

W. P. Wood
P O C K E T

H Y M N B O O K,

F O R T H E U S E O F

C H R I S T I A N S

O F A L L

D E N O M I N A T I O N S.



L O N D O N:

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The P R E F A C E.

1. **A** Few years ago I was desired by many of our Preachers, to prepare and publish a small Pocket Hymn-Book, to be used in common in our Societies. This I promised to do, as soon as I had finished some other business, which was then on my hands. But before I could do this, a Bookseller stepped in, and without my consent or knowledge, extracted such an Hymn-Book, chiefly from our Works, and spread several Editions of it throughout the kingdom.

2. Two years ago I published a Pocket Hymn-Book, according to my promise. But most of our people were supplied already with the other Hymns. And these are largely circulated still. To cut off all pretence from the Methodists, for buying them, our Brethren
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in the late Conference at *Bristol* advised me, to print the same Hymn-Book which had been printed at *York*. This I have done in the present volume; only with this difference:

3. First, Out of those two hundred and thirty-two Hymns, I have omitted seven and thirty. These I did not dare to palm upon the world; because fourteen of them appeared to me very flat and dull: fourteen more, mere prose, tagged with rhyme: and nine more to be grievous doggerel. But a friend tells me, "Some of these, especially those two that are doggerel double distilled, namely, "The despised Nazarene," and that which begins, "A Christ I have, O what a Christ have I," are hugely admired, and continually echoed from *Berwick-upon-Tweed* to *London*." If they are, I am sorry for it: it will bring a deep reproach on the judgment of the Methodists. But I dare not increase that reproach, by countenancing in any degree such an insult both on Religion and Common Sense. And I earnestly intreat all our Preachers, not only never to give them out, but to discountenance them by all prudent means, both in public and private.

4. Secondly, I have added a considerable number of the best Hymns, which we have ever published: although I am sensible they will not suit the taste of the admirers of Doggerel. But I advise them, to keep their own counsel, and not betray their want of judgment.

5. Thirdly,

5. Thirdly, Whereas in the other Hymn-Book the Hymns are strangely thrown out of their places, and all jumbled together, they are here carefully methodized again, and ranged in their proper order.

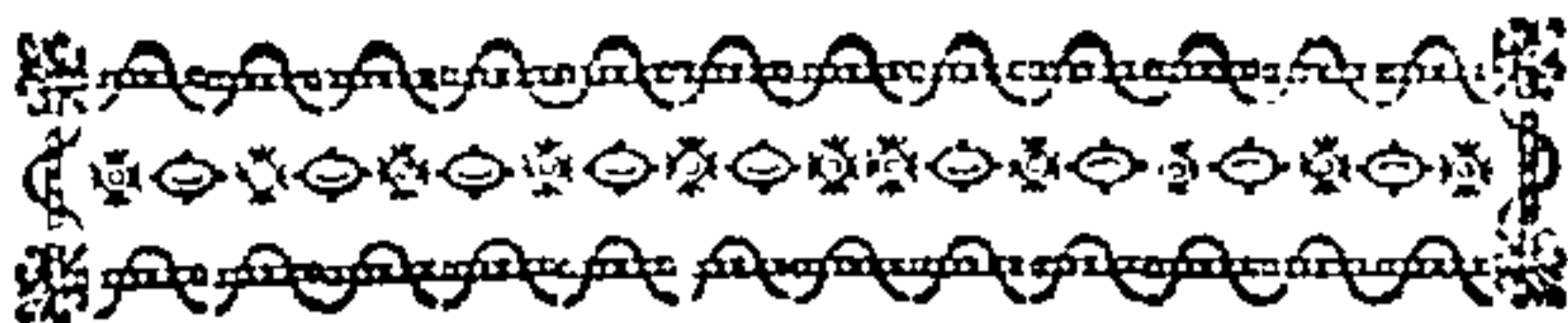
6. "But did not you in a late Preface, give any one leave to print your Hymns that pleased?" No: I never did: I never said, I never intended any such thing: my words are (p. 6., "Many have—reprinted many of our Hymns. *They* are perfectly welcome so to do: provided they print them just as they are." "They are welcome!" Who? Why Mr. Madan, Berridge, and those that have done it already, for the use of their several Congregations. But could any one imagine I meant a *Bookseller*? Or that a Methodist *Bookseller* would undertake it! To take a whole book out of mine? Only adding a few shreds out of other books, for form sake! And could I mean, He was welcome to publish this among Methodists, just at the time when I had engaged to do it myself? Does not every one, unless he shuts his eyes, see, that every shilling he gains by it, he takes out of my pocket? Yet not so properly out of mine, as out of the pockets of the poor Preachers? For I lay up nothing: and I lay out no more upon myself than I did forty years ago. (My carriage is no expence to *me*, that expence being borne by a few friends.) But what I receive is for the poor, and especially the poor Preachers.

7. Upon the whole : although there are some Hymns in this book, which I should never have printed, but that I was desired to reprint *the whole book* printed at York : yet I am bold to recommend this small Hymn-Book, as the best of the size that has ever been published among the Methodists. But it is still greatly inferior to the large Hymn-Book : in which I believe the judicious and candid Reader, may find a clear explication of every branch both of Speculative and Practical Divinity.

HIGHBURY PLACE,
Nov. 15, 1786.

JOHN WESLEY.





A

P O C K E T
H Y M N B O O K.



P A R T I.

CONTAINING INTRODUCTORY HYMNS.

S E C T I O N I.

Exhorting and beseeching to return to God.

H Y M N I. [Leeds Tune.

- 1 **O** For a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!
- 2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim!
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honours of thy name.
- 3 Jesus the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease:
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

8 EXHORTING AND BESEECHING

- 4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean:
His blood avail'd for me.
- 5 Hear him, ye deaf: his praise, ye dumb,
Your loos'n'd tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy!
- 6 Look unto him, ye nations, own
Your God, ye fallen race;
Look, and be sav'd through faith alone,
Be justified by grace
- 7 See all your sins on Jesus laid;
The Lamb of God was slain,
His soul was once an offering made
For every soul of man.
- 8 Awake from guilty nature's sleep,
And Christ shall give you light;
Cast all your sins into the deep,
And wash th' Æthiop white:
- 9 With me your chief ye then shall know,
Shall feel your sins forgiven;
Anticipate your heaven below,
And own that love is heaven.

H Y M N II. [Invitation.]

- 1 **C**OME, sinners to the gospel-feast;
Let every soul be Jesu's guest;
Ye need not one be left behind;
For God hath bidden all mankind.
- 2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all:
Come all the world: come, sinner, thou!
All things in Christ are ready now.

3 Come all ye souls by sin opprest,
Ye restless wand'ers after rest;
Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 Come, and partake the gospel-feast,
Be sav'd from sin; in Jesus rest:
O taste the goodness of your God,
And eat his flesh, and drink his blood.

5 Ye vagrant souls on you I call:
(O that my voice could reach you all!)
Ye all are freely justified;
Ye all may live: for Christ hath died.

6 My message as from God receive:
Ye all may come to Christ, and live:
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain!

7 His love is mighty to compel:
His conquering love consent to feel:
Yield to his love's resistless power;
And fight against your God no more.

8 See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding sacrifice!
His offered benefits embrace,
And freely now be sav'd by grace!

9 This is the time: no more delay!
This is your acceptable day:
Come in, this moment, at his call,
And live for him, who died for all!

H Y M N III. [Tallis.

1 **O** All that pass by, To Jesus draw near,
'He utters a cry: Ye sinners give ear!
From hell to retrieve you He spreads out his hands:
Now, now to receive you He graciously stands.

10 EXHORTING AND BESEECHING

- 2 If any man thirst, And happy would be,
The vilest and worst May come unto me :
May drink of my spirit, (Excepted is none,)
Lay claim to my merit, And take for his own.
- 3 Whoever receives The life-giving word,
In Jesus believes, His God and his Lord,
In him a pure river Of life shall arise,
Shall in the believer'Spring up to the skies.
- 4 My God, and my Lord ! thy call I obey ;
My soul on thy word Of promise I stay :
Thy kind invitation I gladly embrace ;
Athirst for salvation, Salvation by grace.
- 5 O hasten the hour ! Send down from above
The spirit of power, Of health, and of love ;
Of filial fear, Of knowledge and grace ;
Of wisdom, of prayer, Of joy, and of praise :
- 6 The spirit of faith, Of faith in thy blood,
Which saves us from wrath, And brings us to God ;
Removes the huge mountain Of indwelling sin,
And opens a fountain, That washes us clean.

H Y M N IV. [Invitation.

- 1 **H**O ! every one, that thirst, draw nigh ;
('Tis God invites the fallen race ;)
Mercy and free salvation buy ;
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel-grace.
- 2 Come to the living waters, come ;
Sinners, obey your Maker's call ;
Return ye weary wand'ers, home,
And find my grace is free for all.
- 3 See, from the Rock a fountain rise !
For you in healing streams it rolls :
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye labouring, burthen'd sin-sick souls.

- 4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give,
 Leave all you have, and are behind;
 Frankly the gift of God receive,
 Pardon and peace in Jesus find.
- 5 Why seek ye that, which is not bread,
 Nor can your hungry souls sustain?
 On ashes, husks, and air ye feed
 Ye spend your little all in vain.
- 6 In search of empty joys below
 Ye toil with unavailing strife:
 Whither, ah! whither would you go?
 I have the words of endless life.
- 7 Hearken to me with earnest care,
 And freely eat substantial food;
 The sweetness of my mercy share,
 And taste, that I alone am good.
- 8 I bid you all my goodness prove,
 My promises for all are free:
 Come, taste the manna of my love,
 And let your soul delight in me.
- 9 Your willing ear and heart incline,
 My words believingly receive;
 Quickened your soul by faith divine,
 An everlasting life shall live.

H Y M N V. [Tallis.

- 1 **T**HY 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.
- 2 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.

3 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 be your burden, O come unto me !

4 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.

5 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.

H Y M N VI. [Foundery.

Why will ye die, O House of Israel.—Ezek. xviii. 31.

1 SINNERS, turn, why will you die ?
God, your Maker, asks you why.
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live ;
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands,
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love, and die ?

2 Sinners, turn, why will you die ?
God, your Saviour, asks you why.
God, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself, that you might live.
Will you let him die in vain ?
Crucify your Lord again ?
Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why
Will you slight his grace, and die ?

3 Sinners, turn, why will you die ?
God, the Spirit, asks you why.
He who all your lives hath strove,
Woo'd you to embrace his love.

Will you not the grace receive?
 Will you still refuse to live?
 Why, ye long sought sinners, why
 Will you grieve your God, and die?

- 4 Dead, already; dead within,
 Spiritually dead in sin,
 Dead to God, while here you breathe,
 Pant ye after second death?
 Will you still in sin remain,
 Greedy of eternal pain?
 O ye dying sinners, why,
 Why will you for ever die?

H Y M N VII. [Invitation.

Part the First.

SINNERS, obey the gospel-word!
 Halte to the supper of my Lord:
 Be wise to know your gracious day!
 All things are ready; come away!

- 2 Ready the Father is to own,
 And kils his late returning son:
 Ready your loving Saviour stands,
 And spreads for you his bleeding hands.
- 3 Ready the Spirit of his love
 Just now the stony to remove;
 'To' apply, and witness with the blood,
 And wash, and seal the sons of God.
- 4 Ready for you the angels wait
 To triumph in your blest estate:
 Tuning their harps they long to praise
 The wonders of redeeming grace.

- 5 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Is ready with their shining host:
All heaven is ready to resound,
“The dead’s alive! The lost is found.”

Part the Second.

- 1 **C**OME then, ye sinners, to your Lord,
In Christ to paradise restor’d,
His proffer’d benefits embrace,
The plenitude of gospel-grace.
- 2 A pardon written with his blood,
The favour and the peace of God;
The seeing eye, the feeling sense,
The mystic joys of penitence:
- 3 The godly grief, the pleasing smart,
The meltings of a broken heart:
The tears that tell your sins forgiven:
The sighs, that waft your souls to heaven:
- 4 The guiltless shame, the sweet distress,
Th’ unutterable tenderness;
The genuine, meek humility;
The wonder “Why such love to me!”
- 5 Th’ o’erwhelming power of saving grace,
The light, that veils the seraph’s face;
The speechless awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love.

S E C T I O N II.

1. Describing the pleasantness of Religion.

H Y M N VIII. [Brentford.

- 1 **C**OME ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known:
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround his throne:

Let those refuse to sing,
 Who never knew our God :
 But servants of the heavenly king
 May speak their joys abroad.

2 The God that rules on high,
 That all the earth surveys,
 That rides upon the stormy sky,
 And calms the roaring seas ;
 This awful God is ours,
 Our father and our love ;
 He will send down his heavenly powers
 To carry us above.

3 There we shall see his face,
 And never, never sin :
 There from the rivers of his grace
 Drink endless pleasures in.
 Yea, and before we rise
 To that immortal state,
 The thoughts of such amazing bliss
 Should constant joys create.

4 The men of grace have found
 Glory begun below ;
 Celestial fruits on earthly ground
 From faith and hope may grow :
 Then let our songs abound,
 And every tear be dry :
 We're marching through Immanuel's ground
 To fairer worlds on high.

H Y M N IX. [Leeds.

1 **M**Y God, the spring of all my joys,
 The life of my delights,
 The glory of my brightest days,
 And comfort of my nights.

16 PLEASANTNESS OF RELIGION.

- 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 sheds 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 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
 I'd break through every foe;
 The wings of love and arms of faith
 Would bear me conquerer through.

H Y M N X. [Arnc.

- 1 **H**APPY soul, that, free from harms,
 Rests within his Shepherd's arms!
 Who his quiet shall molest?
 Who shall violate his rest?
 Jesus doth his spirit bear,
 Jesus takes his every care:
 He who found the wandring sheep,
 Jesus still delights to keep.
- 2 O that I might so believe,
 Stedfastly to Jesus cleave;
 On his only love rely,
 Smile at the destroyer nigh!
 Free from sin and servile fear,
 Have my Jesus ever near;
 All his care & joy to prove,
 All his paradise of love!

3 Jesus, seek thy wandring sheep;
 Bring me back, and lead, and keep;
 Take on thee my every care;
 Bear me, on thy bosom bear.
 Let me know my Shepherd's voice,
 More and more in thee rejoice;
 More and more of thee receive,
 Ever in thy spirit live:

4 Live, till all thy life I know,
 Perfect through my Lord below:
 Gladly then from earth remove,
 Gather'd to the fold above!
 O that I at last may stand
 With the sheep at thy right-hand;
 Take the crown so freely given:
 Enter in by thee to heaven.

H Y M N XI. [Cambridge.

1 **H**APPY the man, that finds the grace,
 The blessing of God's chosen race,
 The wisdom coming from above,
 The faith that sweetly works by love.

2 Happy beyond description he,
 Who knows, the Saviour died for me,
 The gift unspeakable obtains,
 And heavenly understanding gains.

3 Wisdom divine! Who tells the price
 Of wisdom's costly merchandize?
 Wisdom to silver we prefer,
 And gold is dross, compared to her.

4 Her hands are fill'd with length of days,
 True riches, and immortal praise:
 Riches of Christ on all bestow'd,
 And honour that descends from God.

28 PLEASANTNESS OF RELIGION.

5 To purest joys she all invites,
Chaste, holy, spiritual delights;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flowery paths are peace.

6 Happy the man who wisdom gains;
Thrice happy who his guest retains;
He owns, and shall for ever own,
Wisdom, and Christ, and heaven are one.

H Y M N XII. [Wednesbury.]

HAPPY the souls to Jesus join'd,
And lov'd by grace alone:
Walking in all his ways they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

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 hence our spirits rise:
And he that in thy statutes treads,
Shall meet thee in the skies.

H Y M N XIII. [Amsterdam.]

1 **M**AKER, Saviour of mankind,
Who hast on me bestow'd
An immortal soul, design'd
To be the house of God:

Come, and now reside in me,
 Never, never to remove,
 Make me just, and good, like thee,
 And full of power, and love!

2 Bid me in thy image rise,
 A saint, a creature new;
 True, and merciful, and wise,
 And pure, and happy too.
 This thy primitive design,
 That I should in thee be blest:
 Should within the arms divine
 For ever, ever rest.

3 Let thy will on me be done;
 Fulfil my heart's desire,
 Thee to know, and love alone;
 And rise in raptures higher,
 Thee descending on a cloud,
 When with ravish'd eyes I see:
 Then I shall be fill'd with God
 To all eternity.

H Y M N XIV. [Triumph.

1 **R**EJOICE evermore, With angels above,
 In Jesus's power, In Jesus's love;
 With glad exultation Your triumph proclaim,
 Ascribing salvation To God and the Lamb.

2 Thou, Lord, our relief In trouble hast been;
 Hast sav'd us from grief, Hast sav'd us from sin:
 The power of thy Spirit Hath set our hearts free;
 And now we inherit All fulness in thee.

3 All fulness of peace, All fulness of joy;
 And spiritual blifs, That never shall cloy:
 To us it is given In Jesus to know
 A kingdom of heaven, A heavenbelow.

- 4 No longer we join, While sinners invite,
Nor envy the swine Their brutish delight;
Their joy is all sadness, Their mirth is all vain,
Their laughter is madness, Their pleasure is pain!
- 5 O might they at last With sorrow return
The pleasures to taste, For which they were born;
Our Jesus receiving, Our happiness prove,
The joy of believing the heaven of love.

H Y M N XV. [Wentwo.]

- 1 **H**OW vain are all things here below!
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.
- 2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flatt'ring light;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.
- 3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wav'ring minds,
And leave but half for God!
- 4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.
- 5 Dear Saviour, let thy beams be
My soul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

HYMN XVI. [Dedication.

1 **W**EARLY souls, that wander wide
From the central point of bliss,
Turn to Jesus crucified,
Fly to those dear wounds of his;
Sink into the purple flood;
Rise into the life of God!

2 Find in Christ the way of peace,
Peace unspeakable, unknown;
By his pain he gives you ease,
Life by his expiring groan;
Rise exalted by his fall,
Find in Christ your all in all.

3 **C** believe the record true,
God to you his Son hath given!
Ye may now be happy too;
Find on earth the life of heaven;
Live the life of heaven above,
All the life of glorious love.

4 This the universal bliss
Bliss for every soul design'd:
God's original promise this,
God's great gift to all mankind:
Bless in Christ this moment be!
Bless to all eternity!

HYMN XVII. [Fetter-Lanc.

2. *Describing the Goodness of God.*

1 **B**EHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nail'd to the shameful tree;
How vast the love, that him inclin'd
To bleed, and die for thee!

- 2 Hark, how he groans! while nature shakes,
 And earth's strong pillars bend!
 The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
 The solid marbles rend.
- 3 '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.
- 4 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!

H Y M N XVIII. [Evesham.

- 1 **O**F him who did salvation bring,
 I could for ever think and sing;
 Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive;
 Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve.
- 2 Ask but his grace, and lo! 'tis given;
 Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven;
 Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
 Jesu, thy balm will make it whole.
- 3 To shame our sins he blush'd in blood,
 He clos'd his eyes to shew us God;
 Let all the world fall down and know
 That none but God such love could show.
- 4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone
 I shed my tears and make my moan;
 Where'er I am, where'er I move,
 I meet the object of my love.
- 5 Infatiate to this spring I fly;
 I drink, and yet am ever dry;
 Ah! who against thy charms is proof?
 Ah! who that loves can love enough?

HYMN XIX. [Irene.

1 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.

2 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.

3 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.

4 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 immerst and lost in love!

HYMN XX. [Welsh.

1 O Love divine! what hast thou done?
 Th' immortal God hath died for me!
 The Father's co-eternal Son
 Bore all my sins upon the tree
 Th' immortal God for me hath died,
 My Lord, my Love is crucified.

2 Behold him, all ye that pass by,
 The bleeding Prince of life and peace?
 Come, see, ye worms, your Maker die,
 And say, was ever grief like his!
 Come, feel with me his blood applied:
 My Lord, my Love is crucified:

3 Is crucified for me and you,
 To bring us rebels back to God;
 Believe, believe the record true,
 Ye all are bought with Jesu's blood:
 Pardon for all flows from his side;
 My Lord, my Love is crucified.

4 Then let us sit beneath his cross,
 And gladly catch the healing stream:
 All things for him account but loss,
 And give up all our hearts to him:
 Of nothing think, or speak beside
 "My Lord, my Love is crucified."

H Y M N XXI. [Passion.

1 O God of all grace,
 Thy goodness we praise,
 Thy Son thou hast given to die in our place:
 With joy we approve
 The design of thy love,
 'Tis a wonder on earth, and a wonder above.

2 Tongue cannot explain
 The love of God-Man,
 Which the angels desire to look into in vain:
 It dazzles our eyes,
 Thought cannot arise,
 To find out a cause why the Infinite dies.

3 Or of pity inclin'd
 Him to die for mankind,
 The ground of his pity what seraph can find!

He came from above
 Our curse to remove, [love.
 He hath lov'd, he hath lov'd us, because he would

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

5 He hath ransom'd our race,
 O how shall we praise,
 Or worthily sing thy unspeakable grace?
 Nothing else will we know,
 In our journey below,
 But singing thy grace, to thy paradise go.

6 Nay, and when we remove
 To the mansions above,
 Our heaven shall still be to sing of thy love;
 When time is no more,
 We still shall adore
 The ocean of love, without bottom or shore.

7 Ere long we shall fly
 To the regions on high,
 For Israel's strength cannot vary or lie;
 He soon shall appear,
 He more than draws near,
 Our Jesus is come, and eternity's here.

H Y M N XXII. [Miss Edwin's

1 **L**ET earth and heaven agree,
 Angels and men be join'd,
 To celebrate with me,
 The Saviour of mankind;

To' adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And blest the sound of Jesu's name.

- 2 Jesus, transporting sound!
The joy of earth and heaven;
No other help is found;
No other name is given,
By which we can salvation have,
But Jesus came the world to save.
- 3 Jesus, harmonious name!
It charms the hosts above!
They evermore proclaim,
And wonder at his love!
'Tis all their happiness to gaze,
'Tis heaven to see our Jesu's face.
- 4 His name the sinner hears,
And is from sin let free;
'Tis music in his ears,
'Tis life and victory:
New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.
- 5 Stung by the scorpion sin,
My poor, expiring soul
The balmy sound drinks in,
And is at once made whole:
See there my Lord upon the tree!
I hear, I feel, he died for me.
- 6 O unexampled love!
O all-redeeming grace!
How swiftly didst thou move
To save a fallen race;
What shall I do to make it known,
What thou for all mankind hast done!

7 O for a trumpet-voice
 On all the world to call,
 To bid their hearts rejoice
 In him, who died for all!
 For all my Lord was crucified,
 For all, for all my Saviour died!

8 To love thy blessed will,
 Thy dying love to praise,
 Thy counsel to fulfil,
 And minister thy grace,
 Freely, what I receive, to give,
 'The life of heaven on earth I live.

H Y M N XXIII. [Mitcham.

1 JESUS, thou all-redeeming Lord,
 Thy blessing we implore,
 Open the door to preach thy word,
 The great, effectual door.

2 Gather the out-casts in, and save
 From sin and Satan's power;
 And let them now acceptance have,
 And know their gracious hour.

3 Lover of sou's, thou know'st to prize,
 What thou hast bought so dear;
 Come then, and in thy people's eyes
 With all thy wounds appear!

4 Appear, as when of old confest
 The suffering Son of God;
 And let them see thee in thy vest
 But newly dipt in blood.

5 The stony from their hearts remove,
 'Thou, who for all hast died;
 Shew them the tokens of thy love,
 Thy feet, thy hands, thy side.

- 6 Thy feet were nail'd to yonder tree
To trample down their sin;
Thy hands they all stretch'd out may see
To take thy murd'ers in.
- 7 Thy side an open fountain is,
Where all may freely go,
And drink the living streams of bliss,
And wash them white as snow.
- 8 Ready thou art the blood to' apply,
And prove the record true;
And all thy wounds to sinners cry
"I suffer'd this for you!"

H Y M N XXIV. [St. Paul's.

- 1 **L**OVERS of pleasure more than God,
For you he suffer'd pain,
Swearers, for you he spilt his blood;
And shall he bleed in vain?
- 2 Misers, his life for you he paid,
Your basest crime he bore:
Drunkards, your sins on him were laid,
That you might sin no more.
- 3 The God of love, to earth he came,
That you might come to heaven;
Believe, believe in Jesu's name,
And all your sin's forgiven.
- 4 Believe in him that died for thee!
And sure as he hath died,
Thy debt is paid, thy soul is free,
And thou art justified.

H Y M N XXV. [Passion.

- 1 **A**H tell me no more
Of this world's vain store,
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er;

A country I've found,
Where true joys abound,
To dwell I'm determin'd in that happy ground.

2 The souls that believe,
In paradise live,
And me in that number will Jesus receive:
My soul don't delay,
He calls thee away,
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad day.

3 No mortal doth know
What he can bestow,
What light, strength, and comfort, go after him go:
Lo onward I move,
To a country above,
None guesses how wond'rous my journey will prove.

4 Great spoils I shall win,
From death, hell, and sin,
'Midst outward afflictions shall feel Christ within:
And when I'm to die,
Receive me I'll cry,
For Jesus hath lov'd me I cannot tell why.

H Y M N XXVI. [Leeds.

1 **J**ESUS, the name high over all
In hell, or earth, or sky:
Angels and men before it fall;
And devils fear, and fly.

2 Jesus, the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given!
It scatters all their guilty fear;
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls it speaks,
And life into the dead.

- 4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace!
The arms of love, that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace.
- 5 O that my Jesu's heavenly charms
Might every bosom move!
Fly, sinners, fly into those arms
Of everlasting love.
- 6 His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim:
'Tis all my business here below
To cry, "behold the Lamb!"
- 7 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name!
Preach him to all, and cry in death
"Behold! behold the Lamb!"

3. *Describing Death.*

H Y M N XXVII. [Bristol.]

- 1 **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
Still may we dwell 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 fight
 Are like an evening gone ;
 Short as the watch, that ends the night
 Before the rising sun.
- 5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
 With all their cares and fears,
 Are carried downward by the flood,
 And lost in following years.
- 6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
 Bears all its sons away ;
 They fly forgotten, as a dream
 Dies at the opening day.
- 7 O God ! our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come ;
 Be thou our guard, while life shall last,
 And our perpetual home.

H Y M N XXVIII. [Birney]

- 1 **T**HEE we adore, eternal name,
 And humbly own to thee,
 How feeble is our mortal frame !
 What dying worms we be !
- 2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
 As days and months increase ;
 And every beating pulse, we tell,
 Leaves but the number less.
- 3 The year rolls round, and steals away
 The breath that first it gave :
 What'er we do, where'er we be,
 We're trav'ling to the grave.
- 4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground
 To push us to the tomb,
 And fierce diseases wait around
 To hurry mortals home.

- 5 Great God, on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
Th' eternal states of all the dead
Upon life's feeble things!
- 6 Infinite joy or erdial's woe
Depends on every breath!
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death!
- 7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God?

H Y M N XXIX. [Fetter-Lane.

- 1 **W**HEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I view my Maker face to face,
O how shall I appear!
- 2 If yet while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought!
My soul with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought!
- 3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd,
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O how shall I appear?
- 4 O may my broken contrite heart
Timely my sins lament,
And early with repentant tears
Eternal woe prevent.
- 5 Behold the sorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late;
And hear my Saviour's dying groan,
To give those sorrows weight.

- 6 For never shall my soul despair
 Her pardon to secure,
 Who knows thy only Son hath died
 To make that pardon sure.

H Y M N XXX. [Lamp's.

- 1 **A**ND am I born to die?
 To lay this body down?
 And must my trembling spirit fly
 Into a world unknown?
 A land of deepest shade,
 Unpierc'd by human thought!
 The dreary regions of the dead,
 Where all things are forgot!
- 2 Soon as from earth I go,
 What will become of me?
 Eternal happiness or woe
 Must then my portion be!
 Waked by the trumpet's sound,
 I from my grave shall rise,
 And see the Judge with glory crown'd,
 And see the flaming skies!
- 3 How shall I leave my tomb?
 With triumph or regret?
 A fearful, or a joyful doom?
 A curse, or blessing meet?
 Will angel-bands convey
 Their brother to the bar?
 Or devils drag my soul away
 To meet its sentence there?
- 4 Who can resolve the doubt,
 That tears my anxious breast?
 Shall I be with the damn'd cast out?
 Or number'd with the blest?

I must from God be driven,
 Or with my Saviour dwell,
 Must come at his command to heaven,
 Or else depart to hell.

5 O thou, that wouldst not have
 One wretched sinner die,
 Who didst thyself my soul to save
 From endless misery!
 Shew me the way to shun
 Thy dreadful wrath severe,
 That when thou comest on the throne,
 I may with joy appear!

6 Thou art thyself the way,
 Thyself in me reveal;
 So shall I spend my life's short day
 Obedient to thy will;
 So shall I love my God,
 Because he first lov'd me,
 And praise thee in thy bright abode
 To all eternity?

