and woe.

- 3 Soon shall our eyes behold Thee
 With rapture, face to face;
 One half hath not been told us
 Of all Thy pow'r and grace;
 Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
 The wonders of Thy love,
 Shall be the endless story
 Of all Thy saints above.

CXCv.

L. M.

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

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

CXCVI.

L. M.

JESUS, the Shepherd of the sheep,
 Thy "little flock" in safety keep,—
 The flock for which Thou cam'st from heaven,
 The flock for which Thy life was given.

- 2 Thou saw'st them wand'ring far from Thee,
 Secure as if from danger free ;
 Thy love did all their wand'rings trace,
 And bring them to "a wealthy place."
- 3 Oh ! guard Thy sheep from beasts of prey,
 And keep them that they never stray ;
 Cherish the young ; sustain the old ;
 Let none be feeble in Thy fold.
- 4 Secure them from the scorching beam,
 And lead them to the living stream ;
 In verdant pastures let them lie,
 And watch them with a shepherd's eye.
- 5 Oh ! may the sheep discern Thy voice,
 And in its sacred sound rejoice ;
 From strangers may they ever flee,
 And know no other guide but Thee.
- 6 Lord, bring Thy sheep that wander yet,
 And let the number be complete ;
 Then let Thy flock from earth remove,
 And occupy the fold above.

CXCVII.

L. M.

JESUS, the Christ, Eternal word !
 Of all creation Sovereign Lord !
 On Thee alone by faith we rest,
 And lean our weakness on Thy breast.

- 2 Thy blood has wash'd us from our sin,
 Thy Spirit sanctifies within ;
 And Thou for us, in all our need,
 At God's right hand dost ever plead.

- 3 Oh! keep us in the narrow way,
That ne'er from Thee our feet may stray;
Sustain our weakness, calm our fear,
And to Thy presence keep us near.

CXCVIII.

7s.

- J**ESU! Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be o'er,
Safe into the haven guide,
Where the tempest's heard no more.
- 2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee,
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
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 pardon all my sin,
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee,
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all Eternity.

AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
 When heated in the chase;
 So longs my soul, O God! for Thee,
 And Thy refreshing grace.

2 For Thee, my God, the living God,
 My thirsty soul doth pine:
 Oh! when shall I behold Thy face,
 Thou Majesty Divine?

3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
 Trust God, and He'll employ
 His aid for thee, and change these sighs
 To hymns of thankful joy.

AS pants the wearied hart for cooling springs,
 And sinks exhausted in the summer's chase;
 So pants my soul for Thee, great King of kings!
 So thirsts to reach Thy sacred dwelling-place.

2 Why throb, my heart? Why sink, my saddening
 soul?

Why droop to earth with various woes oppress'd?
 My years shall yet in blissful circles roll,
 And peace be yet an inmate of this breast.

3 Rock of my hope! great Solace of my heart!
 O! look upon the object of Thy care,
 For taunting foes thus cast their "fiery dart";—
 "Where is thy God? abandon'd wand'rer! Where?"

4 Why faint, my soul? Why doubt Jehovah's aid?
 Thy God, the God of mercy still shall prove;
 Within His courts thy thanks shall yet be paid;—
 UNQUESTION'D BE HIS FAITHFULNESS AND LOVE.

CCI.

G. M.

- C**OMPAR'D with Christ, in all beside
 No comeliness I see ;
 The one thing needful, gracious Lord,
 Is to be one with Thee.
- 2 The knowledge of Thy dying love
 Into my soul convey ;
 Thyself bestow : for Thee alone,
 My All in All, I pray.
- 3 Less than Thyself will not suffice
 My comfort to restore,
 More than Thyself I cannot crave,
 And Thou canst give no more.
- 4 Lov'd of my God, for Thee my soul
 Would burn with love sincere ;
 Chosen of Thee, ere time began,
 Help me to choose Thee here.
- 5 Whate'er consist not with Thy love,
 O teach me to resign ;
 I'm rich to all th' intents of bliss,
 Since Thou, O God, art mine.

CCII.

7s.

- Q**UIET, Lord, my froward heart,
 Make me teachable and mild,
 Upright, simple, free from art,
 Make me as a weaned child ;
 From distrust and envy free,
 Pleas'd with all that pleases Thee.
- 2 What Thou shalt to-day provide,
 Let me as a child receive ;
 What to-morrow may betide,
 Calmly to Thy wisdom leave ;
 'Tis enough that Thou wilt care,
 Why should I the burden bear ?

- 3 As a little child relies
 On a care beyond his own ;
 Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
 Fears to stir a step alone ;
 Let me thus with Thee abide,
 As my Father, Guard, and Guide.
- 4 Thus preserv'd from Satan's wiles, .
 Safe from dangers, free from fears,
 May I live upon Thy smiles,
 Till the promis'd hour appears,
 When the sons of God shall prove
 All their Father's boundless love.

CCIII.

78.

- J**ESUS, take this faithless heart,
 Give it Lord, Thy peace and joy,
 Richer, fuller grace impart,
 All its worthless dross destroy :
 Purge it, Saviour, till it bear
 Fruit more worthy of Thy care.
- 2 Lord, I know my heart is cold,
 Faint my faith and weak my love ;
 Still in Thy redemption bold,
 I can look for help above ;
 Help that comes from Thee alone,
 Seated on the Father's throne.
- 3 Oh, for strength ! my gracious Lord,
 To devote myself to Thee !
 Thou, who hast my soul restor'd,
 Let me Thy disciple be ;
 Learn of Thee, with single eye
 God in all to glorify.

CCIV.

L. M.

- M**Y God, my Father, while I stray,
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
Oh! teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will, my God! Thy will be done.
- 2 Tho' dark my path, or sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
But breathe the prayer divinely taught,
Thy will, my God! Thy will be done.
- 3 If Thou should'st call me to resign
What most I prize:—it ne'er was mine:
I only yield Thee what was Thine;
Thy will, my God! Thy will be done.
- 4 Control my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will, my God! Thy will be done.
- 5 And when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer, oft mixt with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will, my God! Thy will be done.

CCV.

D. C. M.

- Q**UICK as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make!
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.
That I from Thee no more may part,
No more Thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the soften'd heart,
The tender conscience give.
- 2 Give me a principle within
Of jealous, godly fear;
A sensibility of sin,
A pain to feel it near.

- Grant me the first approach to feel,
 Of pride or fond desire ;
 To catch the wandering of my will,
 And quench the kindling fire.
- 3 If to the right or left I stray,
 That moment, Lord, reprove ;
 And let me weep my life away,
 Rather than grieve Thy love.
 O may the least omission pain
 My well-instructed soul ;
 And drive me to the blood again,
 Which makes the wounded whole.

CCVI.

L. M.

- E**MPTIED of earth, I fain would be,
 Of sin and self, of all but Thee ;
 Reserv'd for Christ, who bled and died,
 Surrender'd to the crucified.
- 2 Constrain my soul Thy sway to own,
 Self-will, self-righteousness, dethrone,
 Let Dagon fall before Thy face,
 The ark remaining in its place.
- 3 Larger communion let me prove
 With Thee, blest object of my love,
 But O, for this no pow'r have I,
 My strength is at Thy feet to lie.

CCVII.

L. M.

- B**ESET with snares on every hand,
 In life's uncertain path I stand ;
 Saviour Divine send forth Thy light,
 To guide my wand'ring footsteps right.
- 2 Engage this roving, treach'rous heart
 To fix on Mary's better part,
 To leave the trifles of a day,
 For joys that never fade away.

- 3 Then, let the wildest storms arise,
Let tempests mingle earth and skies;
No fatal shipwreck need I fear,
I all my treasure with me bear.
- 4 If Thou, my Saviour, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, or joyful die;
Secure, when earthly comforts flee,
To find eternal joy in Thee.

CCVIII.

L. M.

- I** THIRST, but not as once I did,
The vain delights of earth to share,
Thy wounds, Emmanuel, all forbid
That I should seek my pleasure there.
- 2 It was the sight of Thy dear cross,
First wean'd my soul from earthly things,
And taught me to esteem as dross,
The mirth of fools, the pride of kings.
- 3 I want that grace that springs from Thee,
That quickens all things where it flows,
And makes a wretched thorn like me,
Bloom as the myrtle or the rose.

CCIX.

C. M.

- O** LORD, my best desire fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to Thy will,
And make Thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at Thy command
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?
- 3 No; let me rather freely yield
What most I prize to Thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.

F

- 4 Thy favour, all my journey through,
 Thou art engag'd to grant :
 What else I want, or think I do,
 'Tis better still to want.
- 5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way ;
 Shall I resist them both,
 The poor blind creature of a day,
 And crush'd before the moth ?
- 6 But ah ! mine inward spirit cries,
 "Still bind me to Thy sway,"
 Else the next cloud that veils my skies
 Drives all these thoughts away.

CCX.

C. M.

- A**PPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat
 Where Jesus answers prayer ;
 There humbly fall before His feet,
 For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea,
 With this I venture nigh ;
 Thou callest burden'd souls to Thee,
 And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
 By Satan sorely prest,
 Fightings without, and fears within,
 I come to Thee for rest.
- 4 Be Thou my shield and hiding-place,
 That, shelter'd near Thy side,
 I may my fierce accuser face,
 And tell him, "Thou hast died."
- 5 Oh wondrous love ! to bleed and die,
 To bear the cross and shame,
 That guilty sinners, such as I,
 Might plead Thy gracious Name.

CCXI.

C. M.

HEAL us, Emmanuel; here we are,
 Waiting to feel Thy touch;
 Deep-wounded souls to Thee repair,
 And, Saviour, we are such.

- 2 Our faith is feeble, we confess;
 We faintly trust Thy word;
 But wilt Thou pity us the less?
 Be that far from Thee, Lord!
- 3 Remember him who once applied,
 With trembling, for relief;
 "Lord, I believe," with tears he cried,
 "Help Thou mine unbelief."
- 4 She, too, who touch'd Thee in the press,
 And healing virtue stole,
 Was answer'd, "Daughter, go in peace,
 "Thy faith hath made thee whole."
- 5 Like her, with hopes and fears, we come
 To touch Thee, if we may:
 Oh! send us not despairing home;
 Send none unheal'd away.

CCXII.

S. M.

WHEN overwhelm'd with grief
 My heart within me dies,
 Helpless and far from all relief,
 To Heaven I lift mine eyes.

- 2 O lead me to the rock
 That's high above my head,
 And make the covert of Thy wings
 My shelter and my shade.
- 3 Within Thy presence, Lord,
 For ever I'll abide;
 Thou art the tower of my defence,
 The refuge where I hide.

CCXIII.

7a.

JESUS! lead me by Thy power,
 Safe into the promis'd rest;
 Hide my soul within Thine arms,
 Make me lean upon Thy breast;
 Be my Guide in ev'ry peril,
 Watch me hourly night and day;
 Else my foolish heart will wander
 From Thy presence far away.

2 Nothing can preserve my going,
 But salvation full and free;
 Nothing can my soul dishearten
 But my absence, Lord, from Thee.
 Nothing can delay my progress,
 Nothing can disturb my rest,
 If I can, whate'er the danger,
 Lean, my Saviour, on Thy breast.

3 In Thy presence I am happy,
 In Thy presence I'm secure;
 In Thy presence, all afflictions
 I can easily endure:
 In Thy presence I can conquer,
 I can suffer, I can die;
 Far from Thee, I faint and languish;
 O my Saviour! keep me nigh.

CCXIV.

C.M.

O LORD, Thy heart with love o'erflow'd,
 Love spoke in ev'ry breath,
 Unwearied love Thy life declar'd,
 And triumph'd in Thy death.

2 And Thou hast taught Thy followers here,
 Their faithfulness to prove,
 And shew their fellowship with Thee,
 By living still in love.

- 3 May we the law of love fulfil
 In ev'ry act and thought,
 Each angry passion be remov'd,
 Each selfish view forgot.
- 4 Teach us to help each other, Lord,
 Each other's cross to bear,
 Let each his willing aid afford,
 And feel his brother's care.
- 5 And if from Thee, O Lord, we stray,
 Our souls restore again,
 Direct our footsteps in the way,
 And let our path be plain.
- 6 In peacefulness and joy led on,
 We'll run the heav'nly race,
 Till meeting round Thy glorious throne,
 We see Thee face to face.

CCXV.

6. 8a.

- L**ORD Jesus, teach us still to keep
 Our eyes on Thee, the living way,
 That we, once lost and wand'ring sheep,
 From Thee our Lord no more may stray;
 But wheresoe'er Thou leadest, we
 May follow on most cheerfully.
- 2 Oh that we never might forget
 What Thou hast suffer'd for our sake,
 To save our souls, and make us meet
 Of all Thy glory to partake;
 But keeping this in sight, press on
 To glory, and the victor's crown.
- 3 Oh Gracious Lord, when we reflect
 How oft we've turn'd our eye from Thee,
 How treated Thee with sad neglect,
 And listen'd to the enemy;
 And yet to find Thee still the same,
 'Tis this that humbles us with shame.

- 4 Astonish'd at Thy feet we fall,
 Thy love exceeds our highest thought,
 Henceforth be Thou our all in all,
 Thou, who our souls with blood hast bought,
 May we henceforth more faithful prove,
 And ne'er forget Thy ceaseless love.

CCXVI.

C. M.

- O TEACH me more of Thy blest ways,
 Thou Holy Lamb of God!
 And fix and root me in Thy grace,
 As one redeem'd by blood.
- 2 O tell me often of Thy love,
 Of all Thy grief and pain;
 And let my heart with joy confess,—
 From thence comes all my gain.
- 3 For this, O may I freely count
 Whate'er I have but loss;—
 The dearest object of my love,
 Compar'd with Thee, but dross.

CCXVII.

L. M.

- O H! from the world's vile slavery,
 Almighty Saviour, set me free;
 And as my treasure is above,
 Be there my thoughts, be there my love.
- 2 But oft, alas! too well I know,
 My thoughts, my love, are fix'd below;
 In lifeless prayer how oft I find,
 The heart unmov'd, the absent mind.
- 3 What can that frozen bosom move
 That melts not at the Saviour's love?
 What can that sluggish spirit raise,
 That will not sing the Saviour's praise?
- 4 Lord, draw my best affections hence,
 Above this world of sin and sense;
 Cause them to soar above the skies,
 And rest not till to Thee they rise.

CCXVIII.

L. M.

- G**OD of my life, to Thee I call,
 Afflicted at Thy feet I fall;
 When the great water-floods prevail,
 Leave not my trembling heart to fail.
- 2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
 Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
 Where but with Thee, whose open door
 Invites the helpless and the poor?
- 3 Did ever mourner plead with Thee,
 And Thou refuse that mourner's plea?
 Doth not the word still fix'd remain,
 That none shall seek Thy face in vain?
- 4 That were a grief I could not bear,
 Didst Thou not hear and answer prayer;
 But a prayer-hearing, answe'ring God,
 Supports me under every load.
- 5 Fair is the lot that's cast for me;
 I have an Advocate with Thee;
 Those whom the world caresses most
 Have no such privilege to boast.
- 6 Poor though I am, despis'd, forgot,
 Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
 And he is safe, and must succeed,
 For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

CCXIX.

L. M.

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

CCXX.

L. M.

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

CCXXI.

C. M.

- O** FOR a heart to praise my God,
 A heart from sin set free!
 A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
 So freely shed for me.
- 2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
 My great Redeemer's throne;
 Where only Christ is heard to speak,
 Where Jesus reigns alone:
- 3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
 Believing, true, and clean,
 Which neither life nor death can part
 From Him that dwells within.
- 4 A heart in every thought renew'd,
 And fill'd with love divine,
 Perfect and right, and pure and good,
 A copy, Lord, of Thine!

CCXXII.

C. M.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sov'reign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise:—

- 2 Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From ev'ry murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And let me live to Thee.
 - 3 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.
-

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

CCXXIII.

L. M.

O COME, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King ;
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's rock we praise.

2 Into His presence let us haste,
To thank Him for His favours past ;
To Him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to His name belongs.

3 He is our God, our Shepherd He,
His flock and pasture sheep are we ;
Then let us to His courts repair,
And bow with adoration there.

CCXXIV.

L. M.

FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord ;
Eternal truth attends Thy word ;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

CCXXV.

L. M.

- A**LL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice :
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell ;
Come ye before Him and rejoice.
- 2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed,
Without our aid He did us make ;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.
- 3 O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto ;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.
- 4 For why ? The Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

CCXXVI.

L. M.

- B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
He can create, and He destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men ;
And when like wandering sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to His fold again.
- 3 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs ;
High as the heavens our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is Thy command ;
Vast as eternity Thy love ;
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

CCXXVII.

C. M.

- C**OME, let us join our cheerful songs,
 With angels round the throne;
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
 But all their joys are one.
- 2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
 To be exalted thus;
 Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
 For He was slain for us.
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honour and power divine;
 And blessings more than we can give
 Be, Lord, for ever Thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
 And air, and earth, and seas,
 Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
 And speak Thine endless praise.
- 5 The whole creation join in one
 To bless the sacred name
 Of Him that sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.

CCXXVIII.

L. M.

- H**OW pleasant is the sound of praise!
 It well becomes the saints of God:
 Should we refuse our songs to raise,
 The stones might tell our shame abroad.
- 2 To Him who wash'd us in His blood,
 Let us our loudest songs prepare;
 He sought us wand'ring far from God,
 And now preserves us by His care.
- 3 One string there is of sweetest tone,
 Reserv'd for sinners sav'd by grace;
 'Tis sacred to one theme alone,
 And touch'd by one peculiar race.

- 4 Though angels may with rapture see
How mercy flows in Jesu's blood,
It is not theirs to prove as we
The cleansing virtue of this flood.
- 5 Though angels praise the heav'nly King,
And worship Him as God alone,
We can with exultation sing—
"He wears our nature on the throne."
- 6 Lord, we adore the wondrous love
Which brought Thee here to bleed and die,
Soon may we join with those above
To sing Thy praises in the sky.

CCXXIX.

8s. 7s.

- C**OME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace:
Streams of mercy never ceasing
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.
- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Rescued now, from sin and danger,
Purchas'd by the Saviour's blood;
I would walk on earth a stranger,
As becomes the sons of God.
- 3 Oh to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let that grace break every fetter
That withholds my heart from Thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love!
Saviour, take my heart and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

CCXXX.

C. M.

- A**LL hail the power of Jesu's name !
 Let angels prostrate fall :
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown Him Lord of all !
- 2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,
 Who from His altar call ;
 Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
 And crown Him Lord of all !
- 3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
 A remnant weak and small ;
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
 And crown Him Lord of all !
- 4 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall :
 Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
 And crown Him Lord of all !
- 5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To Him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown Him Lord of all !
- 6 O that with yonder sacred throng
 We at His feet may fall ;
 There join the everlasting song,
 And crown Him Lord of all !

CCXXXI.

8s.

- W**E'LL sing of the Shepherd that died,
 That died for the sake of the flock ;
 His love to the utmost was tried,
 And immoveable stood as a rock.
- 2 When the blood of a victim must flow,
 The Shepherd by kindness was led,
 To stand between us and the foe,
 And willingly died in our stead.

- 3 Our song then for ever shall be
 Of the Shepherd who gave Himself thus;
 No subject so glorious we see,
 And none so affecting to us.
- 4 We'll sing of this subject alone,
 No other our tongues shall employ;
 But better His love will be known
 In yonder bright regions of joy.

CCXXXII.

S. M.

- Y**OUR harps, ye trembling saints,
 Down from the willows take;
 Loud to the praise of Christ our Lord,
 Let every string awake.
- 2 Though in a foreign land,
 We are not far from home;
 And nearer to our house above
 We every moment come.
- 3 Secure within the veil,
 Christ is our anchor strong;
 While power supreme and love divine,
 Still guide us safe along.
- 4 His grace will to the end,
 Clearer and brighter shine;
 Nor present things, nor things to come,
 Can change His love divine.

CCXXXIII.

8s.

- T**HIS God is the God we adore,
 Our faithful 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.

CCXXXIV.

L. M.

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

CCXXXV.

S. M.

- A**WAKE, and sing the song,
 Of Moses and the Lamb!
 Wake every heart and every tongue,
 To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of His dying love,
 Sing of His rising pow'r,
 Sing how He intercedes above
 For those whose sins He bore.
- 3 Sing on your heav'nly way,
 Ye ransom'd sinners, sing;
 Sing on, rejoicing every day,
 In Christ th' Eternal King.

- 4 Soon shall we hear Him say,
 "Ye blessed children, come :"
 Soon will He call us hence away,
 And take His pilgrims home.
- 5 Then shall each raptur'd tongue
 His endless praise proclaim ;
 And sweeter voices swell the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb.

CCXXXVI.

104th *M.*

- C**OME, saints, and adore Him ;
 Come bow at His feet ;
 Oh ! give Him the glory,
 The praise that is meet ;
 Let joyful hosannas
 Unceasing arise,
 And join the full chorus
 That gladdens the skies.
- 2 To the Lamb that was slain
 All honour be paid,
 And crowns without number
 Encircle His head ;
 Let blessing and glory,
 And riches and might,
 Be ascrib'd evermore
 By angels of light.
- 3 Come, saints, and adore Him ;
 Come, bow at His feet ;
 Oh ! give Him the glory,
 The praise that is meet ;
 Let joyful hosannas
 Unceasing arise,
 And join the full chorus
 That gladdens the skies.

CCXXXVII.

OH! bless the Lord my soul,
 His grace to thee proclaim,
 And all that is within me join
 To bless His holy name.
 Oh! bless the Lord, my soul,
 His mercies bear in mind,
 Forget not all His benefits :
 The Lord to thee is kind.

2 He will not always chide ;
 He will with patience wait ;
 His wrath is ever slow to rise,
 And ready to abate.
 He pardons all thy sins,
 Prolongs thy feeble breath,
 He healeth thine infirmities,
 And ransoms thee from death.

3 He clothes thee with His love,
 Upholds thee with His truth,
 And like the eagle He renews
 The vigour of thy youth.
 Then bless His holy Name,
 Whose grace hath made thee whole,
 Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days ;
 Oh! bless the Lord, my soul.

CCXXXVIII.

7s.

NOW begin the heavenly theme,
 Sing aloud the Saviour's name ;
 Ye, who Jesu's kindness prove,
 Triumph in Redeeming Love.

2 Ye who see the Father's grace,
 Beaming in Immanuel'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 bliss no longer rove,
Stop and taste Redeeming Love.
- 5 Welcome, all by sin opprest,
Welcome to His sacred rest ;
Come, and all the sweetness prove
Of our Lord's Redeeming Love.
- 6 Hither then your praises bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string,
Let us join the hosts above,
Join to praise Redeeming Love.

CCXXXIX.

6. 8s.

- J**ESUS, who vanquish'd all our foes,
Who died to save, who lives to bless ;
From Him our ev'ry comfort flows—
Life, liberty, and joy, and peace.
Resound, resound in joyful strains,
Jesus, the King of glory, reigns !
- 2 Oh ! Thou art worthy, gracious Lord !
Of universal, endless praise ;
With ev'ry pow'r to be ador'd
That men or angels e'er can raise.
Let heav'n and earth unite their strains,
Jesus, the King of glory, reigns !
- 3 But earth and heav'n can ne'er proclaim
The boundless glories of their King ;
Yet do our hearts adore His name,
The name whence all our blessings spring ;
Resound, resound in joyful strains,
Jesus, the King of glory, reigns !

- 4 How mean the tribute that we pay!
 How cold the heart, how faint the tongue!
 But oh! a bright eternal day
 Will bring a more exalted song,
 Resounding in immortal strains
 Jesus, the King of glory, reigns!

CCXL.

