

The Sorrows of the Mind
Be banish'd from this place,
Religion never was design'd,
To make our joys the less

Hallelujah

Hallelujah

Handwritten signature

No 6



David M. ...

Hymns & Sacred Poems

Hymns for those that seek and
those that have Redemption
in the blood of Jesus Christ

Hymns for the Nativity of our
Lord

Hymns for our Lord's Resurrection

Hymns for Ascension Day

Hymns for Whit-Sunday

General Hymns

Hymns for times of trouble

Hymns occasion'd by Earthquakes

Hymns for the Fast-day Feb 24 1756

Prayers and Gloria Patrias

The Good Soldier a Sermon

Preach'd to a Company of

Volunteers [London 1756.]

By D. G.

03440.ee.30



~~4.e.28.~~

on Sunday Morning [by John Conrick's Dog]

The Master feeds his flock to day,

Shall I in flesh abide at Home.

Shall I behind the People stay,

When Jesus calls thence still is gone.

He goes for his an House of Prayer.

Who knows but ^{God} may meet me there,

to day, Immanuel feeds his ~~Worthy~~ Saints.

And there the Christians find their King.

There they lay, upon their Complaints
And there the Holy Army Sing.

Into ~~the~~ their Numbers Resurreume
Since Jesus kindly bids me come.

How long did faithful Anna wait
And seek the Lord for fourscore years
Both day and night at the Temple Gate,
She watch'd with many fasts and tears
And seldom left the House of Prayer
Till God vouchsaf'd to meet her there.



A Morning Hymn by Dr Watts

My God the Spring of all my joys
The life of my delights
The glory of my brightest days
And 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 opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss

If Jesus Shows his Mercy Mine
And whispers I am his
4

My Soul, would leave this heavy Clay,
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.
5

Beasts of Hell and Gashly, death,
I break thro' every foe,
The Kings of Love and Arms of Faith,
Would bear me long nor through.

At waking

Given, and Guardian of my Sleep,

To Praise Thy Name I wake,
Mill Lord, thy helpless Servant keep,

For thine own Mercy sake,

The blessing of an² other day.

I thankfully receive,

O may, I only, thee obey,

And to thy Glory live

O respite me from³ Self, and provide

Curb and keep down my Will.

My Appetites and passions hide
And bid the sea be still,

4

Vouchsafe to keep my Soul from sin
To cruel power suspend.

Till all this strife and war within

In perfect peace all end -

5

Upon me lay thy mighty hand,

My words and thoughts restrain
Born by whole soul to thy Command.

How is't thy Faith be true

Prisoners of hope I wait, The House
Which shall Salvation bring,
When all I am shall own Thy power,
And call my Jesus King,
Anger and Lust thou wilt expel,
And pride by Strangers Grace,
They cannot in the place longer dwell,
When Jesus fills the place,
I thank thee for the future Grace,
And now in hope rejoice.

In confidence to see Thy face.
And always hear Thy voice.

They only will be done that mine.

But make me heard, Thy Name.
Come when Thou wilt I that resign.
But O my Jesus come Amen.

Come all ye fallen Nations & Race
sing to the Lord, the God of Peace
And publish to the Earth, abroad,
Glad Tidings from your Loucing Lord,
Tidings &c 2

In lofty Strains your Voices Raise
and with the Holy Angels Praise
The God who purchased Peace for Man
Glory be to the bleeding Lamb
Glory &c 3

The Lamb who from his High Abode
And glory which he had with God
Stoop'd down to Earth and Man became
And Jesus is his Holy Name

Jesus & 8

4

Jesus Immanuel, God with us
Born to Redeem us from the Curse
And set our souls at Liberty

For all our sins were laid on thee

all our 8

5

• Still as thy Father's glorious Name
We plead the Merits of the Son.
Trusting thy pardoning Love, to find
We'll shout the Saviour of Mankind.
Saviour & 6

Then glory be to God on High,
And to the Lamb who brought us High,
Worship and Praise and Thanks and Love,
To all the Holy Three above,
Holy & 2

Hymn by the Countess of Arundel for

Come Thou fount of every blessing
Turn my heart to sing thy praise
Stream of mercy never ceasing
Call for loudest songs of praise
Teach me some melodious strain
Sing thy angel host above
Lift the voice of thanksgiving
Hallelujahs evermore

O Lord my mercies
 multiply thy grace I in
 And I hope by thy good favour
 Hastily to arrive at home
 As one sought me when a stranger
 Wandering from the fold of God
 He to rescue me from danger
 Hath poured his precious blood

O to Grace how great a Debter
Daily I'm constrain'd to be
Let that Grace now like a fetter
Bind my wandering Heart to thee
Prone to wander Lord I feel it
Prone to leave the God I love
Tie's by heart O take & seal it
Seal it for thy Courts above.

in a happy land of peace
I shall see them, lovely faces
Coated with un-bleeding
How kneeling they down in
Come Dear Lord no longer carry
Take by raptures soul away
Send thy Angels to carry
Me to realms of endless day

If thou ever didst discover
 To my faith the promised land.
 Bid me know the Stream that flows over
 On that Heavenly, border land.
 How Sunnunt the hat does appear
 Into thy embraces fly
 Speak the word thou didst to Moses
 Bid me get me up and die —————

H Y M N S

Printed A N D *Bound*

1759

SACRED POEMS.

Joseph

Published by

JOHN WESLEY, M.A.

Fellow of *Lincoln College, Oxford;*

A N D

CHARLES WESLEY, M.A.

Student of *Christ church, Oxford.*

*Let the Word of CHRIST dwell in You richly in all
Wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in
Psalms, and Hymns, and Spiritual Songs, singing
with Grace in your Hearts to the Lord. Col iii. 16.*

D U B L I N:

Printed in the Year M D C C X L V I I.

H Y M N S
Elizabet AND *Bindon*
1770
SACRED POEMS.

P S A L M CXXII.

I.

O How overjoy'd was I
When the solemn Hour drew nigh,
Summon'd to the House of Pray'r,
Flew my Soul to worship there:
Come, my chearful Brethren said,
Let us go with holy Speed;
Let us haste with one Accord,
To the Temple of our Lord.

II.

Running at his kind Command,
There our ready Feet shall stand,
Still within the sacred Gate
Will we for his Mercy wait:
Love the Channels of his Grace,
Reverence the hallow'd Place
Where our Lord records his Name,
Stay we in *Jerusalem*.

A 2

III. God

III.

God hath built his Church below,
 Labour'd all his Art to shew,
 Each with each the Parts agree,
 Fram'd in perfect Symmetry :
 There the chosen Tribes go up,
 Testify their Gospel-Hope,
 Praise and bleis th' incarnate Word,
 Shout the Name of *Christ* their Lord.

IV.

There are *Aaron's* mitred Sons,
 There the apostolic Thrones ;
Moses' Legillative Chair ;
 God's great Hierarchy is there.
 Pray, my Friends, and never cease,
 Wrestle on for *Sion's* Peace ;
 Make her still your pious Care,
 On your Heart for ever bear.

V.

Hail the venerable Name,
 Lovely dear *Jerusalem* ;
 Thee who bleis shall blessed be,
 Prosper for their Love to thee.
 Dwell within thy Ramparts Peace,
 Plenty deck thy Palaces,
Jesus send thee from above,
 All the Treasures of his Love.

VI.

For my Friends and Brethren's sake,
 Thee my dearest Charge I make ;
Englana's des'late Church be mine ;
Sion, all my Soul be thine !
 O thou Temple of my God,
 For thy sake I spend my Blood,
 Longing here thy Rise to see,
 Glad to live and die for thee.

JOHN



JOHN xv. 18, 19.

I.

WHERE has my slumb'ring Spirit been,
 So late emerging into Light!
 So imperceptible, within,
 The Weight of this *Egyptian* Night!

II.

Where have they hid the *WORLD* so long,
 So late presented to my View?
 Wretch! tho' myself increas'd the Throng,
 Myself a Part I never knew.

III.

Secure beneath its Shade I sat,
 To me were all its Favours shewn:
 I could not taste its Scorn or Hate;
 Alas, it ever lov'd its own!

IV.

JESUS, if half discerning now,
 From Thee I gain this glimm'ring Light,
 Retouch my Eyes, anoint them Thou,
 And grant me to receive my Sight.

V.

O may I of thy Grace obtain
 The World with other Eyes to see:
 Its Judgments false, its Pleasures vain,
 Its Friendship Enmity with thee.

VI.

Delusive World, thy Hour is past,
 The Folly of thy Wisdom shew!
 It cannot now retard my Haste,
 I leave thee for the Holy Few.

VII.