H Y M N XXXI. [Snowsfields.

1 **A**ND am I only born to die?
 And must I suddenly comply
 With nature's stern decree?
 What after death for me remains?
 Celestial joys or hellish pains
 To all eternity.

2 How then ought I on earth to live,
 While God prolongs the kind reprieve,
 And props the house of clay!
 My sole concern, my single care,
 To watch, and tremble, and prepare
 Against that fatal day!

- 3 No room for mirth or trifling here,
 For worldly hope or worldly fear,
 If life so soon is gone :
 If now the Judge is at the door,
 And all mankind must stand before
 Th' inexorable throne !
- 4 No matter, which my thoughts employ,
 A moment's misery or joy ;
 But O ! when both shall end,
 Where shall I find my destin'd place ?
 Shall I my everlasting days
 With fiends or angels spend.
- 5 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
 But how I may escape the death,
 That never, never dies !
 How make mine own election sure,
 And, when I fall on earth, secure
 A mansion in the skies !
- 6 Jesu, vouchsafe a pitying ray,
 Be thou my guide, be thou my way
 To glorious happiness !
 Ah, write the pardon on my heart !
 And, whensoever I hence depart,
 Let me depart in peace !

II Y M N XXXII. [New Year's-day.

- 1 **C**OME, let us anew. Our journey pursue,
 Roll round with the year,
 And never stand still, Till the Master appear !
 His adorable will Let us gladly fulfil,
 And our talents improve
 By the patience of hope, and the labour of love.
- 2 Our life is a dream, Our time as a stream
 Glides swiftly away,
 And the fugitive moments refuses to stay :

The arrow is flown, The moment is gone:
 The millennial year
 Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

- 2 O that each in the day Of his coming may say,
 I have fought my way through,
 I have finish'd the work thou didst give me to do.
 O that each from his Lord May receive the glad
 "Well and faithfully done!" [word
 "Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

H Y M N XXXIII. [Funeral.

- 1 **A**H, lovely appearance of death!
 What sight upon earth is so fair?
 Not all the gay pageants, that breathe,
 Can with a dead body compare:
 With solemn delight I survey
 The corpse, when the spirit is fled,
 In love with the beautiful clay,
 And longing to lie in its stead.
- 2 How blest is our brother, bereft
 Of all, that could burden his mind;
 How easy the soul, that has left
 This wearisome body behind!
 Of evil incapable thou,
 Whose relics with envy I see,
 No longer in misery now,
 No longer a sinner like me.
- 3 This earth is affected no more
 With sickness, or shaken with pain:
 The war in the members is o'er,
 And never shall vex him again:
 No anger henceforward or shame
 Shall redden this innocent clay;
 Extinct is the animal flame,
 And passion is vanish'd away.

- 4 This languishing head is at rest,
 Its thinking and aching are o'er;
 This quiet immovable breast
 Is heav'd by affliction no more:
 This heart is no longer the seat
 Of trouble and torturing pain;
 It ceases to flutter and beat,
 It never shall flutter again.
- 5 The lids he so seldom could close,
 By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
 Seal'd up in eternal repose,
 Have strangely forgotten to weep:
 The fountains can yield no supplies:
 These hollows from water are free:
 The tears are all wiped from these eyes,
 And evil they never shall see.
- 6 To mourn, and to suffer is mine,
 While bound in a prison I breathe,
 And still for deliverance pine,
 And press to the issues of death:
 What now with my tears I bedew,
 O might I this moment become!
 My spirit created anew,
 My flesh be consign'd to the tomb!

H Y M N XXXIV. [Epworth.

- 1 **H**APPY soul, thy days are ended;
 All thy mourning days below;
 Go by angel-guards attended,
 To the sight of Jesus go.
- 3 Waiting to receive thy Spirit,
 Lo! the Saviour stands above,
 Shows the purchase of his merit,
 Reaches out the crown of love.

3 Struggle through thy latest passion,
 To thy dear Redeemer's breast,
 To his uttermost salvation,
 To his everlasting rest.

4 For the joy he sets before thee,
 Bear a momentary pain,
 Die, to live a life of glory,
 Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

H Y M N XXXV

[Triumph.]

1 'TIS finish'd, 'tis done!
 The spirit is fled,
 The prisoner is gone,
 The christian is dead:
 The christian is living
 Through Jesus's love,
 And gladly receiving
 A kingdom above.

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

3 Then let us record
 The conquering name,
 Our Captain and Lord,
 With shouting proclaim:
 Who triumphs o'er passion,
 And follow our Head,
 To certain salvation
 We all shall be led.

4 O Jesus! lead on
 Thy militant care,
 And give us the crown
 Of righteousness there:
 Where dazzled with glory
 The Seraphim gaze,
 Or prostrate adore thee
 In silence of praise.

5 Come, Lord, and display
 Thy sign in the sky,
 And bear us away
 To mansions on high:
 The kingdom be given,
 The purchase divine,
 And crown us in heaven
 Eternally thine.

H Y M N XXXVI. [Thou Shepherd of Israel.

1 **R**EJOICE for a brother deceas'd,
 Our loss is his infinite gain;
 A soul out of prison releas'd,
 And freed from its bodily chain;
 With songs let us follow his flight,
 And mount with his spirit above,
 Escap'd to the mansions of light,
 And lodg'd in the Eden of love.

2 Our brother the haven hath gain'd,
 Out-flying the tempest and wind,
 His rest he hath sooner obtain'd,
 And left his companions behind;
 Still toss'd on a sea of distress,
 Hard toiling to make the blest shore,
 Where all is assurance and peace,
 And sorrow and sin are no more.

- 3 There all the ship's company meet,
 Who sail'd with the Saviour beneath,
 With shouting each other they greet,
 And triumph o'er trouble and death:
 The voyage of life's at an end,
 The mortal affliction is past,
 The age, that in heaven they spend,
 For ever and ever shall last.

H Y M N XXXVII. [Sion.

- 1 **H**OSANNAH to Jesus on high!
 Another is enter'd his rest,
 Another is 'scaped to the sky,
 And lodg'd in Immanuel's breast:
 The soul of our sister is gone
 To heighten the triumph above,
 Exalted to Jesus's throne,
 And clasp'd in the arms of his love.
- 2 What fulness of rapture is there,
 While Jesus his glory displays,
 And purples the heavenly air,
 And scatters the odours of grace?
 He looks—and his servants in light
 The blessing ineffable meet;
 He smiles—and they faint at the sight,
 And fall overwhelm'd at his feet.
- 3 How happy the angels that fall
 Transported at Jesus's name;
 The saints whom he soonest shall call
 To share in the feast of the Lamb!
 No longer imprison'd in clay,
 Who next from his dungeon shall fly,
 Who first shall be summon'd away—
 My merciful God—Is it I?

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

H Y M N XXXVIII. [Hamilton's.

- 1 **H**APPY who in Jesus live,
 But happier still are they
 Who to God their spirits give,
 And 'scape from earth away :
 Lord, thou read'st the panting heart,
 Lord, thou hear'st the praying sigh,
 O 'tis bitter to depart,
 'Tis better far to die.
- 2 Yet if so thy will ordain
 For our companions' good,
 Let us in the flesh remain,
 And meekly bear the load.
 When we have our grief fill'd up,
 When we all our works have done,
 Late partakers of our hope,
 And sharers of thy throne.
- 3 To thy wise and gracious will
 We quietly submit,
 Waiting for redemption still,
 But waiting at thy feet :
 When thou wilt the blessing give,
 Call us up thy face to see,
 Only let thy servants live,
 And let us die to thee.

H Y M N XXXIX. [Wednesbury.

1 **A**ND let this feeble body fail,
 And let it faint and die;
 My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
 And soar to worlds on high:
 Shall join the disembodied saints,
 And find its long-fought rest,
 That only bliss for which it pants,
 On the Redeemer's breast.

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

3 O what hath Jesus brought for me!
 Before my ravish'd eyes
 Rivers of life divine I see,
 And trees of paradise!
 I see a world of spirits bright,
 Who taste the pleasures there!
 They all are robed in spotless white,
 And conquering palms they bear.

4 O, what are all my sufferings here,
 If, Lord, thou count me meet
 With that enraptur'd host to appear,
 And worship at thy feet!
 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
 Take life or friends away;
 But let me find them all again
 In that eternal day.

H Y M N XL. [Olney.]

4. *Describing Judgment.*

THOU Judge of quick and dead,
 Before whose bar severe,
 With holy joy, or guilty dread,
 We all shall soon appear:
 Our caution'd souls prepare
 For that tremendous day,
 And fill us now with watchful care,
 And stir us up to pray:

To pray, and wait the hour,
 That awful hour unknown,
 When robed in majesty and power,
 Thou shalt from heaven come down;
 Th' immortal Son of Man,
 To judge the human race,
 With all thy Father's dazzling train,
 With all thy glorious grace.

To damp our earthly joys,
 To' increase our gracious fears,
 For ever let th' Archangel's voice
 Be sounding in our ears;
 The solemn midnight cry,
 "Ye dead, the Judge is come,
 Arise, and meet him in the sky,
 "And meet your instant doom!"

O may we thus be found
 Obedient to his word,
 Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
 And looking for our Lord!
 O may we thus insure
 A lot among the blest,
 And watch a moment to secure
 An everlasting rest!

H Y M N XLI. [Epworth.

- 1 **L**O! he comes with clouds descending,
 Once for favour'd sinners slain!
 Thousand, thousand saints attending,
 Swell the triumph of his train.
 Hallelujah!
 God appears on earth to reign.
- 2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold him
 Robed in dreadful majesty;
 Those who set at nought and sold him,
 Pierced and nail'd him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see.
- 3 The dear tokens of his passion,
 Still his dazzling body bears;
 Cause of endless exultation
 To his ransom'd worshippers:
 With what rapture
 Gaze we on those glorious scars.
- 4 Yea! Amen! let all adore thee
 High on thine eternal throne!
 Saviour, take the pow'r and glory,
 Claim the kingdom for thine own:
 Jah! Jehovah!
 Everlasting God come down.

H Y M N XLII. [Judgment.

- 1 **H**E comes! He comes! the Judge severe
 The seventh trumpet speaks him near;
 His lightnings flash, his thunders roll;
 How welcome to the faithful soul!
- 2 From heaven angelic voices sound,
 See the almighty Jesus crown'd!
 Girt with omnipotence and grace,
 And glory decks the Saviour's face!

3 Descending on his azure throne,
 He claims the kingdoms for his own;
 The kingdoms all obey his word,
 And hail him their triumphant Lord!

4 Shout all the people of the sky,
 And all the saints of the most high,
 Our Lord, who now his right obtains,
 For ever and for ever reigns.

H Y M N XLIII. [Wood's.

1 **T**HOU God of glorious majesty,
 To thee, against myself to thee,
 A worm of earth, I cry;
 A half awaken'd child of man,
 An heir of endless bliss or pain,
 A sinner born to die.

2 Lo! on a narrow neck of land
 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
 Secure, insensible;
 A point of time, a moment's space
 Removes me to that heavenly place,
 Or shuts me up in hell.

3 O God, mine inmost soul convert!
 And deeply on my thoughtful heart
 Eternal things impress;
 Give me to feel their solemn weight,
 And tremble on the brink of fate,
 And wake to righteousness.

4 Before me place in dread array
 The pomp of that tremendous day,
 When thou with clouds shalt come,
 To judge the nations at thy bar;
 And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
 To meet a joyful doom?

5 Be this my one great business here,
 With serious industry and fear
 Eternal bliss to' insure;
 Time utmost counsel to fulfil,
 And suiter all thy righteous will,
 And to the end endure.

6 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
 Transported from this vale to live,
 And reign with thee above;
 Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
 And hope in full, supreme delight
 And everlasting love.

H Y M N XLIV. [Kingswood.

1 **S**TAND th' omnipotent decree!
 Jehovah's will be done!
 Nature's end we wait to see,
 And hear her final groan:
 Let this earth dissolve, and blend
 In death the wicked and the just,
 Let those pondrous orbs descend,
 And grind us into dull.

2 Rests secure the righteous man!
 At his Redeemer's beck
 Sure to' emerge, and rise again,
 And mount above the wreck,
 Lo! the heavenly spirit towers,
 Like flames, o'er nature's funeral pyre,
 Triumphs in immortal powers.
 And claps his wings of fire!

3 Nothing hath the just to lose
 By worlds on worlds destroy'd,
 Far beneath his feet he views
 With smiles the flaming void;

Sees this universe renew'd,
 The grand millennial year begun;
 Shouts with all the sons of God,
 Around th' eternal throne!

4 Resting in this glorious hope
 To be at last restored,
 Yield we now our bodies up
 To earthquake, plague or sword,
 List'ning for the call divine,
 The latest trumpet of the seven;
 Soon our soul and dust shall join,
 And both fly up to heaven.

H Y M N XLV. [West-Street.

5. *Describing Heaven.*

1 **H**OW weak the thoughts and vain
 Of self-deluding men!
 Men, who fix'd to earth alone,
 Think their houses shall endure
 Fondly call their lands their own,
 To their distant heirs secure!

2 How happy then are we,
 Who build, O Lord, on thee!
 What can our foundation shock?
 Though the shatter'd earth remove,
 Stands our city on a rock,
 On the Rock of heavenly love.

3 A house we call our own,
 Which cannot be o'erthrown:
 In the general ruin sure,
 Storms and earthquakes it defies;
 Built immoveably secure,
 Built eternal in the skies.

- 4 High on Immanuel's land,
We see the fabric stand,
From a tott'ring world remove
To our stedfast mansion there:
Our inheritance above
Cannot pass from heir to heir.
- 5 Those amaranthine bowers,
Unalienably ours,
Bloom, our infinite reward;
Rise, our permanent abode;
From the founded world prepared,
Purchas'd by the blood of God.
- 6 O might we quickly find
The place for us design'd;
See the long-expected day
Of our full redemption here!
Let the shadows flee away!
Let the new made world appear!
- 7 High on thy great white throne,
O king of saints come down!
In the new Jerusalem
Now triumphantly descend;
Let the final trump proclaim
Joys begun, which ne'er shall end.

H Y M N XLVI. [Funeral.]

- 1 **I** Long to behold him arrayed
With glory and light from above,
The King in his beauty displayed,
His beauty of holiest love:
I languish, and sigh to be there,
Where Jesus hath fixt his abode:
O when shall we meet in the air,
And fly to the mountain of God

2 With him I on Sion shall stand,
 (For Jesus hath spoken the word,)
 The breadth of Immanuel's land
 Survey by the light of my Lord:
 But, when on thy bosom reclined,
 Thy face I am strengthen'd to see,
 My fulness of rapture I find,
 My heaven of heavens in thee.

3 How happy the people, that dwell
 Secure in the city above!
 No pain the inhabitants feel,
 No sickness or sorrow shall prove:
 Physician of souls, unto me
 Forgiveness and holiness give;
 And then from the body set free,
 And then to the city receive.

H Y M N XLVII. [23d Psalm.

1 **L**EADER of faithful souls, and guide
 Of all, that travel to the sky,
 Come, and with us, even us abide,
 Who would on thee alone rely;
 On thee alone our spirit stay,
 While held in life's uneven way.

2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
 This earth we know is not our place,
 And hasten through the vale of we;
 And restless to behold thy face,
 Swift to our heavenly country move,
 Our everlasting home above.

3 We've no 'biding city here,
 But seek a city out-of-sight,
 Thither our steady course we steer,
 Aspiring to the plains of light;

Jerusalem, the saints' abode,
Whose founder is the living God.

4 Patient th' appointed race to run,
This weary world we cast behind,
From strength to strength we travel on
The New Jerusalem to find:
Our labour this our only aim,
To find the New Jerusalem.

5 Through thee, who all our sins hast borne,
Freely and graciously forgiven,
With songs to Zion we return,
Contending for our native heaven;
That palace of our glorious king:
We find it nearer, while we sing.

6 Rais'd by the breath of love divine,
We urge our way with strength renew'd,
The church of the first-born to join,
We travel to the mount of God;
With joy upon our heads arise,
And meet our Captain in the skies.

H Y M N XLVIII. [Burford.

6. *Describing Hell.*

1 **T**ERRIBLE thought! shall I alone,
Who may be sav'd, shall I
Of all, alas! whom I have known,
Through sin for ever die?

2 While all my old companions dear,
With whom I once did live,
Joyful at God's right-hand appear,
A blessing to receive,

- 3 Shall I, amidst a ghastly band,
 Dragg'd to the judgment-seat,
 Far on the left with horror stand,
 My fearful doom to meet?
- 4 While they enjoy his heavenly love,
 Must I in torments dwell?
 And howl, (while they sing hymns above,)
 And blow the flames of hell?
- 5 Ah! no; I still may turn, and live;
 For still his wrath delays;
 He now vouchsafes a kind reprieve,
 And offers me his grace.
- 6 I will accept his offers now,
 From every sin depart,
 Perform my oft repeated vow,
 And render him my heart.
- 7 I will improve, what I receive,
 The grace through Jesus given;
 Sure, if with God on earth I live,
 To live with God in heaven.

S E C T I O N III.

Praying for a Blessing.

H Y M N XLIX. [Bexley.

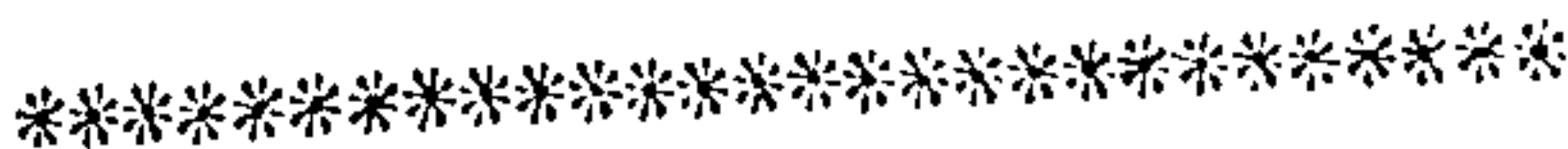
- 1 **T**HOU Son of God, whose flaming eyes
 Our inmost thoughts perceive,
 Accept the evening sacrifice,
 Which now to thee we give.
- 2 We bow before thy gracious throne,
 And think ourselves sincere:
 But shew us, Lord, is every one
 Thy real worshipper?

- 3 Is here a soul, that knows thee not,
Nor feels his want of thee ?
A stranger to the blood, which bought
His pardon on the tree ?
- 4 Convince him now of unbelief,
His desperate state explain :
And fill his heart with sacred grief,
And penitential-pain.
- 5 Speak with that voice, which wakes the dead,
And bid the sleeper rise,
And bid his guilty conscience dread
The death, that never dies.
- 6 Extort the cry, what must be done
To save a wretch like me ?
How shall a trembling sinner shun
That endless misery ?
- 7 I must this instant now begin
Out of my sleep to wake :
And turn to God, and every sin
Continually forsake.
- 8 I must for faith incessant cry,
And wrestle, Lord, with thee :
I must be born again, or die
To all eternity.

H Y M N L. [Aldrich.

- 1 **C**OME, O thou all-victorious Lord,
Thy power to us make known :
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break these hearts of stone.
- 2 O that we all might now begin
Our foolishness to mourn ;
And turn at once from every sin,
And to my Saviour turn.

- 3 Give us ourselves and thee to know
 In this our gracious day;
 Repentance unto life bestow,
 And take our sins away.
- 4 Conclude us first in unbelief,
 And freely then release;
 Fill every soul with sacred grief,
 And then with sacred peace.
- 5 Impoverish, Lord, and then relieve,
 And then enrich the poor;
 The knowledge of our sickness give,
 The knowledge of our cure.
- 6 That blessed sense of guilt impart,
 And then remove the load;
 Trouble, and wash the troubled heart
 In the atoning blood.
- 7 Our desperate state through sin declare,
 And speak our sins forgiven:
 By perfect holiness prepare,
 And take us up to heaven.



P A R T II.

CONVINCING.

S E C T I O N I.

Describing formal Religion.

H Y M N LI. [Wenno.

- 1 **L**ONG have I seem'd to serve thee, Lord,
 With unavailing pain:
 Fasted, and prayed, and read thy word,
 And heard it preach'd in vain.

- 2 Oft did I with the assembly join,
And near thy altar drew:
A form of godliness was mine,
The power I never knew.
- 3 I rested in the outward law,
Nor knew its deep design;
The length and breadth I never saw,
And height of love divine.
- 4 To please thee thus, at length I see,
Vainly I hoped, and strove:
For what are outward things to thee,
Unless they spring from love?
- 5 I see the perfect law requires
Truth in the inward parts;
Our full consent, our whole desires,
Our undivided hearts.
- 6 But I of means have made my boast,
Of means an idol made!
The spirit in the letter lost,
The substance in the shade!
- 7 Where am I now, or what my hope?
What can my weakness do?
Jesus, to thee, my soul looks up:
'Tis thou must make it new.

H Y M N LII. [Brook's.

- 1 **S**TILL for thy loving kindness, Lord,
I in thy temple wait:
I look to find thee in thy word,
Or at thy table meet.
- 2 Here in thine own appointed ways
I wait to learn thy will:
Silent I stand before thy face,
And hear thee say, "Be still!"

3 "Be still! and know, that I am God!"

'Tis all I live to know!

To feel the virtue of thy blood,

And spread its praise below!

4 I wait my vigour to renew,

Thine image to retrieve;

The veil of outward things pass through,

And gasp in thee to live.

5 I work; and own the labour vain:

And thus from works I cease:

I strive; and see my fruitless pain,

Till God create my peace.

6 Fruitless, till thou thyself impart,

Must all my efforts prove,

They cannot change a sinful heart,

They cannot purchase love.

7 I do the thing, thy laws enjoin,

And then the strife give o'er:

To thee I then the whole resign,

I trust in means no more.

8 I trust in Him, who stands between

The Father's wrath and me:

Jesu, thou great eternal Mean,

I look for all from thee!

S E C T I O N II.

Describing inward Religion.

H Y M N LIII. [Snowsfields.

1 **T**HOU great mysterious God unknown,

Whose love hath gently led me on,

Ev'n from my infant days,

Mine inmost soul expose to view,

And tell me if I ever knew

Thy justifying grace.

2 If I have only known thy fear,
 And follow'd with an heart sincere,
 Thy drawings from above ;
 Now, now the farther grace bestow,
 And let my sprinkled conscience know
 Thy sweet forgiving love.

3 Short of thy love I would not stop,
 A stranger to the gospel-hope,
 The sense of sin forgiven ;
 I would not, Lord, my soul deceive,
 Without thy inward witness live,
 That antepast of heaven.

4 If now the Witnesses were in me,
 Would he not testify of thee,
 In Jesus reconcil'd ?
 And should I not with faith draw nigh,
 And boldly " Abba, Father cry,
 I know myself thy child ?"

5 Ah! never let thy servant rest,
 Till of my part in Christ possést,
 I on thy mercy feed :
 Unworthy of the crumbs that fall,
 Yet rais'd by him who died for all,
 To eat the children's bread.

6 Whate'er obstructs thy pardoning love,
 Or sin, or righteousness remove,
 Thy glory to display ;
 Mine heart of unbelief convince,
 And now absolve me from my sins,
 And take them all away.

H Y M N LIV. [Kingswood.

1 UPRIGHT both in heart and will
 We by our God were made ;
 But we turned from good to ill,
 And o'er the creature strayed ;

Multiplied our wandring thought,
Which first was fixt on God alone,
In ten thousand objects sought
The bliss, we lost in one.

- 2 From our own inventions vain
Of fancied happiness,
Draw us to thyself again,
And bid our wandrings cease;
Jesu, speak our sou's restor'd
By love's divine simplicity;
Re-united to our Lord,
And wholly lost in thee!



P A R T III.

S E C T I O N I.

Praying for Repentance.

H Y M N LV. [Mourner's.

- 1 **F**ATHER of lights, from whom proceeds,
Whate'er thy every 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 prayer.

- 2 Since by thy light myself I see
Naked, and poor, and void of thee;
Thy eyes must all my thoughts survey,
Preventing what my lips would say;
Thou feelt my wants; for help they call,
And ere I speak, thou know'it them all.

- 3 Thou know'st the baseness of my mind,
Wayward, and impotent, and blind!

58 PRAYING FOR REPENTANCE.

Thou know'st, how unsubdued 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.

4 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.

5 Ah ! give me Lord myself to feel,
My total misery reveal ;
Ah give me Lord, (I still would say,)
An heart to mourn, an heart to pray :
My buinels this, my only care,
My life, my every breath be prayer !

H Y M N LVI. [Brentford.

1 **O** That I could repent !
O that I could believe !
Thou by thy voice the marble rent,
The rock in sunder cleave !
Thou by thy two-edg'd sword
My soul and spirit part,
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break my stubborn heart !

2 Saviour, and Prince of peace,
The double grace bestow,
Unloose the bands of wickedness,
And let the captive go :
Grant me my sins to feel,
And then my load remove ;
Wound, and pour in, my wounds to heal,
The balm of pardoning love.

3 For thy own mercy's sake
 The cursed thing remove;
 And into thy protection take
 The prisoner of thy love:
 In every trying hour
 Stand by my feeble soul,
 And screen me from my nature's power,
 Till thou hast made me whole.

4 This is thy will I know,
 That I should holy be,
 Should let my sin this moment go,
 This moment turn to thee;
 O might I now embrace
 Thy all-sufficient power,
 And never more to sin give place,
 And never grieve thee more!

H Y M N LVII. [Calvary.

1 JESU, let thy pitying eye
 Call back a wandering sheep;
 False to thee, like Peter, I
 Would fain like Peter weep;
 Let me be by grace restored,
 On me be all long-suffering shown:
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.

2 Saviour, Prince enthron'd above
 Repentance to impart,
 Give me through thy dying love
 The humble, contrite heart:
 Give, what I have long implor'd,
 A portion of thy grief unknown:
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.

- 3 For thine own compassion's sake
 The gracious wonder show;
 Cast thy sins behind thy back,
 And wash me white as snow;
 If thy bowels now are stirred,
 If now I would myself bemoan,
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.
- 4 See me, Saviour, from above,
 Nor suffer me to die!
 Life and happiness and love
 Drop from thy gracious eye;
 Speak the reconciling word,
 And let thy mercy melt me down:
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.
- 5 Look, as when thine eye pursued
 The first apostate man,
 Saw him weltering in his blood,
 And bade him rise again;
 Speak my paradise restored,
 Redeem me by thy grace alone:
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.
- 6 Look, as when thy pity saw
 Thine own in a strange land;
 Forced to obey the tyrant's law,
 And feel his heavy hand:
 Speak the soul-redeeming word,
 And out of Egypt call thy son:
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.
- 7 Look, as when thy grace beheld,
 The harlot in distress,
 Dried her tears, her pardon seal'd,
 And bade her go in peace:

Foul like her, and self-abhorr'd,
 I at thy feet for mercy groan :
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.

8 Look, as when thy languid eye
 Was clos'd, that we might live ;
 " Father," (at the point to die,
 My Saviour gasp'd,) " forgive !"
 Surely with that dying word
 He turns, and looks, and cries, " Tis done !"
 O my bleeding, loving Lord,
 Thou break'st my heart of stone !

S E C T I O N II.

For Mourners convinced of Sin.

HYMN LVIII. [Fetter-Lane:

1 **O** Sun of righteousness, arise
 With healing in thy wing,
 To my diseas'd, my fainting soul,
 Life and salvation bring.

2 These clouds of pride and sin dispel
 By thy all-piercing beam ;
 Lighten mine eyes with faith, my heart
 With holy hope inflame.

3 My mind by thy all-quick'ning power
 From low desires set free ;
 Unite my scatter'd thoughts, and fix
 My love entire on thee.

4 Father, thy long lost son receive :
 Saviour, thy purchase own ;
 Blest Comforter, with peace and joy
 Thy new-made creature crown.

5 Eternal, undivided Lord,
 Co-equal One and Three,
 On thee all faith, all hope be placed,
 All love be paid to thee.

H Y M N LIX. [Kingwood.

1 **L**ET the world their virtues boast,
 Their works of righteousness,
 I, a wretch undone and lost,
 Am freely saved by grace;
 Other title I disclaim,
 This, only this is all my plea;
 I the chief of sinners' am,
 But Jesus died for me.

2 Happy they, whose joys abound
 Like *Jordan's* swelling stream,
 Who their heaven in Christ have found,
 And give the praise to him;
 Let them triumph in his name,
 Enjoy their full felicity;
 I the chief of sinners' am,
 But Jesus died for me.

3 Blest are they, entirely blest,
 Who can in him rejoice,
 Lean on his beloved breast,
 And hear the bridegroom's voice;
 Meanest follower of the Lamb,
 His steps I at a distance see;
 I the chief of sinners' am,
 But Jesus died for me.

4 I like *Gideon's* fleece am found,
 Unwatered still, and dry,
 While the dew on all around
 Falls plentiful from the sky,

Yet my Lord I cannot blame,
 The Saviour's grace for all is free;
 I the chief of sinners' am,
 But Jesus died for me.