P. M.

- J**JOIN all the glorious names
 Of wisdom, love, and pow'r,
 That mortals ever knew,
 That angels ever bore;
 All are too mean to speak His worth,
 Too mean to set the Saviour forth.
- 2 Great prophet of our God!
 Our tongues would bless Thy name:
 By Thee the joyful news
 Of our salvation came;
 The joyful news of sins forgiv'n,
 Of hell subdu'd, of peace with heav'n.
- 3 Be Thou our counsellor,
 Our pattern, and our guide,
 And through this desert land
 Still keep us near Thy side;
 So shall our feet ne'er run astray,
 But cheerful, tread the narrow way.
- 4 We love our Shepherd's voice,
 His watchful eye shall keep
 Our wand'ring souls among
 The thousands of His sheep;
 He feeds His flock, He calls their names,
 His bosom bears the tender lambs.

CCXLI.

C. M.

- T**HROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
 In trouble and in joy,
 The praises of my God shall still
 My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 Of His deliverance I will boast,
 Till all that are distress'd
 From my example comfort take,
 And charm their griefs to rest.
- 3 O magnify the Lord with me,
 With me exalt His name :
 When in distress to Him I called,
 He to my rescue came.
- 4 The hosts of God encamp around
 The dwellings of the just ;
 Deliv'rance He affords to all
 Who in His succour trust.
- 5 O make but trial of His love !
 Experience will decide
 How blest are they, and only they,
 Who in His truth confide.
- 6 Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
 Have nothing else to fear ;
 Make you His service your delight,
 He'll make your wants His care.

CCXLII.

C. M.

- W**HEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
 My rising soul surveys,
 Transported with the view, I'm lost
 In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
 My daily thanks employ ;
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart
 To taste those gifts with joy.

- 3 When in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 4 When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou,
With health renew'd my face ;
And when in sin and sorrow sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.
- 5 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.
- 6 Through all eternity to Thee,
A joyful song I'll raise ;
But O, eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.

CCXLIII.

L. M.

REJOICE, ye saints, recount with praise
The blessings of redeeming grace ;
Jesus, your everlasting tower,
Shall shield you from the tempest's power.

- 2 His love's a refuge ever nigh,
His watchfulness as mountains high,
His name's a rock which winds above,
And waves below, can never move.
- 3 While all things change He changes not,
He ne'er forgets, though oft forgot ;
His love's unchangeably the same,
And as enduring as His name.
- 4 Rejoice, ye saints, rejoice and praise
The blessings of this wondrous grace ;
Jesus, your everlasting tower,
Shall bear unmov'd the tempest's pow'r.

CCXLIV.

D. S. M.

- T**HE God of Abra'am praise,
 Who reigns enthron'd above;
 Ancient of everlasting days,
 The God of Light and Love.
 Jehovah, great I AM,
 By earth and heav'n confess'd;
 I bow and bless the sacred name,
 Now and for ever blest.
- 2 The God of Abra'am praise,
 At whose supreme command,
 From earth I rise, and seek the joys,
 Which are at His right hand:
 I all on earth forsake,
 Its wisdom, fame, and pow'r,
 And Him my only portion make,
 My hiding-place and tow'r.
- 3 The God of Abra'am praise,
 Whose all sufficient grace
 Shall guide me all my pilgrim days,
 Till I behold His face.
 He calls a worm His friend,
 He calls Himself my God,
 And He shall save me to the end,
 Through Jesu's precious blood.
- 4 He by Himself hath sworn,
 I on His oath depend,
 I shall on eagle's wings upborne,
 On high to heav'n ascend:
 There I shall see His face,
 I shall His pow'r adore,
 And sing the wonders of His grace
 In bliss for evermore.

CCXLV.

- H**HEAD of the Church triumphant !
 We joyfully adore Thee ;
 Till Thou appear, Thy members here
 Shall sing like those in glory.
 We lift our hearts and voices
 In blest anticipation,
 And cry aloud, and give to God
 The praise of our salvation.
- 2 While in affliction's furnace,
 Or passing through the fire,
 Thy love we praise, which tries our ways
 And ever brings us nigher.
 We lift our hands exulting,
 In Thine Almighty favour :
 The love divine which made us Thine
 Shall keep us Thine for ever.
- 3 Thou dost conduct Thy people
 Through torrents of temptation ;
 Nor will we fear, while Thou art near,
 The fire of tribulation.
 The world, with sin and Satan,
 In vain our march opposes :
 By Thee we shall break through them all,
 And sing the song of Moses.
- 4 By faith we see the glory
 Of which Thou dost assure us,
 The world despise for that high prize
 Which Thou hast set before us :
 And if Thou count us worthy,
 We each, as dying Stephen,
 Shall see Thee stand at God's right hand,
 To take us up to heaven.

CCXLVI.

8. 7. 4.

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

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

CCXLVII.

S. M.

MY soul repeat His praise,
 Whose mercies are so great,
 Whose anger is so slow to rise,
 So ready to abate.

- 2 High as the heavens are rais'd
 Above the earth we tread,
 So far the riches of His grace,
 Our highest thoughts exceed.
- 3 His pow'r subdues our sins,
 And His forgiving love,
 Far as the east is from the west,
 Doth all our guilt remove.
- 4 Our life is as the grass,
 Or like the morning flow'r ;
 If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
 It withers in an hour.
- 5 But Thy compassions, Lord,
 To endless years endure ;
 And all Thy children ever find
 Thy word of promise sure.

CCXLVIII.

L. M.

- WE sing the praise of Him who died,
 Of Him who died upon the cross,
 The sinner's hope, whom men deride ;
 For Him we count the world but loss.
- 2 Inscib'd upon the cross we see,
 In shining letters "GOD IS LOVE ;"
 He bears our sins upon the tree,
 And brings us mercy from above.
- 3 The Cross ! it takes our guilt away,
 It holds the fainting spirit up ;
 It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
 And sweetens every bitter cup.
- 4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
 And nerves the feeble arm for fight,
 It takes its terror from the grave,
 And gilds the bed of death with light ;—
- 5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
 The measure and the pledge of love,
 The sinner's refuge here below,
 The theme of saints in heav'n above !

CCXLIX.

C. M.

- FOR mercies countless as the sands,
 Which daily I receive
 From Jesus my Redeemer's hands,
 My soul ! what canst thou give ?
- 2 Alas ! from such a heart as mine,
 What can I bring Him forth ?
 My best is stain'd and dy'd with sin,
 My all is nothing worth.
- * 3 Yet, this acknowledgment I'll make
 For all He has bestow'd ;
 Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,
 And call upon my God.

- 4 The best return for one like me,
So wretched and so poor,
Is from His gifts to draw a plea,
And ask Him still for more.
- 5 I cannot serve Him as I ought,
No works have I to boast ;
Yet will I glory in the thought
That I shall owe Him most.

CCL.

104th M.

YE servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad His wonderful Name ;
The name all victorious of Jesus extol,
His kingdom is glorious, He'll reign over all.

- 2 God ruleth on high, Almighty to save,
And still He is nigh, His presence we have ;
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus, their King.
- 3 Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son ;
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
They fall on their faces, and worship the Lamb.
- 4 Then let us adore, and give Him His right,
All glory and pow'r, and wisdom and might,
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, for INFINITE LOVE.

CCLI.

P. M.

GLORY to God on high !
Let heav'n and earth reply,
" Praise ye His Name !"
Angels His love adore,
Who all our sorrows bore,
And saints cry evermore,
" Worthy the Lamb !"

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

CCLII.

S. M.

- T**O God, the only wise,
The everlasting King,
Now high enthron'd above the skies,
Our joyful praise we bring.
- 2 His love and mighty pow'r,
His counsel and His care,
Preserve us safe each passing hour,
From every hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present His saints,
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of His face,
With joys divinely great.

- 4 Then all His chosen seed
 Shall meet around the throne,
 To sing the triumphs of His grace,
 And make His glories known.

CCLIII.

8. 8. 6.

O LET us tell the matchless worth,
 And let us sound the glories forth,
 Which in our Saviour shine,—
 The wonders of His love we sing,
 The theme with which the heavens ring
 Now let us gladly join.

- 2 How rich the precious blood He spilt!
 Our ransom from the dreadful guilt
 Of sin against our God;
 How perfect is His righteousness!
 In this unspotted beauteous dress,
 His saints have ever stood.
- 3 How precious is the name He bears,
 How bright the many crowns He wears,
 Exalted on the Throne!
 In songs of sweet untiring praise,
 We would, to everlasting days,
 Make all His glories known.
- 4 And soon the happy day shall come,
 When we shall reach our destin'd home,
 And see Him face to face;
 Then with our Saviour, Lord, and Friend,
 A glad Eternity we'll spend,
 In singing still His grace.

CCLIV.

7s.

CHILDREN of the heav'nly King,
 As ye journey, sweetly sing,
 Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
 Glorious in His works and ways.

- 2 Ye are trav'ling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod ;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon with Christ, your Lord, shall be.
- 3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest,
You on Jesu's throne shall rest ;
There your seat is now prepar'd,
There your kingdom and reward.
- 4 Fear not, though a feeble band,
'Mid the conflict boldly stand ;
Christ, your Lord, the mighty One,
Bids you undismay'd go on.
- 5 Lord, obedient may we go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

CCLV.

C. M.

- J**ESUS, I love Thy charming name,
'Tis music to mine ear !
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven might hear.
- 2 Lord, Thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust :
Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust !
- 3 All that my utmost powers can wish,
In Thee doth richly meet :
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet !
- 4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there ;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care !

- 5 I'll speak the honours of Thy name
 With my last lab'ring breath,
 Who hast for me the victory won,
 And triumph'd over death.

CCLVI.

6. 8s.

- T**HE Lamb was slain! let us adore,
 And joyfully His mercy own,
 And humbly now and evermore
 Before His wounded feet fall down:
 Serve without dread, with rev'rence love
 The Lord whose boundless grace we prove.
- 2 The Lamb was slain! both day and night
 The angelic choirs His praises sing;
 To Him enthron'd above all height,
 They round the throne their anthems bring:
 While still on earth we join the song,
 And praise Him, tho' with stamm'ring tongue.
- 3 Gladly our own poor works we leave,
 For Him despise wealth, pleasure, fame;
 To Him our souls and bodies give,
 Whose love doth our affections claim;
 Henceforth we own Him as our Lord,
 Alone belov'd—alone ador'd.

CCLVII.

L. M.

- A**WAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
 To sing Thy great Redeemer's praise;
 He justly claims a song from me;
 His loving-kindness, oh! how free!
- 2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
 Yet lov'd me, notwithstanding all;
 He sav'd me from my lost estate;
 His loving kindness, oh! how great!

- 3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
 Though earth and hell my way oppose,
 He safely leads my soul along ;
 His loving-kindness, oh ! how strong !
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
 Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,
 He near my soul has always stood ;
 His loving-kindness, oh ! how good !
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart,
 Prone from my Saviour to depart ;
 But tho' I have Him oft forgot ;
 His loving-kindness changes not.
- 6 Soon shall I mount and soar away
 To the bright world of endless day,
 And sing with rapture and surprise,
 His loving-kindness in the skies !

CCLVIII.

L. M.

THE countless multitude on high,
 Who tune their songs to Jesu's name,
 All merit of their own deny,
 And Jesu's worth alone proclaim.

- 2 Redeem'd by blood, and sav'd by grace,
 They stand before Jehovah's throne ;
 The happy song in that blest place
 Is—"Thou art worthy ! Thou alone !"
- 3 With spotless robes of purest white,
 And branches of triumphal palm,
 They shout, with transports of delight,
 Heaven's ceaseless, universal psalm ;—
- 4 "Salvation's glory all be paid
 "To Him who sits upon the throne ;
 "And to the Lamb, whose blood was shed,—
 "Thou ! Thou art worthy ! Thou alone.

- 5 "For Thou wast slain, and in Thy blood
 "These robes were wash'd so spotless pure,
 "Thou mad'st us kings and priests to God,
 "For ever let Thy praise endure."
- 6 Let us with joy adopt the strain,
 We hope to sing for ever there;
 "Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,
 "Worthy alone the crown to wear."

CCLIX.

8. 7. 4.

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

CCLX.

7. 7. 8. 7.

- W**ORSHIP, and thanks, and blessing,
 And strength ascribe to Jesus!
 Jesus alone defends His own,
 When earth and hell oppress us.
 Omnipotent Redeemer!
 Our ransom'd souls adore Thee:
 Our Saviour Thou! we find it now,
 And give Thee all the glory.

- 2 Thine arm has safely brought us
 A way no more expected,
 Than when Thy sheep pass'd thro' the deep,
 By crystal walls protected.
 We sing Thine arm unshorten'd,
 Brought thro' our sore temptation ;
 With heart and voice, in Thee rejoice,
 The God of our salvation.
- 3 Thy glory was our rear-ward,
 Thy hand our lives did cover,
 And we, e'en we, have pass'd the sea,
 And march'd triumphant over !
 Accepting our deliv'rance,
 We triumph in Thy favor,
 And for the love, which now we prove,
 Will praise Thy name for ever.

CCLXI.

P. M.

- P**RAISE the Lord ! ye heav'n's adore Him,
 Praise Him, angels, in the height :
 Sun and moon, rejoice before Him ;
 Praise Him, all ye stars and light :
 Praise the Lord ! for He hath spoken,
 Worlds His mighty voice obey'd ;
 Laws, that never shall be broken,
 For their guidance He hath made.
- 2 Praise the Lord ! for He is glorious ;
 Never shall His promise fail :
 God hath made His saints victorious ;
 Sin and death shall not prevail.
 Praise the God of our salvation ;
 Hosts on high His pow'r proclaim ;
 Heav'n and earth, and all creation,
 Laud and magnify His Name.

CCLXII.

P. M.

- J**ESUS the Everlasting Word,
 The Father's Only Son ;
 God manifestly seen and heard,
 And Heav'n's Beloved One !—
 Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
 That every knee to Thee should bow !
- 2 True Image of the Infinite,
 Whose Essence is concealed ;
 Brightness of Uncreated Light ;
 The Heart of God revealed !—
 Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
 That every knee to Thee should bow !
- 3 But the high myst'ries of Thy name
 An angel's grasp transcend :
 The Father only—glorious claim !
 The Son can comprehend.
 Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
 That every knee to Thee should bow !
- 4 Yet, loving Thee, on whom His love
 Ineffable doth rest,
 Thy glorious worshippers above,
 As One with Thee, are blest.
 Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
 That every knee to Thee should bow !
- 5 Throughout the universe of bliss,
 The centre Thou, and Sun !
 Th' eternal theme of praise is this,
 To Heaven's Beloved One :—
 Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
 That every knee to Thee should bow !

CCLXIII.

D.L.M.

THE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim.

Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
 Doth his Creator's power display,
 And publishes to ev'ry land
 The work of an Almighty hand.

- 2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes us the wondrous tale,
 And nightly to the list'ning earth
 Repeats the story of her birth ;
 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 3 What, though in solemn silence all
 Move round this dark terrestrial ball !
 What, though no real voice nor sound
 Amidst their radiant orbs be found !
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice ;
 For ever singing, as they shine,
 "The Hand that made us is Divine."

CCLXIV.

P. M.

YE boundless realms of joy
 Exalt your Maker's fame,
 His praise your songs employ
 Above the starry frame ;
 Your voices raise, ye cherubim
 And seraphim, to sing His praise.

- 2 Thou moon that rul'st the night,
 And sun, that guid'st the day ;
 Ye glitt'ring stars of light,
 To Him your homage pay ;
 His praise declare, ye heav'ns above
 And clouds that move in liquid air.

- 3 Let every creature join
 To bless His holy name,
 By whose Almighty word
 They all from nothing came ;
 And all shall last from changes free,
 His firm decree stands ever fast.
- 4 His saints with power and grace
 He lifts to thrones above,
 And favours Israel's race,
 The objects of His love ;
 O therefore raise your grateful voice,
 And still rejoice the Lord to praise.

CCLXV.

L. M.

- M**Y song shall bless the Lord of all,
 My praise shall climb to His abode ;
 Thee, Saviour, by that name I call,
 The great Supreme, the mighty God.
- 2 Without beginning or decline,
 Object of faith and not of sense ;
 Eternal ages saw Him shine,
 He shines eternal ages hence.
- 3 As much, when in the manger laid
 Almighty ruler of the sky,
 As when the six days' work He made,
 Fill'd all the morning stars with joy.
- 4 Of all the crowns Jehovah bears,
 Salvation is the dearest claim !
 That gracious sound well pleased He hears,
 And owns Immanuel for His name.
- 5 A cheerful confidence I feel,
 My well-placed hopes with joy I see :
 My bosom glows with heavenly zeal
 To worship Him who died for me.

- 6 As man, He pities my complaint,
His power and truth are all divine ;
He will not fail, He cannot faint,
Salvation's sure and must be mine.

CCLXVI.

S. M.

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

CCLXVII.

P. M.

THY name we love, Lord Jesus ;
 And lowly bow before Thee ;
 And whilst we live, to Thee we give,
 All blessing, worship, glory ;
 We sing aloud Thy praises,
 Our hearts and voices blending,
 'Tis Thou alone we worthy own,
 Thy beauty's all transcending.

2 Thy name we love, Lord Jesus ;
 It tells God's love unbounded
 To ruin'd man, ere time began,
 Or heaven and earth were founded ;
 Thine is a love eternal,
 That found in us its pleasure,
 That brought Thee low, to bear our woe,
 And make us Thine own treasure.

3 Thy name we love, Lord Jesus ;
 It tells Thy birth so lowly,
 Thy patience, grace, and gentleness,
 Thy lonely path, so holy ;
 Thou wast the "man of sorrows";
 Our grief too, Thou didst bear it ;
 Our bitter cup, Thou didst drink up ;
 The thorny crown,—did'st wear it.

4 Thy name we love, Lord Jesus ;
 God's Lamb—Thou wast ordained,
 To bear our sin, Thyself all clean,
 And hast our guilt sustained ;
 We see Thee crown'd, in glory,
 Above the heavens now seated,
 The victory won, Thy work well done,
 Our righteousness completed.

CCLXVIII.

- C**OME ye who love the Lord,
 And feel His quick'ning power,
 Unite with one accord
 His goodness to adore,
 To heav'n and earth aloud proclaim,
 Your great Redeemer's glorious name.
- 2 He left His throne above,
 His glory laid aside,
 Came down on wings of love
 And wept, and bled, and died :
 The pangs He bore, what tongue can tell,
 To save our souls from death and hell ?
- 3 He burst the grave ; He rose
 Victorious from the dead,
 And thence His vanquish'd foes
 In glorious triumph led :
 Up through the heav'ns the Conqueror rode
 Triumphant to the throne of God.
- 4 He soon again will come,
 His chariot will not stay,
 To take His children home
 To realms of endless day ;
 We then shall see Him face to face,
 And sing the triumphs of His grace.

CCLXIX.

7s.

- W**HEN this passing world is done,
 When has sunk yon glaring sun,
 When I stand with Christ in glory,
 Looking o'er life's finish'd story ;
 Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
 Not till then—how much I owe.
- 2 When I stand before the throne,
 Dress'd in beauty not my own ;
 When I see Thee as Thou art,
 Love Thee with unsinning heart,
 Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
 Not till then—how much I owe.

- 3 When I hear the wicked call
 On the rocks and hills to fall ;
 When I see them start and shrink,
 On the fiery deluge brink,
 Then, Lord, shall I fully know,—
 Not till then—how much I owe.
- 4 When the praise of Heav'n I hear,
 Loud as thunders to the ear,
 Loud as many waters' noise,
 Sweet as harp's melodious voice,
 Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
 Not till then—how much I owe.
- 5 Chosen not for good in me,
 Waken'd up from wrath to flee,
 Hidden in the Saviour's side,
 By the Spirit sanctified,
 Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,
 By my love, how much I owe.

CCLXX.

C. M.

- J**ESU, the very thought of Thee
 With sweetness fills the breast ;
 But sweeter far Thy face to see,
 And in Thy presence rest.
- 2 O Hope of every contrite heart,
 • To sinners lost how kind !
 To those who seek how good Thou art !
 But what to those who find ?
- 3 Ah ! this no tongue can utter ; this
 No mortal page can show ;
 The love of Jesus, what it is,
 None but His loved ones know.
- 4 Jesu, our only joy be Thou,
 As Thou our prize wilt be ;
 Jesu, be Thou our glory now,
 And through Eternity.

G 3

THE WILDERNESS AND THE REST.

CCLXXI.

8. 7. 4.

- G**UIDE us, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrims through this barren land,
We are weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold us with Thy powerful hand :
Bread of Heaven !
Feed us now and evermore.
- 2 Open wide the living fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow ;
Be our fiery, cloudy pillar,
All the dreary desert through :
Strong Deliv'rer !
Be Thou still our strength and shield.
- 3 Should we tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid each anxious fear subside ;
Keep us, O ! our gracious Saviour,
Cleaving closely to Thy side ;
Still relying
On our Father's changeless love.
- 4 Saviour, come, we long to see Thee,
Long to dwell with Thee above,
And to know, in full communion,
All the sweetness of Thy love :
Come, Lord Jesus !
Take Thy waiting people home.

CCLXXII.

O. M.

- T**HE saints of Jesus, while on earth,
 No other greatness know,
 Than that in which their Master came,
 And sojourn'd here below.
- 2 Emptied of all but grace and truth,
 He left the Father's throne,
 And dwelt amidst this evil world,
 A stranger, and unknown.
- 3 The poorest and the least of all,
 In meek submission still,
 The Son of God stoop'd down to serve,
 And did His Father's will.
- 4 Beneath oppression, shame, and wrong,
 He bow'd His blessed head,
 Till made a sacrifice for sin,
 The holy Victim bled.
- 5 To be on earth what Jesus was,
 Despis'd and scorn'd of men;
 This is His people's greatness here,
 Until He come again.

CCLXXIII.

P. M.

- O** SON of God, whose path so lone
 Through the wild desert lay,
 From the Eternal Father's throne
 To Golgotha, unshar'd, unknown,—
 The strait and narrow way!
- 2 O Blessed Lord! where Thou hast trod
 There let our footsteps be;
 Tracing Thee by Thy precious blood
 Back to Thy glorious rest in God,—
 Fain would we follow Thee.
- 3 Oh! when our souls walk heavily,
 To mortal weakness bound,
 Cheer us with some sweet thought of Thee
 Weeping Thy way to Calvary,
 And then, with glory crown'd.

RISE, my soul, thy God directs thee ;
 Stranger hands no more impede ;
 Pass thou on ; His hand protects thee,
 Strength, that has the captive freed.
 Is the wilderness before thee,
 Desert lands where drought abides ?
 Heav'nly springs shall there restore thee,
 Fresh from God's exhaustless tides.

- 2 Light divine surrounds thy going,
 God Himself shall mark thy way ;
 Secret blessings richly flowing,
 Lead to everlasting day.
 God, thine everlasting portion,
 Feeds thee with the mighty's meat,
 Price of Egypt's hard extortion—
 Egypt's food—no more to eat.
- 3 Art thou wean'd from Egypt's pleasures ?
 God in secret thee shall keep,
 There unfold His hidden treasures,
 There—His love's exhaustless deep.
 In the desert God will teach thee
 What the God that thou hast found,
 Patient, gracious, powerful, holy,
 All His grace shall there abound.
- 4 On to Canaan's rest still wending,
 E'en thy wants and woes shall bring
 Suited grace, from high descending ;
 Thou shalt taste of mercy's spring.
 Though thy way be long and dreary,
 Eagle-strength He'll still renew :
 Garments fresh and feet unweary
 Tell how God hath brought thee through.

- 5 When to Canaan's long-lov'd dwelling,
 Love divine thy foot shall bring,
 There, with shouts of triumph swelling,
 Zion's songs in rest to sing—
 There, no stranger-God shall meet thee,
 Stranger thou in courts above,
 He who to His rest shall greet thee,
 Greet's thee with a well-known love.