No! Thou blind Leader of the Blind,
 I bow my Neck to Thee no more!
 I cast thy Glories all behind,
 And slight thy Smiles, and dare thy Pow'r.

VIII.

Excluded from my Saviour's Pray'r,
 Stain'd, yet not hallow'd with his Blood,
 Shalt thou my fond Affection share,
 Shalt thou divide my Heart with God?

IX.

No! tho' it rouze thy utmost Rage,
 Eternal Enmity I vow;
 Tho' Hell with thine its Pow'rs engage,
 Prepar'd I meet your Onset now.

X.

Load me with Scorn, Reproach and Shame;
 My patient Master's Portion give;
 As Evil still cast out my Name,
 Nor suffer such a Wretch to live.

XI.

Set to thy Seal that I am His;
 Vile as my Lord I long to be:
 My Hope, my Crown, my Glory this,
 Dying to conquer Sin and Thee.

FAREWEL *to the* WORLD.

I.

WORLD adieu, thou real Cheat!
 Oft have thy deceitful Charms
 Fill'd my Heart with fond Conceit,
 Foolish Hopes and false Alarms:

Now

Now I see as clear as Day,
How thy Follies pass away.

II.

Vain thy entertaining Sights,
False thy Promises renew'd,
All the Pomp of thy Delights
Does but flatter and delude:
Thee I quit for Heav'n above,
Object of the noblest Love.

III.

Farewel Honour's empty Pride;
Thy own nice, uncertain Gust,
If the least Mischance betide,
Lays thee lower than the Dust;
Worldly Honours end in Gall,
Rise To day, To-morrow fall.

IV.

Foolish Vanity, farewel,
More inconstant than the Wave!
Where thy soothing Fancies dwell,
Purest Tempers they deprave:
He, to whom I fly from Thee,
JESUS CHRIST shall set me free.

V.

Never shall my wand'ring Mind
Follow after fleeting Toys,
Since in God alone I find
Solid and substantial Joys;
Joys that never over-past,
Thro' Eternity shall last.

VI.

LORD, how happy is a Heart,
After thee while it aspires!
True and faithful as Thou art,
Thou shalt answer its Desires:
It shall see the glorious Scene
Of thy Everlasting Reign.

D I S C I P L I N E.

I.

O Throw away thy Rod,
 O throw away thy Wrath!
 My gracious Saviour and my God,
 O take the gentle Path.

II.

Thou see'st my Hearts Desire
 Still unto Thee is bent:
 Still does my longing Soul aspire
 To an entire Content.

III.

Not ev'n a Word or Look
 Do I approve or own,
 But by the Model of thy Book,
 Thy sacred Book alone.

IV.

Altho' I fail, I weep;
 Altho' I halt in Pace,
 Yet still with trembling Steps I creep
 Unto the Throne of Grace.

V.

O then let Wrath remove:
 For Love will do the Deed!
 Love will the Conquest gain; with Love
 Ev'n stony Hearts will bleed.

VI.

For Love is swift of Foot,
 Love is a Man of War;
 Love can resistless Arrows shoot,
 And hit the Mark from far.

Who

VII.

Who can escape his Bow ?
 That which hath wrought on Thee,
 Which brought the King of Glory low,
 Must surely work on me.

VIII.

O throw away thy Rod ;
 What tho' Man Frailties hath !
 Thou art my Saviour and my GOD !
 O throw away thy Wrath !

A PRAYER under Convictions.

I.

FATHER of Light, from whom proceeds
 Whate'er thy Ev'ry Creature needs,
 Whose Goodness providently nigh
 Feeds the young Ravens when they cry ;
 To Thee I look ; my Heart prepare,
 Suggest, and hearken to my Pray'r.

II.

Since by thy Light Myself I see
 Naked, and poor, and void of Thee,
 Thine Eyes must all my Thoughts survey,
 Preventing what my Lips would say :
 Thou see'st my Wants ! for Help they call,
 And e'er I speak, Thou know'st them all.

III.

Thou know'st the Baseness of my Mind,
 Wayward, and impotent and blind :
 Thou know'st how unsubstid'd my Will,
 Averse to Good, and prone to Ill :
 Thou know'st how wide my Passions rove,
 Nor check'd by Fear, nor charm'd by Love.

Fain

IV.

Fain would I know, as known by Thee,
 And feel the Indigence I see ;
 Fain would I all my Vileness own,
 And deep beneath the Burden groan ;
 Abhor the Pride that lurks within,
 Detest and loath myself and Sin.

V.

Ah give me, LORD, myself to feel,
 My total Misery reveal :
 Ah give me, LORD, (I still would say)
 A Heart to mourn, a Heart to pray ;
 My Bus'ness this, my only Care,
 My Life, my ev'ry Breath be pray'r.

VI.

Scarce I begin my sad Complaint,
 When all my warmest Wishes faint ;
 Hardly I lift my weeping Eye,
 When all my kindling Ardors die ;
 Nor Hopes nor Fears my Bosom move,
 For still I cannot, cannot love.

VII.

Father, I want a thankful Heart !
 I want to taste how good thou art.
 To plunge me in thy Mercy's Sea,
 And comprehend thy Love to me ;
 The Breadth, and Length, and Depth, and Height
 Of Love divinely infinite.

VIII.

Father, I long my Soul to raise.
 And dwell for ever on thy Praise ;
 Thy Praise with glorious Joy to tell,
 In Extasy unspeakable ;
 While the full Pow'r of FAITH I know,
 And reign triumphant here below.

HEB.

HEB. xii. 2.

*Looking unto JESUS, the Author and
Finisher of our Faith.*

I.

WEARLY of struggling with my Pain,
Hopeless to burst my Nature's Chain,
Hardly I give the Contest o'er,
I seek to free myself no more.

II.

From my own Works at last I cease,
God that creates must seal my Peace;
Fruitless my Toil, and vain my Care,
And all my Fitness is Despair.

III.

LORD, I despair myself to heal,
I see my Sin, but cannot feel:
I cannot, till thy Spirit blow.
And bid th' obedient Waters flow.

IV.

'Tis Thine a Heart of Flesh to give,
Thy Gifts I only can receive:
Here then to Thee I all resign,
To draw, redeem, and seal is Thine.

V.

With simple Faith, to thee I call,
My Light, my Life, my LORD, my All:
I wait the moving of the Pool,
I wait the Word that speaks me Whole.

Speak,

VI.

Speak, gracious Lord, my Sickness cure,
 Make my infected Nature pure ;
 Peace, Righteousness and Joy impart,
 And pour Thyself into my Heart.

HYMN *of* THANKSGIVING *to the*
 FATHER.

I.

THEE, O my God and King,
 My Father, Thee I sing !
 Hear well pleas'd the joyous Sound,
 Praise from Earth and Heav'n receive ;
 Lost, I now in CHRIST am found,
 Dead, by Faith in CHRIST I live.

II.

Father, behold thy Son,
 In CHRIST I am thy own.
 Stranger long to Thee and Rest,
 See the Prodigal is come :
 Open wide thine Arms and Breast,
 Take the weary Wand'rer home.

III.

Thine Eye observ'd from far,
 Thy Pity look'd me near :
 Me thy Bowels yearn'd to see,
 Me thy Mercy ran to find,
 Empty, poor, and void of Thee.
 Hungry, sick, and faint, and blind.

IV.

Thou on my Neck didst fall,
 Thy Kifs forgave me all ;

Still

Still the gracious Words I hear,
 Words that made the Saviour mine,
 Haste, for him the Robe prepare,
 His be Righteousness Divine.

V.

Thee then, my God, and King,
 My Father, Thee I sing!
 Hear well pleas'd the joyous sound
 Praise from Earth and Heav'n receive;
 Lost, I now in CHRIST am found,
 Dead, by Faith in CHRIST I live.

The INVITATION. From Herbert.

I.

COME hither All, whose grov'ling Taste
 Enslaves your Souls, and lay them waste;
 Save your Expence, and mend your Cheer:
 Here God himself's prepar'd and drest,
 Himself vouchsafes to be your Feast,
 In whom Alone all Dainties are.

II.

Come hither all, whom tempting Wine
 Bows to your Father *Belial's* Shrine,
 Sin all your Boast, and Sense your God:
 Weep now for what you've drunk amiss,
 And lose your Taste for sensual Bliss,
 By drinking here your Saviour's Blood.

III.

Come hither all, whom searching Pain,
 Whom Conscience's loud Cries arraign,
 Producing all your Sins to view:
 Taste; and dismiss your Guilty Fear,
 O taste and see that God is here
 To heal your Souls and Sin subdue.

B

Come

IV.