5 Surely he will lift me up,
 For I of him have need;
 I can not give up my hope,
 Though I am cold and dead:
 To bring fire on earth he came;
 O that it now might kindled be!
 I the chief of sinners' am,
 But Jesus died for me.

6 Jesus, thou for me hast died,
 And thou in me wilt live;
 I shall feel thy death applied,
 I shall thy life receive;
 Yet when melted in the flame
 Of love, this shall be all my plea;
 I the chief of sinners' am,
 But Jesus died for me.

H Y M N LX. [Bextey.

1 **W**HY should the children of a king
 Go mourning all their days?
 Great Comforter, descend, and bring
 The tokens of thy grace?

2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,
 And seal the heirs of heaven?
 When wilt thou banish my complaints,
 And shew my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
 In the Redeemer's blood;
 And bear thy witness with my heart,
 That I am born of God.

- 4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
 The pledge of joys to come;
 May thy blest wings, celestial Dove,
 Safely convey me home.

H Y M N LXI. [Bexley.

- 1 **G**OD is in this and every place;
 But O how dark and void
 To me! 'tis one great wilderness,
 This earth without my God.
- 2 Empty of him, who all things fills,
 Till he his light impart!
 Till he his glorious self reveals,
 The veil is on my heart!
- 3 O thou, who see'st and know'st my grief,
 Thy self unseen, unknown,
 Pity my helpless unbelief,
 And take away the stone.
- 4 Regard me with a gracious eye,
 The long-sought blessing give;
 And bid me, at the point to die,
 Behold thy face, and live.
- 5 A darker soul did never yet
 Thy promis'd help implore!
 O that I now my Lord might meet,
 And never lose him more
- 6 Now, Jesus, now the Father's love
 Shed in my heart abroad;
 The middle wall of sin remove,
 And let me into God!

HYMN LXII. [Fetter-Lane.

1 O That I could my Lord receive,
 Who did the world redeem!
 Who gave his life, that I might live
 A life concealed in him!

2 O that I could the blessing prove,
 My heart's extreme desire!
 Live happy in my Saviour's love,
 And in his arms expire!

3 Mercy I ask to seal my peace,
 That kept by mercy's power,
 I may from every evil cease,
 And never grieve thee more!

4 Now, if thy gracious will it be,
 Even now my sins remove,
 And let my soul at liberty
 By thy victorious love.

5 In answer to ten thousand prayers
 Thou pardoning God descend!
 Number me with salvation's heirs,
 My sins and troubles end!

6 Nothing I ask, or want beside,
 Of all in earth or heaven:
 But let me feel thy blood applied,
 And live, and die forgiven.

HYMN LXIII. [Athlone.

1 O Thou that hear'st when sinners cry,
 Though all my sins before thee lie,
 Behold me not with angry look,
 But let their memory from thy book.

- 2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin :
Let thy good spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight ;
Thy saving strength, O Lord, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.
- 4 Though I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford :
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.
- 5 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just :
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.
- 6 Then will I teach the world thy ways,
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace :
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.
- 7 O may thy love inspire my tongue,
Salvation shall be all my song ;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

S E C T I O N III.

For Mourners brought to the Birth.

H Y M N LXIV. [Brockmcr.

- 1 **W**ITH glorious clouds incompast round,
Whom angels dimly see,
Will the Unsearchable be found,
Or God appear to me ?

- 2 Will he forsake his throne above,
Himself to worms impart?
Answer thou man of grief and love,
And speak it to my heart!
- 3 In manifested love explain
Thy wonderful design;
What meant the suffering Son of man?
The streaming blood divine?
- 4 Didst thou not in our flesh appear,
And live and die below,
That I might now perceive thee near,
And my Redeemer know:
- 5 Come then, and to my soul reveal
The heights and depths of grace,
The wounds, which all my sorrows heal,
That dear disfigured face.
- 6 Before my eyes of faith confeit,
Stend forth a slaughtered Lamb;
And wrap me in thy crimson vest,
And tell me all thy name.
- 7 Jehovah in thy person show,
Jehovah crucified:
And then the pardoning God I know,
And feel the blood applied.
- 8 I view the Lamb in his own light,
Whom angels dimly see:
And gaze, transported at the sight,
To all eternity.

H Y M N LXV. [Mourner's.

- 1 **J**ESU, if still the same thou art,
If all thy promises are sure,
Set up thy kingdom in my heart,
And make me rich, for I am poor:

To me be all thy treasures given,
The kingdom of an inward heaven.

2 Thou hast pronounced the mourners blest,
And, lo! for thee I ever mourn;
I cannot; no, I will not rest,
Till thou my only rest return;
Till thou the Prince of peace, appear,
And I receive the Comforter.

3 Where is the Blessing's bestowed
On him that hunger after thee?
I hunger now, I thirst for God!
See, the poor fainting sinner see,
And trisfy with endless peace,
And fill me with the righteousness!

4 Ah, Lord! if thou art in that sigh,
Then hear thyself within me pray:
Hear in my heart thy spirit's cry,
Mark, what my labouring soul would say;
Answer the deep unuttered groan,
And shew, that thou and I are one.

5 Shine on thy work, dispense the gloom;
Light in thy light I then shall see:
Say to my soul, "Thy light is come,
"Glorious divine is risen on thee:
"Thy warfare's past, thy mourning's o'er;
"Look up, for thou shalt weep no more."

6 Lord, I believe the promise sure,
And trust, thou wilt not long delay:
Hungry, and sorrowful, and poor,
Upon thy word myself I stay;
Into thine hands my all resign,
And wait, till all thou art is mine!

H Y M N LXVI. [St. Paul's,

Part the First.

- 1 **J**ESUS, if still thou art to-day
As yesterday the same,
Present to heal, in me display
The virtue of thy name!
- 2 If still thou goest about to do
Thy needy creatures good,
On me, that I thy praise may shew,
Be all thy wonders shewed.
- 3 Now, Lord, to whom for help I call,
Thy miracles repeat;
With pitying eyes behold me fall
A leper at thy feet,
- 4 Loathsome, and foul, and self-aborred,
I sink beneath my sin;
But, if thou wilt, a gracious word
Of thine can make me clean.
- 5 Thou seest me deaf to thy commands,
Open, O Lord, my ear;
Bid me stretch out my withered hands,
And lift them up in prayer.
- 6 Silent, (alas! thou knowest how long,)
My voice I cannot raise;
But O when thou shalt loose my tongue,
The dumb shall sing thy praise.
- 7 Lame at the pool I still am found:
Give, and my strength employ;
Light as a hart I then shall bound,
The lame shall leap for joy.

- 8 Lill'd from my birth to guilt and thee,
And dark I am within:
The love of God I cannot see,
The sinfulness of sin:
- 9 But thou, they say, art passing by:
O let me find thee near!
Jesus, in mercy hear my cry,
Thou Son of David, hear!
- 10 Long have I waited in the way
For thee, the heavenly light:
Command me to be brought, and say,
Sinner, receive thy light!

H Y M N LXVII. [Wenwo.]

Part the Second.

- 1 **W**HILE dead in trespasses I lie,
Thy quickning spirit give;
Call me, thou Son of God, that I
May hear thy voice, and live.
- 2 While, full of anguish and disease,
My weak, distemper'd soul
Thy love compassionately sees,
O let it make me whole.
- 3 While, torn by hellish pride, I cry,
By legion-lust possess'd,
Son of the living God, draw nigh,
And speak me into rest!
- 4 Cast out thy foes, and let them still
To Jesu's name submit;
Clothe with thy righteousness, and heal,
And place me at thy feet.

- 5 To Jesu's name if all things now
 A trembling homage pay,
 O let my stubborn spirit bow,
 My stiff-necked will obey.
- 6 Impotent, dumb, and deaf, and blind,
 And sick, and poor I am;
 But sure a remedy to find
 For all in Jesu's name.
- 7 I know in thee all fulness dwells,
 And all for wretched man;
 Fill every want my spirit feels,
 And break off every chain.
- 8 If thou impart thyself to me,
 No other good I need:
 If thou the Son shalt make me free,
 I shall be free indeed.
- 9 I cannot rest, till in thy blood
 I full redemption have;
 But thou, through whom I come to God,
 Canst to the utmost save.
- 10 From sin, the guilt, the power, the pain,
 Thou wilt redeem my soul:
 Lord, I believe, and not in vain;
 My faith shall make me whole.
- 11 I too with thee shall walk in white,
 With all thy saints shall prove,
 What is the length, and breadth, and height,
 And depth of perfect love.

H Y M N LXVIII. [Lamp's,

WHEN shall thy love constrain,
 And force me to thy breast?
 When shall my soul return again
 To her eternal rest?

Ah! what avails my strife,
 My wandering to and fro?
 Thou hast the words of endless life;
 Ah! whither should I go?

2 Thy condescending grace
 To me did freely move:
 It calls me still to seek thy face,
 And stoops to ask my love.
 Lord, at thy feet I fall!
 I groan to be set free:
 I fain would now obey the call,
 And give up all for thee!

3 To rescue me from woe
 Thou didst with all things part;
 Didst lead a suffering life below
 To gain my worthless heart.
 My worthless heart to gain,
 The God of all that breathe,
 Was found in fashion as a man,
 And died a cursed death.

4 And can I yet delay
 My little all to give?
 To tear my soul from earth away
 For Jesus to receive?
 Nay, but I yield, I yield?
 I can hold out no more:
 I sink by dying love compelled,
 And own thee conqueror!

5 Though late, I all forsake,
 My friends my all resign:
 Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
 And seal me ever thine!
 Come, and possess me whole,
 Nor hence again remove:
 Settle, and fix my wavering soul
 With all thy weight of love.

6 My one desire be this,
 Thy only love to know :
 To seek, and taste no other bliss,
 No other good below.
 My life, my portion thou,
 Thou all-sufficient art,
 My hope, my heavenly treasure, now
 Enter, and keep my heart !

H Y M N LXIX. [Foundery.

1 **D**ROOPING soul, shake off thy fears,
 Fearful soul, be strong, be bold ;
 Tarry, till the Lord appears,
 Never, never quit thy hold :
 Murmur not at his delay,
 Dare not set thy God a time,
 Calmly for his coming stay,
 Leave it, leave it all to him.

2 Fainting soul, be bold, be strong ;
 Wait the leisure of thy Lord :
 Though it seem to tarry long,
 True and faithful is his word :
 On his word my soul I cast,
 (He can ne'er himself deny,)
 Surely it shall speak at last :
 It shall speak, and shall not lye.

3 Every one, that seeks, shall find ;
 Every one, that asks, shall have
 Christ, the Saviour of mankind,
 Willing, able all to save :
 I shall his salvation see,
 I in faith on Jesus call,
 From sin shall be set free,
 Perfectly set free from all.

- 4 Lord, my time is in thine hand,
 Weak and helpless as I am :
 Surely thou canst make me stand ;
 I believe in Jesu's name :
 Saviour in temptation thou,
 Thou hast saved me heretofore :
 Thou from sin dost save me now ;
 Thou shalt save me evermore.

H Y M N LXX. [Chappel.

- 1 **O** Love divine, how sweet thou art !
 When shall I find my willing heart
 All taken up by thee ?
 I think, 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 depth 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 with favour'd John
 Recline my weary head upon
 The dear Redeemer's breast!
 From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
 Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
 My everlasting rest.

H Y M N LXXI. [112th Psalm.

1 FATHER of Jesus Christ the just,
 My friend and advocate with thee,
 Pity a soul, that fain would trust
 In him, who lived, and died for me:
 But only thou canst make him known,
 And in my heart reveal thy Son.

2 If, drawn by thine alluring grace,
 My want of living faith I feel,
 Shew me in Christ thy smiling face;
 What flesh and blood can ne'er reveal,
 Thy co-eternal Son display,
 And call my darkness into day.

3 The gift unspeakable impart;
 Command the light of faith to shine;
 To shine in my dark, drooping heart,
 And fill me with the life divine.
 Now bid the new creation be!
 O God, let there be faith in me!

H Y M N LXXII. [Lamp's.

1 A H! whither should I go,
 Burdened, and sick, and faint?
 To whom should I my trouble show,
 And pour out my complaint?

4 Lord, my time is in thine hand,
 Weak and helpless as I am :
 Surely thou canst make me stand ;
 I believe in Jesu's name :
 Saviour in temptation thou,
 Thou hast saved me heretofore :
 Thou from sin dost save me now ;
 Thou shalt save me evermore.

H Y M N LXX. [Chappel.

- 1 **O** Love divine, how sweet thou art !
 When shall I find my willing heart
 All taken up by thee ?
 I thurst, 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 depth 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 Bridgroom's voice !

5 O that I could with favour'd John
 Recline my weary head upon
 The dear Redeemer's breast!
 From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
 Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
 My everlasting rest.

H Y M N LXXI. [112th Psalm.

1 FATHER of Jesus Christ the just,
 My friend and advocate with thee,
 Pity a soul, that fain would trust
 In him, who lived, and died for me:
 But only thou canst make him known,
 And in my heart reveal thy Son.

2 If, drawn by thine alluring grace,
 My want of living faith I feel,
 Shew me in Christ thy smiling face;
 What flesh and blood can ne'er reveal,
 Thy co-eternal Son display,
 And call my darkness into day.

3 The gift unspeakable impart;
 Command the light of faith to shine;
 To shine in my dark, drooping heart,
 And fill me with the life divine.
 Now bid the new creation be!
 O God, let there be faith in me!

H Y M N LXXII. [Lamp's.

1 A H! whither should I go,
 Burdened, and sick, and faint?
 To whom should I my trouble show,
 And pour out my complaint?

My Saviour bids me come,
 Ah! why do I delay?
 He calls the weary sinner home;
 And yet from him I stay.

2 What is it keeps me back,
 From which I cannot part?
 Which will not let my Saviour take
 Possession of my heart?
 Some cursed thing unknown
 Must surely lurk within:
 Some idol, which I will not own,
 Some secret bosom-sin.

3 Jesu, the hindrance show,
 Which I have feared to see:
 Yet let me now consent to know
 What keeps me out of thee,
 Searcher of hearts, in mine
 Thy trying power display;
 Into its darkest corners shine,
 And take the veil away.

4 I now believe, in thee
 Compassion reigns alone:
 According to my faith, to me
 O let it, Lord, be done!
 In me is all the bar,
 Which thou wouldst fain remove;
 Remove it, and I shall declare,
 That God is only love.

H Y M N LXXIII. [Fetter-Lane.

1 **T**HOU hidden God, for whom I groan,
 Till thou thyself declare;
 God inaccessible, unknown,
 Regard a sinner's prayer.

- 2 A sinner weltring in his blood,
Unpurged, and unforgiven;
Far distant from the living God,
As far as hell from heaven.
- 3 An unregenerate child of man,
To thee for faith I call:
Pity thy fallen creature's pain
And raise me from my fall!
- 4 The darkness, which through thee I feel,
Thou only canst remove:
Thy own eternal power reveal,
Thy Deity of Love?
- 5 Thou hast in unbelief shut up,
That grace may let me go:
In hope believing against hope,
I wait the truth to know.
- 6 Thou wilt in me reveal thy name,
Thou wilt thy light afford:
Bound and oppress'd, yet thine I am,
The prisoner of the Lord.
- 7 I would not to thy foe submit;
I hate the tyrant's chain:
Send forth the prisoner from the pit,
Nor let me cry in vain!
- 8 Shew me the blood, that bought my peace,
The covenant blood apply!
And all my griefs at once shall cease,
And all my sins shall die.
- 9 Now, Lord, if thou art power, descend;
The mountain sin remove:
My unbelief and troubles end,
If thou art Truth and Love!

10 Speak, Jesu, speak into my heart,
 What thou for me hast done!
 One grain of living faith impart,
 And God is all my own!

H Y M N LXXIV. [Olney.

1 **J**ESUS, my Lord, attend
 Thy feeble creature's cry;
 And shew thyself the sinner's friend,
 And set me up on high.
 From hell's oppressive power
 My struggling soul release;
 And to thy Father's grace restore,
 And to thy perfect peace.

2 Thy blood and righteousness
 I make my only plea!
 My present and eternal peace,
 Are both derived from thee.
 Rivers of life divine
 From thee, their fountain, flow,
 And all who know that love of thine,
 The joy of angels know.

3 Come then, impute, impart
 To me thy righteousness,
 And let me talle how good thou art;
 How full of truth and grace;
 That thou canst here forgive,
 Grant me to testify,
 And justified by faith to live,
 And in that faith to die.

H Y M N LXXV. [Brentford.

1 **L**O! in thy hand I lay,
 And wait thy will to prove,
 My Potter, stamp on me thy clay,
 Thy only stamp of love!

Be this my whole desire,
 I know that it is thine!
 Then kindle in my soul a fire,
 Which shall for ever shine.

2 Thy gracious readiness
 To save mankind assert;
 Thine image, love, thy name impress,
 Thy nature on my heart!
 Bowels of mercy, hear,
 Into my soul come down;
 Let it throughout my life appear,
 That I have Christ put on.

3 O plant in me thy mind!
 O fix in me thy home!
 So shall I cry to all mankind,
 Come, to the waters, come!
 Jesus is full of grace;
 To all his bowels move:
 Behold in him, ye fallen race,
 That God is only love!

H Y M N LXXVI. [Passion.

1 **O** Jesus my Hope, For me offered up,
 Who with clamour pursued thee to Cal-
 vary's top:
 The blood thou hast shed, For me let it plead,
 And declare thou hast died in thy murderer's
 stead.

2 Come then from above, The stony remove,
 And vanquish my heart with the sense of thy love.
 Thy love on the tree Display unto me,
 And the servant of sin in a moment is free.

3 Neither passion nor pride Thy cross can abide,
 But melt in the fountain, that streams from thy
 side.

Let the wonderful flood Wash off all my load,
And purge my soul conscience, and bring me to
God.

- 4 Now, now let me know Its virtue below!
Let it wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow,
Let it hallow my heart, And thoroughly convert,
And make me, O Lord, in the world as thou art.
- 5 Each moment applied, My weakness to hide,
Thy blood be upon me, and always abide:
My Advocate prove With the Father above,
And speak me at last to the throne of thy love.

H Y M N LXXVII. [Dresden.

- 1 **S**TAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine eye lasting sight.
- 2 Though I have fleeced my stubborn heart,
And still shook off my guilty tears;
And vexed, and urged thee to depart
For forty, long, rebellious years.
- 3 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all, whoe'er thy grace received;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen;
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved.
- 4 Yet O! the chief of sinners spare
In honour of my great High-Priest,
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
To exclude me from thy people's rest.
- 5 This only woe I deprecate,
This only plague I pray remove:
Nor leave me in my lost estate;
Nor curse me with this want of love.

6 From now my weary soul release;
 Up-raise me with thy gracious hand;
 And guide into thy perfect peace,
 And bring me to the promised land.

H Y M N LXXVIII. [Passion.

1 COME, Lord, from above,
 The mountains remove,
 Overturn all that hinders the course of thy love:
 My bosom inspire,
 Inkindle the fire,
 And wrap my whole soul in the flames of desire.

2 I languish and pine
 For the comfort divine,
 O when shall I say, my Beloved is mine?
 I have chose the good part,
 My portion thou art,
 O love, I have found thee, O God, in my heart.

3 For this my heart sighs,
 Nothing else can suffice;
 How, Lord, can I purchase the pearl of great price?
 It cannot be bought,
 And thou know'it I have nought,
 Not an action, a word, or a truly good thought.

4 But I hear a voice say,
 Without money ye may
 Receive it, whoever hath nothing to pay:
 Who on Jesus relies,
 Without money or price,
 The pearl of forgiveness and holiness buys.

5 The blessing is free:
 So, Lord, let it be;
 I yield that thy love should be given to me.

I freely receive
 What thou freely dost give,
 And consent in thy love, in thine Eden to live.

6 The gift I embrace,
 The giver I praise,
 And ascribe my salvation to Jesus's grace;
 It came from above,
 The foretaste I prove,
 And I soon shall receive all thy fulness of love.

H Y M N LXXIX. [Thou Shepherd of Israel.

- 1 **C**OME, holy celestial Dove,
 To visit a sorrowful breast!
 My burthen of guilt to remove,
 And bring me assurance and rest!
 Thou only hast power to relieve
 A sinner o'erwhelm'd with his load;
 The sense of acceptance to give,
 And sprinkle his heart with thy blood!
- 2 With me if of old thou hast strove,
 And strangely with-held from my sin,
 And tried by the lure of thy love
 My worthless affections to win:
 The work of thy mercy revive;
 Thy uttermost mercy exert:
 And kindly continue to strive,
 And hold, till I yield thee my heart!
- 3 Thy call if I ever have known,
 And sigh'd from myself to get free,
 And groan'd the unspeakable groan,
 And longed to be happy in thee;
 Fulfil the imperfect desire!
 Thy peace to my conscience reveal;
 The sense of thy favour inspire,
 And give me my pardon to feel

4 If when I had put thee to grief,
 And madly to folly returned,
 Thy pity hath been my relief,
 And lifted me up as I mourned ;
 Most pitiful spirit of grace,
 Relieve me again, and restore ;
 My spirit in holiness raise,
 To fall and to suffer no more !

5 If now I lament after God,
 And gasp for a drop of thy love,
 If Jesus hath bought thee with blood
 For me to receive from above ;
 Come, heaven! Comforter, come!
 True witness of mercy divine :
 And make me thy permanent home,
 And seal me eternally thine !

S E C T I O N IV.

Convinced of Backsliding.

H Y M N LXXX. [Built.

Part the First.

1 **H**OW happy are they
 Who the Saviour obey,
 And have laid up their treasure above !
 Tongue cannot express
 The sweet comfort and peace
 Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That comfort was mine,
 When the favour divine
 I first found in the blood of the Lamb ;
 When my heart it believed,
 What a joy I received,
 What a heaven in Jesus's name !

3 'Twas an heaven below
 My Saviour to know;
 The angels could do nothing more
 Than fall at his feet,
 And the story repeat,
 And the lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long
 Was my joy and my song;
 O that all his salvation might see!
 He hath loved me, I cried,
 He hath suffered, and died.
 To redeem such a rebel as me.

5 On the wings of his love
 I was carried above
 All sin, and temptation, and pain:
 I could not believe
 That I ever should grieve,
 That I ever should suffer again.

6 I rode on the sky,
 Freely justified I!
 Nor envied Elijah his seat;
 My soul mounted higher
 In a chariot of fire,
 And the moon it was under my feet.

7 Oh! the rapturous height
 Of that holy delight,
 Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
 Of my Saviour possess
 I was perfectly blest,
 As if filled with the fulness of God.

H Y M N LXXXI. [Built.

Part the Second.

1 **A**H, where am I now!
 When was it, or how
 That I fell from my heaven of grace I
 I am brought into thrall,
 I am stript of my All!
 I am banished from Jesus's face.

2 Hardly yet do I know
 How I let my Lord go,
 So insensibly starting aside;
 When the tempter came in
 With his own subtle sin,
 And infected my spirit with pride.

But I felt it too soon
 That my Saviour was gone,
 Swiftly vanishing out of my sight;
 My triumph and boast
 On a sudden were lost,
 And my day it was turned into night.

4 Only pride could destroy
 That innocent joy,
 And make my Redeemer depart;
 But whate'er was the cause,
 I lament the sad loss,
 For the veil is come over my heart.

5 Ah! wretch that I am!
 I can only exclaim,
 Like a devil tormented within:
 My Saviour is gone,
 And has left me alone
 To the fury of Satan and sin.

6 Nothing now can relieve,
 Without comfort I grieve,
 I have lost all my peace and my power :
 No accels do I find
 To the Friend of mankind ;
 I can ask for his mercy no more.

7 Tongue cannot declare
 The torment I bear,
 (While no end of my troubles I see)
 Only Adam could tell
 On the day that he fell,
 And was turned out of Eden like me.

8 Driven out from my God,
 I wander abroad,
 Through a desert of sorrows I rove :
 And how great is my pain,
 That I cannot regain
 My Eden of Jesus's love !

9 I never shall rise
 To my first paradise,
 Or come my Redeemer to see :
 But I feel a faint hope
 That at last he will stoop,
 And his pity shall bring him to me.

H Y M N LXXXII. [Funeral.

HOW shall a lost sinner in pain
 Recover his forfeited peace?
 When brought into bondage again,
 What hope of a second release?
 Will mercy itself be so kind
 To spare such a rebel as me?
 And, O! can I possibly find
 Such plenteous redemption in thee?

2 O J^h sus, of thee I require,
 If still thou art able to save,
 The brand to pluck out of the fire,
 And ransom my soul from the grave?
 The help of thy Spirit restore,
 And shew me the life-giving blood,
 And pardon a sinner once more,
 And bring me again unto God.

3 O J^h sus, in pity draw near,
 Come quickly to help a lost soul,
 To comfort a mourner appear,
 And make a poor Lazarus whole:
 The balm of thy mercy apply,
 (Thou seest the sore anguish I feel)
 Save Lord, or I perish, I die,
 O save, or I sink into hell!

4 I fear, if thou longer delay
 Thy pardoning mercy to show:
 Come quickly, and kindly display
 The power of thy passion below,
 By all thou hast done for my sake,
 One drop of thy blood I implore:
 Now, now let it touch me, and make
 The unclean a sinner no more!

HYMN LXXXIII. [Funeral.

1 **H**OW tedious and tasteless the hours,
 When Jesus no longer I see:
 Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,
 Have all lost their sweetness with me:
 The midsummer sun shines but dim,
 The fields strive in vain to look gay:
 But when I am happy in him,
 December's as pleasant as May.

- 2 His name yields the richest perfume,
 And sweeter than music his voice;
 His presence disperses my gloom,
 And makes all within me rejoice:
 I should, were he always thus nigh,
 Have nothing to wish or to fear;
 No mortal so happy as I,
 My summer would last all the year.
- 3 Content with beholding his face,
 My all to his pleasure resigned;
 No changes of season or place,
 Would make any change in my mind:
 While bless'd with a sense of his love,
 A palace a toy would appear;
 And prisons would palaces prove,
 If Jesus would dwell with me there.
- 4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
 If thou art my sun and my song!
 Say, why do I languish and pine,
 And why are my winters so long?
 O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
 Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
 Or take me unto thee on high,
 Where winter and clouds are no more.

HYMN LXXXIV. [Marienbourg.]

- 1 **O**'Tis enough, my God, my God!
 Here let me give my wanderings o'er;
 No longer trample on thy blood,
 And grieve thy gentleness no more:
 No more thy lingering anger move,
 Or sin against thy light and love.
- 2 O Lord, if mercy is with thee
 Now let it all on me be shown!
 On me, the chief of sinners, me,
 Who humbly for thy mercy groan!

Me to thy Father's grace restore;
Nor let me ever grieve thee more;

3 Fountain of unexhausted love,
Of infinite compassions, hear;
My Saviour and my Prince above,
Once more in my behalf appear!
Repentance, faith, and pardon give:
O let me turn again, and live!

H Y M N LXXXV. [Pudsey.

1 **T**HOU man of griefs, remember me,
Who never canst thyself forget
Thy last, mysterious agony,
Thy fainting pangs, and bloody sweat!

2 When, wrestling in the strength of prayer,
Thy spirit sunk beneath its load;
Thy feeble flesh abhorred to bear
The wrath of an almighty God.

3 Father, if I may call thee so,
Regard my tearful heart's desire!
Remove this load of guilty woe,
Nor let me in my sins expire:

4 I tremble, lest the wrath divine,
Which bruises now my wretched soul,
Should bruise this wretched soul of mine,
Long as eternal ages roll.

5 To thee my last distress I bring!
The heightened fear of death I find:
The tyrant, brandishing his sting,
Appears, and hell is close behind.

6 I deprecate that death alone,
 That endless banishment from thee :
 O save, and give me to thy Son,
 Who trembled, wept, and bled for me.

S E C T I O N V.

For Mourners Recovered.

H Y M N LXXXVI. [Dedication.

- 1 **J**ESU, Shepherd of the sheep,
 Pity my unsettled soul !
 Guide, and nourish me, and keep,
 Till thy love shall make me whole :
 Give me, perfect soundness give,
 Make me stedfastly believe.
- 2 I am never at one stay !
 Changing every hour I am :
 But thou art, as yesterday,
 Now and evermore the same :
 Constancy to me impart,
 Establish with thy grace my heart.
- 3 Lay thy weighty cross on me,
 All my unbelief controul :
 Till the rebel cease to be,
 Keep him down within my soul :
 That he never more may move,
 Root and ground me fast in love.
- 4 Give me faith to hold me up,
 Walking over life's rough sea ;
 Holy, purifying hope
 Still my soul's sure anchor be :
 That I may be always thine,
 Perfect me in love divine.

H Y M N LXXXVII. [Cary's.

1 **W**EAR Y of wandring from my God,
 And now made willing to return,
 I hear, and bow me to the rod :

For thee, not without hope, I mourn;
 I have an advocate above,
 A friend before the throne of love.

2 O Jesus, full of truth and grace,
 More full of grace than I of sin,
 Yet once again I seek thy face;
 Open thine arms, and take me in,
 And freely my backslidings heal,
 And love the faithless sinner still.