CCLXXV.

104th *M.*

WERE not of the world, that fadeth away,
 We're not of the night, but children of day.
 The chains that once bound us, by Jesus are riv'n,
 We're strangers on earth, and our home is in
 heav'n.

- 2 Our path is most rough and dangerous too,
 A wide trackless waste our journey lies through;
 But the pillar that guides us, and shews us our way,
 Is our light in the night, and our shadow by day.
- 3 Our Shepherd is still our guardian and guide,
 Before us He goes to keep and provide;
 We drink of the stream from the Rock that was
 riv'n,
 Our bread is the Manna that came down from
 Heav'n.
- 4 'Mid mightiest foes most feeble are we,
 Yet, trembling, in each encounter they flee;
 The Lord is our banner, the battle is His,
 The weakest of saints more than conqueror is.
- 5 Soon, soon shall we reach our own promis'd land,
 Before His bright throne in glory shall stand!
 Our song then for ever and ever shall be,
 "All glory and blessing, Lord Jesus, to Thee."

CCLXXVI.

S. M.

- O**UR times are in Thy hand :
 Our God, we wish them there ;
 Our life, our souls, our all, we leave
 Entirely to Thy care.
- 2 Our times are in Thy hand,
 Whatever they may be ;
 Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
 As best may seem to Thee.
- 3 Our times are in Thy hand,
 Why should we doubt or fear ?
 A Father's hand will never cause
 His child a needless tear.
- 4 Our times are in Thy hand,
 Jesus the Crucified !
 The hand our many sins have pierc'd
 Is now our guard and guide.
- 5 Our times are in Thy hand,
 Jesus our Advocate !
 Nor can that hand be stretch'd in vain,
 For us to supplicate.
- 6 Our times are in Thy hand,
 We'll always trust in Thee,
 Till we possess the promis'd land
 And all Thy glory see.

CCLXXVII.

C. M.

- J**ESUS in whom the Father could
 His spotless image own ;
 Was perfected in suffering,
 Before He reach'd the throne.
- 2 Can we desire a smoother path
 Than that our Master knew ?
 Since Jesus through temptation pass'd,
 His saints must feel it too.

- 3 'Tis in the furnace that the gold
 Becomes so bright and fair ;
 The dross that mars its purity,
 Is all it loses there.
- 4 'Tis thus He deals with ev'ry son
 That's call'd His grace to share :
 But none have e'er been tried above
 The pow'r He gives to bear.
- 5 Oh! never let us think it strange
 If fiery trials come ;
 This is our Father's way of love,
 To urge us onward home.
- 6 Thus may our souls rejoice to share
 Thy sorrows, gracious Lord !
 And when Thy glory is reveal'd,
 Partake Thy bright reward.

CCLXXVIII.

C. M.

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

OCLXXIX.

8. 7. 4.

- S**AVIOUR, through the desert lead us,
 Without Thee we cannot go :
 Thou from cruel chains hast freed us,
 Thou hast laid the tyrant low ;
 Let Thy presence
 Cheer us all our journey through.
- 2 With a price Thy love has bought us,
 Saviour ! what a love is Thine !
 Hitherto Thy power has brought us,
 Power and love in Thee combine ;
 Lord of Glory,
 Ever on Thy people shine.
- 3 Through the desert waste and cheerless
 Though our destin'd journey lie,
 Render'd by Thy presence fearless,
 We may ev'ry foe defy ;
 Nought shall move us,
 While we see the Saviour nigh.
- 4 When we halt, no track discov'ring,
 Fearful lest we go astray,
 O'er our path Thy pillar hov'ring,
 Fire by night, and cloud by day,
 Shall direct us ;
 That we may not miss our way.
- 5 When we hunger, Thou wilt feed us,
 Manna shall our camp surround ;
 Faint and thirsty, Thou wilt heed us,
 Streams shall from the rock abound ;
 Happy people !
 What a Saviour we have found.
- 6 Lead us on Almighty Victor,
 Scatter ev'ry hostile band ;
 Be our guide, and our protector,
 Till on Canaan's shores we stand :
 Shouts of vict'ry
 Then shall fill the promis'd land.

CCLXXX.

C. M.

- WHEN Israel by divine command,
 The pathless desert trod,
 They found, through all that barren land,
 Their sure resource in God.
- 2 A cloudy pillar mark'd the road,
 And screen'd them from the heat ;
 From the hard rock the water flow'd,
 And manna was their meat.
- 3 Like them we have a rest in view,
 Secure from adverse pow'rs ;
 Like them we pass the desert through,
 But Israel's God is our's.
- 4 His word a light before us sheds,
 By which our path we see ;
 His love a banner o'er our heads,
 From harm preserves us free.
- 5 Jesus, the bread of life, is giv'n,
 To be our daily food ;
 And from the Rock that once was riv'n
 We drink the streams of God.
- 6 Lord, 'tis enough, I ask no more,
 These blessings are divine ;
 I envy not the worldling's store,
 Since Christ and heav'n are mine.

CCLXXXI.

113th M.

SAVIOUR of Israel's host, and guide
 Of all who seek their home above ;
 Beneath Thy shadow we abide,
 The cloud of Thy protecting love ;
 Our strength, Thy grace ; our rule, Thy word ;
 Our end, the glory of the Lord.

- 2 By Thine unerring Spirit led,
 We shall not in the desert stray;
 By Thy paternal bounty fed,
 We shall not lack in all our way;
 As far from danger as from fear,
 While love, Almighty love, is near.

CCLXXXII.

D. C. M.

FAR from these narrow scenes of night,
 Unbounded glories rise,
 And realms of infinite delight,
 Unseen by mortal eyes.
 There pain and sickness never come,
 And griefs no more complain;
 And all who reach that peaceful home,
 With Jesus ever reign.

- 2 No cloud those happy regions know,
 For ever bright and fair;
 For sin, the source of mortal woe,
 Can never enter there.
 There no alternate night is known,
 Nor sun's imperfect ray,
 But glory from the sacred throne
 Spreads everlasting day.
- 3 Fair distant land, could now our eyes
 But half thy charms explore,
 How would our spirits long to rise,
 And dwell on earth no more!
 Oh! may the heav'nly vision fire
 Our hearts with ardent love,
 Till wings of faith and strong desire
 Bear ev'ry thought above.

CCLXXXIII.

7s. 6s.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace;
 Rise from transitory things,
 Tow'rds heaven thy native place!
 Sun, and moon, and stars, decay;
 Time shall soon this earth remove;
 Rise, my soul, and haste away
 To seats prepar'd above!

- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course;
 Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
 Both speed them to their source:
 Thus a soul, new born of God,
 Pants to view His glorious face,
 Upward tends to His abode
 To rest in His embrace.
- 3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn!
 Press onward to the prize!
 Soon the Saviour will return
 Triumphant in the skies:
 Yet a season, and ye know
 Happy entrance will be given;
 All your sorrows left below,
 And earth chang'd for Heaven.

CCLXXXIV.

P. M.

THERE is a place of endless joy,
 Prepar'd for saints above,
 Of peace and bliss without alloy,
 A heav'n of perfect love.
 It was for this that Jesus died,
 That we with Him might there abide:
 It was for this He suffer'd pain,
 That all His saints with Him might reign.

- 2 How bright, how holy is the place,
 Unfading, undefil'd,
 Where God unveils His gracious face
 To every blood-bought child!
 They round the throne triumphant stand,
 A golden harp in every hand,
 To which they sing the ceaseless strain,
 "Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain!"
- 3 Oh wondrous grace! Oh love divine,
 To give us such a home!
 Let us all present things resign,
 And seek this rest to come—
 And, gazing on our Saviour's cross,
 Esteem all else but worthless dross;
 Press forward till the race be run,
 Fight till the crown of Life be won.

CCLXXXV.

8. 7. 4.

- W**HY those fears? behold 'tis Jesus
 Holds the helm, and guides the ship:
 Spread the sails, and catch the breezes
 Sent to waft us through the deep,—
 To the regions
 Where the mourners cease to weep.
- 2 Could we stay where death was hov'ring?
 Could we rest on such a shore?
 No, the awful truth discov'ring,
 We could linger there no more:
 We forsake it;
 Leaving all we lov'd before.
- 3 Though the shore we hope to land on
 Only by report is known,
 Yet we freely all abandon,
 Led by that report alone;
 And with Jesus
 Through the trackless deep move on.

- 4 Led by that, we brave the ocean ;
 Led by that, the storms defy ;
 Calm amidst tumultuous motion,
 Knowing that our Lord is nigh :
 Waves obey Him,
 And the storms before Him fly.
- 5 Render'd safe by His protection,
 We shall pass the wat'ry waste ;
 Trusting to His wise direction,
 We shall gain the port at last !
 And with wonder,
 Think on toils and dangers past.
- 6 O ! what pleasures there await us,
 There the tempests cease to roar :
 There it is that those who hate us
 Can molest our peace no more :
 Trouble ceases,
 On that tranquil, happy shore !

CCLXXXVI.

L. M.

- **A** WAKE our souls, away our fears,
 Let every trembling thought be gone ;
 Awake and run the heav'nly race,
 And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
 And mortal spirits tire and faint,
 If they forget the mighty God
 Who feeds the strength of every saint.
- 3 From Thee, the overflowing spring,
 Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
 While such as trust their native strength,
 Shall fade away, and droop, and die.
- 4 Swift as the eagle cuts the air,
 We'll mount aloft to Thine abode ;
 On wings of love our souls shall fly,
 Nor tire amid the Heav'nly road.

CCLXXXVII.

L. M.

- O ZION, when we think on Thee,
 We wish for pinions like the dove,
 And mourn to think that we should be
 So distant from the land we love.
- 2 As captives here, and far from home,
 For Zion's sacred walls we sigh;
 To Zion all the ransom'd come,
 And see the Saviour eye to eye.
- 3 While here we walk on hostile ground;
 The few that we can call our friends,
 Are, like ourselves,—with fetters bound,
 And weariness our steps attend.
- 4 But yet we shall behold the day,
 When Zion's children shall return;
 Our sorrows then shall flee away,
 And we shall never, never mourn.
- 5 The hope that such a day will come
 Makes e'en the captive's portion sweet;
 Though now we wander far from home,
 In Zion soon we all shall meet.

CCLXXXVIII.

C. M.

- O GOD, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,
 And our eternal home.
- 2 Under the shadow of Thy throne,
 Thy saints have dwelt secure;
 Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
 And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
 Or earth receiv'd her frame,
 From everlasting Thou art God,—
 To endless years the same.

- 4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.
- 5 O God, our help in ages past
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while life shall last,
And our Eternal Home.

CCLXXXIX.

C. M.

- W**HERE, in this waste unlovely world,
May weary hearts, oppress'd
With thoughts of sorrows yet to come,
In calm assurance rest?
- 2 In Him, who, of the Father's love,
The gracious Herald came,
Of mercy to a guilty world,
Of blessing through His name.
- 3 In Him, who, with unsullied feet,
And guileless spirit, trod
The paths of this unquiet earth,
In solitude with God;—
- 4 In Jesus, who, ascended now,
Looks backward on the past,
Feels for His suff'ring members here,
And loves us to the last.
- 5 'Tis only in His changeless love
Our waiting spirits, blest
With the sweet hope of glory, find
Their dwelling place of rest.
- 6 In the same track where He of old
The dreary desert trod,
Led onward by His grace, we learn
The fullness of our God.

CCXC.

6. 8s.

- T**HE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
 His presence shall my wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful eye ;
 My noonday walks He shall attend,
 And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty mountains pant,
 To fertile vales and dewy meads,
 My weary, wand'ring steps He leads,
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Yea, should I through the valley tread,
 With death's dark shadow overspread,
 E'en there my heart shall fear no ill,
 For Thou, O Lord, art with me still ;
 Thy rod and staff shall comfort me,
 And I shall ever dwell with Thee.

CCXCI.

C. M.

- O**UR God is Light ! we do not go
 Across a trackless wild ;
 For Jesu's footsteps ever shew
 The path for ev'ry child.
- 2 At every step we prove afresh
 The goodness of our Guide ;
 The faithful and forbearing love
 That never turns aside.
- 3 Thou weariest not, our precious Lord,
 Though weary oft are we ;
 In season, the sustaining word
 Is ever sure from Thee.
- 4 Thy hand to Elim's palms and wells,
 Oft guides our pilgrim feet :
 And when our soul at Marah dwells,
 It makes the bitter sweet.

- 5 Through scenes of strife, by graves of lust,
Our desert path hath been,
But there O Lord, Thy matchless grace
More fully have we seen.
- 6 The daily bread, the gushing rock,
Supply our utmost need ;
And Thou, our Shepherd ! Thine own flock
To Canaan's rest wilt lead.

CCXCII.

L. M.

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

- W**HEN along life's thorny road,
Faints the soul beneath its load,
By its cares and sins opprest,
Finding here no place of rest:
When the wily tempter's near,
Filling us with doubt and fear;
Jesus, to Thy feet we flee,
Jesus, we will look to Thee.
- 2 Thou, our Saviour, from the throne,
List'nest to Thy people's groan;
Thou, the living Head, dost share,
Ev'ry pang Thy members bear:
Full of tenderness Thou art,
Thou wilt heal the broken heart;
Full of pow'r, Thine arm shall quell
All the rage and might of hell.
- 3 Thou, O Jesus, Thou hast borne
Satan's rage, the worldling's scorn:
Thou hast known the bitter hour
Of the subtle tempter's pow'r:
Lo, Thy bloody sweat we see,
In the dark Gethsemane:
Hark! that piercing awful cry,
From the mount of Calvary!
- 4 Mighty to redeem and save,
Thou hast overcome the grave,
Thou the bars of death hast riv'n,
Open'd wide the gate of heav'n;
Soon in glory Thou shalt come,
Thy poor pilgrims to take home:
Jesus, then we all shall be,
Ever—evermore with Thee!

CCXCIV.

L. M.

LO! round the throne, at God's right hand,
The saints in countless myriads stand,
Of every tongue redeem'd to God,
Array'd in garments wash'd in blood.

2 Through tribulation great they came ;
They bore the cross, despis'd the shame ;
From all their labours now they rest,
In God's eternal glory blest.

3 Hunger and thirst they feel no more ;
Nor sin nor pain nor death deplore ;
The tears are wip'd from every eye,
And sorrow yields to endless joy.

4 They see the Saviour face to face,
And sing the triumphs of His grace ;
Him day and night they ceaseless praise :
To Him their loud hosannas raise.

5 O may we tread the sacred road
That holy saints and martyrs trod ;
Wage to the end the glorious strife,
And win like them the Crown of Life.

CCXCV.

L. M.

OH! blessed Lord, Thy feeble sheep
Are passing through the desert now,
With Thee alone our souls to keep.
Our only hope, our Shepherd Thou !

2 Then bid us all within the light
Of that benignant gracious eye,
Awake, asleep, by day and night,
Still love to feel Thee ever nigh.

3 May we, O Lord! since we are Thine,
Dwell in Thy love, and gaze and see
Thy bleeding wounds,—Thy grace divine,
Till self is lost in loving Thee.

- T**HOUGH troubles assail, and dangers affright,
 Though friends should all fail and foes all unite:
 Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
 The Scripture assures us "the Lord will provide."
- 2 The birds, without barn or storehouse, are fed;
 From them let us learn to trust for our bread:
 His saints, what is fitting, shall ne'er be denied,
 So long as 'tis written, "the Lord will provide."
- 3 We may, like the ships, by tempests be toss'd
 On perilous deeps, but cannot be lost:
 Though Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
 The promise engages, "the Lord will provide."
- 4 His call we obey, like Abram of old,
 Not knowing our way, but faith makes us bold;
 For though we are strangers we have a sure guide,
 And trust in all dangers, "the Lord will provide."
- 5 When Satan appears to stop up our path,
 And fill us with fears, we triumph by faith;
 He cannot take from us, though oft he has tried,
 This heart-cheering promise, "the Lord will provide."
- 6 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain,
 The good that we seek, we ne'er shall obtain;
 But when such suggestions our spirits have tried,
 This answers all questions, "the Lord will provide."
- 7 No strength of our own or goodness we claim;
 Yet since we have known the Saviour's great Name,
 In this, our strong tower, for safety we hide,
 The Lord is our power, "the Lord will provide."
- 8 Should life sink apace, and death be in view,
 This word of His grace shall comfort us through;
 No fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
 We hope to die shouting, "THE LORD WILL PROVIDE!"

CCXCVII.

C. M.

- T**HERE is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign,
 Infinite day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
 And never-withering flow'rs :
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 This heav'nly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
 Stand dress'd in living green ;
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
 While Jordan roll'd between.
- 4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
 To cross this narrow sea ;
 They linger shiv'ring on the brink,
 And fear to launch away.
- 5 Oh could we make our doubts remove,
 Those gloomy doubts that rise,
 And see the Canaan that we love
 With unobscured eyes ;—
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er,
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
 Should fright us from the shore.

CCXCVIII.

C. M.

- I**NCARNATE God, the soul that knows
 Thy Name's mysterious power,
 Shall dwell in undisturb'd repose,
 Nor fear the trying hour.
- 2 Thy wisdom, faithfulness, and love,
 To feeble, helpless worms,
 A buckler and a refuge prove
 From enemies and storms.

- 3 Angels, unseen, attend the saints,
 And bear them in their arms,
 To cheer the spirit when it faints,
 And guard their life from harms.
- 4 The angels' Lord Himself is nigh
 To them that love His name ;
 He still will save them when they cry,
 And put their foes to shame.
- 5 Crosses and changes are their lot,
 Long as they sojourn here ;
 But since the Saviour changes not,
 What have His saints to fear ?

CCXCIX.

C. M.

- H**E'S gone—the Saviour's work on earth,
 His task of love is o'er ;
 And lo ! this dreary desert knows
 His gracious steps no more.
- 2 Oh 'twas a waste to Him indeed,
 No rest on earth He knew,
 No joy from its unhallow'd springs
 His sorrowing spirit drew.
- 3 He's gone ! and shall our truant feet
 And ling'ring hearts delay
 In a dark world, that cast His love
 Like worthless dross away !
- 4 Hopeless of joy in aught below,
 We only long to soar,
 The fulness of His love to feel,
 And lose His smile no more.
- 5 His hand with all the gentle power,
 The sweet constraint of love,
 Hath drawn us from a restless world,
 And fix'd our hearts above.

ccc.

C. M.

- T**HE murmurs of the wilderness
 Our hearts so often raise,
 Shall cease, and every tongue confess
 The comeliness of praise.
- 2^o Those Meribahs, our spots of shame,
 We'll leave them all behind;
 In Jesus, through each day the same
 Unfailing joy we find.
- 3 Of Thee, Lord, we will never tire;
 The new and living food
 Doth satisfy our hearts' desire,
 And life is in Thy blood.
- 4 If such the happy midnight song
 Our prison'd spirits raise,
 What are the joys that cause ere long
 Eternal bursts of praise?
- 5 To look within, and see no stain;
 Abroad, no curse to trace;
 To shed no tears, to feel no pain,
 And see Thee, face to face:—
- 6 To find each hope of glory gain'd,
 Fulfill'd each precious word,
 And fully, all to have attain'd,
 The image of the Lord:—
- 7 For this we're pressing onward still,
 And, in this hope, would be
 More subject to the Father's will,
 E'en now, much more like Thee.

ccci.

S. M.

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

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

cccii.

C. M.

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

- 6 Why should I shrink at pain and woe?
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.
- 7 Apostles, prophets, martyrs there,
A conqu'ring, happy band,
With all who follow Jesus here
Around Him there shall stand.
- 8 Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee,
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

CCCLIII.

7s. 6s.

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

- 4 Oh then how loud the chorus
 Shall to Thy name resound,
 From all at rest before us,
 From all Thy grace hath found.
 One joyful song for ever,
 Each harp, each lip, shall raise ;
 The praise of our Redeemer,
 Our God and Saviour's praise.

CCCIV.

P. M.

- “FORWARD let the people go ;”
 Israel's God will have it so ;
 Though the path be through the sea,
 Israel, what is that to thee ?
 He who bids thee pass the waters,
 Will be with His sons and daughters.
- 2 Deep and wide the sea appears,
 Israel wonders, Israel fears ;
 Yet the word is “forward” still,
 Israel, 'tis thy Master's will ;
 Tho' no way thou canst discover,
 Not one plank to float thee over.
- 3 Israel, art thou sorely tried ?
 Art thou press'd on every side ?
 Does it seem as if no pow'r
 Could relieve thee in this hour ?
 Wherefore art thou thus dishearten'd ?
 Is the arm that saves thee shorten'd ?
- 4 Forward go, and thou shalt see,
 Wonders wrought, and wrought for thee ;
 Safe thyself on yonder shore,
 Thou shalt see thy foes no more ;
 Thine to see the Saviour's glory,
 Thine to tell the wondrous story.

cccv.

P. M.

- F**ROM Egypt lately come,
 Where death and darkness reign,
 We seek our new, our better home,
 Where we our rest shall gain.
 Hallelujah!
 We are on our way to God.
- 2 To Canaan's sacred bound
 We haste with songs of joy;
 Where peace and liberty are found,
 And sweets that never cloy.
 Hallelujah!
 We are on our way to God.
- 3 Our toils and conflicts cease
 On Canaan's happy shore;
 We there shall dwell in endless peace,
 And never sorrow more.
 Hallelujah!
 We are on our way to God.
- 4 There, in celestial strains,
 Enraptur'd myriads sing;
 There love in every bosom reigns,
 For God Himself is King.
 Hallelujah!
 We are on our way to God.
- 5 We soon shall join the throng,
 Their pleasures we shall share;
 And sing the everlasting song,
 With all the ransom'd there.
 Hallelujah!
 We are on our way to God.
- 6 How sweet the prospect is!
 It cheers the pilgrim's breast;
 We're journeying through the wilderness,
 But soon shall gain our Rest.
 Hallelujah!
 We are on our way to God.

CCCVI.

L. M.

“**W**E’VE no abiding city here :
 This may distress the worldly mind,
 But should not cost the saint a tear,
 Who hopes a better rest to find.

- 2 “We’ve no abiding city here,”
 Then let us live as pilgrims do ;
 Let not this world our rest appear,
 But let us haste from all below.
- 3 “We’ve no abiding city here,”
 We seek a city out of sight,
 It needs no sun, “the Lord is there,”
 It shines with everlasting light.
- 4 Jehovah is her joy and strength,
 Secure she smiles at all her foes,
 And weary travellers at length
 Within her sacred walls repose.
- 5 O sweet abode of peace and love !
 Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest ;
 Had I the pinions of a dove,
 I’d fly to thee, and be at rest !
- 6 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine,
 The time my God appoints is best,
 While here, to do His will be mine,
 And His to fix my time of rest.

CCCVII.

L. M.

“**P**OOR and afflicted,” Lord, are Thine,
 Among the great unfit to shine ;
 But tho’ the world may think it strange,
 They would not with the world exchange.

- 2 "Poor and afflicted"—yes, they are ;
They're not exempt from grief and care ;
But He who sav'd them by His blood,
Makes ev'ry sorrow yield them good.
- 3 "Poor and afflicted"—'tis their lot ;
They know it, and they murmur not ;
'Twould ill become them to refuse
The state their Master deign'd to choose.
- 4 "Poor and afflicted"—yet they sing,
For Jesus is their Glorious King ;
"Through suff'rings perfect," now He reigns,
But shares in all their grief and pains.
- 5 "Poor and afflicted" but ere long,
They'll join the bright, celestial throng ;
Their suff'rings then will reach a close,
And Heav'n afford them sweet repose.
- 6 But while they walk the thorny way,
They're often heard to sigh and say—
"Dear Saviour, come, O quickly come !
And take Thy mourning pilgrims home."