Come hither all, whom careless Joy
Does with alluring Force destroy,
While loose ye range beyond your Bounds:
True Joy is here, that passes quite,
And all your transient mean Delight
Drowns, as a Flood, the lower Grounds.

V.

Come hither all, whose Idol-Love,
While fond the pleasing Pain ye prove,
Raises your foolish Raptures high:
True Love is here; whose dying Breath
Gave Life to Us; who tasted Death,
And tasting once no more can die.

VI.

LORD, I have now invited All,
And instant still the Guests shall call:
Still shall I All invite to Thee:
For, O my God, it seems but right
In mine, thy meanest Servant's fight,
That where All is, there All should be!

On the CRUCIFIXION.

I.

BBHOLD the Saviour of Mankind
Nail'd to the shameful Tree!
How vast the Love that him inclin'd
To bleed and die for Thee!

II.

Hark how he groans! while Nature shakes,
And Earth's strong Pillars bend!
The Temple's Veil in sunder breaks,
The solid Marbles rend.

III.

Tis done! the precious Ransom's paid;
Receive my Soul, he cries;
 See where he bows his sacred Head!
 He bows his Head and dies!

IV.

But soon he'll break Death's envious Chain,
 And in full Glory shine!
 O Lamb of God, was ever Pain,
 Was ever Love like Thine?

*Part of the lxxiii Chapter of ISAIAH,
 alter'd from Mr. Norris.*

I.

NO common Vision this I see
 In more than human Majesty!
 Who is this mighty Hero, who,
 With glorious Terror on his Brow?
 His deep-dy'd Crimson Robes outvie
 The Blushes of the Morning Sky:
 Lo, how triumphant he appears,
 And Vict'ry in his Visage bears!

II.

How strong, how stately does he go?
 Pompous and solemn is his Pace,
 And full of Majesty his Face.

Who is this mighty Hero, who?
 'Tis I, who to my Promise stand:
 I, who Sin, Death, Hell, and the Grave
 Have foil'd with this all-conqu'ring Hand:
 'Tis I, the LORD, mighty to save.

III.

Why wear'st Thou then this Crimson Dye;
 Say, thou all-conquering Hero, why?
 Why do thy Garments look all red,
 Like them that in the Wine vat tread?
 The Wine-press I alone have tread,
 That pond'rous Mass I ply'd alone,
 And with me to assist was none:
 A Task, worthy the Son of God!

IV.

Angels stood trembling at the Sight,
 Enrag'd, I put forth all my Might,
 And down the Engine press'd; the Force
 Put frighted Nature out of Course;
 The Blood gush'd out, and chequer'd o'er
 My Garments with its deepest Gore;
 With glorious Stains bedeck'd I stood,
 And writ my Victory in Blood.

V.

The Day, the signal Day is come
 Vengeance of all my Foes to take;
 The Day, when Death shall have its Doom,
 And the dark Kingdom's Pow'rs shall shake.
 I look'd, who to assist stood by;
 Trembled Heav'n's Hosts nor ventur'd nigh:
 Ev'n to my Father did I look
 In Pain: My Father me forsook!

VI.

A While amaz'd I was to see
 None to uphold or comfort me:
 Then I arose in Might array'd,
 And call'd my Fury to my Aid;
 My single Arm the Battle won,
 And trait th'acclaiming Hosts above
 Hymn'd. in new Songs of Joy and Love,
Jehovah and his conqu'ring Son.

The

The MAGNIFICAT.

I.

MY Soul extols the mighty Lord,
 In God the Saviour joys my Heart ;
 Thou hast not my low State abhor'd ;
 Now know I, Thou my Saviour art.

II.

Sorrows and Sighs are fled away,
 Peace now I feel, and Joy, and Rest ;
 Renew'd I hail the Festal Day,
 Henceforth by endless Ages blest.

III.

Great are the Things which Thou hast done,
 How holy is thy Name, O LORD !
 How wond'rous is thy Mercy shewn
 To all that tremble at thy Word !

IV.

Thy conqu'ring Arm with Terror crown'd
 Appear'd, the Humble to sustain :
 And all the Sons of Pride have found
 Their boasted Wisdom void and vain.

V.

The Mighty, from their native Sky
 Cast down, Thou hast in Darkness bound ;
 And rais'd the Worms of Earth on high,
 With Majesty and Glory crown'd.

VI.

The Rich have pin'd amidst their Store,
 Nor e'er the Way of Peace have trod ;
 Mean while the hungry Souls thy Pow'r
 Fill'd with the Fulness of their God.

VII.

Come, Saviour, come, of old decreed !
 Faithful and true be Thou confest ;
 By all Earth's Tribes in *Abraham's* Seed:
 Henceforth thro' endless Ages blest.

The BELIEVER'S Support.

I.

O Thou, to whose all-searching Sight
 The Darkness shineth as the Light,
 Search, prove my Heart ; it pants for Thee :
 O burst these Bands, and set it free.

II.

Wash out its Stains, refine the Dross,
 Nail my Affections to the Cross !
 Hallow each Thought ; let all within
 Be clean, as Thou, my LORD, art clean.

III.

If in this darksome Wild I stray,
 Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Way :
 No Foes, no Violence I fear,
 No Fraud, while Thou, my GOD, art near.

IV.

When rising Floods my Head o'erflow,
 When sinks my Heart in Waves of Woe,
 JESU, thy timely Aid impart,
 And raise my Head, and cheer my Heart.

V.

Saviour, where'er thy Steps I see,
 Dauntless, untir'd I follow thee :
 O let thy Hand support me still,
 And lead me to thy holy Hill.

VI.

If rough and thorny be my Way,
 My Strength proportion to my Day :
 Till Toil, and Grief, and Pain shall cease,
 Where all is Calm, and Joy, and Peace.

Living by CHRIST.

I.

JESU, thy boundless Love to me
 No Thought can reach, no Tongue declare :
 O knit my thankful Heart to Thee,
 And reign without a Rival there.
 Thine wholly, Thine alone I am :
 Be Thou alone my constant Flame.

II.

O grant, that nothing in my Soul
 May dwell, but thy pure Love alone :
 O may thy Love possess me whole,
 My Joy, my Treasure, and my Crown.
 Strange Fires far from my Soul remove,
 My ev'ry Act, Word, Thought, be Love.

III.

O Love, how cheering is thy Ray ?
 All Pain before thy Presence flies !
 Care, Anguish, Sorrow melt away
 Where'er thy healing Beams arise :
 O JESU, nothing may I see,
 Nothing hear, feel, or think but Thee !

IV.

Unweary'd may I this pursue,
 Dauntless to the high Prize aspire ;
 Hourly within my Breast renew
 This only Flame, this heav'nly Fire ;

And

And Day and Night be all my Care
To guard this sacred Treasure there.

V.

My Saviour, Thou thy Love to me
In Want, in Shame, in Pain hast shew'd,
For me on the accursed Tree
Thou pourest forth thy guiltless Blood :
Thy Wounds upon my Heart impress,
Nor ought shall the lov'd Stamp efface.

VI.

More hard than Marble is my Heart,
And foul with Sins of deepest stain ;
But Thou the mighty Saviour art,
Nor flow'd thy cleansing Blood in vain.
Ah ! soften, melt this Rock, and may
Thy Blood wash all these Stains away.

VII.

O that my Heart, which open stands,
May catch each Drop, that tort'ring Pain
Arm'd by my Sins, wrung from thy Hands,
Thy Feet, thy Head, thy ev'ry Vein :
That still my Breast may heave with Sighs,
Still Tears of Love o'erflow my Eyes.

VIII.

O that I, as a little Child,
May follow Thee, nor ever rest,
Till sweetly Thou hast pour'd thy mild
And lowly Mind into my Breast :
Nor may we ever parted be
Till I become one Sp'rit with Thee.

IX.

O draw me, Saviour, after Thee,
So shall I run, and never tire :
With gracious Words still comfort me ;
Be Thou my Hope, my sole Desire.

Free me from ev'ry Weight ; nor Fear,
Nor Sin can come, if Thou art here.

X.

My Health, my Light, my Life, my Crown,
My Portion and my Treasure Thou !
O take me, seal me for thine own ;
To thee alone my Soul I bow.
Without Thee all is Pain ; my Mind
Repose in nought but Thee can find.

XI.

Howe'er I rove, where'er I turn,
In Thee alone is all my Rest :
Be thou my Flame, within me burn,
JESU, and I in Thee am blest.
Thou art the Balm of Life : My Soul
Is faint ; O save, O make it whole !

XII.

What in thy Love possess I not ?
My Star by Night, my Sun by Day ;
My spring of Life, when parch'd with Drought ;
My Wine to cheer, my Bread to stay.
My Strength, my Shield, my safe Abode,
My Robe before the Throne of God !