3 Thou knowst the way to bring me back,
 My fallen spirit to restore:
 Oh! for thy truth and mercy's sake
 Forgive, and bid me sin no more:
 The ruins of my soul repair,
 And make my heart a house of prayer.

4 The stone to flesh again convert!
 The veil of sin again remove!
 Drop thy warm blood upon my heart,
 And melt it by thy dying love!
 This rebel heart by love subdue,
 And make it soft, and make it new.

5 Give to my eyes refreshing tears,
 And kindle my relentings now:
 Fill all my soul with filial tears;
 To thy sweet yoke my spirit bow!
 Bend by thy grace, O bend or break
 The iron-screw in my neck.

6 Ah, give me, Lord, the tender heart,
 That trembles at the approach of sin!
 A godly fear of sin impart;
 Implant, and root it deep within!
 That I may dread thy gracious power
 - And never dare to offend thee more.

II Y M N LXXXVIII. [Kingswood.

1 **S**ON of God, if thy free grace
 Again hath raised me up,
 Called me still to seek thy face,
 And given me back my hope:
 Still thine timely help afford,
 And all thy loving-kindness show;
 Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
 And never let me go.

2 By me, O my Saviour, stand
 In fierce temptation's hour;
 Save me with thine out-stretched hand,
 And then for all thy power:
 Oh! be mindful of thy word,
 Thy all-sufficient grace bestow:
 Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
 And never let me go.

3 Give me, Lord, a holy fear,
 And fix it in my heart:
 That I may from evil near
 With timely care depart.
 Sin be more than hell abhorred:
 Till thou destroy the tyrant-foe,
 Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
 And never let me go.

4 Never let me leave thy breast,
 From thee, my Saviour, stray;
 Thou art my support and rest,
 My true and living way:

My exceeding great reward
 In heaven above, and earth below :
 Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
 And never let me go.

H Y M N LXXXIX. [Kingswood.

- 1 **L**ORD, and is thine anger gone?
 And art thou pacified?
 After all, that I have done,
 Dost thou no longer chide?
 Infinite thy mercies are;
 Beneath the weight I cannot move,
 Oh! 'tis more than I can bear,
 The sense of pardoning love.
- 2 Let it still my heart constrain,
 And all my passions sway;
 Keep me, lest I turn again
 Out of the narrow way:
 Force my violence to be still,
 And captivate my every thought;
 Charm, and melt, and change my will,
 And bring me down to nought.
- 3 If I have begun once more
 Thy sweet return to feel;
 If even now I find thy power
 Present my soul to heal:
 Still and quiet may I lie,
 Nor struggle out of thine embrace:
 Never more resist, or fly
 From thy pursuing grace.
- 4 To the cross, thine altar bind
 Me with the cords of love;
 Freedom let me never find
 From my dear Lord to move:

That I never, never more
 May with my much-loved Master part,
 To the posts of mercy's door
 O nail my willing heart.

5 See my utter helplessness,
 And leave me not alone;
 O preserve in perfect peace,
 And seal me for thine own;
 More and more thyself reveal,
 Thy presence let me always find:
 Comfort, and confirm, and heal
 My feeble, sin-sick mind.

6 As the apple of an eye
 Thy weakest servant keep;
 Help me at thy feet to lie,
 And there for ever weep.
 Tears of joy mine eyes o'erflow,
 That I have any hope of heaven;
 Much of love I ought to know;
 For I have much forgiven.

P A R T IV.

S E C T I O N I.

For Believers Rejoicing.

H Y M N XC. [Trumpet.

1 **T**HE Lord of earth and sky,
 The God of ages praise!
 Who reigns enthroned on high,
 Ancient of endless days;
 Who lengthens out our trial here,
 And spares us yet another year.

2 Barren and withered trees,
 We cumbered long the ground;
 No fruit of holiness
 On our dead souls was found;
 Yet doth he us in mercy spare,
 Another, and another year.

3 When justice bared the sword,
 To cut the fig-tree down;
 The pity of our Lord,
 Cried, "Let it still alone:"
 The Father mild inclines his ear,
 And spares us yet another year.

4 Jesus, thy speaking blood
 From God obtain'd the grace,
 Who therefore hath bestow'd
 On us a long r space;
 Thou didst in our behalf appear,
 And lo, we see another year!

5 Then dig about our root,
 Break up our fellow ground,
 And let our gracious fruit
 To thy great praise abound;
 O let us all thy praise declare,
 And fruit unto perfection bear.

H Y M N XCI. [Tallis.

1 **O** What shall I do My Saviour to praise,
 So faithful and true, So plenteous in grace!
 So strong to deliver, So good to redeem
 The weakest believer, That hangs upon him!

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

- 3 Their daily delight Shall be in thy name,
 They shall as their right Thy righteousness claim;
 Thy righteousness wearing, And cleansed by thy
 blood,
 Bold shall they appear in The presence of God.
- 4 For thou art their boast, Their glory, and power;
 And I also trust To see the glad hour,
 My soul's new creation, A life from the dead,
 The day of salvation, That lifts up my head.
- 5 For Jesus my Lord Is now my defence;
 I trust in his word, None plucks me from thence;
 Since I have found favour, He all things will do,
 My King and my Saviour Shall make me anew.
- 6 Yes, Lord, I shall see The blifs of thine own,
 Thy secret to me Shall soon be made known:
 For sorrow and sadness I joy shall receive,
 And share in the gladness Of all that believe.

H Y . M N XCII. [Hamilton.

1 **O**FT I in my heart have said,
 Who shall ascend on high,
 Mount to Christ my glorious head,
 And bring him from the sky?
 Borne on contemplation's wing,
 Surely I should find him there,
 Where the angels praise their King,
 And gain the morning-star.

2 Oft I in my heart have said,
 Who to the deep shall stoop,
 Sink with Christ among the dead
 From thence to bring him up?
 Could I but my heart prepare
 By unfeigned humility,
 Christ would quickly enter there,
 And ever dwell with me.

- 3 But the righteousness of faith
 Hath taught me better things :
 " Inward turn thine eyes," (it saith,
 While Christ to me it brings,)
 " Christ is ready to impart
 Life to all, for life who sigh;
 In thy mouth, and in thy heart
 The word is ever nigh."

H Y M N XCVIII. [Common.

- 1 **A**RISE, my soul arise,
 Shake off thy guilty fears;
 The bleeding Sacrifice
 In my behalf appears;
 Before the throne my surety stands;
 My name is written on his hands.
- 2 He ever lives above
 For me to intercede;
 His all-redeeming love,
 His precious blood to plead:
 His blood atoned for all our race,
 And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
 Received on Calvary;
 They pour effectual prayers,
 They strongly speak for me:
 Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
 Nor let that ransomed sinner die.
- 4 The Father hears him pray,
 His dear 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.

- 5 My God is reconciled,
 His pardoning 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!

H Y M N XCIV. [Old German.

- 1 **M**Y God, I am thine: What a comfort divine,
 What a blessing to know that my Jesus is
 mine.
 In the heavenly Lamb Thrice happy I am,
 And my heart it doth dance at the sound of his
 name.

- 2 True pleasures abound In the rapturous sound;
 And whoever hath found it, hath paradise found.
 My Jesus to know, And feel his blood flow,
 'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven below!

- 3 Yet onward I haste To the heavenly feast;
 That, that is the fulness: but this is the taste;
 And this I shall prove, Till with joy I remove
 To the heaven of heavens in Jesus's love.

H Y M N XCV. [Hotham.

- 1 **J**ESUS is our common Lord,
 He our loving Saviour is:
 By his death to life restored,
 Misery we exchange for bliss.
- 2 Bliss by carnal minds unknown:
 O 'tis more than tongue can tell!
 Only to believers known,
 Glorious and unspeakable!

3 Christ our Brother and our Friend
 Shews us his eternal love :
 Never shall our triumphs end,
 'Till we take our seats above.

4 Let us walk with him in white !
 For our bridal-day prepare,
 For our partnership in light,
 For our glorious meeting there !

H Y M N XCVI. [Dying Stephen.

1 **H** E A D 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,
 With blest anticipation ;
 And cry aloud,
 And give to God
 The praise of our salvation.

2 While in affliction's furnace,
 And passing through the fire,
 Thy love we praise,
 Which knows our days,
 And ever brings us nigher ;
 We clap our hands, exulting
 In thine almighty 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
To which thou shalt restore us,

The cross 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.

H Y M N XCVII. [Cornish.]

1 COME, let us join our chearful 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 hearts 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 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

H Y M N XCVIII. [Birmingham.

1 **T**HEE will I love, my strength, my tower,
 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,
 Thee will I love with all my power,
 In all my works and thee alone;
 Thee will I love, till the pure fire
 Fill my whole soul with chaste desire.

2 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?
 Ashamed I sigh, and inly mourn,
 That I so late to thee did turn.

3 In darkness willingly I strayed;
 I sought thee, yet from thee I roved;
 For wide my wandring thoughts were spread,
 Thy creatures more than thee I loved;
 And now if more at length I see,
 'Tis through thy light, and comes from thee.

4 I thank thee, uncreated Sun,
 That thy bright beams on me have shined,
 I thank thee, who hast overthrown
 My foes, and healed my wounded mind,
 I thank thee, whose enlivening voice
 Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.

5 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 heavenly light.

- 6 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears,
 Give to my heart chaste hallowed fires,
 Give to my soul with filial fears
 The love, that all heaven's host inspires;
 That all my powers with all their might
 In thy sole glory may unite.
- 7 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 though my flesh and heart decay?
 Thee shall I love in endless day!

H Y M N XCIX. [Evesham.

- 1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim;
 Be thou my hope, my joy, my rest!
 The glories that compose thy name,
 Stand all engaged to make me blest.
- 2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
 Thou art my Father and my God!
 And I am thine, by sacred ties,
 Thy son, thy servant bought with blood.
- 3 With heart and eyes and lifted hands,
 For thee I long, to thee I look;
 As travellers in thirsty lands
 Pant for the cooling water-brook.
- 4 Even life itself, without thy love,
 No lasting pleasure can afford;
 Yea, 'twould a tiresome burthen prove
 If I were banished from thee, Lord!
- 5 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
 While I have breath to pray or praise;
 This work shall make my heart rejoice,
 And spend the remnant of my days.

HYMN C. [Cornish.

1 SING to the great Jehovah's praise:
 All praise to him belongs,
 Who kindly lengthens out our days,
 Demands our choicest songs,
 Whose providence has brought us through
 Another various year,
 We all with vows and anthems new
 Before our God appear.

2 Father, thy mercies past we own,
 Thy still continued care,
 To thee, presenting, through thy Son,
 Whate'er we have; or are;
 Our lips and lives shall gladly show
 The wonders of thy love,
 While on in Jesu's steps we go
 To see thy face above.

3 Our residue of days or hours,
 Thine, wholly thine shall be,
 And all our consecrated powers
 A sacrifice to Thee:
 Till Jesus in the clouds appear,
 To saints on earth forgiven,
 And bring the grand sabbatic year,
 The jubilee of heaven.

HYMN CI. [Trumpet Tune.

1 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 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.
- 3 Extol the Lamb of God,
 The all-atoning Lamb ;
 Redemption in his blood,
 Throughout the world proclaim :
 The year of jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
 Your liberty receive,
 And safe in Jesus dwell,
 And blest in Jesus live.
 The year of jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 5 Ye who have sold for nought
 Your heritage above,
 Shall have it back unbought,
 The gift of Jesu's love.
 The year of jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 6 The gospel-trumpet hear,
 The news of heavenly grace :
 And saved from earth, appear
 Before your Saviour's face !
 The year of jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

H Y M N CII. [Dresden.

1 **H**E dies, the friend of sinners dies!
 Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
 A solemn darkness veils the skies!
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground!
 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
 For him who groaned beneath your load!
 He shed a thousand drops for you,
 A thousand drops of richest blood.

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
 The Lord of glory dies for man!
 But lo! what sudden joys we see,
 Jesus, the dead, revives again!
 The rising God forsakes the tomb:
 (In vain the tomb forbids his rise)
 Cherubic legions guard him home,
 And shout him welcome to the skies.

3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
 How high our great Deliv'rer reigns;
 Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
 And led the monster death in chains.
 Say, "Live for ever, wond'rous King!
 "Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
 Then ask the monster—"where's thy sting?
 And where's thy victory, O grave?"

H Y M N CIII. [Cornish.

1 **I**NFINITE, unexhausted Love!
 Jesus and love are one:
 If still to me thy bowels move,
 They are restrained to none.

2 What shall I do in God to love!
 My loving God to praise?
 The length, and breadth, and height to prove,
 And depth of sovereign grace?

- 3 Thy sovereign grace to all extends,
Immense and unconfined;
From age to age it never ends,
It reaches all mankind.
- 4 Throughout the world its breadth is known;
Wide as infinity!
So wide, it never passed by one,
Or it had passed by me.
- 5 My trespass was grown up to heaven:
But far above the skies,
In Christ abundantly forgiven,
I see thy mercies rise!
- 6 The depth of all-redeeming love
What angel-tongue can tell?
O may I to the utmost prove
The gift unspeakable?
- 7 Deeper than hell, it plucked me thence,
Deeper than inbred sin:
Jesus's love my heart shall cleanse,
When Jesus enters in.
- 8 Come quickly, gracious Lord, and take
Possession of thine own!
My longing heart vouchsafe to make
Thine everlasting throne!
- 9 Assert thy claim, maintain thy right,
Come quickly from above;
And sink me to perfection's height,
The depth of humble love.

H Y M N · CIV. [Zion.

- 1 ALL glory to God in the sky,
And peace upon earth be restored!
O Jesus exalted on high,
Appear our omnipotent Lord!

Who, meanly in Bethlehem born,
Didst stoop to redeem a lost race,
Once more to thy creatures return,
And reign in thy kingdom of grace.

2 When thou in our flesh didst appear,
All nature acknowledged thy birth;
Arose the acceptable year,
And heaven was opened on earth;
Receiving its Lord from above,
The world was united to bless
The giver of concord and love,
The prince and the author of peace.

3 O wouldst thou again be made known,
Again in the spirit descend;
And set up in each of thine own
A kingdom that never shall end.
Thou only art able to bless,
And make the glad nations obey,
And bid the dire enmity cease,
And bow the whole world to thy sway.

4 Come then to thy servants again,
Who long thy appearing to know;
Thy quiet and peaceable reign
In mercy establish below:
All sorrow before thee shall fly,
And anger and hatred be o'er,
And envy and malice shall die,
And discord afflict us no more.

5 No horrid alarm of war
Shall break our eternal repose:
No sound of the trumpet is there,
Where Jesus's spirit o'erflows:
Appeased by the charms of thy grace,
We all shall in amity join,
And kindly each other embrace,
And love with a passion like thine.

H Y M N CV. [Brockmer.

- 1 **O** Thou to whom all creatures bow
 Within this earthly frame,
 Through all the world how great art thou!
 How glorious is thy name.
- 2 In heaven thy wondrous acts are sung,
 Nor fully reckoned there;
 And yet thou makest the infant tongue
 Thy boundless praise declare.
- 3 When heaven, thy glorious works on high
 Employs my wondring sight,
 The moon that nightly rules the sky,
 And stars of feebler light :
- 4 What's man, say I, that, Lord, thou lov'st
 To keep him in thy mind?
 Or what his offspring, that thou prov'st
 To him so wondrous kind?

H Y M N CVI. [Cornish.

- 1 **L**ET every tongue thy goodness speak,
 Thou sovereign Lord of all;
 Thy strengthening hands uphold the weak,
 And raise the poor that fall.
- 2 When sorrows bow the spirit down,
 Or virtue lies distressed
 Beneath the proud oppressor's frown,
 Thou giv'st the mourner rest.
- 3 The Lord supports our infant days,
 And guides our giddy youth:
 Holy and just are all thy ways,
 And all thy works are truth.

4 Thou know'st the pains thy servants feel;
 Thou hear'st thy children's cry,
 And their best wishes to fulfil
 Thy grace is ever nigh.

5 Thy mercy never shall remove
 From men of heart sincere;
 Thou sav'st the souls whose humble love
 Is join'd with holy fear.

6 My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,
 And spread thy fame abroad:
 Let all the sons of Adam raise
 The honours of their God.

H Y M N C V I I. [113th Psalm.

1 I'll praise my Maker, while I've breath,
 And when my voice is lost in death.
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life, and thought, and being last,
 Or immortality endures.

2 Happy the man, whose hopes rely
 On Israel's God; he made the sky,
 And earth, and seas, with all their train;
 His truth for ever stands secure;
 He saves the opprest, he feeds the poor,
 And none shall find his promise vain.

3 The Lord pours eye-sight on the blind,
 The Lord supports the fainting mind;
 He sends the labouring conscience peace,
 He helps the stranger in distress,
 The widow and the fatherless.
 And grants the prisoner sweet release.

- 4 I'll praise him, while he lends me breath,
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers :
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life, and thought, and being last,
 Or immortality endures.

H Y M N CVIII. [Kettleby's.]

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise
 Our hearts and voices in his praise :
 His nature and his works invite
 To make this duty our delight.
- 2 He form'd the stars, those heavenly flames ;
 He counts their numbers, calls their names ;
 His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
 A deep, where all our thoughts are drown'd.
- 3 Sing to the Lord ; exalt him high,
 Who spreads his clouds around the sky ;
 There he prepares the fruitful rain,
 Nor lets the drops descend in vain.
- 4 He makes the grass the hills adorn,
 And clothes the smiling fields with corn :
 The beasts with food his hands supply,
 And the young ravens, when they cry.
- 5 What is the creature's skill or force,
 The sprightly man, or warlike horse ?
 The piercing wit, the active limb ?
 All are too mean delights for him.
- 6 But saints are lovely in his sight,
 He views his children with delight !
 He sees their hope, he knows their fear ;
 And looks, and loves his image there.

HYMN CIX. [Hallelujah.

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord, y' immortal quires,
That fill the realms above;
Praise him who formed you of his fires,
And feeds you with his love.
- 2 Sing to his praise, ye crystal skies,
The floor of his abode;
Or veil in shades your thousand eyes,
Before your brighter God.
- 3 Thou restless globe of golden light,
Whose beams create our days,
Join with the silver queen of night,
To own your borrowed rays.
- 4 Winds, ye shall bear his name aloud
Through the ethereal blue:
For when his chariot is a cloud,
He makes his wheels of you.
- 5 Thunder and hail, and fires and storms,
The troops of his command,
Appear in all your dreadful forms,
And speak his awful hand.
- 6 Shout to the Lord ye surging seas,
In your eternal roar:
Let wave to wave resound his praise,
And shore reply to shore.
- 7 While monsters sporting on the flood,
In scaly silver shine,
Speak terribly their Maker, God,
And lash the foaming brine.

- 8 But gentler things shall tune his name
 To softer notes than these,
 Young zephyrs breathing o'er the stream,
 Or whispering through the trees.
- 9 Wave your tall heads ye lofty pines,
 To him that bids you grow:
 Sweet clusters bend the fruitful vines
 On every thankful bough.
- 10 Let the small birds his honours raise,
 And climb the morning sky;
 While grunting beasts attempt his praise
 In hoarser harmony.
- 11 Thus while the meaner creatures sing,
 Ye mortals take the sound,
 Echo the glories of your King
 Through all the nations round.

H Y M N CX. [Canon.]

- 1 **J**ESUS, thou everlasting King,
 Accept the tribute which we bring,
 Accept the well-deserved renown,
 And wear our praises as thy crown.
- 2 Let every act of worship be
 Like our espousals, Lord, to thee:
 Like the blest hour when from above
 We first received thy pledge of love.
- 3 The gladness of that happy day,
 O may it ever, ever stay!
 Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
 Nor hope decline, nor love grow cold!
- 4 Each following minute as it flies
 Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
 Till we are raised to sing thy name
 At the great supper of the Lamb.

HYMN CXI. [Trinity.

- 1 FATHER, how wide thy glories shine,
 How high thy wonders rise!
 Known through the earth by thousand signs,
 By thousand through the skies.
 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,
 Their motions speak thy skill;
 And on the wings of every hour
 We read thy patience still.
- 2 Part of thy name divinely stands
 On all thy creatures writ,
 They shew the labour of thy hands,
 Or impress of thy feet:
 But when we view thy strange design,
 To save rebellious worms,
 Where vengeance and compassion join
 In their divinest forms:
- 3 Hence the whole Deity is known,
 Nor dares a creature guess
 Which of the glories brightest shone,
 The justice or the grace.
 Now the full glories of the Lamb
 Adorn the heavenly plains,
 Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
 And try their choicest strains.
- 4 O may I bear some humble part
 In that immortal song!
 Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
 And love command my tongue.
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Who sweetly all agree
 To save a world of sinners lost,
 Eternal glory be.

HYMN CXII. [Salisbury.]

- 1 **G**LORY be to God on high,
God whose glory fills the sky;
Peace on earth to man forgiven,
Man, the well-beloved of heaven.
- 2 Sovereign Father, heavenly King,
Thee we now presume to sing,
Glad thine attributes confess,
Glorious all and numberless.
- 3 Hail, by all thy works adored;
Hail, the everlasting Lord;
Thee with thankful hearts we prove,
Lord of power, and God of love!
- 4 Christ our Lord and God we own;
Christ, the Father's only Son:
Lamb of God for sinners slain,
Saviour of offending man.
- 5 Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's atonement thou:
Jesu, in thy name we pray,
Take, O take our sins away.
- 6 Powerful Advocate with God,
Justify us by thy blood!
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's Atonement thou,
- 7 Hear, for thou, O Christ, alone,
With thy glorious Sire art one;
One the Holy Ghost with thee,
One supreme, eternal Three.

HYMN CXIII. [Stanton.]

- 1 FROM earth that dwell below the skies,
 Let the Redeemer's praise arise;
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
 Through every land, by every tongue.
 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
 Everlasting as thy love;
 Thy power shall flourish shore to shore,
 Till sun and moon be no more.
- 2 Your lofty themes, O mortals bring,
 In songs of praise divinely sung;
 The great salvation loud proclaim,
 And shout for joy the Saviour's name:
 In every land begin the song:
 To every land the strains belong:
 In cheerful sounds your voices raise,
 And fill the world with loudest praise.

HYMN CXIV. [Evesham.]

- 1 HOW do thy mercies close me round,
 For ever be thy name adored!
 I blush in all things to abound;
 The servant is above his Lord!
- 2 Inured to poverty and pain,
 A suffering life my Master led:
 The Son of God, the Son of Man,
 He had not where to lay his head.
- 3 But lo! a place he hath prepared
 For me, whom watchful angels keep;
 Yea, he himself becomes my guard;
 He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.
- 4 Jesus protects, my fears be gone!
 What can the Rock of Ages move?
 Safe in thine arms I lay me down,
 Thy everlasting arms of love.

- 5 While thou art intimately nigh,
 Who, who shall violate my rest?
 Sin, earth, and hell I now defy;
 I lean upon my Saviour's breast.
- 6 I rest beneath the Almighty's shade.
 My griefs expire, my troubles cease;
 Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is staid,
 Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.
- 7 Me for thine own thou lovest to take
 In time and in eternity:
 Thou never, never wilt forsake
 A helpless worm, that trusts in thee.

H Y M N CXV. [Resurrection:

- 1 **G**OD of my life, to thee
 My cheerful soul I raise;
 Thy goodness bade me be,
 And still prolongs my days:
 I see my natal hour return,
 And'blest the day, that I was born.
- 2 A clod of living earth,
 I glorify thy name,
 From whom alone my birth
 And all my blessings came;
 Creating and preserving grace
 Let all that is within me praise.
- 3 Long as I live beneath,
 To thee O let me live!
 To thee my every breath
 In thanks and praises give!
 Whate'er I have, whate'er I am,
 Shall magnify my Maker's name.

4 My soul and all its powers
Thine wholly thine shall be;
All, all my happy hours
I consecrate to thee;
Me to thine image now restore,
And I shall praise thee evermore.

5 I wait thy will to do,
As angels do in heaven!
In Christ a creature new,
Eternally forgiven;
I wait thy perfect will to prove,
All sanctified by sinless love.

6 Then when the work is done,
The work of faith with power,
Receive thy favoured son;
In death's triumphant hour
Like Moses to thy self convey,
And kiss my raptured soul away.

H Y M N CXVI. [Built.

1 **A**WAY with our fears,
The glad morning appears,
When an heir of salvation was born!
From Jehovah I came,
For his glory I am,
And to him I with singing return.

2 Thee, Jesus, alone
The fountain I own
Of my life and felicity here:
And cheerfully sing
My Redeemer and King,
Till his sign in the heavens appear.

3 With thanks I rejoice
In thy fatherly choice
Of my state and condition below!

If of parents I came,
 Who honoured thy name,
 'Twas thy wisdom appointed it so.

4 I sing of thy grace,
 From my earliest days
 Ever near to allure and defend;
 Hitherto thou hast been
 My preserver from sin,
 And I trust, thou wilt save to the end.

5 O the infinite cares
 And temptations and snares
 Thy hand hath conducted me through!
 O the blessings bestowed
 By a bountiful God,
 And the mercies eternally new!

6 What a mercy is this,
 What a heaven of bliss,
 How unspeakably happy am I;
 Gathered into the fold,
 With thy people enrolled,
 With thy people to live, and to die!

7 O the goodness of God,
 Employing a clod
 His tribute of glory to raise!
 His standard to bear,
 And with triumph declare
 His unspeakable riches of grace!

8 O the fathomless love,
 That has deigned to approve,
 And prosper the work of my hands!
 With my pastoral crook,
 I went over the brook,
 And behold! I am spread into bands!

- 9 Who, I ask in amaze,
Hath begotten me there?
And inquire, from what quarter they came?
My full heart it replies,
They are born from the skies,
And gives glory to God and the Lamb.
- 10 All honour and praise,
To the Father of grace,
To the Spirit, and Son I return!
The business pursue,
He hath made me to do,
And rejoice, that I ever was born.
- 11 In a rapture of joy
My life I employ
The God of my life to proclaim:
'Tis worth living for this,
To administer bliss
And salvation in Jesus's name.
- 12 My remnant of days
I spend in his praise,
Who died the whole world to redeem:
Be they many or few,
My days are his due.
And they all are devoted to him!

H Y M N CXVII. [Cookham.

- 1 **M**EET and right it is to praise
God, the giver of all grace;
God, whose mercies are bestowed
On the evil and the good.
He prevents his creatures call,
Kind and merciful to all:
Makes his sun on sinners rise;
Showers his blessings from the skies,

2 Least of all thy creatures we
 Daily thy salvation see,
 As by heavenly manna fed,
 Through a world of dangers led ;
 Through a wilderness of cares,
 Through ten thousand, thousand snares ;
 More than now our hearts conceive,
 More than we could know, and live !

3 By our bosom-foe beset,
 Taken in the fowler's net ;
 Passion's unclinging prey ;
 Olt within the toils we lay :
 Sleeping on the brink of sin,
 Tophet gaped to take us in :
 Mercy to our rescue flew,
 Broke the snare, and brought us through.

4 Here, as in the lion's den,
 Undevoured we still remain ;
 Pass secure the watry flood,
 Hanging on the arm of God ;
 Here we raise our voices higher,
 Shout in the refiner's fire ;
 Clap our hands amidst the flame,
 Glory give to Jesu's name.

5 Jesu's name in Satan's hour
 Stands our adamant tower :
 Jesus doth his own defend,
 Love, and save us to the end.
 Love shall make us persevere,
 Till our conquering Lord appear ;
 Bear us to our thrones above,
 Crown us with his heavenly love.

H Y M N CXVIII. [Hamilton's.

1 **T**HOU, my God, art good and wise,
 And infinite in power;
 Thee let all in earth and skies
 Continually adore!
 Give me thy converting grace,
 That I may obedient prove,
 Serve my Maker all my days,
 And my Redeemer love.

2 For my life and cloaths and food
 And every comfort here,
 Thee my most indulgent God,
 I thank with heart sincere,
 For the blessings numberless,
 Which thou hast already given,
 For my smallest spark of grace,
 And for my hope of heaven.

3 Gracious God, my sins forgive,
 And thy good spirit impart;
 Then I shall in thee believe
 With all my loving heart;
 Always unto Jesus look,
 Him in heavenly glory see,
 Who my cause hath undertook,
 And ever prays for me.

4 Grace in answer to his prayer
 And every grace bestow,
 That I may with zealous care
 Perform thy will below;
 Rooted in humility,
 Still in every state resigned,
 Plant, almighty Lord, in me
 A meek and lowly mind.

- 5 Poor and vile in my own eyes,
 With self-abasing shame
 Still I would myself despise,
 And magnify thy name :
 Thee let every creature bless,
 Praise to God alone be given,
 God alone deserves the praise
 Of all in earth or heaven.

H Y M N C XIX. [Athlone.

- 1 **M**Y soul through my Redeemer's care
 Saved from the second death I feel!
 My eyes from tears of dark despair,
 My feet from falling into hell.
- 2 Wherefore to him my feet shall run;
 My eyes on his perfections gaze :
 My soul shall live for God alone,
 And all within me shout his praise.