CCCVIII.

C. M.

- A** WAKE our souls, awake from sloth,
And press with vigour on ;
A heav'nly race demands our zeal,
And an eternal crown.
- 2 'Tis Jesu's animating voice
That calls us from on high ;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize—
The crown of victory.
- 3 He, for the joy before Him set,
So boundless was His love,
Endur'd the cross, despis'd the shame,
And now He reigns above.

- 4 If He unnumber'd griefs and wrongs
 With meekness did sustain,
 O how can we, whose sins He bore,
 Of lighter ills complain ?
- 5 Saviour, redeem'd and call'd by Thee,
 We have our race begun ;
 When crown'd with vict'ry, at Thy feet
 We'll lay our honours down.

CCCIX.

10s.

- I JOURNEY through a desert drear and wild,
 Yet is my heart by such sweet thoughts be-
 guil'd,
 Of Him on whom I lean, my strength, my stay,
 I can forget the sorrows of the way ;—
- 2 Thoughts of His love—the root of every grace
 Which finds in this poor heart a dwelling-place ;
 The sunshine of my soul, than day more bright,
 And my calm pillow of repose by night.
- 3 Thoughts of His sojourn in this vale of tears—
 The tale of love unfolded in those years
 Of sinless suffering and patient grace,
 I love again, and yet again, to trace.
- 4 Thoughts of His glory—on the cross I gaze,
 And there behold its sad, yet healing rays ;
 Beacon of hope, which lifted up on high,
 Illumes with heavenly light the tear-dimm'd eye.
- 5 Thoughts of His coming—for that joyful day,
 In patient hope I watch, and wait, and pray ;
 The dawn draws nigh, the midnight shadows flee,
 Oh what a sun-rise will that Advent be !

cccx.

8s. 7s.

GLORIOUS things of Thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!

He, whose word can ne'er be broken,
Form'd Thee for His own abode :

On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

- 2 See the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove :
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t'assuage?
Grace, which like the Lord, the Giver,
Never fails from age to age.

- 3 Saviour! if of Zion's city
I, through grace, a member am ;
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy name :
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show ;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

cccxi.

6. 8s.

WHAT will it be to dwell above,
And with the Lord of glory reign,
Since the sweet earnest of His love
So brightens all this dreary plain?
No heart can think or tongue explain,
What joy t'will be with Christ to reign.

- 2 When sin no more obstructs our sight,
When sorrow pains the heart no more,
When we shall see the Prince of light,
And all His works of grace explore ;
What heights and depths of love divine,
Will there through endless ages shine!

- 3 Our God has fix'd the happy day,
 When the last tear shall dim our eyes,
 When He will wipe our tears away,
 And fill our hearts with glad surprise;
 To hear His voice, and see His face,
 And know the riches of His grace;—
- 4 This is the joy we seek to know,
 For this with patience we would wait,
 Till call'd from earth and all below,
 We rise our gracious Lord to meet,
 To wave our palms—our crowns to wear,
 And praise the love that brought us there!

CCCXII.

C. M.

- O**H what a lonely path were ours,
 Could we, O Father, see
 No home of rest beyond it all,
 No guide or help in Thee.
- 2 But Thou art near, and with us still,
 To keep us on the way
 That leads along this vale of tears
 To the bright world of day.
- 3 There shall Thy glory, O our God!
 Break fully on our view;
 And we, Thy saints, rejoice to find
 That all Thy word was true.
- 4 There Jesus, on His heav'nly throne,
 Our wond'ring eyes shall see;
 While we the blest associates there,
 Of all His joy shall be.
- 5 Sweet hope! we leave without a sigh
 A blighted world like this;
 To bear the cross, despise the shame,
 For all that weight of bliss.

- 6 Yet little do Thy saints at best,
Endure, O Lord, for Thee ;
Whose suff'ring soul bore all our sins
And sorrows on the tree ;—
- 7 Who fac'd our fierce, our ruthless foe,
Unaided, and alone ;
To win us for Thy crown of joy,
To raise us to Thy throne.

CCCXIII.

11s.

PRESS forward and fear not, the billows may roll
But the power of Jesus their rage will control ;
Though waves rise in anger their tumults shall
cease,
One word of His bidding shall hush them to peace.

- 2 Press forward and fear not, tho' trial be near,
The Lord is our refuge, whom then shall we fear ?
His staff is our comfort, our safeguard His rod ;
Then let us be stedfast and trust in our God.
- 3 Press forward and fear not, be strong in the Lord,
In the pow'r of His promise, the truth of His
word ;
Through the sea and the desert our pathway may
tend,
But He who hath sav'd us, will save to the end.
- 4 Then forward and fear not, we'll speed on our
way,
Why should we e'er shrink from our path in dis-
may ?
We tread but the road which our Leader hath trod,
Oh ! let us press forward, and trust in our God.

H

- THE soul is, in this stormy world,
Oft like some flutter'd dove,
And fain would be as swift of wing,
To flee to Him we love.
- 2 The cords that bound our hearts to earth
Were broken by His hand ;
Before His cross we found ourselves,
As strangers in the land.
- 3 The visage marr'd, the sorrows deep,
The vinegar and gall,
Are Jesu's golden chains of love,
His captives to enthrall.
- 4 [Our hearts are with Him on the throne,
And feel His long delay ;
Soon may we hear the gladd'ning word,
"Rise up and come away."
- 5 The wearied exile must desire
His own lov'd land to see ;
The bride to greet her absent Lord,
The pris'ner to be free.]
- 6 We would, O Jesus, know Thy love,
Which yet no measure knows ;
Would search the myst'ry of Thy cross,
The depth of all Thy woes.
- 7 We fain would strike our golden harps,
Before the Father's throne ;
There cast our crown of righteousness,
And sing what grace hath done.
- 8 Ah, leave us not in this dark world,
As strangers still to roam ;
Come, Lord, and take us to Thyself,
Lord, Jesus ! quickly come !

CCCXV.

86. 78.

- C**HURCH of God, by Christ's salvation,
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
 Joy to find in ev'ry station,
 Something still to do or bear;
 Think what Spirit dwells within thee,
 Think what Father's smiles are thine,
 Think that Jesus died to win thee—
 Bride of Christ! wilt thou repine?
- 2 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
 Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer,
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
 God's right hand shall guide thee there;
 Soon shall close thine earthly mission,
 Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
 Hope shall change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and pray'r to praise.

CCCXVI.

P. M.

- B**REAST the wave, Christian, when it is strongest;
 Watch for day Christian, when the night's
 longest;
 Onward and onward still be thine endeavour,
 The rest that remaineth will be **FOR EVER.**
- 2 Fight the fight, Christian; Jesus is o'er thee;
 Run the race, Christian; heav'n is before thee;
 He who hath promised faltereth never;
 The love of eternity flows on **FOR EVER.**
- 3 Lift the eye, Christian, just as it closeth;
 Raise the heart, Christian, ere it repositeth;
 Thee from the love of Christ nothing shall sever;
 Mount when thy work is done,—**PRAISE HIM FOR
 EVER.**

H 2

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

BAPTISM.

CCCXVIII.

C. M.

- S**EE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
With all engaging charms !
Hark ! how He calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in His arms !
- 2 "Permit them to approach," He cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name ;
It was to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of glory came."
- 3 We bring them, Lord, in humble faith,
And yield them up to Thee ;
Joyful that we ourselves are Thine,
Thine let our offspring be !

CCCXIX.

C. M.

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

MINISTRY OF THE WORD.

CCCXX.

S. M.

HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
"Sion, behold thy Saviour King!
"He reigns and triumphs here!"

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The Lord makes bare His arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let ev'ry nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God!

CCCXXI.

L. M.

POUR down Thy Spirit from on high,
 Lord, Thine appointed servants bless;
 Thy promis'd power to each supply,
 And clothe them with Thy righteousness.

- 2 Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,
 Firmness and meekness from above,
 To bear Thy people on their heart,
 And love the souls whom Thou dost love :
- 3 To watch, and pray, and never faint ;
 By night and day their guard to keep ;
 To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
 Protect Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep.
- 4 And when their work is finish'd here,
 Let them in hope their charge resign ;
 Before the throne with joy appear,
 And there in endless glory shine.

CCCXXII.

8s.

LORD of the gospel harvest ! send
 More labourers forth into Thy field :
 More pastors teach Thy flock to tend,
 More workmen raise, Thy house to build ;
 His work and place to each assign,
 And clothe their word with power divine.

CCCXXIII.

C. M.

FATHER of mercies, in Thy Word
 What endless glory shines !
 For ever be Thy name adored
 For these celestial lines.

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

- 3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows
 And yields a free repast,
 Sublimier sweets than nature knows
 Invite the longing taste.
- 4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
 Spreads heavenly peace around ;
 And life, and everlasting joys,
 Attend the blissful sound.
- 5 O may these heavenly pages be
 My ever dear delight !
 And still new beauties may I see,
 And still increasing light.
- 6 Divine Instructor ! Gracious Lord !
 Be Thou for ever near ;
 Teach me to love Thy sacred Word,
 And see my Saviour there.

CCCXXIV.

L. M.

- T**HY presence, gracious God, afford ;
 Prepare us to receive Thy word :
 Oh, may Thy voice engage our ear,
 And faith be mix'd with what we hear.
- 2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
 And fix our hearts and hopes above ;
 With food divine may we be fed,
 And satisfied with living bread.
- 3 To each Thy sacred word apply,
 With sov'reign power and energy ;
 And may we, in Thy faith and fear,
 Reduce to practice what we hear.
- 4 Father, in us Thy Son reveal ;
 Teach us to know and do Thy will ;
 Thy saving power and love display,
 And guide us to the realms of day.

CCCXXV.

8. 8. 6.

TO those who love Thee, gracious Lord,
 How bright, how precious is Thy Word,
 To us in mercy giv'n ;
 A guide to all who, trav'ling here,
 'Mid sin and darkness, death and fear,
 Are pressing on to Heav'n.

2 O gracious Saviour, God of love,
 Let Thine own Spirit from above,
 Now fill us with desire
 To read, to mark, to learn Thy will,
 And with Thy truth our spirits fill,
 Purging our hearts with fire.

3 And till in glory Thou dost come
 To take Thy waiting people home,
 May we obedient be ;
 Doing Thy will, till that great day,
 When from this earth we're call'd away
 To dwell, O Lord, with Thee.

CCCXXVI.

L. M.

GOD in the gospel of His Son,
 Makes His eternal counsels known ;
 Here love in all its glory shines,
 And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 The pris'ner here may break his chains,
 The weary rest from all his pains,
 The captive feel his bondage cease,
 The mourner find the way of peace.

3 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
 A brighter world beyond the skies ;
 Here shines the light which guides our way
 From earth to realms of endless day.

4 O grant us grace, Almighty Lord,
 To mark and learn Thy holy word,
 Its truths with meekness to receive,
 .And by its holy precepts live.

CCCXXVII.

8. 7. 4.

COME, Thou soul-transforming Spirit,
 Bless the sower and the seed ;
 Let each heart Thy grace inherit ;
 Raise the weak, the hungry feed :
 From the Gospel,
 Now supply Thy people's need.

- 2 Oh may all enjoy the blessing
 Which Thy word's design'd to give !
 Let us all Thy love possessing,
 Joyfully the truth receive ;
 And for ever,
 To Thy praise and glory live.

CCCXXVIII.

L. M.

FATHER of mercies, bow Thine ear,
 Attentive to our earnest prayer ;
 We pray for those who plead for Thee ;
 Successful servants may they be.

- 2 Clothe Thou with energy divine
 Their words, and let those words be Thine ;
 To them Thy sacred truth reveal,
 Dispel their fears, inflame their zeal.
- 3 Teach them to sow the heavenly seed ;
 Teach them Thy chosen flock to feed ;
 Teach them immortal souls to gain,
 And Thy pure gospel to maintain.
- 4 Let list'ning multitudes around
 Hear from their lips the joyful sound,
 With contrite hearts Thy grace implore,
 And feel Thy Spirit's living power.
- 5 Let captives break their cruel chains,
 And souls distress'd forget their pains ;
 Let light through distant realms be spread,
 And Zion rear her drooping head.

LORD'S DAY AND WORSHIP.

CCCXXIX.

L. M.

- F**ROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat,
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.
- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all beside more sweet—
It is the blood-stain'd mercy seat.
- 3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
And friend holds fellowship with friend ;
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet,
Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd ?
Or how the host of hell defeat,
Had suff'ring saints no mercy-seat ?
- 5 There, there, on eagle-wing we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more ;
And Heav'n comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

CCCXXX.

C. M.

- O** LORD, we know it matters nought
 How sweet the sound may be ;
 No hearts but of the Spirit taught,
 Make melody to Thee.
- 2 Then teach Thy waiting people, Lord,
 To sing in godly fear,
 With care, lest any idle word
 Should grieve Thy holy ear.
- 3 Thy blood hath made lost sinners meet
 As saints in light to come ;
 And worship at the mercy-seat,
 Before the Father's throne.
- 4 O largely give!—'tis all Thine own,—
 The Spirit's goodly fruit ;
 Praise issuing forth in life, alone
 The living Lord will suit.
- 5 Henceforth, let each beloved child
 With quicken'd steps proceed,
 And walk with garments undefil'd,
 Where'er Thy Spirit lead.

CCCXXXI.

L. M.

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

CCCXXXII.

L. M.

- J**ESUS, where'er Thy people meet,
 There they behold Thy mercy-seat ;
 Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
 And ev'ry place is hallow'd ground.
- 2 For Thou within no walls confin'd,
 Inhabitest the humble mind ;
 Such ever bring Thee where they come,
 And, going, take Thee to their home.
- 3 Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
 Thy former mercies here renew ;
 Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
 The sweetness of Thy saving name.
- 4 Here may we prove the power of prayer,
 To strengthen faith, and sweeten care ;
 To teach our faint desires to rise,
 And bring all heaven before our eyes.
- 5 Lord, we are weak, but Thou art near,
 Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear ;
 Oh, fill us with Thy grace divine,
 And may our hearts be wholly Thine.

CCCXXXIII.

L. M.

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

CCCXXXIV.

L. M.

- A** GAIN we meet in Jesu's name,
 Again His promis'd blessing claim;
 Father, Thy children seek Thy face,
 Oh let Thy presence fill this place!
- 2 Thy Spirit's pow'r and grace supply,
 On Thee alone our souls rely;
 So shall our pray'rs and praises rise
 As clouds of incense to the skies.
- 3 Our God, our Father, wisdom give,
 That we may to Thy glory live,
 Walk as the children of the day,
 And all the light of life display.
- 4 Soon shall we meet on earth no more,
 Our service, conflicts here be o'er:
 Then shall we celebrate above,
 The wonders of Thy grace and love.

CCCXXXV.

L. M.

- W**ITH thankful hearts we meet, O Lord,
 To sing Thy praise, to hear Thy word,
 To seek Thy face in earnest prayer,
 And cast on Thee each earthly care.
- 2 Great Shepherd of Thy chosen flock,
 Thy people's shield, their shadowing rock,
 Once more we meet to hear Thy voice,
 Once more before Thee to rejoice.
- 3 Oh may Thy Spirit by Thy word,
 Refresh each wearied heart, O Lord!
 Wearied of earth's vain strife and woe,
 Wearied of sin and all below.
- 4 Thy presence, Saviour, now we seek,
 Confirm the strong, sustain the weak,
 Way-worn and tried, we hither come,
 Give us a foretaste of our home.

CCCXXXVI.

8. 8. 6.

THOU God of pow'r, and God of love,
 Whose glory fills the realms above,
 Whose praise the angels sing,
 And veil their faces while they cry,
 "Thrice Holy!" to their God most high,
 "Thrice Holy! to their King.

- 2 Thee, as our God, we too would claim,
 And bless our precious Saviour's name,
 Through whom this grace is giv'n;—
 He bore the curse to sinners due,
 He form'd our ruin'd souls anew
 And made us heirs of heav'n.
- 3 While we in supplication join
 Before the throne of grace divine,
 In mercy bow Thine ear;
 And while we listen to Thy word,
 Or praise Thy name with glad accord,
 Amongst us, Lord, appear.
- 4 Give us to taste the joy and love,
 Earnest of worship, Lord, above
 In heav'n Thy bless'd abode!
 Here to our hearts Thyself reveal,
 That all assembl'd now may feel
 The presence of our God.

CCCXXXVII.

7s. 6s.

UNWORTHY is thanksgiving,
 All service stain'd with sin;
 Except as Thou art living,
 Our Priest, to bear it in.
 In ev'ry act of worship,
 In ev'ry loving deed,
 Our thoughts around Thee centre,
 As meeting all our need.

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

CCCXXXVIII.

P. M.

- T**HE day of rest once more comes round,
 A day to all believers dear ;
 The silver trumpets seem to sound,
 That call'd the tribes of Israel near ;
 Ye people all
 Obey the call,
 And in JEHOVAH'S courts appear.
- 2 Obedient to Thy summons, Lord,
 We to Thy sanctuary come ;
 Thy gracious presence here afford,
 And send Thy people joyful home.
 Of Thee, our King,
 O may we sing,
 And none with such a theme be dumb !
- 3 Hasten, O Lord, the day when those
 Who know Thee here, shall see Thy face ;
 When suff'ring shall for ever close,
 And they shall reach their destin'd place ;
 Then shall they rest,
 Supremely blest,
 Eternal debtors to Thy grace.

CCCXXXIX.

C. M.

- G**REAT Shepherd of Thy people, hear!
 Thy presence now display;
 As Thou hast giv'n a place for pray'r,
 So give us hearts to pray.
- 2 Within these walls let holy peace,
 And love and concord dwell;
 Here give the troubled conscience ease,
 The wounded spirit heal.
- 3 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
 The humbled mind bestow;
 And shine upon us from on high,
 To make our graces grow.
- 4 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
 Enforc'd by mighty grace,
 Awaken many sinners round,
 To come and seek Thy face!

CCCXL.

148th M.

- A**WAKE, ye saints, awake,
 And hail the sacred day;
 In loftiest songs of praise
 Your joyful homage pay:
 Welcome the day that God hath bless'd,
 The type of heaven's eternal rest.
- 2 On this auspicious morn
 The Lord of life arose,
 He burst the bars of death,
 And vanquish'd all our foes:
 And now He pleads our cause above,
 And reaps the fruit of all His love.
- 3 All hail! triumphant Lord;
 Heaven with hosannas rings;
 And earth in humbler strains
 Thy praise responsive sings,
 "Worthy the Lamb, that once was slain
 Through endless years to live and reign."

IN Thy name, O Lord assembling,
 We, Thy people, now draw near;
 Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
 Speak and let Thy servants hear,—
 Hear with meekness,
 Hear Thy word with godly fear.

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

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

PRESERVED by power divine,
 To full salvation here,
 Again in Jesu's praise we join,
 And in His sight appear.

2 What troubles have we seen,
 What conflicts have we past,
 Fightings without and fears within,
 Since we assembled last!

3 But out of all, the Lord
 Hath brought us by His love;
 And still He doth His help afford,
 And hides our life above.

- 4 Then let us make our boast
Of His redeeming power,
Which saves us to the uttermost,
Till we can sin no more.
- 5 Let us take up the cross,
Till we the crown obtain ;
And gladly reckon all things loss,
So we His presence gain.

CCCXLIII.

7s. 6s.

- T**HE holiest we enter
In perfect peace with God :
Our thoughts are made to centre
In Jesus and His blood :
And while we mourn our dullness,
In thought, and word, and deed,
We glory in His fulness
Which meets our every need.
- 2 Much incense is ascending
Before our Father's throne,
His gracious ear is bending
To hear our feeblest groan ;
To all our prayers and praises,
Christ adds His sweet perfume,
And love the altar raises
These odours to consume.
- 3 O God, we come with singing,
Because our great High Priest
Our names to Thee is bringing,
And ne'er forgets the least :
For us He wears the mitre,
Where holiness shines bright,
For us His robes are whiter,
Than heaven's unclouded light.

CCCXLIV.

8. 8. 6.

- JOIN'D in the bonds of faith and love,
 With saints on earth and saints above,
 One Spirit with the Lord;
 In happy union here we meet,
 To worship at the Saviour's feet,
 And own His work and word.
- 2 Thy gracious presence, Lord, impart;
 Display Thy power in every heart,
 And shed Thy blessing round:
 O may Thy truth our spirits cheer,
 Confirm our hope, dispel our fear,
 And make our joys abound.

CCCXLV.

C. M.

- THE veil is rent:—lo! Jesus stands
 Before the throne of grace;
 And clouds of incense from His hands
 Fill all that glorious place.
- 2 His precious blood is sprinkled there,
 Before and on the throne:
 And His own wounds in heav'n declare
 His work on earth is done.
- 3 "'Tis finish'd!"—on the cross He said,
 In agonies and blood;
 "'Tis finish'd!"—now He lives to plead
 Upon the throne of God.
- 4 "'Tis finish'd!"—here our souls can rest,
 His work can never fail:
 By Him our sacrifice and priest,
 We enter through the veil.
- 5 Boldly our hearts and voice we raise,
 His name, His blood, our plea;
 Assur'd our prayers and songs of praise
 Ascend by Him to Thee.

CCCXLVI.

8s. 7s.

- “**A**BBA, Father,” we approach Thee
 In our Saviour’s precious name;
 We, Thy children here assembling,
 Now Thy promised blessings claim:
 From our sins His blood hath wash’d us,
 ’Tis through Him our souls draw nigh;
 And Thy Spirit too hath taught us,
 “Abba, Father,” thus to cry.
- 2 Once as prodigals we wander’d,
 In our folly far from Thee;
 But Thy grace, o’er sin abounding,
 Rescued us from misery:
 Clothed in garments of salvation,
 At Thy table is our place;
 We rejoice, and Thou rejoicest
 In the riches of Thy grace.
- 3 “Abba, Father!” all adore Thee,
 All rejoice in heaven above;
 While in us they learn the wonders
 Of Thy wisdom, grace, and love.
 Soon before Thy throne assembl’d,
 All Thy children shall proclaim
 “Glory, everlasting glory,
 “Be to God and to the Lamb!”

CCCXLVII.

C. M.

- T**HIS is the day the Lord hath made,
 He calls the hours His own;
 Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
 And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To-day He rose and left the dead,
 And Satan’s empire fell:
 To-day the saints His triumphs spread,
 And all His wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna in the highest strains
 The Church on earth can raise;
 The highest heavens in which He reigns,
 Shall give Him nobler praise.

CCCXLVIII.

S. M.

- J**ESU, we look to Thee,
Thy promis'd presence claim;
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in Thy name.
- 2 Thy Name salvation is,
Which now we come to prove:
Thy Name is life, and health and peace,
And everlasting love.
- 3 Present we know Thou art,—
But O, Thyself reveal;
Now, Lord, let every waiting heart
Thy precious comforts feel.
- 4 We meet, the grace to take,
Which Thou hast freely giv'n;
We meet on earth, for Thy dear sake,
Who soon shall meet in heav'n.

CCCXLIX.

L. M.

- S**WEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy name, give thanks and sing;
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No earthly cares shall seize my breast;
Oh! may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.
- 3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless His works and bless His word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep Thy counsels! how divine!
- 4 Soon shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desir'd, or wish'd, below;
And ev'ry power find sweet employ
In Thine eternal world of joy.

CCCL.

L. M.

- L**ORD of the Sabbath! hear us pray,
 In this Thy house, on this Thy day;
 Accept, as grateful sacrifice,
 The songs that from Thy servants rise.
- 2 Now met to pray, and bless Thy name,
 Whose mercies flow each day the same,
 Whose kind compassions never cease,
 We seek instruction, pardon, peace.
- 3 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love—
 But there's a nobler rest above;
 O! that we might that rest attain,
 From sin, from sorrow, and from pain!
- 4 In Thy blest kingdom we shall be,
 From every mortal trouble free;
 No sighs shall mingle with the songs
 Resounding from immortal tongues.
- 5 No rude alarms of raging foes,
 No cares to break the long repose,
 No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
 But sacred, high, eternal noon.