XIII.

Ah Love ! Thy Influence withdrawn,
What profits me that I am born ?
All my Delight, my Joy is gone,
Nor know I Peace, till Thou return.
Thee may I seek till I attain ;
And never may we part again.

XIV.

From all Eternity with Love
Unchangeable Thou hast me view'd ;
E'er knew this beating Heart to move,
Thy tender Mercies me pursu'd :

Ever

Ever with me may they abide,
And close me in on ev'ry Side.

XV.

Still let thy Love point out my Way,
(How wond'rous Things thy Love hath wrought)
Still lead me, lest I go astray,
Direct my Work, inspire my Thought:
And when I fall, soon may I hear
Thy Voice, and know that Love is near.

XVI.

In Suff'ring be thy Love my Peace,
In Weakness be thy Love my Pow'r;
And when the Storms of Life shall cease,
Jesus, in that important Hour,
In Death as Life be Thou my Guide,
And save me, who for me hast dy'd!

HYMN to CHRIST.

I.

SAVIOUR, the World's and Mine,
Was ever Grief like Thine?
Thou my Pain, my Curse hast took,
All my Sins were laid on Thee:
Help me, LORD, to thee I look;
Draw me, Saviour, after Thee.

II.

'Tis done! my God hath dy'd,
My Love is crucify'd!
Break, this stony Heart of mine,
Pour, my Eyes, a ceaseless Flood,
Feel, my Soul, the Pangs divine,
Catch, my Heart, th' issuing Blood!

When,

III.

When, O my God, shall I
 For Thee submit to die?
 How the mighty Debt repay,
 Rival of thy Passion prove?
 Lead me in Thyself, the Way,
 Melt my Hardness into Love.

IV.

To Love is all my Wish,
 I only live for This:
 Grant me, Lord, my Heart's Desire,
 There by Faith for ever dwell;
 This I always will require,
 Thee, and only Thee to feel.

V.

Thy Pow'r I pant to prove,
 Rooted and fix'd in Love,
 Strengthen'd by thy Spirit's Might,
 Wise to fathom Things Divine,
 What the Length, and Breadth, and Height,
 What the Depth of Love like Thine.

VI.

Ah! give me this to know,
 With all thy Saints below.
 Swells my Soul to compass Thee,
 Gasps in Thee to live and move,
 Fill'd with All the Deity,
 All immers'd and lost in Love!

Hymn

HYMN *to* CHRIST *the King.*

I.

JESU, Thou art our King,
 To Me thy Succour bring.
 CHRIST, the Mighty One art Thou,
 Help for All on Thee is laid ;
 This the Word ; I claim it now,
 send me now the promis'd Aid.

II.

High on thy Father's Throne,
 O look with Pity down !
 Help, O help ! attend my Call,
 Captive lead Captivity,
 King of Glory, Lord of All,
 CHRIST, be Lord, be King to Me !

III.

I pant to feel thy Sway,
 And only Thee t'obey :
 Thee my Spirit gasps to meet,
 This my one, my ceaseless Pray'r,
 Make, O make my Heart thy Seat,
 O set up thy Kingdom there !

IV.

Triumph, and reign in Me,
 And spread thy Victory ;
 Hell, and Death, and Sin controul,
 Pride, and Self, end ev'ry Foe,
 All subdue ; thro' all my soul,
 Conqu'ring, and to conquer go.

Prayer

Prayer to CHRIST before the Sacrament.

I.

O Thou, whom Sinners love, whose Care
 Does all our Sicknes heal,
 Thee we approach with Hearts sincere,
 Thy Pow'r we joy to feel.
 To thee our humblest Thanks we pay,
 To thee our Souls we bow ;
 Of Hell ere while the helpless Pray,
 Heirs of thy Glory now.

II.

As Incense to thy Throne above
 O let our Pray'rs arise !
 O wing with Flames of holy Love
 Our living Sacrifice.
 Stir up thy Strength, O LORD of Might,
 Our willing Breasts inspire ;
 Fill our whole Souls with Heav'nly Light,
 Melt with seraphic Fire.

III.

From thy blest Wounds our Life we draw ;
 Thy all attoning Blood
 Daily we drink with trembling Awe ;
 Thy Flesh our daily Food.
 Come, LORD, thy sov'reign Aid impart,
 Here make thy Likeness shine !
 Stamp thy whole Image on our Heart,
 And all our Souls be Thine !

HYMN *after the Sacrament.*

I.

SONS of GOD, triumphant rise,
 Shout th' accomplish'd Sacrifice!
 Shout your Sins in CHRIST forgiv'n,
 Sons of GOD, and Heirs of Heav'n!

II.

Ye that round our Altars throng,
 List'ning Angels join the Song!
 Sing with Us, ye Heav'nly Pow'rs,
 Pardon, Grace, and Glory Ours!

III.

Love's Mysterious Work is done!
 Greet we now th' accepted Son,
 Heal'd and quicken'd by his Blood,
 Join'd to CHRIST, and one with God.

IV.

CHRIST, of all our Hopes the Seal;
 Peace Divine in CHRIST we feel;
 Pardon to our Souls apply'd:
 Dead for All, for *Me* he dy'd!

V.

Sin shall tyrannize no more,
 Purg'd its Guilt, dissolv'd its Pow'r;
 JESUS makes our Hearts his Throne,
 There he lives, and reigns alone.

VI.

Grace our ev'ry Thought controls,
 Heav'n is open'd in our Souls,
 Everlasting Life is won,
 Glory is on Earth begun.

CHRIST

CHRIST in Us : in Him we see
 Fulness of the Deity.
 Beam of the eternal Beam ;
 Life divine we taste in him !

VIII.

Him we only taste below ;
 Mightier Joys ordain'd to know :
 Him when fully Ours we prove,
 Ours the Heav'n of perfect Love !

CHRIST protecting and sanctifying.

I.

O JESU, source of calm Repose,
 Thy Like nor Man, nor Angel knows ;
 Fairest among ten thousand fair !
 Ev'n those whom Death's sad Fetters bound,
 Whom thickest Darkness compass'd round,
 Find Light and Life, if thou appear.

II.

Effulgence of the Light divine,
 E'er rolling Planets knew to shine,
 E'er Time its ceaseless Course began ;
 Thou, when th' appointed Hour was come,
 Didst not abhor the Virgin's Womb,
 But GOD with GOD, wert Man with Man.

III.

The World, Sin, Death, oppose in vain,
 Thou by thy dying Death hast slain,
 My great Deliv'rer and my GOD !
 In vain does the old Dragon rage,
 In vain all Hell its Pow'rs engage ;
 None can withstand thy conqu'ring Blood.

IV.

LORD over all, sent to fulfil
 Thy gracious Father's sov'reign Will,
 To thy dread Sceptre will I bow :
 With dut'ous Rev'ence at thy Feet,
 Like humble *Mary*, lo, I sit :
 Speak, LORD, thy Servant heareth now.

V.

Renew thy Image, LORD, in me,
 Lowly and gentle may I be ;
 No Charms but these to Thee are dear :
 No Anger may'st thou ever find,
 No Pride in my unruffled Mind,
 But Faith and Heav'n born Peace be there.

VI.

A patient, a victorious Mind
 That, Life and all Things cast behind,
 Springs forth, obedient to thy Call,
 A Heart, that no Desire can move,
 But still t'adore, believe and love,
 Give me, my LORD, my Life, my All.

PUBLICK WORSHIP.

I.

LO, God is here ! let us adore,
 And own, how dreadful is this Place !
 Let all within us feel his Pow'r,
 And silent bow before his Face.
 Who know his Pow'r, his Grace who prove,
 Serve Him with Awe, with Rev'ence love.

Lo,

II.

Lo, God is here! Him Day and Night
 Th' united Choirs of Angels sing:
 To Him enthron'd above all Height
 Heav'n's Hosts their noblest Praises bring:
 Disdain not, LORD, our meener Song,
 Who praise thee with a stamm'ring Tongue.

III.

Gladly the Toys of Earth we leave,
 Wealth, Pleasure, Fame, for Thee alone:
 To thee our Will, Soul, Flesh we give;
 O take, O seal them for thy own.
 Thou art the God; Thou art the LORD:
 Be Thou by all thy Works ador'd!

IV.

Being of Beings, may our Praise
 Thy Courts with grateful Fragrance fill,
 Still may we stand before thy Face,
 Still hear and do thy sov'reign Will.
 To thee may all our Thoughts arise,
 Ceaseless, accepted Sacrifice!

V.

In thee we move. All Things of thee
 Are full, thou source and Life of all!
 Thou vast, unfathomable Sea!
 Fall prostrate, lost in Wonder, fall
 Ye Sons of Men; for God is Man!
 All we may lose, so thee we gain!