H Y M N C XX. [Wenno.

- 1 **T**HY ceaseless, unexhausted love,
 Unmerited and free,
 Delights our evil to remove,
 And help our misery.
- 2 Thou waitest to be gracious still;
 Thou dost with sinners bear,
 That, saved, we may thy goodness feel,
 And all thy grace declare.
- 3 Thy goodness and thy truth to me,
 To every soul abound ;
 A vast, unfathomable sea,
 Where all our thoughts are drowned.

4 Its streams the whole creation reach,
 So plenteous is the store;
 Enough for all, enough for each,
 Enough for evermore!

5 Faithful, O Lord, thy mercies are,
 A rock, that cannot move:
 A thousand promises declare
 Thy constancy of love.

6 Throughout the universe it reigns
 Unalterably sure:
 And while the truth of God remains,
 The goodness must endure.

H Y M N CXXI. [Aldrich.]

1 COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One God in persons three!
 Bring back the heavenly blessing, lost
 By all mankind and me.

2 Thy favour and thy nature too
 To me, to all restore!
 Forgive, and after God renew,
 And keep us evermore!

3 Eternal Sun of Righteousness,
 Display thy beams divine!
 And cause the glories of thy face
 Upon my heart to shine.

4 Light in thy light O may I see!
 Thy grace and mercy prove!
 Revived, and cheared, and blest by thee,
 The God of pardoning love.

- 5 Lift up thy countenance serene,
 And let thy happy child
 Behold without a cloud between
 The Godhead reconciled.
- 6 That all-comprizing peace be flow
 On me, through grace forgiven;
 The joys of holiness below,
 And then the joys of heaven!

S E C T I O N 11.

For Believers Fighting.

H Y M N CXXII. [Olney.

- 1 **O** May thy powerful word
 Inspire a feeble worm
 To rush into thy kingdom, Lord,
 And take it as by storm!
 O may we all improve
 The grace already given
 To seize the crown of perfect love,
 And scale the mount of heaven!

H Y M N CXXIII. [Handel's March.

Part the First.

- 1 **S**OLDIERS of Christ, arise,
 And put your armour on,
 Strong in the strength which God supplies
 Through his eternal Son;
 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
 And in his mighty power,
 Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
 Is more than conqueror.

2 Stand then in his great might,
 With all his strength endued,
 But take to arm you for the fight
 The panoply of God :
 That having all things done,
 And all your conflicts past,
 Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
 And stand entire at last.

3 Stand then against your foes
 In close and firm array :
 Legions of wily fiends oppose
 Throughout the evil day ;
 But meet the sons of night,
 But mock their vain design,
 Armed in the arms of heavenly light,
 Of righteousness divine.

4 Leave no unguarded place,
 No weakness of the soul ;
 Take every virtue, every grace,
 And fortify the whole :
 Indissolubly joined,
 To battle all proceed ;
 But arm yourselves with all the mind,
 That was in Christ your head.

H Y M N CXXIV. [Handel's March.

Part the Second.

1 **B**UT above all, lay hold
 On faith's victorious shield,
 Armed with that adamant and gold,
 Be sure to win the field :
 If faith surround your heart,
 Satan shall be subdued,
 Repelled his every fiery dart,
 And quenched with Jesu's blood.

2 Jesus hath died for you!
 What can his love withstand?
 Believe! hold fast your shield, and who
 Shall pluck you from his hand?
 Believe, that Jesus reigns,
 All power to him is given;
 Believe, till freed from sin's remains,
 Believe yourselves to heaven!

3 To keep your armour bright,
 Attend with constant care;
 Still walking in your Captain's fight,
 And watching unto prayer,
 Ready for all alarms.
 Stedfastly let your face,
 And always exercise your arms,
 And use your every grace.

4 Pray, without ceasing pray,
 (Your Captain gives the word,)
 His summons cheerfully obey,
 And call upon the Lord:
 To God your every want
 In instant prayer display:
 Pray always: pray and never faint:
 Pray, without ceasing pray.

II Y M N CXXV. [Handel's March.

Part the Third.

1 **I**N fellowship, alone,
 To God with faith draw near;
 Approach his courts, besiege his throne
 With all the powers of prayer:
 Go to his temple, go,
 Nor from his altar move:
 Let every house his worship know,
 And every heart his love.

- 2 To God your spirits dart :
 Your souls in words declare,
 Or groan to him, who reads the heart,
 The unutterable prayer :
 His mercy now implore,
 And now shew forth his praise,
 In shouts, or silent awe adore
 In miracles of grace.
- 3 Pour out your souls to God,
 And bow them with your knees,
 And spread your hearts and hands abroad,
 And pray for Sion's peace :
 Your guides and brethren bear
 For ever on your mind :
 Extend the arms of mighty prayer
 In grasping all mankind.
- 4 From strength to strength go on,
 Wrestle, and fight, and pray,
 Tread all the powers of darkness down,
 And win the well-fought day :
 Still let the spirit cry
 In all his soldiers, "Come,"
 Till Christ the Lord descends from high,
 And takes the conquerors home.

H Y M N CXXVI. [Amsterdam.

- 1 **O** Almighty God of love,
 Thy holy arm display!
 Send me succour from above
 In this my evil day ;
 Arm my weakness with thy power,
 Woman's seed appear within !
 Be my safeguard and my tower
 Against the face of sin.

2 Could I of thy strength take hold,
 And always feel thee near,
 Confident, divinely bold,
 My soul would scorn to fear :
 Nothing should my firmness shock,
 Should the gates of hell assail,
 Were I built upon the rock,
 They never could prevail.

3 Rock of my salvation, haste,
 Extend thy ample shade,
 Let it over me be cast ;
 And screen my naked head :
 Save me from the trying hour ;
 Thou my sure protection be ;
 Shelter me from Satan's power,
 Till I am fixed on thee.

4 Set upon thyself my feet,
 And make me surely stand ;
 From temptation's rage and heat
 Cover me with thine hand :
 Let me in the cleft be placed ;
 Never from my fence remove ;
 In thine arms of love embraced,
 Of everlasting love.

H Y M N CXXVII. [Evesham.

1 COME, Saviour, Jesus, from above !
 Assist me with thy heavenly grace !
 Empty my heart of worldly love,
 And for thyself prepare the place.

2 O let thy sacred presence fill,
 And set my longing spirit free ;
 Which pants to have no other will,
 But night and day to feast on thee.

- 3 While in this region here below,
 No other good will I pursue;
 I'll bid this world of noise and show
 With all its glittering snares adieu.
- 4 That path with humble speed I'll seek,
 In which my Saviour's footsteps shine;
 Nor will I hear, nor will I speak
 Of any other love than thine.
- 5 Henceforth may no profane delight
 Divide this consecrated soul:
 Possess it thou, who hast the right,
 As Lord and Master of the whole.
- 6 Wealth, honour, pleasure, and what else
 This short-enduring world can give,
 Tempt as ye will, my soul repels,
 To Christ alone resolved to live.
- 7 Thee I can love, and thee alone
 With pure delight and inward bliss:
 To know thou takest me for thy own,
 O what a happiness is this!
- 8 Nothing on earth do I desire
 But thy pure love within my breast:
 This, only this will I require,
 And freely give up all the rest.

H Y M N CXXVIII. [Plymouth.

- 1 SON of God, thy blessing grant,
 Still supply our every want;
 Tree of life, thy influence shed,
 With thy sap my spirit feed.
- 2 Tenderest branch, alas! am I,
 Wither without thee and die,
 Weak as helpless infancy;
 O confirm my soul in thee.

3 Unfurnished by thee I fall ;
 Send the help for which I call :
 Weaker than a bruised reed,
 Help I every moment need.

4 All my hopes on thee depend ;
 Love me, save me to the end :
 Give me thy continuing grace ;
 Take the everlasting praise.

H Y M N CXXIX. [Chappel.

1 **O** God, thy faithfulness I plead,
 My present help in time of need,
 My great Deliverer thou!
 Haste to my aid ! thy ear incline,
 And rescue this poor soul of mine :
 I claim the promise now !

2 Where is the way ? Ah, shew me where ?
 That I thy mercy may declare,
 The power, that sets me free :
 How can I my destruction shun ?
 How can I from my nature run ?
 Answer, O God, for me.

3 One only way the erring mind
 Of man, short-sighted man can find
 From inbred sin to fly ;
 Stronger than love, I fondly thought,
 Death, only death can cut the knot,
 Which love can not untie.

4 But thou, O Lord, art full of grace ;
 Thy love can find a thousand ways,
 To foolish man unknown ;
 My soul upon thy love I cast ;
 I rest me, till the storm is past,
 Upon thy love alone.

- 5 Thy faithful, wise, and mighty love
 Shall every stumbling-block remove,
 And make an open way :
 Thy love shall burst the shades of death,
 And bear me from the gulph beneath
 To everlasting day.

H Y M N CXXX. [Fulham.

- 1 **G**OD of my life, whose gracious power
 Through various deaths my soul hath led,
 Or turned aside the fatal hour,
 Or lifted up my sinking head !
- 2 In all my ways thy hand I own,
 Thy ruling Providence I see ;
 Assist me still my course to run,
 And still direct my paths to thee.
- 3 Oft hath the sea confest thy power,
 And given me back to thy command :
 It could not, Lord, my life devour,
 Safe in the hollow of thine hand.
- 4 Oft from the margin of the grave
 Thou, Lord, hast lifted up my head
 Sudden I found thee near to save ;
 The fever owned thy touch, and fled.
- 5 Whither, O whither should I fly,
 But to my loving Saviour's breast ;
 Secure within thine arms to lie,
 And safe beneath thy wings to rest ?
- 6 I have no skill the snare to shun,
 But thou, O Christ, my wisdom art ;
 I ever into ruin run ;
 But thou art greater than my heart.

7 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
 Lead me a way, I have not known:
 Bring me, where I my heaven may find,
 The heaven of loving thee alone.

8 Enlarge my heart to make thee room:
 Enter, and in me ever stay;
 The crooked then shall straight become,
 The darknets shall be lost in day!

H Y M N CXXXI. [Kingswood.

Isaiah xxxii. 2.

1 **T**O the haven of thy breast,
 O Son of man, I fly;
 Be my refuge and my rest,
 For O the storm is high!
 Save me from the furious blast,
 A covert from the tempest be:
 Hide me, Jesus, till o'erpass
 The storm of sin I see.

2 Welcome as the water-spring
 In a dry barren place;
 O descend on me, and bring
 Thy sweet refreshing grace;
 O'er a parched and weary land
 As a great rock extends its shade,
 Hide me, Saviour, with thine hand,
 And screen my naked head.

3 In the time of my distress
 Thou hast my succour been,
 In my utter helplessness
 Restraining me from sin:
 Oh! how swiftly didst thou move
 To save me in the trying hour!
 Still protect me with thy love,
 And shield me with thy power.

- 4 First and last in me perform
 The work thou hast begun:
 Be my shelter from the storm,
 My shadow from the sun:
 Sprinkle still the mercy-seat,
 And bring thy Father's anger down;
 Screen me, Jesu, from the heat
 And terror of his frown!
- 5 Let thy merit as a cloud
 Still interpose between:
 Plead the atonement of thy blood,
 Till I am cleansed from sin:
 Weary, parched with thirst, and faint,
 Till thou the abiding spirit breathe,
 Every moment, Lord, I want
 The merit of thy death.
- 6 Never shall I want it less,
 When thou the gift hast given,
 Filled me with thy righteousness,
 And sealed the heir of heaven:
 I shall hang upon my God,
 Till I thy perfect glory see,
 Till the sprinkling of thy blood
 Shall speak me up to thee.

S E C T I O N III.

For Believers Praying.

H Y M N CXXXII: [Mourners.]

- 1 **J**ESU, thou sovereign Lord of all,
 The same through one eternal day,
 Attend thy feeblest followers call,
 And O instruct us how to pray!
 Pour out the supplicating grace,
 And stir us up to seek thy face!

2 We cannot think a gracious thought,
 We cannot feel a good desire,
 Till thou who call'dst a world from nought,
 The power into our hearts inspire;
 And then we in thy spirit groan,
 And then we give thee back thy own.

3 Jesus regard the joint complaint
 Of all thy tempted followers here!
 And now supply the common want,
 And send us down the Comforter:
 The spirit of ceaseless prayer impart,
 And fix thy agent in our heart.

4 To help our soul's infirmity,
 To heal thy sin-sick people's care,
 To urge our God-commanding plea,
 And make our hearts a house of prayer;
 The promised Intercessor give,
 And let us now thyself receive.

5 Come in thy pleading spirit down
 To us, who for thy coming stay!
 Of all thy gifts we ask but one,
 We ask the constant power to pray:
 Indulge us, Lord, in this request!
 Thou canst not then deny the rest.

H Y M N CXXXIII. [Palmi's.

1 **T**HE praying spirit breathe,
 The watching power impart:
 From all entanglements beneath
 Call off my peaceful heart:
 My feeble mind sustain,
 By worldly thoughts oppress:
 Appear, and bid me turn again
 To my eternal rest.

2 Swift to my rescue come;
 Thy own this moment seize:
 Gather my wandering spirit home,
 And keep in perfect peace:
 Suffered no more to rove
 O'er all the earth abroad,
 Arrest the prisoner of thy love,
 And shut me up in God.

H Y M N CXXXIV. [Brook's

1 SHEPHERD divine, our wants relieve
 In this our evil day:
 To all thy tempted followers give
 The power to watch, and pray.

2 Long as our fiery trials last,
 Long as the cross we bear;
 Oh! let our souls on thee be cast
 In never-ceasing prayer.

3 The spirit of interceding grace
 Give us in faith to claim;
 To wrestle till we see thy face,
 And know thy hidden name.

4 Till thou the perfect love impart,
 Till thou thyself bestow;
 Be this the cry of every heart,
 I will not let thee go.

5 I will not let thee go, unless
 Thou tell thy name to me;
 With all thy great salvation bless,
 And make me all like thee.

6 Then let me on the mountain-top
 Behold thy open face;
 Where faith in sight is swallowed up,
 And prayer in endless praise.

HYMN CXXXV. [Sheffield.]

Exod. xxxii. 10. Deut. ix. 14.

- 1 **O** Wondrous power of faithful prayer!
 What tongue can tell the almighty grace?
 God's hands are bound or open are,
 As Moses on high prays;
 Let Moses in the spirit groan,
 And God cries out, "Let me alone!"
- 2 "Let me alone, that all my wrath
 May rise the wicked to containe!
 While justice bears thy praying faith,
 It cannot feel the sinner's doom;
 My Son is in my servant's prayer,
 And Jesus forces me to spare."
- 3 O blessed word of gospel-grace,
 Which now we for our Israel plead!
 A faithless and backsliding race,
 Whom thou hast out of Egypt freed
 O do not then in wrath chastise,
 Nor let thy whole displeasure rise!
- 4 Father, we ask in Jesus's name:
 In Jesus's power and spirit pray!
 Diverge thy vengeful thunder's aim!
 O turn thy threatening wrath away!
 Our guilt and punishment remove,
 And magnify thy pardoning love!
- 5 Father, regard thy pleading Son,
 Accept his all-availing prayer,
 And send a peaceful answer down
 In honour of our Spokesman there!
 Whose blood proclaims our sins forgiven,
 And speaks thy rebels up to heaven.

HYMN CXXXVI. [Brentford.

1 JESUS, I fain would find
 Thy zeal for God in me :
 Thy yearning pity for mankind,
 Thy burning charity.

2 In me thy spirit dwell!
 In me thy bowels move!
 So shall the fervor of my zeal
 Be the pure flame of love.

HYMN CXXXVII. [Olney.

1 JESU, my strength, my hope,
 On thee I cast my care,
 With humble confidence look up,
 And know, thou hearest my prayer.
 Give me on thee to wait,
 Till I can all things do,
 On thee almighty to create,
 Almighty to renew.

2 I want a sober mind,
 A self-renouncing will,
 That tramples down, and casts behind
 The baits of pleasing ill ;
 A soul inured to pain,
 To hardship, grief, and loss;
 Bold to take up, firm to sustain
 The consecrated cross.

3 I want a godly fear,
 A quick-discerning eye,
 That looks to thee, when sin is near,
 And sees the Tempter fly ;
 A spirit still prepared,
 And armed with jealous care,
 For ever standing on its guard,
 And watching unto prayer.

- 4 I want a heart to pray,
 To pray and never cease,
 Never to murmur in thy fear,
 Or with my suffering, leis.
 This blessing above all,
 Always to pray I want,
 Out of the deep on thee to call,
 And never, never faint.
- 5 I want a true re-aid,
 A single, steady aim,
 Unmoved by threatening or reward,
 To thee and thy great name:
 A jealous, just concern
 For thine immortal praise;
 A pure desire, that all may learn
 And glorify thy grace.
- 6 I rest upon thy word,
 The promise is for me.
 My succour, and salvation, Lord,
 Shall surely come from thee:
 But let me still abide,
 Nor from my hope remove,
 Till thou my patient spirit guide
 Into thy perfect love.

S E C T I O N IV.

For Believers Watching.

H Y M N CXXXVIII. [St. Paul's.

- 1 **M**Y drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?
 Awake my sluggish soul!
 Nothing hath half thy work to do;
 Yet nothing's half so dull.

- 2 Go to the ants: for one poor grain
See how they toil and strive:
Yet we, who have a heaven to obtain,
How negligent we live!
- 3 We for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move;
We for whose guards the angel bands,
Come flying from above:
- 4 We for whom God the Son came down,
And laboured for our good,
How careless to secure the crown
He purchased with his blood!
- 5 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,
And never act our parts?
Come, Holy Dove, from th' heavenly hill,
And warm our frozen hearts.
- 6 Give us with active warmth to move,
With vigorous souls to rise,
With hands of faith and wings of love
To fly and take the prize.

H Y M N CXXXIX. [Brentford.

A Charge to keep I have;
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky:
To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil;
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will!

Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy fight to live;
And O thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give:

Help me to watch and pray,
 And on thyself rely;
 Assured, if I my trust be'ray,
 I shall for ever die.

H Y M N CXL. [Brockmcr.

1 **G**OD of all grace and majesty,
 Supremely great and good,
 If I have favour found with thee,
 Through the atoning blood;
 The guard of all thy mercies give,
 And to my pardon join
 A fear lest I should ever grieve
 The gracious spirit divine.

2 If mercy is indeed with thee,
 May I obedient prove,
 Nor e'er abuse my liberty,
 Or sin against thy love;
 This choicest fruit of faith bestow
 On a poor sojourner;
 And let me pass my days below
 In humbleness and fear.

3 Rather I would in darkness mourn,
 The absence of thy peace,
 Than e'er by light irreverence turn,
 Thy grace to wantonness:
 Rather I would in painful awe,
 Beneath thy anger move,
 Than sin against the gospel-law
 Of liberty and love.

4 But oh! thou wouldst not have me live
 In bondage, grief, or pain;
 Thou dost not take delight to grieve
 The helpless sons of men:

Thy will is my salvation Lord;
 And let it now take place,
 And let me tremble at the word,
 Of reconciling grace.

- 5 Still may I walk as in thy sight,
 My strict observer see;
 And thou by reverent love unite
 My childlike heart to thee.
 Still let me, till my days are past,
 At Jesu's feet abide;
 So shall he lift me up at last,
 And seat me by his side.

H Y M N C X L I. [Wenno.

- 1 I Want a principle within,
 I Of jealous, godly fear,
 A sensibility of sin,
 A pain to feel it near.
- 2 That I from thee no more may part,
 No more thy goodness grieve;
 The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
 The tender conscience give.
- 3 Quick as the apple of an eye,
 Oh! God my conscience make;
 Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
 And keep it still awake.
- 4 If to the right or left I stray,
 That moment, Lord, reprove;
 And let me weep my life away,
 For having grieved thy love.
- 5 Oh! may the least omission pain
 My well-instructed soul;
 And drive me to the blood again,
 Which makes the wounded whole.

HYMN CXLII. [Wood's.]

- 1 **H**ELP, Lord, to whom for help I fly,
 And still my tempted soul stand by,
 Throughout the evil day!
 The sacred watchfulness impart,
 And keep the issues of my heart,
 And stir me up to pray.
- 2 My soul with thy whole armour arm:
 In each approach of sin alarm;
 And shew the danger near!
 Surround, sustain, and strengthen me,
 And fill with godly jealousy,
 And sanctifying fear.
- 3 Whene'er my careless hands hang down,
 Oh! let me see thy gathering frown,
 And feel thy warning eye;
 And starting cry from ruin's brink,
 Save, Jesus, or I yield. I sink,
 Oh save me, or I die!
- 4 If near the pit I rashly stray,
 Before I wholly fall away,
 The keen conviction dart!
 Recall me by that pitying look,
 That kind, upbraiding glance which broke
 Unfaithful Peter's heart.
- 5 In me thine utmost mercy show,
 And make me like thyself below,
 Unblameable in grace:
 Ready prepared and fitted here,
 By perfect holiness to appear
 Before thy glorious face.

H Y M N CXLIII. [Islington.

- 1 **J**ESU, my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
 On whom I cast my every care,
 On whom for all things I depend,
 Inspire, and then accept my prayer.
- 2 If I have tasted of thy grace,
 The grace that sure salvation brings;
 If with me now thy spirit stays,
 And hovering hides me in his wings:
- 3 Still let him with my weakness stay,
 Nor for a moment's space depart;
 Evil and danger turn away,
 And keep till he renews my heart.
- 4 When to the right, or left I stray,
 His voice behind me may I hear,
 "Return, and walk in Christ thy way,
 "Fly back to Christ; for sin is near."
- 5 His sacred unction from above
 Be still my comforter and guide:
 Till all the stony he remove,
 And in my loving heart reside.
- 6 Jesus, I fain would walk in thee,
 From nature's every path retreat;
 Thou art my way, my lea'er be,
 And set upon the rock my feet.
- 7 Uphold me, Saviour, or I fall;
 Oh! reach me out thy gracious hand;
 Only on thee for help I call;
 Only by faith in thee I stand.

H Y M N CXLIV. [Hilting's m.]

- 1 **P**IERCE, fill me with an humble fear;
 My utter helplessness reveal:
 Satan and sin are always near,
 Thee may I always nearer feel.
- 2 Oh! that to thee my constant mind
 Might with an even flame aspire;
 Pride in its earliest motions find,
 And mark the risings of desire.
- 3 Oh! that my tender soul might fly,
 The first abhorred approach of ill;
 Quick as the apple of an eye
 The slightest touch of sin to feel!
- 4 Till thou anew my soul create,
 Still may I strive, and watch, and pray;
 Humbly and confidently wait,
 And long to see the perfect day.

H Y M N CXLV. [Handel's March.]

Part the First.

- 1 **H**ARK! how the watchmen cry!
 Attend the trumpet's sound;
 Stand to your arms! the foe is nigh!
 The powers of hell surround;
 Who bow to Christ's command,
 Your arms and hearts prepare;
 The day of battle is at hand!
 Go forth to glorious war!
- 2 See on the mountain-top,
 The standard of your God!
 In Jesu's name I lift it up,
 All stained with hallowed blood.

His standard-bearer I

To ail the nations call:

Let ail to Jesu's cross draw nigh!

He bore the cross for ail.

3 Go up with Christ your head,
Your Captain's footsteps see:
Follow your Captain, and be led
To certain victory.

All power to him is given:

He ever reigns the same:

Salvation, happiness, and heaven

Are ail in Jesu's name.

4 Only have faith in God;

In faith your foes assail:

Not wrestling against flesh and blood,

But ail the powers of hell:

From thrones of glory driven,

By flaming vengeance hurled,

They throng the air, and darken heaven,

And rule the lower world.

H Y M N CXLVI. [Handel's March

Part the Second.

1 **A**NGELS your march oppose,
Who still in strength excel,
Your secret, sworn, eternal foes,
Countless, invisible:

With rage, that never ends,

Their hellish arts they try;

Legions of dire, malicious fiends,

And spirits enthroned on high.

2 On earth the usurpers reign,

Exert their baneful power;

O'er the poor fallen sons of men

They tyrannize their hour.

But shall believers fear?
 But shall believers fly?
 Or see the bloody cross appear,
 And all their powers defy?

3 Jesu's tremendous name
 Puts all our foes to flight!
 Jesus, the meek, the angry Lamb,
 A Lion is in fight.
 By all hell's hosts withstood,
 We all hell's hosts overthrow;
 And conquering them through Jesu's blood,
 We still to conquer go.

4 Our Captain leads us on;
 He beckons from the skies,
 And reaches out a starry crown,
 And bids us take the prize:
 Be faithful unto death,
 Partake my victory:
 And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath,
 And thou shalt reign with me.

H Y M N · CXLVII. [Cary's.]

1 **W**ATCHED by the world's malignant eye,
 Who load us with reproach and shame;
 As servants of the Lord most high,
 As zealous for his glorious name,
 We ought in all his paths to move
 With holy fear and humble love.

2 That wisdom, Lord, on us bestow,
 From every evil to depart;
 To stop the mouth of every foe,
 While, upright both in life and heart,
 The proofs of godly fear we give,
 And shew them, how the Christians live,

H Y M N CXLVIII. [Snowfields.

1 **B**E it my only wisdom here
BTo serve the Lord with filial fear,
 With loving gratitude:
 Superior sense may I display
 By shunning every evil way,
 And walking in the good.

2 O may I still from sin depart;
 A wise and understanding heart,
 Jesus, to me be given!
 And let me through thy spirit know
 To glorify my God below,
 And find my way to heaven.

S E C T I O N V.

For Believers Working.

H Y M N CXLIX. [St. Paul's.

1 **S**UMMONED my labour to renew,
SAnd glad to act my part,
 Lord, in thy name my work I do,
 And with a single heart.

2 End of my every action thou,
 In all things thee I see:
 Accept my hallowed labour now;
 I do it unto thee.

3 Whate'er the Father views as thine,
 He views with gracious eyes:
 Jesu, this mean oblation join
 To thy great sacrifice.

4 Stamp't with an infinite desert,
 My work he then shall own;
 Well pleas'd with me, when mine thou art,
 And I his favourite son.

H Y M N CL. [Lamp's.

1 **G**OD of almighty love,
 By whose sufficient grace
 I lift my heart to things above,
 And humbly seek thy face;
 Through Jesus Christ the just
 My faint desires receive!
 And let me in thy goodness trust,
 And to thy glory live.

2 Whate'er I say or do,
 Thy glory be my aim:
 My offerings all be offer'd through
 The ever-bless'd name!
 Jesu, my single eye
 Be fixt on thee alone:
 Thy name be praised on earth, on high;
 Thy will by all be done!

3 Spirit of faith inspire
 My consecrated heart;
 Fill me with pure, celestial fire,
 With all thou hast and art:
 My feeble mind transform,
 And, perfectly renewed,
 Into a saint exalt a worm;
 A worm exalt to God!

H Y M N CLI. [Athlone.

1 **F**ORTH in thy name, O Lord, I go
 My daily labour to pursue;
 Thee, only thee resolved to know
 In all I think, or speak, or do.

- 2 The task thy wisdom has assigned,
O let me chearfully fulfil!
In all my works thy presence find,
And prove thy acceptable will.
- 3 Thee may I set at my right-hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see;
And labour on at thy command,
And offer all my works to thee.
- 4 Give me to bear thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to thy glorious day:
- 5 For thee delightfully employ,
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given;
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with thee to heaven.

H Y M N CLII. [Kingswood.

- 1 **L**O! I come with joy to do
The Master's blessed will;
Him in outward works pursue,
And serve his pleasure still.
Faithful to my Lord's commands,
I still would chuse the better part;
Serve with careful Martha's hands,
And loving Mary's heart.
- 2 Careful without care I am,
Nor feel my happy toil;
Kept in peace by Jesu's name,
Supported by his smile;
Joyful thus my faith to show,
I find his service my reward;
Every work I do below,
I do it to the Lord.

- 3 Thou, O Lord! in tender love
 Dost all my burdens bear,
 Lift my heart to things above,
 And fix it ever there.
 Calm on tumult's wheel I sit,
 'Midst busy multitudes alone,
 Sweetly waiting at thy feet,
 Till all thy will be done.
- 4 Thou, O Lord, my portion art,
 Before I hence remove!
 Now my treasure and my heart
 Are all laid up above:
 Far above all earthly things,
 While yet my hands are here employed,
 Sees my soul the King of kings,
 And freely talks with God.
- 5 O that all the art might know
 Of living thus to thee!
 Find their heaven begun below,
 And here thy glory see!
 Walk in all the works prepared
 By thee to exercise their grace,
 Till they gain their full reward,
 And see thy glorious face!

H Y M N CLIII. [Norwich.]

- 1 CAPTAIN of Israel's host, and guide
 Of all who seek the land 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 thy unerring spirit led,
 We shall not in the desert stray;
 We shall not full direction need,
 Or miss our providential way;
 As far from danger as from fear,
 While love, almighty love is near.

H Y M N CLIV. [Palmi's.