CCCLI.

P. M.

- F**ATHER, to seek Thy face
 Thy children now draw near;
 Before the throne of grace
 With boldness we appear:
 We plead His name, His precious blood,
 Who loved, and made us priests to God.
- 2 No more we shun the light,
 No more Thy presence fear;
 In robes of spotless white
 Before Thee we appear;
 Our sacrifice, our Priest is there,
 And He presents our praise and prayer.

- 3 No power have we to praise
 Thy name, O God of Love,
 Unless Thy Spirit raise
 Our thoughts and hearts above.
 His holy oil anoints our head,
 May He our priestly worship lead.
- 4 Give us strong faith to plead
 Thy true and faithful word;—
 Grace for each time of need,
 And help, Thou wilt afford.
 Thy promises in Christ are yea,
 Amen! Amen! Thy children say.

CCCLII.

P. M.

- L**ORD of the worlds above,
 How pleasant and how fair,
 The dwellings of Thy love,
 Thy heav'nly mansions are!
 To Thine abode, My heart aspires
 With warm desires, To see my God.
- 2 There is Thy throne of grace,
 And there the sprinkled blood;
 There lives before Thy face,
 Our great high-priest, O God!
 His name our plea, We now draw near,
 With filial fear, And worship Thee.
- 3 O happy souls that pray,
 As God appoints to hear!
 O happy men that pay
 Their constant tribute there!
 They praise Thy grace, And happy they
 That love the way, To that blest place.
- 4 They go from strength to strength,
 Through this dark vale of tears;
 Till each arrives at length,
 And safe in heav'n appears:
 O glorious seat! Where God our King
 Shall shortly bring, Our willing feet.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

CCCLIII.

L. M.

MY God, and is Thy table spread?
And doth Thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them all its sweetness know!

- 2 Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of His flesh and blood!
Thrice happy he who here partakes
Of that blest stream, that heavenly food!
- 3 O let Thy table honour'd be,
And furnish'd well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes!

CCCLIV.

L. M.

OBEDIENT to our dying Lord,
Who bids us thus remember Him,
O let us now surround His board,
His flesh our food, His love our theme.

- 2 Sweet feast! here love and union reign,
Blest earnest of the joys above;
And, meanest of the Saviour's train,—
We celebrate His dying love.
- 3 O may that love, by power divine,
To all our hearts be better known;
Dear Saviour, on Thy people shine,
The people Thou hast made Thine own.

CCCLV.

S. M.

- S**WEET feast of love divine !
 'Tis grace that makes us free
 To feed upon this bread and wine,
 In memory, Lord, of Thee.
- 2 Here every welcome guest
 Waits, Lord, from Thee to learn
 The secrets of Thy Father's breast,
 And all Thy grace discern.
- 3 Here conscience ends its strife,
 And faith delights to prove
 The sweetness of the bread of life,—
 The fulness of Thy love.
- 4 The blood that flow'd for sin,
 In symbol here we see ;
 And feel the blessed pledge within,
 That we are loved of Thee.
- 5 O, if this glimpse of love
 Is so divinely sweet,
 What will it be, O Lord, above,
 Thy gladd'ning smile to meet !
- 6 To see Thee face to face,
 Thy perfect likeness wear,
 And all Thy ways of wondrous grace
 Through endless years declare.

CCCLVI.

8s. 7s.

- L**AMB of God, once bruis'd and broken
 On th' accursed tree for us,
 Love's abiding, blessed token
 Thou didst give Thy children thus.
- 2 Now, in conscious happy nearness,
 We Thy table will surround ;
 Perfect love shall make us fearless,
 Though in perfect weakness found.

3 Soon,—how soon! we thus together
 In our Father's house shall meet,
 And the heav'nly courts for ever
 Tread with undefiled feet.

4 Here the pledge of Thy returning,
 Tells of all the joys of home ;
 And our hearts within us burning,
 Cry, Lord Jesus, quickly come.

CCCLVII.

C. M.

TO Calv'ry, Lord, in spirit now
 Our weary souls repair,
 To dwell upon Thy dying love,
 And taste its sweetness there.

2 Sweet resting-place of every heart
 That feels the plague of sin,
 Yet knows the deep mysterious joy
 Of peace with God within.

3 [There, through Thine hour of deepest woe,
 Thy suff'ring spirit pass'd ;
 Grace there its wondrous vict'ry gain'd,
 And love endur'd its last.]

4 Dear suff'ring Lamb! Thy bleeding wounds,
 With cords of love divine,
 Have drawn our willing hearts to Thee,
 And link'd our life with Thine.

5 Thy sympathies and hopes are ours ;
 Dear Lord, we wait to see
 Creation, all—below, above—
 Redeem'd and blest by Thee.

6 Our longing eyes would fain behold
 That bright and blessed brow,
 Once wrung with bitt'rest anguish, wear
 Its crown of glory now.

7 Why linger then? Come, Saviour, come,
 Responsive to our call ;
 Come, claim Thine ancient power, and roign
 The heir and Lord of all.

- W**E bless our Saviour's name,
 Who hath our sins forgiv'n ;
 To suffer once to earth He came,
 He now is crown'd in heav'n.
- 2 His precious blood was shed,
 His body bruis'd for sin ;
 Rememb'ring this, we break the bread,
 And joyful, drink the wine.
- 3 While we remember Thee,
 Lord, in our midst appear ;
 Let each, by faith, Thy body see,
 While we assemble here.
- 4 We never would forget
 Thy rich, Thy precious love,
 Our theme of joy and wonder here,
 Our endless song above !
- 5 Oh let Thy love constrain
 Our souls to cleave to Thee,
 And ever in our hearts remain
 That word, "Remember Me."

- A**CCORDING to Thy gracious word,
 In meek humility,
 This will I do, my dying Lord,—
 I will remember Thee.
- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
 My bread from heaven shall be,
 The cup of blessing I will take.
 And thus remember Thee.
- 3 Can I Gethsemane forget,
 Or there Thy conflict see,
 Thine agony and bloody sweat,
 And not remember Thee ?

- 4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice!
I must remember Thee!
- 5 Remember Thee and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me;
Yes, while a breath of life remains,
Will I remember Thee.

CCCLX.

S. M.

- J**ESUS invites His saints
To meet around His board;
Here pardon'd sinners meet and hold
Communion with their Lord.
- 2 Here we survey that love
Which spoke in ev'ry breath,
Which crown'd each action of His life,
And triumph'd in His death.
- 3 Here let our powers unite,
His glorious name to raise:
Let holy joy fill ev'ry mind,
And ev'ry voice be praise.

CCCLXI.

C. M.

- A**ROUND Thy table, holy Lord
In fellowship we meet,
Obedient to Thy gracious word,
This feast of love to eat.
- 2 Here every one that loves Thy name
Our willing hearts embrace;
Our life, our hope, our joy the same,
The same Thy love and grace.
- 3 This is the season to forget
All but our common life;
For in the holiest we are met
Above the scenes of strife.

- 4 If two disciples could constrain
 Their ris'n Lord to stay,
 We know the same endearing chain
 Shall bind Thee here to-day.
- 5 However poor, despis'd, or few,
 Thy faithful, changeless love,
 Dear Lord, is just as full and true,
 Now on Thy throne above.
- 6 Commune with each in this sweet hour,
 And as we hence depart,
 Errands of love, and words of pow'r,
 To each of us impart.

CCCLXII.

6. 8s.

- L**ORD Jesus, in Thy name alone
 Thy saints will meet before the throne,
 And only thus will we be found
 Thy table ever to surround :
 We nothing plead before our God
 Except Thy righteousness and blood.
- 2 O gracious Lord ! there is indeed
 Enough in Thee to meet our need ;
 Enough in Thee to make us glad,
 Then why should pardon'd souls be sad ?
 Wide open is the door to God,
 We enter boldly through Thy blood.
- 3 No other ground of hope we seek,
 Than that the Holy Ghost doth speak,
 When gazing on Thy cross by faith
 We view our interest in Thy death,
 And see the very heart of God
 Flow freely forth in Thy shed blood !
- 4 Our present joy is knowing Thee,
 Our future joy, Thy face to see ;
 But when our bliss is all complete,
 We still will worship at Thy feet,
 And nothing name before our God
 But that same righteousness and blood.

CCCLXIII.

L. M.

- O**FT we, alas ! forget the love
Of Him who bought us with His blood ;
And now, as our High Priest above,
Stands as our Advocate with God.
- 2 Oft we forget the woe, the pain,
The bloody sweat, th' accursed tree,
The wrath His soul did once sustain,
From sin and death to set us free.
- 3 Oft we forget that, strangers here,
This world is not our rest or home ;
That waiting till the Lord appear,
Our hearts should cry, "Come, Saviour, come."
- 4 Oft we forget that we are one
With every saint that loves His name ;
United to Him on the throne—
Our life, our hope, our Lord, the same.
- 5 Here, in the broken bread and wine,
We hear Him say, "Remember me !
"I gave My life to ransom thine,
"I bore thy curse to set thee free."
- 6 Lord, we are Thine—we praise Thy love—
One with Thy saints, all one in Thee,
We would, until we meet above,
In all our ways, REMEMBER THEE.

CCCLXIV.

10s.

- H**ERE, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face ;
Here would I touch and handle things unseen,
Here grasp with firmer hand th' eternal grace,
And all my weariness upon Thee lean.
- 2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God ;
Here drink with Thee the royal wine of Heav'n,
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiv'n.

- 3 Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness ;
 Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing blood:
 Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace,—
 Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord my God!
- 4 This is the hour of banquet and of song,
 This is the heavenly table spread for me ;
 Here let me feast, and feasting still prolong
 The brief, bright hour of fellowship with Thee.
- 5 Too soon we rise ; the symbols disappear ;
 The feast, though not the love, is past and gone ;
 The bread and wine remove, but Thou art here,—
 Nearer than ever,—still my shield and sun.
- 6 Feast after feast thus comes and passes by ;
 Yet, passing, points to the glad feast above,
 Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,
 The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.

CCCLXV.

P. M.

LOVE strong as death, nay stronger,
 Love mightier than the grave ;
 Broad as the earth, and longer
 Than ocean's widest wave :
 This is the love that sought us,
 This is the love that bought us,
 This is the love that brought us,
 To gladdest day from saddest night,
 From deepest shame to glory bright,
 From depths of death to life's fair height ;
 This is the love that leadeth
 Us to His table here,
 This is the love that spreadeth
 For us this royal cheer.

THE DEATH OF BELIEVERS.

CCCLXVI.

6.8s.

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

CCCLXVII.

C. M.

- I**N vain our fancy strives to paint
 The moment after death,
 The glories that surround the saint
 When yielding up his breath.
- 2 One gentle sigh his fetters breaks ;
 We scarce can say, "He's gone !" *!*
 Before the willing spirit takes
 Her mansion near the throne.
- 3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail,
 To trace her in her flight ;
 No eye can pierce within the veil
 Which hides that world of light.
- 4 Thus much, and this is all, we know,
 They are supremely bless'd ;
 Have done with sin, and care, and woe,
 And with the Saviour rest.
- 5 On harps of gold they praise His name,
 His face they always view ;
 Then let us followers be of them,
 We soon shall praise Him too.

CCCLXVIII.

S. M.

- T**HOU very present aid
 In suffering and distress,
 The soul which still on Thee is stay'd
 Is kept in perfect peace.
- 2 Calmly the heart reclined
 By faith on Jesu's breast,
 In deepest woes exults to find
 A sweet eternal rest.
- 3 Jesus, to whom we fly,
 Doth all our wishes fill ;
 In vain the creature-streams are dry :
 We have the fountain still.
- 4 Bereaved of earthly friends,
 We find them all in One !
 And peace, and joy that never ends,
 And heaven—in Christ alone.

CCCLXIX.

P. M.

BLESSED Lord, our souls are longing
Thee, our risen Head to see ;
And the cloudless morning's dawning,
When Thy saints shall gather'd be :
Grace and glory,
All our fresh springs are in Thee.

- 2 All the sorrow we are tasting,
Is but as the dream of night :
To the day of God we're hastening,
Looking for it with delight :
Thou art coming,
This wilt satisfy our sight.
- 3 True, the silent grave is keeping
Many a seed in weakness sown ;
But, the saints in Thee now sleeping,
Rais'd in pow'r, shall share Thy throne.
Resurrection !
Lord of Glory ! 'tis Thine own.
- 4 As we sing, our hearts grow lighter ;
We are children of the day ;
Sorrow makes our hope the brighter ;
Faith regards not the delay :
Sure the promise !
We shall meet Thee on the way.

CCCLXX.

7s. 6s.

THOU hast stood here, Lord Jesus,
Beside the still, cold grave,
And shown Thy gracious sympathy,
And mighty power to save ;
Thy tears of tender pity,
Thine agonising groan ;
Tell us for us Thou feelest,
Though seated on the throne.

- 2 Thou hast lain here, Lord Jesus !
 Thyself the victim then ;
 The Lord of life and glory,
 Once slain for guilty men.
 From sin and condemnation,
 When none but Thou could'st save,
 Thy love than death was stronger,
 And deeper than the grave.
- 3 Yes, Thou wast here, Lord Jesus !
 But Thou art here no more ;
 The terror and the darkness,
 The night of death are o'er ;
 Great Captain of Salvation,
 Thy triumphs now we sing ;
 "O Grave, where is thy victory ?"
 "O Death, where is thy sting ?"
- 4 We wait for Thine appearing,
 We weep—but we rejoice ;
 In all our depths of sorrow
 We still can hear Thy voice :—
 "I am the resurrection ;
 "I live, who once was slain ;
 "Fear not, thy friend and brother,
 "Shall rise with Me to reign."

CCCLXXI.

78. 68.

EARTH'S firmest ties will perish,
 Its friendships pass away ;
 'Tis only safe to cherish
 What may not so decay :
 Our brotherly communion
 Though death and parting break,
 Above in perfect union,
 We shall again partake.

- 2 The dead in Jesus sleeping,
 Their loving hearts retain ;
 And they, whose loss we're weeping,
 With Christ shall come again.
 To God's right hand of pleasures
 Their spirits now take wing,
 He'll raise our buried treasures
 In resurrection's spring.
- 3 O Lord, Thou quickening Spirit,
 Since we are one with Thee,
 Through Thy transcendent merit
 In Heav'n we hope to be ;
 The grave is not the victor,
 And death has lost its sting ;
 Our Saviour, and Protector,
 Thy victory we sing !

CCCLXXII.

C. M.

- 'TIS sweet to think of those at rest,
 Who sleep in Christ the Lord ;
 Whose spirits now with Him are blest,
 According to His word.
- 2 They once were pilgrims here with us,
 In Jesus now they sleep ;
 And we, for them while resting thus,
 As hopeless cannot weep.
- 3 The Lord who died, in triumph rose
 Victorious o'er the tomb ;
 E'en so we know that, with Him, those
 Who sleep in Him will come.
- 4 How bright the resurrection-morn
 On all the saints will break !
 The Lord Himself will then return,
 His ransom'd Church to take.

- 5 The rais'd and living saints will meet,
 All grief and care removed ;
 What joy 'twill be to us to greet
 Each saint whom here we loved !
- 6 Our Lord Himself we then shall see,
 Whose blood for us was shed ;
 With Him for ever we shall be,
 Made like our glorious Head.

CCCLXXIII.

P. M.

- WHO is this in silence bending
 O'er a dark sepulchral cave ?
 Sympathetic sorrow blending
 With the tears around that grave ?
 Christ the Lord is standing by,
 At the tomb of Bethany !
- 2 "Jesus wept !"—His tears are over,
 But His heart is still the same.
 Kinsman, Friend, and Elder Brother,
 Is His everlasting name.
 Saviour ! who can love like Thee,
 Gracious one of Bethany ?
- 3 When the pangs of trial seize us,
 When the waves of sorrow roll,
 I will lay my head on Jesus,
 Pillow of the troubled soul ;
 Surely none can feel like Thee,
 Weeping one of Bethany !
- 4 "Jesus wept !"—and still in glory
 He can mark each mourner's tear,
 Loving to retrace the story
 Of the hearts He solaced here ;
 Lord ! if I am called to die,
 Let me think of Bethany !

- 5 "Jesus wept!"—that tear of sorrow
 Is a legacy of love,
 Yesterday—to-day—to-morrow—
 He the same doth ever prove:
 Thou art all in all to me,
 Living One of Bethany!

CCCLXXIV.

C. M.

- G**IVE us the wings of faith to rise
 Within the veil, and see
 The saints above, how great their joys,
 How bright their glories be.
- 2 Once they were mourning here below,
 And wet their couch with tears;
 They wrestled hard, as we do now,
 With sins, and doubts, and fears.
- 3 We ask them whence their vict'ry came;
 They, with united breath,
 Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
 Their triumph to His death.
- 4 They mark'd the footsteps that He trod,
 His zeal inspir'd their breast,
 And following their Incarnate God,
 Possess the promis'd rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
 For His own pattern given,
 While the long cloud of witnesses
 Show the same path to heaven.

THE SECOND ADVENT AND THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST.

CCCLXXV.

P.M.

- N**OTHING know we of the season
When the world shall pass away ;
But we know, the saints have reason
To expect a glorious day ;
When the Saviour will return,
And His people cease to mourn.
- 2 While a careless world is sleeping,
Then it is the day will come ;
Mirth will then be turn'd to weeping ;
Sinners then must meet their doom ;
But the people of the Lord
Shall obtain their bright reward.
- 3 O what sacred joys await them !
They shall see the Saviour then ;
Those who now oppose and hate them,
Never can oppose again ;
Brethren, let us think of this :
All is ours if we are His.
- 4 Waiting for the Lord's returning,
Be it our's His word to keep ;
Let our lamps be always burning ;
Let us watch while others sleep ;
We're no longer of the night ;
We are children of the light.
- 5 Being of the favour'd number,
Whom the Saviour calls His own,
'Tis not meet that we should slumber,
Nothing should be left undone :
This should be His people's aim,
Still to glorify His name.

CCCLXXVI.

8. 7. 4.

LO! He comes, with clouds descending,
 Once for favor'd sinners slain,
 Thousand thousand saints attending,
 Swell the triumph of His train ;
 Hallelujah !
 Jesus comes : He comes to reign !

- 2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold Him,
 Rob'd in glorious majesty ;
 Those who set at nought and sold Him,
 Pierc'd and nail'd Him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see.
- 3 Lo! the tokens of His passion
 Still His glorious body bears,
 Cause of endless exultation,
 To His ransom'd worshippers ;
 Hallelujah !
 Now the day of Christ appears.
- 4 Answer Lord! Thy Bride and Spirit,
 Call Thy people from the tomb,
 The new heav'n and earth t' inherit ;
 Take Thy pining exiles home ;
 All creation—
 Travails, groans, and bids Thee Come.
- 5 Yea, Amen, let all adore Thee
 High on Thine exalted throne,
 Saviour take Thy power and glory,
 Claim the kingdom for Thine own ;
 Oh, come quickly,
 Hallelujah ! come, Lord, come.

CCCLXXVII.

C. M.

- H**OPE of our hearts, O Lord, appear,
 Thou glorious Star of day!
 Shine forth and chase the dreary night,
 With all our tears, away!
- 2 Strangers on earth, we wait for Thee;
 Oh leave the Father's throne;
 Come with a shout of vict'ry, Lord,
 And claim us as Thine own.
- 3 No resting-place we seek on earth,
 No loveliness we see;
 Our eye is on the royal crown,
 Prepared for us and Thee.
- 4 But, dearest, Lord! however bright
 That crown of joy above,
 What is it to the brighter hope
 Of dwelling in Thy love?
- 5 What to the joy, the deeper joy,
 Unmingled, pure, and free,
 Of union with our living Head,
 Of fellowship with Thee?
- 6 This joy e'en now on earth is ours;
 But only, Lord, above,
 Our hearts without a pang shall know
 The fulness of Thy love.
- 7 There, near Thy heart, upon the throne,
 Thy ransom'd Bride shall see
 What grace was in the bleeding Lamb,
 Who died to make her free.

CCCLXXVIII.

8. 7. 4.

SAVIOUR, hasten Thine appearing
 Take Thy waiting people home;
 This sweet hope, our spirits cheering
 While we in the desert roam,
 Makes Thy people
 Strangers here till Thou dost come.

- 2 Lord, how long shall the creation
 Groan and travail sore in pain ;
 Waiting for its sure salvation,
 When Thou shalt in glory reign ;
 And like Eden,
 This sad earth shall bloom again ?
- 3 Gather, Lord, Thy chosen nation,
 Israel's long afflicted race ;
 Let them find Thy free salvation,
 Own and trust Thy wondrous grace ;
 And, adoring,
 Look on Thy once marred face.
- 4 Reign, O reign, Almighty Saviour !
 Heav'n and earth in one unite ;
 Make it known, that in Thy favour,
 There alone is life and light ;
 When we see Thee,
 We shall have unmix'd delight.

CCCLXXIX.

7s. 6s.

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

- 3 How long, O heav'nly Bridegroom,
 How long wilt Thou delay?
 And yet how few are grieving,
 That Thou dost absent stay:
 Thy very Bride her portion
 And calling hath forgot,
 And seeks for ease and glory
 Where Thou, her Lord, art not.
- 4 Oh wake Thy slumb'ring virgins;
 Send forth the solemn cry,
 Let all Thy saints repeat it,—
 "The Bridegroom draweth nigh!"
 May all our lamps be burning,
 Our loins well-girded be,
 Each longing heart preparing
 With joy Thy face to see.

CCCLXXX.

8s. 7s.

- L**ORD, we see the day approaching,
 When Thou wilt again appear;
 Sinners still Thy garments touching,
 Stay Thee in Thy coming here.
- 2 Hid in heav'n is all our treasure,
 Patience now becomes Thy saints;
 Lord, we wait Thy gracious pleasure,
 Faith should silence all complaints.
- 3 Through the wilderness we wander,
 Troubled oft, but not distress'd;
 Seek we glory?—it is yonder,
 Suff'ring pledges future rest.
- 4 Coming judgments round us darken,
 Human hearts may fail for fear;
 But to Thee alone we hearken,—
 "Your redemption draweth near."

- 5 Make each waiting child obedient,
Stay our anxious hearts on this:
If Thy going were 'expedient,'
Surely Thy return is bliss.
- 6 Our own Lord is coming hither,
Light in darkness, joy in grief;
Hope deferr'd would quickly wither
Hearts that had not this relief.
- 7 All we need is deep affection,
Singleness of eye and heart:
Strength to own Thee in rejection;
Grace sufficient, Lord, impart.

CCCLXXXI.

P. M.

THE night is far spent, the day is at hand;
Already the dawn may be seen in the sky;
Rejoice then, ye saints, 'tis your Lord's own com-
mand;
Rejoice, for the coming of Jesus draws nigh.

- 2 What a day will that be, when the Saviour ap-
pears!
How welcome to those who have shared in His
cross!
A crown incorruptible then will be theirs,
A rich compensation for suff'ring and loss.
- 3 What is loss in this world, when compared to
that day,—
To the glory that then will from heav'n be re-
veal'd?
The Saviour is coming, His people may say;
The Lord whom we look for, our Sun and our
Shield.

- 4 O pardon us, Lord, that our love to Thy name
 Is so faint, with so much our affections to move!
 Our deadness should fill us with grief and with
 shame,
 So much to be loved, and so little to love!
- 5 O kindle within us a holy desire,
 Like that which was found in Thy people of old,
 Who felt all Thy love, and whose hearts were on
 fire,
 While they waited in patience Thy face to behold.

CCCLXXXII.