VI.

As Flow'rs their op'ning Leaves display,
 And glad drink in the solar Fire,
 So may we catch thy ev'ry Ray,
 So may thy Influence us inspire:
 Thou Beam of the Eternal Beam,
 Thou purging Fire, thou quick'ning Flame!

ACTS ii. 41, &c.

I.

THE Word pronounc'd, the Gospel-word,
 The Croud with various Hearts receiv'd:
 In many a Soul the Saviour stirr'd,
 Three thousand yielded, and believ'd.

II.

These by th' Apostle's Counsels led,
 With them in mighty Pray'rs combin'd,
 Broke the commemorative Bread,
 Nor from the Fellowship declin'd.

III.

GOD from above, with ready Grace,
 And Deeds of Wonder, guards his Flock,
 Trembles the World before their Face,
 By JESUS crush'd, their Conqu'ring Rock.

IV.

The happy Band whom CHRIST redeems,
 One only Will. our Judgment know:
 None this contentious Earth esteems,
 Distinctions, or Delights below.

V.

The Men of worldly Wealth possess,
 Their selfish Nappiness remove,
 Sell, and divide it to the rest,
 And buy the blessedness of Love.

VI.

Thus in the Presence of their GOD,
 JESUS their Life, and Heav'n their Care,
 With single Heart they took their Food
 Heighten'd by Eucharist and Pray'r.

GOD

VII.

God in their ev'ry Work was prais'd:
 The People bless'd the Law benign!
 Daily the Church his Arm had rais'd,
 Receiv'd the Sons of Mercy in.

GRATITUDE *for our* CONVERSION.

I.

THEE will I love, my Strength, my Tow'r,
 Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown,
 Thee will I love with all my Pow'r,
 In all my Works, and thee alone!
 Thee will I love till the pure Fire
 Fill my whole Soul with chaste Desire.

II.

Ah! why did I so late thee know,
 Thee, lovelier than the Sons of Men!
 Ah! why did I no sooner go
 To thee, the only Ease in Pain!
 Asham'd I sigh; and inly mourn
 That I so late to thee did turn.

III.

In Darkness willingly I stray'd,
 I sought Thee, yet from Thee I rov'd:
 For wide my wand'ring Thoughts were spread,
 Thy Creatures more than Thee I lov'd.
 And now, if more at length I see,
 'Tis thro' thy Light, and comes from Thee.

IV.

I thank Thee, Uncreated Sun,
 That thy bright Beams on me have shin'd:
 I thank

I thank Thee, who hast overthrown
 My Foes, and heal'd my wounded Mind :
 I thank Thee, whose enliv'ning Voice
 Bids my free Heart in Thee rejoice.

V.

Uphold me in the doubtful Race,
 Nor suffer me again to stray :
 Strengthen my Feet with steady Pace
 Still to press forward in thy Way.
 My Soul and Flesh, O LORD of Might,
 Fill, satiate with thy heav'nly Light.

VI.

Give to my Eyes refreshing Tears;
 Give to my Heart chaste, hallow'd Fires,
 Give to my Soul with filial Fears
 The Love that all Heav'n's Host inspires :
 " That all my Pow'rs with all their Might
 " In thy sole Glory may unite.

VII.

Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown !
 Thee will I love, my LORD, my GOD !
 Thee will I love, beneath thy Frown
 Or Smile, thy Sceptre, or thy Rod.
 What tho' my Flesh and Heart decay !
 Thee shall I love in endless Day !

Boldness *in the* Gospel.

I.

SHALL I, for fear of feeble Man,
 Thy Spirit's Course in me restrain ?
 Or undismay'd, in Deed and Word
 Be a true Witness to my LORD ?

Aw'd

II.

Aw'd by a Mortal's Frown, shall I
Conceal the Word of GOD most high?
How then before thee shall I dare
To stand, or how thy Anger bear?

III.

Shall I, to sooth th' unholy Throng,
Softens thy Truths, and smooth my Tongue?
To gain Earth's gilded Toys, or flee
The Cross endur'd, my GOD by Thee?

IV.

What then is he, whose Scorn I dread?
Whose Wrath or Hate makes me afraid?
A Man! an Heir of Death, a Slave
To Sin! a Bubble on the Wave!

V.

Yea, let Man rage! since Thou wilt spread,
Thy shadowing Wing around my Head:
Since in all Pain thy tender Love
Will still my sweet Refreshment prove.

VI.

Saviour of Men! thy searching Eye
Does all my inmost Thoughts descry:
Doth ought on Earth my Wishes raise;
Or the World's Favour, or its Praise?

VII.

The Love of CHRIST does me constrain
To seek the wand'ring Souls of Men:
With Cries, Intreaties, Tears, to save,
To snatch them from the gaping Grave.

VIII.

For this let Men revile my Name,
 No Cross I shun, I fear no Shame:
 All hail, Reproach, and welcome Pain!
 Only thy Terrors, LORD, restrain.

IX.

My Life, my Blood, I here present;
 If for thy Truth they may be spent,
 Fulfil thy sov'reign Counsel, LORD!
 Thy Will be done! thy Name ador'd!

X.

Give me thy Strength, 'O God of Pow'r!
 Then let Winds blow, or Thunders roar,
 Thy faithful Witnesses will I be—
 'Tis fix'd! I can do all thro' Thee!

HYMN for Christmas-day.

I.

HARK how all the Welkin rings
 " Glory to the King of Kings,
 " Peace on Earth, and Mercy mild,
 " God and Sinners reconcil'd!

II.

Joyful all ye Nations rise,
 Join the Triumph of the Skies,
 Universal Nature say
 " CHRIST, the LORD, is born To day!

III.

CHRIST, by highest Heav'n ador'd,
 CHRIST, the everlasting LORD,
 Late in Time behold Him come,
 Offspring of a Virgin's Womb.

Veil'd

IV.

Veil'd in Flesh, the Godhead see,
Hail th' incarnate Deity !
Pleas'd as Man with Men t' appear,
JESUS, our *Immanuel* here !

V.

Hail the Heav'n born Prince of Peace !
Hail the Sun of Righteousness !
Light, and Life, and All he brings,
Ris'n with Healing in his Wings.

VI.

Mild he lays his Glory by,
Born—that Man no more may die,
Born—to raise the Sons of Earth,
Born—to give them second Birth.

VII.

Come, Desire of Nations, come,
Fix in Us thy humble Home,
Rise, the Woman's Conqu'ring Seed,
Bruise in Us the Serpent's Head.

VIII.

Now display thy saving Pow'r,
Ruin'd Nature now restore;
Now in mystic Union join
Thine to Ours, and Ours to Thine.

IX.

Adam's Likeness, LORD, efface,
Stamp thy Image in its Place,
Second *Adam* from above,
Reinstate us in thy Love.

X.

Let us Thee, tho' lost, regain,
Thee, the Life, the Inner Man:
O ! to all thyself impart,
Form'd in each Believing Heart.

HYMN *for the* EPIPHANY.

I.

SONS of Men, behold him far
Hail the long expected Star!
Jacob's Star that gilds the Night,
Guides bewilder'd Nature right.

II.

Fear not hence that Ill should flow,
Wars or Pestilence below,
Wars it bids, and Tumults cease,
Ush'ring in the Prince of Peace.

III.

Mild He shines on all beneath,
Piercing thro' the Shade of Death,
Scatt'ring Error's wide-spread Night,
Kindling Darkness into Light.

IV.

Nations all, far off and near,
Haste to see your God appear!
Haste, for Him your Hearts prepare,
Meet Him manifested there!

V.

There behold the Day-spring rise,
Pouring Eye-sight on your Eyes,
God in his own Light survey,
Shining to the perfect Day.

VI.

Sing, ye Morning stars again,
God descends on Earth to reign,
Deigns for Man his Life t' employ,
Shout, ye Sons of God, for Joy!

HYMN

HYMN *for* EASTER-DAY.

I.

“CHRIST, the LORD, is ris'n To day,”
 Sons of Men and Angels say,
 Raise your Joys and Triumphs high,
 Sing ye Heav'ns, and Earth reply.

II.

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.

III.

Vain the Stone, the Watch, the Seal,
 CHRIST has burst the Gates of Hell;
 Death in vain forbids his Rise:
 CHRIST has open'd Paradise!

IV.

Lives again our glorious King,
 Where, O Death, is now thy Sting?
 Dying once he All doth save,
 Where thy Victory, O Grave?

V.

Soar we now, where CHRIST has led?
 Following our exalted Head,
 Made like Him, like Him we rise,
 Ours the Cross—the Grave—the Skies!