- 1 **O** Thou who camest from above,
 The pure celestial fire to' impart,
 Kindle a flame of sacred love,
 On the mean altar of my heart.
- 2 There let it for thy glory burn,
 With inextinguishable blaze,
 And trembling to its source return
 In humble love, and fervent praise.
- 3 Jesu, confirm my heart's desire,
 To work, and speak, and think for thee;
 Still let me guard the holy fire,
 And still stir up thy gift in me:
- 4 Ready for all thy perfect will,
 My acts of faith and love repeat!
 Till death thy endless mercies seal,
 And make the sacrifice complet.

H Y M N CLV. [23d Psalm.

- 1 **W**HEN quiet in my house I sit,
 Thy book be my companion still;
 My joy thy sayings to repeat,
 Talk o'er the records of thy will;
 And search the oracles divine,
 Till every heart-felt word be mine.
- 2 O may the gracious words divine,
 Subject of all my converse be:
 So will the Lord his follower join,
 And walk, and talk himself with me;
 So shall my heart his presence prove,
 And burn with everlasting love.

- 3 Oft as I lay me down to rest,
 O may the reconciling word
 Sweetly compose my weary breast,
 While on the bosom of my Lord
 I sink in blissful dreams away,
 And visions of eternal day.
- 4 Rising to sing my Saviour's praise,
 Thee may I publish all day long,
 And let thy precious word of grace
 Flow from my heart, and fill my tongue;
 Fill all my life with purest love,
 And join me to thy church above.

S E C T I O N VI.

For Believers Suffering.

H Y M N CLVI. [Fetter-Lane.]

- 1 **W**ITH joy we meditate the grace
 Of our High Priest above;
 His heart is made of tenderness,
 His bowels melt with love.
- 2 Touched with a sympathy within,
 He knows our feeble frame;
 He knows what sore temptations mean,
 For he hath felt the same.
- 3 He in the days of feeble flesh,
 Poured out his cries and tears;
 And in his measure feels afresh
 What every member bears.
- 4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
 But raise it to a flame;
 The bruised reed he never breaks,
 Nor scorns the meanest name.

5 Then let our humble faith address
 His mercy and his power;
 We shall obtain delivering grace
 In the distressing hour.

H Y M N CLVII. [Olney.

Part the First.

1 COMMIT thou all thy griefs
 And ways into his hands,
 To his sure truth and tender care,
 Who earth and heaven commands;
 Who points the clouds their course,
 Whom winds and seas obey,
 He shall direct thy wandering feet,
 He shall prepare thy way.

2 Thou on the Lord rely,
 So safe shalt thou go on:
 Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,
 So shall thy work be done:
 No profit canst thou gain
 By self-consuming care,
 To him commend thy cause, his ear
 Attends the softest prayer.

3 Thine everlasting truth,
 Father, thy ceaseless love,
 Sees all thy children's wants and knows
 What best for each will prove;
 And whatsoever thou wilt
 Thou dost, O King of Kings!
 What thine unerring wisdom chose,
 Thy power to being brings

4 Thou every where hast way,
 And all things serve thy might,
 Thy every act pure blessing is,
 Thy path unsullied light:

When thou art best, Lord,
 What shall thy work withstand?
 When all thy children want, thou givest,
 Who, who shall stay thine hand?

H Y M N CLVIII. [Olney.

Part the Second.

1 **G**IVE to the winds thy fears,
 Hope, and be undismayed,
 God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
 God shall lift up thy head;
 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
 He gently clears thy way;
 Wait thou his time, so shall this night,
 Soon end in joyous day.

2 Still heavy is thy heart,
 Still sink thy spirits down;
 Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
 And every care be gone;
 What though thou rulest not,
 Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
 Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
 And ruleth all things well.

3 Leave to his sovereign sway
 To chuse and to command,
 So shalt thou wondring own his way,
 How wise, how strong his hand;
 Far, far above thy thought
 His counsel shall appear,
 When fully he the work hath wrought,
 That caused thy needless fear.

4 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
 Our hearts are known to thee;
 O lift thou up the sinking hand,
 Confirm the feeble knee:

Let us in life, in death,
 Thy steadfast truth declare,
 And publish with our latest breath,
 Thy love and guardian care.

H Y M N CLIX. [Marienbourn.

- 1 **M**ASTER, I own thy lawful claim,
 Thine, wholly thine, I long to be,
 Thou seest, at last, I willing am,
 Where'er thou goest to follow thee;
 Myself in all things to deny;
 Thine, wholly thine, to live and die.
- 2 Whate'er my sinful flesh requires,
 For thee I cheerfully forego;
 My covetous and vain desires,
 My hopes of happiness below;
 My senses and my passion's food,
 And all my thirst for creature-good.
- 3 Pleasure, and wealth, and praise, no more
 Shall lead my captive soul astray:
 My fond pursuits I all give o'er,
 Thee, only thee, resolved to obey,
 My own in all things to resign,
 And know no other will but thine,
- 4 All power is thine in earth and heaven;
 All fulness dwells in thee alone;
 Whate'er I have was freely given;
 Nothing but sin I call my own:
 Other property, disclaim:
 Thou only art the great I Am.
- 5 Wherefore to thee I all resign:
 Being thou art, and love, and power;
 Thy only will be done, not mine;
 Thee Lord, let earth and heaven adore!
 Flow back the rivers to the sea,
 And let our all be lost in thee!

H Y M N CLX. [Travelles

- 1 **C**OME on my partners in distress,
 My comrades through the wilderness,
 Who still your bodies feel;
 Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
 And look beyond this vale of tears
 To that celestial hill.
- 2 Beyond the bounds of time and space
 Look forward to that happy place,
 The saints' secure abode:
 On faith's strong eagle-pinions rise,
 And force your passage to the skies;
 And scale the mount of God.
- 3 Who suffer with our Master here,
 We shall before his face appear,
 And by his side sit down:
 To patient faith the prize is sure;
 And all that to the end endure
 The cross, shall wear the crown.
- 4 Thrice-blessed bliss, inspiring hope;
 It lifts the fainting spirits up;
 It brings to life the dead!
 Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
 And you and I ascend at last,
 'Triumphant with our head.
- 5 That great mysterious Deity
 We soon with open face shall see;
 The beatific sight
 Shall fill the heavenly courts with praise,
 And wide diffuse the golden blaze
 Of everlasting light.
- 6 The Father shining on his throne,
 The glorious, co-eternal Son,
 The Spirit, one and seven,

Conspire our rapture to compleat :
And lo ! we fall before thy feet,
And silence heightens heaven.

7 In hope of that extatic pause,
Jesu, we now sustain thy cross,
And at thy footstool fall,
Till thou our hidden life reveal,
Till thou our ravished spirits fill,
And God is all in all.

H Y M N CLXI. [Traveller.

LORD, I adore thy gracious will,
Through every instrument of ill
My Father's goodness see:
Accept the complicated wrong,
Of Shimei's hand and Shimei's tongue,
As kind rebukes from thee.

H Y M N CLXII. [Kingswood.

1 **C**AST on the fidelity
Of my redeeming Lord,
I shall his salvation see,
According to his word :
Credence to his word I give,
My Saviour in distresses past,
Will not now his servant leave,
But bring me through at last.

2 Better than my boding fears
To me thou oft hast proved ;
Oft observed my silent tears,
And challenged thy beloved :
Mercy to my rescue flew,
And death ungrasp'd his fainting prey :
Pain before thy face withdrew,
And sorrow fled away.

3 Now as yesterday the same,
 In all my troubles high,
 Jesus on thy word and name,
 I steadfastly rely :
 Sure as now the grief I feel,
 The promised joy I soon shall have :
 Saved again to sinners tell
 Thy power and will to save.

4 To thy blessed will resigned,
 And staid on that alone,
 I thy perfect strength shall find,
 Thy faithful mercies own :
 Compassed round with songs of praise,
 My all to my Redeemer give ;
 Spread thy miracles of grace,
 And for thy glory live.

H Y M N CLXIII. [Hamilton's.

FATHER, in the name I pray
 Of thy incarnate Love,
 Humbly ask, that as my day,
 My suffering strength may prove,
 When my sorrows most increase,
 Let thy strongest joys be given :
 Jesu, come with my distress,
 And agony is heaven.

2 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 For good remember me !
 Me whom thou hast caused to trust,
 For more than life on thee.
 With me in the fire remain,
 Till like burnished gold I shine,
 Meet through consecrated pain,
 To see the face divine.

HYMN CLXIV. [Welling.

1 **O** Thou, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light;
Search, prove my heart; it pants for thee:
O burst these bonds, and set it free.

2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to thy cross!
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.

3 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.

4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesu, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired I follow thee;
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill.

6 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proposition to my day;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

HYMN CLXV. [Welling.

1 **T**HOU Lamb of God, thou Prince of Peace,
For thee my thirsty soul doth pine!
My longing heart implores thy grace,
O make me in thy likeness shine!

- 2 With fraudless, even, humble mind,
Thy will in all things may I see;
In love be every wish resigned,
And hallowed my whole heart to thee.
- 3 When pain o'er my weak flesh prevails,
With lamb-like patience arm my breast;
When grief my wounded soul assails,
In lowly meekness may I rest.
- 4 Close by thy side still may I keep,
How'er life's various current flow;
With steadfast eye mark every step,
And follow thee, where'er thou go.
- 5 Thou, Lord, the dreadful fight hast won;
Alone thou hast the wine-press trod:
In me thy strengthening grace be shown,
O may I conquer through thy blood!
- 6 So when on Sion thou shalt stand,
And all heaven's host adore their king,
Shall I be found at thy right-hand,
And free from pain thy glories sing.

H Y M N CLXVI. [Athlone.

- 1 **J**ESU, the weary wanderer's rest,
Give me thy easy yoke to bear;
With steadfast patience arm my breast,
With spotless love, and lowly fear.
- 2 Thankful I take the cup from thee,
Prepared and mingled by thy skill,
Though bitter to the taste it be,
Powerful the wounded soul to heal.
- 3 Be thou, O Rock of Ages nigh!
So shall each murmuring thought be gone;
And grief, and fear, and care shall fly
As clouds before the mid-day sun.

4 Speak to my warring passions, "Peace:"
 - Say to my trembling heart, "Be still:"
 Thy power my strength and fortress is,
 For all things serve thy sovereign will.

5 O death! where is thy sting? where now
 Thy boasted victory, O grave?
 Who shall contend with God? or who
 Can hurt whom God delights to save?

S E C T I O N VII.

For Believers groaning for full Redemption.

H Y M N CLXVII. [Lamp's.

THE thing my God doth hate,
 That I no more may do,
 Thy creature, Lord, again create,
 And all my soul renew:
 My soul shall then, like thine,
 Abhor the thing unclean,
 And, sanctified by love divine,
 For ever cease from sin.

2 That blessed law of thine,
 Jesu, to me impart!
 Thy spirit's law of life divine,
 O write it on my heart:
 Implant it deep within,
 Whence it may ne'er remove,
 The law of liberty from sin,
 The perfect law of love.

3 Thy nature be my law,
 Thy spotless sanctity,
 And sweetly every moment draw
 My happy soul to thee!

Soul of my soul remain!
 Who didst for all fulfil,
 In me, O Lord, fulfil again
 Thy heavenly Father's will!

H Y M N CLXVIII. [Liverpool.

- 1 **O** For a heart to praise my God,
 A heart from sin set free!
 A heart, that always feels thy blood,
 So freely spilt for me!
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
 My dear 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 renewed,
 And full of love divine;
 Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
 A copy, Lord, of thine!
- 5 Thy tender heart is still the same,
 And melts at human woe;
 Jesu, for thee distressed I am:
 I want thy love to know.
- 6 My heart thou knowest, can never rest,
 Till thou create my peace,
 Till of my Eden repossess,
 From every sin I cease.
- 7 Fruit of thy gracious lips, on me
 Bestow that peace unknown,
 The hidden manna, and the tree
 Of life, and the white stone.

- 8 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart;
Thy new, best name of love.

H Y M N CLXIX. [Aldrich.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thou all-sustaining word,
My fallen spirit's hope,
After thy loving likeness, Lord,
O when shall I wake up?

- 2 Thou, O my God, thou only art
The life, the truth, the way:
Quicken my soul, instruct my heart,
My sinking footsteps stay.

- 3 Of all thou hast in earth below,
In heaven above to give,
Give me thine only self to know,
In thee to walk and live.

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

- 5 Open the intercourse between
My longing soul and thee,
Never to be broke off again,
Through all eternity.

H Y M N CLXX. [112th Psalm.

- 1 **T**HOU hidden love of God, whose height;
Whose depth unfathomed no man knows;
I see from far thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for thy repose:
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest, till it finds rest in thee.

- 2 Thy secret voice invites me still
 The sweetness of thy yoke to prove:
 And fain I would: but though my will
 Seems fixt, yet wide my passions rove:
 Yet hindrances strew all the way:
 I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.
- 3 'Tis mercy all, that thou hast brought
 My mind to seek her peace in thee!
 Yet while I seek, but find thee not,
 No peace my wandring soul shall see:
 O when shall all my wandrings end,
 And all my steps to thee-ward tend!
- 4 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 repose in thee.
- 5 O hide this self from me, that I
 No more, but Christ in me may live!
 My vile affections crucify,
 Nor let one darling lust survive:
 In all things nothing may I see,
 Nothing desire, or seek but thee.
- 6 O Love, thy sovereign aid impart
 To save me from low-thoughted care!
 Chase this self-will through all my heart,
 Through all its latent mazes there;
 Make me thy duteous child, that I
 Ceaseless may Abba, Father, cry.
- 7 Ah! no! ne'er will I backward turn:
 Thine wholly, thine alone I am!
 Thrice happy he, who views with scorn
 Earth's toys for thee his constant flame!
 Oh! help, that I may never move
 From the blest footsteps of thy love.

Each moment draw from earth away
 My heart, that lowly waits thy call;
 Speak to my inmost soul, and say
 "I am thy love, thy God, thy all!"
 To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
 To taste thy love, be all my choice.

H Y M N CLXXI. [Cardist.

- 1 **Y**E happy sinners hear
 The prisoner of the Lord,
 And wait till Christ appear
 According to his word;
 Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
 We shall from all our sins be free.
- 2 The Lord our Righteousness
 We have long since received:
 Salvation nearer is,
 Than when we first believed:
 Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
 We shall from all our sins be free.
- 3 Let others hug their chains,
 For sin and Satan plead,
 And say, from sin's remains
 They never can be freed:
 Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
 We shall from all our sins be free.
- 4 In God we put our trust;
 If we our sins confess,
 Faithful he is, and just
 From all unrighteousness
 To cleanse us all, both you and me,
 We shall from all our sins be free.
- 5 Surety in us the hope
 Of glory shall appear;
 Sinners, your heads lift up,
 And see redemption near;

Again I say, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

6 Who Jesu's sufferings share,
My fellow prisoners now,
Ye soon the wreath shall wear
On your triumphant brow;
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

7 The word of God is sure,
And never can remove,
We shall in heart be pure
And perfected in love;
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

8 Then let us gladly bring
Our sacrifice of praise,
Let us give thanks and sing,
And glory in his grace;
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

H Y M N CLXXII. [Mitcham.

1 **F**OREVER here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died!

2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse, and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own:
Wash me, and mine thou art:
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

- 4 The atonement of thy blood apply,
 Till faith to fight improve;
 Till hope in full fruition die,
 And all my soul be love.

H Y M N CLXXIII. [Blexey,

- 1 **J**ESU, my life, thyself apply,
 Thy holy spirit breathe;
 My vile affections crucify,
 Conform me to thy death.
- 2 Conqueror of hell, and earth, and sin,
 Still with thy rebel strive;
 Enter my soul, and work within,
 And kill, and make alive!
- 3 More of thy life, and more I have,
 As the old Adam dies:
 Bury me, Saviour, in thy grave,
 That I with thee may rise.
- 4 Reign in me Lord, thy foes control,
 Who would not own thy sway;
 Diffuse thine image through my soul,
 Shine to the perfect day.
- 5 Scatter the last remains of sin,
 And seal me thine abode;
 Oh! make me glorious all within,
 A temple built by God.

H Y M N CLXXIV. [Savannah,

- : **H**OLY Lamb, who thee receive,
 Who in thee begin to live,
 Day and night they cry to thee,
 As thou art, so let us be!

- 2 Jesu, see my panting breast :
 See I pant in thee to rest !
 Gladly would I now be clean :
 Cleanse me now from every sin.
- 3 Fix, oh! fix my wavering mind ;
 To thy cross my spirit bind ;
 Earthly passions far remove :
 Swallow up our souls in love.
- 4 Dust and ashes though we be,
 Full of guilt and misery,
 Thine we are, thou Son of God :
 Take the purchase of thy blood !
- 5 Who in heart on thee believes,
 He the atonement now receives :
 He with joy beholds thy face,
 Triumphs in thy pardoning grace.
- 6 See ye sinners, see the flame
 Rising from the slaughter'd Lamb ;
 Marks the new, the living way,
 Leading to eternal day.
- 7 Jesu, when this light we see,
 All our souls on fire for thee :
 When thy quick'ning power we prove,
 All our heart dissolves in love.
- 8 Boundless wisdom, power divine,
 Love unspeakable are thine !
 Praise by all to thee be given,
 Sons of earth, and hosts of heaven.

HYMN CLXXV.

[Irene.]

1 **J**ESU, thou art my 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 promised aid.

2 High on thy Father's throne,
 Oh look with pity down!
 Help, oh help! attend my call,
 Captive lead captivity:
 King of glory, Lord of all,
 Christ, be Lord, be King to me.

3 I pant to feel thy sway,
 And only thee to obey:
 Thee my spirit gasps to meet;
 This my one my ceaseless prayer,
 Make, oh make my heart thy seat,
 Oh set up thy kingdom there!

4 Triumph and reign in me,
 And spread thy victory:
 Hell, and death, and sin control,
 Pride, and wrath, and every foe,
 All subdued; through all my soul
 Conquering and to conquer go!

HYMN CLXXVI.

[Kingswood.]

1 **E**VER fainting with desire,
 For thee, O Christ, I call,
 Thee I restlessly require,
 I want my God, my all.

Jesu, dear redeeming Lord,
 I wait thy coming from above :
 Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
 And perfect me in love.

2 Wilt thou suffer me to go
 Lamenting all my days ?
 Shall I never, never know
 Thy sanctifying grace ?
 Wilt thou not the light afford :
 The darkness from my soul remove ?
 Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
 And perfect me in love.

3 Lord, if I on thee believe,
 The second gift impart :
 With the indwelling Spirit give
 A new, a contrite heart ;
 If with love thy heart is stored,
 If now o'er me thy bowels move,
 Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
 And perfect me in love.

4 Let me gain my calling's hope,
 O make the sinner clean ;
 Dry corruption's fountain up,
 Cut off th' of inbred sin :
 Take me into thee, my Lord,
 And I shall then no longer rove ;
 Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
 And perfect me in love.

5 Thou, my life, my treasure be,
 My portion here below !
 Nothing would I seek but thee,
 Thee only would I know :
 My exceeding great reward,
 My heaven on earth, my heaven above :
 Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
 And perfect me in love.

6 Grant me now the blifs to feel
 Of thofe, that are in thee:
 Son of God, thyfelf reveal,
 Engrave thy name on me;
 As in heaven be here adored,
 And let me now the promise prove:
 Help me, Saviour, fpeak the word,
 And perfect me in love.

H Y M N CLXXVII. [Trinity.

- 1 **L**ORD, I believe thy every word,
 Thy every promise true;
 And lo! I wait on thee, my Lord,
 Till I my ftrength renew.
- 2 If in this feeble flefh I may
 Awhile fhew forth thy praife,
 Jefu, fupport the tottering clay,
 And lengthen out my days.
- 3 If fuch a worm as I can fpread
 The common Saviour's name;
 Let him who raifed thee from the dead,
 Quicken my mortal frame.
- 4 Still let me live thy blood to fhew,
 Which purges every ftain;
 And gladly linger out below
 A few more years in pain.
- 5 Spare me, till I my ftrength of foul,
 Till I thy love retrieve;
 Till faith fhall make my fpirit whole,
 And perfect foundnefs give.
- 6 Faith to be healed thou knoweft I have,
 From fin to be made clean;
 Able thou art from fin to fave,
 From all indwelling fin.

- 7 Surely thou canst, I do not doubt,
 Thou wilt thyself impart,
 The bond-woman's base son cast out,
 And take up all my heart.
- 8 I shall my ancient strength renew:
 The excellence divine,
 (If thou art good, if thou art true,)
 Throughout my soul shall shine.
- 9 I shall, a weak and helpless worm,
 Through Jesus strengthening me,
 Impossibilities perform,
 And live from sinning free.
- 10 For this in steadfast hope I wait,
 Now, Lord, my soul restore:
 Now the new heavens and earth create,
 And I shall sin no more.

H Y M N CLXXVIII. [Mitcham,

Rom. iv. 13, &c.

- 1 **M**Y God! I know, I feel thee mine,
 And will not quit my claim;
 Till all I have is lost in thine,
 And all renewed I am.
- 2 I hold thee with a trembling hand,
 But will not let thee go,
 Till steadfastly by faith I stand,
 And all thy goodness know.
- 3 When shall I see the welcome hour,
 That plants my God in me!
 Spirit of health, and life, and power,
 And perfect liberty!

- 4 Jesu, thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad!
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixt in God.
- 5 Love only can the conquest win,
The strength of sin subdue,
(Mine own unconquerable sin,)
And form my soul anew.
- 6 Love can bow down the stubborn neck,
The stone to flesh convert;
Soften, and melt, and pierce, and break
An adamantine heart.
- 7 O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow!
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow!
- 8 O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume!
Come, Holy Ghost, on thee I call,
Spirit of burning come.
- 9 Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter my life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.
- 10 Sorrow and sin shall then expire,
While, entered into rest,
I only live my God to' admire,
My God for ever blest.
- 11 No longer then my heart shall mourn,
While, purified by grace,
I only for his glory burn,
And always see his face.

12 My steadfast soul, from falling free,
 Shall then no longer move;
 But Christ be all the world to me,
 And all my heart be love.

H Y M N CLXXIX. [23d Psalm.

- 1 **J**ESUS, the gift divine I know,
 The gift divine I ask of thee:
 That living water now bestow,
 Thy spirit and thyself on me:
 Thou, Lord, of life the fountain art;
 Now let me find thee in my heart!
- 2 Thee let me drink, and thirst no more
 For drops of finite happiness:
 Spring up, O well, in heavenly power,
 In streams of pure, perennial peace;
 In joy, that none can take away,
 In life, which shall for ever stay.
- 3 Father, on me the grace bestow,
 Unblameable before thy sight,
 Whence all the streams of mercy flow:
 Mercy, thy own supreme delight,
 To me, for Jesu's sake, impart,
 And plant thy nature in my heart.
- 4 Thy mind throughout my life be shown,
 While, list'ning to the wretch's cry,
 The widow's and the orphan's groan,
 On mercy's wings I swiftly fly
 The poor and helpless to relieve,
 My life, my all for them to give.
- 5 Thus may I shew the spirit within,
 Which purges me from every stain,
 Unspotted from the world and sin,
 My faith's integrity maintain;
 The truth of my religion prove
 By perfect purity and love.

HYMN CLXXX. [Olney.

1 **O** Come, and dwell in me,
 Spirit of power within;
 And bring the glorious liberty
 From sorrow, fear, and sin.
 The seed of sin's decease,
 Spirit of health remove,
 Spirit of finished holiness,
 Spirit of perfect love.

2 Hasten the joyful day,
 Which shall my sins consume,
 When old things shall be past away,
 And all things new become.
 The original offence
 Out of my soul erase;
 Enter thyself, and drive it hence,
 And take up all the place.

3 I want the witness, Lord,
 That all I do is right,
 According to thy will and word,
 Well-pleasing in thy sight.
 I ask no higher state;
 Indulge me but in this;
 And soon or later then translate
 To my eternal bliss.

HYMN CLXXXI. [Athlone.

1 **O** God most merciful and true,
 Thy nature to my soul impart;
 'Stablish with me the covenant new,
 And write perfection on my heart.

2 To real holiness restored,
 O let me gain my Saviour's mind;
 And in the knowledge of my Lord
 Fulness of life eternal find.

- 3 Remember, Lord, my sins no more,
That them I may no more forget;
But, sunk in guiltless shame, adore
With speechless wonder at thy feet.
- 4 O'erwhelmed with thy stupendous grace,
I shall not in thy presence move;
But breathe unutterable praise,
And rapturous awe, and silent love.
- 5 Then every murmuring thought and vain
Expires in sweet confusion lost:
I cannot of my cross complain,
I cannot of my goodness boast.
- 6 Pardoned for all that I have done,
My mouth as in the dust I hide,
And glory give to God alone,
My God, for ever pacified!

HYMN CLXXXII. [Shepherd of Israel.

- 1 **W**HAT now is my object and aim?
What now is my hope and desire?
To follow the heavenly Lamb,
And after his image aspire.
My hope is all centered in thee:
I trust to recover thy love:
On earth thy salvation to see,
And then to enjoy it above.
- 2 I thirst for a life-giving God,
A God, that on Calvary died;
A fountain of water and blood,
Which gushed from Immanuel's side!
I gasp for the stream of thy love,
The spirit of rapture unknown;
And then to re-drink it above,
Eternally fresh from the throne.

II Y M N CLXXXIII. [Amsterdam,

GIVE me the enlarged desire,
 And open, Lord, my soul,
 Thy own fulness to require,
 And comprehend the whole :
 Stretch my faith's capacity
 Wider and yet wider still
 Then with all that is in thee
 My soul for ever fill!

II Y M N CLXXXIV. [Bradford.

- 1 **J**ESU, 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 !
- 2 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 flames far from my heart remove ;
 My every act, word, thought, be love.
- 3 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 desire or seek but thee
- 4 Unwearied may I this pursue,
 Dauntless to the high prize aspire :
 Hourly within my soul renew
 This holy flame, this heavenly fire :
 And day and night be all my care
 To guard this sacred treasure there.

- 5 O that I as a little child
 May follow thee and never rest;
 Till sweetly thou hast breathed thy mild
 And lowly mind into my breast!
 Nor ever may we parted be,
 Till I become one spirit with thee.
- 6 Still let thy love point out my way:
 How wondrous things thy love hath wrought:
 Still lead me, lest I go astray:
 Direct my work, inspire my thought:
 And if I fall soon may I hear
 Thy voice, and know that love is near.
- 7 In suffering be thy love my peace,
 In weakness be thy love my power;
 And when the storms of life shall cease,
 Jesu, in that important hour!
 In death, as life, be thou my guide,
 And save me, who for me hast died,

H Y M N CLXXXV. [Frankfort.

- 1 PRISONERS of hope, lift up your heads!
 The day of liberty draws near!
 Jesus, who on the Serpent treads,
 Shall soon in your behalf appear:
 The Lord will to his temple come;
 Prepare your hearts to make him room.
- 2 Ye all shall find, whom in his word
 Himself hath caused to put your trust,
 The Father of our dying Lord
 Is ever to his promise just;
 Faithful, if we our sins confess,
 To cleanse from all unrighteousness.

- 3 Yes, Lord, we must believe thee kind;
 Thou never canst unfaithful prove:
 Surely we shall thy mercy find!
 Who ask, shall all receive thy love:
 Nor canst thou it to me deny:
 I ask, the chief of sinners I!
- 4 O ye of fearful hearts be strong!
 Your down-cast eyes and hands lift up!
 Ye shall not be forgotten long:
 Hope to the end, in Jesus hope!
 Tell him, ye wait his grace to prove:
 And cannot fail, if God is love.
- 5 Prisoners of hope, be strong, be bold!
 Cast off your doubts, disdain to fear!
 Dare to believe! on Christ lay hold!
 Wrestle with Christ in mighty prayer:
 Tell him, "We will not let thee go,
 Till we thy name, thy nature know."
- 6 Hast thou not died to purge our sin;
 And rose thy death for us to plead?
 To write thy law of love within
 Our hearts, and make us free indeed?
 That we our Eden might regain,
 Thou diedst, and couldst not die in vain.
- 7 Lord, we believe, and wait the hour,
 Which all thy great salvation brings:
 The spirit of love, and health, and power
 Shall come, and make us priests and kings;
 Thou wilt perform thy faithful word,
 "The servant shall be as his Lord."
- 8 The promise stands for ever sure,
 And we shall in thine image shine,
 Partakers of a nature pure,
 Holy, angelical, divine;
 In spirit joined to thee the Son,
 As thou art with thy Father one.

- 9 Faithful and true, we now receive
 The promise ratified by thee :
 To thee, the when and how we leave
 In time and in eternity :
 We only hang upon thy word,
 "The servant shall be as his Lord."

H Y M N CLXXXVI. [Westminster.]

- 1 **L**OVE divine, all loves excelling,
 Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
 All thy faithful mercies crown !
 Jesu, thou art all compassion!
 Pure, unbounded love thou art :
 Visit us with thy salvation!
 Enter every trembling heart.
- 2 Come, Almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy grace receive ;
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more thy temples leave :
 Thee we would be always blessing ;
 Serve thee as thy hosts above ;
 Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
 Glory in thy perfect love.
- 3 Finish then thy new creation,
 Pure and spotless let us be :
 Let us see thy great salvation,
 Perfectly restored in thee ;
 Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place,
 Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

HYMN CLXXXVII. [Evesham.