S. M.

- SOON shall our Master come,
 Our toil and sorrow cease;
 He'll call His waiting people home,
 To endless joy and peace.
- 2 Now may we do His will,
 In all His footsteps tread;
 And, in a world of evil, still
 To grieve Him only dread.
- 3 May we His name confess
 'Midst suff'ring, shame, and loss;
 Stand forth His faithful witnesses,
 And glory in the Cross.
- 4 Watchful may each be found,
 Patient and faithful be,
 In works of faith and love abound,
 Till we our Master see.
- 5 Then shall we soar above,
 Nor cease our sweet employ;
 And hear Him say, with tend'rest love,
 "Enter thy Master's joy."

CCCLXXXIII.

7a.

- Y**ET a little while—the Lord
 Gave His saints this precious word ;
 That their hearts with joy might burn,
 Looking for His quick return.
- 2 “Yet a little while”—the hour
 Comes, when we can work no more ;
 Let us then, with single eye,
 Seek our God to glorify.
- 3 “Yet a little while”—and we
 Shall with our Beloved be :
 May each word and action shew,
 That our hearts are with Him now.

CCCLXXXIV.

8. 7. 4.

- F**LY, ye seasons, fly still faster,
 Let the glorious day come on,
 When we shall behold our Master
 Seated on the heav'nly throne ;
 Then the Saviour
 Shall descend to claim His own.
- 2 What is earth, with all its treasures,
 To the joy the Gospel brings ?
 Well may we resign its pleasures,
 Jesus gives us better things ;
 All His people
 Draw from heav'n's eternal springs.
- 3 But if here we taste of pleasure,
 What will heav'n itself afford ?
 There our joy will know no measure ;
 There we shall behold our Lord ;
 There His people
 Shall obtain their bright reward.
- 4 Fly, ye seasons, fly still faster ;
 Swiftly bring the glorious day ;
 Jesus come, our Lord and Master !
 Come from heav'n without delay ;
 Take Thy people,
 Take, O take us hence away !

CCCLXXXV.

L. M.

- 'TIS night—but Oh! the joyful morn
 Will soon our waiting spirits cheer;
 Yon gleams of coming glory warn
 Thy saints, O Lord, that Thou art near.
- 2 Lord of our hearts, belov'd of Thee,
 Weary of earth, we sigh to rest,—
 Supremely happy, safe and free,
 For ever on Thy tender breast.
- 3 To see Thee, love Thee, feel Thee near,
 Nor dread, as now, Thy transient stay;
 To dwell beyond the reach of fear
 Lest joy should wane or pass away.
- 4 Children of hope, beloved Lord!
 In Thee we live, we glory now;
 Our joy, our rest, our great reward,
 Our diadem of beauty, Thou!
- 5 And when exalted, Lord, with Thee,
 Thy royal throne at length we share,
 To everlasting Thou shalt be
 Our diadem, our glory there.

CCCLXXXVI.

C. M.

- THE gloomy night will soon be past,
 The morning will appear;
 The rays of blessed light at last,
 Each waiting eye will cheer.
- 2 Thou bright and morning Star, Thy light
 Will to our joy be seen;
 Thou, Lord, wilt meet our longing sight,
 Without a cloud between.
- 3 Ah yes! Lord Jesus, Thou whose heart,
 Still for Thy saints doth care;
 We shall behold Thee as Thou art,—
 Thy perfect likeness bear.

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

CCCLXXXVII.

P. M.

- G**REAT God ! what do I see and hear !
 The end of things created !
 The Judge of mankind doth appear,
 On clouds of glory seated !
 The trumpet sounds ! the graves restore
 The dead which they contained before !
 Prepare, my soul, to meet Him !
- 2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
 At the last trumpet's sounding,
 Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
 With joy their Lord surrounding :
 No gloomy fears their souls dismay ;
 His presence sheds eternal day
 On those prepar'd to meet Him.
- 3 But sinners, fill'd with guilty fears,
 Behold His wrath prevailing ;
 For they shall wake, and find their tears
 And sighs are unavailing ;
 The day of grace is past and gone,
 Trembling they stand before the throne,
 All unprepar'd to meet Him.

- 4 Great God ! what do I see and hear !
 The end of things created !
 The Judge of mankind doth appear,
 On clouds of glory seated !
 Low at His cross I view the day
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,
 And thus prepare to meet Him.

CCCLXXXVIII.

8. 7. 4.

- W**HAT were Sinai's awful wonders,
 To the wonders of that day,
 When a voice, like many thunders,
 Shall be heard from heav'n to say,
 Come to judgment !
 Lo ! the Judge is on His way.
- 2 Lo ! He comes, the Lord from heaven,
 He who bore the cross below ;
 All the pow'r to Him is giv'n,
 He appears in glory now ;
 Great His glory !
 Ev'ry knee to Him shall bow.
- 3 See ! the nations all assembling,
 Stand before the Saviour's throne ;
 Thousands at His presence trembling,
 Hope extinguish'd, pleasures gone ;
 Calling, seeking
 For relief, and finding none.
- 4 But His people, they who knew Him,
 And on earth His name confess'd,—
 These the Saviour welcomes to Him,
 These He makes supremely blest :
 Sweet their portion !
 Their's an everlasting rest.

CCCLXXXIX.

C. M.

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

CCCXC.

C. M.

BRIDE of the Lamb, rejoice! rejoice!
 Thy midnight watch is past:
 True to His promise, lo, 'tis He!
 The Saviour comes at last.

- 2 His heart, amid the blest repose
 And glories of the throne,
 With love's unwearied care, hath made
 Thy sorrows all its own.
- 3 Through days and nights of suff'ring, taught
 For human woe to feel,
 He, only, with unerring skill,
 Thy wounded heart could heal.
- 4 And now, at length, behold, He comes
 To claim thee from above,
 In answer to the ceaseless call
 And deep desire of love.
- 5 Go then, thou lov'd and blessed one,
 Thou drooping mourner, rise!
 Go—for He calls thee now to share
 His dwelling in the skies.
- 6 For thee, His Royal Bride,—for thee,
 His brightest glories shine;
 And, happier still, His changeless heart
 With all its love is thine.

CCCXCI.

8. 7. 4.

CHRI**S**T is coming! Let creation
 Bid her groans and travail cease,
 Let the glorious proclamation
 Hope restore, and faith increase—
 Maranatha! *
 Come, Thou blessed Prince of Peace!

- 2 Earth can now but tell the story
 Of Thy bitter Cross and pain,
 She shall yet behold Thy glory,
 When Thou comest back to reign.
 Maranatha!
 Let each heart repeat the strain!

* The Lord is coming.

- 3 "A little while"—'twill soon be past,
 Why should we shun the shame and cross?
 O let us in His footsteps haste,
 Counting for Him all else but loss:
 O how will recompense His smile,
 The sufferings of this "little while."
- 4 "A little while"—come, Saviour, come!
 For thee Thy Bride has tarried long;
 Take Thy poor wearied pilgrims home,
 To sing the new eternal song,
 To see Thy glory, and to be
 In every thing conform'd to Thee!

cccxciii.

79.

- H**ARK! the song of Jubilee,
 Loud as mighty thunders roar,
 Or the fulness of the sea
 When it breaks upon the shore!
 Hallelujah! for the Lord
 God Omnipotent shall reign:
 Hallelujah! let the word,
 Echo round the earth and main!
- 2 Hallelujah!—hark! the sound
 From the depths unto the skies,
 Wakes above, beneath, around,
 All creation's harmonies!
 See, Jehovah's banners furl'd:
 Sheath'd His sword: He speaks—'tis done;
 And the kingdoms of the world
 Are the kingdoms of His Son!
- 3 He shall reign from pole to pole
 With illimitable sway;
 He shall reign, when like a scroll
 Yonder heavens shall pass away:
 Then the end;—beneath His rod,
 Man's last enemy shall fall;
 Hallelujah! Christ in God,
 God in Christ, is all in all!

CCCXCIV.

L. M.

OH what a bright and blessed world
This groaning earth of ours will be,
When from his throne the tempter hurl'd,
Shall leave it all, O Lord, to Thee!

- 2 But brighter far that world above,
Where we, as we are known, shall know;
And in the sweet embrace of love,
Reign o'er this ransom'd earth below.
- 3 O blessed Lord! with weeping eyes,
That blissful hour we wait to see;
While every worm or leaf that dies,
Tells of the curse, and calls for Thee.
- 4 Come, Saviour, then, o'er all below
Shine brightly from Thy throne above;
Bid heaven and earth Thy glory know,
And all creation feel Thy love.

CCCXCV.

L. M.

SOON may the last glad song arise,
Through all the millions of the skies—
That song of triumph which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's.

- 2 Let thrones, and pow'rs, and kingdoms, be
Obedient, gracious Lord, to Thee:
And over land, and stream, and main,
Wave Thou the sceptre of Thy reign.
- 3 Soon may the joyful anthem swell,
And host to host the triumph tell,
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns.

CCCXCVI.

THE Church has waited long
 Her absent Lord to see ;
 And still in loneliness she waits,
 A friendless stranger she.
 Age after age has gone,
 Sun after sun has set,
 And still, in weeds of widowhood,
 She weeps a mourner yet.

- 2 Saint after saint on earth
 Has lived, and loved, and died,
 And as they left us one by one,
 We laid them side by side.
 We laid them down to sleep,
 But not in hope forlorn,—
 We laid them but to ripen there
 Till the last glorious morn.
- 3 [The serpent's brood increase,
 The powers of hell grow bold,
 The conflict thickens, faith is low
 And love is waxing cold.
 How long, O Lord our God,
 Holy, and true, and good,
 Wilt Thou not judge Thy suff'ring Church,
 Her sighs, and tears, and blood !]
- 4 We long to hear Thy voice,
 To see Thee face to face,
 To share Thy crown and glory then,
 As now we share Thy grace.
 Should not the loving Bride
 The absent Bridegroom mourn ?
 Should she not wear the weeds of grief,
 Until her Lord return ?

- 5 The whole creation groans,
 And waits to hear that voice
 That shall restore her comeliness,
 And make her wastes rejoice.
 Come, Lord, and wipe away
 The curse, the sin, the stain,
 And make this blighted world of ours
 Thine own fair world again.

CCCXC VII.

D. S. M.

- COME, Lord, and tarry not :
 Bring the long-looked-for day,
 O why these years of waiting here,
 These ages of delay ?
 Come, for Thy saints still wait,
 Daily ascends their sigh ;
 The Spirit and the Bride say "Come,"
 Wilt Thou not hear the cry ?
- 2 Come, for creation groans,
 Impatient of Thy stay,
 Worn out with these long years of ill,
 These ages of delay.
 Come, for Thine Israel pines,
 An exile from the fold ;
 O call to mind Thy faithful word,
 And bless them as of old.
- 3 Come, for Thy foes are strong ;
 With taunting lip they say
 "Where is the promis'd Advent now,
 "And where the dreaded day ?"
 Come, for love waxes cold,
 Its steps are faint and slow ;
 Faith is now lost in unbelief,
 Hope's lamp burns dim and low.

- 4 Come, and make all things new,
 Build up this ruined earth,
 Restore our faded Paradise,
 Creation's second birth.
 Come, and begin Thy reign
 Of everlasting peace,
 Come take the Kingdom to Thyself,
 Great King of Righteousness !

CCCXCVIII.

C. M.

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

CCCXCIX.

S. M.

- E**NQUIRE, my soul, enquire!
 What doth the watchman say?
 Is the One object of desire
 Already on His way?
- 2 What doth the watchman say,
 Whose cry the slumb'rer wakes?
 "The night hath nearly passed away:
 And lo! the morning breaks."
- 3 "The night is coming, too!
 A night of speechless woe;
 But there shall be no night to you,
 To you who Jesus know.
- 4 "Come, whosoever will,
 Ere God's right-hand He leaves:
 He waits till He His bosom fill
 With all His precious sheaves!"
- 5 "God speaks, shall I be dumb?
 Watch that your lamps may burn;
 Come, all ye weary wanderers, come!
 Return to God! Return!"
- 6 Take up the watchman's word:
 Repeat the midnight cry:
 "Prepare to meet the coming Lord:
 The time is drawing nigh."
- 7 The hours with eager flight
 Pass on till He appear,
 That moment of unknown delight
 Will soon, will soon be here.

CCCC.

8s. 7s.

HARK! ten thousand voices crying
 "Lamb of God!" with one accord,
 Thousand, thousand saints replying,
 Wake at once the echoing chord.

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

CCCCI.

C. M.

HARK to the trump! behold it breaks
 The sleep of ages now;
 And lo! the light of glory shines
 On many an aching brow.

- 2 Chang'd in a moment—rais'd to life,
 The quick, the dead arise,
 Responsive to the angel's voice
 That calls us to the skies.

- 3 Ascending through the crowded air,
On eagle wings we soar,
To dwell in the full joy of love,
And sorrow there no more.
- 4 O Lord, the bright and blessed hope
That cheer'd us through the past,
Of full eternal rest in Thee,
Is all fulfill'd at last.
- 5 The cry of sorrow here is hush'd,
The voice of prayer is o'er ;
'Tis needless now—for, Lord, we crave
Thy gracious help no more.
- 6 Praise, endless praise alone becomes
This bright and blessed place,
Where ev'ry eye beholds unveil'd
The mysteries of Thy grace.
- 7 Past conflict here, O Lord 'tis ours,
Through everlasting days,
To sing our song of vict'ry now,
And only live for praise.

CCCCII.

C. M.

- I**SLES of the deep, rejoice, rejoice !
Ye ransom'd nations, sing
The praises of your Lord and God,
The triumphs of your King.
- 2 He comes—and at His mighty word,
The clouds are fleeting fast,
And o'er the land of promise, see,
The glory breaks at last.
- 3 There, He upon His ancient throne,
His power and grace displays,
While Salem, with its echoing hills,
Sends forth the voice of praise.

- 4 Streams of divine, unfailing joy,
Whose sweetness none can know
But the redeem'd, the blood-bought soul,
Through all creation flow.
- 5 Oh! let His praises fill the earth,
While all the blest above,
In strains of loftier triumph still,
Speak only of His love.
- 6 Sing, ye redeem'd! Before the throne
Ye white-rob'd myriads fall!
Sing—for the Lord of Glory reigns,
The Christ—the Heir of all!

CCCCIII.

L. M.

- J**ESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And princes throng to crown His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With ev'ry morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of ev'ry tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns
The pris'ner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blessed.
- 5 Where He displays His healing pow'r,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In Him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.
- 6 Let ev'ry creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

GOSPEL.

CCCCIV.

C. M.

- S**ALVATION! O the joyful sound!
Glad tidings to our ears!
A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
In death's dark gloom we lay;
But we arise by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.
- 3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.
- 4 Salvation! O Thou bleeding Lamb,
To Thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

CHORUS.

Glory, honour, praise, and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever;
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer,
Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord!

CCCCV.

11s.

SALVATION in Christ, for a poor guilty race,
Contrived by wisdom, accomplish'd by grace;
The gift of my Father, the purchase of blood,
Imparts all my comfort, and honours my God.

- 2 Salvation reveal'd, just suiting my state,
Complete in its nature, eternal in date ;
Election, redemption, and glory I sing,
The purpose, the gift, and the work of my King.
- 3 Salvation! O! joyful, heart-gladdening sound,
The Church is redeemed, and Jesus is crown'd :
Ye heralds proclaim it to Adam's lost race,
Salvation, of free and unmerited grace.

CCCCVI.

8. 8. 6.

CONTENT and glad I'll ever be,
To have salvation, Lord, from Thee,
Ev'n as a sinner poor :
I nothing have, I nothing am,
My treasure's in the bleeding Lamb,
Both now and evermore.

- 2 The more through grace myself I know,
The more content I am to bow,
And sink beneath Thy cross ;—
To live by faith upon Thy blood,
Waiting on Thee for ev'ry good,
And count my gain but loss.

CCCCVII.

P. M.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound !
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

- 2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb ;
Redemption by His blood
Through all the lands proclaim ;
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

- 3 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive ;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live :
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 4 The gospel-trumpet hear,
The news of pard'ning grace ;
Ye happy souls draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face :
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 5 Jesus our great High Priest
Hath full atonement made ;
Ye weary spirits, rest ;
Ye mournful souls, be glad !
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

CCCCVIII.

8. 7. 4.

- C**OME, ye souls by sin afflictéd,
Bow'd with fruitless sorrow down,
By the broken law convicted,
By the tempter's snares undone :
Look to Jesus ;
Mercy flows thro' Him alone.
- 2 Take His easy yoke and wear it,
Love will make obedience sweet ;
Christ will give you grace to bear it,
While His wisdom guides your feet
Safe to glory,
Where His ransom'd captives meet.
- 3 Sweet as home to pilgrims weary,
Light to newly open'd eyes,
Flowing springs in deserts dreary,
Is the rest the cross supplies :
All who taste it
Shall to rest immortal rise.

- 4 But, to sing the rest of glory,
 Mortal tongues far short must fall ;
 Saints in heaven who taste its fulness,
 Not e'en they can utter all :
 Faith believes it, Hope expects it, Love de-
 sire's it ;
 But it far surpasses all.

CCCCIX.

P. M.

- Y**E dying sons of men,
 Immerg'd in sin and woe,
 The Gospel's voice attend,
 Which Jesus sends to you :
 Ye perishing and guilty, come,
 In Jesu's arms there yet is room !
- 2 No longer now delay,
 Nor vain excuses frame ;
 He bids you come to-day,
 Though poor, and blind, and lame :
 All things are ready, sinner, come,
 For every willing soul there's room.
- 3 Believe the heavenly word,
 His messengers proclaim ;
 He is a gracious Lord,
 And faithful is His name !
 Backsliding souls, return and come,
 Cast off despair, there yet is room.
- 4 Compell'd by bleeding love,
 Ye wand'ring sheep, draw near,
 Christ calls you from above ;
 His charming accents hear !
 For whosoever will, may come ;
 While Jesus calls, "there yet is room."

ccccx.

7s.

- F**ROM the cross uplifted high,
 Where the Saviour deigns to die,
 What melodious sounds I hear,
 Bursting on my ravish'd ear :
 Love's redeeming work is done,
 Come and welcome, sinner, come !
- 2 Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
 Why beneath thy burdens groan ?
 On my pierced body laid,
 Justice owns the ransom paid ;
 Bow the knee, and kiss the Son,
 Come and welcome, sinner, come.
- 3 Spread for thee the festal board
 And with richest dainties stor'd,
 To thy Father's bosom press'd,
 Yet again a child confess'd ;
 Never from His house to roam,
 Come and welcome, sinner, come.
- 4 Soon the days of life shall end,
 Lo, I come, your Saviour—Friend,
 Safe your spirit to convey
 To the realms of endless day ;
 Up to My eternal home,
 Come and welcome, sinner, come.

ccccxi.

L. M.

- W**E need not be asham'd to own
 That He on whom our hopes depend,
 Though now He fills the highest throne,
 Was styl'd on earth "the sinner's Friend."
- 2 The title came from those who sought
 To bring dishonour on His name ;
 But Jesus then refus'd it not,
 Nor sought to vindicate His fame.

- 3 And now, though yonder throne is His,
 He bears the gracious title still ;
 Jesus, "the Friend of sinners" is,
 He owns the charge, and ever will.
- 4 The title that was meant in scorn,
 He takes and binds upon His brow ;
 And thus the guilty and forlorn
 Are taught His character to know.
- 5 And while His name is set at nought,
 By those who on their worth depend,
 The wretched and the vile are taught,
 To trust Him as "the sinner's Friend."

CCCCXII.

8s.

- S**ALVATION! how precious the sound,
 To sinners who see themselves lost ;
 To Jesus their praises redound,
 In Jesus they triumph and boast :
 Salvation is finish'd and done,
 Salvation is sov'reign and free,
 Salvation by God's equal Son,
 Our joy and rejoicing shall be.
- 2 Salvation is only of God,
 To Him all the praises are due ;
 Ye saints, spread His honours abroad,
 Who finish'd salvation for you :
 Soon shall we behold Him above,
 For ever to praise His dear name ;
 To sing the sweet song of His love,
 Salvation to God and the Lamb.

CCCCXIII.

7s.

YE who in these courts are found,
 List'ning to the joyful sound,
 Lost and helpless as ye are,
 Sons of sorrow, sin, and care,
 Glorify the King of kings,
 Take the peace the gospel brings.

- 2 Turn to Christ your longing eyes,
View His bleeding sacrifice :
See, in Him, your sins forgiven,
Pardon, holiness, and heaven :
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the gospel brings.

CCCCXIV.

6. 8s.

GREAT God of wonders, all Thy ways
Display Thine attributes divine ;
But the fair glories of Thy grace
Beyond Thine other wonders shine :
Who is a pard'ning God like Thee ?
Or who has grace so rich and free ?

- 2 Such deep transgressions to forgive,
Such guilty daring worms to spare ;
This is Thine own prerogative,
And in the honour none shall share :
Who is a pard'ning God like Thee ?
Or who has grace so rich and free ?

- 3 Pardon—from an offended God !
Pardon—for sins of deepest dye !
Pardon—bestow'd through Jesu's blood !
Pardon—that brings the rebel nigh !
Who is a pard'ning God like Thee ?
Or who has grace so rich and free ?

CCCCXV.

7s. 6s.

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

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

CCCCXVI.

8. 7. 4.

- C**OME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore ;
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of mercy joined with power ;
 He is able,
 He is willing ; doubt no more.
- 2 Oh ! ye needy, come, and welcome,
 God's free bounty glorify ;
 True belief, and true repentance,
 Every grace that brings us nigh ;
 Without money,
 Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
 All the fitness He requireth,
 Is to feel your need of Him ;
 This He gives you,
 Who besides could thus redeem ?
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
 Lost and ruin'd by the fall ;
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all ;
 Not the righteous,
 Sinners, Jesus came to call.

- 5 View Him prostrate in the garden,
 -- On the ground the Saviour lies ;
 On the bloody tree behold Him ;
 Hear Him cry, before He dies,
 "It is finished!"
 Sinner, will not this suffice ?
- 6 Lo! th' Incarnate God ascended,
 Pleads the merit of His blood :
 Venture on Him, venture wholly ;
 Let no other trust intrude ;
 None but Jesus
 Can do helpless sinners good.
- 7 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
 Sing the praises of the Lamb ;
 While the blissful seats of heaven
 Sweetly echo with His Name.
 Hallelujah !
 Sinners here may sing the same.

CCCCXVII.

S. M.

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

K

CCCCXVIII.

8. 8. 6.

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

CCCCXIX.

S. M.

GRACE is the sweetest sound
 That ever reach'd our ears;
 When conscience charg'd, and justice frown'd,
 'Twas grace remov'd our fears.

- 2 'Tis freedom to the slave,
'Tis light and liberty ;
It takes its terror from the grave,
'Tis joy and victory.
- 3 Grace is a mine of wealth
Laid open to the poor ;
Grace is the sov'reign spring of health,
'Tis life for evermore.
- 4 Of grace then let us sing—
A joyful, wondrous theme !
To Jesus we our praises bring,
For grace proceeds from Him.
- 5 We long to see His face,
With all the saints above ;
And sing for ever of His grace,
For ever of His love.

CCCCXX.

11s.

POOOR wand'rer ! return to the home of thy
bliss,
No arm is like Jesu's, no fold is like His ;
Tho' thy heart is now stricken, and mourning thy
soul,
The Saviour has pow'r and has will to make
whole.

Oh ! then let not Satan still lead thee astray,
Return to thy Lord,—to the one living way.

- 2 Long, long hast thou wander'd, but hast not
found rest ;
Fear not to return ! Be thine errors confess'd ;
Christ is ready to welcome the poor tempest-
tost ;
To Him nought so sweet as to succour the lost :
His heart yearns to shew thee the fulness of love,
To teach thee thy portion and draw thee above.