VI.

What tho' once we perish'd All,
 Partners in our Parent's Fall?
 Second Life we All receive,
 In our Heav'nly *Adam* live,

D

Ris'n

VII.

Ris'n with Him, we upward move,
 Still we seek the Things above,
 Still pursue and kiss the Son,
 Seated on his Father's Throne.

VIII.

Scarce on Earth a Thought below,
 Dead to all we leave below,
 Heav'n our Aim, and lov'd Abode,
 Hid our Life with CHRIST in GOD.

IX.

Hid; till CHRIST our Life appear,
 Glorious in his Members here:
 Join'd to Him, we then shall shine
 All Immortal, all Divine!

X.

Hail the LORD of Earth and Heav'n;
 Praise to Thee by both be giv'n:
 Thee we greet, triumphant now;
 Hail the Resurrection Thou!

XI.

King of Glory, Soul of Bliss,
 Everlasting Life is this,
 Thee to know, thy pow'r to prove,
 Thus to sing, and thus to love!

HYMN *for* ASCENSION-DAY.

I.

HA I L the Day that sees him rise,
 Ravish'd from our wishful Eyes;
 CHRIST a while to Mortals giv'n,
 Re-ascends his native Heav'n!

There

II.

There the pompous Triumph waits,
 “ Lift your Heads eternal Gates,
 “ Wide unfold the radiant Scene,
 “ Take the King of Glory in !

III.

Circled round with Angel Pow'rs;
 Their triumphant LORD and ours;
 Conqu'ror over Death and Sin;
 Take the King of Glory in !

IV.

Tho' returning to his Throne,
 Still he calls Mankind his own.
 Him tho' highest Heav'n receives,
 Still he loves the Earth he leaves.

V.

See ! he lifts his Hands above !
 See ! he shews the Prints of Love !
 Hark ! his gracious Lips bestow
 Blessings on his Church below !

VI

Still for us his Death he pleads ;
 Prevalent, He intercedes ;
 Near himself prepares our Place,
 Harbinger of human Race.

VII.

Master, (will we ever say)
 Taken from our Head To-day ;
 See thy faithful Servants, see !
 Ever gazing up to Thee.

VIII.

Grant, tho' parted from our Sight,
 High above yon azure Height,

Grant our Hearts may thither rise,
Following Thee beyond the Skies.

IX.

Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the Wings of Love,
Looking when our Lord shall come,
Longing, gasping after Home.

X.

There we shall with Thee remain,
Partners of Thy endless Reign ;
There thy Face unclouded see,
Find our Heav'n of Heav'ns in Thee !

HYMN *for* WHITSUNDAY.

I.

GRANTED is the Saviour's Pray'r,
Sent the gracious Comforter ;
Promise of our parting LORD,
JESUS to his Heav'n restor'd :

II.

CHRIST ; who now gone up on high,
Captive leads Captivity,
While his Foes from Him receive
Grace, that God with Man may live.

III.

GOD, the everlasting GOD,
Makes with Mortals his Abode,
Whom the Heav'ns cannot contain,
He vouchsafes to dwell in Man.

Never

IV.

Never will he thence depart,
 Inmate of an humble Heart ;
 Carrying on his Work within,
 Striving till he cast out Sin.

V.

There he helps our feeble Moans,
 Deepens our imperfect Groans ;
 Intercedes in Silence there,
 Sighs th' Unutterable Pray'r.

VI.

Come, divine and peaceful Guest,
 Enter our devoted Breast ;
 HOLY GHOST, our Hearts inspire,
 Kindle there the Gospel fire.

VII.

Crown the agonizing Strife,
 Principal, and LORD of Life ;
 Life divine in us renew,
 Thou the Gift and Giver too :

VIII.

Now descend and shake the Earth,
 Wake us into second Birth ;
 Now thy quick'ning Influence give,
 Blow—and these dry Bones shall live.

IX.

Brood Thou o'er our Nature's Night,
 Darkness kindles into Light ;
 Spread thy over shadowing Wings,
 Order from Confusion Springs.

X.

Pain, and Sin; and Sorrow cease,
 Thee we taste, and all is Peace ;
 Joy divine in Thee we prove,
 Light of Truth, and Fire of Love.

JOHN XVI. 24.

*Ask, and ye shall receive, that your Joy
may be full.*

I.

RISE, my Soul, with Ardor rise,
Breath thy Wishes to the Skies;
Freely pour out all thy Mind,
Seek, and thou art sure to find;
Ready art thou to receive?
Readier is thy GOD to give.

II.

Heav'nly Father, GOD of all,
Hear, and shew Thou hear'st my Call;
Let my Cries thy Throne assail
Ent'ring now within the Veil:
Give the Benefits I claim——
LORD, I ask in JESU'S Name!

III.

Friend of Sinners, King of Saints,
Answer my minutest Wants,
All my largest Thoughts require,
Grant me all my Heart's Desire,
Give me, till my Cup run o'er,
All, and infinitely more.

IV.

Meek and lowly be my Mind;
Pure my Heart, my Will resign'd!
Keep me dead to all below,
Only CHRIST resolv'd to know,
Firm, and disengag'd, and free,
Seeking all my Bliss in Thee.

V.

Suffer me no more to grieve,
 Wanting what Thou long'ft to give,
 Shew me all thy Goodnefs, LORD,
 Beaming from th' incarnate Word,
 CHRIST, in whom thy Glories shine,
 Efflux of the Light divine.

VI.

Since the Son hath made me free,
 Let me taste my Liberty,
 Thee behold with open Face,
 Triumph in thy saving Grace,
 Thy great Will delight to prove,
 Glory in thy perfect Love.

VII.

Since the Son hath bought my Peace,
 Mine thou art, as I am his :
 Mine the Comforter I see,
 CHRIST is full of Grace for me :
 Mine (the Purchase of his Blood);
 All the Plenitude of GOD.

VIII.

Abba Father ! hear thy Child
 Late in JESUS reconcil'd !
 Hear, and all the Graces show'r,
 All the Joy, and Peace, and Pow'r,
 All my Saviour asks above,
 All the Life and Heav'n of Love.

IX.

LORD, I will not let thee go,
 Till THE BLESSING thou bestow :
 Hear my Advocate divine :
 Lo ; to His my Suit I join :
 Join'd to His it cannot fail ———
 Bless me, for I *will* prevail.

X.

Stoop from thy eternal Throne,
 See, thy Promise calls Thee down!
 High and lofty as Thou art,
 Dwell within my worthless Heart!
 Hear, a fainting Soul revive;
 Here for ever walk and live.

XI.

Heav'nly *Adam*, Life divine,
 Change my Nature into Thine:
 Move, and spread throughout my Soul,
 Actuate and fill the whole:
 Be it I no longer now,
 Living in the Flesh, but Thou.

XII.

HOLY GHOST, no more delay,
 Come, and in thy Temple stay;
 Now thy inward Witness bear,
 Strong, and permanent, and clear;
 Spring of Life, Thyself impart,
 Rise eternal in my Heart!

LONGING.

I.

WITH bending Knees, and aking Eyes,
 Weary and faint, to Thee my Cries,
 To Thee my Tears, my Groans I send:
 O when shall my Complainings end?

II.

Wither'd my Heart, like barren Ground
 Accurs'd of God; my Head turns round,
 My Throat is hoarse: I faint, I fall,
 Yet falling, still for Pity call.

Eternal.

III.

Eternal Streams of Pity flow,
From Thee their source to Earth below :
Mothers are kind, because thou art,
Thy Tendernefs o'erflows their Heart.

VI.

LORD of my Soul, bow down thine Ear,
Hear, Bowels of Compassion, hear !
O give not to the Winds my Pray'r :
Thy Name, thy hallow'd Name is there !

V.

Look on my Sorrows, mark them well,
The Shame, the Pangs, the Fires I feel ;
Consider, LORD, thine Ear incline !
Thy Son hath made my Suff'rings thine.

VI.

Thou, JESU, on th' accursed Tree
Didst bow thy dying Head for me ;
Incline it. now ! Who made the Ear,
Shall he, shall he forget to hear !

VII.

See thy poor Dust, in Pity see,
It stirs, it creeps, it aims at Thee !
Haste, save it from the greedy Tomb !
Come ! ——— Ev'ry Atom bids Thee come !

VIII.

'Tis thine to help ! Forget me not !
O be thy Mercy ne'er forgot !
I lock'd is thy Ear ! Yet still my Plea
May speed ; for Mercy keeps the Key.

IX.

Thou tarry'st, while I sink, I die,
And fall to nothing ! Thou on high
Seest me undone. Yet am I stil'd
By thee (lost as I am) thy Child !

Didst

X.