O That my load of sin were gone!
 O! that I could at last submit
 At Jesu's feet to lay it down,
 To lay my soul at Jesu's feet!

2 Rest for my soul I long to find:
 Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
 Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
 And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred-sin,
 And fully set my spirit free:
 I cannot rest, till pure within,
 Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
 Thy light and easy burden prove;
 The cross all stained with hallowed blood,
 The labour of thy dying love.

5 I would; but thou must give the power,
 My heart from every sin release:
 Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
 And fill me with thy perfect peace.

6 Come, Lord! the drooping sinner cheer,
 Nor let thy chariot-wheels delay!
 Appear, in my poor heart appear!
 My God, my Saviour, come away!

HYMN CLXXXVIII. [Italian

1 **H**OLY, and true, and righteous Lord,
 I wait to prove thy perfect will:
 Be mindful of thy gracious word,
 And stamp me with thy spirit's seal.

- 2 Open my faith's interior eye :
 Display thy glory from above :
 And all I am shall sink and die,
 Lost in astonishment and love!
- 3 Confound, o' power me by thy grace :
 I would be by myself abhorred :
 All might, all majesty, all praise,
 All glory be to Christ my Lord.
- 4 Now let me gain perfection's height ;
 Now let me into nothing fall,
 As less than nothing in thy sight,
 And feel, that Christ is all in all!

S E C T I O N VIII.

For Believers brought to the Bishop.

H · Y M N CLXXXIX. [Invitation.

- 1 **O** God, to whom in flesh revealed
 The helpless all for succour came ;
 The sick, to be relieved and healed,
 And found salvation in thy name :
- 2 With publicans and harlots I,
 In these thy servant's gospel-days,
 To thee, the sinner's friend, draw nigh,
 And humbly sue for saving grace.
- 3 Thou see'st me helpless and distressed,
 Feeble, and lame, and blind, and poor ;
 Weary I come to thee for rest,
 And sick of sin implore a cure.
- 4 My sin's incurable disease,
 Thou, Jesus, thou alone canst heal :
 Inspire me with thy power and peace,
 And pardon on my conscience seal.

- 5 A touch, a word, a look from thee
 Can turn my heart, and make it clean;
 Purge the soul, inbred leprosy,
 And save me from my bosom-sin.
- 6 Lord, if thou wilt, I do believe,
 Thou canst the saving grace impart;
 Thou canst this instant now forgive,
 And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 7 My heart, which now to thee I raise,
 I know, thou canst this moment cleanse;
 The deepest stains of sin efface,
 And drive the evil spirit hence.
- 8 Be it according to thy word!
 Accomplish now thy work in me;
 And let my soul, to health restored,
 Devote its little all to thee!

H Y M N CXC. [Welling.

- 1 **J**ESU', thy far-extended fame
 My drooping soul exults to hear:
 Thy name, thy all-restoring name,
 Is music in a sinner's ear.
- 2 Sinners of old thou didst receive
 With comfortable words and kind;
 Their sorrows cheer, their wants relieve,
 Heal the diseased, and cure the blind.
- 3 And art thou not the Saviour still,
 In every place and age the same?
 Hast thou forgot thy gracious skill,
 Or lost the virtue of thy name?
- 4 Faith in thy changeless name I have;
 The good, the kind physician thou
 Art able now our souls to save,
 Art willing to restore them now.

- 5 Though seventeen hundred years are past,
 Since thou didst in the flesh appear;
 Thy tender mercies ever last!
 And still thy healing power is here.
- 6 Wouldst thou the body's health restore,
 And not regard the sin-sick soul?
 The sin-sick soul thou lovest much more,
 And surely thou shalt make it whole.
- 7 All my disease, my every sin,
 To thee, O Jesus, I confess:
 In pardon, Lord, my cure begin,
 And perfect it in holiness.
- 8 That token of thine utmost good
 Now, Saviour, now on me bestow:
 And purge my conscience with thy blood,
 And wash my nature white as snow.

H Y M N CXCII. [Hotham.

- 1 SAVIOUR of the sin-sick soul,
 Give me faith to make me whole!
 Finish thy great work of grace!
 Cut it short in righteousness.
- 2 Speak the second time, "Be clean!"
 Take away my inbred sin:
 Every stumbling-block remove;
 Cast it out by perfect love.
- 3 Nothing less will I require;
 Nothing more can I desire:
 None but Christ to me be given!
 None but Christ in earth or heaven:
- 4 O that I might now decrease!
 O that all I am might cease!
 Let me into nothing fall!
 Let my Lord be all in all!

HYMN CXCL. [Westminster.

1 **L**IGHT of life, seraphic fire,
 Love divine, thyself impart!
 Every fainting soul inspire;
 Shine in every drooping heart!
 Every mournful sinner cheer;
 Scatter all our guilty gloom!
 Son of God, appear, appear!
 To thy human temples come!

2 Come in this accepted hour;
 Bring thy heavenly kingdom in!
 Fill us with the glorious power,
 Rooting out the seeds of sin:
 Nothing more can we require:
 We will covet nothing less:
 Be thou all our heart's desire,
 All our joy and all our peace!

HYMN CXCLIII. [Brockmer.

1 **L**ORD, I believe a rest remains,
 To all thy people known,
 A rest, where pure enjoyment reigns,
 And thou art loved alone.

2 A rest, where all our soul's desire
 Is fixt on things above;
 Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
 Cast out by perfect love.

3 O that I now the rest might know,
 Believe, and enter in!
 Now, Saviour, now the power bestow
 And let me cease from sin!

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

5 I would be thine, thou know'st I would,
And have thee all my own :
Thee, O my all-sufficient good,
I want, and thee alone.

6 Thy name to me, thy nature grant !
This, only this, be given :
Nothing beside my God I want,
Nothing in earth or heaven.

7 Come, O my Saviour, come away !
I..to my soul descend !
No longer from thy creature stay,
My author, and my end !

8 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
And seal me thine abode !
Let all I am in thee be lost,
Let all be lost in God.

H Y M N CXCIV. [Musician's,

1 **O** Glorious hope of perfect love !
It lifts me up to things above ;
It bears on eagles' wings :
It gives my ravished soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesu's priests and kings.

2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain-top
See all the land below :
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of paradise
In endless plenty grow :

3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil.
Favoured with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest :

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

4 O that I might at once go up!
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess!
This moment end my legal years;
Sorrows, and sins, and doubts, and fears,
A howling wilderness

5 Now, O my Joshua, bring me in!
Cast out thy foes; the inbred sin,
The carnal mind remove:
The purchase of thy death divide;
And O! with all the sanctified
Give me a lot of love.

H Y M N CXCIV. [Mitcham,

1 **O** Joyful sound of gospel-grace!
Christ shall in me appear!
I, even I, shall see his face:
I shall be holy here!

2 The glorious crown of righteousness
To me reached out I view:
Conqueror through him, I soon shall seize
And wear it as my due.

3 The promised land from Pisgah's top
I now exult to see:
My hope is full (O glorious hope!)
Of immortality.

4 He visits now the house of clay;
He shakes his future home:
Oh! wouldst thou, Lord, on this glad day
Into thy temple come.

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5 With me I know, I feel thou art;
But this cannot suffice,
Unless thou plantest in my heart
A constant paradise.

6 My earth thou waterest from on high,
But make it all a pool:
Spring up, O well, I ever cry,
Spring up within my soul!

7 Come, O my God, thyself reveal!
Fill all this mighty void:
Thou only canst my spirit fill;
Come, O my God, my God!

8 Fulfil, fulfil my large desires,
Large as infinity:
Give, give me all my soul requires,
All, all that is in thee!

H Y M N CXCVI. [Dedication.

1 **W**HY not now, my God, my God?
Ready if thou always art,
Make in me thy mean abode,
Take possession of my heart:
If thou canst so greatly bow,
Friend of sinners, why not now?

2 God of love, in this my day,
For thyself to thee I cry;
Dying, if thou wilt delay,
Must I not for ever die?
Enter now thy poorest home:
Now, my utmost Saviour, come!

H Y M N CXCVII. [Hamilton's.

1 **N**OW, even now, I yield, I yield
With all my sins to part:
Jesus, speak my pardon sealed,
And purify my heart!

Furge the love of sin away,
 Then I into nothing fall:
 Then I see the perfect day,
 And Christ is all in all.

- 2 J-ſu, now our hearts inſpire.
 With that pure love of thine;
 Kindle now the heavenly fire
 To brighten and refine:
 Purify our faith like gold:
 All the dross of ſin remove;
 Melt our ſpirits down, and mould
 Into thy perfect love.

H Y M N CXCVIII. [Liverpool.

- 1 **J**ESUS hath died, that I might live,
 Might live to God alone;
 In him eternal life receive,
 And he in ſpirit one.
- 2 Saviour, I thank thee for the grace,
 The gift unſpeakable;
 And wait with arms of faith to' embrace,
 And all thy love to feel.
- 3 My ſoul breaks out in ſtrong deſire
 The perfect bliſs to prove:
 My longing heart is all on fire
 To be diſſolved in love.
- 4 Give me thyſelf; from every boaſt,
 From every wiſh ſet free:
 Let all I am in thee be loſt
 But give thyſelf to me!
- 5 Thy gifts, alas! can ne'er ſuffice,
 Unless thyſelf be given:
 Thy preſence makes my paradise,
 And where thou art is heaven!

H Y M N CXCIX. [Liverpool.]

- 1 **I** Ask the gift of righteousness,
The sin-subduing power:
Power to believe, and go in peace,
And never grieve thee more.
- 2 I ask the blood-bought pardon sealed,
The safety from sin:
The grace infused, the love revealed,
The kingdom fixt wi' him.
- 3 Thou hearest me for salvation pray;
Thou keepest my heart's desire;
Made ready in thy powerful day,
Thy fulfils I require.
- 4 My vehement soul cries out oppress'd,
Impatient to be freed!
Nor can I hold, nor will I rest,
Till I am freed indeed.
- 5 Art thou not able to convert,
Art thou not willing too?
To change this old rebellious heart,
To conquer, and renew?
- 6 Thou canst, thou wilt, I dare believe,
So arm me with thy power,
That I to sin shall never cleave,
Shall never feel it more.

S E C T I O N IX.

For Believers Saved.

H Y M N CC. [Palmi's.]

- 1 **Y**E faithful souls, who Jesus knew,
If risen indeed with him ye are,
Superior to the joys below,
His resurrection's power declare.

- 2 Your faith by holy tempers prove :
By actions shew your sins forgiven !
And seek the glorious things above,
And follow Christ your head to heaven !
- 3 There your exalted Saviour see,
Seated at God's right-hand again,
In all his Father's majesty,
In everlasting pomp to reign.
- 4 To him continually aspire,
Contending for your native place ;
And emulate the angel-choir,
And only live to love and praise.
- 5 For, who by faith your Lord receive,
Ye nothing seek or want beside :
Dead to the world and sin ye live ;
Your creature-love is crucified.
- 6 Your real life, with Christ concealed,
Deep in the Father's bosom lies ;
And, glorious as your head revealed,
Ye soon shall meet him in the skies.

H Y M N C C I. [Angel Song.]

- 1 **L**ET not the wise his wisdom boast !
The mighty glory in his might ;
The rich in fluttering riches trust,
Which take their everlasting flight,
- 2 The rash of numerous years bears down
The most gigantic strength of man :
And where is all his wisdom gone,
When dust he turns to dust again ?
- 3 One only gift can justify
The boasting soul, that knows his God :
When Jesus doth his blood apply,
I glory in his sprinkled blood.

- 4 The Lord my righteousness I praise;
 I triumph in the love divine:
 The wisdom, wealth, and strength of grace,
 In Christ to endless ages mine.

H Y M N CCII. [Olney.

- 1 **L**ORD, in the strength of grace,
 With a glad heart and free,
 Myself, my residue of days
 I consecrate to thee.

- 2 Thy ransomed servant I
 Restore to thee thy own;
 And from this moment live or die
 To serve my God alone.

H Y M N CCIII. [23d Psalm.

- 1 **T**HE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a shepherd's care;
 His presence shall my wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful eye;
 My noon-day walks he shall attend,
 And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
 To fertile vales and dewy meads
 My weary, wandering steps he leads,
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horror overspread,
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For thou, O Lord, art with me still:
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.

4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wiles I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

H Y M N CCIV. [Cheshunt.

1 **T**HE voice of my beloved sounds,
While o'er the mountain tops he bounds,
He flies exulting o'er the hills,
And all my soul with transport fills;
Gently doth he chide my stay,
"Rise, my love, and come away."

2 The scattered clouds are fled at last,
The rain is gone, the winter past,
The lovely vernal flowers appear,
The warbling choir enchant our ear;
Now, with sweetly pensive moan,
Cooes the turtle-dove alone.

H Y M N CCV. [Sion.

THIS, this is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable friend;
Whose love is as great as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end.
'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
Whose spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

H Y M N CCVI. [London.

1 **T**HE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, (a shining frame!)
Their great Original proclaim.

The unwearied sun from day to day
Doth his Creator's power display ;
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth :
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 the dark terrestrial ball :
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid 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."

H Y M N CCVII.

1 THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above ;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love :

Jehovah, Great I Am !

By earth and heaven confest ;
2 bow and bless the sacred Name,
For ever blest.

3 The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise—and seek the joys
At his right-hand :

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

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

4 He by himself hath sworn,
 I on his oath depend,
 I shall, on eagle's wings up-borne,
 To heaven ascend:
 I shall behold his face,
 I shall his power adore,
 And sing the wonders of his grace
 For evermore.

H Y M N CCVIII. [Cornish.

- 1 **B**EING of beings, God of love,
 To thee our hearts we raise:
 Thy all-sustaining power we prove,
 And gladly sing thy praise.
- 2 Thine, wholly thine, we pant to be,
 Our sacrifice receive:
 Made, and preserved, and saved by thee,
 To thee ourselves we give.
- 3 Heaven-ward our every wish aspires;
 For all thy mercy's store,
 The sole return thy love requires
 Is that we ask for more.

4 For more we ask; we open then
Our hearts to embrace thy will:
Turn and beget us, Lord, again:
With all thy fulness fill.

5 Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's love
Shed in our hearts abroad!
So shall we ever live and move,
And be with Christ in God.

H Y M N CCIX [Morning-Song.]

1 **W**HEN all the mercies of my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Why, my cold heart, art thou not lost
In wonder, love, and praise?

2 Thy providence my life sustained,
And all my wants redrest,
While in the file of womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

3 To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learned
To form themselves in prayer.

4 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant-heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

5 When in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

6 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently cleared my way,
And through the pleasing snares of life,
More to be feared than they.

7 Through every period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll pursue;
 And after death, in distant worlds,
 The pleasing theme renew.

8 Through all eternity to thee,
 A grateful song I'll raise;
 But O! eternity's too short
 To utter all thy praise.

H Y M N CCX. [Foundery.

1 **G**OD of all-redeeming grace,
 By thy pardoning love compell'd,
 Up to thee our souls we raise,
 Up to thee our bodies yield:
 Thou our sacrifice receive,
 Acceptable through thy Son,
 While to thee alone we live,
 While we die to thee alone.

2 Meet it is, and just, and right,
 That we should be wholly thine;
 In thy only will delight,
 In thy blessed service join:
 O that every work and word
 Might proclaim how good thou art!
 Holiness unto the Lord
 Still be written on our heart!

H Y M N CCXI. [Wednesbury.

1 **L**ET him to whom we now belong,
 His sovereign right assert;
 And take up every thankful song,
 And every loving heart.

- 2 He justly claims us for his own,
Who bought us with a price :
The Christian lives to Christ alone,
To Christ alone he dies.
- 3 Jesus, thine own, at last receive!
Fulfil our heart's desire!
And let us to thy glory live,
And in thy cause expire.
- 4 Our souls and bodies we resign :
With joy we render thee
Our all, no longer ours, but thine
To all eternity.

H Y M N C C X I I. [112th Psalm.]

- 1 **B**EHOOLD the servant of the Lord!
I wait thy guiding eye to feel,
To hear and keep thy every word,
To prove and do thy perfect will;
Joyful from my own works to cease,
Glad to fulfil all righteousness.
- 2 Me if thy grace vouchsafe to use,
Meanest of all thy creatures, me,
The deed, the time, the manner chuse :
Let all my fruit be found of thee :
Let all my works in thee be wrought,
By thee to full perfection brought.
- 3 My every weak, though good design
O'errule, or change, as seems thee meet ;
Jesu, let all my work be thine !
Thy work, O Lord, is all compleat,
And pleasing in thy Father's sight ;
Thou only hast done all things right.

- 4 Here then to thee thy own I leave;
 Mould as thou wilt thy passive clay:
 But let me all thy stamp receive;
 But let me all thy words obey;
 Serve with a single heart and eye,
 And to thy glory live and die.

HYMN CCXIII. [Shepherd of Israel.

- 1 **T**HOU Shepherd of Israel, and mine,
 The joy and desire of my heart,
 For closer communion I pine,
 I long to reside where thou art:
 The pasture I languish to find,
 Where all who their Shepherd obey,
 Are fed, on thy bosom reclined,
 Are screened from the heat of the day.
- 2 Ah! shew me that happiest place,
 The place of thy people's abode,
 Where fairs in an extasy gaze,
 And hang on a crucified God:
 Thy love for a sinner declare,
 Thy passion and death on the tree;
 My spirit to Calvary bear,
 To suffer and triumph with thee.
- 3 'Tis there with the lambs of thy flock:
 There only I covet to rest,
 To lie at the foot of the rock,
 Or rise to be hid in thy breast:
 'Tis there I would always abide,
 And never a moment depart;
 Concealed in the cleft of thy side,
 Eternally held in thy heart.

HYMN CCXIV. [Salisbury.]

HARK! the herald angels sing,
 "Glory to their new-born King;
 "Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
 "God and sinners reconciled."
 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
 Join the triumphs of the skies,
 With th' 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!
 Pleased as man with men to appear,
 Jesus our Immanuel here.

3 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace,
 Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
 Light and life to all he brings,
 Risen with healing in his wings;
 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.

4 Come, desire of nations, come,
 Fix in us thy humble home;
 Rise, the woman's conquering seed,
 Bruise in us the serpent's head:
 Adam's likeness now efface,
 Stamp thine image in its place;
 Second Adam from above,
 Reinstatè us in thy love.

HYMN CCXV. [Dedication.]

- 1 **F**ATHER, 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 Vilest of the sinful race,
 Lo! I answer to thy call:
 Meanest vessel of thy grace,
 Grace divinely free for all;
 Lo, I come to do thy will,
 All thy counsel to fulfil.
- 3 If so poor a worm as I
 May to thy great glory live,
 All my actions sanctify,
 All my words and thoughts receive:
 Claim me, for thy service claim,
 All I have, and all I am.
- 4 Take my soul and body's powers;
 Take my memory, mind, and will;
 All my goods, and all my hours,
 All I know, and all I feel!
 All I think, or speak, or do:
 Take my heart: but make it new!
- 5 Now, O God, thy own I am:
 Now I give thee back thy own:
 Freedom, friends, and health, and fame
 Consecrate to thee alone:
 Thine I live, thrice happy I!
 Happier still, if thine I die

- 6 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One in three, and three in one,
 As by the celestial host,
 For thy will on earth be done:
 Praise be all to thee be given,
 Glorious Lord of earth and heaven!

H Y M N CCXVI. [Lamp's.

- 1 **J**ESU, my truth, my way,
 My sure, unerring light,
 On thee my feeble steps I stay,
 Which thou wilt guide aright.
- 2 My wisdom and my guide,
 My counsellor thou art:
 O let me never leave thy side,
 Or from thy paths depart!
- 3 I lift my eyes to thee
 Thou lovely, bleeding Lamb,
 That I may now enlightened be,
 And never put to shame.
- 4 Never will I remove
 Out of thy hands my cause,
 But rest in thy redeeming love,
 And hang upon thy cross.
- Teach me the happy art
 In all things to depend
 On thee! O Jesus, Lord, depart,
 But love me to the end!
- 6 Still stir me up to strive
 With thee in strength divine;
 And every moment, Lord, revive
 This fainting soul of mine.

- 7 Persist to save my soul
 Throughout the fiery hour,
 Till I am every whit made whole,
 And thow forth all thy power.
- 8 Through fire and water bring
 Into the wealthy place;
 And teach me the new song to sing,
 When perfected in grace!
- 9 O make me all like thee,
 Before I hence remove!
 Settle, confirm, and stablish me,
 And build me up in love.
- 10 Let me thy witness live,
 When sin is all destroyed;
 And then my spotless soul receive,
 And take me home to God.

S E C T I O N X.

For Believers Interceding.

H Y M N CCXVII. [Angel-Song,
Part the First.

- 1 **F**ATHER, if justly still we claim
 To us and ours the promise made,
 To us be graciously the same,
 And crown with living fire our head.
- 2 Our claim admit, and from above
 Of holiness the spirit shower;
 Of wise discernment, humble love,
 And zeal, and unity, and power.
- 3 The spirit of convincing speech,
 Of power demonstrative impart:
 Such as may every conscience reach,
 And sound the unbelieving heart:

- 4 The spirit of refining fire,
 Searching the inmost of the mind,
 To purge all fierce and foul desire,
 And kindle life more pure and kind:
- 5 The spirit of faith in this thy day,
 To break the power of cancelled sin,
 Tread down its strength, o'erturn its sway,
 And still the conquest more than win.
- 6 The spirit breathe of inward life,
 Which in our hearts thy laws may write:
 Then grief expires, and pain, and strife:
 'Tis nature all, and all delight.

H Y M N CCXVIII. [Angel-Song.]

Part the Second.

- 1 **O**N all the earth thy Spirit shower,
 The earth in righteousness renew:
 Thy kingdom come, and hell's o'erpower,
 And to thy sceptre all subdue.
- 2 Like mighty winds or torrents fierce,
 Let it oppose's all o'er-run;
 And every law of sin reverse,
 That faith and love may make all one.
- 3 Yea, let thy Spirit in every place
 Its richest energy declare;
 While lovely tempers, fruits of grace,
 The kingdom of thy Christ prepare.
- 4 Grant this. O holy God, and true;
 The ancient seers thou didst inspire!
 To us perform the promise due,
 Descend, and crown us now with fire!

H Y M N C C X I X. [Snowfields.

For the KING.

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast bid thy people pray
 For all that bear the sovereign sway,
 And thy Vicegerent's reign,
 Rulers, and governors, and powers;
 And lo! in faith we pray for ours,
 Nor can we pray in vain.
- 2 Jesu, thy chosen servant guard,
 And every threatening danger ward
 From his anointed head;
 Bid all his griefs and troubles cease,
 And through the paths of heavenly peace,
 To life eternal lead.
- 3 Cover his enemies with shame,
 Defeat their dire malicious aim,
 Their baffled hopes destroy;
 But shower on him thy blessings down;
 Crown him with grace, with glory crown,
 And everlasting joy.
- 4 To hoary hairs be thou his God,
 Late may he seek that high abode,
 Late to his heaven remove:
 Of virtues full, and happy days,
 Accounted worthy by thy grace,
 To fill a throne above.
- 5 And when thou dost his spirit receive,
 O give him, in his offspring, give
 Us back our king again.
 Preserve them, Providence Divine,
 And let the long-illustrious line
 To latest ages reign.

6 Secure us of his royal race
 A man to stand before thy face,
 And exercise thy power;
 With wealth, prosperity, and peace,
 Our nation and our church to bless,
 Till time shall be no more.

H Y M N CCXX. [Wednesday.

For P A R E N T S.

- 1 **G**OD only wise, almighty, good,
 Send forth thy truth and light,
 To point us out the narrow road,
 And guide our steps aright:
- 2 To steer our dangerous course between
 The rocks on either hand;
 And fix us to the golden mean,
 And bring our charge to land.
- 3 Made apt by thy sufficient grace
 To teach as taught by thee,
 We come to train in all thy ways
 Our rising progeny:
- 4 Their selfish will in time subdue,
 And mortify their pride;
 And lend their youth a sacred clew
 To find the crucified.
- 5 We would in every step look up,
 By thy example taught
 To' alarm their fear, excite their hope,
 And rectify their thought.
- 6 We would persuade their heart to' obey,
 With mildest zeal proceed;
 And never take the harsher way,
 When love will do the deed.

7 For this we ask in faith sincere
 The wisdom from above ;
 To touch their hearts with filial fear,
 And pure, ingenuous love :

8 To watch their will to sense inclined,
 With-hold the hurtful food ;
 And gently bend their tender mind,
 And draw their souls to God.

H Y M N CCXXI. [Invitation.

For M A S T E R S.

1 **M**ASTER supreme, I look to thee
 For grace and wisdom from above !
 Vested with thy authority,
 Endue me with thy patient love !

2 That, taught according to thy will
 To rule my family aright,
 I may the appointed charge fulfil
 With all my heart and all my might.

3 Inferiors as a sacred trust
 I from the sovereign Lord receive,
 That what is suitable and just
 Impartial I to all may give :

4 O'erlook them with a guardian eye ;
 From vice and wickedness restrain :
 Mistakes and lesser faults pass by,
 And govern with a looser rein.

5 The servant faithfully discreet,
 Gentle to him, and good, and mild,
 Him I would tenderly intreat,
 And scarce distinguish from a child.

- 6 Yet let me not my place forsake,
The occasion of his stumbling prove;
The servant to my bosom take,
Or mar him by familiar love.
- 7 Order if some invert, confound,
Their Lord's authority betray,
I hearken to the gospel-sound,
And trace the providential way.
- 8 As far from abjectness as pride,
With condescending dignity,
Jesus, I make thy word my guide,
And keep the post assigned by thee.
- 9 Oh, could I emulate the zeal,
Thou dost to thy poor servants bear!
The troubles, griefs, and burdens feel
Of souls intrusted to my care:
- 10 In daily prayer to God commend
The souls, whom God expired to save;
And think, how soon my sway may end,
And all be equal in the grave!



P A R T V.

For the SOCIETY.

S E C T I O N I.

For the Society, Meeting.

H Y M N CXXII. [Foundery.]

- 1 **P**EACE be on this house bestowed,
Peace on all that here reside
Let the unknown peace of God
With the man of peace abide!

Let the spirit now come down :
 Let the blessing now take place !
 Son of peace receive thy crown,
 Fulness of the gospel-grace.

2 Christ, my Master and my Lord,
 Let me thy fore-runner be :
 O be mindful of thy word !
 Visit them, and visit me !
 To this house and all herein
 Now let thy salvation come !
 Save our souls from inbred-sin :
 Make us thy eternal home !

3 Let us never, never rest,
 Till the promise is fulfilled :
 Till we are of thee possessed,
 Pardoned, sanctified, and sealed :
 Till we all, in love renewed,
 Find the pearl that Adam lost,
 Temples of the living God,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

H Y M N CCXXIII. [Newcastle.

1 **A**LL thanks to the Lamb, Who gives us to meet :
 His love we proclaim, His praises repeat :
 We own him our Jesus, Continually near
 To pardon, and bless us, And perfect us here.

2 In him we have peace, In him we have power,
 Preserved by his grace Throughout the dark hour,
 In all our temptation He keeps us to prove
 His utmost salvation, His fulness of love.

3 Through pride and desire Unhurt we have gone,
 Through water and fire With him we went on !
 The world and the devil Through him we o'ercame,
 Our Jesus from evil, For ever the same.

- 4 When we would have spurned His mercy and grace,
To Egypt returned, And fled from his face,
He hindered our flying (His goodness to show,)
And stopt us by crying, "Will ye also go?"
- 5 O what shall I do My Saviour to love?
To make us anew, Come, Lord, from above!
The fruit of thy passion, Thy holiness give!
Give us the salvation Of all that believe.
- 6 Come, Jesus, and loose the stammerer's tongue,
And teach even us The spiritual song:
Let us without ceasing Give thanks for thy grace,
And glory, and blessing, And honour, and praise.
- 7 Pronounce the glad word, And bid us be free:
Ah, hast thou not, Lord, A blessing for me!
The peace, thou hast given, This moment impart,
And open thy heaven, O Love, in my heart!

H Y M N CCXXIV. [Islington.]

- 1 **B**ROTHER in Christ, and well-beloved,
To Jesus and his servants dear,
Enter, and shew thyself approved;
Enter, and find that God is here.
- 2 'Scaped from the world, redeemed from sin,
By fiends pursued, by men abhorred,
Come in, poor fugitive, come in,
And share the portion of thy Lord.
- 3 Welcome from earth!—lo, the right-hand
Of fellowship to thee we give!
With open arms and hearts we stand,
And thee in Jesu's name receive.
- 4 Say, is thy heart resolved as ours?
Then let it burn with sacred love;
Then let it take the heavenly powers;
Partaker of the joys above,

- 5 Jesu, attend, thyself reveal !
 Are we not met in thy great name?
 Thee in the midst we wait to feel,
 We wait to catch the spreading flame.
- 6 Thou God, that answerest by fire,
 The spirit of burning now impart,
 And let the flames of pure desire
 Rise from the altar of our heart.
- 7 Truly our fellowship below
 With thee and with the Father is:
 In thee eternal life we know,
 And heaven's unutterable bliss.
- 8 In part we only know thee here,
 But wait thy coming from above:
 And I shall then behold thee near,
 And I shall all be lost in love.