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

CCCCXXI.

8. 8. 6.

- M**IGHTY to save is Christ the Lamb,
 Let all His saints adore His name,
 And make His goodness known;
 With one accord proclaim abroad,
 The glories of their Saviour God,
 Whose blood did once atone.
- 2 Mighty to save! rich grace He gives;
 He speaks—the dying sinner lives—
 He brings salvation near;
 His power to save He still makes known
 To sinners ruin'd and undone,
 His gracious voice they hear.
- 3 Mighty to save! He saves from death;
 Oh may I, with my latest breath,
 This mighty power proclaim
 Then, with a new immortal tongue
 I'll sing, and Christ shall be my song,
 My everlasting theme.

CCCCXXII.

P. M.

ISRAEL, in ancient days
 Not only had a view
 Of Sinai in a blaze,
 But learned the gospel too:
 The types and figures were a glass
 In which to see the Saviour's face.

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

MISSIONS TO THE JEWS.

CCCCXXIII.

L. M.

- S**HEPHERD of Israel! Thou didst lead
Thy chosen flock the desert through,
And from between the cherubim,
Thy mercy and Thy favour show.
- 2 And tho' their sins provok'd Thee oft,
To give them to their foes a prey;
Yet didst Thou, for Thy mercy's sake,
As often turn Thy wrath away.
- 3 But now for ages they have been
Cast out, and banish'd from Thy sight,
Wand'ring through all the earth, as those
In whom Thou hast no more delight.
- 4 Yet is Thy word of promise sure,
That they shall be again restor'd,
And with Thy ransom'd Church unite,
To worship and to serve the Lord.
- 5 Our faith in expectation waits,
Lord, satisfy our longing eyes;
O let the shadows flee away,
And bid the glorious morning rise.

CCCCXXIV.

C. M.

- O ZION, when Thy Saviour came,
 In grace and love to thee,
 No beauty in Thy royal Lord,
 Thy faithless eye could see.
- 2 Yet, onward in His path of grace
 The holy Suff'rer went,
 To feel at last that love on thee
 Had all in vain been spent.
- 3 Yet not in vain ;—o'er Israel's land
 The glory yet shall shine ;
 And He, thy once rejected King,
 For ever shall be thine.
- 4 Then thou, beneath the peaceful reign
 Of Jesus and His bride,
 Shalt sound His grace and glory forth
 To all the earth beside.
- 5 The nations to thy glorious light,
 O Zion ! yet shall throng,
 And all the listening islands wait,
 To catch the joyful song.
- 6 The name of Jesus yet shall ring
 Through earth and heaven above :
 And all His ransom'd people know
 The Sabbath of His love.

CCCCXXV.

L. M.

- GREAT God of Abra'am, hear our prayer ;
 Let Abra'am's seed Thy mercy share :
 Oh ! may they now at length return,
 And look on Him they pierc'd, and mourn.
- 2 Remember Jacob's flock of old ;
 Bring home the wand'ers to Thy fold ;
 Remember too Thy promis'd word,
 "Israel at length shall seek the Lord."

- 3 Though outcasts still, estrang'd from Thee,
Cut off from their own olive-tree,
Why should they longer such remain?
For Thou canst graft them in again.
- 4 Lord, put Thy law within their hearts,
And write it in their inward parts :
The veil of darkness rend in two,
Which hides Messiah from their view.
- 5 Oh! haste the day, foretold so long,
When Jew and Greek a glorious throng
One house shall seek, one prayer shall pour,
And one Redeemer shall adore.

CCCCXXVI.

78.

- B**LESSED Saviour! quickly come,
Gather Thine own Israel home;
Brought in grace to their own land,
Planted by Thy mighty hand,—
Then by Israel will be seen
What to them their God hath been;—
Nought His promise can remove,
Nought can change His faithful love.
- 2 Countless years may roll away,
Yet His word can ne'er decay;
Every promise He has given,
Stands more sure than earth or heaven :
He His love on Abraham set,
He His word can ne'er forget ;
Soon shall Abra'am's race restor'd
Prove how faithful is the Lord.
- 3 Then by foes no more oppress'd,
Israel shall for ever rest ;
Then all war and strife shall cease,
Nations know the joy of peace ;
Israel's sway shall Gentiles own,
While the Lord, on Zion's throne
O'er His people, blest again,
Shall Himself for ever reign.

CCCCXXVII.

D. C. M.

LORD, Thou didst love Jerusalem,
 And Thou dost love her still,
 For faithful is Thy tender heart,
 Unchangeable Thy will;—
 We know Thou hast not cast away
 Thy “first-born” from Thy sight,
 For Thou hast bid Thy people pray
 For Israel, day and night.

- 2 A mother’s heart may cease to feel
 Compassion for her son,
 A mother’s heart!—it may grow cold
 Towards her helpless one;
 But Thou canst ne’er forget Thine own
 Though sunk in unbelief,
 Thy heart is yearning o’er them still,
 Thine arm shall bring relief.
- 3 Dear Saviour, since Thy wondrous grace
 Hath brought us nigh to Thee,
 Who wander’d far in hopelessness,
 Thy loveliness to see;—
 Our hearts a deep compassion feel
 For Israel chasten’d sore,
 Oh! that Thou would’st Thine Israel heal,
 Thy long lost tribes restore!
- 4 We bless Thee, for the “holy seed”—
 The “remnant” left to prove
 That life is in the “olive tree,”
 Through Thine electing love;—
 But oh! Thou Great Deliv’rer hear
 The cry Thy children raise—
 To see Thee reign in righteousness,
 Jerusalem a Praise!

CCCCXXVIII.

8. 7. 4.

- O**N the mountain's top appearing
 Lo! the sacred herald stands,
 Welcome news to Zion bearing,
 Zion, long in hostile lands;
 Mourning captive!
 God Himself will loose thy bands.
- 2 Hath thy night been long and mournful?
 Have thy friends unfaithful prov'd?
 Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
 By thy sighs and tears unmov'd?
 Cease thy mourning;
 Zion still is well belov'd.
- 3 Lo! thy sun is ris'n in glory!
 God Himself appears thy friend;
 All thy foes shall flee before thee,
 Here their boasts and triumph end;
 Great deliv'rance
 Zion's King vouchsafes to send.
- 4 Enemies no more shall trouble,
 All thy wrongs shall be redress'd;
 For thy shame thou shalt have double,
 In Jehovah's favour bless'd;
 All thy conflicts
 End in everlasting rest.

CCCCXXIX.

S. M.

- W**HERE is the glory now?
 And where the radiant throne?
 And where, O Lord, that circling bow
 That once so brightly shone?
- 2 That glory now is gone,
 No more its brightness fills
 The Temple courts of Solomon,
 Or gleams o'er Chebar's rills.

- 3 Zion's a desert sod,
Jerusalem's a waste,
And o'er Thy beauteous house, O God!
The raging fires have pass'd.
- 4 Earth has no glory here,
In heav'n it is reveal'd;
Thy saints, Lord Jesus, seek it there,
Far from the world conceal'd.
- 5 The character of death
Is stamp'd on sinful man,
And all creation groans beneath
The weight of Satan's chain.
- 6 These groans will yet increase
Until that blessed day
When Jesus comes, the Prince of Peace,
To reign with righteous sway.
- 7 Then Israel shall find rest,
Immanuel's land her home!
Then all the nations shall be blest;
Lord Jesus, quickly come!
-
-

MISSIONS TO GENTILES.

CCCCXXX.

7s. 6s.

- F**ROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand ;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand ;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile ;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn ;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high—
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny ?
Salvation ! O Salvation !
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name !
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole ;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

CCCCXXXI.

S. M.

- T**O bless Thy chosen race,
 In mercy, Lord, incline ;
 And cause the brightness of Thy face,
 On all Thy saints to shine.
- 2 That so Thy wondrous way
 May through the world be known ;
 While distant lands their tribute pay,
 And Thy salvation own.
- 3 Let diff'ring nations join
 To celebrate Thy fame :
 And all the world, O Lord, combine
 To praise Thy glorious Name.

CCCCXXXII.

C. M.

- C**OME, Saviour, from above,
 O'er all the earth to reign ;
 And sway the sceptre of Thy love
 O'er all the tribes of men.
- 2 Creation's suff'ring groan
 Is heard through ev'ry land ;
 Nor can the nations raise a throne
 In righteousness to stand.
- 3 Break forth, thou happy day !
 Thou cloudless morning, rise !
 When earth the Just One shall obey,
 Its Ruler from the skies.
- 4 Then strife and war shall cease,
 And, in Thy kingdom giv'n,
 Pure joy and everlasting peace,
 Shall turn this earth to heav'n.

CCCCXXXIII.

L. M.

OH Lord ! Thine ancient churches spare,
 Which still Thy name, tho' fallen, bear ;
 Where once apostles faithful stood,
 And seal'd Thy truth with martyr's blood ;

- 2 Where now the Turk his power extends,
And vainly to his prophet bends ;
There let again Thy gospel shine,
With beams all bright, and power divine.
- 3 Where Jesus rose and left the grave,
Let Israel learn His power to save ;
Let Syria see her churches rise,
And hymns to Christ ascend the skies.
- 4 Let Nubia's desert hear once more,
The Saviour's voice, His love implore ;
Egypt His sacred word unroll,
And find that grace which saves the soul.
- 5 O let the dayspring, Lord, arise
On every land beneath the skies !
And earth's dark climes adoring prove
The heights and depths of pardoning love.

CCCCXXXIV.

L. M.

ETERNAL Lord, from land to land
Shall echo Thine all-glorious Name,
Till kingdoms bow at Thy command,
And all the earth Thy praise proclaim.

- 2 Exalted high on ev'ry shore,
The banner of the cross unfurl'd
Shall summon sinners to adore
The Saviour of a ruin'd world.
- 3 Triumphant over ev'ry foe,
The ransom'd myriads shall move on
To that bless'd world, where sin or woe
Shall never mingle with their song.
- 4 Unnumber'd crowns and harps of gold,
'Midst wond'ring hosts, Thy hands prepare,
And joys to mortals yet untold,
For ev'ry soul that enters there.

- 5 And soon those harps shall all unite
 To praise the Lamb that once was slain,
 While all the realms of joy and light
 Re-echo the triumphant strain.
- 6 Lord, let the thought of that bright day
 Kindle our hopes and warm our love ;
 For others may we live and pray,
 Till call'd to rest with Thee above.

CCCCXXXV.

L. M.

- O** SPIRIT of the living God !
 In all the fullness of Thy grace,
 Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
 Descend on our apostate race.
- 2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,
 To preach the reconciling Word ;
 Give power and unction from above,
 Where'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 3 Baptise the nations ! far and nigh
 The triumphs of the cross record ;
 The name of Jesus glorify,
 Till every kindred call Him Lord.

CCCCXXXVI.

P. M.

- H**ARK the solemn trumpet sounding
 Loud proclaims the Jubilee ;
 'Tis the voice of grace abounding,
 Grace to sinners, rich and free ;
 Ye who know the joyful sound,
 Publish it to all around.
- 2 Is the name of Jesus precious ?
 Does His love your spirits cheer ?
 Do you find Him kind and gracious,
 Still removing doubt and fear ?
 Think how many still are found
 Strangers to the joyful sound.

- 3 Brethren, join in supplication,
 Join to plead before the Lord ;
 'Tis His arm that brings salvation,
 He alone can give the word :
 Father, let Thy kingdom come,
 Bring the wand'ring outcasts home.
- 4 Brethren, let us freely offer,
 All we have is from above ;
 Let us pray, and give, and suffer—
 What is all to Jesu's love ?
 Jesus died our souls to save,
 His we are, and all we have.
- 5 Hark ! the Saints' triumphant chorus,
 "Worthy is the Lamb" they cry ;
 They have gained the prize before us,
 Soon we hope to share their joy ;
 But till then, we find it still
 Joy to do our Master's will.

CCCCXXXVII.

8. 7. 4.

- O**'ER the realms of pagan darkness
 Let the eye of pity gaze ;
 See the kindreds of the people
 Lost in sin's bewilder'd maze,
 Darkness brooding
 On the face of all the earth.
- 2 Light of them who sit in darkness !
 Rise and shine ; Thy blessings bring :
 Light to lighten all the Gentiles !
 Rise with healing in Thy wing :
 To Thy brightness
 Oh ! may kings and nations come.
- 3 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
 Let the rude Barbarian see
 That divine and glorious conquest,
 Once obtain'd on Calvary ;
 Let the Gospel—
 Soon resound from pole to pole.

- 4 Thou to whom all power is given
 Speak the word; at Thy command,
 Let the company of preachers
 Spread Thy Name from land to land;
 Lord be with them,
 Always to the end of time.
- 5 Haste Thy kingdom, mighty Saviour,
 Let the earth confess Thy sway;
 O'er the world be Thy dominion,
 Boundless as the range of day;
 Reign for ever,
 "King of kings, and Lord of lords!"

CCCCXXXVIII.

C. M.

- L**IGHT of the lonely pilgrim's heart!
 Star of the coming day,
 Arise, and with Thy morning beams
 Chase all our griefs away.
- 2 Come, blessed Lord! bid every shore
 And answ'ring island sing
 The praises of Thy royal Name,
 And own Thee as their King.
- 3 Bid the whole earth, responsive now
 To the bright world above,
 Break forth in rapt'rous strains of joy,
 In mem'ry of Thy love.
- 4 Lord, Lord, Thy fair creation groans,
 The air, the earth, the sea,
 In unison with all our hearts,
 And calls aloud for Thee.
- 5 Come, then, with all Thy quickening pow'r,
 With one awak'ning smile,
 And bid the serpent's trail no more
 Thy beauteous realms defile.
- 6 Thine was the cross, with all its fruits
 Of grace and peace divine;
 Be Thine the crown of glory now,
 The palm of vict'ry Thine.

- S**OW in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand,
To doubt, and fear, give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land.
- 2 Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock ;
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.
- 3 The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here and there ;
O'er hill and dale by plots 'tis found ;
Go forth then every where.
- 4 Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown,
Grace keeps the scatter'd germ alive,
When and wherever strewn.
- 5 And duly shall appear
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.
- 6 Thou canst not toil in vain,
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garner in the sky.
- 7 And when the glorious end,
The day of God is come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And shout the Harvest-home.

CHILDREN AND SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

CCCCXL.

P. M.

WHEN, His salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to His name;
Nor did their zeal offend Him,
But as He rode along,
He let them still attend Him,
And smiled to hear their song:—
Hosanna to Jesus they sing.

- 2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still,
Though now as King He reigneth
On Sion's holy hill,
We'll flock around His banner
Who sits upon the throne,
And cry aloud, "Hosanna
To David's royal Son:"—
Hosanna to Jesus we'll sing.
- 3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their Hosannas raise:
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No; while our hearts are tender
They too shall be the Lord's:—
Hosanna to Jesus our King.

CCCCXLI.

P. M.

- G**LORY to Jesus, glory!
 Let little children sing,
 Who know the blessed story
 Of the Eternal King:—
 How He came down from Heaven above,
 To save the people of His love.
- 2 A little child He came,
 For children to atone:
 Sing praises to His name,
 Who did so love His own,
 As to redeem them with His blood,
 And make them holy, just and good.
- 3 Jesus, the Prince of Peace,
 Gives pardon, joy, and life;
 Bids sin and sorrow cease,
 And puts an end to strife.
 "Glory to God, and peace on Earth,"
 The angels sang at Jesu's birth.

CCCCXLII.

P. M.

- I**HAVE read of the Saviour's love,
 And a wonderful love it must be;
 But did He come down from above
 Out of love and compassion *for me?*
- 2 I've heard how He suffer'd and bled,
 How He languish'd and died on the tree;
 But then is it any where said
 That He languish'd and suffer'd *for me?*
- 3 I've been told of a heav'n on high,
 Which the children of Jesus will see;
 But is there a place in the sky
 Made ready and furnish'd *for me?*
- 4 Lord, answer these questions of mine,
 For to whom shall I go but to Thee?
 And say by Thy Spirit Divine,
 There's a Saviour and heaven *for me!*

CCCCXLIII.

C. M.

SEE the kind Shepherd, Jesus, stands,
 And calls His sheep by name ;
 Gathers the feeble in His arms,
 And feeds the tender lamb.

2 He'll lead us to the heav'nly streams,
 Where living waters flow ;
 And guide us to the fruitful fields,
 Where trees of knowledge grow.

3 If wand'ring from the fold, we leave
 The strait and narrow way ;
 Our faithful Shepherd still is near,
 To guide us when we stray.

4 The feeblest lamb amidst the flock,
 Shall be its Shepherd's care ;
 While folded in our Saviour's arms
 We're safe from every snare.

CCCCXLIV.

L. M.

WHY did the Son of God come down
 From the bright scenes of heavenly bliss,
 And lay aside His kingly crown,
 To visit such a world as this ?

2 Why was He scourged and crucified,
 Who was so holy, kind, and good ?
 Why did the soldier pierce His side ?
 Why flow'd the water and the blood ?

3 Why was He laid within the tomb ?
 Amongst the dead why did He stay ?
 Why did a mighty angel come
 And roll the heavy stone away ?

4 Why did He from the dead arise,
 The very self-same flesh and bone ?
 And then ascend above the skies,
 To sit upon His Father's throne ?

- 5 His children from their sins to save,
 Affliction, grief, reproach, He bore ;
 That they might life and glory have,
 With sorrows He was covered o'er.
- 6 And though above the starry skies,
 He sits, the everlasting God,
 He hears the praises, prayers, and cries,
 Of children purchased with His blood.

CCCCXLV.

C. M.

- S**EE, where the gentle Jesus reigns
 In holy children's souls,
 There the sweet law of love constrains,
 And grace alone controls.
- 2 He lays no yoke nor harsh command
 On any little one ;
 But only makes this dear demand—
 "Give me thine heart, My son."
- 3 Jesus, the glorious Lord of All,
 How gracious are His ways !
 He hears His children when they call,
 And loves their notes of praise.
- 4 Through life He guides them by His word,
 And when they come to die,
 Loosens the little silver cord,
 And bids the spirit fly.
- 5 Then they behold the Saviour's face,
 Who liv'd and died for them,
 And sing the wond'rous love and grace
 Which did their souls redeem.
- 6 And there they dwell for evermore,
 Before Emmanuel's throne ;
 And love, and worship, and adore
 The Holy THREE IN ONE !

CCCCXLVI.

L. M.

- O** JOYFUL tidings! let us sing,
 Give thanks, and praise our God and King;
 That in the riches of His love,
 "There yet is room" for us above.
- 2 Yea, Lord, altho' by sin defiled,
 Thou dost invite each little child,
 Though quite unworthy of Thy care,
 Thy mercy and Thy grace to share.
- 3 Then—in the dawn of life's short day,
 Let us draw near without delay;
 Assured in Jesus we shall find
 A Saviour, and a welcome kind.
- 4 The little band with love behold,
 Who seek admission to Thy fold;
 The lost, the weak, the poor are we,
 Whose only refuge is in Thee.
- 5 Thus, hand in hand, to Thee we come,
 Singing with joy "There yet is room,"—
 Room, in Thine arms of love, to bless,—
 Room, in Thy robe of righteousness:—
- 6 Room, in Thine heart of untold love,—
 Room, in Thy Father's house above;
 Out of a world of death and sin,
 Gather Thy helpless children in!

CCCCXLVII.

C. M.

- A**ROUND the throne of God in heaven
 Thousands of children stand;
 Children whose sins are all forgiven,
 A holy, happy band.
- 2 In flowing robes of spotless white
 See every one arrayed;
 Dwelling in everlasting light,
 And joys that never fade.

- 3 What brought them to that world above,
That heav'n so bright and fair,
Where all is joy, and peace, and love—
How came those children there?
- 4 Because the Saviour shed His blood
To wash away their sin;
Cleans'd in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean.
- 5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they lov'd His name;
And now They see His blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb.
- 6 And is that fountain flowing yet?
Bless'd Saviour, lead us there;
That we those happy ones may meet,
And in their praises share.
-

CHARITIES.

CCCCXLVIII.

C. M.

- O** LORD! 'tis joy to look above,
And see Thee on the throne;
And search the heights and depths of love,
Which Thou to us hast shown.
- 2 To look beyond the long, dark night,
And hail the coming day,
When Thou, with all Thy saints in light,
Thy glories wilt display.
- 3 And, O! 'tis joy the path to trace,
By Thee so meekly trod,
And learn of Thee to walk in grace
And fellowship with God;—
- 4 Strangers with Thee, our cross to bear,
While dead to all beneath;
Thy yoke to take, Thy suff'rings share,
Obedient unto death.
- 5 'Tis joy to serve Thy members here,
Our faithful zeal to prove,
And spend our lives and strength to cheer
The objects of Thy love.
- 6 Joy to confess Thy blessed name,
The fountain of Thy blood,
And to the wearied heart proclaim,
"Behold the Lamb of God."

CCCCXLIX.

C. M.

LORD, when our off'rings we present,
 Before Thy gracious throne,
 We but return what Thou hast lent,
 And give Thee of Thine own.

- 2 Ourselves, our all, to Thee we owe,
 Our all, in Thee we find;
 And while we of Thy gifts bestow,
 Give Thou the willing mind.
- 3 The pow'r and willingness to give,
 Alike proceed from Thee;
 Debtors we are, and while we live,
 Debtors shall ever be.

CCCCL.

L. M.

THY grace O Lord, to us hath shewn
 The deadly bitterness of sin;
 We who forgiving love have known
 Can fitly bring thank-off'rings in.

- 2 The hosts of Israel could not praise
 When compass'd by their mortal foes,
 But when in death they met their gaze,
 What glorious songs of triumph rose!
- 3 We too have known redemption, Lord,
 And bondage worse then theirs, by far,
 Sin held us by a stronger cord,
 Yet by Thy mercy, free we are.
- 4 O precious Lord, Thy groans and tears,
 Thy death the power of darkness broke,
 Thy resurrection stills our fears,
 And saves us from the iron yoke.
- 5 And now Thy easy yoke we take,
 Love binds the pleasant burden on;
 Our Master Thou, for Thy dear sake,
 Whate'er we do, is freely done.

CCCCLI.

C. M.

- ONE prayer I have,—all prayers in one,
 Since I am wholly Thine,
 Thy will, my God, Thy will be done,
 And let that will be mine.
- 2 All-wise, Almighty, and All-good,
 In Thee I firmly trust ;
 Thy ways unknown or understood,
 Are merciful and just.
- 3 May I remember, that to Thee
 Whate'er I have, I owe ;
 And back in gratitude from me,
 May all Thy bounties flow.
- 4 Thy gifts are only then enjoy'd,
 When used as talents lent ;
 Those talents only well employ'd
 When in Thy service spent.
- 5 A pilgrim through the earth I roam,
 Of nothing long possess'd ;
 And all must fail when I go home,
 For this is not my rest.
- 6 Lord, is my name upon the roll
 Of Thy redeem'd above ?
 Teach me with heart, and mind, and soul
 To love Thee for Thy love.

CCCCLII.

L. M.

- AND do we hope to be with Him,
 Who on the cross resign'd His breath,
 Who died a victim to redeem
 His people from eternal death.
- 2 Then should the question oft recur,
 What do we more than others do ?
 How do we shew that we prefer
 The things above to things below ?

- 3 Where is the holy walk that suits
The name and character we bear?
And where are seen those heav'nly fruits
That shew we're not what once we were?
- 4 Allied to Him who bore the cross,
And call'd the people of the Lord,
The world to us should seem but loss,
And worthless all it can afford.
- 5 As pilgrims on their journey home,
'Tis thus His people should be found,
Who seek a city yet to come,
And cannot rest on earthly ground.
- 6 'Tis thus His people prove their birth,
'Tis thus they glorify the Lord;
To others they resign the earth,
And hasten to their bright reward.