Didst Thou for this forsake thy Throne?
 Where are thy ancient Mercies gone?
 Why should my Pain, my Guilt survive,
 And Sin be dead, yet Sorrow live?

XI.

Yet Sin is dead; and yet abide
 Thy Promises; they speak, they chide:
 They in thy Bosom pour my Tears,
 And my Complaints present as theirs.

XII.

Hear, JESU! hear my broken Heart!
 Broken so long, that ev'ry Part
 Hath got a Tongue that ne'er shall cease,
 Till thou pronounce, "Depart in Peace."

XIII.

My Love, my Saviour, hear my Cry;
 By these thy Feet at which I lie!
 Pluck out thy Dart! Regard my Sighs;
 Now heal my Soul, or now it dies.

GOD'S Love to Mankind.

I.

O God, of Good th' unfathom'd Sea,
 Who would not give his Heart to Thee?
 Who would not love Thee with his Might?
 O JESU, Lover of Mankind,
 Who would not his whole Soul and Mind
 With all his Strength to thee unite?

II.

Thou shin'st with everlasting Rays;
 Before th' unsufferable Blaze

Angels

Angels with both Wings veil their Eyes:
 Yet free as Air thy Bounty streams
 On all thy Works, thy Mercy's Beams,
 Diffusive as thy Sun's, arise.

III.

Astonish'd at thy frowning Brow,
 Earth, Hell and Heav'n's strong Pillars bow,
 'Terrible Majesty is Thine!
 Who then can that vast Love express
 Which bows Thee down to me, who less
 Than nothing am, till Thou art mine?

IV.

High-thron'd on Heav'n's eternal Hill,
 In Number, Weight, and Measure still
 Thou sweetly order'st all that is:
 And yet Thou deign'st to come to me,
 And guide my Steps, that I with Thee
 Enthron'd, may reign in endless Bliss.

V.

Fountain of Good, all Blessing flows
 From Thee; no Want thy Fulness knows:
 What but Thyself canst Thou desire?
 Yes; self-sufficient as Thou art,
 Thou dost desire my worthless Heart,
 This, only This Thou dost require.

VI.

Primæval Beauty! in thy Sight
 'The first-born, fairest Sons of Light
 See all their brightest Glories fade:
 What then to me thy Eyes could turn,
 In Sin conceiv'd, of Woman born,
 A Worm, a Leaf, a Blast, a Shade?

VII.

Hell's Armies tremble at thy Nod,
 And trembling own th'Almighty God

Sov'reign

Sov'reign of Earth, Air, Hell and Sky.
 But who is this that comes from far,
 Whose Garments roll'd in Blood appear?
 'Tis GOD made Man, for Man to die!

VIII.

O GOD, of Good th' unfathom'd Sea,
 Who would not give his Heart to Thee?
 Who would not love Thee with his Might?
 O JESU, Lover of Mankind,
 Who would not his whole Soul, and Mind,
 With all his Strength, to Thee unite?

HYMN *on the Titles of* CHRIST.

I.

ARISE my Soul, arise
 Thy Saviour's Sacrifice!
 All the Names that Love could find,
 All the Forms that Love could take,
 JESUS in himself has join'd,
 Thee, my Soul, his own to make.

II.

Equal with GOD most high,
 He laid his Glory by:
 He, th' eternal GOD, was born,
 Man with Men he deign'd t' appear,
 Object of his Creature's Scorn,
 Pleas'd a Servant's Form to wear.

III.

Hail everlasting LORD,
 Divine, incarnate *Word!*
 Thee let all my Pow'rs confess,
 Thee my latest Breath proclaim;
 Help, ye Angel Choirs to bless,
 Shout the lov'd *Immanuel's* Name,

Fruit

IV.

Fruit of a Virgin's Womb

The promis'd Blessing's come :

CHRIST, the Father's Hope of old,

CHRIST, the *Woman's* conqu'ring *Seed*,

CHRIST, the Saviour, long foretold,

Born to bruise the Serpent's Head.

V.

Refulgent from afar,

See the bright *Morning-star*!

See the *Day-spring* from on high,

Late in deepest Darkness, rise,

Night recedes, the Shadows fly,

Flame with Day the op'ning Skies!

VI.

Our Eyes on Earth survey

The dazzling *Shechinah*!

Bright in endless Glory bright;

Now in Flesh he stoops to dwell,

GOD of GOD, and Light of Light,

Image of th' Invisible.

VII.

He shines on Earth ador'd,

The *Presence of the LORD* :

GOD, the mighty GOD and true,

GOD by highest Heav'n confest,

Stands display'd to mortal View,

GOD supreme, for ever blest.

VIII.

JESU! to Thee I bow,

Th' Almighty's *Fellow* Thou!

Thou the Father's only Son;

Pleas'd He ever is in Thee,

Just, and holy, Thou alone,

Full of Grace and Truth—for me.

IX.

High above ev'ry Name,
 JESUS, the great *I AM!*
 Bows to *JESUS* ev'ry Knee,
 Things in Heav'n, and Earth, and Hell,
 Saints adore him, Demons flee,
 Fiends, and Men, and Angels feel.

X.

He left his Throne above,
 Empty'd of all, but Love:
 Whom the Heav'ns cannot contain
 GOD vouchsaf'd a Worm t' appear,
 LORD of Glory, *Son of Man,*
 Poor, and vile, and abject here.

XI.

His own on Earth he sought,
 His own receiv'd him not:
 Him, a Sign by All blasphem'd,
 Out cast and despis'd of Men,
 Him they all a Madman deem'd,
 Bold to scoff the *Nazarene.*

XII.

Hail *Galilean King!*
 Thy humble State I sing;
 Never shall my Triumphs end,
 Hail derided Majesty.
 JESUS, hail! the Sinner's Friend,
Friend of Publicans—and Me!

XIII.

Thine Eye observ'd my Pain,
 Thou good *Samaritan!*
 Spoil'd I lay, and bruis'd by Sin,
 Gasp'd my faint, expiring Soul,
 Wine and Oil thy Love pour'd in,
 Clos'd my Wounds, and made me whole.

Hail

XIV.

Hail the Life giving LORD,
 Divine, engrafted Word!
 Thee the *Life* my Soul has found,
 Thee the *Resurrection* prov'd:
 Dead I heard the quick'ning Sound,
 Own'd thy Voice; believ'd and lov'd!

XV.

With Thee gone up on high
 I live, no more to die:
First and Last, I feel Thee now,
 Witness of thy empty Tomb,
Alpha and Omega Thou
 Wast, and art, and art to come!

HYMN to CHRIST.

I.

STILL, O my Soul prolong
 The never ceasing Song!
CHRIST my Theme, my Hope, my Joy;
 His be all my happy Days,
 Praise my ev'ry Hour employ,
 Ev'ry Breath be spent in Praise.

II.

His would I wholly be
 Who liv'd and dy'd for me:
 Grief was all his Life below,
 Pain, and Poverty, and Loss:
 Mine the Sins that bruis'd him so,
 Scourg'd and nail'd him to the Cross.

III.

He bore the Curse of All,
 A spotless Criminal:
 Burden'd with a World of Guilt,
 Blacken'd with *Imputed Sin*,
 Man to save his Blood he spilt,
 Dy'd, to make the Sinner clean.

IV.

Join Earth and Heav'n to bless
 The *LORD our Righteousness!*
 Myst'ry of Redemption 'Tis,
 'Tis the Saviour's strange Design,
 Man's Offence was counted his,
 Ours is Righteousness divine.

V.

Far as our Parent's Fall
 The Gift is come to All:
 Sinn'd we all, and dy'd in One?
 Just in One we all are made,
 CHRIST the Law fulfill'd alone,
 Dy'd for All, for All obey'd.

VI.

In him compleat we shine,
 His Death, his Life is mine.
 Fully am I justify'd,
 Free from Sin, and more than free;
 Guiltless, since for me he dy'd,
 Righteous, since he liv'd for me!

VII.

JESU! to Thee I bow,
 Sav'd to the utmost now.
 O the Depth of Love divine!
 Who thy Wisdom's Stores can tell?
 Knowledge infinite is Thine,
 All thy Ways unsearchable!

I.

LORD, not unto Me
 (The Whole I disclaim)
 All Glory to Thee
 Thro' JESUS'S Name!
 Thy Gifts and thy Graces
 Pour'd down from above,
 Demand all our Praises,
 Our Thanks, and our Love.

II.

Thy Faithfulness, LORD,
 Each Moment we find,
 So true to thy Word,
 So loving and kind;
 Thy Mercy so tender
 To all the lost Race,
 The foulest Offender
 May turn, and find Grace.

III.