H Y M N CCXXV. [Bexley.

- 1 **J**ESU, great Shepherd of the sheep,
 To thee for help we fly:
 Thy little flock in safety keep!
 For O the wolf is nigh!
- 2 He comes, of hellish malice full,
 To scatter, tear, and slay:
 He seizes every straggling soul,
 As his own lawful prey.
- 3 Us into thy protection take,
 And gather with thy arm:
 Unless we first the fold forsake,
 The wolf can never harm.
- 4 We laugh to scorn his cruel power,
 While by our Shepherd's side:
 The sheep he never can devour,
 Unless he first divide.

5 O do not suffer him to part,
The souls that here agree!
But make us of one mind and heart,
And keep us one in thee!

6 Together let us sweetly live!
Together let us die!
And each a starry crown receive,
And reign above the sky.

H Y M N CCXXVI. [Brockmer.

1 SEE, Jesu, thy disciples see,
The promised blessing give!
Met in thy name, we look to thee,
Expecting to receive.

2 Thee we expect, our faithful Lord,
Who in thy name are joined:
We wait according to thy word
Thee in the midst to find.

3 With us thou art assembled here;
But O thyself reveal!
Son of the living God, appear!
Let us thy presence feel.

4 Breathe on us, Lord, in this our day,
And these dry bones shall live:
Speak peace into our hearts, and say,
"The Holy Ghost receive!"

5 Whom now we seek, O may we meet;
Jesus, the crucified,
Shew us thy bleeding hands and feet,
Thou, who for us hast died.

6 Cause us the record to receive!
Speak, and the tokens shew,
"Oh! be not faithless, but believe
In me, who died for you!"

H Y M N CCXXVII. [Amsterdam.

1 **T**WO are better far than one
 For counsel or for fight;
 How can one be warm alone,
 Or serve his God aright?
 Join we then our hearts and hands:
 Each to love provoke his friend;
 Run the way of his commands,
 And keep it to the end.

2 Wo to him, whose spirits droop!
 To him, who falls alone!
 He has none to lift him up,
 To help his weakness on;
 Happier we each other keep;
 We each others burdens bear;
 Never need our footsteps slip,
 Upheld by mutual prayer.

3 Who of twain has made us one,
 Maintains our unity:
 Jesus is the corner-stone,
 In whom we all agree:
 Servants of one common Lord.
 Sweetly of one heart and mind:
 Who can break a three-fold cord,
 Or part whom God hath joined?

4 O that all with us might prove
 The fellowship of saints;
 Find supplied in Jesu's love
 What every member wants!
 Grasp we our high-calling's prize!
 Feel our sins on earth forgiven!
 Rise, in his whole image rise,
 And meet our head in heaven!

S E C T I O N II.

For the Society giving Thanks.

H Y M N CCXXVIII. [Built.

- 1 **C**OME away to the skies!
 My beloved, arise
 And rejoice in the day thou wast born:
 On this festival day
 Come exulting away,
 And with singing to Sion return!
- 2 We have laid up our love
~~And treasure above,~~
 Though our bodies continue below:
 The redeemed of the Lord,
 We remember his word,
 And with singing to paradise go.
- 3 With singing we praise
 The original grace,
 By our heavenly Father bestowed;
 Our being receive
 From his bounty, and live
 To the honour and glory of God.
- 4 For thy glory we are,
 Created to share
 Both the nature and kingdom divine:
 Created again,
 That our souls may remain
 In time and eternity thine.
- 5 With thanks we approve
 The design of thy love,
 Which hath joined us in Jesus's name;
 So united in heart,
 That we never can part,
 Till we meet at the feast of the Lamb.

6 There, there at his feet,
 We shall suddenly meet,
 And be parted in body no more!
 We shall sing to our lyres
 With the heavenly choirs,
 And our Saviour* in glory adore.

7 Hallelujah we sing
 To our Father and King,
 And his rapturous praises repeat:
 To the Lamb that was slain
 Hallelujah again,
 Sing all heaven, and fall at his feet!

8 In assurance of hope
 We to Jesus look up,
 Till his banner unfurled in the air
 From our graves we do see,
 And cry out, "It is he,"
 And fly up to acknowledge him there.

H Y M N CCXXIX. [Trumpe

1 COME all, whoe'er have set
 Your faces Sion-ward,
 In Jesus let us meet,
 And praise our common Lord:
 In Jesus let us still go on,
 Till all appear before his throne.

2 Nearer and nearer still
 We to our country come;
 To that celestial hill,
 The weary pilgrim's home;
 The New Jerusalem above,
 The seat of everlasting love.

3 The ransomed sons of God,
 All earthly things we scorn,
 And to our high abode
 With songs of praise return;
 From strength to strength we still proceed,
 With crowns of joy upon our head.

4 The peace and joy of faith
 Each moment may we feel;
 Redeemed from sin and wrath,
 From earth, and death, and hell,
 We to our Father's house repair
 To meet our elder Brother there.

5 Our Brother, Saviour, Head,
 Our all in all is he;
 And in his steps who tread,
 We soon his face shall see;
 Shall see him with our glorious friends,
 And then in heaven our journey ends.

H Y M N CCXXX. [Derby.

1 COME, let us anew
 Our journey pursue,
 With vigour arise,
 And press to our permanent place in the skies.
 Of heavenly birth,
 Though wandring on earth,
 This is not our place,
 But strangers and pilgrims ourselves we confess.

2 At Jesus's call
 We gave up our all;
 And still we forego
 For Jesus's sake our enjoyments below:
 No longing we find
 For the country behind;
 But onward we move,
 And still we are seeking a country above;

3 A country of joy
 Without any alloy,
 We thither repair,
 Our heart and our treasure already are there.
 We march hand in hand
 To Immanuel's land :
 No matter what cheer
 We meet with on earth ; for eternity's near !

4 The rougher our way,
 The shorter our stay :
 The tempests that rise
 Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies :
 The fiercer the blast,
 The sooner 'tis past :
 The troubles that come
 Shall come to our rescue, and hasten us home.

H Y M N CCXXXI. [Built.

1 COME, let us ascend,
 My companion and friend,
 To a taste of the banquet above !
 If thy heart be as mine,
 If for Jesus it pine,
 Come up into the chariot of love.

2 Who in Jesus confide,
 We are bold to outride
 The storms of affliction beneath !
 With the prophet we soar
 To the heavenly shore,
 And out-fly all the arrows of death.

3 By faith we are come
 To our permanent home :
 By hope we the rapture improve ;

By love we still rise,
 And look down on the skies,
 For the heaven of heavens is love.

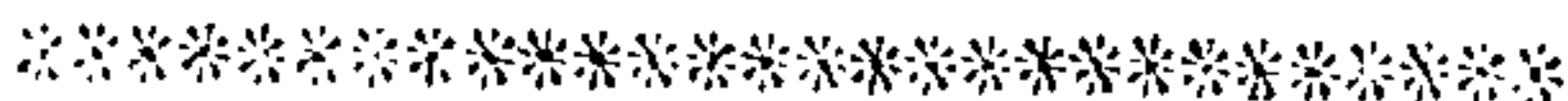
4 Who on earth can conceive,
 How happy we live
 In the palace of God, the great king?
 What a concert of praise,
 When our Jesus's grace
 The whole heavenly company sing?

5 What a rapturous song,
 When the glorified throng
 In the spirit of harmony join?
 Join all the glad choirs,
 Hearts, voices, and lyres;
 And the burden is mercy divine.

6 Hallelujah they cry
 To the king of the sky,
 To the great everlasting I Am:
 To the Lamb that was slain,
 And liveth again,
 Hallelujah to God and the Lamb.

7 The Lamb on the throne,
 Lo! he dwells with his own,
 And to rivers of pleasure he leads;
 With his mercy's full blaze,
 With the sight of his face
 Our beatified spirit he feeds.

8 Our foreheads proclaim
 His ineffable name:
 Our bodies his glory display:
 A day without night,
 We feast in his sight,
 And eternity seems as a day!



S E C T I O N III.

For the Society Praying.

H Y M N CCXXXII. [Aldrich.

1 **C**OME, thou omniscient Son of man,
 Display thy sifting power:
 Come with thy winnowing spirit's fan,
 And thoroughly purge thy floor.

2 The chaff of sin, the accursed thing
 Far from our souls be driven!
 The wheat into thy garner bring,
 And lay us up for heaven.

3 Look through us with thy eyes of flame!
 The clouds and darkness chase:
 And tell me, what by sin I am,
 And what I am by grace.

4 Whate'er offends thy glorious eyes,
 Far from our hearts remove!
 As dust before the whirlwind flies,
 Disperse it by thy love.

5 Then let us all thy fulness know,
 From every sin set free:
 Saved, to the utmost saved below,
 And perfectly like thee.

H Y M N CCXXXIII. [Wenno.

1 **T**RY us, O God, and search the ground
 Of every sinful heart:
 Whate'er of sin in us is found,
 O bid it all depart.

- 2 When to the right or left we stray,
 Leave us no' comfortless;
 But guide our feet into the way
 Of everlasting peace.
- 3 Help us to help each other Lord,
 Each others crots to bear;
 Let each his friendly aid afford,
 And feel his brother's care.
- 4 Help us to build each other up,
 Our little flock to' improve;
 Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
 And perfect us in love.
- 5 Up into thee, our living head,
 Let us in all things grow,
 Till thou hast made us free indeed,
 And spotless here below.
- 6 Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
 Receive thy ready bride;
 Give us in heaven a happy lot
 With all the sanctified.

H Y M N CCXXXIV. [Wenno.

- 1 JESUS, united by thy grace,
 And each to each endeared,
 With confidence we seek thy face,
 And know our prayer is heard.
- 2 Still let us own our common Lord,
 And bear thine easy yoke,
 A band of love, a threefold cord,
 Which never can be broke.
- 3 Make us into one spirit drink;
 Baptize into thy name;
 And let us always kindly think,
 And sweetly speak the same.

- 4 Touched by the loadstone of thy love,
 Let all our hearts agree;
 And ever towards each other move,
 And ever move towards thee.
- 5 To thee inseparably joined,
 Let all our spirits cleave;
 O may we all the loving mind
 That was in thee receive!
- 6 This is the bond of perfectness,
 The spotless charity;
 O let us (still we pray) possess
 The mind that was in thee.
- 7 Grant this, and then from all below
 Insensibly remove:
 Our souls their change shall scarcely know,
 Made perfect first in love:
- 8 With ease our souls through death shall glide
 Into their paradise,
 And thence on wings of angels ride
 Triumphant through the skies.
- 9 Yet when the fullest joy is given,
 The same delight we prove,
 In earth, in paradise, in heaven
 Our all in all is love.

H Y M N CCXXXV. [Hamilton's.

John xiv. 16, 17.

1 **F**ATHER of our dying Lord,
 Remember us for good,
 O fulfil his faithful word,
 And hear his speaking blood:

Give us that, for which he prays;
 Father, glorify thy Son!
 Shew his truth, and power, and grace,
 And send the promise down.

2 True and faithful Witness, thou,
 O Christ, the Spirit give:
 Hast thou not received him now,
 That we might now receive?
 Art thou not our living head?
 Life to all thy limbs impart;
 Shed thy love, thy Spirit shed
 In every waiting heart.

3 Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
 The gift of Jesus, come:
 Glows our heart to find thee near,
 And swells to make thee room;
 Present with us thee we feel,
 Come, O come, and in us be;
 With us, in us, live and dwell
 To all eternity.

H Y M N CCXXXVI. [Hotham.

1 **G**OD of love, that hearest the prayer,
 Kindly for thy people care;
 Who on thee alone depend:
 Love us, save us to the end!

2 Save us in the prosperous hour
 From the flattering tempter's power;
 From his unsuspected wiles,
 From the world's pernicious smiles.

3 Cut off our dependance vain
 On the help of feeble man;
 Every arm of flesh remove!
 Stay us on thy only love!

- 4 Men of worldly, low design,
Let not these thy people join,
Poison our simplicity,
Drag us from our trust in thee.
- 5 Save us from the great and wise,
Till they sink in their own eyes,
Tame to thy yoke submit,
Lay their honour at thy feet.
- 6 Never let the world break in,
Fix a mighty gulph between;
Keep us little and unknown,
Prized and loved by God alone.
- 7 Let us still to thee look up,
Thee, thy Israel's strength and hope;
Nothing know or seek beside
Jesus, and him crucified.
- 8 Far above all earthly things,
Look we down on earthly kings,
Taste our glorious liberty;
Find our happy all in thee!

H Y M N CCXXXVII.

[Hotham.]

- 1 **J**ESU, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree;
Shew thyself the Prince of peace;
Bid our jars for ever cease.
- 2 By thy reconciling love
Every stumbling-block remove:
Each to each unite, endear:
Come, and spread thy banner here!
- Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind;
Lowly, meek in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.

4 Let us each for other care,
 Each the others burden bear;
 To thy church the pattern give;
 Shew, how true believers live.

5 Free from anger and from pride,
 Let us thus in God abide,
 All the depths of love express,
 All the heights of holiness!

6 Let us then with joy remove
 To the family above:
 On the wings of angels fly;
 Shew how true believers die.

H Y M N CCXXXVIII. [Cardiff.

1 **T**HOU God of truth and love,
 We seek thy perfect way,
 Ready thy choice to' approve,
 Thy providence obey,
 Enter into thy wise design,
 And sweetly lose our will in thine.

2 Why hast thou cast our lot
 In the same age and place?
 And why together brought
 To see each others face;
 To join with softest sympathy,
 And mix our friendly souls in thee?

3 Didst thou not make us one,
 That all might one remain,
 Together travel on,
 And bear each others pain,
 Till all thy utmost goodness prove,
 And rise renewed in perfect love

4 Surely thou didst unite
 Our kindred spirits here,
 That all hereafter might
 Before thy throne appear ;
 Meet at the marriage of the Lamb,
 And all thy glorious love proclaim.

5 Then let us ever bear
 The blessed end in view,
 And join with mutual care
 To fight our passage through :
 And kindly help each other on,
 Till all receive the starry crown.

6 O may the Spirit seal
 Our souls unto that day !
 With all thy fulness fill,
 And then transport away !
 Away to our eternal rest,
 Away to our Redeemer's breast !

H Y M N CCXXXIX. [Ascension.

1 CHRIST, from whom all blessings flow,
 Perfecting the saints below,
 Hear us, who thy nature share,
 Who thy mystic body are.

2 Join us, in one spirit join,
 Let us still receive of thine :
 Still for more on thee we call,
 Thee, who fillest all in all !

3 Closer knit to thee our Head :
 Nourish us, O Christ, and feed ;
 Let us daily growth receive,
 More and more in Jesus live.

246 FOR THE SOCIETY PRAYING.

- 4 Jesus, we thy members are!
Cherish us with kindest care;
Of thy flesh and of thy bone;
Love, for ever love thy own!
- 5 Move, and actuate, and guide:
Divers gifts to each divide:
Placed according to thy will,
Let us all our work fulfil:
- 6 Never from our office move;
• Needful to the others prove:
Use the grace on each bestowed,
Tempered by the act of God.
- 7 Sweetly may we all agree,
Touched with softest sympathy:
Kindly for each other care;
Every member feel its share.
- 8 Wounded by the grief of one,
• Now let all the members groan:
Honoured, if one member is,
All partake the common bliss.
- 9 Many are we now and one,
We who Jesus have put on:
There is neither bond nor free,
Male nor female, Lord, in thee!
- 10 Love, like Death hath all destroyed,
Rendered all distinctions void;
Names, and sects, and parties fall:
Thou, O Christ, art all in all!

HYMN CCXL. [Love-Feast,

*The LOVE-FEAST,**Part the First.*

- 1 COME, and let us sweetly join
Christ to praise in hymns divine!
Give we all with one accord
Glory to our common Lord
Hands, and hearts, and voices raise;
Sing as in the ancient days;
Antedate the joys above,
Celebrate the feast of love.
- 2 Strive we, in affection strive:
Let the purer flame revive;
Such as in the martyrs glowed,
Dying champions for their God:
We like them may live, and love:
Called we are their joys to prove;
Saved with them from future wrath;
Partners of like precious faith.
- 3 Sing we then in Jesu's name,
Now as yesterday the same:
One in every time and place,
Full for all of truth and grace:
We for Christ our Master stand,
Lights in a benighted land:
We our dying Lord confess:
We are Jesu's witnesses.
- 4 Witnesses that Christ hath died;
We with him are crucified:
Christ hath burst the bands of death;
We his quickning Spirit breathe:
Christ is now gone up on high;
Thither all our wishes fly:
Sits at God's right-hand above;
There with him we reign in love.

H Y M N C C X L I. [T'oundery.

Part the Second.

1 **C**OME, thou high and lofty Lord!
 Lowly, meek, incarnate Word:
 Humbly stoop to earth again:
 Come, and visit abject man!
 Jesu, dear expected guest,
 Thou art bidden to the feast:
 For thyself our hearts prepare!
 Come, and sit, and banquet there.

2 Jesu, we the promise claim:
 We are met in thy great name;
 In the midst do thou appear,
 Manifest thy presence here!
 Sanctify us, Lord, and bless!
 Breathe thy Spirit, give thy peace:
 Thou thyself within us move:
 Make our feast a feast of love.

3 Let the fruits of grace abound;
 Let in us thy bowels sound:
 Faith, and love, and joy increase,
 Temperance, and gentleness:
 Plant in us thy humble mind,
 Patient, pitiful, and kind:
 Meek and lowly let us be,
 Full of goodness, full of thee.

4 Make us all in thee complete!
 Make us all for glory meet;
 Meet to' appear before thy sight,
 Partners with the saints in light:
 Call, O call us each by name
 To the marriage of the Lamb:
 Let us lean upon thy breast!
 Love be there our endless feast!

HYMN CCXLII. [Invitation.

1 **J**ESUS, from whom all blessings flow,
 Great builder of thy church below,
 It now thy Spirit moves my breast,
 Hear, and fulfil thine own request.

2 The few that truly call thee Lord,
 And wait thy sanctifying word,
 And thee their utmost Saviour own,
 Unite, and perfect them in one.

3 O let them all thy mind express,
 Stand forth thy chosen witnesses :
 Thy power unto salvation show,
 And perfect holiness below.

4 In them let all mankind behold
 How Christians lived in days of old ;
 Mighty their envious foes to move,
 A proverb of reproach—and love.

5 O might my lot be cast with these,
 The least of Jesu's witnesses !
 O that my Lord would count me meet
 To wash his dear disciples feet !

6 This only thing do I require ;
 Thou know'st 'tis all my heart's desire ;
 Freely what I receive to give,
 The servant of thy church to live.

7 After my lowly Lord to go,
 And wait upon thy saints below,
 Enjoy the grace to angels given,
 And serve the royal heirs of heaven.

8 Lord, if I now thy drawings feel,
And ask according to thy will;
Confirm the prayer, the seal impart,
And speak the answer to my heart.

9 Tell me, or thou shalt never go,
"Thy prayer is heard; it shall be so."
The word hath passed thy lips, and I
Shall with thy people live and die.

H Y M N CCXLIII. [Musician's.

1 **E**XCEPT the Lord conduct the plan,
The best-concerted schemes are vain,
And never can succeed;
We spend our wretched strength for nought:
But if our works in thee are wrought,
They shall be blest indeed.

2 Lord, if thou didst thyself inspire
Our souls with this intense desire
Thy goodness to proclaim;
Thy glory if we now intend,
O let our deed begin and end
Complete in Jesu's name!

3 In Jesu's name behold we meet,
Far from an evil world retreat,
And all its frantic ways;
One only thing resolved to know,
And square our useful lives below
By reason and by grace.

4 Not in the tombs we pine to dwell,
Not in the dark, monastic cell,
By vows and grates confined;
Freely to all ourselves we give,
Constrained by Jesu's love to live
The servants of mankind.

5 Now, Jesu, now thy love impart
 To govern each devoted heart,
 And fit us for thy will!
 Deep founded in the truth of grace,
 Build up thy rising church, and place
 The city on the hill.

6 O let our faith and love abound!
 O let our lives to all around
 With purest lustre shine!
 That all around our works may see,
 And give the glory, Lord, to thee,
 The heavenly light divine!

H Y M N CCXLIV. [Mitchell

1 COME, let us use the grace divine,
 And all with one accord
 In a perpetual covenant join
 Ourselves to Christ the Lord:

2 Give up ourselves through Jesu's power
 His name to glorify,
 And promise in this sacred hour
 For God to live and die.

3 The covenant, we this moment make,
 Be ever kept in mind:
 We will no more our God forsake,
 Or cast his words behind.

4 We never will throw off his fear,
 Who hears our solemn vow;
 And if thou art well pleased to hear,
 Come down, and meet us now!

5 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Let all our hearts receive!
 Present with the celestial host,
 The peaceful answer give!

6 To each the covenant-blood apply,
Which takes our sins away;
And register our names on high,
And keep us to that day!

S E C T I O N IV.

For the Society, Parting.

H Y M N CCXLV. [St. Paul's.

- 1 **B**LEST be the dear, uniting love,
That will not let us part!
Our bodies may far off remove;
We still are one in heart.
- 2 Joined in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go!
And still in Jesu's footsteps tread,
And shew his praise below.
- 3 O may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside,
Nothing desire, nothing esteem
But Jesus crucified!
- 4 Closer and closer let us cleave
To his beloved embrace;
Expect his fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.
- 5 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death can part.
- 6 But let us hasten to the day,
Which shall our flesh restore:
When death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more!

HYMN CCXLVI. [Trumpet.

- 1 JESUS, accept the praise,
That to thy name belongs!
Matter of all our praise,
Subject of all our songs:
Through thee we now together came,
And part exulting in thy name.
- 2 In flesh we part awhile,
But still in spirit joined,
To' embrace the happy toil,
Thou hast to each assigned:
And, while we do thy blessed will,
We bear our heaven about us still.
- 3 O let us thus go on
In all thy pleasant ways,
And, armed with patience run,
With joy the appointed race!
Keep us and every seeking soul,
Till all attain the heavenly goal.
- 4 There we shall meet again,
When all our toils are o'er,
And death, and grief, and pain,
And parting are no more:
We shall with all our brethren rise,
And grasp thee in the flaming skies.
- 5 O happy, happy day,
That calls thy exiles home!
The heavens shall pass away;
The earth receive its doom:
Earth we shall view and heaven destroyed,
And shout above the fiery void!

- 6 These eyes shall see them fall,
Mountains, and stars, and skies!
These eyes shall see them all
Out of their ashes rise!
These lips his praises shall rehearse,
Whose nod restores the universe!
- 7 According to his word,
His oath to sinners given,
We look to see restored
The ruined earth and heaven;
In a new world his truth to prove,
A world of righteousness and love.
- 8 Then let us wait the found,
That shall our souls release,
And labour to be found
Of him in spotless peace;
In perfect holiness renewed,
Adorned with Christ, and meet for God!

H Y M N CCXLVII. [Fetter-Lane.

- 1 **G**OD of all consolation, take
The glory of thy grace!
Thy gifts to thee we render back
In ceaseless songs of praise.
- 2 Through thee we now together came
In singleness of heart:
We met, O Jesus, in thy name,
And in thy name we part.
- 3 We part in body, not in mind:
Our minds continue one;
And, each to each in Jesus joined
We hand in hand go on.

- 4 Subsists as in us all one soul ;
 No power can make us twain ;
 And mountains rise, and oceans roll,
 To sever us, in vain,
- 5 Present we still in spirit are,
 And intimately nigh,
 While on the wings of faith and prayer
 We each to other fly.
- 6 In Jesus Christ together we
 In heavenly places sit :
 Clothed with the sun, we smile to see
 The moon beneath our feet.
- 7 Our life is hid with Christ in God :
 Our life shall soon appear,
 And shed his glory all abroad
 On all his members here.
- 8 The heavenly treasure now we have
 In a vile house of clay ;
 But he shall to the utmost save,
 And keep it to that day.
- 9 Our souls are in his mighty hand,
 And he shall keep them still ;
 And you and I shall surely stand
 With him on Sion's hill !
- 10 Him eye to eye we there shall see ;
 Our face-like his shall shine :
 O what a glorious company,
 When saints and angels join !
- 11 O what a joyful meeting there !
 In robes of white arrayed,
 Palms in our hands we all shall bear,
 And crowns upon our head.

12 Then let us lawfully contend,
 And fight our passage through;
 Bear in our faithful minds the end,
 And keep the prize in view.

13 Then let us hasten to the day,
 When all shall be brought home!
 Come, O Redeemer, come away!
 O Jesus, quickly come!

H Y M N CCXLVIII. [Lamp's.

1 **A**ND let our bodies part,
 To different climes repair!
 Inseparably joined in heart
 The friends of Jesus are!

2 Jesus the corner-stone
 Did first our hearts unite!
 And still he keeps our spirits one,
 Who walk with him in white.

3 O let us still proceed
 In Jesu's work below;
 And, following our triumphant Head,
 To farther conquests go.

4 The vineyard of their Lord
 Before his labourers lies;
 And lo! we see the vast reward,
 Which waits us in the skies!

5 O let our heart and mind
 Continually ascend,
 That haven of repose to find,
 Where all our labours end!

- 6 Where all our toils are o'er,
Our suffering and our pain !
Who meet on that eternal shore,
Shall never part again.
- 7 O happy, happy place,
When saints and angels meet !
There we shall see each others face,
And all our brethren greet.
- 8 The church of the first-born
We shall with them be blest,
And, crowned with endless joy, return
To our eternal rest.
- 9 With joy we shall behold
In yonder blest abode
The patriarchs and prophets old,
And all the saints of God.
- 10 Abraham and Isaac there,
And Jacob shall receive
The followers of their faith and prayer,
Who now in bodies live.
- 11 We shall our time beneath,
Live out in cheerful hope,
And fearless pass the vale of death,
And gain the mountain-top.
- 12 To gather home his own
God shall his angels send,
And bid our bliss on earth begun
In deathless triumphs end.

HYMN CCXLIX. [Foundery.]

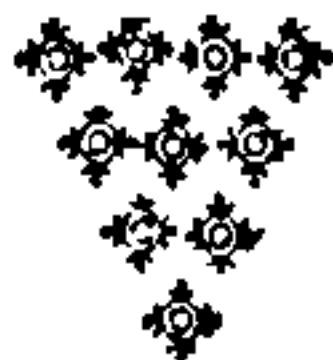
- 1 **J**ESU, soft, harmonious name,
 Every faithful heart's desire!
 See thy followers, O Lamb,
 All at once to thee aspire:
 Drawn by thy uniting grace,
 After thee we swiftly run:
 Hand in hand we seek thy face;
 Come, and perfect us in one!
- 2 Mollify our harsher will:
 Each to each our tempers suit
 By thy modulating skill,
 Heart to heart, as lute to lute:
 Sweetly on our spirits move!
 Gently touch the trembling strings!
 Make the harmony of love,
 Music for the King of kings!
- 3 See the souls that hang on thee;
 Severed though in flesh we are,
 Joined in spirit all agree;
 All thy only love declare.
 Spread thy love to all around:
 Hark! we now our voices raise;
 Joyful, simultaneous sound,
 Sweetest symphony of praise!
- 4 Jesu's praise be all our song:
 While we Jesu's praise repeat,
 Glide our happy hours along,
 Glide with down upon their feet:
 Far from sorrow, sin, and fear,
 Till we take our seats above,
 Live we all as angels here,
 Only sing, and praise, and love!

H Y M N CCL. [Wednesbury.

- 1 **L**IFT up your hearts to things above,
Ye followers of the Lamb,
And join with us to praise his love,
And glorify his name :
To Jesu's name give thanks and sing,
Whose mercies never end :
Rejoice! rejoice! the Lord is King!
The King is now our Friend!
- 2 We for his sake count all things loss,
On earthly good look down,
And joyfully sustain the cross,
Till we receive the crown :
O let us stir each other up
Our faith by works to' approve,
By holv, purifying hope,
And the sweet task of love!
- 3 Love us, though far in flesh disjoined,
Ye lovers of the Lamb ;
And ever bear us on your mind,
Who think and speak the same :
You on our minds we ever bear,
Whoe'er to Jesus bow :
Stretch out the arms of faith and prayer,
And lo! we reach you now!
- 4 The blessings all on you be shed,
Which God in Christ imparts :
We pray the spirit of our Head
Into your faithful hearts :
Mercy and peace your portion be,
To carnal minds unknown,
The hidden manna, and the tree
Of life, and the white stone,

5 Let all, who for the promise wait,
 The Holy Ghost receive;
 And, raised to your unfinning state,
 With God in Eden live:
 Live till the Lord in glory come,
 And wait his heaven to share!
 He now is fitting up our home!
 Go on! we'll meet you there!

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