CCCCLIII.

C. M.

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

CCCCLIV.

L. M.

- H**ELP us, O! Lord, Thy yoke to wear,
Delighting in Thy perfect will;
Each other's burdens learn to bear,
And thus Thy law of love fulfil.
- 2 He that hath pity on the poor,
Lendeth his substance to the Lord:
And, lo! his recompense is sure:
For more than all shall be restor'd.
- 3 Who sparingly his seed bestows,
He sparingly shall also reap;
But whoso plentifully sows,
The plenteous sheaves his hands shall heap.
- 4 To Thee our all devoted be,
In whom we breathe, and move, and live;
Freely we have receiv'd from Thee;
Freely may we rejoice to give.
- 5 And where we thus obey Thy word,
And ev'ry call of want relieve,
Oh! may we find it, gracious Lord,
More bless'd to give than to receive.
-

TIMES AND SEASONS.

CCCCLV.

L. M.

A WAKE, my soul, and with the sun,
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

- 2 Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear :
Think how th' all-seeing God, thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts, surveys.
- 3 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praises to th' eternal King.
- 4 Glory to Thee who safe hast kept,
And hast refresh'd me while I slept :
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.
- 5 Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

CCCCLVI.

L. M.

GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, oh keep me! King of kings,
Beneath Thine own Almighty wings.

- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Oh! may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close—
Sleep which may me more vig'rous make,
To serve my God when I awake.
- 4 If in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.
- 5 Lord, let my soul for ever share
The bliss of Thy paternal care:
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see Thy face, and sing Thy love.

CCCCLVII.

L. M.

MY God, how endless is Thy love!
Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new,
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil, like early dew.

- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours:
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
And quickens all my feeble powers.
- 3 Help me to yield to Thy command,
And in Thy service spend my days;
Perpetual blessings from Thy hand,
Demand a life of ceaseless praise.

CCCCLVIII.

L.M.

- N**EW every morning is Thy love
 Our wakening and uprising prove,
 Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
 Restored to life and power and thought.
- 2 New mercies, each returning day,
 Hover around us while we pray ;
 New dangers past, new sins forgiven,
 New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.
- 3 If, on our daily course, our mind
 Be set to hallow all we find,
 New treasures still, of countless price,
 God will provide for sacrifice.
- 4 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
 Fit us for perfect rest above ;
 And help us, this and every day,
 To live more nearly as we pray.

CCCCLIX.

L. M.

- S**UN of my soul! Thou Saviour dear,
 It is not night if Thou be near ;
 Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
 To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
- 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
 My wearied eyelids gently steep,
 Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
 For ever on my Saviour's breast.
- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
 For without Thee I cannot live :
 Abide with me when night is nigh,
 For without Thee I dare not die.
- 4 Come near and bless us when we wake,
 Ere through the world our way we take :
 Till in the ocean of Thy love
 We loose ourselves in heaven above.

CCCCLX.

8s. 7s.

FATHER, we commend our spirits
 To Thy love, in Jesu's name,
 Love, that His atoning merits
 Give us confidence to claim.

- 2 Oh how sweet, how true a pleasure,
 Flows from love so full and free ;
 Oh how great, how sweet a treasure,
 Saviour, we possess in Thee !
- 3 From the world and its confusions,
 Here we turn, and find our rest ;
 From its care and its delusions,
 Turn to Thee, and we are bless'd.
- 4 By the Holy Ghost anointed,
 May we do Thy holy will ;
 Walk the path by Thee appointed,
 And Thy pleasure still fulfil ;—
- 5 Till the welcome signal hearing,
 Welcome to Thy saints alone ;
 We rejoice at His appearing
 Who shall claim us for His own.

CCCCLXI.

P. M.

THROUGH the day Thy love hath spar'd us,
 Now we lay us down to rest :
 Through the silent watches guard us,
 Let no foe our peace molest :
 Jesus, Thou our guardian be :
 Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

- 2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
 Dwelling in the midst of foes ;
 Us and ours preserve from dangers,
 In Thine arms may we repose ;
 And, when life's short day is past,
 Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

CCCCLXII.

L. M.

PILGRIMS we are, to Canaan bound—
 We seek the city of our God ;
 This wilderness we travel round,
 Seeking alone that bless'd abode.

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

CCCCLXIII.

10s.

SWIFT to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away ;
 Change and decay in all around we see ;
 O Thou, who changest not, abide with me.

- 2 I need Thy presence every passing hour ;
 What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?
 Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be ?
 Thro' cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.
- 3 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness ;
 Where is Death's sting ? where, Grave, thy vic-
 tory ?
 I triumph still if Thou ABIDE WITH ME.

CCCCLXIV.

C. M.

FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
 How rich Thy mercies are!
 The rolling seasons, as they move,
 Proclaim Thy constant care.

- 2 When in the bosom of the earth
 The sower hid the grain,
 Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
 And sent the early rain.
- 3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was Thine,
 The plants in beauty grew;
 Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
 And mild refreshing dew.
- 4 These various mercies from above
 Matur'd the swelling grain;
 A kindly harvest crowns Thy love,
 And plenty fills the plain.
- 5 We own and bless Thy gracious sway,
 Thy hand all nature hails,
 Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
 Summer nor winter fails.

CCCCLXV.

C. M.

LORD, it belongs not to my care
 Whether I die or live;
 To love and serve Thee is my share,
 And this Thy grace must give.

- 2 If life be long—my days are blest,
 When they are spent for Thee;
 If short my course—I sooner rest,
 From sin and trouble free.
- 3 Come, Lord, since grace hath made me meet
 Thy blessed face to see;
 For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
 What will Thy glory be?

- 4 Then I shall end my sad complaints,
 And weary sinful days,
 And join the glad, triumphant saints
 Who sing Jehovah's praise.
- 5 My knowledge of that life is small,
 The eye of faith is dim ;
 But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
 And I shall be with Him.

CCCCLXVI.

6. 8s.

- S**TILL in a world of sin and pain,
 Far from our home, we meet again ;
 Dreary and long our course may be,
 But O, our God, it leads to Thee !
 Thou art the light by which we roam,
 Thou art our everlasting home.
- 2 Thy hand is still around to bless,
 Thou wilt not leave us comfortless ;
 Sorrow and pain we still may feel,
 But Thou art ever near to heal,
 And as our day our strength shall be,
 For all our cares are borne by Thee.
- 3 Still as time's changing current rolls,
 Thy comforts, Lord, delight our souls ;
 Thy mighty arm shall smooth our way,
 Thy light shall turn our night to day ;
 Onward with firmer steps we move,
 To our Eternal rest above.

CCCCLXVII.

S. M.

- A** FEW more years shall roll,
 A few more seasons come ;
 And we shall be with those that rest
 Asleep within the tomb.
- 2 A few more suns shall set
 O'er these dark hills of time ;
 And we shall be where suns are not,
 A far serener clime.

- 3 A few more storms shall beat
 On this wild rocky shore ;
 And we shall be where tempests cease,
 And surges swell no more.
- 4 A few more struggles here,
 A few more partings o'er,
 A few more toils, a few more tears,
 And we shall weep no more.
- 5 A few more Sabbaths here
 Shall cheer us on our way,
 And we shall reach the endless rest,
 Th' Eternal Sabbath-day.
- 6 'Tis but a little while,
 And He shall come again,
 Who died that we might live, who lives
 That we with Him may reign.
- 7 Then, O my Lord, prepare
 My soul for that great day ;
 My trust is in Thy precious blood,
 Which takes my sins away.

CCCCLXVIII.

8s. 7s.

- T**HIS is not my place of resting,
 Mine's a city yet to come ;
 Onward to it I am hasting—
 On to my eternal home.
- 2 In it all is light and glory,
 O'er it shines a nightless day ;
 Every trace of sin's sad story,
 All the curse hath pass'd away.
- 3 There the Lamb our Shepherd leads us,
 By the streams of life along ;
 On the freshest pastures feeds us,
 Turns our sighing into song.
- 4 Soon we pass this desert dreary,
 Soon we bid farewell to pain ;
 Never more be sad or weary,
 Never, never sin again.

PROVIDENTIAL AND NATIONAL.

CCCCLXIX.

C. M.

- G**OD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform ;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sov'reign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain :
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

CCCCLXX.

S. M.

- W**HAT cheering words are these!
 Their sweetness who can tell?
 In time and to eternal days,
 "TIS WITH THE RIGHTEOUS WELL!"
- 2 In every state secure
 Kept as Jehovah's eye,
 'Tis well with them while life endures,
 And well when call'd to die.
- 3 Well when they see His face,
 Or sink amidst the flood,
 Well in affliction's thorny maze,
 Or on the mount with God.
- 4 'Tis well when joys arise,
 'Tis well when sorrows flow,
 'Tis well when darkness veils the skies,
 And strong temptations grow.
- 5 But, above all, 'tis well
 When Jesus speaks the word,
 At the last trumpet's sounding swell,
 "Arise to meet your God."

CCCCLXXI.

D. S. M.

- G**IVE to the winds thy fears;
 Hope, and be undismay'd;
 God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
 God shall lift up thy head.
 Thro' waves, thro' clouds, and storms,
 He gently clears thy way;
 Wait thou His time; and soon thy night
 Shall end in joyous day.
- 2 He everywhere hath sway,
 And all things serve His might;
 His every act pure blessing is,
 His path, unsullied light.
 When He makes bare His arm,
 What shall His work withstand?
 When He His people's cause defends,
 Who—who shall stay His hand?

- 3 Leave to His sovereign sway,
 To choose and to command,
 With wonder fill'd thou then shalt own,
 How wise, how strong His hand.
 Thou comprehend'st Him not,
 Yet earth and heaven tell,
 God sits as sovereign on His throne,
 He ruleth all things well.
- 4 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
 Our hearts are known to Thee ;
 Oh, lift Thou up the sinking hand,
 Confirm the feeble knee !
 Let us, in life and death,
 Boldly Thy truth declare ;
 And publish with our latest breath,
 Thy love and guardian care.

CCCCCLXXII.

L. M.

- O** KING of kings ! Thy blessing shed
 On our anointed sovereign's head ;
 And, looking from Thy holy heaven,
 Protect the crown Thyself hast given.
- 2 *Her* may we honour and obey,
 Uphold *her* right and lawful sway ;
 Rememb'ring that the powers that be
 Are ministers ordained of Thee.
- 3 *Her* with Thy choicest mercies bless,
 To all *her* counsels give success :
 In war, in peace, Thy succour bring ;
 Thy strength command ;—God save the Queen.
- 4 And, oh ! when earthly thrones decay,
 And earthly kingdoms fade away,
 Grant *her* a throne, in worlds on high,
 A crown of immortality.

CCCCLXXIII.

D. C. M.

GREAT King of nations, hear our prayer,
 While at Thy feet we fall,
 And humbly, with united cry,
 To Thee for mercy call ;
 Though guilt is ours, yet grace is Thine,
 O turn us not away,
 But hear us from Thy lofty throne,
 And help us when we pray.

2 Our fathers' sins were manifold,
 And ours no less we own,
 Yet wondrously from age to age
 Thy goodness hath been shown ;
 When dangers, like a stormy sea,
 Beset our country round,
 To Thee we looked, to Thee we cried,
 And help in Thee we found.

3 With one consent we meekly bow
 Beneath Thy chast'ning hand,
 And, pouring forth confession meet,
 Mourn with our mourning land ;
 With pitying eye behold our need,
 As thus we pour our prayer,
 "Correct us with Thy judgments, Lord,
 Then let Thy mercy spare."

CCCCLXXIV.

C. M.

HOW are Thy servants bless'd, O Lord,
 How sure is their defence !
 Eternal wisdom is their guide,
 Their help, Omnipotence !

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

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

CCCCLXXV.

L. M.

- R**EJOICE, ye saints, in ev'ry state,
 Divine decrees remain unmov'd,
 No turns of Providence abate
 God's care for those He once has lov'd.
- 2 Firmer than heav'n His cov'nant stands,
 Tho' earth should shake, and skies 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 Though darkness spread around our tent,
 Though fear prevail, and we repine,
 God will not of His truth repent;
 Nor can His grace or love decline.

CCCCLXXVI.

P. M.

WE cannot always trace the way,
Where Thou, our gracious Lord, dost move,
But we can always surely say
That Thou art Love.

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

CCCCLXXVII.

7s. 6s.

THY children, Lord, lack nothing,
Thy promise bears them through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will surely clothe us too;
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed,
And He who feeds the ravens
Will give His children bread.

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

CCCLXXVIII.

C. M.

- S**INCE all the downward tracks of time
 Jehovah's eye surveys,
 O! who so wise to choose our lot,
 And regulate our ways?
- 2 Good when He gives, supremely good,
 Nor less when He denies;
 E'en crosses, from His sov'reign hand,
 Are blessings in disguise.
- 3 Assur'd of His amazing love,
 Unmeasurably kind;
 To His unerring gracious will
 Be ev'ry wish resign'd.

CCCLXXIX.

C. M.

- I**N ev'ry trouble sharp and strong,
 My soul to Jesus flies;
 My anchor-hold is firm in Him,
 When swelling billows rise.
- 2 His comforts bear my spirits up,
 I trust a faithful God;
 The sure foundation of my hope
 Is in my Saviour's blood.
- 3 Loud Hallelujahs sing, my soul,
 To thy Redeemer's name;
 In joy and sorrow, life and death,
 His love is still the same.

CCCLXXX.

L. M.

- M**Y spirit looks to God alone;
 My rock and refuge is His throne;
 In all my fears, in all my straits,
 My soul on His salvation waits.
- 2 Trust Him, ye saints, in all your ways,
 Pour out your hearts before His face;
 When helpers fail, and foes invade,
 God is our all-sufficient aid.

CCCCLXXXI.

C. M.

- WHAT tho' no flow'rs the fig-tree clothe,
 Though vines their fruit deny,
 The labour of the olive fail,
 And fields no meat supply!
- 2 Though from the field with sad surprise,
 The flock cut off I see;
 Though famine reign in empty stalls,
 Where herds were wont to be!
- 3 Yet in the Lord will I be glad,
 And glory in His love;
 In Him I'll joy, who will the God
 Of my salvation prove.
- 4 God is the treasure of my soul,
 My source of lasting joy;
 A joy which want shall not impair,
 Nor death itself destroy.

CCCCLXXXII.

S. M.

- IT is Thy hand, my God!
 My sorrow comes from Thee—
 I bow beneath Thy chast'ning rod;
 'Tis love that bruises me.
- 2 I would not murmur, Lord,
 Before Thee I am dumb;—
 Lest I should breathe one murm'ring word,
 To Thee for help I come.
- 3 My God! Thy Name is Love,
 A Father's hand is Thine;
 With tearful eye I look above,
 And cry, "Thy will be mine."
- 4 I know Thy will is right,
 Though it may seem severe;
 Thy path is still unsullied light,
 Though dark it oft appear.

- 5 Jesus for me hath died ;
 Thy Son Thou didst not spare ;
 His pierced hands, His bleeding side,
 Thy love for me declare.
- 6 Here my poor heart can rest,—
 My God! it cleaves to Thee ;
 Thy will is love, Thine end is blest,
 All work for good to me.

CCCCLXXXIII.

P. M.

- T**HROUGH the love of God our Saviour,
 All will be well ;
 Free and changeless is His favour,
 All, all is well.
 Precious is the blood that heal'd us ;
 Perfect is the grace that seal'd us ;
 Strong the hand stretch'd out to shield us ;—
 All must be well.
- 2 Though we pass through tribulation,
 All will be well ;
 Our's is such a full salvation,
 All, all is well ;
 Happy, still in God confiding,
 Fruitful, if in Christ abiding,
 Holy, through the Spirit's guiding,
 All must be well.
- 3 We expect a bright to-morrow,
 All will be well ;
 Faith can sing through days of sorrow
 All, all is well.
 On our Father's love relying,
 Jesus every need supplying,
 Both in living and in dying,
 All must be well.

CCCCLXXXIV.

P. M.

- T**HY way, not mine, O Lord,
 However dark it be!
 Lead me by Thine own hand,
 Choose out my path for me.
- 2 I dare not choose my lot :
 I would not, if I might ;
 Choose Thou for me, my God,
 So shall I walk aright.
- 3 Take Thou my cup, and it
 With joy or sorrow fill,
 As best to Thee may seem ;
 Choose Thou my good and ill.
- 4 Choose Thou for me my friends,
 My sickness or my health,
 Choose Thou my cares for me,
 My poverty or wealth.
- 5 Not mine, not mine the choice,
 In things or great or small ;
 Be Thou my guide, my strength,
 My wisdom, and my all.

CCCCLXXXV.

C. M.

- I**T is the Lord—enthroned in light
 Whose claims are all divine ;
 Who hath an undisputed right
 To govern me and mine.
- 2 It is the Lord—should I distrust
 Or contradict His will,
 Who cannot do but what is just,
 And must be righteous still ?
- 3 It is the Lord—who gives me all,—
 My health, my friends, my ease ;
 And of His bounties may recal
 Whatever part He please.

- 4 It is the Lord—who can sustain
Beneath the heaviest load :
From Him assistance I obtain,
To tread the thorny road.
- 5 It is the Lord—whose matchless skill
Can from afflictions raise
Blessings, eternity to fill
With ever-growing praise.
- 6 It is the Lord—my cov'nant God,
Thrice blessed be His Name,
Whose gracious promise, seal'd with blood,
Must ever be the same.

CCCLXXXVI.

S. M.

- T**HE Father's care, how great,
How constant is His love !
Which from eternity doth date,
And flows from heav'n above.
- 2 Herein He takes delight
To see His saints repose,
Walking by faith and not by sight,
Assur'd the best He knows.
- 3 But then how oft we bring
Mere sense to judge of God,
Forgetting mercy's daily spring
Is like its full-tide flood.
- 4 And, oh ! how has that flood
Descended to our aid ;
We see it in the precious blood
That our great ransom paid.
- 5 No thought of human heart
Could such deep love conceive ;
To will it was the Father's part,
'Twas ours but to receive.

CCCCLXXXVII.

C. M.

- W**HEN langour and disease invade
 This trembling house of clay,
 'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,
 And long to fly away.
- 2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
 The whispers of His love :
 Sweet to look upward to the place
 Where Jesus pleads above.
- 3 Sweet to reflect how grace divine
 My sins on Jesus laid ;
 Sweet to remember that His blood,
 My debt of suff'ring paid.
- 4 Sweet in His righteousness to stand,
 Which saves from second death ;
 Sweet to experience, day by day,
 His Spirit's quick'ning breath.
- 5 Sweet on His faithfulness to rest,
 Whose love can never end :
 Sweet on His covenant of grace
 For all things to depend.
- 6 Sweet in the confidence of faith
 To trust His firm decrees ;
 Sweet to lie passive in His hands,
 And know no will but His.

CCCCLXXXVIII.

P. M.

- O** HOLY Saviour, Friend unseen,
 Since on Thine arm Thou bid'st us lean,
 Help us, throughout life's changing scene,
 By faith to cling to Thee.
- 2 Blest with this fellowship divine,
 Take what Thou wilt we'll not repine ;
 E'en as the branches to the vine,
 Our souls will cling to Thee.

- 3 Without a murmur we dismiss
Our former dreams of earthly bliss,
Our joy, our consolation this,
Each hour to cling to Thee.
- 4 Though faith and hope may oft be tried,
We ask not, need not aught beside,
So safe, so calm, so satisfied,
The souls that cling to Thee !
- 5 They fear not Satan nor the grave,
They know Thee near and strong to save,
Nor dread to cross e'en Jordan's wave,
Because they cling to Thee.
- 6 Blest be our lot, whate'er befall,
What can disturb, or who appal,
While as our Strength, our Rock, our All,
Saviour, we cling to Thee ?

CCCCCLXXXIX.

7s.

HALLELUJAH! who shall part
Christ's own church from Christ's own heart?
Sever from the Saviour's side
Souls for whom the Saviour died?
Cast one precious jewel down
From Immanuel's blood-bought crown?

- 2 Hallelujah! shall the sword
Part us from our glorious Lord?
Trouble dire or dark disgrace
From His heart our names erase?
Famine, nakedness, or hate,
Us from Jesus separate?
- 3 Hallelujah! life nor death,
Pow'rs above, nor pow'rs beneath,
Satan's might, nor hell's dark gloom,
Things which are, nor things to come,
Men nor angels, e'er shall part
Christ's own church from Christ's own heart.

CONCLUDING HYMNS.

ccccxc.

8. 7. 4.

LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace :
O refresh us,
Trav'ling through the wilderness.

- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration
For Thy gospel's joyful sound ;
May the fruit of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound :
Ever faithful
To Thy truth may we 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 :
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

ccccxci.

8. 7. 4.

NOW to Him who lov'd us—gave us
Every pledge that love could give ;
Freely shed His blood to save us,
Gave His life that we might live—
Be the kingdom, and dominion,
And the glory evermore.

CCCCXCII.

8s. 7s.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour
 And the Father's boundless love,
 With the Holy Spirit's favour,
 Rest upon us from above!
 Thus may we abide in union
 With each other and the Lord,
 And possess in sweet communion,
 Joys which earth cannot afford!

CCCCXCIII.

L. M.

LORD, now we part in Thy blest name,
 In which we here together came;
 Grant us, our few remaining days,
 To work Thy will and spread Thy praise!

- 2 Teach us in life and death to bless
 The Lord, our strength and righteousness;
 And grant us all to meet above
 Where we shall better sing Thy love.

CCCCXCIV.

8. 8. 6.

ALL other pleas we cast aside,
 We cleave to Jesus crucified,
 And build on Him alone;
 For no foundation is there given,
 On which to rest our hope of heaven,
 But Christ the corner-stone.

- 2 Possessing Christ, we all possess,
 Wisdom and strength, and righteousness,
 And sanctity complete:
 Bold in His name, we may draw nigh,
 Nor fear our Holy Father's eye,
 But, all His justice meet.

CCCCXCV.

P. M.

ON what has now been sown,
 Thy blessing, Lord! bestow;
 The power is Thine alone
 To make it spring and grow:
 Do THOU the gracious harvest raise,
 And THOU alone shalt have the praise.

CCCCXCVI.

L. M.

WHILE in the world we still remain,
 We only meet to part again,
 But when we reach the heav'nly shore,
 We then shall meet to part no more.

2 The hope that we shall see that day,
 Shall chase our present griefs away;
 A few short years of conflict past,
 We meet around the throne at last.

CCCCXCVII.

L. M.

WE bless Thee, Lord, that we have met
 Once more before Thy mercy-seat;
 Thy ransom'd family, to raise,
 In Jesus' name, our song of praise.

2 And now Thy blessing we implore,
 To guard and keep us evermore;
 Into Thine hand our souls commend,
 To guide, to strengthen, and defend.

CCCCXCVIII.

8.7.4.

GOD of love, our souls adore Thee!
 We would still Thy love proclaim,
 Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
 And in glory praise Thy name:
 Hallelujah!
 Be to God and to the Lamb.

CCCCXCIX.

7s.

- N**OW may He who from the dead
 Brought the Shepherd of the sheep
 Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
 All our souls in safety keep !
- 2 May He teach us to fulfil
 What is pleasing in His sight ;
 Perfect us in all His will,
 And preserve us day and night !
- 3 To that dear Redeemer's praise,
 Who the cov'nant seal'd with blood,
 Let our hearts and voices raise
 Loud thanksgivings to our God.

D.

P. M.

HALLELUJAH ! we are hasting
 To our Father's house above ;
 By the way our souls are tasting
 Rich and everlasting love ;
 In Jehovah is our boast,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

DOXOLOGY.

L. M.

PRAISE God from whom all blessings flow ;
 Praise Him all creatures here below ;
 Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !



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