The Mercy I feel,
 To others I shew,
 I set to my Seal
 That JESUS is true;
 Ye all may find Favour
 Who come at his Call;
 O! come to my Saviour,
 His Grace is for all.

IV.

To save what was lost
 From Heaven he came:
 Come, Sinners, and trust
 In JESUS'S Name;
 He offers you Pardon,
 He bids you "Be free,"
 "If Sin is your Burden,
 "O! come unto Me!

V.

O let me commend
 My Saviour to you,
 The Publican's Friend
 And Advocate too :
 For you he is pleading
 His Merits and Death
 With God interceding
 For Sinners beneath.

VI.

Then let us submit
 His Grace to receive,
 Fall down at his Feet,
 And gladly believe ;
 We all are forgiven
 For JESUS's sake,
 Our Title to Heaven
 His Merits we take.

I.

MY GOD (if I may call Thee mine
 From Heav'n and Thee remov'd so far)
 Draw nigh ; thy pitying Ear incline,
 And cast not out my languid Pray'r.
 Gently the Weak Thou lov'st to lead,
 Thou lov'st to prop the feeble Knee ;
 O break not then a bruised Reed,
 Nor quench the smoking Flax in me.

II.

Buried in Sin, thy Voice I hear,
 And burst the Barriers of my Tomb,
 In all the Marks of Death appear,
 Forth at thy Call, tho' bound, I come:
 Give me, O give me fully, LORD,
 Thy Resurrection's Pow'r to know :

Free

Free me indeed, pronounce the Word,
And loose my Bands, and let me go.

III.

Fain would I go to Thee, my GOD,
Thy Mercies and my Wants to tell:
I feel my Pardon seal'd in Blood;
Saviour thy Love I wait to feel.
Freed from the Pow'r of cancel'd Sin:
When shall my Soul triumphant prove?
Why breaks not out the Fire within
In Flames of Joy and Praise and Love?

IV.

When shall my Eye affect my Heart,
Sweetly dissolv'd in gracious Tears?
Ah, LORD, the Stone to Flesh convert!
And till thy lovely Face appears,
Still may I at thy Footstool keep,
And watch the Smile of op'ning Heav'n:
Much would I pray, and love, and weep;
I would, for I have much forgiv'n.

V.

Yet, O! ten thousand Lufts remain,
And vex my Soul absolv'd from Sin,
Still rebel Nature strives to reign,
Still am I all unclean, unclean!
Affail'd by Pride, allur'd by Sense,
On Earth the Creatures court my stay;
False flatt'ring Idols, get ye hence,
Created Good be far away!

VI.

JESU, to Thee my Soul aspires,
JESU, to Thee I plight my Vows,
Keep me from earthly base Desires,
My GOD, my Saviour, and my Spouse.
Fountain of all-sufficient Bliss,
Thou art the Good I seek below;

Fulness of Joy in Thee there is,
Without 'tis Mis'ry all and Woe.

VII.

Take this poor wand'ring, worthless Heart,
Its Wand'rings all to Thee are known,
May no false Rival claim a Part,
Nor Sin disseize Thee of thine own.
Stir up thy interposing Pow'r,
Save me from Sin, from Idols save,
Snatch me from fierce Temptation's Hour,
And hide, O hide me in the Grave!

VIII.

I know Thou wilt accept me Now,
I know my Sins are now forgiv'n!
My Head to Death O let me bow,
Nor keep my Life, to lose my Heav'n.
Far from this Snare my Soul remove,
This only Cup I would decline,
I deprecate a Creature-Love,
O take me, to secure me Thine.

IX.

Or if thy wiser Will ordain:
The Trial I would die to shun,
Welcome the Strife, the Grief, the Pain,
Thy Name be prais'd, thy Will be done!
I from thy Hand the Cup receive,
Meekly submit to thy Decree,
Gladly for Thee consent to live!
Thou, LORD, hast liv'd, hast dy'd for me!

ISAIAH xliii. 1, 2, 3.

I.

PEACE, doubting Heart—my God's I am!
Who form'd me Man forbids my Fear:
The LORD hath call'd me by my Name,

The

The LORD protects for ever near :
His Blood for me did once atone,
And still he loves, and guards his own.

II.

When passing thro' the watry Deep,
I ask in Faith his promis'd Aid,
The Waves an awful Distance keep,
And shrink from my devoted Head :
Fearless their Violence I dare,
They cannot harm, for GOD is there !

III.

To Him my Eye of Faith I turn,
And thro' the Fire pursue my Way ;
The Fire forgets its Pow'r to burn,
The lambent Flames around me play :
I own his Pow'r, accept the Sign,
And shout to prove the Saviour mine.

IV.

Still nigh me, O my Saviour, stand,
And guard in fierce Temptation's Hour ;
Hide in the Hollow of thy Hand,
Shew forth in me thy saving Pow'r :
Still be thy Arm my sure Defence,
Nor Earth nor Hell shall pluck me thence.

V.

Since Thou hast bid me come to thee,
(Good as thou art, and strong to save)
I'll walk o'er Life's tempest'ous Sea,
Up-born by the unyielding Wave ;
Dauntless, tho' Rocks of Pride be near,
And yawning Whirlpools of Despair.

VI.

When Darknes intercepts the Skies,
And Sorrow's Waves around me roll ;

When

When high the Storms of Passion rise,
 And half o'erwhelm my sinking Soul ;
 My Soul a sudden Calm shall feel,
 And hear a Whisper, " Peace, be still."

VII.

Tho' in Affliction's Furnace try'd,
 Unhurt, on Snares and Deaths I'll tread ;
 Tho' Sin assail, and Hell thrown wide
 Pour all its Flames upon my Head,
 Like *Moses'* Bush I'll mount the higher,
 And flourish unconsum'd in Fire.

Dialogue of ANGELS *and* MEN.

I.

Angels. YE Worms of Earth our GOD admire,
 The GOD of Angels praise ;
Men. Praise him for us ye Angels Choir,
 The Earth born Sons of Grace.

II.

Ang. His Image view, in Us display'd
 His nobler Creatures view.
Men. Lower than you our Souls he made ;
 But he redeem'd them too.

III.

Ang. As Gods we did in Glory shine,
 Before the World began :
Men. Our Nature too becomes divine,
 And GOD himself is Man.

IV.

Ang. He cloath'd us in these Robes of Light,
 The Shadow of his Son :

Men.

Men. We with transcendent Glory bright
Have CHRIST himself put on.

V.

Ang. Spirits like him he made us be,
A pure Æthereal Flame:

Men. Join'd to the LORD, one Spirit we
With JESUS are the same.

VI.

Ang. We see him on his dazzling Throne,
Crowns he to us imparts:

Men. To us the King of Kings comes down
And reigns within our Hearts.

VII.

Ang. Pure as he did at first create,
We Angels never fell:

Men. He saves us in our lost Estate,
And rescues Man from Hell.

VIII.

Ang. When others sinn'd, we faithful prov'd,
His Love preserv'd us true;

Men. Yet own that we are more lov'd,
He never dy'd for you.

IX

Ang. Worms of the Earth, to you we own
The nobler Grace is giv'n:
Then praise with us the great Three One
Till we all meet in Heav'n.

FREE GRACE.

I.

AND can it be, that I should gain
An Int'rest in the Saviour's Blood!
Dy'd he for me?—who caus'd his Pain!
For me?—who him to Death pursu'd.

Amazing

Amazing Love! how can it be
That Thou, my GOD, should'st die for me?

II.

'Tis Myst'ry all! th' Immortal dies!
Who can explore his strange Design?
In vain the first born Seraph tries
To sound the Depths of Love Divine:
'Tis Mercy all! let Earth adore;
Let Angel Minds enquire no more.

III.

He left his Father's Throne above,
(So free, so infinite his Grace!)
Empty'd himself of All, but Love,
And bled for *Adam's* helpless Race:
'Tis Mercy all, immense and free!
For, O my GOD, it found out me!

IV.

Long my imprison'd Spirit lay,
Fast bound in Sin and Nature's Night:
Thine Eye diffus'd a quick'ning Ray;
I woke; the Dungeon flam'd with Light;
My Chains fell off, my Heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and follow'd Thee.

V.

Still the small inward Voice I hear,
That whispers all my Sins forgiv'n:
Still th' attoning Blood is near,
That quench'd the Wrath of hostile Heav'n:
I feel the Life his Wounds impart,
I feel my Saviour in my Heart.

VI.

No Condemnation now I dread,
JESUS, and all in him, is mine:
Alive in him, my living Head,
And cloath'd in Righteousness divine,
Bold I approach th' eternal Throne,
And claim the Crown, thro' CHRIST, my own.

F I N I S.

